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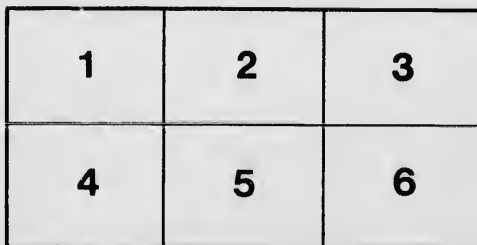
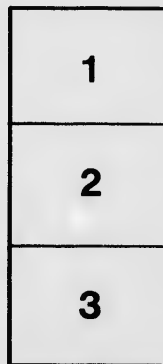
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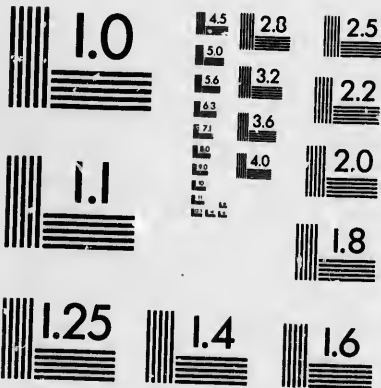
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Samuel Browning

1830

W. H. G.

856

POEMS

BY

SAMUEL BROWNING.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY
W. H. GREEN, 7, IRELAND-YARD,
DOCTORS' COMMONS.

1846.

PR 4250

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1846

TO
THE NAVAL OFFICERS OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL,
THIS VOLUME OF POEMS,

BY
A BRITISH TAR,

IS,
WITH GREAT RESPECT,
MOST HUMBLY DEDICATED,

BY
THEIR MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,
SAMUEL BROWNING.

London, August 25th,
1846.

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B5
A1
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PREFACE.

The following Poems, like the mind of a sailor, free from restraint, may not possess the elegant polish of an academical education, or of a literary character ; nor could it be expected from one, that at the age of thirteen

Braved the billow and the breeze ;

a race of men that ever found favour with the Public, and whose errors they have always viewed with lenity and a favourable eye, such was I.

‘A ship boy on the high and giddy mast,’

that now with trembling hope launches his Barque upon the stream of time, rigged out in style ; with flowing sails she leaves the port, to you consigned ; may no adverse gales impede her voyage, no boisterous billows her hull assail, but prosperous winds attend her course, and Fortune favour her pursuits.

These Poems are founded chiefly on the basis of

Religion and Morality, shewing Virtue in all its loveliness, and Vice in all its horrors ; promoting the beauties of the former, and holding in detestation the horrors of the latter, and lashing vice with the scourge of severity.

The Author published some poems at the age of seventeen (being four years after he went to sea), and wrote nothing further till twenty-seven years afterwards.

At the age of twenty-one the Author commanded, (at the time of war), a running ship out to Quebec, and has been near thirty years a Commander in the Merchant Service. During the Peninsular war he commanded the ship "Hiram," of Plymouth, in the transport service, and was at the blockade of Lisbon ; at the burning of the French fleet in the Basque roads ; at the re-taking of Vigo and Oporto, and was Commander of one of the last vessels that left Corunna on Sir John Moore's retreat, with part of his army on board, at which place he received the thanks of Capt. Digby, of the "Cossack" frigate, for services rendered on that occasion, on the quarter deck, before his officers.

The author also took a survey of Sleet Harbour, (not before generally known), in the Island of Gothland, on the Coast of Sweden, with remarks thereon, when froze up there one winter ; the service and utility of which must be felt and acknowledged by every one frequenting the Baltic sea. Providence led him into it while running along the coast, searching for a place to save their

lives by running their sinking ship on shore. It has since been published by J. Norie.

About twelve years since the author left the sea through ill health. The energy of his mind was then called forth, and he beguiled the hours of painful illness by writing these poems. It was amusement and pleasure to him, requiring little or no study.

“ Here spring no flowers, here no laurels bloom,
The wayward sisters fixed my early doom
Where winds and waves their stormy mansion keep,
Consign'd by fate, A TENANT OF THE DEEP.”

Should the critic review these poems, the author solicits that he will deal leniently with them. Let him take into consideration the busy, boisterous scene of a seafaring life, the early age the author went to sea, the little leisure he had for studying works of literature, and that the rough, unpolished manners of a sea life are but ill calculated to form an elegant and polished style. Trusting, from this representation that they will scan his faults with an indulgent eye, and not strike the colours of his hope that he has hoisted at the mast-head of his expectations, but let them fly their little day, and with gratitude and sincere pleasure he will ever acknowledge their kindness.

S. B.

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A
VOYAGE TO QUEBEC;

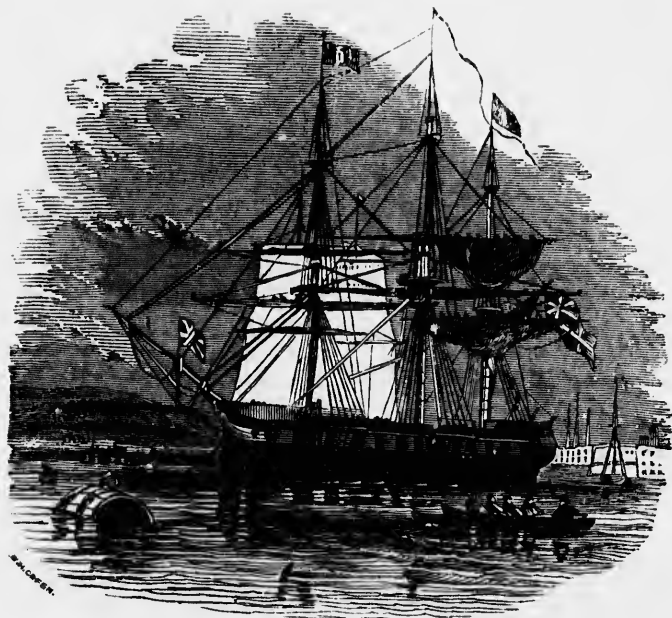
OR THE

WATER-LOGGED SHIP.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction, Peace, Commerce, Arts and Science, The woes of Britain, Mariners, effectual Missionaries, The Ship, Character of the Master, Officers and Crew, Sea Stories, Ship unmoored, Leaves the Port, Sun rising, Proceeds down Channel, Fresh and fair breezes, Takes a departure from the Lizard, Description of the Scilly Islands, Prepares to cross the Atlantic, Takes an observation, A Calm, Preparation, Adverse Gales, Send down Royal and Top-gallant Yards, Strike the Mast, Sails reduced Sails further diminished and furled, Foresail took in and furled State of the gale, Heave too, Gale abates, Make sail, Wind draws fair, Evening, Moonlight, Send up Top-gallant Mast, Top-gallant] and Royal Yards, Set Steering Sails, Longitude, Variation, Soundings on the bank of Newfoundland, Fog, Fishing, Fog clears away, Islands of Ice, Make Cape North, Description of it, Island of St. Pauls and shipwrecked Mariners, Magdalen Islands, Bird Islands and Biron Isle, Make the Island of Anticosta, The dreadful horrors attending shipwrecked Mariners on that Island, Ship enters the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Isle of Bic, The River, Isle of Orleans, City of Quebec, The Ship moored.

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Swelling in all the dignity of pride,
A gallant Ship lay floating on the tide;
Rigg'd out in style, display'd her colors gay,
Like some British fair on a ball-room day;
Or like some lovely, blushing, Eastern bride,
She rode in grandeur on the rippled tide.

A

VOYAGE TO QUEBEC ;

OR THE

WATER-LOGGED SHIP.

CANTO I.

Ye sacred Nine, assist my feeble lay,
Scenes long gone by unto my mind convey,
Bid memory unto her trust be true,
Unlock her treasures, give them all to view ;
Whose hidden wealth, like some rich vein of ore,
The more we search, enriches us the more ;
By whose aid we each incident retain,
Review life's scenes, and live them o'er again.

B

15

Come playful fancy, with fantastic art,
Waft me on airy flights, thy gifts impart ;
Inspire my theme, though but in humble strain,
To trace the dangers of the stormy main,
To paint those scenes where terror and dismay,
On raven wings wide hover o'er the sea ;
Where Britain's sons, on vent'rous prospects borne,
Launch on the deep and brave the ocean storm.
With ever daring keel, seek to explore,
The utmost bounds of every sea-girt shore ;
While distant climates venerate the name
Of Britain's sons, sons of immortal fame,
Lords of the world, the glory of mankind,
Dauntless and bold, with ev'ry grace combin'd,
Hardy and generous, as their native Isle,
That like a gem, doth midst the ocean smile ;
Brave and humane, whose warlike, daring bands
Awe with their thunder the remotest lands ;
Supremely great in war or peace to shine,
And commerce waft to ev'ry distant clime.
Grim visag'd war, he now no longer frowns,
No hostile fleets, no sack'd and burning towns ;
Old Ocean smiles, the land resumes its charms,
The peaceful ploughshare now their only arms,
Nations in amity are bound together
And warriors hail each other brother.
Now ancient feuds are fled, peace lovely reigns,
With smiling aspect o'er Britannia's plains,

Whose olive branch waves o'er the fertile land,
Diffusing plenty with a bounteous hand.
Now savage discord hies to horrid den,
To growl with beast, and quit the walks of men,
And tyranny, with knotted scourge and chain,
Those dreadful emblems of a coward reign ;
Avaunt ambition, crimson'd o'er with gore
For ever from our home and native shore,
To thine own curst abode, midst demons fell,
To reign in horrors drear, in nether hell.

Britain at peace, may her proud laurels wear,
But O, blest concord thou art wanting there,
'Tis thine alone to give sweet peace its charm,
And thine it is the social breast to warm ;
'Tis thou alone bidst Godlike peace to smile,
To bless mankind and bless our native Isle.

Commerce no longer chain'd, from shackles free,
Science unites with arts and industry,
Now manufactories resume their sway,
Scares haggard Want and all her train away ;
When bustle shall again our city throng,
And commerce drive her loaded team along,
Fleets now from ev'ry part, with flags unfurl'd,
Fill all our ports, emporium of the world.
Now arts and industry, with glad peace smile,
And crown with joy Albion's happy Isle.

Commerce be wafted from remotest shores,
Whilst arts and science unknown parts explores :
Explore those regions, where in distant date,
Willoughby* with his crew met their sad fate ;
Nor yet disheartened at the sad event,
Franklin and Parry their course thither bent,
With mind, undaunted and elated soul,
Search the regions of the northern pole,
Where the sea bound in adamantine chains
And unknown Alps of ice eternal reigns.
Now ships securely leave our chalky strand,
By commerce wafted to each distant land.
Her fleets shall widely plough the briny sea,
The varied produce of each clime convey.

Tho' peace my subject, and the theme I sing,
Are blessings peace should ever with it bring,
Yet how revers'd is Albion's destined fate,
Where jarring discord reigns throughout the state ;
Where venal ministers blockade the throne,
And cumb'rous taxes make the nation groan ;
While pension'd parasites, their country's curse,
Take tens of thousands from the public purse ;
Right Reverends too, whose daily actions show,
That Mammon is the only God they know ;

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent out by Queen Elizabeth to discover the North-East passage.

Where hood-winked justice, amidst venal laws,
Is bought with gold, and sells the needy's cause ;
While luxury, vain pomp, and pageant shew,
Insult the feelings of a nation's woe ;
While poor misfortune ev'ry misery feel
In parish workhouse, vile as the Bastille ;
Whose population in the grade of slaves,
A prey to want, sends them to parish graves ;
Where tyrant rule directs the vile abode,
And even tramples on the laws of God ;
While her hardy tars their sad fate deplore,
Are seen in thousands perishing on shore ;
While tens of thousands yearly crowd the strand,
Leaving their homes, their friends, and native land ;
Sick of their country, brave the winds and wave
To find in distant realms a freeman's grave ;
Where beast with man the woody wilds divide,
To seek a rest—and Providence their guide ;
Where death and famine lurk, their way explore,
Fall faint to earth, and think on Britain's shore,
Life's anguish flies, and all its ills are o'er.
While their last fleeting breath seems to demand,
Retributive vengeance on their native land.
O, what's their feelings! say, can language show?
No! ye that suffer, ye can only know,
While casting a last look to England's shore,
Perhaps to view your native land no more.

Now let my verse assume a different strain,
And sing the worthies of the boisterous main.
A daring band of free and gen'rous mind
Who the vast globe in social commerce bind.
Navigation—science wisely given
To fulfil the high behest of Heaven—
Bids mariners the Gospel truths convey
To ev'ry land and island of the sea ;
These missionaries of the boundless main,
O'er the vast globe redeeming love proclaim.
A richer treasure they display to view
Than all the wealth of India or Peru.
But for these diffusing wide salvation,
A drear void had reign'd o'er half creation ;
While Providence whose universal plan
Solders the links, uniting man to man.
And will the truant muse now quit the grove,
For rougher scenes on vent'rous wings to rove,
And leave the sylvan shades of rural ease,
To trace with me the dangers of the seas ;
Inspire my theme—Æolus' harp engage,
To strike the strain where seas and whirlwinds rage,
Whose trembling strings the rude gale wildly sweeps,
To strains consonant with the angry deeps?
She will, nor this my feeble flight disdain,
E'en tho' unpolished be my humble strain.
Here spring no flowers, here no laurels bloom,
The wayward sisters fix'd my early doom

Where winds and waves their stormy mansion keep,
 Consigned by fate, A TENANT OF THE DEEP.
 No prosperous gales were mine, where'er I sail'd
 Rude billows roll'd, and adverse winds prevail'd.
 Sad destiny oppress'd me more and more,
 And left me struggling on a leeward shore,
 'Midst rocks and shoals, nor left one hope to cheer,
 My gloomy prospect with a harbour near,
 A place of refuge there my anchors cast,
 And shelter from Adversities' bleak blast.

Swelling in all the dignity of pride,
 A gallant Ship lay floating on the tide,
 Rigg'd out in style, display'd her colors gay,
 Like some British fair on a ball-room day,
 Or like some lovely blushing Eastern bride,
 She rode in grandeur on the rippled tide.
 Like some fair one on Albion's happy coast,
 Who charms all hearts, and is its greatest boast,
 Those charms by grace and dignity are won,
 She yields herself to none but Britain's Son ;
 To Him she yields her glory and her pride,
 His valour trusts, and bids him be her guide.
 She proudly hail'd from fam'd Britannia's shore,
 Albion was the gallant name she bore ;
 Whose flag triumphant she displays unfurl'd,
 Its commerce spreading o'er the distant world ;
 In thunder borne o'er the majestic main,
 Britannia's bold empire to maintain,

rage,
 weeps,

Striking her foes with terror and dismay,
And lets them know she's Empress of the sea,

ALTAIR, the Captain, whose mind led to roam,
To various climates and to ev'ry zone,
'Neath torrid skies with burning heat opprest,
Where soothing calms lull the deep to rest.
Or when arous'd, the wild tornado tries,
To dash the ruffian billows to the skies ;
Where horror rides upon the waves below,
And bursting thunder and red lightnings glow ;
Where the devoted bark tempestuous tost,
'Midst seas and skies in mixt confusion lost ;
Where dread despair, with horrid looks aghast,
And death in terror clad, rides on the blast.
These scenes, in all their varied horrors view'd,
Impress'd his mind, and taught him fortitude.
With resignation unto Him, whose will,
Bids whirlwinds rage, or bids their rage be still.
A seaman bold, of shining talents rare,
Prompt in command, though strict, yet not severe.
He ev'ry art of seamanship well knew,
Was vers'd in nautic lore to guide her too.
Deep skill'd in science, he had learn'd to trace
Worlds rolling in immensity of space ;
How on the Line, with rapid wheels they roll,
Or of less orbit, verging to the Pole.

By Newtonic laws his philosophic eye,
Could trace their motion through the ample sky ;
What distant space they from each other keep,
And mark his progress on the mighty deep.
Tho' manly bold, he had a tender heart,
Which sorrow shew'd when call'd on to depart,
His children innocent, as yet not knew,
The pangs and feelings of a long adieu,
These smil'd unconscious while around they clung,
With winning wiles, and fond endearing tongue ;
While many simple artless questions came,
From innocence just lisping father's name,
Whilst his fond partner heard, her looks exprest,
The feelings warring in her tender breast ;
Love, hope, and fear, fills her fond anxious heart,
With dread of parting ere they come to part.
A thousand tender scenes rush o'er her mind,
Of fond ideas, that each other bind
To nature's links, a chain of growing length
Increas'd by time, and adding strength to strength ;
While the fond husband view'd her tender tears,
Suppress his own, and smil'd away her fears,
Consol'd her troubled mind, strove to subdue,
Her anxious fears, and bids a quick adieu.

BARON, the Chief Mate, form'd of rougher mould,
In friendship steady, generous, and bold,

He twice ten years had plough'd the raging deep,
 By danger nurs'd, by rude waves rock'd to sleep,
 Inur'd to every peril of the seas,
 'Midst reefs, and shoals, and rock-girt dang'rous
 bays.

Where danger call'd his strict attentive care,
 Found him the first to meet and brave it there,
 Oft urg'd by fate midst horrors to explore
 The dreadful dangers of a leeward shore.
 Where seamanship and dauntless skill was tried
 Danger to shun, or by hope's anchor ride ;
 These scenes familiar, by experience taught,
 Had o'er his mind a dauntless courage wrought,
 Unknown to fear, when terror did prevail
 His courage rose e'en with the rising gale,
 Nor from his duty would he ever flinch,
 Dauntless and bold, a seaman every inch.

WALTERS, the second mate, manly and fair,
 Of blooming health, yet unimpaired by care,
 Whose youthful mind with emulation glow'd,
 The sea to rove, and visit climes abroad ;
 With his advent'rous chief, anxious to roan,
 Copy his virtues, make them all his own ;
 Only one sorrow prey'd upon his mind,
 Grief for fair Ellen, that he'd leave behind.
 Love in their youth had bound the faithful pair,
 Witness'd their vows, and stamp'd his image there.

Whilst hope and fear by turns their bosoms burn
And fancy paints the pleasures of return,
Anticipates those scenes with fond regard,
When faithful love their virtue shall reward.
BOREAS, the boatswain, next our notice claim,
Rough in his person, hardy as his name,
Fierce as the storm, boisterous as the waves,
He combats terror, and all danger braves.
Old Ocean own'd him his adopted child,
Who like his sire at times serene and mild,
Unskill'd in learning, and in science too,
Nature his lesson taught, and much he knew ;
He from the aspect of the clouds could learn
The gale's approach, or rising storms discern,
Or Ocean pregnant with unusual throes,
His agitation mark'd, and knew the cause ;
The colour'd waves he would attentive view,
If shoals were there, or near to soundings drew :
Whene'er in ken the distant land they near,
His discerning eye knew what land was there ;
In every clime his sea-bronz'd face had been,
And well he mark'd the different scenes he'd seen ;
Oft pinch'd with frost amidst the icy seas,
Or 'neath the Line scorch'd by Sol's burning rays
On Afric's dreadful coast ; and plain to trace
Their influence on his rough sun-burnt face—
Wrinkled by time, imprest with many a scar—
The wreck of climate and the brunt of war.

In duty he was strict, but not rigid,
He'd crack his funny jokes, and turn his quid,
With antics sing his songs, his rumbo quaff,
With strange romantic stories raise a laugh,
That oft would set the fore-castle a-roar,
When relax'd from toil he'd relate them o'er ;
How, when off Cape Good Hope one stormy night,
The Flying Dutchman did them all affright,
With canvas crowded, close beneath their lee
Their ship she hail'd—and vanish'd instantly.
How Davy Jones in a terrific form
Perch'd on the jib-boom in a dreadful storm,
With horrid shark-like jaws, from which there came
A loud hissing noise, spitting liquid flame,
With saucer eyes that glar'd like a blue light,
Plung'd in the deep, and vanish'd out of sight.
How at midnight, as all becalm'd they lay,
Poll's murdered ghost her lover bore away
In sulphureous smoke, gave one horrid shriek,
Then with him plung'd into the silent deep.
Of monsters huge, pirates, goblin and ghost,
Till each tar trembled at his midnight post.

A set of hardy tars compos'd the crew,
Nurs'd on the waves and all its hardships knew.
Most of this gallant band were such whose name
To history's bright page have added fame ;
In action resolute, bold, and true,
Britannia's proud boast and glory too.

The flag display'd for sea—all hands on board,
The order's given, the gay ship's unmoor'd,
The canvas loos'd, and sheets taut home belay'd ;
Quickly the topsail yards rouse to mast head,
Top-gallant sails sheet home and hoist away !
Your jib and staysail loose and let them lay ;
The cat overhaul—stretch the gig along—
The windlass man—and give the cheering song.
The handspike's mann'd, the windlass flies around,
Clash after clash the rattling pawls resound ;
While Yoe heave yoe ! the seaman cheerly bawls,
Springs to his bar, and rattles down the pawls ;
While listening in her cave, the nymph Echo
Joins in their song, and answers “ yoe heave yoe ! ”
The anchor from its muddy bed they tear,
Soon 'neath the bow it doth awash appear :
Hook on the cat, stretch out, and rouse away,
Chock a block there, the boatswain pipes belay,
The light breeze now she feels, and 'gins to veer,
Quick hoist away the jib and help her there,
Let fall your canvas, and set ev'ry sail
To catch the breeze ; nor lose the rising gale.
In pride majestic she pursues her way,
And round her bows the rippling waters play ;
The watchful pilot o'er the ship presides,
Her course with skill directs, and progress guides ;
With searching eye, seamen take their last view,
As their lov'd port they leave and sigh Adieu !

The Pilot, whose aid requir'd now no more
Bids them adieu and makes his way to shore.

The port now left and out of harbour clear
With pleasant breezes they down channel steer,
Set studding-sails to court the rising gale
Their canvas trim, and regulate each sail,
The decks they clear, the cables coil below
The boats with care secure, and anchors stow,
While the seamen according to their rate
Various employed, each now their station take.
Now evening spreads her mantle o'er the sky
The bearings of some near head-land they try,
Then mustering all hands upon the deck
The orders given, and the watch is set,
Part to their hammocks for repose repair,
Others the ship attend with watchful care
As the blue briny waves she ploughs along,
The dull hours beguile with some cheerful song,
Until eight bells the hour of midnight show
The helm and watch reliev'd these go below.

Now sable night reluctant steals away,
From the glad harbinger of early day,
Bright crimson clouds the eastern skies adorn,
Strikes on the deck the early light of morn,
The horizon its purple robes display,
Sol rises glowing from the trembling sea,

Whose waves with liquid gold are overspread,
And lost in blushes, quits his Thetis' bed,
In glory rob'd his golden body laves,
A burnished Orb, afloat upon the waves,
Then mounts aloft in splendid grandeur bold,
Richly sublime, and tips the clouds with gold.
As they down Channel their brisk course pursue,
The changing scene of Britains coast they view,
Its hills majestic, lawns extending wide,
And its bold cliffs that overlook the tide,
Its various head-lands as they pass them by
Attention claims and still detains their eye,
And now that rugged point in sight appears,
That on its head two well known lights it bears : *
With eye attentive now they ling'ring view,
Fam'd Albion's shore, and bid its cliffs adieu,
Its bearings mark, and their departure take ;
Their course they shape, and from the land they
make ;

While less'ning to their view the distant coast
To their sight sinking in the waves is lost ;
While fresh'ning breezes drive them from the land,
Soon Scilly leaves upon the starboard hand.
Nor will the muse, as scudding we pass by,
Neglect those isles and rocks that scatter'd lie,
Around whose sides the boisterous billows beat,
These isles and rocks form snug and safe retreat

* Lizard Point.

When the black north-east sweeps the foaming deep,
 Opposing strong the windward beating fleet ;
 Then for those isles away the shipping bear,
 Find safe retreat, and snugly harbour there ;
 While St. Martin's crested heights display
 Its lofty land-mark as a guide by day ;
 And St. Agnes throws her revolving light—
 A blazing meteor through the dreary night ;
 While 'midst dense sleet their dubious course they
 steer,

The Wolf, or Seven Stones * they dread to near :
 Whose hungry jaws on fated victims prey,
 The Scylla and Charybdis of these seas ;
 Yet 'midst those isles that wave-worn rocks surround
 Windings intricate form many a sound,
 Which as the bark its shelvy sides draws near,
 Infuses dread and strikes the mind with fear.
 There the bold Pilot braves the storm to guide
 The shelter-seeking bark where she may ride
 At anchor safe, or beach'd upon the strand,
 In many a harbour form'd of silver sand ; †
 Whilst those dread rocks that fill'd them with alarms,
 Encircle them with their protecting arms,
 Embosomed 'midst their rough romantic charms,

* Dangerous rocks, lying between the Land's End and Scilly ; the Wolf Rock at low ebb is out of water, the Seven Stones are always covered.

† The sand at Scilly is of a beautiful shining silver colour.

Where sportive nature whimsical displays
Her freaks romantic 'midst isles, rocks, and seas,
In wild, uncouth, terrific, frowning forms
That dauntless braves the angry howling storms,
Nor dreads the rude and roaring ocean shocks,
Shelter'd amidst its adamantine rocks,
Whose hoary heads repel the foaming spray,
And in their arms, circle an halcyon sea,
And rudely smile amidst the dreadful din,
While all is tranquil, placid, safe, within.

In traffic they employ their art and wiles,
While busy barter reigns throughout the Isles ;
Their wealth and comforts from this commerce flow,
Contracted views is all this people know ;
Cash seldom touch'd,—the adage here abounds,
That pence by saving, turns in time, to pounds.
Which when that sum they do but once possess,
They seldom ever make its value less.
Trusting in fate with wrecks to line the shore,
When "*one and all*" strive to increase their store :
A wreck ! a wreck ! with hope they thither tend,
And boats from every part hail the "*God-send*" ;
Yet 'midst those scenes that frequent strike their
view,
Their utmost efforts use to save the crew.

Yes, far unlike to Cornwall's merc'less race—
Nature's foul shame and England's great disgrace—
Instead of aiding of the drowning crew,
To cursed plunder oft add murder too :
That thirst for gold that prompts them on for prey,
More cruel proves than the wild raging sea.
Oft strip the wretch returning waves have left
Gasping on shore ; and aid the work of death.
Cornwall, such were thy crimes in days of yore,
Yet now, I trust, these horrid scenes are o'er,
Since knowledge and religion hand in hand,
Have wide diffused their blessings through the land,
And sown the seed of blest humanity,
And taught mankind, what man to man should be.

Here healthful, strong, transparent water flows
And clear the variegated bottom shows ;
While in variety 'midst those Isles are found
Fish plenteous, with which its creeks abound.
Their frugal meals chiefly consist in this,
The land potatoes yields, the sea its fish ;
Of this, kind nature gives them large supplies,
And this, their nature seems for to suffice ;
Though pigs and fowls they rear, but seldom eat,
Except upon a festival or treat,
When cousins, cousins meet, and the old folks,
Granfers and grandames utter their queer jokes ;

While untax'd liquor helps their homely fare,
Creating mirth, and banishing all care.
With uncouth manners fraught, e'en scenes like these,
Midst sandy hills and barren rocks can please :
While here and there is seen amidst those rocks,
Green spots, and chequered views of half-starv'd
crops ;

While the few sheep and other cattle seem,
Of the lean kind described in Pharaoh's dream ;
While here and there a bush, and some brush-wood,
Hedges of stone and turf, form'd rough and rude,
Inclose a garden, that with labour'd care
Some culinary roots and greens doth bear.
These chiefly constitute their all, their store,
They seem contented though their portion's poor.
Whilst on the brow of some high craggy steep,
Stands antique tower that overlooks the deep,
And rocks and stones fix'd on each other stand,
As if the utmost skill of magic hand
Pyramid pois'd, almost on nothing fast,
That even trembles at the angry blast,
A child it seems would hurl them to their base ;
Ages roll by, yet they have held their place,
While many rocky caverns under ground
Loud echo the ocean's swelling sound.

Here rugged Nature holds her awful reign,
Wild and tumultous as the lawless main ;

Yet still she charms, and to the Poet's eye
Presents ten thousand beauties he can pry :
The rugged rocks, the over-jutting steep,
Whose brow terrific frowns upon the deep—
Awfully grand, striking the mind with awe,
And verging, seem to plunge the deep below ;
Ravines and mounds, heath, moss, and flow'rets
wild,
Caves, crags and stones, in awful grandeur pil'd,
In threat'ning attitude, with terror deckt,
As if Confusion was the architect,
And Nature's rude materials had brought
To build this rugged, wild, romantic spot,
Striking the mind with wonder and alarm,
And shews in Nature's roughest work a charm.
Oft to some craggy summit would I climb,
Regardless quite of all the toil and time ;
With eye excursive sweep the circuit round,
View sands, isles, rocks, and ships and winding sound,
The roughly cultur'd soil, a varied scene,
With hills and vales, and cottages between,
The hamlet rude, and oft some moss-clad cot
Scarcely distinguish'd from its neighbouring rock ;
None would suppose a human dwelling there,
But for the smoke curling aloft in air.
Oh ! what a contrast this low hut imparts,
Compar'd with Royal domes and splendid arts ;
Though few the lawns, yet here and there are seen
The cottage neat, the farm, and valley green ;

The decent Church, on elevated site,
With moss-grown stones, and humble tombs of white.
Some dwarfish shrubs around the Churchyard grew,
Of rugged thorns, and cheerless, gloomy yew ;
Many a foot-worn path leads through the ground,
'Midst lowly tombs with nettles skirted round,
Whose stones simply their name and age impart,
Unknown to pride, and void of sculptur'd art ;
While here and there amidst those tombs are found
The monuments of some in ocean drown'd ;
Thrown 'midst its rocks by ocean's rude surf,
And laid by strangers 'neath the senseless turf.
Artless lines their catastrophe relate,
How wreck'd, where found, and how they met their
fate ;
Or ostentation its proud tomb may rear
To some illustrious stranger buried there ;
While half the globe may separate his clay
From tombs rever'd where his forefathers lay.
While moss, with marine productions found
'Midst rocks to grow, or humbly court the ground.
In such variety you'd pleasure find,
To yield delight, and woo the pensive mind ;
While the pure air 'midst the surrounding sea,
Doth robust health and appetite convey.
Yes, these rough scenes have charms and power to
please—
Though rugged Isles amidst surrounding seas.

Now o'er the expanse they crowd all sail to run,
And with their course pursue the fiery sun
That to the western ocean downward hies
In other worlds his beams display, and rise.
While here and there a distant sail's descried
At various bearings on the swelling tide.
Now, out of channel, and of soundings clear,
To cross the vast Atlantic they prepare :
Unbend the cables and coil them below,
And bower anchors on the deck they stow ;
Get all things secur'd in their proper place,
To meet the roughness of that wat'ry waste.
Successive days the various duties claim,
Attentive care correctly marks the same ;
To tend the canvas as the wind may veer,
While science regulates the course to steer.
The sun unto meridian height doth climb,
While seven bells denotes the march of time ;
The Captain with his Mates their quadrants rise,
Marking his progress as he scales the skies ;
The divided arch shows his solar way,
While colour'd glasses screen his glowing ray,
And the reflecting mirrors bring him down
To skim the horizon's remotest bound ;
Then with strict attention and with care,
Observant mark his rise or resting there ;
Nor his fast progress does he long delay,
But soon dips his bright orb beneath the sea,

And journeys on his daily western way ;
This, by the lore of science understood,
Describes their course, and gives their latitude,
With care their course and distance regulate,
And in the journal the proceedings state ;
The various incidents now they trace,
Correct and mark them in their proper place.
The fluctuating winds are lull'd to sleep,
The torpid bark can scarce her steerage keep ;
Against the mast so ind'lent lie the sails,
The regent helm no longer now prevails.
In frowning aspect low'ring on is borne
A pitchy cloud, the prelude of a storm.
Loud rattling peals convulse the troubled air—
Flash after flash of vivid lightnings glare.
The dense sulphureous mass asunder rends,
And down a deluge on the main descends,
Lashing into bubbles the slumbr'ing sea ;
And now the blast before it bears the spray,
Force gathering as it advances near,
Proclaims a gale is lurking in the rear.
ALTAIR commands " the light sails stow away,
Your courses haul up snug and let them lay,
Double reef the top-sails, men, and prepare
To get the canvas snug, and see all clear."—
Before the gale the thickening scud fast flies
In dark array borne from the western skies ;

Her course opposed by force of adverse gales,
Their yards they trim, and regulate their sails ;
While through the lashing rain and foaming spray,
The ship oblique pursues her labour'd way ;
The turbulent power of the gale she feels,
And bows the sea, with lurching leeward heels ;
The waves in wild commotion leave their bed,
Assault the sides, and deluge the cat-head.
Then plunging in the sea her hull she laves,
And springs undaunted o'er its boiling waves ;
The mariners to each mast head attend,
Down royal and top-gallant yards they send ;
The boatswain bawls to strike the royal mast,
Rigging and shrouds secure and make all fast ;
And to give the labouring ship relief
They down the topsails clue and each close reef.
The Captain calls amidst the howling din—
Reef the fore course, and run the jib-boom in,
Broil up the mizen, lads, furl the main course,
The staysail set a balance of less force.—
Their bold bark thus reliev'd, with greater ease
Braves the gale, and bows the boisterous seas,
While they undaunted o'er the waves are borne,
Their jokes they crack and laugh amidst the storm.
E'en on the giddy mast, toss'd to and fro,
The shipboy smiles, nor fears the surge below.
All things secure, the tube machine they try,
And there scarce find a spell before she's dry.

The wild elements in dismal array
In awful tumult mingle with the sea.
The struggling ship now labouring severe,
No longer can her weight of canvas bear ;
Rouse up the hands, the Captain loudly calls,
The gale's increas'd, led on with heavy squalls,
Fore and mizen topsails to furl prepare,
Your rigging man and see your sheets all clear ;
Watch well your time, my lads, between the squalls,
And now clue down, the Captain hoarsely bawls,
The topsails clu'd up, bowse well taught your gear,
Your braces steady, lay your yards near square.
Jump up aloft—the Boatswain calls aloud,
And soon the hands ascend the slippery shroud,
Undauntedly the topsail yard is mann'd,
And the loose tumultuous canvas hand.
The gale increases with a dreadful din,
See, all ready the foresail to take in.
The weather cluelines and buntlines well mann'd
Then ease away the tack a careful hand ;
A hand to the sheet ease away with care,
And now, my lads, clue up to leeward there ;
The sail ascends loose fluttering in the wind,
Is by its running gear at last confin'd.
The lifts haul taught, round in the weather brace,
And on the yard each seaman takes his place.
Grasping the sail they combat with the wind,
And to the yard the vanquish'd canvas bind,

While warring winds assist the rebel sea,
Assault their bark that labours on her way :
Bounding furious the dire gale she heaves,
Now deep ingulph'd, now scales its topmost waves,
Now, tottering on the briny precipice,
Then plunges trembling down the deep abyss ;
Wild winds and waves a dreadful conflict try,
In lawless tumult warring with the sky,
By fury driven, over the ship is borne,
Whose vast bulk reels, convuls'd amidst the storm.
The Captain calls unto his hardy crew,
To see all clear, prepare to heave her too,
And through the deep to meet the raging sea,
Get the storm staysail clear to hoist away,
Your main and top-sail yards get well secure
With extra braces the gale to endure,
Your storm stay-sail sheet bouse aft and belay,
The hal'yards stoutly man, and hoist away.
The stay-sail set, of canvas stout and new,
The helm-a-lec, they gently round her too.
With greater ease their bark now bows the sea,
And labours less along her wat'ry way ;
The well they sound, and find all strong and tight,
All well secured to meet the dreary night,
Whose dismal hours pass tardily away,
And weary tars long for approaching day.
The infant morn awakes, shaded in gloom,
And struggles hard its empire to resume,

And from the dark'ning frown of sable night
Dispel the shades, unbar the doors of light,
That faint approaches shedding feeble ray,
Tardy and sullen ushers in the day.
The weary winds seem to have spent their rage,
The warring elements no more engage ;
No more they threat in attitude hostile,
And day approaches in a languid smile.
At post meridian gladly they descry
The clouds dispersed, and view a clearer sky ;
The gale is broke, the wind has lost its force—
Aloft, my lads ! loose and set the fore course,
Your fore and mizen top-sails loose away,
Your sheets haul taut home, well there, and belay,
Overhaul your rigging, see your tackle clear,
Your halyards stretch along and set them fair.
The sky's serene, the sea has lost its force,
Let out a reef, my lads, and set each course,
Your mizen set, your jib-boom see all clear,
Run him out, set well up your stay and gear,
Your jib set two-thirds out, howse taut your stay,
Stay-sail and jib see clear, and hoist away !—
The wind veers northward, freshening gales arise,
The clouds in hasty flight forsake the skies,
The ship hauls up, her wonted course to keep.
And with increasing progress ploughs the deep.—
A reef, my men, out of each topsail let,
Your halyards man, and the sail well set,

The winds a-beam, your braces ease away,
Round in to windward, well there men, belay.—
And now again she dashes through the sea.
With joy elate, the favouring gale they hail,
That proudly swells the bosom of their sail.
Now bright Sol bends with fervid lips to kiss
Thetis, reposing in her deep abyss,
With glowing cheeks he rushes to her arms,
And hides himself amidst her liquid charms ;
While sober twilight, with a stealthy pace,
Advances slow with mild and modest face,
Tranquil she comes with all her fleeting powers,
That give a pleasure to the passing hours,
Seeming to watch the parting steps of light,
Then draws the bolts, and ushers in the night,
Who solemn enters with her silver train,
With gems bespangled, gazing on the main,
While Luna, mildly, like a courteous Queen
Majestic moves amidst the glittering scene :
Her silver beams in playful tremor dance
Like fairy scenes upon the blue expanse.
They contemplative view Heavn's vast concave,
Whose gems reflected are from rippled wave :
Keen gazing with invigorated eye,
By Science taught, their altitude they try,
Whose sure, unerring rule when understood,
Corrects their course, and shews the latitude.

With pleasure seamen view a moonlight night,
Their minds it fills with soothing, calm delight,
As they keep watch, their fond ideas roam,
To Britain's coast, and that dear spot—their Home.
Over their mind immagination steals,
Memory awakes and past scenes reveals,
Fond fancy wafts them on in airy flight,
Presents those joys that does their souls delight ;
Their home, their friends or loves last parting kiss,
And loose themselves in the ecstatic bliss,
Forget the cares and troubles of the main,
And for a time enjoy that bliss again ;
She back o'er the Atlantic does them bear,
In reverie again those pleasures share,
The scenes of home successive fills their mind,
And all the dear delights they left behind.
Strike eight bells the hoarse boatswain loudly cries,
And instantly the sweet delusion flies,
They start as waking from some pleasant trance,
Gaze on the flowing sail and view the blue expanse,
While from their manly breasts a sigh may start,
That speaks a tar has got a feeling heart ;
True to his friend, and to his country true,
Faithful in love and in his duty too,
Gallant, humane and bold, frank, free and brave,
Mild with the fair, a hero on the wave.
They to their hammocks for repose repair,
In sweet oblivion dream of it their.

The queen of night retires, faint glows her ray,
Lost in the splendor of the god of day ;
The mariners at each mast head attend,
The proud top-gallant-mast aloft to send,
The aerial-yards, soon aloft they rear,
Their parrels seize and fix secure their gear,
The sheets and cluelines to the sail they bend,
The sheets taught home, aloft the yards ascend,
The steering-sail booms on the yard extends,
Soon the wing'd canvas to its place ascends,
The gallant ship swan-like in stately pride,
O'er the salt waves in triumph seems to glide,
Through the vast deep she rapid ploughs her way,
And from her bows dashes the foaming spray ;
Chronometers give their longitudinal run,
Three hours of time gone westward with the sun,
Compar'd with their dead reck'ning makes appear,
That they the outer bank are drawing near ;
The setting sun, the horizon draws nigh,
By azimuth, they the variation try,
Thro' the sight-vanes his bearings mark with care,
The stated degrees and arrest it there,
Found by nautic lore,—tho' unknown the cause—
And it the magnets variation shews ;
Yet this attraction o'er creations bound,
The principle of which was never found,
Yet Nature shews enough to mortal sight,
To know it is, and to direct him right.

As they draw on the banks of Newfoundland,
The deep sea lead and line they get to hand.—
Your steering-sails haul down, your stay-sails too,
Your royals and top-gallant sails down clear,
Your courses haul up, after-yards lay square,
And see your deep sea lead and line all clear,
Let a careful hand with the lead attend,
And guide the line unto the bowsprit end.—
Now all is clear the lead to heave away,
They round her too, and mark her stoppage way.
Heave there, my lads, the Captain calls amain,
Watch there, watch there—repeated back again.
Away the massy weight they downward veer,
BOREAS the line attends with nicest care,
With stentor voice he bawls out, Soundings there !
While the mark'd line the soundings plainly shew,
Forty-five fathoms gives the depths below.
The line haul'd in, BARON aloud doth call,
Fill your after-sails, and let your courses fall,
Your royal and top-gallant halyards tend.
Quick aloft the aerial-sails ascend ;
Set your steering-sails,—aloft the canvas swings,
And courts the breeze with its extended wings.
For days successive, on their course they steer,
Now threatening mist obscures the atmosphere,
O'erspreads, condensed, the surface of the sea,
It unsafe renders to pursue their way,

And their increasing progress to abate,
They shorten canvas, sail at a less rate.
Their hooks and lines they get in readiness,
And anxiously prepare their lures for fish ;
And the detention of the fog beguile,
They round her too, and busy fish awile ;
They round her too, and busy fish awile ;
With baited hooks, they to the bottom send
Their lines, which they with expectation tend ;
Nor is their wish'd anticipation lost,
Soon the round headed Cod on deck is toss'd,
And the fresh mess, with skill, the cooks prepare,
In expectation of delicious fare ;
Potatoes, pork, with heads of cod they take,
And a mess of luscious chauder make,
With onions season'd, makes so rare a treat,
An Alderman might smack his lips and eat,
Which did he enjoy on Atlantic seas,
He would proclaim its richness all his days ;
E'en at a City Feast he would declare,
No dainty ever found its equal there,
Fam'd turtle-soup, e'en, would its relish lose,
And seaman's chauder he'd before it choose :
And credit give while I this truth declare,
They no Atlantic appetites have there.
Now the dense fog steals o'er the boundless main,
Widening the horizon of the vast plain ;
Vaporous clouds, light floating in the air,
Retreating round, display the hemispere ;

Absorbed by beams of Sol's refulgent ray,
All the blue concave of Heaven display ;
The azure sky with pleasure now they hail,
They trim their yards, and crowd on every sail,
Whilst the good ship, impatient of delay,
Ploughs through the briny deep her rapid way,
And the glad crew, with renewed joy elate,
Anticipate the wish'd-for land to make ;
The Captain now bids them look out before,
That their fleet bark no floating ice runs o'er,
Which fatal oft to many a ship has been,
Those icebergs drifting with the southern stream,
Whose current from the Pole, o'er the bank drives,
Those frigid isles southward to warmer skies :
Whose breath diffuses chillness through the air,
A shadow of the Northern Hemisphere.
Ere rays of morn dispelled the gloom of night,
From the horizon burst a glare of light,
That with the glowing chrystal seemed to vie,
Sublimely grand, dazzling the gazer's eye ;
And as the morn unveiled her glories bright,
Displayed to view, a floating isle of light.
On near approach, its grandeur they survey—
An isle congealed, afloat amidst the sea !
With caution now their onward course they run,
Careful the drifting icebergs for to shun ;
High on the mast, a seaman's wonted stand,
Soon right a-head deseries the distant land :

Land a-head ! he bawls—the watch re-echo Land !
Whilst he the accustomed bottle doth demand.
An hour of social mirth now they pass,
And with their ship-mates circulate the glass.
As the swift bark the distant land draw's near,
Seen from the deck its lofty heights appear ;
The jaded eye thrown back can just survey,
Its form, like clouds, emerging from the sea,
That playful, seem to lift their trembling head,
Dance on the waves, or sink in Ocean's bed ;
As nearing the coast their bark onward drew,
Cape North's bold promontory strikes their view,
Whose iron bound coast, and stern rugged brow,
Scarce any signs of vegetation show ;
While two extremes this climate only knows,
Of dry burning sun, and bleak chilling snows,
Whose summit, tow'ring height of cheerless form,
O'erlooks the waves, and braves the winter's storm ;
Bleak, desolate, and wild appear its shore,
As the wild waves that round its boundaries roar.
Four leagues north-east from Cape North, Saint
Paul's* lies ;
Rearing its rugged head toward the skies ;

* In the winter of 1823 a crew of fifteen souls perished on that Island, having sustained nature some months on their dead companions as they one by one perished, and when found in the spring the last survivor had but lately died.

Dread dreary barrenness reigns there alone,
And claims this dismal Island for her own,
While many a gay gallant ship lost there,
Has been her prey, the victims of despair ;
In horror there the crew have breath'd their last,
Seiz'd by chilling snow, and bleak winters blast,
There still expos'd to sun and frigid sky,
Their numerous bleaching bones unburied lie.
Now from the ship the Cape a beam doth bear,
And running onward for the gulf they steer,
At distance on the larboard hand is seen,
The num'rous rugged Isles of Magdalen ;
Their brown tops they from sandy beach display,
A random mass emerging from the sea,
Of hills and rocks o'ertopping sandy soil,
Whose produce scarce repays the labourers toil,
Yet nature here not every thing denies,
Something she gives, the rest the sea supplies ;
The soil though barren and though hard their fare,
These Isles may please, content may harbour there,
For those who never from its shores did roam,
Their ignorance is bliss, content their home.
With fresh gales and flowing sheets, they pass by,
Where the bird Isles, a trio cluster lie ;
Whose heights with gulls and gannets cover'd show,
As if they still retained the winter snow,
Hovering o'er whose summit seems to appear,
A living cloud, dark'ning the atmosphere ;

Whose shrieks a multiplied confusion make,
And from those birds, these Isles their name do take.
Southward from these, the Isle of Biron lies,
Around whose shore the fisher finds supplies ;
Southwest a rocky reef runs from the strand,
And a rough shelvy shoal begirts the land.
As the ship doth her onward course pursue,
Drear Anticostas Isle* rises to view,
Where opposing tides lash its wave-worn strand,
No sustenance springs from its dreary land,
Here shipwreck'd mariners remains are found,
Whose scatter'd bones lie bleaching on the ground ;
There death in all his dreadful horrors clad,
With frantic famine, drives his victims mad,
Frenzies the brain, thirst through their vitals rage ,
With human blood, that horrid thirst assuage ;
Life's fleeting hours sustain'd by human food,
Whilst horrid to view, bones and limbs round strew'd ;
Struggling nature combats hard with fell death,
While death alone supports their fleeting breath,
As fate each victim calls to meet his doom,
In the survivors find a living tomb ;

* On this Island government some years back erected houses or provision stations, with directing posts on various parts of the island to direct shipwrecked mariners through the woods to those stations, where they will find assistance and every thing necessary for their comfort provided.

Thus in succession death gives their repast,
In horror catering unto the last.
Their dreadful pangs and sufferings alone,
In mercy let it for their crimes atone ;
Tried by distress, as gold purg'd from its ore,
May they find mercy on that tranquil shore,
Where want and storms shall never reach them more.
Swiftly their bark skims through the briny tide,
Leaving the Isle upon the starboard side ;
Their course they now more southwardly pursue,
As near the rivers wide entrance they drew,
Whose spacious bounds here are lost to view.
As the ship to anchorage ground drew near,
Their cables bend and get the anchors clear ;
Bic's Isle they make upon the larboard side,
Where Pilots stop the river ships to guide.
Now every sail they crowd and cautious steer,
As its less distant boundaries they near,
Diversified they view on either hand,
Wood crown'd hills, green lawns, and sylvan land,
Its different Isles that to the view appear,
Lost in the various foliage that they bear.
Not far below Quebec's fam'd City lies,
Orleans, an Island of superior size ;
Where the neat white houses 'midst verdant green,
Delights the eye and smiles upon the scene :
Here industry has clear'd the sylvan ground,
And stately trees the pasture doth surround,

Planted by providence's own liberal hand,
Left as a fence, or to adorn the land.
Where once the forest stood in sullen gloom,
There Ceres smiles, and gardens shed their bloom,
And cultur'd land midst trees, a checquer'd scene,
With seats, and farms, a peeping out between ;
As near its western point the ship now drew,
Marency's falls and Quebec strikes the view,
There proudly tow'ring on the starboard hand,
Quebec's fair City rises from the strand ;
In majestic grandeur proudly looks o'er,
Her stream with commerce wafted to the shore,
Views numerous fleets riding on her tide,
United strength and commerce gives her pride.
The light sails they stow, and see the anchor clear,
All things ready for berthing, ship prepare,
As the ship near to her anchorage drew,
Their course haul up, down their topsails clue,
Stand by your stopper, see the cable clear,
Rang'd on the deck in readiness to veer,
Let go the anchor loud the captain cries,
Swiftly the cable round the windlass flies,
They veer away, the cable flies around,
And soon the greedy anchor bites the ground,
They furl the sails, the ship they moor secure,
And longing gaze on the enticing shore,
With mirth they send the sparkling glass around,
While in the bowl their care and toils are drown'd.

A
VOYAGE TO QUEBEC,

OR THE
WATER-LOGGED SHIP.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Taking of Quebec, Death of General Wolf, Fortifications and City of Quebec, Races on the Plains of Abraham, Description of the City and its Ramparts, The River and Rafts, Description of the Indians, Fire-Fly, The River Froze, Extreme of Heat and Cold experienced in that climate, Cargo on Board, Ship unmoors, Proceeds down the River, Light Airs, Fresh Breezes, Proceeds through the Gulf, Leaves the Land, A Dead Calm, State of the Atmosphere, Prepares for the Event, Sails Furled, Royal and Top-gallant Yards sent down, The Mast struck, Lightning, Thunder and Rain, A Hurricane, Fore-course split, and cut from the Yard, Top-gallant and Royal Mast sent on Deck, Ship a sea, Two Seamen washed overboard, Three feet water in the Hold, The Deck Lumber thrown Overboard, Water Increases, Ship Water-logged, The Feelings of the Captain and Officers on the occasion, The Captain holds a Consultation, His Undaunted Mind, The Mizzen, Main, and Fore Topmasts cut away, The Captain Cheers the Crew, Their Resignation to Providence, The Gale Abates, Another Foresail Bent, Signal of Distress, Anxious Watching for a Sail, A Sail descried, Taken from the Wreck, A Metaphor, Their Gratitude to the Supreme Being, Conclusion.

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The demon of the deep terrific rose,
Curling his monstrous brow, with foaming jaws,
Yawning as hell, rode on the angry sea,
With giant strength burst on his destin'd prey;
O'er whelm'd beneath his direful strength she lies,
Trembling, convuls'd, as if no more to rise. CANTO II.

A

VOYAGE TO QUEBEC ;

OR THE

WATER-LOGGED SHIP.

CANTO II.

When Britain her interest to maintain,
Sent her fleets across the Atlantic main,
She her favourite heroes did command,
Her warlike sons upon their shores to land ;
In loud thunder they did her mandate bear,
And shew'd the foe what british youth could dare ;
Saint Lawrence* trembled on his oozy bed,
And terror shook the frighted land with dread ;

* The River St. Laurence that runs by Quebec.

Britains bulwarks thunder'd along their shore,
And shook their City with vibrated roar ;
The foe in vain their capitol defend,
Undaunted Wolf, Abrahams heights ascend,
The din of war, burst with tremendous strain,
Routed the foe and drove them from the plain,
They fled the field in terror and dismay,
And British valour won the glorious day.
Whilst history's page, and the loud trump of fame,
Shall to the world proclaim her heroes name.
Source of immortal strains teach me to tell,
How Wolf conquer'd, how gloriously he fell ;
Catch the last accents, trembling from his tongue.
When Britons loudly shout, they run ! they run !
Who runs ? who runs ? the youthful hero cries
The French thy call, he hears and calmly dies :
Death paus'd awhile, fate did the act relent,
While from his lips proceed, I die content.
Stern fate relented, and prolong'd his breath,
Nor would resign the hero up to death,
Until Britons victorious shouts arise,
And victory resounded thro' the skies ;
Victory, victory grac'd his last fleeting breath,
Then sank victorious in the arms of death ;
His immortal soul wing's the ærial skies,
And victory pursues him as he flies,
Heavenward did the glorious hero bare,
Crown'd him with never fading laurels there.

Angels with silver trump proclaim his fame,
And on the book of record place his name.
From Abrahams heights the foe routed flew,
While British hosts their legions did pursue.
In rout and fear they fled the carnag'd field,
To British valour did their City yield,
Whose impregnable bulwarks lasting fame,
Remains a monument to Britains name.
Here still increasing battlements arise,
Arm'd for destruction tow'ring to the skies,
These proud plains with Annual joy resound,
While the fleet courser flies the ring around.
Sport rends the plain, crouds, to the scene repair,
Canada's Chief and its chief men are there,
The lovely fair in all their charms arrayed
And fam'd Quebec its elegance display'd.
Horse and chariot throng the rever'd ground,
While sport and joy vibrates the plain around.
While the fam'd City's increas'd bulwarks rise,
Strengthend by art, and all its foes defies.
Cape Diamond in thunder clad with dreadful frown,
Like a strong giant on the tide looks down.
With strength invincible his form bedeck,
And Britains flag adorns his marshal cap.
With majestic grandeur rears his proud head,
Whose very look would strike the foe with dread,
And should they vainly mad intrusion dare,
Would teach those foes Britannia's flag waves there,

An adamantine zone the town surrounds,
With tiers tremendous that dreadful frown,
Destructive arm'd, and ready to oppose,
A wall of fire to her insulting foes,
Grand and secure the lofty City stands,
Viewing the river and surrounding lands,
With smiling aspect from her heights look down,
Where arts and commerce crowd the lower town,
Where bustle reigns, and loaded cars convey,
The merchandise from off the crowded quay,
There woodbuilt stores, arsenals and houses rise,
A motley groop but full of rich supplies,
The produce of distant realms, that imparts
Domestic comforts, elegance and arts.
While on its tide large rafts of timber bore,
Down by the stream lining the creeks and shore,
An unexhausted fund the woods produce,
For architectivè or for naval use,
See commerce crowd the creeks along the shore,
With rafts and massy timber cover'd o'er.
That with the ebbing tide's conducted down,
And to appearance seems a floating town,
While many a helping sail here and there,
In various forms, on rude masts appear,
Where a hundred hands ply the rough form'd oar,
To tug the raft, to gain the creek or shore,
A winter's labour, toil of thousand hands,
Fell'd and convey'd from off thy sylvan lands,

Brought to this mart where industry's supply'd,
With nature's call, 'gainst winter to provide,
Their huts, their masts and oars with which they
wrought,

These with their rafts all to one market brought.
If as they drift, a ship by chance they crost,
Oft all the labour of a winter's lost ;
Confusion reigns, pines crack, axes resound,
The raft in scattered fragments flies around ;
Or else the ship is from her moorings torn,
With the drifting raft down the river borne,
Their hopes destroyed, their labour scattered wide,
In thousand fragments on the drifting tide.

There arts, commerce, and elegance you'll view,
And the brown Indians in their light canoe.
While the Indian all their arts deride,
And glories in his independent pride ;
As found at first—firm, free, and nobly bold,
No menial he, no sordid son of gold—
Unimprov'd by art, rugged nature's child,
As nature free, and as her woodlands wild ;
Arm'd for the war, or for the chase to stray,
To Areskoue* for success they pray.
While woods they rove, or the wild beast ensnare,
All other callings are beneath his care.

* God of war, revered as the great God of the Indians.

His Squa* and offspring he with pleasure eyes,
 Solely sustained by toil, and chance supplies ;
 Owns his low Wigwam† with exulting smile,
 And wonders man should want the larger pile :
 Laughs at the City towering on fixed base,
 While his low hut he moves from place to place,
 Like the wild Arab, roving here and there,
 Is no where fixed, but rambles everywhere.

Amid'st the silent hours of sable night,
 Oft have I watched the mazy winding flight
 And beauteous brilliance of the fire fly,
 Like spangled fire a twinkling in the sky,
 In sportive gambols dancing in the air,
 Shedding at intervals its brilliant glare,
 That with the diamond's lustre might compare,
 Or like a shooting star's transient gleam,
 Gone in a moment, lost as soon as seen :
 Or in the glen, or the dense darksome shade,
 Its brilliancy bright'ning all the glade
 Midst foliage brown, or of dusky green,
 Like diamonds sparkling midst the gloomy scene ;
 And oft its lambent bright beauteous light
 Displays to traveller's watch the hour of night.

* Wife.

† A tent formed of branches of trees, and covered with coarse woollen.

Here summer in its raging heat doth glow,
Stern winter holds his reign 'midst frost and snow,
With all its force the two extremes they know.
Saint Lawrence, Winter holds in icy bands,
And firmly joins its far boundary lands,
Where navies rode, and ships pursued their way,
There horses prance, there glides the rapid sleigh,
Its surface firm congealed to chrysal stone,
Beneath whose weight the frigid river groans.
Majestic river, chief of tides supreme,
While strength and grandeur marks its princely
stream ;
Its course meandering through lawns and hills,
Receiving tribute from a thousand rills.
Here Marenay's falls dash headlong down the land,
Sublimely beautiful, awful, and grand,
With headlong rage down on the frighted shore,
While distance far conveys its dreadful roar—
While rapid rivers by the lakes supplied—
Rush to his stream, lost in its princely tide,
Who a kind parent still supplies them all,
Except the grand terrific waterfall,
That tyrant like, disdaining alliance,
Headlong rushes, menacing defiance,
While Saint Lawrence pursues his steady way,
And joins the ocean, in a mighty sea.

The cargo and deck lumber stow'd away,
Commerce dispatch'd, they 'gain prepare for sea ;
Their hearts exult, while pleasing joys resound,
In fond idea of being homeward bound.
Imagination paints the pleasures there,
Anticipates those pleasures soon to share :
Fond flattering hope smoothes the distant way,
Nor marks the dangers of the stormy sea ;
Wafts them soon home on freshening breezes fair,
Nor shews the hardships they have yet to bear.
These Providence in mercy keeps from view,
While Hope with them their trackless course pursue,
As along life's devious road we stray,
Fate conceals its woe, and Hope smoothes the way ;
In mercy hides the hardships we 've to bear,
Lest nature fail, and sink beneath despair.

Their anchors weigh'd, the flowing canvas spread,
Light airs attend them downward with the ebb,
And now returning flood their progress stop,
They once again the massy anchor drop ;
Slack tide draws on, they now again prepare,
The anchor from its oozy bed to tear,
Their canvas spread, and set the ærial sail,
To win the wav'ring coy reluctant gale.
Now thro' the air Zephyrus wings his way,
Plays on the bosom of the rippled sea ;

The breeze she feels, the canvas woo's each air,
Trim every sail, and down the river steer ;
Canvas crowd, to embrace the rising wind,
With pleasure leave the less'ning land behind.
The ship now dashes o'er the rippled sea,
And through the gulf pursues her onward way ;
The lofty land, still lessening to their view,
Its bearings take, and bid the coast adieu.
The breeze now lulls, it feebly dies away,
Nor stirs a wavelet on the placid sea,
Breathing, at intervals is lost in air,
Scarce through the deep its weighty burden bear.
In the atmosphere silence holds her reign,
And not a breath disturbs the wat'ry plain :
The languid air seems lulled in torpid sleep,
With rolling motion heaves the briny deep,
The stately ship on its calm bosom lay,
And not a ripple mark'd her watery way ;
The atmosphere, clad in dense haze, grew faint,
Nature, with awe surpris'd, waits the event.
Dark sulphureous gloom obscur'd the light,
Usurp'd the day, displayed an awful night ;
The mariners beheld with solemn fear,
Whilst the dread scene employs the master's care.
ALTAIR foresaw the event, gave command,
The crowded canvas to clue down and hand,
Your courses haul up, down your top-sails clue.
Top-sails descend, swiftly the cordage flew ;

Cluelines and buntlines up, lay your yards square,
Haul your reef tackles out, make fast your gear ;
Close reef your top-sails men, without delay,
Reef, after reef, and stow them snug away ;
Your main course, jib, and mizen stow away,
Set your fore stay-sail well and sheets belay.
From what point the portending gale draws near,
The ship before the driving blast may vere ;
Let the youngsters each mast-head attend,
Down royal and top-gallant yards to send ;
The rigging clear away, and strike the mast ;
Bowse well taut your gear, and secure all fast.
Thus prepar'd and snug in suspense they lay,
Loud thunders burst, and vivid lightnings play :
The sky asunder rends in awful strain,
Impressing dread, and shook the briny main,
While in the western horizon up-torn,
The foaming sea upon the blast is borne,
On the wild wings of the furious storm ;
Terrific comes, borne on the blackening blast,
Assails the ship that reels beneath her mast ;
She veers before the gale, and rapid springs,
Through the wild deep, borne on terrific wings.
The gloomy sky in torrents bursts with rain,
Driving a deluge on the watery main.
The tempest raging with redoubled force,
In tatters shook the shivering fore-course.

"Man the fore-yard," the Captain calls amain,
"Secure what of the sail may yet remain."

The raging storm their utmost strength defies,
"Cut away the sail," loud the Captain cries.
The sail no longer to the yard confin'd,
In shatter'd fragments flew before the wind.
Some hands the top-gallant mast on deck send,
Others to guide them downward let attend.
Along the booms the lofty mast they bear,
Stow them away, lash and secure them there.
The gale increasing, o'er the ocean sweeps,
In maddening tumult shakes the raging deeps.
Wide o'er the west on headlong gales is borne,
And rides terrific on the dreadful storm ;
High lawless seas, borne on before the blast,
Assails the ship, and climbs the groaning mast,
That tottering bends, trembling to the verge,
Destruction threatening at every surge.
The steersmen now an arduous duty find,
The flying ship to steer before the wind.
With watchful eye each motion they survey,
And wheel her quarters to repel the sea.
Alternately from right to left she reels,
Until the helm's repelling force she feels ;
Which dread scene ALTAIR beheld with fear,
And gave a caution to each *timoneer* ;

Be attentive men, do n't let her broach* to,
Or else too late the fatal act we rue.
From starboard to port the machinery flies,
Whilst o'er the poop audacious seas arise ;
With dreadful roar the tempest threatening blows,
Rebellious seas in awful mountains rose,
The wild main with terrific horrors sweep,
The pitchy clouds, that mingle with the deep.
Seas, clouds, and winds, in hostile dread array,
And gloomy night seems to usurp the day,
In hostile fray rage o'er the maddening main,
Each strives with each the mastery to gain,
And chaos and confusion seems to reign,
As if the elemental powers at length,
Had all combined to try their utmost strength.
With force united, bellowing loud assay,
To sink their fated bark beneath the sea,
Terror terrific held his awful reign,
And summoned all the horrors of the main,
Hid in dense gloom he held his awful state,
Midst whirlwinds wild he issued his mandate :
The Fates attend, by destruction borne,
Ride on the black blast, and direct the storm.

* A ship by broaching to is threatened with losing her masts and sails, and liable to ship a heavy sea, that might sweep her decks.

The wild raging deep with its horrors all,
Like mountains rose obsequious to the call,
And terror shuddering with eyes aghast,
Grinn'd horrible amidst the dreadful blast ;
The demon of the deep terrific rose,
Curling his monstrous brow, with foaming jaws,
Vengful as hell, rode on the angry sea,
With giant strength rush'd on his destin'd prey :
O'erwhelm'd beneath his direful might she lies,
Trembling convuls'd, as if no more to rise,
Again up-driven from the dread abyss,
Groaning she climbs an awful preceptice ;
Verging on Alpine hills she scales the skies,
Hell yawns beneath to gulf her trembling prize,
Then headlong plunging rushes down again,
Lost amidst mountains of the raging main,
That ruin threatens with appalling dread,
And to the clouds dash their audacious head ;
Now more than Alpine height she seems to scale,
Now headlong plunging, in a horrid vale,
Engulf'd beneath in the dread deep profound,
And horror scowls on demon wings around,
Whilst the dread scene the watchful master eyes,
In mountains rear'd came bursting from the skies,
To his brave crew ALTAIR calls out aloud,
Secure your hold, seize every man a shroud ;
It comes tremendous, bursts on the deck,
Sweeps all before it with a dreadful wreck.

Hark ! a loud shriek amidst the hurly's borne,
Now lost again is drown'd amidst the storm,
That dismal howls, while awful seas arise,
O'ertops their bark, and hides the gloomy skies,
Two brave seamen from their fix'd hold were torn,
With the wreck into the wild billows borne,
With death there struggling on the raging main,
They labour hard their shatter'd bark to gain,
Whilst the sad crew their utmost succour gave,
Risk their own lives their shipmates for to save,
In mute suspense their dreadful fate deplor'd,
A fatal warning gave to all on board,
Alas ! all aid is vain their lives to save,
They struggling sink, and find a wat'ry grave :
The bulwarks and stantions torn away.
Through yawning leaks rushes the busy sea,
The well* they sound with apprehensive fear,
When sad to tell, three feet doth there appear,
They to the pumps their utmost vigour ply,
Whilst the rent planks increases the supply,
In dread suspense their awful state they view,
Nor can resolve what next they shall pursue ;
ALTAIR then bids the crew without delay,
The lumber left to cast into the sea,
Whilst the bold tars their utmost vigour strain,
And force the massy logs into the main,

* The place where the Pumps are fixed in.

The clean swept deck no friendly shelter gave,
A passage free for every swelling wave ;
The quarter deck some bulwarks yet retain,
Their only refuge from the raging main ;
Whilst her rent sides drinks deep the briny sea,
Their utmost efforts use the ship to free,
Her gaping wounds the mates with care survey,
The torn rents choking that admits the sea,
But now alas all human art is vain,
The water o'er their utmost efforts gain ;
Her shatter'd frame the briny deep distills,
That rushes inward through a thousand rills,
Fainting with toil, chill streams their brows bedew,
Along the line six feet appears to view,
The raging main their utmost skill defies,
Oppos'd by warring waves and hostile skies.

Amidst the tempest howling in its rage,
Heart rending thoughts, did WALTER's mind engage ;
The silent tear burst with the heaving sigh,
Whilst heaven directed his dejected eye,
In supplication mereys aid to find,
While thought of home, sweet home rush'd on his mind ;
Amidst the dreadful din, and tempest howl,
Ellen, fair Ellen fill'd his anguish'd soul,
Hers the tears and sighs, 'twas for her he pray'd,
To save a life dear to his dearest maid ;

Spare her ye pow'rs, her tender bosom spare,
Nor let keen anguish plant a dagger there ;
Not, not on me your rage alone doth flow,
In striking me you strike a twofold blow ;
Should fate me doom to the wild raging deep,
In anguish Ellen's doom'd her days to weep ;
To mourn in sadness lost in sorrows gloom,
With briny tears bewail my wat'ry tomb ;
Thus his sad soul with cruel anguish torn,
For Ellen feels, nor feels the dreadful storm ;
For her alone the sighs and tears that flow,
As greater grief destroys the lesser woe ;
Whilst his fervent soul to heaven he pour'd,
A smile of sunshine to his mind restor'd ;
Then from his lips ejaculations burst,
Almighty God in thee I put my trust.

BOREAS who death, nor danger, never fear'd,
Oft the grim tyrant to his face had dar'd,
The doubtful strife, now in his visage spoke,
Distress of mind, in reverie of thought.
Even BARONS looks seem'd to indicate,
Approaching danger, and their dreadful state ;
Yet all his actions spoke him void of fear,
The storm he combats, and his shipmates cheer ;
The first where danger call'd, he led the way,
Bold, resolute, and void of all dismay ;

For naught could his undaunted mind subdue,
He braves the storm, and animates the crew ;
With cheering words his shipmates oft address,
Whose bold example animates their breast ;
Through all their souls the inspiration ran,
And shew'd a hero where you view'd aman.

Though torn and water-logg'd they yet assay,
To steer their ship before the wind and sea ;
Whilst the master with heartfelt sorrow view'd,
Their efforts fail, their utmost skill subdu'd.
Death in every sea pursu'd their rear,
And struck the boldest mind with dread and fear ;
E'en the appalling scene fill'd ALTAIR's mind,
Nor hope, nor consolation could he find ;
While o'er his soul increasing danger ran,
Prey'd on his mind and quite subdu'd the man.
The tender scenes of home successive rise,
Rush on his soul, and all his courage tries ;
His much lov'd partner and dear children there,
A husband claim, and these a father's care ;
With gloom o'ercast his grief worn soul gave way,
What ! if to the storm ALTAIR's doom'd a prey,
A widow thou, and helpless orphans they ;
O'ercome with grief awhile gave way to fear,
Dejected sigh'd and shed a silent tear,
Whilst lover, husband, these endearing ties,
With all the father rush'd into his eyes.

He in silent supplication pray'd,
For sovereign mercy and Almighty aid ;
Whose potent arm alone can succour give,
Subdue the storm, and bid the wretched live.
Whose Sovereign power all creation guides,
Walks on the waves, and in the whirlwind rides ;
Who calls a calm, to raging seas says peace,
And bids the elements their warring cease.
To thee O Lord ! I my prayer direct,
Guard and preserve us, and our lives protect ;
Save us O Lord ! for thou alone hast power,
To aid and save us in this trying hour :
While his fervent soul in prayer engag'd,
He felt the anguish of his mind assuag'd,
Hope smiling like an Angel whisper'd peace,
Consol'd his mind, and bid his fears to cease ;
Dispell'd the gloom of diffident despair,
Shone on his soul, and bid him nothing fear.

As thus before the gale the ship's impell'd,
ALTAIR distress'd a consultation held ;
Ye trusty mates whose conduct I revere,
Partners in woe, who to my heart are dear,
That perils us surround I need not tell,
Peril and danger known to all too well.
One only hope remains, one gloomy ray,
To cut the main and mizen mast away,
With the foretop-mast force into the sea,

While thus opprest with waves, o'erwhelm'd she lies,
The weighty mast, her drench'd hull may capsize,
The decks are strong, the lumber may sustain
Her floating hull awile upon the main ;
Though hurricanes and billows dreadful rage,
Providence ere long may their force assuage ;
As in the tract of ships a log we lie,
Some sail may our most wretched state descry ;
Nor you my men sink not beneath despair,
Our Hull thus eas'd the raging seas may bear ;
Distrust not providence, on God depend,
Mercy may yet our forlorn state attend ;
Rely on heaven's all powerful will,
Who to the raging deep, says peace be still :
Can calm the ang'ry raging seas that rise,
And still the dreadful warring of the skies ;
To him in holy adoration bend,
And let your prayers to heaven ascend,
Who alone can our hopeless state befriend :
Thus he the list'ning crew their spirits cheer'd,
Whose every word they piously rever'd,
Attentively in readiness they stand,
To execute what e'er he may command ;
Nor could the terror of the scene in view,
Appall his mind or his firm soul subdue ;
Amidst impending danger firm he stands,
With dauntless energy gives his commands.

Your axes on the deck my men convey,
In readiness to cut the mast away ;
Your mizen lanyards cut, leaving one fast
On either side, to hang the tottering mast ;
See all things clear, others attend the stay,
And watch her rolls to hew the mast away.
BARON with gleaming axe the mast stood by,
Her motion watching with attentive eye.
"Are ye all ready ?" ALTAIR loudly calls ;
"All ready," the attentive seamen bawls.
Hew away the mast, slashing strokes resound,
The tall pine trembles 'neath the deadly wound ;
Quick, cut away your lanyards and your stay,
With frightful crash the mast fell in the sea ;
Promptly the hands the confused rigging clear,
And soon the severe'd mast drops in the rear.

Greater skill and caution doth attend,
The bulky mainmast in the deep to send ;
Braces and running rigging see all clear,
Each obstacle inspect with nicest care ;
Most of the lanyards cut and clear away,
The trembling mast hung by two shrouds and stay ;
Now the huge pine the brandish'd weapon feels,
Tottering, convulsed, at every stroke it reels ;
Repeated blows with vig'rous force descend,
The wounded pine its gaping jaws extend ;

The tremulous mast felt the vital stroke,
With a tremendous crash asunder broke ;
With yards and rigging burst its dreadful way,
Headlong trembling into the raging sea,
Tremendous fell with a loud crashing strain,
And shook the billows of the raging main :
The wreck dissevered, urged by sea and wind,
The flying ship leaves in her rear behind.

Thus, when some lofty tower the foe assails,
Ruin and havoc o'er it soon prevails ;
With determined daring undermine its walls,
Its basis saps, the lofty structure falls
With horrid crash, its ruins strewn around,
And terror direful shakes the trembling ground :
So the stately mast from its structure hurl'd,
Terrific fell and shook the watery world.

Let a chosen few the fore-top ascend,
And from its ærial post the topmast send ;
Headlong hurl'd, its lofty station leaves,
And like a dart the foaming billows cleaves ;
The ship reliev'd of her labouring mast,
Reels less convuls'd before the driving blast ;
Whilst through her bulk rushes the briny seas,
Preys on her frame, her very vitals seize ;
A fatal malady, forced to endure,
No remedy beyond the reach of cure.

Should the wild elements their rage abate,
The disease is mortal, direful her fate ;
Their provisions they secure on deck,
Life to sustain upon the floating wreck ;
When thus the Chief his pious mind disclosed,
And cheer'd their hearts amidst surrounding woes :
Mercy may yet our crazy bark sustain,
Afloat awhile amidst the watery main ;
Ere our scanty stock of provisions fail,
Providence yet our forlorn state may hail ;
Some sail, by fate appointed, may draw nigh,
Our floating log and wretched state desery ;
Succour may send our drooping lives to save,
And snatch us trembling from a watery grave ;
Let not your hearts then sink beneath despair,
Nor let your noble minds give way to fear,
Providence still attends us on the main,
Mercy may waft us to our homes again :
While cheering hope this pleasing picture drew,
A silent tear their manly cheeks bedew ;
From their bursting hearts spontaneous sprung
" Great Lord of all, Thy holy will be done."
As their fated bark tugs her labour'd way,
Careful they steer before the swelling sea.
A gleam of joy their drooping minds elate,
The driving gale its fury doth abate ;
The foremast they ascend with watchful eye,
In hope some distant sail they may desery.

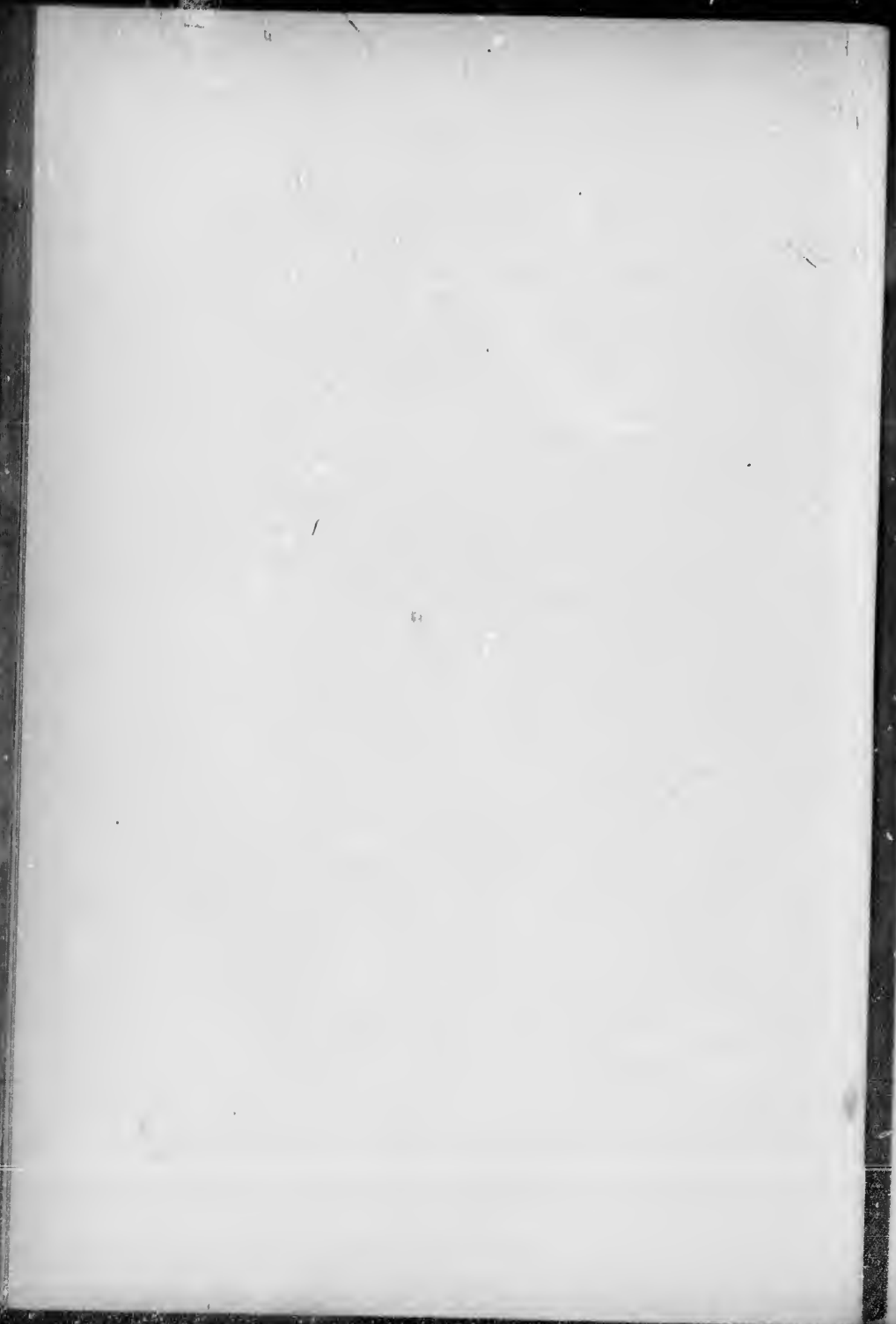
The gale is broke, to keep before the wind,
Another foresail to the yard they bind ;
An inverted flag they at the fore display,
A signal of distress waves o'er the sea ;
Repeated journeys to mast-head they take,
And gaze around some distant sail to make ;
Fancy oft to their dazzled eyes display,
Light fleeting forms emerging from the sea,
That in the horizon seem to appear,
By some discovered here, by others there ;
Their wishes form'd the visionary scene,
That vanishes like morning's early dream ;
The fleeting form flies their view, lost in air,
Leaves them again dejected in despair ;
Cheerless they droop, and in a forlorn plight,
Pass the drear horrors of another night ;
While ever and anon they strive to find,
Some gleam of hope to cheer their anguish'd mind,
Through the drear night oft to each other spoke,
Some words of comfort, solace full of hope,
That heavenward tends, dispelling dark despair,
And all their hope and succour center'd there.

Soon as young morn awoke the Infant day,
And o'er the deep threw his first gleaming ray,
Their high station they again attend,
O'er the vast main their eager eyes they send ;

A sail, a sail ! the watchful seaman cries,
A sail, a sail ! their joyful lips replies ;
In rapt'rous joy they hail the gladdening sound,
And fore and aft they echo it around ;
Gazing in ecstasy, view in their rear,
The wish'd for sight, a sail is rising there ;
Eager they look, o'erwhelmed with surprise,
And doubt the vision of their longing eyes ;
Her drawing near's with joy elate beheld,
And all the fleeting mist of doubt's dispell'd ;
Her rising form doth now distinct appear,
With Britain's flag proud floating wide in air ;
Soon on their quarter hung the gladdening sail,
And with joy the elated crew they hail ;
'They heave her too, their boats launch in the sea,
The wave-worn sailors to their ship convey ;
The devoted bark they now leave behind,
A prey to lawless waves, and stormy wind.

So a hard hunted beast trembling with fear,
While death and terror follows up his rear,
With agonies convuls'd, and tortur'd pain,
Drags his wounded bulk tardy o'er the plain,
His shatterd frame streaming with blood and gore,
Whilst combined foes attack and wound him sore,
Reels convuls'd and every nerve doth strain,
Whilst his life's blood issues from every vein,

Still struggles hard, his wounded frame to bear,
Unto his den to find a shelter there,
Perils increasing, all his way oppose,
He sinks a victim to his merc'less foes :
So fast it with the Ship, o'erwhelm'd she lay,
To warring winds, and waves a fated prey ;
Now Hope the fond flattering scene ran o'er,
Of soon regaining Britains happy shore,
Whilst fond remembrance stole o'er their mind,
The thoughts of home and pleasures there combin'd ;
In fond idea memory view'd the scene,
Their minds absorbed with the pleasing theme,
With gratitude to heaven their minds flow,
For having sav'd them from the depth of woe,
Whose strong arm alone had power to save,
And snatch them sinking, from a watery grave ;
His mighty providence they still implore,
To land them safe on Britains happy shore,
There to pay their vows, there attend his praise,
And tell his mercies on the raging seas,
Adore their Maker and His sovereign power,
Whose mercy sav'd them in the trying hour.



DEVONA,

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction—the Author's wish to visit his native soil and end his days there—An Invocation to Memory—Its power on the Youthful Mind—The Friendship of Mankind transcient—Nature's friendship knows no deviation, presenting continued charms to the mind—The scenes of youth most pleasing and seldom forgot—The fleetness of time when retraced—Devon, its beauties and variety of soil—The mildness of its climate—Its inhabitants remarkable for beauty of mind and person—Query, where the soil yields the most produce does man flourish there also—Its cattle—Exeter and its beauties—Orchards and cider—The milkmaid contrasted with city dames—Torbay and its scenery—Yatch cruising—Paigntan—Advantage of Devon harbours—Plenitude of its fish—Population of fishing towns—Brixham, its improvement with its fishing, shipping, &c.—Landing of the Prince of Orange there—Napoleon on board the Bellerophon in Torbay—Berry head—Dartmouth, its harbour and romantic scenery—Plymouth, its vast improvements, beautiful scenery and increase of commerce—Sound and breakwater—The beautiful view from Buckland Down—Oreston—Saltram house, and George the Third's visit there—The wreck in Deadman's Bay Catwater in the tremendous storm of Nov. 1824—Yalm Bay and Mewstone—Loss of the brig "John" in the gale of Nov. 1824—The miraculous account of the Ketch Coromandel—Conclusion.





The fields, the hedge, the oft frequented tree,
Recall those joys, and happy days to me,
When light of heart we'd eagerly pursue
To gain that spot where sloes and wild plums grew ;
Or blackberrying, with lips and fingers stain'd,
That plainly spoke what kind of fruit we glean'd.

BOOK I.

DEVONA.

Let ev'ry grace inspire my vocal lay
Whilst I the charms of Devonshire portray,
Where Nature smiles, and rural charms reside,
And truth, unerring truth, be thou my guide,
For Devonshire dear wilt thou ever be,
My bosom throbs again to visit thee.
To view thy scenery—enjoy pure air,
There to live, and life's last days pass there,
Amidst those much-lov'd scenes that hail'd my birth;
There let me dwell—I court my native earth.
Then, when my throbbing heart to beat shall cease,
In thy soil to sleep, there repose in peace.
Like some fair plant torn from its soil away,
I pine, I droop, and anxious wait the day
When I again shall breathe my native air,
For all my heart and soul is center'd there.
Land of my sires, heroes and arts are thine,
There the muse dwells, there does the warrior shine,

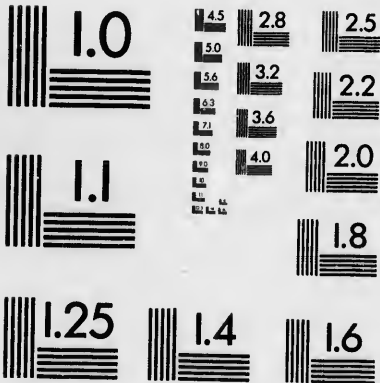
There poets, painters, science, arts abound,
For Devon's soil appears their natal ground ;
There beauty reigns, there Nature's beauties charm,
How does the theme my glowing bosom warm ;
Nor think me partial, the historians pen
Confirms the truth, and celebrates thy men.
Come, inspiration, aid my feeble lay,
To paint those beauties and their charms convey ;
To trace from youth, scenes that are ever dear,
Youth doth the strongest stamp of memory bear,
For memory dwells in the youthful mind,
While scenes in age these fleeting oft we find.
With youth it strengthens, there it fondly grows
Like some pure stream, increasing as it flows.
Now faithful to thy trust my mind engage,
The fond scenes record of life's early stage ;
Of home, and youthful sports, vales, hills, and plain,
These pleasures trace, and live them o'er again.
These with all their charms fondly fills my heart,
And memory faithful shall those scenes impart ;
And be those the friends that may greet me there,
Thy hills, and groves, green vales, and thy pure air ;
Nor through life's varied scenes do I pretend
To portray mankind, as man's only friend ;
They faithless are, and scarce deserve the name,
But Nature's friendship ever is the same.
Man's friendship only glows in Fortune's ray,
Let clouds obscure it instant flies away ;

But mark kind Nature, she's man's surest friend,
Follow her dictates, and to them attend.
She, kind goddess, with a liberal hand,
Scatters profuse her blessings o'er the land,
Of cooling fruits, and herbs, a golden store,
Those please the taste, while those do health restore ;
And to my heart she fondly seems to smile,
And pleasing seems to say, here fear no guile.
Here's friendship pure as mortal ever knew,
And every spring we shed our bloom for you ;
For you the cool and luscious fruit we bear,
For you renew them each succeeding year ;
For you we crown the hills and deck the glade,
For you our branches form the cooling shade,
And each returning spring those charms renew,
With fruit and flowers in every beautiful hue ;
Like woman's love ye did my sense beguile—
I woo'd your charms enraptur'd with each smile ;
Enjoy'd them too with every heart felt joy,
Well pleased with pleasure that ne'er seem'd to cloy.
Yes, well may I those scenes departed mourn—
Life's spring of joy will ne'er to me return.
Well pleas'd I've paused with contemplative eye,
To view the scenes of happy days gone by,
When the young mind free from corroding care
Found health, and happiness, and pleasure there.
I see them still, in mind enjoy them yet,
Nor can fond nature e'er these scenes forget ;



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The fields, the hedge, the oft frequented tree,
Recall those joys, and happy days to me,
When light of heart we'd eagerly pursue
To gain that spot where sloes and wild plums grew,
Them pack in bran, and see them careful stor'd,
And smile rejoicing at our winters hoard ;
Or blackberrying, with lips and fingers stain'd,
That plainly spoke what kind of fruit we glean'd,
Or to the copse where hazel nuts abound,
And shake their auburn treasure to the ground ;
With full cramm'd pockets homeward would we stray,
And shrink our stock by cracking on the way ;
Or birds-nesting, we'd stray through fields and woods,
Pillage their eggs, and bear away their broods,
Nor paus'd to think, for then the thoughtless mind,
Knew not the ties that did fond nature bind ;
Felt not when plundering their peaceful nest,
How much the loving parents we distress'd,
Who hovering round, flying from bush to tree,
In agony seeking their progeny,
In sad shrill notes, chirping their doleful strain,
And to the listening hills and woods complain,
Then couch them down in dell, or lonely brake,
In sorrow nestling by their faithful mate.
When winter rob'd in snow and frost severe,
Our traps we'd set and springles wily snare ;
Baited with grain the feather'd race to lure,
When they no sustenance could else procure ;

As if they had not enemies enow,
But we must aid in their destruction too.
When the scenes of life we do backward trace,
Time seems to have run a most rapid race,
From infancy to childhood full of play,
From youth to manhood, fast it flies away.
E'en three score years and ten, these do but seem,
When bygone, like a tale or fleeting dream ;
When vigour fills the limbs, and thought the mind,
And young hope smiling pleasure looks to find ;
Then Nature's charms more lovely strike the view,
And thoughtful minds enjoy their beauty too.

Devon, thy scenes romantic, vales, and hills,
With rapt'rous joy e'en now my bosom fills.
I many springs did over thy lawns pass,
And pleasure found e'en in a blade of grass.
Delighted gaz'd on the sweet sylvan scene,
Thy woods, vales, hills, mantled in Nature's green ;
Thy waving fields when for the sickle ripe,
Thy orchards beauteous bloom of red and white ;
While zephyrs wafted on each passing breeze,
Winnowing fragrance from the blooming trees,
While from the thorn startles the warbling thrush,
A snow shower shaking from the briar bush,
Whose virgin white besprinkles all the ground,
And wanton breezes waft their fragrance round,

Now every bush with tuneful warblers throng,
And raise their voice in Nature's general song,
While the lowing kine, and the bleating sheep,
A harsher consort with each other keep ;
And rural music all the valley fills,
Which echo mocking answers from the hills ;
With verdure crown'd in stately pride they rise
Their tow'ring heads, that seem to scale the skies,
Above the clouds rearing their haughty crest
That fleets around, and settles on their breast ;
Pleasing variety thy soil doth boast,
Amidst such charms which shall I praise the most.
Thy plains are deck'd in Nature's general dye,
Wealth to thy swain, and pleasure to his eye ;
Thy ever blooming lawns, thy flow'ry mead,
Where plentiful unnumber'd cattle feed ;
Thy verdant hills, thy valleys, downs, and moor,
With grazing sheep are whitely studded o'er,
Whose fleeces annual their tribute bring
To England wealth, to commerce its main spring,
In thee the produce of each county find,
In pleasing sweet variety combined.
E'en foreign plants with thee productive grow,
From climes remote where suns more fervid glow,
Unshelter'd bloom as in their native land,
Nor ask the care of hot house fostering hand ;
There e'en the vine with juicy clusters hung,
Courts the radiance of its parent sun.

The jasmine, myrtle, and geranium, thine,
There lovely bloom as in their native clime,
With many more that midst thy soil is grown,
And smiling seem the favoured spot to own,
While Flora gaily decorates her robe
With the varied flowers of half the globe ;
Pomona blushing, smiles rejoiced to see
Thy gardens rival those of Italy,
Proudly proclaims that produce she can shew,
Where sun of ten degrees doth warmer glow ;
Yet the chief beauty that thy soil doth grace
Shines most conspicuous in the human race.
Thy men are noble, on Nature's noble plan
Where worth, not title, dignifies the man.
Boid and humane, of manners well refin'd,
Brave, enterprising, of a generous mind,
Courteous, polite, friendly and sincere,
Whose looks a native dignity declare,
Such as Creation's chief lord should wear.
As husbands loving, manly, brave and kind,
As wife could wish, or virgin ever find.
Cannot the wise, the philosophic mind
In their deep research here some reason find,
Why the same plant in different soil and air
May chance to flourish, or to dwindle there ;
In different counties why men vary so,
That even strangers may the difference know ;

How some more perfect are, and shew the cause
If ruled by Providence, or Nature's laws.
If the same soil that fruit doth richly bear,
May also cause that man may flourish there,
For local beauty seems here Nature's plan,
Yet chief she shews her masterpiece in man.
Pure Paradise the problem best can shew,
For man and fruit there lovely both did grow.
How shall the muse in language even dare
Portray those charms that grace thy lovely fair.
Come, inspiration, aid my glowing lays,
Exalt my theme to sing what all would praise.
My efforts fail, the muse no longer knows
To paint what Nature's self so lovely shews.
E'en Ovid, could he their fair charms survey,
Would raptur'd gaze, and throw his lyre away,
And he of Beauty's charms would sing no more,
But rapt in wonder would those charms adore.

On Ida's mount as beauteous Paris stood,
And rapt'rous there the rival goddess' viewed,
In nudid charms, tho' those were charms divine,
For Devon's fair he would those charms resign;
Amidst whose blooming beauties there he'd find,
The graces of the other three combin'd.
These lovely shine in all the walks of life,
Graced with the charms of mother, maid, or wife;

As maidens, fair as loveliness can shew,
 And grac'd with ev'ry charm that love can know.
 As wives, fond as affection ever knew,
 True to their duty, and their husbands too.
 As mothers, there see every grace combin'd
 To rear their offspring, and improve their mind ;
 To train them up in grace and virtues ways,
 Till they are such as here adorn my lays.

Thy herds also the influence partake,
 Graced with superior elegance of make,
 With every quality in various kind
 That man can wish, or e'er expect to find ;
 For shape and beauty famed, of middling size,
 At annual shows they bear away the prize.

EXETER, thou unrivall'd stands in fame,
 Devona's capital well suits thy name ;
 Now let the muse its lofty subject raise,
 Extol thy fame, and sing thy city's praise.
 Thy city healthful, elegant and neat,
 Not like those towns oppress'd by their own weight ;
 Thy pleasing walks 'midst shrubb'ries ever green,
 With rural villas peeping out between,
 And gardens checquer'd, forms a lovely scene,
 Where seats in rural elegance abound,
 Like splendid gems adorn thy city round ;

Thy hallow'd fane,* majestic, rich, and grand,
 Whose architecture claims a master-hand.
 Elegance and grace are combin'd in thee,
 With all the beauties of antiquity,
 And sculpture rich in ev'ry grace is found
 To decorate thy monumental ground !
 Thy towers rise in architectic state,
 And grandeur marks thy solemn tombs of fate.
 Thy painted window sheds a solemn glow,
 Diffusing gloom and reverential awe ;
 Thy organ powerful its anthems raise,
 And to Jehovah sounds its sacred praise.
 In Albion's realm 'tis surpass'd by none
 Its size extensive, exquisite its tone.
 Thy curious clock and massy Peter's bell,
 Of Courtney's† gift, in grandeur does excell,
 Thy markets rich, all produce profuse shew
 That man requires, or fruitful land does grow ;
 Thy meat and poultry like richness share—
 Thy garden produce shines unrivall'd there.
 Profuse thy fish from rivers and from seas,
 In sweet variety the taste to please ;

* Exeter's venerable and magnificent cathedral.

† Bishop Courtney, to whom the cathedral is indebted for a curious astronomical clock under the north tower; he also gave the great Peter bell, which was brought from Landaff, where it went by that name, said by Prince to weigh 12,500 pounds, and is still suspended at the very top of the north tower.

Thy vegetables all surpassing fine,
 And every growth in luxury are thine.
 Thy butter, clouted cream, how shall I praise,
 Or rise my theme to luxuries like these ;
 An epicure may smack his lips o'er cream,
 But weak my efforts on so rich a theme.
 E'en eloquence cannot find words to shew
 The luxury of sweets that from thee flow,
 Or the surpassing richness it imparts
 When spread o'er pies, or more enticing tarts,
 Or the pleasing flavour it does convey
 In those refreshing cups, coffee and tea ;
 With strawberries it forms a mixture sweet
 As ever yet the ruby lips did meet,
 Or junketing, when parties they repair,
 Its sweets enjoy and rural pleasures share ;
 Where the massive punch bowl with cream o'er-
 spread,
 Swells to the sight its rich and juicy head,
 To greet their ruby lips the nectar flows,
 And ev'ry visage jocund pleasure shows.

Let charms inviting now exalt my theme
 I sing the milkmaid, and her luscious cream,
 Of charms superior they both can boast,
 Nor need I mention which would please the most.
 They both are lovely, seeming to invite
 Their sweets to taste, and revel in delight.

How would the City dames in wonder stare,
To view her ruddy cheeks and lillies fair,
Fresh as the rose begem'd in pearly dew,
Full and fair blooming, and as lovely too,
With lips that even mock the ruby's glow ;
Smiles, teeth displaying white as driven snow,
Her polished brow adorn'd with auburn hair,
Eyes beaming love, the hearty laugh sincere
Of innocence, grac'd with natural ease,
Pleas'd with herself, whose charms were form'd to
please.

Those fine dress'd ladies of the pallid hue
Would gaze with envy—call her vulgar, too,
Yet ev'ry guile, and ev'ry art they try,
With Ceruse paint, and the deep rouge's dye,
To imitate those charms that they deride,
And vainly decorate themselves in pride.
Their roses artificial, false their flowing hair,
With all but Nature they are wanting there ;
With all those charms that I have here portray'd,
That decorates with health a rural maid—
Where nature reigns, and innocence appears,
They'd give a fortune for the charms she bears,
And think themselves in gain amply repaid,
Grac'd with those beauties that adorns this maid.

Thy orchards plentiful their fruit produce,
By the sun mellow'd swelling into juice,

Ripe blooming clusters hang a pleasing sight,
Their arch'd limbs bending with their juicy weight,
Dancing to every breeze that's apt to blow,
Shaking their treasure on the grass below,
While smiling virgins and the jocund swain,
The loaded hampers for the vintage glean,
Whose mingled fruit crush'd in the circled pound,
With luscious juice o'erflows the vat around.
Summer's sweet cooling draught, bev'rage of health,
Fly round the globe—increase the growers wealth ;
To distant realms Pomona's best gift bear,
And tell the world her staple mart is here ;
That plenty here with smiling aspect reigns—
The Italy of England's fair domains.

How to the mind shall I the charms convey,
Or paint the lovely scenes of thy TORBAY,
Its vales and hills, with wood and verdure crown'd,
Its watering towns, and lovely villas round ;
Thy pleasant bay displaying at one view,
Marine prospects, grand, and delightful too,
Thy channel sea so lovely to the eye,
In lucid azure seems to kiss the sky,
While in the south, expanding far and wide,
Many a sail does on its bosom glide ;
Here and there in various forms appearing—
Up and down the English channel steering.

The distant land fades to the eye away
Like some fair cloud reposing on the sea.
Bold promontories round thy bay appear,
From oceans bed their tow'ring crest they rear,
Braving the storm, shelt'ring some creek or bay,
Or harbour near, where shipping safely lay,
While vales, and hills, around in sylvan pride,
Survey their beauties in the mirror'd tide,
When tranquil calms the briny deep invest,
Waves kiss the shore, and on its bosom rest ;
While deck'd in nature's charms the landscape gay,
Looks down well-pleased and smiles upon the sea.
Thy watering towns all beauteous do appear,
With fashion crowded, and the smiling fair.

SIDMOUTH, thou too superior charms can boast—
The loveliest watering town on Devon's coast ;
There invalids resort, and beauty too—
There health enjoy, that vigour doth renew.
In the strong lucid main well pleased they lave,
Imbibing vigour from the briny wave,
While beauty blushing does her limbs survey,
She trembling shrinks from embrace of the sea ;
Then 'neath the waves she hides, rising again
Lovely as Venus from her native main.
A lustre bright her polished limbs doth grace,
And Ocean am'rous clings with close embrace.

Graceful her form, her charms all lovely seem
Like some pure lily in a lucid stream,
Thus from the waves they double blessings find :
Health to the body—vigour to the mind.

There yachts all trimly rigg'd engage the eye,
Emulous cruising with each other vie,
With streamers waving, and with ladies gay,
Plesure and health enjoying on the sea,
While here and there around the bay wide floats,
The trollers fishing, or less fishing-boats.
Lo! in the west the sun's bright orb now glows,
And his decline a strong memento shows ;
They crowd all sail to quit the blue expanse,
And gaily sailing to their port advance,
There safely moor'd at the appointed time,
Mine host obsequous welcomes them to dine.
How shall I paint the warm inviting fare,
Or how describe the appetites that's there ?
Keen from the sea, and its salubrious air,
'T would even cause an alderman to stare,
Eager they dine—wines yield a double zest,
Enjoy'd with relish, and with beauty bless'd.
Here sweet variety and pleasure reigns—
Thy sea girt shore, hills, groves, and verdant plains,
All yield their charms, nor can the roving mind,
Say in which 't would the greatest pleasure find,

From wat'ring towns and seas salubrious air,
Or 'midst thy vales and hills to ramble there ;
Where Flora, Ceres, and Pomona reigns,
'Midst villas, farms, and seats, groves, hills and plains,
Of these in Nature's beauty thou canst boast,
And hard to say which of them please the most.
Lost in delights that Nature doth diffuse,
They ruminatè, and know not which to choose,
So exquisitely rich they all appear,
And court their visitants to linger there.
Here the strong soil deeply of red doth glow,
Enriched with marl, where plants luxuriant grow.
PAIGENTON, thy plants far-fam'd, unrivall'd stand,
The pleasing produce of thy lovely land ;
Thy blooming orchards swelling into juice,
The grateful sparkling cider does produce ;
Thy ruddy vein thro' Devon winds its way,
To where Abbotsham cliffs* o'erlook the sea ;
Nor can Albion's far-fam'd counties boast
Such lovely prospects, or so fine a coast,
Where on either side the Atlantic wave,
From channels twain† thy pleasant harbours lave ;
While commerce enters like a flowing tide,
And ships rich laden in those harbours ride,
While fish profusely crowd thy bays and shore—
Wealth, food, employment to the neighb'ring poor ;

* In Barnstaple bay. † The English and Bristol channels.

Increase of population, too, abounds,
 And procreation fills thy fishing towns,
 Whose sea-lav'd limbs increasing vigour gain
 To man our fleets, or traffic on the main.

There winding to the south lies BRIXHAM QUAY,
 For fishing famed, and harbour of Torbay,
 Where oft in war Britain's proud navy lay,
 Our isles defence, when emulous to advance
 To curb the insolence of haughty France.
 Here to commemorate, a stone doth stand,
 Where William* first trod on English land ;
 To crush a tyrant† was invited o'er,
 And shouting thousands welcom'd him ashore.
 Grand too the sight, joy hail'd the happy day,
 When Gallia's chief‡ lay humbled in thy bay.
 Proud Bellerophon at her anchor there,
 Held captive him who struck the world with fear ;
 Far different then to his once vaunted boast—
 To land his legions on our favoured coast.

* William, Prince of Orange, landed at Torbay, Nov. 5
 1688.

† James the Second.

‡ The Emperor Napoleon, who surrendered himself to
 Captain Maitland of the Bellerophon, and lay at anchor in
 Torbay.

With eye dejected England's cliffs he viewed,
And learn'd, too late, we would not be subdued ;
Told him had his flotilla reach'd our shore,
France had seen that armament no more.
Far different were these two monarchs fate :
A captive one—and one to rule the state ;
One like the rising sun illum'd our shore,
The other in the ocean set—to rise no more.*
Thy fisheries extensive merit claim,
Training thy sons to brave the stormy main ;
Cradled on the sea, a tenant of the waves,
With storms familiar, ev'ry danger braves ;
Innured to hardships, forms the dauntless tar,
That hurls the mighty thunderbolts of war ;
Whose occupation even in itself
Gives to thy town grandeur, employ and wealth ;
And commerce, too, her num'rous shipping boast†
For foreign parts, and traffic round the coast,
The natural effect of which is found
In architect and rural elegance around ;

* Napoleon was taken a prisoner to the Island of St. Helena, in latitude 15, 55, S., and longitude 5, 45 W., where he died and was buried. He was disinterred, and conveyed to France in the year 1841, and there entombed with great magnificence.

† Chiefly schooners.

Where villas smile and mansions grand appear,
And sacred fanes their aspect majestic rear ;
Improvement deck'd in every native grace,
With smiling aspect steals around the place.
Adjacent, Berryhead with jutting steep
High rear'd, looks down upon the restless deep,
Whose brow sublime with battlements stern crown'd,
The sea commands and prospects lovely round.

DARTMOUTH, thy harbour's charms display to view,
Scenes rich, romantic, and delightful too.
High on a rugged cliff thy castle stands—
The narrow entrance of the Dart commands.
Looks on thy rugged heights the eastern side,
Those lovely hills with shrubs diversified ;
Southward views the expanse of channel sea,
And at its marble base thy lovely bay.
Here stood a blockhouse in the days of yore,
Stretching its massy chain from shore to shore.
Here beetling cliffs o'erhung with verdure green,
Shade cots marine with Nature's lovely screen,
Who view their charms reflected in the stream,
While nereids sporting 'midst thy current play,
Glide down thy stream, and gain thy channel sea,
Thus Nature's charms does every grace impart,
And with romantic beauty crowns the Dart.
Thy harbour seems a lucid lake or bay,
Where sheltered safe five hundred sail can lay ;

Thy straggling town tow'rs from the river side,
 And climbs the hill in grand theatric pride ;
 Street after street, checquer'd in foliage green,
 A most romantic, and a lovely scene.
 Along thy hill ranged in progressive tiers,
 And join each other with a flight of stairs,
 That smiling from their stately height looks down
 Upon the river and the busier town,
 Where marine artists ply their busy trade,
 And shipping at thy quays lade and unlade,
 While fishing boats returning from the sea
 With food nutritious, line thy shore and quay,
 Which gives employ to many an old tar
 Worn out at sea, or wounded in the war.
 Here at tide-time the ferry boats convey
 Passengers up and down to Totness quay,
 Saint Clements tow'r above the town high rose,
 At sea a landmark for the harbour shews.
 Saint Saviour's Church, a large commodious fane—
 A charming altar piece adorns the same ;
 The gift of Brackinson* unto the town,
 That will record his name to ages down.
 Here interred lies a brave warrior's head,*
 Rescu'd from carnage of the slaughter'd dead ;

* The altar piece is a very fine painting, presented to the Corporation by Mr. Brackinson.

* Major-General Sir Charles Macarthy, who was killed in a battle with the Ashantees in Africa.

He by treachery foul inhuman fell,
By the Ashantee's fierce as fiends of hell.
On that dread coast, where the sun's burning rays
To savage deeds the cruel natives raise,
Where the human form swerves from Nature's plan,
And roves a demon in the shape of man,
'Midst woody wilds, where savage nature reigns,
And he himself the savage of the plains.
Here commerce wings her flight in search of gain
To climes remote in the Atlantic main,
The produce conveying of every zone,
Imparting trade and opulence at home.
PLYMOUTH, in days of yore a fishing town,
Now proudly boasts of grandeur and renown,
Where architect and modern sculptures pride,
Adorn thy hills, extending far and wide ;
While busy bustle crowd thy docks and quays,
And commerce wafts to earth's remotest seas.
Thy upland lawns a pleasing prospect shew,
Where villas round in sylvan beauty glow.
Improvements extensive thy town can boast,
And ancient Plymouth in its grandeur's lost,
'Midst sylvan scenes in beauty scatter'd round,
Whose lofty heights o'erlook thy lovely Sound,
Where Britain's naval force in grandeur lay,
Like gems afloat on old ocean's sea,
That from thy heights proudly displays to view
A picture rich as Nature ever drew,

Or Fancy form'd in her most airy flight,
Striking the mind with exquisite delight.
Near on the left Catwater's lucid tide,
Views commerce proudly on its bosom ride.
Thy Sutton Pool with quays and stores abound,
Which commerce circles in her arms around ;
Across thy SOUND a bulwark does extend,
Thy naval force from ocean to defend,
Where Britain's dreaded bulwarks safely ride
In all the confidence of warlike pride ;
Its solid base rearing from ocean's bed,
Like a strong giant lifts its tow'ring head,
With huge projecting arms extending wide,
And bids our navy safe within them ride.
Stupendous work ! comprehensive plan,
To shackle ocean by the art of man ;
To snatch a marble mountain from its ground,
And lay its massy bulk across thy sound,
Whose superb longitudinal bold isle,
Vaunting in strength does on old Ocean smile ;
While on the right in sylvan beauty crown'd,
Mount Edgecumbe views the scenery around ;
Southward on Cawsand's winding bay looks down,
And from its front views Devon's naval town.
Hammoaze and sound, where Britain's bulwarks ride,
And Island fortress,* strongly fortified,

* Saint Nicholas Island, commonly called Drake's Island.

From its majestic height the eye commands
Devonport, Plymouth, and surrounding lands,
Spreading o'er hills, extending far and wide,
Like a grand city tow'ring in its pride,
'Midst scenery with scarce its equal found,
Of rural elegance and sylvan ground ;
While from Plymouth's famed HOE you there can
view

This scenery grand, and Mount Edgecumbe, too.
On the town's north side Saint Charles' Church doth
rise,*

Whose lofty pinnacle pierces the skies.
The merry monarch rear'd this sacred fane,
To perpetuate his headless sire's name.
If for piety I'll not vouch to say,
Or if to cannonize the royal clay,
For Charles was a loose wanton libertine—
His mistress lov'd better than church divine.
When civil wars were o'er, the realm at rest,
Plymouth was with his princely presence bless'd,
As 'gainst his sire they did the place defend,
They doubted what his visit did intend.

* Saint Charles' Church was built in the reign of Charles the Second, and intended to perpetuate the memory of his unfortunate parent. The well known Dr. Hawker was vicar here.

The mayor and people met in close divan,
With intent to suggest some wily plan,
To know if in ire he came ; then relied,
As he was poor to try him with a bribe.*
Wise was the plan—the tempting gold prevails :
It brib'd a monarch, and it fills our jails.
Tho' the sum was small for a spendthrift king,
'Twould serve as a present for his favourite Gwynne.
Acceptable to such a prince as he,
Whose wanton ways could drain the treasury.
Saint Andrew's Church† on elevated ground,
Situate where the town seems nestling round,
Whose crowding buildings closely it invests,
And seems intruding on that place of rest.
There stood a monastery in ancient days,
But Time, who no respect to structures pays,

* After the restoration, Charles the Second paid Plymouth a visit; the inhabitants desirous of his good will, presented him, by the hands of the mayor, a purse of gold containing 150 pieces, with which he returned to the Metropolis well satisfied.

† St. Andrew's Church is highly interesting for its ancient architecture ; it formerly belonged to a monastery supposed to have been erected 500 years ago, which has long since been converted into wine vaults, and so mutilated, that but little remains of its original structure.

With innovation bold did it deface,
And greedy commerce occupies the place,
Whose mutilated vaults transformed by Time,
Sacred to Bacchus, now a store for wine ;
Not that devotees prone to preach and pray,
Did their devotion e'er refuse to pay
To the rosy god's inspiring potion,
Cheering their hearts, likewise devotion.
Regattas annual, grace thy lovely sound,
Delightful view'd from all the hills around ;
Thy theatre, and inns as much can boast
Of elegance as any round the coast ;
Thy inclos'd market of superior size,
Abundant stock'd with Nature's rich supplies.

On BUCKLAND DOWN, about four miles inland,
Oh, what a view the eye does there command.
We gain the height, the prospect spreads immense,
And Nature's glowing charms steals on the sense.
The distant hills, with woods, and vales between,
The seats and farms, and meadows evergreen ;
Bosom'd 'midst trees, the valley-village lies,
Whose spikey tow'r above their branches rise.
The eye excursive takes the circling bound,
Views, cultivation, spread its charms around
The busy farm, orchards, and gardens gay,
The meandering stream winding its silver way

Thro' emerald vales of Nature's richest hue,
Where varied fruit in rich luxuriance grew,
While distant hills in azure beauty vie,
Like lovely clouds seem floating in the sky.
Far in the south like to a mirror bright,
The English channel breaks upon the sight,
Where speckled o'er the eye can just survey
The distant shipping on its lucent sea ;
So faintly seen, they to the eye appear
Like to sea-birds poised in the atmosphere,
But trivial seems the distant space between
Where Edgecumbe height tow'rs in verdure green,
Where ocean laves its rugged rocks around,
Looking majestic down on Plymouth Sound ;
Safe on whose breast in confidential pride,
In grandeur England's glory's seen to ride,
Whose flag triumphant round the globe does wave
The dread of foes, the banners of the brave,
Who a thousand years hath victorious borne
The din of battle, and the rage of storm.

And thou, ORESTON, now a thriving town,
With aspect smiling gaze upon Catdown ;
Sure thou art worthy to adorn my lays,
Whose pleasing site could e'en a monarch please.*
I have enjoyed sweet pleasure on that spot
In days gone by, that say "forget me not."

* George the Third.

Thy marble hills fast levelling to the plain,
Does thy industrious quarrymen maintain.
Here passage boats are plying o'er and o'er ;
Above, Lara bridge, strides from shore to shore,
And tho' thy shipwrights yard is now no more,
That gave employment to thy village poor,
'Tis but transferr'd, thou from thy winding quay
Can in the son the father's deeds survey,
Where Catdown yard her naval buildings rear,
Employment gives to num'rous artists there.
What shall I thy straggling town, then, deem,
A country village, or villa marine ?
For either seems so neatly blended there,
That each by turns may the preference share.

Eastward, embosom'd amidst sylvan lands,
SALTRAM's delightful princely mansion stands ;
Grand and august, of noble architect,
With elegance and sylvan beauty deck'd ;
Whose halls with paintings richly are array'd,
Where all but life are to the sense convey'd,
Whose lively aspect seems to strike you through,
As if the paintings seem'd your looks to view ;
And as you pass the varied portraits by,
They seem to trace you with observant eye.
Thy gardens, walks, and avenues abound
With statuary, that seems enchanted ground ;

Delusion *h*ave with a fascinating wile,
 With *a*nimation aids the marble smile,
 Whose lovely forms amidst the evergreen
 Seems a fairy land, or elysian scene ;
 When insanity with her idiot train
 Dar'd *t*o attack a monarch's royal brain,
 And from its throne hurl'd mighty reason down,
 Nor no respect paid to a royal crown.
 Then George^h his vast intellect to repair,
 The Court resigned for Devons fragrant air ;
 Then Saltram House display'd a royal scene—
 The mighty monarch, princesses and queen,
 Were thy guests, nature in loveliness array'd,
 To welcome them her every charm display'd.
 Flora, smiling, deck'd her robe in flowers,
 'Midst emerald lawns and fragrant blooming bowers :
 Nature rejoic'd, looked lovely, blythe and gay,
 And harmony was warbling on each spray,
 With zephyrs wafting health on every breeze,
 'Midst lovely walks and ever-blooming trees,
 Court royalty with every winning wile,
 And Nature charming greets them with a smile
 Of loveliness, in blooming beauty dress'd,
 Emulous to please great George, and royal guests.

I quit those scenes where Nature smiles so gay,
 On trembling wings explore the raging sea ;

Now shall the muse in wild terrific strain,
Portray the horrors of the raging main ;
When the wing'd demon, raving from the west,
With wreck and ruin strew'd Devona's coast.*
The monster howling pounc'd upon his prey,
Strewing with wreck Catwater's, Deadman's bay :
Death in the hurricane triumphant bornè,
Voracious fed amidst the dreadful storm,
On raven wings insatiate hover'd o'er
The corpses floating on thy rocky shore,
While shrieks of woe its quarry heights upborne,
Commix'd with horrors 'midst the dreadful storm,
Here fortitude appal'd with terror saw,
And trembling view'd the dreadful scene below ;
Catdown, with horror struck and dire dismay,
From its rugg'd height did the scene survey.
Yalm bay presented a terrific scene—
Two ships transfix'd its marble rocks between,
Hurl'd o'er their height, and looking on the green.
The Mewstone† trembled—horror round it spread,
And seas audacious scald its lofty head ;
The Breakwater shook to its very base,
Whose marble rocks were riven from their place.

* The tremendous storm of November, 1824.

† A small island on the eastern entrance of Plymouth Sound with a high conical peak.

A collier safe there to her anchors lay,
While two war-ships are cast on rocks away ;
Urg'd on by fate, and Alpine mounting sea,
High on Yalm rocks a hull, the brig, "John,"* lay.
That awful night proved human effort vain—
One dreadful sea the crew swept in the main ;
Toss'd o'er and o'er by the wild dreadful blast
'Midst seas and rocks—reft of her sails and mast.
Now deep entomb'd amidst the wat'ry world,
On rolling mountains now again uphurl'd,
Flung o'er a reef, 'midst wild convulsive shocks,
Her bottom pierc'd by spikey marble rocks.
With gloomy aspect woke the infant day,
And morn in horror did the scene survey.
Oh, what a sight to one did it disclose—
A scene distressing and climax of woes.
She,† the sad historian of this tragic tale,
Preserv'd by mercy in the dreadful gale ;
The only soul of all on board was left,
Of her lov'd husband, and her hope bereft.
Here let the muse be mute—words ne'er express'd,
The agonies that tore her trembling breast ;

* The brig, "John," of Biddeford, Thomas Wills, Commander, from Leghorn, bound to London.

† Mrs. Wills, the commander's wife, was saved by being below in the cabin, but was dreadfully lacerated and bruised, as the vessel was tumbled over and over like a cask.

E'en sympathy that feels for mortal woe
 May judge the scene, but can't the feelings shew ;
 While 'midst the horrors of that sad event,
 A brother's* loss in sorrow I lament,
 Who 'midst those perils reach'd his native shore :
 The Fates opposed, and life's sad scene is o'er.
 A strange miracle let me here relate—
 From oceans grasp a wonderful escape.
 The Coromandel,† in that stormy night,
 Due west by north, saw the Eddystone light ;
 They every effort tried to brave the gale,
 Their sails reduced unto the lowest scale ;
 The watch reliev'd all well at four, A. M.,
 With toil oppress'd—the master and two men
 Retired below some respite to procure,
 While those on deck the cabin hatch secured.
 Their little bark 'midst madd'ning waves seems lost—
 Now deep engulf'd, on Alpine heights now toss'd ;
 Trembling on the verge ; an audacious sea
 Struck neath her bilge, and bottom up she lay.
 Plung'd in the deep—all on the deck was doom'd,
 And in the hull the living were entomb'd !
 Appall'd 'midst horror, darkness and despair—
 Crush'd beneath chests, and panic struck with fear !

* The Author's brother was chief officer of the " John."

† The " Ketch Coromandel," bound from Truro to London
 laden with cork.

Groping about—their senses almost fled,
They find at last the scuttle o'er their head,
And thither crept, finding the water flow,
And in the coalhole sadly there they stow.
In this state of horror and hope forlorn,
Not knowing where their drifting wreck is borne ;
They pass six hours of dread despair and woes,
The flowing water to their chins now rose.
Sudden she strikes—the water it declines,
And Hope—sweet Hope ! reanimates their minds.
Borne on the surge, a second heavy stroke .
Resounds—the hatches are in shatters broke ;
The marble rocks now penetrate her deck,
Grasping with iron hands the shatter'd wreck.
Quick through the apperture they make their way ;
Crawl on the rocks, and 'scape the raging sea.
Wash'd 'midst the stones their flag entangled lay,
A signal of distress serv'd to convey.
Ere long a pilot* did the signal view,
And boldly ventured to relieve the crew ;
The breakwaters west end soon did he gain,
And bore those suff'ers from the raging main ;
On shore, at Plymouth, lands the wave-worn crew—
The wreck in fragments does the ocean strew.

* Mr. Eddy, a pilot of Cawsand.

DEVONA,

AN HISTORICAL POEM.



BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Mount Edgcombe and Maker Church, with a strange story founded on facts—Cawsand and Kingsand—Smuggling—Cause of its Decline—The First Eddystone Lighthouse—Its Destruction in a Storm—Second Eddystone Lighthouse—Its Destruction by Fire—The present Lighthouse, and its durability—Devonport, and its Improvements—Its naval Arsenal—A First Rate—Hamoaze—Stonehouse Pool and Victualling Office—Creamwell Point, Fort and Blockhouse—Scenery from that view—Barnpool—Stonehouse and its Improvements—Naval and Military Hospitals—Plympton, its decline—Sir Joshua Reynolds—Brent Tor—Dartmoor—Allegorical and Natural Description—A Man Perishing in the Snow—A Contrast—Moor Cottages—Cultivation round its Borders—The Prospects of Hope—Cultivation emblematic of the Mind—Rivers of Devon—Chidly Rock—Pixies—Dartmoor's terrific scenery—Its loneliness suited to the Misanthrope—Its granite stone—Dartmoor in summer, and its wild beauties—It, in the days of yore, a Forest and peopled—A Metaphor—Sun setting from Sheep Tor—Dartmoor Prison and Tor Royal—Conclusion.

DEVONA.

Where MOUNT EDGECUMBE's majestic heights arise
My muse attracted there with pleasure hies.
Sweet insulated spot of Nature's plan,
That stands unrivall'd 'midst the art of man.
A charming sylvan scene supremely grand,
Whose august mansion gazes o'er the land,
Where varied trees spread their foliage round,
Form lovely lawns and prospects through the ground,
While majestic tow'ring in verdant pride,
A foliage bulwark spreads on either side,
Where nymphs and dryads vigils love to keep,
And from their cells list to the stormy deep,
That beats around its begirt rocky shore,
Where echo answers to the oceans roar,
And wafts it 'midst the umbrage canopy,
Of foliage thick that hides the azure sky,
Whose branching roof diffuses gloomy shade,
That scarce a sunbeam can its gloom invade ;

The tenants of the wood and antler'd deer,
Their residence hold unmolested there,
And o'er the lawns their wonted gambols play,
And turn to gaze at passengers that way.
Here mazes intricate lead to the cell,
Where hermit 'midst seclusion loves to dwell ;
While on the cliff the rifted tow'r is seen
Struggling with Time mantled in ivy green,
Striking the mind with venerable awe,
And seems as tumbling to the deep below.
Here leauteous rivals of a foreign land,
Libanus and Virginias cedars stand ;
Their aspiring heads emulous they rise
'Midst magnolias of gigantic size,
With rugged cork, the bark creating trees,
With plume crest waving proudly to the breeze ;
Others low bending o'er the cliffs high steep,
Whose spreading boughs seem to salute the deep,
'Midst lowly plants, and shrubs, and evergreen,
Sombre and dense—a variegated scene,
Forming a bulwark seeming to preclude
All access to its charming solitude,
Where sportive Nature reigns 'midst umber shade,
And round her throws a verdant barricade.
In view are forts, arsenals, and naval stores—
The guard of commerce. and of England's shores.
Thy gardens grand ten thousand beauties rise,
Of Nature's produce in her richest dyes,

Where Flora and Pomona try their art
Each to outvie and their best gifts impart.
Thy hothouse with Italy's produce shine,
By art matur'd enjoy a southern clime ;
Thy greenhouse raising in theatric row,
Where all the varied plants of nature grow,
While art assistant regulates the place,
And gives to all its charms a finish'd grace.
Here the cool grotto, and blooming bowers,
Which lavish Nature decorates with flowers ;
Where lassitude would find a sweet retreat,
To yield repose, or shade the noon day heat,
Whose calm delightful peaceful pleasing shade,
For friendship sweet, or contemplation made.
Here love itself enjoying Nature's charms
With innocence, may rest in lovers arms
Free from all guile, repose upon that breast,
And in elysium soothe the soul to rest ;
Here the fish pond reflects the azure skies,
A sweet variety of fish supplies,
While stately swans in majesty of pride,
Like to first-rates on its smooth surface glide.
All Nature's charms luxuriant here abound,
And art, and beauty, decorates the ground.
When Gallia's fleet* looked into Plymouth Sound,
And fill'd the country with dread terror round ;

* In the American war when the French fleet lay off Plymouth.

Its fortress, at that time, was ill-prepar'd
To meet the foe, had they invasion dar'd ;
Thy dryads trembled, and thy monarch oak
Expected worse than e'er the woodman's stroke.
The pioneers thy sylvan heights to clear,
Forts to erect with Mars own thunder there,
No patriot blood flow'd through the sluggish veins
Of the ancient lord of those sweet domains.
Tardy and doubtful, all his actions shew,
And dread his trees to feel the weapons blow ;
But providence, or else the foe's own fears,
Drew them from hence, and Edgumbe's woodland
spares.

High on the summit of its southern lands,
Maker church with its signal tower stands,
From whose heights you survey a prospect grand—
The channel, Cawsand Bay, and eastern land.
Here let me pause, and with poetic eye
Survey the scenes of ancient days gone by ;
Scenes marvellous as romance ever drew,
And certain 'tis as strange as it is true.
Within this pile, low in their vaulted bed,
For ages past repose the pompous dead
Of Edgumbe house, who in proud state there lay,
And seem to mock their fellow-creatures clay.
Pomp in the grave is mockery of woe,
A carcase rotting—deck'd with gaudy shew ;
Scutcheons and arms—baubles of pomp and pride :
Death in his mansion all these toys deride.

E'en the poor dust, did it this folly know,
Would scorn distinction in the shades below ;
E'en in life 'tis vain, but a lordly toy
Oft mocking sorrow, while the heart feels joy.
Now Fate, whose potent pow'r none can restrain,
Calls for the lady of this rich domain
To quit her mansion, and in its stead,
To rest among her own illustrious dead,
But ere she quits—it was her last request—
That in her bridal garments she be dressed ;
Jewels and rings her person decorate :
She quits this world in rich and splendid state.
These complied with, now see the hearse convey
In state magnificent her corse away.
The church they reach—their obsequies perform,
And she in state into the vault is borne,
And there placed with funeral pomp and pride,
Where her illustrious guests rot side by side.
The sexton, who all this grand pageant eyed,
Thought that the gems might better be applied,
Than useless there to decorate the dead ;
Such waste of wealth, 'twould find a family bread.
While thus he thought, dread Poverty loud cries—
“ 'Tis no great sin to take what useless lies
In the dreary vaults of Death's dark ahys.
There they nothing want, and there nothing miss.”
Thus he reason'd, and thought he reasoned right,
And then resolv'd that at the dead of night

The vault to visit, from the place convey
The costly jewels that there useless lay.
Now, with his light he 'mong the wealthy dead
Silent moves on, and listens to his tread.
The coffin ope's where Lady Edgcumbe lay,
And lifts her arm to extricate his prey.
The swollen fingers hold the glittering prize :
To scalp the flesh away the knife applies ;
The sacreligious thief with terror saw
Forth from the wound the crimson blood to flow,
As from her finger the costly gem he took,
She rose upright, and on him cast a look.
Now as grim Death amidst the coffins stood
Watching his prey, he this marauder view'd,
But little thought he as he eyed the pelf,
The greatest robbery was on himself.
He grinn'd aghast, but soon found to his cost
That he for once his wonted prey had lost.
She spoke, but no reply the sexton found—
He speechless trembled at the ghostly sound.
Aghast he stood, seiz'd sudden with surprise ;
His senses fled, and dizzy swam his eyes.
His hair with very horror stood upright,
Like bristled boar amidst the shock of fight ;
Trembling with fear, dread terror fill'd his mind,
He sudden fled, and left his light behind.
His legs by strange impulse seem'd to convey
His trembling body from the vault away ;

Fear to his flight gave wings, he fled the place
Swift as the timid hare before the chace.
She gazed around, but all to her did seem
A vision strange, or else delusive dream.
When Reason did its ancient seat resume,
She calmly gaz'd and viewed the gloomy tomb,
Then quick arose from her drear death-clad bed,
To quit those gloomy mansions of the dead ;
The light the sexton left, serv'd to convey
Her to her seat, and light her on her way ;
Arriv'd she knocks, the inmates struck with fear
At such an hour, they wonder who is there ;
Appall'd with dread, the voice, the garb they know,
'Tis Lady Edgcumbe from the shades below ;
Fear backward fled, consternation great
Caus'd her for once at her own door to wait,
At last my Lord advanc'd and entrance gave,
To this late inmate of the gloomy grave ;
But lo, no ghost now fills his Lordships arms,
'Tis his own Lady, deck'd in bridal charms ;
Heaven's best gift the second time restor'd,
To wed again her joy, and love her Lord ;
Heaven all gracious to the lovely pair,
This second union blest with son and heir.

Around the sandy beach of Cawsand bay,
CAWSAND and KINGSAND straggling towns there lay ;

Where the bold smuggler bravest of the brave,
By gain impell'd launch on the stormy wave ;
'Midst night's profoundest gloom is wafted o'er,
And makes the well known signal on the shore ;
Then boldly ventures midst the shade of night,
To beach his boat, and run his liquid freight ;
Attendant wait a well train'd trusty band,
Who line the beach, and quick the cargo land ;
No wretch there's found his comrades to betray,
For well try'd confidence there holds its sway ;
And honor too, tho' in its roughest form,
Binds the bold smuggler dauntless as the storm,
Then plenty smil'd, and gaiety were thine,
Nor want was found in penury to pine ;
Then cheerful labour toil'd both night and day,
For well the profit could the labour pay.
While thy pilcher fishery alone was found,
To give employ, and scatter wealth around ;
Then Britain's Navy proudly lin'd thy bay,
And golden commerce held its sovereign sway ;
But revolution, or corroding time
Thy wealth destroy'd, for riches once was thine.
Now from surrounding heights thy towns are view'd,
Deck'd in sullen garb, like lone widowhood,
While thy hardy sons linger round thy sand,
With men dejected, a sad lonely band ;
Commerce and plenty, these are thine no more,
Industry pining struggles round thy shore ;

Of every source of commerce now bereft,
Their casual pilotage is all that's left ;
A scanty pittance from the sea to find,
Inur'd to toil expos'd to waves and wind ;
While a coast guard lurking around thy shore,
Boldly proclaims that trade shall thrive no more.

About three leagues southward from the Rame head
High rears the EDDYSTONE from oceans bed :
Throwing its vivid light the Channel round,
Seen from the Rame, and heights of Plymouth sound ;
Winstanley* did this spiral structure rise,
And rear'd the lofty column toward the skies ;
Tow'ring like Pompey's pillar, from the waves,
Whose base, the ever restless billows laves ;
It shews when hurricanes sweep from the west,
A wat'ry pyramid with blazing crest ;
Mantled in sea whose foaming spray is borne,
Its lantern o'er, wing'd on the raging storm.
Seven years it stood triumphant midst the waves,
Shone in the gale, and all its fury braves ;
But now the structure wanting some repair
Calls for the architect, and workmen there ;
While the builder in confidence he'd cause rue,
Wish'd there to meet the hardest gale that blew ;

* Mr. Henry Winstanley, of Littlebury, in Essex, reared the first structure, A. D., 1609.

The fates comply, a storm in raging strain
 Swept builder, men and structure in the main ;
 The devastation so completely ran,
 As if to mock the utmost skill of man ;
 Nor long the date these rocks in darkness lay,
 E'er there the Winchelsea* was cast away,
 And every soul became the oceans prey.
 While darkness reign'd, death lords it o'er these rocks,
 Sole tennant there, all human effort mocks.

Three years elaps'd, when Rudyard† he began,
 A second lighthouse on a potent plan,
 High the grand fabric rear'd its lofty crest,
 Whose confin'd base on ocean's rock did rest :
 Strength and utility employ'd his mind,
 To make this structure brave the sea and wind ;
 For this he us'd his utmost energy,
 Yet thought not of another enemy ;
 And midst the noble building that he wrought,
 The dread of fire entirely was forgot,
 Forty-six years it o'er the Channel threw
 Its light, and brav'd the hardest gale that blew ;
 Then, like a phœnix, did at last expire,
 Consum'd amidst the blaze of its own fire,

*A Virginia ship, laden with tobacco, for Plymouth.

† Mr. John Rudyard commenced the building July, 1706, and completed it to exhibit a light in 1708.

A flaming column, raging in dreadful might,
Illum'd the deep with its terrific light ;
Consternation seiz'd the men, with fear ;
High o'er their heads the flames their fury rear.
With full buckets from the exhaustless main
They lave its lantern, but they lave in vain ;
The conflagration wildly rages dire ;
Dreadful the contest between flood and fire.
But weak their efforts,—all their aid is vain ;
The raging fire o'er their exertions gain :
One man, as high he threw it o'er his head,
Was delug'd with a shower of molten lead.
While looking up, as at his work he wrought,
The melting fluid fell into his throat.
They downward now, flight after flight, retire,
Quickly pursu'd by the vindictive fire :
Forc'd at last, to avoid the flames and heat,
Amidst the rocks to seek for a retreat.
In this state of peril they did remain
Till rescu'd, and convey'd unto the main :
One, soon as landed safe upon the shore,
Fled sudden, and was never heard of more :
T'welve days elaps'd, in pain the other died ;
For with the molten lead* he death imbib'd.

* There was found in his stomach seven ounces of lead.

For eighty years, firm on its rocky base,
 The present lighthouse* has maintain'd its place ;
 Whose lofty head undaunted seems to rise,
 And warring winds and raging sea defies,
 When darkness deep obscures the gloomy sky,
 And lawless winds and waves are raging high :
 And o'er thy cupola the sea is borne ;
 Thou, like a meteor, blazes 'midst the storm !
 The watchful seaman, through the gloom of night,
 With eager gazing strains the nerves of sight,
 And shouts his shipmates as he views thy light.
 Granite-stone the exterior does protect ;
 Portland supplies the inside architect ;
 Iron and lead the work does firmly bind ;
 Nor fire it fears, nor raging seas, nor wind :
 Engraven on the stone these lines are seen,—
 Of a Hebrew bard and a warlike king,—
 " Except the Lord the building rear,
 " They build in vain who labour there."

West from Plymouth, lies Britain's naval port,
 The fam'd HAMOAZE, where ships of war resort ;
 Whose town now rose to eminence and fame,
 And from the county takes its present name.

* Built by Mr. Smeaton, and completed in the course of
 the years 1757, 1758, and 1759. The last stone was set 25th
 August, 1759.

Where Wind-mill Hill high does its column rear,
In days by-gone display'd a wind-mill there ;
And on whose crest a pedestal* now stands,
Whose altitude a prospect grand commands.
Thy naval arsenal is, e'en of itself,
Unto thy town grandeur, employ, and wealth ;
Where artists numerous, of every grade,
'Midst busy bustle ply their daily trade.
There architect completes the wondrous pile,—
The dread of foes, the boast of Albion's Isle,—
That once the monarch of the forest stood,
When Dryads trembled for their native wood :
When the fell forester, with sturdy stroke,
Caused devastation 'midst its numerous oak ;
From which arose, in majesty of state,
The dreaded fabric of a bold first-rate,
That, gaily rushing from the stocks away,
Impatient greets its element,—the sea ;
Whose stately form, in England's glory dress'd,
Thetis, proud welcomes to her swelling breast.
Soon, rigg'd complete, the lofty pines arise,
Whose dashing pendant seems to lash the skies.
Neptune, rejoicing, calls on dauntless Mars
To man and arm her for the future wars ;
While from her side three tremendous tiers,
Arm'd with destruction for the fight, appears ;

* Here a statue of William IV. was intended to be placed.

While Neptune's sons, obedient to his call,
Their anchors weigh and let their canvas fall,
To the rising gale give the flowing sheet,
And dauntless dash Britannia's foes to meet.
Mount-wise,* high tow'ring in majestic pride,
Whose battlements look down upon the tide ;
Whose ramparts round, and military parade,
Give to the town a lovely promenade.
Government-house adorns the lofty land
Whose strong fortress the harbour does command,
August looks down, where rang'd along its base,
Upon that sweet and lovely wat'ring-place,†
That elegance and comfort does impart,
And richly shews the power of human art,
Winding to the right, like an inland bay,
Britain's bulwarks safe to their moorings lay.
When the morning gun, with its thund'ring throat,
Disturbs repose, and infant day awoke,
Then Tamar's stream appears to swarm with life,—
With mariners in busy bustle rife :
Flags fly, yards cross, and unfurl'd canvas fall,
Instantaneous at the cannon's call,

* Here the ancient seat of the *Wises*, lords of the manor, formerly stood.

† Richmond sea-baths, situated on a beautiful beach opposite Mount Edgecumbe, were projected and completed by a public-spirited individual, and are not inferior to any in the west of England.

Breaks on the sight, as if by magic skill,
'Midst shouting tars and boatswain's pipe so shrill,
With ships unmooring, and the splashing oar
Waft on the tide and vibrates round the shore.
Eastward, adjacent Stonehouse Pool winds round,
With naval stores extends its southern bound,
Where, from creation's bed, the marble rocks,
In grand display, form stores, piers, quays, and docks.
Hig' on the summit, in capacious bed,
A reservoir crowns its majestic head ;
From Drake's* benevolence the fount's supplied,
Wat'ring that navy which he, once the pride :
Whose name immortal, like thy stream shall run,
And only end when time itself is done.
On the west point an antique blockhouse stands,
Whose fort, above, the stream below commands ;
Whose height sublime looks down upon the tide,
Where, passing by, first-rates and ply-boats glide.
This spot presents a rich romantic view ;
Grand as Nature, or Fancy, ever drew.
Mount Edgecumbe House, in lovely verdure dress'd,
Above its trees rears its majestic crest ;
'Midst woodland hills, skirting its airy steep,
And wood-crown'd rocks that wind along the deep.
Beneath, Barnpool, like lucid lake doth seem,
Circled 'midst rocks, and verdure ever green ;

* Sir Francis Drake.

While oft some frigate, at her moorings there,
 Whose lofty mast and waving flags appear
 A contrast pleasing amidst verdure green,—
 At once a warlike and a sylvan scene ;
 Stately and calm, she lulls on Tamar's breast,
 As if from war and waves repos'd to rest :
 Circled around with every sylvan pride,
 And views herself reflected in the tide.
 When silence sleeps, oft her loud cannon's roar
 Echo awakes, who bounds along the shore,
 Vibrating loud, 'midst hills and groves, around
 A thousand mouths, re-answer to the sound,
 And the loud-mouth'd cannon's thundering roar,
 Long and loud, echoes round thy rocky shore,
 Like distant thunder, 'midst the hills to play,
 Till faint the noise in murmur dies away.
 Here the island, forts, breakwater, and the Sound,
 Mount Batten, Mewstone, and the hills around,
 Marine and rural, at one view survey,
 And, southward, the expanse of Channel sea :
 Description fails to paint this lovely view ;
 To know its beauties, you must view it too.

STONEHOUSE,* eastward, steals o'er a marshy land,
 With Plymouth's stately buildings shakes the hand ;

* Stonehouse derives its name from Joel de Stonehouse,
 lord of this domain in the reign of Henry III. It anciently

Now genteel seats and gardens rise between,
Whose swampy ground once an unsightly scene ;
While Union-street presents an airy site,
With Plymouth's superb buildings does unite ;
Whose wealth and population does increase,
And arts and science flourishes with peace.

PLYMPTON, thy borough claims antiquity,
Tho' but a shadow now remains of thee :
In days of yore, commerce and wealth were thine :
Time. in its course, has witness'd thy decline.
Thy castle walls, that once in stately pride
Survey'd its Gothic fane in Plym's clear tide,
No longer now reflects its ancient face,
For thou art fled, and land usurps thy place ;
And Time's destroying hand, with tyrant sway,
Age after age, hath swept thy town away.
A market once was famous in thy town,—
To a few butchers' stalls now dwindled down :
Thy annual fairs a fleeting shadow are
Of what in former days their grandeur were ;
Thy walks and piazzas proudly arched o'er
Neglected—lost, and pomp is thine no more ;

received the name of East Stonehouse, to distinguish it from
West Stonehouse, which, being burnt by the French, has long
since ceased to bear that name.

No more the merchants or the trading throng,
Are seen to move thy ancient streets along ;
Fled is thy commerce, with it fled renown,
And thou art left a clean and empty town.
Yet all's not fled, for thou canst boast a name
Time can't destroy : it will secure thy fame.
Reynolds* is thine, but weak the poet's lay
To sing his praise, or yet his worth portray,
Whose potent pow'r in the fine arts alone,
Display'd a grace that rivall'd Greece and Rome.
Thou, mighty Rubens of the pencils art,
Bids animation from the canvas start ;
Nature portray'd so excellently well,
She blushed to see thy works her own excell.
Thy rural scenes in Nature's charms array'd ;
Thy portraits glowing, life itself display'd.
So lovely wrought thou didst the sense beguile,
The eye deceived, and bid Deception smile.
Thy guildhall, a capacious graceful fane,
Adorn'd with pillars that supports the same,
Whose dining-room displays two kings† array'd,
And there Sir Joshua by himself portray'd.

* In 1723 Sir Joshua Reynolds was born in the master's house of the grammar school, Sir Joshua's father then being master of the school.

† George the First and Second.

Thy grammar school a gothic fane appears,
Whose stately edifice piazzas rears ;
Adjoining near the market-house doth stand,
Wherein was born this Rubens of our land ;
Although his birth thy ancient borough gave,
He with the great and mighty* found a grave.
Dukes, lords, and marquesses did him attend
To grace his worth, and dignify his end ;
Tho' thou art fallen, yet this splendid name
Will grace thy borough and secure its fame.

BUCKLAND, thy charms shall here adorn my lays,
And scenes of life in life's most lovely days,
When Love gave all its aid those charms to please.
How often anxious have I wander'd o'er
Thy dreary heath and sterile barren moor,
Then sped rejoicing down the lonely way,
Where nestling snug, thy rural village lay
'Midst farms and orchards, and surrounding hills,
And down the valley, winding gurgling rills,
That like a snake steals thro' the verdure green,
Where glens and foliage oft conceal its stream ;
Oft at ev'n would I delighted stray
With Love, sweet partner of my rural way.

* Sir Joshua died A.D., 1792, and was interred in the crypt
of the Cathedral of St. Pauls, London.

The hopbine wild we from the hedges took,
And cresses gather'd from the mantled brook,
Or thy churchyard in musing mood explore,
And read Death's varied memorials o'er,
Where oft the grass in rank luxuriance grown,
Hid the inscription on the lowly stone ;
Or Time's corroding hand obliterate
Those simple annals of the will of Fate,
And swept the records from the stone away,
Where the forefathers of the hamlet lay.
Close bordering on thy monumental ground,
Stands the vicar's house, that high trees surround,
Partly conceal'd amidst its foliage green,
A calm retreat—a lovely solemn scene ;
Where the pastor like the good shepherd's found,
To aid his flock that humbly nestle round,
Not only in the church to preach and pray,
But in his life to shew the better way,
Whose ev'ry action pious and sincere
Heavenward directs, and loves to lead them there.
Amidst those lonely solemn books of fate
I love to ramble, and to contemplate
A pleasing calm engrosses all the mind,
And the attention to the spot does bind,
Impulsive seems to lead one to explore
Its solemn mould'ring tombs and read them o'er.
Ev'ry perturbate thought is lull'd to rest—
A holy calm seems to pervade the breast,

That every other sense seems to control
A hallow'd sunshine smiling on the soul.
Within thy rural antique sacred fane,
A monument records the deeds of fame,
That speaks a warrior and a hero's name.
Heathfield,* how shall the muse its subject raise
To sing thy valour or record thy praise.

* George Augustus Elliot, Baron Heathfield, of Gibraltar, Knight of the Bath, General of His Majesty's Forces and Governor of Gibraltar. He was the seventh son of Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bart., of Stobs, in the county of Roxburgh in Scotland. He died, July 6th 1790, aged 72 years. The University of Leyden enriched his mind with science, and formed his taste for literature and the polite arts, and the bias of his genius soon inclined him to the profession of arms, in which he rose by regular gradation to the highest eminence. Germany beheld him in the seven years war discharging the duties of a gallant officer; the British cavalry owed to him a system of discipline—that made him the pride of their country; the Havannah—the metropolis of the Island of Cuba—saw him among the officers who levelled her boasted fortifications and conquered by their valour; Gibraltar was reserved to crown him with unfading laurels, though closely pressed during a siege that lasted three years without intermission, he remained invincible, the glorious scene of which will be an eternal memorial of British courage and British humanity. He married Ann Polexen Drake, daughter of Sir Francis Drake, Bart.

Gibraltar thy undaunted daring view'd,
Firm as that rock of adamant you stood,
Invincible 'midst fleet show'rs of ball,
Saw at thy feet thy massy ramparts fall ;
Three long years with an impetuous rage,
Spain's floating batt'ries did the rock engage.
Their tremendous fire in thundering show'rs hurl'd,
Like Etna bursting on the astonish'd world.
The rock shook to its base, while on the foe
Our batteries scarce did an impression shew ;
Undaunted still, nor energies relent,
War's dreadful engines then you did augment,
And from the ramparts of the marble rock
Pour'd hissing volleys forth of red hot shot,
'Midst sulphureous flames shedding horrid glare,
As if Hell belch'd its bowels in the air,
Or Jove his thunderbolts and lightning hurl'd,
And wrapt in smoke and flames this nether world.
Now horror reigns amidst confusion dire,
Their floating batt'ries burst one blaze of fire ;
'Midst fire and flood no refuge can they gain,
With terror struck they plunge into the main.
Their sinking ships burn with terrific rage,
Whilst sea and flames the trembling foe engage ;
Whose hissing flames the briny ocean drinks,
And in the abyss their burning batt'ries sink.
" Man, man your boats ! " Pity now loudly calls ;
The Britons rush and leave their rampart walls,

And snatch their victims from a wat'ry grave ;
No longer foes, they conquer but to save,
For pity claims the mercy of the brave.
Oft in thy church attentive have I stood
With musing mind, in admiration view'd
Thy monuments, and traced the sculptor's art,
But language fails its beauties to impart.
Pre-eminent to art and nature true,
A medallion of Heathfield strikes the view ;
Below, Britannia pensive and sedate,
Holding the model of a fortress gate ;
With these words—*Plus ultra*, inscribed thereon—
The motto well the subject does become.
A boy with a key doth a palm branch wield,
And in his hand he holds a massive shield.
Four *bas reliefs* graces the monument—
War, and War's dreaded arms, they represent.
First, the loud-mouth'd slaughtering cannon bears,
The lighted match in readiness appears ;
Then cannons, culverins, and furnace hot,
With implements for heating red hot shot.
Next Heathfield, firm as fortitude he stands,
Animates, surveys, and directs his plans,
Then their batt'ries on fire, where Britons saves
Their drowning sailors from the fire and waves.
When sculpture fails, empires, and history,
Gibraltar's rock thy monument shall be,
Till time is lost in vast eternity.

A small mural tablet this spot stands near,
 Sacred to relicts of a kinsman dear,
 Where leaning o'er a monumental urn,
 Godlike truth in sad sorrow seems to mourn ;
 At its base the marble faithfully doth show,
 The records of departed worth below,
 Where calm reposing, by decree of fate,
 Lies a descendant of immortal Drake*,
 Till the last trump his slumber shall awake.
 Found faithful he state office did sustain
 In George the Second and third George's reign,
 Of powerful mind, 'midst Nature's weak decline,
 And gather'd ripe like corn in harvest time,
 While other monuments of art and grace,
 In humbler duty decorates the place,
 Diffusing rural reverential awe
 Such as a village church can only shew ;
 And seldom in our city churches found,
 Shedding a hallow'd, pensive, pleasure round,
 And seems to say in this holy abode,
 " Here Nature pure resides, and Nature's god."
 From hence a pleasant shady walk leads to
 The ancient abbey, hid almost from view

* Sir Francis Henry Drake, Bart., of Buckland Abbey in the
 county of Devon ; he died the 9th of Feb. 1794, aged 70 years.
 He was lineally descended from the great naval warrior of the
 16th century.

Deep in a vale, where foliage thick around
In wild diversity adorns the ground ;
Whose woody shade, dense and thick, yields deep
gloom,
And sheds a twilight 'midst the blaze of noon.
Here at eve, obscure owls your ears invade
Dolcfully hooting 'midst the deep'ning shade,
Whilst the screech owls do often intervene,
And startle night with their shrill horrid scream.
Here Nature like to Nature's own taught child,
Seems wanton sporting, innocent and wild,
And to the mind sweet rural charms impart,
Lovely and free beyond the reach of art ;
Such as in Paradise's own lovely clime,
When Nature, wanton, sported in her prime.
What rapture have I felt, what joy I've found,
Rambling with one o'er thy delightful ground.
The first created did not more pleasure share,
When hand in hand walk'd forth the lovely fair
In Eden's garden, deck'd in Nature's pride,
And, love and Nature, were their only guide.
Here linnets, blackbirds, thrush's music float,
And garrulous rooks incessant cawing note ;
High o'er our heads, perch'd on the topmost spray,
In noisy conference they chat away ;
Domestic plans, or politics debate,
Or how to govern or protect the state ;

These all combin'd warble their little loves,
And fill with harmony the vale and groves.
Here checquer'd thro' the trees, doth now appear
The farm house, and yard, at the mansions rear,
Which winding round and turning to the right,
The ancient abbey breaks upon the sight.
Great Eliza this abbey and estate
Gave to her hero, brave Sir Francis Drake ;
Tho' moderniz'd, you still distinctly see
The features of its once antiquity ;
And 'midst its alterations still explore
The ancient monastery of days of yore.*

TAVISTOCK, what joy my rapt soul would seize,
Thee to visit from rough Atlantic seas ;
Not thee alone, but something yet more dear
Than life itself, for life and love dwelt there.
Oft have I wander'd, I remember well,
Along the margin of thy clear canal ;
Pleas'd with the scene, and converse sweetly blend
With one whose name was dearer than a friend ;

* A little to the south of Buckland Manachorum is Buckland Abbey. The original of this foundation as a Cistercian monastery was founded in 1278 by Amelia, wife of Baldwin de Rivers, Earl of Devon; many of the ancient features of a monastic edifice are still visible.

Or thy river view'd, where thick foliage spread,
Rushing impetuous o'er its rocky bed,
Whirling its eddies, then meandering glide
To where thick umbrage would its beauties hide ;
In greatness growing winds its devious way,
And greets our navy, and the channel sea.
Thy valley-town romantic winds the hills—
Adown thy streets rushes the gurgling rills.
Strange and antique, thy buildings do appear—
Narrow thy streets, of uncouth form they are.
Thy architect 'twould puzzle me to state :
No modern artist would it imitate.
Thy once fam'd abbey now in fragments view'd,
That scarcely tells where once the structure stood.
Blended with buildings artists lately rear'd,
Or lent thy aid when others were repair'd
Where stood thy abbey once, let moderns tell
Whence rose ~~up~~ the Bedford Arms hotel ;
So, as time moves reflecting minds can trace
The aged fall, and youth supply their place.
Dug from the ruins of thy abbey ground,
A massive marble coffin there was found,
Containing bones of ample magnitude,
That had Time's all-corroding pow'r withstood.
Few of Adam's race such large limbs could own,
And in thy church the relics yet are shown.
Tradition says, that Adulph was the form,
Whose mortal mould those massy limbs had borne.

Whose stature so immense, that he could stride
O'er reach and rivers, that were ten feet wide.
Thy market good and cheap, by few excell'd,
And weekly here a cattle fair is held.
In mingled groups cattle blockade thy street,
And farmers round from all the country meet
To buy and sell, the town seems all alive,
And busy hinds their thrifty bargains drive ;
Contending points agreed, they close the sale—
Their bargains settle o'er a pot of ale,
Where uncouth noise your 'stounded ears assail,
And universal hubbub does prevail ;
Confusion reigns 'midst riot, noise, and din—
Sheep bleating out, and hinds carousing in.
Not Babel's tower, from whence confusion sprang,
E'er witness'd greater since the world began ;
While country dames are flocking up and down
In uncouth groups, a shopping in the town.
The fair they quit at the day's declining
With cash and goods, and some cattle driving ;
Or produce that supplies their casual wants,
The housewife's stores, or farming implements.
Commerce and profit from industry springs,
And every comfort with its blessings brings ;
While a bold peasantry inured to toil,
To guard our coast, or cultivate its soil ;
In war, or peace, campaign, or tillage field,
With nervous arm the sword or sickle yield ;

Bold and vigorous, of undaunted air,
Whose bearing noble, that disdains to fear ;
Such Britain's race such their forefathers were,
And worthy of their country's greatest care.
Here manufactories and foundries demands,
On labour calls, and various artisans ;
A blessing rich to industry it brings,
And from their labour opulence it springs.
So some majestic wheel in its wide course,
Sets thousands going of a minor force.
Round thy bord'ring heights on its sloping side,
The cottage smiles deck'd in gay rural pride,
With gardens checquer'd whose elevated brow,
Looks o'er the tow'r and the town below,
While the surrounding hills in rural charms,
Encircles it with their protecting arms,
Like some fond mother shelt'ring in her breast
Her infant babe reposing there to rest.

Northward, four miles from Tavistock, there lies
A mass of craggy rocks tow'ring the skies ;
There, Atlas-like, sublime rises BRENT TOR,
Whose crest majestic a tiara bore ;
Like a giant his awful form he rears,
And on his head a diadem he wears.
Here firm the church, the rock of ages, stands,
And Zion smiles amidst the desert lands,

On Faith's firm foundation it stands unmov'd,
And seems to glory in its altitude.
The rose of Sharon here is found to bloom
Amidst this barren waste and sullen gloom.
Here on a clear day you may view around
A thousand scenes, including Plymouth Sound,
Whose altitude by mariner's descried
By ships far distant on the English tide.*
For weekly sins here parish'ners atone,
Climbing thy heights o'er rugged rock and stone.
On Sabbath day the shepherd heads his flock,
And climbs the ascent of this barren rock,
To gain the portals of that holy fane,
And 'midst the wild resound Jehovah's name.
The sacred fane doth this inscription bear—
That Christ himself did of his church declare .
"On this strong rock my church supreme I'll rear,
Nor shall hell's gates prevail against it there."

DARTMOOR doth now my roughest lays demand,
And harshest strains to suit thy sterile land,
To paint thy scen'ry and thy heaths display,
Wild as the wind, rough as the raging sea,
Where Nature clad in her most dreadful form,
Wild wand'ring o'er thy dreary heath forlorn,

* Seen more than twenty miles distance.

In nudid state, wrapt in a rugged dress,
A wither'd form, whose haggard looks express
A savage wildness, hopeless and forlorn,
She braves the skies, and howls amidst the storm ;
With lurid eye the light'ning doth survey,
And mocks the black'ning thunders as they play ;
High rears her crest—her hoary head oft shrouds
In horror's gloom amidst the pitchy clouds,
Whose barren hills and rugged waste display
A wide expanse swelling like ocean's sea ;
There hills on hills in Alpine grandeur rise,
Extensive spread, and climb the lofty skies ;
Whose heads the regions of the clouds invest,
That like a mantle folds around their breast ;
The eye excursive views the hills around,
And finds the horizon its distant bound.
Region of wildness!—awful, bold, and grand,
The roughest work of Nature's forming hand,
Amidst the summit of whose wide domains
Drear horror scold's, and desolation reigns ;
Here fortitude would stand appall'd with fear,
On this drear heath to meet its horrors there.
When snow, wild winds, and thunders pitchy cloud
With wrath surcharg'd, howling terrific loud,
Fly o'er the dreary heath in dread array,
Dark as usurp'd Egyptia's gloomy day,
On their bleak heads their dark artillery play ;
Then on wild wing the demon of the storm,
In howling tempest o'er the heath is borne,

Dark as Erebus—clad in horrors drear,
As if old Chaos sway'd his empire there.
Tumult and confusion round him spread,
And horror drear amidst appalling dread ;
Thunder his voice—his eyes the light'nings glow,
And from his wings shakes hailstorm, sleet, and snow.
In rage terrific on the whirlwind rides,
In pitchy clouds his awful head he hides,
While tow'ring Tors his dreaded rage defy,
And dash the clouds in atoms as they fly.
Then, then behold, the dreadful conflict rage,
When all the warring elements engage ;
The sever'd clouds confus'd fleet onward dash,
Thunders loud growl, and the blue lightnings flash,
While the dire artillery of winter's hurl'd,
And shakes with terror all this nether world.

Woe betide the man who wand'ring forlorn
Here meets the roughness of the pelting storm,
When all the warring elements combin'd
Seize on his nerves, and harrow up his mind.
Bewilder'd in a labyrinth of woes
He flounces on, not knowing where he goes ;
Lost and perplex'd in the devious way
He trudges on, still more and more astray ;
The drifting snow borne o'er the dreary waste
Obscures his sight, no landmark can he trace,

While night resistless closes him around,
No shelter near, no hut is to be found ;
His strength exhausted, ev'ry nerve doth strain,
With dark despair and horror thrills his brain.
Lightnings wide flash 'midst tempest's horrid howl,
The black'ning thunder round the mountains growl,
And strike with horror on his trembling soul.
'Midst the deep gloom the wild terrific glare
Makes horror visible, impressing fear.
In vain the energy of strength he tries ;
His nerves give way—his heart within him dies ;
The tempest howling horrors round him close—
Exhausted nature can no more oppose ;
He, trembling, sinks in all the woes of grief
A stiffen'd corse, stretch'd on the blasted heath.*

Ye thoughtless gay 'midst luxuries profuse,
Ye, who the gifts of Providence abuse,
Basking in Fortune's smiles, and ermined pride,
On sofas lolling, circling the fire side,
On varied dainty dishes warm ye dine,
And cheer your hearts with all inspiring wine,

* In a plain below Fox Tor are still to be seen the remains of a granite tomb erected about three centuries and a half ago to the memory of John Child, of Plymstock, who perished in a snow storm which overtook him while hunting on the moor.

Whose limbs at night repose on beds of down,
Who never know Misfortune's bitter frown ;
Could ye e'en in thought but feel those woes
That the poor heir of sad misfortune knows,
'Twould call the tear, the sympathetic sigh,
And pity would its tribute not deny ;
Bring to your mind this traveller woe-worn,
Braving the horrors of the direful storm,
Whose dire chilling blast through his arteries ran,
And froze the vitals of the dying man.
Expos'd to the inclemency of skies,
A dreary heath his bed, and there he dies.
Would it not cause compassion for to flow,
And bid benevolence aid the child of woe,
When winter's chilling blast and tempest's roar
Beats on the wretched hovel of the poor ?
Whose unroof'd hut, windows, and walls all torn,
Admit the drifting snow and raging storm :
Where mis'ry round their dying embers lay,
To all the woes of misery a prey :
Where the cold, weeping babe, lull'd to repose,—
Its mother's breast the only warmth it knows,—
With hunger sad, and horror of despair,
The little nutriment is chill'd that's there :
'Midst cold and hunger, sad distressing woes,
They, shiv'ring, huddle close to find repose.
Sure scenes like these would melt the hardest heart,
And cause from Pity's eye the tear to start :

Sweet Charity would here her gifts bestow,
And bid benevolence dry the tears of woe.
Angels approve the actions of the good,
And waft to heaven a family's gratitude,
And note these words in the records above,—
That charity to *man*, to God is love.

Around the borders of this dreary moor
Stands many a cottage of the lab'ring poor :
A rough inclosure does the same surround,
Shelt'ring a garden or potatoe-ground.
A sty, where a few pigs they also rear,
With some poultry, employs the housewife's care :
A rick of turf, adjacent piled high,
A shelter gives, and winter's warm supply.
Around, the hardy hawthorn rugged grows ;
Few other shrubs this situation knows.
If circumstance allow, a cow may keep
On the worn down, or a few straggling sheep.
The hnsband he does oft employment find,
'Midst farms around, as a labouring hind :
When employ fails, he from the sterile moor,
Cuts turf for sale, or for winter store.
Here cultivation, tho' at tardy pace,
Steals round the bound'ries of this dreary waste :
But let industry's toil do all it can,
Weak are the efforts of the needy man.

E'en here, where rivers from their wild source run,
Impetuous dash thy hills and vales among,
Awful and wild, down ravines deep they roar,
Height'ning the horrors of the dreary moor.
A time may come,—Hope paints the distant view,
And with prophetic eye beholds it, too,—
When this drear heath in verdure shall appear,
And its wild streams be music to the ear,
And labour here the bright'ning ploughshare guide,
And waving corn-fields grace thy mountain side.
O! for some great, some philanthropic mind,
To cultivate this waste, and bless mankind.
O! what a speculation here for good,—
Employment to the poor, and raising food :
And tho' the recompense may long delay,
A time may come it richly would repay.
Like the sterile mind, in its rough, rude state,
Is hard and stubborn first to cultivate,
Perseverance and unwearied toil
Obstruction move, and clears the barren soil.
A slender crop, at first, may be the mead ;
Year after year a richer may succeed,
Till the mind to full perfection springs,
And mental fruit forth in abundance brings.
So this sterile land, by stern labour wrought,
May, by degrees, to cultivation brought ;
While fields with grain rejoicing wave around,
And here the smiling farm may yet be found :

Here the full sheaf the reapers bear along,
And Ceres, joyous, lists the reapers' song :
Here Flora and Pomona yet may view
Delicious fruit, and flowers of ev'ry hue :
Here Harvest-home may raise its cheerful voice,
And bid the barren wilderness rejoice.

Mother of rivers, who, prolific, brings
Forth at a birth a thousand gushing springs,
Winding, north and south, their devious way,
To either Channel* rush, and join the sea.
Here the Nereides sport, and from their source
Rush down the mountains with impetuous force,
Pouring their urns o'er many a craggy steep,
Forms cataracts, gullies, and the ravine deep ;
Leaping o'er crags and rocks, in rapid speed,
They gain the vale, and wind the flow'ry mead,
Then, in majestic state, they onward glide,
And haste, rejoicing, to the ocean tide :
While from their stream a thousand playful rills
Sport wantonly amidst thy verdant hills,
Gliding thro' fruitful vales, with plenty crown'd,
And bids the lovely landscape smile around.
Meandering thence, through many a lovely plain,
Joy to the land, and pleasure to the swain.

* English and Bristol Channels.

Thy rivers numerous, that from thee flow,—
The Exe is thine, the Torridge, and the Taw ;
The Oke, the Plym, the Dart of rapid force,
The Otter, Axe, and Tamar's winding course ;
With many a stream, branching from the same,
Unknown to song, yet known to rural fame.
The Taw and Torridge, tho' separated wide,
In confux meeting, join the ocean tide
At Appledore, and there, in close embrace,
Like wedded pair, they greet the wat'ry waste.*

Here CHIDLEY's tow'ring Rock its bold front rears ;
A solid mass of marble it appears,
Whose crest sublime, and from its airy site
Stands like a giant, vaunting in his might,
In awful altitude and low'ring frown,
Stern and majestic, from its height looks down
Upon the vale and scenery below,
Inspiring dread, and strikes the mind with awe.
From its dark concave rushes to the light
A stream impetuous, raging in its might ;
Wild dashing o'er the stones, with deaf'ning sound,
And foams, and whirls its eddies all around.
A hanging wood o'er shades its lofty head,
Whose branching oak, a canopy wide spread,

* They empty themselves into Barnstaple Bay.

'Neath whose umbrageous shade the wanderer may
Contemplate, and Nature's wild works survey.
Here the mind on airy flight may soar
Through Nature's works, and Nature's God adore.

Near, in a cave, tradition seems to tell
That there the PIXIES and the Fairies dwell,
Who sally forth at solemn hour of night
For fun and mischief, as their chief delight :
On the moon's silver beams they post away,
To lead the lonely traveller astray ;
And jocund laugh throughout the midnight hour,
When they've a wanderer within their power,
Who on the moor keeps walking, round and round,
And finds, astonish'd, he has gain'd no ground.
They, 'midst the sober stillness of the night,
Around him talk, and laugh, in fun outright.
Amaz'd, he listens, sudden looks around ;
Within his ken no mortal's to be found :
He trembling stands, and now they laugh again,
And music now he hears, in soften'd strain :
With panic fear his heart begins to quake,
His eyes he rubs, and doubts if he's awake.
Sadly perplex'd, he thinks his senses fled,
And finds at last that he's been Pixie-led ;
Then turns his coat,—the Fairy spell is o'er ;
They skip away, and he's perplex'd no more.

On the soft and velvet green,
By the sheen of moonlight beam,
These Fairy elves sport and play :
Moonlight is Fairies' holiday.

In evolution's mazy dance,
Sudden as the lightning's glance,
Light as butterflies they spring,
In mazy windings, round the ring.

A mushroom their canopy,
'Neath they hold their revelry ;
On ambrosial sweets they sup,
And nectar quaff from golden cup.

Harmony is also there ;
Theirs the music of the sphere ;
There they dance, sport, and play :
Moonlight is Fairies' holiday.

Here the beetling rock hangs terrific o'er
The ravine deep, that sounds with deaf'ning roar,
Tottering on their awful precipice,
As if to plunge into the deep abyss,
Where the headlong torrent, lash'd into foam,
Leaps wild o'er crags, and rude, misshapen stone,
Whose giant masses, by the lightning's flash
Struck from the mountain's verge, with horrid crash,

Hurl'd headlong, hissing, from its beetling brow
Into the ravine deep that foams below.
Like thunder, growling down the mountain steep,
With horrid splash resounds the dreary deep ;
Blockades the current that did smoothly glide,
Perverts its course, and forms a torrent tide ;
Wild leaping o'er the devastation made
By fallen rocks, and forms a wild cascade.
While, 'midst the wild terrific scenery round,
A semblance true of Alpine grandeur's found.
Tho' wild her form, rugged and stern her face,
Yet even here you may some beauties trace.
Here stern Nature, crown'd on a craggy throne,
Despotic reigns, and sways those realms alone.
E'en here the sedate and the musing mind
May converse hold, and here some pleasure find.
Thy mountains rude, thy g'ens, and rushing stream,
The muse inspires, and aids the vocal theme ;
While high tors, and rocks, each their lesson brings,
And wafts the mind to sublunary things.
From thence to soar, from wild and wilderness,
To contemplate the higher realms of bliss.
The misanthrope, amidst those wilds, may find
The solitude that suits his gloomy mind :
Here, in some cot, may find a lonely home,
And 'midst those wilds may unmolested roam :
May vent his spleen, and follow his own plan,
Nor fear intrusion from his brother man.

Here find no mirth his gloomy hours annoy,
And quit a world that he cannot enjoy.

With rough granite stone thy wild waste abounds,
Tors, blocks, and logans cumber all thy grounds ;
As if confusion, with a random hand,
Strew'd those rude masses o'er the dreary land,
In shapes uncouth, of huge gigantic form,
With rugged heads, daring the winter storm
Terrific pil'd, does to the mind impart
A wond'rous scene, as if of human art ;
Some, pinnacle pois'd, trembling as they stand—
A structure strange, surpassing mortal hand,
That from the deluge there have held their place :
A blast, you'd think, would hurl them to their base.
Surpassing strange, here Nature's works are shewn,
Yet speaks to mortals that the work 's her own ;
And when her mysteries we can't explore,
In reverence let us Nature's God adore.
Yet architecture, with unceasing demand,
The granite clears from off thy sterile land :
Creation-stones, in all their rugged form,
Sculptur'd by art, our palaces adorn :
London's fam'd bridge may twice ten centuries stand,
Built of duration stone glean'd on thy land.

Thy rock-crown'd heights, thy glens, and mountains
rude,
Please and attract the mind of solitude,
As o'er thy heath the thoughtful traveller strays,
And marks the scene that nature there displays :
Contemplates her works ; in them pleasure finds,
Unknown to careless eyes and vulgar minds :
The mountain torrent traces from its source,
Rushing, through rock-strew'd glens, its rugged
course,
Leaving those hills luxuriant, valleys lave,
Where smiling corn-fields on their borders wave,
Marking a thousand other springs that play,
From their dark fountains bubbling into day.
With music, joyful, wind thy infant rills,
Wantonly sporting down thy sloping hills,
Where the ring ousel, through the summer's day,
With silver music chaunts her lovely lay.
Or from Dewerstone's shiver'd summit, high,
Mark'd the fierce hawk, and list his piercing cry,
Sailing his eyrie round, in hurried flight,
On that majestic cliff's terrific site.
Or, glanc'd, delighted, on the Cad's wild course,
For ever brawling on with turb'lent force :
Or the timid hare, fearful, flying view'd,
Rous'd from Whitman's silent, decaying wood,*

* Dartmoor was, according to Polwhele, once peopled ; and

Whose huge mouldering trunks seem to declare
In days of yore a forest flourished there.
While, 'neath his feet, the purple heath-bell springs,
On rifted rocks the varied lichen clings ;
The creeping moss, all lovely to survey ;
Ferns waving graceful, with the wind to play ;
The spiral foxglove's speckled bosom glows,
And zephyrs sporting where the tall reed grows.
Thy cotton rush, whose plume of glossy form ;
Thy fine thistle-down, on the light air borne ;
Thy torrents rushing, and thy gurgling rills,
With romantic music fill glens and hills.
Thy mountain bees hum soothing lullaby ;
Thy warbling birds tune their sweet melody ;
Thy frowning crags sound with harmonious strain,
And Echo, mocking, repeats them again :
All nature joins in one general voice,
And, smiling, bids the wilderness rejoice.

from the remains of rude habitations, a colony seems to have been placed near Westman's Wood, which an old author has called a forest of a hundred trees, a hundred feet high. This spot now contains roots of large trees. This is not the only proof that the term, "Forest of Dartmoor" is applicable to this wide waste ; [as large trunks of trees have often been dug out in draining the bogs ; and in those wilds formerly ranged the wild boar, the bear, the wolf, and the morse deer.

Yet when it shews, in summer's lovely face,
E'en in its looks you then can wildness trace ;
The fleeting charms that deck those gloomy wilds
Are like a bandit's sleep, who dreams and smiles ;
Whose gleams of pleasure quickly pass away,
And darkening horrors o'er his visage play ;
When sudden waking from his soft repose,
His features all their gloomy aspect shows.

Who on Sheep Tor's high rocky brow hath stood,
And there the sun in mellow'd glory view'd ?
In pomp expansive, hast'ning to the west,
In radiant majesty superbly dress'd,
Rob'd in clouds of gold, that more brilliant glow
Than e'er adorn'd Iris's flaming bow,
Shedding at evening close a flood of light
On the far Cornish mountains' rugged site.
And 'ere beneath he veil'd his glowing head,
Survey'd the glorious lustre that he shed
O'er the landscape, thrown from the amber skies,
In beauty smiling, with a thousand dyes ;
And as he gaz'd upon the lovely view,
Been wrapt in wonder and in pleasure too.

Amidst those bleak wilds and inclement sky,
In bondage pent, did war's sad captives lie ;

Whose massive walls,* wide circling round, inclose
Its horrid victims, writhing in their woes ;
That madly dragg'd Ambition's bloodstain'd car,
Now the sad captives of Britannia's war.
Sons of gay France, the Seine, the Rhine, the Loire,
Here, shiv'ring, pine on this inclement moor ;
Sigh for their blooming vales, and southern climes,
And sunny walks, o'erarched with purple vines ;
Their orange groves, green meads, and silver streams,
With anguish'd heart, for hope no longer beams
On their dejected minds ; and that stern eye,
That proudly look'd, and nobly dar'd to die,
Now lustre lacks : crest-fallen that brave form,
That late heroic brav'd the battle storm.
Some conscript here his wretched fate may mourn,
While on his mind rush the sweet joys of home ;
In sorrow sad, curse that tyrannic sway,
That forc'd him from his native vales away.
Here the lover pines, 'neath despair's sad blight,
And some in wedlock join'd, whose nuptial night
They never knew, torn from love's arms away
To brave the war and aid the battle fray.
And, strange to say, e'en savage mirth was there ;
Riot, and jest, more frightful than despair.

* The lofty walls that surround Dartmoor prison form a circle nearly a mile in circumference, and enclose an area of thirty acres.

Near those dreaded walls. in rough rusticity,
Smil'd a lone village, in its infancy
Foster'd by war, the greatest friend it knew :
This savage sire was her protector too ;
Whose arbitrary sway, in Gallia fam'd,
And this, his rough child, was TOR ROYAL nam'd ;
Whose aspect, tho' rough, looks of promise wore,
And seem'd to smile upon the barren moor.
Each rising year display'd some op'ning grace,
Some smiles of pleasure playing o'er her face ;
While stern industry fertiliz'd the ground,
And cultivation spread its arms around.
Commerce and trade their blessings did impart,
And bid the architect display his art.
The Church was rear'd, within whose sacred walls
Each holy day upon devotion calls :
Echo arous'd, bounding from hill and dell,
Wafts the strange sound, the peal of Sabbath bell.
A mansion rose amidst its infant trees,
And young plantations, dancing to the breeze ;
And war, that tyrant, terrible, and wild,
A village cherish'd here, and on it smil'd.
Peace, that had for fifteen years, or more,
Affrighted fled from Britannia's shore,
Return'd, like Noah's dove, with olive-branch,—
A laurel pluck'd from the proud brow of France ;
Diffusing smiles on every village round,
Yet on Tor Royal she severely frown'd.

This rude child of nature, struck with dismay,
In sorrow drooping, seem'd to waste away ;
Social intercourse far from her flies,
Who now deserted and neglected lies.

DEVONA,

AN HISTORICAL POEM.



BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Sterile ground rich in mines—Occupation of Miners causes cultivation in its locality—The Ale House—Prospects of a future Village—Roads—The Waggon drive—Ancient Castle—Barons of Olden Days—The Chase—Ruins of an Abbey in a Wood—a Strange incident metaphorically described in the Oak tree—Druidical Worship and Horrid Rites—A Rural Village—Village bells—The Peasants Cot—Hatherleigh—Its Boarding School—Overflowing of its brook—Rural sports—Village Fair—Barrow driving—Jumping in a Sack—Donkey racing—Cudgel playing—Wrestling—the Village Ale House of a revel night—Appledore—Loss of the “Weasel” sloop-of-war in Barnstaple Bay, and fatal result—Lunday Island—Instow Quay, river,—Northam borows—Kenwith Castle at Appledore, and destruction of the Danes there—Bloody Corner—Nap Gate—Watertown and Ghost—Porthill—Bideford—Clovelly Court—Clovelly and its romantic situation—Barnstaple, trade and river—Ilfracombe, its romantic scenery—Conclusion.

DEVONA.

See Nature in her rugged vest arrayed,
Nor bloom, nor charms, are to the eye display'd,
But like a miser does conceal her store,
Deep in the earth secrets her precious ore ;
Hid from the eye beneath the sterile soil,
Wealth dormant lies waiting the miner's toil ;
E'en thy mountains, rude moors, and sterile ground,
Deep in their bosom treasures rich abound,
Tho' here her robe no richness seems to shew,
Beneath conceal'd, unnumber'd riches grow.
Nature in secret works deep in the earth,
And forms the ore that labour brings to birth,
Where deeply hid from heaven's azure sky,
Numerous hands their daily labour ply
In earth's dark womb, far from the rays of light,
Toil regulates their day, rest gives their night ;
Nor day, nor night, else does the miner know,
In earth entomb'd, where torches only glow.

Rough and uncouth they are, nor wonder then,
Hid from the sun, that ripens plants and men ;
Secluded from society refined
That harmonizes both the soul and mind,
That bids them shine with rays of wisdom's lore,
As gold refin'd, extracted from its ore.
Here the deep shaft descending to the main,
With terror view'd, and dizzy thrills the brain ;
E'en resolution doth its fears display—
Starts from its margin dreading the survey.
Here the lucid stream changed from its course,
Turns the huge wheel of most ponderous force ;
Whose laver working with continual sound,
Heaves up the water from the deep profound,
While buildings rear'd on the adjacent ground,
A random population throws around.
Progressive through the scale of industry,
In embryo here the future village see ;
See cultivation spreading wide around,
And plenty smiling crown the sterile ground,
The fruits of labour will prolific spring,
Shelter'd 'neath Industry's fostering wing ;
While Commerce calls, and great are its demands
From tradesmen, shopkeepers, and artisans
That there resort ; the ale house also there,
Anticipates its profit for to share,
Where the swinging sign elevated high
Full in the front, attracts the passers by ;

Where sparkling ale, and noisy mirth abound,
There miners, hinds, blacksmiths, and barbers found,
A motley group, crowding the fire around.
Here at their ease relax awhile from toil,
From delving mines or cultivating soil ;
Here while mine host replenishes their ale,
Grins at their jokes, or tells some merry tale ;
Promoting mirth, or song, in uncouth strain,
And smiles to see how oft their pets they drain,
Pledg'd by mine host, who knows not to refuse—
His ale he circulates, likewise his news.
Obsequious he, and clownishly polite,
Smiles on his guests, and profit of the night.
The laugh, the tale, and politics goes round—
Riot confus'd, their very ears astound,
'Till in debauch their sense and cares are drown'd.
If riotous their mirth, give them their due,
Few are their pleasures, their enjoyments few,
Such as suit the uncultivated mind,
To whom dame Fortune has been most unkind ;
And ye, who their frailties so often scan,
Misfortune blame, but spare thy brother man.
Had not the smiles of Fortune shone on you,
You might have been as rough, and brutal, too.
Here piety erects the holy fane,
And propagates religion's sacred name.
Time, who sees towns and empires fall and rise,
May view a village here with glad surprise,

And as he views, give this memento too—
Behold what art and industry can do.

Thy roads, a sylvan scene with verdure crown'd,
Concealing oft from view the prospect round,
While at the foot of every winding hill,
In gurgling murmurs runs a purling rill,
As the traveller 'midst glens and valleys strays,
Whose sweet variety is sure to please ;
Amidst dense shade of fragrant vernal hue,
That hides the lovely prospect from his view,
Then gains the hill from elevated ground,
With pleasure views the scenery around
That sudden breaks on his enraptured sight,
Attentive stands and gazes with delight ;
And though thy hills and dales may cause delay,
Thy lovely scenes beguile the travellers way,
That exquisitely steals upon the sense,
And nature lovely is his recompense.

Oft the waggoner, I've viewed trudging on
Driving his dull and heavy team along,
While the tinkling bells animation woke,
And to the whip a quicker motion spoke ;
Lost to all thought, and bless'd with calm content,
The way beguil'd with whistling as he went,
Placid and free from all care and sorrow,
Nor gave e'en one thought of what's to-morrow.

Inur'd to hardship, proof to rain and wind,
His converse chiefly to his team confin'd ;
Onward he goes through darkness, storm, and mire—
His chiefest luxury the ale house fire ;
If here his labour for the day doth close,
On some rough couch sweetly doth he repose,
While luxury with downy pillows bless'd,
Sleep may invoke, and envy him his rest.

Tow'ring from the vale rich with verdure crown'd,
Hills, piled on hills, o'erlook the lowland ground,
Rearing their heads toward the ample sky,
Whose scences romantic with each other vie ;
Sublimely grand tow'rs their princely crest,
To where the dense clouds on their bosom rest.
Here on a jutting steep impressing awe,
The gothic tow'r frowns on the vale below ;
In ivy clad whose battlements all rest,
That seems a part of the tremendous cliff,
Whose beetling brow o'erhangs the lofty ground,
Whose giddy height would make the brain turn round,
In awful site and dreaded majesty,
Looks like an ancient ærie perch'd on high,
That there for ages held its tyrant reign,
With frowning aspect looks down on the plain.
In days of yore its battlements and tow'rs,
Fit fastness then for baronial powers,

Where some high crested chief held his stern reign,
Despotic lord of the neighbouring plain,
Whose breast with patriotic freedom glow'd,
Whose resolution e'en a monarch aw'd,
Forc'd him to cede those rights they did demand,
And sign'd that noble charter of our land.*
No cringing minions then the throne implor'd,
Their rights they sought, and sought them with the
sword ;

Whose turrets now, tho' wasting to decay,
Proudly proclaim they've known a better day ;
Whose tow'ring heights command a prospect wide,
In the stern majesty of gothic pride ;
When the loud-mouth'd bugle's martial sound,
Is answer'd from a thousand hills around.
Dependant chiefs muster their faithful bands,
Attend the call and head their martial clans ;
Bold and hardy as their inclement sky,
Stern as the rock that does the storm defy—
A noble dauntless daring in their eye.
To join the chace, festive or hostile fray,
Or crown with mirth the jocund, jovial day.
Cheerfully they obey the well-known call,
And heroic chiefs crowd the Gothic hall.
The flow'r of chivalry, a gallant band
Of martial daring round their chieftain stand ;

* Magna Charta signed by King John at Runnymede, 1215.

While some aged minstrel of olden days,
Strikes his bold harp and sounds heroic lays.
The Gothic hall resounds with cheer, and glee
Of festive mirth, gay dance, and revelry ;
While graceful fair, full flush'd in Nature's charms,
Each hero's breast with emulation warms ;
Or rural sport their souls enchanting fills,
To chase the rein-deer o'er their rugged hills,
With horns and hounds ; and e'en the British fair
The chace enjoy, and brave the dangers there.
Fleet as the wind they scale the mountain steep,
Scour the vale, and plunge the ravine deep.
Through bush and briar, glens and woods they wind,
Hills, woods, and vales they distant leave behind.
A cheerful strain the huntsman's horn now sounds ;
The chace in sight, fleet onward rush the hounds ;
Appall'd he flies, trembling with toil and fear,
The din of death close following in his rear.
Now panting forc'd at bay, but, ere he dies,
One desperate struggle his last effort tries ;
But tries in vain, the hounds with clamorous roar,
Hang on his chest, and stain their jaws with gore.
Struggling he falls, moans bursting from his heart ;
From supplicating eyes the big tears start ;
'Midst huntsmen's halloo, and hounds' yelping cries,
Gory and dead, on the brown sward he lies.
Such were those heroes prone to chase or fight,
And such their chiefs, maintaining feudal right ;

With daring bold their ancient rights maintain,
And terrible to all despotic reign :
Honour and valour in their bosoms glow,
Nor to a prince mean homage would they show.
Here rural beauty wide displays her charms,
Views, seats, cots, villages, and busy farms,
Amidst whose verdant vales there glides between,
Its course meandering, the silver stream ;
While, branching from the same, the infant rills
Turn with unceasing noise the water-mills.
Here the proud seat, whom sylvan arms embrace
With evergreens, that part conceal the place ;
Whose velvet lawn, wide opening to the view,
Its front displays, and lovely avenue ;
A woody wall skirts it on either side,
And shows the mansion in its stately pride.

Let simple truth adorn my rural lays,
And paint a structure in its ancient days,
That stealthy Time's been wasting to decay,
And show how earthly grandeur fades away :
Where, deep obscur'd, the ancient ABBEY stands,
Embosom'd 'midst the gloom of wood-crown'd lands,
Where silence, slumb'ring 'midst its ancient oak,
Is sometimes startled by the woodman's stroke.
The pheasants there, array'd in plumage bright,
Scar'd with the noise, betake themselves to flight.

There Philomel, amidst the forest gloom,
 Her sweet notes warbles to the list'ning moon :
 The hermit owl, averse to company,
 Hoots doleful from her seat, the hollow tree ;
 While drowsy night, amidst the gloom profound,
 Starts from her sleep to list the fearful sound.
 As winding my way where thick foliage grew,
 This ancient ruin glanc'd upon my view ;
 Thro' mazes intricate I gain'd the place,
 Whose vaulted roof now mingles with its base ;
 O'er architect in ruins took my way,
 With moss o'ergrown that 'midst the rubbish lay ;
 While antique trees the structure did invade,
 Whose arms gigantic the high walls o'ershade ;
 With innovation bold they thrust their way
 Amidst the ruins wasting to decay ;
 As if to hide within its umbrage shade
 The ravages destroying time had made.
 And now within its venerable halls,
 Proud crested trees o'erlook the tott'ring walls,
 Whose knotted limbs thro' the arch'd windows twine,
 And mantling ivy o'er its turrets climb ;
 While the beech tree, the birch, or silver larch,
 With foliage thick, blockade the Gothic arch.
 And ruthless ruin seems to lord it there,
 To raze those walls that grandeur once did rear,
 Where lazy monks recluse in ancient days,
 With looks austere chaunted their Maker's praise,

Or superstition, deck'd in gloomy garb,
With rites profane pure religion marr'd ;
Where bigot sloth would drowsily recline.
And sensuality, the nurse of crime.
These now no more within its ancient dome,
Whose dreary mansion now perhaps their tomb.
And Time, who no respect here seems to show,
May cause the oak e'en from their dust to grow,
Essential essence in the sapling shoot,
The human clay absorbed in the root.
From mortal mould the acorn strong may rear
Its giant limbs, and throw them wide in air ;
While the twining roots closely may invest
The grave wherein a monk was laid to rest.
As musing thus, in awful solitude,
I gaz'd upon the monarch of the wood ;
And as I view'd the venerable tree,
Deep lost in thought and serious reverie,
On my ear forth broke an unearthly sound,
That rous'd me from the reverie profound,
A voice I heard, it all attention woke,
And, seeming from the oak, the voice thus spoke,—
“ List ! mortal, list ! nor from my presence fly ;
Nor fear me not, thy fellow-mortal, I ;
For ages here I've unmolested stood,
The guardian genii of this lonely wood :
The ancient DRUIDS worshipp'd the oak tree,
And in their worship venerated me.

Here, 'neath my spreading arms and umbrage shade,
Their mystic rites and adoration paid,
With horrid deeds, and demoniac yell,
Here superstition, like a fiend of hell,
With hands polluted, o'er his victim stood,
Glutted with blood, offering human food ;
While from their altar flames the sacrifice,
Whose blast polluted tarnishes the skies,
While Druids hoary, 'midst the gloom profound,
With mingled harps strike a terrific sound ;
Whose incantations vex the troubled air,
And bid the spirits of the deep appear ;
Who, grim, and ghastly, hover round the light,
And Terror, trembling, views the horrid sight
Of spectres flirting in the midnight hour :
Amazement starts at her own potent pow'r.
Dun haggard night, tremulous shook with fear,
And more than tenfold horror seem'd to wear.
Darkness, with terror struck and solemn awe,
Shrank trembling at the dreadful sight it saw ;
Thro' the vex'd air unearthly groans arise,
And terror dire wrapt the affrighted skies ;
Wood-nymphs, and Dryades, sudden take alarm,
And dreaded fly the horrid mystic charm ;
While in their worship me they would invoke,
And veil'd my honours in a cloud of smoke,
For here no vulgar eye dar'd to intrude,
For superstition guarded all the wood.

Lop not my limbs ; let not the profane hand
Disturb the sacred soil on which I stand ;
Here I shed my leaves, here annual I bloom,
And with my verdure decorate my tomb.
Revere this trunk, let not the woodman's stroke
Assail my essence, in this living oak.
Here let me rest, till age this oak decay,
When time shall mould me with my native clay ;
Then with its mould'ring trunk be cover'd o'er,
And there repose till time shall be no more."

I started as from reverie profound,
Amazement strange had all my senses bound :
The oak before me stood, say, was it thought,
Or fancy vague, that thus unto me spoke.
As one from trance awoke I gaz'd around,
Within the Abbey walls myself I found,
Doubting if supernatural agency
This scene so wondrous had reveal'd to me :
Gaz'd on the weeds fringing the crumbling walls,
Where intruding ivy through the window crawls,
Where bats and owls reside, foul birds of night,
Whose doleful screams doth lonely silence fright ;
Where the vixen fox hides her wily brood,
And prowls at night to fetch her litter food ;
And loath'd reptiles numerous here abound,
'Midst tangled weeds that overrun the ground.
With hasty steps I left, and did regain
Its skirting bounds that overlook the plain,

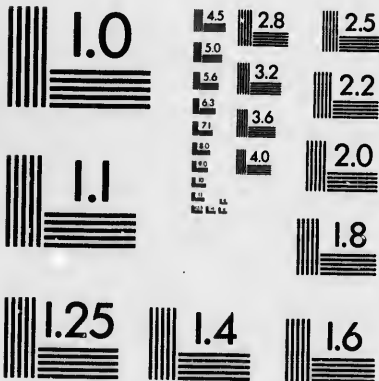
Where the church spire, 'midst tufted trees, doth rise,
A beacon showing where the village lies,
In rural beauty, closely nestling round,
Encircling in its arms the burial-ground,
Where the hamlet's fathers, at life's last close,
Age after age, in mould'ring tombs repose ;
While frequent feet the letters wear away,
The last memento where their fathers lay.
While the rural cots that thiek umbrage screen,
Scatter'd around, present a checquer'd scene,
Where varied crops of Nature's bounty grow,
And rural charms the landscape lovely show .
Smiling industry all the valley fills,
And flocks and herds are browsing round the hills ;
A road meanders to the vales extreme,
Where the one arch'd bridge strides across the stream ;
While health and cheerfulness adorn thy plains
With lovely nymphs and robust ruddy swains,
Lovely and strong, glowing from Nature's hand,
The pride and bulwark of their native land.

Borne on the passing breeze the village bells,
Harmonious sounds thro' the woods and dells,
Whose joyful strain the peasants ears assail,
He sudden stops to list their merry peal ;
Impulsive he repeats the strain ding dong,
And echo mocking wafts the sound along,



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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Whose charms attractive, yet he knows not why,
Steals on his soul in raptur'd melody ;
Recalls to mind the joy of youthful hours,
That e'en in manhood doth confess its pow'rs.
While memory recalls those happy days,
When innocence and rural sport could please,
And as he lists, the pensive pleasing sigh,
Tribute to memory and days gone by,
Steals o'er his mind and scenes long past convey,
The school and schoolmates, and the village play,
When in the churchyard where they'd oft resort,
Jumping from grave to grave in agile sport,
Or thoughtless gazing on some tombstone stood,
And careless there the burial service view'd.
Now, Memory this question doth demand—
“ Where are they now, for here alone I stand ? ”
Then would he trace with sad and thoughtful mind,
How few of all his comrades left behind ;
Some to the army gone, some launched to sea,
Some far remote, some in the churchyard lay ;
And those very bells that his attention woke,
Now fills his mind with more serious thought,
For oft and sadly he remembers well
He's heard them toll his playmates funeral knell ;
From its long sleep memory sudden wakes—
Th' ear attentive every cadence takes.
Pauses and list those village bells that play,
On the breeze borne, now dying soft away,

Like some potent spell stealing o'er the mind,
Whose melody strikes e'en a village hind,
That o'er his raptur'd senses seems to throw,
A solemn tranquil, and a pleasing awe,
Awakes some serious thought, and makes him feel
How heedless once he heard their solemn peal,
Now speaks impressive to his thoughtful mind,
Of a lov'd parent to the grave consign'd ;
Of brothers, sisters, or of friend sincere,
That in the churchyard softly slumbers there.
Thus on life musing and its varied woes,
He pensive moves and to his labour goes.

Often have I paus'd and with pleasure view'd,
Where near the road the peasant's cottage stood
Of Cob* was rear'd his lonely, lowly cot
By the road side, a solitary spot ;
There frugal industry and health resides,
And casual labour for their want provides.
A narrow garden from the cot extends,
Glean'd from the road and hedge that it defends,
Whose extreme in an acute angle ends ;
Its shelt'ring hedge, where shrubs and hawthorns
grow,
O'erlooks the garden neat that smiles below ;

* Straw and mud mixed together.

Where various produce occupies the ground,
For here no spot's uncultivated found,
And Flora decorates the margins round.
While blooming apple trees their branches rear,
Mix'd with the foliage of the hedge appear ;
Roses and jasmine to the low roof climb,
And round the casement their sweet foliage twine ;
The porch where woodbines decorate the thatch,
Whose simple wicket opens with a latch,
Where oft sits knitting on the wooden seat
The cotters daughter, simply clad, but neat,
With her young brothers, in whose chubby face
You rural health and innocence can trace ;
Who curtsey low, and bow to passers by,
In artless guile of plain rusticity.
Yet as destroying Time has wing'd his way,
I've view'd their cottage wasting to decay ;
Its walls were once with blooming verdure crown'd,
These faded, fall neglected to the ground,
Where the poor matron verging to the grave,
With palsied hand some charity would crave ;
Whose looks imploring pity seem'd to speak,
While the big tear rolled down her palid cheek,
Now, like her cot, fast sinking to decay,
Who on that spot had seen a better day ;
Her husband, prop of her declining age,
For years elaps'd had left life's bustling stage ;
Her smiling family, no longer found,
Are scatter'd wide the distant world around.

Her cot an emblem of herself, now stood
 In ruins both, such their visissitude ;
 Unpitied fall without one hand to save,
 Her hut in ruins—she into her grave,
 With no memento left behind to tell,
 How once they flourish'd—how neglected fell.

And shall not HATHERLEIGH adorn my lays,
 Its boarding school surely deserves my praise ;
 Memory there retraces every spot,
 For scenes of youth they seldom are forget.
 A Carpenter* of yore adorned thy town,
 And Roberts† sure may boast of some renown.
 In learning skill'd, and science at command,
 His matchless art confess'd a master's hand.
 Hand, did I say, this worthy man had none,
 Yet, wanting these, he ev'ry hand outshone ;
 His plastic pen wrote copper plate at will—
 The pencil art confess'd his wond'rous skill.

* The Rev. Dean Carpenter, noted for his skill in mathematics, died 1635.

† Thomas Roberts, who kept a boarding school in which the Author was partly educated ; both his hands were off a little below the elbow, to which was fixed wooden stumps. He wrote like copper plate ; excelled in drawing ; was one of the best shots in the county, and excelled in every thing.

His gun unerring the first game would bring,
Quick as 'their flight, he drop'd them on the wing ;
E'en mechanism he performed so well,
That scarcely any could his art excell.
We in wonder gazed, and admiration too,
For in most things he did mankind out do.
Tho' Fate decreed the loss thou didst sustain,
Thy ardent mind turn'd all the loss to gain ;
Nature astonish'd thy performance view'd,
And in thy art saw her own works subdued ;
Saw wooden stumps subservient at command,
Excell the skill of every human hand.
Vain my attempt to sing thy worth or praise,
Thy merit 'tis that prompts my vocal lays ;
And Hatherleigh thy name must e'en revere,
And bless the day that sent a Roberts there.
When free from school and tutor's stern restraint,
To play and merriment we then gave vent.
Well I remember scenes of Saturday,
When through thy town we would delighted stray ;
With pleasure then our weekly pence we'd view,
Yet never pleas'd till we had spent them too,
Then to the moor we'd cheerful bend our way,
And there engage in cricket—manly play—
Or nesting go, search ev'ry hedge or nook,
The trout ensnare, or lave us in the brook,
Eager enjoy the hours we had given,
And deem that day happiest of the seven.

Well I remember now the place and time,
 When aged George* at thy request did rhyme,
 We from the moor were taking our return,
 And ten of us dragging the cart with fern ;
 No study seem'd to occupy his thought,
 Quick as the question, he this answer spoke.

“ Here are horses ten,
 They draw like men,
 They draw with all their heart ;
 I tell you true,
 They draw for you,
 In dragging of the cart.”

I little thought list'ning his artless lays,
 That I should rhyme, and also sing his praise ;
 This incident, altho' it simple be,
 Displays the pow'r of youthful memory,
 Tho' fifty suns have sped their annual way,
 It seems as fresh as if but yesterday.
 How would we laugh to see old Molly ride
 Through the town on an old grey mare astride,
 Whose cloths rose to her knees, did plainly show
 A pair of legs that dangled down below ;
 And on that subject you may trust my muse,
 'Twas not a pair an am'rous youth would choose ;

* Old George. a labouring hind, an innocent, good natured man, who knew not his alphabet.

Indeed, they seem'd a barrier to all lust,
 Creating laughter, urtherwise disgust ;
 Yet, free from all shame unconcern'd she rode,
 Artless as the beast that her limbs bestrode.
 How would court dames that breathe Saint James's
 air
 Blush at the sight, and in amazement stare,
 And such obscene equestrianship condemn,
 Tho' she, perhaps, as innocent as them.
 Thy church with most of sacred fanes might vie,
 Whose towering steeple pierces the sky,
 And like that pastor* to his people dear,
 Heavenward looks, urgent directs them there ;
 No bigot he, no censurer of sect,
 To God alone he would their views direct ;
 Benevolent and rich in heavenly grace,
 Sweet beaming smiles of love shone in his face,
 To the mind such radiant glory shew'd,
 As once on Amram's son divinely glow'd.
 When doom'd for punishment, on that sad day
 Oft would he beg the criminals away,
 And admonitions to their minds convey ;
 His actions all were lovely and sincere,
 True to his God, and to his people dear.
 Tho' thy straggling town doth few beauties shew,
 Its cob rais'd walls, and houses thatch'd with straw,

* Rev, Parson Glasgow, a very eminent divine.

Nor architectivè elegance it knows,
Yet Nature's rough simplicity it shews.
When swell'd with rain thy brook would overflow,
The hedges drown'd, and fill'd the vale below,
'Till one wide lake seem'd to usurp the ground,
And inundation spreading ruin round ;
Thy streets a torrent ran, as if with blood,*
Rush'd to the vales and swell'd the general flood ;
Then the wild stream with fragments strewn around,
Laid waste the land and farms, the cattle drown'd ;
No longer found the ford we dryshod cross'd,
And e'en the bridge was in the deluge lost,
Whose wild stream rushing like a torrent sea,
Swept fences, trees, and bridges all away.
These scenes are rough, see Summer now array'd
By lovely May, that ever blooming maid,
With all the graces smiling in her train,
That wanton sport o'er hills, and lawns, and plain ;
Then would you here e'en charms attractive find—
Scenes to engage and please the rural mind,
Where emerald fields and orchards in full bloom,
With smiling gardens shedding sweet perfume,
Whose hills and hedges crown'd with evergreen,
Where winds along the vale the purling stream,

* The ground in the vicinity of Hatherleigh is red, and when it rains a crimson stream rushes down the street.

With other scenes rudely diversified,
'Midst streets of tripod form extending wide ;
With artists here and there of various grade,
Yet its staple mart is the woollen trade ;
Here smiling commerce holds annual her fairs,
Then the gay town profit and pleasure shares ;
From miles around the peasantry all meet,
And men and cattle mingling glut thy street ;
Traffic and barter amidst mirth and noise,
And fun, loud laughing, speaks their rural joys.

Come, muse, now sing thy sports and revelry,
Thy nymphs so blythe, and thy bold peasantry ;
Their merry meetings at a country fair,
The sports and gambols that's transacted there ;
Where lovely maids and ruddy swain's are found,
Conven'd from farms many a mile around ;
While the best gown with ribbons deck the fair,
And cheerful swain their Sunday clothes do wear.
Restraint aside is thrown, gay mirth and noise,
And revelry proclaims their rural joys ;
While favoured swain his lovely lass doth treat
With buns and comfits, or pleasing sweetmeat,
Culls out some gaudy ribbon for his fair—
Begs for his sake that she'll the present wear.
How bless'd is he amidst the rural throng,
That on his arm bears his dear girl along,

And still presuming to more close embrace,
Circles his arm around her slender waist,
Whose raptur'd touch his thrilling bosom warms,
With pride elate he gazes on her charms,
While the full blown maid, blushing like the rose,
Nods to her compeers as along she goes ;
While many envious looks and leering eye,
Are cast from rural swain as they pass by,
But should they audacious dare intrude,
Or with unmanly impudence be rude,
Resentment strong his ardent breast doth fire,
His soul's in arms—eyes flash vindictive ire.
He meets his rival foe in bloody fight,
Love nerves his arm with more than mortal might.
In direful fray engage, blows dreadful sound,
Convuls'd they reel, till at one sudden bound
With energetic might the dreadful blow,
Strengthen'd by love, lays his opponent low,
Prostrate on mother earth lies humbled there,
While Love, all powerful, bears away the fair.
So rival bulls the dreadful conflict try,
The balmy heifer standing anxious by.

Now the crowded field, or the level green,
Presents the eye with a ludicrous scene ;
What shouts of laughter—oh, what glorious fun,
To see the blindfold boys the barrows run

Across the plain, transverse their zigzag course,
And barrows, barrows crush with dreadful force ;
O'er legs and arms the wheel'd machinery flies,
On fallen rivals that prostrated lies,
While the spectators in a fit of roar,
View boys and barrows confused tumbled o'er.

A lily white robe now floats high in air,
And rival females for the prize prepare,
For jumping in a sack, to win that vest
That ladies wear, when otherwise undress'd ;
The prize at distance hangs high on a pole,
While sack-cas'd females start to gain the gaol.
In direful contact sacks do sacks capsize,
While shouting throng their noisy laughter rise ;
Helpless they lay, bewail their dreadful plight,
Whose grinning head is all that's shewn in sight,
As if to give their eyes the comic view
Of scenes ludicrous, and their folly too ;
While o'er the field scenes humourous are spread,
Out of each sack peeps forth a female head.
Prone on the sod their stretch'd out body lies,
While some favour'd nymph gains the shining prize,
'Midst loud huzzas they greet the lovely fair,
And wish her health the virgin vest to wear.

And now the leaders they are all agreed
That donkey racing they shall next succeed ;

Kicking, away they start with hideous bray,
And throw their riders ere they get half way.
Now legs and sticks the stubborn beast invade,
Some sideway capering, some retrograde ;
Some with necks d-clin'd, and hind legs high rose,
Slap o'er his head his uncouth rider throws ;
Transverse they fly, confusion holds its reign,
And half the frightened riders strew the plain,
'Midst asses braying, shouts of men and boys,
Huzzas and laughter, a confounded noise.

To fun and frolic, feats of strength succeeds,
Opposing chiefs prepare for nobler deeds.
A spacious ring is soon form'd around,
Spectators gazing bulwark all the ground ;
The champions bold, stripp'd of their upper vest,
Their brawny limbs display, and ample chest ;
Their pliant loins with sash around they tie,
With nervous arm each doth his cudgel ply,
And ev'ry feat of art and skill they try :
Whirling in air their brawny arms they rise,
Their rattling cudgels swift as lightning flies.
Now, fencing, they retreat, and now advance,
And eye each other with an eagle's glance :
With dexterous skill each his weapon guides,
Blows rattling fall, on shoulders, head, and sides,
Working each rival into wrathful ire,
They boldly meet, eyes flash vindictive fire :

They bend, they twist, evade and shift their ground,
Furious they strive, vehement blows resound ;
Swift from one's hand the whirling weapon flies,
On his defenceless head the cudgel plies,
Who at the mercy of his rival lies ;
Whilst he the chance of fortune does forego,
And nobly scorns to strike an unarm'd foe,
Applauses loud and long spectators rise,
And crown the victor with his well-earn'd prize ;
Who stands elate, with firm undaunted crest,
Throws back his hair, and wipes his manly breast ;
With friendly hand does his opponent's take,
And greets his rival with a hearty shake ;
A noble gallantry that speaks them friends ;
Ire is no more, and thus the contest ends.

The manly sport of cudgels at an end,
Undauntedly see man with man contend,
The **WRESTLING** chiefs, vig'rous and daring bold,
Their strength to try for hat, or purse of gold.
Promptly the heads arrange the spacious ring,
And champions stripping for the game begin.
A hat thrown in a challenge does declare,
Another soon meets its opponent's there :
With confidential air into the ring,
Firm and alert, opposing champions spring,
Stripp'd to the waist, their strength and skill to try,
And view each other with an eagle eye.

Strong and undaunted either seems to stand,
Their brawny arms extend and shake the hand ;
With expectation every eye is bent,
Attention heedful watches the event.
Now they advance, while each the other pry,
Each motion watching, and their vigour try.
With nervous arms, extended at full length,
They grasp each other with a giant's strength ;
They twist, they twine, writhing them to and fro,
With nimble foot their shins are plied below ;
With furious effort each the other clasp,
And twine convuls'd in the Herculean grasp.
Work'd into wrath, their breasts vindictive burn
In vengeful ire, they kick for kick return ;
While ev'ry blow appalling loud resounds,
And streams of blood forth issue from their wounds.
With heels uptripp'd, hurl'd by a sudden bound,
One falls, and measures with his length the ground :
The dire concussion makes the earth resound.
Breathless and writhing, on the turf he lies,
Nostrils dilated and with glaring eyes ;
The victor champion, with undaunted air,
Majestic struts, and views his rival there :
And, like a lion, shakes his flowing mane,
Renown'd afar, he's known of wrestling fame ;
The stream wipes from his brow and manly breast,
That throbbing speaks how direful the contest ;

While shouting throngs his manly prowess praise,
 And from the sod his prostrate rival raise.
 Their feats of strength and skill now being o'er,
 They friendly greet, and anger is no more.
 Succeeding wrestlers, skill and manhood tries,
 And as their prowess they award the prize.
 These wrestling heroes, styled Men of the Moor,*
 Have challeng'd England's counties o'er and o'er ;
 And all as yet who did the conflict dare,
 Have ever found the championship is there :
 And ever there 'tis likely to remain,
 While Devon's soil such worthies does contain.

Now sable night dun mantled does advance,
 They crowd the inns, or join the giddy dance ;
 There see rude riot, free from stern restraint,
 Inebriation ripe for mischief bent ;
 Lewdness bold, to wanton actions prone ;
 While virtue frail has thrown aside her zone.
 In crowded rooms they sing, they dance, they drink,
 And wanton sport upon perdition's brink.

* Old Carew, in his History, remarks that the Men of the Moors, in Devonshire and the adjoining county, are famous for wrestling.

Seated in lap see each fond amorous pair,
 Wantonly fix'd on crowded bench or chair ;
 To tunes lascivious dance the giddy round,
 While, 'midst the riot, chastity is drown'd ;
 While youthful blood, whom dance and drinking warms,
 Thrown off their guard, there sacrifice their charms.
 While night obscure spreads wide her lurid veil,
 And aids the deeds of darkness to conceal.
 Now the fleet-wing'd hours doth grey morning wake,
 And many a pair their departure take ;
 Others, tarrying till the morning light,
 See Phœbus rise in blushes at the sight ;
 While many a nymph will a memento bear,
 Thro' all her days, that tells her she was there.

APPLEDORE, memory shall thy scenes retrace,
 And truth portray thy charms, my native place.
 Thy pleasant walks, thy pebbled beach and sands,
 Thy vales, thy hills, and variegated lands,
 From whose surrounding heights you can survey
 Thy lovely river and capacious bay.
 Far south, Hartland's bold point o'erlooks the deep,
 The north is bound by Baggy's rugged steep,
 Where Britain's naval ship, and our port's pride,*
 One eve was seen there at her anchors ride ;

* The Weasel sloop of war, the Honourable Captain Gray, was wrecked in the night, on Baggy Leap, in Barnstaple Bay, and all hands perished.

The demon of the air, in angry strain,
Arous'd the spirits of the stormy main,
The raging elements, in wild commotion,
To mountain billows swell'd the dark ocean ;
Thunder and lightning rends the pitchy sky,
Death and destruction with each other vie,
On that drear night, and wreck'd her in the gale ;
Nor one soul sav'd to tell the tragic tale.
Courses and wreck bestrew the sandy shore,
That gallant brig, the Weasel, is no more ;
All swallow'd in ocean's dreadful tomb,
Our widow'd town in sorrow wail'd their doom ;
While some memento of their fond regard
Is to be found in Braunton's drear church-yard.
There lies the sailor, and the warrior brave,
And frequent tears bedew their silent grave.
Shelter'd from war, and wind, and stormy deep,
In calm repose they soft and tranquil sleep,
Till the last trumpet shall creation shake,
And bid the warrior from his slumber wake.
Then on eternity's bright boundless sea
Crowd all sail, and heavenward bear away :
Transcendant bright his barque, on silver streams,
Where floods of glory shed their golden beams,
And fragrant winds, breathing breath of flowers,
Wafted from Paradise's sweet blooming bowers,
Fill every sail ; swift glides the pearly way,
Smooth as the Nautilus skims the halcyon sea,

Where living rivers run, 'midst golden isles ;
Immortal verdure ever blooming smiles ;
From azure skies the sun's effulgent ray
For ever shines, eternity its day :
Where love, and joy, and pleasure never cease ;
There moor'd for ever in the port of peace.

While LUNDY'S* rock-girt ISLE, far in the west,
Seems like a cloud slumb'ring on ocean's breast,
Trivial the produce of thy sterile soil,
Its cultivation scarce repays the toil ;
While fallow lands, whose scanty blade just keep
Thy num'rous rabbits, and few straggling sheep.
A single farm is all it now commands,
That gleans the scanty produce of its lands ;
Yet in days of yore fortunes there were made,
By smuggling and a nefarious trade,
By one whose very name seems now unknown,
And whose domains a stranger now doth own ,
Who brought a kinsman to disgrace and shame,
And to the gallows sacrific'd his name. †
There Saint Ann's Chapel wasting to decay,
And Morisco's Castle does in ruins lay ;

* An island in Barnstaple Bay.

† *Vide* Newgate Calendar.

In days gone by it might a foe defied,
 E'en Charles's* time saw it strong fortified :
 Around its rock-girt shore you there can trace,
 On the east side, its only landing place.

Return, my muse ! no longer vagrant roam,
 Scenes more congenial call thee nearer home ;
 To where thy smiling town climbs the hill's side,
 With pleasing aspect looking on the tide ;
 Where Taw and Torridge, lovely streams, unite,
 And pleasure parties to their floods invite.
 On the opposite shore stands INSTOW QUAY,
 Who smiling seems the prospect to survey,
 When Phœbus, sinking to the Western Isles,
 Glows on thy face and sheds his latest smiles,
 Thy aspect shows all lovely and serene,
 And Torridge glides his silver tide between,
 Thy charms reflecting in its lucid stream.
 A long establish'd pottery is there,
 Not porcelain, but of more homely ware.
 A decay'd structure lies along the shore,
 That speaks a ropery in days of yore ;
 But labour's finish'd, the last yarn is spun,
 And time's long since decreed the work is done.

* Charles II.

Thy quay unfrequented, thy jutting pier
Serves a few fishing-boats to shelter there ;
From hence a ferry-boat plies o'er and o'er,
From Instow Quay across to Appledore.
Near Cleveland Park, where pleasure parties stray,
Or Greason Hill, that nears thy spacious bay,
Or to Ford-house ascend above the bridge,
And view the lovely scenes of its Torridge.
Or take marine excursions out to Weir,
Or on the Burrows breathe the strong sea air.
An extensive plain, without one rising mound,
Except the bulwark ocean's thrown around,
Whose pebbled rampart does the place defend,
And sand-hills round, in varied forms, ascend ;
Majestic structure by old ocean thrown,
Who here has rear'd a bulwark of his own.
Many a wreck deep in the sand here lies,
Where lawless waves in raging tumult rise,
And all the power of human art defies.
Where Alpine waves, curling their heads, loud roar,
Awfully grand, break on the sandy shore,
Sweep o'er the surface of the sea-lav'd plain ;
With reiterate roar back recede again ;
Wave chasing wave, loud roaring, toppling o'er,
Like thunder breaks along the sandy shore.
'Tis grand to sit upon thy pebbled steep,
And view the mighty main dash at my feet,

As o'er the silver sand its billows laves,
And watch the curling of its monstrous waves ;
To throw the eye o'es the vast blue expanse,
On tremulous waves see the sunbeams dance,
While heaven's gorgeous curtains all unfold
Celestial hues, azure, purple, and gold.
The sun descending in a flood of light,
'Midst amber skies and clouds of crimson bright,
In glory setting in the crystal sea,
Where floods of gold on the bright ocean play ;
In Thetis' lap behold him disappear,
To re-illuminate the western hemisphere.
O ! 'tis sublime, awful, superb, and grand,
To view the wonders of Almighty hand,
Converse with Nature, and her works explore,
And 'midst her charms the Deity adore.
Amidst thy rocks industry does procure
A plant marine,* ('twould please an epicure,)
Whose quality is only known to few,
Anti-scorbutic, and nutritious too,
And delicate as palate ever knew.

Nor art thou least of Devon's towns in fame,
There the great Alfred slew the warlike Dane,

* Laver, a great dainty and pleasant food.

Where KENVITH CASTLE hurling death around,
 Twelve hundred warriors bit the gory ground,*
 Whose magic standard of enchantment's spell,
 Wove by Hubba's sister in the loom of hell,
 Was captur'd, and the raven that it bore
 Fell ominous, and drench'd its plumes in gore ;
 While c'er their corpses, mangled as they lay,
 Hoarse ravens croak'd, and gorg'd their gory prey.
 In the civil wars of Charles's factious reign,
 Thou didst the cause of Parliament maintain ;
 Thy strong fort, with Devon's warriors mann'd,
 'Gainst the Royalists made a noble stand ;
 But press'd by numbers of the combin'd foes,
 Yielded reluctant to the royal cause.†

* In A.D. 878, when Alfred had been compelled by a Danish invasion to conceal himself, Ubba, or Hubba, one of the sons of Ragnor Lodbrog, and one of the chiefs of the invaders, landed in the north of Devon, and blockaded Kenvith Castle, near Appledore. Odun, Earl of Devon, made a vigorous sally just about day-break, slew Hubba and twelve hundred men, and captured the magical standard of the Danes, woven by the sister of Hubba, and worked with the figure of a raven. In 894 the Danes were again in Devonshire, and besieged Exeter, but fled to their ships on the appearance of Alfred's army.

† In the year 1643 Colonel Digby, a Royalist, defeated the Parliamentarians at Torrington, Barnstaple, and Bideford, and a strong fort at Appledore was forced to surrender.

While history those noble facts declare,
That speaks the patriot and warrior there.
Yet Time, it seems, with his destructive hand,
Hath swept that fortress from the sacred land :
On record no account is to be found,
That marks the spot, or shews the rever'd ground.
Perhaps the plough has raz'd its sacred mounds,
And Ceres now may occupy the grounds.
All I can learn, all history relates,
Is that it borders near Squire Hogg's estates ;
And many a time, tho' I knew it not,
I must have trod upon that sacred spot,
Perhaps this story from the same arose,
(We held it true, altho' unknown the cause,)
At Bloody Corner, rumour seems to tell,
How there two kings in bloody conflict fell ;
Who 'neath a stone interr'd, rugged and rude.
Oft on that very stone I've lingering stood,
To prove a schoolboy's tale, that it would make,
In five minutes' time, our wise heads to ache.
If or not it on the sensorium wrought,
I will not say, but this experience taught,—
Arriving late at school, we for our pains,
Have found our backs to ache instead of brains.
From whence the story rose we never knew ;
The stone's still there, and we believ'd it true.

The appalling dread how shall I relate,
 Of ghosts, and goblins, that infest NARGATE ;
 When late at night in horror there we've stood,
 And saw, or fear portray'd, the ghost we view'd.
 Perhaps the owner there, of ancient days,
 Penance perform'd for actions on the seas :
 I neither know, nor will pretend to say ;
 Report still says 'tis haunted to this day.
 Must'ring our courage, we'd run by the place,
 Helter skelter, at a most rapid pace ;
 While our own noise, strengthen'd by panic fear,
 Fancied a goblin follow'd in the rear.
 Then gain'd the hill, and there we've breathless stood,
 While fear portray'd the goblin each had view'd ;
 Then linking arm in arm, we'd homeward hie,
 And company seem'd courage to supply.

WATERTOWN, thy mansion drear can boast
 The nightly visits of a female ghost.
 When sanctity perform'd its nightly prayers,
 Thy noise disturb'd them : lo ! the ghost appears.
 No phantasy, for of this nightly guest,
 Her shape, and dress, the inmates would attest.
 Transfix'd they view her sitting on the chair,
 Speechless with dread and horror-struck with fear ;
 Yet on it vacant gaz'd, frighten'd and dumb,
 For deadly silence fetter'd every tongue.

If for devotion, or for mischief bent,
 No one ask'd, or ever knew the intent.
 Thy mansion sad neglect seems to share,
 And half its time knows no tenant there :
 A damp, dreary spot in lone Water-lane,
 And from its situation takes its name.

PORHILL, thy mansion's elevated site
 The traveller's eye doth at a distance strike ;
 Superbly rising 'midst high sylvan ground,
 With smiling grandeur seems to look around.
 On me thy smiles are lost ; they but impart
 Reflection sad, preying upon the heart.
 Why did wayward fate thus my prospects blight,
 And rob me of my hereditary right ?

BIDEFORD, tow'ring in majestic pride,
 With smiling aspect looks down on the tide,
 And at its feet sees lovely Torridge glide.
 Along its banks a noble quay extends,
 (And streets extensive from the same ascends,
 For traffic form'd, or for the promenade,)
 Where ships of burthen lie, lade, and unlade.
 On either side thy river banks displays
 Timber-yards, lime-kilns, and shipwright's ways.
 Here chief ship-building holds her busy mart,
 And commerce wafts her ships to every part.

Thy inns and buildings with most towns can vie ;
Thy markets stock'd with every rich supply ;
Traveller or visitant here would find
Attractive pleasures to engage the mind.
A stately bridge extends across thy tide,
And joins the town upon the other side :
Above the bridge, bordering on the strand,
On elevated site thy Church doth stand ;
Its age unknown, but in the days of yore
A proper cross the edifice then bore.
A plain square tower forms its western bound,
Whose pealing bells waft forth harmonious sound ;
Whose melody soft on the river floats ;
Woods, hills, and dales echo its lovely notes,
That upward winds its lucid silver stream,
'Midst woods, and hills, and valleys ever green.
Scenes more picturesque never struck the view,
Of charms romantic, and in beauty too :
A stately wood climbs from the river-side,
In sylvan beauty and majestic pride,
Of view romantic, and from its airy bound
Looks on a vale with verdure ever crown'd.
A natural amphitheatre to view,
Surrounded with all Nature's beauties too.
Near, Fordhouse, an ancient structure, stands,
Adorn'd with gardens, and high cultur'd lands ;
Torridge reflects their beauties from his stream,
And gives the landscape a most finish'd scene ;

While Nature does her every charm supply,
To catch the Poet's or the Painter's eye.

CLOVELLY COURT in princely beauty stands,
Looks o'er the ocean from its wood-crown'd lands ;
That like a Phoenix* from its ashes rose,
And renew'd elegance and grandeur shews ;
Thy lovely walks so exquisitely plann'd,
And thy improvements speak a master's hand.
Here the romantic or the pensive mind,
Would every grace and sylvan beauty find ;
Near, Clovelly winds down a rocky steep,
Whose site romantic overlooks the deep,
Awful descends its steep terrific way,
To where its rugged pier juts in the sea ;
Thy herring fish'ries fam'd for their renown,
A revenue of riches to thy town,
Food and employment to thy needy poor—
But these are fled, and wealth is thine no more.
A stranger would move with appalling fears,
Adown thy zigzag steep, and street of stairs,
Whose stones scarce ever felt the horses heels,
Thy street ne'er heard the coaches rattling wheels ;
He must have skill, indeed, who could contrive
A wheelbarrow adown thy street to drive.

* Clovelly Court was burnt down, and a handsome building erected on its site.

Should a house tumble from its awful steep,
'Twould on another fall, or in the deep ;
Like martin's nest stuck 'gainst some shelvy rock,
Together cling, and each the other prop ;
For should the lowest of the buildings fall,
Terrific ruin seems to threaten all.
Think not that here I act the critics part,
Thy scenes romantic pleasure does impart ;
Poet or painter would thee delighted view,
Admiring gaze and paint thy beauties too.

Where the Taw winds its meand'ring tide,
BARNSTAPLE rises on its eastern side,
A stately bridge thy winding stream strides o'er—
A superb quay extends along thy shore ;
High rows of trees thy northern Hay does shade,
Whose prospects pleasing, and a promenade,
Thy church amidst thy circling town high rose,
A grand gothic ancient structure shows.
Antiquity thy town surely can claim,
A borough thou e'en in Athelstan's reign ;
Nor at the conquest was thy splendour lost,
Of forty Burghers thou e'en then could boast ;
Thy records ancient privileges shew,
Such as England's chief City only know.
Thou once was famous for thy woollen trade,
But Time has thrown that commerce in the shade.

It flourishes no more, yet in its place
Has sprung the manufactory of lace ;
Yet commerce still its interest maintains,
And industry thy working class sustains.
Thy exports, oak, corn, bark, and leather are,
With limekilns num'rous, and coarse pott'ry ware.
Thy building yards their naval structures rise,
That calls on commerce for its vast supplies ;
While timber wafted o'er the Atlantic main,
Gives many employ, to thy merchant's gain.
Here traffic her varied call's demands
From trades, industry, and its artizans ;
While labour busy in her num'rous arts,
Domestic joy and competence imparts.
Metropolitan charms thy town can boast,
The most genteel upon the northern coast ;
Thy market cheap, and thy salubrious air,
Cause many a visitant to settle there,
While passage boats from Appledore here ply,
And from thy market varied wants supply ;
While seats and farms are widely scatter'd round,
In rural elegance and beauty crown'd.
Here annual, varied fairs succeed,
And twice a-year, cattle of Devon's breed,
From whose rich source, industry sees wealth flow,
And busy trade a smiling aspect shew ;
While along thy banks vessels num'rous lay,
And busy commerce crowds thy shipping quay ;

While from her lofty site Albion's queen,*
Smiling looks down and views the busy scene.
Thy inns are good, thy theatre and balls,
In varied ways these each for pleasure calls ;
Thy grammar school celebrity doth share
In learned men, and Gay among them there.
Here let the muse its sacred homage pay,
And hail the place that educated Gay,
Whose fabled pieces godlike truth defin'd,
That stole enraptur'd on the youthful mind ;
All nature to confabulate he taught—
Home to the mind the strongest truths he brought,
While fiction with veracity be dress'd,
And moral truth and eloquence express'd ;
Strongest reproof convey'd unto the sense,
Deck'd in a style as not to give offence ;
Time may roll on, ages may pass away,
Thy poet lives, immortal is thy Gay.
Thy rivers course obtruding sands invade,
A slow, but dreadful enemy to trade ;
A time may come it may blockade thy shore,
And say that commerce shall reign here no more ;
Dry soil be left, and vegetation grow,
Where once Taw's lucid stream did o'er it flow.

* The quay terminates at the north end with a handsome piazza, on the centre of which stands the statue of Queen Anne.

ILFRACOMBE 'midst romantic hills doth stand,
An inlet safe between high craggy land ;
Nature thy harbour form'd, and did impart
To architect the need of human art ;
Arrang'd thy rocks, and shew'd the artist where
To fix the structure and extend the pier,
The basin formed, and rose the circling quay,
Where shipping safe from wind and weather lay.
Seaward on a pyramids rocky height,
Stands Chapel Lighthouse as an harbour light,
Throwing its rays across the channel tide,
To wayworn mariners a friendly guide.
On the east side Hillsborough's rugged steep,
Stupendous rises from the foaming deep,
Five hundred feet lifts its gigantic head,
Strikes on the mind terrific awe and dread.
'Midst this romantic and stupendous scene,
Nature's own well-plann'd harbour lies between ;
She on some craggy height majestic crown'd,
Supremely reigns and views her works around,
Smiles on the harbour she herself began—
Approves the work completed now by man.
Thy straggling town extending from the tide,
Climbs up the hill in form diversified ;
Here visitants may pleasant lodgings find,
Whose inns neatness and comfort both combin'd.
Thy terrace smiles in architectivè pride,
Rang'd gracefully along thy harbour side,

Gives to the eye a wide and rich survey
Of heights and harbour, and expanse of sea.
A lovely walk extends along the shore,
Whose pebbled beach resounds the ocean's roar,
O'ertop'd with hills and rocks, a sublime view,
Strange as imagination ever drew ;
Here invalids find bathing in the sea
Doth strength renew, and rosy health convey ;
While thy walks delightful 'midst surrounding hills,
Thy visitants with admiration fills,
And while the eye doth Nature's works explore,
The more you view they but delight the more.
Here packets sail at their appointed day
To Milford, Bristol, and to Swansea quay ;
While the gay pleasure yacht invites the fair
To skim the deep, and breathe salubrious air—
Pleasure pursued with exquisite delight,
Creating health, promoting appetite.
But weak my effort, impotent my lays,
To paint thy beauties, or to sing thy praise,
For amidst thy varied scenes we trace,
Elegance, rural charms, and sylvan grace,
Tho' some rough scenes thy moors and hills convey,
'They but the beauties of the rest display ;
So the dark grounds in a fine painting shew,
The richer tints with which its beauties glow ;
Not to one charm is loveliness confin'd,
But all the graces sweetly there combin'd,

Steal like enchantment on the ravish'd soul,
Delights the mind, and shews a perfect whole.
So Devon shines amidst the counties round,
Where rural charms and elegance abound.

ISADORE REILLO;
OR THE SPANISH MAID.

A ROMANCE.

This interesting tragical love history, is founded on circumstances that took place on the invasion of Spain, by Napoleon Buonaparte's army, when British valour rescued that country, and drove the invaders from the land.

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ISADORE REILLO.

In a churchyard the thinking mind
Will there instructive lessons find ;
Led 'midst the tombs to contemplate,
I mark'd the varied marbles date,
Where Death fills up his murd'rous page
From childhood to patriarch age.
Monarch of human skulls and bones,
Holding his court 'midst catacombs ;
The tyrant deck'd in awful gloom,
Points a memento on each tomb ;
Shews Adam's race their drear abode—
Bids them prepare to meet their God.
As musing o'er this solemn ground,
Where hillocks rise of human mound,
Where some of all Creation's race,
May find a grave within the place,
Whose dust shall with thousands mingle :
Can these particles e'er single ?

Yes, Providence true to its trust,
Will reinstate this scatter'd dust,
And ev'ry atom that here lies,
Shall in its own due form arise ;
The vaulted great, not more secure
Than the loose ashes of the poor.

What grave is this that strikes my eye ?
The marble stone gives this reply,
The pure white slab it seems to show
In artless lines who lays below.
" ISADORE REILLO, aged nineteen,"
Is all that tells that she has been ;
Yet, these concise lines do impart
A history sad to feeling heart ;
They of a lovely flower tell
That wither'd here, and here it fell ;
Far from its soil, in beauties bloom,
Here premature it found a tomb ;
Far from her home, her native land,
And here interr'd by strangers hand ;
Remote from all her kindred dear,
No earthly friend her couch drew near,
No friendly voice to soothe her woes,
No friendly breast to aid repose.
In her last moments none was there
To sympathize or shed a tear,

No eye of fondness o'er her beam'd,
No smile of sunshine on her gleam'd,
Even hope from her seem'd to fly,
And bade the drooping mourner die ;
For Death alone he doth impart
The only cure for broken heart.
She here reposes low in earth,
Far from the land that gave her birth,
Far from all friends—they far away,
And here her sleeping ashes lay.

'Twas now that war with ruthless hand,
Had deluged all Iberia's land
With human blood, when Spain arose
To vindicate a noble cause ;
And Freedom to her sons loud cries—
“ Arm, warriors, arm, *en masse* arise !”
Her burning towns and shatter'd walls,
Loud for vindictive vengeance calls ;
Her riven mounds sad scenes disclose,
Alternate the allies and foes ;
One hour Spain's (once proud) flag appears,
The next, Gallia's tri-colour'd rears.
Havoc and rapine, mark the horde
And brutal lust, worse than the sword
The matron's shriek—the females cries—
The protecting sire butcher'd lies !

Famine, disease, and horror fell,
Follows those fiends of nether hell ;
Their burning towns, their bleeding land,
Vindictive vengeance doth demand.
Man, man your forts, hell hounds of shame,
Ye bandits bearing soldiers name ;
Tremble your guilty souls with fear,
View Britain's warriors drawing near,
Whose thunder clad in vengeance falls,
Fires the rampart—tumbles their walls.
Hark ! that shout !—the fort is riven—
The panic host are headlong driven ;
The town is storm'd, and carnage dread,
Gluts all their streets with Gallic dead.
The terror-flying infantry
Are crush'd 'neath their own cavalry ;
Men, horse, and arms, in conflict meet,
Carnage and blood blockade their street ;
While waving flags and welcome cheers,
Meets each British warriors ears.
But weak Spain's arm 'gainst Gallic foe,
Britannia came to aid the blow—
The flower of chivalry—the brave—
Was there that ruin'd land to save ;
And many a hero brave there fell,
For whom was heard no funeral knell,
Nor yet a stone to mark the grave,
Where lies interr'd the warrior brave.

Now valour with a giant hand
Drove the invader from the land,
And the loud cannons awful roar,
Was heard to call on Death no more.
A warrior of gallant plume,
Whose courage sav'd an ancient dome
From pillage dire and Gallic pow'r,
Led thither in auspicious hour,
And like a gallant soldier brave,
Fought but to conquer and to save ;
'Midst shock of arms the weak protect,
And on the foe his vengeance wreak.
The claim of honour there found he,
And friendly hospitality ;
Him there received a welcome guest,
From toil of war his wounds to rest :
A sling his wounded arm contain'd,
The battle trophy he had gain'd.
His gallant mien, his courteous air,
Proudly did the warrior bear,
With honour grac'd, and manly charms,
That love and lovely woman warms ;
With Mars or Venus proud shone he,
The flow'r of war and gallantry,
That like his prowess, clad in arms,
Victorious he 'midst ladies charms.
Within this seat dwelt a fair belle,
Whose charms in beauty did excell ;

Who with a kind and artless wile
Him sooth'd and would his hours beguile.
Sure ladies' smiles, for woe or wound,
Are sweetest balm that e'er was found.
Now Cupid in her heart had sown
The seed of love, to her unknown ;
Smiling in grace, and maiden pride,
She with fond hope the warrior ey'd.

Fitz Allan was the hero's name,
A colonel he, of warlike fame ;
Don Fernando was now his host,
Who did of his proud lineage boast ;
Whose mansion to the hero brave
A friendly welcome to him gave ;
Who now the guest of Isadore,
(The name his lovely daughter bore.)
No mother's love had she to share,—
The darling of a father's care.
Don Fernando, a widower left,
Of loves sweet solace he bereft ;
Yet in his child would pleasing trace
The mother's charms, her ease, and grace.
Her prattling tongue he lov'd to hear,
Her voice was music to his ear,
Her converse sweet his hours engage,
The joy and comfort of his age.

As Isadore, whom beauty grac'd,
Fitz Allan's sling in order plac'd,
That did support his wounded arm,
He rapt'rous view'd, and felt the charm
Of thrilling love, and thus express'd
The tender throbbing of his breast :—
“ Fair lady, by a soldier's plight,
I vow myself your loyal knight,
My heart's first homage pay to you,
Let this kiss prove my love is true.”
Her soft hand to his lips he press'd,
While fondly he the fair caress'd,
Then solemn vow'd that evermore
He'd faithful prove to Isadore.
Confus'd, her looks express'd a fear :
A frown ? Ah, no ! it dwelt not there :
A smile 'midst ruby blushes dress'd,
A tender sigh, this truth confess'd,—
“ Loves he like me ? Ah, no ! I fear
Love's tender passion dwells not there.
Light complaisance love cannot own ;
Love must be breath'd by love alone.”
Isadore was that blooming age
When love's sweet charms the soul engage,
When ripening smiles of female charm
Thrill woman's breast with fond alarm.

So opening buds they first disclose
The richer tints that dye the rose ;

While summer's sun expands to view
Its charms full blown, and richer too.

Her sire her very looks ador'd,
For in her eyes he there explor'd
Her mother's charms, and in her voice
The partner of his love and choice.
Remembrance sweet would waft to bliss
Youth's sole warm dream of happiness,
Of that sweet love, departed 'ere
Its joys had known one cloud of care,
Nor yet one sting of sorrow known ;
When happiness was all its own.
Don Fernando's love fervent grew ;
From him she anger never knew :
To check her will he felt a dread,
As sacrilege against the dead.
His sorrow, and his constancy,
Show'd love in its reality ;
And to his child's romantic mind
His tender feelings all defin'd.
She felt she lov'd, her throbbing heart
That fervent impulse did impart
Whene'er Fitz Allan did appear ;
Love show'd its first attachment there.
She him had known, his solace been,
Under the most afflicting scene,
When energy of feeling mind
Bids lovely woman to be kind ;

When the fearless soldier proud
Beneath the wounds of war low bow'd.
Dependent now, this hero brave,
On her his valour fought to save.
When on the bed of sickness laid,
Her solicitude, and friendly aid,
Watch'd o'er his couch with anxious care,
And oft for him she shed a tear ;
While he far from affection's band,
His friends, his home, and native land,
That o'er him would have watch'd and wept,
While he on downy pillow slept.

Isadore, with unwearied care,
His nurse became, and sooth'd him there ;
Chas'd solitude from his sick room,
And bade the smiles of health to bloom.
And when again able to bear
The balmy breath of purer air,
Her friendly arm became the rest
Of her too interesting guest.
And as they took their devious walk,
Beguil'd with smiles and pleasing talk,
Through gardens with sweet beauty dress'd,
Or in the jessamine bowers rest,
Where zephyrs bland, and cloudless sky,
Shew'd nature in her richest dye ;

'Midst walks o'erarch'd with purple vine,
Orange of gold, and cooling lime,
Where roses decorate the ground,
And eglantines wind wanton round,
Or the deep green of olive shade,
That skirts the way, adown the glade,
Or where the shady citron grove
Spreads odour sweet as breath of love ;
Where zephyr, playing 'midst the trees,
Wafts balmy health on every breeze ;
While sunny smiles of heaven above
Diffus'd the very balm of love,
That exquisitely charm'd the whole,
Breathing sublimity of soul.
Sure such a guest, with charms like these,
Would health restore, and converse please.

Fitz Allan's years that number bore
That spoke the days of romance o'er ;
While love's romantic vision shew'd,
In Isadore, how warm they glow'd.
That sweet enthusiastic maid,
Her very looks her love betray'd.
This he perceiv'd, and, to his shame,
Fann'd the fond embers to a flame ;
Thoughtless of the events to come
In one so innocent and young,

That did confide, devoid of fear,
On him that to her heart was dear.
But love it hath no power to see,
Or even glimpse futurity ;
The present occupies the mind,
And love's sweet extasies they bind,
In dear delight, the raptur'd heart,
As if these joys could ne'er depart ;
Absorbs the soul in sweet fondness,
As for eternity was bliss :
Drinks deep the fond delicious draught,
That reason drowns, destroying thought.
These extasies o'erflow'd her soul,
No thought of parting e'er had stole
O'er the mind of his Spanish love,
Who 'midst delusive wiles did rove,
Till from Fitz Allan she did learn
That he must instantly return
To visit his own native land,
As urgent business did demand.

Like one from sudden trance awoke,
She scarce believ'd the words he spoke :
Her anguish'd mind in doubt did seem,
As one awoke from pleasing dream,
Whose gay delusions all are flown,
When reason re-assumes its throne.

“ And will Fitz Allan from me go ?
And must we part ? Ah ! say not so.
And shall we part to meet no more ?
And canst thou leave thy Isadore ?
Ah ! where shall I for comfort look,
When of Fitz Allan thus forsook ?
My trembling mind sad doubts engage,
My anxious soul seems to presage
Some sad event to love and you ,
Fitz Allan sure is ever true.
Wilt thou be constant, then ? O ! say,
When from thy love thou’rt far away,
Thy plighted vow, O ! let me claim,
Ere that thou trust the faithless main.”

“ Cease Isadore ! Ah ! cease to grieve !
O ! canst thou not my love believe ?
I solemn vow, yea even swear
By thy dear self, I love so dear,
That tho’ from thee I’m forced to part,
Nought shall erase thee from my heart.
Let then this faithful fervent kiss
Witness my vow to seal that bliss ;
To call thee mine, dear Isadore,
When we shall meet to part no more.”

“ My vesper lute shall sound love’s strain,
My prayers be thine till met again,

My fervent soul shall soar above,
Unite my prayers with thy love.
'Twill be no sin,—pure as the flame
That from celestial bliss first came,
When heaven decreed to man below
The love of woman first to know.
May prosperous gales waft thee o'er,
And land thee safe on England's shore ;
And O ! whate'er thy destiny,
Be faithful and remember me."
While hope consoles each lover's heart,
With mutual vows and tears they part.

On Hope's anchor sweetly they rest,
Foretaste the bliss of lovers bless'd ;
But frail ones they, that often prove
False, and betray the soul of love.
Delusive joys, e'en but a name,
Oft absence lights another flame.

His letters constant yield a balm,
The throbbing of her heart to calm ;
In them she consolation found
To heal affection's deepest wound ;
A solace sweet, o'er which she'd pore,
Peruse them fondly o'er and o'er.
On them she fed, the food of bliss,
And e'en his very name would kiss.

Imagination lent its aid,
And all the soul of love convey'd :
He absent, these her mind employ,
And fill her soul with tender joy.

A word, a look, may be forgot,
But love's fond letter it cannot ;
The tender feelings it doth bear,
Memorials of affection there,
Stamps on the soul that fond desire
Which in death only can expire.

Now even these began to wane,
With dates remote his letters came.
This cool neglect upon his part
Prey'd on her too, too feeling heart ;
Yet ill-tim'd now was all love's fears,
A duty sad calls for her tears.
Of her dear parent now bereft,
She not one thought for self had left ;
When her dear father's eyes were clos'd,
She felt the force of sorrow's woes.
Now she bestrew'd his grave with tears,
And pour'd forth her fervent prayers
O'er the dear guardian of her youth,
In fond affection, stamp'd with truth,
That rends with grief her tender breast,
And sorrow's semblance there express'd,

Sure pity might have wept to see
Such lovely sensibility.

The orphan, plung'd in grief's abyss,
In mournful woe and loneliness,
For consolation look'd around ;
But, ah ! where was it to be found ?
Her home presents no kindred dear,
For sorrow's dwelling now was there ;
She, mournful, sad, absorb'd in woes,
Where could her wounded heart repose ?
If it in love she sought to find,
" There hope deferr'd sicken'd the mind ; "
For now remembrances so dear
O'er-flood her soul with dread and fear.
For Fitz Allan's fidelity
She doubted not, but his safety.
Was he again in want of aid ?
Or on a bed of sickness laid ?
Was he in health, or sorrow's prey,
And Isadore so far away ?
She dwelt so much on his dear name,
'Till it reality became ;
Suspense to her was agony,
So high was wrought her sympathy.
With fear perplex'd, and sorrow sore,
Resolv'd to visit England's shore.

She, leaving, took a lingering look
Of the dear land she now forsook ;
And as she cast her searching eyes,
A tear (companion of her sighs)
Adown her lovely cheek did roll,
Speaking the anguish of her soul.
“ ‘ Adieu, my native land, adieu,
Where once I ev’ry blessing knew ;
I go to seek a foreign shore,
Perhaps to visit you no more.”
And as she poured forth her mind
The lessening land she left behind.
Fresh rising from the southern skies,
Gales auspicious now arise ;
Borne on swift wing they now prevail,
And swell the bosoms of their sail.
Their prow the briny ocean sweeps,
Swift as the dolphin through the deeps.
Yet swifter than the wings of wind
Thither sped her anxious mind ;
And swifter than the gale that blew
Thither her fond ideas flew,
In sweet visionary dream,
Such as reality might seem.

And now, arising far to view,
Albion’s cliffs from ocean grew.

Her tender mind, her throbbing heart,
Partook the joys that they impart.
The port now gain'd, the boat is mann'd.
And she is safe on Britain's land ;
A wanderer in loneliness,
Seeking to find that happiness
That love and hope seems to impart,
Sure healing balm to wounded heart.

It like reflected shadow shews,
Which on calm lake the lily throws ;
And as its pleasing form we view,
Eludes the grasp to seize it too.

Not so in Arragon's sweet groves,
When cherish'd there their happy loves ;
There by Fitz Allan taught alone
To look on Britain as her home ;
And she the lovely happy bride,
On him her love might sure confide.

Now, after toil and grief severe,
London receives the Spanish fair ;
Nor could that splendid city bright
Give to her mind e'en one delight,
Except that she was got so near
Where dwelt her hope, Fitz Allan dear.

At early hour on the next day
She to her agent sped away ;
For 'midst the war that Spain endur'd,
Her father had his cash secur'd ;
In England's Funds his treasure lay,
Safe from the cursed spoiler's prey.
Her fond hope spoke unto her mind,
Through him Fitz Allan she might find.
As on she drove through crowded street,
Her coach obstruction there did meet,
Entangled 'midst confusion, where
Scenes strange to her gave room for fear.
As round she cast her anxious eyes,
The tumult viewing with surprise,
By chance there came within her view
An equipage splendid and new ;
Her sudden shock, her quick surprise,
Were pictur'd in her eager eyes,
Her face o'ercast with pallid hue,
The roses from her cheeks quick flew,
Again with flushes overspread,
Now wan and pale, now deepest red ;
Amaz'd, could she mistaken be ?
'Twas Fitz Allan there—sure 't was he,
That courtly bend, that manly form,
That dignity so graceful borne ;
That anxious look—protecting air,
Whose arm supports a lady there,

Struck the trembling Isadore's view,
And to her soul like lightning flew.
Her look impatience strong bespoke—
Her mind absorb'd perplexing thought,
As she caught a casual sight
Of that delicate form so slight,
Whose beaming eyes of azure blue,
Whose cheeks of sunsets lovely hue ;
And, O ! the sad distracting thought,
Fitz Allan's attitude bespoke ;
She pow'rless gaz'd, nor language found,
Surprise her very senses bound.
The carriage soon was out of sight,
She left in sad perplexing plight,
Her strong intreaties to alight
Were view'd as motives of affright ;
Yet now her agitated frame
And wearied mind compos'd became,
With earnest look, speaking desire,
She bade her driver to enquire
Of inmates on the other side,
Who in that mansion did reside.
His return did these tidings bear—
Colonel Fitz Allan resides there ;
The utterance of that dear name
With pleasure thrill'd through all her frame.
His dwelling place now having learn'd,
She quickly to her home return'd ;

Then with Love's impatient haste,
Her trem'ulous hands these lines did trace,
Stating her mind 'midst doubt and fear,
No longer could his absence bear,
How she of every comfort stripp'd,
Had o'er his silence sigh'd and wept ;
How dull the tardy hours did move
'Till she again beheld her love,
With fervent love him did implore,
To haste to his own Isadore.

The evening it pass'd drearily,
The limping hours mov'd wearily,
Every step her ears did meet
With crimson flushed her lovely cheek ;
Dull night now came, but he came not—
“ Was Isadore by him forgot ?
Did urgent business him detain ?
What ere could this his absence mean,
Or had her note not come to hand ?”
A thousand thoughts her fancy plann'd,
Her mind did everything convey,
Except intentional delay.

The orient blushes of the morn
View'd the dear girl in woe forlorn,
Sad dreams had chas'd her sleep away,
And sorrow usher'd in the day,

For fancy 'midst distracting dreams,
Had pictur'd loves tormenting scenes ;
Now through Elysian scenes of love,
With dear Fitz Allan would she rove,
Now thro' woes labyrinth convey'd,
With open arms implores his aid ;
Then horrid rivals meet her eye,
And all love's pleasure's instant fly,
Then baneful jealousy would rise,
Blasting Love's blissful Paradise.
These o'er her vagrant fancy play,
And frighten all Love's joys away ;
With such sad soul distracting thought,
Fair Isadore in grief awoke.
These her anxious mind oppress'd,
And sorrow's gloom her soul distress'd.
As she on these sad scenes did pore,
A knock resounded at the door,
With hope exulting on love's wings,
She instant to the window springs.
A military garb caught her eye,
The crimson to her cheeks did fly ;
Anticipation lent its aid,
And Love's emotions all convey'd
With its fond hope and tender fears,
As his firm steps ascends the stairs.
He graceful enters—amaz'd she stood—
'Twas not Fitz Allan there she view'd ;

Yet, in his mien she could discern
A mission which too soon she'd learn.
His thoughtful look seem'd to conceal,
What e'er his tongue had to reveal.
She trembling stood—her cheeks grew pale—
As if she fear'd some tragic tale.
Love prophetic seem'd to convey
All that this messenger could say,
When he his errand did relate,
She felt the direful shaft of fate,
Thrill thro' her soul, and her heart wound,
Senseless she sank upon the ground.
Her throbbing breast bursting with sighs,
In wild distraction trembling cries—
"Fitz Allan false!—Fitz Allan wed!
Then hope of life and love is fled!"

The stranger rais'd the lovely maid,
And to a sofa her convey'd;
That heart so pierc'd with mental grief,
In gushing tears now found relief.
With fortitude she strove to bear
The ruin of that hope so dear;
Her suggestions were too true—
'Twas his lady that caught her view
As in their coach they passed by,
And 'twas Fitz Allan caught her eye,

Who knowing his base perfidy,
Dar'd not sweet Isadore to see,
But bade his friend communicate
His conduct vile that sealed her fate.

The stranger that did her attend
Was Edward Bruce, Fitz Allan's friend ;
He, lost in deep consideration,
On her gaz'd with adoration.
Sweet sympathetic feelings stole
In floods of anguish o'er his soul,
For never yet had met his sight,
A form so fair in beauty bright ;
Her graceful mien, her lovely face,
Was such as form angelic race ;
Her radiant eyes, expressive, kind,
Convey'd the beauties of her mind.
She lovely shone, tho' veiled in tears,
With ev'ry grace that love endears.
He rapt'rous view'd every feature
Of this fair and lovely creature,
Whose pleasing face sad sorrow wears,
Her palid lips and scalding tears,
From eyelashes of raven jet,
With crystal pearls her bosom wet ;
That bosom rent with mental throes,
As white, as pure, as Alpine snows.

But frigid not, there glow'd a fire
Of ardent love, and fond desire,
That with life only could expire,
Yet spite of self her tears reveal,
What maiden pride strove to conceal ;
In sorrows strain they did impart,
The anguish of that broken heart.

While lost in reverie of thought,
Edward's feelings thus on him wrought :
" Shame ! deep shame ! could he inherit
That cold, that mercenary spirit,
Who could with poison tip Love's dart,
And hurl the shaft to Beauty's heart.
Sport with one who lov'd him so dear,
And goad those feelings to despair,
Who truth and love took as her guide,
And on whose vows she did confide.
Edward's feelings vindictive rose
To curse the author of its cause.
" Remorseless wretch ! friendship's a name,
That no alliance holds with shame !"
And as he gaz'd could not forbear
To shed a sympathetic tear.
Her slender hand he silent took,
And spoke his feelings in his look,
Yet felt that consolation there
Was mockery 'midst such despair.

With trembling heart he left the fair,
To cherish hope that fed despair.
Now left alone her anguish'd soul
Burst like a flood, without control,
O'er Love's embers despairing mourn'd,
Whose flickering flame no longer burn'd ;
While sparks of love thrill'd Edward's frame,
And lit young Hope's bright lambent flame,
While the next morning view'd him there,
Scarce knowing what his motives were ;
But who seeks love to analyze,
When first its sweet emotions rise,
When loveliness seems to invite,
The soul pursues the dear delight ;
Fond fancy paints the wish'd for joy,
And all its pow'r does love employ,
Presents, like Circe, the tempting bowl,
A draught that poisons all the soul.

There Edward with the mourner saw
A noted pleader of the law,
A scoundrel of that harpy kind,
Preying upon her anguish'd mind.
He to his friend so freely spoke,
That it in him suspicion woke,
While advocating the just cause
Of Isadore, high words arose.

In language such he ill could brook,
It Fitz Allan's conscience struck ;
For guilt, reproof but ill can bear,
And shadow's doubt surmises fear.
These thoughts Fitz Allan so annoy'd,
He his solicitor employ'd.
In his letters, he was aware,
That she had claims upon him there,
Claims that would blazon forth his shame,
Blasting his peace and wound his fame ;
For should she to the law apply,
He could not stand that scrutiny.

Edward arriv'd that moment there,
With grief view'd the insulted fair,
As she began to comprehend
For why this lawyer did attend ;
Saw that her lover's reasons were
Founded on base perfidious fear—
That she his letters would produce
To aid her in a legal use.
This base, this mean, insulting thought,
Distraction on her feelings wrought ;
Her dark eyes flash'd vindictive ire—
Her cheeks burnt with resenting fire ;
Her brain distracted torments heat,
Her heart with strong emotions beat,
And reason nearly fled its seat ;

With frenzied mien, distracted flew,
And in the flames his letters threw.
“ Your mission, sir, is at an end ;
Begone to him who did you send !
Quit, quit my presence instantly ! ”
While frenzy sparkled from her eye ;
Then through exhausted pow’r of mind,
Back on the sofa sank reclin’d.
Edward, with assiduous care,
Bent sympathetic o’er the fair,
Sooth’d her with affection kind,
’Till more composed became her mind.
His was, indeed, a friendly part,
The wounds to heal of broken heart.
She felt its force, with sorrow’s sigh
On him she fix’d her languid eye,
With an expressive look that spoke
The feelings of a heart so broke ;
To her ’twas luxury of woe
To let him all her sorrow know,
For grief to share is to impart,
Feelings that soothe the wounded heart.
She spoke of love’s fondness slighted—
Of sweet hope for ever blighted,
Of joys that hope display’d to view,
Of promises as fruitless too ;
And of that heart inconstant found,
That gave to her’s its deadly wound,

Of grief, that had to shadow worn
Her once symmetric lovely form
Of blooming health, contents sweet smile,
A cheerful mind free from all guile ;
Of cheeks were once the roses blew.
And coral lips, now palid hue,
These, joy and pleasure, are no more,
These can no earthly pow'r restore.

“ These features sunny pleasures fly,
And sadness dims this once bright eye,
Whose lustre fled, has but to weep,
And drown in tears this palid cheek ;
This faded form care will consume,
And dire despondency its doom,
While remorseless grief on it preys,
My nights consume, and mar my days.”
In her slight hand she held a rose,
Some wither'd leaves it did disclose,
And as she did it contemplate,
Said—“ 'Tis the image of my fate ;
'Twas on a Summer's evening fair
This florid rose fell from my hair ;
Fitz Allan seiz'd it with loves haste,
And in his bosom did it place.
At moonlight the flower I found,
Aside thrown careless on the ground.

It was faded, yet in my breast,
I plac'd the flow'r that he'd caressed,
To me 'twas precious as love sweet,
And to this day I've cherish'd it.
"By this flower our loves are told,
In it our destinies behold ;
His was the bloom of loves sweet bliss,
And mine the scentless leaves deadness."

Edward's kind assiduous care
Almost constant found him there,
This kind affection him endear'd,
She as a brother him rever'd.
Now friendship fonder feelings wrought ;
At length of love to her he spoke.
That fond nurse hope, in friendship's name,
Had fann'd young love into a flame.
Ere Isadore to him replied,
With fond emotions him she eyed,
Then rais'd her hand, so white, so fair,
Aside she threw her long dark hair,
Bade him her countenance survey,
Where health no more was wont to play,
Whose beauties fled, faded with care,
And bade him read his answer there.
"Yes, I shall wed, my bridal wreath
Shall I cypress be, entwin'd with grief ;

My bridal bed, the grave's cold bourn ;
My spouse, the slimy hungry worm."

Edward gaz'd on that face so fair,
Sigh'd, and read its conviction there.
His soul with grief and sorrow wrung,
Yet his heart still with fondness clung,
And love's devotedness shew'd there,
That even hopes amidst despair,
Which, 'midst the wreck of happiness,
Strives to grasp the fleeting bliss,
That is unstable as sea wave,
That on the sandy beach doth lave.

One eve, on the window leaning,
With looks that spoke the soul's meaning,
Tranquil, and calm, sweetly sedate,
She seem'd to gaze, and contemplate.
And as she rose her fervent eye,
And fix'd it on the glowing sky,
Viewing the glory of sunset,
It with a crystal tear was wet.
Reflected crimson of the west,
With colours rich her cheeks did flush ;
Her countenance was radiant bright,
A something more than mortal light.
With placid smile, like happy saint
Fervent on sweet devotion bent,

Or spirit of celestial sphere,
So heavenly her features were.
And to the mind it seem'd to show
With what radiance angels glow ;
Something divine was pictur'd there,
And brought to view what angels are.
Did it sublimity convey ?
Or to the soul its bliss display ?
Sure there was something in the sight
That spoke a firm and sure delight.
Could the hand of death be there,
On one so beautiful and fair ?

Yet to my soul it fondly spoke,
And seem'd to animate fond hope.
She the first time ask'd for her lute,
Its sound to her had long been mute.
Fitz Allan lov'd it passing well,
To her 'twas love's departing knell.
That lute that long neglected lay
She struck in melancholy key ;
A few wild plaintive notes she woke,
That to the soul harmonious spoke.
" These sounds are pleasing ; yes ! " sigh'd she,
" And fraught with tenderness to me.
It to my mind doth memory bring,
'Tis my own country's vesper hymn."

Her voice she mingled with its strains,
That sadly sweet of love complains ;
Such as if celestial choir
Had struck the strings of heavenly lyre ;
So faint, so sad, but yet so sweet,
The harmony in air did fleet ;
As if some spirit struck the key,
Whose charms in murmur died away.
As the last note mingled in air,
Backward exhausted sank the fair.
Edward, with prompt and loving aid,
Caught the exhausted falling maid ;
Her neck one arm it did embrace,
The other circled round her waist.
Her ebon hair he threw aside,
And timidly his lips applied ;
Seiz'd on the momentary bliss,
It was his first, 'twas his last kiss.
From their chilly touch he started,
Horror through his soul now darted.
O, heavens! what did he enfold ?
O! what a sight for to behold !
He trembling calls on Isadore,
But that dear girl she was no more ;
The soul had fled the lovely fair
As she last breath'd her plaintive air ;
For with that last vibrating key
She breath'd her lovely soul away.

It wafted in melodious air,
Fled to the celestial sphere,
There to join the heavenly choir,
With angels there to strike the lyre.
As if her spirit was too pure
The love of mortal to endure ;
Her form so fair, it was too chaste
To meet a mortal man's embrace.
She left this world of woe below
The love of seraphs for to know ;
With them to tune the heavenly lay,
And bask amidst the blaze of day.

Hope, 'midst despair, from her did fly,
The mourner left to weep and die ;
For death alone he doth impart
The only cure for broken heart.
She now reposes low in earth,
Far from the land that gave her birth ;
Far from all friends ; they far away
From where her sleeping ashes lay.



M

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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THE POET'S REMEMBRANCE

OF DAYS GONE BY.

Oh, memory! display thy treasur'd store,
Recall to mind the dear delights of yore,
The incidents of life and love now trace,
For, oh! what can the scenes of love efface;
Those dear delights, those joys, forget who can,
For love and memory are surely one.
Deep in the heart its dear ideas lie,
Cherish'd with life, with life can only die;
E'en the last sigh that Nature's throes impart,
Can scarce erase it from the cherish'd heart.
Imagination recalls to my view
Those pleasures pass'd, and their enjoyment too,
Love surely with superior power charms
The fond heart that poetic ardour warms,

Who thus can feel, and Nature's charms defines,
Pleasures enjoy unknown to vulgar minds ;
He culls ev'ry flower that love has strown,
And forms a lovely chaplet of his own ;
The look, the smile, the sigh, the raptur'd kiss,
He feels in all a more than mortal bliss.
These, these are joys that his fond bosom warms,
And these are his with all their glowing charms.
Open thy page, display unto my view,
Scenes long gone by, and all its pleasures too.
Sweet pleasing hope, love, friendship, and desire,
And all those joys that did my soul inspire ;
These I once enjoy'd, these I still possess,
Nor has enjoyment made the pleasure less.

Oft, AMELIA, on Dartmoor's romantic wild,
Happy I've stray'd with thee, sweet Nature's child,
O'er hills and dales, have led the jocund hours,
With love employ'd gathering wild heath flow'rs ;
Whilst thy dear self I deem'd a flow'r more fair,
Than all the beauties we had gather'd there,
While on light wings zephyrs fann'd the sun's ray,
And wantonly would 'midst thy tresses play ;
Sweet rosy health thy blooming cheeks disclose
Such ruby tints, as paints the opening rose,
And cheerfulness was beaming from thine eye,
Sweet innocence and virgin modesty.

Or o'er Buckland's bleak hills our way we've bent,
And gained with pleasing toil the steep ascent,
Then from the summit of that lofty ground
Have paus'd to view the scenery around,
Or on some moss clad rock sat down to rest,
In converse sweet we mutually were bless'd ;
There no intruding eye, no treach'rous ear,
To cause alarm, there love was free from fear,
While on these heights sweet Eden seem'd to smile,
And pleasure pleasing would the hours beguile.
Lost to the world and all its worldly care,
Our rapt souls found an Elysium there,
Then virtuous love and innocent delight,
Would waft our souls on contemplation's flight ;
The expanse view around and azure skies,
Rocks, woods, and hills, that in succession rise,
Majestic tow'ring in theatric pride,
That 'midst the clouds their lofty summits hide,
Catch the surrounding country at one bound,
And trace the circling horizon around ;
Look down on farms with cultur'd lands between,
Woods, hills, and dales, and the meand'ring stream,
Hamlets, 'midst checquer'd fields, that labour tills,
And cattle grazing on a thousand hills.
Far to the right the Tamar* winds its way,
In greatness growing rushes to the sea ;

* This river runs through Hamoaze, and empties itself in Plymouth Sound.

Leaves its sylvan charms, where 'midst verdure
dress'd,
And proudly bears a navy on its breast.
Like some sweet nymph that quits her rural joys,
To city hies 'midst, riot, pomp, and noise,
Pure as this stream when first it left its source,
Gets foul'd with vice as she pursues her course.
Southward, in the clear horizon survey,
The English channel's blue expanse of sea,
Whilst Mount Edgecumbe's green heights the eye
commands,
Rising majestic with its wood crown'd lands.
Near, Britain's stately bulwarks anchor'd ride,
The dread of foes and England's boasted pride;
Within that pile* that ocean doth restrain,
That curbs the billows of the stormy main,
Neptune, alarm'd, sprang from his oozy bed
To view this structure rear its growing head;
Call'd Amphitrite and Triton to the sight—
This bold invasion of his ancient right.
Britannia smiled to see the God of sea,
And points him where his darling favourites lay
Safe from Æolus rage, there those bulwarks ride,
Arm'd with Jove's thunder and with Britain's pride.
He hail'd the sight, then high his trident rears,
Triton blew a blast, and them loudly cheers;

* The breakwater in Plymouth Sound.

While Britain's sons, whose breast with glory burns,
The salute in thundering peals returns.
Say, if you can, how much these scenes must please
Him just arrived from rough Atlantic seas.
Oh, what a contrast, there rough billows rise,
In lawless tumult warring with the skies ;
There wild tornado with its demon train
In horror clad drives terror o'er the main,
With its dread blast dire destruction's hurl'd,
And navies swallow'd in its wat'ry world.
These horrors wild were mine, let those attest
The joyous pleasure that must fill my breast,
While thus enjoying rural scenes and ease,
With love's all enchanting power to please,
Amidst those charms where pleasure loves to dwell,
The rural cots, green lawns, woods, hills, and dell,
While huntsmen's mellow horn in sport combin'd
Whose mingled sounds are wafted on the wind.
The merry hind, and milkmaid's song so blythe,
The reaper's catch and glee while wetting scythe,
Amidst the new mown hay whose fragrance yields
The balmy breath of sweet Arabia's fields ;
While harmony from warbler's sweet resound,
And Flora smiles, and Beauty paints the ground ;
Ceres and Pomona with rural band
Gathers the produce of the teeming land ;
These all combin'd, while joys of rural sound
Calls gladness forth, and wafts those joys around.

Delightful scenes, would that I could but share
 A rural life, and all my days pass there,
 Converse with Nature, Nature's charms enjoy—
 Sweet charms she yields, delights that never cloy.
 Those joys are fled; yes, those were happy days,
 And mem'ry still confesses how they'd please;
 The hours fled swift with ev'ry dear delight,
 And Time, like Cupid, seemed to wing his flight,
 From orient morn to Summer's twilight gray,
 The hours on rosy pinions fled away;
 While lost in sweet delight we'd pleasing rove
 O'er hills and vales,⁵¹ or the sequester'd grove,
 The hills, the vales, the groves—yea, all I'd view,
 Gave double relish when enjoy'd with you:
 With you love, innocence, content and ease,
 And blooming health, gave all their charms to please.

Joys have their date, Commerce in search of gain
 Call'd me away to plough the briny main;
 Call'd me from thee, and love's enchanting scene,
 To distant climes, where oceans roll between.
 Nor Time, nor distance, nor all ocean's sea,
 Could e'er destroy, or wash those scenes away;
 Love's magnetic impulse faithful and true,
 In every varied clime would point to you.

Can I our parting moments e'er forgot?
 No, I view them still, mem'ry owns them yet;

At that dear time the full anxious heart,
Labours its tender feelings to impart.
Painfully sweet the fond endearments rise,
Love fills the soul, tears tender, fills the eyes.
How oft would love that parting hour detain ?
Take leave and part, then meet, and part again ;
While the fond look did to the soul convey
More than the eloquence of speech could say.
Delays delightful, anxious moments these,
When fond desire gave all its power to please,
In all the innocence of love sincere,
Snatch the last bliss and long to linger there ;
We'd part, look back, take a lingering view,
Find the same impulse still engaging you,
Wave the last sign, that does itself explain,
And seems to say, " Return and part again."

But hearts inhuman, where no graces grew,
Who friendship, love, nor sympathy ne'er knew,
Lost to the feelings kindred souls impart,
And all the fond endearments of the heart ;
These disapprove, and all their wiles employ,
Three years of fond affection to destroy,
But love laughs at restraint, 'tis madness vain
Try, if you can, to bind the lawless main ;
Love knows no tie but Hymen's silken chain.
Blot out the sun, restrain the stormy wind,
Do this ere you the strength of love can bind.

Free as the wind the soul of love is free—
The badge it wears is Love and Liberty.
Love fled the place where dwelt no kindred dear,
And in the lover found a husband there ;
But o'er these scenes I'll draw oblivion's veil,
Nor more expose what prudence bids conceal.

Nor can I e'er forget that early morn,
Nor that drear path fenc'd in with rugged thorn ;
Where barren hills o'erthop I caught thy view,
With quicken'd step I rush'd to meet thee too ;
Enraptur'd, seized one dear and quick embrace,
Link'd thy dear arm and urged a quicker pace,
From that lone dell where neither car nor coach,
From Creation's dawn e'er dar'd approach ;
O'er rugged stones and hillocks bent our way,
And reach'd the road where a coach waiting lay,
Away we sped, soon reach'd the altar where
Our plighted vows destroy'd the dread of fear ;
Truth, virtue, innocence, with love combin'd,
There bound by law, what love could only bind.
There virtuous love by sacred Hymen blest,
No sensual passion, dwelt in either breast.
Love reigned supreme in virtue's purest charms,
All other passions of its force disarms.
The coarser, vulgar ties of human law,
These oft disgusting, love can never know.

Love must meet love's return, whose charms combine,
Securing bliss that words could ne'er define,
Harmony perfect, grac'd with actions kind,
Sweet pleasing hope, and sympathy of mind,
Boundless friendship, freedom, and calm content,
Ardent desire, whose joys know no restraint ;
Thought meeting thought, anticipates each wish
Of rapt'rous joys, 'midst luxury of bliss.
These all combin'd with chaste endearment grew,
(Such blissful fruit once happy Eden knew)
These reign'd supreme, all grosser passions flown,
And love's sweet ecstasy was all our own.
Let nature speak, the muse shall also sing,
From virtue's parent tree what fruit did spring,
Like olive branches they the table grace,
In number more than the patriarch race,*
But not like them, a varied stock, they sprang
From many mothers, these the fruit of one.
From one alone these genial blossoms blow,
And one is all that genuine love can know ;
" Give me the heart," exclaims the fervent soul,
" For love divided is not love at all."

Of Adam's race say what a varied kind
Creation shows, in beauty, form, and mind.

* Fourteen children.

Thus nature paints, in flower, shrub, or tree,
An emblematic that shall answer me ;
Let man the hardy forest foliage grace
And there his dignity and stature trace
Like the monarch oak, whose arms spreading wide,
Bears commerce far, and forms our naval pride.
But FLORA seems an emblem that's more meet
For lovely woman, she's the blossom sweet,
Grac'd with every charm that beauty shows,
And yields delight that virtue only knows.
Thus let me a family wreath entwine,
And strength with beauty fondly here combine.

SAMUEL, the first-born our wishes blest,
Parental love with gladness him carress'd ;
We watch'd his growth, matur'd by rolling time,
Stately he rose, like the tall mountain pine,
In form majestic, comely to the view,
Its foliage spread luxuriantly it grew,
Erect and firm, his manly form did bear,
And eve'ry limb sat fair proportion'd there.
His ebon hair around his cheeks did play,
His full black eyes did dignity convey,
Speaking the inmost secrets of the soul,
That shew'd a mind above the world's control.
But, O ! that mind was not that of content,
It, ever restless, was on rambling bent ;

He left his home, and parents to deplore
Him, far away on Trans-Atlantic shore.
Return, thou wand'rer ! to thy home return !
Dispel our fears, nor longer let us mourn ;
We know not now, for hope is almost fled,
If we the living mourn, or yet the dead.

In WILLIAM, dignity and strength unite,
And may those honours never know a blight.
The stately oak does thy resemblance bear,
An emblem of thy form I picture there.
Firm in itself, see it undaunted rise,
Defiance bidding to the inclement skies,
Its nervous limbs stretching majestic wide,
In all the dignity of native pride ;
Firm fix'd its roots, its tow'ring branches spread,
And honours blushing crown its verdant head.
May such be thine ; early thou didst engage
To brave the deep, and meet the tempest's rage,
To distant climes, where danger copes with gain,
In search of commerce, plough the briny main.

AMELIA, her blooming cheeks disclose
The glowing freshness of the full blown rose ;
The honours of her head luxuriant bear
Nature's own veil of shining ebon hair.
Her soft blue eyes these speaking seem to say
All that the mind could wish for to convey.

May grace and modesty her path adorn,
And virtue guard her as the rose its thorn.
May she, like that sweet flower, ever bear
Virtue's own fragrance, and make that her care ;
Then when exterior charms all faded lies,
Virtue still blooms, its fragrance never dies.

In MATILDA's form and fair graceful mien
There elegance and nature's charms are seen ;
The sweet moss-rose for her 's an emblem meet,
Whose blushing tints yield fragrance ever sweet.
Her form symmetric, and as Flora fair,
Arch'd eye-brows, hazel eyes, and dark brown hair,
Whose waving tresses do her cheeks adorn,
Where florid hues blush like the rising morn.
O, may thy mind, the most essential part,
Be virtue's care, nor know affliction's dart ;
May the graces for thee a wreath entwine,
By virtue cull'd, and may each grace be thine.
May ev'ry virtue stamp its image there,
And thou be great, and good, as well as fair.
Adorn'd with these, thou happiness wilt find,
Thy guide through life, and solace of the mind.

SUSAN, she is the lily of the vale,
Whose opening bloom fragrant sweets exhale ;
That flower is metaphoric of thy name,
And ancient record does confirm the same.

Cherish'd by vernal suns, its charms declare
The blooming grace of nature's fost'ring care.
Her polish'd brow's adorned with dark brown hair,
With the jet sloe her eyes might hold compare ;
Her cheeks display health's own ruby flushes,
Like early morn dress'd in orient blushes :
Her ruby lips with balmy moisture wet ;
Her teeth like ivory, 'midst rubies set.
May ne'er corroding care these graces shorn,
And virtue ever all thy mind adorn.

HENRY 's the poplar 'midst the forest trees,
Whose slender boughs shoot forth their tender leaves ;
Not of luxuriant growth, its limbs yet show
A slender form, and sparely seems to grow.
Succeeding springs their influence may shed,
Its foliage yet exuberant may spread :
Foster'd with balmy dews it yet may know
A hardy form and yet abundant grow.
Thy sloe-black eyes with radiant lustre glow,
Thy features no design of meanness show ;
May honour, truth, and virtue be thy care,
Whose badge I trust that thou wilt ever wear.

ELIZABETH's a pink embalmed in dews,
Not flaunting gay, but of its soften'd hues,
Whose slender form and lovely graceful mien,
With modest smiles peeps thro' the verdant green.

Her foliage, gently opening to the day,
Imbibing sweets where zephyrs love to play,
Smiling as the charms of orient morn,
Light as a sylph her airy playful form ;
Her full blue eyes they radiant lustre shed,
O'er her cheeks are nature's soft blushes spread,
Whose face a soft composure seems to wear,
And innocence sits mildly pictur'd there,
May innocence be thine, unknown to guile,
And virtue's beams for ever on thee smile ;
May thy years mature be devoid of care,
Thy mind serene, and virtue harbour there.

EDWARD like some sweet vernal plant doth seem,
The myrtle he, whose foliage evergreen,
Fragrant and lovely its sweet blossom blows,
And spicy odour from its foliage flows,
Grateful to the sense, pleasing to the view,
With smiling health and blooming beauty too.
May this emblem that I have here defin'd
Be ever emblematic of thy mind ;
May virtue, honour, god-like truth be there,
And all those graces may'st thou ever wear.
Thy smiling features to the mind convey
A pleasing scene, like innocence at play ;
Thy hazel eyes with laughing lustre fraught,
Speaking what innocence has purely taught.

Thy cheeks display health's own rosy flushes,
Was kiss'd by Hebe amidst orient blushes ;
Has she thee embrac'd, with enchanting wiles,
And 'midst thy dimples left her winning smiles ;
Nature rejoic'd to see her work so fine,
And, smiling, cried " this darling shall be mine."

AGNES, the primrose sweet, mild she shall be ;
For O, that flower much resembleth thee.
Sweet flower of spring, whose mild vernal bloom
Soon sheds its sweets, and also fades as soon.
But near thy slender stem there noxious grew
The deadly nightshade, wet with baneful dew,
Blighting thy growth, thy tender foliage spread,
But weak, and seem'd to court its lowly bed.
Two vernal suns had shed their genial ray,
It blighted fell, some worm within it lay.
Which preying on the bud, destroyed it too.
We watch'd its wasted form and faded hue,
Saw it droop and wither, low bend its head,
To rise no more, the weakly plant lay dead.
As on her parent's fost'ring arm she lay
She sweetly breath'd her little soul away.
No sigh was heard, so mild her parting breath ;
She lovely look'd, and seem'd to smile in death ;
Her form too delicate (so nature found)
To shed her blossom on terrestrial ground.

Fate deem'd the flowret a lovely prize,
And sweetly smiling bore it to the skies.

GEORGE like the laurel did his foliage bear,
Blooming in health, and seem'd to promise fair ;
Luxuriant grew, all its young buds expand,
As if a favourite wrought by nature's hand.
Blooming its foliage seem'd, and smiling grew,
As sweet a plant as ever struck the view ;
But unforeseen some pestiferous blast
O'er all its bloom a pallid hue had cast.
Dread disease did this tender plant assail,
It baffled art, and still seem'd to prevail,
Yet nature's efforts long strove to sustain
Unequal conflict, but t'was all in vain.
Nature exhausted sinks, appa!ling fears
Drown the fond parents' cheeks with floods of tears.
Convuls'd he writhes, and Oh ! his alter'd form,
Struggling with death, his features all deform.
That face where every mingled beauty grew,
Now wan and pale, is of a deadly hue ;
Those eyes, that beam'd with animate delight,
Now wildly roll, nor seem to view the light ;
That tongue, on which sweet accents used to dwell,
Gives but a scream' nor can its meaning tell.
Oh, death ! why with so weak a form contend ?
Why linger ? strike, and let his mis'ry end.

There lies all thy power, and there 'twill cease,
'Tis but the passport to the realms of peace ;
'Tis done, the last, the final blow is given,
That wafts this lovely plant to bloom in heaven.

ROSA, in her the simple daisy view,
Its slender stem, and its sweet modest hue,
With unassuming head, and meek rais'd eye,
Seeming to gaze upon the ample sky,
That azure field, with tens of thousands there
Of daisied stars, that glitter in their sphere ;
Whilst her sweet silver hue and modest worth
Shine mildly forth, a star of mother earth ;
And sweetly smiling from her emerald bed,
Her snowy bosom to the sun does spread.
The varied aspect of the sky she shares,
Now warm in smiles, and now bedew'd in tears.
Such, dearest, art thou, such thy destiny,
Grief, tears, and smiles are thine alternately,
Of smiles, or sunshine, thou enjoy'd but few,
Lowly and weak, thy slender form it grew.
If not here thy stay to us is given,
May'st thou ever shine a star in heaven.

FREDERIC like some lovely plant doth show,
Tender and young its blossoms seem to blow,
Whose lovely bloom expanding to the view,
Of graceful form and vernal beauty too.

Opening to the sun, see its foliage spread,
And growing charms adorn its blooming head ;
Fragrant to the sense, pleasing to the sight,
Profusely sweet, and yielding sweet delight.
In radiant beauty may'st thou blooming grow,
Graceful and good may all thy actions show,
By time improv'd may wisdom's blossom shoot,
And yield abundance of rich mental fruit ;
Of every grace that blooming virtue bears,
Richly increasing with increasing years.

PATIENCE shall now engross my muse :
An emblem fit for thee I'll choose
'Midst Flora's charms ; cull from its lot
That pretty flower, Forget-me-not ?
Forget-me-not ! that word sounds sweet,
When it in love our ears doth greet,
Poured forth in accents sweet and mild,
From a young, blooming, artless child.
Such thou art now, and mayst thou be,
All that a parent joys to see ;
And what so e'er thy doom or lot,
Remember them—forget them not.

Another—O, ye prolific powers,
For creating plants and flowers,
'Tis time this teeming work was done
With me, who now no longer young ;

Spare your poet, his feelings spare,
These buds are more than he can rear ;
In mercy spare me, or you'll drain
Life's stamina, and fertile brain ;
But, O ! it's useless to implore
Until that I, myself, give o'er.
Then welcome dearest, dear thou art,
I speak it from a father's heart,
And I'll an emblem seek for thee,
In some strong, sturdy, blooming tree.
In Nature's strength thy form seems cast,
More like a first born, than the last.
RICHARD, thy cherish'd name shall be,
And thou the hardy holly tree,
Whose evergreen undaunted form,
Blooms fresh amidst the winter storm ;
Thus the storms of life may'st thou bear
With fortitude, devoid of fear,
Grac'd with honor, wealth and fame,
To dignify an honest name.

THE BRITISH TAR.

Strike, strike my muse the martial lyre
Dash wildy on through flood and fire,
Let heroic deeds my verse inspire
 And sing the British Tar ;
The generous, the bold, the brave,
Triumphant sailing o'er the wave,
Conquering in battle but to save,
 Dauntless in storm or war.

When yard arm, and arm, they engage
Braving the battles hottest rage,
Midst blood, and fire, wreck, and carnage,
 Still undaunted he ;
Board her, board her, they wildy cry ;
Then rush to conquer, or to die,
Whilst Britains colours proudly fly
 Midst shouts of victory.

When horror rides upon the storm,
Masts are riven, and canvas torn,
And boundless billows o'er them borne
 And danger hovers near ;
Shatter'd and borne before the blast
On some wild rocky shore be cast,
With death he'll grapple to the last,
 Nor the grim tyrant fear.

Where e'er the waves of ocean roll
From the girt line, to either pole,
He sails triumphant o'er the whole ;
 Glory his aim and fame.
Brave, and blithe, all danger braving,
Winds, waves, and foes never fearing,
Thirst, and hunger, patient bearing,
 Proud of a Briton's name.

Where e'er Britannia's flag's unfurl'd,
Where e'er her thunderbolts are hurl'd,
The pride, and glory of the world,
 In honour, love, or war ;
And when return'd from wars alarms
The lovely fair in all her charms,
Will clasp him in her lovely arms,
 Her own brave faithful tear.

THE MAGNET.

When midst the rubbish of its parent earth,
Nature revealed the Magnets glorious birth,
Of more intrinsic worth, and fam'd renown,
Than ever graced a monarch's royal crown,
Nor can the most gorgeous diadem,
Display so useful; or so rich a gem,
Compar'd with thee all India's golden store,
Is glittering baubles and mere worthless ore.
As from Chaos, sprang creations light,
So at thy birth gross ignorance took flight,
A guide to erring man, faithful and true
His mind illum'd, the world display'd to view,
Thy excellence soon reach'd Albion's shore,
And soon her sons the utmost globe explore,
Plenty awoke exclaiming with a smile
My emporium shall be Albion's Isle.
Neptune his trident rear'd and blest the day,
And hail'd Britannia empress of the sea,
Mars elated Albion's flag unfurl'd,
And struck with awe the kingdoms of the world,

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With thunder arm'd he bid her vindicate,
The cause of justice, and support her state.
And thou Amalfi* though a petty town,
Art not the least in Italy for renown,
Thou didst the Magnets wonderous worth produce,
The Compass form'd and brought it into use.
Some sparks of science midst thy embers lay,
A blaze burst forth bright as the god of day,
Shedding its beams o'er trackless land and sea.
Science free to the wind, her sails unfurl'd,
Took thee her guide o'er the aquatic world,
Like that bright star that eastward led the way,
To sages shew'd where the worlds saviour lay.
Though thy fall'n country now few worthies claim,
Accept this tribute to thy worth and fame,
If from oblivion I bid thee live,
'Tis all the tribute that the muse can give.
Science in splendor rose, to man reveal'd
Realms unknown, in darkness long conceal'd.
Bid mankind thy attractive steps pursue,
Display'd the whole creation to his view,
By thee directed round the globe to run,
And chace the fiery chariot of the sun.

* The use of the Compass for the purpose of Navigation was first discovered by Flavio De Geovia, of Amalfi, a town in Italy, in Lat. 40 ,, 28 N. and Long. 14 ,, 45 E.



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Ocean exploring from Pole, to Pole,
 And wing thy navies to its very goal,
 Where frigid skies congeal the stormy deep,
 And wraps old ocean in eternal sleep.
 Who groans beneath the pressure as he lies,
 Of ehrystal mountains tow'ring the skies,
 Thy hand there oft Britannia's bark detainest,
 And shackles navies in thy icy chains.
 Firm advent'rous Willoughby* is thine
 Who felt the rigour of the northern elime,
 The blast of Heaven alone his mind subdu'd,
 Him and his sailors to the cordage glu'd.

'Twas thine to bid Columbus† to explore
 The sultry regions of the western shore,

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth, to discover the North East Passage.

† The body of Columbus was deposited in the Convent of San Francisco, in the City of Valladolid. In the year 1513 it was transported to the Convent of Las Cuevas, at Seville, at which place I surveyed His Tombstone. In 1536 it was carried across the Atlantic, and interred by the side of the grand altar in the Cathedral of the City of San Domingo, in the Island of Hispaniola. Here his remains rested in peace for upwards of two centuries and a half, but in 1795, on the cession of that Island to France, they were again disturbed, and removed to Cuba, where they were finally deposited in the wall on the right side of the grand altar of the Cathedral in the City of Havanna.

Obsequious to the gale his sails unfurl'd
Cours'd with the sun, and found a western world,
Return'd rich laden o'er the boist'rous main,
And fill'd the coffers of ungrateful Spain.
Yes! dastard Spain, whose arrogance and hate,
Spurn'd at the merit they could not imitate,
Perfidious wretches, who repaid thy gains
Not with jewels but the dungeons chains.
These were the trophies for the wealth he gave,
The sad memento's buried in his grave.

'Tis thine the talent of the mind to wake,
A Raleigh's thine, and thine the thund'ring Drake,
Raleigh the patriot, the scourge of Spain,
And Drake, whose thunder shook the briny main,
Whose ensign he in every clime unfurl'd,
Bore it triumphant round the watery world.
The tribute of my verse let Anson claim
Who struck with terror all the Spanish main,
Ransack'd their cities, from their far-fam'd shore,
In glorious triumph bore their golden ore :
By fate oppress'd his little fleet all 'reft,
And only one, one ship of war he'd left;—
And she so craz'd, so weaken'd for the fight,
She groan'd beneath her pond'rous cannons' weight.
But what can't Britons dare? the bold Centaur,
With hearts of oak alone maintain'd the war ;

Like a giant wounded, he his sword doth wield,
Insults the foe and braves the hostile field.
Fortune as if to recompense their toil,
Within their grasp brought Peru's richest spoil,
A galleon's descried, they loudly hail the sight,
Crowd all their sail, and eager for the fight,
Nor does her tow'ring bulk alarm their fears,
Their cannon ply and hail her with three cheers,
Broadside to broadside Centaur closely bears,
And thunder pours from her tremendous tiers,
Ocean resounds, war's thunderbolts fast fly,
Columns of smoke and fire obscure the sky,
Confusion reigns 'midst the foe's slackening fire,
Proves britons' prowess, and their hearts inspire :
One tremendous charge, one broadside more,
The victory's won, the dreadful conflict's o'er,
She strikes, she strikes, loud acclamations rise,
Britons soon board and bear away their prize.
Fortune propitious* wafts them to the shore
Of Britain's coast with all their golden store.
Language is faint thy worthies to explain,
The gallant heroes of thy maiden reign,
Who bore thy fame to every distant shore,
And unknown regions of the globe explore.

* Lord Anson on entering the English Channel came through the French Fleet in a fog.

A Cook is thine who plough'd his watery way,
Explor'd the islands of the Southern sea.
Generous and brave, of enterprising mind,
The hardy tar and hero he combin'd,
Who twice the globe did circumnavigate,
By savage hands was doom'd to meet his fate*
Franklin and Parry late thy merit claim,
Who sought the Pole, exploring land and main.
Who a half years dreary night have pass'd,
Beneath the rigour of the Polar blast.
Thanks to Britain's care who that aid supplies
That bids defiance to the Polar skies,
These safe return'd to Britain's happy shore,
With science fraught and skill'd in nautic lore,
These with thousands of illustrious name,
Engross the annals of the book of fame.
Whose daring great exploits crow'd every page,
The blessing, pride and glory of their age,
The envy they of ev'ry nation known,
Britannia smiles and claims them as her own,
Whose name immortaliz'd in history
Shews the wondering world what man should be.

* Captain Cook was murdered by the Savage Natives of the Island of Owhyhee, on his third Voyage exploring the South Seas. A little more than the principal part of his bones was recovered from the Savages.

THE FISHERMAN

Where ocean sweeps along the rugged land,
There lay an inlet on the wave worn strand,
Shelter'd by rocks a little cove of sand.
On either side projecting awful stood,
Rude towering cliffs that o'erlook the flood,
Through rugged ravines streams dash down the land,
Loosing itself among the silver sand.
Where the sea fowl in mazy whirling flies
And the drear caves re-echo their shrill cries.
There the rude surge breaks thro' the shelvy caves,
Whose hollow blast mingles with roaring waves,
Bursting their way o'er rocks with weeds o'ergrown,
Pours headlong down, dashing the waves to foam.
Whilst the loud surge resounds along the shore,
And growling murmurs echoes back its roar,
Where lofty cliffs o'erhang their jutting head,
Threat'ning destruction inspiring dread,
Where restless billows undermine the land,
Strewing with fallen mass the waveworn strand.

And oft some rock hurl'd from its jutting steep,
With tremendous surge plunges in the deep,
There oft is heard the awful scene of woe,
Upborn on the gale, from the deep below,
While despairs loud shriek swells the awful strain,
Of hoarse howling winds and loud roaring main,
Now through midnights gloom, ever and anon,
Bursts the blue flash, and awful roar of gun,
Attentions rous'd the nerves of sight are strain,
With eager gazing, horror thrills the brain
The ears in attentions spell is bound,
Eager to catch the semblance of a sound,
Amidst the gloom profound and oceans roar.
If from the deep some human noise is bore,
While fancy stretch'd unto its utmost thought,
Presents the sound their eager searching sought,
Oft think they hear amidst the howling storm,
Shrieks of wild despair from the deep upborne,
Another vivid flash, now is heard again,
The cannons growl, 'midst tumult of the main.
Fear shrinks appall'd, and now an awful pause,
A knell distressing spoke of human woes,
Grim horror shrouded in terrific gloom,
Hover'd o'er the scene, veil'd their tragic doom,
Morn view'd the wreck bestrew the rugged shore,
And spoke in horror, that the crew's no more,
For none surviv'd to tell the tale of woe,
The tyrant death too sure had aim'd his blow,

The cruel spoiler triumph'd in the gale,
And left the wreck to tell the dreadful tale,
How direful fate had seal'd their wretched doom,
To dark oblivion, oceans dreary tomb.

In this drear spot by human foot scarce trod,
A lonely fisherman made his abode,
His sole occupation to pursue,
Experience taught the little art he knew.
A moss worn bank his rude form'd hut surround,
And in its rear a piece of garden ground,
With a few fowls, a sty with pigs to rear,
And implements of fishing here and there,
From whence a hill arose of rugged form,
A friendly shelter from the northern storm,
Thro' ravines rush'd a playful lucid rill,
In mazy windings down the rugged hill.
His wife and children with rough sunburnt face,
These constitute the inmates of the place.
When the light airs had lull'd the sea to sleep,
And safely he could trust the treach'rous deep,
Then from the beach his little boat he'd launch,
And boldly venture on the blue expanse,
His nets to tend, with luring bait to fish,
And drag his prey up from the deep abyss.
When lowering skies, or beach did loudly roar.
A warning gave, he'd ply his boat to shore.

When boisterous gales o'er the ocean sweeps,
And in vast tumult shakes the watery deeps,
Whilst waves impelling, waves hoarsely loud roar,
Curling their heads beat on the wave worn shore,
Whilst o'er his hut the foaming spray is borne,
By headlong gales wing'd on the raging storm.
They safely shelter'd in their humble shed,
Unheeded here its roar without a dread,
Whilst tow'ring cliffs his obscure dwelling hide,
Lost to all view except the wat'ry tide.
Inur'd to bear the elemental strife,
They live an amphibious kind of life.
His boats haul'd up beyond the surges reach,
His nets and lines lie drying on the beach,
His house largely displays, hung up and dried
Various species of the finny tribe,
Their winter stock, not vent'ring to rely,
On stormy winter for a sure supply,
Sad experience this wise lesson taught,
To aid necessity, matur'd by thought,
Whilst the wife for her progeny prepare,
The mess of fish which is their daily fare,
This with their children all their time employs,
Unknown to other scenes, and other joys.

BRITISH TARS IN 1831.

With grief o'ercome the muse in mournful strain,
Relates the woes of England's bravest men,
Reduc'd to misery's sad wretched state,
Whose valour sure deserv'd a better fate ;
How oft my soul doth their sad fate deplore,
To view those heroes perishing on shore,
When war calls for their limbs and blood no more.
In ev'ry town, almost in ev'ry street,
What spectacles of misery there you'll meet,
Bare headed, cloth'd in rags, and naked feet,
With grief-worn visage and dejected eye,
See the brave heroes of the world pass by.

With woe-worn mien and downcast head,
In piteous plaint a supplicating bread ;
Famine and grief their noble spirit broke,
Bending beneath Oppression's heavy yoke.

Like vagrants vile wandering on the earth,
Cursing the hour and land that gave them birth.
These are the men whose minds nobly brave,
Fought their ungrateful country for to save ;
These are the men the foe dreaded to see,
Oppress'd, dejected, brought to infamy ;
These are the men who struck the foe with dread,
The prop of England, who denies them bread.

Britons, for shame, the act ye yet may rue,
You have done what the foe could never do ;
Subdu'd the valiant heroes of the waves,
And Neptune's sons degraded into slaves ;
Or, has Fate the ungrateful act decreed,
That England's self should do the wicked deed,
Who conquer'd all, who proud unconquer'd stand,
Who, if they fall, will fall by Briton's hand.
When ye neglect old England's wooden walls,
England's no more, soon England's glory falls.
Britons, for shame, these men your isle protected,
Whose valour now in peace is thus neglected.

Witness their noble deeds off Trafalgar,
And actions bold achiev'd throughout the war ;
Fame heard their thunder on the proud foe hurl'd,
Saw them in arms opposing the whole world ;
Saw Nelson's signal waving o'er the deep,
Animating every man throughout the fleet ;

Saw Nelson fall, and veiled her face in grief,
And with the cypress twin'd the laurel wreath.
" My favourite's gone," in deep distress she cries,
Tho' dead, yet lives, the hero never dies ;
I'll to your mind the signal bring to view,
And ask, does every man his duty do ?

Vanquish'd France and Spain this truth can tell,
That British sailors did their duty well ;
Bellona's thundering voice shall testify,
And in loud thunder give you this reply :
" They conquering fought, and for their country
die."

Neptune has seen those valiant sons perform,
Undaunted skill, and courage in the storm,
Who on his wat'ry world all danger braves,
And sails triumphant o'er his rolling waves,
Whilst hurling thunder on Britannia's foes,
Shook his rough waves and rous'd him from repose ;
Saw the battle won, his sons triumphant bear
The foe away, and shook his trident spear.

Old Ocean's witness'd their exalting soul
Sailing from east to west, from pole to pole ;
Saw them attempt to break the icy chain
That forms the bound'ries of the northern main ;
While trying to explore their frigid way,
From north Atlantic through the icy sea,

To find a north-wes. passage on the main,
 And know the utmost limits of his reign;
 Saw their undaunted minds all danger braves,
 Adopts them sons, and bids them rule the waves,
 For old Neptune by experience knew
 That British sailors would their duty do.

Valour their courageous deeds shall speak—
 Witness the boarding of the Chesapeake,
 When the proud daring of bold British tars,
 In darkest shades eclips'd their western stars;
 Hurl'd them indignant from their lofty sphere,
 While Briton's flag soon rose triumphant there;
 Soon taught the Yankee and his vaunting crew,
 What British tars with such a chief could do;
 Nor need I Briton's gallant chiefs to name,
 Hist'ry records them in the book of fame;
 Brass may corrode, their dust may waste away,
 Their names immortal ne'er shall know decay.

WILLIAM, who fills England's potent throne,
 Has their bravery and their valour known,
 For thirty years he their actions view'd,
 Yet never saw their noble minds subdu'd.
 Prone at thy feet let me their hardships bring,
 In mercy supplicate a naval king,
 Their great distress, let it not plead in vain,
 And shew the foe a naval king doth reign.

The dying embers of their soul shall flame,
The foe shall tremble at a Briton's name,
Life re-animate their dejected eye,
And hostile squadrons from their prowess fly.

While British thunder on their squadrons play,
Crowd all their sail, like dastards run away ;
Panic struck, trembling with dread and fear,
As from loud-mouth'd dogs flies the timid hare ;
So when a lion's roar the forest shakes,
The prowling beast of prey with terror quakes,
With rapid speed betake themselves to flight,
They dread his roar, and shun his dreadful might ;
When these heroic sons shall once again
Shew the foe Britannia rules the main,
Shew the world, and ungrateful Briton, too,
Her neglected sons did their duty do.

LINES

Written in a Letter from Harwich to A. B., from on board
the Steam-boat, "Will-o'-the-Wisp," from London, bound
to Memel, in Prussia, under my command, 15th of August,
1840.

Sighs unbidden steal, I know not why,
Nor why my soul's depress'd ;
Thy name itself calls forth a sigh,
That throbs my faithful breast.

It is not grief, it is not care,
That preys upon my mind,
'Tis love itself that's throbbing there,
For those I've left behind.

'Tis Nature tugging at my heart,
A mystic hallow'd spell,
From wife and children to part,
And sigh a last farewell !

Farewell, then, dearest, for awhile,
I cross the northern main,
When safe returning with a smile,
I'll meet thy love again.

ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

Amidst the world I stand alone,
Friends or friendship I know none,
Nor aught of sympathy.
Relations I abundant share,
But friendship it is wanting there,
And that's all the world to me.

Although the world may on me frown,
Upon the world I will look down,
And all its vanity.
The consolation of the mind
Will its own joy and pleasure find,
And that's all the world to me.

Well might I the world disown,
I've form'd a world that's all my own,
Of love and unity ;
Where nature's ties so lovely blend,
Where lovely woman is my friend,
And that's all the world to me.

With my family circled round,
Where comfort, love, and peace is found,
Home's sweetest harmony.
These will cheer life's latest stage,
And sweetly soothe declining age,
And that's all the world to me.

TO VIRTUE.

Sweet Virtue of seraphic charm,
Reign in my heart, my bosom warm,
And ever there reside.
I cannot through life's devious way
From paths of rectitude e'er stray,
If thou wilt be my guide.

Thy looks all purity express,
Graceful and modest is thy dress,
For innocence is there ;
The graces lovely in thee shine,
And all proclaim thy birth divine,
For thou art heavenly fair.

O ! how thy name my bosom warms,
'Tis thou alone gives love its charms ;
Dear joys that never cloy.
In mutual bliss each caressing,
Each enjoys a double blessing,
And all love's purest joy.

Then O ! protect the lovely fair,
Make them thy peculiar care,
Guard them from ill and shame.
When virtue graces some fair maid,
I see an angel there portray'd,
And venerate the name.

Should temptation's wiles beguile,
Avoid the syren's luring smile ;
She smiles but to betray.
Then virtue her protector be,
Save her from shame and infamy,
And drive the fiend away.

Thy lovely charms, so soft, so sweet,
Never yet grac'd a harlot's cheek,
Nor yet the wanton eye ;
The lustful flame of strong desire,
The bought embrace for sordid hire,
These all thy presence fly.

But chastity and love divine,
These are thy charms, and these are thine,
And loveliness of mind ;
These purest joys come from above,
For lovely woman she is love,
And form'd to bless mankind.

E'en beauty's soul-enchancing smile
May the fond youthful mind beguile,
 And steal the heart away.
If virtue's charms be wanting there,
'Twill prove a dire corroding care,
 And on the vitals prey.

Hast thou felt love's delightful dreams,
The smile of beauty's charming beams,
 Glow in thy tender heart ?
And has that love deceitful smil'd,
And only thy fond heart beguil'd,
 And in it fix'd a dart ?

Didst thou with the enraptur'd kiss
Anticipate the wish'd-for bliss,
 The joy of love to share ?
And did she with a kiss betray,
And leave thee to love's ills a prey,
 The anguish of despair ?

Let not the transitory flame
Call'd love,—'twas only love in name,—
 Prey on thy youthful mind ;
Call god-like reason to thy aid,
On virtue let thy hopes be stay'd,
 And to thy heart her bind.

Where'er the voice of reason rules,
It the grosser passions cools,
And bids their tumult cease ;
Gives calm content, love, hope, and joy,
Pleasure supreme, without alloy,
Serenity and peace.

But should the phantom pleasure, gay,
Thy steps delude from virtue's way,
Seduce thy tender youth ;
If in her flow'ry path thou'st stray'd,
Fly thee to religion's aid,
She's loveliness and truth.

None her aid e'er sought in vain,
The more you ask, the more you gain ;
She yields immortal treasure,
Calm joy, content, and happiness ;
" Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are " pleasure.

ON VICE.

O ! sin, thou bane of human bliss,
Destroyer of all happiness,
Thou art a monster fell ;
Pride and ambition gender'd thee,
From whom sprang all sin's progeny,
The family of hell.

Pride was the first accursed cause,
From whom this pest of evils rose,
That o'er creation sways ;
With flatt'ring hope deluding wiles,
In pleasure's path the syren smiles,
On lovely woman preys.

On charms gifted with every grace,
The courteous mien, the lovely face,
The smile of beauty's eye ;
With flattery attacks those charms,
Their breast with adulation warms,
And poisons with a sigh.

Array'd as pleasure she appears,
In smiles their tender heart ensnares,
With every lure to win :
Her prey secure, the monster fell
Appears as odious then as hell,
And shows the face of sin.

Behold the maid whom pride caress'd,
When virtue's fled, by crimes distress'd,
And now no longer fair :
Where impudence, devoid of shame,
Proclaims a wh—e, that odious name
Of horror and despair.

Intemperance, thou deadly foe,
Parent of vice, mother of woe,
Nurse of every ill ;
Madness, murder, remorse, rapine,
Lust, want, disease, these all are thine,
Thou dost thy millions kill,

Most of the crimes of mortal race,
From thy dread influence we trace,
E'en love thou dost destroy,
Forsakes the breast where virtue glows,
Makes Hymen's bed a bed of woes,
Marring all social joy.

Creation as Paradise had smil'd,
Had sin our parents not beguil'd
 To taste forbidden fruit :
Corruption's seed then spread around,
Mankind was curs'd, curs'd was the ground,
 And poison struck the root.

From such a tree what else could spring,
But that dire deadly fruit call'd sin ?
 Like Sodom's apples, fair,
Blooming, and pleasant to the sight ;
Those whom to taste they do invite
Will find a poison there.

Foul monster sin pregnant with crime,
All horrors and all woes are thine,
 Accursed was thy birth ;
Virtue and truth fled thy dire sight,
Creation felt a deadly blight,
 Blasting the fruitful earth !

Man, who in whom God's glory shone,
He by Hell's fiend was overcome,
 Then first felt grief, pain, fear ;
Dire terror then began to reign,
Plagues, pestilence, disease and pain,
 And death came in the rear.

Then dire Revenge with baneful eye,
God's mandate fulfill'd,—man shall die,
Whose blood accusing cries,
From earth to heaven, the deed to tell,
How brother by a brother fell,
Weltering in gore he dies.

All Hell resounded with delight,
Demons rejoicing view'd the sight,
Glorying in horrors fell ;
Then murder marr'd a mortal face,
Where guilt and horror all may trace,
A murderer to tell.

Revenge, rancour, and deadly hate,
Seiz'd the soul of Hell's potentate,
Who saw the force of sin ;
Naught could his hellish rage control,
Till all Creation gluts his soul,
And he the world did win.

TARS ON SHORE,
OR
RATCLIFFE HIGHWAY.

Just arriv'd, his voyage and dangers o'er,
With joy elated hails his native shore,
Got into dock, ere sails are scarcely furl'd,
Gets his discharge, adrift upon the world ;
A prize for rogues, boarded on all quarters,
By landlords, pimps, wh—s, Jews, and Jew barkers.*
Who bid him welcome, greet him with false smiles,
His honest heart suspecting not their wiles,
Each praise his foibles, each their cunning tries,
For deem'd he is by all a lawful prize.
The Jew new riggs him, sees his canvass bent,
A tawdry display at centim-per-cent ;
While Moses praise de goods, plums his vanity,
Swears 'tis dog cheap, and best of quality.
At every corner see them lurking stand,
A pest, a curse, entail'd upon the land,
While their Satanic Israelitish face,
Displays the curse of Cain stamp'd on that race,

* Men employed to catch customers.

Which speaks a Jew, a Jew is always known,
 Tho' ev'ry land the cursed race disown.
 See Jack now rigg'd in tawdry new array,
 A signal shews for ev'ry villain's prey.
 Now to the gin shop see him there resort—
 Seldom he's known to overshoot that port ;
 There he'll carouse, and swear he knows not what,
 His senses drown'd in grog and frothy chat ;
 There lost in smoke, and Poll's superior charms,
 A fire ship soon grapples his yard-arms ;
 Her devoted prize she in tow now takes,
 Crowds all sail, and Port Destruction makes.
 There twin-sisters, Debauch and Lewdness, dwell,
 With hot-brain'd lust, disease, and murder fell—
 This is the court of sin, of death, and hell,
 Where foul fiends dwell, 'midst grief and woe severe,
 And moody madness laughing 'midst despair,
 Holding rude riot, 'midst severest pain,
 Drowning in drunkenness their frenzied brain.
 Here Lust lewd orgies holds devoid of shame,
 With obscene scenes the muse would blush to name ;
 Here prostitution holds her horrid rite,
 And veils her dreadful scenes in shades of night.
 See him next morn, and view his wretched state,
 Cursing his sin and folly when too late ;
 His cash all gone, and he turn'd out of door,
 With anguish wrung, his dreadful state deplore.

THE MAGISTRATE AND HIS SATELLITES.

“ For who would bear the whips and scorn of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The insolence of office, and the spurns,
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.”

Shakespear.

Woe betide the wight whose unlucky fate
Him has proclaim'd sad misfortunes heir,
And makes a claim on city magistrate,
He'll rue the day that ever brought him there,
And to his cost will find, when 'tis too late,
That all of human ills he'd better bear,
For they will but his character defame,
And plunge him in the dread abyss of shame.

Benevolence they will pretend to show,
In public papers advocate his cause,
And let the world their own benevolence know,
Not for humanity, but self-applause.
For sympathy was never known to flow
From the foul stream of arbitrary laws ;

For they are callous by profession grown :
 Ask them for bread, they'll proffer you a stone.

On misfortune's fabric they build their fame,
 And call for sympathy both far and near,
 Then damn his character, villify the same,
 While they the public benevolence share ;
 Then in the papers stigmatize his name,
 And drive their hopeless victim to despair,
 Mar his prospects, crush a large family ;
 This, this is magistrates' humanity.

O! C—b—s, thy hated name worth will detest,
 Stain to the magisterial chair ;
 Thy every action, truth can attest,
 Proclaims a brute and stupid blockhead there.
 Thou, who every moral law's transgress'd,
 Shalt judgment find some day elsewhere,
 Where no P—l—ce banditti will attend,
 But howling demons, or some other fiend.

See with what ease and magisterial air
 He tries a cause, and mark his mien and grace ;
 Wisdom and worth ne'er found his equal there,
 Except a baboon was to take his place.
 With equal dignity he'd fill the chair,
 Tho' not the first of all the brutal race ;
 E'en Baalam's ass once was heard to prate
 More wisdom than e'er came from C—b—s's pate.

Yet such as thou dispense our country's laws,
Where modest worth insult and mock'ry find ;
A modern Daniel sits to try the cause,
Who's deaf to truth, and like to justice blind,
Who to the bench by fraud or meanness rose ;
Say what redress can injur'd worth there find
From such a horde of graceless, worthless sinners,
Whose chief study is magisterial dinners ?

Here pamper'd wealth will find protection sure,
Private audience, or seat by Worship's chair ;
While to a prison they consign the poor,
To waste their days in misery and despair,
Where cruelty guards the infernal door,
And mercy never found an entrance there :
There the free-born Briton,—free, did I say ?
No Afric slave meets usage like to they.

Let Africa rejoice, her sons are free
From tyrants's cruel scourge and dread despair,
She knows the blessings now of liberty,
And British subjects now her shackles wear ;
For the strong arm of Aristocracy
Has grasp'd the poor, and fix'd his fetters there ;
Yet retributive vengeance will demand
A nobler foe, and save a sinking land.

Is there no appeal from unjust decision,
 None to vindicate the unjust decree ?
 Yes, the Man—on House there meet derision,
 And acquiescence with their villainy,
 Bow to the law with reverent submission,
 And bear about the badge of misery :
 For useless 'tis with demons to contend,
 When the courts in hell, fiend will hold with fiend.

Come, impudence, portray me if you can,
 That magisterial tool, that blockhead vain,
 Br—hf—ld, the blubber'd oil and colour-man,
 Whose beastly touch all characters doth stain ;
 A minion fit veracity to damn,
 Or anything to suit his selfish gain ;
 Who, like a thief, does e'en in ambush lurk,
 Proud to do magisterial dirty work.

Now for his coadjutor, or else co-mate,
 The potatoe-merchant of *benevolent boast*,
 A grand essential unto magistrate,
 Whose consequence attempts to rule the roast,
 With false urbanity loves to dictate,
 A would-be-magistrate at very most,
 With puff'd renown trying to pave the way
 To dis-grace the bench at some future day.

Oppression cries aloud, and vengeance cries,
Redress the injur'd and respect their wrongs,
Whose sufferings to mercy's throne arise,
Sounded from ten thousand thousand tongues :
Insulting despots shall not for aye despise
The rights of man, for right to him belongs :
But come it will, the day is drawing near
When tyranny shall shrink appall'd with fear.

Ye bloodhounds of the bench that scent for game,
Whose wily snout into misfortune pries,
Wanton to wound their feelings, damn their fame,
And crush them with your own invented lies :
Shameless yourselves, are lost to truth and shame,
And hide your villainy in virtue's guise.
This is a picture true, and let me hint it,
To trio you, that I intend to print it.

NORTH COUNTRY COAL TRADE.

The theme I write forgive my gentle muse,
And let the subject prove its own excuse ;
Truth I indite, tho' truth itself might seem
To foul my pen with such a dirty theme.
Northumbrian's sons I sing, a boistrous race,
Seamen by name, to mankind a disgrace ;
A brutal set that ply the sooty trade,
Master and men, no distinction made.
Frequent a master fallen in disgrace,
Next trip's a cook, the cook supplies his place ;
Nor doth it wound their feelings, like the beast,
That is the part in which they suffer least.
Honour's unknown to them—sure I'm to blame,
To mention honour where men's lost to shame ;
Of manners most uncouth, and oaths profane,
Detested words, my muse would blush to name.
These familiar to their tongue is grown,
A dialect that seems to be their own—

Distinction base by which these men are known.
E'en cultivated from their very birth,
Foul as the entrails of their native earth ;
Unknown to honour, give, receive the lie,
Foul-mouth'd and beastly as the trade they ply.
If one, or two, their anchors do but weigh,
Pell mell they go, and all are off to sea ;
Lost to judgment, spite of wind and weather,
Away they crowd, a motly group together.
So with a flock of sheep, if only one
Breaks thro' a gap, the rest come tumbling on ;
Proving the old adage o'er and o'er,
" That one simple fool makes many more."
Bois'trous and bold, conceit and ignorance,
Fills up the mighty void—the want of sense.
From their smokey ports num'rous hulls resort
To fam'd Augusta's* stream, and crowd the port,
Whose population large supplies demand,
Of the black bowels of their native land.

* The ancient name for London.

ODE ON WAR.

Hark ! thunder dreadful rends the sky,
Nature convuls'd vibrates the sound,
Vivid lightnings most awful fly,
And terror shakes the trembling ground.
Britons the glorious cause maintain,
Triumphant o'er the land and main.

Behold the elements at war,
Whilst men contending conflict stand,
Death seated in his iron car,
Spreads ruin o'er the blooming land.
Britons, &c.

Gallia's chief in hostile array,
Spreads destruction all around ;
Britannia checks his bloody sway,
Whilst legions bite the gory ground.
Britons, &c.

Spain calls on Britannia's aid,
And Portugal doth her implore,
When the proud foe their lands invade,
Soon British legions lined their shore.
Britons, &c.

See Briton's fleets on the ocean,
To hostile shores they swiftly glide,
Scenes of war all in motion,
Triumphant in their ports they ride.
Britons, &c.

There see Briton's dread flag display'd,
Striking deep terror to their view,
Proudly wave, whilst they are dismay'd,
And dread its well known prowess too.
Britons, &c.

When braving the heat of battle,
Alike's the brave and coward's fate;
Where Mars bids his thunder rattle,
And death with carnage satiate.
Britons, &c.

Whilst gory blood the decks bestain,
To death there's many a victim gave,
Fighting on bulwark'd with slain:
Alas! they find a wat'ry grave.
Britons, &c.

What havoc doth ambition make
In haughty man's aspiring breast?
For honour life's laid at a stake:
When shall Albion's sons find rest?
Britons, &c.

Come, gentle peace, and bless our land,
Drive curs'd ambition down to hell;
Come, peace and plenty, hand in hand,
Then to our grief we'll bid farewell.
Britons, &c.

THE WANDERING SAILOR.

The sailor, when he leaves his home
And all that's to him dear behind,
To foreign countries see him roam,
To buffet tempests, seas, and wind.

Tho' into foreign parts he pries,
And roves at random with the wind,
Where various beauties meet his eyes,
But none like those he left behind.

Where the wild winds tremendous blow,
Where seas most awfully do roar,
No danger does the sailor know ;
'Tis all for you he does adore.

Nor seas, nor tempest, doth he mind,
He'll even death itself defy,
Prove you to him faithful and kind,
And on your sailor's love rely.

Like the magnet, their love is true,
Tho' to far distant climes they roam,
Attracted firm by love and you,
Thy charms shall bring the wand'rer home.

Nor let the landsman's doubting mind
In thy fond bosom find a place ;
Sailors are generous, free, and kind,
Sprung from a superior race.

The gallant Mars they claim as sire,
With charming Venus from the main ;
Whilst love and war their bosoms fire,
Those charms and glory to maintain.

Then when with love the sailor's bless'd,
And ev'ry wish to him is given,
There on your bosom let him rest,
There let him find a peaceful haven.

Then let him there the hours beguile,
With love in all its softest charms,
This will repay the sailor's toil,
Encircled thus in beauty's arms.

Thus may your lives for ever flow,
Free from ills of every kind ;
Every blessing may ye know,
Health, competence, and peace of mind.

L I F E.

What is life? 'tis but a bubble
Floating on the swift tide of time,
Where's young and old, poor and noble,
And manhood in its fullest prime.

And youth just entering on life,
With all its pleasures in their view,
The bubble breaks and ends their strife,
Destroying young and aged too.

See their bark launch'd on Life's ocean,
Rigg'd out to brave the storms of fate ;
There she glides in gentle motion,
And there awhile she'll ride in state.

Tho' by Hope's anchor they do ride,
The cable of life still may part,
While tossing on the foaming tide,
And founder their devoted bark.

Tossing on this raging ocean,
Where ev'ry danger doth appear,
Billows roll in wild commotion,
Sinks their frail bark and drowns their fear.

Now the trying hour is gone,
Past are the fears that we did dread :
Who can reveal what is to come ?
None but those number'd with the dead.

THE END.

fear.

d.

ions.

