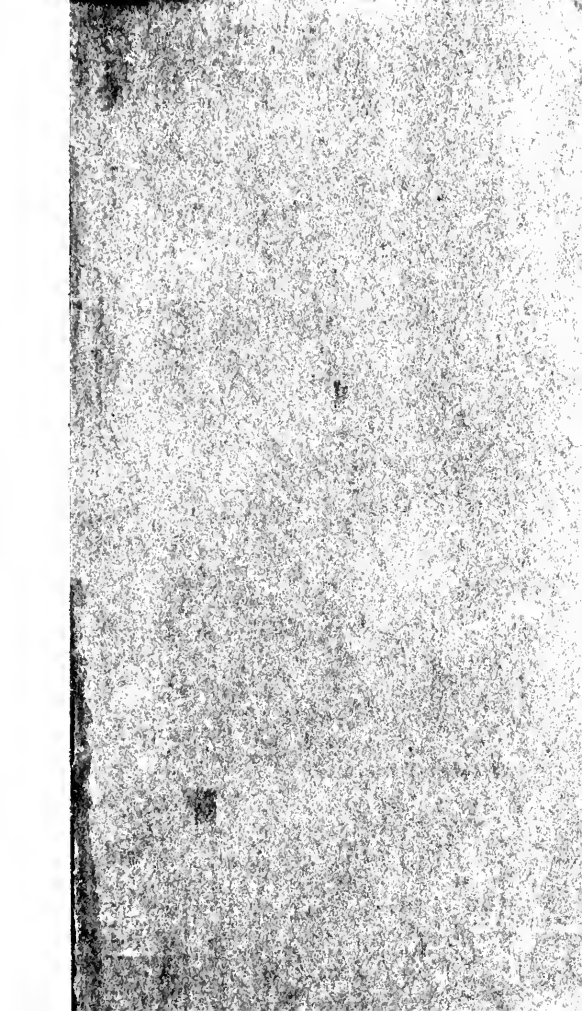




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William Bayley





THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR R. BLACKMORE:

Containing
CREATION;

A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM, IN SEVEN BOOKS.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

The themes of vulgar lays, with just disdain
I leave un sung, the flocks, the amorous swain,
The pleasures of the land, and terror of the main.
I meditate to soar above the skies,
To heights unknown, through ways untry'd to rise;
I would th' Eternal from his works assert,
And sing the wonders of Creating Art.

Creation, Book I.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row,
and sold by all the Bookellers in
Great-Britain and
Ireland.

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LIFE OF BLACKMORE.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, though eminent both as a poet and physician, is one of those great men, of whose life and manner few memorials have been left by his contemporaries, and which has been more censured by his enemies, than praised by his friends. He was descended from a respectable family in Wiltshire, and having received the rudiments of his education at a country school, was sent to Westminster at the age of thirteen, and from thence, in 1668, removed to Edmund Hall, Oxford, where he took the degree of Master of Arts on the 31 of June, 1676. Though he resided at College thirteen years, a much longer time than is usually spent at the University, Doctor Johnson is of opinion that he did not devote his time and attention to those pursuits which generally occupy the minds of students; because, in his poems, there are many errors respecting the names of nations and places, which he seems to have introduced without having taken the pains to ascertain their propriety.

In the early part of his life he was reduced to the necessity of engaging in the profession of a school-master, an humiliation with which his enemies failed not to reproach him, when he acquired a degree of fame sufficient to excite their malevolence. In a satirical piece, written against him, are these lines:

- “ By nature form'd, by want a pedant made,
- “ Blackmore at first set up the whipping trade;
- “ Next quack commenc'd, then fierce with pride, he swore,
- “ That toothach, gut, and corns, should be no more.
- “ In v in his drug, as well as birch he tried;
- “ His boys grew blockheads, and his patients died.”

Dr. Garth alludes to his being a school-master in the following lines:

- “ Unwieldy pedant, let thy awkward muse
- “ With conscious rattle, with flatteries abuse;
- “ Tolash, and not be hit, is thee's an art;
- “ Thou ne'er mad'st any but thy school-boys smart.”

Dr. Johnson, with respect to these sarcasms, very candidly observes, that it should be remembered, to the honour of our author, “ that to have been once a school-master, is the only reproach which all the perspicacity or malice, animated by wit, has ever fixed upon his private life.”

It is probable that indigence did not long compel him to follow the profession of a school-master; and it is presumed that some circumstances concurring in his favour, he travelled to Italy, and took the degree of Doctor of Physic at the University of Padua. He also visited France, Germany, and the Low Countries, and having travelled about a year and a half on the Continent, he returned to England.

Dr. Johnson observes, that when our author first engaged in physic, he inquired, as he himself says, of Dr. Sydenham, what authors he should read, and was directed by Sydenham to Don Quixote, "which," said he, "is a very good book; I read it still." Whether he rested satisfied with this direction, or sought for better, he commenced physician, and attained to a degree of eminence and an extensive practice. He became Fellow of the College of Physicians, April 12, 1687; being one of the thirty, which, by the new Charter of King James, was added to the former number. His residence was at Sadler's Hall, in Cheapside, and his friends were chiefly in the city. At that time a citizen was a term of reproach, and his place of abode was another topic to which his enemies had recourse for a subject of scandal.

Blackmore was not known as a poet till, (in 1695) he published *Prince Arthur*, an heroic poem, in ten books, written, as he relates, "by such catches and starts, and in such occasional, uncertain hours as his profession afforded, and for the great part in coffee-houses, or in passing up and down the streets. From the later part of this apology, he was accused by Dryden of writing "to the rumbling of his chariot wheels." It seems that he had incurred the displeasure of Dryden by censuring in his Preface, the licentiousness of the stage.

Prince Arthur appears to have found many readers, for in two years it went through three editions, a very uncommon instance of favourable reception at a time when literary curiosity was yet confined to particular classes of the nation. Such success naturally raised animosity, and Dennis attacked him in a formal criticism fraught with malevolence and illiberality; but to the censure of Dennis, may be opposed the approbation of Locke, and the admiration of Molineux, which are found in their printed letters. It is also praised by Dr. Watts in his *Essay of Poetry*. And Gildon says, in his "Art of Poetry," that "notwithstanding his merit, this admirable author did not think himself upon the same footing with Homer."

It is remarked by Pope that what "raises the hero, often sinks the man." But it may be said of Blackmore, that, as the poet sinks, the man rises. The animadversions of Dennis, insolent and contemptuous as they were, raised in him no implacable resentment; for, in one of his latter works, he praises Dennis as equal to Boileau, in poetry, and superior to him in critical abilities. Indeed, he seems to have been more delighted with praise, than hurt by censure; for, in two years after the publication of *Prince Arthur*, in ten books, he produced *King Arthur*, in twelve. In the Preface to the latter poem, he atoned for the severity of that to the former, by bestowing an eulogium on Congreve's "Mourning Bride."—He acknowledges also, that many defects are to be found in

Prince Arthur, and apologizes for them by confessing, that when he undertook that poem, he had been long a stranger to the Muses. "I had read but little poetry," says he, "throughout my whole life: and in fifteen years before, I had not, as I can remember, wrote an hundred lines in verse, except a copy of Latin verses in honour of a friend's book."

The resentment of the wits and critics was not softened by the panegyric, or the apology; the provocation was now doubled; Blackmore, however, found advantages more than equivalent to all their efforts at scandal, for he was this year appointed one of the physicians in ordinary to King William, who advanced him to the honour of knighthood, with the present of a gold chain and medal.

The honours conferred on our author by the King, were, by some, attributed to his new poem; but, as his Majesty had no great predilection for the Muses, it was more probably imputed to the eminence he had attained to in his profession, or rather to his zealous attachment to the principles of the Revolution: for he says, in his Dedication to *Afflict*, that "he had a greater part in the succession of the House of Hanover, than ever he had boasted." Pope, when he became his enemy, mentions this as an instance of honours and rewards being improperly bestowed by kings.

"The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pensioned Quarles."

In 1700 he published a *Satire upon Wit*, of which Dr. Johnson speaks in the following terms. "A proclamation of defiance, which united the poets almost all against him, and which brought upon him lampoons and ridicule from every side. This, doubtless, he foresaw, and evidently despised; nor should his dignity of mind be without its praise, had he not paid the homage to greatness, which he denied to genius, and degraded himself by consenting that authority over the national taste, which he takes from the poets, upon men of high rank and wide influence, but of less wit, and not greater virtue. — In this performance he justly censured Dryden's impurities, but praised his powers; though, in a subsequent edition, he retained the faults, and omitted the praise; what was his reason I know not; Dryden was then no longer in his way."

The same year he published a *Paraphrase on the Book of Job*, and other parts of scripture, which Dryden, who pursued him with great malignity, lived long enough to ridicule in a prologue.

In 1705, he published *Eliza*, an *Heroic Poem*, in ten books, which seems to have been very little regarded; Dr. Johnson observes, that he does not remember to have found *Eliza* either praised or blamed by any author serious or comical. He says, "She dropped, as it seems, dead-born from the press."

In 1706, our author turned his thoughts to the celebration

of living characters, and wrote a poem on the *Kit Cat Club*, and the next year *Instructions to Vanderbank*, an eminent painter, as a sequel to the *Advice to the Poets*, which Steele ridiculed in his "Tatler," with such success, that, as Fenton observes, he put an end to the species of writing that gave *Advice to Painters*.

In 1712, he published *Creation*, a *Philosophical Poem*, which is deservedly esteemed a classical performance, and merits the highest degree of approbation. There is a tradition, that as Blackmore proceeded in this poem, he laid his manuscript, from time to time, before a club of wits with whom he associated, and that every one contributed as he could, either improvement or correction. But admitting this friendly revision to have actually taken place, which is by no means certain, the author will still retain an ample dividend of praise, for to him must always be assigned the plan of the work, the distribution of its parts, the choice of topics, the train of argument, and, what is yet more, the general predominance of philosophical judgment and practical spirit; for correction seldom effects more than the suppression of faults; a happy line or a single elegance, may, perhaps, be added; but of a large work the original constitution and general character must always remain.

Blackmore sometimes deviated into other tracks of literature, and endeavoured to entertain the polite world as a periodical essayist. When the *Spectator* stopped, he wrote in concert with Mr. Hughes, a paper published three times a week, called the *Lay Abbot*, founded on the supposition that some literary men, whose characters are described, had retired to a house in the country to enjoy philosophical leisure, and resolved to instruct the public, by communicating their dispositions and amusements. Whether any real persons were concealed under fictitious names, is not known. However, with their joint abilities, they could draw the publication but to forty papers, which were afterwards collected in a volume, and called in the title *A Sequel to the Spectators*.

In 1716 and 1717 he published two volumes of *Essays* on several subjects, which deserve commendation only as they are written for the highest and noblest purpose, the promotion of religion and virtue. Dr. Johnson observes, "that Blackmore's prose is not the prose of a poet, for it is languid, sluggish, and lifeless; his diction is neither daring nor exact, his flow neither rapid nor easy, and his periods neither smooth nor strong.

In August, 1714, Blackmore became one of the Elects of the College of Physicians, and was soon after chosen Censor.—He seems to have arrived late, whatever was the reason, at his medical honours.

Having succeeded so well in demonstrating the existence of the providence of God, and thereby establishing the great principle of all religion, he thought his undertaking imperfect, un-

less he likewise embraced the truth of revelation, and for that purpose he published a poem on *Redemption*, in six books. He had likewise written, before his *Creation*, three books on the *Nature of Man*.

The lovers of musical devotion wished for a more happy metrical version than they yet obtained of the book of psalms; a wish which the piety of our author induced him to gratify; and he produced in 1721 a *new Version of the Psalms of David, fitted to the tunes used in the Churches*, which being recommended by the archbishops and many bishops, obtained a licence for admission into public worship; but it obtained no admission, from the preference given to the version of Tate and Brady; so that Blackmore's name may be added to many others, who, by the same attempt, have obtained only the praise of meaning well. He was not yet deterred from heroic poetry. There was yet another monarch of this island whom he considered as worthy of the epic muse, and in 1723 he produced *King Alfred, an Heroic Poem*, in twelve books, which, like *Eliza*, "dropped dead-born from the press." Of his four epic poems says Dr. Johnson, the first had such reputation and popularity as enraged the critics, the second was at least known to be ridiculed, the two last found neither friends nor enemies. Johnson, who was no friend to the house of Hanover, before he was bound by obligations to it, remarks on the last poem, that the opinion of the nation was settled at the time of its publication; that a hero introduced by Blackmore was not likely to find either respect or kindness; that *Alfred* took his place by *Eliza*; that benevolence was ashamed to favour, and malice was weary of insulting.

His biographers have reported that the ridicule which was thrown on the poet was in time followed by the neglect of the physician, and that his practice, which was once invidiously great, forsook him in the latter part of his life; but the fact may be reasonably doubted, and some communications in the *Gentleman's Magazine* shew that he was consulted by persons of the highest rank, and preserved his professional credit and reputation till the close of his life. It would indeed be highly absurd to estimate a man's medical abilities by his poetical name.

Besides the poems and essays already mentioned, he wrote a variety of historical, theological, and medical tracts. Amongst the latter were *Treatises on the small pox, consumptions, the spleen, the gout, the rheumatism, the king's evil, the dropsy, the jaundice, the stone, the diabetes, and the plague*. On the medical writings of our author Dr. Johnson has the following remark.

"Of these books, if I had read them, it could not be expected that I should be able to give a critical account. I have been told that there is something in them of vexation and discontent discovered by a perpetual attempt to degrade physic from its

sublimity, and to represent it as attainable without much previous or concomitant learning. By the transient glances which I have thrown upon them, I have observed an affected contempt of the ancients, and a supercilious derision of transmitted knowledge. Of this indecent arrogance the following quotation from his Preface to the Treatise on the small pox will afford a specimen, in which, when the reader finds what I fear is true, that when he was censuring Hippocrates he did not know the difference between *Aphorism* and *Atophibegm*, he will not pay much regard to his determinations concerning ancient learning.

“As for the book of Aphorisms,” says Blackmore, “it is like my Lord Bacon’s of the same title, a book of jests, or a grave collection of trite and trifling observations; of which though many are true and certain, yet they signify nothing, and may afford diversion, but no instruction; most of them being much inferior to the sayings of the wise men of Greece, which yet are so low and mean, that we are entertained every day with more valuable sentiments at the table conversation of ingenious and learned men.”

The doctor however, unwilling to leave our author in total disgrace, quotes from another preface a passage less reprehensible.

“Some gentlemen have been dilingenuous and unjust to me, by wresting and forcing my meaning in the preface to another book, as if I condemned and exposed all learning, though they knew I declared that I greatly honoured and esteemed all men of superior literature and erudition; and that I only undervalued false and superficial learning, that signifies nothing for the service of mankind; and that, as to physic, I expressly affirmed that learning must be joined with native genius to make a physician of the first rank: But if those talents are separated, I asserted, and do still insist, that a man of native sagacity and diligence will prove a more able and useful practitioner than a heavy, notional scholar, encumbered with a heap of confused ideas.”

Blackmore was not only a poet, but produced likewise a work of a different kind, entitled *A True and Impartial History of the Conspiracy against King WILLIAM, of glorious memory, in the year 1695*. He engaged likewise in theological controversy; and wrote two books against the Arians; the one entitled *Just Prejudices against the Arian Hypothesis*; the other *Modern Arians unmasked*. Another of his works is *Natural Theology or Moral Duties considered apart from Positive, &c.* He died on the 8th of October 1729, in an advanced age, and manifested in his last illness the same fervent piety which had distinguished him in his life. He left behind him *The Accomplish’d Preacher, or An Essay upon Divine Eloquence*, which was printed by the Reverend Mr. White, of Nayland in Essex, who attended him on his death bed, and bore testimony to the elevated piety with which he prepared for his approaching dissolution.

Since his death none of his numerous publications have been reprinted except his *Creation*, which has gone through several editions, and was recommended by Dr. Johnson to be inserted in the collection of "The English Poets" with the general approbation of the public.

Blackmore as a man was justly entitled to great respect, for, numerous as his enemies and opponents were, they were incapable of fixing the least imputation on his moral character, and those who personally knew him, spoke highly of his virtues. He was the friend of Hughes. Addison appears to have had a great personal regard for him, and he was on terms of friendship with Pope so late as 1714. This friendship was broken by his accusing Pope, in his *Essays on profaneness and immorality*, on a report from Curl, that he was the author of a "Travestie on the first Psalm." Pope was afterwards the perpetual and incessant enemy of Blackmore, and satirized him in the "Dunciad" in the following lines.

"But for o'er all, generous Blackmore's strain;
 "Walls, fountains, flocks, pray suck to him again.
 "In Teburn fields, the best men with amaze!
 "Prick all their ears up and first to graze,
 "Long Chancery Lane retentive rolls the found,
 "And courts to courts return it round and round,
 "Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
 "And Hibernia re-echoes bawl for bawl.
 "All hail him victor in both arts of song,
 "Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long."

Hardly any writer has been more ridiculed than Blackmore; yet there have been few, perhaps none, who have had better intentions. He was certainly a man of considerable learning and abilities and a most zealous advocate for the cause of religion and virtue. He wrote indeed too much, and was sometimes deficient in taste; nor did he take sufficient time to polish his compositions; but he was far from being deficient in genius, and it is evident that it was not his dullness which excited so much animosity against him. His *Creation* is by universal consent accounted the noblest production of his genius. Addison, in one of his numbers of the *Spectator*, says "it was undertaken with so good an intention, and executed with so great a mastery that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the best in our English verse. The reader cannot but be pleased to see the depths of philosophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to see so great a strength of reason amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the imagination."

Some notice is due to the candid declaration of Dennis, who notwithstanding his asperity towards our author in other instances, calls his *Creation* a "philosophical poem, which has equalled that of Lucretius in the beauty of its versification, and infinitely surpassed it in the solidity and strength of its reasoning."

"Blackmore," says Dr. Johnson, "by the unremitted enmity of the wits, whom he provoked more by his virtue than his

dullness, has been exposed to worse treatment than he deserved. His name was so long used to point every epigram upon dull writers, that it became at last a bye-word of contempt; but it deserves observation, that malignity takes hold only of his writings, and that his life pass'd without reproach, even when his boldness of reprehension naturally turned upon him many eyes desirous to spy faults, which many tongues would have made haste to publish. But those who could not blame, could at least forbear to praise, and therefore of his private life and domestic character there are very few memorials.

“As an author he may justly claim the honours of magnanimity. The incessant attacks of his enemies, whether serious or merry, are never discovered to have disturbed his quiet, or to have lessened his confidence in himself; they neither awakened him to silence or to caution; they neither provoked him to petulance, nor depressed him to complaint. While the distributors of literary fame were endeavouring to depreciate and degrade him, he either despised or defied them, wrote on as he had written before, and never turned aside to quiet them by civility, or repress them by confutation.

“He depended with great security on his own powers, and perhaps was for that reason less diligent in perusing books. His literature was, I think, but small. What he knew of antiquity I suspect him to have gathered from modern compilers: but though he could not boast of much critical knowledge, his mind was stored with general principles, and he left minute researches to those whom he considered as little minds.

“The poem on *Creation* has the appearance of much circumspection; it wants neither harmony of numbers, accuracy of thought, nor elegance of diction: it has either been written with great care, or, what cannot be imagined of so long a work, with such felicity as made care less necessary.

“Its two constituent parts are ratiocination and description. To reason in verse is allowed to be difficult; but Blackmore not only reasons in verse, but very often reasons poetically: and finds the art of uniting ornament with strength, and ease with closeness. This is a skill which Pope might have condescended to learn from him, when he needed it so much in his *Moral Essays*.

“In his descriptions both of life and nature, the poet and the philosopher happily co-operate; truth is recommended by elegance, and elegance sustained by truth. In the structure of the poem, not only the greater parts are properly consecutive, but the didactic and illustrative paragraphs are so happily mingled that labour is relieved by pleasure, and the attention is led on through a long succession of varied excellence to the original position, the fundamental principle of wisdom and of virtue.”

CREATION ;

A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

In Seven Books.

- “ Principio celum, ac terras campisque lie uentes,
“ In certamine quorum Luce, Titania, & Aurora
“ spiritus instat, aut, totamq; in iusta per artem
“ Mens agitata nichil, et magno se corpore miscet.
“ In te hominum, pectus tumque genua, & uolantum,
“ Et juue marinoen tert inoutra sub æquore pontus.”

Virgil.

PREFACE.

IT has been the opinion of many persons of great sense and learning, that the knowledge of a God, as well as some other self-evident and uncontested notions, is born with us, and exists antecedent to any perception or operation of the mind. They express themselves on this subject in metaphorical terms, altogether unbecoming philosophical and judicious inquiries, while they assert, that the knowledge of a God is interwoven with our constitution, that it is written, engraven, stamped, and imprinted in clear and discernible characters on the heart; in which manner of speech they affect to follow the great orator of the Romans.

By these unartful phrases they can mean nothing but this, that the proposition, *There is a God*, is actually existent in the mind, as soon as the mind has its being; and is not at first acquired, though it may be afterwards confirmed, by any act of reason, by any argument or demonstration. I must confess my inability to conceive this inbred knowledge, these original independent ideas, that owe not their being to the operation of the understanding, but are, I know not how, congenite and co-existent with it.

For how a man can be said to have knowledge before he knows, how ideas can exist in the mind without and before perception, I must own is too difficult for me to comprehend. That a man is born with a faculty or capacity to know, though as yet without any actual knowledge; and that, as the eye has a native disposition and aptitude to perceive the light, when fitly offered, though as yet it never exercised any act of vi-

sion, and had no innate images in the womb; so the mind is endued with a power and faculty to know and perceive the truth of this proposition, *There is a God*, as soon as it shall be represented to it; all this is clear and intelligible; but any thing more is, as I have said, above my reach. In this opinion, which I had many years ago entertained, I was afterwards confirmed by the famous author of the *Essay on Human Understanding*. Nor can I see that, by this doctrine, the argument for the existence of a Deity, drawn from the general assent of all nations (excepting perhaps some few, who are so barbarous that they approach very near the condition of brute animals), is at all invalidated. For supposing there is no inbred knowledge of a God; yet if mankind generally assent to it, whether their belief proceeds from their reflection on themselves, or on the visible creation about them, it will be certainly true, that the existence of a Deity carries with it the clearest and most uncontrovertible evidence; since mankind so readily and so universally perceive and embrace it. It deserves consideration, that St. Paul upon this argument does not appeal to the light within, or to any characters of the Divine Being originally engraven on the heart, but deduces the cause from the effect, and from the creation infers the Creator.

It is very probable that those who believe an innate idea of a Divine Being, unproduced by any operation of the mind, were led by this to another opinion, namely, that there never was in the world a real Atheist in belief and speculation, how many soever there may have been in life and practice. But, upon due examination, this opinion, I imagine, will not abide the test; which I shall endeavour to make evident.

But, before I enter upon this subject, it seems proper to take notice of the apology, which several persons of great learning and candour have made for many famous men, and great philosophers, unjustly accused of impiety.

Whoever shall set about to mend the world, and reform men's notions, as well as their manners, will cer-

tainly be the mark of much scandal and reproach; and will effectually be convinced, that it is too possible the greatest lovers and benefactors of mankind may be represented by the multitude, whose opinions they contradict, as the worst of men. The hardy undertakers, who express their zeal to rectify the sentiments of a prejudiced people in matters of religion, who labour to stem the tide of popular error, and strike at the foundations of any ancient, established superstition, must themselves expect to be treated as pragmatistical and incipient innovators, disturbers of the public peace, and the great enemies of religion. The observation of all ages confirms this truth; and, if any man who is doubtful of it would try the experiment, I make no question he will very soon be thoroughly convinced.

It is no wonder, therefore, that Anaxagoras, though he was the first philosopher who plainly asserted an Eternal Mind by whose power the world was made, for opposing the public worship at Athens, whose refined wits were plunged in the most senseless idolatry, and particularly for denying the divinity of the Sun, should be condemned for irreligion, and treason against the gods; and be heavily fined and banished the city. It is no wonder, after so sharp a persecution of this zealous reformer, that Socrates, the next successor but one to Anaxagoras, and the last of the Ionic school, for opposing their scandalous rabble of deities, and asserting one Divine Being, should be condemned for atheism, and put to death, by blind superstition and implacable bigotry.

Some have been condemned by their antagonists for impiety, who maintain positions, which those from whom they dissent imagine have a tendency to the disbelief of a Deity. But this is a manifest violation of justice, as well as candour, to impute to any man the remote consequences of his opinion, which he himself disclaims and detests, and who, if he saw the connection of his principles with such conclusions, would readily renounce them. No man can be reasonably charged with more opinions than he owns; and if this just-

tice were observed in polemical discourses, as well of theology as philosophy, many persons had escaped those hard names, and terrible censures, which their angry antagonists have thought fit to fix upon them. No one, therefore, is to be reputed an atheist, or an enemy to religion, upon the account of any erroneous opinion, from which another may, by a long chain of sequels, draw that conclusion; much less for holding any doctrines in philosophy, which the common people are not able to examine or comprehend, who, when they meddle with speculations, of which they are unqualified to judge, will be as apt to censure a philosopher for an atheist, as an astronomer for a magician.

I would fain too in this place make some apology for the great numbers of loose and vicious men, who laugh at religion, and seem in their conversation to disclaim the belief of a Deity. I do not mean an apology for their practice, but their opinion. I hope these unhappy persons, at least the greatest part, who have given up the reins to their passions and exorbitant appetites, are, rather than atheists, a careless and stupid sort of creatures, who, either out of a supine temper, or for fear of being disturbed with remorse in their unwarrantable enjoyments, never soberly consider with themselves, or exercise their reason on things of the highest importance. These persons never examine the arguments that enforce the belief of a Deity, and the obligations of religion: but take the word of their ingenious friends, or some atheistical pretender to philosophy, who assures them there is no God, and therefore no religion. And notwithstanding all atheists have leave given them by their principles to become libertines, yet it is not true that all libertines are atheists. Some plainly assert their belief of a God; and others, who deny his existence, yet do not deny it upon any principles, any scheme of philosophy which they have framed, and by which they account for the existence and duration of the world, in the beautiful order in which we see it, without the aid of a Divine Eternal Mind.

But there are two sorts of men, who, without injustice, have been called atheists; those who frankly and in plain terms have denied the being of a God; and those who, though they asserted his being, denied those attributes and perfections, which the idea of a God includes; and so, while they acknowledged the name, subverted the thing. These are as real atheists as the former, but less sincere. If any man should declare he believes a Deity, but affirms that this Deity is of human shape, and not eternal; that he derives his being from the fortuitous concurrence and complication of atoms; or, though he allowed him to be eternal, should maintain, that he showed no wisdom, design, or prudence, in the formation, and no care or providence in the government of the world; that he never reflects on any thing exterior to his own being, nor interests himself in human affairs; does not know, or does not attend to, any of our actions: such a person is, indeed, and in effect, as much an atheist as the former. For though he owns the appellation, yet his description is destructive of the idea of a God. I do not affirm, that the idea of a God implies the relation of a Creator: but, since in the demonstration of the existence of a God, we argue from the effect to the cause, and proceed from the contemplation of the creature to the knowledge of the Creator, it is evident we cannot know there is a God, but we must know him to be the maker, and, if the maker, then the governor and benefactor of the world. Could there be a God, who is entirely regardless of things without him, who is perfectly unconcerned with the direction and government of the world, is altogether indifferent whether we worship or affront him, and is neither pleased nor displeas'd with any of our actions; he would certainly to us be the same as no God. The log in the fable would be altogether as venerable a deity; for if he has no concern with us, it is plain we have none with him: if we are not subject to any laws he has made for us, we can never be obedient or disobedient, nor can we need forgiveness, or expect reward. If we are not the subjects of his care and pro-

fection, we can owe him no love or gratitude; if he either does not hear, or disregards our prayers, how impertinent is it to build temples, and to worship at his altars? In my opinion, such notions of a Deity, which lay the ax to the root of all religion, and make all the expressions of it idle and ridiculous, which destroy the distinction of good and bad, all morality of our actions, and remove all the grounds and reasons of fear of punishment, and hope of reward, will justly denominate a man an atheist, though he ever so much disclaims that ignominious title.

Thales, the founder of the Ionic school, and the philosophers who succeeded him, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Diogenes Apollionates, Anaxagoras and Archelaus, are censured by Aristotle as disbelievers of a Deity; the reason he gives is, that these philosophers, in treating of the principles of the world, never introduce the Deity, as the efficient cause. But if it be considered, that natural science was then in its infancy, and that those primitive philosophers only undertook to account for the material principle, out of which the world was made, which one asserted to be water, one fire, another air; though this may prove that they formed but a lame and unfinished scheme of philosophy, yet it does not evince that they denied the being of a God, or that they did not believe him to be the efficient cause of all things. It is indeed a convincing evidence that their philosophy was imperfect, as at first it might well be; but from their silence or omission of him in their systems, when they designed to treat only of the material causes of things, it is unreasonable to affirm, that they denied his being: and it is certain Anaxagoras taught, that besides matter, it was absolutely necessary to assert a divine mind, the contriver and maker of the world; and for this religious principle, as was said before, he was at Athens an illustrious confessor.

After the death of Socrates, the Ionic school was soon divided into various sects and philosophical parties: of the Cyrenic school, Theodorus and Dion

Boristhenites, were reputed atheists, contemners of the Gods, and deriders of religion. Yet since it does not appear, that they had formed any impious scheme of philosophy, or maintained their irreligion by any pretended principles of reason, it is not improbable that these men were rather abandoned libertines, without consideration and reflection, than speculative and philosophical atheists.

The Italic school, to its great dishonour, was more fertile in impiety, and produced a greater number of these irreligious philosophers. The masters, who succeeded their famous founder Pythagoras, soon degenerated from his noble and pious principles, and not only corrupted the purity of his doctrine, but became downright apostates, renouncing the belief of a God, and subverting the foundations of religion. Leucippus, Democritus, Diagoras, and Protagoras, were justly reckoned in this rank; who asserted, that the world was made by the casual combination of atoms, without any assistance or direction of a divine mind. They taught their followers this doctrine, supported it with arguments, and so were atheists on the pretended principles of reason. But among all the ancient obdurate atheists, and inveterate enemies of religion, no one seems more sincere, or more implacable than Epicurus.

And though this person was perhaps of as dull an understanding, of as unrefined thoughts, and as little sagacity and penetration, as any man, who was ever complimented with the name of a philosopher; yet several great wits, and men of distinguished learning in this last age, have been pleased to give the world high encomiums of his capacity and superior attainments.

After a long night of ignorance had overspread the face of Europe, many wise men, from a generous love of truth, resolved to exercise their reason, and free themselves from prejudice, and a servile veneration of great names, and prevailing authority; and growing impatient of tyrannical impositions, as well in philosophy, as religion, to their great honour, separated both from the church of Rome, and the school of Aristotle.

These patriots of the common-wealth of learning combined to reform the corruptions, and redress the grievances of philosophy; to pull down the peripatetic monarchy, and set up a free and independent state of science; and being fully convinced of the weakness and unreasonableness of Aristotle's system, which consisted chiefly in words without any determined meaning, and of idle metaphysical definitions, of which many were false, and many unintelligible; they in this case had recourse to the Carpucularian hypothesis, and revived the absolute and exploded system of Epicurus.

Many of these noble leaders, who had declared against the peripatetic usurpation, and asserted the rights and liberties of human understanding, called in this philosopher, for want of a better, to depose Aristotle. And though a general revolution did not follow, yet the defection from the prince of science, as he was once esteemed, was very great. When these first reformers of Aristotle's school had espoused the interest of Epicurus, and introduced his doctrines, that his hypothesis might be received with the less opposition, they thought it necessary to remove the ignominious character of impiety, under which their philosopher had long lain. And it is indeed very natural for a man who has embraced another's notions and principles, to believe well of his matter, and to stand up in the defence of his reputation. The learned Gassendus is eminent above all others for the warm zeal he has expressed, and the great pains he has taken, to vindicate the honour of Epicurus, and clear his character from the imputation of irreligion.

After the unhappy fate of Anaxagoras, and the great Socrates, it is no wonder that the philosophers, who succeeded, should grow more cautious in propagating their opinions, for fear of provoking the magistrate, and making themselves obnoxious to the laws of their country; and if any had formed irreligious schemes, it is to be supposed, they would take care to guard, as well as they could, against the punishment to be inflicted on all who denied the gods, and decided the established wor-

ship. An atheist cannot be supposed to be fond of suffering, when pain and death are what he chiefly abhors; and therefore Epicurus, who, if Cicero and Plutarch knew his opinion, was a downright professed atheist, has not in terms denied, but indeed asserted the being of the Gods, and speaks honourably of them so far as regards the excellence of their nature, and their happiness. But when he describes his Gods, and gives them a human face and limbs, and says they are neither incorporeal nor corporeal; while he excludes them from any hand in making, or care in guiding and governing the world, and undertakes to show that all things were brought about by meer chance, without any help or direction of the gods, who are altogether unconcerned with human affairs, and regardless of our actions, he must laugh in himself, and be supposed to have formed this ridiculous idea of a Divine Being merely to escape the character of an impious philosopher. For though he owns the name of a God, by his description he entirely destroys the Divine nature; nor do I think that Aristotle can be defended from the charge of atheism; for while he affirms that the world, as to its formation, as well as its progression and duration, is independent on the Gods, and owes nothing to their power, wisdom, or providence, he utterly subverts all pretence to religion and divine worship; and comes at last into the dregs of the Epicurean scheme: this, I believe, I have plainly proved in the following poem.

As to the modern atheists, Vaninus, Hobbes and Spinoza, I have spoken of them in their turn, and shall not anticipate what is said hereafter.

I have been determined to employ some of my leisure hours in writing on this subject, by the melancholy reflection I have often made on the growth of profaneness, and the prevailing power of loose and irreligious principles in this nation.

It is a mortifying consideration to all who love mankind, and wish well to their country, that this opinion has of late years, above the example of past ages, spread

its contagious influence so far and wide, that now, emboldened by the power and number of its assertors, it becomes insolent and formidable. Those impious maxims, which a small party in the last age, when inflamed with wine, vented in private, are now the entertainment of the coffee-house, publicly professed, and in many companies spoken of in cool blood, as the ordinary subjects of conversation.

All ages have brought forth some monsters, some professors, and patrons of irreligion; monsters in respect of their scarceness, as well as deformity; but the amazing abundance of these odious productions is, I believe, peculiar to this fertile age. I am apt to think, that most who were reckoned atheists in former reigns were rather unbridled libertines, than irreligious in principle; but now we are so far advanced, that the infection has seized the mind, the atheist in practice is become one in speculation, and looseness of manners improved to intellectual impiety.

Many, which is without example, express an ardent zeal for profaneness, are grown bigots in atheism, and with great industry and application propagate their principles, form parties, and concert measures to carry on with vigour the cause of irreligion. They care not and are very fond of those who boldly declare for impiety, and mock all religion, as cheat and imposture. These are wits, men of sense, of large and free thoughts, and cannot fail of being men in fashion. And as the renegades and deserters of heaven, who renounce their God for the favour of men, and chuse to grow popular at the dearest rate, are by many protected and applauded; so there are places where a man that has the assurance to own the belief of a Deity, and a future state, would be exposed and laughed out of countenance. Hence many are tempted to conceal their notions of religion for fear of blating their reputation, and of being neglected and despised by those, from whose favour they expect profit or promotion.

Immediately after the restoration, the people, intoxicated with the pleasures of peace, and influenced by

the example of a loose court, as well as from their great aversion to the former fanatical strictness, and severity of conversation, which they detested as hypocrisy, indulged themselves in sensual liberties, and by degrees sunk deep into luxury and vice. Then it was that some irreligious men, taking advantage of this growing dissolution of manners, began to propagate their detestable notions, and sow the seeds of profaneness and impiety, which sprung up apace, and flourished in proportion to the growth of immorality. Thus vice and irreligion, mutually assisting each other, extended their power by daily encroachments; and the solid temper and firmness of mind which the people once possessed, being slackened and dissolved by the power of riot and forbidden pleasure, their judgment soon became vitiated; which corruption of taste has ever since gradually increased, as the confederate powers of vice and profaneness have spread their infection, and gained upon religion.

While loose principles and impious opinions pervert the judgment, a petulant humour, that inclines men to give an air of levity and ridicule to all their discourses, and turn every thing to mirth and raillery, does in proportion get ground; this being esteemed the most successful method to weaken the power and authority of religion in the minds of men.

I would not here be understood as if I condemned the qualifications of wit and pleasantness, but only the misapplication of them. I shall always retain a great value for ingenious men, provided they do not abate and prostitute their talents to the worst purposes, I mean the deriding all sobriety of manners, and turning into jest the principles which constitute our duty here, and assure our happiness hereafter. But can any man who reveres a God, and loves his country, stand by unconcerned, while loose and profane wits shew so much zeal and diligence in propagating maxims, which tend so directly to the dishonour of the one, and the ruin of the other?

Should atheism and corruption of manners, those

inseparable companions, which as causes and effects mutually introduce and support each other, prevail much farther; should impious notions in any age hereafter generally infect the highest, as well as the inferior ranks of men, what confusion of affairs must ensue? It would be impossible to find men of principle to fill the places of trust and honour, or patrons to promote them: merit would incapacitate and disqualify for the favour of great men, and a religious character would be an invincible obstruction to advancement; there would be no persons of rank to encourage men of worth, and bring neglected virtue into fashion. On the contrary, the contemners of heaven and deriders of piety would be caressed, applauded, and promoted. The disposers of preferment would confer all on those who embrace their opinions, and what a terrible temptation would this be to our youth to accommodate their notions to those of the men in power, when they shall see that their favour is not otherwise to be procured?

Is it not highly probable, that in such an age, clubs and cabals would be formed of scoffers and buffoons, to laugh religion out of countenance, and make the professors of it the object of public scorn and contempt?

Besides, it is natural to believe, that magistrates in a common-wealth, generally composed of atheists, would likewise proceed to violence, and persecute those whom they could not persuade to embrace their notions, as much as any sect of religion has ever done. For it is not religion, but corrupted human nature, that pushes men on to compulsive methods of obliging their adversaries to renounce their own, and assert the opinions of men in power. It is from the factious temper of a party, not the spirit of piety, it is from pride and impatience of contradiction, or from lust of dominion, or a violent desire of engrossing the places of honour and profit, that men endeavour by cruel and coercive methods to silence their opponents, and suppress their competitors. And if it will be allowed that human passions will always exert themselves with uniformity, and therefore still produce the like effects; if we may foretel

what atheists when in power are like to do, from what they have done, as far as they had ability, we may be assured, when they do not want power, they will never want a will to employ violence to extinguish the notions of piety, and the hateful heresy of religion. It would not be strange if atheistical tests in such a state of affairs should be formed and imposed, to keep men of dangerous principles out of all posts of power and profit, and all that believed the being of a God, and the rewards and punishments of another life, should be looked on as disaffected to the Government, and the disturbers of the public peace.

And if such notions of impiety, and such a degenerate constitution of manners should ever prevail in this unhappy nation, any man without the gift of prophecy, and indeed with a very moderate penetration, may foresee, that the public will then be exposed to inevitable ruin.

But before the interests of virtue and religion are reduced to so deplorable a state, it is to be hoped this once wise and sober nation will awaken from its lethargy. That notwithstanding the present popularity of vice, levity and impiety, it may one day recover its relish of solid knowledge and real merit. That buffoons themselves may one day be exposed, the laughers in their turn become ridiculous, and an atheistical scoffer be as much out of credit, as a sober and religious man is at present: Virtue, seriousness, and a due reverence of sacred and divine things may revive among us; and it is the duty and interest of every man that loves his country, and wishes well to mankind, to make his utmost efforts to bring about such a happy revolution. This would the sooner be effected, if the virtuous part of ingenious men, (for virtue has still a party) would not supinely stand by, and see the honour and interests of religion exposed and insulted; but instead of an abject, unactive despondence, would unite their endeavours, with vigour and resolution, against the common enemies of God and their country. It is great pity that in so noble a cause any should shew such poorness of spirit,

as to be ashamed of asserting their religion, and stemming the tide of impiety, for fear of becoming the entertainment of scoffing libertines.

I know the gentlemen of atheistical notions pretend to refined parts, and pass themselves upon the world for wits of the first rank: Yet in debate they decline argument, and rather trust to the decision of raillery. But if it were possible for these gentlemen to apply themselves in good earnest to the reasons alledged in proof of a Divine Being, in a manner that becomes an enquiry of such consequence, I should believe their conviction were not to be despaired of.

But there is little appearance, that they will be ever prevailed on to consider this matter, with deliberate and unprejudiced thought; and therefore I am not so sanguine to think, that any arguments I can bring, though ever so clear and demonstrative, are likely to make any impression upon a veteran atheist. I have nevertheless thought it a reasonable service to endeavour to stop the contagion, and as far as I am able, to preserve those who are not yet infected.

I would entreat these to distinguish between raillery and argument, and not believe, that mirth ought to determine in so weighty a case. That they would not admit of principles of the utmost concern without examination, and take impiety upon content. That they would appeal from the buffoon and the mocker, to the impartial decision of right reason, and debate this matter with the gravity that becomes the importance of the subject.

But since the gentlemen who own no obligations of religion for the rule of behaviour, set up in its stead a spurious principle, which they call honour, and a greatness of mind, that will not descend to a mean or base action; let them reflect, whether that term, as they use it, is not an empty sound without any determined meaning. If honour lays a man under any obligation to perform or forbear any action, then it is evident, honour is a law or rule, and the transgression of it makes us guilty and obnoxious to punishment: And if it be a

law it must be the declaration of some legislator's will, for this is the definition of a law that regulates the manners of a moral agent. Now I ask a man of honour, who denies religion, what or whose law he breaks, if he deviates from what he imagines a point of honour? It is plain there can be no transgression, where there is no law; no irregularity, where there is no rule; nor can a man do a base or dishonourable thing, if he lies under no obligation to the contrary. Honour therefore abstracted from the notion of religion which enjoins it, is an idle chimera, which can have little power over any man, that does not believe a Divine Legislator whose authority must enforce it.

It is the same with friendship and gratitude, which are principles that the atheist will often commend. But how is any man bound to be grateful, or to be a friend? should he act a contrary part, and be treacherous and ungrateful, what guilt has he contracted? Has he offended against any law? Or can he become guilty, without the breach of any? If you say he has broken any law, tell us the law, and by whom it was made. If the laws of the Supreme Being are set aside, we can lie under no regulation, but have an unbounded liberty over all our actions. We may without the least fault or dishonour break our oaths, subvert the government, betray our friends, assassinate our parents, in short commit all kinds of the most detestable crimes without remorse. For not being controlled by any obligation, we may do whatever our passions or our interests prompt us to, without being accountable to any tribunal, for the least transgression.

If it be said, we are obliged by the laws of our country; I answer, that as to the actions we are speaking of, such as a man of honour, a great and generous person is supposed to think himself obliged to, these are such as are not regulated by municipal laws, and therefore men are at liberty, whether they will act by what they call a principle of honour or not, and can justly incur no censure or reproach, should they have no regard to that pompous and sounding word. For if their

actions are not morally determined, either by human or divine laws, they may very justly, and honourably too, act with unlimited freedom in these matters. Besides, whoever believes himself free from the obligations of divine precepts, cannot look on himself as bound by any human laws. He may indeed from the apprehension of punishment forbear an action, thus forbidden, and it is his interest so to do: But if he thinks no divine authority makes it his duty to submit to the magistrate and obey the laws of his country, he is at liberty, as to any guilt, whether he will obey or no. If he ventures the punishment, he escapes the sin. If any atheist swears fidelity to his prince, what controlling power is he under, which affects the mind, not to betray him, if he thinks it fit and safe to do it? If he lets his parents, or his patron, or his friend perish, what iniquity is he accountable for?

The existence of a God has been already cleared, and abundantly demonstrated by many pious and learned authors, whence this attempt may be censured, as impertinent and unnecessary. But all those excellent performances being writ in prose, and the greatest part in the learned languages, or at least in a scholastic manner, are ill accommodated to great numbers not of a learned education, and many who have more knowledge and greater genius will not undergo the trouble of reading and considering the arguments expressed in a manner to them obscure, dry and disagreeable. I have therefore formed a poem on this great and important subject, that I might give it the advantages peculiar to poetry, and adapt it more to the general apprehension and capacity of mankind. The harmony of numbers engages many to read and retain what they would neglect, if written in prose; and I persuade myself the Epicurean philosophy had not lived so long, nor been so much esteemed, had it not been kept alive and propagated by the famous poem of Lucretius.

I have chosen to demonstrate the existence of a God from the marks of wisdom, design, contrivance, and the choice of ends and means, which appear in the universe.

Out of the various arguments, that evince the truth of this proposition, *There is a God*, I have selected this as the most evident and intelligible.

I may with reason presume, that I shall not incur any censure for not employing new arguments to prove the Being of a God; none but what have been produced before by many writers, even from the eldest days of philosophy. It was never objected to Lucretius, that in his applauded poem, he has not invented a new system of philosophy, but only recited, in poetical numbers, the ancient doctrines of Democritus and Epicurus. Nor can it with reason be supposed, that the arguments by which he supports their opinions were not long before in the schools of Greece. Nor have modern writers on this subject invented, but pursued the demonstration of a God, from the evident appearance of contrivance and wisdom in the visible world, which they have done with more clearness and strength, than those who went before them. And while these have attempted to evince the existence of a God only from the contemplation of corporeal nature, I have carried the argument on to the actions of living, sensitive and intelligent beings, so far as we are acquainted with them; believing that brighter and more noble strokes of wisdom and design appear in the principles of life, sensation, and reason, than in all the compass of the material world.

I have endeavoured to give the subject yet greater degrees of perspicuity, more variety of argument, as well as easy and familiar expression, that the style being more pleasing, and the demonstration more readily apprehended, it may leave a deeper impression, and its effects and usefulness may become more extensive. In order to this, I have rarely used any term of art, or any phrase peculiar to the writings and conversation of learned men. I have attempted, as Monsieur Fontenelle has done with great success in his plurality of worlds, to bring philosophy out of the secret recesses of the schools, and strip it of its uncouth and mysterious dress, that it may become agreeable, and admitted to a general conversation.

I take it for granted, that no judicious reader will expect, in the philosophical and argumentative parts of this poem, the ornaments of poetical eloquence. In this case, where metaphor and description are not admitted, lest they should darken and enfeeble the argument, if the reasoning be close, strong and easily apprehended, if there be an elegant simplicity, purity, and propriety of words, and a just order and connexion of the parts, mutually supporting and enlightening one another, there will be all the perfection which the style can demand.

I may safely conclude, that no man will expect that in this poem I should borrow any embellishments from the exploded and obsolete theology of the ancient idolaters of Greece or Rome. That I should address any rapturous invocations to their idle deities, or adorn the style with allusions to their fabulous actions. I have more than once publicly declared my opinion, that a christian poet cannot but appear monstrous and ridiculous in a pagan dress. That though it should be granted, that the heathen religion might be allowed a place in light and loose songs, mock heroic, and the lower lyric compositions, yet in christian poems of the sublime and greater kind, the mixture of the pagan theology must, by all who are masters of reflection and good sense, be condemned, if not as impious, at least as impertinent and absurd. And this is a truth so clear and evident, that I make no doubt it will by degrees force its way, and prevail over the contrary practice. Should Britons recover their virtue and reform their taste, they would no more bear the Heathen religion in verse, than in prose. Christian poets, as well as Christian preachers, the business of both being to instruct the people, though the last are only wholly appropriated to it, should endeavour to confirm and spread their own true religion. If a Divine should begin his sermon with a solemn prayer to Bacchus, or Apollo, to Mars, or Venus, what would the people think of their preacher? And is it not as really, though not equally absurd, for a poet in a great and serious poem, wherein he ce-

celebrates some wonderful and happy event of Divine Providence, or magnifies the illustrious instrument, that was honoured to bring the event about, to address his prayer to false deities, and cry for help to the abominations of the heathen?

The design of this poem is to demonstrate the self-existence of an eternal mind from the created and dependent existence of the universe, and to confute the hypothesis of the Epicureans and the fatalists, under whom all the patrons of impiety, ancient or modern, of whatsoever denomination, may be ranged. The first of whom affirm the world was in time caused by chance, and the other that it existed from eternity without a cause. It is true, as before-mentioned, both these acknowledged the existence of Gods, but by their absurd and ridiculous description of them, it is plain they had nothing else in view, but to avoid the obnoxious character of atheistical philosophers.

This likewise has been often objected to the deists of the present times, that at least a great part of them only conceal their notions under that name, while they are really to be numbered among the atheists. I have before expressed my reasons, why I cannot embrace this opinion. It is true indeed, that most of the deists maintain a particular friendship with the atheists, are pleased with their loose and impious conversation, and appear very tender of their credit and esteem. They are charitable in crying up their shining qualities, and in concealing, excusing, or lessening their immoral actions: While at the same time they shew an affectation in exposing the faults and follies of the Christians, especially those who are the most strict and regular in their manners, and appear to be most in earnest. It is likewise remarkable that these gentlemen express no zeal for the extirpation of irreligious principles: They have never, as far as I know, written any thing against them; nor are they pleased in company to declare their detestation of such impious maxims, or to produce arguments to confute them. While at the same time they take great pains, and shew a warm zeal to weaken the belief of

the Christian religion, and to expose the pretended errors of its different professors; which seems indeed strange, since he that owns a God and his providence, should in reason look upon those, who believe neither, to be infinitely more opposite to him, than those who agree with him in the belief of a God, and differ only in the point of revealed religion.

Besides, it is observable that the present deists have not drawn and published any scheme of religion, or catalogue of the duties they are obliged to perform, or whence such obligations arise. They do not tell us, that they look on man as an unaccountable creature, nor if they do, for what, and to whom, or when that account is to be made, and what rewards and punishments will attend it. I do not affirm they have no such scheme in their thoughts, but since they will not let us know their creed, and in the mean time deride and triumph over that of the Christians, I cannot defend them from those, who say they are justly to be suspected.

And that the deist may clear himself from the suspicion of being an atheist, or at least a friend and favourer of their principles; I could wish he would in public assert and demonstrate the Being of a God and his providence, and declare his abhorrence of the principles of those who disbelieve them.

It would likewise give great satisfaction, and remove the objections of those that charge them with direct irreligion, if they would please to give some account of their belief: Whether they look upon God as one who governs mankind by laws to be discovered by the light of reason, which restrain our inclinations and determine our duty; that they would tell what those laws are, and what sanctions do enforce them; and till this be done, they cannot well discharge themselves from the suspicion before-mentioned.

And here I would address myself to the irreligious gentlemen of the age, and I desire them not to take up prejudices against the existence of a God, and run away with impious maxims, until they have exercised their consideration, and made an impartial enquiry into

the grounds and reasons, that support the Belief of a Divine Eternal Being. In order to such a reasonable examination, it is but just and decent, they should be in earnest, and hear the arguments we offer with temper and patience. That they should inure themselves to think, and weigh the force of those arguments, as becomes sincere enquirers after truth. The Being of a God, and the duties that result from that principle, are subjects of the greatest excellence and dignity in themselves, and of the greatest concern and importance to mankind; and therefore should never be treated in mirth and ridicule. Generals of armies and counsellors of state, senators and judges, in the great and weighty affairs that come before them, do not put on the air of jesters and buffoons, and instead of grave and solemn debates aim at nothing but sallies of wit, and treat their subjects and one another only with raillery and drollery: Yet the business proposed to the consideration of the persons I speak to is, in every respect, infinitely superior to any of theirs before-menti^{ed}.

Are they sure there is no God, and therefore no religion? If they are not, what a terrible risk do they run! If their reasons amount only to a probability, the contrary opinion may be true, and that *may be* is enough to give them the most frightful apprehensions, and disturb them amidst all the pleasures they enjoy. But if they say they are assured, and past doubt, there is no God; let them consider, confidence in an opinion is not always the effect of certainty and demonstration. Their predecessors, the atheists of former ages, were as certain, that is, as confident, they reasoned right, as they can be. They cannot pretend to clearer light, and greater assurance of the truth of their maxims, than Epicurus and Lucretius did; or insult their adversaries with greater contempt than those have done: yet these men themselves, at least many of them, allow those philosophers were grossly mistaken, and will by no means trust to the Epicurean scheme, as the foundation of their opinions. In these great matters, not-

withstanding their unexampled confidence, have been mistaken, why may not their successors be so ?

If they set up Aristotle's scheme, and think they secure their principles by making the world to be eternal, and all effects and events the result of such a fatal necessity, and an indissoluble concatenation of causes, as render it impossible, that things that are should not be, or that they should be otherwise than they are ; let them consider, that the greatest assertors of impiety, I mean Democritus, Leucippus, Epicurus, and Lucretius, opposed this as an idle and incoherent system ; and that indeed it is so, shall be after demonstrated : and should not this shake their confidence, that all their friends in the European schools, who were sufficiently delivered from the prejudices of education and superstitious impressions, could not see the least probability in the scheme of the fatalists, on which these gentlemen are pleased to rely in a matter of the highest importance ?

Will they confide in Mr. Hobbes ? has that philosopher said any thing new ? does he bring any stronger forces into the field than the Epicureans did before him ? will they derive their certainty from Spinoza ? can such an obscure, perplexed, unintelligible author create such certainty, as leaves no doubt or distrust ? If he is indeed to be understood, what does he alledge more than the ancient fatalists have done, that should amount to demonstration ?

Besides, if, as they pretend, they are established beyond possibility of deception in the truth of their maxims, why are they so very fond of those authors, that set up any new doctrine ? and why do they embrace with so much pleasure their new schemes of irreligion ? They are very glad to hear of any great genius, that can invent any fresh arguments to strengthen their opinions ; and does not this betray a secret diffidence, that demands further light and confirmation ?

But further ; since these gentlemen show so much industry in propagating their opinions, and are so fond of making proselytes to atheism ; since they affect a zeal in countenancing, applauding, and preserving, those

whom they have delivered from religious prejudices, and reformed and refined with their true, large, and generous principles: how comes it to pass, that they neglect to inform and improve their nearest relations? Are they careful to instruct their wives and daughters, that they need not revere the imaginary phantom of a God; that religion is the creature of a timorous and superstitious mind, or of crafty priests, and cunning politicians; that, therefore, they are free from all restraints of virtue and conscience, and may prostitute their persons in the most licentious manner, without any remorse, or uneasy reflection; that it is idle to fear any divine punishment hereafter; and as to the shame and dishonour that may attend the liberties they take, in case they become public, that scandal proceeds from the gross mistakes of people perverted with religion, and misguided by a belief of a Divine Being, and of rewards and punishments in an imaginary life after this.

Do they take pains to inform their eldest sons, that they owe them no gratitude or obedience; that they may use an uncontrolled freedom in indulging all their appetites, passions, and inclinations; that, if they are willing to possess their father's honour and estate, they may by poison or the poignard, take away his life; and, if they are careful to avoid the punishment of the magistrate, by their secret conduct, they may be fully satisfied of the innocence of the action; and as they have done themselves much good, so they have done their father no injury, and therefore may enjoy in perfect tranquility the fruits of their parricide? Whatever they may affirm among their loose friends, I cannot conceive they can be guilty of so much folly, as to propagate these opinions in their own families, or to instruct their wives and children in the boundless liberties, which, by the principles of atheism, are their undoubted right; for in all actions, where religion does not interpose and restrain us, we are perfectly, as has been said, free to act as we think best for our profit and pleasure.

Besides, to what a deplorable condition would man-

kind be reduced, should these opinions be universally embraced? If so many kings and potentates, who yet profess their belief of a God, and of rewards and punishments in a life to come, do notwithstanding, from boundless ambition, and a cruel temper, oppress their subjects at home, and ravage and destroy their neighbours abroad, should think themselves free from all divine obligations, and therefore too from the restraints of oaths and solemn contracts; these fences and securities removed, what a deluge of calamities would break in upon the world! what oppression, what violence, what rapine, what devastation would finish the ruin of human nature! For if mighty princes are satisfied that it is impossible for them to do any wrong, what bounds are left to insatiable avarice and exorbitant thirst of power! if monarchs may without the least guilt violate their treaties, break their vows, betray their friends, and sacrifice their truth and honour at pleasure to their passions, or their interest, what trust, what confidence could be supported between neighbour potentates? and without this what confusion and distraction must of necessity ensue!

On the other hand, if subjects were universally atheists, and looked on themselves as under no divine obligation to pay any duty or obedience to the supreme magistrate: if they believed that when they took their oaths of allegiance they swore by nothing, and invoked a power not in being; that therefore those oaths oblige them no longer than they think it safe, and for their own interest to break them; should such principles obtain, would not the thrones of princes be most precarious? Would not ambition, revenge, resentment, or interest, continually excite some or other to betray or assault the lives of their sovereigns? and why should they be blamed by the atheist for doing it? why are traitors, assassins, haters of their princes, and enemies to their country, branded with the odious names of ruffians and villains, if they lie under no obligations to act otherwise than they do?

Should conspirators, who assassinate their lawful so-

vereign, have the good fortune to escape, I ask the atheist, if he has in the least an ill opinion of them for being engaged in such an execrable undertaking? if he says he has not, then the point is gained, and an atheist is what I have represented. If he says he has, I next ask him, why? Let him tell me in what their guilt consists? Is it in the breach of any divine law? that cannot be, for he owns none. Is it the transgression of any human law? Tell me what obligation he is under to obey any human law, if no divine law enforces such obedience? Does their guilt consist in the breach of their duty to their prince and their oaths of allegiance? Still the same question recurs, what duty can a subject owe to a prince which divine laws do not constitute and determine? And how can an oath of allegiance bind, but by virtue of some divine command, that obliges us not to violate our vows?

By this it appears that an Atheist must be the worst of subjects. That his principles subvert the thrones of princes, and undermine the foundations of government and society, on which the happiness of mankind so much depends; and therefore it is not possible to conceive how there can be a greater disturber of the public peace, or a greater enemy to his prince and country, than a professed atheist, who propagates with zeal his destructive opinions.

I have proved, in the following poem, that no hypothesis hitherto invented in favour of impiety, has the least strength or solidity, no not the least appearance of truth to recommend it. A man must be deserted of Heaven, and inflexibly hardened, that cannot or rather will not see the unreasonableness of irreligious principles. I demand only a candid temper in the reader, and a mind pleased with truth, and delivered from the prejudices of atheistical conversation.

A SUMMARY ACCOUNT OF THE FOLLOWING POEM,
AND OF WHAT IS CONTAINED IN EACH BOOK.

THE design of this work is to demonstrate the existence of a Divine Eternal mind.

The arguments used for this end are taken from the various marks of wisdom and artful contrivance, which are evident to observation in the several parts of the material world, and the faculties of the human soul.

The first book contains the proof of a Deity, from the instances of design and choice, which occur in the structure and qualities of the earth and sea.

The second pursues the proof of the same proposition, there is a God, from the celestial motions, and more fully from the appearances in the solar system, and the air.

In the third, the objections which are brought by atheistical philosophers against the hypothesis established in the two preceding books, are answered.

In the fourth, is laid down the hypothesis of the Atomists or Epicureans, and other irreligious philosophers, and confuted.

In the fifth, the doctrine of the Fatalists, or Aristotelians, who make the world to be eternal, is considered and subverted.

In the sixth, the argument of the two first books is resumed, and the existence of God demonstrated from the prudence and art discovered in the several parts of the body of man.

In the seventh, the same demonstration is carried on from the contemplation of the instincts in brute animals, and the faculties and operations of the soul of man.

The book concludes with a recapitulation of what has been treated of, and a hymn to the Creator of the World.

CREATION.

A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

IN SEVEN BOOKS.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

The proposition. The instruction. The existence of a God demonstrates, from the mark of wisdom, choice, and art, which appear in the visible world, and infer an intelligent and free cause. This evinc'd from the contemplation, I. Of the earth. 1. Its situation. 2. The cohesion of its parts, not to be traced by any hypothesis yet produced. 3. Its stability. 4. Its structure, or the order of its parts. 5. Its motion diurnal and annual, or one the subject of the fact in both these respects. The cause of these motions not yet ascertained by any philosopher. 6. Its outward face; the beauties and conveniences of it; its mountains, lakes, and rivers. II. The existence of a God proved from the marks and impression of prudence and design, which appear in the fact. 1. In its formation. 2. The proportion of its parts in respect of the earth. 3. Its situation. 4. Its constitution of its parts. 5. Its breadth or bony quality. 6. Its flux and reflux.

NO more of courts, of triumphs, or of arms,
No more of valour's force, or beauty's charms;
The themes of vulgar lays, with just disdain,
I leave unfurg, the flocks, the amorous swain,
The pleasures of the land, and terrors of the main. 5
How abject, how inglorious 'tis to lie
Groveling in dust and darkness, when on high
Empires immense and rolling worlds of light
To range their heavenly scenes the muse invite!
I meditate to soar above the skies; 10
To heights unknown, thro' ways untry'd, to rise:
I would th' Eternal from his works assert,
And sing the wonders of creating art.

While I this unexampled task essay,
Pass awful gulphs, and beat my painful way, 15
Celestial Dove, divine assistance bring,
Sustain me on thy strong extended wing;
'That I may reach th' Almighty's sacred throne,
And make his causeless power, the cause of all things,
Thou dost the full extent of nature see, [known.
And the wide realms of vast immensity: 21
Eternal wisdom thou dost comprehend,
Rise to her heights, and to her depths descend:
The father's secret counsels thou canst tell,
Who in his bosom didst for ever dwell: 25

Thou on the deep's dark face, immortal Dove,
 Thou, with almighty energy didst move
 On the wild waves, incumbent didst display
 Thy genial wings, and hatch primæval day :
 Order from thee, from thee distinction came, 30
 And all the beauties of the wond'rous frame :
 Hence stamp'd on nature we perfection find,
 Fair as th' idea in th' eternal mind.

See thro' this vast extended theatre
 Of skill divine what shining marks appear : 35
 Creating power is all around express'd,
 The God discover'd, and his care confess'd.
 Nature's high birth, her heavenly beauties show ;
 By ev'ry feature we the parent know.
 Th' expanded spheres amazing to the sight, 40
 Magnificent with stars and globes of light ;
 The glorious orbs, which heaven's bright host compose,
 Th' imprison'd sea, that restless ebbs and flows ;
 The fluctuating fields of liquid air,
 With all the curious meteors, hov'ring there, 45
 And the wide regions of the land, proclaim
 The power divine, that rais'd the mighty frame.

What things soe'er are to an end refer'd,
 And in their motions still that end regard,
 Always the fitness of the means respect, 50
 These as conducive chuse, and those reject,
 Must by a judgment foreign and unknown
 Be guided to their end, or by their own ;
 For to design an end, and to pursue
 That end by means, and have it still in view, 55
 Demands a conscious, wise, reflecting cause,
 Which freely moves, and acts by Reason's laws :
 That can deliberate, means elect, and find
 Their due connexion with the end design'd.
 And since the world's wide frame does not include 60
 A cause with such capacities endued ;
 Some other cause o'er nature must preside
 Which gave her birth, and does her motions guide.
 And here behold the cause, which God we name,
 The source of beings, and the mind supreme ; 65

Whose perfect wisdom, and whose prudent care
With one confederate voice unnumber'd worlds declare.

See how the earth has gain'd that very place,
Which of all others in the boundless space
Is most convenient, and will best conduce
To the wise ends requir'd for nature's use. 70

You, who the mind and cause supreme deny,
Nor on his aid to form the world rely,
Must grant, had perfect wisdom been employ'd
To find, thro' all th' interminable void, 75
A seat most proper, and which best became
The earth and sea, it must have been the same.

Now, who can this surprising fact conceive,
Who this event fortuitous believe,
That the brute earth unguided should embrace 80
The only useful, only proper place,
Of all the millions in the empty space?

Could stupid atoms with impetuous speed
By different roads and adverse ways proceed;
From regions opposite begin their flight, 85
That here they might rencounter, here unite?

What charms could these terrestrial vagrants see
In this one point of all immensity,
That all th' enamour'd troops should thither flow?
Did they its useful situation know? 90

And when the squadrons with a swift career
Had reach'd that point, why did they settle there,
When nothing check'd their flight, but gulphs of air,
Since Epicurus and his scholars say
That unobstructed matter flies away, 95
Ranges the void, and knows not where to stay?

If you, sagacious sons of art, pretend
That by their native force they did descend,
And ceas'd to move, when they had gain'd their end;
That native force till you enlighten'd know, 100

Can it's mysterious spring disclose, and show
How 'tis exerted, how it does impel,
Your uninstruative words no doubts dispel.
We ask you, whence does motive vigour flow?
You say the nature of the thing is so. 105

But how does this relieve th' inquirer's pain?
Or how the dark impulsive power explain?

The Atomists, who skill mechanic teach,
Who boast th' ir clearer sight, and deeper reach,
Assert their atoms took that happy feat, 110
Determin'd thither by their imbred weight;
That downward thro' the spacious void they strove
To that one point, from all the parts above.

Grant this position true, though up and down
Are to a space not limited unknown; 115
But since they say our earth from morn to morn
On its own axis is oblig'd to turn;

That swift rotation must disperse in air
All things which on the rapid orb appear:
And if no power that motion should control, 120
I must disjoint and dissipate the whole:

'Tis by experience uncontested found,
Bodies orbicular, when whirling round,
Still shake of all things on their surface plac'd,
And to a distance from the centre cast. 125

If pond'rous atoms are so much in love
With this one point, that all will thither move,
Give them the situation they desire;
But let us then, ye sages, next inquire, 130
What cause of their cohesion can you find;

What props support, what chains the fabric bind?
Why do not beads that move, or stones that lie
Loose on the field, thro' distant regions fly?
Or why do fragments, from a mountain rent,
Tend to the earth, with such a swift descent? 135

Those who ascribe this one determin'd course
Of pond'rous things to gravitating force,
Refer us to a quality occult,
'To senseless words, for which while they insult
With just contempt the famous Stagyrice, 140

Their schools should bless the world with clearer light.
Some, the round earth's cohesion to secure,
For that hard task employ magnetic power.
Remark, say they, the Globe, with wonder own
Its nature, like the fam'd attractive stone, 145

This has its axis, so the observer tells,
 Meridians, poles, equator, parallels.
 To the terrestrial poles by constant fate
 The obsequious poles themselves accommodate.
 And when of this position dispossess 150
 They move, and strive, nor ever will they rest,
 Till their lov'd situation they regain,
 Where pleas'd they settle, and unmov'd remain.
 And should you, so experience does decide,
 Into small parts the wond'rous stone divide, 155
 Ten thousand of minuteit size express
 The same propension, which the large possess.
 Hence all the globe ('tis said) we may conclude
 With this prevailing energy endu'd.
 That this attractive, this surprizing stone 160
 Has no peculiar virtue of it own ;
 Nothing but what is common to the whole,
 To sides, to axis, and to either pole.

The mighty magnet from the centre darts
 This strong, though subtile force, through all the parts :
 Its æt'ive rays ejaculated thence, 165
 Irradiate all the wide circumference.
 While ev'ry part is in proportion blest,
 And of its due attractive power possess ;
 While adverse ways the adverse atoms draw 170
 With the same strength, by nature's constant law
 Ballanc'd and fixt they can no longer move ;
 Through gulphs immense no more unguided rove.
 If cords are pull'd two adverse ways, we find
 The more we draw them, they the faster bind. 175
 So when with equal vigour nature strains,
 This way and that, these fine mechanic chains,
 They fix the earth, they part to part unite,
 Preserve their structure, and prevent their flight.
 Pressure, they say, and weight we must disown, 180
 As things occult, by no ideas known.
 And on the earth's magnetic pow'r depend
 To fix its seat, its union to defend.

Let us this fam'd hypothesis survey,
And with attentive thought remark the way, 185
How earth's attractive parts their force display.

The mass, 'tis said, from its wide bosom pours
Torrents of atoms, and eternal showers
Of fine magnetic darts, of matter made
So subtle, marble they with ease pervade; 190

Refin'd, and (next to incorporeal) thin,
Not by Ausonian glasses to be seen.
These emanations take their constant flight
Swift from the earth, as from the sun the light;
To a determin'd distance they ascend, 195
And there infect their course, and downward tend.

What can insult unequal reason more
Than this magnetic, this mysterious power?
That cords and chains beyond conception small,
Should gild and bind so fast this mighty ball: 200

That active rays should spring from ev'ry part,
And though so subtle, should such force exert!
That the light legions should be sent abroad,
Range all the air, and traverse ev'ry road:

To stated limits should excursions make, 205
Then backward of themselves their journey take:
Should in their way to solid bodies cling,
And home to earth the captive matter bring;

Where all things on its surface spread are bound
By their coercive vigour to the ground! 210

Can this be done without a guide divine?
Should we to this hypothesis incline,
Say, does not here conspicuous wisdom shine?
Who can enough magnetic force admire?
Does it not counsel and design require 215

To give the earth this wondrous energy,
In such a measure, such a just degree,
That it should still perform its destin'd task,
As nature's ends and various uses ask?

For, should our globe have had a greater share 220
Of this strong force, by which the parts cohere,
Things had been bound by such a powerful chain,
That all would fix'd and motionless remain;

All men, like statues, on the earth would stand,
 Nor would they move the foot, or stretch the hand.
 Birds would not range the skies, nor beasts the woods,
 Nor could the fish divide the stiffen'd floods. 227

Again, had this strange energy been less,
 Defect had been as fatal as excess.
 For want of cement strong enough to bind 230

The structure fast, huge ribs of rock disjoin'd
 Without an earthquake, from their base would start,
 And hills unhing'd from their deep roots depart.
 And while our orb perform'd its daily race,
 All beings found upon its ample face 235

Would, by that motion dissipated, fly
 Whirl'd from the globe, and scatter through the sky.
 They must, obedient to mechanic laws,
 Assemble where the stronger magnet draws ;
 Whether the sun that stronger magnet proves, 240
 Or else some planet's orb, that nearer moves.

Who can unfold the Cause that does recal
 Magnetic rays, and make them backward fall ?
 If these effluvia, which do upward tend,
 Because less heavy than the air, ascend ; 245

Why do they ever from their heights retreat,
 And why return to seek their central seat ?
 From the same cause, ye sons of art, declare,
 Can they by turns descend and rise in air ?
 Prodigious 'tis that one attractive ray 250

Should this way tend, the next an adverse way ;
 For should th' unseen magnetic jets descend
 All the same way, they could not gain their end :
 They could not draw and bind the fabric fast,
 Unless alike they every part embrac'd. 255

How does Cartesius all his sinews strain,
 How much he labours, and how much in vain,
 The earth's attractive vigour to explain ?
 This bold contriver thus his thoughts conveys :
 Incessant streams of thin magnetic rays 260
 Gush from their fountains, with impetuous force,
 In either pole, then take an adverse course ;

Those from the southern pole the northern seek ;
 The southern those that from the northern break :
 In either pole these rays emitted meet 265
 Small pores provided, for their figures fit :
 Still to and fro they circulating pass,
 Hold all the frame, and firmly bind the mass.
 Thus he the parts of earth from flight restrains,
 And girds it fast by fine imagin'd chains. 270

But oh ! how dark is human reason found,
 How vain the man with wit and learning crown'd ;
 How feeble all his strength when he essays
 To trace dark nature, and detect her ways,
 Unless he calls its Author to his aid, 275
 Who every secret spring of motion laid ;
 Who over all his wondrous works presides,
 And to their useful ends their causes guides.
 These paths in vain are by inquirers trod ;
 There's no philosophy without a God. 280

Admir'd Cartesius, let the curious know,
 If your magnetic atoms always flow
 From pole to pole, what form'd their double source,
 What spur'd, what gave them their inflected course.
 Tell, what could drill and perforate the poles, 285
 And to th' attractive rays adapt their holes ?
 A race so long what prompts them to pursue ?
 Have the blind troops th' important end in view ?
 How are they sure they in the poles shall meet,
 Pores of a figure to their figure fit ? 290
 Are they with such sagacity endued
 To know, if this their journey be pursued,
 They shall the earth's construction closely bind,
 And to the centre keep the parts confin'd.

Let us review this whole magnetic scheme, 295
 Till wiser heads a wiser model frame.
 For its formation let fit atoms start,
 To one determin'd point, from ev'ry part ;
 Encount'ring there from regions opposite,
 They clash, and interrupt each other's flight ; 300
 And rendezvousing with an adverse course,
 Produce an equal poise, by equal force :

For while the parts by laws magnetic act,
 And are at once attracted and attract :
 While match'd in strength they keep the doubtful field,
 And neither overcome, and neither yield, 306
 To happy purpose they their vigour spend,
 For these contentions in the balance end,
 Which must in liquid air the globe suspend.

Besides materials which are brute and blind, 310
 Did not this work require a knowing mind ?
 Who for the task should fit detachments chuse
 From all the atoms, which their host diffuse
 Through the wide regions of the boundless space,
 And for their rendezvous appoint the place. 315
 Who should command, by his almighty nod,
 These chosen troops, unconscious of the road,
 And unacquainted with th' appointed end,
 Their marches to begin, and thither tend ;
 Direct them all to take the nearest way, 320
 Whence none of all th' unnumber'd millions stray :
 Make them advance with such an equal pace,
 From all the adverse regions of the space,
 That they at once should reach the destin'd place ;
 Should muster there, and round the centre swarm, 325
 And draw together in a globous form.

Grant, that by mutual opposition made
 Of adverse parts, their mutual flight is staid ;
 That thus the whole is in a balance laid ;
 Does it not all mechanic heads confound, 330
 That troops of atoms, from all parts around,
 Of equal number, and of equal force,
 Should to this single point direct their course ;
 That so the counter-pressure every way,
 Of equal vigour, might their motions stay, 335
 And, by a steady poise, the whole in quiet lay ?

Besides, the structure of the earth regard ;
 For firmness how is all its frame prepar'd ?
 With what amazing skill is the vast building rear'd ?
 Metals and veins of solid stone are found 340
 The chief materials which the globe compound.

See how the hills which high in air ascend,
From pole to pole their lofty lines extend.

These strong unshaken mounds resist the shocks
Of tides and seas tempestuous, while the rocks 345
That secret in a long continued vein
Pass through the earth, the ponderous pile sustain. :
These mighty girders, which the fabric bind,
These ribs robust and vast, in order join'd ;
These subterranean walls dispos'd with art, 350
Such strength and such stability impart,
That storms above, and earthquakes under ground,
Break not the pillars, nor the work confound.

Give to the earth a form orbicular,
Let it be pois'd and hung in ambient air ; 355
Give it the situation to the sun
Such as is only fit ; when this is done,
Suppose it still remain'd a lazy heap ;
From what we grant you no advantage reap.
You either must the earth from rest disturb, 360
Or roll around the heav'ns the solar orb.
Ehè what a dreadful face will nature wear !
How horrid will these lonesome seats appear !
This ne'er would see one kind refreshing ray ;
That would be ruin'd, but a different way, 365
Condemned to light, and curs'd with endless day.
A cold icelandian desert one would grow,
One like Sicilian furnaces would glow.

That nature may this fatal error shun,
Move which will please you best, the earth or sun :
But, say, from what great builder's magazines 371
You'll engines fetch, what strong, what vast machines
Will you employ to give this motion birth,
And whirl so swiftly round the sun or earth ?
Ye learned heads, by what mechanic laws 375
Will you of either orb this motion cause ?
Why do they move ? Why in a circle ? Why
With such a measure of velocity ?
Say, why the earth, if not the earth, the sun,
Does through his winding road the zodiac run ? 380

Why do revolving orbs their tracks sublime
So constant keep, that since the birth of time
They never varied their accustom'd place,
Nor lost a minute in so long a race?

But hold, perhaps I rudely preis too far; 385
You are not vers'd in reasoning so severe.

'Tis a first question your reply's at hand;
Ask but a second, and you speechless stand.
You swim at top, and on the surface strive,
But to the depths of nature never dive: 390

For if you did, instructed you'd explore
Divine contrivance, and a God adore.

Yet, sons of art, one curious piece devise,
From whose construction motion shall arise,
Machines, to all philosophers 'tis known, 395
Move by a foreign impulse, not their own.

Then let Gassendus chuse what frame he please,
By which to turn the heav'nly orbs with ease;
Those orbs must rest, till by th' exerted force
Of some first mover, they begin their course: 400

Mere disposition, mere mechanic art,
Can never motion to the globes impart:
And if they could, the marks of wise design
In that contrivance would conspicuous shine.

These questions still recur, we still demand 405
What moves them first, and puts them off at hand:

What makes them this one way their race direct,
While they a thousand other ways reject?
Why do they never once their course inflect?

Why do they roll with such an equal pace, 410
And to a moment still perform their race?

Why earth or sun diurnal stages keep?
In sp'ial tracks why through the zodiac creep?

Who can account for this, unless they say 415
These orbs th' Eternal Mind's command obey,

Who bade them move, did all their motions guide,
To each its destin'd province did divide;

Which to complete he gave them motive power,
That shall, as long as he does will, endure.

Thus we the frame of nature have exprest ; 420
 Now view the earth in finished beauty drest :
 The various scenes which various charms display,
 Through all th' extended theatre survey.

See how sublime th' uplifted mountains rise,
 And with their pointed heads invade the skies. 425
 How the high cliffs their craggy arms extend,
 Distinguish'd states and sever'd realms defend ;
 How ambient shores confine the restless deep,
 And in their ancient bounds the billows keep ;

The hollow vales their smiling pride unfold ; 430
 What rich abundance do their bosoms hold ?

Regard their lovely verdure, ravish'd view
 The party-colour'd flowers of various hue.
 Not eastern monarchs, on their nuptial day,
 In dazzling gold and purple shine to gay 435

As the bright natives of th' unlabour'd field,
 Unvers'd in spinning, and in looms unskill'd.
 See how the ripening fruits the gardens crown,
 Imbibe the sun, and make his light their own.
 See the sweet brooks in silver mazes creep, 540

Enrich the meadows, and supply the deep ;
 While from their weeping urns the fountains flow,
 And vital moisture, where they pass, bestow.
 Admire the narrow stream, and spreading lake,
 The proud aspiring grove, and humble brake ; 445
 How do the forests and the woods delight !

How the sweet glades and openings charm the sight !
 Observe the pleasant lawn and airy plain,
 The fertile furrows, rich with various grain ;
 How useful all ; how all conspire to grace 450
 Th' extended earth, and beautify her face.

Now see with how much art the parts are made ;
 With how much wisdom are the strata laid,
 Of different weights, and of a different kind,
 Of sundry forms, for sundry ends design'd. 455
 Here in their beds the finish'd minerals rest,
 There the rich wombs the seeds of gold digest.
 Here in fit moulds, to Indian nations known,
 Are cast the several kinds of precious stone ;

The diamond here, by mighty monarchs worn, 460
 Fair as the star that ushers in the morn;
 There, splendid by the sun's embodied ray,
 The beauteous ruby does its light display.
 There marble's various colour'd veins are spread;
 Here of blisamen unctuous stores are bred. 465
 What skill on all its surface is bestow'd,
 To make the earth for man a fit abode?
 The upper moulds with active spirits stor'd,
 And rich in verdant progeny, afford
 The flow'ry pasture, and the shady wood, 670
 To men their physic, and to beasts their food.

Proceed yet farther, and a prospect take
 Of the swift stream, and of the standing lake.
 Had not the deep been form'd, that might contain
 All the collect'd treasures of the main, 475
 The earth had still o'erwhelm'd with water flood,
 To man an uninhabitable flood.
 Yet had not part as kindly staid behind,
 In the wide cisterns of the lakes confin'd,
 Did not the springs and rivers drench the land, 480
 Our globe would grow a wilderness of sand;
 The plants and groves, the tame and savage beast,
 And man, their lord, would die with drought oppress.
 Now, as you see, the floating element
 Part loose in streams, part in the ocean pent, 485
 So wisely is disposed, as may conduce
 To man's delight or necessary use.

See how the mountains in the midst divide
 The noblest regions, that from either side
 The streams, which to the hills their currents owe,
 May every way along the valley flow, 490
 And verdant wealth on all the soil bestow.
 So Atlas, and the mountains of the moon,
 From North to South in lofty ridges run
 Through Afric realms, whence falling waters lave
 Th' inferior regions with a winding wave. 496
 They various rivers give to various soil,
 Niger to Guinea, and to Egypt Nile.

So from the tow'ring Alps, on different sides,
 Dissolving snows descend in num'rous tides, 500
 Which in the vale beneath their parties join
 To form the Rhone, the Danube, and the Rhine.
 So Caucasus, aspiring Taurus so,
 And fam'd Imaus, ever white with snow,
 Through eastern climes their lofty leads extend, 505
 And this and that way ample currents send :
 A thousand rivers make their crooked way,
 And disembogue their floods into the sea ;
 Whence should they ne'er by secret roads retire,
 And to the hills, from whence they came, aspire ; 510
 They by their constant streams would so increase
 The watry stores, and raise so high the seas,
 That the wide hollow would not long contain
 Th' unequal treasures of the swelling main : 514
 Scorning the mounds which now its tide withstand,
 The sea would pass the shores, and drown the land.

Tell, by what paths, what subterranean ways,
 Back to the fountain's head the sea conveys
 The refluent rivers, and the land repays ?
 Tell, what superior, what controlling cause 520
 Makes waters, in contempt of nature's laws,
 Climb up, and gain th' aspiring mountain's height,
 Swift and forgetful of their native weight ?
 What happy works, what engines under ground,
 What instruments of curious art are found, 525
 Which must with everlasting labour play,
 Back to their springs the rivers to convey,
 And keep their correspondence with the sea ?

Perhaps you'll say, their streams the rivers owe
 In part to rain, in part to melting snow ; 530
 And that the attracted watry vapours rise
 From lakes and seas, and fill the lower skies.
 These when condens'd the airy region pours
 On the dry earth in rain, or gentle show'rs.
 Th' insinuating drops sink thro' the sand, 535
 And pass the porous strainers of the land :
 Which fresh supplies of liquid riches bring
 To ev'ry river's head, to each exhausted spring.

The streams are thus, their losses to repair,
 Back to their source transmitted thro' the air. 540
 The waters still their circling course maintain,
 Flow down in rivers, and return in rain.
 And on the soil with heat immoderate dry'd,
 'To which the rain's pure treasures are deny'd,
 The mountains more sublime in ether rise, 545
 Transfix the clouds, and tow'r amidst the skies :
 The snowy fleeces, which their heads involve,
 Still stay in part, and still in part dissolve.
 Torrents and loud impetuous cataracts
 Thro' roads abrupt and rude unfashion'd tracts 550
 Roll down the lofty mountain's channel'd sides,
 And to the vale convey their foaming tides.
 At length, to make their various currents one,
 The congregated floods together run.
 These confluent streams make some great river's head,
 By stores still melting and descending fed. 556
 Thus from th' aspiring mountains of the moon
 Dissolving treasures rush in torrents down ;
 Which pass the sun-burnt realms and sandy soil,
 And bless th' Egyptian nation with their Nile : 560
 Then whoe'er his secret rise would know,
 Must climb the hills, and trace his head in snow.
 And though the Rhine, the Danube and the Rhone,
 All ample rivers of our milder zone,
 While they advance along the flats and plains, 565
 Spread, by the snow's augmented, and the rains ;
 Yet these their source and first beginning owe
 To stores, that from the Alpine mountains flow.
 Hence, when the snows in winter cease to weep,
 And undissolv'd their flaky texture keep, 570
 The banks with ease their humble streams contain,
 Which swell in summer, and those banks disdain.
 Be this account allow'd, say, do not here
 Th' impressions of consummate art appear ?
 In ev'ry spacious realm a rising ground, 575
 Observers tell, is in the middle found ;
 That all the streams, which flow from either side,
 May thro' the Valleys unobstructed glide.

What various kingdoms does the Danube lave,
 Before the Euxine sea receives its wave? 580
 How many nations of the sun-burnt soil
 Does Niger bless? how many drink the Nile?
 Thro' what vast regions near the rising sun
 Does Indus, Ganges, and Hydaspus run?
 What happy empires, wide Euphrates, teem, 585
 And pregnant grow by thy prolific stream;
 How many spacious countries does the Rhine
 In winding banks, and mazes serpentine
 Traverse, before he splits in Belgia's plain,
 And lost in sand creeps to the German main! 590
 Flood, which thro' Indian realms their course pursue,
 That Mexico enrich, and wash Peru,
 With their unwearied streams yet farther pass,
 Before they reach the sea, and end their race.
 And since the rivers and the floods demand, 595
 For their descent, a prone and sinking land,
 Does not this due declivity declare
 A wise director's providential care?

See, how the streams advancing to the main
 Thro' crooked channels draw their chrystial train. 600
 While ling'ring thus they in meanders glide,
 They scatter verdant life on either side:
 The valleys smile, and with their flowry face
 And wealthy births confess the floods embrace.
 But this great blessing would in part be lost, 605
 Nor would the Maids their blooming plenty boast,
 Did uncheck'd rivers draw their fluid train
 In lines direct, and rapid seek the main.

The sea does next demand our view; and there
 No less the marks of perfect skill appear. 610
 When first the atoms to the congrais came,
 And by their concourse form'd the mighty frame,
 What did the liquid to th' assembly call,
 'To give their aid to form the pondrous ball?
 First, tell us, why did any come? next, why 615
 In such a disproportion to the dry?
 Why were the moist in number so outdone,
 That to a thousand dry, they are but one?

When they united, and together clung,
 When undistinguish'd in one heap they hung, 620
 How was the union broke, the knot unty'd,
 What did th' entangled elements divide?
 Why did the moist disjoin'd, without respect
 To their less weight, the lowest seat elect?
 Could they dispense to lie below the land, 625
 With nature's law, and unequal'd command;
 Which gives to lighter things the greatest height,
 And seats inferior to superior weight?
 Did they foresee, unless they lay so low,
 The restless flood the land would overflow, 630
 By which the delug'd earth would useless grow?
 What, but a conscious agent, could provide
 The spacious hollow, where the waves reside?
 Where bar'd with rock, and fenc'd with hills, the deep
 Does in its womb the floating treasure keep; 635
 And all the raging regiments restrain
 In stated limits, that the swelling main,
 May not in triumph o'er the frontier ride,
 And thro' the land licentious spread its tide?
 What other cause the frame could so contrive, 640
 That when tempestuous winds the ocean drive,
 They cannot break the tie, nor disunite
 The waves, which roll connected in their flight?
 Their bands, tho' slack, no dissolution fear,
 Th' unsever'd parts the greatest pressure bear, 645
 Tho' loose, and fit to flow, they still cohere.
 This apt, this wise contexture of the sea,
 Makes it the ships driv'n by the winds obey;
 Whence hardy merchants sail from shore to shore,
 Bring India's spices home, and Guinea's ore. 650

When you with liquid stores have fill'd the deep,
 What does the flood from putrefaction keep?
 Should it lie stagnant in its ample seat,
 The sun would thro' it spread destructive heat.
 The wise contriver on his end intent, 655
 Careful this fatal error to prevent,
 And keep the waters from corruption free,
 Mixt them with salt, and season'd all the sea.

What other cause could this effect produce?
 The brackish tincture thro' the main diffuse? 660
 You, who to solar beams this task assign,
 To scald the waves, and turn the tide to brine,
 Reflect, that all the fluid stores which sleep
 In the remotest caverns of the deep,
 Have of the briny force a greater share, 665
 Than those above, that meet the ambient air.
 Others, but oh how much in vain! erect
 Mountains of salt, the ocean to infect.
 Who, vers'd in nature, can describe the land,
 Or fix the place on which those mountains stand? 670
 Why have those rocks so long unwaited stood,
 Since, lavish of their stock, they thro' the flood,
 Have, ages past, their melting chrystal spread,
 And with their spoils the liquid regions fed?
 Yet more, the wise contriver did provide, 675
 To keep the sea from stagnating, the tide;
 Which now we see advance, and now subside.
 If you exclude this great directing mind,
 Declare what cause of this effect you find.
 You who this globe round its own axis drive, 680
 From that rotation this event derive:
 You say, the sea, which with unequal pace,
 Attends the earth in this its rapid race,
 Does with its waves fall backward to the West,
 And thence repell'd, advances to the East: 685
 While this revolving motion does endure,
 The deep must reel, and rush from shore to shore.
 Thus to the setting, and the rising sun,
 Alternate tides in stated order run.
 The experiments you bring us, to explain 690
 This notion, are impertinent and vain.
 An orb or ball round its own axis whirl;
 Will not the motion to a distance hurl
 Whatever dust or sand you on it place,
 And drops of water from its convex face? 695
 If this rotation does the seas affect,
 The rapid motion rather would eject

The stores, the low capacious caves contain,
 And from its ample basin cut the main;
 Aloft in air would make the ocean fly,
 And dash its scatter'd waves against the sky.

If you, to solve th' appearance, have recourse
 To the bright sun's, or moon's impulsive force;
 Do you, who call for demonstration, tell
 How distant orbs th' obedient flood impel.

This strong mysterious influence explain,
 By which, to swell the waves they press the main;

But if you chuse magnetic power, and say
 Those bodies by attraction move the sea;
 Till with new light you make this secret known,
 And tell us how 'tis by attraction done,

You leave the mind in darkness still involv'd,
 Nor have you, like philosophers, resolv'd
 The doubts, which we to reasoning men refer,
 But with a cant of words abute the ear.

Those, who assert the lunar orb presides
 O'er humid bodies, and the ocean guides:

Whose waves obsequious ebb, or swelling run
 With the declining or increasing moon;
 With reason seem her empire to maintain,
 As mistreis of the rivers and the main.

Perhaps her active influences cause
 Th' alternate flood, and give the billow laws;
 The waters seem her orders to obey,
 And ebb and flow, determin'd by her sway.

Grant that the deep this foreign Sovereign owns,
 That mov'd by her it this and that way runs.

Say, by what force she makes the ocean swell,
 Does she attract the waters, or impel?
 How does she rule the rolling waves, and guide
 By fixt and constant laws, the restless tide?

Why does she dart her force to that degree,
 As gives to just a motion to the sea,
 That it should flow no more, no more retire,
 Than nature's various useful ends require?

A mind supreme you therefore must approve,
 Whose high command caus'd matter first to move.

Who still preserves its courſe, and with reſpect
 To his wiſe ends, all motion does direct.
 He to the ſilver moon this province gave, 70
 And fixt her empire o'er the briny wave:
 Endu'd her with ſuch juſt decrees of power,
 As might his aims and wiſe deſigns procure:
 Might agitate and work the troubled deep,
 And rolling waters from corruption keep; 745
 But not impel them o'er their bounds of ſand,
 Nor force the waſteful deluge o'er the land. 747

BOOK II.

The Argument.

The introduction. The numerous and important bleſſings of religion. The exiſtence of a God demonſtrated ſt in the wiſdom and deſign which appear in the motion of the heavenly orbs; but more particularly in the ſyſtem. I. In the ſituation of the ſun, and its due diſtance from the earth. The fatal conſequences of its having been placed otherwiſe than it is. II. In its diurnal motion, whence the change of day and night proceeds. Then in its annual motion, whence ariſe the different degrees of heat and cold. The confinement of the ſun between the tropics, not to be accounted for, by any philoſophical hypotheſis. The difficulties of the ſame, if the earth moves, and the ſun reſts. The ſtrange of the ſun's motion, not to be explain'd by any irreligious philoſophy. The contemplation of the ſolar light, and the uſes made of it for the end propoſed. The appearances in the ſolar ſyſtem not to be ſolved, but by aſſerting a God. The ſyſtem of Ptolemy, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe and Kepler conſidered. The ſolar ſyſtem deſcribed and compared with the fixed ſtars which are ſuppoſed centres of the like ſyſtems. Reflections on that compariſon. The hypotheſis of Epicurus, in relation to the motion of the ſun. Wiſdom and deſign diſcovered in the air; in its uſeful ſtructure, its eluſticity, its various meteors; the wind, the rain, thunder and lightning. A ſhort contemplation of the vegetable kind.

CARUS, by hardy Epicurus taught,
 From Greece to Rome his impious ſyſtem brought;
 Then war with heaven he did insulting wage,
 And breath'd againſt the gods immortal rage;
 See, he exclaims, the ſource of all our woe; 5
 Our fears and ſuff'rings from religion flow.

We grant, a train of miſchiefs oft proceeds
 From ſuperſtitious rites and penal creeds;
 But view religion in her native charms,
 Diſperſing bleſſings with indulgent arms, 10
 From her fair eyes what heavenly rays are ſpread?
 What blooming joys ſmile round her bliſſful head?
 Offspring divine! by thee we bleſs the cauſe,
 Who form'd the world, and rules it by his laws;





BLACKMORE.

The boldest champions of impiety
Scornful of Heaven subdued or won by thee,
Before thy hallow'd alters bend the knee.

His independent being we adore, 15
Extol his goodness, and revere his power.

Our wond'ring eyes his high perfections view,
The lofty contemplation we pursue,
'Till ravish'd we the great idea find,
Shining in bright impressions on our mind. 20

Inspir'd by thee, guest of celestial race,
With generous love, we human-kind embrace;
We provocations unprovok'd receive,
Patient of wrong, and easy to forgive;
Protect the orphan, plead the widow's cause, 25
Nor deviate from the line unerring justice draws.

Thy lustre, best effulgence, can dispel
The clouds of error, and the gloom of hell;
Can to the soul impart ethereal light,
Give life divine and intellectual sight: 30
Before our ravish'd eyes thy beams display,
The openings scenes of bliss, and endless day;
By which excited we with ardour rise,
Scorn this inferior ball, and claim the skies.

Tyrants to thee a change of nature owe, 35
Break all their torures, and indulgent grow.
Ambitious conquerors in their mad career,
Check'd by thy voice, lay down the sword and spear.
The boldest champions of impiety,
Scornful of heaven, subdu'd or won by thee, 40
Before thy hallow'd altars bend the knee.
Loose wits, made wise, a public good become,
The sons of pride an humble mien assume,
The profligate, in morals grow severe,
Defrauders just, and lycophants sincere. 45

With amorous language, and bewitching smiles,
Attractive airs, and all the lover's wiles,
The fair Egyptian Jacob's son carest,
Hung on his neck, and languish'd on his breast.
Courted with freedom now the beauteous slave, 50
Now flatt'ring sued, and threatening now did rave;
But not the various eloquence of love,
Nor power enrag'd could his fix'd virtue move.

See, aw'd by heaven, the blooming Hebrew flies
 Her artful tongue, and more persuasive eyes : 55
 And springing from her disappointed arms,
 Prefers a dungeon to forbidden charms.

Stedfast in virtue's and his country's cause,
 Th' illustrious founder of the Jewish laws,
 Who, taught by heaven at genuine greatness aim'd, 60
 With worthy pride imperial blood disclaim'd.
 Th' alluring hopes of Pharaoh's throne resign'd,
 And the vain pleasures of a court declin'd,
 Pleas'd with obscure recess, to ease the pains
 Of Jacob's race, and break their servile chains. 65
 Such generous minds are form'd, where blest religion

Ye friends of Epicurus, look around, [reigns.
 All nature view with marks of prudence crown'd.
 Mind the wise ends, which proper means promote ;
 See how the diff'rent parts for diff'rent use are wrought ;
 Contemplate all this conduct and design, 71
 Then own, and praise th' Artificer divine.

Regard the orbs sublime in æther borne,
 Which the blue regions of the skies adorn ;
 Compar'd with whose extent, this low hung ball 75
 Shrunk to a point, is despicably small :
 Their number, counting those th' unaided eye
 Can see, or by invented tubes descry,
 With those which in the adverse hemisphere,
 Or near each pole to lands remote appear, 80
 The widest stretch of human thought exceeds,
 And in th' attentive mind amazement breeds :
 While these so numerous, and so vast of size,
 In various ways roll thro' the trackless skies ;
 Thro' crossing roads perplex and intricate, 85
 Perform their stages, and their rounds repeat ;
 None by collision from their course are driv'n,
 No shocks, no conflicts break the peace of heaven.
 No shatter'd globes, no glowing fragments fall,
 No worlds o'erturn'd crush this terrestrial ball, 90
 In beauteous order all the orbs advance,
 And in their mazy complicated dance,

Not in one part of all the pathless sky
Did any ever halt, or step awry.

When twice ten thousand men depriv'd of sight, 95
To some wide vale direct their footsteps right ;
Shall there a various figur'd dance essay,
Move by just steps, and measur'd time obey ;
Shall cross each other with unerring feet,
Never mistake their place, and never meet : 100
Nor shall in many years the least decline
From the same ground, and the same winding line :
Then may in various roads the orbs above,
Without a guide, in perfect concord move ;
Then beauty, order, and harmonious laws 105
May not require a wise directing cause.

See, how th' indulgent father of the day
At such due distance does his beams display,
That he his heat may give to sea and land,
In just degrees, as all their wants demand. 110
But had he in th' unmeasurable space
Of æther, chos'n a remoter place ;
For instance, pleas'd with that superior seat
Where Saturn, or where Jove their course repeat :
Or had he happen'd farther yet to lie, 115
In the more distant quarters of the sky,
How sad, how wild, how exquisite a scene
Of desolation had his planet been ?
A wasteful, cold, untrodden wilderness,
The gloomy haunts of horror and distress. 120
Instead of woods, which crown the mountain's head,
And the gay honours of the verdant mead ;
Instead of golden fruits, the Garden's pride,
By genial show'rs, and solar heat supply'd,
Icelandian cold, and Hyperborean snows, 125
Eternal frost, with ice that never flows,
Unbearable winter, had defac'd
Earth's blooming charms, and made a barren waste.
No mild indulgent gales would gently bear,
On their soft wings, sweet vapours through the air, 130
The balmy spoils of plants, and fragrant flow'rs,
Of aromatic groves and myrtle bow'rs,

Whose odoriferous exhalations fan
 The flame of life, and recreate beast and man.
 But storms, ev'n worse than vex Norwegian waves, 135
 Then breed in Scythia's hills, or Lapland caves,
 Would through this bleak terrestrial desert blow,
 Chize it with ice, or whelm it o'er with snow.

Or had the sun, by like unhappy fate,
 Ejected to the earth a nearer seat, 140
 His beams had cleft the hill, the vall, dry'd,
 Echal'd the lake, and drain'd the briny tide.

A heat, superior far to that which boils
 Bornéo, or Sumatra, Indian isles;
 Than that which ripens Guinea's golden ore, 145
 Or burns the Lybian hind, or tans the Moor,
 Had hid all nature waste, and turn'd the land
 To hills of cinders, and to vales of sand.

No herds could then have rang'd the leake's wood,
 Nor finny nations cut the boiling flood. 150

Birds had not beat the airy road, the swains
 No flocks had tended on the russet plains.
 Thus had the sun's bright orb been more remote
 The cold had kill'd; and if more near, the drought.

Next see, Lucretian fates, see the sun 155
 His court'diurnal and his annual run;
 How in his glorious race he moves along,
 Gay as a bridegroom, as a giant strong,
 How his unvary'd labour he repeats,

Returns at morning, and at eve retreats; 160

And by the distribution of his light,
 Now gives to man the day, and now the night:
 Night, when the drowsy swain and traveller cease
 Their daily toil, and sooth their limbs with ease;
 When all the weary sons of woe restrain 165
 Their yielding cares with slumber's silken chain,
 Sole: bid grief, and hush reluctant pain.

And while the sun, ne'er covetous of rest,
 Flies with such rapid speed from east to west,
 In tracks oblique he thro' the Zodiac rolls, 170
 Beyond the northern and the southern poles:

From which revolving progresses thro' the skies, :
 The needful seasons of the year arise.
 And as he now advances, now retreats,
 Whence winter colds proceed, and summer heats, 175
 He qualifies and cheers the air by turns,
 Which winter freezes, and which summer burns.
 Thus his kind rays the two extremes reduce,
 And keep a temper fit for nature's use.
 The frost and drought, by this alternate pow'r, 180
 The earth's prolific energy restore.
 The lives of man and beast demand the change ;
 Hence fowls the air, and fish the ocean range.
 Of heat and cold this just successive reign,
 Which does the balance of the year maintain, 185
 The gard'ner's hope, the farmer's patience props,
 Gives vernal verdure, and autumnal crops.
 Should but the sun his duty once forget,
 Nor from the north, nor from the south retreat ;
 Should not the beams revive, and sooth the soil, 190
 Mellow the furrow for the ploughman's toil :
 A teeming vigour should they not diffuse,
 Ferment the glebe, and genial spirits loose,
 Which lay imprison'd in the stiffen'd ground,
 Congeal'd with cold, in frosty fetters bound, 195
 Unfruitful earth her wretched fate would mourn,
 No grass would cloath the plains, no fruit the trees
 But did the ling'ring orb much longer stay, [adorn.
 Unmindful of his coarse, and crooked way ;
 The earth, of dews defrauded, would detest 200
 The fatal favour of th' effulgent guest :
 To distant worlds implore him to repair,
 And free from noxious beams the sultry air.
 His rays productive now of wealth and joy,
 Would then the pasture and the hills annoy, 205
 And with too great indulgence would destroy.
 In vain the lab'ring hind would till the land,
 Turn up the glebe, and sow his seed in sand.
 The meads would crack, in want of binding dews,
 The channels would th' exhaling river lose: 210

While in their haunts wild beasts expiring lie,
 The panting herds would on the pasture die :
 But now the sun at neither tropic stays
 A longer time, than his alternate rays
 In such proportion heat and lustre give, 215
 As do not ruin nature, but revive.

When the bright orb, to solace southern seats,
 Inverts his course, and from the North retreats ;
 As he advances, his indulgent beam
 Makes the glad earth with fresh conceptions teem :
 Restores their leafy honours to the woods, 221
 Flow'rs to the banks, and freedom to the floods ;
 Unbinds the turf, exhilarates the plain.
 Brings back his labour, and recruits the swain ;
 Through all the soil a genial ferment spreads, 225
 Regenerates the plants, and new adorns the meads.
 The birds on branches perch'd, or on the wing,
 At nature's verdant restoration sing,
 And with melodious lays salute the spring.

The heats of summer benefits produce 230
 Of equal number, and of equal use.
 The sprouting births, and beauteous vernal bloom,
 By warmer rays to ripe perfection come.
 Th' austere and pond'rous juices they sublime,
 Make them ascend the porous soil, and climb 235
 The orange-tree, the citron and the lime :
 Which drunk in plenty by the thirsty root,
 Break forth in painted flow'rs, and golden fruit.
 They explicate the leaves, and ripen food
 For the silk-labourers of the mulberry wood : 240
 And the sweet liquor on the cane bestow,
 From which prepar'd the luscious sugars flow ;
 With generous juice enrich the spreading vine,
 And in the grape digest the sprightly wine.
 The fragrant trees, which grow by Indian floods,
 And in Arabia's aromatic woods, 246
 Owe all their spices to the summer's heat,
 Their gummy tears, and odoriferous sweat.
 Now the bright sun compacts the precious stone,
 Imparting radiant lustre, like his own : 250

He tinctures rubies with their rosy hue,
 And on the sapphire spreads a heavenly blue;
 For the proud monarch's dazzling crown prepares
 Rich orient pearl, and adamantine stars.

Next autumn, when the sun's withdrawing ray, 255
 The night enlarges, and contracts the day,
 To crown his labour to the farmer yields
 The yellow treasures of his fruitful fields;
 Ripens the harvest for the crooked steel,
 (While bending stalks the rural weapon feel.) 260
 The fragrant fruit for the nice palate fits,
 And to the press the swelling grape submits.

At length forsaken by the solar rays,
 See, drooping nature sickens and decays,
 While winter all his snowy stores displays: 265
 In hoary triumph unmolested reigns
 O'er barren hills, and bleak untrodden plains:
 Hardens the glebe, the shady grove deforms,
 Fetters the floods, and shakes the air with storms.
 Now active spirits are restrain'd with cold, 270
 And Prisons cramp't with ice the genial captives hold.
 The meads their flow'ry pride no longer wear,
 And trees extend their naked arms in air;
 The frozen furrow, and the fallow field,
 Nor to the spade, nor to the harrow yield. 275

Yet in their turn the snows and frosts produce
 Various effects, of necessary use.
 Th' intemperate heats of summer are controll'd
 By winter's rigour, and inclement cold,
 Which checks contagious spawn, and noxious steams,
 The fatal offspring of immod'rate beams: 281
 Th' exhausted air with vital nitre fills,
 Infection stops, and death in embryo kills:
 Constrains the glebe, keeps back the hurtful weed,
 And fits the furrow for the vernal seed. 285
 The spirits now, as said, imprison'd stay
 Which else by warmer sun-beams drawn away,
 Would roam in air, and dissipated stray.
 Thus are the winter frosts to nature kind,
 Frosts, which reduce excessive heats, and bind 290

Prolific ferments in restless chains,
Whence parent earth her fruitfulness maintains.
To compare all these happy ends, the sun
In winding tracks does through the zodiac run.

You, who so much are vers'd in causes, tell, 295

What from the tropics can the sun repel?

What vig'rous arm, what repercussive blow

Bands the mighty globe still to and fro,

Yet with such conduct, such unerring art,

He never did the trackless road desert? 300

Why does he never in his spiral race

The tropics, or the polar circles pass?

What gulphs, what mounds, what terrors can control

The rushing orb, and make him backward roll?

Why should he halt at either station, why 305

Not forward run in unobstructive sky?

Can he not pass an aëronomic line,

Or does he dread th' imaginary sign,

That he should ne'er advance to either pole,

Nor farther yet in liquid ether roll, 310

Till he has gain'd some unfrequented place,

Lost to the world in vast unmeasur'd space?

If to the old you the new schools prefer,

And to the fam'd Copernicus adhere;

If you esteem that supposition best, 315

Which moves the earth, and leaves the sun at rest:

With a new veil your ignorance you hide,

Still is the knot as hard to be untied.

You change your scheme, but the old doubts remain,

And still you leave th' inquiring mind in pain. 320

This problem, as philosophers, resolve:

What makes the globe from West to East revolve?

What is the strong impulsive cause, declare,

Which rolls the ponderous orb so swift in air?

To your vain answer will you have recourse, 325

And tell us 'tis ingenite, active force,

Mobility, or native pow'r to move,

Words which mean nothing, and can nothing prove?

That moving power, that force innate explain,

Or your grave answers are absurd and vain: 330

We no solution of our question find ;
Your words bewilder, not direct the mind.

If you this rapid motion to procure,
For the hard task employ magnetic power,
Whether that power you at the centre place, 335
Or in the middle regions of the mass,
Or elie, as some philosophers assert,
You give an equal share to every part,
Have you by this the cause of motion shown ;
After explaining is it not unknown ? 340
Since you pretend, by reason's strictest laws,
Of an effect to manifest the cause,
Nature, of wonders so immense a field,
Can none more strange, nor more mysterious yield,
None that eludes sagacious reason more 345
Than this obscure, inexplicable power.
Since you the spring of motion cannot show,
Be just, and faultless ignorance allow ;
Say 'tis obedience to th' Almighty nod,
That 'tis the will, the power, the hand of God. 350

Philosophers of spreading fame are found,
Who by th' attraction of the orbs around
Would move the earth, and make its course obey
The sun's and moon's inevitable sway.
Some from the pressure and impelling force 355
Of heav'nly bodies would derive its course :
Whilst in the dark and difficult dispute
All are by turns confuted, all confute.
Each can subvert th' opponent's scheme, but none
Has strength of reason to support his own. 360

The mind employ'd in search of secret things,
To find out motions cause and hidden springs,
Through all th' etherial regions mounts on high,
Views all the spheres, and ranges all the sky :
Searches the orbs, and penetrates the air 365
With unsuccessful toil, and fruitless care :
Till stopp'd by awful heights, and gulphs immense
Of wisdom, and of vast omnipotence,
She trembling stands, and does in wonder gaze,
Lost in the wild inextricable maze. 370

See, how the sun does on the middle shine,
 And round the globe describe the equator line,
 By which wise means he can the whole survey
 With a direct, or with a slanting ray,
 In the succession of a night and day. 375

Had the north pole been fixt beneath the sun,
 To southern realms the day had been unknown?
 If the south pole had gain'd that nearer seat,
 The northern climes had met as hard a fate.
 And since the space, that lies on either side, 380
 The solar orb, is without limits wide;
 Grant that the sun had happen'd to prefer
 A seat askant, but one diameter:

Lost to the light by that unhappy place,
 This globe had lain a frozen lonesome mass. 385

Behold the light emitted from the sun,
 What more familiar, and what more unknown?
 While by its spreading radiance it reveals
 All nature's face, it still itself conceals.
 See how each morn it does its beams display, 390
 And on its golden wings bring back the day
 How soon th' effulgent emanations fly,
 Through the blue gulph of interposing sky!

How soon their lustre all the region fills,
 Smiles on the vallies, and adorns the hill! 395
 Millions of miles, so rapid is their race,
 To cheer the earth, they in few moments pass.
 Amazing progress! at its utmost stretch,
 What human mind can this swift motion reach?

But if, to save so quick a flight, you say 400
 The ever-rolling orb's impulsive ray
 On the next threads and filaments does bear
 Which form the springy texture of the air,
 That those will strike the next, till to the sight
 The quick vibration propagates the light: 405

'Tis still as hard, if we this scheme believe,
 The cause of life's swift progress to conceive.

With thought from prepossession free, reflect
 On solar rays, as they the light respect.

The beams of light had been in vain displayed,
Had not the eye been fit for vision made! 410

In vain the author had the eye prepar'd
With so much skill, had not the light appear'd.

The old and new astrononers in vain
Attempt the heavenly motions to explain, 415

First Ptolemy his scheme celestial wrought,
And of machines a wild provision brought,

Orbs centric and eccentric he prepares,
Cycles and epicycles, solid spheres

In order plac'd, and with bright globes inlaid, 420
To solve the tours by heavenly bodies made.

But is perplext, so intricate a frame,
The latter ages with derision name.

The comets, which at seasons downward tend,
Then with their flaming equipage ascend; 425

Venus, which in the purneus of the sun
Does now above him, now beneath him run;

The ancient structure of the heav'ns subvert,
Reer'd with vast labour, but with little art.

Copernicus, who rightly did condemn
The eldest system, form'd a wiser scheme; 430

In which he leaves the sun at rest, and rolls
The orb terrestrial on its proper poles;

Which makes the night and day by this career,
And by its slow and crooked course the year. 435

The famous Dane, who o'ert the modern guides,
To earth and sun their provinces divides:

The earth's rotation makes the night and day,
The sun revolving through th' ecliptic way

Effects the various seasons of the year, 440
Which in their turn for happy ends appear.

This scheme or that, which pleases best, embrace,
Still we the fountain of their motion trace.

Kepler asserts these wonders may be done
By the magnetic virtue of the sun, 445

Which he, to gain his end, thinks fit to place
Full in the centre of that mighty space,

Which does the spheres, where planets roll, include,
And leaves him with attractive force endu'd.

The sun, thus seated, by mechanic laws, 450
 The earth, and every distant planet draws;
 By which attraction all the planets found
 Within his reach, are turn'd in ether round.

If all these rolling orbs the sun obey,
 Who holds his empire by magnetic sway; 455
 Since all are guided with an equal force,
 Why are they so unequal in their course?
 Saturn in thirty years his ring completes,
 Which swifter Jupiter in twelve repeats.
 Mars three and twenty months revolving spends; 460
 The Earth in twelve her annual journey ends.
 Venus, thy race in twice four months is run;
 For his Mercurius three demands; the Moon
 Her revolution finishes in one.

If all at once are mov'd and by one spring, 465
 Why so unequal is their annual ring?

If some, you say, prest with a pond'rous load
 Of gravity, move slower in their road,
 Because, with weight encumber'd and oppress'd,
 These sluggish orbs th' attractive sun resist; 470
 Till you can weight and gravity explain,
 Those words are insignificant and vain.

If planetary orbs the sun obey,
 Why should the moon disown his sov'reign sway?
 Why in a whirling eddy of her own 475
 Around the globe terrestrial should she run?
 This disobedience of the moon will prove
 The sun's bright orb does not the planets move.

Philosophers may spare their toil, in vain 479
 They form new schemes, and rack their thoughtful
 The cause of heavenly motions to explain: [brain
 After their various unsuccessful ways,
 Their fruitless labour, and inept essays,
 No cause of those appearances they'll find,
 But power exerted by th' eternal mind; 485
 Which through their roads the orbs celestial drives,
 And this or that determin'd motion gives.
 The mind supreme does all his worlds control,
 Which by his order this and that way roll.

From him they take a delegated force,
 And by his high command maintain their course; 490
 By laws decreed e'er fleeting time began,
 In their first limits they their stages run.

But if the earth, and each erratic world,
 Around their sun their proper centre whirl'd,
 Compose but one extended vast machine, 495
 And from one spring their motions all begin;
 Does not so wide, so intricate a frame,
 Yet so harmonious, sov'reign art proclaim?
 Is it a proof of judgment to invent
 A work of spheres involv'd, which represent 500
 The situation of the orbs above,
 Their size and number show, and how they move;
 And does not in the orbs themselves appear
 As great contrivance, and design as clear?

This wide machine the universe regard, 505
 With how much skill is each apartment rear'd?
 The sun, a globe of fire, a glowing mass,
 Hotter than melting flint, or fluid glass,
 Of this our system holds the middle place.

Mercurius nearest to the central sun, 510
 Does in an oval orbit circling run:
 But rarely is the object of our sight,
 In solar glory sunk and more prevailing light.

Venus the next, whose lovely beams adorn 515
 As well the dewy eye, as opening morn,
 Does her fair orb in beauteous order turn.

The globe terrestrial next, with flanting poles,
 And all its pond'rous load, unwearied rolls.
 Then we behold bright planetary Jove
 Sublime in air through his wide province move; 520
 Four second planets his dominion own,
 And round him turn, as round the earth the moon.
 Saturn revolving in the highest sphere,
 With ling'ring labour finishes his year.

Yet is this mighty system, which contains 525
 So many worlds, such vast ethereal plains,
 But one of thousand, which compose the whole,
 Perhaps as glorious, and of worlds as full.

The stars, which grace the high expansion, bright
 By their own beams, and unprecarious light, 530
 Though some near neighbours seem, and some display
 United lustre in the Milky Way,
 At a vast distance from each other lie,
 Sever'd by spacious voids of liquid sky. 535
 All these illustrious worlds, and many more,
 Which by the tube astronomers explore;
 And millions which the world can ne'er descry
 Lost in the wilds of vast immensity,
 Are suns, are centers, whose superior sway 540
 Planets of various magnitude obey.

If we with one clear, comprehensive sight
 Saw all these systems, all these orbs of light;
 If we their order and dependance knew,
 Had all their motions and their ends in view, 545
 With all the comets, which in ether stray,
 Yet constant to their time, and to their way;
 Which planets seem, though rarely they appear,
 Rarely approach the radiant sun so near,
 That his fair beams their atmosphere pervade, 550
 Whence their bright hair and flaming trains are made,
 Would not this view convincing marks impart
 Of perfect prudence, and stupendous art?

The masters form'd in Newton's famous school,
 Who does the chief in modern science rule, 555
 Erect their schemes by mathematic laws,
 And solve appearances with just applause:
 These, who have nature's steps with care pursu'd,
 That matter is with active force endu'd,
 That all its parts magnetic power exert, 560
 And to each other gravitate, assert.
 While by this power they on each other act,
 They are at once attracted, and attract.
 Let's bulky matter therefore must obey
 More bulky matter's more engaging sway; 565
 By this the fabric they together hold,
 By this the courté of heavenly orbs unfold.
 Yet these sagacious sons of Science own
 Attractive virtue is a thing unknown.

This wond'rous power they piously assert,
 Th' almighty Author did at first impart
 To matter in degrees, that might produce
 The motions he design'd for nature's use.

But lest we should not here due rev'ence pay
 To learned Epicurus, see the way
 By which this reas'ner, of such high renown,
 Moves through th' ecliptic road the rolling sun.
 Opprest with thirst and heat, to adverse seats
 By turns, says he, the panting sun retreats
 To slake his drought, his vigour to repair
 In snowy climes, and frozen fields of air;
 Where the bright glutton revels without rest
 On his cool banquet and ærial feast:
 Still to and fro he does his light convey,
 Through the same track, the same unalter'd way,
 On luxury intent, and eager of his prey.

But if the sun is back and forward roll'd,
 To treat his thirsty orb with polar cold,
 Say, is it not, good Epicurus, strange,
 He should not once beyond the tropic range,
 Where he, to quench his drought so much inclin'd,
 May snowy fields, and nitrous pastures find,
 Meet stores of cold so greedily pursu'd,
 And be refresh'd with never-wasting food?

Sometimes this wond'rous man is pleas'd to say
 This way and that strong blasts the sun convey:
 A Northern wind his orb with vigour drives,
 Till at the southern tropic it arrives;
 Then wanting breath, and with his toil opprest,
 He drops his wings, and leaves the air at rest:
 Fresh gulls now springing from the southern pole,
 Assault him there, and make him backward roll.
 Thus gales alternate through the zodiac blow
 The sailing orb, and waft him to and fro;
 While Epicurus, blest with thought refin'd,
 Makes the vast globe the pastime of the wind.

Were it not idle labour to confute
 Notions so wild, unworthy of dispute;

I'd of the learned Epicurus ask,
 If this were for the winds a proper task? 610
 Illustrious sage, inform th' inquirer why
 Still from one stated point of all the sky
 The fickle meteor should the sun convey,
 Through the same stages of his spiral way?
 Why in one path. why with such equal pace, 615
 That he should never miss in all his race,
 Of time one minute, or one inch of space?

Remark the air's transparent element,
 Its curious structure, and its vast extent:
 Its wondrous web proclaims the loom divine, 620
 Its threads, the hand that drew them out so fine.
 This thin contexture makes its bosom fit,
 Celestial heat and lustre to transmit;
 By which of foreign orbs the riches flow,
 On this dependent, needy ball below. 625

Observe its parts link'd in such artful sort,
 All are at once supported, and support.
 The column pois'd fits hov'ring on our heads,
 And a soft burden on our shoulders spreads.
 So the side-arches all the weight sustain, 630
 We find no pressure, and we feel no pain.
 Still are the subtle strings in tension found,
 Like those of lutes to just proportion wound,
 Which of the air's vibration is the source,
 When it receives the strokes of foreign force. 635

Let curious minds who would the air inspect,
 On its elastic energy reflect;
 The secret force through all the frame diffus'd,
 By which its strings are from compression loos'd.
 The spongy parts, now to a straighter seat 640
 Are forc'd by cold, and widen'd now by heat.
 By turns they all extend, by turns retire,
 As nature's various services require.
 They now expand to fill an empty space,
 Now shrink to let a pond'rous body pass. 645
 If raging winds invade the atmosphere,
 Their force its curious texture cannot tear,
 Make no disruption in the threads of air;

Or if it does, those parts themselves restore, 649
 Heal their own wounds, and their own breaches cure.

Hence the melodious tenants of the sky,
 Which haunt inferior seats, or soar on high,
 With ease through all the fluid region stray,
 And through the wide expansion wing their way:
 Whose open meshes let terrestrial steams 655
 Pass through, entic'd away by solar beams:
 And thus a rosd reciprocal display
 To rising vapours, and descending day.

Of heat and light what ever-during stores,
 Brought from the sun's exhaustless golden shores, 660
 Through gulphs immense of intervening air,
 Enrich the earth, and every loss repair!
 The land, its gainful traffic to maintain,
 Sends out crude vapours in exchange for rain.
 The flowery garden and the verdant mead 665
 Warm'd by their rays, their exhalations spread
 In showers and balmy dews to be repaid.

The streams, their banks forsaken, upward move,
 And flow again in wandering clouds above.
 These regions nature's magazines on high 670
 With all the stores demanded there supply,
 Their different steams the air's wide bottom-fill,
 Moist from the flood, dry from the barren hill;
 Materials into meteors to be wrought,
 Which back to these terrestrial seats are brought, 675

By nature shap'd to various figures, those
 The fruitful rain, and these the hail compose,
 The snowy fleece and curious frostwork; these
 Produce the dew, and those the gentle breeze. 679
 Some form fierce winds, which o'er the mountain pass,
 And beat with vig'rous wings the valley's face;
 O'er the wide lake, and barren desert blow,
 O'er Lybia's burning sand, and Scythia's snow;
 Shake the high cedar, thro' the forest sweep,
 And with their furious breath ferment the deep. 685

This thin, this soft contexture of the air
 Shows the wise author's providential care,

Who did the wondrous structure so contrive,
 That it might life to breathing creatures give;
 Might reinspire, and make the circling mass 690
 Through all its winding channels fit to pass.
 Had not the maker wrought the springy frame
 Such as it is, to fan the vital flame,
 The blood, defrauded of its nitrous food,
 Had cool'd, and languish'd in th' arterial road: 695
 While the tir'd heart had strove with fruitless pain
 To push the lazy tide along the vein.

Of what important use to human kind,
 To what great ends subservient is the wind;
 Behold, where'er this active vapour flies, 700
 It drives the clouds, and agitates the skies:
 This from stagnation, and corruption saves
 Th' aerial ocean's ever-rolling waves.
 This animals, to succour life, demand:
 For should the air unventilated stand, 705
 The idle deep corrupted would contain
 Blue deaths, and secret stores of raging pain.
 The scorching sun, would with a fatal beam
 Make all the void with births malignant team,
 Engender jaundice, spotted torments breed, 710
 And purple plagues, from pestilential seed.
 Exhaling vapours would be turn'd to swarms
 Of noxious insects, and destructive worms,
 More than were rais'd to scourge tyrannic lust,
 By Moses' rod, from animated dust. 715

Another blessing, which the breathing wind
 Benevolent conveys to human kind.
 Is, that it cools and qualifies the air,
 And with soft breezes does the regions cheer,
 On which the sun o'er friendly does display 720
 Heat too prevailing, and redundant day.
 Ye swarthy nations of the torrid zone
 How well to you is this great bounty known?
 As frequent gales from the wide ocean rise
 To fan your air, and moderate your skies, 725
 So constant winds, as well as rivers, flow
 From your high hills enrich'd with stores of snow.

For this great end these hills rise more sublime
Than those erected in a temp'rate clime.

Had not the author this provision made, 730
By which your air is cool'd, your sun allay'd,
Destroy'd by too intense a flame, the land
Had lain a parch'd inhospitable sand.

These districts, which between the tropics lie,
Which scorching beams directly darted fry, 735
Were thought an uninhabitable seat,

Burn'd by the neighb'ring orb's inmod'rate heat;
But the fresh breeze, that from the ocean blows,
From the wide lake, or from the mountain snows,
So sooths the air, and mitigates the sun, 740
So cures the regions of the sultry zone,
That oft with nature's blessings they abound,
Frequent in people, and with plenty crown'd.

As active winds relieve the air and land,
The seas no less their useful blasts demand. 745

Without this aid the ship would ne'er advance
Along the deep, and o'er the billow dance,
But lie a lazy and a useless load,
The forest's wasted spoils, the lumber of the flood.

Let but the wind with an auspicious gale 750
To shove the vessel fill the spreading sail,

And see, with swelling canvas wing'd, she flies,
And with her waving streamers sweeps the skies!
Th' advent'rous merchant thus pursues his way,
Or to the rise, or to the fall of day: 755

Thus mutual traffic sever'd realms maintain,
And manufactures change to mutual gain;
Each others growth and arts they sell and buy,
Ease their redundance, and their wants supply.

Ye Britons, who the fruit of commerce find, 760
How is your isle a debtor to the wind,

Which thither wafts Arabia's fragrant spoils,
Gems, pearls, and spices from the Indian isles.
From Persia silks, wines from Iberia's shore,
Peruvian drugs, and Guinea's golden ore? 765

Delights and wealth to fair Augusta flow
From ev'ry region whence the winds can blow.

See, how the vapours congregated rear
 Their gloomy columns, and obscure the air!
 Forgetful of their gravity they rise, 770
 Renounce the centre, and usurp the skies,
 Where, form'd to clouds they their black lines display,
 And take their airy march, as winds convey:
 Sublime in air while they their course pursue,
 They from their sable fleeces shake the dew 775
 On the parcht mountain, and with genial rain
 Renew the forest, and refresh the plain.
 They shed their healing juices on the ground,
 Cement the crack, and close the gaping wound.
 Did not the vapours, by the solar heat 780
 Thin'd and exhal'd, rise to their airy seat,
 Or not in watry clouds collected sly,
 Then form'd to pond'rous drops desert the sky,
 The fields would no recruits of moisture find,
 But by the sun-beams dry'd, and by the wind, 785
 Would never plant, or flower, or fruit produce,
 Or for the beast, or for his master's use.

But in the spacious climates, which the rain
 Does never bless, such is th' Egyptian plain,
 With how much art is that defect supply'd? 790
 See, how some noble river's swelling tide
 Augmented by the mountain's melting snows,
 Breaks from its banks, and o'er the region flows!
 Hence fruitful crops, and flow'ry wealth ensue,
 And to the swain such mighty gains accrue, 795
 He ne'er reproaches heaven for want of dew.

See, and revere th' artillery of heaven,
 Drawn by the gale, or by the tempest driven!
 A dreadful fire the floating batt'ries make,
 O'erturn the mountain, and the forest shake. 800
 This way and that they drive the atmosphere,
 And its wide bosom from corruption clear,
 While their bright flame consumes the sulphur trains,
 And noxious vapours, which infect our veins.
 Thus they refine the vital element, 805
 Secure our health, and growing plagues prevent.

Your contemplation farther yet pursue ;
 'The wondrous world of vegetable view!
 Observe the forest oak, the mountain pine,
 The tow'ring cedar, and the humble vine, 810
 The bending willow, that o'er shades the flood,
 And each spontaneous offspring of the wood!
 The oak and pine, which high from earth arise,
 And wave their lofty heads amidst the skies,
 Their parent earth in like proportion wound, 815
 And through crude metals penetrate the ground ;
 Their strong and ample roots descend so deep,
 That fixt and firm they may their station keep,
 And the fierce shocks of furious winds defy,
 With all the outrage of inclement sky. 820
 But the base brier and the noble vine
 Their arms around their stronger neighbour twine.
 The creeping ivy, to prevent its fall,
 Clings with its fibrous grapples to the wall.
 Thus are the trees of ev'ry kind secure, 825
 Or by their own, or by a borrow'd power.
 But ev'ry tree from all its branching roots
 Amidst the glebe small hollow fibres shoots ;
 Which drink with thirsty mouths the vital juice,
 And to the limbs and leaves their food diffuse : 830
 Peculiar pores peculiar juice receive,
 To this deny, to that admittance give.

Hence various trees their various fruits produce,
 Some for delightful taste, and some for use.
 Hence sprouting plants enrich the plain and wood, 835
 For physic some, and some design'd for food.
 Hence fragrant flow'rs with different colours dy'd
 On smiling meads unfold their gaudy pride.

Review these num'rous scenes, at once survey
 Nature's extended face, then, sceptics, say, 840
 In this wide field of wonders can you find
 No art discover'd, and no end design'd?

BOOK III.

The Argument.

The Introduction. Useful knowledge first pursued by man. Agriculture. Architecture. Sculpture. Painting. Music. The Grecian philosophers first engag'd in useleſs ſpeculations. The abſurdity of aſſerting the ſelf-exiſtent, independent and eternal being of atoms, according to the ſcheme of Epicurus. Answer to the objections of Atheiſts, to the ſcheme of creation aſſerted in the two former books. The objections brought by Lucretius againſt creation from the neceſſity of pre-exiſtent matter for the formation of all kinds of beings; from the pretended unartful contrivance of the world; from thorns, briars and noxious weeds; from ſavage beaſts, ſtorms, thunder, diſeaſes; from the painful birth and the ſhort life of man; from the inequality of heat and cold in different climates, answered. The objections of the Pyrrhonians or Sceptics answered. A reply to thoſe who aſſert all things owe their being and their motions to nature. Their different and ſtrange account of that word. More apparent and eminent ſkill and wiſdom expreſſed in the works of nature than in thoſe of human art. The unreaſonableneſs of denying ſkill and deſign in the author of thoſe works. Vaniniſ, Hobbs, and Spinoſa conſidered.

ERE vain philoſophy had rear'd her ſchool,
 Whoſe chiefs imagin'd realms of ſcience rule,
 With idle toil form viſionary ſchemes,
 And wage eternal war for rival dreams:
 Studious of good, man diſregarded fame, 5
 And uſeful knowledge was his eldeſt aim:
 Through metaphyſic wilds he never flew,
 Nor the dark haunts of ſchool Chimeras knew,
 But had alone his happineſs in view.

He milk'd the lowing herd, he preſs'd the cheeſe, 10
 Folded the ſlack, and ſpun the woolly fleece.
 In urns the bee's delicious dews he lay'd,
 Whoſe kindling wax invented day diſplay'd;
 Wreſted their iron entrails from the hills,
 Then with the ſpoils his glowing forges fills; 15
 And ſhap'd with vig'rous ſtrokes the ruddy bar
 To rural arms, unconſcious yet of war.
 He made the ploughſhare in the furrow ſhine,
 And learn'd to ſow his bread and plant his vine.
 Now verdant food adorn'd the garden beds, 20
 And fruitful trees ſhot up their branching heads;
 Rich balm from groves, and herbs from graſſy plains.
 His fever ſooth'd, or heal'd his wounded veins.

Our father's next, in architecture ſkill'd,
 Cities for uſe, and ſorts for ſafety build; 25

Then palaces and lofty domes arose,
 These for devotion, and for pleasure those.
 Their thoughts were next to artful sculpture turn'd,
 Which now the palace, now the dome adorn'd.
 The pencil then did growing fame acquire, 30
 Then was the trumpet heard, and tuneful lyre,
 One did the triumph sing, and one the war inspire.

Greece did at length a learned race produce,
 Who needful science mock'd, and arts of use,
 Consum'd their fruitless hours in eager chace 35
 Of airy notions, through the boundless space
 Of speculation, and the darksome void,
 Where wrangling wits, in endless strife employ'd,
 Mankind with idle subtilties embroil,
 And fashion systems with romantic toil: 40
 These with the pride of dogmatizing schools
 Impos'd on nature arbitrary rules;
 Forc'd her their vain inventions to obey,
 And move as learned phrenzy trac'd the way.
 Above the clouds while they presum'd to soar, 45
 Her trackless heights ambitious to explore,
 And heaps of undigested volumes writ,
 Illusive notions of phantastic wit,
 So long they nature search'd and mark'd her laws,
 They lost the knowledge of th' Almighty cause. 50

Th' erroneous dictates of each Grecian sage
 Renounc'd the doctrines of the eldest age:
 Yet these their matchless science did proclaim,
 Usurp distinction, and appropriate fame.

But though their schools produc'd no nobler fruit 55
 Than empty schemes, and triumphs of dispute:
 The notions which arise from nature's light
 As well adorn the mind, as guide her right,
 Enlarge her compass, and improve her sight.
 These ne'er the breast with vain ambition fire, 60
 But banish pride, and modest thoughts inspire.
 By her inform'd we blest religion learn,
 Its glorious object by her aid discern.
 The rolling worlds around us we survey,
 Th' alternate sov'reigns of the night and day: 65

View the wide earth adorn'd with hills and woods,
 Rich in her herds, and fertile by her floods:
 Walk through the deep apartments of the main,
 Ascend the air to visit clouds and rain,
 And while we ravish'd gaze on nature's face, 70
 Remark her order, and her motions trace,
 The long coherent chain of things we find
 Leads to a cause supreme, a wise creating mind.

You, who the being of a God disclaim,
 And think mere chance produc'd this wond'rous frame,
 Say, did you e'er reflect, Lucretian tribe, 76
 To matter what perfections you ascribe?
 Can you to dust such veneration show,
 An atom with such privilege endow,
 That from its nature's pure necessity 80
 It should exist, and no corruption see?

Since your first atoms independent are,
 And not each other's being prop and bear,
 And since to this it is fortuitous
 That others should existence have, suppose 85
 You in your mind one atom should remove
 From all the troops, that in the vacant strove,
 Cannot our thought conceive one atom less?
 If so, you Grecian sages must confess
 That matter which you independent name, 90
 Cannot a being necessary claim:
 For what has being from necessity,
 It is impossible it should not be.

Why has an atom this one place possess
 Of all the empty void, and not the rest? 95
 If by its nature's force 'tis present here,
 By the same force it must be ev'ry where;
 Can beings be confin'd which necessary are?
 If a first body may to any place
 Be not determin'd; in the boundless space, 100
 'Tis plain, it then may absent be from all;
 Who then will this a self existence call?
 As time does vaunt eternity regard,
 So place is with infinitude compar'd;

A being then, which never did commence,
 Must, as eternal, likewise be immense. 105
 What cause within, or what without is found,
 That can a being uncreated bound?
 None that's internal, for it has no cause;
 Nor can it be controll'd by foreign laws, 110
 For then it clearly would dependent be
 On force superior, which will ne'er agree
 With self-existence, and necessity.
 Absurdly then to atoms you assign
 Such powers, and such prerogatives divine: 115
 Thus while the notion of a God you slight,
 Yourselves (who vainly think you reason right)
 Make vile material Gods, in number infinite.
 Now let us, as 'tis just, in turn prepare
 To stand the foe and wage defensive war. 120
 Lucretius first, a mighty hero, springs
 Into the field, and his own triumph sings.
 He brings, to make us from our ground retire,
 The reasoner's weapons, and the poet's fire.
 The tuneful sophist thus his battle forms, 125
 Our bullwarks thus in polish'd armour forms.
 To parent matter things their being owe,
 Because from nothing no productions flow.
 And if we grant no pre-existent seed, [breed,
 Things diff'rent things, from what they do, might
 And any thing from any thing proceed. 131
 The spicy groves might Scythia's hills adorn,
 The thistle might the amaranth have borne,
 The vine the lemon, and the grape the thorn.
 Herds from the hills, men from the seas might rise, 135
 From woods the whales, and lions from the skies.
 The elated bard here with a conqueror's air
 Disdainful smiles, and bids his foes despair.
 But, Carus, here you use poetic charms,
 And not assail us with the reas'ner's arms. 140
 Where all is clear you fancy'd doubts remove,
 And what we grant with ease, with labour prove.
 What you should prove, but cannot, you decline,
 But chuse a thing you can, and there you shine.

Tell us, fam'd Roman, was it e'er deny'd, 145
 That seeds for such productions are supply'd?
 That nature always must materials find
 For beasts and trees to propagate their kind?
 All generation the rude peasant knows
 A pre-existent matter must suppose. 150

But what to nature firſt her being gave?
 Tell whence your atoms their exiſtence have?
 We ask you whence the ſeeds conſtituent ſpring
 Of ev'ry plant, and ev'ry living thing,
 Whence ev'ry creature ſhould produce its kind, 155
 And to its proper ſpecies be confin'd?
 To answer this, Lucretius will require
 More than ſweet numbers and poetic fire.

But ſee, how well the poet will ſupport
 His cauſe, if we the argument retort. 160
 If chance alone could manage, ſort, divide,
 And, beings to produce, your atoms guide;
 If caſual concourſe did the world compoſe,
 And things from hits fortuitous aroſe,
 Then any thing might come from any thing, 165
 For how from chance can conſtant order ſpring?
 The foreſt oak might bear the bluſhing roſe,
 And fragrant myrtles thrive in Ruſſian ſnows.
 The fair pomegranate might adorn the pine,
 The grape the bramble, and the ſloe the vine. 170
 Fiſh from the plains, birds from the floods might riſe,
 And lowing herds break from the ſtarry ſkies.

But, ſee, the chief does keener weapons chuſe,
 Advances bold, and thus the fight renews.

“ If I were doubtful of the ſource and ſpring 175
 “ Whence things ariſe, I from the ſkies could bring,
 “ And ev'ry part of nature, proofs to ſhow
 “ The world to Gods cannot its being owe,
 “ So full of faults is all th' unartful frame:
 “ Firſt we the air's unpeopled deſert blame. 180
 “ Brute beaſts poſſeſs the hill, and ſhady wood,
 “ Much do the lakes but more the ocean's flood
 “ (Which ſevers realms, and ſhores divided laves,)
 “ Take from the land by interpoſing waves.

- " One third by freezing cold and burning heat— 185
 " Lies a deform'd, inhospitable feat:
 " The rest, unlabour'd, would by nature breed
 " Wild brambles only, and the noxious weed:
 " Did not industrious man, with endless toil,
 " Extort his food from the reluctant soil, 190
 " Did not the farmer's steel the furrow wound,
 " And harrows tear the harvest from the ground,
 " The earth would no spontaneous fruits afford
 " To man, her vain imaginary lord.
 " Oft when the labouring hind has plough'd the field,
 " And forc'd the glebe unwillingly to yield, 296
 " When green and flowry nature crowns his hope
 " With the gay promise of a plenteous crop,
 " The fruits (sad ruin!) perish on the ground,
 " Burnt by the sun, or by the deluge drown'd; 200
 " Or soon decay by snows immoderate chill'd,
 " By winds are blasted, or by lightning kill'd.
 " Nature, besides, the savage beast sustains,
 " Breeds in the hills the terror of the plains,
 " To man a fatal race, could this be so 205
 " Did gracious Gods dispose of things below?
 " Their proper plagues with annual seasons come,
 " And deaths untimely blast us in the bloom.
 " Man at his birth, unhappy son of grief!
 " Is helpless cast on the wild coasts of life, 210
 " In want of all things, whence our comforts flow,
 " A sad and moving spectacle of woe.
 " Infants in ill prelaging cries complain,
 " As conscious of a coming life of pain, 214
 " All things mean time to beasts kind Nature grants,
 " Prevents their sufferings, and supplies their wants,
 " Brought forth with ease, they grow, and skip, and
 " No dandling nurse, no jingling gewgaw need; [feed,
 " In caves they lurk, or o'er the mountains range,
 " Nor ever through the year their garments change.
 " Unvers'd in arms and ignorant of war, 221
 " They need no forts, and no invasion fear.
 " Whate'er they want, from nature's hand they gain,
 " The life she gave she watches to maintain."

Thus, impotent in sense, though strong in rage,
The daring Roman does the gods engage. 226
But undismay'd we face th' intrepid foe,
Sustain his onset, and thus ward the blow.

Suppose defects in this terrestrial seat,
That nature is not, as you urge, complete: 230
That a Divine and Wise Artificer

Might greater wonders of his art confer;
And might with ease on man and man's abode,
More bounty, more perfection have bestow'd.
If in this lower world he has not shewn 235

His utmost skill, say, has he therefore none?
We in productions arbitrary see
Marks of perfection different in degree.
Though masters, now more skill, now less impart,
Yet are not all their works the works of art? 240

Do poets still sublimer subjects sing,
Still stretch to heaven a bold aspiring wing,
Nor e'er descend to flocks and lab'ring swains,
Frequent the woods, or range the humble plains?

Did, Grecian Phidias, all thy pieces shine 245
With equal beauty? or, Apelles, thine?

Or Raphael's pencil never chuse to fall?
Say, are his works transfigurations all?
Did Buonarota never build, O Rome,
A meaner structure than thy wondrous dome? 250

Though in their works applauded as their best,
Greater design and genius are express'd,
Yet is there none acknowledg'd in the rest?

In all the parts of Nature's spacious sphere
Of art ten thousand miracles appear: 255

And will you not the Author's skill adore,
Because you think he might discover more?
You own a watch, th' invention of the mind,
Though for a single motion 'tis design'd,
As well as that which is with greater thought, 260
With various springs, for various motions wrought.

An independent, wise, and conscious cause,
Who freely acts by arbitrary laws,

Who at connexion and at order aims,
 Creatures distinguish'd in perfection frames. 265
 Unconscious causes on'y still impart
 Their utmost skill, their utmost power exert.
 Those which can freely chuse discern and know,
 In acting can degrees of vigour flow,
 And more or less of art or care bestow. 270
 If all perfection were in all things shown,
 All beauty, all variety were gone.

As this inferior habitable seat
 By different parts is made one whole complete,
 So our low world is only one of those 275
 Which the capricious univ'rsè compose.
 Now to the univ'rsal whole advert ;
 The earth regard, as of that whole a part,
 In which wide frame more noble worlds abound ;
 Witness ye glorious orbs which hang around, 280
 Ye shining planets that in æther stray,
 And thou bright lord and ruler of the day !
 Witness ye stars that beautify the skies,
 How much do your vast globes in height and size,
 In beauty and magnificence, outgo 285
 Our ball of earth, that hangs in clouds below !
 Between yourselves too is distinction found,
 Of different bulk with different glory crown'd.
 The people which in your bright regions dwell,
 Must this low world's inhabitants excel, 290
 And since to various planets they agree,
 They from each other must distinguish'd be,
 And own perfections different in degree.

When we on fruitful nature's care reflect,
 And her exhaustless energy respect, 295
 That stocks this globe, which you Lucretians call
 The world's coarſe dregs, which to the fall,
 With num'rous kinds of life, and bounteous fills
 With breathing guests the vallies, floods, and hills ;
 We may pronounce each orb sustains a race 300
 Or living things adapted to the place.
 Were the resplendent parts and most refin'd
 Only to leave the dark and baſe design'd ?

Were all the stars, those beauteous realms of light,
 At distance only hung to shine by night, 305
 And with their twinkling beams to please our sight?
 How many roll in ether, which the eye
 Could ne'er, till aided by the glass, descry,
 And which no commerce with the earth maintain?
 Are all those glorious empires made in vain? 310

Now, as I said, the globe terrestrial view,
 As of the whole a part, a mean one too.
 'Though 'tis not like th' ethereal worlds refin'd,
 Yet is it just, and finish'd in its kind:
 Has all perfection which the place demands, 315
 Where in coherence with the rest it stands.
 Were to your view the universe display'd,
 And all the scenes of nature open laid,
 Could you their place, proportion, harmony,
 Their beauty, order, and dependence see, 320
 You'd grant our globe had all the marks of art,
 All the perfection due to such a part,
 Though not with lustre, or with magnitude,
 Like the bright stars, or brighter sun endu'd.

You oft declaim on man's unhappy fate, 325
 Insulting oft demand in this debate,
 If the kind Gods could such a wretch create.

But whence can this unhappiness arise?
 You say, as soon as born, he helpless lies,
 And mourns his woes with ill-precaging cries. 330
 But does not nature for the child prepare
 The parent's love, the nurse's tender care;
 Who, of their own forgetful, seek his good,
 Enfold his limbs in bands, and fill his veins with food?

That man is frail and mortal, is confess'd; 335
 Convulsions rack his nerves, and care his breast;
 His flying life is chas'd by rav'ning pains
 Through all its doubles in the winding veins.
 Within himself he sure destruction breeds,
 And secret torments in his bowels feeds. 340
 By cruel tyrants, by the savage beast,
 Or his own fiercer passions he's oppress'd:

Now breathes malignant air, now poison drinks ;
By gradual death, or by untimely, sinks.

But these objectors must the cause upbraid, 343
That has not mortal man immortal made.
For if he once must feel the fatal blow,
Is it of great importance when, or how ?
Should the Lucretian ling'ring life maintain
Through num'rous ages, ignorant of pain, 350
Still might the discontented murmur cry,
Ah hapless fate of man ! ah, wretch, doom'd once to die !

But oh, how soon would you, who thus complain,
And nature's cause of cruelty arraign,
By reason's standard this mistake correct, 355
And cease to murmur, did you once reflect,
That death removes us only from our seat,
Does not extinguish life, but change its state.
Then are display'd, O ravishing surprise !
Fair scenes of bliss, and triumphs in the skies : 360
To which admitted, each superior mind,
By virtue's vital energy refin'd,

Shines forth with more than solar glory bright,
And cloath'd with robes of beatific light,
His hours in heavenly transports shall employ, 365
Young with immortal bloom from living streams of
You ask us why the soil the thistle breeds ; [joy,
Why its spontaneous births are thorns and weeds,
Why for the harvest it the harrow needs ?

The author might a nobler world have made, 370
In brighter drest the hills and vales array'd,
And all its face in flow'ry scenes display'd :
The glee untill'd might plenteous crops have borne,
And brought forth spicy groves instead of thorn : 374
Rich fruit and flowers, without the gard'ner's pains,
Might ev'ry hill have crown'd, have honour'd all the
This nature might have boasted, had the mind [plains :
Who form'd the spacious universe, design'd
That man, from labour free as well as grief,
Should pass in lazy luxury his life. 380

But he his creature gave a fertile soil,
Fertile, but not without the owner's toil,

That some reward his industry should crown,
 And that his food in part might be his own.

But while insulting you arraign the land, 385
 Ask, why it wants the plough, or lab'rer's hand;
 Hand to the marble rocks, you ne'er complain
 That they without the sculptor's skill and pain
 No perfect statue yield, no baffle relieve,
 Or finish'd column for the palace give. 390

Yet if from hills unlabour'd figures came,
 Man might have ease enjoy'd, though never fame.

You may the world of more defect upbraid,
 That other works by nature are unmade.
 That she did never at her own expence 395
 A palace rear, and in magnificence
 Out-rival art, to grace the stately rooms;
 That she no castle builds, no lofty domes.

Had Nature's hand these various works prepar'd,
 What thoughtful care, what labour had been spar'd?
 But then no realm would one great master show, 401
 No Phidias Greece, and Rome no Angelo.
 With equal reason too you might demand
 Why boats and ships require the artist's hand;
 Why gen'rous Nature did not these provide, 405
 To pass the standing lake, or flowing tide.

You say the hills, which high in air arise,
 Harbour in clouds, and mingle with the skies,
 That earth's dishonour and encumb'ring load,
 Of many spacious regions man defraud, 410
 For beasts and birds of prey a desolate abode.

But can the objector no convenience find
 In mountains, hills, and rocks, which gird and bind
 The mighty frame, that else would be disjoin'd?
 Do not those heaps the raging tide restrain, 415
 And for the dome afford the marble vein?

Do not the rivers from the mountains flow,
 And bring down riches to the vale below?
 See how the torrent rolls the golden sand
 From the high ridges to the flatter land. 420
 The lofty lines abound with endless store
 Of min'ral treasure, and metallic ore;

With precious veins of silver, copper, tin,
 Without how barren, yet how rich within?
 They bear the pine, the oak and cedar yield, 425
 To form the palace, and the navy build.

When the inclement meteors you accue,
 And ask if gracious Gods would storms produce:
 You ne'er reflect that by the driving wind
 The air from noxious vapours is refin'd; 430
 Freed from the putrid seeds of pain and death,
 That living creatures might not by their breath,
 Through their warm veins, instead of vital food,
 Disperse contagion, and corrupt their blood.
 Without the wind the ship were made in vain, 435
 Advent'rous merchants could not cross the main,
 Nor sever'd realms their gainful trade maintain.

Then with this wise reflection you disturb
 Your anxious thought, that our terrestrial orb
 In many parts is not by man possess'd, 440
 With too much heat, or too much cold, oppress'd.
 But in mistake you this objection found;
 Unnumber'd isles and spacious tracts of ground,
 Which feel the scorching sun's directer beam,
 And did to you inhospitable seem, 445
 With tawny nations, or with black abound,
 With noble rivers lav'd, with plenty crown'd.
 And regions too from the bright orb remote
 Are peopled, which you unfrequented thought.

But could Lucretius on the sun reflect, 450
 His proper distance from the earth respect,
 Observe his constant road, his equal pace,
 His round diurnal, and his annual race;
 Could he regard the nature of the light,
 Its beauteous lustre, and its rapid flight, 455
 And its relation to the sense of sight;
 Could he to all these miracles advert,
 And not in all perceive one stroke of art?
 Grant that the motions of the sun are such,
 That some have light too little, some too much. 460
 Grant that in different tracks he might have roll'd,
 And giv'n each clime more equal heat and cold.

Yet view the revolutions, as they are,
 Does there no wisdom, no design appear?
 Could any but a knowing, prudent cause,
 465
 Begin such motions, and assign such laws?
 If the Great Mind had form'd a different frame,
 Might not your wanton wit the system blame?
 Though here you all perfection should not find,
 Yet is it all th' Eternal Will design'd,
 470
 It is a finish'd world, and perfect in its kind.
 Not that its regions ev'ry charm include,
 With which celestial empires are endu'd:
 Nor is consummate goodness here conferr'd,
 If we perfection absolute regard;
 475
 But what's before asserted, we repeat,
 Of the vast whole it is a part complete.

But since you murmur that the partial sun
 Is not indulgent to the frigid zone;
 Suppose more suns in proper orbits roll'd,
 480
 Dissolv'd the snows, and chac'd the polar cold;
 Or grant that this revolv'd in such a way,
 As equal heat to all he might convey,
 And give the distant poles their share of day.
 Observe how prudent nature's icy hoard,
 485
 With all her nitrous stores, would be devour'd:
 Then would unbalanc'd heat licentious reign,
 Crack the dry hill, and chap the ruffet plain.
 Her moisture all exhal'd, the cleaving earth
 Would yield no fruit, and bear no verdant birth. 490

You of the pools and spacious lakes complain,
 And of the liquid detarts of the main,
 As hurtful these, or useless, you arraign.

Besides the pleasure, which the lakes afford,
 Are not their waves with fish delicious stor'd? 495
 Does not the wide capacious deep, the sky
 With dewy clouds, the earth with rain supply?
 Do not the rivers, which the valley late,
 Creep through the secret subterranean cave,
 And to the hills convey the reflux wave. 500
 You then must own the earth the ocean needs,
 Which thus the lake recruits, the fountain feeds.

The noxious plant and savage animal,
Which you the earth's reproach and blemish call,
Are useful various ways, if not for food,
For manufactures or for medicine good. 505
Thus we repel with reason, not evade
The bold objections by Lucretius made.

Pyrrhonians next, of like ambitious aim,
Wanton of wit, and panting after fame, 510
Who strove to sink the sects of chief renown,
And on their ruin'd schools to raise their own,
Boldly presum'd, with rhetorician pride,
To hold of any question either side.
They thought in ev'ry subject of debate, 515
In either scale the proof of equal weight.

Ask, if a God existent they allow,
The vain declaimers will attempt to shew,
That whether you renounce him, or assert,
There's no superior proof on either part. 520
Suppose a God, we must, say they, conclude
He lives, if so, he is with sense endu'd;
And if with sense endu'd may pain perceive,
And what can suffer pain may cease to live.

Pyrrhonians, we a living God adore, 525
An unexhausted spring of vital power;
But his immortal, uncreated life
No torment feels, and no destructive grief.
Does he by diff'rent organs taste or hear?
Or by an eye do things to him appear? 530
Has he a muscle or extended nerve,
Which to impart or pain or pleasure serve?
Of all perfection possible possess,
He finds no want, nor is with woe oppress.
Tho' we can ne'er explore the life divine, 535
And sound the blest abyss by reason's line,
Yet 'tis not, mortal man, a transient life, like thine.

Others, to whom the whole mechanic tribe
With an harmonious sympathy subscribe,
Nature with empire universal crown, 540
And this high queen the world's creator own,

If you, what builder rear'd the world demand,
 They say 'twas done by nature's powerful hand.
 If whence its order and its beauty rose,
 Nature, they say, did to the frame dispose. 545
 If what its steady motions does maintain,
 And holds of causes and effects the chain;
 O'er all her works this sov'reign cause presides,
 Upholds the orbs, and all their motions guides.
 Since to her bounty we such blessings owe, 550
 Our gen'rous benefactor let us know.
 When the word nature you express, declare
 Form'd in your minds what image does appear?
 Can you that term of doubtful sound explain,
 Show it no idle off-spring of the brain? 555
 Sometimes by nature your enlighten'd school
 Intends of things the universal whole.
 Sometimes it is the order, that connects,
 And holds the chain of causes and effects.
 Sometimes it is the manner, and the way, 560
 In which those causes do their force convey,
 And in effects their energy display.
 That she's the work itself you oft assert,
 As oft th' artificer, as oft the art.
 That is, that we may nature clearly trace, 565
 And by her marks distinctly know her face,
 She's now the building, now the architect,
 And now the rule which does his hand direct.
 But let this empress be whate'er you please;
 Let her be all, or any one of these; 570
 She is with reason, or she's not, endu'd;
 If you the first affirm, we thence conclude
 A God, whose being you oppose, you grant:
 But if this mighty queen does reason want,
 How could this noble fabric be design'd, 575
 And fashion'd by a maker brute and blind?
 Could it of art such miracles invent?
 And raise a beauteous world of such extent?
 Still at the helm does this dark pilot stand, 579
 And with a steady, never-erring hand, [mand?
 Steer all the floating worlds, and their set course com

That clearer strokes of masterly design,
 Of wise contrivance, and of judgment shine
 In all the parts of nature, we assert,
 Than in the brightest works of human art: 585
 And shall not those be judg'd th' effect of thought,
 As well as these with skill inferior wrought?
 Let such a sphere to India be convey'd,
 As Archimede or modern Hugen's made;
 Will not the Indian, tho' untaught and rude, 590
 This work th' effect of wise design conclude?
 Is there such skill in imitation shewn,
 And in the things, we imitate, is none?
 Are not our arts by artful nature taught,
 With pain and careful observation sought? 595
 Behold the painter, who with nature vies,
 See his whole soul exerted in his eyes!
 He views her various scenes, intent to trace
 The master lines, that form her finish'd face;
 Are thought and conduct in the copy clear, 600
 While none in all th' original appear?
 Tell us what matter, for mechanics fam'd,
 Has one machine so admirably fram'd,
 Where you will art in such perfection grant,
 As in a living creature, or a plant? 605
 Declare what curious workmanship can vie
 Or with a hand or foot, an ear or eye?
 That can for skill as much applause deserve,
 As the fine texture of the fibrous nerve,
 Or the stupendous system, which contains 610
 Th' arterial channels, or the winding veins?
 What artificial frame, what instrument
 Did one superior genius yet invent,
 Which to the bones or muscles is prefer'd,
 If you their order, form, or use regard? 615
 Why then to works of nature is assign'd
 An author unintelligent and blind,
 When ours proceed from choice and conscious mind?
 To this you say, that nature's are indeed
 Most artful works, but then they ne'er proceed 620

From nature acting with design and art,
 Who void of choice her vigour does exert;
 And by unguided motion things produce,
 Regardless of their order, end, or use.

By Tully's mouth thus Cotta does dispute: 625
 But thus, with ease the Roman we confute.

Say, if in artful things no art is shewn,
 What are the certain marks, that make it known?

How will you artful from unartful bound,
 And not th' ideas in our mind confound? 630

Than this no truth displays before our sight
 A brighter beam, or more convincing light,
 That skilful works suppose a skilful cause,
 Which acts by choice, and moves by prudent laws.

Where you, unless you are, as matter, blind, 635
 Conduct and beauteous disposition find,

Conspiring order, fitness, harmony,
 Use and convenience, will you not agree

That such effects could not be undesign'd,
 Nor could proceed but from a knowing mind? 640

Old systems you may try, or new ones raise,
 May shift and wind and plot a thousand ways;

May various words, and forms of diction use,
 And with a different cant th' unjudging ear amuse;

You may affirm, that chance did things create, 645
 Or let it nature be, or be it fate;

Body alone, inert and brute, you'll find,
 'The cause of all things is by you assign'd.

And after all your fruitless toil, if you
 A cause distinct from matter will allow, 650

It must be conscious, not like matter blind,
 And shew you grant a God, by granting mind.

Vaninus next, a hardy, modern chief,
 A bold opposer of divine belief, 655

Attempts religion's fences to subvert,
 Strong in his rage, but destitute of art.

In impious maxims fix'd, he heaven defy'd,
 An unbelieving anti-martyr dy'd.

Strange, that an atheist pleasure should refuse,
 Relinquish life, and death in torment chuse! 660

Of science what a deipicable share
 Vaninus own'd, his publish'd dreams declare.
 Let impious wits applaud a godless mind,
 As blest with piercing sight, and sense refin'd,
 Contriv'd and wrought by nature's careful hand, 665
 All the proud schools of learning to command;
 Let them pronounce each patron of their cause,
 Claims by distinguish'd merit just applause;
 Yet I this writer's want of sense arraign,
 Treat all his empty pages with disdain, 670
 And think a grave reply mispent and vain;
 To borrow light this error to amend,
 I would the atheist to Vaninus send.

At length Britannia's soil, immortal shame!
 Brought forth a sage of celebrated name, 675
 Who with contempt on blest religion trod,
 Mock'd all her precepts, and renounc'd his God.
 As awful shades and horrors of the night
 Disturb the mother, and the child affright,
 Who see dire spectres thro' the gloomy air 680
 In threat'ning forms advance, and shudd'ring hear
 The groans of wand'ring ghosts, and yellings of despair;
 From the same spring, he say, devotion flows,
 Conscience of guilt from dread of vengeance rose:
 Religion is the creature of the spleen, 685
 And troubled fancy forms the world un'een:
 That tim'rous minds with self-tormenting care
 Create those awful phantoms, which they fear.

Such arms were us'd by impious chiefs of old,
 Vain as this modern hero, and as bold. 690
 Who would not this philosopher adore,
 For finding worlds discover'd long before?
 Can he one flower in all his garden shew,
 Which in his Grecian master's did not grow?
 And yet imperious with a teacher's air, 695
 Boastful he claims a right to wisdom's chair.
 Gaping with ardent thirst of false renown,
 With Grecian wreaths he does his temples crown,
 Triumphs with borrow'd spoils, and trophies not his
 own.

The world, he grants, with clouds was overspread,
 Truth ne'er erected yet her starry head, 701
 Till he, bright genius, rose to chase the night,
 And thro' all nature shone with new-sprung light.

But let th' inquirer know, proud Briton, why
 Hope should not Gods, as well as fear supply? 705

Does not th' idea of a God include
 The notion of beneficent and good,
 Of one to mercy, not revenge inclin'd,
 Able and willing to relieve mankind?
 And does not this idea more appear, 710
 The object of our hope, than of our fear?

Then tell us why this passion, more than that,
 Should build their altars, and the Gods create?

But let us grant the weak and tim'rous mind
 To superstitious terrors is inclin'd: 715

That horrid scenes, and monsters form'd in air,
 By night the children and the mother scare:
 That apparitions by a fever bred,
 Or by the spleen's black vapours fill the head;
 Does that affect the sage of sense refin'd, 720
 Whose body's healthful, and serene his mind?

Yet more, insulting Briton, let us try
 Your reason's force, your arguments apply.
 You say, since spectres from the fancy flow,
 To tim'rous fancy Gods their being owe: 725
 Since phantoms to the weak seem real things,
 Religion from mistake and weakness springs.

But tho' the vulgar have illusions seen,
 Thought objects were without, that were within,
 Yet we from hence absurdly should conclude, 730
 All objects of the mind, the mind delude:

That our ideas idle are, that none
 Were ever real, and that nothing's known.

But leaving phantoms and illusive fear,
 Let us at reason's judgment seat appear. 735

There let the question be severely try'd,
 By an impartial sentence we abide:

Th' eternal mind's existence we sustain
 By proofs so full, by evidence so plain,

That none of all the sciences have shown,
Such demonstration of the truths they own. 740

Spinosa next, to hide his black design,
And to his side th' unway to incline,
For heaven his ensigns treacherous displays,
Declares for God, while he that God betrays: 745
For whom he's pleas'd such evidence to bring,
As saves the name, while it subverts the thing.

Now hear his labour'd scheme of impious use:
No substance can another e'er produce.
Substance no limit, no confinement knows, 750
And its existence from its nature flows.
The substance of the universe is one,
Which is the self-existent God alone.

The spheres of ether, which the world enclose, 754
And all th' apartments, which the whole compose;
The lucid orbs, the earth, the air, the main,
With every diff'rent being they contain,
Are one prodigious aggregated God,
Of whom each sand is part, each stone and clod!
Supreme perfections in each insect shine, 760
Each shrub is sacred, and each weed divine.

Sages, no longer Egypt's sons despise,
For their cheap God, and favoury deities!
No more their coarse divinities revile!
To leeks, to onions, to the crocodile, 765
You might your humble adorations pay,
Were you not Gods yourselves, as well as they.

As much you pull religion's altars down,
By owning all things God, as owing none.
For should all beings be alike divine, 770
Of worship if an object you assign,
God to himself must veneration shew,
Must be the idol and the vot'ry too.
And their assertions are alike absurd,
Who own no God, or none to be ador'd. 775

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

The introduction. No man happy, that has not conquered the fears of death. The inability of the Epicurean scheme to accomplish that end. Religion only capable of subduing their fears. The hypothesis of Epicurus concerning the formation of the parts of the universe shewn to be absurd, I. In a more general survey of the parts of the universe. II. By a more close and strict examination of his scheme. The principle of motion not accounted for by that scheme: nor the determination of it one way. Pondus, gravity, innate mobility, words without a meaning. Descent of atoms; upward and downward, a middle or centre absurdly asserted by Epicurus in infinite space. His hypothesis not to be supported, whether his matter be supposed finite or infinite. His ridiculous assertion relating to the diurnal and annual motion of the sun. The impossibility of forming the world by the casual course of atoms. They could never meet if they moved with equal speed. Primitive atoms being the smallest parts of matter, would move more slowly than bodies of greater bulk which have more gravity, yet to create absurdly supposed to move the swiftest. His assertion that some primitive atoms have a direct, and other an inclining motion, implies a contradiction. Lucretius's explanation of this inclining motion of some trit atoms not intelligible. The inexplicable difficulty of stopping the atoms in their flight, and causing them to settle in a formed world. The ponderous earth not to be sustained in liquid air. The Epicurean formation of the heavens very ridiculous. No account given by the Epicureans how the sun and stars are upheld in fluid ether. Their idle account of the formation of the air. The variety of figure and size given by Epicurus to his atoms, a convincing proof of wisdom and design. Another proof is the disproportion of the moist and dry atoms in the formation of the earth. His ridiculous and childish account of the formation of the hollow for the sea. No account given by Epicurus, or his followers, of the motion of the heavenly cross, particularly of the sun.

CARUS, we grant no man is blest, but he,
 Whose mind from anxious thoughts of death is
 Let laurel wreaths the victor's brows adorn, [free.
 Sublime thro' gazing throngs in triumph borne :
 Let acclamations ring around the skies, 5
 While curling clouds of balmy incense rise ;
 Let spoils immense, let trophies gain'd in war,
 And conquer'd kings attend his rolling car :
 If dread of death still unsubdu'd remains,
 And secret o'er the vanquish'd victor reigns, 10
 Th' illustrious slave in endless thraldom bears
 A heavier chain, than his led captive wears.

With swiftest wing the fears of future fate
 Elude the guards, and pass the palace gate :
 Traverse the lofty rooms, and uncontroll'd . 15
 Fly hovering round the painted roofs, and bold
 To the rich arras cling, and perch on busts of gold,
 Familiar horrors haunt the monarch's head,
 And thoughts ill-boding from the downy bed

Chafe gentle sleep, black cares the soul infest,
 And broider'd stars adorn a troubled breast;
 In vain they ask the charming lyre, in vain
 The flatt'rer's sweeter voice to lull their pain.
 Riot and wine but for a moment please,
 Delights they oft enjoy, but never ease.

25

What are distinction, honour, wealth, and state,
 The pomp of courts, the triumphs of the great;
 The num'rous troops, that envy'd thrones secure,
 And splendid ensigns of imperial power?

What the high palace rear'd with vast expence,
 Unrival'd art, and luxury immense,

30

With statues grac'd by ancient Greece supply'd,
 With more than Persian wealth, and Tyrian pride?

What are the foods of all delicious kinds,
 Which now the huntsman, now the fowler finds;

35

The richest wines, which Gallia's happy field,
 Which Tuscan hills, or thine, Iberia, yield?

Nature deprav'd, abundance does pursue,
 Her first and pure demands are cheap and few.

What health promotes, and gives unenvy'd peace,
 Is all expenceless, and procur'd with ease.

40

Behold the shepherd, see th' industrious swain,
 Who ploughs the field, or reaps the ripen'd grain.

How mean, and yet how tasteful is their fare?

How sweet their sleep? their souls how free from care?

They drink the streaming crystal, and escape

46

Th' inflaming juices of the purple grape;

And to protect their limbs from rig'rous air,
 Garments, their own domestic work, they wear.

Yet thoughts of death their lonely cots molest,

50

Affright the hind, and break the lab'rer's rest.

Since these reflections on approaching fate,
 Distrust, and ill-presaging care create;

'Tis clear we strive for happiness in vain,

While fears of death within insulting reign.

55

But then Lucretian wits absurdly frame,
 To sink those inbred fears, their impious scheme,

To chase the horrors of a conscious mind,

They desperate means, and wild expedients find.

The hardy rebels aiming to appease
 Their fierce remorse, and dream a while at ease,
 Of crying guilt th' avenging power disown,
 And pull their high Creator from his throne;
 That done, they mock the threats of future pain,
 As monstrous fictions of the poet's brain. 65

Thy force alone, religion, death disarms,
 Breaks all his darts, and every viper charms.
 Soften'd by thee, the grisly form appears
 No more the horrid object of our fears.
 We undismay'd this awful power obey, 70
 That guides us through the safe, tho' gloomy way
 Which leads to life, and to the blest abode,
 Where ravish'd minds enjoy, what here they own'd, a

 Regard, ye sages of Lucretian race, [God.
 Nature's rich dress, behold her lovely face. 75

Look all around, terrestrial realms survey,
 The isles, the rivers, and the spacious sea:
 Observe the air, view with attentive eyes
 The glorious concave of the vaulted skies;
 Could these from casual hits, from tumult those arise?
 Can rule and beauty from distraction grow? 81
 Can symmetry from wild confusion flow?

When atoms in th' unmeasur'd space did rove,
 And in the dark for doubtful empire strove;
 Did intervening chance the feuds compose, 85
 Establish friendship, and disarm the foes?

Did this the ancient darksome horrors chase,
 Distinction give, and spread celestial grace
 O'er the black districts of the empty space?
 Could atoms, which with undirected flight 90
 Roam'd through the void, and rang'd the realms of night,
 Of reason destitute, without intent,
 Depriv'd of choice, and mindless of event,
 In order march, and to their posts advance,
 Led by no guide, but undesigning chance? 95

What did th' entangled particles divide,
 And sort the various seeds of things ally'd?
 To make primæval elements select
 All the fit atoms, and th' unfit reject?

Distinguish hot from cold, and moist from dry, 100
 Range some to form the earth, and some the sky?
 From the embrace, and gloomy arms of night, [light?
 What freed the glimm'ring fire, and disengag'd the
 Could chance such just and prudent measures take?
 To frame the world such distributions make? 105
 If to your builder you will conduct give,
 A power to chuse, to manage and contrive,
 Your idol chance, suppos'd inert and blind,
 Must be enroll'd an active conscious mind.
 Did this your wise and sovereign architect, 110
 Design the model, and the world erect?
 Were by her skill the deep foundations laid,
 The globes suspended, and the heav'ns display'd
 By what elastic engines did she rear
 The starry roof, and roll the orbs in air? 115
 On the formation of the earth reflect;
 Is this a blind fortuitous effect?
 Did all the grosser atoms, at the call
 Of chance, file off to form the pondrous ball,
 And undetermin'd into order fall? 120
 Did of themselves th' assembled seeds arrive?
 And without art this artful frame contrive?
 To build the earth did chance materials chuse,
 And through the parts cementing glue diffuse?
 Adjust the frontier of the sea and soil; 125
 Balance and hang in air the finish'd pile?
 Ye tow'ring hills, whose snowy peaks arise
 Above the clouds, and winter in the skies;
 Ye rocks, which on the shores your heads advance,
 Are you the labour and the care of chance? 130
 To draw up stones of such prodigious weight,
 And raise th' amazing heaps to such a height,
 What huge machine, what forceful instrument
 Did your blind builder of the world invent?
 Could it distinguish, could it wall around 135
 The damp and dark apartments under ground?
 With rocky arches vault the hollow caves,
 And form the tracks of subterranean waves;

Extend the different mineral veins, and spread
 For rich metallic ores the genial bed? 140

What could prepare the gulphs to entertain
 Between their shores the interposing main?
 Disjoin the land, the various realms divide,
 And spread with scatter'd isles th' extended tide?
 Regard th' unnumber'd wonders of the deep, 145
 Where confluent streams, their race completed, sleep.
 Did chance the compass take, and in the dark
 The wide dimensions of the ocean mark?

Then dig the ample cave, and stretch the shores,
 Whose winding arms confine the liquid stores, 150
 Which gushing from the mountain to the main,
 Through verdant vallies draw their humid train?
 Did it design the deep abyss, and spread
 The ancient waters on their central bed?

To the wild flood did sovereign fortune say, 155
 Thus far advance, and here thy billows stay:
 Be this thy barrier, this enclosing sand
 Thou shalt not pass, nor overflow the land;
 And do the waves revere her high command?

Did chymic chance the furnaces prepare, 160
 Raise all the labour-houses of the air,
 And lay crude vapours in digestion there?
 Where nature is employ'd with wondrous skill
 To draw her spirits, and her drops distil:
 Meteors for various purposes to form 165
 The beeze to cheer, to terrify the storm.

Did she extend the gloomy clouds on high,
 Where all th' amazing fireworks of the sky,
 In unconcocted seeds fermenting lie?
 Till the imprison'd flames are ripe for birth, 170
 And ruddy bolts exploded wound the earth.

What ready hand applies the kindled match,
 Which evening trains of unctuous vapours catch;
 Whence shoots with lambent flight the falling star,
 And flames unhurtful hovering dance in air? 175

What curious loom does chance by evening spread?
 With what fine shuttle weave the virgin's thread,
 Which, like the spider's net, hangs o'er the grassy mead

Let us the moulds to fashion meteors know,
 How these produce the hail, and those the snow? 180
 What gave the exhalations wings to rise,
 To leave their centre, and possess the skies.

Let us no longer missive weapons throw,
 But close the fight, and grapple with the foe :
 Submit to reason's strictest test their scheme, 185
 And by mechanic laws pursue the huddled frame.

See, how the ambitious architect's design
 To rear the world without the pow'r divine.
 As principles the great contrivers place
 Unbounded matter, in unbounded space. 190

Matter was first, in parts minute, endu'd
 With various figures, various magnitude.
 Some moving in the spacious infinite,
 Describe a line oblique, and some a right.

For did not some from a strait course deflect, 195
 They could not meet, they could no world erect.

While unfatigu'd from endless ages past,
 They rang'd the dark interminable waste,
 Oft clashing and rencount'ring in their flight,
 Some atoms leap aside, and some upright, 200

They various ways recoil; and swiftly flow
 By mutual repercussions to and fro.
 'Till shuffled and entangled in their race,
 They clasp each other with a close embrace,

Combin'd by concourse, mingled and compress, 205
 They grow in bulk, and complicated rest.

Hence did the world, and all its parts arise,
 Hence the bright sun and stars, and hence the skies.
 Hence sprung the air, the ocean, and the earth,
 And hence all nature had its casual birth. 210

If you demand what wise directing mind
 The wondrous platform of the world design'd;
 Did range, divide, and in their order place
 The crude materials of the unfashion'd mass;
 Did move, direct, and all the parts control, 215
 With perfect skill to serve the beauteous whole;
 Fortune to this high honour they advance,
 And no surveyor want, no guide, but chance.

Lucretian masters, now to make it plain
 In building worlds how raw you are, and vain : 220
 Grant that before this mighty frame was rear'd,
 Before confusion fled, and light appear'd ;
 In the dark void and empty realms of night,
 Your restless atoms did pursue their flight ;
 And in their adverse paths, and wild career 225
 By chance rencounter, and by chance cohere ;
 Thus clapt in strict embraces they produce
 Unnumber'd casual forms for different use.
 You who to clearer reason make pretence,
 Of wit refin'd, and eminent in sense, 230
 Let us, ye sons of Epicurus, know
 The spring, whence all these various motions flow.
 What vigour push'd primæval atoms on ?
 Was it a foreign impulse or their own ?
 If 'twas a foreign delegated force, 235
 Which mov'd those bodies, and control'd their course,
 Asserting this, you your own scheme destroy,
 And power divine, to form the world, employ.
 If from a moving principle within
 Your active atoms did their flight begin, 240
 That spring, that moving principle explain,
 And in the schools unrivall'd you shall reign ;
 Declare its nature, and assign its name ;
 For motion, and its cause, are not the same.
 We know you'll tell us 'tis impulsive weight, 245
 Mobility, or pow'r to move innate :
 Profound solution ! worthy of your schools,
 Where in its boasted freedom reason rules :
 But thus you mock mankind, and language use,
 Not to inform the mind, but to amuse. 250
 Of motion we the principle demand,
 You say 'tis pow'r to move, and there you stand !
 But is it to explain to change the name ?
 Is not the doubt in different words the same ?
 Do you reveal the spring of motion more, 255
 By wisely calling that a moving power,
 Which we had term'd a principle before :

The youngest head new vers'd in reasoning knows,
 That motion must a power to move suppose,
 Which while in vain you labour to unfold, 250
 You clearly tell us, that Lucretians hold
 An active spring, a principle approve,
 Distinct from matter, which must matter move,
 Matter, as such, abstracted in the mind,
 We from a power to move divested find, 265
 Not more to motion, than to rest inclin'd.
 The power which motion does to matter give,
 We therefore most distinct from both conceive,
 A power to nature given by nature's Lord,
 When first he spoke the high creating word: 270
 When for his world materials he prepar'd,
 And on each part this energy conferr'd.

Ye vain philosophers, presumptuous race.
 Who would the great eternal mind displace,
 Take from the world its maker, and advance 275
 To his high throne your thoughtless idol chance;
 Let us th' inquiry by just steps pursue;
 With motion we your atoms will endue.
 We ask, when in the spacious void they stray—
 Why still they beat one track, and move one way? 280
 Still the same flight why do their parties take?
 Why this, or that way no digression make?

What will to this our atomists reply?

They answer, by an innate gravity,
 The pond'rous bodies still are downward borne, 285
 And never upwards of themselves return:
 Acute and solid answer! see a flight,
 Worthy of finest wit, and clearest sight!
 Do not these wise mechanic masters know,
 That no man can conceive or high or low, 290
 Nor find distinction of superior place,
 Or of inferior, in the empty space
 Uncircumscrib'd, and ignorant of bound,
 And where no mid'st, no centre can be found?

Perhaps, your master's doctrine to sustain, 295
 And matter's downward motion to explain,

You with his famous Gallic friend assert,
That is superior, whence your atoms start,
And that inferior in the empty space,
To which they all direct their rapid race. 300

Now let us recollect, and what you say
At large, in one contracted view survey.
You say your atoms move; we ask you, why?
Because it is their nature, you reply:
But since that native power you never shew, 305
You only say they move because they do;
But let your atoms move, we bid you say
Why they move this, and not a different way?
You tell us, 'tis from inbred gravity;
That is, you tell us, 'tis you know not why. 310

'Till what is gravity you let us know,
By senseless words how can we wiser grow?
We give you this ingenite, moving force,
That makes them always downward take their course,
We then demand which place inferior is 315
Within the spacious unconfin'd abyss?

You say 'tis that, to which the atoms bend
'Their swift career, for still they must descend; [tend.
That is, they downward move, because they downward

Let us, Lucretians, now our task pursue, 320
And of your scheme remaining wonders view.

Say, if your atoms of immortal race
Are equal and commensurate to space:
If so, the boundless vast immensity
While thus possest would full of matter be: 325

For in the vacant (as your schools approve)
Should finite matter be suppos'd to move,
Not knowing how to stop, or where to stay,
It unobstructed must pursue its way,
Be lost in void immense, and dissipated stray. 330

'The scatt'ring bodies never would combine,
Nor to compose a world by concurrence join.
But if all space is full, if all possest,
Which supposition you embrace as best,
Then crowded matter would for ever rest. 335

Nature no change of place had ever seen,
 Where all is full no motion can begin.
 For if it should, you'll be compell'd to say,
 Body does body pierce to force its way;
 Or unconfin'd immensity retreats, 340
 To give your atoms room to change their seats.
 And here with us Lucretius does agree,
 That if some place from matter be not free,
 In plenitude no motion could commence,
 All would be stagnant in the vast immense. 345

If it be said, small parts of empty space
 Are interspers'd through all the spreading mass,
 By which some bodies give to others place:
 Then matter you must grant, would finite be
 And stretch unequal to immensity: 350
 And then, as Epicurus judges right,
 It would for ever take an useless flight,
 Lost in expansion void and infinite.

Besides, allowing through th' extended whole
 Small scatter'd spaces not of body full, 355
 Then matter, you Lucretians must agree,
 Has not existence from necessity.

For if its being necessary were,
 Why are some parts of space from matter clear.
 Why does it here exist, and why not there? 360

Lucretians, now which side you please, embrace;
 If in your void you finite substance place,
 'Tis dissipated through th' immense abyss,
 And you to form the world materials miss. 365
 You'll not the progress of your atoms stay,
 Nor to collect the vagrants find a way.

Thus too your master's scheme will be destroy'd,
 Who wholly to possess the boundless void,
 No less than matter infinite employ'd.

If you in honour to your founder's skill, 370
 The boundless void with boundless substance fill,
 Then tell us how you can your bodies roll
 Through space, of matter so completely full?
 The force this single reason does exert,
 Will the foundations of your scheme subvert: 375

Nor were it needful to pursue the blow,
 Or form a fresh attack, unless to show
 How slight your works in ev'ry quarter are,
 How ill your huddled sentiments cohere.

Be this, O Greece, thy everlasting shame,
 That thoughtless Epicurus rais'd a name, 380
 Who built by artless chaace this mighty frame.
 Could one whose wit such narrow limits bound,
 Nature, thy depths unfathomable found?
 Of his sagacious thoughts to give a part, 585
 Does not this wise philosopher assert
 The radiant sun's extinguish'd every night,
 And ev'ry morn, rekindled, darts his light?
 That the vast orb, which casts so far his beams,
 Is such or not much bigger, than he seems? 390

That the dimensions of his glorious face,
 Two geometric feet do scarce surpass?
 Does he not make the fickle winds convey
 The sun revolving through his crooked way?
 But since his school has gain'd such spreading fame,
 And modern wits his master-skill proclaim; 396
 Let us yet farther carry this debate,
 And, as you ask, confer on matter weight,
 To make it move within the vast abyss,
 And downward too, e'en where no downward is. 400
 If this be true, as you Lucretians say,
 That atoms wing with equal speed their way,
 Then how could this, that atom overtake?

How could they clash, and how collisions make?
 If in a line oblique your bodies rove, 405
 Or in a perpendicular they move,
 If some advance not slower in their race,
 And some more swift should not pursue the chace,
 How could they be entangled, how embrace?
 'Tis demonstration, 'tis meridian light, 410
 Those bodies ne'er could jostle, ne'er could fight,
 Nor by their mutual shocks be ruffled in their flight.

Since matter of a greater magnitude
 Must be with greater gravity endu'd,

Then the minutest parts must still proceed
 With less, the greater with the greater speed.
 Hence your first bodies, which the smallest are,
 On which the swiftest motion you center,
 Must be contented with the slowest pace,
 And yield to matter of more bulk the race. 420

How wond'rous little must those atoms be,
 Which you endow with such velocity;
 Minute beyond conception, when we find
 Bodies so small, where many are combin'd?
 How many various figures must we take,
 What numerous complications use, to make
 Some compound things, so small of magnitude,
 That all our senses they with ease elude? 425

Light exhalations, that from earth arise
 Attracted by the sun-beams through the skies, 430
 Which the mysterious seeds of thunder bear,
 Of winds, and all the meteors of the air,
 Though they around us take their constant flight,
 Their little size escapes the sharpest sight.
 The fragrant vapours breath'd from rich perfumes, 435
 From Indian spices, and Arabian gums,
 Though many years they flow, will scarce abate
 The odoniferous body's bulk or weight.

Though antimonial cups prepar'd with art
 Their force to wine through ages should impart; 440
 This dissipation, this profuse expence,
 Nor shrinks their size, nor wastes their stores immense.
 The powder which destructive guns explode,
 And by its force their hollow wombs unload,
 When rarity'd, of space possesses more 445
 Some hundred times, than what it fill'd before.
 The seeds of fern, which by prolific heat,
 Cheer'd and unfolded form a plant so great,
 Are less a thousand times, than what the eye
 Can unassist'd by the tube descry. 450
 By glasses aided we in liquor see
 Some living things minute to that degree,
 That a prodigious number must unite,
 To make the smallest object of the sight.

How little bodies must the light compound, 455
 Which by your masters is corporeal own'd?
 Since the vast deluge of refulgent rays,
 Which in a day the sun a thousand ways
 Through his wide empire lavishly conveys;
 Were they collected in one solid mass, 46
 Might not in weight a single drachm surpass.

At least those atoms wond'rous small must be,
 Small to an unconceivable degree,
 Since though those radiant spoils dispers'd in air
 Do ne'er return, and ne'er the sun repair, 465
 Yet the bright orb, whence still new torrents flow,
 Does no apparent loss, no diminution know.
 Now curious wits, who nature's work inspect
 With rapture, with astonishment reflect
 On the small size of atoms, which unite 470
 To make the smallest particle of light.
 Then how minute primæval atoms are,
 From this account Lucretians may infer:
 Yet they on these, without regard to right,
 Confer the honour of the quickest flight. 475

Within the void with what a swift career
 Your rapid matter moves will thus appear.
 That all mixt bodies are in speed out-done
 By your first atoms, you with ease will own:
 For compound beings can no motion have, 480
 But what their first constituent atoms gave:
 Then your primæval substances exceed
 The swift-wing'd wind, or swifter light in speed.
 How soon the sun-beams at the morning's birth
 Leap down from heaven, and light upon the earth? 485
 Prodigious flight! they in few moments pass
 The vast ethereal interposing space:
 Should you enjoin a rock so hard a task,
 It would more years, than light will minutes ask.
 One atom then, so you'll be forc'd to say, 490
 Must rocks and hills and the whole globe outweigh;
 Since it exceeds them by its swifter flight,
 And swifter motion springs from greater weight.

If nature's rule your atoms do enjoin
 To move directly downward in a line, 495
 Say, how can any from that path decline?
 Th' inclining motion then, which you suppose,
 Whence the first concurrence of your atoms rose,
 Must the great maxim of your schools subvert,
 Which still with one confid'rate voice assert, 500
 That Matter by necessity descends
 In lines direct, yet part obliquely tends.
 And thus your matter, by its native force,
 To different points would steer a different course:
 Determin'd by the same impulsive weight, 505
 Move in a line oblique, and in a straight.
 To heal your system's deep and ghastly wound,
 Which this objection gives, Lucretius found
 A method; who a motion did invent
 Not strait entirely, nor entirely bent: 510
 Which forms a line to crooked somewhat like,
 Slanting almost, and as it were, oblique.
 Who does not now this wond'rous bard adore?
 See reason's conquering light, and wit's resistless pow'r.
 If atoms after their eternal dance, 515
 Into this beauteous fabric leap'd by chance;
 If they combin'd by casual concurrence, say,
 What in a free and unobstructed way,
 Did in a full career your atoms stay?
 What mounds, what force, when rushing from the height
 Of space immense, could stop them in their flight? 521
 Why in their road did they not forward pass?
 But stay where now we find the settled mass?
 Why did they cease from moving in despite
 Of their own nature, and impelling weight? 525
 Had the wise troops sagacity to know,
 That there arriv'd, they should no further go?
 That in this point of all the spacious void,
 To form a world they were to be employ'd?
 Did they, in prospect of so great a good, 530
 In this one place of all the liquid road,
 All their encumbering gravity unload?

Favign'd, and spent with labour infinite,
 Did they grow terpid, and unapt for flight?
 Or, in th' embrace and downy lap of air 535
 Lull'd and enchanted, did they settle there?

Grant in this single place by chance they met,
 That there by chance they did their weight forget;
 It happen'd there they form'd a mighty mass,
 Where yet no order, no distinction was: 540

Let this be so; we ask you to explain
 The wond'rous power that did the parts sustain,
 For still their nature and the weight remain.

What from descent should pond'rous matter stay,
 When no more pond'rous matter stops its way? 545

Can airy columns prop the mighty ball,
 Its pressure ballance, and prevent its fall?
 And after this remains a mighty task,
 Which more than human skill and pow'r will ask,
 The strong mysterious cements to unfold, 550
 Which atoms strictly complicated hold.

But let us leave the heap in air's embrace,
 To rest unmov'd within the empty space,
 Which knows no height, or depth, or middle place:
 Tell, how you build the chambers of the sky, 555
 Extend the spheres, and hang the orbs on high.

You say, when matter first began to fall,
 And settle into this terrestrial ball,
 Press'd from the earth thin exhalations rose,
 Vapours and steams, materials to compose 560

The spacious regions of the liquid air,
 The heav'ns, and all the luminaries there.
 These vapours soon, miraculous event!
 Shuffl'd by chance, and mix'd by accident,
 Into such ranks, and beauteous order fell, 565
 As no effect of wisdom can excel.

Hence did the planets hung in ether stray!
 Hence rose the stars, and hence the milky way!
 Hence did the sun along the skies advance,
 The source of day, but sprung from night and chance!

But who can shew the legends that record 571
 More idle tales, or fables so absurd?

Does not your scheme affront ev'n vulgar sense,
 That spheres of such a vast circumference,
 That all the orbs, which in the regions roll, 575
 Stretching from east to west, from pole to pole,
 Should their construction and their beauty owe
 To Vapours press'd from this poor ball below?
 From this small heap could exhalations rise
 Enough, and fit, to spread and vault the skies? 580

Lucretius thus the manner has display'd
 How meteors, not how heavenly globes, are made.
 But grant the steams, which by expression rose,
 Did all the spheres, and every orb compose;
 Since their ingenite gravity remains, 585
 What girder binds, what prop the frame sustains?

The sun's bright beams, which you of matter make,
 From heaven their downward flight perpetual take:
 Why does not then his body, which outweighs
 By infinite degrees his golden rays, 590
 By its own force precipitated fall,
 And hide in ruins this terrestrial ball?

Can air, unable to sustain the light,
 Support the sun of such superior weight,
 And all the pond'rous heavenly orbs suspend 595
 Against their nature, which does downward tend?
 Tell, wise Lucretius, tell the secret art,
 Which keeps the heavens and earth so long apart.

Thus too the air, press'd from this mass, you say,
 Between the earth and skies expanded lay; 600
 Not with intention that the solar light
 Through the thin gulph might take an easier flight:
 Or that with nitrous food it should inspire
 The breathing lungs, and feed the vital fire;
 But mere contingency did the gulph extend, 605
 Regardless of convenience, use, or end.

Now, vaunting poet, should it be confess'd,
 That from the earth the air is thus express'd:
 Since things by heavier things are upward thrown,
 Which tend with stronger gravitation down: 610
 Why are the sun, and the fair orbs of light,
 All which so far exceed the air in weight,

Hung from the centre at a greater height?
 Why do not these their nature's law obey,
 Rush from above, and near the centre stay, 615
 And make all lighter bodies give them way?
 Tell us, Lucretius, why they ne'er pursue
 This nat'ral bent and this undoubted due.
 Since to the earth you give the middle place,
 To which all heavy things direct their race; 620
 If nothing does obstruct, by certain fate
 Things, would in order of their different weight
 Lie round the earth, and make one mighty heap,
 They would their place, as different strata, keep.
 Nor would the air or interceding sky 625
 Between the distant orbs and worlds divided lie.
 Ether and air would claim the highest place,
 The stars and planets would the earth embrace,
 As now the ocean floats upon its face.
 In vain you labour by mechanic rules, 630
 In vain exhaust the reasons of your schools,
 These questions to resolve and to explain,
 How sep'rate worlds were made, and sep'rate still remain.
 Since to your uncompounded atoms you
 Figures in number infinite allow, 635
 From which, by various combination, springs
 This unconfin'd diversity of things;
 Are not in this design and counsel clear,
 Does not the wise artificer appear,
 Who the corporeal particles endu'd 640
 With different shape, and different magnitude,
 That from the mixtures all things might have birth
 In the wide sea, and air, and heav'n, and earth?
 To all these figures of distinguish'd kind,
 And different sizes, are not ends assign'd? 645
 Then own their cause did act with wise intent,
 Which did those sizes square, and ev'ry shape invent.
 When atoms first the world began to frame,
 Is it not strange that ev'ry number came
 Of such a figure, and of such a size, 650
 As serv'd to found the earth, and spread the skies?

Had they not met in such proportion, were
 Their form and number not as now they are,
 In a rude mass they had confus'dly join'd,
 Not in a finish'd world, like this, combin'd. 655
 Did these assembled substances reflect,
 That here a beauteous frame they must erect
 Did they a gen'ral council wisely call,
 To lay the platform of each mighty ball?
 To settle prudent rules, and orders make, 660
 In rearing worlds, what methods they should take?
 To ev'ry atom was his task enjoin'd?
 His post, and fellow-labourers assign'd?
 Did they consent what parts they should compose;
 That these should æther make, or water those? 665
 That some should be the moon, or some the earth,
 Those give the sun, and these the planet birth?
 If all these noble worlds were undesign'd,
 And carry'd on without a conscious mind,
 Oh happy accident! auspicious chance! 670
 That in such order made the work advance,
 At length to such admir'd perfection brought
 The finish'd structure as it had been wrought
 With art transcendent and consummate thought!
 Since 'tis an outrage done to common sense 675
 To fix a central point in space immense,
 Why is a middle to the earth assign'd,
 To which your pond'rous bodies are inclin'd?
 Besides, reflect how this terrestrial mass
 Does the whole sea a thousand times surpass; 680
 Which in a line, if drawn directly down,
 More than a mile in depth is rarely known.
 Now had by chance more wat'ry atoms came
 Than earthy to compose this wond'rous frame;
 Or had they both in equal number met, 685
 Which might as well have been, had chance thought fit;
 Or if the wat'ry (we no farther press)
 Were but an hundred times in number less;
 This globe had lain, if not a gen'ral flood,
 At least a fen, a mass of ouze and mud; 690

With no rich fruit, or verdant beauty blest,
Wild and unpeopled, or by man, or beast.

Who will our orb's unequal face explain,
Which Epicurus made all smooth and plain?
How did thy rocks, O earth, thy hills arise?
How did thy giant sons invade the skies?
Lucretius, that it happen'd thus, replies.

695

Now give us leave, great poet, to demand,
How the capacious hollow in the land
Was first produc'd, with ease to entertain
All the assembled waters of the main.

700

When earth was made, this hollow for the sea
Was form'd; but how? it happen'd so to be;
It on a time fell out, that ev'ry wave
Forsook the earth, and fill'd the mighty cave,
Which happen'd opportunely to be there,
Where now their heads the rolling billows rear.
It then fell out, that stones did rocks compose,
That vales subsided, and that hills arose.

705

'Thus the formation of the world you know;
So all events fell out, and all things happen'd so.

710

Can tales more senseless, ludicrous and vain,
By winter fires old nurses entertain?
Does this unfold how all things first were made
Without divine and supernatural aid?
His penetration has Lucretius shown,
By saying things proceed from chance alone,
As their efficient cause, that is, from none?

715

But let your troops, which rang'd the plains of night,
And thro' the vacant wing'd their careless flight,
The high command of ruling chance obey;
Unguided and unconscious of the way
Let them advance to one determin'd place,
Prescrib'd by chance, in all th' unmeasur'd space
Their proper stations undirected find,
To form a world, that never was design'd.
Let all the rolling globes, and spacious skies,
From happy hits of heedless atoms rise.
Be thus the earth's unmov'd foundations laid,
Thus the thin regions of the air display'd.

720

725

730

Chance shall the planets in their place suspend,
 Between their worlds th' etherial plains extend;
 Direct the sun to that convenient seat,
 Whence he displays his lustre and his heat.
 This labour, all this progress is in vain, 735
 Unless the orbs their various motions gain
 For let the sun in buoyant æther float,
 Nor nearer to the earth, nor more remote;
 Yet did his orb unmov'd its beams diffuse,
 Had sure destruction to the earth produce. 740
 One half for heat, and one for cold would pray;
 This would abhor the night, and that the day.
 Did he not yearly thro' the zodiac pass,
 Were he not constant to his daily race,
 He would not, by alternate shade and light, 745
 Produce the needful change of day and night:
 Nor would the various seasons of the year,
 By turns revolving, rise and disappear.
 Now can judicious atomists conceive,
 Chance to the sun could this just impulse give, 750
 By which the source of day so swiftly flies,
 His stages keeps, and traverses the skies?
 We ask you whence these constant motions flow;
 Will learned heads reply they happen'd so?
 You say, the solar orb, first mov'd by chance, 755
 Does north and south, and east and west advance?
 We ask why first in these determin'd ways
 He choic'd to move? why thence he never strays?
 Why did he ne'er, since time began, decline
 His round diurnal, or his annual line? 760
 So steadily does fickle fortune steer,
 Th' obedient orb, that it should never err?
 Should never start aside, and never stray!
 Never in pathless æther miss his way?
 Why does he ne'er beyond the tropics go? 765
 Why still revolve? why travel to and fro?
 Will it a wise philosopher content,
 To say these motions came by accident,
 That all is undesign'd, fortuitous event?

But if the sluggish sun you'll not disturb, 770
 But motion give to this terrestrial orb;
 Still of the earth we the same question ask,
 Which to explain, you have as hard a task.
 Can chance this frame, these artful scenes erect,
 Which knows not work itself artful to effect? 775
 Did it mechanic engines e'er produce,
 A globe, or tube of astronomic use?
 Why do not vessels, bulk and rigg'd by chance,
 Drawn in long order, on the billows dance?
 Might not that sov'reign cause with greater ease 780
 A navy build than make the winds and seas?
 Let atoms once the form of letters take
 By chance, and let those huddled letters make
 A finished poem by a lucky hit,
 Such as the Grecian, or the Mantuan writ; 785
 Then we'll embrace the doctrines you advance,
 And yield the world's fair poem made by chance. 787

BOOK V.

The Argument.

The introduction. A description of the calamitous state of mankind, by reason of innumerable woes and sufferings to which they are obnoxious. Diseases of the body. Trouble and grief of mind. Violence and oppression. The Vicissitude of human affairs, and their end in prospect of death. Whence it appears that it is not the state of mankind, and therefore is desirable, there should be a God. Arguments against the Epicurians, who assert the eternity of the world. There must be created some self-existent and independent being. The corporeal world cannot be that being. Proved from its mutability, and the variety of forms rising and disappearing in the several parts of nature. From the possibility of con-eivils, without any consequent contradiction, less or more parts in the world, than are actually existent. From the possibility of plants and animals having had different fibres and limbs from what they now have. The pretended fatal chain of things not self-existent and independent; because all its links or parts are dependent, and obvious to corruption. Fate a word without sense or meaning. Two more arguments against the eternity of the world, from the contemplation of the light of the sun, and of motion. Aristotle's scheme confuted and confuted.

AH hapless mortal man! ah rigid fate!
 What cares attend our short, uncertain state?
 How wide a front, how deep and black a rear,
 What sad varieties of grief and fear,
 Drawn in array, exert their fatal rage, 5
 And gall obnoxious life through every stage,
 From infancy to youth, from youth to age!

Who can compile a roll of all our woes?
 Our friends are faithless, and sincere our foes.
 Now sharp invectives from an envious tongue 10
 Improve our errors, and our virtues wrong;
 'Th' oppressor now with arbitrary might
 Tramples on law, and robs us of our right;
 Dangers unseen on ev'ry side invade,
 And snares o'er all the unfaithful ground are laid. 15

Oit wounds from foreign violence we feel,
 Now from the roman's, now the warrior's steel:
 By bruises or by labour we are pain'd;
 A bone disjointed, or a sinew strain'd.
 Now festering sores afflict our tortur'd limbs, 20
 Now to the yielding heart the gangrene climbs.

Acute distempers fierce our veins assail,
 Rush on with fury, and by storm prevail;
 Others with thirst dispenſe their stores of grief,
 And by the sap prolong the siege of life: 25
 While to the grave we for deliv'rance cry,
 And promis'd still, are still deny'd to die.

See, cholic, gout, and stone, a cruel train,
 Oppos'd by all the healing race in vain,
 Their various racks and lingering plagues employ, 30
 Relieve each other, and by turns annoy,
 And, tyrant like, torment, but not destroy.
 We noxious insects in our bowels feed,
 Engender deaths, and dark destruction breed.

The spleen with fullen vapours clouds the brain, 35
 And binds the spirits in its heavy chain:
 Howe'er the cause phantastic may appear,
 Th' effect is real, and the pain sincere.

Hydropic wretches by degrees decay,
 Growing the more, the more they waite away: 40
 By their own ruins they augmented lie,
 With thirst and heat amidst a deluge fry.
 And while in floods of water these expire,
 More scorching perish by the fever's fire.

Stretch'd on our downy, yet uneasy beds, 45
 We change our pillows, and we raise our heads!

From side to side for rest in vain we turn,
 With cold we shiver, or with heat we burn.
 Of night impatient, we demand the day;
 The day arrives, and for the night we pray : 50
 The night and day successive come and go,
 Our lasting pains no interruption know.

Since man is born to so much woe and care,
 Must still new terrors dread, new sorrow bear,
 Does it not suit the state of human kind, 55
 There should preside a good Almighty mind ?
 A cause supreme, that might all nature steer,
 Avert our danger, and prevent our fear,
 Who, when implor'd, might timely succour give,
 Solace our anguish, and our wants relieve : 60
 Father of comfort might our souls sustain,
 When prest with grief, and mitigate our pain.

'Tis certain something from all ages past
 Without beginning was, and still will last.
 For if of time one period e'er had been 65
 When nothing was, then nothing could begin.
 That things should to themselves a being give,
 Reluctant reason never can conceive.
 If you affirm, effects themselves produce,
 You shock the mind, and contradiction chafe : 70
 For they, 'tis clear, must act and move before
 They were in being, or had motive pow'r :
 As active causes, must of right at once
 Existence claim, and as effects, renounce.
 Then something is, which no beginning had, 75
 A causeless cause, or nothing could be made,
 Which must by pure necessity exist.
 And whole duration nothing can resist.

Let us inquire, and search by due degrees
 What, who this self-existent being is. 80

Should the material world's capacious frame
 Uncaus'd, and independent being claim,
 It would thus form'd and fashion'd, as we see,
 Derive existence from necessity,
 And then to ages unconfin'd must last 85
 Without the least diversity or waste.

Necessity, view'd with attentive thought,
Does plain impossibility denote,
That things should not exist, which actual are,
Or in another shape, or different modes appear. 90

But see, in all coporeal nature's scene,
What changes, what diversities have been?
Matter not long the same appearance makes,
But shifts her old, and a new figure takes.
If now she lies in winter's rigid arms 95
Dishonour'd, and de spoil'd of all her charms,
Soft vernal airs will loose th' unkind embrace,
And genial dews renew her wither'd face.

Like fabled nymphs transform'd she's now a tree,
Now weeps into a flood, and streaming seeks the sea.
She's now a gaudy fly, before a worm, 101
Below a vapour, and above a storm.

This ouze was late a monster of the main,
That turf a lowing grazer of the plain,
A lion this did o'er the forest reign. 105

Regard that fair, that branching laurel plant,
Behold that lovely blushing amarant;
One William's broken frame might have assum'd,
And one from bright Maria's dust have bloom'd.
These shifting scenes, these quick rotations, show 110
Things from necessity could never flow,
But must to mind and choice precarious beings owe.

Let us suppose that nature ever was,
Without beginning, and without a cause;
As her first order, disposition, frame, 115
Must then subsist unchangeably the same;
So must our mind pronounce, it would not be
Within the reach of possibility,

That e'er the world a being could have had
Different from what it is, or could be made 120
Of more or less, or other parts, than those
Which the corporeal universe compose.

Now, fatalist, we ask, if those subvert
Reason's establish'd maxims, who assert
That we the world's existence may conceive, 125
Though we one atom out of nature leave:

Though some one wand'ring orb, or twinkling star,
Were absent from the heav'ns, which now is there :
Though some one kind of plant, or fly, or worm,
No being had, or had another's form. 130

And might not other animals arise
Of diff'rent figure, and of diff'rent size ?
In the wide womb of possibility
Lie many things, which ne'er may actual be :
And more productions of a various kind 135
Will cause no contradiction in the mind.
'Tis possible the things in nature found
Might diff'rent forms and diff'rent parts have own'd.
The boar might wear a trunk, the wolf a horn,
The peacock's train the bittern might adorn ; 140
Strong tusks might in the horie's mouth have grown,
And lions might have spots, and leopards none.
But if the world knows no superior cause,
Obeys no sovereign's arbitrary laws ;
If absolute necessity maintains 145
Of causes and effects the fatal chains ;
What could one motion stop, change one event ?
It would transcend the wide the vast extent,
The utmost stretch of possibility,
That things, from what they are, should disagree. 150.

If to elude this reas'ning, you reply,
'Things what they are, are by necessity ;
Which never else so aptly could conspire
To serve the whole, and nature's ends acquire ;
To form the beauty, order, harmony, 155
Which we through all the works of nature see ;
Ready we this assertion will allow,
For what can more exalted wisdom show ?
With zeal we this necessity defend
Of means directed to their useful end ; 160
But 'tis not that which fatalists intend,
Nor that which we oppose in this debate,
An uncontroll'd necessity of fate,
Which all things blindly does, and must produce,
Unconscious of their goodness and their use, 165
Which cannot ends design, nor means convenient chuse.

If you persist, and fondly will maintain
 Of causes and effects an endless train ;
 That this successive series still has been,
 Will never cease, and never did begin ; 170
 That things did always, as they do, proceed,
 And no first cause, no wise director need :
 Say, if no links of all your fatal chain
 Free from corruption, and unchang'd remain ;
 If of the whole each part in time arise, 175
 And to a cause its borrow'd being owes ;
 How then the whole can independent be ?
 How have a being from necessity ?
 Is not the whole, ye learned heads, the same
 With all the parts, and different but in name ? 180
 Could e'er that whole the least perfection show,
 Which from the parts, that form it, did not flow ?
 Then, tell us, can it from its parts derive
 What in themselves those parts had not to give ?
 Farther to clear the subject in debate, 185
 Inform us, what you understand by fate.
 Have you a just idea in the mind
 Of this great cause of things by you assign'd ?
 If you the order and dependence mean
 By which effects upon their causes lean, 190
 The long succession of th' efficient train,
 And firm coherence of th' extended chain ;
 Then fate is nothing but a mode of things,
 Which from continu'd revolution springs ;
 A pure relation, and a mere respect 195
 Between the cause effective and th' effect.
 If causes and effects themselves are that
 Which your clear-sighted schools intend by fate ;
 Then fate by no idea can be known,
 'Tis one thing only, as a heap is one. 200
 You no distinguish'd being by it mean,
 But all the effects and causes that have been.
 If you assert, that each efficient cause
 Must act by fix'd inevitable laws :
 If you affirm this necessary state, 205
 And tell us this necessity is fate ;

When will you bleis the world with light to see
 The spring and source of this necessity?
 Say, what did so dispose, so things ordain
 To form the links of all the casual chain; 210
 That nature by inevitable force
 Should run one ring, and keep one steady course?
 That things must needs in one set order flow,
 And all events must happen, as they do?
 Can you no proof of your assertion find? 215
 Produce no reason to convince the mind;
 That nature this determin'd way must go?
 Are all things thus, because they must be so?
 We grant with ease there is necessity,
 The source of things should self-existent be; 220
 But then he's not a necessary cause,
 He freely acts by arbitrary laws.
 He gave to beings motive energy,
 And active things to passive did apply;
 In such wise order all things did dispose, 225
 That of events necessity arose:
 Without his aid, say, how will you maintain
 Your fatal link of causes; hence 'tis plain
 While the word Fate you thus affect to use,
 You coin a senseless term th' unwary to amuse. 230
 You, who assert the world did ne'er commence,
 Prepare against this reas'ning your defence.
 If solar beams, which through th' expansion dart,
 Corporeal are, as learned schools assert,
 Since still they flow, and no supply repays 235
 The lavish sun his dissipated rays,
 Grant, that his radiant orb did ne'er begin,
 And that his motions have eternal been;
 Then, by eternal, infinite expence,
 By unrecruited waste, and spoils immense, 240
 By certain fate to flow destruction doom'd,
 His glorious stock long since had been consum'd;
 Of light unthrifty, and profuse of day,
 The ruin'd globe had spent his latest ray:
 Disper'd in beams eternally display'd, 245
 Had lost in æther roam'd, and loose in atoms fray'd.

Grant, that a grain of matter would outweigh
 The light, the sun dissipates in a day,
 Through all the stages of his heavenly way;
 That in a year the golden torrents sent 250
 From the bright source, its losses scarce augment;
 Yet without end if you the waste repeat,
 Th' eternal loss grows infinitely great.
 Then, should the sun of finite bulk sustain
 In ev'ry age the loss but of a grain, 255
 If we suppose those ages infinite,
 Could there remain one particle of light?

Reflect, that motion must abate its force,
 As more or less obstructed in its course:
 That all the heavenly orbs, while turning round, 260
 Have some resistance from the medium found:
 Be that resistance ne'er so faint and weak,
 If 'tis eternal, 'twill all motion break.
 If in each age you grant the least decrease,
 By infinite succession it must cease. 265
 Hence, if the orbs have still resisted been
 By air, or light, or æther ne'er so thin;
 Long since their motion must have been suppress'd,
 The stars had stood, the sun had lain at rest,
 So vain, so wild a scheme you fatalists have dress'd. 270

Let us the wise positions now survey
 Of Aristotle's school, who's pleas'd to say
 Nothing can move itself, no inward pow'r
 To any being motion can procure,
 Whate'er is mov'd, its motion must derive 275
 From something else, which must an impulse give.
 And yet no being motion could begin,
 Else motion might not have eternal been.
 That matter never did begin to move,
 But in th' immense from endless ages strove, 280
 The Stagyrite thus undertakes to prove:
 He says, of motion time the measure is;
 'Then that's eternal too, as well as this.
 Motion through ages without limit flows,
 Since time, its measure, no beginning knows. 285

This feeble base upholds our author's hopes,
 And all his mighty superstructure props.
 On this he all his tow'ring fabric rears,
 Sequel on sequel heaps, to reach the spheres.
 But if this definition you deny

299

Of time, on which his building does rely,
 You bring his lofty Babel from the sky.
 A thousand fine deductions you confound,
 Scatter his waste philosophy around,
 And level all his structure with the ground.

305

We then this definition thus defeat ;
 Time is no measure which can motion mete.
 For men of reasoning faculties will see
 That time can nothing but duration be
 Of beings ; and duration can suggest
 Nothing, or of their motion or their rest :
 Only prolong'd existence it implies,
 Whether the thing is mov'd, or quiet lies.
 This single blow will all the pile subvert,
 So proudly rais'd, but with so little art.

310

305

But since the author has such fame acquir'd,
 And as a god of science been admir'd ;
 A stricter view we'll of his system take,
 And of the parts a short examen make.
 Let us observe, what light his scheme affords,
 His undigested heap of doubtful words.
 Great Stagyrte, the lost inquirer show
 The spring, whence motion did for ever flow ;
 Since nothing of itself e'er moves or strives,
 Tell what begins, what the first impulse gives.

310

315

Hear how the man, who all in fame surmounts,
 For motion's spring and principle accounts.
 To his supreme, unmov'd, unactive god
 He the first sphere appoints, a blest abode :
 Who sits supinely on his azure throne,
 In contemplation of himself alone ;
 Is wholly mindless of the world, and void
 Of providential care, and unemploy'd.
 To all the spheres inferior are assign'd
 Gods subaltern, and of inferior kind.

320

325

On each, he self-existence does confer,
 Who, as the God supreme, eternal are.
 With admiration mov'd, and ardent love,
 They all their spheres around in order move,
 And from these heav'nly revolutions flow
 All motions, which are found in things below. 330

If you demand by what impulsive force
 The under-gods begin their circling courſe:
 He ſays, as things deſirable excite
 Deſire, and objects move the appetite; 335
 So his firſt god, by kindling ardent love,
 Does all the gods in ſeats inferior move:
 Thus mov'd, they move around their mighty ſpheres,
 With their refulgent equipage of ſtars;
 From ſphere to ſphere communicate the dance, 340
 Whence all in heavenly harmony advance.
 And from this motion propagated riſe
 All motions in the earth, and air, and ſkies.

And thus by learned Aristotle's mind
 All things were form'd, yet nothing was deſign'd.
 He owns no choice, no arbitrary will, 346
 No artiſt's hand, and no exerted ſkill.
 All motions flow from neceſſary fate,
 Which nothing does reſiſt, or can abate.
 Things ſink and riſe, a being loſe or gain 350
 In a conſtant, undiſſolving chain
 Of cauſes and effects, which nature's courſe ſuſtain.
 Th' unmoveable ſupreme the reſt does move,
 As proper objects raiſe deſire and love.

They mov'd without their choice, without conſent,
 Move all their ſpheres around without intent. 356
 What'er he calls his moving cauſe, to chuſe
 He gives that cauſe no power, or to reſuſe.
 And thus from fate all artful order ſprings,
 This rear'd the world, this is the riſe of things. 360

Now, give us leave to aſk, great Stagyrife,
 How the firſt God th' inferior does excite?
 Of his own ſubſtance does he parts convey,
 Whoſe motive force the under-gods obey?
 If ſo, he may be chang'd, he may decay. 363

But if by stedfast gazing they are mov'd,
 And admiration of the object lov'd :
 If those below their motive force acquire
 From the strong impulse of divine desire ;
 Tell us, what good your God supreme can grant, 370
 Which those beneath, to make them happy, want.
 If admiration of the God supreme,
 And heavenly raptures should their breasts inflame,
 Is that of motion a resistless cause,
 Of motion constant to eternal laws ? 375

Might not each second God unactive lie
 On his blue sphere, and fix his ravish'd eye
 On the supreme immoveable, and ne'er
 Be forc'd to roll around his solid sphere ?
 Say, how could wonder drive them from their place ?
 How in a circle make them run their race ? 380
 How keep them steady in one certain pace ?

He this a fundamental maxim lays,
 That Nature wisely acts in all her ways :
 That she pursues the things, which most conduce
 To order, beauty, decency, and use. 386
 Who can to reason this affront endure ?
 Should it derision cause, or anger more,
 To hear a deep philosopher assert
 That nature, not endu'd with skill or art, 390
 Of liberty, of choice, of reason void,
 Still wisely acts, wherever she's employ'd ?
 Can actions be denominatèd wise,
 Which from a brute necessity arise,
 Which the blind agent never did intend, 395
 The means unchosen, and unknown the end ?

On this be laid the stress of this debate ;
 What wisely acts, can never act by fate.
 The means and end must first be understood ;
 The means, as proper, and the end, as good. 400
 The act must be exerted with intent,
 By using means to gain the wish'd event.
 But can a senseless and unconscious cause
 By foreign impulse mov'd, and fatal laws,

This thing as good, and that as fit respect,
 Design the end, and then the means elect :
 Nature you grant can no event intend,
 Yet that she acts with prudence you pretend,
 So Nature wildly acts, yet acts without an end.

410

Yet while this prince of science does declare
 That means or ends were never Nature's care,
 That things, which seem with perfect art contriv'd,
 By the restless force of fate arriv'd :

This cautious master to secure his fame,
 And scape the Atheist's ignominious name,

415

Did to his gods of all degrees allow
 Council, design, and pow'r, to chuse and know.

Yet since he's pleas'd so plainly to assert
 His gods no act of reas'ning pow'r exert,
 No mark of choice, or arbitrary will,

420

Employ'd no prudence, and express'd no skill
 In making, or directing Nature's frame ;
 Which from his fate inevitable came ;
 These gods must, as to us, be brute and blind,
 And as unuseful, as if void of mind.

425

Acting without intent, or care, or aim,
 Can they our pray'r regard, or praises claim ?
 Of all the irreligious in debate,

This shameful error is the common fate :
 That though they cannot but distinctly see

430

In Nature's works, and whole œconomy—
 Design and judgment in a high degree ;
 This judgment, this design, they ne'er allow
 Do from a cause endu'd with reason flow :

The art they grant, th' artificer reject,

435

The structure own, and not the architect.
 That unwise Nature all things wisely makes,
 And prudent measures without prudence takes.

Grant that their admiration and their love
 Of the first God, may all th' inferior move ;

440

Grant too, though no necessity appears,
 That with their rapture mov'd, they mov'd their
 The questions let the Stagyrice resolve, [Epictetus.
 Why they at all, why in this way, revolve ?

Declare by what necessity controll'd 445
 In one determin'd manner they are roll'd?
 Why is their swift rotation west and east,
 Rather than north and south, or east and west?
 Why do not all th' inferior spheres obey
 The highest sphere's inevitable sway? 450
 Tell us, if all celestial motions rise
 From revolutions of the starry skies,
 Whence of the orbs the various motions come?
 Why some the gen'ral road pursue, and some
 In æther stray, and disobedient roam? 455
 If yours the source of motion is, declare
 Why this is fix'd, and that a wand'ring star?
 Tell by what fate, by what resolute force
 This orb has one, and that another course?
 How does the learned Greek the cause unfold 460
 With equal swiftness why the sun is roll'd
 Still east and west, to mark the night and day?
 To form the year why thro' the ecliptic way?
 What magic, what necessity confines
 The solar orb between the tropic lines? 465
 What charms in those enchanted circles dwell,
 That with controlling power the sun repel?
 The Stagyrice to this no answer makes;
 Of the vast globe so little thought he takes,
 That he to solve these questions never strives, 470
 No cause, or of its place, or motion gives.
 But farther yet, applauded Greek, suppose
 Celestial motions from your spring arose;
 That motion down to all the worlds below
 From the first sphere may propagated flow: 475
 Since you of things to shew th' efficient source,
 Have always to necessity recourse;
 From what necessity do spheres proceed
 With such a measur'd, such a certain speed?
 We fain would this mysterious cause explore, 480
 Why motion was not either less or more;
 But in this just proportion and degree,
 As suits with nature's just economy.

This is a cause, a right one too, we grant,
 But 'tis the final, we th' efficient want. 485
 With greater swiftness if the spheres were whirl'd,
 The motion giv'n to this inferior world
 Too violent had been for nature's use,
 Of too great force mix'd bodies to produce:
 The elements, air, water, earth and fire, 490
 Which now to make compounded things conspire,
 By their rude shocks could never have combin'd,
 Or had been disengag'd, as soon as join'd.
 But then had motion in a less degree
 Been giv'n, than that, which we in nature see; 495
 Of greater vigour we had stood in need,
 To mix and blend the elemental feed:
 To temper, work, incorporate and bind
 These principles, that hence of ev'ry kind
 The various compound beings might arise, 500
 Which fill the earth and sea, and store the skies.
 Say, what necessity, what fatal laws
 Did in such due proportion motion cause,
 Nor more or less, but just so much, as tends
 'To frame the world, and serve all nature's ends? 505
 Ask why the highest of the rolling spheres,
 Deck'd to profusion with resulgent stars,
 And all with bright excrecencies embost,
 Has the whole beauty of the heav'ns engroft:
 When of the others, to dispel the night, 510
 Each owns a single solitary light.
 Only one planet in a sphere is found,
 Marching in air his melancholy round:
 Nature, he tells us, took this prudent care,
 That the sublimest and the noblest sphere 515
 Should be with nobler decoration blest,
 And in magnificence out shine the rest:
 That so its greater ornament and state
 Should bear proportion with its greater height.
 It seems then nature does not only find 520
 Means to be good, beneficent and kind,
 But has for beauty and for order car'd,
 Does rank and state and decency regard.

Now should he not considering men forgive,
 If, sway'd by this assertion, they believe 525
 That nature, which does decency respect,
 Is something, which can reason, chuse, reflect?
 Or that some wise director must preside
 O'er nature's works, and all her motions guide?
 You here should that necessity declare, 530
 Why all the stars adorn the highest sphere:
 Say, how is this th' effect of fatal laws,
 Without reflecting on a final cause?
 One sphere has all the stars; we ask you why?
 When you to beauty and to order fly, 535
 You plain assert the truth, which you deny:
 That is, that nature has wise ends in view,
 With foresight works, and does designs pursue.

Thus all the mighty wits, that have essay'd
 To explicate the means, how things are made 540
 By nature's power, without the hand divine,
 The final causes of effects assign.

They say, that this or that is so or so,
 That such events in such succession flow,
 Because convenience, decency, and use, 545
 Require, that nature things should thus produce.

They in their demonstrations always vaunt
 Efficient causes, which they always want.
 But thus they yield the question in debate,
 And grant the impotence of chance and fate. 550

For till they show by what necessity
 Things have the disposition, which we see,
 Whether it be deriv'd from fate or chance,
 Not the least step in science they advance.

Grant, nature furnish'd, at her vast expence, 555
 One room of state with such magnificence,
 That it might shine above the others bright,
 Adorn'd with num'rous burnish'd balls of light.

Does she on one by decent rules dispense
 Of constellations such a wealth imment, 560
 While the next sphere in amplitude and height
 Rolls on with one erratic, lonely light?

But be it so, the question's still the same,
 Tell us from what necessity it came;
 Let us the great philosopher attend, 565
 While to the worlds below his thoughts descend.
 His elements, earth, water, air, and fire,
 He says, to make all compound things conspire.
 He in the midst leaves the dull earth at rest,
 In the soft bosom of the air careis'd. 570
 The red-wing'd fire must to the moon arise,
 Hover in air, and lick contiguous skies.
 No charms, no force can make the fire descend,
 Nor can the earth to seats superior tend.
 Both unmolested peace for ever own, 575
 This in the middle, that beneath the moon.
 Water and air not so; for they by fate.
 Assign'd to constant duty, always wait;
 Ready by turns to rise or to descend,
 Nature against a vacant to defend: 580
 For should a void her monarchy invade,
 Should in her works the smallest breach be made,
 That breach the mighty fabric would dissolve,
 And in immediate ruin all involve.
 A consequence so dismal to prevent, 585
 Water and air are still (as said) intent
 To mount or fall, this way or that to fly,
 Seek subterranean vaults, to climb the sky.
 While these with so much duty are oppress'd,
 The earth and fire are privileg'd with rest. 590
 These elements, 'tis clear, have not discern'd
 The interest of the whole, nor are concern'd
 Lest they, when once an interposing void
 Has nature's frame o'erturn'd, should be destroy'd.
 Tell, why these simple elements are four? 595
 Why just so many, why not less or more?
 Does this from pure necessity proceed?
 Or say, does nature just that number need?
 If this, you mock us, and decline the task,
 You give the final cause, when we the efficient ask.
 If that, how often shall we call in vain, 601
 That you would this necessity explain?

But here forgive me, famous Stagyrice,
 If I esteem it idle to recite
 The reasons, so you call them, which you give, 605
 To make us this necessity believe:
 Reasons so trifling, so absurd, and dry,
 That those should blush, who make a grave reply.

Your elements we grant: but now declare
 How you to form compounded things prepare, 610
 And mix your fire and water, earth and air?
 The swift rotation of the spheres above,
 You say, must all inferior bodies move:
 The elements in sublunary space
 Are by this impulse forc'd to leave their place: 615
 By various agitations they combine
 In diff'rent forms, by diff'rent mixtures join
 Blended and justly temper'd, they compound
 All things in all th' inferior regions found.
 Thus beings from th' incorporated four 620
 Result, by undefigning nature's power.

Hence metals, plants, and minerals arise,
 The clouds, and all the meteors of the skies.
 Hence all the clans that haunt the hill or wood,
 That beat the air, or cut the limpid flood: 625
 E'en man, their lord, hence into being came,
 Breath'd the pure air, and felt the vital flame.
 Say, is not this a noble scheme, a piece
 Worthy the Stagyrice, and worthy Greece?

But now, acute philosopher, declare 630
 How this rotation of the heav'nly sphere
 Can mingle fire and water, earth and air?
 The fire, that dwells beneath the lunar ball,
 To meet ascending earth, must downward fall.
 Now turn your sphere contiguous to the fire, 635
 Will from its seat that element retire?
 The sphere could never drive its neighbour down,
 But give a circling motion, like its own.
 So give the air impression from above,
 It in a whirl vertiginous would move: 640
 And thus the rolling spheres can ne'er displace
 The fire or air to make a mingled mass:

The elements distinct might keep their seat,
Elude the ruffle, and your scheme defeat.

But since the applauded author will demand 645
For complex bodies no director's hand?
Since art without an artist he maintains,
A building rears without a builder's pain:
He comes at length to Epicurus' scheme,
Pleas'd by his model compound works to frame. 650

One all his various atoms does unite
To form mixt things, the famous Stagyrte
By his invented elements combin'd,
Composes beings of each different kind.
But both agree, while both alike deny 655
The Gods did e'er their care or thought apply
To form, or rule this universal frame,
Which or from fate, or casual concurrence came.
Whether to raise the world you are inclin'd
By this man's chance, or that man's taste, as blind; 660

If still mechanic, necessary laws
Of moving matter must all beings cause;
If artful works from a brute cause result,
From springs unknown, and qualities occult;
With schemes alike absurd our reason you insult. 665

And now to finish this less pleasant task,
Of our renown'd philosopher, we ask,
How was the earth determin'd to its place?
Why did it first the middle point embrace?
What blandishments, what strong attractive pow'r,
What happy arts adapted to allure, 671
Were by that single point of all the void,
To captivate and charm the mass employ'd?
Or what machines, what grapples did it cast
On earth, to fix it to the centre fast? 675

But if the earth by strong enchantment caught,
This point of all the vacant fondly sought,
Since it is unintelligent and blind,
Could it the way, the nearest could it find?
When at the point arrived, how did it know 680
It was arriv'd, and should no farther go?

When in a globous form collected there,
 What wond'rous cement made the parts cohere?
 Why did the orb suspended there remain
 Fix'd and unmov'd? what does its weight sustain?
 Tell what its fall prevents? can liquid air 686
 The pond'rous pile on its weak columns bear?
 The earth must, in its gravity's despight,
 Uphold itself; our careless Stagyrite
 For its support has no provision made, 690
 No pillar rear'd, and no foundation laid.
 When by occult and unknown gravity
 'Tis to its station brought, it there must lie
 In undisturb'd repose, in vain we ask him why?
 Say, if the world uncaus'd did ne'er begin, 695
 If nature, what it is, has always been;
 Why do no arms the Poet's song employ
 Before the Theban war, or siege of Troy?
 And why no elder histories relate
 The rise of empires, and the turns of state? 700
 If generations infinite are gone,
 Tell, why so late were arts and letters known?
 Their rise and progress is of recent date,
 And still we mourn their young imperfect state.
 If unconfin'd duration we regard, 705
 And time be with eternity compar'd,
 But yesterday the sages of the east
 Hitt some crude knowledge of the stars express.
 In sacred emblems Egypt's son's conceal'd
 Their mystic learning, rather than reveal'd. 710
 Greece, after this, for subtle wit renown'd,
 The sciences and arts improv'd or found;
 First, came search'd, and nature's secret ways;
 First taught the bards to sing immortal lays;
 The charms of music and of painting rais'd, 715
 And was for building first, and first for sculpture prais'd.
 Man in mechanic arts did late excel,
 That succour life, and noxious pow'r repel;
 Which yield supplies for necessary use,
 Or which to pleasure or to pomp conduce. 720

How late was found the loadstone's magic force,
 That seeks the north, and guides the sailor's course?
 How newly did the printer's curious skill
 The enlighten'd world with letter'd volumes fill?
 But late the kindled powder did explode 725
 The massy ball, and the brass tube unload.
 The tube, to whose loud thunder Albion owes
 The laurel honours, that adorn her brows;
 Which awful, during eight renown'd campaigns,
 From Belgia's hills, and Gallia's frontier plains, 730
 Did through th' admiring realms around proclaim
 Malbro's swift conquests, and great Anna's name.
 By this the leader of the British pow'rs,
 Shook Menin, Lilla, and high Ganda's tow'rs:
 Next his wise engines levell'd Tournay's pride, 735
 Whose lofty walls advancing foes defy'd.
 Though nitrous tempests, and clandestine death,
 Fill'd the deep caves and num'rous vaults beneath,
 Which form'd with art, and wrought with endless toil,
 Ran through the faithless excavated soil; 740
 See, the intrepid Briton delves his way,
 And to the caverns lets in war and day:
 Quells subterranean foes, and rises crown'd
 With spoils, from martial labour under ground.
 Mons, to reward Blarignia's glorious field, 745
 To Malbro's terrors did submissive yield.
 The hero next assail'd proud Doway's head,
 And spite of confluent inundations spread
 Around, in spite of works for sure defence
 Rais'd with consummate art, and cost immense, 750
 With unexampled valour did succeed;
 (Villars, thy host beheld the hardy deed:)
 Aria, Venantia, Bethune and Bouchain,
 Of his long triumphs close th' illustrious train.
 While thus his thunder did his wrath declare, 755
 And artful lightnings flash'd along the air,
 Semona's castles, with th' impetuous roar
 Astonish'd tremble, but their warriors more:
 Lutetia's lofty tow'rs with terror struck,
 Caught the contagion, and at distance shook. 760

Tell, Gallic chiefs, for you have often heard
 His dreadful cannon, and his fire rever'd ;
 Tell, how you rag'd, when your pale cohorts run
 From Malbro's sword, the battle scarce begun.
 Tell Scyllis, Lægia tell, how to their head 765
 Your frighted waves in resolute errors fled.

While Malbro's cannon thus prevails by land,
 Britain's sea-chiefs, by Anna's high command,
 Resistless o'er the Tuscan billows ride,
 And strike rebellowing coves on either side. 770

Their sulphur tempests ring from shore to shore,
 Now make the Ligur stare, and now the Moor.
 Hark how the sound disturbs imperious Rome,
 Shakes her proud hills, and rolls from dome to dome!
 Her mitred princes hear the echoing noise, 775
 And, Albion, dread thy wrath, and awful voice.

Aided by three the Austrian eagles rise
 Sublime, and triumph in Iberian skies.
 What panic tears, what anguish, what distress,
 What consternation Gallia's sons express, 780
 While trembling on the coast, they from afar
 View the wing'd terrors, and the floating war! 782

BOOK VI.

The Argument.

The fabulous account of the first rise of mankind, given by the ancient poets. The opinions of many of the Greek philosophers concerning that event not less ridiculous. The assertion of Epicurus and his followers, that our first parents were the spontaneous production of the earth, most absurd and absurd. The true origin of man inquired into. He is proved to be created by an intelligent, arbitrary cause; from the characters and impressions of contrivance, art, and wisdom, which appear in his formation. The wonderful progress of it. The figure, situation, and connection of the bones. The system of the veins, and that of the arteries. The manner of the circulation of the blood described. Nutrition, how performed. The system of the nerves. Of the animal spirit, how made, and how employed in muscular motion and sensation. A wise, intelligent cause inferred from these appearances.

THE pagan world, to Canaan's realms unknown,
 Where knowledge reign'd, and light celestial shone,
 Lost by degrees their parent Adam's name,
 Forgoe their stock, and wonder'd whence they came.
 Unguided, in the dark they strove to find, 5
 With fruitless toil, the source of human kind

The heathen bard, who idle fables prest,
 Illusive dreams in mystic verse express'd ;
 And foes to natural science and divine,
 In beauteous phrase made impious notions shine : 10
 In strains sublime their different fictions sung,
 Whence the first parents of our species sprung.

Prometheus, so some elder poets say,
 Temper'd and form'd a paste of purer clay,
 To which, well mingled with the river's stream, 15
 His artful hand gave human shape and frame :
 Then with warm life his figures to inspire,
 The bold projector stole celestial fire.

While others tell us how the human brood
 Ow'd their production to the fruitful wood. 20
 How from the laurel and the ash they sprung,
 And infants on the oak, like acorns, hung :
 The crude conceptions prest the bending trees,
 'Till cherish'd by the sun-beams, by degrees,
 Ripe children dropp'd on all the soil around, 25
 Peopled the woods, and overpread the ground.

Great Jupiter, so some were pleas'd to sing,
 Of fabled Gods the father and the king,
 The moving pray'r of Æacus did grant,
 And into men and women turn'd the ant. 30

Some tell, Ducalion and his Pyrrha threw
 Obdurate stones, which o'er their shoulders flew,
 Then shifting shape received a vital flume,
 And men and women, wondrous change! became.
 And thus the hard and stubborn race of man 35
 From animated rock and flint began.

Now to the learned schools of Greece repair,
 Who chance the author of the world declare :
 Then judge it wise philo'sophers excel
 Those idle tales, which wanton poets tell. 40
 They say, at first to living things the earth
 At her formation gave spontaneous birth.
 When youthful heat was through the glebe diffus'd,
 Mankind, as well as insects, she produc'd.
 That genial wombs by parent chance were form'd, 45
 Adapted to the soil ; which after warm'd

And cherish'd by the sun's enlivening beam,
 With human offsprings did in embryo teem.
 These nourish'd there a while imprison'd lay,
 Then broke their yielding bands, and forc'd their way,
 The field a crop of reas'ning creatures crown'd, 51
 And crying infants grovell'd on the ground.

A milky store was by the mother earth
 Pour'd from her bosom, to sustain the birth.
 In strength and bulk encreas'd, the earth-born race 55
 Could move, and walk, and ready change their place:
 O'er ev'ry hill and verdant pasture stray,
 Skip o'er the lawns, and by the rivers play:
 Could eat the tender plant, and by degrees
 Brouse on the shrubs, and crop the budding trees; 60
 The fragrant fruit from bending branches shake
 And with the crystal stream their thirst at pleasure slake.

The earth by these applauded schools, 'tis said,
 This single crop of men and women bred;
 Who grown adult, so chance it seems enjoin'd, 65
 Did male and female propagate their kind.
 This wise account Lucretian sages give,
 Whence our first parents their descent derive.

Severely on this subject to dispute,
 And tales so wild, so senseless to confute, 70
 Were with inglorious labour to disgrace
 The schools, and reason's dignity debase.
 But since, with this of man's original,
 The parts remaining of their scheme must fall:
 (Yet farther to pursue the present theme;) 75
 Behold how vain philosophers may dream.

Grant, Epicurus, that by casual birth
 Men sprung spontaneous from the fruitful earth,
 When on the glebe the naked infants lay,
 How were the helpless creatures fed? You say, 80
 The teeming soil did from its breasts exude
 A soft and milky liquor for their food.
 I will not ask what this apt humour made,
 Nor by what wond'rous channels 'twas convey'd.
 For if we such inquiries make, we know 85
 Your short reply, it happened to be so;

Without assigning once a proper cause,
 Or solving questions by mechanic laws,
 To ev'ry doubt your answer is the same,
 It so fell out, and so by chance it came. 90

How shall the new-born race their food command,
 Who cannot change their place, or move a hand?
 Grant that the glebe beneath will never drink,
 Nor through its pores let the soft humour sink;
 Will not the sun with his exhaling ray 95
 Defraud the babe, and draw his food away?

Since for so long a space the human birth
 Must lie expos'd, and naked on the earth;
 Say, could the tender creature, in despite
 Of heat by day, and chilling dews by night, 100
 In spite of thunder, winds, and hail and rain,
 And all inclement air, its life maintain?

In vain, you say, in earth's primæval state,
 Soft was the air, and mild the cold and heat,
 For did not then the night succeed the day? 105
 The sun as now roll through its annual way?
 Th' effects then on the air must be the same,
 The frosts of winter, and the summer's flame.

In the first age, you say, the pregnant ground
 With human kind in embryo did abound, 110
 And pour'd her offspring on the soil around.
 But tell us, Epicurus, why the field
 Did never since one human harvest yield?
 And why we never see one ripening birth 114
 Heave in the glebe, and struggle through the earth?

You say, that when the earth was fresh and young,
 While her prolific energy was strong,
 A race of men she in her bosom bred,
 And all the fields with infant people spread.
 But that first birth her strength did so exhaust, 120
 The genial mother so much vigour lost,
 That wasted now by age, in vain we hope
 She should again bring forth a human crop.

Mean time she's not with labour so much worn,
 But she can still the hills with woods adorn. 125

See, from her fertile bosom how she pours
 Verdant conceptions, and, refresh'd with show'rs,
 Covers the field with corn, and paints the mead with
 See, her tall sons, the cedar, oak, and pine, [show'rs.
 The fragrant myrtle, and the juicy vine, 130
 Their parent's undecaying strength declare,
 Which with fresh labour, and unwearied care,
 Supplies new plants, her losses to repair.

Then since the earth retains her fruitful pow'r
 To procreate plants, the forest to restore: 135

Say, why to nobler animals alone
 Should she be feeble, and unfruitful grown?
 After one birth she ceas'd not to be young,
 The glebe was succulent, the mould was strong.
 Could she at once fade in her perfect bloom? 140

Waste all her spirits, and her wealth consume?
 Grant that her vigour might in part decrease,

From like productions must she ever cease?
 To form a race she might have still inclin'd,
 Tho' of a monstrous, or a dwarfish kind, 145

Why did she never, by one crude essay,
 Imperfect lines and rudiments display?
 In some succeeding ages had been found
 A leg or arm unfinish'd in the ground:
 And sometimes in the fields might ploughing swains
 Turn up soft bones, and break unfashion'd veins. 151

But grant the earth was lavish of her pow'r,
 And spent at once her whole prolific store:
 Would not so long a rest new vigour give,
 And all her first fertility revive? 155

Learn, Epicurus, of th' experienc'd swain,
 When frequent wounds have worn th' impoverish'd
 Let him a while the furrow not molest, [plain:
 But leave the glebe to heav'nly dews and rest;
 If then he till and sow the harrow'd field, 160
 Will not the soil a plenteous harvest yield?

The sun, by you, Lucretius, is assign'd
 The other parent of all human kind.

But does he ever languish or decay?
 Does he not equal influence display,
 And pierce the plains with the same active ray?
 If then the glebe warm'd with the solar flame
 Men once produc'd, it still should be the same.

You say, the sun's prolific beams can form
 Th' industrious ant, the gaudy fly and worm:
 Can make each plant, and tree, the gard'ner's care,
 Beside their leaves their proper insects bear:
 Then might the heav'ns in some peculiar state,
 Or lucky aspect, beasts and men create.

But late inquirers by their glasses find,
 That every insect, of each diff'rent kind,
 In its own egg, cheer'd by the solar rays,
 Organs involv'd, and latent life displays:
 This truth discover'd, by sagacious art,
 Does all Lucretian arrogance subvert.

Proud wits, your frenzy own, and overcome
 By reason's force, be now for ever dumb.

If, learned Epicurus, we allow
 Our race to earth primæval being owe,

How did the male and female sexes frame,
 Say, if from fortune this distinction came?

Or did the conscious parent then foresee,
 By one conception she should barren be,

And therefore, wisely provident, design'd
 Prolific pairs to propagate the kind;

That thus preserv'd, the godlike race of man,
 Might not expire e'er yet it scarce began.

Since by these various arguments 'tis clear
 The teeming mould did not our parents bear;

By more severe inquiries let us trace
 The origin and source of human race.

I think, I move, I therefore know I am;
 While I have been, I still have been the same,

Since from an infant, I a man became.
 But tho' I am, few circling years are gone,

Since I in nature's roll was quite unknown.
 Then since 'tis plain I have not always been,

I ask, from whence my being could begin?

I did not to my self existence give,
 Nor from myself the secret pow'r receive, 205
 By which I reason, and by which I live.
 I did not build this frame, nor do I know
 The hidden springs from whence my motions flow.

If I had form'd myself, I had design'd
 A stronger body, and a wiser mind, 210
 From sorrow free, nor liable to pain;
 My passions should obey, and reason reign.
 Nor could my being from my parents flow,
 Who neither did the parts, or structure know:
 Did not my mind or body understand, 215
 My sex determine, nor my shape command.

Had they design'd and rais'd the curious frame,
 Inspir'd my branching veins with vital flame,
 Fashion'd the heart, and hollow channels made,
 Through which the circling streams of life are play'd;
 Had they the organs of my senses wrought, 221
 And form'd the wond'rous principle of thought;
 Their artful work they must have better known,
 Explain'd its springs, and its contrivance shown,

If they could make, they might preserve me too,
 Prevent my fears, or dissipate my woe. 226

When long in sickness languishing I lay,
 They with compassion touch'd did mourn and pray:
 To sooth my pain and mitigate my grief,
 They said kind things, yet brought me no relief, 230
 But whatsoever cause my being gave,
 The power that made me, can its creature save.

If to myself I did not being give,
 Nor from immediate parents did receive;
 It could not from my predecessors flow, 235
 They, than my parents, could not more bestow.
 Should we the long depending scale ascend
 Of sons and fathers, will it never end?

If 'twill, then must we through the order run
 To some one man, whose being ne'er begun. 240
 If that one man was sempiternal, why
 Did he, since independent, ever die?

If from himself his own existence came,
The cause, that could destroy his being, name.

To seek my Maker thus in vain I trace 245
The whole successive chain of human race,
Bewilder'd I my Author cannot find,
Till some first cause, some self-existent mind,
Who form'd, and rules all nature, is assign'd.

When first the womb did the crude embryo hold. 250
What shap'd the parts? what did the limbs unfold?
O'er the whole work in secret did preside,
Give quick'ning vigour, and each motion guide.
What kindled in the dark the vital flame, [stream?
And ere the heart was form'd, push'd on the red'ning
Then for the heart the aptest fibres strung? 255
And in th' breast th' impulsive engine hung?
Say, what the various bones so wisely wrought?
How was their frame to such perfection brought?
What did their figures for their uses fit, 260
Their number fix, and joints adapted knit;
And made them all in that just order stand,
Which motion, strength, and ornament demand?
What for the sinews spun so strong a thread?
The curious loom to weave the muscles spread? 265
Did the nice strings of tender membranes drill
And perforate the nerve with so much skill,
Then with the active stream the dark recesses fill?
The purple mazes of the veins display'd,
And all th' arterial pipes in order laid, 270
What gave the bounding current to the blood,
And to and fro convey'd the restless flood?

The living fabric now in pieces take,
Of ev'ry part due observation make;
All which such art discover, so conduce 275
To beauty, vigour, and each destin'd use;
The atheist, if to search for truth inclin'd,
May in himself his full conviction find,
And from his body teach his erring mind.

When the crude embryo careful nature breeds, 28
See how she works, and how her works proceeds?

While through the mass her energy she darts
 To free and swell the complicated parts ;
 Which only does unravel and untwist
 Th' envelop'd limbs, that previous there exist. 285
 And as each vital speck, in which remains
 Th' entire, but rump'd animal, contains
 Organs perplex'd, and clues of twining veins ;
 So ev'ry fœtus bears a secret board,
 With sleeping, unexpanded issue stor'd ; 290
 Which num'rous, but unquicken'd progeny,
 Clasp'd and inwrap'd within each other lie :
 Engendering heats these one by one unbind,
 Stretch their small tubes, and hamper'd nerves unwind ;
 And thus when time shall drain each magazine 295
 Crowded with men unborn, unripe, unseen,
 Nor yet of parts unfolded, no increase
 Can follow, all prolific power must cease.

Th' elastic spirits which remain at rest
 In the strait lodgings of the brain compress'd, 300
 While by the ambient wombs enliv'ning heat
 Cheer'd and awak'd, first themselves dilate ;
 Then quicken'd and expanded ev'ry way
 The genial lab'ers all their force display.
 They now begin to work the wondrous frame, 305
 To shape the parts, and raise the vital flame.
 For when th' extended fibres of the brain
 Their active guests no longer can restrain,
 They backward spring, which due effort compels
 The lab'ring spirits to forsake their cells : 310
 The spirits thus exploded from their seat,
 Swift from the head to the next parts retreat,
 Force their admission, and their passage beat.
 Their tours around th' unopen'd mass they take,
 And by a thousand ways their inroads make : 315
 'Till there resisted they their race inflect,
 And backward to their source their way direct.
 Thus with a steady and alternate toil
 They issue from, and to the head recoil :
 By which their plastic function they discharge. 320
 Extend their channels, and their tracks enlarge.

For by the swift excursions which they make,
 Still falling from the brain, and leaping back,
 They pierce the nervous fibre, bore the vein,
 And stretch th' arterial channels, which contain 325
 The various streams of life, that to and fro
 Thro' dark meanders undirected flow :

Th' inspected egg, this gradual change betrays,
 'To which the brooding heat expanding heat conveys.

The beating heart demanded first for use, 330
 Is the first muscle nature does produce.

By this impulsive engine's constant aid
 The tepid floods are ev'ry way convey'd :
 And did not nature's care at first provide
 The active heart to push the circling tide, 335
 All progress to her work would be deny'd.

The salient point, so first is call'd the heart,
 Shap'd and suspended with amazing art,
 By turns dilated, and by turns compress'd,
 Expels, and entertains the purple guest. 340

It sends from out its left contracted side
 Into th' arterial tube its vital pride :
 Which tube, prolong'd but little from its source,
 Parts its wide trunk, and takes a double course ;
 One channel to the head its way directs, 345
 One to the inferior limbs its path inflects.

Both smaller by degrees, and smaller grow,
 And on the parts, thro' which they branching go,
 A thousand secret subtle pipes bestow.
 From which by num'rous convolutions wound, 350
 Wrap'd with th' attending nerve, and twisted round,
 The complicated knots and kernels rise,
 Of various figures, and of various size.

Th' arterial ducts, when thus involv'd, produce
 Unnumber'd glands, and of important use. 355
 But after, as they farther progress make,
 The appellation of a vein they take.

For tho' th' arterial pipes themselves extend
 In smallest branches, yet they never end :
 The same continued circling channels run 360
 Back to the heart, where first their course begun.

The heart, as said, from its contracted cave
 On the left side, ejects the bounding wave.
 Exploded thus, as splitting channels lead,
 Upward it springs, or downward is convey'd. 365
 The crimson jets rais'd with elastic force
 Swift to the seats of sense pursue their course;
 Arterial streams thro' the soft brain diffuse,
 And water all its fields with vital dews.
 From this o'erflowing tide the curious brain 370
 Does thro' its pores the purer spirits strain:
 Which to its inmost seats their passage make,
 Whence their dark rise th' extended sinews take.
 With all their mouths the nerves these spirits drink,
 Which thro' the cells of the fine strainer sink. 375
 These all the channel'd fibres ev'ry way
 For motion and sensation still convey,
 The greatest portion of th' arterial blood,
 By the close structure of the parts withstood,
 Whose narrow meshes stop the grosser flood, 380
 By apt canals and furrows in the brain,
 Which here discharge the office of a vein,
 Invert their current, and the heart regain.
 The shooting streams, which thro' another road
 The beating engine downward did explode, 385
 To all th' inferior parts descend, and lave
 The members with their circulating wave.
 To make the arterial treasure move as slow
 As nature's ends demand, the channels grow
 Still more contracted, as they farther go. 390
 Besides the glands, which o'er the body spread,
 Fine complicated clues of nervous thread,
 Involv'd and twist'd with th' arterial duct,
 The rapid motion of the blood obstruct:
 These labyrinths the circling current stay 395
 For noble ends, which after we display.
 Soon as the blood has past the winding ways,
 And various turnings of the wondrous maze,
 From the entangled knot of vessels freed,
 It runs its vital race with greater speed: 400

And from the parts and members most remote
 By these canals the streams are backward brought,
 Which are of thinner coats and fewer fibres wrought;
 Till all the confluent rills their current join,
 And in the ample Porta vein combine. 405

This larger channel by a thousand roads
 Enters the liver, and its store unloads.
 Which from that store by proper inlets drains
 The yellow dregs, and sends them by the veins
 To the large cistern which the gall contains. 410

Then to the vein, we Cava name, the blood
 Calls in the scatter'd streams, and re-collects the flood.

As when the Thames advances thro' the plain,
 With his fresh waters to dilute the main;
 He turns and winds amidst the flow'ry meads, 415
 And now contracts, and now his water spreads.

Here in a course direct he forward sends,
 There to his head his wave retorted bends.
 See, now the sportive flood in two divides
 His silver train, now with uniting tides 420

He wanton clasps the intercepted soil,
 And forms with erring streams the reedy isle;
 At length collecting all his watry band,
 The ocean to augment he leaves the land.

So the red currents in their secret maze 425
 In various rounds thro' dark meanders pass,
 'Till all assembled in the Cava vein

Bring to the heart's right side their crimson train;
 Which now compress'd with force elastic drives
 The flood, that thro' the secret passages drives. 430

The road that to the lungs this store transmits
 Into unnumber'd narrow channels splits.

The venal blood crowds thro' the winding ways,
 And thro' the tubes the broken tide conveys:
 Those num'rous streams, their toiv' beauty gone, 435

Poor by expence, and faint with labour grown,
 Are in the lungs enrich'd, which re-inspire
 The languid juices, and restore their fire.

The large arterial ducts that thither lead,
 By which the blood is from the heart convey'd 440
 Through either lobe ten thousand branches spread.
 Here its bright stream the bounding current parts,
 And through the various passes swiftly darts:
 Each subtle pipe, each winding channel fills
 With sprightly liquors, and with purple rills: 445
 The pipe, distinguish'd by its gritty rings,
 To cherish life aerial pasture brings;
 Which the soft breathing lungs with gentle force
 Constant embrace by turns, by turns divorce:
 The springy air this nitrous food impels 450
 Through all the spongy parts and bladder'd cells,
 And with dilating breath the vital bellows swells.
 Th' admitted nitre agitates the flood,
 Revives its fire, and referments the blood.
 Behold, the streams now change their languid blue, 455
 Regain their glory, and their flame renew.
 With scarlet honours re-adorn'd the tide
 Leaps on, and bright with more than Tyrian pride,
 Advances to the heart, and fills the cave
 On the left side, which the first motion gave. 460
 Now through the same involv'd arterial ways,
 Again th' exploded jets th' impulsive engine plays.
 No sons of wisdom could this current trace,
 Or of th' Ionic, or Italic race:
 From thee, Democritus, it lay conceal'd, 465
 Though yielding nature much to thee reveal'd.
 Though with the curious knife thou didst invade
 Her dark recesses, and has oft display'd
 The crimson mazes, and the hollow road,
 Which to the heart conveys the reflux blood. 470
 It was to thee, great Stagyrte, unknown,
 And thy preceptor of divine renown.
 Learning did ne'er this secret truth impart
 To the Greek masters of the healing art.
 'Twas by the Coan's piercing eye unview'd, 475
 And did attentive Galen's search elude.
 Thou, wondrous Harvey, whose immortal fame,
 By thee instructed, grateful schools proclaim,

Thou Albion's pride, didst first the winding way,
 And circling life's dark labyrinth display. 480
 Attentive from the heart thou didst pursue
 The starting flood, and keep it still in view,
 Till thou with rapture saw'st the channels bring
 The purple currents back, and form the vital ring.
 See, how the human animal is fed, 485
 How nourishment is wrought, and how convey'd.
 The mouth, with proper faculties endu'd,
 First entertains, and then divides the food.
 Two adverse rows of teeth the meat prepare,
 On which the glands fermenting juice confer. 490
 Nature has various tender muscles plac'd,
 By which the artful gullet is embrac'd:
 Some the long funnel's curious mouth extend
 Through which ingested meats with ease descend.
 Other confederate pairs for nature's use 495
 Contract the fibres, and the twitch produce
 Which gently pushes on the grateful food
 To the wide stomach, by its hollow road.
 That this long road may unobstructed go,
 As it descends, it bores the midriff through. 500
 The large receiver from concoction made
 Behold amidst the warmest bowels laid.
 The spleen to this, and to the adverse side
 The glowing liver's comfort is apply'd,
 Beneath, the pancreas has its proper seat, 505
 To cheer its neighbour, and augment its heat.
 More to assist it for its destin'd use,
 This ample bag is stored with active juice,
 Which can with ease subdue, with ease unbind
 Admitted meats of ev'ry diff'rent kind. 510
 This powerful ferment mingling with the parts,
 The leaven'd mass to milky chyle converts.
 The stomach's fibres this concocted food
 By their contraction's gentle force exclude;
 Which by the mouth on the right side descends 515
 Thro' the wide pass, which from that mouth depends.
 In its progression soon the labour'd chyle
 Receives the confluent rills of bitter bile,

Which by the liver sever'd from the blood,
 And striving through the gall-pipe, here unload 520
 Their yellow streams, more to refine the flood.
 The complicated glands, in various ranks
 Dispos'd along the neighb'ring channel's banks,
 By constant weeping mix their wat'ry store
 With the chyle's current, and dilute it more. 525
 Th' intestine roads inflected and inclin'd
 In various convolutions turn and wind,
 That these meanders may the progress stay,
 And the descending chyle by this delay
 May through the milky vessels find its way: 530
 Whole little mouths in the large channel's side
 Suck in the flood, and drink the cheering tide.
 These num'rous veins, such is the curious frame,
 Receive the pure insinuating stream;
 But no corrupt or dreggy parts admit 535
 To form the blood, or feed the limbs unfit.
 Th' intestine spiral fibres these protrude,
 And from the winding tubes at length exclude.
 Observe these small canals conspire to make
 With all their treasure one capacious lake, 540
 Whose common receptacle entertains
 Th' united streams of the lacteal veins.
 Hither the rills of water are convey'd
 In curious aqueducts by nature laid
 To carry all the limpid humour strain'd, 545
 And from the blood divided by the gland;
 Which mingling currents with the milky juice
 Makes it more apt to flow, more fit for use.
 These liquors, which the wide receiver fill,
 Prepar'd with labour and refin'd with skill, 550
 Another courie to distant parts begin,
 Through roads that stretch along the back within.
 This useful channel, lately known, ascends,
 And in the vein near the left shoulder ends;
 Which there unloads its wealth, that with the blood
 Now flows in one incorporated flood. 556

Soon by the vein 'tis to the heart convey'd,
 And is by that elastic engine play'd
 Into the lungs, whence as describ'd before,
 It onward springs, and makes the wondrous tour. 560

Now all the banks the branching river laves
 With dancing streams, and animated waves;
 New florid honours and gay youth bestows,
 Diffusing vital vigour, where it flows;
 Supplies fresh spirits to the living frame, 565
 And kindles in the eyes a brighter flame.
 Muscles impair'd receive new fibrous thread,
 And ev'ry bone is with rich marrow fed:
 Nature revives, cheer'd with the wealthy tide,
 And life regal'd displays its purple pride. 370

But how the wondrous distribution's made,
 How to each part its proper food convey'd;
 How fibrous strings for nourishment are wrought;
 By what conveyance to the muscles brought;
 How rang'd for motion, how for beauty mix'd; 575
 With vital cement how th' extremes are fix'd;
 How they agree in various ways to join,
 In a transverse, a straight and crooked line;
 Here lost in wonder we ad'oring stand,
 With rapture own the wise director's hand, 580
 Who nature made, and does her works command.
 Let us howe'er the theme as far pursue,
 As learn'd observers know, or think they do.

Mixt with the blood in the same circling tide
 The rills nutritious through the vessels glide: 585
 Those pipes still leis'ning as they further pass,
 Retard the progress of the flowing mass.
 The glands that nature o'er the body spreads
 All artful knots of various hollow threads,
 Which Lymphæducts, an art'ry, nerve and vein 590
 Involv'd and close together wound contain,
 Make yet the motion of the streams more slow,
 Which through those mazes intricate must flow,
 And hence it comes the interrupted blood
 Distends its channels with its swelling flood. 595

Those channels turgid with th' obstructed tide
Stretch their small holes, and make their meshes wide,
By skilful nature pierc'd on ev'ry side.

Mean time the labour'd chyle pervades the pores
In all the arterial perforated shores. 600

The liquid food which thro' those pass'es thrives
To ev'ry part just reparation gives :

Through holes of various figures various juice
Innuates, to serve for nature's use.

See softer fibres to the flesh are sent, 605
While the thin membrane finer strings augment.

The tough and strong are on the sinews laid,
And to the bones the harder are convey'd.

But what the mass nutritious does divide,
To different parts the different portions guide ; 610

What makes them aptly to the limbs adhere,
In youth augment them, and in age repair,

The deepest search could never yet declare.

Nor less contrivance, nor less curious art
Surprise, and please in every other part. 615

See, how the nerves with equal wisdom made,
Arising from the tender brain, pervade

And secret pass in pairs the channell'd bone,
And thence advance through paths and roads unknown.

Form'd of the finest complicated thread, 620
These num'rous cords are through the body spread.

A thousand branches from each trunk they send,
Some to the limbs, some to the bowels tend.

Part in strait lines, part in transverse are found,
One forms a crooked figure, one a round. 625

The entrails these embrace in spiral strings,
Those clasp th' arterial tubes in tender rings :

The tendons some compacted close produce,
And some thin fibres for the skin diffuse.

These subtle channels, such is ev'ry nerve, 630
For vital functions, sense, and motion serve.

Included spirits through their secret road
Pass to and fro, as through the veins the blood.

Some to the heart advancing take their way,
Which move and make the beating muscle play. 635

Part to the spleen, part to the liver go,
 These to the lungs, those to the stomach flow.
 They help to labour and concoct the food,
 Refine the chyle, and animate the blood :
 Exalt the ferments, and the strainers aid, 640
 That by a constant separation made,
 They may a due œconomy maintain,
 Exclude the noxious parts, the good retain.

Yet we these wondrous functions never perceive,
 Functions, by which we move, by which we live : 645
 Unconscious we these motions never heed,
 Whether they err, or by just laws proceed.

But other spirits govern'd by the will
 Shoot through their tracks, and distant muscles fill.
 This sovereign, by his arbitrary nod 650
 Refrains or sends his Ministers abroad.
 Swift and obedient to his high command,
 They stir a finger, or they lift a hand ;
 They tune our voices, or they move our eyes ;
 By these we walk, or from the ground arise : 655
 By these we turn, by these the body bend ;
 Contract a limb at pleasure, or extend.

And though these spirits, which obliquous go,
 Know not the paths, through which they ready flow,
 Nor can our mind instruct them in their way, 660
 Of all their roads as ignorant as they ;
 Yet seldom erring they attain their end,
 And reach that single part, which we intend.

Unguided they a just distinction make,
 This muscle swell, and leave the other slack. 665
 And when their force this limb or that infects,
 Our will the measure of that force directs,
 The spirits which distend them, as we please
 Exert their power or from their duty cease.

Then out-guards of the mind are sent abroad, 670
 And still patrolling beat the neighb'ring road :
 Or to the parts remote obedient fly,
 Keep posts advanc'd, and on the frontier lie ;
 The watchful centinels at ev'ry gate,
 At ev'ry passage to the senses wait. 675

Still travel to and fro the nervous way,
 And their impressions to the brain convey,
 Where their report the vital envoys make,
 And with new orders are remanded back.
 Quick, as a darted beam of light, they go, 680
 Through diff'rent paths to diff'rent organs flow,
 Whence they reflect as swiftly to the brain,
 To give it pleasure or to give it pain.

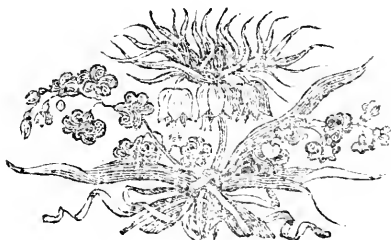
Thus has the muse a daring wing display'd,
 Through trackless skies ambitious flight essay'd, 685
 To sing the wonders of the human frame;
 But oh! bewails her weak unequal flame.

Ye skilful masters of Machaon's race,
 Who nature's mazy intricacies trace,
 And to sublimer spheres of knowledge rise 690
 By manag'd fire and late-invented eyes;

Tell how your search has here eluded been,
 How oft amaz'd and ravish'd you have seen
 The conduct, prudence, and stupendous art,
 And master-strokes in each mechanic part. 695

Tell, what delightful mysteries remain
 Unfung, which my inferior voice disdain.

Who can this field of miracles survey,
 And not with Galen all in rapture say,
 Behold a God, adore him, and obey! 700



BOOK VII.

The Argument.

The introduction, in imitation of King Solomon's ironical conceits to the Deity, &c. The Creator asserts his own, the contemplation of animals. Of their sense of hearing, taste, smelling, and especially of feeling. Of the nobler operation of a rational compound called indidit. The Creator demonstrates farther from the contemplation of human understanding, and the perfections of the mind. The velocity and swiftness of thought. Simple perception. Reflection. Of the mind's power of abstracting, uniting, and separating ideas. Of the faculty of reasoning, or deducing one proposition from two others. The power of human understanding in inventing several works, and in other instances. The mind's self-determining power, or freedom of choice. Her power of electing an end, and chusing means to attain that end. Of controlling our appetites, rejecting pleasures, and chusing pain, want, and death itself, in hopes of happiness in a distant unknown state of life. The conclusion, being a short recapitulation of the whole; with a hymn to the Creator of the world.

WHILE rosy youth its perfect bloom maintains,
Thoughtless of age, and ignorant of pains :
While from the heart rich streams with vigour spring,
Bound thro' their roads, and dance their vital ring,
And spirits, swift as sun-beams thro' the skies, 5
Dart thro' thy nerves, and sparkle in thy eyes ;
While nature with full strength thy sinews arms,
Glow in thy cheeks, and triumphs in her charms,
Indulge thy instincts, and intent on ease
With ravishing delight thy senses please. 10

Since no black clouds dishonour now the sky,
No winds, but balmy genial zephyrs fly,
Eager embark, and to th' inviting gale
Thy pendants loose, and spread thy silken sail ;
Sportive advance on pleasure's wanton tide 15
Thro' flow'ry scenes, diffus'd on either side.

See how the hours their painted wings display,
And draw, like harness'd doves, the smiling day !
Shall this glad spring, when active ferments climb,
These months, the fairest progeny of time, 20
The brightest parts in all duration's train,
Ask thee to seize thy bliss, and ask in vain ?
To their prevailing smiles thy heart reign,
And wisely make the proffer'd blessings thine.

Near some fair river, on reclining land, 25
Midst groves and fountains let thy palace stand.
Let Parian walls unrivall'd pomp display,
And gilded towers reflect augmented day.

Let prophyry pillars in high rows uphold
 The azure roof enrich'd with veins of gold : 30
 And the fair creatures of the sculpor's art
 Part grace thy palace, and thy garden part.
 Here let the scentful spoils of opening flow'rs
 Breathe from thy citron walks and jessamine bow'rs,
 Hesperian blossoms in thy bosom smell ; 35
 Let all Arabia in thy garments dwell.

That costly banquets and delicious feasts
 May crown thy table to regale thy guests,
 Banish the hills, and ev'ry park and wood,
 The lake unpeople, and despoil the flood. 40
 Procure each feather'd luxury, that beats
 Its native air, or from its clime retreats,
 And by alternate transmigration flies
 O'er interpoling seas, and changes skies :
 Let artful cooks to raise their relish strive, 45
 With all the spicy taste the Indies give.

While wreaths of roses round thy temple twine,
 Enjoy the sparkling blessings of the vine ;
 Let the warm nectar all thy veins inspire,
 Solace thy heart, and raise the vital fire. 50

Next let the charms of heavenly music cheer
 Thy soul with rapture list'ning in thy ear.
 Let tuneful chiefs exert their skill, to show
 What artful joys from manag'd sound can flow :
 Now hear the melting voice and trembling string, 55
 Let Pepusch touch the lyre, and Margarita sing.

While wanton ferments swell thy glowing veins,
 To the warm passion give the slacken'd reins ;
 Thy gazing eyes with blooming beauty feast,
 Receive its dart, and hug it in thy breast, 60
 From fair to fair with gay inconstance rove,
 Taste ev'ry sweet, and cloy thy soul with love.

But midst thy boundless joy, unbridled youth,
 Remember still this sad, but certain truth,
 That thou at last severely must account ; 65
 To what will thy congested guilt amount !

Allow a God ; he must our deeds regard ;
 A righteous judge must punish and reward.

Yet that he rears no high tribunal here,
 Impartial justice to dispense, is clear. 70
 His sword unpunish'd criminals defy,
 Nor by his thunder does the tyrant die :
 While Heaven's adorers, press'd with want and pain,
 Their unrewarded innocence maintain.
 See his right hand he unextended keeps, 75
 Though long provok'd, th' unactive vengeance sleeps.
 Hence we a world succeeding this infer,
 Where he his justice will assert ; prepare
 To stand arraign'd before his awful bar.
 Where wilt thou hide thy ignominious head ? 80
 Shudd'ring with horror what hast thou to plead ?
 Despairing wretch, he'll frown thee from his throne,
 And by his wrath will make his being known.
 Yet more religion's empire to support,
 To push the foe, and make our last effort ; 85
 Let beings with attention be review'd,
 Which, not alone with vital power endu'd,
 Can move themselves, can organiz'd perceive
 The various strokes, which various objects give.
 By laws mechanic can Lucretius tell 90
 How living creatures see, or hear, or smell ?
 How is the image to the sense convey'd ?
 On the tun'd organ how the impulse made ?
 How, and by what more noble part, the brain
 Perceives th' idea, can their schools explain ? 95
 'Tis clear, in that superior seat alone
 The judge of objects has her secret throne ;
 Since, a limb sever'd by the wounding steel,
 We still may pain, as in that member, feel.
 Mark how the spirits watchful in the ear 100
 Seize undulating sounds, and catch the vocal air.
 Observe how others, that the tongue possess,
 Which salts of various shape and size impress,
 From their affected fibres upward dart,
 And diff'rent tastes by diff'rent strokes impart. 105
 Remark, how those, which in the nostril dwell,
 That artful organ destin'd for the smell,

By vapours mov'd their passage upward take,
And scents unpleasant or delightful make.

If in the tongue, the nostril, and the ear, 110
No skill, no wisdom, no design appear,
Lucretians, next regard the curious eye,
Can you no art, no prudence there descry?

By your mechanic principles in vain
The sense of sight you labour to explain. 115

You say, from all the objects of the eye,
Thin colour'd shapes uninterrupted fly :
As wand'ring ghosts, so ancient poets feign,
Skim thro' the air, and sweep th' infernal plain,
So these light figures roam by day and night, 120
But undiscover'd, till betray'd by light.

But can corporeal forms with so much ease
Meet in their flight a thousand images,
And yet no conflict, no collisive force
Break their thin texture, and disturb their course? 125

What fix'd their parts, and made them so cohere,
That they the picture of the object wear?
What is the shape, that from a body flies?
What moves, what propagates, what multiplies
And paints one image in a thousand eyes? 130

When to the eye the crowding figures pass,
How in a point can all possess a place,
And lie distinguish'd in such narrow space?
Since all perception in the brain is made,
(Tho' where and how was never yet display'd) 135

And since so great a distance lies between
The eye-balls and the seat of sense within,
While in the eye th' arrested object stays,
Tell what th' idea to the brain conveys?

You say, the spirits in the optic nerve, 140
Mov'd by the intercepted image, serve
To bear th' impression to the brain, and give
The stroke, by which the object we perceive.

How does the brain touch'd with a diff'rent stroke
The whale distinguish from the marble rock; 145
Pronounce this tree a cedar, that an oak?

Can spirits weak or stronger blows express,
 One body greater and another less?
 How do they make us space and distance know?
 At once distinct a thousand objects show? 150

Lucretians, now proceed; contemplate all
 The nobler actions of the animal,
 Which instinct some, some lower reason call.
 Say, what contexture did by chance arrive,
 Which to brute creatures did that instinct give 155
 Whence they at sight discern and dread their foe,
 Their food distinguish, and their physic know?
 By which the lion learns to hunt his prey,
 And the weak herd to fear and fly away;
 The birds contrive inimitable nests, 160
 And dens are haunted by the forest beasts;
 Whence some in subterranean dwellings hide,
 These in the rocks, and these in woods abide;
 Whence tim'rous beasts thro' hills and lawns pursu'd,
 By artful shifts the rav'ning foe elude. 165

What various wonders may observers see
 In a small insect, the sagacious bee!
 Mark how the little untaught builders square
 Their rooms, and in the dark their lodgings rear!
 Nature's mechanics they unweari'd strive, 170
 And fill with curious labyrinths the hive.
 See, what bright strokes of architecture shine
 Thro' the whole frame, what beauty, what design!
 Each odoriferous cell, and waxen tow'r,
 The yellow pillage of the ruffled flow'r. 175
 Has twice three sides, the only figure fit
 To which the lab'ers may their stores commit
 Without the loss of matter, or of room,
 In all the wondrous structure of the comb.
 Next view, spectator, with admiring eyes, 180
 In what just order all the apartment's rise!
 So regular their equal sides cohere,
 Th' adapted angles to each other bear,
 That by mechanic rules rais'd and bold
 They are at once upheld, at once uphold. 185

Does not this skill ev'n vie with reason's reach?
 Can Euclid more, can more Palladin teach?
 Each verdant hill th' industrious chymists climb,
 Extract the riches of the blooming thyme,
 And provident of winter long before, 190
 They stock their caves, and hoard their flow'ry store.
 In peace they rule their state with prudent care,
 Wisely defend, or wage offensive war.
 Maro, these wonders offer'd to his thought,
 Felt his known ardour, and the rapture caught; 195
 Then rais'd his voice, and in immortal lays
 Did, high as Heaven, the inert nation raise.

If, Epicurus, this whole artful frame
 Does not a wise creator's hand proclaim;
 To view the intellectual world advance; 200
 Is this the creature too of fate or chance?
 Turn on itself thy god-like reason's ray,
 Thy mind contemplate, and its powers survey.

What high perfections grace the human mind,
 In flesh imprison'd, and to earth confin'd! 205
 What vigour has she? what a piercing sight?
 Strong as the winds, and sprightly as the light?
 She moves unwear'd, as the active fire,
 And like the flame, her flights to heaven aspire.
 By day her thoughts in never-ceasing streams 210
 Flow clear, by night they strive in troubled dreams.
 She draws ten thousand landscapes in the brain,
 Dresses of airy forms an endless train,
 Which all her intellectual scenes prepare,
 Enter by turns the stage, and disappear. 215
 To the remoter regions of the sky
 Her swift-wing'd thought can in a moment fly;
 Climb to the heights of heav'n, to be employ'd
 In viewing thence th' interminable void.
 Can look beyond the stream or time, to see 220
 The stagnant ocean of eternity.
 Thoughts in an instant thro' the zodiac run,
 A year's long journey for the lab'ring sun:
 Then down they shoot, as swift as darting light,
 Nor can opposing clouds retard their flight: 225

Thro' subterranean vaults with ease they sweep,
And search the hidden wonders of the deep.

When man with reason dignify'd is born,
No images his naked mind adorn :

No sciences or arts enrich his brain, 230
Nor fancy yet displays her pictur'd train.

He no innate ideas can discern
Of knowledge destitute, tho' apt to learn.

Our intellectual, like the body's eye,
Whilst in the womb, no object can descry ; 235

Yet is dispos'd to entertain the light,
And judge of things when offer'd to the sight.

When objects thro' the senses passage gain,
And fill with various imagin'ry the brain,

Th' ideas, which the mind does thence perceive, 240
To think and know the first occasion give.

Did she not use the senses ministry,
Nor ever taste, or smell, or hear, or see,

Could she possess of pow'r perceptive be ?
Wretches, who sightless into being came, 245

Of light or colour no idea frame.

Then grant a man his being did commence,
Deny'd by nature each external sense.

Their ports unopen'd, dissident we guess,
Th' unconscious soul no image could possess. 250

Tho' what in such a state the restless train
Of spirits would produce, we ask in vain.

The mind proceeds, and to reflection goes,
Perceives she does perceive, and knows she knows.

Reviews her acts, and does from thence conclude 255
She is with reason and with choice endu'd.

From individuals of distinguish'd kind,
By her abstracting faculty, the mind

Precisely general natures can conceive,
And birth to notions universal give. 260

The various modes of things distinctly shows,
A pure respect, a nice relation knows,

And sees whence each respect and each relation flows.

By her abstracting pow'r in pieces takes
The mixt and compound whole, which nature makes.

- On objects of the senses she refines,
 Beings by nature separated join,
 And severs qualities, which that combines.
 The mind from things repugnant, some respects
 In which their natures are alike, selects,
 And can some difference and unlikeness see,
 In things which seem entirely to agree ;
 She does distinguish here, and there unite,
 The mark of judgment that, and this of wit.
 As she can reckon, sep'rate and compare,
 Conceive what order, rule, proportion are,
 So from one thought she still can more infer.
 Maxim from maxim can by force express,
 And make discover'd truths associate truths confess.
 On plain foundations, which our reason lays,
 She can stupendous frames of science raise :
 Notion on notion built will tow'ring rise,
 Till th' intellectual fabrics reach the skies.
 The mathematic axioms, which appear
 By scientific demonstration clear,
 The master builders on two pillars rear.
 From two plain problems by laborious thought
 Is all the wondrous superstructure wrought.
 The soul, as mention'd, can herself inspect,
 By acts reflex can view her acts direct ;
 A task too hard for sense ; for tho' the eye
 Its own reflected image can descry,
 Yet it ne'er saw the light, by which it sees,
 Vision affords no colour'd images.
 The mind's tribunal can reports reflect
 Made by the senses, and their faults correct.
 The magnitude of distant stars it knows,
 Which erring sense, as twinkling tapers shows.
 Crooked the shape our cheated eye believes,
 Which thro' a double medium it receives ;
 Superior mind does a right judgment make,
 Declares it strait, and mends the eye's mistake.
 Where dwells this sovereign arbitrary soul,
 Which does the human animal control,
 Inform each part, and agitate the whole ?

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O'er ministerial senses does preside,
 To all their various provinces divide,
 Each member move, and ev'ry motion guide.
 Which by her secret uncontested nod
 Her messengers the spirits sends abroad, 310
 Thro' ev'ry nervous pass, and ev'ry vital road.
 To fetch from ev'ry distant part a train,
 Of outer objects to enrich the brain.
 Where sits this bright intelligence enthron'd,
 With numberless ideas pour'd around? 315
 Where wisdom, prudence, contemplation stand,
 And busy phantoms watch her high command:
 Where sciences and arts in order wait,
 And truths divine compose her godlike state.
 Can the dissecting steel the brain display, 320
 And the august apartment open lay,
 Where this great queen still chuses to reside
 In intellectual pomp, and bright ideal pride?
 Or can the eye assisted by the glass
 Discern the strait but hospitable place, 325
 In which ten thousand images remain,
 Without confusion, and their rank maintain?
 How does this wondrous principle of thought
 Perceive the object by the senses brought?
 What philosophic builder will essay 330
 By rules mechanic to unfold the way
 How a machine must be dispos'd to think,
 Ideas how to frame, and how to link?
 Tell us, Lucretius, Epicurus tell,
 And you in wit unrivall'd shall excel, 335
 How through the outward sense the object flies,
 How in the soul her images arise.
 What thinking, what perception is, explain;
 What all the airy creatures of the brain;
 How to the mind a thought reflected goes, 340
 And how the conscious engine knows it knows.
 The mind a thousand skilful works can frame,
 Can form deep projects to procure her aim.
 Merchants for Eastern pearl and golden ore
 To cross the main, and reach the Indian shore, 345

Prepare the floating ship, and spread the sail,
 To catch the impulsive of the breathing gale.
 Warriors in framing schemes their wisdom show,
 To disappoint or circumvent the foe.
 Th' ambitious statesman labours dark designs, 350
 Now open force employs, now undermines:
 By paths direct his end he now pursues,
 By side approaches now, and flanting views.
 See, how resistless orators persuade,
 Draw out their forces, and the heart invade: 355
 Touch ev'ry spring and movement of the soul,
 This appetite excite, and that control.
 Their powerful voice can flying troops arrest,
 Confirm the weak, and melt th' obdurate breast;
 Chace from the sad their melancholy air, 360
 Sooth discontent, and solace anxious care.
 When threat'ing tides of rage and anger rise,
 Usurp the throne, and reason's sway despise,
 When in the tents of life this tempest reigns,
 Beats through the heart, and drives along the veins, 365
 See, eloquence with force persuasive binds
 The restless waves, and charms the warring winds:
 Resistless bids tumultuous uproar cease,
 Recals the calm, and gives the bottom peace.
 Did not the mind, on heav'nly joy intent, 370
 The various kinds of harmony invent?
 She the theorbo, she the viol found,
 And all the moving melody of sound.
 She gave to breathing tubes a power unknown,
 To speak inspir'd with accents not their own; 375
 Taught tuneful sons of music how to sing,
 How by vibrations of th' extended string,
 And manag'd impulse on the suff'ring air,
 T' extort the rapture, and delight the ear.
 See, how celestial reason does command 380
 The ready pencil in the painter's hand;
 Whose strokes affect with nature's self to vie,
 And with false life amuse the doubtful eye.
 Behold the strong emotions of the mind
 Exerted in the eyes, and in the face design'd. 385

Such is the artifi's wondrous power, that we
 Ev'n pictur'd souls, and colour'd passions see,
 Where without words (peculiar eloquence)
 The busy figures speak their various sense.
 What living face does more distress or woe, 390
 More finish'd shame, confusion, honor know,
 Than what the masters of the pencil show?

Mean time the chizel with the pencil vies;
 The sister arts dispute the doubtful prize.
 Are human limbs, ev'n in their vital state, 395
 More just and strong, more free and delicate,
 Than Bounorota's curious tools create?

He to the rock can vital instincts give,
 Which thus transform'd can rage, rejoice, or grieve.
 His skilful hand does marble veins inspire 400

Now with the lover's, now the hero's fire,
 So well the imagin'd actors play their part,
 The silent hypocrites such power exert,
 That passions, which they feel not, they bestow,
 Affright us with their fear, and melt us with their woe.
 There Niobe leans weeping on her arm, 405
 How her sad looks and beauteous sorrow charm?

See here a Venus soft in Parian stone,
 A Pallas there to ancient fables known;
 That from the rock arose, not from the main, 410
 This not from Jove's, but from the sculptor's brain.

Admire the carver's fertile energy,
 With ravish'd eyes his happy offspring see.
 What beauteous figures by th' unrivall'd art
 Of British Gibbons from the cedar start? 420

He makes that tree unnative charms assume,
 U'p gay honours, and another's bloom.
 The various fruits, which different climates bear,
 And all the pride the fields and gardens wear:
 While from unjuicy limbs without a root 425
 New buds devis'd, and leafy branches shoot.

As human kind can by an act direct
 Perceive and know, then reason and reflect:
 So the self-moving spring has power to chuse,
 These methods to reject, and those to use. 430

She can design and prosecute an end,
 Exert her vigour or her act suspend.
 Free from the insults of all foreign power,
 She does her godlike liberty secure :
 Her right and high prerogative maintains, 435
 Impatient of the yoke, and scorns coercive chains.
 She can her airy train of forms disband,
 And makes new levees at her own command.
 O'er her ideas sovereign she presides,
 At pleasure these unites, and those divides. 440
 The ready phantoms at her nod advance,
 And form the busy intellectual dance :
 While her fair scenes to vary or supply,
 She singles out fit images that lie
 In memory's records which faithful hold 445
 Objects immense in secret marks enroll'd,
 The sleeping forms at her command awake,
 And now return, and now their cells forsake ;
 On active fancy's crowded theatre,
 As she directs, they rise or disappear. 450
 Objects, which through the senses make their way,
 And just impressions to the soul convey,
 Give her occasion first herself to move,
 And to exert her hatred, or her love.
 Ideas, which to some impulsive seem, 455
 Act not upon the mind, but that on them.
 When she to foreign objects audience gives,
 Their strokes and motions in the brain perceives,
 As these perceptions we ideas name,
 From her own power and active nature came, 560
 So when discern'd by intellectual light,
 Her self her various passions does excite,
 To ill her hate, to good her appetite :
 To shun the first, the latter to procure,
 She chuses means by free elective power. 465
 She can their various habitudes survey,
 Debate their fitness and their merit weigh,
 And while the means suggested she compares,
 She to the rivals this or that prefers.

By her superior power the reas'ning soul
 Can each reluctant appetite control :
 Can ev'ry passion rule, and ev'ry sense,
 Change nature's courié, and with her laws dispense :
 Our breathing to prevent, she can arrest
 Th' extension, or contraction of the breast :
 When pain'd with hunger we can food refuse,
 And wholesome abstinence, or famine chuse.
 Can the wild beast his instinct disobey,
 And from his jaws release the captive prey ?
 Or hungry herds on verdant pastures lie
 Mindless to eat, and resolute to die ?
 With heat expiring, can the panting hart
 Patient of thirst from the cool stream depart ?
 Can brutes at will imprison'd breath detain ?
 Torment prefer to ease, and life disdain ?
 From all restraint, from all compulsion free,
 Unforc'd, and unnecessitated, we
 Ourselves determine, and our freedom prove,
 When this we fly, and to that object move.
 Had not the mind a power to will and chuse,
 One object to embrace, and one refuse ?
 Could she not act, or not her act suspend,
 As it obstructed or advanced her end ?
 Virtue and vice were names without a cause,
 This would not hate deserve, nor that applause.
 Justice in vain has high tribunals rear'd,
 Whom can her sentence punish, whom reward ?
 If impious children should their father kill,
 Can they be wicked, when they cannot will ?
 When only causes foreign and unseen
 Strike with resistless force the springs within,
 Whence in the engine man all motion must begin.
 Are vapours guilty, which the vintage blast ?
 Are storms proscrib'd, which lay the forest waste ?
 Why lies the wretch then tortur'd on the wheel,
 If forc'd to treason or compell'd to steal ?
 Why does the warrior by auspicious fate
 With laurels crown'd, and clad in robes of state,

In triumph ride amidst the gazing throng,
 Deaf with applauses, and the poet's song; 510
 If the victorious, but the brute machine
 Did only wreaths inevitable win;
 And no wise choice or vigilance has shown?
 Mov'd by a fatal impulse, not his own?

Should trains of atoms human sense impel, 515
 Though not so fierce, so strong, so visible
 As soldiers arm'd, and do not men arrest
 With clubs upheld and daggers at their breast,
 Yet means compulsive are not plainer shown,
 When ruffians drive, or conquerors drag us on: 520
 As much we're forc'd, when by an atom's sway
 Control'd as when a tyrant we obey:
 And by whatever cause constrain'd to act,
 We merit no reward, no guilt contract.

Our mind of rulers feels a conscious awe, 525
 Reverses their justice, and regards their law.
 She rectitude and deviation knows,
 That vice from one, from one that virtue flows.
 Of these she feels unlike effects within,
 From virtue pleasure, and remorse from sin. 530
 Hopes of a just reward by that are fed,
 By this of wrath vindictive secret dread.
 The mind which thus can rules of duty learn,
 Can right from wrong, and good from ill discern.
 Which the sharp stroke of justice to prevent 535
 Can shame express, can grieve, reflect, repent;
 From fate or chance her rise can never draw,
 Those causes know not virtue, vice, or law.

She can a life succeeding this conceive,
 Of bliss or woe an endless state believe. 540
 Dreading the just and universal doom,
 And aw'd by fears of punishment to come,
 By hopes excited of a glorious crown,
 And certain pleasures in a world unknown;
 She can the fond desires of sense restrain, 545
 Renounce delight, and chuse distress and pain:
 Can rush on danger, can destruction face,
 Joyful relinquish life, and death embrace.

She to afflicted virtue can adhere,
 And chains and want to prosp'rous guilt prefer; 550
 Unmov'd these wild tempestuous steps survey,
 And view serene this restless rolling sea.
 In vain the monsters which the coast infest,
 Spend all their rage to interrupt her rest:
 Her charming song the syren sings in vain, 555
 She can the tuneful hypocrite disdain:
 Fix'd and unchang'd the faithless world behold,
 Deaf to its threats, and to its favour cold.

Sages remark, we labour not to show
 The will is free, but that the man is so. 560
 For what enlighten'd reas'ner can declare
 What human will and understanding are?
 What science from those objects can we frame
 Of which we little know, besides the name?
 The learned, who with anatomic art 565
 Dissect the mind, and thinking substance part,
 And various powers and faculties assert;
 Perhaps by such abstraction of the mind
 Divide the things that are in nature join'd,
 What masters of the schools can make it clear 570
 Those faculties, which two to them appear,
 Are not residing in the soul the same,
 And not distinct, but by a diff'rent name?

Thus has the muse pursu'd her hardy theme,
 And sung the wonders of this artful name. 575
 E'er yet one subterranean arch was made,
 One cavern vaulted, or one girder laid:
 Ere the high rocks did o'er the shores arise,
 Or snowy mountains tower'd amidst the skies;
 Before the wat'ry troops fil'd off from land, 580
 And lay amidst the rocks intrench'd in sand;
 Before the air its bosom did unfold,
 Or burnish'd orbs in blue expansion roll'd;
 She sung how nature then in embryo lay,
 And did the secrets of her birth display. 585

When, after, at th' Almighty's high command,
 Obedient waves divided from the land;

And shades and lazy mists were chas'd away,
 While rosy light diffus'd the tender day:
 When uproar ceas'd, and wild confusion fled, 590
 And new-born nature rais'd her beauteous head,
 She sung the frame of this terrestrial pile,
 The hills, the rocks, the rivers and the soil.
 She view'd the sandy frontiers, which restrain
 The noisy insults of th' imprison'd main: 595
 Rang'd o'er the wide diffusion of the waves,
 The moist cerulean walks, and search'd the coral caves.

She then survey'd the fluid fields of air,
 And the crude seeds of meteors fashion'd there.
 Then with continu'd flight she sped her way, 500
 Mounted, and bold pursu'd the source of day.
 With wonder of celestial motions sung,
 How the pois'd orbs are in the vacant hung;
 How the bright sluices of ethereal light
 Now shut, defend the empire of the night, 505
 And now drawn up with wise alternate care,
 Let floods of glory out, and spread with day the air.

Then with a daring wing she soar'd sublime,
 From realm to realm, from orb to orb did climb.
 Swift through the spacious gulph she urg'd her way, 610
 At length emerged in empyrean day:
 Where far, oh far, beyond what mortals see,
 In the void districts of immensity;
 The mind new suns, new planets can explore,
 And yet beyond can still imagine more. 615

Thus in bold numbers did th' advent'rous muse
 To sing the lifeless parts of nature chuse,
 And then advanc'd to wonders yet behind,
 Survey'd, and sung the vegetable kind.
 Did lorty woods, and humble brakes review, 620
 Along the valley swept and o'er the mountain flew.
 Then left the flow'ry field and waving grove,
 And unfatigu'd with grateful labour strove
 To climb th' amazing heights of sense, and sing
 The power preceptive, and the inward spring 625
 Which agitates and guides each living thing.



BLACKMORE.

She hung the frame of this terrestrial pile,
The Mills the Locks the Rivers and the Soil;
She view'd the sandy frontiers which restrain,
The noble insults of the imprison'd main.

Vid. Poet. 7 Line 52; Page 177

She next essay'd the embryo's rise to trace
 From an unfashion'd, rude, unchannell'd mass ;
 And sung how spirits waken'd in the brain
 Exert their force, and genial toil maintain ; 630
 Erect the beating heart, the channels frame,
 Unfold entangled limbs, and kindle vital flame.
 How the small pipes are in meanders laid,
 And bounding life is to and fro convey'd.
 How spirits, which for sense and motion serve, 635
 Unguided find the perforated nerve.
 Through every dark recess pursue their flight,
 Unconscious of the road and void of light,
 Yet certain of the end still guide their motions right.

From thence a nobler flight she did essay, 640
 The mind's extended empire to survey.
 She sung the godlike principle of thought,
 And how from objects by the senses brought,
 The intellectual imagery is wrought.
 How she the modes of beings can discern, 645
 A nice respect, a mere relation learn :
 Can all the thin abstracted notions reach
 Which Grecian wits, or Britain, thine can teach.

Thus has the muse strove to display a part
 Of those unnumber'd miracles of art ; 650
 Of prudence, conduct, and a wise design,
 Which to th' attentive thought conspicuous shine.

Still vanquish'd atheists, will you keep the field,
 And hard in error still refuse to yield ?
 See, all your broken arms lie spread around, 655
 And ignominious rout deforms the ground.
 Be wise, and once admonish'd by a foe, [know.
 Where lies your strength, and where your weakness
 No more at reason's solemn bar appear,
 Hardy no more scholastic weapons bear. 660
 Disband your feeble forces, and decline
 The war, no more in tinsel armour shine ;
 Nor shake your bulrush spears, but swift repair
 To your strong place of arms, the scoffer's chair ;
 And thence supported with a mocking ring, 665
 Sarcastic darts and keen invectives fling

Against your foes, and scornful at your feasts

Religion vanquish with decisive jests :

Arm'd with resistless laughter heav'n assail,

Relinquish reason, and let mirth prevail. 670

Good heav'n ! that men, who vaunt discerning sight,

And arrogant from wisdom's distant height

Look down on vulgar mortals, who revere

A cause supreme, should their proud building rear

Without one prop the pondrous pile to bear. 675

How much the judge, who does in heav'n preside,

Re-mocks the scoffer, and contemns his pride !

Behold, the sad unutterable hour

Advances near, which will his error cure ;

When he compell'd shall drink the watchful bowl, 680

And ruin'd feel immortal vengeance roll

Thro' all his veins, and drench his inmost soul.

O'erwhelm'd with horror, sunk in deep despair,

And lost for ever, will the wretch forbear

To curse his madness, and blaspheme the power 685

Of his just Sovereign, which he mock'd before ?

Hail king supreme ! of pow'r immense abyss !

Father of light ! exhaustless source of bliss !

Thou uncreated, self-existent cause,

Controll'd by no superior being's laws ; 690

Ere infant light essay'd to dart the ray,

Smil'd heavenly sweet, and try'd to kindle day ;

Ere the wide fields of æther were display'd,

Or silver stars, cerulean spheres inlaid ;

Ere yet the eldest child of time was born, 695

Or verdant pride young nature did adorn,

Thou art ; and didst eternity employ

In unmolested peace, in plenitude of joy.

In its ideal frame the world design'd

From ages past lay finish'd in thy mind. 700

Conform to this divine imagin'd plan,

With perfect art th' amazing work began.

Thy glance survey'd the solitary plains,

Where shapeless shade inert and silent reigns ;

Then in the dark and undistinguish'd space, 705
 Unfruitful, uninclos'd and wild of face, [place.
 Thy compass for the world mark'd out the destin'd
 Then didst thou thro' the fields of barren night
 Go forth, collected in creating might.
 Where thou almighty vigour didst exert, 710
 Which eminent did this and that way dart
 Thro' the black bosom of the empty space :
 The gulphs conceal'd th' omnipotent embrace,
 And pregnant grown with elemental seed,
 Unfinish'd oceans, and worlds in embryo breed. 715
 From the crude mass omniscient architect,
 Thou for each part materials didst select,
 And with a master-hand thy world erect.
 Labour'd by thee, the globes, vast lucid buoys,
 By thee uplifted float in liquid skies. 720
 By thy cementing word their parts cohere,
 And roll by thy impulsive nod in air.
 Thou in the vacant didst the earth suspend,
 Advance the mountains, and the vales extend ;
 People the plains with flocks, with beasts the wood,
 And store with tealy colonies the flood. 726
 Next man arose, at thy creating word,
 Of thy terrestrial realms vicegerent lord.
 His soul more artful labour, more refin'd,
 And emulous of bright seraphic mind, 730
 Ennobled by thy image spotless shone,
 Prais'd thee her author, and ador'd thy throne :
 Able to know, admire, enjoy her God,
 She did her high felicity applaud.
 Since thou didst all the spacious worlds display, 735
 Homage to thee let all obedient pay.
 Let glitt'ring stars that dance their destin'd ring
 Sublime in sky, with vocal planets sing
 Confed'rate praise to thee, O great creator king.
 Let the thin districts of the waving air, 740
 Conveyancers of sound, thy skill declare.
 Let winds, the breathing creatures of the skies,
 Call in each vig'rous gale, that roving flies

By land or sea, then one loud triumph raise,
And all their blasts employ in songs of praise. 745

While painted herald-birds thy deeds proclaim,
And on their spreading wings convey thy fame :
Let eagles, which in heaven's blue concave soar,
Scornful of earth superior seats explore,
And rise with breasts erect against the sun, 750
Be ministers to bear thy bright renown,
And carry ardent praises to thy throne.

Ye fish assume a voice, with praises fill
The hollow rock, and loud reactive hill.
Let lions with their roar their thanks express, 755
With acclamations shake the wilderness.
Let thunder clouds, that float from pole to pole,
With salves loud salute thee as they roll.
Ye monsters of the sea, ye noisy waves
Strike with applausè the repercussive caves. 760
Let hail and rain, let meteors form'd of fire
And lambent flames in this blest work conspire.
Let the high cedar and the mountain pine
Lowly to thee, great king, their heads incline,
Let ev'ry spicy odoriferous tree 765
Present its incense, and its balm to thee.

And then, heav'n's viceroy o'er this world below,
In this blest task superior ardour show :
To view thyself indeed thy reason's ray,
Nature's replenish'd theatre survey ; 770
Then all on fire the author's skill adore,
And in loud songs extol creating pow'r.

Degenerate minds in mazy error lost
May combat heav'n, and impious triumphs boast ;
But while my veins feel animating fires, 775
And vital air this breathing breast inspires,
Grateful to heav'n I'll stretch a pious wing,
And sing his praise, who gave me pow'r to sing. 778

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
T. SMOLLETT, M. D.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

-----Who dar'd with manly rage
To lath the vices of an impious age?
Who dar'd to seize the hold historic pen,
Paint living kings and ministers as men?
Who sung sad scotia's hapless sons forlorn,
Her broken peace, her freshest laurels torn?
O! who, in oaten reed by Leven's side,
Sung the fair stream, and hail'd the dimpling tide?
Say ye--- whose lyre to manly numbers strung,
The glorious bliss of *Independence* sung?
Who felt that power, and still ador'd his throne?
It was your Smollett!-----

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THE
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OF
TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.

CONTAINING HIS
SATIRES, | SONGS,
ELEGIES, | ODE TO INDEPENDENCE,
ODES, | THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND,
&c. &c. &c.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose looks sublime,
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
Ode to Independence.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOK

LIFE OF
T. SMOLLETT, M. D.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, an author whose writings will transmit his name with honour to posterity, was born in 1720, at a small village called Dalquhurn, within two miles of Cameron, on the banks of the Leven, in Scotland. He received a classical education, at the grammar school of Dunbarton, and was put apprentice to a surgeon in Glasgow, and afterwards attended the medical classes in Edinburgh; but left the university without taking a degree.

While he pursued his medical studies at Edinburgh, he wrote at the age of eighteen a tragedy founded on the story of the assassination of James I. of Scotland by his uncle Walter Stuart, Earl of Athol, in 1437. In 1739 he went to London, the great field of genius and exertion: but did not meet with that success which he expected would have been the result of the patronage of some literary friends, to whom he had been strongly recommended; so that his outset in life was in the capacity of a surgeon's mate in the navy.

It is said, and probably with some truth, that the chief incidents in the early part of his life were given to the public, in one of the first and best of his productions, the Novel of Roderic Random; however, whether that report is well founded or not, certain it is, that he was at the siege of Carthagen, and, in the beforementioned novel, he has given a faithful account of the management of that ill-conducted expedition, which he censures in the warmest terms, from circumstances which fell under his own particular observation; and he is supposed to have been the editor of 'A Compendium of authentic Voyages, digested in a Chronological Series,' 7 vol. 12mo. published in 1756; amongst which is inserted a short narrative of the expedition to Carthagen, in 1741: written with great spirit, but abounding with too much acrimony. By means of his acting in this capacity in the navy, he acquired his knowledge of sea characters, which he has drawn in so masterly a manner, and at the same time so correctly technical as to excite ge-

A neral

neral admiration, and afford a finished model for future novelists and dramatists to copy. His connection with the sea seems not to have had a long continuance, and it is probable, that he wrote several pieces before he became known to the public by his capital productions. The first piece we know of with certainty is *The Advice and Reproof*, a satire in two parts, printed first in the years 1746 and 1747, and since reprinted in the collection of his poetical pieces. About this period he wrote for Mr. Rich an opera, intituled *Alceste*, which has never been performed nor printed. The music to it was composed by Mr. Handel, who, finding that no use was intended to be made of it, afterwards adapted it to Mr. Dryden's lesser Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.

In 1747 he presented his tragedy of the *Regicide*, for performance at Drury Lane Theatre, and experienced that treatment which young authors frequently meet with from theatrical managers and affected patrons; for after being buoyed up and flattered for a considerable time, his play was finally neglected. In the preface to the publication of this piece, by subscription, in the year 1749, he bitterly exclaimed against false patrons, and the duplicity of theatrical managers. He tells us that his 'Tragedy with some recommendations from his literary friends, was taken into the protection of one of those little fellows, who are sometimes called great men, and like other orphans, neglected accordingly.'

'Stung with resentment,' he adds, 'at what I took for contempt, I resolved to punish this barbarous indifference, and actually discarded my patron, consoling myself with the barren praises of a few associates, who in the most indefatigable manner employed their time and influence in collecting from all quarters, observations on my piece, which in consequence of these suggestions, put on a new appearance almost every day until my occasions called me out of the kingdom.'—The warmth and impetuosity of his temper hurried him, on this occasion, into unjust reflections against the late Lord Lyttleton, and Mr. David Garrick; the character of the former he satirized in his novel of *Peregrine Pickle*, and he added a burlesque of the *Monody* written by that Nobleman on the death of his Lady. Against Mr. Garrick he made illiberal, ill-founded criticisms, and, in his Novel of *Roderick Random*, gave

a very unfair representation of his treatment of him respecting this tragedy. Of this conduct he afterwards repented, and acknowledged his errors, though in the subsequent editions of the novel, the passages, which were the hasty effusions of disappointment, are not, as we think they should have been, omitted. Desirous, however, of 'doing justice in a work of truth, for wrongs done in a work of fiction,' (to use his own expression) in giving a sketch of the liberal arts in his History of England, he remarked, 'the exhibitions of the stage were improved to the most exquisite entertainment by the talents and management of Garrick, who greatly surpassed all his predecessors of this, and perhaps every other nation, in his genius for acting, in the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of attitude, and the whole pathos of expression.'

'Candidates for literary fame appeared, even in the higher sphere of life, embellished by the nervous sense, and extensive erudition of a Corke, by the delicate taste, the polished muse, and tender feelings of a Lyttleton.'

Not satisfied with this public declaration of his sentiments, he wrote in still stronger terms to Mr. Garrick;

'DEAR SIR,

Chelsea, Jan. 27, 1762.

'I this morning received your *Winter's Tale*, and am agreeably flattered by this mark of your attention. What I have said of Mr. Garrick, in the History of England was, I protest, the language of my heart. I shall rejoice if he thinks I have done him barely justice. I am sure the public will I think have done no more than justice. In giving a short sketch of the liberal arts, I could not with any propriety, forbear mentioning a gentleman so eminently distinguished by a genius that has no rival. Besides, I thought it was a duty incumbent on me in particular to make a public atonement in a work of truth, for wrongs done him in a work of fiction.

'Among the other inconveniences arising from ill-health, I deeply regret my being disabled from a personal cultivation of your good will, and the unspeakable enjoyment I should sometimes derive from your private conversation, as well as from the public exertion of your talents; but, sequestered as I am from the world of entertainment, the

consciousness of standing well in your opinion will ever afford singular satisfaction to,

Dear Sir,

Your very humble servant,

T. SMOLLETT.'

In the year 1748 he published his Novel of *Roderic Random*, a book which continues to have a most extraordinary sale, and first established the Doctor's reputation. All the first volume and the beginning of the second, appear to consist of real incident and character. The Judge, his grandfather; Crab and Potion, the two apothecaries; and 'Squire Gawky, were characters well known in that part of the kingdom where the scene was laid. Captains Oakham and Whiffle, Doctors Mackshane and Morgan, were also said to be real personages; but their names we have never learned, or have now forgotten. A bookbinder and barber long eagerly contended for being shadowed under the name of Strap; but their names are now forgotten.

By the publication of that work, the Doctor had acquired so great a reputation, that henceforth a certain degree of success was insured to every thing known or suspected to proceed from his hand. In the year 1751 the *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* appeared; a work of great ingenuity and contrivance, in which he introduced the history of the celebrated Lady Vane, the materials of which, it is said she herself furnished. This excited much attention, and contributed greatly to its success. Lady Vane was deemed the finest minuet dancer in England; and in personal charms and accomplishments, inferior to no woman who has appeared in the eighteenth century. To the fate of this lady, Dr. Johnson has a striking allusion in his 'Vanity of Human Wishes.'

' Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,

' And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.'

About this time our author having obtained the degree of Doctor in Physic, settled as a practitioner at Bath, and with that view, wrote and published several treatises on medical subjects; but having been unsuccessful, or from the nature of his disposition too soon discouraged; he relinquished the practice of physic, took a house at Chelsea, and gave himself up entirely to literary pursuits.

His want of success in the practice of physic, has been imputed

imputed to his failing to render himself agreeable to the women, whose favour is certainly of great consequence to all candidates for eminence, whether in medicine or divinity. This however, is rather extraordinary, as he was remarkably graceful in his person, and there was a certain dignity in his air and manner which could not but attract respect. Perhaps his irritable and impatient temper, and his contempt for the low arts of finesse, servility, and cunning were the real cause of his failure.

His *Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom* in one volume 12mo. appeared in 1753. In the dedication to Doctor S—— he has some remarks upon himself, and points out the utility of exposing vice and folly under fictitious characters, to ridicule and shame, by very appropriate arguments and great force of reason. In 1755 he published a new translation of *Don Quixote*; it was undertaken upon the encouraging prospect of a subscription, and executed as some critics suppose with a very superficial knowledge of the Spanish language, ‘a circumstance which exposed him to very rigid censure, and it is said even to a personal attack.’

In the year 1756 he set on foot the *Critical Review*, and continued the principal manager of it, till he went abroad for the first time, in the year 1763. To speak impartially, he was, perhaps, too acrimonious sometimes in the conduct of that work, and at the same time too severe, and displayed too much sensibility when any of the unfortunate authors whose works he had, it may be, justly censured, attempted to retaliate.

Among other controversies, which his engagements in this publication involved him in, the most material in its consequences was that which was occasioned by his remarks on a pamphlet published by Admiral Knowles. That gentleman, in defence of his conduct, on the expedition to Rochfort, published a vindication of himself, which, falling under the Doctor's examination, produced some very severe strictures both on the performance, as well as on the character of the writer of it. The Admiral immediately commenced a prosecution against the printer; declaring, at the same time, that he desired only to be informed who the writer was, that, if he proved to be a gentleman, he might obtain the satisfaction of one from him. In this affair the Doctor behaved both with prudence

dence and with spirit. Desirous of compromising the dispute with the Admiral in an amicable manner, he applied to his friend Mr. Wilkes, to interpose his good offices with his opponent, in the following letter :

‘ DEAR SIR,

Chelsea, March 24, 1759.

‘ *Ecce iterum Crispinus.*—Your generosity with respect to John-ton (Mr. Wilkes, at the intercession of Dr. Smollett, had procured the liberty of Dr. Johnson's servant, Francis Barber, a black man, who had been impressed,) shall be the theme of our applause and thanksgiving. I shall be very proud to find myself comprehended in your league offensive and defensive; nay, I consider myself already as a contracting party, and have recourse to the assistance of my allies. It is not, I believe, unknown to you, that Admiral Knowles has taken exception at a paragraph in the Critical Review of last May, and commenced a prosecution against the printer. Now, whatever termination the trial may have, we shall infallibly be exposed to a considerable expence, and therefore I wish to see the prosecution quashed. Some gentlemen, who are my friends, have undertaken to find out, and talk with those who are supposed to have influence with the said Admiral: may I beg the same favour of you and your friends? The trial will come on in the beginning of May, and, if the affair cannot be compromised, we intend to kick up a dust, and die hard. In a word, if that foolish Admiral has any regard to his own character, he will be quiet, rather than provoke farther the resentment of,

Dear Sir, &c.

T. SMOLLETT.’

The Admiral continued inflexible; and just as sentence was going to be pronounced against the printer, the Doctor came into court, avowed himself the author of the strictures, and declared himself ready to give Mr. Knowles any satisfaction he chose. The Admiral immediately commenced a fresh action against the Doctor, who was found guilty, fined 100*l.* and condemned to three months imprisonment in the King's Bench.

From the commencement of the Review, Dr. Smollett was always considered as the author of it: and by this means he became frequently censured on account of articles in which he had no concern.

Many disputes arose with different writers, who considered themselves injured by the severity of the Doctor's criticisms;

vicisms; indeed, it may be affirmed, that seldom a month passed without a complaint on that head, and those not often couched in the most decent terms.

On the publication of the *Rosciad*, Churchill, the author, considering himself and some of his friends, as very injuriously treated in the Review of that work; and imagining Dr. Smollett the author of the offensive article, retorted with great spirit, in his excellent poem, intituled, An Apology to the Critical Reviewers, in the following lines;

‘ Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
The Muse a trisler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done, that angry Heaven should send
The bitterest foe where most I wish’d a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail’d the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary *Fiel ling* bite the ground,
So nobler *Pickle* stand superbly bound.
From *Livy’s* temples tear th’ historic crown
Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.’

It appears, however, he was mistaken in his suspicion; for Dr. Smollett hearing that Mr. Colman had also accused him of having made an attack on his moral character in the Review, the Doctor exculpated himself in a letter to Mr. Garrick, in which he declares, ‘ that he did not write one word of the article upon the *Rosciad*.’

In the year 1757, Dr. Smollett’s Comedy of the *Reprisals* or *The Tars of Old England*, an after-piece of two acts, was performed at Drury-lane Theatre. He acknowledged himself ‘ highly obliged for the friendly care Mr. G. exerted, in preparing it for the stage; and still more, for his acting the part of Lufignan, in *Zara*, for his benefit, on the sixth, instead of the ninth night, to which he was only entitled by the custom of the theatre.’ Being informed attempts had been made to embroil him on this occasion with Mr. Garrick, he wrote to that Gentleman;

‘ SIR,

Understanding from Mr. Derrick that some officious people have circulated reports in my name, with a view to prejudice me in your opinion. I, in justice to myself, take the liberty to assure you, that if any person accuses me of having spoken disrespectfully of Mr. Garrick, of having hinted that he solicited for my farce, or had interested
views

views in bringing it upon the stage, he does me wrong. Upon the word of a gentleman, the imputation is altogether false and malicious. Exclusive of other considerations, I could not be such an idiot to talk in that strain when my own interest to immediately require a different sort of conduct. Perhaps the same insidious methods have been taken to inflame former animosities, which, on my part, are forgotten and self-condemned. I must own you have acted in the affair of the farce with that candour, openness, and cordiality, which even mortify my pride while they lay me under the most sensible obligation! and I shall not rest satisfied until I have an opportunity to convince Mr. Garrick that my gratitude is at least as warm as any other of my passions. Meanwhile I profess myself,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

T. SMOLLETT.'

In 1758, he published his *Complete History of England, deduced from the Descent of Julius Cæsar to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle*. Though this elaborate work is said to have been composed and prepared for the press in the short space of fourteen months, to which the author might have been impelled by his necessities; it evinces astonishing powers of mind as well as most indefatigable application. Its sale by the uncommon arts of publication used by the booksellers, was remarkably extensive; the author is said to have cleared 2000*l* by it and the Continuation, in five volumes, octavo, in 1763 and 1765.

He is supposed to have written during his confinement in the King's Bench, the novel of *Sir Launcelet Greaves*, in which he has described some remarkable characters, then his fellow-prisoners. This work was first printed in the *British Magazine*, which he conducted in 1760 and 1761, and afterwards in two volumes duodecimo, 1762.

In the year 1762, Lord Bute took the reins of Government into his hands. His promotion was attended with unpopular measures; great dissatisfaction arose amongst many orders of men, and his Lordship found it necessary to employ some able writers to palliate and defend the steps which had led to his advancement. Amongst others Dr. Smollett was pitched upon, and he entered on the task appointed for him with great spirit. In defence of his patron, he immediately began a weekly paper, which he called

The

The Briton. The first number made its appearance on the 29th of May, 1762, and was immediately followed by the publication of the North Briton, which, in the end, entirely routed its antagonist, and dissolved the friendship that had long subsisted between the authors of the respective performances. The Briton continued to be published until the 12th of February, 1763, when it was laid down; and very soon after, the person, in whose defence it was set on foot, finding the stream of popular discontent too strong to be resisted, relinquished the post which had excited so much envy and clamour, and, on his resignation, it is said, entirely neglected all the persons whom he had employed to write for him. Two months before the first number appeared, Smollett wrote the following letter to Mr. Wilkes, dated Chelsea, March 28, 1762.

‘ My warmest regard, affection, and attachment, you have long ago secured. My secrecy you may depend upon. When I presume to differ from you in any point of opinion, I shall always do it with diffidence and deference. I have been ill these three months, but hope soon to be in a condition to pay my respects to Mr. Wilkes in person. Meanwhile I must beg to trouble him with another packet, which he will be so good as to correct at his leisure. That he may continue to enjoy his happy flow of spirits, and proceed through life with a flowing sail of prosperity, is the wish, and the hope, and the confident expectation of, &c.’ Besides the Briton, Dr. Smollett is supposed to have written other pieces in support of the cause he espoused.

The neglect of his patron made a deep impression on his mind, and this, united to a sedentary life and assiduous application to study, having impaired his health, he went abroad with a view to re-establish it in the month of June, 1763, and continued in France and Italy two years. He wrote an account of his travels, in a series of letters to some friends, which were afterwards published in two volumes, octavo, 1766. In the first letter he assigns the following motives for undertaking his journey to the Continent: ‘ In gratifying your curiosity, I shall find some amusement to beguile the tedious hours, which, without some such employment, would be rendered unsupportable by distemper and disquiet. You knew and pitied my situation, traduced by malice, persecuted by faction, and overwhelmed by the sense of a domestic calamity, which it was
not

not in the power of fortune to repair.' By this domestic calamity he means the loss of his only child, a daughter, whom he loved with the tenderest affection. In the course of his travels, he appears to have laboured under a perpetual depression of spirits, which subjected him to many and grievous bodily afflictions.

In his cynical relation of his Travels, Mr. Sterne is supposed to allude, in the following passage of his *Sentimental Journey*, vol. 1. p. 80. 'The learned Smelfungus travelled from Bologne to Paris—from Paris to Rome—and so on—but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he passed by, was discoloured and distorted—He wrote an account of them, but it was nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.—Met Smelfungus in the Grand Portico of the Pantheon—he was just coming out of it.—“It is nothing but a huge cock-pit,” said he.—“I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus of Medicis,”—replied I—for in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the Goddess, and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature—I popped upon Smellungus again at Turin, in his return home, and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures had he to tell, wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood and field, and of the cannibals which each other eat: the Anthropophagi—He had been slayed alive, and bedevilled, and worse used than St. Bartholomew, at every stage he had come at.—“I'll tell it,” cried Smelfungus, “to the world.”——“You had better tell it,” said I, “to your physician.”

In 1769 he again embarked in political controversy, and published his *Adventures of an Atom*, a political romance, in two volumes, duodecimo, exhibiting under fictitious characters, the conduct and dissensions of the several political parties in Great Britain, from the commencement of the French war in 1754, to the dissolution of Lord Chatham's administration in 1768. He seems in this work to have relaxed in his attachment to Lord Bute, as much as he did in the *Continuation of his History* to Lord Chatham; indeed he had been equally disappointed in his expectation of patronage from those two noblemen; a circumstance which has a wonderful influence on the pens of political writers.

In 1770, finding his health still in a declining state, he went to Scotland, hoping that exercise and his native air would

would restore him to his former vigour; but in this, as in many other expectations, he was disappointed.

In 1771, soon after his return from Scotland, he published *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*, in three volumes, duodecimo; a work which met with the most favourable reception from the public; but still finding his health continuing to decline, and meeting with fresh mortifications and disappointments, he went back to Italy, and died near Leghorn, October the 21st, 1771. Since his death, a monument hath been erected to his memory near Leghorn, on which is inscribed an epitaph, written in Latin by his friend Dr. Armstrong, author of *The Art of Preserving Health*, and many other excellent pieces, the following is a translation of the epitaph;

Here
Rest the remains
of
T O B I A S S M O L L E T T,
A North Briton,
Who, sprung
From an ancient and respectable family,
Shone forth an example
Of the virtues of former times.
Of an ingenuous countenance,
And manly make.
With a breast animated by the justest spirit,
He was eminently distinguished
For great benevolence of temper,
And a generosity even beyond his fortune.
His wit had every character
Of fertile inventiveness,
Of true pleasantry,
Of flexibility to every subject,
From his aptness and wonderful capacity
For every kind of learning.
The exercise of these talents
Produced a variety of pleasing fictions, in which
With great exuberance of fancy
And true humour,
He laughed at and described
The lives and manners of men,
While
(Shameful to relate !)

LIFE OF

This genius,
 This honour to his country,
 Met with nothing
 In these abandoned, worthless, insipid times,
 But what was unfavourable to him;
 Except indeed
 Their abundance of supply to his pen
 Of matter of satire;
 Times!
 In which
 Hardly any literary merit
 But such as was in the most false or futile taste
 Received encouragement
 From the paltry mock Mecænales of Britain!
 In honor to the memory
 Of this most worthy and amiable
 Member of Society,
 Sincerely regretted by many friends,
 This monument
 Was by his much beloved and affectionate wife,
 Dutifully and deservedly
 Consecrated.

Farther to perpetuate the memory of this celebrated
 writer, a pillar has been erected in 1774, on the banks
 of the Leven, near the spot where he was born, by his
 cousin James Smollet, Esq. of Bonhill. It was written in
 Latin. The following is a translation,

Stay traveller,
 If elegance of taste and wit,
 If fertility of genius,
 And an unrivalled talent
 In delineating the characters of mankind,
 Have ever attracted thy admiration,
 Pause awhile
 On the memory of TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.
 One more than commonly endued with those virtues
 Which in a man and a citizen
 You would praise or imitate.
 Who,
 Having secured the applause
 Of posterity,
 By a variety of literary abilities,
 And a peculiar felicity of composition,

Was,

Was,

By a rapid and cruel distemper,
Snatched from this world in the 51st year of his age.

Far alas! from his country,
He lies interred near Leghorn, in Italy.
In testimony of his many and great virtues,

This empty monument,
The only pledge, alas! of his affection,
Is erected

On the banks of the Leven,
The scene of his birth and of his latest poetry,
By JAMES SMOLLETT, of Bonhill,

His cousin;

Who should rather have expected this last tribute from him.
Go, and remember

This honour was not given alone to the memory of the
Deceased, but for the encouragement of others:
Deserve like him, and be alike rewarded.

Some time after his decease, his name was affixed to a Translation of *Telemachus*, in two volumes, duodecimo, and to a Translation of *Gil Blas*, in four volumes, duodecimo. A Translation of *Voltaire's Works*, published in twenty-seven volumes, octavo, in 1763, also bore his name in conjunction with that of Dr. Franklin; but it is known that he contributed very little to that elaborate work. He had devoted much time in the latter part of his life, to the preparation of a new edition of the *Ancient and Modern Universal History*, and had written himself for that great undertaking, the *History of France, Italy, and Germany*. In fine, he was concerned in a multiplicity of literary productions, to which his name was not affixed.

A review of the domestic life of our Author will not afford much pleasure to a benevolent mind. He married Miss Lascelles, a lady from Jamaica, by whom he had a daughter, whose premature death made such an indelible impression on him, as no time nor circumstance could efface. At his death he left behind him a widow in embarrassed circumstances, and in a foreign country. But a respect for his memory, called forth the exertions of benevolence, to relieve her from some temporary distress. The Tragedy of *Venice Preserved* was performed at the *Theatre Royal, Edinburgh*, March 3d, 1784, for her benefit, and the money remitted to Italy. To attract the public curiosity, and add

to the receipts, Houston Stewart Nicholson, Esq. generously undertook the part of Pierre, and the following Prologue, attributed to the pen of Professor Richardson of Glasgow, author of *Poems, chiefly Rural*, and other elegant productions, was spoken by Mr. Woods:

Though letter'd Rome, and polish'd Greece could boast
 The splendid table and the courteous host—
 The rites to strangers due—Though poets sing
 This mighty warrior, or that powerful king,
 The wanderer's friend;—yet still, whate'er is told
 By modern poets, or by bards of old,
 Is rival'd here;—for here, with joy we see
 The heart-felt bliss of heav'nly charity!
 See her with rapture spread her willing hands,
 And throw her blessings into foreign lands;
 Dry up the tear she never saw to flow,
 And eager catch the distant sigh of woe;
 In vain seas swell, and mountains rise in vain,—
 A widow's groans are heard across the main.

A widow now!—Alas! how chang'd the day!—
 Once the Narcissa* of our poet's lay;
 Now, fatal change! (of ev'ry bliss bereft,
 Nor child, nor friend, nor kind protector left)
 Spreads on a distant shore her scanty board,
 And humbly takes what strangers can afford.
 Yet link'd to you by ev'ry tender tie,
 To you she lifts the long dejected eye;
 And thus she speaks:—"Who dar'd with manly rage,
 To lash the vices of an impious age? †
 Who dar'd to seize the bold historic pen,
 Paint living kings, and ministers as men? ‡
 Who sung sad Scotia's hapless sons forlorn,
 Her broken peace, her freshest laurels torn, §
 Or who, on oaten reed by Leven's side,
 Sang the fair stream, and hail'd the dimpling tide? ||
 Or who?—say he, for such, I'm sure are here,
 Whose honest bosoms never yet knew fear;

* Her fictitious name in Roderic Random.

† Advice and Reproof, a Satire.

‡ The History of England

§ Ode, "Mourn hapless Caledonia, mourn."

|| Ode to Leven Water.

Sons of the north, who stem corruption's tide,
 Your country's honour, and your nation's pride,—
Lords of the lion heart and eagle eye,
 Who heed no storm that howls along the sky,—
 Say ye—Whose lyre to manly numbers strung,
 The glorious blis of independence sung?
 Who felt that pow'r and still adorn'd his shrine?—
 It was your SMOLLETT! Oh! he once was mine.”
 Tears stopp'd her utterance, else she would have said
 “ Like him be bold, in virtue undismay'd;
 Let independence all your actions guide,
 Your surest patron and your noblest pride.”

His *Plays* and *Poems* were collected and published by T. Evans, in one volume, octavo. 1784. His *History of England* has undergone several editions, as likewise his *Continuation, as a Supplement to Hume* from the Revolution to the Death of George II. The editions through which his novels, particularly *Roderic Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphrey Clinker*, have passed, are too numerous to be specified. His *Miscellaneous Works* were collected by Mr. David Ramsay, printer, of Edinburgh, a man of acute discernment and sound judgment in literary productions. He published the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, in six volumes, octavo, with humorous frontispieces by Rowlandson, in 1790. The latest editions of some of our Author's works have undergone several alterations.

The character of Smollett, though with some degree of that partiality which is inseparably annexed to friendship, has been drawn and not inaccurately, in the epitaph on his monument near Leghorn, by his friend Armstrong, and also in the inscription on the pillar erected to his memory on the banks of the Leven. He has also introduced his own character in the dedication of *Count Fathom*. His manner of living is described in *Humphrey Clinker*, where young *Melford* is supposed to dine with him at his house in Chelsea.

“ He carried me to dine with S——, whom you and I have long known by his writings. He lives in the skirts of the town, and every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill. I was civilly received, in a plain, yet decent habitation, which opened into a very pleasant garden, kept in order; and indeed, I saw none of the

outward signs of authorship either in the house or the landlord, who is one of the few writers of the age that stand upon their own foundation without patrimony and above dependence. By all account S—— is not without weakness and caprice; but he is certainly good-humoured and civilized; nor do I find that there is any thing overbearing in his disposition.'——

Having given the outlines of the character of our Author, as drawn by his encomiasts on the monuments erected to his memory; and by himself in one of his novels; we shall present our readers with an ample detail of the same, with strictures on his writings from the pen of the learned and judicious Dr. Anderson, who has done the greatest justice to Smollett, and the highest honour to his own candour and liberality.

'In his person and manners,' (says this biographer) 'Smollett was fashioned to prepossess all men in his favor. His figure was graceful and handsome, and in his air and manner there was a certain dignity which commanded respect, joined with a benignity that inspired affection. With the most polished manners and finest address, he possessed a loftiness and elevation of sentiment and character without pride or haughtiness. His general behaviour bore the genuine stamp of true politeness, the result of an overflowing humanity and goodness of heart. He was a man of upright principles and of great and extensive benevolence. He not only embraced, but sought and created occasions of doing good. He was the reliever of the distressed, the protector of the helpless, and the encourager of merit. His conversation was sprightly and agreeable. In the domestic relations, his conduct was tender, affectionate, and exemplary. In his opinions of mankind he was candid and liberal. To those who were above him, he allowed the due superiority. To his equals and inferiors, he behaved with ease and affability, without the insolence of familiarity, or the parade of condescension. With his amiable qualities and agreeable manners he united courage and independence.

'In the declaration of his opinions, he was open; in his actions he was intrepid. No danger could prevent him from saying or doing those things which he conceived in themselves to be right, and in their consequences to be useful to his friends, or to his country. He had been bred a Tory, and generally adhered to the principles of that party; but

but he had a sincere love for his country, and a diffusive benevolence for the whole human race. His experience in the world inflamed his hatred against vice and corruption in proportion to his love of virtue and zeal for the public good, and he thought it no violation of charity to fligmatize vice, profligacy, and hypocrisy. But in support of persons and measures, he sometimes only considered the persons and measures, without taking other objects and relations into the account. He was more frequently influenced by personal attachment, and hurried on by present impulse, than guided by comparative views of real advantage, examined by impartial reason. His opposition to the great, often, in its warmth, exceeded the importance of the object. He was occasionally misled by a heated imagination, strong resentments, and the mortification of disappointed hopes, into bitterness and party violence, long kept alive by the indecent and irritating provocations of triumphant adversaries.

‘Under these impressions his descriptions as an historian were often distorted, and his decisions as a critic on the literary productions of some of his contemporaries, were sometimes unwarrantably warped by narrow prejudice, and expressed in the harsh terms of coarse contempt. Whatever end he pursued, he followed it with an eagerness that was not necessary to compass it. The defects in his temperament, natural or habitual, made him unprosperous and unhappy. His sensibility was too ardent; his passions were too easily moved. His candour frequently became credulity; his liberality often subjected him to deception. His favors were generally bestowed on the most undeserving of those who had recourse to his assistance; not so much for want of discernment, as want of resolution, for he had not fortitude to resist the importunity of even the most worthless. In friendship he was ardent and steady; but in the latter part of his life, he sometimes very feelingly bewailed the treachery and perfidy he had experienced, in consequence of the mistaken connections he had formed, and to which every man of warm attachments will be exposed.’

‘As he was warm in his friendship, so was he implacable in his resentment. Having been treated with repeated insults by a man whose name was Peter Gordon, he was provoked to chastise him in such a manner, as induced him to commence a prosecution against him in the Court

of King's Bench for an intended assassination. Of the charge he was honourably acquitted by the verdict of the Jury. The Honourable Hume Campbell, a barrister of the first eminence in that day, who was retained in behalf of the prosecutor, having treated our author with much sarcastic severity in opening the cause; he drew up the following "rough draught of a letter," demanding adequate reparation for the injurious treatment he had received at his hand, which he communicated to a friend with a note signifying his intention to send it to the barrister, provided it contained nothing actionable. It is not known whether it was sent to that gentleman, or whether he retracted what he said to Smollett's prejudice. We give it however, in this place, not only as it shews his sentiments concerning Mr. Hume Campbell, a celebrated counsellor and parliamentary orator of that time, but as it exhibits in a very striking light some of the leading features of his own character.

"I have waited several days in hope of receiving from you an acknowledgment, touching those harsh, unjustifiable, (and let me add) unmannerly expressions, which you annexed to my name in the Court of King's Bench, when you opened the cause between me and Peter Gordon; and as I do not find that you have discovered the least inclination to retract what you said to my prejudice, I have taken this method to refresh your memory, and to demand such satisfaction as a gentleman injured as I am, has a right to claim."

"The business of a counsellor, is, I apprehend, to investigate the truth in behalf of his client; but surely he has no privilege to blacken and asperse the character of the other party, without any regard to veracity or decorum. That you assumed the unwarrantable privilege in commenting upon your brief, I believe you will not pretend to deny, when I remind you of those peculiar flowers of elocution which you poured forth on that notable occasion. First of all, in order to inspire the court with horror and contempt for the defendant, you gave the jury to understand that you did not know this Dr. Smollett, and indeed his character appeared in such a light from the facts contained in your brief, that you never should desire to know him.—I should be glad to know of what consequence it could be to the cause, whether you did or did not know the defendant,

or whether you had or had not an inclination to be acquainted with him?—Sir, this was a pitiful personality, calculated to depreciate the character of a gentleman to whom you was a stranger, merely to gratify the rancour and malice of an abandoned fellow, who had seduced you to speak in his cause—Did I ever seek your acquaintance or court your protection? I had been informed indeed that you was a lawyer of some reputation, and when the suit commenced, would have retained you for that reason, had I not been anticipated by the plaintiff; but, far from coveting your acquaintance, I never dreamed of exchanging a word with you on that or any other subject: you might therefore have spared your insidious declaration, until I had put it into your power to mortify me with a repulse, which, upon my honour, would never have been the case, were you a much greater man than you really are: yet this was not the only expedient you used to prepossess the jury against me. You was hardy enough to represent me as a person devoid of all humanity and remorse, as a barbarous ruffian, who in a cowardly manner, had, with two associates as barbarous as myself, called a peaceable gentleman out of his lodgings, and assaulted him in the dark with intent to murder. Such an horrid imputation, publicly fixed upon a person whose innocence you can hardly fail to know, is an outrage for which I believe, I might find reparation from the law itself, notwithstanding your artful manner of qualifying the expression by saying *provided the facts can be proved*. This low subterfuge may, for aught I know, screen you from a prosecution at law, but can never acquit you in that court which every man of honour holds in his own breast. I say you must know my innocence from the weakness of the evidence which you produced, and with which you either was or ought to have been previously acquainted, as well as from my general character, and that of my antagonist, which it was your duty to have learned.—I will venture to say, you did know my character, and in your heart believed me incapable of such brutality as you laid to my charge.—Surely I do not over-rate my own importance in affirming that I am not so obscure in life as to have escaped the notice of Mr. Hume Campbell, and I will be bold enough to challenge him and the whole world to prove one instance in which my integrity was called, or at least left in the question.

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“ Have I not therefore reason to suppose that, in spite of your internal conviction, you undertook the cause of a wretch, whose ingratitude, villainy, and rancour, are, I firmly believe, without example in this kingdom; that you magnified a slight correction bestowed by his benefactor, into a deliberate and malicious scheme of assassination; and endeavoured with all the virulence of defamation, to destroy the character and even the life of an injured person, who, as well as yourself, is a gentleman by birth, education, and profession ?

“ After having sounded the trumpet of obloquy in your preamble, and tortured every circumstance of the plaintiff’s evidence to my detriment and dishonour, you attempted to subject me to the ridicule of the court, by asking a question of my first witness, which had no more relation to the cause, than if you had desired to know the name of his grandmother — What title had you to ask of a tradesman, if he knew me to be an author ? What affinity had this question with the circumstance of the assault ? Was not this foreign to the purpose ? Was it not impertinent, and proposed with a view to put me out of countenance, and to raise the laugh of the spectators at my expence ? There, indeed, you was disappointed, as you frequently are in those little digressive efforts by which you make yourself remarkable. Though I do not pretend to possess that superlative degree of effrontery, by which some people make a figure at the bar, I have assurance enough to stand the mention of my works without blushing, especially when I despise the taste, and learn the principles of him, who would turn them to disgrace.

“ On the whole, you opened the trial with such hyperbolical impetuosity, and conducted it with such particular bitterness and rancour, that every body perceived you was more than ordinarily interested; and I could not divine the mysterious bond of union that attached you to Peter Gordon, Esq. until you furnished me with a key to the whole secret, by that strong emphasis with which you pronounced the words *Ferdinand Count Tathom*. Then I discovered the source of your goodwill towards me, which is no other than the history of a law-suit inserted in that performance, where the author takes occasion to observe, that the counsel behaved like men of consummate abilities in their profession; exerting themselves with equal industry, eloquence,

quence, and erudition, in their endeavours to perplex the truth, brow-beat the evidence, puzzle the judge, and mislead the jury.—Did any part of this character come home to your own conscience? or did you resent it as a sarcasm levelled at the whole bench without distinction? I take it for granted, this must have been the origin of your enmity to me, because I can recollect no other circumstance in my conduct, by which I could incur the displeasure of a man whom I scarce knew by sight, and with whom I never had the least dispute or indeed concern. If this was the case, you pay a very scurvy compliment to your own integrity; by fathering a character which is not applicable to any honest man, and give the world a handle to believe, that our courts of justice stand greatly in need of reformation.

“But whatever liberties of this kind are granted to the counsel, no sort of freedom, it seems, must be allowed to the evidence, who by the bye, are of much more consequence to the cause.—You will take upon you to divert the audience at the expence of a witness, by impertinent allusions to some part of his private character and affairs; but if he pretends to retort the joke, you insult, abuse, and bellow against him as an impudent fellow, who fails in his respect to the court. It was in this manner you behaved to my first witness, whom you first provoked into a passion by injurious insinuations, then you took advantage of the confusion which you had entailed upon him; and lastly, you insulted him as a person who had shuffled in his evidence. This might have been an irreparable injury to the character of a tradesman, had not he been luckily known to the whole jury, and many other persons in court, as a man of unquestioned probity and credit. Sir, a witness has as good a title as you have to the protection of the court, and ought to have more, because evidence is absolutely necessary for the investigation of truth, whereas the aim of a lawyer is often to involve it in doubt and obscurity. Is it for this purpose you so frequently deviate from the point, and endeavour to raise the mirth of the audience with flat jokes and insipid similes? or have you really so mistaken your own talents, as to set up for the character of a man of humour? For my own part, were I disposed to be merry, I should never desire a more pregnant subject for ridicule, than your own appearance and behaviour; but as I am at present in a very serious mood, I shall content myself with demanding
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adequate reparation for the injurious treatment I have received at your hands; otherwise I will in four days put this letter in the press, and you shall hear in another manner—not from a ruffian and an assassin—but from an injured gentleman, who is not ashamed of subscribing himself.” &c.

‘ In the practice of physic, for want of suppleness and perseverance, he was never eminent. As an author, he was not so successful as his happy genius and acknowledged merit certainly deserved. His connections were extensive, and his friends numerous and respectable. He was intimately acquainted with the most eminent of his poetical and literary contemporaries. He was respected by the world as a man of superior talents, wit, and learning: but never acquired a patron among the great, who, by his favor or beneficence relieved him from the necessity of writing for a subsistence. Booksellers may be said to have been his only patrons, and from them he had constant employment in translating, compiling, and reviewing. No doubt he made a great deal of money by his writings; and had he been a rigid economist, and endued with the gift of retention, (to use his own expression) he might have lived and died very independent. But his difficulties whatever they were, proceeded not from ostentation or extravagance. He was hospitable, but not ostentatiously so; and his table was plentiful, but not extravagant; an irritable and impatient temper was his greatest failing; but making due allowance for a spirit wounded by ingratitude, and irritated by the malignant shafts of envy, dullness, and profligacy, it would be difficult to name a man so respectable for the excellencies of his mind, or amiable for the virtues of his heart.—

‘ The predominant excellencies of his intellect, were fertility of invention, vigorous sense, brilliant fancy, and versatile humour. His understanding was quick and penetrating, his imagination was fertile, his memory retentive, and his humour original. He shews in his writing, that he was intimately acquainted with the Greek and Roman literature, and had studied with success the various branches of modern learning. He was well versed in the history and politics of Europe, and in the constitution of his country. The principal subject of his enquiry was, the human character; and in his literary career, the representation of life and manners his principal objects. Man he surveyed with the most accurate observation. His understanding, acute and vigorous,

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was well fitted for diving into the human mind. His humour lively and versatile, could paint justly and agreeably what he saw. He possessed a rapid and clear conception, with an animated and graceful style. His observations on life and manners are commonly just, strong, and comprehensive; and his reasoning generally sound and conclusive. His perceptions of beauty are vivid and distinct, his feelings ardent, and his taste correct. His humour, though lively and pungent, is not, perhaps, equal in strength to that of Congreve, Swift, and Fielding. In chasteness and delicacy it must be admitted to be inferior to that of Addison, but equal in purity and moral tendency to that of his contemporary Fielding. It is keen, sprightly, variegated, and founded in truth. It exposes successfully, folly, hypocrisy, impropriety, and such vices as are the objects of ridicule. To trace the latent sources of human action, and to develop the various incongruities of conduct arising from them, was the favourite bent of his mind; as it was of *Thophrastus, Bruyere, Moliere, Fielding*, and others: And in describing objects of this kind, whether in the way of fabulous narration, or dramatic composition, he is so peculiarly happy, that as an humorous and pleasant painter of life and manners, he has reflected the highest honour on the place of his nativity; and must ever be considered by his country, amongst the first of persons in literary reputation.

Smollett has distinguished himself as a translator, an historian, a novelist, a journalst of travels, a dramatist, and a poet, and must be acknowledged to have made a considerable addition to the general stock of elegant and useful literature.

As a translator, he has been censured, and particularly with respect to *Don Quixote*; which he seems to have anticipated, from the following *Advertisement* prefixed to the work; wherein he informs us, "that his aim in this undertaking was to maintain that ludicrous solemnity and self-importance, by which the inimitable *Cervantes* has distinguished the character of *Don Quixote*, without raising him to the insipid rank of a dry philosopher, or debasing him to the melancholy circumstances and unentertaining caprice of an ordinary madman; and to preserve the native humour of *Sancho Panza* from degenerating into mere proverbial proverbs, or affected buffoonery; that he has endeavoured to retain the spirit and ideas, without servilely adhering to the
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literal expressions of the original, from which, however, he has not so far deviated as to destroy the formality of idiom so peculiar to the Spaniards, and so essential to the character of the work; that the satire and propriety of many of the allusions which had been lost in the change of customs and the lapse of time, is restored in explanatory notes; and the whole conducted with that care and circumspection which ought to be exerted by every author, who, in attempting to improve upon a task already performed, subjects himself to the most invidious comparison."

Smollett's translation of *Don Quixote* has been put into a comparative view with the productions of *Jarvis* and *Motteux*. The version of *Jarvis* in the opinion of some critics, is more exact though less spirited and elegant. They admit that the genius of Smollett comes nearest to the great original, though it fails him in preserving the formality of the Spanish idiom. *Motteux* they think excels Smollett in this respect, though inferior to him in genius. That the reader may form a judgment of the comparative merits of *Motteux*, *Jarvis*, and *Smollett*, as translators of this inimitable work, we shall cite the comparison of the ingenious author of a work, entitled, *An Essay on the Principles of Translation*.

"*Smollett*," (says this writer) "inherited from nature a strong sense of ridicule, a great fund of original humour, and a happy versatility of talent, by which he could accommodate his style to almost every species of writing. He could adopt alternately the solemn, the lively, the sarcastic, the burlesque, and the vulgar. To these qualifications he joined an inventive genius and a vigorous imagination. As he possessed talents equal to the composition of original works of the same species with the novel of *Cervantes*, so it is not perhaps impossible to conceive a writer more completely qualified to give a perfect translation of that novel.

"*Motteux*, with no great abilities as an original, appears to me," (continues our eifayist) "to have been endowed with a strong perception of the ridiculous in the human character; a just discernment of the weaknesses and follies of mankind. He seems likewise to have had a great command of the various styles which are accommodated to the expressions both of grave burlesque and of low humour. Inferior to *Smollett* in inventive genius, he seems to have equalled him in every quality essentially requisite to a translator of *Don Quixote*. It may therefore be supposed, that
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the contest between them would be nearly equal, and the question of preference very difficult to be decided. It would have been so, had Smollett confided in his own strength, and bestowed on his task that time and labour which the length and difficulty of the work required; but Smollett too often wrote in such circumstances that dispatch was his primary object. He found various English translations at hand, which he judged might save him the labour of a new composition. *Jarvis* could give him faithfully the sense of his author: and it was necessary only to polish his asperities, and lighten his heavy and awkward phraseology. To contend with *Motteux*, Smollett found it necessary to assume the armour of *Jarvis*. This author has purposely avoided, through the whole of his work, the smallest coincidence of expression with *Motteux*, whom with equal presumption and injustice he accuses in his preface, of having 'taken his version wholly from the French.' We find, therefore, both in the translation of *Jarvis* and that of Smollett, that there is a studied rejection of the phraseology of *Motteux*. Now *Motteux*, though he has frequently assumed too great a licence, both in adding to and retrenching from the ideas of his original, has upon the whole, a very high degree of merit as a translator. In the adoption of corresponding idioms, he has been eminently fortunate; and, as in these there is no great latitude, he has in general preoccupied the appropriated phrases; so that a succeeding translator, who proceeded on the rule of invariably rejecting his phraseology, must have in general altered it for the worse. Such I have said, was the rule laid down by *Jarvis*, and by his copyist and improver Smollett, who by thus absurdly rejecting what his own judgment and taste must have approved, produced a composition decidedly inferior on the whole to that of *Motteux*." See Professor Tytler's *Essay on the Principles of Translation*, p. 178 to 184.

The learned, judicious, and candid biographer to whom we are indebted for the basis of these memoirs, observes on this subject, that 'it ought to be remembered that *Don Quixote* is the most difficult book in the world to translate, from the extreme frequency of its idiomatic phrases; that few even of the Spaniards of the present day, understand all its beauties, or can explain the obscurities which the lapse of time has occasioned; and to transfuse all the spirit of *Cervantes*, his fine humour, and the beauty of his numerous

allusions into a foreign language, is a task which a genius equal to that of the inimitable author himself could not perform without the same knowledge of the country and of the times in which he lived; including also the most extensive acquaintance with the language, idioms, customs, humorous expressions, provincial phrases, and proverbial sayings of the people from whom the translation is intended. Since, therefore, the best translation of *Don Quixote* we can look for, must be executed by a person possessed of a genius akin to the author, and chiefly qualified by books, a better than Smollett's cannot be expected in our language.'

Smollett as an historian possesses great merit. Considering the time and circumstances in which his *History of England* was written, it must be admitted to be a great effort of genius and application. When his history appeared, *Hume* had not produced his narrative of the earlier events of English history, and the works of *Carte* and *Brady*, *Oldmixon* and *Rapin*, were almost consigned to oblivion. The public were desirous of having a concise, faithful, but animated, History of England, and the production of Smollett comprising those ideas, was read with more pleasure and improvement than the tedious details of preceding writers. Without enlarging on matters which convey little information or entertainment, he has concentrated all the particulars that are important or instructive. In dignity of style and minuteness of philosophical disquisition, the superiority must be given to *Hume*; but in felicity of sentiment, beauty of description, and aptitude of expression, Smollett has not been excelled.

It has been remarked, with great justice, by his learned biographer, that 'in the pages of Smollett we do not find many applications of a philosophical enquiry to the investigation of facts as in those of *Thucydides* or *Xenophon* amongst the Grecian historians, *Sallust* or *Tacitus* amongst the Roman, or *Hume* and *Gibbon* amongst the British: But he has exhibited specimens of picturesque narrative and elegant expression, little inferior to the composition of *Livy* or *Robertson*.'

If his history is surveyed with an eye of discrimination, it will appear to have been in some instances rather an indigested performance, too ample for an abridgement and too concise for a history. There are in it many instances of
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strong prejudice, and glaring misrepresentations of facts, incompatible with the principles of liberty, and repugnant to the interests of mankind. His partiality for a party is glaring throughout the work, and in stating political controversy, he is not upon the whole either candid or unbiassed. In his narrative of the rebellion in 1745, he seems to have been actuated by an attachment not the most loyal, and to have attended rather to pathos in description, than truth in narration. In portraying characters which is generally admitted to have been his forte, he was more influenced by fancy than guided by truth. Upon the whole, his history, with some imperfections, has many considerations to recommend it, and particularly the style, which is nervous, clear, bold, and florid, and happily adapted to instruct, by keeping up the attention of the reader.

In his *Continuation* he has been less partial and prejudiced than in his *History*. In his account of Parliamentary Debates, he is very copious and highly interesting. In his animadversions on the bill for the relief of debtors, he has described the situation and feeling of a man of a susceptible mind, in language so pathetic, that a compassionate reader must shed tears of sympathy at every line. Indeed he is peculiarly happy in addressing the passions, and his historical productions upon the whole do credit to his abilities; but had they been completed with more deliberation, they would have approached much nearer to perfection.

As a novelist Smollett claims the highest rank, and may justly be put in competition with *Defoe*, *Richardson*, and *Fielding*, those great masters of poetic fiction. He has drawn the most natural pictures of life and manners, and exposed and ridiculed the vices and follies of mankind, with singular point and humour. His style is characterized by a remarkable appropriation of terms; his humour is sometimes broad and coarse, and he has exhibited scenes which might have a seductive influence with the young and inexperienced, who are not fortified against the force of bad examples. He has however marked those characters which are most injurious to society; and his writings, though objectionable in some instances, have upon the whole, a moral tendency, and will ever conduce to entertainment and instruction.

In his *Adventures of Roderic Random* he is peculiarly happy in representing the difficulties to which a friendless orphan is exposed from want of his own knowledge of the world,

and the envy and selfishness so generally prevalent with mankind. The low scenes in which the hero of the piece is involved, are described with infinite humour; and the display of the manners and passions in their natural features, stripped of the guise of affectation and ceremony, must have a powerful effect upon the sensible mind. Many of the characters, as *Gawkey*, *Strap*, *Crab*, *Potion*, *Oakum*, *Whiffle*, *Mackhane*, and *Morgan*, are drawn from real life. The originals in the author's time, were known, pointed out, and were then, perhaps, more highly relished; yet the description will never cease to please while mankind figure in life in the same characters, and are actuated by the same passions and motives.

He seems to have enjoyed a singular pleasure in describing sea characters. His *Truncheon*, *Hatchway*, and *Pipes*, in *Peregrine Pickle*, are highly finished originals; but *Lieutenant Bowling* in *Roderic Random*, equals, if not surpasses, any character drawn by the happiest genius of ancient or modern times. It has been pronounced, with great truth and justice, to be nature itself, perfectly *original*, *unique*, and *sui generis*. The name has long become proverbial for an honest, blunt seaman, unacquainted with mankind and the ways of the world.

The *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* is a work of great merit and invention in the composition, and in which genuine humour and profound learning are so happily united, that it is difficult to determine which is predominant. It exhibits a well drawn picture of human life, which the thoughtless may view with advantage, and the prudent with self complacency. It traces the progress of headstrong passion from the wild mischievous boy, perverse and disobedient to his guardians, inciting a rebellion at school against the authority of his master, and afterwards through the prevalence of unbroken pride, and unbridled appetite, launching into every excess of vice, folly, and dissipation, wasting his substance, injuring the woman of all others he loved, and at last pining in prison. In this wretched forlorn condition, detesting the world, abhorring himself, and loving Emilia to distraction, he protests to her brother, 'that he had broke off all connections with all mankind, and that he impatiently longed for the hour of his dissolution, which if it should not soon arrive by the course of nature, he was resolved to hasten with his own hands, rather than be exposed

posed to the contempt and more intolerable pity of a rascally world.'—Roused at length by the voice of friendship and again restored to affluence, he becomes duly impressed with a sense of his culpability and vicious imprudence, and attends to the discharge of the duty he owes to society and love; firmly persuaded, that after all the delusions of vice and allurements of wealth, real happiness is only to be found in temperate enjoyment, domestic tranquillity, and social virtue.

In this work the feast given by the *Republic in Deſtor* after the manner of the ancients, has infinite merit in the description. It is replete with humour and satire, which under the influence of tory principles, he directed with warmth against his whig-opponent, Akenſide. In some parts of this novel, he has been censured, as low, scurrilous, and immoral; but it should be remembered, that in the delineation of certain characters, if the author adhere to nature and real life, he cannot avoid trespassing upon the rules of delicacy and decorum. Smollett's taste for ridicule and satire being so remarkably prevalent, he was not scrupulously nice in the choice of his characters, nor delicate in his delineation of them. For instance, the dialogue between *Pipes* and the hedge-nymph is too gross, but it is certainly characteristic, and such language as might naturally be supposed to issue from the mouths of such people. There are other indelicacies which can only be justified upon the same principle; yet with all its imperfections, this novel possesses great merit, far (as is well observed by a judicious critic) exceeding the modern productions of frivolous fashion and sickly sentiment, which load the shelves of our libraries, and teach nonsense and iniquity to our wives and daughters.

His *Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom* and *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, are pleasing and interesting novels, though not so high in the estimation of the judicious as *Roderic Random* and *Peregrine Pickle*. There are manifest proofs of invention, character, composition, and contrivances, in both these works, but many situations are described in them which are rather improbable, and some characters are drawn, which if not altogether unexampled, do not accord with modern manners, and therefore should not be introduced in a piece where the scenes are laid in modern times.

The History of Count Fathom, if not very probable, is highly pleasing; and if in some instances it is indelicate, it is

not in any immoral. The design is evidently to detect imposture, guard the unwary against fraudulent practices, and instruct the ignorant in the knowledge of mankind; but the leading characters are delineated in so odious a light, as must be disgusting to our feelings, as well as shocking to humanity. A virtuous character indeed is opposed to relieve the mind from the contemplation of a series of profligate objects, and by affording an opportunity of viewing them in contrast, produces a good moral effect. But, as is very justly observed by a commentator on Smollett's novels, 'the advantage of introducing vicious and profligate characters into a moral production, by way of exposing them to shame and ridicule, may be reasonably doubted; for a series of crimes and follies may give a mind untutored by experience, an insight into vice, which the good moral drawn from them may not prevent being put in practice.' But it must be confessed to the honour of our author, that in many parts of this novel he has closely imitated the style and manner of *Le Sage*, and worked up the scenes with wonderful skill and contrivance, so as to produce the most striking effect.

The *History of Sir Launcelot Greaves* though the hint is borrowed from *Don Quixote*, and the story is improbable, has much originality in the execution; there are in it many characters highly finished, and many strokes of genuine humour. Some actors in the scene are too frequently introduced, and particularly *Captain Crowe*, whose appearance is thereby rendered disgusting; but the novel is written upon the whole with that spirit, point, and humour, which are the leading features of his productions in this branch of literature.

His *Adventures of an Atom* is rather a novel in form than in substance. The circumstances are true in the main, though exaggerated occasionally by the flights of fancy, or obscured by the clouds of prejudice. Having portrayed the characters of the great men who contended for the administration of the government of *Japan* (England) he states his design of giving 'a plain narration of historical incidents without pretending to philosophize like *Hume*, or dogmatize like *Smollett*. But prejudice, notwithstanding this seeming profession of partiality, never appeared more glaringly than in this work, in which the whig party are treated with the most rancorous asperity, and the most dignified characters traduced in terms of the most opprobrious obloquy. This work

work is written with his usual energy and felicity of expression, and displays in many parts of it a combination of profound learning and genuine humour, happily adapted to excel in ludicrous composition.

Much commendation is due to his *Expediton of Humphrey Clinker*, in which he has avoided the objections that have been made to *Count Fathom* and *Launcelot Greaves*. This work consists of a series of letters by different persons, written in the style and manner of Richardson. The characters are natural, and the situations probable. It exhibits many useful and important lessons applicable to the ordinary departments of life. It is equal in spirit and vigour to any of his other novels, and is evidently the production of a mind stored with experimental knowledge, as the result of long and minute observation. It abounds with situations truly comic, as well as genuine humour, blends instruction with entertainment, and will therefore be a work always in request. We shall close our account of Smollett, as a novelist, with the following remarks of a judicious critic, often quoted in the course of these memoirs.

‘A very obvious similitude,’ (says that writer), ‘is observable between the three heroes of Smollett’s chief productions. *Roderic Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Matthew Bramble*, are all brothers of the same family. The same satiric, cynical dispositions; the same generosity and benevolence, are the distinguishing and characteristic features of all three; but they are far from being servile copies or imitations of each other. He seems to have described his own character in the different stages and situations of life.

‘*Roderic Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphrey Clinker*, are undoubtedly efforts of genius and fancy, which rival the masterly productions of the moral, the sublime, the pathetic, but tiresome, Richardson with all his profound and accurate knowledge of the various workings of the human heart; and the ingenious, the humorous, but diffuse Fielding, with all his wit, learning, and knowledge of mankind. That Fielding frequently displays a thorough acquaintance with nature, and that innumerable passages may be pointed out in Richardson, which do equal credit to the goodness of his heart, and the depth of his understanding cannot be denied; yet after perusing the wire-drawn pages of “*Pamela*, *Clarissa* and *Grandison*, or the common place introductory discussion and diffusive narrative of

Joseph

Joseph Andrews, Tom Jones and Amelia;” we never quit them with so much reluctance as we feel in closing the pages of Smollett, who with less regularity of fable, and without introducing so much of what may be called fine writing, possesses in an eminent degree, the art of rousing our feelings, and fixing the attention of his readers.”

As a *Journalist of Travels*, our author it must be acknowledged has exposed the weak side of human nature in discovering much petulance, illiberality and some degree of spleen. This morose foible has been palliated by his friends, who have imputed his want of candour to the effects of a mind oppressed by many disappointments and domestic calamities. As a philosopher he should not in his writings have been affected by these impressions; but as a man, and a man of feeling, he may be pardoned for indulging a vein of sarcasm on a world of which he deserved so much, and received so little.

Notwithstanding these defects, the relation of his travels, upon the whole is entitled to commendation. It is founded upon experience, and contains the observations of a man of penetration and discernment, free from partiality, exhibiting a naked view of men, and things as they are. The design is good, being calculated to detect error, establish truth, correct false notions, and fix the standard of right and wrong, and shew mankind what they are and what they ought to be.

‘I chiefly consulted,’ says Lord Garderstone, in his *Travelling Memorandums*. ‘Keyser, Moore and Smollett. I was best pleased with my o’ld and excellent friend Smollett. Tally and discontented as he is, he writes with perspicuity. His observations are generally sensible, and even his oddities are entertaining.’

From the great knowledge of men and manners, and the admirable display of the human passions our author exhibits in his other writings, it is natural to suppose he would have made a most respectable figure in the departments of the Drama. He possessed a fertile invention and a fund of humour, he was happy in delineating individual objects; but he seems to have mistaken his powers, when he attempted to group his characters for the business of the stage, and form a dramatic series of events; yet he is thought rather to have failed in his judgment than his genius.—His *Regicide*, though censured by the critics as undramatic,
in

in point of language, is animated, nervous and pathetic; but the language of itself could not procure it admission on the stage; and the piece afforded scope for the satirical genius of Churchill, as appears from the following lines in his *Apology to the Critical Reviewers*.

Whoever read the *Regicide*, but swore
 The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before,
 Others for plots and under-plots may call.
 Here's the right method—have no plot at all.
 Who can so often in his cause engage,
 The tiny pathos of the Grecian stage,
 While horrors rise and tears spontaneous flow,
 At tragic ha! and no less tragic oh!
 To praise his nervous weakness all agree,
 And then for sweetness, who so sweet as he;
 Too big for utterance, when sorrows swell,
 The too big sorrows flowing tears must tell.
 But when these flowing tears must cease to flow.
 Why—then the verse must speak again, you know.

If Smollett did not excel as a dramatist, he gave a proof of great comic powers in *The Reprisals, or the Tars of Old England*. The characters of a Frenchman, an Irishman, a Scotchman, and an English sailor, are as highly portrayed, and as finely distinguished as in any dramatic piece in the English language.

As a *Poet*, he is mentioned by a learned biographer with the greatest respect in the following terms—

‘His poetical compositions are so excellent in their kind, as to make us regret that they are not more numerous. Lively, humourous, witty, elegant, pathetic and sublime; happy and successful in whatever the universality of his genius prompted him to undertake; his spirit, his sentiment, his language, are full of nature, enthusiasm and simplicity, and while a love of poetry remains among us, must always please the reader of taste and sensibility. The poems on occasional subjects, are marked with the different dispositions, which must have prevailed at different times of his life.’ His poem entitled *Advice and Reproof*, though it evinces much political and literary prejudice, abounds with manly sentiment, poignant satire and elegant language.

His *Love Elegy* is elegantly plaintive, tender and pathetic. His *Tears of Scotland* is entitled to praise. The pathetic and the sublime are happily blended in this poem, and the following passage is exquisitely tender and beautiful.

The

The pious mother doom'd to death,
 Fortaken wanders o'er the heath;
 The bleak wind whistles round her head,
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
 Bereft of shelter, food and friend,
 She views the shades of night descend,
 And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
 Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

On his *Ode to Independence*, we shall give the following remarks and observations from the pen of a learned and judicious critic.

'His *Ode to Independence*,' says that writer, 'the greatest effort of his genius, ranks with the lyric compositions of *Dryden*, *Akenfide*, *Collins* and *Gray*. It is written in the true spirit of lyric poetry. It is loud, various, ardent and impetuous. It abounds with animated sentiments, glowing images, and nervous and energetic expressions. The introduction is poetical, bold and nervous.—

Thy spirit Independence, let me share,
 Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

'The picture exhibited in these lines is striking, because the circumstances are happily chosen, briefly and distinctly delineated. It is sublime, because the images are few, and in themselves great and magnificent. The *lion heart and eagle eye* suggest an idea of the high spirit and commanding aspect of *Independence* and the poet following with bosom bare, dances, in a picturesque manner, the eagerness and enthusiasm of the victory. In a strain of poetry exceedingly wild and romantic he rehearses its birth, education and qualities.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
 A goddess violated brought thee forth,
 Immortal *Liberty*, whose look sublime,

Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime!

'*Liberty*, according to the poet's acceptation, means the security of lives, and possessions and freedom from external force. *Independence* is of higher import and denotes that internal sense and consciousness of freedom which begets magnanimity, fortitude and becoming pride, which leads us to respect ourselves, and do nothing unworthy of our condition. *Liberty* therefore is with perfect propriety, said to be the mother

ther of *Independence* and *Disdain* the father. Disdain arising from indignation against an oppressor, and triumph on having frustrated or escaped his malice. This stern personage is strongly characterized in the following description.

Of ample front, the portly chief appeared,
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest,
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,
And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.

Men may enjoy liberty without independence; they may be secure in their persons and possessions, without feeling any uncommon elevation of mind, or any sense of their freedom. But if their liberty is attacked, they are alarmed, they feel the value of their condition; they are moved with indignation against their oppressors; they exert themselves, and if they are successful, or escape the danger that threatened, they triumph, they reflect on the happiness and dignity conferred by freedom, they applaud themselves for their exertions, become unanimous and independent. There is therefore, no less propriety in deducing the origin of *Independence* from *Disdain* and *Liberty* than fixing the area of her birth. Our Saxon ancestors, free, simple, and inoffensive, were attacked, escaped the violence of their adversary, reflected on the felicity of their condition, and gained independence.

The education of *Independence* and the scene of his nativity, are suited to his illustrious lineage, and to the high attainments for which he was destined.

The light he saw in Albion's happy plains;
Where, under covert of a flowering thorn,
While Pylomel renew'd her warbled strains,
Th' auspicious fruit of stolon's embrace was born,—
The mountain dryads seiz'd with joy
The smiling infant to their charge consign'd;
The Doric muse caress'd the favourite boy;
The hermit Wisdom stor'd his opening mind.

The imagery in these lines is soft and agreeable, the language smooth, and the versification harmonious.

In the second antistrophe, he celebrates his heroic and beneficent actions, and returns at the end of the third strophe, to acknowledge with gratitude, the power of *Independence* in preserving him untainted by the debasing influence of grandeur, and the admiration of vain magnificence. Animated with this reflection, and conscious of the dignity annexed to

an independent state of mind, he inveighs against those minions of fortune who would impose upon mankind by the ostentation of wealth and the parade of pageantry.

In fortune's car behold the minion ride,
 With either India's glittering spoils opprest.
 So moves the sumpter mule in harness'd pride,
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
 Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,
 And jingling bells fantastic Folly ring.
 Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall intervene;
 And Nature still to all her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on ev'ry scene
 Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

‘These lines embellished by fancy and recommended to the heart by harmony, are the investive of truth and honest indignation.’

The last antistrophe has an air of softness, benignity, and mildness, that leaves a very pleasing effect on the mind of the reader, animated with sentiments of public virtue, glowing with self-approbation, and fired with all the ardour and enthusiasm of the poet.

His *Ode to Leven Water* discovers delicacy of sentiment joined to simplicity of taste; the images are pastoral and pleasing, and the versification correct and harmonious. He celebrates his native stream with all the elegant simplicity of an Arcadian shepherd.

This poem was sent as a present to a friend by an admirer of Smollett's productions, with the following recommendation :

“Inclosed I send you the copy of a little *Ode to the river Leven*, by Dr. Smollett, who was born on the banks of it, within two miles of the place where I am now writing. It is at least picturesque and accurately descriptive, if it has no other merit. There is an idea of truth in an agreeable landscape taken from nature, which pleases me more than the gayest fiction which the most luxuriant fancy can display.”

This was the last publication our Author gave to the world.

ADVICE AND REPROOF ;

TWO SATIRES.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1746 AND 1747.

————— *Sed pœne lai*
Cœduntur tunc idæ medicis, illis te Marce. ———
O proceris! censors quos et animum jiculis?
 JUVENAL.

————— *nam quis*
Peccat: si finem pesit: si sibi? quando recepit
Ejfectum: semel atari: & ac fronte rubor, in?
 Ibid.

ADVICE :

A SATIRE.

POET—FRIEND.

POET.

ENOUGH, enough; all this we knew before;
 'Tis infamous, I grant it, to be poor;
 And who so much to sense and glory loit,
 Will hug the curse that not one joy can boast!
 From the pale leg, O! could I once break loose;
 Divorc'd, all hell should not re-tie the noose;
 Not with more care shall H—— avoid his wife,
 Not Cope flies swifter lashing for his life;
 Than I to leave the meagre fiend behind.

FRIEND.

Exert your talents; nature, ever kind, 10
 Enough for happiness, bestows on all;
 'Tis sloth or pride that finds her gifts too small—
 Why sleeps the Muse!—is there no room for praise,
 When such bright consecrations blaze?
 When sage Newcastle, abtinently great, 15
 Neglects his food to cater for the itace;

Ver. 8. A general famous for an expedition's retreat, though not quite so deliberate as that of the ten thousand Greeks from Persia; having unfortunately forgot to bring his army along with him.

Ver. 15. Alluding to the philosophical contempt which this great personage manifested for the sensual delights of the stomach.

And Grafton, tow'ring Atlas of the throne,
 So well rewards a genius like his own :
 Granville and Bath illustrious, need I name,
 For sober dignity, and spotless fame ; 20
 Or Pitt, th' unshaken Abdiel yet unshung :
 Thy candour, Chomdly ! and thy truth, O Younge !

POET.

Th' advice is good ; the question only, whether
 'These names and virtues ever dwelt together ?
 But what of that ? the more the bard shall claim, 25
 Who can create as well as cherish fame.
 But one thing more,—how loud must I repeat,
 To rouse the engaged attention of the great ;
 Amus'd, perhaps, with C——'s prolific hum,
 Or rapt amidst the transports of a drum ; 30

Ver. 17. This noble peer, remarkable for sublimity of parts, by virtue of his office, Lord Chamberlain, conferred the laureat on Colley Cibber, Esq. a delectable bard, whose character has already employed, together with his own, the greatest pens of the age.

Ver. 19. Two noblemen famous in their day, for nothing more than their fortitude in bearing the scorn and reproach of their country.

Ver. 21. Abdiel, according to Milton, was the only seraph that preserved his integrity in the midst of corruption—

Among the innumerable false, unmov'd,
 Unshaken, uneduc'd, untterrify'd—

Ver. 29. This alludes to a phenomenon, not more strange than true. The person here meant, having actually laid upwards of forty eggs, as several physicians and fellows of the Royal Society can attest : one of whom, we hear, has undertaken the incubation, and will, no doubt, favour the world with an account of his success. Some virtuosi affirm, that such productions must be the effect of a certain intercourse of organs not fit to be named.

Ver. 30. This is a riotous assembly of fashionable people, of both sexes, at a private house, consisting of some hundreds ; not unaptly styled a drum, from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment. There are also drum-major, rout, tempest, and hurricane, differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the significant name of each declares.

While the grim porter watches ev'ry door,
 Stern foe to tradesmen, poets, and the poor.
 Th' Hesperian dragon not more fierce and fell ;
 Nor the gaunt growling janitor of hell.
 E'en Atticus, (io wills the voice of fate) 35
 Enshrines in clouded majesty, his state ;
 Nor to th' adoring crowd vouchsafes regard,
 Though priests adore, and ev'ry priest a bard.
 Shall I then follow with the venal tribe,
 And on the threshold the base mongrel bribe ? 40
 Bribe him, to feast my mute imploring eye,
 With some proud lord, who smiles a gracious lie !
 A lie to captivate my heedless youth,
 Degrade my talents, and debauch my truth ;
 While fool'd with hope, revolves my joyless day, 45
 And friends, and fame, and fortune fleet away ;
 Till scandal, indigence, and scorn, my lot,
 The dreary jail entombs me, where I rot ?
 Is there, ye varnish'd ruffians of the state !
 Not one among the millions whom ye cheat, 50
 Who while he totters on the brink of woe,
 Dares, ere he falls, attempt the avenging blow !
 A steady blow ! his languid soul to feast ;
 And rid his country of one curse at least !

FRIEND.

What ? turn assassin ?

POET.

Let th' assassin bleed : 55
 My fearless verse shall justify the deed.
 'Tis he, who lures th' unpractis'd mind astray,
 'Then leaves the wretch to misery, a prey ;
 Perverts the race of virtue just begun,
 And stabs the public, in her ruin'd son. 60

FRIEND.

Heav'ns how you rail, the man's consum'd by spite !
 If Lockman's fate attends you when you write ;
 Let prudence more propitious arts inspire ;
 The lower still you crawl, you'll climb the higher.

Ver. 62. To be little read, and less approved.

Go then, with ev'ry supple virtue stor'd, 65
 And thrive, the favour'd valet of my lord.
 Is that denied? a boon more humble crave;
 And minister to him who serves a slave;
 Be sure you fallen on promotion's scale;
 Ev'n if you seize some footman by the tail: 70
 Th' ascent is easy, and the prospect clear,
 From the smirch'd scullion to the embrioder'd peer.
 Th' ambitious drudge preferr'd, postillion rides,
 Advanc'd again, the chair benighted guides;
 Here doom'd, if nature strang his sinewy frame, 75
 The slave (perhaps) of some insatiate dame;
 But if exempted from th' Herculean toil,
 A fairer field awaits him, rich with spoil;
 There shall he shine, with mingling honours bright,
 His master's pathic, pimp, and parasite; 80
 Then strut a captain, if his wish be war,
 And grasp, in hope, a truncheon and a star:
 Or if the sweets of peace his soul allure,
 Bask at his ease, in some warm sinecure;
 His fate in consul, clerk, or agent, vary, 85
 Or cross the seas, an envoy's secretary;
 Compos'd of falsehood, ignorance and pride,
 A prostrate sycophant shall rise a L——d:
 And won from kennels to th' impure embrace,
 Accomplish'd Warren triumph o'er disgrace. 90

POET.

Eternal infamy his name surround,
 Who planted first that vice on British ground!
 A vice that spite of sense and nature reigns,
 And poisons genial love, and manhood stains!
 Pollio! the pride of science and its shame, 95
 The muse weeps o'er thee, while she brands thy name!

Ver. 83. This child of dirt (to use a great author's expression) without any other quality than groveling adulation, has arrived at the power of insulting his betters every day.

Ver. 90. Another son of fortune, who owes his present affluence to the most infamous qualifications; commonly called *Brush Warren*, from having been a shoe black; it is said he was kept by both sexes at one time.

Abhorrent views that prostituted groom,
 Th' indecent grotto, or polluted doom!
 There only may the spurious passion glow,
 Where not one laurel decks the caitiff's brow, 100
 Obscene with crimes avow'd, of ev'ry dye,
 Corruption, lust, oppression, perjury:
 Let Chardin, with a chaplet round his head,
 The taste of Maro and Anacreon plead,
 " Sir, Flaccus knew to live as well as write, 105
 " And kept, like me, two boys array'd in white."
 Worthy to feel that appetite of fame
 Which rivals Horace only in his shame!
 Let Isis wail in murmurs as she runs,
 Her tempting fathers, and her yielding sons; 110
 While dullness screens the failings of the church,
 Nor leaves one sliding Rabbi in the lurch:
 Far other raptures let the breast contain,
 Where heaven-born taste and emulation reign.

FRIEND.

Shall not a thousand virtues, then, atone 115
 In thy strict censure for the breach of one?
 If Bubo keeps a catamite or whore,
 His bounty feeds the beggar at his door:
 And though no mortal credits Curio's word,
 A score of lacqueys fatten at his board: 120
 To Christian meekness sacrifice thy spleen,
 And strive thy neighbour's weaknesses to screen.

Ver. 103. This genial knight wore at his own banquet a garland of flowers, in imitation of the ancients; and kept two rosy boys robed in white, for the entertainment of his guests.

Ver. 109. In allusion to the unnatural orgies said to be solemnized on the banks of this river; particularly at one place, where a much greater facility of morals and taste might be expected.

Ver. 111. This is a decent and parental office, in which dullness is employed; namely, to conceal the failings of her children; and exactly conformable to that instance of filial piety which we meet with in the son of Noah, who went backwards to cover the nakedness of his father, when he lay exposed, from the scoffs and insults of a malicious world.

POET.

Scorn'd be the bard, and wither'd all his fame,
 Who wounds a brother weeping o'er his shame!
 But if an impious wretch, with frantic pride, 125
 Throws honour, truth, and decency, aside;
 If nor by reason aw'd, nor check'd by fears,
 He counts his glories from the stains he bears;
 Th' indignant muse to virtue's aid shall rise,
 And fix the brand of infamy on vice. 130

What, if arous'd at his imperious call,
 An hundred footsteps echo through his hall;
 And, on high columns rear'd, his lofty dome
 Proclaims th' united art of Greece and Rome:
 What, though whole hecatombs his crew regale, 135
 And each dependant slumbers o'er his ale;
 While the remains, through mouths unnumber'd past,
 Indulge the beggar and the dogs at last:
 Say, Friend, is it benevolence of soul,
 Or pompous vanity, that prompts the whole? 140
 These sons of sloth, who by profusion thrive,
 His pride inveigled from the public hive:
 And numbers pine in solitary woe,
 Who furnish'd out this phantasy of show.
 When silent misery assail'd his eyes, 145
 Did e'er his throbbing bosom sympathize?
 Or his extensive charity pervade
 To those who languish in the barren shade,
 Where oft by want and modesty suppress'd,
 The bootless talent warms the lonely breast? 150
 No! petrify'd by dullness and disdain,
 Beyond the feeling of another's pain,
 The tear of pity ne'er bedew'd his eye,
 Nor his lewd bosom felt the social sigh!

FRIEND.

Alike to thee his virtue or his vice, 155
 If his hand lib'ral owns thy merit's price.

POET.

Sooner in hopeless anguish would I mourn,
 Than owe my fortune to the man I scorn!—

What new resource ?

FRIEND.

A thousand yet remain

That bloom with honours, or that teem with gain :

'These arts—are they beneath—beyond thy care ? 161

Devote thy studies to th' auspicious fair :

Of truth divested, let thy tongue supply

The hinted slander, and the whisper'd lie ;

All merit mock, all qualities depress, 165

Save those that grace th' excelling patroness

'Trophies to her on others follies raise,

And, heard with joy, by defamation praise

To this collect each faculty of face,

And every feat perform of sly grimace ; 170

Let the grave sneer sarcastic speak thee shrewd,

The smutty joke ridiculously lewd,

And the loud laugh through all its changes rung,

Applaud th' abortive sallies of her tongue ;

Enroll'd a member in the sacred list 175

Soon shalt thou sharp in company at whist ;

Her midnight rites and revels regulate,

Priest of her love, and demon of her hate.

POET.

But say, what recompence for all this waste

Of honour, truth, attention, time, and taste ? 180

To shine confess'd her zany and her tool,

And fall by what I rose, low ridicule ?

Again shall Handel raise her laurel'd brow,

Again shall harmony with rapture glow ;

The spells dissolve, the combination breaks 185

And Punch no longer Frazi's rival squeaks.

Lo ! Ruffel falls a sacrifice to whim,

And starts amaz'd, in Newgate, from his dream :

Ver. 177. These are mysteries performed, like those of the *Dea Bona*, by females only ; consequently it cannot be expected that we should here explain them : we have, notwithstanding, found means to learn some anecdotes concerning them, which we shall reserve for another opportunity.

Ver. 187. A famous mimic and singer. The person here meant, by the qualifications above described, had insinuated

With trembling hands implores their promis'd aid,
 And sees their favour like a vision fade! 190
 Is this, ye faithless tyrants!—this the joy
 'To which your smiles th' unwary wretch decoy?
 Naked and shackled, on the pavement prone,
 His mangled flesh devouring from the bone;
 Rage in his heart, distraction in his eye! 195
 Behold, inhuman hags! your minion lie!
 Behold his gay career to ruin run,
 By you seduc'd, abandon'd, and undone!
 Rather in garret pent, secure from harm,
 My Muse with murders shall the town alarm; 200
 Or plunge in politics with patriot zeal,
 And snarl like Gathrie for the public weal,
 Than crawl an insect in a beldame's power,
 And dread the crush of caprice ev'ry hour!

FRIEND.

'Tis well, enjoy that petulance of style, 205
 And, like the envious adder, lick the file:
 What, though success will not attend on all!
 Who bravely dares must sometimes risk a fall.
 Behold the bounteous board of fortune spread;
 Each weakness, vice, and folly, yields thee bread;

himself into the confidence of certain ladies of quality, who engaged him to set up a puppet-show, in opposition to the oratorio of Handel, against whom they were unreasonably prejudiced. But the town not seconding the capricious undertaking, they deserted their manager, whom they had promised to support, and let him sink under the expence they had entailed upon him. He was accordingly thrown into prison, where his disappointment got the better of his reason, and he remained in all the ecstasy of despair; till at last his generous protectors, after much solicitation, were prevailed upon to collect five pounds, on the payment of which he was admitted into Bedlam, where he continued bereft of his understanding, and died in the utmost misery.

Ver. 199. These are the dreams and fictions of Grub-street, with which the good people of this metropolis are daily alarmed and entertained.

Ver. 206. This alludes to the fable of the viper and file, applicable to all the unsuccessful efforts of malice and envy.

Would'st thou with prudent condescension strive
On the long settled terms of life to thrive. 211

POET.

What! join the crew that pilfer one another,
Betray my friend, and persecute my brother ;
Turn usurer, o'er *cent. per cent.* to brood, 215
Or quack, to feed like fleas on human blood ?

FRIEND.

Or if thy soul can brook the gibbled curse,
Some changeling heiress's steal—

POET.

Why not a purse ?
Two things I dread, my conscience and the law.

FRIEND.

How ? dread a mumbling bear without a claw ? 225
Nor this, nor that, is standard right or wrong,
Till minted by the mercenary tongue,
And what is conscience but a fiend of strife,
That chills the joys, and damps the scenes of life ?
The wayward child of vanity and fear, 230
The peevish dam of poverty and care ;
Unnumbered woes engender in the breast
That entertains the rude ungrateful guest.

POET.

Hail, sacred pow'r! my glory and my guide !
Fair source of mental peace, whate'er beside ; 235
Safe in thy shelter, let disaster roll
Eternal hurricanes around my soul ;
My soul serene amidst the storms shall reign,
And smile to see their fury burst in vain!

FRIEND.

Too coy to flatter, and too proud to serve, 240
Thine be the joye's dignity to starve.

POET.

No ;—thanks to discord, war shall be my friend ;
And mortal rage, heroic courage, lend
To pierce the gleaming squadron of the foe,
And win renown by some distinguish'd blow. 245

Ver. 240. This surely occasioned Churchill's
"Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie."

FRIEND.

Renown! ay, do—unkennel the whole pack
 Of military cowards on thy back.
 What diff'rence, say, 'twixt him who bravely stood
 And him who sought the bosom of the wood?
 Envenom'd calumny the first shall brand,
 The last enjoy a ribbon and command.

250

POET.

If such be life, its wretches I deplore,
 And long to quit th' inhospitable shore.

REPROOF:

A SATIRE.

POET.—FRIEND.

POET.

HOWE'ER I turn, or wheresoe'er I tread,
 This giddy world still rattles round my head!
 I pant for silence e'en in this retreat—
 Good Heaven! what demon thunders at the gate?

FRIEND.

In vain you strive, in this sequester'd nook,
 To shroud you from an injur'd friend's rebuke.

5

POET.

An injur'd friend! who challenges the name?
 If you, what title justifies the claim?
 Did e'er your heart o'er my affliction grieve,
 Your int'rest prop me, or your praise relieve?
 Or could my wants my soul so far subdue,
 That in distress she crawl'd for aid to you?
 But let us grant th' indulgence e'er so strong;
 Display without reserve th' imagin'd wrong:
 Among your kindred have I kindled strife,
 Desflower'd your daughter, or debauch'd your wife;
 Traduc'd your credit, bubbled you at game;
 Or soil'd with infamous reproach your name?

10

15

Ver. 248, 249. This last line relates to the behaviour of a general on a certain occasion, who discovered an extreme passion for the cool shade during the heat of the day: the Hanoverian general, in the battle of Dettingen.

FRIEND.

No: but your cynic vanity (you'll own)
Expos'd my private council to the town. 20

POET.

Such fair advice 'twere pity sure to lose:
I grant I printed it for public use.

FRIEND.

Yes, season'd with your own remarks between,
Inflam'd with so much virulence of spleen
That the mild town (to give the dev'l his due) 25
Ascribed the whole performance to a Jew.

POET.

Jews, Turks, or Pagans, hallow'd be the mouth
That teems with moral zeal and dauntless truth!
Prove that my partial strain adopts one lie,
No penitent more mortify'd than I; 30
Not e'en the wretch in shackles, doom'd to groan
Beneath th' inhuman scoffs of Williamton.

FRIEND.

Hold—let us see this boasted self-denial—
The vanquish'd knight has triumph'd in his trial.

POET.

What then?

FRIEND.

Your own sarcastic verse unfay. 35
That brands him as a trembling runaway.

POET.

With all my soul:—th' imputed charge rehearse;
I'll own my error and expunge my verse.
Come, come, howe'er the day was lost or won,
The world allows the race was fairly run. 40
But lest the truth too naked should appear,
A robe of fable shall the goddess wear:
When sheep were subject to the lion's reign,
E'er man acquir'd dominion o'er the plain,
Voracious wolves fierce rushing from the rocks, 45
Devour'd without control th' unguarded flocks:

Ver. 32. Governor of the Tower.

Ver. 34. Sir John Cope.

The sufferers crowding round the royal cave,
 Their monarch's pity and protection crave:
 Not that they wanted valour, force, or arms,
 To shield their lambs from danger and alarms; 50
 A thousand rams, the champions of the fold,
 In strength of horn and patriot virtue bold,
 Engag'd in firm association stood,
 Their lives devoted to the public good:
 A warlike chieftain was their sole request, 55
 To marshal, guide, instruct and rule the rest:
 Their prayer was heard, and by consent of all,
 A courtesan appointed general.—
 He went, he led, arrang'd the battle flood,
 The savage ice came pouring like a flood, 60
 Then Pug, agass, fell swifter than the wind,
 Nor deign'd in three score miles to look behind;
 While ev'ry band for orders bleat in vain,
 And fall in slaughter'd heaps upon the plain:
 The scar'd baboon (to cut the matter short) 65
 With all his speed could not outrun report;
 And, to appease the clamours of the nation,
 'Twas fit his case should stand examination.
 The board was nam'd—each worthy took his place;
 All senior members of the horned race.— 70
 The wedder, goat, ram, elk, and ox, were there,
 And a grave hoary stag possess'd the chair.—
 Th' inquiry past, each in his turn began
 The culprit's conduct variously to scan.

Ver. 70. It is not to be wondered at that this board consisted of horned cattle only, since, before the use of arms, every creature was oblig'd in war to fight with such weapons as nature afforded it, consequently these supplied with horns bid fairest for signalizing themselves in the field, and carrying off the first posts in the army. But I observe that among the members of this court there is no mention made of such of the horned family as were chiefly celebrated for valour; namely, the bull, unicorn, rhinoceros, &c. which gives reason to suspect, that these last were either out of favour with the ministry, laid aside on account of their great age, or that the ape had interest enough at court to exclude them from the number of his judges.

At length the sage uprear'd his awful crest,
 And, pausing, thus his fellow chiefs address'd.—
 If age, that from this head its honours stole,
 Hath not impair'd the functions of my soul,
 But sacred wisdom with experience bought,
 While this weak frame decays, matures my thought ;
 Th' important issue of this grand debate 81
 May furnish precedent for your own fate ;
 Should ever fortune call you to repel
 The shaggy foe, so desperate and fell—
 Tis plain, you say, his excellence Sir Ape 90
 From the dire field accomplish'd an escape ;
 Alas! our fellow subjects ne'er had bled,
 If ev'ry ram that fell like him had fled ;
 Certes, those sheep were rather mad than brave,
 Which scorn'd th' example their wise leader gave. 85
 Let us then ev'ry vulgar hint disdain,
 And from our brother's laurel wash the stain.—
 Th' admiring court applauds the president,
 And Pug was clear'd by general consent.

FRIEND.

There needs no magic to divine your scope,
 Mark'd, as you are, a flagrant misanthrope : 95
 Sworn foe to good and bad, to great and small,
 Thy rankling pen produces nought but gall :
 Let virtue struggle, or let glory shine,
 Thy verie affords not one approving line.— 100

POET.

Hail, sacred themes! the Muse's chief delight!
 O bring the darling objects to my sight!
 My breast with elevated thought shall glow,
 My fancy brighten, and my numbers flow!
 Th' Aonian grove with rapture would I tread, 105
 To crop unfading wreaths for William's head ;
 But that my strain, unheard amidst the throng,
 Must yield to Lockman's ode, and Hambury's song.

Ver. 108. Two productions resembling one another very much in that cloying mediocrity, which Horace compares to—
Craſſum ungentem, et jardo cum melle papaver.

Nor would th' enamour'd Muse neglect to pay
 To Stanhope's worth the tributary lay? 110
 The soul unstain'd, the ionie sublime to paint,
 A people's patron, pride and ornament!
 Did not his virtues eterniz'd remain
 The boasted theme of Pope's immortal strain.
 Not e'en the pleasing task is left, to raise 115
 A grateful monument to Barnard's praise;
 Else should the venerable patriot stand
 Th' unshaken pillar of a sinking land.
 The gladd'ning prospect let me still pursue,
 And bring fair virtue's triumph to the view! 120
 Alike to me, by fortune blest or not,
 From soaring Cobham to the melting Scot.
 But, lo! a swarm of harpies intervene,
 To ravage, mangle, and pollute the scene!
 Gorg'd with our plunder, yet still gaunt for spoil, 125
 Rapacious Gideon fastens on our isle;
 Insatiate Lascelles, and the fiend Vaneck,
 Rise on our ruins, and enjoy the wreck;
 While griping Jasper glories in his prize, 129
 Wrung from the widow's tears and orphan's cries.

FRIEND.

Relaps'd again! strange tendency to rail!
 I fear'd this meekness would not long prevail.

Ver. 110. The Earl of Chesterfield.

Ver. 122. Daniel Muckelcher, Esq. a man of such primitive simplicity, that he may be said to have exceeded the scripture injunction, by not only parting with his cloak and coat, but with his shirt also, to relieve a brother in distress: Mr. Annelcy, who claimed the Anglessea title and estate.

Ver. 126. A triumvirate of contractors, who scorned the narrow view of private avarice, found means to lay a whole state under contribution, and pillage a kingdom of immense sum, under the protection of law.

Ver. 129. A Christian of bevels, who lends money to his friends in want at the moderate interest of fifty per cent. — a man famous for buying poor seamen's tickets.

POET.

You deem it rancour then?—Look round and see
 What vices flourish unprun'd by me :
 Corruption, roll'd in a triumphant car, 135
 Displays his burnish'd front, and glitt'ring star ;
 Nor heeds the public scorn, or transient curse,
 Unknown alike to honour and remorse.
 Behold the leering belle, carefs'd by all,
 Adorn each private feast and public ball ; 140
 Where peers attentive listen and adore,
 And not one matron frowns the titled whore.
 At Peter's obsequies I sung no dirge ;
 Nor has my satire yet supply'd a scourge
 For the vile tribes of usurer's and bites, 145
 Who sneak at Jonathan's, and swear at White's.
 Each low pursuit, and slyly bred
 Within the selfish heart and hollow head,
 Thrives uncontroll'd, and blossoms o'er the land,
 Nor feels the rigour of my chast'ning hand : 150
 While Codrus thivers o'er his bags of gold,
 By famine wither'd, and benumb'd by cold ;
 I mark his haggard eyes with frenzy roll,
 And feast upon the terrors of his soul ;
 The wrecks of war, the perils of the deep, 155
 That curse with hideous dreams the cairn's sleep ;
 Insolvent debtors, thieves, and civil strife,
 Which daily persecute his wretched life ;
 With all the horrors of prophetic dread,
 That rack his bosom while the mail is read. 160
 Safe from the road, untainted by the school,
 A judge by birth, by destiny a fool,
 While the young lordling frisks in native pride,
 His party-colour'd tutor by his side,

Ver. 139. A wit of the first water, celebrated for her talent of repartee and double entendre.

Ver. 143. Peter Waters, Esq. whose character is too well known to need description.

Ver. 164. Whether it be for the reason assigned in the subsequent lines, or the frugality of the parents, who are unwilling to throw away money in making their children wiser than

Pleas'd, let me own the pious mother's care, 165
 Who to the brawny fire commits her heir.
 Fraught with the spirit of a Gothic monk,
 Let Rich, with dullness and devotion drunk,
 Enjoy the peal so barbarous and loud,
 While his brain spues new monsters to the crowd; 170
 I see with joy the vaticide deplore
 An hell denouncing priest and lov'ring whore,
 Let every polish'd dame, and genial lord,
 Employ the social chair and venal board;
 Debauch'd from sense, let doubtful meanings run, 175
 The vague conundrum, and the prurient pun;
 While the vain fop, with apish grin, regards
 The giggling minx half-chok'd behind her cards:
 These, and a thousand idle pranks, I deem
 The motley spawn of ignorance and whim. 180
 Let pride conceive, and folly propagate,
 The fashion still adopts the spurious brat:
 Nothing so strange that fashion cannot tame;
 By this dishonour ceases to be shame:

themselves, I know not; but certain it is, that many people of fashion commit the education of their heirs to some trusty footman, with a particular command to keep master out of the stable.

Ver. 170. Monsters of absurdity.

“ He look'd, and saw a sable forc'er rise,
 “ Swift to whole hand a winged volume flies:
 “ All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragon's glare,
 “ And ten horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
 “ Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth,
 “ Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage and mirth,
 “ A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
 “ Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

Dunciad.

Ver. 174. This is no other than an empty chair, carried about with great formality to perform visits; by the help of which a decent correspondence is often maintained among people of fashion, many years together, without one personal interview, to the great honour of hospitality and good neighbourhood.

Ibid. *Venal board.*] Equally applicable to the dining and card-table, where every guest must pay an extravagant price for what he has.

This weans from blushes lewd Tyrawley's face, 185
 Gives Hawley praise, and Ingoldsby disgrace,
 From Mead to Thompton shifts the palm at once,
 A meddling, prating, blundering busy dunce!
 And may (should taste a little more decline)
 Transform the nation to a herd of swine. 190

FRIEND.

The fatal period hastens on apace!
 Nor will thy verse the obscene event disgrace;
 Thy flowers of poetry that smell so strong,
 The keenest appetites have loth'd the song;
 Condemn'd by Clark, Banks, Barrowby and Chitty,
 And all the crop-ear'd critics of the city: 196
 While sagely neutral sits thy silent friend,
 Alike averie to censure or commend.

POET.

Peace to the gentle soul that could deny
 His invoked voice to still the cry! 200
 And let me still the sentiment disdain
 Of him who never speaks but to arraign;
 The sneering son of calumny and scorn,
 Whom neither arts, nor sense, nor soul adorn:
 Or his, who to maintain a critic's rank, 205
 Though conscious of his own internal blank,
 His want of taste unwilling to betray,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense hesitates all day;
 With brow contracted hears each passage read,
 And often hums and shakes his empty head; 210
 Until some oracle ador'd pronounce
 The passive bard a poet or a dunce;
 Then in loud clamour echoes back the word,
 'Tis bold! impid—fearing or absurd.
 These, and th' unnumber'd shoals of smaller fry,
 That nibble round, I pity and defy. 216

Ver. 186. *Hawley.*] A general so renowned for conduct and discipline, that, during an action in which he had a considerable command, he is said to have been seen rallying three fugitive dragons, five miles from the field of battle.

Ver. 195. A fraternity of wits, whose virtue, modesty, and taste, are much of the same dimension.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
 Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
 Lie slaughter'd on their native ground ;
 Thy hospitable roofs no more
 Invite the stranger to the door ;
 In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
 His all become the prey of war ;
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 Then smites his breast and curses life.
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks :
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then in every clime,
 Through the wild spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
 No more shall cheer the happy day :
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter night :
 No strains but those of sorrow flow,
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
 While the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, oh ! fatal morn,
 Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !

The sons against their father stood, 35
 The parent shed his children's blood.
 Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
 The victor's soul was not appeas'd :
 The naked and forlorn must feel
 Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel! 40

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
 Fortaken wanders o'er the heath,
 The bleak wind whistles round her head,
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;
 Bereft of shelter, food and friend, 45
 She views the shades of night descend :
 And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my viens,
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns, 50
 Repentment of my country's fate,
 Within my filial breast shall beat ;
 And, spite of her insulting foe,
 My sympathizing verse shall flow :
 " Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 " Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn." 56

VERSES ON A YOUNG LADY

PLAYING ON A HARPSICORD, AND SINGING.

WHEN Sappho struck the quiv'ring wire,
 The throbbing breast was all on fire :
 And when she rais'd the vocal lay,
 The captive soul was charm'd away !

But had the nymph, possess'd with these, 5
 Thy softer, chaster pow'r to please ;
 Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
 Thy native smiles of artless truth ;

The worm of grief had never prey'd
 On the forsaken love-sick maid ; 10
 Nor had she mourn'd an hapless flame,
 Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame. 12

LOVE ELEGY.

IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
 Monimia give my soul her wonted rest;
 Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
 Heart-gnawing cares corrode my penive breast.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call, 5
 With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour;
 Lead beauty through the mazes of the ball,
 Or preis her wanton in love's roseate bower.

For me no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
 Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around, 10
 Nor wander through the woodbine's fragrant shade,
 To hear the music of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
 Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
 Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall, 15
 And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:

There leagu'd with hopele's anguish and despair,
 Awhile in silence o'er my fate repine:
 Then with a long farewell to love and care,
 To kindred dust my weary limbs consign. 20

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
 On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
 Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
 And bid the turf lie easy on my breast? 24

BURLESQUE ODE.*

WHERE wast thou, wittol ward, when hapless
 fate
 From these weak arms mine aged grannam tore;
 These pious arms essay'd too late,
 To drive the dismal phantom from the door.

* See next, Imagin'd. This is illustrated by Lord Lyttleton, wrote the above burlesque on that nobleman's method, on the death of his lady.

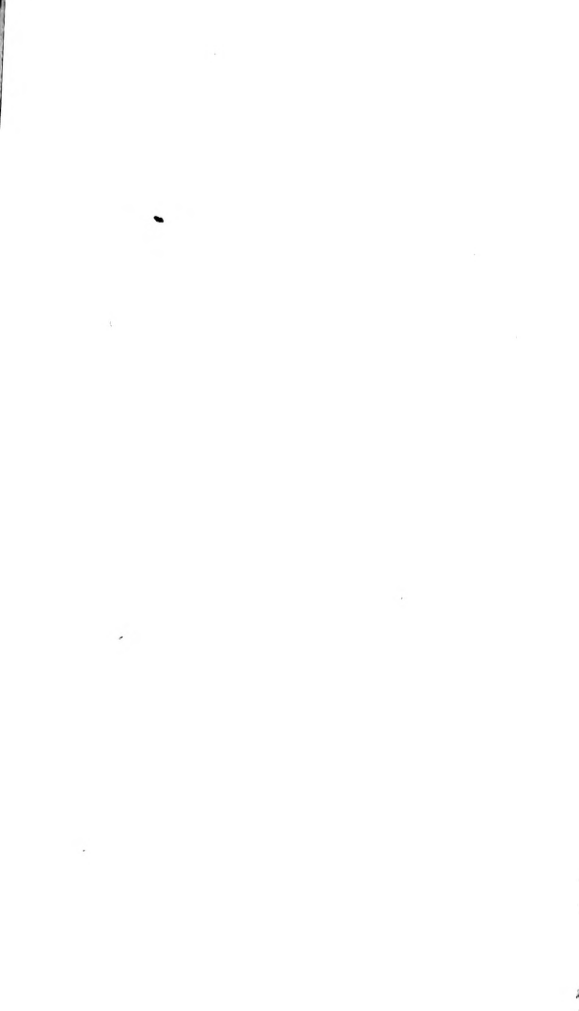
Could not thy healing drop, illustrious quack,
 Could not thy salutory pill prolong her days;
 For whom, fo'c'ss, to Marybone, aheck!
 Thy forrels dragg'd thee, through the worst of ways!

Oil-bropping Twickenham did not then detain,
 Thy steps, though tended by the Cambrian maids; 10
 Nor the sweet environs of Drury-Lane;
 Nor duty Panlico's embow'ring shades;
 Nor Whitehall, by the river's bank,
 Beld with rovers dank;
 Nor where th' Exchange pours forth its tawny fous;
 Nor where to mix with offal, soil, and blood, 15
 Steep Snow-hill rolls the fable flood;
 Nor where the Mint's contained kennel runs:
 Ill doth it now beseem,
 That thou should'st doze and dream, 20
 When death in mortal armour came,
 And struck with ruthless dart the gentle dame.
 Her lib'ral hand and sympathising breast
 The brute creation kindly bleis'd:
 Where'er she trod, grimalkin purr'd around, 25
 The squeaking pigs her bounty own'd;
 Nor to the waddling duck or gabbling goose,
 Did she glad sustenance refuse;
 The strutting cock she daily fed,
 And turkey with his snout so red; 30
 Or chickens careful as the pious hen,
 Nor did she overlook the tom-tit or the wren;
 While redbreast hopp'd before her in the hall,
 As if she common mother were of all.

For my distracted mind, 35
 What comfort can I find;
 O best of grannams! thou art dead and gone,
 And I am left behind to weep and moan,
 To sing thy dirge in sad and funeral ray,
 Oh! woe is me! aheck! and well a-day! 40

ODE TO MIRTH.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing mirth!
 Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
 Yet goddess's sure of heavenly birth,
 Visit benign a son of grief forlorn:
 Thy glitt'ring colours gay,
 Around him mirth display:
 And o'er his raptur'd sense
 Diffuse thy living influence:
 So shall each hill in purer green array'd,
 And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow, 10
 The grove shall smooth the horrors of the shade
 And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
 Shine, goddess, shine with unremitted ray,
 And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our day.
 Labour with thee forgets his pain, 15
 And aged poverty can smile with thee,
 If thou be nigh, grief's hate is vain,
 And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.
 The morning opes on high
 His universal eye; 20
 And on the world doth pour
 His glories in a golden shower,
 Lo! darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray,
 Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
 The brood obscene that own her gloomy sway 25
 Troop in her rear, and fly th' approaching morn.
 Pale shiv'ring ghosts that dread th' all-cheering light,
 Quick as the lightning's flash glide to sepulchral night.
 But whence the gladdening beam
 That pours his purple stream 30
 O'er the long prospect wide?
 'Tis mirth, I see her sit
 In majesty of light,
 With Laughter at her side.
 Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near, 35
 Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
 And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
 That guileless strikes the willing heart.



ODE TO SLEEP.

Soft sleep, profoundly pleasing power,
Sweet patron of the peaceful hours,
O listen from thy calm abode,
And hither wave thy magic rod.



See page 63

Printed by T. Clark and Engraved by W. Vaux.

Fear not now affliction's power,
 Fear not now wild passion's rage,
 Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
 Safe the tardy hand of age.
 Now mirth hath heard the suppliant poet's prayer,
 No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the troubled air,

ODE TO SLEEP.

SOFT sleep, profoundly pleasing power,
 Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
 O listen from thy calm abode,
 And hither wave thy magic rod;
 Extend thy silent soothing sway,
 And charm the canker care away.
 Whether thou lov'st to glide along,
 Attended by an airy throng
 Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,
 Such as adorn the wanton boy;
 Or to the monarch's fancy bring
 Delights that better suit a king;
 The glittering host, the groaning plan,
 The clang of arms, and victor's train;
 Nor should a milder vision please,
 Present the happy scenes of peace;
 Plump Autumn, blushing all around,
 Rich industry with toil embrown'd,
 Content with brow serenely gay,
 And genial art's refulgent ray.

ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
 And tune the rural pipe to love;
 I envied not the happiest swain
 That ever trod the Arcadian plain,
 Pure stream in whose transparent wave
 My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
 No torrents stain my limpid source;
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;

Whisk, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
 In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
 The spotted eel, in speckled pride;
 The salmon, monarch of the tide;
 The ruthless pike, intent on war;
 The silver eel, and mottled par.*
 Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
 And edges flower'd with celandine.
 Still on thy banks so gaily green,
 May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,
 And lasses chaunting o'er the pail,
 And shepherds piping in the dale,
 And ancient faith that knows no guile,
 And industry embrown'd with toil,
 And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
 The blessings they enjoy to guard.

ODE TO BLUE-EY'D ANN.

WHEN the rough north forgets to howl,
 And ocean's billows cease to roll;
 When Lybian lands are bound in frost,
 And cold to Nova Zembla's lost!
 When heav'nly bodies cease to move,
 My blue-ey'd Ann I'll cease to love.
 No more shall flowers the meads adorn,
 Nor sweet rose deck the rosy thorn;
 Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring;
 Nor parching heats the dog-star bring;
 Nor laughing lilies paint the grave,
 When blue-ey'd Ann I cease to love.
 No more shall joy in hope be found;
 Nor pleasures dance their frolic round;
 Nor love's light god inhabit earth;
 Nor beauty give the passion birth;
 Nor heat to summer sunshine cleave,
 When blue-ey'd Nanny I deceive.

*The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.

When rolling seasons cease to change,
 Inconstancy forgets to range; 20
 When lavish May no more shall bloom;
 Nor gardens yield a rich perfume;
 When nature from her sphere shall start,
 I'll tear my Nanny from my heart. 24

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share,
 Lord of the lion-heart and eagle eye,
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
 Deep in the frozen regions of the north, 5
 A goddess violated brought thee forth,
 Immortal liberty, whose looks sublime,
 Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
 What time the iron hearted Gaul
 With frantic superstition for his guide, 10
 Arm'd with the dagger and the pail,
 The sons of Woden to the field defy'd:
 The ruthless hag, by Weiser's flood,
 In Heaven's name urg'd the infernal blow;
 And red the stream began to flow: 15
 The vanquish'd were baptized with blood!

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
 From altars stain'd with human gore;
 And liberty his routed legions led
 In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore. 20
 There in a cave asleep she lay,
 Lulled by the hoarse resounding main;
 When a bold savage past that way,
 Impelled by destiny, his name Diddain.
 Of ample front the portly chief appeared: 25
 The hunted bear supply'd a shaggy vest;

Ver. 26. Charlmagne obliged four thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the Christian religion, and immediately after they were baptized, ordered their throats to be cut.—Their prince Vitikind fled for shelter to Gotrick, king of Denmark.

The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard ;
 And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.
 He stoop'd. He gaz'd ; his bosom glow'd,
 And deeply felt the impression of her charms ; 30
 He seiz'd the advantage fate allow'd :
 And straight compress'd her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlieu scream'd, the tritons blew
 Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;
 Old time exulted as he flew ; 35
 And independence saw the light.
 The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
 Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
 While Philomel renew'd her waubled strains,
 The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born— 40
 The mountain dryads seiz'd with joy
 The smiling infant to their charge consign'd ;
 The Doric muse carels'd the favourite boy ;
 The hermit wisdom flor'd his opening mind :
 As rolling years matured his age. 45
 He flourish'd bold and finevy as his fire ;
 While the mild passions in his breast assuage
 The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he winged his way,
 And zealous roved from pole to pole, 50
 The rolls of right eternal to display,
 And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul,
 On desert isle: it was he that rais'd
 Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
 Where tyranny beheld amaz'd 55
 Fair freedom's temple where he mark'd her grave,
 He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms
 To burst the Iberian's double chain ;
 And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
 Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain. 60

Ver. 53. Although Venice was built a considerable time before the æra here assigned for the birth of Independence, the republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and splendour.

Ver. 59. The Low Countries were not only oppressed by

He, with the generous rustics, fate,
 On Uri's rocks in close divan;
 And winged that arrow sure as fate,
 Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd, 65
 Where blasted nature pants supine,
 Conductor of her tribes adult,
 To freedom's adamantine thine;
 And many a Tartar herd for man, aghast!
 He snatch'd from under fell oppression's wing; 70
 And taught amidst the dreary waste
 Th' all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
 He virtue sows like precious ore,
 Diffus'd through every baser mould,
 E'en now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore, 75
 And turns the hoist of Cocleto to gold;
 He, guardian genius, taught my youth
 Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
 My lips by him chastit'd to truth,
 Ne'er paid that homage which my heart denies. 80

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,
 Where vanish'd vice and vanity combin'd,

grievous taxations, but likewise threatened with the establishment of the Inquisition, when the Seven Provinces revolted, and shook off the yoke of Spain.

Ver. 62. Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiss Cantons.

Ver. 65. The Arabs, rather than resign their independency, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the desert.

Ver. 69. From the tyranny of Jenghis Khan, Timur-Bec, and other eastern conquerors, whose tribes of Tartars were used to fly into the remoter wastes of Cathay, where no army could follow them.

Ver. 76. The noble stand made by Paschal Paoli, and his associates against the usurpations of the French king, must endear them to all the sons of liberty and independence.

To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread;
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
 While insolence his wrinkled front uprears, 85
 And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow;
 And title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
 Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow;
 Where ever-dimpling falsehood pert and vain,
 Presents her cup of stale professions froth; 90
 And pale disease, with all his bleated train,
 Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

STROPHE.

In fortune's car behold that minion ride,
 With either India's glittering spoils opprest,
 So moves the sumpter-mule in harness'd pride, 95
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
 Her sensual inares let faithless pleasure lay;
 And gingling bells fantastic folly ring; 100
 Disquiet, doubt, and dread, shall intervene;
 And nature, still to all her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
 Shook from the baneful pinions of disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts, 105
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell.
 Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
 And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell.
 There study shall with solitude recline;
 And friendship pledge me to his fellow swains; 110
 And toil and temperance sedately twine
 The slender cord that fluttering life sustains:
 And fearless poverty shall guard the door;
 And taste unspoiled the frugal table spread;
 And industry supply the humble store; 115
 And sleep unbrib'd his dews refreshing shed:
 White-mantled innocence, ethereal sprite,
 Shall chase far off the goblins of the night.
 And independence o'er the day preside,
 Propitious power! my patron and my pride. 120

SONG.

WHILE with fond rapture and amaze,
 On thy transcendent charms I gaze,
 My cautious soul essays in vain
 Her peace and freedom to maintain :
 Yet let that blooming form divine, 5
 Where grace and harmony combine,
 Those eyes, like genial orbs, that move,
 Dispensing gladness, joy, and love,
 In all their pomp assail my view,
 Intent my bosom to invade ; 10
 My breast, by wary maxims steel'd,
 Not all those charms shall force to yield.

But, when invok'd to beauty's aid,
 I see th' enlighten'd soul display'd ;
 That soul so sensibly sedate 15
 Amid the storms of discord fate !
 Thy genius, active, strong, and clear,
 Thy wit sublime, though not severe,
 The social ardour void of art,
 That glows within thy candid heart ; 20
 My spirits, sense, and strength decay,
 My resolution dies away,
 And ev'ry faculty opprest,
 Almighty love invades my breast ! 24

SONG.

TO fix her—'twere a task as vain
 To count the April drops of rain,
 To sow in Afric's barren soil,
 Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air, 5
 False as the fowler's careful snare ;
 Inconstant as the passing wind,
 As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser too in love,
 Its joys she'll neither share nor prove ; 10

Though hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain;
My reason summon to my aid, 15
Resolv'd no more to be betray'd.

Ah! friend, 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance;
She need but look, and, I confess,
Those looks completely curse or blefs. 20

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human's there;
I must submit, for strife is vain,
'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain. 24

SONG.

LET the nymph still avoid and be deaf to the swain,
Who in transports of passion affects to complain;
For his rage not his love in that frenzy is shown;
And the blast that blows loudest is soon overblown.

But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to the heart,
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart; 6
Or in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt woe,
Like the smooth-gliding current of rivers will flow.

Though silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs;
But when he accosts you in meadow or grove,
His tale is all tenderness, rapture, and love. 12

SONG.

FROM the man whom I love though my heart I
disguise,
I will freely describe the wretch I despise,
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau, 5
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;

A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
In courage a hind, in conceit a Gascoon.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks ! 10
As a tiger ferocious, perverse as a hog,
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather.
Yet, if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

SONG.

COME listen, ye students of ev'ry degree,
I sing of a wit and a tutor *perdie*,
A statesman profound, a critic immense,
In short, a mere jumble of learning and sense ;
And yet of his talents though laudably vain, 5
His own family arts he could never attain.

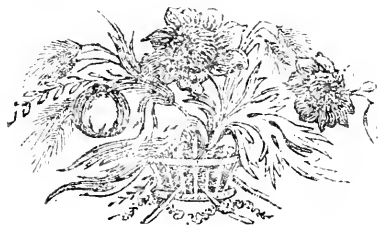
His father intending his fortune to build,
In his youth would have taught him the trowel to wield,
But the mortar of discipline never would stick,
For his skull was secur'd by a facing of brick ; 10
And with all his endeavours of patience and pain,
The skill of his fire he could never attain.

His mother an housewife, neat, artful, and wise,
Renown'd for her delicate biscuit and pies,
Soon alter'd his studies, but flatt'ring his taste, 15
From the raising of wall to the rearing of paste ;
But all her instructions were fruitless and vain,
The pye-making myst'ry he could ne'er attain.

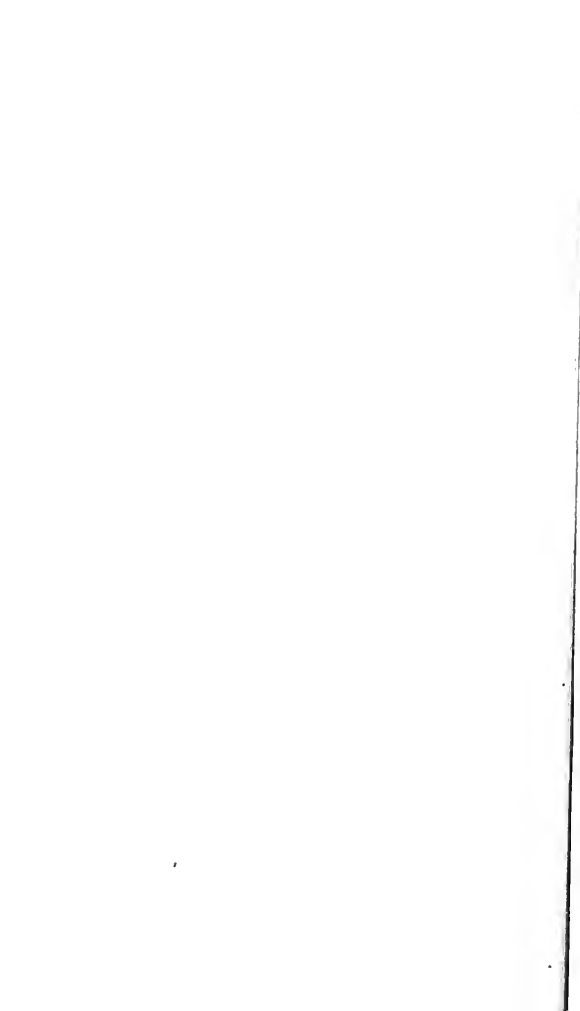
Yet true to his race, in his labours were seen,
A jumble of both their professions I ween ; 20
For when his own genius he ventur'd to trust,
His pies seem'd of brick, and his houses of crust,
Then, good Mr. Tutor, pray be not so vain,
Since your family arts you could never attain. 24

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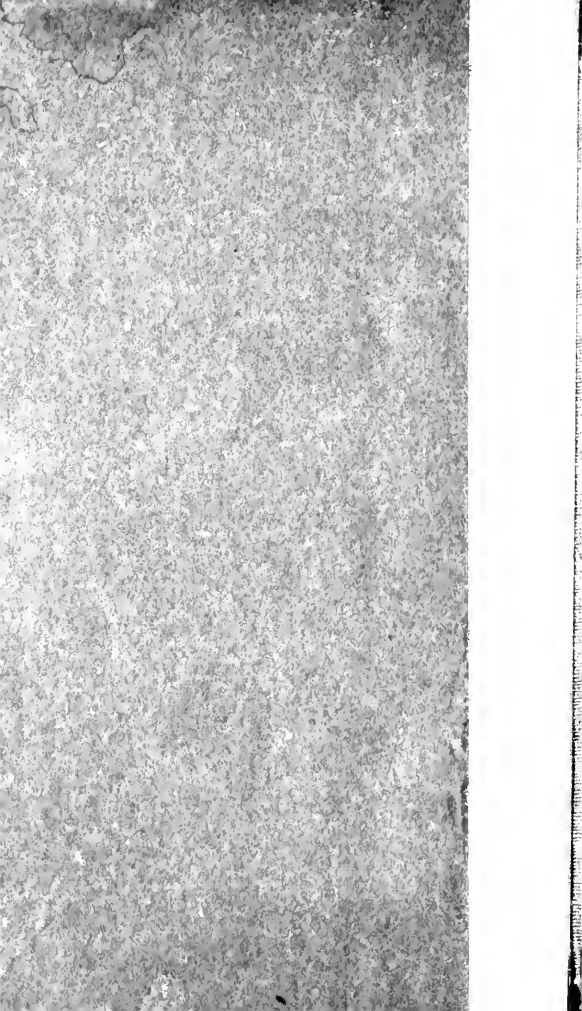












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