

The deep thus dread, thus spurning end or bound,
Emblem of power, and proof of skill profound,
What daring genius, what aspiring mind,
The bold adventure first in thought design'd,
To launch the bark upon the boist'rous main,
And unknown shores, and unknown seas to gain ?
When time and science both were in their prime,
And Jason dar'd to seek a foreign clime ;
When Greece held forth each glorious hero's name
And left it stamp'd upon the scroll of fame,
Their naval arena was the land-girt sea
That wash'd their shores ;—beyond was mystery :
Fam'd Tyre and Rome first taught their vent'rous
skills

To pass the limits of proud Calpe's cliffs,
Yet still their barks but coasted nigh the shore,
Whilst their rude freights from isle to isle they bore.

No longer now the mighty deep impedes,—
To other climes, to other worlds it leads ;
O'er ev'ry point the daring vessel moves,
And the dread sea a grand connectiv'e proves ;
Britannia here the trident firmly holds,
And high aloft her honor'd flag unfolds
In every port her busy trade prevails,
The wings of commerce are her swelling sails :
And navigation at her nod outpours
Enlight'ning gifts on distant savage shores ;
To the stern plough the wilds are taught to yield,
Transform'd to smiling scenes of farm and field ;
Knowledge the chains of ignorance unbinds,
And breaks the fetters of imprison'd minds ;
The gospel sun its ray divinely throws
On southern deserts and on northern snows.
And e'en from untill'd wastes and forests rude,
Ascends the voice of pious gratitude.

But say—when tempests sweep along the main,
And raise the surges on the liquid plain ;
When the broad bosom of each towering wave
Yawns as it breaks, and threatens a hideous grave,
The heavens above, the boist'rous sea below,
No path to lead, no mark the track to show,
What then directs the pilot's steady hand
The prow to rule, the rudder to command ?
Stands there an angel aiding at his side,
Or speeds some shaft of fire his course to guide ?
Not so—but yet a talisman he owns—
The faithful magnet,—precious stone of stones.
Rough child of earth, but yet a very gem
Meet to adorn a sea-nymph's diadem :
With this he sails the foam crown'd billows o'er,
And fearless steers his bark from shore to shore ;

And its wild tag
The scatter'd tid
And Iris spans th

Again in peace
Two rival powers
The mingled stre
Calmly salutes O
So the ag'd Warr
Reliev'd at lengt
In Kingly pride
And onward flow
Till to the deep y
Its far-borne trib
Upon its shores is
The beauteous d
The fairest there
With nature's va
Where justice re
Whence guardi
Where nature join
The heaven-spec
Where Science t
Her twin-born si
And opes benign
The flower strew

These may we tra
And as we trace
The glow of grat
For our's and lea
Nor e'er forget w
Owns for its sour
Which link our h
And all our fonde
But this appeal n
Who *must* not lo
As the soft prelud
A sib'ly influenc
So, Britain, must
A glow of pride t
To all who hail t
Thy name recal
And by gone joy
Sweet as they wa
And o'er them ye
Bending with gl
Then, when arou
Shrouding their s
When in their br
Oh ! *then* their to
And patriot love s
Which time nor f

* Sir J. C.

York
1850