

## 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.