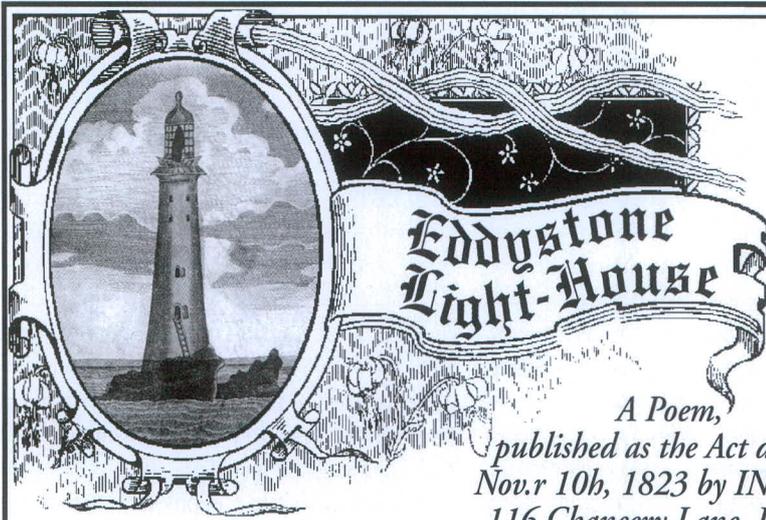


Address to the Public

The humble Writer of the following Lines is now, through a variety of circumstances over which he had no control, reduced from a respectable situation in life to extreme want.

He "cannot dig—to beg he is ashamed:" but he humbly hopes that this method of relieving himself from distress will meet the approbation of a generous and enlightened British Public, and so far recommend him to its notice, as to induce that Public to purchase this Publication.



A Poem,
published as the Act directs,
Nov.r 10h, 1823 by IN Bailey,
116 Chancery Lane, London

*West of a Port where numerous shipping ride,
(In pomp, in grandeur, in Majestic pride,)
Four leagues, or more, a dangerous rock is found,
And whirling eddies, and there toils abound;
Oft, when the vessel near'd the wish'd-for-shore,
With treasure freighted, --with the richest store;
When, in fond hope, the crew perceiv'd the land,
That distant regions and black kings command;²
When tow'rd the port expecting eyes were turn'd,
And friends on shore the absent seamen mourn'd,
The treach'rous rock conceal'd beneath the wave,
Brought instant death! And op'd a wat'ry grave:
Abundant treasure sunk into the main,
And all was lost! the land the loss sustain.*

*These ills were borne, for many passing years,
Lamented long with unavailing tears;
Till WINSTANLEY, the Architect aro
The dreadful evils boldly to oppose;
His life, like great Archimedes was found
With various arts, mechanic, to abound.
Secluded he through many years remain'd;
Though highest knowledge in these arts attained;
Then only wishing to create surprise,
And bring some wonderpresent to your eyes.*

*In feats like those,---in elegance and ease
WINSTANLEY charm'd, nor ever fail'd to please;
But greater works, of a more useful kind,
Employ'd his talents and preserv'd mankind.
A work, that distant nations shall revere,³
And furious war in every age shall spare,
Appears---the wonder of a wond'rous age,
With ocean's furies, through whole years 't engage,
From numerous stores, adjacent Plymouth Sound,
Iron, and wood materials were found.
The British genius, British power display,
The structure rises toward the tow'ring skies,
And Neptune wonders at our rich supplies.
A world in arms admir'd the noble deed,
Which in utility none can exceed.*

*E'en Louis own'd its worth, the light rever'd.
Which French and English vessels of-times spar'd,
Nor hostile war will countenance the deed,
Which wrecks whole navies, makes whole convoys bleed.*

*Oh Franklin!⁴ great in ev'ry sublime art,
That can its charms to virtuous youth impart:
Renown'd for courage, bless'd with pious fame,
And crown'd with peace,—the subject of my theme;
Return and view the great aquatic tower
Which sheds its luster in the dang'rous hour;
Which lights the bosom of the spacious main,
And bids the steersmam to the port attain.
Review the work that mercy bid arise,
With tow'ring grandeur tow'rd's the ethereal skies.
That British genius only could complete,
The first in merit of her glorious state.*

*And Rideout,⁵ skill'd in naval tactics sound,
Surpassing credit—with great knowledge crown'd!
How oft have ye when dreadful storms have pour'd
Their horrid wrath—when death its vengeance lowr'd,
Stood firm, unmov'd, pronounc'd the just command,
The steersman heard, and scap'd the dangerous land.
How oft with Scott,⁶ the second chief in pow'r,
Have I escap'd the sad and threat'ning hour?
When dangers, thick as hail, from storms arose,
The gallant Walker⁷ led us through these foes.
How oft, with joy, we reach'd the destin'd port,
Where trading hundreds to our ship resort?
There, safe being moor'd, enjoy the festive bowl
Which cheers the heart, nor harms the purest soul.*

*These scenes are fled; in fancy we review
The storms of life, more pleasing toils pursue;
To write is mine of past transactions fled,
To paint the virtues of the illustrious dead;
And first in fame great WINSTANLEY appears!
The noblest architect of ancient years;
Though long destroy'd by the resistless storm,
His ardent genius doth my bosom warm:*

*He lives again, his power we resound
In each successor, though with vict'ry crown'd.
But first, 'ere they his daring track pursue,
Let me the efforts of this man review.
Where tempests reign'd he boldly took his stand,
And delug'd o'er, the mighty works command;
An hundred feet the wond'rous structure rose,
And darts its beams the guide of friends and foes;
Pilots of ev'ry land perceive the light,
They steer with judgment, and move on aright;
A thousand fleets in safety reach their ports,
And Britain's shores are all their safe resorts.*

*Four years the guide to each approaching sail,
The fabric's shatter'd; ---tempests loud prevail:
A strong abutment⁸ strengthens ev'ry part,
Which guards the base and fortifies the heart;
Higher, again the lantern it ascends,
Again the storm the mighty fabric rends!
But power and art' gainst furious storms combine,
WINSTANLEY shouts, "the victory is mine!"
Above the cock, that veers with every wind,
The tempest rose, its deluge great combin'd:
One hundred feet the rising seas ascend!
Can mortal works such mighty powers withstand?
Oh, WINSTANLEY! Why thus presumptuous try
To equal powers that have their strength on high?
Why vaunt? The common thought despise,
That seem'd prophetic of the destinies
That wait on men, in ev'ry sep'rate state?
And envied thee in matchless fame replete?
Commission'd, all the furious winds conspire
To sink this monument of thy desire:
In scatter'd fragments sends its stones around;
The rocks re-echo to the dreadful sound,
The mighty structure feels the powerful weight,
It groans!---it yields to the decree of fate!
In wat'ry tomb the architect expires,
And dies unseen---to silent death retires.⁹*

Relentless waves and furious storms arise,
 And unresisted cope with flaming skies.
 The hapless¹⁰ Winchelsea being homeward bound,
 Strikes on the rocks! the shrieks of death resound;
 She splits! borne onwards by the dreadful wave,
 Scarce one from ten the wretched crew can save.
 Again, with freight, far from the western shore,
 Another vessel bears her wealthy store;
 She strikes; the greedy waves the ship devours
 The costly freight, and swallows up her stores.
 Loss upon loss unhappily succeed
 Till thousands perish and till hundreds bleed;
 At length the Merchants meet near Plymouth Sound,
 And form resolves; success their meeting crown'd.

A Lovell, great, like WINSTANLEY arose,
 To form a structure, tempests to oppose.
 Rudyerd, the architect, in powers sublime,
 Display'd his skill;—it mocks my feeble rhyme.
 "Two years he labour'd; when lo! Appears,¹¹
 A light revolving, shining as the stars!
 The guide for seamen steering for the port,
 Their faultless beacon, and their best resort:
 Above the clouds, above the sea it moves!
 And brilliant shines! and happ'ly round revolves;
 Alternately the dark and light appears,
 By this sure guide the experienc'd pilot steers.
 But human works are destin'd to decay,
 For storms destroy them, or fires burn away.

The Keeper rose,¹² the shining lamp to trim,
 And rising found the lantern in a flame!
 His comrades slept; and slept, alas! compos'd.
 Nor rose in time, nor timely interpos'd
 But being awak'd, they with the flames contend;
 The flames aspire! — their burning rage extend;
 In vain they try the fatal flames to assuage;
 Or with the fire unequal war to wage.
 The burning lead in liquid torrents fall,
 Overwhelms one, the rest with dread appall!
 Swift o'er his face, the boiling metal runs,
 His head, his arms, resemble fi'ry suns!
 Through his parch'd throat the scalding lead retires,
 And now his heart, with raging torture fires!
 Ill-fated Hall! I mourn your timeless fate,
 In ev'ry woe, in ev'ry grief, replete;
 Nor void of grief, shall I from thee retire,
 Thou wretched victim to destructive fire.

When grief o'erpower'd this brave, but scanty band,
 In haste below the flying victims land;
 The fiery beams and burning bolts around
 Bestrew the rock and fall upon the ground:
 Conceal'd beneath, the wretched three remain,
 Two in despair, and one in burning pain.
 Throughout the night the dreadful flames ascend,

Nor mortal pow'rs could with their rage contend.
 The morning spreads the great and wide alarm,
 And Causand¹³ men bear tidings of the harm
 To Rame,¹⁴ where humane Edwards did reside,
 His country's honour, and his parent's pride;
 A boat he quickly sent, relief to bring
 The wretched keepers, whose said fate I sing.

Oh Hall! to see, in anguish, now I turn,
 And o'er thy fate, alas! I mourn:
 Thou sufferer great, with burning bowels press'd.
 With scorching heat and agonizing breast;
 Why didst thou stay, when all thy feeble pow'r
 Could not avail, or save the burning tow'r?
 'Twas love of fame, or duty that impell'd
 Thee, hapless man, and bade thee not to yield:
 Or fly disgrac'd, or quit the raging fire,
 Until you conquer'd, or should there expire;
 Even so we find the British genius crown'd
 In many arts, in virtue's brav'ry drown'd.
 Tolcher and West their kind assistance send,¹⁵
 But scanty liquids can't with flames contend;
 The fire ascends, by the decree of fate,
 A sad destruction on the fabric wait;
 Twelve hundred tons of timber are destroy'd,
 A mighty fire, which scarce the sea annoy'd.
 At length in ruins the wond'rous building lies,
 Nor yet remains the tenth of its supplies;
 For what the fire could not by force destroy,
 The raging sea, its dreadful powers employ;
 And driving far its burning beams from land,
 Bears bolts of value from both rocks and sand.
 Now turn to land, the ransom'd captives view,
 One flies in haste, one in sad pain review.¹⁶

The skilful Spry in vain applies his art,¹⁷
 The burning lead had scorch'd Hall's inward part!
 Nor Neptune hopes your efforts to destroy,
 But fire so vengeful all your arts annoy:
 The flames ascend! the bursting columns roll
 In sickly vapour towards the northern pole.
 All Causand bears in distant parts around,
 Alarm of FIRE! Reach'd even Plymouth Sound.

Nor yet appal'd by these disastrous deeds,
 While British ardour ev'ry power exceeds;
 With Roman spirit, in these glorious days,
 The structure rises, to their endless praise:¹⁸
 Far in the Channel, there the light's display'd
 Which joyful tidings to poor crews convey'd:
 Nor British fleets alone reap profit by this light,
 It steers half Europe to their ports aright.
 No other power can equal honors claim
 In useful works, surpassing dying fame:
 Not China's walls immense beyond belief,
 Nor Egypt's towers, of human works the chief,

Nor yet the Rhodian status of renown
 The noble subject of my theme shall crown:
 But British ardour now unequal'd stands
 The mighty rival of all foreign lands;
 The mighty mistress of a warlike state
 "In Wisdom, Arts, and Science most complete."
 Her dreadful loss, great as that loss appears,
 Calls forth her Genius thro' the rolling years!
 Athenian powers ev'ry loss display,
 And British valour rules the imperious sea.

Smeaton, renown'd in the historic page,
 Contends with Neptune! in new wars engage:
 The great Proprietors approve his art,
 And pow'r, scarce limited, to him impart:
 The various quarries of the shores around
 Are search'd with care, and with success is crown'd;
 That search complete, great Portland's Isle appears
 The chosen spot:—that choice the world reveres.
 A thousand chisels quickly here impart
 A splendid proof of mighty sculptors' art.
 From the rough quarry pond'rous blocks being brought
 By powerful labour, are in order wrought;
 Transported these upon the boist'rous seas
 The mighty architect at once conveys
 To that rude rock, where dreadful tempests rage,
 And all laborious in the works engage.
 From dire confusion, lo! new orders rise!
 And fallen fragments yield us fresh supplies.
 Thus British ardour in the tainted field,
 Has made e'en foes, of thrice their number yield.

The Gods look down! Approve the great design,
 And smile benignant on the work sublime.
 But Mercy, chief of the celestial train,
 Surveys the structure, and confirms its reign.
 Her sister, Charity, by right divine,
 And all the Sisters of the beauteous Nine,
 Assembled, in a glorious cloud conceal'd,
 To favour'd Smeaton all their art reveal'd.
 Unknown the cause, he finds his genius rise,
 Above all art, for Wisdom grants supplies;
 She guides the works, as Mentor did of old
 Of mighty Ithaca: and in art grown bold,
 Cements he tries, the Goddess of these arts
 At once her power (tho' conceal'd) imparts;
 Firm as the rocks the jointed stones appear,
 And soon resist the storms of every year:
 By cramps of iron solder'd in the stone,
 As one vast rock the mighty structure shone.
 Now tempests rage—but rage alas! in vain!
 The tower resists the furies of the main!
 Firm as the rock upon the rock it stands,
 And joins its base to adamantine lands:
 Both winter's storms, and Atalanta's flood,
 For near a century this vast work withstood;

But vain their rage—for Mercy's great design
 In the grand building shall renowned shine,
 'Til time and storms, corroding eat their way
 Through the proud structure, then th' impetuous sea
 With mighty rage this building may assail,
 And all may tumble in the furious gale;
 But, until care, the important charge resigns
 The noble building e'er refulgent shines,
 And stands the guide to each commercial place
 Where commerce reigns and spreads its sacred grace.

Then, let us hope, whilst Navies spread their sails,
 And these are filled with odorif'rous gales;
 Whilst interest rules the first of naval states,
 And great designs the British power completes,
 That useful beacons shall in order rise,
 And mix their beams with radiance from the skies;
 Then these discern'd, the pilots skilful arts
 Shall reach their ports with joyful—happy hearts;
 That danger e'er, the valiant tar may shun,
 And safe to port the laden vessel run.

Three years, two months, and six long days, we find
 The various masters all their arts combin'd;
 Success progressive marked the passing years,
 Firm the bold structure in the clouds appears
 A brilliant light; refulgent round the sea,
 Its rays, transparent, all their powers display.
 From east, from west, and every distant part,
 Whole navies hail the honor'd Smeaton's art!
 Triumphant genius, ever may you find
 The fate of Smeaton in your works combin'd;
 May lib'ral Patrons in this isle abound,
 Till Genius rises from her deadly wound;
 Till health and vigour are again restor'd
 To merit's children, who appear abhor'd.
 Till the poor man, who guilds your deathless fame
 Obtains from Britain his most mod'rate claim;
 A restoration to domestic peace,
 Health, competence, an easy path to Grace.

So shall the fame of Britain's works extend
 Through hist'ry's page till rolling time shall end;
 And future architects shall him employ
 Whose just description nothing can destroy;
 The historic page shall then more brilliant shine
 In naval works that really are sublime:
 But,¹⁹ a rewarder of that art,
 Which nature gives, and genius can impart,
 Shall only second to great SMEATON stand
 The firmest architect of Britain's land;
 And when the Great, possess'd of deadly pride,
 Shall own their faults, nor yet my task deride,
 When something like what Britain should appear,
 Shall bless the annals of the rolling year;
 When embryo worth, transplanted, shall be found:
 In paths of peace and plenty to abound;

When suff'ring merit for Britannia's fame
 Shall be acknowledg'd, and its righteous claim
 Shall be rewarded, then, in peaceful shades,
 I'll write for MATHEWS till more wealth invades.

Then with a joy, which virtuous hearts can feel,
 My grateful thoughts to Patrons I'll reveal;
 Nor words alone my inward thoughts shall tell,
 In sterling actions I wou'd fain excel:

But 'till that day, that glorious day appears,
 Domestic virtues my bright fancy cheers!
 Tho' exil'd far from smiling Erin's shore,
 Delightful Hope! thy virtues I explore;
 Though ending in Delusion's foggy fane,
 I cherish thee, and yet thy powers retain.
 Ah! Never leave me in a wretched state,
 In sad despondence to repine at fate,
 But gild the hours that tedious pass away
 'Till death shall call me to Eternal Day!
 And if I should despondent once incline,
 Point to the virtues of the Lord Divine!
 The promises to those in grief and woe,
 Who future bliss,—eternal joys shall know.
 The mourner's bless'd, who comfort shall receive
 Beyond the confines of the yawning grave.

"Immortal train, who guide the maze of song,
 "To whom all Science, Arts, and Arms belong;
 "Who bids the harp of never-dying fame
 "Exalt the Warrior's, and the Poet's name;"
 If e'er a virtuous thought possess'd my breast,
 Or I, in youth, the sacred power possess'd.
 To paint the scene where nature's Heavenly charms
 Transfuse new joys, or wake chaste love's alarms,
 Now let thy powers—thy sacred powers descend,
 And thy disciple, in distress, befriend.
 "Let living colour give my verse to glow,"
 The historic Muse in future lines to flow,
 Till past transactions in these lines appear
 The faithful record of each fleeting year;
 Till each event, recorded as it stands

In prose, my verse, my flowing verse commands.
 "Alas! neglected, by the sacred nine,
 Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine!"
 Ah! Will they leave Piera's happy shore
 To guide the pen that wint'ry storms explore?
 Will they descend, the bard of ancient days,
 To guide in song deserving of their praise?
 Yes! From the top of proud Olympus height
 The sacred CLIO takes her winged flight;
 Before me stands! and thro' her shining rays
 Of heavenly radiance as the solar blaze,
 Appears to guide me in the sacred song
 The Muse of actions that to her belong!

Oh! lovely Goddess, of celestial grace,
 Who can describe th' effulgence of thy face?

Who dare aspire unto thy sacred charms,
 Or pant for bliss in thy transcendant arms?
 Presumptuous mortals hide your guilty heads,
 Nor snatch one view of those celestial beds;
 But rest content, if by the Muse inspir'd,
 They grant description, which is all requir'd.

Then first, thyself, fair Goddess, I'll portray,
 And with description this kind act repay.
 Just of the size of human forms divine,
 Crown'd with a wreath of laurel most sublime.
 Thou dost appear; with sacred trump in hand,
 And book of ages at thy just command,
 No fairer form in the celestial band
 Of Muses bright, where shining CLIOS stand,
 She smiles benignant and unfolds the page
 Of ancient time, of Empires and of age;
 But from the works of past and modern times,
 SMEATONIC structure, most heroic thymes;
 It stands majestic on the roaring main,
 Thro' winter's storms, thro' Ocean's dreadful reign.
 Whatever power Boreas rapid sends,
 Or 'Auster,' dreadful to the house extends;
 Like its sound rock, firm seated on the sea,
 It meets, unshaken, the vast dreadful spray!
 Whatever rage, the ocean or the wind,
 And all the fury of them both combin'd
 Pour here; the work of MERCY stands—
 The guide to British and to Foreign lands.
 Thus spoke the Muse, when rising on the wing,
 The fair EUTERPE said, 'sweet Poet sing,'
 The praise of CLIO, in your future page,
 And all the nine, the heavenly nine engage,
 Oh! lovely Muse, of Heaven's sublimer art,
 Thy kind protection to such works impart!
 And THALIA, mistress of the comic strain,
 Midst storms, thy mirth, thy cheering mirth sustain
 MELPOMENE! thy richest crowns bestow,
 But e'er avert the dreadful scenes of Woe!
 Let TERPSICHORE with fairest THALIA join;
 And sweet ERATO tune the Lyre divine!

Let POLYHMNIA, of persuasive pow'r,
 Guard Naval rights, e'en in the dangerous hour,
 And CALLIOPE, with all her richest lore,
 Point out the dangers of this rocky shore!
 But chief, URANIA, goddess most sublime!
 Guide Navigators till the close of time;
 So shall the Rulers of the Naval train,
 Britannia's pillars all her rights maintain!

Long may this work, (the beacon of the land)
 Guide erring vessels from both rocks and sand:
 Long may this structure tow'r towards the skies,
 Its faithful watchmen get their just supplies;
 And Briton's Genius e'er triumphant stand,
 The immortal Pharos of a free-born land.

Postscripts

1. To enjoy the interest of this Poem, the reader should peruse an Account of the Eddystone Light-House
2. The British Empire in India is governed by Rajahs, or petty Kings, who are Appointed by the British Viceroys.
3. The first Lighthouse on the Eddystone Rock was began in the year 1696, and finished in 1699, from the plan, and under the inspection of the unfortunate Mr. Winstanley, who, with his Workmen and the Light-Keepers, were washed away in that dreadful storm, November 26, 1703.
4. Lieutenant Franklin, of H.M.'s Ship Bedford, 74. A man as remarkable for a truly virtuous life, as for skill in naval tactics.
5. Rideout, First Lieutenant of H.M.'s Ship Bedford. A man whom no danger could appal. He was as collected in the moment of apparent death, and could discharge the duties of his station then as freely as when going before the wind in a pleasant breeze.
6. Scott, the First Lieutenant of H.M.'s ship Bedford, in 1807 and 1808.
7. Captain Walker, of H.M.'s Ship Bedford, between the years 1807 and 1815, one year excepted, when Captain M'Kenzie commanded her.
8. Vide page 28.
9. Vide page 29.
10. Wrecked on the Eddystone Rock a few days after the destruction of this first Light-house.—Ibid.
11. Began July 1706, finished 1709.
12. 2d Dec. 1756
13. Two small villages by the sea side, in the vicinity of Plymouth, from whence every succour was sent to the miserable sufferers as soon as the conflagration was discovered.
14. Tolcher, a Magistrate of Plymouth. West, the Admiral lying in Plymouth Sound.
15. One of the Light Keepers as soon as he got on shore fled into the country, and has not been heard of since.
16. The skillful Doctor Spry.
17. Unfortunate Man, when his body was opened to ascertain the cause of his Death, a piece of lead (of an oval form), was found in his stomach, weighing 7 ounces and 5 drachms. An account of which may be seen in the Transactions of the Royal Society.
18. The present Light House was began 23rd July 1756 – Finished October 9th, 1759.
19. The person who assisted the Author in the Publication of this Poem. Were it not for his discernment and generosity, which relieved him, he, in all probability, to the present hour, might have wandered peniless on the shores of that country in the service of which he bled, and whose fame he bids fair to celebrate.

THE
**EDDYSTONE
LIGHT-HOUSE,**

A POEM :

An Historical Account of every remarkable Occurrence that has transpired since the **FIRST LIGHT-HOUSE** was erected
**ON THE EDDYSTONE ROCK,
WESTWARD OF PLYMOUTH SOUND,**
1696.

Long may this structure—beacon of the land,
Guide erring vessels from both rocks and sand ;
Long may this fabric tow'r toward the skies,
Its faithful watchmen get their just supplies ;
And Britain's Genius e'er triumphant stand,
The immortal Pharos of a free-born land.

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