

XV.

And who are they within that tiny boat,
Whose hurried, heaving bosoms pant and swell
With ardent eagerness ? they tarry not,
But rush with wild rapidity to hail
That lovely bark ; alas that false, that floating hell.

XVI.

Four souls in all they are ; the first, a man
Whose furrowed brow proclaims no life of ease,
Who, reared 'neath stern adversity's rough hand,
Has never striven the Goddess blind to please,
But toiled contented on through calm or stormy seas.

XVII.

His jetty locks have lost their youthful hue,
And sombre gray assumes its silent reign—
His well-built shoulders slightly bent still show
The Herculean strength which yet remains,
Though youth's wild fire hath long since fled his circling veins.

XVIII.

The second is a youth of noble port
And gallant bearing, all unlike his sire ;
For calm, contented labour marks him not
Her own meek votary ; the wild desire
Of glory thrills his breast, and fills his eye with fire.