

OH Thou Pale Moon

THE

S H I P W R E C K.

Mary Leadbeater

THE Elizabeth was wrecked on the sands near Bridgewater, the last night of 1781. Those who took the boat escaped, all who remained in the ship perished. Amongst these was an amiable matron returning from having paid a religious visit to her friends, the people called Quakers, in Ireland ; also a young man, who sailed with intention to accomplish his marriage.

OH thou pale moon, who lead'st the shining throng
In silent pomp the sable heav'ns along,
Say why didst thou, with inauspicious light,
Beam on the forehead of that guilty night,
When the tall ship in all her gallant pride
Convey'd her treasure o'er the sounding tide ;
Nor saw the dang'rous sands which hidden lay,
Where Death, in dreary ambush, waits his prey ?
Her course is stopt. — Ah, what can now avail
The mast fair tow'ring, and the swelling sail !
Her bursting sides remorseless billows cleave,
And tenfold horrors crowd with ev'ry wave ;
While Death, slow rising from his secret bed,
Heaves high above the wave his ghastly head.

THAT was the night, inscribed with many a tear,
Which, stamp'd with sorrows, seal'd the closing year ;
That was the night, which bade from many a heart
The gentle brood of treasur'd joys depart :
For ev'ry heart feels its peculiar sore ;
And mine shall long remember and deplore
That fatal night, and that o'erwhelming tide,
When L——t perish'd, and where S——w died.

OH much lov'd Edith, whose devoted mind
The comfort of domestick joys resign'd ;
And left her home in arduous tasks to move,
Drawn by the golden cord of heavenly love !
Sweet from her lips the pious precept flow'd,
The pious precept in her conduct glow'd ;
In her pure heart, as in a sacred dome,
The modest virtues found a peaceful home :
Their beams, which mortal mould could not disguise,
Shone on her guiltless front and gracious eyes.
But chief humility adorn'd her breast,
And with superior lustre crown'd the rest :
Deep in the lowly vale she lov'd to stay,
That vale where wisdom pours her purest ray.
Can I forget with what engaging art
Her winning manners stole upon the heart ?
That matron-dignity, with grace combined,

That chaste reserve, with social sweetness join'd ?
While from her virtuous consort far remov'd,
Whom as her own unspotted soul she lov'd,—
While from her tender babes oblig'd to part,
Whose infant graces twin'd around her heart,—
If e'er her blameless thoughts had leave to roam,
They fled delighted to her peaceful home.
On the lov'd theme how fondly would she dwell !
While tend'rest passions her soft bosom swell !
Thou, partner of her gentle heart, forbear
For her return thus fondly to prepare ;
Suppress that ardent wish, that anxious eye,
And crush these hopes which must so quickly die.
Stretch not, sweet babes, your little arms in vain,
Nor of your mother's tedious stay complain ;
Ask not your sire if 'tis for her delay
He weeps so sore, and what has caus'd her stay ?
Oh he must tell what you must long deplore,
That your sweet mother will return no more !

WHEN Death's cold hand lay heavy on her head,
Nor spouse nor children round the dying bed
Receiv'd, in speechless grief, her dear command,—
Catch'd her last look, or grasp'd her clay-cold hand.
Yet in that hour, your duties to supply,
In that dread hour, one faithful friend was nigh :
O S——w, it was thou !—— hy gen'rous soul
The near approach of Death could not control.
Though thou wert skill'd the rolling floods to brave,
And dash, with nervous arm, th'opposing wave ;
Though the blest boat the happy few conveyed,
And on the grateful shore in safety laid ;
When thus t'escape was to thy friend denied,
Pent in the fatal vessel's gloomy side,
Thou left her not, resolv'd her fate to find ;
Sure then divine composure cloth'd thy mind !
Yet ere the deadly wave thy soul opprest,
While life's last gasp still struggled in thy breast,
Did not one pang thy mother's anguish own ?
Did not thy lov'd Maria claim one groan ?
She, widow'd maid, with modest step no more
Unseen and silent seeks the sandy shore ;
O'er the white wave directs her piercing eye,
And fondly hopes th'expected sail to spy ;
No longer, at thy wish'd return, prepares
To bid thy anxious heart resign its cares,
To crown thy constant love, to yield her hand,
And leave, with thee, her home and native land.
Ah, no !—with poignant grief she mourns thee lost,
With eyes averted from the luckless coast ;
On her pale cheek consuming sorrow feeds,
And deep within her gentle bosom bleeds.
Veil not, sweet mourning maid, these wat'ry eyes,
Nor check the tribute of thy pious sighs.

Claim'd by the faithful love, the steadfast truth.
And all the virtues of this chosen youth.

WHEN to thy banks, O Suir, the news was borne,
What tears increas'd thy flood that woful morn !
Did not thy stream refuse to join that tide
Which robb'd thy fav'rite valley of her pride ?
O'er fair Clonmel a cloud of sorrow hung,
And S——w's name dwelt on each mournful tongue.
Lov'd in his life, lamented in his end,
The candid, gen'rous, warm, and faithful friend ;
The charms of social converse well he knew,
Yet kept the holy limits still in view.
Oh, what a son thy parents best can say !
Thou never griev'd them till this doleful day :
Dear to thy father as his precious sight ;
Not with such pangs he lost the golden light,
Fraternal love enlarg'd his spotless mind,
Where precept with example's force combin'd.
While thou, my Anna, pour'st the tender tear,
Sure thou wert spar'd thy parents' hearts to cheer !
Oh ! just prepar'd to take the dang'rous way,
But providential care decreed thy stay ;
Else had thou shar'd thy brother's wat'ry tomb,
And left thy hapless friend to wail thy doom :
Another pang thy parents then would know,
Another spring had swell'd the stream of wo.
While on thy drooping sire, whom sorrow bends,
Thy yet remaining brother fondly tends,
Thy mother's tears thy filial cares demand ;
Approach, and wipe them with thy gentle hand.
See ! rapt in grief the mourning matron lies,
Still fix'd on earth her sadly streaming eyes ;
While ev'ry thought on her lost darling turns,
In fruitless agony she fondly mourns.
So good old Jacob mourn'd his Joseph dead,
And bow'd in dust his venerable head :
Yet liv'd this long-lost son in foreign lands,
To close his father's eyes with duteous hands.
But not for thee such pleasing prospects rise ;
Thy Joseph never more must glad thine eyes :
Cold lie his bones in everlasting sleep,
Hears'd in the caverns of the dreary deep.
Ah, had wise Heav'n ordain'd his early grave,
And youth and strength been impotent to save ;
To smooth with tender care the restless bed,
Watch the dim eye, and raise the languid head ;
Decent in earth his dear remains to lay,
And all the sacred rites of sorrow pay ;—
These duties might have been some sad relief,
And lenient Time had heal'd the wound of grief.
But, Oh ! what hand can wipe the bitter tear,
Which rains incessant on th'untimely bier ?

YE blessed shades, a pitying ear incline,
(For sure compassion dwells in seats divine ;)
If what the world calls pain can touch the breast,
Or human sorrows reach your place of rest ;
Implore that righteous hand which struck the blow,
To pour sweet comfort in the cup of wo.
Thou tender mother, and thou consort kind,
Wilt ask the boon for him thou left behind ;
For thy sweet babes, their infant steps to stay,
And wipe the tears of innocence away :
For sure their anguish touch'd thy guiltless soul,
While earthly bonds did yet its flight control.

AND thou, lov'd youth, would'st consolation crave
For those whose sorrows swell thy wat'ry grave ;
For thy fond parents sunk in grief profound,
For her to whom thy faithful heart was bound,
Thy gentle sister, and thy brother dear,
Whose youthful bloom is stain'd with many a tear.

OH ! if to you the welcome task's assign'd,
To sooth, with hand unseen, each kindred mind ;
Whisper, while soft the healing balm ye shed,
“ Enough has Nature mourn'd, enough has bled.”
Tell them ; though, found'ring in the ruthless main,
Ye strove to reach the destin'd port in vain,
Yet are ye landed on a happier shore,
And the last conflict of your souls is o'er.
Though ye beheld tumultuous billows throng,
And near, and yet more near lead Death along,
Still ye possess'd that spark of Heav'nly joy,
Which waters could not quench, nor floods destroy.
Your noontide suns set in a blaze of light,
Nor long could Ocean spread the gloom of night ;
For thence they rise, and, with unclouded ray,
Roll in the course of HeavV's eternal day !

Poems (1808)

Author : Leadbeater, Mary, 1758-1826 ; Vegio, Maffeo, 1406 or 7-1458. Æneidos liber XIII

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Loss of The Ship Albion.

THE following account of this melancholy shipwreck was given by Henry Cammyer, first mate of the vessel.

We sailed from New York on the first of April, 1822, in the ship Albion, of four hundred and forty-seven tons, with a crew, including officers, of twenty-five in number, besides twenty-three cabin, and six steerge passengers ; making in the whole fifty-four persons, only nine of whom now live to relate the melancholy tale. For the first twenty days, we continued our voyage with moderate and favorable weather ; and at about half past one o'clock, in the afternoon of Sunday the 21st, we made the land. The Fastnet rock bore by compass, E. N. E., distant about three leagues. At two, made cape Clear, bearing east and by north, distance about two leagues. Thick and foggy, blowing fresh, and heavy squalls from the southward. Ship heading up E. S. E., carrying all prudent sail, to crowd the ship off the land. The gale increasing, shortened sail occasionally. At four o'clock, then under double reefed topsails, foresail, and mainsail, carried away the foreyard, and split the fore-topsail. Got the pieces of the yard down, and prepared to get another yard up. Gale increasing, about half past four, took in the mainsail and mizzen-topsail, and set the main-trysail. Night coming on, cleared the decks for working ship. At half past eight, gale still increasing, with a high sea. Shipped a heavy sea, which threw the ship on her beam-ends, and carried away the mainmast by the deck, the head of the mizzen-mast, and fore-topmast, and swept the decks clear of every thing, including boats, caboose house, bulwarks, and compasses, and stove in all the hatches, state rooms, and bulwarks in the cabin, which was nearly filled with water. At the same moment, six of the crew and one cabin passenger, Mr. A. B. Convers, of Troy, N. Y., were swept overboard.

The ship being unmanageable, and the sea making a complete breach over her, we were obliged to lash ourselves to the pumps, and being in total darkness, without correct compasses, could not tell how the ship's head lay. The axes being swept away, had no means of clearing the wreck. About one o'clock, made the light of the Old Head of Kinsale, but could not ascertain how it bore ; and at two, found the ship embayed. The captain, anticipating our melancholy fate, called all the passengers up, who had not before been on deck. Many of them had received considerable injury when the sea first struck her, and were scarcely able to come on deck ; others had been incessantly assisting at the pumps ; and it is an interesting fact, that Miss Powell, an amiable young lady, who was on board, was desirous to be allowed to take her turn. One gentleman, who had been extremely ill during the passage, Mr. William Everhart, of Chester, Penn., was too feeble to crawl to the deck without assistance, but strange to say, he was the only cabin passenger who was saved.

Our situation at that moment, is indescribable, and I can scarcely dwell upon, much less attempt to detail, its horrors. About three o'clock, the ship struck on a reef, her upper works beat in over the rocks, and in about half an hour after coming in over the first reef, she parted midships, and her quarter-deck drifted in on the top of the inside ledge, immediately under the cliffs. Up to the period of her parting, nearly twenty persons were clinging to the wreck, among whom were two females, Mrs. Pye, and Miss Powell. Captain Williams had, with several others, been swept away soon after she struck ; a circumstance which may be attributed to the very extraordinary exertions which he used, to the last moment, for the preservation of the lives of the unfortunate passengers and crew.

A short time before she parted, myself and six of the crew got away from the vessel. After gaining a rock in a very exhausted state, I was washed off, but, by the assistance of Providence, was enabled, before the return of the sea, to regain it ; and before I could attempt to climb the cliff, which was nearly perpendicular, I was obliged to lie down, to regain a little strength, after the severe bruises and contusions I had received on the body and feet. One of the passengers, colonel Augustine J. Prevost, reached the rock with me alive, but was, together with one of the stewards, washed off and drowned.

Some of the passengers were suffocated on deck and in the fore rigging, and some must have been destroyed by an anchor which was loose on the forecandle before the ship parted. It is scarcely possible to describe the devastation which followed. The entire cargo, consisting of cotton, rice, turpentine, and beeswax, together with a quantity of silver and gold, to a large amount, was in all directions beaten to pieces by the severity of the sea, without a possibility of saving it.

Very soon after we got upon the cliffs, my poor shipmates and myself found our way to a peasant's cottage. Early in the morning, Mr. James B. Gibbens, of Ballinspittle, came to me from the wreck, where he had been since five o'clock, endeavoring to save some of the lives. He most humanely sent Mr. Everhart, Mr. Raymond, the boy, and myself, to his house, about a mile from the spot, where we experienced the kindest and most hospitable attention. The remaining survivors were taken home by Mr. Parcell, steward of Thomas Rochfort, Esq. of Garretstown, where every attention was paid to them. Coffins were provided by Mr. Purcell, according to the orders of Mr. Rochfort, and the bodies that were found, were interred at Templetrine churchyard, about four miles from Kinsale and one from the fatal spot. The Rev. Mr. Evanson kindly officiated on the occasion. On Tuesday, I went to Kinsale to note a protest, and then first met Mr. Mark, the consul for the United States, who happened to be at Kinsale at that time on other business. He came over and gave directions for clothing the sufferers, who were destitute of every thing.

Unremitting exertions were used daily for the recovery of the goods and specie, but without success, as none of the cargo, and but a small part of the materials of the vessel, were saved, together with property in specie to the amount of about five thousand pounds.

The following is a correct list of the crew and passengers.

Crew. John Williams, captain, drowned ; Henry Cammyer, first mate, saved ; Edward Smith, second mate, drowned ; William Hyate, boatswain, saved ; Alexander Adams, carpenter, Harman Nelson, Harman Richardson, Henry Whittrell, William Trisserly, James Wiley, Robert McLellan, and Thomas Goodman, drowned ; John Simson, John Richards, Francis Bloom, and Ebenezer Warner, saved ; Samuel Wilson and William Snow, boys, drowned ; William Dockwood, drowned, body found and interred ; Hierom Raymond, saved ; Lloyd Potter, Samuel Penny, stewards, and Francis Isaac, boy, blacks, all drowned ; Thomas Hill and Adam Johnson, cooks, blacks, both drowned, bodies found and interred.

Cabin Passengers. W. Everhart, Esq., of Chester, Penn., saved ; lieutenant-colonel Augustine J. Prevost, major William Gough, of the 68th regiment ; Rev. G. R. G. Hill, last from Jamaica ; Nelson Ross, of Troy, N. Y. ; William H. Dwight, of Boston ; Mr. Beynon, of London ; professor Fisher, of New-Haven college ; Mr. William Proctor, of New York ; Mr. and Mrs. Hyde Clark, Mrs. Pye and Miss Powell, of Canada, daughter of Judge Powell, all drowned, found and interred ; Mr. A. B. Convers, of Troy, N. Y., and madame Gardiner and son, of Paris, drowned ; (madame G.'s body was found and interred :) five French gentlemen, names unknown, (except Mr. Victor Millicent,) drowned, found and interred.

Steerage Passengers. Stephen Chase, of Canada, saved ; Mrs. Mary Brereton, and Mary Hunt, drowned, found and interred ; Mr. Harrison, carpenter, Mr. Baldwin, cotton spinner, from Yorkshire, England, and Dr. Carver, a veterinary surgeon, drowned.

Four bodies were also found and interred that could not be recognised.

The following account of the wreck of the Albion was communicated to the editor of the Tillage Record, of Chester, Pennsylvania, by William Everhart, Esq., after his return to the United States. Mr. Everhart, it will be recollected, was the only cabin passenger who was saved, out of twenty-three persons. As his statement affords some additional particulars of the disaster that may be interesting, we publish it entire.

Mr. Everhart says, that up to the 21st of April, the voyage had been prosperous and pleasant for the season, though he had himself suffered much from sea-sickness, and was almost constantly confined to his room. The storm of the day, it was supposed, was over ; they were near to the coast, and all hands flattered themselves that in a short time, they should reach their destined harbor ; but, about nine o'clock in the evening, a heavy sea struck the ship, swept several seamen from the deck, carried away her masts, and stove in her hatchways, so that every wave which passed over her, ran into the hold without any thing to stop it,—the railings were carried away, and the wheel which aided them to steer. In short, that fatal wave left the Albion a wreck. She was then about twenty miles from the shore, and captain Williams steadily and coolly gave his orders ; he cheered the passengers and grew with the hope that the wind would shift, and before morning blow off shore. The sea was very rough, and the vessel unmanageable ; and the passengers were obliged to be tied to the pumps, that they might work them. All who could do no good on deck, retired below, but the water was knee deep in the cabin, and the furniture floating about, rendered the situation dangerous and dread-ful.

All night long, the wind blew a gale, directly on shore, towards which the Albion was drifting, at the rate of about three miles an hour. The complete hopelessness of their situation was known to few except captain Williams. The coast was familiar to him ; and he must have seen in despair and horror, throughout the night, the certainty of their fate. At length, the ocean, dashing and roaring upon the precipice of rocks, told them that their hour was come. Captain Williams summoned all on deck, and briefly told them that the ship must soon strike ; it was impossible to preserve her. Mr. Everhart says, that he was the last that left the cabin. Professor Fisher was behind, but he is confident that he never came on deck, but perished below. Some, particularly the females, expressed their terror in wild shrieks. Major Gough, of the British army, remarked, that “ death, come as he would, was an unwelcome messenger, but that they must meet him like men.” Very little was said by the others ; the men waited the expected shock in silence. General Lefevre Desnouettes, during the voyage, had evidently wished to remain without particular observation ; and to prevent his being known, besides taking passage under a feigned name, had suffered his beard to grow during the whole voyage. He had the misfortune, before the ship struck, to be much bruised, and one of his arms was broken, which disabled him from exertion if it could have been availing. It is not possible to conceive the horrors of their situation.

The deadly and relentless blast impelling them to destruction ; the ship a wreck ; the raging of the billows against the precipice, on which they were driving, sending back from the caverns and the rocks, the hoarse and melancholy warnings of death, dark, cold, and wet ! In such a situation the stoutest heart must have quaked in utter despair. When there is a ray of hope, there may be a corresponding buoyance of spirit. When there is any thing to be done, the active man may drown the sense of danger while actively exerting himself ; but here there was nothing to do but to die ! Just at the gray of dawn the Albion struck.

The perpendicular precipice of rocks is nearly two hundred feet in height ; the sea beating for ages against it has worn large caverns in its base, into which the waves rushed violently, sending back a deep and hollow sound, then, running out in various directions, formed whirl-pools of great violence. For a perch or two from the precipice, rocks rise out of the water, broad at bottom and sharp at top ; on one of these, the Albion first struck, the next wave threw her further on the rock, the third further still, until, nearly balanced, she swung round, and her stern was driven against another, near in shore. In this situation, every wave making a complete breach over her, many were drowned on deck. A woman, Mr. Everhart could not distinguish who, fell near him and cried for help. He left his hold and raised her up, another wave came, but she was too far exhausted to sustain herself, and sank on the deck. Fifteen or sixteen corpses, at one time, Mr. Everhart thought, lay near the bows of the ship.

Perceiving now that the stern was higher out of water, and the sea had less power in its sweep over it, Mr. Everhart went aft. He now perceived that the bottom had been broken out of the ship.

The heavy articles must have sunk, and the cotton and lighter articles were floating around, dashed by every wave against the rocks. Presently the ship broke in two, and all those who remained near the bow were lost. Several from the stern of the ship had got on the side of the precipice, and were hanging by the crags as well as they could. Although weakened by previous sickness and present suffering, Mr. Everhart made an effort and got upon the rock and stood upon one foot, the only hold that he could obtain. He saw several a round him, and among the rest, colonel Prevost, who observed, on seeing him take his station, " here is another poor fellow." But the waves, rolling heavily against them, and often dashing the spray fifty feet above their heads, gradually swept those who had taken refuge one by one away ; and one poor fellow losing his hold, grasped the leg of Mr. Everhart, and nearly pulled him from his place. Weak and sick as he was, Mr. Everhart stood several hours on one foot on a little crag, the billows dashing over him, and he benumbed with cold.

As soon as it was light, and the tide ebbed so as to render it possible, the people descended the rocks as far as they could, and dropped him a rope, which he fastened around his body, and was drawn out to a place of safety. Of twenty-three cabin passengers, he alone escaped ! Mr. Everhart mentions numerous instances of the kindness shewn by the people to tho survivors. A sailor was drawn ashore naked, and one of the peasants, although a cold rain was falling, took the shirt from his own back, and put it on that of the sufferer. Mr. Everhart himself was taken to the hospitable mansion of Mr. James B. Gibbens, where he lay for several weeks exceedingly ill, receiving the kindest attention. " They could not have treated me more tenderly," said Mr. Everhart, " if I had been a brother."

The attentions paid the survivors, were in the style of true Irish hospitality. Such disinterested kindness exalts the human character, and is calculated to have not a limited effect, but will prove of national advantage.

This terrible wreck and loss of lives, and on the part of Mr. Everhart, such a miraculous preservation, excited the public sensibility throughout Euro pe and America. When he landed at Liverpool, it was d ifficult for him to get along the streets, the people crowded around in such numbers to see the only passenger saved from the wreck of the Albion.

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THE ship Lady of the Lake, sailed from Belfast, on the 8th of April 1833, bound to Quebec, with two hundred and thirty passengers. The following particulars were furnished by captain Grant.

On the 11th May, in latitude 46. 50, north, and longitude 47. 10, west, at five A. M., steering per compass W. S. W. with a strong wind at N. N. E. we fell in with several pieces of ice ; at eight, A. M. the ice getting closer, I judged it prudent to haul the ship out to the eastward under easy sail to avoid it ; while endeavoring to pass between two large pieces, a tongue under water in the lee ice struck our starboard bow and stove it entirely in. We immediately wore the ship round, expecting to get the leak out of the water, but did not succeed ; the ship now filling fast, the mate, with seven or eight of the crew, got into the stern-boat after getting bread, beef, compass, &c. &c. we pulled away to the north-west the scene that then took place is beyond description ; after getting the long-boat out, the passengers crowded into her with such mad desperation, that she was twice upset alongside, drowning about eighty of them. I now attempted to save my own life and succeeded in getting the boat clear of the ship half full of water, with thirty-three souls in her, without oars, sails, or a mouthful of provisions. The last time I saw the brig, (the ice coming between her and us) she was sunk up to the tops, and about thirty of the passengers in the main-top-mast rigging. We then tried to pull after the other boat, with the bottom boards and thufits, but got beset with the ice. We now expected a worse fate than those who were in the vessel, viz. to perish with cold and hunger. The next morning the wind changed to the westward and we got clear of most of the ice. We then pulled to the eastward, in the faint hope of some vessel picking us up, and at noon saw a brig lying-to under her two top-sails at four got on board of her, and found the crew just leaving her, the brig in the same

state as our own, sinking. We, however, got some provisions out of her, and there being a boat lying on her decks, I got part of the passengers out of our own boat into it. In the course of the night it came on to blow from the south-west and the other boat foundered. All that now remained alive, to the best of my belief or knowledge, out of a crew and passengers of two hundred and eighty, is myself, one seamen, two boys, nine male passengers and two female, fifteen in all. At noon on the 14th, we fell in with the master and mate of the brig Harvest Home, of Newcastle, the vessel we had previously been on board of ; and on the evening of the same day both got on board of a loaded brig bound to St. Johns, Newfoundland, after we had been seventy-five hours in an open boat, half-dressed, wet, and frost bitten ; next morning, I, with the remainder of the crew and passengers, left the brig and was kindly received on board the ship Amazon, of Hull, bound to Quebec, where we arrived in safety.

Interesting and authentic narratives of the most remarkable shipwrecks, fires, famines, calamities, providential deliverances, and lamentable disasters on the seas, in most parts of the world (1837)

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Remarkable Preservation from Death at Sea

By A German Contributor.

[*MAGA*. February 1818.]

YOU have often asked me to describe to you on paper an event in my life which, at the distance of thirty years, I cannot look back to without horror. No words can give an adequate image of the miseries I endured during that fearful night, but I shall try to give you something like a faint shadow of them, that from it your soul may conceive what I must have suffered.

I was, you know, on my voyage back to my native country, after an absence of five years spent in unintermitting toil in a foreign land, to which I had been driven by a singular fatality. Our voyage had been most cheerful and prosperous, and on Christmas-day we were within fifty leagues of port. Passengers and crew were all in the highest spirits, and the ship was alive with mirth and jollity. For my own part, I was the very happiest man in existence. I had been unexpectedly raised from poverty to affluence ; my parents were longing once more to behold their erring but beloved son ; and I knew that there was one dearer even than any parent, who had remained faithful to me through all my misfortunes, and would soon become mine for life.

About eight o'clock in the evening I went on deck. The ship was sailing upon a wind, at the rate of seven knots an hour, and there was a wild grandeur in the night. A strong snow-storm blew, but steadily and without danger ; and now and then, when the struggling moon-light overcame the sleety and misty darkness, we saw, for some distance round us, the agitated sea all tumbling with foam. There were no shoals to fear, and the ship kept boldly on her course, close-reefed, and mistress of the storm. I leant over the gunwale, admiring the water rushing past like a foaming cataract, when, by some unaccountable accident, I lost my balance, and in an instant fell overboard into the sea.

I remember a convulsive shuddering all over my body, and a hurried leaping of my heart, as I felt myself about to lose hold of the vessel, and afterwards a sensation of the most icy chilliness from immersion into the waves,—but nothing resembling a fall or precipitation. When below the water I think that a momentary belief rushed across my mind that the ship had suddenly sunk, and that I was but one of a perishing crew. I imagined that I felt a hand with long fingers clutching at my legs, and made violent efforts to escape, dragging after me, as I thought, the body of some drowning wretch. On rising to the surface, I recollected in a moment what had befallen me, and uttered a cry of horror which is in my ears to this day, and often makes me shudder, as if it were the mad shriek of another person in the extremity of perilous agony. Often have I dreamed over again that dire moment, and the cry I utter in my sleep is said to be something more horrible than a human voice. No ship was to be seen. She was gone for ever. The little happy world to which, a moment before, I had belonged, had swept by, and I felt that God had flung me at once from the heart of joy, delight, and happiness, into the uttermost abyss of mortal misery and despair. Yes ! I felt that the Almighty God had done this that there was an act, a fearful act of Providence ; and, miserable worm that I was, I thought that the act was cruel, and a sort of wild, indefinite, objectless rage and wrath assailed me, and took for a while the place of that first shrieking terror. I gnashed my teeth, and cursed myself, and with bitter tears and yells blasphemed the name of God. It is true, my friend, that I did so. God forgave that wickedness. The Being whom I then cursed was in His tender mercy not unmindful of me,—of me, a poor, blind, miserable, mistaken worm. But the waves dashed on me, and struck me on the face, and howled at me ; and the winds yelled, and the snow beat like drifting sand into my eyes,—and the ship, the ship was gone, and there was I left to struggle, and buffet, and gasp, and sink, and perish, alone, unseen, and unpitied by man, and as I thought, too, by the everlasting God. I tried to penetrate the surrounding darkness with my glaring eyes that felt leaping from their sockets, and saw, as if by miraculous power, to a great distance through the night,—but no ship, nothing but white-crested waves, and the dismal noise of thunder. I shouted, shrieked, and yelled, that I might be heard by the crew, till my voice was gone, and that too when I knew that there were none to hear me. At last I became utterly speechless, and when I tried to call aloud there was nothing but a silent gasp and convulsion,—while the waves came upon me like stunning blows, reiterated and reiterated, and drove me along like a log of wood or a dead animal.

Once I muttered to myself, “ This is a dream, and I shall awake.” I had often before dreamt of being drowned, and this idea of its being a dream so pressed upon me, that I vainly strove to shriek out, that the noise might awaken me. But oh ! the transition, from this momentary and wild hope of its being all a dreadful dream, into the conviction of its reality ! That indeed was something more hideous than a fanatic’s thought of hell. All at once I felt my inmost soul throttled, strangled, and stifled, by an insupportable fear of death. That death, which to my imagination had ever appeared the most hideous, and of which I had often dreamt till the drops fell down my forehead like rain, had now in good truth befallen me ; but dreadful as all my dreams had been, what were they all to this ? I felt as if all human misery were concentrated in the speechless anguish of my own one single heart.

All this time I was not conscious of any act of swimming ; but I soon found that I had instinctively been exerting all my power and skill, and both were requisite to keep me alive in the tumultuous wake of the ship. Something struck me harder than a wave. What it was I knew not, but I grasped it with a passionate violence, for the hope of salvation came suddenly over me, and, with a sudden transition from despair, I felt that I was rescued. I had the same thought as if I had been suddenly heaved on shore by a wave. The crew had thrown over-board everything they thought could afford me the slightest chance of escape from death, and a hencoop had drifted towards me. At once all the stories I had ever read of mariners miraculously saved at sea rushed across my recollection. I had an object to cling to, which I knew would enable me to prolong my existence. I was no longer helpless on the cold-weltering world of waters ; and the thought that my friends were thinking of me, and doing all they could for me, gave to me a wonderful courage. I may yet pass the night in the ship, I thought ; and I looked round eagerly to hear the rush of her prow, or to see through the snow-drift the gleaming of her sails.

This was but a momentary gladness. The ship, I knew, could not be far off, but for any good she could do me, she might have been in the heart of the Atlantic ocean. Ere she could have altered her course, I must have drifted a long way to leeward, and in that dim snowy night how was such a speck to be seen ? I saw a flash of lightning, and then there was thunder. It was the ship firing a gun to let me know, if still alive, that she was somewhere lying-to. But wherefore ? I was separated from her by a dire necessity—by many thousand fierce waves, that would not let my shrieks be heard. Each succeeding gun was heard fainter and fainter, till at last I cursed the sound, that, scarcely heard above the hollow rumbling of the tempestuous sea, told me that the ship was farther and farther off, till she and her heartless crew had left me to my fate. Why did they not send out all their boats to row round and round all the night through, for the sake of one whom they pretended to love so well ? I blamed, blessed, and cursed them by fits, till every emotion of my soul was exhausted, and I clung in sullen despair to the wretched piece of wood that still kept me from eternity.

Was it not strange, that during all this time the image of my beloved friends at home never once flashed across my mind ? My thoughts had never escaped beyond the narrow and dim horizon of the sea, at least never beyond that fatal ship. But now I thought of home and the blessed things there, and so intensely bright was that flash of heavenly images, that for a moment my heart filled with happiness. It was terrible when the cold and dashing waves broke over me and that insane dreaming-fit, and awoke me to the conviction that there was nothing in store for me but an icy and lingering death, and that I who had so much to live for, was seemingly on that sole account most miserably to perish.

What a war of passions perturbed my soul ! Had I for this kept my heart full of tenderness, pure, lofty, and heroic, for my best-beloved and long-betrothed ? Had God kept me alive through fevers and plagues, and war and earthquake, thus to murder me at last ? What mockery was all this ? What horror would be in my grey-haired parents' house when they came to hear of my doom. “ O Theresa ! Theresa ! ” And thus I wept and turmoiled through the night. Sometimes I had little or no feeling at all—sullen and idealess. I wished myself drowned at once—yet life was still sweet ; and in my weakened state I must have fallen from my frail vessel and been swallowed up, had I not, though even now I cannot remember when, or how, bound myself to it. I had done so with great care ; but a fit of despair succeeding, I forgot the circumstance entirely, and in that situation looked at myself with surprise and wonder.

That I had awful thoughts of the Eternity into which I felt gradually sinking is certain ; but it is wonderful how faintly I thought of the future world. All such thoughts were overthrown by alternate hope and despair connected with this life. Once, when I had resigned myself to death, and was supplicating the mercy of our Redeemer, I thought I heard the shrill cry of sea-birds flying over my head, and instantly I returned again to the hope of life. Oh, for such wings !—but mine I thought were broken, and like a wounded bird I lay floating powerlessly on the waves.

The night before I had had a severe rheumatism in my head, and now remembered that I had somewhere about me a phial of laudanum. I swallowed the whole of it, and ere long a strange effect was produced. I fell into a delirium, and felt a wild pleasure in dancing along over the waves. I imagined myself in a vessel and on a voyage, and had a dreamy impression that there was connected with it something of glory. Then I believed, in a moment after, that I had been bound, thrown overboard, and forsaken by a mutinous crew. As these various fancies alternated, I recollect, in my delirium, bursting out into loud peals of laughter—singing to myself and huzzaing with a mad kind of enjoyment. Then suddenly a cold tremulous sickness would fall on me—a weight of sadness and despair. Every now and then there came these momentary flashings of reality ; but the conviction of my personal identity soon gave way to those wilder fits, and I drifted along through the moonless darkness of the roaring night, with all the fierce exultation of a raving madman. No wonder. The laudanum, the cold, the wet, the dashing, the buffeting, the agony, were enough to account for all this, and more than my soul dare even now to shadow out to her shuddering recollection. But as God pitied the miserable, so also has he forgiven the wicked thoughts of that unimaginable night.

During one of these delirious fits—whether it was a dream or a reality I know not—but methought I heard the most angelical music that ever breathed from heaven. It seemed to come on the winds to rise up from the sea to melt down from the stormy clouds. It was at last like a full band of instrumental music—soft, deep, wild—such as I have heard playing on board a ship of war. I saw a white gleam through the snow—I heard a rushing noise with the music—and the glorious ghost of a ship went roaring past me, all illuminated with lamps, her colours flying, every sail set, and her decks crowded with men. Perhaps a real ship sailed by with festivity on board. Or was it a vision? Whatever it was, I felt no repining when it passed me by—it seemed something wholly alien to me: the delirium had swallowed up all fear, all selfishness; the past and future were alike forgotten, and I kept floating along, self-questioned no longer, assured that I was somehow or other a part of the waves and the tempest, and that the wonderful and beautiful vision that had sailed by me was an aboriginal creature of the ocean. There was unspeakable pride and grandeur in this delirium. I was more intensely conscious of a brightened existence than I ever was in the most glorious dream, and instead of fearing death, I felt as if I were immortal.

This delirium, I think, must have gradually subsided during a kind of sleep, for I dimly recollect mixed images of pain and pleasure, land and sea, storm and calm, tears and laughter. I thought I had a companion at my side, even her I best loved; now like an angel comforting me, and now like myself needing to be comforted, lying on my bosom cold, drenched, despairing, and insane, and uttering, with pale quivering lips, the most horrid and dreadful imprecations. Once I heard, methought, a voice crying from below the waves, “Hast thou forgot Theresa?” And looking down, I saw something like the glimmering of a shroud come slowly upwards, from a vast depth, to the surface of the water. I stooped down to embrace it, and in a moment a ghastly blue-swollen face, defeatured horribly, as if by gnawing teeth of sea-monsters, dashed against mine; and as it sank again, I knew well to whom belonged the black streaming hair. But I awoke. The delirium was gone, and I was at once a totally different creature. I awoke into a low, heartless, quaking, quivering, fear-haunted, cowardly, and weeping despondency, in which all fortitude was utterly prostrated. The excitement had worn out my very soul. A corpse rising out of a cold clammy grave could not have been more woe-begone, spiritless, bloodless. Everything was seen in its absolute dreadful reality. I was a castaway—no hope of rescue. It was broad daylight, and the storm had ceased; but clouds lay round the horizon, and no land was to be seen. What dreadful clouds! Some black as pitch, and charged with thunder; others like cliffs of fire, and here and there all streamered over with blood. It was indeed a sullen, wrathful, and despairing sky. The sun itself was a dull brazen orb, cold, dead, and beamless. I beheld three ships afar off, but all their heads were turned away from me. For whole hours they would adhere motionless to the sea, while I drifted away from them; and then a rushing wind would spring up, and carry them one by one into the darkness of the stormy distance. Many birds came close to me, as if to flap me with their large spreading wings, screamed round and round me, and then flew away in their strength, and beauty, and happiness.

I now felt myself indeed dying. A calm came over me. I prayed devoutly for forgiveness of my sins, and for all my friends on earth. A ringing was in my ears, and I remember only the hollow fluctuations of the sea with which I seemed to be blended, and a sinking down and down an unfathomable depth, which I thought was Death, and into the kingdom of the eternal Future.

I awoke from insensibility and oblivion with a hideous racking pain in my head and loins, and in a place of utter darkness. I heard a voice say, “Praise the Lord.” My agony was dreadful, and I cried aloud. Wan, glimmering, melancholy lights kept moving to and fro. I heard dismal whisperings, and now and then a pale silent ghost glided by. A hideous din was over-head, and around me the fierce dashing of the waves. Was I in the land of spirits? But why strive to recount the mortal pain of my recovery, the soul-humbling gratitude that took possession of my being? I was lying in the cabin of a ship, and kindly tended by a humane and skilful man. I had been picked up apparently dead and cold. The hand of God was there.

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