

To strengthen Sinews, and Catarrhs expel,
 And none for Colicks cou'd her Art excel.
 With magick Herbs she drew out fest'ring Thorns;
 Her Charms cou'd banish Tooth-ach, Cramps, and
 Corns.

To her repair'd from all the neighb'ring Plains,
 The sickly Matrons and the wounded Swains:
 Nor to one Species was her Art confin'd;
 Her Skill was known amongst the fleecy Kind,
 Her Cordials strengthen'd the declining Ewe,
 And limping Calves her healing Plaisters knew.



The ENQUIRY.

IN vain, alas! (do lazy Mortals cry)
 In vain wou'd Wisdom trace the boundless Sky,
 Where doubled Wonders upon Wonders rise,
 And Worlds on Worlds confound our dazzl'd Eyes:
 Better be still — Let Nature rest, say they,
 Than err by Guess and with Opinion stray:
 Then tell me, why our Eyes were made to view
 Those Orbs that glister in the fluid Blue?

Why

Why in our Sight those shining Wonders roll?
 Or why to Man was giv'n a thinking Soul?
 May I not ask how moves the radiant Sun?
 How the bright Stars their pointed Circuits run?
 What warms those Worlds that so remotely shine?
 And what can temper *Saturn's* frozen Clime?
 Who that beholds the full-orb'd Moon arise,
 That chearful Empress of the nightly Skies;
 Who wou'd not ask (cou'd learned Sages tell)
 What kind of People on her Surface dwell?
 But there we pause—Not *Newton's* Art can show
 A Truth, perhaps, not fit for us to know.

How great the Pow'r, who gave those Worlds
 to roll;
 The Thought strikes inward, and confounds the Soul;
 Fall down, O Man—Ah fall before the Rod
 Of this Almighty, All-creating God:
 But hark—from Heav'n there came a chearing Sound;
 Now Man revives, and smile the Worlds around:
 'Tis Mercy—to a golden Ray descends,
 And Hope and Comfort in the Lustre blends.

When from the Stars we turn our aking Eyes,
 To Earth we bend them where new Wonders rise ;
 Where Life and Death the equal Scale suspend,
 New Beings rising as the former end.

Who not surpris'd can trace each just Degree
 From the swift Eagle to the peevish Bee ;
 From the fierce Lion that will yield to none,
 To the weak Mouse that hides her from the Sun !

How near one Species to the next is join'd,
 The due Gradations please a thinking Mind ;
 And there are Creatures which no Eye can see,
 That for a Moment live and breathe like me :
 Whom a small Fly in bulk as far exceeds,
 As yon tall Cedar does the waving Reeds :
 These we can reach — and may we not suppose
 There still are Creatures more minute than those.

Wou'd Heav'n permit, and might our Organs bear
 To pierce where Comets wave their blazing Hair :
 Where other Suns alternate set and rise,
 And other Moons light up the chearful Skies :
 The ravish'd Soul might still her Search pursue,
 Still find new Wonders op'ning on her view :

From

From thence to Worlds in Miniature descend,
 And still press forward, but shou'd find no End :
 Where little Forests on a Leaf appear,
 And Drops of Dew are mighty Oceans there :
 These may have Whales that in their Waters play,
 And wanton out their Age of half a Day :
 In those small Groves the smaller Birds may sing,
 And share like us their Winter and their Spring.

Pluck off yon Acorn from its Parent Bough,
 Divide that Acorn in the midst — and now
 In its firm Kernel a fair Oak is seen
 With spreading Branches of a sprightly Green :
 From this young Tree a Kernel might we rend,
 There wou'd another its small Boughs extend.

All Matter lives, and shews its Maker's Power ;
 There's not a Seed but what contains a Flower :
 Tho' unobserv'd its secret Beauty lies,
 Till we are blest with Microscopick Eyes.
 When for blue Plumbs our longing Palate calls,
 Or scarlet Cherries that adorn the Walls ;

With each plump Fruit we swallow down a Tree,
 And so destroy whole Groves that else wou'd be
 As large and perfect as those Shades we see.

Behold yon Monster that unwieldly laves
 Beneath the Surface of the briny Waves :
 Still as he turns, the troubl'd Sea divides ;
 And rolls in Eddies from his slimy Sides.

Less huge the Dolphin to the Sun displays
 His Scales, and in the smother Ocean plays :
 Still less the Herring and round Mackrel sweep
 The shallow Tide, nor trust the roaring Deep :
 How far by gradual numberless Degrees,
 The senseless Oyster is remov'd from these.

Who follows Nature through her mazy Way,
 From the mute Insect to the Fount of Day,
 (Where now she rises, now her Steps decline)
 Has need of Judgment better taught than mine :
 But on this Subject we have talk'd too long,
 Where grave-fac'd Wisdom may itself be wrong.

