

The Whalman

The boundless Ocean wide we traverse o'er
In search to find the monster of the deep
Regions far and remote we explore
While many at home in ease and comfort sleep

I 2

Danger and perils the hardy whalman undergoes
Ready and bold in either storm or strife
Ever regardless he no dangers know
Ever fond is he of a saving life.

3

Launch'd in a boat amid the Ocean's roar
He now leaves the ship and whale in view
Undaunted he stoutly fills his air,
The boat glides swiftly through the Ocean blue

4

Soon to the whale the boat draws nigh
The harpoon is now held up for a dart
The whale being struck stern all is the cry
The contest now begun he feels the smart,

5

By his huge tail the sea is trod in foam
And struggling hard to get free he runs and bounds
With unerring aim the fatal lance is thrown
The blood then issues from his wounds.

6

With a purple hue the Ocean deep is dyed
Faint and spouting blood with life nearly gone
Struggling hard at last turns on his side
Which terminates the conflict soon.

J. M. R.

He never would be true she avers
Who could rob a poor bird of its young
And I love her the more when I hear
Such tender words fall from her tongue

J. M. R.

Received from on board the Victor

Dear friends from you I am bound to roam
Fate calls me from my home
But you are often present to my mind
Friends like those of my youth are hard to find
Now have I found to equal the girl I love
She was ever kind and constant as a dove
O could I again behold that form divine
I would hold her to my heart and ever call her mine
To embrace her once more O sweet.

There is naught of evil can my heart beguile
When I think of that angel form that angel smile

E. M. Ritchie

Hail'd woman hail last found in Indian bowers
Midst humming streams and fragrance breathing flowers
Thou art, no light and gloom through god and ill
Creation's glory man's chief blessing still!
Thou calm'st our thoughts as Polygons calm the sea
Dost thou our distress when spirits sinuous flee
And Oh! without thy sun bright smiles here blow
Life were a night and earth a mass of woe,

J. M. Ritchie

Observe the maiden innocently sweet
She fair White paper an unsullied sheet
In which the happy man whom fate ordains
May write his name and take her for his pains

E. M. R.

When lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds too late that men betray
What charms can catch her unlachrymoly
What art can wash her guilt away

Many estates are spent in the getting
Since women for sea forsook spinning and knitting
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting