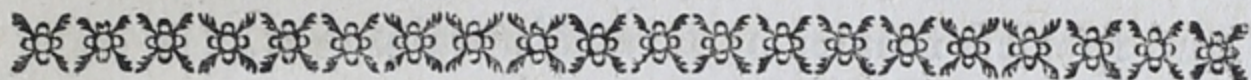


Or whether noble warmth expand thy soul,
And huge leviathan unaw'd controul.

Nor Britain only claims thy gen'rous plan,
Thy rule is justice, and thy care is man.
And may this truth thy fair example prove,
Justice shall fan the flame of social love.



An E P I S T L E.

By the Same.

THro' the wild maze of life's still varying plan,
Bliss is alone th' important task of man.
All else is trifling, whether grave or gay,
A Newton's labours, or an infant's play;
Whether this vainly wastes th' unheeded fun,
Or those more vainly mark the course it run;
For of the two, sure smaller is the fault,
To err unthinking, than to err with thought;
But if, like them, we still must trifles use,
Harmless at least, like theirs, be those we chuse.
Enough it is that reason blames the choice,
Join not to her's the wretch's plaintive voice;
Be folly free from guilt: let foplings play,
Or write, or talk, or dress, or die away.
Let those, if such there be, whose giant-mind
Superior tow'rs above their pigmy kind,

Unaided

Unaided and alone, the realms explore,
 Where hail and snow renew their treasur'd store.*
 Lo ! heav'n spreads all its stars ; let those explain,
 What balanc'd pow'rs the rolling orb sustain ;
 Nor in more humble scales, pernicious weigh
 Sense, justice, truth, against seducing pay.
 So distant regions shall employ their thought,
 And spotless senates here remain unbought.

Well had great † Charles, by early want inspir'd,
 With warring puppets, guiltless praise acquir'd ;
 So wou'd that flame have mimick fights engag'd,
 Which fann'd by pow'r, o'er wasted nations rag'd.

Curs'd be the wretch, should all the mouths of fame
 Wide o'er the world his deathless deeds proclaim,
 Who like a baneful comet spreads his blaze,
 While trembling crowds in stupid wonder gaze ;
 Whose potent talents serve his lawless will,
 Which turns each virtue to a publick ill,
 With direful rage perverted might employs,
 And heav'n's great ends with heav'n's best means destroys.
 The praise of power is his, whose hand supplies
 Fire to the bold, and prudence to the wise ;
 While man this only real merit knows,
 Fitly to use the gifts which heaven bestows :

* *Job, chap. xxxviii.*

† *Charles V. Emperor of Germany, who in his retirement amus'd himself with puppets. See Strada de bello Belgico.*

If savage valour be his vaunted fame,
 The mountain-lion shall dispute his claim :
 Or, if perfidious wiles deserve applause,
 Thro' slighted vows, and violated laws ;
 The subtle plotter's title stands confess'd,
 Whose dagger gores the trusting tyrant's breast,
 And sure the villain less deserves his fate,
 Who stabs one wretch, than he who stabs a state.
 Now, mighty hero ! boast thy dear delights,
 The price of toilsome days and sleepless nights ;
 Say, canst thou aught in purple grandeur find,
 Sweet as the slumbers of the lowly hind ?

Better are ye, the youthful and the gay,
 Who jocund rove thro' pleasure's flow'ry way !
 Yet seek not there for bliss ! your toil were vain,
 (And disappointed toil is double pain)
 Tho' from the living fount your nectar-bowls
 Pour the soft balm upon your thirsty souls ;
 Tho' pure the spring, tho' every draught sincere,
 By pain unbitter'd, and unpall'd by fear ;
 Tho' all were full as high as thought can soar,
 Till fancy fires, and wishes crave no more :
 Let lovely woman artless charms display,
 Where truth and goodness bask in beauty's ray ;
 Let heavn'ly melody luxuriant float
 In swelling sounds, and breathe the melting note ;
 Let gen'rous wines enliv'ning thoughts inspire,
 While social converse sooths the genial fire :

If

If aught can yet more potent charms dispense,
 Some stronger rapture, some sublimer sense;
 Be these enjoy'd.—Then from the crowd arise
 Some chief, in life's full pride maturely wise.
 Ev'n you, my Lord, with titles, honours grac'd,
 And higher still by native merit plac'd;
 By stinted talents to no sphere confin'd,
 Free ranging every province of the mind:
 Equally fit, a nation's weight to bear,
 Or shine in circles of the young and fair;
 In grave debates instructed senates move,
 Or melt the glowing dame to mutual love.
 To heighten these, let conscious worth infuse
 Sweet ease, and smiling mirth th' inspiring Muse.
 Then answer, thou of ev'ry gift possess'd,
 Say, from thy soul, art thou sincerely blest!
 To various subjects wherefore dost thou range?
 Pleasure must cease, ere man can wish to change.
 Hast thou not quitted Flaccus' sacred lay,
 To talk with Bavius, or with Flavia play;
 When wasted nature shuns the large expence
 Of deep attention to exalted sense!
 Precarious bliss! which soon, which oft must cloy,
 And which how few, how very few enjoy!
 Say, is there aught, on which, completely blest,
 Fearless and full the raptur'd mind may rest?
 Is there aught constant? Or, if such there be,
 Can varying man be pleas'd with constancy?

Mark

Mark then what sense the blessing must employ !
 The senses change, and loath accustom'd joy :
 Eden in vain immortal sweets displays,
 If the taste sickens, or our frame decays.

The range of life contracted limits bound ;
 Yet more confin'd is pleasure's faithless round :
 Fair op'ning to the fight, when first we run,
 But, ah ! how alter'd, when again begun !
 When tir'd we view the same known prospect o'er,
 And lagging, tread the steps we trod before.
 Now clogg'd with spleen, the lazy current flows,
 Thro' doubts, and fears, and self-augmenting woes ;
 Till fated, loathing, hopeless here of bliss,
 Some plunge to seek it into death's abyss.

Of all superfluous wealth's unnumber'd stings,
 The sharpest is that knowledge which it brings ;
 Enjoyment purchas'd makes its object known,
 And then, alas ! each soft illusion's flown :
 Love's promis'd sweet, ambition's lofty scheme,
 The painter's image, and the poet's theme. —

These, in perspective fair exalted high,
 Attract with seeming charms the distant eye ;
 But when by envious Fortune plac'd too near,
 Mis-shapen forms, and grosser tints appear :
 Where lovely Venus led her beauteous train,
 Some fiend gigantic holds her monstrous reign ;
 Crowns, scepters, laurels are confus'dly strow'd,
 A wild, deform'd, unmeaning, heavy load.

Some

Some pleasures here with sparing hand are giv'n,
 That sons of earth should taste their promis'd heav'n :
 But what was meant to urge us to the chace,
 Now stops, or sideway turns our devious race :
 Tho' still to make the destin'd course more plain,
 Thick are our erring paths beset with pain ;
 Nor has one object equal charms to prove
 The fitting center of our restless love.

And when the great Creator's will had join'd,
 Unequal pair ! the body and the mind,
 Lest the proud spirit should neglect her clay,
 He bad corporeal objects thought convey ;
 Each strong sensation to the soul impart
 Ecstatic transport or afflicting smart :
 By that entic'd, the useful she enjoys ;
 By this deterr'd, she flies whate'er destroys :
 Hence from the dagger's point sharp anguish flows,
 And the soft couch is spread with sweet repose.

In something frail, tho' gen'ral this design,
 For some exceptions ev'ry rule confine :
 Yet few were they, while nature's genuine store
 Supply'd our wants, nor man yet sought for more ;
 Ere diff'rent mixtures left no form the same,
 And vicious habits chang'd our sickly frame.
 Now subtle art may gild the venom'd pill,
 And bait with soothing sweets destructive ill.

To narrow self heav'n's impulse unconfin'd
 Diffusive reigns, and takes in all our kind.

The

The smile of joy reflected joy imparts ;
 The wretch's groans pierce sympathizing hearts.
 Yet not alike are all conjoin'd with all,
 Nor throng with rival heat to nature's call :
 By varying instinct different ties are known,
 While love superior points to each his own ;
 Those next the reach of our assisting hands,
 And those to whom we're link'd by kindred bands ;
 Those who most want, and best deserve our care,
 In warmer streams the sacred influence share ;
 Ambrosial sweets her infant's lip distils,
 While through the mother's heart quick rapture thrills.
 The social fires friend, servant, neighbour claim,
 Which blaze collected in the patriot's flame :
 Hence Britain throbs superior in thy soul,
 Nor idly wak'st thou for the distant pole.

Yet farther still the saving instinct moves,
 And to the future wide extends our loves ;
 Glows in our bosom for an unborn race,
 And warms us mutual to the kind embrace,
 For this, to man was giv'n the graceful air ;
 For this, was woman form'd divinely fair.

But now to pleasure sensual views confin'd,
 Reach not the use, for which it was design'd ;
 To this one point our hopes, our wishes tend,
 And thus mistake the motive for the end.
 Whate'er sensations from enjoyment flow,
 Our erring thought to matter's force would owe ;

To that ascribe our pleasures and our pains,
 And blindly for the cause mistake the means ;
 In od'rous meads the vernal gale we praise,
 Or dread the storm, that blows the wintry seas ;
 While he's unheeded, who alone can move,
 Claims all our fears, and merits all our love ;
 Alone to souls can sense and thought convey,
 Thro' the dark mansions of surrounding clay.

Man, part from heav'n, and part from humble earth,
 A motley substance, takes his various birth ;
 Close link'd to both, he hangs in diff'rent chains,
 The pliant fetter length'ning as he strains.
 If, bravely conscious of her native fires,
 To the bold height his nobler frame aspires ;
 Near as she soars to join th' approaching skies,
 Our earth still lessens to her distant eyes.
 But if o'erpois'd she sinks, her downward course
 Each moment weighs, with still augmenting force ;
 Low and more low, the burden'd spirit bends,
 While weaker still each heav'nly link extends ;
 Till prostrate, grov'ling, fetter'd to the ground,
 She lies in matter's heap o'erwhelm'd and bound.
 Wrapt in the toils of sin, just heav'n employs
 What caus'd her guilt, to blast her lawless joys :
 Love, potent guardian of our length'ning race,
 Unnerves the feeble lecher's cold embrace ;
 And appetite, by nature giv'n to save,
 Sinks the gorg'd glutton in his early grave.

What

What sends yon fleet o'er boist'rous seas to roll,
 Beneath the burning line, and frozen pole?
 Why ravage men the hills, the plains, the woods?
 Why spoil all nature, earth, and air, and floods?
 Seek they some prize to help a sinking state,
 No!—this must all be done, ere * Bernard eat.
 Tell it some untaught savage! with surprize
 He asks, "How vast must be that giant's size!
 "How great his pow'r, who thousands can employ?
 "How great his force, who millions can destroy?"
 But if the savage would, more curious, know
 What potent virtues from such viands flow,
 What blest effects they cause——consult with Sloane,
 Let him explain the colick, gout, and stone!

Pleasure's for use; it differs in degree,
 Proportion'd to the thing's necessity.
 Hence various objects variously excite,
 And diff'rent is the date of each delight;
 But when th' allotted end we once attain,
 Each step beyond it, is a step to pain.
 Nor let us murmur.—Hath not earth a store
 For ev'ry want? it was not meant for more.

Blest is the man, as far as earth can bless,
 Whose measur'd passions reach no wild excess;
 Who, urg'd by nature's voice, her gifts enjoys,
 Nor other means, than nature's force, employs.

* *A Frenchman render'd famous by a most extravagant expence in eating.*

While warm with youth the sprightly current flows,
 Each vivid sense with vig'rous rapture glows ;
 And when he droops beneath the hand of age,
 No vicious habit stings with fruitless rage ;
 Gradual, his strength, and gay sensations cease,
 While joys tumultuous sink in silent peace.

Far other is his lot, who, not content
 With what the bounteous care of nature meant,
 With labour'd skill would all her joys dilate,
 Sublime their sense, and lengthen out their date ;
 Add, blend, compose, each various mixture try,
 And wind up appetite to luxury.
 Thus guilty art unknown desires implants,
 And viler arts must satisfy their wants ;
 When to corruption by himself betray'd,
 Gold blinds the slave, whom luxury has made.

The hand, that form'd us, must some use intend,
 It gives us pow'rs proportion'd to that end ;
 And happiness may justly be defin'd,
 A full attainment of the end design'd.
 Virtue and wisdom this alike implies,
 And blest must be the virtuous and the wise.

Bliss is ordain'd for all, since heav'n intends
 All beings should attain their destin'd ends :
 For this the fair idea shines confess'd
 To ev'ry mind, and glows in ev'ry breast.
 Compar'd with this, all mortal joys are vain ;
 Inspir'd by this, we restless onward strain.

High

High tho' we mount, the objects mount more high,
 Eludes our grasp, and mingles with the sky.
 With nothing less th' aspiring soul's content,
 For nothing less her gen'rous flame was meant;
 Th' unerring rule, which all our steps should guide,
 The certain test, by which true good is try'd.
 Blest when we reach it, wretched while we miss,
 Our joys, our sorrows prove, there must be bliss.
 Nor can this be some visionary dream,
 Where heated fancy forms the flatt'ring scheme.
 There sure is bliss — else, why by all desir'd?
 What guileful pow'r has the mad search inspir'd?
 Could accident produce in all the same,
 Or a vain shadow raise a real flame?
 When nature in the world's distended space,
 Or fill'd, or almost fill'd each smaller place;
 Careful in meanest matter to produce
 Each single motion for some certain use;
 Hard was the lot of her first fav'rite, man,
 Faulty the scheme of his contracted span,
 If that alone must know an useless void,
 And he feel longings ne'er to be enjoy'd.

That only can produce consummate joy,
 Which equals all the pow'rs it would employ;
 Such fitting object to each talent giv'n,
 Earth cannot fit what was design'd for heav'n.
 Why then is man with gifts sublimest fraught,
 And active will and comprehensive thought?

For what is all this waste of mental force?
 What! for a house, a coach, a dog, a horse?
 Has nature's lord inverted nature's plan?
 Is man now made for what was made for man?

There must be pleasures past the reach of sense,
 Some nobler source must happiness dispense:
 Reason, arise! and vindicate thy claim,
 Flash on our minds the joy-infusing flame;
 Pour forth the fount of light, whose endless store
 Thought drinks insatiate, while it thirsts for more.
 And thou, seraphick flame! who would'st inspire
 The prophet's voice, and wrap his soul in fire;
 Ray of th' eternal beam! who canst pervade
 The distant past, and future's gloomy shade;
 While trembling reason tempts heav'n's dazzling height,
 Sublime her force, and guide her dubious flight;
 Strengthen'd by thee, she bears the streaming blaze,
 And drinks new light from truth's immortal rays.
 Great, only evidence of things divine!
 By thee reveal'd, the mystick wonders shine!
 What puzzled sophists vainly would explore,
 What humbled pride in silence must adore,
 What plainly mark'd in heav'n's deliver'd page,
 Makes the taught hind more wise than Greece's sage,
 Yet reason proves thee in her low degree,
 And owns thy truths, from their necessity.

Conspicuous now is happiness display'd,
 Possessing him for whom alone we're made.

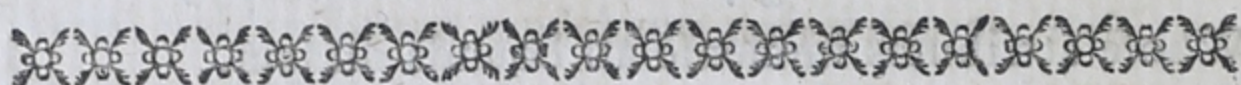
For

For he alone all human blifs compleats,
 To him alone th' expanding bosom beats;
 Who fills each faculty, each pow'r can move,
 Exerts all thought, and deep absorbs all love;
 Whose ceaseless being years would tell in vain,
 Whose attributes immense all bounds disdain.
 No sickly taste the heav'nly rapture cloy,
 Nor wearied senses sink in whelming joys
 While, rais'd above low matter's grosser frame,
 Pure spirit blazes in his purer flame.
 Such are th' immortal blessings that attend
 The just and good, the patriot and the friend.
 Nor such alone in distant prospect cheer,
 They taste heav'n's joys anticipated here.
 These in the smiling cups of pleasure flow,
 Or, mingling, sooth the bitter stream of woe;
 These pay the loss of honours, and of place,
 And teach that guilt alone is true disgrace;
 These with the glorious exile cheerful rove,
 And, far from courts, fresh bloom in Curio's grove.

Long may such blifs, by such enjoy'd, attest,
 The greatly virtuous are the greatly blest!
 Enough there are amidst yon gorgeous train,
 Who, wretched, prove all other joys are vain.

So shines the truth these humble lines unfold,
 "Fair virtue ever is unwisely sold."
 Too mean a price sublimest fortune brings,
 Too mean the wealth, the smiles, the crowns of kings

For rais'd o'er these, she makes our bliss secure,
 The present pleasing, and the future sure.
 While prosp'rous guilt a sad reverse appears,
 And in the tasteless now, the future fears.



An EPISTLE to a LADY,

By the Same.

CLarinda, dearly lov'd, attend
 The counsels of a faithful friend;
 Who with the warmest wishes fraught,
 Feels all, at least, that friendship ought.
 But since by ruling heav'n's design,
 Another's fate shall influence thine;
 O! may these lines for him prepare
 A bliss, which I wou'd die to share!

Man may for wealth or glory roam,
 But woman must be blest at home;
 To this shou'd all her studies tend,
 This her great object and her end.
 Distaste unmingled pleasures bring,
 And use can blunt affliction's sting;
 Hence perfect bliss no mortals know,
 And few are plung'd in utter woe;
 While nature arm'd against despair,
 Gives pow'r to mend, or strength to bear;

And