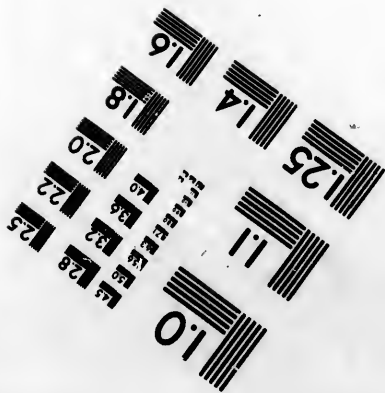
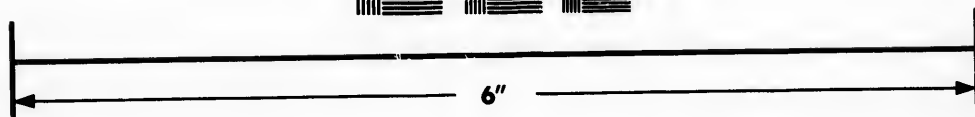
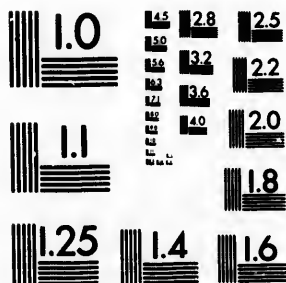


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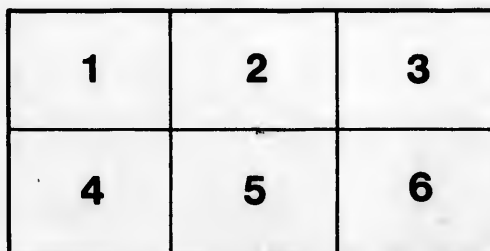
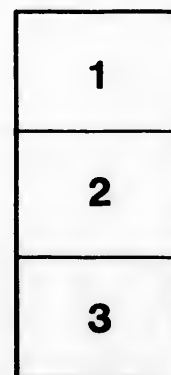
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1
**THE NOVA SCOTIA
MINSTREL.**

WRITTEN ON.

A TOUR

FROM

NORTH AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN AND
IRELAND;

WITH

SUITABLE REFLECTIONS

AND

MORAL SONGS

Adapted to Popular Airs.

~~~~~  
BY THOMAS DANIEL COWDELL.  
~~~~~

THIRD EDITION.
~~~~~

"But still while virtue kind'd his delight,  
"The song was moral, and so far was right,  
"Yet no prophetic fires to me belong;  
"I play with syllables, and sport in song.

COWPER.

.....  
**DUBLIN.**

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,  
And may be had of B. DUODALE, 6, Dame-street;  
M. KEENE, 6, College-green, and  
G. CUTLER, Stepen-street.

1817.

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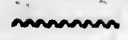
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J. S. C. Apr. 5, 1816  
Printed by W. B. & C. 1816

### PREFACE.



The Author's best and only apology for re-printing the following Essay, is,—that the former editions, in London and Dublin, having been rapidly disposed of; and his friends in either city, and in America, frequently soliciting copies, he has carefully revised and considerably enlarged the present edition, inserting many original pieces.

Being a stranger even in his native country, he deems it both his duty and privilege to submit this little effort to the patronage of his countrymen; especially as it is the first fruit of a distant colony offered to the parent isles.

The work is both descriptive and lyrical—the latter being expressly composed for and adapted to many pleasing airs, by the first masters.

The reflections and occasional remarks are natural, moral, and political, the result of the passing moment.

The author possessing a natural turn for harmony and verse, and having successfully inculcated the principles of vocal music; has



4  
PREFACE.

introduced several moral subjects under the title of Song Tunes:—if this be objected to, it may be answered—That many great men have adopted this measure with good effect: and it is well known, that a great variety of modern sacred music has been selected from songs, marches and even theatrical compositions.

Certainly it is more harmless to apply good and useful sentiment to pleasing melodies, than by trivial tunes, to turn serious subjects into burlesque and ridicule. Sounds, like letters, may be wisely or otherwise optionally, used. But nothing is more rational than contemplating the works and praise of our great Creator; yet few, comparatively, turn to sacred themes either for devotion or even recreation.

Some persons will urge—"there is time for all things,"—granted, then why not divide fairly, and devote a portion of it to heavenly music, especially while you possess the forcible incentives of both art and nature?

Many a good—but never one bad effect has been known to arise from such a practice. It is not mere humour, but a sense of duty that induced these efforts, and the writer is amply satisfied with having pleased a majority of his friends and benefactors, and aspires at nothing higher than the epithet of "*humbly grateful*," Should this production be considered as desti-

PREFACE.

5

tute of the spirit and embellishments of poetry, it is at least moral and sentimental, nothing being advanced contrary to the feelings of the heart—the task of experience, and the eye of impartial observation. With all possible submission, therefore, it is offered to his friends, and to a discerning and generous public, as being not altogether the most unimportant subject that may have claimed their suffrage; having truth and virtue for its basis, and for the superstructure—Unity, Love, and the best of Constitutions.

THE AUTHOR.

Dublin, 24th Dec. 1816.

## INTRODUCTION.

FORGIVE the strain, ye great and wise,  
Which untaught genius here supplies.  
Pardon the rudely varying verse,  
The Muse hath prompted to rehearse.  
I never made the lute complain,  
For bread, nor ever may again.  
An Irish mother's only heir,  
Soon lost to her maternal care,  
Heaven took her blooming to the grave,  
While \*Samuel ploughed the Indian wave:  
Long had he fought, and labour'd hard  
For patriotic—dear reward—  
Came home to die, and leave his child,  
Uncultivated, lone and wild ;  
One early tomb enclos'd the pair,  
And left me friendless in despair.  
My uncle sunk, with hundreds more,  
In th' Royal George near Portsmouth shore.  
Then was I left an orphan lad  
Who learning's favor never had,  
Rough and unpolished to remain,  
Long'd for a friend, but sigh'd in vain :  
Reading became my chief concern,  
I wished to live but for to learn,  
\*My father who was at the siege of Gibraltar.

## INTRODUCTION.

7

Yet after all my efforts tried,  
Was most invariably denied ;  
Still Mercy, smiling from above,  
Hath giv'n me common sense and love.

While young I cross'd th' Atlantic tide,  
Where heav'n provided me a bride ;  
One of a thousand lovers she,  
And virtue was allied to me :  
From Scotland came the nuptial prize,  
We lov'd beneath Columbian skies.  
While business rais'd our hope of gain  
Eight sons and daughters fill'd our train.  
No want of prudence was our lot,  
But loss in business, and what not,  
Combin'd to spoil our mutual care,  
And dread misfortune was our share.

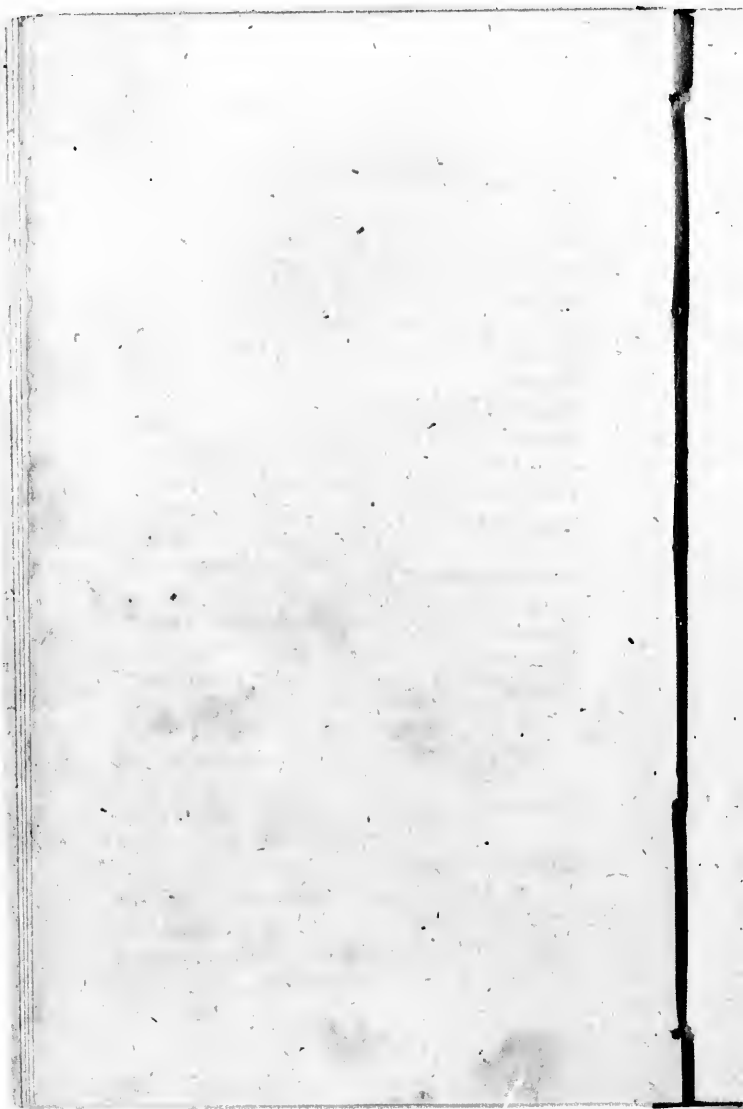
From Nova Scotia—all that's dear,  
I sail'd, and happily am here.  
Fruitless, as yet my search around,  
The good I sought cannot be found.  
Ah who can bear the pungent smart,  
That still must rend each absent heart :  
My blooming offspring, virtuous wife,  
The dear domestic joys of life ?  
Those absent whom so long I held—  
How are my sweet enjoyments kill'd !  
The little stock with which I sail'd  
Though lasting long, at length has fail'd.  
Now, may I dare, as British born,  
To state the truth, a truth forlorn !

My loss is great, resources few,  
I write, my public friends to you,  
To Erin's race, I make appeal,  
They mostly have a heart to feel,  
And are what all the globe can prove,  
Lions in fight, and lambs in love,  
Then some kind hearts will cheer the man,  
Who forms a poor, but honest plan,  
While he is Fortune-tossed and twirl'd,  
To shew his Journal to the world.

Methinks the sympathetic mind,  
To real goodness much inclin'd,  
At native friendship's soft command,  
Will take a stranger by the hand,  
And overlook each faulty line,  
Nor quite reject the weak design.  
Though hard necessity's my school  
I write from sentimental rule :  
Weak heads may from pure laws depart,  
While firm and upright stands the heart.  
Am I exposed to scorn and hate ?  
Heav'n may defend my mournful state ;  
Prepare me for the ills that come,  
'Till I shall reach my distant home.  
Do I succeed among the good ?  
My bosom glows with gratitude,  
The best returns I can prepare  
My violoncello shall declare,  
In untaught strains whilst I shall sing,  
Heav'n bless the people and the king.

Mea nwhile, at eventide, the lyre  
Shall more exalted strains inspire ;  
When rapt in extacy supreme,  
Fraternal love shall be the theme :  
Or love more constant than our own,  
Shall waft us to the eternal throne,  
While virgin innocence and truth,  
May join with manly, tuneful youth ;  
The flute, the viol too, be there,  
And sweet Piano's have a share,  
In many a moral ditty sung,  
By Heav'n's best instrument, the tongue.  
The minstrel's heart shall then rejoice,  
His Harp be strung, and tun'd his voice,  
No matter what the world may say,  
The books are sold to pay his way,  
He only claims a natural right  
To play and sing what he may write.  
If customers are pleased thereby,  
With their kind sanction, so am I.

THE AUTHOR.



## THE JOURNAL.

---

FROM shores, where howls the savage bear,  
And tawny tribes of Indians are ;  
Where quiet, endless forests grow,  
That never felt the woodman's blow ;  
A continent, rul'd by extremes  
Of frigid cold, and flaming beams ;  
Far distant from Europa, fam'd,  
And which, like her, may yet be tam'd,  
I come, and briefly be it known—  
Such lands have blessings of their own.  
Yes, though a ruthless, rugged coast,  
The best of blessings it can boast.  
Look not on its surrounding sphere,  
Nor credit all accounts you hear.  
Environ'd with forbidding views,  
You may, at first, her shores refuse ;  
Internal beauties soon relieve  
What crude exteriors oft deceive.  
So bodies rough of shapeless mould,  
The choicest spirits may enfold ;  
For this—behold the wrinkled skin,  
That holds an angel mind within.

The Muse resumes her wood-note lay,  
On British North America,  
Where oft she sung, in ruddy youth,  
Accompanied with simple truth,



By silent lake, or murm'ring stream,  
And still pursued her artless theme :  
Now what she knows shall sing again,  
Blind error distant from her strain.

Sweet Nova Scotia and her shore,  
Were trac'd and travell'd o'er and o'er ;  
Cape Breton's intersected isle,  
Well known by musing there awhile ;  
Prince Edward Island well she knew,  
Long winter one, sweet summers two ;  
New Brunswick and old Fundy Bay,  
Have heard her infant chiming lay.

The spacious Canadas, with all  
Detroit, and fruitful Montreal,  
Rich Newfoundland, cold Labradore,  
She knows by reading—and no more.

But what a field is Albion worth,  
Of teeming seas, and fruitful earth !  
Well may she with incessant care,  
Protect her dear-bought treasures there,  
And be resolved to hold her own,  
In spite of an usurper's throne :  
For this our matchless navy rides,  
And well-disciplin'd arms provides,  
To guard the inexhausted good,  
Her fruitful fields and living flood.

Hail ! peaceful shore, this dreadful war,\*  
Thou hast not heard the thund'rer's car,

\* This was written previous to the late American war.

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The battle-trump, death-warning drums,  
Where slaught'ring desolation comes :  
One cannon in the fatal fight,  
Has never flash'd upon thy sight !  
Long blest—yes, ever blest remain,  
As free from want, be free from pain.

But thou, my native, parent Isle,  
On sweet Columbia ever smile ;  
Let not the fury-foaming Fates  
Urge thee to war with her fair States ;  
Paternal goodness ever bear,  
To those thy free-born offspring there ;  
Flesh of thy flesh, and bone of bone,  
Be thou and dear Columbia one :  
Then be our foe's defiance hurl'd,  
Thou art a match for all the world !

And thou, America, be mild,  
Know thy own duty as a child ;  
Yes—know thy privilege—and be  
What thou admirest, wise and free.  
Thy freedom well confirmed—at length,  
Let wisdom lead thee unto strength ;  
Let strength and fortitude prepare  
To meet with skill the force of war !  
If these thou hast at thy command,  
Let prudence guide thy warring hand.  
Even then, let error not provoke  
To lift against a Friend thy stroke ;  
Against thy best, thy truest friend,  
On whom alone thou canst depend.

Let not French principles prevail,  
Or soon they turn the wayward scale;  
Think on their revolution strange,—  
What seas of blood have mark'd the change!  
But should you side with such as these,  
Thy States may be French provinces;  
Thy timbers fell'd—thy coffers drain'd,  
And thy fair fields with crimson stain'd;  
Thy youth, unused to martial deed,  
Be drawn to fight and forc'd to bleed.  
See Spain and Austria, see the Poles,  
With millions of deluded souls;  
Then view thy highly favour'd state,  
The contrast—how amazing great!  
Dear Independence thou hast got,  
'Mid bleeding thrones, no common lot;  
While peace and plenty thou canst boast,  
Sweet Liberty pervades thy coast.

Now to return to Scotia's hills,  
With pleasing hope my bosom fills;  
There Halifax, of bless'd renown,  
Still smiles, a wooden, warlike town;  
Not wide, yet near two miles in length,  
With batt'ries of important strength;  
A lofty citadel is there,  
Cov'ring the whole in front and rear.  
In centre of the harbour stands,  
Good George's Isle, which all commands;  
Rare anch'rage for a British crew,  
With Naval Yard excell'd by few;  
A spacious bason, deep and wide,  
In which a thousand ships may ride.

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Our navy there of equal force,  
To stop Napoleon's threat'ning course.  
An army which no danger dread,  
And valiant Sherbrooke at their head.  
He, with our matchless chief could gain,  
Fresh laurels o'er the eastern main,  
Were comrades too in bleeding Spain. }

Our cattle, which increase, excel,  
Might grace an English market well,  
Our fish are fine, our fishing free,  
With boundless multiplicity:  
A cheaper market can't appear,  
From May to May throughout the year.  
The neighb'ring states may count the cost,  
If once debarred our fishing coast.  
Our Paris Plaister they demand,  
To cultivate their teeming land  
To them a most prolific prop,  
Which alway yields a double crop.

Here, what would British Anglers give,  
One twelvemonth on our shores to live;  
To paddle beauteous lakes about,  
And catch the large delicious trout?  
Sweet birds attract the ear hard by,  
Romantic prospects take the eye;  
No threat'ning lords your wish to curb,  
Nor fine, nor fears, your sport disturb.

The fowler too finds grand employ,  
No tax to mutilate his joy:

Free for a peasant as a king,  
To shoot at fowl of every wing.

Wild geese and ducks, with dippers rare,  
And birds that wing the woodland air ;  
Wild pigeons, plover, snipes abound,  
And partridges, the country round,  
Of taste most pure for sav'ry use,  
Larger than Europe can produce ;  
Sweet Robins and the snow-bird prime,  
Peculiar to our favor'd-clime ;  
But, if to sport you have no call,  
The Indians shoot and sell them all.

What time the wand'ring tribes depart,  
They trace the woods with native art :  
If these no favourite hunting yield,  
Their wigwams\* grace another field.  
Children of Nature, free from cares,  
The woods and all therein are theirs,  
The river, lake, and aerial game,  
Beast, bird, and fish their lawful claim.  
Their hut is many a pliant pole,  
In conic form, at top—a hole,  
To draw the smoke, and chase the dark,  
The rest is cover'd round with bark ;  
The coats of trees compose their walls,  
And for the door a blanket falls.  
There, in the centre glows the fire,  
With fuel much as they desire ;

\* Wooden huts.

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## THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

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Two forked sticks, with one that's cross'd,  
To boil their pot or game to roast.  
Around the tent soft branches spread,  
These and a blanket form their bed :  
And when they will to rest retire,  
They turn their feet all to the fire ;  
As points in seaman's compass lie,  
Nor fear the blast of wintry sky.  
Doctor or physic they have none,  
Save such as woodlands yield alone,  
Deriv'd from flow'rs and leaves and roots,  
With odorous gums and forest fruits.  
Pure chrystal streams and simple fare,  
The gout unknown and sickness rare.  
No fevers, colds, dire aches nor pains,  
Each, as his tongue, his teeth retains,  
All white, well set, close, clean and sound,  
Nor tainted breath with them is found.  
No corpulence, nor flabby flesh,  
Fit for the race, alert and fresh,  
Dreadless of danger, fess to fear,  
They swim, they hunt, and run like deer.  
Clear, black, quick, piercing are their eyes,  
Their aim is sure at all that flies.  
They paddle on the lake or tide,  
Pedestrians all but never ride.  
Save in their portable canoe,  
Of ash and bark they form it too.  
The chief—his squaw—his race at large,  
Float safely in their egg-shell barge,

So neat and light ; their ships they take  
 Upon their heads, from lake to lake.  
 The nearing shore when they attain,  
 Then for the fire and feast again,  
 The fumes of baneful draughts apart,  
 Think not they want a grateful heart.  
 On earth's green carpet see them fall,  
 Or hear me say, I've seen them all,  
 A family or social group,  
 Lifting their eyes and spirits up ;  
 Sweet charity at least may think,  
 They may at the same fountain drink.  
 God over all, we must agree,  
 Will meet with ev'ry two or three ;  
 Yes—he that for a sparrow cares,  
 Inspires, and then accepts their prayers.  
 Of this, if you demand a proof,  
 I furnish documents enough.

## INDIAN HYMN.

*Sentiment and Air by an American Indian.*

In de dark woods, no Indian nigh,  
 Den me look Heb'n, and send up cry,  
 Upon my knee so low :  
 Dat God on high, in shiny place,  
 See me in night wid tearry face,  
 My Priest he tell me so.  
 God send he angel take me care,  
 Him come heself and hear um pray'r,  
 If Indian heart do pray :

Him see me now, he know me here,  
 He say—" Poor Indian, neber fear,  
 " Me wid you night and day."  
 So me lub God wid inside heart,  
 He fight for me, he take um part,  
 He save um life before :  
 God lub poor Indian in de wood,  
 So me lub he, and dat be good,  
 Me pray him two time more.\*

FOR more than twenty years I view'd,  
 Their manners, not so very rude,  
 Their conduct, not so barbarous seen,  
 Not pagans all, and all unclean.  
 Like holy Peter circumcised,  
 Listen and look, and be advised ;  
 The sheet he saw, to heav'n affix'd,  
 Held clean and unclean, chance-like mix'd.  
 He judg'd by selfish Hebrew rule,  
 Heav'n spoke and he became a fool :  
 Call not that common or obscene,  
 Which God ordaineth good and clean,  
 The kingdom of thy Lord must come,  
 Hell be confounded—man be dumb.  
 Hear what the Apostle's master said,  
 And be the note with rev'ence read ;  
 The mandate comes from Heav'n own mouth,  
 Listen, O East, West, North and South ;  
 Come fugitives, where'er you are,  
 My sons and daughters from afar,

\* Twice as much.



Ye continents, where knowledge smiles,  
 Ye burning deserts, frozen isles,  
 Ye hosts of nations, of one blood,  
 White, yellow, black, a motley brood.  
 Ye slaves alike, hear and be free :  
 From the beginning I am He !  
 All nations rose at my command,  
 Sustain'd and nourish'd by my hand ;  
 I breath'd in them the breath of lives :  
 Beware who with his Maker strives.  
 I speak, and Heav'n shall see it done,  
 From pole to pole, and where the sun,  
 Full orb'd comes forth from seeming rest,  
 And journies to the unknown west.  
 All nations shall behold my plan,  
 Of saving ruin'd, wretched man.  
 My glorious gospel shall prevail ;  
 I give it to the morning gale,  
 With outspread wings I speed its flight,  
 Where'er the circling Sun gives light ;  
 And where his beams he may restrain,  
 There shall my Son of glory reign !  
 But mark, ye learned and refin'd,  
 Who justly boast a virtuous mind,  
 And ye that hold a faith sublime,  
 Who shudder at a mental crime :  
 Hear too, ye whitewash'd Christian tribe,  
 The passing wonder I describe ;  
 Let charity extend belief,  
 I never saw an Indian thief !

And, though these truths may bear dispute,  
 I saw but one lone prostitute.  
 And one with blood her hands embru'd,  
 Was Cain-like doom'd to solitude.  
 Two solitary instances!  
 What say the Christian world to this?  
 The nuptial bower is pure, alone;  
 Adultery is rarely known!  
 The crimes that fill our Sessions list,  
 Not ev'n in name with them exist!  
 A harmless, chaste and upright race,  
 Not bless'd like us with special grace:  
 To them the holy book is seal'd,  
 No pure, explicit truth reveal'd,  
 Except to some where speech is giv'n,  
 In chapels they may hear of Heav'n.  
 Among the priests, the truly good,  
 Perform their missions in the wood:  
 Those, above all the Christian tribes,  
 Become their tutelary scribes.  
 All Catholics, the country round,  
 Not one exception to be found,  
 Yet loyal to a man they prove,  
 And fight for Britons whom they love.  
 Canadas saw when host to host,  
 Thousands on either hand were lost.  
 No party zeal in church affairs,  
 Could warp such bravery as theirs.  
 They fought, from sense of gratitude;  
 For George, they said, had done them good.

This, their own pastors fully prov'd,  
 And to the war, the heroes mov'd.  
 Then let not calumny declare,  
 The priest urged Albion's ruin there ;  
 For loyal Cath'lics never bore,  
 A fairer test than this before.  
 Here they might soon, if so inclin'd,  
 Have marshal'd every Indian mind,  
 Have turn'd the battle on our host,  
 Then Britain's colonies were lost.  
 Let Rome and England strive to learn,  
 In state affairs, but one concern.  
 In matters of the Church and Heav'n,  
 Forgive, then hope to be forgiv'n.  
 Real Catholic! The term discharge,  
 The universal church at large.  
 Then here's a part, a proof withall:  
 They form a limb, however small.  
 Electric love, one spark emits,  
 More true than that of baptiz'd wits.  
 Civilization—hearken—hush!  
 Ye merit-mongers, hear and blush.  
 Shew your credentials from above,  
 The only test is genuine love.  
 How is the mark to be declar'd?  
 By heart, thro' conduct duly squar'd;  
 The rule is given from the skies;  
 Conformity confirms them wise.  
 Their light though greatly less than yours,  
 Their all of happiness secures.

This manifested to the crowd,  
 Bespeaks their principles aloud ;  
 Shewn in Heav'n's purest, only plan,  
 Their love to Heav'n, in loving man :  
 Not loving those we see on earth,  
 Precludes all claim to heav'nly birth.  
 How many boast of honest deeds,  
 While many a wife or parent bleeds !  
 What hordes of villainies are found,  
 With face demure, on hallow'd ground !  
 A father, with a bishop's head,  
 His son's best wish, I wish him dead.  
 The widow, through her only heir,  
 Waits the event of sim'lar pray'r.  
 While gallantry, by some misnamed,  
 Duels and death, by Hell inflam'd ;  
 Wrongs, robbery with murder crown'd,  
 Frequent in Christendom are found.  
 Art, science, commerce are not free,  
 Fraud still prevails in some degree.  
 Obsequious all, at Fortune's gate,  
 For money, place, or pension wait ;  
 Each coveting the rich man's lot,  
 No matter how the stuff is got.  
 Not so the honest Indian stands,  
 He hunts around his native lands,  
 Not for his neighbour's wealth or wife,  
 Or privilege, much less his life :  
 But for the boon which nature grants,  
 A portion for his daily wants.

In trade this rule he can afford—  
 He acts according to his word.  
 Some crafty and dissembling men,  
 May cheat him once—but not again.  
 He travels twenty miles with ease,  
 Rather than deal with such as these ;  
 Full hard for him to reconcile  
 His feelings to such *Christian* guile  
 If chance his fruit and hunting fail,  
 He sings his sorrows to the gale,  
 And hungry seeks a distant shore,  
 Where Providence may yield him more.

## SONG.

## THE CONTENTED INDIAN.

Wid blanket, gun, and light canoe,  
 Wid Squaw\* and dog, and one Papoo †  
 My powder, shot, me take :  
 Me paddle on de blue big tide,  
 Den o'er de mountain toder side,  
 Me kill um duck in lake.  
 No partridge on de mountain see,  
 No rabbit, wild goose, duck for me ;  
 All gone like blowy wind :  
 And now me look de lake about,  
 No catch um eel—no catch um trout,  
 Dis day no luck me find.

\* Wife. † Child.

Me gib um dollar to de priest,  
 Him tell de Indian what is best;  
 He say :—" Me fast and pray."  
 Now me catch nothing for Papoo,  
 So me eat noting—dat vill do,  
 For keep um fast to-day.  
 Poor Indian Squaw, and one Papoo,  
 Poor farder, moder hungry-too,  
 My heart feel very sorrow :  
 Me pray um more to silber cross ;  
 Ah ! neber mind—to day me loss,  
 Me catch um more to-morrow.

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WILD berries delicate and good,  
 Grow where the sun peeps through the wood ;  
 Immeasurable heaps appear,  
 Of such as grace our gardens here.  
 The apple, plumb, and goodly pear,  
 And cider pure the farms prepare ;  
 The full round grain, man's heart to cheer,  
 With bread of life, and cordial beer.  
 Here European merchants dwell,  
 And almost cheap as London sell.  
 Cape Breton's subterraneous fields  
 For fuel, sooty mineral yields ;  
 And all advantages beside,  
 With which our province is supplied.

Here once proud France a city had,  
 Old Louisbourg in ruin clad ;  
 It rose—it fell—in victory's hour,  
 Sad spectacle of short-liv'd pow'r !  
 A solitary 'arm or two  
 Is all it now presents to view ;  
 You trace its strength, and wonder that  
 'Twas made to shield the owl and bat ;  
 But cities fall, more fam'd than this,  
 T' oblivion's old metropolis ;  
 'Tis our's, and we can do no less,  
 Than sing the islands we possess.

Here's various timber, soft and hard,  
 For which our saw-mills are prepar'd ;  
 On living streamlets all around,  
 Where trout, and perch, and smelt abound.  
 Some mills (amazing to pronounce)  
 Work more than twenty saws at once ;  
 Thus landlords doubly clear their land,  
 Bart'ring their woods for cash in hand.

Here happy husbandry can thrive,  
 The lab'ring heart is kept alive.  
 No tythes hard industry perplex,  
 Few taxes honest toil to vex ;  
 The land's their own, and all affords  
 To make our farmers man or lords.  
 Few years will make a farm compleat,  
 For all you wear, or drink, or eat ;

THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL. 27

Should you for luxuries complain,  
Ev'n these are bought for wood or grain.  
Priuce Edward Island, happy place!  
Adorn'd with ev'ry nat'ral grace;  
It smiles, in old St. Laurence fair,  
Ten thousand emigrants are there;  
Their winter's night, and summer's day,  
As chearful as a morn in May;  
Far from the noise and din of war,  
Heav'n grants them providential care:  
For here confess'd the traveller meets  
A little paradise of sweets.  
No rocks to dash the shipmen on,  
And on her plains is scarce a stone;  
Fish, flesh, and fowl abundant are,  
That live in water, earth, or air;  
The lands are cheap, the waters free,  
The fowl on shore, the fish at sea:  
Nor lack of all that's good, we find,  
To cheer the body, please the mind.  
If British farmers here resort,  
No matter if their cash runs short;  
They have their lands for little pay,  
That little on a distant day;  
Once settled here, the man and wife,  
May never wish to change for life.  
Our Province greatly was improv'd,  
Since Royal EDWARD there remov'd;



The military grand abodes,  
 Defensive works and public roads  
 Were form'd, and from disorder rose—  
 All which to Noble KENT she owes.

Science encourag'd, ripening fast,  
 Forgets the age of darkness past ;  
 Yes, happy coast, no more forlorn,  
 The peaceful arts thy groves adorn ;  
 For thy uncultivated shade,  
 With corn and flowers thou art repaid ;  
 Thy youth, alert, shall make thee yield  
 Fair orchards join'd to many a field ;  
 Thy woodlands, savage now and mute,  
 Shall ring with flocks and shepherd's flute :  
 Where now a cottage decks the plain,  
 A village shall in order reign ;  
 And commerce, such as rustics know,  
 With peace and wealth in plenty flow ;  
 Most useful studies shall be known  
 In every hamlet, every town :  
 For this we stand in Edward's debt,  
 Who left thee with a pure regret.

Yes, he, as gentle goodness can,  
 Spake to, and heard the lowly man.  
 Encourag'd merit, ne'er so low,  
 And bade the wildest blossoms blow ;  
 He read those jingling accents wild,  
 Compos'd by me, when but a child ;

In which he saw the homely truth  
 Of patriot zeal, in humble youth ;  
 Confess'd them pleasing, ev'n to him,  
 And bade me still pursue my theme,  
 Then with a heart, as good as brave,  
 Some tokens of his friendship gave,  
 With this injunction—"not to slight  
 "The infant muse's lowliest flight."  
 So the strong bird, that soars the sky,  
 Will learn its new fledg'd brood to fly.  
 And more—he knew the generous part,  
 To cheer the lonely widow's heart ;  
 Her orphan son\* he made his care,  
 And snatch'd him from misfortune's snare.  
 A bold, intrepid youth was he,  
 Whose fort was warlike deeds at sea ;  
 A captain in the navy now,  
 Like Nelson, with undaunted brow ;  
 He learns by victory to prove,  
 And thus repays his patron's love.  
 Thus may our colonies provide,  
 Their sons to rule the foaming tide,  
 And, by the power of merit great,  
 Supply the wants of church and state.  
 Here, too, a famous college stands,  
 The pride and glory of all lands ;

\* George Edward Watts, Esq, now Post Captain.

30 THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

Hope says, with her officious aid,  
That here shall grow the muses' shade ;  
That eruditinn too shall join  
To gospel truth her lovely shrine,  
While grace and learning hand in hand,  
Shall take their walk throughout the land ;  
The olive branch shall be display'd,  
For truth a shelter, and for trade ;  
Sweet husbandry, and sciences prove,  
The bliss of pure, fraternal love.  
Grant this, good Heav'n, I still would pray,  
O, turn impending ills away ;  
And, if it be thy gracious will,  
Say to the warring world, " Be still"—  
Peace, peace, to the contending hall,  
Let heav'nly-peace be all in all.

STREL.

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## VOYAGE

FROM

NOVA SCOTIA TO LONDON, &c.

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**F**AREWELL, America, awhile,  
Adieu to Marg'ret's lovely smile ;  
My children, take a sweet adieu,  
O'er Ocean I my way pursue,  
In cold December's wintry date.  
The eighteen hundredth year and eight ;  
The old Bellona, weakly found,  
(Launch'd in the year our King was crown'd,)  
Bears me across the dangerous main,  
To see my native land again ;  
Seven hundred souls embark, or more,  
On board the ancient seventy-four.  
Chill blows the wind, and threat'ning gales  
Attack the rigging, round the sails ;

In reefing which, through weather hard,  
A man was lost from off the yard,  
Plung'd in the furious fatal deep,  
Till resurrection morn to sleep;  
And two that died, from sick'ning pain,  
Were buried in the restless main.  
The storms increase, the billows roll,  
And seem to shake the central pole.  
"Who on the deep their trade pursue,  
"Do God's amazing wonders view."  
See th' unwieldy vessel work,  
Her mighty weight no more than cork:  
O wond'rous pow'r that thus controuls  
A ship so vast, so many souls!  
But see a greater wonder far,  
Our Globe itself—a rolling star;  
For ever flying, changing place,  
Through trackless æther, boundless space.  
To thee, Great Architect, we bow,  
If these are great, how great art Thou!  
Blest be the pow'r and gracious will,  
Who gave to men such daring skill,  
That they no longer sail by guess,  
With little helm, and compass less,  
And charts comprising all the seas,  
They trace the unknown globe with ease;  
While but a plank 'twixt them and death,  
Still shocking language taints their breath.

MINSTREL.

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THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL. 33

Ah ! would my countrymen beware,  
Nor curse, nor by their Maker swear.

A ship of war regales the sight  
Of all but those who hate to fight ;  
All hands their busy station know,  
From Jack aloft to Chief below.  
Order and rule and cleanliness,  
Adorn the first and meanest mess.  
No idle lubbers here are seen,  
All are employ'd, well fed, and clean.  
Some officers of various rates,  
Armourers, gunners, boatswains, mates,  
Clerks, stewards, butchers, cooks and all,  
Taylors, and many a cobbler's stall.  
Cabinet makers with their crew,  
Smiths, anvil, forge and bellows too :  
Here carpenters find great employ,  
For many a journeyman and boy,  
Doctors, with hospital and nurse,  
On shore we meet with many worse.  
Good barbers too and well behav'd,  
And twice a week the crew are shav'd,  
Here, much of wearing, tearing, mending,  
Require all hands for making, mending.  
On sabbath day, the weather fair,  
All hands are pip'd for Parson's pray'r,  
Most would be any where but there. }

Thus while they serve the state and king,  
 They work and play, they dance and sing;  
 And while they plough the flood beneath,  
 All sport upon the verge of death.

The liquid mountains rise again,  
 And threaten death, but all in vain;  
 We laying-to for thirty hours,  
 Saw winds and ocean's awful pow'rs;  
 Such heavy gale, on sea or shore,  
 Our oldest mate saw not before.  
 It now subsides, and we proceed—  
 Behold, a shapeless hull a-head.  
 At mercy's call our captain hails,  
 A brig without or masts or sails;  
 When ascertain'd her numerous wants,  
 He masts and sails, with rigging grants;  
 Our hardy crew by order fix,  
 And rig her out in hours but six;  
 They hail us with their thankful cheers,  
 She sails, and shortly disappears.  
 Thus sailors, gen'rous, kind, and free,  
 Should help their brothers poor at sea.

Soon as subsided late alarms,  
 We sooth'd our care in music's charms;  
 The courteous Douglas sought the lay,  
 And heard the self-taught minstrel play.  
 Who could withhold the moral glee  
 From such a generous Chief as he?

The fair, the fiddle, and the flute,  
Were there, nor was the moral mute.

GLEE. *Words altered from Jackson.*

Time let me sing with lively air,  
Let Time and Tune go hand in hand,  
Ah! why divide the mutual pair,  
So true to nature's sweet command?

Let me enjoy the cheerful day,  
While time is rolling like a stream;  
Pleas'd, let me on my Viol play,  
And sing of Love—a heav'nly theme.

GLEE. *Words altered from Sichini.*

How shall we mortals spend our hours?  
In Love and sober thinking:  
None but the fool consumes his pow'rs,  
In hatred, noise, and drinking.

Time, on his ever fleeting wing,  
Cries—Mortal, fly from folly;  
Drink at the pure Celestial Spring,  
'Twill drown poor Melancholy.

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Now we descry the Isle of Wight,  
Heav'n's darling—Britain, heaves in sight!



Most favor'd isle, thy flowing robe  
 Protects thee from th' invading globe ;  
 But ah, do I forget the hand,  
 The Saviour of my native land ?  
 No: call me lunatic or mad,  
 If I forget thee 'twould be sad ;  
 I ever will confess that pow'r,  
 That shields us to the present hour :  
 Nor will I worthy praise withhold  
 From British heroes, good and bold,  
 Who think their lives too cheap to give,  
 That Britain's honour still may live.

O Heav'n, propitious, hear my pray'r,  
 Make them and all their crews thy care ;  
 Our fleets at sea, our force by land,  
 Be ever under thy command :  
 Save from the foe; the rocks, the storm,  
 Thy pow'r defend, thy grace reform ;  
 May Britain hold the balance still,  
 And justice all her measures fill.

Thou once would'st save, from fire and pain,  
 The ancient cities of the plain,  
 If only ten, in all the place,  
 Were found to supplicate for grace.  
 Thou God of Truth, let mercy sway,  
 And hear TEN THOUSAND Britons pray,  
 Not with the knees, or lip alone—  
 With contrite hearts address thy throne :

Nor for estates, or lives of men,  
But that sweet Peace return again,  
Let blood no more manure the land,  
And bring forth vengeance from thy hand.

SONG.

To DR. ANNE'S. "Come, Britannia."

See Britannia's high degree,  
Shielded by the circling sea,  
Cover'd with a smiling sky,  
Lo; her foes dare not come nigh:  
Think, O think, on all her noble story,  
Brave she fights beneath the King of Glory.

While the ocean shall remain,  
France may threaten us in vain;  
While on Britain smiles the sky,  
Lo! her foes dare not come nigh:  
Think, O think, &c.

O, would Britain think with me,  
On the Ruler of the Sea;  
Send to him our constant cry,  
Then her foes dare not come nigh:  
Think, O think, on all thy noble story,  
Thou art defended by the King of Glory.

Full twenty years my absent feet,  
 Forbear their native soil to greet ;  
 Now, now, I willing feel once more,  
 My knees should kiss the favor'd shore.  
 But e'er I left the man of war,  
 What scenes of wretchedness I saw ;  
 My fellow-creatures whipt and torn,  
 Cursing the day that they were born !  
 For trifles too we may not name,  
 That scarcely bear the good man's blame.  
 Heav'n and the State meet high disdain,  
 For which unpunish'd they remain.  
 Thus act the men we Christians call,  
 Erroneous and irrational.

But, hark ! how they for mercy plead,  
 Mercy is deaf—their backs must bleed.  
 Saviour of men, in this I see  
 The bitter pangs endur'd by thee,  
 When, from the garden to the goal,  
 Sharp sorrow seiz'd thy harmless soul ;  
 Thee, faultless—they, without remorse,  
 Scourg'd, curs'd, and fast'ned to the cross !

But these, ev'n in their wounds and blood,  
 Still hating all that's wise and good,  
 Swear, drink, and quarrel, play the beast,  
 And with lascivious harlots feast !  
 Hence fell debility ensues  
 Among our brave and hardy crews.

See the full boats, from neighb'ring shores,  
Polluted females bring by scores,  
And these are brought for less than gold,  
As cattle in a market sold!

Thus for a while in ships they dwell,  
Most truly call'd, "a floating hell."

Poor magdalens, ah! hapless race,  
How lost to virtue, dead to grace!

Is there no plan, in our wise nation,  
To stop this wretched dissipation?

No: far from this, the deed's approv'd,  
And by the higher orders lov'd;

Yet Heaven for us, on raging seas,  
Will fight and conquer too by these;

'Tis he permits our ships to swim,  
O, what doth Britain owe to him!

Ah! would the glorious day appear,  
When warriors might Heav'n's armour wear,

Go forth to war in faith and pray'r,  
And in a double conquest share;

Go, self-subdu'd, to victory,  
A warlike nation, wise as free.

Some think because they fight and die,  
They are entitled to the sky;

But, hear the mandate, true and just,  
"The soul that sinneth die he must."

Nor are our landsmen wiser grown,  
Witness old Portsmouth's naval town:

40 THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

In her, by day's meridian light,  
You see what London is by night ;  
Lewdness, and drunkenness, and strife,  
And all the ills that blacken life ;  
Happy exception, here and there,  
Sweet charity adorns the fair.  
Thou, honourable Grey,\* and you  
Most amiable Montague :  
In social bands, ye still impart,  
Rich blessings to the widow's heart :  
The wounded brave, from war who come,  
Thy lib'ral hands relieve at home ;  
The stranger too, oppress'd with cares,  
Thy kind assistance often shares.

For this ev'n Players will unite,  
To share the profits of the night ;  
They act, on the theatric board  
For Tars, who act for them abroad ;  
And ne'er perform so good a part,  
As when they cheer deep sorrow's heart.

\* Two at the head of many more ladies, engaged in most pious charities.

SONG.

TO MY MARGARET. TUNE—"Coolin."

"O, the hours I have spent in the arms of my  
dear,"

Fond affections recur and extort the sad tear;  
With my babes all around her I left them to  
moan,

While I traverse the land of the ocean alone.

Expos'd to misfortune wherever I go,  
Roaring waves on one hand—on the other the  
foe;

A stranger in Britain, which gave me my birth,  
So the dove from the ark went alone thro' the  
earth.

Methinks I behold my fond Margaret in tears,  
A prey to despair, and the victim of fears!  
Ah! where is my love, at this moment, she  
cries?

In the grave—in the deep, and in yonder fair  
skies.

Not yet, my sweet angel, come, listen to me,  
This thought in a twinkling flies over the sea;  
Yes—He that hath rescu'd from danger and  
pain,

Will restore him in love to his Margaret again.

New I, through cold and driving rain,  
 My native city, London, gain ;  
 To me, though absent twenty years,  
 It still most natural appears ;  
 Its state, its manners, means and ways,  
 As if those years had been but days ;  
 Except th' enlargements, great and new,  
 Which with a pleasing sense I view.  
 Great mistress of the civil world,  
 When all thy scenery's unfurl'd,  
 Thou seem'st the main-spring of the whole,  
 The life of trade—the very soul.  
 In this, the queen of cities, see,  
 All nature in epitome.

Such the effects of hoary time,  
 In our most scientific clime.  
 O time, illusive, yet most true,  
 We spend, but rarely reckon you ;  
 What mighty and important things  
 Are cover'd with thy outspread wings !  
 In this long period, seeming short,  
 Thy vast exploits surpass our thought.  
 Lo ! France, o'erturn'd, as in a day,  
 Rul'd with still more despotic sway ;  
 Her monarch murder'd, shocking scene !  
 And still more dire, a bleeding queen !  
 Fire, blood, and slaughter mark her state,  
 And shapeless ruin bows to fate !

A monster, who assumes the helm,  
 Would Europe and the world o'erwhelm.  
 Now France, just as the fit may take her,  
 Will have no king, but a king-maker;  
 An emperor, forsooth, is he,  
 A tyrant as the world may see;  
 A spoiler of the nations all,  
 But ill content without the ball.  
 Had he the spacious globe, he'd soon  
 Engage in arms the neighb'ring moon;  
 Restless and terrible as hell,  
 As suff'ring nations know full well.

But shall Britannia yield or die,  
 Encircled with the sea, the sky,  
 And cover'd with the fost'ring wings  
 Of thee, Eternal King of Kings?  
 No: thou wilt banish fell despair,  
 And make us thy peculiar care.  
 For this the truly pious pray,  
 In earnest hope both night and day;  
 For this our worthy Patriots strive;  
 O may their mutual efforts thrive!  
 Whate'er they do, be for the best,  
 This sentiment befits my breast.  
 Sure none would sign with sanguine breath  
 Our warriors' doom in foreign death;  
 Landing our troops on hostile ground,  
 Merely to meet their mortal wound.



A hint may serve my Country here,  
 I drop it with affection's tear ;  
 For Britain mourns and loud deplores  
 Her sons who fall on foreign shores.

Much legislative time was spent  
 Of late—corruption to prevent ;  
 While pestilential envy's eye  
 Saw F—d—k lay his honors by :  
 This not enough to glut her fill,  
 With rancour she pursues him still.  
 What ! no compassion—pity—none !  
 Is sympathy entirely gone ?  
 What ! no forgiveness due to one,  
 Because he stands so near the throne ?  
 Sure many a culprit, not long since,  
 Might claim what you deny a prince ;  
 But ere again such lengths you come,  
 Let every Britain look at home,  
 Be thus resolv'd—Whate'er is done—  
 I am determin'd to mend one ;  
 Then should we act from censure free,  
 And be what we wish all to be.

Instead of this, of late we saw,  
 In spite of reason, sense and law,  
 From public prints and pictures too,  
 All that is base expos'd to view.  
 A thousand brains construct the plan,  
 To prove corruption in one man :

Whereas if they consult their soul,  
They find corruption through the whole.

These truths to great and small belong—

Whatever is not right—is wrong:

Then as a free born man I say—

It is a foul and filthy play,

Whoever at abuse connives,

Who deals in plurals touching wives,

Or having one he ought to love,

Doth still a concubine approve.

The king himself might hear me tell,

That such in virtue don't excel;

That he whom one will not suffice,

Is rather giv'n to guilty vice.

Guilt smites itself, we all admit;

Let follies past instil more wit.

But since no British law controuls

The humour of such living souls;

As touching judgment, this is known,

Their sweets and bitters are their own.

The poor in general are the few

Who such high life dare not pursue.

Hear this, ye fashionably great,

The evil cleaves to you of late.

The bar, the pulpit, and the stage,

Cannot forbidden thirst assuage.

To ye the friendly hint is given,

Its issue is enroll'd in heav'n.

Meantime who could such pelting bear  
 As fell, great F—d—k, to thy share?  
 It seems as though printsellers had  
 With gaping, laughing fools run mad;  
 Involving majesty and thee,  
 With half the royal progeny,  
 In foul contumely and scorn,  
 And scandal hardly to be borne.  
 The pillory, so due to crimes,  
 I'd rather bear a dozen times:  
 It shews their love of sacred things,  
 How much they honor sons of kings:  
 They love their king, it plain appears,  
 This crowns his reign of fifty years!  
 Yet oft we hear the people sing,  
 High-sounding strains, "God save the King!"  
 While public prints and conduct prove,  
 That words are diff'rent things from love.  
 God save the King, in terms express,  
 Is neither more than this, nor less:  
 Save him from ill of ev'ry kind;  
 Save him in body and in mind;  
 Save him from temporal complaint,  
 Make him a holy, happy saint;  
 Crown him with favor here below;  
 Crown him in heav'nly glory too,  
 Bless him with every good desire,  
 His mind with charity inspire;

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Let nothing in his heart or house  
Be subject to a foul abuse.  
Now, if we love our king indeed,  
We shall not make his feelings bleed;  
Nor can we wound the queen and others,  
The royal sisters and the brothers.  
With years and care now sinking down,  
His head must ache that wears the crown.  
Ah! why should scandal hurl her dart,  
Envenom'd, at the sovereign's heart?  
'Tis neither scriptural nor sound,  
The sacred family to wound.

King David knew not what was done  
By naughty Absalom, his son.  
The father shall not bear the blame,  
Much less partake the children's shame;  
Nor did the thoughtless Hebrew race  
Throw children's sin in David's face.  
Can George recall what Y—k hath done,  
Or give a ransom for his son;  
Can he make white what seemeth black,  
Or call the mis-spent season back?  
If he hath been a froward child,  
In am'rous dalliance somewhat wild;  
He quits it, and he fears the rod,  
Pray leave him in the hand of God.  
We hope heav'n's will is understood,  
"From evil still deducing good."

His honour and his income yield,  
 Nor doth he guide the warlike field.  
 O, generous nation, why pursue  
 A man who meekly bows to you?  
 'Tis not the genius of our isle,  
 Self-humbled greatness to revile:  
 Then learn, what you expect, to give,  
 And let the name of others live.

Impartial justice lifts her scale,  
 Approach her bar, and there prevail.  
 If royal faults so great are grown,  
 Against his errors weigh thy own.  
 But spare our much-lov'd king and queen,  
 Nor shame their house in prints obscene:  
 This, this remember, when you sing  
 Your fav'rite air—"God save the King."

And now my son and I repair,  
 The soul-delighting feast to share:  
 Sweet Handel's master-piece of sound,  
 MESSIAH, great in glory crown'd!  
 Grand was the music and supreme,  
 As well befits so high a theme:  
 When Bland and Dickons lent their aid,  
 And Braham wond'rous pow'r display'd:  
 Such harmony to Heav'n belongs—  
 Angels might listen to their songs.

Now from my child I soon must part,  
 Yet not without a hopeful heart;

A friend I found, however rare,  
 Who took him to his guardian care;  
 May heav'n reward him here below,  
 With bliss that guardian angels know.  
 But I depart from London's noise,  
 Its busy cares and frantic joys;  
 Tow'rd's lovely Bath my way is bent,  
 The seat of all that's excellent;  
 One day was spent upon the road  
 To visit Windsor, bless'd abode!  
 For many years I had not seen  
 Heav'n-chosen—Britain's king and queen;  
 Thought labour'd much to have the view,  
 And take my long, my last adieu,  
 I could not pass her towers by,  
 But gratified my heart and eye.  
 On holy-day, in royal dome,  
 I saw my reverend Sovereign come.  
 Both then and there, with solemn dread,  
 Partook the eucharistic bread;  
 Beneath the flaming cherub's wings,  
 I ate with th' king, and King of kings!  
 O what a double feast was this,  
 Replete with pure ecstatic bliss.  
 When thus my wish was greatly crown'd,  
 One disappointment still was found:  
 Ah! sad to tell, went there to see,  
 Those eyes which could not look on me;

50 THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

The monarch mov'd, like justice, blind,  
In hands of Kent and Cambridge join'd,  
Alas! my pitying heart express'd,  
What Heaven ordains is for the best;  
If England's sun no ray can yield,  
To bless the city or the field;  
If light is fled, strength is not lost;  
He'll crush the proud Philistine host,  
And Sampson-like, of antient praise,  
His last be most victorious days!  
Grant this, Thou Light of earth and skies,  
Rejoice his heart, restore his eyes;  
Sweet light and love in him increase,  
And let him see returning peace;  
Her olive branch of during green,  
Shall cheer his last expiring scene:  
To him let two-fold peace be giv'n,  
Then as on earth, be crown'd in heav'n.  
Hail, Bath, the lovely muse's seat,  
At once so elegant and neat;  
Hail, lowly vale, enchanting place,  
The sweet resort of ev'ry grace;  
Pure symmetry of buildings rare,  
A portrait of the good, the fair;  
With all that art and nature give,  
Thou kindly bidst thy lovers live:  
For this thy pleasing walks are found,  
For this thy living streams abound.

Warm from thy bosom torrents gush,  
'To yield fair beauty's wonted blush;  
While captivating scenes appear,  
Debilitated strength to cheer;  
The charms that music, science pour  
Along sweet Avon's winding shore,  
Inspire my heart with love of thee,  
And all but envy cure in me.  
So, to retrace life's chequer'd state,  
We view the whole, but love the great;  
To see and sing, yield small relief,  
The absent mind, a prey to grief.  
To Bristol's busy city come,  
(For me, alas! no friendly home;)   
Three days I had not breath'd its air,  
Before I was suspected there;  
A poor, unwary stranger, I  
Was look'd upon with jealous eye—  
Seiz'd as a culprit, horrid state!  
Come, tragic muse, the fact relate:  
No friend to plead my lonely cause,  
Expos'd to most vindictive laws;  
Poor me, of hope and peace bereft,  
Stood charg'd with cruelty and theft;  
With cruelty to woman kind,  
Which mostly shocks the feeling mind;  
For this plain reason, seeming right,  
I was the wretch's size and height;



In countenance, there was no choice,  
But differ'd much in heart and voice ;  
The clothes the fiend of darkness had,  
Resembled these in which I'm clad :  
The neighbours saw, in harmless plight,  
Me pass the door that fatal night ;  
The very hour in which the deed,  
Made weeping worth and beauty bleed ;  
But thanks to Heav'n, this hinge alone—  
The voice, my fate was turn'd upon !  
O may that voice for ever raise  
Melodious hymns of grateful praise.  
The villain's art had watch'd the time,  
In which to perpetrate his crime ;  
When every soul from home had gone,  
But virgin innocence alone,  
He ready entrance to insure,  
Feign'd that his tooth-ache wanted cure ;  
(A Dentist was her father's trade,)  
This the pretence the robber made.  
She courteously had ask'd him in,  
Then ripe for his infernal sin,  
Demanded, with expressions rash,  
The valu'd paper, plate, and cash ;  
She, fainting, sunk upon the floor,  
As if to die and feel no more ;  
Then, fearing she the fit might feign,  
He put her to the fiercest pain,

With kicks and brutal bruises dire,  
Then adds the force of dreadful fire.  
The vivid flames her clothes consume ;  
He left her burning in the room :  
Then just escap'd,—her father came,  
And saw his daughter in a flame !  
Ah! me, how dismal was the place,  
Was ever sire in such a case ?  
His feelings wake, at pity's call,  
His child insensible to all ;  
Distracted frenzy seem'd to seize  
His heart, and smote his trembling knees ;  
Mine too, for I could scarcely stand,  
Her tinder'd garments in my hand ;  
I felt a father's love and pain,  
Compassion cut my heart in twain ;  
To see sweet beauty losing breath,  
In wrestling with the arms of death.  
But while I felt for him and child,  
What were my dread commotions wild ?  
Do I stand charg'd with crimes like these ?  
Defend me, Heav'n, if thee it please.  
Now to the chamber we withdrew,  
Where she lay languishing in view ;  
When favored with her speech and sight,  
How did my warring passions fight !  
My hope, from conscious innocence,  
My fear from want of sure defence ;

Desire of life, on all bestow'd,  
Love to my wife and babes abroad!

Her weeping father softly said:

"My love, one moment raise your head;  
"Stands here the cause of thy complaints?"  
She looks, and with that look she faints;  
Again reviv'd, her dying eyes  
Beheld me with a wild surprise!  
A second time the question's put,  
With—"notice him from head to foot;"  
That moment, heav'n to ease my heart,  
Did nature's eloquence impart;  
The maid assum'd a death-like smile,  
My causeless trembling to beguile.  
And answer'd thus—"There needs no more,  
"I never heard that voice before."

The father then his tears repress'd,  
And took me to his throbbing breast;  
With eyes uplifted, then, said he,  
"May heav'n defend thee, thou art free;  
"Yet may stern justice sally forth,  
"To search the sea and spacious earth;  
"O bring the monster into light,  
"Whose deeds the fiend of hell affright;  
"My child, my child," the father cried,  
"My all, since I have lost my bride!  
"The vernal sun, full threetimes seven,  
"Endow'd her with the gifts of heaven;

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THE NOVA SCOTIA-MINSTREL.

55

" But now, amid her youthful bloom,  
" Already gapes th' untimely tomb ;  
" Fell hands of villainous intent,  
" That no kind angel might prevent ;  
" May all thy punishment be here,  
" And God remove my pain and fear !"  
Farewell, sweet lady, heav'n be your's,  
And all that innocence secures :  
This said, I clos'd the interview,  
Complacence smil'd a long a dieu.  
I now forsake the awful place,  
Where nature met such foul disgrace.  
But who will say no beauty reigns  
In Bristol, and adjacent plains ?  
Let such injurious proverbs be  
Lost in immense obscurity.

Here men of parts and business too,  
And ladies their own plans pursue ;  
In circles high or lower move,  
Not without beauty, grace, and love.

Now quitting Bristol's busy scene,  
We sail the floating docks between ;  
Slow wind the flood-gates side to side,  
And launch us in the rapid tide ;  
On either side the pond'rous height,  
Is grand and awful to the sight :  
Sweet op'ning meads attract our view,  
With prospects picturesque and new.

From Pill we catch the driving gale,  
And scour the deep with swelling sail ;  
All hands at their respective work,  
Elate with hope of seeing Cork.

Alas, how soon we lost repose,  
The clouds grew black, the winds arose ;  
Lash'd was the helm for hours two score,  
We drifting to Carnarvon shore ;  
The gale so hard increas'd our fear,  
The dreaded breakers now appear ;  
No boat nor pilot near at hand,  
Nor craft could leave the foaming strand,  
While furious billows sweep the deck,  
And every soul expects a wreck ;  
The heavy swell our vessel shocks,  
Grim death stood gaping on the rocks.  
Courageous hearts, most void of fear,  
The women and the weaklings cheer.  
Keep up your spirits, lovely race,  
We soon shall make an anchoring place.  
Escap'd beneath auspicious skies,  
Let go the anchor, Davis cries ;  
The surges lose their dying strength,  
We ride secure at cable's length,  
Abreast some humble Welchmen's houses,  
Which nature to herself espouses ;  
Thither we went with joyful haste,  
Our clothes to dry and get repast,

But suffer'd much through Babel's schemes,  
 While each to each so barbarous seems.  
 O that the venders of base tales,  
 Were all transported into Wales ;  
 The antidote they should endure,  
 Might scandal and detraction cure.

Our diet simple, sweet and good,  
 Was cook'd in manner some what rude,  
 Yet serv'd with loving looks and kind,  
 The eye an index to the mind ;  
 This with good will is better fare  
 Than sumpt'ous meat with flatt'ry there ;  
 Your meat is dress'd—care not a rush,  
 Whether it be by coal or brush ;  
 No matter for the polish'd feature,  
 If dinner comes with plain good nature ;  
 The hungry trav'ler is not nice—  
 Let this and gratitude suffice.

Necessity's primæval law,  
 Yields us good beds of hardy straw :  
 So royal sons of noble race,  
 Have frequent found hard resting place.  
 No rest so sweet, beneath the skies,  
 As that deriv'd from exercise ;  
 Then in the morn, through dewy fields,  
 We sip the sweets which nature yields :  
 Hear larks that soaring sing on high,  
 Their matchless carrols to the sky,

Responsive songs, from spray to spray,  
 Regale the ear, while lambkins play  
 At once affording sweet delight  
 To nicest air and sense of sight.

Yet once again I change my theme ;  
 To social converse, joy supreme :  
 The hospitable man\* of pray'r  
 Invites, his friendly boon to share ;  
 List'ning, as we proceed along,  
 To heav'n's pure tone—the human tongue,  
 Well taught and in a nat'ral strain,  
 Which here about is hard to gain.  
 Through daisied fields in green array,  
 This music wiles the hours away,  
 Like solo of the sweetest sound,  
 Till we approach the parson's ground.  
 His mansion in the vale before us,  
 Affords fine opening for a chorus :  
 The deep violoncello I play'd,  
 And rustic spirits merry made ;  
 With moral songs and pious airs,  
 We thus allay'd our varied cares.  
 Inspir'd with love of sacred sound,  
 The shepherd call'd his flock around,  
 Unwilling to enjoy the treat  
 Without his charge around his seat ;

\* The Rev. Mr. Roberts, near Carnarvon Bay.

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 Carnarvon Bay.

Simplicity, unus'd to this,  
 Confess'd the charm, and own'd the bliss.

The matron and the maids appear,  
 To welcome us with all good cheer ;  
 Her friendly parlour opens soon,  
 To stay the rage of hungry noon ;  
 Two virgin daughters grace the feast,  
 With delicacy, wit, and taste ;  
 Parental culture rais'd them well,  
 In real politeness to excel.

While peace and plenty here prevail,  
 The priest supplies his nut-brown ale,  
 Talks of the nations now at strife,  
 Our perils through the voyage of life,  
 The Church—the state—the king, all three,  
 Our arms on shore, our fleets at sea ;  
 Of this one's rise, and that one's fall,  
 Drawing sweet inference foom all :  
 But most admires that pow'r above,  
 Whose word and will our bulwarks prove.  
 Thus ministers, when right inclin'd,  
 Refresh our frame and clear the mind.

But hear the case, however hard,  
 Such worthy men meet small reward ;  
 Rare education, shining parts,  
 Fine feelings and the noblest hearts,  
 Such characters are foisted where  
 They've little more than vital air.



May British wisdom shortly give  
Our poor clergy more to live,  
To live like men of lower trades,  
The want of which their cloth degrades;  
The world, half infidel, but jeers,  
When witnessing their wants and fears.  
Those who consult our heav'nly birth,  
Still want their daily bread on earth;  
Britain may see, midst all her brags,  
Her clergy and their sons in rags;  
Large revenues uphold the great,  
While equal souls submit to fate,  
In want and misery to pine;  
Int'rest, not grace, makes the divine!

A CHANT FOR THE POOR CLERGY,

WRITTEN ON A MOUNTAIN IN WALES,

*Occasioned by reading the following words in a speech of  
Mr. Wilberforce on the above subject.*

"I can prove, that at this time (1809) there are  
twenty Clergymen in Wales under ten pounds yearly  
salary; and that there are seventy in England under  
twenty pounds a year."

Oh! that rich parsons, rob'd in red and white,  
would think  
How many of their brethren of small livings  
want both meat and drink:

MINSTREL.

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POOR CLERGY,

IN WALES,

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THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL. 61

Do pray, consider them while you enjoy repose;  
Now raise a little cash among yourselves, and  
furnish them with clothes.

You who enjoy five hundred pounds a year, or  
more,

Pray can't you help poor preachers and their  
wives by dropping half a score?

You who possess a thousand pounds a year,  
why sure such plenty

Should quickly open your warm hearts to give  
poor fellows twenty.

Pray don't you recollect that you should love  
your neighbour?

Then why not give poor half-starv'd clergymen  
fair price for all their labour?

I hope you'll wisely think, or parliament will  
make ye,

Ere Satan shortly with his host do come and to  
his *Living* take ye.

Then what a scramble would there be to get a  
cool retreat,

From inward horror and from outward burning  
heat!

Full glad would the Right Rev'rend be for  
some poor Curate's quarter,

Though he but little had of bread itself—so he  
might get some water!

62 THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

Hear this—ye shining preachers who appear so  
gayly,

In purple and fine linen clad, and faring sumptuous daily :

Hear a poor brother from the shades, who now  
would warn ye,

Lest you should tumble in a birth like his, and  
every devil scorn ye.

Ye poor have mercy on the rich and stop your  
cries,

Lest ye awake the fury of the angry skies ;  
What is your temporal want, which soon must  
have a turning,

Compar'd with bitter grief and endless woe in  
everlasting burning ?

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## ARRIVAL

IN

*IRELAND;*

REMARKS ON CORK, &c.

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**N**OW from Welch hills and fav'ring sky,  
Hibernia's mountains we descry ;  
Fair blows the gentle summer breeze,  
To lure us to the faithless seas ;  
Yet ere we reach the destin'd port,  
We find provisions running short ;  
For sixty souls, with fam'ly cares,  
We had not more than fifteen shares :  
But when our fears were at their height,  
Cork harbour shewed a pleasing sight.  
Now beating up the tranquil tide,  
See beauteous seats on either side ;

In comely form with taste display'd,  
 Strong forts with cannon well array'd ;  
 At length all hearty, strong and sound,  
 We set our feet on Irish ground.

Though Cork may many beauties claim,  
 There still exists much cause of blame :  
 I am no censor, but will prove,  
 The evils which you may remove.  
 I love Hibernia's ancient name,  
 For, from her gen'rous blood I came :  
 Her weal I study, as a friend,  
 Asserting—there is room to mend.  
 Let praise or blame attach to me,  
 No matter so thy state be free ;  
 Free from the lesser ills that rise,  
 And which the candid must despise.  
 And first this censure might be sav'd,  
 If all your streets were better pav'd.  
 This error must the stranger strike—  
 The paths of man and beast alike ;  
 I'm wrong, for see the grand Parade,  
 Its horse-path is superior made ;  
 A blunder this, from error's skull,  
 That such a road should serve a bull,  
 While feet most delicate and pure,  
 The roughest walking must endure.

Why not, since you have stone enough,  
 Remove this hobbling pavement rough ?

Let flags or lesser squares be plac'd,  
 And Cork with pleasing walks be grac'd ;  
 Then ladies, as they elsewhere do,  
 May ease their feet and slippers too ;  
 Then age and infancy will crown,  
 With blessings thy indulgent town.

Offences rise abroad, at home,  
 But woe to those by whom they come ;  
 Thy lanes all other lanes excel,  
 For an abominable smell ;

The cause is plain, as day-light there is—  
 You are so void of *necessaries*.

Heav'n hates th' unclean with frowning view,  
 This rule the ancient Hebrews knew ;  
 The moving host, so much belov'd,  
 Must all be clean or disapprov'd :  
 Then how much more should cities be  
 From every foul pollution free !

Thy scavengers, with filthy tricks,  
 In pent up streets vile ordure mix :  
 What keeps contagion from thy door,  
 To tell, is past my fancy's pow'r ;  
 Remove the practice of this tribe,  
 Which Swift himself could not describe.

On Sunday too the crowd offends,  
 With noise of town and country friends,  
 Sitting in streets upon the ground,  
 Quite low, indeed, and humble found ;

Drinking and smoking, doing jobs,  
 In male and female roaring mobs ;  
 Their children playing too at ball,  
 Perchance against the church's wall.  
 Men bathing in the glare of day,  
 And women standing in the way ;  
 I thought they had all shame forsook,  
 The men who swim, the maids who look ;  
 I must the *naked* truth rehearse,  
 Forgive, ye delicate, my verse ;  
 I would that Cork were vested well,  
 With every grace that might excel.  
 Thy shops are fitted up with art,  
 But shopmen act no quaker's part ;  
 Not to their word, so very nice,  
 They ask and take a different price :  
 Be at a word, let both be true,  
 Ye customers and shopmen too.  
 One truth among the rest is clear,  
 Small prostitution revels here ;  
 Of thefts, which we may elsewhere see,  
 I never saw a town so free.  
 And now thy poet gently sings,  
 The fairer side of men and things :  
 Adhering strictly to the truth,  
 I never saw more handsome youth ;  
 Yes, Cork, thy charming nymphs and swains,  
 Announce where blooming beauty reigns ;

Their sense and wit my bosom warm,  
Their taste correct with music's charm ;  
Polite and lib'ral just and kind,  
True models of a virtuous mind.

Thy furniture and neat attire,  
In general we must admire ;  
In sitting-rooms for ease prepar'd,  
The sweet piano oft is heard ;  
The sweeter female voice prevails,  
Which soft retirement regales.

Good paintings and the finer arts,  
Kind genius to thy sons imparts ;  
We view in scenes of youthful life,  
The future mother and the wife ;  
Aspiring boys of parts and wit,  
Well train'd, and for high callings fit ;  
With books and tutors well supplied,  
The nation's glory and her pride ;  
Much pains bestow'd, and taste, and skill,  
To form and guide the infant will ;  
These still adorn the Irish name,  
And lead to virtue, wealth, and fame.



FOR A CHILD PLAYING THE PIANO-FORTE.

TUNE—" *Hope thou Nurse of young Desire?*"

Holy spirit, power divine,  
Hear this feeble strain of mine ;  
Highest praise to thee be giv'n,  
By thy works in earth and heav'n !

Angels who in might excel,  
In thy sacred presence dwell ;  
Yet they leave that world of joy,  
Me to help in this employ.

Now, unseen, around they throng,  
List'ning to an infant song ;  
Holy seraphs, when I die,  
I shall sing with you on high.

Ye, in Heav'n, before his face,  
Sing his rich preserving grace :  
More than you on earth I prove—  
Boundless mercy, dying love !

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How sweet to hear the melting lay  
Of virgins who can sing and play ;  
This we in charming H—ll—d find,  
To captivate th' ensaptur'd mind ;

MINSTREL.

PIANO-FORTE.

"Young Desire?"

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THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL. 69

To you, dear girls, such pow'r is giv'n,  
Sween antipast of future heav'n,  
O might I in the least conduce  
By off'ring songs to such an use,  
Be this among my joys on earth,  
To share with them harmonious mirth.

But let our subjects be confin'd  
To such as may exalt the mind ;  
If purest virtue swells the breast,  
Let sensual minds enjoy the rest ;  
While we the baser arts forego,  
Virtue alone is bliss below.

THE PENITENT CHID.

TUNE—"How imperfect is expression."

When I err I make confession,  
Easing thus a troubled breast ;  
Carefully avoid transgression,  
Then I have immediate rest.  
Loving parents, let me pray you,  
Guard me with a watchful eye ;  
I will cheerfully obey you  
Till the moment that I die.

O the high and sweet sensation,  
I enjoy from scenes like this !  
Sure parental approbation  
Is a taste of heav'nly bliss.

Length of days will come upon her  
Who a parent's will regards ;  
And from Heav'n eternal honour,  
With a world of sweet regards :

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Think it not mean among your lays  
To sing the great Creator's praise ;  
Where can you hear a sweeter sound  
Than in your several choirs is found ?  
Where can you find so high a theme,  
As him who did your life redeem ?

We give St. Barry's church to fame,  
With that which bears the blessed name ;  
Which trumpet forth in pleasing awe,  
His praise by excellent M'G——h ;  
The buildings grand and well array'd,  
Their organs exquisitely play'd ;  
The truth is read and publish'd there,  
Which makes the whole divinely fair.

Yet let me, as a public friend,  
To lesser chapels recommend,  
Where instrument is never found,  
To mend the pow'r of vocal sound,  
To sing by rule and form a choir,  
And at pure harmony aspire ;

This is the only substitute  
 For aid deriv'd from bass and flute ;  
 If singing's timeless, dull and flat,  
 Sure no excuse atones for that ;  
 Where nature gives a voice so clear,  
 And with it a tenacious ear ;  
 What hinders then an active part,  
 In that which tunes and mends the heart ?  
 Shake off dull sloth, the theme pursue,  
 What cannot perseverance do ?  
 Full many things there might be said,  
 In which amendment might be made ;  
 Thy citizens will not deride  
 These plain remarks, by love supplied.  
 I wish that Cork may flourish fair,  
 And be what other cities are :  
 Why not, since means and power it hath,  
 Be such an one as lovely Bath ?  
 Then, strangers leaving thy great town,  
 Might tell the world of thy renown ;  
 I too, in a more decent strain,  
 Could say where health and order reign :  
 When thou shalt be, in all thy parts,  
 A picture of thy gen'rous hearts.

THE THORN.

In the Garden of Eden our Parents were placed,  
When heav'n sang creation's fair morn :  
By their taste they themselves soon disgraced,  
And thus they gave birth to the curse of the  
*Thorn!*

But when Adam the second came down from  
his glory,  
And of a pure virgin was born ;  
How all heav'n stood amaz'd at the story,  
To see the Redeemer die crown'd with the  
*Thorn!*

The sun hid his face, and the heavens were  
frowning,  
The earth shook in darkness forlorn !  
All this prepar'd for the Saint's happy crowning,  
Such wonderful glory sprang out of the  
*Thorn!*

## BENEVOLO AND THE STRANGER.

TUNE—"The Cabin boy."

From whence arriv'd, thou stranger poor,  
And what's thy calling here?  
Come in, and welcome, at my door,  
Dispel thy gloomy fear.

Indeed I am a stranger poor,  
To lonely grief a prey;  
I'm far from home, and insecure,  
Oh! guide my weary way.

Most welcome to our friendly cheer,  
O yes, beyond a doubt;  
We always help the stranger here,  
Nor send him empty out.

The pleasing truth I greatly feel,  
Warm glows my grateful breast;  
Expression fails me to reveal  
How much I wish you blest;

But what are feelings such as mine,  
Which gratitude procures,  
Compar'd with rapture so divine,  
That flows from love like your's!

---

THE  
AUTHOR  
*PROCEEDS TO DUBLIN,*

WITH  
SUITABLE REFLECTIONS

ON THAT BEAUTIFUL CITY.

---

**N**O love can thine, kind Cork, excel,  
Accept my long and last farewell ;  
The good of plenty, love and peace,  
Incessant flow, nor ever cease ;  
In pure tranquillity abide,  
No ill thy gen'rous shore betide.

The sloop is ready at the Quay,  
 The wind is fair for Dublin Bay ;  
 Bright Sol the fair horizon gilds,  
 For harvest ripens all the fields.  
 Close sailing in upon the shore,  
 We view the beautiful landscape o'er ;  
 Hailing Hibernia as we pass'd,  
 Each county vying with the last ;  
 Smiling in verdure all around,  
 While plenty strews the cultur'd ground.

Far other scenes of late were known,  
 Her peace and unity o'erthrown ;  
 Confusion roll'd, a baneful flood,  
 Thy shores were wash'd with human blood :  
 Truth bore the tale with awful speed,  
 Where Indian shores bewail the deed.  
 Oh ! could I sing thy coast along,  
 Nor make discordance in the song ;  
 But mem'ry wakes the rueful lyre,  
 For those who needlessly expire.  
 Thy sons, with sin infatuate,  
 Fell wounded, slain by mad'ning fate ;  
 The brave, defending British laws,  
 Fell too, in virtue's bleeding cause :  
 Thy towns so fair, thy fields so green,  
 At once a burning, bloody scene !  
 Tumult and torture reign a while,  
 Few days the work of ages spoil ;



The young, the old, to death a prey,  
And desolation mark'd the day.

What cause infernal mov'd the breast,  
To break Hibernia's peaceful rest ?  
From France the dire contagion came,  
And *Revolution* was its name ;

With fire, and death, and ruin fraught,  
Adjoin'd to some by dæmon's taught,  
Conspiring, form the fatal brood,  
Contented only with thy blood !

Ye who consult the will of heav'n,  
Intreat that such may be forgiv'n ;  
And with unceasing cry implore,  
That scenes like these appear no more,  
Let gratitude salute the skies,  
For timely aid and brave supplies,  
And ever bless the Sovereign pow'r,  
For cutting short the tyrant hour ;  
For making black rebellion cease,  
And from confusion yieldin' peace.

No more may we such horrors see,  
Sad sample of French liberty,  
Now check'd by heav'n's avenging hand :  
May union hold her sweet command ;  
Our Constitution be rever'd,  
And each to each remain endear'd :  
Henceforth may no Hibernian slight  
The guard of all his civil right ;

To conscious duty all return,  
 And for Britannia's glory burn ;  
 Now raise the well-directed blow,  
 Against the world's inveterate foe.

SONG.

TUNE—"Savourneen Deelish." *A favorite Irish Melody.*

Oh! spare my sweet Erin, thou soul of creation,  
 Her offspring be dear to thy fatherly love ;  
 If darkness is brooding a cloud o'er the nation,  
 Thy hand can the gloom of affliction remove.  
 Surely the pow'r that so often defended,  
 Will rise in her cause, and she shall be  
 befriended.

And with the best blessings of heaven attended ;  
 The favour I wish may she speedily prove.

But, Erin, thy nobles are fickle and faulty,  
 They love like a husband that's given to roam ;  
 If father's will wander, the children grow  
 naughty,

And only rebellion awaits them at home.  
 Come to your duty, ye lovers of Erin,  
 O, let yourselves with your wealth be appearing,  
 Thy mother, thy country this moment is fearing,  
 Ah! why are her lovers delaying to come ?

With purest affection her bosom is glowing,  
 And all but her own are reviv'd by the flame;  
 Her generous conduct, with bounty o'erflowing,  
 Is own'd by the Minstrel, who warbles her  
 name.

O, may poor Erin be timely defended,  
 With all the best blessings of heaven attended,  
 By Britain her sister forever befriended,  
 Be mutual their warfare—their friendship  
 and fame!

---

See where appear our heart's desire,  
 Great DUBLIN's old and lofty spires.  
 Thy Liffey opens to the sea,  
 And Europe crowds all sail for thee;  
 As London's port, on either side,  
 A num'rous craft adorn the tide.  
 What beauteous palace on the right  
 Arises grand upon the sight,  
 With forms of virtues on the place,  
 And crown'd with Hope, a shining grace?  
 For Customs was the fabric rear'd,  
 Our palace and our castle's guard.  
 Yes, kings, with all the glitt'ring state,  
 Become, by commerce, truly great.  
 The monarch, merchant, rich and poor,  
 By trade well guarded, live secure;

Gradation works the vast machine,  
 And order rules the living scene.  
 While thus eyinc'd a nation's sense,  
 Supplies are sure, and sure defence:  
 No constitution can we see  
 So well constructed, sound and free.

There, in that broad and beaut'ous street,  
 In centre where four passes meet,  
 A lofty pillar from the ground,  
 Aspiring, looks the country round;  
 And Nelson on its top doth shew,  
 Which all but breathes on ye below;  
 The life and attitude expres'd,  
 Inspire with courage every breast;  
 And sentiments the most refin'd  
 Diffuse through all the public mind;  
 Though great and costly, not too grand,  
 His genius living in the land.  
 While she beholds the model there,  
 May Ireland raise her sons as rare.  
 This monument insures renown,  
 And Britain's thanks to Dublin town;  
 For, Nelson, yet we no where see  
 So high exalted as in thee.

Thy bank, the former House of Lords,  
 The grandest symmetry affords;  
 Its ancient riches now are fled,  
 Its present worth, though rich, is dead;

Though dead, its language can obtain  
 What oratory seeks in vain :  
 Long may it hold the nation's wealth,  
 From foreign or domestic stealth.  
 Thy COLLEGE, and the PUBLIC COURT,  
 To which high learning's sons resort,  
 Are models of perfection's art,  
 And elegant ideas impart.  
 Where'er in musing mood I range,  
 By church, bridge, castle, or exchange,  
 Sweet harmony connects th' entire,  
 In beauties studious men admire.

Sacred antiquities we find,  
 To feed the contemplative mind.  
 In great St. Patrick's ancient pile,  
 And Christ Church's soul inspiring aisle;  
 The sculptor'd hero still appears  
 T' have slept for near a thousand years.  
 The deep-ton'd organ shakes the ground,  
 In all the pow'r of solemn sound;  
 While warbling choristers prepare  
 To chaunt the high cherubic air;  
 Still emulation sits umpire,  
 On Britain's and Hibernia's choir.

**HARMONY,**

IN THREE PARTS,

Began in Christ Church, and finished in Saint  
Patrick's, Jan. 1817,

*Addressed to the Gentlemen of the Choir.*

**PART I.**

*Veneration for the Cathedrals.*

O Lord of Hosts ! the Church is still thy care, }  
Thy stately steps are eminently there ; }  
How exquisitely sweet thy Dwellings are ! }  
Here are thy Truth—thy Power and Glory seen,  
In awful pomp the Cherubims between !  
Light of thy sight illumes the mind within,  
Chaceing the darkness and the guilt of sin.  
Truth's ray serene, yet piercing, can controul  
The factious passions of the human soul.  
Thy sovereign Pow'r subdues the stubborn will.  
A calm ensues on hearing thy—" Be still !"  
Thy glory, which is goodness, goes before,  
Men sing with Seraphs, and with them adore !  
On holy day when souls would seek repose,  
To thanks and prayer the solemn organ blows ;  
While praise, ascendant, seeks the throne aloft,  
In many a thrilling lay and solo soft:

Then the full chorus all the throng invites,  
 And earth partakes in heav'n's supreme delights!  
 Give me the place, the people and the call,  
 Where heav'n and harmony and grace are all.  
 Hail! reverend antient Pile, whose holy dome  
 Reminds the soul of her eternal home;  
 Thy avenues regale the thoughtful mind,  
 With heav'nly grandeur, and with song refin'd.  
 Sweet anthems vibrate to that *Only Name*,  
 May praise forever here His Love proclaim!  
 Here sleep the ashes of the pious dead,  
 Chieftains and heroes too in marble bed.  
 Prelates and judges, Men of talent rare,  
 Poets and lovers—Swift and Stella there.  
 In either fane thy monuments arise,  
 Though few in number—faithful effigies:  
 The speaking sculpture weeps & looks & loves,  
 Less hard than he that, gazing, disapproves.

## PART II.

*The Organ—Organist. &c.*

And now the rapt'rous peal of sacred sound  
 Awakes the soul and shakes the solid ground!  
 And twilight orisons to Faith invite,  
 Where brilliant lamps dispense a golden light.  
 Here rich and poor, if well dispos'd by grace,  
 May feel how grandly awful is the place!

O, solemn organ, set in oritic score,  
 Such instrument ne'er blest my ear before!  
 My heart up-rai'd in extacy, proclaim'd—  
 Be thou the master piece of Europe nam'd!  
 But who shall modulate thy varied tone?  
 Saint Patrick answers—I present thee *one*;  
 The pow'rs of Warren, which all art excel,  
 Expression is—most inexpressible:  
 No language can relieve the bursting mind,  
 While he commands the soul-enchanting wind.  
 The passions are absorb'd, or rais'd on high,  
 Plung'd in the deep, or wafted to the sky!  
 Chaos, in uproar, wildcat music brings,  
 As Milton—Handel—or as Haydn sing.  
 The raging waves like hills in battle foam,  
 Anon they lull, as lake or silent stream.  
 “Let there be light”—the lucid rays divine,  
 From forked points in boundless body shine,  
 And speaks the mighty Maker's vast design.  
 Creation hears the elemental strife,  
 And beauteous nature dances into life.  
 Subsides the rumbling thunder deep and dark,  
 Hear! hear you not the heav'n-aspiring lark?  
 The groves sonorous fill the swelling breeze,  
 You hear, or think you hear the vocal trees,  
 The murm'ring streamlet, chrystal stones among,  
 The shepherd's flute, or pious matin song.  
 The key is chang'd, from peace to war's alarms,  
 The brazen trumpet sounds—To arms, to arms!



You hear embattled foes on hostile ground,  
 In the tremendous majesty of sound !  
 But when the breathing tubes, so clear and fine,  
 Call for cherubic piety divine ;  
 The heart in unison with heav'n's own choir,  
 We see celestial light, and feel the heav'nly fire !

## PART III.

*The Vocal Powers.*

O Organ, Organist, sweet Choir and all,  
 We match ye against Westminster or Paul,  
 The royal chapels of so many names  
 At Windsor castle, or at old Saint James,  
 Or Yorkminster, or Durham, grave or merry,  
 With even hoary-headed Canterbury ;  
 And many more, high in the vocal list,  
 With amateurs oft borrow'd to assist.  
 With nicest ear, and with affection's glow,  
 I heard them all, and all their merits know,  
 From infancy I heard Britannia's best ;  
 But Dublin choir eclipses all the rest !  
 Some may assert, "I judgment want and wit"—  
 I say—and without fear of saying it,  
 That those who handle organs fair—do well ;  
 But these that *build* and play them right—excel,  
 This is in point—for, take the whole, or parts,  
 They all compose, and masters are of arts.

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I have as great a right to judge on them,  
As some—my taste and judgment to condemn,  
Where can we find—to take them in th' intire,  
Vocal and instrumental, such a choir?  
Here science pours of sweetest sound a flood,  
While all is harmony and each part good;  
Then, as to voice, search Christendom around,  
And publish where their equal may be found.  
With these it is a general concern—  
To please—to profit—learning and to learn.  
The best of sacred music they prepare,  
However difficult, or choice, or rare,  
Where sweetest seeming dissonance affords  
A double relish to returning chords.  
Each is himself a host in point of skill,  
By art profound, by nature what she will.  
Sweet modulations grace the mental treat  
And vast variety makes all compleat.  
Here grand Te Deums—Jubilates—Creeds,  
Responses, chaunts, & all that please, succeeds;  
A rich assortment of well-chosen wares,  
Chorus, duets, trios and sweetest airs.  
Sure Handel's sacred genius must inspire  
Each warbling minstrel in the Dublin choir.  
Now vocal bass affects th' astonish'd ear;  
And alto mounts, aspiring high and clear;  
While manly tenor holds his middle course,  
And treble shrill speaks Catalini's force.

The king himself, to make the subject clear,  
 Would be transported, if he were but here ;  
 Ah! if he were, his case, however bad,  
 Might meet a cure, if music mends the mad :  
 Some have been cur'd by music flat or sharp ;  
 And so might George, could he but hear the *harp*.  
 Hail ! charming choir ! hail, holy time and place,  
 Long may ye chaunt, and with increasing grace ;  
 Let it, at length to you and me be given,  
 To join the first born sons of light in heaven !

---

SONG OF PRAISE FOR A PIOUS YOUNG LADY.

TUNE—" *The Maid of Lodi.*"

To sing the Great Jehovah,  
 Who did my soul redeem,  
 Such an exalted lover,  
 Deserves the highest theme :  
 He left his brightest glory,  
 To bleed in suff'ring love ;  
 And now he's gone before ye,  
 To claim his throne above !

Now hear his word declaring  
 What he is doing there :  
 A crown of love preparing,  
 Which you shall ever wear.

THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL. 87

Yes, happy soul, that heareth,  
Believe his holy word,  
And you, when he appeareth,  
Shall triumph with the Lord!

---

Each sacred edifice we find,  
Strives which can most exalt the mind;  
Within, without, the whole is built,  
A range for grace, a check for guilt,  
Behold that lovely\* spire arise,  
A sacred shrine to greet the skies;  
An emblem of the city fair,  
Which comes from heav'n, a perfect square;  
A pattern of masonic grace,  
In eligible form and place,  
Insuring architect'ral fame,  
As rais'd in George's age and name!  
Chapels and schools for grace and taste,  
Arise in order, high and chaste,  
Thy charities, nor few nor weak,  
To sympathizing passion speak;  
In all of which, we trust, is found  
The seed of doctrine pure and sound.

\* George's Church, then building.

THE END OF LENT.

TUNE—" *The bewildered Maid.*"

Slow broke the light—at length camethemorn,  
When the "Antient of days" of a virgin was  
born!

His advent so low, and so humble his birth,  
No room was afforded for him on the earth!  
Behold his deep sorrow, ah! hear him complain;  
Oh! witness his trouble, his anguish and pain!  
When rais'd to the cross his dear life-blood he  
spilt

To redeem his own creatures all covered with  
guilt.

Then he who the heavens and the universe  
made,

Was, with guards round his corse, in a sepulchre  
laid!

But on the third morn, ere the dawning of light,  
The conq'ror of death from the tomb took his  
flight;

Behold him ascending to his God and ours,  
Poor sinners defending from infernal powers;  
While now interceding for Adam's lost race,  
His spirit is pleading redemption through grace.

---

Thy pulpits, Dublin, may be nam'd  
For rhetoric supremely fam'd;

To mention parties we defer,  
 Nor thereby angry blame incur ;  
 But approbation may be spelt,  
 When what is heard is warmly felt ;  
 The soul, in pleasing rapture hung,  
 Hears nature's voice and music's tongue :  
 Sweet pathos marks the flowing line,  
 And finish'd periods speak divine ;  
 While manly gesture acts aloud,  
 And more than speaks to all the crowd.

The law may all its wrath discharge,  
 Yet cannot boast a field so large,  
 As that which comprehends all space,  
 The subjects of redeeming grace.  
 The stage may add to action, show,  
 With all the powers that man can know ;  
 But the concerns of every soul,  
 Eternal things, outweigh the whole.

Of great importance it must be,  
 That pulpit diction should be free :  
 Not measur'd by contracted rule  
 Of written themes, like boys at school ;  
 Harangues of twenty minutes long,  
 Then benedictus end the song :  
 Is this the labour of the week ?  
 You read—but never say you speak.

Methinks I see, in house of pray'r,  
 The Master of Assemblies there ;

Incarnate love, in humble guise,  
 Who ever acted on this wise:—  
 He reads the portion, names the text,  
 Then shuts the sacred page—what next?  
 Sweet elocution, with a tear,  
 Pours her full soul upon the ear;  
 All animation, life, and fire,  
 Faith, hope, and love, joy, grief, desire;  
 All nature ransack'd, heaven and earth,  
 To give to struggling passion birth:  
 The soul on wing, the man sublim'd!  
 O how unlike a sermon chim'd:  
 As clock-work in a steeple hung,  
 The bell moves not, nor moves its tongue:  
 By foreign touch, mechanic wire,  
 Ding dong the fainting sounds expire:  
 But see, the many-changing peal,  
 Makes the *well-founded* steeple reel;  
 Within, without, th' effects are found,  
 Inspiring joy for miles around.

In sister kingdom, th' other day,  
 We heard a rev'rend prelate say:  
 " To keep our hearers all secure,  
 " And to assist the parish poor,  
 " Our churches must convenient be,  
 " With seats, like crouded chapels, free:  
 " The want of these, beyond a doubt,  
 " Hath shut our wand'ring hearers out;

"Hence they, poor sheep, are stolen away,  
 "To hear what certain babblers say."

The fact is plain, even to the dull,  
 A church that's well supplied is full :  
 Where music and the sweeter sound  
 Of evangelic truth are found,  
 Seats, or no seats, a host repair,  
 To catch the balmy doctrines there ;  
 Then, would you thin those meetings all,  
 Preach, and spare not, like sound St. Paul ;  
 Your words, like dew, or herbs distill'd,  
 Prove cordial and your church is fill'd.  
 Now, modern sermons, wrote in books,  
 Come from, and cause suspicious looks ;  
 As if the state can't trust the man  
 To follow loyal virtue's plan ;  
 And seem to raise the hearer's doubt,  
 That he can't preach his book without.  
 Say, which do you prefer as good,  
 A golden preacher in plain wood ;  
 Or wooden priest, that you behold,  
 Fix'd in a pulpit made of gold ?

Then shake all drowsy custom off,  
 Nor longer be the mimic's scoff.  
 The lawyer for his client pleads,  
 By nature's power, and succeeds.  
 The player acts his winning part,  
 And must effect the dormant heart.



The Commons and the House of Peers  
 Extort the sigh, and draw our tears :  
 All this, and more, we know, takes place,  
 Without the aid of special grace ;  
 Then how much more should preachers be  
 From nature-crippling trammels free ?  
 Throw by your crutches, learn to walk,  
 Nor read your thoughts, but make them talk ;  
 O try, for once, to go alone,  
 And evidence each step your own ;  
 Nor let it in the news be told,  
*Where sermons may be bought and sold.*

Thank heav'n, the custom dies apace,  
 While here and there some speak with grace :  
 Who tread no more the beaten road,  
 But taking both the books of God,  
 Ev'n grace and nature, surely find  
 A ready entrance to the mind ;  
 And *homo libri*, motto great,  
 Is brightest preacher in the state.  
 Through England is this truth express'd,  
 Nor is sweet Dublin city least ;  
 The purest language here, we find,  
 To mend the heart and form the mind.  
 Thus bless'd the sacred rostrum shines,  
 Supplied with eloquent divines ;  
 Masters of art in truth, indeed,  
 Whose lectures more or less succeed :

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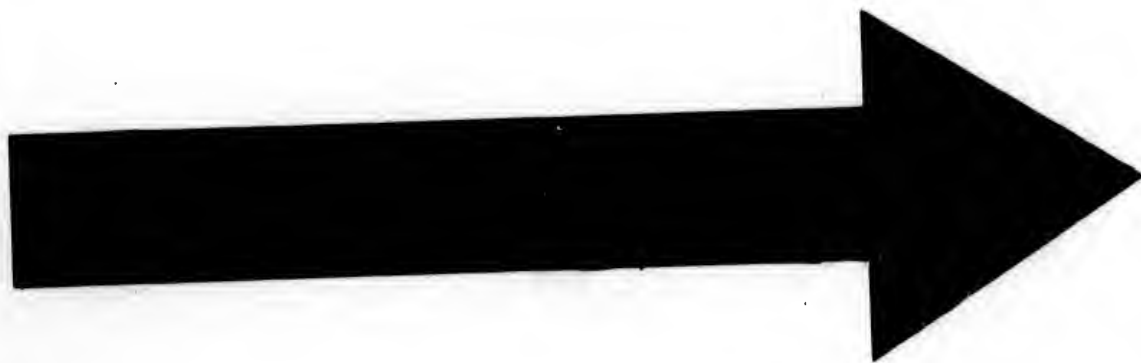
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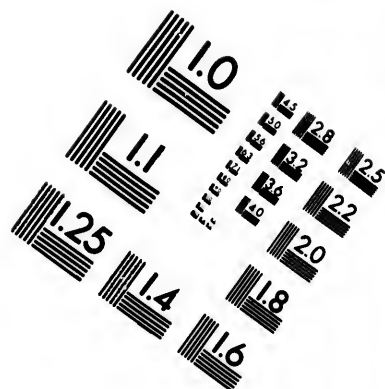
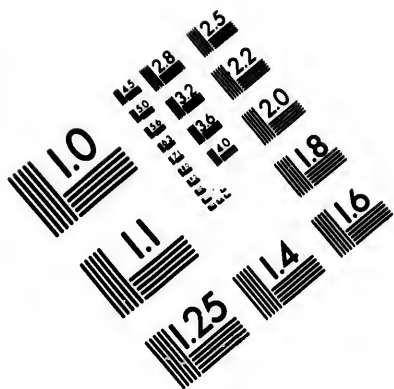
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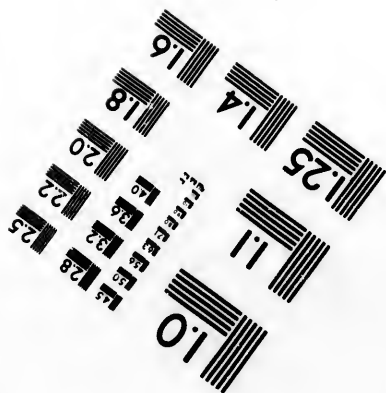
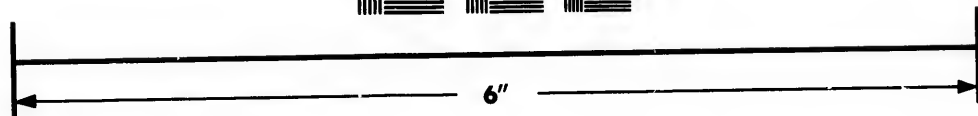
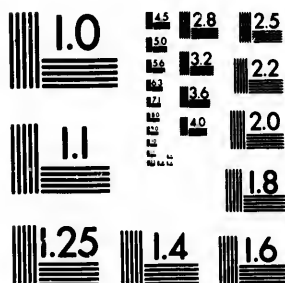
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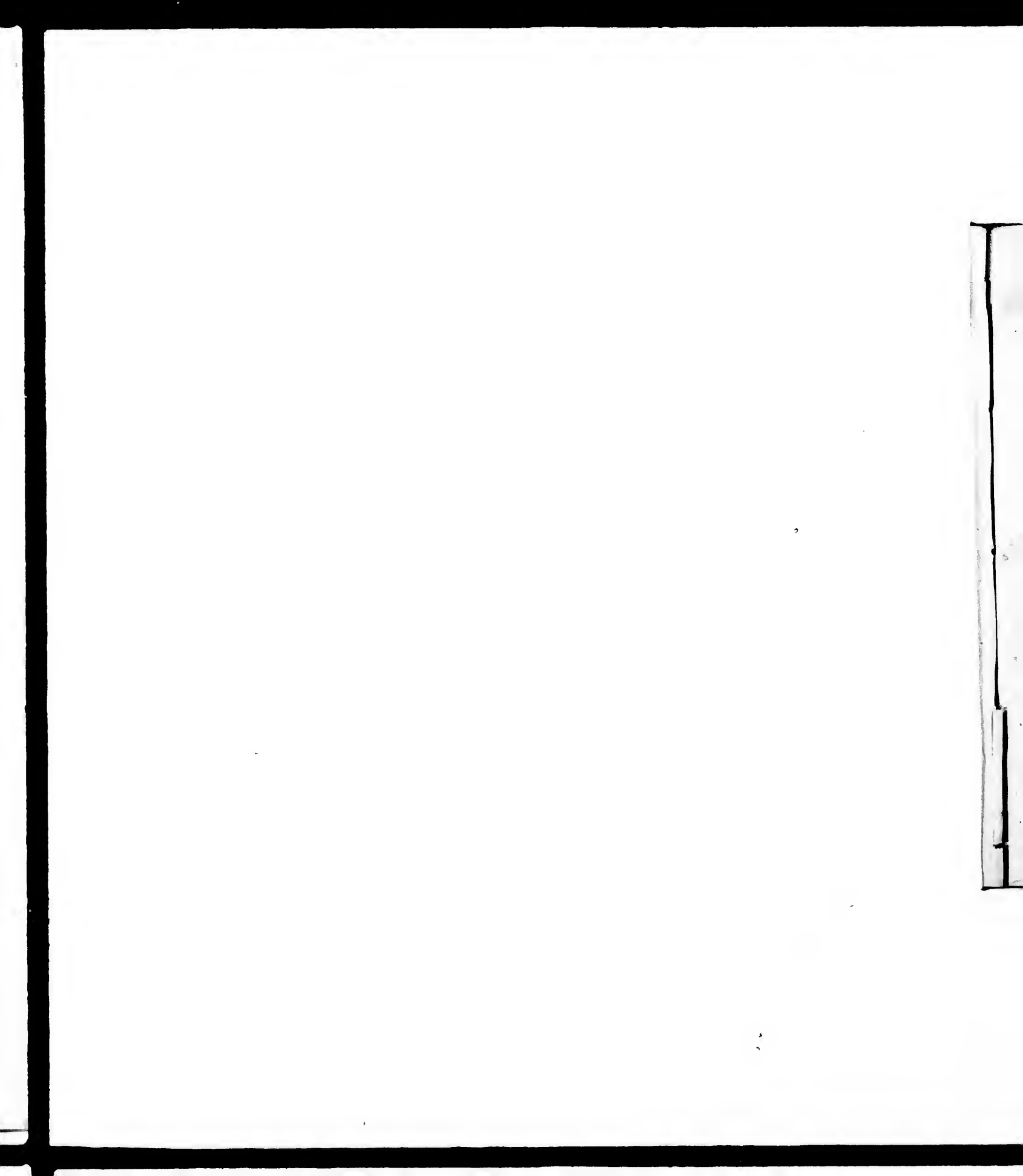
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As diff'rent incidents take place,  
By learning some, and some by grace.

But is there not an error still,  
That must the lib'ral feelings kill?  
Self-love and party zeal unite,  
And opposition claims her right.

A thing of nought contracts the soul,  
While we, impatient, of controul,  
Resent the meaning of a friend,  
Who works with us for the same end,  
Though aim'ing diff'rent at the mark,  
Through error's medium in the dark.

Saint Peter, holy, wise, and good.  
Says—" Paul is hardly understood ;"  
And Paul, both learned, wise and free,  
Declares, " we all but darkly see."

Yet we can mysteries surmount,  
For which an angel can't account,  
Diving in science, fetch from thence  
Immortal secrets down to sense!

Yet know, vain man, and once for all,  
Like Milton's angels in their fall,—  
You may assert, to aggravation,  
Of free will and predestination,  
Un'til life's glimm'ring lamp goes out,  
Still unresolv'd remains the doubt;  
And reason, breathless, dies with man,  
You leave off just where you began.

If you believe, and so relate,  
 Salvation comes by certain fate,  
 Some equal fav'rites of the sky,  
 Behold it with a diff'rent eye ;  
 And in a friendly weak essay,  
 Attempt to shew their humble way,  
 A way that leads to heav'n they prove,  
 Because they feel it ends in love ;  
 Confessing something in their mind,  
 Embracing God and all mankind.  
 Think and let think, give each his scope,  
 To exercise his faith and hope ;  
 If these effect a virtuous end,  
 He is your brother and your friend.

MORNING HYMN. TUNE—"Coolin."

O thou Source of all goodness, thou Fountain  
 of light,  
 Now the terrors are fled with the darkness of  
 night ;  
 Let me bow at thy footstool to praise and to  
 pray,  
 And to offer my thanks by the dawn of the  
 day.  
 Thou hast kept me from evil, and answer'd my  
 pray'r,  
 Thy loveliest angels have had me in care !

In lowly obedience I come, at thy will,  
And implore I this day may be kept from all ill.

The sun in the firmament scatters thy love,  
And cheers the Creation from glory above ;  
So down from thy presence let goodness divine,  
Warm my heart with thy love, and through life  
let it shine.

Till the last happy day of my journey below,  
Let me live to thy glory, thy righteousness  
know ;

Then death shall be welcome to my closing  
eyes,  
Which shall open in glory with God in the  
skies.

**EVENING HYMN. TUNE—"Roslin Castle."**

The Lord of nature once was poor,  
And had not where to lay his head ;  
Yet doth his providence secure  
My food and raiment, home and bed,  
Thy lofty praise, eternal King,  
In grateful numbers let me sing,  
Recount thy mercies with delight,  
And crave thy blessing through this night.

Forgive the errors of the day,  
Before in balmy sleep I lay ;



And, if I die, ere morning come,  
O may I reach my heav'nly home.  
My glorious bright and high abode  
Is near the bosom of my God:  
Lord, teach my hopeful mind the way  
To regions of eternal day!

---

The city claims my strain once more,  
But how can I its worth explore?  
No help from friends or books have I,  
Nor ought but observation's eye:  
A bird of passage on his flight,  
Looks not with scrutinizing sight;  
But who in Dublin spends a day,  
Goes not ungratified away.

Commercial Buildings, streets of Trade,  
Are uniform and spacious made;  
The warehouse and the shop agree,  
In elegant simplicity;  
Where merchants ply their manners well,  
In real politeness they excel;  
May wisdom all their measures guard,  
Be trade and income their reward.

But who accounts for what we meet  
In Patrick or in Plunket-street?  
Fair city, let them never say—  
You so profane the Sabbath day;

In marketing, and tumult's noise,  
 From brawling women, swearing boys:  
 Dirt, ancle deep, and rotten roots,  
 A passage only fit for brutes.  
 Their shops all open—shocking tale!  
 Old clothes and new expos'd for sale;  
 And not content to sell within,  
 Their wares hung out—a public sin:  
 Thus are profan'd the sacred hours,  
 In spite of heav'n and earthly pow'rs.  
 'Tis said "they late receive their pay,  
 "And therefore buy on sabbath day;"  
 So God and man are disobey'd,  
 That you may carry on your trade.  
 Riches so gain'd can ne'er do well,  
 'Tis mammon all, that comes from hell.  
 Heav'n looks with righteous anger down  
 On such abuse in any town;  
 No more provoke indulgent heav'n,  
 But let it have one day in seven,  
 Forbear, ye traffickers, your crime,  
 No more encroach on holy time;  
 And O, ye men of pow'r and might,  
 Maintain your great Preserver's right;  
 Heav'n, earth, all look to you, of course,  
 To put the dormant laws in force.  
 Here aqueducts of mighty strength,  
 And grand canals of wond'rous length,

Bear on their artificial floods  
 The country's produce and her goods :  
 What nature fails in, art effects,  
 Such labour claims our high respects ;  
 By these convey'd, the waters flow,  
 And to the city bason'go ;  
 From thence proceeds the stream, and meets  
 The num'rous fountains in the streets.

Near the Rotunda, garden'd round,  
 An hospital\* adorns the ground :  
 High honour may its founders gain,  
 For helping nature through her pain,  
 If suffering females can forget,  
 I blushing pay the grateful debt,  
 And bless the heart, the lib'ral hand,  
 That helps to people sea and land.  
 Britain, I tell thee with a smile,  
 Thy sister is a fruitful isle ;  
 The least that thou for her can'st do,  
 Is—Smile, and make her happy too ;  
 Beware of self, nor self alone,  
 Hibernia's welfare is thy own.  
 Like thee she rises, naval queen ;  
 A rich provider she hath been :  
 No drone that's given up to sloth,  
 She arms the field and navy both ;

\* The Lying-in Hospital.

And still to shew her zeal and care,  
 She helps to cloathe and feed them there!  
 Then what is right be sure to give,  
 O let thy thrifty sister live.  
 Hear, hear! she fainting cries, I trow,  
 As much in Westminster as thou.  
 Her calls revere, her plaints regard,  
 Nor let her think thou dealest hard:  
 Just as thy own, her right decreed,  
 Will make the Union strong indeed!  
 Where fire-works jubilant are seen,  
 In ample square of Stephen's Green;  
 Equestrian George adorns the plat,  
 Not England's glory equals that.  
 May his successor so be rais'd,  
 And Dublin more than London prais'd,  
 For making very stones to smile,  
 Like kings and heroes of the Nile!  
 We hail the joyful morn at hand,  
 When Jubilee throughout the land,  
 His matchless reign shall tell to all,  
 From Nova Scotia to Bengal:  
 The isles, the colonies shall ring,  
 And ocean shout "long live the king."  
 Deep cannon sound the fiftieth year,  
 Tell it sweet bells, both far and near.  
 Let not the church enjoy it leav,  
 Nor afterwards the sober feast;

And when the sun withdraws his ray,  
Light up an artificial day :  
Brilliant devices crown the night,  
Be George the subject of the light !  
Let Nelson's pillar hold the same,  
Surround the hero with a flame ;  
By night, behold him from afar,  
And on his breast a blazing star !  
Adorn with lamps of various hue,  
But don't forget red, white, and blue.  
Festoon the railing round his feet,  
Let loyalty and victory meet.  
On such a subject light to throw,  
Will make a most exalted show !

THE JUBILEE,

TWO SONGS COMPOSED ON THAT OCCASION.

TUNE—" *God save the King.*"

O thou almighty word  
Heav'n's and Britannia's Lord,  
Hear while we sing.  
May George reign over us,  
More than victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
God save the king.

Fountain of peace and love,  
Let us thy favor prove,

And jointly sing,  
May our good monarch be  
Second to none but thee,  
Prince of sweet liberty,  
God save the king.

Give him good counsellors,  
Patrons of freedom's laws,  
Under thy wing.  
O may both church and state  
Thy glorious deeds relate  
Through his long reign so great !  
God save the king.

Let truth and fame agree,  
And our high Jubilee  
Make the globe ring,  
May all his enemies  
Know no such reign as his,  
For signal victories,  
God save the king.

Give him of gifts the best,  
Crown his last days with rest,  
Peace may they bring :  
And when he's call'd away,  
Far distant be the day,  
Give such a prince we pray,  
God save the king.

Let every heart rejoice,  
Waken each harp and voice,  
Strike every string ;  
Let the loud song proclaim  
Praise to Jehovah's name,  
And Sound Britannia's fame,  
God save the king.

JUBILEE SONG.

TUNE—"Rule Britannia."

Behold the happy morn appears,  
And thankful Britons hail the day,  
When George attaineth fifty years ;  
Of his benign and royal sway.  
Come, Britannia, join with me,  
Sing the welcome Jubilee.

We sing the wonders heav'n hath wrought,  
The list'ning world shall hear us tell  
That brave HORATIO NELSON\* fought  
And, bleeding, conquer'd as he fell !  
Rule, Britannia, &c.

May thy triumphant navy ride,  
Sole mistress of the yielding main ;  
With some kind angels near her side,  
To guard the living and the slain.  
Rule, Britannia, &c.

\* About this time the magnificent monument erected to his memory in Dublin was finished.

THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL. 133

Let not ambition be our good,  
Nor let us seek another's right;  
Much less may Britons thirst for blood,  
But to defend, alone, we fight.  
O, Britannia, this thy pray'r,  
Claims of heav'n paternal care.

Bring near, kind heav'n, the halcyon day,  
Be union known throughout the world;  
The sword of battle thrown away,  
And into dark oblivion hurl'd.  
O, Britannia, &c.

The MONARCH spar'd, the country bless'd,  
Our captive brethren all be freed;  
When all the nation is at rest,  
'Twill be a Jubilee indeed.  
Come, Britannia, join with me,  
Sing a gen'ral JUBILEE.

---

The city splendidly appears,  
In publicwalks and handsome squares.  
Buildings for charities abound,  
And hospitals the suburbs round.  
The worn out warrior, poor and sick,  
The magdalen and lunatic:  
The foundling and the idler too,  
Have house and home, and work to do.



SONG.

ADDRESSED TO A FEMALE HARPER.

TUNE—"Colerain."

O tell me, sweet harper, your favorite hour,  
When most to delight me you seem to incline;  
Remember your promise of harmony's power  
To raise a frail spirit dejected like mine.  
If music hath charms to remove a dull spirit,  
And soothe the worn mind that is burthen'd  
with grief,  
I pray thee exhibit the skill you inherit,  
Let music and virtue afford me relief.  
Who knows but at length my request may be  
given  
Not only enraptur'd to listen to you:  
With a harp in my hand I may join you in  
heaven,  
And sing a sweet anthem eternally new.  
No parting with friends, no dependance on  
neighbours,  
Nor sickness nor sorrow shall ever come there;  
A harp and a crown shall compensate our  
labours,  
My harper, may we this felicity share.

Thy Beauties, Dublin, truly shine,  
 They need a better pen than mine:  
 May what superior pens impart  
 Be guided by a better heart;  
 Though Time and skill may not extend,  
 To gain in every point my end,  
 Marking the growing Beauties here,  
 That in and round thee still appear,  
 The Park, the Villa, Mountain, Vale,  
 Where art or nature may prevail.  
 But what are all the works of earth,  
 Compar'd with animated worth;  
 The manly form, creation's pride,  
 With blushing beauty at his side?  
 And these, with justice, thou canst boast,  
 Yet these are not what charm us most:  
 For what is beauty's winning form,  
 In abstract, but an haughty worm?  
 When grace of guilt the mind disarms,  
 Infusing intellectual charms,  
 The double beauty stands confess'd,  
 Vice owns the charms and smites her breast.  
 The means are wanting still to prove  
 How much thy excellence I love:  
 Weak, lowly, circumscrib'd and poor,  
 I cannot take the pleasing tour;

Yet I am happy for their\* sakes,  
 Who visited Killarney Lakes ;  
 But happier far that they can find  
 Through all their tour a loyal mind.  
 O may they as the sovereign reign,  
 Nor feel a reason to complain.

In church in state let all agree,  
 Be wise as ye are kind and free,  
 May heav'n adorn with every grace  
 Thy generous, hospitable race :  
 Accept this fervent wish of mine,  
 A weak but tributary line.  
 Let thy indulgent, fostering hand  
 My most unfeigned thanks command.  
 The parting tear speaks my good will,  
 I leave, but think upon thee still,  
 And when I view thee from the bay,  
 Shall singing, sigh and sail away.  
 Shall part in sorrow from thy shore,  
 To see or taste thy sweets no more.

THE CONTRAST.—*An Irish Melody.*

That Erin is gen'rous a Briton must grant it,  
 Her heart will embrace you at each open door ;  
 Her bounty she shares with the needy who want it,  
 Polite to the rich, and all love to the poor.

\* The Duke and Dutchess of Richmond.

MINSTREL.

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*n Irish Melody.*

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THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL. 107

Her love to Britannia, thus amiably glowing,  
Meets no such return for her sons who are  
there:

Cool treatment she shews, and small kindness  
bestowing,

As if her poor Erin was not worth her care.

Are Erin's sweet fields less approv'd of by  
heav'n,

Her children less dear to the Ruler above?

No: this is the charter sweet mercy hath giv'n,

Be gen'rous to all and inherit my love.

Content with the smiles of her lover in glory.

And conscious of duties which angels display;

She hears while I sing to my harp her own story;

Accepting the tribute of truth's humble lay.

SONG.

FAREWELL TO THE BEAUTIES OF DUBLIN.

*Written on leaving that City.*

Farewell, lovely city, forever farewell,  
How much I'm attach'd to thee tongue cannot  
tell:

While I sail down thy stream, o'er thy beauti-  
ful bay,

Looking back with a sigh, I recite the last lay.

108 THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

Farewell to the scenery that yields such delight,  
Fair prospects by day, and sweet friendship by  
night ;

Down thy benignity often could raise  
Pure gratitude's call—adoration and praise.

Farewell, cheerful age, with beneficent smile,  
Farewell, blooming youth, of the Emerald Isle ;  
Dispositions so modest, angelical, plain,  
Ah ! where shall I go to enjoy them again !

Farewell, sweetest melody, music refined,  
Adieu, thrilling sympathy, food of the mind,  
Where humility crowns with true grandeur the  
great,  
And the lowliest merit may revel in state.

Farewell, ye bright circles, harmonious and fair,  
Where the evening is spent in thanksgiving  
and prayer,  
Where the heralds of righteousness hold forth  
the word,  
And the house of the rich is a church for the  
Lord.

Farewell, and again I repeat it, farewell,  
In virtue and richest of blessings excel ;  
What I fail to express, may I gratefully feel,  
And that power protect you to whom I appeal.

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## SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE IRISH CHANNEL.

TUNE—"Britain's best Bulwarks."

Let Britain boast her "wooden walls,"  
Her fatal cannon, flying balls,  
Her warlike chiefs, and glittering swords,  
Yet know the battle is the Lord's:  
Attend the call that loudly cries,  
A voice that issues from the skies—  
O, Britain, hear, I speak to thee,  
A princely people, brave and free.  
One arm, Almighty strong, can save thy coasts,  
Britain's best Bulwark is the Lord of Hosts:

Still use the means thy Saviour gives,  
Unite your hearts, then England lives:  
In patriot zeal and pious prayer,  
Still hope for heav'n's indulgent care.  
The brave who fight, the wise who pray,  
May look for a victorious day:  
While He, who each fond bosom warms,  
Will steer thy fleets and wield thy arms.  
With no mean triumphs then she sings and boasts,  
Britain's best Bulwark is the Lord of Hosts.

NOW o'er the devious deep I roam,  
Still bent, though not direct, on home,  
Taking Auld Scotia in my way,  
Good Glasgow will attract my stay.  
I long to see the fruitful earth,  
That gave my dearest rib her birth.  
Yes, Margaret, thou'lt forgive the wrong  
Of staying from my love so long ;  
When thou shalt know by lines like this—  
I only stay thy friends to kiss.  
Near thirty years, no kiss from thee,  
Deserves acknowledgment by me :  
And when I have them in my arms,  
My heart shall realize thy charms.  
But first, I wish to let you know,  
I mean in strange disguise to go.  
The pleasure that I mean to reap,  
Will make me partly smile and weep.  
I never saw thy friends before,  
And you may never see them more.  
Assuming now my new disguise,  
I feed my heart and feast my eyes ;  
I trace thy features fair in their's,  
Which soften and assuage my cares,  
And to enjoy my specious end,  
Tell them I am your special friend :  
My name shall secret be a while,  
Till I am tir'd with harmless guile.

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Then for a lodging let me ask,  
 And farther prosecute my task.  
 By which to know if they are kind,  
 And like thyself, a kindred mind ;  
 If not, I quickly change my place,  
 And sing their sister to their face :  
 Perhaps next door, or opposite,  
 I'll sing thy virtues every night,  
 Announce my partnership, and tell  
 Of her I sing and love so well.  
 But disappointment's fatal breath,  
 Proclaims thy brother's early death.  
 His widow and her orphans round,  
 Are all in sable mourning found.  
 I dropp'd my innocent disguise,  
 She read my heart through weeping eyes.  
 Sad sympathy our passions seiz'd,  
 While silent tears each bosom eas'd.  
 Her tale of woe she then began,  
 And 'wail'd her dear departed man.  
 A husband, father, saint, and friend,  
 In life's high noon brought to his end.  
 Ah ! me, the lonely widow's case  
 Needs help from nature and from grace.  
 May such, and helpless orphans find,  
 A balm in every feeling mind.  
 My scanty boon I now impart,  
 To cheer and bless her lonely heart.



TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS,

*Attempted in his own metre,*

ON SEEING THE PLACE OF HIS NATIVITY.

Sweet Bardie of Auld Scotia's plain,  
In thee a son the muses gain ;  
Well may each joyful nymph and swain,  
Both young and fair,  
Sing to thy rustic wood-note strain,  
Thou pride of Ayr.

My muse, with an ambitious speed,  
Shall twine her clusters round thy head,  
Of holley leaves and berries red,  
Fairest that grow :  
And wild, but fragrant, flowers spread  
Around thy brow.

Thy native wit and genius claim,  
In Scotland an immortal name ;  
True merit hath insur'd the same,  
As thy reward.  
All England, smiling, owns thy fame,  
Thou bonny bard.

Nor England only knows thy worth,  
Or Caledonians in the North ;  
Thy muse, unfetter'd, wanders forth  
Beyond the sea :  
Even Nova Scotia's barren earth,  
Yields this for thee.

MINSTREL.

ROBERT BURNS,

metre,

HIS NATIVITY.

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THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL: 113

NOW Glasgow claims a faithful lise,  
From this poor wandering muse of mine;  
The Clyde, that gently flows along,  
Demands a more descriptive song.  
Two noble bridges span the tide,  
And grace the view on either side:  
The streets are wide, well pav'd, and clean,  
And scarce a faulty house is seen;  
Their buildings of hewn stone are made,  
Well suiting private life, or trade.  
Each public edifice, well plann'd,  
With spires not high, but simply grand.  
Great Nelson's obelisk is seen,  
By lightning blasted on the green.  
I saw th' electric flame descend,  
And all the solid building rend.  
Here dwell a thrifty, busy throng,  
Not much inur'd to verse and song.  
No organs grace the house of pray'r,  
And only so so themes are there.  
Yet not to sweetest music lost;  
Sound harmony their pulpits boast.  
A moral, upright, honest crowd,  
But of their morals rather proud;  
Yet if in this they sometimes halt,  
Be sure 'tis not the preacher's fault.

x 2

114 THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

Not here, as on good Irish ground,  
Doth hospitality abound,  
At least by me it was not found. }  
In Scotland they maun ken ye weel  
Before they condescend to feel;  
Just so through Britain—they will try,  
And touch and taste before they buy.  
A humble modest stranger may  
Pass uninvited on his way.  
In many a sense he goes along  
Alone, and sings a hungry song.  
Proceed, poor muse, of this no more,  
Great Edinburgh lies before:  
This is the capital, you know,  
Indeed most capital I vow.

A tale the sacred page adorns,  
About a beast, with ten great horns,  
On seven great heads—call'd Babylon,  
And this looks like the very one.  
All hill and dale—all up and down,  
A monstrous, mighty ugly town.  
Its heads are mountains, or great hills,  
Whose winding path the trav'ler kills.  
Its horns, still pointing at the sky,  
Are houses thrice three stories high:  
Still here is wisdom—rent on ground,  
To builders is expensive found.

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So, what they want of room below,  
 They find where boreal tempests blow.  
 Well—climb the clouds, you'll soon be there;  
 The light is taxed, but not the air.  
 Out of four elements, pay three,  
*Perhaps* you'll have the other free.

But now, descend the rock so steep,  
 Or cross the bridge, o'er valley deep,  
 Behold the new and beauteous town,  
 Of great perfection and renown,  
 O'erlooking Leith, and far away,  
 As if foreboding better day,  
 When castles fall, and war shall cease,  
 And all is universal peace.

END OF THE JOURNAL.

---

TO WALTER BROMLEY, Esq.

*Paymaster 23<sup>d</sup> Regt.*

Who open'd the first Lancasterian School in  
Halifax, Nova Scotia, in the Duke of  
Kent's Theatre.

---

*An Imitation of Burns.*

---

**G**UDE mon, the poor maun loe ye weel :  
Care no what ithers say or feel ;  
But foster ev'ry mither's chiel.

Ye'll soon get on.  
Guide 'em to loe, wi all your skill  
Baith God and mon.

'Tis no an easy wark, I ken,  
To please the different minds o' men :

But grace direct your tongue and pen,  
Wi conduct even.  
Drink at the fount of truth, and then  
Ye'll please high heaven.

O' mon ye'll shortly see your way,  
Beneath guid Providence's, sway,  
Clear as the light i' simmer's day:  
Na need o' fear;  
While mony 'a frien for thee doth pray  
Wi heart sincere.

Your calling is like angel wark;  
Ye ha'd within a quickning spark,  
That leads to chase the foul and dark  
Frac ev'y mind.  
Diracting to *the only mark*—  
The wand'ring blind.

Heav'n smile on sic a mon as this  
Whaes maist delightful joy it is  
To share snither's joy or bliss  
Wi' a' his soul:  
His path to Guid he canna miss—  
There's na controul.

On wi you—though your uncoo mood  
By some is said to be na gude:—  
And why?—they never understood  
But tell them—ye'll gi up your blood  
The gospel laws,  
In sic a cause.

---

**MATRIMONY.**

*Written for an old Glee—Music by Thomas  
Ford, 1620.*

THOMAS.

Since first I saw your face I resolv'd  
To honor and renown you ;  
If now I am disdain'd I wish  
My heart had never known you.  
What ! I that lov'd—and you that lik'd !  
Shall we begin to wrangle ?  
No : no : no : my heart is fast,  
And cannot disentangle.

MARGARET.

Since first you saw my face, you know  
This face was ne'er deceitful;  
A copy of my heart, I vow,  
As fair—as chaste and grateful.  
Not all my kind, can boast a mind  
More true,—you need not doubt me  
No: no: no:—you know I'm kind,  
You could not live without me.

THOMAS.

Sweet partner of my joy and love,  
My property most rightful;  
Here—take my hand—my heart & prove  
Connubial bliss delightful.  
I'll ne'er confine my right divine  
To that high tone so straining;  
No: no: no: my all is thine:  
Henceforth no more complaining.

MARGARET.

Full well I knew, your heart so true,  
Must yield to constant virtue;  
I always gave this heart to you,  
Which never meant to hurt you.



If my weak tongue hath done you wrong,  
 No more this tongue shall wound you ;  
 No : no : no : we'll end the song—  
 I'm glad I ever found you.

A SIXFOLD ACROSTIC,

*For Mr. Dew, a Bachelor, of Brentwood, in Essex.*

D o, sir, pay attention to what may be saiD,  
 E ndeavor to help generation and tradE ;  
 W hen you have read this, which is perfectly  
 neW,  
 W ill you send me a better in letters as feW  
 E nter into its meaning, and tell me in hastE  
 D o you think by complying that you are  
 debas'D ?

NOTE,

The first and the last of each line you beholD  
 Your name and your duty together unfolD  
 Read it forward or backward, you find it the  
 samE  
 Your duty compris'd in your doubly good  
 namE  
 The ends of this note which spontaneously  
 greW  
 You will find double D, double E, W

LINES

*Addressed to a young married Lady, who played  
exquisitely well on the Piano.*

~~~~~  
"She guides the finger o'er the dancing keys,
"Gives difficulty all the grace of ease,
"And pours a torrent of sweet notes around,
"Fast as the thirsting ear can drink the sound."

COWPER.

~~~~~  
When I see a beautiful object, and love it,  
There's something arrests me with—"thou  
shalt not covet."  
My heart had nighslipt, so deceitful and hollow,  
I was going to break out—just in such words as  
follow:

O what would I give for your delicate hands,  
And what for your winning, angelical manner?  
Your exquisite touch every passion commands,  
I feel quite entranc'd when I hear your Piano!

O what would I give for your head and your  
heart,  
Where harmony, love and the graces are  
dwelling?

I cannot receive them, nor can you impart  
The smallest donation of what I am telling.

122 THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

O what would I give for your memory too—  
Your rapid ideas that fly like the wind?  
What next do you long for, bold Minstrel, say  
you?

I long for your powers of body and mind:  
But not your identical body and soul;  
For that is unhandsome and monstrous cruel,  
And such as might lead to a matter most foul—  
A challenge!—accepted!—and then for a duel.

My meaning, dear madam, precisely is this,—  
And O that you could the rich blessing  
impart!

To perform like yourself; O! what rapturous  
bliss!

Would it be to my longing, insensible heart.

O what would I give, were we fitted to die,  
To see you in glory an angel so fair?  
And what would you give for a mansion on  
high?

Give your heart to the skies, and you'll shortly  
be there.

H Y M N,

*Written at Sea.*

All things are thine, O Lord,  
That earth and ocean fill :  
Creation, marshal'd by thy word,  
Obeys thy sovereign will.

The roaring deep is thine ;  
With all its living store ;  
The fish, from beds of foaming brine,  
Supply the hungry shore.

Thine are the gentle gales  
That waft our ship along ;  
And, while they fill our swelling sails,  
Demand a thankful song.

The power is thine, O God,  
That saves us from the foe :  
The dangerous enemy or flood  
Can neither sink us low.

Our times are in thy hand,  
Our moments or our years,  
And thou canst bring us safe to land,  
Far better than our fears.

Eternity is thine ;  
We all approach it fast ;  
And all on earth or heav'n divine  
Shall be the saints at last.

---

SONG.  
TO MARGARET.

*Written at Sea.*

When borne by furious billows o'er the deep,  
And tempest-driv'n athwart the faithless sea :  
My love and memory constant watches keep ;  
I think on home, my Margaret, and on thee.

Let others sing and boast their untried love—  
Pourtray their burning passions as they will :  
Full twenty years the changing seasons prove,  
I love thee with increasing ardor still.

True as the needle to the steady pole,  
My restless heart vibrates for thee alone :  
Thy image, graven on my inmost soul,  
Reigns sov'reign empress on its native throne.

Next come the pledges of our mutual joys,  
And play around my heart—a numerous  
band:  
Our virgin daughters and our blooming boys,  
While you and they my hopeful thoughts  
command.  
O may that Power that guards the pure in heart  
Now listen to his own inspir'd request.—  
Conduct me to thy arms, no more to part,  
Nor for a moment quit thy faithful breast.

---

SONG.

*Written on board The Patriot, in a Voyage from  
Nova Scotia to Britain.*

From the rough girded shore of Acadia we sailed,  
In a good brig the Patriot, of excellent fame;  
While the morning was fresh and the north  
breeze prevail'd.  
Then to Britain, well fitted, all hearty we came.  
'Twas in the drear month of December we found,  
That the pleasures of May on our Company  
smiled,  
Sweet Peace with great plenty were made to  
abound,  
And the purest of friendship our passage  
beguil'd.

Our Captain (heav'n bless him) a brave, noble  
 Scot  
 Led his heart and his head by the magnet of  
 love ;  
 And his mate, to insure us a peaceably lot,  
 By the dint of good breeding his birth did  
 approve ;  
 Four ladies—one infant our cabin possess'd  
 And sweet was their converse, with reading  
 and mirth ;  
 Surely monarchs on ship-board could not be  
 more bless'd ;  
 Nor envy'd we any on ocean or earth.

A pattern for voyagers our Patriot shews,  
 While heav'n smil'd upon us with favoring  
 gale,  
 Enjoying sweet harmony—feasting repose ;  
 How then could our shipmates of happiness  
 fail ?  
 The voice and the violincello were there,  
 So joyous and tranquil our pleasures remain'd ;  
 Not a frown from a comrade, much less from the  
 fair,  
 Nor a blot from one quarter the scenery  
 stain'd.

MINSTREL.

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THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL. 127

Twenty days had not pass'd when the dip-sea  
we hove,  
Not at random, for up came the shells and the  
sands,  
When by next meridian, good sailing to prove,  
Old Neptune presented the queen of all lands.  
Up channel we steer'd, and to Portsmouth were  
bound,  
Good pilot and anchorage set us all free.  
Here the Patriot rides, with her crew safe and  
sound,  
Ship and company good as e'er weather'd  
the sea.

Now let gratitude exercise every breast;  
For we owe our deliverance alone to the skies!  
Be all praise in our future well being express'd,  
And thereby display ourselves happy and  
wise.  
Good health to the Captain, the Mate and the  
Crew,  
The passengers all will remember their worth;  
We yield them our thankfulness so justly due,  
O, grant them in heaven an eternal good  
birth.



**THE ANGEL**

OF

**STEPHEN'S-GREEN.**

In time of old, the scriptures say,  
Angels in human form were seen.  
An aged man, the other day,  
Saw one, he said, at Stephen's-green:

We dare not say, he was not right;  
Such things, we know, have often been:  
Though old, he had not lost his sight,  
But saw the angel at the Green,

Others have seen the angel too,  
And they have gloried in the scene;  
Her shape was lady like to view;  
She often walk'd on Stephen's-green.

She saw the decent man and poor,  
His years three and fourscore between;  
A basket in his hand he bore  
And weekly went round Stephen's-green.

MINSTREL.

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Stephen's-green,

THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL. 129

She ask'd him—where is your abode?  
You stand in need of help, I ween ;  
He led her through a wretched road,—  
The angel follow'd from the Green.

Angel, said he, I live up here ;  
But lo! 'tis dirty, dark and mean:  
'Twould disagree with you, I fear,  
Turn thee, I pray, to Stephen's,-green,

The angel wept at human woe,  
But kept her eye upon the scene:  
Then said, you'll promise, ere I go,  
To meet me weekly at the Green.

Angel, a little serves my want,  
I'm not for this world very keen:  
I'll come, if spar'd, for what you grant,  
And bless the angel at the Green.

Some fleeting weeks he had her boon ;  
But pain and sickness intervene:  
Death eas'd the aged man, and soon  
He needs no help from Stephen's-green.

At length the angel miss'd per poor,  
And, wondering, ask'd what this could mean?  
A woman answer'd, at his door,  
" He's gone—but not to Stephen's green.

130 THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

" He breath'd his last some weeks ago  
" And told me, at the parting scene,  
" I must not let the angel know,  
" Nor trouble her at Stephen's-green.

" The parish will my bones entomb ;  
" I have no reason to complain :  
" I go to my eternal home  
" Adieu, sweet angel of the Green.

" Although beneath my lowly roof  
" He four and twenty years had been ;  
" Yet who he was I had no proof,  
" No more than you of Stephen's-green."

Who knows but midst the want and care,  
Through which the aged man had been,  
He might have been salvation's heir,  
Help'd by the angel of the Green.

So Laz'rus lay a beggar poor,  
With only dogs his wounds to clean ;  
Yet heaven could make his soul secure  
In pastures which are ever green.

Hear this, ye angels of our race,  
Nor scorn my lay in angry spleen,  
But imitate with humble grace  
The faithful angel of the Green.

SONNET

*On reading the Rev. Mr. Swaine's Poem on  
Redemption.*

Sing on thou evangelic, heaven taught Swaine,  
Angels may join thy pure seraphic strain ;  
Too narrow were the bounds of time and space  
For thy Redemption, theme of sovereign grace !  
No more with us you strike the golden lyre ;  
Heaven took thee blooming to assist its choir,  
Go, happy soul, where love and music meet ;  
Nor less than glory makes thy song compleat,  
Yet thankful we for thy superior worth,  
In leaving such a theme for us on earth.  
O may thy guiding spirit, yet bestow  
Thy falling mantle on some saint below :  
It might I find, though meanest of the throng  
Redemption first and last shall be my song,

## SONNET

To Miss Hannah Moore, on reading her  
*"Ceolebs in search of a Wife."*

Hail! sweetest votary of truth, fair scribe,  
 Well have thy thoughts induced thy faithful  
 pen,  
 Excelling far the novel writing tribe,  
 As Mary, mother of the friend of men  
 Like her, thou bringest forth immortal truth,  
 And hold'st the beauty to the rising day.  
 Admiring age, and well instructed youth,  
 Alike may listen to thy charming lay.  
 Divinity breaks forth in every page:—  
 Manners and doctrine too are well defin'd;  
 Bright omen of the grand milenial age,  
 When purest love shall visit all mankind.  
 Thy Ceolebs and Lucilla by his side  
 Are like the Saviour and his spotless bride.

SONNET

*On Edward, a Novel.*

Meek Edward, charming youth, of talents rare,  
Beauty and grace sit smiling in thy mien :  
Sav'd from obscurity by female care,  
Heav'n saw it and approv'd the god-like  
scene !

Thy father, in his country's battles slain ;  
Thy mother on the waves of sorrow toss'd ;  
Barnet restor'd thee to her arms again,  
To manhood grown, though from an infant  
lost !

Hail ! Barnet, best of women, take the praise  
That heav'n allows to characters like thine ;  
Thy Edward in a virtuous path to raise,  
Exalts thyself from human to divine !  
And hail, sweet Carolina, Edward's wife,  
His mother's ward, and dearest gift in life.

SONNET

*To a Rev. Gentleman who had unjustly offended.*

In \_\_\_\_\_ Dublin.

Grant me that wisdom which my heart desires,  
The softest charity that heaven inspires.  
Arm me with fortitude, to bear the stings  
Which justly heaven, or earth unjustly brings.  
Save me from envy, hatred and from pride ;  
Nor let heav'n's gracious succour be denied,  
When hated, not to hate my fellow men,  
And when revil'd—not to revile again ;  
To my impetuous temper give the curb,  
Which neither shall my friend or foe disturb.  
O, for that placid, mild and gentle mien,  
To keep my mind unruffled and serene.  
Let sweetest meekness, join'd with manly sense,  
Keep thee and me from rancorous offence.

and unjustly offended.

—Dublin.

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**A PRAYER**  
**FOR BUONAPARTE.**

~~~~~  
 " I say unto you— Pray for your enemies."
 ~~~~~

So runs divine command to me.

Is Buonaparte an enemy ?

Then pray for him I must :

But if I turn another way,

And will not for Napoleon pray ;

By heaven I shall be curst.

Heaven speaks, and mortals must obey,

So let us all begin to pray,

And watch the high decrees :

Union in prayer, with efforts join'd,

May foil the scourger of mankind,

And bring him to his knees.

Murder and rapine o'er the land,

He deals about with furious hand,

And knows not what he's doing ;

Driving a million souls to hell,

With dæmons like himself to dwell

In quenchless, fiery ruin !



136 THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

Beneath poor Europe's frowning skies,  
Fraternal blood for vengeance cries  
On theft—oppression—murder!  
Oh thou who suffered'st his birth,  
May all his torments be on earth;  
Ah! punish him no further.

Arm of high heav'n, awake, awake;  
Him from the stage of action take:  
But make his soul thy care.  
We dare not wish him endless pain,  
In fire and darkness to remain  
With brother devils there.

For all his proud aspiring thoughts—  
His bold and sacrilegious faults,  
Oh! pardon him, good heav'n.  
For all his villainies of wonder,  
His subtle and his bloody plunder,  
Oh may he be forgiven.

'Tis not impossible, we say,  
That praying saints may see the day,  
Which must all heav'n surprise;  
When Emperors, with blood all red,  
And this fell monster at their head  
May march into the skies!

Till then, plain reason must declare,  
He'll never rest till he gets there :

But, should he miss the mark,  
And plunge into the flaming pool  
Oh ! what a hell of hells !—poor soul !  
Thrice hot—thrice deep and dark.

But who will dare for once to say,  
(Should he, like Saul, begin to pray)

That this his doom will be.  
Manasses, far from being good,  
And others deeply drench'd in blood  
Were say'd—and so may he.

---

### STANZAS

*To Mr. Richard Day, of Cork.*

~~~~~  
Day is my subject—late at night,
By candles glimm'ring ray ;
For, as I live, I love the light,
So I will sing of Day.

There was a time when all was night ;
 Old chaos bore the sway :
 Then God came down in glory bright,
 And he created Day.

He made all things,—the last was man,
 To rule, and to obey ;
 But he lov'd not his Maker's plan,—
 He was no friend to Day.

Then this prime subject of his Lord
 Essay'd to run away ;
 But shades no shelter could afford
 From the bright source of Day.

And hence a quarrel rose between
 The potter and the clay ;
 When condemnation dropt the scene
 Of darkness upon Day !

But wisdom, join'd with pity, found
 A new and living way ;
 Then warm upon sweet mercy's ground
 Arose the spring of Day,

Now, said his Maker, good and wise,
 Ere man knew how to pray,—
 My Sun of Righteousness shall rise
 And save the dying Day.

Let beams of love and power divine
 Remove this dark dismay ;
 And let my star of glory shine
 To cheer the hope of Day.

But ere the sun attain'd his height
 It shone with shadowing ray ;
 Emitting but a fainter light
 Upon the path of Day.

At length it brilliant rose, and clear,
 While all in darkness lay :
 The sun made shadows disappear
 And recreated Day.

'Tis strictly true, tho' strange it seems,
 (Believe the tale who may)
 This sun, with fading, dying beams,
 Eclips'd the sun of Day.

But He arose, to set no more ;
 For so the prophets say,
 Light, life and comfort to restore,
 And make immortal Day.

Now day is growing lighter still,
 More pure, as well he may ;
 For he—as runs his Maker's will
 Shall shine a glorious Day.

The sun attracts the living clod,
The clod draws near his ray:
Poor Day acknowledges his God.
His God is one with Day.

While in the dark I here may roam,
And scarcely find the way
O, may I gain my long sought home!
I then shall have my Day.

Good Day to you—I wish you well,
I have no more to say;
But only hope with you to dwell
An everlasting Day.

STANZAS

*On our Losses in Ships by storms and conquest
in the late American War—1812*

~~~~~

A gloomy theme invades my ear,  
And strikes my breast with pain:  
Weep for the lost, this fatal year,  
The drown'd and the slain.

It is not by human pow'r or might  
The conquest is obtain'd ;  
A higher hand directs the fight,  
And victory is gain'd.

Ah! see the dreaded war's advance,  
Our bulwarks gone and crews!  
Oh! tell it not in haughty France;  
Forbear to spread the news.

Our warriors dashed on ruthless shores,  
By angry billows driven;  
Plung'd in the deep, they sink by scores,  
As if at war with heaven.

Hear the young lovers' parting strife,  
Assail'd by furious waves;  
The son—the father—brother—wife,  
All sink in liquid graves.

But shall Britannia once despair  
Because her guardians bleed?  
No:—heav'n will hear our fervent pray'r,  
And help in time of need.

Slow were thy servants to engage  
On the Columbian flood;  
Unnatural children, full of rage,  
Still thirst for parents' blood.

142 THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

Who first began war's cursed din,  
May they be first to sue  
For peace, and, humbled for their sin,  
Fraternal love renew.

Reform the nations, sovereign Lord,  
Let ours, above the rest,  
Fight only with the gospel sword,  
All, conquering and the best.

---

**AN ACROSTIC:**

ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD NEWS.

*Addressed to an Editor of a Newspaper.*

---

New things we are fond of, whatever they are,  
On all the terraqueous globe near and far.  
Read fairly; but hastily do not confuse  
The meaning of New—or its plural, the News,  
Here—in its construction, like well-fitting  
joints,  
Even here you may see the four cardinal  
points:

MINSTREL.

die,  
their sin,  
n Lord,  
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ATIC:

ORD NEWS.

f a Newspaper.

whatever they are,  
near and far.  
not confuse  
s plural, the News,  
like well-fitting  
the four cardinal

THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL. 143

As N for the Northern, and E for the East,  
So W surely deciphers the West ;  
Then S for the South, is the last of the four,  
Where then will you look for intelligence more ?  
Engage the four quarters of all the globe round,  
Still, one on the other dependant is found.  
This plainly you see, or you may if you chuse ;  
So tidings from four letters surely make NEWS ;  
Or, read the initial each quarter presents  
Upon its plain face you will find the contents,  
That all information which memory endues,  
Hath this for its basis—the New, or the NEWS.

---

ANOTHER

*The reverse of*

---

A hasty person, passionate and vain,  
Gives little pleasure, and creates much pain :  
Envious of others, and averse to love,  
Nor fears asserting what he dares not prove.  
'Tis downright ignorance his passion sways,  
Leads him in error, and his heart betrays :



Even his own friends, if any such he have,  
Must execrate the despicable slave ;  
And what is worse, deny the truth who can,  
No one esteems him as an honest man.

---

SONNET

*On seeing a crush'd Fly in the leaves of Henry  
Kirk White's Book of Poems.*

'Twas harmless in a summer fluttering fly,  
To sport, dear White, thy golden leaves  
among ;  
But still, like thee, with heedless heart and eye,  
He dwelt on lawful subjects rather long . .  
Crush'd in the bloom of life's uncertain day,  
The little monitor bespeaks us all ;  
So Henry fell, but, falling, taught the way—  
Upon the bosom of fair truth to fall.

MINSTREL.

such he have,  
a slave;  
truth who can,  
next man.

ET

the leaves of Henry  
of Poems.

Fluttering fly,  
thy golden leaves

ardless heart and eye,  
acts rather long.

's uncertain day,  
us all;  
taught the way—  
h to fall.

THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL. 145

O for a simple heart, so wise as thine,  
So light of sin, yet burden'd with its weight;  
We should not then at early death repine,  
Nor charge a fault upon unerring fate.  
The longest life spent ill, who e'er will try,  
Lives to a worse account than this poor fly.

START FAIR.

*This Tale was related to the Author, as a fact,  
by General Nepean, Governor of the Island  
of Cape Breton.*

It happen'd on a Sabbath-day,  
In Cornwall, as the people say,  
A flock, and shepherd by their side,  
Were feeding near the roaring tide;  
Poor harmless things well-fed and warm,  
They never wished their neighbors harm.  
But, stop, O Muse,—mind what you say;  
My readers may not go astray:  
Not sheep, but men—we put no farce on  
They're Cornish lads and their good Parson;

I'll tell the truth—and do not care,  
I mean, when writing, to *start fair*.

Those Cornish wights, so well allied,  
Saw, on the ship-destroying tide,  
A sinking hull, the hands afloat,  
And then, before they mann'd their boat,  
They cried in church—so full of care,  
“A wreck!” the Priest replied—“*start fair*!”

I'm almost done—the Parson yelp'd,  
Poor suff'ring souls they must be help'd;  
We ought to succour drowning men,  
The graceful Clerk replied—amen.  
The Priest, the Clerk, and Flock, all there,  
Set out in haste and *started fair*.

They all arriv'd upon the strand,  
Their jolly boat was quickly mann'd:  
They pass'd the frighted, sinking Crew,  
Then pip'd aloud—the wreck pursue—  
The Parson steer'd, and soon came where—  
He found the good of *starting fair*.

The wreck secur'd, to work they set,  
Trying what each kind soul cou'd get;  
Determin'd, all the time they stay'd,  
To help each other in their trade;  
Not to omit the Parson's share  
Five tenths had he for *starting fair*.

AN ELEGY

*On the Death of a youthful Wife and Mother in  
Dublin.*

Hear while ye may the living, dying truth  
Of genuine wisdom in a wife of youth;  
See nature's exit with a pleasing dread  
And learn to commune with the silent dead.  
All refuges are vain with death in view,  
One only interest makes their record true:  
And this the narrative our sister gave—  
Conquest o'er sin, and triumph o'er the grave.  
From infancy—as far as man may teach,  
She saw and heard what mortals do or preach;  
Yet these, however good, can ne'er define  
The work omnipotent of grace divine.  
Could this, by dint of human means take place,  
The work were man's, and there's an end of  
    grace.  
If blushing virtue, different and meek,  
And nature's goodness may be heard to speak,  
She had the qualities of good and mild,  
In each relation—mother—wife and child,

Sister and neighbor, or a feeling friend,  
 With all that might a christian recommend :  
 But these she knew a heathen might obtain,  
 Confess'd, heav'n-taught, all human effort  
 vain

In point of merit,—all that man can do  
 Is worse than nothing in th' Almighty's view :  
 That means are good,—of purest goodness  
 given,

And, if not trusted to—still point to heaven.  
 These she had tried, but nature's power came  
 short,

For dying misery a poor support.

But lo!—the moment of celestial birth  
 Announc'd—Omnipotent hath power on earth :  
 He broke the deep, and shew'd her all within  
 Was one dark void, or only fill'd with sin.  
 Then pining sickness, with its terrors fierce,  
 And thoughts of death her inmost substance  
 pierce.

Amid this scene she heard the Saviour say,  
 Behold in me—"the Life, the Truth, the Way!"  
 She looks, she lives, infernal terrors flee  
 At sight of bleeding Mercy on the tree!  
 She sees the out stretch'd arms of love divine,  
 —My Lord—my God and Saviour—thou art  
 mine!

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 might obtain,  
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 purest goodness  
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 s terrors fierce,  
 inmost substance  
 e Saviour say,  
 Truth, the Way !"  
 terrors flee  
 n the tree !  
 ns of love divine,  
 vaviour—thou art

An union this, could envy reach the skies,  
 Envy might in an angel bosom rise.  
 But can she leave the partner of her life,  
 And quit the claim of mother and of wife,—  
 The social tie to one, the gift of God,  
 By whom the pleasant path of grace was trod ?  
 What! yield her offspring, which all nature  
 sways,  
 Young orphans in the world's erroneous maze,  
 Behold her parents weeping round her bed,  
 And able still the glooming vale to tread,  
 In bloom of life, in years not three times seven,  
 To long for glory, and be ripe for heaven ;  
 Reign the world, with prospect late so fair ?  
 This—this is virtue, and surpassing rare !  
 Hear her last words, on heav'nly strength  
 relying,  
 Her latest accents in the hours of dying :—  
 My Saviour comes to heal the broken heart,  
 'Tis better far my spirit should depart.  
 O thou Redeemer of the sin-sick soul,  
 I taste thy love, and thou hast made me whole.  
 Wing me for glory, let me haste away,  
 To sing thy grace through one eternal day.  
 Farewell my partner, thy sweet babes, farewell,  
 I go to glory, and with God to dwell.  
 Parents adieu, and ye, my christian friends,  
 A band from heav'n my happy soul attends.

The angel convoy stoop, h'r soul to raise,  
 She flies exulting, while he, rather prays,  
 And parting pray'r in tears and death was  
 turn'd to praise.

NOTE.—The Author begs leave to apologize for adverting to the name of our revered Sovereign in the lines entitled "Harmony, addressed to the Gentlemen of the Choir"—the idea occurred in the warmth of musical enthusiasm—he waited on the Printer to have altered the lines, but it was too late. However he most humbly yet confidently asserts, that no person can exceed him in loyalty and affectionate attachment, both as to his royal person—his house and the constitution.

T. D. COWDELL returns his very grateful acknowledgments to his indulgent Subscribers, and would humbly solicit their kind interest among their friends in facilitating the sale of this Edition.

FINIS.

MINSTREL.

soul to raise,  
father prays,  
and death was

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