



THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT of his JOURNEY
to IRELAND.

To Mr. JOHN ELLIS.

By the late MOSES MENDES, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

Dublin, July 5, 1744.

BY the lyre of Apollo, the locks of the Muses,
And the pure lucid stream Aganippe produces,
My Ellis, I love thee, then pay me in kind,
Let the thought of a friend never slip from your mind;
So may fancy and judgment together combine,
And the bosom be fill'd with an ardor divine;
That thy brows may the laurel with justice still claim,
And the Temple of Liberty mount thee to fame.

If it e'er can give pleasure to know my career,
When proud London I left with intentions so queer,
Accept it in verse. On the very first day
When the queen of warm passions precedes the fair May,
When, so custom prescribes, and to follow old rules,
One half of mankind makes the other half fools;

S

From

From the town I first breath'd in, I sally'd in haste
 Thro' Highgate and Finchley, and Barnet I pass'd :
 At St. Alban's I din'd with a laughing gay crew,
 Not complete was the set without Tucker and you.
 Where the * Eighth of our Harries deserted his mate,
 And procur'd a full sentence against his old Kate,
 Our brisk company supp'd, while our wine gave a spring,
 And tho' at the Crown, we ne'er thought of the King.
 The morrow succeeding I got from my bed,
 As a sheet all the roads were with snows overspread ;
 But the gods, who will never abandon a poet,
 As oft has been said, condescended to show it,
 In a coach and six horses the storm I defy'd ;
 And, left by my friends, thro' the tempest I ride.
 Newport-Pannel receiv'd me, and gave me a dinner,
 And a bed at Northampton was pres'd by a finner :
 No signs of fair weather, the West Chester coach
 At nine the next morning, a welcome approach,
 Presents fresh example ; I travell'd all day,
 At Crick eat my dinner, at Coventry lay ;
 I tremble whene'er I reflect on the roads
 That lead to those dirty worm-eaten abodes,
 Where a † woman rode naked their taxes to clear,
 And a taylor for peeping paid damnably dear ;
 For ‡ two parliaments fam'd, which intail a disgrace,
 And have left their foul manners to poison the place.

* Dunstable.

† Lady Godiva.

‡ A parliament was held here in the reign of Henry IV. called *Parliamentum Indoclorum*, another in Henry VI. called *Diabolicum*.

Next morning the sun, with a face of red hue,
 Had clear'd up th' expanse, and array'd it in blue,
 When I left the vile town, 'gainst which ever I'll rail,
 While * Meriden offers no humble regale ;
 But near Mixal Park din'd at house of mean fame,
 And at night to the † field of slain carcasses came ;
 Tho' full old are thy tow'rs, yet receive my just praise,
 May thy ale be recorded, and live in my lays :
 Thy Gothic cathedral new homage still claims,
 Nor refuse I thy due, tho' repair'd by king James. ‡
 I forgot to advise you, the sky being clear,
 'Twas at Coventry first I ascended my chair ;
 But, alas, on the morrow, how dismal the fight !
 For the day had assum'd all the horrors of night,
 The clouds their gay visage had chang'd to a frown,
 And in a white mantle cloath'd Litchfield's old town ;
 But at noon all was o'er, when intrepid and bold
 As a train-band commander, or Falstaff of old,
 And proudly defying the wind and the snow,
 When the danger was pass'd, I determin'd to go.
 At Stone I repos'd, but at Ousley I din'd,
 When our reck'ning was cheap and the landlord was kind :
 Next morning we fally'd, and Staffordshire lost ;
 But not ill entertain'd by a Cestrian host.
 On the banks of the Wever, at Namptwich renown'd
 For an excellent brine pit, our dinner we found ;

* Meriden is famous for ale.

† *Campus Cadaverum* was the ancient name for Litchfield, on account of a prosecution there in the days of Dioclesian.

‡ King James II.

The wine was not bad, tho' the ale did displease,
 And an unctuous desert was serv'd up of old cheefe;
 But as time will not tarry, our course we resume,
 And * St. George's dragoons take their seats in our room;
 So travelling onwards with pleasure we see
 Old Caerleon so famous o'er looking the Dee;
 Four days there we rested, and blithsome and gay
 Forgot the bad weather we met on the way;
 Then old Chester, farewell, till I see thee again,
 And can stroll thro' thy streets † without dreading the rain;
 May thy river ‡ still swell, better pleas'd with his charge
 Than when Edgar was row'd by eight kings in his barge;
 Be the maidens all virtuous who drink of thy tide,
 And each virgin in bloom be affianc'd a bride;
 May the heart and the hand at the altar be join'd,
 And no matron complain that a husband's unkind;
 Let their bounty to strangers resound in each song,
 Be § Barnstone their copy, they cannot go wrong.

O'er the cuts of the river our tract we pursue,
 And old Flint in the prospect now rises to view;
 How strange to behold, here our language is fled,
 To converse with these people's to talk to the dead;

* General St. George's dragoons were marching up to London, and a party of them just came in when we were leaving it.

† The streets of Chester have shops on each side covered over, which if not beautiful to the eye, at least preserve one from the rain.

‡ People are now employed to make the river Dee navigable up to the town.

§ Robert Barnstone, Esq; who used me with the utmost hospitality.

And a Turk or Chinese is as well understood
 By these Roisters, who boast of Cadwalladar's blood,
 As an Englishman here, who is certainly undone
 If he thinks to make use of the language of London.
 From Flint we depart with our landlord and guide,
 Who show'd us that kindness which courts never try'd,
 The castle where * Richard his grandeur laid down,
 And betray'd his own life by surrend'ring the crown :
 Now the † well we survey, where ‡ a virgin of old
 To all flame but religion's was lifeless and cold,
 When in vain princely Cradoc had offer'd his bed,
 The merciless heathen e'en chopp'd off her head :
 Hence the stones are distain'd with the colour of blood,
 And each cripple is cur'd who will bathe in the flood :
 Thus the rankest absurdity brain can conceive,
 Superstition imposes, and crowds will believe !
 Turn from legends and nonsense, to see a gay fight,
 Where the § meadows of Clewyn the senses delight,
 And excuse that I aim not to point out the place
 Lest my numbers too lowly the landscape disgrace ;
 At Rhydland we dine, and a castle we view,
 Whose founder I'd name if the founder I knew ;
 But our host gives the word, and we hurry away,
 Lest the length of the journey out-run the short day ;
 Now ascend Penmenrose, oh ! beware as you rise,
 What a prospect of horror, what dreadful surprize !

* It was at this place that Richard was prevailed upon to resign the crown.

† Holy-well.

‡ St. Winifred, patroness of Wales.

§ The vale of Clewyn.

See that height more sublime, which no footsteps e'er try'd,
 There the ocean roars loudly, how awful his pride!
 How narrow the path, observe where you tread,
 Nor stumble the feet, nor grow dizzy the head;
 If you slip, not mankind can avert your sad doom,
 Dash'd against the rough rocks, and the sea for your tomb!
 The danger is past, and now Conway's broad beech,
 Fatigu'd and dismay'd, with great gladness we reach;
 In a leaky old boat we were wafted safe o'er,
 (Tho' two drunkards our steersmen) to th' opposite shore.
 Here the town and the river are both of a name,
 And boast the first Edward, who rais'd her to fame:
 There a supper was order'd, which no one could touch,
 This too little was boil'd, and that roasted too much;
 To his chamber full hungry each pilgrim retreats,
 And forgets his lost meal 'twixt a pair of Welch sheets.
 A castle hard by I with pleasure behold,
 Which Kings had long dwelt in, or giants of old;
 But the daw, and each night-bird, now builds up her nest,
 And with clamours and shrieks the old mansion infest.
 We waken'd at four, and our host left us here,
 As the worst ways were past, so but small was our fear;
 We follow'd our route, and cross'd Penmenmaur's side,
 Where the prudent will walk, but the bolder will ride,
 Still above us old rocks seem to threaten a fall,
 And present to spectators the form of a wall:
 Now Bangor we reach, oh, if e'er thou hadst fame,
 Tho' lawn sleeves thou bestow'st, on my life 'tis a shame;
 There we cross o'er an arm of the sea, and carouse
 On the opposite shore at an excellent house;

Thro'

Thro' Anglesea's island we rattle our chaise,
 While the goats all in wonder seem on us to gaze;
 For be pleas'd to observe, and with diligence note,
 That 'twas here first in Wales that I met with a goat.
 O'er roads rough and craggy our journey we sped,
 Nor baited again 'till we reach'd Holyhead.

The next day at noon in the Wyndham we sail,
 And the packet danc'd brisk with a prosperous gale.
 We at ten past the * Bar; in the wherry confin'd,
 Which swims on no water, and sails with no wind,
 'Till near two we fate cursing, in vain they may row,
 Not a snail is so sluggish, nor tortoise so slow,
 'Till a boat took us in, and at length set us down
 At the quay of St. George in St. Patrick's chief town:
 Thence I wrote to my friend, nor believe what those say,
 Or too fond to find fault, or too wantonly gay,
 Who with taunts contumelious this island o'erload,
 As with bogs, and with blunders, and nonsense full stow'd;
 For, believe me, they live not unblest'd with good air,
 And their daughters are beauteous, and sons debonair:
 Here tho' Bacchus too often displays his red face,
 Yet Minerva he holds in the strictest embrace;
 Nor the maiden is coy ev'ry charm to resign,
 And the ivy and laurel peep forth from the vine.

Thus I've told you in verse the whole progress I took,
 As true as if sworn in full court on the book,

* Dublin Bar.

Let me know how in London you measure your time,
 'Twill be welcome in prose, but twice welcome in rhyme.

The ANSWER.

London, Aug. 26, 1744.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR kind itinerary letter
 Has render'd me so deep your debtor,
 That if in your own coin of wit,
 You look for payment, you'll be bit :
 In that I scarce can pay a part ;
 Then take, for all, a grateful heart.
 To business chain'd, as to an oar,
 My soul regrets she cannot soar,
 The charms of liberty to sing,
 And to her temple follow * King,
 Who emulates great Maro's strain,
 But flatters no Augustus reign.
 How sweetly you, *Negotio procul*,
 Woods, mountains, rivers render vocal ;
 While like Ulysses far you roam,
 Note manners and bring wisdom home !
 Your journey you depict so strong,
 Methinks I with you go along,
 Each town and city curious view,
 Famous for story false or true ;

* Dr. King of Oxford, author of *Templum Libertatis*, and many other excellent Latin Poems.