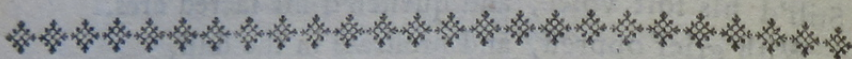


Then, when the great Archangel's potent found
 Shall echo thro' Creation's ample round,
 Wak'd from the sleep of death with joy survey
 The opening splendors of eternal day.



THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

BY ———.

COME, fair Dorinda, and, while Beauty glows
 Warm on thy lovely cheek, auspicious come,
 And animate my song! O may I gaze
 On every charm, and from each shining grace
 Catch inspiration! let thy genius aid
 My lays unpractis'd, pour into my verse
 The flow harmonious, while th' enchanted Muse
 Relates the charms, which o'er the yielding heart
 Perpetual reign, and hold resistless sway.

Diffusive Nature, who with liberal hand
 Scatters her bounties round, and decks the Spring
 In all its gay attire, the Virgin's cheek
 Flushes with beauty, and adorns her brow
 With charms attractive; shapes her faultless form
 With skill unerring, on her breast bestows
 The snowy hue, while o'er her shining neck
 In wanton ringlets flows her ebon hair

Dishevell'd,

Dishevell'd, graceful, and her sparkling eyes
 Dart kindling flame: majestic on the moves,
 Conscious of native worth, and smiling love
 Alluring. Hither, ye! whose hard'ned hearts
 Ne'er felt a lover's pangs, ah! hither come,
 To feel the force of Beauty: here survey,
 In radiant lustre, the bewitching grace,
 Which from the dawn of time o'er Nature held
 Her soft domain. Since first the vital spark
 Awak'd the human breast, and Man arose
 To conscious being, the fair female form
 Dazzled his eye, and thro' his panting breast
 Shot Beauty's ray. When in primæval Spring
 Life uncorrupted roll'd its golden hours,
 Free from th' attacks of Vice, as yet unfour'd
 With Pain corroding; nor Disease had rear'd
 Her snaky crest to blast their blooming days:
 Then Beauty reign'd, and form'd the sacred tie
 Connubial. Oft, amid the green retreat,
 Where fanning zephyrs play'd, the joyous Hour
 Fled on the wings of Love: here Innocence,
 And balmy Peace, and Friendship, heaven-born Power,
 By Beauty heighten'd, o'er the human pair
 Their choicest influence shed. Nor Beauty less,
 Thro' long succeeding ages, o'er the heart
 Her conquest held; devoted man attests
 The pleasing truth, while at the syren voice
 Of Music, thrilling the enchanting note,
 He prostrate falls, the fond distracted prey
 Of passions raging thro' th' enfever'd heart.

So Nature wills; and while encreasing strength
 Braces the nerves, and thro' the swelling veins
 The blood fierce-boiling flows, subduing Love
 Still reigns in man, to polish and refine
 His barbarous mind: nor, till the soothing flame
 Has seiz'd his heart, and thaw'd his frozen soul,
 E'er can he relish the sublime delight
 Of social transport, nor consenting feel
 The sympathetic bliss, nor taste the sweets
 Of hallow'd Friendship, nor affected hear
 The voice of Woe, as oft she vents her moan
 In wailings loud. The soft relenting heart,
 Kind Pity's tear, the all-profusive hand
 Of Charity, the generous flow of soul,
 These are not his, who never yet has felt
 The pangs of Love, o'er whom th' enchanting power
 Of Beauty never reign'd, whose fullen breast
 Ne'er glow'd with transport, and the anxious throbs
 Which panting lovers know; but all his soul
 Is solitary gloom, untaught to pour
 The friendly fervor, and, with heart enlarg'd,
 To breathe the warm benevolence of Love.

Come ye, who now your gayest moments pass,
 And graceful flourish 'midst the shining throng,
 Whilst life flies joyous, and your youthful years
 Roll placid on, before the radiant throne
 Of Beauty kneel. Whatever warms the breast
 With noble purpose, what informs the heart
 To melt, and moulds you into social man,
 Is Beauty's power. From her poetic heat

Derives

Derives new fire, and taught by her oft paints
 The visionary scene, and touches all
 The springs of passion: hers each winning grace,
 And comely gesture hers: enfrozen Age,
 Bending to earth beneath the weight of years,
 With wrinkled front, and venerable hair,
 Melts at her fair approach; he feels warm blood
 Run thro' his wither'd veins, erect he lifts
 His hoary head, and on his aged brow
 Unusual gladness smiles, while his cold heart
 Warm'd into fervor glows: her kindling voice
 All rural nature hears, and starts amaz'd
 To polish'd life. Thus when the rustic ^t swain
 Saw sleeping Beauty, on the grassy bank,
 Reclin'd at ease, and careless beaming round
 Her charms attractive, while upon her face
 Play'd all the laughing loves; surpriz'd he gaz'd,
 And felt a thousand transports shoot along
 His shivering nerves: now his unfeeling heart,
 Unus'd to pant, with soft emotion heaves;
 He trembling view'd, and all his soul was Love.

And ye, fair offspring of the bounteous hand
 Of Nature, ye array'd in all the charms
 Of vernal youth, flush'd on your comely cheek
 By Beauty's balmy breath, while yielding Man
 To you resigns his heart, and eager sighs
 Low at your feet, and tells the moving tale
 Of plaintive love: how, sleepless, on his couch

^t Alluding to Dryden's beautiful fable of Cymon and Iphigenia.

He counts the tedious hours, or slumbering starts
 From flattering visions, which delusive swim
 Before his eyes; how busy Fancy paints
 Your beauteous figure, in resplendent robes
 Luxuriant floating, as you graceful move
 In all the airs of love; and while he grasps
 Th' imagin'd form, how lost in empty air
 The fair illusion flies: how taste forgets
 The poignant relish, and the spicy gale
 To him no odours wafts: cheerless and sad
 He wanders pensive to the lonely shade,
 To blend his moanings with the whispering breeze,
 While sympathetic glides the weeping rill
 In many currents by, and there to thought
 Devotes the gloomy hour, complaining oft,
 In tender strains, how fair Amanda scorns
 His melting heart, how slights the mournful tale
 Of fond, despairing love; nor here can long
 Indulge his woe, but restless with the crowd
 Impatient mingles, solace there to find,
 Amidst the tumult of a maddening world:
 Still haunts the phantom, still his bosom burns
 With unremitted pain, and Love resumes
 His tyrant empire: how his alter'd looks,
 Meagre and pale, speak the distracting fiend
 Which on his vitals preys; how strength forsakes
 His quivering limbs; how wrapt in awful gloom
 Frail sickening nature pines away in woe.—
 O gently then, ye lovely conquerors! use
 Your unresisted sway; forth stretch your arms,

To raise from abject plight the fainting slave,
 And on his tortur'd soul, propitious, pour
 The balm of Hope; and now delighted taste
 Love's fond delights, while Passion eager pants
 In every vein, and warms your glowing breasts
 With fairy prospects of transporting joys.

Nor, gay Amanda, tho', with sighs, to you
 The plaintive Damon kneels, and vents his soul
 In softly swelling strains: yet let not these
 Dilate your heart; nor look with scornful air
 On the gay rivals, who with you contest
 Fair Beauty's prize, and vie, supreme, to shine
 'Midst the soft circles, where indulgent flow
 The soothing hours; where Music gently wakes,
 Symphonious, every passion, and attunes
 The soul to rapture, while diffusive joy
 Spreads thro' the melting throng. For Beauty still
 By Taste is prov'd, by her capricious law
 It blooms or withers. You! who long have held
 The willing Strephon, o'er th' obdurate heart
 Of Damon never reign'd; while he, subdu'd
 By bright Amanda, sighs his soul away
 In unavailing moan. Far from your breast
 Be banish'd Pride; the high assuming air
 Ill suits the brow where Tenderness and Love
 Should dwell distinguish'd: nor can Reason judge
 Whose charms superior shine; some dazzling grace,
 Still nameless, flashes on th' admiring eye.

Beyond description, fairer than her sex,
 To me, Dorinda seems: how darts her eye

Its

Its soul-dissolving fires! how, o'er her neck,
 Gracefully careless, falls her auburn hair!
 Her mien how soft! Can the pure mountain snow,
 With her warm bosom, rising to the throbs
 Of undissembled love, compare its white?
 The rose its red with hers? Nor Strephon less
 Adores his blooming bride; she fairer, she
 Is Beauty's self, and as she gently moves
 Her limbs, proportion'd with unerring skill,
 A thousand radiant graces in her train
 Alluring dance. Each nameless charm is hers;
 And Love, and Joy, and Virtue, sit enthron'd
 In every look and smile. Not varied more
 The human face, with different features stamp'd
 By Nature's forming hand, than Taste which views,
 In objects different, various beauties glow.

O while ye glory in your youthful prime,
 And yield attention to the siren voice
 Of Praise; in that soft season, when the breast
 A strange enchantment feels; when Pleasure pants
 In every vein; and sparkles in the eye
 Superfluous Health; then guard your rebel hearts
 Against seducing Love. Suspend, ye fair!
 These softer cares, and listen, while the Muse
 Rises superior to the fading glare
 Of mortal charms, and now essays to touch
 The heart, and open to th' enraptur'd soul
 More lasting Beauty, moral and divine,
 Which grows in age, nor at the pale approach
 Of death decays; but with unblasted grace

For ever blossoms. Hail! bright Virtue, hail!
 Propitious come, inspire my glowing breast
 To sing of thee! Without thee, what are all
 Life's gayest trappings, what the fleeting show
 Of youth, or charms, which for a moment spread
 Their visionary bloom, but withering die,
 Nor leave remembrance of their fancy'd worth!

See, how adorn'd in heaven's all-glorious pomp
 Fair Virtue comes, and in her radiant train
 Ten thousand beauties wait: behold she comes,
 To fill the soul with never-ceasing joy!
 Attend her voice, sweet as the solemn sounds
 Of cherubs, when they strike their golden harps
 In sacred concert, while the sky resounds
 Symphonious. Hence, ye fond delusive dreams
 Of fleeting pleasure! she the heart distends
 With more enduring bliss: kindled by her,
 The generous bosom breathes the social fire,
 And beats responsive to the woes of man.

Now native Peace, and Harmony divine,
 Dwell in the soul: to Reason's powerful law
 Each passion yields; and her resistless sway
 Struggling Corruption owns, nor dares assault
 A heart confirm'd by her: and now the fame
 Of Nature conquer'd by th' informing voice
 Of Reason, thro' celestial mansions flies
 On wings angelic: thro' the winding paths
 Of life, fair Prudence guides, and points the road
 To Happiness and Peace; while in the breast
 Untainted Innocence and Freedom reign.

These are the charms of Virtue, these will bloom
 When time shall cease: ev'n Beauty's self by these
 More lovely seems, she looks with added grace,
 And smiles seraphic: nor shall hoary age
 Their blossoms wither, but perpetual spring
 Here shed her influence; while a showy world,
 Its varnish losing, shall deceive no more,
 And Nature, sickening at approaching fate,
 Shall sink beneath its doom. Whate'er adorns
 The female breast, whate'er can move the soul
 With fervent rapture, every winning grace,
 And mild endearment, tenderness and love
 In fair Aspasia^u shine; 'tis hers to charm
 With elocution sweet, and all the flow
 Of soft persuasion, while the sensual heart
 Refines, and feels fair Virtue dawning there.

Nor ye, gay glittering tribe! who oft-times drink
 Of Circe's poison'd cup, and down the stream
 Of soothing pleasure all resistless flow
 Enervate, deem unworthy of your wish
 The charms of Virtue. While ye restless seek
 The phantom Pleasure, where Indulgence plays
 Her midnight gambols, o'er unstable paths
 Ye heedless wander: as she points the way
 Thro' her enchanting maze, th' illusive form
 Conceals Destruction. While, with eager hope,
 And mad impatience, in a fond embrace
 Ye grasp her panting, lo! the forcerefs darts

^u See this perfect character in Mr. Johnson's Irene.

Her latent venom thro' your tortur'd nerves,
 Then wakes Remorse; and, see! on yonder throne,
 With woes surrounded, fell Disease displays
 Her snaky crest, and o'er your guilty heads
 Shakes all her horrors: Anguish, downcast Shame,
 Succeed, and on the discontented brow
 Satiety sits pale. The feeble knee,
 Each nerve unbrac'd, beneath the fabric bends!
 The tott'ring fabric falls! the shades of death
 Now quench those orbs, that beam'd impure desire!
 And, deeper yet, the gloom of black despair—
 A darkness to be felt!—involves the soul!
 O, dread this complicated curse! and turn,
 With holy horror, from the paths of Vice!

Nor think, ye fair! the pensive Muse forbids
 The joys of Youth; she with complacent smile
 Views ye light flutt'ring; she the social band
 Joins chearful, and benevolent implores
 Diffusive Nature on your heads to shed
 Her gay profusion, lavish all her grace,
 And in your bosoms pour the soul of love.
 Lo! rosy Youth holds forth her pictur'd scene,
 With garlands crown'd; and tow'ring Fancy now
 Her gay creation paints: high swells the breast
 With emulation, and joy-teeming life
 Its gay allurements shews. Forth by your side,
 In glittering grandeur, walks th' enraptur'd swain:
 With graceful ease, attemp'ring conscious pride,
 He spreads his glories to th' admiring eye.

Awak'd by Love, and by the subtle flame
 Of Beauty kindled, with assiduous care,
 And fond submission, to the chearful haunts
 Of Mirth he leads you, and while wandering o'er
 Enchanted ground, oft tells the pleasing tale
 Persuasive: gently flow the smiling hours
 In social converse, innocently gay.

Come, Nature, best informer! kindly lead
 Along the flowery walk, trod by the feet
 Of youthful Pleasure; guide our heedless steps,
 And safe conduct us to the bower of blifs!
 Supreme Directress! she the breast instructs
 To breathe love's purer flame, graceful improves
 Each varied motion, beams th' expressive eye,
 And gives to Beauty all her power to charm.
 O! let her influence fill the different scenes
 Of joy and love—whether we careless stray
 Along the painted mead, where fragrance blends
 Her thousand sweets; or tread the lengthen'd walk,
 While Music cheers the soul, and vistas green
 Rise to the view, and pour their fresh delights
 On the bewilder'd eye; or if we move
 Along the hall refulgent with the blaze
 Of India's stores, and every measure trace
 Or slow or sprightly, while the lover feels
 Unusual transports rush upon his soul
 In admiration lost. Ah! here, ye fair,
 Your gayest moments pass: as to the touch
 Ye yield your hand, with palpitations quick

The snowy bosom heaves, and unreserv'd
Breathes the warm wish of kind consenting love.

Far from the bosom of the tender fair,
Where love alone should dwell, fly base deceit,
Nor stain with perfidy the sacred shrine.
Who's she that looks with high imperious mien,
In yonder walk, amidst her rivals, deck'd
In yellow robes resplendent? how she moves
With practis'd air, and darts her meaning glance
Amidst the throng! Thrown prostrate at her feet
The lover pleads, nor she the lover hears;
But swoln with pride of conquest scornful smiles.
Yet if arous'd, and conscious of his wrongs,
He bids the last adieu, she yet in store
Has thousand winning wiles: the blood forsakes
Her blooming cheek, and on her coral lip
Steals Palenefs; while, adorn'd in all the charms
Of weeping beauty, she resistless holds
The lover still her own. With streaming eyes
Again he views her, and his yielding heart
Melts with returning Love.—Inconstant still,
She, nor by pity mov'd, nor gratitude,
Nor awful virtue, to the sighing slave
Requies her heart—there Vanity still dwells,
'Midst her fantastic joys enthron'd, and plans
'Unnumber'd conquests o'er admiring man.
Love is not hers, she never tastes the sweets
Of mutual rapture, mutual fond esteem,
Nor knows the charms of truth; her bosom beats
With other throbs. Anxieties and Fears,

Ambition's

Ambition's train! vex her aspiring soul,
 And Disappointment leaves its baleful sting.
 Be this her portion! let her still possess
 The dear deceits!—Awake, delusive thoughts,
 Self-adulation come, and in her breast
 Your soft enchantments pour! Life's glories raise
 The splendid scene, and deck th' exulting fair
 In all your fancied pomp!—Nor envy her,
 Ye faithful few, whom the celestial grace
 Of truth inspired! for, while she eager grasps
 The flattering forms, they faithless all elude
 Her fond embrace, and fleet in empty air.

The fair Amanda knows no practis'd guile
 To captivate the soul: sweet innocence
 And truth are hers, and beauty unadorn'd,
 Save when diffusive steals the glowing blush,
 And shews her bright in every virgin charm.
 Her eyes no conquests seek, nor beats her breast
 With anxious throbs; she Affectation's wiles
 Nor practises nor knows: stranger to these,
 She, only conscious of her virgin worth,
 Heaves Nature's sighs, and, drest in Nature's grace,
 All lovely seems, and moves attractive on
 Amidst admiring swains: at her approach
 Each bosom flutters, while the lovely maid
 Nor scornful looks, nor with consenting smile
 Bids Admiration all its incense pour
 To her bewitching charms: yet on her brow
 Modest Reserve oft sits, forbidding all
 Love's wanton hopes. The fair Amanda thus

Resistless empire holds ; while aw'd we gaze
On every charm, and at a distance sigh.

Yet while the season of your blooming youth
Glides gently on, and liberal Nature showers
Her gayest blessings, peaceful, on your heads ;
O! then let Science on your easy hours
Serenely steal : oft when the busy scene
Of meddling care, and fond officious love
Shuts on your eyes, and Solitude invites
To Meditation, let her mild infuse
Her sweet instruction : she the soul exalts
To dignity ; for when, with knowledge blest,
Fair Beauty smiles upon the blushing brow,
Her soft persuasion wins the yielding heart
Resistless, each with glowing ardour hears
Her eloquence divine, the tuneful flow
Of sweetest periods, warbling from the lips
Where raptures hang : the captivated soul,
While Beauty triumphs, owns her boundless sway.

Oft let me wander thro' the green retreat,
Where Meditation dwells, and roses shed
Their mild perfumes, wak'd by the genial breath
Of May, while gently by the purling stream
Its crystal waters roll : to crown my bliss
Let sweet Ardelia come, on her attends
Each mild engaging grace, each nameless charm
Alluring ; Nature, bounteous, on her brow
Beams all its beauties, and the soul by her
Is charm'd to rapture ; she the mind informs
With knowledge, which from her persuasive tongue

Alluring

Alluring streams; while Music lends its voice
 Melodious, and the Sapphic Muse awaits
 Soft in her train, to breathe into her breast
 Th' inspiring genius; she in melting lays,
 Sweet as herself, in the warm bosom wakes
 The fond delights of love. Here let us join
 To sing of Nature, as we pleas'd survey
 The beauteous landscape round, or frequent turn
 The moving page, where glows poetic flame
 And Harmony; with Nature's Shakespear rove
 Thro' all the fairy regions, or oft fly
 With Milton, boundless, thro' ethereal worlds.
 Let raptur'd Fancy feel the circling year
 Roll o'er our heads, and mark the changing scenes
 Of Nature, drest in his immortal lays
 Who sang the Seasons. Thus may gentle hours
 In sweet improvement pass, and still return
 Auspicious; for with thee, the beating heart
 Feels fond emotion, and the soul dissolves
 In speechless transport of increasing joy.
 Ye lovely fair, while flowery chaplets bind
 Your youthful brows, and o'er the verdant paths
 Of gently gliding life, ye graceful sweep,
 Array'd in purple pride; as on your breast
 The diamond shines, and in your floating train
 The ruby glows, and emeralds around
 Beset the flying robe; while dazzling thus
 In orient pomp, forgive if yet the Muse
 In moralizing strains essays to draw
 The evening veil o'er all the glitt'ring show.

Vain is their blaze, which, like the noon-tide day,
 Dazzles the eye: so flaunt the gaudy flowers
 In vernal glory, wide diffusing round
 Their odoriferous sweets, and shoot profuse
 Their blossoms forth, and flourish in their May,
 In Nature's livery clad; but when the sun
 Beams in his pride, they droop their blushing heads,
 Their blossoms wither, and their varied tints
 Fade with his sultry rays. Behold, ye fair,
 Your gay delusions, read in Nature's book
 Their transitory life, how quickly fleets
 The dream of pleasure, at the pale approach
 Of death grim blasting all your pictur'd hopes.
 So fell Amynta in her bloom of days.
 Joy flush'd her brow, and Expectation swell'd
 Her beating bosom; Love its tribute paid
 To her bewitching charms, about to taste
 Connubial transports, and in Damon's arms
 To share the licens'd blifs: while Virtue's self
 Beheld complacent the indulging pair.

Elated thus, the fair Amynta felt
 The pangs of love; her wishes wing'd their flight
 To future periods; in idea all
 Life's softest blessings revell'd in her heart.
 Oft did the lovers court the lonely shade,
 Reclusely happy, there to mingle sighs
 In Nature's warmth: thrown on the flowery lap
 Of the fresh earth, where roses blush around,
 They breath'd their mutual vows, and tasted all
 Th' endearing sweets of uncorrupted love.

Dear

Dear hapless fair, amidst her warmest hopes,
 When Fancy figur'd all the tender scene
 Of mutual rapture, she devoted fell
 The mournful victim of the conquering hand
 Of unrelenting Death: he dread approach'd,
 And Nature trembled at his ghastly mien.
 Her Damon now, in moving strains, laments,
 And sadly pensive to her sacred tomb
 He oft repairs, there drops a lover's tear,
 While fond Remembrance opens all the scene
 Of past delight, calls forth his beauteous bride
 In visionary bloom once more to blaze
 In all-attractive charms, till lost again
 The phantom glides in air: all Nature wears
 To him a face of woe, the valleys round
 Re-echo doleful to his moving moan.

So Beauty fades, so fleets its showy life,
 As droops the lily, clad in all its pride
 Of rich array. Yet while the pensive muse
 Touches the springs of grief, may no dark gloom
 O'erwhelm your souls, for innocence survives
 To bloom eternal: and while life invites
 To view its gayer scenes, amidst the pomp
 Of radiant courts, still chearful move along
 Its flowery walks, and lead with jovial heart
 The laughing moments on; for Beauty shines
 First in the gaudy circles, and commands
 Fond admiration. As Britannia's sons
 Excel in every virtue, manly brave
 Amidst th' alarms of fate, gen'rous, sincere,

By

By glory kindled, may her virgins too,
 Supremely fair, 'midst Beauty's brightest blaze,
 In soft perfections shine; may Hymen wave
 His purple wings, and o'er the sacred couch
 His azure mantle spread, as down ye sink
 In wedlock's chaste embrace, and oft renew
 The hallow'd rapture: thus may peaceful life
 Flow undisturb'd, nor jarring feud invade
 Your happy hours. And ye, gay circles, now
 Forgive the Muse, which daring thus has sung
 Of Beauty's triumphs, tho' unequal far
 To the delightful theme; yet Beauty charm'd
 My soul, and pour'd into my glowing breast
 Her fascination, led me thro' the maze
 Of Love: nor unambitious of applause
 She courts your smiles, yours is her pleasing song,
 To you she warbles, and devoted pays
 Her fond oblation to your radiant charms.
 But chief indulgent, 'midst the shining throng,
 Will fair Dorinda smile; she first inspir'd
 My heart with Love, to her my early Muse
 Her infant raptures pour'd; happy if now
 Sweet flow my numbers on her judging ear,
 And steal persuasive to her virgin breast.