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THOUGHTS IN PRISON.
in Four Parts.
W. DODD, L.L.D.



Engraved by J. G. Smith

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CHICHESTER.

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THOUGHTS IN PRISON;

IN FIVE PARTS,

VIZ.

THE IMPRISONMENT, THE RETROSPECT, PUBLIC
PUNISHMENT, THE TRIAL, FUTURITY.

BY WILLIAM DODD, LL. D.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

HIS LAST PRAYER,

THE

Condict's Address to his unhappy Brethren;

AND OTHER

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

These evils I deserve, and more;
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Justly; yet despair not of his final pardon,
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye,
Gracious to readmit the Suppliant.—MILTON.

CHISWICK:

From the Press of C. Whittingham,

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The work now offered to the Public was the last performance of one who often afforded amusement and instruction; who possessed the talents of pleasing in a high degree; whose labours were devoted to advance the interest of Religion and Morality; and who, during the greater part of his life, was esteemed, beloved, and respected by all to whom he was known. Unhappily for himself and his connections, the dictates of prudence were unattended to amidst the fashionable dissipation of the times. With many advantages, both natural and acquired, and with the most flattering prospects before him, he, by an act of folly, to give it no worse a name, plunged himself from a situation, in which he had every happiness to expect, into a state, which to contemplate must fill the mind with astonishment and horror. It was in some of the most dreadful moments of his life, when

the exercise of every faculty might be presumed to be suspended, that the present work was composed: a work which will be ever read with wonder, as exhibiting an extraordinary exertion of the mental powers in very unpropitious circumstances, and affording, at the same time, a lesson worthy the most attentive consideration of every one into whose hands it may chance to fall. As the curiosity of the world will naturally follow the person whose solitude and confinement produced the instruction to be derived from this performance, a short Account of the Author is added. To enlarge on the merit of this Poem will be unnecessary. The feelings of every reader will estimate and proportionate its value. That it contains an awful admonition to the gay and dissipated will be readily acknowledged by every reflecting mind, especially when it is considered as the bitter fruit of those fashionable indulgencies which brought disgrace and death upon its unhappy author, in spite of learning and genius, accomplishments the most captivating, and services the most important to mankind.

ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

WILLIAM DODD was the eldest son* of a clergyman of the same name, who held the vicarage of Bourne, in the county of Lincoln, where he died the 8th day of August, 1756, at the age of 54 years. His wife departed this life on the 21st of the preceding May. Their son was born at Bourne on the 29th day of May, 1729, and, after finishing his school education, was admitted a Sizar of Clare Hall, Cambridge, in the year 1745, under the tuition of Mr. John Courtail, since Archdeacon of Lewis. At the university he acquired the notice of his superiors by a close application to his studies; and in the year 1749-50, took his first degree of Bachelor of Arts with considerable reputation, his name being in the list of wranglers on that occasion. It was not, however, only in his academical pursuits that he was emulous of distinction. Having a pleasing form, a genteel address, and a lively imagination, he was equally celebrated for accomplishments which seldom accompany a life of learned retirement. In particular, he was fond of the elegancies of dress, and became, as he ludicrously expressed it, a zealous votary of the God of Dancing, to whose service he dedicated much of that time and attention which he could borrow from his more important avocations.

The talents which he possessed he very early displayed to the public: and by the time he had attained the age of eighteen years, prompted by the desire of fame, and perhaps to increase his income, commenced

* He speaks of himself as descended from Sir Thomas Overbury.

author; in which character he began to obtain some degree of reputation.—At this period of his life, young, thoughtless, volatile, and unexperienced, he precipitately quitted the university, and, relying entirely on his pen, removed to the metropolis, where he entered largely into the gaieties of the town, was a constant frequenter of all places of public diversion, and followed every species of amusement with the most dangerous avidity. In this course however, he did not continue long. To the surprise of his friends, who least suspected him of taking such a step, without fortune, with few friends, and destitute of all means of supporting a family, he hastily united himself, on the 15th of April, 1751, in marriage with Miss Mary Perkins, daughter of one of the domestics of Sir John Dolben, a young lady then residing in Frith Street, Soho, who, though largely endowed with personal attractions, was certainly deficient in those of birth and fortune. To a person circumstanced as Mr. Dodd then was no measure could be more imprudent, or apparently more ruinous and destructive of his future prospects in life. He did not, however, seem to view it in that light, but, with a degree of thoughtlessness natural to him, immediately took and furnished a house in Wardour Street. Thus dancing on the brink of a precipice, and careless of to-morrow, his friends began to be alarmed at his situation. His father came to town in great distress upon the occasion: and by parental injunction he quitted his house before winter. By the same advice he probably was induced to adopt a new plan for his future subsistence. On the 19th of October, in that year, he was ordained a Deacon by the Bishop of Ely, at Caius College, Cambridge; and, with more prudence than he had ever shown before, devoted himself, with great assiduity to the study and duties of his profession. In these pursuits he appeared so sincere that he even renounced all attention to his favourite objects, Polite Letters. At the end of his Preface to the *Beauties of*

Shakspeare, published in this year, he says, " For my own part, better and more important things henceforth demand my attention, and I here with no small pleasure take leave of *Shakspeare* and the Critics. As this work was begun and finished before I entered upon the sacred function in which I am now happily employed, let me trust this juvenile performance will prove no objection, since graver, and some very eminent members of the church have thought it no improper employ to comment, explain, and publish the works of their own country poets."

The first service in which he was engaged as a clergyman was to assist the Reverend Mr. Wyatt, vicar of West Ham, as his curate: thither he removed, and there he spent the happiest and more honourable moments of his life. His behaviour was proper, decent, and exemplary. It acquired him the respect, and secured him the favour of his parishioners so far that, on the death of their lecturer, in 1752, he was chosen to succeed him. His abilities had at this time every opportunity of being shown to advantage; and his exertions were so properly directed that he soon became a favourite and popular preacher. Those who remember him at this period will bear testimony to the indefatigable zeal which he exerted in his ministry, and the success which crowned his efforts. The follies of his youth seemed entirely extinguished, his friends viewed his conduct with the utmost satisfaction, and the world promised itself an example to hold out for the imitation of his brethren.

At this early season of his life he entertained favourable sentiments of the doctrine of Mr Hutchinson; and was suspected to incline towards the opinions of the Methodists. A more mature age, however, induced him to renounce the one, and to disclaim the other. In 1752 he was appointed Lecturer of St. James, Garlick Hill, which, two years afterwards, he exchanged for the same post at St. Olave, Hart Street. About the same

time he was appointed to preach Lady Moyer's Lectures at St. Paul's; where, from *The Visit of the Three Angels to Abraham*, and other similar passages from the Old Testament, he endeavoured to prove the commonly received doctrine of the Trinity. On the establishment of the Magdalen House, 1758, he was amongst the first and most active promoters of that charitable institution, which received great advantage from his zeal for its prosperity, and, even to the conclusion of his life, continued to be materially benefited by his labours.

From the time Mr. Dodd entered into the service of the Church, he resided at West Ham, and made up the deficiencies of his income by superintending the education of some young gentlemen who were placed under his care. In 1759 he took his degree of Master of Arts. In the year 1763 he was appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to the King, and about the same time became known to Dr. Squire, Bishop of St. David's, who received him into his patronage, presented him to the prebend of Brecon, and recommended him to the Earl of Chesterfield, as a proper person to be intrusted with the tuition of his successor in the title. The next year saw him chaplain to his Majesty. In 1766 he took the degree of Doctor of Laws at Cambridge. He had some expectations of succeeding to the Rectory of West Ham; but having been twice disappointed, he resigned his lectureships both there and in the city, and quitted the place: "A place (says he to Lord Chesterfield) ever dear and ever regretted by me, the loss of which, truly affecting to my mind (for there I was useful, and there I trust I was loved), nothing but your Lordship's friendship and connection should have counterbalanced*."—From a passage in his *Thoughts in Prison*, it may be inferred that he was compelled to

* See Dedication to a Sermon, entitled "Popery inconsistent with the Natural Rights of Men in general, and Englishmen in particular."

quit this his favourite residence ; a circumstance which he pathetically laments, and probably with great reason, as the first step to that change in his situation which led him insensibly to his last fatal catastrophe.

On his leaving West Ham, he removed to a house in Southampton Row, and at the same time launched out into scenes of expense which his income, by this time not a small one, was unequal to support. He provided himself with a country house at Ealing, and exchanged his chariot for a coach, in order to accommodate his pupils, who, besides his noble charge, were in general persons of family and fortune. About the same time it was his misfortune to obtain a prize of 1000*l.* in the state lottery. Elated with his success, he engaged with a builder in a plan to erect a chapel near the palace of the Queen, from whom it took its name. He entered also into a like partnership at Charlotte Chapel, Bloomsbury; and both these schemes were for some time very beneficial to him, though much inferior to his then expensive habits of living. His expectations from the former of these undertakings were extremely sanguine. It is reported, that in fitting up the chapel near the palace, he flattered himself with the hopes of having some young royal auditors; and in that expectation assigned a particular pew or gallery for the heir-apparent.—But in this, as in many other of his views, he was disappointed.

In the year 1772 he obtained the rectory of Hockliffe, in Bedfordshire, the first cure of souls he ever had. With this also he held the vicarage of Chalgrove; and the two were soon after consolidated. An accident happened about this time, from which he narrowly escaped with his life. Returning from his living, he was stopped near Pancras by a highwayman, who discharged a pistol into the carriage, which happily, as it was then thought, only broke the glass. For this fact the delinquent was tried, and on Dr. Dodd's evidence convicted, and hanged. Early in the next year

Lord Chesterfield died, and was succeeded by our author's pupil, who appointed his preceptor his chaplain.

At this period Dr. Dodd appears to have been in the zenith of his popularity and reputation. Beloved and respected by all orders of people, he would have reached, in all probability, the situation which was the object of his wishes, had he possessed patience enough to have waited for it, and prudence sufficient to keep himself out of difficulties which might prove fatal to his integrity. But the habits of dissipation and expense had acquired too much influence over him. He had by their means involved himself in considerable debts. To extricate himself from them he was tempted to an act which entirely cut off every hope which he could entertain of rising in his profession, and totally ruined him in the opinion of the world. On the translation of Bishop Moss, in Feb. 1774, to the see of Bath and Wells, the valuable rectory of St. George, Hanover square, fell to the disposal of the Crown, by virtue of the King's prerogative. Whether from the suggestion of his own mind, or from the persuasion of some friend is uncertain; but on this occasion he took a step, of all others the most wild and extravagant, and least likely to be attended with success. He caused an anonymous letter to be sent to Lady Apsley, offering the sum of 3000*l.* if by her means he could be presented to the living. The letter was immediately communicated to the Chancellor, and, after being traced to the sender, was laid before his Majesty. The insult offered to so high an officer by the proposal was followed by instant punishment. Dr. Dodd's name was ordered to be struck out of the list of chaplains. The press teemed with satire and invective; he was abused and ridiculed in the papers of the day; and, to crown the whole, the transaction became a subject of entertainment in one of Mr. Foote's pieces at the Haymarket.

As no explanation could justify so absurd a measure, so no apology could palliate it. An evasive letter in

the newspapers, promising a justification at a future day, was treated with universal contempt. Stung with remorse, and feelingly alive to the disgrace he had brought on himself, he hastily quitted the place where neglect and insult attended him, and went to Geneva to his pupil, who presented him to the living of Winge in Buckinghamshire, which he held with Hockliffe by virtue of a dispensation. Though encumbered with debts, he might still have retrieved his circumstances, if not his character, had he attended to the lessons of prudence; but his extravagance continued undiminished, and drove him to schemes which overwhelmed him with additional infamy. He descended so low as to become the editor of a newspaper; and is said to have attempted to disengage himself from his debts by a commission of bankruptcy, in which he failed. From this period every step led to complete his ruin. In the summer of 1776 he went to Paris, and, with little regard to decency, paraded it in a phaeton at the races on the plains of Sablons, dressed in all the foppery of the kingdom in which he then resided. He returned to England about the beginning of winter, and continued to exercise the duties of his function, particularly at the Magdalen Chapel, where he still was heard with approbation, and where his last sermon was preached, February 2, 1777, two days only before he signed the fatal instrument which brought him to an ignominious end.

Pressed at length by creditors, whose importunities he was unable longer to soothe, he fell upon an expedient, from the consequences of which he could not escape. He forged a bond on his pupil Lord Chesterfield, for the sum of 4,200*l.* and upon the credit of it obtained a considerable sum of money. Detection of the fraud almost immediately followed. He was taken before a magistrate, and committed to prison. At the sessions held at the Old Bailey, February 24, his trial commenced; and the commission of the offence

being clearly proved, he was pronounced guilty; but the sentence was postponed until the sentiments of the judges could be taken respecting the admissibility of an evidence, whose testimony had been made use of to convict him.

This accident suspended his fate until the ensuing session. In the mean time, the doubt which had been suggested as to the validity of the evidence was removed, by the unanimous opinion of the judges that the testimony of the person objected to had been properly and legally received. This information was communicated to the criminal on the 12th of May; and on the 26th of the same month he was brought to the bar to receive his sentence. Being asked what he had to allege why it should not be pronounced upon him, he addressed the court in the following animated and pathetic speech: in the composition of which he is said to have been materially assisted by a very eminent writer.

“ MY LORD,

“ I NOW stand before you a dreadful example of human infirmity. I entered upon public life with the expectations common to young men whose education has been liberal, and whose abilities have been flattered; and, when I became a clergyman, considered myself as not impairing the dignity of the order. I was not an idle, nor I hope a useless minister. I taught the truths of Christianity with the zeal of conviction and the authority of innocence. My labours were approved, my pulpit became popular; and I have reason to believe, that of those who heard me, some have been preserved from sin, and some have been reclaimed. Condescend, my Lord, to think, if these considerations aggravate my crime, how much they must embitter my punishment!

“ Being distinguished and elated by the confidence of mankind, I had too much confidence in myself; and

thinking my integrity what others thought it, established in sincerity and fortified by religion, I did not consider the danger of vanity, nor suspect the deceitfulness of my own heart. The day of conflict came, in which temptations surprised and overwhelmed me. I committed the crime, which I entreat your Lordship to believe that my conscience hourly represents to me in its full bulk of mischief and malignity. Many have been overpowered by temptation who are now among the penitent in heaven.

“ To an act now waiting the decision of vindicative justice, I will not presume to oppose the counterbalance of almost thirty years (a great part of the life of man) passed in exciting and exercising charity; in relieving such distresses as I now feel, in administering those consolations which I now want. I will not otherwise extenuate my offence than by declaring, what many circumstances make probable, that I did not intend to be finally fraudulent. Nor will it become me to apportion my punishment, by alleging that my sufferings have been not much less than my guilt. I have fallen from reputation, which ought to have made me cautious; and from a fortune, which ought to have given me content: I am sunk at once into poverty and scorn; my name and my crime fill the ballads in the street, the sport of the thoughtless, and the triumph of the wicked.

“ It may seem strange, remembering what I have lately been, that I should still wish to continue what I am:—but contempt of death, how speciously soever it might mingle with Heathen virtues, has nothing suitable to Christian penitence. Many motives impel me to beg earnestly for life. I feel the natural horror of a violent death, and the universal dread of untimely dissolution. I am desirous of recompensing the injury I have done to the clergy, to the world, and to religion, and to efface the scandal of my crime by the example of my repentance. But, above all, I wish to die with

thoughts more composed, and calmer preparation. The gloom of a prison, the anxiety of a trial, and the inevitable vicissitudes of passion leave the mind little disposed to the holy exercises of prayer and self-examination. Let not a little time be denied me, in which I may, by meditation and contrition, be prepared to stand at the tribunal of Omnipotence, and support the presence of that Judge who shall distribute to all according to their works; who will receive to pardon the repenting sinner, and from whom the merciful shall obtain mercy.

“For these reasons, amidst shame and misery, I yet wish to live; and most humbly entreat, that I may be recommended by your Lordship to the clemency of his Majesty.”

From this time the friends of Dr. Dodd were assiduously employed in endeavouring to save his life. Besides the petitions of many individuals, the members of several charities which had been benefited by him joined in applications to the Throne for mercy; the City of London likewise, in its corporate capacity, solicited a remission of the punishment, in consideration of the advantages which the public had derived from his various and laudable exertions. The petitions were supposed to be signed by near thirty thousand persons. They were, however, of no avail. On the 15th of June the Privy Council assembled, and deliberated on the case of the several prisoners then under condemnation; and in the end a warrant was ordered to be made out for the execution of Dr. Dodd, with two others (one of whom was afterwards reprieved), on the 27th of the same month.

Having been flattered with hopes of a pardon, he appeared to be much shocked at the intimation of his approaching destiny; but resumed in a short time a degree of fortitude sufficient to enable him to pass through the last scene of his life with firmness and

decency. On the 26th he took leave of his wife and some friends, after which he declared himself ready to atone for the offence he had given to the world. His deportment was meek, humble, and devout, expressive of resignation and contrition, and calculated to inspire sentiments of respect for his person, and concern for his unhappy fate.

Of his behaviour at this awful juncture, a particular account was given by Mr. Villette, Ordinary at Newgate, in the following terms:

“ On the morning of his death I went to him, with the Rev. Mr. Dohy, Chaplain of the Magdalen, whom he had desired to attend him to the place of execution. He appeared composed; and when I asked him how he had been supported, he said he had had some comfortable sleep, by which he should be the better enabled to perform his duty.

“ As we went from his room, in our way to the chapel, we were joined by his friend, who had spent the foregoing evening with him, and also by another clergyman. When we were in the vestry adjoining the chapel, he exhorted his fellow-sufferer, who had attempted to destroy himself, but had been prevented by the vigilance of the keeper. He spoke to him with great tenderness and emotion of heart, entreating him to consider that he had but a short time to live, and that it was highly necessary that he, as well as himself, made good use of their time, implored pardon of God under a deep sense of sin, and looked to that Lord by whose mercy alone sinners could be saved. He desired me to call in the other gentleman, who likewise assisted him to move the heart of the poor youth: but the Doctor's words were the most pathetic and effectual. He lifted up his hands, and cried out, ‘ O Lord Jesus, have mercy on us, and give, O give unto him, my fellow-sinner, that as we suffer together, we may go together to Heaven!’ His conversation to this poor

youth was so moving that tears flowed from the eyes of all present.

“ When we went into the chapel to prayer and the holy communion, true contrition and warmth of devotion appeared evident in him throughout the whole service. After it was ended, he again addressed himself to Harris in the most moving and persuasive manner, and not without effect: for he declared that he was glad he had not made away with himself, and said he was easier, and hoped he should now go to heaven. The Doctor told him how Christ had suffered for them; and that he himself was a greater sinner than he, as he had sinned more against light and conviction, and therefore his guilt was greater; and that, as he was confident that mercy was shown to his soul, so he should look to Christ, and trust in his merits.

“ He prayed God to bless his friends who were present with him, and to give his blessing to all his brethren the clergy; that he would pour out his spirit upon them, and make them true ministers of Jesus Christ, and that they might follow the divine precepts of their heavenly Master. Turning to one who stood near him, he stretched out his hand, and said, ‘ Now, my dear friend, speculation is at an end; all must be real! what poor, ignorant beings we are!’ He prayed for the Magdalens, and wished they were there to sing for him the Twenty-third Psalm.

“ After he had waited some time for the officers, he asked what o’clock it was? and being told that it was half an hour after eight, he said, ‘ I wish they were ready, for I long to be gone.’ He requested of his friends, who were in tears about him, to pray for him: to which he was answered by two of them, ‘ We pray more than language can utter.’ He replied, ‘ I believe it.’

“ At length he was summoned to go down into a part of the yard which is enclosed from the rest of the jail, where the two unhappy convicts and the friends

of the Doctor were alone. On his seeing two prisoners looking out of the windows, he went to them, and exhorted them so pathetically that they both wept abundantly. He said once, 'I am now a spectacle to men, and shall soon be a spectacle to angels.'

"Just before the sheriff's officers came with the halters, one who was walking with him told him that there was yet a little solemnity he must pass through before he went out. He asked, 'What is that?' 'You will be bound.' He looked up, and said, 'Yet I am free; my freedom is there,' pointing upwards. He bore it with Christian patience, and beyond what might have been expected; and when the men offered to excuse tying his hands, he desired them to do their duty, and thanked them for their kindness*. After he was bound, I offered to assist him with my arm in conducting him through the yard, where several people were assembled to see him; but he replied with seeming pleasure, 'No! I am as firm as a rock.'—As he passed along the yard, the spectators and prisoners wept and bemoaned him; and he in return, prayed God to bless them.

"On the way to execution he consoled himself in reflecting and speaking on what Christ had suffered for him; lamenting the depravity of human nature, which made sanguinary laws necessary; and said he could gladly have died in the prison yard, as being led out to public execution tended greatly to distress him. He desired me to read to him the Fifty-first Psalm, and also pointed out an admirable penitential prayer from Rossell's Prisoner's Director. He prayed again for the king, and likewise for the people.

"When he came near the street where he formerly dwelt, he was much affected, and wept. He said, pro-

* It was done in the passage leading to the chapel, by order of Mr. Akerman, the keeper, to prevent his being gazed at; to whom he desired I would return his sincere thanks for all civilities to him, even to the last.

bably his tears would seem to be the effect of cowardice, but it was a weakness he could not well help; and added, he hoped he was going to a better home.

“When he arrived at the gallows, he ascended the cart, and spoke to his fellow-sufferer. He then prayed, not only for himself, but also for his wife and the unfortunate youth that suffered with him; and declared that he died in the true faith of the Gospel of Christ, in perfect love and charity with all mankind, and, with thankfulness to his friends, he was launched into eternity, imploring mercy for his soul for the sake of the blessed Redeemer.”

His corpse, on the Monday following, was carried to Cowley, in Buckinghamshire, and deposited in the church there.

The following Paper was intended to have been read by MR. VILLETTE, at the Place of Execution, but was omitted, as it seemed not possible to communicate the Knowledge of it to so great a Number of Persons as were then assembled.

“To the words of dying men regard has always been paid. I am brought hither to suffer death for an act of fraud, of which I confess myself guilty, with shame such as my former state of life naturally produces, and I hope with such sorrow as He, to whom the heart is known, will not disregard. I repent that I have violated the laws by which peace and confidence are established among men; I repent that I have attempted to injure my fellow-creatures; and I repent that I have brought disgrace upon my order, and discredit upon my religion: but my offences against God are without name or number, and can admit only of general confession and general repentance.—Grant, Almighty God, for the sake of Jesus Christ, that my repentance, however late, however imperfect, may not be in vain!

“ The little good that now remains in my power is to warn others against those temptations by which I have been seduced. I have always sinned against conviction; my principles have never been shaken; I have always considered the Christian religion as a revelation from God, and its divine Author as the Saviour of the world: but the laws of God, though never disowned by me, have often been forgotten. I was led astray from religious strictness by the delusion of show and the delights of voluptuousness. I never knew or attended to the calls of frugality, or the needful minuteness of painful economy. Vanity and pleasure, into which I plunged, required expense disproportionate to my income; expense brought distress upon me; and distress, importunate distress urged me to temporary fraud.

“ For this fraud I am to die; and I die declaring, in the most solemn manner, that, however I have deviated from my own precepts, I have taught others, to the best of my knowledge, and with all sincerity, the true way to eternal happiness. My life, for some few unhappy years past, has been dreadfully erroneous; but my ministry has been always sincere. I have constantly believed, and I now leave the world solemnly avowing my conviction, that there is no other name under heaven by which we can be saved, but only the name of the Lord Jesus; and I entreat all who are here to join me in my last petition, that, for the sake of that Lord Jesus Christ, my sins may be forgiven, and my soul received into his everlasting kingdom.

“ WILLIAM DODD,

“ *June 27, 1777.*”

ADVERTISEMENT

ORIGINALLY PREFIXED
TO THE PRISON THOUGHTS.

THE following Work, as the dates of the respective parts evince, was begun by its unhappy Author in his apartment at Newgate, on the evening of the day subsequent to his trial and conviction at Justice Hall, and was finished, amidst various necessary interruptions, in little more than the space of two months.

Prefixed to the MANUSCRIPT is the ensuing NOTE:

“ April 23, 1777.

“ I BEGAN these thoughts merely from the impression of my mind, without plan, purpose, or motive, more than the situation and state of my soul. I continued them on a thoughtful and regular plan; and I have been enabled wonderfully,—in a state, which in better days I should have supposed would have destroyed all power of reflection—to bring them nearly to a conclusion. I dedicate them to God, and to the *reflecting Serious* among my fellow-creatures; and I bless the Almighty for the ability to go through them, amidst the terrors of this dire place, and the bitter anguish of my disconsolate mind!

“ The Thinking will easily pardon all inaccuracies, as I am neither *able* nor *willing* to read over those melancholy lines with a *curious* and *critical* eye. They are imperfect, but the language of the heart; and, had I time and inclination, might and should be improved.

“ But——

“ W. D.”

The few little Pieces subjoined to the *Thoughts*, and the Author's *Last Prayer*, were found amongst his papers. Their evident connexion with the Poem was the inducement for adding them to the Volume.

THOUGHTS IN PRISON;

COMMENCED

SUNDAY EVENING, EIGHT O'CLOCK*,

FEBRUARY 23, 1777.

WEEK THE FIRST.

The Imprisonment.

My friends are gone! Harsh on its sullen hinge
Grates the dread door; the massy bolts respond
Tremendous to the snarly keeper's touch.
The dire keys clang, with movement dull and slow,
While their behest the ponderous locks perform:
And fastened firm, the object of their care
Is left to solitude,—to sorrow left.

But wherefore fasten'd? Oh, still stronger bonds
Than bolts, or locks, or doors of molten brass,
To solitude and sorrow would consign
His anguish'd soul, and prison him, though free!
For, whither should he fly, or where produce
In open day, and to the golden sun,
His hapless-head? whence every laurel torn,
On his bald brow sits grinning Infamy;
And all in sportive triumph twines around
The keen, the stinging adders of disgrace?

Yet what's disgrace with man? or all the stings
Of pointed scorn? What the tumultuous voice
Of erring multitudes? Or what the shafts
Of keenest malice, levell'd from the bow

* The hour when they lock up in this dismal place.

Of human inquisition?—if the God,
 Who knows the heart, looks with complacence down
 Upon the struggling victim, and beholds
 Repentance bursting from the earth-bent eye,
 And faith's red cross held closely to the breast?

Oh, Author of my being! of my bliss
 Beneficent dispenser! wondrous power,
 Whose eye, all-searching, through this dreary gloom
 Discerns the deepest secrets of the soul,
 Assist me! With thy ray of light divine
 Illumine my dark thoughts; upraise my low;
 And give me wisdom's guidance, while I strive
 Impartially to state the dread account,
 And call myself to trial! Trial far
 Than that more fearful—though how fearful that
 Which trembling late I proved! Oh, aid my hand
 To hold the balance equal, and allow
 The few sad moments of remaining life
 To retrospection useful! make my end,
 As my first wish (thou know'st the heart) has been
 To make my whole of being to my friends,
 My fellow pilgrims through this world of woe,
 Instructive!—Oh, could I conduct but one,
 One only with me to our Canaan's rest,
 How could I meet my fate, nor think it hard!

Not think it hard?—Burst into tears, my soul!
 Gush every pore of my distracted frame,
 Gush into drops of blood?—But one; save one,
 Or guide to Canaan's rest?—when all thy views
 In better days were dedicate alone
 To guide, persuade to that celestial rest,
 Souls which have listen'd with devotion's ear
 To Sion's songs enchanting from thy lips,
 And tidings sweet of Jesu's pardoning love?

But one, save one?—Oh, what a rest is this!
 Oh, what a Sabbath in this dungeon's gloom,
 This prison-house, meet emblem of the realm
 Reserved for the ungodly! Hark! methinks

I hear the cheerful melody of praise
 And penitential sweetness*! 'Tis the sound,
 The well known sound, to which my soul attuned
 For year succeeding year hath hearken'd glad,
 And still with fresh delight: while all my powers
 In bless'd employ have press'd the saving truths
 Of grace divine, and faith's all conquering might,
 On the sure Rock of Ages grounded firm.

Those hours are gone! and here, from heaven shut out,
 And heavenly works like these, on this loved day,
 Rest of my God,—I only hear around
 The dismal clang of chains, the hoarse rough shout
 Of dissonant imprecation, and the cry
 Of misery and vice, in fearful din
 Impetuous mingled! while my frightened mind
 Shrinks back in horror; while the scalding tears,
 Involuntarily starting, furrow down
 My sickly cheeks; and whirling thought, confused
 For giddy moments, scarce allows to know
 Or where, or who, or what a wretch I am!

Not know?—Alas! too well it strikes my heart;
 Emphatical it speaks! while dungeons, chains,
 And bars, and bolts proclaim the mournful truth,
 "Ah, what a wretch thou art! how sunk, how fallen—
 From what high state of bliss, into what woe!†"
 Fallen from the topmost bough that plays in air
 E'en of the tallest cedar; where aloft
 Proud happiness her towering eery built,
 Built, as I dreamt, for ages. Idle dream!
 And yet, amongst the millions of mankind,
 Who sleep like me, how few, like me deceived,
 Do not indulge the same fantastic dream!

Give me the angel's clarion!—Let me sound
 Loud as the blast which shall awake the dead;
 Oh, let me sound, and call the slumberers forth

* Referring more immediately to the duty of the Magdalen Chapel.

† Milton's Paradise Lost, b. 5, l. 540.

To view the vision which delusion charms;
 To shake the potent incantation off;
 Or ere it burst in ruin on their souls,
 As it has burst on mine.—Not on my soul!
 Retract the dread idea: Righteous God!
 Not on my soul! Oh, thou art gracious all!
 And with an eye of pity, from thy throne
 Of majesty supernal, thou behold'st
 The creatures of thy hand, thy feeble sons,
 Struggling with sin, with Satan, and the world,
 Their sworn and deadly foes; and having felt
 In human flesh the trials of our kind,
 Know'st sympathetic how to aid the tried!

Rock of my hope! the rash, rash phrase forgive.
 Safe is my soul; nor can it know one fear,
 Grounded on Thee Unchangeable! Thee first,
 Thee last, great Cleanser of all human sin!

But though secure the vessel rides in port,
 Held firm by faith's strong anchor,—well it suits
 The mariner to think by what strange means
 Through perils inconceivable he pass'd [waves,
 Through rocks, sands, pirates, storms, and boisterous
 And happily obtained that port at last.

On these my thoughts are bent, nor deem it wrong,
 Ministering angels! whose benignant task
 Assign'd by Heaven is to console distress,
 And hold up human hearts amidst the toil
 Of human woe*!—Bless'd spirits, who delight
 In sweet submissive resignation's smile,
 To that high will you know for ever right;—
 Deem it not wrong, that with a bleeding heart,
 I dwell awhile, unworthiest of my race, [storms,
 On those black rocks, those quicksands, waves, and
 Which in a sea of trouble have engulf'd
 All, all my earthly comforts; and have left
 Me, a poor naked, shipwreck'd, suffering wretch,
 On this bleak shore, in this confinement drear,

* See Psalm xxxiv. 7. Heb. i. 14.

At sight of which, in better days, my soul
 Hath started back with horror! while my friend,
 My bosom-partner in each hour of pain,
 With antidotes preventive kindly arm'd,
 Trembling for my loved health, when Christian calls
 And zeal for others' welfare haply brought
 My steps attendant on this den of death!

Oh, dismal change! now not in friendly sort
 A Christian visitor, to pour the halm
 Of Christian comfort in some wretch's ear.—
 I am that wretch myself! and want, much want
 The Christian consolation I bestow'd,
 So cheerfully bestow'd! want, want, my God,
 From Thee the mercy, from my fellow-man
 The lenient mercy, which, great Judge of hearts,
 To Thee I make the solemn, sad appeal—
 That mercy which thou know'st my gladsome soul
 Ever sprang forth with transport to impart!

Why, then, mysterious Providence! pursued
 With such unfeeling ardour? why pursued
 To death's dread hour, by men to me unknown?
 Why—Stop the deep question; it o'erwhelms my soul;
 It reels, it staggers!—Earth turns round!—my brain
 Whirls in confusion! my impetuous heart
 Throbs with pulsations not to be restrain'd!
 Why?—where?—Oh, Chesterfield! my son, my son!

Nay, talk not of composure! I had thought
 In olden time, that my weak heart was soft,
 And pity's self might break it.—I had thought
 That marble-eyed severity would crack
 The slender nerves which guide my reins of sense,
 And give me up to madness. 'Tis not so:
 My heart is callous, and my nerves are tough:
 It will not break! they will not crack! or else
 What more, just Heaven, was wanting to the deed
 Than to behold?—Oh, that eternal night
 Had in that moment screen'd me from myself!—
 My Stanhope to behold! whose filial ear

Drank pleased the lore of wisdom from my tongue!
 My Stanhope to behold!—Ah, piercing sight!
 Forget it;—'tis distraction:—Speak who can!

But I am lost! a criminal adjudged!

A guilty miscreant! Canst thou think, my friend,
 Oh, Butler,—'midst a million faithful found!—
 Oh, canst thou think, who know'st, who long hast known
 My inmost soul; oh, canst thou think that life,
 From such rude outrage for a moment saved,
 And saved almost by miracle*, deserves
 The languid wish, or e'er can be sustain'd?

It can—it must! That miracle alone
 To life gives consequence. Oh, deem it not
 Presumptuous, that my grateful soul thus rates
 The present high deliverance it hath found;—
 Sole effort of thy wisdom, Sovereign Power,
 Without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls!
 Oh, may I cease to live, ere cease to bless
 That interposing hand which turn'd aside,—
 Nay to my life and preservation turn'd
 The fatal blow precipitate ordain'd
 To level all my little hopes in dust,
 And give me to the grave! Rather, my hand,
 Forget thy cunning! Rather shall my tongue
 In gloomy silence bury every note
 To my glad heart respondent, than I cease
 To dedicate to Him who spared my life
 Each breath, each power, while he vouchsafes to lend
 The precious boon!—To Him be all its praise!
 To Him be all its service! Long or short,
 The gift's the same: to live or die to him
 Is gain sufficient, everlasting gain;
 And may that gain be mine!—I live, I live!
 Ye hours, ye minutes, bounty of his grace,

* Referring to the case reserved for the solemn decision of the twelve Judges; and which gave the prisoner a much longer space than his most sanguine friends could have expected, from the complexion of the process.—*See the Scissors Paper for Feb. 1777.*

Fleet not away without improvement done :
 Rich on your wings bear penitence and prayer
 To Heaven's all-clement Ruler ; and to man
 Bear all the retribution man can make !
 Ye precious hours, ye moments snatch'd from death,
 Replete with incense rise,—that my cheer'd soul,
 When comes the solemn call, may spring away,
 Delighted, to the bosom of its God !
 Who shall condemn the trust?—proud reasoners
 (That deep in speculation's 'wondering maze
 Bemuse themselves with error, and confound
 The laws of men, of nature, and of Heaven),
 Presumptuous in their wisdom, dare dethrone
 Even from his works the Maker ; and contend
 That he who form'd it governs not the world :
 While, steep'd in sense's Lethe, sons of earth
 From the world's partial picture gaily draw
 Their mad conclusions. Bold, broad-staring Vice,
 Lull'd on the lap of every mundane bliss,
 At meek-eyed Virtue's patient suffering scoffs,
 And dares with dauntless innocence the God,
 Regardless of his votaries!—Vain and blind!
 Alike through wisdom or through folly blind—
 Whose dim contracted view the petty round,
 The mere horizon of the present hour
 In darkness terminates! Oh, could I ope
 The golden portals of eternal day ;
 Pour on your sight the congregated blaze
 Of light, of wisdom, bursting from the throne
 Of universal glory ; on the round
 The boundless cycle of his moral plan,
 Who, hid in clouds terrific, Master sits
 Of subject men and worlds ; and sees at once
 The ample scene of present, future, past,
 All naked to his eye of flame,—all ranged
 In harmony complete, to work his will,
 And finish with the plaudit of the skies !

But,—while this 'whelming blazon may not burst

On the weak eyes of mortals; while confined
 Through dark dim glass, with dark dim sight to look
 All trembling to the future, and collect
 The scatter'd rays of wisdom; while referr'd
 Our infant reason to the guiding hand
 Of faith strong-eyed, which never quits the view
 Of Jesus, her great polestar! from whose word,
 Irradiate with the lustre of his love,
 She learns the mighty master to explore
 In all his works; and from the meanest taught
 Beholds the God, the Father.—Scorn ye not,
 My fellow-pilgrims, fellow-heirs of death,
 And, oh, triumphant thought!—my fellow-heirs
 Of life immortal; if not sold to sense
 And infidelity's black cause, you cast
 Ungracious from yourselves the proffer'd boon;
 —Then scorn not, oh, my friends, when Heaven
 vouchsafes

To teach by meanest objects, reptiles, birds,
 To take one lesson from a worm like me!

Proof of a gracious Providence I live;—
 To him be all the glory! Of his care
 Paternal, his supporting signal love,
 I live each hour an argument. Away
 The systematic dulness of dispute!
 Away each doting reasoner! I feel
 Feel in my inmost heart the conscious sense,
 The grateful pressure of distinguish'd grace,
 And live, and only wish for life to praise it.

For say, my soul,—nor 'midst this silence sad,
 This midnight, awful, melancholy gloom,
 Nor in this solemn moment of account
 'Twixt thee and Heaven,—when on his altar lies
 A sacrifice thy naked bleeding heart!
 Say, nor self-flattering, to thy conscience hold
 The mirror of deceit: couldst thou have thought
 Thy nerves, thy head, thy heart, thy frame, thy sense
 Sufficient to sustain the sudden shock,

Rude as a bursting earthquake, which at once
 Toppled the happy edifice adown,
 Whelm'd thee and thine beneath its ruinous crash,
 And buried all in sorrow?—Torn away
 Impetuous from thy home, thy much loved home,
 Without one moment to reflection given!
 By soothing, solemn promise, led to place
 Ingenuous all thy confidence of life
 In men assuming gentle pity's guise!
 Vain confidence in ought beneath the sun!
 Behold the hour, the dreadful hour arrived:
 The prison opes its ruthless gates upon thee!

Oh, horror! But what's this, this fresh attack?
 'Tis she, 'tis she! my weeping, fainting wife!
 "And hast thou, faithful, found me? Has thy love
 Thus burst through every barrier? Hast thou traced
 —Depress'd in health, and timid as thou art—
 At midnight traced the desolate wild streets,
 Thus in a prison's gloom to throw thy arms
 Of conjugal endearment round the neck
 Of thy lost husband?—Fate, exact thy worst;
 The bitterness is pass'd."—Idea vain!
 To tenfold bitterness drench'd in my deep cup
 Of gall, the morning rises! Statelike,
 Inanimate, half dead, and fainting half,
 To stand a spectacle!—the præter stern
 Denying to my pleading tears one pang
 Of human sympathy! conducted forth
 Amidst the unfeeling populace; pursued
 Like some deer, which from the hunter's aim
 Hath ta'en its deadly hurt; and glad to find—
 Panting with woe—my refuge in a jail!
 Can misery stretch more tight the torturing cord?

But hence this softness! Wherefore thus lament
 These petty poor escutcheons of thy fate,
 When lies—all worthy of thyself and life,
 Cold in the hearse of ruin?—Rather turn
 Grateful thine eyes, and raise, though red with tears,

To his high throne who looks on thy distress
 With fatherly compassion; kindly throws
 Sweet comfort's mixture in thy cup, and soothes
 With Gilead's balm thy death-wound. He it is
 Who, 'midst the shock disrupting, holds in health
 Thy shatter'd frame, and keeps thy reason clear;
 He, He it is, whose pitying power supports
 Thy humbled soul, deep humbled in the dust,
 Beneath the sense of guilt; the mournful sense
 Of deep transgression 'gainst thy fellow-men,
 Of sad offence 'gainst Him, thy Father, God;
 Who, lavish in his bounties, woo'd thy heart
 With each paternal blessing;—ah, ingrate,
 And worthless! Yet—(His mercies who can count,
 Or truly speak his praise!)—Yet, through this gloom
 Of self-conviction, lowly he vouchsafes
 To dart a ray of comfort, like the sun's,
 All cheering through a summer's evening shower!
 Arch'd in his gorgeous sky, I view the how
 Of grace, fix'd emblem! 'Tis that grace alone
 Which gives my soul its firmness; builds my hope
 Beyond the grave; and bids me spurn the earth!

First of all blessings, hail! Yet Thou from whom
 Both first and last, both great and small proceed;
 Exhaustless source of every good to man,
 Accept for all the tribute of my praise;
 For all are thine!—Thine the ingenuous friends,
 Who solace with compassion sweet my woe;
 Mingle with mine their sympathetic tears;
 Incessant and disinterested toil
 To work my weal; and delicately kind,
 Watch every keener sensibility
 That lives about my soul. Oh, more than friends,
 In tenderness my children!—Thine are too
 The very keepers of the rugged jail,
 —Ill school to learn humanity's soft lore!—
 Yet here humanity their duty pays,
 Respectably affecting! Whilst they tend

My little wants, officious in their zeal,
 They turn away, and fain would hide the tear
 That gushes all unbidden to their eye,
 And sanctifies their service.—On their heads
 Thy Blessing, Lord of Bounty!—

——But, of all,

All thy choice comforts in this drear distress,
 God of our first young love! Thine is the Wife,
 Who with assiduous care, from night to morn,
 From morn to night, watches my every need;
 And, as in brightest days of peace and joy,
 Smiles on my anguish, while her own poor breast
 Is full almost to bursting! prostrate, Lord,
 Before thy footstool—Thou, whose highest style
 On earth, in Heaven, is Love!—Thou, who hast breathed
 Through human hearts the tender charities,
 The social fond affections which unite
 In bonds of sweetest amity those hearts,
 And guide to every good!—Thou, whose kind eye
 Complacent must behold the rich, ripe fruit,
 Mature and mellow'd on the generous stock
 Of thy own careful planting!—Low on earth,
 And mingled with my native dust, I cry;
 With all the husband's anxious fondness cry,
 With all the friend's solicitude and truth;
 With all the teacher's fervour,—“ God of Love,
 Vouchsafe thy choicest comforts on her head!
 Be thine my fate's decision: To thy will
 With angel-resignation, lo! we bend!”

But, hark! what sound, wounding the night's dull ear!
 Bursts sudden on my sense, and makes more horrible
 These midnight horrors?—'Tis the solemn bell,
 Alarm to the prisoners of death*!
 Hark! what a groan, responsive from the cells

* This alludes to a very striking and awful circumstance. The bellman of St. Sepulchre's, near the prison, is, by long and pious custom, appointed to announce at midnight to the condemned criminals in their cells, *That the hour of their departure is at hand!*

Of condemnation, calls upon my heart,
 My thrilling heart, for intercession strong,
 And pleadings in the sufferer's behalf—
 My fellow-sufferers, and my fellow-men!

Cease then awhile the strain, my plaintive soul,
 And veil thy face in sorrow! Lonely hours
 Soon will return thee to thy midnight task,
 For much remains to sing; sad themes, unsung,
 As deem'd, perchance, too mournful;—yet, what else
 Than themes like these can suit a muse like mine?
 —And might it be, that while ingenuous woe
 Bleeds through my verse; while the succeeding page,
 Weaving with my sad story the detail
 Of crimes, of punishments, of prisons drear,
 Of present life and future,—sad discourse
 And serious shall contain! Oh, might it be,
 That human hearts may listen and improve!
 Oh, might it be, that benefit to souls
 Flow from the weeping tablet; though the Man
 In torture die, the Painter shall rejoice!

March 2, 1777.

WEEK THE SECOND.

SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1777.

The Retrospect.

OH, not that thou goest hence—sweet drooping flower,
 Surcharged with Sorrow's dew!—Not that thou quitt'st
 This pent and feverish gloom, which beams with light,
 With health, with comfort, by thy presence cheer'd,
 Companion of my life, and of my woes
 Bless'd soother! Not that thou goest hence to drink
 A purer air, and gather from the breath
 Of halmy spring new succour, to recruit
 Thy waning health, and aid thee to sustain,
 With more than manly fortitude, thy own

And my afflictive trials! Not that here,
 Amidst the glories of this genial day,
 Immured, through iron bars I peep at Heaven
 With dim, lack-lustre eye!—Oh, 'tis not this
 That drives the poison'd point of torturous thought
 Deep to my spring of life! It is not this
 That prostrate lays me weeping in the dust,
 And draws in sobs the life-blood from my heart!

Well could I bear thy absence: well, full well;
 Though angel-comforts in thy converse smile,
 And make my dungeon Paradise! Full well
 Could I sustain through iron bars to view
 The golden Sun, in bridegroom-majesty
 Taking benignant Nature to his love,
 And decking her with bounties! Well, very well
 Could I forego the delicate delight
 Of tracing nature's germens as they bud;
 Of viewing spring's first children as they rise
 In innocent sweetness, or beneath the thorn
 In rural privacy, or on gay parterre
 More artful, less enchanting!—Well, very well
 Could I forego to listen,—in this house
 Of unremitted din,—and nought complain;
 To listen as I oft have stood with thee,
 Listening in fond endearment to the voice
 Of stockdove, through the silence of the wood
 Hoarse murmuring!—Well, oh could I forego
 These innocent, though exquisite delights,
 Still new, and to my bosom still attuned
 In moral, mental melody! Sweet Spring!
 Well could I bear this sad exile from thee,
 Nor drop one tear reluctant; for my soul,
 Strong to superior feeling soars aloft
 To eminence of misery!—Confined
 On this bless'd day—the Sabbath of my God!
 —Not from his house alone, not from the power
 Of joyful worship with assembling crowds*,

* See Psalm lxxxiv.

But from the labours once so amply mine,
 The labours of his love. Now, laid aside,
 Cover'd my head with ignominious dust,
 My voice is stopp'd; and had I e'en the power,
 Strong shame, and stronger grief would to that voice
 Forbid all utterance!—Ah, thrice hapless voice,
 By Heaven's own finger all indulgent tuned
 To touch the heart, and win the' attentive soul
 To love of truth divine, how useless now,
 How dissonant, unstrung!—Like Salem's harps,
 Once fraught with richest harmony of praise,
 Hung in sad silence by Euphrates' stream,
 Upon the mournful willows! There they wept,
 Thy captive people wept, O God!—when thought
 To bitter memory recall'd the songs,
 The dulcet songs of Sion! Oh bless'd songs,
 Transporting chorus of united hearts,
 In cheerful music mounting to the praise
 Of Sion's King of Glory!—Oh the joy
 Transcendant, of petitions wing'd aloft
 With fervour irresistible, from throngs
 Assembled in thy earthly courts, dread King
 Of all-dependant nature!—looking up
 For all to Thee, as do the servants' eyes
 Up to their fostering master! Joy of joys,
 Amidst such through'd assemblies to stand forth,
 To blow the Silver Trumpet of thy Grace,
 The gladsome year of jubilee to proclaim,
 And offer to the aching sinner's heart
 Redemption's healing mercies! And methinks,
 (—Indulge the pleasing reverie, my soul!
 The waking dream, which in oblivion sweet
 Lulls thy o'erlabour'd sense!) methinks convey'd
 To Ham's loved shades—dear favourite shades, by
 And pure religion sanctify'd,—I hear [peace
 The tuneful bells their hallow'd message sound
 To Christian hearts symphonious! Circling time
 Once more hath happily brought round the day

Which calls us to the temple of our God :
 Then let us haste, in decent neatness clad,
 My cheerful little household, to his courts,
 So loved, so truly honour'd! There we'll mix
 In meek, ingenuous deprecation's cry ;
 There we'll unite in full thanksgiving's choir,
 And all the rich melodiousness of praise.

I feel, I feel the rapture! David's harp
 Concordant with a thousand voices sounds:
 Prayer mounts exulting: Man ascends the skies
 On wings of angel-fervour! Holy writ
 Or speaks the wonders of Jehovah's power,
 Or tells in more than mortal majesty
 The greater wonders of his love to man!
 Proofs of that love, see where the mystic signs,
 High emblems of unutterable grace,
 Confirm to man the zeal of Heaven to save,
 And call to gratitude's best office!

————— Wise

In all thy sacred institutions, Lord,
 Thy Sabbaths with peculiar wisdom shine ;
 First and high argument, creation done,
 Of thy benign solicitude for man,
 Thy chiefest, favourite creature. Time is thine ;
 How just to claim a part, who givest the whole !
 But, oh ! how gracious, to assign that part
 To man's supreme behoof, his soul's best good ;
 His moral and his mental benefit ;
 His body's genial comfort ! Savage else,
 Untaught, undisciplined, in shaggy pride
 He'd roved the wild, amidst the brutes a brute
 Ferocious ; to the soft civilities
 Of cultivated life, Religion, Truth,
 A barbarous stranger. To thy Sabbaths then
 All hail, wise Legislator ! 'Tis to these
 We owe at once the memory of thy works,
 Thy mighty works of nature and of grace ;—
 We owe divine religion : and to these
 The decent comeliness of social life.

Revere, ye earthly magistrates, who wield
 The sword of Heaven,—The wisdom of Heaven's plan,
 And sanctify the Sabbath of your God!
 Religion's all: With that or stands or falls
 Your country's weal! but where shall she obtain,
 —Religion, sainted pilgrim,—shelter safe
 Or honourable greeting through the land,
 If, led by high and low in giddy dance,
 Mad profanation, on the sacred day
 Of God's appointed rest, her revel-rout
 Insulting heads, and leaves the temple void?
 —Oh, my loved country! oh, ye thoughtless great,
 Intoxicate with draughts that, opiumlike,
 For transient moments stupify the mind,
 To wake in horrors and confusion wild!—

But soft, and know thyself! 'Tis not for thee,
 Poor destitute! thus grovelling in the dust
 Of self-annihilation, to assume
 The Censor's office, and reprove mankind.
 Ah me,—thy day of duty is declined!
 Thou rather, to the quick probe thine own wounds,
 And plead for mercy at the judgment seat,
 Where conscience smites thee for the' offence deplored.

Yet not presumptuous deem it, Arbiter
 Of human thoughts, that through the long, long gloom
 Of multiplied transgressions, I behold
 Complacent smiling on my sickening soul, [know'st—
 "Delight in thy loved Sabbaths!"—Well thou
 For thou know'st all things,—that the cheerful sound
 Of that bless'd day's return, for circling weeks,
 For months, for years, for more than thrice seven years,
 Was music to my heart! My feet rejoiced
 To bear me to thy temples, haply fraught
 With comfort's tidings: with thy gospel's truth,
 The gospel of thy peace! Oh, well thou know'st,
 Who knowest all things, with what welcome toil,
 What pleasing assiduity I search'd
 Thy heavenly word, to learn thy heavenly will;
 That faithful I might minister its truth,

And of the high commission nought kept back
 From the great congregation *! Well thou know'st,
 —Sole, sacred witness of my private hours,—
 How copiously I bathed with pleading tears,—
 How earnestly in prayer consign'd to Thee
 The humble efforts of my trembling pen;
 My best, weak efforts in my Master's cause;
 Weak as the feather 'gainst the giant's shield,
 Light as the gosmer floating on the wind,
 Without thy aid omnipotent! Thou know'st
 How, anxious to improve in every grace
 That best to man's attention might commend
 The' important message, studious I apply'd
 My feeble talents to the holy art
 Of snasive elocution; emulous
 Of every acquisition which might clothe
 In purest dignity the purest work,
 The first, the highest office man can bear,
 "The messenger of God!" And well thou know'st,
 —For all the work, as all the praise, is thine—
 What sweet success accompanied the toil;
 What harvests bless'd the seed-time! Well thou know'st
 With what triumphant gladness my rapp'd soul
 Wrought in the vineyard! how it thankful bore
 The noonday's heat, the evening's chilly frost,
 Exulting in its much loved Master's cause
 To spend and to be spent! and bring it home
 From triple labours of the well toil'd day,
 A body by fatigue o'erborne; a mind
 Replete with glad emotions to its God!
 Ah, my loved household! ah, my little round
 Of social friends! well do you bear in mind
 Those pleasing evenings, when, on my return,
 Much wish'd return—serenity the mild,
 And cheerfulness the innocent, with me
 Enter'd the happy dwelling! Thou, my Ernest,
 Ingenuous youth! whose early spring bespoke

* Psalm xl. ver. 10.

Thy summer, as it is, with richest crops
 Luxuriant waving; gentle youth, canst thou
 Those welcome hours forget? or thou—oh thou!
 —How shall I utter from my beating heart
 Thy name, so musical, so heavenly sweet
 Once to these ears distracted!—Stanhope, say,
 Canst thou forget those hours, when, clothed in smiles
 Of fond respect, thou and thy friend have strove
 Whose little hands should readiest supply
 My willing wants; officious in your zeal
 To make the Sabbath evenings, like the day,
 A scene of sweet composure to my soul*!
 Oh happy Sabbaths! Oh my soul's delight!
 Oh days of matchless mercy! matchless praise!
 Gone, gone, for ever gone! How dreadful spent,
 Useless, in tears and groans and bitter woe,
 In this wild place of horrors†! Oh, return,
 Ye happy Sabbaths!—or to that loved realm
 Dismiss me, Father of compassions, where
 Reigns one eternal Sabbath! Though my voice,
 Feeble at best, be damp'd, and cannot soar
 To strains sublime, beneath the sorrowing sense
 Of base ingratitude to thee, my God,
 My Father, Benefactor, Saviour, Friend,—
 Yet in that realm of rest 'twill quickly catch
 Congenial harmony! 'twill quickly rise,
 Even from humility's weak, trembling touch;
 Rise with the glowing Seraph in the choir,
 And strive to be the loudest in thy praise.

Too soaring thought! that in a moment sunk
 By sad reflection and convicting guilt,
 Falls prostrate on the earth.—So, poised in air,

* Good Friday, Easter, &c. once so peculiarly happy—yet how past here!—What a sad want of the spirit of reformation.

† Boethius has a reflection highly applicable to the sense of our Author: “*Nec inficari possum prosperitatis meæ velocissimum cursum. Sed hoc est, quod recedentem me vehementius coquit. Nam in omni adversitate fortunæ, infelicitissimum genus est infortunii, fuisse felicem.*” *De Consol.* L. 2. Pros. 4.

And warbling his wild notes about the clouds,
 Almost beyond the ken of human sight;
 Clapp'd to his side his plummy steerage, down
 Drops—instantaneous drops the silent lark!
 How shall I mount to Heaven? how join the choir
 Celestial of bright Seraphim? depress'd
 Beneath the burden of a thousand sins,
 On what bless'd dovelike wing shall I arise,
 And fly to the wish'd rest?

—Of counsel free,

Some to my aching heart, with kind intent,
 Offer the poisonous balsam of desert;
 Bid me “take comfort from the cheering view
 Of deeds benevolent, and active life
 Spent for the weal of others!” Siren songs,
 Soon hush'd by howlings of severe reproach,
 Unfeeling, uncompassionate, and rude,
 Which o'er my body, panting on the earth,
 With wounds incurable, insulting, whirls
 Her iron scourge: accumulates each ill
 That can to man's best fame damnation add;
 Spies not one mark of white throughout my life;
 And, groaning o'er my anguish to despair,
 As my soul, sad resource, indignant points!

But not from you,—ah cruel, callous foes,
 Thus to exult and press a fallen man!—
 Nor even from you, though kind, mistaken friends,
 Admit we counsel here. Too deep the stake,
 Too awful the inquiry—how the soul
 May smile at death, and meet its God in peace—
 To rest the answer on uncertain man!
 Alike above your friendship or your hate,
 Here, here I tower triumphant, and behold
 At once confirm'd security and joy,
 Beyond the reach of mortal hand to shake,
 Or for a moment cloud.—Hail, bleeding Love!
 In thy humiliation deep and dread,
 Divine Philanthropist, my ransom'd soul

Beholds its triumph and avows its cure,
 Its perfect, free salvation! knows or feels
 No merit, no dependence, but thy faith,
 Thy hope, and love consummate! All abjures;
 Casts all,—each care, each burden at the foot
 Of thy victorious cross: in heart and life
 One wish, one word uniting—ever may
 That wish and word in me, bless'd Lord, unite!—
 " Oh, ever may in me Thy will be done!"

Firm and unshaken as old Sion's Hill,
 Remains this sure foundation: who on Christ,
 The Corner-Stone, build faithful, build secure,
 Eternity is theirs. Then talk no more,
 Ye airy, vague, fantastic reasoners,
 Of the light stubble, crackling in the fire
 Of God's investigation; of the chaff
 Dispersed and floating 'fore the slightest wind,—
 The chaff of human merit! gracious God!
 What pride, what contradiction in the term;
 Shall man, vain man, dress'd in a little power
 Derived from Nature's Author; and that power
 Holding an humble tenant, at the will
 Of him who freely gave it; His high will,
 The dread Supreme Disposer, shall poor man,
 A beggar indigent and vile,—enrich'd
 With every precious faculty of soul,
 Of reason, intellect; with every gift
 Of animal life luxuriant, from the store
 Of unexhausted bounty; shall he turn
 That bounty to abuse; lavish defy
 The Giver with his gifts,—a rebel base!
 And yet, presumptuous, arrogant, deceived,
 Assume a pride for actions not his own,
 Or boast of merit, when his all's from God,
 And he that all has squander'd? Purest saints,
 Brightest archangels, in the choir of heaven,
 Fulfilling all complete his holy will,
 Who placed them high in glory as they stand,

Fulfil but duty, nay, as owing more
 From love's supreme distinction, readier veil
 Their radiant faces with their golden plumes,
 And fall more humbled 'fore the throne they hymn
 With gratitude superior. Could bold pride
 One moment whisper to their lucid souls
 Desert's intolerable folly,—down,
 Like Lucifer, the morning star, they'd fall
 From their bright state obscured! Then, proud, poor
 Conceived in sins, offending from thy youth, [worm,
 In every point transgressor of the law
 Of righteousness, of merit towards God,
 Dream, if thou canst; or, madman if thou art,
 Stand on that plea for Heaven—and be undone!

Bless'd be thy tender mercy, God of Grace!
 That, midst the terrors of this trying hour,
 When in this midnight, lonely, prison gloom,
 My inmost soul hangs naked to thy view;
 When, undissembled in the search, I fain
 Would know, explore, and balance every thought;
 (For oh, I see Eternity's dread gates
 Expand before me, soon perhaps to close!—)
 Bless'd be thy mercy, that subdued to thee
 Each lofty vain imagination bows;
 Each high idea humbled in the dust,
 Of self-sufficient righteousness, my soul
 Disclaims, abhors, with reprobation full,
 The slightest apprehension!—worthless, Lord,
 Even of the meanest crumb beneath thy board.

Bless'd be thy mercy, that, so far from due,
 I own thy bounties, manifold and rich,
 Upon my soul have laid a debt so deep,
 That I can never pay!—And oh! I feel
 Compunction inexpressible, to think
 How I have used those bounties! sackcloth-clad,
 And cover'd o'er with ashes, I deplore
 My utter worthlessness; and, trembling, own
 Thy wrath and just displeasure well might sink

In deeper floods than these, that o'er my head
 Roar horrible,—in fiery floods of woe,
 That know nor end nor respite! but my God,
 Bless'd be thy mercy ever! Thou'st not left
 My soul to Desperation's dark dismay;
 On Calvary's Hill my mourning eye discerns,
 With faith's clear view, that Spectacle which wipes
 Each tear away, and bids the heart exult!
 There hangs the love of God! There hangs of man
 The ransom; there the Merit; there the Cure
 Of human grief—the Way, the Truth, the Life!

O thou, for sin-burnt sacrifice complete!
 Oh Thou, of holy life the' exemplar bright!
 Perfection's lucid mirror! while to Thee
 Repentance scarce dare lift her flowing eyes,
 Though in his strong arms manly Faith supports
 The self-convicted mourner!—Let not love,
 Source of thy matchless mercies, sought delay,
 Like Mary, with humility's meek hand
 Her precious box of costly Nard to pour
 On thy dear feet, diffusing through the house
 The odour of her unguents! Let not Love
 Looking with gratitude's full eye to Thee,
 Cease with the hallow'd fragrance of her works
 To cheer thy lowliest members; to refresh
 Thee in thy saints afflicted! Let not love
 Cease with each spiritual grace, each temper mild,
 Fruits of the Holy Spirit,—to enrich,
 To fill, perfume, and sanctify the soul
 Assimilate to Thee, sweet Jesu! Thee
 That soul's immortal habitant. How bless'd,
 How beyond value rich the privilege,
 To welcome such a Guest! how doubly bless'd
 With such a signature,—the royal stamp
 Of thy resemblance, Prince of Righteousness,
 Of Mercy, Peace, and Truth! Oh, more and more
 Transform me to that Image! More and more,
 Thou New Creation's Author, form complete

In me the birth divine; the heavenly mind,
 The love consummate,—all performing love,
 Which dwelt in Thee, its Pattern and its Source;
 And is to man, happy regenerate man,
 Heaven's surest foretaste, and its earnest too.

The thought delights and cheers, though not elates:
 Through pensive Meditation's sable gloom
 It darts a ray of soft, well temper'd light,
 A kind of lunar radiance on my soul,
 Gentle, not dazzling! Thou who knowest all,
 Know'st well, thrice gracious Master! that my heart
 Attuned to thy dear love, howe'er seduced
 By worldly adulation from its vows,
 And for a few contemptible, contemn'd
 Unhappy moments faithless; well thou know'st
 That heart ne'er knew true peace but in thy love:
 That heart hath in thy love known thorough peace;
 Hath frequent panted for that love's full growth;
 And sought occasions to display its warmth
 By deeds of kindness, mild humanity,
 And pitying mercy to its fellow men!

And thou hast bless'd me! and I will rejoice
 That thou hast bless'd me! thou hast given my soul
 The Luxury of Luxuries, to wipe
 The tear from many an eye; to stop the groan
 At many an aching heart. And thou wilt wipe
 The tears from mine, and thou the groan repress:
 And thou,—for oh, this beating heart is thine,
 Framed by thy hand to pity's quickest touch,—
 Thou wilt forgive the sinner; and bestow
 Mercy, sweet mercy! which, inspired by thee,
 He never had the power and ne'er the will
 To hold from others where he could bestow!

Shall he not then rest happily secure
 Of mercy, thrice bless'd mercy from mankind?
 Where rests it? Resignation's meek-eyed power
 Sustain me still; composure still be mine:
 Where rests it?—Oh mysterious Providence!

Silence the wild idea:—I have found
 No mercy yet, no mild humanity:
 With cruel unrelenting rigour torn,
 And, lost in prison, wild to all below!

So from his daily toil, returning late
 O'er Grison's rugged mountains, clad in snow,
 The peasant with astonish'd eyes beholds
 A gaunt wolf, from the pine-grove howling rush;
 Chill horror stiffens him, alike to fly
 Unable, or resist; the monster feeds
 Blood-happy, growling on his quivering heart!
 Meanwhile light blazes in his lonely cot
 The crackling hearth; his careful wife prepares
 Her humble cates; and through the latticed light
 His little ones, expecting his return,
 Peep, anxious! Ah, poor victim, he nor hearth
 Bright blazing, nor the housewife's humble cates,
 Nor much loved children, henceforth more shall see!

But soft: 'Tis calm reflection's midnight hour;
 'Tis the soul's solemn inquest. Broods a thought
 Resentful in thy bosom? Art thou yet,
 Penitent Pilgrim, on earth's utmost bourn,
 And candidate for Heaven,—art thou yet,
 In love imperfect? and has malice place,
 With dark revenge, and unforgiving hate,
 Hell's blackest offspring?—Glory to my God!
 With triumph let me sing, and close my strain.

Abhorrent ever from my earliest youth
 Of these detested passions, in this hour,
 This trying hour of keen oppressive grief,
 My soul superior rises; nor of these
 Malevolent, a touch, the slightest touch
 Feels, or shall ever harbour! Though it feels
 In all their amplitude, with all their weight,
 Ungentlest treatment, and a load of woe,
 Heavy as that which fabling poets lay
 On proud Esceladus! Though life be drawn
 By Cruelty's fierce hand down to the lees,

Yet can my heart with all the truth of prayer,
 With all the fervour of sincere desire,
 Looking at Thee, thou love of God and man;
 Yet can my heart in life or death implore,
 "Father, forgive them, as Thou pitiest me!"

Oh, where's the wonder, when thy cross is seen!
 Oh, where's the wonder, when thy voice is heard!
 Harmonious intercession! Son of God!
 Oh, where's the wonder—or the merit where,
 Or what's the task of love-attuned souls—
 Poor fellow-creatures pitying, to implore
 Forgiveness for them? Oh forgive my foes!
 Best friends, perchance, for they may bring to Thee!
 —Complete forgiveness on them, God of Grace!
 Complete forgiveness, in the dreadful hour,
 When most they need forgiveness! And oh! such
 As in that dreadful hour, my poor heart wants,
 And trust, great Father, to receive from Thee,
 Such full forgiveness grant;—and my glad soul
 Shall fold them then, my brethren, in thy house!

Thus do I sooth, and while away with song
 My lonely hours in drear confinement past,
 Like thee, oh gallant Raleigh! or like thee,
 My hapless ancestor, famed Overbury!
 But oh, in this how different is our fate!
 Thou to a vengeful woman's sntle wiles
 A hapless victim fall'st; while my deep gloom,
 Brighten'd by female virtne, and the light
 Of conjugal affection—leads me oft,
 Like the poor prison'd linnnet, to forget
 Freedom, and tuneful friends, and russet heath,
 Vocal with native melody; to swell
 The feeble throat, and chant the lowly strain;
 As in the season, when from spray to spray
 Flew liberty on light elastic wing.
 She flies no more:—Be mute, my plaintive lyre!

March 15, 1777.

WEEK THE THIRD.

SUNDAY, MARCH 18, 1777.

Public Punishment.

VAIN are thy generous efforts, worthy Bull*,
 Thy kind compassion's vain! The hour is come:
 Stern fate demands compliance: I must pass
 Through various deaths, keen torturing, to arrive
 At that my heart so fervently implores;
 Yet fruitless. Ah! why hides he his fell front
 From woe, from wretchedness, that with glad smiles
 Would welcome his approach; and, tyrant-like,
 Delights to dash the jocund roseate cup
 From the full hand of gaudy luxury
 And unsuspecting ease! Far worse than death
 That prison's entrance, whose idea chills
 With freezing horror all my curdling blood;
 Whose very name, stamping with infamy,
 Makes my soul frightened start, in frenzy whirl'd,
 And verging near to madness! See, they ope
 Their iron jaws! See, the vast gates expand,
 Gate after gate—and in an instant twang,
 Closed by their growling keepers; when again,
 Mysterious powers!—oh, when to ope on me?
 Mercy, sweet Heaven, support my faltering steps,
 Support my sickening heart! My full eyes swim!
 O'er all my frame distils a cold damp sweat!
 Hark—what a rattling din; on every side
 The congregated chains clank frightful: throngs
 Tumultuous press around, to view, to gaze
 Upon the wretched stranger; scarce believed
 Other than visitor within such walls,

* Frederick Bull, Esq. Alderman of London; to whose kindness and humanity the Author has expressed the highest obligations.

With mercy and with freedom in his hands.
 Alas, how changed! Sons of confinement, see
 No pitying deliverer, but a wretch
 O'erwhelm'd with misery, more hapless far
 Than the most hapless 'mongst ye; loaded hard
 With guilt's oppressive irons! His are chains
 No time can loosen and no hand unbind:
 Fetters which gore the soul. Oh, horror, horror!
 Ye massive bolts give way: ye sullen doors,
 Ah, open quick, and from this clamorous rout,
 Close in my dismal, looe, allotted room
 Shroud me;—for ever shroud from human sight,
 And make it, if 'tis possible, my grave!

How truly welcome, then! Then would I greet
 With hallow'd joy, the drear, but bless'd abode;
 And deem it far the happiest I have known,
 The best I e'er inhabited. But, alas!
 There's no such mercy for me. I must run
 Misery's extremest round; and this must be
 Awhile my living grave; the doleful tomb,
 Sad sounding with my unremitting groans,
 And moisten'd with the bitterness of tears!

Ah, mournful dwelling! destined ne'er to see
 The human face divine in placid smiles
 And innocent gladness clothed; destined to hear
 No sounds of genial heart-reviving joy!
 The sons of sorrow only are thy guests,
 And thine the only music of their sighs,
 Thick sobbing from the tempest of their breasts!
 Ah! mournful dwelling! never hast thou seen,
 Amidst the numerous wretched ones immured
 Within thy stone-girt compass, wretch so sunk,
 So lost, so ruin'd, as the man who falls
 Thus in deep anguish on thy ruthless floor,
 And bathes it with the torrent of his tears.

And can it be? or is it all a dream?
 A vapour of the mind?—I scarce believe
 Myself awake or acting. Sudden thus

Am I—so compass'd round with comforts late,
 Health, freedom, peace, torn, torn from all, and lost!
 A prisoner in—Impossible!—I sleep!

'Tis fancy's coinage! 'tis a dream's delusion!

Vain dream! vain fancy! Quickly I am roused
 To all the dire reality's distress:

I tremble, start, and feel myself awake,

Dreadfully awake to all my woes! and roll

From wave to wave on Sorrow's ocean toss'd!

Oh, for a moment's pause,—a moment's rest,

To calm my hurried spirits! to recall

Reflection's staggering pilot to the helm,

And still the maddening whirlwind in my soul!

—It cannot be! The din increases round:

Rough voices rage discordant; dreadful shrieks;

Hoarse imprecations dare the Thunderer's ire,

And call down swift damnation! thousand chains

In dismal notes clink, mirthful! Roaring bursts

Of loud obstreperous laughter, and strange choirs

Of gutterals, dissonant and rneful, vex

E'en the dull ear of midnight! Neither rest,

Nor peaceful calm, nor silence of the mind,

Refreshment sweet, nor interval or pause

From morn to eve, from eve to morn, is found

Amidst the surges of this troubled sea*!

So, from the Lemán Lake the' impetuous Rhone

His blue waves pushes rapid, and bears down

Furiate to meet Saone's pellucid stream

(With roar tremendous, through the craggy straits

Of Alpine rocks), his freight of waters wild:

Still rushing in perturbed eddies on;

* It is but a just tribute to Mr. Akerman, the keeper of this dismal place, to observe, that all the evils here enumerated are the immediate consequences of promiscuous confinement, and no way chargeable to Mr. A.'s account. It is from the strictest observation I am persuaded that no man could do more in the present circumstances. His attention is great, and his kindness and humanity to those in sickness or affliction peculiarly pleasing. I can bear testimony to many signal instances which I have remarked since my sad confinement.

And still from hour to hour, from age to age,
 In conflux vast and unremitting, pours
 His boisterous flood to old Ludgum's wall!

Oh, my rack'd brain!—Oh, my distracted heart!
 The tumult thickens: wild disorder grows
 More painfully confused!—And can it be?
 Is this the mansion—this the house ordain'd
 For recollection's solemn purpose!—this
 The place from whence full many a flitting soul
 (The work of deep repentance—mighty work,
 Still, still to be perform'd) must mount to God,
 And give its dread account! Is this the place
 Ordain'd by justice, to confine awhile
 The foe to civil order, and return
 Reform'd and moralized to social life!
 This den of drear confusion, wild uproar,
 Of mingled riot and unblushing vice!
 This school of infamy! from whence, improved
 In every hardy villany, returns
 More harden'd, more a foe to God and man,
 The miscreant, nursed in its infectious lap,
 All cover'd with its pestilential spots,
 And breathing death and poison wheresoe'er
 He stalks contagious! from the lion's den
 A lion more ferocious as confined!

Britons, while sailing in the golden barge
 Of giddy dissipation, on the stream,
 Smooth silver stream of gorgeous luxury,
 Boast gaily—and for ages may they boast,
 And truly; for through ages we may trust
 'Twill interpose between our crimes and God,
 And turn away his just avenging scourge—
 "The national Humanity!" Hither, then,
 Ye sons of pity and ye sons of thought!—
 Whether by public zeal and patriot love,
 Or by Compassion's gentle stirrings wrought,
 Oh, hither come, and find sufficient scope
 For all the patriot's, all the Christian's search!

Some great, some salutary plan to frame,
 Turning confinement's curses into good;
 And, like the God who but rebukes to save,
 Extracting comfort from correction's stroke!

Why do we punish? Why do penal laws
 Coercive, by tremendous sanctions bind
 Offending mortals?—Justice on her throne
 Rigid on this hand to example points;
 More mild to reformation upon that:
 —She balances, and finds no ends but these.

Crowd then, along with yonder revel-rout,
 To exemplary punishment, and mark
 The language of the multitude, obscene,
 Wild, blasphemous, and cruel! Tent their looks
 Of madding, drunken, thoughtless, ruthless gaze,
 Of giddy curiosity and vain!
 Their deeds still more emphatic, note; and see,
 By the sad spectacle unimpress'd, they dare,
 Even in the eye of death, what to their doom
 Brought their expiring fellows! Learn we hence,
 How to example's salutary end
 Our justice sagely ministers! But one,—
 Should there be one—thrice hapless,—of a mind
 By guilt unhardened, and above the throng
 Of desperate miscreants, through repeated crimes
 In stupor hull'd and lost to every sense;—
 Ah me, the sad reverse! should there be one
 Of generous feelings; whom remorseless fate,
 Pallid necessity, or chill distress,
 The family's urgent call, or just demand
 Of honest creditor—(solicitudes
 To reckless, pamper'd worldlings all unknown),
 Should there be one, whose trembling, frightened hand,
 Causes like these in temporary guilt,
 Abhorrent to his inmost soul, have plunged,
 And made obnoxious to the rigid law!
 Sentenced to pay,—and, wearied with its weight,
 Well pleased to pay with life that law's demand;

Awful dispensers of strict justice, say,
 Would ye have more than life? or, in an age,
 A country, where humanity reverts
 At torture's bare idea, would you tear
 Worse than on racking wheels a soul like this,
 And make him of the stupid crowd a gaze
 For lingering hours?—drag him along to death
 A useless spectacle; and more than slay
 Your living victim?—Death is your demand:
 Death your law's sentence: then this life is yours:
 Take the just forfeit; you can claim no more!

Foe to thy infidelity,—and grieved
 That he avows not, from the Christian source,
 The first great Christian duty, which so well,
 So forcibly he paints!—Yet let me greet
 With heartfelt gratulations thy warm zeal,
 Successful in that sacred duty's cause,
 The cause of our humanity, Voltaire!
 Torture's vile agents trembling at thy pen:
 Intolerance and persecution gnash
 Their teeth, despairing at the lucid rays
 Of truth all prevalent, beaming from thy page.
 The rack, the wheel, the dungeon, and the flame,
 In happier Europe useless and unknown,
 Shall soon,—oh speed the hour, Compassion's God!
 Be seen no more; or seen as prodigies,
 Scarce credited of Gothic barbarous times.

Ah, gallant France, for milder manners famed,
 How wrung it my sad soul, to view exposed
 On instruments of torture—mangled limbs
 And bleeding carcasses, beside thy roads,
 Thy heauteous woods and avenues! Famed works,
 And worthy well the grandeur of old Rome!

We, too, who boast of gentler laws, reform'd
 And civilized by liberty's kind hand;
 Of mercy boast, and mildest punishments:
 Yet punishments of torture exquisite
 And idle; painful, ruinous parade!

We, too, with Europe humanized, shall drop
 The barbarous severity of death,
 Example's bane, not profit; shall abridge
 The savage base ovation; shall assign
 The wretch, whose life is forfeit to the laws,
 With all the silent dignity of woe,
 With all the mournful majesty of death,
 Retired and solemn, to his awful fate!
 Shall to the dreadful moment, moment still
 To souls best fitted, give distinction due;
 Teach the well order'd sufferer to depart
 With each impression serious; nor insult
 With clamorous crowds and exultations base,
 A soul, a fellow-soul, which stands prepared
 On time's dread verge to take its wondrous flight
 To realms of immortality! Yes, the day
 — I joy in the idea,—will arrive,
 When Britons philanthropic shall reject
 The cruel custom, to the sufferer cruel,
 Useless and baneful to the gaping crowd!
 The day will come, when life, the dearest price
 Man can pay down, sufficient forfeit deem'd
 For guilty man's transgression of the law,
 Shall be paid down, as meet for such a price
 Respectful, sad; with reverence to a soul's
 Departure hence; with reverence to the soul's
 And body's separation, much loved friends!
 Without a torture to augment its loss,
 Without an insult to molest its calm;
 To the demanded debt no fell account
 Of curious, hissing ignominy annex'd;
 Anguish, beyond the bitterest torture keen;
 Unparallel'd in realms where bigotry
 Gives to the furious sons of Dominic
 Her sable flag, and marks their way with blood.
 Hail, milder sons of Athens! civilized
 By arts ingenious, by the suasive power
 Of humanizing science: well ye thought,

Like you may Britons think, that 'twas enough,
 The sentence pass'd, a Socrates should die!
 The sage, obedient to the law's decree,
 Took from the weeping executioner
 The draught, resign'd; amidst his sorrowing friends,
 Full of immortal hopes, conversed sublime;
 And, half in Heaven—composed himself, and died!

Oh, envied fate! oh, happiness supreme!
 So let me die; so, midst my weeping friends,
 Resign my life; I ask not the delay
 E'en of a moment. Law, thou'lt have thy due!
 Nor thou nor justice can have more to claim.

But equal laws, on truth and reason built,
 Look to humanity with lenient eye,
 And temper rigid justice with the claims
 Of heaven-descended mercy! to condemn
 Sorrowing and slow; while studious to correct,
 Like man's all gracious parent, with the view
 Benign and laudable of moral good
 And reformation perfect. Hither, then,
 Ye sons of sympathy, of wisdom; friends
 To order, to compassion, to the state,
 And to your fellow-beings; hither come,
 To this wild realm of uproar! hither haste,
 And see the reformation, see the good
 Wrought by confinement in a den like this!

View, with unblushing front, undaunted heart,
 The callous harlot in the open day
 Administer her poisons midst a rout
 Scarcely less bold or poison'd than herself!
 View, and with eyes that will not hold the tear
 In gentle pity gushing for such griefs,—
 View the young wretch, as yet unfledged in vice,
 Just shackled here, and by the veteran throng,
 In every infamy and every crime
 Gray and insulting, quickly taught to dare,
 Harden'd like them in guilt's opprobrious school;
 Each bashful sentiment, incipient grace,

Each yet remorseful thought of right and wrong
 Murder'd and buried in his darken'd heart!—
 Hear how these veterans clank,—e'en jovial clank
 —Such is obduracy and vice—their chains *!
 Hear, how with curses hoarse and vauntings bold
 Each spirits up, encourages, and dares
 His desperate fellow to more desperate proofs
 Of future hardy enterprise; to plans
 Of death and ruin! Not exulting more
 Heroes or chiefs for noble acts renown'd,
 Holding high converse, mutually relate
 Gallant achievements worthy, than the sons
 Of plunder and of rapine here recount
 On peaceful life their devastations wild,
 Their dangers, hair-breadth scapes, atrocious feats,
 Confederate, and confederating still
 In schemes of deathful horror! Who, surprised,
 Can such effects contemplate upon minds
 Estranged to good: fermenting on the lees
 Of pregnant ill; associate and combined
 In intercourse infernal, restless, dire;
 And goading constant each to other's thoughts
 To deeds of desperation, from the tale
 Of vaunted infamy oft told: sad fruit
 Of the mind's vacancy! And to that mind
 Employment none is offer'd: not an hour
 To secret recollection is assign'd;
 No seasonable sound instruction brought,
 Food for their thoughts, self-gnawing. Not the day
 To rest and duty dedicate, finds here
 Or rest or duty; revel'd off, unmark'd;
 Or like the others undistinguish'd, save

* This circumstance is slightly mentioned before, and alludes to a fact equally singular and disgusting. The rattling of their fetters is frequently, and in a wanton manner, practiz'd amongst some of the worst offenders, as if an amusement, or to show their insensibility to shame. How shocking to see human nature thus in ruins! Here it is emphatically so, worse than in Bedlam, as madness with reason is more dreadful than without it.

By riot's roar and self-consuming sloth!
 For useful occupation none is found,
 Benevolent to employ their listless hands,
 With indolence fatigued! Thus every day
 Anew they gather Guilt's corrosive rust;
 Each wretched day accumulates fresh ills;
 And horribly advanced, flagitious grown
 From faulty, they go forth, tenfold of Hell
 More the devoted children: to the state
 Tenfold more dangerous envenom'd foes
 Than first they enter'd this improving school!
 So, caged and scanty fed, or taught to rage
 By taunting insults, more ferocious hurst
 On man the tiger or hyæna race,
 From fell confinement, and with hunger urged,
 Gnash their dire fangs, and drench themselves in blood.

But should the felon fierce, the' abandon'd train,
 Whose inroads on the human peace forbid,
 Almost forbid Compassion's mild regard;
 (Yet, ah! what man with fellow man can fall
 So low as not to claim soft pity's care?)
 Should these aught justify the rigid voice,
 Which to severe confinement's durance dooms
 Infallible the body and the soul
 To bitterest surest ruin; shall we not
 With generous indignation execrate
 The cruel indiscriminating law,
 Which turns misfortune into guilt and curse,
 And with the felon harden'd in his crimes
 Ranks the poor hapless debtor?—Debt's not guilt:
 Alas! the worthiest may incur the stroke
 Of worldly infelicity! What man,
 How high soe'er he builds his earthly nest,
 Can claim security from fortune's change,
 Or boast him of to-morrow? Of the East,
 Greatest and chief, lo! humble in the dust,
 Sits Job, the sport of misery! Wealthiest late
 Of all bless'd Araby's most wealthy sons,

He wants a potsherd now to scrape his wounds;
 He wants a bed to shroud his tortured limbs,
 And only finds a dunghill! Creditor,
 Wouldst thou add sorrows to this sorrowing man,
 Tear him from e'en his dunghill, and confine
 Midst recreant felons in a British jail!—
 Oh, British inhumanity! Ye climes,
 Ye foreign climes—Be not the truth proclaim'd
 Within your streets, nor be it heard or told;
 Lest ye retort the cruelty we urge,
 And scorn the boasted mildness of our laws!

Bless'd be the hour,—amidst my depth of woe,
 Amidst this perturbation of my soul,
 God of my life, I can, I will exult!—
 Bless'd be the hour, that to my humble thought
 Thy Spirit, sacred source of every good,
 Brought the sublime idea, to expand
 By charity, the angels' grace divine,
 The rude, relentless, iron prison gates,
 And give the pining debtor to the world,
 His weeping family, and humble home!
 Bless'd be the hour, when, heedful to my voice,
 Bearing the prisoners' sad sighs to their ears,
 Thousands, with soft commiseration touch'd,
 Delighted to go forth, and visit glad
 Those prisoners in their woe, and set them free!

God of the merciful! thou hast announced
 On mercy, thy first, dearest attribute,
 Chosen beatitude. Oh, pour the dew,
 The fostering dew of mercy on their gifts,
 Their rich donations grateful! May the prayers
 Of those enfranchised by their bounteous zeal
 Arise propitious for them! and, when hersed
 In death's cold arms this hapless frame shall lie,
 —The generous tear, perchance, not quite withheld;—
 When friendly memory to reflexion brings
 My humble efforts and my mournful fate,
 On stable basis founded, may the work

Diffuse its good through ages! nor withhold
 Its rescuing influence, till the hour arrives
 When wants, and debts, and sickness are no more,
 And universal freedom blesseth all!

But, till that hour, on reformation's plan,
 Ye generous sons of sympathy, intent,
 Boldly stand forth. The cause may well demand,
 And justify full well your noblest zeal.
 Religion, policy, your country's good,
 And Christian pity for the souls of men,
 To prisons call you; call to cleanse away
 The filth of these foul dens; to purge from guilt,
 And turn them to morality's fair school.

Nor deem impossible the great attempt,
 Augæan though it seem; yet not beyond
 The strength of those, that, like Alcides, aim
 High to be rank'd amidst the godlike few,
 Who shine eternal on fame's amplest roll:
 Honour'd with titles far beyond the first
 Which proudest monarchs of the globe can give;
 "Saviours and benefactors of mankind!"

Hail, generous Hanway! To thy noble plan,
 Sage, sympathetic*, let the muse subscribe,
 Rejoicing! In the kind pursuit, good luck
 She wisheth thee, and honour. Could her strain
 Embellish aught, or aught assist thy toils
 Benevolent, 'twould cheer her lonely hours,
 And make the dungeon smile. But toils like thine
 Need no embellishment; need not the aid
 Of muse or feeble verse. Reason approved
 And charity sustain'd, firm will they stand
 Under His sanction who on mercy's works
 E'er looks complacent; and his sons on earth,
 His chosen sons, with angel zeal inspires
 To plan and to support. And thine well plann'd,
 Shall be supported. Pity for thy brow,

* See Mr. Hanway's pamphlet, entitled, "Solitude in Imprisonment."

With policy the sage, shall shortly twine
 The garland, worthier far than that of oak,
 So famed in ancient Rome—the meed of him
 Who saved a single citizen. More bless'd
 Religion mild, with gentle mercy join'd,
 Shall hail thee—for the citizens, the souls
 Innumerable restored to God, the state,
 Themselves, and social life, by solitude,
 Devotion's parent, Recollection's nurse,
 Source of Repentance true; of the mind's wounds
 The deepest prober, but the safest cure*!
 Hail, sacred solitude! These are thy works,
 True source of good supreme! Thy bless'd effects
 Already on my mind's delighted eye
 Open beneficent. E'en now I view
 The revel rout dispersed; each to his cell
 Admitted, silent! The obstreperous cries
 Worse than infernal yells! the clank of chains—
 Opprobrious chains, to man severe disgrace,
 Hush'd in calm order, vex the ear no more!
 While, in their stead, reflexion's deep drawn sighs,
 And prayers of humble penitence are heard,
 To heaven well pleasing, in soft whispers round!
 No more, midst wanton idleness, the hours
 Drag wearisome and slow: kind industry
 Gives wings and weight to every moment's speed;
 Each minute marking with a golden thread,
 Of moral profit. Harden'd vice no more
 Communicates its poison to the souls
 Of young associates, nor diffuses wide
 A pestilential taint. Still thought pervades
 The inmost heart: instruction aids the thought;
 And bless'd religion, with life-giving ray,
 Shines on the mind sequester'd in its gloom;
 Disclosing glad the golden gates, through which
 Repentance, led by faith, may tread the courts
 Of peace and reformation! Cheer'd and changed,

* Vide Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, Part II. p. 42.

—His happy days of quarantine perform'd—
Lo, from his solitude the captive comes
New born, and opens once more his grateful eyes
On day, on life, on man, a fellow man!

Hail, sacred solitude! from thee alone
Flow these high blessings. Nor be't deem'd severe,
Such sequestration; destined to retrieve
The mental lapse; and to its powers restore
The heavenborn soul, encrusted with foul guilt:
'Tis tenderest mercy, 'tis humanity
Yearning with kindest softness; while her arm
From ruin plucks, effectuates the release,
And gives a ransom'd man to earth—to Heaven!

To the sick patient struggling in the jaws
Of obstinate disease, e'er knew we yet
Grateful and pleasing from physician's hand
The rough, but salutary draught?—For that
Do we withhold the draught? and, falsely kind,
Hang sighing o'er our friend,—allow'd to toss
On the hot fever's bed, rave on and die,
Unmedicated, unrelieved? But, sages, say,
Where is the medicine? Who will prescribe a cure,
Or adequate to this corroding ill,
Or in its operation milder found?

See on old Thames's waves indignant ride,
In sullen terror, yonder sable bark,
By state physicians lately launch'd, and hight
Justitia*! Dove-eyed Pity, if thou canst,
That bark ascend with me, and let us learn
How, temper'd with her sister Mercy, there
Reigns Justice; and, effective to the ill
Inveterate grown, her lenient aid supplies.

And rolls this bark on Thames's generous flood—
Flood that wafts freedom, wafts the highborn sons

* The Author seems chiefly to have formed his idea of the mode of treating convicts on the Thames, from a late pamphlet, published by Dr. Smith: but we are informed that the evils here complained of have been already, in a great measure, and we trust will soon be wholly removed.

Of gallant liberty to every land?
 See the chain'd Britons, fetter'd man by man!
 See in the stifled hold—excluded whence
 Man's common blessing, air, ne'er freely breathes—
 They mingle, crowded! To our pamper'd steeds
 Inferior how in lodging! Tainted food
 And poison'd fumes their life-springs stagnate rank;
 They reel aloft for breath: their tottering limbs
 Bend weak beneath the burden of a frame
 Corrupted, burning; with blue feverous spots
 Contagious; and, unequal to the toil,
 Urged by taskmasters, vehement, severe,
 On the chill sand bank!—by despair and pain
 Worn down and wearied, some their being curse,
 And die, devoting to destruction's rage
 Society's whole race detested! Some,
 More mild, gasp out in agonies of soul
 Their loathed existence; which nor physic's aid,
 Nor sweet religion's interposing smile,
 Soothes with one ray of comfort! Gracious God!
 And this is mercy!—Thus, from sentenced death,
 Britons in pity respite, to restore
 And moralize mankind! Correction this,
 Just Heaven, design'd for reformation's end!
 Ye slaves, that, bred in tyranny's domains,
 Toil at the galleys, how supremely bless'd,
 How exquisite your lot (so much deplored
 By haughty sons of freedom), to the fate
 Experienced hourly by her freeborn sons,
 In our Britannia's vaunted residence*;
 Sole, chosen residence of faith refined,
 And genuine liberty! Ye senators,
 Ye venerable sages of the law,

* There is a thought in Lucan to the same purpose, elegantly expressed:

“ Felices Arabes, Medique, Eoque Tellus,
 Quam sub perpetuis tenerunt fata tyrannis.
 Ex populls, qui regna ferunt, Sors ultima nostra est,
 Quos servire pudet.” *Pharsal.* lib. 7.

In just resentment for your country's fame,
 Wipe off this contradictory reproach
 To manners and to policy like yours!
 Correct, but to amend, 'tis God's own plan.
 Correct, but to reform; then give to men
 The means of reformation; then, restored
 To recollection, to himself, to God,
 The criminal will bless your saving hand;
 And brought to reason, to religion brought,
 Will own that solitude, as solely apt
 For work so solemn, has that work achieved,
 Miraculous, and perfect of his cure.

Ah me!—to sentiments like these estranged,
 Estranged as ignorant, and never pent
 Till this sad chance within a prison's wall,
 With what deep force, experienced, can I urge
 The truths momentous! How their power I feel
 In this my solitude, in this lone hour,
 This melancholy midnight hour of thought,
 Encircled with the unhappy! firmly closed
 Each barricadoed door, and left, just God,
 Oh blessing—left to pensiveness and Thee!

To me how high a blessing! nor contains
 Seclusion anght of punishment; to mix
 With wretches here were punishment indeed!
 How dread a punishment!—In life's best days,
 Of all most chosen, valued, and beloved,
 Was soft retirement's season. From youth's dawn
 To solitude inured, "ne'er less alone
 Than when alone," with him so truly famed
 In wisdom's school my heart could ever beat
 Glad union. To meditation's charms,
 Pleased votary, how have pass'd my sweetest hours
 In her secrete and calm society!
 Still Meditation, Solitude's fair child,
 Man's dearest friend,—Oh, happy be the time
 That introduced me to thy hallow'd train;
 That taught me through thy genial lessons sage
 My best, my truest dignity to place

In thought, reflection deep, and studious search,
 Divinest recreations of the mind!
 Oh, happy be the day which gave that mind
 Learning's first tincture—bless'd thy fostering care,
 Thou most beloved of parents, worthiest sire!
 Which, taste inspiring, made the letter'd page
 My favourite companion: most esteem'd
 And most improving! Almost from the day
 Of earliest childhood to the present hour
 Of gloomy, black misfortune, books, dear books,
 Have been and are my comforts: Morn and night,
 Adversity, prosperity, at home,
 Abroad, health, sickness,—good or ill report,
 The same firm friends; the same refreshment rich,
 And source of consolation! Nay, e'en here
 Their magic power they lose not: still the same,
 Of matchless influence in this prison-house,
 Unutterably horrid; in an hour
 Of woe, beyond all fancy's fictitious drear.

Drear hour!—What is it?—Lost in poignant thought,
 Loft in the retrospection manifold
 Of thee, loved study,—and of thee, my sire,
 Who to the fountain fair of Science led
 My infant feet,—I lose all count of time,
 I lose myself. List! 'tis dread midnight's hour,
 When waking fancy with invention wild
 (By ages hallow'd) hath to spirits assign'd
 —Spirits of dear departed friends—to walk
 The silent gloom, and bring us from the dead
 Tales harrowing up the soul aghast!—And, hark!
 Solemn and slow the iron tongue of night
 Resounds alarming! My o'er-harass'd soul,
 Confused, is lost in sorrows: down mine eyes
 Stream the full tears, distress is all alive,
 And quick imagination's pulse beats high.

“Dear father, is it thou?” Methought his ghost
 Glided in silence by me! Not a word,—
 While mournfully he shakes his dear pale face!
 O stay, thou much loved parent! stay, and give

One word of consolation; if allow'd
 To son, like whom no son hath ever loved,
 None ever suffer'd! See, it comes again:
 August it flits across the astonish'd room!
 I know thee well, thy beauteous image know:
 Dear spirit, stay, and take me to the world
 Where thou art. And where thou art, oh my father,
 I must, I must be happy.—Every day,
 Thou know'st, remembrance hath embalm'd thy love,
 And wish'd thy presence. Melancholy thought,
 At last to meet thee in a place like this!
 Oh, stay and waft me instant—But, 'tis gone,
 The dear delusion! He nor hears my words,
 My filial anxiety, nor regards
 My pleading tears. 'Twas but a coinage vain
 Of the distemper'd fancy! Gone, 'tis gone,
 And here I'm left a trembling wretch to weep
 Unheard, unpitied left, to weep alone!

Nor thou, Maria, with me! Oh, my wife!
 And is this bitter with the bitterest mix'd,
 That I must lose thy heavenly company,
 And consolation soothing! Yet, 'tis best:
 Thy tenderness, thy presence doth but wound
 And stab to the keenest quick my bursting heart!

“ I have undone thee!” Can I then sustain
 Thy killing aspect, and that tender tear
 Which secret steals adown thy lovely face,
 Dissembling smiles to cheer me—cheer me, Heaven!
 Look on the mighty ruin I have pluck'd,
 Pluck'd instant, unsuspected, in the hour
 Of peace and dear security on her head!
 And where—O where can cheerfulness be found?
 Mine must be mourning ever. Oh, my wife,
 “ I have undone thee!”—What the' infuriate hand
 Of foes vindictive could not have achieved,
 In mercy would not, I have wrought! Thy husband!
 Thy husband, loved with such unshak'd truth,
 Thy husband, loved with such a steady flame,
 From youth's first hour!—Even he hath on thee pluck'd,

On thee, his soul's companion, life's best friend,
Such desolation as to view would draw
From the wild savage pity's deepest groan!

Yes, yes, thou coward mimic, pamper'd vice,
High praise be sure is thine. Thou hast obtain'd
A worthy triumph*! Thou hast pierced to the quick
A weak and amiable female heart,
A conjugal heart most faithful, most attach'd:
Yet can I pardon thee; for, poor buffoon,
Thy vices must be fed; and thou must live,
Luxurious live, a foe to God and man;
Commission'd live, thy poison to diffuse,
And taint the public virtue with thy crimes.
Yes, I can pardon thee—low as thou art,
And far too mean an object e'en of scorn;
For thou her merits knew'st not. Hadst thou known,
Thou,—callous as thou art to every sense
Of human feeling, every nobler touch
Of generous sensibility,—even thou
Couldst not have wanton pierced her gentle breast;
But at a distance awful wouldst have stood,
And, like thy prototype of oldest time,
View'd her just virtues, pass in triumph by,
And own'd, howe'er reluctant——

March 30, 1777.

WEEK THE FOURTH.

The Trial.

DREAD'ST thou an earthly bar? Thou who so oft
In contemplation serious hast employ'd
Thy dearest meditations on a bar
Tremendously decisive! who so oft
That bar's important terrors hast display'd
To crowds attentive; with the solemn theme

* Alluding to the character of Mrs. Simony, introduced by Mr. Foote in his play of *The Cozeners*.

Rapp'd in thought profound—And beats thy heart
 With throbs tumultuous—fall thy trembling knees,
 Now that in judgment thou must stand before
 Weak mortals, like thyself, and soon like thee,
 Shivering with guilt and apprehensions dire,
 To answer in dread judgment 'fore their God?
 What gives that judgment terror? Guilt, pale guilt;
 Conscience accusing stern; the fiery law,
 The terrible handwriting on the wall!
 But vanish these,—that mighty Day's-man found,
 Who, smiling on confession's genuine tear,
 The meek repentant aspect, and the hand
 With ready, perfect retribution fraught,
 Urges complete his ransom, and sets free
 The' immortal prisoner.—But, ah me! on earth
 Such golden mercy reigns not: here is found
 No potent Day's-man; here no ransom fall,
 No clement mediator. Here stern law,
 With visage all unbending, eyes alone
 The rigorous act. Confession here is guilt,
 And restitution perfect, perfect loss!
 Ah me the while, here men the judges are;
 And there, the' Omniscient mercy's source and stream!
 Triumphant consolation! Firm in faith,
 And justified by him whose precious blood
 For man flow'd liberal, the soul secure
 Of future acceptance at that bar
 Of trial most momentous soars above
 The world's severest trials*, and can view
 Serene the horrors of an earthly bar,

* The verses subjoined were written by the King of Prussia, after a defeat, when one of his general officers had proposed to set him the example of self-destruction:

Dans ces jours, pleins d'alarmes
 La constance et la fermeté
 Sont les boucliers et les armes
 Que j'oppose à l'adversité:
 Que le Destin me persécute,
 Qu'il prépare ou hâte ma chute,

Though far than death more horrid. Yes, kind death,
How preferable far thy sight to me!

Oh that, without this tedious, dread detail
Of awful circumstance,—this long, sad pomp
Of ministering wretchedness, thy friendly shaft
Had instant reach'd and pierced my tortured heart;
How had I bless'd the stroke, and been at peace!

But through a dreary avenue of woe,
A lengthen'd vault of black distress and shame,
With mournful, melancholy sable hung,
Must I be led*,—or ere I can receive
Thine icy comforts to my chill'd life's blood!

Welcome, thrice welcome were they; but the call
Of Heaven's dread arbiter we wait; His will
Is rectitude consummate. 'Tis the will
Parental of high wisdom and pure love.
Then to that will submissive bend, my soul:
And, while meek resignation to the rod
Corrective of his justice and his love
Obedient bows,—Oh, for impartial search!
Oh, for a trial strict, to trace the cause,

*Le danger ne peut m'ébranler:
Quand le vulgaire est plein de crainte,
Que l'espérance simple éteinte,
L'homme fort doit le signaler.*

A friend having given Dr. Dodd in prison a copy of these lines, he was much pleased with them, and immediately paraphrased as follows:

In these sad moments of severe distress,
When dangers threaten and when sorrows press,
For my defence, behold what arms are given—
Firmness of soul, and confidence in Heaven!
With these, though fortune hunt me through the land,
Though instant utter ruin seem at hand,
Composed and self-collected I remain,
Nor start at perils nor of ills complain.
To mean despair the low, the servile fly,
When Hope's bright star seems darken'd in their sky:
Then shines the Christian, and delights to prove
His faith unshaken, and unchanged his love!

* *Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit Spectator?* *Hor.*

The fatal cause, whence sprung the ill deplored!
 And why—sad spectacle of woe—we stand
 Thus, sin and sorrow sunk, at this dread bar!

Return, bless'd hours—ye peaceful days, return!
 When through each office of celestial love
 Ennobling piety my glad feet led
 Continual, and my head each night to rest
 Lull'd on the downy pillow of content!
 Dear were thy shades, O Ham! and dear the hours
 In manly musing midst thy forests pass'd,
 And antique woods of sober solitude,
 Oh Epping! witness to my lonely walks
 By Heaven-directed contemplation led!
 Ye days of duty, tranquil nights, return!
 How ill exchanged for those, which busier scenes
 To the world's follies dedicate, engross'd
 In specious trifling! all important deem'd,
 While gilt, O Chesterfield, with seeming gold
 Of prime refinement, through thy fostering smile
 And patronage auspicious!

Sought by thee,
 And singled out, unpatronized, unknown;
 By thee, whose taste consummate was applause,
 Whose approbation merit; forth I came,
 And with me to the task delighted brought
 The upright purpose, the intention firm
 To fill the charge, to justify the choice,
 Perchance too flattering to my heart; a heart
 Frank, inexpert, unbackney'd in the world,
 And yet estranged to guile! But ye, more skill'd
 In that world's artful style, judges severe;
 Say, in the zenith of bright Stanhope's sun,
 (Though set that sun, alas, in misty clouds!)
 Say, midst his lustre, whom would not that choice
 Have flatter'd?—and still more, when urged, approved,
 And bless'd by thee, St. David's! honour'd friend;
 Alike in wisdom's and in learning's school
 Advanced and sage!—Short pause, my muse, and sad

Allow, while leaning on Affection's arm
 Deep sighing Gratitude, with tears of truth,
 Bedews the urn, the happy urn, where rest
 Mingled thy ashes, oh my friend, and hers,
 Whose life bound up with thine in amity
 Indissolubly firm, felt thy last pang
 Disrupting as her own! gently sigh'd forth
 The precious boon! while sprung her faithful soul,
 Indignant without thee to rest below,
 On wings of love, to meet thee in the skies!

Bless'd pair, and envied! Envied and embalm'd
 In our recording memory, my wife,
 My friend, my loved Maria, be our lot
 Like theirs!—But soft,—ah my foreboding thoughts!
 Repress the gushing tear;—return, my song.

Placed thus, and shelter'd underneath a tree,
 Which seem'd like that in visions of the night
 To Babylon's haughty prince portray'd, [houghs
 Whose height reach'd Heaven, and whose verdant
 Extended wide their succour and their shade,
 How did I trust, too confident! how dream
 That fortune's smiles were mine! and how deceived,
 By gradual declension yield my trust,
 My humble happy trust on Thee, my God!
 How ill exchanged for confidence in man,
 In Chesterfields, in princes!—Wider scenes,
 Alps still on Alps were open'd to my view;
 And, as the circle in the flood enlarged,
 Enlarged expenses call. Fed to the full
 With flattery's light food*, and the puff'd wind
 Of promises delusive——“Onward still,
 Press onward,” cried the world's alluring voice;

* So praysen babes the peacock's starry traine,
 And woodren at bright Argus' blazing eye;
 But who rewards him e'er the more for thy?
 Or feeds him once the fuller by a graine?
 Sike praise is smoke that sheddeth in the skie,
 Sike words been winde, and wasten soon in vaine.

" The time of retribution is at hand :
 See the ripe vintage waits thee." Fool and blind,
 Still credulous I heard, and still pursued
 The airy meteor glittering through the mire,
 Through brake and bog, till more and more engulf'd
 In the deceitful quag floundering I lay,
 Nor heard was then the world's alluring voice,
 Or promises delusive: then not seen
 The tree umbrageous, with its ample shade:
 For me, alas, that tree had shade no more!
 But, struggling in the gulf, my languid eye
 Saw only round the barren rushy moor,
 The flat, wide dreary desert, till a hope
 Dress'd by the tempter in an angel's form,
 Presenting its fair hand—imagined fair,
 Though foul as murkiest hell, to drag me forth,
 Down to the centre plunged me, dark and dire
 Of howling ruin; bottomless abyss
 Of desolating shame and nameless woe!

But, witness Heaven and Earth, midst this brief stage,
 This blasting period of my chequer'd life,
 Though by the world's gay vanities allured,
 I danced, too oft, alas, with the wild ronte
 Of thoughtless fellow-mortals, to the sound
 Of folly's tinkling bells; though oft, too oft,
 Those pastimes shared enervating, which ill
 —How'er by some judg'd innocent—become
 Religion's sober character and garb;
 Though oft, too oft, by weak compliance led,
 External seemings, and the ruinous bait
 Of smooth politeness; what my heart condemn'd
 Unwise it practis'd; never without pang;
 Though too much influenced by the pleasing force
 Of native generosity, uncurb'd
 And unchastised (as reason, duty taught)
 Prudent economy, in thy sober school
 Of parsimonious lecture; useful lore,
 And of prime moment to our worldly weal;

—Yet, witness Heaven and Earth, amidst this dream,
 This transient vision, ne'er so slept my soul,
 Or sacrificed my hands at folly's shrine,
 As to forget Religion's public toil,
 Study's improvement, or the pleading cause
 Of suffering humanity.—Gracious God,
 How wonderful a compound, mixture strange,
 Incongruous, inconsistent, is frail man!

Yes, my loved Charlotte, whose top stone with joy
 My careful hands brought forth, what time expell'd
 From Ham's lost paradise, and driven to seek
 Another place of rest! Yes, beauteous fane,
 To bright religion dedicate, thou well
 My happy public labours canst attest,
 Unwearied and successful in the cause,
 The glorious honour'd cause of Him, whose love
 Bled for the human race: thou canst attest
 The Sabbath days delightful, when the throng
 Crowded thy hallow'd walls with eager joy,
 To hear truth evangelical, the sound
 Of gospel comfort! When attentive sat,
 Or at the holy altar humbly knelt,
 Persuasive, pleasing patterns,—Athol's Duke,
 The polish'd Hervey, Kingston the humane,
 Aylesbury and Marchmont, Romney, all revered;
 With numbers more—by splendid titles less
 Than piety distinguish'd and pure zeal.

Nor midst this public duty's bless'd discharge,
 Pass'd idle, unimproving, unemploy'd,
 My other days; as if, the Sabbath's task
 Fulfill'd, the business of the week was done,
 Of self allow'd. Witness, thrice holy book,
 Pure transcript of the' Eternal Will to Man;
 Witness with what assiduous care I turn'd
 Daily thy hallow'd page; with what deep search
 Explored thy sacred meaning; through the round
 Of learn'd expositors and grave, trod slow,
 And painfully deliberating; the while

My labours unremitting to the world
 Convey'd instruction large ;—and shall convey,
 When moulders in the grave the feeble hand,
 The head, the heart, that gave those labours* birth.

Oh happy toil, oh labours well employ'd,
 Oh sweet remembrance to my sickening soul,
 Bless'd volumes! Nor though levell'd in the dust
 Of self annihilation shall my soul
 Cease to rejoice, or thy preventive grace
 Adoring laud, Fountain of every good!
 For that no letter'd poison ever stain'd
 My page, how weak soe'er ; for that my pen
 However humble, ne'er has traced a line
 Of tendency immoral, whose black guilt
 It well might wish to blot with tears of blood :
 Dear to the Christian shall my little works,
 —Effusions of a heart sincere, devote
 To God and duty, happily survive
 Their wretched master ; and through lengthen'd years
 To souls oppress'd comfort's sweet balm impart,
 And teach the pensive mourner how to die †.

Thou too, bless'd Charity, whose golden key,
 So liberal, unlocks the prison's gate
 At the poor debtor's call ; oh, witness thou,
 To cruel taxers of my time and thought,
 All was not lost, all were not misemploy'd,
 Nor all humanity's fair rights forgot ;
 Since thou, spontaneous effort of the last,
 My pity's child, and by the first matron,
 Amidst this flattering, fatal era rose ;
 Rose into being, to perfection rose,
 Beneath my humble fostering ; and at length
 Grown into public favour, thou shalt live,
 And endless good diffuse, when sleeps in dust
 Thy hapless founder, now, by direst fate,

* Alluding to " Commentary on the Bible," in 3 vols. folio

† Referring to " Comfort for the Afflicted," and, " Reflections on Death."

Lock'd in a prison, whence thy bounty sets,
And shall—oh comfort—long set thousands free.

Happy, thrice happy, had my active zeal,—
Already deem'd too active, chance, by some,
Whose frozen hearts, in icy fetters bound
Of sordid selfishness, ne'er felt the warmth,
The genial warmth of pure benevolence,
Love's ardent flame aspiring; had that flame
Kindled my glowing zeal into effect,
And to thy counterpart* existence given,
Loved institution! with its guardian aid
Protecting from the prison's ruinous doors,
Those whom thy kindling mercy rescues thence!
Or, had that zeal on firm foundation fix'd
Like thine, my favourite Magdalen,—the plan

* He intended to have established a "a Charity for the Loan of Money, without interest, to industrious tradesmen." Necessary papers for that end were collected from Dublin, &c.; and the following address, which he wrote, and inserted in the Public Ledger of the 1st January, 1776, will in some measure explain his purpose:

To the Wealthy in the Commercial World.

I have often wished most sincerely to see a charitable fund established in this great and trading city, for the beneficent purpose of "lending to honest and industrious tradesmen small sums without interest, and on a reasonable security."

The benefits which would arise from such an establishment are too obvious to need enumeration. Almost every newspaper tends more and more to convince me of the necessity of such a plan; for in almost every newspaper we read advertisements from tradesmen, soliciting little sums in their distress, and offering—poor unhappy men! even premiums for those little sums.

It is not possible but that persons occupied in trade and commerce must feel for the difficulties of their brethren, and be ready to promote the undertaking I would wish to recommend, although on no interested motives; for I am no tradesman, nor can any way be benefited by the plan. Pure good will, and a compassionate respect to the hardships and distresses of my fellow creatures, actuate my heart; and from these motives I shall be happy to proceed upon and prosecute this plan, with all the efforts and assiduity I am able, if it shall be approved by the benevolent; and they will testify that approbation and desire of concurrence, by a line directed to D. at Anderson's Coffee-house, Fleet Street. In consequence of which, should a probability of success appear, a meeting shall speedily be advertised

Preservative of tender female fame*,
 Fair innocence, and virtue, from those ills
 Destructive, complicate, which only find
 Relief beneath thy hospitable roof;
 How had I died exulting!—But, oh raise,
 Inspire some godlike spirit, some great soul,
 Father of mercies, of all love, all good,
 Author and finisher;—these and every work
 Beneficent, with courage to pursue,
 With wisdom to complete! Oh, crown his zeal;
 While sorrowing human nature, by his hand
 Cherish'd and sooth'd, to latest times shall tell
 And bless with tears of gratitude his name.

Mine is a different fate,—confess'd, just Judge,
 The meed of human mixture in my works
 Imperfect, frail; and needing, even the best,
 Thy pardon and the cleansing of thy blood;
 Else whence the frequent retributions base
 Calumnious and ungrateful, for the deeds
 Of private pity! Whence, for public acts,
 The stab opprobrious and the slanders vile!
 Or whence, at this dread moment,—from the sight
 Shroud me in tenfold darkness!—Mercy, Heaven!

in the papers, and all measures pursued to put the good design into immediate execution, which on such a meeting may be judged advisable. It may be proper just to observe, that in many cities abroad,—at Rome in particular,—there are institutions of this sort; and there has been one established for many years at Dublin, which is found productive of the happiest consequences.

It is made in Scripture one characteristic of the good man, "that he is merciful and lendeth;" and a very small sum, thus given to a permanent establishment, may enable a man to lend for perpetuity!

How can we better begin the new year, my worthy and humane countrymen, than by entering on a work which may draw down upon us God's blessing, by our charitable relief to many sons and daughters of honest and laborious industry?

HUMANITY.

* "A plan for a National Female Seminary"—since found amongst the Author's papers; and which appears to have undergone the inspection and received the approbation of some very distinguished names.

And is it He—the' ingenuous youth, so late
 Of all my being, fortune, comfort deem'd
 The generous, ample source?—And is it He,
 In whom, through dread misfortune's darkest night,
 I saw Hope's daystar rising?—Angel of peace,
 Amidst his future hours, my life's sad loss
 Let not accusing conscience to his charge
 Impute, distracting—to my crimson guilt,
 Oh, let him lay it, as the forfeit due,
 And justly paid!—Would Heaven that it were paid!
 Oh, that with Rome's first Cæsar, in my robe
 From sight so killing mantled up mine eyes,
 I might receive the welcome stab; sigh forth,
 " My Philip, my loved Stanhope,—Is it thou?
 Then let me die."—

Yet, though thus wounded at this bar I stand
 In pains unutterable, witness, Heaven,
 With deep commiseration do I view
 Their sedulous anxiety to prove
 A guilt my heart—too wounded to deny,
 Wounded by that guilt's sense, its bitterest part,
 Instant avow'd. What need then all this toil?
 The deed is done. Wound not the fallen hart,—
 'Tis cruel—that lies bleeding at your feet:
 ' I own the whole; I urge no legal plea.
 On dire necessity's imperious call,
 (Sons of the robe, of commerce, sons of men,
 That call imperious have you never heard?)
 On full intention to repay the whole;
 And on that full intention's perfect work,
 Free restoration and complete; on wrong
 Or injury to none design'd or wrought,
 I rest my claim;—I found my sole defence.'
 " Groundless,—'tis thunder in my ears—and weak:
 For in the rigid courts of human law,
 Nor restitution wipes away the' offence,
 Nor does intention justify." So spoke
 (And who shall argue?) Judgment's awful voice!

Haste then, ye weeping jurymen, and pass
 The' awarded sentence. To the world, to fame,
 To honour, fortune, peace, and Stanhope lost,
 What have I more to lose? or can I think
 Death were an evil to a wretch like me?

Yet, oh ye sons of justice!—ere we quit
 This awful court, expostulation's voice
 One moment hear impartial. Give a while
 Your honest hearts to nature's touches true,
 Her fine resentments faithful; draw aside
 That veil from reason's clear reflecting view,
 Which practice long and rectitude supposed
 Of laws establish'd, hath obstructive hung.
 But pleads or time or long prescription aught
 In favour or abatement of the wrong
 By folly wrought, or error? Hoary grown,
 And sanctified by custom's habit gray,
 Absurdity stalks forth still more absurd,
 And double shame reflects upon an age
 Wise and enlighten'd. Should not equal laws
 Their punishments proportionate to crimes*;
 Nor, all Draconic, e'en to blood pursue
 Vindictive, where the venial poor offence
 Cries loud for mercy? Death's the last demand
 Law can exact: the penalty extreme
 Of human crime! and shall the petty thief
 Succumb beneath its terrors, when no more
 Pays the bold murderer, crimson'd o'er with guilt?

Few are the crimes against or God or man,
 —Consult the' eternal code of right or wrong—
 Which e'er can justify this last extreme †.

* Horace's precept must for ever stand forth as irrefragably just:

————— "Adsit
 Regular! peccatis quas pœnas irroget æquas
 Ne Scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello."
Sat. 3. Lib. 1.

† "He had sometimes expressed his thoughts about our penal laws, that they were too sanguinary; that they were against not only the laws of God, but of nature; that his own case was

This wanton sporting with the human life,
 This trade in blood. Ye sages, then, review,
 Speedy and diligent, the penal code,
 Humanity's disgrace; our nation's first
 And just reproach, amidst its vaunted boasts
 Of equity and mercy:—Shiver not
 Full oft your inmost souls, when from the bench
 Ye deal out death tremendous; and proclaim
 The' irrevocable sentence on a wretch
 Pluck'd early from the paths of social life,
 And immature, to the low grave consign'd
 For misdemeanors trivial? Runs not back,
 Affrighted, to its fountain, your chill'd blood,
 When deck'd in all the horrid pomp of death,
 And gothic rage surpassing, to the flames
 The weaker sex,—incredible—you doom;
 Denouncing punishments the more severe,
 As less of strength is found to bear their force:
 Shame on the savage practice! Oh, stand forth
 In the great cause,—Compassion's, Equity's,
 Your Nation's, Truth's, Religion's, Honour's cause,
 —Stand forth, reflecting Eden*! Well thou'st toil'd
 Already in the honourable field;
 Might thy young labours animate, the hour
 Auspicious is arrived. Sages esteem'd,
 And venerably learn'd, as in the school
 Of legal science, so in that of worth
 And sentiment exalted, fill the bench:
 And lo! the imperial Muscovite, intent
 On public weal, a bright example shines
 Of civilizing justice. Sages, rise:
 The cause, the animating pattern calls.

hard, that he should die for an act which he always declared to be wrong, but by which he never intended to injure any one individual; and that, as the public had forgiven him, he thought he might have been pardoned. But now (the day before his execution) he laid all these thoughts, touching himself, aside, though he continued to think in the same manner of the penal laws to his end." See the Ordinary's Account.

* See Mr. Eden's admirable book on Penal Laws.

Oh, I adjure you with my parting breath,
 By all your hopes of mercy and of peace,
 By all the blood henceforth unjustly spilt,
 Or wantonly, by all the sorrows deep,
 And scalding tears shed for that blood so spilt;
 In God's tremendous name, lo, I adjure,
 Without procrastination to the task
 Important that you haste! With equal hand
 In scales of temperate justice, balance well
 The claims of pleading mercy! Unto crimes
 Inflictions just and adequate assign;
 On reformation or example sole,
 And all impartial, constantly intent,
 Banish the rage for blood! for tortures fell,
 Savage, reproachful. Study to restore
 Its young, its useful members to the state,
 Well disciplined, corrected, moralized;
 Preserved at once from shame, from death, from hell,
 Men, rationals, immortals.—Sons of God,
 Oh, prosperous be your labours, crown'd your zeal!

So shall the annals of our Sovereign's reign,
 Distinguish'd by your virtue,—noble fruit
 Of that high independence he bestow'd *
 So freely from the treasury of his love
 To genuine justice, down to future times
 Transmitting the rich blessing, shine renown'd,
 With truest glory; not by hers surpass'd,
 The' immortal Legislator of the North!

Ah me unhappy! to that Sovereign's ear
 Resolved to bring those truths which, labouring long,
 Have lain and toss'd upon my anxious thoughts †:
 Thence too am I excluded! Fatal stroke,
 And wounding to my peace! Rigour extreme
 Of angry vengeance! "Nay, it recks not now,"

* Referring to the independence of the judges settled by the King, as almost one of the first acts of his reign.

† See my Sermon on the Injustice, &c. of capital Punishments.

Oft midst the tempest of my grief I cried,
 " It recks not now what falls me! From the house
 Of him I honour'd shut! Him, whose loved sire
 My muse in strains elegiac weeping sung*,
 Mixing her tribute with a nation's tears!
 Him to whose highborn race,—of liberty,
 Firm friends and fanctors,—from my earliest youth,
 My heart, devoted, willing homage paid,
 And sacred reverence: so paternal love
 And so my college taught, delightful Clare!"
 Dear ever to my memory, for hours
 In innocence and peaceful study pass'd;
 Nor less for thee, my friend, my Lancaster!
 Bless'd youth, in early hour from this life's woes
 In richest mercy borne! Had I hut died,
 Oh had I died for thee, how had I shunn'd
 This harsh severity,—exclusion sad
 From my loved royal master! how escaped
 Its ill attendant!—Reputation dies,
 The darling of my soul beneath the stroke!
 Wild, wanton curses tear my mangled frame!
 My sphere of usefulness contracted shrinks;
 And infamy herself with "ghastly smiles"
 My ruin ridicules! Turn, turn, my brain,
 Distracted, madden'd, turn! Of reason more,
 Religion, duty, eminence, dream not:
 The door of mercy's closed. Thee—oft from thee,
 Mercy, sweet Heaven, have I sought and found;
 From fellow mortals, seldom could I find,
 How humbled e'er, or penitent for faults!
 And who of erring mortals faultless breathes!
 Mercy, that gift of thine, which most adorns
 The judge's vestment and the monarch's crown.
 Adieu then to its hope, its earthly hope;
 Elsewhere we'll seek it. Forth—oh forth, my friends,
 My generous, supporting, weeping friends,

* See my "Elegy on the Death of Frederick Prince of Wales." *Poems*, p. 63.

Forth from the bar conduct me. It is past,
 Justice has done her office. Mercy's fled;
 And smiling, lo! she sits upon a cloud
 Of fleecy whiteness, tinged with azured gold,
 And beams ineffable composure on me!
 Light sits my bosom'd master on his throne;
 Airy and disencumber'd feels my soul,
 And, panting, wishes to spring instant up
 To that white cloud,—the golden vehicle
 To realms of rest immortal! In my eyes,
 So languid late and all suffused with tears,
 Methinks I see Hope's lamp rekindled bright;
 A living lustre; shedding, like the sun
 After thick mists, Illumination's smile,
 O'er all my countenance, marr'd, dimm'd, and wan.

Cheerly, my friends, oh cheerly! Look not thus
 With pity's melting softness! That alone
 Can shake my fortitude. All is not lost.
 Lo! I have gain'd, on this important day,
 A victory consummate o'er myself,
 And o'er this life a victory. On this day,
 My birthday to eternity—I've gain'd
 Dismission from a world, where for a while,
 Like you, like all, a pilgrim passing poor,
 A traveller, a stranger, I have met
 But stranger treatment, rude and harsh! So much
 The dearer, more desired, the home I seek
 Eternal, of my Father and my God!

Ah, little thought ye, prosecutors prompt,
 To do me good like this; little intend
 For earthly poverty to give the' exchange
 Of wealth eternal. Cheronea's sage,
 Thy dogmas here, so paradoxal deem'd
 By weak half-thinkers*—see how amply proved,
 How verified by men I judged my foes;—
 Friends in disguise, Heaven's instruments of good!

* See Plutarch "On the Benefits deducible from Enemies."
Morals, Vol. I.

Freely, triumphantly, my soul forgives
 Each injury, each evil they have wrought, [heart,
 Each tear they've drawn, each groan they've cost my
 Guiltless towards them, uninjured. Hapless men!
 Down do I look with pity; fervent beg,
 And unremitting from all gracious Heaven
 Eternal blessings on you! Be your lives,
 Like mine, true convertites to grace, to God!
 And be our deaths,—ah, there all difference ends—
 Then be our deaths like His, the' atoning just;
 Like His, the only righteous, our last end!

But oh, oblivious memory! baneful woe,
 Which thus in dull forgetfulness can steep
 My faculties:—forgetfulness of her
 My better self, for whom alone I wish,
 Thus fallen, to remember that I am!
 My wife, my soul's dear partner in distress,
 Where sits she? lives she? Ah! not lives, hut drags
 The tedious, torturing, horrid, anxious hours
 Of this dire day!—In solemn silence wrapt,
 —Expressive silence, motionless, composed,
 The melancholy mourner meekly waits
 The awful issue! From her lovely eyes
 Drops not a tear! not e'en a sigh is heard
 From her deep-wounded heart; nor through her lips,
 Unsever'd from the luckless morn till night,
 Mate sufferer, steals a murmur*! Gentle dove,
 So, in the mournful absence of thy mate,
 Perhaps or levell'd by the fowler's art,
 Or lured in net assiduous, sittest thou alone
 Upon the bared bough; thy little head
 Nestling beneath thy silvery wings; while hang
 Thy pennons, late so glossy, shivering down
 Unplumed, neglected, drooping! Through the day
 So tried, my tender friends,—another task,

* "I speechless sat;—nor plaintive word
 Nor murmur from my lips was heard."
Merrick's Psalms, p. 39.

And heavier yet, remains to be perform'd.
 Oh, with the halm of comfort, with the voice
 Of soothing softness, the sad truth unfold!
 Approach the beauteous mourner, all revered;
 And tell her, "that her husband triumphs, lives;—
 Lives, though condemn'd; lives to a nobler life!
 Nor in the gladsome view of that high life,
 Feels he to death reluctance: Bless'd with her,
 Indifferent in his choice to live or die!"

Be the decision thine, Father of life!
 Thou gavest, thou hast right to take away;
 In each alike beneficent! If thou
 Hast pleasure in me, once more shall I share
 Thy hallow'd services, my heart's chief joy;
 If not with happy David—oh like his
 Could my song flow repentant—every thought
 Uniting cries with resignation's voice,
 "Do with me, Lord, as it shall seem thee good*!"

Thus supplicating, down my weary head,
 To slumber on its wretched pillow, sunk,
 O'erpower'd, oppress'd; nor on the mainmast high,
 Rock'd by the hellowing tempest and the dash
 Of furious surges, the poor shipboy sleeps
 More soundly than my powers o'erwrought, amidst
 The din of desperate felons, and the roar
 Of harden'd guilt's mad midnight orgies loud!

But fancy free, the husy soul was wake;
 Anticipation pleasing of its state,
 When sleeps its clayey prison in the grave,
 And forth it bursts to liberty! Methought
 —Such was the vision—In a lowly vale
 Myself I found, whose living green was deck'd
 With all the beauteous family of Spring:
 Pale primrose, modest violet, harebell blue,
 Sweet-scented eglantine of fragrance rich,
 And permanent the rose; golden jonquil,
 And polyanthus variegate of hue,

* 2 Sam. xv. 25, 26.

With lilies dale delighting. Through the midst
 Meandering, of pure crystal, flow'd a stream
 The flowery banks reflecting: on each side,
 With homely cots adorn'd, whose habitants,
 When sorrow-sunk, my voice of comfort sooth'd;
 When sickness-worn, my hand of care relieved,
 Tended, and, ministering to all their wants,
 Instructed in the language of the skies.
 Dear was the office, cheering was the toil,
 And something like angelic felt my soul!

When lured, methought, by one of glittering hue
 (Bright gleam'd the coronet upon his brow,
 Rich glow'd his robe of crimson, ermine-deck'd)
 I toil'd to gain a neighbouring mountain's top,
 Where blazed preferment's temple. So my guide,
 With smile complacent, taught and led me on,
 Softening with artful speech the tedious way,
 And arduous ever. As I rose, the view
 Still gloomier seem'd and dreary: the strait path
 Still straiter, and more sharp the pointed briars
 Entangling! With insulting sneers the crowd,
 Pressing the same bad road, jostled me by,
 Or threw me prostrate; till, fatigued and faint,
 With feeble voice, exhausted quite, I cried,
 " Oh, to my vale restore me! to my cots,
 Illustrious guide! my ministrations bless'd,
 Angelical, and blessing!"—With a look
 Of killing scorn he eyed me: Instant down,
 Precipitate dash'd o'er me craggy rocks,
 Tumbling tumultuous; and in dungeon dark,
 Illumined only by the furious glare
 Of lynx and tigers' eyes, through hunger fierce
 And eager to devour, trembling I lay!
 When in a moment, through the dungeon's gloom,
 Burst light resplendent as the midday sun,
 From adamantine shield of heavenly proof,
 Held high by one*, of more than human port,

* Faith.

Advancing slow; while on his towering crest
 Sat Fortitude unshaken: at his feet
 Crouch'd the half-famish'd savages! From earth
 He raised me weeping, and, with look of peace
 Benignant, pointed to a crimson cross
 On his bright shield portray'd. A milder form,
 Yet of celestial sweetness,—such as oft
 My raptur'd eyes have in the tablet traced
 Of unaffected penitence; of her
 Pleasing similitude—the weeping fair
 Early from royal but unballow'd love,
 To God's sole service flying*—Famed Le Brun,
 Thy glowing pencil's masterpiece!—Such seem'd
 Repentance, meek approaching. From the den,
 Illumined and defended by Faith's shield,
 My trembling feet she led; and having borne
 Through perils infinite and terrors wild
 And various,—fainting almost my sick soul—
 She left me at a gate of glittering gold,
 Which open'd instantaneons at the touch
 Of homely portert, clad in walsey gray,
 And ever bending lowly to the ground
 His modest countenance! But what a scene—
 Admitted through the portal—on my sight
 Transported rush'd! High on a sapphire throne,
 Amidst a flame like carbuncle, sat Love,
 Beaming forth living rays of light and joy
 On choral crowds of spirits infinite,
 In immortality and glory clothed;
 And hymning lofty strains to minstrelsy
 Of golden harps accorded, in his praise,
 Love, uncreate, essential: love, which bled,
 Which bleeding blanch'd to purest white their robes,
 And with eternal gold adorn'd their brows!

Dissolved, methought, and all my senses rapt

* Madame de la Valiere. This fine picture is in the Chapel of the Carmelite Nuns at Paris.

† Humility.

In vision beatific, to a bank
 Of purple amaranthus was I borne
 By a superior genius. His white wings,
 Distilling panacea, dovelike spread
 Refreshing fragrance o'er me: firm of brow
 And masculine he seem'd—the' ennobling power
 Angelic, destined in the human heart
 To nourish friendship's flame! Upraised my eyes
 As from a trance returning—" Spirit beloved,
 And honour'd ever!" anxious straight I cried,
 " Thrice welcome to my wishes! Oh, impart—
 For you can tell—in these delightful realms
 Of happiness supernal, shall we know,
 Say, shall we meet and know those dearest friends,
 Those tender relatives, to whose concerns
 You minister appointed? Shall we meet
 In mutual amity, mutual converse hold,
 And live in love immortal? Oh, relieve
 My aching heart's solicitude; and say,
 Here shall I meet, here know, in boundless bliss,
 Here view, transported, her, my life's best friend,
 My sorrow's faithful soother!"—Gushing tears
 Impetuous stopp'd my voice; and I awoke
 To earth, to night, to darkness, and a jail!

April 14, 1777.

WEEK THE FIFTH.

futurity.

" To death devote!" That in the vernal bloom
 Of redolent youth and beauty, on the cross
 Hung high her motto*!—she, in name and choice
 Of that far better part, like her so famed

* Miss Mary Bosanquet, whose motto, encircling a cross, is, " Devoted to Death." From fourteen years of age she dedicated herself to sincere religion, and to the present hour has persevered in the most exemplary line of duty. Her letters to the author, in his last distress, afforded him peculiar comfort.

In story evangelical,—sweet saint,
 Friend of my soul, and soother of my grief,
 Shall I then dread, aged and worn with woe,
 To meet the king of terrors?—Coward fear
 Of what we all must meet: the primal curse
 Of our first father rests on all his race,
 And “Dust to dust,” the charter of mankind!

But, were it possible, oh, who would wish
 To stretch the narrow span, grown tedious, stale,
 With dull recurrence of the same dull acts,
 E'en in its happiest state? A toilsome care,
 A wearying round of clothing, food, and sleep;
 While chequer'd over with a thousand ills
 Inevitably painful!—In our frame
 Dwell (death's artillery) diseases dire,
 And potent to dislodge the brittle life
 With agonies heart-rending! In the soul
 Lurks sin, the serpent, with her fiery sting
 Of sorrow, rankling on the conscience deep,
 Source of all mental misery!—From without,
 In close battalion, a black troop of ills
 Level their deep-drawn arrows at our peace;
 And fail not, as we pass through life's bad road,
 To wound the' unguarded traveller! witness you
 Who groan distress'd beneath oppression's scourge;
 Ingratitude's sharp tooth; the canker'd tongue
 Of slander; fortune's loss; or, bitterer far,
 The loss of fame and soul-connected friends!

Thus tax'd, thus wretched, can the man be wise
 Who wishes to retain so poor a boon?
 Who fears to render the deposit up
 To his bless'd hands who gave? and who thus
 Beneficent hath ranged his moral plan,
 Thus good with evil mix'd; from earth's poor love
 (School of probation) suffering man to wean,
 And raise his hopes to heaven? Silence then
 The whisper of complaint; low in the dust
 Dissatisfaction's demons growl unheard!

All, all is good, all excellent below:
 Pain is a blessing; sorrow leads to joy,
 Joy permanent and solid! Every ill
 Bears with it love paternal: nay, e'en death,
 Grim death itself, in all its horrors clad,
 Is man's supremest privilege! It frees
 The soul from prison, from foul sin, from woe,
 And gives it back to glory, rest, and God!

When will its welcome message lay at peace
 My hurden'd beating heart?—Oh, strange to point
 Thy darts, inexorable tyrant! there,
 Where life laughs crown'd with roses; when these arms,
 Familiar to thy sister Sorrow's fold,
 Would so delighted hug thee! But thou lovest
 Full oft the noblest quarry, highest aim;
 Lovest unsuspected and with silent step
 To steal on the secure; lovest to deal round
 Tremendous and impartial thy stern strokes,
 Asserting terrible o'er humankind
 Thy empire irresistible; and now
 At monarchs, now at mimics, grinning scorn,
 Thy hand indifferent hurls the twanging shaft.

Ah, what a group of primest deer lie pierced,
 Thou hunter all victorious, at thy feet!
 Since to thy empire dedicate I fell
 From life's bright hope, and languish'd in this grave,
 This living, doleful sepulchre immured!

Not all thy gold or orient pearl could save
 Thee, Lusitania's monarch, from the stroke
 Impending long and dread! Nor, Terrick*, thee,
 Thy mitre, and thy rochet! Ensigns bless'd,
 When worn with sanctity; then surely changed
 For crown of gold and robe of spotless white!

See, neither can the coronet nor garb
 Of ermined pomp from Temple† turn aside
 The level'd blow; nor, higher far in price,
 The' uplifted shield of Janssen's honest heart!

* Bishop of London.

† Countess of Temple.

Lo! too, as if in scorn of purple pride,
 And all life's glories, in this high parade,
 Funeral marches, tragic-actor now,
 He who so late light on the comic sock
 Trod the gay stage, and bade with laughter's burst
 Involuntary the throng'd theatres resound!
 And, food for worms, poor Woodward, thou no less
 Than patriots, princes, countesses, and priests!
 Death scorns distinction; but, despotic power,
 Clothed in his direst terrors, here he reigns,
 Here revels! Here with bitterest vengeance shakes
 O'er trembling convicts his determined shaft,
 And gluts himself with horror! See him lead
 From yonder darksome cell, all pale with woe,
 That stranger* sinking, who, in luckless hour,
 With rash hand pierc'd the bosom he adored,
 Nor drank of comfort more! half in his heart
 The black lance festering strikes; and death himself,
 Howe'er relentless, ere he drives it home,
 Of strange commiseration feels a pang,
 Reluctant to his office!—

But, that shriek—

Thrilling with dread—whence is it? 'Tis the voice
 Of female misery, bursting through the crowd
 To the lone dungeon; view that lovely form †,
 Deck'd in the neatest white,—yet not so white
 And wan as her wild visage: “Keep me not,”
 Raving, she cries, “Keep me not, cruel, from him.
 He dies this morn; I know it: he's condemn'd;

* Alluding to Tolosa, a poor unhappy Spaniard, lately executed for the murder of his female friend. He took scarce any sustenance from the time of the fact, and was more than half dead when conveyed to the place of execution.

† This also alludes to a miserable catastrophe, which happened here on the morning of a late execution. The poor young woman who came to visit her husband had lain-in but seven days. As soon as the husband's fetters were knocked off, he stepped aside, and cut his throat in a dismal manner, but not quite sufficiently to finish his existence;—and in that shocking state—paid his debt at the destined place.

The dreadful judge has done it! He must die,
 My husband! and I'm come, clad in my best,
 To go and suffer with him! I have brought
 Sweet flowers to cheer him and to strew his corse.
 Pale, pale and speechless lies it!—Husband, come!
 The little infant, fruit of our glad loves,
 Smiled on me, as with parting breath I bless'd
 And kiss'd the dear babe for thee! 'Tis but young;
 'Tis tender yet;—seven days is young in life:
 Angels will guard my little innocent:
 They'll feed it, though thou couldst not find it food,
 And its poor mother too!—And so thou diest!
 For me and it thou diest! But not alone;
 Thou shalt not go alone; I will die with thee;
 Sweet mercy be upon us! Hence, hence, hence!"
 Impetuous then her white arms round his neck
 She threw; and, with deep groans would pierce a rock,
 Sunk fainting. Oh, the husband's, father's pangs,
 Stopping all utterance! Up to Heaven he roll'd
 His frantic eyes; and, staring wildly round
 In desperation's madness, to his heart
 Drove the destructive steel!—Fell death,
 Wouldst thou a fuller triumph?—Oh, my wife,
 How dismal to our ears the shrieks, the groans!—
 And what a crowd of wild ideas press
 Distracting on the soul! "Merciful Heaven,
 In pity spare us! Say, it is enough,
 And bid the avenging angel stay his hand!"
 Death bars the plea; and with his thundering stalk,
 Brushing beside us, calls in solemn sound
 Heed to his dart grief pointed. Its keen stroke,
 Ah, gentle Eleonora*! gives at once
 Relief to thy o'erburden'd breast! to ours
 Anguish unutterable! 'Tis ours he wounds,
 Thou amiable friend!—whose languid eye

* Mrs. Dodd's sister; who, in the midst of our sorrows, did—what she never did before—augment them, by dying of a heart broken with grief for our calamity. Oh, misery!

Ne'er raised a look from earth since that sad hour
 When sunk my sun! Thou, who from earliest youth
 Hast humbly sought thy God, thou art at peace:
 Happy, thrice happy, on that golden shore,
 Where, from the tossing of these troublous waves
 We soon shall land. Oh, stay, affectionate,
 Oh, wait, and welcome us! Or, if in Heaven
 Bless'd saints retain concern for those on earth
 Held in the dearest amity, become
 Thy darling sister's guardian! As from youth,
 From childhood's dawn her dear maternal guide,
 Be now, loved spirit, in this hour of woe,
 Her angel-comfort, her support! Alas!
 What talk I of support! thou mercy's God!
 When all her conduct, by thy grace inspired—
 When all her patient gentleness and love,
 Her fortitude unparallel'd, and peace,
 Have thee their Author: be the glory thine!

But say, my soul, midst these alarming calls,
 This dread familiarity with death;
 Our common debt, from infancy's first cry
 Denounced, expected, though its sure approach
 Lurks in uncertainty's obscurest night:—
 Our common debt, which babes and palsied seers,
 Princes and pilgrims, equally must pay;—
 Say, canst thou feel reluctance to discharge
 The claim inevitable? Senseless he,
 Who in life's gaudiest moments fondly strives
 To turn his eyes unheeding from the view
 Instructive. Midst those moments, deep it dwelt
 On my reflecting mind*! a mind which lived
 More in the future than the present world,
 Which, frequent call'd by duty's solemn voice
 From earth's low scenes, on those sublimer far
 Hath ever thought delighted; and those thoughts
 Conveying to mankind, in them desires

* Reflections on Death—Thoughts on Epiphany—Sermon on Mutual Knowledge, &c.

Its real transcripts, its resemblance true,
 May be survey'd—the picture of itself.
 For, whatsoe'er may be our earthly state,
 The mind's the man. My humble labours, then,
 When rest my part corporeal in the dust,
 Hang up my living portrait!—And to give
 Those labours all their force, summon'd I stand
 By awful Providence, to realize
 The theoretic lessons I have taught.
 And lo! composed, I fix my dying seal
 In attestation to their truth, their power,
 Felt at my heart, my inmost conscience felt:
 Imparting triumph o'er life's love; o'er death
 Consummate exultation! while my soul
 Longs to go forth, and pants for endless day!

But who can wonder, that amidst the woes,
 Like a swoln torrent, which with frightful roar
 Have burst destructive o'er me; midst the loss
 Of all things dear, Fame, Honour, Peace, and Rest;
 Amidst the cruel spoiling of my goods,
 The bitterest rancour of envenom'd spite
 And calumny unfeeling*; what surprise
 That my wean'd soul, above this worldly wreck,
 With anxious expectation waits the call
 From melancholy mourning and dim grief
 To everlasting gladness? Powerful Hope,
 And all sufficient to sustain the soul,
 Though walking through the darkest vale of woe!
 Who shall disprove that Hope? or who pretend
 By subtle sophistry that soul to rob
 Of its chief anchor, choicest privilege,
 And noblest consolation—"Steadfast faith
 In great Futurity's extended scene:
 Eternity of being?" All things round
 Arise in brightest proof: I see it, feel it,

* Numberless letters of a most unchristian, horrid, and cruel nature were continually sent to him in the height of his distresses. Yet some of these letters were subscribed, A Lady, A Christian, or, A Christian Brother.

Through all my faculties, through all my powers,
 Pervading irresistible. Each groan
 Sent from my sorrowing heart; each scalding tear
 From my convicted eyes; each fervent prayer
 By meek repentance offer'd up to Heaven,
 Asserts my immortality! proclaims
 A pardoning Deity and future world.
 Nor less the thought, chill, comfortless, abhorr'd
 Of leathed annihilation!—From the view
 Humiliating, mean, unworthy man,
 Almost unworthy reptiles,—glad I turn,
 And triumph in existence! Nay, each ill
 And every mundane trouble preaches loud
 The same important truth. I read it fair
 And legibly engraved on all below;
 On all the inequalities discern'd
 In this perplexing, mix'd, and motley scene;
 In every rank and order of mankind*;
 Nay, in the wisest system of our laws,
 Inadequate, imperfect,—and full oft
 Unjust and cruel; in this dismal jail,
 And in the proudest palaces, alike
 I read, and glory to trace out the marks
 Irrefragably clear of future life,
 Of retribution's just and equal state.

So reason urges; while fair Nature's self,
 At this sweet season†, joyfully throws in
 Her attestation lovely; bids the sun,
 All honourous, pour his vivifying light,
 To rouse and waken from their wintry death
 The vegetable tribe! Fresh from their graves,
 At his resistless summons, start they forth,
 A verdant resurrection! In each plant,

* See Maclean's Answer to Jenyns, &c. p. 52.

† Spring. See my Poem on the Epiphany, ver. 131, &c. I would have that Poem considered, in dependence with this, as my serious thoughts on these awful subjects, in an early period of my life; and which, in this last and dreadful one, I find no reason to alter.

Each flower, each tree to blooming life restored,
I trace the pledge, the earnest, and the type
Of man's revival, of his future rise
And victory o'er the grave,—compell'd to yield,
Her sacred, rich deposit, from the seed
Corrupt and mortal, and immortal frame
Glorious and incorruptible; like his,
The Sun of Righteousness, whose living power
The mighty work shall operate! Yes, bright source
Of spiritual life!—the immaterial world
Pervading, quickening, gladdening—in the rays
Full-orb'd of Revelation, thy prime gift,
I view display'd, magnificent, and full,
What reason, nature, in dim darkness teach,
Though visible, not distinct: I read with joy
Man's high prerogative; transported read
The certain, clear discovery of life
And immortality, announced by thee,
Parent of truth, celestial Visitant,
Fountain of all intelligence divine!
Of that high immortality the King,
And of that life the Author! How man mounts,
Mounts upon angel wings, when fief'd, secured,
In that sublime inheritance; when seen
As a terrestrial stranger here; a god
Confined awhile in prison of the flesh,
Soon, soon to soar, and meet his brother gods,
His fellows, in eternity!—How creeps,
How grovels human nature! What a worm,
An insect of an hour, poor, sinful, sad;
Despised and despicable, reptilelike,
Crawls man, his moment on his ant-hill here:
—Marking his little shining path with slime,—
If limited to earth's brief round
His painful, narrow views! Like the poor moth,
By lights delusive to destruction led,
Still struggling oft its horrors to evade,
Still more and more involved; in flames he lives,

His transient, toilsome minute, and expires
In suffocating smoke.

Hume, thou art gone!

Amidst the catalogue of those mow'd down
By Time's huge scythe, late noted* : thou, be sure,
Wast not forgotten! Author, thou hast gain'd
Thy vast ambition's summit: Fame was thine;
Wealth too, beyond thy amplest wishes' bound,
Encompass'd thee: and lo, the pageant ends!
For who, without compassion's generous tear,
Thy mind, at once capacious and humane,
Can view, to truth, to hope immortal dead!
Thy penetrating reason, subtle, strong,
Hoodwink'd by dark infatuation's veil;
And all thy fine and manly sense employ'd
E'en on eternity's thrice awful verge,
To trifle with the wonders of a state,
Respectably alarming! of a state
Whose being gives to man—had given to thee
(Accepted by the humble hand of faith)
True glory, solid fame, and boundless wealth!
Treasures that wax not old.

Oh, the high blessings of humility!

Man's first and richest grace! Of virtue, truth,
Knowledge, and exaltation, certain source,
And most abundant: pregnant of all good;
And poor in show, to treasures infinite
Infallibly conducting; her sure gift!
So, when old Hyems has deform'd the year,
We view, on famed Burgundia's craggy cliffs,
The slow vines, scarce distinct, on the brown earth
Neglected lie and grovelling;—promise poor,
From plant so humble, of the swelling grape
In glowing clusters purpling o'er the hills:—
When all impregnating rolls forth the sun,
And from the mean stalk pours a luscious flood
Of juice nectareous through the laughing land!

* See Mr. Hume's life, written by himself; with a letter by Dr. Smith, giving an account of his death.

Nervous essayist! haply had thy pen,
 Of masculine ability, this theme
 Pursued intelligent; from lowly heart
 Delineating true the features mild
 Of genuine humility; mankind,
 Now 'wilder'd by thy sophistry, had bless'd
 And honour'd well thy teaching; whilst thyself
 Secure had sail'd and happy; nor been cast
 On pride's black rocks or empty scorn's bleak shore!

Proud scorn, how poor and blind—how it at once
 Destroys the sight, and makes us think we see!
 While desperate ridicule in wit's wild hands
 Implants a dangerous weapon! How it warps
 From clear discernment and conclusions just
 E'en captive reason's self! How gay soe'er—
 (Ah, misplaced gaiety on such a theme)
 In life's last hour!—on Charon's crazy bark,
 On Tartarus, and Elysium, and the pomp
 Solemn and dreaded of dark pagans' hell!
 Thy reasoning powers knew well, full well to draw
 Deductions true from fables gross as these,
 By poets' fancy heighten'd! Well thou knew'st
 The deep intelligence, the solid truth
 Conceal'd beneath the mystic tale; well knew'st
 Fables like these familiar to mankind
 In every nation, every clime, through earth
 Widely disseminate, through earth proclaim'd
 In language strong, intelligent, and clear,
 "A future state retributive:" Thou knew'st
 That in each age the wise embraced the truth,
 And gloried in a hope, how dim soe'er,
 Which thou, amidst the blaze, the noonday blaze
 Of Christian information, madly scorn'dst,
 And diedst insulting! Hail, of ancient times
 Worthies and famed believers! Plato, hail!
 And thou, immortal Socrates! Of Rome
 Prime ornament and boast! my Tully, hail!
 Friend and companion of my studious life!
 In eloquence and sound philosophy

Alike superlative! with minds enlarged,
 Yet teachable and modest, how ye sought,
 You and your kindred souls,—how daily dug
 For wisdom, as the labourer in the mines!
 How groped in fancy's and dark fable's night,
 Your way assiduous, painful! How discern'd
 By the mind's trembling, unassisted light
 (Or haply aided by a scatter'd ray
 Of distant revelation, half extinct),
 The glimmer of a dawn; the twinkling star
 Of daylight far remote! How sigh'd sincere
 For fuller information! and how long'd,
 How panted for admission to that world
 O'er which hung veils impervious! Sages, yes,
 Immortal of your writings speaks this truth!
 Hear, ye minute philosophers; ye herd
 Of mean half thinkers, who chief glory place
 In boldness to arraign and judge your God,
 And think that singularity is sense!
 Hear, and be humbled: Socrates himself*—
 And him you boast your master,—would have fallen
 In humble, thankful reverence at the feet
 Of Jesus, and drank wisdom from his tongue!

Divinest Fountain! from the copious stream
 Then drink we freely, gladly, plenteous draughts
 Of ever living wisdom; knowledge clear,
 And otherwise attainless of that state
 Supernal, glorious; where, in angel-form
 And angel-blessedness †, from Death's dread power,
 From Sin's dominion, and from Sorrow's sense
 Emancipated ever, we shall share
 Complete, uninterrupted, boundless bliss;
 Incessant flowing forth from God's right hand,
 Well of perennial joy ‡! Our moral powers,
 By perfect pure benevolence enlarged,

* Alluding to his celebrated wish of divine illumination from some superior power.

† *Isayy 63.*

‡ See Psalm xiv. 12.

With universal sympathy, shall glow
 Love's flame ethereal! And from God himself,
 Love's primal source and ever blessing sun,
 Receive, and round communicate the warmth
 Of gladness and of glory! Then shall rule
 From dregs of sordid interest defecate
 Immortal friendship. Then too shall we trace—
 With minds congenial, and a thirst for truth
 Sincere and simple, the Creator's works,
 Illumined by the intellectual soul,
 Refined, exalted!—Animating thought!
 To talk with Plato, or with Newton tread
 Through empyrean space the houndless track
 Of stars erratic, or the comet vague
 With fiery lustre wandering through the depths
 Of the blue void, exhanstless, infinite;
 While all its wonders, all its mystic use,
 Expand themselves to the admiring sight!
 Descending then from the celestial range
 Of planetary worlds, how bless'd to walk
 And trace with thee, Nature's true lover, Hale,
 —In science sage and venerable—trace
 Through vegetation's principle, the God!
 Read in each tube, capillary, and root,
 In every leaf and blossom, fruit and flower,
 Creative energy, consummate art,
 Beauty and bounty blended and complete!
 Oh, what a burst of wisdom and delight,
 Intelligence and pleasure, to engage
 The enraptured mind for ages! 'Twere too short
 Eternity itself, with reasoning quest
 To search, to contemplate great Nature's God
 Through all his Nature's works! Sun, stars, and skies,
 With all their vast and elemental store:
 Seas, with their finny myriads: birds, that wing
 With glittering pinions the elastic air
 And fill the woods with music: Animals,
 That feed, that clothe, that labour for their lord,

Prond man ; and half up to his reason climb,
 By instinct marvellous ! Fruits, that infinite
 In glow and taste refresh creation's toil ;
 And flowers, that rich in scent their incense sweet
 —Delicious offering both to God and man,—
 Breathe free from velvet variegated hues,
 And speak celestial kindness then from these
 His lesser wonders—Famed anatomists,
 Ye who, with scrupulous but still painful search,
 Pore doubtful in the dark recess of life ;
 Then turn we, Cheselden, to man ; so form'd
 With fear and wonder by the master-hand,
 And learn we, from discovery of the springs,
 Of this divine automaton : the blood
 In nimble currents coursing through the veins
 And purple arteries ; the fibres fine ;
 The tubal nerves, so ramified and quick
 To keen sensation ; all the various parts
 So complicate, yet distinct ; adapted each
 Its functions with miinteness to fulfil,
 While to the one great end concurring all
 With harmony unvarying !—Learn we hence
 The wisdom exquisite, which gave to life,
 To motion, this his prime, his chief machine !
 And superadded, in his love's display,
 The soul's superior, intellectual rule ;
 Connection wonderful ! and till that hour
 Of all expanding knowledge, to man's mind
 Inexplicable still, and still unknown !

How rise upon the thought, to truth attent,
 Truths new and interesting, midst this field
 Of universal science !—Nor shall then
 The spirits' seat and influence on our frame,
 Gross and material, be alone involved
 To our astonish'd view. Spirit itself,
 Its nature, properties, distinctions, powers,
 —Deep subject of investigation deep,
 And chief resolver of man's anxious doubts ;

Though to his sight impossible, or search,
 While darken'd by mortality—shall rise,
 Soon as he bursts the barrier of the grave,
 Clear and familiar on his sight enlarged:
 Seen in himself, beatified, and clothed
 With spiritual glory: in the angelic world
 Seen and admired. And—oh, ecstatic view,
 Whose sight is perfect bliss, transforming, pure*,—
 Seen and adored in Thee, great first and last
 Sole, self-existing Thou the gracious cause
 Of all existence; infinitely bless'd,
 Yet pleas'd with life and being to impart
 That blessing to innumerable creatures round!
 Spirit of the universe, through all diffus'd,
 And animating all! Dread Triune God†;
 With beams exhaustless of eternal love,
 Of life, of glory, from thy central throne
 Shining beneficent; and kindling warm
 In every being subject to thy rule,
 Devotion's rapture, and thanksgiving's song;
 Mellifluous songs, and hallelujah's high!

New wonders elevate! For not alone
 By contemplation up to Nature's God
 From Nature's works ascending, shall the soul
 Beatified receive in future bliss
 Accessions of delight through endless day:—
 Lo! what a scene, engaging and profound,
 Presents itself, the darkening curtain drawn—

* There must be sympathy in the future state, to render it uniformly complete and perfect. We can have no pleasure in God, or God in us, but from that sympathy arising from similitude. We must be made like God, to enjoy beatific vision. Bring a bad man to Heaven, with a soul encrusted and sensualized, he would have no pleasure in it; nor could he endure the sight, any more than reptiles that grovel in a cave amidst filth and darkness could endure the splendours of the midday sun. Shakspeare's description is in this view highly animated:

“ For vice, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Would sate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage.”

† See Maclean's Answer to Jenyns, p. 70.

From the high acts of Providence, display'd
 In one clear view consistent; in one end
 Important, grand, concentrating: one design
 Superlatively gracious, through the whole
 Pursued invariably; even from the hour
 When pass'd the sentence on the serpent's head,
 To that thrice awful moment, when the Son
 His victor-car o'er death and hell shall drive
 Triumphant, and bolt fast the gates of time!

Unroll'd the mystic volume we behold,
 In characters of wisdom strong portray'd,
 The rise and fall of empires; in thy hand
 Omnipotent, or instruments of good,
 Or of thy justice punitive and dread
 Awful dispensers! There, of heroes, kings,
 Sages and saints, of prophets and of priests,
 Thy distributions, difficult but wise,
 Discerning, shall we gratefully adore:
 And in the long, long chain of seeming chance,
 And accidents fortuitous, shall trace
 Omniscience all combining, guiding all!
 No dispensations then will seem too hard,
 Through temporary ills to blissful life
 Leading, though labyrinthal! all will shine
 In open day: all, o'er the mighty plan,
 Discover Thee, with wisdom infinite
 Presiding glorions: All thy steadfast truth,
 And love paternal, manifest; while falls
 The prostrate world of spirits, angels, saints,
 In adoration's homage 'fore thy throne!

Not to our earth, or earth's poor confines bound:
 The soul, dilated, glorified, and free,
 On seraph's wings shall soar, and drink in glad
 New draughts of high delight from each survey
 Of its Creator's kingdoms! Pleased shall pass
 From star to star; from planetary worlds
 And systems far remote, to systems, worlds
 Remoter still, in boundless depths of space;

Each peopled with its myriads: and shall learn
 The wise and strict dependence of the whole;
 Concatenation striking of thy works,
 All perfect, mighty Master! Wonder lost
 In the vast view of systems numberless,
 All regular, in one eternal round
 Of beauteous order rolling! All design'd
 With skill consummate, tending to one goal;
 And manifesting all, in characters
 Transparent as the diamond's brilliant blaze,
 Their Sovereign Ruler's unity of will,
 His all efficient wisdom, and his love,
 In grace and glory infinite; the chain
 Connecting firm, and through its every link
 Transfusing life's ineffable delights!
 Oh, Goodness providential! sleepless care!
 Intent, as ever bless'd, to bless the whole!
 What plaudits from that whole are due shall burst
 From full creation's universal choir!

Then, oh, transporting! shall the scheme profound,
 Heaven's labour, and of angels' anxious thought
 Sublimest meditation;—then shall blaze,
 In fullest glory on the race redeem'd,
 Redemption's boundless mercy!—High in Heaven,
 To millions bless'd, rejoicing in its grace,
 And hymning all its bounties, shall the cross,
 Thy cross, all conquering Saviour, be display'd,
 While seraphs veil their glories, and while men
 Thronging innumerable, prostrate fall
 Before thy feet, and to the bleeding Lamb
 Ascribe their free salvation!

Midst that throng
 Of spirits justified, and through thy blood
 Cleansed, perfected, and bless'd, might I be found,
 To scenes so high exalted; to such views
 Ennobling brought, such intellect refined,
 Such light and love, such holiness and peace,
 Such spheres of science, and such realms of rest;

Ah, how I'd scorn the passage strait of death,
 How doleful e'er and horrid! How I'd look
 With steadfastness unshaken through the grave,
 And smile o'er all its sadness! How I'd rise
 Exulting, great Forerunner, o'er the waves
 And bitterness of life! How smiling, court
 E'en the fell hand of horror, to dismiss
 From earth, from darkness, my delighted soul
 To Heaven, to God, and everlasting day!

Teacher of truth, bless'd Jesu!—On the throne,
 Of majesty coequal, thou who sitt'st
 From all eternity in glory's blaze
 With thy Almighty Father! Thou, benign,
 From bosom of that Father hast brought down
 Intelligence to man of this bless'd state
 Consolatory, rational; and fraught
 With every good beyond the highest reach
 Of man's supreme conception! How shall then
 In equal language man his homage pay,
 Or grateful laud thy goodness! Sons of Greece,
 Or ye, who in old times, of sevenfold Nile
 Proud Tyber, or the Ganges' sacred flood
 Religious drank, and to your demons dark
 Paid superstition's tribute;—though I trace
 Delighted, in your visions of the world
 Beyond the grave, your dreams of future life,—
 Proofs of that life's firm credence of your faith
 In the soul's deathless nature; yet with tears
 Of human pity, humbled o'er the sense
 Of human imbecility, I read
 Your futile fables, puerile and poor;
 To the soul's life, to virtue's godlike love
 Unanimating, useless; while illumed
 By gospel-splendour,—else, no doubt, as dark
 And worthy pity—owns my heart rejoiced,
 That gospel's eminence of wisdom, truth,
 And heavenly emanation, in its traits
 Of future life superlatively drawn!

And who could paint that life, that scene describe
 Immortal, and all-glorious, from the view
 Of mortals shrouded ever,—save the Son
 Who from Eternity that life enjoy'd ;
 And came in condescension to reveal
 A glimpse of its perfection to mankind ?

Presumption vain and arrogant in man,
 To think of sketching with his weak faint line
 A scene so much above him ! And behold
 That vain presumption punish'd as it ought,
 In Araby's impostor, dark and lewd ;
 Who dared, with temporary follies fraught,
 And low self-interest, stalking in the van
 Of mad ambition's rout—to cheat his train,
 Deluded by his darings, with the hope
 O sensual ravishment, and carnal joys
 Perpetual in the Paradise of God :
 Reserved—for sons of murder and of lust !

Shame on the impious madness !—Nor less shame
 Must truth indignant dart on those who boast
 Exclusive Christianity ; yet dare,
 Presumptuous in their fancied penal fire
 To fetter the free soul, “ till the foul sins
 Done in its days of nature be purged out
 And burn'd away * ;” unless by lucky chance
 The oft repeated mass, through potent gold,—
 All sacred influence !—gain'd, unlocks the door
 Of dismal prison-house, and gives the soul
 Enfranchis'd up to Peter's better care !

Preposterous, weak delusion ! strange reproach
 To Christian sapience and to manly sense !
 But not to Christ's true gospel, and the code
 Of Revelation pure ; before whose light,
 Resplendently informing, fables old
 Like these, and vain, of ignorance the birth,
 Or coinage sacerdotal, in an age
 Of gross Cimmerian darkness, growling hide

* See Hamlet.

Their ignominious heads; as birds of night,
 Reptiles, and beasts of prey before the sun
 Mounting the misty hills, in splendour robed,
 And beaming all around refulgent day!

Other, far other from that luminous code
 Breaks on the rational, enlighten'd mind
 In perfect beauty that exalted state
 Of whose high excellence our sight hath dared,
 How dim soe'er, to take an humble glimpse,
 And peep into its wonders!—But what tongue
 Of man in language adequate can tell;
 What mortal pencil worthily portray
 That excellence, those wonders—where nor death,
 Nor sin, nor pain shall enter ever;—where,
 Each ill excluded, every good shall reign;
 Where day shall ne'er decline, but ceaseless light,
 —The Lamb's eternal lustre—blazing bless
 With salutary glory! where shall smile
 One spring unvarying; and glad nature teem
 Spontaneous with exuberance of bounty;
 Where, in immortal health, the frame sublimed,
 Refined, exalted through the chymic grave,
 In union with the soul made perfect, pure,
 And to the likeness of its God transform'd,
 Shall find for every sense divine employ,
 Gratification ample, exquisite,
 Angelical, and holy: Chief in sight,
 In vision beatific of its God;
 In bless'd communion of his love; in praise
 High choral praise, strung to the golden harp
 In unison eternal, with the throng,
 Thousands of thousands, that surround the throne,
 And feel his praise, their glory and their bliss!

There too his works constant the' adoring soul
 Shall pleased investigate; and constant find
 Fresh well-spring of delight; there constant share
 The loved society and converse high
 Of all the good, the wise, the truly great

Of every age and clime; with saints and seers
 Divine communication holding, rapp'd
 Perpetually in new and deep displays
 Of wisdom boundless and of perfect love.
 Then too, oh, joy! amidst this blaze of good,
 This consummation rich of highest bliss;
 Then shall we meet,—meet never more to part,
 Dear, dear departed friends! and then enjoy
 Eternal amity. My parents then,
 My youth's companions *!—From my moisten'd cheeks,
 Dry the unworthy tear! Where art thou, Death?
 Is this a cause for mourning?—What a state
 Of happiness exalted lies before me!
 Lo, my bared bosom! Strike: I court the blow:
 I long, I pant for everlasting day,
 For glory, immortality, and God!

But, ah! why droops my soul? why o'er me thus
 Comes a chill cloud? Such triumph well besuits
 The faithful Christian; thee had suited well
 If haply persevering in the course,
 As first thy race exultingly began:
 But thou art fallen, fallen! Oh, my heart,
 What dire compunction?—sunk in foul offence,
 A prisoner, and condemn'd; an outcast vile;
 By-word and scorn of an indignant world,
 Who reprobate with horror thy ill deeds;
 Turn'd from thee loathed, and to damnation just
 Assign, unpitying, thy devoted head,
 Loaded with every infamy!

Dread God

Of Justice and of Mercy! wilt thou too,
 In fearful indignation on my soul,
 My anguish'd soul, the door of pity close,
 And sbut me from thee ever?—Lo! in dust,
 Humiliant, prostrate, weeping 'fore thy throne—
 Before thy cross, oh, dying Friend of man,
 Friend of repentant sinners, I confess,

* See Thoughts on the Epiphany, ver. 331, &c.

And mourn my deep transgressions; as the sand
Innumerable, as the glowing crimson red;
With every aggravation, every guilt
Accumulate, and burden'd! Against light,
'Gainst love, and clearest knowledge perpetrate!
Stamp'd with ingratitude's most odious stain;
Ingratitude to thee, whose favouring love
Had bless'd me, had distinguish'd me with grace,
With goodness far beyond my wish or worth!
Ingratitude to man; whose partial ear
Attended to my doctrine with delight;
And from my zeal conspicuous justly claim'd
Conspicuous example!—Lord, I sink
O'erwhelm'd with self-conviction, with dismay,
With anguish and confusion-past compare!
And could I weep whole seas of briny tears
In painful penitence; could I deplore
From my heart's aching fountain, drop by drop,
My crimes and follies; my deep grief and shame,
For vile dishonour on thy gospel brought;
For vile discredit to my order done;
For deep offence against my country's laws;
For deep offence to pity, and to man—
A patriarchal age would be too short
To speak my sorrows and lament my sins;
Chief, as I am, of sinners! Guiltier far
Than he who, falling at the cock's shrill call,
Rose and repented, weeping; guiltier far
I dare not say, than Judas; for my heart
Hath ever loved,—could never have betray'd,
Oh, never, never, Thee, dear Lord! to death;
Though cruelly, unkindly, and unwise
That heart hath sacrificed its truth and peace,
—For what a shameful, what a paltry price!—
To sin, detested sin; and done thee wrong,
Oh, blessed source of all its good, its hope!
For, though thus sunk, thus sinful, sorrowing thus,
It dare not, cannot Judas' crime commit,

Last crime,—and of thy mercy, Lord, despair!
But, conscious of its guilt; contrite and plunged
In lowest self-abjection, in the depths
Of sad compunction, of repentance due
And undissembled, to thy cross it cleaves,
And cries for—ardent ories for mercy, Lord!
Mercy, its only refuge! Mercy, Christ!
By the red drops that in the garden gush'd
Midst thy soul's anguish from thee! By the drops
That down thy precious temples from the crown
Of agony distill'd! By those that flow'd
From thy pierced hands and blessed feet so free;
By all thy blood, thy sufferings, and thy death,
Mercy, oh, Mercy, Jesus! Mercy, Thou,
Who erst on David, with a clement eye,
When mourning at thy footstool, deign'dst to look;
Thou, who the' adulterous Magdalen forgavest,
When in the winning garb of penitence
Contrite she knelt, and with her flowing tears
Wash'd lowly thy loved feet! Nor thou the thief,
E'en in the last, the bitterest hour of pain,
Refusedst, gracious! Nor wilt thou refuse
My humble supplication, nor reject
My broken, bleeding heart, thus offer'd up
On true contrition's altar; while through Thee,
Only through Thee acceptance do I hope,
Thou bleeding Love! consummate Advocate,
Prevailing Intercessor, great High Priest,
Almighty sufferer! Oh look pitying down!
On thy sufficient merits I depend;
From thy unbounded mercies I implore
The look of pardon and the voice of grace,—
Grace, Grace!—Victorious Conqueror over sin,
O'er death, o'er Hell, for me, for all mankind;
For grace I plead; repentant at thy feet
I throw myself, unworthy, lost, undone;
Trusting my soul and all its dear concerns
With filial resignation to thy will:

Grace,—still on grace my whole reliance built,
 Glory to grace triumphant!—And to thee,
 Dispenser bounteous of that sovereign grace!
 Jesus, thou King of glory! at thy call
 I come obedient: lo, the future world
 Expands its views transporting! Lord, I come;
 And in that world eternal trust to 'plaud,
 With all redemption's sons, thy glorious grace!

Then farewell, oh, my friends! light o'er my grave
 The green sod lay, and dew it with the tear
 Of memory affectionate; and you
 —The curtain drop decisive, oh my foes,
 Your rancour drop; and, candid, as I am
 Speak of me, hapless! Then you'll speak of one
 Whose bosom beat at pity's gentlest touch
 From earliest infancy; whose boyish mind
 In acts humane and tender ever joy'd;
 And who,—that temper by his inmost sense
 Approved and cultivate with constant care—
 Melted through life at Sorrow's plaintive tale,
 And urged, compassionate with pleasure ran
 To sooth the sufferer and relieve the woe!
 Of one, who, though to humble fortune bred,
 With splendid generosity's bright form
 Too ardently enamour'd turn'd his sight,
 Deluded, from frugality's just care
 And parsimony needful! One who scorn'd
 Mean love of gold, yet to that power,—his scorn
 Retorting vengeful,—a mark'd victim fell!
 Of one, who, unsuspecting, and ill form'd
 For the world's subtleties, his bare breast bore
 Unguarded, open; and, ingenuous, thought
 All men ingenuous, frank, and open too!
 Of one, who, warm with human passions, soft
 To tenderest impressions, frequent rush'd
 Precipitate into the tangling maze
 Of error;—instant to each fault alive!
 Who, in his little journey through the world—

Misled, deluded oft, mistook his way ;
 Met with bad roads and robbers, for his steps
 Insidious lurking ; and, by cunning craft
 Of fellow travellers sometimes deceived,
 Severely felt of cruelty and scorn,
 Of envy, malice, and of ill report *,
 The heavy hand oppressive ! One who brought
 —From ignorance, from indiscretion blind,—
 Ills numerous on his head ; but never aim'd,
 Nor wish'd an ill or injury to man !
 Injured, with cheerful readiness forgave ;
 Nor for a moment in his happy heart
 Harbour'd of malice or revenge a thought ;
 Still glad and bless'd to avenge his foes despite
 By deeds of love benevolent !—Of one—
 Oh, painful contradiction—who in God,
 In duty, placed the summit of his joy ;
 Yet left that God, that blissful duty left,
 Preposterous, vile deserter ! and received
 A just return—" Desertion from his God,

* The following is a striking instance, and an alarming proof, that calumny and slander will one day grievously afflict the conscious mind.—A clergyman, with whom I had lived in much friendship, always ready to show him every proof of civility, and for whom I had much esteem, after an absence of a twelvemonth and more, sent me a line, that he was then in a dangerous state, apprehensive of a speedy death. I flew to my friend with all zeal and speed, and found him, as it seemed, in a very dangerous way. Almost as soon as he saw me he burst into tears, and clasping my hands vehemently, said " Oh, my dear Doctor, I could not die in peace without seeing you, and earnestly imploring your pardon: for amidst all the seeming friendship I showed, I have been your bitter enemy: I have done all I could on every occasion to traduce and lessen you: envy, base envy alone, being my motive: for I could not bear the brilliancy of your reputation and the splendour of your abilities—Can you forgive me ?"

I was shocked; but with great truth told him to be perfectly at peace; that he had my most sincere forgiveness.—I did all I could to soothe his mind. He recovered, and surely must ever be my friend! Would to God what he then suffered may be a warning to him, and to all, how they indulge such diabolical passions; which, as being most opposite to the God who is love, cannot but sooner or later wofully distract the heart!

And consequential plunge into the depth
 Of all his present—of all human woe!"
 Then hear his sufferings! Hear (if found too faint
 His feeble song to win attention), hear
 And heed his dying counsel? Cautious, shun
 The rocks on which he split; cleave close to God,
 Your Father, sure Protector, and Defence:
 Forsake not his loved service; and your cause
 Be sure he'll ne'er forsake. Initiate once,
 Happy and prosperous, in religion's course,
 Oh, persevere unfainting! Nor to vice
 Or tempting folly slightest parley give:
 Their black tents never enter: On the watch
 Continue unremitting, nor e'er slack
 The necessary guard. Trivial neglects
 Smallest beginnings*, to the wakeful foe
 Open the door of danger; and down sinks
 Through the minutest leak once sprung the ship
 In gayest and most gallant tackle trim.
 By small neglects he fell!—

Oh could ye rise,
 Bless'd ministers of peace, by his sad fall:
 Gather increase of caution and of zeal;
 And, seeing on what slippery edge ye stand,
 Of foul and fatal lapse take the more heed;—
 With deeper thankfulness he'd bow the knee,
 While thus his fate productive proved of good
 To you, of truth bless'd heralds! whom he views
 With heartfelt anguish scandalized, impugn'd
 By his atrocious follies: But for that
 Not honour'd less, or honourable, if roused,
 E'en by his errors, wisely you maintain
 Your high profession's dignity, and look
 With single eye intent on the great work

* *Principiis obsta: sero medicina paratur,
 Cum mala per longas convalsere moras.
 Sed propra; nec te venturas differ in horas.
 Qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit.*

Thrice holy, of your calling ; happiest work
Of mortals here, " Salvation of men's souls."

Oh envied pastor, who thus occupied
Looks down on low preferment's distant views
Contemptible ; nor e'er his plotting mind
To little, mean servilities enslaves ;
Forgetting duty's exercise sublime,
And his attachments heavenly ! Who nor joins
In frivolous converse on the rise of this,
Nor prospects flattering of that worldly clerk ;
Strange inconsistency ! marching aloft
With step superior, and ambition's paw,
To dignity's wish'd summit !—Nor allows
Envious, or spreads malicious the low tales
Diminishing of brethren, who by zeal
Or eminence of merit in the cause,
The common cause of Christ, distinguish'd shine :
Of futile politics and party rage
Who, heedless, ever for the powers that be
In meek sincerity implores ; and lives
Only to spread around the good, the peace,
The truth, the happiness, his open heart
Innocuous possesses, as the gift
Of him the God of peace he serves and loves !

Much envied pastor ! Ah, ye men of God,
Who crowd the levee, theatre, or court ;
Foremost in each amusement's idle walk ;
Of vice and vanity the sportive scorn,
The vananted pillars ; ah, that ye were all
Such happy, envied pastors ! how mankind
With eyes of reverence would devoutly look,
How would yourselves with eyes of pleasure look
On characters so uniform ! while now,
What view is found less pleasing to the sight !

Nor wonderful, my aged friends ! For none
Can inward look complacent where a void
Presents its desolations drear and dark.
Hence 'tis your turn (incapable to bear

Reflection's just resentment) your lull'd minds
 To infantine amusements, and employ
 The hours,—short hours, indulgent Heaven affords
 For purposes most solemn,—in the toil
 Of busy trifling; of diversions poor,
 Which irritate as often as amuse:
 Passions most low and sordid! With due shame,
 With sorrow I regret—Oh pardon me
 This mighty wrong!—that frequent by your side
 Silent I've sat, and with a pitying eye
 Your follies mark'd, and unadmonish'd left,
 Though tenderly lamenting! Yet, at last,
 —If haply not too late my friendly call
 Strike on dead ears, oh, profit by that call!
 And to the grave approaching, its alarms
 Weigh with me all considerate! Brief time
 Advances quick in tread; few hours and dark
 Remain: those hours in frivolous employ
 Waste not impertinent; they ne'er return!
 Nor deem it dulness to stand still and pause
 When dread eternity hath claims so high.
 Oh, he those claims fulfill'd!

Nor, my young friends,

Whom life's gay sunshine warms with laughing joy,
 Pass you those claims unheeding!—In the bud
 Of earliest rose oft have I sorrowing seen
 The canker-worm lurk blighting; oft ere noon,
 The tulip have beheld drop its proud head
 In eminent beauty open'd to the morn!
 In youth, in beauty, in life's outward charms
 Boasts not self-flattering; virtue has a grace,
 Religion has a power, which will preserve
 Immortal your true excellence! O give
 Early and happy your young hearts to God,
 And God will smile in countless blessings on you!
 Nor, captivate by fashion's idle glare
 And the world's show delusive, dance the maze,
 The same dull round, fatiguing and fatigued,

Till, discontented, down in folly's seat
 And disappointment's, worthless, toil'd, you sink,
 Despising and despised! Your gentle hearts,
 To kind impressions yet susceptible,
 Will amiably bear a friend's advice;
 And if, perchance, amidst the giddy whirl
 Of circling folly, his unheeded tongue
 Hath whisper'd vanity, or not announced
 Truth's salutary dictates to your ears,
 Forgive the injury, my friends beloved;
 And see me now, solicitous to' atone
 That and each fault, each error; with full eyes
 Entreating you, by all your hopes and fears,
 By all your dear anxieties, by all
 You hold in life most precious, to attend,
 To listen to his lore! to seek for bliss
 In God, in piety; in hearts devote
 To duty and to Heaven! and seeking thus
 The treasure is your own. Angels on earth,
 Thus pure and good, soon will you mount, and live
 Eternal angels with your Father—God!

Of admonition due, just self-contempt,
 And frank expostulation's honest charge,
 The needful debt thus paid; haste thou, my song,
 As hastes my life,—brief shadow,—to its close!
 Then farewell, oh my friends, most valued! bound
 By consanguinity's endearing tie,
 Or friendship's noble service, manly love,
 And generous obligations! See, in all
 —And spare the tear of pity—Heaven's high will
 Ordaining wise and good. I see, I own
 His dispensation, howsoever harsh,
 To my hard heart, to my rebellious soul
 Needful and salutary! His dread rod
 Paternal, lo, I kiss: and to the stroke
 Severe, submissive thankfully resign!
 It weans me from the world; it proves how vain,
 How poor the life of erring man! hath taught,

Experimentally hath taught, to look
 With scorn, with triumph upon death; to wish
 The moment come!—Oh, were that moment come,
 When, launch'd from all that's sinful here below,
 Securely I shall sail along the tide
 Of glorious eternity! My friends,
 Beloved and honour'd, oh that we were launch'd,
 And sailing happy there, where shortly all
 Must one day sail! Oh, that in peaceful port
 We all were landed! all together safe
 In everlasting amity and love
 With God, our God; our pilot through the storms
 Of this life's sea:—But why the frivolous wish?
 Set a few suns, a few more days decline,
 And I shall meet you.—Oh, the gladsome hour!
 Meet you in glory,—nor with flowing tears
 Afflicted drop my pen, and sigh Adieu!

* * In a Postscript to a friend, the Author writes thus:—I forgot to request my good friend to tell Mr. Hanway, that in one of my little melancholy Poems, written in this dreary place, I have made such mention of him as I think his attention to the improvement of jails demands: That I earnestly press him as a Christian and a Man, to pursue that improvement with zeal:—That much, very much is to be done:—And that while the state of prisons remains as it is, the legislature has some reason to charge itself with the greater robberies, &c. committed: For the offenders for petty crimes are here hardened in almost every species of vice, and turned out necessary plunderers of the public, from the depravity of their unaltered disposition, and the deficiency of proper employment. I have felt much on this subject since I have been here, and expressed something of it in the Poem, Week the Third. See page 57, 58, &c.

PIECES

FOUND AMONGST THE AUTHOR'S PAPERS IN PRISON,
WITH HIS LAST PRAYER.

I. THE ADMONITION.

AFFLICTED prisoner, whosoe'er thou art,
To this lone room unhappily confined,
Be thy first business here to search thy heart,
And probe the deep corruptions of thy mind!
Struck with the foul transgressions thou hast wrought,
With sin—the source of all thy worldly woe;
To shame, to sorrow, to conviction brought,
Oh, fall before the throne of mercy low!
With true repentance pour thy soul in prayer,
And fervent plead the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Faith's ardent cry will pierce the Father's ear,
And Christ's a plea which cannot be withstood!

II. SCRIPTURE PENITENTS.

A fragment.

FIRST in the list of penitents we place
The sinful parent of our sinful race;
Who, by temptation foil'd, and man's first foe,
"Brought death into the world, and all our woe!"
Transgression's debt how deeply does he pay!
Deprived of innocence; to death a prey;
From Paradise expell'd; to toil assign'd,—
Toil of the fainting frame and sickening mind!
And doom'd to shed, for near a thousand years,
O'er fallen descendants penitential tears!

Thus seized the triple league * on mortal man,
And thus, Repentance, thy sad reign began.

Yet, awful Power! how bless'd beneath thy sway,
Who feel Contrition's dictates, and obey!

Their vicious deviations who detest,
And hold Faith's cross, all humbled, to their breast!
From God's loved presence then they need not fly †;
Nor ope in wrath the floodgates of the sky:
For since to man perfection was denied,
By thee his deep demerits are supplied;
And, led by thee a suppliant to the throne,
The God of mercy looks with pity down,
Smiles on the mourner, and delights to prove
How free his grace, and how triumphant love!

Eternal proof! See, bathed in floods of tears,
Where David foremost in thy train appears:
How deep his crime the prophet pictures well;
How deep his penitence those sorrows tell!
That, whether to deplore the crime, or bless,
We stand suspended; since, its evil less,
Less bright his soul's ingenuous grief had shone,
And less at once his comfort and our own!

Hear, like a torrent how his sorrows roll,
Conviction's tempest tearing up his soul!
Hear, sad and solemn, to the mournful strings,
In trembling anguish, how he weeps and sings!

“ Mercy, oh mercy, Lord! with humble heart!

For thy known pity's sake, mercy I pray!
Boundless in tender mercies as Thou art,
Take, Lord! oh, take my foul offence away!

“ Oh, from my loathsome guilt, wash, cleanse my soul,

Remove, dear Father, each defiling stain:
Guilty, oh, guilty, Lord! I own the whole;
I see, I feel it; all excuse is vain.

* Sin, Sorrow, and Death. † As Cain, Gen. iv. 14, 16.

“ Against Thee, Lord! even Thee, have I transgress'd ;
Lo, self-convicted, I before Thee fall!
Just are thy words ; their truth is thus confess'd ;
Just are thy judgments! Sinners are we all.

“ Prone to offend, or ere to birth I came,
My mother, when conceiving, gave me guilt;
Shapen in sin was my corrupted frame,
When in the womb that wondrous frame was built.

“ But thou, of purer eyes than guilt to view,
Thou wilt accept the soul's sincere desire;
Pardon the past, the humble heart renew,
And wisdom by thy secret one inspire.

“ Then listen to my cry ; and oh, my God,
Purge me with hyssop, and I pure shall grow ;
Wash me, foul leper, in the mystic blood,
And whiter I shall be than whitest snow.

“ Again the voice of gladness let me hear,
Thy voice of pardoning love, for it is sweet ;
The soul dejected so shalt thou uprear,—
The worm which, crush'd, lies trembling at thy feet.

“ Hide from my sins—the objects of thy hate,—
Oh, hide thy face, and blot them from thy view :
A clean heart, God of Grace, in me create,
And a right spirit in my soul renew!

“ From thy loved presence let me not be driven ;
Let me not lose thy blessed Spirit's aid ;
Again the joy of thy salvation given,
Uphold, support, sustain my heart dismay'd.

“ Then, of thy pardoning mercy satisfied,
Thy pardoning mercy loud will I proclaim :
So shall transgressors, taught by me, confide
In thy compassions ; turn, and bless thy name.

“ Ah! my soul shudders!—From the guilt of blood,
 Oh, from blood-guiltiness deliver me!
 Oh God, deliver—my salvation's God,
 And praise unceasing will I pay to thee.

“ Permit my lips, now closed by guilt and shame,
 Thy pardoning love, Jehovah, to express;
 Then to thy listening world I'll tell thy name,
 Proclaim thy praise, and sing thy righteousness.

“ For crimes like mine no offerings can atone;
 The gift of outward sacrifice is vain:
 Could these avail, before thy righteous throne,
 Whole hecatombs I gladly would have slain.

“ The contrite spirit and the sighs sincere,
 Which from the broken bleeding heart arise,
 To thee more pleasing sacrifices are;
 Are gifts, my God, which thou wilt not despise.

“ Hear then, and save! and to my people, Lord,
 Thy saving mercy graciously extend!
 Oh, let our Zion live in thy regard;
 The walls of our Jerusalem defend!

“ So shall the righteous to thy temple go,
 And joyful bring their offering and their praise:
 So shall the blood of lambs in plenty flow,
 And incense on thy altar copious blaze*.”

With joy, with grief, the penitent I see,
 Offending Heaven, yet Heaven-absolved for me!
 Oh while, like his, I feel my guilt and shame,
 Be my repentance and my grief the same!
 Then shall the truth which cheer'd his heart be mine;
 Thy God has pardon'd thee, and life is thine.
 But hark, my soul, what melancholy sound
 Resechoes from the dungeon's dark profound!

* See Psalm 51, and Christian's Magazine, vol. iii. p. 134.

Hear, sympathetic hear: a king complains,
Fallen from his throne, a prisoner, and in chains!

“ God of the world, at length thy rule I own,
And prostrate fall before thy boundless throne:
The power resistless, trembling I confess:
In threatenings awful, but in love no less!

“ Oh, what a blessing has that love assign'd,
By penitence to heal the wounded mind!
By penitence to sinners, who, like me,
More than the' unnumber'd sands that shore the sea;
My crimes acknowledge; which, of crimson dye,
In all their scarlet horrors meet my eye!

“ Oh, eye unworthy of the light of Heaven:
Oh, sins too mountainous to be forgiven:
Oh, rebel to the law and love divine,
How justly God's severest vengeance thine!
But oh, I bend my heart's obedient knee,
In supplication, Lord, for grace from Thee!
Yes, I have sinn'd, and I confess the whole—
Forgive me then, nor cast away my soul!
Save me from evil,—from thine anger save,
And snatch me from the dark, untimely grave!

“ Friend of the contrite, Thou wilt pardon give:
A monument of mercy I shall live!
And worthless as I am, for ever prove,
That true repentance leads to saving love!
That true repentance tunes to praise the heart,
And in the choir of Heaven shall bear an ample part*!”

Thus, by affliction's deep correction taught,
Manasseh to the Lord for mercy sought:
By the kind chastening of a Father's rod,
Brought to the knowledge of himself and God:
Happy affliction, for such knowledge given;
And bless'd the dungeon which led thus to Heaven!

* See Prayer of Manasseh, in the Apocrypha, next to the first book of Maccabees; and compare 2 Chron. xxxiii. 21, &c.

III. REFLECTIONS.

(UNFINISHED.)

HERE, secluse from worldly pleasure,
 In this doleful place confined,
 Come, and let's improve the leisure;
 Meditate, my thoughtful mind!

Soul alike and body sharing,
 How have I the one forgot!
 While for the' other only caring;
 Lo! my miserable lot!

Yet the one I so much cherish,
 Doom'd to death when given to life,
 Soon, perhaps, must sink and perish,
 Dust to dust—must end the strife!

From a tedious tour returning,
 Into distant foreign land,
 How my anxious heart is burning
 News of home to understand!

* * * * *

 TO MY FRIENDS,

ESPECIALLY OF THE CHARITABLE SOCIETIES, ON THEIR
 SOLICITUDE.

AH, my loved friends! why all this care for one
 To life so lost, so totally undone,
 Whose meat and drink are only bitter tears,
 Nights pass'd in sorrow, mornings waked to cares;
 Whose deep offence sits heavy on his soul,
 And thoughts self-torturing in deep tumult roll!

Could you, by all your labours so humane,
From this dread prison his deliverance gain;
Could you, by kind exertions of your love,
To generous pardon royal mercy move,
Where should he fly! where hide his wretched head,
With shame so cover'd, so to honour dead!

Spare then the task, and, as he longs to die,
Set free the captive,—let his spirit fly,
Enlarged and happy, to his native sky!
Not doubting mercy from his grace to find,
Who bled upon the cross for all mankind.

But if it must not be,—if Heaven's high will
Ordains him yet a duty to fulfil,
Oh, may each breath, while God that breath shall spare,
Be yours in gratitude, be Heaven's in prayer!
Deep as his sin, and low as his offence,
High be his rise through humblest penitence!

While, life or death, mankind at least shall learn
From his sad story and your kind concern,
That works of mercy, and a zeal to prove
By sympathetic aid the heart of love,
On earth itself a sure reward obtain:
Nor e'er fall pity's kindly drops in vain!

I live a proof! and dying, round my urn
Affliction's family will crowd and mourn:
"Here rests our friend," if, weeping o'er my grave,
They cry—'tis all the epitaph I crave.

THE
CONVICT'S ADDRESS

TO HIS
UNHAPPY BRETHREN:

DELIVERED IN THE CHAPEL OF NEWGATE, ON FRIDAY,
JUNE 6, 1777,

BY WILLIAM DODD, LL. D.

I acknowledge my faults: and my sin is ever before me.
PSALM li. 3.

COULTER & ADRIAN

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
1911

TO THE
REVEREND MR. VILLETTE,
Ordinary of Newgate.

REVEREND SIR,

THE following Address owes its present public appearance to you. I read it to you, after it was composed, and you thought it proper to be delivered, as was intended. You heard it delivered, and are pleased to think that its publication will be useful.—To a poor abject worm, like myself, this is a sufficient inducement to that publication; and I heartily pray God, that in your hands it may frequently and effectually administer to the instruction and comfort of the miserable.

I am, DEAR SIR,

With my sincerest thanks for your humane
and friendly attention,

Your truly sorrowful
and much afflicted Brother in Christ,

WILLIAM DODD.

Friday, June 6, 1777.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

LONDON

THE
CONVICT'S ADDRESS,
ETC. ETC.

My dear and unhappy Fellow Prisoners,

CONSIDERING my peculiar circumstances and situation, I cannot think myself justified, if I do not deliver to you, in sincere Christian love, some of my serious thoughts on our present awful state.

In the sixteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, you read a memorable story respecting Paul and Silas, who, for preaching the Gospel, were cast by magistrates into prison, ver. 23.—and, after having received many stripes, were committed to the jailor, with a strict charge to keep them safely. Accordingly he thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks. At midnight Paul and Silas, supported by the testimony of a good conscience, prayed and sung prayers to God, and the prisoners heard them; and suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken; and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's chains were loosed. The keeper of the prison, awaking out of his sleep, and seeing the prison doors open, in the greatest distress, as might well be imagined, drew his sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled. But Paul cried with a loud voice, Do thyself no harm, for we are all here.—The keeper, calling for a light, and finding his prisoners thus freed from their bonds by the imperceptible agency of divine power,

was irresistibly convinced that these men were not offenders against the law, but martyrs to the truth: he sprang in therefore, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out, and said, "Sirs, What must I do to be saved?"

"What must I do to be saved?" is the important question, which it becomes every human being to study, from the first hour of reason to the last; but which we, my fellow prisoners, ought to consider with particular diligence and intenseness of meditation. Had it not been forgotten or neglected by us, we had never appeared in this place. A little time for recollection and amendment is yet allowed us by the mercy of the law. Of this little time let no particle be lost. Let us fill our remaining life with all the duties which our present condition allows us to practise. Let us make one earnest effort for salvation! And oh! heavenly Father, who desireth not the death of a sinner, grant that this effort may not be in vain.

To teach others what they must do to be saved has long been my employment and profession. You see with what confusion and dishonour I now stand before you—no more in the pulpit of instruction, but on this humble seat with yourselves. You are not to consider me now as a man authorized to form the manners or direct the conscience, and speaking with the authority of a pastor to his flock—I am here guilty like yourselves, for a capital offence; and sentenced, like yourselves, to public and shameful death. My profession, which has given me stronger convictions of my duty than most of you can be supposed to have attained, and has extended my views to the consequences of wickedness farther than your observation is likely to have reached, has loaded my sins with peculiar aggravations; and I entreat you to join your prayers with mine, that my sorrow may be proportionate to my guilt!

I am now, like you, inquiring what I must do to be saved! and stand here to communicate to you what that inquiry suggests. Hear me with attention, my fellow prisoners; and, in your melancholy hours of retirement, consider well what I offer to you from the sincerity of my good will, and from the deepest conviction of a penitent heart.

Salvation is promised to us Christians, on the terms of Faith, Obedience, and Repentance. I shall therefore endeavour to show how, in the short interval between this moment and death, we may exert faith, perform obedience, and exercise repentance, in a manner which our heavenly Father may, in his infinite mercy, vouchsafe to accept.

I. Faith is the foundation of all Christian virtue. It is that, without which it is impossible to please God. I shall therefore consider, first, how faith is to be particularly exerted by us in our present state.

Faith is a full and undoubting confidence in the declarations made by God in the Holy Scriptures; a sincere reception of the doctrines taught by our blessed Saviour; with a firm assurance that he died to take away the sins of the world, and that we have, each of us, a part in the boundless benefits of the universal Sacrifice.

To this faith we must have recourse at all times, but particularly if we find ourselves tempted to despair. If thoughts arise in our minds which suggest that we have sinned beyond the hope of pardon, and that therefore it is vain to seek for reconciliation by repentance, we must remember how God willeth that every man should be saved, and that those who obey his call, however late, shall not be rejected. If we are tempted to think that the injuries we have done are unrepaired, and therefore repentance is vain, let us remember that the reparation which is impossible is not required; that sincerely to will is to do, in the sight of Him to whom all hearts are open; and that

what is deficient in our endeavours is supplied by the merits of Him who died to redeem us.

Yet let us be careful, lest an erroneous opinion of the all-sufficiency of our Saviour's merits lull us into carelessness and security. His merits are indeed all-sufficient! But he has prescribed the terms on which they are to operate. He died to save sinners, but to save only those sinners that repent. Peter, who denied him, was forgiven; but he obtained his pardon by weeping bitterly. They who live in perpetual regularity of duty, and are free from any gross or visible transgression, are yet but unprofitable servants: What then are we, whose crimes are hastening us to the grave before our time?—Let us work with fear and trembling, but still let us endeavour to work out our salvation. Let us hope without presumption; let us fear without desperation; and let our faith animate us to that which we were to consider.

Secondly, "Sincere Obedience to the laws of God." Our obedience, for the short time yet remaining, is restrained to a narrow circle. Those duties which are called social and relative are for the most part out of our power. We can contribute very little to the general happiness of mankind, while on those, whom kindred and friendship have allied to us, we have brought disgrace and sorrow. We can only benefit the public by an example of contrition, and fortify our friends against temptation by warning and admonition.

The obedience left us now to practise is "submission to the will of God, and calm acquiescence in his wisdom and his justice." We must not allow ourselves to repine at those miseries which have followed our offences, but suffer, with silent humility and resigned patience, the punishment which we deserve; remembering that, according to the apostle's decision, no praise is due to them who bear with patience to be buffeted for their fault.

When we consider the wickedness of our past lives,

and the danger of having been summoned to the final judgment without preparation, we shall, I hope, gradually rise so much above the gross conceptions of human nature as to return thanks to God for what once seemed the most dreadful of all evils—our detection and conviction! We shrink back by immediate and instinctive terror from the public eye, turned as it is upon us with indignation and contempt. Imprisonment is afflictive, and ignominious death is fearful! But let us compare our condition with that which our actions might reasonably have incurred. The robber might have died in the act of violence, by lawful resistance; the man of fraud might have sunk into the grave while he was enjoying the gain of his artifice,—and where then had been our hope? We have now leisure for thought; we have opportunities of instruction; and, whatever we suffer from offended laws, may yet reconcile ourselves to God, who, if we sincerely seek him, will assuredly be found.

But how are we to seek the Lord? By the way which he himself hath appointed; by humble, fervent, and frequent prayer. Some hours of worship are appointed us; let us duly observe them. Some assistance to our devotion is supplied; let us thankfully accept it. But let us not rest in formality and prescription; let us call upon God night and day. When, in the review of the times which we have passed, any offence arises to our thoughts, let us humbly implore forgiveness; and for those faults (and many there are and must be) which we cannot recollect, let us solicit mercy in general petitions. But it must be our constant care that we pray not merely with our lips; but that when we lament our sins, we are really humbled in self-abhorrence*; and that, when we call for mercy, we raise our thoughts to hope and trust in the goodness of God, and the merits of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ.

* See Job, xlii. 6.

The reception of the holy sacrament, to which we shall be called, in the most solemn manner, perhaps a few hours, before we die, is the highest act of Christian worship. At that awful moment it will become us to drop for ever all worldly thoughts, to fix our hopes solely upon Christ, whose death is represented, and to consider ourselves as no longer connected with mortality.—And, possibly, it may please God to afford us some consolation, some secret intimations of acceptance and forgiveness. But these radiations of favour are not always felt by the sincerest penitents. To the greater part of those whom angels stand ready to receive nothing is granted in this world beyond rational hope;—and with hope founded on promise we may well be satisfied.

But such promises of salvation are made only to the penitent. It is requisite then that we consider,

Thirdly, "How Repentance is to be exercised." Repentance, in the general state of Christian life, is such a sorrow for sin as produces a change of manners and an amendment of life. It is that disposition of mind by which he who stole steals no more; by which the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doth that which is lawful and right. And to the man thus reformed it is expressly promised, that he shall save his soul alive*. Of this repentance the proofs are visible, and the reality certain, always to the penitent, and commonly to the church with which he communicates; because the state of the mind is discovered by the outward actions. But of the repentance which our condition requires and admits, no such evidence can appear; for to us many crimes and many virtues are made impossible by confinement;

* There cannot be a stronger exemplification of this idea than the conduct of the jailor who uttered the question with which we commenced our inquiry.—What shall I do to be saved?—What a change of mind and manners was wrought in him by the power of God! Read Acts, xvi.

and the shortness of the time which is before us gives little power, even to ourselves, of distinguishing the efforts of terror from those of conviction; of deciding whether our present sorrow for sin proceeds from abhorrence of guilt or dread of punishment; whether the violence of our inordinate passions be totally subdued by the fear of God, or only crushed and restrained by the temporary force of present calamity.

Our repentance is like that of other sinners on the deathbed; but with this advantage, that our danger is not greater, and our strength is more; our faculties are not impaired by weakness of body. We come to the great work, not withered by pains nor clouded by the fumes of disease, but with minds capable of continued attention, and with bodies of which we need have no care! We may therefore better discharge this tremendous duty, and better judge of our own performance.

Of the efficacy of a deathbed repentance many have disputed; but we have no leisure for controversy. Fix in your minds this decision, "Repentance is a change of the heart; of an evil to a good disposition." When that change is made, repentance is complete. God will consider that life as amended, which would have been amended, if he had spared it. Repentance in the sight of man, even of the penitent, is not known but by its fruits; but our Creator sees the fruit in the blossom or the seed. He knows those resolutions which are fixed, those conversions which would be permanent; and will receive them who are qualified by holy desires for works of righteousness, without exacting from them those outward duties which the shortness of their lives hindered them from performing.

Nothing therefore remains, but that we apply with all our speed and with all our strength to rectify our desires and purify our thoughts; that we set God before us in all his goodness and terrors; that we consider him as the Father and the Judge of all the earth;

as a Father desirous to save; as a Judge who cannot pardon unrepented iniquity; that we fall down before himself condemned, and excite in our hearts an intense detestation of those crimes which have provoked him; with vehement and steady resolutions, that if life were granted us, it should be spent hereafter in the practice of our duty*; that we pray the Giver of grace to strengthen and impress these holy thoughts, and to accept our repentance, though late, and in its beginnings violent; that we improve every good motion by diligent prayer; and having declared and confirmed † our faith by the holy communion,—we deliver ourselves into his hands, in firm hope, that he who created and redeemed us will not suffer us to perish.—Rom. v. 8. viii. 32.

The condition, without which forgiveness is not to be obtained, is that we forgive others. There is always a danger lest men, fresh from a trial in which life has been lost, should remember with resentment and malignity the prosecutor, the witnesses, or the judges. It is indeed scarce possible that, with all the prejudices of an interest so weighty and so affecting, the convict should think otherwise than that he has been treated, in some part of the process, with unnecessary severity. In this opinion he is perhaps singular, and therefore probably mistaken. But there is no time for disquisition: we must try to find the

* See 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

† I would have this expression to be particularly attended to. While as a dying man, and with all possible sincerity of soul, I add, that, if I could wish to declare my faith, I know not of any words in which I could do it so well, and so perfectly to my satisfaction, as in the communion service of our church; and if I would wish to confirm that faith, I know not of any appointed method so thoroughly adapted to that end of participation in that communion itself.—See particularly in this service, the Exhortation, Confession, Prayer beginning, "We do not presume," &c.—Consecration—and Prayer after receiving, "O Lord and heavenly Father," &c.—Convicts should diligently and repeatedly read over the service before they communicate.

shortest way to peace. It is easier to forgive than to reason aright. He that has been injuriously or unnecessarily harassed has one opportunity more of proving his sincerity, by forgiving the wrong and praying for his enemy.

It is the duty of a penitent to repair, so far as he has the power, the injury which he has done. What we can do is commonly nothing more than to leave the world an example of contrition. On the dreadful day, when the sentence of the law has its full force, some will be found to have affected a shameless bravery or negligent intrepidity. Such is not the proper behaviour of a convicted criminal. To rejoice in tortures is the privilege of a martyr; to meet death with intrepidity is the right only of innocence, if in any human being innocence could be found. Of him whose life is shortened by his crimes, the last duties are humility and self-abasement. We owe to God sincere repentance; we owe to man the appearance of repentance.—We ought not to propagate an opinion, that he who lived in wickedness can die with courage. If the serenity or gaiety with which some men have ended a life of guilt were unfeigned, they can be imputed only to ignorance or stupidity, or, what is more horrid, to voluntary intoxication:—if they were artificial and hypocritical, they are acts of deception, the useless and unprofitable crimes of pride unmortified, and obstinacy unsubdued.

There is yet another crime possible, and, as there is reason to believe, sometimes committed in the last moment, on the margin of eternity. Men have died with a steadfast denial of crimes, of which it is very difficult to suppose them innocent. By what equivocation or reserve they may have reconciled their consciences to falsehood, if their consciences were at all consulted, it is impossible to know; but if they thought that, when they were to die, they paid their legal forfeit, and that the world had no farther demand upon

them; that therefore they might, by keeping their own secrets, try to leave behind them a disreputable reputation; and that the falsehood was harmless, because none were injured,—they had very little considered the nature of society. One of the principal parts of national felicity arises from a wise and impartial administration of justice. Every man reposes upon the tribunals of his country the stability of possession and the serenity of life. He therefore who unjustly exposes the courts of judicature to suspicion, either of partiality or error, not only does an injury to those who dispense the laws, but diminishes the public confidence in the laws themselves, and shakes the foundation of public tranquillity.

For my own part, I confess, with deepest compunction, the crime which has brought me to this place; and admit the justice of my sentence, while I am sinking under its severity. And I earnestly exhort you, my fellow prisoners, to acknowledge the offences which have been already proved; and to bequeath to our country that confidence in public justice, without which there can be neither peace nor safety.

As few men suffer for their first offences, and most convicts are conscious of more crimes than have been brought within judicial cognizance, it is necessary to inquire how far confession ought to be extended. Peace of mind, or desire of instruction, may sometimes demand, that to the minister, whose counsel is requested, a long course of evil life should be discovered; but of this every man must determine for himself.—To the public, every man who departs from life is obliged to confess those acts which have brought or may bring unjust suspicion upon others; and to convey such information as may enable those who have suffered losses to obtain restitution.

Whatever good remains in our power we must diligently perform. We must prevent, to the utmost of our power, all the evil consequences of our crimes;

we must forgive all who have injured us: we must, by fervency of prayer and constancy in meditation, endeavour to repress all worldly passions, and generate in our minds that love of goodness and hatred of sin which may fit us for the society of heavenly minds. And, finally, we must commend and intrust our souls to Him who died for the sins of men; with earnest wishes and humble hopes that he will admit us with the labourers who entered the vineyard at the last hour, and associate us with the thief whom he pardoned on the cross!

To this great end you will not refuse to unite with me, on hended knees, and with humble hearts, in fervent prayer to the throne of grace! May the Father of mercy hear our supplications, and have compassion upon us!

“ O Almighty Lord God, the righteous Judge of all the earth, who in thy providential justice dost frequently inflict severe vengeance upon sinners in this life, that thou mayst, by their sad examples, effectually deter others from committing the like heinous offences; and that they themselves, truly repenting of their faults, may escape the condemnation of hell,—look down in mercy upon us, thy sorrowful servants, whom thou hast suffered to become the unhappy objects of offended justice in this world.

“ Give us a thorough sense of all those evil thoughts, words, and works, which have so provoked thy patience, that thou hast been pleased to permit this public and shameful judgment to fall upon us; and grant us such a portion of grace and godly sincerity, that we may heartily confess and unfeignedly repent of every breach of those most holy laws and ordinances, which if a man do, he shall even live in them.

“ Let no root of bitterness and malice, no habitual and deadly sin, either of omission or commission, remain undisturbed in our hearts! But enable us to make our repentance universal, without the least flat-

tering or deceitful reserve, so that we may clear our consciences before we close our eyes.

“ And now that thou hast brought us within the view of our long home, and made us sensible that the time of our dissolution draweth near, endow us, we humbly pray thee, O gracious Father, with such Christian fortitude, that neither the terrors of thy present dispensations nor the remembrance of our former sins may have power to sink our spirits into a despondency of thy everlasting mercies in the adorable Son of thy love.

“ Wean our thoughts and affections, good Lord, from all the vain and delusive enjoyments of this transitory world, that we may not only with patient resignation submit to the appointed stroke of death, but that our faith and hope may be so elevated that we may conceive a longing desire to be dissolved from these our earthly tabernacles, and to be with Christ, which is far better than all the happiness we can wish for besides!

“ And in a due sense of our own extraordinary want of forgiveness at thy hands, and of our utter unworthiness of the very least of all thy favours—of the meanest crumbs which fall from thy table—O blessed Lord Jesus, make us so truly and universally charitable that, in an undissembled compliance with thy own awful command and most endearing example, we may both freely forgive and cordially pray for our most inveterate enemies, persecutors, and slanderers! Forgive them, O Lord, we beseech thee—turn their hearts, and fill them with thy love!

“ Thus may we humbly trust, our sorrowful prayers and tears will be acceptable in thy sight: thus shall we be qualified, through Christ, to exchange this dismal bodily confinement (and these uneasy fetters) for the glorious liberty of the sons of God; and thus shall our legal doom upon earth be changed into a comfortable declaration of mercy in the highest heavens;—and

all through thy most precious and all sufficient merits. O blessed Saviour of mankind!—who with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, livest and reignest ever, one God, world without end. Amen*.”

DR. DODD'S LAST PRAYER ;

Written, June 27. In the Night previous to his Suffering.

GREAT and glorious Lord God! Thou Father of Mercies, and God of all Comfort! a poor and humble publican stands trembling in thy awful presence; and, under the deep sense of innumerable transgressions, scarce dares so much as to lift up his eyes, or to say “ Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!”

For I have sinned, oh Lord! I have most grievously sinned against Thee; sinned against light, against conviction; and by a thousand, thousand offences, justly provoked thy wrath and indignation! My sins are peculiarly aggravated, and their burden more than ordinarily oppressive to my soul, from the sight and sense I have had of thy love, and from the high and solemn obligations of my sacred character!

But, oppressed with consciousness, and broken in heart under the sense of guilt, I come, oh Lord! with earnest prayer and tears, supplicating Thee, of thy mercy, to look upon me, and forgive me for his precious merits' sake, which are infinitely more unbounded than even all the sins of a whole sinful world! By his

* See Rossell's Prisoner's Director;—a work of some merit—and which I have endeavoured, in my melancholy hours of leisure, to revise, and, (I humbly hope) improve; and mean to leave behind me, in the hands of the ordinary, as a small testimony of my sincere, but very weak, endeavours for the best welfare of unhappy men in confinement; in whom I have written a general Address, to be prefixed to the new edition of Rossell.

cross and passion, I implore, to spare and deliver me, O Lord!

Blessed be thy unspeakable goodness for that wonderful display of divine love, on which alone is my hope and my confidence! Thou hast invited, oh blessed Redeemer! the burdened and heavy laden, the sick in soul, and wearied with sin, to come to Thee and receive rest. Lord, I come! Be it unto me according to thy infallible word! Grant me thy precious, thy inestimable rest!

Be with me, thou all sufficient God, in the dreadful trial through which I am to pass! and graciously vouchsafe to fulfil in me those precious promises which thou, in such fatherly kindness, hast delivered to thy afflicted children! Enable me to see and adore thy disposing hand in this awful, but mournful event; and to contemplate at an humble distance thy great example, who didst go forth, bearing thy cross, and enduring its shame, under the consolatory assurance of the joy set before Thee!

And oh! my triumphant Lord! in the moment of death and in the last hour of conflict, suffer me not to doubt or despond! but sustain me in thy arms of love; and oh, receive and present faultless to thy Father, in the robe of thy righteousness, my poor and unworthy soul, which thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood.

Thus commending myself and my eternal concerns into thy most faithful hands, in firm hope of a happy reception into thy kingdom: Oh my God, hear me, while I humbly extend my supplications for others; and pray, That thou wouldst bless the King and all his family; that thou wouldst preserve the crown in his house to endless generations, and make him the happy minister of truth, of peace, and of prosperity to his people! Bless that people, O Lord! and shine, as thou hast done, with the light of thy favour, on this little portion of thy boundless creation. Diffuse more

and more spirit of Christian piety amongst all ranks and orders of men; and in particular fill their hearts with universal and undissembled love—Love to thee, and love to each other!

Amidst the manifold mercies and blessings vouchsafed through thy gracious influence—thou Sovereign Ruler of all hearts! to so unworthy a worm during this dark day of my sorrows, enable me to be thankful; and in the sincerity of heartfelt gratitude, to implore thine especial blessing on all my beloved fellow-creatures, who have by any means interested themselves in my preservation! May the prayers they have offered for me return in mercies on their own heads! May the sympathy they have shown refresh and comfort their own hearts! And may all their good endeavours and kindness be amply repaid by a full supply of thy grace, and abundant assistance to them in their day of distress;—in their most anxious hours of need!

To the more particular and immediate instruments of thy providential love and goodness to me, O vouchsafe to impart, Author of all good,—a rich supply of thy choicest comforts! Fill their hearts with thy love, and their lives with thy favour! Guard them in every danger: soothe them in every sorrow; bless them in every laudable undertaking: restore a hundredfold all their temporal supplies to me and mine: and, after a course of extensive utility, advance them, through the merits of Jesus, to lives of eternal bliss.

Extend, great Father of the world, thy more especial care and kindness to my nearer and most dear connections. Bless with thy continual presence and protection my dear brother and sister, and all their children and friends! Hold them in thy hand of tender care and mercy; and give them to experience, that in thee there is infinite lovingkindness and truth! Look with a tender eye on all their temporal concerns; and after lives of faithfulness and truth, oh bear them to thy bosom, and unite us together in thy eternal love!

But oh, my adorable Lord and hope, suffer me in a more particular manner to offer up to thy sovereign and gracious care my long tried and most affectionate wife! Husband of the widow, be thou her support! sustain and console her afflicted mind! enable her with patient submission to receive all thy will! and when, in thy good time, thou hast perfected her for thy blessed kingdom, unite again our happy and immortal spirits in celestial love, as thou hast been pleased to unite us in sincere earthly affection! Lord Jesus, vouchsafe unto her thy peculiar grace and all sufficient consolation!

If I have any enemies, oh Thou who diedst for thy enemies, hear my prayers for them! Forgive them all their ill will to me, and fill their hearts with thy love! And, oh, vouchsafe abundantly to bless and save all those who have either wished or done me evil! Forgive me, gracious God! the wrong or injury I have done to others; and so forgive me my trespasses, as I freely and fully forgive all those who have in any degree trespassed against me. I desire thy grace to purify my soul from every taint of malevolence; and to fit me, by perfect love, for the society of spirits, whose business and happiness is love!

Glory be to thee, oh God! for all the blessings thou hast granted me from the day of my creation until the present hour; I feel and adore thy exceeding goodness in all; and in this last and closing affliction of my life, I acknowledge most humbly the justice of thy fatherly correction, and bow my head with thankfulness for thy rod! Great and good in all; I adore and magnify thy mercy! I behold, in all, thy love manifestly displayed, and rejoice that I am at once thy creature and thy redeemed!

As such, O Lord, my Creator and Redeemer, I commit my soul into thy faithful hands! Wash it, and purify it in the blood of thy Son from every defiling stain; perfect what is wanting in it; and grant me poor,

returning, weeping, wretched prodigal—grant me the lowest place in thy heavenly house; in and for his sole and all sufficient merits, the adorable Jesus;—who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth ever, one God, world without end!

Amen and Amen, Lord Jesus!



A LETTER TO THE REVEREND DR. DODD.

Sent to him during his Confinement in Newgate.

DEAR SIR,

LET it not surprise you in this tremendous hour to be accosted by an old, perhaps forgotten, but still sympathizing friend. The world smiles in prosperity; the Christian loves in adversity; and the hour of Nature's sorrow is the important period for such a friendship.

From the first moment the melancholy news had reached my ear, how truly was my heart engaged in prayer and pity! I anticipated the dreadful pangs which rend your soul; and the awful consideration, that these things were but the beginning of sorrow, was ready to draw blood from my heart, as well as tears from my eyes. I turned to him from whom proceeds all that is truly great and good, and was encouraged to entreat the merciful Redeemer to look down with tender pity, and cause this dark night to become the womb of a bright morning, yea, the brightest your eyes have ever seen.

Every stroke of your rod deeply affects me; but, above all, I feel for your precious, your immortal soul.

Will you permit me, my dear sir, to throw aside all reserve, while treating on this important subject? shall I prevail with you to hear with the manner for the sake of the matter, and despise not truth though ignorantly uttered?

I fear you have lived a long time in that friendship with the world which the Spirit of God declares is enmity with himself. However excellent some or many of your actions may have been, you have rested in the letter, not in the spirit of Christianity : you have been contented without the experimental knowledge of those words, " He that is in Christ Jesus is a new creature." Your will, your affections, your desires and delights, have they not all been fixed on earthly objects? Rejoicing in the possession, or mourning the disappointment, your daily delight has not been in the divine communications of the Holy Spirit; fellowship with God has not been your chiefest joy; the pursuit of empty shadows found nearer access to your heart than the noble choice of following the despised Nazarine. Think not, dear sir, I draw this judgment from the last unhappy event. O, no; that I only consider as the natural fruit of the unregenerate heart. The point I aim at, is the want of that change, that death unto sin, that new birth unto righteousness, whereby the children of wrath become the children of grace. St. Paul says, " I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith;" therefore he was willing to be offered up, since nothing but a crown of righteousness presented itself to his opening prospect. He had kept that faith which purifieth the heart, overcometh the world, and quencheth all the fiery darts of the evil one.

I remember, when I was about fourteen, the season in which I was favoured with your most intimate acquaintance, you once told a story which I shall never forget, concerning one of the Scots divines, who said on his death-bed, " If every stone, timber, and nail in this house could speak, they would bear witness to the many hours of sweet communion my soul hath spent with God therein." O, sir, can the beams of your house bear witness that your enjoyments have been such as eternity shall ripen! And this heavenly disposition, you must be sensible, can alone fit us for the

enjoyment of the New Jerusalem. No object can give pleasure unless it meets with a sense which suits and apprehends it. The grain of corn is more welcome to the fowl than the richest pearl : so to the soul whose treasure is yet on earth, the beauties of the lovely Jesus shine in vain! But, alas! who can break this adamantine chain? Who can unlock the heart bound down with twice ten thousand ties, and bring the captive soul into the glorious liberty of the sons of God? Can disappointment, can reproach, dishonour, loss, or even death itself? Alas! these may torment, but never change the heart: it is a sight of the crucified Jesus alone which breaks your heart in pieces. This Jesus waits to do you good; hear him saying, Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help. O that you would cry; his ear attends the softest prayer. This is my fear, lest you should forget there is no way into the sheepfold but through the door, and no way of entering that door but knowing ourselves to be lost and undone creatures, whose ways have been altogether perverse before him, and then to be saved by faith in Christ alone.

How often has Christ appeared delightful even in a prison! Several have praised God for bringing them there, and by that means awakening them to a knowledge of their lost estate, that they might be made acquainted with a happiness till then unknown. Adorable Jesus! so work on the soul of this my unhappy friend, display thy pardoning love, and write it on his aching heart:

“ No; my best actions cannot save,
 But thou must cleanse e'en them;
 Yet, when on thee I do believe,
 My worst shall not condemn.”

I know not how to break off. My spirit deeply mourns both for your present and approaching sufferings, and equally for her who so sadly shares your every

woe. Had you remained in prosperity, nothing would have been farther from my thought than a renewal of acquaintance; for I have found, in being despised and trampled under foot of the great ones of the earth, more solid peace, more lasting joy, than my warmest wishes could ever have expected: but now I cannot forget you if I would, I long for your salvation: Will you acknowledge, all the wisdom of the world can never save you? Will you look for salvation from the mere mercy of God? How many have gone triumphantly to glory, even from under the hand of an executioner? My dear sir, that triumph may be yours; and if you do not reject it, it surely shall. The king of terrors shall appear no longer terrible; and your happy spirit, loosed from every earthly tie, and delighted with the freedom of the living water, shall spring into eternity with so feeling a joy as you have never known in all your life. You have tried the world, and found it empty. Never did man strive more for the honours of it than you have done; for that, you turned your back on the closest followers of the Lamb, the little few despised indeed of man, but whose lives were hid with Christ in God; for that you have been conformed in all your life and conversation to the customs, fashions, and maxims of it: but while you were a slave to man, ungrateful man! who neither thanked nor paid you, you slighted Him who is able to cast both body and soul into hell. But, O, the unbounded love of Jesus! He blasted all your hopes: he chastened and corrected. For what end? Only to convince you how ready he is to receive and make you a beloved son. The wicked have no bands in their death, they will not listen to awakening fears; but whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth: yea, the body may be given up to suffer, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord.

I am not yet without hope, even for your life. It is founded on this: I know the hearts of all men are in

the hand of my God, from the king on the throne to the beggar on the dunghill ; and he turneth them what way soever he will. I know, if you seek but Daniel's faith, Daniel's God can shut the lion's mouth. If, with Nebuchadnezzar, you have learned to acknowledge the Most High Ruler over all, he can restore you again to your former state, or else take you to behold his glory. When I consider your great talents, and how much you might have done for God, I cannot help crying to the Lord once more to send you into his vineyard with a changed heart full of the Holy Ghost and power. And now, my dear sir, what shall I say? My heart is full: I know not how to leave off: It is as though my pen could not part from the paper. Nature shrinks from that pang which is usually the sad attendant of a last farewell: but Grace cries out, Yet there is hope. And eternity of joy presents a kingdom where no horrid alarm of war shall break our eternal repose, where sorrow, death, and parting shall be no more; and the Royal Army of Cross-bearers, who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, are ready to embrace and welcome you among them.

To that efficacious blood, with tears of love and sorrow, I commit you; and, though with reluctance, I must now conclude,

Your sincerely affectionate
and sympathizing friend,

Feb. 1777.

MARY BOSANQUET.

By a series of Correspondence, almost weekly, from the above date, till within three days of his Execution, Miss BOSANQUET says she has reason to believe he felt a contrite Heart, and found the Sinner's Friend to be his.—June 25th, he wrote her his last Farewell, as follows :

MY DEAR FRIEND,

June 25, 1777.

ON Friday morning I am to be made immortal! I die with a heart truly contrite, and broken under a sense of its great and manifold offences, but comforted and sustained by a firm faith in the pardoning love of Jesus Christ. My earnest prayers to God are, that we may meet and know each other in that kingdom, towards which you have been so long and so happily travelling. I return you my most affectionate thanks for all your friendly attention to me; and have no doubt, should any opportunity offer, you will remember my excellent, but most afflicted partner in distress. I do not know where to direct to worthy Mr. Parker, but beg to trouble you with my dying love and kind remembrance to him. The Lord Jesus Christ be with our spirits. Amen.

W. DODD.

Soon after the Doctor's death, the lady received from a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, who constantly attended him, a very encouraging account, in which he believes him to be singing the songs of the redeemed, and concludes his letter with the following words :

“ Thus ended the mortal, and began the never ceasing life of your old and my new friend: and I bless God our Saviour for this new proof of his saving grace, and the power of his precious blood.

“ The time is elapsed ; I have written more than I intended, and yet not a tenth part of what I could. You may be comforted, as I have been richly. Your and my fears are at end.

“ May the God of all grace keep your and my heart in the knowledge of him, yea, cause us to grow in grace and love ! This is the earnest prayer of

“ Your affectionate friend,

“ and willing servant in Christ.”

Dr. DODD's Account of Himself.*

THE greatest affliction and oppression to my mind at present is the piercing reflection that I, who have lived all my life in an endeavour to promote the truth of Christianity, should now become an obstacle to that truth, and a scandal to that profession ;—that I, who have with all my power and with all sincerity, laboured to do good and be a blessing to my fellow-creatures, should now become an evil and a curse. What shall I, can I, ought I to do, to prevent, as much as in me lies, any such dreadful consequences of my shame and my crime ! Will a public attestation of my sincere belief of Christianity and an ingenuous detail and confession of my offences be of any avail ?—In order to do this, and to acquaint you in a few words with a perfect knowledge of myself (though I should wish to do it more fully), be so good as to consider the few following particulars :

I entered very young on public life, very innocent—very ignorant—and very ingenuous. I lived many happy years at West Ham, in an uninterrupted and

* Of this account Dr. Dodd may be said to have only drawn the outlines ; the picture, as it appears, was finished by Dr. Johnson.

successful discharge of my duty. A disappointment in the living of that parish obliged me to exert myself; and I engaged for a chapel near Buckingham Gate. Great success attended the undertaking: it pleased and elated me. At the same time Lord Chesterfield, to whom I was personally unknown, offered me the care of his heir, Mr. Stanhope*. By the advice of my dear friend, now in heaven, Dr. Squire, I engaged, under promises, which were not performed. Such a distinction, too, you must know, served to increase a young man's vanity. I was naturally led into more extensive and important connections, and, of course, into greater expenses and more dissipations. Indeed, before, I never dissipated at all—for many, many years, never seeing a playhouse or any public place, but living entirely in Christian duties. Thus brought to town, and introduced to gay life, I fell into its snares. Ambition and vanity led me on. My temper, naturally cheerful, was pleased with company; naturally generous, it knew not the use of money; it was a stranger to the useful science of economy and frugality; nor could it withhold from distress what it too much (often) wanted itself.

Besides this, the habit of uniform, regular, sober piety, and of watchfulness and devotion, wearing off, amidst this unavoidable scene of dissipation, I was not, as at West Ham, the innocent man that I lived there; I committed offences against my God! which yet, I bless him, were always, in reflection, detestable to me.

But my greatest evil was expense. To supply it, I fell into the dreadful and ruinous mode of raising money by annuities. The annuities devoured me. Still I exerted myself by every means to do what I thought right, and built my hopes of perfect extrication from all my difficulties when my young and beloved pupil should come of age. But, alas! during

* The present Lord Chesterfield.

this interval, which was not very long, I declare with solemn truth, that I never varied from the steady belief of the Christian doctrines! I preached them with all my power, and kept back nothing from my congregations which I thought might tend to their welfare; and I was very successful in this way during the time. Nor, though I spent in dissipation many hours which I ought not, but to which my connections inevitably led, was I idle during this period; as my Commentary on the Bible, my Sermons to Young Men, and several other publications prove. I can say too, with pleasure, that I studiously employed my interest, through the connections I had, for the good of others. I never forgot or neglected the cause of the distressed; many, if need were, could bear me witness. Let it suffice to say, that during this period I instituted the Charity for the Discharge of Debtors.

Such is the plain and ingenuous detail of myself. I sincerely lament all I have done wrong. I love, and ever did, religion and goodness. I hate and abhor vice, and myself for ever having committed any. I look with peculiar detestation on the crime to which I am at present obnoxious; and I wish before I die, of all things, if possible, to make amends—by the most sincere and full confession and humiliation of myself.

W. DODD.

May 21, 1777.

The following DECLARATION Dr. DODD enclosed in a Letter to a Friend some Time before he suffered.

THOUGH I acknowledge in all its atrocity, and more especially with a view to my peculiar circumstances and character, the offence for which I suffer,—yet, considering that it is punished with such sanguinary severity in no commercial state under heaven, and that

in my case it has been fully atoned for, so far as human creatures can atone to each other, I cannot but judge my punishment rather hard :—and still more so, as that public (for whose benefit and example such ignominious death and punishment can alone be intended) has with a pleading, and almost unanimous voice, supplicated the Throne, in the most humble manner, to show mercy, and avert the abhorred stroke, by assigning another, though perhaps not less afflictive punishment.

In this dispensation, however, I look far beyond the hand of poor human vengeance, and adore the justice and goodness of God, who, correcting me in judgment for deviations from the purity of his Gospel, as a distinguished minister of it, has been pleased to call me thus by death to proclaim my repentance, and to attest my faith in him : and to declare to all my fellow-creatures, and to my beloved countrymen in particular (for whose love to me I am under the highest obligations), my firm belief of the principles which I have long preached, and in my writings delivered with the utmost truth and sincerity ; and which I thus seal with my blood, in perfect resignation to the will of my adorable Master, and in a firm dependance on those principles for the salvation of my own soul.

W. DODD.



Letters to Two Noble Lords of His MAJESTY'S Most Honourable Privy Council.

LETTER I.

MY LORD*,

I HAVE committed a capital crime, for which the sentence of the law has passed upon me ; and whether that sentence shall be executed in its full rigour, may, perhaps, depend upon the suffrage of your Lordship.

* Lord North, then Prime Minister.

The shame and self-reproach with which I now solicit your commiseration, I hope no man will ever feel, who has not deserved to feel them like myself. But I will not despair of being heard with pity, when under the terrors of a speedy and disgraceful death, I most humbly implore your Lordship's intercession.

My life has not been wholly useless; I have laboured in my calling diligently and successfully; but success inflamed my vanity, and my heart betrayed me. Violent passions have exposed me to violent temptations; but I am not the first whom temptation has overthrown. I have, in all my deviations, kept Right always in view, and have invariably resolved to return to it. Whether, in a prosperous state, I should have kept my resolution, public justice has not suffered me to know.

My crime has been indeed atrocious, but my punishment has not been light. From a height of reputation, which perhaps raised envy in others and certainly produced pride in myself, I have fallen to the lowest and grossest infamy; from an income which prudence might have made plentiful, I am reduced to live on those remains of charity which infamy has left me.

When so much has been given to justice, I humbly entreat, that life, such as it must now be, may be given to mercy; and that your Lordship's influence may be employed in disposing our Sovereign to look with compassion on,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most humble supplicant,

WILLIAM DODD.

June 11, 1777.

LETTER II.

MY LORD*,

NOT many days are now to pass before the fate of one of the most miserable of human beings will be finally determined. The efficacy of your Lordship's voice is well known; and whether I shall immediately suffer an ignominious death, or wander the rest of my days in ignominious exile, your opinion will probably determine. Do not refuse, my Lord, to hear the plea, whatever it may be, which I humbly oppose to the extremity of justice.

I acknowledge, my Lord, the atrociousness of my crime; I admit the truth of the verdict that condemned me; yet, I hope, that when my evil is censured, my good may likewise be remembered; and that it may be considered how much that society which is injured by my fraud has been benefited by my charitable labours. I have offended; I am penitent; I entreat but for life, for a life which must pass certainly in dishonour, and probably in want. Do not refuse, my Lord, to compassionate a man who, blasted in fame and ruined in fortune, yet shrinks with terror from the precipice of eternity. Let me live, however miserable; and let my miseries warn all those to whom they shall be known against self-indulgence, vanity, and profusion.

Once more, my Lord, let me beg for life; and when you see me going from the gloom of a prison to the penury of banishment, do not consider public justice as wholly unsatisfied by the sufferings of,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most humble supplicant,

WILLIAM DODD.

June 11, 1777.

* Earl Mansfield.

DR. DODD'S PETITION,

(PRESENTED BY HIS BROTHER.)

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

SIRE,

It is most humbly presented to Your Majesty by William Dodd, the unhappy convict now under sentence of death,

That William Dodd, acknowledging the justice of the sentence denounced against him, has no hope or refuge but in Your Majesty's clemency:

That though to recollect or mention the usefulness of his life, or the efficacy of his ministry, must overwhelm him in his present condition with shame and sorrow, he yet humbly hopes that his past labours will not wholly be forgotten; and that the zeal with which he has exhorted others to a good life, though it does not extenuate his crime, may mitigate his punishment:

That debased as he is by ignominy, and distressed as he is by poverty, scorned by the world, and detested by himself, deprived of all external comforts, and afflicted by consciousness of guilt, he can derive no hopes of longer life, but that of repairing the injury he has done to mankind, by exhibiting an example of shame and submission, and of expiating his sins by prayer and penitence:

That for this end he humbly implores from the clemency of Your Majesty the continuance of a life legally forfeited; and of the days which by your gracious compassion he may yet live, no one shall pass without a prayer, that Your Majesty, after a long life of happiness and honour, may stand at the final day of judgment, among the merciful that obtain mercy.

So fervently prays the most distressed and wretched of Your Majesty's subjects,

WILLIAM DODD.

MRS. DODD'S PETITION,

(PRESENTED BY HERSELF)

To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

MADAM,

IT is most humbly represented by Mary Dodd, the wife of Dr. William Dodd, now lying in prison under sentence of death :

That she hath been the wife of this unhappy man more than twenty-seven years, and has lived with him in the greatest happiness of conjugal union, and the highest state of conjugal confidence :

That she has been a constant witness of his unwearyed endeavours for public good, and his laborious attendance on charitable institutions. Many are the families whom his care has delivered from want ; many are the hearts which he has freed from pain, and the faces which he has cleared from sorrow :

That therefore she most humbly throws herself at the feet of the Queen, earnestly entreating that the petition of a distressed wife, asking mercy for a husband, may be considered as naturally soliciting the compassion of Her Majesty ; and that when her wisdom has compared the offender's good actions with his crime, she will be pleased to represent his case to our Most Gracious Sovereign in such terms as may dispose him to mitigate the rigour of the law.

So prays Your Majesty's most dutiful subject and supplicant,

MARY DODD.

SUCH were the last thoughts of a man whom we have seen exulting in popularity, and sunk in shame. For his reputation, which no man can give to himself, those who conferred it are to answer. Of his public ministry, the means of judging were sufficiently attainable. He must be allowed to preach well whose sermons strike the audience with forcible conviction. Of his life, those who thought it consistent with his doctrine did not originally form false notions. He was at first what he endeavoured to make others; but the world broke down his resolution, and he in time ceased to exemplify his own instructions.

Let those who are tempted to his faults tremble at his punishment; and those whom he impressed from the pulpit with religious sentiments, endeavour to confirm them, by considering the regret and self-abhorrence with which he reviewed in prison his deviations from rectitude.

Whatever assistance his anxiety might prompt him to solicit in forming the petitions (which, however, he must be considered as confirming by his name), the account of his past life and of his dying sentiments are the effusions of his own mind. Those who read them with the proper disposition will not read in vain.

A few Days before DR. DODD suffered Death, the following Observations on the Propriety of pardoning him were written and sent to the public Papers by DR. JOHNSON.

YESTERDAY was presented to the Secretary of State, by the Earl Percy, a Petition in favour of Dr. Dodd, signed by twenty-three thousand hands. On this occasion it is natural to consider—

That in all countries penal laws have been relaxed, as particular reasons have emerged:

That a life eminently beneficent, a single action eminently good, or even the power of being useful to the public, has been sufficient to protect the life of a delinquent :

That no arbiter of life and death has ever been censured for granting the life of a criminal to honest and powerful solicitation :

That the man for whom a nation petitions must be presumed to have merit uncommon in kind or in degree ; for however the mode of collecting subscriptions, or the right of judgment exercised by the subscribers, may be open to dispute, it is at least plain that something is done for this man that was never done for any other ; and Government, which must proceed upon general views, may rationally conclude that this man is something better than other offenders have been, or has done something more than others have done :

That though the people cannot judge of the administration of justice so well as their governors, yet their voice has always been regarded :

That this is a case in which the petitioners determine against their own interest ; those for whose protection the law was made entreat its relaxation ; and our Governors cannot be charged with the consequence which the people bring upon themselves :

That as this is a case without example, it will probably be without consequences, and many ages will elapse before such a crime is again committed by such a man :

That though life be spared, justice may be satisfied with ruin, imprisonment, exile, infamy, and penury.

FINIS.

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THE GRAVE

HENRY WATSON

THE GRAVE.

—
The house appointed for all living. *Job.*
—

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life;—the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
The' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.—Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.—The Grave, dread
thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt named: Nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah! how dark
Thy long extended realms and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun [night,
Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.—The sickly taper,
By glimmering through thy low-brow'd misty
vaults

(Furr'd round with mouldy damp and ropy slime),
 Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
 And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
 Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
 Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
 Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms,
 Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
 Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
 Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds.
 No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane;—the pious work
 Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
 And buried midst the wreck of things which were;
 There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
 The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
 Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
 Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul
 bird,
 Rock'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy ailes,
 Black-plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of
 scutcheons
 And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
 Laden with heavier airs from the low vaults,
 The mansions of the dead.—Roused from their
 slumbers,
 In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
 Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen
 Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
 Again the screechowl shrieks: ungracious sound!
 I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms
(Coeval near with that), all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd
here :

Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs :
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about ;
And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near the witching time of night.)

Oft in the lone churchyard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine chequering through the
trees,
The schoolboy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown),
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears
The sound of something purring at his heels ;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows ;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave ; and (strange to tell !)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow too I've sometimes spied,

Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
 Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
 Whilst bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
 Fast falling down her now-untasted cheek:
 Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
 She drops; whilst busy meddling memory
 In barbarous succession musters up
 The past endearments of their softer hours,
 Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
 She sees him; and, indulging the fond thought,
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
 Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious grave!—how dost thou rend in sunder
 Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
 A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
 Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
 Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me
 Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
 Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
 And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
 Anxious to please.—Oh! when my friend and I
 In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
 Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
 Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
 In grateful errors through the underwood,
 Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongued
 thrush
 Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird

Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note :
 The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
 Assumed a dye more deep : whilst every flower
 Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
 Of dress.—Oh! then the longest summer's day
 Seem'd too, too much in haste : still the full heart
 Had not imparted half : 'twas happiness
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull grave—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful
 blood,
 Strikest out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
 And every smirking feature from the face ;
 Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
 Where are the jesters now? the men of health,
 Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll?
 Whose every look and gesture was a joke
 To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
 And made even thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy
 To gather up her face into a smile
 Before she was aware ! Ah! sullen now,
 And dumb as the green turf that covers them!

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
 The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
 The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
 Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
 From kings of all the then-discover'd globe ;
 And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
 And had not room enough to do its work?
 Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim,

And cramm'd into a space we blush to name!
 Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
 How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
 Son of the morning! whither art thou gone!
 Where hast thou hid thy many spangled head,
 And the majestic menace of thine eyes
 Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
 Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
 Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,
 That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife!
 Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
 And coward insults of the base-born crowd;
 That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
 But only hoped for in the peaceful grave,
 Of being unmolested and alone!
 Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
 And honours by the herald duly paid
 In mode and form, even to a very scruple;
 Oh, cruel irony! these come too late;
 And only mock whom they were meant to honour.
 Surely there's not a dungeon slave that's buried
 In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
 But lies as soft and sleeps as sound as he.
 Sorry preeminence of high descent,
 Above the vulgar born, to rot in state.

But see! the well plumed hearse comes nodding
 Stately and slow; and properly attended [on,
 By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
 The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
 By letting out their persons by the hour,

To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad.
 How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,
 And glittering in the sun; triumphant entries
 Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
 In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
 Retard the' unwieldy show; whilst from the case-
 ments,
 And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks close-wedged
 Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
 Why this ado in earthing up a carcass
 That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril
 Smells horrible?—Ye undertakers, tell us,
 Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
 Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
 You make this mighty stir?—'Tis wisely done:
 What would offend the eye in a good picture,
 The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud *lineage!* now how little thou appear'st!
 Below the envy of the private man.

Honour! that meddlesome officious ill
 Pursues thee even to death, nor there stops short;
 Strange persecution! when the grave itself
 Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd to think to overreach the grave;
 And from the wreck of names to rescue ours.
 The best concerted schemes men lay for fame,
 Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
 The far famed sculptor and the laurel'd bard,
 These bold insurers of deathless fame,
 Supply their little feeble aids in vain.

The tapering pyramid, the' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outlived
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by the injuries of Heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted
At once gives way. Oh! lamentable sight:
The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and misshapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain,
With all subduing time: her cankering hand
With calm deliberate malice wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sovereign rule through seas of blood;
The' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravaged kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of power
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the general scorn
That haunts and dogs them, like an injured ghost
Implacable.—Here too the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er noticed,

And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as short,
 Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
 And griped them like some lordly beast of prey,
 Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger
 And piteous plaintive voice of misery
 (As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
 Of the same common feelings with his lord);
 Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
 Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his
 kinsman;

Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Underground
 Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
 Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others' adulation,
 Would cunningly persuade us we are something
 Above the common level of our kind, [tery,
 The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flat-
 And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty!—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,
 That steal'st so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
 And givest it a new pulse, unknown before,
 The grave discredits thee; thy charms expunged,
 Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
 What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
 Flock round thee now to gaze and do thee homage?
 Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
 Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
 The high fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
 Riots unscared.—For this was all thy caution?

For this, thy painful labours at the glass?
To' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder!
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.

Look how the fair one weeps!—the conscious tears
Stand thick as dewdrops on the bells of flowers:
Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength too—thou surly and less gentle boast
Of those that loud laugh at the village ring;
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dared thee to the' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play.—What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs and well spread
shoulders?

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain!—Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning; hideous sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom

Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that
groan?

It was his last.—See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still.—What mean'st thou then, O mighty
boaster!

To vaunt of nerves of thine? what means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well invented knife?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube; [space,
And, travelling through the boundless length of
Marks well the courses of the far seen orbs
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But ah! proud man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very soon thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies, disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to passers by. [change,
Great man of language!—whence this mighty
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts

In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue ;
 Alas! how chap-fallen now! Thick mists and
 silence

Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
 Unceasing.—Ah! where is the lifted arm,
 The strength of action, and the force of words,
 The well turn'd period, and the well tuned voice,
 With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
 Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been,
 Razed from the book of fame: or, more provoking,
 Perchance some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
 Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
 With long flat narrative or duller rhymes,
 With heavy halting pace that drawl along:
 Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
 And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
 Those mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
 Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
 Resign to fate.—Proud Æsculapius' son!
 Where are thy boasted implements of art,
 And all thy well cramm'd magazines of health?
 Nor hill nor vale, as far as ship could go,
 Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
 Escaped thy rifling hand;—from stubborn shrubs
 Thou wrung'st their shy-retiring virtues out,
 And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly nor insect
 Nor writhy snake escaped thy deep research.
 But why this apparatus? why this cost?
 Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,

Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speakest not—The bold impostor
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank sided miser, worst of felons,
Who meanly stole (discreditable shift)
From back and belly too their proper cheer,
Eased of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcass, now lies cheaply lodged;
By clamorous appetites no longer teased,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed;
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
Oh, cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds:
First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help;
But shrieks in vain!—How wistfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh! might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage—Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan

By stealing out of being, when he pleased,
 And by what way, whether by hemp or steel:
 Death's thousand doors stand open.—Who could
 force

The ill pleased guest to sit out his full time,
 Or blame him if he goes?—Sure, he does well
 That helps himself as timely as he can,
 When able—But if there's an *hereafter*
 (And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced
 And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man);
 Then must it be an awful thing to die:
 More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
 Self-murder!—name it not: our island's shame,
 That makes her the reproach of neighbouring
 states,

Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
 Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
 Forbid it, Heaven!—Let not, upon disgust,
 The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
 With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
 Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage,
 To rush into the presence of our judge;
 As if we challenged him to do his worst,
 And matter'd not his wrath!—Unheard-of tortures
 Must be reserved for such: these herd together;
 The common damn'd shun their society,
 And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
 Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd!
 How long, how short we know not:—this we
 know,

Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
 Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission :
 Like sentries that must keep their destined stand,
 And wait the' appointed hour till they're relieved,
 Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
 And keep it to the last. To run away
 Is but a coward's trick : to run away
 From this world's ills, that at the very worst
 Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves,
 By boldly venturing on a world unknown,
 And plunging headlong in the dark ;—'tis mad ;
 No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead, will none of you, in pity
 To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
 Oh ! that some courteous ghost would blab it out ;
 What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
 I've heard that souls departed have sometimes
 Forewarn'd men of their death :—'Twas kindly
 done

To knock and give the' alarum.—But what means
 This stinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindness
 That does its work by halves—Why might you not
 Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
 Of your society forbid your speaking
 Upon a point so nice?—I'll ask no more :
 Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
 Enlightens but yourselves. Well, 'tis no matter ;
 A very little time will clear up all,
 And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick:—Here falls the vil-
 lage swain,
 And there his pamper'd lord,—The cup goes
 And who so artful as to put it by! [round:
 'Tis long since death had the majority;
 Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.
 See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
 The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
 Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
 A gentle tear, with mattock in his hand [ance,
 Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaint-
 By far his juniors. Scarce a skull's cast up,
 But well he knew its owner, and can tell
 Some passage of his life.—Thus hand in hand
 The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years;
 And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
 Or clubs a smuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
 None sings a merrier catch, nor lends a hand
 More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds
 not,

That soon some trusty brother of the trade
 Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
 Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
 Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
 In the world's hale and undegenerate days
 Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,
 Never to think of death and of ourselves
 At the same time: as if to learn to die
 Were no concern of ours.—Oh! more than sottish,

For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
The very first swollen surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize.—What is this world?
What but a spacious burial field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?
The very turf on which we tread once lived;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring; in their turns
They too must cover theirs.—'Tis here all meet,
The shivering Icelander, and sunburn'd Moor;
Men of all climes that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, and Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight.—Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts.
Now vain their treaty-skill:—Death scorns to
treat.

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders;—and when the stern
tyrant,

With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard of hardships,
Mocks his short arm,—and quick as thought
escapes

Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The telltale echo, and the babbling stream
(Time out of mind the favourite seats of love),
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-robed prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock has split.
Here is the large limb'd peasant :—Here the child
Of a span long that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters :
The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smiled like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale ;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose every day was made of melody,

Hears not the voice of mirth.—The shrill-tongued
shrew,

Meek as the turtle dove, forgets her chiding.

Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, and profane;
The downright clown, and perfectly well bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean;
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man!—how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleased,
Smiled on his last fair work.—Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts.—Nor head nor heart
Offer'd to ache: nor was there cause they should;
For all was pure within; no fell remorse
Nor anxious castings-up of what might be
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom.—Summer seas
Show not more smooth when kiss'd by southern
winds

Just ready to expire—scarce importuned,
The generous soil, with a luxurious hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And every thing most perfect in its kind.

Blessed! thrice blessed days!—But ah! how
short!

Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men;

But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
Oh! slippery state of things.—What sudden
turns!

What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
Of man's sad history!—To-day most happy,
And, ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus fared it with our sire:—not long he' enjoy'd
His paradise.—Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again.—And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man?—Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate.—But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom.—A mighty angel,
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round.—At once he lost
His glory and his god.—If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder.—Man has sinned.
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: nor tried in vain
(Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen is success).
Alas! too well he sped:—the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill used ghost,

Not to return ;—or if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between :
Whilst the black demon, with his hell-scaped train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone :
Lording it o'er the man : who now too late
Saw the rash error which he could not mend :
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage !—Human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through every vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin !
Greatest and first of ills.—The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions !—But for thee
Sorrow had never been—All-noxious thing,
Of vilest nature !—Other sorts of evils
Are kindly circumscribed, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involved in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops.—The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threatening more ;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than those ! Sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world :
Dispatching at a wide extended blow
Entire mankind ; and, for their sakes, defacing

A whole creation's beauty with rude hands ;
 Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
 And marking all along its way with ruin.
 Accursed thing!—Oh! where shall fancy find
 A proper name to call thee by expressive
 Of all thy horrors?—Pregnant womb of ills!
 Of temper so transcendently malign
 That toads and serpents, of most deadly kind,
 Compared to thee, are harmless.—Sicknesses
 Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
 And bluest plagues are thine.—See, how the fiend
 Profusely scatters the contagion round!
 Whilst deep-mouth'd Slaughter, bellowing at her
 heels,
 Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-morrow
 Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
 And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd
 My father's nakedness and nature's shame.
 Here let me pause and drop an honest tear,
 One burst of filial duty and condolence
 O'er all those ample deserts Death has spread,
 This chaos of mankind.—O great man eater!
 Whose every day is carnival, not sated yet?
 Unheard of Epicure! without a fellow!
 The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
 Some intervals of abstinence are sought
 To edge the appetite: thou seekest none.
 Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
 And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,

This, less than this might gorge thee to the full.
 But, ah! rapacious still, thou gapest for more :
 Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
 On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny hand,
 And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings.
 As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
 Famine, and war were not thy caterers.

But know that thou must render up thy dead,
 And with high interest too.—They are not thine,
 But only in thy keeping for a season,
 Till the great promised day of restitution ;
 When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
 Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
 And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
 Daylight, and liberty.—

Then must thy doors fly open and reveal
 The mines, that lay long forming underground,
 In their dark cells immured ; but now full ripe,
 And pure as silver from the crucible,
 That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
 And inquisition of the forge.—We know
 The' illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
 The Son of God, thee foil'd.—Him in thy power
 Thou couldst not hold :—self-vigorous he rose,
 And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
 Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent :
 (Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)
 Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
 And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
 By proof so strong that the most slow assenting

Had not a scruple left.—This having done,
He mounted up to heaven.—Methinks I see him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds: but the faint eye,
Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in!
Nor are his friends shut out: as a great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train.—It was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be;
Death only lies between.—A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:
But not untrod nor tedious: the fatigue
Will soon go off.—Besides, there's no by-road
To bliss.—Then why, like ill condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies
And a ne'er setting sun?—Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwithering bloom;
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by the rivulet's brink, a youngster play:
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolved:
At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From the' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,

And smiled so sweet of late.—Thrice welcome
Death!

That after many a painful bleeding step
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long wish'd for shore.—Prodigious change;
Our bane turn'd to a blessing!—Death disarm'd
Loses its fellness quite.—All thanks to Him
Who scourged the venom out.—Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace!—How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the evening tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green;
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast coming harvest.—Then, oh then!
Each earthborn joy grows vile or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh! how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done! and now he's happy!—the glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd.—Even the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again,
Its better half, never to sunder more,

Nor shall it hope in vain :—the time draws on
 When not a single spot of burial earth,
 Whether on land or in the spacious sea,
 But must give back its long committed dust
 Inviolate :—and faithfully shall these
 Make up the full account; not the least atom
 Embezzled or mislaid of the whole tale.
 Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
 And each shall have his own.—Hence, ye pro-
 fane!

Ask not how this can be?—Sure the same power
 That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
 Can reassemble the loose scatter'd parts,
 And put them as they were.—Almighty God
 Has done much more: nor is his arm impair'd
 Through length of days; and what he can he will:
 His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
 When the dread trumpet sounds the slumbering
 dust

(Not unattentive to the call) shall wake;
 And every joint possess its proper place,
 With a new elegance of form, unknown
 To its first state.—Nor shall the conscious soul
 Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd
 Singling its other half, into its arms
 Shall rush with all the' impatience of a man
 That's new come home, and, having long been
 absent,
 With haste runs over every different room,

In pain to see the whole, Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time nor death shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night ;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down and dozes till the dawn of day ;
Then claps his well fledged wings, and bears away.

DEATH.

BY

BEILBY PORTEUS, D.D.

DEATH.

FRIEND to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,

I woo thee, Death! In fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
The strain of empty joy.—Life and its joys
I leave to those that prize them.—At this hour,
This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,
And wearied nature makes a general pause,
Wrapp'd in night's sable robe, through cloisters
drear,

And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng
Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
Of Death!—Deep in a murky cave's recess,
Laved by oblivion's listless stream, and fenced
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
Of yew' and cypress' shade, from all intrusion
Of busy noontide beam, the monarch sits
In unsubstantial majesty enthroned.

At his right hand, nearest himself in place
And frightfulness of form, his parent, Sin,
With fatal industry and cruel care,

Busies herself in pointing all his stings,
 And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
 From her infernal store; around him ranged
 In terrible array, and strange diversity
 Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread ministers.
 Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
 And firmest friend: next him, diseases thick,
 A motley train; Fever with cheek of fire;
 Consumption wan; Palsy, half warm with life,
 And half a clay-cold lump; joint-torturing Gout,
 And ever gnawing Rheum; Convulsion wild;
 Swoln Dropsy; panting Asthma; Apoplex
 Full-gorged.—There too the pestilence that walks
 In darkness, and the sickness that destroys
 At broad noonday. These, and a thousand more,
 Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when
 By Heaven's command, Death waves his ebon
 wand,

Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
 And scatter desolation o'er the earth.

Ill fated man, for whom such various forms
 Of misery wait, and mark their future prey!
 Ah! why, All-righteous Father, didst thou make
 This creature, man? Why wake the' unconscious
 To life and wretchedness? O better far [dust
 Still had he slept in uncreated night,
 If this the lot of being!—Was it for this
 Thy breath divine kindled within his breast
 The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
 Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments?

For this dominion given him absolute
 O'er all thy creatures, only that he might reign
 Supreme in woe? From the bless'd source of good
 Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such foul ill
 Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,
 The impious thought! God never made a creature
 But what was good. He made a living man:
 The man of death was made by man himself.
 Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,
 Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
 No fear of death, no check to his desires,
 Save one command. That one command (which
 stood

'Twixt him and ruin, the test of his obedience),
 Urged on by wanton curiosity,
 He broke.—There in one moment was undone
 The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand
 That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit
 Unbarr'd the gates of hell, and let loose Sin
 And Death and all the family of Pain
 To prey upon mankind. Young Nature saw
 The monstrous crew, and shook through all her
 frame;

Then fled her new-born lustre, then began
 Heaven's cheerful face to lour, then vapours choked
 The troubled air, and form'd a vale of clouds
 To hide the willing sun. The earth, convulsed
 With painful throes, threw forth a bristly crop
 Of thorns and briars; and insect, bird, and beast,
 That went before with admiration fond

To gaze at man, and fearless crowd around him,
Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
The' infection of his misery. He alone
Who justly might, the' offended Lord of man,
Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity,
Forsook not in this uttermost distress
His best loved work. That comfort still remain'd
(That best, that greatest comfort in affliction),
The countenance of God, and through the gloom
Shot forth some kindly gleams to cheer and warm
The' offender's sinking soul. Hope, sent from
Heaven,

Upraised his drooping head, and show'd afar
A happier scene of things; the promised seed
Trampling upon the serpent's humbled crest,
Death of his sting disarm'd, and the dank grave
Made pervious to the realms of endless day,
No more the limit but the gate of life.

Cheer'd with the view, man went to till the earth
From whence he rose; sentenced indeed to toil,
As to a punishment; (yet even in wrath
So merciful is Heaven!) this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a livelong hour, and surest guard
Against disease and Death.—Death, though de-
nounced,

Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm
Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since, the shortlived sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;

Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years
One solitary ghost went shivering down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way; labour prepared
His simple fare, and temperance ruled his board.
Tired with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
As breath of evening zephyr, and as sweet
Were all his slumbers; with the sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as he, to run [strength,
His destined course. Thus nerved with giant
He stemm'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.

At life's meridian point arrived, he stood,
And looking round saw all the valleys fill'd
With nations from his loins; full well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till full of years
He dropp'd like mellow fruit into his grave.

Such in the infancy of time was man;
So calm was life, so impotent was death.
O, had he but preserved those few remains,
Those shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heaven from the sad wreck
Of innocence primeval, still had he lived
Great even in ruin, though fallen, yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not every where beset

With Death in every shape! But he, impatient
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes. 'Twas man himself
Brought Death into the world, and man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiplied destruction on mankind.

First Envy, eldest born of hell, embrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
To make a death which Nature never made,
And God abhorr'd, with violence rude to break
The thread of life, ere half its thread was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improved
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough;
By subtle Fraud, to snatch a single life,
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power; more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast.—One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero.—Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men!
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of Death! Still monarchs dream

Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin.—Blast the design,
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!
Yet say, should tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to roar;
Should dove-eyed Peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive branch, and give the world repose,
Would Death be foil'd? Would health and strength
and youth
Defy his power? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of war?—Alas!
Even in the smile of peace, that smile which sheds
A heavenly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury; war its thousands slays,
Peace its ten thousands: in the' embattled plain,
Though Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not even there so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in the' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting
Means to be bless'd—but finds himself undone.
Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and Fancy steers his course;
Safe glides his little bark along the shore,
Where Virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth, beyond discretion's mark,

Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O sad but sure mischance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe, midst Indian wilds,
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To Freedom's holy cause, than so to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to vice, intemperance, and disease.

Yet die even thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye sons of Pleasure, by the' Almighty stricken,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves the murderous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of
Justice,

And be your own avengers.—Hold, rash man,
Though with anticipating speed thou'st ranged
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days,
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair,
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe
Compared with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And ere thou plungest into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge awhile, look down and see
Thy future mansion—Why that start of horror?
From thy slack hand why drops the' uplifted steel?
Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
The wretch that, with his crimes all fresh about him,
Rushes irreverent, unprepared, uncall'd,

Into his Maker's presence, throwing back,
With insolent disdain, his choicest gift!

Live then, while Heaven in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to wash away,
By penitential tears and deep contrition,
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul, so unappall'd shalt meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His lingering stroke. Be it thy sole concern
With innocence to live, with patience wait
The' appointed hour; too soon that hour will come,
Though Nature run her course;—but Nature's God,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,
And quench the lamp of life.—O, when he comes,
Roused by the cry of wickedness extreme,
To heaven ascending from some guilty land,
Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath;
Forth from his bosom plucks his lingering arm,
And on the miscreant pours destruction down!
Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
His whole displeasure? In no common form
Death then appears, but starting into size
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
The' astonish'd earth, and from his looks throws
Unutterable horror and dismay. [round
All Nature lends her aid. Each element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of heaven,
The fountains of the deep their barriers break,

Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
 And drown creation, or in floods of fire
 Descends a livid cataract, and consumes
 An impious race.—Sometimes, when all seems
 peace,

Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
 Sweeps nations to their graves, or in the deep
 Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a
 youth

Floats on his watery bier, or lies unwept
 On some sad desert shore.—At dead of night,
 In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence:
 Contagion close behind taints all her steps
 With poisonous dew; no smiting hand is seen,
 No sound is heard; but soon her secret path
 Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps
 Promiscuous drop: no friend, no refuge near;
 All, all is false and treacherous around,
 All that they touch or taste or breathe is Death.

But, ah! what means that ruinous roar? Why
 fail

These tottering feet?—Earth to its centre feels
 The Godhead's power, and, trembling at his touch
 Through all its pillars and in every pore,
 Hurls to the ground with one convulsive heave
 Precipitating domes and towns and towers,
 The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
 Of general devastation, millions find
 One common grave: not even a widow left
 To wail her sons: the house, that should protect,

Entombs its master, and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn
Starts from beneath him.—Shield me, gracious
Heaven,

O, snatch me from destruction! if this globe,
This solid globe, which thine own hand hath made
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray;
If my own mother Earth, from whence I sprung,
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
Where look for succour? Where, but up to Thee,
Almighty Father? Save, O save thy suppliant
From horrors such as these!—At thy good time
Let Death approach; I reckon not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear. O, rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke,
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
On this world's brink, and look into the next;
When my soul, starting from the dark unknown,
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life,
Then shed thy comforts o'er me; then put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,
In all their hideous forms then starting up,
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
And stab my bleeding heart with two edged torture,

Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghastly crew! and in their stead,
Let cheerful memory from her purest cells
Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair,
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly balm
Of conscious innocence.—But chiefly thou,
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from heaven,
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die:
Disdain not thou to smooth the restless bed
Of sickness and of pain.—Forgive the tear
That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt soul, anticipating Heaven,
Bursts from the thralldom of encumbering clay,
And on the wing of ecstasy upborne,
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life!

THE
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

BY
ROBERT GLYNN, M. D.



THE
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THY justice, heavenly King! and that great day,
When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
Shall raise her pensive head; and Vice, that erst
Ranged unreprieved and free, shall sink appalled;
I sing adventurous.—But what eye can pierce
The vast immeasurable realms of space,
O'er which Messiah drives his flaming car
To that bright region, where enthroned he sits
First-born of Heaven, to judge assembled worlds,
Clothed in celestial radiance! Can the Muse,
Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
Soar to that bright empyreal, where around
Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir,
Hymn hallelujahs; and, in concert loud,
Chant songs of triumph to their Maker's praise?—
Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unused
To tread poetic soil. What though the wiles
Of Fancy me, enchanted, ne'er could lure
To rove o'er fairy lands; to swim the streams

Or joy, on secret good? Why conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain
Stands tottering on the precipice of death?
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
Of dying sinners: while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?

Look round the world! with what a partial hand
The scale of bliss and misery is sustain'd!
Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
Pale Virtue lies; no arm supports her head,
No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
Nor soft-eyed Pity drops a melting tear:
But, in their stead, Contempt and rude Disdain
Insult the banish'd wanderer: on she goes
Neglected and forlorn: disease, and cold,
And famine, worst of ills, her steps attend:
Yet patient, and to Heaven's just will resign'd,
She ne'er is seen to weep or heard to sigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon sweet smelling
bower,
Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth,
Sits pamper'd Vice! For him the' Arabian gale
Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's hills
For him pour nectar from the purple vine;
Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
To Heaven: of Heaven he never names the name;
Save when with imprecations dark and dire
He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom health
Sits on his rosy cheek; yet honour gilds

His high exploits; and downy pinion'd sleep
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

Seest thou this, righteous Father? Seest thou
this,

And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall good and ill
Be carried undistinguish'd to the land
Where all things are forgot?—Ah! no; the day
Will come, when Virtue from the cloud shall burst
That long obscured her beams; when Sin shall fly
Back to her native hell; there sink eclipsed
In penal darkness; where nor star shall rise,
Nor ever sunshine pierce the' impervious gloom.

On that great day the solemn trump shall sound
(That trump which once in Heaven on man's revolt
Convoked the' astonish'd seraphs), at whose voice
The' unpeopled graves shall pour forth all their
dead.

Then shall the' assembled nations of the earth
From every quarter at the judgment seat
Unite: Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
Parthians, and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks;
Names famed of old: or who of later age,
Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk,
Tenant the wide terrene; and they who pitch
Their tents on Niger's banks; or, where the sun
Pours on Golconda's spires his early light,
Drink Ganges' sacred stream. At once shall rise
Whom distant ages to each other's sight
Had long denied: before the throne shall kneel

Some great progenitor, while at his side
Stands his descendant through a thousand lines.
Whate'er their nation and whate'er their rank,
Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and sceptred kings,
With equal eye the God of All shall see ;
And judge with equal love. What though the great
With costly pomp and aromatic sweets
Embalm'd his poor remains ; or through the dome
A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
While solemn organs to his parting soul
Chanted slow orisons ? Say, by what mark
Dost thou discern him from that lowly swain
Whose mouldering bones beneath the thornbound
turf

Long lay neglected ?—All at once shall rise ;
But not to equal glory : for, alas !
With howlings dire and execrations loud
Some wail their fatal birth.—First among these
Behold the mighty murderers of mankind ;
They who in sport whole kingdoms slew, or they
Who to the tottering pinnacle of power
Waded through seas of blood ! How will they
curse

The madness of ambition ; how lament
Their dear-bought laurels, when the widow'd wife
And childless mother at the judgment seat
Plead trumpet-tongued against them !—Here are
Who sunk an aged father to the grave ; [they
Or with unkindness hard and cold disdain
Slighted a brother's sufferings. Here are they

Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secured ;
Who from the infant virgin tore her dower,
And ate the orphan's bread :—who spent their
In selfish luxury ; or o'er their gold, [stores
Prostrate and pale, adored the useless heap.
Here too, who stain'd the chaste connubial bed ;—
Who mix'd the poisonous bowl ; or broke the ties
Of hospitable friendship :—And the wretch
Whose listless soul, sick with the cares of life,
Unsummon'd to the presence of his God
Rush'd in with insult rude. How would they joy
Once more to visit earth ; and, though oppress'd
With all that pain or famine can inflict,
Pant up the hill of life ! Vain wish ! the Judge
Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,
Perpetual punishment ! Seek not to know
What punishment ! For that the' Almighty will
Has hid from mortal eyes : and shall vain man,
With curious search refined, presume to pry
Into thy secrets, Father ? No : let him
With humble patience all thy works adore,
And walk in all thy paths : so shall his meed
Be great in heaven, so haply shall he scape
The' immortal worm and never ceasing fire.

But who are they who, bound in tenfold chains,
Stand horribly aghast ? This is that crew
Who strove to pull Jehovah from his throne,
And in the place of heaven's eternal King
Set up the phantom Chance. For them, in vain,
Alternate seasons cheer'd the rolling year ;

In vain the sun o'er herb, tree, fruit, and flower
 Shed genial influence mild; and the pale moon
 Repair'd her waning orb. Next these is placed
 The vile blasphemer, he whose impious wit
 Profaned the sacred mysteries of faith,
 And gainst the' impenetrable walls of heaven
 Planted his feeble battery. By these stands
 The archapostate: he with many a wile
 Exhorts them still to foul revolt. Alas!
 No hope have they from black despair, no ray
 Shines through the gloom to cheer their sinking
 souls:

In agonies of grief they curse the hour
 When first they left Religion's onward way.

These on the left are ranged: but on the right
 A chosen band appears, who fought beneath
 The banner of Jehovah, and defied
 Satan's united legions. Some unmoved
 At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barbarous climes
 Diffused the gospel's light; some long immured
 (Sad servitude!) in chains and dungeons pined;
 Or rack'd with all the agonies of pain
 Breathed out their faithful lives. Thrice happy
 they

Whom Heaven elected to that glorious strife!—
 Here are they placed, whose kind munificence
 Made heaven-born Science raise her drooping
 And on the labours of a future race [head;
 Entail'd their just reward. Thou amongst these,

Good Seaton! whose well judged benevolence,
Fostering fair genius, bade the poet's hand
Bring annual offerings to his Maker's shrine,
Shalt find the generous care was not in vain.—
Here is that favourite band, whom mercy mild,
God's best loved attribute, adorn'd ; whose gate
Stood ever open to the stranger's call ;
Who fed the hungry ; to the thirsty lip
Reach'd out the friendly cup ; whose care benign
From the rude blast secured the pilgrim's side ;
Who heard the widow's tender tale, and shook
The galling shackle from the prisoner's feet ;
Who each endearing tie, each office knew
Of meek-eyed heaven-descended Charity.—
O Charity, thou nymph divinely fair!
Sweeter than those whom ancient poets bound
In amity's indissoluble chain,
The Graces! How shall I essay to paint
Thy charms, celestial maid ; and in rude verse
Blazon those deeds thyself didst ne'er reveal?
For thee nor rankling envy can infect,
Nor rage transport, nor high o'erweening pride
Puff up with vain conceit : ne'er didst thou smile
To see the sinner as a verdant tree
Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the stream :
While like some blasted trunk the righteous fell,
Prostrate, forlorn. When prophecies shall fail,
When tongues shall cease, when knowledge is
no more,

And this Great Day is come; thou by the throne
Shalt sit triumphant. Thither, lovely maid,
Bear me, O, bear me on thy soaring wing,
And through the adamantine gates of heaven
Conduct my steps, safe from the fiery gulf
And dark abyss where Sin and Satan reign!

But can the Muse, her numbers all too weak,
Tell how that restless element of fire
Shall wage with seas and earth intestine war,
And deluge all creation? Whether (so
Some think) the comet, as through fields of air
Lawless he wanders, shall rush headlong on,
Thwarting the' ecliptic where the' unconscious
earth

Rolls in her wonted course; whether the sun
With force centripetal into his orb
Attract her long reluctant; or the caves,
Those dread volcanos, where engendering lie
Sulphureous minerals, from their dark abyss
Pour streams of liquid fire; while from above,
As erst on Sodom, Heaven's avenging hand
Rains fierce combustion. Where are now the
works

Of art, the toil of ages?—Where are now
The' imperial cities, sepulchres and domes,
Trophies and pillars?—Where is Egypt's boast,
Those lofty pyramids which high in air
Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times
Of Memphian pride a lasting monument?—

Tell me where Athens raised her towers?—Where
Thebes

Open'd her hundred portals?—Tell me where
Stood seagirt Albion?—Where imperial Rome,
Propp'd by seven hills, stood like 'a sceptred
queen,

And awed the tributary world to peace?—
Show me the rampart, which o'er many a hill,
Through many a valley stretch'd its wide extent,
Raised by that mighty monarch, to repel
The roving Tartar, when with insult rude
Gainst Pekin's towers he bent the' unerring bow.

But what is mimic Art? Even Nature's works,
Seas, meadows, pastures, the meandering streams,
And everlasting hills, shall be no more.

No more shall Teneriffe, cloud-piercing height,
O'erhang the' Atlantic surge: nor that famed cliff,
Through which the Persian steer'd with many a
sail,

Throw to the Lemnian isle its evening shade
O'er half the wide Ægean. Where are now
The Alps that confined with unnumber'd realms,
And from the Black Sea to the Ocean-stream
Stretch'd their extended arms?—Where's Ararat,
That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark,
Which seven long months had voyaged o'er its top,
First rested, when the earth with all her sons,
As now by streaming cataracts of fire,
Was whelm'd by mighty waters? All at once

Are vanish'd and dissolved ; no trace remains,
 No mark of vain distinction : Heaven itself,
 That azure vault with all those radiant orbs,
 Sinks in the universal ruin lost,—

No more shall planets round their central Sun
 Move in harmonious dance ; no more the Moon
 Hang out her silver lamp ; and those fixed Stars
 Spangling the golden canopy of night,
 Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
 Call'd from their wondrous height, to read their
 names

And magnitude, some winged minister
 Shall quench ; and (surest sign that all on earth
 Is lost) shall rend from Heaven thy mystic bow.

Such is that awful, that tremendous Day
 Whose coming who shall tell ? For as a thief
 Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
 Through Night's dark gloom. Perhaps as here
 I sit,

And rudely carol these incondite lays,
 Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the
 mouth

That lisps the faltering strain. O ! may it ne'er
 Intrude unwelcome on an ill spent hour ;
 But find me wrapp'd in meditations high,
 Hymning my great Creator !

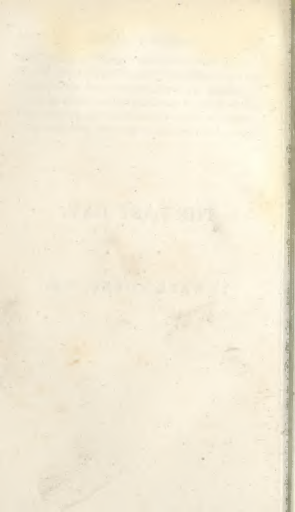
..... ' Power supreme !
 O everlasting King ! To Thee I kneel,
 To thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat

Melt, all ye elements ! And thou, high heaven,
Shrink like a shrivel'd scroll ! But think, O Lord !
Think on the best, the noblest of thy works ;
Think on thine own bright image ! Think on Him
Who died to save us from thy righteous wrath ;
And, midst the wreck of worlds, remember man !

THE LAST DAY.

BY

EDWARD YOUNG, D.D.



THE LAST DAY.

A Poem.

IN THREE BOOKS.

DEDICATION TO THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

My only title to the great honour I now do myself is the obligation I have formerly received from your royal indulgence; which I remember with the utmost gratitude. I was indeed uneasy till I had bethought myself of some means of relieving my heart by expressing its acknowledgments: my inclination carried me to poetry; your virtues determined me to sacred poetry above all other; and in that kind there is no subject more exalted and affecting than this which I have chosen: its very first mention snatches away the soul to the borders of eternity, surrounds it with wonders, opens to it on every hand the most surprising scenes of awe and astonishment, and terminates its view with nothing less than the fulness of glory and the throne of God.

But this may seem a very improper season for any thing of so grave and solemn a nature to present itself before you, and mingle with the gaiety and splendour of universal joy and thanksgiving: yet if we consider that the thoughts which you will meet in the following pages are such as are ever uppermost in your own heart; and that, in all probability, those great blessings which your people now enjoy are the reward of that religious bent of mind and virtuous disposition in their Prince; I hope that may seem less foreign and unseasonable, which is the root of the felicity now flourishing amongst us, and shedding its ripened fruits on our land.

They are strangers to your Majesty who think, when they write to the British throne, that victories and triumphs must be their constant theme; they know not there is something you hold much dearer than either your fortune or your glory; they have not attended to your unbounded charities; they have not heard of your royal care and generosity to those who serve at the holy altar; they never sufficiently admired your resolution of building magnificently to the Lord, and setting wide the gates of salvation: in a word, they are still to be informed that prudent counsels and successful arms, well ordered states and humbled foes are only the second glories of your most illustrious reign.

It is, madam, a prospect truly great to behold

you seated on your throne, surrounded with your faithful counsellors and mighty men of war, issuing forth commands to your own people, or giving audience to the great princes and powerful rulers of the earth: but why should we confine your glory here! I am pleased to see you rise from this lower world, soaring above the clouds, passing the first and second heavens, leaving the fixed stars behind you; nor will I lose you there, but keep you still in view through the boundless spaces on the other side of creation, in your journey towards eternal bliss; till I behold the heaven of heavens open, and angels receiving and conveying you still onward from the stretch of my imagination, which tires in her pursuit, and falls back again to the earth.

What a panegyric is it on human nature to consider that it shall come to pass in some future time, through which the thread of your existence shall run, that you yourself may forget this *glorious year* *, or make its remembrance only serve by comparison to recommend superior honours and more splendid renown? Let us tremble at the power of God, and adore the profusion of his goodness on us his creatures? We behold thee, O Queen! great in peace and war, great in thy alliance, greater in thyself! We see thee blessing thy people, and composing the strifes of Europe; we survey thee in this full light, this blaze of

* The year 1713, when the peace of Utrecht was concluded.

sublunary greatness, and own thy glory is not yet begun.

Such thoughts might appear too warm and affected on another occasion; but they are so natural to him who presents such a theme to such a Queen that they are not without violence to be suppressed. When at your royal leisure you turn over the following sheets, if you find any thing that encourages virtue, or disheartens vice, let it intercede for pardon of my many defects and errors.

That your reign may be as pious as it is glorious, and give posterity as many instances of exemplary virtue and religion as it will of eminent talents and extraordinary capacities; that it may not only shine in history and be great in the annals of the earth, but also be set down in the observation of angels, and with distinguished characters be written in the book of life, to give joy at the GREAT DAY, is the constant prayer of him who is (as most particularly obliged to be)

Your Majesty's

Most humble

And most obedient Subject,

EDWARD YOUNG.

THE LAST DAY.

Venit summa dies,—

Virg.

BOOK I.

Ipsæ pater, media nimborum in nocte, cornuæ
Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
Terra tremat: fugere feræ; et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor.—

Virg.

WHILE others sing the fortune of the great,
Empire, and arms, and all the pomp of state,
With Britain's hero* set their souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire,
I draw a deeper scene; a scene that yields
A louder trumpet and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both Earth and Heaven o'er-
thrown,
And gasping Nature's last tremendous groan;
Death's ancient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom!
'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
And ask my anxious heart if it be mine?

* The Duke of Marlborough.

Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the sight of conscious stars or sun
Is far beneath my daring ; I look down
On all the splendours of the British crown,
This globe is for my verse a narrow bound ;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around !
O ! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
Of every various order, place, and kind,
Hear, and assist a feeble mortal's lays ;
'Tis your eternal King I strive to praise.

But chiefly thou, great Ruler ! Lord of all !
Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall ;
If at thy nod, from discord and from night,
Sprang beauty and yon sparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me : all inward tumults quell ;
The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel ;
To my great subject thou my breast inspire,
And raise my labouring soul with equal fire.

Man ! bear thy brow aloft, view every grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous Nature's face ;
See Spring's gay bloom, see golden Autumn's store,
See how Earth smiles, and hear old Ocean roar.
Leviathans but heave their cumbrous mail,
It makes a tide, and windbound navies sail.
Here forests rise, the mountain's awful pride ;
Here rivers measure climes, and worlds divide ?
There valleys, fraught with gold's resplendent
seeds,
Hold kings' and kingdoms' fortunes in their beds :

There to the skies aspiring hills ascend,
And into distant lands their shades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law in Albion's channel ride.
View the whole earth's vast landscape unconfined,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raise;
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
How far from east to west! the labouring eye
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry:
Wide theatre! where tempests play at large,
And God's right hand can all its wrath discharge.
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the seasons, and the year control:
They shine through time with an unalter'd ray,
See this grand period rise, and that decay:
So vast, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space;
So bright, with such a wealth of glory stored,
'Twere sin in heathens not to have adored.

How great, how firm, how sacred all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all must drop, as Autumn's sickliest grain,
And earth and firmament be sought in vain:
The tract forgot where constellations shone,
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:
Time shall be slain, all Nature be destroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner or later, in some future date,
(A dreadful secret in the book of fate!)

This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose;
When scenes are changed on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's sin forbids not) other Aunes;
While the still busy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thousand years before,
Thoughtless as those who now life's mazes run,
Of earth dissolved, or an extinguished sun;
(Ye sublunary worlds! awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nations! hear, and shake!)
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day,
In sudden night all Earth's dominions lay,
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend,
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted shore;
A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread,
Darkness the circle of the sun invade;
From inmost heaven incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

When, lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note; the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
The' extended circuit of creation shake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

Oh, powerful blast! to which no equal sound
Did e'er the frightened ear of Nature wound,

Though rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the sky ;
Though God's whole enginery discharged, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels sinn'd ? and shall not man beware ?
How shall a son of earth decline the snare ?
Not folded arms and slackness of the mind
Can promise for the safety of mankind.
None are supinely good ; through care and pain
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
This is the scene of combat, not of rest ;
Man's is laborious happiness at best :
On this side death his dangers never cease ;
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If then, obsequious to the will of Fate,
And bending to the terms of human state,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When Beauty smiles, or Grandeur spreads her
 charms,
The conscious soul would this great scene display,
Call down the' immortal hosts in dread array,
The trumpet sound, the Christian banner spread,
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead ;
Such deep impression would the picture make,
No power on earth her firm resolve could shake ;
Engaged with angels she would greatly stand,
And look regardless down on sea and land ?
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
And Death might shake his threatening lance in
 vain !

Her certain conquest would endear the fight,
And danger serve but to exalt delight.

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring
Whence flow the terrors of that day I sing,
More boldly we our labours may pursue,
And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,
All that is lovely in the noxious snake
Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake:
The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise
In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy what once did horror move,
And strong aversion softens into love.

Say then, my Muse! whom dismal scenes delight,
Frequent at tombs and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid! if bold to dare
The last extremes of terror and despair;
Oh, say what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackest moment since the world began.

Ah mournful turn! the blissful Earth, who late
At leisure on her axle roll'd in state,
While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
Still onward in their circling journey press'd;
A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring;
Some through vast oceans to conduct the keel,
And some those watery worlds to sink or swell:
Around her some their splendours to display,
And gild her globe with tributary day;

This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
Heaven's darling child, and favourite of her God,
Now looks on exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
No sun in radiant glory shines on high,
No light, but from the terrors of the sky;
Fallen are her mountains, her famed rivers lost,
And all into a second chaos toss'd:
One universal ruin spreads abroad;
Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.

Such, Earth! thy fate: what then canst thou afford
To comfort and support thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How must he bend his soul's ambition down!
Prostrate, the reptile own, and disavow
His boasted stature and assuming brow!
Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,
That speaks distinction from his sister worm!
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade!
Lord! why dost thou forsake whom thou hast
made?

Who can sustain thy anger? who can stand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought: oh, save me, Power
Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou who beneath the frown of Fate hast stood,
And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood;
Thou who for me, through every throbbing vein,
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;

Whom Death led captive through the realms below,
And taught those horrid mysteries of woe ;
Defend me, O my God ! oh, save me, Power
Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour !

From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring shelter from the wrath divine ;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep :
Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.
So fares a traitor to an earthly crown,
While Death sits threatening in his prince's frown,
His heart's dismay'd ; and now his fears command
To change his native for a distant land :
Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea ;
The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint that day ?
This time elaborately thrown away ?
Words all in vain pant after the distress,
The height of eloquence would make it less.
Heavens ! how the good man trembles !—

And is there a Last Day ? and must there come
A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom ?
Ambition ! swell ; and, thy proud sails to show,
Take all the winds that Vanity can blow ;
Wealth ! on a golden mountain blazing stand,
And reach an India forth in either hand ;

Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting Vine!
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright Beauty!
shine;

Shine all, in all your charms together rise,
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
While I mount upward on a strong desire,
Borne, like Elijah, on a car of fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involved!
To smile at death! to long to be dissolved!
From our decays a pleasure to receive!
And kindle into transport at a grave!
What equals this? And shall the victor now
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! oh thou cherub, heavenly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd and fathomless delight!
Thou, thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught but God and my own soul.

For ever, then, my soul! thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading
shame?

They all for him pursue or quit their end;
The mounting flames their burning power suspend;
In solid heaps the' unfrozen billows stand,
To rest and silence awed by his command:
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
By nature dreadful and athirst for blood,
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.

Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main,
When Darkness round him all her horrors spread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?

When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;
When now the foaming surges, toss'd on high,
Disclose the sands beneath and touch the sky;
When death draws near, the mariners aghast
Look back with terror on their actions past,
Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
Their hearts, through fear and anguish, melt away;
Nor tears nor prayers the tempest can appease;
Now they devote their treasure to the seas;
Unload their shatter'd bark, though richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but, oh, the storm so high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he descends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows close; he's number'd with the dead.
(Hear, O ye just! attend, ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety pursue)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his servant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempestuous Nature silent stand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace;

He bridles in the monsters of the deep ;
The bridled monsters awful distance keep ;
Forget their hunger while they view their prey,
And guiltless gaze and round the stranger play.

But still arise new wonders: Nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his powerful word,
And calls the great leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his state,
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
Makes the sea shake, and heaven and earth re-
sound,

Blackens the waters with the rising sand,
And drives vast billows to the distant land.
As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air
Struggles for vent and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws' enormous size,
The prophet views the cavern with surprise,
Measures his monstrous teeth, afar descried,
And rolls his wondering eyes from side to side ;
Then takes possession of the spacious seat,
And sails secure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleased the northern blast to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains void of fear,
Or falls, immersed, into the depths below,
Where the dead silent waters never flow ;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade ;
Where plummet never reach'd he draws his breath,
And glides serenely through the paths of death.

Two wondrous days and nights through coral
groves,
Through labyrinths of rocks and sands he roves;
When the third morning, with its level rays,
The mountains gilds and on the billows plays,
It sees the king of waters rise and pour
His sacred guest uninjured on the shore;
A type of that great blessing which the Muse
In her next labour ardently pursues.

BOOK II.

Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν εἰς φάος ἰλθεῖν.
 Λείψαν ἀποικομένων· ὀπίσω δὲ Θεοὶ τελίθονται.
 PHOCYL.

i. e.

We hope that the departed will rise again from the dust;
 after which, like the gods, they will be immortal.

Now man awakes, and from his silent bed,
 Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head,
 Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
 And on the borders of new worlds appears.
 Whate'er the bold, the rash adventure cost,
 In wide eternity I dare be lost.
 The Muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,
 To teach the swain or celebrate the king:
 I grasp the whole; no more to parts confined,
 I lift my voice, and sing to humankind:
 I sing to men and angels; angels join,
 While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.
 Again the trumpet's intermitted sound
 Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
 A universal concourse to prepare
 Of all that ever breathed the vital air;
 In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
 Drive cities, forests, mountains to the deep,

To smooth and lengthen out the' unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long committed dust;
Now charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Selfmoved, advance; the neck, perhaps, to meet
The distant head; the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members, and complete the frame.

When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty
sword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord:
Yet one day lost, this deity below
Became the scorn and pity of his foe;
His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,
And smoked indignant on a ruffian's blade:
No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell
Bid, with due horror, his great soul farewell:
Obscure his fall! all weltering in his gore,
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore!
While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
Though realms now rise between and oceans roar.
The trumpet's sound each vagrant mote shall hear,
Or fix'd in earth or if afloat in air,
Obey the signal wafted in the wind,
And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

So swarming bees, that on a summer's day
In airy rings and wild meanders play, [end,
Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wanderings
And, gently circling, on a bough descend.

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
Which has perhaps been fluttering near the pole,
Or midst the burning planets wondering stray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid,
Or rather coasted on her final state,
And fear'd or wish'd for her appointed fate;
This soul, returning with a constant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame:
Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
The springs maintain an everlasting round.
Thus a frail model of the work design'd
First takes a copy of the builder's mind;
Before the structure firm, with lasting oak,
And marble bowels of the solid rock,
Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
And bear the lofty palace to the skies;
The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,
With bars of adamant and ribs of brass.

That ancient, sacred, and illustrious dome*,
Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come
From camps and courts, though great or wise or
just,
To feed the worm and moulder into dust;
That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,

* Westminster Abbey.

Now populous o'erflows; a numerous race
Of rising kings fill all the' extended space:
A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
Awards the crown, and styles the greater lord.

Nor monuments alone and burial earth
Labours with man to this his second birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
And gilded theatres invade the skies,
Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
The most magnificent and costly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No spot on earth but has supplied a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave:
All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn
The swarm shall issue and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise:
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes,
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night:
Others, whose long attempted virtue stood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
Whose firm resolve nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown;
Such, in this day of horrors, shall be seen
To face the thunders with a godlike mien.
The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;
The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move.
An earth dissolving, and a heaven thrown wide,
A yawning gulf, and fiends on every side,

Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bless the dawn of everlasting day.

Here Greatness prostrate falls, there Strength
gives place ;

Here lazars smile, there Beauty hides her face.
Christians and Jews and Turks and Pagans stand,
A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expired,
With zeal for their distinct persuasions fired,
In mutual friendship their long slumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or, warm
With juster confidence, enjoy the storm,
Than those whose pious bounties unconfined
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illustrious rank what shining light,
With such distinguish'd glory, fills my sight?
Bend down, my grateful Muse! that homage show
Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.
Wickham! Fox! Chichely*! hail, illustrious
names!

Who to far distant times dispense your beams ;
Beneath your shades and near your crystal springs
I first presumed to touch the trembling strings :
All hail, thrice honour'd! 'twas your great renown
To bless a people and oblige a crown ;
And now you rise, eternally to shine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.

* Founders of New College, Corpus Christi, and All Souls,
in Oxford ; of all which the author was a member.

Indulgent God! oh, how shall mortal raise
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
For bounty so profuse to humankind,
Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less
Than worm or mite or shadow can express,
Was nothing; shall I live when every fire
Of every star shall languish and expire?
When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
And through the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,
Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael sung or fought?
All that has being in full consort join,
And celebrate the depths of love divine!

But, oh! before this blissful state, before
The' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar,
The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.

This mighty scene I next presume to draw;
Attend, great Anna! with religious awe:
Expect not here the known successful arts
To win attention and command our hearts.
Fiction! be far away; let no machine,
Descending here, no fabled god be seen;
Behold the God of gods indeed descend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,

At Heaven's all powerful edict is prepared,
And fenced around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below,
And every age and nation pours along ;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng ;
Adam salutes his youngest son ; no sign
Of all those ages which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life and guides the heart !
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been
To fix a hero's birthday or descent ! [spent
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of ancient days !
To greet those worthies who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood !
Alas ! a nearer care your soul demands ;
Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse ! not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above ;
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire, *fall* ; another, *stand* ;
Whose rear lay wrapp'd in night, while breaking
dawn
Roused the broad front and call'd the battle on ;
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield
(Another blow had broke the Fates' decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy),

Immortal Blenheim, famed Ramillia's host ;
 They all are here, and here they all are lost ;
 Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
 Lost as a billow in the' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air :
 ' For judgment, judgment, sons of men ! prepare !'
 Earth shakes anew, I hear her groans profound,
 And Hell through all her trembling realms resound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest power of earth,
 Bless'd with most equal planets at thy birth,
 Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
 Most realms united in one common lord,
 Who on the day of triumph, saidst, ' Be thine
 The skies, Jehovah ; all this world is mine ;'
 Dare not to lift thine eye.—Alas ; my Muse !
 How art thou lost ! what numbers canst thou
 choose ?

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
 And now the crimson curtains open fly ;
 Lo ! far within, and far above all height, [light,
 Where Heaven's great Sovereign reigns in worlds of
 Whence Nature he informs, and with one ray,
 Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
 Creates, supports, confounds ! where time and
 place,
 Matter, and form, and fortune, life, and grace
 Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
 And move obedient at his awful nod ;
 Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
 At random on this air-suspended ball

(Speck of creation), if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.
Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light),
I see, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely raised, Heaven's everlasting Son,
Crown'd with that majesty which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd ;
Virtue, Dominion, Praise, Omnipotence
Support the train of their triumphant Prince,
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light :
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er, serene, he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect or find a paradise ;
But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand Knowledge shines in purest light ;
On one, the sword of Justice, fiercely bright,
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed ;
Now tell the scourged Impostor he shall bleed !

Thus glorious through the courts of Heaven,
the Source

Of life and death eternal bends his course ;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play ;
The' angelic host is ranged in bright array :
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding
And mingling voices in rich concert swell ; [shell,
Voices seraphic ! bless'd with such a strain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of Glory! Soul of bliss!
 What a stupendous turn of fate is this!
 Oh! whither art thou raised above the scorn
 And indigence of him in Bethlehem born;
 A needless, helpless, unaccounted guest,
 And but a second to the fodder'd beast!
 How changed from him who, meekly prostrate laid,
 Vouchsafed to wash the feet himself had made!
 From him who was betray'd, forsook, denied,
 Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd,
 and died!
 Hung pierced and bare, insulted by the foe,
 All Heaven in tears above, Earth unconcern'd
 below!

And was't enough to bid the Sun retire?
 Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
 I see, I hear, I feel the pangs divine;
 The world is vanish'd,—I am wholly thine.

Mistaken Caiaphas! ah, which blasphemed,
 Thou or thy prisoner: which shall be condemn'd?
 Well mightst thou rend thy garments, well exclaim,
 Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
 But God is good! 'tis wondrous all! e'en He
 Thou gavest to death, shame, torture, died for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight,
 From earth full twice a planetary height;
 There all the clouds condensed, two columns raise,
 Distinct with orient veins and golden blaze;
 One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round
 Its ample foot the swelling billows sound:

These an immeasurable arch support,
The grand tribunal of this awful court :
Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky, [fly :
Stream from the crystal arch and round the columns
Death, wrapp'd in chains, low at the basis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthroned the' eternal Judge is placed,
With all the grandeur of his godhead graced ;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel, eminently bright,
From off his silver staff, of wondrous height,
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies :
The Cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain
Where'er it floats, on earth and air and main ;
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dyed ocean into blood.

Oh formidable Glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
Ah turn, unwary Muse! nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not (to make the Sun shrink in his beam),
Dare not affirm they wish it all a dream ;
Wish or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway :
But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah how! but by repentance, by a mind
Quick and severe its own offence to find?

By tears and groans and never ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of prayer?—
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I cast my heart before the' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies surround,
For homage to its Lord a narrow bound. [weigh,
‘ O Thou! whose balance doth the mountains
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
Whose breath can turn those watery worlds to
flame,
That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame ;
Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.

‘ Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
To scatter wide, or bury in the deep :
Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,
And wholly dedicate my soul to thee :
Reign o'er my will ; my passions ebb and flow
At thy command, nor human motive know !
If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
And sin the graceful indignation raise :
My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.

‘ O, may my understanding ever read
This glorious volume which thy wisdom made !
Who decks the maiden Spring with flowery pride ?
Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling bride ?
Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown ?
And bids old Winter lay her honours down ?
Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war.

May sea and land and earth and heaven be join'd,
To bring the' eternal Author to my mind!

When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll, [soul;
May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake me
When earth's in bloom or planets proudly shine,
Adore, my heart, the Majesty Divine!

' Through every scene of life, or peace or war,
Plenty or want, thy glory be my care!
Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?
Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine:
Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow,
The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow:
'Tis thou that lead'st our powerful armies forth,
And givest great Anne thy sceptre o'er the North.

' Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
Open with prayer the consecrated day;
Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
And with the mounting Sun ascend the skies:
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardour of consummate love;
Nor cease at eve, but with the setting Sun
My endless worship shall be still begun.
And, oh! permit the gloom of solemn Night
To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies;
Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,
And show all Nature in a milder light;
How every boisterous thought in calms subsides!
How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides!

Oh, how divine ! to tread the milky way,
To the bright palace of the Lord of day ;
His court admire, or for his favour sue,
Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew ;
Pleased to look down and see the world asleep,
While I long vigils to its founder keep !

‘ Canst thou not shake the centre ? Oh, control,
Subdue by force the rebel in my soul.

Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
Restrain the various tumults of my blood :
Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
Alluring pleasure and assaulting pain.

Oh, may I pant for thee in each desire !

And with strong faith foment the holy fire !

Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize
Which in Eternity’s deep bosom lies !

At the great day of recompense behold,
Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold !

Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,
From age to age my grateful song repeat ;
My light, my life, my God, my Saviour, see,
And rival angels in the praise of thee !’

BOOK III.

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, affore tempus,
 Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
 Ardeat; et mundi moles operosa laboret.

Ovid. Met.

THE book unfolding, the resplendent seat
 Of saints and angels, the tremendous fate
 Of guilty souls, the gloomy realms of woe,
 And all the horrors of the world below
 I next presume to sing. What yet remains
 Demands my last but most exalted strains;
 And let the Muse or now affect the sky
 Or in inglorious shades for ever lie.
 She kindles; she's inflamed, so near the goal;
 She mounts; she gains upon the starry pole;
 The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
 And the Sun darkens to her distant sight.
 Heaven, opening, all its sacred pomp displays,
 And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze!
 The triumph rings! archangels shout around!
 And echoing Nature lengthens out the sound!
 Ten thousand trumpets now at once advance;
 Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse:
 So deep the silence and so strong the blast,
 As Nature died, when she had groan'd her last.

Nor man nor angel moves ; the Judge on high
 Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky ;
 Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
 Which high to view supporting seraphs raise ;
 In solemn form the rituals are prepared,
 The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.
 And thou, my soul! (oh, fall to sudden prayer,
 And let the thought sink deep!) shalt thou be
 there?

See on the left (for by the great command
 The throng divided falls on either hand)
 How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
 What more than death in every face and mien!
 With what distress and glarings of affright
 They shock the heart, and turn away the sight!
 In gloomy orbs their trembling eyeballs roll,
 And tell the horrid secrets of the soul:
 Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
 And every groan is laden with despair.
 Reader! if guilty, spare the Muse, and find
 A truer image pictured in thy mind.

Shouldst thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
 And all the soft companions of thy life,
 Whose blended interests level'd at one aim,
 Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,
 Divided far, thy wretched self alone
 Cast on the left of all whom thou hast known,
 How would it wound! what millions wouldst thou
 give
 For one more trial, one day more to live!

Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
To grasp with eagerness the means of grace,
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age!
Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
Arrest the Sun; but still of this despair.

Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's image fresh in every face!
What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that rise above
This world, and in bless'd angels kindle love!
To the great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold the' Almighty's anger burn,
Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust?
Oh, the transcendent glory of the just!
Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt
The' infected brightness of the joy pollute.
Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest
 draws nigh,
Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye,
Feels doubtful passions throb in every vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
Lest still some intervening chance should rise,
Leap forth at once, and snatch the golden prize,
Inflame his woe by bringing it so late,
And stab him in the crisis of his fate.

Since Adam's family, from first to last,
Now into one distinct survey is cast,
Look round, vainglorious Muse! and you whoe'er
Devote yourselves to Fame, and think her fair,
Look round and seek the lights of human race,
Whose shining acts Time's brightest annals grace ;
Who founded sects, crowns conquer'd or resign'd ;
Gave names to nations, or famed empires join'd ;
Who raised the vale, and laid the mountain low,
And taught obedient rivers where to flow ;
Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madness of the roaring main ;
All lost? all undistinguish'd? nowhere found?
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace sound?

That hour, on which the' Almighty King on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right hand favour'd or annoy'd,
Continued, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd,
Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave north or west dominion o'er the world ;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himself was spill'd,
That dreadful moment is arrived.—

Aloft, the seats of bliss their pomp display,
Brighter than brightness this distinguish'd day ;
Less glorious when of old the' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won ;
Through heaven's high gates when he triumphant
rode,
And shouting angels hail'd the Victor God.

Horrors beneath, darkness in darkness, bell
Of bell, where torments behind torments dwell ;
A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
O'erboiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey,
And roars outrageous for the destined prey ;
The sons of light scarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer press beaven's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene, and one short moment's space
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write ;
The whole creation swivels before my sight :
I see, I see the Judge's frowning brow ;
Say not 'tis distant ; I behold it now :
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My soul recoils at the stupendous woe ;
That woe, those pangs, which from the guilty breast
In these, or words like these, shall be express'd :—

‘ Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave ?
Ah ! cruel Death, that would no longer save,
But grudged me e'en that narrow dark abode,
And cast me out into the wrath of God ;
Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
And all the dreadful eloquence of pain
Our only song ; black fire's malignant light
The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.

‘ Must all those powers Heaven gave me to
supply
My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,

Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
 Sense, reason, memory increase my woe?
 And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
 Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
 Oh! must I look with terror on my gain,
 And with existence only measure pain?
 What! no reprieve, no least indulgence given,
 No beam of hope, from any point of heav'n!
 Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?
 Is love extinguish'd in the Source of love?

‘ Bold that I am, did Heaven stoop down to hell?
 The' expiring Lord of life my ransom seal?
 Have I not been industrious to provoke?
 From his embraces obstinately broke?
 Pursued and panted for his mortal hate,
 Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate?
 And dare I on extinguish'd love exclaim?
 Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slackening
 flame;

Just is my lot—but, oh! must it transcend
 The reach of time, despair a distant end?
 With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise
 Where Thought can't follow, and bold Fancy dies!

‘ *Never!* where falls the soul at that dread sound?
 Down an abyss how dark and how profound!
 Down, down, (I still am falling, horrid pain!)
 Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain;
 My plunge but still begun—and this for sin?
 Could I offend if I had never been,

But still increased the senseless happy mass,
Flow'd in the stream, or shiver'd in the grass?

' Father of mercies ! why from silent earth
Didst thou awake and curse me into birth ?
Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
And make a thankless present of thy light ?
Push into being a reverse of thee,
And animate a clod with misery ? [keep

' The beasts are happy ; they come forth and
Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep :
Pain is for man ; and, oh ! how vast a pain
For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain !
Annull'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
And flung his agonies and death away ?
As our dire punishment for ever strong,
Our constitution too for ever young,
Cursed with returns of vigour still the same,
Powerful to bear and satisfy the flame ;
Still to be caught, and still to be pursued !
To perish still, and still to be renew'd !

' And this, my help ! my God ! at thy decree ?
Nature is changed, and hell should succour me.
And canst thou then look down from perfect bliss,
And see me plunging in the dark abyss ?
Calling thee Father in a sea of fire ?
Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire ?
With mortal's anguish wilt thou raise thy name,
And by my pangs Omnipotence proclaim ?

' Thou who canst toss the planets to and fro,
Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe ;

Crush worlds; in hotter flames fallen angels lay;
On me almighty wrath is cast away.

Call back thy thunders, Lord! hold in thy rage,
Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage:
Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame,
But lose me in the greatness of thy name.

Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
And shall I make those glories cease to shine?
Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
And from its course turn back Omnipotence?

‘ Forbid it! and, oh! grant, great God! at least
This one, this slender, almost no request;
When I have wept a thousand lives away,
When Torment is grown weary of its prey,
When I have raved ten thousand years in fire,
Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire.’

Deep anguish! but too late; the hopeless soul,
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loath, and ever loud blaspheming, owns
He’s justly doom’d to pour eternal groans;
Enclosed with horrors, and transfix’d with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain;
To talk to fiery tempests, to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o’er;
To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God.

The favour’d of their Judge in triumph move
To take possession of their thrones above,
Satan’s accursed desertion to supply,
And fill the vacant stations of the sky;

Again to kindle long extinguish'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heavenly blaze ;
To crop the roses of immortal youth,
And drink the fountainhead of sacred truth ;
To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
And lift the voice to their Almighty King ;
To lose eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heaven's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,
And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain :
What boldly I begin let others end ;
My strength exhausted, fainting I descend,
And choose a less, but no ignoble theme,
Dissolving elements and worlds in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour is come,
And Nature shrinks at her approaching doom ;
Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
Heaven's terrors in array surround the ball ;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors' blaze conspire,
And, darted downward, set the world on fire :
Black rising clouds the thicken'd ether choke,
And spiry flames dart through the rolling smoke,
With keen vibrations cut the sullen night,
And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light ;
From heaven's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous course
To' enrage the flame ; it spreads, it soars on high,
Swells in the storm, and billows through the sky :
Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
Cities and deserts in one ruin blend ;

Here blazing volumes, wafted, overwhelm
The spacious face of a far distant realm;
There, undermined, down rush eternal hills,
The neighbouring vales the vast destruction fills.

Hear'st thou that dreadful crack; that sound
which broke

Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook?
What wonders must that groan of Nature tell?
Olympus there and mightier Atlas fell,
Which seem'd, above the reach of Fate, to stand
A towering monument of God's right hand;
Now dust and smoke, whose brow so lately spread
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.

Show me that celebrated spot where all
The various rulers of the sever'd ball
Have humbly sought wealth, honour, and redress,
That land which Heaven seem'd diligent to bless,
Once call'd Britannia; can her glories end?
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold surrounding seas!
Like oil their waters but augment the blaze.

Some angel, say where ran proud Asia's bound?
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Where stretch'd waste Libya? where did India's
store

Sparkle in diamonds and her golden ore?
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all dissolved, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims or walks or flies,
Inhabitants of sea or earth or skies ;
All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge and perish in the conquering flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage ; the flakes aspire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heavens
their prey ;

The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away ;
All, all is lost ; no monument, no sign
Where once so proudly blazed the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire ;
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire ;
The devastations of one dreadful hour
The great Creator's six days' work devour :
A mighty, mighty ruin ; yet one soul
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole ;
Exalted in superior excellence,
Casts down to nothing such a vast expense.
Have ye not seen the' eternal mountains nod,
An earth dissolving, a descending God ?
What strange surprises through all Nature ran ?
For whom these revolutions but for man ?
For him Omnipotence new measures takes,
For him through all eternity awakes ;
Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
Heaven's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.

Think deeply then, O Man ! how great thou art ;
Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart ;

What angels guard no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
And gaze and wander there, a ravish'd guest;
Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
Wander through all the glories of thy mind:
Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
Foretells a noon most exquisitely bright!
Here springs of endless joy are breaking forth:
There buds the promise of celestial worth!
Worth which must ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, minor, canst not guess thy vast estate,
What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait;
Lose not thy claim, let Virtue's paths be trod,
Thus glad all heaven, and please that bounteous
 God

Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky:
That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And God shine forth in one eternal day!

DEITY.

BY

SAMUEL BOYSE.

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DEITY.

Unde nil majus generator ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.

Hor.

From earth's low prospects and deceitful aims,
From wealth's allurements, and ambition's dreams,
The lover's raptures, and the hero's views,
All the false joys mistaken man pursues ;
The schemes of science, the delights of wine,
Or the more pleasing follies of the Nine !
Recall, fond bard, thy long enchanted sight
Deluded with the visionary light !

A nobler theme demands thy sacred song,
A theme beyond or man's or angel's tongue !

But oh, alas ! unhallow'd and profane,
How shalt thou dare to raise the heavenly strain ?
Do thou, who from the altar's living fire
Isaiah's tuneful lips didst once inspire,
Come to my aid, celestial Wisdom, come ;
From my dark mind dispel the doubtful gloom :
My passions still, my purer breast inflame,
To sing that God from whom existence came ;
Till heaven and nature in the concert join,
And own the Author of their birth divine.

ETERNITY.

WHENCE sprung this glorious frame? or whence
 The various forms the universe compose? [arose
 From what Almighty Cause, what mystic springs
 Shall we derive the origin of things?

Sing, heavenly Guide! whose all efficient light
 Drew dawning planets from the womb of Night!
 Since reason, by thy sacred dictates taught,
 Adores a power beyond the reach of thought.

First Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth!
 Sole light of heaven! acknowledged life of earth:
 Whose Word from nothing call'd this beauteous
 whole,

This wide expanded all from pole to pole!
 Who shall prescribe the boundary to thee,
 Or fix the era of eternity?

Should we, deceived by Error's sceptic glass,
 Admit the thought absurd—that nothing was!
 Thence would this wild, this false conclusion flow,
 That nothing raised this beauteous all below;
 When from disclosing darkness splendour breaks,
 Associate atoms move, and matter speaks,
 When nonexistence bursts its close disguise,
 How blind are mortals—not to own the skies!

If one vast void eternal held its place,
 Whence started time? or whence expanded space?
 What gave the slumbering mass to feel a change,
 Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range?
 Could nothing link the universal chain?
 No, 'tis impossible, absurd, and vain!

Here reason its eternal Author finds,
 The whole who regulates, unites, and binds,
 Enlivens matter, and produces minds !
 Inactive Chaos sleeps in dull repose,
 Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows !
 A nobler source those powers ethereal show,
 By which we think, design, reflect, and know ;
 These from a cause superior date their rise,
 ' Abstract in essence from material ties.'
 An origin immortal as supreme,
 From whose pure day, celestial rays ! they came :
 In whom all possible perfections shine,
 Eternal, self-existent, and divine !

From this great spring of uncreated might !
 This all resplendent orb of vital light ;
 Whence all created beings take their rise,
 Which beautify the earth or paint the skies ;
 Profusely wide the boundless blessings flow,
 Which heaven enrich and gladden worlds below !
 Which are no less, when properly defined,
 Than emanations of the ' Eternal Mind !
 Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear,
 (Let unbelief attend and shrink with fear !)
 That what for ever was—must surely be
 Beyond commencement, and from period free ;
 Drawn from himself his native excellence,
 His date eternal, and his space immense !
 And all of whom that man can comprehend
 Is, that he ne'er began nor e'er shall end.

In him from whom existence boundless flows,
 Let humble faith its sacred trust repose :

Assured on his eternity depend,
 'Eternal Father! and eternal Friend!'
 Within that mystic circle safety seek,
 No time can lessen, and no force can break;
 And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,
 High Rock of ages, ancient Sire of days!

UNITY.

Thus recognised, the spring of life and thought!
 Eternal, self-derived, and unbegot!
 Approach, celestial Muse, the' empyreal throne,
 And awfully adore the' exalted One!
 In nature pure, in place supremely free,
 And happy in essential unity!
 Bless'd in himself, had from his forming hand
 No creature sprung to hail his wide command;
 Bless'd, had the sacred fountain ne'er run o'er,
 A boundless sea of bliss that knows no shore!
 Nor sense can two prime origins conceive,
 Nor reason two eternal gods believe!
 Could the wild Manichæan own that guide,
 The good would triumph, and the ill subside!
 Again would vanquish'd Arimanius bleed,
 And darkness from prevailing light recede!
 In different individuals we find
 An evident disparity of mind;
 Hence ductile thought a thousand changes gains,
 And actions vary as the will ordains;
 But should two beings, equally supreme,
 Divided power and parted empire claim;

How soon would universal order cease !
 How soon would discord harmony displace !
 Eternal schemes maintain eternal fight,
 Nor yield, supported by eternal might ;
 Where each would uncontrol'd his aim pursue,
 The links dissever, or the chain renew !
 Matter from motion cross impressions take,
 As served each power his rival's power to break,
 While neutral Chaos, from his deep recess,
 Would view the never ending strife increase,
 And bless the contest that secured his peace !
 While new creations would opposing rise,
 And elemental war deform the skies ;
 Around wild uproar and confusion hurl'd,
 Eclipse the heavens, and waste the ruin'd world.

Two independent causes to admit

Destroys religion and debases wit ;
 The first by such an anarchy undone,
 The last acknowledges its source but one.
 As from the main the mountain rills are drawn
 That wind irriguous through the flowery lawn ;
 So, mindful of their spring, one course they keep,
 Exploring till they find their native deep !

Exalted Power, invisible, supreme,
 Thou sovereign, sole, unutterable name !
 As round thy throne thy flaming seraphs stand,
 And touch the golden lyre with trembling hand ;
 Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,
 With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes infold ;
 Transported with the ardours of thy praise,
 The holy ! holy ! holy ! anthem raise !

To them responsive let creation sing,
Thee, indivisible eternal King !

SPIRITUALITY.

O, SAY, celestial Muse ! whose purer birth
Disdains the low material ties of earth ;
By what bright images shall be defined
The mystic nature of the' Eternal Mind !
Or how shall thought the dazzling height explore,
Where all that reason can—is to adore !

That God's an immaterial essence pure,
Whom figure can't describe, nor parts immure ;
Incapable of passions, impulse, fear,
In good preeminent, in truth severe ;
Unmix'd his nature, and sublimed his powers
From all the gross allay that tempers ours :
In whose clear eye the bright angelic train
Appear suffused with imperfection's stain ;
Impervious to the man's or seraph's eye,
Beyond the ken of each exalted high,
Him would in vain material semblance feign,
Or figured shrines the boundless God contain ;
Object of faith ! he shuns the view of sense,
Lost in the blaze of sightless excellence !
Most perfect, most intelligent, most wise,
In whom the sanctity of pureness lies ;
In whose adjusting mind the whole is wrought,
Whose form is spirit, and whose essence thought !
As truths inscribed by wisdom's brightest ray,
In characters that gild the face of day !

Reason confess'd (howe'er we may dispute),
Fix'd boundary! discovers man from brute;
But, dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,
Depress'd in matter, and allied to clay!
In forms superior kindles less confined,
Whose dress is ether, and whose substance mind;
Yet all from Him, supreme of causes, flow,
To him their powers and their existence owe:
From the bright cherub of the noblest birth
To the poor reasoning glowworm placed on earth;
From matter then to spirit still ascend,
Through spirit still refining, higher tend;
Pursue, on knowledge bent, the pathless road,
Pierce through infinitude in quest of God!
Still from thy search the centre still shall fly,
Approaching still—thou never shalt come nigh!
So its bright orb the' aspiring flame would join,
But the vast distance mocks the fond design.
If he, Almighty! whose decree is fate,
Could, to display his power, subvert his state;
Bid from his plastic hand a greater rise,
Produce a master, and resign his skies;
Impart his incommunicable flame,
The mystic number of the' Eternal Name;
Then might revolting reason's feeble ray
Aspire to question God's all perfect day!
Vain task! the clay in the directing hand
The reason of its form might so demand
As man presume to question his dispose
From whom the power he thus abuses flows.

Here point, fair Muse! the worship God requires :
 The soul inflamed with chaste and holy fires,
 Where love celestial warms the happy breast,
 And from sincerity the thought's express'd ;
 Where genuine piety and truth refined
 Reconsecrate the temple of the mind ;
 With grateful flames the living altars glow,
 And God descends to visit man below !

OMNIPRESENCE.

THROUGH the' unmeasurable tracks of space
 Go, Muse divine! and present Godhead trace!
 See where, by place uncircumscribed as time,
 He reigns extended, and he shines sublime!
 Shouldst thou above the heaven of heavens ascend,
 Couldst thou below the depth of depths descend,
 Could thy fond flight beyond the starry sphere
 The radiant morning's lucid pinions bear,
 There should his brighter presence shine confess'd,
 There his almighty arm thy course arrest!
 Couldst thou the thickest veil of Night assume,
 Or think to hide thee in the central gloom,
 Yet there, all patient to his piercing sight,
 Darkness itself would kindle into light :
 Not the black mansions of the silent grave,
 Nor darker hell, from his perception save ;
 What power, alas! thy footsteps can convey
 Beyond the reach of omnipresent day!

In his wide grasp and comprehensive eye
 Immediate worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie :

Systems enclosed in his perception roll,
Whose all informing mind directs the whole :
Lodged in his grasp, their certain ways they know ;
Placed in that sight from whence can nothing go.
On earth his footstool fix'd, in heaven his seat ;
Enthroned he dictates, and his word is fate.

Nor want his shining images below,
In streams that murmur or in winds that blow ;
His spirit broods along the boundless flood,
Smiles in the plain, and whispers in the wood :
Warms in the genial sun's enlivening ray,
Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day !

Should man his great immensity deny,
Man might as well usurp the vacant sky :
For were he limited in date or view,
Thence were his attributes imperfect too :
His knowledge, power, his goodness, all confined,
And lost the idea of a ruling mind !
Feeble the trust and comfortless the sense
Of a defective partial providence !
Boldly might then his arm Injustice brave,
Or Innocence in vain his mercy crave ;
Dejected Virtue lift its hopeless eye,
And heavy Sorrow vent the heartless sigh !
An absent God no abler to defend,
Protect, or punish than an absent friend ;
Distant alike our wants or griefs to know,
To ease the anguish, or prevent the blow ;
If he, Supreme Director, were not near,
Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear ;

Unpunish'd vice would o'er the world prevail,
And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail!

The moral world a second chaos lie,
And nature sicken to the thoughtful eye!

E'en the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,
From his high power its slender texture takes;
While in his book the various parts enroll'd,
Increasing own eternal Wisdom's mould.

Nor views he only the material whole,
But pierces thought, and penetrates the soul!
Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,
Or the faint purpose dawns within the heart,
His steady eye the mental birth perceives,
Ere yet to us the new idea lives!
Knows what we say, ere yet the words proceed,
And, ere we form the' intention, marks the deed!

But Conscience, fair vicegerent light within,
Asserts its author, and restores the scene!
Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,
'And vindicates the ways of God to man.'

Then, sacred Muse, by the vast prospect fired,
From Heaven descended, as by Heaven inspired;
His all enlightening omnipresence own,
When first thou feel'st thy dwindling presence
known;

His wide omniscience, justly grateful, sing,
Whence thy weak science prunes its callow wing!
And bless the' Eternal, all informing Soul,
Whose sight pervades, whose knowledge fills the
whole.

IMMUTABILITY.

As the Eternal and Omniscient Mind,
 By laws not limited nor bounds confin'd,
 Is always independent, always free,
 Hence shines confess'd Immutability !
 Change, whether the spontaneous child of will,
 Or birth of force—is imperfection still.
 But he, all perfect, in himself contains
 Power self derived, and from himself he reigns !
 If, alter'd by constraint, we could suppose
 That God his fix'd stability should lose ;
 How startles reason at a thought so strange !
 What power can force Omnipotence to change ?
 If from his own divine productive thought
 Were the yet stranger alteration wrought ;
 Could excellence supreme new rays acquire ?
 Or strong perfection raise its glories higher ?
 Absurd!—his high meridian brightness glows,
 Never decreases, never overflows !
 Knows no addition, yields to no decay,
 The blaze of incommunicable day ! [range,
 Below, through different forms does matter
 And life subsists from elemental change ;
 Liquids, condensing, shapes terrestrial wear,
 Earth mounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air ;
 While we, inquiring phantoms of a day,
 Inconstant as the shadows we survey,
 With them, along Time's rapid current pass,
 And haste to mingle with the parent mass ;

But thou, Eternal Lord of life divine !
In youth immortal shalt for ever shine !
No change shall darken thy exalted name ;
From everlasting ages still the same !

If God, like man, his purpose could renew,
His laws could vary, or his plans undo,
Desponding faith would droop its cheerless wing,
Religion deaden to a lifeless thing !
Where could we, rational, repose our trust,
But in a Power immutable as just ?
How judge of revelation's force divine,
If Truth unerring gave not the design ?
Where, as in Nature's fair according plan,
All smiles benevolent and good to man.

Placed in this narrow clouded spot below,
We darkly see around and darkly know !
Religion lends the salutary beam [gleam ;
That guides our reason through the dubious
Till sounds the hour, when he who rules the skies
Shall bid the curtain of Omniscience rise !
Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,
And show his creatures—all his ways are right !

Then, when astonish'd Nature feels its fate,
And fetter'd Time shall know his latest date ;
When earth shall in the mighty blaze expire,
Heaven melt with heat, and worlds dissolve in fire ;
The universal system shrink away,
And ceasing orbs confess the' almighty sway ;
Immortal he, amidst the wreck secure,
Shall sit exalted, permanently pure !

As in the sacred bush shall shine the same,
And from the ruin raise a fairer frame!

OMNIPOTENCE.

FAR hence, ye visionary charming maids,
Ye fancied nymphs that haunt the Grecian shades!
Your birth who from conceiving fiction drew,
Yourselves producing phantoms as untrue:
But come, superior Muse! divinely bright,
Daughter of Heaven, whose offspring still are
Oh, condescend, celestial sacred guest! [light;
To purge my sight and animate my breast,
While I presume Omnipotence to trace,
And sing that Power who peopled boundless
space! [rode,

Thou present wert, when forth the' Almighty
While Chaos trembled at the voice of God! [drew,
Thou saw'st, when o'er the' immense his line he
When Nothing from his word existence knew!
His word that waked to life the vast profound,
While conscious light was kindled at the sound!
Creation fair surprised the' angelic eyes,
And sovereign Wisdom saw that all was wise!

Him, sole Almighty, Nature's book displays,
Distinct the page, and legible the rays!
Let the wild sceptic his attention throw
To the broad horizon or earth below;
He finds thy soft impression touch his breast,
He feels the God, and owns him unconfess'd.
Should the stray pilgrim, tired of sands and skies,
In Libya's waste behold a palace rise,

Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought?
Go, atheist, hence, and mend thy juster thought!

What hand, almighty Architect! but thine
Could give the model of this vast design?
What hand but thine adjust the' amazing whole,
And bid consenting systems beauteous roll?
What hand but thine supply the solar light?
Ever bestowing, yet for ever bright!
What hand but thine the starry train array,
Or give the moon to shed her borrow'd ray?
What hand but thine the azure convex spread?
What hand but thine compose the ocean's bed?
To the vast main the sandy barrier throw,
And with the feeble curb restrain the foe?
What hand but thine the wintry flood assuage,
Or stop the tempest in its wildest rage?

Thee, infinite! what finite can explore?
Imagination sinks beneath thy power;
Thee could the ablest of thy creatures know,
Lost were thy unity, for He were thou!
Yet present to all sense thy power remains,
Reveal'd in nature nature's Author reigns!
In vain would error from conviction fly,
Thou every where art present to the eye.
The sense how stupid, and the sight how blind,
That fails this universal truth to find!

Go! all the sightless realms of space survey,
Returning trace the planetary way!
The Sun that in this central glory shines,
While every planet round his orb inclines;

Then at our intermediate globe repose,
And view yon lunar satellite that glows;
Or cast along the azure vault thy eye,
When golden day enlightens all the sky;
Around, behold Earth's variegated scene,
The mingling prospects and the flowery green;
The mountain brow, the long extended wood,
Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood;
And say, are these the wild effects of chance;
Oh, strange effect of reasoning ignorance!

Nor power alone confess'd in grandeur lies,
The glittering planet or the painted skies!
Equal the elephant's or emmet's dress
The wisdom of Omnipotence confess;
Equal the cumbrous whale's enormous mass,
With the small insect in the crowded grass;
The mite that gambols in its acid sea,
In shape a porpus, though a speck to thee!
E'en the blue down the purple plum surrounds,
A living world thy failing sight confounds,
To him a peopled habitation shows,
Where millions taste the bounty God bestows!

Great Lord of life, whose all controlling might
Through wide creation beams divinely bright,
Nor only does thy power in forming shine,
But to annihilate, dread King! is thine.
Shouldst thou withdraw thy still supporting hand,
How languid Nature would astonish'd stand!
Thy frown the ancient realm of night restore,
And raise a blank—where systems smiled before!

See in corruption, all surprising state,
How struggling life eludes the stroke of fate ;
Shock'd at the scene, though sense averts its eye,
Nor stops the wondrous process to descry ;
Yet juster thought the mystic change pursues,
And with delight Almighty Wisdom views !
The brute the vegetable world surveys,
Sees life subsisting e'en from life's decays !
Mark there, self-taught, the pensive reptile come,
Spin his thin shroud, and living build his tomb !
With conscious care his former pleasures leave,
And dress him for the business of the grave !
Thence, pass'd the shortlived change, renew'd he
springs,

Admires the skies, and tries his silken wings !
With airy flight the insect roves abroad,
And scorns the meaner earth he lately trod !

Thee, potent, let deliver'd Israel praise,
And to thy name their grateful homage raise !
Thee, potent God ! let Egypt's land declare,
That felt thy justice awfully severe !
How did thy frown benight the shadow'd land !
Nature reversed, how own thy high command !
When jarring elements their use forgot,
And the sun felt thy overcasting blot !
When Earth produced the pestilential brood,
And the foul stream was crimson'd into blood !
How deep the horrors of that awful night,
How strong the terror, and how wild the fright !
When o'er the land thy sword vindictive pass'd,
And men and infants breathed at once their last,

How did thy arm thy favour'd tribes convey!
Thy light conducting point the patent way!
Obedient ocean to their march divide,
The watery wall distinct on either side;
While through the deep the long procession led,
And saw the wonders of the oozy bed!
Nor long they march'd till, blackening in the rear,
The vengeful tyrant and his host appear!
Plunged down the steep, the waves thy nod obey,
And whelm the threatening storm beneath the sea!

Nor yet thy power thy chosen train forsook,
When through Arabia's sands their way they took;
By day thy cloud was present to the sight,
Thy fiery pillar led the march by night;
Thy hand amidst the waste their table spread,
With feather'd viands, and with heavenly bread:
When the dry wilderness no streams supplied,
Gush'd from the yielding rock the vital tide!
What limits can Omnipotence confine?
What obstacles oppose thy arm divine?
Since stones and waves their settled laws forego,
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow!

On Sinai's top, the Muse with ardent wing
The triumphs of Omnipotence would sing!
When o'er its airy brow thy cloud display'd,
Involved the nations in its awful shade;
When shrunk the Earth from thy approaching face,
And the rock trembled to its rooted base:
Yet where thy majesty divine appear'd,
Where shone thy glory, and thy voice was heard;

E'en in the blaze of that tremendous day,
 Idolatry its impious rites could pay!
 Oh, shame to thought!—thy sacred throne invade,
 And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head!

WISDOM.

O THOU, who, when the' Almighty form'd this all,
 Upheld the scale, and weigh'd each balanced ball;
 And as his hand completed each design,
 Number'd the work, and fix'd the seal divine;
 O Wisdom infinite! creation's soul,
 Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole,
 What tongues shall make thy charms celestial
 known?

What hand, fair goddess! paint thee but thy own?

What though in nature's universal store
 Appear the wonders of almighty power;
 Power, unattended, terror would inspire,
 Awed must we gaze, and comfortless admire.
 But when fair Wisdom joins in the design,
 The beauty of the whole result's divine!

Hence life acknowledges its glorious cause,
 And matter owns its great Disposer's laws;
 Hence in a thousand different models wrought,
 Now fix'd to quiet, now allied to thought;
 Hence flow the forms and properties of things,
 Hence rises harmony, and order springs;
 Else had the mass a shapeless chaos lay,
 Nor ever felt the dawn of Wisdom's day!

See how, associate, round their central sun
 Their faithful rings the circling planets run;

Still equidistant, never yet too near,
 Exactly tracing their appointed sphere.
 Mark how the moon our flying orb pursues,
 While from the sun her monthly light renews,
 Breathes her wide influence on the world below,
 And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow,
 View how in course the constant seasons rise,
 Deform the earth, or beautify the skies :
 First, Spring advancing with her flowery train ;
 Next, Summer's hand, that spreads the silvan scene ;
 Then, Autumn, with her yellow harvests crown'd ;
 And trembling Winter close the annual round.
 The vegetable tribes observant trace,
 From the tall cedar to the creeping grass :
 The chain of animated beings scale,
 From the small reptile to the' enormous whale ;
 From the strong eagle stooping through the skies
 To the low insect that escapes thy eyes !
 And see, if see thou canst, in every frame,
 Eternal Wisdom shine confess'd the same :
 As proper organs to the least assign'd,
 As proper means to propagate the kind,
 As just the structure, and as wise the plan,
 As in this lord of all—debating man !

Hence, reasoning creature, thy distinction find,
 Nor longer to the ways of Heaven be blind.
 Wisdom in outward beauty strikes the mind,
 But outward beauty points a charm behind.
 What gives the earth, the ambient air, or seas,
 The plain, the river, or the wood to please ?

Oh, say, in whom does beauty's self reside,
 The beautifier or the beautified?
 There dwells the Godhead in the bright disguise,
 Beyond the ken of all created eyes;
 His works our love and our attention steal;
 His works (surprising thought) the Maker veil;
 Too weak our sight to pierce the radiant cloud
 Where Wisdom shines, in all her charms avow'd.

O gracious God, omni-potent and wise,
 Unerring Lord, and Ruler of the skies!
 All condescending, to my feeble heart
 One beam of thy celestial light impart;
 I seek not sordid wealth or glittering power;
 O, grant me wisdom—and I ask no more!

PROVIDENCE.

As from some level country's shelter'd ground,
 With towns replete, with green enclosures bound,
 Where the eye, kept within the verdant maze,
 But gets a transient vista as it strays,
 The pilgrim to some rising summit tends,
 Whence opens all the scene as he ascends;
 So Providence the friendly height supplies,
 Where all the charms of Deity surprise;
 Here Goodness, Power, and Wisdom, all unite,
 And dazzling glories whelm the ravish'd sight!

Almighty Cause! 'tis thy preserving care
 That keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair;
 The sun, from thy superior radiance bright,
 Eternal sheds his delegated light;

Lends to his sister orb inferior day,
And paints the silver moon's alternate ray:
Thy hand the waste of eating Time renews:
Thou shedd'st the tepid morning's balmy dews:
When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,
Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm;
Bids at thy will the slackening tempest cease,
While the calm ocean smooths its ruffled face;
When lightnings through the air tremendous fly,
Or the blue plague is loosen'd to destroy,
Thy hand directs or turns aside the stroke;
Thy word the fiend's commission can revoke;
When subterraneous fires the surface heave,
And towns are buried in the yawning grave,
Thou suffer'st not the mischief to prevail;
Thy sovereign touch the recent wound can heal.
To Zembla's rock thou send'st the cheerful gleam;
O'er Libya's sands thou pour'st the cooling stream;
Thy watchful providence o'er all intends;
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.

When man too long the paths of vice pursued,
Thy hand prepared the universal flood;
Gracious, to Noah gave the timely sign,
To save a remnant from the wrath divine?
One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,
And the ark heaved along the troubled sea;
Thou badest the deep his ancient bed explore,
The clouds their watery deluge pour'd no more!
The skies were clear'd—the mountain tops were
The dove pacific brought the olive green. [seen,

On Ararat the happy patriarch toss'd,
 Found the recover'd world his hopes had lost;
 There his fond eyes review'd the pleasing scene,
 The Earth all verdant, and the air serene!
 Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,
 While Noah grateful adoration paid!
 Beholding in the many tinctured bow
 The promise of a safer world below.

When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
 And rising Babel heaven with pride survey'd;
 Thy word the mighty labour could confound,
 And leave the mass to moulder with the ground.

From thee all human actions take their springs,
 The rise of empires and the fall of kings!
 See the vast theatre of time display'd,
 While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread!
 With pomp the shining images succeed,
 What leaders triumph, and what monarchs bleed!
 Perform the parts thy providence assign'd,
 Their pride, their passions to thy ends inclined:
 A while they glitter in the face of day,
 Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
 No traces left of all the busy scene, [been!
 But that remembrance says—' The things have
 ' But (questions Doubt) whence sickly nature feels
 The ague fits her face so oft reveals? [breast?
 Whence earthquakes heave the earth's astonish'd
 Whence tempests rage? or yellow plagues infest?
 Whence draws rank Afric her empoison'd store?
 Or liquid fires explosive Ætna pour?'

Go, sceptic mole! demand the' eternal cause,
The secret of his all preserving laws?
The depths of wisdom infinite explore,
And ask thy Maker—why he knows no more?

Thy error still in moral things as great
As vain to cavil at the laws of fate.
To ask why prosperous vice so oft succeeds,
Why suffers innocence, or virtue bleeds?
Why monsters, nature must with blushes own,
By crimes grow powerful, and disgrace a throne?
Why saints and sages, mark'd in every age,
Perish the victims of tyrannic rage;
Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,
Or Nero reign'd the delegate of hell?
In vain by reason is the maze pursued,
Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good:
Fix'd to the hold, so might the sailor aim
To judge the pilot, and the steerage blame;
As we direct to God what should belong,
Or say that sovereign wisdom governs wrong.

Nor always vice does uncorrected go,
Nor virtue unrewarded pass below!
Oft sacred Justice lifts her awful head,
And dooms the tyrant and the' usurper dead;
Oft Providence, more friendly than severe,
Arrests the hero in his wild career,
Directs the fever, poniard, or the ball,
By which an Ammon, Charles, or Cæsar fall;
Or when the cursed Borgias brew the cup
For merit, bids the monsters drink it up.

On violence oft retorts the cruel spear,
Or fetters cunning in its crafty snare:
Relieves the innocent, exalts the just,
And lays the proud oppressor in the dust!

But fast as Time's swift pinions can convey,
Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,
When to the view of all created eyes
God's high tribunal shall majestic rise,
When the loud trumpet shall assemble round
The dead, reviving at the piercing sound!
Where men and angels shall to audit come,
And millions yet unborn receive their doom!
Then shall fair Providence, to all display'd,
Appear divinely bright without a shade;
In light triumphant, all her acts be shown,
And blushing Doubt eternal Wisdom own!

Meanwhile, thou great Intelligence supreme,
Sovereign director of this mighty frame,
Whose watchful hand and all observing ken
Fashions the hearts and views the ways of men,
Whether thy hand the plenteous table spread,
Or measure sparingly the daily bread;
Whether or wealth or honours gild the scene,
Or wants deform and wasting anguish stain;
On thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye!
Know that thy Providence, their constant friend,
Through life shall guard them, and in death attend;
With everlasting arms their cause embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace.

GOODNESS.

YE seraphs, who God's throne encircling still,
 With holy zeal your golden censers fill ;
 Ye flaming ministers, to distant lands
 Who bear, obsequious, his divine commands ;
 Ye cherubs, who compose the sacred choir,
 Attuning to the voice the' angelic lyre !
 Or ye, fair natives of the heavenly plain,
 Who once were mortal,—now a happier train !
 Who spend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
 In blissful meads and amaranthine bowers ;
 Oh, lend one spark of your celestial fire,
 O, deign my glowing bosom to inspire ;
 And aid the Muse's unexperienced wing,
 While Goodness, theme divine, she soars to sing !

Though all thy attributes divinely fair,
 Thy full perfection, glorious God ! declare ;
 Yet if one beams superior to the rest,
 Oh, let thy Goodness fairest be confess'd :
 As shines the moon amidst her starry train,
 As breathes the rose amongst the flowery scene,
 As the mild dove her silver plumes displays ;
 So sheds thy mercy its distinguish'd rays.

This led, Creator mild ! thy gracious hand,
 When formless Chaos heard thy high command ;
 When, pleased, thy eye thy matchless works re-
 view'd,

And Goodness placid spoke that all was good !

Nor only does in heaven thy goodness shine,
 Delighted Nature feels its warmth divine ;

The vital Sun's illuminating beam,
 The silver crescent, and the starry gleam,
 As day and night alternate they command,
 Proclaim that truth to every distant land.

See smiling Nature, with thy treasures fair,
 Confess thy bounty and parental care ;
 Renew'd by thee, the faithful seasons rise,
 And earth with plenty all her sons supplies.
 The generous lion and the brinded boar,
 As nightly through the forest walks they roar,
 From thee, Almighty Maker, seek their prey,
 Nor from thy hand unsated go away :
 To thee for meat the callow ravens cry,
 Supported by thy all preserving eye :
 From thee the feather'd natives of the plain,
 Or those who range the field, or plough the main,
 Receive with constant course the' appointed food,
 And taste the cup of universal good :
 Thy hand thou open'st, million'd myriads live ;
 Thou frown'st, they faint ; thou smilest, and they
 revive !

On Virtue's acre, as on Rapine's stores,
 See Heaven impartial deal the fruitful showers !
 ' Life's common blessings all her children share,'
 Tread the same earth, and breathe a general air !
 Without distinction boundless blessings fall,
 And Goodness, like the Sun, enlightens all !

Oh man ! degenerate man ! offend no more !
 Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore !
 Shall these through every tribe his bounty own,
 Of all his works ungrateful thou alone !

Deaf when the tuneful voice of Mercy cries,
 And blind when sovereign Goodness charms the
 eyes!

Mark how the wretch his awful name blasphemes,
 His pity spares—his clemency reclaims!

Observe his patience with the guilty strive,
 And bid the criminal repent and live;

Recall the fugitive with gentle eye,
 Beseech the obstinate, he would not die!

Amazing tenderness—amazing most,
 The soul on whom such mercy should be lost!

But wouldst thou view the rays of goodness join
 In one strong point of radiance all divine,
 Behold, celestial Muse! yon eastern light;
 To Bethlehem's plain, adoring, bend thy sight!
 Hear the glad message to the shepherds given,
 'Good will on earth to man, and peace in heaven!'
 Attend the swains, pursue the starry road,
 And hail to earth the Saviour and the God!

Redemption! oh thou beauteous mystic plan,
 Thou salutary source of life to man!
 What tongue can speak thy comprehensive grace?
 What thought thy depths unfathomable trace?
 When lost in sin our ruin'd nature lay,
 When awful Justice claim'd her righteous pay,
 See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
 And stop the lightning just prepared to fly!
 (O strange effect of unexampled love!)
 View him descend the heavenly throne above;
 Patient the ills of mortal life endure,
 Calm though reviled, and innocent though poor!

Uncertain his abode, and coarse his food,
 His life one fair continued scene of good;
 For us sustain the wrath to man decreed,
 The victim of eternal justice bleed!
 Look! to the cross the Lord of life is tied,
 They pierce his hands, and wound his sacred side;
 See God expires! our forfeit to atone,
 While Nature trembles at his parting groan!

Advance, thou hopeless mortal, steel'd in guilt,
 Behold, and, if thou canst, forbear to melt!
 Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain,
 And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain?
 Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,
 When dying he looks down to bid thee live?
 Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good,
 Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood?
 Whose virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,
 Reheal thy nature, and confirm thy peace!
 Can all the errors of thy life atone,
 And raise thee from a rebel to a son!

O bless'd Redeemer, from thy sacred throne,
 Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs won!
 (Where from the grave thou raised thy glorious
 head,
 Chain'd to thy car the powers infernal led)
 From that exalted height of bliss supreme,
 Look down on those who bear thy sacred name;
 Restore their ways, inspire them by thy grace,
 Thy laws to follow, and thy steps to trace;
 Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
 And by their morals prove their faith divine!

Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,
 O'er the glad world thy healing light display;
 Fair Sun of Righteousness! in beauty rise,
 And clear the mists that cloud the mental skies!
 To Judah's remnant, now a scatter'd train,
 Oh, great Messiah! show thy promised reign;
 O'er Earth as wide thy saving warmth diffuse
 As spreads the ambient air or falling dews;
 And haste the time when, vanquish'd by thy power,
 Death shall expire, and sin defile no more!

RECTITUDE.

HENCE distant far, ye sons of Earth profane,
 The loose, ambitious, covetous, or vain:
 Ye worms of power! ye minion'd slaves of state,
 The wanton vulgar, and the sordid great!
 But come, ye purer souls, from dross refined,
 The blameless heart and uncorrupted mind!
 Let your chaste hands the holy altars raise,
 Fresh incense bring, and light the glowing blaze,
 Your grateful voices aid the Muse to sing
 The spotless justice of the' Almighty King!
 As only Rectitude divine he knows,
 As truth and sanctity his thoughts compose;
 So these the dictates which the' Eternal Mind
 To reasonable beings-has assign'd;
 These has his care on every mind impress'd,
 The conscious seals the hand of Heaven attest!
 When man, perverse, for wrong forsakes the right,
 He still attentive keeps the fault in sight;

Demands that strict atonement should be made,
And claims the forfeit on the' offender's head!

But Doubt demands 'Why man disposed this way?
Why left the dangerous choice to go astray?
If Heaven that made him did the fault foresee,
Thence follows, Heaven is more to blame than he.'
No—had to good the heart alone inclined,
What toil, what prize had Virtue been assign'd?
From obstacles her noblest triumphs flow,
Her spirits languish when she finds no foe!
Man might perhaps have so been happy still,
Happy without the privilege of will,
And just, because his hands were tied from ill!
O wondrous scheme, to mend the' Almighty plan,
By sinking all the dignity of man!

Yet turn thy eyes, vain sceptic, own thy pride,
And view thy happiness and choice allied;
See Virtue from herself her bliss derive,
A bliss beyond the power of thrones to give;
See Vice, of empire and of wealth possess'd,
Pine at the heart, and feel herself unblest'd:
And, say, were yet no further marks assign'd,
Is man ungrateful? or is Heaven unkind?

'Yes, all the woes from Heaven permissive fall,
The wretch adopts—the wretch improves them all.'
From his wild lust or his oppressive deed,
Rapes, battles, murders, sacrilege proceed!
His wild ambition thins the peopled earth,
Or from his avarice famine takes her birth;
Had Nature given the hero wings to fly,
His pride would lead him to attempt the sky!

To angels make the pigmy's folly known,
And draw e'en pity from the' eternal throne.

Yet while on earth triumphant vice prevails,
Celestial Justice balances her scales,
With eye unbias'd all the scene surveys,
With hand impartial every crime she weighs;
Oft close pursuing at his trembling heels,
The man of blood her awful presence feels;
Oft from her arm, amidst the blaze of state,
The regal tyrant, with success elate,
Is forced to leap the precipice of fate!
Or if the villain pass unpunish'd here,
'Tis but to make the future stroke severe;
For soon or late eternal Justice pays
Mankind the just desert of all their ways.

'Tis in that awful all disclosing day,
When high Omniscience shall her books display,
When Justice shall present her strict account,
While Conscience shall attest the due amount;
That all who feel, condemn the dreadful rod,
Shall own that righteous are the ways of God!

Oh, then, while penitence can Fate disarm,
While lingering Justice yet withholds its arm;
While heavenly Patience grants the precious time,
Let the lost sinner think him of his crime;
Immediate to the seat of mercy fly,
Nor wait to-morrow—lest to-night he die!

But tremble, all ye sins of blackest birth,
Ye giants that deform the face of earth;
Tremble, ye sons of aggravated guilt,
And, ere too late, let sorrow learn to melt;

Remorseless Murder! drop thy hand severe,
And bathe thy bloody weapon with a tear;
Go, Lust impure! converse with friendly light,
Forsake the mansions of defiling night;
Quit, dark Hypocrisy, thy thin disguise,
Nor think to cheat the notice of the skies,
Unsocial Avarice, thy grasp forego,
And bid the useful treasure learn to flow!
Restore, Injustice, the defrauded gain!
Oppression, bend to ease the captive's chain,
Ere awful Justice strike the fatal blow,
And drive thee to the realms of night below!

But Doubt resumes—' If Justice has decreed
The punishment proportion'd to the deed,
Eternal misery seems too severe,
Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear!
Too harsh! that endless torments should repay
The crimes of life—the errors of a day!'

In vain our reason would presumptuous pry;
Heaven's counsels are beyond conception high;
In vain would Thought his measured justice scan,
His ways how different from the ways of man!
Too deep for thee his secrets are to know,
Inquire not, but more wisely shun the woe;
Warn'd by his threatenings, to his laws attend,
And learn to make Omnipotence thy friend!
Our weaker laws, to gain the purposed ends,
Oft pass the bounds the lawgiver intends;
Oft partial power, to serve its own design,
Warps from the text, exceeding reason's line,

Strikes bias'd at the person, not the deed,
And sees the guiltless unprotected bleed!

But God alone, with unimpassion'd sight,
Surveys the nice barrier of wrong and right;
And while subservient as his will ordains,
Obedient Nature yields the present means,
While neither force nor passions guide his views,
E'en Evil works the purpose he pursues!
That bitter spring, the source of human pain!
Heal'd by his touch, does mineral health contain;
And dark affliction, at his potent rod,
Withdraws its cloud, and brightens into good.

Thus human justice (far as man can go)
For private safety strikes the dubious blow;
But Rectitude divine, with nobler soul,
Consults each individual in the whole!
Directs the issues of each moral strife,
And sees creation struggle into life!

And you, ye happier souls! who in his ways
Observant walk and sing his daily praise;
Ye righteous few! whose calm unruffled breasts
No fears can darken, and no guilt infests,
To whom his gracious promises extend,
In whom they centre, and in whom shall end,
Which (bless'd on that foundation sure who build)
Shall with eternal Justice be fulfill'd;
Ye sons of life, to whose glad hope is given
The bright reversion of approaching heaven,
With grateful hearts his glorious praise recite,
Whose love from darkness call'd you into light:

So let your piety reflective shine
 As men may thence confess his truth divine!
 And when this mortal veil, as soon it must,
 Shall drop, returning to its native dust,
 The work of life with approbation done,
 Receive from God your bright immortal crown.

GLORY.

BUT oh, adventurous Muse, restrain thy flight,
 Dare not the blaze of uncreated light!
 Before whose glorious throne with dread surprise
 The' adoring seraph veils his dazzled eyes;
 Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,
 No colours can describe or words express!
 All the fair beauties, all the lucid stores,
 Which o'er thy works thy hand resplendent pours,
 Feeble, thy brighter glories to display,
 Pale as the moon before the solar ray!

See on his throne the gaudy Persian placed,
 In all the pomp of the luxuriant East!
 While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,
 And the rich purple waves emboss'd with gold;
 Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield
 To the fair lily that adorns the field!
 Obscured, behold that fainter lily lies,
 By the rich bird's inimitable dyes;
 Yet these survey confounded and outdone
 By the superior lustre of the sun;
 That suu himself withdraws his lessen'd beam
 From thee, the glorious Author of his frame?

‡ Transcendent Power! sole arbiter of fate!
How great thy glory! and thy bliss how great!
To view from thy exalted throne above
(Eternal source of light and life and love)
Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth,
To bless the heavens or beautify the earth;
While systems roll, obedient to thy view,
And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew.

Then raise the song, the general anthem raise,
And swell the concert of eternal praise!
Assist, ye orbs that form this boundless whole,
Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll;
Ye planets who compose our lesser scheme,
And bend, concertive, round the solar frame;
Thou eye of Nature! whose extensive ray
With endless charms adorns the face of day;
Consenting raise the' harmonious joyful sound,
And bear his praises through the vast profound!
His praise, ye winds that fan the cheerful air,
Swift as they pass along your pinions bear!
His praise let ocean through her realms display,
Far as her circling billows can convey!
His praise, ye misty vapours, wide diffuse,
In rains descending, or in milder dews!
His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,
As your tops rustle to the gentle breeze!
His praise around, ye flowery tribes, exhale,
Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale!
His praise, ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,
As pleased ye murmur through the flowery vale!

His praise, ye feather'd choirs, distinguish'd sing,
 As to your notes the vocal forests ring!
 His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,
 Who in the vast abyss your revels keep!
 Or ye, fair natives of our earthly scene,
 Who range the wilds or haunt the pasture green!
 Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careless ear
 The universal hymn of worship hear!
 But ardent in the sacred chorus join,
 Thy soul transported with the task divine!
 While by his works the' Almighty is confess'd,
 Supremely glorious, and supremely bless'd!

Great Lord of life! from whom this humble frame
 Derives the power to sing thy holy name,
 Forgive the lowly Muse, whose artless lay
 Has dared thy sacred attributes survey!
 Delighted oft through Nature's beauteous field
 Has she adored thy wisdom bright reveal'd;
 Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret song,
 But awful reverence still withheld her tongue.
 Yet as thy bounty lent the reasoning beam,
 As feels my conscious breast thy vital flame,
 So, bless'd Creator, let thy servant pay
 His mite of gratitude this feeble way;
 Thy goodness own, thy providence adore,
 And yield thee only—what was thine before.

FINIS.

C. Whittingham, Chiswick.



X

