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THE
OCEAN MONARCH.

A POETIC NARRATIVE,

With an Original and Authentic Account, in Prose,

OF THE

LOSS OF THIS ILL-FATED VESSEL.

The Proceeds of the Sale will be devoted to

THE BENEFIT OF THE SURVIVING SUFFERERS.

BY JAMES HENRY LEGG.

LIVERPOOL:

DEIGHTON AND LAUGHTON.

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER AND CO.

1848.

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TO
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
THE QUEEN,
TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCE ALBERT,
AND
TO THE GENEROUS SUBSCRIBERS
TO THE FUND FOR THE RELIEF OF THE
SURVIVING SUFFERERS
BY THE LOSS OF THE OCEAN MONARCH,

This Work is respectfully Inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

OCTOBER, 1848.

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PREFACE.

THIS is my first venture : like a frail barque which is newly launched, alone I leave the shores of Retirement that have sheltered me, and abroad, o'er the waters that have no path, I sail to the deep ocean of public opinion.

My boldness had not so far tempted me, had not I found a guide ; my pilot is the hand of Charity—my haven the good feeling of the world : the winds that may impel this to success or doom it to destruction. are the kindly welcome or the bitter censure, with the as fatal calm of neglect ; and my freight is consigned to those who have been the sufferers by the dreadful visitation which I have made the subject of my narrative.

Thus, then, on the broad stream I glide, away to the unknown and unfathomable depths of that ocean I steer : asking for a welcome, thus I pass, and to the judgment of the growing world commit my offering and my shallop's fate.

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THE OCEAN MONARCH.

UPON the broad Atlantic's surging breast,
Heaves the dark wave ;—the wide-wing'd albatross
Skims o'er the ocean with its spreading wing,
Or parts the brine to seek its scaly food ;
The white sea-gull, wet with the dashing spray,
With snowy plumage, gleams in the mid-day sun,
Or sleeping rests upon the waters.—Lo !
Gliding along, see the light canvass sails,
On taper masts, bear the swift speeding barque
On to its home ; or, smoothly fleeting by,
With fastly turning wheels and smoky clouds
Puffing in air, with vitals wrought of steel,
Whose motive power, as she breasts the wave,
Piercing the billow, makes the huge machine

To vibrate with its strength, and her large frame
To quiver there ;—on, on the bounding sea
With the white vapour and the blacker cloud
Trailing behind, like to a serpent's tail,
Which disappears in air,—while the wild waves
Heave in their toil, and fall, and rise again,
And bear them onward :—where ?—to the far shores
That limit the expanse of Ocean vast,
Do wander they ;—on, to the far, far west,
Where giant rivers feed each liquid breast ;—
To the wild north, where icy mountains bind
Their limbs in wintry chains : the south pole too,
Where it is lost in regions of the snow ;
Then to the shores that eastward lie, though yet
Far, far removed from tropic suns, and breath
Of dread malaria ; to Europe's coast,
By gulf and sea and bay, and narrow strait,
To creek and harbour. do the wild waves roam ;
Lo ! see them now enwrap the Briton's home.
Fair Albion's isle we view : her white cliffs seen
Above the dashing foam, and waters gleam,
As roll the billows at her feet, and rise
Her far-famed hills above ; wherein doth smile
The thousand beauties of her sea-girt Isle

It is the drooping of the summer time,
'Ere chang'd the aspect of that changing clime
From sunny skies to winter's scenes; and there
The bright sun smiles, to view a spot so fair
With fruits and flowers, and harvest crops of gold
Ripe for the knife and sickle;—tales of old
Speak of the lands where milk and honey flow;
To metaphor, where Nature's bounties glow
And charm the wanderer's eye; but tale or song
Tell not of sweeter scenes than here belong.

Would you view other charms? Go, climb the steep,
Tread o'er the heather, where the valley deep,
Far, far below, borders the lake or stream
Lit by the brightness of the morn's first beam;
Inhale the purity of breath that flows
On noble hills—(no living mortal knows
More potent spell, to fire the sluggish stream
Of torpid life, or wake in him the gleam
Of heavenly inspiration)—as his gaze
On vast Infinitude doth dwell; amaze
Strikes the beholder's heart—his soul expands,
And feels he proud, that of all modern lands,

None claim his birth-right, but the chosen spot
That e'er hath fallen to a Briton's lot.

But other scenes than these attract. The few
Who know her beauties, let them still pursue
The way that leads them to unfathom still
The charms now hidden from their view—we take
Another road:—'Twas late in summer time
'Ere the red sun had dipped behind the heights
That bound the western line of England's shore ;
In a large town, a sea port on that coast,
Were crowds of beings, thousands who did live
Amidst its smoke and with its din of wheels :
And others too, who for a short time there
Rested, 'ere they departed on the roads
That changing Fate had made them. In this town,
With busy hands, and heads with lab'ring thought,
And toiling limbs, had gathered to a mass
Huge buildings, halls and churches, warehouses
And stores, and things of need for bartering,
And built them places, where the countless barques
Throng in their berths, and, like to close-set trees,
Masts upon masts are seen ; ships that now float,

Resting awhile from lands, far, far remote
From this now busy scene ; barges are there
Heavily laden, at the river's mouth,
Or swing upon the stream at anchor, while
They wait the serving of the tide. See, see
Teams of strong horses, each with heavy load,
Following after ;—carters' shouts, and cries
Of every kind are heard, while too, are seen
The sailors of all nations ; laughter rings
With the loud echo of some seaman's song—
The grating of the cranes—the tread of feet ;
All noise and work, and tokens of the place
That traffic favours and where fortunes grow.
Quick through the streets, the rattling cars brush by
The carriage of the *millionaire*, whose greys
Amble more slowly at the ladies' wish ;
The noisy omnibus with three-horse team,
Dragging its cumbrous burthen o'er the way,
To the harsh braying of conductor's horn.
See, footpaths crowded with the men who seek
Their Eldorado in a place like this ;
Merchants and servitors, clerks, porters, boys,
All upon business bent—clamour and noise
Drowning the voice. See shops and offices

Rearing their heads on high, whose depths are lost
In unknown nooks and corners, where they hide
From all but straggling gleams of summer days ;
And mouldy smells and dust, and papers black
With smoke and age, old files, and almanacks
Telling of by-gone years, whose ghosts seem there
The only tenants ; but some older man
More time-worn still, or antithesis seen
In a young forward imp, whose wit appears
Bent to the task of using on his face
His master's ink intended but for paper.
But wend we through the streets ; a stranger here
Would wonder whence the human tide doth come
And where it flows. See lounging foreigners
With ripe Havannahs or the prized cheroot,
Indulging in the weed, while thus they view
In fashionable walks the fashions too,
As parodied in strutting dandies trim,
And unshav'd human bear, when all but him
Dislike the sight of hair upon the chin ;
There too, on errands bent, the ladies' feet
At intervals now grace the gayer street,
And to fill up the picture, in the mode
To ape their betters, those of the *buona robe*.

But wander we no more among these things
That e'en too light, perchance, our fancy brings.
We turn to graver subjects, for the light
Of growing eve, now tells us 'tis the time
Of parting—parting?—Yes, 'ere coming night
Shall cast its shadow o'er the busy mart,
Friends from dear friends, from home from kindred part,
And listen they, as, hark! the church bells chime
Each passing hour, that tells them it is gone,
If not for ever, yet it must be long
'Ere it their ears shall greet again; but whom?
And what are they? The answer very soon
Is told. A ship, none stouter or more fit
To battle with the waves, or bear her freight
To distant shores, had ready now been made
To bear men, women, children, from this land
Across the wide Atlantic, to the West,
The far fam'd West, to make another home
And find another country; she was named,
(None fitter for her than the one she bore,)
The OCEAN MONARCH. And her burthen, they
Who bade adieu unto their friends. Ah! sad
Indeed that long farewell: though many there
Were poor, yet few were friendless: and though low

Perhaps, and ignorant the number, yet
Such times as these, awaken in the heart—
Ah! even plebian—emotions that
Though foreign to the habit, are inborn,
And live and spring at such strong calls on them,
As readily as in patrician's breast ;
What mortal hand shall dare to separate
Man from his fellow—say, “ this feeling pure
Sprung from the noble blood, could never live
In the poor peasant's bosom ?” None, I say
The heart can purest feel that Sorrow knows,
When harden'd not by Time nor selfish woes ;
He keener feels the pain, when Penury
Hath with its sister Want, wrought tight the chain
That linketh kindred with the memories
Of Suffering, when the cold world hath made
True friends more precious ; when the parting near,
He finds but few of them, alas ! are left
To part with now ; but those of *all* bereft,
He who doth part with none, ah ! bitterly
He views emotion in their bosoms there
Of those who part with many, those with few,
And thinks 'twere sweet to have one sad Adieu
Whispered to him—who seems without a friend.

Oh ! for one word of kindness, one soft word,
 Or sigh, or tear, to ease his wounded soul ;
 The charm of sympathy, even in pain,
 From some he might have lov'd, but absent now,
 Untrue perchance, or silent—for the Grave
 Yieldeth no voice—the eyelids droop with tears
 Wrung by the desolate scene, for such can tell
 Who thus have felt, the heart's sad, bitter swell :
 'Tis sad to breathe, more sad to hear Farewell !

It is whispered there
 With many a pray'r,
 By parent, by child, and by lover breath'd, where
 The voice is scarce heard, for the heart rings a knell
 Over memories past, at that word of Farewell ;
 And they droop to their grave,
 While over them wave
 The cyprus and yew trees of Grief,
 That grow in the heart, where relief
 Is not found,
 But around
 Spring the tenderest thoughts, that had ne'er been before
 Awaken'd to Life, and their gentleness o'er

Those memories of friends, now felt to be dear,
Ah! how dear in the parting, when nothing will cheer,
For around them doth cling

Each thrilling heart-string;

They twine and they wreath there, as though that to part
Would rife the bosom of all. Oh! the heart

Knows truly and well

What sadness doth dwell

In a long Farewell.

At last it came—the parting—it is past,
They all are now on board, for evening fled
Now darkens into night; see you bright star
Looks from the purple heavens: twilight sinks
Slow o'er the distant hills;—to bed, to bed,
The ship sails on the morrow: sleep and dream
Oh! traveller, 'ere yet ye see no more
Thy country's shores: for dreams are precious things
With all their pains and pleasures. Fancy brings
Scenes that are brighter than Reality:
She pictures that as ours which love we most,
So yielding us the sweets of the possession,
Which find we ever to be purer too
Than sullied pleasures that the world can give.

Sleep then, and dream : oh ! weary may ye be
'Ere ye your goal may reach : let the time flee
In bright and pleasant dreams, to-morrow's sun
Shall view thee far away, 'ere day be done.

'Tis midnight,
And moonlight
Looks palely below,
'Neath the thin fleecy clouds
Now unveiling their snow,
'Ere their shrouds
Encase them in darkness again ;
From the night they glide
By the pale moon's side,
Are seen, and then are no more.

In the distant air,
On the palest beam,
Spirits are there,
With a mortal's dream :
From the earth to the sky,
It wanders on high,

And its road is the moonlight's path
That gleameth to earth :
'Tis an old man's dream,
He is one of the wanderers' band,
Who seek them the land
Of the West, and his thoughts are of old,
When a youth he had been,
As he danced on the green
With the fairest maiden, the village queen.
He is young in his thoughts, and the blood springs free
As the heel o'er the sward ; there are sounds of glee,
And music and mirth are around him :
Soft glances are there from the maid of his heart,
His thoughts are as tender as love could impart,
He breathes her the vow
To be tender and true,
And whispers her now
The tale she well knew :
And the time of his youth acted over again.

So dreamed he, the spirits were there,
And they floated it on to its rest,
Where they dwell in fathomless air :
Then turned again——

O'er the pale ray gliding swiftly there flew
Shadows and shades, and things that are new,
And varied and anxious, the scenes that there
Floated aloft, where the spirits were :

 'Twas the dreaming of Manhood in sleep.

 While heavily sunk in his rest,

 With breathing so deep,

 As he rov'd in his slumbers: the West

Was the haven where Fortune he sought

 To raise him the bread

 For his children—and led

By Anxiety, Sorrow, and Care,

For Misfortune had driven him there ;

 His bed

Was curtain'd around by the shade

 That their burthens had made,

 And his sleep

Was full of the trial and strife

That had sadden'd his mid-day of life :

 Alas ! deep

Was the struggle that woke in him now,

 As seen on the beam,

 Was the man's sad dream.

And the spirits aloft in the air,
As they saw his soul labouring there
 With a tenderness sweet
 Breath'd on his sleep,
And drove the harsh phantoms away ;
 While the dream to its rest
 Floated on.

Hush ! the Spirits are bending
 From where the clear light
In moonshine descending,
 Is clearest and bright.
Their white forms are gliding
 Tenderly where,
On the purest beam riding,
 A mother's soft prayer
Floats on to its rest, with the purest and best :
'Tis woke for the child, now asleep on her breast,
 And breath'd in her dream :
She is wending her way through sorrow and danger,
 And trouble is marked on her brow :
Her hands are outspread
 O'er the little one's head,
She cries to her God in the land of the stranger ;

Oh ! if heard the words now,
They were piercing and wild,
For she prays to the angels to guard her poor child.

And sadly the spirits look'd down as they heard
That young mother's cry, each soft plaintive word
As whispered to air, they caught 'ere it died
And bore to its home ; the sweet spirits sigh'd
At the trouble and woe
That made her now weep,
But o'er her pillow,
They breath'd on her sleep :
And happy, thrice happy the scenes that awoke
On the dream of the mother : in gentleness broke
Sweet music, ne'er heard upon earth e'er before,
And voices unlike to what life ever bore,
While she with her child seem'd to float on the air,
Where but now she had sent to the skies her sad pray'r ;
The mother was happy, the Spirits then smiled,
And left her thus dreaming in peace with her child :
While the vision stole on, on the moon's peaceful light,
To dwell in its home with the purest and bright.

Then turn'd they to watch, where gleaming in air,
Came rushing quick thoughts of things that are fair
Blent with shadows of darkness, and then
A pause: then fleet shades that chas'd o'er the track,
While faster came others, to press at its back:
Some lurid with flame, some pure as the light
Of the road they trod—some dark, some bright,
All rushing in eagerness by:
Now borne by the whirlwind—
Cast high by the storm;
Now soft as the murmur
On limpid waves borne:
Now sweet as the whisper
Of beautiful maid;
Now fierce as the clamour
That tempests have made:
With the flashing of flame,
The gleaming of steel,
'Mong the shadows now came;
While giddily reel
The throng on their way,
Like the smoke that is tost
On the whirlwind, then lost,
Nor an instant doth stay:

Now sudden they vanishing fly,
Nought is seen but a haze rushing by,
'Till sweetly the sound of soft harmonies stealing
Like tales from a lover, his secret revealing,
With notes of a lute, that floweth along,
While air is enchanted by music and song :
A maiden trips lightly through many a scene,
And sweet spells are growing where terror has been.
Then hark!—hear the trumpet, the clamour of war—
Away and away—and roaming afar,
Adieu to the visions of love and delight :
The cry is to arms, like the breaking of light
Of an eastern morn, the scene is now changing,
Away, and away over battle-fields ranging :
The halt—then the charge—the struggle—then death,
While the dreamer in sleep lies panting for breath :
Then away on the moonbeam, the shadows glide
Where the youth in his dream, o'er the sea doth ride
Far, far away from the home of his birth,
Where Fancy pourtrays a spot fairest on earth ;
He goeth to win, quick, quick in his clasp,
Wealth, honour, and fame, all that mortals would grasp
Now fast o'er the dreamer flow—
Would they would stay :

But no!
Away, away,
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Youth ever is changing,
O'er hill and vale ranging;
And so the youth's dream fleeteth by
Like the image of things
That happiness brings,
Which is sought,
But 'ere caught,
Glides away from our grasp, while we sigh.

And the Spirits look'd on, while the dream at their feet
They smiled to see:
They knew that the dreaming of youth is more sweet
Than its waking can be.

So that dream with the others flew on to its home.
'Till moon-beam was shadow'd—the Spirits have flown
With its gleaming;
But the mortals are there,
And still dreaming
Of scenes that are fair.

Awake, awake, 'tis morning calls thee now :
The sun hath risen, see the bright light streams
Full through the hatchway ; wake, awake thee now,
Sleeper : arise, thy morning orisons
Call thee now forth : the changes of the dream
Have vanish'd from thy pillow, wherefore sleep,
In dull unconsciousness, dost envy that
Long silent one, that only shall be spent
When clay shall be but dust, and thou be called
To answer for the deeds thy Life hath seen :
Awake, awake, the fleet time passeth by :
Thine eyelids still are closed—Oh ! mortal man,
What precious moments dost thou cast away
In torpid sleep, when lo ! how short the span !
Thou know'st the limit of the longest Life,
And what dread accidents may interpose
To make it still more brief?—Thus we sleep on,
Nor heed, nor care, how the quick moments fly,
As do the wanderers, when morn is breaking.

Lo ! o'er the eastern hills, see the broad streaks
Of golden sunshine streams, lighting the earth
With radiance and with warmth : he looks upon

The snow-wreath'd mountains, and he dippeth down
In the low valleys, where flow silver streams.
Treading upon the mantle of the night,
Whose latest sombre folds, sweep o'er the plain,
Half rescued from their darkness, and appear
In the bright varying hues of purple morn.
The light comes stealing o'er the balmy earth,
And looks, where bending low, the flowers droop
In their young Life of Love, and hang their heads,
Breathing each other's fragrance, while around,
Flows the sweet odour on the rifling breeze ;
On their sweet bosoms hangs the diamond dew,
Sparkling amid the light, whose sunshine drinks
With kisses from the cup the burthen there.

Hark ! to the boatswain's call, heavily tramp
Feet o'er the thick-strewn deck : the gallant ship,
The OCEAN MONARCH, is unmoor'd : as far
O'er the broad river, float the mellow notes
Of mariners who labour at the wheel,
And handspike ply. Thronging to the deck,
Men, women, children all, impeding e'en
The sailors in their work ; huge ropes lie coil'd

Mid cables on the deck : spars, boats, and things
Now used, then thrown aside ; the steamer there,
Puffing its smoky volumes, now with wheels
Straining and dashing in the brine, moves on,
While stately following, the ship she tows.
Upon the banks, a few who early rise
And tempted by the morn, or some, perhaps,
Anxious to catch a parting look of her
That bears some dear one from them, standing there
They watch'd her, as she bore her silently
And slowly from the shore ; on board too, they
Might fancy they espied, upon the land,
Some tender one, sending again his wish
Of kind solicitude, as waves the hand
Or the white kerchief ; but the ship floats on,
While scarce a word doth pass upon the deck,
All thinking of their now deserted homes.
So pass'd she further, while above, the sun
Rose higher in the heavens, still she went
Upon the track, led by her labouring guide,
Till busy town grew distant, where might now,
Watching her turn the last projecting point,
Be seen some patient one, when all were gone :
Hull, masts, spars, rigging, faded from the view,

Who as he turn'd away, the thoughts that grew,
Brought the sad sigh, "Another last adieu,"
While from the heart, that swell'd with his emotion,
Was heard, "*God speed the Monarch of the Ocean.*"

The day is growing, and the bright sun shines
With clear and mellow ray : the shore recedes,
And stretching far and wide, the heaving sea
Now loometh : still the pilot's hand doth steer
The heavy-laden OCEAN MONARCH where
The steamer leads her forth ; still toiling on,
She nears the point when she shall cease to sway
The motion of the barque. The wanderers
Now busy turn them to their goods and wares ;
Boxes and bags are thrust aside, to clear
The lumber off the decks ; the sailors, now
Busy with coming labour, with the ropes
And sails are now intent : the steady heave
Of the huge mass, betokens that she feels
The efforts of the wave that rolleth by.
Now qualmish grows the landsman, and the scent
Of free sea breezes, roaming o'er the deep,
Brace the strong nerves of mariners, whose cheeks

Turn to their native red, while bright each eye
Glow with the ardour that their tasks employ.
Those less accusom'd to the swell of wave
O'er which they rise and fall, grow pale and feel
As few remember not, that have thus known
The homage that is paid to Neptune's throne
When first they tread on his dominion ;
Some seek their berths, others more hardy made,
Linger them round, while busy hands are plying
The ready halliards : on the masts now rise
The spreading sails, the ample yards are braced ;
To the fresh breeze her snowy wings are flying ;
Mizen and main, and topsails are now set
With the fore stay sail, filling with the rush
Of welcome Boreas ; bow lines, sheets and clues
All taut and fast, and from his post descends
The sailor by the mast-supporting shrouds.
Filled with the wind, the bellying sail now wakes
The gallant craft to motion : see, she feels
The impulse on her course, away, away,
No smoky, vapouring monster, needs she now
To make her way upon the seas broad back ;
The attaching ropes are haul'd, and parting from
The pilot steamer, that returneth home,

The good ship lifts her sprit into the air,
As though disdainful now the useful help .
That late had led her. High o'er the crested wave
She lifts her noble front, while see aloft
She rears her figure head, as racers do
'Ere from the lists they run, pawing the ground
As eager for the strife: so bravely on,
The OCEAN MONARCH lifts o'er the billowy seas,
Dashing the spray and the impeding flow
Of the rebellious waves from 'neath her bows,
Bending and rising with each heave and fall
Majestic as itself; nought else besides
So nobly as the OCEAN MONARCH rides,
Shaking the dew-drops from her plumage white.
Now starts she onward with the favouring breeze,
Leaving behind her, see, returning back,
Her sombre pilot, like a bird that flies
Cleft of its wings, of beauty thus deprived,
She makes her way unto the port again,
Unlike the craft that breasts the surging main,
Whose plumes are perfect; onward on her course
She holds: the mariners are bent again
Stowing in compass small, the things they need.
Through the strong cordage whistles now the wind

In pleasant murmurs, and the ropes are strain'd
With the propelling power: on, on, on!
No sea bird brighter or more beautiful
Than the brave ship, as fast recedes the land
That late she near'd: away, away, away!
She flies upon her course: hold she thus on,
And wanderers, ye shall soon that distant land
Behold. The old man totters to the side,
Not yet accustom'd to the billows' roll:
The strong man strides upon the deck and views
The wide, wide sea before him: and there too,
The pale young mother, with her anxious looks,
Holding her infant still: the eager youth,
With his bright eye, excited gazes on
Where all are bending—on the distant line
That marks the horizon—through their frames now
A gleam of pleasure flits, for the sun smiles,
The ocean glances in his ray, and sports
In thousand spangling points, and brilliantly
Dances upon the wave that sweepeth by.
The ship heaves gallantly—the fresh breeze too,
All cheering, bright, and joyous—their lone hearts
Thrill with sweet pleasure, and they turn to each
Who stand beside, to mark how pleasantly

She bears along : it is the first bright gleam
Of morning's dawn of pleasure they had known
Upon their journey, and how sweet it is
When flowing where but grief had been before :
Thirst to the parch'd, balm to the wounded sore,
Food to the hungry, were scarce half so dear
As this first sunny ray. Oh ! may it be
Of long continuance, and chase away
The living sorrow that had weigh'd their hearts.
Live thee, oh ! beam, that dost in kindness shed
Thy ray o'er earthly sorrows, gilding there
The cold and barren walls of Circumstance
With thine all-smiling light ; o'er the worn face
Of aged man,—of father,—mother,—child,
Pour thy soft radiance, and brighten them,
For they are wanderers : that name should win
Kindness from all. Let then, oh ! gentle beam
Thy tender warmth, that now hath enter'd there
In the sad heart, live till its heat doth spread
Its genial softness round, and while the ship,
The OCEAN MONARCH, with her freight rides on,
And sunny light floodeth the spreading main,
Blow fav'ring breezes, though the wave be high,
When grief-worn hearts are light. The sea, the sky,

The barque, the rolling wave, the boatswain's cry,
All, all bring pleasant sights and sounds to air,
If lives the buoyant spirit with them there.

Hist, oh! hist,
Voices I hear,
Breathing a pray'r :
List, oh! list.

'Tis not from a mortal borne to the sky,
Nor floated from earth to the regions on high :
Nor voice, nor word,
Hath a mortal heard.

What be they?—who breathe it then now?
It was but the echo I caught :
I heard, but my eye vieweth nought
Whence it comes with its murmurs so low :
But it hovereth round
O'er the Ocean Queen,
To the far West bound :
Aloft, where is seen
The streamer that waves from the head of the mast,
It seems to be there,
And sounds like a pray'r

O'er the ship and the wanderers—hush!—it is past.

And the whistling wind
Is all left behind,

But the dashing of waves into spray.

What betokens that prayer? Lo! the day

Hath not ripen'd to noon. Is it fear

That maketh me cold? What is near?

Is it peril or danger,

Or woe to the stranger

That roameth abroad

O'er the pathless road?

With the MONARCH of OCEAN to bear him,

What fears shall assail,

Of tempest or gale,

With hearts none more true than are near him.

I heard it with trembling,

And horror and fear

My bosom o'erwhelming,

While hovering there.

Alas! and alas! what doom shall befall,

That my spirit is faint? What spell doth enthrall

My soul, that is stricken? Oh! woe, woe, woe,

'Mid the sunshine and brightness, appeareth to flow

A whisper of this: the skies are still bright:

No frown in the heavens, no mists dim the light,
 No darkness is near; what peril, say then,
 Can menace the ship or the wanderers? Can
 The doom be foretold
 Of peril or ill,
 When the barque is so bold,
 As she beareth her still?

They heard not the whisper, that smile on her deck.
 • Or the thrill of the echo: but little they reck
 How time speedeth on, or what destiny ripens
 While swift sails the ship, and the sunshine still brightens:
 But sad is the doom that my bodings foretell,
 And the fate of the MONARCH that now reigns so well.
 Float onward, float on, oh! thou Queen of the sea,
 And false may the shadow of ill prove to thee,
 Though vague is its burthen: and those who now sail
 With thee o'er the deep, may they ne'er read a tale
 More bitter or sad, than that they have known,
 Or the burthen that fast with the sea breeze hath flown.
 Oh! wand'ers, sail on, while beameth the ray
 Of light in your hearts: oh! smile while ye may,

There is woe on the breath of the favouring wind
That cheereth thee now, for sailing behind
Comes the fate that now nears thee. Onward, sail on :
And may'st thou be safe till the shadow is gone,
May it leave not its trace where the beaming doth dwell!
Sail ye on, sail ye on, and may God speed ye well!

END OF CANTO I.

CANTO 11.

'Tis noon, the OCEAN MONARCH o'er the waves,
Rides proudly there: once upon each tack.
Had she flown swiftly on; now turned they
The sailors to their work, to change again;
While thus preparing, there were busy sounds
In the huge ship; the passengers below,
Some in the cabins reading, talking light
Or lounging at their ease; in the fore part
Where poorer classes were, some in their berths
Had lain them down, affected by the roll
Of ship upon the swell; some busy were
With trunks and luggage; others, hungry too,
Were satisfying nature's cravings; all
Busy with novel scenes, some upon deck

Measur'd the quarter with their footsteps, while
There might be seen some strong and stalwart frame
Of ripened manhood 'gainst the bulwark leaning
Marking the motion of the vessel as
The waves rolled swiftly by : now gazing up
To the blue heavens, then across the sea
Viewing the sea bird, skimming on its way :
While his own head, is shelter'd from the sun
By a huge slouching hat : he sees afar
The land receding, or in reverie
Lists to the wind, hearing but heeding not
The rattling cordage or the duller creak.
Of straining things that varied with the sound
Of distant voices, or more near, some words
Briefly address'd by the ship's officer.
Feeling the steady breeze each moment grow,
As with the motion of the heaving wave
The vessel rose and fell : thus stole the noon
Upon them as they flew, but listen—say
What brings the steward here ? What sounds are these
He breathes unto the master : see doth rise
The captain at the words ! Why hurries he
So quickly down the gangway ? Hark ! a voice !
What is that cry ?—Unto the after cabin

Passes he now. Lo! there are steps and feet
Pressing in haste! Quick, quick—and round and round,
Circling about the spot, a whisper ran
Like to the rings made by a plunging stone
Into the water, that each instant grows
And multiplies itself. The mate before
Attending to the working of the ship,
Hearth the whisper: hastily he leaves
The fore part where he stood, brushes him by
With his large frame, till through the hatchway he
Plung'd and was lost. Hark, there are voices still
That louder grow, and sounds of labour, with
The noise of things thrown down! What is it there?
In a blue wreath, seen curling in the air,
Winding around above the gangway's mouth—
Blow winds and brush it off!—see the mate comes
Again in view, and hands are plying now
Boring the deck. What haste is seen in that
Which nerves the arm! Quicker and quicker spread
The circles round, and there are terror's looks
As only that can give, when the dread thing
Creeps slowly on the sense, which seems to sleep,
Refusing to imbibe the thought of fear.
First one then others came, till round there drew

Some frightened faces, that did seek to learn
What was the danger ; or if any there—
Nought answer'd them but the excited eye
That roll'd around, the hurry with the quick
And hasty movements, and the efforts made
Scarce know they for what purpose : but the time
Flew quick as lightning ; a few minutes had
But now elapsed, when they were lab'ring there
With leathern buckets, ah ! and water too,
Deluging holes that they had made. Ran round
A low faint murmur, swelling as it flew :
For now had gather'd round the vessel's crew
And many passengers. Alarm seem'd growing
Rapidly there, as in each other's cheeks
They saw an echo of the thought, and so
They turned from each to each, seeing in all
The same, same marks—the pallor as of death—
That magnified the sense of danger, 'till
Each haggard face and wildly speaking eye
Woke in beholders, greater agony
As long as gazed they. Stay, stay—see the smoke
In volumes dense ascend—back falls the crowd !
Water !—oh, water ! 'tis too late—the mate
Turns with a sickening heart : denser still

The choking clouds, rush to the purer air
And with it, ah! a searching, dry, hot breath,
Like that of volcanoes, without the smell
Of that they bear of sulphur: then a burst
Of intense heat: the helm jamm'd up, the ship
Swings 'round: but lo, that effort now has fail'd!
Hark! now is heard the heavy sounding call
To let the anchors go—the scorching air
Hath driven too the helmsman from his post—
Swift through the waters cleave the iron things,
And soon the ship rides 'neath their fetters there:
The winds blow freshly, but they clear them not
The vessel of that cloud, which steadily
And endless pours its burthen forth, with heat
Growing intense. The passengers now fly,
But whither? On their track steadily rolls
The dense white cloud, nor turn they there to see
The lurid shadow that rush'd forth, then seen
No more—again it comes, the hot breath too,
They feel its power, as they turn to gaze
From the fore part.—Oh! say, why, why that shriek?
Again, again—and now a hundred tongues
Open on that same cry, as spell-bound they
Gaze to the aft where through the thicker smoke

Darting now here, now there, the liquid flames
Envelope all the stern.—Oh! wild they shriek—
And shriek again, one word alone rings higher
Over all sounds—“ *Good God! the Ship’s on Fire!*”

As unseen there rolleth
 In Earth’s deepest caves,
The waters whence floweth
 The food for the waves ;
As they wander in night
 With nought to behold them,
Thus shunning the light
 In the caverns that hold them.
They hide and they creep, and they grow,
And gather them more as they go,
And greedily licking the things that bear
A semblance to them that are straying there.
 They covet them all
 And seek then for more,
 Till the cavern’s strong wall
 Re-echoes their roar.
When their surges with fury are lashing,
Then boiling and hissing with anger they break
From their caves, and vent for their rage they seek,
Rushing in spouts, in cataracts dashing,

Mid whirlpool and foam rushing on.
So the waves of the fire
That kindled below,
Grew higher and higher
As torrents that flow
In the pent up space, crawling and creeping
On all they can take to themselves, as upon
The wood of the pine and the fir tree leaping,
Yet silent and darkly their secret keeping
They fed the fierce flame
That rush'd to and fro:
Too strong it became
To keep it below ;
For its bosom now swelled with its strength,
It rose and it fell, 'till at length,
Like the torrent that bursts from its dam,
In a deluge the liquid waves ran
Thro' the stern of the barque,
While smoke, flame and spark,
Grew higher and higher ;
For fierce flies the fire
With a thousand tongues, and shouting its name
Run hither and thither, pursued by the flame.

The fugitives there :

And fire—fire—
Rings through the air :

Oh! woeful and dire
The echoes became.

Hurrying, hurrying, here and now there,
Some swooning, some swearing, others in prayer,
Men shouting with terror, and women with fright
Rush wildly below: and oh! fearful sight,
Snatching their babes, to the bulwarks they strain,
And ere hand be lifted they plunge in the main.
All order is lost, and heard is no sound
But wailing and shrieks: all voices are drown'd
In the din and the clamour. The Captain is there,
Who utters commands that are lost in the air.
No words can be heard—but confusion and woe,
And screaming and shouts, as they rush to and fro
Each against each: and children thrown down
Are trampled unheeded upon: to the gown
Of their mothers some cling; but ah! they too fall—
While men tread the heap, or add more to them all:
Wild rings the shrill screech, half stifled the moan
Breaks forth from the pile, yet still fiercer grown

More blindly they rush where no help can be had :
And, all with their terror, gone mad—gone mad—
While brightly the flame leapeth higher and higher,
No echo is heard but of Fire—still, Fire !

Above and below,
The flame to and fro
Leapeth along,
With forked tongues darting,
Searching among
The wooden beams parting.
Brighter and bright
Gleameth the light.
The frame-work enwrapping
Swift in their race,
Like blood-hounds when lapping
The gore of the chase.
And shrieks with the cry,
On the wild breeze fly,
With the flame still higher,
'Tis Fire—still, Fire !

The whispers aloft, whose echoes were bending
Around the tall masts, now are read : they were sending

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A prayer

Thro' the air

To the regions of sky :

While it wander'd on high,

The breeze that was gliding

Hath grown to a gale,

O'er Ocean's waves striding

With woe and with wail :

For swift on its track,

Rode Fate at its back.

The doom hath o'ertaken

The MONARCH of OCEAN :

By guardians forsaken,

With deep surging motion

She rises and falls on the sea.

While the flames rush higher and higher :

They have her—she cannot get free :

She is MONARCH of OCEAN—not Fire !

Bravely o'er the billow still there rides
The OCEAN MONARCH, at her anchors swung :
But, too, the fire gains ground : see the quick flames
Half unto her tops, o'er mast, deck, cabin,
Rush in their fury : they envelope now
The whole of the ship's stern : the fugitives,
Crowding and crushing, gather at the fore
To 'scape the dreaded element ; two boats
Are lower'd now, the others, 'ere the bands
That held them could be cut, were by the flames
Encircled and enwrapped : the tarred sides
They lick'd with their long tongues as serpents do
Their victims, 'ere they glut their appetites
And gorge themselves with food ; then, swallowing all
In their o'er-stretching gullets : so they fed
The greedy maws of fire's hundred limbs :
A dread prolific hydra, that doth make
A thousand monster heads to rear their crests
E'en from a single body ; ah ! a mite
Of twinkling flame doth grow and multiply
Until too great for chains, whose ravages
The puny hand of man cannot restrain ;
For only by the fierceness of its growth
Is it consumed, as it doth spend itself

In feeding its own fury, and so dies ;
But with it all its searing claws have touched.
Two boats alone are launch'd, and they, but small,
Will hold but few : but see how many there
Are striving for a place ! One sculls away :
The other at the side remains, while fast
She fills with passengers ; o'erloaded now,
But little more will sink her—haste, push off,
While yet a chance remains that she will live
In the fierce surge ; but through the din and noise,
The shout, the struggle, and confusion there
Reigning around and in the ship, that vain
Were cry of warning or a voice to save.
The danger grows each instant ; but the mate,
See, plunges o'er the side, and through the sea
With vigorous arm swims to the laden boat—
He climbs on board : quickly he cuts the rope—
“ Push off ”—away, away, and from the ship
O'er the foam tossing billows now they roam,
But without oars to guide them : hats and boots
Are used to bale the water from the boat
That she had shipp'd : with boards, or what they can,
They strive to urge her to the point they wish,
But in the bold endeavour fail, and on

The rapid tide doth bear them : all their strength
Is spent to keep her head unto the wave :
So floated they away. The burning ship,
Heaving with the swell, looms in the air
'Mid smoke and flame, and lurid clouds and sparks
Flying around, while the heat feels intense,
As with a hundred furnaces that glow
With concentrated fire : human beings
Scorched with its fervour, strive them but the more
To fly its dread effects : on the jib-boom
Dozens are lying, while upon their backs,
Others are crawling one upon another
With a tenacious hold, like ants that climb
Each upon each in crowds upon a straw.
Over the side of the huge flaming gulf
With the loose booms, the spars, and tackle, all
That might assist to float, had o'er been cast
Into the sea, where many clung to them,
Who thus had trusted to this element
Rather than unto that : the mizen mast
Has fallen—in its way dragging some down
Who clung to cords and rigging : now the main
Mast totters, groans, and falls with fearful crash,
While with the shock her heavy timbers groan :

And sparks and flame leap from the madden'd fires,
Licking the holes their scorching tongues have made.
Crawling upon the boards, that crackling catch
The fatal life, heard snapping 'mid the roar
Of the huge burning pile, while o'er and o'er
With the dread danger, ring the shrieks and cries :
Heart-rending screams and echoes fill the air :
Some leap into the wave, to end their pain
And searing tortures :—by the hanging ropes.
Loose sails and rigging, o'er the sides some climb ;
Holding precarious life on such a tenure,
That fire above and waters 'neath them flowing,
With no help near while still the flames are growing.
Most fearfully they gaze, on what may be
That which shall bear them to Eternity,
Each moment, every instant 'ere it pass
May view the last sand drain'd within the glass
That illustrates the length and end of all
Of mortal life, that we our Being call.

But lo ! the topmast that upholds the boom,
On which so many cling, is tott'ring with
The all o'erwhelming heat, the hot boards crack

And pitchy seams are open'd—crash!—there goes
The foremast now—ah!—following too, I hear
The shriek of mortal woe—yes, the weak boom,
With its o'erloaded weight, hath broken from
Its place and falleth where the waters hiss
And roll, while in their depths the wretches sink,
Seen for an instant on the surface, then
As the wild waves roll by, are view'd no more :
Parents and children, brothers, sisters, all
View their ties sunder'd by that dreadful fall ;
While the great number on the verge still rest,
Some on the bowsprit cling, others to ropes,
Some o'er the side, where now large holes are seen
Whence the flames crawl : the cabin windows make
An outlet for their fury, the whole deck,
From fore to aft one living sheet of flame,
The waist, the hold, the side, ships' skin, all there
Feeding the greedy element, whose jaws
Devour with fearful haste : there with the ship
Moaning and cries succeed the tumult now :
More fearful grows the scene—children are clasp'd
Upon their parents' neck in one embrace ;
Who, from the fiery air then drop themselves
With ropes into the surge, to meet the fate,

Alas! less bitter than the woes of life
And torture of the flame. Oh! the sad sounds
And frightful scenes that have been witness'd there
Earth hath but seldom seen—may she but bear
Still fewer yet, for the beholders' heart
Is scar'd for life—with that these things impart.
No hand can picture and no tongue can tell,
The fearful things that doomed ship befell.

Ye who may read the tale relating this
Sad, sad catastrophe, may shed a tear
In sympathy o'er perils seldom borne,
And pain and suffering, and may kindly sigh
To think that fellow beings have been cast
And liv'd in scenes so terrible and strange.
Ye may do this and more, for tender hearts
Live in this world in spite of blight or care;
And be, oh! sorrowful, as in your minds
The pictures rise your fancies may invoke,
While they unto reality, were as
Unsimilar in magnitude of woe
As are the sun's bright rays to flickering
Of lamps and lights by human fingers wrought.

* * * * *

Around and around where the flame fiercely rages,
And dashing its spray o'er the beings it cages,

The sea rougher groweth.

And heaves with its swell

That heavily rolleth.

No mortal can tell

Of the thoughts that were there,

And the tortures they bear

To the wretches now clinging to life :

They battle with doom, and the strife

Groweth fainter and faint

As numbers decrease,

Till the sadder complaint

On the rushing wind flees ;

But the flame gloweth bright,

For higher and higher

Leaps the red light

With the blaze of the fire.

The breeze cometh fresh

As a hound from the leash,

And the billows are wildly leaping :
They rise and they fall,
And they roam over all,
The breast of the blue ocean sweeping :
And many a sail
Spread to the gale,
Is seen o'er the sparkling sea,
As the ship they urge
Through the foaming surge
To roam o'er the wilderness free.
The crest of the billow
Is lit with the beam
Of the sun ; but its pillow
Is hid from the gleam :
Though it never doth rest,
Its bed is the breast
Of the wide, wide ocean—
With a labouring motion

That rises and sinks with the swell of the wave,
There are ships that steer for the MONARCH, to save
What beings they may from an ocean grave
Or a funeral pyre. Swift, swiftly, oh ! speed :
Haste, haste, crowd the sails, indeed they have need,
For the fire first seen, now hastily groweth,

Until in their eyes like a furnace she gloweth ;
Aloft and aloft as the fierce flames ascend,
The mariner fears 'ere arrive he, the end
Of their doom may be wrought : blow breezes, then, blow—
They near her : the boats are all mann'd, yet how slow
Appears each swift barque, to the wishes of all
To the mariner nearing ; and they who now call
 To their God with deep pray'rs
 That the succour may reach them,
 And dew'd with their tears,
These their sufferings teach them.

See, see the AFFONSO hath anchor'd her near :
Her boats speed along, but their frail forms scarce bear
The shock of the seas, so roughly that break
And roll fiercely by : 'twere dang'rous to seek
To touch them the side of the ship now on fire—
The boats could not live, but drawn they have nigher
Than well might they do, for masts, rigging, about
With remnants of wreck on the heavy sea float.
The OCEAN QUEEN rides near the MONARCH, who now
Fast consum'd by the flames, still bears on her bow

Those still living : her seams

Are now opened, in streams

Down her scalding sides

The blazing pitch gleams,

As the flame with it rides :

But alas ! the poor few, whom shelter have sought

On the ropes that hang round, while clinging to aught

That could stay them from death :

The poor wretches there

Unshelter'd beneath

The burning stream, bear

It as long as endurance can make them ;

But many

In wildness unto the harsh surges betake them—

If any

But little their chance of escape ; for the lashing

Of waves, and the timbers 'gainst each other dashing,

With loose ropes and spars, that several before

Who had swam on the wave, now blackened o'er

With heads and limbs gash'd, half sunken—and wild

Eyes gleaming in death, were man, woman and child

Half hid by the waters, that threw them about,

As in sport at the mischief : oh ! wild was the rout,

And the ravage of water,
With shriek and with shout,
And the flame's fearful slaughter :
To those left on the ship they draw nigher and nigher,
While gasp they for life from the wave and the fire.

In one of the boats
That gallantly floats
To the rescue, with oars and with men
Returns the brave mate, who was driven
Away from the side
Of the ship, by the tide :
Where the fire burst forth in its rage,
Now he cometh again to the cage
Of the burning wreck :
From the scorching deck,
And the bows, the rigging and sprit,
And the ropes and the booms where doth sit,
Or hanging and lying,
In agony crying
For mercy from God, the poor fugitives there,
Who wring their clasp'd hands, while their lips breathe
a prayer,

He standeth now ready,
Bold, firm and steady,
And taketh them off one by one :
Would all others as he had so done
The brave deeds of that day !
Nor stands he alone
Whom such courage hath shewn,
For now many obey
The same impulse of daring, and lend
Their strong energies there, to defend
The poor wretches from fire and wave,
From the burning or deep ocean grave.
All ply every hand
In each gallant band,
In the boats that now throng to the scene ;
Though still danger is rife,
Still hazard they life,
'Mong the surges and wreck, where are seen
The remnants of those
Whom the waters enclose,
To hide the grim death, that hath been
So busy ;—but now
Under the bow

Of the fire ship, rideth a boat,
Spite of danger from timbers that float,
Each instant they rescue the old or the young :
Then laden, return by the cable now swung,
 From the wreck of the MONARCH of OCEAN,
 To the gallant Affonso, with motion
Of strong hands well nerv'd, and the strength
Of men who have hearts, they at length
 With their efforts have won—
 Tho' nor yet have they done—
A number of beings from death :
Still toil they—again now beneath
 The bows they are lying,
 Above them are crying
The remnants that now are but few,
 Who fear to descend,
 Or to surging waves lend
Their frail hopes, though the sequel they know
 Would be death to remain—
 For with terror and pain
They tremble, as in the deep wave
Their kindred had found them their grave,
 Which their own eyes beheld ;
 So in fear they now held

Them back from the hazardous task.
In vain they implore, and they ask
The poor people to trust to their skill:
But alas! the poor wretches, they still
 Cling to their hold on the bow—
 Trembling with anguish—but now—
Who more daring than they who are brave—
Strips, to tempt him the strength of the wave
 And the thousand things
 That their madness flings,
And dashes about with the foam—
Hail, hail, to thee, Frederick Jerome!
 Thou art he
 Whom the sea,
In its rage and its danger, defiest:
 Thine hand is the one
 Whose deeds that day shone
In the list of the brave and the highest.

For he cometh upon the rude wave,
The weak and the fearful to save:
 He swimmeth alone
 As he parteth the foam

That he dareth :
 While he beareth
 A cord that is light yet as strong
 As his own bold self : see, among
 The wreck he maketh his way
 To the ship, while above him, a prey
 To anxiety, terror, and fear,
 The poor people view him draw near :
 Each heart bolder groweth
 As to them he sheweth,
 The valour of which they have need.
 The ship yet burneth
 As boldly he turneth
 Aside, all his path that impede :
 The flames above roaring
 As o'er the waves soaring
 Still safely he rideth :—
 Above what betideth ?
 The fugitives watch—he succeeds—see his hand
 Grasps a rope, and he climbs—now firmly he stands
 By their side : then quickly uncoiling the cord,
 With its aid he now lowers them singly ; each word
 That falls from his lips tends to banish their fear
 And encourage their hopes ; their faces now wear

A gleam of thought brighter, as each one succeedeth
In reaching the goal his worn frame so much needeth,
Till none with the MONARCH OF OCEAN remained,
But an old man and child with Jerome, who ordained
By a Providence kind for the task, e'en together
Lower'd them tenderly both. Could he sever
Them when he had heard the old man relate
How the infant's mother met her sad fate
With the fall of the boom, since which to him clung
The child for protection—and pity hath wrung
A tear from the eye, with a tale much less sad
Than that which the child and the old man had.

They are saved, none are left, the doom hath now pass'd,
And Frederiçk Jerome now departs, e'en the last,
From the burning ship, where alone doth dwell
The fate that the MONARCH OF OCEAN befell.

All rescued?—Yes, all that the power of man
Could save, are safe—and the remainder? Where
No fear, nor peril, and no danger now
Shall them assail again: their troubles past,
Their limbs shall rest upon Lethean shores,
And ne'er again be called unto the strife
That they as mortals knew. Gone to their homes
Are they—we shortly follow: on the path
That leads to that same place, our feet now tread;
How soon we may be there, perchance to meet
Those whom we speak of:—in their dreamless rest,
May their sleep happy be! Those who alive
Have 'scaped the fire and wave, are resting them,
Breathing awhile more freely from their pain.
In the Brazilian frigate—Affonso—
Are the much larger number: others there
Find refuge in the steamer, yacht, or boats
That render'd service in the direful need.

On board the frigate, the poor wretches now
Half naked, famish'd, are both cloth'd and fed,
And tended with the kindness, that we view
But seldom as seen there. On board were those

Whom people call the noble by their birth,
And know them so by name—even as high
As those which princes bear, were only fit
To grace them there—but what are empty names,
High sounding titles? Do they make the heart
Noble or good—or the smooth varnish'd sound
Of long appellatives, make generous men,
The mind's quick thought to be but chaste and pure,
Or wake the feelings unto tenderness?
Do the bright tinsel and the glittering gaud
Of worldly honour make the noble man?
No, no! they do but as those things aloft;
They serve to catch the rays of light that gleam
In the bright air. Thus prominent are seen
The imperfections that 'neath gloss would hide,
Which does but show them more. So 'tis with them,
Partaking the world's favours, that reveal
The plainer, what the nature of the men
Who bear them. Then how oft it is we find,
Though many might be called by such high names,
How few do merit them. But now our task
Has to relate that which doth please us all:
For who shall say, he hath no feeling for
His fellow man, and that in deep distress

He loves not to behold another give
Succour to want? Indeed, the ties which bind
Man unto man, are but the things which prove
Our weakness when alone, our strength, united;
That one has not, another to him gives,
He in return supplies that other too:
What were poor mortals without this concern!
It warmed the heart to view within that ship
Hands that spread out to welcome, and to give
Clothes to the naked, drink to those athirst,
Food to the hungry, kindness unto all:
And these by beings whom the world hath call'd
The noble and the great! In ages back,
When the nobility were formed of those
By fortune favour'd and in valour fam'd,
There also then, lived the same benefit
For those born lowlier, who in their lives
Had greatness shewn in word and gen'rous deed;
But from this height the world hath fallen now,
And meets her largess with unequal hand.
She gives to those who have, not those who want,
Or are deserving, and the great in wealth
Grow from their gold to be the great in name.
This should scarce be, such homage should be paid

Alone to innate worth. But here we find
Link'd with great names, (too strange an unity),
Of worldly nobles—true nobility.

Now turn we to the beings who have known
And felt this tenderness. Some I have said
Remain'd in the Affonso, others were
Received on board the steamer, "Prince of Wales,"
Before un-named, though in the work of love
And of humanity, she bore her part
Right nobly with her crew: these she bears now
With her upon her route—the yacht we called
The "Ocean Queen" before, whose owner's hand
And all on board her had saved many an one,
Having arrived so early on the spot,
Now bears her freight back to the port again
With the Affonso: gallantly they sail—
Each one containing many a noble heart
Swelling with pride (that we might well forgive);
While the poor sufferers they bear are fed,
And cloth'd with all spare garments, every thing

That kindest hands could tend and warm hearts give,
On board them both, were yielded unto them.

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So they return—return ! how strange the word
When only that same morning had they sail'd !
Return ? 'Tis so indeed—leaving behind
How many ? Who shall count or number tell ?
The news had gone before, the sad, sad news,
And in the town beat many an anxious heart,
For friend or relative on board: the piers
Were crowded by the people waiting for
Arrival of some news—at last there came
The vessels with their freight ; but night had drawn
Her sombre shroud around, and still on board
The larger ship remain'd all who did wish :
The others went their way, some here, some there,
To seek their rest : all found a welcome where
They turn'd their steps—no door could have been shut
Upon the beings who had suffered thus.
Foremost of all were many, who did give
Unto the destitute their best relief
In food and clothes : yet even among them
Several were mark'd for greater bounty too—

Nor unrewarded will they be, for deeds
Like these on earth do not unnoticed go,
They serve as do the vanes on lofty points
And spires, to show how blows the passing wind,
Or how the currents in their bosoms flow.
Earth hath its records in all living hearts,
And these are written there, but better still
They're chronicled above. Thus night again
O'ertakes them in its course : it last did leave
Them sleeping peacefully within the ship
That should have borne them to the distant west.
Now the o'ershrouding darkness hangeth where
The scatter'd remnants of the wanderers
Remain, some here, some there, on board, on shore.
Within the Affonso, or in the town,
Seeking amid the quiet of the hours
Again their rest in sleep. Sleep, ah ! again ?
Though short their journey with that fated barque
Has been in time, yet how eventful, when
We count the things that have occurred—and ye,
Poor fugitives, with bruised limbs and forms
That bear the painful tell-tales of the fire,
Bandage your sores and on your beds again
Turn ye and sleep : with daylight now hath past

That dread of peril. On their knees they thank
That Providence that thus hath rescued them
From death, and such a death;—for those who late
Had been with them, but now perchance no more,
They pour an anxious prayer, hoping that they
As well might have escaped—then lay their heads
Upon the wooing pillow, and again
In slumber's stillness court return of strength
Or spirit for the morrow, Sleep then, sleep,
Poor fugitives! with seared and burned limbs
And bodies scorched, now tended are your wounds
By careful hands: in luxury and ease
Steep your oppressed senses; banish fear
And tremble now no more; seek ye your sleep,
And may no shadow o'er your slumber flit,
Nor fearful dreamings haunt your strained minds;
May the kind guardians of Night-born thought,
The spirits of the moon-beam guard you now,
And in deep quiet let the time flee by,
While rest ye peacefully. Good night, good night,
Poor wanderers, on earth may ye sleep well!

But turn we to the OCEAN MONARCH now—
The ship on fire—o'er the wide, wide sea
For many a mile we ride, we leave behind
The hour of midnight, sounding from the clocks
Within the town ; o'er the wave and billow
Speed we—see, see afar, a lurid glare
From a dark mass is cast—we near it now :
But nought of shape or likeness unto her
We now are seeking doth it bear, unless
Where the strong timbers of the bow arise
With a proud figure head, where Neptune stands
With his poised trident ; these do conquer still
The ravages of flame, (and telleth too
It is the wreck we seek), all else beside
Unto the water's edge consumed are gone :
Still she there floats and burns, with heave and fall
Upon the rolling wave, yet nobly too,
As though, defeated by one element
Brave to the last, she gathers all the strength,
The poor weak remnant of her mighty power,
'To prove her Majesty, and that she still
Can sway her sceptre and o'ercome the roll
Of heaving seas, and threatening surge control ;

Though to her death consumed by the flame,
She reigns unconquer'd and asserts her name.

The time rolls by an hour, and now again
One half another flies, the wreck still rides,
But nears her end ; the smoky clouds ascend
In the thin air that floats around in night
To the pale moon above, with ev'ry dip
And fall into the trough, the moment seems
Arrived to end her fate, while gallantly
She lifts her head into the empty air
High o'er the swell—now, now—again—but see,
Thick flows the smoke from her—hark ! what a sound !
Yes, 'tis the serpent dying—'tis the fire,
The thousand-headed hydra, that hath wrought
The brave ship's doom ; hissing, crackling sounds
Of things at war, and smoke, and flame, and spark,
Rush now about aloft ! What is it but
The fire, the dreaded fire, which before
Had ruthlessly o'ercome and rifled her,
Now dying, dying—ah ! hiss, crack again :
Snap the last fading embers, dash with thy flames
Fiercely on high ! The OCEAN MONARCH now

Shall baffle thee : out, out, thou monster shape—
Die in thy fading age—the element
That hath no kin to thee, but beareth hate,
Now by its ruler is let loose on thee !
O'er the low timbers that alone are left
By thy blind fury, creep the waters now
With power to crush thee ! Come they thicker now—
A wave, a surging sea—ah ! hiss again !
Die like all serpents, while thy breath flies forth
In the quick flame, as soon extinguished.

Yes, the proud MONARCH hath to kill the foe
Yielded herself to death. Oh ! bravely there
Lifting on high her bow, her crowned head
Rose to command the wave that at her stern,
Fled to the inlets, pouring o'er the side,
In a quick deluge ran they, driving all
Intruding enemies from her they held
Their ruler until now, then silently
In the quick work they sped ; when all were gone,
Fire, flame, smoke, and spark. an instant then
She rode in Majesty triumphant, when
Slowly she sank into her native deep,

Swift o'er the spot the gathering billows sweep,
Heave for an instant, sinking then again
And all was still upon the spreading main ;
Nought was there left of what before had been,
But blacken'd timbers scatter'd o'er the scene,
With a few floating spars, these all now there
To mark the place of interment, or where
The MONARCH that had reign'd, and bravely too,
O'er sea and billow, with her gallant crew,
Had sought in death the shelter of the wave;—
She lies entombed in her own ocean grave.

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NARRATIVE OF THE DESTRUCTION
OF
THE OCEAN MONARCH.

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THE NARRATIVE, &c.

AT Boston, Massachusetts, in the month of June, 1847, was launched a three-decked ship, a noble specimen of naval architecture, built for the purpose of Transatlantic trading. She was of the largest class, being of thirteen hundred tons burthen, and was built after the most perfect model; her spacious cabins, and between-decks being fitted for the accommodation of a large number of passengers, or for the conveyance of freight from one hemisphere to the other. She was constructed for and has acted as, one of a line of packet ships, to run between the port of Boston, Mass., and Liverpool, England, and from her magnificent proportions, her splendid accommodations, and other noble qualifications, was appropriately dignified with the appellation of the "OCEAN MONARCH." Her owners were Messrs. ENOCH, TRAIN & Co., of Boston, and she was com-

manded by Captain MURDOCH, formerly of the "Joshua Bates," a gentleman of undoubted experience and considerable nautical skill, as well as known for other qualities, which fitted him highly for the honorable post he has held as master of the splendid vessel before described. In her first voyage she arrived in Liverpool on the 31st July, 1847, from whence, after discharging and reloading in the course of twenty-four days, she sailed on the 24th August, 1847, on her return to her native port in the United States. Subsequently to this, she had completed some three voyages in the short space of twelve months, when on Thursday, the 27th July, 1848, being engaged in her fourth voyage, she arrived in Liverpool, was discharged, and being duly freighted with iron, dry goods, salt, earthenware, the latter packed in crates stuffed with straw, and light merchandise, and carrying also 28 cabin, and 322 steerage passengers, again took her departure from Liverpool, just twelve months to a day after she had sailed from the same port on her first return voyage. This was the ill-fated one wherein occurred to her the sad catastrophe which has occasioned the present narrative, the particulars of which have excited by their relation the deepest sympathy and commiseration in every part of the United Kingdom for those who have suffered by this awful calamity.

Thus then, on the morning of the ever-to-be-remembered 24th of August, 1848, the OCEAN MONARCH, released from her

moorings, shortly after sunrise was towed down the river Mersey by a steamer. She was in gallant trim, the weather was most pleasant and favourable, the dawn broke bright and cheerfully over the hills, the air was clear with a brisk and bracing breeze ; it was one of those days that we all love and seems almost peculiar to this clime, which some condemn as the region of asthma and the land of fog. Those who thus speak could not have been early risers, or have ever viewed such a morning as the present, when the blood seemed to flow more rapidly through the veins than usual, the step to be more elastic, the eye clearer, the laugh more joyous, and the spirit more bounding. What is like to the exhilaration of a cheerful morn, when as it were the pure breath of the new-born day is inbibed, and with it a fresh supply of animal life as well as mental energy. When every thing around us is tinged with a halo of pleasantness and sunshine, opening the heart and making the bosom expand with kindly and generous feeling, wreathing the countenance with smiles, making all nature bear the sparkling impress of the morn's bright essence ; in dull and nerveless things and those which move upon the earth, over them all the radiance of the early morning pours, scattering the mists of the night before its glowing and its sunlit hues ; waking all animated beings from their slumber, the kine and sheep, the docile horse, the watch-dog and the hound, calling the herdsman to the hill, the ploughman to the field, the la-

bourer to his task, the mechanic to his toil, and, too, the men who labour not so much with hands but with the thought, that works, and heaves, and throes, but seldom resting, though far through the dim-lit night with pale and haggard face, with red and inflamed eyeballs, toiling with weary yet unflagging spirit, then snatching a troubled sleep scarcely to be called rest; when comes the fairy morning, the bright, the beautiful and pure, to brush away with its teuder breath the fever and the hectic from the cheek of the night-labourer, whose dim eyes open to the light to tremble with their weakness, then shaking off the hanging drowsiness from his frame, he steps to the lattice while his hand shakes with the tremour born from the midnight toil and want of sleep of the o'ertasked frame. But through the casement flows the fragrant breeze, cooling the brow and steadying each nerve, while he inhales the breath with rapture, he feels the current in his bosom change from lassitude and weariness; again springs to life the fire that still lives, for the morning air feeds it with its gentle breath and makes the feeble and the weak grow with its soothing balm to be both hale and strong. Yes, what cordial like to the morning—what elixir like to the first burst of the dawn? Then the clearer atmosphere that follows: it is indeed beautiful, a gift of Providence, a charm upon our earth. And such a morn was this when all were bright and cheerful, all radiant with joyousness and life, as the bursting sun woke everything on earth to yield

their tribute of gladness to the day's bright dawn, as seen sparkling in the earth and air, in man and beast, bird and insect, herb and blossom and flowering buds, bright with the glittering dew.

Yes, cheerily and bright beamed the morning on which the Ocean Monarch left her port; on board was all the bustle and noise of the novel scene, as the passengers crowding upon the deck, watched each movement as she drew into the stream. Together with the steam tug, the noble craft went upon her way, passing the lengthy docks, by lighthouse, landmarks and the Bell Rock, when the steerage passengers, previously below, were all sent upon deck to allow their trunks to be examined, as well as the lower part of the vessel, to discover any persons who might have been stowed away, as it is frequently the case, that there are many who, being too poor to pay for their passages to America, manage to be smuggled on board by their friends, and hide themselves in whatever nooks and corners they think best fit, until the ship gets out to sea, when they then discover themselves, considering that though they subject themselves to a very precarious kind of living, and run the risk of much ill-usage, they may be well content with the prospect of getting a voyage across the Atlantic at so little expense, it being only that of flesh and bone.*

* There have been commonly cases, on board emigrant ships, of people having been discovered packed away in boxes, and squeezed into

The passenger agents now prepared to muster the passengers, an employment far from easy, owing to the confused state of things in this early stage of their voyage; the ship had proceeded some miles from the town, and as the people crowded upon the deck, the fresh wind that came whistling by, heard amid the cordage, and playing with the hair of the childrens' bare heads, made the ribands in their mothers' caps flutter with the kisses of the breeze, while the eyelids of the adults trembled as they faced the blusterer, and they placed their hands upon their caps, thereby seeming to consider it necessary thus to secure them from straying from their legitimate resting places; some smoked their pipes in silence, others were talking and laughing with the blithest, while some crouched upon the deck huddled into a heap, or lazily lay them down to bask in the rising sunbeams. The searchers had been busy below, with lights and lanterns, they had looked into every hole and corner in the ship that they could think of; amongst the rest a man named Jenkins, with a lighted candle visited a place under one of the after cabins, when he appeared again, he was without this light, but accounted for it by stating that he had made some other use of it.

corners, that it is hard to believe that a human being could exist in for five minutes, much less as many hours; and in more than one instance men have been found actually dead—smothered from the voluntary confinement to which they had subjected themselves.

At last the business of the ship was finished, all the passengers were mustered, everything made all right, while the sailors busied themselves with the sails, the yards were braced, the canvass unfurled, and the ship parting from the steamer, pursued her course alone.

Shortly after the steamer had returned on her way to Liverpool, and at about 8 o'clock, a part of the crew, under the direction of the steward, commenced to remove the stores, consisting of spirits, wines, &c., and other inflammatory articles, which had been under Custom-house seals, into the store room. This operation occupied a considerable space of time, and during the interval a light was called for by those assisting, and it is believed was taken down.

Soon after 9 o'clock the cabin passengers assembled to breakfast, which being despatched, they each employed themselves as best suited their several inclinations. In the meantime, the vessel under the guidance of her helm made good speed; yielding to the influence of the favouring wind, she dashed aside the white foam around her bows, and as the ocean swell now rolled by, over the back of the billows she strode, while her foot left no mark upon her path, riding o'er the hill top of the sea, her long taper booms dipping almost into the surge, then high in air lifting their peaks again, they mocked the fierceness of the hissing brine. Swift o'er the heaving sea she sped, the Wind fresh in his unchecked course, sung in her rigging as

she flew along, and with the eagerness of buoyant life, pressed hard against the snowy canvass spread in his path—the large sails bellied deep with the o'er-speeding power, while the quick sailors hauled more tight the strained and well-strung lines.

But playful Boreas still came rushing on, and while he whistled around the mast and through the vibrating cordage, seemed unwilling to leave so beautiful a thing behind, and harder and harder strove to press her on. Gaily and merrily piped aloft the wind, as the vessel swiftly bore upon her course with the sound of the waters, surging and hissing as each time she rose, and sprung from wave to wave, plunging into the depths of yawning seas, then as the mountain-rolling wave came on, proudly and firmly o'er its neck she trod, dashing in thousand particles the slave that rose against her bows, while quickly rushing came the playful wind to join her favourite, and aid her in the cause, catching the scattered remnants dashed aloft, and with the laugh of seamen at the sport, wanton and wild the dew-drops that were found, cast to his myrmidons, and high in air threw the poor relics into driving spray.

Thus the OCEAN MONARCH sailed on: the steamer had left her a considerable time, and the ship had made good way. The hour now approached the noon; the passengers were scattered about, some sea sick in their berths, some busy in arranging the confused mass of luggage below, others upon deck in silence whiling away the time in watching the movements of the sailors,

for scarce a word was uttered, all proceeding with the greatest quiet, almost unbroken, unless by the dashing of the waves, the murmurs of the wind or the creaking of the timbers, as she rose and fell upon the waters.

She had made two tacks, when about this period, one of the cabin passengers while lying upon a sofa below, perceived a strong smell of smoke and fire, and on more minute examination, found that it proceeded from the scuttle, down which the stores had been conveyed, and which was under a portion of the first-class passengers' cabin. The steward being immediately summoned and informed, he hastened to the captain, who sent an officer and one man with him to see to the matter, as it was imagined that a steerage passenger had lit a fire in one of the air pumps or ventilators, and they were ordered to put out the fire and bring up the delinquent. The captain also immediately went below and discovered smoke proceeding into the main cabin through one of the after state-rooms.

They had now arrived within a few miles of this side of the Great Ormshead, and the order having been issued to 'bout ship, her head had obediently turned sea-ward ;—the yards had been hauled when this alarm was heard in the ship.

At this time the mate, who was busy with the working of the vessel, perceived the starboard watch coming forward, who in reply to his enquiries, stated that there was fire below : at which information he immediately ran to the second cabin, but find-

ing none there, hastened to the first cabin, and, in the after state-room on the larboard side, saw that a fire had kindled below the deck of the cabin, by the side of one of the air pipes or ventilators. He then raised the scuttle in the after part of the cabin, and with what water was at hand, (it appears there was a scarcity of fire buckets), he endeavoured to stifle the flames, throwing it on as long as the dense smoke would allow him.

At last, compelled from the almost suffocating state of the atmosphere, he closed the scuttle, and then proceeded to cut a hole through the deck, by which he still hoped to extinguish the fire by casting the water through it. But the smoke, which increased more rapidly, now became so unbearable, ascending in such hot, thick volumes, that no one could withstand it, and at last he, with the rest, was compelled to relinquish the attempt as hopeless altogether; they made a precipitate retreat, the fumes completely driving them upon deck, while below was heard the hollow sound and the ominous murmur of the pent-up flames. One of the cabin passengers went to his state room to procure a valuable part of his luggage, but was almost overpowered in the attempt, and was only preserved from suffocation by being drawn on deck through the skylight. The fire had now been discovered about twenty minutes, and so voracious had been the flames during this interval, that they encompassed the whole of the after-part of the ship, shewing themselves also several feet above the deck.

While this had been proceeding, the captain had been engaged in issuing orders for the better protection and safety of the lives of the passengers; knowing the danger to be imminent from the hidden nature of the fire, the combustibile materials on which it fed, and the apparent impossibility of extinguishing it, he did as much towards its suppression as human forethought could suggest; he ordered the helm to be put up, the ship laid before the wind so as to lessen the draught and run her on shore, but found it was of no avail, and was obliged to bring her to again. In the mean time the flames spread rapidly in spite of all that could be done by the utmost exertions of the captain, the mate, and the crew, and it became evident to all that the ship was doomed, and that they, a mass numbering near four hundred human beings, miles from any assistance, encompassed by the roaring vortex, the waters of the ocean, had for their only refuge a blazing furnace fast consuming beneath their feet—then, when this broke like a flash upon their minds, succeeded a confusion that no hand could picture, no tongue illustrate, and no pen describe—a blind despair seemed to seize upon them, the poor passengers rushed wildly about, casting their arms in the air and supplicating Providence in the wildest accents of horror and of woe. The most piteous screams and fearful yells that ever assailed the ears of man, rung through the burthened air. Men ran hither and thither with seared looks and outstretched hands seeking their wives

and children; women, shrieking their husbands' names, seized strangers by their garments, calling on them for those they sought, with the din of the crying children hanging about their mothers' knees, and the shouts of the seamen as they endeavoured to do aught that could be deemed of service. But naught would do, the flames proceeding from the store room now spread with the most frightful rapidity, fanned by the wind, and feeding on the inflammable materials, while they were accelerated in their progress by the disordered state of the sailing vessel at so early a period of her voyage.*

The flames were now sweeping the after-part of the deck, darting about with their long tongues, and increasing momentarily, threatening the speedy destruction of the vessel and all that she contained.

The passengers, amid the terrible din which reigned around, made the scene even more tumultuous from their mad endeavours to save their little money, valuables, clothes, &c., or any thing in fact which they could easily arrive at. Some more anxious for beings who were dear to them, rushed below to arouse them from their berths, or bring them up thro' the hatch-way. And there, in the steerage between decks, ensued a most

* In ships of this class, who carry a large number of emigrants, it takes at least the first day after their being at sea, to get things into anything like order, or like what sailors term "ship shape," large quantities of luggage usually encumbering the between-decks of the ship.

fearful scene—girls, women and children, sick from the heaving sea, having previously undressed and sought their berths, now sprung from them at that one alarming cry—with seared looks, with floating hair, and half naked, these poor beings rushed to and fro in the confusion, seeking an outlet by the hatchway, while stronger men, in the dread urgency, with bags and boxes dragging to the deck, stopped up the gangway, unheeding the cries of those below, who sought not to save their goods, but to inhale the breath of life above, and escape from the pursuing element. With fearful oaths and hasty hands the men struggled hard, each to get up the quicker, while weak and tender women, in the impending horror, grappled with sinewy arms and robust frames—but with the execration and the curse to be thrust back into the throng below. Slowly and slowly, from the pressing haste, escaped they to the upper deck, for one hindered the other, while the smoke came rolling through the space, 'till scarce each one could view who was the being standing even at their side—thus wrestled they, perhaps with bosom friend or relative, every one in their selfishness wrapped up, as battled each with all, to gain the upper air. Oh! wild indeed and fearful too that scene: for there, roaring and snapping, crackling at the smoke clouds' back, came the hot scorching fire, twining around the victims that were left insensible below to glut their fury.

All now were upon deck that had one chance of this preca-

rious life; none know how many were engulfed below by the overspreading flames, but we have reason to believe it to be a large number.

Many had succeeded in getting upon deck with luggage, and different things, which they proceeded to unpack, and rifling them of that which was most valuable, commenced securing about their persons those things which they could bear with the least incumbrance. In this work, while still the confusion of Babel rung around, clothes, books, trinkets of gold and silver, all kinds of utensils, in fact, things of all descriptions were scattered unheedingly upon the deck, lost and trodden under foot.

The captain, perceiving that nothing could be done with the yards, ordered the anchors to be let go, and the ship's head brought to the wind, to prevent the flames extending forward. Unfortunately, in the expedition used in letting go the anchors, many persons who had got around the cable, amongst the head gearing or cordage, becoming entangled amidst the confusion, were, with the run of the cable, drawn overboard and were drowned, as there was no one at that time who was enabled to rescue, to heed, or help them.

Wilder and wilder grew the scene, men, women and children, mad with affright, ran here and there against each other, thrown down and trampled upon by the crowd. Some in their night dresses, and even others whose clothes were actually on fire,

so late had been their escape from below, pressing forward to the bows amongst their frightened fellow beings, added greater horror and danger to the already terrible state of things—all blind, delirious with the fear that traced their footsteps, all seeking now one object—to fly from the approaching fire, seeing naught in their hurry but the angry flames and the thicker smoke, screaming, wailing and yelling in a manner that could not be surpassed in any other scene.

Some crowded around the captain and mate crying for help, and beseeching them to save them from the danger, or reproaching and upbraiding them for what had taken place—but what could be done? Orders were issued, but remained unexecuted, either from being unheard or from more selfish motives, as the influence of self-preservation swayed, or the clamour drowned the command.

The second mate at this juncture seeing that the destruction of the ship was inevitable, proceeded with some of the crew and passengers to get out the boats—they had succeeded in lowering two, but before the lashings of the others could be cut, the flames had enveloped them. In one of these boats afloat, the second mate, with three others, effected their escape, and for some time hung on below, but at last departed from the burning vessel. The first mate still in the ship, perceiving that the crew and the passengers had lowered the second boat, (the waist boat,) and were fast filling her, while many others still

crowded eagerly to get a place, in order to preserve the boat from being swamped, plunged overboard and swam to her, when having got on board he ordered the rope to be cut; this being done, they floated astern and drifted away to sea. The waves at this time running high and the wind blowing fresh, they had much difficulty in keeping her from filling, as they had no oars, but with pieces of board they managed to keep her head unto the waves, and to bale the water out with hats, boots and shoes, or anything applicable.

After these two boats had departed, the others on board being now devoured by the flames, the captain still remained, and making the greatest exertions for the preservation of life; but the crew had now all deserted or left him, except the carpenter and a few others, until at last his attention was called from others' safety to his own, on finding himself with the few just mentioned almost insulated by the fire, then, and not till then, did the regard for self exert its paramount influence, when fragments of the blazing mainmast were falling around him, and the danger had become most imminent.

After casting the few loose spars and planks that remained overboard, also a topgallant yard, with a rope attached to make it fast alongside, the captain recommended all the passengers to endeavour to save themselves by clinging to these in the water, then finding that he could neither get forward nor aft, and that the flames were approaching him rapidly, he at the

last moment calling upon them again to follow his example, cast himself overboard, and for some time supported himself by clinging to a spar, but as he found that too many were already making use of the same assistance, he left it to those who remained, and swam to a plank at some distance, with which he remained about half an hour, until he was picked up by a boat belonging to Mr. LITLEDALE's yacht, the Queen of the Ocean.

It appears that there was a small portion of gunpowder on board, weighing about twenty-five pounds, in endeavouring to get at which to prevent its explosion, the stewardess had lost her life, as a short time after the attempt, she appeared again on deck, but fell down immediately, being suffocated with the smoke.

The captain having left the vessel, now ensued a scene perhaps more terrific than before: the flames raged from stem to stern, all that part of the ship abaft the fore-castle, was in flames, the mizen and main masts were gone, none but the fore-mast remained. About this time the powder exploded with a terrific noise, but had no other effect, it having been left unconfined. The fire burning without restraint, now created such an unendurable heat, that the poor people crowded around the bows of the vessel, upon the bowsprit and jib-boom, lying one upon another in clusters—some trusting to the loose rigging and sails hanging over the side, others floating about on the

driving spars, found, that as the flames had no mercy, the waves were not less cruel. The heavy sea, running, continued to dash these frail supports one against another, or against the ship's side, until bruised and exhausted, many released their hold, sunk, and were seen no more. Upon the ship, or rather her bows, the foremast still standing, the fugitive mass, hung one about another, clinging to life and hope, when death to them were enviable. The many incidents that occurred about this period, were various and changing in everything but their repetition of horror upon horror. Men, women, and children, mad with affright, were wailing and shrieking as they looked for that help they feared would never reach them; some in their frenzy cast themselves overboard, without a hope of life: mothers, husbands and children, from the prospect or fear of one death, casting themselves at once into the tomb. The unparalleled rapidity of the fire had now with the flames undermined the strength of the foremast, which with a fearful crash fell, dragging ropes and rigging along with it over the side; then immediately following after, the jib-boom, which derives considerable support from the foremast, being now deprived of that aid, having also to bear the pressure of the crowd of human beings who sought thereon a refuge, being unable to sustain the oppressive weight, broke short off, casting its mortal freight unto the empty air, who then as they fell into the roaring waters, dotted their surface for an instant, while their death-cries rung

aloft to the ears of friends or relatives left on board, who could view them lifting their hands to them for help, but could minister none; then as the drowning voices were hushed in their scream of terror, dying away until the waters gulped and bubbled as they choked the sound, o'erwhelming and enclosing all, whilst naught was heard above but the funeral wail, the shriek of pain, the cry of suffering, and all the echoes springing from heightened grief and the sounds of mortal woe.

All now on board the vessel were anxiously looking for the approach of a sail; at last, there appeared to be one bearing down to them; it soon became evident that she was nearing them quickly, but the fire had now become so oppressive and fierce, the flames bursting in holes from the sides and high up above the deck of the vessel, that the chains and other things by which the people held on, became so hot that many had their hands severely scorched and burned. The welcome vessel neared them and proved to be the Queen of the Ocean yacht, the property of Mr. THOMAS LITTLEDALE. Those on board of her had seen, when about three miles distant, the OCEAN MONARCH, with all sails set, but in a moment to their surprise she appeared to change her course, and to be about to return to Liverpool. The cause of this movement soon became apparent. Smoke was seen to issue from the after-part of the vessel and flames soon after became visible. They immediately bore down to her, and as they now approached they could hear the

cries of distress at a considerable distance, while the poor wretches at the bows were huddled together in a manner most painful to behold.

By the direction of the owner of the yacht her crew lowered her boat, manned her, and without loss of time proceeded to render all the assistance in their power to save the lives of those placed in such imminent peril.

The little crew did their work nobly, particularly the mate, who by his coolness and intrepidity set a distinguished example. They succeeded in saving from the wreck or rescuing from the waves those that were floating about, with spars alone for their protection, to the number of thirty-two, among whom was Captain MURDOCH, who was nearly exhausted from his long continuance in the water. While thus engaged in her arduous task, other vessels bore down to render what service they might. The *Affonso*, Brazilian steam frigate, was the first that came to their assistance. She was followed by the *New World*, emigrant ship, and the steamer, *Prince of Wales*, Captain DANL. The latter vessel, as she approached the wreck, when even still some miles from her, had fallen in with the first mate of the *OCEAN MONARCH*, who had drifted some four miles in the boat, when they had been picked up by a sloop, then supplied with oars, the mate was again making his way back to the burning vessel, when he had valuable assistance rendered him by the *Prince of Wales*, who took them in tow till within a mile of the

wreck, when having received the passengers on board from the boat, the captain gave him four men with oars, and with these, after rescuing a cabin passenger who was holding on by a life-buoy, he made his way to the vessel, passing by floating vegetables and dead bodies, pieces of wreck, and all the evidences of the fearful devastation that had been committed.

When they reached the remains of the OCEAN MONARCH, they found the Affonso partly to windward; her boats were all out, Admiral Grenfell being in one of them, and using the most heroic exertions in their humane employment. There were also two boats out belonging to the New World packet ship, and other boats from other ships.

The mate, burning with anxiety to render assistance to the poor people on board his vessel, pulled immediately for her and attempted to rescue those crowded around the head, who were screaming deliriously; but there was great difficulty as well danger in the task, owing to the heavy timbers in the water being dashed about by the waves still running high, with a number of dead bodies floating around; but after some time they were enabled to rescue a few people from the rigging under the bows, and shortly afterwards also a woman and child, but the infant died almost instantly in the boat.

The mate was now most active: the Prince of Wales steamer, not being able to approach, as it was most dangerous to be in the vicinity of the burning vessel, lent him more oars and

men, and he still endeavoured to get under the bows of the vessel, but he could not succeed in persuading the passengers to come down; the few who did venture, were saved by him.

The *Afonso*, commanded by Captain Lisboa, having a large party on board, among whom, were the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale, the Prince and Princess de Joinville, the Marquis de Lisboa, the Brazilian minister, Admiral Grenfell and daughter, &c., was anchored near to the OCEAN MONARCH; she had sent out four boats commanded each by an officer; Admiral Grenfell and the Marquis de Lisboa jumping into another, also pulled for the ship on fire; and altogether there was great confusion in the scene, yet by their well-directed and arduous efforts, the boats from the *Afonso* succeeded in rescuing between one and two hundred of the sufferers; they were brought alongside of the ship, and one by one were handed on board, all of them much more dead than alive.

But the boats from the other vessels made the most prodigious efforts: all seem to have been actuated by the same spirit, and each succeeded in saving the lives of many human beings; but after all those floating about or hanging to the fallen rigging had been rescued, none remained on board the burning ship but a few, numbering about fifteen, consisting chiefly of women and children, who were terrified at the thought of casting themselves into the waters and running the chance of being picked up by the boats, who used their boat hooks for this purpose. All

the persuasion and entreaties of the brave men below could not prevail upon them to run that last risk ; seeing this, several fine fellows attempted to gain the vessel to assist these poor frightened beings, but in their gallant attempts were unsuccessful, owing to the heavy surging of the sea and the dangerous things that floated about. At last, a man came forward, a sailor from the New World, named Frederick Jerome, an Englishman by birth, a native of Portsmouth, but naturalized an American, who had distinguished himself on previous occasions by his strength, skill, and bravery ; he now proceeded to denude himself of his clothes, after which taking a cord in his hand, he plunged into the sea and breasting the danger, by his firm hand averting the peril, and the strength of limb bearing him swiftly to his object, he gained the vessel, swung himself by the ropes by great efforts of muscular power, and at last gained the place where the fugitives were, then, with the cord he brought with him, one by one he lowered them below ; last of all an old man named Samuel Fielding, of Glossop, one of the passengers ; he was aged and infirm and seeing no hope of safety in the scramble below, he had taken a little girl in his arms and lodging near the bows of the vessel awaited his fate ; after the most fearful suspense the brave Jerome had come to his deliverance, and, with the child, he lowered the old man whose hands were seriously scorched, to the boats below, where he arrived in safety. Last of all Jerome descended, while prolonged and hearty cheers

proclaimed the issue of his adventure, when none were left on board; and the OCEAN MONARCH was left alone to the ruin to which she was inevitably doomed.

The individuals who had been so busy in their praiseworthy labour, now proceeded each to their different ships, but Frederik Jerome, who went on board the Affonso, was received by the noble gentlemen and ladies on board, who congratulated him on the success of his bold attempt; the Prince de Joinville, in particular, shook hands with him, complimenting him highly and presented him with a handful of gold. He was conspicuous where all were brave, and in fact few passages in life could shew to a beholder a greater, more extensive, or more unanimous series of heroic efforts and individual gallantry than were witnessed on that day at the burning of the OCEAN MONARCH.

There were now on board the Affonso about a hundred and fifty of the suffering passengers; many also were in Mr. LITLEDALE's yacht, where they received every attention their limited space and accommodation could supply; others, in the Prince of Wales steamer, had every kindness shown unto them, but on board the Affonso was the sympathetic feeling more exemplified, as their means were so much more extensive. As the passengers each were brought on board, they were attended to in the most ample manner. The women and children particularly were carefully looked after by the Princess de Joinville, and the Duchess d'Aumale. The two Princes elsewhere

were exceedingly energetic, and used every possible exertion in seconding the captain in his arduous endeavours.

Admiral Grenfell, who has but one arm, was heard to say that he never in his life so much regretted his loss as on the present occasion, as he was satisfied he could have been of much more service if it had been otherwise. Although his conduct by all observers was acknowledged to have been remarkable, for its cool promptitude and the uniform success of the movements he directed.

Everything that the frigate had on board was now liberally supplied to the survivors. Biscuit and bread, meat and vegetables, brandy and wine, were all handed about with unbounded profusion, and we need scarcely remark that these esculents and drinkables were most acceptable to the miserable beings who were drenched with wet, parched with thirst, exhausted with fatigue and anxiety, and many almost in a state of nudity. But this want was supplied by the benevolent exertions of the crew, who divided their spare garments among them, in a manner that rendered the scene, in appearance, what at another time would be considered sufficiently ludicrous; but in this matter the crew of the *Affonso* were emulated by those of the other vessels, all of whom gave to the sufferers to the best of their ability and power. The finest attributes of man, the nobility of feeling, disinterestedness, bravery, tenderness and sympathy for our fellow beings' sufferings, were never more

brightly called forth, or more generally apparent than in this calamitous affair.

The Queen of the Ocean having already departed, also the Prince of Wales steamer, the Affonso proceeded back to Liverpool, and anchored in the Sloyne about 8 o'clock. Many of the passengers were landed, but surgeons were got for the wounded and disabled, and to see them well looked after.

There were about sixteen persons afterwards landed at the pier-head, having been picked up by a fishing boat, amongst these were several of the crew of the OCEAN MONARCH; when they got on shore they were welcomed by some of their fellow seamen who had arrived before them in the yacht, and then ensued such an affecting scene, as these rugged sons of the ocean met, that many of the spectators were affected even to tears, while they embraced one another, and as each others' hands they wrung, inquired eagerly for those who were not present; the burthen of each fresh communication could be traced upon the faces of these men as they had reason to be glad or sorrowful, on hearing of the fate of their absent messmates.

The sufferers by this calamity departed, some to their friends, others were provided with beds and everything necessary in their exhausted state. Many of these poor beings had lost their all by this dreadful occurrence, and the scene that ensued next day at the Passenger Agent's Office was most heart-rending, as they applied for the return of their passage money which they had

paid, and it is satisfactory to relate that this was promptly refunded to them. While in the town and neighbourhood the relation of the circumstances produced an action of feeling most praiseworthy: subscription lists were opened for the benefit of the sufferers, and in a short time the money subscribed amounted to a considerable sum, but as the loss sustained was even enormous, many charitable plans have been commenced for effecting the same purpose—indeed, the sympathy expressed has been most general. At Menai Bridge, where the Prince of Wales had borne the remainder of that portion of the poor people which she had saved, £60 had been immediately collected after the news had been circulated. Thus it is to be hoped, from the generous feelings that the public have shown, and the interest taken in compensating the survivors of this calamity for their great loss, that when the Committee who have the management of the Subscription Fund, shall yield their statement to the world, it will be found that the efforts of generosity and benevolence were not exerted in vain, and that those who were in any way connected with the sad fate of the OCEAN MONARCH, shall, in future time, when looking back at that awful occurrence, while they tremble at the suffering and peril they had then undergone, they will also feel pleasure in reflecting that they had afterwards experienced the tender proffer of fellow-beings' help, and known and felt the power of their timely assistance and aid.

The OCEAN MONARCH riding still upon the broad sea, burned on until about half-past one on Friday morning, when the darkness that surrounded her, was startled by the leaping of scattered tongues of flame into the air, while the water that had gained an entrance into the hull of the vessel drove them from point to point, and steam and smoke arose in dense clouds, with the hissing sound of the contact of the two elements; then the waves gaining free entrance, she heaved, rose, and fell upon the waters, then with a surge, the stern became overwhelmed and she sank into the depths below, while over her swept the rush of the parted seas as they united and closed for ever upon the ill-fated OCEAN MONARCH.

APPENDIX.

The following is said to be the number of persons on board the OCEAN MONARCH, together with the number of those saved and unaccounted for:—

ON BOARD.

Steerage	322
Second cabin.....	22
First.....	6
Crew.....	47
Doctor.....	1
	<hr/>
	398

SAVED.

Queen of the Ocean.....	32
Affonso.....	160
Smack.....	16
Prince of Wales.....	14
	<hr/>
	222

To account for.....176

STEERAGE PASSENGERS.—SAVED.

Bannister, Elisha	Burns, Denis and Eliza
Bell, Elizabeth and W.	Callaghan, Ellen, Ann. and Abby
Booker, James, Mary, and Edwin	Carney, Joanna and Margaret
Brenihan, Jeremiah	Cashman, Mary
Brettall, Jane and Thomas	Carling, Denis
Brown, John, Leah, Henry, and Frederick	Connor, James
Bristow, J.	Constantine, Thomas
Britton, Mary	Corcoran, Denis
	Cox, Peter

- Crawley, Edward and Ellen
 Culin, Jeffrey
 Curran, Dominick
 Dolan, Edward
 Darwin, James, Betty, and child
 Denny, Mary
 Dohaghan, Mary (a child, its
 mother lost)
 Donovan, Betsey and Eliza
 Donnelly, Arthur, Patrick, Betsy,
 and Catherine
 Doran, John and Edward
 Dwyer, William
 Dwyer, Catherine
 Ellis, Mary
 Fielding, Samuel
 Fisher, Henry
 Fleming, John and Michael
 Flood, Bridget and Catherine
 Freckleton, John
 Gaffney, Bridget
 Gallavin, Julia
 Gibney, Ann
 Gleeson, Catherine, Daniel, Mi-
 chael, and John
 Greenhouse, William
 Griffin, Patrick
 Halloran, Sarah
 Hannah, John
 Headley, Edward
 Harwood, James
 Healing, Thomas
 Hill, Sophia and Sarah Ann
 Hooker, James, Mary, and
 Ellinor
 Howard, Henry
 Hughes, Samuel, Eliza, and
 Emanuel
 Hughes, Edward (lost one child)
 Jones, Edward
 Jones, George, and wife
 Kelly, Johanna and John
 Kelly, Thomas
 Kershaw, Martha, and child
 Kihmartin, Daniel
 Kegan, Michael
 Leary, Catherine and Daniel
 Lester, Thomas, James, and
 Mary Ann
 Lloyd, William and Margaret
 Lyuch, Michael
 Martin, William
 Mills, William
 Mulier, James M.
 M. Cahill, Humphrey, Maurice
 and Joanna
 Munlin, William
 Molan, William
 Molan, Johanna
 Murphy, Jane and Eliza
 Murphy, Patrick
 Murray, John
 Murtagh, James
 M'Adams, Patrick
 M'Cartney, Daniel and Ann
 M'Callan, Elizabeth, James, and
 Jane Ann
 M'Combs, (on board the Pilot
 Queen, of Chester)
 M'Curran, Daniel
 M'Donnell, Mary and John
 M'Fall, John
 M'Ginn, Catherine, Mary, and
 William
 M'Loughlin, John
 M'Manus, Patrick and Ann
 M'Maner, James
 Nangle, James
 Neesom, Sarah
 Neesom, Edwin
 Oulhan, Andrew
 Orange, William
 Orrell, Louis
 O'Brien, James
 O'Hara, Bridget
 Pollard, Sarah
 Powell, Henry
 Quirk, Michael
 Radcliff, James
 Regan, Catherine, Mary, and
 Patrick
 Rodgers, Edward
 Rooney, Joanna
 Rourke, Michael
 Routh, Ellen and Michael
 Roper, Hannah (two children in
 the hospital)
 Ryder, Daniel
 Sales, Mary
 Sanders, William
 Savage, Frederick
 Scanlon, William

Shearon, Edward	Thompson, Elizabeth
Shore, Emma	Walker, James
Somerville, Sarah	Welsh, Richard
Smith, Peter	Warburton, Elizabeth, John, and Mary
Swallow, Sarah	Ward, Eliza
Swallow, Elizabeth	Wells, William
Taylor, Mary Ann	White, Henry
Tobin, Joanna and Honora	Woods, Francis and Catherine
Tomlinson, George	Wrigglesworth, Peter
Thompson, Charles	

NAMES OF THE CREW SAVED.

Austin, Christopher J.	Keeler, John
Bassett, Henry	Locke, Charles D.
Blodgett, William	M'Laughlin, John
Bengolon, J., first officer	Moore, W. J., carpenter
Bramen, Frederick	Moody, Samuel
Brannon, Richard	Nelan, W. R.
Buekley, S., 2nd carpenter	Quimby, Edward
Cheyn, James	Roberts, William
Colver, Henry	Rogers, Edward
Gibb, W. P., second officer	Stockwell, Isaac
Glindining, Robert	Sweet, Jonathan
Green, William	Vain, George
Gulliver, William	Wallace, William
Hiller, Thomas	Wilder, Daniel, and
Jenkins, E. E.	Wilson, James

UNACCOUNTED FOR.

Atkinson, John	Clark, Catherine, Mary, and Isabella
Anderson, Thos. and Mary Ann	Coyle, Catherine
Baring, Johanna	Condon, Eugene
Barker, George	Constantine, Ann
Banson, William	Combs, John
Bell, John, Emma, and Eliza	Cox, Richard and Mary Ann
Blyden, Joseph	Crook, Mary
Brady, Patrick	Cuddy, Ales
Brisnall, Jerry	Curley, Ellen
Brown, Thomas, William, wife, and child	Dunning, Julia
Burns, Mary	Delanham, Patrick
Butterworth, Joseph	Devine, James, Bridget, and child
Buttan, Mary	Deacon, Alice
Callaghan, Dennis, Susan, son, and daughter	Dolan, John
Cashman (five children)	Donohue, Darby

- Dougherty, John and Martin
 Driston, Whiston
 Druen, Mary
 Drury, Julia and James
 Durgen, Catherine
 Fisher, Sarah
 Finan, Mary Ann, Mary, and
 Bridget
 Flood, Margaret
 Galvin, Nora
 Gaffney, Mary
 Gleesod, Ann, Mary, Philip, and
 child
 Gormly, Margaret
 Green, Rosanna
 Halloran, Margaret
 Hanley, Murthy
 Hely, James
 Henry, James
 Hill, Rebecca
 Jackson, William, wife, and
 child; William, wife, and two
 children
 Johnson, John, Thomas, Jane,
 and Mary
 Jones, Mary
 Kaye, Thomas and wife
 Keegan, Winifred
 Kelleher, Ellen and child
 Kealing, Nora
 Kelly, Edward
 Kilby, Catherine
 Leavy, Thomas, Mary Ann, and
 James
 Lowes, Neville
 Marvety, William and wife
 Maxwell, Robert
 McEvoy, Jane and Mary
 McGee, Margaret
 Moyuch, John
 Molan, Ellen, Davis, and John
 Murty, William
 Mullong, Betsey
 Mulvan, Arthur, Jane, and child
 Neelson, Mrs. Sarah, Edwd., and
 Jane
 Netbitt, Mary Ann
 Nolan, James and Margaret
 O'Connor, Daniel and wife
 O'Hara, Catherine
 Pollenside, Samuel
 Parker, George
 Quinn, Mary and two sons
 Roberts, Jane
 Ronayn, James, Margaret, Ca-
 therine, Eliza, Johanna, and
 Margaret
 Shaw, Joseph, Mary, Ann, and
 Sarah
 Shenan, Margaret
 Shread, Joseph
 Smith, Margaret, Ellen, Mary,
 Thomas, Peter, Mary, and
 child
 Spencer, William and Francis
 Sullivan, Darnly, Geoffry, Jo-
 hanna, Ellen, Catherine, and
 Nancy
 Tobin, Mary
 Towns, William
 Tierney, Ellen and Bridget
 Thompson, Henry, Sarah,
 Charles, Elizabeth, and Alice
 Ward, Sarah Ann and Edward
 Wilson, James, Catherine, and
 child
 Winstanley, James
 Willis, William and wife
 Wynne, Mary

THE END.

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