

## The Haunted Main.\*

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.



HERE'S a tide of dreams and stories drifting up the bitter main, Strewn with wreck of ruined glories, salt with streams of ancient pain, Through the fog-walls split in sunder, from the seas of sun and thunder, And the Carib isles of wonder dreaming still of scarlet Spain.

Of the galleons burned or taken, sacked and sunken hull and mast, When the southern seas were shaken by the corsair cannon-blast, And the lordly ports affrighted throbbed with panic when they sighted Black-hulled ships from seaboards blighted where the death's-head flag had passed.

There the strength of Spain was shattered by those sons of dark renown, And the Spanish treasure scattered careless-handed up and down, When from ravage red, inglorious, came the buccaneers victorious, And the reeking crews uproarious revelled in Port Royal town.

Red Port Royal!—fathoms under now lie rotting fort and pier, Drunk with crime and gorged with plunder, swallowed by the sea-gulfs sheer; And the sea they scourged with slaughter, mindless of the woe they wrought her, Lulls beneath her quiet water picaroon and privateer.

Stately don and English rover, long ago they paid the debt, And the sunny tides sweep over their white bones with coral set; But above the towns they raided, of the golden shores invaded, Broods the memory unfaded of their dark vendetta yet.

Massacres and ambuscadoes, rich armadas laid aboard,
Iron-hearted desperadoes, seas of gold and blood outpoured—
Of these things the ports are keeping vengcful memory unsleeping
From the years of wrath and weeping when they lay beneath the sword.

Still they smile, the Windward, Leeward Islands of the haunted main; But when storm drives in from seaward, through the midnight hurricane Rides a spectre grim and gory, rent and red with feud and foray—O'er the waves of savage story sweeps the ghost of slaughtered Spain.

<sup>\*</sup>See article on the Antilles. Mr. Pollock is an accomplished Canadian Poet.