

VII.

The bravest, boldest, noblest of our race
Are oft the veriest hypocrites at best.
The world sees all things with an angel's face ;
While the dark chaos of the tortured breast
Were frenzy, fury, death, and madness, if confessed.

VIII.

A storm is raging in each bosom dark,
More terrible than ocean's fiercest foam ;
Oh ! what a cargo has that gallant bark !
Yet see her coursing swiftly, proudly on
From the fast-lessening shore, through ocean's realms to roam.

IX.

Oh ye who watch her in her swift career—
Her white sails swelling to the freshening wind—
And hear her sailors' hurried, hearty cheer,
Say is not she a proud and lovely thing ?
Yes ! she is fair, but false as any child of sin.

X.

Proudly she walks the waves ; on either side
The white spray dashes from her gallant prow.
Oh ! who could gaze upon her in her pride,
And think her lade with agony and woe,
Too deep for tongue to tell, too dark for pen to shew.