

Wreck'd on the sands--an unforeseen mischance!
 Ungovern'd zeal, to pluck the crest of *France*,
 Spur'd on the chief, his danger unobserv'd;
 'The wife sometimes, the bold have often swerv'd;
 Late victors, hoping soon to see their friends,
 Lo! ev'ry moment instant death impends---
 While broke with waves, howe'er secur'd by art,
 With fearful crash they hear the timbers start,
 Dolefull through night, their signal-guns are heard,
 Sad tokens of distress, till day appear'd.

JAPHETIEL now the morning watch had set,
 And took his station-- From the far-fam'd *Strait*,
 His visual organ, like the eye of *Day*,
 Took in the *Isles*, the *Main-land*, and the *Sea*;
 Beyond the *Alps*, where *Europe's* border ends;
 'To where the *Muscovite* his bound extends:
 One of the four, to whom the *Higbest* gave
 Pow'r o'er the *Nations*--trembling they receive
 The weighty charge: To these the care assign'd
 Of sov'reign *States*, to loose and seal the wind,

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