THE

TRIUMPH

OF THE

ORWELL,

WITH A

DEDICATORY SONNET,

AND

PREFATORY STANZAS.

" Heaven speed the canvass, gallantly unfurl'd,
To furnish and accommodate a world,
To give the pole the produce of the sun,
And knit the unsocial climates into one."

COWPER.

WOODBRIDGE:

PRINTED BY SMITH AND JARROLD.

Mrs Wm Browne
with the Author's Compts

TO THE READER.

THESE pages not being intended for the public eye, any preliminary remarks may not apparently be required; as however they may, even in their limited extent of circulation, fall into the hands of some who may either be surprized at their not having been printed earlier, or at their being printed at all, the Author wishes them to be accompanied by a brief explanation.

A few days before the Launch of the ORWELL, the writer was applied to for some stanzas commemorative of that event; no leisure interval offered till so short a time prior to the verses being wanted for the press, as to admit of few hours being employed about them: other competitors had then entered the field, and the project was abandoned. The M. S. however, having been shewn to a few friends, who wished for copies of it, the Author was desirous to gratify them, and it is now printed in consequence.

The Dedicatory Sonnet was composed, and intended to be prefixed, as a compliment, of course; but doubtful how far it implies one, and unwilling that the compliance of his fair friend should cost her too dear, by making her alone bear the responsibility of imputed, and perhaps misplaced patron-

age; the Author has added some stanzas, which may give others an opportunity of sharing her disgrace, or partaking her honours.

It only remains to add, that if the smallest gratification be derived by any from the perusal of these verses, they are indebted for it solely to the liberality of the Printers; who, on the first statement of the Author's wishes, very handsomely undertook to print a small impression gratuitiously.

DEDICATORY SONNET,

TO

L****** J*****.

SO swiftly, silently, have stolen along
The steps of Time, that years have passed away
Since I was wont on Orwell's banks to stray,
And find a home amid her busy throng.
How shall I then, my lovely friend, among
Her Fair, discover one to whom I may
Inscribe this tribute to her festive day,
Unless to Thee I dedicate the Song?
Then, be it thine!—thy love of Poesy,
Influence of local ties,—have made it so:
And if another reason I must show,
I have a foolish one, yet dear to me;
For the initials to these lines prefix'd,
With Memory's brightest, darkest dreams are mix'd.

PREFATORY

STANZAS.

DAUGHTERS of Orwell! you to whom
  The stream I sing hath long been known;
Who prize its banks when Spring's gay bloom
  In lavish loveliness is shown;—
Or Summer's radiance rests upon
  Its breast, with bright and dazzling beam;
Or Autumn's tints, of tenderer tone,
  Along its borders richly gleam:—

By whom but *you* should Orwell's praise
  Be welcom'd with indulgent ear?
From whom should minstrel, who essays
  To tell its triumphs, hope to hear
Those plaudits, to the Poet dear,
  But *You?*—then while the strain I wake,
With favouring smiles vouchsafe to hear,
  Not for my own, but Orwell's sake.

So may you, many a future Spring,
  Behold its beauteous banks supplied
With renovated charms, which bring
  Admiring strangers to its side.
Or when the Summer's fervid pride
  Invites you on its waves to sail;
Be it yours to skim its flowing tide
  With sky serene, and gentle gale.

Or if mild Autumn's mellow eve
  Should lure you on its banks to stray,
Just when the sun is taking leave,
  And sheds aslant his softest ray
On groves, and gardens, late so gay,
  Where varying tints still richly shine,
And pensive gleams of brightness play,
  Attendant on the day's decline ;—

Then in that calm and peaceful hour,
  May you with chasten'd feelings bless
The dear delight, the silent power,
  Of Nature's fading loveliness !
And gazing, gratefully confess
  In voiceless extasy, how dear,
Far dearer than the gay can guess,
  The parting glories of the year.

Nor think such feelings will expire
  When wintry storms obscure the sky ;
No : oft beside the social fire
  Shall Memory bring them to your eye ;
And lonelier hours glide swiftly by,
  Beguil'd by those which sped before them,
Fancy shall make you feel them nigh,
  And Hope shall whisper, "I'll restore them."

THE

TRIUMPH

OF THE

ORWELL.

NOW Orwell spread thy sparkling waves
  In triumph to the sun ;
And, where old ocean hoarsely raves,
  Proclaim the wreath thou'st won.

Thine is no puny, limpid stream,
  Where boats alone may glide ;
Or fairies, by the moonlight beam,
  In tiny skiffs may ride.

And yet, between the crowded spot
  Where Gipping joins with thee,
And Ocean ; scenes not soon forgot,
  Are scatter'd lavishly.

For many an exquisite recess
  Thy wooded banks display ;
Some lovely in their loneliness,
  And some as bright and gay.

But these are not my present theme;
  For Fancy turns her eye,
To times far distant; when thy stream,
  Bore armed gallies by.

When * Henry waged unnatural war;
  And Edward's faithless Queen
Forgot the loyalty she swore;
  Thou show'dst another scene.

Then, mingled with thy sable barks,†
  Of strange and uncouth Name;
'Mid shady groves, and princely parks,
  Sail'd prince, and princely dame.

Not as Eliza ‡ stemm'd thy tide,
  In peaceful pomp alone;
But bearing up in martial pride
  And breathing warlike tone.

Then on thy peaceful banks were heard
  The trump and clarion shrill;
And strife's discordant echoes stirr'd
  Thy scenes so sweetly still.

Enough of these—from them we turn
  To *one*, who on *thy* tide,
Perchance in boyish days might learn
  His buoyant boat to guide.

And shame it were, if in a lay
  To praise of thee devoted,
His name, so famous in its day,
  Should pass the bard unnoted.

Candish! ‖ thou enterprizing tar,
  Could verse of mine dispel
The clouds which veil'd thy setting star,
  Its triumphs I would tell.

Though little of thy life be known,
  And of its end still less;
Both touch a melancholy tone
  Of pensive tenderness!

And he who wakes a votive strain
  To Orwell's lovely stream,
May be excused if he would fain
  Combine thee with his theme.

Who knows how often in the hour;
  The brightest life can lend,
When boyhood's dreams, by magic power,
  With manhood's business blend;

Who knows how oft by Orwell's side
  Were felt the early force
Of enterprizing hopes; the guide
  Of thy uncertain course?

And though thy comet-like career
  Was marked by ruthless spoil;
At least it knew not coward fear,
  Nor turn'd aside from toil.

Brilliant and brief thy course; its end
  To mortal eye unknown;
Conjecture vainly would pretend
  To make thy history shown.

Whether in harbour far remote
  Thy bark a home might gain;
Or fate its fragments doom'd to float
  In ruin o'er the main:

Whate'er the fate of that; or thee;
  No stone records thy name;
Let ocean thy mausoleum be!
  Thy epitaph; thy fame!

Peace to the wandering seaman!—Turn
From him, and Orwell's flood,
To where her children, brave and stern
Their fearless trade pursued. §

Where 'gainst the monarch of the deep,
They once were wont to urge
Their desperate warfare; and to steep
With blood the foamy surge.

Where, amid polar ice and snow,
They brav'd the dangerous strife;
And, by the oft repeated blow,
Bereav'd the *whale* of life.

What boots to paint the dreadful scene?
The giant's awful size;
The fearful, silent pause between
His sinking and his rise:

Between the moment when, with ire,
He dives below the main;
And when, arising to respire,
He feels the dart again.

O! different far the ocean-king,
Alive, and roused to rage;
From that unwieldy, putrid thing,**
Which pleas'd our latter age.

Which decomposing by degrees,
Sweet Orwell, on thy shore,
Impregnated each passing breeze
With stench unknown before.

Yet, such the universal wish
To see a sight so rare;
That thousands flock'd to view the fish,
In spite of poison'd air.

E'en female nicety stood by,
Though reeking perfumes rose;
Wisely resolv'd to please the eye
At peril of the nose.

Yet deem not that the Bard would dare
To write of dames with spleen;
He only hints what dames *can* bear,
To see! and *to be seen!*

And now, fair Orwell! of the *past*
No more: I have but time,
A hasty glance o'er *all* to cast;
The *present* claims my rhyme.

And well thy present honours might
A loftier Bard provoke
To hymn thy praise; and with delight,
A loftier Muse invoke.

But since 'tis better badly done,
Than not perform'd at all;
The wreath which thou hast lately won,
I'll sing, whate'er befall.

Bayley! whatever honours league,
Whatever glories shine,
Combin'd in Barnard, or in Teague;††
They still must yield to thine.

Nay, e'en our last year's whale itself,
Though monstrous was its fame;
Is fairly laid up on the shelf,
And grants oblivion's claim.

For Thou, by Orwell's side hast rais'd
A wonder, larger still;
By staring passengers beprais'd,
And fram'd with wondrous skill.

Who for dead whales would care a fig,
  And rather not be glad,
To look on something much more big,
  Which stinks not half so bad.

Well ;—setting joking all apart,
  Allow me to present
A tribute to thy powerful art,
  If poor, at least well meant.

And let us hope that "empty praise"
  May not alone accrue
From this vast feat ; but may it raise
  Thee, "solid pudding" too.

Thanks to thy prowess, Orwell, now
  With Thames and Mersey vies ;
And neighbouring Shires are forc'd to bow
  To Suffolk enterprise.

And doubt not, when our gallant bark
  Shall sail on seas afar,
In favouring breeze, in tempest dark,
  Whate'er her guiding star,

Prosp'rous, or adverse ;—for her weal
  Shall wishes oft ascend ;
And for her sake shall many feel
  The interest of a friend.

Now, Orwell ! stream so long belov'd ;
  Though now but seldom seen ;
By whose lone banks I oft have rov'd,
  Beneath the wild-wood green ;

Orwell ! ere yet I bid adieu,
  One wish for thee I'll frame,
As fond, as tender and as true,
  As stream from Bard can claim.

Peace to thy waters ! prosp'rous gales
  To every bark of thine ;
Which way soe'er it waft their sails
  O be that breeze benign !

Fresh be the foliage of thy woods,
  And flourishing each bough ;
May health glow in thy briny floods
  To those who stem them now.

Green be thy lawns, thy parks, thy meads,
  As now, to memory's eye,
The picture on which fancy feeds
  Of brightest, softest dye.

And may thy Sons renown'd for arts,
  And manly virtues be ;
Thy Daughters blest with happy hearts,
  And lovely still as thee !

NOTES.

* "Henry, the son of Henry II who was crowned in his Father's life time, when he conspired against his Father, landed here with Soldiers from Flanders; and taking Hugh Bigod with him, marched from hence to Norwich. Here too, Isabel, wife of King Edward II, landed from France, when she drove her Husband into Wales." Kirby's Suffolk Traveller.

† "*Ipswich Cats*" were certain huge vessels, which were formerly employed in the coal-trade here. They were of large tonnage, and of immense bulk.

‡ From "Queen Elizabeth's Progresses," edited by John Nichols, we learn that Queen Elizabeth, honoured Ipswich several times with her presence. That she sailed down the Orwell may be inferred from the following entry in Mr. Bacon's Manuscript Annals of Ipswich—

Tewsday, 17 July

Perambulacion liberty by water with the Queen.

"There shall be two vessels or botes decently furnished, to attend upon the Queen's Majestie soe farre as the Liberty doe extend."

‖ Thomas Cavendish, or Candish, of Trimly, was the second Englishman that circumnavigated the globe. The success of his first expedition, which he accomplished in two years and fifty days, (for an account of which vide Hackluyt's collection of voyages) induced him to set sail on a second in August 1591—It was as disastrous as his first had been successful; and the uncertainty in which its ultimate result is involved, adds to its melancholy interest.

§ Ipswich formerly employed vessels in the Whale-Fishery: the large building at Nova Scotia, in which the business of cutting up the Whale, and extracting the oil was carried on, is still remaining.

** On Tuesday, Nov. 5th, 1816, was found off the Buoy of the Rough, near Harwich, a dead female Whale, which on Thursday was towed up the Orwell as high as Dunham Reach. Its length was from 68 to 70 feet, and the diameter of its body about 18.—Almost the whole population of Ipswich, Men, Women and Children, as well as great numbers from the vicinity, flocked to see this immense native of the Ocean. The Author begs pardon for alluding to the only unpleasant cicumstance attendant on this exhibition; but he was informed by one on the spot, that the countenances of some of the more delicate among the female spectators, led him to doubt, whether the gratification of their optics, or the annoyance of their olfactories, was predominant

†† Barnard, and Teague were both eminent Ship-builders at this Port.