

**MARICAN, AND
OTHER POEMS**

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Marican, and Other Poems by Henry Inglis

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HENRY INGLIS

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OTHER POEMS**

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M A R I C A N

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

HENRY INGLIS

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

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M A R I C A N

I

THE ESCAPE

'Tis night, and the night is still in her prime ;
The glittering Cross of a Southern clime—
 The sky-clock—tells the hours
To dwellers in a land that is not mine,—
Where cloud and ocean thro' the darkness shine,
 And laughing lustrous bowers

Of clustered stars in constellations bloom,
 Distinct and distant flung
 Like beacon-lamps upon a sea of gloom,
 Or diamond crescents hung
 At intervals in some sultana's hair;—
 No sparkling are the gems, so deep the blackness there.¹

Masses of vapour of glorious hue—
 Orange, and violet, and azure-blue—
 Float over on the sight,
 Then drift on the distant breezes that play
 On the shores where Earth's limits fade away,—
 Amongst the shades of night.
 All above tells of beauty and gladness;
 Music we cannot hear,
 Harmonies that know no sadness,
 Echo from sphere to sphere,
 'Til they blend around th' Eternal Throne —
 Hosannas of far worlds to us unknown:²

The perfumed breeze of the land is dying,
And a warlike ship asleep is lying
 Upon a sleeping sea ;
And an armèd launch astern lies towing
In the tide-way up the river flowing
 With calm rapidity.
The morning saw the galley full of life,
 Manned by a fearless crew
As ever trod the ruddy deck of strife
 Upon the ocean blue :
The breeze of evening bore their parting breath—
And night's dun shadows met the shades of death.

Nobly they fought, and in a noble cause :
Such valour for historic land and laws
 Had earned immortal fame.
But the Indian rover may fight or flee,
May die by the sword or the gallows-tree—
 He dies the death of shame.