

ARGUMENT of the FIFTH BOOK.

A frosty morning.—The foddering of cattle.—the wood-man and his dog.—The poultry.—Whimsical effects of frost at a waterfall.—The Empress of Russia's palace of ice.—Amusements of monarchs.—War one of them. Wars, whence.—And whence monarchy.—The evils of it.—English and French loyalty contrasted.—The Bastile and a prisoner there.—Liberty the chief recommendation of this country.—Modern patriotism questionable, and why.—The perishable nature of the best human institutions.—Spiritual liberty not perishable.—The slavish state of man by nature.—Deliver him Deist if you can.—Grace must do it.—The respective merits of patriots and martyrs stated.—Their different treatment.—Happy freedom of the man whom grace makes free.—His relish of the works of God.—Address to the Creator.

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B O O K V.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

THIS morning; and the sun with ruddy orb
Ascending fires the horizon. While the clouds
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From ev'ry herb and ev'ry spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,

In spite of gravity and sage remark
 That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
 Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance
 I view the muscular proportioned limb
 Transformed to a lean shank. The shapeless pair
 As they designed to mock me, at my side
 Take step for step, and as I near approach
 The cottage, walk along the plaister'd wall
 Prepost'rous sight ! the legs without the man,
 The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
 Beneath the dazzling deluge, and the bents
 And coarser grass upspringing o'er the rest,
 Of late unftightly and unseen, now shine
 Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad
 And fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.
 The cattle mourn in corners where the fence
 Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
 In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
 Their wonted fodder, not like hungry man
 Fretfull if unsupplied, but silent, meek,

And

And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.
 He from the stack carves out th' accustomed load,
 Deep-plunging and again deep plunging oft
 His broad keen knife into the solid mass.
 Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
 With such undeviating and even force
 He severs it away. No needless care,
 Left storms should overfet the leaning pile
 Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.
 Forth goes the woodman leaving unconcerned
 The cheerfull haunts of man, to wield the axe
 And drive the wedge in yonder forest dreat,
 From morn to eve his solitary task.
 Shaggy and lean and shrew'd, with pointed ears
 And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur
 His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
 Now creeps he slow, and now with many a frisk
 Wide-scampering snatches up the drifted snow
 With iv'ry teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
 Then shakes his powder'd coat and barks for joy.

N. 4

Heedless

Heedless of all his pranks the sturdy churl
 Moves right toward the mark. Nor stops for aught,
 But now and then with pressure of his thumb
 T' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
 That fumes beneath his nose. The trailing cloud
 Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.
 Now from the roost or from the neighb'ring pale,
 Where diligent to catch the first faint gleam
 Of smiling day, they gossipp'd side by side,
 Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call
 The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on wing
 And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood
 Conscious, and fearful of too deep a plunge.
 The sparrows peep, and quit the shelt'ring eaves
 To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye
 The scatter'd grain, and thievishly resolved
 T' escape th' impending famine, often scared
 As oft return, a pert voracious kind.
 Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
 Remains to each, the search of funny nook,

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Or shed impervious to the blast. Resign'd
 To sad necessity the cock foregoes
 His wonted strut, and wading at their head
 With well-considered steps, seems to resent
 His alter'd gait and stateliness retrenched.
 How find the myriads that in summer cheer
 The hills and vallies with their ceaseless songs
 Due sustenance, or where subsist they now?
 Earth yields them nought: the imprison'd worm is safe
 Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of herbs
 Lie covered close, and berry-bearing thorns
 That feed the thrush (whatever some suppose)
 Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
 The long protracted rigor of the year
 Thins all their num'rous flocks. In chinks and holes
 Ten thousand seek an unmolested end
 As instinct prompts, self buried 'ere they die.
 The very rooks and daws forsake the fields,
 Where neither grub nor root nor earth-nut now
 Repays their labor more; and perch'd aloft

By

Or

By the way-side, or stalking in the path,
 Lean pensioners upon the trav'lers track,
 Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to them,
 Of voided pulse or half digested grain.
 The streams are lost amid the splendid blank
 O'erwhelming all distinction. On the flood
 Indurated and fixt the snowy weight
 Lies undissolved, while silently beneath
 And unperceived the current steals away.
 Not so, where scornful of a check it leaps
 The mill-dam, dashes on the wrestless wheel,
 And wantons in the pebbly gulph below.
 No frost can bind it there. Its utmost force
 Can but arrest the light and smokey mist
 That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide.
 And see where it has hung th' embroidered banks
 With forms so various, that no pow'rs of art,
 The pencil or the pen, may trace the scene
 Here glitt'ring turrets rise, upbearing high
 (Fantastic misarrangement) on the roof

Large

Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees
 And shrubs of fairy land. The chrystal drops
 That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd
 Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
 And prop the pile they but adorned before,
 Here grotto within grotto safe defies
 The fun-beam. There imbos'd and fretted wild
 The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes
 Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain
 The likeness of some object seen before.
 Thus nature works as if to mock at art,
 And in defiance of her rival pow'rs ;
 By these fortuitous and random strokes
 Performing such inimitable feats
 As she with all her rules can never reach.
 Less worthy of applause though more admired,
 Because a novelty, the work of man,
 Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Rus's !
 Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,
 The wonder of the North. No forest fell

When

When thou would'st build : no quarry sent its stores
 T' enrich thy walls. But thou didst hew the floods,
 And make thy marble of the glassy wave.

In such a palace Aristæus found
 Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
 Of his lost bees to her maternal ear.

In such a palace poetry might place
 The armoury of winter, where his troops
 The gloomy clouds find weapons, arrowy fleet
 Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail,
 And snow that often blinds the traveller's course,
 And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
 Silently as a dream the fabric rose.

No sound of hammer or of saw was there.
 Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
 Were soon conjoined, nor other cement ask'd
 Than water interfused to make them one.
 Lamps gracefully disposed and of all hues
 Illumined ev'ry side. A wat'ry light
 Gleamed through the clear transparency, that seemed

Another

Another moon new-risen, or meteor fall'n
 From heav'n to earth, of lambent flame serene,
 So stood the brittle prodigy, though smooth
 And slipp'ry the materials, yet frost-bound
 Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within
 That royal residence might well besit,
 For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths
 Of flow'rs that feared no enemy but warmth,
 Blushed on the pannels. Mirrour needed none
 Where all was vitreous, but in order due
 Convivial table and commodious seat
 (What seemed at least commodious seat) were there,
 Sofa and couch and high-built throne august.
 The same lubricity was found in all,
 And all was moist to the warm touch, a scene
 Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
 And soon to slide into a stream again.
 Alas! twas but a mortifying stroke
 Of undesign'd severity, that glanced,
 (Made by a monarch) on her own estate,

On

On human grandeur and the courts of kings,
 'Twas tranfient in its nature, as in ſhow
 'Twas durable. As worthleſs as it ſeemed
 Intrinſically precious. To the foot
 Treach'rous and falſe, it ſmiled and it was cold.

Great princes have great play-things. Some have played
 At hewing mountains into men, and ſome
 At building human wonders mountain-high,
 Some have amuſed the dull ſad years of life,
 Life ſpent in indolence, and therefore ſad,
 With ſchemes of monumental fame, and fought
 By pyramids and maufolæan pomp,
 Short-lived themſelves, t' immortalize their bones.
 Some ſeek diverſion in the tented field,
 And make the ſorrows of mankind their ſport.
 But war's a game, which were their ſubjects wife,
 King's ſhould not play at. Nations would do well
 'T' extort their truncheons from the puny hands
 Of heroes, whoſe infirm and baby minds

Are

Are gratified with mischief, and who spoil.
Because men suffer it, their toy the world.

When Babel was confounded, and the great
Confed'racy of projectors wild and vain
Was split into diversity of tongues,
Then, as a shepherd separates his flock,
These to the upland, to the valley those,
God drave asunder and assigned their lot
To all the nations. Ample was the boon
He gave them, in its distribution fair
And equal, and he bade them dwell in peace.
Peace was awhile their care. They plough'd and sow'd
And reap'd their plenty without grudge or strife.
But violence can never longer sleep
Than human passions please. In ev'ry heart
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war,
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
Cain had already shed a brother's blood;
The deluge wash'd it out; but left unquenched
The

The seeds of murder in the breast of man.

Soon, by a righteous judgment, in the line

Of his descending progeny was found

The first artificer of death; the shrew'd

Contriver who first sweated at the forge,

And forced the blunt and yet unblooded steel

To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.

Him Tubal named, the Vulcan of old times,

The sword and faulchion their inventor claim,

And the first smith was the first murder's son.

His art survived the waters; and 'ere long

When man was multiplied and spread abroad

In tribes and clans, and had begun to call

These meadows and that range of hills his own,

The tasted sweets of property begat

Desire of more; and industry in some

To improve and cultivate their just demesne,

Made others covet what they saw so fair.

Thus wars began on earth. These fought for spoil,

And those in self-defence. Savage at first

The

The onset, and irregular. At length
 One eminent above the rest, for strength,
 For stratagem or courage, or for all,
 Was chosen leader. Him they served in war,
 And him in peace for sake of warlike deeds
 Rev'renced no less. Who could with him compare ?
 Or who so worthy to controul themselves
 As he whose prowess had subdued their foes ?
 Thus war affording field for the display
 Of virtue, made one chief, whom times of peace,
 Which have their exigencies too, and call
 For skill in government, at length made king.
 King was a name too proud for man to wear
 With modesty and meekness, and the crown,
 So dazzling in their eyes who set it on,
 Was fure t' intoxicate the brows it bound.
 It is the abject property of most,
 That being parcel of the common mass,
 And destitute of means to raise themselves,
 They sink and settle lower than they need.

O

They

They know not what it is to feel within
 A comprehensive faculty that grasps
 Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields
 Almost without an effort, plans too vast
 For their conception, which they cannot move.
 Conscious of impotence they soon grow drunk
 With gazing, when they see an able man
 Step forth to notice; and besotted thus
 Build him a pedestal and say, stand there,
 And be our admiration and our praise.
 They roll themselves before him in the dust,
 Then most deserving in their own account
 When most extravagant in his applause,
 As if exalting him they raised themselves.
 Thus by degrees self-cheated of their sound
 And sober judgment that he is but man,
 They demi-deify and fume him so
 That in due season he forgets it too.
 Inflated and astrut with self-conceit
 He gulps the windy diet, and 'ere long

Adopting

Adopting their mistake, profoundly thinks
 The world was made in vain if not for him.
 Thenceforth they are his cattle. Drudges born
 To bear his burthens, drawing in his gears
 And sweating in his service. His caprice
 Becomes the foul that animates them all.
 He deems a thousand or ten thousand lives
 Spent in the purchase of renown for him
 An easy reck'ning, and they think the same.
 Thus kings were first invented, and thus kings
 Were burnished into heroes, and became
 The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp,
 Storks among frogs, that have but croak'd and died,
 Strange that such folly as lifts bloated man
 To eminence fit only for a God,
 Should ever drivel out of human lips
 Ev'n in the cradled weakness of the world !
 Still stranger much, that when at length mankind
 Had reached the finewy firmness of their youth,
 And could discriminate and argue well

On subjects more mysterious, they were yet
 Babes in the cause of freedom, and should fear
 And quake before the Gods themselves had made.
 But above measure strange, that neither proof
 Of sad experience, nor examples set
 By some whose patriot virtue has prevailed,
 Can even now, when they are grown mature
 In wisdom, and with philosophic deeps
 Familiar, serve t' emancipate the rest !
 Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
 To reverence what is ancient and can plead
 A course of long observance for its use,
 That even servitude the worst of ills,
 Because deliver'd down from fire to son,
 Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.
 But is it fit, or can it bear the shock
 Of rational discussion, that a man
 Compounded and made up like other men
 Of elements tumultuous, in whom lust
 And folly in as ample measure meet

As

As in the bosoms of the slaves he rules,
 Should be a despot absolute, and boast
 Himself the only freeman of his land ?
 Should when he pleases, and on whom he will
 Wage war, with any or with no pretence
 Of provocation giv'n or wrong sustained,
 And force the beggarly last doit, by means
 That his own humour dictates, from the clutch
 Of poverty, that thus he may procure
 His thousands weary of penurious life
 A splendid opportunity to die ?
 Say ye, who (with less prudence than of old
 Jotham ascribed to his assembled trees
 In politic convention) put your trust
 I' th' shadow of a bramble, and reclined
 In fancied peace beneath his dang'rous branch,
 Rejoice in him and celebrate his sway,
 Where find ye passive fortitude ? Whence springs
 Your self-denying zeal that holds it good
 To stroke the prickly grievance, and to hang

His thorns with streamers of continual praise ?

We too are friends to loyalty. We love

The king who loves the law ; respects his bounds

And reigns content within them. Him we serve

Freely and with delight, who leaves us free.

But recollecting still that he is man,

We trust him not too far, King, though he be,

And king in England too, he may be weak

And vain enough to be ambitious still,

May exercise amiss his proper pow'rs,

Or covet more than freemen chuse to grant :

Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours,

T' administer, to guard, t' adorn the state,

But not to warp or change it. We are his,

To serve him nobly in the common cause

True to the death, but not to be his slaves.

Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love

Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.

We love the man. The pauntry pageant you,

We the chief patron of the Commonwealth ;

You

You the regardless author of its woes.
 We for the sake of liberty, a king;
 You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake.
 Our love is principle, and has its root
 In reason, is judicious, manly, free.
 Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
 And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.
 Were king-ship as true treasure as it seems,
 Sterling, and worthy of a wife man's wish,
 I would not be a king to be beloved
 Causeless, and daubed with undiscerning praise,
 Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
 Not to the man who fills it as he ought.

Whose freedom is by suff'rance, and at will
 Of a superior, he is never free.
 Who lives and is not weary of a life,
 Exposed to manacles, deserves them well.
 The state that strives for liberty, though foiled
 And forced t' abandon what she bravely fought,

O 4 Deserves

Deserves at least applause for her attempt,
 And pity for her loss. But that's a cause
 Not often unsuccessful; pow'r usurp'd
 Is weakness when oppos'd; conscious of wrong
 'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.
 But slaves that once conceive the glowing thought
 Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
 All that the contest calls for; spirit, strength,
 The scorn of danger, and united hearts
 The surest preface of the good they seek.*

Then shame to manhood, and opprobrious more
 To France, than all her losses and defeats
 Old or of later date, by sea or land,

* The author hopes that he shall not be censured for unnecessary warmth upon so interesting a subject. He is aware that it is become almost fashionable to stigmatize such sentiments as no better than empty declamation. But it is an ill symptom, and peculiar to modern times.

Her house of bondage worse than that of old
 Which God avenged on Pharaoh—the Bastile.
 Ye horrid tow'rs, th' abode of broken hearts,
 Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,
 That monarchs have supplied from age to age
 With music such as suits their sov'reign ears,
 The sighs and groans of miserable men !
 There's not an English heart that would not leap
 To hear that ye were fall'n at last, to know
 That ev'n our enemies, so oft employed
 In forging chains for us, themselves were free.
 For he that values liberty, confines
 His zeal for her predominance within
 No narrow bounds; her cause engages him
 Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.
 There dwell the most forlorn of human kind
 Immured though unaccused, condemn'd untried,
 Cruelly spared, and hopeless of escape.
 There like the visionary emblem seen
 By him of Babylon, life stands a stump,

And



Her

And filleted about with hoops of brass,
 Still lives, though all its pleasant boughs are gone,
 To count the hour-bell and expect no change;
 And ever as the fullen sound is heard,
 Still to reflect that though a joyless note
 To him whose moments all have one dull pace,
 Ten thousand rovers in the world at large
 Account it music; that it summons some
 To theatre or jocund feast or ball;
 The wearied hireling finds it a release
 From labor, and the lover that has chid
 Its long delay, feels ev'ry welcome stroke
 Upon his heart-strings trembling with delight—
 To fly for refuge from distracting thought
 To such amusements as ingenious woe
 Contrives, hard-shifting and without her tools—
 To read engraven on the mouldy walls
 In stagg'ring types, his predecessors tale,
 A sad memorial, and subjoin his own—
 To turn purveyor to an overgorged

And

And bloated spider, till the pamper'd pest
 Is made familiar, watches his approach,
 Comes at his call and serves him for a friend—
 To wear out time in numb'ring to and fro
 The studs that thick emboss his iron door,
 Then downward and then upward, then afloat
 And then alternate, with a sickly hope
 By dint of change to give his tasteless task
 Some relish, till the sum exactly found
 In all directions, he begins again—
 Oh comfortless existence ! hemm'd around
 With woes, which who that suffers, would not kneel
 And beg for exile, or the pangs of death ?
 That man should thus encroach on fellow man,
 Abridge him of his just and native rights,
 Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
 Upon th' endearments of domestic life
 And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,
 And doom him for perhaps an heedless word
 To barrenness and solitude and tears,

Moves

Moves indignation. Makes the name of king,
 (Of king whom such prerogative can please)
 As dreadful as the Manichean God,
 Adored through fear, strong only to destroy.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flow'r
 Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
 And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
 Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
 Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
 Their progress in the road of science; blinds
 The eye sight of discovery, and begets
 In those that suffer it, a sordid mind
 Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
 To to be the tenant of man's noble form.
 Thee therefore still, blame-worthy as thou art,
 With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
 By public exigence 'till annual food
 Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
 Thee I account still happy, and the chief

Among

Among the nations, seeing thou art free !
 My native nook of earth ! thy clime is rude,
 Replete with vapours, and disposes much
 All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine ;
 Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
 And plausible than social life requires,
 And thou hast need of discipline and art
 To give thee what politer France receives
 From Nature's bounty—that humane address
 And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
 In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
 Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl ;
 Yet being free, I love thee. For the sake
 Of that one feature, can be well content,
 Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
 To seek no sublunary rest beside.
 But once enslaved, farewell ! I could endure
 Chains no where patiently, and chains at home
 Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
 Then what were left of roughness in the grain

Of

Among

Of British natures, wanting its excuse
 That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
 And shock me. I should then with double pain
 Feel all the rigor of thy fickle clime,
 And if I must bewail the blessing lost
 For which our Hampdens and our Sidney's bled,
 I would at least bewail it under skies
 Milder, among a people less austere,
 In scenes which having never known me free
 Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.
 Do I forebode impossible events,
 And tremble at vain dreams? Heav'n grant I may!
 But th' age of virtuous politics is past,
 And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
 Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
 And we too wise to trust them. He that takes
 Deep in his soft credulity the stamp
 Designed by loud declaimers on the part
 Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,
 Incurs derision for his easy faith

And

And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough,
 For when was public virtue to be found
 Where private was not? can he love the whole
 Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend
 Who is, in truth, the friend of no man there?
 Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,
 Who flights the charities for whose dear sake
 That country, if at all, must be beloved?

'Tis therefore, sober and good men are sad
 For England's glory, seeing it wax pale
 And sickly, while her champions wear their hearts
 So loose to private duty, that no brain
 Healthful and undisturbed by factious fumes,
 Can dream them trusty to the gen'ral weal.
 Such were not they of old, whose temper'd blades
 Dispersed the shackles of usurp'd controul,
 And hew'd them link from link. Then Albion's sons
 Were sons indeed. They felt a filial heart
 Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs,
 And shining each in his domestic sphere,

Shone

And

Shone brighter still once call'd to public view.

'Tis therefore, many whose sequester'd lot

Forbids their interference, looking on

Anticipate perforce some dire event;

And seeing the old castle of the state

That promis'd once more firmness, so assail'd

That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake,

Stand motionless expectants of its fall.

All has its date below. The fatal hour

Was register'd in heaven 'ere time began.

We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works

Die too. The deep foundations that we lay,

Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.

We build with what we deem eternal rock,

A distant age asks where the fabric stood,

And in the dust sifted and search'd in vain,

The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

But there is yet a liberty unsung

By poets, and by senators unpraised,

Which

Which monarchs cannot grant; nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confed'rate take away.

A liberty, which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind,
Which whoſo taſtes can be enſlaved no more.

'Tis liberty of heart, derived from heav'n,
Bought with HIS blood who gave it to mankind,
And ſeal'd with the ſame token. It is held
By charter, and that charter ſanction'd ſure
By th' unimpeachable and awful oath

And promiſe of a God. His other gifts

All bear the royal ſtamp that ſpeaks them his,
And are auguſt, but this tranſcends them all.

His other works, this viſible diſplay

Of all-creating energy and might,

Are grand no doubt, and worthy of the word
That finding an interminable ſpace

Unoccupied, has filled the void ſo well,

And made ſo ſparkling what was dark before.

But theſe are not his glory. Man, 'tis true,

P

Smit

Which

Smit with the beauty of so fair a scene,
 Might well suppose th' artificer divine
 Meant it eternal, had he not himself
 Pronounced it transient glorious as it is,
 And still designing a more glorious far,
 Doom'd it, as insufficient for his praise.
 These therefore are occasional and pass.
 Form'd for the confutation of the fool
 Whose lying heart disputes against a God,
 That office served, they must be swept away.
 Not so the labours of his love. They shine
 In other heav'ns than these that we behold,
 And fade not. There is paradise that fears
 No forfeiture, and of its fruits he sends
 Large prelibation oft to saints below.
 Of these the first in order, and the pledge
 And confident assurance of the rest
 Is liberty. A flight into his arms
 'Ere yet mortality's fine threads give way,

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A clear escape from tyrannizing lust,
And full immunity from penal woe.

Chains are the portion of revolted man,
Stripes and a dungeon; and his body serves
The triple purpose. In that sickly, foul,
Opprobrious residence, he finds them all.
Propense his heart to idols, he is held
In silly dotage on created things
Careless of their Creator. And that low
And fardid gravitation of his pow'rs
To a vile clod, so draws him, with such force
Resistless from the center he should seek,
That he at last forgets it. All his hopes
Tend downward, his ambition is to sink,
To reach a depth profounder still, and still
Profounder, in the fathomless abyfs
Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death,
But 'ere he gain the comfortless repose
He seeks, an acquiescence of his soul

In heav'n-renouncing exile, he endures—
 What does he not? from lusts oppos'd in vain,
 And self-reproaching conscience. He foresees
 The fatal issue to his health, fame, peace,
 Fortune and dignity; the loss of all
 That can enoble man, and make frail life
 Short as it is, supposable. Still worse,
 Far worse than all the plagues with which his sins
 Infect his happiest moments, he forebodes
 Ages of hopeless misery. Future death,
 And death still future. Not an hasty stroke
 Like that which sends him to the dusty grave,
 But unrepeatable enduring death.
 Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears;
 What none can prove a forg'ry, may be true,
 What none but bad men wish exploded, must.
 That scruple checks him. Riot is not loud
 Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midst
 Of laughter his compunctions are sincere,
 And he abhors the jest by which he shines.

Remorse

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Remorse begets reform. His master-lust
 Falls first before his resolute rebuke,
 And seems dethroned and vanquish'd. Peace ensues,
 But spurious and short-liv'd, the puny child
 Of self-congratulating pride, begot
 On fancied Innocence. Again he falls,
 And fights again; but finds his best essay
 A presage ominous, portending still
 Its own dishonor by a worse relapse.
 Till Nature, unavailing Nature foiled
 So oft, and wearied in the vain attempt,
 Scoffs at her own performance. Reason now
 Takes part with appetite, and pleads the cause,
 Perversely, which of late she so condemn'd;
 With shallow shifts and old devices, worn
 And tatter'd in the service of debauch,
 Cov'ring his shame from his offended sight.

“ Hath God indeed giv'n appetites to man,

“ And stored the earth so plenteously with means

- “ To gratify the hunger of his wish,
 “ And doth he reprobate and will he damn
 “ The use of his own bounty? making first
 “ So frail a kind, and then enacting laws
 “ So strict, that less than perfect must despair?
 “ Falsehood! which who so but suspects of truth,
 “ Dishonors God, and makes a slave of man,
 “ Do they themselves, who undertake for hire
 “ The teacher’s office, and dispense at large
 “ Their weekly dole of edifying strains,
 “ Attend to their own music? have they faith
 “ In what with such solemnity of tone
 “ And gesture they propound to our belief?
 “ Nay—conduct hath the loudest tongue. The voice
 “ Is but an instrument on which the priest
 “ May play what tune he pleases. In the deed,
 “ The unequivocal authentic deed
 “ We find sound argument, we read the heart.

Such reas’nings (if that name must needs belong
 T’ excuses in which reason has no part)

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Serve to compose a spirit well inclined
 To live on terms of amity with vice,
 And sin without disturbance. Often urged
 (As often as libidinous discourse
 Exhausted, he resorts to solemn themes
 Of theological and grave import)
 They gain at last his unreserved assent,
 Till harden'd his heart's temper in the forge
 Of lust, and on the anvil of despair,
 He slights the strokes of conscience. Nothing moves,
 Or nothing much, his constancy in ill,
 Vain tampering has but foster'd his disease,
 'Tis desperate, and he sleeps the sleep of death.
 Hasten now, philosopher, and set him free,
 Charm the deaf serpent wisely. Make him hear
 Of rectitude and fitness; moral truth
 How lovely, and the moral-sense how sure
 Consulted and obey'd, to guide his steps
 Directly to the FIRST AND ONLY FAIR.
 Spare not in such a cause. Spend all the pow'rs

Of rant and rhapsody in virtue's praise,
 Be most sublimely good, verbosely grand,
 And with poetic trappings grace thy prose
 Till it out-mantle all the pride of verse.—
 Ah, tinkling cymbal and high-sounding brass
 Smitten in vain ! such music cannot charm
 Th' eclipse that intercepts truth's heav'nly beam,
 And chills and darkens a wide-wand'ring soul.
 The still small voice is wanted. He must speak
 Whose word leaps forth at once to its effect,
 Who calls for things that are not, and they come.

Grace makes the slave a freeman. 'Tis a change
 That turns to ridicule the turgid speech
 And stately tone of moralists, who boast,
 As if like him of fabulous renown
 They had indeed ability to smoothe
 The shag of savage nature, and were each
 An Orpheus and omnipotent in song.
 But transformation of apostate man

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From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,
 Is work for Him that made him. He alone,
 And he by means in philosophic eyes
 Trivial and worthy of disdain, achieves
 The wonder; humanizing what is brute
 In the lost kind, extracting from the lips
 Of asps their venom, overpow'ring strength
 By weakness, and hostility by love.

Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause
 Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve,
 Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
 Their names to the sweet lyre. Th' historic muse,
 Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
 To latest times; and sculpture in her turn,
 Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass,
 To guard them, and t' immortalize her trust.
 But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
 To those who posted at the shrine of truth,
 Have fall'n in her defence. A patriot's blood
 Well spent in such a strife may earn indeed

And

And for a time insure to his loved land
 The sweets of liberty and equal laws ;
 But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
 And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
 In confirmation of the noblest claim,
 Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
 To walk with God, to be divinely free,
 To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
 Yet few remember them. They lived unknown
 Till persecution dragg'd them into fame
 And chafed them up to heaven. Their ashes flew
 —No marble tells us whither. With their names
 No bard embalms and sanctifies his song,
 And History, so warm on meaner themes,
 Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
 The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire,
 But gives the glorious sufferers little praise.*

* See Hume,

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He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
 And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
 That hellish foes confed'rate for his harm
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off
 With as much ease as Samson his green wyths.
 He looks abroad into the varied field
 Of Nature, and though poor perhaps, compared
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
 Calls the delightful scen'ry all his own.
 His are the mountains, and the vallies his,
 And the resplendent rivers. His t' enjoy
 With a propriety that none can feel,
 But who with filial confidence inspired
 Can lift to heav'n an unpresumptuous eye,
 And smiling say—my father made them all.
 Are they not his by a peculiar right,
 And by an emphasis of int'rest his,
 Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
 Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
 With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love

That

That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a world
So cloathed with beauty, for rebellious man?

Yes—ye may fill your garner, ye that reap
The loaded foil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast or in the chace, in song or dance

A liberty like his, who unimpeach'd
Of usurpation and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his father's work,
And has a richer use of yours, than you,

He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city, plann'd or 'ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves,

His freedom is the same in ev'ry state,
And no condition of this changeful life

So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less,
For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.

No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
 With ease, and is at large. Th' oppressor holds
 His body bound, but knows not what a range
 His spirit takes unconscious of a chain,
 And that to bind him is a vain attempt
 Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

Acquaint thyself with God if thou would'st taste
 His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
 Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before;
 Thine eye shall be instructed, and thine heart
 Made pure, shall relish with divine delight
 'Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
 Brutes graze the mountain-top with faces prone
 And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
 It yields them, or recumbent on its brow,
 Ruminates heedless of the scene outspread
 Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
 From inland regions to the distant main.
 Man views it and admires, but rests content

With

With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
 But not its author. Unconcern'd who form'd
 The paradise he sees, he finds it such,
 And such well-pleased to find it, asks no more.
 Not so the mind that has been touch'd from heav'n,
 And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
 To read his wonders, in whose thought the world,
 Fair as it is, exist'd ere it was.
 Not for its own sake merely, but for his
 Much more who fashioned it, he gives it praise;
 Praise that from earth resulting as it ought
 To earth's acknowledg'd sov'reign, finds at once
 Its only just proprietor in Him.
 The soul that sees him, or receives sublimed
 New faculties, or learns at least t' employ
 More worthily the pow'rs she own'd before;
 Discerns in all things, what with stupid gaze
 Of ignorance till then she overlook'd,
 A ray of heav'nly light gilding all forms
 Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute

The

The unambiguous footsteps of the God
 Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
 And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
 Much conversant with heav'n, she often holds
 With those fair ministers of light to man
 That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
 Sweet conference. Enquires what strains were they
 With which heav'n rang, when ev'ry star, in haste
 To gratulate the new-created earth,
 Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
 Shouted for joy.—“ Tell me, ye shining hosts
 “ That navigate a sea that knows no storms
 “ Beneath a vault unfulfilled with a cloud,
 “ If from your elevation, whence ye view
 “ Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
 “ And systems of whose birth no tidings yet
 “ Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race
 “ Favor'd as our's, transgressors from the womb
 “ And hastening to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,
 “ And to possess a brighter heav'n than yours ?

As

" As one who long detain'd on foreign shores
 " Pants to return, and when he sees afar
 " His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd rocks
 " From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
 " Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
 " So I with animated hopes behold
 " And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
 " That shew like beacons in the blue abyfs
 " Ordain'd to guide th' embodied spirit home
 " From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
 " Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
 " That give assurance of their own success,
 " And that infused from heav'n, must thither tend."

So reads he nature whom the lamp of truth
 Illuminates. Thy lamp, mysterious word!
 Which who so sees, no longer wanders lost
 With intellects bemazed in endless doubt,
 But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built
 With means that were not till by thee employ'd,

Worlds

World's that had never been had'st thou in strength
 Been less, or less benevolent than strong.
 They are thy witnesses, who speak thy pow'r
 And goodness infinite, but speak in ears
 That hear not, or receive not their report.
 In vain thy creatures testify of thee
 'Till thou proclaim thyself. Their's is indeed
 A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine
 That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
 And with the boon gives talents for its use.
 'Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
 Possess the heart, and fables false as hell
 Yet deemed oracular, lure down to death
 The uninform'd and heedless souls of men.
 We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as blind,
 The glory of thy work, which yet appears
 Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
 Challenging human scrutiny, and proved
 Then skilful most when most severely judged.
 But chance is not; or is not where thou reign'st:

Q

Thy

Thy providence forbids that fickle pow'r
 (If pow'r she be that works but to confound)
 To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
 Yet thus we doat, refusing while we can
 Instruction, and inventing to ourselves
 Gods such as guilt makes welcome, Gods that sleep,
 Or disregard our follies, or that fit
 Amused spectators of this bustling stage.
 Thee we reject, unable to abide
 Thy purity, 'till pure as thou art pure,
 Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause
 For which we shunn'd and hated thee before.
 Then we are free. Then liberty like day
 Breaks on the foul, and by a flash from heav'n
 Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
 A voice is heard that mortal ears hear not
 'Till thou hast touch'd them; 'tis the voice of song,
 A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works,
 Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
 And adds his rapture to the gen'ral praise.

In

In that blest moment, nature throwing wide
 Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile
 The author of her beauties, who retired
 Behind his own creation, works unseen
 By the impure, and hears his pow'r denied.
 Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
 Their only point of rest, eternal word !
 From thee departing, they are lost and rove
 At random, without honor, hope, or peace.
 From thee is all that soothes the life of man,
 His high endeavour, and his glad success,
 His strength to suffer and his will to serve.
 But oh thou bounteous giver of all good,
 Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown !
 Give what thou can'st, without thee we are poor,
 And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.