

**ZARA: OR, THE
BLACK DEATH. A
POEM OF THE SEA**

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Zara: or, The black death. A poem of the sea by M. J. Horne

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M. J. HORNE

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Z A R A :

OR,

THE BLACK DEATH.

A POEM OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“NAUFRAGUS.”

“Ships are but boards; sailors but men; there be land rats and there be water rats; water thieves and land thieves;—I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of the waters, winds, and rocks.”

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

— “Nay, I prithee, take it:
It is an earnest of a future good
That I mean to thee.”

CYMBELINE.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER AND CO.
AVE-MARIA-LANE.

1833.



1783

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TO
THE HONOURABLE
MRS. LEICESTER F. STANHOPE,
OF
"THE CEDARS,"
PUTNEY,
SURREY.

MADAM :

Twelve years have now elapsed since my arrival in this country from India; and during that period I have enjoyed, without interruption, the distinguished happiness of your acquaintance. You were then the source and soul of enjoyment to those whom you honoured with your friendship; your own happiness consisted in contributing to that of others; and, I may truly say, you were beloved by all who had the happiness to know you. Time has winged its way, and you are still the same,—unaltered in your virtues and unspoiled by the world. Of your friends, may he, especially, who is possessed of such a treasure, live many years to enjoy its worth; and may that little innocent, who owns you

by the endearing appellation of Mother, prove a present delight and future solace.

I now, Madam, take the liberty of dedicating this volume to you, in the hope that you will consider it, what it unaffectedly is, a genuine offering of respect for your virtues, and admiration of your talents; as well as a pure but humble testimony of grateful acknowledgment for the numerous acts of kindness which you have been pleased to confer upon me.

I have the honour to be,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

and devoted

humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

THE reluctance which, on my first introduction to the public, I evinced to prefix a Preface to my work, was overcome by an apparent necessity: I now again plead necessity as the reason for availing myself of an author's privilege.

The objects I have in view, in sending this volume into the world, are manifold. The primary one is, to keep myself in the eye of that public from which I have already experienced so favourable a reception; of course presenting myself under a form which, although new, will not conceal that in which I received the kindness. A secondary object is, to depict in permanent colours, (fearful ambition!) impressions which are forcibly retained on my mind, of some of the many beauties and sublimities,