

The fatal Pilot grasps the Helm. And steers the Crew to Pluto's Realm ENGL

De

AMONG to
Officious mort
In the prophetic

said in the letroubles wh

his growing cl

Matpains and That daily threa

What various ca Lik's active or i

What different for And to what ills Death turned Pflot.

timen galance froil mouseasses ucaulions

AMONG the Cares by which the breast Of anxious mortals is opprest, Are the prophetic doubts that wait Upon their childrens' future fate. Swath'd in the cradle, they sustain The troubles which they can't explain: And, when escap'd from Infancy Their growing childhood is not free From num'rous evils that attend Life's passage onward to its end. What pains and anguish might we name That daily threat the human Frame! What various casualties await Life's active or inactive state! What diff'rent forms Disease assumes. And to what ills our Nature dooms!

ENGLE

If Death should

ti such a much

How great wou

That bitter, ce

Um the Mot

Sook the rent h

Hall some co

these we follo

Th ave and s

lescred mans

be the holy

Ties beath the

Divere our he

Merer griev'd

laville th' af

Id side ond

Thinks the s

Or Love demand

We can with less

The dest of those

While the Cypres

The south'd affect

Sometimes with a swift-winged power, It hurries to the fatal hour; Or, with slow, undermining art, Stills, by degrees, the beating heart. Then comes frail Youth's incautious hour, And Passion's overwhelming power, To fill with tears a parent's eye Or wring his heart with agony :-When no grave counsels will controul Th' impetuous sallies of the soul; When no kind warnings will impart Discretion to the erring heart; When fond Affection big with Fear, Foreboding some dark peril near, May call on Death to strike, and save The Stripling in the sheltering Grave. -But should the genial Offspring rise To bless an anxious Parent's eyes, While in the growing form they trace The female charm or manly grace, And view each opening virtue shine That makes a mortal half divine;



If Death should point his fatal dart

ANCE OF DEATH wift-winged power al hour; ermining art, the beating heart. outh's incautions lorrwhelming power. parent's eve with agony:unsels will control lies of the soul: rnings will impart erring heart; on big with Fear, dark peril near, n to strike, and san he sheltering Grave genial Offspring ise ous Parent's eyes, ving form they trace n or manly grace,

At such a much-lov'd victim's heart, How great would be the Father's woe, What bitter, ceaseless tears would flow Adown the Mother's cheek, while sighs Speak the rent bosom's agonies. But still some comfort waits the doom Of those we follow to the tomb: With awe and solemn step we tread The sacred mansion of the Dead; And see the holy honours paid When, 'neath the marble they are laid, Who were our heart's delight and pride, And never griev'd us till they died. E'en while th' afflicted spirits mourn, And faithful fondness clasps the urn That marks the spot where Friendship lies, Or Love demands our Obsequies, We can with less'ning grief declare, The dust of those we lov'd is there. While the Cypress shade we weave, The sooth'd affections cease to grieve; VOL. II.

pening virtue shine

ortal half divine;

The roice wa

Fach Grace d

and their resp

Texalt the

While all the

and took poss

Thus the fair

lser'd beneat

lev tall and s

heery youthf

In did the Pri

hel these Eas

dilength, the

Wee summon'

Papard with e

To meet a pare

Whose hopes w

The lovely form

And when we thus our thoughts employ,
Sorrow becomes a solemn Joy.

But we've to tell another tale:—

O'er the wide Ocean doom'd to sail,

Two Maidens fair, in early bloom

Found in the deep a wat'ry tomb.

In India born, a parent's cares
Had sent them in their earliest years,
To pass, beneath a milder clime,
That doubtful, but important time
Of Female Life, which intervenes
Between its Childhood and the Teens.
Submitted to a Guardian's power,
Who, as the sun brings forth the flower,
Watch'd his young Indians to improve
With feelings like a Father's love.
He, to th' important duty just,
Fulfill'd with care the sacred Trust;
And taught their early minds to glow
With all a Female ought to know.

NCE OF DEATH.

our thoughts employed

another tale -

n doom'd to sail

in early bloom

a wat'ry tomb.

parent's cares

neir earliest years,

milder clime.

important time

nich intervenes

ood and the Teens

rdian's power,

The state of

rings forth the flow,

Indians to improve

a Father's love.

nt duty just,

the sacred Trust;

early minds to glow

ought to know.

The voice was tun'd to aid the Lyre,

Each Grace did with the Muse conspire,

And their respective powers combin'd

T' exalt the form and deck the mind;

While all the Virtues play'd their part,

And took possession of the Heart.

Thus the fair infant plants, the boast
Of Coromandel's distant coast,
Foster'd beneath the genial skies
That Britain's happy Isle supplies,
Grew tall and stately to the sight,
In every youthful colour bright;
Nor did the Pride of Western Bowers
Excel these Eastern Sister Flowers.

At length, the fruits of Friendship's toil
Were summon'd to their native soil,
Prepar'd with every winning grace
To meet a parent's fond embrace,
Whose hopes were fix'd that they should find
The lovely form, the cultur'd mind;

L 2

EXCLISH

the ride, swelling

6 Amer the Vesse

for defes the S

imugh the bill

Hel no longer

that lash

imig planks 1

How of the resis

Astes, mid t

thing in each

alud lamenta

bi leart-rend

wis of the alar

les exhausted

ende shrouds.

Mait were into

anging to the

into the

si laste the bo

Maint hope in

a from the sinki

while fierce bil

And when again, in all their charms,

The full-grown maids should fill their arms;

With feelings rich in ecstasy,

They should the Infant Cherubs see,

Transform'd by Time and faithful Care,

A mortal Angel's shape to wear.

To Albion's shores they bade adieu; The white Cliffs lessen in their view; And all was Hope, and all was gay, As they pursu'd their wat'ry way. -But-e'er one fleeting moon was past, With clouds the sky was overcast: With fearful force the tempest blows, And wave on wave tumultuous flows: The Sun, as he descends to rest, Just marks with red the dusky West, Till into darkness he declines, And the whole Heaven to Night resigns:-No ray of light is seen around, The Moon and Stars in shade are drown d;-Thus Time, in its most dreadful Form, Augments the horrors of the Storm.

I DANCE OF DEATH. , in all their charge maids should fill their ch in ecstasy, Infant Cherubs see, Time and faithful (a. s shape to wear. hores they bade adm lessen in their view; e, and all was gay, their wat'ry way. fleeting moon was pe sky was overcast; ce the tempest blors ave tumultuous flour descends to rest. red the dusky West, s he declines, Leaven to Night resign. seen around. stars in shade are drong

s most dreadful Forn.

rrors of the Storm.

As the rude, swelling surges roll, No Power the Vessel can controul: She now defies the Steersman's skill. And through the billows drives at will; The Keel no longer can abide The floods that lash her weary side, And gaping planks no longer brave The force of the resistless wave. -The Sisters, 'mid these dire alarms, Were fainting in each other's arms; Or with loud lamentable cries Told their heart-rending agonies. -The toils of the alarming hour The Crews exhausted strength o'er-power. Some on the shrouds, before, behind, Mount, as it were into the wind; Some, clinging to the mast in vain Are thrown into the yawning main; Others in haste the boat prepare, The last faint hope in their despair; When, from the sinking vessel borne, Through the fierce billows, all forlorn

They see Death sitting at the Helm;

And, as the mountain seas o'erwhelm,

Amid the Storm's tremendous roar,

One shriek they give—and all is o'er.

The Sailor's form'd the storm to brave,
And calls the Sea the Seaman's grave:
But Beauty sure might hope to sleep
Where Graces mourn, and Muses weep;
And claim, to deck its mournful bier,
The fond lament, the flowing tear.
—Ill-fated pair, you find a grave
Far, far beneath the Stormy Wave,
And the loud winds, in boistrous swell,
O'er the deep waters sound your Knell,

E OF DEATH.

at the Helm;

seas o'erwhelm

nendous roar,

-and all is o'er,

the storm to bar,

e Seaman's gran:

nt hope to sleep

, and Muses weep;

s mournful bier,

e flowing tear.

find a grave

Stormy Wave,

in boistrous swell,

sound your Knell