

XI.

Such, too, is man ; majestic, godlike man ;
E'en like that vessel, false as beautiful ;
A world admires oft when the heart within,
Where the dark spirit works, burns like a hell,
And fame's loud trumpet peals the ranks of death to swell.

XII.

On, on she hastes ! her stretching canvass woos,
With open arms, the free and fav'ring gale ;
The friendly breeze not grudgingly bestows
Its aid, but liberal swells each snowy sail,
And the proud waves with joy their lovely burden hail.

XIII.

On, on she hastes ! fast following in her rear
A little boat ; behold, with rapid oar
She cleaves the parting waters, which in tears
Bright sparkling fall, and silent as before
Sink in the deep blue breast of ocean calm once more.

XIV.

On, on she hastes ; and swifter than before
That little boat flies o'er the sparkling main—
No rest her rowers know ; the dripping oar
Is dashed with fury in the wave again,
Their eyes are on the bark, and every nerve is strained.