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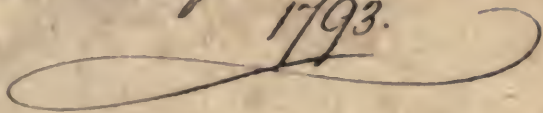
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# FRONTISPIECE



*Life is like a Vessel on the Stream.*

YOUNG.

THE  
VOYAGE OF LIFE:

A P O E M.

IN NINE BOOKS.

---

BY

THE REVEREND D. LLOYD,  
VICAR OF LLANBISTER.

---

IN HOC TAM PROCELLOSO, ET IN OMNES TEMPESTATES  
EXPOSITO NAVIGANTIBUS MARI, NULLUS PORTUS  
NISI MORTIS EST. SEN.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. DILLY, IN THE FOULTRY.

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1792.

701 ADAM OF LILL

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following Poem is not insensible to its defects: What claim it may have to patronage, the public have the sole right to determine. The subject is universal, and may prove interesting to the candid reader. If the execution be destitute of intrinsic merit, no apology to the public can be available; if otherwise, no apology is needful.

LONDON, May 1, 1792.

## DESIGN OF THE FRONTISPIECE.

V I E W of a rough tempestuous bay, bounded by rocks and precipices. Upon the sandy beach a few bold Artists are employed in erecting a tower; opposed, indeed, to Superstition, but dedicated to Error. One of the party appears digging, to undermine a venerable Gothic pile consecrated to Religion—Another boasts of \* gunpowder, and bears a flaming torch in his right hand. At the foot of a mountain, in a grotto, or cave, lies the Scene of the Poem—whence a ship appears, launching out into the ocean, tossed dreadfully with the boisterous billows. Time stands aloft on a precipice, commanding the whole scene—while Hope directs down a golden chain, from its celestial anchor, and extends it to men. At a distant prospect, over the main, a stately vessel appears, riding under full sail, into the delightful haven: beyond which may be faintly discovered, Elysian Groves—emblems of Paradise, penetrated by the cheering beams of an immortal sun.

\* Vide p. 54

TWENTH A JULY

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK I.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Introduction and Invocation of the Supreme Being. The Subject proposed. Life's Voyage universal. A View of the Christian making his Port in Safety;—whence the Author's Wish. The most conspicuous among the various Voyagers briefly particularized under the different Denominations of PRINCES, STATESMEN, HEROES, POLITICIANS;—their Claim to an Immortality of Fame asserted in each of these Characters, who are not more conspicuous on account of elevated Stations than they are signal for eminent Virtues.*

THE  
VOYAGE OF LIFE;

A POEM.

BOOK I.

**L**IFE, and its fates, I sing. And Life abounds  
With ever-changing fates of good and ill.  
The great PROPRIETOR has plac'd the GOOD  
Against the EVIL in Life's pond'rous scale,  
And counterbalanc'd all our joys and woes  
In due proportion to the present state.

BEGIN the song : Awhile be far remote, \*  
Ye sons of jarring Discord; but draw near,  
And give attention, ye whose souls are form'd

\* ὁδὶ ἕρμαι ὅς δῖος ἰσὶ, δῖος γ' ἰπιδιοδὶ βῆνδαῖς. ORP.

To wake to raptures with the living lyre !      10  
 And you of high degree, attend the muse !  
 Think not her theme beneath your nice regard :  
 The theme belongs to you : nor one exempt  
 Of all the human race. Where'er the strain  
 Shall audience meet, be pure the list'ning ear,  
 And sway'd by truth the heart with sov'reign rule :  
 For TRUTH attention claims, and pure regard,  
 From senators and kings. Urania ! stoop,  
 And modulate my else discordant song —  
 Stoop from Parnassus' lofty brow, and raise      20  
 An humble suppliant all to thoughts sublime !  
 But chiefly THOU, ETERNAL SOURCE OF LIGHT !  
 Supreme Dictator of divinest truth !  
 Whose sole inspiring SPIRIT from above  
 True wisdom sheds on heav'n-directed minds,  
 Propitious hear ! And with THY sacred beams  
 Illume my inward parts ! Thy kindly aid  
 Afford, to plan Life's Voyage. Teach me how  
 Its devious dangers and ill-boding blasts,  
 Myself to shun, and point the safer way      30  
 To heedless man : so shall the tuneful strain,  
 By Folly's flippant sons how'er despis'd,  
 From all the wise and good attention claim.

UNLESS the lute deceive my wakeful ear,  
 Which pays attention to the pleasing sound  
 Of tuneful accents, in melodious chime,

The song, heroic numbers shall exalt,  
 In consonance harmonious to the sense,  
 Soft as the sighing gale in simple themes;  
 But when sublime the subject, then the verse  
 Shall emulate the loud resounding main!—  
 That mighty world of waters oft I deem  
 Of Life fit emblem, and its boisterous blasts,  
 Opposing tempests, and conflicting waves.

THE muse full oft old Ocean traverses;  
 Or coolly sits beside the lucid stream;  
 Or woos reflection in the mountain grot.  
 From rivers, dells, and rocks, the vocal lay  
 Shall pour responsive to the plaintive lyre—  
 The Theme (as yet unsung to vocal reeds)  
 “LIFE’S VOYAGE!—its delusive prospects, hopes,  
 Surrounding dangers, wrecks—and final end.”  
 The THEME is copious, and my kindling muse  
 With ardour bids me “write!” The subject seems  
 Not less capacious than the rolling floods,  
 Which clashing on the cliff—struck back—recoil  
 In madding, foaming, fury surging round.

LIKE that, St. John in holy vision saw,  
 The WORLD’S a “glassy sea,” a perilous deep;

\* Omnia sed numeris vocam concordibus,  
 Atque sono quæcunq. canunt imitantur, et apta  
 Verborum facie, et quaesito carminis ore,

VIDA.

By tumults toss'd and huge disasters dire !  
 Its proud tempestuous billows oft are heard,  
 Resounding far, in Contemplation's ear !  
 More mutinous and mad, in Reason's eye,  
 Than Ocean in a storm, appear the crews  
 Embark'd with frantic Folly—fraught with hopes,  
 Steering o'er all the kindling waves of vice  
 Upon this "Sea of Glass", mingled with fire !  
 What scene can fitter represent the world  
 Its fiery trials, and its final end,  
 Than such a molten SEA, seen from the throne  
 Where Mercy and Omnipotence preside ?  
 Its voyagers are MEN, intent in heart  
 The surging billows boldly to outbrave !  
 In quest of gain they scan each distant shore,  
 And, void of prudence, as securely sail  
 As if embark'd in ARGO, 'mid the skies !  
 —Full many a fatal wreck alarms my fears,  
 Admonishing in Virtue's course to steer,  
 Let go the fond pursuit of earth ; betimes  
 "Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore."  
 So sung the plaintive bard immortal YOUNG,  
 Whom at an humble distance I pursue,  
 So might I haply catch some vital spark  
 Of his celestial fire to warm my strain.

\* Rev. xiv. 2.

SHOULD



SHOULD I succeed in this advent'rous task,  
 Nor only trace Life's various chart, but gain  
 The glorious port of Heaven, I'd there attune  
 Some sweet angelic lyre to loftier notes,  
 Or higher themes intent, and oft resound  
 The joyful triumph through th'echoing skies! 99  
 Small cause, as yet, to sing in such a strain  
 Life's dubious Voyage but in part perform'd.

THIS Voyage is pursu'd by *me*, by ALL:  
 All ranks, degrees, professions, *high* and *low*,  
 Eminences, parties, sects, and nations—all  
 Who Earth inhabit—all her ardent sons,  
 Encircling round the wide terraqueous globe,  
 Are gliding smooth to that eternal port,  
 Swift, but insensible, they float away,  
 Borne on the rapid surface of Life's stream.— 100  
 Soon Time will drop the high expanded sails,  
 And Death will land us on the destin'd shore.

None there triumphant as the Christian scene:  
 He safely glides amid surounding wrecks!  
 His costly bark, swift sailing, wafts secure  
 O'er tumid waves—and far behind he leaves  
 In long succession all the shining scene,  
 Stately advancing to the peaceful port!—  
 Anon he gains the haven:—All is clear;  
 Unclouded and serene his evening smiles,

While an unsetting sun with cheering beams,  
 Enlightens all the strand with endless day !  
 All heav'n, with welcome plaudits, hails him safe  
 Arriv'd; and angels give him joy—now rais'd  
 On footing firm—where shipwreck is no more.

THE GOOD MAN is the heir of wisdom there,  
 However deem'd fanatical his life,\*  
 His end devoid of honor ! Guilt appall'd  
 Beholds his exaltation. Bigotry  
 Exclaims, "we fools, misjudging, doom'd him down  
 " To misery; how is he number'd now,  
 " Among the just, and dignify'd a saint !"  
 Such honour still attends fair Virtue's sons :  
 So sure the Christian's course in glory ends ;  
 His is the better part, the purer bliss :  
 All bliss besides, commix'd with vanity,  
 Must end in woe. All riches, honours, crowns,  
 In estimation here might fairly seem  
 The pittance of an hour :—compar'd with such  
 Inheritance on high, their value sinks,  
 Their lustre fades away. These, when possess'd,  
 Scarce worth enjoying seem—so short their stay,  
 So soon they take their flight, and often leave

\* The reflection is introduced in reference to that remarkable exclamation recorded in the book of Wisdom, cap. v. 4. 5.

Their haughty owners poor. Give ME the joys  
 To which immortal durance is annex'd :  
 The treasures which old Time can ne'er corrode.

BE mine—an heart sincere, a gen'rous mind,  
 Fraught with benevolence and honesty,  
 Nor destitute of poor Devotion's dow'r :  
 To steer the course of virtue be my choice ; 140  
 My bark Religion ; Heav'n the destin'd mart ;  
 The rudder Reason ; and the sturdy oars  
 Shall resolution ply : The swelling sails,  
 Wov'n in the loom of meek ey'd Piety,  
 Of texture firm, shall open to the skies,  
 Wasted before a gentle gale of Love ;—  
 The bark glide smooth o'er all th'expansive scene,  
 In steady course, obedient to the hand  
 That rolls the splendid constellations round !  
 My mate, Experience, shall conduct the course ; 150  
 And Truth, ingenious pilot, guide the helm ;  
 While Faith, magnetically, points to the pole  
 Unvariably—on Sion's sacred hill !  
 Should storms assail (like loud Euroclydon,  
 Disparting navies far to distant shores—  
 Whose fatal Typhon and Ecnephia, dire  
 Surcharg'd, another deluge seem to pour)  
 Religion safely brooks the sullén storm :

Her sacred chart\* and compass aid to steer  
 Unerring, and the course to happiness 160  
 Direct, unvarying from the given point —  
 Till safe into the harbour † floats the bark : —  
 Now soon at large, beside the peaceful shore !  
 Hope casting anchor near the stable rock,  
 What time the deep is in confusion cast,  
 And all the wild waves into tempest driv'n,  
 Stedfast and fix'd, scarce feels the idle shock —  
 Laughs at the tumult, and lays siege to Heav'n,  
 And safely gains the citadel at last ;  
 Then, like some hero, in the conquest falls, 170  
 And is transform'd to Love ! In those fair realms  
 No rugged rocks, no Danger's direful train  
 Of furious hurricanes shall more oppose,  
 Nor sadd'ning clouds of Evil intervene,  
 But one unruffled calm ensue, serene  
 As the still dawn of Heaven's eternal day.

AMID Life's Voyagers, perchance, are found  
 "Men of renown," of fair immortal fame,  
 By Virtue fir'd to quell the hostile foe,

\* The Chart refers to the Bible ; and the Compass to the Moral Decalogue.

† In this metaphor, *Death* is considered as the harbour to which Hope supports us ! but hope can arrive no further.

And cruel discord to convert to peace ! 180

To save a nation, and reclaim a world

By counsels sage—or brave advent'rous deeds !

Yet these, of smiling peace enamour'd most,

And of "good-will to men," Heaven's darling theme,

Procure unfading laurels for their brow.

Such, *England*, is thy great illustrious GEORGE !

Pacific prince ! Britannia's joy and boast !

And such thy glorious PITT ! In early life

Possessing all the virtues of his Sire !

Above his years politically wise. —

190

Thy gallant RODNEY such ! And ELLIOT \* brave !

The first the victor of the Gallic fleet !

The next the vanquisher of Spanish arms !

Their naval forces, machinations, gold,

Consum'd before his awful enginery

Like Sodom's Towers when Heaven commenc'd

the war.

This grand évent wakes up to memory

The name of CURTIS ! long to be rever'd,

In whom true valour and humanity

Combin'd, each aggrandizing each, shone out 200

Effulgent as the solemn scene ! when lo !

Like kind relenting Heaven, his goodness pluck'd

His conquer'd foes, like brands, out of the flame.

\* Although Lord Heathfield is now no more, his name deserves to be communicated to posterity with honour.

WITH glorious names like these, and martial  
 deeds,  
 The poet often dignifies his song,  
 These claim a lofty lay. Could I command  
 Sublimèr strains, exalted as their fame,  
 The rocks and hills, the continents and shores,  
 Encircling round Britannia's favour'd realm,  
 Should echo to the strain!—Accept the will,  
 Victorious chiefs! nor deem the tribute mean!  
 The will sincere in heaven acceptance finds,  
 Your worth ensures an immortality—  
 And fate affirms,—Your fame shall never die.

THE heart that glows not at heroic deeds  
 Is icy cold, beyond the muses power,  
 And all their sons, to warm! There is a race  
 Of frozen geniuses, whose heavy ears,  
 Like Midas', shut out melody: averse  
 To every finer movement of the mind,  
 Their fullen, mean, and proud austerity,  
 I praise not: Others fame, however just  
 The tribute, wounds their narrow heart. With these  
 Music is void of charms: True eloquence  
 On them is lost: And purest worth unwept,  
 Unhonour'd dies! I give the Stoic up,  
 Best fitted in some warmer clime to bask,  
 Where Apathy herself too much may feel.

\* Aures Affininas habet Rex Midas. OVID.

Turn, vagrant muse! from such indignant turn,  
 And much enamour'd of thy subject, pour 230  
 The grateful tribute of thy well-meant praise.  
 Blame not the muse for chanting well-meant praise,  
 Nor deem her parasitical; she scorns  
 The wretched appellation, and assur'd  
 That Virtue owns her lay, securely sings.

WHILE sov'reign VIRTUE guards Britannia's  
 bark,  
 Beneath Heaven's watchful eye, small is our cause  
 To dread th' assaults of ILL. If true the creed,  
 " Virtue and Vice are Empire's life and death!"  
 Long live with Virtue! this alone secures 240  
 Success throughout Life's Voyage; this alone  
 Hurls Britain's Vengeful Thunder on her Foes,  
 Extends her Empire over spacious Seas,  
 And guards our Nation more than brazen walls,  
 Or Amazonian shields.—This, this alone  
 Exalts, ennobles, and gives date to fame;  
 Such fame as justly waits thy matchless worth,  
 Illustrious Youth, to whom Britannia ow'd  
 Her safety late, when tilting on the gulph  
 Of yawning fate, and 'gainst a world in arms 250  
 Waging dread war\*! E'en then 'twas thine to save

‡ The Statesman's creed, in YOUNG.

\* Alluding to the ever memorable crisis of the French, Spanish, Dutch, and American war with England.

From

From wreck our stately bark. With prudent skill  
 And god-like resolution still be't thine  
 To guide her helm; while up the vessel buoys,  
 And **COMMERCE** spreads anew her swelling sails.

**VIRTUE** effectual proves to eternize  
 The monarch's, statesman's, and the patriot's name,  
 And set the world on fire! commanding awe,  
 And rev'rence, and esteem from ey'ry heart,  
 While every tuneful tongue such worth attests, 260  
 Exulting!—This the prime prerogative  
 And glory of mankind, that **Virtue** reigns  
 Prime Patroness of Liberty! True guide  
 To honour and the splendid dome of Fame!  
 The muse, cheer'd with her smiles, aspires to sing  
 Advent'rous, what ingenuous Candour prompts,  
 "God and our Rights, we boldly still maintain;  
 "'Twere impious in Old England to be sad."

**HAIL** land of sacred Liberty! Thy streets  
 Abound with plenty, like the copious horn! 270  
 Salvation stands for bulwarks to thy walls,  
 And Mercy sheds beneficence around,  
 While **Commerce** spreads the swelling sheets, and  
 bears  
 Thy rich abundance to a thousand shores.



HAPPY the favour'd sons of Albion's isle,  
 Did they their privileges know to prize!  
 Thrice happy, under such a lenient Prince,  
 Uniting commerce, liberty, and law,  
 To toleration, property, and peace:—  
 True Liberty! the bard's enchanting theme! 280  
 The patriot's glory! the mechanic's boast!  
 The nurse of Science! the prevailing spur  
 To willing Industry and useful Art!  
 'Tis this supports great George's throne, and spreads  
 Britannia's fame to regions far remote.  
 In such a reign, the nation's wealth and weal  
 Join hand in hand.—While awful Justice fills  
 The throne, august, to guard our rights, or stands  
 Steady beside the helm, on either hand  
 Goodness and mercy smile!—Oft to the weal 290  
 Of Church and State the ear of Royalty  
 Attentive turns, obedient to the voice  
 Of Wisdom:—To the plea of Candour, Peace,  
 And Toleration, never shut.—What time  
 The numerous peers of Britain's favour'd isle,  
 Fast by the throne, mature in council sage,  
 Weigh Empires, and their fates, in Justice' scale;  
 And politics, and equal laws discuss;  
 Survey the ancient *Seer's* prediction full  
 Accomplished,\* Imperial Salem list, 300  
 And shout for joy!—While fair EUROPA's kings  
 The Church encircle round in Safety's arms,

\* Isaiah xlix. 23.

In ALBION'S Prince a "FATHER" she describes,  
 And looks up rev'rent to the sceptre'd hand,  
 Imploring blessings on the Regal head,  
 Num'rous as dew-drops which the lawns adorn,  
 While cruel despotism distains the deeds  
 Heroic oft misdeem'd, Humanity  
 Augusta's monarch crowns with lasting fame.

THUS Virtue's godlike Sons immortal grew 310  
 In old Saturnian times of fair renown,  
 As full-mouth'd Fame echo'd their noble deeds  
 Through distant long posterities—from age  
 Remote to age, from sire to son borne down,  
 To charm our ravish'd ears.—Such only still  
 Deserve in future annals to survive,  
 Bearing the palm of Immortality.—  
 Nor to the muse need these bequeath the trust  
 Of writing on the Rolls of Fame their name:—  
 Their deeds serve oft t'immortalize her song! 320  
 Honor, to Virtue join'd, proclaim afar  
 The man of worth, and innate excellence,  
 Who only unto Vice a terror proves;  
 Whose merit builds a live-long monument,  
 More durable than Trajan's pillar, worn  
 With venerable age; or th'obelisk  
 Of that ambitious queen † Augustus' bands  
 Urg'd to sad suicide; or Cairo's scenes,

† Cleopatra.

In cloud-capp'd pyramids on Memphis' plain,  
Of prior date to all the works of Art, 330  
Seeming to bid defiance bold to time !  
These shall decay, and not a trace remain  
Of their once-boasted grandeur ; while the sons  
Of true heroic Virtue, men approv'd  
For steady temp'rate zeal, and fortitude,  
In Freedom's or Religion's sacred cause,  
Not in the Senate or the Church alone  
Shall shine pre-eminent, and justly claim  
This nether world's applause :—A nobler meed,  
And far more lasting, shall their Virtues crown : 340  
Their record is on high. Heaven pays regard  
To all whose lives and actions thither tend :  
And truth is pledg'd to give the "faithful" few,  
Who well employed the "talent" of their power,  
And temper justice oft with mildest mercy,  
A seat as splendid as the firmament,  
And durable as GOD's eternal throne.

In *Chastity's* *virtuous* *and* *Melancholy's* *plains*  
 Of *virtuous* *and* *of* *the* *world's* *plains*  
 Secured to *the* *dearest* *friend* *to* *me* !  
 These *shall* *decay* *and* *not* *these* *remain*  
 Of *their* *once* *boasted* *grandeur* ; *while* *the* *sons*  
 Of *the* *heroic* *times* , *men* *spread*  
 For *freedom's* *or* *Religion's* *cause* ,  
 Not *to* *the* *honour* *of* *the* *Church* *alone*  
 Shall *the* *name* *be* *granted* , *and* *high* *claim*  
**TO** **THE** **WORLD** **TO** **BE** **THE** **OWNERS** ,  
 And *far* *more* *loving* *shall* *their* *virtuous* *towns* :  
 Their *records* *in* *gold* . *How* *can* *they* *be* *lost* ?  
 To *all* *whom* *you* *and* *others* *shall* *read* :  
 And *more* *is* *to* *be* *gave* *the* *world* *to* *read* ,  
 Who *will* *employ* *the* *"* *role* *"* *of* *their* *power* ,  
 And *tempor* *justice* *off* *with* *with* *only* ,  
 A *far* *more* *valued* *as* *the* *fundament* ,  
 And *more* *valued* *as* *God's* *eternal* *claim* .

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

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BOOK II.

THE VOYAGE OF LIBERTY  
THE ARGUMENT.

*Representations of the various Voyagers of Life continued:*  
— viz. PARTIZANS, DESPOTS, EPICURES,  
BACCHANALIANS, LIBERTINES. — *In the De-*  
*scription of Libertines a Digression on the Eternity of*  
*Hell Torments is introduced; with a Reprehension of*  
*their Folly who would seem wiser than Divine Wisdom,*  
*and more lenient, in the Punishment of Vice, than the*  
*original Fountain of Goodness and Love. A Soliloquy.*

## THE

## VOYAGE OF LIFE.

## BOOK II.

**F**ULL frequent, in Life's Voyage, men are seen  
 Of jarring sentiments; contrarious views,  
 Contending interests, and opposing schemes—  
 Pursuing Happiness each various way :  
 But still the Goddess, like some modest Fair,  
 Shuns their approach, yet gives a winning smile  
 To tempt them forward in the dubious chace.  
 Each votary some separate course pursues,  
 Yet each is confident that HE is right,  
 And all besides are wrong who contra-veer  
 From different sentiments, or other views,  
 Oppos'd to *his* infallible decisions.  
 Thus oft quack-doctors in Theology

Prescribe as positive as could the Pope;

“Take my catholicons, or go to hell:”

“Expect no health but under these prescriptions—

“Firmly embrace my reprobating creed,

“Or be the reprobate thyself.”— Ah me,

Is this thy language, erring man? Forbear!

Check thy presuming arrogance, nor dare

To limit gracious Heaven. Hast thou beheld

The seal'd decrees, or read the rolls of Fate?

Hast thou to the arcanum privy been,

Or sat in synod as a god, when erst

The high determination was, “Let us

“Make man?”— Didst thou give counsel, “This

elect,

“That reprobate shall prove?”— Rather attend

To make thy calling and election sure.

Consult but reason; Reason will attest,

And truth will certify, that *all* are wrong

Who dare confine Heaven's choicest attribute,

ALMIGHTY LOVE.—All such, who dissonant,

And fierce contending, vary from the course

That sacred chart directs, have mis'd the way;

Perplex'd in folly's mazy labyrinths,

And lost:—As all contending partizans,

All fools, may be, who leave the track of peace,—

Of pure fraternal love and tenderness,

For noisy discord and sentential strife.

SOME,



SOME, through the busy cares of Life, are driven,  
 In sordid search of avaricious gain,  
 To wide extremes, and clam'rous dissonance,  
 Till all their brain is yortical; and wreck'd  
 They sink o'erladen with anxiety;  
 Others as molly spend, with idle toil,  
 What their progenitors amass'd with care,  
 And find an equal recompense in fate.  
 So far'd old Roman fleets—One cast abrupt  
 On Scylla's rugged rocks!—To pieces dash'd,  
 The stratter'd vessel sunk beneath the waves!  
 Another, veering off a different course,  
 Plung'd deep into Charybdis' rapid whirl,  
 And fathom'd soon the vast profundity!

ATTEND, my muse, to Candour's soothing voice,  
 Soft whispering benignly to the ear,—  
 “What though some wander in a devious way,  
 “Yet all are not, from Wisdom's chart estrang'd?  
 “These are who steer the course of Virtue, to  
 “As ne'er to deviate from her sacred side.”—  
 There are; and still to such the willing muse  
 Pours the indebted tribute of her praise.  
 Delightful task!—But ah! more gloomy scenes  
 A while solicit the descriptive lay;  
 Reluctant she obeys—but Truth demands  
 Her first regard, and clears her mental sight,

While

While she, in visionary prospect, shews:  
Life's Voyagers, and reads their various fates.

MARK we, yon fleet of Despots, wasting wide  
In all the horrid rage of tyranny  
And ravenous glut of war—see how they spread  
Terror and devastation wide around!  
Nor Justice sits, nor Honour, near their helm  
Fell as the untam'd Arab's race, they seem  
Unshock'd by acts of cruelty, unmov'd  
By Conscience's dictates!—some appear averse  
To tenderness and pity's pleading tear!  
Another clan is seen, more hateful still,  
Of petty-tyrants, with despotic sway  
Fast'ning their iron talons on the poor.  
Hapless the wretch who in their narrow bounds  
Fixes his habitation! Pity here  
Is sought in vain. These neither know to weep,  
Nor heed the widow's or the orphan's plaint:—  
Such men stern Justice vows to place in front,  
When full-arm'd Vengeance aims the deadly blow.

EQUAL to these are found—in politics—  
Men of low treacherous designs; inur'd  
To vulpine wiles; deep skill'd in blackest arts  
Of undermining policy and fraud:—  
Mere cowards when deserted; but if strong,  
Beware! when such are lifted near the helm,  
They

They prove the nation's terror; and as sure  
 As prowling wolves devour the fleecy flocks,  
 Or talon'd vultures awe our feather'd race,  
 So sure do these, Britannia, fleece thy cotes,  
 And bear the plume from off thy lofty brow:—  
 Or worse—sow discord through thy favour'd realm,  
 Rearing the thorn of rancour near thy throne.

SOME, on the furious tides of life, are toss'd  
 By strong contrarious gusts, o'er shallow sounds, 100  
 Unfathom'd deeps, and interposing rocks!  
 Adown the torrent of Contention borne,—  
 Bark jostling against bark! a fatal crash  
 Oft-times ensues.—The jarring crews consign'd  
 To Charon's boat, are cast on Pluto's shores.

In Life's preposterous Voyage you may find  
 Harsh "sons of Belial," impudent, austere  
 As churlish Nabal.—Such will oft return  
 The greatest favour with unkindness:—Rude,  
 Impertinent as he; nor less ingrate: 119  
 To friend and foe averse! If right I deem,  
 Some fulton star presided at their birth!  
 Yet these, indulgent to their own desires,  
 Though most penurious, freely gratify  
 Some craving appetite; and kiss the cup  
 Of deep Intemperance! Vile sensualists!  
 Abandon'd of all good but love of self!

And love of self, abus'd, the worst of ills;  
 There is a race of gay convivial souls,  
 Reverse of these in mental qualities;  
 Yet near of kin as children to their sires:—  
 For spendthrift sons from fordid parents rise!  
 These launch in pleasure's course beyond the bound  
 Of sober reason; and obtain the name  
 Of Epicures—a title of small fame;  
 No more do these, like them of ancient date,  
 From whom their name descends, of ATOMS dream;  
 Mysterious confluence; by Chance arrang'd  
 In order, and to living substances  
 Wondrously fram'd.—More than a dupe were he  
 That could believe such old exploded creed:  
 Our modern Epicures regard it not,  
 More wise, and less inquiring, they despise  
 The idle search of visionary truth,  
 And place their blis in more substantial joys!  
 Indulgent Providence is kind to all.  
 Though thoughtless Irreligion builds the house,  
 And Infidelity presides within,  
 The board with teeming plenty oft abounds,  
 The vault with cheering wine. These gifts design'd  
 By bounteous Heaven t'excite returns of love  
 And grateful thankfulness, are frequent turn'd  
 A bane to such insatiate appetites,  
 Who only live to cram \* with glut canine.

\* Milton.

As deadly potions are from harmless plants  
 And useful minerals extracted,—so  
 'The choicest boon of lib'ral providence,  
 When ill apply'd, proves fatal—favors kill!  
 Intemperance destroys more human lives  
 Than plague, volcano, famine, and the sword. 150  
 This truth has ne'er been question'd by the wise:  
 Repeated facts proclaim around the world  
 What yonder scene demonstrates to our eyes:—  
 Survey, my muse, those fated epicures!  
 Behold excess abusing at their board  
 The copious gifts of Heaven's indulgent hand;  
 While black Intemperance cup-bearer stands,  
 And many a buxom goblet hands around;  
 Till nature fails, o'ercharg'd to brook the weight!  
 These, captives made by every day's bequest, 160  
 Obtain betimes an ample recompense:  
 Surfeit, Disease, and frail Infirmary,  
 With arms enervated, dig up their tomb;  
 Sudden they drop—not live out half their days.  
 Thus oft the bark o'erladen meets the storm,  
 And sinks down plumb beneath the booming waves.

THE staggering Voyagers sometimes appear  
 Sublim'd, by Bacchanalian revels—all  
 Rapt into fancy'd but unreal bliss,  
 As the high-flavour'd juice transpires! Mean time  
 The catch, the repartee, the sprightly joke, 171

Run round; and full-mouth'd laughter, echoing loud  
 At every turn, proclaims the "house of mirth."  
 To every eye the sparkling bowl appears,  
 The smiling glasses kiss each willing hand,  
 And ev'ry heart attests the mighty joy.  
 Enthusiastic Ardour flirts around,  
 And smiles on every brow—Each seems, in turn,  
 A demi-god! self-worship'd, self-admiring,  
 Applauded and applauding—how they glow 180  
 In all the glee of gallantry, and wit  
 Obscene, unpolish'd puns, and humorous farce  
 Of ribaldry and song.—Too oft, alas!  
 Their censure on Religion falls, to shame  
 The sacred cause of Virtue! But themselves  
 Must bear the shame, and weight, of such their  
 crime.  
 How little think they, that a future day  
 Is swift approaching, which will give their joys  
 To heaviness†, their mirth to sadd'ning wo!  
 What reck's it them? The "evil day" they flight,  
 And put the thought of sorrow far remote. 190  
 Nor deem they that a silent hand, unseen,  
 Minutely figures down the vast arrear  
 In columns long and large—a dread amount!  
 A score unheeded by the thoughtless "debtors;"  
 The Creditor "with usury" demands  
 All to be paid, to the minutest mite—

† Nocet enipta dolore voluptas. OVID.

To prison else consigns the whole banditti,\*  
 And who shall then unbar the grating doors?  
 "Consider this—" ye Bacchanalian clans: 200  
 Cease your mad orgies! cease the direful rites,  
 Nor let Silenus triumph in your train!  
 You still are men—let Reason reassume  
 Her vacant seat, and prove you still are men!  
 What mean those unharmonious chorusses,  
 Loud and vociferous! but void of art?  
 What means my pensive muse to preach to these;  
 As soon St. Anthony might fishes charm,  
 Or turn to converts the surrounding rocks!  
 They fools, carousing, drown each serious thought;  
 "Let's live to-day:—to-morrow we may die," 211  
 Their favorite duct seems! Heaven weeps to hear!  
 These barter Reason's sober joys—for what?  
 A vicious draught from *Circe's* cup—for sense—  
 Eternity's pure joys for dregs of time—  
 A moment's pleasure for a date of wo.

\* In the celebration of the *Bacchanalia* among the ancient Romans, the most daring outrages were committed under the joint influence of fanaticism and wine—till the Senate, by an edict, abrogated the festival. - Cic. de Leg. l. 2. C. 11. And, by reason of the extravagance and profligacy attending such assemblies, some of the most daring *banditti* are, in every age, urged on to their unhappy fate. But the penalty here alluded to is evidently of another kind. However, this remark may justify the use of the *term*, in its present position.

NOR these alone—but all the giddy bands,  
 Careering in the slippery paths of Vice,  
 Are culpable before Heaven's wakeful eyes,  
 Yet, vain delusive hope, they inly say,  
 "No eye beholds us—\* Heaven regards it not,"  
 And oft in wanton pleasure's antic maze,  
 Like fairy elves † in many an airy ring  
 Dance their fantastic measures to the moon,  
 With jocund Jollity frisking around  
 Tip-toe! Too short the day—their revelries  
 Invoke the succours of the silent night,  
 And then, but ill conceal'd such odious guilt:  
 Nor *mask* nor pageant halls shall screen it long—  
 'Tis then the sons of Riot muster forth  
 Their forces, and pursue the incessant range  
 Amain—full fraught with petulance and wine,  
 Which vice enflames:—nor think they that unseen  
 In the full cup the fatal poison lurks,  
 Delicious to the palate; but at length  
 It proves the sluice of life, the bane of health,  
 And sows the seeds of death. Thus oft in meads  
 Where flowers luxuriant rear their sprightly heads,  
 The snaky-crested viper lies conceal'd—  
 Darts on the hand that ravages their sweets,  
 And deadly venom to the soul infils.

\* Ezek. viii. 12.

† Alluding to the pleasures of a masquerade.



PRONE to the lap of lewd Licentiousness  
 The high-flown rabble throngs unwittingly,  
 Regardless of the future consequence :  
 Libidinous the heart, wanton the eye,  
 Leads to the Harlot's den: — The cup of joy  
 They swallow down, regardless of the gall. —  
 Thus a proud galleon in the Hellespont  
 Steering amain, strikes on a pointed cliff: —  
 The shatter'd vessel drinks the rushing tide — 253  
 Plunges the vortex of the dang'rous gulph —  
 Meets final shipwreck — and is seen no more.

— THOSE Libertines incessantly are toss'd amain  
 Amid the mazes and perplexities  
 Of boundless guilt and infidelity;  
 Their tilting bark, devoted to the deep,  
 Is down a rapid torrent driv'n, o'er all  
 The shifting sands of instability,  
 Till barr'd by angry fate, — or sudden dash'd  
 Against the rocks of error! Then the wreck,  
 Floating o'er all the foaming surge; appears  
 In broken fragments — Such their final doom!  
 What doom can such degenerate crews expect,  
 Who fill no useful station while on earth,  
 But occupy the "scorner's chair," intent  
 To drive devotion from the tents of men?  
 Their insolence insures their fate. Lo, there,  
 Incontinence and steel'd security.

Hoist up the hov'ring flag aloft to Heav'n's port  
 As who would sweep the constellations down! 270  
 Anon some sullen fiend, with furious gust,  
 Hurls them, presumptuous, down, into the shades,  
 Like him\* who fell upon the Lemnian shore!  
 There they, with worse than iron chains, are bound,  
 Never to anchor in the port of peace.  
 No advocates for heav'n-born liberty  
 Were they; but sons of Vice, by passions pent,  
 And slaves to appetite. Their state, at best,  
 A state of servitude, exceeding all  
 The Afric gallies and their galling oars: 280  
 But now, relentless punishment, though halt  
 And slow of foot, o'ertakes them, of a cast  
 Superior far to that impos'd of old,  
 By Pharaoh, on the chosen Hebrew seed,  
 Of burning brick, without affording stubble:  
 These still have store of fuel for the flame—  
 No great advantage in those sultry climes.  
 But worst of all—and worse can't be conceiv'd,  
 No END to such their destiny appears.  
 Could they but hope some very distant end, 290

\* Vulcan.

† Those who live under the domineering influence of Passions, are servants, or slaves—and therefore are *pent*; not being

free.

————— Incedis per ignes.

Suppositos cineri doloso. HOR.

The

The fiery vaults with echoing joy would ring;  
 The snaky furies & charm'd, would yet uncurl;  
 Ixion once more rest upon his wheel,  
 And Sisyphus forget his fruitless toil!  
 But Heaven has publish'd the reverse—decree  
 Irrevocable; who shall dare reverse it?  
 Ye Libertines! ask not relentless fate,  
 “Why doom'd to *everlasting* pain for crimes  
 “Of *momentary* date? Time kicks the beam,”  
 You say, “when balanc'd 'gainst eternity.” 230  
 'Tis granted so—But *Time and Circumstance,*  
 Against *Futurity*, plac'd *pro* and *con*,  
 Preponderate the scale an equal beam—  
 Where rests the odds? What if the guilt of *Time*  
 Bear no proportion to eternal pain;  
 Yet guilt prolong'd against **ETERNAL LOVE**.  
 Unutterable, and mercy infinite,  
 In proud despite unto the spirit of grace,  
 And bold defiance of the Legislator \*

Whose

§ Milton has introduced the Heathen Mythology into his divine poem: and better authority can hardly be followed, though at a distance. Besides, a subject of this nature is represented in poetry, to far greater advantage, under such images and symbols, as the Mythology affords, than in plain and express terms.

\* Archbishop Tillotson, in his Sermon on the “Eternity of Hell Torments,” cannot admit that there is any proportion between temporary sins and eternal punishments; and therefore

Whose laws are built on equity—such guilt 310  
Stands adequate, in Reason's equal scale,

places the main force of his argument, for the consistency of the thing with the justice and goodness of God, in "The ends and reasons of Government which require such penalties as may, if it be possible, secure the observation of the law, and deter men from the breach of it." It must be admitted, there can be no analogy between temporal guilt and eternal torment, eternity being an extreme which will admit no medium of comparison, therefore the proposition cannot be proved *a priori*; but if we place the argument in another point of view, and add circumstances into the scale—Reason, unbiassed by prejudice, will soon discover that God is true and righteous in his dispensations of *eternal* JUSTICE as well as MERCY.—In addition to the argument stated above, place the *good* that was promised, against the *evil* which was threatened—consider the salutary tendency of the threatening itself—The equity and excellence of the Divine Law—the Majesty and Authority of the Lawgiver—take a survey of the infinite Love he has manifested in the recovery of mankind from their original fall—consider, in consequence of such recovery, that eternal happiness and misery are matters of free choice.—After all this, add into the scale of Reason what it cost the Redeemer to atone for human guilt—and also the plain and easy terms upon which Salvation is now offered.—Under such circumstances, the guilt of obstinate infidelity and final impenitence seems to be enhanced to an infinite degree: and crimes prolonged against Eternal Love stand adequate to eternal torment: hence, in scripture, there is a visible distinction between the guilt and consequence of any crime, simply considered, and that of final unbelief and impenitency: these being the source and completion of all evil.

TO PUNISHMENT ETERNAL:—See the one  
 Preponderate against th'other, and own  
 That God is just.—Ask not the Infinite,  
 “What hast thou made?” or “where is mercy fled?”  
 This too presumptuous were, and vain. Believe it,  
 His justice, goodness, truth, and equity,  
 Will ever shine unfully'd, unimpeach'd,  
 And fully vindicate the Right, against  
 The loudest clamours of the sceptic foe— 320  
 And those whom Folly prompts,—in reason weak  
 And vain—yet who would seem more merciful,  
 More just than Jove—vile impotence of guilt—  
 Would turn once more the massy key, and heav'n's!  
 Th' infernal doors once more should “grate harsh  
 thunder,”  
 And let the prisoners forth—and place 'em high,  
 To wage war yet in heaven! When men would seem  
 More wise than what is writt'n, their folly stares  
 Full manifest in every face:—I leave  
 Them long t' enjoy their reveries, and turn 330  
 Once more to yonder shipwreck'd sons of vice,  
 Where late we left them bound in Vulcan's chain.  
 Whither is now their blooming Venus fled?  
 Where their lov'd Liberty?—The phantom knew  
 No other residence beneath the moon,  
 Save their ideal brain! There, only there,  
 Existing solely. Now the spectre's fled!

True Liberty, unknowing these, avoids  
 Their company. She visits not those realms,  
 Repentance there long chides their desp'rate choice.  
 Despair grins horrible upon each face,  
 And glares in every eye, rueful, agliss,  
 To fancy's ken! What then to those who feel  
 The dire, dire twinges of her scorpion tail!  
 Could they now barter lots with some, the worst  
 Of criminals, that to the dungeon cast,  
 Are heavy laden with the clanking chains,  
 How would they hug the bands, and think them-  
 selves  
 In heaven! 'Twere for them, unhappy, 'twere  
 For them a privilege too high to obtain—  
 What earth deems cruel servitude, below  
 Were boundless liberty. Too vast for them  
 Earth's smallest boon,—if aught accounted small  
 Where sole-reviving hope benignly cheers  
 The drooping heart—Then only hell begins  
 When she takes flight for ever:—doleful plight  
 Of these forlorn! What heart the thought sustains.

'TWERE happier far to have been doom'd thro'  
 Life  
 To heathen rites—honest of heart—and led  
 In nature's track, like harmless Indian tribes,  
 Near Ganges, or Hydaspes, far famed streams,

Than from the sacred paths of righteousness  
 To swerve with willing feet; to turn the ear  
 From reason's loudest calls; to close the eyes  
 Against the rays of truth, divinest truth,  
 Commission'd from on high, with evidence  
 Infallible, thence revelation call'd.  
 Such daring Libertines, who darkness choose  
 In preference to light, are by that truth  
 Which they despise, to "outer darkness" doom'd;

If such the fatal end of wicked men;  
 Fly from their horrid secret, O my soul,  
 And thou, mine Honour, at a distance keep,  
 Nor ever in their dire assembly join.

371:

Than from the fatal part of sightless  
 To stare with willing feet; to turn the ear  
 I turn not; 'tis the doubtful ear; to close the eye  
 Against the rays of truth, distinct truth,  
 Commanding from on high, with order  
 Intelligible, these revelations all'd,  
 Each daring liberties, who darkness chooseth  
 In preference to his name by that truth  
 Which they despise, as "order darkness" doom'd.

Fly from the r'horrid scene O my soul,  
 And thou, mine Honour, at a distance keep,  
 Not ever in their sight to show thyself.



THE ANCHOR

THE

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

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BOOK III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Descriptions of the Voyagers of Life continued,—viz. ATHEISTS, PAPISTS, UNITARIANS. — In these Representations, Speculative and Practical Atheists are compared, and consigned to an equal Fate:—The most notorious and daring Tenets of Ancient and Modern Times reviewed, and exploded—the recent Trophies of Polemical Virtue, in a Dignified Divine, over the chief of Literary Heroes among Separatists, attested.—Vice, in each collective Character, is impartially censured, and Error reprimanded.*

VOYAGE OF LIFE

BOOK III.

**W**HILE some to War attune the sounding  
 lyre;  
 And some the purer joys of Peace attest;  
 Some sing of Heroes weltering in blood  
 A tragic scene;—and some of Paradise  
 Regain'd—and warring angels disarray'd;  
 Some sing the Seasons as they roll; and some  
 Life, Death, and Immortality—and Time,  
 Than gold more sacred—and the final scene  
 When Time itself expires; for me, 'tis mine  
 To counsel heedless man to steer aright—  
 To warn Life's Voyagers to shun the gulph,

Of deep Intemperance and Vice; t'avoid  
 The fatal rocks of Infidelity,  
 And clear the bark of Superstition's weight,  
 And Error's insolence; pointing the port  
 Where happiness presides:—Divine intent;  
 Thrice happy, could I counsel such aright,  
 To make the haven sure. The pure intent  
 Accomplish'd well, in grave didactic strains,  
 Gains plaudits, not in earth alone, but heaven.

As miners, with repeated toil, dig deep  
 And move the rubbish by, ere they attain  
 The precious ore; so truth is brought to light  
 By dint of Reason—reason unoppos'd  
 To Revelation's bright celestial beams,  
 And shines full clear to an attentive eye,  
 Disclosing all the dark elusive plots,  
 And deep concerted schemes; which Error plans,  
 To gain th'unwary over to her side:  
 Yet such she frequent gains: and such the muse

In her next effort sings—A daring fleet  
 Of Atheists, and of Infidels baptiz'd

THESE hoist their lofty sails, Presumption's height,  
 And seem to brave Omnipotence itself,  
 When sleeps the calm:—"The Deity! a joke—  
 "Religion! all a farce—a cunning scheme,

"By

“ By Priestcraft plann’d, and drawn from selfish  
“ views :

“ To fleece the flock is solely its intent;

“ Keep the wide world in awe, and bind in chains

“ Of slavish thralldom freeborn sons of light.” 40

Hail advocates of glorious liberty!

The world you hope to free from groundless fears,

To chase the shades of Superstition dark

Remote, and shake Religion’s galling yoke

Forth of our neck :—brave generous design !

You scorn by mean restraints to be confin’d,

And bid defiance to high Heaven ; All hail !

Yet vaunt not. Why\*, sworn enemies to truth,

Durst you the desperate adventure risk !

Of warring against Heav’n like Tityus old 50

And his gigantic train ? unequal strife !

I see your fate ! I give you pity ; still,

Vain boasters know ; nor deem th’ informant rude,

Your light is darkness of a Stygian hue,

An *ignis fatuus* leading to the pit

*Gebenna*, and the Satyr-† gloomy cells !

The battery you labouring raise, to storm

Religion’s citadel, must back recoil,

Impetuous, and crush the daring foe.

You hope to free the world from needless fears ! 60

I’nd hope ; but vain as a delusive dream,

\* Quo moiture ruis ?

VIRG.

† Isaiah, xxxiv. 14.

Frail as the bubble, floating down the flood,  
 That sudden dies in air. First free the ship  
 From Conscience' guilty clamours: 'twere a task  
 Superior to your skill! The Prince of hell,  
 Proud domineering, pays the daring chiefs,  
 Who, faithful to his interests, live and die,  
 And durst espouse his cause in face of heaven,  
 A greater recompense, in full arrear,  
 Of vengeance doubly due: For these outdo, 70  
 In bold presumption, all his daring peers!  
 They firm believe and tremble. What must these  
 For such transcendant infidelity  
 Receive? 'Tis this—this awful truth we know;  
 Not half the kindling of th'ALMIGHTY's wrath  
 Will soon consume the stubble of the foe.  
 Lo, there, his chariot-wheels drive on amain!  
 And incens'd Justice rous'd to smoking ire,  
 Wakes up, to meet the wretch, who dares deny  
 Th'existence of a GOD!—Vile infect man! 80  
 A foe so frail he deems beneath his mark.  
 Small conquest gain'd, for the OMNIPOTENT,  
 To mar an atom, or destroy a fly:  
 Equal beneath his pond'rous chariot-wheels  
 A mite—a world is crush'd. Rous'd at his ire,  
 Th'astonish'd elements revere his hand!  
 The lightnings flash! the thunders roar, aloft,  
 An awful clangour to the gaping floods!  
 The bulging rocks, alarm'd, start up their heads,  
 And

And from the gloomy caverns of the main  
 Reverberate the sound with echoing peal!  
 While Heav'n's hot thunderbolts fly swift abroad,  
 The forests skip like playful unicorns!  
 The lofty groves in reverence bow down,  
 To shun the elevated stroke of Justice' arm,  
 Portending swift destruction on the foe.  
 Earth trembles deep, from pole to pole, o'erwhelm'd  
 Beneath the pond'rous weight of human guilt;  
 And, aw'd by Heaven's majestic voice, the hills  
 And high pil'd mountains like a drunkard reel,  
 In agitation,—tottering beneath  
 His rapid car, whose might no power withstands.  
 So quak'd Olympus when the gods came down,  
 As poets feign'd—so Sinai's summit shook!  
 Creation, groaning † in convulsions, seems  
 Anticipating pangs of dissolution.  
 Now let the Atheist rear his haughty crest,  
 And like Leviathan, devoid of fear,  
 Furbish his awful blade, in bold contempt,  
 To meet the shining sword of Justice—Ha!  
 See how he skulks his cover'd head in “hold,”  
 Most timid of the guilty imps of vice,  
 And dies mere coward ere the stroke descends—  
 Or Indignation forth its vials pours.  
 Not equal pangs betide Elara's son,  
 Bound to the rock, consign'd by incens'd Jove,

\* Psalm. xxix. 6.

† Rom. viii. 22.

The Vultures prey.—Laocoon was not seiz'd  
 With mightier terrors, when the serpents twain  
 From Tenedos, voluminous and vast,  
 Him and his sons with poisonous jaws devour'd ! 120  
 In Atheous men conscience becomes a scourge,  
 A "worm" that never dies; and ceaseless preys  
 Upon the vital parts like liquid fire,  
 Ever consuming ! Ever unconsum'd !

SURVIVES the wretch, in mercy's mild domain,  
 Who dares, with iron front, in face of Heaven,  
 Bid bold defiance to OMNIPOTENCE ?  
 The atheist is the man !—the monstrous man !  
 The greatest hero on the spacious globe :  
 The mightiest hero ! no—retract the term ; 130  
 The veriest coward 'mid the timid crews—  
 Friend of the darkness, he the light abhors,  
 And darkness too his conscience can't sustain\* :  
 Full-fraught with phantasies, he dreads his shade !  
 Is this the high-flown rebel against Heav'n ?  
 Such is the man ; and such are all Heaven's foes.  
 Fate has decreed that such presumptuous crews  
 Shall sink beneath the weight of hellish crimes—  
 Ignobly sink ! Ask not how low ?—How long ?  
 Notation here extends its powers in vain : 140  
 A Newton's art would fail to comprehend

\* The well-known case of the author of the Leviathan.



Th' unbounded science of futurity :  
 Nor can the boldest thought such depths explore,  
 Till sage eternity the scene unfolds.

TWERE difficult to say, whom to prefer,  
 Such desperadoes, or yon faithless crews  
 Of Atheistic life: deluded, they  
 Tilt on prepost'rous as a pantomime,  
 Regardless whither:—Whither I'll not say:—  
 Heaven is forgot, and all the prime concerns  
 Of future bliss and woe. The Deity  
 Presides not in their thoughts. His sacred name  
 Is oft blasphem'd by their unhallow'd lips,  
 Irreverent;—His dread is far remote.  
 Without the aid of optics you may see  
 Their vessel gradual sinking by its weight:  
 While they, unconscious of the fatal leak,  
 Use no one effort to secure the ship.

THAT other Fleet, with Priestcraft at the helm,  
 And superstition by the compass conning,  
 Makes much ado, boasting aloud of high  
 Infallibility! and of the keys  
 To shut and open heaven! Of Peter's chair!  
 Of sovereign power on earth, o'er all that live,  
 Kings to depose, and heretics to burn,  
 At will! Noble achievements these!—Yet still  
 Infallible—they cannot err! With them

Evil

Evil is render'd good; and barbarous deeds,  
 Which nature shudders to behold, are deem'd  
 Most meritorious—rend'ring service meet,  
 When Schismatics they roast\*! Survey 'em there,  
 (Afar seen safely, hazardous t'approach).  
 A numerous navy, bearing on amain,  
 What course old mitred Superstition plann'd,  
 To gain by ardent application crowns,  
 And thrones, on earth; but not a feat in heaven.  
 Great were the foul, and noble were the deed,  
 Of the *first* PROTESTANT who burst their bands,  
 Great minds to Superstition ne'er give place:  
 'Tis conscience and God's law controul their curse;  
 And these are bands of mercy. Reason here  
 Approves the yoke, and yields her neck submit.  
 Late, fell'nt INQUISITION stood on deck,  
 A hellish dæmon, black as hell at heart,  
 Though clad pontifical in purest white,  
 With torches, furies, sabres, at his side,  
 Wracking his brain new tortures to inflict,  
 Heaven ushers in with smiles the glorious morn  
 Which sees him first bound under deck secure,

\* Although in the present age, we have no Smithfield scenes  
 of sacrificing pious prelates to the resentment of Superstition;  
 yet, surely the religion which renounces not those principles  
 which subverted the very end and design of Christianity, and  
 which laid the foundation of division and discord among men, is  
 ever worthy of the severest censure:

Where

There rolling baleful eyes! with meagre jaws,  
 He, hunger-bitten, gnaws his galling chain. 198  
 Still busy Priestcraft, prompt on board, appears  
 With bulls, beads, crucifix, indulgencies,  
 Pardons, and dispensations for more sins,  
 And countless lumber, 'nough to sink a fleet,  
 Or furnish well a paradise for fools.  
 Old blear-ey'd Ignorance † I see on deck,  
 Rais'd into fair renown!—She idly boasts  
 Devotion sprang from her abhor'd embrace:  
 Vile infamy! 'Tis Revelation gave 200  
 Devotion birth, and Wisdom is her sire:  
 But heavenly Wisdom rarely here is seen.  
 If old report be true, they bear in freight  
 Huge bales of costly merchandise, to be transferr'd  
 To Lucre's wharf—a staple fund of wealth  
 Unto the skilful venders frequent found:  
 Nor will they barter but for par of gold!  
 The bales consist of current, genuine, "Works  
 "Of supererogation:" Treasures rare!  
 Despise them not in papal realms. Ah me! 210  
 How sanctify'd the venders there appear!  
 Prompt in confessions, ave-marias, creeds!  
 On Lord's or holy day, devout they spend,  
 Forsooth, an hour—though cold perhaps at heart  
 As kneeling statues! then, the vulgar crowds,

† Ignorance is the Nurse of Superstition, and not the Mother of Devotion, as the Papist vainly insinuates.

Homebound, return from mafs, unédify'd ;  
 Unknowing what they pray'd ; undisciplin'd  
 As callow-daws, and give their creed the lie !  
 Their creed looks heavenward, but they row reverse,  
 And live a life the bane of their belief. 220  
 Ah, too presumptuous, thus to fan the flame  
 Of Heaven's displeasure ; thus intent t'insult  
 Th'incens'd Deity by vain appeals,  
 And superstitious rites †, and hellish deeds,  
 As though they did not heed his hottest ire !  
 These cast o'er board, with bold presumptuous hand,  
 The sacred compass and directory—  
 Laying aside the Bible, conscience, truth,  
 And in effect their reason and their God ;  
 While with the knee they reverence, and pay 230  
 Homage divine to creatures like themselves  
 Before the idol's shrine :—Idolatry  
 Of fable die !—'Twere easy to predict  
 The coming storm, The lip of Truth declares,  
 Inevitably such one day must sink,  
 Plung'd by the fiercest blast of Heaven's displeasure.  
 So sunk the ancient *Tyre* in height of pride ;  
 So *Babylon* is doom'd one day to fall.

† At the same time that I expose the superstitious errors of the Roman Catholic Religion, I acknowledge that there have been (and doubtless are now) amongst them, men of genius and piety, who were ornaments to religion and human nature.

HOPE's fabric, elevated on the sand,  
 When blows the storm, inevitably falls; 240  
 And great, supremely great, the fall appears.

THESE, though they fall, have hope to burst their  
 bands,

And soar aloft, from out the penal fires,  
 To gain a seat in heaven. So Mulciber §  
 And all his numerous compeers, awoke  
 By Satan's call, sprang up, when welt'ring prone  
 Upon the burning lake, and counsel held  
 How to regain their former seat in bliss;  
 But fruitless their attempt, as fruitless these—  
 Equal in stratagems, but not in power: 250  
 These hope their dole will purchase Paradise;  
 Or should that fail, that Purgatory fires  
 Will burn their bands, and purge their dross away.  
 Money with them unbars the sacred doors,  
 For Papal powers assum'd the golden key!  
 Lavish your purse, and Peter's successors  
 Will let ye in; for pelf with them avails.  
 If you in works of merit prove too light,  
 They'll add their *super-stuff* into the scale,  
 And then, weigh up! ye cannot fail of heaven. 260  
 Such tenets Rome, with sober craft avows!  
 — Mistaken Catholics! In vain you buy

§ *i. e.* Vulcan, mentioned by Milton, P. L. B. 1. L. 747.

The pearl, reserv'd in Heaven's prerogative,  
 Alone, to give. Vain hope : 'Tis God alone  
 Can cancel human crimes. Your gold is held,  
 In sacred things accurs'd—It can't procure  
 One cooling drop from out the chrystal stream,  
 To quench the tongue that, like a firebrand, glows  
 With different-heat from what ambition's rage  
 Or fumes of Avarice did erst inspire ; 270  
 Nor can it forth from those tormenting flames,  
 Where the proud epicure condol'd his fate,  
 Release the struggling spirit to the skies—  
 Ah no : the yawning gulph is fix'd between,  
 Unpassable. Christ's Vicar and the Queen  
 Of Heaven ||, are unavailing advocates  
 For freedom thence — and faithful Abraham's  
 prayers,

If he for such would interceed, tho' heard  
 More loudly at the throne of love than twice  
 Ten thousand masses, here would fruitless prove.  
 Nor can a bridge be pay'd, for passage thence, 281  
 Like that o'er Chaos, rais'd by Sin and Death,  
 From hell's dark confines to this nether world,  
 Deluding Cardinals, in vain you talk  
 Of Purgatory's purifying fires  
 To purge out stains, for which th'atoning price  
 Was pour'd in vain:—no other ransom frees  
 From Sin's sad chains, nor that when past its date.

|| A Roman Catholic title given to the Virgin Mary.

No penal fires can cleanse and purify  
 The crimson stain of unrepented crimes 392  
 When fled the lenient day of grace:—ah then,  
 In those dark realms, the vile more vile become,  
 Th'impure still more malevolent, more fell,  
 Ripening for their inevitable fate,  
 And plunging deeper in th'abyss of fire.

SUCH is the fate of those presumptuous fleets  
 Who steer with Ignorance and Bigotry,  
 By Superstition's chart, as Interest points,  
 As Priestcraft plans, or Prejudice directs :  
 Such purchase death by their egregious lives : 300  
 Pursuing swift the shadows and the wind,  
 Till blown themselves into Oblivion's gulph,  
 Their hope, their interest, and their fame expire.

So fares it (if the muse prophetic sings)  
 With yonder formidable armament  
 Of Unitarian scribes! Who dare oppose  
 Their boasted confidence of blowing up  
 Old Superstition's fort with nitrous blaze?  
 T' oppose their boasted confidence, there are  
 Who shew the will, but seem to lack the power ;  
 While to defend Religion's sacred fane, 311  
 The will and pow'r in Horsley both unite.  
 HE, like a hero of renown'd acclaim

In polish'd Greece or Alexandria †,  
 Arm'd, all invincible, by sacred TRUTH,  
 With Eloquence and Learning in his train—  
 Sole victor! puts to flight their daring powers,  
 And gains immortal honours by the deed:  
 He fights for Truth; and Heaven's anointed King,  
 In future glory, shall award his crown. 320  
 While arguments and flowing eloquence  
 Glide down his page, like ever copious streams,  
 TRUTH triumphs! ERROR quits the field abash'd;  
 And if not harder than the flinty rock,  
 Conviction would strike light into the soul!  
 But Error's ever obstinate; and hence,  
 In spite of Truth and Reason, unreclaim'd.  
 Illustrious Prelate! now the *musè* commands  
 Music and eloquence to grace her strain!  
 Inspir'd with more than patriotic flame! 330  
 While more, far more, than common fame exalts  
 The literary hero of her song!  
 Rescu'd by you, the Church still stands secure;  
 Nor dreads the idle boast of nitrous grain †,

Assur'd

† *Alexandria* is significantly introduced here as being the See of St. Athanasius. This bishop was such a dauntless veteran in defence of orthodoxy, against the Arian and Socinian heresy, that the proverb became current in his day,

“Athanasius contra mundum!”

‡ Alluding to a bold simile in Dr. Priestley's works, in which he compares the effect of his writings to that of “gun-powder,”



Assur'd that hell can't shake her ancient scite,  
 Nor all its daring chiefs:—for Heaven upholds  
 Her venerable towers, and will protect  
 The lofty domes, while Truth presides within:  
 Her prudent TEST § no “Powers” shall abrogate,  
 While you withstand the Aliens dark designs. 310  
 'Tis godlike, thus, to join with Heav'n to save  
 From Treason's bold artillery her walls:—  
 The sacred walls, made vocal, would resound  
 The name of HORSLEY to the echoing skies;  
 And lo, the list'ning spheres should catch the flame!

THIS daring crew, with inharmonious din§,  
 By ardour spur'd, to persevering toil,  
 Make loud pretence of bearing on with Truth;  
 Tho' diving deep, as Acherontic sound,  
 In Error's black abyss:—enkindling flames 350  
 Of mad sedition in a peaceful realm,  
 To rage against themselves! What recompense  
 These hope, 'twere hard to guess. No small reward  
 Can make amends for their detested deed!

powder,” being laid by a grain and a grain under the foundation  
 of the old “building!”

§ This was written when the motion for a repeal of the  
 Test Act was debated in the House of Commons.

¶ It is remarkable that not two Unitarians can be found who  
 appear to accord in sentiment. The reason is obvious;—they  
 are bewildered in the labyrinths of metaphysical argument, and  
 lost in the mazes of error.

They sell the MASTER's interest too low,  
 If not for more than the first Traitor;—Him,  
 Who with a kiss betray'd the sacred life  
 Of Lamb-like Innocence to hellish hate:  
 These too betray his sacred truth and honor,  
 And murder pages of the living Code! 360  
 Religion turns appall'd; and inly groans  
 Beneath their sacrificing knife; and spurns  
 The sable mask of treach'rous friendship, these,  
 Iscariot like, for doubtful purposes,  
 So closely wore;—till late, the visor seem'd  
 Nigh cast aside! when, like the Jews, they kiss'd  
 Their Master\*, in derision †, and durst rail  
 'Gainst dignities,—unlike the pow'rs beneath!  
 The ancient Traitor lucre sought: and soon,  
 Too soon, the booty sought-acquir'd. But these  
 Some nobler prize pursue:—Perhaps the helm, 371  
 In Church and State, attracts them! Perhaps 'tis  
 fame,  
 That idle badge of singularity,  
 That kindles ardours in their sanguine ‡ souls!

\* The King.

† Alluding to the notorious Hand-bill which was the cause of the late unhappy riots in Birmingham; and which, beyond a doubt, was penned by some red-hot politician, of Unitarian principles.

‡ The soul, according to the principles of their philosophy, is a substance which, when we die, will turn to a mephitic vapour; and therefore, the epithet is not ill applied.

By

By each new-fangled effort, these would strive,  
 In ethics, politics, Theology,  
 T'acquire their end:—vainglorious thirst of fame!  
 And how they will succeed, that record shews:  
 “HE that exalted sits, enthron'd, shall laugh;  
 “THE LORD himself shall have them in derision.”  
 Such the effect of their presumptuous toil 381  
 T'undeify the “Lord's anointed,” who  
 Supreme, on Sion's hill, for ever reigns.  
 Pride made the ancient scribe deny his king—  
 'Tis pride that works the Unitarian's fall:  
 That more than mortal foe wag'd war in heav'n,  
 And hurl'd down from the chrystal battlements  
 A “son of morning” to the realms of night.  
 These chiefs, however helm'd, who durst oppose  
 Their mightier, from every feeling heart 390  
 Extort forth pity—rather just disdain,  
 Considering what love they turn to hate.  
 Such, Julian like, the Galilean king  
 Must own their † vanquisher, and brook his ire.  
 These, seeming wise, but fools in fact, “deny  
 “THE GOD that bought them”—They aspire  
 To undermine the Church, 'gainst which “the gates  
 “Of hell shall not prevail;” and toil to raise,  
 In contradiction proud, aloft to heav'n,

- † Vicisti Galilæe! said Julian the Apostate. “O Galilean!  
 “thou hast overcome me.”

A temple to CONFUSION dedicate, 400  
 In which, exalted, ERROR sits inshrined.  
 Church, apparatus, they durst leave for this,  
 To prosecute the arduous design.  
 How stable, how sublime, the pillars seem!  
 Nor ought suspect they the foundation false:  
 Tho' deem'd impregnable, Time yet will come,  
 When down the fabric all, with sudden crash,  
 Rebounding, lays them in the ruins deep!  
 Where then the bold calumniators §?—Bold  
 Indeed, who durst deny divinity 410  
 To God's Eternal Son! whose name is hail'd,  
 All heaven throughout, with sacred eloquence,  
 And prostrate adoration, as beseems  
 The Father's chosen Heir, "by whom all things,"  
 In heaven and earth, "consist;" to whom belong  
 Creation's and Redemption's glorious works:  
 Sole Prince of honour, worship, and renown.  
 Well it becomes the dazzling cherubim  
 To chant his praise, till heaven's orchestra rings.  
 No pipes discordant to that sacred choir 420  
 Shall gain admittance at the hallow'd doors.  
 HE keeps the keys †. Shall these then enter in,  
 His truth blaspheming, to traduce his fame?

§ The Socinians stand convicted, by the clearest attestations and evidences of Revealed Truth, not of calumniating the character of a man, but of derogating from the honour of a God.

† Apoc. i. 18. Where for *hell*, read *hades*, i. e. the invisible regions of happiness as well as misery.

—They

— They first must dip in that divine ATONEMENT,  
 Which now is deem'd of none effect at all.  
 Surprising infamy!—Blast their designs,  
 Great God; and make their folly manifest,  
 Like Jannes old, or Jambres †, who withstood,  
 Less impious far, a far less dignify'd.  
 Awake, Jehovah! speedy vindicate 430  
 The honour of thy sacred name. Thy truth  
 Is question'd, and the glory of thy SON  
 Presumptuously eclips'd and circumscrib'd  
 In Error's proud opinion: Not in fact.  
 Still his divinity, like yonder sun,  
 Shines clear o'er all the darkness that surrounds  
 Our hemisphere; and shall for ever shine.  
 When he, encircled with his squadrons bright  
 Of Seraphim, in judgment sits supreme,  
 'Then shall the Godhead blaze effulgent beams! 440  
 Before that awful period dart THY rays  
 Direct, with full conviction in their souls!  
 Recall them erring as thou once recall'dst  
 A persecuting Saul, at war with heav'n!  
 Recall them once again to THY Sheep-fold,  
 To own the SHEPHERD's voice, and live his praise.  
 Conquer the world by thy victorious love,  
 Till that dear name on which the Christian dwells  
 Enraptur'd, that dear name resounds the earth  
 Throughout, in sacred concert with the skies, 450  
 And all the Heathen join the tuneful choir.

† Egyptian Sorcerers.

VOYAGE OF LIFE

The first part of the book is devoted to a description of the life of the soul in the body. It is a journey of discovery, a quest for truth and wisdom. The author describes the various stages of the soul's development, from its initial state of ignorance to its final state of enlightenment. The journey is fraught with challenges and temptations, but the soul must persevere and overcome all obstacles in order to reach its destination. The author uses allegorical language to describe the soul's journey, with various symbols and metaphors that represent different aspects of the human experience. The overall tone of the book is one of hope and optimism, as the author believes that every soul has the potential to achieve enlightenment and reach the Kingdom of God.

The second part of the book is devoted to a description of the life of the soul in the afterlife. It is a journey of discovery, a quest for truth and wisdom. The author describes the various stages of the soul's development, from its initial state of ignorance to its final state of enlightenment. The journey is fraught with challenges and temptations, but the soul must persevere and overcome all obstacles in order to reach its destination. The author uses allegorical language to describe the soul's journey, with various symbols and metaphors that represent different aspects of the human experience. The overall tone of the book is one of hope and optimism, as the author believes that every soul has the potential to achieve enlightenment and reach the Kingdom of God.

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THE

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

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BOOK IV.

## THE ARGUMENT.

III

*Preliminary Observations resulting from a cursory Review of the Scenes drawn up in the preceding Books. Address to the Gay. Apology to Wits. An important Query stated; and resolved into a Description of the Christian's sometimes narrow Passage to the Regions of Purity, and of his Fortitude and Divine Support in the Casualties attending it. From the preceding Considerations are naturally introduced general and more particular Directions and Cautions to both Sexes (the Lovers of Pleasure particularly) to proceed in Safety through Life's precarious Voyage.—This Book closes with an Address to a Lady, whose amiable Virtues are noticed as a Pattern to the Sex.*



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THE  
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

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BOOK IV.

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AS when the curious traveller obtains  
Some signal eminencè, and on the peak  
Of hill or promontory stands secure,  
(Montserrat †, Teneriff, or Fenisterre,  
Or old Herculean Abyla §, beheld

† *Montserrat*, a famous mountain, in the principality of Catalonia, which is so broken and divided into a great number of spiring cones, that it seems, at distant view, to be the work of art. Its situation is admirably adapted for cōtemplation and retirement; and for many ages it has been the habitation of monks and hermits, who vow never to forsake it.

§ *Mount Abyla*, one of the Pillars of Hercules, on the African shore, in a clear day may be seen from the summit of the rock of Gibraltar.

O'er

O'er Afric's shore from off th' Iberian rock)  
 Commanding all th' horizon round, he close  
 Applies the sight invigorating tube,  
 And many a creek, and many a shore surveys,  
 With many a passing and repassing fleet, 10  
 In stately prospect seen: and floating round  
 Some solemn wrecks descry, exciting pain.  
 Ev'n so the muse, with penetrating eye,  
 Observes the moral scene. She reads the names  
 Of some, recorded in the rolls of fame  
 By their own virtues (best remembrancers)  
 Secure against the wreck of time or fate.  
 Some has her fancy seen exalted high  
 Above the firmament and all the stars,  
 In light's unsufferable blaze! On scenes 20  
 Like these she pores delighted; but too weak  
 Man's mortal orbs to brook such splendid rays.  
 What other scenes the muse so late survey'd,  
 Are in full frequency seen, by all who pry  
 Far o'er the surge of Life's tumultuous waves—  
 She saw proud navies, hoisting up their flag,  
 High hovering, "DEFIANCE TO THE SKIES"  
 Like fam'd Titanian giants, bearing on,  
 What course Ambition or Presumption plann'd,  
 With daring prow, to storm the tow'rs of heaven. 30  
 Regardless of the laws and discipline  
 Of sacred Truth, and adverse to its chart;—  
 Traitors to heaven's supreme anointed King!

No common fate awaits the daring deed !  
 From Life's fair book, behold their names eras'd !  
 Then see them hurl'd into the realms of night,  
 Beneath HIS ire whose sceptre they disown'd !

FROM scenes like these improvement may be gain'd,  
 Improvement too in virtue (choicest boon) :  
 For smaller gain men ransack earth and seas; 40  
 Oft plough the wave, and reap the sedy weed.

INDULGE, ye gay, awhile, the serious song !  
 Excuse the muse if with officious care  
 She seek to rescue from the waste of time  
 Your fleeting day ; nor let her notes offend  
 Your nicer ear, though sometimes studious more  
 Of useful truth than sweetest minstrelsy.  
 The cooing stock-dove knows not melody ;  
 And yet, I oft have heard her plaintive song  
 Well pleas'd ; 'tis nature's voice, and nature knows  
 By artless notes to please the judging ear. 51  
 Well chosen discords add to harmony  
 New grace, when mingled, at fit intervals,  
 Skilful, among the bold resounding chords ;  
 Just so, the *dulce utile*, combin'd  
 In flowing periods, strike the feeling sense,  
 And gain admission to th' enamour'd soul.  
 All-perfect Nature form'd the human mind

Enamour'd

Enamour'd of her sweet variety,  
And every variation gives delight. 60

So with new lustre shine the golden beams  
Of Phœbus, when from forth a fable cloud  
He pours his radiance o'er the silver waves,  
And gleams upon the burnish'd rocks and towers.

WAKE, Inspiration! From thy sacred cell  
Rise rapt in weeds, with round thy hoary head  
A cloud encircling deep its radiance: Come,  
O come, and point what course by wisdom's chart  
To steer, beyond the glance of vulgar eyes,  
To those blest realms where Peace and Safety dwell.

PROCEED, my muse, in concert with the lute, 71  
Or sounding lyre. Nor, ye conceited wits,  
Whom none can please, condemn the sober song,  
Because instruction echos in the strain:  
Nor deem the muse forth wand'ring from her sphere.  
Of old the holy priest and bard were one;  
Their sacred stole and office did accord.  
Nor wonder the miscarriages of Life  
Should animate the muse to dictate:—Still  
Let modest Virtue's ear attend the lay, 80  
While grave advice, and caution suitable,  
Resulting from the former scenes, she draws.

And

And first, an obvious query she propounds  
To all Life's Voyagers, of prime import.

“ If such the various fates attending Life,  
“ And such the track by erring men pursu'd,  
“ How shall the CHRISTIAN form his steadfast  
“ course?  
“ And bear secure, in triumph o'er them all?”

A QUÉRY so important to the wise,  
Demands attention from my willing muse;— 90  
While reason and experience both accord,  
With revelation, to define the point.

THE Christian's course is oft a narrow straight  
'Twixt Life's besetting ills—a gloomy train!  
Survey that ancient chart, and mark what rocks  
Of Difficulty hugely stalk'd around!  
His \* expedition erst, renown'd in song,  
Who steer'd illustrious from Thessalian shores,  
Combating Danger in a thousand forms!  
With ardent resolution fir'd, to bear 100  
The golden pride of Phasis far remote—  
Which glist th'Arcadian plains: an emblem faint  
Of what the ancient Christian dar'd t'outbrave!  
His Life, though harmless and devoid of guile,  
A scene of conflict with a thousand ills;

\* JASON.

His

His soul, a pure receptacle of grace,  
 Breathing habitual courtesy and love,  
 Large as the ample heav'ns, was doom'd on earth  
 Of small account, and spurn'd by Ridicule.  
 Though every moral, every social flame, 110  
 United, shone with ardour in his breast,  
 An ardour felt in heav'n and cherish'd there;  
 Though every excellence combin'd to claim  
 A debt of pure regard—to merit due;  
 Yet, strange to tell, how often in those times  
 Of heathen ignorance was such a faint  
 A mark for Enmity, with levell'd aim,  
 And aspect fierce, to throw her poison'd lance:  
 But see where meek and dove-like Innocence,  
 With ample shield, wards off the hellish darts; 120  
 Or forth extracting the malignant bane,  
 Pours in the wound the healing balm of peace!  
 The Christian so surmounted all their rage.  
 His inmate guests were plain Sincerity,  
 Unfully'd Truth, and Conscience ever clear.  
 No cloud of guilt o'ercast his peaceful mind.  
 A conduct unimpeachable bequeath'd  
 A lustre o'er his life—and to his death  
 Renown: for Virtue never dies! Like pearls,  
 It shines still brighter with revolving suns— 130  
 Ennobled more to future ages borne!  
 And oft the relics have been sacred deem'd,  
 When dead the saint, who living was despis'd.

With

With patience, and with fortitude divine,  
 The Christian has been known to weary out  
 The malice of his foes; and respite gain,  
 Because new means of torture there were none;  
 When all that Satan could devise prov'd null,  
 And all his agents shot their bolts in vain.  
 Nor is it strange that one should chase a host \* 140  
 When GOD is on his side—to burst their bands;  
 Or make his servant triumph o'er their rage:  
 And though he fall—he falling wins the day.  
 So fell the Nazarite in Gaza's walls;  
 And swift destruction bursting o'er his foes,  
 One mighty ruin overwhelm'd them all.

NOR of such ills impute the full amount  
 To heathen Greece or Rome; more recent times †  
 Tinctur'd with darker shades the gloomy scene.  
 Survey the Christian's course few ages past:— 150  
 Lo!—Pity trembles to behold afar  
 Oppression's sons, by Superstition arm'd  
 With bright Vulcanian swords from hell, and led  
 By Persecution's horrid clans thro' scenes  
 Of slaughter, blood, and flame!— These all  
 combin'd,

\* Deut. xxxii. 30.

† Alluding to the many horrible and bloody persecutions, inflicted under the hellish rigours of tyrannical popes and superstitious inquisitions.

To rob the Christian of his liberty  
 And life—all that of him could die :—But now  
 These, manacled, can only gnash their teeth,  
 Not having power to bite—except the chains  
 That cramp them down to the triumphal car 160  
 Of liberty ! Long may they there abide,  
 And curs'd be he that stoops to let them free.  
 Scarce worse than those, in feats of old renown,  
 Were the huge jaws of gaping Acheron \*,  
 Unfolding deep, Alecto to devour !  
 Alecto's self, scarce more a fury frown'd !

HEAR I, or do I only deem to hear  
 The dolorous plaint of some lone Voyager,  
 Inquiring where the course of safety lies :—  
 Intent the rocks of Danger to escape, 170  
 And safely gain heaven's calm pellucid port ?  
 To such a one 'tis meekly thus reply'd :—

INTENTIONS honest, and an upright aim  
 Of “ doing good,” and serving GOD sincere,  
 As reason guides, and “ pure religion” prompts,  
 Procure our present and our future peace :  
 Mercy and kind Benevolence, pursu'd,  
 Lead up to Paradise :—chiefly regard  
 “ Faith and good works :” these, when adjusted well,  
 Duly proportion'd in an equal scale, 180

\* Æneas, L. 7.



Like sail and ballast, counterpoise the storms,  
 And brook the ills that human life surround :  
 With Piety exalting high her sails,  
 And Virtue sitting stedfast at the helm,  
 Bear on, what course unerring Truth directs,  
 To gain the port of peace. All such as steer  
 Aright, the fair celestial beach shall gain.  
 Their sacred vanes shall catch the kindly gale  
 Of Heaven's complacency, and bear o'er all  
 The shifting sands of Instability, 190  
 The ebbs and flows that toss this various scene.

VAIN is the man, who hopes secure to steer  
 O'er Life's proud billows, while devoid of grace :  
 The rectitude of heavenly grace secures  
 The port of heav'n. They greatly err, who steer  
 Unled by genial TRUTH'S unerring ray.  
 Truth is our pole-star. Truth our index too \*,  
 Pointing the course direct to Paradise :  
 No other course gives probability  
 To stand aloft on the celestial beach. 200

\* Parabolical and proverbial sayings are never meant to hold in all the particulars. The meaning is,

By the light of truth we pursue truth.

Dr. Young has an expression of this kind, equally foreign from critical exactness.

“ I am the pilot, I thy prosp'rous gale.”

THE

THE man devoid of Truth, in Life's proud wave,  
 Has lost his compass—knows not where to steer—  
 A random and uncertain course he takes,  
 Yet still presumes he makes his passage clear,  
 Tho' danger stride the helm :—O blind to fate!  
 He bears amain down to the Stygian shores;  
 And, dash'd upon the rocks of Error, sinks!—  
 So wreck'd the mariner of old, when Night,  
 Wrapp'd up in triple tempests, close conceal'd  
 Heav'n's glorious luminaries; veiling deep 210  
 The steadfast Cynosure\* renown'd at sea;  
 Castor and Pollux, and the Major Bear,  
 Ere yet th'attractive magnet taught what course  
 To steer around Sicilian shores secure.

WOULD you, Eugenio! covet to secure  
 An interest in the MASTER OF THE STORM?  
 Invoke protection at his sacred shrine:  
 Would you the sober course of safety steer?  
 Make Virtue's favourites your chosen crew; 219  
 The wise, the good, th' experienc'd, and the brave;  
 Announc'd by *seers*, “the excellent of th'earth;”  
 Then steer with these the course the master plann'd,  
 Not deviating from his sacred chart,  
 And sure success shall all your course attend,  
 Till safely anchor'd in the port of peace,  
 You share the greetings of celestial Joy.

\* A star near the North Pole.

Mean time let Prudence dictate to your ear ;  
 Form a true estimate of human life :  
 Its ebbs, its flows, and various incidents,  
 Prepare against with caution: and betimes  
 Weigh well each good, each ill to counterpoise  
 As in Astræa's balance. Meditate,  
 And plan the course of wisdom. Do not launch  
 Life's bay untutor'd, uninform'd alike  
 In discipline and good œconomy,  
 Like some high-flown intoxicated brain  
 Afloat on reeds in hope to cross the gulph.  
 From precedent learn prudence. Keep in view  
 The num'rous rocks, so fatal prov'd by all  
 Who steer the course of bold Impiety,  
 And dare to shun their track. Be cautious! mark  
 Where wise men err'd. That course avoid, intent  
 To glean advantage from the worst mishap  
 Of eminence.—Such wrecks strike up a light  
 Which, like a Pharos shines, full many a league ;  
 A caution clear to shun the fatal cliff!  
 From Vice's crews bear adverse. Seek to gain  
 In Wisdom's chart superior excellence :  
 The best avidity is wisdom's thirst ;  
 Herein is no excess, Be timely wise :  
 Choose an experienc'd mate : such will afford  
 Good ground of safety in the threat'ning storm.  
 Make plain Sincerity your bosom friend :

He will stand by when dangers stalk behind,  
 Or threat'ning terrors meet, to shield your breast.  
 Let meek-ey'd Piety your steps attend,  
 While lovely Charity the cabin cheers,  
 And grave Devotion keeps the closet-door,  
 Dismiss all wayward passions: Such can serve  
 Only to bear you adverse from the port.  
 Let Magnanimity your courte conduct,  
 For honour waits on magnanimity.  
 Let reason too your every scheme project,  
 And dictate to your ear. One counsel I  
 Impart; It is an oracle! attend;  
 "Keep old blunt Honesty close by your side:  
 "A trusty TAR in every rugged blast:  
 "So safely shall each various storm befriend,  
 "And waft you bounding o'er the deep Profound;  
 "Opposing rocks, in vain obstruct your course;  
 "To lame your passage to the realms of Love."

WITH these embark'd—steer on the steady course  
 Of Rectitude—own no amours, but such  
 As honour vindicates; and such the eye  
 Of Heaven approves, and ever will approve.  
 This friendly caution, my Eugenio, mark!  
 (The hint my muse appropriates to all,  
 Who skill'd can read the moral of her lay)  
 Veer off your course afar from *Circe's* haunts,

And

And shun her gilded cup—The Cyclop's caves 280  
Not more disastrous than her gloomy cell.

Approach not nigh the threshold of her door,  
Lest you, a hapless victim, snar'd, should fall ;  
Nor rise again, but to bemoan your fate.

In every moral excellence excel,  
Or strive t'excel ; Ambition's virtue here.  
With goodness wisdom, zeal with candour join ;  
Courage with meekness and fidelity.

RELIGION claims the empire of the heart,  
The open liberal heart, where Truth and Peace 290  
Erect their throne, and hold co-eval reign.

Her lenient voice I hear admonishing,  
“ With wise intent from wild extremes keep clear ;  
“ As from the brow of some Vulcanian cliff,  
“ Pouring out fire and smoke, the mariner,  
“ Aloof, bears many a league before he seems  
“ Secure. Affect no singularities,  
“ Or innovations, in Theology ;  
“ And no vainglorious track to fame pursue,  
“ Like some who in the airy regions tour 300  
“ To fix th' astonish'd multitudes agape,  
“ As though they coasted heaven \* ! —How far  
“ below

• Nil mortalibus arduum est ;  
Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia. Hor.

" When, like the falling-lark, they sudden drop,  
 " And fractur'd skulls conclude th' amazing scene.  
 " So bold eccentric flights are hazardous,  
 " Pursu'd, beyond the certain bounds of Truth,  
 " To Speculation's airy pinnacle;—  
 " Then boundless errors in full prospect glare!"

IMAGINATION vain would strive to build  
 Another Babel to o'ertop the clouds,  
 And lift us to the regions of the sky!  
 But when we wake, and Reason reassumes  
 Her native seat, the fabric proves a dream:  
 The airy visions die.—Keep footing firm,  
 Plume no presumptuous wing till Providence  
 Looks down, and lifts you up: Till then, presume  
 No wild fanatic flights to enterprize  
 With giddy Fancy or with Novelty:—  
 Though firm the head, by soaring to obtain  
 Some signal eminence—thence poring down,  
 A dizziness enfues—and oft a fall.  
 So fell Apollo's image, rais'd at Rhodes  
 By Chares to command the voice of Fame,  
 And Earth in deep convulsions trembled round.

LAUNCH forth, Eugenio, with a brave intent  
 To seize that distant port, \* whence trafficking

\* — Fortiter occupa  
 Portum. HOR.

We gain illustrious treasures, of a cast  
 What India's glitt'ring gems as far outvies  
 As pearls outshine the pebbles on the shore.  
 Ply every oar, and hoist up every sail, 330  
 'To make the port where WISDOM sits supreme;  
 And buy her merchandize—A matchless freight  
 For future years, and ages yet to come!  
 Wisdom is far more durable than pearls:  
 Of higher worth than all the silver mines  
 Of rich Peru:—More delicate her sweets,  
 More grateful to the soul, than to the sense  
 Delicious fruits, or odourous gums, that breathe  
 Their spicy gales from fragrant Araby †,  
 Her mart abounds, surpassing all on earth, 340  
 With riches durable, unfading gems,  
 And delicacies of immortal gust,  
 The ornament and fare of all her sons.  
 —Saw you yon fleet of worthies \* launch'd before?  
 Their chart observe—and steer for Wisdom's port;  
 Nor fear, like them to gain th'illustrious mart.  
 Like them, let Fortitude, with helmet firm,  
 Protect your brow, and Patience shield your breast.  
 With such concomitants you safely steer,  
 Superior to the insults of the foe! 350

† Arabia Felix.

\* Alluding to the laudable examples of such, who, in their lives, have been eminent for goodness and virtue.

Pirates, a hellish train! may chance t'alarm;  
 Your treasure lies secure beyond them all,  
 Hid \* in the haven where the blest'd repose.  
 —There loud conflicting tempests, and alarms  
 To combat cease; and all the train of wrongs,  
 And dark disastrous ills, disturb no more,  
 Which in Life's Voyage prove the lot of all.

NOR are our *hardier* sex expos'd alone,  
 To bear the insult of Life's rugged blast;  
 Or worse, expos'd to the more treach'rous gust  
 Of proud Prosperity's delusive gale:  
 In each alike, the *softer* sex combine  
 To face the dangers, and sustain the toils,  
 To court Life's pleasures—and support its ills.

PARDON the muse, ye soul-inspiring Fair,  
 If she, regardful of your welfare, sing  
 Full cautious, knowing well your mother Eve,  
 Though fair, and fortify'd in every part,  
 As any of her gayest daughters, err'd.

Believe the muse; none are infallible! 370

From her no stain your delicacy dreads,  
 Nor shall her counsels pain your nicer ear.

St. Paul.

DOTB



BOTH Pleasure \* woo with her attractive charms  
 Your sanguine heart, Haughtilla ? There she stands,  
 Ah me, smiling delectable ! But why  
 Must treach'rous Vice fit pilot at the helm ?  
 I see, aloft on deck, a medley train  
 Of fond attendants, Vanity the prime ;  
 Convivial Joy with eyes emitting fire,  
 And laughter-loving Mirth with social glee, 380  
 And prompt Deception glib with flatt'ring lies !  
 But hammock'd under deck, you may descry  
 Lank Penury, Remorse, corroding Grief  
 Sullen and sad, with sable Melancholy,  
 Pouring many a plaint :—and of their train  
 Perchance are frantic Fury and Despair !  
 All these are PLEASURE'S mix'd concomitants,  
 In tatter'd weeds—or filken vestments clad,  
 Carousing to the mood of various airs,  
 Alternately, as Grief or Joy inspires. 390  
 But Happiness, immortal Pleasure's mate,  
 Never sets foot on deck where these reside.

\* Dr. Young, in his *Night Thoughts*, has represented the  
 pleasure resulting from Virtue in a most ingenious manner.  
 The Author hopes, at least, to escape censure for this friendly  
 effort, to caution and guard inexperienced youth against the  
*pleasures of Vice*. And surely the love of this prevailing pas-  
 sion cannot be too warily cautioned against, by every wellwisher  
 to the welfare of society, every lover of the interests of either sex.

Their queen \* I censure—yet of treason clear ;  
 And thus, in brief, her pedigree relate.  
 Deriv'd from Comus, of Circean line,  
 Nurs'd up by Vice, and tutor'd by Deceit,  
 She seems at distance sprightly, playful, gay,  
 With smiling looks, and amorous tresses grac'd ;  
 But he that views her with a curious eye,  
 Surveys the quiver with the poison'd darts, 400  
 And shuns her gilded lures : yet Pleasure still,  
 In potent charms and am'rous descants skill'd,  
 Gains half the world her ardent votaries,  
 And strives to reign with universal sway !  
 No sceptred queen such wide dominion claims.  
 She beckons to the gay ; they smile applause.  
 The young, the old, the rich, the poor, invoke  
 Her smiles. The poet and the priest I've seen,  
 Obsequious to her nod, pursue. And now,  
 The Wanton her addresses pays to you— 410  
 Soliciting Haughtilla to her arms  
 With gentle and insinuating airs !  
 So have I seen the wanton § ivy twine  
 Around the stately oak with amorous arms ;  
 The stately oak has faded in th' embrace !  
 And dare you smile consent ? I fear you will !

\* Pleasure.

§ Ivy was used to entwine the Bacchanalian wreaths ; hence the epithet, *wanton*, is significantly applied to it.

Fond inclination prompts you on. But know,  
 Gay nymph, 'tis often fatal to approve !  
 What though her vessel glides on yonder stream,  
 Where not a gust the easy lapse disturbs,  
 420  
 Where not a wave alarms your sleeping fears :  
 To tempt you on she spreads her silken sails  
 Before the gentle gale, and artless feigns  
 To promise what the gods themselves bestow,  
 True happiness, and full substantial bliss—  
 She boasts an overflowing cup of joy !  
 Believe her not, nor listen to her tale.  
 Reject her soft insinuating airs,  
 And fortify your soul against such charms.  
 Coasting the confines of the gloomy grave,  
 430  
 She smoothly glides—her crews untimely sink,  
 Like leaves in summer by the sportive winds  
 Riffled when green, and borne afloat the stream ;  
 Or fruit, which drops ere the glad vintage smile !

In Pleasure's mirror, frequent poring, we,  
 Anticipating joys, exulting, seem  
 Just on the verge of Amaranthine bowers !  
 Inverted objects, skill'd, she shews afar  
 With dazzling glitter ; soon as we approach,  
 440  
 The golden varnish fades—the phantom flies,  
 And, flying, mocks our ardent hopes and fears !  
 The false-deception then we rue too late,

When loss and disappointment chide our choice,  
Or shame and sorrow overwhelm the soul.

A MOMENT yet, Haughtilla, lend thine ear;  
My faithful muse shall sing no syren-song;  
'Twere safe to shun the sweetest bed of flow'rs,  
To pluck no rose, nor glance the eye that way,  
Did we suspect the cockatrice\* conceal'd:  
So Prudence warns you to avoid the snare. 450  
Yet Pleasure still awaits the grand event,  
With seeming confidence of sure success!  
(Success, when often gain'd, makes hope grow vain,  
And probability become presumption)  
Her gilded bark there ready floats, intent  
To wait on deck the trippings of your feet!  
You seem, Haughtilla, bent to risk, ere long,  
The desperate adventure! Know betimes,  
Soon as you stand on deck, fond as you seem,  
'The laughing joys will pout in sullen mood, 460  
And guardian Angels drop a silent tear.  
Soon as she gains the prize, the Syren glides  
Light floating o'er the liquid flood, as swift  
As when the arrow cleaves the yielding air,  
And leaves no trace behind—So swift she bears  
Her hopeless freight inglorious to the deep.

\* A serpent, the poison of which is of so penetrating a nature, that the sight of its eyes hath been held to be fatal to the beholder.

I heard her captives sigh, with heaving breast  
 And flowing eyes—"To happiness and peace,  
 "And innate joy, a long, a last adieu."  
 —The proud and arrogant are soonest gain'd, 470  
 And such as run in folly's giddy round,  
 And vanity's fantastic chace pursue:—  
 Such are her crews; she boasts no conquests higher.  
 And are you still intent their fate to share?  
 Forbear t'admire that proud "perfidious bark,"  
 That only steers the course from happiness:—  
 Be cautious, nymph! Your reasoning pow'rs collect,  
 While now the muse predicts the Syren's fate,  
 And gives to Recollection all the scene:  
 She sees the sullen hour advancing swift, 480  
 When all those gallant crews, to pleasure' rone,  
 And that enchanted bark, where they so blithe  
 Carous'd with many a glance of wanton joy,  
 Deep found'ring in Corruption's Gulph, sink down,  
 No more to rise—till Nature's final doom.  
 Impute not this to spleen, or folly's charge,  
 Haughtilla—O! be wise while Time permits,  
 And friendly counsel cautions you from harm.

Nor let Lavinia over-much confide  
 In beauty's transient charms. Beauty! a fair 490  
 But fading flow'r's confest. The canker-worm  
 Preys on the root; and hoary time, ere long,  
 Will nip its blossoms, or pluck off its fruit!

What though the sprightly eye, full fraught with  
 fire  
 And sensibility, command our love  
 And just esteem—though on each winning smile—  
 A sweet attractive grace fit high enthron'd,  
 With twice ten thousand Cupids glancing round,  
 And perfect symmetry of parts complete  
 The polish'd structure \*—Soon, ah, very soon,  
 Like fair Athenian Temples, once admir'd,  
 The short-liv'd structure totters on its base,  
 And falls a heap of ruins!—Not a trace  
 Of its primeval beauty now appears  
 To stay the traveller who passes by.  
 If o'er the relics stands a monument,  
 In trust to testify its claim to fame,  
 What is the full amount of all its tale,  
 But what that silent urn well testifies,  
 That "dust to dust" shuts up Life's fairest scenes?  
 —Of beauty, riches, honour, *this* the end:  
 Of human grandeur, this the full amount:

Would you, Lucinda, gain those bright abodes  
 Where all is permanent—where never fade  
 The rose of beauty and the bloom of youth  
 Say, would you now triumphantly transcend  
 The dire opposing ills, besetting Life  
 With rough assails, regardless of your charms

\* Psalm cxliv. 12.

The latent rocks, and fluctuating tides,  
 The blasts of fortune, and the wrecks of time, 520  
 Would you surmount, secure from fear of ill;  
 And with lone Safety, guardian at your side,  
 Gain the fair haven of Felicity?  
 Would you be happy and completely blest  
 Beneath the sure protection of high Heaven?  
 Let Patience \* shield your breast—that lovely breast  
 With Virtue's golden zone begirt secure—  
 Like the "King's Daughter," gloriously attir'd  
 In Charity's celestial drapery,  
 And pure Devotion's spotless robes, stand forth 530  
 A Vestal pure, to wait the "Bridegroom's" call.—  
 While Piety pervades the heart—you there  
 More in reality than shew possess.  
 No affectation or formality,  
 No ostentatious, no disgusting airs  
 Are known in you to raise the redd'ning blush  
 Of pity and disdain. You cast the veil  
 Of kind compassion o'er the ills of Life,  
 And study how to mitigate its smart:  
 Attentive ever to the plaints of woe, 540  
 You heal th'afflicted, cheer the hungry poor,

\* The following sentiment of Horace deserves to be treasured up in every memory,

— Sed levius fit patientia  
 Quidquid corrigere est nefas.

Pour

Pour down the balm of kindness, in distress;  
 And give to friendship its sublimest joy.  
 With these endowments signaliz'd, and blest,  
 Be it your chiefest care, with prudent skill,  
 To trim the vital part:—So shall your lamp  
 The light of truth lack never. Fairest nymph,  
 Attend to sage advice. I know your ears  
 Ever attentive are to Wisdom's lay.  
 Permit the muse to dictate; she means well,  
 And deems LUCINDA'S welfare all her own.  
 Be yours the durable bequests of Heaven,  
 The riches which will bide when fleeting Time  
 Has drawn the curtain, and disclos'd to view  
 The grand, till then, inexplicable scene!  
 Be all your choicest portion in the skies  
 Kept in reversion for that future state:  
 Be all your mental treasures close conceal'd  
 From each contracted mind; but known to those  
 Who know such worth for ever to admire.  
 As misers, when possess'd of precious stores,  
 Will not expose them full to public view,  
 Just as they should lose their idols: thus do you  
 In all the hidden treasures of the heart,  
 Approve yourself to God, then to the world,  
 By upright conduct and an heart sincere:

\* Alluding to Matt. xxv. 7. The mind is more ennobled  
 by internal than external excellency; morality commends our  
 outward conduct, while faith and love adorn the soul.



An heart the residence of all that's lovely;  
 True to your friend, in ever cordial league,  
 And kind to all—the pattern is divine †—  
 'Tis emulation kindled deep in heaven. 570  
 For while *unkindness*, like the barren tree,  
 Withers beneath the curse †—justly abhorr'd  
 Of God and man; the heart where kindness dwells  
 Expands, and blossoms, and abounds in fruit  
 Grateful to heav'n, and sav'ry to the world;  
 And finds that "doing good" is happiness. 575  
 Thus happy shall Lucinda long remain—  
 While meek humility, devoid of guile,  
 And gentle, cordial affability,  
 And ever-smiling peace her steps surround; 580  
 These, better than a sevenfold shield, will guard  
 That virtue, which shall shine when Time expires,  
 That goodness, which shall live when heav'n decays;  
 Such Charity as yours is oft admir'd;  
 And such God's eye beholds with approbation,  
 Springing from motives Heaven itself inspires. 585

OF every sex and age, of all degrees,  
 The heirs of VIRTUE are the truly great.

\* Psalm. cxlv. 9. Pythagoras being asked, In what man could resemble Divinity, justly answered, *εὐργεσία, εἰς καὶ ἀλήθεια.*  
 "In beneficence and truth."

† Mark xi. 21.

‡ Psalm. cii. 25, 26.

Such

Such fairer trophies win—and higher soar  
 Than those who gain the loftiest eminence  
 Of earthly splendor:—hoisting thence their flag,  
 High waving to the skies!—If not alike  
 In goodness eminent;—some fatal blast  
 Untimely hurls them down, precipitant,  
 Like Lucifer, to fall, and rise no more:

And ever-lasting peace her steps surround:  
 These, better than a jewel'd shield, will guard  
 That virtue, which shall shine when Time expires;  
 That goodness, which shall last when luxury decays:  
 Such charity as yours is oft forgot;  
 And such God's eye beholds with approbation,  
 Springing from motives never seen in others.

Of every sex and age, of all degrees,  
 The laws of Virtue are the truly great.

"In presence of truth,"  
 "The temple of Divinity, justly and truly, is the temple of Virtue."

THE ARGUMENT.

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK V.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Introductory Comparison—and Reflections. The manifest Folly of neglecting the early Improvement of the Mind considered in different Views, and the Advantages resulting from the opposite Practice—with its Importance to our Present and Future States asserted. Education and Religion Pearls of great Price. Knowledge—its Growth illustrated by a Simile—Application and Humility profitable for the Acquisition of it—Resolution and Perseverance necessary to its Improvement and Perfection. Hope—her Attitude described—her Address to Men. Remarks on Prosperity and Adversity—a Caution to moderate our Wishes exemplified in the Case of a homebound Mariner. A Tale. The Downfall of Oppression, as it respects the Slave Trade—Incitement to Mercy. Concluding Address to a young Student, with Strictures on Fortin.*

## THE

## VOYAGE OF LIFE.

## BOOK V.

**A**S when the mate of some high-founder'd bark,  
 Bound on a voyage o'er th' Atlantic, scarce  
 Arriv'd half-way between the continents,  
 Beholds with joy a verdant isle, with springs  
 And forests blest, where he may gain supplies  
 From the fresh fluid element, may breathe  
 A purer air, and a short respite find  
 From the fatigues and incidents which late  
 Alarm'd at sea, and thither bends his course  
 To furnish and repair for what remains  
 Of his precarious voyage,—So I deem  
 Myself to have succeeded half-way through

10

My

My destin'd course, with toil, and constant care,  
 And some success; though not exempt from fears  
 And perils which attend sea-faring men;  
 Nor poets less!—Here, in a silent nook  
 For contemplation form'd, I rest awhile,  
 And time my harp, which is not yet unstrung,  
 To softer notes upon the silent beach.—  
 Here let me some small respite gain, from all 20  
 The sudden storms which agitate the deep.

PUR SUE the theme. Spontaneous thoughts arise,  
 Unfung to vocal and Arcadian reeds:  
 And truths of moral and divine import  
 Remain untold by old Mæonides—  
 Or Britain's glorious bard, of equal fate,  
 And equal majesty. And strains there are  
 Untouch'd by rapid Pindar's daring hand;  
 Or by the Mantuan's majestic lyre.  
 But who in this inglorious age, though pens 30  
 Innumerable ply the study, gains  
 A seat of eminence beneath the dome  
 Of Fame's fair temple, near those godlike men,  
 Or rivals half their praise?—My muse forbear,  
 Lest some aspiring bard should cast a frown!  
 Pardon the muse, ye tow'ring bards, austere  
 To censure every measure but your own.  
 Can she offend in citing hallow'd names,  
 Not daring to insult their sacred urns,

Or snatch a laurel from their awful brows? 40  
 No: let me pluck it from the muses bower,  
 Or die without a wreath! No plagiary  
 Was ever of her train.—Not sinking low  
 To mediocrity, I meet my lot.  
 Content.—If Genius durst approve the lay,  
 And Virtue smiling claim it for her own,  
 Of other cares my muse makes small account.  
 She, silly spinster! softly treads the steep  
 Of fam'd Parnassus, sure and slow, in hope  
 To gain superior heights:—despairing still 50  
 To reach the top, which high o'erlooks the clouds!  
 How clear the head, how fortify'd the breast,  
 That durst aspire, with resolution firm,  
 To gain those roseate bowers, the muses haunts,  
 And lave beside the pure Pierian springs,  
 Till metamorphos'd to a bard, and seal'd  
 With immortality! A privilege  
 Rarely on mortal man bestow'd:—As rare  
 Urania's smiles \* we gain!—'Twere insolent  
 To offer incense at the muses shrine 60  
 With hands unhallow'd—and with lips prophane,  
 Which never tasted of the sacred fount  
 That down Parnassus sides, in lucid streams,

\* *Smiles* is here introduced as a mark of approbation. Milton styles this muse, in the exalted sense of the word *Ἀπὸ τοῦ ἔχραν*, his “*celestial patroness* :”—not merely a child of the imagination; but the same with “*Wisdom*,” the muse of the Hebrew bards.

Soft gurgling flows—clear as Siloam's pool—  
 Though puddled oft by many a driv'ling bard,  
 Whose steps be branded where such track appears!  
 When such attune the lute, let none but Vice  
 And all her prancing Centaur troops stand near!  
 The music of a pipe profane sounds worse  
 In Clio's ear, than old Medusa's snakes  
 Striking in concert to Apollo's lyre  
 The muses pleas'd, approve of numbers chaste,  
 And are to sons of Virtue most inclin'd.

PROCEED, my vocal shell—intent to sing,  
 How much the early cultivated mind,  
 Where knowledge and true virtue spring, secures  
 Its future welfare—and obtains renown!  
 This gives our present hopes t'anticipate  
 Fruition; this remains invariably,  
 Through all the wide vicissitudes of Life,  
 The praise of youth, the pride of riper age,  
 The only solace of declining years.

LIFE, if neglected in its golden prime  
 Of days, if unimprov'd its early dawn,  
 In tilling deep, breaking the stubborn soil,

\* Dicta est musica, quod draconis in ejus Gorgone ad ictus  
 citharæ tinnitu resonabant. PLIN. Nat. Hist. L. 346. 8

And



And sowing seeds of virtue—all its taste  
 Amounts to vanity ! What, like the wreaths  
 Sprung from the hand of Youthful Industry,  
 Can crown our hoary age with laurels green,  
 And never-fading bays ? Sweet Youth attend !  
 When your prime season's past (and soon 'tis past)  
 A later harvest gives to Winter storms,  
 And hyperborean blasts, your ravag'd stores ;  
 Or yields a rank increase of noxious weeds  
 And bitter fruits, the wretched growth of some  
 Unkindly and ungracious soil ; like those  
 Tradition says once sprang where Sodom fell.

Who sows in Winter may expect a crop ;  
 But Disappointment shall reward his toil,  
 And chide his folly with severity,  
 When Poverty anon comes armed in ! \*  
 Impairs his scanty viands day by day,  
 Till quite bereav'd his soul of *present* good ;  
 And for the future, scarce of hope remains,  
 A gleam to cheer the gloomy night of wo !

THE mind uncultivated, and unfrught  
 With knowledge—and with Virtue's stores, becomes  
 A dreary waste—a barren wilderness,  
 Far worse than Lybia's howling desarts ! Worse  
 Than torrid climes where Desolation reigns !

• Prov. xxiv. 34.

And fails to yield one bud of real joy;  
One opening blossom of pure chaste delight!

ON early wisdom future joys depends:

Be timely wise, and be for ever bless'd!

'Tis Wisdom plans the course to happiness

And ever-blooming peace—She paves the way

To all the plenitude of innate joy,

Which like a golden vintage glads the heart,

And overflows the cup with genial cheer.

Nor wine and oil more grateful to the taste

Of sensual appetite, than to the wise,

Wisdom, and her unlavish'd sweets. She pours

Immortal nectar in the cup of Joy!

The more we quaff, the more we thirst to drain

Her copious bowl—which none can fathom e'er.

Who early gain, and treasure well, the stores

Of pure unlavish'd wisdom, they are rich:

They too their fruit shall long possess—long reap

The golden harvest, with exulting joy;

And, late returning, tread the steep of Life,

All sure and slow, bearing their nodding sheaves

Along in fair succession, till possess

Of yon celestial arbory, where fruits

Ambrosial blush unfading tints, and breathe

Unminish'd sweets in ever fragrant gales—

When gain'd the high celestial arbory;

Their

Their stores, once treasur'd there, shall all remain  
 Untarnish'd, uncorroded, and abide  
 In safe security from prowling thieves,  
 From nightly robbers—and insulting harms. 140

YOUTH is a jewel of divinest worth!  
 A sanctuary of supreme delights!  
 In it, soft smiling joy and rosy health  
 Deceive the swift wing'd hours! And constant peace  
 Flows, like Meander, thro' each various maze,  
 Down from the rising to the setting sun!  
 The recollection of those early joys,  
 Now fled, in part, for manlier pursuits,  
 Still casts an iris o'er my mind, and breathes  
 A gale of Paradise into the soul! 150  
 I once was bless'd with such a fragrant plant  
 As angels took delight in\*; but ere while  
 My blooming flow'r was snatch'd from this cold soil:  
 Transplanted in the Paradise of God,  
 Fast by the fount of Life! There it acquires  
 Immortal vigour and unfading bloom.

YOUTH is the field in which to sow the seeds  
 Of Education—which supplant the thorns  
 And briars, springing in our native soil:  
 It is the golden opportunity, 160

\* Matt. xviii. 10.

In which to traffic for the precious pearl,  
 Of highest price—which gain'd, enriches so  
 The fortunate possessor, as to give  
 The most enchanting prospect short of heaven.

KNOWLEDGE, when gain'd will recompense  
 our toil :

But he who most has gain'd may still proceed,  
 And, by an ardent application, rise  
 To greater heights—and higher still ascend,  
 Like yonder stately Pine, that shoots its roots  
 Still deeper in the kindly soil, and drinks  
 Infatiate by the soft meand'ring stream,  
 Spreading its tow'ring branches in the skies !  
 Then Knowledge grows, when to its deepening root  
 Humility bestows fresh soil, and lops  
 Luxuriant shoots, with an unsparing hand,  
 Nor is the ardent application vain ;  
 For probability attends on hope :  
 And hope to application proves a spur.  
 Through difficulty things of worth are gain'd :  
 And Resolution seldom's known to fail.  
 It fixes bounds to Ocean's rage ! It bears  
 O'er continents, canal'd from sea to sea,  
 The stores of Commerce, won by Industry !  
 It penetrates the disembowel'd earth,  
 And scales the cope of heav'n ! nor brazen walls,

Nor bright Vulcanian shields, can stand before  
 Th'intrepid aim of Resolution! Firm  
 It grasps its purpose, and the end obtains.  
 'Tis Resolution forms the man of worth  
 In every line of excellence. 'Tis this 190  
 Confers heroic honours in the field—  
 And gives the student courage to proceed,  
 Intent on no less ardent enterprize!  
 'Tis Resolution forms the Christian too;  
 Arms him with helmet, shield, and sword divine;  
 And fixes on his head the starry crown!  
 Who stops at difficulties, shoots beside  
 His mark: the prize is not for him: 'tis for  
 The Veteran, who like Achilles arm'd,  
 Invulnerable, never quits the field 200  
 Till Victory sits plum'd upon his helm!  
 Life is a warfare: Virtue is a race:  
 With Resolution start, and gain the goal!  
 'Tis Resolution tunes the poets reed:  
 Entwines the verdant laurel for his brow—  
 And leads the man of Science to the door  
 Of that high polish'd Temple, rais'd by Fame;  
 And Wisdom lets him in. Who would succeed  
 In knowledge, and in Virtue's course obtain,  
 In early life, superior excellence, 210  
 Must launch with Resolution, and steer on  
 With Perseverance—till Death shuts the scene.  
 The mariner, whose idol is his gold,

Intent to speed, desists not in his course,  
 Though Eurus musters many an adverse blast :  
 Knowing that milder gales succeed the storm,  
 He hopes to gain the port :—and oft the port  
 He gains. Success attends on diligence.  
 Storms must be weather'd to obtain our port :  
 But while the Master's in the ship—we speed ! 220  
 He stills the tempest or o'errules the storm,  
 And safely guards from each impending ill.  
 Though rocks of Difficulty rear in view,  
 It amply pays the cost, with future gain,  
 T'explore the scientific deeps, in search  
 Of Wisdom's lore : But of all wisdom, that  
 Which points to an hereafter is the prime,  
 And well secures the high celestial stake—  
 Be that our first regard :—No balm like that  
 Can sooth the drooping heart, and cheer the fight  
 With pleasing prospects of unfading bliss. 231  
 That wisdom never fails us in the end,  
 Though in this Life it meet not full reward.—  
 When all the skilful means are try'd that art  
 And vigilance acquire—Success attends  
 On second causes, and is doubtful still  
 In reference to transitory things :  
 But in respect of the celestial prize,  
 Who sail with wisdom shipwreck cannot make ;  
 And, persevering, shall obtain the port. 240

MEANTIME, in Providence reposing hope,  
 We gain the pledge of Heaven's security :  
 For Hope will not desert us, but remain  
 Hid in the closet of the human breast \* :  
 A treasure richer far than that bestow'd  
 On high Olympus' brow, when goddesses,  
 Unveil'd, contended for the fatal fruit.  
 And hope in Providence ne'er disappoints  
 Our sober expectations. Heaven shall fade  
 Before the promises, those golden fruits 250  
 For which the Christian breathes his ardent hopes,  
 Shall fail.—High on a rock of adamant  
 HOPE stands secure; and with uplifted hand,  
 She holds a golden chain—descending far  
 From its celestial anchor in the skies,  
 And thence directs it down to man :—while Faith  
 Calls him to lift his hand, and seize the prize !

WHILE Life's preposterous voyagers employ  
 Their idle cares and studies, how to pass  
 The narrow Frith with elevated pomp, 260  
 And lade their gaudy bark with yellow clay—  
 Which only sinks them deeper in the storm,

\* Significant is the fable of Pandora's Box, when applied to the Ills of Life ; for still, hope remains under all, the only treasure and solace of the human heart.

HOPE still is seen on deck :—Deserting these,  
 Whose expectations rise from other views—  
 Who seek her not, she turns aside to those  
 Who, tofs'd and weatherbeaten, and nigh wreck'd  
 In Life's proud wave, have sought Religion's aid,  
 And with a voice more gentle than the sound  
 Of breathing zephyrs, whispers to their ear,  
 " Though turgid now the wave, and rough the  
 " storm, 270

" A milder gale to-morrow may succeed,  
 " And waft you to the port. Fix high your hopes :  
 " While earthly hopes are vain, there is a hope  
 " That never fails, and never disappoints :  
 " Its language is, Fix not too great a weight  
 " On earthly happiness—that vessel leaks !  
 " But with Religion you embark secure :  
 " And come the worst that may, Life's ills are  
 " short ;

" A blast that soon subsides. Your port is nigh,  
 " And Death the pilot—dread not his alarm, 280  
 " Soon bears you to your port. Look up, and see  
 " Regions of pure serenity on high  
 " Invite your weary feet to land secure,  
 " Where distant evils can no more invade."

Such is the voice of Hope, deriv'd from heaven :  
 But earthly hopes are fleeting as a shade,  
 And often mock our expectations vain.



PROSPERITY to woo with ardent suit,  
 But gain adversity, a peevish mate,  
 Is oft the lot of Life—or at the most 290  
 To seize the hand of disappointment chill,  
 And starve in its embrace! Full well I know  
 Great expectations prove disastrous:—These  
 Add pond'rous weight to fickle Fortune's scale;  
 And should it turn against us, we're undone.  
 With hopes abridg'd, \* we seldom fare the worse;  
 But boundless wishes tend to make us poor.  
 Great expectations oft in sorrow end;  
 And disappointments in remorse or ruin.  
 So far'd a mariner—possess'd of gold, 300  
 And home returning with a bounding prow;  
 In hope, exulting soon to meet his friends  
 Secure on shore—when lo, some sullen gust,  
 Ill-fated, struck his gallant Gondola †  
 Against a rock—and split in sight of Port—  
 A painful scene! Such frequent proves the fate  
 Of unreflecting youth, who green dare launch  
 Into Life's bay, with hopes of high success:  
 Unstable as the waves!—they steer amain—  
 Till sad experience oft is heard too-late, 310

\* Sapias——et spato brevi  
 Spem longam recesses. HOR.

† Gondola is not designed here for a Venetian boat, but the name of a ship.

Remonstrating—"Take prudence in the ship,  
 And steer with caution:"—Destitute of these,  
 Young Tyro bears down with the rapid tide,  
 And meets the gulph, wide yawning for its prey!

I KNEW a Youth, of humble parents born  
 Yet not of mean descent, nearly ally'd  
 To sacerdotal rev'rence. But to him  
 Small privilege the consecrated line:  
 For what can even titles recommend,  
 If means be wanting to support their claim? 320  
 —Shall I, or censure or commend the race  
 Of priestly casuists, who frequently  
 Upon themselves bequeath their legacies,  
 Not leaving place for law-suits, and debates,  
 And caveats, and appeals to discompose  
 Their dust (like her at Endor) when they sleep;  
 Nor yet deprive their families of peace?  
 Such trust in Providence, such hope have they,  
 The present day consumes their lavish stores,  
 Nor leaves the manna to grow stale to-morrow. 330  
 One privilege alone, the virtuous youth  
 Whose fate I sing from such alliance gain'd;  
 His education 'twas:—a precious pearl!  
 Which in itself transcends the worth of crowns.  
 With this, but empty purse—now grown to years  
 Of riper manhood!—conscious of his worth,  
 He sped on foot an hundred miles twice told,

To the metropolis, to cast a die  
 For fickle Fortune—and invoke her smiles.  
 But Fortune—wretched arbitress\*! pour'd down 340  
 Her treasures round the grov'ling crouds, whose eye  
 Scarce comprehends twice the circumference  
 Of th'owl's, or bat's, or of the delving mole's!  
 —So Jupiter in golden show'rs came down †,  
 And found the bosom, kept by centinels,  
 Open to such embrace! Who flies from gold ‡?  
 Yet on the Youth whose artless tale I tell,  
 Not one propitious genius deign'd to show'r.  
 —The noisy Town now gain'd, he had no friend  
 To comment on his worth—a name unknown 350  
 To recommend, or “take the stranger in.”  
 To earn the needful meal his tender hands,  
 Form'd for the finer arts, must ply rough toil:  
 His frame, too delicate, must bend beneath  
 The pressure of calamity! I feel  
 Commiseration waking in my heart  
 At such distress—But chance awaits on all. §

• Horace wisely remarks,  
 ——— hinc apicem rapax

Fortuna cum stridore acuto  
 Sustulit; hic posuisse gaudet.

† Hor. Carm. L. iii. 16.

‡ Μόνη ἀρσυρο βλεπυρι. ANAC.

§ Eccl. ix. 11.

Humanity had well-nigh bled t'have seen  
 A hopeful Youth, who leant on Virtue's breast,  
 Whose growing talents silent claim'd regard— 360  
 Chain'd down by sad necessity—expos'd  
 To all the ravages of grief and care,  
 Press'd hard by Disappointment's galling yoke,  
 And push'd beside the churl mechanic's door!  
 Such fight might make e'en Hatred drop a tear.  
 But fate shuts up the scene. Too much it prov'd  
 For him to grapple long with such distress.  
 And though his merit, after tedious months,  
 Much like the lustre of bright Hesperus,  
 Seen through autumnal mists, began to shine, 370  
 And recommend him to a gen'rous Soul  
 Who liv'd to raise such objects into life  
 And liberty:—divine intent! Yet still,  
 His merit found below but short reward.  
 Merit, like golden mines, lies deep conceal'd;  
 And is not soon descry'd, but by the wise:  
 These hold the treasure sacred, when 'tis found,  
 And place it next their heart!—So far'd the youth  
 Whom Recollection fixes in my eye!  
 Now having gain'd a seat of eminence, 380  
 At least compar'd with his late humble state,  
 His shoulders from the galling yoke were eas'd:  
 He bore the lighter pen: a weapon which  
 He dextrously could wield. Reviving hope  
 Began

Began once more to shoot forth blossoms—while  
 Fair promises and patronage smil'd on him.  
 Too late, alas ! these lent their kindly aids :  
 And Fortune now ill-tim'd address'des paid !  
 Distress had on his vitals prey'd so deep,  
 That Æsculapian art could not restore 390  
 The springs and movements into harmony.  
 Crush'd by too great a weight of sorrow—soon  
 He now relinquish'd life, by Heav'n's decree \*,  
 And slipp'd behind the scenes to seek repose..

FULL many a mighty mind, in idle quest  
 Of honour's airy bubble, hoisting sails,  
 Aloft, to gain the glittering port of Wealth  
 By many an arduous enterprize, and reach  
 Ambition's loftiest pinnacle—anon  
 Slips from his elevated station down, 400  
 Swift as a meteor glancing thro' the sky !

AMBITION's daring sons durst oft aspire  
 To gain superior heights ;—not in the paths  
 Of Science and true honour, up the steep  
 And smooth ascent to fame ; but opposite,  
 To climb the craggy pitch of Avarice,  
 And gain the summit of Oppression ! where,  
 In meditation fix'd, to prosecute  
 Their worse than diabolical designs

\* Gen. iii. 18.

On India's, or on Guinea's distant shores; 410  
 From cursed lust of gold to butcher men,  
 And make a merchandize of human sinews,  
 Inthralling those whom God created free!—  
 The muse with eagle eye, pursues their track;  
 And, if her impulse prove true prophecy,  
 Justice will soon pursue them for its prey,  
 And give the wretches, whom humanity \*  
 And mercy have deserted, recompense,  
 According to the measure of their deeds :  
 If Time doth not—Futurity hath sworn, 420  
 With a determin'd aspect, to confer  
 Slavery complete as theirs—and hellish chains.  
 More innocent, and equally as mad,  
 Were the ambition of the Roman chief †  
 To ride on horseback o'er the raging gulph :  
 Or of the Persian ‡ Prince, whose frantic zeal  
 Would scourge the Dardanelles, and feign to bind  
 The wild waves in a chain. Time yet will come,

\* The enormities committed by the blacks in the island of St. Domingo, has been imputed by interested men to “ a false philosophy; which, to gratify the vanity of its professors, and under the mask of humanity, had almost ruined the colony.” But, in the impartial account of reason and equity, those evils may rather be imputed to the extreme rigours and horrid cruelties so frequently inflicted by unfeeling savages (with white skins) over their sable brethren, their unhappy slaves.

† Caligula.

‡ Xerxes.

When

When each mad effort of ambitious men,  
 T'oppress the innocent, shall prove as vain. 430  
 GREAT GOD OF HOSTS! burst all their iron bands,  
 And set the sable captive exiles free!  
 I venerate the friend of human slaves,  
 In whose large heart humanity presides,  
 And prompts the ardent wish—in effort still,  
 To see each honest hand at liberty,  
 And every man within the reach of right:  
 For this, so noble effort, I predict  
 The name of WILBERFORCE shall live to late  
 Posterities: his fame shall ne'er expire. 440

LEARN hence, each blooming gentle youth,  
 betimes

To exercise compassion;—due to all  
 Who combat with distress. Let Tendernefs  
 Sit brooding in your heart: She can create  
 Something equivalent to angels here!  
 If born beneath th'auspicious smiles of wealth,  
 O spare unfortunate Calamity,  
 Reduc'd from affluence to low estate,  
 The pains to pour its plaint. There still presides  
 A delicacy in such breasts, unknown 450  
 To vulgar minds. Meet their request half-way;  
 And screen from cold the shivering limbs,  
 Perhaps as delicately form'd as thine.

Relieve

Relieve the breast from anguish, which was made  
 To feel with tenderness; and to participate  
 Paternal cares—as vigilant as thine!  
 Double thy liberalities to such  
 Unfortunate, and make their heart to feel,  
 At least, a momentary gleam of joy!  
 Reflect that in the unabating round  
 Of Fortune's rapid wheel, the lot may turn;  
 And thy own fortune's heirs solicit theirs!  
 The mind that's early form'd to sympathy  
 And gentle deeds, bids fair in future years  
 For every high achievement of renown.

460

For once, my young philosopher and friend,  
 Attend the muse! each muse attends on you—  
 From long experience, I can this aver;  
 The counsel of a trusty friend is like  
 A balm extracted from the Tree of Life;  
 And proves a cheering cordial to the soul.  
 The muse your plaudit values; yet still more  
 Your welfare she prefers —ambitious most  
 To gain applause that will not soon decay!  
 From deeper studies, you perchance may find  
 A moment's relaxation with her strain.  
 Were she to sing your worth, the lute must fail,  
 And eloquence must sink a strain too low.—  
 Your wide extended genius, branching high,

As



As in the sacred vision—young of root, 480  
 The more perhaps may need the pruning hand,  
 To lop luxuriant shoots with kindly care,  
 And aid the growth of such as rise aright,  
 Lest some malignant blast should timeless tear  
 Up by the roots the stately stem, and blast  
 Our hope of fruit.—The muse's friendly voice  
 And well-meant documents attentive hear :  
 Yet once again, her tribute deign to own :  
 A tribute of regard—and cordial love.  
 Caution to hint to you is pleasing pain : 490  
 Which to receive, in turn, is prime delight.  
 If fate should cast misfortune in your way,  
 Which sometimes rubs the good, the great, the  
     wise,  
 Then is the time for magnanimity,  
 And every virtue to come forth and shine.  
 A Spencer and a Savage brook'd th' attack !  
 Who then can claim security from fate ?  
 Great gen'rous souls are sometimes shackled here,  
 In low obscurity, whose innate worth,  
 If brought to light by Fortune's soft'ring hand, 500  
 In senates might have shone—worthy of Greece  
 In its meridian splendor ! Fortune plays  
 Her idle pranks, and seems delighted most  
 In contrarieties ! Have you not seen,

In silk brocade, or crimson daub'd with gold,  
 Half-idiots borne on giddy fortune's plume  
 O'er half a continent, whose little souls  
 A narrow compass circumscrib'd : whose minds  
 Lay like the ruins of some ancient pile,  
 In desert wilds, forsaken and forlorn, 510  
 Wand'ring and vagrant as the fairy train ;  
 Whose appetites no bounds controul'd ;  
 Ungovernable quite as ocean's rage,  
 When in a tempest tofs'd, or like a ship  
 Without a rudder in the raging storm ?  
 Dame Fortune, fickle mistress \* ! ill bestows  
 Smiles on the undeserving ; but on such  
 Whose merit claims regard, she sometimes frowns.  
 It is the only proof, infallible,  
 Of true bred mariners t'outbrave the storm : 520  
 It is the proof of wisdom to surmount  
 With manly resolution all Life's ills,  
 And seize the prize which Virtue holds in view :  
 Which all that overcome shall soon obtain.  
 But wrong not Fortune ! Sometimes she confers  
 Her gifts with lavish hand, at Wisdom's gates ;  
 And who would think that Danger banquets there ?

\* O Fortuna viris invida fortibus  
 Quam non æqua bonis præmia dividis. SEN.

Take

Take heed, my youthful Colleague—snatch her  
gifts

With gentle hand—a thorn springs by the rose !  
If merit, promising as yours, should chance 530

To lift you up to eminence—take heed !

Look that Humility stands by your side,  
Or you perhaps may find that Fortune's smiles  
Are treacherous, and fatal as her frowns.

Despise all little sublunary things :

Give to your ardent soul full scope to wing  
Its steady flight to reach th'Eternal Source,  
From whence all good, all excellence proceeds.

If Fortune should exalt you of her train,  
Deign to be good as great. To all around 540

A pure example give of stedfast faith,  
Grac'd with good works.—In honour's public paths  
Stand with unshaken fortitude. With these  
Accomplishments, fidelity possess ;

Then, all your warfare past, with joy look up,  
And see a " Crown of Life" held out to you.

Thus some successful Voyager makes sail  
To many a distant province, and surveys  
The world's circumference :—inured  
To dangers, hardships, hurricanes, and storms, 550  
Assaults, and onsets rude, from many a foe !  
At length, long homeward bound—he joy'd beholds  
The favour'd land of his nativity :—

Rides in full triumph with a prosperous gale,  
 And soon obtains the wish'd for harbour:—glad  
 To stand secure upon the beach,—he there  
 Oft ruminates o'er all the dangers past,  
 And pleas'd, partakes the boon his toil procur'd.

THE ARGUMENT

THE

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

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BOOK VI.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The Vicissitudes attending Human Life, resolved into Providence. Seeming Objections to the general and more particular Superintendency of Providence stated—and guarded from the false Conclusions of the Peripatetic Philosophy, and the Abuses of the Sceptic Infidelity. The impartial Distribution of the Gifts of Providence, in the present State, to Good and Bad considered: and the Wisdom and Propriety of such a Dispensation vindicated—The Righteous not always signally rewarded, nor the Wicked visibly punished in the Present Life; whence, an Argument for a Future State of suitable Rewards and Punishments. Remarkable Scripture Instances of a particular Manifestation of Justice and Providence in the Present State, with a suitable Improvement. Reflection on the Harmony subsisting between Reason and Revelation. Man fixed in a State of Probation—an Accountable Creature, — having God's Law, Reason, Conscience, Experience for his Guide:— The Consequence of his attending to, or slighting these Monitors. His Moral Agency asserted—Observations on his Fall and Recovery—and on the Necessity of Christian Fortitude and Perseverance, in order to his attaining the Immortal Prize. The Book concludes with an Illustration of the happy Effects of Religious Perseverance in the Close of a Christian's Course.*

THE

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THE  
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

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BOOK VI.

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**O**NE effort more, my muse ! yet once again  
Resume the sacred theme. Attention hangs  
On Virtue's dictates. Me she owns her priest :  
Nor will desert me, while intent to trace,  
Through all the dark vicissitudes of Life,  
" Eternal Providence," and vindicate  
God's righteous ways to man—whose Laws are  
built  
On Reason's base, and stand in Equity.

HE who pursues the track of Truth, and steers  
With Wisdom, Virtue, and Fidelity 10  
Close by his side, in amicable league,  
Though

Though safe his course, yet, in this minor state,  
 Must sometimes struggle with opposing ills,  
 Nor unremitting plaudits hope to gain.  
 Perchance, must brook the galling yoke of Wrong,  
 And bend to Despotism's imperious nod,  
 Or bow beneath the proud oppressor's power!  
 Too oft on earth Oppression's pow'r is felt;  
 Fair Freedom's rights insulting!—That blest state  
 Of *future* equity forgotten seems, 20  
 When awful Justice, with unbias'd hand,  
 Shall hold the balance; weigh each secret deed;  
 Weigh merit too, in an impartial scale—  
 Shall fully vindicate the RIGHT, and shine  
 Supremely clear through Heaven's eternal day!

'Tis obvious, that true worth itself may seem,  
 In this imperfect state, not patroniz'd  
 By Providence, with a peculiar care.  
 Sometimes the dissolute prophane start up,  
 And flourish at th'expend of Virtue's sons! 30  
 While those—the lowly, pure, benevolent  
 Of heart, earth's jewels, and Heav'n's darling care\*,  
 Seem for a time deserted;—not forgot:  
 Virtue may sit awhile in humble plight,  
 While pamper'd Luxury abounds; yet know,  
 That patient Goodness shall not always weep.

\* Cura pii diis sunt. OVID.



Ah, let not Infidelity from hence  
 Raise a fallacious argument, t'arraign  
 Eternal Providence, as if asleep,  
 Or on a journey bound—regardless what 40  
 Befals the little fates of men below,  
 As if the universe and its concerns  
 Were roll'd about by Chance—or at the best,  
 Unworthy of God's notice were become—  
 No: this is Passion's, this is Folly's creed!  
 Ye daring tribes of Infidelity,  
 Why thus would you the Deity impeach?  
 Why thus divest him of immentity,  
 And circumscribe whom heaven can not contain?  
 Who robs him of his darling attributes, 50  
 And fixes limits to Omnipotence,  
 Half meets the atheist on unballow'd ground!  
 Forbear to wrong your cool deliberation:  
 "Shall not the JUDGE of all the earth do right?"  
 Forbear to form the least comparison  
 Between OMNISCIENCE—and the narrow bound  
 Of reason, circumscrib'd and premature,  
 Lest HE reprove thee to thy face, and thou  
 Be found a liar. Rather bow before  
 The awful throne of his tremendous power, 60  
 And reverent approach his footstool near:  
 Think not t'elude his all-pervading sight:  
 He taketh cognizance of all our ways:

And

And not a feeble tenant of the air  
 Falls timeleſs or unnotic'd by his eye.  
 His all-ſeeing eye ſurveys earths ample round,  
 And comprehends heaven's wide circumference,  
 Beholding all, the evil and the good,  
 Intent to give a recompenſe to all  
 That future day—when every eye ſhall ſee  
 His truth reveal'd, and venerate his power.  
 Till then, let no preſuming Infidel  
 Exult, as though his point were gain'd;  
 For, in right reaſon's eye, the plain reverſe  
 Of all his impious notions clearly ſhines.  
 What though the ſentence ſeems withheld awhile  
 From execution, and man's evil deeds  
 Find not below a certain recompenſe?  
 'Twere obvious to infer, it is becauſe  
 The Scorner's callous heart hereby becomes  
 But harden'd more, till, Pharaoh-like, he meets  
 His juſt deſert—and Mercy gains applauſe,  
 Though ſhe, from ſuch for ever take her flight:  
 It is, that humble merit may be prov'd,  
 Like gold that's try'd, and ſuff'ring patience crown'd,  
 And virtue ſignaliz'd on earth, to meet  
 Its high reward in heav'n; when God Supreme  
 Shall reign—exalting juſt men near his throne:  
 When impious ſcorners ſink beneath his ire.  
 Intent the impious ſcorner ſeems a while,  
 His lov'd impieties to enterprize,

While

While proud presumption blazes on his brow,  
 As in defiance of the bolts of Heaven!  
 "Because the righteous sentence seems delay'd,  
 His heart is fully bent on evil deeds\*."

—Is this a meet return to gracious Heaven,  
 For that "good-will" which waits for his reform;  
 Which once wept o'er his follies, and which bled  
 To heal his maladies?—Vile were the wretch,  
 Abandon'd, and abhor'd of God and man, 100  
 Who dare such goodness impiously despise,  
 And turn the patience of the Deity  
 To a sad occasion of licentiousness!

Or worse—to ground a baseless argument,  
 To disavow eternal providence,  
 Because the Hand Divine appears not held  
 Conspicuous o'er earth! The man is blind  
 Who sees not its *effects*; and from effects  
 We trace the FIRST GREAT CAUSE.—That man is  
 mad

Who thus requites the patience of his God, 110  
 Because the long forbearing clemency  
 Continues thus to wait for his reform!

WHAT tho' the good and virtuous man may seem  
 Not always signaliz'd by Providence;  
 In this probationary state:—What though  
 Th'oppressor flourish, and accumulate  
 The wealth of either Ind! Would you from thence

\* Eccl. viii. 11.

Infer, no providence exists? For why?  
 Because man cannot read to-morrow's fate?  
 That foresight Mercy has deny'd him—else  
 His Life would be embitter'd with the sad  
 Foreboding of To-morrow's ills. Herein  
 Mercy and Providence appear! and man's  
 Deem'd imperfections prove his happiness:  
 The things he covets oft would prove his bane.  
 Fool, cease to cavil! It were better far  
 Suspend thy idle censure, till such time  
 As judgment sets thee right. Then, when the Judge  
 Exalted fills his awful throne, draw nigh,  
 And censure what is wrong. Acquit thyself,  
 And lay upon his providence the blame  
 That thou wert not a king—or something else  
 Thou art not. It is plain, thou art become  
 An errant fool; and such he made thee not:  
 Stand at his bar, and answer for thy crime.  
 Enough my muse! Reject the Infidel,  
 And argue with the wise.—If man were borne  
 Upon the softest plumes of providence,  
 Secure from every ill—where then the test  
 Of his obedience? Where the exercise  
 Of “perfect patience\*”, to be crown'd one day  
 With never-fading laurels, such as Greece,  
 Amid her brightest trophies never wore.  
 Then future hope were render'd null and vain,  
 If steadfast justice always own'd the right,

\* James i. 4.

By speedy punishment of what is wrong.  
 If ever-flaming Vengeance instant seiz'd  
 The evil doer; where could vicious deeds,  
 And where could infidelity appear?  
 By what could virtue shine, and gain applause? 150  
 And how could *future* judgment find fit place,  
 If by such present signals dispossest'd?  
 Restraint would force unwilling awe, and leave  
 No place on earth for pure benevolence,  
 And filial piety, and virtuous deeds,  
 Springing of choice—not of necessity  
 Which unavailing proves in sight of Heaven.  
 A willing sacrifice God solely seeks:  
 A willing service claims his chief regard,  
 And shall not pass the notice of his eye: 160  
 Unwilling awe avails not aught with Him,  
 Who scans the secret movements of our breast.

WHAT though to punish, Heaven reluctant seem?  
 Say not that providence no proof affords,  
 Infallible of its superior sway  
 'Mid the inferior kingdoms of the world:  
 Where lies the fact, authentically read  
 Of Justice vindicating injur'd right,  
 And punishing the wrong? A question bold!  
 Have you not in the sacred annals read 170  
 Of injur'd Joseph's case? Have you not heard  
 Of Hezekiah;—and Sennacherib,  
 The proud Assyrian, and his vanquish'd host,

Subdu'd by Heaven's dread messenger of fate?  
 Survey the Hand Divine, conspicuous,  
 O'er Noah, Daniel, and Uzzean Job;  
 And the three captive Jews who triumph'd o'er  
 The rage of Nature's fiercest element,  
 Which can the world subdue! But they, like gold,  
 Forth from the furnace came, more bright more pure,  
 Confounding all their foes! The instances 184  
 Of Providence, 'twere endless to recount,  
 In Gideon, Samson, and the prophets old,  
 Those favourites of Heaven, in aid of whom  
 What wonders were perform'd! Revere the stroke,  
 The righteous stroke of Justice, in the case  
 Of Korah, and his cursed company;  
 Who, not unlike to rebel angels, fell  
 Beneath the kindling ire of Providence,  
 All hideous tumbling to the yawning pit! 190  
 Had not the hand of Justice interfer'd,  
 God's prophet and his law had been despis'd;  
 The mission gain'd from Heav'n soon set at nought;  
 And that notorious providence that cleft  
 The raging sea, and rain'd down angels food,  
 All slighted—or attributed to chance!  
 Fit time for Justice then to interfere:  
 Things done in season prove a wise design;  
 And that design, in act, is providence.  
 Where Sodom's fertile plains and lofty domes 200  
 Once stood in pleasing prospect, glittering far,  
 Survey the sulphurous Lake Asphaltides!

A sacred proof, a lasting monument,  
 Of Heaven's displeasure against vicious deeds,  
 And all aspiring advocates for Wrong!  
 In old Jerusalem his wrath revere,  
 When Titus gave to Heaven a helping hand,  
 'T'accelerate the destin'd vengeance due;  
 And oft foretold by Him, the promis'd God †,  
 Whom Jews and Infidels alike blaspheme! 210  
 Nor dream, because the sentence seems delay'd,  
 That Justice lies asleep. She sees from far,  
 And smiles to see the hour approaching swift,  
 In which to vindicate the right, and raise  
 Fair Equity and Truth to high renown!  
 To give to each of Adam's num'rous race  
 An ample recompense, in meet return  
 For all their impious—all their righteous deeds.  
 How much superior the Supreme rewards  
 In Heav'n, to those that in this fickle state 220  
 Could be conferr'd: Suppose of equal worth;  
 Still, their duration no proportion bears.

BEFORE that solemn season, noted long  
 In the seal'd records of futurity,  
 When God shall "judge the world in righteousness"  
 The work of Justice would be premature.  
 In hurling vengeance round a guilty world—  
 Which, yet too soon must on the wicked fall.

† Isa. ix. 6. Luke xix. 42-44.

WITH Sacred Record, REASON here accords,  
 To trace the wisdom, fitness, harmony,  
 And end of all the Attributes Divine †!  
 T'admire the just and meet propriety  
 Of such forbearance, till that future day,  
 When mercy mild, and awful justice, shine  
 Through Heav'n's wide-bourn with a resplendent  
 blaze :

Meantime, who weighs their import, soon shall find  
 Both tally, both unitedly attest  
 The strict necessity of that assize,  
 When JUSTICE, seated on an awful throne,  
 Guarded with thunders, and th'expansive flash  
 Of lightnings glancing round; shall give to all,  
 On either hand, impartial recompense !  
 Mercy to such who MERCY's dictates lov'd;  
 Judgment to such as did her suit deny.

NOR deem it cruelty when God shall deal  
 Justice to all who pity durst despise :  
 Mercy long slighted gives access to wrath :  
 When he of Judah born, Regent of Heav'n,  
 The golden Sceptre long despis'd on earth;

† Justice never exults over the divine clemency while Mercy can be offered : neither can Mercy be promulged at the expence of Justice. The attributes of God are inviolable. Hence, respect should always be had to their mutual fitness and harmony, the determined seasons of their operations; and the means by which those seemingly the most opposite are reconciled.



Converts into an iron rod, to bruise 250  
 Iniquity's stiff neck beneath the stroke  
 Of his uplifted arm ;—henceforth, to rule  
 The nations \* with empyreal sway, decreed,  
 And arbitration just—then all who once  
 Despis'd his love, shall feel his kindled ire.

THE Deity proceeds by strictest rules,  
 And living laws, of truth and equity—  
 Unalterably fix'd, as is the base  
 Of Heaven's eternal hills ! Oppos'd to these,  
 Though 'twere to save a world, grace never acts ;  
 Nor aught of justice, mercy, providence, 261  
 E'er varies from th'eternal deep-laid scheme,  
 Perfect, demonstrable † in all its parts ;  
 Yet far surpassing man's or angel's scan.

THE Deity has plac'd us in a state  
 Of short probation, and before us fix'd  
 The joys and torments of a future life,  
 A life that never ends ! And oft appeals ‡  
 To Reason, sacred monitor ! and warns  
 To shun the evil, to pursue the good, 270  
 With wise intent, and live for ever, None

\* Psalm ii. 9.

† Demonstrable, *i. e.* to God himself, agreeably to the  
 Apostle's affirmation, Acts xv. 18.

‡ Alluding to such sacred expostulations: as that in Ezek.  
 xxxiii. 11.

But fools such faithful dictates disobey—  
 Or dare contemn the kindly overtures,  
 Which, if attended to, secure our peace !  
 Yet those who slight the sacred call—e'en those  
 The hand of justice long forbears to strike,  
 Till warning after warning they refuse,  
 And place themselves beyond the reach of Heav'n!

FULL oft has faithful Conscience loud alarm'd  
 The citadel within, with friendly care,  
 To fortify from ill her lov'd abode !  
 She claims the empire of the breast ; and proves  
 The friend of all who listen to her voice :  
 Who slight her find a foe ! None shall contemn  
 With long impunity her sacred plaint :  
 But must at last their insolence bemoan ;  
 And find the query true, by Wisdom's pen  
 Propos'd—" A wounded spirit who can bear ?"

REASON, by sage Experience gravely join'd,  
 Points out the wrong,—and warns the wanderer  
 Of th'error of his way, admonishing  
 Aloud, to steer by Wisdom's sacred chart :  
 If he repentant, turn a willing ear,  
 Intent the needful caution to observe  
 Invariably, through Life's affailing snares,  
 The course he steers, sweet innocence attends,  
 And Conscience bears its testimony clear :  
 Hope and Good Confidence stand by at last ;

And

And soon a gentle gale of mercy wafts  
 His Vessel smoothly to th' eternal port ! 300  
 But if neglected all the warning calls  
 Of reason, conscience, providence, conjoin'd  
 With what experience dictates ; what remains  
 To rectify the soul untaught by these ?—  
 'Tis highly probable its hast'ning doom  
 (Though Justice long on slow forbearance wait)  
 Is well nigh seal'd :—that soon the worthless skiff  
 Must split upon Presumption's rugged rock,  
 And give the cargo down to darkest shades,  
 Regions of black Tartarean night, and shores 310  
 Inhospitable, deep as Stygian fount,  
 Where hope and joy, the beams of Heav'n's bright  
 day,  
 Shall never shine. Impenitence ! Survey  
 Thy destin'd end, and wisely shun the course  
 That down to yonder dreary regions tends !  
 Bear round with Reason at thy helm, and steer  
 The course of sacred Wisdom. Never deem  
 Unmanly the determination, thus 320  
 To veer about, and shun the Stygian pool.  
 'Tis better late than never to begin ;  
 The course of Safety : none begin too soon ;  
 But some too late bemoan the loss of more,  
 Far more, than poets of Elysium feign'd ;  
 Of alienated heav'n—that matchless prize,  
 So idly barter'd for the dregs of Time !  
 Thus children may, while airy fancy reigns

Triumphant over reason, part with pearls  
 For pebbles—quite delighted with th'exchange,  
 Till ripening reason gains th'ascendency,  
 And teaches men to estimate of things  
 According to their true intrinsic worth. 330

THE Great Creator made us MEN, endow'd  
 With faculties immortal and divine :  
 And when of these despoil'd, we fell, seduc'd  
 By the intrigues of old infernal fraud,  
 Beneath the power of sin's tyrannic chains :  
 Relenting Pity ey'd our hopeless grief,  
 And flew from Heaven to ransom us from woe.  
 MESSIAH stoop'd from his celestial throne,  
 Cast off the ensigns of his royalty \*, 340  
 And dy'd to rescue from the tyrant's chain  
 The heirs of life—to "bruise the Serpent's head ;"  
 And rose again t'ensure our future life.  
 Stoop down, ye hills, in homage to the LORD !  
 Ye valleys rise exulting ! earth, and skies,  
 And thou great main—and chief, let favour'd man  
 Join in a gen'ral chorus to the SON,  
 Who brought salvation near !—who stoop'd so low  
 To rescue "captives" from their gloomy cells,  
 And publish "liberty" in strains more soft 350  
 And sweet than highangelic harmony !

\* Psalm ii. 6. Phil. ii. 7.

What breast but glows at thoughts like these,  
 Cordial as to the hunted hart the stream—  
 And more refreshing to the ardent soul!  
 Enthusiasm here a virtue seems.  
 Rejoice with rev'rence ye ransom'd race!  
 Chant your Deliverer's praise with grateful tongue;  
 But when your utmost effort is assay'd,  
 Acknowledge still, "HIS LOVE CAN NE'ER BE  
 TOLD."

WHEN Jesse's sacred stem took root on earth, 360  
 And sprang aloft, higher than all heaven's hills,  
 Its vital leaves a healing balm exhal'd,  
 Its teeming boughs with fruit immortal blush'd!  
 Methinks I see, beneath its shade, a troop  
 Of late, dæmoniacs dispossess'd adoring,  
 The leper cleans'd, the paralytic heal'd,  
 Th'aggriev'd redress'd, the dead to life restor'd!

IN HOLY WRIT, those records of renown  
 Obtain'd from Heav'n, what wonders we descry!  
 "Glad tidings" there salute our ravish'd ears, 370  
 Of "Love which passeth knowledge!" There we  
 learn

The mysteries of man's redemption! There,  
 The height and depth of "goodness infinite."  
 Well pleas'd, we trace. The Sacred Page informs  
 How God's Messiah, long foretold by seers,

Came down on Love's expanded wings: **HE** came,  
 Infant to earth, with Mercy in his train,  
 To buy our peace \*, so justly forfeited—  
 And reinstate us, once again, secure  
 In the possession of our Father's love. 380  
 —Freely he purchas'd grace and life for all  
 Who seek it, and their fallen state deplore ;  
 For all—but those whose folly seals their fate,  
 And binds them down in Error's dark domain.

**SAY** then no more that man, in his laps'd state,  
 Is helpless and forlorn !—for help is nigh !  
 Th' infallible physician at the door †  
 Offers his aid, to all who feel their smart,  
 Inflicted by the “fiery serpent **SIN** ;”  
 Laden, oppress'd, and waiting for a cure ; 390  
 He, “without money,” heals their mortal wound ;  
 Pours in the “balm”, extracted from the Tree  
 Of Life—the hallow'd cross ! With matchless love,  
 Soliciting their cure, ‡ he bids them “live § ;”  
 And, lo ! from impotence they rise—to life  
 And health restor'd ! **ALL** who refuse not, may  
 “Stretch forth the wither'd hand” and find relief,  
 —Since man's loss is regain'd ; conjecture not  
 Of him as of a mere machine—impell'd

\* Eph. ii. 14—1 Cor. vi. 20.

† Rev. iii. 20.

‡ Matt. xi. 28.

§ Ezck. xvi. 26.

By springs of mighty FATE :—So some affirm, 400  
 Erring \* :—Dishonourable thought! For CHRIST  
 Procur'd his life †—proclaim'd his “liberty ‡,”  
 And freed him from the thraldom of his state :  
 And where sin once abounded, now much more  
 Does grace abound in him for Adam's race. §  
 But if despoil'd of reason, will, and choice  
 Of good evil, man no more can stand  
 Accountable in judgment for his deeds  
 Than the sea-idol † of the Philistines  
 Could stand responsible before the ARK, 410  
 For seeming to affect divinity :  
 Nor were MAN else a man—Nor could he claim  
 Pre-eminence o'er yonder harmless herds  
 That graze the verdant plains or range the hills,  
 Involuntary \*\* round, in fair array !  
 Tho' more erect his form—of WILL depriv'd,  
 In moral excellence can he excel ?—

\* The ancient Manichees, and some modern writers, who hold the scheme of Christian and philosophical necessity.

† Cor. xv. 22.

‡ Is. lxi. 1. Luke iv. 18.

§ Rom. v. 18, 20.

† DAGON.

\*\* The idea, so common in the world, of the rational creature, Man, not being endued with free agency is so absurd, that it scarcely can apply to the brute creation. If man be deprived of freedom of will, he must be a kind of involuntary machine—which to suppose the human being degenerated to, is incompatible with scripture and common sense, Apoc. xxii. 17.

“ The mother of true wisdom is the *will* !”

The noblest intellect a *fool* without it. ‘ You'rd.

But

But hold—Let no vain *fatalist* debase  
 The dignity of human nature!—Know,  
 Tho' men and angels, children of one Lord, 420  
 Both fell enslav'd—'twas man\* obtain'd release;  
 And that release obtain'd, without his suit,  
 By means that prove his high esteem in Heaven.  
 Hence MAN is great—great by creation still;  
 Majestic when in ruins; but restor'd,  
 A living transcript of the Deity!  
 If by creation great; yet greater still  
 By precious purchase:—by redemption high!  
 Man's prime prerogative—Heav'ns “last best gift”  
 Been freely pledg'd for him:—a ransom full 430  
 For his recovery—and immortal life.

YET still, the prize celestial to obtain,  
 With Perseverance he must hold accord,  
 To life's last period:—bent with steady helm,  
 To steer the course which providence directs:  
 And PERSISTENCE fails not to surmount  
 A thousand obstacles: It has been seen  
 To lay, ev'n hills of difficulty, low!

\* The Divine justice, in passing by angels and redeeming man, seems fully vindicated by considering the former, though created pure, was *self-depraved*; the latter, though equally possess of free agency, *seduced* by the former. The degrees of criminality; in these cases, appear scarce less opposed, than the difference between the man who commits a desperate act of suicide, and him who falls by an unforeseen casualty.



The "good man" so surmounts all accidents.  
 While faith, with shield celestial, guards his breast,  
 And courage into effort prompts design,  
 He sees the prize, pursues it with his might,  
 And gains the summit of his ardent hopes.

UNWEARIED perseverance makes the man  
 Of signal eminence in every line :  
 And shall the Christian idly hope to rise  
 To eminence by dissipated sloth,  
 An inattentive habit, and a brow  
 Not mark'd by vigilance or studious care ?  
 The name of Christian ill befits the child  
 Of soft effeminacy—Vain, alas !  
 And premature his hope, of present fame,  
 Or future recompense :—The crown of life  
 Is kept in store to grace the Victor's brow.  
 No conquest can be gain'd without assaults.  
 This is a state of warfare, not of rest ;  
 The rest remains beyond this "vale of tears ;"  
 When past Life's storms, and all its threat'ning ills,  
 We land secure on Salem's peaceful shore.

VAIN is the man who fondly hopes to gain  
 The wealthy merchandize of rich Cathay, †  
 To traffic in Golconda, or Nankin,  
 Who never launches out a single league  
 From forth his native strand :—Equally vain

† CHINA.

Our hope of gaining heaven's illustrious port,  
 And all the pleasures just men there possess,  
 Who never labour to secure the prize :—  
 The prize, though purchas'd—and reserv'd in store  
 For all who deem it worth their prime regard,  
 Is yet bestow'd on none but such as steer  
 Steady to gain the costly merchandize.

LIFE'S Voyage proves successful to the man,  
 The man alone, whose faith and humble hopes  
 Are fix'd on high, centering in HIM  
 Who rules the rage of every boding storm,  
 And stills Life's tumults with divine control.

Of all Life's Voyagers, the happiest he  
 Who brooks the tempest and surmounts the storm  
 Secure, with Patience smiling by his side !  
 Triumphant he, o'er destiny's domain,  
 Long makes his weary way, with steady prow,  
 Still bearing on, invariably, what course  
 Directs to Salem's tow'rs. At length subside  
 The scowling surges—and the piercing blasts  
 Of chill adversity soon die away.—  
 The pleasing prospect opens wide and clear,  
 To meet his ardent eyes—He sees it nigh,  
 And nigher still ! Advancing to the strand,  
 Before a swelling gale he gently glides—  
 Bears to the haven of eternal peace,  
 Delighted to obtain so soon the prize ;

On that diviner shore, where grief and pain,  
 And weariness and death find no access.  
 There he, in full fruition reaps the fruit  
 Of his long arduous toil. What words can paint  
 That calm serenity, that cordial cheer,  
 Which reigns eternal in his tranquil breast,  
 Or sits upon his brow;—his lofty brow  
 With laurels and celestial roses crown'd!  
 But chief of all, what heart can comprehend  
 That soothing thought, of years succeeding years  
 With large increase of *growing* happiness,  
 Which fills, elates, o'erwhelms his ravish'd soul!

THE radiant splendor of the purple morn  
 Serene, when past a night of dark distress,  
 Conflicting hurricanes, wrecks, and alarms,  
 How grateful to the wo-worn mariner:  
 Descrying soon in view the wish'd for port,  
 With shouts of joy he greets his natal shore!  
 The Christian so exults to gain his port,  
 And rest at home within his Father's house,  
 Secure at length of his inheritance.  
 There pious souls shall feast with tranquil joy:  
 Nor dangers drear, nor shipwreck, nor alarms  
 Disturb them more:—a long adieu to these;  
 To sorrows, pains, and tears, a long adieu!

AFTER

AFTER a tedious Voyage, welcome REST:  
 All Tribulation's bitter potions now  
 Are sweeten'd by the lenient balm of peace.  
 So rests the weary lab'ring hind, when past 520  
 A live-long day of unremitting toil:  
 At night he greets his lowly cottage roof,  
 And lays him down with smiling Innocence;  
 Then sleep, its dewy balm pours o'er his eyes,  
 And seals up all his senses in repose.

THE ADVENT.

THE

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK VII.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*A Storm at Sea—Eloquently expressive of the Majesty and Omnipotence of God. A signal Deliverance on the Ocean. Similar Deliverances in the Dispensations of Life and Providence frequent. The Uses of Storms in a Physical, and of Calamities in a Moral Sense.—Their salutary Influences on Nature, and on the human Mind. God's Ways unsearchable. Man's Life mutable. The Folly of his prying over-scrupulously into the Secrets of Providence—Admonish'd rather of his own Frailty, and of the Vicissitudes and Imperfections of the present State. Address to the high-flown Favourites of Fortune. The Disadvantages attending Stations of Eminence and Poverty, figuratively represented. The Happiness and Security of a Medium State. Their precarious, and often fatal Enterprize who make Riches, Preferments, Honours—the Ultimatum of their Pursuit. A suitable Reflection and Improvement.*

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 VOYAGE OF LIFE.
 

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 BOOK VII.
 

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**A**ERIAL Powers! (primeval source of light  
 And harmony) you gave to Echo birth,  
 In swift vibrations—when the morning stars  
 United sang, and all God's countless host  
 Glad acclamations through Heaven's concave  
 pour'd :

And in more recent times, you frequent 'woke  
 The full-ton'd viol, and the warbling harp,  
 Of the enraptur'd Hebrew bard, to warm  
 The soul of Piety, who sang altern  
 Of nature, and accordant providence,

10

Till

Till list'ning dæmons \* lost their power to harm !

Raise my aspiring muse, to soar sublime

Above the middle regions of the storm,

Through clouds and tempests, on a fiery car,

Like th'ancient Tishbite to the mount of God †,

From whence to trace the wonders of his hand :

Or if confin'd below the lunar sphere,

A while to dwell inglorious ! let me rest,

Hid in the bosom of yon nodding cliff,

20

Aloft o'er surging seas, at ease to sing

The mariner's disastrous dread in strains

Symphonious to th'Ælian harp, what time

Nature's conflicting elements, rous'd up,

Are on the wing, that scarce my straining muse,

Exerting all her vigour, durst pursue !

Kindling in effort, now she fondly strives

To strike in concert with the winds and waves.

WHAT time the sighing "genius of the storm"  
Salutes the sails, and wantons on the deep

30

In circling eddies—then the signal's given :

Ye navies haste ! furl up the sails ! prepare !

Instant the sounding squadrons of the sky

Precipitate their flight with matchless speed !

Down the steep verge of heav'n-contesting winds,

With aggravated fury, sweep along

\* 1 Sam. xvi. 23.

† 1 Kings xix. 8.



Athwart the black inhospitable shores,  
 With clam'rous din, in concert to the waves;  
 A chorus harsh! from which the deafen'd ear  
 Abhorrent turns, stunn'd by the hollow roar! 45  
 Adown the dark incumbent atmosphere,  
 Tumultuous hurl'd, bears torrents to the deep,  
 Tremendous as in Zoan's fruitful field,  
 When warring elements conspir'd to scourge  
 Egyptian pride, and blast the hopeful year!  
 The forked lightnings play! The awful car  
 Of Deity to gain the good, rolls on \*  
 Precipitant, with pond'rous wheels, that crash  
 Repeated volleys thro' the vaults of Heaven!  
 Creation hears, and shudders at the sound! 50  
 Ocean affrighted, foams, and raves, his voice  
 Uplifting horrible! Confusion dire  
 Awakes. Commotion heaves her clam'rous head  
 Among the clouds, and drives her furious steeds,  
 Impatient of restraint—while from their breath  
 The whirlwind issues, spouting torrents high †  
 Above the tow'ring mast—high as the arch  
 Which gilds the dropping cloud! thence pouring  
 down  
 Upon the head of proudest navies, prone  
 Like Niagara's falling deluge—sinks 60

\* In allusion to Thunder.

† Alluding to Water-spouts at sea.

Their streaming honours deep ingulph'd! Mean  
 time,  
 The surging billows lifted from their bed,  
 In swelling undulations, roll sublime  
 Like ridgy hills, commixing with the clouds,  
 And open lay the fountains of th'abyss  
 Which threat'ning aim to deluge wide the world!  
 An emblem faint of old Deucalion scenes!  
 Yet what avails the tumult? Why enrag'd  
 In such a deadly feud old Ocean; thus  
 To lash the lofty cliffs, and scour the shores,  
 And heave into the clouds, tumultuous,  
 Threat'ning aloud unutterable deeds,  
 And devastations drear? Proud main forbear!  
 Great Nature's calm controller, Destiny,  
 Admonishes, "Such idle strife forbear!  
 "In vain you lash the lofty rocks, and scourge  
 "The stedfast base of the eternal hills;  
 "Since Heav'n decrees; e'en despicable sands,  
 "Your bounds confine, and all your rage defy!  
 "Th'Omnipotent such power attends. 80  
 "He gives you laws; he curbs your proud designs;  
 "Ordains your bounds in due circumference,  
 "And holds you in the hollow of his hand—  
 "Beyond the limits given, you dare not move;  
 "Nor can you flee the conquests of his arm."

WHAT eloquence can shew, what pencil paint,  
 The busy terrors which possess the souls  
 Of yonder frantic navy? See them toss'd,  
 Reeling and pendent—o'er the foaming surge! 89  
 Some from the cordage blown down to the deep;  
 And some swept off the deck—or from the helm!  
 While thus the raging elements contend,  
 Each auburne cheek grows wan: each vivid eye  
 Wishfully rolls, in expectation sad  
 With each returning surge, no more to greet  
 The cheering light of heav'n—which now no more  
 Appears! Convolving clouds, and fiery waves,  
 And blazing meteors, glancing quick as thought,  
 Absorb the beams of day, and quench its orb;  
 The choicest gift of God! No scene appears, 100  
 Save threat'ning dangers, boding instantwreck!  
 Kind Heaven avert the swift impending doom!  
 All human help is vain, and refuge none,  
 Less than divine appears.—Despair not still,  
 Ye pallid crews, for help is often nigh;  
 Though undiscover'd, or misdeem'd afar,  
 Against the seeming hour of destiny.  
 Still “against hope,” in humble hope rely  
 On the OMNIPOTENT, whose hand can shield  
 From Ocean's rage, and “to the utmost save.” 110  
 Appeal to HIM, ye Voyagers, who rules  
 Both earth and heav'n; whom “winds and seas  
 obey.”

His help prevents the destitute ; nor shall  
 Such seek in vain : For man's extremity  
 Gives opportunity, in season meet,  
 For bounding Mercy to step in benign,  
 And rescue souls devoted to despair !

'Tis done—the storm subsides—the fleet secure  
 Bears on to make the harbour—where it rigs  
 Afresh :—All damages repair'd, 'tis meet 120  
 T'enjoy the lives prolong'd by Providence,  
 And recognize deliverance with a tear.

Thus oft Heaven's mercy safe protects the  
 wretch

Who, lost to hope, expects his final doom  
 With each returning surge : yet still he lives  
 To bless the hand that bore aloof his soul  
 O'er diffidence—and destiny's proud waves.  
 T'adore the voice which sooth'd his busy fears,  
 And spoke to peace the storm ! Life's raging ills,  
 When chid by thy command, ALL POWERFUL

KING,

130

Subside, obedient to the sacred *fiat* ;  
 And all the restless tumults instant cease.  
 So ceas'd the stormy lake in Palestine,  
 When aw'd by his majestic voice, who call'd  
 Old Chaos into order ; and gave birth  
 To all existence : “ Let them be,”  
 Said GOD, and lo they are ! He summon'd LIGHT,  
 And

And instant light appear'd ! That well-known voice  
Both winds and waves—and casualties \* obey.

Is all this violent discordant din 140  
Of active elements an idle strife,  
Productive of no good to man ? Not so :  
In every province—every distant clime,  
NATURE turns preacher, and salutes his ears  
With various lectures—of divine delight,  
Heard frequent from the forests and the groves !  
The streams and rills ! the hollow winds ! the seas !  
And thunders pealing thro' the distant sky ;  
Or greets his eyes with pleasing scenes, portray'd  
By the soft pencil of *Perfection*—which 150  
The imitative ARTS in vain † would trace :  
These clearly shew the Great CREATOR's power.  
And when uplifted in the storm, his voice ;  
Ev'n storms proclaim, in strains all eloquent,  
To the astonish'd world his echoing praise.  
And Nature's voice, to various accents tun'd,  
Acute and grave, how charming, how sublime,  
Heard by the ear of sage Philosophy !

\* We have undoubted authority from the Divine Oracles to affirm, that those mysterious dispensations of Providence which are stiled "Casualties," are under the direction or permission of unerring Wisdom.

† *In vain*, in point of equality.

Tornados dire have useful ends assign'd ;  
 And tempests usher in to rescue man. 160  
 The active elements conspire to chase  
 The pest of foul infectious fumes afar ;  
 To kill the noisome seeds of dank disease,  
 Which else would epidemical run through  
 The vital air ; and soon with morbid taint  
 Corrupt Life's springs, and sweep whole realms  
 away.

Dame Nature, in her various attitudes,  
 Appears in Reason's philosophic eye,  
 Studious to heal a Lazar world—and save.  
 The clouds her copious magazines that deal 170  
 Her inexhaustible abundance round,  
 Impartially o'er many a distant realm :  
 The winds her potent engines to convey  
 Up to the mountain-top resources fresh  
 Of fluid element to feed the springs  
 That thence into the vallies deep descend.  
 And when to soft favonian gales the storms  
 Give way, her fertile stores in smiling show'rs  
 Disseminate around, to cheer the hills !  
 The verdant plains and russet meads to clothe 180  
 In livery gay, and crown the fields with corn !  
 The lawns with spangled flowers to perfume !  
 The woods with leafy vestments to adorn !  
 While all, in various concert, " laugh and sing !"

GREAT Nature varies, and alternately  
 Each different aspect bears; but provident  
 In each, pursuing her own plan—alike  
 From storms and calms educing general good  
 And terminating all in one great end,  
 “ The welfare of communities and worlds.” 190

IN Nature, and accordant Providence,  
 The works and counsels of the Deity  
 Do often greet the philosophic eye,  
 Often elate th’illumin’d Christian’s mind  
 With deep solemnity. Such wond’rous works  
 Are scann’d by wisdom’s sons, with pure intent  
 To glorify the “ First Great Cause,” in all  
 The various operations of his hand.  
 Creation publishes his handy-work :  
 And Providence proclaims “ How wise 200  
 “ His counsels ! how profound, how wonderful  
 “ His ways !” His purposes surpassing far  
 Or human thought, or angels keener ken,  
 Are hid from principalities and powers :  
 Their highest orders seek \* in vain to trace  
 The vast circumference of his boundless plan.

UNERRING Wisdom has decreed to man,  
 In passing through Life’s turbulent domain,  
 ‘Gainst fortune’s frowns to lift aloft his brow !

\* 1 Pet. i. 12.

To meet the buffet of temptation's tides !  
 To combat with a thousand storms—and ills !  
 This day may shed its flow'rs and odours round ;  
 The next its blasting mildew and its bane :  
 The Life of man abounds with various ills ;  
 Yet these, though numberless, are provident,  
 And prove a fund of wisdom to the wise !  
 These warn him not to anchor too secure,  
 Too confident in Life's rough bay : These waft  
 Th'affections fleetly on to reach the high  
 Celestial port ! Welcome the accidents  
 That lift the mind to its congenial skies  
 These "light afflictions," transient as the night,  
 Are sent to purge our souls, like gold refin'd  
 From base alloy, for that eternal "weight  
 Of glory" in reversion—soon to dawn.  
 These calm correctives of a Father's hand  
 Are meant to make us vigilant and wise ;  
 Humble and sober—virtuous and benign.  
 Nor aught on earth or aught in heav'n can save  
 The wretch, who, unreclaim'd by adverse fate,  
 Obdurate still remains—unaw'd beneath  
 The gentle chastisements of Mercy's hand !—  
 Unknowing that his crimes do stripes deserve,  
 From these on earth inflicted, diff'rent far :  
 Those sent in pity, to reclaim and save.



SABLE Adversity full oft befriends  
 Ungrateful man, forgetful of his God,  
 And calls him back, wide wand'ring from the fold,  
 To share the meltings of paternal love !  
 Calamity is heard, in wisdom's ear, 250  
 Reading sage lectures of morality,  
 Which, when success attends us, are unheard :  
 This stimulates our future hopes, and mounts  
 The soul on pinions for that higher stage,  
 Where proud Oppression stalks not ! where the  
 oppress'd  
 And heavy laden rest in sweet repose !  
 Abstracted so, from all these sick'ning scenes  
 Of instability, we fix on heaven,  
 And with Religion steer to make our port !  
 This bends the mind averse to pride, and gives 260  
 Access to meek humility and peace ;\*  
 And these, inhabiting, adorn the soul,  
 A jewel for the cabinet of heaven,  
 Of matchless price in the Supreme regard.  
 Affliction frequent proves the Christian's gain,  
 While destin'd to his earthly mansion :—Less  
 Its stripes embarrass, and its frowns annoy,

\* Afflictions in the present state of human nature, may be deemed unfavourable to peace ; but if these are conducive to humility, which I think in the nature of things is undeniable, humility may be proved to be one of the chief ingredients of peace and happiness.

The veteran whose prize is virtue, whose  
 Reward is Heav'n—than fortune's smiles assail!  
 Affliction's aids can forcibly release 270  
 From frail mortality's unstable joys;  
 Unshackle from terrestrial ties the soul,  
 To plume its wings ethereal for the skies!  
 As storms oft terminate in calms serene;  
 So Christian conflicts, well supported, end  
 In heartfelt joy, and hope, and soothing peace.

AFFLICTION's sons, the least misjudging, deem  
 The raging storms and incidents of Life  
 Will bear them down the gulph of misery!  
 Anon they find th'Invisible directs 280  
 Their doubtful course—controls Life's pending ills,  
 And screens them from its threat'ning terrors, hid  
 As in the hollow of his outstretch'd hand.  
 Astonish'd, then they trace his shining paths  
 Of mercy, wisdom, equity—in all  
 The various operations of his power!  
 And pleas'd to comprehend the mystery  
 Of love, reveal'd in sacred writ, fulfill'd  
 In nature—amplify'd in providence;  
 They join sublime accord with sacred fears, 290  
 And kings inspir'd, to worship the SUPREME  
 Who lifts his hand to heav'n, and grasps the stars,  
 Rolling them in their several orbits round!

Whose measur'd steps outstrip the fleetest winds,  
 Or meteors glancing thro' the stormy sky,  
 When injur'd Innocence invokes his aid !  
 When MERCY wings his flight, the lightnings then  
 Are tardy and remiss compar'd with his  
 Unmeasur'd speed ! If JUSTICE calls aloud  
 For indignation, then, with slower pace, 300  
 And a determin'd aspect, lo he comes !  
 Rolls with the whirlwind round his rapid car,  
 Convolv'd in tempests deep, and flames of fire ;  
 With meagre famine, pestilence, and death,  
 Attendant in his train—to execute  
 His righteous judgments on a guilty land :  
 The kindling mountains smoke, the little hills  
 Affrighted fly the terrors of his hand,  
 Tremble, thou Earth ! roar out aloud, thou Main !  
 And, imprecate his vengeance now, who dare ! 310  
 Supreme he reigns o'er all the sons of pride ;  
 Fixing his residence in deepest glooms, †  
 As in the brightest blaze of stedfast heaven !  
 His throne unbounded : uncontroul'd his reign.  
 Past finding out his thoughts : his wond'rous way,  
 Unknown to all but the eternal Mind.  
 Higher than heaven, wider than the sea,  
 And broader than the earth, are his domains ;  
 Yet he inspects minutely through them all :

† Psalm xviii. 11.

Tho' earth, and sea, and skies, proclaim his hand,  
 His footsteps are not known; or only seen 321  
 As "in a mirror\*"—nor yet clearly trac'd  
 In this uncertain tenor of an hour.

A FEW short moments measure out the life  
 Of man, in this his minor state—his state  
 Of inert infancy compar'd with *that*  
 Maturity of intellectual growth,  
 Beyond the flight "partition wall," where Life  
 (By transmutation strange, subsisting still)  
 Seems swallow'd up of immortality. 330

Then circling years, succeeding years, combine  
 To aggrandize his future state, so high,  
 That righteous man in bliss shall gods become:  
 Till then—let no presuming sceptic tax  
 The operations and disposals meet  
 Of that "all perfect wonder-working Hand,"  
 Which operates unseen † throughout the mass  
 Of animated nature—and inanimate;  
 Works the machine, and governs every spring.  
 Too short man's æra, and too limited 340

His narrow span of knowledge in this state,  
 To comprehend the counsels, works, and ways  
 Of WISDOM, plann'd in the Eternal's mind;

\* 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

† *Unseen*, save in its operations, which are visible to every rational being.

And executed with unerring aim :  
 Too impotent his arm to move the wheels  
 Of mighty fate (a wheel within a wheel \*)  
 Or on their axis to roll round the spheres :  
 This work to the Omnipotent belongs.  
 In all his plan the Infinite proceeds,  
 Convolving order and necessity 350  
 In one eternal round, conducting men—  
 Free-willing † agents—by well-order'd rules ;  
 But Nature's works by strict necessity :  
 And who shall censure or revise his plan ?  
 Vain man forbear ! Nor daringly presume  
 To snatch the compasses forth from his hand,  
 And teach Eternal Wisdom what is meet !  
 Go, rather recognize thy origin,  
 And study well thy end. Why wast thou form'd  
 At first, by Wisdom's Architect, a child 360  
 Of humble dust, from forth thy mother-earth ?  
 Why doom'd, once more by ruthless fate to sleep  
 In her embrace ?—A lesson meet to teach  
 Thy pride humility. Abasing thought !  
 See the frail tenement of human clay,  
 However varnish'd o'er with splendid pomp,  
 Must mould'ring fall, ignobly, into dust ;

\* *Ezekiel's Vision.*

† The doctrine of man's *free agency*, upon the grounds of his being redeemed from the original transgression, has been sufficiently asserted and vindicated in the last Book.

A prey for earth's humiliating tribes!  
 So falls the fairest flow'r, when past the prime,  
 And back to its primeval state returns. 370

YE vassal sons of Fortune\*! while the muse  
 Your destiny predicts, with patience hear!  
 Like Phaeton upon his fiery car,  
 You give to pleasure and to folly reins,  
 Ardent, as who would set the world on fire,  
 Life's passing shadows to pursue! Yet know,  
 While in the wild career you inly burn,  
 The archer Death pursues you close behind,  
 With equal speed, and marks you for his prey!  
 Perhaps th' officious muse, well-meaning errs. 380  
 'Twere an offence to imitate the page,  
 Who whisper'd at the eastern monarch's ear,  
 A daily lecture of mortality—  
 For some are in these later ages grown  
 So averse to recollect their future fate,  
 As if Fate's Arbiter and they should ne'er  
 Join hands!—To such, unwelcome his approach:  
 Unwelcome though his visit, lo he comes!  
 No might beneath the sun his rapid course  
 Can stay;—or enervate his potent arm. 390  
 Save virtue †. Riches, honours, beauty, fame,

\* Fortunaque dulci

Ebria. MHOR.

† *Virtue* is here introduced, by a synecdoche, for the whole of religion.

And

And strength are vain: these, amidst gems and  
 crowns,  
 Are hurl'd beneath his feet, and VANITY  
 Appears engrav'd indelible on all!  
 Oft unsuspected schemes the monster plans,  
 And perdue proves an undermining foe!  
 While we perhaps are forming mighty schemes,  
 He makes his onset on our puny race,  
 And earths us deep in destiny's domain:  
 That "land of apparitions and of shades."  
 So vain a mortal's boast—so weak his arm,  
 So fluctuating all his earthly bliss!  
 Nor more precarious the pale lover's dream,  
 When near the fond enchantress of his soul,  
 Lost in some fair Dædalian labyrinth,  
 He trembling stands—views her approving smiles  
 With rapture, and scarce wishes other heaven!  
 When lo, too soon, some unexpected scene,  
 Dark intervening, separates between  
 Him and the fairest idol of his breast!  
 In vain his anxious cares to trace her flight.  
 Anon he wakes and finds himself undone!  
 Such, and so dubious are Life's chiefest joys;  
 Unstable all, and all delusive dreams!  
 No state of eminence—no lowly lot—  
 Nor innocence itself, exempts us from  
 The frequent onset of Misfortune's wave!  
 The following scenes confirm the truth I sing.

IN Life's converging Voyage, you descry  
 Some hoisting sails, with stately elegance, 420  
 Before the gale of warm prosperity,  
 A fostering breeze!—gliding secure beneath  
 The vertical bright beams of zenith power,  
 In torrid climes—cheer'd with the flatt'ring hope  
 Of floating still with many a prosp'rous gale,  
 Through many a future, joyous live-long day.  
 They seem possess'd of all below the sun:  
 Of all, but happiness—the sum of all!  
 Their elevated masts, expanded sheets,  
 And flowing streamers of the rainbow's die, 430  
 Salute the clouds of heav'n!—The stately bark,  
 Expos'd to each contending element,  
 Unballasted, unfraught, bears bounding on  
 O'er all th'expansive silver-gleaming scene,  
 Unconscious of a storm, and unprepar'd  
 For angry Neptune's rage.—Anon he frowns,  
 And wakes up from the dark Æolian caves  
 The furious hurricane to strike their sails,  
 And shew the impotence of human pride!  
 Thus oft our chace of earthly happiness  
 In disappointment ends! Its soothest tale 440  
 Deceives the list'ning ear! And all its joys  
 Evaporate like morning dews before  
 The ardent sun's all-powerful beams! Ah, then  
 The mighty fabric of our hopes is sunk,  
 Like some romantic castle in a dream!



STILL let the well-fledg'd muse superior rise,  
 And emulate the sky-lark's matin song.  
 Ambitious of her theme, she soars to sing  
 The fate of kings. Have monarchs cause to dread  
 Descent from their superior eminence? 451  
 They who enjoy dame Fortune's envy'd smiles,  
 And seem to rise above Misfortune's reach,  
 To fairer realms, like demi-gods, and there  
 Lull'd in the lap of pleasure—soft repose!  
 Can they experience the reverse of fate?  
 Yes: Such may rise in splendid wealth abounding,  
 Like the rich Lydian chief \*; and *fall* like him †  
 Of UZ †, stripp'd of their honours, kingdoms,  
 crowns!  
 No state is permanent below the skies: 460  
 They shine like stars—but oft like meteors fall!  
 Survey at hand the mirror of their fate.  
 That stately man of war attracts the eye  
 Of every pleas'd beholder! How he floats  
 With majesty from out th'admiring dock!  
 Those spacious sheets, swoln with the whizzing  
 gale;  
 And pendant streamers waving to the sky,  
 As in contempt of Ocean's utmost rage,  
 Attract the eye of wonder from the shores,  
 And awe the distant world!—Vain pomp of power!

CROESUS.

† JOB.

Such

Such stately vessels, split on some proud rock, 471  
Pay low submission to the furling seas.

**SUCH** is the lot of FORTUNE'S noblest sons.

(Nor crowns nor sceptres give security)

They too submission pay, when fate decrees,  
To the rude insult of Misfortune's wave.

**DESCENDING**, prone with easy flight—the muse

To different scenes attends:—And now she sings,

In melancholy accents to the winds,

Their luckless fate, by fickle fortune plac'd 480

In humble stations—in the ebb of Life:

From the high helm of pow'r they stand aloof:

Nor melt beneath the torrid zone of wealth.

No danger these from fortune's sunshine fear,

Or need to fear: far different is their fate,

Rear'd in the rigour of stern winter's reign,

And near ally'd to the rough polar bear,

A direful train of storms diversify'd

Obstructs their course, with oft-renew'd assail.

Chill'd by penurious blasts, and full expos'd 490

To battering cares, anxieties, and fears,

Subject to nakedness, and want, and scorn,

These meagre sons of scanty poverty

Are doom'd to combat misery and woe

In all their subterfuges and assaults,

With unremitting fortitude, till death.

The sickening gleams of proud prosperity,  
 By them unfelt, portend no future harms.  
 Yet still, they equal, or superior ills  
 From chill Adversity's corroding blasts  
 Sustain. Their leaky, weather-beaten skiff,  
 Shatter'd and toss'd, does seldom entrance find  
 Into the haven of unruffled peace.  
 Like little Nautilus they silent glide  
 'Twixt rocks and rocks—o'er shallow sounds; as low,  
 As unregarded, in the eye of Power.  
 And if they chance to wreck, the loss seems small,  
 And small is the alarm:—They founder oft  
 Amid the shifting sands of Accident;  
 And sometimes strike on rocks of deep despair:  
 But seldom are they known to overset  
 By the opprobrious blast of envy. Safe  
 From proud ambition—the prepost'rous gale  
 Of airy fortune bears them not astray.  
 The busy bustle and formality  
 Of Life, in higher rank, affects them not.  
 Nor thieves, nor pirates, deem them worth regard  
 Their shallow sloop, and tatter'd weeds, escape  
 The fury of the raging elements.  
 With light proportion'd freight, and lowly sheets  
 They steer secure where gallant ships would heel,  
 Some privileges are by charter theirs!  
 Yet they have much to fear, and much to feel!

Full frequent dangers, and a train of ills  
 Their course attend. Fates not unlike to theirs  
 The northern pilot rues—where shining seas,  
 Glew'd by the nitrous particles of air,  
 Are pil'd in many a ridge, like pearly rocks  
 Or crystal pyramids, to meet the clouds;  
 Adding new lustre to the spangled skies! 530  
 Such icy barriers sailors dread to meet.  
 Near Zembla's or cold Greenland's glittering shores,  
 Such fluctuating islands, Delos-like, obstruct  
 Their perilous passage—oft with fatal force,  
 Crush into ruins the environ'd bark,  
 And sink it deep beneath huge hills of ice.  
 Thus proud oppressors sometimes grind the poor,  
 Friendless, forlorn; they too, one day, must sink  
 Beneath the mountains of eternal ire.

HAPPY the man, who, plac'd in equal rank 540  
 'Twixt riches glare and adverse poverty,  
 Glides silent on secure from Evil's frowns,  
 O'er the smooth surface of Life's calmest bay!  
 He feels content his constant inmate: Joy  
 And happiness are his. Nor would he change  
 His lot for wealth and care. Full well he knows,  
 Life's Voyage, in each high extreme, abounds  
 With ills close clust'ring in a num'rous train.

BUT this is reason's and religion's choice;  
 A choice that's sought by few. The mind of man,  
 Desultory and vain, is like the sea,  
 When agitated in a storm it rolls,  
 Dashing its foaming billows on the shores,  
 Restless and "never fixed in one stay."  
 So man—if he one wish obtain, for which  
 His ardent soul was bent—panting anew;  
 He forms another: that obtain'd, a third  
 Expands his swelling breast: He hoists fresh sails,  
 And plies each oar with double diligence;  
 But ere his kindling ardours are allay'd,  
 The lab'ring keel strikes foul upon a rock,  
 And rushing torrents soon his thirst assuage.  
 Some pant for riches, some for honours burn;  
 And not a few for pleasures bend their course:  
 Pursuing shadows, grasping at the wind;  
 But unsubstantial all their efforts prove.

SOME bend their course for gold! And near Peru  
 Cast anchor, flush'd with fervent hope of gain:  
 Assiduous, thence with long and tedious toil,  
 They lade their vessel with the glittering ore:  
 Till deep compress'd:—the first swollen wave  
 Involves  
 In total darkness all their future hopes!

SOME court the great, ambitious of their smiles,  
 And worship at their shrine. Unenvy'd, I  
 Their lame pursuit now see—and now I deem  
 Myself more happy in this humble shed,  
 Like one escap'd the billows—cast on shore  
 By favour of some floating plank, secure  
 To paint their shipwreck, and their fates deplore,  
 Safe on the confines of my native land! 580

HERE let me seize the precious sands of TIME,  
 And purchase wisdom at the golden mart  
 Of opportunity;—intent to learn  
 Life's work, importance, end; and how to steer  
 As reason guides, and virtue's dictates teach:  
 Here let me meditate on future scenes,  
 And how to stand secure in that "great day,"  
 When mighty ruins wreck this stately globe,  
 And th'elements one burning mass appear:  
 RELIGION! then thy needful aid afford, 590  
 And bear me safe to thy celestial shore.

THE

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK VIII.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Life—(in this Book is chiefly viewed in a Moral Light) its Course compared to a Stream, and lost in Futurity, as a Current in the Ocean. A sublime and solitary Scene. Melancholy—its Joys. A Cave—entered and described as the Abode of Solitude. The Author's Soliloquy to his Harp. Truth—a Definition of it—its Test—how distinguished from Error.—Reflection on the Ills of Life. Ingratitude—described and exploded. Friendship—its fickle and precarious Tenor—true Friendship defined, and opposed to that of the World. Parasites—esteemed and patronised—by whom. Merit—its Claim considered—who are its Friends—the Advantages derived to it from Patronage: The Disadvantages resulting to Genius from unaffluent Circumstances.*



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T H E  
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

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B O O K VIII.

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**L** I K E him whom all-directing Providence  
Erst cast on Patmos isle, I feel escap'd  
The fury of the raging elements:  
Like him I muse, tho' not like him inspir'd:  
And sit awhile in this sequester'd shade,  
Beside a cooling brook, whose silent lapse  
Illusive steals away—and suddenly  
Immingles with the main!—To Reason's eye,  
Life's stream rolls on perceptible; yet rolls  
Unheeded, though with unremitting speed;      10  
And Chronos \* gives the signal to embark  
Ere we prepare for future destiny!

\* TIME.

He

He too, like yonder tide, brooks no delay,  
Till Life is swallow'd in futurity,  
As is this current in the vast abyfs.

SACRED to meditation be the shade  
Where peaceful I recline ! This sea-worn nook,  
Polish'd with all the tedious toil and art  
Of Neptune's curious hand, shall softer strains  
And gentler notes prolong, than what the din 20  
Of howling winds and waves, re-echo'd late,  
Indignant in the storm \* : No storm is seen  
In agitation now. The molten sea,  
Uniting with the distant firmament,  
Appears one livid, one unbounded glare !

How grand the scene ! The prospect how sublime !  
That broad interminable sea presents  
A lively image of immensity  
To the perceptive mind ! To meet the eye  
The silver-glancing waves roll from afar, 30  
With many a stately vessel under sail,  
Floating in solemn majesty !—and each  
Bears on in hope to gain some destin'd port :  
Fit emblem of the final lot of man :  
One only difference seems : In that great day  
Of recompense, two harbours, only two,  
Await the future fates of all mankind !

\* Alluding to the former part of Book vii.

On either hand the craggy rocks display  
 Their awful summits to the spacious skies,  
 As in defiance of the wreck of Time. 40  
 Yet vaunt not steadfast earth : nor you, proud main,  
 Exult : Time is recorded in the rolls  
 Of fate, when all your waves shall blush to blood ;  
 And earth thy hills to fire ! These solemn scenes  
 To melancholy musing move the mind :  
 And oft the sober joys of melancholy  
 Elate the soul, and rouse her noblest powers.  
 'Tis then the muse affords sublimest joy,  
 When wrapp'd in tempests, and convolv'd in glooms  
 Of deepest horror, we pursue her flight, 50  
 And mark her purple track thro' tragic scenes.  
 We feel our interest in th'account : the heart  
 Expands, and all the vital powers then seem  
 Enkindling in a flame ;—while sympathy  
 And conscious safety counteract, and raise  
 Strange passions in the soul !—From whence the  
 joys  
 Which spring from scenes of woe ? They hence  
 arise ;  
 The consciousness of self-security  
 Prevails o'er every feeling in the breast,  
 And leniates all our grief.—Then Life is sweet,  
 When from the jaws of ruin we escape ; 61

Surmount the billows, and obtain our port—  
And melancholy's joys are most sublime!

DARE I invade this lofty cave's recess!  
A solemn awe trills deep in every nerve,  
And trembling langour steals o'er all my frame!  
As those who visit dreary vaults, when shines  
The shadowy moon, or in some sacred fane  
Bow down before the all-pervading Power,  
Whose presence then seems intimately nigh,  
Fancy themselves 'mong disembod' d ghosts;  
As *solemn* now I feel beneath the dome  
Of this tremendous arch, by nature form'd:  
I feel impress with a *religious* awe  
In the dun twilight, and deep echoing vaults!  
Yet soon my fears subside! No danger here  
Lurks nocent. In this cave, perhaps, the green  
Sea-nymphs and sportive naiads love to dance  
It matters not.—These mantling weeds,  
Inwove with ivy, pendant from the cliff,  
Adorn the entrance—and supply the aid  
Of massy doors—emitting glimm'ring rays  
To aggrandize the deep internal scene.  
This seems as Nereus' spacious hall! and proves  
A grateful shelter from the noon-tide beams.

† Dr. Blair, in his *Belles Lettres*, has established the principle, that, Whatever is productive of terror is necessarily sublime.

All Nature's works, discover some design. 100  
 In this romantic scene, these gloomy vaults,  
 Tho' dreary as the solemn catacombs  
 Where sleeping heroes lie in sober state,  
 Methinks fresh vigour springs up in the soul;  
 Concentred in herself—she feels her powers;  
 Wings her adventurous flight beyond the stars,  
 And scarce looks back on earth's unstable joys;  
 Hence, ye obtruding "vanities of life!"  
 Break not the charm which hides me from your  
 sight.

From all the world abstracted, give me here,  
 With sober Solitude a while to muse—  
 Companion ever dear! More musical  
 Thy soft still voice to fancy's list'ning ear  
 Than to the virgin, mourning plighted faith,  
 The lovelorn tale of the sooth'd nightingale,  
 Pouring her pensive plaint "to notes of woe"

And still, my harp, the sweetly pensive notes  
 Prolong, and warble to the list'ning caves;  
 The caves shall echo back the plaintive song.  
 The list'ning genii of the lucent floods  
 Shall wake attentive, and prolong the strain!  
 Of old such magic dwelt among the strings,  
 That rocks, and rivers, and th'admiring groves  
 Th'attraction felt—and Illion's walls sprang up!

Then gods, and heroes, and creation's works  
 Trill'd thro' the sounding lyre ! And strange to tell,  
 A new creation seem'd to rise in view,  
 While music breath'd an energy divine !  
 Is ART decay'd ? Such skill no mortal boasts  
 In these degenerate days ! Hence it might seem,  
 Nature's primeval springs are all relax'd,  
 Her vital and harmonious pow'rs unstrung !  
 Fables may please the fancy, and amuse  
 The dissipated mind ; but if oppos'd  
 To truth and reason, let the muse assume  
 Her happier province,—stand on reason's base  
 Within the bound of probability,—  
 And wake the lyre, in high exalted strains,  
 To touch the softer passions, and to move  
 The stony from the fordid breast : To teach  
 The callous heart to feel the force of truth  
 Invincible, and echo back the strain !

AND, “ what is Truth ? ” Of prime importance  
 seems

The query to our peace. “ I was utter'd once  
 From off the judgment-seat, where equity

And truth should shine with splendour ! and apply'd  
 To HIM who best that question could resolve—  
 Who has implanted definition just

Within the heart of man. What then is TRUTH ?  
 'Tis Reason's unfornicated voice,

Which

Which full accords with conscience ; that  
 Unerring God within that cannot lie ;  
 Who bears a faithful record to the right,  
 And makes us rue the wrong!—'Tis truth informs  
 That *some* things are. And reason hence concludes  
 There is a God, " by whom all things consist,"  
 Or there could nothing be : and hence, effects  
 From causes spring as unavoidably  
 As from the sun proceeds the glad some day.  
 Hence truth and reason terminate in one  
 Unvarying point, as rivers in the sea.—  
 As in the polish'd mirror we descry  
 Just images of things ; so truth reflects,  
 Upon the mirror of th'attentive mind,  
 Realities—with certain evidence :  
 We prove the likeness just, and call it TRUTH !  
 As this deep cavern echos back the sound  
 Of accents, with distinct veracity,  
 So truth recites the voice of reason. Truth  
 Proclaims the things that were—that are—and those  
 Hereafter to commence.—The sacred gift  
 Of prophecy, was the prerogative  
 Of early days, when Truth stoop'd down from  
 heav'n,  
 With Inspiration in her voice, and prov'd\*  
 Her evidence invincible, divine !

\* Alluding to the miracles which attended the Mosaic and Christian dispensations of Divine Revelation.

Her office, and prerogative, was then to do  
 Tillumine, and convince, a wond'ring world—  
 Predicting great events, thro' rolling years  
 And ages yet unborn; weighing the fates  
 Of kings, of empires, and of distant worlds,  
 Till time's last period:—and ere time has drawn  
 The curtain, opening half the scene above,  
 Below, to wake our fears, to animate  
 Our hopes; and give us to behold afar,  
 As in a glass, the blaze of future day!  
 Her office now, is to conduct our course  
 Through all th'affailing ills and incidents  
 Of Life, aright; to guide, conciliate  
 With soothing hope—and then to set us free

SINCE errors seem connected close with truth,  
 Small deviations to the right or left  
 Are scarce perceptible; but soon the mind,  
 Pursuing either scheme, proceeds to lengths  
 Which prove a medium lies between th'extremes.  
 If from a central point they seem to part,  
 What test infallible remains, of force  
 To guard the right and disconcert the wrong?  
 Explore the BOOK OF GOD! That sacred code  
 Is Truth's deposit to the world; in which a voice,

\* John viii. 32.

§ — Unus utrique error, sed variis illudit partibus. HOR.

More



More musical than angels lyres, attracts  
 The ear of wisdom, and inspires the heart,  
 Conscious of its divine veracity:—  
 In *that*, the test of truth shines clear. In *that*  
 A solemn voice, heard loud in heav'n, proclaims  
 The future fate of error †;—echoing far 191  
 O'er distant continents, from shore to shore,  
 The glorious conquests of Jehovah's word \*!  
 Yet men there are, deceiving and deceiv'd,  
 Who lie in wait, the simple to beguile  
 With shew of wisdom and philosophy †;  
 But deviating from God's written word:—  
 Truth meekly stands, as erst at Pilate's bar,  
 Arraign'd, condemn'd, and then expos'd to scorn  
 By Antichristian art! But time will come, 200  
 When TRUTH, with her celestial rays, will shine  
 Confusion on her foes:—will clear the world  
 From all the futile wrongs and bold assaults  
 Of each malignant foe, who fain would tear  
 The sacred record from her hand—O mad  
 Indignity! and cast it to the flames.

† Mark xvi. 16. Rev. xix. 13.—14.

† The Author wishes that these lines may be construed as only levelled against the *insaniam dym sapientis* of the Poet, and the *φιλοσοφίας και κινεσ απαρης* of the Apostle. He regards Philosophy as the handmaid of Devotion and Truth; and as the most useful, and most honourable, of human sciences. Most good things are liable to abuse; but the abuse does not supercede the value and use of what is intrinsically good.

Truth is invincible. Immortal Truth  
 Can all things vanquish: and some future day  
 Will gain access to every ear, more loud  
 Than peals of thunder! Truth alone 210  
 Will stand the test when earth's strong pillars bend,  
 To ruin drop, and with the heav'ns decay!  
 Who sides with Truth, in heav'n is his reward:  
 Unfading laurels shall adorn his brow;  
 And honours such as God's right hand bestows.

YET one distinction still remains, of note,  
 'Twixt truth and error,—obvious to the wise:—  
 Error is subtil, intricate, and deep;—  
 Perplex'd in fallacies—in labyrinths lost!  
 Requiring learning, ingenuity, and art, 220  
 To plead her cause;—and yet, in spite of art,  
 Such cause must fail; though Plausibility,  
 Fluent of tongue, such office oft performs  
 Beneath the pompous mask of syllogisms!  
 Enthimemes! axioms!—from false premises,  
 Of course, deducing false conclusions;—prompt  
 With specious shew th'unwary to deceive:—  
 But truth is simple, energetic, plain,  
 Graceful, majestic, eloquent, divine!  
 Suited to all capacities, all states:— 230  
 Who listens to her dictates, tho' a fool  
 Esteem'd by Error and her pompous train  
 Of advocates, makes clear his course, unerring,  
 While

While themselves wide wandering from the port  
 Of Paradise, bear adverse many a league!  
 Truth too is salutary, cordial, clear  
 As the pellucid springs of Arcady,  
 Bearing illumination to the eyes  
 Of every honest, rational inquirer—  
 Of virtue to restore the mental powers; 240  
 More healing far than Jordan's sacred stream,  
 More strength'ning than Bethesda's heav'n-mov'd  
 pool!

The humble pitcher of an honest heart  
 Let down into that sacred well of life,  
 Imbibes from thence, as from the fount of God,  
 Fresh springs of solace to the thirsty soul.

WHAT greater truth than this, that Life abounds  
 With ills of mighty magnitude?—With ills,  
 From which no favour'd human being can claim  
 A privileg'd exemption: and from which 250  
 No prudence can protect, no foresight screen!  
 The world's a scene of wrongs: a theatre  
 Of conflicts, frequent as our fleeting days,  
 And constant as the still returning tides!  
 Life's ills are numerous as th'autumnal leaves,  
 Or spires of mantling grass which spring adorn,  
 These call aloud for patience;—and when borne  
 With Christian fortitude, enhance the crown  
 Of future recompense, in yonder state

Of renovation—not descry'd afar— 260  
 When rectitude and equity commence,  
 And Truth and Justice bear eternal sway,

THAT perfect state is not arriv'd: mean time,  
 Permit the muse to cast a transient glance  
 O'er scenes full obvious in this fickle state—  
 Where patience, courage, and true fortitude,  
 Are needed much to brook the latent harms  
 That throng Life's passage through:—nor more  
 abound

The seas with craggy rocks, than Life with ills.  
 Sad history! yet such as Truth approves. 270  
 Numbers may find their interest in th'account,  
 For Truth is int'resting; while we are men,  
 Truth and experience claim our first regards:—  
 From these the ear of wisdom never turns.

IN life's unequal course what various scenes  
 Display man's frequent tendency to vice,  
 His instability in virtue's paths!  
 Yet man, vain erring man, *himself* forgets  
 To scan his *brother's* faults with critic eye!  
 Forgetful of his ill deserts, receives 280  
 Blessings from Heav'n, and favours from his friend  
 Alike with thankless heart! and if, at length,  
 The long-continu'd liberality  
 From Charity's fair hand should cease to flow,  
 Ingratitude

Ingratitude consigns each former good  
 To dark oblivion. Insolence repays  
 The countless acts of pure benevolence!  
 Too glaring proof of a degen'rate mind!  
 Should I behold, and like the panting hart  
 When heated in the chace observe afar, 290  
 The cooling lucent spring from out the rock,  
 When sultry Sirius darts down his rays direct,  
 Afford less copious plenty to allay  
 My fever'd tongue;—yet still my tongue shall bless  
 The sacred spring for what it gives; and wait  
 More copious streams! Ingratitude requites  
 A thousand kindnesses with disrespect;  
 And soon forgets each lavish bounty given!  
 I've seen a transient blast of fortune blow 299  
 Gay feather'd quails, and rain down manna, round  
 The tents where low dependency till late  
 Ever attentive cring'd! The gen'rous deed  
 Was now, of course, no more solicited:  
 And who would think what consequence ensu'd:  
 The donor,—tho' his country and his friends  
 Lay near his heart, yet found himself oppos'd,  
 Discarded\*, injur'd by the clam'rous brood  
 Who long dependant shar'd his "lib'ral things":  
 The vassals well nigh grown above their lord,  
 Unlike the ass, forgot their master's crib! 310

\* As a public member of the legislature.

Yet let me not discourage liberal acts;  
 From the perverse misconduct of a few:  
 There are, who bless the liberal hand till death;  
 And then invoke its recompense on high!  
 Still, let BENEVOLUS persist;—and hope  
 A future recompense: for Charity  
 From the pleas'd eye of Heaven attracts regard!  
 While base Ingratitude, abhor'd of God,  
 And shunn'd by man, obtains its just reward:  
 Fit recompense, if banish'd from the tents  
 Of social intercourse, to lick the dust  
 Amid the serpent train.—Ingratitude!  
 The sound grates on the startled ear! It seems  
 The basest crime subsisting out of hell!  
 In it, by strange antipathy, there dwells  
 A dæmon power which angels erst could turn  
 To foulest fiends—to what then mortal men?  
 Suspend the tale, tho' true, when art must sink,  
 And language fail to paint the horrid scene!

NOR only former obligations cease  
 To gain respect and due acknowledgment;  
 But friends, acknowledg'd once, are heard to pour  
 Their fruitless plaint in friendship's frozen ear—

\* There is not a word, perhaps, in the English language more perverted, and less understood, in vulgar ideas, than the word, *Charity*; which includes no less than a pure, godlike, affection of love or philanthropy; and which is the *source* of all noble and liberal deeds.

Estrang'd, unknown, when fortune frowns, and  
 cold  
 Calamity has mark'd them of her train,  
 Fortune and friendship twine a brittle band,  
 By ruthless accident soon rent in twain!  
 Such the unstable friendship of the world—  
 Nor call it friendship—"Enmity with God"  
 Its fitter appellation \*!—Friendship, pure  
 And permanent, must form a sacred knot  
 Indissoluble: nor can a two-edg'd sword,  
 Tho' season'd high as Alexander's blade,  
 And drench'd in blood, sever the Gordean twine,  
 Its record is in heaven, by angels read,  
 By white-rob'd saints admir'd: Still, like a flame,  
 It higher soars, and kindles in the skies,  
 Surmounting time, and fate, and death's assault!  
 What tho' these often rend true friends apart:  
 Anon they meet—how far above these scenes  
 Of instability—nor sever more.  
 True friendship—is in virtue only form'd,  
 Uniting kindred spirits in a band  
 Of lasting union, which shall grow mature,  
 And be consummated in perfect bliss.  
 I feel at heart my theme! Fir'd with the view,  
 Th'enraptur'd muse assays to vindicate  
 The cause of virtue—virtue ever dear!

\* St. James.

For

For me, should Gratitude desert this breast ;  
 And the few dear respects to friendship due 360  
 E'er cease to kindle here—ah ! let me first  
 Be banish'd from society's sweet joys !  
 First, may this feeling heart, absorb'd in death,  
 Its vital fluid ever cease to pour ;  
 This tongue be mute—these eyes in darkness clos'd,

As rays beam brighter forth off sable shades,  
 So virtue clearer shines oppos'd to vice :  
 And good, oppos'd to ill, new lustre gains.  
 While yet the muse assays to ascertain  
 The purest source of earthly happiness, 370  
 True friendship's sacred joys ! With pain she marks  
 An ILL to lurk in ambush—which appears  
 Too close connected with her present theme :  
 An ill—that such true friendship in this clime,  
 So seldom ripens into bliss mature ;  
 While bitter fruits of rivalry appear  
 Under the polish'd leaves of courtesy,  
 Till all the tree is blighted, and becomes  
 Rotten at heart—fit fuel for the fire !  
 Then fell resentment lays its branches low ! 380  
 The friendship that gives place to diffidence  
 To canker at the root, soon fades away ;  
 A winter of desertion next ensues ;  
 When mutual confidence ne'er fans a flame  
 In breasts once form'd to cherish heaven'y fires.



Not friendships premature, alone deceive :  
 All earth-born joys are vain. All hopes beguile,  
 But those deriv'd from an unfailing Source.—  
 In this loose state of guilt and impotence,  
 On Life's tumultuous sea, who has not seen  
 Sad shipwreck made of faith—sincerity—  
 And conscience clear—that cordial friend of man!  
 Who in an arm of flesh too much confides,  
 Is highly reprehensible: I deem,  
 Experience will one day his folly chide!  
 Since friendship stands connected with your peace,  
 First prove your friend, then trust him as a man :  
 But build your hopes alone on the Supreme.

THE muse has seen vile parasites aspire  
 To aim at strides which nature ne'er design'd  
 For pigmy pow'rs :—a mercenary tribe  
 Of venal tools! How like to monkeys, set  
 Aloft upon a pinnacle, they stand  
 With a facetious grin!—an obvious mark  
 For satire to let fly its winged shafts—  
 Like oracles with demons fraught within,  
 Applauding excellence they never felt,  
 And never can commend: their feet are set  
 In slipp'ry places—suddenly they sink,  
 To poverty, contempt, and grief a prey!  
 —Granted that vapid sops are patronis'd,

And

And sometimes rais'd to short-liv'd eminence  
 By their fraternity;—I spare the wife;  
 While men of worth with unassuming port,  
 Unskill'd in low ingratiating arts  
 Are easily o'erlook'd: and if as wife  
 As Socrates—as wife perhaps might be,  
 And be like him discarded!—Time has seen  
 Fair Virtue's pupils stand aloof awhile  
 Unnotic'd in the throng; and modest worth, 420  
 Tho' quite rever'd in wisdom's prime esteem,  
 And not by heav'n's intelligence unmark'd,  
 Has wept and dy'd unknown. Yet this is rare:  
 For virtue is true excellence—She leads  
 Her chosen favourites, conspicuous,  
 Straight up the steep and smooth ascent to fame!  
 Yet obstacles may intercept her way;  
 And merit meet not here its due reward.  
 Th' illustrious learn'd, by num'rous objects press'd,  
 Not always can find leisure to attend 430  
 The voice of merit, and due deference pay  
 To its supreme regard.—Th'unletter'd throngs,  
 True worth to value know not. How should they,  
 While proud insulting Ignorance pervades,  
 And domineers—so like th'Athenian hag,  
 Cotytto old, who wanton orgies held,  
 When darkness dropp'd its curtain o'er the world?  
 Their sense of right is oft but splendid wrong!  
 How far surpassing these in worth, appear

The sage discriminating few, who shine 440  
 In learning's richest stores, tho' not possess  
 Of diadems and gold—These know the worth  
 Of innate virtue:—They may lack the power  
 In this unequal state to patronize  
 True merit, and support its dignity:  
 Yet not a tongue its value to attest,  
 Or glowing heart its owner to approve.  
 Yet all of *eminence* are not bereft  
 Of honour, nor to merit's voice estrang'd:  
 All are not sordid. Numbers still remain 450  
 Who real worth prefer.—Th'example comes,  
 Deriv'd with force, down from the British throne;  
 Whence men of worth, in navy, church, and state,  
 Are signaliz'd, and list'd to the helm.  
 There are inferior ranks who such esteem,  
 And seek them out as treasure: inly glad [up  
 To announce their worth, when found, and list them  
 To life and liberty! 'Tis only such  
 Who sanction give to merit by their deeds,  
 Who nobly think and act, the title claim 460  
 Of true nobility. Such, like the sun,  
 Dispensing kindly influence afar,  
 Shall ascertain the prime ascent to fame.  
 Their *name* becomes immortal. Theirs the praise  
 To cherish lib'ral arts. The province theirs  
 To cheer the sacred MUSES in their haunts,  
 And

And trace their every-movement with delight ;  
 If on the sunny bank dispos'd to range  
 Among the bleating flocks, or in the lawns  
 Where lowing herds look gay—or hid beneath  
 A verdant canopy, where lofty trees  
 Embow'r a shade, and pour wild melody  
 From forth a thousand reeds !—or if beside  
 The babbling brook, or cool Castalian spring  
 Reclin'd—or in some grot or cave's recess,  
 As this where now I find a sacred fane—  
 Or if the muse, Camilla like, on wing  
 Should skim o'er wavy cornfields—and the billows !  
 It matters not, while moral is the lay,  
 And musical, to soothe the gentle ear ;  
 To form the mind to virtue, and excite  
 The finest feelings in the glowing breast.  
 When true MÆCENAS listen to her strain—  
 The well-fledg'd muse, beneath the fost'ring  
 Warmth  
 Of a congenial sky, or basks secure,  
 Or soars to higher eminence—where, like  
 The rising lark, she sings more soft and clear !

As a meridian sun to diamonds  
 Sheds lustre from its blaze,—the human mind,  
 If not irrationally dark, must shine  
 Beneath the dazzling rays of eminence ;  
 The soul expand, the sentiments refine.

This

This seems a well authenticated rule,  
 That "Wisdom waits on state:" yet 'tis as true,  
 Simplicity oft keeps the door: and those  
 Who make the best pretensions, enter in.  
 I grant exalted patronage a birth  
 Of no small privilege. This motto holds,  
 "Genius gains lustre while the GREAT use tools!"  
 But should true genius be remote;—like coin  
 Of base alloy, the more they rub, the more  
 The counterfeit appears, to pay their toil!  
 Whatever means, conducive to an end,  
 Are sought; the means alone can seldom gain  
 That end, exclusive of the needful aid  
 Of fit materials:—these must be at hand.  
 Would you unfold my meaning? Here it lies:  
 "A fool, in Plato's school, remain'd a fool!"  
 "A mule, a mule tho' Solomon did stride him;  
 "Not sage Prometheus can new brains infuse;  
 "Nor mend the hobbling gait of such a steed!"  
 The common pebble in an artist's hand,  
 Tho' skilful wrought, not with the agate vies,  
 Nor does the ruby like the diamond shine.  
 But as the diamond in polishing  
 New lustre gains, so in society  
 With men of worth the mind gains brighter stores,  
 And shines with splendour, like the morning star  
 Seen on Aurora's forehead in the dawn!  
 This truth is worthy of a prince's ear:

' Once, **TITLES** gave a temporary fame  
 ' To kings—to poets dedications;—now  
 ' 'Tis only **MERIT** can procure the palm  
 ' Of immortality, and raise a monument,  
 ' As durable as time to bear its name \*!  
 Not common genius durst to this aspire.  
 Few Cæsars shine in state. Perhaps as few  
 For genius *eminent*, do grace the world.  
 Genius is not so rare. It has been found  
 In cottages as well as courts to dwell;  
 Yet seldom nurtur'd there. True native worth  
 May live in lowliness of station—ne'er  
 To greet the light of learning—persevere  
 In science steps—or shake the generous hand.  
 Whatever sparks by nature may be given,  
 They lack the power of kindling in a flame:  
 Depriv'd of fortune's fostering warmth, the seeds  
 Of innate worth, in many a gentle breast,  
 Lie latent, bury'd by chill penury—  
 No fruitful harvest can of course ensue.  
 Imagination never revels here.  
 No “gentle zephyrs” waft Arabian sweets  
 Across the sense;—nor sing they of the bowl  
 High sparkling with the juices of Falern,  
 Until imagination drunken reels!

\* *Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.* VIRG.

They dream not of delights, in fairy lands,  
 Which reason ne'er conceiv'd of:—wide of these,  
 The vigour of the soul, depress'd, must sink,  
 Beneath the frigid zone—a winter day!  
 And such to souls plac'd far from fortune's smiles  
 The day of Life. Ah! what avails it them  
 That nature kindled sparks of vital fire  
 Within their breast:—the muse's sacred flame—  
 When they no meet materials can supply,  
 The genial flame must languish—and expire.

Thus oft in dreary desarts grow the seeds  
 Of stateliest pines, amid the forest wild;  
 But drooping die for lack of culture's aid:—  
 And oft in mines, by mountains bury'd deep,  
 Lie close conceal'd the gems \* that crowns adorn.

\* The Author acknowledges himself indebted to a well-known stanza in Mr. GRAY's admired Elegy, for the concluding sentiment,

“ Full many a gem,” &c.

They dream not of delights, in fairy lands,  
 Which reason not conceiv'd of:—wide of the sea,  
 The vigour of the soul, deprest, must sink,  
 Beneath the rigid zone—a winter day!  
 And such to souls plac'd far from former mines  
 The day of life. Al! what awaits it them?  
 That nature kindled sparks of vital fire  
 Within their breast:—the mine's secret share—  
 When they no more merit it can apply,  
 The genial flame must languish—and expire.

Thus oft in dreary depths grow the seeds  
 Of latent pain, amid the forest wild;  
 But sleeping the forest of curbs and—  
 And oft in mines, by mortals busy'd,  
 The close conceal'd gems that crown adorn.

The first of these is a kind of mineral water, which is  
 known to be in the Gravelly, for the reason.

"The second is a kind of mineral water, which is  
 known to be in the Gravelly, for the reason.



THE ALEXANDER

THE

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK IX.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Evening and Night-Scenes, from off navigable Rivers, improved to moral and religious Pleasures. View of the early Dawn—Incitement to rising betimes, and to Industry. The quick Succession of Days and Seasons, an Emblem of Human Life. The Vanity of Earthly Attachments. Life's Prospects traced through the several Periods of its Course; with Incitements to Hope, and to Religion, as our chief Solace. Irreligion considered as the highest Instance of Ingratitude. Its Consequence drawn from the Fate of ancient Nineveh. The Case of the Prophet Jonah—illustrated and improved. A Retrospect of Life from Infancy to Old Age. The Grave our Port. Review of the Subject, and Conclusion.*

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THE  
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

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BOOK IX.

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**W**HAT time the lavish year its bounties pours  
In rich and plentiful profusion round,  
The flower of Albion's sons, embark'd, glide  
smooth  
Adown the learned *Isis*' gentlest stream,  
And breathe the ev'ning gales, which dance around  
In wanton frolic, and are seen to kiss  
The surface soft and clear; while *Flora* breathes  
Odoriferous her sweets, across the sense,  
From off the fragrant fields, or open lawns,  
Or meads of new-mown hay; rough *Industry*  
Exerts his every nerve, and toils o'er all

The busy country round : How grand the scene !  
 How wonted to inspire !—While music pours  
 Its native wild notes from the copse brink,  
 Commix'd with dulcet chime of distant bells,  
 Now heard, now lost, at intervals,—or pipe  
 Of soothest shepherd, trilling to the ear,  
 Awakes to memory Arcadian scenes ;  
 Delighted and delighting, all then feel  
 Pleasure's soft impulse : All then taste the joys  
 Of innocence ; and seem t'imbibe a gale  
 From Paradise ! Such sweets, such prospects, breathe  
 An ardour o'er the soul ! Callous the heart,  
 And fordid is the breast, that never feels  
 The glow divine ; that never melts, refin'd,  
 Beneath the bounties of the breathing God,  
 Who smiles o'er all his works : beneath whose eye  
 Nature exults and sings ! In nature's works  
 How visible his hand ! how bright his beams !  
 How felt his power ! his tenderness ! his love !  
 More sweet than music's strains to the charm'd ear,  
 To the sooth'd soul the breathings of his love !  
 Another sense the sprightly Voyagers  
 Indulge unblam'd. Th'elated eye descrys  
 Augusta's hundred spires ! uprear'd sublime  
 Above the smoky farge !—Of Britain's fame  
 Fit emblem, which extends o'er many a realm,  
 And wakes to jealousy a wond'ring world !  
 And now the forests views ; and now the groves,  
 With rural villages, at intervals,

In ever-pleasing gay variety !  
 Such Twickenham ! once the muses favour'd haunt :  
 Rochampton such, with verdant honours crown'd :  
 While fleecy clouds extend o'er all the scene ;  
 The quivering scene appears, reflected clear,  
 On the soft surface of the silver stream !

STILL bolder scenes delight th'enraptur'd muse  
 Mid Cambria's salutary rocks and dales,  
 His residence, whose leisure finds an hour  
 To chant these moral and descriptive lays.  
 O'er Vaga's rolling stream, profuse and wild,  
 What views appear ! How various ! How sublime !  
 What tow'ring hills o'er hills are seen to rise,  
 With stately ruins grac'd of nodding walls \*,  
 And leaning towers †, which once might have been  
 deem'd

Impregnable, if ever work of Art

\* History is very silent about the origin of the most ancient of these castles, the ruins of which are still seen upon some of the hills and precipices in Wales. As they differ materially in the construction and workmanship from those of more modern date, they must have been built at a much earlier period than any which I have seen recorded, and at a large expence of *brill* and popularity. The mortar with which the ruins (for instance, of *Castle Tibot*, in South Wales) is still cemented, is so exceeding firm, that every broken fragment is as united and hard as an entire flinty stone.

† There is part of a tower that now stands nodding over the ruins of an ancient castle in Glamorganthire, which is esteemed, by travellers, as an equal curiosity with the leaning tower of Pisa.

Impregnable were justly deem'd. Within  
 Those moated mounds Credulity surveys  
 Huge tombs \*, where bones were found of mon-  
 strous size †,  
 Incredible, yet of the human form!  
 Hence vulgar legendary tales affirm  
 Giants, renown'd in prowess; to have rul'd  
 The terrify'd inhabitants around,  
 With cruel arbitration uncontrol'd.  
 Aloft o'er these, the mariner descrys  
 More doubtful various scenes—to where afar  
 The blue pale mountains elevated heights,  
 Like pyramids, might seem to prop the skies.  
 Such Snowdon, bleak and white ! Plynlimmon such,  
 Whence Vaga and Sabrina fair run down  
 The craggy cliffs, abrupt, with speedy feet,  
 In haste to gain the valleys, and to cheer  
 The sons of Commerce with their maiden streams !  
 Such Kadar-Idris ! fam'd for Alpine plants ;

\* The monstrous seeming tombs, which are vulgarly supposed in this country to have been the graves of the giants, and which I myself have seen near the ruins of ancient castles, are, in all probability, long and large pits, which were dug when those fabrics were demolished, to deposit the remains of the ancient Britons who fell in defence of their country.

† Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris. VIRG.

And

And Penmanmawr, which frowns aloft o'er seas,  
 And casts his shadow on the distant isles !  
 Scal'd with hot thunderbolts, the mountains brow  
 Nods tremulous ; and frequent seems on fire  
 With the red flash ! rebellowing back the roar  
 Of warring elements' from cloud to cloud !—  
 Such pond'rous mountains seem to overwhelm  
 The shores, and stop\* the river's course ! Such scene  
 By the Creator's pencil drawn, afford  
 The true sublime : and fire th'attentive muse !  
 The Cambrian scenes are wild, irregular,  
 And great ; as great, irregular, and wild  
 The genius † of the Cambrian muse appears.

You Monarch of the Day now rolls his car  
 Beyond th'Atlantic billows ! In return,  
 Fair Luna, queen of night, emerges forth  
 From out the Eastern wave, and seems as fair  
 As Dian's self when bathing ! Lo, she walks

• In navigating some of the rivers in Wales, a person might imagine, at intervals, that the nodding mountains had barred up their course ; and that the river must penetrate through the depth of the hills, till he find, upon a nearer survey, the craggy rocks have unlocked their seemingly impregnable gates for the passage of the rapid and clamorous torrent !

† *Genius* is here used for *natural best disposition*. The enthusiastic fire and energy of the Welch Bards, in their own language, has been acknowledged and admired through many ages.

In peerless majesty, advancing up  
 The steep of heav'n! As conscious of her state,  
 She'ft among the silver-tiffu'd clouds  
 Looks out, and smiles on all th'admiring world!  
 To emulate her brother she would shine,  
 Tho' with his borrow'd rays! Yet half his loss  
 Is by her softer beams not ill supply'd.  
 And in her absence—Providence so kind,  
 So attentive seems to all the wants of man,  
 That heav'n and earth combine to make him bless'd  
 Then Hesperus,\* lights up his splendid lamp,  
 And leads the vocal constellations round  
 In mazy dance, throughout the silent hours;  
 Till Lucifer † relieves him from his charge,  
 And shines the herald of the blushing morn!  
 Meantime, nocturnal glooms are vocal made  
 By Philomel, sweet warbler of the shades,  
 Pouring her plaintive song thro' all the grove  
 In strains excelling art! Her minstrelsy  
 To love and innocence sounds ever sweet

\* *Hesperus*, the Evening Star. The Author would not be understood to affirm, that the glorious luminaries of heaven were created solely for the service and delight of man: they, doubtless, answer higher ends: but that they are serviceable to man is undeniable; and it affords a high display of the goodness and wisdom of God, that by one means he acquires many ends. In the movements and operations of his providence, there is ever  
 "a wheel within a wheel!"

† The Morning Star.

The



The Voyagers now all attention seem !  
 Calm as the silent night. PHILOSOPHY  
 Appears ! and oft with elevated look  
 She views the stars—attends their softer song,  
 And drinks their glories in ! Their thousand lamps  
 Kindle divine ambition in the soul,  
 Which things terrestrial cannot quench, and wake  
 Devotion there ! Her fane the UNIVERSE. 120  
 The wat'ry plain a silver pavement seems,  
 The concave vault, adorn'd with studs of gold,  
 A glorious canopy—divinely bright !  
 All, all is lustre here ! All majesty  
 Which elevates the soul ! More sumptuous shines  
 This fane than all the proud magnificence  
 That richest eastern temples e'er could boast.  
 Imperial Rome and ancient Babylon,  
 Surpassing all the boast of modern art,  
 With palaces and gardens hung in air ; 130  
 With stately halls, proud porticos, and domes  
 Illumin'd bright on some high festival,—  
 Are here outdone, far as the streaming morn  
 Exceeds the glimmering taper's feeble ray.  
 Non glorious luminaries feast the eye,  
 And raise the soul to Heav'n. Their sacred beams  
 Illumé the heart to veneration pure,  
 And wake up in the mind emotions strong  
 T'adore th'OMNIPOTENT ! who spread so wide  
 The curtains of his elevated throne ; 140

And kindled up those living fires, to shine  
 Like splendid lamps before his palace gates—  
 Or glittering pearls in his immortal crown.  
 In civil and commercial life, the stars  
 Of wond'rous fame, of wond'rous use are found :  
 Their *uses* need no comment ; and by bards,  
 Ancient and modern, sounds their *fame*, in strains  
 Immortal as their fires !—Sacred of old  
 Their harmony, when God the fiat gave,  
 And all creation's works to light sprang up ! 150  
 Renown'd in sacred writ, when erst they fought,  
 'Gainst Siera, in aid of Israel's host, \*!  
 Some stars propitious shine to births and states,  
 And adverse some to politics and kings !  
 Such creed Astrology would fain impose ;  
 And Pagan ignorance believ'd the tale ;  
 Confounding stars, and gods, supposing these  
 To govern men, and those foretel their fates !  
 As soon might men arrest their swift career,  
 And notify what hour they cease to roll. 160  
 To nobler ends they blaze thro' all the sky.  
 On them, the pencil of Omnipotence  
 Has drawn, in characters indelible,  
 The Astronomer's fair book, the seaman's chart ;  
 The Navigator's one unvarying rule  
 To rectify his course. In them appear  
 The traces of Eternal Wisdom ; seen

\* Judges v. 20.

Alike by vulgar † and judicious eyes !  
 Each stated watch, to them in charge assign'd,  
 They keep ! But chief, " God's glory they declare,  
 " And to the nations shew his handy work !"  
 Yet all these constellations, bright as suns,  
 If all united in the zenith blaz'd,  
 All were outshone by that celestial ray  
 Of mercy mild, which darted down direct,  
 To earth, near Jordan's hallow'd stream ; and blaz'd  
 O'er Palestine ; thence, over all the isles  
 It shone benign, to light our stedfast course  
 Up to the realms of day ! Heaven's splendid lamp,  
 Receptacle of God's prime gift, the Sun  
 Once blush'd in sable shades, outshone, eclips'd  
 By His superior blaze—" The Gentile's Light !"  
 ' Great " Sun, of Righteousness !" with thy bright  
 beams  
 ' Relume the darkness of our gloomy days :

† I would not be understood to affirm, that the operations of  
 Eternal Wisdom, which shine so conspicuous in the visible hea-  
 vens, are seen and admired by the illiterate husbandman in equal  
 degree as they are by the contemplative adept in science, or the  
 profound philosopher : all that I affirm, is, that they are plain  
 lessons of Divine Wisdom to the most ignorant, and monitors to  
 reverent and adore the Almighty Creator.

† The Scripture metaphor of wings, applied to the Sun of  
 Righteousness, is a trope which affords the lightest idea of the  
 inconceivable speed with which the Divine Mercy wings its  
 flight.

' Cheer the benighted Voyagers with thy  
 ' Uprising; and "with healing in thy wings,"  
 ' Scatter the gathering clouds; disperse afar  
 ' Life's saddest glooms with thy consoling beams:  
 ' Lighten the nations round the spacious earth;  
 ' With all thy penetrating rays direct  
 ' Of sacred truth: And thou blest'd Spirit, waft  
 ' Each wanderer back to steer religion's course,  
 ' That all may safely gain Heaven's peaceful beach.'

AGAIN the sprightly day, whose balmy breath  
 Bespangles all the lawns with num'rous gems,  
 Peeps o'er the mountains, healthful, blushing red,  
 To see the sons of Indolence reclin'd  
 On downy couches, this prime cheering hour,  
 When Phœbus his triumphal car first rolls  
 Sublimely up the steep of heav'n! when breathe  
 Sweetness and health thro' all the vital air!  
 Awake, ye sons of Sloth! and blush to hear  
 How loudly nature calls you forth, to join  
 The gen'ral chorus of earth, air, and skies!  
 His mercy and beneficence t'attest,  
 Who gave your heart to feel, your tongue to praise;  
 Be this your first, your last, your chief employ,  
 His praise, "by whom you move, and have your  
 being:"

Then, next, your different occupations, toils, 210

And

And useful studies ply ; and say what joys,  
 What op'ning prospects, such a course attend !

Thus days with seasons, years with Life roll  
 round,  
 Succeeding and succeeded :—Time lays hold,  
 His sith, enormous, and cuts down like grass,  
 All earth's inhabitants ! A hundred years  
 Leaves not a remnant, a few hoary heads,  
 Scarce as the vintage gleanings to remain.  
 As rivers to their source, so Life flows on  
 Incessant, tending downward to the gulph  
 Of deep futurity, whence none return.

THE man whose heart is rivetted to earth,  
 Whose wishes and attachments centre here,  
 Acts not unlike some idiot passenger  
 Bound to a distant port, but lodg'd a night  
 In a commodious creek, who spends his all  
 To fit up warm apartments for an hour.  
 Next morning, summon'd to embark, in haste  
 He quits the cell, and leaves his fancy'd claim  
 For aliens to possess. Such oft their fate  
 Who furnish treasures for ungrateful heirs ;  
 Who, when they drop, scarce shed a friendly tear !

LIFE, soon resigns to future destiny  
 Its idle business, its toils, and cares,

Pleasures, and hopes, and fears, a medley train,  
 And makes the port, where traffic toils no more.  
 So merchants, bent on gain, bear down the stream  
 With joy, and soon the spacious seas obtain  
 In hope of future recompense, they steer  
 O'er all the turbulence of all the waves; 240  
 Tho' dangers oft await them, and stern fate  
 Besets their course—and mars their future hopes.  
 In Life's swift Voyage, holds the parallel  
 It does. So jocund youth in early prime  
 Of Life glides smooth; and every charming scene  
 Delights us! Nature's self, then seen,  
 Appears all pleasure to our eyes;—or heard,  
 'Tis music in our ears! The smiling joys  
 Of innocence and sweet simplicity  
 Conspire to make us bless'd! Fair spring appears,  
 And every pleasing scene new joy inspires! 251  
 Ev'n Winter's cold domain then warms our souls,  
 Enkindling an enthusiastic heat  
 Mid frost and snow, and all the hollow roar  
 Of Eurus' rage to melt the musing heart  
 To raptures, which I fancy still to feel!  
 When summer sheds its copious gifts, profuse  
 O'er all the earth, like Amalthæa's horn,  
 Ev'n summer seems less fruitful than our hopes!  
 Our hopes shoot forth in blossom; and our joys,  
 Unbounded, seem to promise golden fruit, 261  
 To shine in Autumn's meliorating hand,

When

When manhood shall complete our happiness,  
And Hymen crown in wedlock all our joys!  
The Winter which awaits our frozen powers  
Is scarcely then conceiv'd of—seeming far,  
And distant as the space which occupies  
'Twixt East and the extremest point where sets  
The evening star! When manhood crowns our  
years,  
Ah, then our blossom'd hopes begin to shed;  
And Disappointment bears hard at the root,  
To cut down all the Tree! Kind Heaven protect  
Its sacred boughs from each malignant blast,  
And every hand that's rais'd to do it harm.  
What tho' Misfortune's piercing blasts, like frost,  
Nip off the verdant leaves; yet wait a while,  
The tree invigorates, and shoots afresh  
Beneath Heaven's kindly dew, and looks as gay,  
As verdant as before. What fools are they  
Whom one short winter urges to destroy  
Their drooping vine, because its leaves are shed!  
The blasts of fortune, and the wrecks of fate,  
Should teach us wisdom. And in manhood's tide,  
Our anchor should be fix'd on firmest ground,  
As stable as the rocks which bound the shores.  
Despair should ne'er be seen on deck,  
But instant thrust that demon to the deep,  
When Age o'ertakes us, all our work should then  
Be finish'd;—nothing left—save what the joys

And

And peaceful prospects of a future state  
 Excite in grateful acts of charity,  
 Religion then should soothe and meliorate  
 The frail infirmities of life; and give  
 Large prospects of unfading bliss.—How fair  
 The evening sun that sets in smiles!  
 As peaceful and as fair the evening seems  
 Which closes up the scene,—a well spent Life.

RELIGION! O thou solace of delight!  
 Thou balm of hope! My yielding heart is thine.  
 I feel myself to thee betroth'd by ties  
 Indissoluble: Still, still bind my soul  
 With twice ten thousand bands of sacred love,  
 No more to sever from thy company  
 In life, in death—or distant worlds unknown.

AND are there found who at Religion scoff,  
 And cast aside the only balm of hope?  
 Tho' Fortune smile within their palace-gate,  
 I envy not their lot, nor would I change  
 The enslav'd African's hard yoke for theirs.  
 If vile ingratitude to man proclaim,  
 A low and sordid mind, how must appear  
 The wretch who lives unmindful of his God!  
 His Benefactor! his best Friend! Such sight  
 Might angels move to pity and disdain.  
 Hence irreligion is ingratitude



Of deepest dye—and worse, 'tis war, 'gainst Heav'n!  
 Man's disobedience urges destiny  
 To grasp the brands of Heav'n with steadfast aim,  
 And hurl them down, quick as the glancing flash,  
 At the defenceless head of impious Pride:— 320  
 To sink the scorner low as is the realm  
 Of ancient Night and Erebus profound.

SHALL man, the child of God, whom Mercy  
 crowns  
 The favourite of Heav'n; whom Goodness guards  
 Throughout the busy day, and close pursues  
 What time the evening shades to still repose  
 Invite—its station fixing round his bed,  
 Still provident to guard from every harm—  
 Shall man be still ungrateful, and not pay  
 A tribute of devotion to his God? 330  
 Forbid it Heav'n! Lest earth and skies exclaim  
 Against such base impiety! And all  
 Th'astonish'd elements proclaim his guilt!

YES, man—vain man, would shun the Deity,  
 And start aside from out his paths direct,  
 Like an unlevell'd arrow from the bow:  
 As tho' his God, with arbitrary rule,  
 Intruded on his rights and liberty!  
 Happy for him, the patient Deity  
 Not soon retaliates, with vengeful hand, 340  
 The

The measure of his wrong.—I hear a voice,  
 Of justice and forbearance to the world,  
 From NINEVEH, the ancient seat whence rose  
 Th'Assyrian monarchy o'er all the earth;  
 Whence proud oppression and injustice sprang,  
 And sway'd an iron sceptre o'er the globe!  
 God sent his prophet to proclaim her fall,  
 His prophet, tho' reluctant, must obey.  
 His message he proclaims. The city hears:  
 She trembles: she repents, and turns averie 350  
 From all her evil ways. God sees from high:  
 He too relents, and turns aside his wrath.  
 As great his goodness and forbearance still  
 To all who supplicate his gracious throne—  
 With that chief eloquence of humble \* pray'r,  
 As show'rs that fall on the parch'd wilderness  
 Soon disappear, as soon the City wip'd  
 Off every tear;—Renown'd her wonted course  
 Of wickedness, with greater confidence; 359  
 Till urg'd—at length, awoke th'Almighty's ire,  
 And kindled in a flame through all her streets!  
 Fell Desolation tore up all her strong  
 Foundations; and her bulwarks deep eras'd:  
 Empty, and void, and waste, her palaces  
 A heap of ruins fell.—Learn hence, Who slight  
 Divine forbearance, justice will o'ertake.

Prayer all-eloquent. YOUNG.

THE

THE prophet's case a lesson may unfold,  
Of sage instruction to th'attentive ear.

FANCY afar descrys the hoary seer,  
To Ninus' city sent ! enjoin'd from high  
To warn an impious race their overthrow,  
Ere the short space of forty setting suns  
Shall have elaps'd, and drawn Night's curtain round  
To veil the face of day—The prophet turns,  
With gloomy discontentment in his eye,  
And sets his face for Joppa, thence to launch,  
And bear his course across th'astonish'd deep  
For Tarsis, hoping so, to shun the high  
Behest of Heav'n, and fly the face of God !  
Th'astonish'd deep reproves his impious guilt, 380  
And checks his bold design. The lab'ring keel  
Feels all the fury of the raging storm,  
And seems the sport of winds. On deck, they reel  
Like drunken men - - - till stupify'd, the seer  
In sleep obtains short refuge from his grief,  
The crew in vain their utmost efforts use,  
And dash the sounding oars to the wild waves  
With all the force of human sinews. Some  
At the stiff helm, attentive, toiling hard,  
And some at the torn shrouds. While over deck  
The rolling billows sweep with frequent surge, 390  
Methinks I see Confusion rave on board  
The busiest of their train ! Deep horror throbs

In every heart, and gleams through every eye!  
 What diligence; what pain'd anxiety  
 Appears to shun the King of Terrors dart!  
 The merchant and the mariner agree  
 To leave no needful effort unassay'd  
 The harbour to regain, whence late they launch'd;  
 These at the cordage lab'ring hard, and those  
 Casting o'erboard the stores once highly priz'd:  
 For now the wealth of either Ind, compar'd  
 With Life, in estimation seems a toy.  
 Still every surge forebodes their threat'ning doom!  
 Lo, at the helm the pilot stands aghast,  
 And motionless—a statue of distress!  
 As the last effort of expiring hope,  
 Each man his god invokes with fervent cry;  
 Yet still each man invokes his god in vain.  
 More wise, the Hebrew seer they now address  
 “ Sleeper, awake! What meanest thou? Arise,  
 “ And call upon thy God! Perhaps thy God  
 “ Will deign to lend an ear.” Nor was their suit  
 In vain; nor unavailing now their plaint,  
 As heretofore; for Israel's God can hear.

THE prophet soon the secret cause reveals  
 Why rage the elements so uncontrol'd.  
 With generous disdain he gives *himself*,  
 The sacrifice, to still the angry seas:  
 Like some great Chief, who for his country's weal  
 Foregoes

Foregoes his friends, his safety, and his life, — 424  
 And gains the honours to such valour due.

NECESSITY impells. I see the crew,  
 With trembling hands, consign him to the deep.  
 The angry deep receives the destin'd prey,  
 And all its clamours cease. The prophet still  
 Abides secure, in covert of his robe,  
 Whose awful nod the raging seas obey.

Down to the deep foundations of the hills,  
 Where Phœbus' light could never penetrate, — 430  
 He sinks to where the hollow mountains fix  
 Their everlasting bars. He supplicates  
 The ear of God ! His God attentive hears.  
 Tho' round his head the "baffled billows" play'd,  
 And dangling sea-weeds \* from his temples hung  
 Down to the sandals which secur'd his feet ;  
 Tho' Cetos † clos'd him in his hideous jaws ;  
 And darkness fix'd its throne above, around ;  
 Th'Omnipotent still kept beneath his eye  
 His supplicating feet : and in his hand

\* Jonah ii. 5.

† *Ketos*, i. e. a great fish : probably the *Stark*, which abounds in those seas. The *Whale* does not seem to be a happy translation of the word *Ketos*, in the case of the prophet *Jonah*. *Mat.* xii. 40.

Preserv'd his life secure until the hour,  
 The destin'd hour, which cast him forth, third  
 morn,  
 High on the shore to greet the smiling day!  
 Type of the rising God! in equal space,  
 Who burst the sable barriers of the tomb,  
 And gave to light the hope of future joy,  
 More cheering than Aurora's kindling rays,  
 Which in the purple East expansive stream!

DID *Jonah* disobedient turn, intent  
 To shun the high behest of Heaven, alone?  
 Has he no followers in the wayward course  
 Of obstinate rebellion? Multitudes  
 There are, who steer as counter to the chart  
 In sacred writ reveal'd; who wish, like him,  
 T'illude th'omniscience of the Deity,  
 And fly the face of God! Can mortals hide  
 From his broad Eye, who at one glance surveys  
 Creation's bounds? Say, can the treach'rous scheme,  
 Or the more impious deed, in silence plann'd,  
 In darkness perpetrated, miss his eye?  
 Null were the confidence, and vain the hope.  
 HE fills all places with his essence pure;  
 Heav'n with his love; and earth exulting smiles  
 With his beneficence divinely bless'd;  
 While hell groans deep beneath his awful ire.

NOR slept the *seer* alone on Life's rough sea,  
 Encompass'd round with dangers and distress;  
 Thousands, like him, supinely sleep, secure,  
 Nor dream of danger nigh, tho' GUILT beset  
 Their course in its terrific form array'd,  
 Convolv'd in storms of wrath, to issue down  
 Like torrents in the soul! And all the time  
 The hell-bred monster SIN pesters the bark,  
 Guilt frowns a fury! frowns a desp'rate foe,  
 And meditates destruction! Like the shark  
 Closely pursuing all our course unseen,  
 But not unfelt, unless the conscience too  
 Be fall'n asleep! When Vice directs the helm,  
 Fate follows hard, and Desperation mounts  
 Its enginery with such a levell'd aim,  
 As soon or late awakes the stupid soul,  
 Or sinks it lower than the deepest waves.

MERCY awoke the *seer*! And Mercy's voice  
 Wakes thousands ere they close their eyes in shades.  
 But those who steer with Vice must float in tears:  
 Yet timely tears prevent the fatal wreck.  
 Launching with calm Contrition at the helm,  
 We steer secure, and make the port of Peace:  
 Rejecting Penitence, we strike amain  
 Upon the flinty rock of black Despair!  
 Not equal her inexorable fate

Who

Who wept herself to marble, when bereft

Of all her boasted sons in one sad hour!

As sure the course, where Vice long domineers,

Shall terminate in Sorrow's saddest plight.

As bounds the rapid keel o'er many a wave,

Thro' many a longitude—to distant climes,

Unseen from off the shore; so Life's precincts

Are soon o'erpass'd; and all beyond might seem

Impenetrably veil'd—save what the light

Of Inspiration \* shews, “as in a glass †,”

To those whose views extend beyond an hour ‡:

As wave succeeds to wave, and storm to storm,

So Life's succeeding scenes are still the same—

To-morrow meets the ghost of yesterday,

And all things run in one perpetual round §,

Till Fate's vindictive hand shuts up the scene.

The drama is perhaps renew'd next year;

But we have quit the stage! Life's fleeting hopes

At length delusive seem.—When past, how short

Appears the interval 'twixt youth and age,

Between the cradle and funereal room!

Soon infancy to youth resigns its tears

And toys; and youth for riper age foregoes

Its blooming charms—by grave Experience taught,

\* Alluding to the Bible.

† 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

‡ 2 Cor. iv. 18.

§ Eccl. i. 9.



“ Childhood and youth are vanity ;”—’tis then  
 Our riper years, and sounder intellects,  
 Sedate as Wisdom’s school, to manhood give  
 Life’s flatt’ring hopes and fears ! And manhood  
 soon

Declines to feeble age ;—bequeathing all 520

Its hoarded heaps to young posterity,  
 To future destiny its trembling hopes !

The human frame then seems, supported scarce  
 On bending pillars, menacing to fall

An heap of dust ! The ancient walls \*, and dome,  
 Appear externally defac’d and worn

By the rude onset of full many a storm !  
 One ornament, bestow’d by nature’s hand,

Remains. The flow’ring “almond” blooms, t’adorn  
 The sacred “temple,” o’er the wrongs of Time !

E’en so, the flowery shrubs which pendent bloom  
 High on Palmyra’s ruins, pleas’d are seen, 532

By the inspecting eye of travellers ;  
 And seem to shed a lustre o’er the scene !

How sacred, and how venerable, say,  
 Must age appear—the dictatorial heir

Of Wisdom, by Experience taught, with sound  
 Discretion blest ? How sage, if found in paths

Of righteousness ? If not—th’untimely birth,

\* The sacred writers frequently represent the several members of the human frame, by metaphors drawn from the various parts of an edifice. Cant. viii. 9, 10.

That never saw the sun, were happier far, 540  
 When Destiny shuts up the final scene !  
 Stooping beneath a multitude of years,  
 We soon consign Nature's infirmities  
 To the cold hand of Death ; and sink unmov'd  
 By censure or ambition's fiery chace,  
 Unaw'd by villany, or force, or fraud,  
 To lie conceal'd within the silent tomb.—  
 To this Life's Voyage tends. All earthly hopes  
 And anxious cares sleep in oblivion here !  
 Here is the destin'd port of human kind : 550  
 The statesman wise ; the politician shrewd ;  
 The general bold ; the warrior firm and brave ;  
 The sophist, and the simple, here unite,  
 And blend one common lot in nature's urn !  
 The honourable sink with solemn pomp :  
 Attention wakes, and echos round the shores  
 A sudden gust of fame, which soon expires,  
 If not by more than titles dignify'd.  
 True worth must sink alike ; but with regards 559  
 That shall not soon expire. The good are like  
 A stately navy, first afar descry'd ;  
 Soon nigher seen—with colours streaming high  
 Before the gale—all extacy t'arrive  
 Successful and victorious to their port.  
 Not so the wicked ; they, like vanquish'd fleets,  
 Are routed—and to wild disorder driv'n,  
 By the superior valour of the foe :

Then

Then met by raging storms, dispers'd, and wreck'd;  
 And buried deep beneath the booming waves,  
 Down to the Stygian sound they sink full fast; 570  
 Nor does one shatter'd ketch e'er float up more,  
 And hap'ly gain the fair Ausonian beach.  
 Such are the various fates assign'd to men:  
 So Life's grand Voyage ends! And when 'tis past,  
 Just like the furrowing keel which splits the wave,  
 And leaves no track behind, our course is now  
 Scarce longer recogniz'd! If ill, too soon  
 It cannot be forgot. But if our course  
 Tended to Life—and Wisdom's plan pursu'd—  
 Mark that immortal chart! Forget it not! 580  
 Steer on by the same point:—You soon arrive  
 At SALEM's port—the seat of sacred joy!

ENOUGH, my muse! The faithful muse has glanc'd,  
 With penetrating eye, thro' various Life;  
 Its boding fears, delusive hopes, and joys  
 Has guarded from excess; and steer'd, throughout,  
 The course of moderation;—yet with zeal  
 T'espouse the cause of truth, and vindicate  
 Religion, and the state, 'gainst enemies  
 Avow'd and firm—or couch'd in dark disguise, 590  
 More hellish of the twain! but deeming those  
 Beneath regard who trample on a crown\*!

\* Fortunately in *idea* only.

Despots for anarchy! asserting "Rights,"  
 Imaginary rights! with nought to lose!  
 Like birds of omen screaming to their mates  
 The wild fantastic echo of an hour,  
 In silence soon to die!—Surveying scenes  
 So complicated, she has laugh'd, has wept,  
 Has trembl'd o'er the fates that men bequeath,  
 Not to their fortune's heirs, but to themselves!  
 Has trac'd of good and ill the gain or loss,  
 The various consequence—and final end,  
 Enforcing by example, and by rule,  
 The course of virtue—and superior worth.—  
 Should this sincere attempt find good success,  
 And reputation gain in wisdom's ear;  
 Just tribute to his love be paid from whom  
 All good, all excellence proceeds; who pours  
 The vital current thro' these veins—inspires  
 This conscious heart to feel akin to man,  
 And kindle sacred sparks at virtue's fires!  
 Should unsuccessful attend—'tis no futility,  
 But fate procures my doom:—I durst submit,  
 However mortify'd, and own my fate

A portion of humanity—nor worse  
 Than what attends on many a hopeful bard,

• Homo sum, humani nihil à me alienum puto. TER.

Quisque suos patimur manes. VIRG.

Waiting the shelter of this silent nook

Rising

Rising in elevation, but to fall  
 More signal, more conspicuous to the world!  
 With modesty I meet the world: nor hope  
 With a false lustre to delude their eyes!  
 My muse, regardless of the lash of wits,  
 The sneer of pedants, the contempt of vice,  
 Rises superior to these legions helm'd  
 With bold effrontery, like flaming brass!  
 Meantime, the learned critic she reveres,  
 Who argues from just principles, and seems  
 Unbias'd or to censure or commend—  
 Unpolish'd pearls such will be found to prize:  
 The sterling weight of one strong thought, with  
     him,  
 Weighs down a thousand glitt'ring phantasies,  
 Which seem but feathers in the scale of sense:  
 With him—the man who dares espouse the cause  
 Of truth and reason, claims no small regard.

Now close the song with Nature's closing scenes,  
 The vanquish'd tomb, the final renovation!

AWHILE the righteous sleep serene, and safe  
 From all assaults, in their low bed—the grave:  
 Life's Voyage ended, here their bark obtains  
 Safe anchorage, and in this haven lies,  
 Waiting the signal of a retribution!  
 Hid in the shelter of this silent nook,

No turbulent proud waves of wickedness  
 Or strife—no rocks of error—no mustrooms  
 Of dread temptation threaten to devour :  
 No blustering blasts—no fatal wrecks disturb  
 Their still repose :—So rests in some calm creek  
 The wary pilot, till the turbid storm  
 Which loud alarms at sea be overblown,—  
 When the commission'd angel, from on high,  
 Shall stand august and solemn—one foot fix'd  
 On earth, and one on sea, with hand elate  
 To heav'n—and swear by heav'n's Immortal King  
 That Time shall cease to roll !—with awful blast  
 Give the shrill trump of God to rend the skies,  
 And call the sleeping nations forth to meet  
 Their separate doom ! The erst all-stedfast earth,  
 And all th'inferior heavens unite in one  
 Unbounded blaze ! and all, affrighted, fly  
 Their MAKER's presence—now the Judge of all !  
 Mean-time, we shall behold the teeming tombs,  
 The solemn vaults, the roaring floods and seas,  
 The gaping ruins of huge palaces,  
 And far-fam'd towns by earthquakes bury'd deep,  
 Resign their charge, and give them to the day.  
 O ! then, with joy, methinks I see the Just,  
 Beneath Heav'n's brightest beaming clemency,  
 Hoisting their flag of hope ! Uplifting high  
 The swelling sails of love ! Bearing sublime

Before

Before a gale of meritorious grace  
 On to the crystal portals of the sky ! 670

LIFT up your heads, ye everlasting doors,  
 And give the heirs of bliss to enter in !  
 Ye pearly gates of Paradise ! admit  
 The ransom'd nations all, with loud acclaim  
 And songs of sacred joy ! Give them to feast,  
 'Mid amaranthine bow'rs, beneath the tree  
 Whose sacred leaves heal'd all their maladies,  
 And pluck ambrosial fruit from off its boughs !  
 Give them to quaff immortal pleasures round,  
 From out Life's fount, till youth, celestial youth,  
 Sit on each brow, and sparkle in each eye ; 681  
 With vigour only seen, and only felt,  
 In immortality ;—to shine like stars  
 In the unclouded firmament of heaven ;  
 Where pure serenity abides ; where joys  
 Mature exult, which no cessation know.  
 No sickness, no calamity, obtains  
 In that "NEW EARTH AND HEAV'NS," where Just  
 Men dwell ;  
 No dread of shipwreck there ;—Secure they stand,  
 All safely landed on th' eternal beach. 690

THE END.

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