



*The* H E R M I T.

**F**AR in a Wild, unknown to publick View,  
From Youth to Age a rev'rend *Hermit*  
grew ;

The Moss his Bed, the Cave his humble Cell,  
His Food the Fruits, his Drink the chrystal Well :  
Remote from Man, with God he pass'd the Days,  
Pray'r all his Bus'ness, all his Pleasure Praise.

A Life so sacred, such serene Repose,  
Seem'd Heav'n it self, 'till one Suggestion rose,  
That Vice shou'd triumph, Virtue Vice obey,  
This sprung some Doubt of Providence's Sway :

His

His Hopes no more a certain Prospect boast,  
 And all the Tenour of his Soul is lost :  
 So when a smooth Expanse receives imprest  
 Calm Nature's Image on its wat'ry Breast,  
 Down bend the Banks, the Trees depending grow,  
 And Skies beneath with answ'ring Colours glow :  
 But if a Stone the gentle Scene divide,  
 Swift ruffling Circles curl on ev'ry side,  
 And glimmering Fragments of a broken Sun,  
 Banks, Trees, and Skies, in thick Disorder run,

To clear this Doubt, to know the World by  
 Sight,

To find if Books, or Swains, report it right ;  
 (For yet by Swains alone the World he knew,  
 Whose Feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly Dew)  
 He quits his Cell; the Pilgrim-Staff he bore,  
 And fix'd the Scallop in his Hat before ;

Then with the Sun a rising Journey went,  
Sedate to think, and watching each Event.

The Morn was wafted in the pathless Grass,  
And long and lonesome was the Wild to pass;  
But when the *Southern* Sun had warm'd the Day,  
A Youth came posting o'er a crossing Way;  
His Rayment decent, his Complexion fair,  
And soft in graceful Ringlets wav'd his Hair.  
Then near approaching, Father Hail ! he cry'd,  
And Hail, my Son, the rev'rend Sire reply'd ;  
Words followed Words, from Question Answer  
flow'd,

And Talk of various kind deceiv'd the Road ;  
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,  
While in their Age they differ, joyn in Heart :  
Thus stands an aged Elm in Ivy bound,  
Thus youthful Ivy clasps an Elm around.

Now

Now sunk the Sun; the closing Hour of Day  
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;  
 Nature in silence bid the World repose:  
 When near the Road a stately Palace rose:  
 There by the Moon thro' Ranks of Trees they pass,  
 Whose Verdure crown'd their sloping sides of  
 Grass.

It chanc't the noble Master of the Dome,  
 Still made his House the wand'ring Stranger's home:  
 Yet still the Kindness, from a Thirst of Praise,  
 Prov'd the vain Flourish of expensive Ease.  
 The Pair arrive: the Liv'ry'd Servants wait;  
 Their Lord receives them at the pompous Gate,  
 The Table groans with costly Piles of Food,  
 And all is more than Hospitably good,  
 Then led to rest, the Day's long Toil they drown,  
 Deep sunk in Sleep, and Silk, and Heaps of Down.



At length 'tis Morn, and at the Dawn of Day,  
Along the wide Canals the *Zephyrs* play ;  
Fresh o'er the gay Parterres the Breezes creep,  
And shake the neighb'ring Wood to banish Sleep.  
Up rise the Guests, obedient to the Call,  
An early Banquet deck'd the splendid Hall;  
Rich luscious Wine a golden Goblet grac't,  
Which the kind Master forc'd the Guests to taste.  
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the Porch they go,  
And, but the Landlord, none had cause of Woe;  
His *Cup* was vanish'd; for in secret Guise  
The younger Guest purloin'd the glittering Prize.

As one who 'spys a Serpent in his Way,  
Glistning and basking in the Summer Ray,  
Disorder'd stops to shun the Danger near,  
Then walks with Faintness on, and looks with Fear:

So seem'd the Sire ; when far upon the Road,  
 The shining Spoil his wiley Partner show'd.  
 He stopp'd with Silence, walk'd with trembling  
 Heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :  
 Murm'ring he lifts his Eyes, and thinks it hard,  
 That generous Actions meet a base Reward.

While thus they pass, the Sun his Glory shrouds,  
 The changing Skies hang out their sable Clouds ;  
 A Sound in Air presag'd approaching Rain,  
 And Beasts to covert scud a cross the Plain.  
 Warn'd by the Signs, the wand'ring Pair retreat,  
 To seek for Shelter at a neighb'ring Seat.  
 'Twas built with Turrets, on a rising Ground,  
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;  
 Its Owner's Temper, tim'rous and severe,  
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a Desert there.

As near the *Miser's* heavy Doors they drew,  
Fierce rising Gusts with sudden Fury blew ;  
The nimble Light'ning mix'd with Show'rs began,  
And o'er their Heads loud-rolling Thunder ran.  
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,  
Driv'n by the Wind, and battered by the Rain.  
At length some Pity warm'd the Master's Breast,  
( 'Twas then, his Threshold first receiv'd a Guest )  
Slow creaking turns the Door with jealous Care,  
And half he welcomes in the shivering Pair ;  
One frugal Faggot lights the naked Walls,  
And Nature's Fervor thro' their Limbs recalls :  
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager Wine,  
( Each hardly granted ) serv'd them both to dine ;  
And when the Tempest first appear'd to cease,  
A ready Warning bid them part in Peace.

With

With still Remark the pond'ring *Hermit* view'd  
 In one so rich, a Life so poor and rude ;  
 And why shou'd such, (within himself he cry'd,)  
 Lock the lost Wealth a thousand want beside ?  
 But what new Marks of Wonder soon took place,  
 In ev'ry settling Feature of his Face !  
 When from his Vest the young Companion bore  
 That *Cup*, the gen'rous Landlord own'd before,  
 And paid profusely with the precious Bowl  
 The stinted Kindness of this churlish Soul.

But now the Clouds in airy Tumult fly,  
 The Sun emerging opes an azure Sky ;  
 A fresher green the smelling Leaves display,  
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the Day :  
 The Weather courts them from the poor Retreat,  
 And the glad Master bolts the wary Gate.

While



While hence they walk, the *Pilgrim's* Bosom  
wrought,

With all the Travel of uncertain Thought;  
His Partner's Acts without their Cause appear,  
'Twas there a Vice, and seem'd a Madness here:  
Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,  
Lost and confounded with the various Shows.

Now Night's dim Shades again involve the Sky;  
Again the Wand'ers want a Place to lye,  
Again they search, and find a Lodging nigh. }  
The Soil improv'd around, the Mansion neat,  
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:  
It seem'd to speak its Master's turn of Mind,  
Content, and not for Praise, but Virtue kind.

Hither

Hither the Walkers turn with weary Feet  
 Then bless the Mansion, and the Master greet :  
 Their greeting fair bestow'd, with modest Guise,  
 The courteous Master hears, and thus replies :

Without a vain, without a grudging Heart,  
 To Him who gives us all, I yield a part ;  
 From Him you come, for Him accept it here,  
 A frank and sober, more than costly Cheer.  
 He spoke, and bid the welcome Table spread,  
 Then talk'd of Virtue till the time of Bed,  
 When the grave Household round his Hall repair,  
 Warn'd by a Bell, and close the Hours with Pray'r.

At length the World renew'd by calm Repose  
 Was strong for Toil, the dappled Morn arose ;

Before

Before the Pilgrims part, the Younger crept,  
Near the clos'd Cradle where an Infant slept,  
And writh'd his Neck : the Landlord's little Pride,  
Of strange Return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.  
Horror of Horrors ! what ! his only Son !  
How look'd our Hermit when the Fact was done ?  
Not Hell, tho' Hell's black Jaws in sunder part,  
And breathe blue Fire, cou'd more assault his Heart.

Confus'd, and struck with Silence at the Deed,  
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with Speed.  
His Steps the Youth pursues ; the Country lay  
Perplex'd with Roads, a Servant show'd the Way :  
A River cross'd the Path ; the Passage o'er  
Was nice to find ; the Servant trod before ;  
Long arms of Oaks an open Bridge supply'd,  
And deep the Waves beneath the bending glide.

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The

The Youth, who seem'd to watch a Time to sin,  
Approach'd the careless Guide, and thrust him in;  
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his Head,  
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the Dead.

Wild, sparkling Rage inflames the Father's Eyes,  
He bursts the Bands of Fear, and madly cries,  
Detested Wretch— But scarce his Speech began,  
When the strange Partner seem'd no longer Man :  
His youthful Face grew more serenely sweet ;  
His Robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his Feet ;  
Fair rounds of radiant Points invest his Hair ;  
Celestial Odours breathe thro' purpled Air ;  
And Wings, whose Colours glitter'd on the Day,  
Wide at his Back their gradual Plumes display.  
The Form Etherial bursts upon his Sight,  
And moves in all the Majesty of Light.

Tho'



Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's Passion grew,  
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;  
Surprize in secret Chains his words suspends,  
And in a Calm his settling Temper ends.  
But Silence here the beauteous Angel broke,  
(The Voice of Musick ravish'd as he spoke)

Thy Pray'r, thy Praise, thy Life to Vice un-  
known,

In sweet Memorial rise before the Throne :  
These Charms, Success in our bright Region find,  
And force an Angel down, to calm thy Mind ;  
For this commission'd, I forsook the Sky,  
Nay, cease to kneel—Thy fellow Servant I.

Then know the Truth of Government Divine,  
And let these Scruples be no longer thine.

The

The Maker justly claims that World he made,  
 In this the Right of Providence is laid ;  
 Its sacred Majesty thro' all depends  
 On using second Means to work his Ends :  
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in State from human Eye,  
 The Pow'r exerts his Attributes on high,  
 Your Actions uses, not controuls your Will,  
 And bids the doubting Sons of Men be still.

What strange Events can strike with more  
 Surprise,  
 Than those which lately strook thy wond'ring Eyes?  
 Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty Just,  
 And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

The *Great, Vain Man*, who far'd on costly Food,  
 Whose Life was too luxurious to be good ;

N

Who

Who made his Iv'ry Stands with Goblets shine,  
And forc'd his Guests to morning Draughts of Wine,  
Has, with the *Cup*, the graceless Custom lost,  
And still he welcomes, but with less of Cost.

The mean, suspicious *Wretch*, whose bolted Door,  
Ne'er mov'd in Duty to the wand'ring Poor;  
With him I left the Cup, to teach his Mind  
That Heav'n can bless, if Mortals will be kind.  
Conscious of wanting Worth, he views the Bowl,  
And feels Compassion touch his grateful Soul.  
Thus Artists melt the sullen Oar of Lead,  
With heaping Coals of Fire upon its Head;  
In the kind Warmth the Metal learns to glow,  
And loose from Dross, the Silver runs below.

Long had our *pious Friend* in Virtue trod,  
But now the Child half-wean'd his Heart from God;  

(Child

(Child of his Age) for him he liv'd in Pain,  
 And measur'd back his Steps to Earth again.  
 To what Excesses had his Dotage run!  
 But God, to save the Father, took the Son.  
 To all but thee, in Fits he seem'd to go,  
 (And 'twas my Ministry to deal the Blow)  
 The poor fond Parent humbled in the Dust;  
 Now owns in Tears the Punishment was just.

But how had all his Fortune felt a Wrack;  
 Had that false *Servant* sped in Safety back?  
 This Night his treasur'd Heaps he meant to steal;  
 And what a Fund of Charity wou'd fail!

Thus Heav'n instructs thy Mind: This Tryal o'er,  
 Depart in Peace, resign, and sin no more.



On sounding Pinnions here the Youth withdrew,  
The Sage stood wond'ring as the *Seraph* flew.  
Thus look'd *Elisba*, when to mount on high,  
His Master took the Chariot of the Sky;  
The fiery Pomp ascending left the View;  
The Prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a Pray'r begun,  
*Lord! as in Heaven, on Earth thy Will be done.*  
Then gladly turning, sought his antient place,  
And pass'd a Life of Piety and Peace.

**F I N I S.**