West of a Port where numerous shipping ride,
(In pomp, in grandeur, in Majestic pride.)
Four leagues, or more, a dangerous rock is found,
And whirling eddies, and there toils abound;
Off, when the vessel near'd the wish'd-for-shore,
With treasure freighted,—with the richest store;
When, in fond hope, the crew perceiving'd the land,
That distant region and black kings command. 1
When tow'd the port expecting eyes were turn'd,
And friends on shore the absent seamenourn'd,
The reach your rock conceal'd beneath the wave,
Brought instant death! And op'd a wat'ry grave:
Abundant treasure sunk into the main;
Ends on shore the absent seamen mourn'd;
Nor ever fail'd to please;
But power and art against fitrious storms combine,
Let me the efforts of this man review.

The humble Writer of the following Lines is now,
Through a variety of circumstances over which he
Had no control, reduced from a respectable situation
In life to extreme want.
He "cannot dig—to beg he is ashamed." But he
Humbly hopes that this method of relieving himself
From distress will merit the approbation of a generous
And enlightened British Public, and so far recommend
Him to its notice, as to induce that Public to
Purchase this Publication.

A Poem,
Published as the Act directs,
Nov. 10th, 1823 by IN Bailey,
116 Chancery Lane, London

E'en Louis own'd it's worth, the light rever'd.
Which French and English vessels of-times spar'd,
Nor hostile war will countenance the deed,
Which wrecks whole navies, makes whole convoys bleed.

Oh Franklin! 4 great in ev'ry sublime art,
That can its charms to virtuous youth impart:
Remov'd for courage, bless'd with piou's fame,
And crown'd with peace,—the subject of my theme;
Return and view the great aquatic tower
Which sheds its luster in the dangerous hour;
Which lights the bosom of the spacious main,
And bids the steersman to the port attain.
Review the work that mercy bid arise,
With tow'ring grandeur tow'rs the ethereal skies.
That British genius only could complete,
The first in merit of her glorious state.

And Rideous, 5 skill'd in naval tactics sound,
Surpassing credit—with great knowledge crown'd!
How oft have ye when dreadful storms have pour'd
Their horrid wrath—when death in vengeance low'd,
Stood firm, unwav'r'd, pronounc'd the just command,
The steersman heard, and sp'ed the dangerous land.
How oft with Scott, 6 the second chief in pow'r,
Have I escap'd the sad and threat'n'g hour?
When dangers, thick as hail, from storms arose,
The gallant Walker 7 led us through those foes.
How oft, with joy, we reach'd the destin'd port,
Where trading hund'reds to our ship resort!
There, safe being moor'd, enjoy the festive bowl
Which cheers the heart, nor harms the purest soul.

These scenes are fled; in fancy we review
The storms of life, more pleasing toil's pursue.
To write is mine of past transactions fled,
To paint the virtues of the illustrious dead;
And first in fame great WINSTANLEY appears!
The noblest architect of ancient years;
Though long destroy'd by the resistless storm,
His ardent genius doth my bosom warm:

He lives again, his power we resound
In each successor, though with vict'ry crown'd;
But first, ere they his daring track pursue,
Let me the efforts of this man review.
Where tempests reign'd boldy took his stand,
And darts its beams the guide of friends and foes;
Pilots of ev'ry land perceive the light,
They steer with judgment, and move on airight;
A thousand fleets in safety reach their ports,
And Britain's shores are all their safe resorts.

Four years the guide to each approaching sail,
The fabric's shatter'd;—tempests loud prevail:
A strong abatement strengthens ev'ry part,
Which guards the base and fortifies the heart;
Higher, again the lantern it ascends,
Again the storm the mighty fabric rends!
But power and art gainst fitrious storms combine,
Winston'shouts, "the victory is mine!"
Above the cock, that veers with every wind,
The tempest rose, its deluge great combin'd:
One hundred feet the rising seas ascend!
Can mortal works such mighty powers withstand?
Oh, WINSTANLEY! Why thus presumptuous try
To equal powers that have their strength on high?
Why vaunt? The common thought despise,
That seem'd prophetic of the destinies
That wait on men, in ev'ry separate state.
And envious thee in matchless fame replete?
Commission'd, all the furious winds conspire
To sink this monument of thy desire:
In scatter'd fragments rends its stones around;
The rocks re-echo to the dreadful sound,
The mighty structure feels the powerful weight,
It groans!—it yields to the decree of fate!
In wat'ry tomb the architect expires,
And dies unseen—to silent death retire.
Relentless waves and furious storms arise,
And unrestrained cope with flaming skies.
The hapless Winchelsea being homeward bound,
Strikes on the rocks! the shrieks of death resound;
She splits! borne onwards by the dreadful wave,
Scarce one from ten the wretched crew can save.
Again, with freight, far from the western shore,
Another vessel bears her wealthy store;
She strikes; the greedy waves the ship devours.
The costly freight, and swallows up her stores.
Loos upon loss unhappily succeed
Till thousands perish and till hundreds bleed;
At length the Merchants meet near Plymouth Sound,
And form resolves; success their meeting crown’d.

A Losell, great, like WINSTANLEY arose,
To form a structure, tempests to oppose.
Rudyard, the architect, in powers sublime,
Display’d his skill,—it mocks thy feeble rhyme.
"Two years he laboure’d; when lo! Appears;
A light revolving, shining as the stars!
The guide for seamen steering for the port,
Their faithfuls beacon, and their best resort;
Above the clouds, above the sea it moves;
And brilliant shines! and happily round
A light revolving, shining as the star.

The Keeper rose, the shining lamp to trim,
And rising found the lantern in a flame!
His comrades slept; and slept, alas! compus’d.
Nor rose in time, nor timely interpos’d.
But being awak’d, they with the flames contend;
The flames aspire! — their burning rage extend;
In vain they try the fatal flames to assuage;
Or with the fire unequal war to wage.
The burning lead had scorched Hall’s inward part!
Bears bolts of value from both rocks and sand.
Now turn to land, the ransom’d captives view,
For storms destroy them, or fires burn away.

The Keeper rose, the shining lamp to trim,
And rising found the lantern in a flame!
His comrades slept; and slept, alas! compos’d.
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The flames aspire! — their burning rage extend;
In vain they try the fatal flames to assuage;
Or with the fire unequal war to wage.
The burning lead had scorched Hall’s inward part!
Bears bolts of value from both rocks and sand.
Now turn to land, the ransom’d captives view,
For storms destroy them, or fires burn away.
But vain their rage—for Mercy's great design
In the grand building shall renowned shine,
'Til time and storms, corroding eat their way
Through the proud structure, then 'th impetuous sea
With mighty rage this building may assail,
And all may tumble in the furious
Witb mighty rage this building may
In the grand building shall renowned
And great designs the British power
And stands the guide to each commercial place
Where commerce reigns and spreads its sacred grace.

Then, let us hope, whilst Navies spread their sails,
And these are filled with odorif'rous gales;
Whilst interest rules the first of naval states,
And great designs the British power completes,
That useful beacons shall in order
And mix their beams with radiance—m the
Where commerce reigns and spreads its sacred grace.

But, until care, the important charge resigns
In paths of peace and plenty to
When emboro wonb, transplanted, shall be found:

Ob! lovely Goddess, of celestial grace,
Shall bless the annals of the rolling year;
Shall own their faults, nor yet my task deride
Ab! Will they leave Pied's happy shore
And book of ages at thy just command.
They grant description, which is all requir'd

'Then first, thyself, fair Goddess, I'll portray,
And with description this kind act repay.
Just of the size of human forms divine,
Crown'd with a wreath of laurel most sublime.
Thou dost appear; with sacred trump in hand,
And, to speak the truth, thy just command,
No fair form in the celestial band
Of Virtue bright, where shining CLIOS stand,
She smiles benignant and unfolds the page
Of ancient time, of Empires and of age;
But from the works of past and modern times,
SMEATONIC structure, most heroic thymes;
It stands majestic on the roaring main,
Thro' winter's storms, thro' Ocean's dreadful reign.
Whatever power Boreas rapid sends,
Or Auster, dreadful to the house extends;
Like its sound rock, firm seated on the sea,
It meets, unstaken, the vast dreadful spray!
Whatever rage, the ocean or the wind,
And all the fury of them both combin'd
Pour here; the work of MERCY's stands—
The guide to British and to Foreign lands.
Thus spoke the Muse, when rising on the wing.
The fair EUTERPE said, 'sweet Poet sing,'
The praise of CLIO, in your future page,
And all the nine, the heavenly nine engage,
Oh! lovely Muse, of Heaven's sublimier art,
Thy kind protection to such works impart!
And THALIA, mistresst of the comic strain,
Midst storms, thy mirth, thy cheering mirth sustain
MELPOMENE! thy richest crowns bestow,
But e'er avert the dreadful scenes of Woe!
Let TERPSICHORE with fairest THALIA join;
And sweet ERATO tune the Lyre diviné!

Let POLYHMNIA, of persuasive pour,
Guard Naval rights, even in the dangerous hour,
And CALLIOPE, with all her richest lore,
Point out the dangers of this rocky shore!
But chief, URANIA, goddess most sublime!
Guide Navigators till the close of time;
So shall the Rulers of the Naval train,
Britannia's pillars all her rights maintain!

Long may this work, (the beacon of the land)
Guide erring vessels from both rocks and sand:
Long may this structure sour'ward to the skies,
Its faithful watchmen get their just supplies;
And Briton's Genius e'er triumphant stand,
The immortal Phars of a free-born land.

Poetry—Spring 2008
Postscripts

1. To enjoy the interest of this Poem, the reader should peruse an Account of the Eddystone Light-House.

2. The British Empire in India is governed by Rajahs, or petty Kings, who are appointed by the British Viceroy.

3. The first Lighthouse on the Eddystone Rock was begun in the year 1696, and finished in 1699, from the plan, and under the inspection of the unfortunate Mr. Winstanley, who, with his Workmen and the Light-Keepers, were washed away in that dreadful storm, November 26, 1703.

4. Lieutenant Franklin, of H.M.'s Ship Bedford, 74. A man as remarkable for a truly virtuous life, as for skill in naval tactics.

5. Rideout, First Lieutenant of H.M.'s Ship Bedford. A man whom no danger could appal. He was as collected in the moment of apparent death, and could discharge the duties of his station then as freely as when going before the wind in a pleasant breeze.

6. Scott, the First Lieutenant of H.M.'s ship Bedford, in 1807 and 1808.

7. Captain Walker, of H.M.'s Ship Bedford, between the years 1807 and 1815, one year excepted, when Captain M'Kenzic commanded her.


10. Wrecked on the Eddystone Rock a few days after the destruction of this first Light-house.—Ibid.


12. 2d Dec. 1756

13. Two small villages by the sea side, in the vicinity of Plymouth, from whence every succour was sent to the miserable sufferers as soon as the conflagration was discovered.

14. Tolcher, a Magistrate of Plymouth. West, the Admiral lying in Plymouth Sound.

15. One of the Light Keepers as soon as he got on shore fled into the country, and has not been heard of since.

16. The skillful Doctor Spry.

17. Unfortunate Man, when his body was opened to ascertain the cause of his Death, a piece of lead (of an oval form), was found in his stomach, weighing 7 ounces and 5 drachms. An account of which may be seen in the Transactions of the Royal Society.

18. The present Light House was begun 23rd July 1756 – Finished October 9th, 1759.

19. The person who assisted the Author in the Publication of this Poem. Were it not for his discernment and generosity, which relieved him, he, in all probability, to the present hour, might have wandered penniless on the shores of that country in the service of which he bled, and whose fame he bids fair to celebrate.

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THE

EDDYSTONE

LIGHT-HOUSE,

A POEM:

An Historical Account of every remarkable Occurrence that has transpired since the FIRST LIGHT-HOUSE was erected ON THE EDDYSTONE ROCK,

WESTWARD OF PLYMOUTH SOUND,

1696.

Long may this structure—beacon of the land,
Guide erring vessels from both rocks and sand;
Long may this fabric tow'r toward the skies,
Its faithful watchmen get their just supplies;
And Britain's Genius e'er triumphant stand,
The immortal Pharos of a free-born land.

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