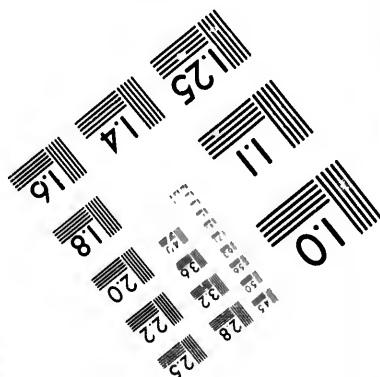
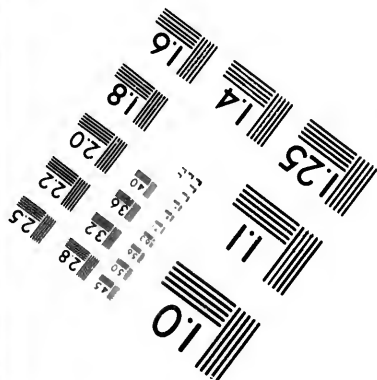
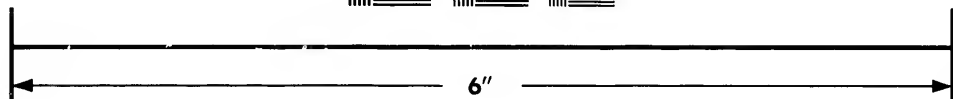
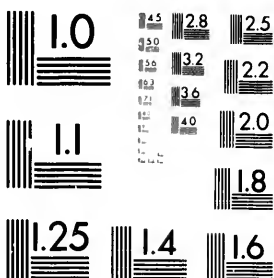


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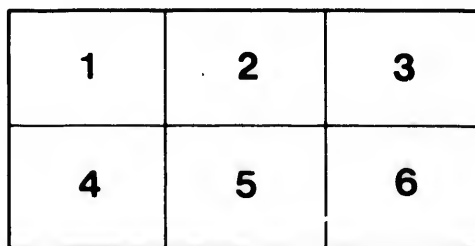
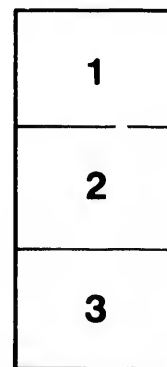
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Western College

NORTH WEST PASSAGE

GREEN BOOK

1876

*C. J. Cooper*

BERKELEY

Printed by G. SINDERBY, Stationer, &c.

# NORTH WEST PASSAGE.

*in a few errors in printing*

## I.

LAND of the North! 'tis of thy barren face  
Of land and fettered water that I tell;  
I care not that no bard has stopp'd to trace  
The beauties of the land I love so well;  
Though through recesses deep the breezes chase  
No breath of incense; though no ferny dell  
Teems with the sweets of nature's blossoming  
In thy wild realms—of thee alone I sing.

## II.

Poets of old have raised the notes of fire,  
To celebrate the glories of the East;  
And western bards have touched a flattering lyre,  
And sang of scenes on which the eyes might feast  
Of those who e'en to greater bliss aspire  
Perchance of those who realize thee least.  
The sunny south has claimed its tale of verse  
But thou hast gathered nothing save a curse.

## III.

Is it because the sable robes of night  
Usurp the realm where day should reign supreme,  
Or that thy austere robes of virgin white  
Too solitary for their praises seem;  
Or that thy joys are far too exquisite  
To look more real than a half told dream  
'Tis thus, I feel and know: yet to these eyes  
In silent scenes a threefold beauty lies.

ADELPHI  
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2

IV.

I've seen the grandeur of a mighty state,  
And heard the beatings of a nation's heart ;  
Unrolled the histories of the high and great,  
Of honours won which never may depart ;  
Yet yearn I for a spot more desolate,  
Where wonder and deep thought can blend their art,  
And dwelling be more sweet within a clime,  
Where foot hath never trodden, save of time.

V.

So dare I then address thee, gentle muse,  
And summon thee once more from Parnas height ;  
And if the numbers thou would'st grant refuse  
To yield to one of less than sovran might ;  
Yet may they into these poor lines infuse  
Some ardour, but to echo scenes which sight  
Alone can shew in all its best array,  
And memory serves but feebly to display.

VI.

'Tis not for one who never yet has seen  
Those distant regions to depict their glory  
Yet others too, whose lot has never been  
To tread the field of battle red and gory,  
Have writ the horrors of that moving scene  
Of clashing arms and heroes great in story,  
And vent'rous fancies seldom miss the mark  
Which to the timid mind is veiled in dark.

VII.

First would these notes with solemn strain recall  
The spirits of the heroes which have fled,  
In seeking for that far off object, all  
Now numbered in the ranks of mightiest dead,  
Whose memories to oblivion ne'er shall fall,  
Mourned in the tears already for them shed,  
Yes, shed for those who found a common grave  
While following still the lodestar of the brave.

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VIII.

Franklin! though dead in flesh thou still shalt keep  
A monument of glory to thy name,  
Which shall survive, though men may fall asleep  
Who follow thee to mount the steps of fame,  
Yet shall it live while still the sea winds sweep,  
While still the mountains rear their towers the same,  
While men shall honour courage, might and grace,  
Franklin and glory ne'er shall want a place.

IX.

For though he left unfound that mystic bourn,  
His was to pave the pathway to success;  
By easier road all other steps to turn:—  
This did he, e'er he sank to nothingness;  
And future heroes deigned from him to learn  
The unfolding of the maze by which they press  
Still onward, for the prize which he has sought;  
So heavy with destruction's weapons fraught.

X.

Those lips might have attested how divine  
The charms which have been granted there to reign,  
The splendours destined there alone to shine,  
And beautify both land and heaven and main;  
Since there alone no leafy plants entwine  
Their labyrinths of foliage and in vain  
The Zephyr strives to soothe the chilly powers,  
And bathe the face of nature with his showers.

XI.

How must those wonderers hearts have beat, to view  
The strange calm grandeur of the northern light  
Blended of every most resplendent hue  
Which may be seen by our weak mortal sight,  
Nor strike with blindness; ever fresh and new  
Some glory, beams celestially bright;  
The rubies rays and autumn's storied gold,  
Earth's fairest tints to one fair point enrolled.



## XII.

Aurora's robe, that shone with dancing flame,  
 With fiery tongues that radiated round,  
 Might make her southern sister blush for shame,  
 With gems of brightness her broad forehead crowned,  
 More than or East or Western earth could claim,  
 In all their deepest treasuries to be found :—  
 A million diamonds for a sceptre blent  
 With pearls that Ocean caverns never lent.

## XIII.

All heaven was sheeted in one glistening vest  
 Of varying colours which outvied the blue  
 Which southern skies so boast ; while Ocean's breast  
 Caught the best tints of every changeeful hue ;—  
 The roses blush the violets dye expressed  
 Which painter's brush would vainly strive to shew ;  
 Nor slaves of science e'er might hope to paint  
 A lovelier halo for a martyred saint.

## XIV.

'Twere worth a life of sickness, care and pain,  
 With hope to smile no more to see this sight ;  
 To float upon the broad breast of the main,  
 And strive to read that pictured book aright ;  
 To drink in draughts one ne'er may taste again,  
 And breathe one's heart beneath that vault of light,  
 Thus might you gaze and gaze your life away,  
 Nor gauge the splendour of a single ray.

## XV.

What led these heroes thus to roam, and sever  
 The ties of household kindred, kin and sail  
 O'er heaving seas, and traverse lands, where never  
 Had mortal keel or footstep dared prevail ;  
 What made these valiant spirits thus endeavour  
 To stem the frost, the ocean, and the gale  
 What hope of gain or glory did they cherish  
 Which led them thus to follow it or perish ?

## XVI.

Some hidden impulse sure their purpose bent,  
 Unknown perchance to those who felt it most,  
 And for a scarce defined attainment sent  
 'To fight till *that* were gained or *all* was lost,  
 Though when attained, that prize for which they went,  
 Might fail to balance even what it cost,  
 'Tis mystery at the best ; no more can we  
 Pretend to tell where all is mystery.

## XVII.

But dreams ere now have filled the wondering brain  
 Of young adventurers, and of those whose fate  
 Has bound to their own country, and the train  
 Of fancies has unlocked the massive gate,  
 Which shuts those regions from their eyes in vain,  
 When the mind's eye o'erleaps it and clate  
 Builds airy castles for that unknown spot  
 And knows it, though the glance has scanned it not.

## XVIII.

Some sages have declared that summer there  
 Holds a perpetual session ; and the flowers  
 Bloom bright when other gardens all are bare,  
 Where the dark frowns of tempest never lower,  
 And birds and beasts rejoice in sunny air  
 Eternally, endowed through untold hours,  
 Pain, sickness, death, and labour hold no sway,  
 And spread their pinions but to flee away.

## XIX.

Perchance in those dark glamorous realms the races  
 Of giants people still the curtained earth,  
 Which smiles as heretofore with kindly graces,  
 On godlike revels and Titanic mirth,  
 Or monsters ! like the serpent that embraces  
 In its big coils the whales enormous girth,  
 Hold the dominion as before the flood,  
 Where foot of mortal never yet hath trod.

## XX.

Here some gigantic mammoth rears his height,  
 And on the land usurps the tyranny,  
 Some serpent on the sea shore rolls in might,  
 While funny monsters wallow in the sea,  
 While the air hurtles, and the daily light  
 Is shadowed by a feathered canopy,  
 Earth, ocean, air, alike with produce teem  
 Unseen by mortal vision but in dream.

## XXI.

It may be that the tracts are filled instead,  
 With habitations not of nature's hand,  
 And life and manners such as may be read  
 In books of wonders, flourish in the land,  
 And men of mortal mould are wont to tread  
 Through those far regions, a mysterious band,  
 And classic art with modern mingles there  
 All that is good, and beautiful, and fair.

## XXII.

There are who hold that Ocean's wide embrace  
 With nought of land its clear face to defile,  
 Keeps the whole region of that vasty place,  
 In broad expanse for many a tractless mile ;  
 While here and there o'er all the dimpling space,  
 Shines the white crest of some small frozen Isle  
 Which seems to float upon the dancing main,  
 While its faint image 'neath it smiles again.

## XXIII.

But gallant spirits even now have dared  
 To trust their lives to the frail treacherous bark,  
 And the more treacherous ocean—waves unscared  
 By all the dangers that beset their ark,  
 'Neath anxious eyes, by clever heads prepared,  
 A thousand thousand eyes their progress mark,  
 Till wreathed in laurels they return once more,  
 And tell their story on old England's shore.

## XXIV.

Farewell ! though severed by a thousand miles  
 From all who love and are beloved in turn,  
 Unknowing their alternate tears and smiles,  
 If they are happy still, or if they mourn ;  
 And safe alike from adverse maze of wiles,  
 From dark browed hatred and contemptuous scorn,  
 Though foreign skies may tower above your head,  
 And foreign strand beneath your footsteps spread.

## XXV.

Yet shall you dwell within our hearts secure,  
 And 'neath our eyes in visions stand the same,  
 In England's breast you have a mansion sure,  
 With bulwarks fenced which time can never tame ;  
 Though pleasures, hopes and fancies, may allure,  
 And all the hosts of field and flood and flame,  
 Combine their terrors yet you still shall be  
 A noble portion of our destiny.

## XXVI.

Farewell ! when round you roars the midnight gale,  
 And planks are creaking with the unwonted strain ;  
 When groaning mast and widely bellying sail,  
 Tell of the strength which moves the heaving main,  
 Think of the friends at home who never fail,  
 When roofs are rattling to the stormy rain,  
 To give a thought to you who mightly roam,  
 While they are resting safe in house and home.

## XXVII.

Farewell ! the gathering heaps of Artic snow,  
 And glistening fields of ice are seen alone ;  
 And still must meet your gaze where'er you go ;—  
 The biting frost hath terrors of its own ;  
 The very blood which through your limbs shall flow,  
 Will seem all chill and lifeless to have grown,  
 Frozen and helpless save each burning soul,  
 Which fires where winds and waters cannot roll.

## XXVIII.

Farewell ! though not for long, again your keel  
 Shall touch the pebbles of your native shore ;  
 And rugged hearts shall force the breast of steel,  
 When home and home delights are seen once more ;  
 The sea and ice their secret shall reveal,  
 And open treasures never known before ;  
 For earthquake cannot hide, or ocean keep,  
 When Britain's sons are on their native deep.

## XXIX.

When adverse weapons seek our Island's breast,  
 Its sons stand ready to avert the blow ;  
 When foreign brothers are in slavery prest,  
 Our heroes foremost to the rescue go ;  
 When glory tempts the prowess of the best,  
 In the first rank old England's children show ;  
 Slaves love and tyrants hate her very name,  
 Beaming the highest on the scroll of fame.

## XXX.

Yet not for these alone the leafy crown,  
 The impartial muse with active finger weaves,  
 And her just pupil joins in hewing down,  
 At Parmas harvest the inspiring sheaves  
 For their great predecessors, as they ours,  
 Who from their open groves have gathered leaves  
 For them shall memory face a host of years,  
 And future fame its frontier column rears.

## XXXI.

In frailer bark they dared the lashing wave,  
 With arms of temper dull and fashion rude,  
 With means more scant to succour and to save,  
 Yet with as gallant consciousness endued ;  
 And thus the farthest ocean-tides they clave,  
 And stormed the fastnesses of solitude ;  
 And moulded for a future race the key,  
 To unlock the door of that great mystery.

## XXXII.

For them the first bright day's triumphant beam  
 Shone forth, nor feared the wonted reign of night ;  
 Before their eyes, which seemed as in a dream,  
 The sun's broad lamp swung in its heavenly light ;  
 Throwing above—beneath—around—a stream  
 Of brilliancy, outshining other light ;  
 And for long days the desperate voyage blest,  
 Nor paled from age nor sought a needless rest.

## XXXIII.

Then like a giant from his months of sleep,  
 Darkness arose and viewed that scene of mirth,  
 Angered that day his own domain should keep,  
 With mighty hand he smote him to the earth ;  
 And his insidious powers began to creep  
 Around the land, embracing all its girth ;  
 Till day should rise again, renewed in strength,  
 And pour his beams on that long night at length.

## XXXIV.

Such stories told those travellers of yore  
 To spell-bound listeners of their native land,  
 When they again had reached their long-loved shore,  
 And friends all thronged to greet the hero band ;  
 Stories of wonders hid from men before,  
 Such as might spring from the magician's wand ;  
 Too strange to mortal vision to seem true,  
 Though truest things are often strangest too.

## XXXV.

They told them tales of races they had seen,  
 Of shorter stature than in Europe dwell ;  
 Who spoil the furry quarry's coat, to screen  
 Their hearts from cold more keen than words can tell ;  
 And for the well known cottage on the green,  
 The shaded mansion, or the lonely cell,  
 They build them palaces of ice to hold  
 Their families safe and keep them from the cold.

## XXXVI.

How that the sky oft shone with flame too bright  
 To seem of Earth, which fashions but to mar ;  
 How heaven was sheeted in a robe of light,  
 Which caught each beauty of the chastened star ;  
 And wove them in a web to charm the sight,  
 With sanguine streamer and with golden bar ;  
 Such as might seem to hide a heavenly prize,  
 A wicket opening into Paradise.

## XXXVII.

Of rolling chariot there they had no need ;—  
 On riving bar as swiftly would they fly ;  
 In the rude rein there champed no fiery steed ;—  
 The dog its weighliest function could supply ;  
 And thus o'er seas and lands with lightning speed  
 They rushed like meteors through an evening sky ;  
 Their furry coursers bounding to the call,  
 Nor needed care, nor knew luxurious stall.

## XXXVIII.

In those far regions, one short night would screen  
 The landscape, far as eye could reach,  
 In one wide sheet of never-varying sheen  
 White as the creamy ripples on the beach ;  
 No waters showed their blue, no grove its green,  
 A pure expanse was spread without a breach,  
 Type of the mind of him whose life is spent  
 In pure desires and passionless content.

## XXXIX.

Bright is the sun that warms the Indian isles,  
 Yet here his reign outlasts one feeble day ;  
 Calmly the moon o'er classic Europe smiles,  
 But here one night can measure not its ray ;  
 Proudly may Egypt gaze upon her piles,  
 Here crystal towers illumine every bay ;  
 'Tis here alone the wearied eye may rest ;  
 These are the storied islands of the blest.

## XL.

Yet as in every joy we meet below ;  
 A bitter has been mingled with the sweet ;  
 As ripening fruit may on the green branch grow,  
 And hail the radiance of the summer heat ;  
 Fair to the eye it blooms, but sure and slow  
 Some insect, where its inmost vitals meet,  
 Is gnawing through its life and leaves a waste  
 Of gall and wormwood to the taste.

*delude*

## XLI.

Happy the man who has not thus been led  
 To look on outward charms for happiness,  
 Lest all too soon they wither, cold and dead,  
 And leave their victim to his chill distress,  
 Then when the best hopes of his life are sped,  
 He pray to perish in his griefs excess ;  
 Yet lives nor even hopes that heaven will send  
 Its rarest noblest gift—a faithful friend.

## XLII.

So with these scenes of beauty thus divine,  
 How glorious is the sight which meets the eye !  
 Yet the deep power which seized the restless brine,  
 And piled it into domes which meet the sky,  
 Has might to mar the splendours which combine,  
 And lend them wings more speedily to fly ;  
 And while the gazer wonders, can congeal  
 The very blood which teaches him to feel.

## XLIII.

So men have perished far from all they love,  
 O'erwhelmed by might surpassing human power ;  
 Whose spirits dangers army could not move,  
 Or death behold them at his sceptre cower ;  
 Who died in calm and quiet as a dove  
 Which lingers out in silence its last hour ;  
 The only sigh from out their bosoms driven,  
 When their last breath had winged its way to Heaven.



## XLIV.

No tomb uprose to mark their sombre grave,  
 No cypress waved its darkling leaves o'erhead ;  
 Their dirge is sounded as the wild winds rave,  
 And bear to Heaven the requiem of the dead ;  
 Moan, moan, ye winds and sigh each falling wave,  
 Ye snowflakes pillow soft their dreamless bed,  
 Better to lie 'neath Nature's kindly face  
 Than trust you to the marble's cold embrace.

## XLV.

Some day perchance the power of man will spread  
 Even o'er those climes— those climes so chill and drear,  
 And when our hearts have long been cold and dead,  
 When time has winged its flight through many a year,  
 A nation of the North shall lift its head,  
 And art, not nature, shall her trophies rear ;  
 So where man comes, the joys of nature fly,  
 And all her beauties wither 'neath his eye.

## XLVI.

How sad a sight to see so fair a clime  
 Lose half its charms before the gaze of men,  
 And the sweet blushes of its virgin prime.  
 Shrink as beneath some dark magician's wand ;  
 When innocence shall flee at touch of crime,  
 And Solitude shall yield her reign to *Pan* :  
 Oh may we never live to see this end,  
 Or this fair land to human tyrants bend.

## XLVII,

Yes ! so has fate been settled, and the earth  
 Was made for man, and man must thus prevail ;  
 And for his needs, his wishes and his mirth  
 She must provide, till all her plenties fail ;  
 And when one land yields nought but plague and death,  
 To one more fruitful must he stretch his sail,  
 Till all the world is held by him alone  
 And continents are footstools to his throne.

## XLVIII.

E'en now our ships are launched upon the main,  
 To pass the fatal barrier of the north,  
 Bent on that gaol to reach, that prize to gain,  
 Which lie unknown, a true reward for worth ;  
 How shall all nature hold her realm again,  
 Where the array of men has once gone forth ?  
 Yet scarce can we regret the dire event,  
 When on such honoured mission they are sent.

## XLIX.

Forth from the port they go a goodly sight !  
 The ocean scethes in foam their keel beneath ;  
 And the lashed billows yield before their might  
 Like recreant fool at the approach of death,  
 And when they come again pure glory's light  
 Shall shine like diamond on each laurelled wreath ;  
 Soon may they reach their gaol ! God speed thee well !  
 While we may breathe a lingering last farewell.



Speed on ! ye heroes blest  
 Speed on your way,  
 Your couch is spread within our breast,  
 There loved ones shall ye rest,  
 Till night shall flee before the blaze of day ;  
 Waft them ye winds ! blow fair and strong ;  
 List O winds, to the cherub song,  
 Raise not the billows restless power,  
 But bear our gallant sons along,  
 From hour to hour.  
 Oh Neptune, from thy ocean bed  
 Rear once thy crowned head,  
 And hearken to the cry that comes to thee,  
 The loud lament that echoes o'er the sea,

For heroes that are sped ;—  
 Wrapt in thy cold embrace,  
 Ended their mortal race  
 Spiritless ! dead.

Wave high thy triple prong in air,  
 Bid the deep ocean billows spare  
 The noble and the brave.

Thou knowest old England's sailors well,  
 How o'er thy domes of pearl and shell,  
 They sail full oft upon the foaming wave ;  
 Oh must we part the while,  
 Fain would we follow thee  
 Hero, and see thy smile  
 Shine o'er the sea ;  
 Shine with such heavenly light,  
 Under the heavy brow of night.  
 Not Cynthias self one half so bright,  
 Of such calm brilliancy ;  
 Oh think when she doth shine,  
 And silver-footed trips o'er fields of foam,  
 And dances on the brine.  
 Think of your friends who think of you at home,  
 Ne'er may a thought of dread  
 Light on one gallant head !

Speedily fly,  
 Fly where the sun shines red,  
 Fly where the Meteors spread  
 Their flashes o'er the sky ;  
 Then from its mission freed,  
 Homeward your barks shall speed  
 To the loved shore.

Then shall you part again,  
Over the flowing main,  
Over the watery plain,  
Never, oh ! nevermore.—

Thus float the echoes on the evening gale  
Which fans the heaven and fills the spreading sail,  
To bear the vessels o'er the ocean free,  
And drift them to the spot they long to see ;  
While every hour twines a new glory wreath,  
Which knows no severance by the stroke of death,  
As when the swan-brood from a reedy brake,  
Sweeps o'er the surface of a peaceful lake ;  
The circling ripples in their wide wake throng,  
As they sail oared in majesty along ;  
And when they plume them on the farther side,  
Their trace still quivers on the traversed tide.

ALFRED JOHN CRIPPS.

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