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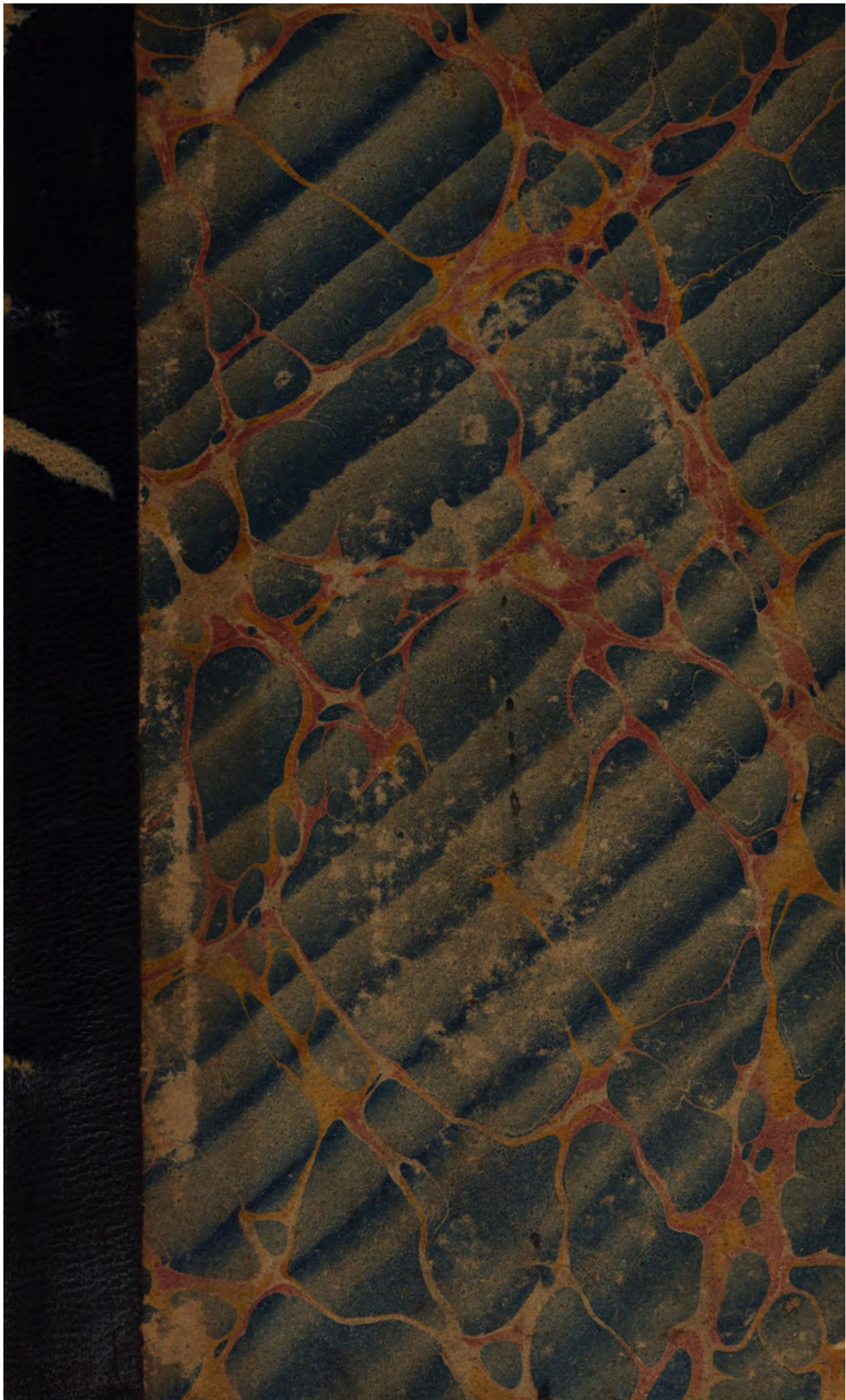
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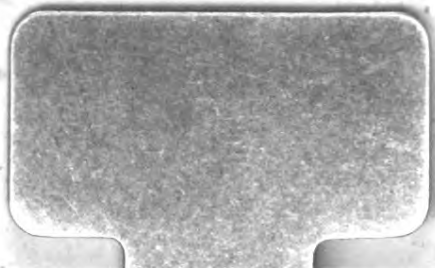


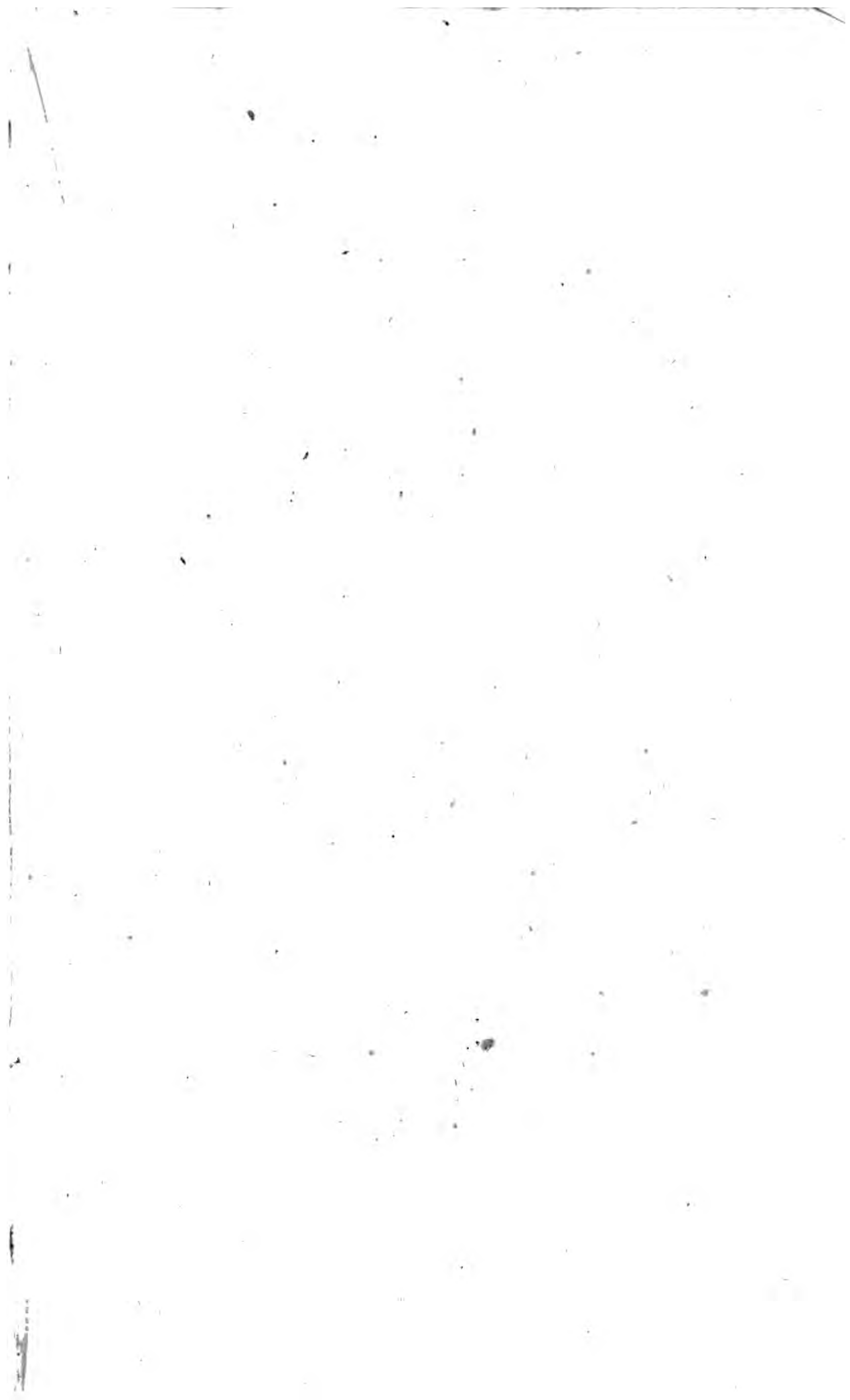
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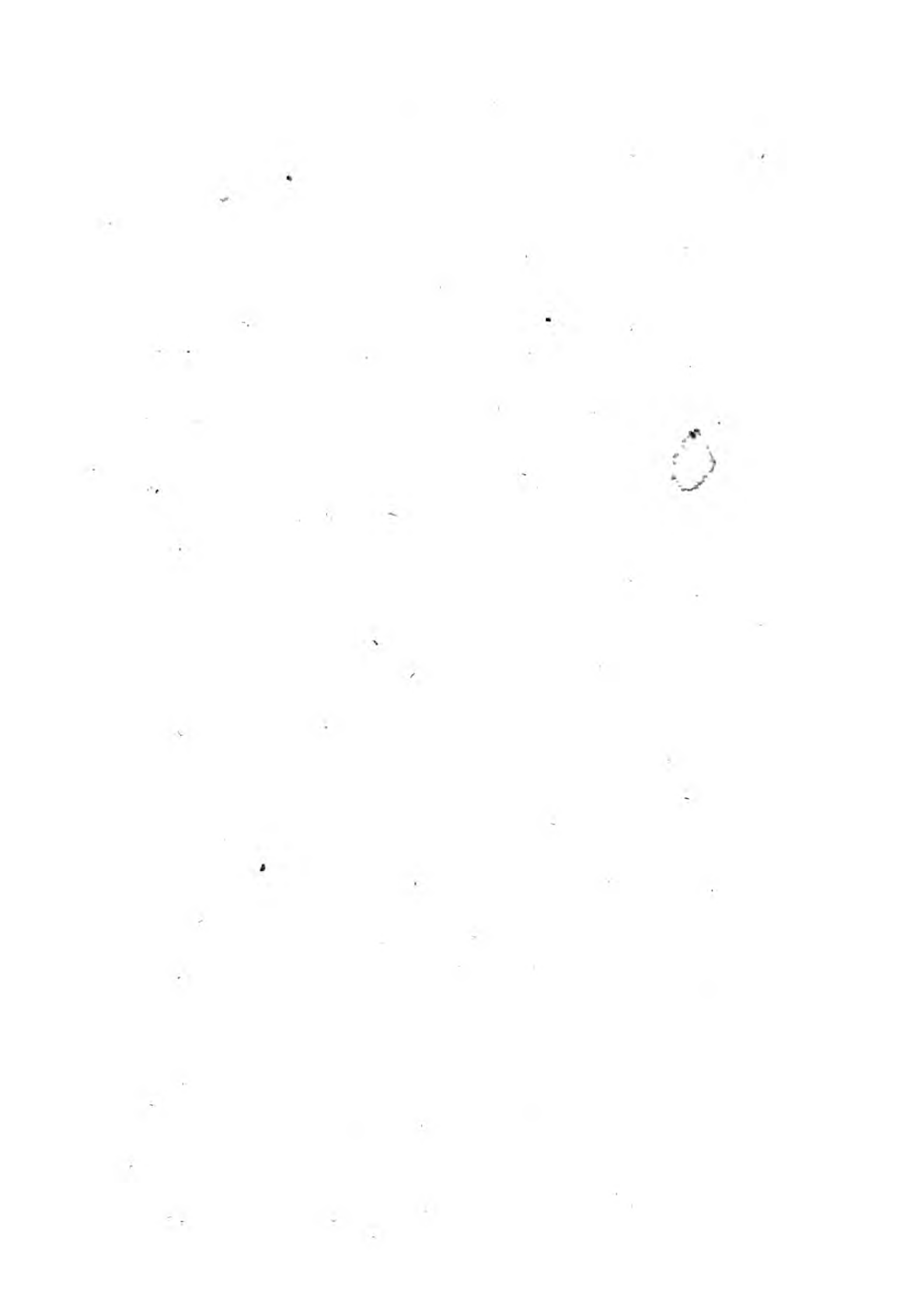
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# P O E M S

O N

## V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S .

CONSISTING OF

MEDITATIONS;  
CONTEMPLATIONS,  
SOLILOQUIES,

POETICAL EPISTLES,  
MORAL REFLECTIONS,  
HYMNS,

A N D

PARAPHRASES OF SEVERAL PARTS OF SCRIPTURE, &c.

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By T. M A Y.

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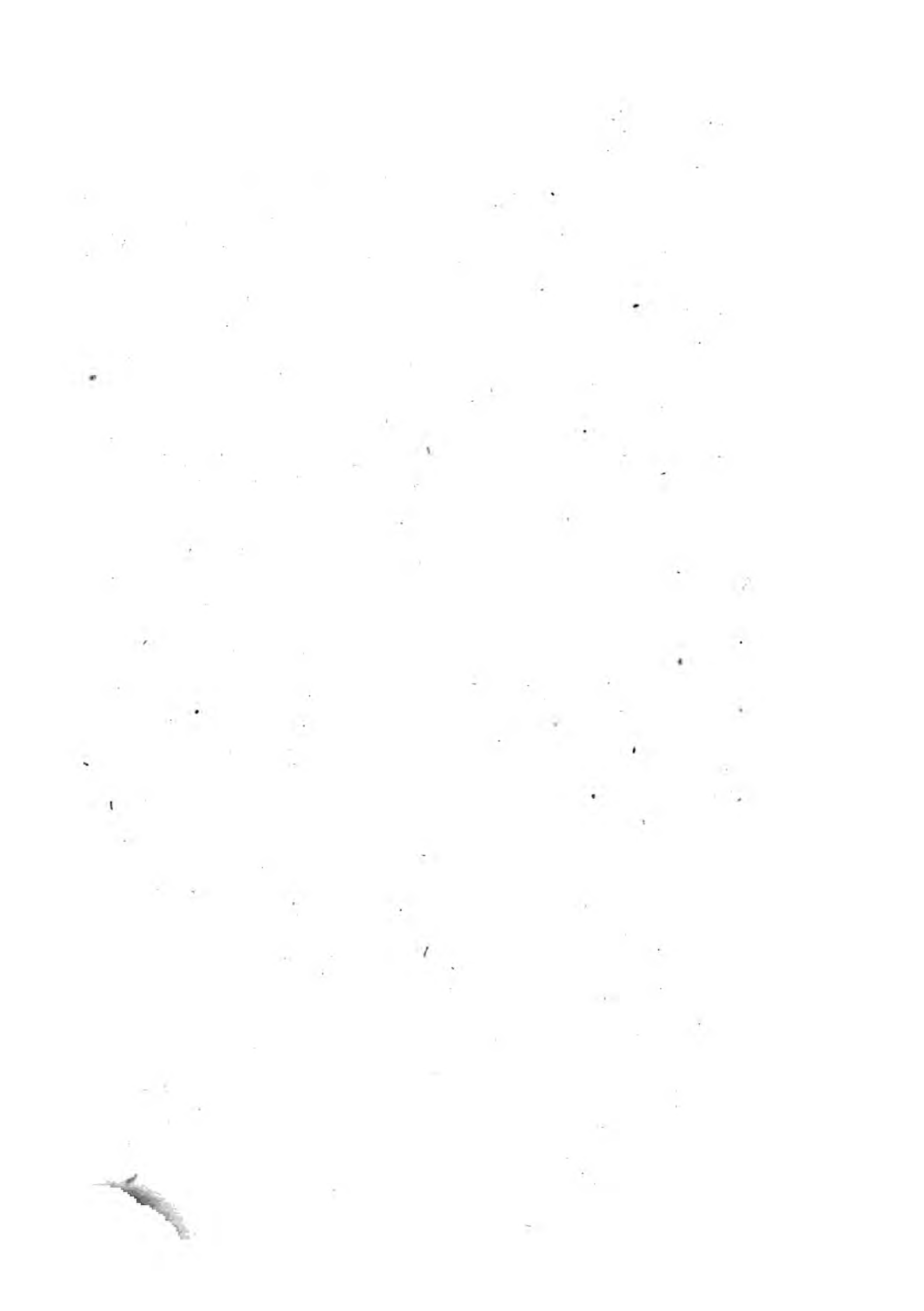
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P O E M S

O N

V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S.

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TO THE MEMORY OF AN INFANT,  
Who died October 31, 1763.

———Paulumque morati,  
Serius aut citius sedem properamus ad unam. OVID.

I N the first spring of life was she remov'd  
From mortal fight, by us so dearly lov'd,  
Who saw those pleasing smiles and harmless play,  
Which wing'd so soon her fleeting hours away.  
In vain with tears we mourn that early death,  
And rue the day which stopp'd thy lab'ring breath;

A 2

Above

Above the reach of man thy soul is fled,  
 Thy body sleeps among the num'rous dead ;  
 Th' immortal part hath left the world below,  
 And feels that joy which souls celestial know.  
 Hail, harmless babe ! be thine eternal rest,  
 Amid the courts of light, for ever blest'd !  
 Cease tears to flow ; to Heav'n's high will resign ;  
 So God decreed, and let not man repine.  
 All, soon or late, shall feel the hand of death,  
 Emit their souls, and draw their final breath.  
 Resist not glory, nor the truth withstand,  
 In virtue thrive, and every fault amend ;  
 Uncertain deem earth's transitory joys,  
 Soon fail these soul-deluding empty toys ;  
 Live well while here, so we at last shall have  
 An easy passage to the loathsome grave ;  
 No conscious terrors then shall pain the mind.  
 When we, like her, must leave those scenes behind, }  
 Angels will smile ; the LORD our GOD be kind. }  
 Here drops the veil ; here let me close my theme ; }  
 A slender tribute to a sister's name ; }  
 For this relation from the dead I claim.

ÆTATIS 13.

A MORNING

## A MORNING HYMN.

SING praises to our God, ye pow'rs above!  
 His praise ye winds, which from four quarters  
 blow,

With murmuring or with gentle voices found.  
 Ye pines, in sign of worship, bow your heads;  
 All corners of the earth resound his praise,  
 Who souls created with Almighty power.  
 To him, whose living chariot shook the base  
 Of Heaven's strong fabric, when Omnipotence  
 Provok'd, drove headlong his rebellious foes  
 Into the burning lake, ye stars give praise.  
 Let all the constellations of the sky,  
 And thou, O sun, now rising from the deep,  
 Unite in anthems to the source of life.  
 Laud him, all nature! at whose word arose  
 Yon azure canopy, emboss'd with stars.  
 He form'd the globe, and circumscrib'd the main,  
 And made the barren rock, and fruitful vale,  
 The range of mountain's Asia's climates boast.  
 To him alone, the warmth of prayer ascends,  
 From whom created beauty draws its charms.

ÆTATIS. 13.

A 3

REFLEC-



## R E F L E C T I O N S,

AFTER READING THE FOLLOWING LINES.

———Et ni

Posces ante diem librum cum lumine ; si non  
 Intendes animum studiis et rebus honestis,  
 Invidiâ vel amore vigil torquebere.                   HOR.

**A**RISE, O youth ! to serious thought incline ;  
 A mind reform'd, at trifles will not pine ;  
 Since Phœbus sheds his morning light on man,  
 With due concern the works of WISDOM scan.  
 Finite the days on mortals here bestow'd,  
 Sublime esteem attends the wise and good ;  
 From sloth supine, unnumber'd evils rise,  
 Unpleasing themes, suspense, or foul disguise.  
 Behold, how glorious nature's charms break  
           forth !

The king of day illumines the gelid north ;  
 The sacred laws of reason mend the heart ;  
 By night or day the sage will truth impart.  
 Search various volumes, turn the classic page,  
 Or trace the genius of increasing age ;

The

The soul that fails to think, expos'd must stand  
To envy's torment, or to love's command ;  
If folly rage, we mourn our state in vain,  
To want abandon'd, and perpetual pain.  
Know this, the sure decree of nature's GOD,  
A sinful nation must abide his rod ;  
Arise, awake, escape from endless ill,  
Whence no calm thought can satisfy the will.  
We read that CHRIST will change the whole ex-  
panse,  
End these frail orbs, and form the last suspense ;  
The sacred trumpet from on high shall blow,  
At which the vain shall rise to meet their woe.  
Arm'd with Omnipotence, when light and truth  
Reveal the SAVIOUR, with transcendent worth,  
Dark, in excessive anguish, sin shall rise,  
And dreadful horror shake th' incumbent skies ;  
Thunders shall roll, and baleful lightnings fall,  
A solemn angel men to judgment call ;  
The soul refin'd by tribulation's law,  
Shall find a world which none but good men know.

## A P R A Y E R.

**O**H Thou! enthron'd beyond the reach of man!  
 The source of good! earth's universal LORD!  
 Look down with pity, and sustain the weak.  
 To thee I bow the knee, and thee alone  
 Adore with praise. In Heaven there's none but  
     thee,  
 On earth not to compare. In virtue's path  
 Teach me to walk, O LORD, in thee confide;  
 That so when time shall end, and be no more,  
 My soul may taste of that eternal bliss  
 Which faints and angels share in Heaven above.

---

 P S A L M XXXIII. PARAPHRASED.

**R**EJOICE in GOD, in the MOST HIGH,  
 Ye righteous souls confide;  
 Sing praise to him, to whom 'tis due,  
 And let his spirit guide.

With

With tuneful harps and psalteries  
Praise Heav'n's eternal KING ;  
The LORD is great, our GOD is just ;  
Pure hallelujah's sing.

The universe can't him contain ;  
In truth doth he delight ;  
From chaos' vast profundity  
He call'd celestial light.

At his command the earth arose,  
Confusion heard his voice ;  
Let sacred righteousness direct,  
And virtue be our choice.

He in one place restrain'd the waves,  
And kept them up in store ;  
Let all the earth praise Israel's GOD,  
His power each soul adore.

His perfect laws remain unchang'd,  
From all pollution free ;  
The destin'd purpose of his heart  
Is firm stability.

Bless'd

Bless'd is the nation that confides  
In him who made the earth ;  
He them will evermore protect,  
And save from wasting d. arth.

The LORD beholds the ways of men,  
All open to his eye ;  
Our fraud and secret treachery  
Expos'd before him lie.

Our minds shall wait before the LORD,  
Pronounc'd our help and shield ;  
In danger to preserve from death,  
Or 'midst the sanguine field.

O LORD ! have mercy on our souls,  
As we believe in thee ;  
By thy protection may we gain  
Fair immortality.

## E P I S T L E I.

Mundus erit, qui non offendet fordibus, atque  
In neutram partem cultus miser.                   HOR.

**I**N grateful verse, I now salute my friend ;  
But let not here our studious friendship end.  
Once more I take my long rejected pen,  
To prove the weakness of the sons of men ;  
Awhile I wait in deep suspense and fear,  
Yet unresolv'd my ideas to declare.  
Impell'd by humble gratitude, I fain  
Would tell our friendship in the poet's strain.  
Involv'd in thought, subsequent lines I write,  
Free from malignity and partial spite.

Where now is Addison ? where doth he lie ?  
All conqu'ring death hath clos'd his piercing eye.  
So frail the world ! we join our native clay :  
What's man ? perhaps the tyrant of a day.  
Assist my slender verse t' address the age,  
And prove the evils of the pleasing stage ;  
Think not, dear youth, to have the language fine ;  
Reflection speaks for truth in ev'ry line.

Here's

Here's not th' expanded field we claim in war,  
 Nor here o'er heaps of slain descends the rattling  
     car ;  
 Not rage, but courted luxury I sing,  
 From scenes of avarice my numbers spring.

Let each man act in his own sphere,  
 Who virtue seeks, will find her there.  
 Among the great 'tis soon to rise,  
 When Sol hath measur'd half the skies ;  
 I hate to see ambition rule,  
 And false delight deprave the soul.  
 Some wound the fight, in pomp to share,  
 And luxury is all their care ;  
 Think not mankind from failings free,  
 I'll censure vice with them that see.  
 Though time rolls heavy with the great,  
 Once pass'd, lamented, 'tis too late ;  
 They prate of plays, remote from rules,  
 And scorn the morals of the schools.  
 Tho' wanton sparks may take it ill,  
 We censure faults be where they will :  
 Thoughtless of right, men fit and swear,  
 Once overcharg'd with wine and beer ;

Devoid

Devoid of reason, grown like beasts,  
They fain would satirize their priests,  
The monkey and baboon exceed,  
Nor with such foul intemp'rance feed.  
Lo! scenes of riot end the day,  
And grandeur longs to see the play.  
Plac'd in the pit, some judge the stage,  
And mock the virtue of the sage ;  
With pride one takes an obvious seat ;  
For recent pomp allures the great :  
This contemplates the tragic scene  
Of those that act behind the screen.  
Cato, we see, resolv'd on death,  
Falls on his sword, declining breath ;  
Prone on the ground the hero lies,  
His pictur'd death excites surprize.  
Comedian wits some would employ  
To make their pleasures glib with joy ;  
The passions mov'd with poignant pride,  
Reduce our conduct to the tide ;  
The ridicule of comic leer  
Divides our prudence from our fear ;  
It gives the reins to greedy fight,  
And forms the heart to false delight.

When



When men of taste for trifles prate,  
Extreme delusions change the great.  
With innocence we scarce behold  
The turns of wit reduce a scold ;  
The mind a slave to obvious pride,  
The feeds of vice our senses guide ;  
Profuse our morals soon become,  
And many a weakness will have room.  
Vain without hope, discretion cloy,  
And Heaven appears like transient joys ;  
But sober minds escape such tools,  
Whose habits form from virtue's rules ;  
Once lost to truth, we praise the stage,  
And lose the greatness of the sage.  
All scenes may please with follies air,  
Or work deceptions for the fair.  
If comedy delights the soul,  
Pure virtue stoops to fancy's goal ;  
There mimic trifles move in state,  
While vice is skreen'd behind the gate ;  
Falsehood on taste begins to brood ;  
But cautious fear becomes the good :  
Whether you're rich or poor, be free  
To contemplate the forms we see.

Some

Some minds in avarice place their joy,  
And nought but wealth can grief destroy;  
But when it reigns within the heart,  
The baffled conscience feels no smart.  
Nor can we pass yon hapless shade,  
Where pride and avarice stand display'd;  
Where, starv'd to death, the beauty dies,  
With painted cheeks and languid eyes.  
Afraid to taste, some pine for food,  
And spurn the gracious hand of God;  
But, mortal! know, thee Heaven denies,  
And inward terrors blast thy joys.

ÆTATIS 14.

PSALM

## P S A L M XXXIX. PARAPHRASED.

**L**O! said my soul, I will my ways  
Henceforth far more regard;  
While wicked men before me stand,  
From speaking I'm debarr'd.

With silence I was dumb, by grief  
Restrain'd my strong desire;  
My heart was hot, while thus I mus'd,  
And burst with wasting fire.

Teach me, O LORD! to know my end,  
The measure of my day;  
How frail am I! all earthly things  
Are subject to decay.

My age is nought before my GOD,  
Who made my life a span;  
Sure all must die; in his best state,  
What is the son of man?

He

He heaps up wealth, but takes no thought  
Who may possess the bane ;  
O'erwhelming cares oppress the soul,  
Sure, all our joys are vain.

My hope, O LORD ! is fix'd on thee,  
Deliver me from sin ;  
Let not the foolish vex my soul,  
But let thy mercy shine.

Dumb was my tongue, my mouth was shut,  
O LORD ! because of thee ;  
Remove the trial far away,  
And shew thy lenity.

When with rebuke thou dost chastise  
Iniquity in man,  
Thou mak'st his beauty die like moths :  
Sure, life is but a span.

Hear me, O LORD ! unto my cries  
Incline thy gracious ear ;  
Hold not thy peace when I lament ;  
Ah ! wipe the silent tear.

B

Thy

Thy laws are strange unto my soul;  
 New to me are thy ways;  
 Like as my fathers were before,  
 Grief loads me full of days.

Oh spare me, that I may renew  
 My strength, thee to adore;  
 Before I fly from earthly things  
 To Heaven's transcendent shore.

---

PSALM XCVII. PARAPHRASED.

**T**HE LORD doth reign; let all the earth  
 In Zion's GOD rejoice;  
 The distant isles, with rapturè seiz'd,  
 Attend his awful voice.

Thick clouds and darkness him surround,  
 In majesty array'd;  
 Judgment and righteousness were seen  
 When GOD his power display'd.

Before

Before him moves devouring fire  
To extirpate his foes ;  
His awful lightnings scare the world ;  
Earth's convex surface bows.

The mountains melt like yielding wax,  
O'ercome with fervent heat ;  
Mankind beheld, and, trembling, fear'd  
JEHOVAH's pow'r to meet.

The Heavens proclaim his righteousness,  
And nations own his joy ;  
All those that worship images  
Will Israel's GOD destroy.

Ye fair celestial angel forms,  
JEHOVAH's pow'r adore !  
Thy judgments, LORD ! did Zion hear :  
Peace thrive on Israel's shore.

Thou art above the spacious earth,  
Enthron'd above all gods ;  
The Heaven of heavens receives thee there ;  
Eternal, blest'd abodes !

From wicked men, and every harm,  
 Doth Israel's God defend;  
 Love him, ye righteous! on this rock  
 Let all your hope depend.

Light for the faithful first was sown,  
 Gladness for the upright;  
 Rejoice in God omnipotent,  
 Extol his matchless might.

---

### A SOLILOQUY.

**R**ETIRE, my soul! from painful thoughts  
 retire,  
 O'er mundane themes, and transient bliss aspire;  
 Lo! earth must change. Say, can this world  
 delight?  
 All pleasures here must close in lasting night.  
 Death shuts the door of life: the pride of man  
 Must soon subside; the gloomy king will reign.  
 If we profess in JESUS to believe,  
 Can we, by sin, his holy spirit grieve?

Think

Think not a solemn reck'ning to evade ;  
 Our deeds must in the scale divine be weigh'd.  
 Heaven wills to prove mankind ; thro' faith oppose  
 The dark temptations of infernal foes.  
 Thro' various trials men attain to blifs,  
 And while on earth, partake of mental peace.  
 What pure enjoyments shall the soul obtain!  
 A total freedom from all fear of pain,  
 If, thro' the vale of life, in virtue we remain. }  
 A crown immortal is for such in store,  
 Where the grim lion never can explore ;  
 Above temptation, free from Satan's wiles,  
 There universal goodness ever smiles.

---

A P R A Y E R.

**O** THOU ! whose glory far exceeds  
 What man can comprehend ;  
 Great source of being ! mighty LORD !  
 Whose kingdom ne'er shall end,



May I presume, on bended knees,  
Before thy name to bow ;  
Send forth thy light, most gracious God !  
That all thy will may know.

Exalt thy SON in ev'ry heart ;  
Preserve this favour'd land,  
That sin may cease, and dare no more  
Thy gospel-truth withstand,

Extend thy mercy thro' the world,  
Preserve thy saints, O LORD !  
Remove transgression, and reveal  
Thy pure essential word.

Arise, O GOD ! to purge and cleanse  
The mind from every sin ;  
Grant all conditions to possess  
Serenity within.

Let the MESSIAH reign in peace,  
Thy boundless mercy sway ;  
Where pride offends, and thought is vile,  
Incline our hearts to thee,

Inspire

Inspire the nations to adore  
 Thy great and awful name ;  
 Spread o'er the world thy sacred truth,  
 From endless time the same.

ÆTATIS 15.

### AN EVENING MEDITATION.

Aspirant auræ in noctem; nec candida cursum  
 Luna negat——  
 Cum venti posuere, omnisque repente resedit  
 Flatus. VIRG.

**A**WAKE, O Muse! in grateful numbers sing  
 What sacred joys from contemplation spring.  
 Now nature smiles, in lovely verdure clad;  
 Releas'd from care, I seek some grateful shade:  
 There, while grey eve brings on the silent night,  
 On meditation's wings I take my flight.  
 No noise tumultuous here disturbs my rest,  
 Nor painful thoughts oppress my peaceful breast:  
 A solemn silence shuts the closing day,  
 And nature's works a varied scene display;

B 4

O'er-

O'er-shadowing earth, night spreads her gentle  
reign,

The workman sleeps, insensible of pain.

This calm serene of nature soothes the mind

To sacred truth, and pensive thought inclin'd.

'Tis when the soul reflects, as evening still,

Each source we trace, and reason curbs the will ;

When with a suppliant heart the knee can bow

Content and passive, then our virtues grow.

OMNISCIENCE reigns ; his word will teach the wise,

His Providence our daily wants supplies ;

When every anxious mind unties its load,

And, tho' it fears, reclines on future good,

A firm restraint the froward passions feel,

Or stand subjected to th' eternal will.

When thus subdu'd, our judgment seems divine,

And recent glory bids perfection shine ;

Reveal'd by heav'nly grace, our sins appear,

And recollection fits the mind for pray'r ;

Nurs'd by devotion, every moral grows,

Reflection calms us with our friends and foes.

## R E F L E C T I O N S,

ON READING THE FOLLOWING LINES.

Aurum per medios ire fatellites,  
 Et perrumpere amat Saxa, potentius  
 Ictu fulmineo. HOR.

**B**LESS'D is the man who courts not wealth,  
 But scorns the charm of gold;  
 He hates the miser's guilty ways,  
 Whose life to gain is fold.

Thro' guards, thro' rocks, wealth penetrates,  
 More powerful than fire;  
 The thirst of lucre blinds the mind,  
 To sin our hearts retire.

The love of money wounds the soul,  
 Impairs its peace with God;  
 That which just Heav'n for use ordain'd,  
 Man constitutes a rod.

It

It first induc'd proud kings to war ;  
Whole empires it destroys ;  
The mind no more serenity  
And inward peace enjoys.

All evils spring from specious gold,  
Which wicked men pursue,  
With all their hearts, with all their minds,  
And give not God his due.

From hence presuming mortals dar'd  
To cross the dang'rous sea ;  
From Albion's realms to Indian shores,  
Gold taught th' impervious way.

Men forfeit peace ; their lives no more  
Th' insatiate crew regard ;  
No perils can their minds deter ;  
Gold will their toils reward.

Both health and thought this bane depraves,  
Inures the heart to sin ;  
Corrosive cares oppress the soul,  
And wayward passions reign.

Bless'd

Bless'd is the man whom temperance  
And moderation guides ;  
His soul is not disturb'd in death,  
But every fear subsides.

Misfortunes and distress in vain  
Assault his sedate mind ;  
No guilty conscience breaks his rest,  
To Heaven's high will resign'd.

The smiles of fortune and of wealth,  
With all their charming train,  
The pure conceptions of his soul  
Shall ne'er corrupt with gain.

He scorns a soft, luxurious life,  
The grand parade of pride ;  
Calm reason reigns within his breast,  
And all his pow'rs shall guide.

Possess'd of wealth, his charity  
Shines with distinguish'd light ;  
Whose common joys are social good,  
Which forms the world upright.

## A POETICAL DIALOGUE.

Occasioned by the Death of an Infant, who died in the  
Year 1765.

L E M I R A.

**S**AY, whence those tears? Why droops that  
honour'd head?

Is then, as rumour says, the infant dead?

Yes—true—too true—that aspect, sad, declares,

Those weeping eyes emit a flood of tears;

Drop after drop, successively descends;

In agonies my parent folds her hands!

Abstain, dear part! better than life, abstain;

Must heaving sighs express internal pain?

Ah! what I see!—uncomforted she stands;

Her woes the tribute of a tear demands.

Hark! yonder groves the solemn theme resound!

On Cælia, death inflicts a mortal wound.

What—then, is Cælia dead? Yes—earth no more

She deigns to visit;—now the æthereal shore

Her

Her spotless soul triumphant doth receive,  
 Far too sublime in mundane climes to live:  
 But cease:—let reason over grief prevail,  
 Let reason bear aloft th' important scale.  
 Spend not the day in tears:—fond parent cease;  
 Forbear to mourn; may sorrow's tide decrease.

## H O N O R I A.

Oh! urge me not, Lemira! slow retire?  
 Can sorrow, then, those harsh demands require?  
 In vain can words attempt to soothe my cares;  
 They but increase the torrent of my tears.  
 A sister's dead!—yes—harmless Cælia died,  
 While in yon shade we did at ease reside.  
 Lo! drowsy slumber clos'd thy youthful eyes,  
 When gentle Cælia sought her native skies.  
 From me she's fled—Oh piercing, cruel death!  
 Which robb'd the little innocent of breath.  
 Relentless tyrant! still he breaks my rest,  
 And tore an infant from its mother's breast.  
 Lament with me, in sorrow sympathize,  
 Thou rising sun! whose glory gilds the skies.  
 Wretched and hapless, destitute I rove,  
 My mournful accents ring thro' every grove.

Soft



Soft Philomel! the death of Cælia mourn;  
 My Cælia's gone, and never will return;  
 While midnight reigns, the solemn theme prolong,  
 Till bright Aurora brings the cheerful morn.

---

A S O L I L O Q U Y.

**M**Y soul shall ne'er the LORD distrust,  
 Who always will support the just,  
 When storms internal roar;  
 And pow'rs satanic threaten pain,  
 Prepar'd t' extend their baneful reign  
 O'er every mental store.

The righteous, GOD will not forsake,  
 Nor his eternal compact break,  
 In death he will be near;  
 When wasting wolves invade the flock,  
**CHRIST** is their shepherd and their rock,  
 Let every nation fear.

Thy

Thy power, immense! O LORD, display;  
 Let barb'rous realms thy will obey,  
     And tremble to offend;  
 Abide in deep humility;  
 To great JEHOVAH bow the knee;  
     May Israel's GOD defend.

---

## A P R A Y E R.

**E**FFULGENCE bright! celestial essence pure!  
 All-seeing GOD! efficient source of power  
 And unexhausted love! thy flock survey;  
 Collect thy sheep, and spread the gospel day:  
 Incline the hearts of all mankind to thee,  
 Preserve from sin, and from temptation free.  
 Let judgment rise to teach the froward soul,  
 And truth sublime the sons of men controul.  
 When shall the day, the promis'd hour be come,  
 That righteousness in splendor bright may bloom;  
 Withhold not grace: deign, LORD! to visit man,  
 And speed the work thy goodness first began;

The

The thoughtful mind with heavenly truths inspire,  
Chafe every gloom, and influence each desire.

ÆTATIS 15.

---

ON PATIENCE.

*Ἄνδρὸς τὰ προσπίπτοντα γενναίως φέρειν.*

**T**HEE, Patience, next in flowing verse I sing,  
Thou shield of wisdom! Heaven's eternal  
spring!

Celestial joys from thy fair fountain flow,  
And beaming glories treat the world below.  
When droops the soul, thy charms absorb our pains,  
Faith undisturb'd, beyond affliction reigns.  
Sedate and calm, our suff'ring optics see  
The scythe of time approach mortality,  
Unmov'd, unchang'd; thro' all the woes we feel,  
Superior patience curbs the stubborn will.  
Great kings may boast, and sceptics may deny,  
But he is bless'd, who bears without a sigh  
Those deep probations, which may virtue try.

Substantial

Substantial patience forms the hero's mind,  
His fortitude, by adverse toils, refin'd ;  
By thee, O Patience ! goddess heavenly bright,  
The shrine of reason yields a ray of light.  
Sublimely gifted, men expressly feel  
The substance given, their subject of appeal ;  
Superior worth to gratitude must flow ;  
For genuine greatness doth on goodness grow.  
No more excess can its vile root supply,  
Since fevers, gouts, and astmahs, all go by ;  
What must be suffer'd, men attempt to shun,  
But faith and patience is the agent's crown,  
Which mounts o'er death, and bids his virtue soar  
Where lasting bliss, by wisdom, shall endure.  
Patience and faith, with all the world commerce,  
This bids us prove, and that endures its force ;  
Justice and kindness to the wise belong,  
That real pleasures may delight the young.

## T H O U G H T S

ON READING THE FOLLOWING LINES.

Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum  
 Soracte; nec jam sustineant onus  
 Sylvæ laborantes; geluque  
 Flumina constiterint acuto. HOR.

**F**AREWEL, ye shades! ye rural joys extinct!  
 Beneath the spreading holm, or branching fir,  
 No more the groves can please; cold winter reigns,  
 The sun declines, and slopes his feeble rays;  
 Loud storms impend, and falling rime adorns  
 The lofty elm, or decorates the pine.  
 Lo! nature mourns; the flowers no longer bloom,  
 Nor fragrant sweets delight amid the vale;  
 The hyacinth and daffodil reclin'd,  
 No longer please: the primrose dies away,  
 And fair Narcissus droops his charming head.  
 No more the tufted lawns or forests please,  
 Nor lovely prospects greet the ranging eye;  
 Leafless the trees, and stripp'd the bounteous fields;  
Black

Black low'ring clouds the azure skies o'ercaft,  
 And spread a dreadful gloom.—  
 Cold, nitrous falts the ftanding pool congeal,  
 And frozen ftreams confine the fleeting skiff.  
 The gelid north its frozen millions pours,  
 And hoary garments clothe the pregnant foil.  
 Lo! hardy fwains furround the fmoking hearth,  
 And fhrink to turn the glebe.—

With wide deftructive rage the floods unite,  
 Inveft the vale, and drown the fertile plain;  
 The far-fam'd Danube laves its watry fedge,  
 And deep majestic Thames o'erflows its banks;  
 Nor can the Elbe his mighty rage contain,  
 Nor yellow Tiber's bounds its billows ftay;  
 The dams are vague, and half the country drown'd;  
 The inundation, art in vain furveys.  
 Lo! ample meads in water buried lie,  
 And fcarce the pine difplays its branching head.  
 His eyes the ft ranger turns, and views aghaft!  
 A deep circumfluent ocean on the land!  
 No painted flowers adorn the cultur'd fpot,  
 Nor groves nor purling ftreams can foothe the foul.  
 See! pleafure flies; hoarfe winds affault the roof,

And pregnant clouds descend in sheets of rain ;  
No gentle breezes like the zephyrs blow  
To fan the swain with their od'rif'rous wings ;  
But hollow storms, and driving rains disturb ;  
The music of a dark tempestuous night.

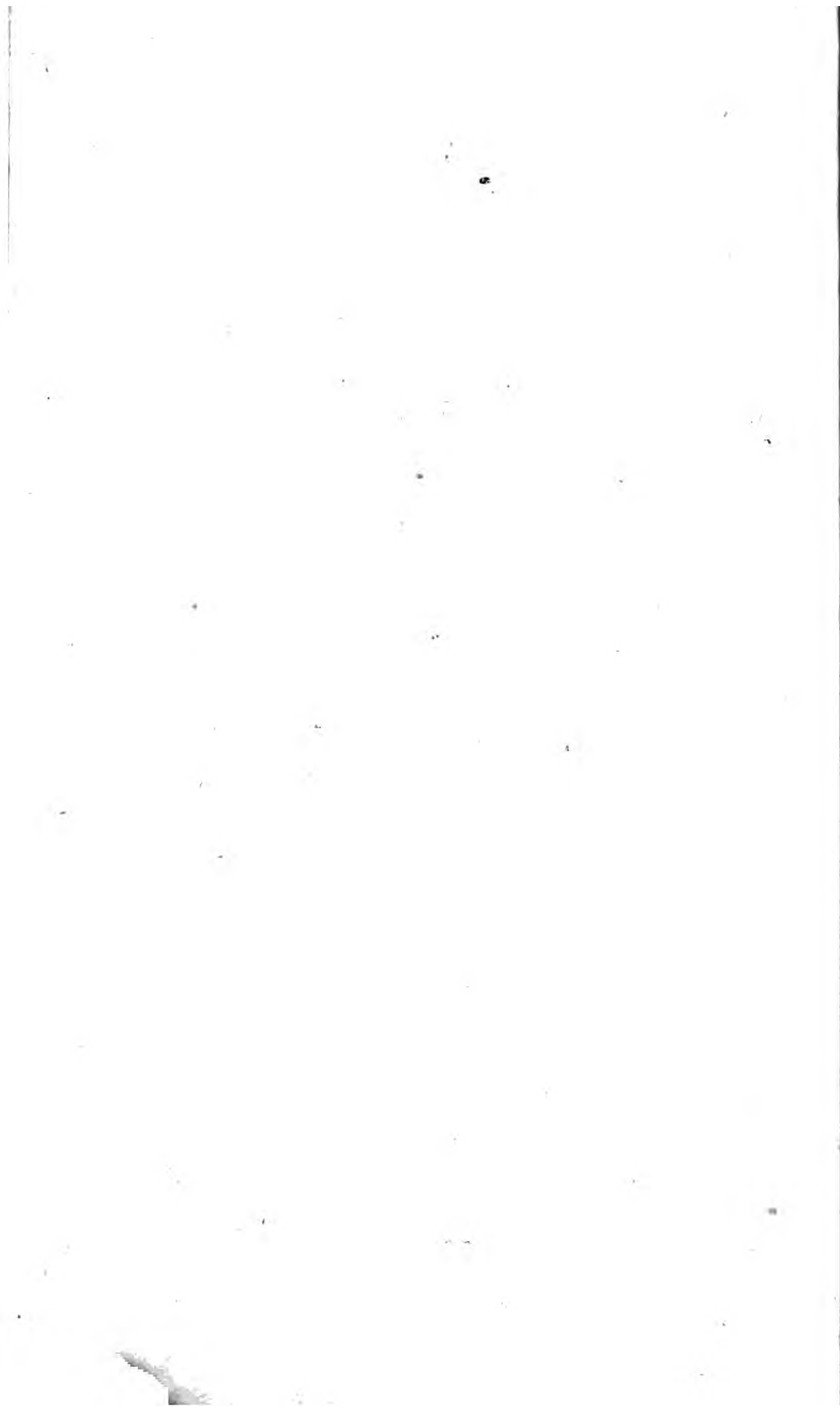
ÆTATIS 15.

CONTEMPLATIONS

ON THE

DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.





## CONTEMPLATIONS, &amp;c.

## ON OMNIPOTENCE.

————— Ut his exordia primis  
 Omnia et ipse tener Mundi concreverit orbis,  
 Tum durare solum, et discludere Nerea ponto,  
 Cæperit; et rerum paullatim sumere formas. VIRG.

**S**AY, whence arose this ancient globe,  
 This round, capacious earth?  
 Who form'd the day? created man?  
 And to the beasts gave birth?

'Twas that primæval power divine,  
 Whose wisdom infinite  
 Inscib'd the Heavens, and bound the air,  
 And to the sun gave light.

Dividual shades GOD form'd, and spheres;  
 He bade Arcturus rise;  
 Orion and the Pleiades  
 Adorn the vaulted skies.

He spoke, and gloomy darkness fled,  
Imperfect chaos fear'd;  
The limpid waves of the vast deep  
His awful mandates heard.

Thro' Heaven his living chariot roll'd,  
To change the realms of night;  
When angel forms, attending, saw  
Their great CREATOR's might.

Who, but OMNIPOTENCE, could cause  
This world to spring from nought?  
With power combine earth, fire, and air,  
As his prescience taught?

When worlds were made, withdrew the void,  
And nature's threshold shook;  
Obsequious, then each ferment ceas'd,  
And peace thro' discord broke.

He fix'd Atlantian hills secure,  
And bade Mount Ætna rise,  
Whose horrid cataracts of fire  
Obscure th' incumbent skies.

'Twas

'Twas his own power that rais'd yon arch,  
Which circumscrib'd the light;  
Restrain'd the Caspian rising tide,  
And every greater fight.

God first design'd and clear'd the way  
For various plants to grow;  
He made the rains, in plenteous showers  
Refresh the vales below.

Congeval'd in clouds, descends the fleet,  
Whence comes the hoary frost?  
Who swell'd the earth's redundant streams,  
Or cloth'd the barren coast?

Tell, if thou canst, from whom, but God,  
The storms of hail descend;  
Who bade destructive north winds roar,  
And earth's vast convex rend?

What man can count the twinkling stars?  
Or rule the clouds of Heaven?  
What being can bound his matchless grace?  
Or sum the blessings given?

He

He gave to beasts peculiar sense,  
To ev'ry bird his wings ;  
Where Argus' hundred eyes are match'd,  
Our admiration springs.

The grand vestigia of his might  
With stedfast thought survey ;  
See how the stork contemns the plains,  
Or mounts th' æthereal way.

God in the rampant horse hath lodg'd  
Superior strength to thine,  
When his dire thunder cloth'd his neck,  
And made his courage shine.

Can men depress his heart with fear,  
Or make his pride retire ?  
From out his gaping nostrils pour  
Thick clouds of breathing fire.

Elate with might, in the low vale  
His feet concutient prance ;  
'Mongst thronging helms and blazing shields  
His brawny sinews dance.

From

From his broad breast the barbed dart,  
And glitt'ring spears rebound ;  
His rage, impatient, spurns the earth,  
And tears the meeting ground.

The air, unterrify'd, he snuffs,  
And joins the din of war ;  
To battle led, he knows the field,  
And kens the foe from far.

Can'st thou command the lordly hawk's  
Expanded wings to fly ;  
Or with the eagle meet the sun,  
And build thy nest on high.

GOD will abase the wanton mind,  
And cause the proud to bow ;  
The humble soul he will exalt,  
And bring the lofty low.

He drew Behemoth's wond'rous shape,  
Whom no man can describe ;  
Where'er we turn his glory reigns,  
Confess'd by every tribe.

Wilt

Wilt thou command leviathan  
To leave his native deep?  
Or on his wat'ry couch disturb  
The monstrous whale from sleep?

Terrific horror clothes his face,  
Aurora gilds his eyes;  
Replete with day, as when the morn  
In crimson robes the skies.

God reigns beyond what man can trace,  
Unbounded and alone;  
Lord of the universe, its fire,  
Whom great archangels own.

He form'd celestial fairs secure,  
Bade sapient seraphs glow;  
His nimble cherubims perform  
Their message here below.

Whence came the glaring comet's train?  
Its vast stupendous size?  
Whose long elliptic curves we trace,  
With wonder and surprize.

Search

Search all creation's ample round,  
Behold the hemisphere;  
Whatever's great th' ALMIGHTY form'd,  
To prove his presence there.

Borne thro' the vast cærulean space,  
His holy spirit rode;  
The solid earth's foundation shook,  
And men and angels prais'd the same ETERNAL  
GOD.

---

On the OMNIPRESENCE of the DEITY,

—Deum namque ire per omnes  
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum.  
VIRG.

**T**HIS world shall fade, the earth shall change,  
But Heaven shall ne'er decay;  
There great JEHOVAH proves his might,  
With vast unbounded sway.

His



His presence every where extends,  
Ev'n, tho' the mind explores  
Th' amazing hills of Cambria's realm,  
Or roves on desert shores.

Where barbarous Ethiopians rage,  
Or fierce Cyreneans dwell,  
Where Nilus' seven-mouth'd streams discharge,  
Or Cyprian waters swell.

But shall we cross Sarmatian heaths?  
Arabia's mountains tread?  
Or where Ecbatana once rear'd  
Her proud aspiring head?

Ev'n there we may perceive the hand  
Of God, in power divine,  
Whose countless orbs, reveal'd by night,  
In perfect order shine.

Go, penetrate Serician states,  
Where great Issedon stood;  
Describe the rocks whence Ganges' springs  
In treble rivers flow'd.

Explore

Explore Trinacrian caverns dark,  
Blind Polypheme's grim cave ;  
Search, if thou can'st, the deep profound,  
And mark each furling wave.

Speed thy pursuit in Persia's gulf,  
And hide where dolphins lie ;  
Yet there the foul finds no retreat  
From God's all searching eye.

Descry Mercurius' fultry star,  
Near Sol's transpiercing blaze,  
Intrench the ground where Nubians dwell,  
Or shun his fervid rays.

But can we tread bright Venus' fields,  
Where lasting concord reigns,  
And mirth and blissful scenes abound  
On lov'd Idalian plains ?

Go, mount the moon, or dare survey  
The sanguine globe of Mars,  
Where some, with specious notions, tell  
Of ever fatal wars.

**Invert**

Invert thy flight thro' fields of air,  
Traverse the plains of Jove,  
Where wisdom lends to Phœbus' beams  
What lunar systems prove.

Think not, in Saturn's dreary orb,  
To hide our sins from GOD ;  
For there he reigns, and pleads for truth,  
In that obscure abode.

Consider all the space of Heaven  
To raise our views combin'd,  
The universal parent there,  
The only GOD we find.

## On the DIVINE OMNISCIENCE.

ἜΙΣ δ' εἰς αὐτογενῆς·————

ὕδ' εἰς αὐτὸν

Ἐισοράα θνητῶν, αὐτὸς δὲ γὰρ πάντα ὁρᾷται.

Orph.

**N**O more can we our thoughts conceal  
 From God's pervading eye,  
 Than from his omnipresence, man  
 Thro' space immense can fly.

In vain the bad presume to hide  
 Their pride and false designs;  
 He knows their thoughts, he proves the heart,  
 And tries our stubborn reins.

In vain shall man premeditate  
 The abject deeds of fraud,  
 And in his secret chamber say,  
 "Sure there exists no God."

D

Who

Who dares deny what nature speaks ?

The stars declare his might ;

The laws of motion freely tell

There's one that's just and right.

That power of reason, deem'd our own,

This general truth must shew,

Reform'd by Heaven, when every soul

Peculiar grace shall know.

As more diffuse the sun shall rise,

Whose glorious light hath shone,

So find we God's prevailing love

To warm the heart of man.

Did not his holy spirit reprove,

(To conscience I appeal)

Before we sought the path to Heaven,

And shunn'd the gulf of hell ?

God knows the breathings of the soul,

The fervour of the mind ;

Who made the world is with us there,

And bids the heart be kind.

What

What in this chequer'd life is lodg'd,  
 But PROVIDENCE can tell?  
 Whose wisdom fram'd the æthereal skies,  
 By his own pow'r and will.

ÆTATIS 15.

---

A CONTEMPLATION  
 ON THE  
 PROVIDENCE of the DEITY.

— εστι δε πάντως

Ἄυτός εσθέρανιος, καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ πάντα τελευτα,

Ἄρχην αὐτὸς εχων αμα καὶ μεσον ἠδὲ τελευτήν.

Orph.

**P**RAISE ye the LORD, extol his name,  
 Loud hallelujahs sing;  
 From Sinai's height, or vallies low,  
 Praise Heaven's eternal KING.

When in the east Aurora moves,  
 T' unbar the gates of light,  
 What mind can then forbear to praise  
 The Origin of Might?

D 2

Say,

Say, when the sun the summit gains  
Of yon æthereal sky,  
The CAUSE of causes must be there,  
And PROVIDENCE is nigh ;

Or if from west Hibernian realms  
The light withdraws its ray,  
Conceal'd behind th' aspiring hills,  
When ev'ning crowns the day ;

What pious soul can cease to feel  
The warmth of mental praise ?  
The songs of triumph which extol  
Him who inspires the lays ?

Before the earth was render'd kind,  
His holy spirit was there ;  
Before its plains could be produc'd,  
His Providence was sure.

He gave the spring of human peace,  
And sheath'd the force of pain ;  
The ruling pleasure of the mind  
His wisdom did obtain.

Where

Where light refracted form'd its gems,  
His word commission'd sense ;  
The same Almighty Power was near,  
In faith and consequence.

All things were made to speak his praise  
By the effect of truth ;  
Men saw, and wonder'd at the sight,  
When thought explain'd its worth.

There's not a creature blest'd with life,  
But PROVIDENCE can raise ;  
A world of beings lend their charms  
To celebrate his praise.

The eye, the mind, the hope, or sense,  
Incline in their degree ;  
Election, instinct, still 'twas GOD  
That drew the plan for thee.

What freedom wills, when reason speaks,  
By favour seems our own ;  
Man lives by grace, left free to choose,  
While glory is his crown.



Taste! beauty! phyfic! clas the herbs  
Imagination cries,  
Their fymmetry and parts declare  
The world is no difguife.

The Power that form'd the ftars of Heaven  
Has kindly blefs'd the earth  
With all the fervour of the fpring,  
And every teeming birth.

No element difplays its force,  
Or adverfe fhade impends;  
But GOD regards the main defign,  
And his own power extends.

One common air his creatures breathe;  
Benevolence is free;  
His attributes regard each kind,  
In nature and degree.

The feer, the king, the peafant reigns,  
Their quality is fair;  
The friends of learning claim his love,  
As Daniel found him near.

There's

There's no estate, or gain below,  
No subject but it thrives ;  
Religion seasons every theme  
And doctrine, while it lives.

The righteous mind can never fail,  
Tho' nature feel distress ;  
Our peace with GOD is always sure,  
In search of happiness.

Such grateful help our minds explore,  
As doth his presence shew ;  
Such perfect beauty proves his might,  
That PROVIDENCE is new.

Hid in the mine, superior art  
Invites the searching eye ;  
Amid the forest Heaven appears,  
And wafts its wonders by.

Survey the oak, whose acorns fall,  
Our admiration grows ;  
Trace the dependance of each plant,  
From GOD its verdure flows.

The gen'rous æther pent in tubes,  
 Sustains its native force,  
 Renews the leaf, extends the branch,  
 And proves a living source.

Our gracious LORD is not so strict  
 As to confine the theme;  
 His word attracts to all extent,  
 The perfect mind's esteem.

In its prescription, time, and space,  
 Reflecting thought surveys  
 Those rising beauties with delight,  
 Which PROVIDENCE displays.

ÆTATIS 16.

---

REFLECTIONS ON THE HUMAN MIND.

**T**HOU Holy Spirit! effulgent light!  
 Eternal PROVIDENCE!  
 Thine is the kingdom, thine the power  
 Of life and recompence.

When

When first the mind with reason fraught  
Beheld apparent blifs,  
She lov'd to contemplate her choice,  
And long'd for happiness.

Inspir'd with hope we saw the goal  
To which our faith should fly ;  
We found our peace our greatest good,  
And judgment was our cry.

Those accidents which health disturb,  
Mankind would fain avoid ;  
The LORD inspires all those that wish  
To abnegate their pride.

Respect exalts each rule of life,  
To satisfy our want ;  
Man should be active, we believe,  
AS PROVIDENCE hath meant.

This state of suff'ring must convince  
We need internal aid ;  
The soul depends on what it feels,  
And yet it must persuade,

There's

There's not a prophet, priest, or prince,  
But Heaven can change his mind ;  
The virtuous few of every tribe  
For glory were design'd.

All human pow'rs are found too weak  
To paint the shades of light ;  
No finite being can rival Heaven,  
To crown its own conceit.

The soul inspir'd reclines on truth,  
It must in fact submit ;  
The mind of man was never blest'd  
With independent wit.

When grace refines, who dares deny  
Salvation for our gain ?  
Man meditates, his heart is mov'd,  
This favour to obtain.

Dependence follows every thought  
The minds of men explore ;  
By things possess'd, some recent gift  
Prompts an increasing store.

The

The love of virtue GOD inspires,  
Whose grace promotes our gain ;  
Men catch at phantoms while they think,  
And often strive in vain.

Th' imagination hath its play ;  
Can systems this deny ?  
Mankind inform'd, amid their fears,  
May future peace enjoy.

The good man labours without vice  
To nurse the buds of sense ;  
GOD is our refuge on complaint,  
Our guide, and sure defence.

There's not a thought but Heaven perceives,  
Where no temptation stays :  
In his own measure of compare,  
The man that wants, obeys.

Distinct from hence, a thousand worlds  
Extend the mind's review ;  
Where universal glory reigns,  
The theme is ever new.

Station,

Station, design, and circumstance  
Contribute to extol  
The wise disposer of effects,  
In man's observant soul.

The prudent mind is not oppress'd  
In those uncertain bounds  
Of rash prescription, which exclude  
The healing of its wounds.

The wise CREATOR of the world  
Inspires sublime delight ;  
Supernal goodness seals the bond  
Which keeps the heart upright.

Sometimes peculiar thought exceeds,  
Perfection to survey ;  
Wisdom proportions every gift,  
That nothing may betray.

Habit, affection, have their pole,  
Contingents stand for truth ;  
Another morn excites our care,  
And wins the soul from sloth.

GOD

Can Mercy leave us with contempt?  
 Redemption sheaths our pain;  
 The pearls of glory raise their price,  
 As grace can truth obtain.

The LORD JEHOVAH is our strength,  
 His word will bless and save;  
 Wisdom and power rejoice the soul,  
 And reign beyond the grave.

ÆTATIS 16.

---

THOUGHTS ON REDEMPTION.

WHAT tho' this world and all its gems decay!  
 This human frame return to native clay!  
 What strife is there? Why shrinks the soul at  
 death?  
 Why ebbs its love, and generous tide of mirth?  
 'Tis on impos'd conditions mortals live,  
 Men reign with faints, or sink below the grave.  
 The soul is anxious, tempted, madly bold;  
 For transient pomp eternal joys are fold.

Say,



Say, whence on earth such flatt'ry should avail ?  
 What fervile pleasure can be virtue's jail ?  
 Say, why is man still subject to mistake ?  
 What ails the soul, if death his poignard shake ?  
 Suspend the thought ; go, penetrate the deep ;  
 Waves forc'd on waves the wat'ry surface sweep.  
 Who lives must die ; the laws of nature feel ;  
 This truth is sure, th' ALMIGHTY acts by will ;  
 Heaven is our joy, OMNISCIENCE forms the just ;  
 For CHRIST we wait ; in him we put our trust.  
 Our SAVIOUR comes ; his grace fair virtue feels ;  
 The righteous soul to faith and life appeals.  
 Sin, thro' our weakness, will the heart subdue,  
 Except CHRIST JESUS doth its hope renew.  
 Strike off the debt ; he did for sin atone ;  
 He will forgive, when mercy crowns the throne.  
 Say, sons of men ! his attributes unite,  
 When free Redemption fills the soul with light.  
 OMNIPOTENCE o'er all things doth preside ;  
 His wise appointments best for man provide.  
 He who hath knowledge must by duty rise,  
 The powers of reason penetrate disguise :  
 Faith wrought in man, is by the gift of GOD ;  
 We live by grace, and his perfections laud.

Sing,

Sing pure hosannahs! meet the heavenly pow'r,  
In word and deed, essential love adore.  
Mankind are mean, their pride deserves contempt;  
Without our LORD, our hope becomes exempt.  
No theme, no work can entertain our wit;  
But want of goodness must be want of right.  
We leap the wall, oppose impending ill,  
Regard with reverence what extends our skill.  
It must be so; the pattern must be man;  
The love of GOD this myst'ry will explain.  
For one and all, the LORD OF LIFE descends,  
His light and truth with no exception blends;  
CHRIST liv'd on earth to fix his justice there,  
His kind protection form'd the debt of pray'r.  
Pow'r join'd with goodness, grace must love inspire,  
Men strive in vain to purify desire.  
On the third day the PRINCE OF PEACE repell'd  
Th' impervious darkness which his might conceal'd.  
He who descended, did ascend on high,  
To place redemption in th' empyreal sky.  
The light of truth our intellects may raise,  
Till resignation claim undoubted praise.  
Man needs a Saviour; Heaven alone is good,  
What nature lacks, by grace is understood.

The

The suff'ring world shall its allurements leave,  
 To laud that power which never can deceive.  
 Heaven is our hope, the LORD JEHOVAH reigns,  
 He dwelt with man; truth his own work explains.  
 Thro' faith sublime his attributes unite,  
 His might and justice every good excite:  
 All finite genii limp towards the grave,  
 And habit fails them like some party slave.  
 But our deliv'rance is by CHRIST procur'd.  
 Who Satan vanquish'd by his holy word;  
 The powers of hell in certain bounds restrain'd,  
 Shall, trembling, own him GOD, by Pow'r explain'd.  
 No parts, nor learning high or low, shall rant,  
 We ask redemption, and the goodness meant;  
 Heaven, earth, and saints, enjoy thereby their peace:  
 The SAVIOUR comes, he comes with our release.  
 Indulgent mercy, truth, and future good,  
 Love, and the cross, are clearly understood.  
 Jew! Heathen! Turk! opinion surely fails;  
 The world's prescription every truth curtails;  
 Our minds deprav'd oppose celestial light,  
 Or glare like comets in th' expanse of night.  
 We, unprotected, often spurn our lot,  
 Depend on habit, and expire, forgot.

The

The holy spirit our virtue can renew;  
 Lost in condition, Heaven reforms the Jew.  
 Arise, ye dead! the word was freely given,  
 And must be answer'd by our trust in Heaven.  
 Man reigns thro' CHRIST; like John, we feel his  
     love,  
 Rest on his bosom, and our actions prove.  
 Rise then, and live; possess this glorious power;  
 For JESUS suffer, and with saints adore.

ÆTATIS 16.

## E P I S T L E II.

## O N P L E A S U R E.

*Ἦγὰρ παράκαιρος ἡδονὴ τικτεῖ βλάβην.*

Otia corpus alunt, animus quoque pascitur illis;  
 Immodicus contra carpit utrumque labor.

OVID DE PONT.

**I**F nor my lines, nor numbers you despise,  
 At Shillingford Uranian pleasures rise;  
 If there the mind the Muses' gifts require,  
 And calm reflection claims the poet's fire,

E

Observe

Obferve the fequel, give the wifh'd excufe,  
Accept the tribute of a brother's mufe.

Shall wifdom pafs us ? fhall the juft man fail ?  
Good fenfe be pent in pleasure's loathfome jail ?  
If generous themes our youthful minds delight,  
Exprefs each thought with judgment, not conceit ;  
Defcant with prudence, fifters ; write of truth,  
This beft becomes us, 'twill improve our youth.

In wifdom's fchool, no ftate nor fyftem fails,  
Nor grateful eafe, beyond delight, prevails ;  
The ftudious mind is not content with toys,  
Nor crowns its leifure with uncertain joys :  
Some kind retreat reflecting reafon feeks,  
To arm the foul before the heart miftakes.  
Whether thro' groves or diftant fields we tread,  
The rays of beauty compafs every fhade ;  
O'er hill and dale the mind for pleasure flies ;  
There's no enjoyment like celeftial joys.  
The man poffefs'd of all his eye can reach,  
In debt to virtue, muft his heart impeach ;  
The lively fcenes of the exalted fpring  
A while may please us, like fome tranfient thing ;

We

We walk beside the crystal brook in vain,  
Conflict with pride, or trust our wit with pain.  
No dream thro' life can plead the mind's excuse ;  
The soul by truth withstands unkind abuse.  
Thro' PROVIDENCE our various talents grow,  
We chuse delight, and shun the paths of woe.  
From social converse, friendship is our plan,  
The LORD's appointment in the heart of man.  
There's not a mortal reasons here below,  
But sees from virtue happiness must flow.  
Where fortune smiles, condition frowns in vain ;  
Adapted well, all nature may be gain ;  
Judgment, esteem, and honour, wrath appease,  
All wisdom's pupils court the power to please.  
Loaded with flow'rets from the verdant mead,  
On Thames' fair banks thy happiness I'll plead,  
In yon kind vale where fragrant roses blow,  
Or where the hills command the plains below.

Silence, ye cities ! toil no more for gain ;  
Your pride dissembles riches to your pain.  
The studious mind is chearful without rant,  
Is calm in freedom, and secure in want ;  
Condition changes while our virtues rise ;  
There's no invention long obtains disguise.

Unlock the skiff, give some kind hand the oars,  
 Desire our friends to row for Whitnam bowers ;  
 In social pleasure spend the live-long day,  
 And mark those beauties which the hills display ;  
 Drefs'd in her vesture of a thousand dies,  
 Contemplate Nature, ere the summer flies ;  
 Made for delight, enjoy th' impending groves,  
 Survey each prospect, as keen fancy moves.

Behold Mathefis with her lines descend,  
 The spires of Oxford reckon to some friend ;  
 The universe by fair description trace,  
 Beyond the mountain skim th' immense of space.  
 Thro' neighbouring viftos scan the gliding stream,  
 With condescension every view esteem.  
 Explore the country in its various pride,  
 And change the northern for the southern side ;  
 Where Chiltern hills like whiten'd caverns glade,  
 Across the vale extends their ample shade.

Silence, ye cares ! retirement hath its joys,  
 Beauty is pregnant with renew'd supplies ;  
 New subjects please, the grateful scene allures,  
 Each distant object some new charm procures.

The

The planted field a kind profusion paints,  
And draws a curtain o'er our cold complaints ;  
From every scene sublime conceptions flow,  
Of wonted goodness, and consenting show.

From the steep mountain hangs the tufted grass,  
The clift and covert treat us as we pass ;  
Succeeding wonders lurk in every shade,  
Creation smiles, and wisdom doth persuade.  
But, lo ! my fair, the evening bids retreat,  
The sun reclines, and dew impearls our feet ;  
Fancy would rove, but prudence calls aloud  
For that conclusion which maintains our good.  
The scene must change ; each orbit hath its size ;  
The time for safety is the agent's prize.

ÆTATIS 16.



## V E R S E S

Occasioned by an unusual freezing Rain, &c. in the  
Year 1766.

Ubi mors non est, si jugulatis Aquæ? MARTIAL.

**T**HEN, does no bard, nor neighbouring poet  
sing

Our late dismay, the force of gelid rain?  
Shall snow in heaps prevent the workman's toil?  
And no descriptive pen resume the theme?  
If critics fail, I'll sing the fate of trees,  
Th' encreasing frore on Trent's tremend'ous banks,  
Here, Muse, begin! tho' cold as death, arise;  
Pourtray the scene; the vast incumbent weight  
Of freezing atoms; when their points unite  
In heaps of ice, and load the bending branch.

See oaks robust! amid the forest fell'd,  
And, stripp'd of ancient pomp, divide the glassy  
turf.

Wild ruin roars; the pliant willow torn,  
And heaps of browze o'ercharge the ranting team.

Sure

Sure Albion's isle with pangs unfelt before  
Aftounds the mind ; and horror speeds surprize.

The fleet endures to rend the stedfast woods,  
O'erwhelm'd with weight beyond the strength of  
wind ;

Ev'n blust'ring Boreas' dire inclement storms  
Are feeble now, in all their might display'd.  
In many an acre dress'd in freezing shrouds,  
The pomp of pines, and heads of elms incline.  
Such terrors reign'd amid the chace below,  
In Whichwood forest, and the precincts near.  
Depress'd, behold the stubborn ash reclin'd,  
Elastic, bent, its top salutes the pit ;  
The arched grove depriv'd of half its shade,  
Ice-lopp'd, disfigur'd, unesteem'd, and rude.

Hark ! nature groans ! what ails the face of  
things ?

No prospect pleases while destruction roars ;  
Polish'd with ice, the scions daggers turn,  
The knotted shrub a glitt'ring sword projects,  
Nor less inclement drives the freezing air,  
Where heaps of snow conceal the northern plains.

Wond'rous event! full twenty cubits deep,  
 With mountain tops the vales replenish'd range.  
 Far to the north, th' impetuous cause survey  
 In denser air; an horizon of clouds!  
 Shot, or impell'd by some unusual force.  
 Here inundations sap the fence and fold,  
 There falls the rain more frozen to excess:  
 A twig becomes a pound; belief is vague,  
 Except to those who saw the truths I sing.  
 The sun dissolves the snow with gradual heat;  
 But here impending ruin cannot fail.  
 A flood commenc'd, a frost defers its threats;  
 Lo! desolation spoils an age's gain,

ÆTATIS 16.

---

S O L I T U D E.

Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus,

**H**AIL, glorious morn! sublime, serene, and  
 sweet!

Fit time for thought; fit time to contemplate;

Calm

Calm is my breast, external objects fair,  
 Soft breathes the wind, and fresh the vital air.  
 From hills and vales transporting prospects rise,  
 A scene of glory round each emblem flies ;  
 Where pines and cedars grow erect to fight,  
 The partial visions of unbounded might ;  
 Where nature smiles magnificently gay,  
 And various Flora spreads her grateful sway.  
 Near whisp'ring groves, and ever purling rills,  
 Æthereal SOLITUDE, fair goddess dwells ;  
 Mov'd at her shrine, I strike the founding lyre,  
 Indulge my soul, or fan its latent fire.

Say, SOLITUDE, how shall I dress my theme ?  
 Thee most I court ; thy happy shades I claim ;  
 To dwell with thee, o'er barren heaths I tread,  
 Explore the fields, or cross the verdant mead,  
 Swift with the morn my fancy takes its flight  
 Thro' realms of air, or mounts on rays of light ;  
 Descriptive beauty greets my studious mind,  
 Expanded hope, unbounded, unconfined.  
 With seraph's wings the mental senses fly  
 To trace the wonders of their native sky.  
 One while, sublime, they weigh Mercurial air,  
 View Venus' plains, or tread where comets glare ;

Con-

Contemplate Heaven, where globous planets roll,  
 Or scan the secret motions of the soul.  
 Lo! there the mind explores celestial signs,  
 Where every wonder, every splendor shines.

Swift thro' the void, the vast immense profound,  
 Where Heaven's Creator whirls the meteors round,  
 Extends desire; divine perfections rise  
 To waft the soul to taste primæval joys.  
 With sacred hope, Thought mounts the Sun's bright  
                   road,  
 And contemplates the various works of GOD;  
 Explores Arcturus, every sign surveys,  
 Rests or proceeds upon the full-grown days;  
 Thro' Leo glides, th' envenom'd Scorpion flies,  
 Like Libra, weighs yon azure-vaulted skies;  
 Avoids Aquarius, dreads the Centaur's bow,  
 Whose frigid signs involve the north in woe;  
 Beneath the Twins, the Bull's majestic size,  
 Where Cancer, Aries, and the Fishes rise.

Oft borne on high, the soul admires the great;  
 Walks with the sun, and calls the morn compleat,  
 Descries the spots that feed the spheric fire;  
 How keen is man! how subject to admire!

Whence

Whence those supplies? how long the Sun can  
burn!

And elements eventual, systems turn?

Why, press'd in orbs, stupendous planets roll?

His wisdom owns the beauty of the whole.

Swift Contemplation none but God can stay;  
Thro' Heaven's wide portals, Thought directs its  
way;

In visionary scenes, lo! mansions rise;  
Transparent founts! the haunt of deities,  
Where shapes angelic dwell; fair sons of peace  
Chant lasting praise, or laud unbounded grace.  
Such power is thine, stupendous! maid of light!  
To Heaven we mount, or sink to endless night.  
By thee the soul, contemplative, may soar  
Sublime! resistless! thro' thy plastic power.

Before the giddy mind depress'd with fear,  
Inglorious dread, and vengeful fiends appear;  
Torpid to sense, infernal horrors rise,  
With superstition hell insults the skies.  
Can there in man such adverse darkness dwell?  
Can vice forbid the freedom of the will?

Like

Like some tremendous cloud, or threat'ning  
 show'r,  
 Frowns sacred SOLITUDE, primæval power!  
 In those vile hearts, who wickedness procure.

Ere earth arose, or genius was display'd,  
 When dire confusion lurk'd in every shade;  
 Before the Heavens, before the spheres of light,  
 Thou wast with Wisdom in her destin'd flight;  
 Thou with the GODHEAD had'st thy first abode,  
 With ancient Truth, the minister of GOD.  
 Ere Lucifer, in vengeance hurl'd from high,  
 Caught in tempestuous whirlwinds lost the sky;  
 Appall'd with judgment, when his legions fell,  
 Thy solemn counsel did his pride repel.  
 Convinc'd alone, he saw the ruling grace,  
 Creation spread beyond apparent space.

JEHOVAH spoke: bade dire disorder cease,  
 And blind contention yield the palm to peace;  
 Ere pure, aerial substance rose on high,  
 Transform'd to stars, and gem'd the azure sky,  
 Divided fled the obstacles of light,  
 Prone by attraction, and eternal might;

When

When thunders roll'd in matter dark and rude,  
 Adverse to life, untemper'd, wild, and crude.  
 Thou saw'st the infant Sun to being rise,  
 Refulgent splendor streak'd the orient skies ;  
 The jostling rocks his rugged motion bore,  
 Upheaving pond'rous, from the bending shore ;  
 Before the waters scoop'd the vales below,  
 Or recent meteors blended every show ;  
 Ere lightning tore the growing mountains side,  
 Or rolling ocean could the rocks divide ;  
 Before existing matter found its place,  
 Nature had being, and wisdom wrought with peace,  
 Thou had'st thy dwelling near the throne of God,  
 In highest Heaven, divinely understood.

ÆTATIS 16.

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THE LABOURER'S COMPLAINT.

**I**S justice fled? Does Aftrea deign no more  
 Free to expatiate o'er Britannia's shore?  
 Say, where retires the blest'd impartial maid?  
 Where lurks the goddess with her charms display'd?  
 Hear,



Hear, and relent, ye favour'd sons of pow'r,  
 Dispel, or light each dull, each darksome hour.  
 Attentive hear, while we our woes reveal,  
 A sad, heart-piercing, melancholy tale.

Before the sun, with kind reviving ray,  
 Flames in the east, and morning gives the day,  
 Our toils begin; laborious pains endure;  
 The grain we thrash upon the rattling floor.  
 What time advanc'd, refulgent Phœbus glows  
 Amid the zenith, then encrease our woes,  
 And painful sweat falls frequent from our brows. }  
 No rest, no respite, no desir'd delay,  
 No pleasing conf'rence may beguile the day.  
 Thus live the poor; nor this our only thrall;  
 But famine, meagre famine, starves us all;  
 Perpetual want encreases lasting pain,  
 Such our appointment, this the palm we gain.

Lo! when the sun declines the skies above,  
 And dark'ning shades on earth's vast surface rove;  
 Or when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!  
 O'er Heaven's pure azure spreads her sacred light,  
 We seek our cots; from daily labour freed,  
 To take a scant repast of homely bread.

But,

But, lo! our infants throng around the fire,  
Or hang in clusters on their drooping fire.  
Give bread—they cry—what tongue can bear to  
tell?

Who hear, unmov'd, the sequel of our tale?  
On oats we live; glean'd pulse supply the feast;  
The destin'd treatment of a lab'ring beast.  
Sometimes, perhaps, on barley meal we feed;  
Or, by hard labour, taste the household bread;  
To quench our thirst, a pond'rous pail we bring,  
Replenish'd from some pure, adjacent spring.  
Regard our fare, ye delegates of kings!  
Ye pompous courtiers! say, whence suff'ring  
springs.

ÆTATIS 16.

TITYRUS.

## TITIRUS. A MONODY.

Composed on the Death of A—— P——, an intimate  
Friend and School-fellow of the Author's.

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus  
Tam chari capitis? HOR.

Vitis ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvæ,  
Ut gregibus tauri, fegetes ut pinguibus arvis;  
Tu decus omne tuis. VIRG.

Εἰμὶ δ' ἐγὼ πανάποτμος, ἔχω δ' ἀκορεστον ἀνίην,  
Καὶ κλαίω τὸν——  
Θιάσκεις ᾧ τριπόδατε. Bion's Idyl. I.

**D**EIGN to accept; much honour'd shade  
excuse

The humble tribute of a mournful muse;  
Should she attempt to sing thy deathless praise,  
A subject worthy more exalted lays;  
Harsh are the numbers real grief inspires,  
Groans speak that pain which sorrow most requires.

Be waste, ye vales! ye meadows cease to please!  
Retire, ye woods! ye walks between the trees!

Once

Once known to charm; delightful now no more,  
 Since much lov'd TITYRUS hath left your shore.  
 Ah me! how oft did he, sad shepherd! rove  
 Far from his flock, 'mid some ramiferous grove;  
 There, rapt in thought, attended, tho' alone,  
 His pipe attun'd the rustic shepherd's song;  
 For, well he knew to build the lofty rhyme,  
 And with harmonious verse beguile the time;  
 Smooth flow'd his numbers, all his thoughts were  
 plain,

Tho' striking metaphors adorn'd his strain.  
 If, or impetuous love's increas'd desire,  
 Did every soft, and melting strain require;  
 Or if the dang'rous perils of the main,  
 Indignant Auster's dire o'erwhelming train,  
 Were the grand subjects of heroic song,  
 Confess'd sublime, superior genius shone.

Silence, ye cares! ye themes commercial, stand!  
 In every region, thro' each barren land;  
 Say, must I pass the deep? or stem the tide?  
 Or on the wings of wind, impervious, ride?  
 If thro' the thin, elastic fields of air,  
 My solitary course forlorn I steer;

F

Dwells

Dwells there my friend? or must my feet explore  
 Where human footsteps never trod before?  
 You I implore, ye once frequented plains!  
 Reveal where now my lov'd associate reigns;  
 Where waits my Tityrus? where shall I find  
 The just, the wise, the gentle, and the kind?  
 Ah me? I fondly dream! what tho' I fly  
 Thro' fields of æther which involve the sky?  
 Yet there in vain my cogitations tend;  
 But miss the blissful region of my friend.

Ye flocks! ye kine! in pasture cease to feed,  
 With heads declin'd traverse the flow'ry mead.  
 Come, genii, join this melancholy train,  
 And mourn in song th' unhappy shepherd swain.  
 One house contain'd us; taught on the same hill,  
 Sweet our repast, by fountain, shade, and rill.  
 Dole, all ye nymphs! exclaim on every shore;  
 Ye shades repine, ye nodding woods deplore.

Thou, echo, shake the buxom fields of air!  
 And o'er th' extensive world this message bear.—  
 As falls the op'ning flow'r before the blade,  
 Once full in bloom, now wither'd and decay'd;

Thus

Thus in the spring of life, of youth the pride,  
 The studious sage, th' ingenious shepherd, died.  
 No more with gentler hand he props the rose,  
 Or graceful prunes the vine's superfluous boughs;  
 His skill no more the spangled mead adorns,  
 A barren waste! a wilderness of thorns!  
 Thee, shepherd! thee, the hills responsive mourn,  
 Never! ah! never fated to return!

Ye fair, tranfluent, kind, enlivening streams!  
 Serene retreat from Sol's meridian beams;  
 Sweet temper'ment! your lucid meteors rise,  
 Exclude the light, and cloud the ambient skies;  
 Cease now to charm.—Ye mould'ring mountains roll;  
 Repeat the secret sorrows of my soul.  
 Once more, ye verdant laurels! and once more,  
 Ye deep contiguous vales! my loss deplore.  
 Be still, ye waves! thou hoarse resounding main,  
 Let solemn silence speak old ocean's pain!  
 No more celestial Thalia courts the woods,  
 Nor quits for man, the blissful state of gods;  
 No more, harmonious, from the heavens she  
 deigns  
 To chant mellifluent numbers o'er the plains.

Condole with me, ye abject cities mourn;  
Loft is the bard; no more can he return.

To him did Chiron all his skill impart,  
Learn'd in the courted Æsculapian art;  
He knew the force of plants; expert to heal  
The deep-struck wounds of swift descending steel;  
He knew to cool the fever's restless fire,  
And with falubrious draughts bid death retire.  
But now, alas! those useful deeds are o'er,  
The great, the learn'd, the sapient is no more.

ÆTATIS 16.

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E P I S T L E III.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,  
Ex quo——mē cæpit habere suorum  
In numero. HOR.

'TIS true, sincerest friendship once was ours,  
In silent vallies, and in rural bowers;  
Nor less, my friend! unchang'd by rolling years,  
My studious mind a pure affection bears;

Immortal

Immortal friendship! unaffected bliss!  
 Soul-striking joy, and solid happiness!  
 Oh, strange phenomenon! could we so long  
 Refrain the speaking quill, or copious song?  
 How could we thus, in silence lost, remain,  
 Nor feel the strange vicissitude of pain,  
 And sad anxiety, which sighing wait  
 To know the various accidents of fate?  
 To whom must we ascribe this deep suspense?  
 Or how can I that kindness recompense?  
 Yes, I convicted yield; be mine the blame;  
 Grant me th' aggressor, and reprove with shame.  
 But yet awhile withhold: dear youth excuse,  
 And passive hear the concord-waking muse;  
 She, lost in thought, engag'd in various themes,  
 Had almost choak'd the soul refining streams,  
 Which from the source of mutual friendship flow;  
 A pure celestial spring! fervid and slow.  
 Can I, unmov'd, our school-boy tricks review,  
 And trace those sacred pleasures known to few?  
 The same our thoughts, by union blameless join'd,  
 And one, th' internal impulse of each mind,  
 That bless'd communion which asserts the friend. }



But rise, my languid muse! thoughtful explore  
Those pristine scenes, those mutual transports o'er;  
Go, pensive, search the past records of time,  
And seasons known, æthereal and sublime.  
Then grateful roll'd the blithsome hours along,  
Charm'd by thy smooth, descriptive, copious song,  
Vacation then was sweet; if, on the plains,  
Or Windrush' crystal streams, where beauty reigns,  
Prepar'd a cool recess; there might we dwell  
Beside the dripping rock or murmuring rill,  
Remote from every thought that breeds disgust;  
We knew nor impious rage, nor foul distrust;  
In thought immers'd, we trod the flow'ry lawn,  
Far from our paths by social converse drawn.  
E'en now, alas! those youthful schemes are o'er,  
We reason down the setting sun, no more.  
But yet the silent pen my thoughts may tell,  
With friendship's sacred flame my numbers swell;  
Eight long revolving years elaps'd, are gone,  
Since first the seeds of amity were sown;  
Those fair congenial thoughts, that cherish'd, roll  
Deep in the latent chambers of my soul;  
There ever let them rest, till death shall part  
My soul from life; its terrors thrill my heart;

Till

Till then, inviolable let them grow,  
Thro' time encrease, and with fresh ardour glow.

Yet may we live, dear friend! in peace and love,  
The lasting rapture of the fairs above;  
Be those the breathings of my artless lays,  
Be this the muse's joy, her constant praise.

ÆTATIS 17.

## A CONTEMPLATION

ON THE

## DISSOLUTION of NATURE.

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus  
 Que mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli  
 Ardeat; et mundi moles operosa laboret. OVID.

———— cum compage soluta

Sæcula tot mundi suprema coegerit hœra,  
 Antiquum repetens iterum chaos; omnia mistis  
 Sidera fideribus concurrent.

———— totaque discors

Machina divulsi turbabit fœdera mundi. LUCAN.

LET others sing th' inconstant fate of arms,  
 Prefuming beauty, and terrestrial charms;  
 Bid warlike squadrons close in dire array,  
 And all the passions of mankind display.  
 While kings rejoice their empire to extend,  
 Each being exults, regardless of its end;  
 My muse would fain ascend the plaintive sky,  
 Scan distant worlds, and future themes descry;

Deep

Deep rapt in thought, this awful scene pursue,  
 Its end, its final cause, and fate review.  
 Begin the song where pleasing objects fail,  
 Earth's last convulsions, and old time bewail;  
 The waking dead, descriptive, then display,  
 And cloth'd in terrors, sin and death pourtray.  
 May God, my judge, my trembling muse inspire,  
 Truth crown each line, and breathe celestial fire!

Thro' dense surrounding clouds my mind surveys  
 The weight of thought, its freedom and its maze;  
 Thro' tracts unknown, aspiring fancy soars,  
 Where lightnings flash, and murmuring thunder  
 roars;

Upborne sublime, she coasts the realms of light,  
 Or mounts with hope supreme, serenely bright.  
 Afraid, I durst fair Nature's exit sing,  
 My slow ideas into language spring.  
 Behold,—revolv'd,—the rolling seasons fly,  
 And thought presents the end of nature nigh;  
 Sublime in air commission'd angels rise,  
 And prodigies tremendous rend the skies.  
 The stars no more celestial space adorn,  
 Nor radiant Phœbus brings the blushing morn;  
 Eclips'd

Eclips'd and lost, they sink in lasting night,  
Or yield obedience to eternal might ;  
Wing'd with distress, they rouse aerial war,  
Strike other orbs, and quit their proper sphere.  
With crimson ting'd, the queen of shade descends,  
The moon no more refulgent splendor lends ;  
She, robb'd of light, or dipp'd in sanguine dye,  
Torn from her orbit, wanders round the sky ;  
Strong, fair, and old, a miracle of might !  
The sun divides ! great retina of light !  
Encreasing gloom his wand'ring state shall veil,  
And midnight shade o'er all his worlds prevail.  
Night, ancient night, will mount her fable throne,  
And fractur'd chaos call those dregs his own ;  
Old ocean break his deep contingent bound,  
And rending earthquakes force the lab'ring ground.  
Torn from their deep foundations, hurl'd on high,  
Stupenduous mountains then shall cloud the sky ;  
Wing'd thro' the intermediate space, behold  
Rocks whelm'd on rocks, and stars on planets roll'd.  
Aghast and pale, the sons of men survey  
Th' unrivall'd terrors of this awful day.  
In vain they lock the cave, or climb the steep,  
Confusion gives them to the murmuring deep ;

Rent

Rent are the vales ; the lofty mountains nod,  
And meteors, shot thro' meteors, wait on God.

But, lo ! in air astonish'd systems cease,  
And wonder holds conflicting orbs in peace ;  
Stopp'd in full force confusion halts on high,  
A momentary silence calms the sky.  
Inclos'd in clouds, embower'd beyond compare,  
Th' alarming trump divides the ambient air ;  
Around the globe its awful summons flies,  
At once a voice tremendous shakes the skies.  
Struck thro' her works, astonish'd nature reels,  
And recent pangs each suff'ring creature feels.  
Earth trembling bows, the shatter'd mountains  
    rend,  
The works of ages in one moment end ;  
Old ocean heaves ; the rattling tempests roar ;  
And mountain billows burst the winding shore ;  
Vast desolation proves celestial ire,  
And flaming bitumen explodes in fire.

Hark ! thro' th' immense of space the trumpet  
    founds,  
The Heavens re-echo, and each orb rebounds.  
  Awake!

Awake! awake! a voice commanding cries;  
 Awake! awake! the mould'ring mass replies;  
 Rous'd at th' amazing call, the dead revive,  
 Heav'n gives extent, and all conditions live.  
 The graves expand; up from the troubled main,  
 Sad thro' the deep, proceeds a shudd'ring train.  
 Hell hears the rending voice; her gates display;  
 Death adds fresh horror to that woeful day;  
 Judg'd for deceit, Abaddon leads his powers;  
 Alarm'd, th' infernal pit unfolds its doors!  
 Permission breaks thro' every mound of pain,  
 O'er Death and Hell the SON OF GOD will reign.  
 Sure, at the general doom, when summon'd there,  
 Not one that was, or is, but must appear.  
 Lo! ancient kings and princes join the train,  
 The prescient bard, and awkward labouring swain.  
 What boots it once in Tyrian robes to shine?  
 The crimson shades and nature's charms recline;  
 By kings respected, and by states rever'd,  
 They, and their subjects, rise, tho' unprepar'd.  
 Where lurks their boasted pomp? ah! tell me  
     where  
 Can regal sceptres vindicate their sphere?  
 Where is that fiend who made the nations bow,  
 And potentates obey his graceless law?

Where

Where now is every pleasing phantom hurl'd?  
Beneath the rubbish of a burning world.

An horrid scene Abaddon's mind employs,  
Divested, robb'd of all affected joys;  
Naked and trembling, lost in wild surprise,  
Assembling millions from the grave arise.  
What quick transitions strike th' astonish'd eye!  
From orb to orb distracted cherubs fly;  
Angels appall'd, from ancient darkness come,  
Dæmons aghast! forsake their baleful home.  
Blended with men promiscuous, myriads stand;  
The vile shall hear an ultimate command.  
To what shall then the slaves of sin descend?  
What dispensation wrath divine portend?  
Conscience must live, its mingled terrors start,  
As keen reflection moves the panting heart.

Behold yon shudd'ring crowd, aghast and pale!  
With anxious thoughts await their wanting scale,  
Their pangs encrease, eternal justice frowns,  
And dire remembrance stings, while nature groans.  
A plaintive sound ascends; shrieks pierce the air,  
With cries for mercy, join'd with fell despair.

O'er-



O'erwhelm'd with dread, they wish to end the foul ;  
But death nor darknes can their life controul. —  
The trumpet sounds afresh ; the planets fire,  
And ancient systems in the flames expire ;  
Vast glades of light emit a denser blaze,  
The ocean boils, and end the briny seas.  
Mid this wide wreck of worlds, the just, serene,  
With pleasing awe behold the final scene ;  
Bless'd thro' redemption, hope excites their love ;  
Their joy, their peace, declare their trust above.  
What brings distress to yon abandon'd crew,  
Bids them with pleasure their past lives review ;  
Rejoic'd they stand ; earth-rending judgments fall ;  
ALMIGHTY vengeance melts the terrene ball.  
—'Tis done—behold th' eternal Judge descends !  
Beneath his throne the vast expansion bends ;  
A spangled bow the vault æthereal crown'd,  
The beams of glory radiate light around ;  
A beatific train, refulgent fight !  
Attending fairs laud everlasting might ;  
Angels, arch-angels, cherubims conspire,  
And glowing seraphs fan their constant fire ;  
The grand procession then all Heaven will join,  
And radiant hosts proclaim the scene divine.

—Deep

—Deep silence follows ; let the harp suspend,  
While CHRIST in judgment bids mankind attend.  
The sacred records flaming spirits display,  
And all the works of men expose to day ;  
Our secret actions here must stand reveal'd ;  
No private thought from GOD can be conceal'd ;  
In vain the guilty shrink ; the time is come,  
That hour is given, which brings mankind their  
doom ;

Confus'd they hear their foul ungracious deeds,  
Fraud, rapine, rage, and foul-destroying creeds.

And now, th' eternal balance rais'd on high,  
Reveals the fate of agents to the sky ;  
The vile condemn'd ; terrific thunders bear  
This woeful doom to each flagitious ear :—  
Ye wicked ! whelm'd in baleful horrors, dwell,  
For ever mourn, unrespited in Hell ;  
Hell be your home, for ever fraught with fire,  
Where the heart-gnawing worm insults desire.  
Know, while on earth, while yet to live was given,  
You serv'd not GOD, but scorn'd the grace of  
Heaven.

Once

Once more th' æthereal vault incumbent bends,  
 The trumpet then the vast expansion rends ;  
 Thro' ample space offending millions fly,  
 Remote from Heaven, and everlasting joy.

Here ends the peopled world; the mountains fire,  
 And all their fragments in the flames expire ;  
 As when in storms, the seas and winds surprize,  
 And tofs th' unwieldy vessel round the skies ;  
 The ship dismasted, staggering, breaks in twain,  
 Rent by the waves, and dash'd across the main.  
 A shatter'd wreck ! by ocean long embrac'd,  
 The sport of winds, with all its art effac'd ;  
 Wide spread around, her planks approach the shore,  
 And whelm'd beneath the deep her boasted store,  
 Nor it, nor she, are fit for mortals more. }  
 The slaves of sin dismiss'd, Hell's gates entwine,  
 Prohibit old egress, and death confine.—  
 A mansion for the just, new Heavens shall rise  
 From the last ashes of these smoking skies ;  
 There truth unaw'd shall dwell, pure peace abide,  
 And all that blifs compleats, will God provide ;  
 The full fruition of eternal love,  
 And converse free with radiant saints above.

CHRIST

CHRIST here is all, men in blest'd concord reign,  
 And far remov'd all sorrow, sin, and pain;  
 They to their harps shall tune JEHOVAH'S praise,  
 And join with angels in their sacred lays;  
 The plenitude of bliss! and endless day!  
 More than my mind can think, or pen display.

ÆTATIS 17.

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B E N E V O L E N C E.

**R**UDE were mankind, wrath-generating hate  
 And savage discord was their adverse fate;  
 Confusion reign'd; men knew but impious war,  
 The flames of lust, or unremitted fear;  
 Destructive rapine fill'd the new form'd earth,  
 Ere God, below, gave sacred friendship birth;  
 Distrust in all its terrors rag'd alone,  
 There bound in chains superior virtues groan;  
 With conscious dread men heard the thunder roll,  
 They felt the suff'rings of an abject soul,  
 But God enthron'd in everlasting light,  
 Array'd with splendor and preventive might,

G

Reveal'd

Reveal'd by truth, in mercy flood confess'd,  
 And thus from high the human mind address'd :—  
 How long shall flesh with rage infernal glow ?  
 How long shall hate augment the pains below ?  
 Are then the bonds of sacred friendship broke ?  
 Must impious wrath the strength of sin provoke ?  
 Rise, fair Benevolence, dispense abroad  
 Those high behests which draw the soul to GOD ;  
 Pervade their hearts, inspire mankind to feel  
 The power of love, and rectitude of will ;  
 Warm the cold breast, sustain the wav'ring mind,  
 To grace and truth let harmony be join'd.—  
 Th' ALMIGHTY spoke ; Benevolence obey'd, }  
 Her heavenly image was with light display'd, }  
 In flowing robes of innocence array'd. }  
 Æthereal ! all divine ! she knew no stain,  
 Her form was free, her pleasures yield no pain ;  
 Invisible and pure the goddess flew,  
 And shone sublime her heaven directed view ;  
 Down thro' the pensive mind she softly glides,  
 Confronts despair, and growing malice chides.  
 Hermit or sage, she warms the peaceful breast,  
 Or graceful executes her mighty trust.

Thro'

Thro' genial thought, and life reviving deeds,  
 By all admir'd, the striking goddess speeds ;  
 Sublime she ventures to reform the state,  
 And change conflicting broils and foul debate.  
 Hail, source of human peace ! dispensing right,  
 Thou fair descendant of æthereal light !  
 Angelic virtues spread thy golden reign,  
 And join mankind in union's sacred chain ;  
 Far hence expel the latent seeds of death,  
 Dividing factions, and licentious mirth.  
 Sublim'd by thee the youthful mind shall glow,  
 Hence charity refines, and gen'rous actions flow.  
 Thro' thy grand influence all our prospects rise,  
 And hence the soul can draw renew'd supplies.  
 Without thee, what is all that earth can yield ?  
 What, without thee, the various chequer'd field ?  
 Enchanting prospects ! what are hills and dales ?  
 Deep rooted rocks, and earth-pervading gales ?  
 With thee the vallies smile, the world looks gay,  
 In social friendship those delights may sway,  
 That converse sweet, which breaks the toil of  
 day.

Thou bidst the languid mind depress'd, revive,  
 Nature and thought, the spring of love, to live.

Rise, queen of life, change every grov'ling soul,  
 Instead of rage may soft compassion rule.  
 Be thou to man, what wisdom faith of love,  
 The shining virtue of the faints above.

ÆTATIS 17.

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E P I S T L E IV.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

———Rapidus montano flumine Torrens  
 Sternit agros, sternit fata læta, boumque labores,  
 Precipitesque trahit sylvas.———  
 Confligant Zephyrusque, Notusque et lætus Eois  
 Eurus equis, stridunt Sylvæ, &c. &c. VIRG.

**H**AIL, studious youth! sublime Alexis, hail!  
 Yet may celestial Thalia form the tale;  
 That smooth melodious verse, which grateful sings  
 Of pristine pleasure and scholastic things.  
 I read, delighted, and well pleas'd, review  
 Those soft mellifluent lines past scenes renew;  
 Still court the muse, explore the flow'ry vale,  
 Frequent the shade, or the vast mountain scale.

No

No more the groves, the fair enamell'd plain,  
 The dew-besprinkled lawn, and warbling train,  
 May pensive minds attract. Farewel, ye joys!  
 Frost-nipp'd and mourning, graceful nature flies.  
 Adieu, ye shades! ye vernal transports! known  
 Beneath the spreading beech or laurel brown.  
 No more I muse where winding rivers roll,  
 Or falling waters once could soothe the soul;  
 Far hence expell'd the zephyrs bland retire,  
 And storms, conflicting storms! to Heaven aspire.

Hark! yon sequester'd, dreary cavern, rends,  
 Fierce from the clift a deluge vast descends;  
 Drown'd are the meads, the nodding forests torn,  
 And down the flood adrift their foliage borne.  
 Methinks I hear the blust'ring tempest roar,  
 And furling ocean lash the passive shore;  
 I see the river's yellow summit swell,  
 And one continued flood pour thro' the vale.

Lo! deep immers'd, o'erwhelmed by the tide,  
 There floating corn, and blended ruins ride;  
 Impetuous rolls the forceful flood along  
 O'er sandy banks, and loose disjointed stone.



How Auster's wide destroying terrors rage!  
 Where winds, o'erwhelming winds! combin'd, engage.  
 Loud from the steep the blust'ring whirlwind blows,  
 And, torn by angry blasts, the forest bows.

Serene, I contemplate this maze of things,  
 From whence the thunder rolls, and lightning  
 springs;

How pent in clouds the flames envelop'd lie,  
 And long continued friction fires the sky.  
 Pensive I mark where stars refulgent shine,  
 View distant suns, or trace the latent mine;  
 Thought ranges thro' interminable space,  
 Beyond creation's bounds, or time, or place.  
 Or charm'd with science, bids Mathesis rise,  
 And demonstration soar above disguise.  
 She, blest'd celestial fair, informs the mind,  
 And many a scheme explains, by lines defin'd.  
 Or warm'd with Thalia's flame, I court the muse,  
 And Satan's latent wiles in verse disclose,  
 And sing salvation to the faithful Jews. }  
 My mind beholds impetuous Zerah slain,  
 And streams of blood pour thro' Zephatah's plain.

ÆTATIS 17.

A CON-

## A CONTEMPLATION ON DEATH.

ΟΙΗ περ φυλλων γενεή, τοιήδε και ανδρων.

—Αλλά σύ ταύτα μαθων. Βιότω ποτι τερμα

ψυχῆ των αγαθῶν τλήθι χαριζομενος. Simonides.

—Omnes una manet nox;

Et calcanda semel via lethi.

HOR.

**M**AY no terrestrial charms o'erpower my soul,  
 Nor finite scenes subdue. Oh! thou divine,  
 Essential, mighty GOD! be thou my rock,  
 My prevalent support; to thee I bow,  
 And only thee my reason can adore.  
 No other aid I ask, no other hope;  
 Be thou my strong, impregnable defence;  
 By thee upheld, serene, I'll view the wreck  
 Of overwhelmed worlds, and suns extinct.

Oh! grant thy care-dispelling presence, LORD!  
 My prostrate soul to cheer. Oh! penetrate  
 That dense surrounding atmosphere of doubt,  
 Which deep involves the contemplative mind;  
 Refresh the languid heart; for thee we mourn  
 In solitary wilds, and deserts parch'd,

Where no refreshing streams of comfort roll  
 To slake our ardent thirst, save what thou giv'st,  
 Thou pure, exhaustless, sacred spring of life!  
 Oh sanctify my thoughts, and let me feel  
 Thy all sufficient grace. What then is earth?  
 What every mundane toy? and what the charm  
 Of human praise, or titles, void of life?  
 Inane and visionary, shadows dark!

Oh! let RELIGION warm my pensive breast,  
 And steadfast faith support my wav'ring soul.  
 Thou heavenly flame! thou death-defying power!  
 Be thou my sacred guide; rule all my mind,  
 And far dispel the secret fear of death,  
 That inward dread of the dust-cov'ring grave.

With what composure! courage unappall'd!  
 Resign the just this frail terrestrial vest,  
 This loathsome mansion of coercive clay.  
 To them death smiles; no terrors crown his brow;  
 His soul-relieving dart the tyrant shakes,  
 And stops the lab'ring avenues of life,  
 Its fair connections broke, th' extatic soul  
 Rejoicing mounts, by smiling angels borne,  
 And conscious virtue amplifies its joy.

Why

Why shrink we then, and doubtful trace the  
deep?

Infinite time? the ever circling years

Of vast eternity?

'Tis conscious guilt, and soul-defiling sin

Paints death in terrors, and dismay'd explores

'That dark uncertain vale; the dubious gloom

Of sure futurity.

Behold yon faithless wretch, reluctant die,

Detain'd in death's coercive, grinding chain,

While his wild conscience blasts his every hope,

And sad despair portrays the vails of sin,

His past transgressions and eternal pain,

With all the strange vicissitude of guilt.

To his weak soul infernal phantoms rise,

And threat'ning dæmons all his fears deride,

Or call him to the drear abode of night,

The baleful mansions of eternal woe.

Thus rove his tortur'd thoughts; his conscience  
raves.

Meantime death frowns in terrifying dreams;

Earth cannot please; eternity he dreads;

And truth defies his hope to be no more,

Insenfible

Insensible of time, in the deep grave  
To rest with mould'ring dust, and native clay.

These were thy fond delusions : thus, O man !  
Secure in sin, thou once couldst truth deride,  
And doubt the sure existence of a God.  
Whence then art thou ? who call'd the soul to life ?  
Who rous'd thee, when insensible thou slep'st  
With kindred clods, nor knew'st thyself to be ?  
While yet to live is given, and while the day  
Æthereal shines, tho' dead in sin, awake.  
But man, proud man ! inglorious slave to sin,  
Despiseth freedom, and refuseth CHRIST.  
Know, man is mortal and immortal both,  
Accountable for sin, and must receive  
The just reward, the product of his toil.  
In time JEHOVAH calls ; the voice attend,  
Before incens'd, he cease to warn the soul,  
And from us snatch the proffers of his love ;  
His love, that wafts beyond the pangs of death,  
The good man's solace, and the saint's reward.  
The day will come, when wrapp'd in angry flames  
The fervid hills shall melt ; old time shall end,  
And this terrestrial fabric be no more.

ÆTATIS 17.

## A MEDITATION.

WHY doubts my soul? and why reclines  
My mind in deep suspense?  
Th' ALMIGHTY lives; celestial love  
Doth still its beams dispense.

What tho' to try my wav'ring soul  
JEHOVAH hides his face?  
Truth cannot fail, religion thrives,  
And grows preserving grace.

Withold not, LORD! that sacred gift,  
Preserve my soul from sin;  
Let wisdom speak, thy mercy shine,  
And all be pure within.

Oh! let me with submission bow,  
On GOD dependent wait;  
Prove every thought, and pray to feel  
A calm resigned state.

Far

Far hence, ye dissipating scenes,  
Ye pain producing joys ;  
Retire, oh man ! submit, oh flesh !  
And fly ye lifeless toys.

In vain terrestrial themes present,  
Nor thirsts th' exalted mind,  
For pleasures felt this side the grave ;  
Its joys are more refin'd.

Oh ! let me covet heavenly love,  
And feel affection rise,  
Borne thro' this chequer'd vale of tears,  
Preparing for the skies.

Resound, ye groves ! ye dented vales  
Proclaim accepted praise ;  
Ye rocks recede, ye rolling floods  
Attend my pensive lays.

Involv'd in sin, my slumb'ring soul  
Eternal love awoke ;  
Thro' the dense cloud of errors dark  
The rays of goodness broke.

Let

Let none distrust the grace of God ;  
 The powers of life explore,  
 When strong temptations croud the mind,  
 And man would flesh adore.

Thro' CHRIST we baffle every storm,  
 And Satan's aims frustrate ;  
 Faith be our shield, our rock the LORD,  
 And victory's compleat.

## EPISTLE V.

## MORAL REFLECTIONS.

**A**TTACH'D to pride, is human science vain ?  
 Can justice dwell in each imperious strain ?  
 Shall judgment rest on truth exploding schools ?  
 And grace confine to men's prescribed rules ?

Reason, our grand, subservient help design'd,  
 Should yet illumine the superior mind.  
 We plead in vain : exalted virtue flies  
 Far from deceit, and opportune disguise.

Seek



Seek truth, my friend, that glorious prize be thine,  
Contemn excess, nor, prov'd by want, repine.  
Pain GOD permits; temptations will present,  
The mind by truth enjoys the goodness meant.  
To one and all, primæval mercy shines,  
A peaceful conscience every heart refines.  
The rise of thought experience may explore,  
Act but with knowledge, GOD requires no more.  
The gift of grace is free; CHRIST died for all,  
His love redeems and aids the penfive soul;  
Free but to live; to die pertains to none,  
The gospel shines, and light displays its zone.  
But yet shall falsehood rule? shall truth be fold?  
And Judas preach, or sell his LORD for gold?  
The man that wants, obeys; can shadows save?  
'Tis conscious virtue looks beyond the grave.  
Men may proclaim divine salvation near,  
Speak truths unmeant, to teach mankind to fear;  
But practice proves the heart; canst thou believe?  
Have but the faith which saves, that can't deceive.  
The slaves of pow'r, men bow the suppliant knee,  
On princes fawn, and flatter each degree.  
Ye reverend sons of doubt! let us be plain;  
Mankind agree that truth is endless gain.

If

If conscience in us lives, say, does there dwell  
With madden'd zealots rectitude of will?

ÆTATIS 18.

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E P I S T L E VI.

O N V I R T U E.

Tu recte vivis si curas esse quod audis. HOR.

**H**AIL, kindred fair! may truth thy soul pursue,  
And hold the paths of Virtue e'er in view;  
Peace be the bless'd companion of thy mind,  
Each thought by learning and by sense refin'd.  
Far from the world's distracting cares retire,  
And by reflection nature's works admire;  
Beside the grove, or where hoarse waters roar,  
The boundless love of GOD in peace adore;  
Where grand Thamesis laves the verdant plain,  
And rolls its billows tribute to the main,  
Contemplative withdraw, and beauty trace  
Thro' all the vast incumbent rounds of space.

Direct

Direct thy footsteps to some silent grove,  
Or musing search the stellar paths above.  
Adore, faith wisdom; reason bids be pure,  
Serve GOD in faith, and inward peace procure;  
Aim at perfection, labour to be wise,  
Avoid distrust, and every mean disguise.  
May we amend; admire exalted worth,  
And scorn the mind that boasts of human birth.  
'Tis virtue makes us great, we shine by wit;  
But truth alone can make our joy compleat;  
Fly strange affected airs; to all be plain,  
The charm of adulation dare disdain.  
Abhor, my dear! to circumvent the foul,  
Design we hate, but modesty will rule;  
Excess is wrong, be frugal without stint,  
God gave enough, but surfeit ne'er was meant.  
Know but thyself, in vain we catch at more;  
Fear GOD, my friend! be silent and adore.  
That mind is truly great where passion dies,  
Where no internal storms of anger rise.  
Let reason rule; restrain ill-grounded love;  
Nor give thy mind from virtue's paths to rove.  
Sedate, behold this varying state of things,  
And blest'd with peace, contemn the wealth of kings.  
Fly

Fly hateful pride, relieve th' industrious poor,  
 Nor let worth pine unnotic'd at the door.  
 Reserv'd; be justly free, to sense attend,  
 In morals perfect, to the wise a friend.  
 Bless'd with content, the world can give no more;  
 Its pomp is vain, and worthless all its store.  
 Base is the mind which thirsts for lawless gain;  
 The vails of envy must be lasting pain.

ÆTATIS 18.

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E P I S T L E VII.

ON A SUMMER EVENING.

Vertitur interea cœlum, et ruit oceano nox  
 Involvens umbrâ magnâ terramque polumque. VIRG.

**H**AIL, lov'd Lemira! rise to loftier scenes,  
 Traverse the flow'ry mead, or vallies gay;  
 Indulgent eve solstitial fervour skreens,  
 And whisp'ring zephyrs fan the closing day.

H

The

The fields invite us to their kind retreats,  
 The living herbage grows sublimely fair,  
 The thick brown woods dispense their balmy sweets,  
 And grateful fragrance fills the tepid air.

No more, supinely, dream of scorching suns,  
 No more, the rage intense of sultry noon;  
 To other climes the blaze of day belongs,  
 To us, as queen of night, the radiant moon.

To rural scenes descriptive fancy flies,  
 Where homeward trudge the strong laborious  
 swains;  
 Where ripening harvest pours upon our eyes,  
 And bearded Ceres loads the saffron plains.

“These are the haunts of meditation;” these  
 The blest retreats, where real knowledge  
 dwells;  
 Thought mounts the wafting wings of every  
 breeze,  
 Or glows sublime, where flow deep murm’ring  
 rills.

The

The dusky lawn, the sweet, enamell'd fields,  
The broad inclosures green of new-mown hay,  
Transcend the boasted bliss that grandeur yields,  
And all the pomp which rival kings display.

Thro' winding walks of tufted sheep-nipp'd brouze,  
Where no kind hand the rustic heath adorns,  
Give me, the flame of dying song to rouse,  
And chant the themes the painted beauty scorns.

Oh! where the grand wood-crested mountains rise!  
A distant prospect to the ranging sight!  
The hills that paint to men Elysian joys,  
And long retain the parting rays of light,

Be our sequester'd haunt; there mark from far  
The blue bespangled, variegated skies,  
When shines the moon, and every beaming star  
Demands our wonder, and excites surprise,

For whom this brilliant sight? those sparkling suns?  
If men wake not, to chant eternal praise.  
To God all homage, and all prayer belongs,  
Who bade those distant fires, refulgent, blaze.

How glorious is the scene! the theme how grand!

How vague the strongest fervour of the soul!

Admiring angels join the sacred band!

While worlds revolving in succession roll!

Who courts the downy couch? or who supine,

Inglorious, seeks th' oppressive chains of sleep?

Shall mortals lose such radiant scenes divine!

The real bliss of disquisition deep.

Oh! glow each vivid thought! direct my mind,

Let all my soul be fill'd with strong desire;

Oh! waft me to transcending joys, refin'd,

And teach my raptur'd senses to admire.

Say, shall we search yon argent fields above?

The teeming void of unremitted space?

Or chant to men the boundless theme of love?

The glorious gift of all-preserving grace.

Hail, grey clad eve! in earth's brown honours dress'd,

Sedate and solemn are the joys she brings;

Incumbent gloom o'erwhelms my pensive breast,

And formless paints th' imperfect face of things.

The

The loud conflicting winds forget to blow ;  
A breathless calm hangs o'er the silent deep !  
The torrent pours not from the mountain's brow,  
Nor angry blasts the limpid waters sweep.

In silent pomp, the smiling queen of night  
Progressive mounts the concave steep of Heaven ;  
Yon varied prospects rise serenely bright,  
And to the devious vale faint day is given.

Mark yon translucent, kind, refreshing streams !  
Yon silver fountains ! the recesses of gods !  
Their shining surface light with lunar beams ;  
Of peace, and meek ey'd truth, the blest'd abodes.

The copse infusing awe ; the pleasing glade  
Of distant hills invites my artless lays,  
Where latent beauties are to men display'd,  
And various landscapes catch the parting blaze.

In search of cool Savannahs let me rove,  
Where every object soothes the panting soul ;  
Where light faint gleaming thro' the thickset grove,  
Bids purer thoughts in the pleas'd bosom roll.



O'er all the blue serene, deep silence reigns,  
 Save where soft Philomel harmonious sings;  
 From some tall elm she chants her love-sick strains,  
 Or, as from the brown hawthorn hedge she springs.

Adieu, my grateful theme! ye shadows grey!  
 Ye dense entangling shrubs or vallies green!  
 All-ruling nature calls, and I obey,  
 While pleasing slumber shuts the lucid scene,

ÆTATIS 18.

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E P I S T L E VIII.

L E M I R A ' s R E P L Y.

**T**H Y flowing verse a summer's eve displays  
 In slender rhyme, the harmony of song;  
 Each line fresh objects to the mind conveys,  
 And time, while thus employ'd, rolls swift along.

'Tis

'Tis true, the groves invite us to their shades,  
The season bids to rural scenes repair,  
Where falling waters form yon bright cascades,  
Or smiling orchards, crown'd with fruit, appear.

How grand the prospect beauteous nature yields!  
When from the cares of life retir'd, at ease,  
Serene, we traverse the sweet-scented fields,  
To find the solace of an evening breeze.

There, by some stream that murmuring rolls along,  
A rural muse may chant its artless lays;  
While each gay scene display'd in pastoral song  
Excites our wonder, or provokes our praise.

Bless'd with content, in some sequester'd shade  
The fleeting hours in contemplation spend;  
Observe how soon the brightest flow'rets fade,  
And think how soon this spring of life must end.

How charming look yon fair umbrageous walks!  
When Cynthia, lucent empress of the night!  
Illumes the flow'ry paths, and bending stalks  
With wonted splendor, and far-beaming light?

Each smiling object, round, above, below,  
Exhorts the mind that sov'reign pow'r to fear,  
From whom such great, such numerous blessings  
flow!

Who caus'd the various seasons of the year.

Thro' nature's works, the philosophic eye  
May trace the vestige of Almighty power,  
In every wing that flits along the sky,  
Or humble shrub that forms the verdant bow'r.

Thro' all the frame, what majesty divine!  
What pleasing wonder warms the studious soul!  
There countless orbs in splendid azure shine!  
Here murmuring waters with hoarse cadence roll.

Oh! waft me now where fragrant roses blush,  
Where soft Favonian breezes gently play;  
And birds melodious warble from the bush,  
Or spring delighted from th' elastic spray.

How soon shall fade each beauty's transient bloom!  
Each walk umbrageous 'midst impending trees!  
Those scenes shall fail to charm me as I roam,  
And these autumnal joys forget to please.

## E P I S T L E IX.

## ON H A P P I N E S S.

—Petimus bene vivere, quod petis hic est;  
 —animus si te non deficit æquus.      HOR.

**D**WELLS there, my friend! true happiness  
 with man?

We know but absence from desire, or pain;  
 Born to be prov'd, 'tis all but shadows here,  
 A passing vision, and a time for prayer.  
 Wealth breeds distrust, anxiety prevails,  
 And heart-bred anguish all our bliss curtails.  
 The pomp of courts, the pride of kings survey;  
 The superb mansions of the rich and gay  
 Black ills attend; there death protends his dart,  
 And deep struck fear corrodes the conscious heart.  
 Launch the tall vessel, dare the spacious main,  
 Search realms unknown, and all our pride is vain.  
 Think not below consummate bliss to find;  
 God gives extension to the labouring mind;  
 Hence all our bliss is toil; constraint is fit;  
 For want of action must be want of wit.

'Tis

'Tis just we should aspire, rest breeds not peace ;  
Sloth hastens death, industry springs from grace.  
Thus much of real joy hath Heav'n supply'd,  
For more to men, in justice, was deny'd.  
Else, how are mortals prov'd? If blifs were given,  
What need had man of special grace from Heaven?

No longer dream of happiness entire,  
This sin-polluted frame hath damp'd its fire ;  
The transient joys of earth are death to this,  
Our pastimes vain, the antidote of blifs.—  
The solemn grove, the deep resounding rill,  
The fragrant-scented mead, or flow'ry vale,  
May charm the pensive mind, or cherish love ;  
But steadfast happiness resides above.  
Pursue content the various calls of life,  
Adhere to truth, and bar licentious strife.  
Hope is our own, extent must be the theme ;  
Let wisdom gain the thinking mind's esteem.  
May dazzling gewgaws charm our souls no more,  
A brilliant court, nor graceless thirst of power.  
Avoid the sprightly dance, forsake the ball,  
Where wanton mirth offends the serious soul.  
The grand descriptive stage determine vain,  
There vice conceal'd, harangues in virtue's strain.  
These

These are the courts of death ; the fyrens these,  
Which youth destroy, when dark delusions please.  
Chaste be our minds, the wise avoid the bait,  
The gilded pill of each flagitious state ;  
Contemn oppos'd extremes ; may shadows fall,  
And empty trifles bring no rash controul ;  
Let calm sobriety display her zone,  
And heaven-born temperance prevail alone.  
Where then were yon prepar'd luxurious feasts !  
The pride of tyrant man ! excess with beasts !—  
Wilt thou be happy ? learn to be content ;  
And use with prudence that which Heaven has lent.  
Be just, be great, and taught in wisdom's school,  
Reduce thy seeming wants to reason's rule ;  
“ We need but little, nor that little long ;”  
Death soon subdues the feeble and the strong.  
In vain we boast of youth, succeeding years  
Shall cover aged heads with silver hairs ;  
Or dire disease the body will annoy,  
Change every wish, and baffle every joy.

Since then the world no solid peace can give,  
Oh ! let not its alluring charms deceive.  
May we in time be wise, and boldly dare  
Mid life's gay flutt'ring scenes, for death prepare.

What

What, though we conflict with the restless tide  
 Of headstrong passions and tumultuous pride;  
 Yet know, my friend, we gain a noble prize,  
 If blest'd to form a friendship with the skies;  
 Thro' all our lives, the paths of virtue trod,  
 Will lead our footsteps to the throne of God.

This then is happiness; on earth to prove  
 Divine communion, and superior love;  
 Th' internal voice of rectitude to feel,  
 And God's pure word to regulate the will;  
 The soul from doubts and sorrow to release,  
 And breathe the balm of comfort and of peace.  
 The way to rest, let all enquirers know,  
 Is to be VIRTUOUS and RESIGN'D below.

ÆTATIS 18.

---

AN H Y M N.

**A**WAKE, my soul! contemplative survey  
 The clear vestigia of supreme design;  
 All nature's works the power of God display,  
 And speak their grand original divine.

With

With reverential awe soft strike the lyre,  
Responsive to the pure dictating muse;  
Bid shadows fly, the joys of earth retire,  
And every dark intruding thought refuse.

Oh! come ye gentle spirits! lend your strains,  
Pour soothing melody into my soul;  
Let Heaven's celestial fervour warm my veins,  
And songs of triumph in my bosom roll,

Oh ye! that dwell in endless bliss on high,  
And constant view the great Creator's face,  
Teach me to praise him, as the seasons fly,  
And waft my anthems to the throne of grace.

Ye sons of God! assist my strong desire,  
My artless verse, and undefining rhyme;  
Oh! may my heart be cleans'd with sacred fire,  
And every thought be purify'd in time.

Let chearful morn, in orient splendor drest,  
Proclaim his praise, who call'd the day from night;  
Hush'd be the rattling storm, loud winds at rest,  
While the fair dawn expands reviving light.

Extol



Extol the source of life, thou rising sun!

With all the fire of warm devotion blaze;  
Bid op'ning flowers record thy sacred song,  
And waft his glory on thy fugal rays.

Ye humid exhalations! spread your store,

Resound his might, and mount the wings of day;  
Ascend, ye vapours! all ye waves, adore!  
And never let your warmest praise decay.

Descend, ye peers of state! ye monarchs bow!

Fall from the throne, and look beyond disguise;  
The proud shall sink, th' exalted mind be low,  
The meek be blest'd, and mercy claim the skies.

Ye ruddy sons of earth pour forth your pray'rs,

With solemn worship and dependance wait;  
Submit to Heaven, and wash the glebe with tears,  
Till truth shall reign, and justice be compleat.

## E P I S T L E X.

## REFLECTIONS ON THE LOVE OF FAME.

—Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru  
 Non minus ignotos generosis. HOR.

**WHENCE** springs this strong insatiate thirst of  
 fame?

And why so anxious for a deathless name?  
 Can blind renown the sense of bliss procure?  
 Expel desire, or inward peace restore?—  
 'Tis FAME we court thro' every scene below,  
 What, but for this, does art's vast circle grow?  
 But what art thou? what all thy boasted joys?  
 Nought more than trifles, sublunary toys;  
 The grand pursuit of kings, the crown of fools,  
 The scorn of wisdom, and the pride of schools.  
 For this fame-courting crowds resplendent shine,  
 For her we ransack earth, and rob the mine;  
 She gives fresh vigour to the rich and gay,  
 And hence their worthless pomp the vain display.  
 What, but for this, does impious man explore  
 The waves of death, or spoil the distant shore?

Why

Why dares the bold marine traverse the deep?  
 And ligneous bulwarks ocean's surface sweep?  
 Why roars tumultuous war? why bleeds the brave?  
 Who bade the dying patriot greet the grave?  
 'Tis thine to lead the fight, inspire the sage,  
 Or warm the warrior's breast with generous rage.

Rise, goddess of the world! assert thy claim,  
 The *summum bonum* of mankind, is fame.  
 For this, extensive trade employs us all,  
 The lawyer pleads, and wrangling women bawl.  
 The politician hence displays his schemes,  
 While loud applause the list'ning house proclaims.  
 Not courts alone contain th' effective maid;  
 She rules the village, and she haunts the shade.  
 The toil-sustaining hinds to fame aspire,  
 And rustic damsels feel the general fire.

Goddeſs! on earth ador'd; man's ſplendid joy!  
 Thou ſource of art! thou all attracting toy!  
 That man is truly great who ſcorns thy frown,  
 Whoſe ſoul purſues a more exalted crown.

Xantippe loves the ball, admires the ſtage,  
 Assumes the pit, and mocks the ſolemn ſage;

She

She chides aloud ; her words, unbridled, rove  
From church to state, from diffidence to love.

Proud Mævius scribbles rhyme, or copies plays,  
Strains all his wit, a candidate for praise ;  
In stand'rous verse, and satire void of sense,  
He paints the great, and strikes with impudence.

Nor less intent, Offellus bids us spare  
The luscious draught, and high luxurious fare.  
Avoid excess ; reserve becomes the wife ;  
Take but what health and vivid sense supplies.

All bath'd in sweat, and anxious after gain,  
Old Locuples distracts his tortur'd brain ;  
At fairs he flutters 'midst the bustling train,  
While flatt'ring agents loud extol the man.

Lo ! where yon sprightly beau attracts the sight,  
Good sense is wanting, and superior wit ;  
The jovial flippant air the wise disdain,  
To serious minds unlicens'd mirth is pain ;  
Thro' every scene of life th' assertion's true,  
'Tis Fame we challenge, and Renown pursue.

The great, the wise, the learn'd, adore her shrine,  
 The rich, the gay, pronounce her pow'r divine;  
 The sage-instructed soul perceives the fire,  
 And lab'ring swains compleat the general choir.  
 To me, to thee, ambition's fervour flows,  
 From child to man, the grand sententia grows.

But cease my pen! this truth have others told,  
 The path is beaten, and the subject old;  
 Immortal YOUNG has fung the power of FAME,  
 Truth fills his lines, and wit adorns his theme.

ÆTATIS 18.

EPISTLE

## E P I S T L E XI.

On the USEFULNESS, and recommending the STUDY, of  
NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Hoc studia adolescentiam alunt; senectutem oblectant,  
secundas res ornant, adversis, solatium, et per fugium,  
prebent; delectant Domi, non impediunt foris, per-  
noctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.

TULLY.

WITH joy, my friend! I hear thy studies grow,  
A thirst for wisdom, the best theme below;  
The root is bitter, but the fruit is sweet,  
Th' exordium's arduous, and with toil replete.  
Those dangers past, a sun-shine, bright, succeeds,  
The mind expands, the soul on knowledge feeds.  
Is then PHILOSOPHY the darling theme?  
My soul feels transport at the glorious name.  
May I presume to paint the charming maid?  
Pourtray her beauties, and commend her shade?  
Yes:—since my friend requires, the subject's mine,  
To chant her pleasures, rational, divine!

Hail, fair PHILOSOPHY! blest science, hail!  
 May knowledge grow, and useful arts prevail;  
 Weak are our thoughts, our absurd notions vain,  
 And reason vague, subdu'd by constant pain,  
 When not directed, taught by thee to scan  
 Progressive wisdom thro' each state of man.  
 Expell'd, dispers'd, by thy superior might,  
 Fled hypotheses blind, the sons of night,  
 And round us blaz'd thy all revealing light. }  
 For they who know the most, desire not veils;  
 Truth shines admir'd, while dazzling falsehood  
 fails.

No more with doubt the studious mind explores  
 The force of bodies, and mechanic powers.  
 By whom, but her, are secrets deep made known?  
 Philosophy pursues the falling stone.  
 Why, whirl'd on high the flint so swift descends,  
 Procumbent, yet towards the center tends?  
 The latent force of gravity we trace,  
 And find attraction works in every place.

Long wrapp'd in thought, the sage revolv'd in  
 vain,  
 Till NEWTON rose, the mystery to explain.

Sublime

Sublime he rose; amazement held the schools,  
When nature sunk to universal rules;  
But now 'tis done; his works the studious share,  
Read with attention, and peruse with care.  
The theme is grand; the subject yields delight;  
Such pleasures, sure, a sluggard would excite.  
Not stay'd on earth, its mansion's uncontin'd,  
To distant worlds ascends the lab'ring mind;  
Borne on the wings of thought, the soul aspires  
To read the stars, and count th' æthereal fires.  
PHILOSOPHY pervades the blazing sun,  
Or glows where orbs their stated courses run;  
Where in bright circles dancing planets play  
Around the source of far extended day.—  
'Tis to sublime PHILOSOPHY we owe  
All that of worlds above, or earth we know;  
Thy smiles revive the deep enquiring mind,  
By thee our wit is pure, our parts refin'd.  
From hence are known the various pow'rs of air,  
Its properties occult, its substance rare;  
The progress of the wind, the gathering storm,  
The rise of vapours, and how meteors form;  
Why rarefactions bring continu'd rain,  
Whence foaming torrents roar along the plain.



Say, why descends so swift the rattling hail ?  
 And why do pregnant clouds fly o'er the vale ?  
 The rain congeal'd, transforms to pond'rous stones,  
 Hurl'd down, impetuous, from aerial thrones ;  
 Elastic air transports the clouds on high,  
 And gently wafts them round the azure sky.

Tutor'd by her, we mark the falling snow,  
 Till all is one continu'd scene below ;  
 She knows from whence inclines the hoary frost,  
 How shooting salts the rising herbage crust,  
 And why confin'd, and bound in icy chains,  
 Yon limpid pools transform to chrystal plains.  
 Lo ! undismay'd, PHILOSOPHY has found  
 How the loud thunder shakes the vast profound ;  
 From whence the bright æthereal shaft descends,  
 And bursting nitre some huge column rends.  
 The grand phænomenon of northern fires  
 To her is known, tho' rustic fear retires ;  
 With conscious dread the giddy vulgar stray,  
 And anxious hope the wish'd return of day.  
 When light sulphureous vapours thinly spread,  
 Catch fire, and flame converging over head,  
 In contemplation wrapp'd, and calm surprisè,  
 The philosophic student reads the skies.

See

See where ascends yon wide extended bow !  
 The sign of grace, and heavenly love below ;  
 The origin divine, of light and shade !  
 In orient colours pure, diverse, array'd.  
 With pleasing awe, a wond'rous scene survey,  
 Where five bright suns awake the drooping day ;  
 There, where the vast concave, high-arch'd and  
     wide,  
 Appear'd with recent systems once supply'd.  
 Those grand Par-helian forms no longer scare,  
 Expell'd far hence all superstitious fear.

Lo ! wand'ring fires across the meadows rove,  
 Or wanton sport beside a neighb'ring grove ;  
 Them, while the heedless traveller attends,  
 Far from his road, and distant from his friends,  
 In some broad ditch, or bog obscure and deep,  
 The wretch, astonish'd, grasps a treacherous steep ;  
 Immers'd and damp, bewilder'd and alone,  
 Confus'd, he rambles from the peopled town,  
 Thro' miry swamps, or barren heaths unknown. }  
 But why this plain digression? rest not here ;  
 Enough of suns, of stars, and fluid air ;  
 It now remains to sing of earth, and stones,  
 And what to man, and beasts, and birds belongs.

All hail! serene PHILOSOPHY, divine!  
No less to thee pertains the opening mine;  
'Tis thine to penetrate thro' beds of earth,  
And tell of polish'd gems the secret birth;  
How, low in caverns dark, the marble grows,  
Fair streak'd and vein'd, adorn'd with azure rows.  
'Tis thine, the alabafter to explore,  
And rich porphyrius' long invested store;  
The steadfast adamant, compress'd and strong,  
The sparkling ruby, and cornelian stone;  
The soft, pellucid chrystal, fair and gay,  
Carbuncle flaming, like the lamp of day;  
The green smaragdus, and the sapphire blue,  
Th' obdurate amethyst, of purple hue,  
And golden topaz. Lo! to thee belong  
The black achate, and the jasper throng.  
But more than all, the magnet strikes my mind,  
A world of wonders in a stone combin'd!  
Nor less delight the sons of wisdom find  
Where iron ore attracts the curious mind,  
Where deep below the founding copper grows,  
Or, in metalline streams, mercurius flows.  
There, where the burnish'd tin adorns the shore,  
And stratas sparkle with refulgent ore,

Where

Where veins of gold, or shining silver lie,  
And unctuous lead regales th' enquiring eye.

By thee, sublime PHILOSOPHY! we scan  
The cultur'd glebe, or contemplate the plain,  
Th' increasing foliage, and the distant grove,  
E'en humble shrubs, or lofty trees above.  
If we the powers of vegetation trace,  
Consummate beauty shines in every place;  
Admit discretion is our greatest good,  
"Thro' nature's works we look to nature's God."  
Sure, not remote from this, is all we know  
Of birds above, of beasts, and fish below!  
Their various kinds, their various arts declare  
Man was not made alone, this earth to share.

Far born from hence, where glorious order shines,  
A scene more varied claims my artless lines,  
T' admire what wisdom form'd the insect train,  
Their strange mutations, and their sense of pain.  
The painted scarab, and melliferous tribe,  
Transcend what human language can describe.

But, now to man, my ranging thoughts retire,  
To sing how arts, philosophy require,

Forsook

Forfook by her, a savage, wild and rude,  
Were man, with fenfe and reasoning powers endu'd,  
In vain this gift; the defart wafte and void  
Were his dire haunt, with monfters fell annoy'd;  
Naught would he know, but want and conftant pain,  
A life of woe, and death his greateft gain;  
Forlorn and wand'ring thro' the lonesome wood,  
With boars contending for their acorn food.  
Such were mankind, expos'd to various woes,  
But for the help PHILOSOPHY beftows.  
Thro' every fcene of life the goddefs flies,  
Excites perfection, and compleats our joys.  
By thee, fage Chiron fpuins indulgent eafe,  
And meditates the fource of fell difeafe;  
What plants for this, and what for that are fit  
To heal mankind, the doctor tries his wit.  
The various fimples cull'd, he hopes to cure,  
And thinks his drooping patient to reftore.

First taught by thee, the navigator rofe,  
The main to traverse, and his life expose;  
Swift thro' furrounding feas, unaw'd, he fails,  
Forefees the ftorm, or waits propitious gales;  
From fhores remote, and rich, or realms unknown,  
The wealth of diftant nations is our own.

From

From hence we learn what arts the world can find,  
 And what the various customs of mankind;  
 What powers they raise, what spacious tracts they  
     rule,  
 Their different foils, and whom their laws controul.—  
 The poor mechanic feels thy generous flame,  
 And finds a place, even in the rolls of fame.  
 Hence clocks denoting times incessant course,  
 Ballistic torments' all-destroying force.  
 First plann'd by thee, the planetarium rose,  
 And here th' armillary sphere its being owes;  
 The orrery sublime, thy aid requires,  
 And engines destin'd to extirpate fires;  
 Air-mills, and aqueous, claim their birth from thee,  
 The student's palm, serene PHILOSOPHY!

Pneumatic engines hence improve the mind,  
 And manufactures vast, employ mankind;  
 Assisted vision kens minutest forms,  
 And polish'd lenses failing sight reforms;  
 The long-tub'd telescope explores the skies,  
 Where distant objects, else, obscurely rise.  
 Deriv'd from the same source, the globes delight,  
 And manual spheres the thoughtful soul excite.

The

The world in narrow form compris'd we see,  
 In fair proportion drawn, and just degree.  
 Exact and true, the brilliant stars are told,  
 Their station fix'd, - like studs of burnish'd gold.

Nor less the labouring farmer claims thine aid,  
 The grass to mow, or pluck the ripening blade ;  
 What time to turn the well directed plough,  
 And when the seeds of hopeful crops to sow.

Tutor'd by thee, the muse compleats the choir,  
 Chants heavenly strains, or strikes the trembling lyre,  
 Assumes the glorious theme, with ardour glows,  
 And form'd by thee, her pleasing language flows ;  
 The lively image, and the graceful stile,  
 Are known by reading, and attain'd by toil.  
 Philosophy the studious bard refines,  
 Informs his mind, and weighs his flowing lines ;  
 Tells what to choose, pure sentiment supplies,  
 Awakes attention, and expels disguise.  
 She bids each striking simile be fair,  
 And thoughts selected please the list'ning ear.

ÆTATIS 18.

A SOLILOQUY.

## A S O L I L O Q U Y.

**R**EFULGENT summer comes, the fervid air  
 And flaming skies, denote the circling year;  
 From fields of æther, and the blaze of day,  
 Intemperate heat, and Sol's meridian ray,  
 To glades umbrageous, let me haste away. }  
 There, on the banks of some meandering stream,  
 Chant to my rustic pipe, a nobler theme.  
 Oh! come, celestial CONTEMPLATION, come;  
 Inspire my soul, and change this mental gloom.  
 While stretch'd at ease, beneath the shade I lie,  
 Let not fair thought's inhaling balsam die.  
 Come, heavenly visitant! engage my mind,  
 Breathe inward peace, and sentiments refin'd.

Lives there the man, who, impious, dares controul  
 Infinite Wisdom, and reform the whole?  
 Whatever is, was made for some design, }  
 Whatever breathes, hath origin divine,  
 In vain immensity would man confine.  
 Behold in air what transient myriads form,  
 Who bade yon short-liv'd tribes aerial swarm?

Some,



Some, o'er the stagnate pool, incumbent, borne,  
 The fleeting offspring of prolific morn;  
 Scarce visible to man, live with the day,  
 And when the sun declines, with him decay.  
 What slender texture! what consummate grace!  
 And striking colours, clothe yon insect race!  
 Their chequer'd eyes imbibe the rays of light,  
 As rubies radiant, and as chrystal bright.  
 Sure, silent adoration's flame they fan,  
 Instruct the foul, and humanize the man.  
 Yet may I love thro' flow'ry shades to walk,  
 And with calm Solitude, fair goddess! talk;  
 Hold rapturous converse with the bless'd above,  
 Soft gliding, pensive, thro' the silent grove.  
 Or on imagination's pinions climb,  
 Revolve the past, and penetrate thro' time,  
 In action stedfast, and in thought sublime. }  
 As spring serene, give me to pass thro' life,  
 From discord free, and base litigious strife;  
 In heights and depths, in happiness and pain,  
 Yet with RELIGION, and with TRUTH to reign.

## R E F L E C T I O N S

AFTER READING THE FOLLOWING LINES.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia musæ  
 Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore, &c.  
 VIRG.

**L**ET others plow the foaming deep,  
 In quest of lawless gain;  
 'Tis mine the various lyre to sweep,  
 Or chant the poet's strain.

Far from all mean solicitude,  
 Let me in quiet dwell,  
 Where no corrosive cares intrude  
 To wound my stedfast soul.

What are the pleasures wealth can give?  
 What luxury's excess?  
 More than enough must sure deceive,  
 And all have happiness.

The

The rich, the gay, the sapient, love  
Those boundless blessings given;  
The labouring poor, sustain'd, shall prove  
Th' indulgent care of Heaven.

Cease then, my soul! from weak distrust,  
In PROVIDENCE confide;  
Who shields from harm the wise and just,  
And mocks the stoic's pride.

'Tis not the men who vainly boast  
Of ought enjoy'd below,  
Shall feel of heavenly bliss the most,  
And real comfort know.

A conscience void of all offence,  
From poignant anguish free,  
Is more than all that crowns dispense,  
And every high degree.

'Tis that alone can make us blest,  
Bid comfort rise within,  
Compose the tempest of each breast,  
And sheathe the force of sin.

To

To loftier themes our thoughts dispose,  
And elevate the soul;  
Give conquest o'er our mental foes,  
And reign beyond controul,

To real greatness turn the mind,  
Teach what we should obtain;  
Inspire a generous flame refin'd,  
And soothe the sense of pain.

Oh! give me this, I ask no more,  
Fair pleasure's train I scorn;  
Let those enjoy their shining store,  
Who were to riches born;

Whose feeble minds on earth confin'd,  
Dare not forsake their gold,  
Left wafted on the wings of wind,  
They lose their steadfast hold.

Such is the rock on which they stand,  
So permanent the base:—  
If death but stretch his direful hand,  
And shew his ghastly face,

K

Strange

Strange terrors soon vindictive reign,  
And harbour in each breast,  
With every agonizing pain,  
And torturing care oppres'd.

Like empty chaff their riches fly,  
The studious sage to see,  
Their fragile prop reclin'd, they die,  
In dark uncertainty.

So lives, so dies that wretched fool  
Who grinds the labouring poor,  
And dares, in spite of Heaven's just rule,  
A golden heap adore.

On projects wild, and various schemes,  
Perpetually intent,  
For ever pleas'd with gaudy scenes,  
Or on delusion bent.

Accumulation still the theme,  
Or blind offensive pride,  
Litigious strife, or empty fame,  
Or government deny'd.

So

So fond is man of ought but truth,  
True solace unbeliev'd;  
Led on by something gay in youth,  
In age extreme, deceiv'd.

Oh! could our vagrant minds but know  
Where dwells internal peace;  
Not in perpetual strife and woe,  
Not in our wealth's increase.

Say, shall this narrow span contract  
The contemplative soul?  
This mundane scene of things compact,  
Th' excursive mind controul?

Know, when tumultuous cares are lost,  
And earth's concerns are fled,  
The soul divine! seeks Heaven's blest'd coast,  
From terrene functions freed.

## A P A R A P H R A S E

OF PART OF THE FIRST CHAPTER OF ST. JOHN\*.

Αχρονος ην ακιχητος εν αρχητω Λογος αρχη,  
 Ισοφυης γενετηρος ομηλικος, υος αμητωρ, &c.

Nonni Panopol.

**B**EFORE old time, and circling years began,  
 Ineffably divine! the LOGOS sprang;  
 Coeval with the FATHER was the SON,  
 The LIGHT OF LIGHT from endless ages shone.  
 With power proclaim'd, in Heaven's supreme  
 abode,  
 The WORD resided, and that WORD was GOD.  
 From this eternal source, the SON, the same  
 With him who form'd this azure-vaulted frame.  
 GOD his creating energy display'd,  
 All things were by the Word efficient made,  
 And without him, nor fountain, field, nor shade. }  
 In him was life, our universal joy,  
 The light of mortal men, ordain'd to die.

\* See Nonnius Panopolitanus.

But

But in this shadowy world, divinely bright,  
 He shone illustrious, with superior light,  
 His day not comprehended by our night.

}

Amid the deep recess of some lone wood,  
 A wand'ring seer had fix'd his rough abode :  
 To preach baptism ; he the first who came,  
 His people's servant ; John, the prophet's name.  
 An herald by JEHOVAH sent, before  
 That LIGHT, to which he faithful witness bore,  
 That all convinc'd, a certain faith might have,  
 Faith, which in pangs of death alone can save.  
 Yet he was not that pure essential light ;  
 But came commission'd by eternal might.  
 Prophetic silence, long impos'd, he broke,  
 A sure forerunner of the truths he spoke ;  
 The WORD with GOD was that primæval light,  
 Which shines in man, with rays divinely bright.

He with the unbelieving world remain'd,  
 The world was form'd by his Almighty hand ;  
 Nor did mankind the sacred LOGOS know,  
 An unprovided stranger here below !  
 First to his own, the WORD efficient came,  
 His own refus'd him, and revil'd his name.





By Moses first the sacred law was given ;  
 But grace and truth, when CHRIST came down  
 from Heaven.

Ne'er visible to man's revolving eyes  
 Did that pure self-existing SPIRIT rise ;  
 'Twas he, prime object of the FATHER'S love,  
 Long us'd to tread the fulgent courts above,  
 Who, with divine heart-melting speech reveal'd  
 The vision sacred, from mankind conceal'd.

And this, the testimony borne aloud,  
 John preach'd before the Hebrew-mission'd crowd ;  
 Levites, and watchful priests, a sacred train !  
 Charg'd to interrogate the heav'n-taught man ;  
 Where, on the margin of a desert wood,  
 A wand'ring exile ! dwelt the tent of GOD,  
 A cavern'd rock his unadorn'd abode ;  
 And urgent, thus, with speed the legates cried,  
 Who art ? art thou the CHRIST ?—I he seer reply'd,  
 (Nought he conceal'd, nor yet the truth deny'd)  
 I am not CHRIST.—Then thus the Hebrew train,  
 Interrogant, address'd the bard again :  
 Say who thou art ; dost thou on earth appear  
 Elias ! say, the far-fam'd Thibite seer ?

Thus John:—Nor I, to earth return'd, appear  
 Elias known, the far-fam'd Thisbite seer.  
 To whom the bold intruding priests reply'd,  
 Art thou that prophet, ne'er by man descry'd?  
 And thus the sent of GOD.—Elias fam'd  
 I am not, nor that heavenly seer unnam'd.

Tell then thy name, the mission'd group rejoin'd,  
 That we, obedient to the high command  
 From whence we came, may to our friends reveal  
 What of thyself, importun'd, thou wilt tell.

I am that clamant voice in the wild waste;  
 Prepare the sacred ways of GOD with haste;  
 Make straight his paths, as in th' inspired book,  
 By good Esaias, Heaven's creator spoke.

Of wav'ring Pharisees, a doubtful train,  
 In haughty stile address'd the heaven-taught man.  
 Why then dost thou baptize? and whence design  
 Amid the reflux stream to cleanse from sin?  
 Since thou art not the CHRIST, nor yet the seer,  
 Elias, borne thro' the wide realms of air,  
 Aloft, incumbent, in his fiery car;

}  
 Nor

Nor that great bard with heavenly fervour warm,  
Whose accents shall by sacred influence form.

To such interrogations, fraught with pride,  
Cautious of ill, the Man of God reply'd,  
In the pure laver of the crystal stream,  
Sent to baptize, on Heaven's behests I came;  
But he who shall succeed, yourselves among,  
Converses daily, tho' as yet unknown,  
With hands profane, the latchets of whose shoes,  
I am not worthy, stooping, to unloose.

Beyond where Jordan with redundant waves  
The fruitful bounds of rich Judeah laves;  
Where fair Bethabara's illustrious town  
O'erlook'd th' adjacent plains, those things were  
done.

But when the morning brought the golden day,  
And lucent beams the vary'd hills display,  
His piercing view John cast around the field,  
Nor distant far, the SON OF GOD heheld.

Then pointing with his hand, Behold, said he,  
The prudent LAMB! from sin's pollution free;

And,

And, lo! the man, posterior, I declar'd,  
 Tho' after, he before me is preferr'd.

---

THE M O R N I N G.

**H**AIL, sacred season! heavenly transport, hail! }  
 How fair! how fragrant is the dented vale }  
 Where odoriferous flowers their sweets exhale! }  
 And tuneful birds, harmonious from the spray,  
 In sprightly numbers usher in the day.  
 Lo! rapturous music all the region fills,  
 Hangs in the grove, or bounds along the hills.

Immers'd in pleasure, will not man awake?  
 And the soft chains of stupid slumber break?  
 When every real joy calls him abroad,  
 And every scene directs the mind to God.  
 Be this the time to MEDITATION due,  
 To solemn thought, and retrospective view.  
 When calm, and from intruding business free,  
 The soul contemplates vast immensity;

Or

Or to creation's ample bounds confin'd,  
 Surveys the proofs of an ETERNAL MIND.  
 Who but the fool, his indolence to boast,  
 Would in oblivion's hapless state be lost,  
 And death-like sleep, longer than nature claims,  
 Confus'd, bewilderd in a sea of dreams?

Around the field the peaceful village swarms,  
 From straw-crown'd roofs, and wide capacious  
     farms ;

In pomp proceeds the powerful king of day !  
 The scene around his radiant beams display.  
 From azure ocean, and the dashing waves,  
 His crimson head refulgent Phœbus heaves ;  
 Where earth's gay plains, and Heaven's wide arch  
     unite,

In splendor comes the reigning orb of light ;  
 Up the blue vault ascends his flaming car,  
 The dews exhale, and fogs dissolve in air.

Hail, fervid lamp ! how shall my numbers  
     sing  
 Thy delegated power ? efflux divine !  
 Or how thy latent properties define ?

}  
 You

Yon tow'ring hills, and pointed rocks behold!  
Remote, tho' fair, and fring'd with burnish'd gold;  
The rising sun their gilded tops adorns,  
And on the plain a shade extensive forms.  
Nor less surpris'd, the fulgent grafs review,  
Where rays refracted by the pearly dew,  
As in the clouds the pomp of colours spread,  
With all the fine diversity of shade.

What were the beauties of th' enamel'd spring?  
And nature what, but for thy light benign?  
A barren wild! a dreary cheerless place!  
Were earth and ocean, void of every grace;  
Perpetual night, and one eternal storm  
Would then the dull chaotic mass deform.

Pursue the oak's extensive, deep-struck root,  
Where, twin'd with rocks, its branching fibres shoot;  
The dreary cavern, dark and rude, explore,  
Or undermine the tempest-beaten shore;  
Go, dive beneath the chambers of the deep,  
Where crocodiles a fatal station keep,  
And monsters haunt; Behemoth's spacious cave!  
Or penetrate the terrors of the grave;

Yet

Yet there, ev'n there, beneath the vast profound,  
Sol's potent rays pervade the porous ground.

Admire the lustre of the sparkling mine,  
Where diamonds beam, and glowing rubies shine;  
Where, like the sun, the yellow topaz burns,  
And of cerulean hue the sapphire forms.

Light shews the dreary precipice from far,  
Hence men the rough incumbent steep beware;  
With chilling horror from the mountains brow,  
We ken the dismal, fractur'd scene below.  
By thee, more bright yon winding river shines,  
And rolls like fluid silver o'er the plains.

Say, what the vegetative tribes would do?  
No more could they their matchless colours shew;  
No more attract, and emulate the fair,  
Their charming features, and their graceful air!

If then so much the sun's gay beams avail,  
And nature soon without their aid would fail,  
What were creation? what the peopled space,  
If Heaven's all-ruling LORD withdraw his face

But



But for a moment? What were every scene?  
 Those placid rivers, and those vallies green,  
 If he who reigns in uncreated light,  
 Great source of life, ETERNAL GOD of might,  
 Should cease to regulate yon radiant spheres,  
 And forward push the vast, revolving stars?  
 Did HE not bid the globous planets roll,  
 And pendent earth devolve about its pole,  
 What dire confusion soon would change the whole? }  
 Where then were all the labour'd works of man?  
 The toil of ages? where they first began.  
 Yon azure arch, bright with refulgent day,  
 With all its sparkling suns must then decay.  
 A sable sheet of horror soon would spread  
 O'er the rude mass of worlds, inert, and dead;  
 O'erwhelm'd and rent by elemental strife,  
 And not, as now, the green abodes of life;  
 The smiling mansions of superior bliss,  
 The realms of joy, and courts of happiness.

ÆTATIS 19.

REFLEC-

## R E F L E C T I O N S

O N A

## T H U N D E R S T O R M.

**A** SOLEMN theme, descriptive muse, assume;  
 What means this dumb suspense? this awful  
 gloom?

This quick transition? lo! demure and sad  
 Th' astonish'd herds traverse the silent mead,  
 While men in haste to towns and hamlets speed. }

In sable vesture, mark the threat'ning skies  
 Incumbent wrapp'd. What dismal scenes arise  
 O'er all the space of Heaven! with awful dread,  
 And night terrific, frowns th' impervious shade;  
 Tremenduous darkness! far outstretch'd above,  
 A gloomy sheet malign involves the grove!  
 Low bow the trees, their lofty heads recline;  
 The stubborn oak, the beech, and waving pine,  
 Of storms presageful, nod. Oh! take th' alarm,  
 And speed my ling'ring feet, while free from harm.

Lo!

Lo! to their nests the feather'd tribes repair,  
The flocks and herds to lonely shadows drear.  
All nature feels a change! behold at hand,  
Eruptive from the Heavens, a flaming brand  
Breaks sharp and ragged; feeble vision fails,  
And fable night awhile creation veils.  
Hark! repercussive, awful, deep, and loud,  
The solemn thunder bursts from cloud to cloud;  
Nearer, and nearer, comes the direful storm,  
Till o'er our heads the fervid lightnings form;  
Tremenduous lustre! now resistless rolls  
A sheet of flame, and wide invests the poles;  
Or on the hills, with far continued sweep,  
Singes the grass, and strikes the bleating sheep;  
Or lowing herds, in synod met, and full,  
In close convention, round the lordly bull.

Mark there, a lab'ring ox, honest and sour,  
With blasted limbs compress the groaning shore;  
There harmless sheep by shafted lightning struck,  
As when alive, the same the victims look;  
That pleasing innocence, those simple charms  
Thro' death remain, and fate's severe alarms.

Now

Now pours a deluge of impetuous rain  
 From bursting clouds, and drowns the subject plain.  
 Earth smoaks—Heaven rends—and dreary darkness  
 still

Hangs o'er the grove, or hides the dim seen hill;  
 While down the rugged steep a murmuring torrent  
 roars,  
 Plows up the ground, and floats the treacherous  
 moors.

At length relents the storm; the clouds subside;  
 And nature shines once more in graceful pride;  
 Dispers'd aloft, incumbent mists are driven,  
 Diffus'd and scatter'd round the vault of Heaven.  
 The drooping fields revive, the groves look gay,  
 The woods resound with joy, and mirth concludes  
 the day.

Exulting birds with melody divine,  
 In concert full, and warbling numbers join;  
 And lo! the ruminating herds confess  
 The general joy, and soft engaging bliss;  
 Incessant bleatings fill the echoing air,  
 While universal nature bows in pray'r.

L

Oh!

Oh! let my muse the choir æthereal join,  
Let WONDER, PRAISE, and GRATITUDE be mine;  
In humble strains of adoration pure,  
May I approach that all-creating POWER!  
Who mounts the wind, and guides the rending  
forms,  
Whose plastic hand the baleful lightning forms,  
And moulds the crystal hail. HE pours the rain,  
Or with soft showers renews the parched plain.  
By HIM the deep majestic thunder rolls,  
And livid flames involve the stedfast poles;  
The dew HE sprinkles, and the sun HE warms,  
HE gave to light and shade their various charms.

ÆTATIS 19.

T H E E N D.

