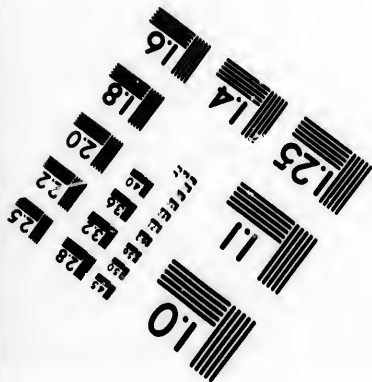
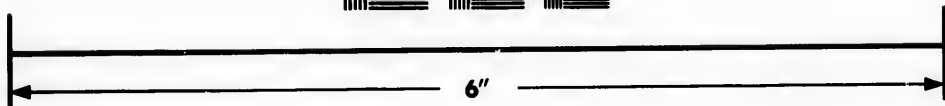


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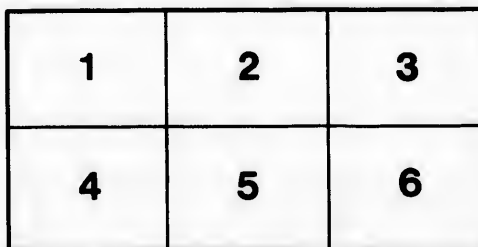
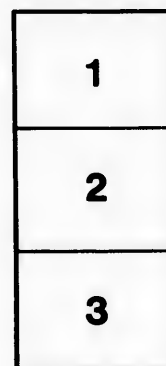
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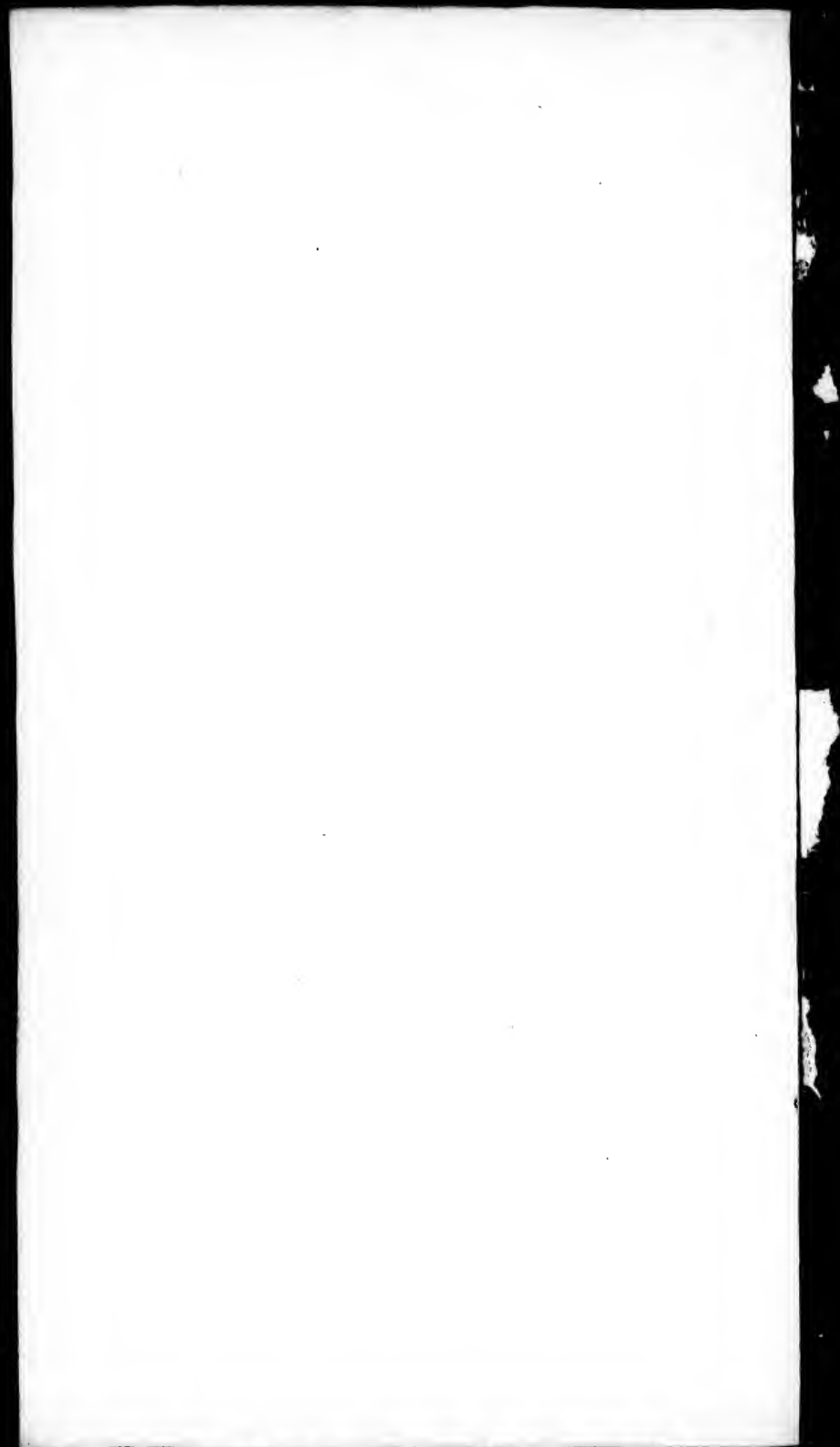
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on à



Charles E. ...
Dec 10th 1815

Charlton

Edw. ...

THE

NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL

BY THOMAS COWDELL.

Dec 10th 1815

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THE
NOVA SCOTIA
MINSTREL,

WRITTEN WHILE ON A TOUR FROM
NORTH AMERICA ~~TO~~ BRITAIN AND
IRELAND

INTERSPERSED
WITH SUITABLE REFLECTIONS,
AND
MORAL SONGS,

Adapted to the most Popular Airs.

BY THOMAS COWDELL.

Cole of H. A. to R.
SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
And may be had of
T. HUGHES, STATIONERS'-COURT, LUDGATE-HILL.

1811.

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1811

B. CLARKE, Printer, Well Street, London.

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P R E F A C E.

THE best apology for reprinting the following Essay, is to give a brief and candid account of the rise and success of its first Edition in Dublin.

Having been upwards of twenty years in our American Colonies, and lately called to Europe on account of property which has not been obtained, necessary delays had exhausted my little finances. I was entirely unknown, and without the means of bearing the expences of returning to my Family.

Having a natural turn for Music and Verse, I commenced my Metrical Journal, not so much from choice as from necessity. In this I was greatly forwarded by the kind proposal of my Printer, and after the Publication was out, was both assisted and honoured by the

genuine friendship of many respectable names in the Irish Metropolis.

By this means I have been thus far provided for in my way home. Still, being a stranger in this my native city, I think it is both my duty and privilege to submit this little effort to the patronage of my Countrymen, especially as it is the first Fruit of a distant Colony offered to its Parent Isle. The work is partly descriptive, and partly Lyrical; the latter is appropriated to some of the most approved airs: but some persons may object to my having set serious subjects to Song Tunes:—my reply is this—good men for many ages have adopted this method with good effect:—again, I have hereby pleased my benefactors; so that, without vanity, I have a claim to the epithet *grateful*. To prove this assertion, I now propound to any Lady, Gentleman, or good Company, what I hope may not be less acceptable to them than many novelties of this fanciful age:—namely, my Customers are perfectly welcome

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PREFACE.

to hear, at their own houses, the several pieces sung to their respective Airs, with a Bass accompaniment on the Violincello, by their Author.

It is humbly hoped that the generous Reader will grant the indulgence pleaded for in the Introduction. I have no better recommendation than that which ought to be the boast of every Briton—a loyal heart and the love of my country, which have been prominent features in every piece written from my youth; many of which were perused and approved of by His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent.

Should this Production be considered as destitute of the spirit and embellishments of Poetry, it is, at least, moral, sentimental, and descriptive, from personal experience and observation.

With all possible submission, therefore, it is offered to a discerning and generous Public, as being not the most unimportant

subject that may claim their suffrage; having Truth and Virtue for its basis, and for the superstructure Unity, Love, and the best of Constitutions.

Your grateful Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

London, March 11th, 1811.

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THOR.

INTRODUCTION.

FORGIVE the strain, ye great and wise,
Which untaught genius here supplies ;
Pardon the rudely varying verse,
That need has prompted to rehearse ;
Who never made the lute complain
For bread, nor ever may again :
An Irish mother's only heir,
Soon lost to her maternal care,
My father fought, and laboured hard,
For GEORGE and Fame—a sweet reward,
Came home to die, and leave his child
Uncultivated, lonely, wild ;
A poor, unpolish'd, orphan lad,
Who learning's favors never had ;
Whom mercy, smiling from above,
Hath bless'd with common sense and love.

I cross'd, while young, the Atlantic wide,
Where Heav'n provided me a bride.
One of a thousand Fairs to me,
And virtue was allied to me;
From Scotland came the precious prize:
We met beneath Columbian skies.

While business rais'd our hope of gain,
Four sons, four daughters, fill 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.

When hearing that my uncle died
With ample riches on his side;
A man of wealth and well-known fame
Of Ireland—Conolly his name;
From Nova Scotia, all that's dear,
I sail'd, and now at length am here.
Fruitless my search as yet hath been,
Most dreary each delightful scene.
Ah! who relates the pungent smart,
That must affect each absent heart?

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My blooming offspring, virtuous wife,
The dear domestic joys of life ;
Those absent, which so long I held,
How are my sweet enjoyments kill'd !
The little stock, with which I sail'd,
Hath left me long ago and fail'd.

Now, if I dare, as British born,
To state my circumstance forlorn ;
Will no kind heart assist the man
Who forms a poor, but honest plan,
While he is fortune-toss'd and twirl'd,
To shew his Journal to the world ?

Methinks the sympathetic mind,
To real goodness much inclin'd,
Will stoop at pity's soft command,
And take the stranger by the hand ;
Will 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 codes depart,
While bold and upright is the heart.

Am I exposed to scorn and hate?
May Heav'n defend my abject 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 Violincello shall declare
In untaught strains, while I shall sing,
God save the people and their king.

DESCRIPTION

OF

NOVA SCOTIA, CAPE BRETON, PRINCE
EDWARD ISLAND,

&c. &c. &c.

ALSO,

A REMONSTRANCE

WITH

GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

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, sam'd,
And which, like her, may yet be tam'd,

14 THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

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 sang, 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, will 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 resolv'd 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,
The dismal trump, death-drowning 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 confirm'd, 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 not mistake 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 ;

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Thy youth unus'd to martial deed,
 Be drawn to fight and forc'd to bleed.
 See Spain and Austria, see the poles,
 And millions of deluded souls ;
 Then view thy highly favor'd state,
 The contrast—how amazing great !

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.*

* Twice as much.

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
 St George's Isle, which all commands;
 Good harb'ring for a British crew,
 With Naval Yard excell'd by few;
 A spacious basin, deep and wide,
 In which five hundred ships may ride.
 Our navy there, of equal force,
 To stop Napoleon's threat'ning course.
 An army, which no danger dread,
 And brave Sir George Prevost their head.

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 debarr'd our fishing coast;
 Our Paris Plaister they demand,
 To cultivate their teeming land;

To them a most prolific prop,
Which always 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 peasant as a king,
To shoot at fowl of ev'ry 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.

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 farm 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 full, 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 ;

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THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

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 manor lords.
Few years will make a farm compleat,
For all you wear, or drink, or eat;
Should you for luxuries complain,
Ev'n these you buy for wood or grain.

Prince 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 cheerful 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;

THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

Not lack of all that's good, we find,
To cheer the body, please the mind.

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 ;

MINSTREL

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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 bade 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 muses lowest 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 ;

* George Edward Watts, Esq. of the Royal Navy.

54 THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

A captain in the navy now,
Like Nelson, with undaunted brow;
He learns by victory to prove,
And then repays his patron's love.
Thus may our Colonies provide,
Their course 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;
Hope says, with her officious aid,
That here shall grow the muses' shade;
That erudition 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 science 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 ball,
"Let heav'nly peace be all in all."

SONG.

THE CONTENTED INDIAN.

Wid blanket, gun, and light canoe,
With 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.

Me gib um dollar to de priest,

Him tell de Indian what is best ;

He say :—" Me fast and pray."

Now me catch noting 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.

* Wife. † Child.

VOYAGE

FROM

NOVA SCOTIA TO PORTSMOUTH;
JOURNEY TO LONDON,
&c. &c. &c.

FAREWELL, 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, good and sound,
(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 antient seventy-four.

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Chill blows the wind, and threat'ning gales
Attack the rigging, rend 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, bondless 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.
 Ah ! would my countrymen beware,
 Nor curse, nor by their Maker swear.

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 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 chearful 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 Sachini.*

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.

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 honor 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 knee, or lip alone—
With contrite hearts address thy throne :

TREL.

THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL. 31

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.

S O N G.

TO DR. ARNE'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 scene 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.

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

'Thus for awhile 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 :

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, honorable 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 sorrows heart.

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

S O N G.

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 and 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.

Now 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 !

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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 Briton 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 :

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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 loving 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 daliance 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 educing good."

His honor 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 an hopeful heart;

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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 ;

The monarch mov'd, as 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;
The sweet 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 peace and hope 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 wretche'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 favor'd 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 fiends of hell affright ;
" My child, my child," the father cried,
" My all, since I have lost my bride !
" The vernal sun, full three times seven,
" Endow'd her with the gifts of heaven ;

THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

"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 adieu.
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 ponderous 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,

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But suffer'd much through Babel's schemes,
While each to each so barbarous seems.
O that the vendors 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 somewhat 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:
No royal sons of noble race,
Have frequent found hard resting place.
To rest so sweet, beneath the skies,
Is that deriv'd from exercise;
When in the morn, through dewy fields,
We sip the sweets which nature yields:
Hear larks that soaring sing on high,
Their matchless carols to the sky,

Responsive songs, from spray to spray,
Regale the ear, while lambkins play ;
At once affording sweet delight
To nicest ear 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 his 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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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 from all :
 But most admires that pow'er above,
 Whose word and will our bulwarks prove.
 Thus ministers, when right inclin'd,
 Refresh our frame and cheer 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:
 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!

CLERGY,

WALES,

is in a speech of
subject.

there are twenty
early salary; and
twenty pounds a

red and white,

small livings

enjoy repose;
ourselves, and

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 ?

STREL.

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ARRIVAL

IN

IRELAND ;

REMARKS ON CORK, &c.

Now 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 shews a pleasing sight.
Now beating up the tranquil tide,
See beauteous seats on either side ;

F

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 antient 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 antient 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 diff'rent 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,
Listening 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 !

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' enraptur'd mind ;

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To you, dear girls, such pow'r is giv'n,
 Sweet antipast of future heav'n,
 O might I in the least conduce
 By offering 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 CHILD.

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 chearfully 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.

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,

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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 could 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!

66 THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

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 its 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.

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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.

No 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 ripen all the fields.
Close sailing in upon the shore,
We view the beauteous 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 madd'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 awhile,
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 those 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 yielding 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.

S O N G.

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 favor 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 desires,
 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 evinc'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 express'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 antient 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 COURTS,
 To which high learning's son resorts,
 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 antient pile,
 And Christ Church' 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.

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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 suffering 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.
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,

76 THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

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.

EASTER SONG.

TUNE—"The bewildered Maid."

Slow broke the light—at length came the morn,
 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.

* George's Church, now building.

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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 pow'rs 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 :

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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,
 ▲ church that's well supplied is full :
 Where music and the sweeter sound
 Of evangelic truth are found,
 Seats, or no seats, an 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, on herbs distill'd,
 Prevail, and every 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 affect 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 aid of special grace ;
 Then how much more should preachers be
 From nature-crippling tramels 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 :

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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 :
 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 aiming 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,
 Until 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.

FIVE MINUTES ADVICE
TO YOUNG TRADESMEN,

VERSIFIED BY THE AUTHOR.

WHATE'ER your trade is, never be above it,
Nor of your calling be ashamed, but love it.
Do not disdain the men of your profession,
But seek their company and conversation :
You need not grovel with the vulgar neither,
Yet men must talk before they deal together.
Without much diligence and application,
No trade can prosper in this busy nation ;
While thrifty justice, if you call upon her,
Insures success, and with success much honor.
Trade not beyond your stock, but gently feed it,
Nor give nor take yourself a random credit ;
Better to slip a bargain than to say for,
Or buy more goods than you, in time, can pay for.

Should your affairs go wrong in spite of watching,
Break—break in time, in that there is no catching;
Ten shillings in the pound is better doing
Than paying ten-pence, which is next to ruin.

The cruelty of creditors—your betters—
Runs in proportion to dishonest debtors.

A well assorted shop is near perfection,
And far before a large and wrong collection.

Lay in much patience, for all tradesmen want it,
And customers expect, yet may not grant it;
Conquer your passions with a firm endeavour;
Weather impatience—then I'll call you clever.

Too much diversion and immoderate pleasure,
Tradesmen will find to be a fatal measure;
Dogs, Horses, Retinue, and Gaming Places,
By some deem'd innocent, have double faces:

The first five years of business, fortune's winking,
When thus the Merchant often should be thinking—
Though cash and credit are in my possession,
To live luxuriously is a transgression.

To mimic high life, or your lofty neighbours,
Will sink your purse and baffle all your labours;
Besides enhancing numerous expences,
'Twill bring you to the Gazetteer for senses.

On holidays, when you have less employment,
Let exercise alone be your enjoyment;
But he who rides ten miles—two bottles taking,
Impares his health, and sets both hands a shaking.

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Beware of bonds—even suretyship for brothers,
Sport not with that which may belong to others ;
Yet if you can, yourself and name preserving,
You may assist the man who is deserving.

To wed for life—if nature seems inclined,
Be sure your spousy be not too refined :
A miss from boarding school sometimes degrades
man,

Beware of her who would despise a tradesman.

You'll need some help—then hear my wish so
fervent,

Trust not too much your business with a servant,
Yet do not let them see that you reject them,
As worth no trust, for that would quite deject them.

An idle servant wants a thorough mending,
He is not honest while your time's misspending ;
If servants dress too much, you must detect it,
But let them know you only would correct it.

Trust not to schemes of paper speculation,
Instead of specie, to enrich the nation.

Avoid all partnerships—or if you enter,
Study your partner's mind before you venture ;
Or, after knowing gaming's his pollution,
Break off from him by speedy dissolution.

On pricing goods—be mod'rate in your charges,
Stand to one price—for that your fame enlarges.

88 THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

Improper question utter'd, you most wisely
Must silent be, or speak the truth precisely.

In all your trade acquire dispatch and neatness,
No vulgar bustle—cringing—all compleatness.

From upright truth let there be no evasion,
Be sober, serious on each occasion.

Talk to your friends and those who bring you cus-
tom—

Talk like a man—nor like a quack disgust them.

Trust not your memory, so like a vapor,
Commit your business to the faithful paper.

For ease—retirement—don't be in a flurry;
Mind, ancient Rome was not built in a hurry.

Be wise, be honest, diligent, and frugal,
Nor break your word—nor forfeit vows conjugal;
Teach, brother tradesmen—teach the town and
nation,

That you're a person worthy of your station.

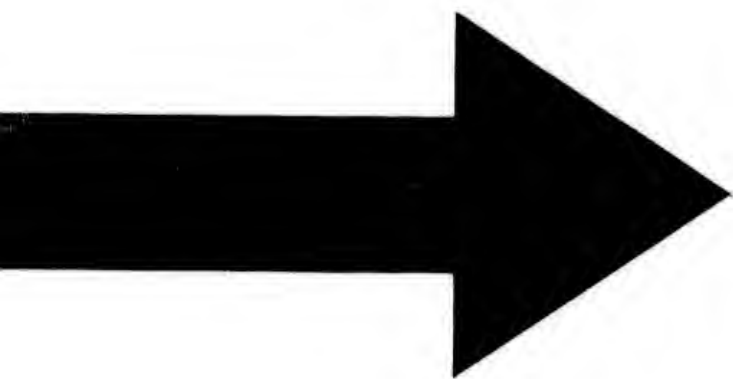
But who accounts for what we meet
In Patrick or in Plunket-street?
Fair city, let them never say—
You so profane the Sabbath day;

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 :
 And thus 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, and 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,





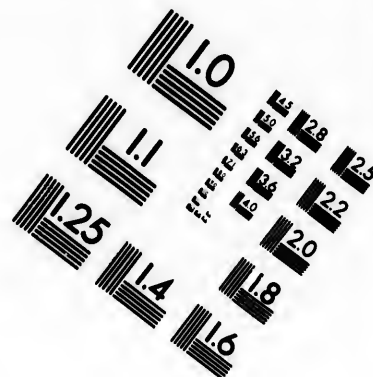
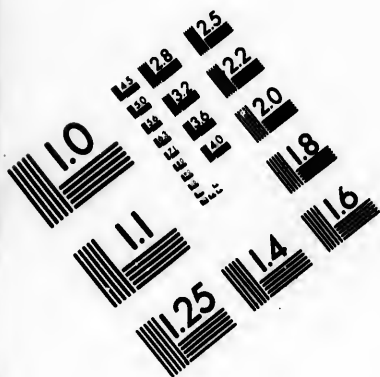
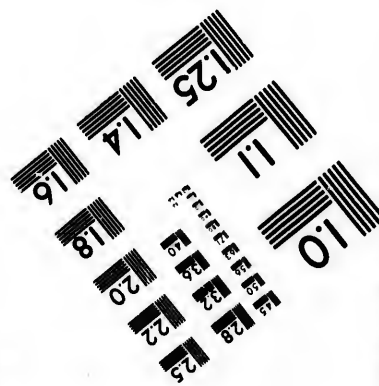
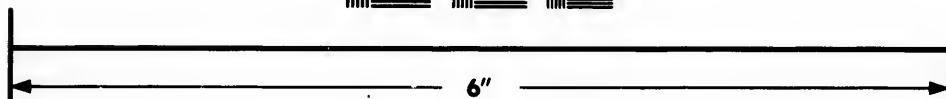
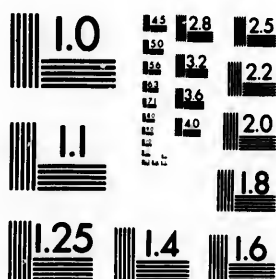


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23 WEST MAIN STREET
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Bear on their artificial floods
 The country's produce and her goods :
 What nature fails in, art effects,
 Such labour claims our high respects ;
 By these convey'd, the waters 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 honor 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 show her zeal and care,
She helps to clothe 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 rever, 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,
The 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 least,
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 EXPRESSLY 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.

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 public walks 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.

S O N G.

ADDRESSED TO A FEMALE HARPER.

TUNE—"Colerain."

O tell me, sweet harper, your favourite 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 burden'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 dependence 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 Duchess of Richmond.

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

Rough 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.

S O N G.

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.

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

I own 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 refin'd,
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 pray'r,

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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S O N G.

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 triumph thou shesings 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 awhile,
 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.

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104 THE NOVA SCOTIA MINSTREL.

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, unletter'd, wanders forth
Beyond the sea:
Even Nova Scotia's barren earth
Yields this for thee.

EL.

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