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A
P O E M
ON THE
IMMORTALITY of the SOUL.

Translated from the LATIN of
ISAAC HAWKINS BROWN Esq;

By J. CRANWELL, M.A.
Late Fellow of SIDNEY-COLLEGE in CAMBRIDGE.

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M.DCC.LXV.



TO

NICHOLAS BONFOY Esq;

Of *Abbots Ripton* in the County of *Huntington*.

SIR,

IT would be rather an Insult than Civility to a bad and irreligious Man, to present him with the Translation of a Poem, that must displease at least, if not terrify and deject him.

The desire of Immortality is indeed the *natural* desire of Man; it being the desire of Happiness without end; and to suppose a Person destitute of it, or indifferent about it, is to suppose him not to love himself, and then he ceases to be a Man.

But the folly and misfortune of many is, that although they desire, and cannot help desiring so inestimable a Good, yet they want to have it without conditions and restraints; they would have the Supreme Ruler of the World obtrude it upon them, whether they will or no; and not leave it precariously to depend upon the part, they chuse to act on this stage of life.

You, good Sir, have a Mind too sensible and too enlightened to indulge so wild a thought: You know, that none but the virtuous have room to expect it in a view of *Reason*, and that

DEDICATION.

to none but the Virtuous, *Revelation* hath promised it: You know, that exclusive of such a Hope, it is not worth while to live, and that inclusive of it, every Blessing of Life is improved, every Affliction in it softened.

The Man then, who is so wise, as to have laid a sure Foundation for this Hope, will with pleasure attend to the many various, and unanswerable Arguments, which this divine Poem hath urged in support of the Soul's Immortality; and a full Conviction of this joyful Truth upon principles of *natural Reason*, will be an auxiliary to our Faith in those fuller discoveries of Immortality which Revealed Religion hath given us, and which Revealed Religion alone could give.

I am

SIR,

with all due Respect,

your most obliged

and most obedient Servant,

J. CRANWELL.

P R E F A C E.

*T*HOSE, who know me, will not, I believe, suspect me of the Vanity of setting up the following Translation as a Rival to that elegant one in the Sixth Volume of Dodley's Miscellanies: for what a silly Ambition would it be, to think of outshining a Writer, whom to be able to imitate would be no mean Praise.

But in truth; it is in Poetry, as in Painting, and other the fine Arts; when an Original is exquisitely finished, many will be trying to copy it, to see how near they can approach; and why is not this humour, as pardonable in the Brethren of the Quill, as in those of the Pencil?

I was desirous of printing the Original with this Version, although sensible to how great a disadvantage, in a comparative view, it must have appeared; as the Original is so perfect in every respect:—In the beauty, harmony, and dignity of the Style:—In the force, variety, and precision of the Reasoning.—Besides, no Man of taste and skill in the two Languages, how partial soever to his own mother-tongue, can think it, either in Expression or Majesty, equal to the Roman. However, I could not obtain that favour of the Proprietor, as it would interfere with a projected Scheme of republishing the Original, with other of the Author's Works; which, I doubt not, will be an additional honour to his memory.

I hope the intended Republication will not be long deferred, as the Original is but in few hands, and not to be purchased, but by Accident; the Owners, like so many Poetical Virtuoso's, locking it
up

P R E F A C E.

up in their Cabinets, as a choice Jewel; especially those, who are not only delighted with the fineness of the Composition, but likewise interested in, and made happy by the truth it inculcates.

Should it be asked, why, as things stand, did you publish a new Translation, when ten or eleven years have elapsed, since the Poem came out; so that it is in some measure obsolete and forgotten? I answer, for that very reason; my intent being to revive it in Men's memories, and make them impatient for a new Edition: and they will have reason to thank me, should I be the Instrument, either of accelerating or insuring it.

Besides, the English Reader is concerned only in an English Translation; and although there be three already, yet I know not whether it be easy to procure any one of them, excepting Mr. Jennyns's, which is only to be met with in that Gentleman's own Poems, or Dodfley's Miscellanies; and even to those, who are in possession of all or any of them, it may not be unpleasing perhaps to see so great a Beauty in a new dress, since a love of Novelty is implanted in our Nature.

Lastly, in this age of scoffers at Religion, what can be more seasonable, than to have Men awakened (awakened too by a Gentleman who could have no Priestcraft, and whose Fortune set him above any lucrative view) to the truth of the Soul's Immortality by arguments of common sense and reason? as it prepares the way for their reception and love of the Gospel; which alone has brought Man's whole Immortality fully to light.

ON THE
IMMORTALITY of the SOUL.

BOOK I.

ALL Creatures else on Earth enjoy the store
That Heav'n allots them, nor repine for more.
Man, Man alone, ambitious to behold
The mighty works of Nature, and unfold
The Springs whence all her operations rise,
A painful Labour unavailing tries :
For lo! on sable pinions hov'ring near,
Stern Death arrests him in his mid Career.
How shall our Thoughts this dark Event explain,
If Heav'nly Wisdom never acts in vain?
Say, to what end in human Nature spring
These Seeds of Science, if no Fruit they bring?
For what imports with philosophic eye
To pierce the secrets of Futurity ;
Unveil great Nature's Laws, in fancy rove
With boundless freedom thro' the Realms above ;
Since All must tread, by Fate's relentless doom,
One gloomy Journey to the silent Tomb?

How

How wiser far, to waste each softer hour
 With lovely Phillis, in the Sylvan bow'r!
 Or join, great Bacchus! with thy jocund throng
 In midnight dances, and the festal song!
 For jovial Bacchus, God of Pleasure, knows
 To banish Sense of past, and Fear of future woes.

Come then, let all Life's circling moments roll
 In Mirth and Banquets; crown the mantling Bowl:
 Let sprightly Music all its graces join,
 Næra's Lyre, and Chloe's Voice divine:
 Seize ev'ry fleeting Instant on the wing,
 Nor dream of Cares To-morrow's dawn may bring.

But soon a Surfeit of these joys we find;
 They scarce are tasted e'er they pall the mind.
 Let Things more serious than our Thoughts employ,
 Unbounded Wealth, or Glory's dazzling joy;
 Go where Ambition calls, let Crowds each Day
 Obsequious Homage at your Levee pay.—
 Alas! no Change you find, when all is done,
 Fatigu'd Life's beaten path you still but run;
 For All is Vanity beneath the Sun.

Say then, what safer track shall Man-explore?
 What Star conduct him to the friendly shore?
 Tho' here in Matter's gloomy Cell confin'd,
 In search of Science, see! the restless Mind,
 Impell'd and guided by mere Nature's light,
 To Truth Eternal wings her arduous flight.

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Besides, no transient fading Bliss she claims,
But Joys adapted to her nobler aims ;
Pleasures no Change can blast, no Time consume,
Thro' Ages smiling in immortal Bloom.

Then banish all Suspicion from your breast ;
For heav'nly Counsel ever plans the best.
Nor shall those Chains that mould'ring Bodies bind,
Oppress the free-born Vigour of the Mind ;
Secure that genuine Principle remains,
Untouch'd, uninjur'd by corporeal stains :
And when unfetter'd from these earthly ties,
She soars triumphant to her native skies ;
Crown'd with the Pleasures of immortal Youth,
She'll quaff nectareous Streams that flow from endless Truth.

But whilst we live (if ought deserve the Name
Of Life, imprison'd in this mortal frame)
The Soul grows dull, suppress'd her active springs,
Nor mounts aloft on her exulting wings.
Yet ev'n on Earth in many points we trace
Expressive tokens of her ancient race.
Whence does the force of Memory proceed ?
How recollects she each remoter Deed ?
Learns various Things in Method to reduce,
With Order range them, and dispose for Use ?
Sure in mere Matter never can reside
Such costly Treasures, or be thence supply'd.

B

She

She too, th' Inventress of each Art below,
 That various Honours did on Life bestow ;
 Gave Names to Things, and taught the Tongue to bind
 In letter'd Sounds th' Ideas of the Mind ;
 Reduc'd from Cave or solitary Den
 To Towns and Cities the rude Race of Men ;
 Strict Laws impos'd, and Men, like Beasts, disjoin'd,
 In social leagues of Amity combin'd : —
 What's This, but Sense sublime, diviner Force,
 And Virtue kindled at th' ethereal Source ?
 Th' impetuous Streams of Eloquence, that roll
 With rapid torrent on th' astonish'd soul,
 Bear down the Passions in their headlong course,
 And mix the Thunder with the Lightning's force : —
 Whence are these Pow'rs deriv'd ? Can ought on Earth
 Produce this Fire ethereal into Birth ?
 What think you of the Poet's pleasing vein,
 His polish'd Numbers, and harmonious Strain ?
 Whether, to charm the Ear, he flows along
 In all the varying melody of Song ;
 Or calls forth Wonders with enchanting art,
 To strike the Fancy and pervade the Heart ;
 His Soul breathes Nothing of an earthly Clime,
 But all is lofty, all is true sublime.
 And when those scenes that crowd this narrow sphere,
 For ever circling in one dull Career,

On the Immortality of the Soul.

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Afford no full Enjoyment to the Mind,
That pants for Pleasures of a nobler kind;
The sacred Poet this Defect supplies,
Bids brighter Objects in Idea rise;
On Truths sublime th'enraptur'd Soul employs,
And gives us Earnest of immortal Joys.

What shall I say of that exalted Tribe,
Those Sons of Science, who with skill describe
By what fix'd Laws celestial Bodies run,
In various Orbits, round the central Sun?
How sweeping Comets urge their rapid race,
Thro' airy Regions of unbounded Space;
How the fix'd Stars with native splendour blaze,
While humbler Planets beam reflected rays?
Sure Minds, that with such glowing Ardour burn,
From Heav'n descended, must to Heav'n return!

Whence cou'd this be, unless the purer Mind
From earthly dregs were totally refin'd?
* Conscious of her own Acts, she hates, she loves,
She grieves, rejoices, as each Passion moves;
From her own fertile source with ease supply'd,
She scorns th' assistance of a foreign Guide.
Unaided still she various Schemes pursues,
Objects compares in all their several views;
Collects the Parts of Truth that scatter'd lie,
And blends united in one social tie.

B 2

Hence

Hence she unlocks great Nature's secret springs,
 And Arts still rear'd on Arts to nice Perfection brings.
 Then by just order of progressive Laws,
 She mounts triumphant to th' Eternal Cause,
 Whence the long Series of Events depends,
 Which, like a Chain, from Heav'n's high Throne descends.
 Next in herself with curious search she pries,
 And marks the young Ideas as they rise;
 Traces the source whence infant Thoughts begin,
 And her own Fabric scarce escapes unseen.
 Say we such Pow'r from senseless Matter flows?
 What mere Machine it's Operations knows,
 Or what it's vital Nutriment bestows?
 For each gross Body, but a mere Machine,
 Moves by external impulse, not within.

Then cease to measure the rich Pow'rs of Mind,
 By the low Studies of the Vulgar Kind.
 But raise your Thoughts to those brave Sons of Worth,
 From Rome or Athens who deriv'd their birth;
 Or Those Britannia bore, of equal praise,
 Fair Nurse of Heroes in her happier Days.

How many Godlike Poets have been found?
 Sages, for Laws or Eloquence renown'd?
 Worthies of old, who toiling not in vain,
 Swept the vile Rubbish from fair Learning's Fane.
 Before the rest, to Science led the way
 Great BACON, radiant as the Source of Day.

On the Immortality of the Soul.

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He from rude dross first purg'd the golden Mine,
And taught the World Philosophy divine.
Where sure Experience the true Pathway show'd,
Bold and secure he trac'd th' unerring road ;
And previous did the flaming Torch display,
To light Immortal NEWTON on his way.

Illustrious Souls! if ought on Earth can move
Superiour Spirits in the Realms above!
If favour'd Albion yet deserves your care,
Oh! give us still your ancient Worth to share:
From sloth supine th' awaken'd Soul to raise,
Smit with true Virtue and heroic Praise.

These rich Accomplishments on Men bestow'd,
Are, 'tis confess'd, th' immediate Gift of God ;
That Heav'n at various Intervals design'd,
Amidst th' extended Nations of Mankind,
Some choicer Spirits shou'd like Stars appear,
To shed a Lustre o'er our earthly Sphere :
That by the force of these Examples led,
A slothful Age might rear it's dastard head ;
And learn from Chiefs of such illustrious race,
It's own celestial Origin to trace.

That some Possessions must belong to Man,
Beyond the limits of this earthly span,
We all conceive ; 'tis felt in ev'ry breast ;
A Truth by learn'd Antiquity confess'd ;

By

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By Nature's voice proclaim'd ; nor dwells a Race
So rude, so savage on Earth's ample space,
But in the prospect of an Age to come
Exalts it's views, and triumphs o'er the Tomb.

Hence the strong Oak, which slowly grows, we plant
For distant Uses, and a future Want.

Thus too the Pyramid of wond'rous size
Lifts it's huge bulk, and wasting years defies.

Hence a frail Life, that soon on Earth must end,
We fondly strive in Glory to extend.
For of such just Esteem is Heav'n-born Fame,
So sweet the Incense of a lasting Name ;
That Men of gen'rous Souls no Dangers shun,
No toils, to make Posterity their own.
That the rich Honours which their Deeds adorn,
May live the Theme of Ages yet unborn.

Do'st thou not see, tho' doom'd to instant Death,
The wretched Convict with his latest breath,
His guilty Deeds impenitent disclaim,
And wound his Conscience, to preserve his Fame ?
These marks of future Being are impress'd,
By Nature doubtless in the human breast.
Hence is the Mind solicitous to know,
What Judgement Time will on our Acts bestow.
But if the Soul's extinct ; if Man become
Mere Dust and Ashes in the mould'ring Tomb ;

Say,

On the Immortality of the Soul.

Say, what avails remote Applause to crave?
Fame comes too late, that comes beyond the Grave.

What mean the fun'ral Rites? the Care display'd
With costly Monuments to grace the Dead?
Some, when the captive Soul has wing'd her way,
The lifeless Carcase to the Earth convey;
Place Chaplets on the Tomb, and ev'ry year
With mournful Pomp the solemn Rites prepare;
As if the blisful Shades requir'd their Care.
Others on blazing Pyres the Bodies burn,
And lodge their Ashes in the faithful Urn;
That hence the Relicks, which the Flames survive,
May the wild rage of wasteful Time outlive.

Why shou'd my Muse record the Deeds of those,
Whose fertil Fields the swelling Nile o'erflows?
No Bodies here are in the Flames consum'd,
(So Custom dictates) nor in Earth entomb'd:
But from within they strip the Entrails bare,
And cleanse the Carcase with a decent care:
Then in the hollow'd space, a various store
Of od'rous Spices, mixt with pitch, they pour:
This task perform'd, with fillets close they bind
The parts, to keep them in due order join'd:
Carv'd on the Lid an Image last is seen,
The fair resemblance of the Form within.
Thus all Mankind with Confidence presume,
Tho' Earthly Bodies moulder in the tomb;

The Soul shall flourish in immortal Prime,
By Fate uninjur'd, unimpar'd by Time.

Behold! where Ganges laves the Indian Coasts!
There, with disdain of Life, whole savage hosts
Of Men, spontaneous rush into the Fire;
Or prone at Altars of their Gods expire.
Urg'd with a restless blind desire to gain
Those blisful Regions, which the Fates ordain,
In Skies serene where cloudless Suns appear,
And Spring perpetual crowns the smiling Year.

Nor less to Fame the Eastern Wives are known;
They nor with gushing Tears, nor female moan,
Their Husbands Fate bewail; but mount the Pyre,
And bravely perish in the fun'ral fire:
By Love impell'd the same dread path to go,
And light the Nuptial Torch in happier Realms below.

Where the bleak North and endless Snows deface
The frozen foil; behold a warlike Race!
With savage Virtue arm'd, in All the same,
They rush thro' raging Swords, and wasteful Flame.
This noble Ardour, and contempt of Light,
In gen'rous Souls what Passion can excite?
What; but the prospect of a fair Renown,
Thro' endless years their Patriot Worth to crown?

Add too those Scenes inventive Poets feign,
Tartarian Rivers, and th' Elysian plain.

Suppose

Suppose we grant these idle Tales at best,
Are only artful Fictions of the Priest.
What then? No ground for Falsehood had been laid,
Had Nature never to the Mind convey'd
A glympse of future, tho' but faintly shown;
Since each feign'd Tale some previous Truth must own.

But as the Thought is difficult we find,
To form an Image of unbody'd Mind;
The Vulgar, keeping to pure Nature's road,
Have on the Soul corporeal Shape bestow'd,
Peculiar Mansions, and a fix'd Abode. }
Others, to whom these common Notions seem
But airy Phantoms, and an empty Dream;
Strangers to unembody'd Souls, presume
Their whole Existence swallow'd in the tomb.
These scorn the Toils, to Men of Science known,
Or deem it mean their Ignorance to own.
For nicely to distinguish False from True,
Is but the great Prerogative of Few.
Rouze then from Sloth, nor genuine Truth despise,
Tho' wrapt in Falsehood's dreary Shade she lies, }
Or the vain Poet's insolent disguise.

When God's Existence is allow'd by all,
May we not This the voice of Nature call?
Yet what false Notions have the World maintain'd?
What Things unworthy of the Godhead feign'd?

To Him the heedless Vulgar have assign'd,
 The various Passions of the human Mind;
 And Gods in endless Multitudes increase,
 As Hope exalts them, or as Fears depress.
 Whate'er of useful Service they esteem'd,
 These as propitious Pow'rs are fondly deem'd;
 While all the Objects of their Hate or Fear,
 As Gods tyrannic and unjust appear.
 Nay, to such height this Frenzy reign'd at last,
 That shapeless Beasts for Deities have pass'd;
 Honours Divine they ev'n on Leeks bestow'd,
 And the vile Onion was enroll'd a God.

Pond'ring these Things, th' ATHENIAN Sage of old,
 With Voice prophetic to late Times foretold,
 That when appointed years their course shou'd end,
 Some glorious Person wou'd from Heav'n descend;
 (And Time at length self-rip'ning into birth,
 Produc'd this great Divinity on Earth:)
 Who, like the orient Sun, might chase away
 The Clouds of Darknes, and unveil the Day;
 The Mind thro' Falsehood's wild Mæanders lead,
 And guide her Footsteps with th' unerring Thread.

Meantime the World some glympse of Truth beheld,
 By Nature's guidance, tho' in Clouds conceal'd.
 Then let us follow where Conjecture tends,
 Nor scorn th' assistance honest Reason lends.

On the Immortality of the Soul.

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I own that Matter and impassive Mind,
By mutual Laws are oft in Concert join'd :
Yet from variety of Proofs we trace
Her diff'rent Nature, and Etherial race.

Oft do we see within the sturdiest breast,
And limbs of Oak, the mental Pow'rs suppress'd ;
And yet in Bodies of a feebler kind,
Discover Symptoms of th' acuteft Mind.
Besides, if when the Body rests entomb'd,
The Sister Soul is to Destruction doom'd ;
By the same Rule, Diseases that assail
Terrestrial Bodies, shou'd o'er Minds prevail.
Whereas, stern Death advancing on his way,
When the worn Limbs are hast'ning to decay,
The Pow'rs of Mind, are often liveliest seen,
And the Soul feels a vital Force within ;
Then Eloquence more sweetly flows along,
And Words Prophetic grace the Dying Tongue.

Again, if Spirit but derives it's birth
From quick'ning Seeds of elemental Earth ;
How comes it, when we rest in Sleep repos'd,
When all the Inlets of mere Sense are clos'd,
And outward Object now no more remains ;
That the free Soul her native Strength retains :
Nay, ev'n from Earth with sprightlier Vigour springs,
And mounts triumphant on expanded Wings ?

Like a glad Bird, that from her Prison flies,
On swiftest Pinion soaring to the Skies.

Now if the Soul be Matter, 'tis confess'd
She must of Atoms Infinite consist:
Hence ev'ry Part will be itself a Mind,
Have Reason, Passion, in it's Frame combin'd;
And All to diff'rent Ways will be inclin'd.
Amidst these various broils and ceaseless strife,
Where shall we find one equal Course of Life?
Say, on what soil can Truth and Justice grow,
Or conscious Virtue find a place below?

Perhaps you'll say, the various Pow'rs of Mind
To certain Forms of Matter are confin'd; —
As if by observation it were found,
That the Square Figure's wiser than the Round: —
Shou'd you subtract, or add a certain Heap? —
Number's no more than Figure, Size, or Shape. —
With Colours, white or black, 'tis just the same;
No real Diff'rence in the Mind they frame.

Perhaps the Pow'r, whence Cogitation flows,
It's strength and origin to Motion owes.
What Wonders spring not from this fruitful source? —
Must Reason, Science, Mem'ry, Will, Discourse,
From Weights and Pullies then derive their force?
The Top by School-Boys lash'd, is doubtless found
To grow Ingenious, as it whirls around.

And

And thus the Water that in Cauldrons glows,
With boiling Streams of Eloquence o'erflows.
Where then the Springs of Motion shall we find?
Not in the Force of Matter, but the Mind.
And o'er the World as Heav'n's great Pow'r is shown,
So Body's guided by the Mind alone.

Then cease to wonder, that She still remains,
When once unfetter'd from these earthly chains.
The Wonder's greater, what Destroys the Mind,
Her Effence simple, not of Parts combin'd.
Whence by her natural Pow'rs impassive made,
No Force her airy Texture can pervade.
Besides, no Foreign Influence she needs,
The Pow'r of Motion from Herself proceeds;
And in this native Principle secure,
The Mind thro' endless Ages must endure.

But if to Things nor Place nor Form we leave,
'Tis hard, you say, their Being to conceive.
If so, what think you of th' Eternal Mind?
That by no Place or Figure is confin'd.
Unless perchance no other God you own,
But a material Deity alone.
But if the same be Spirit, pure and free
From earthly Mixture; such the Mind must be.
For what discovers more internal Worth,
Or better speaks the glories of it's Birth?

Hence

Hence while the Soul and Body still unite,
 She tries excursions, and prepares for flight;
 Mere Guest on Earth she aims at Heav'n's abodes,
 And longs to visit her paternal Gods.

Go now, admire what Life's short Pleasures bring,
 Fly, like the curious Bee, with glitt'ring wing
 From Flow'r to Flow'r; sip Nature's vernal bloom,
 Feast on the Air awhile, then drop into the Tomb.
 Of human Life is This the utmost boast?
 Are all our Wishes perish'd thus and lost?
 Our mighty Hopes and Promises all vain? —
 That, only That's the genuine Life of Man;
 When Truth's celestial Form we shall behold,
 Not forc'd, as now, her Beauties to unfold
 By slow degrees, and step by step proceed;
 Where Meditations mazy Windings lead;
 But with quick glance of Intuition seen,
 Bright as the face of Day, all cloudless and serene.

But, were the Senses gone; perhaps you'll say,
 What Pow'r can Objects to the Mind convey?
 Since from this Source all human Knowledge flows,
 By This 'tis nourish'd, and by This it grows.
 And were this rich luxuriant Fountain dry,
 At once fair Science unsupply'd must die.

What? when the Senses are by Sickness made
 Weak and infirm, their native springs decay'd;
 Does not the Mind administer her aid?

}

On the Immortality of the Soul.

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Art can with sounds th' obstructed Ear delight,
And polish'd Glasses aid the feeble fight.

Hence oft in Life she nobly soars on high,
Above the Lot of frail Humanity.
Now calls each wand'ring Planet from the Skies,
Now opes Earth's inmost Secrets to our eyes ;
Views subt'lest Objects, that escape the fight,
And brings the Wonders of a World to light.

What? when the Mind by her judicious view,
Corrects the Errors that from Sense ensue ;
When, as all Objects diff'rently appear
In Shape and Size, beheld remote or near ;
The Truth from specious Falsehood she retrieves,
And her just Verdict 'gainst the Senses gives ?
Prove not these Signs some secret, inborn Worth,
Some heav'nly Vigour, unally'd to Earth ?
May we not then by fair conjecture say,
When Death dissolves this Tenement of Clay,
The Mind, that now some short Excursions tries,
And with faint Effort spreads her wings to rise ;
Shall disencumber'd take a freer flight,
To Truth unbounded in the Realms of Light.

How this can be, we neither yet must know,
Nor much imports it in this State below.
Know'st thou thy Life within the Womb confin'd ?
Say, what are Beauteous Colours to the Blind ?

But

But still he finds, to Others is reveal'd
 What partial Nature has from him conceal'd.

Ev'n thus, from all this Earth contains, the Mind
 Can Nothing equal to her Wishes find.
 All Objects lose their Beauty and decline,
 Compar'd with that eternal Form Divine,
 Which deigns within His bosom to reside,
 Whom Thoughts sublime and heav'n-born Genius guide.
 On this chief Good he lays his firmest strefs,
 This, This alone he labours to possess.
 Absent from This he feels continual care,
 And pines in secret for his absent Fair.
 And, like a Lover, warm'd with keen desires,
 From the vain Converse of the World retires,
 To Groves, and Fountains, and sequester'd Bow'rs;
 Where musing he may waste the lonely hours;
 And sooth those Ills that human bosoms throng,
 By sacred Wisdom, or the Pow'r of Song.

Hence, all these Matters fairly weigh'd, I own
 That Man possess'd of Happiness alone;
 Who having ample views of Nature made,
 And all Life's solemn Theatre survey'd
 With equal Mind; --- the glorious Orb of Day,
 Fire, Clouds, this Earth, and circumambient Sea;
 Like a full Guest, now satiate with the view,
 Regains his native Seat, and bids the World Adieu!

For whether we survive an hundred years,
Or Fewer reckon, the same Scene appears;
Life's wheel maintains one constant tedious round,
And nothing New beneath the Sun is found.
Then all that Time which here on Earth you live,
Like some throng'd Place of Intercourse conceive,
Or public Inn; where hast'ning to an End,
Midst Cares and Trifles all our Days we spend.
Who first from Life a fair Dismission gains,
He first with joy the wish'd-for Port obtains.
Then haste, and timely furl the spreading sail,
Left on the Way thy scant Provision fail.
Why loiter here, and waste thy Time in vain?
Of dire Diseases, see! a dreadful train
Crowd at thy heels! and scarce arrives a Day
But some lamented Friend is snatch'd away:
Add to these ills Old Age, to num'rous snares a Prey.
But whither does the Theme my Thoughts engage?
We must not unpermitted quit the Stage,
Plac'd betwixt Hope and Fear on this Abode,
To follow where our Gen'ral points the road.
Thro' Life's revolving Course what Ills we share,
Heav'n Wills; and Man th' appointed Load must bear.
But were I Certain, by one common Doom
That Soul and Body perish in the Tomb;
Without Delay most willingly I'd go,
Where, soon or late, all Mortals here below,

Life's Farce concluded, take their destin'd flight
To cold Oblivion, and Eternal Night.
Nay, wou'd th' Almighty Pow'r his Laws destroy,
And grant me envy'd Youth to re-enjoy,
This Life from Infancy again to chuse,
The great, the tempting Boon I wou'd refuse.

No; were I here of all those Gifts possess'd,
Which render human Life supremely bless'd;
The Force of Genius, and strong native Sense,
Unenvy'd Honour, Morals, Eloquence;
Children in long successive order, known
By their paternal Virtues, and their own.
Not all these Blessings shou'd my steps retain,
To tread on Earth Life's beaten paths again;
The Mind at nobler Objects soars on high,
And nothing Mortal can her Views supply.

ON THE
IMMORTALITY of the SOUL.

BOOK II.

GOD then in all the various Works he made,
Has marks of true Benignity display'd.
The Creatures, that Earth's ample Bounds contain,
All live compleatly Happy --- all but Man.
He, justly deem'd the noblest Work on Earth,
God's Image, and the seed of Heav'nly birth;
He, of all living Species, mourns alone,
And Heav'n's fierce Anger is discharg'd on One.---
Far from our breast such impious Thoughts be driv'n,
This vain Repining at the Ways of Heav'n!

Yet view with me Life's spacious Scene around,
On ev'ry side what num'rous Ills abound!
Not, here or there, by Fortune's random blow,
But the whole human Race is doom'd to woe.
How many Thousands are in Battle slain?
What Numbers weep beneath Oppression's chain,
While each sad Day but brings augmented pain?
Many, tho' Nature yields a large supply,
By wretched Famine unassisted die.

Some to acute Diseases fall a Prey ;
Others in Anguish linger Life away.
These suffer Guiltless all ; for with Disgust
I pass the Vot'ries of intemperate Lust.
In Virtue's-self what Profit may be found ?
Say, with what due Reward are Morals crown'd ?
I grant to Virtue all we fairly may,
I own the Greatness of her boasted Sway ;
That She instructs us, each corroding Care
In Life, She cannot Remedy, to bear ;
Sooths unavoided Ills with Hope serene,
And makes us calmly reconcil'd within ;
Forbids fierce Passions in the breast to move,
And stills the Tumults of impetuous Love.
But yet so little can her Pow'r avail,
All the dire Woes of human Life to heal ;
That oft ev'n Virtue (might I dare to say !)
Ev'n Virtue's-self to Dangers points the way.
They, whose hard Fortune binds them to the Will
Of lawless Tyrants, must of course be Ill.
Virtue, unhappy Virtue only finds
Contempt and Hatred from Despotic Minds.
What Numbers, well-deserving of the State,
From Those they fav'd, have met untimely Fate ?
And shou'd some noble Genius rise to view,
In Worth Superior to the vulgar Crew ;

With

With Viper's malice they attack his Name,
And spit their noisome Poison on his Fame.
But grant, he shou'd at length the Clouds dispel,
That all his Virtues from the World conceal;
And from Obscurity advanc'd on high,
Some public Station in the Realm supply:
He for ungrateful Men must bend his Care,
Each bitter kind of Contumely to bear;
The Dangers, that th' unruly Mob create,
And the far worse Ambition of the Great:
Hear This, Ye fond of Honours and a Name,
And learn what Perils crowd the road to Fame!

Is Happiness in Private Stations found?
There too, Lust, Anger, Villainies abound;
Falsehood, that oft the mask of Friendship wears,
Strife, Hatred, and the Law's perfidious Snares.

But there is still one Cordial Drop in Life,
To sooth our Sorrows — an Endearing Wife.
Soft flow your Hours in calm domestic Bliss,
Sweet Babes around you clamber for the Kiss;
With artless Smiles Life's daily Toils assuage,
E'erlong the Bulwark of your tott'ring Age.

Here then we Rest, here reap consummate Joy: ---
But can no Cares this sterling Bliss alloy?
Why shou'd I mention, what too oft we find,
How Each to diff'rent Humours is inclin'd.

Besides;

Befides; the Manners we can ne'er descry,
 Till Hymen knits th' indiffoluble Tie.
 And shou'd we Then repent, 'tis all in vain;
 No Force diffolves the Matrimonial Chain.
 Whate'er our Lot, the Die of Life is caft,
 And our hard Fate purfues us to the laft.

Again; what Parent can with Juftice fay,
 That All his Sons fhall Virtue's Laws obey;
 Be Men of Worth, and fteady to their Truft,
 In ev'ry Action, Honeft, Fair, and Juft?
 But shou'd thefe envy'd Bleffings all confpire,
 To crown with wifh'd Succels your fond Defire;
 Sudden thefe blooming Hopes Death fweps away,
 And clouds the Profpert of your faireft Day.

But fure from Virtue never can proceed
 Thefe dire Difafters; 'tis a point agreed.
 Did all Mankind in Action, Word, and Thought,
 Their various Duties praftife as they ought;
 No fairer Object, or of fweeter mien
 Than lovely Virtue, wou'd on Earth be feen.
 The World's firft Age once more it's head wou'd raife;
 But ah! We live not in thofe Golden Days.

Hence fome Two Sources of the World have feign'd,
 And Two Eternal Deities maintain'd.
 Whereof the One, endu'd with evil Will,
 Becomes the Fountain of all human Ill:

On the Immortality of the Soul.

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The Other heals each dire effect of Strife,
And sooths with Med'cine the sad Cares of Life.
Hence Crops of Good and Ill promiscuous rise,
And in the roseate Bow'rs the dreaded Adder lies.
If then Two Pow'rs preside o'er Nature's course,
Are they of Equal, or Unequal Force?
If Equal, all Things wou'd to Chaos fall,
Or no Creation had been form'd at all:
For where nor Good nor Evil Pow'r prevails,
In even Balance rest th' opposing scales.
But if Unequal, then without delay
This Pow'r to That wou'd yield the sov'reign Sway;
And He, who shou'd the glorious Conquest gain,
Wou'd blot the Marks of Discord from his Reign.
Then hence these Fictions of the Eastern soil,
And all th' amphibious Monsters of the Nile!
 Quitting these idle Maxims, shall we find
More sage Opinions in the Stoic's Mind?
With peevish Pride He scorns to deem as Good,
Fame, Riches, Honours; by the World pursu'd.
Such, merely Trifles, He affects to call,
Or claims Alone Possession of 'em All.
Claims, tho' he spends his Days unknown, distress'd,
With all the weight of Penury oppress'd.
In such rare Notions what Advantage lies!
Oh! what a glorious Privilege to be Wise!

By

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By the same happy Rule, consistent still,
He never fancies Pain to be an Ill.
To greedy Flames his wretched Carcase tofs,
Pierce with the Sword, or Torture on the Cross;
You'll never once oblige him to complain
There's any Evil in th' acutest Pain.
By what Name then are these Disasters known?
Why, They are Inconveniencies, he'll own.
What's Health, Strength, Beauty? These are Goods, you'll say --
Not to be Wish'd, yet Taken on our Way.
From such vile quibbling what Distinction springs,
When all the diff'rence lies in Words, not Things?
Stoic! you then might fairly live, I own,
Without Externals, were you Mind alone;
But till that Time, remember What you are,
Man --- in whose Frame the Body claims a share.
But if, whatever Good beyond us lies,
Capricious Fortune gives us, or denies;
Her Favours now to Me, now Others shown,
Nor Ought remains that's properly our own;
What great Advantage can this wise Man claim?
Who, like the common herd of vulgar Fame,
Finds all the Glories of his boasted Pow'r,
Hang on the dubious Tenure of an Hour.
Besides; that strength of Mind, on which depend
Those mighty Blessings, ev'n Yourself contend

Are

Are Objects worthy our supreme Desire;
How oft diseases damp this vig'rous Fire?
How oft destroy? that scarce the Trace is known,
Where once the Flame with brightest Splendor shone.

See! One, whose Counsel, One whose conqu'ring Sword,
Loft to all Hope, Britannia's State restor'd,
Th' extent of Wisdom and of Virtue show,
And yet how frail the Flow'rs of Genius blow!

He too, that late within our Notice fell,
Who reach'd the Summit of all Writing well.
Whether the Droll's facetious Art he shows,
In all the Charms of Poetry, or Prose;
How nobly Great this mighty Genius shone?
Yet o'er his head few Years, alas! were gone,
When lo! the Same! each Mental Pow'r decay'd,
Himself surviving, a mere Idiot made!
So true it is, that in our mortal Course,
There's nothing Sacred from external Force.

And yet, O Stoic! shall thy Sentence find
A fair Allowance in the reasoning Mind.
For if, when Death dissolves this vital chain,
No fix'd Rewards or Punishments remain;
Observe from hence what Consequence we gain.
Or God unjustly rules this World's Affairs,
Or no Concern for human Welfare bears;
Or if a gracious Providence preside,
And All by Measures of strict Justice guide;

E

oppress'd

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Oppress'd with Ills no virtuous Man remains,
Nor Villain Happy ; as the Stoic feigns.

Involv'd in num'rous Errors, oh! how blind,
How sadly darken'd is the human Mind!
Which the fix'd bounds of Truth no sooner gains,
But there in dull Astonishment remains ;
And near the End arriv'd, yet leaves the Whole
Short and unfinish'd e'er she reach the Goal.
And can you then, O Stoic! freely own,
That God's strict Justice in his Works is shown,
Yet not from hence discern his righteous Will?
Proceed, brave Friend, with strenuous Ardour still;
Push your researches, where the Pathways lie,
To the broad Regions of Eternity.

“ That State, whate'er it be, lies hid in Night,
“ And gloomy Clouds conceal it from our Sight.”
Your Confidence alone this Blindness brings,
Hence the thick Night, the fatal Darkness springs.
Because you Triumph e'er you win the Race,
And ignorant one mighty Whole to trace,
You stop imperfect in the Midway space.
Thus idle Sophists dream ; thus fruitful shoot
A thousand Errors from one Parent root.

The point I wou'd deduce now fairly hear —
We grant th' Existence of a God is clear.
If then the Deity be Wise and Good,
Who with a force Omnipotent endu'd,

Brought

Brought the fair Order of this World to light,
As sings the Bard, *Whatever Is, is Right.*
Nor can the Laws of Equity ordain,
That Virtue suffer; Vice in Triumph reign.
Yet such the Case; if, when we yield our breath,
The vital Spirit lies absorb'd in Death.
What Is, is Right, if one vast All you view,
But shou'd we Perish, the Reverse is true.
With higher Thoughts a good Man and a wife
Connects both Worlds, and sees their mutual ties.
But there are Some, by empty Words misled,
Who partially the World's great System read;
And dreaming little of a Future Fate,
Confine Existence to Life's Present state.
Hither each Thief, each lewd Adulterer makes,
And the fell Ruffian this Asylum takes.

The God of Nature did fix'd Laws ordain,
Which Man attempts to violate in vain.
Whether an ill or virtuous Life he leads,
Imports it not; th' establish'd Course proceeds.
No Change we wretched Mortals can create,
With steady Motion runs the stream of Fate.

Tell me what Order, or what Laws you mean?
For One to Man, a diff'rent Law is seen
To Brutes ordain'd; and still a Third we find
To Matter, void of Reason, is assign'd.

Matter, as from Experience may be shown,
Is urg'd by force of Gravity alone.

Hence by superior foreign Pow'r impress'd,
'Tis still attracted, and attracts the rest;
And hence from Motions fitly form'd, is seen
Firm and compact Creation's vast Machine.

Why shou'd I next the various Orders trace
Of living Tribes; the sprightly feather'd Race,
The tamer Cattle, or the savage kind,
Or those in Ocean's fertil Deeps confin'd?
These Creatures roam not thro' the World in vain;
Some secret Laws their headlong Force restrain.
Of these fix'd Rules whatever be the source,
Or natural Instinct, or fair Reason's force,
In justest measures to their Wants assign'd;
Some Scope they have proportion'd to their kind.
With skill they seek their daily fare, oppose
Their proper weapons to repel their Foes;
Bring forth their Offspring, and with kindest food
Sustain their tender unexperienc'd Brood.
Each shares these Toils, these Pleasures Each receives,
These are the sole Enjoyments Nature gives;
No other Fear, no other Hope is known,
Completely happy in this gift alone.

But lordly Man sublimer Schemes pursues,
A wider prospect opens to his views.

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Midst Nature's Works that so stupendous shine,
His Thoughts discern th' Artificer Divine;
And hence by Man, this Universal Lord
With Rites of holy Worship is ador'd.
Heav'n's perfect Model plac'd before his eyes,
With studious zeal to imitate he tries;
And learns from hence, with Truth Divine in Love,
His own defective Virtues to improve.
And as diffusive Goodness is confess'd,
The noblest Passion in the Human Breast;
His feeling Heart with conscious Joy o'erflows
At other's Bliss, and melts at other's Woes.
Foe to all sordid views, he scorns to own
Himself the Center of each good alone;
His Friend, his Country, nay each living Race,
In one extensive Orb his gen'rous cares embrace.
These Laws but issu'd from great Nature's plan,
When first She form'd Her helpless offspring, Man;
That each, Life's goods unable to command,
Might find Assistance from some friendly hand,
And in return Administer his own;
Their Wants by Language to Each other known.
For of all Creatures else, endued with Sense,
Man's Form is least adapted for defence.
But yet how great his dreaded Virtues prove?
How vast his Prowess? if confed'rate Love

At-

Attraction-like, her common Aid supply,
And bind the Members in one Social tie.

To this great Law within our breast, is giv'n
The sacred Sanction of indulgent Heav'n.
This our own Int'rest teaches to approve,
And conscious Pleasure that results from Love.

Yet where these Blessings can we now survey?
Do'st thou not see, how Lust's impetuous sway,
How Evil Custom, darkest Ign'rance spread
Around the World, their baneful Influence shed?
That thro' the various ranks of Human kind,
Few, very Few, compleatly Bless'd we find.
Observe those tracks the Sun's broad Eye surveys,
Beneath his Rising, or his Setting rays;
Or where the North, or distant South retires;
Or Regions scorching with Eternal Fires;
What abject Sloth? what Poverty abounds?
What frantic Errour the dark Mind surrounds?
So thick the Clouds, no certain Marks are shown
Of human Race, but in the Form alone.

We too, on whom kind Heav'n's indulgent Love
Has pour'd distinguish'd Blessings from above;
Whom fair Religion leads with gentle pace,
Leads, not compels; the Guardian of our Race;
Ev'n We contemn this bless'd Etherial Ray,
And close our Eyes perversely on the Day.

Forfaking

Forfaking Truth, to Sophistry inclin'd,
With vainest Fictions we corrupt our Mind.
For These, as for our Altars we engage,
For Toys and Trifles, with relentless rage.
Hence Murders dire; by Brothers Brothers bleed ;
What Impious acts from Piety proceed !

Thus lawless Freedom, scorning human bounds,
Stalks thro' the World, and Right and Wrong confounds.
A Force Gigantic, that undaunted tries,
With heaps of Mountains to assault the Skies.
Sees God these impious Deeds; or seeing, spares?
Th'Immortal Breast untouch'd at Man's Affairs?
He sees; and Here tho' Justice he retard,
Will soon our Actions Punish or Reward.

I doubt not but the Hand of God is seen,
In human Conduct still to intervene;
And (lest the dread of Wrath divine abate)
Ev'n Now on Earth some Wonders to create.
But of these Acts imperfect trace remains,
Not such as frantic Superstition feigns;
Which Heav'n's fierce Anger, where it will, commands,
And wrests the Thunder from th' Almighty's hands,

Nor can I doubt how much in all Mankind,
Is felt the impulse of a Conscious Mind.
That Virtue meets some recompense below,
And Vice still suffers a just share of woe.

Villain !

Villain! thy Deeds tho' not in publick seen,
Can never scape that Monitor within.

Dire Furies haunt thee, Care disturbs thy Rest;
And with a weight of constant Dread oppress'd,
Th' Avenger dwells for ever in thy breast.

What? when Diseases in long train advance,
The just Rewards of thy Intemperance;
When lean Consumption, the Gout's racking Pains,
And Dropsy pale, that swells the bloated veins;
Spasm, Stone, and wasting Fevers all engage,
Thy Limbs to torture with united rage?
Hence is the Remnant of thy Days (if doom'd
To breathe awhile) in ling'ring Pains consum'd;
And They, whose hopes confin'd to Earth appear,
Death's fatal stroke, pall'd with Existence here,
For ever Covet, yet for ever Fear.

Of these, should any to old age arrive,
And spite of all diseases still survive,
No Joy remains to recompence his Woes;
For neither Friendship's sweet Repast he knows;
Nor, when his Deeds are by Reflection shown,
Feeds on the Good Man's Praises; or his own.
Fled from his Board are all th' Associate Crew;
Ev'n the vile Sycophant has bid, Adieu!
And if perchance his Thoughts descend within,
To view that silent unfrequented scene;

Sudden

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Sudden he starts, with conscious Guilt oppress'd,
Scar'd at the hideous Phantom in his breast.
Nay, when propitious Death, to end his woe,
Stands ready arm'd, and meditates the blow;
What Arts he tries to save the poor Remains
Of Life, devoted to a thousand Pains?
But now, if Life thus wretched, be no more;
If Death dissolves the Spirit's Vital Pow'r;
Whence spring the Terrors of a Dying hour?
Yet thus it is, how'er this Truth they treat,
Men feel Forebodings of a future State.

}

But They, whose well-spent Life no Crime profanes,
Whose honest Bosoms wear no Guilty stains ;
Who just Esteem by real Worth engage,
Whose rich Productions have adorn'd their Age ; —
O'er Such diffusive Pleasure smiles serene,
And conscious Virtue gilds the charming scene.
No envious Cares their balmy Sleep molest,
Nor Wine, nor Venus have their strength suppress'd.
Let Fortune frown, her Rigour they sustain,
And unelated in her Smiles remain.
For He all Dangers may securely brave,
Whose tow'ring Hope can soar above the Grave.
Hence when old Age has slow advances made,
His Strength and Spirits leisurely decay'd ;
Approaching Death such honest Man surveys,
As One, who toss'd on Life's Tempestuous seas,

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Beholds the welcome Port, his Voyage o'er,
Where never Evils can afflict him more.
Him only Death affrights, who dreads the doom
Of awful Justice in a world to come ;
Not him, whose steps by true Religion led,
The Paths of Honour and of Virtue tread.
He on self-approbation wings his way,
And like the glorious Ruler of the Day,
When to the West his bending Orb declines,
Smiling with more diffusive Lustre shines.
He, when all-conqu'ring Death advances nigh,
Mature in Years, to Heav'n exalts his eye ;
And ev'n on Earth, with nobler views elate,
Foretastes the Glories of a future State.

Such once was HOUGH, whose Worth shall ever find
A firm Memorial in my faithful Mind.
Graceful on Him the honour'd Mitre beam'd,
On Him, true Freedom's Advocate esteem'd,
When the hard Time, amidst unrighteous Laws,
Requir'd so brave a Champion in her Cause.
An hundred circling Years now nearly told,
Beyond the date of human Life grown old ;
Of blooming Honours full, his Senses clear,
Without Diseases, void of Pain or Fear ;
Possess'd of all his temp'rate Soul desir'd,
From Life's concluding Banquet he retir'd ;

As a fam'd Actor from the Stage withdraws,
Amidst the Crowded Theatre's applause;
Or like some Chieftain, who, the Goal obtain'd,
Demands the Laurels that his Merit gain'd.

Such Pow'r has Conscience o'er the human Soul,
By Hope to cherish, or by Fear controul.
But whence this Hope, or what that Terrour, say,
If all Sensation must in Death decay?
See! how the Things, that to this Life relate,
Are all Prophetic of a future State!

Whatever Fortune then betide, the Wise
Nor Life will Love, nor peevishly despise.
For shou'd the fickle Goddesses Frown unkind,
He feels a secret Comfort in his Mind;
And if She footh him with a fav'ring Gale,
He knows her Blessings when possess'd are frail:
If such be constru'd Blessings, which we use
To scorn when present, and yet Fear to lose.

Nor think that hence the Mind, remis and flow,
Will dread Life's arduous Toils to undergo.
This gen'rous scorn of worldly Wealth you'll find
For public Service more adapts the Mind;
Makes the brave Soul each Sense of Fear despise,
And still Superiour to all Danger rise.

Yet Such, you say, respect some late reward,
Nor hold for Virtue any just regard.

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And sure Who practise Good reward t' obtain,
Act from a fordid Principle of Gain.
That Noble Soul is truly Great, you own,
Whom Moral Sense and Rectitude alone,
All prospect of Futurity deny'd,
To Truth and Goodness uniformly guide.
Allow'd; nor is He bad, who keeps in view
The Path, which Nature prompts him to pursue;
Whose Hopes o'er Earth triumphant wing their flight,
To Joys Eternal in the Realms of Light.

Yet say, what Sort of Recompence he claims? —
No fordid Deed his Virtuous Soul defames.
No Wealth he seeks by Usury to gain,
Nor is he courted by a Fawning train.
Flatt'ry and False Applause he scorns to hear;
No pompous Titles captivate his ear.
Foe to those Arts Ambition bids pursue,
No Lies he scatters thro' the heedless Crew.
But where Integrity, where Nature leads,
With brave Heroic Conduct he proceeds;
And wrestling on this Stage with noble strife,
Prepares for Pleasures in a happier Life.

But We, the Vulgar undistinguish'd Throng,
Like Ships, impell'd by Tempests, drive along;
Thro' various Paths, by empty views betray'd,
We grasp at Substance, but embrace the Shade.

And

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And as mere Babes their infant Toys Demand,
Then soon resign them with a willing hand;
So when to Life's full Measure we attain,
We act like children on this Stage again.
But he who rests persuaded in his Mind,
That some Existence after Death's assign'd;
That this frail World is not the only Scene;
His Hopes are Certain, all is calm within.
For as the Mind with restless aim aspires
To genuine Good, and Truth unmix'd requires;
There's Nothing Here can Answer her desires:
Nothing on all this Sublunary Seat;
Where Good and Evil, Joy and Sorrow meet;
Where Wisdom's-self on Trifles time bestows,
And equal bloom the Hemlock and the Rose.
No Objects suited to our Wish appear,
But all is transient, all is trifling here.
Perhaps this Dispensation God decreed,
(If Heav'n's high Counsels we may dare to read)
On this Abode for ever blending still
Pleasure with Pain, and Good with adverse Ill;
That Man, thus Kindly Chasten'd from his Birth,
Might view with scorn this transitory Earth;
And wing'd with Hope, his ardent Thoughts employ
On Heav'n, sole Mansion of Eternal Joy.

Now let us backward bend our weary'd view,
And Things recorded to the Mind renew.

For

For having steer'd our doubtful Course at last,
 And specious Errour's latent Rocks o'erpass,
 With all the Perils of the watry way;
 The friendly Port with Pleasure I survey.
 Here then we rest, and thus Conclude the whole ---
 That Thinking Substance, which we call the Soul,
 Is not compos'd of Elements of Earth;
 By Nature therefore of Immortal birth.
 But, if He so ordain, Heav'n's Pow'r supreme
 Can quench the Light of this Etherial Beam.
 He *can*, but never *will* --- That pow'r to know
 More than is destin'd to Man's State below;
 That restless longing for Immortal Good,
 A Passion never in the Mind subdu'd;
 That ardent thirst Perfection to attain;
 Was ne'er implanted in the Soul in vain.
 But now, if Virtue shou'd rewarded be,
 And Vice must suffer, as just Laws decree;
 Yet Here we rarely such Distinction find,
 T'adjust this Point some State must be assign'd.
 Then shall this Scene, that now, respecting Man,
 Seems all unworthy Wisdom's heav'nly Plan;
 The Cloud remov'd, shine forth in Native Light,
 And Truth and Order charm the ravish'd fight.
 Unless this Fact unquestion'd be allow'd,
 Whence can you prove th' Existence of a God;

That

That o'er the World's stupendous Frame presides,
Directs it's Order, and it's Motions guides?
What? shall the nicest Harmony be seen,
Thro' other Parts of this immense Machine;
Yet marks of Wisdom be deficient Here,
Where most Divine Perfection shou'd appear?
No; for a Time is fix'd in Heav'n's Decree
(Seek not to know how such Event can be ;)
Enough, that after Death the Day shall come,
When by one righteous and impartial Doom,
God will all Wicked Men with Wrath pursue,
And give to Virtue what is Virtue's due.

T H E E N D.

The Following Works are printed for and sold by *R. Matthews*
Bookfeller in *Cambridge*.

1. **E**legia Scripta in Cœmeterio Rustico Latinè Reddita. 4to.
2. *M. Fabii Quintiliani Institutionum Oratoriarum Libri Duodecem ad usum Scholarum Accommodati, Recisis quæ minus Necessaria Visa sunt, et Brevibus Notis Illustrati, a Carolo Rollin.* 8vo.
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