

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## Winstanley; or, The Building of Eddystone Lighthouse.

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Winstanley's deed, you kindly folk,  
With it I fill my lay,  
And a nobler man no'er walked the  
world,  
Let his name be what it may.

The good ship Snowdrop tarried long;  
Up at the vane looked he;  
"Bellike," he said, for the wind had  
dropped,  
"She lieth becalmed at sea."

The lovely ladies flocked within,  
And still would each one say,  
"Good mercer, be the ship come up?"  
But still he answered, "Nay."

Then stepped two mariners down the  
street,  
With looks of grief and fear:  
"Now, if Winstanley be your name,  
We bring you evil cheer.

"For the good ship Snowdrop struck—  
she struck  
On the rock—the Eddystone,  
And down she went with threescore men;  
We two being left alone.

"Down in the deep with freight and  
crew,  
Past any help she lies,  
And nayer a bale has come to shore  
Of all thy merchandise."

"For cloth or gold or comely frieze,"  
Winstanley said, and sighed,  
"For velvet colf or costly coat,  
They fathoms deep may bide.

"O thou brave skipper, blithe and kind:  
O mariners, bold and true!  
Sorry at heart, right sorry am I,  
A thinking of yours and you.

"Many long days Winstanley's breast  
Shall feel a weight within;  
For a waft of wind he shall be afeared,  
And trading count but sin.

"To him no more it shall be joy  
To pace the cheerful town,  
And see the lovely ladies gay  
Step on the velvet gown."

The Snowdrop sank at Lammas-tide,  
All under the yeasty spray;  
On Christmas eve the brig Content  
Was also cast away.

He little thought o' New Year's night,  
So jolly as he sat then,  
While drank the toast and praised the  
roast—  
The round-faced alderman—

While loud huzzas ran up the roof  
Till the lamps did rock o'erhead,  
And holly-boughs, from rafters hung,  
Dropped down their berries red—

He little thought of Plymouth Hoe,  
With every rising tide,  
How the waves washed in his sailor  
lads  
And laid them side by side.

There stepped a stranger to the board:  
"Now, stranger, who be ye?"  
He looked to right, he looked to left,  
And "Rest you merry," quoth he:

"For you did not see the big go down,  
Or ever a storm had blown;  
For you did not see the white wave rear  
At the rock—the Eddystone.

"She drave at the rock with sternails  
set;  
Crash went the masts in twain;  
She staggered back with her mortal blow,  
Then leaped at it again.

"There rose a great cry, bitter and  
strong,  
The misty moon looked out;  
And the water swarmed with seamen's  
heads,  
And the wreck was strowed about.

"I saw her mainsail lash the sea,  
As I clung to the rock alone;

Then she heeled over, and down she  
went,  
And sank like any stone.

"She was a fair ship, but all's one,  
For naught could bear the shock."  
"I will take horse," Winstanley said,  
"And see this deadly rock;

"For never again shall bark o' mine  
Sail over the windy sea,  
Unless, by the blessing of God, for this  
Be found a remedy."

Winstanley rode to Plymouth town,  
All in the sleet and the snow,  
And he looked around on shore and sound  
As he stood on Plymouth Hoe.

Till a pillar of spray rose far away,  
And shot up its stately head,  
Reared and fell over, and reared again:  
"Tis the rock—the rock," he said.

Straight to the mayor he took his way,  
"Good master Mayor," quoth he,

"And the heavier seas few look on  
nigh,  
But straight they lay him dead;  
A seventy-gun ship, sir, they'll shoot  
Higher than her mast-head!

"O, beacons, sighted in the dark,  
They are right welcome things,  
And pitchpots flaming on the shore,  
Show fair as angel wings.

"Hast gold in hand! Then light the  
land,  
It longs to thee and me;  
But let alone the deadly rock,  
In God Almighty's sea."

"Yet," said he, "nay, I must away  
On the rock to set my feet;  
My debts are paid, my will made,  
Or ever I did thee greet,

"If I must die, then let me die  
By the rock and not elsewhere;  
If I may live, O let me live  
To light my lighthouse stair."

He wrought at obb with bar and beam,  
He sailed to shore at flow;  
And at his side by that same tide,  
Came bar and bears also.

"Give in, give in," the old mayor cried,  
"Or thou wilt rue the day."  
"Wonder he goes," the townsfolk sighed;  
"But the rock will have its way."

"For all his looks that are so stout,  
And his speeches brave and fair,  
He may wait on the wind, he may wait  
on the wave,  
But he'll build no lighthouse there."

In fine weather and foul weather  
The rock his arts did flout,  
Through the long days and the short  
days,  
Till all that year ran out.

With fine weather and foul weather,  
Another year came in:  
"To take his wage," the workmen said,  
"We almost count a sin."

Now March was gone, came April in,  
And a sea-fog settled down,  
And forth sailed he on a glassy sea—  
He sailed from Plymouth town.

With men and stores he put to sea,  
As he was wont to do;  
They showed in the fog like ghosts full  
faint—  
A ghostly craft and crew.

And the sea-fog lay and waxed away,  
For a long eight days and more,  
"God help our men," quoth the women  
then;  
"For they bide long from shore."

They paced the Hoe in doubt and dread,  
"Where may our mariners be?"  
But the brooding fog lay soft as down  
Over the quiet sea.

A Scottish schooner made the port,  
The thirteenth day at e'en:  
"As I am a man," the captain cried,  
"A strange sight have I seen;

"And a strange sound heard, my mas-  
ters all,  
At sea, in the fog and the rain,  
Like shipwrights' hammers tapping low,  
Then loud, then low again.

"And a stately house one instant showed,  
Through a rift on the vessel's lee;  
What manner of creatures may be those  
That build upon the sea?"

Then sighed the folk, "The Lord be  
praised!"  
And they flocked to the shore again;  
All over the Hoe that livelong night,  
Many stood out in the rain.

It ceased, and red sun reared his head  
And the rolling fog did flee,  
And, lo! in the offing faint and far—  
Winstanley's house at sea!

In fair weather, with mirth and cheer,  
The stately tower uprose;  
In foul weather, with hunger and cold,  
They were content to close;

Till up the stair Winstanley went,  
To fire the wick afar;  
And Plymouth in the silent night,  
Looked out, and saw her star.

Winstanley set his foot ashore;  
Said he, "My work is done;  
I hold it strong to last as long  
As aught beneath the sun.

"But if it fail, as fail it may,  
Borne down with ruin and rout,  
Another then I shall rear it high,  
And brace the girders stout.

"A better than I shall rear it high,  
For now the way is plain;  
And though I were dead," Winstanley  
said,  
"The light would shine again.

"Yet were I fain still to remain,  
Watch in my tower to keep,  
And tend my light in the stormiest night  
That ever did move the deep;



EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

"I am a mercer of London town,  
And owner of vessels three—

"But for your rock of dark renown,  
I had five to track the main."  
"You are one of many," the old mayor  
said,  
"That on the rock complain.

"An ill rock, mercer! Your words ring  
right,  
Well with my thoughts they chime;  
For my two sons to the world to come  
It sent before their time."

"Lend me a lighter, good master Mayor,  
And a score of shipwrights, free,  
For I think to raise a lantern tower  
On this rock o' destiny."

The old mayor laughed, but sighed also:  
"Ah, youth," quoth he, "is rash!  
Sooner, young man, thou'lt root it out,  
From the sea that doth it lash.

"Who sails too near its jagged teeth,  
He shall have evil lot;  
For the calmest seas that tumble there  
Froth like a boiling pot.

The old mayor looked him in the face,  
And answered: "Have thy way;  
Thy heart is stout, as if round about  
It was braced with an iron stay.

"Have thy will, mercer! choose thy men,  
Put off from the storm-rid shore;  
God with thee be, or I shall see  
Thy face and theirs no more."

Heavily plunged the breaking wave,  
And foam flew up the levee,  
Morning and even the drifted snow  
Fell into the dark gray sea.

Winstanley chose his men and gear;  
He said, "My time I waste"—  
For the seas ran seething up the shore,  
And the wrack drave on in haste.

But twenty days he waited and more,  
Pacing the strand alone,  
Or over he set his manly foot  
On the rock—the Eddystone.

Then he and the sea began their strife,  
And worked with power and might;  
Whatever the man reared up by day  
The sea broke down by night.