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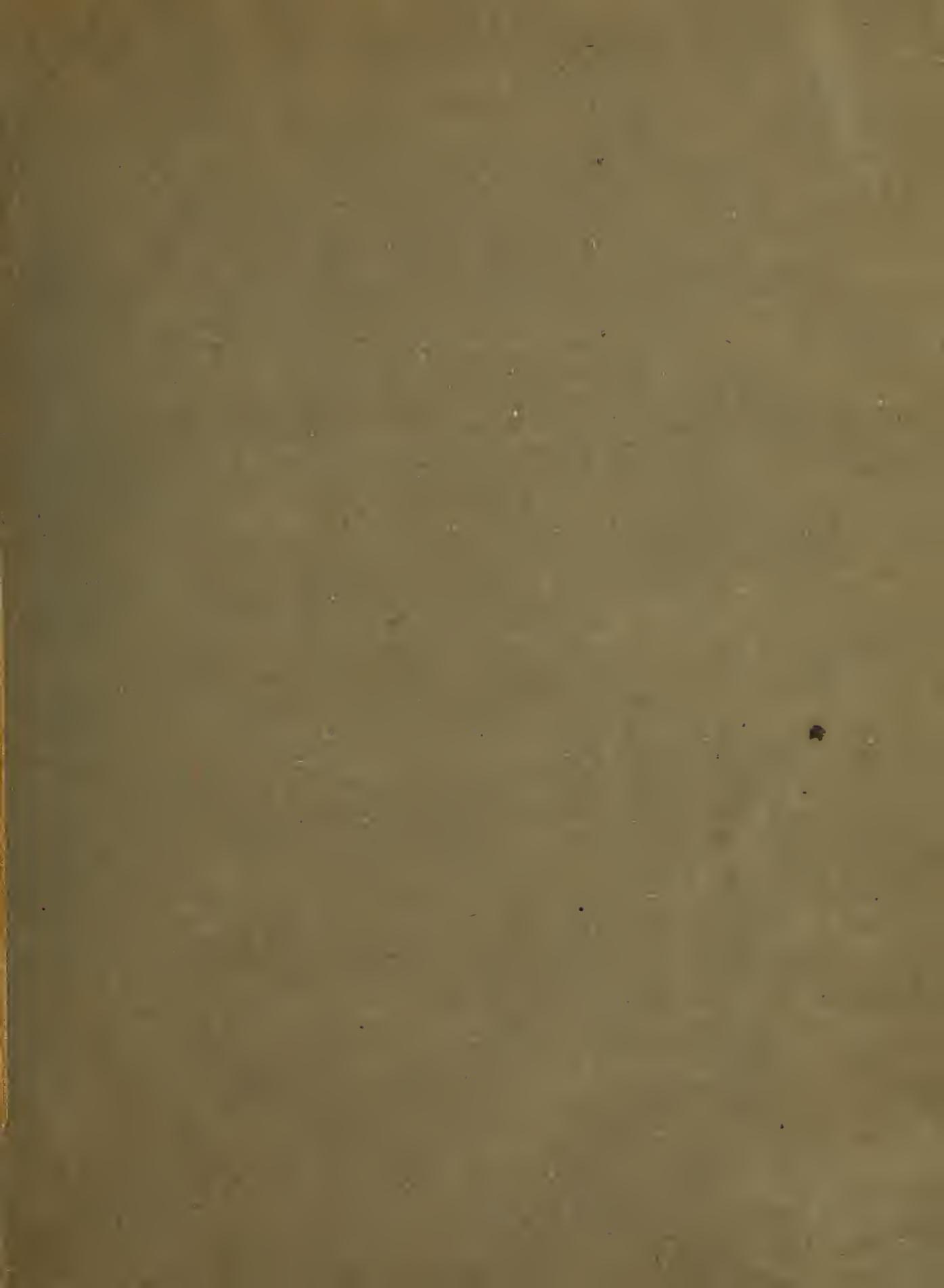


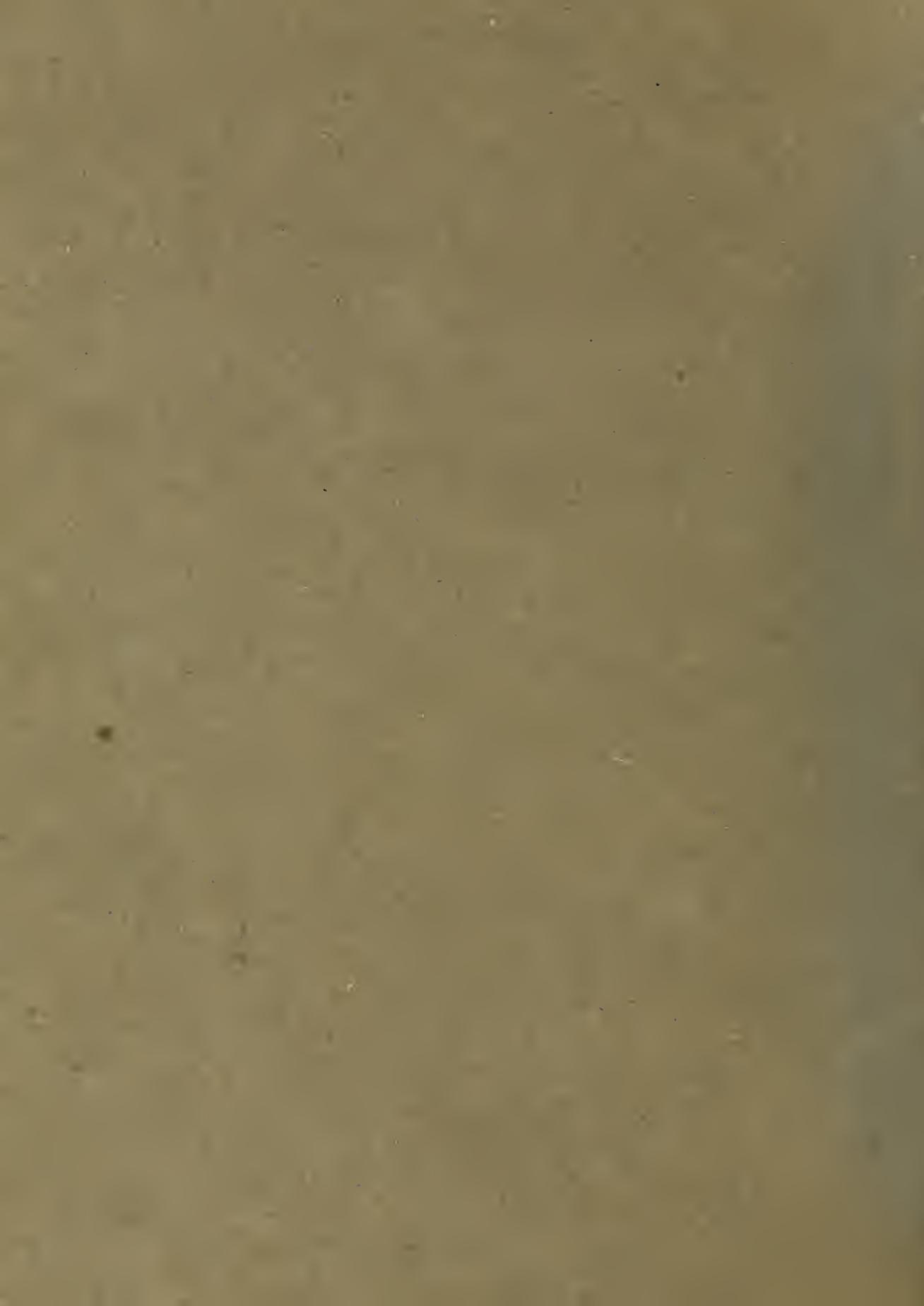
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C O N S C I E N C E :

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B Y

The R E V E R E N D J . B R A N D .

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M D C C L X X I I I .

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Subject of this Piece is the same with that proposed the two last Years for SEATON'S Prize Poem, on which Account it was originally written: An accidental Delay it met with upon the Road, occasioned its being presented to the Vice-Chancellor two Days after the Time appointed by the Will of Mr. SEATON; who therefore found himself obliged not to receive it.

CONSCIENCE.

THE ARGUMENT.

I. *The SUBJECT proposed.*

II. [3—40] *The INVOCATION addrest to the Spirit of Song, as (1) alleviating the sufferings of mankind, (2) inspiring virtue, (3) and the piety of men and angels.*

III. [41—46] *The DEFINITION of CONSCIENCE. * The sense of pleasure or pain arising from a perception of the agreement or disagreement of our actions with the rules of virtue.*

IV. [47—206] *The SOURCES of CONSCIENCE, or this moral sense of pleasure and pain.—1st, Sympathy—† 2d, Pride and Shame—3d, Self-love.*

1st. [51—70] *From Sympathy we rejoice in the pleasures of others, and our affection is conciliated to their author;*
B relation

* See Note to v. 45.

† See Note to v. 49.

relation to him heightens that pleasure; consequently its greatest strength is, when that happiness springs from ourselves, and our own Virtue.

[71—74] *The converse true of Vice.*

2d. [75—88] *From Pride. The natural excellencies of the body or mind, when surveyed, necessarily give a species of pleasure which we call self-complacency or pride: this emotion is stronger on the perception of those degrees of perfection, which we give birth to in ourselves, by acts of the will; and is still augmented in proportion of the dignity of the end by which it is put in action; the highest gratification of this instinct is therefore, the contemplation of those of our own actions, to which some virtue was the end.*

[89—92] *From Shame. The converse of the former argument holds good, as vice is attended with the greatest degree of shame.*

3d. [93—206] *From Self-love. Self-love actuates our hopes and fears from a consideration of—1st, our present, and—2dly, our future state.*

[93—134] *From the present State.—Those actions which promote the felicity of Society, (or the moral virtues) naturally bring their own rewards with them: Those which obstruct it, (or vices) their respective punishments. Whence according to the nature of our actions, we are filled with*
the

the hopes of these rewards, or the fear of these punishments: and as the mind is always more employed in considering the future, than either the present or the past, these future expectations (which contribute to compose that moral sense, named Conscience) form the greater part of our present happiness or misery.

[135—206] *From a future State.—Our hopes are strongly excited by the views of that eternal happiness, our fears by the representation of the divine justice revelation has given us. Digression. Description of the divine justice; her infinity; her almighty power to protect—or punish. She descends upon earth to chastise the sins of men; the effects of her vengeance. The terror a consideration of this must inspire in the breast of the wicked, and more particularly on the point of death.*

V. [207—648] *The FINAL CAUSES of CONSCIENCE.—1st, to excite repentance—2dly, to counterpoise the passions—3dly, to render the happiness of individuals more proportioned to their moral merits.*

1st. [213—220] *Conscience excites us by repentance to appease the divine justice.*

2dly. [221—262] *It counterpoizes the passions, by making them subservient to the general good; which otherwise would*

THE ARGUMENT.

engage us in excesses the most destructive to society. It introduces the finest moral harmony in the mind; and reconciles all the various pursuits of life to universal happiness.

3dly. [263—648] *Vice is frequently successful, and virtue deprest in the world: Conscience, by being the secret punishment of the former, and the support of the latter, renders the happiness of each, more proportioned to the moral merit of individuals: and thus forms a necessary supplement to the external administration of providence.*

[273—578] *Hence unrestrained Avarice, Ambition, Sensuality, and other crimes derive their secret punishment.*

[579—610] *And from hence the man of virtue when distressed, experiences a support, enabling him to triumph over or despise the afflictions of life.*

[611—648] *While its influence gives new pleasure to all its finer enjoyments, and exalts prosperity into happiness.*

C O N S C I E N C E .

C O N S C I E N C E I fing; her nature, fource, and
power ;
Her fecret fcourge, and felf-approving hour.

O H T H O U ! whose fway fubdues the willing foul,
And charms each paffion to thy mild controul,
5 In every breaft fpeaks peace to every care,
Wakes round affliction's couch, and fooths defpair:
P A R E N T O F V I R T U E ! thou whose breath inspires
The good, the wife, and fans their nobleft fires ;
Excites the high refolve, the godlike deed ;
10 Aids all their toils, and pours the immortal meed :
Or taught the voice of piety to raife,
The pealing anthems deep majeftick lays ;
Where through the folemn ifles, and vaulted choir,
With choral found her hallow'd ftrains afpire :

Benig-

- 15 Benignant hear from thy empyreal height,
 Where thron'd thou sit'st in realms of living light,
 Crown'd with celestial wreaths and flowers that
 blow --
 Fast by the streams of life, and as they flow
 Drink immortality ; while on thy state
- 20 The bands of Angel and Archangel wait
 To lead the eternal Pæan of the skies ;
 At once from twice ten thousand harps arise
 Their golden symphonies, and taught by thee,
 Rolls the full tide of heavenly harmony ;
- 25 'Till swell'd with all thy pomp the descant floats,
 And more than rapture fires the sacred notes ;
 SPIRIT OF IMMORTAL SONG ! the verse inspire,
 Assist the strain, and kindle all its fire,
 To sing what peace, what joy, what soft content,
- 30 Await the Conscience of a life well spent :
 The keen the secret grief, the heart-felt woe,
 The fears, the shame, the pang, the guilty know.
 The breathing grace, the glowing thought impart,
 To beam conviction on the enlight'ned heart ;
- 35 To finer ardors raise the godlike mind,
 Or form that virtue which they fail to find ;

To wipe the tear from Virtue's radiant eye,
 Spare vice one crime, prevent one rising sigh,
 Bid peace and hope on pale dejection shine,
 40 These are thy noblest praise, and these be mine.

WHEN man compares his actions with the rule
 Of moral life deduc'd from virtue's school,
 With joy their just conformity we see,
 And mark with grief where'er they disagree :
 45 This MORAL SENSE of PLEASURE and of PAIN,
 Of CONSCIENCE forms the wide extended reign.
 From THREE great principles by Heav'n impress'd,
 She holds her empire o'er the human breast,
 Mild SYMPATHY, with PRIDE's more ardent sway,
 50 And strong SELF-LOVE which awes us to obey.

WHEN

(V. 45.) Conscience is defined to be a sense of pleasure or pain; not a bare abstract perception of the mind, exclusive of an operation on the passions: because such a perception must terminate in itself, and can never become a source of action, any more than the abstract deductions of geometry or any other science; and Conscience is an active principle.

(V. 49.) The term Pride must be understood in a philosophical sense, as a natural pleasure arising from the view of its object; not as opposed to the virtue of humility, in which sense it is a vice. The advantages

WHEN Virtue wakes felicity around ;
 And blest with calm content, gay transport crown'd,
 That peace the good man spreads, we mark the few ;
 Each social passion kindles at the view,
 55 Nor there subsides ; but urg'd by nature's laws
 Transfers the pleasure to its active cause ;
 The liberal heart which show'rs such bliss approves,
 And glows expanded o'er the worth it loves :
 Each slight connection can new force impart,
 60 And bring that pleasure nearer to the heart :
 But livelier joy, more home-felt raptures bless
 The godlike mind which show'rs such happiness :
Sweet

stages of life are surveyed with pleasure ; the means by which these are procured are therefore pleasing, by the operation of the mind associating the pleasure arising from the contemplation of the end, with the idea of the means : the foremost among these we reckon the natural excellencies of the body or mind : thus 'tis proved, there must exist such a pleasure as self-complacency or pride, from a view of our natural perfections ; if nature has not given us an original primary instinct, which makes the natural advantages necessarily and per se give pleasure to their possessors. Ours is not the only language which wants a term which may express self-complacency, without the danger of being misunderstood without some explanation. Since the writing the above I have happened of the following observation on the word *orgueil*, which one of the best modern French poets wanted to have introduced in the sense I have used the term Pride.—“ J'aurois substitué le mot d'*orgueil* a ces mots, sentiment de nos forces, de nos qualités, &c. mais dans notre langue le mot d'*orgueil* se prend toujours en mauvaise part.” Les faisons, note, p. 98.

Sweet spring's Favonian airs, and blushing flow'rs,
 Sweet to the thirsty earth descending show'rs,
 65 To virgins sweet the dance's graceful rounds,
 And sweet the tuneful lyre's melodious sounds ;
 Yet sweeter far the joys which Virtue warm,
 To view that smiling scene she loves to form,
 Sooth pain and care, repress affliction's stings,
 70 And rise with peace and healing on her wings.

WHEN Vice her dark vile industry employs
 To waste the happy field of human joys,
 Even there shall SYMPATHY assert her laws,
 And teach the vile to feel the pain they cause.

75 WHATEVER great from Nature's gift alone
 Of strength, of form, of mind we boast our own,
 This by implanted Instinct given to please,
 The soul with PRIDE, and SELF-COMPLACENCE sees:
 That excellence from Active Will which flows,
 80 A nobler triumph on the breast bestows ;
 But when Great Ends the kindling soul inspire,
 When Virtue animates her sacred fire,
 Then glows serene the purest bliss on earth,
 The large, the liberal sense, of manly worth,

85 Calm Reason's chaf't'ned Praise, and CONSCIOUS
 (A virtue still to virtue when allied ;) [PRIDE,
 Superior to each low, each selfish aim,
 And all the vulgar thirst of vulgar Fame.

HENCE in the breast where Vice maintains her
 throne,
 90 Which every fordid baseness calls her own,
 SHAME from himself retiring, lurks unseen,
 Stables at large, and desolates his den.

WITH lenient hand to give each pain relief,
 By every care to soften every grief,
 95 Confer fair friendship's joys, the social hour,
 Pity's mild dew, and bounty's liberal shower ;
 Or bid injustice, rapine, fraud, and strife,
 Range all abroad, and blast the scenes of life,
 To point detraction's vile envenom'd dart,
 100 Insult fall'n virtue, wring the inmost heart
 Of bleeding Innocence : such aids we find,
 And such the ills man suffers from mankind :
 On acts like those attends their sacred meed ;
 Fair fame, * the public care, the grateful deed,

Prof-

* Publica Cura.

HOR.

But vice in vain shall seek her secret shade,
 Dark conscious FEARS her penfive walk invade,
 Paint each vile art, each deed of secret night,
 130 Bar'd to the day, and dragg'd to public light ;
 The scorn of virtue's keen indignant eye,
 Inflicted pain, and galling infamy ;
 His present lot all grief, his past all care,
 His future torment, and his end despair.

135 WERE all our thought to this low sphere confin'd,
 By pain and pleasure, pride and shame combin'd,
 Would CONSCIENCE thus maintain her heaven-
 taught sway,
 And bend reluctant Passion to obey :
 To nobler ends RELIGION bids us rise,
 140 Assert our birth, and claim our kindred skies ;
 With every hope the soul of Virtue warms,
 With every fear the breast of Guilt alarms :
 Here all the bliss of opening Heaven appears,
 In golden order rise the eternal years,
 145 And endless joy extends her radiant reign,
 Exempt from all satiety and pain :

Insulted

Infulted Heaven avenging justice there,
 And the dark realms of death, and grief, and
 care :

JUSTICE dread offspring of the God of light !
 150 Immutable ! Eternal ! Infinite !
 In vengeance arm'd, beneath her feet she treads
 The reign of death and hell, the vanquish'd heads
 Of fal'n immortals and ethereal powers ;
 And crown'd with living light, her head she towers
 155 Above the Heaven of Heavens : on high upheld
 Before her beams her adamantinè shield
 Effulging flame on flame ; divine, immense,
 To which, the space the vast circumference
 Of Saturn's all-involving orb furrounds,
 160 Shrinks to a point ; beneath whose ample bounds,
 Systems and worlds from fate and force she saves :
 And in her strong right hand, the sword she waves
 Which girds omnipotence ; whose mighty length
 Flames through immense infinitude : its strength
 165 Created nought resists, but falls away,
 Toucht by the power of its resistless sway,
 To unessential nothing. When the cries
 Of wrong, and lust, and blood confus'd arise,

FAMINE,

- FAMINE, and PESTILENCE, and WAR, prepare
 170 Her winged courfers and ætherial car ;
 She mounts ; from all her form the lightnings blaze
 Through æther's boundless deeps, incessant plays
 Above, around, beneath : on swiftest wing
 Through all the Heavens the immortal courfers
 spring :
- 175 Not one ten-thousandth part so swift as they
 Angelic thought, light's instantaneous ray
 Darts rapid : at each bound through all the skies,
 From world to world the flaming chariot flies.
 Famine and Pestilence her march precede,
 180 War burns around, and bids the nations bleed ;
 Dark sanguine horror shrouds the orbs of light,
 Loud tempest's rage, the whirlwind's furious might
 Howls through the lab'ring air, the hoary deeps
 Roar terrible, from all their pine-clad steep
- 185 The marble mountains to their bases nod ;
 Earth to her center trembles at her rod ;
 Hell hears the coming ruin, and beneath
 A deeper horror fills the realms of death ;
 Its surging flames with added wrath aspire,
 190 And wing'd with vengeance, and pernicious fire,

Tartarean thunders loud rebellowing roar,
 And kindled rage, and pangs unfelt before,
 And Heaven's severest agonizing scourge
 For endless ages her sad exiles urge ;
 195 Fear quells celestial breasts ; and scarce serene,
 Amidst the avenging terrors of the scene,
 Even Virtue but not trembles. And shall Man,
 His world a bubble, and his race a span ?
 Shall guilty man, though wing'd with whirl-
 winds, fly
 200 Her red right arm, or her all seeing eye ?
 Death's horrid power arrests him from afar,
 And drags his trembling victim to her bar :
 And come he will ; (fixt is thy utmost date ;)
 Swift as the rapid march of time and fate ;
 205 Distraction in his van, and pain, and fear,
 And endless night and horror in his rear.

ASK we the CAUSE why Nature has impress'd
 A moral Conscience in the human breast ?
 To wake remorse her secret scourge was given,
 210 And teach us to avert the wrath of Heaven ;
 To fortify its vast eternal plan,
 Its first great end, the happiness of Man.

WHEN

WHEN arm'd in vengeance Justice aims the
 wound,
 Prostrate in dust and growing to the ground,
 215 In sorrow's humblest lowliest form array'd
 Oft meek-ey'd Penitence, celestial maid,
 Hangs on her hand, averts the impending blow,
 And calms the avenging terrors of her brow,
 Till by her prayers her tears to pity mov'd,
 220 She smiles superior o'er her best below'd.

Two Principles impell the human soul,
 Passion to urge, and Conscience to controul :
 In nicest equipoize united still,
 These ballanced forces guide the human will :
 225 As wheels some planet its perennial course,
 Urged by attraction, and impulsive force ;
 With swift celerity this wings his way,
 While that with gentle, secret, constant sway,
 Makes man by force unseen, yet unwitstood,
 230 Respect the central point of general good ;
 And move obedient to the sacred plan,
 In that fixt orbit heaven prescribes to man :

Relax the * golden chain, with mad career
 And headlong fury, starting from his sphere
 235 Like some red comet blazing through the skies,
 Now here, now there, with madding speed he flies,
 Flames thro' the waste of life with lawless force,
 And plagues, and death, and ruin mark his course.

HAIL Conscience! source of all our bliss below,
 240 From thee what joys in long succession flow !
 Grateful to mortal and immortal ears,
 The warbled Pæan of the heavenly spheres !
 But far more grateful when inspir'd by thee
 Man's chaff'ned passions moral harmony !
 245 Grateful their mystic rounds and endless dance,
 Where hours, days, years, with measur'd change
 advance ;
 The shadowy forms and starry robe of night,
 The grateful interchange of useful light ;
 Spring's laughing pride, gay summer's purple glow,
 250 Autumn's full lap, and winter's virgin snow :
 But far more grateful is the winding maze,
 The endless intricacy Life displays :

* *Σειρα χρυσεια*, Il. viii.—The golden chain :—the force of attraction.
 See Pope's Iliad.

In varied course its varied rounds we glide,
 By turns advance, retreat, combine, divide,
 255 Trace and retrace its whirling circle's speed,
 Prompt to urge on, and eager to recede ;
 Conscience unseen each varied motion guides,
 And through the maze with secret sway presides,
 Marks all our way, our erring course deflects,
 260 Inspires, repels, assists, restrains, directs ;
 Each wild extreme combines with mutual ties,
 And bids fair order from confusion rise.

IF man with philosophic eye survey
 The pains, the pleasures which attend her sway,
 265 More justly balanc'd happiness he sees,
 As moral merit marks the just degrees ;
 Conscience, the last great supplement, was given
 To fill up all the sacred plan of Heaven ;
 To render all that vice can boast her own,
 270 RAPINE's pil'd heaps, AMBITION's gorgeous throne,
 PLEASURE's gay scene, AFFLICTED VIRTUE's sighs,
 Consistent with the justice of the skies.

OPPRESSION may encrease the miser's store,
 With all the wealth of either India's shore ;

His

275 His swelling sails tower proudly o'er the main,
 Exhaust whole realms, and plunder'd regions
 drain ;

A thousand vales his golden harvest fills,
 His vintage purples o'er a thousand hills ;
 Yet not his treasure'd hoards, his swelling sails,
 280 The vine-clad mountains, or the golden vales,
 Clear the sad brow by conscious dread o'ercast,
 Or foath the bitter memory of the past :

Where dark AMBITION winds her treacherous way,
 Smiles to destroy, and flatters to betray,

285 And stoops to win the wretch her heart disproves,
 To sacrifice the generous worth she loves ;
 With varied guilt each varied shape to try,
 Till ceaseless toil wins splendid misery :

Or fired with the delirious dream of fame,
 290 The empty glories of an empty name ;
 She wildly burns to dare each arduous deed,
 Forms the deep phalanx, bids the battle bleed,
 Bids rapine, lust, and death with lawless sway
 Range uncontroul'd thro' half the realms of day ;

295 Not each proud argument of old renown,
 The trophied column, and the victor's crown,

The pride of conquest, or the joys of power,
 Can calm reflection's self-accusing hour.
 With AVARICE and AMBITION 'tis the same,
 300 The knave of interest, and the fool of fame ;
 Fell discontent with burning hectic curst,
 Who only drinks to parch with double thirst,
 Remorse with anguish weeping o'er the past,
 Fear her sad scene with future ills o'ercastr,
 305 Care with dejected eye and dubious brow,
 Gaunt terror trembling at the name of foe,
 Suspicion trembling at the name of friend,
 With ceaseless bay their flying speed attend,
 And urge sagacious all the rapid course ;
 310 In vain they fly, wake every latent force,
 Toil up the high hill, sweep along the plain,
 Rush from the steep, or cross the stormy main ;
 O'er plains, o'er rocks, the loud Cerberean cry,
 Wing step with step, and follow where they fly,
 315 Hang on their rear, and circle as they tread,
 For ever present though for ever fled..

NOR can the guilty joys which PLEASURE brings
 Heal the sick breast or sooth its conscious stings :

Together let us trace her flattering maze,
320 Where every art her happiest charm displays ;
See the gay scene its shining skirts unfold
Emblazed with purple, elephant, and gold ;
The less'ning columns graceful ranks extend,
From fretted roofs the starry lamps depend,
325 The beamy lustres trembling splendors shine,
Inlaid with every gem from every mine ;
The sculptur'd marbles breathe in living rows,
With thought, with soul the speaking canvass
glows :

The courtly youth and virgin train advance,
330 Share the glad feast or form the graceful dance :
Through the high dome the sprightly pipe re-
sounds,

The clear recorder wakes her dulcet sounds,
The cittern silver voice, the living lyre,
The vocal flute instilling young desire,
335 Breathe extacy : while thus the choral song
Devolves its stream of melody along :

“ ARISE ! ye sons of social joy, arise !

“ Now radiant Hesper gilds the evening skies ;

“ Spring,

Soft as the tear which streams from beauty's eye,
 Soft as the love-lorn virgin's softest sigh,
 Whose breast new hopes, new fears alternate move,
 360 And heaves with trembling extacy to love,
 The breathing airs in tuneful descant flow,
 Now lightly gay, now musically flow,
 Or circling wheel their wildly warbling round ;
 Silence hangs o'er enamour'd of the sound,
 365 And tremblingly attentive waves with fear
 His downy pinions in the lift'ning air
 Not to dissolve the charm. With varied notes
 Thus o'er the soul the smooth enchantment floats.

“ IN beauty rob'd now comes the JOLLY SPRING,
 370 “ And winnows fragrance from his buxom wing :
 “ He comes, and with him leads the laughing
 “ hours,
 “ The vernal gales, the mildly-genial showers :
 “ Earth courts his warm approach, where'er he
 “ treads,
 “ Luxuriant all her wanton pride she spreads,
 375 “ Bids each gay flower its warmest blush improve,
 “ And new-born odours breathe through every
 “ grove.

“ Spon-

“ Spontaneous tribes their beauteous forms unfold,
 “ The flaming lotus kindling into gold,
 “ Gay amaranth, the jasmine’s virgin white,
 380 “ Rob’d in the mildest beam of silver light,
 “ Myrtle, and asphodell, and iris rise,
 “ The race of brighter suns and genial skies.
 “ For Spring thus Nature pants with kind alarms,
 “ For Youth thus Beauty puts on all her charms,
 385 “ Love’s brightest, happiest smile, the sigh suppress’d,
 “ Which half conceals, and half betrays the
 “ breast ;
 “ Soft speech, the fond repulse, the tender tear,
 “ The trembling, wishing, kind, reluctant fear ;
 “ The blushing ardor’s warm contagious fire,
 390 “ The humid eye which beams intense desire :
 “ Attend her call ; and pass not unpossess’d
 “ The roseat joys which court thee to be blest.”

YET Melancholy, yet the bitter scourge
 Of sad reflection, the tumultuous surge
 395 Of passion raging in the sick’ning breast,
 By guilt, by anguish, by despair depress’d,
 The pang for ever new, for ever keen,
 Haunt the sad master of the guilty scene.

While

" Yet ah ! might all-involving time conſign—
 420 " Alas ! that balm heals every wound but mine !
 " Vain is the promiſe of it's ſoothing power :
 " Thus ſome fond infant on the ſea-beat ſhore,
 " When waves on waves move on their marſhall'd
 " In ſilent eager expectation ſtands [bands,
 425 " Till every ſwelling ſurge be overpaſt ;
 " Now this, now that, he fondly hopes the laſt ;
 " Still ſurge on ſurge, on billows billows hurl'd,
 " To the next ſhore rolls all the watry world."

Now reigns the ſtill hour, when Night had driven
 430 Her ebon car through half the road of Heaven
 Spangled with ſtars ; and from her utmoſt height
 Surveys this nether world : In chaſter light
 O'er the calm ſcene the virgin Moon preſides,
 Her pale ray trembling o'er old Ocean's tides :
 435 She ſees the vales with vapour deluged o'er,
 A wavy ſea of miſt without a ſhore ;
 Above, emerging from the fleecy plain,
 The peaſant's humble roof, the ſolemn fane,
 The ſilent groves with trembling light o'erſpread,
 440 And robed in luſtre the high mountain's head :
Around

Around she views kind sleep's fraternal power,
Through her still reign his balmy blessings shower;
And drooping worth by frustrate hope pursued,
And toil, whose pain but ends to be renew'd,
445 Affection's hopeless care, and grief's sad sway,
Forget their sorrows, and absolve the day.

YET all the splendid scene's illusion fled,
No soft sleep hovers o'er its master's head:
Gaunt terror pictures in the midnight shade,
450 The weeping form of innocence betray'd,
Expos'd to piercing want, afflictive pain,
Faint sick'ning agony, and death's dread reign:
A weeping father, impotent to save,
By frantic sorrow urg'd to seek a grave.
455 To each sad image of distracting thought
A new succeeds with deeper anguish fraught;
And memory to wound his inmost heart,
Steeps in her bitterest gall her sharpest dart;
Now here, now there he turns to seek repose,
460 Averse she flies, and leaves him all his woes;
Till sick'ning nature by fatigue oppress'd,
Sinks down in torturing dreams of feverish rest.

FORSAKEN, cheerless, desolate, dismay'd,
 He seems to wander in the midnight shade,
 465 'Midst pensive isles and solitary tombs ;
 Chill horror broods through all the hallow'd domes :
 In awful shades, half veil'd from mortal sight,
 The flitting melancholy forms of night
 Through the long gloom in solemn silence sweep ;
 470 And drops of blood from every marble weep :
 Loud-rushing roars a hollow blast around ; [found,
 And from its womb with more than thunder's
 A voice thus breaks on his astonish'd sense :
 " Mortal, 'tis past ! and vengeance sweeps thee
 " hence."
 475 The yawning grave its marble jaws expands,
 And bursting into light a dread form stands
 Shrowded in terrors : his grim bosom gor'd,
 Still freshly stream'd beneath the gleaming sword ;
 Corruption's loathsome bane had half destroy'd
 480 His undistinguish'd form ; and from the void
 Together with him bursts Death's horrid king,
 Whose mortal dart he seizes ; bent to spring
 Upon his trembling prey ; " In vain you fly !
 " Vengeance demands her victim, and you dye.

" My

485 " My child! my child! exacts thy forfeit breath,
" Her tears, her shame, her agonies, her death :
" My frantic breast with every pang to tear,
" Against my soul my madding sword to bare,
" In all my crimes to meet my doom hurl'd down!
490 " Thus I avenge her fate! and thus my own!"
Astonish'd, nerveless, impotent he stands,
Fear chains his feet, and binds his trembling hands;
He strives, he toils, yet wants the power to fly,
And seems transfixt to fall, to writhe, to dye.
495 Trembling he wakes; and scarce forgets his fears,
While anxious terror sleeps his couch with tears.

To court sleep's balmy gifts again he tries,
And other shapes, and other forms arise :
He strays by sober evening's grateful shades,
500 Through devious walks and fragrance-breathing
glades,
Glittering by Moon: a solemn silence reigns ;
Save in some bourn that skirts the dewy plains,
The sweetest warbler of the feather'd throng
Wakes to soft rapture her love-labour'd song;
505 And pensive list'ning to her amorous lay,
His lov'd, his loveliest charmer weeps his stay.

Thus

Thus some fair lily, on the mountain's side,
 With rain furcharg'd declines her silver pride ;
 Till young Hyperion from his gorgeous height,
 510 On her chaste bosom show'rs the dazzling light :
 Then cheer'd to life, in virgin state array'd,
 Half her retreating elegance display'd,
 While half-conceal'd her modest form she veils,
 And streams fresh odour to the passing gales,
 515 His golden beams her spotless beauties rear,
 To lend new lustre to the vernal year.
 Hope gleams a moment o'er his deep distress,
 And bids him thus his raptur'd sense express.
 " Dear as soft showers when gasping Nature
 " mourns !
 520 " Dear as cool shades when fervid Sirius burns !
 " Dear as the vital air ! as balmy rest !
 " Dear as the last best hope that warms my breast !
 " Oft Fancy saw thee mingled with the dead,
 " And o'er the thought my heart with anguish bled :
 525 " Nor rest my soul nor joy my bosom knew,
 " Save haply when Remembrance to my view
 " The wretched scenes of other days retrac'd,
 " In fond idea thy past griefs I chac'd ;

" Re-

“ Repuls’d no more with stern averting eye
530 “ Thy weeping loveliness, thy struggling sigh ;
“ But wiped thy tears, bad all thy sorrows cease,
“ And smil’d thy fond subsiding fears to peace :
“ Then fled the fancied scenes, and as they fled,
“ I wept no cares could reach the silent dead.
535 “ Or when my mind its dearest joy has prov’d,
“ To bless the Friend thy gentler virtues lov’d ;
“ Thus have I said to my expanding heart,
“ Had she now liv’d some joy it might impart
“ To that mild breast, where softness fixt her
“ throne,
540 “ To feel the bliss of those she lov’d her own.
“ While sooth’d affection’s tear, and pleasing grief,
“ Through my sick breast diffus’d severe relief.
“ God of my soul ! be all her future blest !
“ And let her closing day be peace and rest !
545 “ Heal all thy fest’ring griefs, and those forgot,
“ Let Justice or let Mercy fix my lot.”
Then ardent he extends his longing arms,
Intent to grasp her visionary charms,
When lo ! that instant, in his fond embrace,
550 Again—pale Famine in her bloated face,

And

And pangs and terror in her meager eyes,
 Expiring, prostrate at his feet she lies,
 Convulst with madding agonising pain,
 While death and torture burns in every vein ;
 555 Now sinks the heart, now pants recover'd life,
 Now nature labouring in her last sad strife,
 Frantic with shrilling shrieks she rends the air,
 Then sinks exhausted down in mute despair ;
 Yet turns on him her fond, forgiving eye,
 560 And on his prest hand breathes her last sad sigh.
 His boiling brain with frantic passion burns,
 He rages, loves, and weeps, and storms by turns ;
 Now deems, array'd in terrors and the night,
 The kindred shades pursue his trembling flight,
 565 With whips of Scorpions ; and a dreary yell,
 The unutterable fury forms of hell :
 Till flying, from some dread tremendous steep
 Headlong he sinks, ten thousand fathoms deep ;
 Down, down, the eternal precipice he goes ;
 570 And o'er his soul the depths of ocean close.

WITH fears and stern conflicting pangs possess'd,
 Thus Conscience agitates the guilty breast ;

Hence

Hence Lust that can the golden bands despise
 Of Nature and her dearest charities ;
 575 The wretch who sharpens fell affliction's dart,
 To bid it pierce a friend's a parent's heart ;
 And midnight murder, and relentless hate,
 Transfixt with horror feel their future fate.

YET hence the firm support of godlike minds,
 580 The last best refuge suffering Virtue finds ;
 She smooths the good man's path, serenes his way,
 And on his thickest gloom pours light and day :
 If on the sea of life indulgent gales
 Aid all his course and fill his swelling sails,
 585 While o'er the parted waves his light bark glides,
 With sober hand her destin'd course he guides :
 If black'ning clouds the face of heaven deform,
 He all collected dares the rising storm ;
 Marks one fixt star, and by her guiding ray,
 590 Stems all the terrors of the watry way.
 Darknes in vain the face of heaven o'ersthrowds,
 Storms swell on storms and clouds are roll'd on
 clouds ;
 The afflicting hail descends, the driving rain
 Sweeps o'er the surge, and blackens all the main ;

595 The uplifted billows tossing to the skies,
 Roaring, immense, foamy, abrupt, arise ;
 O'er the tall mast their raging tops aspire,
 And wrathful lightnings robe the main in fire,
 One wide incessant blaze : loud thunders roll,
 600 Tremendous, deep, and bellow round the pole :
 And he the angel of Destruction forms
 Their must'ring ire, and drives on all their storms ;
 And deep retir'd in clouds and tenfold night,
 Full on the bark impells their raging flight,
 605 Arrest the bolt with erring fury sped,
 And hurls it flaming o'er his sacred head :
 Serene the good man steers his constant way,
 While frustrate lightnings innocently play ;
 And sees their baffled rage with generous scorn,
 610 Or gild his triumphs, or his fall adorn.

'TIS CONSCIOUS WORTH alone can form our bliss,
 Exalt prosperity to happiness,
 Aid life's best joys, illumine her brightest day,
 And gild her prospects with distinguish'd ray.
 615 Fair Wealth's enchanting scene, her fretted room,
 Her feast, her song, her treasures, and her plume :

And dear the warrior's Wreath, the patriot's Fame,
 The poet's bay, the sage's deathless name :
 Sweet Friendship's tye, the mutual heart that binds,
 620 The sacred sympathy of kindred minds :
 Soft Love's endearing joy, and golden dart,
 The gentle wish, fond cares, and pleasing smart :
 Yet Wealth's enchanting scene, the boast of Fame,
 Love's gentle wish, and Friendship's sacred flame,
 625 For Conscious Worth refine their happiest hour ;
 On Conscious Worth their choicest blessings
 And every joy of every appetite [shower ;
 Her secret power refines to true delight :
 Thus when the dew of heaven pervades unseen
 630 Earth's inmost breast, and morn returns serene ;
 Then beams the liberal lustre of the year,
 The hills the plains spontaneous herbage rear,
 Intenser beauty robes the laughing spring,
 The herds rejoice, the exulting vallies ring ;
 635 Man, grateful Man the glowing scene surveys,
 Eyes its great Source, and pours his soul in praise.
 In bright succession year thus leads on year,
 Till having finish'd all his full career,

She

She sinks mature upon the lap of earth ;
640 The lot impos'd by Nature on her birth :
No guilty fear disturbs her closing eyes,
But hope serenes her passage to the skies ;
Points to the reign of Peace, and Hope, and Joy,
There where no pains torment, no cares annoy ;
645 Immortal streams and realms for ever bright,
The eternal Throne, the flood of living light,
And Virtue's highest brightest best reward,
The applauding smile of Heaven's almighty Lord.

T H E E N D.

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