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THE
SHIPWRECK;

SHOWING
WHAT SOMETIMES HAPPENS
ON OUR SEA COASTS ;

Also, giving a Particular Account of
A POOR SAILOR BOY,

Who was refused any Assistance by the
Wreckers, and who died in consequence
of their Inhuman Conduct.



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THE SHIPWRECK
SAIL P.W.B. O.K.

In winter a rude storm, when the tem-
pests blow long
And the hail drives fall with equal
the door, A COAST
And babes run together, like lambs in
A crowd, to their mother as forth
And cling to their mother as forth
from a cloud,
With wish and deprecating interests all
pour
And we see through the forest in
And poor lambs cry for help, but in
And these forlorn children rush forward
and howl
And wretched as they go away
to find the shores of the distant
land main:
Then the poor bark often sinks in
the waves;
And brave seamen go down to the
sea;
No harbor, nor vessel, nor man
To rescue one poor soul from a stern
Or a pity to hold up his head.

THE SHIPWRECK.

IN winter's rude storm, when the tempests blow loud,
And the hail drives full hard 'gainst the door,
And babes run together, like lambs in a crowd,
And cling to their mother, as, forth from a cloud,
Fresh and deep-roaring torrents still pour :

When wolves through the forest in savageness scowl,
And poor lambs cry for help, but in vain ;
And tigers for slaughter rush forward and howl,
And *wreckers*, as cruel, do savagely prowl
Round the shores of the dark-troubled main :

'Tis then the poor bark often sinks in the wave,
And brave seamen go down to the dead ;
No harbour, nor vessel, nor mortal, save,
To snatch one poor soul from a watergrave,
Or in pity to hold up his head.

But, ah! there are scenes and sad tales
yet behind,

Which may well make our heart-
blood run chill;

When the poor stranded vessel, long
press'd by the wind,

Is driv'n on shore, but no safety can
find

From the *wreckers* who plunder or
kill.

—o—

'Twas gloomy December, and dark
was the night,

And the sky was so wild and so drear,
When to land all the sea-birds, with
screams, urg'd their flight,

Ere the long-forked stream 'gan to
flash down its light,

And the thunders had burst on the
ear.

'Twas then a poor bark was returning
from far,

After crossing the wide western
main,

Where oft, through the night-watch,
each long absent Tar

Had cast a glad eye on the bright
eastern star

Which directed his way home again.

And oft had they mus'd on the long-
hop'd-for morn,

When the wife and the husband
 should meet ;
 When the parents and children, and
 lovers forlorn,
 Should confess, 'midst the troubles to
 which we are born,
 There are mingled some portions of
 sweet.

But who can now tell what to-morrow
 may bring,
 When so frail and uncertain our
 time ?
 While mirth fills each heart, and so
 gaily we sing,
 And dream not of danger, or any such
 thing,
 Oft our days are cut short in their
 prime.

So it prov'd with yon crew, who, near-
 ing the land,
 Had concluded their dangers were
 past,
 When, lo! their own coast must be-
 come the fell strand
 Where Death, in the storm, shall pro-
 nounce his command,
 Which numbers that day as their
 last.

A long time they strove, both with
 skill and with might,
 To surmount all the dangers around ;

But torn were their sails in the last
dismal night,

At day-dawn a lee-shore was full in
their sight,

So they drove on the hard rocky
ground.

Crash, crash, went the bark, as the big
waves assail'd,

And her masts were plung'd over
the lee;

Then, nor courage nor skill of com-
mander avail'd,

Death drew a long dart, and o'er many
prevail'd,

And half mangled they sunk in the
sea.

Now high flew the foam, as it broke
o'er their head,

And the vessel groan'd under each
blow,

And the raging surf roll'd o'er the
dying and dead:

And the rock's craggy cliff was their
last lonely bed,

When the life-blood had ceased to
flow.

These sights, so afflicting; to *wreckers*
were dear,

Who live by fell rapine and crime;
Whose eyes never shed soft Compas-
sion's sweet tear,

Whose hearts never learnt e'en their
 Maker to fear,
 Or reflect on the end of their time.
 Awhile lash'd to ring-bolts, some few
 yet remain,
 And their shrieks rend the pitiless
 air :
 From the *wreckers* on shore no relief
 can they gain,
 They beckon, and call, but they beckon
 in vain,
 Who rejoice in the cries of despair.
 Now shore-ward the masts and their
 tackling swing round,
 And the *wreckers* begin their glad
 toil!
 They curse and blaspheme, while they
 cover the ground
 With spars, and with sails, and what-
 ever is found ;
 For each seizes his share of the spoil.
 When the tempest's wild fury had
 sometime allay'd,
 They launch'd off, and boarded the
 bark ;
 Where their hearts and their eyes still
 on plunder were stay'd,
 Though the captain and crew for
 assistance oft pray'd,
 Ere extinct was life's faint trembling
 spark.

Their cords were untied ; but the wet
and the frost

Had so stiff'ned their limbs with the
cold,

That the next breaking wave, as the
vessel it cross'd,

Swept them over the side, and they
quickly were lost,

While the *wreckers* held on a fast hold.

One fine youthful Sea Boy alone rode
the wave,

And half lifeless was thrown on the
sand ;

While his captain and comrades had
each found their grave,

Unpitied by *wreckers* who strove not
to save,

Or convey them for shelter to land.

Awhile those on shore throng'd the
Ship Boy around,

And rudely ask'd all that he knew ;

He told them his tale, as he lay on the
ground ;

While the blood from his temples a
free course had found,

And still weaker and fainter he
grew.

Now reviving, he turn'd his pale cheek
from the earth,

And concluded his sorrowful tale,

By speaking of her who had given him
 birth,
 A parent of tenderness, piety, worth,
 Who liv'd in a far distant vale.

“My mother,” said he, “she is old
 and gone blind,

But I love her most dearly and true,
 In my chest some relief for her wants
 you will find,—

Oh! save it for her who to me was so
 kind,

And the Lord will be kind unto you.”

They heard him, as wolves hear the
 ewes intercede

For the lambkins they torture and
 slay;

In an instant they left him to faint
 and to bleed,

While they grappled his chest from a
 bank of sea-weed,

And like harpies they strove for the
 prey.

The news of a wreck, it soon spread
 along shore,

And women and men ran for gain;
 Thus numbers they harden each other
 the more,

Till to mercy and justice their hearts
 close the door,

That the love of curst money may
 reign.

Anon, came the pious old Vicar that
way,

For he heard there was evil abroad :
Against wrecking, and plund'ring, for
many a day

He had preach'd ; but, alas ; there
were few t'obey,

Or give heed to his tears, or his
word.

Arriv'd at the spot, what a scene was
display'd !

For its numbers 'twas like to a fair ;
Dead bodies, and cargo, and trunks
about lay'd,

Or pil'd up in heaps where a centinel
stay'd ;

But, nor mercy, nor pity was there.

The poor fainting Sea Boy the Vicar
espied,

With his head lying hard on a rock ;
To aid whose distress, he sat down by
his side,

And many a tear of compassion he
cried,

While the *wreckers* continued to
mock.

Ah ! Sir," spake the Sea Boy, " my
blood it runs cold,

Here life's voyage it shortly must
end ;

I shall ne'er see my home, nor my
parent behold ;

My tales and adventures for ever are
told,

I shall never shake hands with a
friend.

“ But four days ago, oh ! how happy
was I,

And so was our cheerful ship's band;
But, alas ! the rude storm that late
howl'd in the sky,

It has wreck'd our fine bark, and I
shortly must die

On the shores of this hard-hearted
land.

“ My mother oft said, when the young
ravens cry,

How kind heaven some succour still
brings ;

Ah ! why then give up us, poor seamen
to die,

To perish, while men their assistance
deny ?

Do explain, my good Sir, these
strange things.

“ My Captain was kind to his lads and
his men,

And kind was my mistress so dear,
That the poor never call'd and were
bid call again ;

Who ask'd her relief never asked it in
vain,

For she lov'd to dry misery's tear.

“ But now her kind heart, it will sorrow and break,

When she hears the sad tale of our woe ;

Keen anguish will pour its sharp stream down her cheek ;

In vain for support to these sharks she may seek ;

Down to ruin and death she must go.

“ And must the young babes of our dead plunder'd crew,

Come and beg for their bread on this shore,

And be charg'd by the *wreckers* as idle, untrue ;

And be curs'd, and abus'd, as their cry they renew,

And some food for their hunger implore ?

“ Oh, Sir! can kind Heav'n look on all the while,

And refrain its dread thunders to hurl ?

Methinks, its blest spirits would speed down and smile,

To inflict their dread anger on *wreckers* so vile,

And all angels their vengeance unfurl.”

“ Hush, hush, my dear child,” cried the pious old man,

All was right that was taught in thy youth :

From the day yonder sun his bright
 course first began,
 Has thy Maker pursu'd one beneficent
 plan,

And his ways are all wisdom and truth.

“ But deep, nay, and dark, they some-
 times may appear,

Yet judgment surrounds his blest
 throne.

Whence he calls thee to trust him, to
 love and to fear,

To submit as a child, while a sojourner
 here :

So far are his purposes known.

“ What though yonder *wreckers* live
 out a long day,

And thyself find an early rough
 grave ;

Though the wicked appear to succeed
 in their way,

And the kind-hearted Seaman be-
 comes their fell prey,

Yet the righteous for ever he'll save.

“ Not save from all troubles of life's
 stormy day,

But from evils hereafter to come :

Oft as death finds their feet treading
 duty's safe way,

Still aiming their Saviour to love and
 obey,

He conveys their diest spirits straig
 home.

But woe to the *wrecker* that dies in
his sin !

To his soul there no peace can re-
main ;

When his heart fails to beat, oh,
what torments begin,

The worm never-dying shall fasten
within,

And the flame rage with infinite
pain !

“ From realms of despair, he shall lift
up an eye,

And behold the blest spirits above ;

He shall call out for death, but he
never shall die ;

But shall plunge down the gulph, and
in misery lie,

While the saints share a heaven of
love.

“ Nay, on earth, the dread curse often
enters his door,

And his children they die in ill
time ;

His wealth is consum'd, and he
wretched and poor,

Can revel in plunder and pillage no
more,

But must smart in old age for his
crime.

“ Oh ! turn then, dear youth, all thy
thoughts to the sky,

For thy spirit must quickly depart ;

To the Saviour of sinners direct thy
 last cry,—
 To pardon, and cleanse, and accept, he
 is nigh;
 May his peace now possess thy whole
 heart.”

So spake the good man, in kind ac-
 cents as mild
 As the zephyrs that fan the still air;
 Then he wip'd off the blood from the
 poor dying child,
 Who, looking to heaven, with confi-
 dence smil'd,
 And thus utter'd his last dying
 prayer:—

“ O Jesus, thou Saviour of sinners
 below!

On thy mercy my soul it relies;
 Cleanse its stains in thy blood, which
 so freely did flow;
 And, when thou shalt bid it these
 troubles forego,
 O take it to Thee in the skies.

“ Forget not my mother, poor, aged,
 and blind,
 Nor leave her to sink down in grief:
 Let a sense of thy love ever comfort
 her mind,
 While her Sea Boy lies dead in a land
 far behind,
 And can bring her no further re-
 lief.

“ O pardon these *wreckers*, Thou God
of all grace !

Let their many dark crimes be for-
given ;

Save, save them from wrath, from
that horrible place,

And grant them to see a Redeemer's
blest face ;

O receive them in mercy to heaven !”

Thus saying, he bow'd his faint head
to the ground,

And, expiring in peace, clos'd his
prayer ;

His soul we may hope, will in glory be
found,

Where no cries of distress ever utter
their sound,

For no pains, no afflictions, are there.

