LIFE MARINERS: OR, HOMEWARD BOUND

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Life mariners: or, Homeward bound by Bouchier Phillimore

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BOUCHIER PHILLIMORE

LIFE MARINERS: OR, HOMEWARD BOUND





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LIFE MARINERS:

OR,

HOMEWARD BOUND.

BY

BOUCHIER PHILLIMORE.

"In the fleet behold Upon the hempen tackle, ship-hoys climbing: Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give To sounds confused: behold the threaden sails Borne with the invisible and creeping wind, Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea, Breasting the lofty surge: "—KING HENRY V.

"Imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."—SHARRPARE.

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1877.

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INTRODUCTION.

I'm was a sultry afternoon such as sometimes visits the Cornish Coast early in July. Wandering home along the beach picking up shells, I came to the deep hollow in the rocks beneath the overhanging cliffs called by the country folks "the Mermaid's Cavern." It was a pleasant shady retreat,—so sitting down at the entrance, I began to think; gradually, my head reclining, the sound of the waves lulled me to sleep, and I dreamt I saw boats, ships, &c., in quick succession passing before me. It seemed as if, for my entertainment, life was presenting to my

gaze a panorama of its varied travellers, their pursuits, characters, and seeming ends—it was of great interest, many of the actors being well known in the great public life of the world, and on awaking from my dream I promised to write as is herein recorded.

