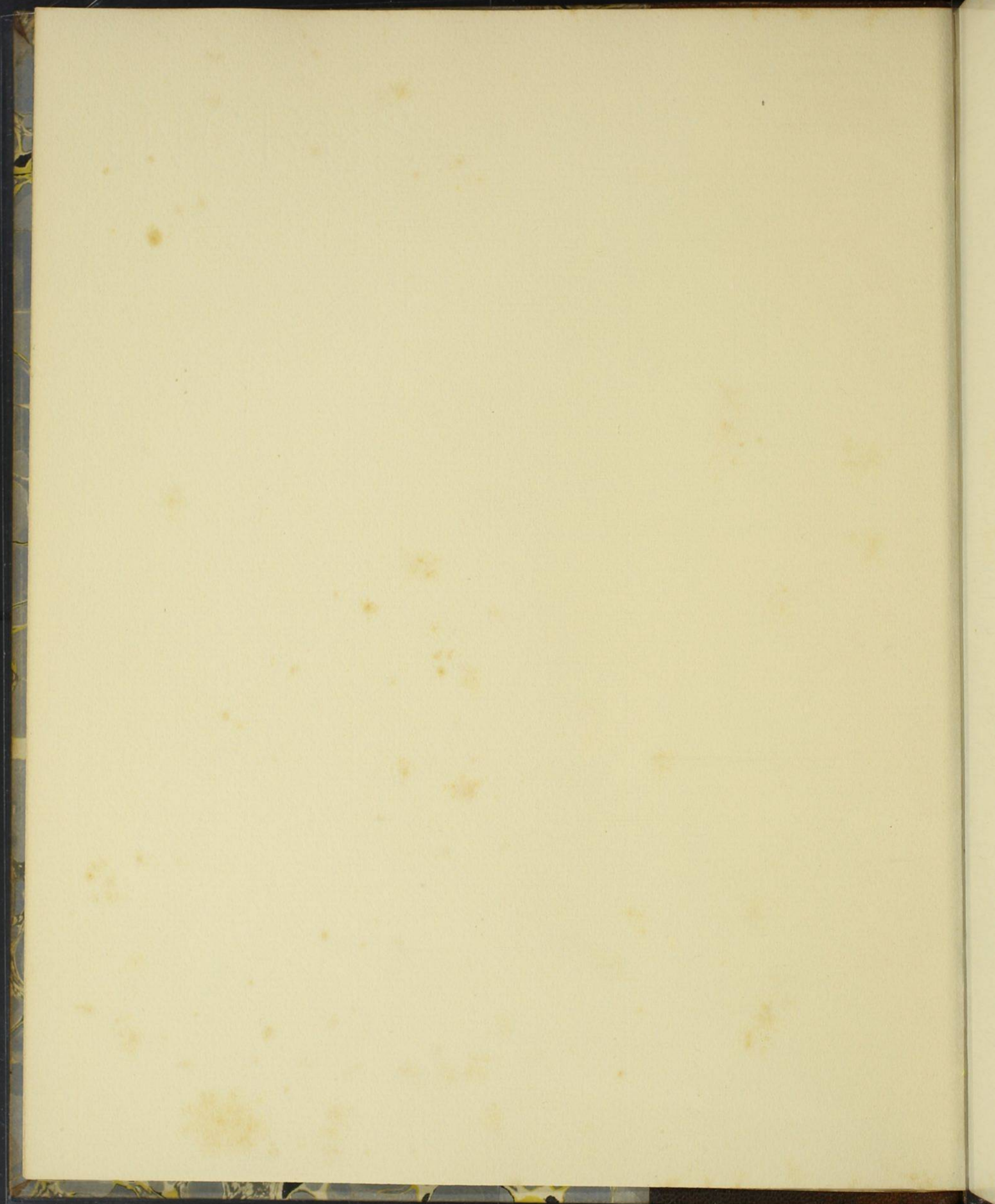
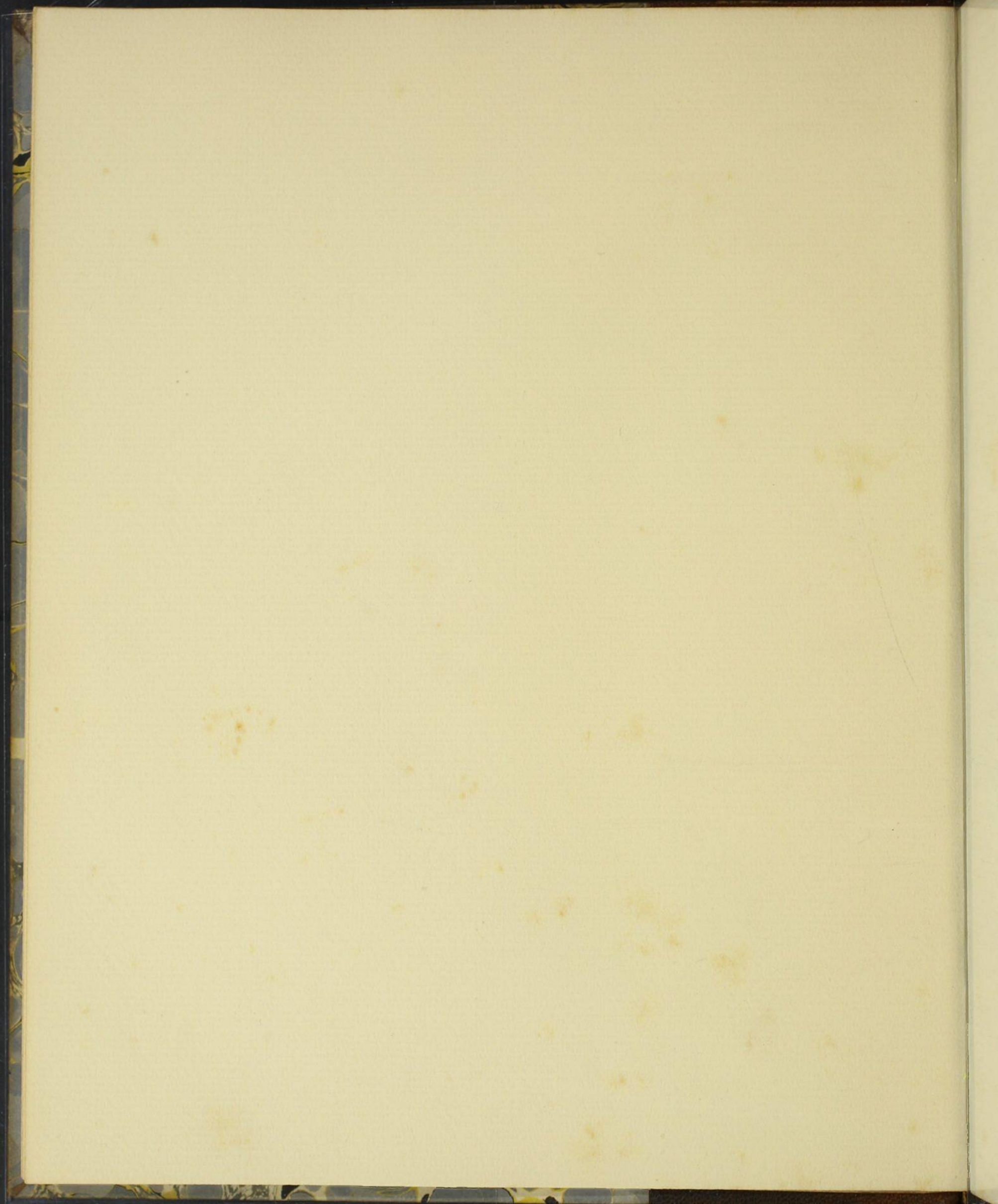
The background of the image is a classic marbled paper pattern, often called 'stone' or 'shell' marbling. It features large, irregular, light blue-grey spots or 'cells' separated by thin, intricate veins of yellow and black. The overall effect is organic and textured. In the center of this pattern is a rectangular white label with a thin red border. The text on the label is centered and reads: 'le ne fay rien sans Gayeté (Montaigne, Des livres) Ex Libris José Mindlin'.

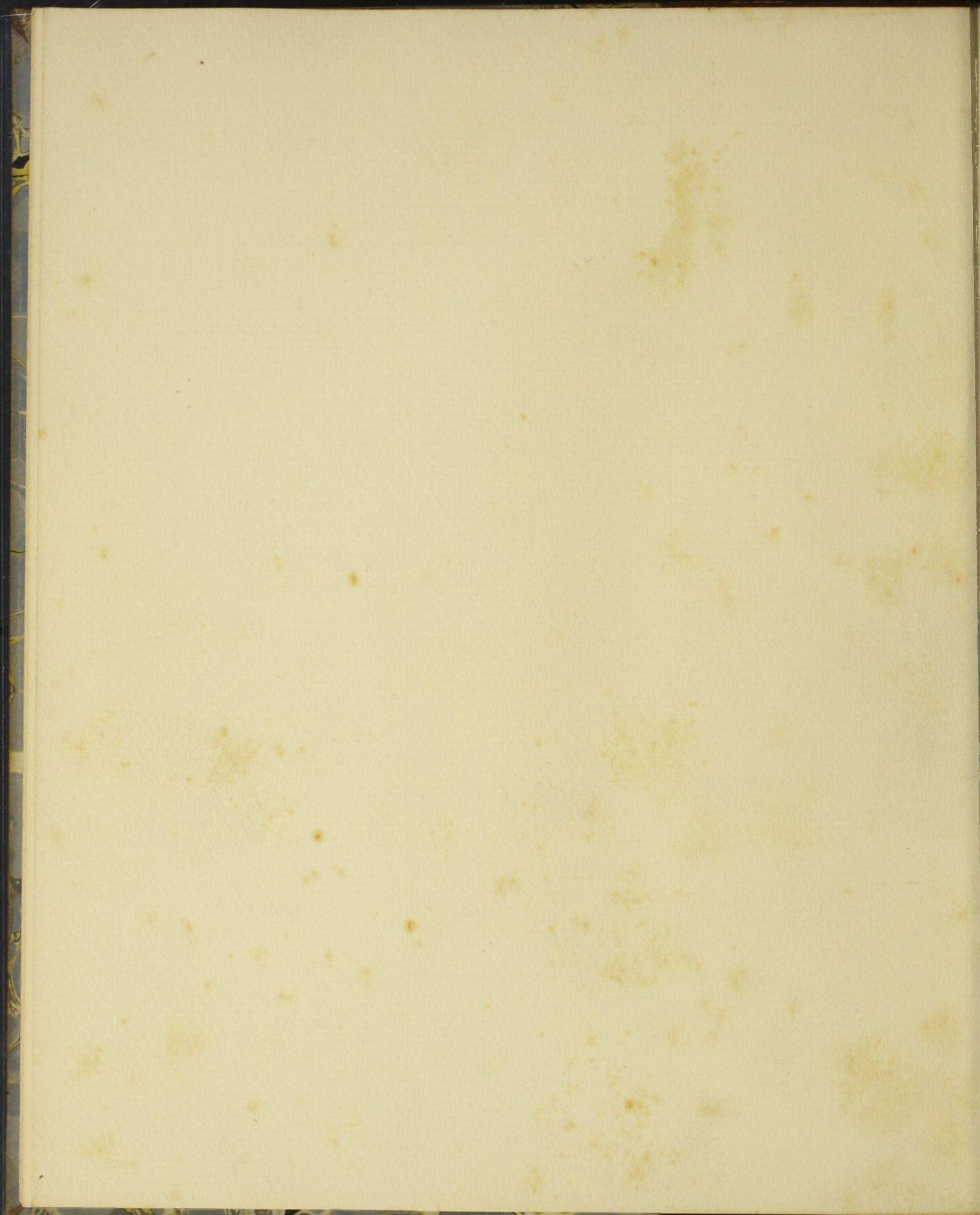
le ne fay rien
sans
Gayeté

(Montaigne, Des livres)

Ex Libris
José Mindlin









LONDON :

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR BY

GRANT AND GRIFFITH,

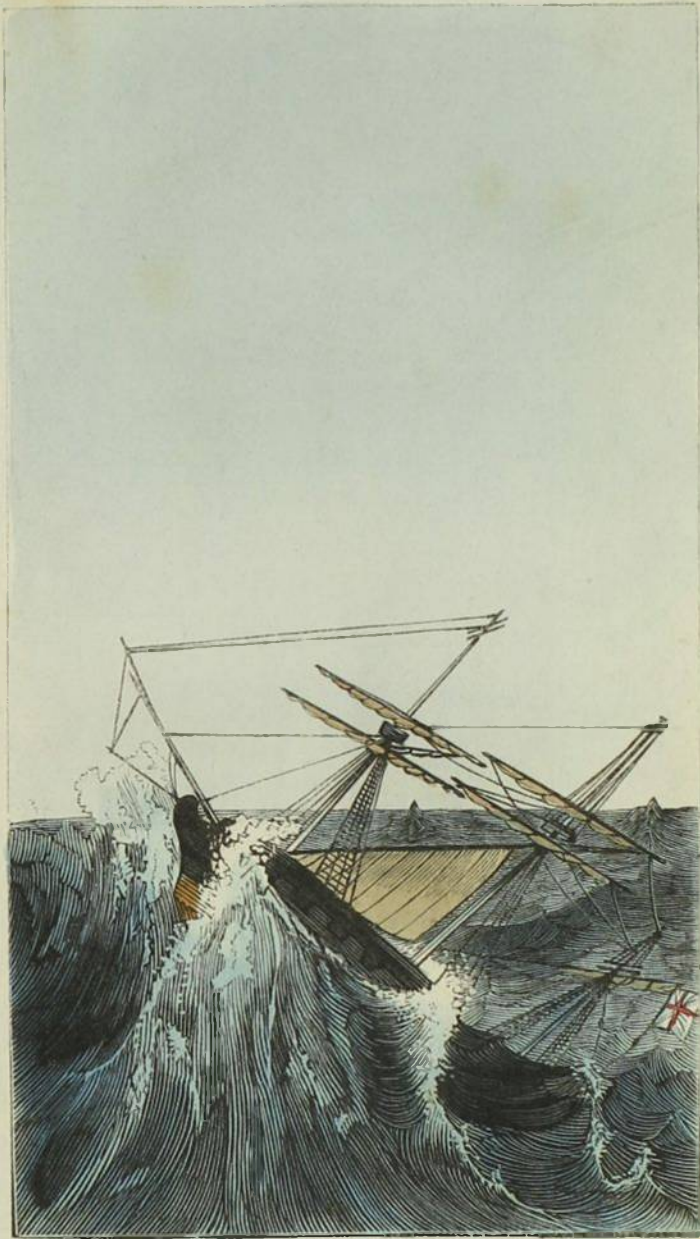
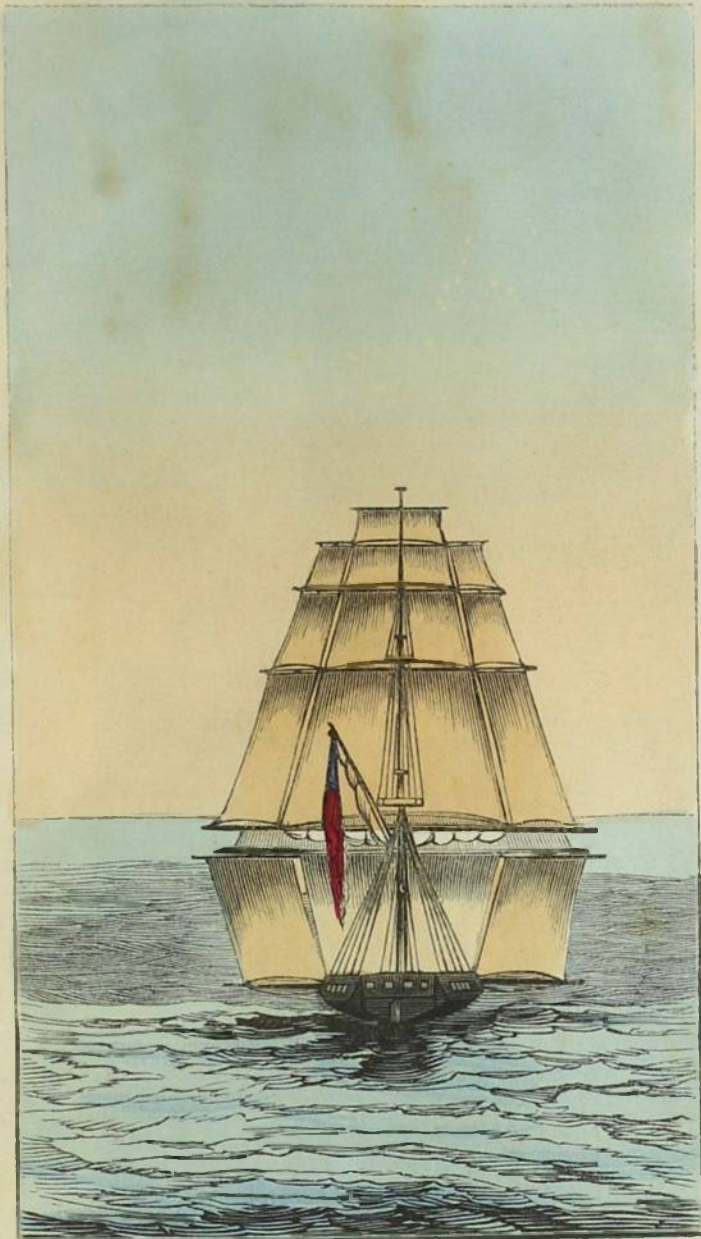
SUCCESSORS TO JOHN HARRIS,

CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

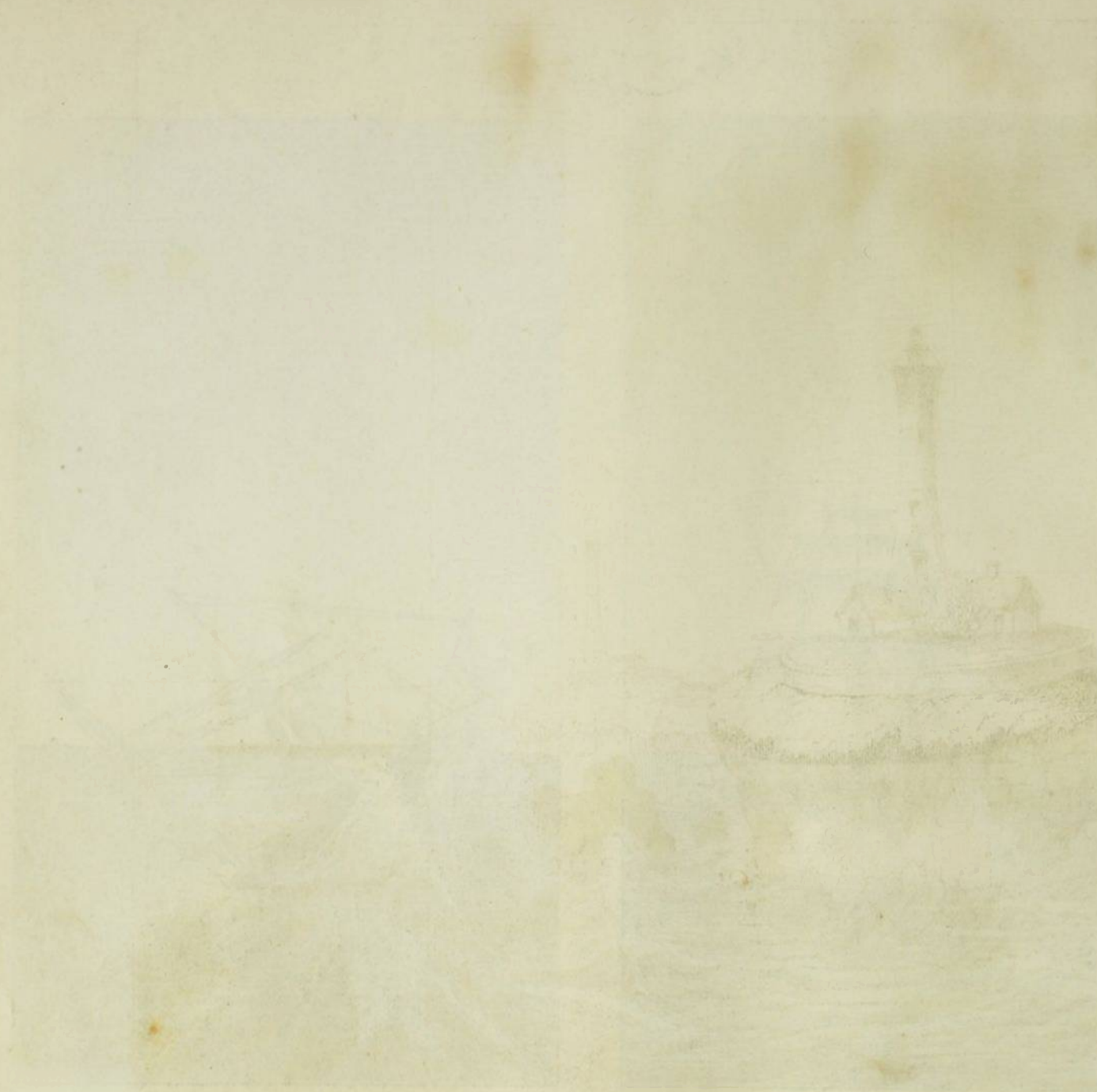
1800

1800

1800



COME here, my Boy, and with delight you'll see
The Ship in which your dearest Father goes,
To bring home riches for Mamma and thee,
That you may want for neither meat nor clothes.
Sometimes she puts forth smoothly every sail,
At others struggles with the stormy gale.



The Tower erected near a distant
Point of view the sea within the
Spectator's eyes the mountain every
The ship's way leads to the north
To bring her to the port of the
Toward the ship in which your
Come here my love and with delight



BEHOLD the Scilly Isles, where every rock
Is covered by the eternal dashing wave ;
The Ship which strikes them ne'er survives the shock,
And all on board her find an instant grave.
But to protect the Seaman thro' the night,
The Towers erected bear a blazing light.



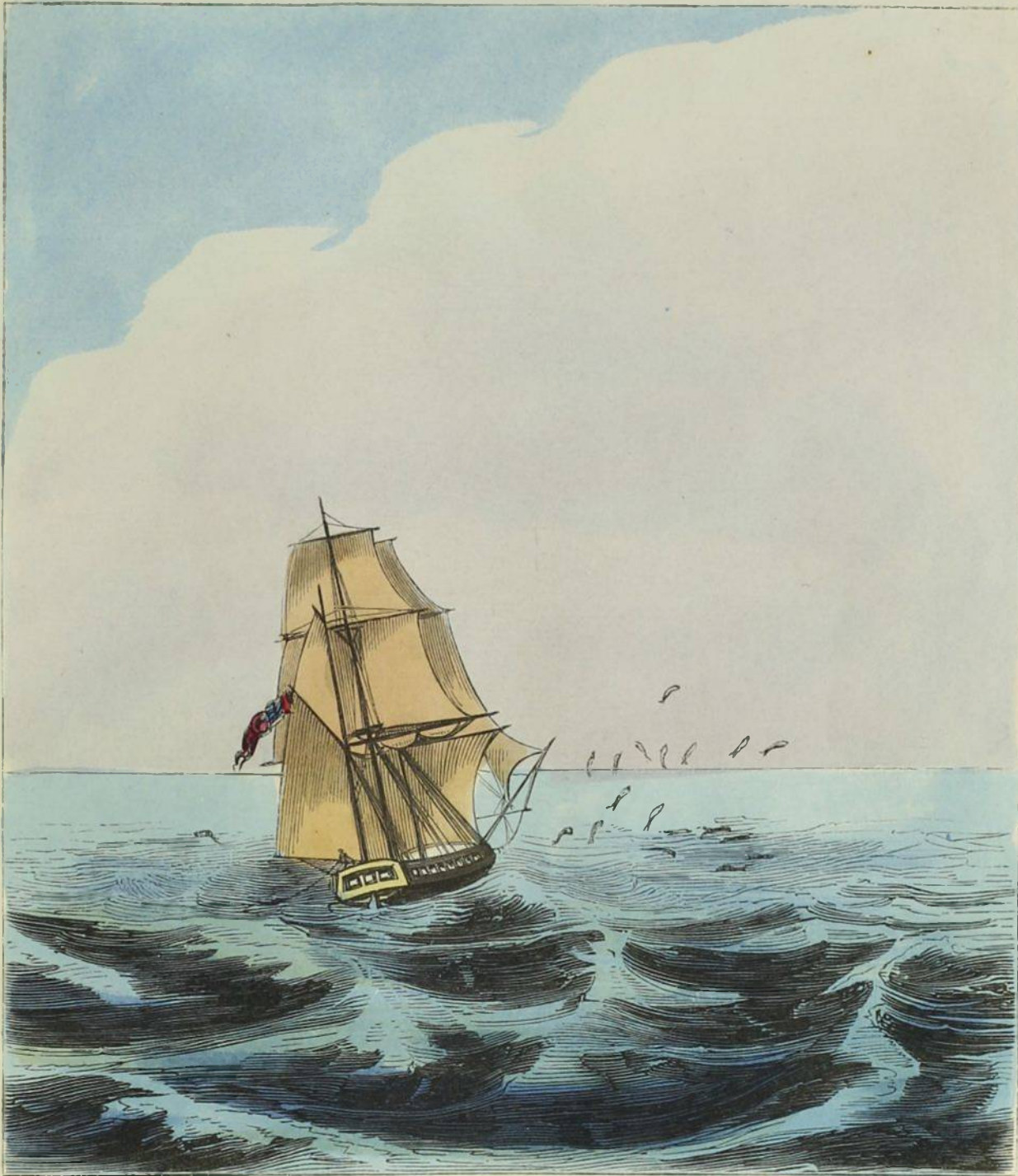
The Towers erected bear a blazing light
Awards his monitor the dread harpoon
But to protect the beams thro' the night
And lo! the thankless scoundrel for the boon
And all on board her find an instant grave
His boat & freight he not yet cleared
The ship which strikes them as it surges the shock
Wearing the seaman of the remotest strong
Is covered by the eternal lashing wave
Around the ship, and dash along her side
Behold the willy waver where every tack
Behold the Porpoise in thousands throng



BEHOLD the Porpoises in thousands throng
Around the Ship, and dash along her side ;
Warning the Seaman of the tempest strong,
His boast'd foresight has not yet descried.
And, lo ! the thankless Seaman, for the boon,
Awards his monitor the dread harpoon.



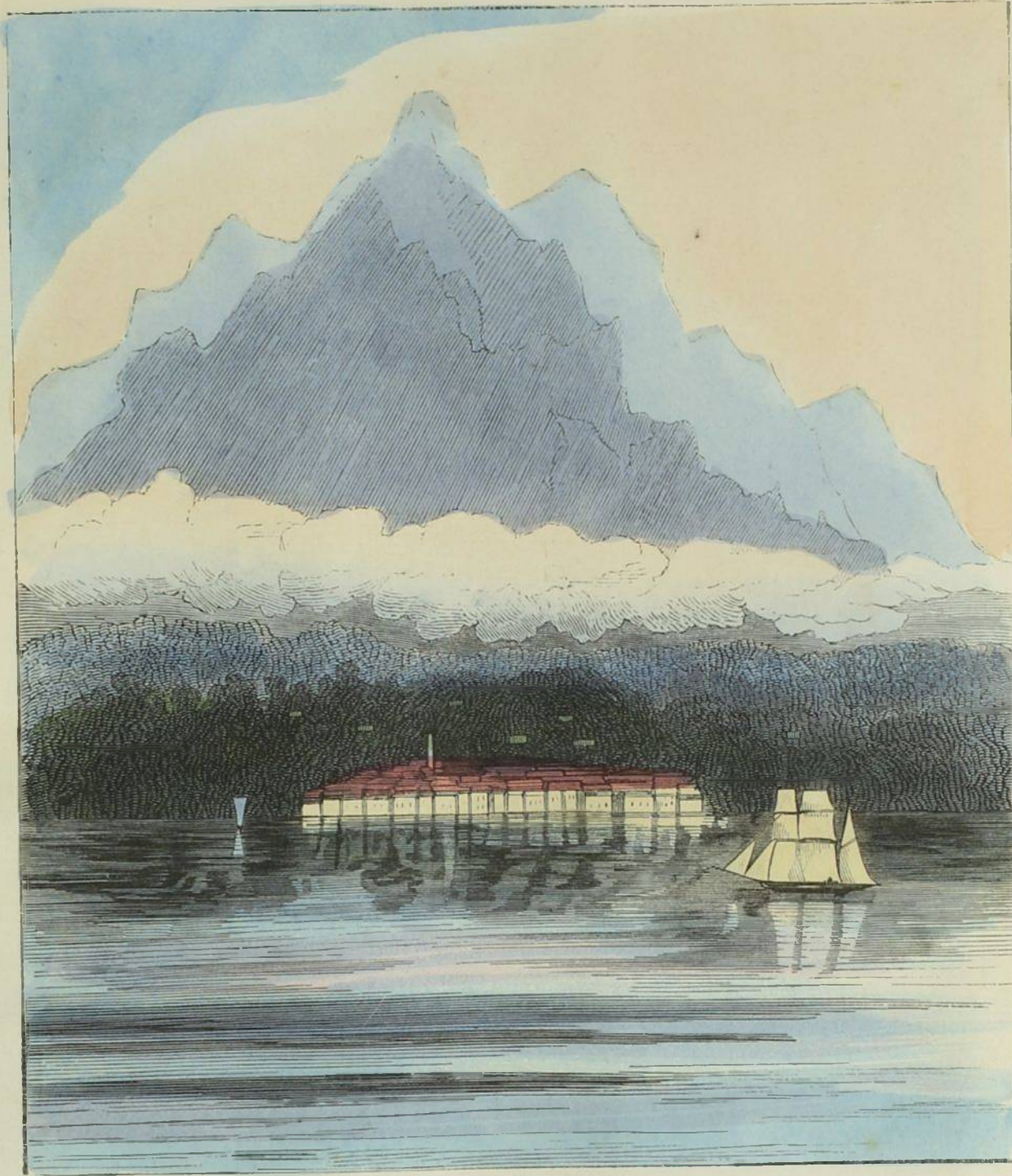
And foundly leads them to attack the bar
But not their business looks their boom
To your destruction, under the stars, the boom
This vessel's wrecked, she has not yet descried
And this they seldom see, but yet descried
Weaving the beam of the telescope we have
One as unnumbered, the ship's lower we have
Hear ye the boom of the boom, and stay along her side;
Between the Porticoe in the course of things



HERE see the swift Bonneta and the Skip,
One swimmeth deep, the other leaps on high;
And thus they seldom let occasion slip,
To work destruction 'midst the smaller fry.
But oft their greediness decides their fate,
And blindly leads them to attack the bait.



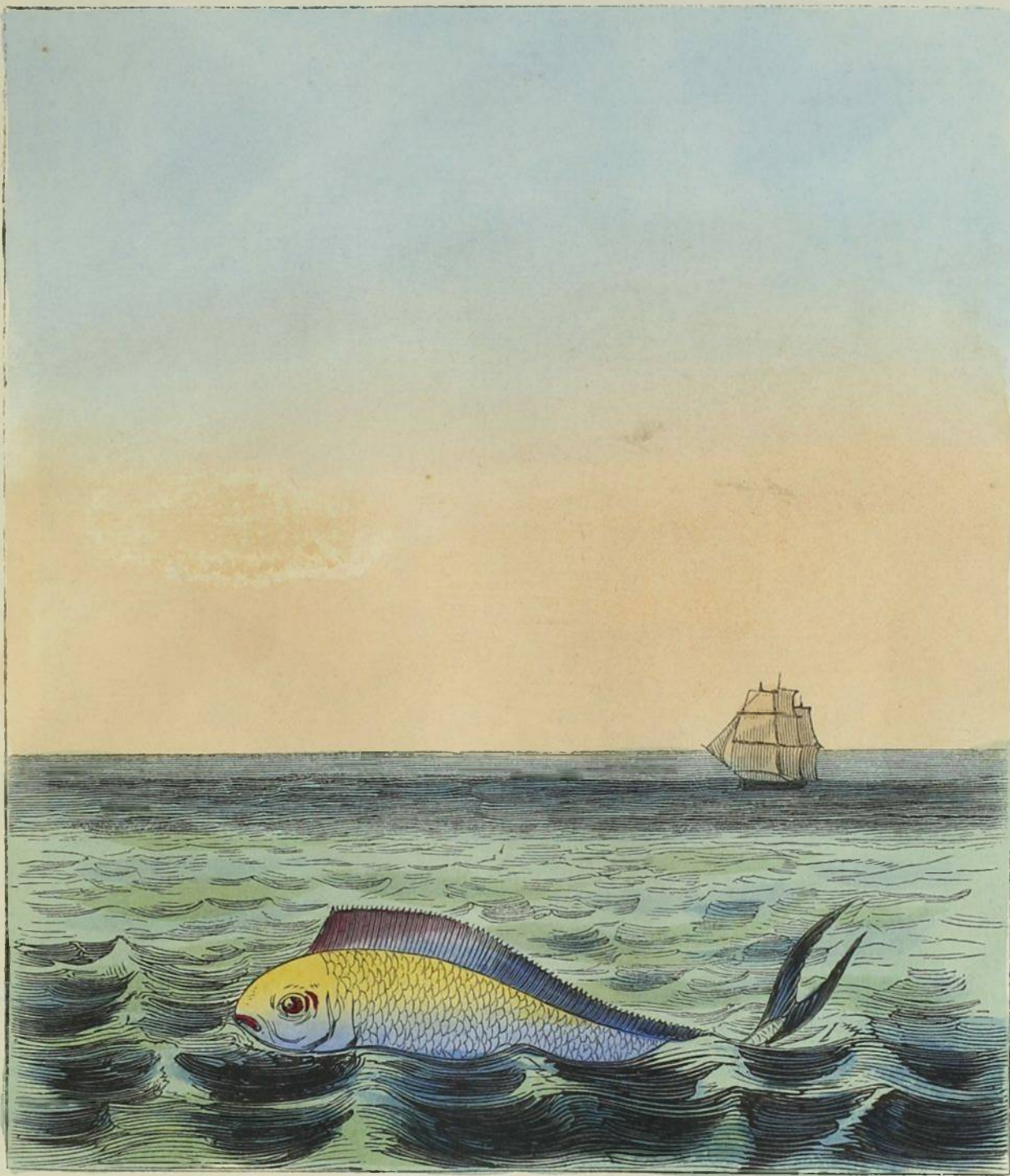
And here, as you see, the
great church, which was
built by the king, and
is now the residence of
the king, and the queen,
and the royal family.



LIFTING its head above the massive clouds,
Lone in the Ocean famed Madeira stands ;
Its streets are thronged by Merchants, Monks ; and crowds,
Who busy roll their traffic to the sands.
Here grow the Cane, Banana, Fig, and Vine,
And hence the world receives its best of Wine.



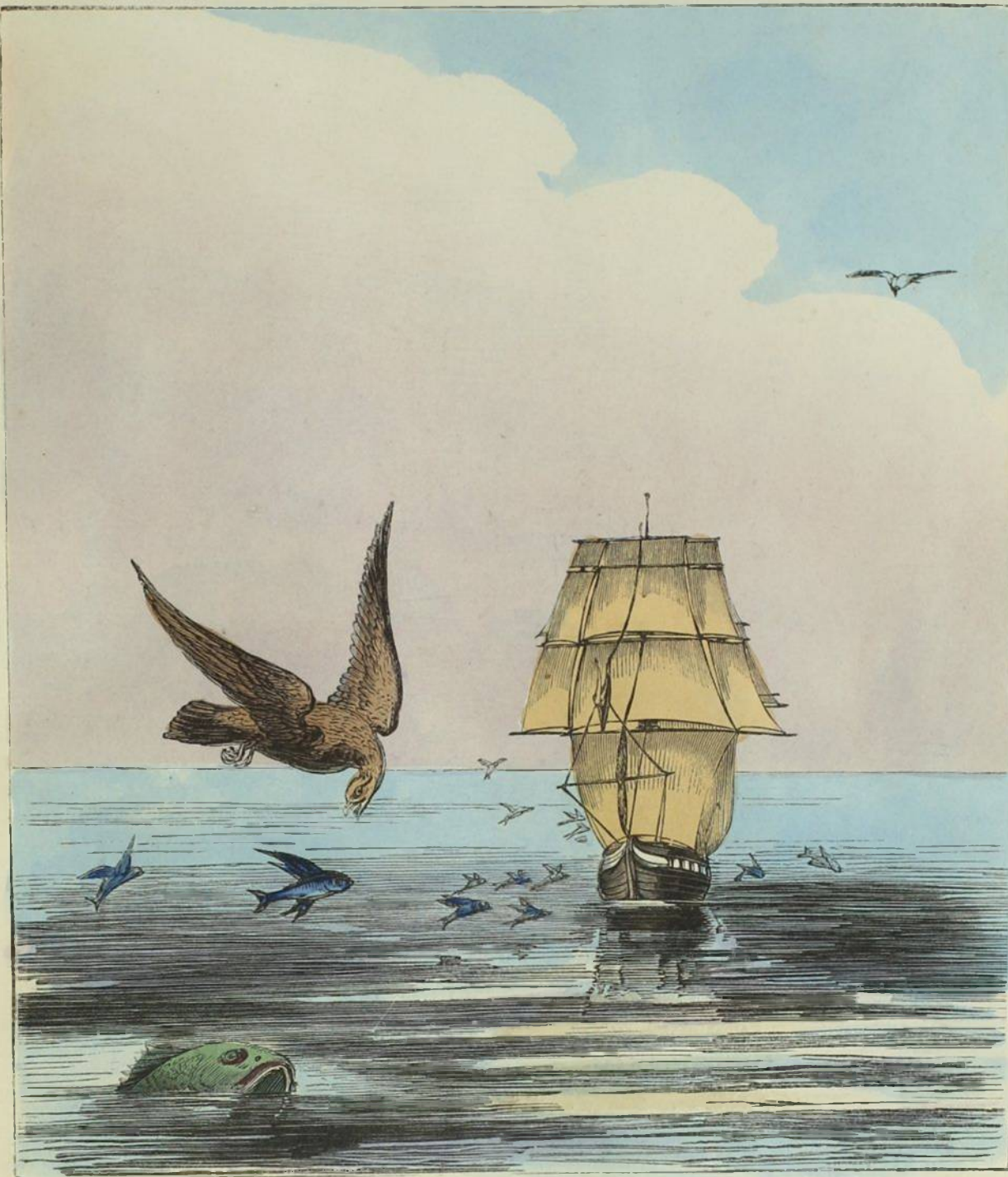
It is a very common thing to find
the same thing in different
places, and it is not
uncommon to find it in
the same place at different
times.



THE limner's pencil never yet hath shown,
The beauteous Dolphin of each varied hue :
It is a gem within the Torrid Zone,
Of colours azure, gold, green, yellow, blue :
The swiftest vessel it outstrips with ease,
And shines the bright Chameleon of the seas.



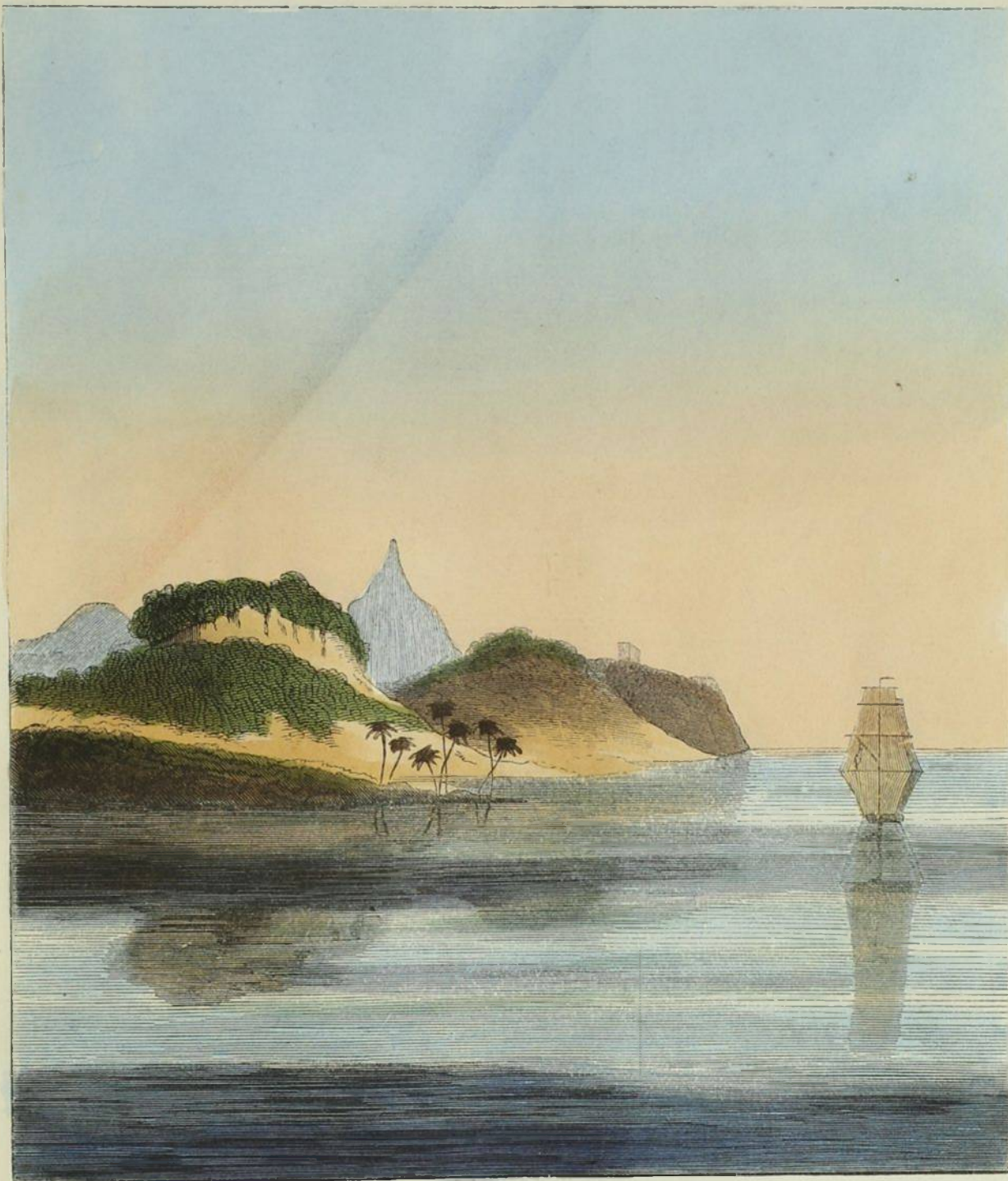
The vessel's hull, never yet to show,
The beautiful Dolphin of each aged line;
It ran gun with the world's best,
Of colors many, gold, green, yellow, blue;
The subject was of our time with care,
And shows the high character of the race.



ILL fated fish! in vain ye spread your wings,
To 'scape the mighty monsters of the main;
For from on high some hungry sea-bird springs,
To thin your flocks, and drive ye back again.
Man, too, combines t' entrap the Flying-fish,
For they when fried compose a dainty dish.



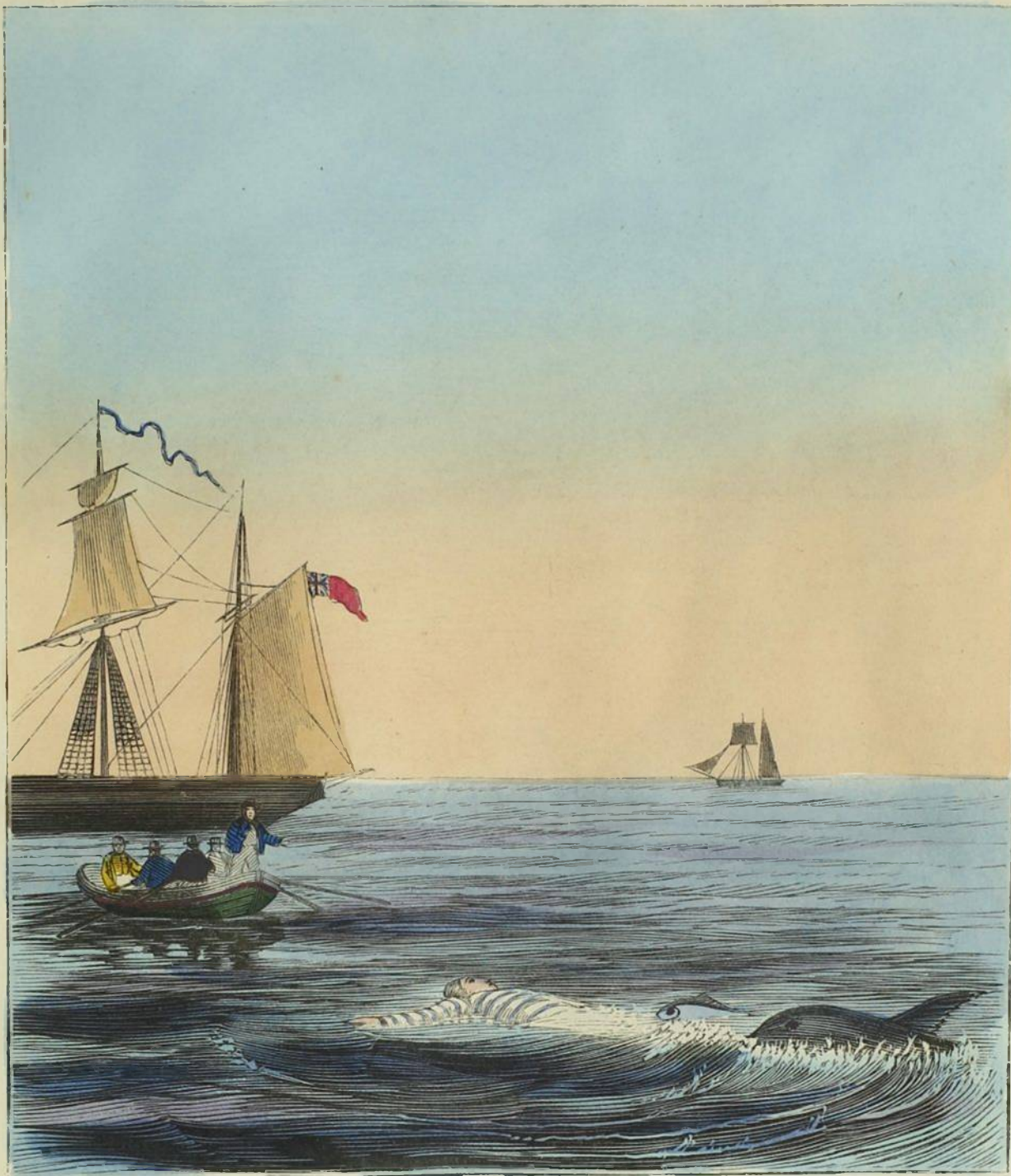
The view of the bay and the adjacent hills
For the bay is bounded from the Cape the bay
Here the bay is bounded from the Cape the bay
The view of the bay and the adjacent hills
For the bay is bounded from the Cape the bay
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The view of the bay and the adjacent hills
For the bay is bounded from the Cape the bay
Here the bay is bounded from the Cape the bay



'TWEEN Cancer, and the Equinoctial Line,
Ten Islands lie, named from the Cape de Verd :
Here thro' the day a parching sun doth shine,
And thro' the night the dreaded peal is heard.
Salt, Sugar, Corn, and various Fruits they yield,
Monkeys and Turkeys range o'er hill and field.



Three Carols, and the Japaneſe
Ten Islands he ſailed from the Cape de Verd:
Here thro' the Bay a purching and ſelling
And thro' the night the divided part is known
All ſhips of Corn, and various Trade they yield
Although he and Turk a range of hill and field



HERE see the tyrant of the finny race,
With the small Pilot ever in the van :
Who finds his food, and guides him to the place,
And sometimes leads him to the drowning man.
Three rows of teeth arm the Shark's pond'rous jaw,
And all he meets with serves to fill his maw.



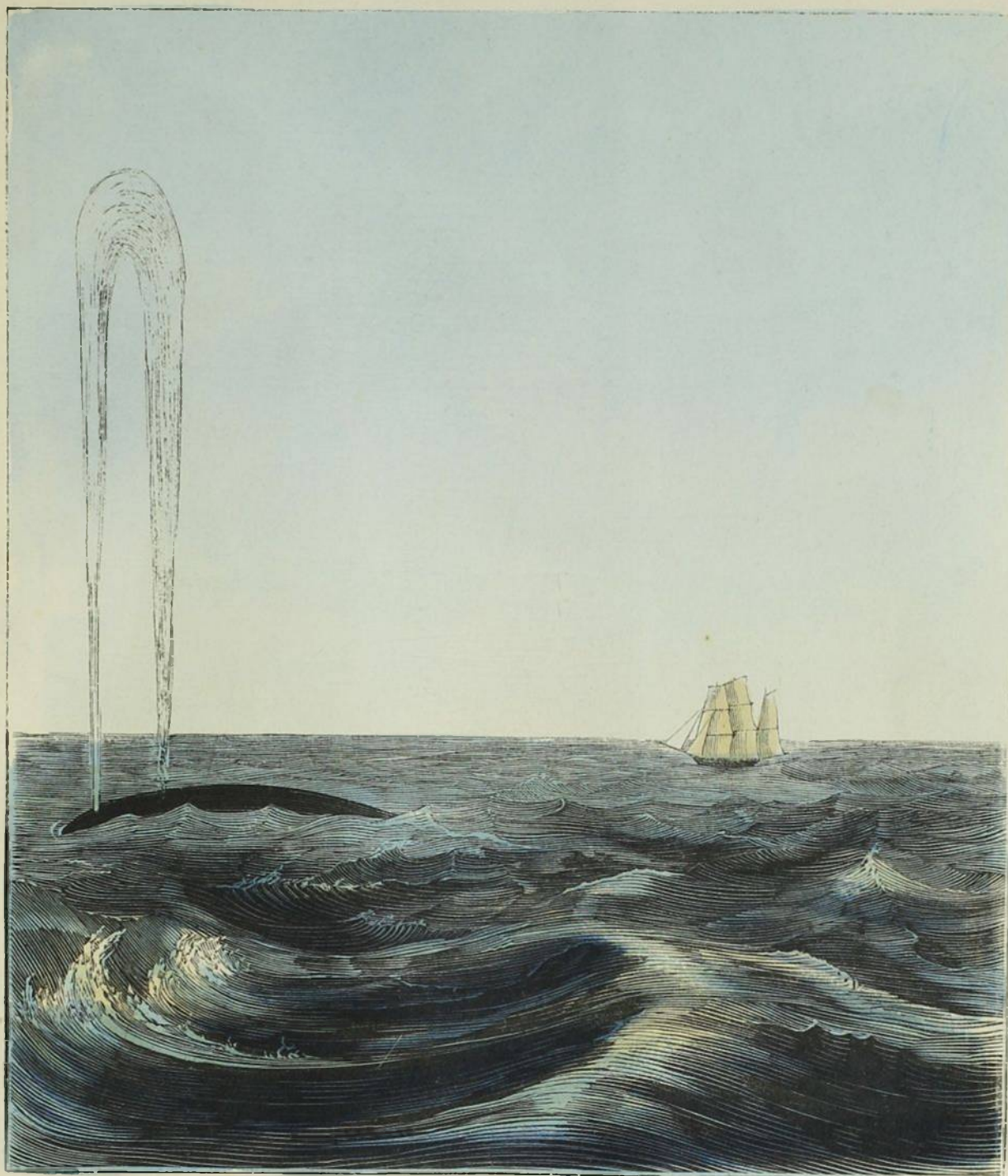
Here see the front of the ship
With the small boat in the rear
To find his food, and guide him to the place
And sometimes leads him to the shore
Three rows of teeth and sharp a good way far
And all he meets with serves to fill his row



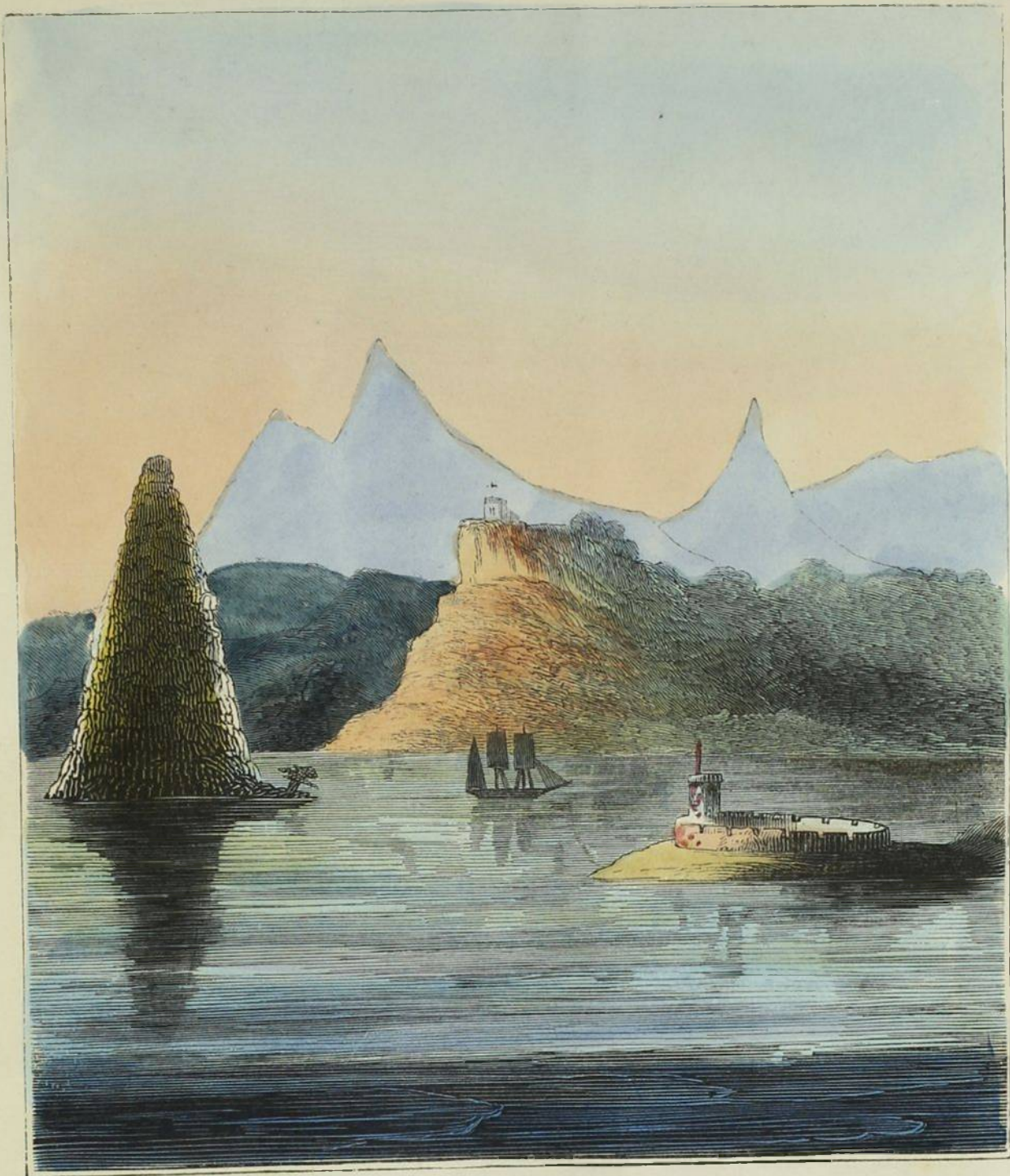
BEHOLD great Neptune ! God of Sea and Tide !
Drawn by six Dolphins in his Shell-built Car ;
Beside him Amphitrite, his blooming bride,
Smiles a soft welcome to each veteran Tar :
Whilst the stern God gives his command divine,
To shave the striplings who've not crossed the Line.



To share the hardships who've not crossed the line,
With the stern God gives his command divine,
The earth see us try, and the flesh they bear,
Strikes a soft welcome to each veteran ear;
And soaring forth his columns to the skies,
Beside him Angels, his banners ride,
Lashing the billows with his angry tail,
Down by six Dolphins in his shell-tail sail,
In the lion's mane, suddenly doth appear,
Hunt a great Neptune's fish of sea and land,
Houses built, be deep the caverns, while



ROUSED from the deep, the Spermaceti Whale,
On the blue surface suddenly doth rise ;
Lashing the billows with his angry tail,
And snorting forth his columns to the skies.
His teeth are iv'ry, and his flesh they boil,
Which yields the captors tons of precious Oil.



HERE rich in commerce St. Sebastian stands,
Within the finest harbour of the globe :
Its hills are famed for Gems and Golden Sands,
And Nature decks them in her richest robe.
Coffee, Tobacco, Cotton, strew the plains,
And thro' the City negroes clank their chains.



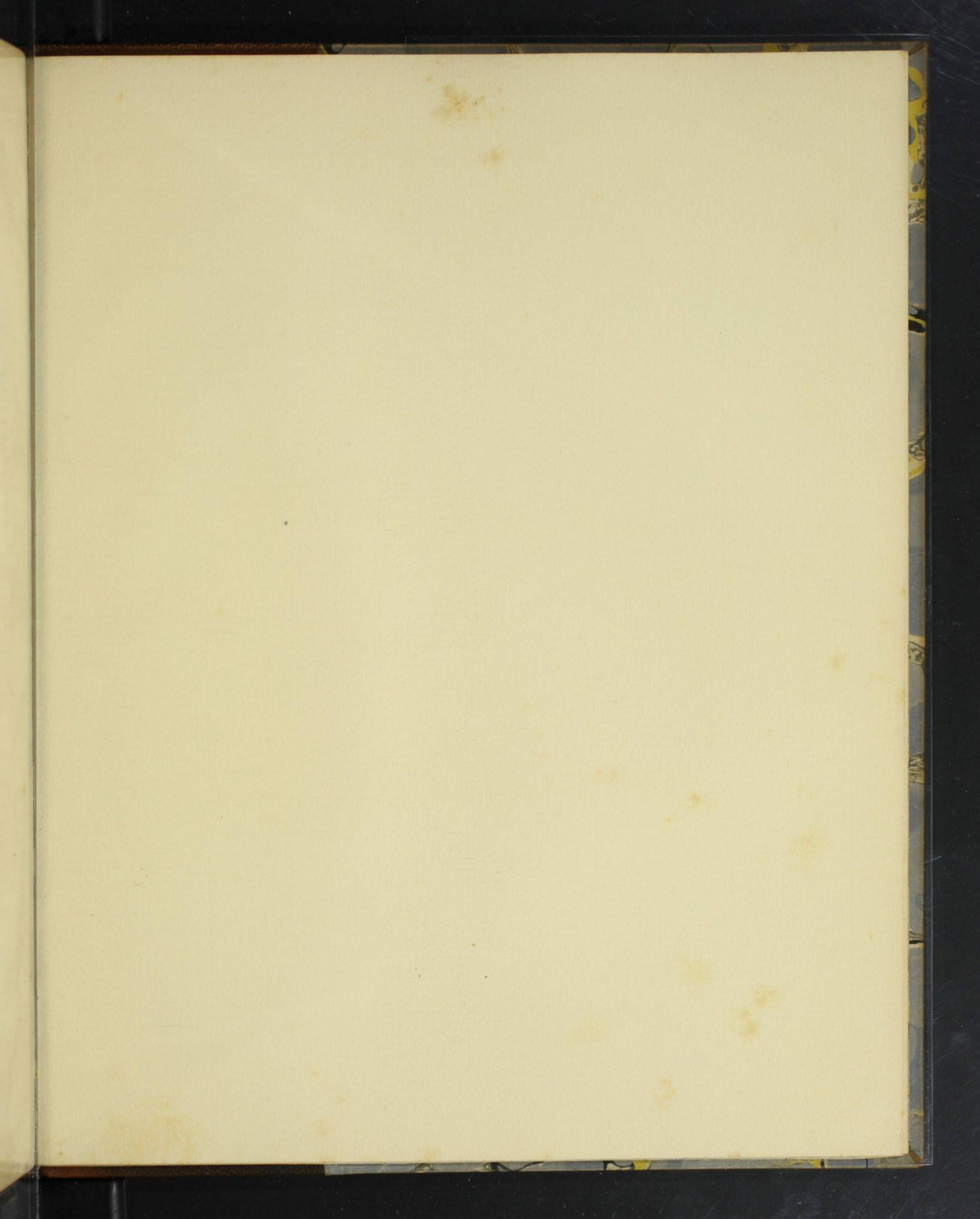
There is a large number of houses
within the town, and a harbor
in the middle of the town, and
the hills are very high, and
the water is very deep, and
the town is very large, and
the hills are very high, and
the water is very deep, and
the town is very large, and

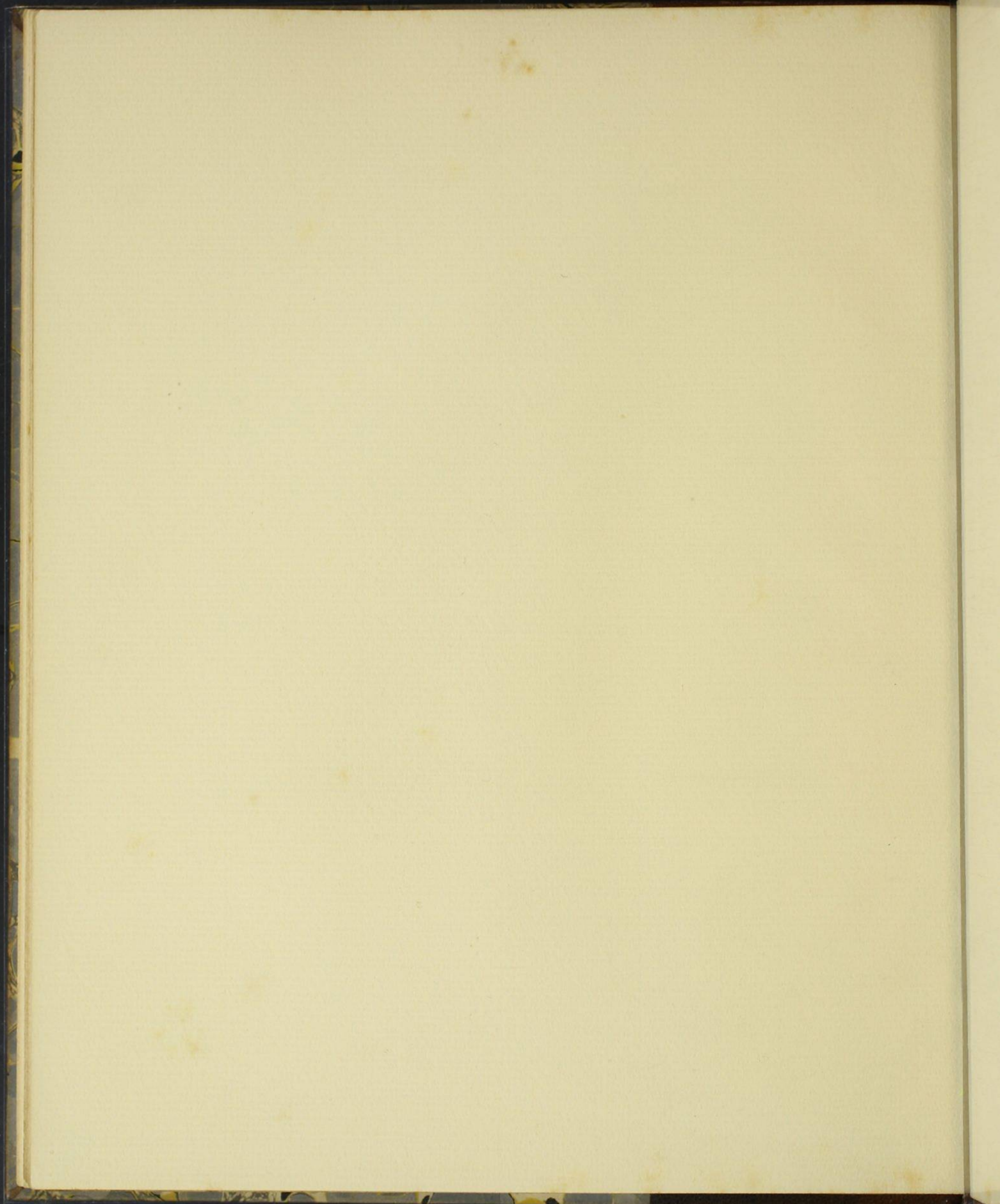


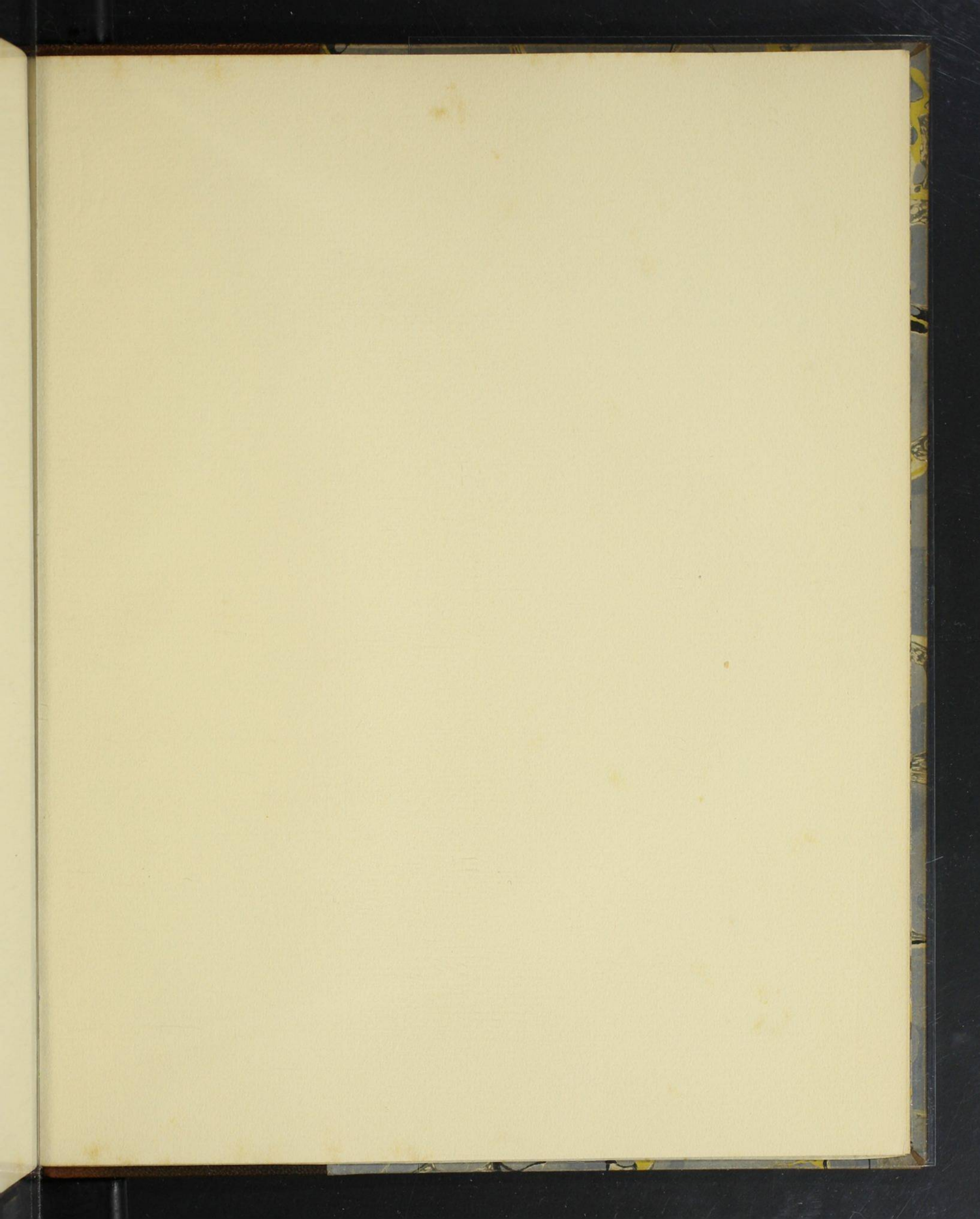
THE voyage is ended, and Papa's ship lies,
Safe at an anchor 'fore the Imperial Town ;
To take in water, stock, and rich supplies,
Of all the luscious fruits that here are grown.
And when once more she tempts the faithless main,
God send the good Ship safely home again !

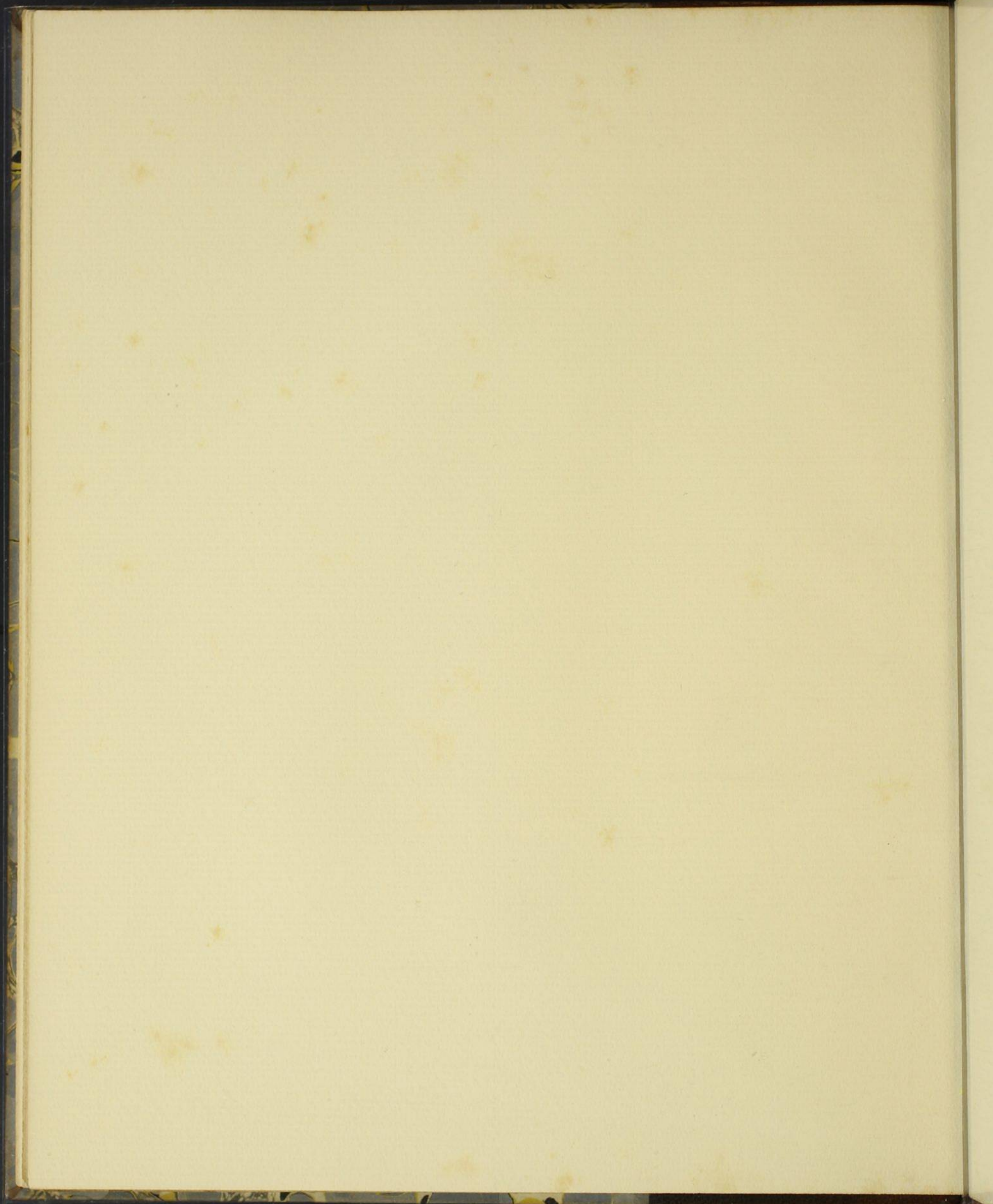
FINIS.

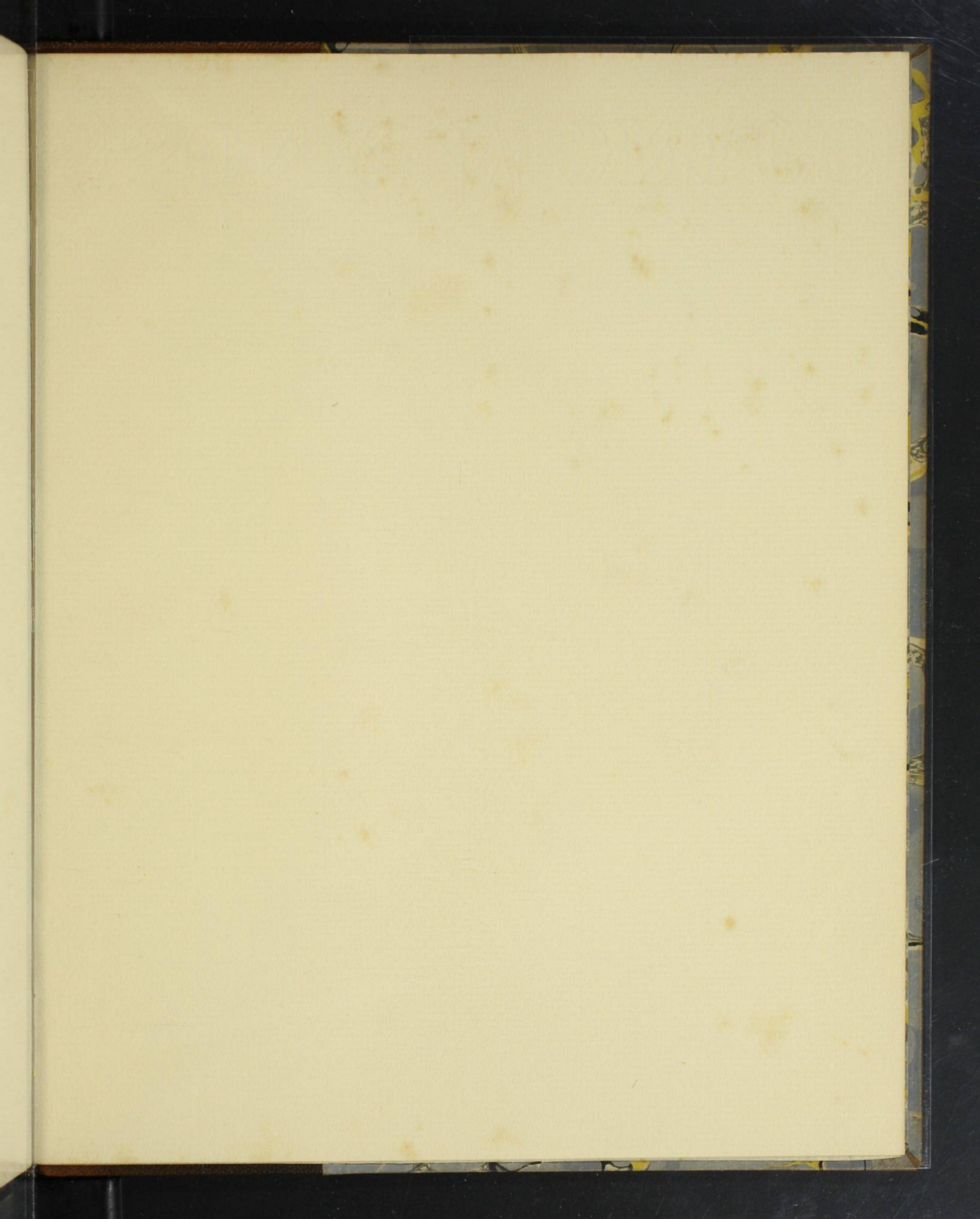
The voyage is ended, and I quit this day
To take an anchor for the English town;
To take in water, stock, and victuals,
Of all the luscious fruits that here are grown.
And when once more she tugs the tides away,
I'll send the good ship safely home again!











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