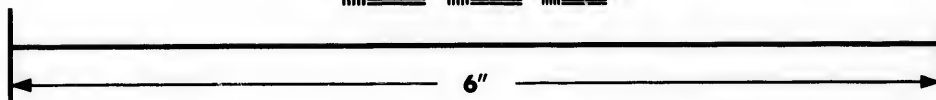
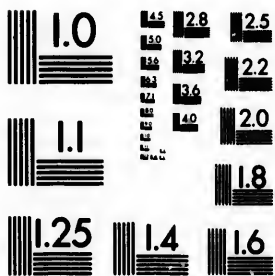


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

Canada

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1982

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to
ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à
obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
			✓								

The copy to the

The image possible of the filming

Original beginning the last ion, or other o first pe sion, ar or illust

The last shall co TINUE which

Maps, p differer entirely beginni right an require method

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

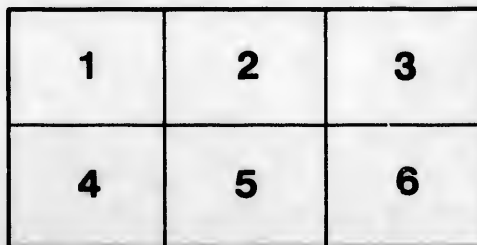
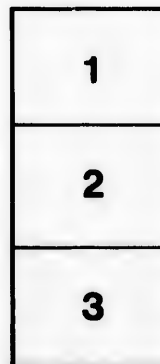
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

W. W. W. W. W.
WATKINS (200)
P. 50

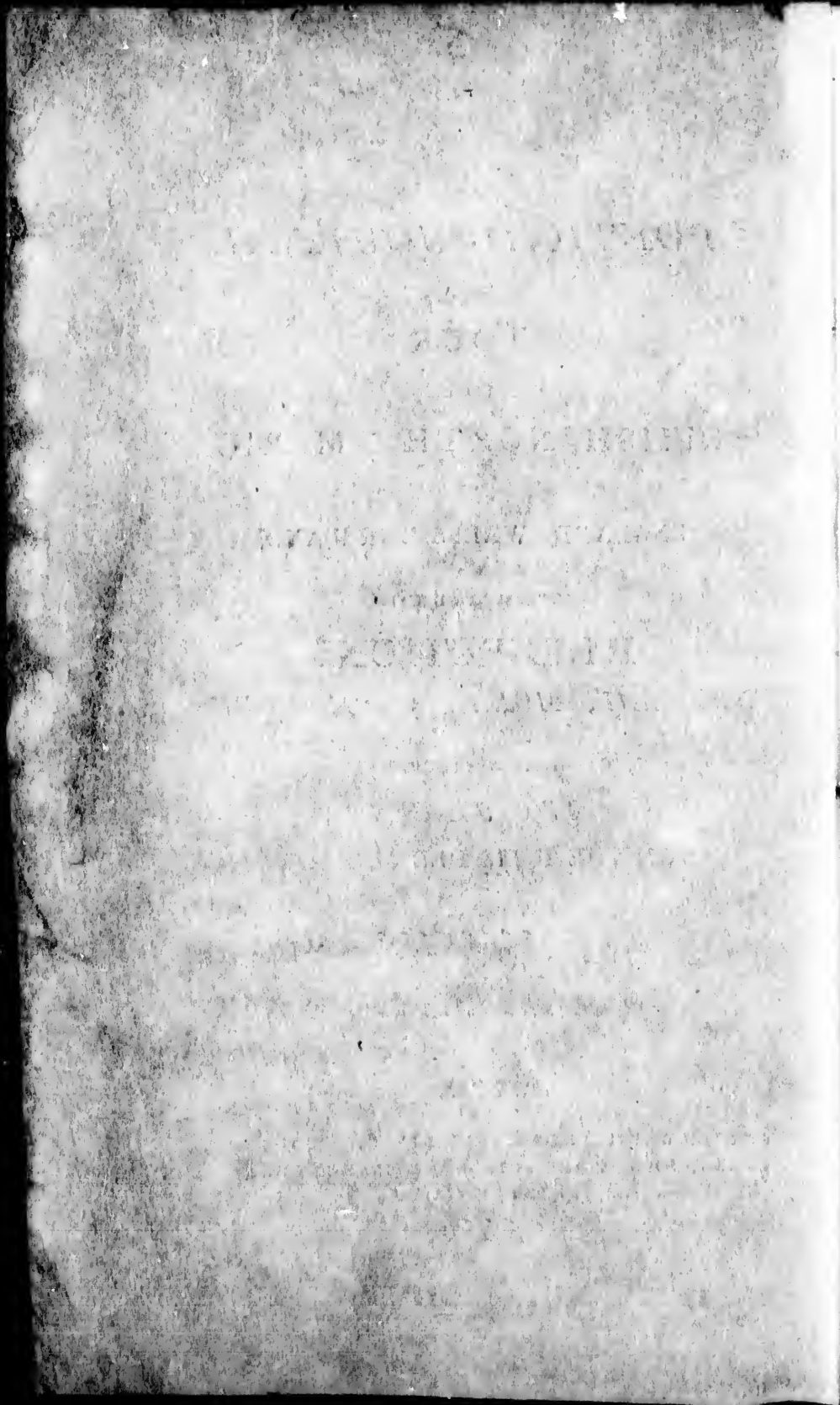
A
POETICAL JOURNAL
OF A
TOUR
FROM
BRITISH NORTH AMERICA
TO
ENGLAND, WALES & IRELAND;
INTERSPERSED WITH
REFLECTIONS
NATURAL, MORAL & POLITICAL.
TO WHICH ARE SUBJOINED,
TWO PIECES
ON THE INTENDED JUBILEE.

By THOMAS D. COWLELL.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY WILKINSON & COURTNEY, 6, WOOD-STREET,
AND SOLD BY THE AUTHOR, AT MR. KINNEAR'S,
11, BRIDE-STREET.

1809.



T
 pro
 I
 esca
 das
 the
 situ
 wh
 on
 Co
 mo
 we
 Ca
 we

PREFACE.

THE Author deems it most eligible to give the following brief Account of the rise, progress, and intent of the Journal:—

In coming from Bristol to Cork, he narrowly escaped shipwreck. A brig in company was dashed to pieces on the coast of Wales. Being there detained by contrary winds, and in a solitary situation, he commenced his Reflections on Bristol; what befell him there—the Voyage, and Remarks on Wales. The rest of the Voyage—Description of Cork—Voyage from America—Remarks on Portsmouth—a Man of War in Port—London and Bath, were composed in the City of Cork.

THE Introduction, Description of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, and Dublin, were written in this City, where he first indulged

the hope of publishing his little Journal, which he was induced to do, not so much from choice, as from necessity.

It is humbly hoped, that the candid and humane Reader will grant every indulgence which the Author pleads for in the Introduction. He has nothing more to recommend him, than that which ought to be the boast of every Briton—a loyal heart, and the love of his country; and which, he is thankful to say, have been prominent features in the several pieces he composed from his youth up, many of which were perused and approved of by His Royal Highness Edward 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 suffrages, having truth for its basis; and for the superstructure—unity, love, and the BEST of CONSTITUTIONS.

The AUTHOR.

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 son,
(Her race on earth was quickly run)
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 is she,
 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,
 Embargo, loss in trade, what not—
 Combine to spoil our mutual care,
 And to misfortune I am heir.

When hearing that my uncle died
 In Cork, with riches on his side ;
 A man of wealth and well-known fame
 Of Ireland—Cónolly 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 ?

de,
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 old BASS VIOL shall declare
In untaught strains, while I shall sing,
GOD save the people and their King.

G

H

A

W

T

A

O

F

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; fam'd,

And which, like her, may yet be tam'd,
I come—and briefly be it known—
Such lands have blessings of their own.
Yes, though a ruthless, rugged coast,
The best of blessings it can boast.
Look not on its surrounding sphere,
Nor credit all accounts you hear.
Environ'd with forbidding views,
You may, at first, her shores refuse ;
Internal beauties soon relieve,
What crude exteriors oft deceive.
So bodies rough, of shapeless mould,
The choicest spirits may enfold ;
For this—behold the wrinkled skin,
That holds an angel mind within.

The Muse resumes her wood note lay,
On British North America,
Where oft she 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, with all
Detroit, and fruitful Montreal,
Rich Newfoundland, cold Labradore,
She knows by reading—and no more.

But what a field is Albion worth
Of teeming seas, and fruitful darts!
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 guard 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 ;
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 !

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 batteries 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 bason 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 Louisbrough 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 fall, more fam'd than this,
'T' oblivion's old metropolis ;
'Tis ours and we can do no less,
Than sing the islands we possess.

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

Here happy husbandry can thrive,
The lab'ring heart is kept alive ;

No tythes hard industry perplex,
Few taxes honest toil to vex ;
The land's their own, and all affords
To make our farmers 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 chearful as a morn in May ;
Far from the noise and din of war,
Heav'n grants them providential care :
For here confess'd the traveller meets
A little paradise of sweets.
No rocks to dash the shipmen on,
And on her plains is scarce a stone ;
Fish, flesh, and fowl abundant are,
That live in water, earth, or air ;
The lands are cheap, the waters free,
The fowl on shore, the fish at sea ;
Nor lack of all that's good, we find,
To chear the body, please the mind.

If British farmers here resort,
 No matter if their cash runs short;
 They have their lands for little pay,
 That little on a distant day;
 Once settled here, the man and wife,
 They never wish to change for life.

Our province greatly was improv'd,
 Since Royal EDWARD there remov'd;
 The military grand abodes,
 Defensive works, and public roads
 Were form'd, and from disorder rose—
 All which to Noble KENT she owes.

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

Most
 In ev
 For t
 Who
 Y
 Spak
 Enc
 And
 He r
 Com
 In w
 Of
 Con
 And
 The
 Som
 Wi
 " T
 So
 Wi
 A
 To
 He
 An
 A U
 W

Most useful studies shall be known
In every hamlet, every town :
For this we stand in Edward's debt,
Who left thee with a pure regret.

Yes, he, as gentle goodness can,
Spake to, and heard the lowly man,
Encourag'd merit, ne'er so low,
And bade the wildest blossoms blow ;
He read those jingling accents wild,
Compos'd by me, when but a child ;
In which he saw the homely truth
Of patriot zeal, in humble youth ;
Confess'd them pleasing, ev'n to him,
And bade me still pursue my theme ;
Then with an 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 forte was warlike deeds at sea ;

A captain in the navy now,
Like Nelson, with undaunted brow ;
He learns by victory to prove,
And thus repays his patron's love.
Thus may our Colonies provide,
Their sons to rule the foaming tide,
And, by the power of merit great,
Supply the wants of church and state.

Here, too, a famous college stands,
The pride and glory of all lands ;
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."

VOYAGE

FROM

*NOVA SCOTIA to PORTSMOUTH;
JOURNEY to LONDON,
&c. &c. &c.*

FAREWELL, America, awhile,
Farewell, 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.

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, boundless space.
To thee Great Architect, we bow,
If these are great, how great art Thou !
Blest be the pow'r and gracious will,
Who gave to men such daring skill,
'That they no longer sail by guess,
With little helm, and compass less,

And charts comprising all the seas,
They trace the unknown globe with ease ;
While but a plank 'twixt them and death,
Still shocking language taints their breath.
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.

Now we descry the Isle of Wight,
Heav'n's darling—Britain, leaves 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 Methodist 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,
Be they 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 wouldst 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
Wit
Nor
But
Let
And

F
For
Now
My
But
Wh
My
Cur
For
Tha
Hea
For
Tha
Err
But
Me
Sav
The
Wh
Sha

Not with the knee, or lip alone—
With contrite hearts address thy throne :

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

Full twenty years my absent feet,
Forbear their native soil to greet ;
Now, now, I willing feel once more,
My knees should kiss the favor'd shore,
But e'er I left the man of war,
What scenes of wretchedness I saw ;
My fellow-creatures whipt and torn,
Cursing the day that they were born !
For trifles too we may not name,
That scarcely bear the good man's blame,
Heav'n and the State meet high disdain,
For which unpunish'd they remain :
Thus act the men we Christians call,
Erroneous and irrational.
But, hark ! how they for mercy plead,
Mercy is deaf, their backs must bleed.
Saviour of men, in this I see
The bitter pangs endur'd by thee,
When, from the garden to the goal,
Sharp sorrow seiz'd thy harmless soul ;

Thee, faultless—they, without remorse,
Scourg'd, curs'd, and fast'ned to the cross!

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

See the full boats, from neighb'ring shores,
Polluted females bring by scores,
And these are 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, an 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 hands relieve at home ;
 The stranger too, oppress'd with cares,
 Thy kind assistance often shares.

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

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

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 t
 Thy
 Lo !
 Rub
 Her
 And
 Fire
 And
 A m
 Wo
 Now
 Wil
 An
 A ty
 A sp
 But
 Had
 Eng
 Rest
 As s

B
 Enc
 And
 Of
 No
 And

In this long period, seeming short,
 Thy vast exploits surpass our thought.
 Lo! France, o'erturn'd as in a day,
 Rul'd with with still more despotic sway;
 Her Monarch murder'd, shocking scene,
 And still more dire, a bleeding Queen!
 Fire, blood, and slaughter mark her state,
 And shapeless ruin bows to fate!
 A monster who assumes the helm,
 Would Europe and the world o'erwhelm.
 Now, France, just as the fit may take her,
 Will have no king, but a king-maker;
 An Emperor, forsooth, is he,
 A tyrant as the world may see;
 A spoiler of the nations all,
 But ill content without the ball;
 Had he the spacious globe, he'd soon
 Engage in arms the neighb'ring moon;
 Restless and terrible as hell,
 As suff'ring nations know full well.

But shall Britannia yield or die,
 Encircled with the sea, the sky,
 And cover'd with the fost'ring wings
 Of Thee Eternal King of Kings:
 No: Thou wilt banish fell despair,
 And make us thy peculiar care.

For this the truly pious pray,
 In earnest hope both night and day;
 For this our worthy Patriots strive,
 O may their mutual efforts thrive;
 What e'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 affections 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, but late we saw,
 In spite of reason, sense, and law,
 From public prints and pictures too,
 All that is base expos'd to view;
 A thousand brains construct the plan,
 To prove corruption in one man:
 Whereas if they consult their soul,
 They find corruption through the whole.

These truths to great and small belong—
 Whatever is not right—is wrong:
 Then as a free born man I say—
 It is a foul and filthy play,
 Whoever at abuse connives,
 Who deals in plurals touching wives,
 Or having one he ought to love,
 Doth still a concubine approve.

The king himself might hear me tell,
 That such in virtue don't excel;
 That he whom one will not suffice,
 Is rather giv'n to guilty vice.

Guilt smites itself, we all admit;
 Let follies past instil more wit.
 But since no British law controuls
 The humour of such 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 enrolled in Heav'n.

Mean time who could such peltings 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:
 Yes—bear a shower of rotten eggs,
 While I could stand upon my legs.

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 ;
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.

Inpartial 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,
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, extatic 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 exprest,
 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 Samson-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 Muses' seat,
At once so elegant and neat ;
Hail, lowly vale, enchanting place,
The sweet resort of ev'ry grace ;
Pure symetry 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 wretches 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 valued 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 ;
 Distracting 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 h'm 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 !

ame,

me,

e,

g knees,

d,

;

;

.

,

wild?

these?

se.

ight,

,

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 surprize !
 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 heav'n ;
 " 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 yours,
 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,

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

Our diet simple, sweet and good,
 Was cook'd in manner 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 :
 So royal sons of noble race,
 Have frequent found hard resting place.
 No rest so sweet, beneath the skies,
 As that deriv'd from exercise ;
 Then in the morn, through dewy fields,
 We sip the sweets which nature yields :

Hea
 The
 Resp
 Reg
 At o
 To r

Yo
 To s
 The
 Invit
 List'
 To h
 Well
 Whic
 Thro
 This
 Like
 Till
 His
 Affor
 The
 And
 With
 We
 Inspi
 The
 Unw
 With

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 is hard to gain.
Through daisied fields in green array,
This music wiles the hours away,
Like solo of the sweetest sound,
Till we approach the Parson's ground.
His mansion in the vale before us,
Affords fine opening for a chorus :
The deep violoncello I play'd,
And rustic spirits merry made ;
With moral songs and pious airs,
We thus allay'd our varied cares.
Inspir'd with love of sacred sound,
The shepherd call'd his flock around,
Unwilling to enjoy the treat,
Without his charge around his seat ;

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 chear ;
 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 excell.

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'r above,
 Whose word and will our bulwarks prove.
 Thus Ministers, when right inclin'd,
 Refresh our frame and chear 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
 They
 May
 Our
 To li
 The v
 The v
 When
 Thos
 Still v
 Britai
 Her c
 Large
 While
 In wa
 Int're

Such characters are foisted where
They've little more than vital air.
May British wisdom shortly give
Our poorer 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 !

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 ;

In co
Strom
At le
We s

TH
Ther
I am
The
I lov
For,
Her
Asser
Let p
No r
Free
And
And
If al
This
The
I'm v
Its h
A blu
That
Whil
The

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 paths 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 waiks 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.

W
 Sit
 Qu
 Dri
 In
 Th
 Per

 M
 And
 I th
 The
 I m
 For
 I w
 Wit

 T
 But
 Not
 The
 Be a
 Ye

 O
 Sma
 Of
 I ne

On Sunday too the croud 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 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 ;

Th
 Th
 I
 Of
 Thi
 To
 To
 Swe
 O m
 By c
 Be t
 To s
 Bu
 To s
 If pu
 Let s
 While
 Virtu
 Thi
 To sin
 Where
 Than
 Where
 As Hi

These still adorn the Irish name,
They lead to virtue and to fame.

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

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

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^c—h ;
 The buildings grand and well array'd,
 Their organs exquisitely play'd ;
 The truth is read and publish'd there,
 Which makes the whole divinely fair.

Yet let me, as a public friend,
 To lesser chapels recommend,
 Where instrument is never found,
 To mend the pow'r of vocal sound,
 To sing by rule and form a choir,
 And at pure harmony aspire ;
 This is the only substitute
 For aid deriv'd from bass and flute ;
 If singing's timeless, dull, and flat,
 Sure no excuse atones for that ;
 Where nature gives a voice so clear,
 And with it a tenacious ear ;
 What hinders then an active part,
 In that which tunes and mends the heart ?
 Shake off dull sloth the theme pursue,
 What cannot perseverance do ?

Full many things there might be said,
 In which amendment could be made ;

TH
 TH
 I w
 An
 WH
 Be
 The
 Mig
 I to
 Cou
 Wh
 A p

Thy citizens will not deride
These plain remarks, by love supplied.
I want 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.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE STATE OF THE NATION

As to the state of the nation,
How would you had your power
The state of the nation,
How would you had your power
The state of the nation,
How would you had your power

A POETICAL WORK

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.

7
The
Brig
For
Clo
We
Hai
Eac
Smi
Wh

Fa
Her
Con
Thy
Tru
Whe
Oh!
Nor
But
For
Thy
Fell
The
Fell
Thy
At o
Tun
Few

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 dreadful 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

He
TH
To
An
No
Ag

S
Gre
Thy
And
As I
A n

W
Aris
With
And
For
Our
Yes,
Beco
The
By tr
Grad
And
Whil
Supp

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.

See where appear our hearts desires,
Great DUBLIN's old and lofty spires.
Thy Liffey opens to the sea,
And Europe crouds 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 refined,
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 symetry 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 :

Lo
Fr
To
Ar
An
WH
By
Swe
In U
S
To
In g
Anc
The
T' l
The
In a
Wh
To
Still
On
E
Striv
Wit
A ra
Beh
A sa
An c
Whi

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's soul-inspiring aisle;
The sculptor'd hero still appears
T' have slept for near a thousand years;
The deep-ton'd organ shakes the ground,
In all the pow'r of solemn sound;
While warbling choristers prepare,
To chaunt the high cherubic air;
Still emulation sits unpire,
On Britain's and Hibernia's choir.

Each sacred edifice we find,
Strives which can most exalt the mind;
Within, without, the whole is built,
A range for grace, a check for guilt.
Behold that lovely spire arise,
A sacred shrine to greet the skies;
An emblem of the city fair,
Which comes from Heav'n, a perfect square;

A pattern of masonic grace,
 In eligible form and place,
 Insuring architect'ral fame,
 As rais'd in GEORGE'S AGE and NAME,
 Chapels and Schools for grace and taste,
 Arise in order, high and chaste,
 Thy charities, nor low nor weak,
 To sympathizing passion speak,
 In all of which, we trust,
 The seed of doctrine pure and sound.

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 croud.

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;
By foreign touch, mechanic wire,
Ding dong the fainting sounds expire:
But see, the many changing peal,
Makes the *well founded* steeple reel;
Within, without, th' effects are found,
Inspiring joy for miles around.

In sister kingdom, th' other day,
 We heard a Rev'rend Prelate say :
 " To keep our hearers all secure,
 " And to assist the parish poor,
 " Our churches must convenient be,
 " With seats, like crouded chapels, free :
 " The want of these, beyond a doubt,
 " Hath shut our wand'ring hearers out ;
 " Hence they, poor sheep, are stolen away,
 " To hear what certain babblers say."

The fact is plain, even to the dull,
 A church that's well supplied is full :
 Where music and the sweeter sound
 Of evangelic truth are found,
 Seats, or no seats, 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 wring our tears :
All this, and more, we know, takes place,
Without the aid of special grace ;
Then how much more should Preachers be
From nature-cripling trammels free ?
Throw by your crutches, learn to walk,
Nor read your thoughts, but make them talk ;
O try, for once, to go alone,
And evidence each step your own ;
Nor let it in the news be told,
Where Sermons may be BOUGHT and SOLD.

Thank Heav'n, the custom dies apace,
While here and there some speak with grace ;
Who tread no more the beaten road,
But taking both the Books of God,
Ev'n grace and nature, surely find
A ready entrance to the mind ;
And *homo libri*, motto great,
Is brightest preacher in the State.
Through England is this truth express'd,
Nor is sweet Dublin City least ;
The purest language here, we find,
To mend the heart and form the mind.

Thus bless'd the sacred rostrum shines,
 Supplied with eloquent divines ;
 Masters of art in truth, indeed,
 Whose lectures more or less succeed :
 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,
 Un'til life's glimm'ring lamp goes out,

And re
 You le
 If you
 Salvati
 Some o
 Behold
 And in
 Attemp
 A way
 Becaus
 Confes
 Embrac
 Think
 To exe
 If thes
 He is y
 The
 But ho
 No hel
 Nor ou
 A bird
 Looks
 But wh
 Goes n
 Com
 Are ut
 The w
 In eleg
 Where
 In real

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.

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

Commercial Buildings, streets of Trade,
Are uniform and spacious made;
The warehouse and the shop agree,
In elegant simplicity;
Where merchants ply their manners well,
In real politeness they excel;

May wisdom all their measures guard,
Be trade and income their reward.

But who accounts for what we meet
In Patrick or in Plunket-street?
Fair city, let them never say—
You so profane the Sabbath day;
In marketing, and tumult's noise,
From brawling women, swearing boys;
Dirt ankle 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;

Hea
To
H
And
Bear
The
Wha
Such
By th
And t
From
The n
Nea
An Ho
High h
For he
If suffe
I blush
And ble
That he
Britain
Thy sis
The lea
Is smile
Beware
Hiberni
Like the
A rich p
No drom
Thy Fle

Heav'n, earth, all look to you, of course,
To put the dormant laws in force.

Here aqueducts of mighty strength,
And grand CANALS of wond'rous length,
Bear on their artificial floods
The country's produce and her goods :
What nature fails in, art effects,
Such labour claims our high respects ;
By these convey'd, the waters flow,
And to the City Bason go ;
From thence proceeds the stream and meets
The num'rous fountains in the streets.

Near the Rotunda, garden'd round,
An Hospital adorns the ground :
High 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 canst 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 ;
Thy Fleets, thy Field, she arms them both ;

And still to show her zeal and care,
 She helps to cloathe and feed them there!
 Then what is right be sure to give,
 O let thy thrifty sister live.
 Hear, hear! she fainting cries, I trow,
 As much in Westminster as thou.
 Her calls reverse, 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;

Brillia
 Be Go
 Let N
 Surro
 By nig
 And on
 Adorn
 But do
 Festoo
 Let Lo
 On suc
 Will n
 The
 In publ
 Buildin
 And He
 The wo
 The Ma
 The Fo
 Have h
 Thy
 They n
 May wh
 Be gui
 Thoug
 To gain
 Markin
 That in
 The pa
 Where

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 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.

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.

~~~~~  
*END of the JOURNAL.*  
~~~~~

The following pieces

THE FOLLOWING PIECES

DESIGNED FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE INTENDED

JUBILEE,

ARE HUMBL Y INSCRIBED

To the *LOYAL CITIZENS* of *DUBLIN.*

TUNE, " God save the King."

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.

4 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.

5 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.

6 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.

LORD NELSON'S MONUMENT.

~~~~~  
TUNE, "Rule Britannia."  
~~~~~

1 BEHOLD the Hero rais'd on high,
NOR once forget the worthy name,
For whom yon column greets the sky,
A warrior of immortal fame.

Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Keep thy sons from being slaves.

- 2 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.
- 3 O may thy thund'ring navy ride,
Sole mistress of th' obedient main;
With some kind angels near her side,
To guard the living and the slain.
Rule, Britannia, &c.
- 4 Let not ambition be our good,
Nor let us seek another's right;
Much less may Britons thirst for blood
But to defend, O God, we fight.
O Britannia, this thy pray'r
Claims of Heav'n paternal care.
- 5 Bring near, kind Heav'n, the haleyon day,
Be union known throughout the world;
The sword of battle thrown away,
And into dark oblivion hurl'd.
This Britannia loudly craves,
No fear of death or being slaves.
- 6 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, sing with me,
Sing a gen'ral JUBILEE.

FINIS.

