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16.

A N

HEROIC EPISTLE

FROM

DONNA TERESA PINNA Y RUIZ.



AN
 HEROIC EPISTLE
 FROM
 DONNA TERESA PINNA Y RUIZ
 OF
 MURCIA,
 TO
 RICHARD TWISS, Esq; F. R. S.

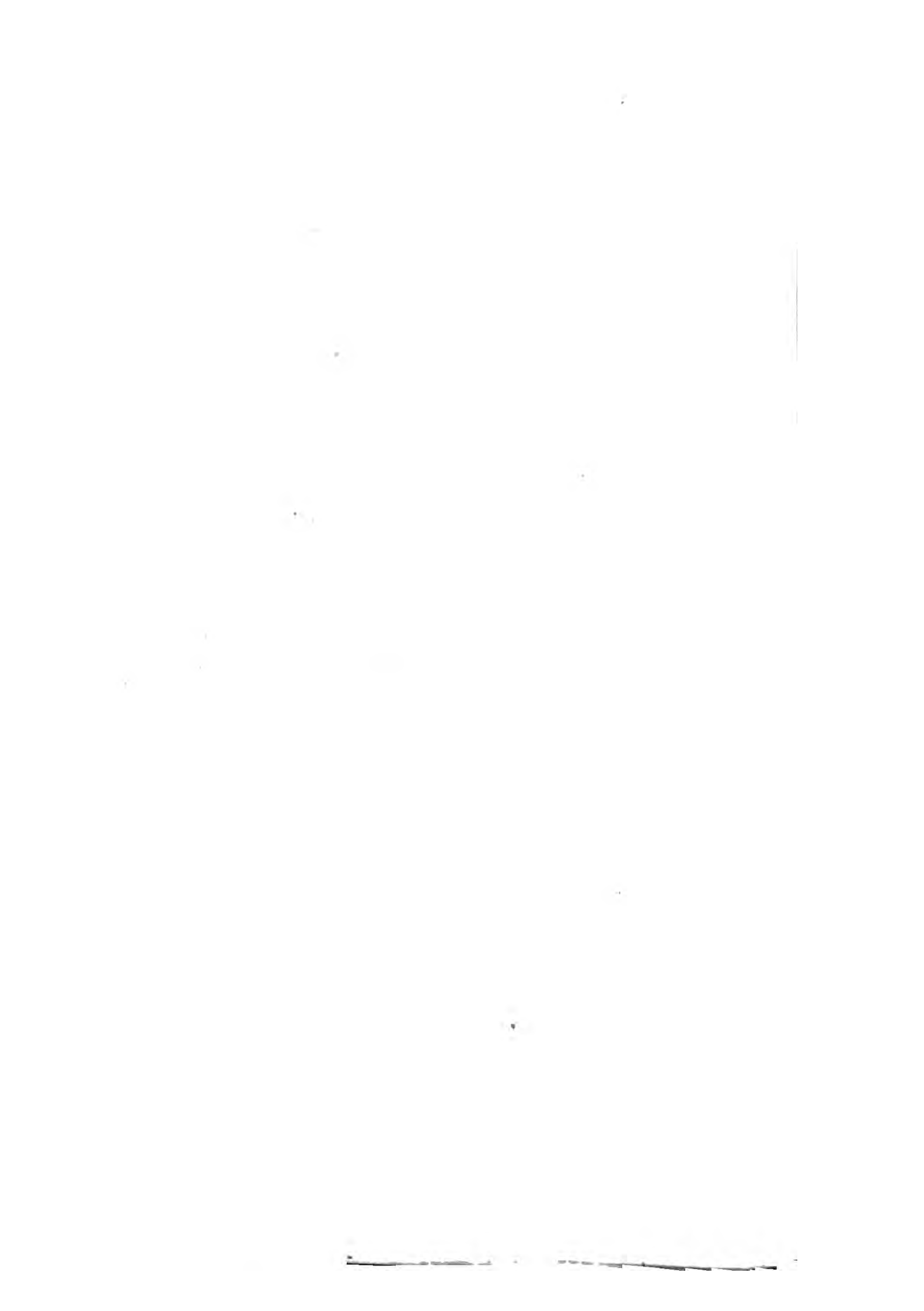


WITH SEVERAL
 EXPLANATORY NOTES,
 WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Young Adam Cupid—he who shot so trim,
 When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar maid.—

SHAKESPEARE.

DUBLIN:
 Printed for W. WILSON, No. 6, Dame-street.
 M,DCC,LXXVI.



A N
H E R O I C E P I S T L E

F R O M

DONNA TERESA PINNA Y RUIZ.

YE western winds, from ocean's bosom rise,
And bear to perjur'd *Twiss* his *Pinna's* sighs!
Ye newborn gales, that fan the lemon grove,
In clouds of essence waft the voice of love!

L. 2. *Pinna.*] During my short stay in *Murcia*, I spent every evening at the house of Donna Teresa Pinna y Ruiz. That lady and her daughter were so obliging as to assemble all their musical acquaintance, themselves singing *Tonadillas* and *Seguedillas*, in a far superior manner than I had ever heard them sung before; the young lady had made a great proficiency in music, and accompanies herself with the harpsichord and guitar, as perfectly as a professed mistress of the science; so that it was with the greatest regret I parted from this amiable family, which I did the 8th of May.

Twiss's Travels through Portugal and Spain,
Dub. Edit. Vol. 1. p. 244.

Yes—waft my sorrows to th' Iernian plains,
 And bid their Author share *Teresa's* pains.
 Fly, fly, my nightingale! the tale to bear;
 Or thou, my parrot! pour it on his ear.
 Ah! could my monkey swim the watery way,
 And grin my woes, and chide his long delay. 10

Half naked, shiv'ring at the midnight air,
 With mangled bosom and dishevell'd hair,
 One stocking off—I sit—and weep—and write—
 The streaming tears have drown'd my taper's light.
 Where does my brave, my beauteous Briton rove,
 That star of courtesy, that soul of love!
 What yielding heart partakes the wand'ring fire?
 Whom does thy *fiddle* melt to fond desire?
 That fiddle, where the loves encradled sleep,
 Squeak in its tones, and thro' it's opens peep, 20
 To mark their prey—then many a bow they bend,
 And many an arrow 'midst the croud they send.
 What fair *Hibernian*, with superior charms,
 Withholds the wanderer from *Teresa's* arms?—
 Blest be the fates that grac'd my charmer's birth
 With *Quixote's* gallantry, and *Sancho's* mirth!
 What sweet extremes adorn his various mind,
 Wild as the *Zebra*, as the *Jack-Ass* kind!

L. 28. *Zebra.*] Zebra, or wild ass;—they never can be sufficiently broke to endure a bit or a rein:—tho' it was

Full many a tear for thee, brave stranger ! falls,
 Full many a sigh resounds to *Murcia's* walls, 30
 Full many a lute is tun'd to *Richard's* name,
 And many a sonnet speaks the Briton's fame.
 Return, return, ye lightly-pacing hours !
 When love and *Twiss* endear'd the *Murcian* bowers,
 When *Twiss*, the slave of dalliance and desire,
 Sung like a cricket in his cage of wire.
 Each hour, each minute brought it's joys along,
 Fandango, concert, alamede, or song.

attempted to enable six of them to draw the Prince of Beira's chariot.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 14.

L. 36. *Cricket.*] In most parts of Spain, crickets are kept in small wire cages, placed on the window ledges : they are each in a separate cage, with a bit of fallad, and kept continually chirping.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 100.

L. 38. *Fandango.*] There are two kinds of *Fandangos*, tho' they are danced to the same tune : the one is the *decent* dance,—the other is *gallant*—[*for in this gentleman's vocabulary, gallant is synonymous to indecent*]—full of *expression* ; and as a late French author energetically expresses it, *est mêlée de certaines attitudes qui offrent un tableau continuel de jouissance.*—This dance is for two persons, much like the Dutch *Plugge Dansen*.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 19—168.

L. 38. *Alamede.*] Answers to mall.—After the diversions [plays end,] which is usually half past eleven, it is

O say, ye groves!—and say, ye flowery plains!
 Say, towers of *Murcia* (for ye heard his strains, 4^o
 And view'd us scampering thro' the breezy shade,
 When the fleet as the filken rein obey'd,)
 What youth like *Twiss* the fiddle-stick com-
 mands,
 Or bridles *Jack-ass* with such dext'rous hands?
 My dear *Cortejo*, ever at my side,
 By night my fidler—and by day my guide.

customary to walk in the Alameda, or mall, till midnight :
 here I saw

——— Donne e Donzelle,

D'ogni età, d'ogni forte, e brutte e belle.

Among the rest, I observed several ladies who had fixed
glowworms, by threads, to their hair, which had a lumi-
 nous and pleasing effect.

This Alameda [at Cadiz] is much resorted to by ladies
 of easy virtue.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 54.

L. 44. *Jack-ass*.] The ladies, both in Spain and Portugal,
 ride on burros, or jack-asses, with a pack saddle;—a ser-
 vant attends them with a sharp stick, to make the beast go
 faster, when necessary; if he goes too fast, he stops it by
 pulling it by the tail. Gentlemen ride on horses, servants
 on mules; as do likewise those physicians who have no car-
 riages.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 34.

L. 45. *Cortejo*.] Synonymous with the Italian *Cicisbei*; I
 do not assert that all their ladies have such attendants. I was
 one evening much surpris'd at seeing a lady, with whom I

Well could he parasol or flyflap hold,
 Adjust the veil that shone with threads of gold,
 For ripest grapes the mazy garden trace,
 Or hush musquitos from his *Pinna's* face ; 50
 And graceful oft extended at my feet,
 And gazing up, with looks so fond, so sweet,
 He talk'd—how *British* dames on tea regale,
 Build the high head, or drag the sweeping tail ;
 Of tinsell'd rose in silken slippers worn,
 And ostrich plumes that powder'd locks adorn ;
 That founce exploded quits the beauteous arm,
 And spreading hoops expand the power to charm,
 While fashion waves her wand the stays to sink,
 And greedy eyes the full-orb'd bosom drink ; 60

had the day before been in company, when she was dressed in the height of coquetry, make her appearance in a nun's black habit, with a leathern thong, to which hung knotted cords round her waist. She told me she had made a vow to wear that habit for six months, by way of penance, for some sins that she had committed. On enquiry, from one of her *female friends*, I found it was only because her husband had forbid his house to her *Cortejo* : So that the poor lady thus publicly testified her sorrow for her swain's discharge.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 102.

L. 47. *Flyflaps.*] I had the honour of dining at the house of the marquis *del Bado*; the guests were all served in plate; several pages attended with flyflaps, to prevent those troublesome insects [*viz. the guests*] from settling on the dishes.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 29.

Their cards, their tickets what devices grace,
 Their gowns what trimmings, and their caps
 what lace.

Such sweet discourse the flitting hours deceiv'd ;
 You smil'd, I gaz'd ; you vow'd, and I believ'd—
 Yes—on thy tale the foolish maiden hung,
 And suck'd the poison from thy nectar'd tongue.

When, dim and pale, the sun begins to rise,
 He seems a mushroom to the sailor's eyes ;

L. 68. *Seems a mushroom.*] This simile may be best illustrated by a quotation from Chandler's Travels, Dub. Edit. page 3. " To complete this wonderful day, the sun before its
 " setting was exceedingly big, and assumed a variety of
 " fantastic shapes. It was surrounded first with a golden
 " glory, of great extent, and flamed upon the surface of the
 " sea in a long column of fire. The lower half of the orb
 " soon after immersed in the horizon, the other portion re-
 " maining very large and red, with half of a smaller orb be-
 " neath it, and separate, but in the same direction, the cir-
 " cular rim approaching the line of its diameter. These two
 " by degrees united, and then changed rapidly into differ-
 " ent figures, until the resemblance was that of a *capa-*
 " *cious punch-bowl* inverted. The rim of the bottom ex-
 " tending upward, and the body lengthening below, it
 " became a *mushroom on a stalk, with a round head*. It
 " was next metamorphosed into a *flaming caldron*, of which
 " the lid, rising up, swelled nearly into an orb, and va-
 " nished. The other portion put on several uncircular
 " forms, and after many twinklings and faint glimmerings
 " slowly disappeared, quite red ; leaving the clouds, hanging
 " over the dark rocks on the Barbary shore, tinged with
 " a vivid bloody hue."

'Then from th' horizon rears his shamefac'd head,
 And shews, a copper potlid, dim and red; 70
 'Till lifted high, and strong in noon-tide glare,
 He thaws the traveller with his brazen stare.
 Thus love at first but faintly we descry,
 It seems the mushroom of a roving eye;
 Then seen more plainly for its blushing veil,
 It owns the truth by striving to conceal;
 Confess'd and brazen last it pours it's rays,
 And reason faints beneath th' impetuous blaze.
 At first I wonder'd how my soul could dance
 With newborn flutt'rings, when I met your glance:
 Next half conceal'd, and thus the more display'd, 81
 O'er conscious weakness cold reserve I laid:
 Then the bold passion dar'd the gen'ral eye,
 Fierce as the sun, and boundless as the sky!
 Our love the crouded alameda knew,
 And oft at bull-fights was I seen with you;
 Our wishes lighten'd from our eyes in fire,
 Our practis'd fingers talked the big desire;
 Ne'er from guitar such tones could *Pinna* bring,
 As when her *Twiss* attun'd the vocal string, 90
 The strings you finger'd glow'd with many a kiss,
 And groves of citron heard the name of *Twiss*.
 Anxious to please, I dress'd with double care,
 And pendent glowworms lighten'd in my hair;
 I scorn'd my parents voice, my spotless fame,
 And malice batten'd on *Teresa's* name.

L. 94.] *Vide*, p. 3. Note, l. 5.

Woo'd by the fairest youths, the pride of *Spain*,
 For thee, base man! I scorn'd the gallant train,
 Nay ev'n, for thee—the *Spanish* garb I scorn'd,
 'The darling trifles that our maids adorn'd; 100
 All but her veil the doating fool resign'd,
 (To tender stealths the veil was ever kind)
 The yellow powder, and the pendent worm,
 The widen'd sleeves that grace the taper form,
 And bright with silver threads the network caul,
 Ungrateful youth! for thee I scorn'd them all;
 And lov'd to dress me like an *English* girl,
 My nightgown muslin, and my ear-rings pearl.
 And well, methought, the passion was repaid,
 For dearly then you lov'd the *Murcian* maid. 110
 New toads, new lizards, day by day were caught,
 And still to me the reptile game you brought;

L. 103. *Yellow Powder, &c.*] The women wear no caps, but tie a kind of network silk purse over their hair, with a long tassel behind;—the sleeves of their gowns are wide enough to admit their waists, which, however, seldom exceed a span in diameter.—The ladies powder their hair with yellow Powder.

T. T. Vol. 1. 35.—2. 109.

L. 111. *Lizards.*] Lizards of different sizes, from two inches to eighteen, swarmed among the stones and walls; the larger are very fierce and dangerous.—I have seen several, which being pursued by a little dog I had, would turn about and stand at bay, hissing violently, their mouths open, wide enough to admit a hen's egg;—their bite is so tenacious, that I have lifted them from the ground, by putting a stick in their mouths. Dr. Goldsmith says, 'Salt seems to be more efficacious for destroying these animals, than

Or on my petticoats cameleons plac'd,
 And wond'ring mark'd how colour colour chac'd.
 —One—(for my petticoat was torn and thin)
 Slipt thro' a chink, and nestled to my skin :
 With nimble hand you seiz'd it where it crawl'd,
 Heav'ns!—how I blush'd, I shudder'd, and I
 squall'd!

—Alas, how chang'd! what cares! what sorrows
 rife!

Hibernia calls him—and my charmer flies. 120

Love, liberty, and life with *Twigs* depart,
 Fandangos, fiddles—and *Teresa's* heart—
 The groves are silent, flowers forget to spring,
 My lapdog droops, my crickets cease to sing.
 I see thee waking—clasp thee in my sleep,
 And scalding tears my thorny pillow steep.

One sole employment fills the moping hour,
 To nurse the sorrows that my peace devour,

‘ the knife ; for, on being sprinkled with it, the whole body
 ‘ emits a viscous liquor, and the lizard dies in three minutes
 ‘ in great agonies.’——I was at that time ignorant of
 this particular, or I should have made the experiment,
 which I have tried on snails, and found it to have the same
 effect it is here said it will have on lizards.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 234.

L. 113.] I purchased four live cameleons, &c.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 96.

That, veil'd from sight, the fof't'ring bofom rive,
 Within the peach as nested earwigs live. 130
 Thus when her chicken, in fome puddle drown'd,
 Or kennel deep, a watery death has found,
 The matron hen laments the giddy fool,
 And chucks and chucks around the turbid pool:
 Nor oats, nor oatmeal, foother her forrowing breaft,
 With flapping wing ſhe roves, with plume undreft,
 And all a mother's love, in bufy woe confeft. }

—Not Alameda charms thy penfive fair,
 Nor grove where lemons balm the ſcented air:
 But, fad and lonely, by the midnight oil, 140
 I turn the weary page with ceafelefs toil,
 That tells how *Richard* ſtray'd from poſt to poſt,
 What towns he din'd in, and what bridges croſt;
 How many eagles by the way were ſeen;
 How many aſſes graz'd along the green;
 What ſteeple's height the pious ſtork poſſeſt,
 Or what low Venta boaſts her humbler neſt.

L. 144. *Eagles.*] During theſe laſt four leagues, I obſerved nothing remarkable—except ten eagles, flying circularly near each other. —On the 24th of May, we ſaw a great number of eagles.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 13, & 16.

L. 145. *Aſſes.*] During this journey, we met and overtook thouſands of aſſes.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 66.

L. 146. *Stork.*] We dined at the village of Gallego, where I obſerved two ſtorks, which had built their neſts on the

Our *Murcia* too, and *Pinna's* name I find,
 To glory hallow'd, and with *Richard* join'd:
 Thus in his metal *Manly's* name survives, 150
 And *Read's* immortal on his own case-knives.
 In melting notes when tonadillas roll,
 And seguedillas catch the prison'd soul,
 Thine image puts my musick-book to flight;
 Breves, minims, crotchets swim before my sight;
 In floods of tears my harpsichord is drown'd,
 While basses groan, and trebles squeak around.
 Ye Gods, that see my sorrows, know my truth,
 Oh, pour hot vengeance on the perjur'd youth!
 Yes—at his head some signal judgment throw, 160
 Great as my wrongs, and weighty as my woe;

church steeple.—We crossed the river Agueda on a temporary bridge, and entered the city of Cividad Rodrigo; where we saw many storks nests on the steeples and chimnies.—We past this night in a Venta, which had a stork's nest on the roof.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 60 & 66.

L. 147. *Venta.*] We dined at a Venta—in the *Hogsty*, as the smoke in the parlour, which had no chimney, was insufferable.—We passed the night at the village of Cazeriche, nestling among the straw.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 236.

L. 152. *Tonadillas.*] Tonadillas, cantatas, &c. for two, three, or four voices; seguedilla, only part of a tonadilla.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 179.

O'erturn his chaise in torrent, dike, or bog ;
 Soufe him with showers, bewilder him with fog :
 Let caitiff publican o'ercharge his bill,
 And toothless matron fleece him at quadrille.
 —What direful wish from frantic passion sped ?
 Return, my curses, on my guilty head,—
 Prevent, ye Gods! my *Richard's* warm desires
 With all that reason wins, and fancy fires! 169
 May beetles, bats, and toads his steps surround !
 May gypsies smile, and lutes and bagpipes sound !

L. 171. *Gypsies.*] Numerous throughout, &c.—The assertion, that they are all so abandoned, as that author [*le voyageur Francois*] says, is too general.—*I have lodged many times in their houses*—and never missed the most trifling thing, though I have left my knives, forks, candlesticks, spoons, and linen, at their mercy—and I have more than once known *unsuccessful attempts* made for a *private interview* with some of their young females, who virtuously rejected both the courtship and the money.—We got to Chiridel, where we past the night on straw, in a Venta kept by gypsies, the doors and windows of which were always open—by *reason*—they had none to shut.—Our landlady, *however*, very obligingly danced a Fandango with the soldier, to the sound of the Tambour de Basque & Castannetas.—May the 18th, we entered the city of Granada, &c. &c. and put up at the inn, kept by *gypsies*.—Don Fernando and his man, with myself, my servant, the host, hostess, three children, and some foot travellers, all slept on the straw together.

For him, let lizards people every wall,
And monstrous maggots from the viands crawl!

To gain the notice of an F. R. S.
Th' *Iernian* plains do teeming wonders blefs,
Such potent drugs as ancient *Colchos* bore,
The venom'd herbage of *Theffalian* lore?
With alligators swarms the river's tide,
Do winged basilisks the breezes ride?
In vain, in vain you tread the barren plains; 180
Nor asp, nor tumbledung rewards your pains;
The wretched vales nor snake nor scorpion boast,
Saint *Patrick* chac'd them from the guilty coast.
Mere *common* flies the noontide shambles breed,
Mere *vulgar* lice on *Irish* beggars feed;

L. 181. *Tumbledung*.] The beetle, which the *Americans* call *tumbledung*, particularly demands our attention, &c. its strength is given it for more useful purposes, than exciting human curiosity,—for there is no creature more laborious, either in seeking subsistence, or in providing a *proper retreat* for its young: they are endowed with sagacity to discover *subsistence*—by their *excellent smell*, which directs them to —*excrements* just fallen from man or beast, on which they instantly drop, and fall unanimously to work in forming round balls or pellets thereof, in each of which they enclose an egg.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 14.

L. 183. *Saint-Patrick*.] Saint *Patrick*, according to some old traditions, banished snakes, and other venomous creatures, from Ireland.

In vain your teeth, your microscope you try,
They seem but *English* to the taste and eye.

While *Pinna* weeps to *Murcian* vales and
bow'rs,

What cares, what studies fill the wanderer's hours!
Dost thou, with learn'd and deep precision, mark 190
The length of turkey, and the breadth of lark?
Thy sumptuous board do rotten viands load,
And writhing maggots feed thy darling toad?
Dost thou thy muster-roll of beauties frame,
And call to judgment each aspiring dame?

L. 191. *Turkey, &c. Lark.*] The larks here are of an extraordinary size,—the largest which I shot, measured seventeen inches, when the wings were extended.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 66.

L. 193. *Writhing Maggots.*] Since my return to England I procured two toads, in order to observe their manner of feeding, which they did *out of my hand, wherein I held some maggots*, which I had engendered in rotten meat; the toads darted out their tongues with a motion as rapid as the flyer of a jack, so that the eye could scarcely follow them, and swallowed the maggot, which adhered to the glutinous part of the tongue.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 96.

L. 194. *Muster-roll of beauties.*] Mr. Twiss had seriously conceived a design of making a catalogue of beauties, ranked according to their respective merits, for the embellishment of his intended book of travels thro' Ireland.

A second *Paris*—on thy dread commands,
 In naked glory wait the shining bands.
 A thousand nymphs, *Ierne's* proudest boast,
 A thousand nymphs—and every nymph a toast—
 While nice discernment, in impartial scale, 200
 'The tooth of *Phyllis* weighs with *Mira's* nail,
 Adjusts the credit and the debt of charms,
 The legs of *Portia* with *Calista's* arms,
Blondina's lily with *Belinda's* rose,
 And *Laura's* pretty foot with *Flavia's* nose.
 But can'st thou, fond and feeling as thou art,
 Survey the charmer, and preserve thy heart?
 Some secret spell the homeliest maidens find
 To fire the tinder of thy yielding mind;
 Each stature, colour, feature, age and shape: 210
 Brown as they were, not gypsies could escape:
 Their smutty charms your wandering eyes betray'd,
 And oft and oft you wrong'd the *Murcian* maid.
 With soothing speech you woo'd the tawny train,
 And sometimes too—you mourn'd their proud
 disdain.

Distracting thought!—Some *Irish* damsel's thrall,
 Perhaps this moment at her feet you fall;
 Or on the footstool of her chariot stand,
 Sigh, chatter, flirt her fan, and squeeze her hand,

L. 215. *Vide*, p. 16. Note, l. 7.

L. 218. *Footstool of her chariot.*] The ladies afterwards took an airing in their chariots, drawn by four and six mules,

When city belles in Sunday pomp are seen, 220
 And gilded chariots troll round Stephen's-green.
 Ye gods above!—Ye blackguard boys below!
 Oh, splash his stockings, and avenge my woe.
 Perhaps some Siren wafts thee all alone,
 In magic vehicle, to cates unknown;
 High low machine, that bears plebeian wight
 To distant teahouse, or funereal rite:
 Still as it moves, the proud pavillion nods,
 A chaise by mortals, NODDY term'd by gods.
 Where *Donnybrook* surveys her winding rills, 230
 And *Chapel-izod* rears her funny hills;

slowly driving backwards and forwards along the mall, or Alameda, which is pleasantly planted with trees on the side of the river Xenil; the gentlemen walked on foot, and from time to time got on the footstep of the carriages, placing their arm over the coach door, *cortejando las señoras* cicisbeing the ladies, which ceremony I could not in conscience dispense with.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 257.

L. 220. *Stephen's-green.*] A place of public resort, especially on Sundays, when the nobility and gentry take the air there, and parade in their carriages—for a description of it, vide Twiss's Tour in Ireland.

L. 229.] For a description of this vehicle, vide the same work.

L. 230.] *Donnybrook*, *Chapel-izod*, names of pleasant villages in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

Thy sumptuous board the little loves prepare,
 And *Sally Lun*, and *saffron cake* are there.
 Blest saffron cakes! from you may *Dublin* claim
 Peculiar pleasure, and peculiar fame.
 Blest cates! plump, yellow, tempting as the breast
 Of gypsy, heaving thro' the tatter'd vest!
 Once smocks alone neglected saffron dy'd,
 (Unwash'd to wear them was the maiden's pride)
 The generous drug, more honour'd than of
 yore, 240
 Now fills the bellies it adorn'd before.

Yet shall our lemons to potatoes bend?
 With Spanish dames shall Irish maids contend?
 Or *Dublin* beggars boast an equal part
 With *Murcian* gypsies in my *Richard's* heart?
 Are fairer throngs at play than bullfight seen?
 Or yield our *Alamedes* to *Stephen's-green*?
 The rocket's blaze shall dim the comet's tail,
 When *Liffey's* banks contend with *Murcia's* vale;
 And lemons crown the bleak *Hibernian* coast, 250
 Ere *Irish* miss the charms of *Pinna* boast.
 Let birth, let grandeur strike thy lifted eye,
 And say, what maiden shall with *Pinna* vie?
 The best, the proudest, of your *Irish* dames,
 Reflected pride from *Spanish* lineage claims.

L. 238.] Alluding to the custom which anciently prevailed among the Irish of dying their linen with saffron.

* What are the glories of *Milesian* blood?
 A scant infusion of our generous flood—
 But so debas'd, so lost, you vainly trace
 The genial currents in the mongrel race.
 Well (for, by chance divine, a map I found) 260
 I know each single spot of *Irish* ground,
 Thy daily wand'rings on the sheet I trace,
 And hunt thee with a pin from place to place.
Hibernian fens, with cold *Lethean* steams,
 Diffuse dull loit'rings and oblivious dreams.
 Yet should some chance the thoughtless rover call
 Where crouded *Limerick* rears th' embattled
 wall,
 Where, *Gloacine*! thy fanes are yet unknown,
 And foul cascades benighted strangers drown;
 Then shall his love, reviv'd by well-known stink,
 Remember *Spain*, and on *Teresa* think. 271

Come, *Richard*, come, no more perplex thy
 head
 With writing books that never shall be read.
 What joys, what sports can *Irish* plains afford,
 What tender lady, or what treating lord?

L. 267.] It seems probable that Donna Teresa derived her
 idea of Limerick from some old book of travels, as this town
 is not at present remarkable for either *embattled walls*, or
foul cascades.

At twilight hour what painted Floras rove ;
 Oh, where shall traveller taste the joys of love ?
 In what kind tavern shall he wear the night ;
 Where find a bagnio fit for Christian wight ?
 What beggar maid shall fire him with her charms ;
 Or what soft gypsie fill his longing arms ? 281
 The gypsie damsel tyrant *Houghton* claims,
 And, envious caitiff ! mars thy rising flames.
 The fable cart—detested object—rolls,
 And rumbles dire dismay to vagrant souls :
 The mutes around it stalk—a griesly band—
 The bloody halberd arms each iron hand.
 All, all the ragged to their empire bend,
 Old, young, blind, lame, the fatal cart ascend.
 Not shrieking infant for his youth he spares, 290
 Not bearded grandfire for his silver hairs,
 Not maiden coy, with rage and terror pale,
 He dooms, he bears her to his proud serail.

L. 282.] Mr. Houghton, employed by the governors of the House of Industry in regulating the police of that place, and assigning proper tasks to the paupers.

L. 293.] House of Industry. Thus described by the late Alderman Faulkner—"House of Industry, first contrived by
 " Mr. Ben. Houghton, Weaver, and several other worthy
 " Clergymen, for taking up cripples that lie in the streets,
 " folks without legs that stand at the corners, and such
 " like vagrants. We have the pleasure to hear, that all the
 " ballad-fingers, blind harpers, Hackball, and many other

E'en when the ballad-finger's note is loud,
 And fears and wishes sooth the melting croud,
 When artless love, and love's disport, she sings,
 Or heroes pendent in unworthy strings;
 Sudden the cart—the fatal cart appears,—
 The captive minstrel steep's her song in tears.
 But, ah! my fears, my boding fears arise, 300
 (Within the vagrant act my *Richard* lies)
 Lest thou the cart's unenvied height shouldst gain,
 And ride triumphant through the hooting train.
 Once only skilled to feed the toad and asp,
 Say, canst thou oakum pick, or logwood rasp?

But mightier fears distract thy *Pinna's* mind,
 For mightier ills are yet unnam'd behind.
 Such perils wait thee on the guilty shore,
 As never damsel mourn'd, nor errant bore.
 Where'er you tread, the snares of death sur-
 round; 310
 Fierce is the duellist, the punk unfound.
 Not *there*, to games and theatres confin'd,
Bulls rove at large, and butt at all mankind:

“ nefarious old women, are in there already. My nephew
 “ Todd, and I, subscribe to it annually; and when I die,
 “ I will leave it a legacy in my will.”

L. 305.] The paupers in the House of Industry are often
 employed in these tasks.

The meanest peasant keeps them in his cell ;
 They roar in churches, and in senates dwell ;
 Infest the gay Rotund, the neighb'ring grove,
 The lawyer's pleading, and the soldier's love.
 My timely warnings treasure in thine ear,
 And *Irish bulls*, my gallant stranger, fear.
 And yet 'tis well—these fears, these dangers rise,
 To drive thee back to love and genial skies. 321
 May scorn on scorn, on laughter laughter fall,
 And back to *Pinna* hunt her flighted thrall !
 Where'er you go, may bursting titter sound,
 The sneer, the whisper, and the gibe go round !
 May females fly the luckless traveller smooak,
 And wags malicious tip th' eternal joke !
 May critic tribes thy still-born tome pursue,
 Dissect it, tear it, in the next review !
 Unlucky race ! in wantonness of spite, 330
 They grin, they scratch, they chatter, and they
 bite ;
 To hunt their nasty game, by hunger led,
 They feed on vermin of an author's head :
 Thus well-bred monkeys claw the peopled
 crowns
 Of lazy loons in *Lusitanian* towns,

L. 334. *Monkeys.*] Strolling one day about the streets of Lisbon, in search of new objects, I was witness to an uncommon scene, which was of two men sitting in the street,

With keen dispatch devour the noxious brood,
 And find at once both exercise and food—
 And ne'er, my dear Cortejo and my friend,
 Ne'er shall success thy *Irish* loves attend.
Hibernian dames, a bold and forward kind, 340
 To bashful love and modest worth are blind.
 Ill shall the timid awe, the blushing grace,
 Suit the rough manners of the savage race.
 Thy humble deference, thy respectful art,
 Thy veil'd attentions stealing on the heart,
 Mere custard to that *ostrich* tribe shall feel,
 To civil brags enur'd, and martial steel.
 Come, *Richard*, come, forget *Hibernian* charms,
 And close thy wanderings in *Teresa's* arms.
 No critics here in coffee-houses rage, 350
 No classic females learned warfare wage;
 But ball and bull-fights charm the courtly throng,
 The midnight chorus, and the matin song.
 Here tune thy fiddle, here refit thy bow,
 And pitch thy printer to the fiends below.—
 The swallow thus in pride of youthful blood,
 Forsakes his ancient tenement of mud;

having each a large baboon on his shoulders, freeing his
 head from vermin, with which it swarmed. The baboons
 are very dextrous, and are the property of a man who gains
 his livelihood by thus employing them.

From hill to hill, from plain to plain he roves,
And chirps his wishes to the neighb'ring groves :
But, when the rains descend, and whirlwinds roar, }
Fond of the humble seat he scorn'd before, 361 }
He nestles close within, and quits it's verge no more.

F I N I S .



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