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“LINES WRITTEN IN MY CLOSET”: VOLUME ONE OF JUDITH SARGENT MURRAY’S POETRY MANUSCRIPTS

by

TAMMY MILLS

Under the Direction of Reiner Smolinski

ABSTRACT

Once holding an esteemed literary reputation as author of *The Gleaner* (1798), an eclectic collection of prose and poetry serialized and sold by advance subscription, Judith Sargent Murray (1751-1820) was virtually forgotten for nearly two centuries. The 1986 discovery of manuscripts believed to have been lost prompted critics to evaluate anew Sargent Murray’s literary accomplishments. Previously unpublished poems and letters mark the prolific author as an important figure in early America’s self-conscious attempt to establish a national literature. This dissertation makes available Volume One of Sargent Murray’s poetry manuscript journals: two hundred and twenty previously unpublished poems and two that were published in *The Massachusetts Magazine*. The poems in Volume One serve as a representative sampling of the poet’s *oeuvre*, and the critical introduction and annotations of the first volume provide evidence of her stature as an important figure in early American political activism. She stands out as an early feminist, as a keen observer of social and historical issues (most notably the contest with Great Britain), and as a staunch proponent of the Universalist Church in America.

INDEX WORDS: Judith Sargent Murray, Universalism, *The Gleaner*

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by

TAMMY MILLS

A Dissertation Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree of

Doctor of Philosophy

In the College of Arts and Sciences

Georgia State University

2006

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# “LINES WRITTEN IN MY CLOSET”: VOLUME ONE OF JUDITH SARGENT MURRAY’S POETRY MANUSCRIPTS

by

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## Chapter One

## Introduction—

## "Yes I must write": Sargent Murray Answers Her Calling

Born into a wealthy, prominent New England sea merchant family[1] and demonstrating talent for learning, Judith Sargent Murray (1751-1820) made good use of her family's extensive library, turning her love of reading and her quest for knowledge into a writing career.[2] At the age of eighteen, she entered into a reportedly loveless marriage with sea captain John Stevens (1741-1786), who, facing debtor's imprisonment, fled to the West Indies where he died. Two years after her first husband's death, Judith Sargent Stevens married British Universalist minister John Murray (1741-1815),[3] a family friend ten years her senior. Based on love and mutual respect, this second marriage for both was a happy one, but monetary troubles plagued the once wealthy Sargent Murray and her husband. She hoped her writing would supplement her husband's church stipends, but money did not flow as easily as her pen. Earnings from advanced-subscription sales of *The Gleaner* (1798), a collection of poems, essays, plays, and a novel, failed to make the Murrays wealthy. Nonetheless, as her unpublished manuscript poem, "Lines written in my closet" suggests, Sargent Murray wrote out of a need far greater than recognition or money, both of which she desperately craved. The writing process granted physical retreat and time for retrospection for a woman very much tuned into the political and religious turbulence around her. The following poem, included in its entirety, illustrates the sanctity of writing for Sargent Murray, while also hinting at the social ramifications she faced as a result of her decision to pursue writing:

**Lines written in my closet**

Yes I must write, it soothes, and calms my mind,
And with my pen, my fairest hours I find.
Retir'd from care, to this far distant spot,
Would I could say the world were then forgot,
My various Musings, pensive, grave, or sad, 5
And moments too, by sacred joy made glad,
Are here indulg'd, while none presumes to trace,
My lov'd retreat, my little sheltering place,
Serene I dwell on memory's brightening page,
And in past scenes with new delight engage: 10
Anticipate each future joy or grief,
Smile at the bliss, and seek from tears relief,
When heart felt sorrows every where surround,
And with their barbed arrows deeply wound.
Nor can I, seated solitary here, 15
The censuring tongue of rancrous malice fear,
None but my Father God my conduct views,
Who with paternal love my steps pursues,
And to his searching eye I make appeal,
My heart doth only common failings feel. (Ms. V.1, p. 287)[4]

Not content with the complacency of the domestic sphere, the author consciously, actively, and purposefully engaged in the political and religious controversies around her all the while aware of the "censuring tongue[s]" (16) that disapproved of her decision to write. Sargent Murray's "sensitivity to criticism and her own worth in her chosen profession plagued her during her life" (Dorgan 72). Nonetheless, as her poem relates, in times of "heartfelt sorrows," Sargent Murray found solace through the act of writing, even as the decision to be a writer pained her. That her poetry was completed in a "little sheltering place" (8) exemplifies the poet's station in the new republic: the female author wrote in a tiny closet, hidden away from those who disapproved of her writing. In her "lov'd retreat," only "Father God [her] conduct view[ed]" (17). The poem's title—"Lines written in my closet"—is emblematic of the poet's position as a female writer in the eighteenth century. The necessity of writing in secrecy exemplifies the prevailing notion that writing did not belong in the female sphere, at least not overtly. Yet, while she was often compelled to write in secret, Sargent Murray championed freedom.

Judith Sargent Murray lived in a pivotal time in American history: she lived near Boston, and her family was involved in maritime commerce, giving her a vested interest in and providing her with a close view of the war with Great Britain. In *Selected Writings of Judith Sargent Murray*, Sharon M. Harris cogently summarizes the era in which the prolific author lived: "Her sixty-nine-year life spanned crucial decades of revolution and national independence that redefined concepts of citizenship, literary genius, and women's rights. Perhaps no American woman writer until Margaret Fuller equaled Murray in intellectual powers, in the breadth of genres in which she wrote, or in public

recognition" (xv). Yet despite her success as an author, at times it must have seemed as if her once comfortable personal world was crumbling: conflict with Great Britain loomed, placing her maritime and military family members in peril. Sargent Murray's stately house at forty-nine Middle Street in Gloucester, Massachusetts, offered an expansive view of Gloucester Bay where she could spot British man-of-war ships convening before the Revolution. The conflict with Great Britain became a salient topic in her poetry as tensions ignited.[5] Once free from Britain, America became determined to establish its own identity, and the founding fathers created a legislature to govern themselves, leaving women conspicuously absent from their plans. In 1776, Abigail Adams asked her husband in a famous, often-quoted letter to "remember the ladies" as he established laws to govern independence or face the possibility of rebellion. Like her famous contemporary whom she knew personally, Sargent Murray, too, demanded notice. Always opinionated and rarely reticent, Sargent Murray published her views on what opportunities women should have in the new republic in the better-known essay *On the Equality of the Sexes* (1790) as well as in her lesser-known poetry, which was written between 1775 and the early 1800s. For Sargent Murray, finding a niche for herself and other women in the newly sovereign republic became paramount. Despite that "the only career opportunities for women of [Sargent Murray's] class at the time were marriage and motherhood" (Harris xvii), Sargent Murray strived to establish for herself a literary reputation.

As her poetry and essays convey, Sargent Murray was fully aware of her prescribed role as a woman, but she longed for and insisted upon more opportunities for

those who shared her gender. The author had hopeful expectations for women in the recently formed States:

> The early American champion of gender equality, Judith Sargent Murray, wrote in *The Gleaner* . . . that women should raise themselves above dependence by learning 'some particular branch of business,' so as to gain the same freedom American men enjoyed. But, she added crucially, her intent was not to 'unsex' women or make them less amiable, less affectionate. She insisted, in fact, that maternal instincts made women naturally superior to men in feelings and that society benefited as a result. (Burstein 20)

On a personal level, Sargent Murray looked forward to maternity and subscribed to the ideas of Republican Motherhood, "that women should be educated to better raise future American citizens" (Smith 39), but in her mind, motherhood was not the sole *raison d'être.* Realistically, it could not be, for her first pregnancy did not occur until Sargent Murray was thirty-eight years old.[6] Because her interest in writing began early in her life, it would not be fair to suggest that she chose a career in writing *solely* because she was not physically able to become a mother, but it might not be a coincidence that Judith Sargent Murray began actively publishing her poems soon after her first child was stillborn in 1791.[7] Two years later, once her daughter Julia Maria was born, the forty-year-old mother beautifully blended the roles of motherhood and writer. When one examines *The Story of Margaretta*, the novella that runs throughout *The Gleaner*, one

can't help but notice the symbiotic connection between child rearing and writing, as much of the story revolves around issues involved in raising the young girl.

Just as important in Sargent Murray's life as her writing activities was her involvement in the Universalist Church. Being married to a prominent minister afforded her the opportunity to travel extensively and to meet such eminent contemporaries as President John Adams and his outspoken wife Abigail. Being active on behalf of the Universalist Church gave Sargent Murray notoriety as the wife of the founder of Universalism in America: "When John Murray died before the completion of his autobiography, his wife added the final seventh, eighth, and ninth chapters to the volume. The original was published, in 1816, in Boston and was republished several times during the nineteenth century" (Dorgan 154). After becoming a widow, Sargent Murray left her beloved Massachusetts to settle in Mississippi with her daughter Julia Maria and her son-in-law Adam Louis Bingaman, who once boarded in her house while attending Harvard and who secretly married Julia Maria despite his well-to-do family's misgivings. Upon her death in 1820, Sargent Murray was buried in the Bingaman family cemetery in Natchez, Mississippi, far from her native Massachusetts, where one can today visit The Sargent House Museum[8] and see firsthand the tiny closet in which she wrote**.** There are no remaining direct descendants of Judith Sargent Murray and John Murray (Smith 73).

**Judith Sargent Murray, The Writer**

Like others before her, Judith Sargent Murray, often writing under a pseudonym, experimented with several modes of writing—essays, meditations, religious tracts, letters, plays, an incomplete novel, and poems—albeit with varying success. Sargent Murray's

first publication was *A Universalist Catechism*, published anonymously in 1782, "that she had prepared for her own use" (Gibson 79) to aid in tutoring two orphans of whom she had custody. Her greatest cause for fame was *The Gleaner* (1798), a serial publication funded by advance subscription provided by over eight hundred subscribers. Other venues for her literary production are *Gentleman and Lady's Town and Country Magazine*, *The Massachusetts Magazine*, and the *Boston Weekly Magazine.* The large number of advanced subscribers to *The Gleaner*, including such prominent American figures as Presidents John Adams and George Washington, illustrates Sargent Murray's considerable popularity as a writer as well as her social status.[9] The author stands out as an innovator in two distinct areas: feminist prose and drama. Sharon M. Harris calls Sargent Murray "America's first major feminist author" (152) because of the author's activist prose in *The Repository*, a collection of political and philosophical essays, and *The Gleaner* in which she calls for the equality of women. Two of her better-known essays, "On the Domestic Education of Children" (1790) and "On the Equality of the Sexes" (1790), received positive critical attention and made a name for Sargent Murray as a social and educational advocate. It is worth noting that these works predate the 1792 British publication of Mary Wollstonecraft's *A Vindication of the Rights of Women*, which "was published in Philadelphia in 1794, although parts of it had appeared in various periodicals before that date" (Skemp 117). Sharon M. Harris calls Sargent Murray "one of the first women in America to have, in effect, what constituted her own magazine column; in fact, she authored two ongoing columns" (xxv) in *The Massachusetts Magazine.* Magazine writing was not the only genre she pursued. In fact,

she was also a playwright. Judith Sargent Murray is "the first American-born woman to see her work performed" on the Boston stage (Skemp vii), even though her two plays, *Virtue Triumphant* (1795) and *The Traveler Returned* (1796), enjoyed only brief, unsuccessful runs. In 1808, Sargent Murray's third play, *The African*, was produced at the Federal Street Theater.[10] At a time when imaginative literature, drama in particular, was viewed by many as immoral, Sargent Murray championed the theater as a possible conduit of moral didacticism. Jean Nostrand Dorgan discusses the author's reaction to the controversy surrounding drama in late eighteenth century America: "The legal ban on drama in Massachusetts had been lifted in 1793. . . . Many people at the time believed that plays were demoralizing to society. Murray countered this criticism by posing the questions, 'Doth not a virtuous theater exemplify the lessons which the ethic teacher labors to inculcate?'" (71). Didactic intent permeates many of Sargent Murray's other writings as well: an educator and reformer at heart, she utilized her writing as an educational tool, both for scholastic and religious enlightenment. Sargent Murray witnessed the publication and production of some of her creative endeavors, but the vast majority of her literary output, including over two thousand letters and nearly three hundred extant poems, was never published in her lifetime. Although recognized as an innovator in feminist prose and drama, Sargent Murray has yet to receive the critical attention she deserves as a poet.

With the 1992 re-publication of *The Gleaner*, edited by Nina Baym, and the 1995 collection of the *Selected Writings of Judith Sargent Murray*, by Sharon M. Harris, Sargent Murray has once again entered the literary spotlight after several decades of

virtual obscurity. Both of these works have done a great deal in bringing the author much-deserved critical attention; however, they ignore one of Sargent Murray's most valuable literary contributions—her unpublished poetry. Only a small fraction of her poems was published during her lifetime although numerous poetic fragments serve as epigrams introducing sections of *The Gleaner*, an eclectic serial publication that also contains several complete poems that she published pseudonymously.

Sargent Murray published about twenty poems independent of *The Gleaner*. As early as 1784, "she was sending her essays and poetry to a select number of magazines, which proliferated in New England in the 1780s and 1790s, using the pen name 'Constantia'" (Skemp 5), which was also being used by another poet, Sarah Wentworth Morton.[11] After Sargent Murray gained exclusivity for the name "Constantia," she published seven poems in the *Boston Weekly Magazine* under the name of "Honora-Martesia" or "Honora" (Dykeman 115). For many years, Judith Sargent Murray's poetry received little if any critical attention of the sort that her other writings had already received. This neglect might be traced to Vena Bernadette Field's 1931 *Constantia,* the first biography ever published on Judith Sargent Murray. In this Master's thesis, published by the University of Maine Press, Field erroneously notes that the writer's manuscripts had been destroyed by improper storage at Fatherland, the old Mississippi plantation, where the author spent the last four years of her life (51). Perhaps because most of the poems had never been published and were assumed to be lost, scholars made no serious attempt to study Judith Sargent Murray as a poet. After a decade of detective work, Unitarian Universalist minister Gordon D. Gibson discovered in a private library in

Mississippi twenty bound books of manuscript copies of the author's letters, one manuscript volume of essays that Sargent Murray entitled *The Repository*, and four manuscript volumes of her own poems that she meticulously copied for preservation (Gibson 74; Hennan 4). In 1986, they were donated to the Mississippi Department of Archives and History where they were microfilmed for longevity. This dissertation contains my transcriptions of and annotations to Volume One of Sargent Murray's poetry journals, preceded by a critical introduction in which I discuss Sargent Murray's subversion of the gift poem tradition, her poems that react to the contest with Great Britain, and her religious poetry which showcases her Universalist beliefs. I chose Volume One for this project because it serves as a representative sample of Sargent Murray's poetic *oeuvre*.

**Judith Sargent Murray, the Poet**

Current critical response to the poetry of Sargent Murray varies from faint praise to backhanded compliments. Nancy S. Ellis writes, "It seems that writing poetry must have come closer to being an obsession than a simple pastime . . . . Some of her efforts are polished and controlled, clearly ready for a degree of public reading" (14-15). Less generous in her evaluation of the poet's abilities, Sharon M. Harris argues that "although poetry was the first genre in which [Sargent Murray] wrote and would remain one of her favorite forms, it was not where her greatest talents lay" (xviii). Harris does concede, however, that "this is a contemporary evaluation" as some of Sargent Murray's own contemporaries praised her poetry. Perhaps the least enthusiastic evaluation of Sargent Murray's poetic talent comes from Sheila L. Skemp who argues that

> [Sargent] Murray's verses were no worse than most of the poetry of the age. They were didactic, highly stylized, and intensely patriotic. American poets were concerned above all with inculcating moral truths. Many poems were almost essays in verse form, their utilitarian purpose never far below the surface. (97)

Vena Bernadette Field argues that Sargent Murray "was held in high esteem by her contemporaries, both as a clever writer and as a socially gifted woman" (98), but the biographer counters this positive comment with the following: "Perhaps if she had not tried to produce such a great quantity of material, she might have achieved better results" (98). Each of these responses has merits and could accurately reflect *some* of Sargent Murray's poetry, but the statements are not reflective of *all* of the poetry because the range of complexity of her poetry varies greatly.

I contend that Sargent Murray's poetry is valuable because it provides a first-person account of the author's struggles for gender equality, political independence from Britain, and religious freedom. It seems as if Sargent Murray herself recognized the historical and sociological value of her poetry as even those poems that seem aimed at an intimate audience, for example the gift poems which are addressed to a specific person for a specific occasion, in fact call for a wider readership, perhaps illustrated by Sargent Murray's hopeful and rather meticulous copying of them into leather-bound journals for their conservation. The poems are not listed chronologically; nor are they listed thematically: it seems that Sargent Murray sought to preserve the most base of her poems along side her very best efforts. Some of the gift poems, ostensibly the most simplistic in

form and theme, challenge domesticity and prejudiced educational practices for females. Many of the occasional poems—specifically the war poems—provide valuable historical insight by offering an up-close reaction to ongoing political events, especially the contest with Great Britain. The religious poems, in the guise of simple exaltation or elegy, are oftentimes complex philosophical or religious examinations. Most impressive, however, are those poems with biblical and metaphorical allusion as they showcase Sargent Murray's distinction as a poet of merit.

The poems vary in form as much as in theme. Although many of the first volume's poems seem to be ordered chronologically, at least by year, that rule is not always applicable, making it difficult to date the vast majority of the poems. Sometimes, the author provides a date in the poem's title, or a historical event mentioned in the poem allows the reader to hone in on the possible year in which the poem was written. Most of the poems are written in iambic pentameter or iambic tetrameter with rhyming couplets, but the stanza lengths and lengths of the poems themselves vary greatly. Vena Bernadette Field, who had only the handful of previously printed poems to evaluate as the poetry journals were not yet rediscovered, offers a surprisingly accurate depiction of Sargent Murray's poetic *oeuvre*:

> The technique of her poetry is almost wholly Popean, with few excursions outside of the conventional couplet form. The spirit and feeling are decidedly more pre-romantic, reflecting both the melancholy elegiac

> influence of the Graveyard School and the optimistic conception of humanity which made her husband's theological conceptions possible. (98)

These characterizations reflect much of the poetry in the unpublished journals, but Sargent Murray experimented with meter, rhyme, length, and style.

After transcribing and thoroughly examining roughly 900 manuscript pages of poems, I have found many that warrant publication and further consideration for a variety of reasons: some act as models of such traditional eighteenth-century poetic modes as gift poetry and occasional poetry; some, conversely, react against and/or challenge such modes; some provide a valuable first-person reaction to such historically important events as the Revolutionary War; some outline the tenets of Universalism; some are valuable philosophical explorations, and some are quite frankly sublime for their own sake, full of metaphoric and biblical allusions. This dissertation focuses on Volume One of the poetry manuscripts, which I have carefully transcribed in its entirety, because this volume, more so than the others, offers a representative sample of the author's *oeuvre*.

This dissertation is divided into three distinct parts: my critical introduction to the poetry of Judith Sargent Murray, my transcriptions of manuscript Volume One in its entirety, which includes two hundred twenty-two poems,[12] and my own annotations to these poems. My critical introduction highlights points about three categories of poems found throughout Volume One. In chapter one, I examine how Judith Sargent Murray makes use of and then subverts the gift poem tradition, turning an ostensibly simple poem into a vehicle of feminist rhetoric and educational reform. The next chapter focuses on

some of Sargent Murray's most relevant occasional poems, specifically those of significant historical value for her reaction to the ongoing contest with Great Britain. Finally, chapter three explores Sargent Murray's use of biblical, metaphorical, and literary allusion in some of her finest religious poems. My goal in this project is multifaceted: I hope making these poems available in print brings Sargent Murray's poetry the critical acclaim it deserves and the author herself the recognition she coveted as an important poet in young America. Through these poems that explore gender equality, education reform, political turmoil, and religious tenets, readers will gain a valuable understanding of the volatile gender, social, and religious politics that worked to mold our country into what it is today.

## Chapter Two

## Gift Poetry—

## "Delay thy task—for when begun, / But with thy life it will be done": Judith Sargent Murray Supplants the Virtues of Domesticity

As did many of her contemporaries, Judith Sargent Murray often wrote poems that she attached to such gifts as needlework supplies, samplers, shoe buckles, and writing books, gifts she generously gave primarily to young female relatives and daughters of family friends: "Like many educated women of her class, she sent little verses to friends along with gifts of aprons or needlebooks. Every occasion prompted a few lines" (Skemp 96-7). This practice may have spurred the criticism of her rather contemptuous cousin Lucius Manlius Sargent (1786-1867), who condescendingly remarked Sargent Murray "'wrote poetry by the acre. . . .This was her stumbling block'" (qtd. in Skemp 96). Sargent Murray's gift poetry can be divided into two distinct kinds: one that adheres to the traditional gift poem convention and one that subverts it. Although highly didactic in theme, Sargent Murray's traditional gift poems have little literary value and are meant merely to announce the gift they accompany and perhaps mark its occasion. In addition, Sargent Murray uses the poems as a forum to extol decorum and moral virtue. These traditional gift poems fail to showcase Sargent Murray's poetic dexterity, but they do illustrate the poet's awareness and use of the established technique. Dispersed among these lackluster poems, however, are brilliant, skillful attacks on the very convention that legitimizes them. These subversive gift poems stand out because

rather than being amusing, pleasant rhymes supplementing a gift that perpetuates the constraints of domesticity, these poems question the subjugation of women to the domestic sphere. The female's role in society, a salient topic in two conspicuous examples of Sargent Murray's essays published in 1784 and 1790, figures somewhat less prominently in her poetry in Volume One of her four volume collection, which was most likely composed between 1775 and 1790. Those familiar with her "Desultory Thoughts Upon the Utility of Encouraging a Degree of Self-Complacency Especially in Female Bosoms" (1784) and "On the Equality of the Sexes" (1790) might expect that Sargent Murray's poetry would necessarily espouse similar ideas on the female position. That the poet vacillates between upholding the tenets of the traditional gift poem model and subverting it demonstrates her conflicted station as female poet and political activist. These subversive gift poems mark Judith Sargent Murray's transitional position as a woman in the new republic: Sargent Murray valued the traditional role of woman—that of mother and caregiver tied to the domestic sphere—yet she rejected elements of that realm that limited female choices and opportunities.

As a female activist who sought educational and political reform, Sargent Murray found herself unsanctioned—living within and fighting to expand traditional, gender-constricted boundaries. In the revolutionary era, the struggle for liberty and democracy altered women's roles in the rebelling colonies as childrearing theories and practices took a political slant—the role of mother became politicized in that women were no longer seen as mere birthers and nurturers. As the new republic formed, mothers were elevated by default and by necessity to the status of intelligent caregivers, that is, conduits of the

Republic's political agenda. The historical impact of what later became known as the ideology of Republican Motherhood has been debated since long before Linda Kerber coined the term in her 1980 book *Women of the Republic: Intellect and Ideology in Revolutionary America*. Some historians argue that Republican Motherhood moved women towards equality as they began to play more essential roles in the political sphere. Others argue that the Republican Mother's role was but yet another subservient one for women. Sharon M. Harris discusses the controversies surrounding this ideology:

> While Republican Motherhood, on the one hand, offered women a degree of empowerment and aided their increased educational opportunities, it was also a means of denying women direct political participation in the new republic. Many well-known gender biases emerged from this ideology: women are politically inept; women have political power through the domestic arena in that they can influence their husbands and sons. (xxvii)

Despite these negative implications, the ideology of Republican Motherhood had its strengths: because of their new political affiliation, women gained better educational opportunities and inherited a sanctioned place in the Republic's political sphere, one to which they had previously been denied access. Women gained recognition for their valuable contribution to the revolutionary cause: "America's children, and thus America's future, were in the hands of the nation's mothers" (Skemp 76). Sargent Murray recognized the possible merits of what later became known as Republican Motherhood, namely greater educational, economic, and political roles for women.

However, to gain access to these opportunities that would ultimately move the female gender closer to equality she believed that women would have to *appear* to be working within, not against their roles as wives and mothers. Bonnie Hurd Smith writes that Sargent Murray "agreed with the concepts of Republican Motherhood—that women should be educated to better raise future American citizens. . . . But [Sargent Murray] added a feminist twist to the Republican Motherhood argument, claiming that women deserved a quality education for their own sakes in order to achieve economic independence and self-worth" (39). Sargent Murray's gift poetry attests to her recognition that women were in a transitional position in the new republic, one she hoped would evolve to allow better gender equality. I contend that Judith Sargent Murray purposely infuses some of her gift poems with a feminist warning that although domesticity has its merits in that the female can make a valuable contribution to society as a wife and mother, it has an insidious side as well, for a woman who wants to take part in other realms finds her opportunities severely limited. The actual gift of these subverted gift poems—her admonition to her female contemporaries to heed the constrictive elements of domesticity—can be discerned when one closely examines how Sargent Murray both utilizes and transforms the traditional genre of the gift poem.

Volume One of Sargent Murray's poetry manuscripts contains seventeen gift poems.[13] Of these poems, fifteen are addressed to female friends and relatives, and two are addressed to male child relatives. Of the fifteen addressed to a female audience, two are written for adult friends, one is attached to a copy of verses and one to a glass vase, one is written to Sargent Murray's mother and accompanies an apron. Out of the

remaining twelve, four are related to female children's work on their samplers, and four to female children's writing books. Sargent Murray attached three of her gift poems to objects she gave to young females: one accompanied shoe buckles, one needlework supplies, and one a book of hymns. The remaining poem commemorates a young girl's birthday. Of the two gift poems addressed to young males, one is attached to a copy of *Plutarch's Lives* and one is addressed to Murray's younger brother, marking the death of their infant sibling. Out of the seventeen gift poems, all but one is written in rhyming couplets, but their lengths and meter differ substantially. While the occasions of the gift poems vary, most are remarkably similar in theme: always ready to dispense advice and deeming herself the consummate teacher, Sargent Murray infused even the most simplistic of her gift poems with moral or spiritual lessons.

In order to see how Sargent Murray subverts the gift poem convention, it is necessary to first examine her use of the traditional gift poem model. The following ten-line poem, the most simplistic of her gift poems, exemplifies Sargent Murray's use of the ordinary gift poem's format and content:

**Lines to Miss H—[14] for her sampler**

To me, thy good Mama applies,
A verse, she says, will quite suffice;
Well then, my lovely little maid,
In smiling innocence array'd,
Let virtue be thy constant guide, 5
Fair equity thy bosom's pride,

Still kindling in thy speaking face,

May modest worth thy features grace.

To give advice I'd still presume,

But on thy sampler there's not room. (Ms. V. 1, p. 100) 10

Like all but one of her other gift poems, this one is comprised of iambic tetrameter rhyming couplets and just as the others do, this one has a didactic intent embedded in its singsong rhythm. Even in the most unsophisticated and perhaps most trite of her gift poems, Sargent Murray's paramount aim it to provide moral, gender-specific instruction. She exhorts the young girl to be virtuous, fair, and modest.

The next poem, although a bit longer at twenty-four lines, follows the same format and theme. Importantly, this poem exemplifies Sargent Murray's self-identification as mother, even though the child to whom the poem is written is not her own. Even before she had her own child, Sargent Murray saw herself as a mother figure to children around her and deemed it her role to provide moral, spiritual, and educational guidance.

**Copies composed for the writing book of Miss P------[15] a little female of whom I had the care**

With mental graces first thy mind adorn,

For we to move in higher spheres were born.

Give Rectitude undeviating sway,

And virtuous precepts with delights obey,

Let spotless honour mark thy modest fame, 5

Unblemish'd truth should stamp the female name.
Give candour in thy breast conspicuous place,
And blighting envy from thy soul erase.
Let innocence o'er ev'ry thought preside,
And sacred Purity thy actions guide. 10
While the warm blushes mantling on thy cheek,
Unceasing still, to each observer speak,
Thy high disdain of that ill mannerd jest,
Torture to reason, to the virtuous breast.
May Prudence guard thee–all thy steps attend, 15
I charge thee to her dictates constant bend,
Sage are her councels–let her form thy mind,
And to thy bosom all her maxims bind.
Yet, modest freedom, thou mayst safely blend,
Such freedom as from prudery may defend, 20
Shun dark reserve, each look ill natur'd, sour,
And arm thyself with every soothing pow'r,
So shall new pleasures in succession rise,
Wafting thee onward to thy native skies. (Ms. V. 1, p. 90) 25

In the first eighteen lines of the poem, the speaker praises the importance of "honour," "Purity," and "Prudence" in the child's life, which one might expect. She deviates from the standard lesson, however, in the last two stanzas of the poem when she suggests that

on top of those virtues, the girl should pursue “modest freedom” (19), even if in so doing she encounters “dark reserve” and “ill natur’d, sour” (20) looks. If the child does so, she will be greeted by “new pleasures” (23). The poem’s mixed message is emblematic of the poet’s transitional role in the new republic. She values and upholds the sanctity of those traditional characteristics and behaviors expected of her gender, but, as this poem suggests, at the same time, she wants freedom for females to break out of these boundaries because as she explains, “For we to move in higher spheres were born” (2).

The two poems examined thus far demonstrate a sort of continuum in Sargent Murray’s move towards subverting the traditional gift poem convention. Writing traditional gift poems allowed Sargent Murray an acceptable entrance into the literary world—albeit into a rather inconsequential part of that world. Sargent Murray used the convention, which typically allowed the author the opportunity to dabble in rather unsophisticated poetry writing, as a stepping stone into a path that led to more complex writing. Demonstrating her exceptional skill as a poet, Sargent Murray worked both within and without the confines of the gift poem convention to question the limitations placed upon her gender. The following gift poems exemplify Sargent Murray’s unconventional subversion of the traditional gift poem model. It is in these subverted gift poems that Sargent Murray’s cleverness and her understanding of the nuance of language are most evident. More importantly, it is in these poems that Sargent Murray freely advances her feminist agenda and sounds her call for gender equality.

Sargent Murray composed several small “sampler” poems that she may have embroidered onto fabric herself to serve as models of that craft for the recipients or that

she may have written for the children themselves to embroider. These short poems, provided moral guidance as well as lessons on behavior. The following poem moves much further toward overtly challenging limitations placed on the female gender and demonstrates how Sargent Murray subverts the very convention that has afforded her legitimization as a female poet:

**Line written upon the sampler of a child who I was educating as a domestic assistant.**

What e'er, my Girl, thy present humble state,
Let modest Virtue on thy actions wait;
For she alone can make thee truly shine,
And fit thy wond'ring soul for scenes divine.
I know misfortune marks thy early years, 5
That wrapt in clouds thy morn of life appears,
What then–surely we all–or more, or less,
Subordination's wholesome laws confess.
Just as dependant as these letters stand,
By mutual aid, vast volumes to expand, 10
Just so, the lengthning chain connected glows,
And ev'ry link in decent Order shows.
Observe me then–act well thy little part,
And give to truth, and reason, all thy heart. (Ms. V.1, p.101)

At first glance, the poem seems a simple one that can be read as Sargent Murray's advice to the girl to accept her birthright as a domestic servant, but Sargent Murray's agenda is much larger. The girl's "present humble state" (1) can be seen as a microcosm of the subjugated state of all women in a society that views the female gender as domestic help. Sargent Murray comments upon the solidarity that all women share because all are in some way subordinated: "What then–surely we all–or more, or less, / Subordination's wholesome laws confess" (7-8). But, the poet explains, like letters which work together to expand into words and words into volumes, a single female, united with her sisters, can also grow in standing, causing the chain that binds them together to lengthen. The poet tells the girl to "observe me then—act well thy little part" (13). If she does, and if more women do, they will be able to enlarge their boundaries.

The following poem overtly challenges the presumed merits of domesticity. Interestingly, it is by being part of the domestic sphere that Sargent Murray is able to point out the limitations inherent in that realm:

**To Miss S.S. Ellery[16] upon a New years day with a compliment of a Needle book, and thread case, furnished for use.**

Now the young Morn of life is thine
Gently the tepid airs combine,
To waft thee forward on thy way,
Healthful, vig'rous, light, and gay.
Pretty flow'r, may thy soft bloom, 5
The fragrance of the rose assume,

Like the unspotted mountain snow,
Unsully'd may thy moments flow.
Sweetly progressive mayst thou rise,
Be every hour more fair, more wise, 10
Till rob'd in white, thy soul shall stray,
Mid God's interminable day.
Mean time, receive what I prepare,
These emblems of approaching care,
Needles and thread in order laid, 15
And thus conspicuously display'd,
Clad in their very best array,
In strains like these they seem to say.
"Behold us here collected stand,
"We wait the efforts of thy hand, 20
"'Tis thou, sweet Maid who must preside,
"And all our vagaries must guide;
"From humble hems, and lowly seams,
"To flow'rs and knots, which fancy deems,
"Essential to thy future part, 25
"And comprehended in that art,
"Known to the seamstress–'tis her claim,
"And useful is her modest fame."

Assay my dear, the needle wield,
It will sweet recreation yield, 30
While industry, productive flow'r,
Will grace and brighten every hour.
But all too soon I greet thy ear,
Nor yet my voice officious hear;
Delay thy task–for when begun, 35
But with thy life it will be done.
Till when, beshrew th' envious wight,
Whose ranc'rous heart and gloomy spight,
Thy childish gambols would controul,
Filling with sighs thy little soul. 40
Gaily may this New Year revolve,
Nor yet the blissful scene dissolve.
The hand of joy her roses strew,
Flow'rs on jocund mirth which grew,
Visions of bliss unclouded rise, 45
While innocence the view supplies.
For thee I'd fill the cup of joy,
Each embryo mischief would destroy;
O'er thy infantile pleasures smile,
And life of every ill beguile. 50

And mayst thou be thy Parents boast,

Parental guards–a mighty host–

Surround thy paths, of potent pow'r,

To shield, and bless thy every hour. (Ms. V. 1, p. 84)

Sargent Murray's young niece Sally Ellery, the recipient of the author's gift, is a mere four years old when the poet first presents her with a needlebook and thread case, standard tools of a domesticated female, but more importantly, "emblems of approaching care" (14). While Sally is most likely too young to understand and heed the poet's warning, to "delay thy task" (35), other women, certainly the child's mother, Esther Ellery (Sargent Murray's sister) and other female relatives might understand. Despite being addressed to the child, her parents are the poet's real intended audience. While the personified needles and thread beckon the girl with the promise of "sweet recreation," the speaker interrupts the idyllic vision thus presented by the domestic tools:

But all too soon I greet thy ear,

Nor yet my voice officious hear;

Delay thy task–for when begun, 35

But with thy life it will be done. (33-36)

Not only does Sargent Murray question the value of domestic duties in the female sphere, she also looks critically at the institution of marriage. A close reading of this poem attests to her skepticism. After cautioning the girl to "delay [her] task" by rejecting needlework, the poem recommends that the girl also "beshrew th' envious wight" (37), perhaps the girl's imagined future husband:

> Till when, beshrew th' envious wight,
>
> Whose ranc'rous heart and gloomy spight,
>
> Thy childish gambols would controul,
>
> Filling with sighs thy little soul. (37-40)

Sargent Murray was not opposed to marriage *per se*, but she was opposed to a marriage in which the female faced subjugation and limited opportunity. Sheila L. Skemp writes, "[W]hile she railed against the limitations imposed by traditional views of marriage, she harbored ambivalent attitudes about an institution she both valued and questioned. She . . . praised marriage as the highest form of human happiness" but "was contemptuous of any union not founded on mutuality" (61-62). Just as endless needlework can rob the girl of her "childish gambols," so too might an "envious wight" with a "ranc'rous heart." After presenting such a bleak picture of the girl's future, the poet returns to reality—a "blissful scene," one in which the girl still enjoys her childhood. In the next stanza, the poem returns to the present and the occasion of the gift, New Year's Day. Perhaps fearing she may have overstepped her bounds as a family friend with her condemnation of accepted domestic instruction, the poet ends the poem by sanctioning the "parental guards" and asking them to watch over the child, "[t]o shield, and bless [her] every hour" (54).

In her essay "On the Equality of the Sexes," Sargent Murray more freely questions the presumed merits of domesticity: One of Sargent Murray's better-known works, this essay was published in *The Massachusetts Magazine* in serial form, in 1790, expresses a similar theme: domestic chores dull the mind and prohibit intellectual growth,

and in so doing perpetuate gender inequality. After establishing that "province of imagination hath long since been surrendered up to" females who "have been crowned undoubted sovereigns of the region of fancy" (4), Sargent Murray, under the pseudonym of Constantia, points out the inequity inherent in current gender roles:

> Is the needle and kitchen sufficient to employ the operation of a soul thus organized? I should conceive not. Nay, it is a truth that those very departments leave the intelligent principle vacant. . . . Are we deficient in reason? we can only reason from what we know, and if an opportunity of acquiring knowledge hath been denied us, the inferiority of our sex cannot fairly be deduced from thence. (in Harris 5)

The examined poem posits a similar theme, namely that while needlework may be valuable for young girls in that industry does provide "sweet recreation" (30), it is detrimental to a woman's intellectual progress because needlework and domestic duties are unending, all-encompassing, life-long tasks. With such work comes the loss of "childish gambols" (39) as the female's spirit is weighed down with endless tasks. This poem presents a bleak picture for the female child. Once she is molded into a properly domesticated woman, she will face endless work in the home and possibly a controlling husband, an "envious wight" with a "ranc'rous heart." Sheila L. Skemp provides insight into Sargent Murray's views on domestic chores:

> While at times Murray claimed to relish the tasks associated with housewifery, more often she complained of the drudgery, the mind-numbing repetitiveness, and the time-consuming nature of housework.

> However important domestic tasks were, they left virtually no time for the edifying life of the mind. (86)

Judith Sargent Murray's poetry exemplifies her ambivalent relationship with the domestic life offered to the women of her time. She loved being a wife and mother but cogently argues that domestic duty need not prohibit intellectual growth. In "On the Equality of the Sexes," the author addresses a common fear (primarily male) that the female in pursuit of equality would abandon the domestic sphere entirely:

> Will it be urged that those acquirements would supersede our domestick duties? I answer that every requisite in female economy is easily attained; and, with truth I can add, that when once attained, they require no further *mental attention*. Nay while we are pursuing the needle, or the superintendency of the family, I repeat, that our minds are at full liberty for reflection; that imagination may exert itself in full vigor; and that if a just foundation is early laid, our ideas will then be worthy of rational beings. (in Harris 7)

Sargent Murray's poetry and essays illustrate her transitional place in Revolutionary America. Sargent Murray's was an era of political, educational, and religious revolution, one that prompted philosophers and educators to question the female station. As her essays convey, Sargent Murray believed women could be wives, mothers, and caregivers, and still have time to pursue education. The notion that women were even capable of advanced education was slowly taking hold: "It was not until very late in the eighteenth century that theorists began to attribute women's intellectual inferiority to their education

rather than to their biology. Benjamin Rush reflected the changing attitudes in his *Thoughts Upon Female Education* (1787)" (Cowell 4).

In addition to using the gift poem construction as a means to point out the drudgery of domestic chores, Sargent Murray also alters the function of the traditional gift poem by using it as a forum to voice her educational reform ideas. Despite her personal conviction, Sargent Murray knew her gender constrictions and that a full-fledged attack against the inequality would be met with hostility. For this reason, she argued *not* for a complete upheaval in the education system but for a more inclusive plan that allowed girls the opportunity to learn on top of those domestic areas deemed necessary and proper by society. Educational opportunities were limited across the board: "The city of Boston offered no free education to girls until 1789. Gloucester did not admit girls to public school until shortly before the Revolution, and then their education consisted of only the most cursory writing lessons, which occupied, at most, two hours a day" (Skemp 85). Madeline Creek explains, "In the early years of the Republic, educating women so they in turn would be more useful to others was a progressive idea; educating women so they would better serve themselves was more radical. Even enthusiastic proponents of female education did not espouse educating women for independence" (257). In one of her gift poems addressed to a young female, "To the same, upon her Birth Day, written three years after the preceding lines" (Ms. V.1, p. 85), Sargent Murray outlines her view of education needs for girls: reading, sewing, spelling, writing, arithmetic, grammar, painting, vocal music, geography, and even astronomy:

> Nor, if I may express my mind,
>
> Wilt thou be on this globe confind,
>
> But to astronomy thou'lt soar,
>
> And e'en the starry heavens explore. (56-59)

Sargent Murray wants the best and most-encompassing education for the young female child. More than a pleasing rhyme to mark the child's birthday, this poem provides a forum for Sargent Murray to explain the poet's views on female education. Note that Sargent Murray does not call for educational equality but for education inclusion. In addition to those areas of study traditionally reserved for female children, the poet asks that they be educated in the arts and sciences as well. Through her poetry and essays, Sargent Murray entered a relatively new debate about educational reform. Sheila L. Skemp discusses the on-going debates about female education in the years following the American Revolution:

> When Americans argued that women could and should be educated, they disagreed about what middle- and upper-class girls should learn. They had to know how to read, do simple figures, and write with a clear hand. A knowledge of history, geography, astronomy, and natural philosophy was also important. They should be acquainted with the needle and the loom. (90)

Sargent Murray's insistence upon gender equality and the right for females to receive advanced education opportunities places her in a category of activist. Her own education, despite her complaints of its inadequacies when compared to that of her brothers, gave

her an informed, educated voice and provided her with an historical context from which she was able to convincingly argue her points. She serves as an exemplary model of the educated domestic. Sargent Murray's views on the educational model aligns her with the more liberal of her contemporaries, as she advocates instruction in areas traditionally offered to females as well as those areas of study that were traditionally relegated to males. Note that Judith Sargent Murray doesn't want to dismiss traditional female educational ideas; she wants to supplement them. Radically, and perhaps unrealistically given contemporary education limitations for females, Sargent Murray advocated girls being taught Latin and Greek (Skemp 90). Madelon Creek writes, "To extend, to enlarge, to open, and to free the minds of women was clearly the intent of Murray's passionate plea for women's education. Faced with women's restricted and devalued intellectual life, she formulated an educational theory based upon her belief in the equality of the sexes" (260). Through the endowment of these gift poems, Sargent Murray urges the young recipients to question the opportunities they are given while also addressing their mothers, aunts, and caregivers. The fact that Judith Sargent Murray preserved copies of these gift poems suggests she hoped for an even wider audience in the future.

Sometimes, Sargent Murray argues, education can mean the difference between virtue and moral turpitude. Sargent Murray argues in her 1784 essay "Desultory Thoughts Upon the Utility of Encouraging a Degree of Self-Complacency Especially in Female Bosoms" that the female denied a proper education might fall prey to a scoundrel:

> A young lady, growing up with the idea, that she possesses few, or no personal attractions, and that her mental abilities are of an inferior kind, imbibing at the same time, a most melancholly idea of a female, descending down the vale of life in an unprotected state; taught also to regard her character ridiculously contemptible, will, too probably, throw herself away upon the first who approaches her with the tenders of love. (in Harris 47-48)

Education for the female, Sargent Murray argues helps preserve female virtue because knowledge prepares her for those who might cause her harm. While she laments that some girls are not offered the opportunity for education, she finds more distressing those who waste their chance to excel through education.

In "Copies continued to another Writing Book" (Ms. V. 1, p. 91), Sargent Murray cautions a young charge to take her educational opportunities seriously: "What boots it though thou turn'st whole volumes o'er, / And art no wiser than thou wert before?" (1-2). The unfortunate female who does not heed the poet's warning is "[a]t best a silly, trifling, fluttering thing, / Rear'd to no purpose but to dress and sing" (15-16). Her disdain for the uneducated female may seem harsh, but it points to the gravity of the situation and how serious Sargent Murray took her role as tutor and education reformer. Interestingly, Sargent Murray places the onus not only on society but also on the individual female. She offers practical advice to the young girls she councils. In "Copies for Miss A's Writing Book," (Ms. V.1, p. 97) she explains that females can find time for self-improvement and still perform the domestic duties expected of them:

Soon as the sun dispels the shades of night

Gilding the rosy morn with orient light,

Arise my Love, and hail its lucid ray,

Fresh as the dawn—and as serenly gay.

With gentle slumbers cheerful health is found;

And early hours are oft with wisdom crown'd: (31-6)

In these "early hours," before men are out of bed, women have time to do whatever they wish. Even in this overtly didactic poem about female responsibility comes a rather subversive line: "The hours till breakfast are of course your own" (43). Using this time to improve themselves must be their decision, and reading "some improving book" (48) before the breakfast hour will enrich their lives. Pointing out that women "own" only a few stolen hours "till breakfast" (43) demonstrates her true stance. Yes, females have to be responsible for educating and improving themselves, and they can do so if they work hard, but the fact is that they have only a limited amount of time to do so because the domestic chores in their lives overwhelm them.

Occasionally, a gift poem screams of irony. Examine the following small poem in its entirety:

**To the same for her Sampler**

Confin'd for room, what shall we say?

Or how contract the votive lay,

I know we should economise,

*And to conform is sometimes wise.*

Well then, from hence, we will deduce, 5

Frugality, of potent use.

And, may industry grace thy life,

Whether as daughter, sister, or Wife:

Industry, solace of our race,

To all things gives a golden Face: 10

Tis this—and trust me—this alone,

Is the true philosophic stone. (Ms. V. 1, p. 100)

Read at face value, one might gather that the poem is literally about learning how to "economise" when doing needlework on a full sampler and that the author upholds "industry" as the "solace of [the female] race" (9). On the other hand, one might just as easily interpret the tone as facetious. In this reading, "confind for room" (1) refers to the state of women in eighteenth-century society. The speaker feels boxed in, controlled, and subjugated in a patriarchal society, yet she knows that "to conform is sometime wise" (4). Further, conforming and staying industrious "[t]o all things gives a golden Face" (9-10), even if that face is deceptive.

I end this chapter with one of the two gift poems addressed to a male so that we might see the how Sargent Murray approaches the task of educating a male child. The following poem, probably written for sister Esther Ellery's son Jack, is remarkably similar in theme to those addressed to a female audience. Like many of those addressed to young girls, this poem serves as a forum for Sargent Murray to instruct the child on the importance of moral goodness:

**To Master J.S. Ellery[17] with Plutarch's Lives[18]**

Accept, dear boy, this volume fraught with worth,
Stampt by antiquity, and own'd by truth.
Vice it delineates, and virtue too,
Placing each[19] object full before our view.
Old Plutarch held the pen, who knew to scan, 5
The various passions in the self same Man.
Grecians and Romans fill the important scene,
Though years, succeeding years, might intervene,
Ages revolve between the Heroes lives,
Yet still the Sage the finish'd portrait gives: 10
Striking the eye they rise a perfect whole
Mov'd by one Cause–one all pervading soul.
Read with attention–Give young wonder way,
And may each noble thought thy bosom sway;
The patriot virtues kindle in thy breast, 15
And every generous purpose be imprest
Deep on thy heart, by honour printed there,
In characters intelligibly fair.
May naught estrange thee from the path of right,
Flattery seduce–nor censure e'er affright, 20
But may thy better judgment ever sway,

Thy reason dictate and thy life obey:

Firm in the path of rectitude may'st thou,

Unwavering tread–and at her foot stool bow:

May every manly excellence be thine, 25

And may the milder graces all combine

To form thy mind, embelish, and exalt;

Till thou, dear Lad, almost without a fault,

Detesting evil–emulating those;

Whose hopes of peace on God's own truth repose 30

Win the bright plaudits which the good obtain,

Which worth, consistent worth, will always gain. (Ms. V. 1, p. 34)

Similar to the other gift poems presented thus far, this poem showcases the importance of education and moral guidance. She gives the child a "volume fraught with worth" (1), with the hopes that he will learn from it to distinguish between virtue and vice (3). She tells the boy to remain "[f]irm in the path of rectitude" (23) and like we've seen in many of the other gift poems, she cautions the child to resist flattery: "May naught estrange thee from the path of right, / Flattery seduce–nor censure e'er affright" (20-21). Like so many of the other gift poems, this one attempts to provide moral guidance for the impressionable child. Much of the theme corresponds to that of the other gift poems included in this discussion.

How this poem differs, however, is substantial. In this poem, we see Sargent Murray endorsement of the ideology of Republican Motherhood as she impresses upon

the young male the importance of patriotism and righteousness. She hopes that "[t]he patriot virtues kindle in thy breast, / And every generous purpose be imprest" (15-16). One of two gift poems addressed to a male audience, this poem contains more historical and literary allusion than any of the gift poems. Also, the gift that the poem is attached to is quite different from those gifts that the other poems accompany, demonstrating that Sargent Murray *herself* is somewhat guilty of gender bias. To the females she addresses, she gives sampler materials, unnamed copies of verse books, shoe buckles, instruments for needlework, an apron, a copy of hymns; but to her male addressee, she gives a valuable literary work. The poem to Master J.S. Ellery and the copy of *Plutarch Lives* pinpoints the very constraints that Sargent Murray wishes to eradicate. Clearly, without the proper education and support, the female children Sargent Murray addresses would not be able to benefit from a copy of *Plutarch's Lives* as the male child presumably will.

In each of these gift poems, Judith Sargent Murray offers advice, warnings, or lessons about how women can improve themselves. Therese Boos Dykeman cogently and articulately summarizes Judith Sargent Murray's position in eighteenth-century America and our subsequent evaluation of the author's contributions to modern feminist theory: "In her eighteenth century style, Murray's redefinition of women and her redefinition of women's place appear at once dated and contemporary. Constraint is her theme and virtue; her words are both radical and moderate. With humor and good sense, she both philosophizes and exhorts" (132). Sargent Murray's gift poetry eloquently exemplifies the poet's disquieting and uncomfortable place in a society that generally confines women. Sargent Murray uses the medium of the gift poem to dispense advice, voice her

opinions on the state of women in eighteenth-century society, and call for educational reform.

## Chapter Three

## War Poems—

## Slow To Join the War Fervor, Judith Sargent Murray Questions the Efficacy of War: "Can stars and stripes the fair from anguish save?"

Living in Gloucester, Massachusetts, a prominent shipping port, and having family in the military as well as in the commercial trade business, Judith Sargent Murray could not help but have an interest in America's contest with Great Britain. Because of the war, her well-to-do mercantile family faced the threat of great financial losses as the British began to confiscate merchant vessels and their contents, the primary source of the Sargent family's income: "By December 1775 the British government had declared all American shipping liable to seizure by British warships" (Wood 55), causing those in the trade industry much anxiety. Not only did this undue law affect sea merchants, but all citizens in Sargent Murray's home town felt the financial consequences of the conflict, either by direct losses of their property or by staple shortages caused by these unwarranted thefts. Because of their proximity and allegiance to Boston, Gloucesterians watched anxiously as tension with the British ignited: "Gloucester had voted to support efforts in Boston, its sister port, to boycott tea. They were also prepared to march to Lexington and Concord if need be" (23). The war's imminence became even more real for the city when "the British passed restraining acts that further curtailed trade at sea—and the financial security of Gloucesterians" (Smith 23). Fear for physical safety and loss of financial stability greatly affected Sargent Murray during the years preceding and those that followed the American Revolution. In letters to family and friends, Sargent

Murray complained about the scarce supplies and inflated prices that plagued her day-to-day living (Skemp 34). Sargent Murray, like many others, initially disapproved of the contest with Britain, but as momentum gathered and the number of conflicts increased, more and more colonists began to reevaluate their initial stance, with some remaining steadfast in their loyalty to Britain, some opposing Britain, and some still wavering. However, "[w]ith the publication of the Declaration of Independence in July of 1776, Americans were finally forced to take sides" (Morton 80). Sargent Murray faced serious aftereffects of the war as the poet and her husband "emerged from the war years in considerable debt" (Harris xix). In Letter 452 to her brother Winthrop, dated January 5, 1786, Sargent Murray provides a copy of her husband's appeal to his creditors, in which he explains that he has lost eight vessels "taken by the enemy, or swallowed up in the Ocean" (in Kasraie 352). Not surprisingly, given its exacting toll, rising political tension between the colonies and their mother country was a salient topic for the writer. Early on, Sargent Murray hoped the war would be avoided for religious, political, and financial reasons. As a Universalist, she "questioned the morality of war. Universalists placed special emphasis on the spiritual equality and interconnectedness of all humans" (Skemp 36). As a member of an affluent, prominent Gloucesterian family, she was loath to challenge a political alliance that had thus far allowed her family financial success, but as the conflict escalated and the subsequent effects became more pervasive, she pragmatically accepted the necessity of severing political ties with Britain. Sargent Murray began to view the war as a necessary evil, one that would allow her countrymen to resume a peaceful and just existence.

The contest with Great Britain figures as a prominent theme in Sargent Murray's poems, essays, and letters. Volume One of Sargent Murray's unpublished poetry manuscripts contains twelve poems[20] directly related to the war and its effects on the poet specifically and on the colonies in general. These poems illustrate Sargent Murray's conflicted, shifting reaction to the fight for independence, her feelings about war in general, and her opinion about America's presumed debt to France. By exploration of some of these works, this chapter will examine Sargent Murray's evolving stance on war. Once a staunch pacifist, Sargent Murray eventually alters her sentiment and accepts war as a viable and unavoidable conduit of justice for those facing tyrannical oppression.

In pieces she penned prior to the onset of the war, Sargent Murray clearly espouses her anti-war sentiment. One essay in *The Repository*, a collection of essays written in the 1770s and subsequently published between 1792 and 1794 in *The Massachusetts Magazine*, deals explicitly with the writer's views about the war with Great Britain. In essay No. XVII, originally written in 1775 but not published until it appeared in the February 1794 issue of *The Massachusetts Magazine*, Sargent Murray condemns the American Revolution, calling it a "Civil War." Sargent Murray uses metaphor and poetic language astutely to convey the devastation that political strife has inflicted upon the once-serene town. The opening of the essay describes a peaceful, idyllic scene that is shattered by "savage" man's combative nature. Because the two versions of this essay in print differ, I have provided my own transcription of Sargent Murray's manuscript version of this essay in "The Repository":[21]

> The feathered songsters have been hours since[22] hymning their great Creator their sweet and harmonizing melody charms me as I write, Ethereal airs breathe upon me their chaste and salutary influence; soft and harmonizing is the balmy breath of the vernal zephyr. It seems as if Order were constituted regent of the Natural World. All but Men, savage Men, who as if the day were too short for their hostile triumphs are already parading our streets, exulting proudly while their instruments of death tower in the air. (Ms. "The Repository," p. 18)

The introduction of "exulting," "parading" men into an otherwise tranquil "Natural World" highlights the chaotic, man-made imbalance created by war fervor. Sargent Murray calls for God's intervention to thwart man's self-destruction and to end the unnatural conflict. The metaphor of the childlike colonies revolting against their parental Great Britain in civil war highlights how aberrant she views the war to be:

> The delightful scenes of peace and security are exchanged for the horrors of the war, of civil War! Parents draw the sword to sheath it in the bosom of their enraged children, and children are aiming at the hoary heads of those who are the Authors of their being! Oh my Country, how art thou deluged in blood! How art thou torn by internal tumult! Who but must wish for some day's man—to step between and reconcile the contending parties. Heal, heal these disorders, O, our God, we humbly beseech thee; save for thy great mercies'sake our political World, and say unto this our Nation, learn War no more. (Ms. "The Repository," p. 19)

This civil war metaphor surfaces in several of Sargent Murray's anti-war poetry as will be discussed later.

While many of the war poems are not dated, one can piece together a rough chronology of the poems by examining their titles and content, which showcase the poet's vacillating political stance. Before the war begins, the poet writes about her hopes that the conflict might be abated. She stresses the familial ties that the colonies have with Britain and pleads for God's intervention to prevent war. By the time the battles begin, Sargent Murray's views shift: she begins to depict the war not only as unfortunate, but also unjust. The poet writes with a sterner passion, one that feeds upon and grows from her certainty that the ends do not justify the means—even in wartime. Examining the following representative examples of Sargent Murray's war poetry provides a continuum of her waivering political allegiances. Ultimately, Sargent Murray never fully embraces the war with Great Britain. However, her loyalties eventually do shift to Columbia, mostly because she worries about her brother Winthrop's safety as he fights the British aggressor.

Her poetry written before the commencement of the war espouses Sargent Murray's anti-war sentiment and describes the pervasive disquiet in Gloucester as the colonists prepare for attack. In the following poem, the speaker laments what she perceives to be her fellow citizens' eagerness for war and calls for instead a pastoral return for Gloucester, "so little, so remote a place" (28):

**Written at an early period of the Revolutionary War**

When will these rude tumultuous clamours cease,
When shall we hear the genial voice of peace;
My tird soul is sick of these alarms,
This vain parade, this constant din of arms.
I wish, devoutly wish, for some retreat, 5
Where but the shepherds pipe my ear may greet,
Where I may calmly hail the rising day,
On life's eventful threshold while I stray.
I would in its variety enjoy,
The mental feast I would my hours employ, 10
To cull the flowers of wisdom as they grow,
To reap the fruits which love and truth bestow.
But ah! alas! On a rough Ocean tost,
To all the bliss of social pleasures lost;
My little bark by winds of passion driv'n, 15
Blown to, and fro, by each opinion giv'n;
Sees in perspective no auspicious shore
Which can its safety, or its hopes restore;
Terrifick visions in succession rise,
A host of fears the trembling soul surprise. 20
And can it be, will dark vindictive rage,

‘Gainst helpless towns revengeful battle wage,

When far removed from the hostile scene

When cities rise, when Oceans roll between

Must Glous'ter though obscure be doom'd to feel, 25

The British thunder, and the British steel,

Forbid it British valour, British grace,

And spare so little, so remote a place. (Ms. V. 1, p. 234-5)

Sargent Murray views war as anti-religious: she “devoutly wish[es]” (5) for an end to the “vain parade, this constant din of arms” (4) that has overtaken the once bucolic town. The last stanza of the poem appeals to “British valour, British grace” (27) to “spare” Gloucester. When Sargent Murray writes this poem, her confidence in Britain is steadfast, and she hopes the mother country will show gallantry in its dealings with those causing “rude tumultuous clamours” (1) in the colonies. Before the war impacted Sargent Murray personally, she viewed the clash between the colonies and Britain with skepticism, but once her own family entered the conflict, she developed a sense of patriotic loyalty to the colonists.

Worry about the safety of her brother Winthrop Sargent, an officer in the Continental Army, greatly altered Sargent Murray’s views on the American War of Independence (1775-1783). Volume One contains three poems[23] expressing the poet’s fears about the well-being of her brother Winthrop during the conflict. A first-person testimony of the emotional toll that such uncertainty took on colonial Americans as the war raged on, the following poem cogently coveys how lack of information about the

battles and their outcomes greatly distressed Sargent Murray and others as they eagerly waited for their loved ones to return. Even those removed from the immediate vicinity of the skirmishes felt their pangs deeply. The poem also highlights the role that religious faith had in sustaining the poet during the war years. Overcome by worry, the poet relies on her faith in God to help her await her brother's return:

**Upon a disappointment**

The twentieth of November comes at last,
Almost a gloomy month having gone past,
Since tidings of my brother blest my ear,
Or voice, or sound, my listening soul could hear.
October twenty fifth, yes, that's the date, 5
Since which unconscious of eventful fate,
Or if among the living, or the dead,
My much lov'd wanderer may now be read.
How deeply harrowd is this sighing breast,
By all the horrors of suspense opprest, 10
Corroding ravages are making there,
But yet my God excludes the fiend despair.
Casting this morn the long inquiring eye,
I saw and hail'd the bright cerulean sky,
And as the fanning breezes gently blue, 15
Within my bosom hope, and pleasure grew.

Thank you propitious gales, grateful I said,
O'er yon blue waves the tardy vessel speed,
Give her to quit the sea environd shore,
The din of battle, and the cannon's roar, 20
I said, and L-----[24] obedient hove in sight,
My soul expanded with supreme delight;
With hast obliging my attendants flew,
And expectation every moment grew,
But disappointment spread her baleful wing, 25
And I of only blasted hopes can sing. (Ms. V. 1, p. 245)

The poem lucidly captures the helplessness that Sargent Murray and others surely felt awaiting news about family and friends who had left for battle or those who attempted trade during the revolutionary years. The sea presented multifarious dangers for all who dared to enter her domain. Each ship that came into view might be one of a loved one returning safely, but at the same time, it might be a ship belonging to the British Royal Navy. As “a major trading port, Gloucester was not isolated from the events taking place to the south in Boston. . . . British vessels patrolled the waters off Gloucester” (Smith 23), serving as an ever-present reminder of the British strength and naval superiority. Tell-tale signs of impending war were pervasive. Even an innocuous glance out of one of her windows could provide Sargent Murray a somber reality check as British warships loomed menacingly in the bay. More sobering, however, and more influential in the poet’s wavering war stance, was the involvement of her immediate family in the war

effort. Indeed, members of the Sargent family became pivotal players in the war against Great Britain and the creation of the new republic: her father "served as General George Washington's purchasing agent during the war," and her brother Winthrop "served as an officer in Washington's continental army" (Smith 20), an appointment that caused Sargent Murray much distress. Even when she meets with disappointment when the ship she spies turns out not to be that of her brother as she initially thought it to be, Sargent Murray's faith keeps her strong, and she thanks God for that faith and for "exclud[ing] that fiend despair" (12) that might otherwise destroy her if left unchecked.

In the second poem about Winthrop, Sargent Murray once again presents an eye-witness account of the perpetual state of anxiety that she felt when her brother Winthrop was engaged in war duties. Colonists eagerly awaited news that might inform them about the war's progress, battles, and more importantly, news about those killed or injured in these conflicts. The following poem illustrates how important a single letter became during the war years to those starved for information:

**News from my Brother**

Behold how thick my obligations rise,
See every moment some fair boon supplies,
E'er yet my thanks for one event ascends,
My penetrated spirit lowly bends,
To that blest source whence good repeated springs, 5
Eventual blessings which from evil brings.

It was but yester morn the sigh of woe,
Swell'd in my breast, and tears began to flow,
Red and surcharged were these humid eyes,
I said he sickens, or perhaps he dies, 10
Dark apprehension brooded in my soul,
Vast is her empire, potent her controul,
But e'er the day to its meridian came,
To bless my life and greet a sister’s name,
A letter flew, chasing whole hosts of fear, 15
And wiping from my cheek the mournful tear,
And still to brim for me my cup of joy,
And every evil root, and branch, destroy,
The swelling Climax with the evening rose,
Finish'd the day, and gave me sweet repose, 20
Another and another blessing blest,
And rosy hope my grateful soul possest.
Each military danger left behind,
The laurel wreathe the sons of victory bind,
Columbia[25] will her valiant Heroes greet, 25
As they deserve she will her warriors meet,
The Cap of Liberty shall be their crown,
While latest ages trumpet their renown. (Ms. V. 1, p. 246)

A letter, presumably penned by Winthrop or at the least about him, rejuvenates the cheerless poet and infuses her with a rare dose of patriotism. Caught up in the exciting news that her brother is alive and well, Sargent Murray praises the “sons of victory” (24) and predicts that they will receive a hero’s welcome upon their return home. These heroes, she writes, “deserve” such a greeting. Note that they will no longer serve a British crown, but will instead wear the “Cap of Liberty” themselves. Interestingly, the poet uses colonial language, that is, language associated with exploration, occupation, and empire building, to describe her emotions: “Dark apprehension brooded in my soul, / Vast is her empire, potent her controul, / But e'er the day to its meridian came” (11-13). Apprehension spreads its domain as if it were a colonizer and her soul were a foreign land.

In the final poem illustrating her anxiety over Winthrop’s safety, Sargent Murray writes once again about how rumors and lack of information weigh heavily on those waiting for soldiers to return from battle. The act of writing and her deep religious faith help her get through the difficult wait. The following poem may have been written in reaction to the bloody Battle of Rhode Island (August 29, 1778), in which the death toll totaled almost five hundred American and British troops and ended with no clear victor:

**September 12 1778**

Said I not so–bliss was to pain ally’d,
Twas true, experience many a proof supply’d,
Day after day I mourn’d my hapless fate,
Sinking beneath oppressive sorrow’s weight;

While streaming tears bedewd my faded cheek, 5
And language faild my many woes to speak:
Inly I sigh'd o'er each protracted hour,
And felt of apprehension all the pow'r.
'Twas for a brother's precious life I feard,
Against whose youth a veteran host appeard, 10
Rumours of death borne on the heavy air,
For dire misfortune bade my soul prepare,
Veild from my sight his glorious career,
No tidings of my soldier reach'd my ear;
Perhaps inhumid in some hallow'd tomb, 15
His laurels wither in their early bloom,
To guard my life no more a brother lives,
Death many a vital stab to friendship gives.
Thus my forboding mind sad vigils kept,
For her long lov'd, her wand'ring warrior wept, 20
At terrors shrine subdued reason bent,
And to imperious omens credence lent.
Thus days past on, till with glad tidings fraught,
The copious page was to my Father brought,
Now tun'd to joy I bid adieu to care, 25
Another face my glowing prospects wear,

My Hero lives, nay more, he home ward bends

And with his name the well earn'd laurel blends

Sweet expectation elevates my mind,

I give my sorrows to the passing wind. 30

Thus pain and pleasure with alternate sway,

Rule in the breast and vassal hearts obey,

We shrink all sensitive from grasping pain,

But pleasure rises, and we smile again. (Ms. V. 1, p. 173)

Even though Sargent Murray is distraught over fears that her brother has been killed in battle, and although she writes that "language faild my many woes to speak" (6), she uses the act of writing as a therapeutic means to find solace. Writing proves to be cathartic and calming for the poet.

Although Sargent Murray equivocated about the legitimacy of the war with Great Britain, eventually, she accepted that it was inevitable as the conflict continued. In "To a young Lady, who inform'd me she was seeking to engraff sweet hope upon the root of despair! written in the commencement of the Revolutionary War" (Ms. V. 1, p. 18-21), the speaker advises the addressee of the poem to resign herself to the "obdurate fate" of war and place her concerns in the hands of God:

Sweet Girl, thy unavailing task give o'er,

And struggle with obdurate fate no more

Beings adverse what human pow'r can join?

Almighty efforts ask a hand divine. (1-4)

Like the orphaned niece Anna, to whom the poem is addressed and whom she fostered, Sargent Murray believed once as well that the war could be avoided, but she came to acknowledge that only God could end the war with Great Britain. Note that once again Sargent Murray uses the civil war metaphor to point out the immorality and aberrant nature of war:

> Pity, the contest with a parent realm,
> Should thus the undesigning overwhelm!
> Pity, Licentiousness so far obtains, 45
> That open violence a sanction gains!
> Pity, for thinking, Freedom should despoil–
> That Sons of Liberty, merely for thought,
> Inactive breathed, and with frankness fraught,
> Should seize possessions we have deem'd our own, (43-50)

In this central section of the poem, Sargent Murray reacts negatively to the controversial "Sons of Liberty." While some colonists lauded this radical secret society for such rebellious acts against England as dumping tea, burning down stamp offices, and tarring and feathering loyalists, others decried the groups' propensity to violence and the chaos that ensued because of the group's rebellion. That Sargent Murray decries such behavior as that exhibited by the colonists at the Boston Tea Party could point to her British sympathies and her sadness about conflict against "a parent realm" (43); at the very least, it highlights her moral opposition to the vicissitudes of pre-war America. As hope that the war could be avoided dissipated and as tensions ignited, Sargent Murray's pacifism gave

way to her indignation that the impending war caused those heralding freedom to abuse and stifle those of different opinion. Her condemnation of the Sons of Liberty, who "seize possessions we have deem'd our own" (50), gives insight into her loyalist sympathies. Interestingly, she is more critical of her American brothers and their abuses of fellow Americans than she is of Britain and its oppression of the colonies. This anger surfaces in another poem that reacts to the imprisonment of a Tory friend. Indeed, much of Sargent Murray's anti-war rhetoric aims at who she believes are overzealous Americans rather than at the British.

The disparate loyalties of Judith Sargent Murray's family members affected her reaction to the inevitable conflict. She witnessed as her loyalist uncle Epes Sargent "and his family were driven from town by the 'gothic Mob,' forced 'to wander in a state of exile, far from their peaceful home'" (Skemp 36). Historian Joseph C. Morton writes, "Most loyalists (derisively known as Tories) suffered economically, socially, and politically for their fidelity to Great Britain. The legal punishments imposed upon avowed loyalists ranged from verbal reprimand to execution" (81). While few loyalists were executed, many were persecuted. Despite the risks of doing so, many of colonial America's wealthy remained loyal to the throne. Morton argues that

> the overwhelming majority of loyalists. . . supported Britain either out of a belief that the colonies could not possibly win their independence from mighty Great Britain or out of a fear that independence would bring unwanted anarchy, lawlessness, and unbridled political and social unrest. (81)

Indeed, as already noted, Sargent Murray abhorred the "rude tumultuous clamours" of the colonists parading in support of war. Still, eventually, she and members of her family switched loyalties: "As federalists, the Sargents at first believed that separation from England would harm the financial interests of the colonists. But as colonial rule became increasingly intolerable, they supported the creation of an independent nation and were very much a part of its founding days" (Smith 20). Sargent Murray watched incredulously as the schism between the colonists widened. In "To the Reverend Doctor Byles,"[26] the poet expresses her disgust that the contest with Great Britain has resulted in the self-proclaimed freedom fighters committing the very type of tyranny they formed to eradicate. In the preface to the poem, she argues, "Whatever may be the utility of that contest, I have conceived that no friend of genuine Liberty would ever countenance a wish to abridge the freedom of thinking, or of rational discussion" (Ms. V. 1, p. 53-61). On April 19, 1775, Mather Byles, pastor of the Hollis Street Congregational Church in Boston, was jailed and charged for his Tory sympathies. Facing deportation, Byles was confined to his home while awaiting trial (Eaton ix, 162). Eventually, the elderly poet minister was freed. In this homage to Mather Byles, Sargent Murray criticizes those colonists who call themselves "friends[s] of Liberty" while at the same time "abridg[ing] the freedom of thinking" of their countrymen (Ms. V. 1, p. 53). Like Doctor Byles, the poet expresses ambivalence about the war with Britain, once again referring to it as a civil war:

The British power with glad surprise I view,

My breast responsive beats, to Albion[24] true,

And the warm blush that crimsons o'er my face,

Speaks me descended from that sea girt race: (71-74)

Clearly at the time this poem was written, Sargent Murray still aligns herself with Britain and has not yet lost all of her loyalist sympathies, even though members of her family have embraced the patriot cause and joined the fight against Britain. Even with war looming, Sargent Murray hopes for reconciliation:

Yet when hostilities their clamours cease,

And calm reflection gives the hour of peace, 80

Then shall the kindred stream which swells our veins,

The self same root which stick and branch sustains,

With kindly influence jarring passions hush

And teeming evil, e'en in embryo crush. (79-84)

The speaker hopes that when the conflict is over, Britain and America will be reunited. She compares the contest between the two countries to an argument between a parent and child. After the parent's anger at the child dissipates, love remains: "Again the parent clasps the long lov'd race, / Again repeats the warm, the strict embrace" (97-98). Expressing her allegiance to Britain, she points an angry finger at her fellow countrymen, supposed lovers of liberty, and asks why her country would limit freedom of speech:

Say, O! my Country, I conjure you say,

Why thus extend unwarrantable sway,

Why forge for liberty the Despots chain,

Why the free range of intellect restrain? (207-10)

She condemns her fellow countrymen for imprisoning Doctor Byles merely because he disagrees with those in power, and she reminds her fellow countrymen that they are descended from England, and to sever ties with their mother country is a "sacrilegious enterprise" (214):

Stop O! Columbia, guilty as you are,

The sacrilegious enterprise forebear,

And learn to know that the high lineag'd soul, 215

Extends her wide domain from pole to pole. (213-16)

Seeing more and more friends and family members persecuted for their political or *perceived* political ideas angered Sargent Murray more than British oppression did.

Not only were the colonists divided over their British sympathies and how/whether to revolt against Britain, they were also at odds with each other over their very own men in uniform. If Sargent Murray was slow to praise the war effort, she was quick to support fully the American men involved in the fight, and she had little tolerance for those who did not share her support of these men who risked their lives in the name of independence. Sargent Murray's antipathy towards those colonists she deems as ungrateful is explored in the following poem:

**On being told that the Citizens of Columbia were opposing themselves to her Warriors**

How vast, ingratitude, is thy domain,
What countless crimes thy pondrous annals stain,
The claims of merit but excite thy ire,
And matchless deeds thy utmost hate inspire.
See round our chief a host of ills unfold, 5
Behold their valour, their reward behold!
And if pale envy be with victory crown'd,
If bloated Malice be triumphant found,
If over Virtue, hydra Vice prevails,
And justice in her regulations fails; 10
Our brave Protectors to the tide must yield,
Or once more dare the horrors of the field:
Against their Country turn the deathful steel,
Such wounds inflicting as no time can heal,
Steeping their laurels deep in kindred gore, 15
Their splendid claims to patriot worth no more. (Ms. V. 1, p. 270)

The poem, addressed to ingratitude, namely that of the colonists who fail to support the American troops, cautions that if need be, the troops will be forced to defend themselves against those who oppose them. They will "[a]gainst their Country turn the deathful steel, / Such wounds inflicting as no time can heal" (13-14). Sargent Murray worries that unless

the citizens of Columbia unite in their cause against Britain, they will self-destruct, rendering the already-questionable war for independence senseless.

As we have already seen, even as the war progresses and expands, Sargent Murray challenges its legitimacy. "Written at a period of the American contest replete with uncertainty"[27] centers on the poet's conflicting feelings about the war with England. Because the poem references France's participation in the war, it might have been penned after February 6, 1778, the date of the Treaty of Alliance, which marked France's official entrance into the war against England. Like many of her contemporaries, Sargent Murray praises France's support and writes about how the two countries are "in leagues of friendship joind!" (20).

**Written at a period of the American contest replete with uncertainty**

Now expectation reigns in every breast,
Suspense corroding, chases balmy rest,
Trembling inquietude all pale appears,
And Briton 'gainst our peace the battle rears!
Columbia's sons, at this important hour, 5
Echo's the loud huzza for gallic pow'r!
While moderation, rising from her throne,
The wonted calmness of her bosom flown
Girts with solicitude her peaceful brow,
And offers tremulous the ardent vow. 10
Dark apprehension broods along the plain,

Extending o'er the soul its sad domain;

The fearful contest every bosom swells,

To one grand object every thought impels;

Each moment still more interesting grows, 15

To aid our cause the nations interpose;

Bourbon[28] equips the fleet ordaind to guard,

Weapons of war from Albion's race to ward!

English America, with France combind,

Discordant pow'rs in leagues of friendship joind! 20

While British squandrons hostile legions bear!

Rush to the field, and for the fight prepare!

Deep hid the great event–involv'd in fate,

While worlds impatient for the issue wait.

For ample realms our warring Chiefs contend, 25

And countless wilds our valorous hosts defend:

Vast is the theatre–augustly spread,

And broad the Circle which our heroes tread:

An Auditory Universe attends,

And with deep interest expectation bends: 30

A thousand pens uplifted wait to catch,

From dark oblivion's gulph events to snatch,

With laurel bays to crown the Gallic name,

Or for Britania blow the trump of fame.

Mean time, great heav'n, permit a supplicant's 35

prayr,

Who humbly prostrate, seeks thy guardian care,

Beyond myself one martial youth I prize,

From my lorn breast for him my wishes rise,

O spare a brother mid the deathful field,

O'er his young life out spread thy sacred shield; 40

The path of honour give him to pursue,

To keep the radiant eminence in view;

And if his manly form no more I meet,

My early friend no more with rapture greet,

If on this ball, amid this cloud rapt sphere, 45

No more my youthful warrior shall appear,

May Cherubs chaunt a requiem to his soul,

Descending angels every pang controul,

To realms of light refulgent be his path,

In his right hand the radiant torch of faith. (Ms. V. 1, p. 169-171)

While some revolutionaries seemed eager for the contest to progress, believing that each battle moved them one step closer to independence, Sargent Murray dreads each encounter. The poet's ambivalence about the morality of war and her personal fears for her brother's safety surface when she asks God to watch over her brother:

> O spare a brother mid the deathful field,
>
> O'er his young life out spread thy sacred shield;
>
> *The path of honour give him to pursue,*
>
> *To keep the radiant eminence in view;* (39-42, emphasis added)

Not only does she ask God to keep her brother alive, but she also implores Him to lead Winthrop down "the path of honour" (41). Sargent Murray voices concern about the effects of war on her country's well-being, but most importantly, she fears for her brother's life and his morality. Interestingly, Sargent Murray's gratitude and devotion to Columbia's Gallic ally falters by the time she writes one of her well-known essays, "Sketch of the Present Situation of America, 1794." After the American Revolutionary War ends, Sargent Murray returns to an anti-war stance: "Dreadful is the progress of war; it is retrograde to almost every virtue" (in Harris 50). More importantly, she no longer feels that the United States owes any allegiance to France, even though they once were "in leagues of friendship joind!" (20). In her 1794 essay, which was published in *The Gleaner*, Sargent Murray disavows any duty to help France when that country experiences its own revolution:

> But alas! France exhibits, at this period, a spectacle, from which lacerated truth indignantly hastes, at which reason stands aghast, while morality and holy religion have received from base and murderous hands a fatal stab. . . .With regard to our obligations to France, it ought surely to be considered, whether gratitude can ever teach us to abet, even the most *liberal* and *disinterested* benefactor, in *deeds of darkness and of death*. (in Harris 52)

As she did early in the American Revolution, Sargent Murray opposes participating in the French Revolution and aiding France on moral grounds. In Letter 154, written to her brother Winthrop on November 30, 1795, Sargent Murray writes,

> If we turn our eyes toward France we behold virtue led Captive, humanity proscribed, and Patriotism on the scaffold—if we could suppose nature endowed with the gift of prescience, how strong must have been her convulsions, and how must she have agonized at every pore, when Robespierre first drew his breath. Savage, and unprecedented Monster, new epithets should be devised which might serve to deleniate, in all their horrors, thy manifold crimes, any thy unparallelled Murders for surely neither nature, or language, are at present adequate to the conception, or utterance of their atrocities. (in Kasraie 511-12)

In letters and essays, Sargent Murray condemns Robespierre's Reign of Terror[29] and argues that this amoral behavior frees America from its commitment forged with the 1778 Treaty of Alliance.

Sargent Murray, as has been demonstrated, was slow to align with the American revolutionary cause although she eventually came around. By 1778, the poet presents a desolate picture of the war-torn colonies, and she no longer iterates her British sympathies. By 1788, when this poem is dated, the French had signed the Treaty of Alliance with the United States, promising to defend the states against British aggression. Political ideology and philosophical debate about justification and blame placement give way to graphic, almost hyperbolic presentation of the effects of war. Clearly, the war has

taken a toll on the poet and her anti-war convictions. She is, bluntly, sick of war and has turned her anger toward Britain:

**Morning of the 7th of September 1778**

See the concomitants of baleful war,
Famine, and pestilence, and wild uproar!
Mark how they hover o'er Columbia's head,
Mingling her heroes with the mighty dead!
Portentous omens with terrific glare! 5
Stamp on the breast the horrors of despair!
War, desolating war, stalks oer the land,
And in his ranks appear a murd'rous band;
They shake the leaden spear and death pervades,
At whose dire touch undaunted valour fades! 10
The hostile grounds by slaughter covered o'er,
Mountains and vallies reek with human gore!
While agonized shrieks, and groans of death,
Torture the air and swell the lingring breath.
Dire is the scene, with various woes replete, 15
When rage and malice they insatiate meet.
Look down great God, our wandring steps explore,
The golden hours of harmony restore,
Give dark suspicion, baneful bird of night,

Far from our plains to wing its distant flight, 20

To climes congenial, some chaotic shore,

Where it can vex this younger world no more:

And when each hour shall be with concord crownd,

When laughing confidence looks gaily round,

Contentment will advance her fair domain, 25

And peace unrival'd o'er our borders reign. (Ms. V. 1, p. 172)

The speaker asks God to end the war which devastates the land: "Look down great God, our wandering steps explore, / The golden hours of harmony restore" (17-18). While her sympathies wavered and the focus of her anti-war rhetoric shifted, what remained constant for Sargent Murray was her firm belief that God could end the struggle with Great Britain.

In another poem, Sargent Murray memorializes America's worst naval defeat in the American Revolutionary War—the Penobscot Expedition in July of 1779. In this failed attempt to destroy a British base at Penobscot Bay in Maine, about five hundred American soldiers were killed and over forty ships were lost. This loss was a colossal blow to the Americans and inspired Sargent Murray to write perhaps her most anti-British poem in the collection:

**On the ill fated Penobscot Expedition**[30]

Now, dire misfortune spreads her baleful wings!

And where she passes teeming mischief brings,

War! frightful war! a form gigantic rears,

And in its train victorious death appears.

From ancient Britain hostile hosts collect, 5

Slaughtering the millions, whom she should protect!

Fast flows the kindred blood, from kindred veins,

And rage vindictive english annals stains!

Hark! from yon prison ship deep groans of death,

For love of freedom millions yield their breath; 10

No more unmatchd Calcutta's[31] barbarous deeds,

Yon floating dungeon their black hole exceeds!

Thousands immur'd in her pestiferous hold,

The enanguish'd tale a thousand tongues hath told;

Compress'd in heaps the crowded victims lie, 15

And as they sink inevitably die!

Defeated hosts with hearts appall'd retreat,

In wilderd wilds their trembling comrades meet;

Hope o'er Penobscot brightest visions rear'd,

But indecision–want of skill appeard, 20

Columbia's sons in dread disorder fly,

And Patriot bosoms swell the bursting sigh:

The spectre fear stalks o'er the sanguine plain,

And Pity mourns her many warriors slain;

We shudder at the evils which await, 25

And deprecate our tottering Country's fate. (Ms. V. 1, p. 191)

Once again, Sargent Murray presents a rather hyperbolic picture of the war and of Britain's war crimes, in particular claiming that Britain is guilty of "Slaughtering the millions, whom she should protect!" (6). To make her point, the poet makes reference to Calcutta, perhaps an allusion to the "Black Hole of Calcutta," in which reportedly over one hundred British prisoners died of heat exhaustion while being housed in a small cell after the capture of Fort William in 1756. Fort William had been established to protect the interests of the British East India Company (Moon 41-43). Sargent Murray writes that "yon prison ship" (9), "yon floating dungeon their black hole exceeds!" (12). The number of British killed in the dungeon has since been refuted, but during colonial times, the exaggeration was widely accepted. The allusion to Calcutta is two-fold. The capture of Calcutta in the 1757 Battle of Plassey allowed Britain to establish its tyrannical colonial reign. Sargent Murray compares the situation in Calcutta, namely the domination, the discord, and the subsequent rebellion of those being colonized, to the situation in colonial America. She points out that the "barbarous deeds" of Calcutta (11) in the "Black hole" atrocity are less horrific than those of the British, specifically those on the prison ship to which she alludes in the poem.

The war with Great Britain greatly affected Judith Sargent Murray on multifarious levels: personal, spiritual, and political. As a wife, she watched her husband's business profits plummet; as a sister, she feared for her brother's safe return from war; as a Universalist, she struggled with the morality of war; as a Gloucesterian, she worried

about her physical safety. Much lore of the American Revolution centers around vehement proclamations and championing of the colonists' gaining freedom from oppressive, tyrannical British rule. Judith Sargent Murray's poetry presents a lesser known reaction to the American Revolution, one that many less vocal colonists shared. Although she eventually championed freedom from Britain, she never forgot the high cost of that liberty. As she writes in "Lines penned under the shade of a spreading Oak, the environ of which exhibited the scenes of my infantile amusement," (Ms. V. 1, p. 61-70): "What though Columbian streamers proudly wave, / Can stripes and stars the fair from anguish save?" (177-178).

## Chapter Four

## Religious Poetry—

## Setting "the prison'd spirit free": Judith Sargent Murray Finds Universalism

Just as the struggles for gender equality and liberty from tyrannical British rule were important topics in the poetry of Judith Sargent Murray, so, too does religious freedom figure as a salient topic in her poetry, as one might expect, given her devotion to and involvement in the Universalist Church. A woman of such intellect and independence as Sargent Murray found the tenets of Universalism invigorating and immensely attractive, specifically Universalism's belief in universal salvation and its support of personal scriptural interpretation: "The Universalists . . . put stress on God's loving concern for man and His intention that all souls be saved and united with Him in eternity" (Cassara 6). Once devoted to Gloucester's First Parish Church, the Sargent family assumed active rolls in the eighteenth-century religious reform movement in Massachusetts. Facing severe social ramifications—members of the once prominent and well-respected Sargent family were treated as outcasts by many of their former church's members—they held weekly Rellyite meetings to discuss the radical teachings of the Welsh Universalist founder James Relly (c. 1722-1778). Pleased with Relly's teachings in *Union; or a Treatise of the Consanguinity between Christ and His Church* (1759), members of the Sargent family invited one of his disciples Englishman John Murray (1741-1815) to Gloucester in 1774 to teach them more about Universalism (Skemp 20-24, Smith 21-23). In a reportedly loveless marriage with her first husband John Stevens and facing increasing fears of war with England, the twenty-four-year-old Judith Sargent

Stevens was attracted immediately to the “good news” of Universalism —universal salvation for all who believed.

The following poem commemorates the break of Sargent Murray and other Universalists from the First Parish Church, a move they saw as necessary for their pursuit of religious freedom. The poem references “The Great First Cause,” the Trinity, an important, controversial tenet of early Universalism. Demonstrating Sargent Murray’s fervent reaction to the struggle for religious autonomy, the poem specifically references the “legal threats” (15) that the dissenters faced when they left the “sactimonious Despots” (9) of the First Parish Church:

**Prospect of Religious Liberty**

And will the beauteous Goddess rise,
Fair Liberty, with azure eyes,
Sweet Nature's face again relume,
And all her early charms resume?
And will she by her potent aid, 5
Dispel each dense impervious shade,
Will Prejudice dark fiend avaunt,
With eye askance, and figure gaunt,
From sactimonious Despots free.
Shall we emancipation see? 10
Escap'd their superstitious wiles,
No more entangled in their toils,

Free to select the better part,
To rectitude resign the heart.
No more of legal threats afraid, 15
By bigotry no more betrayd,
To God alone devoutly bend,
With solemn awe his laws attend;
Prostrate adoring at his throne,
For justice, truth, and mercy known, 20
The Great First Cause, Almighty God,
In robe of flesh who humbly trod
This vale of sorrow, vale of tears,
As friend, and brother who appears:
Uniting all that we can prize, 25
As good, as holy, great or wise,
The living God, the Prince of Peace,
Whose power, whose Realms can never cease,
The Father God, the infant born,
The harbinger, the glorious morn, 30
The Saviour of a ruind world,
Which erst from Paradise was hurld:
The holy spirit source of bliss,
Not drawn from such a world as this,

But pointing where our race began, 35

To Jesus, head of every Man.

Thus all these characters combine,

To stamp one character divine,

Thus bright consistence crowns our faith,

Thus glorious is our shining path, 40

Thus truth and Liberty appear,

Filling with majesty their sphere,

Religious Liberty, and truth,

Eternal Peace, unfading youth. (Ms. V. 1, p. 251-2)

Sargent Murray's conversion to Universalism was a pivotal moment in her life in that it prompted her to question culturally-accepted biases about women's status in society in general and her individual station in Gloucester in specific. By renouncing their spiritual belief in and monetary support of the First Parish Church, the Sargents jeopardized their esteemed, long-standing, founding-family. As pew-holding members of the First Parish Church, the Sargents were highly regarded and maintained an elevated social standing in their bustling port town. When they left the First Parish Church, however, they were treated as social outcasts. After enthusiastically embracing Universalism, "they helped build the first Universalist meeting house on land donated by Judith Stevens's father. The meeting house was dedicated by John Murray on 25 December 1780, instituting a new chapter in religious liberalism in America" (Harris xx). Their ties with the First Parish

Church were note easily severed, however, as legal problems ensued over tax monies for many years.

Even amongst those that called themselves Universalists, there were disagreements. In Letter 800 to Mr. S . . . of Hampstead, dated January 11, 1799, Sargent Murray expounds upon "The Great First Cause," explaining that even those sharing the name "Universalist" foster divergent beliefs about the Trinity. In response to a sermon delivered by Mr. Hosea Ballou (1771-1852) on January 6, 1799, Sargent Murray delivers her own view on the trinity:

> Among the various ranks of men, doth not the same person frequently appear at the same moment as a Father, as a Son and a compassionate Soother of the unfortunate? . . . Now he is the Father God, again He is the Son born, and anon he is the spirit of peace, communicating consolation to the children of adversity. Yet there are not three Gods, but one Great, First Cause, revealing himself, in a variety of characters, to the sons and daughters of humanity. (in Kasraie 613)

As evidenced in this excerpt, the controversies surrounding Universalism were long-lasting. Those opposed to Universalism leveraged legal and criminal assaults on John Murray: "His meetings were disrupted. He barely escaped lynching several times" (Cassara 11). Despite threats that urged him to do so, John Murray did not flee Gloucester, and eventually, the Universalists prevailed in their fight to establish and fund their own church, but not after many years of suit and countersuit: "In the end, the state legislature intervened, enacting a statute that gave [John] Murray a respite from further

legal assaults" (Skemp 25). When considering Sargent Murray's contribution to the rise of Universalism in America, one must keep in mind that her involvement with Universalism began years prior to her marriage to John Murray, and it came at great personal cost to her and her family's financial and social standing in Gloucester. Marrying John Murray, it seems, merely strengthened her already-steadfast support of Universalism.

What was the draw of Universalism to such a woman of privilege as Judith Sargent Murray? Ernest Cassara points out in *Universalism in America* that "the great number of Universalist churches were made up of the lower classes of New England society" (5). Sargent Murray by no means fits this demographic. Sharon M. Harris maintains that the attraction to Universalism stemmed from the author's feminist ideas: "In the era of calls for American independence, [Sargent Murray] had embraced Universalism as a faith complementary to human liberty and empowerment. . . . It is little wonder, . . ., that a woman of [Sargent Murray's] intelligence and independence of spirit embraced Universalism and helped to cast its commitment to women's equality" (xxii). Sheila L. Skemp agrees with Harris's evaluation, arguing that Sargent Murray's "religious convictions . . . gave her the ammunition to challenge the power of tradition as it shaped the role of women. She believed that society's view of the ability, character, and rights of women derived from habit and superstition, not nature or God" (26). As one who waged battle against gender inequality her entire life and viewed the subjugation of women in society with contempt, Sargent Murray relished the freedom and equality that Universalism promised those of her gender. Yet, we should not dismiss the spiritual draw

of Universalism for the writer. In Letter 15 to John Murray, date December 6, 1774, Sargent Murray explains how the doctrine of Universalism altered her ideas about religion:

> . . . truly a God all gracious 'had not created but to bless' and although his erring children may require His corrections, his paternal hand, yet they shall ultimately be rendered up immaculate and happy in redeeming love—I confess I earnestly wish for the meridian of the day of grace—I pity those who still wander forlorn and benighted; but I anticipate the fullness of their bliss when Emmanuel shall reveal himself radically one with them. (in Kasraie 167)

The appeal of Universalism for Sargent Murray was multifaceted: she liked that Universalism aligned with her views on gender equality, but she also supported the belief system because it addressed some "inconsistencies" that Calvinsim could not, namely that a loving God could condemn his children to Hell. In the same 1774 letter to John Murray she references her conversion experience:

> When I contrast my days of ignorance, with those on which the Sun of Righteousness hath dawned, I am wrapt in pleasing wonder, at the amazing height of my elevation. Formerly I saw, but sought to veil the inconsistencies which obstructed the path of reason—I could not investigate, my religious Code, and I forbore to analyze—At every step absurd contradictions started up—I struggled to suspend reflection, and I imposed upon my self implicit faith. (in Kasraie 167)

Before Universalism, Sargent Murray relied uneasily on her faith and fought to ignore contradictions in her religious training. Universalism answered her questions about the incongruent nature of a loving, yet punishing God.

So important was Universalism to Sargent Murray that her first published writing was born out of her religious faith: *Some Deductions from the System Promulgated in the Page of Divine Revelation: Ranged in the Order and Form of a Catechism: Intended as an Assistant to the Christian Parent Or Teacher* (1782), or better known as *A Universal Catechism*. Fearing censure from those who "frowned upon [women] for engaging in public discourse on a subject of such weight" (Smith 1), she chose to publish the piece privately and anonymously. In the Preface to her *Catechism*, Sargent Murray offers an *apologia* in which she explains her reason and justification for proffering the publication:

> When a Female steps without the line which custom hath circumscribed, she naturally becomes an object of speculation: the public eye is very incompatible with the native modesty in which our sex are enshrined . . . . If there is any thing that ought for a moment to take place of those exquisite sensations, which we boastfully term peculiarly feminine, it is surely a sacred attention to those interests that are crowned with immortality. Whatever is *essential* to the ethereal spark which animates these transient tenements, will exist when the distinction of male and female, shall be forever absorbed. (*Catechism* 5)

Sargent Murray bases her primary justification for writing and publishing the catechism on her belief of gender equality in heaven *and* on earth. Man and woman's "transient

tenements" distinguish them on earth, but in heaven, the physical body ceases to exist, save only the true essence of the person, the genderless "ethereal spark." She argues that this spark engenders her writing; her ephemeral female tenement has no hand in it.

Even though she published the piece anonymously, the author's identity was not a well-concealed secret. By her own admission, she had circulated the piece "to several friends, who signified their approbation, by earnestly requesting copies" for the instruction of their own children (*Catechism* 5). These requests serve as a second justification for publishing *A Universal Catechism*: by doing so, she is merely answering a need and supporting Republican Motherhood by allowing other women to instruct their own children on morals to become better Christians and better citizens.

Finally, in the case that neither of the forementioned arguments suppress the critical, wagging tongues who question her legitimacy as a female writer, and if her publication meets with unwavering disapproval, she "endeavour[s] to soothe [herself], by retiring into [her] own family, and observing the salubrious effects springing from the principles disclosed by genuine, divine Philanthropy" (*Catechism* 6). Her last appeal for approval is a promise of sorts that if the censure she faces it too great, she will retreat from the sphere of writing and return to the sphere of domesticity and home. This offer might appease critics unmoved by her other justifications. By highlighting in the "Preface" to the *Catechism* the gender-induced obstacles she anticipated at the onset of her writing career, Sargent Murray provides a historical context for the gender-biased era in which she wrote. The catechism serves as a valuable companion piece when examining Sargent Murray's religious poetry by showcasing coexistent Universalist tenets in the

*Catechism* and much of her religious poetry. Furthermore, the act of writing, publishing, and defending her catechism prepared Sargent Murray for the role of a female author in a male-driven society.

Volume One of Sargent Murray's poetry journals is comprised of two hundred twenty-two poems. Of these, fifty-nine might be classified as overtly religious in theme. This number includes one hymn, twelve eulogies, and forty-six others that explore religious themes.

Ever the educator and reformer, Judith Sargent Murray promulgates Universalism via her essays, letters, and especially in her poems:

> [O]ne of the ways she tried to glean value from her poetry was by focusing on spiritual matters. That focus finds varied expressions—sometimes simply as moralizations added to general subjects, other times as lengthy eulogies paying tribute to exemplary Christians, or written prayers, . . ., or devotional thoughts, or encouragements for righteous living. (Ellis 15)

Indeed, religion is such a prevalent poetic theme that much of Sargent Murray's poetry, even that which does not initially appear to be ostensibly religiously-themed ends up being so. For Sargent Murray, poetry served a didactic, utilitarian purpose as much as it provided an outlet for her creative endeavours.

Aptly, Sargent Murray begins her poetry journals with an eight-stanza-poem/hymn called "Hymn," a fitting beginning for the poet's collection as religion played such a pivotal role in her life and salvation was a favoured theme. It is worth noting, however, that the majority of Sargent Murray's religious poetry does not follow

such a rigid form. In fact, the first poem in Volume One is the only one of its type, the only hymn. That the collection begins with a hymn may lead the reader to assume erroneously that the collection is *entirely* on theological issues, when in fact it is not; however, since the vast majority of Judith Sargent Murray's poems do end up touching upon religious ideas, even if briefly, the assumption is fairly innocuous. Aside from its theme, "Hymn" warrants attention for its strict adherence to form and meter, a rarity in Sargent Murray's poetry. Although she favours the use of rhyming couplets in much of her poetry, lengths and stanza breaks vary substantially. This poem stands out as an exception to the rule of Sargent Murray's favourite form, unregimented rhyming couplets. Note Judith Sargent Murray's skillful use of iambic tetrameter and the couplet quatrain:

**Hymn**

1

Spectres no more my soul affright,
I hail the harbinger of light,
The star of Bethlehem points my way,
To regions of unclouded day.

2

How vast is the redeeming plan! 5
Replete with grace to fallen man,
Offspring of that Omniscient Mind,
Events succeeding which design'd.

3

Refulgent Mercy!–rapt’rous theme!

Basking in thy restoring beam, 10

Resuscitated Nature lives,

And plausive heav’n its sanction gives.

4

The distant prospect splendid shines,

Futurity blest hope entwines,

Seraphic joys–unfolding truth, 15

Wisdom, and ever blooming youth.

5

How pointless now the sting of death,

For when I yield this lingring breath,

I shall ascend to Worlds above,

The trophy of redeeming love! 20

6

The severing angel but appears,

To wipe away the falling tears,

To execute the great decree,

Which sets[32] the prison’d spirit free.

7

My parting hour disrob’d of glooms, 25

> The features of new life assumes,
>
> My promis'd passport on its wings–
>
> Commission'd from on high–it brings.
>
> 8
>
> The hallow'd earth where Jesus laid,
>
> A bed of slumbering rest is made, 30
>
> And thence–with their victorious head–
>
> His ransom'd people shall be led. (Ms. V. 1, p. 1)

In "Hymn," the speaker describes her transformation from one previously fearful of "spectres" and the "sting of death" to one who "hail[s] the harbinger of light" (2). Prior to converting to Universalism, Sargent Murray might have had reason to fear death since universal salvation was not a tenet of the faith in which she was raised. Sheila L. Skemp explains that

> Like all members of the First Parish Church, Judith [Sargent Murray] had grown up accepting the Calvinist view of God without question. She believed in original sin, the notion that all humans were tainted with the sin Adam and Eve had committed in the Garden of Eden. She also accepted the notion of predestination. . . . According to this doctrine, there was no way that individuals could 'earn' salvation. (21)

After her conversion to Universalism, however, the poet feels assured that she will obtain salvation, and her poetry often welcomes death as it transports the deceased to heaven. The theme of this hymn, the freeing of the "prison'd spirit" (24) "to Worlds above" (19),

a favourite of the author, surfaces in many of the poet's works. While the belief of eternal salvation for all of mankind frightened many who were raised with stern Calvinistic beliefs in arbitrary election and limited atonement, Sargent Murray embraced Universalist doctrines, especially universal salvation.

Particularly prolific in elegy, Judith Sargent Murray seems to have taken on the unofficial title of community elegist, writing tributes to lost relatives, friends, and even strangers, sometimes at the behest of the bereaved and sometimes of her own accord. Her elegies can be ranked according to their level of sophistication and their use of poetic device. Some of the elegies are rather straightforward—they praise the deceased and attempt to provide comfort to the bereaved by focusing on the promise of a glorious afterlife for the departed. Others, though, transcend the boundaries of the ordinary because of the poet's extensive use of mythological, literary, and biblical allusion.

One of Sargent Murray's most refined elegies is written for her uncle who died unexpectedly in a foreign country. Her uncle was, by the poet's account, "[l]ast of the manly race" (9). Ironically despite his purported stature, no further information is available about her uncle's identity: while we can gather information about members of the Sargent family, references to the lesser-known Saunders (sometimes spelled Sanders) family are scarce. What we do know comes from the poem itself, which Sargent Murray dates November 2, 1782. "Lines addressed to my Mother upon the death of the last of her brothers who died abroad attended only by a Nephew" (Ms. V. 1, p. 42-47) demonstrates the facility with which Sargent Murray makes use of literary allusion. Like her more simplistic elegies, this sophisticated, lengthy poem assuages the bereaved's pain by

celebrating the deceased's life and his ascension to heaven. Following elegy convention, much of the beginning of the poem extols the departed's virtue: he is characterized as a man "[e]ndow'd by fortitude, ennobling truth" (41); we are told that "[n]o servile passions e'er deformd his soul" (59); he was a good citizen as—"patriot virtues" were "natal in his breast" (71), and he was philanthropic—"[a]s with philanthropy he oft explor'd" (90). After praising her uncle's goodliness, the poet emphasizes God's omnipresent involvement in and planning of our lives:

> But vain regrets—by wayward passion driven,
> Since each event is mark'd by yonder heav'n.
> Nor can we go where God not shapes our way,
> However wide our wandering steps may stray. (129-132)

In response to the most troubling aspect of her uncle's death, which is that he perished in a foreign land away from his sister and other female relatives, the poet reminds her mother that he did not die alone. God and guardian angels were constantly by his side: "Yet Jesus, God, the distant poles sustains, / By him yon sun or rises, sets, or wains. / And guardian angles [watch] round the bed" (141-143). In the final stanzas of the elegy, the poet describes her uncle's apotheosis, his place at "Jehovah's throne" (153), creating a comforting image of her uncle with God. In this elegy about her uncle, Sargent Murray allays her mother's grief by praising her uncle's virtues, by reassuring her mother that he died attended by God and *at* God's will, and by presenting his ascension to heaven. This elegy espouses Universalist thought about life, death, reward, and punishment. Death releases us from "every earth born toil" (150) and sends us to God's throne where we,

"with new wonder rising scenes explore" (160). So far, we have examined only the standard elements of this elegy. What makes this particular elegy more sophisticated than most, however, is the poet's use of literary allusion.

In this elegy as in others, Sargent Murray showcases her merit as a poet of worth through the use of literary allusion, demonstrating her familiarity with classic literature. Drawing attention to her use of allusion, the poet encases borrowed words or phrases in quotation marks, alerting her audience to the allusions. The first allusion in her uncle's elegy follows: "As stars refulgent gild the azure way, / In '*regular confusion*' splendid roll, / Passing refulgent on from pole to pole" (44-46, emphasis added). The poet's use of the phrase "regular confusion" alludes directly to Joseph Addison's popular and successful play *Cato* (1713):

> *Portius.* Remember what our father oft has told us: The ways of heaven are dark and intricate, Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors: Our understanding traces them in vain, Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search: Nor sees with how much art the windings run, Nor where the *regular confusion* ends. (Act 1, emphasis added)

Readers familiar with the play might recognize the allusion and its context, which suggest it is not a human's place to try to make sense of "the ways of heaven." Sargent Murray alludes to this idea in her own poem by reminding her grieving mother that it is not a human's place to question the will of God. God has ordered the heavens in a way that only He is capable of comprehending. Humans can, however, take comfort by accepting

God's plan of order, specifically his plan for life *and* his plan for death, and they should take comfort in the knowledge that they will have eternal salvation.

The second allusion references William Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. In the following famous scene Macbeth contemplates Duncan's virtues and the ramifications of murdering such a good king*:*

> Besides, this Duncan
>
> Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
>
> So clear in his great office, that his virtues
>
> Will plead like angels, *trumpet-tongued*, against
>
> The deep damnation of his taking-off. (Act 1, Scene 7; emphasis added)

Judith Sargent Murray borrows the image of "trumpet tongn'd" angels when she describes her uncle's ascension:

> Emancipation there the sinner found,
>
> While '*trumpet tongn'd*' celestials, hovering round,
>
> Bore him triumphant from this mortal coil,
>
> Biding adieu to every earth born toil, (147-150, emphasis added)

The contexts of the two author's "trumpet-tongued" angels differ dramatically. In Shakespeare's passage, Duncan's virtues plead like loud-voiced angels against his murder, but in Sargent Murray's passage, the vociferous angels announce her uncle's welcomed departure from "every earth born toil" (150). While the contextual similarity of the "trumpet-tongued" allusion may be minor, the poet's use of literary allusion demonstrates her familiarity with and respect of important literature. That Sargent

Murray draws attention to her literary allusions by placing the phrases she borrows in direct quotation marks suggests that she hopes her audience will recognize the fact that she is *making* allusion, even if they do not recognize the specific contexts and sources of the allusions. The fact that she took such pains to highlight her allusions by quoting them shows the seriousness with which she took her writing, and highlights the fact that Sargent Murray wanted recognition as a serious, learned author.

Her elegy "On the death of the same honoured relative, addressed to his widow, with a profile of my Uncle, sketched at her request" (Ms. V. 1, p. 47-49) provides a nice contrast to the preceding highly developed elegy. In this simple, sixty-seven line elegy, roughly a third of the length of the elegy she addressed to her mother, the poet attempts to comfort the mourning widow by presenting an image of her husband in heaven: "There seated, far beyond this cloud rapt world, / Where woes prolific round our head are hurld, / Serenely calm the Man thou lov'st inhales" (16-18). While the theme of the two poems is similar—death allows the deceased to join God in heaven and therefore should be welcomed—the literary methods used to expose that theme are disparate. In this second elegy for her uncle, the poet does not reference biblical, literary, or mythological allusion, rendering the second elegy more simplistic. Unequivocally, it is in her use of biblical, literary, and mythological allusions that Sargent Murray demonstrates the mastery of her craft and calls for notice as an accomplished poet.

In "Lines occasioned by the death of Mr. E.P. who lost his life in a storm with a number of his companions in sight of Marsh field shore" (Ms. V. 1, p. 72-79), Sargent Murray demonstrates her familiarity with mythology and her courage to step outside of

her sanctioned sphere by boldly using mythological allusion in a Christian community that frowns upon all things heathen. She prefaces the poem with an *apologia:* "I know the introduction of the heathen mythology is condemned, and, in an attempt sacred to the memory of a christian, such an aberration is especially inadmissible—but I appeal to the indulgence of the Critic sacredly promising that my offenses of this nature shall not be frequent" (Ms. V. 1, p. 72). In this long poem of two-hundred-and twenty lines, the poet skillfully references Neptune, Nymphs, Aeolus, Naiads, Leucothea, and other mythological figures to name a few. The beginning of the poem is addressed to Neptune, whom she blames for the subject's drowning: "Say, hoary Monarch, whence arose thy rage? / Why wield thy trident, why the war engage?" (1-2). Mr. E.P., of whom no further information has been found, is presented as an innocent victim, who makes "his peaceful way" (6) in the ocean until Neptune and Aeolus conspire to murder him and his shipmates. Trying her own hand by engaging in her own mythology-making, the poet elevates Mr. E.P. to hyperbolic hero status. Unlike the other mariners who give up easily and quickly perish, Mr. E.P. valiantly struggles for survival:

> Yet he survives–yet his refulgent breath
> Reluctant lingers in the shades of death!
> Long was his contest with the beating surge,
> While hov'ring Genii hast[e] the fun'ral dirge: 40
> Oft had he cast his eyes upon the shore,
> Oft mourn'd those lov'd ones he should see no more,
> Marking with eager gaze the adjacent strand,

And pressing forward on the treach'rous sand. (37-44)

Despite such valor, alas, the hero succumbs. At this point, the poet shuns the mythological and the poem dramatically shifts to a elegy grounded in Christianity, not mythology: "But leaving all these fables with his clay, / The garish meteors of a mimick day; / Gladly we soar beyond the azure sky" (59-61). Here the poet presents a simple elegy in which we see the departed's ascension to heaven:

'His bosom breathed no regretting sigh:
'No doubt deforming gloom'd his closing scene,
'Placid his mind as evening suns serene
'Hope sprang immortal in his glowing breast,
'And holy confidence his mind possest,' 70
When verging onward to celestial day.
Augmenting splendour points the destind way,
The Seraph Truth with new effulgence glows,
In radiant folds her lucid vestment flows:
Born of Emmanuel–from rosy wings, 75
Restoring balm of potent power she flings,
In her right hand a spotless robe she bears,
And on her banners Jesu' name appears: (66-78)

Even though he does succumb, his loved ones can feel peace, knowing that he is in heaven, something Universalists readily believe.

At the elegy's end, the poem makes another shift—it becomes a defense of Universalism, which seems to be the real heart of the poem. Sargent Murray describes Mr. E.P.'s state prior to and during conversion, which is conspicuously similar to her own and that of John Murray:

But nursd by prejudice, his early years, 95
Were past amid a host of gloomy fears,
All perfect love with gently beaming sway,
Emitted no elucidating ray.
Till reason moulding his obedient soul,
He doubted much, and wondered at the whole! 100
Dissonant jarrings from the pulpit fell,
Incongruous systems into volumes swell;
His labouring mind to estimate assayd,
And various proofs with equal eye survey'd;
Searching the sacred pages o'er and o'er, 105
Their great decision anxious to explore,
What righteous plan might stand the holy test,
By God himself a perfect whole confest. (95-108)

Like Mr. E.P., the poet and her second husband John Murray were raised in an environment of religious intolerance and prejudice—one without the prospect of universal salvation. The "dissonant jarrings from the pulpit" (101), perhaps a reference to the quarrel between Gloucester's First Parish Church and the new Universalist church,

but certainly a reference to the idea of eternal damnation from a loving God, confused the poet until she heard the preaching of John Murray, which she alludes to in this poem: "When lo! from Albion's coast a star benign! / . . . / In the religious world refulgent rose, / . . . / Full to our view the truths of God he brought" (117-121). The poet spends the next ninety-plus lines of the poem praising John Murray—so much so that our hero Mr. E.P. is nearly forgotten. She describes John Murray's arrival to America with biblical allusion: "Like Noah's Dove o'er lands and seas he comes, / And in his hand the peaceful olive blooms" (129-130). Regaining her purpose by the poem's end, however, Sargent Murray returns to her almost-forgotten hero:

> I sigh for the deceas'd–Then conscious blush,
> While all his virtues o'er my memory rush:
> Not thus he murmur'd at Jehovah's will, 205
> But bow'd submissive to impending ill,
> With holy patience own'd the stroke benign,
> Smild when it fell and blest the hand divine. (Ms. V. 1, p. 78)

By completing the story of Mr. E.P., the poet successfully unites the somewhat disjointed sections of this ambitious poem. Sargent Murray's cogent use of biblical and mythological allusion outweighs the slightly awkward shifts in theme, making the poem unique.

"An Elegiac attempt on the death of a friend" (Ms. V. 1, p.183-5) depicts the ascension of a young woman's soul to heaven and her subsequent conversation with God. Sargent Murray experiments with dialogue in poetry, with varying degrees of success.

Although the poet's sporadic use of quotation marks sometimes leads to confusion, context allows the reader to differentiate between speakers. A portion of the poem's conversation follows:

> Whence comes my daughter–why these trembling fears, 25
> Why is thy visage wet with humid tears?
> And as he speaks his wide out stretched hand,
> Implants the joys in heaven which expand;
> The touch of Deity new vigor gives,
> And in the bosom holy rapture lives. 30
> "I come" she cries "from yon bleak dusky ball,
> "I come, obedient to the heavenly call,
> "Deformd by error though the deathless mind,
> "In fleeting scenes, could fleeting pleasures find,
> "Yet "cloth'd upon" in Jesu' finish'd robe. 35
> "I look'd beyond my natal, cloud wrapt globe,
> "With calm affiance viewd my wedding dress, (Ms. V.1, p. 184)

Although the speaker of the poem is sad and crying about her death when she first meets God, He diminishes her despair and loneliness through His benevolent, loving manner. The image of God presented in this elegy is kind, welcoming, and loving—the God of James Relly's and John Murray's Universalism. Shelia L. Skemp expounds the two Universalists' scriptural interpretation as follows:

> They believed in original sin and predestination, and agreed that all humans deserved eternal damnation. They contended, however, that because Christ had died for the sins of all, everyone would be saved. From their perspective, it was irrational to imagine that God would consign some undeserving wretches to perdition while saving others who were equally undeserving. Sin would be punished on this earth, they said, not in the hereafter. (21)

In heaven, God tells his welcomed daughter, "the dark scenes of time afflict no more: / Grief never reaches this sky cinctur'd shore" (59-60). Perhaps most interesting about this poem is Sargent Murray's possible literary allusion to Anne Bradstreet's "As weary pilgrim, now at rest" from which she possibly borrows the phrase "cloth'd upon" and the extended comparison of the wedding-gown shrouded dead awaiting her bridegroom. The relevant portion of Bradstreet's 1678 poem follows:

> What tho my flesh shall there consume
>
> it is the bed Christ did perfume
>
> And when a few yeares shall be gone,
>
> this mortall shall be cloth'd upon
>
> A Corrupt Carcasse downe it lyes 35
>
> a glorious body it shall rise.
>
> In weaknes and dishonour sowne
>
> in power 'tis raised by Christ alone
>
> Then soule and body shall unite

and of their maker have the sight 40

Such lasting joyes shall there behold

as eare ne'r heard nor tongue e'er told

Lord make me ready for that day,

then Come dear bridegrome Come away. (78)

It is possible that Sargent Murray is not alluding to Bradstreet's poem, but rather to Isaiah 61:10: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with a robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth with her jewels," or to *The Canticles*, an Old Testament book of love songs between the bridegroom and bride. However, readers familiar with Bradstreet's poem might recognize the bridegroom reference, even though the two poem's forms differ greatly. Sargent Murray makes many literary, biblical, and mythological allusions in her poetry with varying levels of success. While some of the allusions seem somewhat clumsy and rather remote, more often than not the literary allusions enhance the poems by offering another layer of depth to Sargent Murray's poems. More cogent than clumsy, Judith Sargent Murray's use of literary allusion highlights her stature as a poet of merit.

"Upon the Dread of Death" is one of Sargent Murray's most polished, controlled poems. Derivation and imitation were common in eighteenth-century poetry, and Sargent Murray's poem appears to be modeled on John Donne's "Holy Sonnet X," more commonly known by its first line, "Death be not proud" (c. 1610).[33] In this poem, the

speaker examines her fear of death and comes to the conclusion that to have such fear goes against her religious convictions. Sargent Murray's poem follows in its entirety:

**Upon the Dread of Death**

What art thou death–and why this dread impressd,
On the believer's–on a Christian's breast?
Didst thou not lose thy sting–pale tyrant say,
When the Redeemer washd our crimes away?
Since he descended to the silent tomb, 5
The grave with living verdure seems to bloom,
I hail it as some odoriferous bed,
Since there my God reposd his sacred head;
And when he burst the barriers of the grave,
Refulgent light proclaimd him strong to save. 10
Then rise my soul–on faith's broad pinions rise,
And seek thy native home beyond the skies,
In thy Creator's image thou wert made,
And in his robe of righteousness arrayd,
Canst thou behold the God ascending high, 15
Believe the record, and yet fear to die?
Why trembling Nature shouldst thou thus recoil,
Why thus attach'd to this rude barren soil?
Why shrink appal'd from the deliverer death,

Why fear to lose this lingring, quiv'ring breath? 20

True, most august the Sire of worlds appears,

True, rectitude the heavenly aegis[34] bears:

But mercy, radiant mercy, gems his throne,

With all her mildly beaming beauties on,

And God our great Almighty Father reigns, 25

Our Nature shields, and radiant hope sustains. (Ms. V. 1, p. 171-2)

In this poem, initially addressed to death, the speaker questions death's power to affect Christians negatively: "Did thou not lose thy sting–pale tyrant say, / When the Redeemer washd our crimes away?" (3-4). A shift in the second stanza occurs as the poem begins to address the poet instead of death. The speaker chastises herself for fearing death: "Can thou behold the God ascending high, / Believe the record, and yet fear to die?" (15-16). Sargent Murray's fear of death, she determines by the end of the poem, contradicts her spiritual belief and faith: "God our great Almighty Father reigns, / Our Nature shields, and radiant hope sustains" (25-26). What is perhaps most interesting in this poem is that Sargent Murray questions, even though temporarily, her belief in salvation. So much of the other religious poetry steadfastly champions faith and works to diminish doubts about universal salvation.

Religious freedom and the tenets of Universalism figure prominently in much of Sargent Murray's poetry. And while some of this poetry languishes under the weight of forced rhymes, and what modern-day readers may see as overly-sentimental, frequently flowery, often repetitive, and sometimes clichéd language, much of the religious poetry

brims with an earnest use of literary, biblical, and mythological allusion, thereby demonstrating the poet's true conviction and dedication to her craft. To best appreciate Sargent Murray's poetry, one must recognize the great influence of Universalism on her life and see her religious poetry as she did—a conduit to share Universalism's tenets of universal salvation and its freedom of personal scriptural interpretation—and more importantly to spread the "good news" of universal salvation.

Freedom, whether from oppressive gender-biases, tyrannical British rule, or religious "sanctimonious despots," inspired Judith Sargent Murray to write letters, essays, and poems that fight against these various forms of oppression. Poetry, her first love, yet the genre in which she is the least well known today, provided Sargent Murray a creative outlet for her views on gender, war, and God. The collection presents an historical view of women's struggle for equality in education and career opportunities, colonial America's battle for independence from Britain, and the Universalist fight for religious autonomy and separation of church and state.

## Chapter Five

## Editorial Policy—

## The Corpus

The extant poetry transcribed in this edition comes from bound manuscript volumes of poetry currently housed at the Mississippi State Archives in Jackson, Mississippi. In 1986, these volumes were donated to the Mississippi Department of Archives and History after being discovered by Gordon D. Gibson, a Unitarian Universalist minister, who found them after a decade of detective work in which he sought to track down the presumed-lost journals. Volumes One, Two, and Three contain complete poems, carefully copied by Sargent Murray herself into leather-bound journals for preservation and, it seems, posterity. Strikeouts are rare and are clearly the result of copying errors, not revision. Volume Four is extremely fragmentary: some of the incomplete poems are heavily scribbled through, rendering them illegible, while others are struck out with a single line. Pages from this volume have fallen out of the bound leather-chapbooks, making handling difficult. The condition of the first three volumes of poetry is much better than that of the fourth. For the most part, the pages in these three books are legible in their entirety.

All of Sargent Murray's journals have been microfilmed to avoid further deterioration of the manuscripts caused by unnecessary handling. Although copies of the microfilm rolls can be purchased through the Mississippi Department of Archives and History, permission to handle the journals is granted on a limited case-by-case basis. Written permission to edit these manuscripts has already been granted by the proprietors.

These poems, part of the collection known as The Judith Sargent Murray Papers, however, entered public domain on January 1, 2003.

During the editing process, I examined holograph manuscripts at the Mississippi Archives. Although the quality of the microfilm copies is reasonably good, some words are difficult to decipher; therefore, I supplemented my work on the microfilm with visits to both Jackson, Mississippi, where I collated my transcriptions with the originals, and to Gloucester, Massachusetts, where I viewed other primary documents to check my manuscript transcriptions against as many examples of Sargent Murray's handwriting as are extant. While these visits enabled me to make out many illegible words, some still remain unclear, primarily at the bottom of pages where the paper is frayed.

This dissertation focuses on manuscript Volume One, which I have transcribed in its entirety. While the condition of Volume One is good, occasionally, a tear in the paper prevents the transcription of a single word. I use empty brackets [ ] to note one missing word due to paper damage. Rarely, an entire line at the bottom of Sargent Murray's original document is missing as the result of the deterioration of the paper. If an entire line is undecipherable, then I use empty brackets that approximate a typical line length from that particular poem and include an endnote that the line is illegible. If the number of missing words can be estimated, these estimations appear in brackets as [***] within the transcription and are noted in the endnote section. Each asterisk signifies a missing word. If missing letters within a word can be estimated, for example, if the word "Christian" can be reconstructed from the surviving fragment, I transcribe the word and note the missing letters in the endnote as follows: Chr[ist]ian.

**Rationale**

Favoring the tenets of G. Thomas Tanselle's theory of scholarly editing and textual criticism, namely that "providing authoritative reading texts is the ultimate editorial goal in connection with works intended for publication" (17), and upholding the value of "authorial intention," I attempt to preserve as much as possible the integrity of Sargent Murray's original manuscript. Because I am working with only one extant manuscript, I have not been forced to wade between a sea of editions in search of what I deem to be Sargent Murray's intended final version. Nonetheless, there have been times when I have had to make editorial decisions about the author's intent during the transcription process.

In his seminal text on scholarly editing, Tanselle argues that "errors and inconsistencies are part of the total texture of the document" (265), and that "modernization . . . is . . . out of place" (265). Tanselle cogently argues that "[e]ven in many published works the spelling, punctuation, and capitalization are inconsistent, and to assume that the writers or publishers intended them to be consistent or cared whether they were consistent or not is to read into the situation a point of view held by many people today but one that has apparently not always been held" (265). For my own editorial policy, I have adopted a modified version of Tanselle's theory. I do not routinely attempt to "correct" presumable "errors" in the text. That said, there are exceptions where I deem such editorial intrusions favorable and possibly necessary: when spelling errors impede the meaning of the text, when the misspelling is egregious, or when Sargent Murray mistakenly uses a homonym. My reasoning for adopting a modified approach and

"correcting" some "errors" is practical and somewhat selfish: fearing that the retention of these blatant errors might reflect badly on my transcription and proofing skills, that readers might attribute those errors to my carelessness rather than recognize them as part of the original manuscripts, I choose to intrude. When I have deemed such changes necessary, they are thus noted in the endnote section.

**Format**

At the beginning of the poetry volume, the poet provides a table of contents, which I replicate. Following convention, poem titles in Sargent Murray's table of contents do not always match the titles used with the actual poems: many titles in the table of contents are shortened versions of the longer titles that appear in the manuscript journal. Presumably to save expensive paper, the poems in the manuscript follow successively, with no page breaks. I have followed Sargent Murray's practice but have put each title in bold face in order to denote more clearly the beginning of a new poem. In the critical introduction when I have included entire poems or poem excerpts, I have numbered the lines in integrals of five, beginning with the first line of each poem, for easier annotation and parenthetical reference. I have chosen not to number the poem lines in the manuscript transcription section, however, to prevent unnecessary editorial intrusion.

Retaining Sargent Murray's pagination in my transcriptions proves problematic because of the margin restraints and formatting requirements of the dissertation itself. More importantly, doing so seems unnecessary since there is only one extant manuscript version of the poems. In line with dissertation formatting requirements, *my* pages are

numbered in the upper right-hand side of each page. Readers interested in seeing Sargent Murray's page numbering can do so by looking at the titles and page numbers in her table of contents, which I have replicated at the beginning of the transcription section of this project.

I follow Sargent Murray's spacing and indentations whenever possible. One exception to this policy, however, is my treatment of her long titles, for which I do not follow the author's line breaks because word processing allows for more words per line and creates a more uniform appearance.

**Punctuation**

I have faithfully retained Judith Sargent Murray's choice of punctuation. Some marks, however, are problematic: commas and periods look suspiciously similar in some cases. More troubling to the modern reader is Sargent Murray's omission of terminal punctuation marks. Since the absence of these markers is not accidental but deliberate, I have retained Sargent Murray's practice.[35] Judith Sargent Murray uses quotation marks rather sporadically, often neglecting to use the end quotation mark. These, too, I have preserved since context makes clear where the quotation ends, and I do not want to clutter the transcriptions unnecessarily. I have silently crossed "t's" when necessary.

For consistency and because of the differences between handwriting and word processing, I silently standardize long dashes, using the "em" dash, illustrated here as an example [—].

Like many other eighteenth-century writers**,** the poet sometimes favors the dash in place of commas, semicolons, and periods, especially at the end of lines, and I retain her original punctuation.

Judith Sargent Murray unreliably uses apostrophes to denote ellipsed “e’s” in such words as “pow’r” and “address’d.” These apostrophes have been retained when she used them. When there is no apostrophe, however, only a blank space, I have silently closed the gap to prevent orphaned “r’s” or “d’s” from distracting the reader.

**Orthography and Capitalization**

Since spelling conventions were unstable at the time, Judith Sargent Murray uses variant spellings for many words, often within the same poem: “labour” and “labor,” “magick” and “magic,” “adress” and “address,” and “harbor” and “harbour” for example. Her usage of British and what later came to be known as American spellings illustrates her interesting position in the new republic, torn between old and new. Sargent Murray’s occasional use of British spellings serves as an important reminder of the long-lingering ties she and other writers of the new republic shared with Britain, despite America’s fledgling independence.[36] I honor the poet’s variant spellings.

The poet adheres to eighteenth-century capitalization practices. Common nouns in mid-sentence are sometimes capitalized and sometimes are not, especially words referring to religious concepts or ideas. Astute readers might notice that I retain Sargent Murray’s inconsistent use of capital and lower-case letters throughout my transcriptions of her poetry; some of her favored vocabulary includes such words as “Gallic” and “gallic,” “Zephyr” and “zephyr,” and “Ignus Fatus” and “ignus fatus,” but frequently

appear in both capitalized or lower-cased forms, even within the same poem. In all cases, I adhere to the poet's practice.

1. In *Judith Sargent Murray: A Brief Biography with Documents,* Sheila L. Skemp provides an exceptionally detailed history of the rise of Sargent Murray's family to elite merchant status. The introduction to Mary Rose Kasraie's 2001 dissertation also offers valuable information about Sargent Murray's life and family. Founder of the Judith Sargent Murray Society, Bonnie Hurd Smith has written numerous online and print articles that shed valuable light onto Sargent Murray's family and history. Smith has also edited and published selected letters, essays, and poems. Sharon M. Harris, too, provides valuable biographical information in *Selected Writings of Judith Sargent Murray* (1995).

2. There is controversy over how much formal education Sargent Murray received. Sharon M. Harris discusses the poet's feelings about her education. Her early education was "inadequate," but she later received tutoring from a Harvard minister who tutored her older brother Winthrop (xvi). Harris posits that Sargent Murray most likely studied Latin and Greek. Another Sargent Murray expert disagrees: Shelia Skemp writes that the poet's parents did not allow her formal lessons that she desired along with Winthrop and that "Judith educated herself, joining the ranks of many girls in England, France, and America, who had little or no formal schooling but managed to expand their intellectual horizons on their own" (12). Bonnie Hurd Smith dispels the notion that Sargent Murray was educated alongside Winthrop in an entry she wrote for the Unitarian Universalist Association's online dictionary (http://www.uua.org).

3. Jean Nostrand Dorgan notes that John Murray "established the first Universalist meeting house in America on December 25, 1780. His influence in the town of Gloucester caused considerable conflict with the established and more prestigious First Parish Church" (69). Sargent Murray's immediate family faced legal and personal repercussions for their decision to leave the First Parish Church.

4. All poems quoted in this dissertation come from The Judith Sargent Murray Papers, specifically from Volume One of the poetry collection, which are housed at the Mississippi Department of Archives and History, in Jackson, Mississippi. I have transcribed the poems from Sargent Murray's microfilmed manuscripts. I checked my transcriptions against the original manuscripts. The parenthetical information indicates that each poem comes from Manuscript Volume 1, followed by the appropriate page numbers.

5. Sargent Murray's war-themed poems include "To a young Lady" (p. 17); "To Doctor Byles" (p. 53); "Upon a celebrated Warrior returning for a few months" (p. 169); "Written at a period of the American contest" (p. 169); "Morning of the 7th of September 1778" (p. 172); "September 12 1778" (p. 173); "On the ill fated Penobscot Expedition" (p. 191); "Written at an early period of the Revolutionary War" (p. 234); "Upon a Disappointment" (p. 245); "News from my Brother" (p. 246); "On being told that the

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Citizens of Columbia were opposing themselves to her Warriors" (p. 270); and "The Martyred Prince of England—1781" (p. 312).

6. In 1780, long before her own children were born, Judith Stevens took in two orphans, Anna Plummer and Polly Odell, with her first husband. No one is sure how long they cared for girls, only that they did have the two orphans who were relatives (Harris xix; Smith 2).

7. While many references to this stillborn infant name him George, Bonnie Hurd Smith says the child's name was Fitz Winthrop (11). Apparently, his name was listed incorrectly in baptismal records.

8. Harris notes that Sargent Murray lived in this stately house with her first husband until 1793 (xvii). Currently, visitors can tour The Sargent House Museum, located at 49 Middle Street in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Although buildings on streets around the house now impede the view of the bay, Sargent Murray would have had a clear line of vision on ships arriving in and leaving the harbor.

9. *The Gleaner* is dedicated to President John Adams.

10. No extant copies of this play exist. Skemp notes that Sargent Murray was "the victim of a poor performance" and "demanded the immediate return of all existing copies of the manuscript" (103).

11. In order to solve the confusion, Morton adopted the pseudonym "Philenia."

12. In "New England Sampler: Introduction to Judith Sargent Murray and Her Unpublished Poetry," Nancy Ellis writes that Sargent Murray lists 181 poems in the table of contents for Volume One (51), but there are actually 205 poems in Sargent Muray's table of contents. In Volume One, however, there are 222 separate poems. Some of the poems are not listed in her table of contents.

13. Sargent Murray's gift poems include the following: "Lines written in a pocket book" (p. 3); "To a friend" (p. 32); "To Master J.S. Ellery" (p. 34); "Lines to my Mother with an apron" (p. 70); "To Miss S.S. Ellery" (p. 83); "To the same, upon her Birth Day" (p. 85); "To the same with Mrs Barbauld's hymns" (p. 88); "Copies composed for the writing book of Miss P--- a little female of whom I had the care" (p. 90); "Copies continued to another Writing Book" (p. 91); "To the same, by way of conclusion to her Sampler" (p. 92); "To the same, upon a New Year's day" (p. 93); "Copies for Miss A---'s Writing Book" (p. 97); "To the same for her Sampler" (p. 100); "Lines to Miss H--- for her Sampler" (p. 101); "Line written upon the sampler of a child who I was educating as a domestic servant" (p. 101); "Copies for her writing book" (p. 101); and "To a Lady with a glass Vase" (p. 106).

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14. Not further identified.

15. Miss Polly Odell, one of the orphans Sargent Murray fostered, beginning in 1780. We do not know how long she cared for the girl.

16. Sally Ellery, niece of Sargent Murray. Sally is the daughter of Esther Ellery (1755-1811), Sargent Murray's sister.

17. John Stevens Ellery, nephew of Sargent Murray. John is the son of Esther Ellery, Sargent Murray's sister.

18. Plutarch (AD 46?-120?) Greek biographer, philosopher, and author.

19. [~~each~~] the word "each" is repeated. Sargent Murray stuckout the first.

20. See note number five for a list of war-themed poems.

21. A microfilmed copy of "The Repository" is available on reel 6 of the collection, which can be obtained from the Mississippi Department of Archives and History, in Jackson, Mississippi.

22. ^ since. In the manuscript, Sargent Murray adds the word "since."

23. These three poems are "Upon a disappointment" (p. 245); "News from my Brother" (p. 246); and "September 12 1778" (p. 173). In addition to these poems about her fears over her brother Winthrop's safety during the war years, Volume One contains a series of seven other poems about the poet's worries over her brother's health: "Desultory Fragments on hearing the ill health of my eldest Brother, while ignorant of his precise situation" (p. 280); "Endeavoring to soothe the perturbed sensations of suspense by the indulgence of hope" (p. 280); "Still in Suspense" (p. 281); "Still in agonized uncertainty" (p. 282); "Yet anticipating the worst" (p. 283); "But he is restored" (p. 283); "Confirmation" (p. 284).

24. No further information has been found about the name of her brother's ship.

25. Reference to the United States. Sargent Murray uses this term frequently in her war-themed poems.

26. Grandson of Increase Mather (1639-1723), Puritan educator and clergyman and Nephew of Cotton Mather (1663-1728), influential Puritan minister and author (Eaton 2).

24. Reference to Britain. She also refers frequently to Britain as Albion in her poetry.

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27. A version of this poem “Verses, wrote at a Period of American contest, replete with Uncertainty,” was published in *The Massachusetts Magazine* in February 1790, p. 120 (Dykeman 181; Field 88).

28. “Bourbon” specifically refers to the French royal family descended from Louis I, but Sargent Murray uses “Bourbon” to refer to France in general.

29. Maximilien Robespierre (1758-1794), an influential leader in the French Revolution (1789-1799). He is particularly notorious for brutality in the Reign of Terror of 1793-94. Sargent Murray criticizes his actions and uses them as a reason not to abide by the friendship between France and the U.S. solidified by the 1778 Treaty of Alliance.

30. John O. Sands provides an interesting discussion of the failed Penobscot Expedition in “Gunboats and Warships of the American Revolution” (*Ships and Shipwrecks of the Americas*, edited by George F. Bass, Thames and Hudson, London, 1988). In 1779, 44 ships sailed to a “new British outpost on Penobscot Bay, in what is now Maine. At the time, Maine was a largely unsettled territory of Massachusetts, and the British had sent a force to establish what they hoped would be a colony loyal to the crown. The Americans set sail to counter this threat with overwhelming numerical superiority on their side. Yet only a month later, virtually the entire American fleet had been destroyed or captured” (155). The cause of this military disaster he describes as “the inability of the army and navy to cooperate” (155). The three pivotal Americans in charge were Dudley Saltonstall, Solomon Lovell, and Paul Revere. In 1972, wreckage of the *Defence* was discovered. From it, archeologists have been able to estimate what life on a war privateer would have entailed in colonial America.

31. For more information on “The Black Hole of Calcutta,” see Moon’s *The British Conquest and Dominion of India*, p. 41-43.

32. Sargent Murray incorrectly uses the word “sits” instead of “sets.” My editorial policy allows correction of spelling errors only when they impede the text’s meaning, such as when the poet mistakenly uses a homonym.

33. John Donne’s “Holy Sonnet X”:
Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not soe;
For, those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee doe go,
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.

---

Thou'rt slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,
And better then thy stroake; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die. (297)

34. “The shield or breastplate of Zeus, later an attribute of Athena, carrying at its center the head of Medusa” (*American Heritage Dictionary*). While Sargent Murray made mythological allusions sparingly, fearing such use improper and antithetical to her religious beliefs, she was well acquainted with Greek and Roman mythology.

35. In *Judith Sargent Murray: A Brief Biography with Documents*, Sheila L. Skemp discusses the poet’s problems with punctuation: “When Murray’s printer objected to her dashes, she was thrown into a ‘fit of horrors,’ seemingly unaware that all women. . . preferred the dash to the comma. ‘Proper’ punctuation—the use of the period, comma, semicolon, and colon—originated in the emphasis on rhetoric, or public speaking, that dominated male education” (99).

36. Americanized spelling was not standardized until many years after Noah Webster published *A Grammatical Institute of the English Language* (1783-85). Part of this work “became his famous *Spelling Book*” (*The Oxford Companion to American Literature*). Andrew Burstein notes that “Webster wished to standardize the American language in such a way that new words, usage, and spellings would fulfill the Revolution, codifying America’s separation from the British model to become itself” (167-68).

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Poetical Miscellany
Volume first

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[1] **Hymn**[2]

1
Spectres no more my soul affright,
I hail the harbinger of light,
The star of Bethlehem points my way,
To regions of unclouded day.
2
How vast is the redeeming plan!
Replete with grace to fallen man,
Offspring of that Omniscient Mind,
Events succeeding which design'd.
3
Refulgent Mercy!–rapt'rous theme!
Basking in thy restoring beam,
Resuscitated Nature lives,
And plausive heav'n its sanction gives.
4
The distant prospect splendid shines,
Futurity blest hope entwines,
Seraphic joys–unfolding truth,
Wisdom, and ever blooming youth.
5
How pointless now the sting of death,
For when I yield this lingring breath,
I shall ascend to Worlds above,
The trophy of redeeming love!
6
The severing angel but appears,
To wipe away the falling tears,
To execute the great decree,
Which sets[3] the prison'd spirit free.
7
My parting hour disrob'd of glooms,
The features of new life assumes,
My promis'd passport on its wings–
Commission'd from on high–it brings.
8
The hallow'd earth where Jesus laid,
A bed of slumbering rest is made,

And thence–with their victorious head–
His ransom'd people shall be led.

[2] **Devout supplications for an absent Friend**[4]

Before the throne of righteous heav'n I bend,
Imploring blessings on my wand'ring friend:
May health, and peace, his added days illume,
Glow on his cheek, and round his path way bloom.
May fell detraction ne'er possess the pow'r,
To blast his fame–or give one pangful hour.
And, while the embassy of truth he bears,
And to the sacred cross new altars rears,
Led on by faith, may gath'ring millions press,
The message, and the messenger to bless.
With eye of fire may deep conviction stand,
Error unmask–the light of life expand--
Till sacred gratitude the bosom swells,
And sovereign Grace to virtuous acts impels.
And thou, whose Mercy o'er thy works presides,
Whose wisdom plans–whose love paternal guides,
Protect the herald in his bright career,
May guardian angels at his side appear–
May he, resolv'd, his arduous course pursue,
To Nature, Reason, and Religion true
Truth, holy truth, his everlasting shield,
Though hostile passions poison'd daggers wield;
Calmly reposing on the record giv'n,
Stampt by Divinity, and seald in heav'n.
And may his passing hours be greatly blest,
His pious zeal in ardent strains confest,
Broad based Amity with seraph smile,
His sorrows soothe, and lessen every toil.
May rising suns new energies impart,
While yet the life blood warms his beating heart,
And evening shades borne, on their purple wing,
The treasurd joys of rich reflection bring:
And of the bliss which Virtue yields possest,
May peaceful slumbers lull his cares to rest:
[3] And when the devious slope he must descend,
Gently adown the Vale his footsteps bend;
Late may he feel the severing stroke of death,
And in seraphic dreams resign his breath.

**Lines written in a pocket book presented to my little brother soon after the death of an infant sister.**[5]

It gives, my lovely Child, thy sister joy,
To trace the early virtues of her boy;
To see soft pity glitter in thy eye,

As the lorn child of suffrance passes by:
Rich is the promise of the falling tear,
When worth and honour in the breast appear.
Thy young integrity, by truth inwrought,
Thy opening mind with dear affection fraught;
The clust'ring hopes which usher in thy years,
As to my view thy uphill path appears,
Their magic influence o'er my bosom shed,
And all the glow of expectation spread.
Thy little features most benignly sweet,
Thine eye with young intelligence replete;
The innate honour mantling on thy cheek,
Of thy career in flatt'ring language speak.
And much it glads me to behold thy days,
In future vision, the bright theme of praise;
And when fulfill'd my fond predictions are,
Thy right'ous fame I shall enraptur'd share:
Then shall this useful boon, by love bestow'd,
Say how sincere my fond attachment glow'd,
With what delight thy infant charms I view'd,
And with what matron care thy dawn pursu'd.
Tis thus I court of joy the distant gleam,
Anxious to bask beneath the stranger beam!
Distressing incidents my prospects cloud,
Unnumber'd ills in dark succession crowd!
[4] Be thou my solace, young affiance give,
And in thy fond affections let me live
Thy innocence, thy guileless truth I love,
Dear to my soul thy sympathies will prove.
To other worlds our angel sister fled,
Her beauteous frame inhumed with the dead,
With the cherubic host of infants soars,
And with new powers redeeming love adores.
No blooming offspring fills my vacant arms,
No prattling baby my distresses charms!
Will not my Cherub Boy supply the place,
And yield his virtues to my fond embrace?
With the fraternal, twine the filial name,
And give me all a Mother's rapt'rous flame?
Still hail me sister, friend, and parent too,
As with each moment his affection grew?
And O! may rectitude thy soul adorn,
Improvement stamp the hours of life's gay morn!
May some new virtue grace the added year,
Thy hopes correct–and point thy young career–

May firm integrity, and dauntless truth,
Mature the lovely blossoms of thy youth,
The angel pity form thy opening mind,
Benign as mercy, to no sect confind,[6]
Attached to the family of Man;
To succour worth oppress'd–thy God like plan–

**Lines on the sudden death of an amiable child–related to me in the same paragraph of a letter which announced the confinement of a young Man–the son of an aged widow–under sentence of death for an atrocious crime**

How throbs the Mother's breast–What sorrows swell!--
The anguish of her soul, what tongue can tell!
When sudden snatched from her fond embrace,
Shrouded in death–she views that angel face.
[5] Where countless loves, and dimpling graces play'd,
And innocence enwreath'd by beauty stray'd.
See how her streaming eyes and pallid cheek,
The anguish of her pierced bosom speak!
Fix'd like some stature, near the breathless clay,
In heart affecting strains, she seems to say–
"Is this the Cherub form–whose infant charms,
Lull'd on my breast, and cradled in my arms,
Promis'd to be the solace of my days,
Source of my joys, and subject of my praise,
Whose budding virtues, most conspicuous grew,
Unfolding with each moment to my view,
Hope, radiant vision, cheer'd my gladden'd sight;
As fancy rich, as life's gay morning bright
No sik'ning void my glowing heart oppress'd
Each hour new int'rest and new bliss possess'd
But ah! how chang'd!–the icy hand of death.
Blasts my sweet flow'r–fled is the rosy breath–
Cropt in the fragrance of her young career,
No more her tender greetings bless my ear!
Alas! alas! how cold in death she lies,
While with her, ev'ry cherish'd prospect dies!"
Yet, though so deeply pierc'd her heart appears,
Hers is the balm, the luxury of tears;
And mellowing time with soft assuasive hand,
To future joys her bosom may expand.
But that o'er whelmed suffrer! sad! forlorn!
Her only prop from her embraces torn;
Nor this the worst–an ignominious death!
Awaits to seize the wretched Culprit's breath!

Terror!–abhorrence!–shiver at her heart!
Transfix'd by infamy's empoison'd dart!
[6] Train'd from the dawning of her earliest youth;
In paths of rectitude, in paths of truth;
Conscious of worth innate–by honour blest,
Each virtue imag'd in her glowing breast:
Indignant–trembling–terrified–amaz'd!
Her guiltless hands in speechless anguish raisd
With dark despair she marks her blasted name
By guilt consign'd to long enduring shame!
Conflicting passions struggle in her soul,
Love, hatred, pity, grief, by turns controul,
Now floods of tenderness imperious swell,
And in their progress every thought impel,
She claps her Ingrate in a fond embrace,
And then detests the spoiler of his race.
Reason affrighted, yields her fair domain,
The long worn triumphs of her happy reign.
Now turn–poor Miscreant–thy haggard eyes,
And see where whelm'd in woe a Mother lies!
Her venerable form by frenzy torn,
What heart but must the stricken Manias mourn!
Tremendous war the ruthless passions wage,
Thou couldst have cherish'd her declining age!
How blest a parent's down hill path to slope,
To plant in death the phenix bud of hope,
Tell me, lost youth, for surely thou canst tell–
In vice indulg'd, what magic pleasures dwell?
Of guilt how piercing the corroding fangs
Remunerated by ten thousand pangs?
The lorn transgressor bends beneath a load,
While crimes of scarlet hue his bosom goad!
Such, Rectitude–such are the joys they find–
Who leave thy peaceful shades and lustrous paths behind.

**Lines written upon the revolution of an hour, which had been successively marked by pleasing events, and which, in consequence, each day came smiling forward, borne on the wing of pleasure, and of Amity.**

Hail sacred hour! right welcome to my soul!
Welcome as vernal showers to the parch'd earth,
[7] Or evening shades after some sultry day,
Or rising suns to travellers bewilder'd,
And lost in thickest wilds–Or Hygeia,[7]
Ever blooming, sweetly renovating maid,

To the pale bed of wasting malady.
Auspicious hour–by holy friendship mark'd,
Rich are thy joys–e'en such as angels know,
Or disembody'd spirits perfect made.
But ah how slow, how ling'ring thy approach,
And with what speed thy golden moments waste,
E'en while I grasp thee, thou art here no more!
Fled with the storied years beyond the flood.
Thus, like a snowball, in my warm embrace,
Thou glidest by–regretting I pursue,
Fond to retrace the visionary bliss.
But other suns shall yet relume thy way,
And lead thee on to this remote abode,
While I will haste to cull the fairest flowers,
Crowning thy progress with enwreathed truth.
I love to register the good enjoy'd,
To range in letter'd columns blessings giv'n;
While gratitude spontaneous swells my breast,
As recollected pleasures rise to view.
Not more delightful balmy zephyr floats,
Amid the scorching beams of blazing noon,
Than virtue sanction'd joys of other times,
Enriching memory by their treasur'd sweets.
At thy approach I give the winds my care,
My woes are hush'd–my heart felt pangs subside,
Glad I recount events by thee disclos'd,
Marking thy hallow'd moments as they pass.
I will devote thee to my lov'd employ,
My pen shall hail thee mid thy rapid flight,
Describe thy worth–and from oblivion seize,
A period sacred to remembered bliss.
[8] Come then, blest Instrument, thy efforts lend,
What though no laurel'd bard thy aid implores,
Full well thy magic influence I know,
And own thy peerless sway–Not Homer's self,[8]
With all the fervours of his matchless mind,
Could perfectly delineate thy powers

Ask sever'd friends in whose rapt bosom glows,
The dear enthusiasm of mutual love,
Congenial souls, in absence doomd to mourn,
While intervening Alps and seas arise!
Bid them declare the value of the page,
Which "speeds their intercourse"[9] thy world around,
Say what the riches of each tender line,

Each lov'd idea pouring o'er the mind;
Tell if they can what charm so mighty found,
Or who can soothe like thee, the lover's woe.
See how the eye each thrilling word inhales,
Sound seems to vibrate on the ravish'd ear,
While expectation waves her blissful wand,
And joys fresh budding cluster in the breast.
What blest enchantment–smiling sylphs attend!
And guardian seraphs fan each latent hope.
E'en I, partake the animating glow,
And fancy spreads her new embroider'd wing,
I wield the pen–tranquility enfolds,
And clad in heavenly light my prospects rise!
I yield the charm–each earth born care returns,
And gloomy spectres throng on every side!
Come then my better Genius, gild the scene,
Weave luminous the texture of my days
On this blest hour with new refulgence wait,
The brightest in my Calender of bliss.

[9] **Upon a period which <u>had</u> during many years been appointed to reflecting upon the sacred pleasures of amity.**

And art thou gone, beguiler of my woes!
No more to cheer me by thy gladsome rays?
Shall I not hail again thy blest return,
Nor bask beneath the sunshine of thy smiles?
But yet I must thy shadowy steps pursue,
Still in reflection greet thy airy form,
And as revolving days successive rise,
With flowing tears bedew thy sacred urn.

**Ocasioned by a friend's requesting my petitions for him at the throne of grace–**

Yes to high heav'n my orisons shall rise
Mounting with ardour up the vaulted skies,
Before the Sire of heaven my spirit bends,
Who hears the lowly–and whose grace defends.
Protect, Almighty Father, by thy grace,
And let thy child thy holy truth embrace;
Preserve the way worn Exile from each dart,
By malice aim'd at the defenceless heart.
Thick are the storms of life that gather round,
And multiplied calamities abound,

But thou who wilt the wounded bosom heal,
Saviour of men–to thee I make appeal!
Doth not benevolence his actions guide,
Rule in his breast, and oer each wish preside?
Is he not guileless, virtuous, and sincere,
Shedding o'er human woes the pitying tear?
Doth not his soul possess the sinner's claim,
Shelter'd from evil in thy balmy name?
Yea, wrapped in thy spotless robe he stands
While bless'd benignity his breast expands.
[10] O shield him then in his untry'd career,
May Virtue still his splendid goal appear;
On seraph's wings may radiant truth descend,
And reason to the sky rob'd vision bend;
Till error lost amid the blaze of day,
Bright Rectitude resumes unclouded sway:
Then, on seraphick pinions may he soar,
And the rich treasures of thy grace explore.

**On a disappointment, respecting the presence of a much lov'd friend–**

In purple splendor rose the blushing morn,
Wafted on zephyr's balmy wing 'twas borne,
I hail'd its progress up the orient sky
And from my bosom fled each bursting sigh.
Sweet budding hope I gaily planted there,
And nurs'd the youngling with maternal care,
While as I train'd the promise giving flow'r,
And mark'd with raptrous glee the fleeting hour;
Successive visions on my fancy play'd,
And with elated heart I fondly said–
E're yon bright orb forsakes the western sky,
Or stalking shadows meet the timid eye,
Returning friendship shall my moments bless,
And on my bosom holy truths impress.

What words the bliss of amity can speak,
In smiles it mantles on the glowing cheek;
Beams in the eye, with lustre all its own:
By its blest sympathies and virtues known.
It paints in roseate hue the glowing face,
Unfolding to the view each latent grace;
Sooths the sick mind–Compassion of the soul,
The tide of misery, potent to control
[11] To each event a mellowing charm it gives;

And with our pleasures it coeval lives.
Such is the bliss that amity entwines,
When sacred rectitude her plans designs.
'Twas thus to strains of joy my harp I strung;
As of approaching amity I sung;
Tumultuous cares were to oblivion thrown,
And apprehensions with the night had flown;
Her plumy wings anticipation spread,
And onward to her airy Castle led,
Gayly I mark'd the slowly parting day,
Rejoicing in the evening's milder ray.
Important now the passing moments grew,
On out stretch'd pinions as they lightly flew;
Hope stood assur'd, with rosy chaplets crown'd,
While in her train uncounted charms were found.
But ah! tis past–night spreads its ebon wings,
And o'er my breast enrobing darkness flings;
Nor amity, nor smiling peace are here,
While in their stead transfixing doubts appear!
My sun is set–its cheering rays are fled,
And the rich blossoms of sweet hope are dead.
Thus frequent disappointments gather round,
Whose barbed arrows the torn bosom wound!
In these abodes no lasting pleasure dwells,
Experience oft the tale of sorrow tells:
Without a cloud when garish visions rise,
Impending evils the pierc'd soul surprise,
From fluctuating waves tis wise to cease,
Looking to better worlds for joy and peace.

**A solitary walk by moon light–**

Welcome thou lovely Wand'rer of the night,
Thy milder rays with soft effulgence shine;
[12] The orb of day, insufferably bright,
Rich in the splendors of its native beam–
Too energetic flames–our feeble sight,
Veils in its blaze, and seeks the soothing shade.
But we delight to trace thy splendid path,
To mark o'er yon blue vault thy lucid steps,
To dwell upon thy disk with steady gaze.
And hail thee, radiant empress of the skies.
I love to stray amid these well known haunts,
When o'er my head thy genial path way bends:
To name the glitt'ring stars that cluster round,

And mark the gems which stud the milky way:
'Tis sweet to wander by thy cheering beam,
With solitude companion of my walk;
Sequester'd from the noisy cares of life,
To shape at will my unobtrusive song.
To trace the register of time gone past;
And from futurity to lift the veil.
Hail beauteous Regent of the glowing scene,
The wary clouds swiftly meandering pass,
While as their fleecy undulations move,
With brighter rays thy mild effulgence shines;
And every brilliant star its influence lends,
To shed new lustre o'er my winding path!
Stupendous confluence of surrounding worlds,
Moving resplendent in their mighty orbs,
System, on system in succession rise,
Broid'ring yon azure mantle as they float;
Pendent in vast illimitable space,
Uncounted reservoirs of light resolve,
Immense productions of the Almighty Mind!--
Imagination in its boldest flight;
Hi up the steep of heaven it winds its way;
Trembling relinquishes[10] its baffled pow'rs;
[13] The frenzied eye of heavenly poesy:
Catching a glimpse of the seraphic whole,
While radiant planets in its numbers stray,
Before Jehovah's throne adoring bends.
Philosophy, by holy truth enshrin'd,
Unveils the order of transpicuous space,
On wings Newtonian[11] mounts the fretted arch,
And tries the Universe by rules of art.

But the disciples of the Nazarene,
Eye the blue concave with most holy faith,
And as the splendid luminaries rise,
Taught by the sacred fiat of their God,
With voice emphatic and impressive zeal,
They hail enrapter'd the symbolic orbs.
The sun, the moon, the stars, thus saith the Lord,
In yon broad arch were emblematic plac'd,
Refulgent in their course–as <u>signs</u> were given,[12]
And truths of vast importance they disclose.
To regulate the days and months they move,
Weighing the seasons as they rapid fly,
While from the birth of time their genial aid,

Life, light, and strength and cheerfulness supply.
Thus far the Christian meets the general view,
But in his code the planetary world,
More luminous revolves–with eye of fire,
His ardent spirit marks their azure path,
And learns to bless their metaphoric sway.
What said the Preacher of redeeming love,
When minist'ring amid the list'ning throng,
Mild as the vernal show'r on lap of may,
Or silven dew drops on yon grassy mead,
His principles distil'd–while hallow'd truth.
And manly eloquence glow'd on his tongue:
[14] And still his comments vibrate on my ear,
And still his voice upon retention floats,
In ardent language energetic cloath'd,
While rich ideas cluster'd as he spoke.
The sun, He said–Prime source of light, and heat;
Darts on the thankless wretch its vivid ray,
With equal pow'rs its genial warmth descends,
On the lone Cot, or on the City Dome.
Unnumber'd tints the flow'ry tribes disclose,
Bright in their countless hues, and blooming charms,
Tis day's blest orb variegates, and paints,
And all their sweetness, and their beauty gives.
His vivid pencil blushes in the morn,
He warms the gale which o'er Sabea[13] sweeps,
Magnolia tow'rs in his supporting beam,
Umbrageous branches as it proudly spreads,
Flinging its fragrance to the passing breeze,
And scattring odorifrous perfumes round.
And many a deadly plant its leaves expands;
Bursting to life beneath auspicious skies;
Nurs'd and matur'd by the prolific ray,
Its baleful poisons speed the shafts of death.
Tis thus the figure life and light bestows,
And thus th' Eternal-self Existent Mind,
Source of Intelligence, Author of Good,
On the just Man his copious blessings pours,
And o'er the profligate in mercy bends,
Through realms of death the sons of Men explores,
And from licentious haunts his children brings;
Their mighty ransom by a God was paid,
When to the cross obedient he became,
The life we forfeited he freely gave,
And thus from sorrow's drear abode reclaimed–

[15] The lapsed Nature, caught in treach'rous wiles,
But in its Surety with victory crown'd.
And here th' glorious parent prototype,
Greatly asserts his own superior claims,
And as t'wards heav'n he wings his radiant flight,
Truth, peace, and virtue, o'er the world descends.
Unlike the solar beam that still preserves;
The noxious plant which it to being rears,
The star of Bethlehem unveils his face,
And clouds no more the universe deform:
Evil eradicated–peace restor'd,
The germe of sorrow crushed in the bud,
The Monster vice arrested in its course,
And the destroyer robbed[14] of his sting,
Returning rectitude new pow'rs assumes,
And innocence in all her native charms,
Diffusing blissful consciousness around,
A second Eden in perfection blooms.
Such is the plan of the Redeeming God.
And such th' emphatic complex name he bears
That strong to save from anguish, sin and death,
From every eye he wipes off every tear,
Erasing crimes from the polluted breast,
Whelming transgression in oblivious night,
And leading on illimitable day:
While still th' morning luminary sheds,
Its renovating, figurative light.
And thou fair moon resplendant in thy course,
Whose silver radiance with soft lustre beams,
Floating in aether as thou passest on,
Wert as an emblem by thy God design'd.
Dark in thyself, of inert matter form'd,
Ordain'd to move in a dependant sphere,
Like other planets to our system known,
Both light and heat and beauty thou deriv'st,
From the refulgence of the orient beam
Though o'er yon heav'n thy lucid steps advance
[16] And splendid shine along th' Empyrean arch,[15]
Crescent, full orb'd, by various phasis mark'd,
Yet still <u>one</u> <u>native</u> <u>ray</u> thou canst not boast:
And from the source of day should'st thou recede,
In distant paths thy opake way pursue,
Lost to our gaze–to dark oblivion hurl'd,
No more thy face would gild the spangled sky.
But he, the parent orb, refulgent beams,

And crowns thee regent of the star gem'd night.
And when revolving in thy destin'd sphere,
Full to his blaze thy opake disk reverts,
Turning directly to the source of light,
Then in bright Majesty thy orb appears;
Celestial radiance circles round thy steps,
And all benign thy borrow'd charms unfold.
Thus is the figure of our race complete,
Jesus, the morning star, with genial truth,
Dawns o'er our world–his lucid path we trace,
And as fair wisdom points his steps pursue.
To virtuous purposes he nerves the soul,
Bestows the latent principles of life,
Illumes the mind enshrouded in despair,
And leads the way worn traveller to his rest.
What e'er is excellent or good, or fair,
What e'er of rectitude beams o'er the breast,
From the rich treasures of his grace derivd,
Proclaim by blest effects their source divine.
And when with steady eye our souls we lift
To him the proper object of all praise,
When with unwavering faith and solemn joy,
Lowly we bow to the descending God,
And as his complex character unfolds,
Adore the holy child, as king of heav'n,
Then have we caught a glimpse of sacred light,
And prospects luminous dawn o'er the mind.
With rapt and solemn extacy we mark,
How heav'n deputed, life restoring truth,
Wide o'er the world reflects its plastic pow'rs.
Its healing beams elucidating bends,
And day, celestial day, refulgent dawns;
In the seraphic blaze illum'd we soar
By God's own image once again impress'd.
[17] But if declining from the right'ous sun,
In errors giddy labyrinth we stray,
Far as we deviate from the fount of life,
Conmixing darkly in the mists of earth,
Lost in opacity or wildly driven,
We verge the confines of enduring night.
The child of Man enveloped in clouds,
No rays unbroken brighten in his path,
No guiltless characters adorn our world,
Nor uniform perfection greets the eye.
Yet we inherit by eternal truth,

Truth, the great centre round whose orb we move,
And howsoever wide our circles spread,
By pow'r Omnipotent attracted still,
Our various revolutions we perform,
Basking resuscitated in that ray,
Which beams restorative o'er countless worlds,
And streams refulgent through unbounded space.
And see where hosts, on hosts, as signs appear,
Unnumber'd glories stud the vaulted skies,
Wide o'er the heav'ns the splendid train ascends,
Importing what futurity shall be.
And as their various splendors strike the eye,
Clad in mild beauty some, with soften'd ray;
While others rise pre-eminently great,
Dazzling in all the majesty of light:
So shall we differ, when we change this scene,
Scap'd from this globe, and each contending ill,
The disembodied, liberated mind,
Led by the light of life, shall soar to heav'n.
Then shall our native faculties unfold,
And we rejoicing fill our native sphere:
Some elevated, on expansive wing,
Shall shape their course through the bright realms of space,
While softer spirits skim the azure way,
Or fill their mansions in the vast expanse.
Yet shall not envy find an entrance there,
But every being dwell in perfect bliss.

**To a young Lady, who inform'd me she was seeking to engraff sweet hope upon the root of despair! written in the commencement of the Revolutionary War**

Sweet Girl, thy unavailing task give o'er,
And struggle with obdurate fate no more
[18] Beings adverse what human pow'r can join?
Almighty efforts ask a hand divine.
As well the distant poles new form'd might meet,
Embrace the centre, and each other greet;
As the corroding root of dark despair,
The perfumd blossoms of expectance bear.
Banish I charge thee from thy gentle breast,
The torture yielding, fell, malignant guest,
Implant fair hope–a rich prolific flow'r,

Fruitful of solace in the darkest hour.
And in thy bosom when deep fixed there,
If cultivated with assiduous care,
To the soft blow if thou thy efforts give,
Then blossom, leaf, and bud, shall verdant live.
Bright may the region of thy mind become,
And in perspective heav'nly prospects bloom;
O'er its calm surface fragrant zephyrs blow,
And innocence each ripening joy bestow.
I know life's volume, in its title page,
The white wing'd moments of infantile age;
E'er yet thy lisping tongue had learn'd to claim,
The dear indulgence of a Mother's name,[16]
Saw thee depriv'd of that maternal care,
That should have liv'd thy cherish'd worth to rear.
Thy early orphanage sweet pity mourn'd
Whilst thou with playful smiles each tear return'd.
Ah how unguarded is that female flower,
[19] Not nurs'd and shelter'd by maternal pow'r!
Its budding worth by gathering clouds o'ercast,
Trembling, and fading, in the sevring blast,
Bends to the storm–Its prop forever lost,
And on chance sympathy its being tost!
And still misfortunes usher in thy years,
Despoiled hope bedews thy cheek with tears:
Ills have pursu'd, fell evils cluster round,
The shafts of disappointment keenly wound,
Strangely revers'd–those laws which should protect,
Virtue revere, and struggling worth respect,
Thy steps embarrass–and applaud the deed–
Which must to rapine, and injustice lead.
Pity, the contest with a parent realm,
Should thus the undesigning overwhelm!
Pity, Licentiousness so far obtains,
That open violence a sanction gains!
Pity, for <u>thinking, Freedom</u> should despoil–
Sweet suffering merit of the well earn'd soil!
That Sons of Liberty, merely for thought,[17]
Inactive breathed, and with frankness fraught,
Should seize possessions we have deem'd our own,
As forfeit to a power till now unknown!
Which yesterday, in rebel records found,
Attainders, Prisons, Deaths, encircling round,
Would the Usurper mid his coarse arrest
Arm'd with Authority by time confest.

[20] I know sweet sufferer--all thy wrongs I know,
And o'er my bosom humid sorrows flow.
But still bright expectation spreads her wings,
And future joys anticipating sings.
Young hope expands–the steep ascent once gain'd,
The rugged, toilsome eminence obtaind,
Sweet peace shall bless thee–all thy hours attend,
Around thy steps with guardian vigils bend,
Diffusing o'er thy mind a heavenly calm,
Solace of grief, to every sorrow balm.
I know that Virtue mild–with blest controul,
Illumes, and fashions thy obedient soul.
Smooth is thy temper–cast in genrous mould,
The charms of honour in thy breast unfold:
From each ignoble, each ungrateful deed;
Each mean suspicion, thy fair bosom free'd,
Meek eye'd benevolence sits regent there,
With gentle pity, glowing, and sincere.
Thy faultless life the Eternal will regard,
And, modest worth, most surely will reward,
Fair competence awaits thy future days,
Trust the prophetic Muse–if justice sways–
Or, grant the worst–that these degenerate times,
Denies to virtue what it hears on crimes.
Yet, still in prospect other worlds remain,
Where Rectitude out spreads her wide domain;
[21] Where Love Divine the golden sceptre wields,
And truth, eternal truth, its Votry shields;
Where, through the wide interminable round,
Nor crimes, nor sorrow ever shall be found.
Scap'd from the Monster Vice, th' immortal soul,
No more submitting to the fiend's controul,
On out stretch'd wings ascends the realms of day
Shaping in other Worlds its brightning way.

**Solitude**

Slowly retiring from the crouded scene,
To taste the joys which solitude bestows,
Let me, in numbers as the Muse serene,
Paint the calm bliss from her blest haunts that flows.

Sweet Solitude, thou peace inspiring theme,
Give me to show thee lovely as thou art,
Beyond the Visionary's gaudy dream,

Potent to mend, and elevate the heart.

In every age, the good thy paths explore,
Delight to woo thee in thy lone retreat,
The sun shine of their souls thou canst restore,
With thee their happiness, their heav'n they meet.

From thy recesses Vice, and folly fly,
With hasty steps illude thy holy ken,
Fearful to stand thy all inquiring eye,
They shelter mid the circling crowds of Men.

[22] Bright Pallas[18] smiles on thy sequester'd cell,
Her favourite walks are near thy grass grown rills,
With thee sweet Solitude she loves to dwell,
With thee her radiant throne the Goddess fills.

How soft thy whispers to the upright mind,
How calm the visions that successive rise,
Serene as innocence, with peace combind,
Gentle as breezes passing vernal skies.

Mild as thou art yet various are thy pow'rs,
Assuming every hue--or grave, or sad,
Giving to rosy joy the rising hours,
Shaping the hope, that makes the bosom glad.

When vivid Fancy on thy wings is borne,
Fancy who loves thy thick embosom'd bow'rs,
Wooing thy shades with each returning morn,
She gathers mid thy haunts her richest flow'rs.

Indulg'd by thee, we skim ethereal space,
Beings uncounted follow to their source,
Wide o'er the[19] milky way admiring trace–
New plants rolling in their destin'd course.

Or with rapt wonder hallow'd scenes explore,
Beyond revolving worlds spirits ascend,
[23] On new plum'd wings above the concave soar,
And in Eternity on God attend.

Or if, unbending in their vast career,
To humbler scenes our heaven born minds incline,

How rich anticipated joys appear,
When social pleasures in perspective shine.

The rural swain, chanting his rustic lay,
Rapt in the future trips along the plain,
Gleeful imagination, ever gay--
Amid his Solitude inspires his strain.

Each dear domestic pleasure clusters round,
The happy Lover is in fancy blest,
In contemplation rosy bliss is found,
And peace becomes a stationary guest.

To cherish friendship solitude delights,
Round twining hearts her brightest beams she throws,
And while in accents sweet the Nymph invites,
The bliss of confidence unbounded flows.

Then, when the balmy breath of opening morn,
Chases light slumbers from th' unclosing lid,
Blest Solitude on gentle zephyr borne,
And in her "sober suited"[20] vestments clad:

[24] Leads forth the early Bard–who loves the shade,
Who strays enraptur'd all her walks among.
Whose matin vows are to Jehovah paid,
And who with holy joy exalts his song.

Mildly he glances o'er the various scene,
His passions hush'd and harmoniz'd his soul
Calm beats his pulse, his wishes all serene,
His will obedient to divine control.

Thus gently looking solitude he hails,
At early dawn and mid the fervid day,
Or when the evening o'er yon orb prevails,
And all the glowing landscape fades away.

O might I meet thee in thy lone retreat,
Each day devote me to thy spotless haunts,
And there thy train of blest reflections meet,
As o'er my head the wood land warbler chaunts.

Celestial angels smile on thy domain,
And guardian seraphs hover all around,

Virtue and innocence thy power sustain.
And Rectitude amid thy walks is found.

[25] **Lines sacred to the memory of Mrs. E. Dolliver[21] one of the first, and dearest of my friends–who departed this life in the October of 1775**

Tis just at friendship's shrine to raise the verse,
Tis just, my Esther o'er thy early herse,
Pensive to bend–To swell the dirgful strain,
And in the luxury of grief complain.
To consecrate to thee the hallow'd lay,
Is righteous homage at thy shrine to pay.
And, if the pow'rs of poesy were mine,
Resplendent as thy life my verse should shine.
But, though inadequate--I yet presume,
To mourn in numbers o'er thy peaceful tomb,
An elegiack monument to raise,
Its front engraving with thy deathless praise.
Yea, deathless praise–Imperishable worth,
Born from above--and of each hour the growth,
Immortal as its Author radiant glows,
Nor death, nor dimunition ever knows.
Dear shade, my lacerated bosom torn,
Can ne'er forget must ever live to mourn
What time returning never can restore,
The saint the angel greets my soul no more!

Drear was the hour when the lorn cry of death,
Wrapt all my senses! seiz'd thy parting breath,
Bore thee triumphant from my swollen sight,
Circling thy form in trackless floods of light.
She is no more–Oh! heart appalling sound!
Which yet inflicts the deep corroding wound!
[26] Yet sinks my soul by its oppressive weight,
Vain are my struggles with relentless fate.
Strong are the bands fair amity entwines,
Ardent the faith which kindred bosoms binds;
Serene the joys that tender love inspires,
When gentle Friendship fans the genial fires.
Such, and so safe, our ripening pleasures grew,
As love sincere, and as affiance true;
Her ardent mind the seat of every grace,
Diffus'd its glowing influence o'er her face,
Virtue around her threw its gladsome rays,
Enthroned innocence with mildness sways:

Health on her cheek its roseate hue impress'd,
And conscious rectitude the Virgin blest.
Twas then wide o'er the varied scene we stray'd,
And with young wonder hills, and dales survey'd,
Or else retir'd, wept o'er some well wrought tale;
Swelling with gentle sighs the passing gale:
Clarissa's[22] woes with skill pathetic given,
Splendid in honour--Virtuous as heaven:
Or with the comick muse we gayly laught
Pleasures chastiz'd with youthful ardour quaft;
Inhaling mirth to chase the mournful thought,
And wipe the gush with kindly sorrow fraught.
Thus past our dawn of life–exempt from care
Nor brooding melancholy then was there.
What time, his manly tale philander told,
The power of love all potent to unfold,
My Esther's heart confest a mutual flame,
Dwelling enraptur'd on Philander's[23] name.
[27] But it would naught avail to paint her woes,
No sympathy her narrow dwelling knows.
How stern authority with rigid voice,
And angry brow condemn'd her youthful choice,
Paternal pow'r forbiding the soft bands.
Entwining hearts, and gently yielding hands;
The struggling perturbation that ensu'd,
Conflicting passions with despair imbu'd.
The sorrows of the lovely maid are past;
To deep oblivion all her woes are cast.
Yet Hymen[24] lighted up his beamy torch,
The trembling bride, passing the sacred porch,
Exchang'd her vows–receiv'd Philander's hand,
While blissful visions in her soul expand.
On downy wings her white rob'd hours descend,
Friendship and love in tender union blend.
But, one short year made up her sum of joy,
E'er it revolv'd--insatiate to destroy,
A wasting fever drank his quiv'ring breath,
Wrapping Philander in the shades of death!
Yes, e'er this globe complete one full round,
She tasted bliss which pointed every wound,
A blooming Virgin, a confiding wife,
A pledge of love, more precious e'en than life:
And ah! alas! forlorn and desolate,
A mournful verdict–By relentless fate
Widow'd of hope–Friendship and love are dead,

Virtue and truth are with Philander fled.
But yet her angel boy employs her care
For him, to heav'n she bends, in ardent prayr
Might he but live to rear a Father's fame,
And bear to future days Philander's name.
To him her added life she consecrates,
And for her opening heav'n impatient waits.
[28] Thus said the fair–but who can trace their ways,
Or mark events, till Providence displays?
Compell'd again the galling yoke to wear,
(For love, nor holy friendship then were there)
By hard necessity whose stern command,
Poor fate bound mortals never can withstand.
No hearts consenting tied the ill judg'd knot,
Nor souls congenial bless'd the hapless lot!
But circumstances rigidly combin'd,
Their hands in bands indissoluble joind!
Yet duty well her arduous task perform'd:
Heroic virtue the sweet matron warm'd:
All that chaste love gentle refin'd and pure,
Impells the tender female to endure,
Bright rectitude with heav'nly radiance fraught
The spotless bosom of my Esther taught:
Undeviating she pursu'd her course,
And felt of conscious worth the fullest force.
But strong exertions wear the fine machine,
The soul may feel its heav'n born powrs serene,
Yet long this tenement cannot abide,
Misfortune chills–Life's currents all subside!
Her parting sorrows I with tears beheld,
With deep regret my bosom inly swell'd,
Anticipating still the dread event,
As round her couch with busy care I bent.
Toward the blow, from Morn, to night I strove,
Ardent to save the object of my love.
From her cold brows the clamy dews I dry'd,
E'en from myself the sad presage to hide;
Anxious to snatch her from impending death,
I watch'd, with silent grief, her labouring breath.
[29] But, unavailing all– Hope gilds no more,
No power can now my angel friend restore!
Before her grave my brightest prospects fade,
Impervious glooms my sorrowing soul pervade:
Where'er my lonely footsteps dreary rove
O'er hills, or dales, or in the umbrageous grove,

Her parting accents float on ev'ry sound,
And whispering zephyrs breathe her name around.
Sweetly serene she sank beneath the stroke,
Each act her pious resignation spoke,
Long lingering death, remitting oft his blows,
Far from her pillow chasing soft repose,
Too sure infixt his unrelenting dart,
Baffling the utmost pow'r of lenient art.
But every pang she greatly soar'd above,
Borne on the wings of everlasting love;
Faith to her gaze all radiant heav'n disclos'd,
Nor thwart the scene one shadow interpos'd.
Of holy truths the sainted Matron sung,
Seraphic musick warbled on her tongue:
Firm her affiance in Emmanuel grew,
She knew him merciful, and just, and true,
She knew him strong to save–nor her alone,
She hail'd sweet mercy beaming round his throne;
View'd the grand Circle with an equal eye,
And saw when borne beyond this cloud rapt sky,
The universal brotherhood should claim,
The sacred passport of a Saviour's name.
Thus she believ'd, and calmly thus repos'd,
Smiling in death her sinking eye lids clos'd,
The weary spirit gladly pass'd away,
[30] Pleas'd to resign the burthen of its clay:
So droops the flow'r beneath some fervid ray,
Or yielding to the storm's resistless sway,
Bends to the blast, surcharg'd and rudely torn,
Despoil'd, and of its transient vestments shorn.
Formed by Nature to adorn each sphere,
The infant mind successfully to rear,
Her virtuous soul bright'ning from early youth,
The seat of friendship, and unbroken truth;
Gen'rous, and good, benevolent, and kind,
Graces which form, and elvate the mind,
Mild, and upright--confiding, and sincere,
Melting with pity--while the ready tear,
O'er human woes its balmy influence shed,
Potent the charms of sympathy to spread.
But she is gone!! In other worlds she strays,
Unnumber'd systems with new pow'rs surveys;
From pole to pole, from star to star she roves,
Mid trackless space with glowing rapture moves:
With ken untir'd redeeming love explores,

And bending low the great First Cause[25] adores.
Perhaps Philander mid her heav'n is known,
Perhaps she joins him at Jehovah's throne--
No more my soul--no more with tears lament,
Rejoice she mounts yon luminous ascent,
To mourn the happy let thy passions cease,
Behold her shelterd in the port of peace,
See how she skims o'er yon etherial plain,
Sorrow will ne'er arrest her steps again.
And thou, e'er long, her lucid course shall join,
Earth's weary Circles, and thy woes resign:
[31] The sainted shade with holy joy pursue,
And ancient friendship, ancient love renew,
Adore thy God with never ending praise,
The song triumphant with rapt wonder raise,
Through vast Eternity his smiles enjoy,
Who ev'ry latent evil will destroy,
That Saviour, who refulgent shall appear,
From every eye, exhaling every tear.

**An Invocation to hope**

Descend sweet Hope–Deign to inspire my soul,
Nor let Despair my morn of life controul;
The haggard Monster with relentless ire,
And torpid touch, chills every fond desire,
Whelms every prospect, fixing in my breast,
Those murm'ring passions never to be blest!
Insatiate following every dream of joy,
Rifling each sweet ingenious to destroy,
Visions of bliss the murderous spright defies;
They are delusive all, the Miscreant cries,
While stamping on my mind strong sense of woe,
The fiend commands, and tears of anguish flow.
Reason in vain her barriers erects,
No human arm against his pow'r protects,
His rapid progress baneful inroad makes,
And resolution the lorn breast forsakes!
Destruction marks his deleterious tongue,
Heart rending sighs are from the bosom wrung,
Each genial glow unpitying he pervades,
Wrapping his victims in eternal shades!

Shield me, bright Goddess of the lucid train;
My trembling soul with all thy guards sustain,
Descend thou darling daughter of the skies,
Refulgent Deity, whose aid supplies
[32] The distant landscape--brightning to the view,
Rich prospects ever varying, ever new;
Gayly advancing to the wondering sight,
Clad in abundant rays of heavenly light.
Goddess descend from thy etherial car,
Come blooming Hope and vanquish fell despair:
Deign to reside in the perturbed breast,
My every pow'r shall hail thee–lovely guest.
Fill up this void that sickens in my soul,
My way-ward wishes, and my sighs control.
Come with thy angel face, with solace fraught,
Smile o'er the scene and swell the burst of thought.
To my torn mind the reign of peace restore,
And let me all thy gilded walks explore.
On thy white pinions soaring let me mount,
And future joys with glowing tongue recount.
On all the bliss of expectation live,
The purest pleasures to my bosom give;
O! spring unblasted in my labouring breast
Let me, at least, be in perspective blest.
Banish those evils which prolifick rise,
And let my wishes centre in the skies.

**Written to a friend, in the cover of a copy of verses.**

Tis true, my friend, Fancy inspires no more,
The wanderings of the garish Muse are o'er;
Her flippant flights by sober reason clip'd,
The pretty vagrant in the bud is nip'd.
But, trust me, on his throne stern Brutus[26] seated,
When he the erring youths so rigid treated,
Prounounc'd the sentence with more <u>seeming</u> ease,
Than I can on this little trembler seize
[33] No matter– the old Roman steeld his heart;
And I too act an hounorable part.
Decreeing the dear offspring of my brain,
Life's heavy woes who help me to sustain,
To feel the stroke of my avenging hand,
If once again their gaudy wings expand.
This for the future–and the past I give,
Only in scenes of privacy to live.

And, dear Philanthropos[27] observe me well,
The fairy tale to thee alone I tell.
The Muse untaught her humble suit prefers,
And to thy gaze her little foundling bears,
Cherish the bantling–but my blushes spare,
Nor with thy other self my secret share.
Unskill'd in my employ–though often wooing,
In many an airy round the Muse pursuing,
Yet full as oft, in tears I steep my lyre,
Quenching the beam of sweet poetic fire.
Perhaps my lines a partial friend may please,
With smiling candour thou the page mayst seize,
But ah! I tremble at the Critic's eye,
Repeating still–My verse with thee must die.[28]
"Enough Constantia[29]–urge thy suit no more,
"Why iterate thy pleadings o'er and o'er,
"You doubt my honour–Or you think the rhyme,
"Deserves to float upon the wings of time"
No, positively no–let flames involve,
The verse in question–and I will resolve,
With some more noble theme to swell my lay,
Lighting my torch at thy refulgent ray.
For thee–with sweet complacence ever blest,
May every muse fill thy capacious breast;
May soothing visions still around thee shine,
And peace, transcendent peace be ever thine.
[34] Before thy ample view benignly rise,
A future heaven–and bright unclouded skies.
The haunts of guilt–by caustic flames explor'd,
All crimes destroy'd. The Universe restor'd;
By rectitude both Men and Angels led,
And through all worlds the truth of God out spread.

**To Master J.S. Ellery[30] with Plutarch's Lives**[31]

Accept, dear boy, this volume fraught with worth,
Stampt by antiquity, and own'd by truth.
Vice it delineates, and virtue too,
Placing each[32] object full before our view.
Old Plutarch held the pen, who knew to scan,
The various passions in the self same Man.
Grecians and Romans fill the important scene,
Though years, succeeding years, might intervene,
Ages revolve between the Heroes lives,
Yet still the Sage the finish'd portrait gives:

Striking the eye they rise a perfect whole
Mov'd by one Cause–one all pervading soul.
Read with attention–Give young wonder way,
And may each noble thought thy bosom sway;
The patriot virtues kindle in thy breast,
And every generous purpose be imprest
Deep on thy heart, by honour printed there,
In characters intelligibly fair.
May naught estrange thee from the path of right,
Flattery seduce–nor censure e'er affright,
But may thy better judgment ever sway,
Thy reason dictate and thy life obey:
Firm in the path of rectitude may'st thou,
Unwavering tread–and at her foot stool bow:
[35] May every manly excellence be thine,
And may the milder graces all combine
To form thy mind, embelish, and exalt;
Till thou, dear Lad, almost without a fault,
Detesting evil–emulating those;
Whose hopes of peace on God's own truth repose
Win the bright plaudits which the good obtain,
Which worth, consistent worth, will always gain.

**A Morning Dream**

Just as Aurora[33] op'd the gates of day,
Streaming refulgent o'er the dappled east:
Clothing the orient path in purple light,
Prime source of good, from yonder hea'vn[34] deriv'd,
Descending genial o'er this opake ball
Ere yet the sun in majesty appeard,
Or iron care had rear'd her busy head,
I wak'd–The dawn was painful to my soul,
And sure, I cry'd, the live long day to spend
Amid the noisy the tumultuous round,
Is far too much–Then airy fancy come
And speed me once more to thy lucid bourne.
Morpheous,[35] to thee I supplicating sue,
O' close these tearful lids in calm repose
Thy precious poppies o'er my pillow strew,
Shut out the world with each fond hope or fear.
The God propitious bow'd with mild assent,
In airy visions wav'd his graceful wand,
While my free'd spirit rapt in wonder flew,
Where lands nor seas could circumscribe her range:

Where months, nor years, nor Calendars exist,
But virtuous pleasures form the blissful round.
[36] Nor yet is boundless thought by rules confin'd,
Fetter'd by rhyme, or by miltonic verse,[36]
Vivacious Fancy free as ether floats,
Her broider'd garments waving on the wind,
While ample space, and all its worlds are hers.
But though no flowing numbers, mid the dream,
With magic art the splendid scene pourtrayd,
Though poesy was hail'd no Goddess there,
Yet scep'tred Order, arm'd with pow'r appear'd,
And harmony her potent laws fulfill'd:
Hence peace, imperishable peace presides,
And every action wears the stamp of truth.
Blissful was the transition–borne along;
From fell adversity I past away,
Content, mild beaming, tranquilliz'd my soul,
And to oblivion every murmur fled.
My mind, emerging, sought the sacred shrine
Where wisdom dwells–When blest instruction rose,
Skillful to pour the gladsome stream of light,
Dispercing in her beam obscuring clouds.
My wondering soul enlarg'd with out spread wing
Play'd round her disk–Or plunging on the beam,
Exploring sought the treasur'd hoards of truth,
Aiming to make the depths of knowledge hers.
In starry vestments all transparent clad,
The arts and sciences encircled round,
Like hov'ring Genii,[37] or those splendid orbs,
Which in themselves possess the genial flame.
With supernatural strength so late endu'd,
I view'd the process with a steady eye:
The origin of human efforts saw,
Lines, curves, and circles, variously displayd,
Segments designated–triangles squares
Or parts, or wholes–each teeming principles
[37] Which mathematicks pure, or mix'd, disclose,
Or practical, or merely speculative;
Extension spread–abstract ideas flowd,
And calculation, by her magic wand,
Bade magnitude from airy nothing spring!
If to admire, my wond'ring soul content
Had gaz'd in silence, it had then been well,
But borne inquisitive–with prying eye,
Ambitious to ascend the dazzling height,

Soaring she sought the bright informing ray,
And unappall'd the mighty blaze survey'd;
Till by attraction in its beam immers'd,
Mid the Galaxy all confusd she stray'd,
Lost in a labyrinth, whose clust'ring light,
Serv'd but to show the devious paths she trod.
When lo! before my grateful sight arose,
In female vestments clad, a form divine,
Or if celestial, or material,
I learned not–But sweet benevolence,
Painting her cheek, and glowing in her eye
Proclaimd her kind intent to extricate.
Beauteous as Hebe,[38] and as virtue fair,
She breath'd intelligence and virtue round.
Now, in my bosom, energetic hope,
More vig'rous grew, Firm confidence inwrought,
Gave to my wilder'd mind visions of bliss:
So when Etesian Winds,[39] o'er burning wilds,
Replete with genial pow'rs assuaging rise,
Mellowing the fervid ray–restoring life,
Sweeping salubrious o'er the parched earth,
The glad Egyptian[40] added power gains,
His nerves new strung, and every sinew brac'd.
In accents soft as swell the whispering breeze,
On the light wing of vernal zephyrs borne,
[38] The beauteous shade her embassy disclos'd,
In strains seraphick courting my approach,
Calming my doubts, and winning my belief.
With gentle violence my hand she seiz'd,
Her touch disarm'd my fears–I follow'd on,
To Lethe's[41] banks the dazzling shade pursu'd.
Here, issue'd from the fount a limped stream,
Placid, and copious, swelling to a flood,
And there, impetuous, down the craggy steep,
The thundering Cataract sublim'd the scene,
And, loud resounding echo'd far and wide.
I started at the view–Methought blest memory,
On dark oblivion's wings fled swift away;
But my beneficent angelic guide,
My mind inform'd, and apprehensions calm'd,
"The draught oblivion is to passions dire,
"To cares corroding, to discordant thoughts,
"To discontent, with all its baleful train,
"And only these–Friendship, and Love survive."[42]
She said, and lo! the glassy stream assum'd,

Virtues of healing, yea of sov'reign power,
I sighd to lave beneath its ample flow,
Steeping my sorrows in its wary flood
Nor long with unavailing gaze I stood
But bending to the waters bathed there
Quafting large draughts of blest forgetfulness.
Now swift from view my fair Conductress fled,
With gratitude methought I wish'd to bend;
But my regrets were transient–Nature smil'd,
No clouds arose, nor sorrow found a place,
Crimes were no more–nor painful consciousness.
Sanction'd by God, the social Virtues reign'd,
Tow'ring triumphant o'er the wreck of worlds.
[39] Utopian[43] visions o'er my fancy play'd,
And guardian Genii hover'd all around.
Words are inadequate–description fails,
When all Elysium[44] meets the raptur'd eye!
Aerial music undulating flow'd,
In strains harmonious floating on the ear,
The feather'd choir, to the soft symphony,
Their melting warblings all melodious joind.
I gaz'd, I sigh'd,–but 'twas a sign of bliss,
For sweet complacency grew in my soul.
In richest livery the scene was clad,
Tall ranks of trees at distance struck the eye,
And here the verdant shrub scarce heeded stood.
There the long Vista cut with tasteful art,
And here the thick embowring verdant grove,
Extensive lawns, rivers, and purling streams,
Woods, hills, and dales, in gay confusion lay.
Fair Order too her plastic hand out spread,
And gaudy Flora[45] round the borders stray'd,
Or sat enshrin'd in many flow'ry knots,
Shaping in various forms the smooth pasterre.
And Ceres[46] all her golden gifts bestow'd,
With strength prolific clothing hills, and dales.
Pomona[47] smild–and at her fertile side,
The God Vertumnus[48] usher'd in the spring.
No wintry storms deformd the face of day,
But all was vernal or autumnal skies,
Or if the fervid beam of summer blazd,
The Grot sequester'd loan'd its ready aid:
[40] And murm'ring rills, and cooling fountains flow'd.
Thus in Elysium, but one wish remain'd,
For sweet remembrance, as I said, surviv'd,

And love, and Friendship in my bosom glow'd.
Yea, ardent glow'd–immortal as their source,
But not distemper'd as they now exist,
Hope that on fancy all repining floats.
No, 'twas a hope chastiz'd by blest content,
Calm and unruffled as a Summer's sea:
'Twas Amity refin'd–Virtue and peace,
While reason smild–and rectitude approv'd.
With holy awe I breath'd the prayr of faith,
When swift as thought the sev'ring veil flew back,
With seraph step, as by enchantment led,
Friend, parents, kindred, met my wondring eye,
While with new joy, I view'd them o'er and o'er,
And grateful clasp'd them to my throbbing breast.
With glowing rapture on each face I dwelt,
Gaz'd with encreasing, ever new delight,
Upon these features by affection mark'd,
Now beautified with more seraphick grace,
For hues celestial every charm partook.
Content sat regent on the peaceful brow,
Joy lighted up the fine expressive eye,
And genial confidence look'd smiling round;
While ev'ry tongue in raptrous strains exclaim'd
We part no more–Responsive Echo swell'd,
In long resounding notes–we part no more–
No more from paths of bliss our feet shall stray.
And now in quick succession seasons roll'd,
For airy fancy can an age disclose,
[41] In one short hour's bright, or direful vision.
Passions obedient to Volition liv'd;
Volition rightly form'd, as heav'n benign,
In moral reason, moral beauty clad,
While blooming Astrea[49] held the well pois'd scale.
No Envy with its snaky train was there,
Nor fell dissension of infernal birth,
No ingrate passion pierc'd the hallow'd glade,
For black ingratitude was banishd thence.
No field ensanguin'd met the wand'ring eye,
Nor gleaming steel with deathful presage shone,
Nor calumny with dauntless crest advanc'd,
Nor secret whispers with Assassin power,
Rear'd by deceit, and murdering as they pass'd.
Nor superstition with her rites absurd,
God the great Father, and the friend, appeard,
Refulgent mercy beaming in his eye,

And by his equal love encircling all.
Nor need of Legislation, code of laws,
Invested precedency–purple pomp–
No proud ensignas, Lictors,[50] Fasces,[51] there,
Triumphant tow'rd–With licenc'd arrogance,
To awe the gentle growth of modest worth.
For secret Villany, and treachrous fraud,
And black ingratitude, and barefac'd crimes,
Yea e'en the name of vice almost unknown,
For pow'r invidious no place remaind.
Truth was the base–blest innocence the shield,
And rectitude the monarch, and the guard.
Thus pleasd, and pleasing glad existence past,
And thus the sweets of every bliss we shar'd,

Friendship unbroken in the bosom glow'd,
And love as pure, as some in infantile dream.
[42] Upon the manly tongue persuasion dwelt,
And gen'rous frankness dignified the maid,
Seraphic beauty the fair features formd,
Lovely as when the blending graces shine,
The splendid virtues constellating rose,
While every look diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
Duty and love combining in each glance,
Affection first born child of young esteem,
Glowing celestial o'er the roseate cheek,
And swelling every pulse with conscious worth.
Not the first fair in Paradise could boast,
Ere yet of angel purity despoild,
More spotless honour–more unblemish'd truth,
Or more exalted dignity of soul.
With forms thus rare, and minds by heav'n imbu'd,
Belov'd they grew–while ev'ry genial sun,
Witness'd augmenting bliss–and zephyr blew,
Its odorif'rous sweets around their haunts.
Thus ages past away and sky rob'd peace,
Still hail'd us blessing, and forever blest:
So will the joys of heav'n divinely break,
When we this earth born tenement resign,
When disembodied spirits soaring mount,
To mingle joyful with the splendid train.
But now the pleasing dream–with parting shades,
Hath past away–again thick clouds arise,
No more upon my lids soft slumbers press,
To deep regrets, to melancholy cares,

"I wake–How happy they who wake no more."[52]

**Lines addressed to my Mother upon the death of the last of her brothers who died abroad attended only by a Nephew**[53]

Madam, permit the sympathetic Muse,
Wrapt in thy glooms, a dirgful theme to choose,
[43] A daughter's pen the votive tribute brings,
And of the Man thou mourn'st devoutly sings.
In life's meridian, while the fervid ray,
Of expectation shap'd his beamy way,
Snatch'd from thy arms a much lov'd brother dies,
And the full tide of copious grief supplies.

Last of the manly race he past away,
Clos'd is the sun shine of his brilliant day!
Once more thour'rt call'd to strew an early tomb,
With humid flow'rs in scared shades which bloom:
Where melancholy lifts her cypress head,
And weeping willows mournful branches spread.
How sad to mark the premature decay,
At the young grave funeral rites to pay,
To follow those on whom our hopes repos'd,
Prospects of bliss by shades impervious clos'd!
To guard thy side how many brothers throng'd,
Friendship, and tenderness, to thee belong'd.
Youth strung their nerves–while roseate health combin'd,
With Life Prolonging temperance conjoin'd.
But death, rapacious, follow'd in the rear,
And snapt the thread amid the gay career,
Say fell despoiler–Why relentless still?
Why thus insatiate every hope to kill?
Why ruthless thus the last fair hope remove,
Leaving no object for a sister's love?
Madam thy tears are just–Stoics[54] might weep,
And resignation solemn vigils keep,
I knew his worth, his virtues well I knew,
With my first years my fond affection grew.
[44] O! give me then your deep regrets to join,
Around the mournful yew my plaints to twine;
With you the retrospective eye I'll cast,
And recollection shall supply the past.
We'll trace the kindred glow, so deep imprest,
Upon the tablets of his faithful breast:
Inscrib'd by pity, mildest beam of heavn,

And to ameliorate the bosom giv'n.
Endow'd by fortitude, ennobling truth,
Budding, and brightning, in his earliest youth.
But matchless excellence can we pourtray?
As stars refulgent gild the azure way,
In "regular confusion"[55] splendid roll,
Passing refulgent on from pole to pole;
To sight unaided numberless arise,
While seeming myriads stream along the skies:
So merit bursting o'er the ardent gaze,
With kindling rapture the glad eye surveys,
But when we would attempt to analyze,
A bright'ning lustre every gem supplies,
Till we absorbd in th' superior blaze,
Yield, as unequal, all abstracted praise.
Yet if her Votries rectitude approves,
The honest burst of noble frankness loves
Then will she hail her son with glad applause,
For he inviolate maintain'd her laws.
No servile passions e'er deformd his soul,
His heart disdaining, spurn'd their base control:
Indignant honour spoke his native worth,
As at the shrine of folly, sacred truth,
By immotating hands was doom'd to bleed,
While falsehood, from all imputation freed,
[45] Stalk'd boldly forth, with broad gigantic stride,
Erecting on her front the crest of pride.
With just contempt his piercing eye beheld,
The little mind with lawless rancour swell'd.
While all his actions equity proclaimd.
And his fair life for honesty was famd.
The patriot virtues, natal in his breast,
Columbia's[56] cause indelibly impress'd:
He lov'd his Country–yet abhord her crimes,
Mourning full oft these dark degenerate times.
Yet still her righteous views his bosom fir'd,
And all her virtuous warriors he admird.
Sanguine, and zealous, while he wept her woes,
Prophetic visions to his fancy rose,
He saw New Albion[57] from disorder freed,
To deeds immortal countless Heroes lead,
And while they reach'd the splendid goal of fame,
The public weal his brightest hope became,
Resolv'd, and firm, was his capacious mind,
And yet he knew the softer bands to bind,

Seeking the Circle of domestic worth,
And gracing private life with manly truth.
Happy his Hymen[58]–sacred love was there,
And radiant honour crownd the virtuous pair;
While prattling infants gaily smild around,
Or in his arms a safe asylum found.
But these are common passions–social ties
Which each fond lover to the fair allies;
Sublimer heights his mounting spirit soard,
As with philanthropy he oft explor'd,
The gath'ring race collected in their head,
And to their God by angelic union led:
His tearful eye his glad surprise express'd,
As he beheld the assembled nation blest.
[46] Divine benevolence his boson sway'd,
And, in effect, to hostile foes he said,
"What though discordant passions take the lead,
"And war disseminates its baleful seed?
"Yet here's a heart shall welcome as a friend,
"The Man who doth from Deity descend:
"Still at my board shall weeping captives meet,
"And the lorn stranger find a vacant seat."[59]
Let Penury his charity proclaim,
And lisping orphans waft abroad his fame.
Far as his pow'r–so far his bounty spread,
While yet his lengthning wishes onward led.
But thou dear Lady, still more intimate,
Upon this theme canst copiously dilate.
Forgive the Muse who mingles thus her strain,
In lays unequal who would thus complain.
His love fraternal thou alone canst tell,
Fated the melancholy note to swell.
And Oh! deplor'd be that delusive morn,
When from our view by gales commercial borne,
He follow'd fortune oer the devious way.
Fortune whose treach'rous smiles so oft betray.
Had we but known in the last parting scene,
What days of sorrow were to intervene,
That we no more his wish'd return should hail,
That o'er yon Ocean the white bosom'd sail,
In vain our tearful eyes again might meet,
For we no more our honour'd Friend should greet.
How would the woe fraught sigh, the trembling tear,
Wafted enanguish'd to his listening ear,
Have wak'd to sympathy his manly breast,

Enthroning Pity–heaven descended guest,
Until his few remaining hours we gain'd,
And thus a boon–a precious boon obtain'd.
But vain regrets–by wayward passion driven,
Since each event is mark'd by yonder heav'n.
[47] Nor can we go where God not shapes our way,
However wide our wandering steps may stray.
What though in distant lands his grave was made,
No potent arm to lend restoring aid,
What though no friend to whisper peace was there,
Save one lorn youth, transfixt by deep despair!
What though around his bed the stranger prest,
Nor Wife, nor daughter his last moments blest.
What though in foreign climes his eyes were clos'd,
And there his sacred dust is still repos'd.
Yet Jesus, God, the distant poles sustains,
By him yon sun or rises, sets, or wains.
And guardian angels watching round the bed,
Prepare a requiem for the distant dead.
Emmanuel[60] is there–the sinners claim,
And there emphatic is--his balmy name.
Emancipation there the sinner found,
While "trumpet tongn'd"[61] celestials, hovering round,
Bore him triumphant from this mortal coil,
Biding adieu to every earth born toil,
Swiftly he mounts, his airy pinions tries,
And cuts his way through less unequal skies:
Before Jehovah's[62] throne he lowly bends,
As whose right hand unfading joy attends,
Tuning his harp to most exalted praise,
He lifts to God imperishable lays.
Saviour of sinners give us there to meet,
With him to prostrate at thy radiant feet,
Collected round thy throne let us adore,
And with new wonder rising scenes explore.
November 2d. 1782

**On the death of the same honoured relative, addressed to his widow, with a profile of my Uncle, sketched at her request.**

Madam, by sympathetic duty sway'd,
Thy kind commands I have at length obey'd.
[48] With careful hand the swelling out lines trac'd,
And each strong feature in due order plac'd.
To thy request could I as easy give,

All thou cans't wish, my Uncle still should live.
Should soothe thy soul in every gloomy scene,
And still, as danger rose, should step between;
Shielding thy innocence from every wrong,
From all those ills which so unnumber'd throng,
Round unprotected life.
But vain is human aid, regrets are vain,
Mortals must still their weight of ills sustain.
The gushing tear, the inly swelling sigh,
Cannot recall from yon cerulean sky;
There seated, far beyond this cloud rapt world,
Where woes prolific round our heads are hurld,
Serenely calm the Man thou lov'st inhales,
Rapture's sublime, borne on celestial gales,
For thee entwines a wreath of deathless flowers,
And numbers with delight the fleeting hours,
When he with joy thy parting shade shall greet,
In blest Elysium[63] shall his Anna meet.
Then will he carol more extatic lays;
Swelling responsive notes of deathless praise.
Mean time, though dreary, melancholy, slow,
Thy moments rise and still thy tears must flow,
Yet thy retention spotless leaves unfolds,
And retrospection years of bliss beholds;
Unbroken Amity, and truth sincere,
While no dark passions in thy group appear.
Silken the bands which thy blest union bound,
With young esteem and strong affiance crown'd.
Love unsuspecting, faithfulness, and truth,
Budding, and ripening from thy bloom of youth.
These are the views thy memory can give,
And there embalmed may they ever live
[49] To gild thy moments still unfading rise,
Till thou rejoind'st him in his native skies.
And O! may no new cloud thy days o'ercast,
Sufficient we believe the sorrows past.
May those fond hopes which swell thy throbing breast,
Rise to fruition–Mayst thou be most blest.
May the dear pledges of thy wedded love,
Be such as thou and virtue can'st approve;
Mark'd by intelligence, and own'd by truth,
May science guide, and bless their early youth:
May sweet discretion be their constant guard,
To innocence and worth, by wisdom reard,
Manly, and tender, may thy boys combine,

To soothe thy widow'd hours–In concert join
Still as they live, a Mother's days to bless,
And may they all their Father's truth possess.
While my fair Cousins, fondly emulate,
The virtues which on thee conspicuous wait:
Trained to usefulness, and form'd to please,
Possessing dignity, and native ease,
Of manners modest, elegant, refind,
Rich produce of the cultivated mind,
Mild as the gentle breezes of the spring,
When vernal life first spreads the broider'd wing,
May they unite to slope thy added years.
Wiping from thy pale cheek the falling tears.
May heaven born chastity their actions grace,
Adding new lustre to each lovely face,
Till fair, and good, and wise, by all confest,
The tongue of rectitude shall hail them blest.

**Written on the anniversary of a period, rendered memorable by an event of great importance–addressed to a friend, and dedicated to the twenty first of April.**

Now the vernal season's come,
See the flow'rs begin to bloom
[50] Unfolding spring and smiling joy,
Nature's sweets that never cloy,
See the verdant meads arise,
Contrast to the azure skies,
Friendship yet more ardent grows,
The heart with tenderness o'er flows:
Treach'rous passions are kept down,
These the Equinoxes crown.
When the dog star rules on high,
Kindling the licentious sigh,
Then fierce Sirius[64] may impart,
Burning poisons to the heart,
Mid the summer months inspire,
Fierce libidinous desire.
But the new born hours I sing,
Virtuous bliss must ever bring,
Budding hopes must flourish here,
Tis the birth day of the year.
Infancy how sweet the name,
Void of blot and free from shame
Innocence lives in its face

Ambrosial kiss and chaste embrace:
Thus the vernal days arise,
Virtue lives, and folly dies,
While the pure favonion gales,
Which the raptur'd soul inhales,
Gratitude and love impress,
Sentiments ordain'd to bless.

Love and joy breathe in the spring,
Wafting peace on zephyr's wing;
The smiling morn, the roseate bower
Possess ameliorating pow'r,
While the warblers of the sky,
Spread their wings and soar on high,
Purple plumage glitt'ring gay,
In the suns refulgent rays;
[51] How the little warblers fling.
Their wild notes o'er the bursting spring;
Gayly chaunting in mid air,
Free from sorrow, pain and care.
See vivacious life unfold,
Hope new blooms–congealing cold
No more arrests the limpid stream,
Warm'd by heav'ns refulgent beam.
On the wide enameld mead,
See the sportive lambkins feed,
Cheerful rises every scene,
Azure sky, and carpet green.
Latent fires rekindled glow,
Tides of pleasure copious flow;
And shall Friendship not renew
Joys unequal'd, chaste and true?
Frigid winter is gone o'er,
Its icicles appear no more,
When we sow the mental soil,
Wisdom will approve our toil.
Rectitude implanted there,
Unblemish'd truth a fruit most rare,
Innocence for peace designd,
Young esteem with roses twin'd,
Laurel'd honour, deathless flow'r,
Borne from some celestial bow'r,
Confidence which friendship loves,
Flourishing in fragrant groves,
Integrity with cup of joy,

Of potent influence to destroy,
Both root, and germe, those poisonous weeds,
The growth of virtue which impedes.
Blest Piety in heav'n which grew,
Morality of texture true,
Religion fairest child of God.
Pointing the path which saints have trod,
[52] Unveiling to the tearful eye,
Better worlds beyond the sky.
These implanted bud, and bear,
And, cherish'd with unceasing care,
A harvest of immortal growth,
Of high, imperishable worth,
Rewards the Cultivator's hand,
While in the soul new joys expand.
And, say my friend–Is not this,
All we have conceiv'd of bliss?
When our yielding hearts entwin'd,
Truth and honour we design'd,
Blissful day, to mem'ry dear,
Pleasures round the dale appear,
Pleasures such as angels love,
Sacred union mark'd above.
Yes the vows we breathe below.
Ripen there, and perfect grow
Guardian seraphs swiftly fly.
Plighted faith to bear on high,
To register the contract there,
Affianc'd hearts their special care.
If the vows we solemn make,
In thought or deed we never break,
Constancy prepares her wreath,
Fragrant odours round her breathe,
Rosy joys her steps entwine,
Clust'ring round the sacred shrine:
Fame her starry wings unfolds,
And truth with plausive eye beholds.
But broken faith, of monstrous birth!
Fraught with treach'ry, mildew, death!
Ah drop the curtain! close the view!
Scenes like those no more pursue!
Visions which the soul affright,
Restoring dark chaotic night.

**To the Reverend Doctor Byles,[65] soon after his dismission from his**

**ministerial functions, and during his confinement by the legislative power of Massachusetts. He was held in durance, on a supposition that he had presumed to indulge sentiments not altogether consonant with the popular opinions, relative to the war with great Britain! Whatever may be the utility of that contest, I have conceived that no friend of genuine Liberty would ever countenance a wish to abridge the freedom of thinking, or of rational discussion. I had, previous to the following address paid the Doctor a visit. His conversation was frequently sentimental, and refined and often[66] took its most pervading feature from the christian system. An exhibition of his pictures, perspective views V. V.[67] made a part of my entertainment, upon the afternoon to which these lines particularly advert.**

Will thou, blest Bard, accept the votive lay,
And with complacence view the fond essay
To give thy virtues to the humble verse,
Which proudly aims thy wisdom to rehearse?
E’re since admitted as a favour’d guest,
Strong emulation swells my glowing breast;
Much I have wish’d to range each bursting thought,
Refulgent beaming, with high visions fraught.
But borne amid the dazling blaze of day,
Disorder’d fancy lost her trackless way;
In vain the magic of description sought,
To paint the scenes by dear remembrance taught,
Splendid confusion every where pervaded
While from her feeble ken the vision faded.
I mourn’d the lack of true poetic fire,
Unskill’d to touch the sweet Parnassian[68] lyre,
And such a theme requires a Muse’s strain,
Nor would the [ ][69] Bard the task disdain.
[54] Presumptuous hope to reason I resign’d,
Though rapt’rous recollection charm’d my mind:
Slowly reluctant gave my wishes o’er,
The breathing line, the speaking page forbore.
Yet oft imagination vent’rous strayd;
Relumed Fancy oft the scene pourtray’d;
While decent pride the wordy war maintain’d,
And o’er my vanity a victory gain’d.
But not long since arrived the friendly page,
Which all the powers of my soul engag’d.
The Author simply wrote, that you inquir’d,
“Had I forgot?” The interrogation fir’d,
Thought follow’d thought, a mortifying train,
Nor longer from the pen can I refrain.
Ungrateful to the sage I may appear!

This grates discordant in the trembling ear!
From such a charge the blushing soul recoils,
As from a blast which blooming hope despoils!
Ingratitude obscur'd the light of heav'n!
And hath its millions to destruction giv'n!
Much rather than this vice should stain my name,
May feeble lines, my feeble pen proclaim.
Yes, Gratitude is regent in my breast,
And on the tablets of my heart imprest,

In characters indelible, as fair,
Thy honour'd name her signet fixeth there.
Yes, I would sing, in smooth harmonious strains,
The various scenes that memory retains,
And would my numbers as my fancy glow,
The highest finishing I would bestow,
The lucid vision should transcendant stand,
Confest the painting of an able hand.
[55] First the glad welcome pour'd into the ear,
Warm as affection, and as truth sincere.
Next the facetious kindness, mark'd by smiles,
Which melancholy of her tears beguiles.
And blest benevolence with all her charms,
Who to new life the genrous purpose warms.
Then would I spread my wings and soar away,
To scenes which[70] bright'ned in the visual ray,
Again beholding those ensanguin'd plains,
Where Wolf[71] expiring deathless honour gains.
"Forbear" the Hero unappall'd exclaims,
"Till in my ear some laurel'd chieftain names,
Our troops victorious in the well fought field,
To Gallic numbers let no Vet'ran yield,
Then, sev'ring angel urge th' eventful shaft,
To yon seraphick host my spirit waft."[72]
He spoke, he heard, then bowd his martial head,
Greatly conmixing with the mighty dead:
While his immortal mind escap'd the war,
Exulting mounted the refulgent car.
The British power with glad surprise I view,
My breast responsive beats, to Albion true,
And the warm blush that crimsons o'er my face,
Speaks me descended from that sea girt race:
For well I ween the ties of blood must bind
Howe'er remotely strays the wand'ring mind,
And though at present adverse int'rests rise,

While ancient friendship breathes portentous sighs,
Yet when hostilities their clamours cease,
And calm reflection gives the hour of peace,
Then shall the kindred stream which swells our veins,
The self same root which stick and branch sustains,
[56] With kindly influence jarring passions hush
And teeming evil, e'en in embryo, crush.
Thus, when estranged, the parental mind,
Cloth'd in displeasure, to affection blind,
Against its offspring clad in arms appears,
And murderous weapons unrelenting rears!
Yet pass the vengeful moment–Whats behind?
Passion evaporated, love refind;
Anger and misconception both subside,
Nature survives, with truth her lustrous guide;
And though in opposition, millions rise,
Her claims acknowledg'd, sacred are her ties
Discord no more–the sever'd branches greet,
Blending harmonious, with new transports meet.
Again the parent clasps the long lov'd race,
Again repeats the warm, the strict embrace,
The self same source of being potent found,
To spread blest amity, and peace around.
But how desultory this wild career!
They move eccentrick who in fancy's sphere
Advent'rous stray–attracted by her beam,
And floating devious on her glassy stream.
And now no more the habiliments of war,
For fields of blood the hostile chiefs prepare.
To change the scene the rev'rend sage assay'd,
And in perspective woods, and lawns display'd,
Nature all beauteous various views out spread,
And intersecting <u>art</u> fair <u>order</u> led:
Italian verdure, leaves of brightest shade,
And grots, and cooling fountains loan their aid
[57] While terminating Alps at distance rise,
And seem to meet the gently bending skies.
Wond'ring I saw–on the vast prospect dwelt,
And all the magic of its influence felt,
Saw Israel's King[73] in regal pomp array'd,
E'er garish vice the youthful Prince betray'd;
Such as when Sheba's Queen,[74] led by report,
Sought from afar the splendors of his court.
What time his hands the hallow'd temple reard,
When radiant virtue in his train appeard,

When, firmly seated on his righteous throne,
The paths of folly he had never known.
I tracd the glories of the rising star,
Triumphant mounting Fame's emblazon'd car,
And while I blest its luminous career
I mourn'd its waning with a pitying tear.
Eventful scenes in quick succession past,
Refulgent now–and now by clouds o'er cast.
Nor sought I then the mystery to know,
Which the optician's art pretends to show,
Or if reflection, or refraction blest,
A single or concuring cause imprest:
Sufficient to my soul the visual ray,
Gave, and adorn'd the bright transcendent day.
Still might I raise the long continued song,
Still stray thy walks, O! memory among,
Tell how the Bard with sacred rapture sang,
Borrow the musick of his tuneful tongue,
When he pourtray'd this globe e'er crimes were known,
E'er yet the stormy winds, by passion blown,
[58] Bade mountains rise–huge craggy rocks ascend,
And in each view ten thousand horrors blend.
Smooth was the surface, while the fanning breeze,
Whisp'ring salubrious, through the verdant trees
Wafted sweet odours–genial suns arose,
Athwart whose disk no cloud could interpose:
Pleasure and innocence coeval flowd,
And virtue all her heav'n born joys bestowd.
Then, passing onward, where this floating ball,
Immers'd in ruin by the dreadful fall,
Inlaid in floods o'er whelming–deeply lav'd,
From second chaos its new birth receiv'd.
When issuing forth the Patriarch Noah[75] comes,
While Nature a tremendous garb assumes.
Once more the heav'ns in gath'ring blackness cast,
Back to remembrance brings the awful past!
Noah appall'd! The shocking scene surveys,
And apprehension in his bosom sways.
Again the desolating floods may rise!
Again the deluge pour from yonder skies!
The thunders roll, and the big drops descend,
While all[76] terrific forked light'nings blend,
See how he labours up the steep ascent,
Where erst the verdant slope enamel'd bent,
On to the hallow'd tent his wishes speed,

But fears alarm, and age his steps impede.
When lo! on lucid clouds the God descends,
Mercy bright beaming in his train attends,
Resplendent angels form the radiant group,
And Noah blest the sacred dawn of hope.
Greatly conceding, the Eternal said,
While waves obedient, silent homage paid,
[59] Hence shall yon surges ancient boundaries keep,
Swelling responsive in their native deep;
Thus far progressing, but no farther go,
Nor their proud billows once again o'erflow:
No second inundation o'er the land,
To spread destruction lead its deathful band.
This is my great irrevocable law,
No more the waters shall the world destroy.
Behold I bid the fair memorial rise,
Placing my bow in yonder vaulted skies;
And when black clouds the azure heavens deform,
When gath'ring darkness points the bursting storm,
Then shall the high arch'd bow with parent ray,
My prowess and my faithfulness display,
Seal of my contract, sacred in my sight,
Enduring Voucher of the truth I plight,
I will behold it and my people save,
Protecting banners o'er their dwellings wave.
As yet he spoke the mingling colours grew,
And o'er the heav'ns the radiant arch he threw[77]
While the rich hues by Gods own hand imprest
The patriarch saw, believ'd, and was most blest.
Easy was the transition–Jesu's name,
With zeal all glowing Men of God proclaim.
The sage of Boston[78] hails its balmy worth,
Bowing a Votary to celestial truth,
The hallow'd theme his kindling bosom fires,
The christian system all his soul inspires
Prostrate he falls–Creating pow'r adores
And with strong faith redeeming love explores
"E'er since" (with mildly beaming hope he said)
"The hand of pow'r by zeal misguided led
"Doom'd me a prisoner in these walls confind
"Each white wing'd hour hath some new joy entwin'd,
[60] "Soft roll the moments, peacefully serene,
"While light refulgent gilds the opening scene.
"Discharg'd from those, the people of my care,
"To the Redeemer constant I repair:

"The healthful viand gracious he bestows,
"And with rich plenty my full cup o'er flows.
"By no tumultuous doubts my mind opprest,
"No bursting sigh corrodes my tranquil breast:
"Reason enthron'd extends her fair domain,
"Her radiant guards my sinking hopes sustain,
"Bright immortality, my splendid boast.
"I cannot be in wayward passions lost."[79]
Thus he of old–the fam'd Athenian sage,[80]
The boast and glory of the Grecian page,
Greatly possessd his mind amid his foes,
Calm were his hours, unbroken his repose,
Cheerful he swallow'd the envenomd draught,[81]
While righteous joys his soul enraptur'd quaft.
Say, O! my Country, I conjure you say,
Why thus extend unwarrantable sway,
Why forge for liberty the Despots chain,
Why the free range of intellect restrain?
The birth of sentiment who can condemn,
Or the full tide of deep reflection stem?
Stop O! Columbia, guilty as you are,
The sacrilegious enterprize forbear,
And learn to know that the high lineag'd soul,
Extends her wide domain from pole to pole
Wings lightly o'er the star embroider'd way,
Blending congenial with eternal day,
[61] Ive seen the white hair'd sage amid his bands,
Have haild the virtue which his breast expands.
Celestial candour dwells upon his tongue,
Though by severity his soul is wrung.
Could I in equal strains, his Life display,
Dipping[82] my pen in colours heavenly gay,
The glowing picture, stampt by native worth,
Enkindling honour, justice, moral truth,
Would wake to rectitude the ardent mind,
While generous deeds, by liberal hearts designd,
Would to the Bard his righteous claims ensure,
And independence mid his years secure.
But these inadequate, enfeeble'd lays,
Can only unavailing pity raise,
Yet on the tablets of my votive breast,
The sage, and all his wrongs, are deep imprest.
Yes, He will tolerate the aspiring line,
Which with its numbers would his name entwine.
The Muse ambitious, elevates her strain,

Fond, if she might, the loftiest heights to gain,
But sinks, oppressed by the bold essay,
Which can at best her vanity display.
Then, blest Humility, my soul enshrine,
To hold the mirror be in future thine:
So shall my pen resign each daring view,
And but in fancy the rich theme pursue.

**Lines penned under the shade of a spreading Oak, the environ of which exhibited the scenes of my infantile amusement.**

Hail peaceful walks, blest scenes of infant joy,
Where laughing innocence, met no alloy,
Where gaily sporting, mid the sylvan shade,
The glowing train of youthful pleasures stray'd,
[62] As fairy legends flit before my view,
Aerial circles o'er the plain pursue,
In wanton gambols tripping on the green,
So glides my morn of life in fancy I beam.
Nor need those dawning hours the soul engage,
The puerile pleasures of that vacant age,
More recent joys endear this rural spot.
And from retention past transactions blot.
Tis here, these peace inspiring shades among,
My Friend hath rais'd the time enduring song;
Reclin'd beneath the high embowring shade,
To woods and groves the tuneful tribute paid,
And elevating still the votive lays,
Ador'd the sacred object of all praise;
Proclaiming bliss reserv'd in yonder skies,
Life still commencing, hope that never dies.
Of virtuous friendship, and of truth he sung,
The breathing numbers trembled on his tongue,
While the rich theme his manly bosom fird,
And the full tide of eloquence inspir'd;
The hills th' echoing groves were vocal made,
And my responsive soul the strains obey'd,
On every sense strong sympathy imprest,
The pleasing force of amity confest.
Then Nature, all her blooming charms out spread,
Through her wide walks investigation led,
While in his bosom native science glowd,
And from his lips unfolding wisdom flowd:
For born to mend and meliorate the heart,
To pour instruction is his better part,

Teaching the morals which he knows divine,
To lure to[83] virtue his agust design;
[63] Presenting truth in her immortal dress,
Strong to reform–Omnipotent to bless.
For me, when mem'ry opes her ample stores,
My raptur'd eye with glowing zeal explores,
The treasur'd volumes breathe complacence round,
Possessing sovereign balm for every wound.
Hail seat for sacred meditation form'd,
Where to new life the young idea warm'd,
On Fancy's airy wings delights to stray,
With angels mounting th' ethereal way.
Hail venerable shade–thy ample spread,
Absorbs the rays which blazes o'er my head:
Nor me alone, thy kindly boughs defend,
The party colourd race that round the bend
Securely nestling, feel thy guardian care,
And for the latent family prepare.
Welcome sweet warblers, soft your wild notes sound,
Aerial musick wafting all around;
I love to hear your heav'n taught melody,
'Tis as the birth of Nature's symphony.
Go on blest songsters, swell your little throats,
Nor fear to emulate the boldest notes,
Unite with me[84] to hail the friendly shade,
For shelter thus–and for your birth place made.
Yes I do love this Oak's deep shaded green,
Umbrageous towering o'er the varied scene,
'Twas planted by my honur'd grand sire's hand[85]
Who watch'd its growth, and saw its leaves expand;
And when fierce Sirius[86] lifts his orb on high
Whirling his flaming Chariot round the sky,
[64] I love to woo its close parental shade,
Hasting for shelter to its kindly aid,
Its twining foliage circling wide extends,
And in a cool refreshing covert bends.
While thus reclind upon this moss grown seat,
My wondering[87] soul, with gratitude replete,
Each well known trail delighted numbers o'er,
For potent memory can the past restore.
Nature's fair progeny around me throng,
The various groups which to her train belong,
Sweet shrubs, and flowrs, the passing gale perfume,
And vivid tincts in soft gradation bloom
The fragrant myrtle and the rose combine

And weeping willows emblematick join
There far out spread the grassy slope descends
And interspers'd the little hillock blends
Rich lawns and meads with glossy verdure crown'd
And groves sequester'd spread their branches round
Rank above rank high tow'rs the golden grain
While expectation glads the cheerful swain
Deep sunk in earth the useful root is hid
Humbly obscure in its prolifick bed
In yonder vale the garden walks disclose,
Where Order the rich finishing bestows,
Where cultivated scenes engage the eye:
Buds, flow'rs, and fruits of ever varying dye;
Where vegetable tribes fair prospects give,
For us they flourish, and for us they live,
Fraught with young juices, their green heads they rear,
And healthful viands for our use prepare:
[65] What time the northern blasts unrival'd reign,
Sweeping triumphant over hill and plain,
Amid the horrors of the wintry day,
Their ample tribute they obedient pay.
August the prospects which around me rise,
Widely extended the horizon lies,
See where sublime the world of waters spread,
Which from their hollow caverns frequent led,
Immersing yonder grounds beneath their wave,
The verdant surface in old Ocean lave.
There finney tribes in gathering myriads throng,
Press round our coasts and smoothly glide along,
Fearless of danger heedlessly they stray,
Pursuing mid the deep their trackless way;
Or gaily sporting in the shallow bask,
Nor guards, nor pledg'd protection deign to ask:
Yet o'er their shoals the hand of fate impends,
And death's unerring dart too sure descends:
Millions of millions murd'rous man destroys,
And every art to desolate imploys.[88]
Smoothly meandering now the glassy deep,
In gentle sighs its surges seem to sleep,
The silvery circles mantling as they flow,
Give the bright land scape to the stream below.

Anon its billows swell–its waves beat high,
And foaming seem to lash the cloud wrapt sky,
In bursting storms tremendously involv'd,

As chaos nature in rude grasp dissolv'd.
Thus various Life in various scenes is drest,
Now all things smile, and we are greatly blest;
[66] Fair roll the hours–gaily our prospects rise,
Bright beams of pleasure gild our mental skies,
No dark envelop shrouds our splendid sun,
In rectitude our young career begun,
We shall the march of intellect pursue,
As wisdom glorious, and as virtue true:
On time's fleet footsteps with triumphant speed,
Successful borne–no obstacles impede.
Thus whispers hope–gay visions of the mind,
Sweet flow'rs they crop, and rosy chaplets bind,
Anticipating, with enkindling glow,
New wreaths of honour when they shall bestow;
When plans completed the enduring soul,
Shall reach enraptur'd the long wish'd for goal.
But sudden tempests drive the struggling bark,
Distant the pathway bends–the heav'ns are dark,
Calamity rolls on–a mighty tide,
Sorrows accumulate on ev'ry side!
No hope of succour–e'en our anchor lost!
A cripple'd wreck, on seas tempestuous tost,
No hand refitting ever can restore,
Till onward borne we make our native shore.
But what new scenes arrest my wond'ring eye,
Why rears yon grass grown mound a front so high?
What means this parapet–these forts around!
Why on this sacred spot is discord found?
In days of yore as these green walk I trod,
Nature alone I haild–or Nature's God:
But now unchain'd the hostile fiends of war,
They mount insatiate their avenging car,
Columbia's Genius from its basis thrown,
Peace from our shores, and government is flown.
I know that unredress'd deep evils rose,
I know the injur'd with resentment glows,
[67] But poor Humanity must still deplore,
Must wish the Cause, and its effects no more;
And my pain'd mind averting from such views,
The undulating waves again pursues.
How swift yon skiff scuds o'er the wat'ry plain,
Fearless of danger on the dimpling main;
While that tall vessel proudly spreads each sail,
Invites the breeze, and courts the passing gale;

A second look gives the Commander's name,
In nautick annals of distinguish'd fame.
A near relation mourns a husband there,
Adown her cheek fast flows the enaguish'd tear:
Hark! that explosion loud proclaims him gone!
Alas! she cries, he will no more return!
That hostile farewell chases balmy rest,
The barbed shaft implanting in her breast.
What though Columbian streamers proudly wave,
Can stripes and stars the fair from anguish save?
Ah no! They seek the calm domestic scene,
And love the bliss which rises all serene.
The noise tumultuous, and the din of war,
The bellowing cannon sounding from afar,
Their gentle bosoms fill with dire alarm,
They haste to shelter from the gath'ring storm,
Portentous horrors all terrifick rise,
And hope surcharg'd in one drear moment dies!
Enough sweet Muse–no more the tear impel,
Nor let us thus the sigh of sorrow swell.
See yonder scenes to cheerfulness invite
Where many pleasing images unite,
Where Fancy's magick wand the past restores,
And with pervading ken, new scenes explores.
Wide on the right my native Village lies,
Rank above rank, the peaceful dwellings rise:
[68] There first I felt life's animating glow,
The hopes and fears which from existence flow;
Dear to the soul is that lov'd spot of earth
Where infant Being first inhaleth breath.
What though irregular the buildings rise,
Yet in disorder latent beauty lies,
And mark'd confusion may unfold a grace,
Which in the rules of art can find no place.
How fair yon pile which tow'rs each haunt above,
Like some tall tree the pride of all the Grove,
'Tis the paternal dome that greets my eye,
And lifts its hospitable head on high,
Sweet scene which mem'ry, and which truth approve,
Of conscious innocence, and duteous love,
There have I seen bright tears of transport swell,
As proofs of bliss the tender Voucher's fell,
Connubial faith, connubial love entwine,
And joys parental copiously combine.
A Father's plaudit often have obtain'd,

And all a Mother's approbation gaind:
Mutual affection with delight retrac'd,
Nor can the dear remembrance be effac'd.
With gratitude have blest the opening scene,
Domestic happiness with brow serene.
Oft too our circling friends collecting there,
Heighten our pleasures, and our blessings share,
Around the genial board enraptur'd throng,
Partake the feast, and join the mirthful song;
Wit gives a zest if amity combines,
And social converse with new lustre shines.
There show Philanthropos[89] in native worth,
The cheerful Herald of immortal truth,
High in his hand the Olive Branch[90] he reard;
And Heav'ns benign Ambassador appeard,
With veneration for the sage impress'd,
We saw, admir'd, and lov'd the radiant guest.
But whither wander now his distant feet,
What favour'd multitudes come forth to meet?
[69] Or doth he seek some lone sequester'd spot,
The solitude of the embosom'd grot?
Or hath the sev'ring angel cut the thread,
And he to worlds of light enraptur'd fled?
Breathe on my soul–some gentle whisp'rer say,
If yet he verges yon celestial day?
Ah me! dispers'd are many–who can tell,
If yet in mortal guise their spirits dwell!
But cease anticipation, cease to wound,
Nor conjure thus a host of evils round:
Let fancy dress in smiles the brightning scene,
While no dark train of shadows intervene.
Far on the left yon verdant plains extend,
Or step by step in gradual hills ascend,
Until mountainous heights their green heads rise,
And seem to claim the region of the skies.
Next a rude chain of rocks by nature rear'd,
As if eternal barriers she prepard.
Huge columns forming terminate the view,
Nor further can th' exploring eye pursue:
At distance inaccessible they strike,
The swelling waters ne'er their summits break.
Yet thither, unrestrain'd, if I might stray,
From steep to steep I'd range the varied way,
The craggy Cliffs delighted traverse o'er,
Treading with gleeful steps the beachy shore.

There fancy paints the satyrs, frisking fawns,
Alternate vallies, and wide spreading lawns,
And sighs to rove the sylvan scenes among,
To chant enrapturd the sweet vesper song.
Come then ye woodland Deities surround,
And waft me o'er to yon green fairy ground,
Make the tall mount on second Helicon,[91]
Or some Parnassian summit place me on,
And may the limpid stream that glides beneath,
The inspiration of [ ][92] breathe;
Give me to meet the gentle Muses there,
And for my brow the Poet's wreathe prepare,
Give me, O give me, literary fame
The unfading honours of a deathless name.

**Lines to my Mother with an apron which I had wrought with a view of ornamenting it with a rich lace had not stinted circumstances arrested my purpose[93]**

As my pleas'd eye roves o'er thy lovely face,
Richly adorn'd with every matron grace,
Enkindling joy my glowing bosom swells,
And all my soul to gratitude impels.
Yes, with most duteous transport I behold,
Maternal faithfulness each day unfold.
It glistens radiant in thy speaking eye,
And breathes benign in each expressive sigh:
Sweetly it vibrates on my listening ear,
And proofs of love as gathring hosts appear.
When distance severs–borne on beamy wings,
Some new attention each new moment brings:
Endeard and still endearing–Hope exults,
And a full tide of tenderness results.
Yea, in thy face the best affections bloom,
Thy beautous features brightning hues assume,
List'ning delighted, with enraptur'd gaze,
To those soft strains which swell thy children's praise;
Witness the sudden flush, the joyful tear,
When e'er their virtues meet thy gladden'd ear,
Virtues which partial friends to us may give,
Which in thy mind imperishable live,
Sacred emotion, renovating glow,
The vital streams in sprightly currents flow,
[71] Each trail of years, by hope's bright hand erasd,
New charms unfold, with expectation grac'd;

Joy points each beauty, mantles on thy cheek,
While language ne'er the mighty bliss can speak.
But ah! how sad that sorrow streaming eye,
How piercing to my soul thy bosom's sigh,
When dark anticipation clouds thy brow,
And fears alarming in thy bosom grow:
When dire forebodings every pulse control,
With horror filling thy enaguish'd soul!
Dreadful reverse–dark is the mental sky,
While peace and hope to other bosoms fly.
Yet never to the fiend despair give way,
In to the arms of death he will betray!
Support thy self–my Father too support,
And with success the bliss of being court.
Your children's worth–their future views compare,
And with their lives the plant contentment rear,
I know your waking hours–your dreams of rest,
By fancy on your struggling minds imprest,
Loudly proclaim your vast, your mutual share,
Paternal goodness, and maternal care.
And, from the experience of your added years,
To guide our steps a beamy star appears,
Wisdom and love by rosy truth combind,
And every lesson to inform design'd.
Your mild instructions may we still inhale,
And grateful bless the richly mellowing gale;
Fond to receive from Virtue's open hand
To the bright voice of truth our souls expand.
Hail! highly favour'd Mother!–Thee I hail!
O! may the gifts of heav'n never fail:
Nor I alone, though mine a daughter's claim,
Shall reap the good–The poor, the blind, the lame,
[72] Thy lib'ral hand unceasing shall supply,
Shall still be rais'd to wipe the tearful eye,
To chase despair from the lorn suff'rer's breast,
By thee supported, by thy bounty bless'd.

Hark how his suit the son of want prefers,
Thy name his glad orisons daily shares:
"Protect her heaven" is still his ardent prayr,
"Make her, Great God! thy own peculiar care"[94]
For me, all emulous my steps aspire,
But scanty fortune chills the gen'rous fire!
So hard her rule and so severe her sway,
That she will ne'er emit one perfect ray.

With rigid influence my young life she shades,
While at her frown each budding pleasure fades,
E'en now the unfinish'd purpose I resign,
Sternly compell'd, relinquish my design.
Yet thou, my Mother, wilt the wish receive,
And as thy own my glowing mind believe;
The trivial gift, however incomplete,
Full well I know thy fond applause wilt meet,
With tender condescension thou wilt wear,
To richer garbs the duteous boon prefer;
At what I aimd thy sympathy will know;
And the sweet guerdon of thy smiles bestow.

January 8th.1778

**Lines occasioned by the death of Mr. E.P.[95] who lost his life in a storm with a number of his companions in sight of Marsh field shore. I know the introduction of the heathen mythology is condemned, and, in an attempt sacred to the memory of a christian, such an aberration is especially inadmissible–but I appeal to the indulgence of the Critic sacredly promising that my offenses of this nature shall not be frequent**

**March 7th. 1778**

Say, hoary Monarch, whence arose thy rage?
Why wield thy trident, why the war engage?
'Gainst him whose mind as summer suns serene,
View'd with an equal eye each varied scene.
[73] He, from no son of thine obscur'd the day,
But o'er old Ocean bent his peaceful way.
Say, sea born Nymphs,[96] how could you careless sleep,
While Neptune[97] shook the Caverns of the deep?
For sure no common slumber seals your eyes,
When mild integrity unpitied dies.
Envy to him the gentle virtues gave,
Could then no tearful sister rise to save?
To bow before the father of each flood,
To mitigate the wrath of Ocean's God?
Ah no! behold contending waves arise,
High swells the surge, the billows lave the skies!
See his defenceless arms abroad he throws,
Wide o'er his head the flood impetuous flows!
The Gods of winds and seas join to destroy,
No pow'r propitious as to him of Troy.[98]
Aeolus[99] summoneth the adverse winds,
From its dark Cavern the rude storm unbinds,
East, West, North, South, in dire uproar combine,

Arm'd for destruction fatally conjoin,
With pow'r terrific make the dread essay,
And swift wing'd terror marks their deathful way!
Borne on the blast the tatter'd sails appear,
Uprooted masts the spreading ruin share,
No more the contact of the yielding wood,
The pervious vessel drinks the briny flood!
While Ocean's Sire[100] his forky trident rears,
O'erwhelms the ship–she sinks beneath the waves!
And now the mariners, their struggles vain,
Yield to the horrors of the boistrous main.
Relinquishing the precious boon of life,
They urge no more the much unequal strife.
Yet he survives–yet his refulgent breath,
Reluctant lingers in the shades of death!
Long was his contest with the beating surge,
While hov'ring Genii[101] haste[102] the fun'ral dirge:
[74] Oft had he cast his eyes upon the shore,
Oft mourn'd those lov'd ones he should see no more,
Marking with eager gaze the adjacent strand,
And pressing forward on the treach'rous sand.
But ah! the scene yet more tremendous grows!
His trembling stand the wave again o'erflows,
Till lost to mortal hope oerwhelm'd he lies,
Mid mountain seas, and fierce contending skies!
And were ye yet reclind in coral bow'rs,
Ye Naiads,[103] Nereids,[104] all ye wat'ry pow'rs?
Was there no azure Goddess of your train,
To calm the tyrant of the raging main?
No gentle Leucothea[105] with amber hair,
Ordaind to make the Man of worth her care?
With lib'ral hand the sacred reel to yield,
Which from impending death, tis said, can shield:
Beneath his breast the cinctur'd scarf to bend,
Which stems the torrent of the seas and wind.

But leaving all these fables with his clay,
The garish meteors of a mimick day;
Gladly we soar beyond the azure sky,
To hail his early immortality.
Say, spirit blest, how quiver'd thy last breath,
Was thy firm faith triumphant over death?
Some guardian angel whispers the reply,
"His bosom breathed no regretting sigh:
"No doubt deforming gloom'd his closing scene,

"Placid his mind as evening suns serene
"Hope sprang immortal in his glowing breast,
"And holy confidence his mind possest,"[106]
When verging onward to celestial day.
Augmenting splendour points the destind way,
The Seraph Truth with new effulgence glows,
In radiant folds her lucid vestment flows:
Born of Emmanuel–from rosy wings,
Restoring balm of potent power she flings,
In her right hand a spotless robe she bears,
And on her banners Jesu' name appears:
[75] The joys of rectitude her hand bestows,
And peace in her embrace the spirit knows.
Thus rose the Cherub in that solemn hour,
Armd with redeeming, with transforming pow'r,
The sufferer saw, and mingling in her train,
Haild her victorious, all subduing reign.
And now he treads the azure paths above,
Where all is wonder, harmony, and love,
Where waves of sorrow can no more molest,
Nor billowy seas disturb his happy rest.
Where bliss, immortal bliss, his spirit wakes,
And cloudless morning o'er his vision breaks.
Yet Fancy loves to trace his youthful days,
With retrospective eye his dawn surveys;
His inborn zeal by native ardour taught,
His honest Frankness with mild virtue fraught.
But nursd by prejudice, his early years,
Were past amid a host of gloomy fears,
All perfect love with gently beaming sway,
Emitted no elucidating ray.
Till reason moulding his obedient soul,
He doubted much, and wondered at the whole!
Dissonant jarrings from the pulpit fell,
Incongruous systems into volumes swell;
His labouring mind to estimate assayd,
And various proofs with equal eye survey'd;
Searching the sacred pages o'er and o'er,
Their great decision anxious to explore,
What righteous plan might stand the holy test,
By God himself a perfect whole confest.
All were deficient none without a flaw,
Nor these explain'd, nor those fulfill'd the law.
Yet still the little circle round him meet,
Inquiring oft the anxious wish repeat,

Fain would they raise the high unclouded lay,
To Deity consistent homage pay;
[76] But wildly wandering confus'd they stray'd,
Flatter'd by hope and by despair betray'd.
When lo! from Albion's coast a star benign!
Fated in this our Hemisphere to shine,
In the religious world refulgent rose,
Athwart whose disk no cloud could interpose!
Full to our view the truths of God he brought,
With sacred energy redemption taught:
While in his doctrines with vast pow'rs replete,
Justice and mercy both triumphant meet.
And, to evince his embassy from heav'n,
The great credentials by his God were giv'n;
The eternal word with steady faith he wields,
Which o'er his head an ample shelter yields.
Like Noah's Dove o'er lands and seas he comes,[107]
And in his hand the peaceful olive blooms.
Obedient to his mission let us bend;
Truths evangelic with new joy attend,
With sacred love the Messenger receive,
And the glad tidings, which he brings, believe.
'Twas thus P----'s by kindred faith inspird,
Urg'd by young zeal, and by religion fird,
Like the true magnet unresisting turn'd,
Hail'd the strange Preacher, and in friendship burn'd
Jesus the pole to which he constant mov'd,
Jesus, the emphatic name the Preacher lov'd.
Then, rais'd, and cheer'd–rich in seraphick faith,
He stray'd no more in error's mazy path;
But forward borne the dawn of hope inhal'd,
While Resignation o'er each ill prevail'd:
His equal mind by holy[108] peace sustaind,
In ev'ry feature blest contentment reign'd,
Oft when attending on his fervant prayrs,
My soul hath sung a requiem to her cares,
[77] New lit her lamp at his unrival'd flame,
Which burnt resplendent–ever glow'd the same
Nor I alone, his cheerful voice have blest,
Devotion glowing in his faithful breast,
Its holy flame hath bounteously bequeath'd,
And o'er subdued hearts its spirit breath'd.
To you, my friends, I raise the humble lay,
To you who should the votive tribute pay:
What though your fame of radiant honour shorn,

By lacerating tongues is rudely torn,
What though detraction marks you for her own,
In accusation most licentious grown,
Yet refutation in your pow'r remains,
And truth, eventual truth, triumphant reigns.
When in our lives the radiant virtues live,
The spotless crown of innocence they give.
The angel Charity from heav'n descends;
And with her own, the christian's name she blends;
Close to her bosom clasps the human race,
While mitigation twines the fond embrace.
But faith's bright household first her bounties share,
Children of truth are her peculiar care;
For them she lifts the ever anxious eye,
Imploring with, and supplicating sigh.
Thus we those orphan infants should attend,
To their support abundant succour lend:
To other worlds their lov'd Protector flown,
They, unprovided, on compassion thrown,
Demand the fostring hand of gentle love,
While God himself will the fair deed approve.
Uphold them then–the precious treasures guard,
Watch o'er their lives, and seize the great reward.
How sweet the thorny path of life to slope,
In the lorn breast to plant the bud of hope,
No brighter joys benign Religion knows,
Than those unbounded Charity bestows.
[78] Do you possess what slaves to wealth adore?
Quitting this ball we need earth's trash no more.
Then shall pale want extend her dark domain,
And uncontroul'd o'er those dear relicts reign?
Forbid it holy love, and sacred truth,
Forbid it every source of gen'rous worth.
Forbid it sweet humanity–the christian's claim,
And all the honours of your wounded fame;
Is Universalists the name you bear?
Then these demand your unremitted care.
And, well I know, when gentle pity swells,
Philanthropy to genrous deeds impels:
I see you hasten, by religion sway'd,
And in the garb of amity array'd,
Benignly good, the falling tear to dry,
To light a smile in patient sorrow's eye.
Yet still impassion'd, with regret I stray,
The passions oft my better hopes betray.

I sigh for the deceas'd–Then conscious blush,
While all his virtues o'er my memory rush:
Not thus he murmur'd at Jehovah's will,
But bow'd submissive to impending ill,
With holy patience own'd the stroke benign,
Smild when it fell and blest the hand divine.
And thou, dear partner of his earthly care,
Mayst thou the palm of resignation share:
Let no affliction faith's bright vision fade,
Nor thy deep sighs molest his hov'ring shade.
Behold heav'ns golden portals wide extend,
Around the throne see thronging myraids bend,
Mark how thy lov'd Companion triumph's there,
And for thy seat with kindling joy prepare.
Hark! how he tunes his harp to sacred praise,
What hallow'd strains combining millions raise!
Pass a few days, and you in realms above,
Shall meet united by redeeming love
[79] Mingling enraptur'd with the heav'nly throng,
Together swell the never ending song.

**Lines written in a memorandum book while on the road to Boston to which place I was summoned to attend my Father then ill with the small pox. He had taken the disorder by innoculation[109]**

Hark! sacred duty calls–and I obey,
Fly swift ye Coursers o'er the rugged way.
Hail day, auspicious mid thy circling sphere,
When I can fly to soothe a Father's care;
To chase the heavy hours which sickness brings,
To give to melancholy fleeting wings;
To calm the bosom, smooth the bed of pain,
Till rosy health, revisiting again,
Forth from her hoarded treasures shall impart,
The joys which lift to gratitude the heart.
How rich the bliss, the thorny path to slope,
In a dear Parent's breast to plant sweet hope,
And, such a Parent, who so fondly loves,
Who every effort e'en of thought approves,
Abundant in rewards, lib'ral, benign,
Large credit yielding, even for design.
Witness attendant spirits, aerial pow'rs,
Ye angels, guardians of our peaceful hours,
Recording seraphs witness to my truth,
More I revere the guardians of my youth,

Than if a proud, a long descending line,
Of boastful names, and ruthless pomp were mine.
Their rich humanity I'd rather share,
Than be to hoarded wealth[110] apparent heir.
My tongue enraptur'd swells a Father's praise,
Duty exalts the righteous theme to raise.
The milder virtues, these are all his own,
To heav'nly sympathy, by nature prone,
When human woes the sigh of grief impel,
It's manly bosom heaves the kindred swell;
[80] And oft his ready hand which pity rears,
To shield, to succour, to support appears:
Oft hath he wip'd the tear from sorrow's eye,
In the lorn bosom hush'd the boding sigh,
To haggard cheeks the mantling flush restor'd,
Granting whate'er necessity implor'd:
Like frigid ice beneath some fervid ray,
At his approach pale want dissolves away,
In the glad countenance he lights a smile,
Prolifick Evil anxious to despoil,
Boldly he spreads the wide commercial sail,
Advent'rous trusting to the treach'rous gale;
If haply he may reap the golden gain,
Which may the Orphan, and his hopes sustain:
As yonder sheep that opportunely graze,
Not for themselves their snowy fleeces raise.
But when bleak winter spreads her wide domain,
When the rough contest northern blasts maintain,
Then doth their cinctur'd vests our limbs infold,
Shielding our persons from congenial cold.
Just so my Father, when rude storms arise,
His lib'ral hand the ready robe supplies,
His fuel blazes on the cheerful hearth,
His food invigorates the quiv'ring breath.
What luxury to banish heart felt grief,
To the sick mind to bring well tim'd relief!
And such blest scenes of permanent delight,
From Reason's dawn have met my raptur'd sight,
Such is my Father–such the friend I boast,
Whom I revere, next to high heav'n the most.
And when the severing angel shall arise,
Wafting his spirit to its native skies,
Then floods of sorrow will impetuous swell,
And many tongues his virtuous deeds will tell;
Uniting hearts his monument will raise,

And echoing Gratitude resound his praise.
[81] God of all grace make him thy special care,
Around his precious life thy bulwarks rear!
Behold with pitying eye his kindred soul,
And every missive shaft of death controul.
How many would his dissolution feel,
Yes, there are wounds which time can never heal.
From friends, from country, from his children torn!
Pity would bleed, and apathy would mourn!
Ours is the honourd prop–torrents of woe,
O'er such a Father's grave would ceaseless flow.
Despair its deadly sorrows would impart,
And hang its icicles about the heart.
To see the hand which wip'd away our tears,
The tongue which sooth'd our woes, and hush'd our fears,
All cold!–all mute!–veil, veil the direful scene!
Rise days and months, roll added years between,
And when old time hath bleach'd his honour'd head,
When life prolongd can no rich pleasures shed,
When he this mortal coil would gladly yield,
And in the grave his mouldering ashes shield,
Then slope his passage to his bed of clay,
While some fair spirit steals his soul away.
On wings seraphick may he joyful rise,
Mounting triumphant to his native skies.
Mean time, Disease skim lightly o'er his veins,
Absorb the viscous–while sweet health remains,
Thou wert a poison, ravaging our race,
Now the attempered friend which we embrace;

And when our Father shall his friends rejoin,
We'll hang with garlands thy propitious shrine.
For this event my Gracious Mother bends,
For this her suit to yonder heav'n ascends,
O! spare his life–all tremulous she cries,
While in her breast portentous terrors rise,
[82] The dark presage with dire foreboding swells,
And apprehension the big tear impels.
But all away each visionary fear,
To my rapt gaze unclouded scenes appear,
Once more the Goddess Health shall gaily bloom,
Her rosy joys creative pow'rs assume,
He will return, Omnipotence to praise,
While we uniting, loudest paeans raise.

March 28th. 1778

**To Master I.T. Sargent in answer to a copy of verses expressing his own and his Mamma's regret on my departure from Boston**[111]

Sweet Boy, I thank thee, for thy gentle love,
When truth and innocence my steps approve,
The thrill of conscious pleasure they bestow,
Soft, as thy youth, their commendations flow.

I'd rather have thy pretty artless praise,
Than be the subject of those pompous lays,
Where dark duplicity oft lies conceald.
For who from latent evil can enshield?

Thy dear Mamma, tranquility I ween,
Will wipe her tears, and once more gild the scene,
And though with humid eye she mourns her friend,
The social pleasures with her hours will blend.

Mean time, in prospect, rises future years,
And in perspective new plum'd hope appears,
The vagrant fancy seizes thy request,
And I once more become a favour'd guest.

Again with rapture view thy playful face,
And mark in embryo every manly grace;
[83] Behold the opening flower in richest bloom,
While love and beauty all its leaves perfume.

And O! with heart felt energy I cry,
While my fond bosom heaves the ardent sigh,
Angel of innocence from heavn descend,
And this sweet Boy with all thy guards attend.

Rear him to manhood–make him wise, discreet,
And may his soul of honour be the seat.
May all the graces form a wreath divine,
And round his brow with loveliness entwine.

May sweet humanity his steps direct,
And generous sentiments from pride protect;
In paths of rectitude may he be found.
And no fond bosom may he ever wound.

Vice, though in fairest guise, may he disdain,
His faultless life be still without a stain.

So will his parents quaff the cup of joy,
And live rejoicing in their virtuous boy.

**To Miss S.S. Ellery[112] upon a New years day with a compliment of a needle book, and thread case, furnished for use.**

Now the young Morn of life is thine
Gently the tepid airs combine,
To waft thee forward on thy way,
Healthful, vig'rous, light, and gay.
Pretty flow'r, may thy soft bloom,
The fragrance of the rose assume,
Like the unspotted mountain snow,
Unsully'd may thy moments flow.
Sweetly progressive mayst thou rise,
Be every hour more fair, more wise,
Till rob'd in white, thy soul shall stray,
Mid God's interminable day.
Mean time, receive what I prepare,
These emblems of approaching care,
[84] Needles and thread in order laid,
And thus conspicuously display'd,
Clad in their very best array,
In strains like these they seem to say.
"Behold us here collected stand,
"We wait the efforts of thy hand,
"'Tis thou, sweet Maid who must preside,
"And all our vagaries must guide;
"From humble hems, and lowly seams,
"To flow'rs and knots, which fancy deems,
"Essential to thy future part,
"And comprehended in that art,
"Known to the seamstress–'tis her claim,
"And useful is her modest fame."[113]
Assay my dear, the needle wield,
It will sweet recreation yield,
While industry, productive flow'r,
Will grace and brighten every hour.
But all too soon I greet thy ear,
Nor yet my voice officious hear;
Delay thy task–for when begun,
But with thy life it will be done.
Till when, beshrew th' envious wight,
Whose ranc'rous heart and gloomy spight,
Thy childish gambols would controul,

Filling with sighs thy little soul.
Gaily may this New Year revolve,
Nor yet the blissful scene dissolve.
The hand of joy her roses strew,
Flow'rs on jocund mirth which grew,
Visions of bliss unclouded rise,
While innocence the view supplies.
For thee I'd fill the cup of joy,
Each embryo mischief would destroy;
O'er thy infantile pleasures smile,
And life of every ill beguile.
[85] And mayst thou be thy Parents boast,
Parental guards–a mighty host–
Surround thy paths, of potent pow'r,
To shield, and bless thy every hour.

**To the same, upon her Birth Day, written three years after the preceding lines**

Well, seven times this month of May,
Hath given thee thy natal day.
And e'er revolving round the sun,
Full seven times more our course we run,
From thee, my dear, we shall expect,
Manners and sentiments correct;
A mind improv'd by ev'ry grace,
Which can add lustre to thy face,
Or that celestial glow impart,
Which warms and meliorates the heart.
What time the Muse, by love imprest,
The tender line to thee address'd.
Careless thy gleeful moments rose,
Smooth as some murm'ring riv'let flows:
Yes, when the pretty infant maid,
Is in[114] bright innocence array'd,
The limpid stream not purer glides,
When ev'ry ruffling wind subsides.
If thou rememberest then I said,
For oft to thee the lines were read,
That mingling with thy smiles no care,
Should o'er thy head its banners rear,
Nor thoughts officious interfere,
To swell the sigh, or give the tear:
But that thy lovely, opening mind,
Which nature had so fair design'd,

Should gaily revel mid those joys,
That discipline too oft destroys.
[86] But now, my Love, the scene is chang'd,
And other views must be arrang'd;
Important every moment grows,
Nor longer pause instruction knows,
Reflecting as a transient glass,
The frolick incidents that pass.
I know the broad foundation's laid;
In principles which never fade:
May'st thou the superstructure raise,
So as to merit honest praise.
When I say thou, I speak correct,
For if the means thou shouldst neglect,
In vain will grave discretion teach,
In vain may sage experience preach.
This summer then must sacred be,[115]
To reading, sewing, let me see–
What else–O! spelling must be found,
With young attention always crown'd.
And when revolving o'er thy head,
Old time another year hath spread:
To Mr H—n[116] thou shalt go,
And then how much my girl will know.
Writing, arithmetic–I'st possible?
The rules of grammar, painting too.
And vocal musick thou'st pursue:
Geography for ought I know
May in thy pericranium flow,
Nor, if I may express my mind,
Wilt thou be on this globe confind,
But to astronomy thou'lt soar,
And e'en the starry heavens explore.
Bless me how wise thou wilt be found,
With knowledge scientific crown'd,
[87] And then thy friends will be so charm'd,
With such affection will be warmd,
That they with pleasure will confess,
Thee form'd to elevate, and bless.
For me, my praises will not cease,
Fond to applaud my charming Niece.
For, mind, my dear, I must suppose,
That goodness still coeval flows,
That with no proud contemptuous eye,
Thou passest kindred mortals by;

That in thy heart those virtues blend,
Which female excellence attend,
Or each accomplishment despoil'd;
The graces are completely foil'd.
Well, as Ive laid the matter out,
Thou wilt be good, there is no doubt,
And therefore thou, this afternoon,
Must come to tea, and very soon,
For tis a pity thy birth day,
Should pass in solitude away:
And I am told that no sweet Misses,
With lips like thine, inviting kisses,
Hath summon'd been to celebrate,
This rosy day, so mark'd by fate,
And further–Polly Odel[117] said–
If she no sad mistake hath made–
Thy good Mamma would visit me,
Some time about the hour of tea.
Now if with her thou should'st not come,
To grace this day my little room,
I shall regret, and sighing say,
No kindly stars propitious sway.

May 31st .1784

**To the same with Mrs Barbauld's[118] hymns for children.**

Take, my sweet Girl this little book,
Attentive o'er its pages look,
Nor let it unperused lie,
Nor pass its truths unheeded by.
Behold how good thy God hath been!
How he creates, and paints the scene,
Shines in the beam, breathes in the rose,
And in the stream prolific flows.
The sun his lucid pow'r displays,
The circling moon evolves his praise;
Huge animals that range the plain,
Or in the wood victorious reign,
With little lambkins o'er the glade,
Sporting beneath the friendly shade;
Enormous fishes in the deep,
With countless insects as they creep,
All these his plastic hand proclaim,
And spread their great Creator's name:
The chaunting birds on ev'ry spray,

While breathing forth the matin lay,
Warble their thanks to him who formd,
To life, the pow'r, to action warm'd,
The brooks and rivers as they pass,
Meandering through the verdant grass,
O'er the smooth pebbles as they break,
The soul to gratitude awake.
The opening flowers which deck the field,
Sweet incense to their Maker yield,
'Tis he perfumes, and spreads their leaves,
The texture of the rose he weaves,
While guarding with paternal care
His grace and truth our paths prepare
[89] 'Twas he my precious treasure taught,
Ideas ripening into thought;
Twas he that form'd, and he will rear,
Thy friend, thy father still appear:
Tis he thy tender frame upholds,
As gradual its bloom unfolds.
His pow'r thy yielding sinews brac'd,
His image on thy features trac'd.
E'rst times in vain we search'd around,
Thy little form was no where found,
Now, immortality is thine,
Futurity and joys divine.
Then let the nerves which God hath strung,
The music of thy little tongue,
Swell all obedient to his will,
Far as thou canst his laws fulfill.
The blooming flowr but ope's its leaves,
And death the fragile plant receives.
The lowering tree with verdure crown'd,
Which spreads its branching honours round;
Must yield its nature–must decay,
Passing like evening shades away.
Man in the pride of youth and strength,
Must bow to fate's decree at length.
But Wisdom will superior rise,
All radiant virtue never dies,
Unfading beauty it obtains,
In worlds above, refulgent reigns,
Coeval with its authour lives,
And boundless joy to mortals gives
Fitted in Paradise to grow.
In heav'n expands its riches blow.

Thither my dear, our footsteps bend,
The acclivity we shall ascend,
Shall mount above yon azure plain,
The heights of rectitude obtain,
Where blooms the rose without the thorn,
Where cloudless breaks the purple morn;
[90] Where unobstructed pleasures flow,
Bliss which a pause can never know.
Where evil shall no more arrest
The intellect supremely blest,
Sorrow and pain be done away,
Lost in the blaze of God's own day.
All tears be wip'd from ev'ry eye,
And every breast surcease the sigh.

August 13th .1786

**Copies composed for the writing book of Miss P—[119] a little female of whom I had the care**

With mental graces first thy mind adorn,
For we to move in higher spheres were born.
Give Rectitude undeviating sway,
And virtuous precepts with delights obey,
Let spotless honour mark thy modest fame,
Unblemish'd truth should stamp the female name.
Give candour in thy breast conspicuous place,
And blighting envy from thy soul erase.
Let innocence o'er ev'ry thought preside,
And sacred Purity thy actions guide.
While the warm blushes mantling on thy cheek,
Unceasing still, to each observer speak,
Thy high disdain of that ill mannerd jest,
Torture to reason, to the virtuous breast.
May Prudence guard thee–all thy steps attend,
I charge thee to her dictates constant bend,
Sage are her councels–let her form thy mind,
And to thy bosom all her maxims bind.
Yet, modest freedom, thou mayst safely blend,
Such freedom as from prudery may defend,
[91] Shun dark reserve, each look ill natur'd, sour,
And arm thyself with every soothing pow'r,
So shall new pleasures in succession rise,
Wafting thee onward to thy native skies.

**Copies continued to another Writing Book**

What boots it though thou turn'st whole volumes o'er,
And art no wiser than thou wert before?
Should'st thou but lightly skim th' instructive page,
Should low pursuits thy heav'n born soul engage,
Vain are my cares, my tender love is vain,
Fruitless the character which I sustain.
Yes my dear Girl, the assertion is most true,
Should'st thou but take a superficial view,
Of those sage lessons, fraught with Classic love,
Which thy attentive mind should oft explore;
Vain are all rules, and all my precepts giv'n,
E'en though I were an angel, sent from heav'n,
Yet no advantage thou couldst ever gain,
But shallow, thoughtless, and untaught remain.
At best a silly, trifling, fluttering thing,
Rear'd to no purpose but to dress and sing;
Or mix perhaps in the fantastic dance,
Or if thou shouldst in folly's round advance,
To roll the eye, and give the tongue a loose,
Forgetful of thy being's proper use.
I would exalt thee to a higher sphere,
Would give thee Virtue's joys, and Virtue's tear,
To sacred rectitude would form thy soul,
Improper passions ardent to controul.
For this I wish thee constant to inhale,
The gently breathing, rich pierian gale;
Which o'er its stream in fanning circles blows,
And in all radiant current equal flows:
[92] 'Twill fill thy bosom with a treasurd store,
A thirst for knowledge–eager to explore--
That great, producing high eternal Mind,
Which hath eventual good for all designed.
And, my dear Girl, thou must thy efforts join,
Aspiring wishes with my cares combine;
There's nought on earth that we can ever gain,
No one emolument we can obtain,
Except with perseverance we pursue,
And seize the prize so radiant to our view.
If to improve be thy sincere desire,
If intellectual charms thy bosom fire,
Attention adequate thy hours must lead,
Nor momentary indolence impede,
Its icy influence with torpid frown,
Slumbers unconscious on its bed of down.

The glow all ardent I would fain impart,
Bright emulation giving to thy heart;
That love of fame on Genius which attends,
With each new task which soothing pleasure blends.
Knowledge expands, and meliorates the mind,
By bands of prejudice no more confind,
It gains those heights to vulgar souls unknown,
While seeds of virtue in the breast are sown:
The plants of wisdom in succession blow,
And the rich harvest liberally bestow.
Come then, investigate–reflect, compare,
Nor sedulous attention ever spare.

**To the same, by way of conclusion to her Sampler**

In fair proportion see the letters stand,
A useful, beauteous, and expressive band,
[93] With eye of care we must their texture raise,
A point too much the hand unskill'd betrays.

A thread misplac'd, their symmetry despoils,
And the fond hope of excellence beguiles.
So, my sweet Girl, the path of life survey,
And tread with caution o'er the devious way.
An erring step would blight thy budding fame,
And with dishonour stamp my Anna's[120] name.
From rules of virtue shouldst thou careless stray,
Nor sighs, nor tears, can e'er the forfeit pay:
For female reputation wounded,–dies–
No blest Panacea[121] the wide world supplies.

**To the same, upon a New Year's day, with a compliment of a pair of rich buckles for her shoes--**

Now up the eminence we tend,
Verging to womanhood ascend,
Intricate scenes appear in view,
A labyrinth thou must pursue.
But once the sleep of virtue gaind,
And rectitude of heart obtaind,
The sunshine of thy smiling hours,
Will strew thy paths with deathless flow'rs,
Budding on approbation's stem,
Propt by a life devoid of blame.
Yet means proportion'd to the end,

On every effort must attend,
And see! the golden moments fly!
E'en as we grasp them–see! they die!
Then snatch them from oblivion's hand,
And in thy mem'ry let them stand;
By wisdom's signet–deeply grav'd,
And from the squandrer folly savd.
Precious is time–improve its flight,
'Twill bless thee in yon worlds of light.
[94] And we will hail this opning year,
With hearts devoted, and sincere,
Resolv'd that each revolving day,
Shall greet us on our destin'd way;
Shall mark us as they pass along,
Straying, experience, all among,
Thy healthful walks–fond to inhale,
Blest Virtue, thy all healing gale.
Yes, I repeat–thy present hours
(And may, from heav'n, propitious pow'rs
Shiel'd thee from harm, and guard thy side)
Thy future prospects must decide!
Important is the coming year,
Let vigils adequate appear,
If it be stampt by sacred truth,
'Twill give in heav'n unfading youth,
As they deserve, thy moments prize,
Be candid, studious, good, and wise,
From friends, from foes instruction take,
And of events large profit make.
See how these gems of varid hue,
Bring every parent tinct to view;
When plac'd in yonder splendid ray,
Emited by the orb of day,
The pristine colours they unfold,
The violet, blue, red, purple, gold,
With ev'ry shade which fancy knows,
Or nature's blooming hand bestows.
The skillfully conmixing hues,
With new born pleasure, taste pursues,
[95] While yet distinct and simple dyes,
May gratify less curious eyes.
So, when by truths own hand arrayd,
Ten thousand virtues are display'd,
The splendid vision stands confess'd,
By every tongue devoutly bless'd.

And yet a virtuous thought may cheer,
In error's soil though it appear;
May meliorate the gloomy scene,
With pow'r transforming intervene.
Be it thy study still to choose,
Those paths which rectitude pursues.
Wash human frailties with a tear,
And with unwearied, ceaseless care,
Plant all the virtues in thy breast,
Until thou art supremely blest:
Thy friends impressing with that worth,
Of days, of months, of years the growth,
Just as these pebbles brighter shine,
To point their hues when rays combine.
Thus may thy character be crown'd;
These glittring gems but emblems found,
Of that fair radiance which will spread,
Becoming splendor round thy head.
Entwining peace–Offspring of truth,
Blest parent of immortal youth,
Enjoy'd serene in worlds of light,
When the free'd spirit takes its flight,
To regions of eternal joy,
When pleasures dwell without alloy.

[96] **To the same written in an Inn while upon a journey in consequence of hearing the young Lady express uncommon satisfaction in our little tour–**

When Contentment presiding, smiles oer the fair scene,
How blissful is pleasure–what joys intervene!
The bosom expanding, complacency cheers,
And every object delightful appears.

To prove my assertion, to thee I appeal,
Thy face, my dear Maid, the truth will reveal,
How happy, how sprightly, how blithsome, and gay,
How jocundly now we spend the long day.

Since parting from home what views have we seen,
The sky beams more radiant, The earth is more green,
The Country's the best that ever was made,
And every tree is a beautiful shade.

The birds chaunt divinely on each verdant spray,
Not an air but conveys some harmonious lay,

For in every breeze which is wafted around,
Some sylph, or bright seraph, propitious is found.

How rich the perfume–how soft is the gale,
Sure zephyr breaths health o'er the hills and the vale,
Salubrious, restoring, – sweet pleasures wafting,
And gratitude deep in the bosom ingrafting.

God bless us! How beauteous is yon spreading lawn,
Sure with her best pencil dame Nature hath drawn,
Not a stream, not a rill, which runs murm'ring by,
But with Homer's prime rivers, may certainly vie.

[97] Cease, cease, my dear Girl–thy raptures forbear,
Of Fancy, light phantom, I charge thee beware,
Think not the gay scenes which are smiling around,
In circles wide spreading can only be found.

Take Content to thy bosom and bear her quite home,
She'll make e'en a desert like paradise bloom,
New lustre she gives to the charms of the face,
Bestowing on beauty additional grace.
Contentment can gild e'en the humblest vale,
Can paint the lone Cot, and perfume the soft gale,
For Nature impartial her blessings imparts,
The Optic perspective exists in our hearts.

Then think, I conjure thee thy lot is the best,
Nor admit pale inquietude into thy breast,
Though humbly sequester'd thy natal retreat,
'Tis there that prime pleasures thy bosom will greet.

'Twas there the first blow of soft reason obtain'd,
While innocence sportive triumphantly reignd,
There blooms the fair wreath to females assign'd,
They move in their sphere, and tranquility find.

Domestic employments reflection will bear,
And complacency springs from filial care:
Thy part well perform'd–applause will succeed,
And virtue thy footsteps to heaven will lead.

**Copies for Miss A—'s[122] Writing Book**

Let us my lovely Girl, commence our task,

A strict observance on your part I ask,
[98] From love, fond love the length'ning line shall flow,
And tenderness no rigid rules can know,
Then as the pen with pleasure you pursue.
Mark well the maxims, and the letters too.
And first, if eminence you would obtain,
Order, as the foundation you, must gain:
For fair economy from method springs.
And in her train each splendid virtue brings:
Confusion marks the fallen Angel's reign,
Fell Anarchy pourtrays his dark domain,
But harmony from God himself proceeds,
And though obstructing discord still impedes,
Yet shall the grand Catastrophe disclose,
How regular each varid scene arose:
Resplendent Virtue uniformly good,
And vice misshapen, dark, perplex'd and rude.
Mean time, adjust with care your little part,
And give to sweet proportion all your heart.
Let every hour appropriated rise,
So shall you seem more fair, and be more wise
We tolerate frugality of time,
Nor parsimony can be here a crime;
Deep on the tablets of your gentle breast,
May its uncounted value be imprest,
And, as I would contribute to your ease,
The following distribution if you please,
You may accept, while as the moments flow,
Their usefulness will their importance show.
Soon as the sun dispels the shades of night
Gilding the rosy morn with orient light,
Arise my Love, and hail its lucid ray,
Fresh as the dawn–and as serenely gay.
[99] With gentle slumbers cheerful health is found;
And early hours are oft with wisdom crown'd:
So the sweet flow'r expands its pretty leaves,
And with new worth, the genial beam receives.
Give neatness in your garb an ample share,
Attend your teeth, your face, your hands, your hair,
And be your dress, with elegance design'd,
A striking emblem of your spotless mind.
The hours till breakfast are of course your own,
Bless me! how rich my lovely Girl is grown!
Was she envelop'd in the arms of sleep,
From thence, no one advantage, she could reap.

What will she do–or how her treasure spend?
Why sure to some improving book attend;
And see she turns well written pages o'er,
Their treasur'd truths all anxious to explore.
With what avidity the book she seizd,
With sense, and sentiment, and story pleas'd.
But Coffe with the hour of eight appears,
While half reluctant she the summons hears
Yet soon the light repast partook–she then
With pleasure wields the rich productive pen;
Eager the letters in each line to mend,
Improvement with the passing hours to blend,
Till the fair characters in form complete,
The voice of praise unmix'd with censure meet.
And now my dear the needle waits your hand,
This little instrument you should command,
You will with diligence your task pursue,
With neatness finish, and with fancy too.
And soon as e'er the dinner cloth's remov'd,
We'll swell those strains by holy spirits lov'd.
A few blest moments to the organ give,
And on its sounds with new born rapture live.
[100] Then to our afternoon's employ we'll haste,
Nor fleeting time in[123] vacant loit'ring waste:
And while industrious you, my Love proceed,
Perhaps I may some fav'rite Author read.
Pointing your mind to sentiment, and truth,
Those hallow'd guardians of confiding youth.
And if thus rational we pass the day,
Soon as the tea gear is remov'd away,
Sweet recreation shall the evening crown,
Nor will officious wisdom wear a frown:
For innocence, and laughter loving play,
Should paint the morn of life in colours gay.
Tis thus, my Girl, in some such way as this
To pass your time, would guaranty your bliss.
Nor need you vary more the present scene,
Unless, indeed, a visit intervene,
And then to act, it is by all confest,
As circumstances govern is the best
And should you thus producing order choose
My approbation I cannot refuse
And what is more your Mother will commend
With love maternal, rich applause will blend.

**To the same for her Sampler**

Confind for room, what shall we say?
Or how contract the votive lay,
I know we should economise,
And to conform is sometimes wise.
Well then, from hence, we will deduce,
Frugality, of potent use.
And may industry grace thy life,
Whether as daughter, sister, Wife:
Industry, solace of our race,
To all things gives a golden Face:
Tis this–and trust me–this alone,
Is the true philosophic stone.

[101] **Lines to Miss H—[124] for her sampler**

To me, thy good Mama applies,
A verse, she says, will quite suffice;
Well then, my lovely little maid,
In smiling innocence array'd,
Let virtue be thy constant guide,
Fair equity thy bosom's pride,
Still kindling in thy speaking face,
May modest worth thy features grace.
To give advice I'd still presume,
But on thy sampler there's not room.

**Line written upon the sampler of a child who I was educating as a domestic assistant.**

What e'er, my Girl, thy present humble state,
Let modest Virtue on thy actions wait;
For she alone can make thee truly shine,
And fit thy wond'ring soul for scenes divine.
I know misfortune marks thy early years,
That wrapt in clouds thy morn of life appears,
What then–surely we all–or more, or less,
Subordination's wholesome laws confess.
Just as dependant as these letters stand,
By mutual aid, vast volumes to expand,
Just so, the lengthning chain connected glows,
And ev'ry link in decent Order shows.
Observe me then–act well thy little part,
And give to truth, and reason, all thy heart.

**Copies for her writing book--**

Ordain'd to fill a useful humble sphere,
Let bland good Nature in thy words appear,
[102] May no imperious look thy face deform,
Or undue passions thy young bosom warm.
Rude boist'rous clamour would thy sex disgrace,
And ill accords with thy dependant place.
Obedience is the part to thee assign'd,
It claims a docile, and a gentle mind;
Curb each untowant thought--and placid view,
The lowly bending path thou must pursue.

Shun vanity, that bane of womankind,
And be to fate's supreme decrees resignd.
Not that I'd have, thy free born mind depress'd,
Of female worth thy bosom dispossest;
No I would see thee far superior tow'r,
Soaring beyond each soul debasing power,
The steeps of Virtue labouring to ascend,
While at her shrine thy highest wishes bend.
Let rules of decency thy actions sway,
Nor ever from her sober precepts stray;
Scorn to degrade the human form divine,
Nor e'er a spotless character resign.
Abhor deceit, and every little fraud
Truth, born of God, both high, and low applaud:
Then let integrity by thee confest,
Live in thy life--enthroned in thy breast,
'Tis this Ambition I would recommend,
The hallow'd mountain which thou may'st ascend;
The pride of honesty thy mind will raise,
Giving the guerdon of deservd praise,
Low is all subterfuge, evasive art,
These find no refuge in thy guileless heart:
[103] For innocence with elevated eye,
Points all her wishes homeward to the sky.
I would, my Girl, with meekness pass along,
Stray with humility, her walks among,
Deep, reddening anger--with the pert reply,
The look audacious--the indignant sigh,
The pertinacious step--the saucy stride,
With inuttering discontent--Offspring of pride.
All these from face, and mind, thou must erase,
Nor for a single moment give them place.

Round insolence ten thousand gestures wait,
Which into words my pen cannot translate.
To thy superiors tis just to veil,
In well known duties thou shouldst never fail.
Affect not in thy garments gaudy show,
But with thy moments let thy judgment grow,
Toy [ ][125] with sweet discretion choose
And every garish ornament refuse:
Contented in the sphere by heaven designd;
In humble paths felicity to find:
Propriety should in the bosom sway,
And sense, and reason all her laws obey.
I know, my Girl, from one Eternal Source,
We all commence our intlectual course:
From the first Cause our being we derive,
In him alike we breathe, alike we live;
But yet unerring wisdom hath decreed,
Mankind in various Circles should proceed.
Some, mark'd by heaven, the loftiest heights ascend,
While at their footstool others lowly bend:
On wings seraphick towering Genius flies,
And cuts its way beyond the azure skies:
While others barely live, this truth to know,
That they are born to fill some void below:
[104] That they must swell the tributary sigh,
And when their years are past, that they must die.
Yet happiness is not to state confin'd,
It dwells no where, but in the heaven born mind.
Felicity with great one may exist,
In paths of rectitude when they persist,
But in the vale of life, the gentle flow'r,
New fragrance gains from ev'ry placid hour,
In humble scenes contentment loves to dwell,
The song of praise with innocence to swell,
With mildly influence delights to shine,
Where industry and blooming health entwine;
'Tis virtue plants it in the Virgin's breast,
And gives the Maid to hail her tranquil guest.
Then learn her precepts, bind them to thy soul,
And let her each tumultuous thought control.
She'll point thee where the fairest prospects ope,
And to thy bosom give enduring hope:
Never transgressing the ordaind line,
To heav'n and peace she will thy soul resign.
Again I say--only act well thy part,

Yielding to probity thy willing heart:
So shall integrity thy course approve,
And virtue all thy decent footsteps love.
Mean time--to distant worlds our spirits hast,
Where these distinctions, like some meteor past,
Mankind their great original shall claim,
And one Almighty Father join to name.

**French song versified at the request of the Counsel Monsieur Toscar**[126]

Mid splendid courts Ive rov'd,
A Monarch's grandeur prov'd,
[105] Yet of my fair possest,
In some lone Village blest,
The gaudy train nor charms,
Nor my fond bosom warms:
For sweet Lizette's[127] there,
Than fortune's gift more fair.

Far from sov'reign splendour,
Far from noisy grandeur,
Encircl'd in her arms,
A monarch's rapture warms.
My Grot's a palace crown'd,
My crook's a sceptre found,
Lizzette owns my sway,
And bleating flocks obey.

The flowery garland wreath'd,
By her fair hand bequeath'd,
The Diadem I scorn,
To gentler pleasures born;
From grandeur far away,
To love I yield the sway,
And though no flatterers press,
Friendship and truth caress.

The train of Courtiers vie,
For royal favours sigh,
But love and Nature here,
In rosy garb appear,
Lizzette, charming Maid,

Graces the rural shade,
Nor do such pleasures wait,
On equipage or state.

**To a Lady with a glass Vase, in which she had presented me a beautiful flower**

The pretty flower is now no more,
Its regal honours gone;

[106] Nought can its beauties e'er restore,
Its bloom will ne'er return.

Long it surviv'd in purple pride,
And rich in foliage stood,
As it the hand of time defy'd,
While with delight I view'd.

Though sever'd from its native spot,
Superior still it rose.
Nor seem'd to[128] mourn its hapless lot,
The breeze which genial blows.

But ah! its wither'd leaves this morn,
Its vital grief betray'd,
The fatal sorrows it hath borne,
Since parted from its shade.

No more it lifts its fragrant head,
Its beauteous life is flown,
Its leaves no more expansive spread,
By gentle zephyr blown.

The empty Vase but mocks my eye,
Receive it from my view,
Lest still I swell the fruitless sigh,
And shadowy good pursue.

May social pleasures friendship blend,
Nor like the floweret die,
Philanthropy from heaven descend,
And genial aid supply.

And May blest friendship ne'er decay,
But borne to worlds of light,

[107] Survive in God's eternal day,
Right precious in his sight.

**Cursory thoughts upon Philosophy**

Come, true Philosophy, in radiant guise,
And teach me calm serenity to prize.
What art thou, say, thou heav'n descended guest?
And who is with thy fairest influence blest?
Various distinctions, various minds have made,
And warmth unphilosophical betray'd:
Now this, now that, assumes thy splendid name,
While each pretender magnifies his claim.
That thou art with the first of blessings fraught,
Descending time in every age has taught.
Prime in thy train the angel peace appears,
And sweet tranquility thy aspect wears.
Yet when we would thy lineaments describe,
Science, and virtue, at thy fount imbibe
Puzzled by definitions--wrapt about,
In heavy words, offspring of gloomy doubt,
Dark sentences thy heavenly image veil,
Nor can the mind the light of life inhale.
Now they who every feeling towr above,
Alone thy excellence transcendent prove,
Or in sequester'd haunts who love to dwell,
The grot, the hermitage, the lonely cell.
Then, they, the various growth of plants who trace,
High on the lofty eminence we place,
Though oft in error their researches end,
And much of ignorance their systems blend
If they perchance desultory knowledge gain
Of those arrangements which the world sustain,
Can argue learnedly--the changes ring,
And many words to prove their systems bring;
[108] Dwelling on Virtue, rectitude of heart,
On moral fitness, part, embracing part,
Chaunting the praise of that economy,
Refulgent attribute of Deity.
Plans hypothetical if they produce,
Perhaps new vampt, or else of little use,
If they their pompous novelties defend,
The rhetorician's talents skill'd to blend;
From consequences fair conclusions draw,
The powers of reason potent to employ:

If they should add a superficial view,
Of latent truths, from God's own plans which grew;
It is decree'd, no more we hesitate,
The highest honours on their footsteps wait,
Upon their heads we place the beamy crown,
And undisputed their pretensions own.
Though they, perhaps, are but in theory wise,
Veiling their deeds in this well wrought disguise,
Howe'er the beauty of their system charms,
No glow of equity their bosom warms,
Nor uniform, nor good their lives appear,
The virtues in their practice have no share,
In vice they revel on, without control;
They govern not the region of the soul,
Where passion oft usurps unbounded sway,
Deformd by crimes, accustomd to betray,
See them of each contingency the sport,
No hand to guide, no virtue to support,
Envy and Malice join to domineer.
And melancholy marches in the rear,
Perhaps, despair, usurping in the breast,
Perforce they yield to the despotic guest;
Or else to haunts of dissipation fly,
And all the noisy round of folly try:
[109] The costly table most superbly spread,
In paths of luxury they madly tread!
Health, prostrate health, each murd'rous outrage weeps,
And, chaind by opiates, poison'd judgment sleeps.
What then can blest philosophy restore?
Their peace, their laurel'd crown they boast no more.
But why thus prostitute so fair a name,
Why spread a falsehood of the wings of fame?
Then say, Philosophy, Where dost thou stray,
In what rich soil pursue thy equal way?
Thou art not to the anchorite confin'd,
The silken bands of love thy subjects bind:
What ever virtues solitude have blest,
Philosophy is no inclusive guest:
For, in effect, the self bound Hermit cries,
As from the cheerful haunts of men he flies,
"Folly triumphant in my bosom sways,
"And warring passion every hope betrays:
"To social pleasures when I bid adieu,
"My recreant pulses beat, to virtue true;
"The bliss of friendship I perforce resign;

"Lest lurking poisons with the wreath entwine,
"Imperious vice destructive victory gain,
"My efforts binding by her magick chain.
"Thus I depart--the good regretting yield,
"And in retirement my breast enshield."[129]
That this is right, Reason her self proclaims,
And the Recluse with admiration names.
But the Philosopher self balanc'd stands,
Nor asks the aid of artificial bands.
Nor doth Philosophy the stoic greet,
Inflate his pride or his harsh dictates meet,
The soul of Apathy unmov'd remains,
While every virtuous passion she sustains,
And where no humane, kindred feelings are,
Philosophy cannot her banners rear.
[110] But let us lift the investigating eye,
To him whose bosom swells the woe fraught sigh,
Who oft hath struggled, and, with victory crownd,
The joys of sweet tranquility hath found;
Whose breast with warm commiseration glows,
Feeling by sympathy another's woes;
Who nor disdains to breathe a nat'ral sigh,
Nor hesitates to own one common tie.
While in his bosom peace unrival'd reigns,
And Order all his purposes sustains:
He lives his wayward passions to subdue,
To honour, rectitude, and nature true,
And to the God of ages he appeals,
When as a Man his trembling bosom feels.
'Tis true he mourns when earth born ills appear,
And washes human fraities with a tear,
Marking the sorrows which attend mankind,
He sees, and feels them, with an equal mind,
He knows no party, no distinction claims,
As Reason dictates he acquits, or blames,
With strong affiance lifts his steady eye,
To him who hushes each tumultuous sigh;
With humble mind the Great First Cause[130] adores,
And golden Truth with filial love explores:
Though o'er his head ten thousand evils rise,
Serene the prospect dawns in yonder skies;
He smiles complacent, nor to doubt descends,
While at the footstool of his God he bends.
The Sire of angels with rapt transport hails,
Whose faithfulness in no dark moment fails:

On righteous principles who always acts,
This he deduces from experienced facts,
His broad philanthropy encircles Man;
Mercy and truth supports the general plan.
[111] Thus the Philosopher--nor once assays,
To fix a standard for Jehovah's ways.
Formd to obey, to love, and to adore,
A Candidate for heav'n--he asks no more--
The origin of ills perplexes not,
For happiness he knows will be his lot:
He rests secure that God's unerring hand,
Directs, controuls, and will for good command.
And that the plans by Deity arrang'd,
Could never advantageously by[131] chang'd.
Events he marks as they successive rise,
And hails Omnipotents supremely wise.
"From partial evil still educing good"[132]
Through life, and death, invariably pursu'd.
Omnific wisdom, skill'd to regulate,
From Chaos, truth, and Order will translate.
Thus evanescent evil shall expire,
And new born bliss the purest joys inspire:
Commencing darkness every where disperse,
And light unclouded zone the Universe;
Yea Crimes of blackest hue shall pass away,
Lost in the blaze of God's eternal day!
Thus saith Philosophy--possess'd of truth,
Of ever blooming, of unfading worth;
Passions she owns, yet with a steady eye,
Sooths or precludes the wild obtrusive sigh.
See how serenely great the vision moves,
Benignity and heav'n born peace she loves,
Behold her aspect, Wisdom seated there,
And cheerfulness beyond the reach of care.
See where she comes--sorrow and pain's no more,
The soul's equality she can restore,
Patience inscribe upon the suffering breast,
And give the wayward mind unbroken rest.
Descend Philosophy, and at thy side,
Bring fair Religion, ever radiant guide.
[112] But thou art she, though by another name,
Christianity, Philosophy, the same--
In this devoted bosom deign to dwell;
And I no more desponding sighs shall swell;
To hail the son of science shall forebear,

Nor with thy worth his plumy crest compare.
Nor shall the Naturalist thy honours claim,
However dignified his useful name,
Though he the history of each plant may tell,
And on its virtues can loquacious dwell;
The properties of light and shade describe,
With all the colours of the flowery tribe,
Show if the hues, the various leaves have blest,
Or if yon Orb the glowing tincts imprest.
This, and much more, I shall unequal deem,
However genuine such truths may seem.
While he who guards the region of his breast,
Virtue his uniform, approved guest;
Who to subjection hath his passions brought,
Whose soul by Reason is divinely taught,
Shall wear thy crown, assume thy splendid name,
Soaring with thee upon the wings of fame.

**Lines upon the death of Miss Maria S—[133] an infant who was uncommonly interesting and the dearest hope of her Mother**

Pitying angels soothe my friend,
On heavenly pinions hither bend,
Come with your soft misterious tread,
Seraphick visions round her spread,
Hovering o'er her harrow'd breast,
Enthrone sweet peace, of hope possess'd:
For see maternal joy is fled,
Bright prospects mingling with the dead!
Expiring expectation sighs,
And trembling with Maria dies.
[113] Fair bloom'd the lovely little flow'r,
Solace and pride of every hour:
Anticipation rose to bliss,
And liv'd in each parental kiss.
The precious bud, of beauteous hue,
In worth encreasing daily grew;
The liberal hand of genial time,
Of potent power, and eye sublime,
O'er its young leaves rich fragrance breath'd,
And countless charms its touch bequeath'd.
The modest smile with dimples grac'd,
The damask tinct by beauty tracd,
The brilliant eye, and polish'd cheek,
Features which more than words could speak.

Virtue, we said, would regulate,
And on her radiant footsteps wait,
Beauty and innocence combine,
With truth and harmony entwine,
Gently to slope the setting hour,
Evil disarming of the pow'r,
To wound those hearts by her belov'd,
Her props and guardians who prov'd;
Her cherish'd life who fondly rear'd,
And all her joys and sorrows shar'd.
But see pale death the scene reverse!
Her parents bend o'er her young hearse!
See disappointment, born of care,
Transfix their[134] breasts with deep despair!
Hast guardian angels--reassume--
Your task perform--Dispel thee gloom,
Shine o'er those hours in darkness clad,
And give the joy which maketh glad.
Whisper that Maria lives,
While God, her God, all bounteous gives--
The blooming wreath of various hue,
In bowers of Paradise which grew,
[114] Tell how with deathless victory crown'd,
Her Peace, her Home, her Heaven are found;
How bright in charms, of heavnly growth,
And high imperishable worth,
By beauty cloth'd, and seraph grace,
Truth beaming in her angel face,
And innocence which heavn approves,
In worlds of light the Cherub moves.
The virtues brighten in her mind,
Virtue, Man's ultimate design'd,
Virtue, first attribute of God,
Who breath'd the soul, and form'd the sod,
Whose word unnumber'd beings sways,
Whom sceptre'd time itself obeys.
Jesus felicity bestows,
At whose right hand sweet pleasure flows,
Of his emphatick name possest,
And with unclouded vision blest,
Her native skies thus early gaind,
And by Omnipotence sustain'd,
Infantile joys and cares no more,
She lives to love, and to adore.
On wings expanded makes her way,

And mingles with eternal day.
    What though in hallow'd earth repos'd,
O'er her lov'd form the tomb hath clos'd;
Soft and sweet her slumbers air,
Peaceful Genii hover there:
Soon this Globe shall pass away,
Then comes the restitution day,
Her sacred dust again restor'd,
By God's Omniscient eye explor'd,
With added charms shall splendid rise,
And reunited seek the skies.
[115] And, though inform'd, maturd, and gracd,
Each trait of infancy displac'd,
By Wisdom luminous though led,
Expression in her airy tread,
Her form, her gestures all divine,
Though beams resplendant round her shine.
Parents, by sympathy will know
Knowledge intuitive will flow,
The daughter's image stand confest,
And their pierc'd hearts be greatly blest:
For truth enraptur'd shall proclaim,
Maria was the Cherubs's name.

**On the death of an aged relative, who, through fear of death was all her life time subject to bondage**

    Adieu, dear, venerable shade,
The last sad honours we have paid,
Entomb'd in Earth, thy sacred dust,
Awaits the rising of the just.
    Unstain'd by crimes thy life arose,
Pure as some limpid river flows,
And as the wasting stream betrays,
The sediment which deeply lays,
Disclos'd but to the searching ken,
Of God, or of enquiring Men:
Just so the lurid shades conceal'd,
Were to thy tearful eye reveal'd,
Arm'd to affright thy trembling soul,
And all thy better hopes control.
    But howsoe'er thy mind imprest,
The bosom's warfare hath confest,
However wavering in thy faith,
Yet unoffending was thy path;

Guileless thou wert and artless trod,
The destin'd way which leads to God.
[116] Thy rectitude so fully known,
As Maid, as Wife conspicuous shone;
With high maternal honours crownd;
Thy spreading branches clustered round,
And when alas! thy widow'd life,
Hail'd thee no more a happy wife;
With resignation on thy brow,
Thou gav'st to heav'n the ardent vow,
Propriety around thee threw,
Rich fruits on female worth which grew,
Religion, Virtue, these combin'd,
And with thy guardian Angels join'd;
In thy lorn path to strew such flow'rs,
As bloom in yon celestial bow'rs.
Yet meek humility arose,
With veiling clouds to interpose,
The heart all open to thy eye,
Confest to God, with many a sigh,
That on this mortal stock not grows,
Without the thorn the blooming rose,
Mid good, and evil, Mortal's tost,
To wisdom's ken were whelm'd, and lost.
But Jesus came to seek and save,
His life and death redeem'd the slave,
Those who had stray'd, <u>the</u> <u>lost</u> <u>he</u> <u>found</u>,
And soar'd to heav'n, with Vict'ry crown'd.
Yet on thy sight the film remain'd,
Doubt in thy breast despotic reign'd!
Thy actions could not stand the test,
By thy own tongue impure confest!
While circling round Jehovah's throne,
Fair Virtue all refulgent shone,
Ordain'd with piercing eye to sear,
The thoughts and deeds of mortal Men.
[117] This she beheld, nor understood,
The richness of a Saviour's blood;
The robe by righteousness inwove,
Presented by redeeming love.
Her own acquirements were her claim
Graced indeed by Jesu's name.
Nor wonder then, her modest mind,
For unobtrusive worth design'd.
With apprehension deep imbu'd,

Declining life with terror view'd;
Turn'd from death's harbinger away,
Though verging on celestial day.
But resting now her weary head,
Reposing with the countless dead,
To pain and toil she bids adieu,
Where sorrow can no more pursue;
Nor doubts and fears again assail,
She breathes[135] the pure celestial gale,
Amid resplendent vision dwells,
And notes of praise enraptur'd swells.
No more alternate passions sway,
For all the rule of right obey;
Darkness and every doubt are fled,
Illusive hope is also dead;
Complete fruition clad in light,
Blazes resplendent o'er her sight,
The God of heav'n her Sire confest,
And in his presence own'd and blest,
She comprehends that balmy name,
Her undisputed natal claim:
Emmanuel,[136] both God, and Man,
Saviour of sinners--ere began
To brood o'er chaos that first light,
Which sever'd day from trackless night,
And as she spreads ambrosial wings,
And the loud Hallelujah sings,
[118] The bloom of youth glows on her face,
Adorn'd with more than virgin grace,
Complacence glitters in her eye,
Lightly she skims the azure sky,
Messiah in her bosom reigns,
And God himself her soul sustains.

**On hearing an evangelical Preacher, after an alarming illness.**

Hark my soul--what sounds are those,
Soft as the vernal shower flows?
Sweetly soothing every care,
Antidote against despair.
Once again the Preacher speaks,
In the sacred Volume seeks,
Where the opened page presents,
What the heaven born mind contents.
Sacred source of ev'ry good,

Where our God is understood,
Beaming in the burning line,
Breathing harmony divine.
In the Metaphors confest,
In the clearer visions blest,
Hushing each discordant sigh,
Wiping sorrow from the eye,
Chasing every cloud away,
Blazing forth refulgent day.
Dear Ambassador we joy,
Thou resum'st thy glad employ,
Proclaiming peace, seraphick guest,
Calming ev'ry lab'ring breast.
Welcome, welcome, to our view,
Still the path of truth pursue;
See it most transcendent shines,
Never in its course declines,
Of uncreated worth possest,
And with deathless beauty blest.
But we thought, upon this shore,
Thou wouldst sing its charms no more,
[119] That the musick of thy tongue,
Was to mortal ears unstrung.
That no more the notes of praise,
We should join with thee to raise:
Till in heaven we should meet,
And with sacred rapture greet.
Still we mourn the ruthless hour,
Armed with dissolving pow'r,
Wafting thee beyond the skies,
Where uncounted glories rise.
All terrifick are our fears,
Sorrow sheds embitter'd tears.
Trembling at the solemn day,
Which shall bear thee far away.
To heav'n though thy steps ascend,
Darkness round <u>our</u> paths will bend.
Yet we hail this blest reprieve,
Gratefully the boon receive,
While on earth the hallow'd sound,
Wafts redeeming love around.
Well the Promulgator chose,
Bright the lucid vision rose,
Our God triumphant over death,
Destroying evil, with that breath,

Which erst proclaim'd-- "Let there be light"[137]
When swiftly fled the shades of nights.
And death he will annihilate,
Thus spake the God whose word is fate,
Into the lake of fire thrown,
The phantom shall no more be known.
True, we may sleep--and shades may rise,
In this dark veil sighs, follow sighs,
Yet on the resurrection day,
Sorrow and sighs shall pass away;
Tis thus the sacred page declares;
And thus the mind for bliss prepares,
Then plaintive grief we will forbear,
While of Omnipotence the care,
Should our Apostle be remov'd,
Howe'er admir'd, howe'er belov'd.
[120] Since to the Courts of heavn he goes,
Where one full tide of pleasure flows,
We will with resignation bend;
With solemn awe that voice attend,
Which loud proclaims, We too shall rise,[138]
And seek with him our native skies.

**Cursory Thoughts**

How little mortal wights can know,
While wandering in this Vale below:
Tis only this, that they are born,
And that they must to dust return.
We sip the cup of refluent breath,
Fraught with poison, fraught with death,
The dawn of life with sighs inhale,
While cause for tears can never fail.
We laugh, we weep, and we enjoy,
While busy nothings still employ.
We live to care--and to reflect,
As <u>thought</u>, from <u>evil</u> could protect!
We seek in sleep the balm of rest,
And wake by human ills opprest.
Misfortunes to our globe belong,
Pleasures succeed, a giddy throng;
In motley circles I have mixt,
The fleeting visions would have fixt,
Until the garish scenes gone o'er,
No more perplex--nor please no more:

Sorrow and joy alternate rul'd,
And equally my bosom fool'd,
Dup'd by many a fond conceit,
Close at my side the phantoms wait.
But, with my Fathers I shall rest,
The narrow house admit its guest,
This spirit disembody'd stray,
O'er some unknown and trackless way;
[121] Certain of this--Tis all we can,
Develop of the creature Man.
The rest futurity conceals,
Nor e'er to human ken reveals.

**Sentiments**

As when the piercing Dog Star's[139] scorching ray,
Blazes intensly o'er the fervid day,
Th' enamel Lawn assumes a yellow hue,
And all the groves a faded verdure shew.
Till falling show'rs resuscitate the scene,
Now painting nature with a livelier green:
Just so, when long corroding dark suspense,
Spreads o'er the soul its baleful influence;
The Cherub peace its blasting sway destroys,
The bosom robbing of its brightest joys:
Fev'rish inquietude prostrates each hope,
Bending beneath its weight our evry prop,
Till gladsome certainty, with lucid ray,
Scatters the visionary shades away,
Then newborn pleasure through the bosom thrills,
And blest possession beamy hope fulfills,
Once more with face of glee contentment blooms,
And sweet tranquility new charms assumes

Give me the Man bound by no party ties,
Unaw'd by faction, or its base allies,
Not sway'd by blood, by Country, nor by faith,
Nobly advancing in the righteous path,
Unwarp'd by prejudice or glomy zeal,
Who as he ought impartiality can feel;
Frankly condemning though a brother errs,
And who the virtues of his foe reveres.
Greatly applauding where true worth is found,
Whether on english, french, or indian ground[140]
[122] Who with an equal eye complacent stands,

While broad benevolence his heart expands:
The universal brotherhood who claims,
And of his lineage ev'ry suffrer names:
A Citizen of the wide world who lives,
And from the general joy his own receives.

Though error may be gorgeously array'd,
And full to[141] view in garish hues display'd,
With all the guile of sophistry combin'd,
And by the pomp of flowing rhetoric join'd:
Yet still simplicity, in native charms,
The glowing breast to admiration warms,
Fair truth beams radiant, though in rustic guise,
Conviction shines, and treach'rous falsehood dies.

As the young shoot calls forth the Gardners care,
To watch its growth, its tender leaves to rear;
So infant reason, in our lapsed race,
Howe'er possessing strength, and innate grace;
Yet asks the hand of kind assiduous love,
The branch to prune, its properties to prove;
To bend it gently to th' echoing blast,
O'er its young leaves protecting shades to cast;
To plant it the fair bow'rs of truth among,
To train it, Science, thy fair walks along.
Thus, when maturity it shall attain,
The hand which reard--its pow'r will then sustain.

As by the shower surcharg'd the lily droops,
When to the blast its modest head it stoops,
[123] As blows repeated fell the firmest trunk,
Low to the earth its leaves, its branches sunk.
So "clustering woes"[142] felicity destroy,
Rifting the soul of every hoarded joy:
Uprooting fortitude, e'en from the breast,
Which Virtue, peace, and bright'ning hope possest.

When waves contending lash the trembling shore,
The verdant prospects greet the eye no more,
So, when our lov'd ones mount the azure sky,
Visions of bliss from our embraces fly!
Of friends dispoil'd, our dearest blessings fled!
Enanguish'd void--E'en hope it self is dead!
So the blue lightning blasts the verdant meed,
Blights the green tree, and every latent seed,

Till wide around one dreary heath appears,
And no young branch its leafy head up-rears.

How pleasing is the Man of modest sense,
Mild are his virtues, just their influence,
What though he hesitates e'er he decides,
In paths of equity if he abides
If all his words be weigh'd in reason's scale,
Vice o'er his purposes will not prevail:
The slow conclusion we may tolerate,
When round its dictates truth and wisdom wait:
And though obscuring diffidence may rise,
To veil his worth from superficial eyes,
Yet rectitude his evry action shows,
And with benignity his bosom glows.

Surely the Mind that greatly tow'rs above,
The [ ][143] insidious [ ][144] may approve,
[124] Heedless of censure that walks calmly on,
By reason govern'd, and her laws alone.
Merits the voice of sweetly echoing praise,
A blooming chaplet of immortal bays:
For native grandeur on his breast inscrib'd,
The kindling glow from Liberty imbibd,
Hath taught him that enlarg'd, and liberal view
Which unappall'd will Rectitude pursue.

How Friendship sooths and meliorates the mind,
Companion of the virtuous Man design'd,
She breathes the kindly animating glow,
And can the purest earthly bliss bestow;
To memory's eye unbroken faith she brings,
And o'er each font a love-wove mantle flings.
Sweetly enchanting are her budding joys,
They cannot satiate--Virtue never cloys;
Her powers the darkest moments can illume,
Truth, honour, faithfulness around her bloom:
As morning throws abroad its genial ray,
So treasurd friendship sheds a mental day,
While in her train romantic pleasures dance
We see again a golden age advance
But she expires--and chaos lives again
Darkness and gloom in the lorn bosom reign

As when the summer, spring, and autumn past,

And gloomy winter comes, by clouds o'er cast,
Its first approaches chill the sprightly vein,
Anticipation troubles at its reign,
Till gradual habit blunts its rig'rous days,
And reconciles us to their stinted rays
[125] We wait to see the vernal hours arise,
The breathing spring, and the prolific skies.
The gladsome prospect cheers the present scene,
Till lengthning days restore the vivid green.
So, when our friends pursue their distant way,
Reason, and sense, the voice of grief obey:
With streaming eyes we trace the vacant rooms,
And silent anguish each apartment glooms:
But time with lenient powers passes on,
And resignation fills her golden throne.
We hail the era of their wish'd return,
Live on its joys, and with new friendship burn,
A sacred rapture animates the breast,
Giving to virtuous bliss the highest zest.

How dark and lone the narrow house appears,
The tomb to sense, impressive horror wears
Terrific silence constant vigils keeps,
While, mourning o'er the urns, reflection weeps!
There, undistinguish'd mortal men repose,
No more subjected to successive woes.
There, sweetly sleep the old, the gay the young,
Hush'd is each sigh, and silent every tongue.
Passions no more deform the peaceful breast,
For long, and unmolested is its rest.
Look where in one promiscuous heap they lay,
Waiting to hail the resurrection day:
For truth pronounces that they shall arise,
Press to new life, and mount the vaulted skies.
Mean time, attendant spirits hover round,
They take their airy stand wide o'er the ground!
While humbly in the hallow'd earth we sleep,
Celestial guard assiduously they keep!
And soft and balmy is the peaceful tomb,
By faith divested of each kindred gloom,
[126] For the Redeemer once descending there,
From its cold bosom banished despair.

How complicated are the ills of life!
How soon we sink unequal in the strife:

E’en pleasure oft produces heart felt pain,
Transient the bliss, while years of woe remain!
Accumulated evils blast each joy,
And ills successive ills, our hopes destroy.
Now for ourselves enanguish’d tears we swell
Corroding sorrows heart felt sighs impel;
Then o’er the globe our pitying gaze we throw,
While grief and sympathy impetuous grow:
The shafts which wound our friends, we deeply feel,
And oft we seek the stricken mind to heal;
But unavailing is the kindly glow,
Though copious floods of streaming pity flow:
With swiming eyes all impotent we stand;
Th’ ineffectual cordial in our hand.
Full well we know the general tie which binds,
The mystic cement of immortal minds:
Compel’d to weep, we mourn the common woe,
The marks of anguish stamp’d on all below.
Yet still by sensibility are led,
Though round our steps the wily snare is spread,
Before her fascinating shrine we bend,
And at her altars every hour attend:
Though pale and blasted is the wreath she twines,
And sharp the thorn her boasted bliss combines
We follow on, e’en to the opening tomb,
And madly welcome every kindred gloom.
Then what remains but that we supplicate,
The guardian angels that around us wait.
To shield our bosoms from impending woes
To grant the fortitude which truth bestows.
[127] To lead us on the melancholy round,
With gently looking resignation crown’d.

A sweetly melancholy bliss we prove,
As o’er the scenes of past delight we rove,
New worth attaches in the fond review,
While Retrospection to herself is true.

‘Twas there we chatted--on that bank we stood,
With placid eye the murm’ring rill pursud,
Beheld the little mounds by Nature rear’d,
The fragrant flow’rs so beauteous which appeard,
With every grass grown hilloc Lawn, or dale,
Blessing the richness of the genial gale.
As thus with growing pleasure we retrace,

Anticipation lends an added grace,
These heart felt joys we may reiterate,
And future blessings may on friendship wait.

As mid the dark and lonely shades of night,
The glow worms spread a transient gleam of light
Emitting, as they fly a lambent ray,
To guide the wanderer o'er the destin'd way:
Phantastic moving in the mazy round,
Now here, now there, the sparkling insects bound;
Till sinking in their night, darkness enshields,
And no soft ray its lustrous influence yields:
So lucid hope, with gently beaming light,
Dawns o'er the soul in robes divinely bright,
The wish all emulous, with virtue crown'd,
The distant prospects breathing pleasure round,
Gay expectation, fluttering as she flies,
Pointing her glance to yonder bending skies;
These swell the train of hope, and as they glide,
With golden influence in the breast preside;
[128] Gilding the morn of life--deceptive still,
Fluttering to please--but never to fulfill.
For pass an hour--and what alas! remains,
False visions prostrate--grief despotic reigns;
Hope with its airy circles is no more,
Darkly we stand upon this sea girt shore,
The blighting clouds of sorrow intervene,
And disappointment shuts the heavy scene.

Timidity too often blights that worth,
Which else might point the kindling beam of youth.
As some condensed cloud obscures yon sun,
E'er yet his steps of light have well begun:
Just so timidity the bosom veils,
And at its touch each splendid virtue fails:
Enwrap'd in shades the faculties appear,
Genius and talents shrouded features wear.

What though some minds are like the barren field;
Which to the hand of toil will scarcely yield?
No bright ideas, splendid visions there,
Nor fancy mounting her ethereal car:
Imagination torpid in its cell,
To deeds of worth no soaring thoughts impel;
Dulness and langour all their poppies shed,

And on the bosom sinks the drowsy head.
Yet, as the laborer breaks the fallow ground,
Industrious spreading golden plenty round,
So, if the task in earnest we assay,
Though mean the soil, it will the culture pay.

I join their prayrs who ceaseless supplicate,
The great, first Cause, of high impending fate;
Imploring that his universal love,
Mankind may know, and knowing may approve
[129] The widely echoing voice I long to hear,
To see the angel his right hand up rear--
And sware by that great name in which we live,
That time no more the changeful scene shall give!
Descend Celestial--cut the yielding air,
In the blue vault of yonder heav'n appear;
Prepare the way for that extatic sound,
Which wafts resuscitating tidings round:
The everlasting covenant proclaim,
The healing virtue of Emmanuel's name:
With solemn joy th' assembled World shall hear,
And in the general boon adoring share.
Auspicious area when the all powerful voice,
Shall bid the nations of the earth rejoice,
Chasing the clouds of guilt and fear away,
Hailing the dawn of God's eternal day.
Roll on ye seasons, spread the rapid wing,
And swift to view the blissful period bring,
When truth, imperishable truth shall rise,
And light refulgent stream along the skies.

As spirits mount the vaulted sky,
Soaring, when subtiliz'd, on high,
In airy circles wide conmixing,
Or in ambrosial dwellings fixing:
Just so the mind, disrob'd of care,
Skims the soft bosom of the air,
Delighted cuts the liquid way,
As innocence, and virtue gay.
Some massy wight has long opprest,
Ruling with iron care the breast,
An act which conscious duty knows,
With ev'ry hour more pressing grows,
Yet to perform we still delay,
Though swift the moments pass away;

While like a goad to every joy,
Reflection rises to destroy.
But resolution loans her aid,
And fancy'd difficulties fade,
[130] What e'er we will we can achieve,
Strength from exertions we receive,
Time to our purposes we suit,
We plan, conceive, and execute.
Until our enterprise complete,
Reflection lightly fills her seat.
Content resumes her tranquil sway,
And cheerful pleasures wing the day.

There is in Jesu's name a sacred charm,
Which can the mind of every fear disarm;
Drive melancholy from the labouring breast,
And give the agitated bosom rest.
What though the billows of despair arise,
Religious Phresny gloom the mental skies,
Yet, high enthron'd the God of ages lives,
And to his children countless blessings gives.
From him that vital principle we draw,
Which Men nor angels never can destroy;
True, while to this dark misty earth confind,
An Ignis fatuus[145] may delude the mind,
Yet o'er events the great Redeemer reigns,
And by his pow'r the Universe sustains:
His potent voice shall bid transgressions cease,
Seraphick truth--The harbinger of peace,
Shall burst resplendant on this lower world,
And to destruction death and hell be hurld.
Then where are tears--They shall not flow again
Adieu to sighs, to sorrow and to pain
Ransom'd and blest--the joys of heaven our own
We dwell forever near Jehovah's throne.

Strange that such multitudes round Tyburn[146] press!
What magick can the frightful scenes profess,
[131] When thousands crowd about the felon tree,
It is as we insulted misery!
I ask again, why do such throngs appear,
What is the indulgence to the eye or ear?
True Virtue from the painful view withdraws,
Leaving the Culprit to his Country's laws;
Abash'd from human turpitude retires:

Nor lights her flame at ignominious fires.
If she can soothe, on pity's wing's she flies,
Marking Calamity with tearful eyes,
Delights to act a healing angels part,
To calm the tumults in the bleeding heart;
Wide o'er the globe she would unwearied rove,
The utmost depths of dire affliction prove,
If human evils she might thus control,
And fill with joy the agonized soul.
But when alas! she cannot mitigate,
No hope remains--no room to supplicate,
When circumstances every aid deny,
She deems it insult to stand calmly by,
Humanity degraded!--from the sight,
She hasts to shield, though in the shades of night,
Far from the Malefactor turns her eyes;
Pitying the Miscreant justly though he dies.

Tis then the Monarch tow'rs above his race,
Then royalty emits refulgent grace,
When all amid the splendours of a throne,
That fragrant flower, benevolence, is blown.
When social Virtues swell the Sovereign's breast,
When with his smiles conspicuous worth is blest,
When humble merit glad admittance gains,
When justice, sacred justice, holds the reins,
When his warm breast all patriotic glows,
In his decrees when beaming mercy flows;
The Father of his Country when he lives,
In partial judgment when he always gives,
With steady hand the mighty balance holds,
And the result with equity unfolds.
[132] To rescue rectitude his general plan,
To raise and elevate the virtuous Man,
Exalting Probity, with brow serene,
Superior Genius of the blissful scene:
Tis then the diadem transcendent shines,
Tis then the laurel round his head entwines,
While we with glad alleigance lowly bend,
And with obedience every pleasure blend;
Reason and sense with veneration bow,
And every hour renew the scared vow.

Is there upon this fickle ball,
To vex the philosophick soul?

Calmly she fills her lustrous throne,
The joys of reason all her own;
True she may drop a pitying tear,
But resignation will appear,
Submitting to the will of God,
And smiling at the lifted rod.
That God who will transcendent rise,
Wiping the tears from humid eyes,
When evil shall no more appear,
But a new aspect all things wear.
And transient flits the present scene,
Nor future clouds shall intervene,
Refulgent bursts the rising day,
And all afflictions pass away.

O for an equal mind--a steady eye,
O for blest fortitude without a sigh,
To rise superior to this weight of woes,
This ruthless sorrow which unyielding flows.
Come heaven born equanimity descend,
And o'er this globe my way ward steps attend;
[133] Give me serenely each event to wait,
Give resignation to the strokes of fate,
Give me to smile upon the bursting storm,
Nor let despair my harrow'd breast deform.

Ungrateful those who peevishly declare,
That on this globe no heart felt pleasures are.
True, tis a dreary spot, and ills abound,
Darkness too often gathers all around;
Portending vapours cloud the atmosphere,
Nor sun nor stars to guide our steps appear.
But dawns the mental day--the shades depart,
And hope fresh blooming cheers the gladsome heart,
Events propitious upon all attend,
Some boast the bliss of love--and some, a friend;
Some rich in competence contented stray,
Along the rural walks, and flowery way,
Some seek the thronged streets, the busy Town,
And mid promiscuous scenes their sorrows drown;
Others, opprest by melancholy dreams,
Yet hail the dawn, when genial pleasure beams,
How high soe'er the tide of human woes,
Some little stream alleviating flows
How long so e'er possession is delayd.

Though hope, illusive hope, hath oft betray'd,
Yet still serene the distant prospects rise,
And expectation future joys supplies.

Were I to search the round of human woes,
The deepest ills which fallen nature knows,
And were my heart by enmity possest,
Her poison'd arrows rankling in my breast;
Were there on earth an object of my hate,
To whom I wished the severest fate,
[134] From Misery's Caldron seeking to select,
Corroding anguish, potent to afflict;
I'd give this hated foe a tender friend,
Whose beauteous form should truth and honour blend.
Combin'd with all the virtues that endear,
Gen'rous, and ardent, gentle, and sincere.
Affection should the strong bas'd union form.
Sacred as friendship, and as passion warm.
Then in some far remote, and lone retreat,
Where no blest visions the fond senses greet
I'd place him whom my ruthless hate pursu'd,
And while warm love his trembling soul imbu'd,
His wedded friend, on wings of duty borne,
By pow'r resistless from his bosom torn,
Should rove mid scenes by dissipation wrought,
With mirth, frivolity, and peril fraught.
While hov'ring round <u>his</u> melancholy couch,
Despair, and hope, alternately should watch;
Dire apprehension deeply wound his breast,
And jealousy an agonizing guest,
Squint ey'd suspicion flit before his eyes,
Tormenting Phantasies his soul surprise.

Now should he fear beneath the stroke of death,
His angel friend resigns her fragrant breath:
Anon she lives, but love no more inspires,
Friendship for him within her breast expires!
And when the long expected letter came
Pen'd by her hand, and gilded by her name,
Content should breathe in every happy line,
And rare felicity conspicuous shine!
While as the pages his red eyes retrace,
Ensanguin'd pangs bedew his glowing face,
His soul is pierced by relentless fate,
While round <u>her</u> footsteps wealth and power wait!

[135] Nor can he follow---Destiny controuls,
Fixing them distant, as the distant poles,
While, strange to tell--still wedded to the fair,
Strong love and jealousy his bosom share.
Yet, witness Heaven--I deprecate such woe,
Nor would I thus torment my bitterest foe,
The rancrous passions my full soul abhors,
And ‘gainst Malevolence incessant wars.

What big emotions swell a Parent’s breast,
How is the raptur’d soul supremely blest,
When the lov’d youth returns no more to roam,
Hailing with duteous love his native home.
From dangers, toils, and cares, perhaps he comes,
While every feature manly worth assumes:
By early virtue, and by valour crownd,
His deeds emit a beamy lustre round:
Circling his head the laurel wreath appears,
And in his hand a patriot sword he bears;
Unsully’d honour elevates his soul,
And truth and rectitude his breast controul.
Father of Men! can higher pleasures flow,
Or ought on earth sublimer bliss bestow,
Than that high lineag’d, rich parental joy.
Which claps matur’d and blest a darling boy?
He comes, and every nerve with transport thrills,
He comes, and every ardent wish fulfills;
From distant realms a Father’s call attends,
And urg’d by filial love before him bends;
The heart beats high, a tide of rapture flows,
And all a Father’s bliss transcendent glows,
With tearful transport the fond Mother stands,
And glowing extacy her soul expands;
Around her son, her folding arms she twines,
While with the Mother, all the woman joins;
[136] Deep are maternal joys and sorrows felt,
In tender sympathy our bosoms melt.
A Mother’s transports, who but she can tell,
What hopes what fears what griefs, what pleasures swell?
Our sex is formd for tenderness, and love,
While Man or sinks below; or towrs above:
Yet when the milder virtues grace the mind,
For high achievements, and for strength design’d,
When lofty spirits swell the kindred sigh,
Feeling the force of every tender tie,

‘Tis then we hail them great, and good, and true:
Protecting angels in our partial view.

To the lorn traveller, worn, fatigued and spent,
While on the distant goal his eye is bent,
Now this, now that appears the ready way,
While shadowing darkness clouds the visual ray;
Till chance, or Providence points out the road,
Which leads direct to the long wish’d abode:
He passes on, the towering spires appear,
And native hills their native beauty wear:
Just so the soul, by doubts and fears surcharg’d,
Wilder’d, and trembling, longs to be enlarg’d:
Yet o’er its views uncertainty presides,
With fluctuating light e’en reason guides:
It seeks for peace--yet knows not where to stray,
Dismay’d and lost amid the dubious way:
When low from orient chambers new born light,
Refulgent blazes o’er the tearful sight,
The atonement, rich in every splendid hue,
Rises all perfect to the raptur’d view!
See how it glitters in the genial beam,
Thence through the universe--a copious stream--
High on his throne God the Redeemer lives,
And to the way worn wanderer shelter gives:
The mind recipient with new being glows,
And faith’s bright vision all unclouded flows.

[137] To tread with cautious steps is well,
I would not on offences dwell,
To make allowances is good,
Neglect may be misunderstood:
Candour will ever hope the best,
Or if an error be confest,
Disgust forgetting at the shrine,
Of friendship fancy’d ills resign,
Spreading the veil of perfect love,
By truth design’d, by goodness wove.

How much to be prefer’d the honest joy,
Which art, with all her rules, can ne’er destroy;
Which breathes[147] prolific o’er the speaking face,
Yielding and dignifying every grace;
Which hastens unrestrain’d, with open arms,
And kindred bosoms with one rapture warms.

See how it kindles in the mantling flush,
Flowing undoubted in the kindly gush,
Nor need of words the welcome to repeat,
When every act with goodness is replete,
In every gesture when it copious flows,
And in each feature most transcendent glows.
How much to be prefer'd--such marks as these,
The soul of rectitude design'd to please,
To all the boasted forms by folly taught,
With forc'd grimace, and frothy nonsense fraught.

How sweet to stray the woods among,
To listen to the mellow song,
Of chaunting birds, on every spray,
While lowing herds at distance stray,
And bleating lambkins on the plain,
Sporting amid the shepherd train,
A fascinating contrast form,
And the full soul to rapture warm.
Here contemplation mildly soars,
Yon heav'n with searching ken explores,
[138] While inspiration spreads her wing,
And Bards enraptur'd touch the string,
The highest notes emphatic sound.
Wafting their songs of triumph round.
And wisdom with her magick spells,
To virtue all the soul impels,
Knowledge enkindling chastest fires,
Every glowing thought inspires,
Blest information from the breeze,
Whispering through the verdant trees;
And th' murmring grass grown rill,
Passing on, obedient still,
Amid its limpid run proclaims,
From whence it came, and where it streams,
Love Omnipresent--Love divine,
Bending in attitude benign,
Each way ward passion will controul,
And give devotion to the soul.

See each revolving day fresh changes bring,
While every hour some friend is on the wing,
In quick succession grateful they arise,
Then passing forward, claim their native skies:
Or if perchance upon this globe they stay,

From Country, and from kindred torn away,
Fate unpropitious to congenial souls,
Casts their hard lot as distant as the poles.
Or if relenting destiny appears,
And its sad victims meet, and mingle tears,
Yet e'er they can their mutual faith express,
E'er the while moments rise, empow'r'd to bless,
Events untoward darkly intervene,
And clouds terrific gloom the opening scene!
Again new conflicts grow--again they part!
And barbed arrows once more wound the heart.

[139] Retirement thy modest charms I love,
Reason and sense thy flowery walks approve;
Grafting contentment in the well turnd mind,
The joys of Virtue in thy haunts we find.
With thee we traverse the vast range of Man,
And in thy leisure all his actions scan,
The good before our view refulgent rise,
And vice condemn'd by its own practice dies.

What various characters in life arise,
How good are some, how genrous, and how wise,
Richly luxuriant their blooming worth,
Of every virtue the unfading growth.
Yet still some deleterious plant appears,
High in the breast its rampant head it rears,

In the research all human goodness fades,
The finest bosom has its lights, and shades,
Again, howe'er the soul by vice despoild,
Is of its crown of innocence beguild,
To crimes of deepest dye though it descend,
Yet with its life some latent good will blend;
Thus is the Deity by all confest,
His sacred image on the mind imprest,
Which though informal powers dire arts employ,
No machinations ever can destroy:
Still the Divinity triumphant lives,
And life unblemish'd in reversion gives.
Parent of good, great universal friend,
Thy condescending spirit deign to send,
Teach me to trace the virtues to their source,
To feel of rectitude the fullest force;
And when the bright assemblage I behold,

In some fair form refulgently unfold,
When worth exalted strikes my ravish'd eye,
Turning my gaze to yonder azure sky,
Lost [ ][148] the glorious emanation hail,
Nor in my pious homage ever fail.
[140] Mean time I mourn that on this cloud wrap'd shore,
The robe unspotted never can be wore,
Yet shadows pass, and I shall haste away,
Where radiant beams imperishable day.

As from some given space the ascending ball,
Received the motion which directs its fall,
And though this globe proceeds on rapid wings,
Attraction's laws the waving body brings,
To press the spot of earth whence it ascended,
How e'er so long its aerial range impended:
Thus we, but moulded of some finer clay,
Howe'er in circling rounds we thoughtless stray;
Though cloth'd in all the bloom of sprightly youth,
Charming as innocence--serene as truth,
Receive in birth the principle of death,
And must e'er long resign our vital breath;
Just like the ball our Mother earth embrace,
As leaves of Autumn fall--so drops our race,
While mid the scenes of life we gayly range,
Our each remove adverts to this last change.

Mean time, revolving days and months I see,
They all will pass, and I shall yet be free;
This tenement sleep sweetly in the dust,
My soul ascending dwell among the just:
With soft surprise death will my senses steel,
And I the woes of life no more shall feel,
On angels wings beyond its joys shall fly,
Cutting a passage homeward to the sky.

Yes there are passions which expand the soul,
And in our bosom energetic roll,
Which from the breast each base born wish forclude,
On whose warm glow [ ][149] thoughts intrude
[141] Which swell the heart to deeds of highest worth,
New lustre giving to immortal truth.
When meek eye'd pity in the breast enshrin'd
Sways by her gentle powrs the willing mind
Then sympathy on every thought imprest

In every genrous action stands confest
It paints the cheek celestial rosy red
And gives the movements by the graces led
It fills the eye with soft luxurious tears
While virtue in each humid drop appears
But when the kindly wish encircles all
When friends and brothers the whole race we call
Tis then Philanthropy celestial glows
Vast as her origin unbounded flows
Her influence pouring o'er the high born soul
Seraphick virtue, love without controul
Benignant vision--at thy shrine we bow
To thee perform the tributary vow
With solemn joy thy name to consecrate
Around thy alters with loud Paeans[150] wait.

As oer the wide Champaign I pass along,
Or stray the Woodland's pleasing haunts among,
The varied God in every path I view,
And with new joy his radiant steps pursue.
By him Ole Ocean's waves sublimely swell,
He condescends in every stream to dwell,
In him the flames of Etna[151] have their source,
He wields the light'ning in its forked course:
The vital spark that animating glows.
From him, the God of life prolific flows;
Gently he breathes in the soft ambient air,
And on the whirlwind rides from sphere to sphere;
The mountains rise to his omnific name,
And all their woods his forming hand proclaim;
The lowly Vallies winding in their round,
From him deriv'd, by him with fruit are crownd;
[142] The salutary viand he prepares,
The mellow pulp to rich perfection rears;
He scents with od'rous sweets the damask flow'rs,
Which strew the walk, or deck the fragrant bowers;
His libral hand alike on all bestows,
The good munificient which boundless flows,
And may his signet stampt on every breast,
That holy zeal by gratitude imprest.

Custom establishes her modes, and forms,
And against judgment habit often arms,
This pair of Despots rule with iron sway,
And more or less their mandates all obey.

And when their dictates with right reason square,
The garb of modest merit when they wear,
At the fair shrine of delicacy bind,
And with decorum every movement blend,
Then they appear effusions of the heart,
Nature promulgating the rules of art.

Say what we will of fashion, education,
Of prejudice or servile imitation;
Laugh at all forms, as they from whim resulted,
While in their birth Nature was not consulted:
Yet with the fibres of existence wrought,
A plan divine by every breath is taught,
Inborn it glows, else why do all obey,
If artificial, whence its gen'ral sway?
Yes these are principles by all confest,
Of reason and of sacred truth possest;
Order to Being the Creation brought,
The works of God are all with method fraught:
And in large characters on every breast,
A sense of right and wrong is deep imprest,
Thron'd in the soul God's own Vicegerent lives,
And plain, and pointed, are the laws she gives,
Taking cognizance as events arise,
A lighted beacon to the truly wise.

[143] When urg'd by duty, urg'd by love,
My wandering footsteps prone to rove,
Return to the paternal dome,
My dear, my infant happy home;
Pleasures ineffable surprise,
And tears of transport fill my eyes.
Parental joy, extactic theme,
How warm its glow--how bright its beam,
What blest sensations thrill my soul,
Arrived at the promis'd goal,
The rosy wreath by them entwin'd,
Around my brow my parents bind,
Hasting to yield the blooming meed,
By matchless tenderness decreed.
When shelterd in my native seat,
To innoncence a sure retreat,
A Father's bliss--a Mother's tear,
Their heartfelt raptures--love sincere,
Pleasures more exquisite bestow,

Than folly, or than mirth can know.

How oft we proudly boast the coming hour,
As we o'er time possess'd despotic pow'r,
Marking it down to this or that employ,
Resolv'd the golden moments to enjoy:
While o'er our heads the bursting storm descends,
And to the blast the air built fabrick bends,
The woes of time the destin'd moments wait,
And rapid fly the missive shafts of fate.

Give me the good which equity supplies;
Which is not follow'd by the widow's sighs,
Which makes no Orphan, severs no fond pair,
In which the hand of outrage has no share:
Which on industrious merit makes no claim,
Which in its progress blights no budding fame,
Which strips no gray haird of his last prop,
Himself just ready in the grave to drop;
[144] Which fills with tears no mildly beaming eye,
In one short word–Which breaks no tender tie.

As heedless by some heap we oft have past,
Nor once the eye of fixt attention cast,
Not dreaming that the diamond's splendid ray,
Is hid where heaps of gathering rubish lay:
Until investigating we pursue,
Turning the little hillock up to view;
When to the gem by brilliant beauty drest,
And rich in native splendour stands confest:
Just so, oft times, the Man of Genius lives,
While no kind hand the brightning polish gives,
His mind the natal seat of high born worth,
By Nature formd the child of radiant truth;
Is in the veil of life obscurely cast,
Collected in himself, his hours are past,
In clouds envelop'd, he neglected lies,
Nor effort makes, nor his light pinions tries:
Till in some social, sentimental hour,
The burst of thought, with energetic pow'r,
Impetuous blazes--while with glad amaze,
On the long latent spark we wond'ring gaze.
Delighting neath its native worth to bask,
And hasting to perform the Lapidary's task.

How sweet congenial sentiments appear,
Like musick's softest sound they soothe the ear;
When yielding bosoms in rare contact meet,
And sister spirits sympathetic greet;
Harmonious visions in succession rise;
And on the senses steal with glad surprise.
But if the principles in which they join,
(To form their base though truth and mercy twine)
In ancient creeds are deemed heresy,
And gainst their growth is rais'd the hue and cry,
If by the rude, the dictatorial breath,
Of the vain blaster they are doom'd to death;
[145] Then if some gentle friend his banners rears,
Rich in resources at their side appears,
To stem the mighty torrent greatly dares.
And in their hopes and fears contented shares;
The language of their faith resolv'd to speak,
The self same ardour kindling on his cheek;
Glow, as they glow, swell high the voice of praise,
And on Emmanuel's face enraptur'd gaze:
Then the soft bands of amity would bind,
The sister spirit the congenial mind;
And far retir'd to some enshrind recess.
Remote from haunts which head strong men possess,
Each social pleasure would in union meet,
With virtue, truth, and faithfulness replete,
For friends select, the little dome would throng,
Swelling to heaven the consecrated song,
And on the tablest of the tranquil breast,
The peaceful bliss of harmony imprest,
The joys of holy friendship wafted round
Bright treasure would with rosy truth crown'd.

I do not blame the sentimental tear,
Those swoll'n eyes which red with grief appear,
For when with ever blooming virtue fraught,
Our cherish'd friend was nearly faultless thought,
When fancy cloth'd him with unfading truth,
The fairest growth of high unblemish'd worth;
Enriching him with sentiments refind,
And gracing with philanthropy his mind;
Strip'd him of prejudice, and in its place,
Implanted candour beaming in his face,
Proclaim'd him liberal, generous and sincere,
Suffus'd his eye with pity's softest tear,

Discrib'd his wishes by no sect confin'd,
Great and unbounded as the march of mind,
That in his breast no narrow views could sway,
Enlarg'd and open as meridian day.
When thus prolific fancy, unrestrain'd,
Has oer the judgment the ascendant gain'd
[146] Glowing affiance stamp'd upon the breast,
On every faculty is deep imprest.
But ah! how painful to be undeceiv'd,
To yield the prospect we so fair believ'd!
Who but with sighs must mourn the fading scene,
Which yester morning rose as heaven serene;
The obscuring veil by accident withdrawn,
And the gay vision of its trappings shorn,
The ignis fatuus[152] we no more obey,
In clouds of mist it passesth far away,
But pierces in its flight the guiltless heart,
Which took, in the lov'd shade, so warm a part.

Before the throne that arrogance should bend,
And from its fancyed eminence descend,
Is surely right–Thus truth itself declar'd,
The way of meek eyd when it prepar'd.
The towering hills shall to the plains be brought,
And Vallies rise with blooming verdure fraught:
Mankind no more the lofty look shall wear,
But clad in sweet humility appear;
Each proud imagination prostrate fall,
And truth, refulgent truth, encircle all.
Then shall the humid eye forget to weep,
In God's own day eternal sabbath keep:
While the self righteous, self admiring host,
Stript of that consciousness, which was their boast,
Shall drop their towering views--their claim resign,
In God's own righteousness content to shine,
Gladly uniting with the faithful throng,
To swell of gratitude the endless song.

I view, and glowing raptures thrill my breast,
The growth of evils, once so deep imprest
[147] Parting from earth, to swift destruction hurld,
And white rob'd peace enzone the circling world!
Her baleful wings dark superstition spreads,
And in her train uncounted sorrows leads;
With her the ills of life are borne away,

And bright investigation pours the day,
The morning dawns–resplendant truth appears;
Her vivid colours blooming nature wears
The night of prejudice no more involves,
In reason's beam each misty shade dissolves;
The broad meridian of light is ours,
And gayly trip the rosy footed hours:
Darkness shall not again deep shadows rear,
Nor frightful spectres in her suit appear,
One cloudless Horizon the mind beholds,
Which far out spread, a boundless view unfolds;
'Tis Virtue's empire–blissful periods roll,
Her name we bless--and hail her just controul.
Encircling myriads throng her altars round,
With everlasting joy, and gladness crownd,
Peace smooths their brow, of every fear disarmd,
By broad philanthropy each bosom warm'd;
Faith lost in vision, radiant bursts the day,
And ransom'd nations crowd the destind way,
Love, universal Love, unbounded reigns,
Flows in each breast, and every heart sustains.

Mean time we mark with rapture, and surprise,
Where rag'd a foe, and ardent friend arise,
For Prejudice in Realms tartarean bound,
Refulgent Truth spreads all her glorious round.

My sick'ning soul from disputation flies,
And for tranquility my bosom sighs,
I would not in the wordy war engage,
Nor by opposing, swell the bigot's rage.
Yet if attention side long bent her ear,
And Candour sat as umpire in the chair,
[148] If to investigate the wish arose,
Which in the well turn'd mind spontaneous grows,
If gloomy doubts impal'd the falling tear,
The soul subjecting to the tyrant fear;
To calm the bosom I would then assay,
And point the trembler o'er the destin'd way;
The oil, and wine of consolation bring,
Seraphick truth, seraphick mercy sing.
But when malignant foes with scornful sneer,
Merely to cavil at my side appear,
Whenever such upon my hours intrude,
Howe'er insulting, clamorous, and rude,

Then, sacred silence, shelter'd at thy shrine,
The pride of victory I would resign,
Silence, 'gainst Malice, is the best defence,
A potent guard to virtuous innocence;
And mildness with blest fortitude replete,
The deepest machinations may defeat.

How faded looks the tearful eye,
How plaintive heaves the bursting sigh,
When by entreaties friends unmovd,
To intercessions deaf have provd.
With hope, high beating, forth we came,
Borne forward on its azure stream,
The illusive vision gaily flew,
And gladness in our bosoms grew;
We came assured to meet success,
For Amity delights to bless.
But ah! that dark contracted brow,
Vain the fond wish, the votive vow,
Our supplications lost in air,
Are traced only by despair:
While each warm hope dash'd to the ground,
Pale disappointment lowers round.
So fames the Voyager in life.
Unequal to the doubtful strife;
[149] Now expectation swells the sail,
He floats upon the buoyant gale,
Till sinking, mid this cloud wrapt sphere,
His glittering prospects disappear.

What principle the mind of that Man sways,
Who the sad sigh of grief delights to raise!
From what dark source his fiend like malice rose,
My strictest search could never yet disclose.
The savage breast which loves the gush of woe,
Quaffing the tears of anguish as they flow,
Can never light the torch of genial fire,
Nor the soft glow of sympathy inspire.
Some baleful passion darkly steels the breast.
Where Pity's melting form was ne'er imprest;
Pity belov'd by every virtuous soul,
O'er the rough bosom spreads her mild controul;
Weeping with humid eye the child of grief,
And hasting to bestow unsought relief.
Commiseration wears a sov'reign charm,

Which can despair of half its ills disarm;
Plant resignation–the rich bud of hope,
The paths of disappointment skill'd to slope,
The joys of friendship round the breast to bind,
Yielding complacence to the trembling mind.
Who glories in an indurated part,
And lives to wound the fond expecting heart,
Exulting much while waves of sorrow rise,
And glutting in the storm his ruthless eyes,
To the blest magick of sweet pity cold,
Was cast misshapen in lethargic mould:
Infernal demons in his breast must reign,
Who finds his pastime in another's pain:

[150] That all things change each fleeting[153] moment cries,
And, it is well, my passive soul replies,
Yea though fell evil, potent to destroy;
Corrosive blights the rosy face of joy:
Though mists, convolving mists, in clouds arise,
Impervious curtains thrown athwart the skies;
Though where the loves and graces gaily rose,
Enanguish'd sorrow all impetuous flows;
Though every pleasure passes from my sight,
Conviction lives–and I exclaim–"tis right–"
E'en though <u>ideal</u> bliss is now no more,
Nor joys terrestrial fate can have in store!
When dark the prospect in this mortal round,
The farther shore is still more radiant found;
The thorn but goads the weary traveller on,
And adds a wish that the hard race was run:
Each disappointment but unties a knot,
Yielding complacence in the common lot
Tis then that death assumes an angels guise,
When all around convolving horrors rise.
Mean time the specks of white are kindly giv'n,
And there are hours e'en here, we take of heavn;
One general truth both old and young confess,
The moments rise to curse–and rise to bless–
Progressing life in swift rotation flies,
And every joy, and every sorrow dies.
The coming hour some new event will bring,
While rapid time is ever on the wing,
Transient and changeful--none can tell how they,
Shall pass the month, the week, nor e'en the day,
Uncertainty inscrib'd on every breath,

We rush to life–we rush to certain death.

[151] When Passion wrests from reason's hand the sway,
Her lawless dictates when our hearts obey,
Confusion spreads terrific discord round,
And murdrous malice with success is crownd.
Passion the region of the soul deforms,
Enchanting beauty of its power disarms,
The Loves and Graces fly–a feverish train
Succeeds–and all the hell born furies reign,
Man is a Demon, seeking to destroy,
Assassinating every heart felt joy:
Urg'd on by wrath--nought can his course arrest,
Humanity is banish'd from his breast,
And if his strength were equal to his will,
He would the Universe with slaughter fill,
Mean time he acts the evils which he can,
Filling with deeds of death his little span.

How rude the face of disappointment shows,
From the lorn bosom chasing soft repose:
Far from the soul serenity she bears,
While fell disquietude her banners rears,
Regrets arise--and balmy hope is fled.
No starry prospects glitter o'er the head,
Disgust succeeds, where budded sweet content;
And the lone hours in sighs and tears are spent,
Gloomy and dark our future views arise,
When clouds involving shroud the mental skies.

Surely while struggling in this fallen state,
On which ten thousand imperfections wait,
With strict propriety the curtaind mind,
In its own breast its prison'd thoughts may bind;
With judgment oft, some mighty cause conspires,
Forcing the soul to light illusive fires,
And these are times, when a dark veil is found
[152] To spread the glow of sweet complacence round,
While undisguis'd sincerity perhaps,
A whole Community in discord wraps.
Their conduct then is worthy of applause,
Who o'er blunt honesty a polish draws.
If it assumes dissension's baleful face,
Looking confusion over half the race.
Such our depravity–so deep our fall,

That while we wander on this changeful ball,
Virtue unmixed with[154] the deforming tare
The aberrating soul can never share.
Or if perchance a radiant mind be found,
By heavenly innocence divinely crownd.
Where innate peace, and virtue love to dwell,
Open as day whose upright wishes swell,
Yet still to wear an undisguised heart.
Far from the haunts of Men it must depart,
Seeking the woods, the lone sequester'd shade,
Where no dark deeds the reign of truth invade.

This state of warfare I would fain resign,
Since dark events successively combine,
To rob my bosom of its well earn'd peace,
I would from this rude world forever cease.
My soul disgusted loaths the giddy round,
Where no enduring good was ever found:
To break my quiet friends and foes conspire,
Then let me from this mortal coil retire,
The wasting streams of ebbing life subside,
I was not formd to storm the swelling tide,
These adverse passions my lorn bosom tear,
And unremitted conflict who can bear?
But yet I live to tread this vale of tears,
Though to my eye no pleasing view appears,
[153] When shall this clay built tenement decay,
This spark celestial wing its trackless way?
When shall tir'd nature her long toil give o'er,
And this sick heart beat with warm life no more?
Methink I long to feel the hand of death,
The sure presage of my last parting breath:
When I shall mount to worlds beyond the sky,
And feel it bliss ineffable to die.
To soar away through azure fields of light,
All heaven opening to my raptur'd sight:
To meet attendant angels on my way,
Through walks of paradise with them to stray;
To hail the seraph form of each dear friend,
Who joyful on their airy wings descend,
Who round my couch with expectation wait,
My wish'd release prepar'd to gratulate,
Such scenes as these who would not sigh to prove,
To cut the thread and hast to realms above.

See native goodness spread expansive wing,
Ah! me! Who can its various beauties sing,
In vain I woo the muse, or tune the lay,
Due honours to its worth I cannot pay.
Ye sons of science boast howe'er ye will,
Triumphant virtue mounts the radiant hill,
In vain ye arrogate–The good Man's heart,
Stampt by his God performs the noblest part;
Learning cannot humanity create,
To form, and not to give, its efforts wait.
The kindly gush, the deep vermilion glow,
Sweet Charity with mild and copious flow,
The mind by rectitude divinely taught,
Awake to all the finer burst of thought;
Which views its pittance as the Wretch's claim,
Shunning with care the echoing voice of fame,

From the First Cause[155] its precious life receives,
From God alone its excellence derives.

[154] Hail spirit like thy origin benign,
Thy upright deeds of worth transcendent shine;
The peaceful walks of life are all thy own,
And to thy God thy virtuous acts are known;
Smooth are thy passions as the lucid stream,
Shedding like heaven the salutary beam.
Perish the thought that would thy bliss destroy,
Or rise ill boding o'er thy modest joy;
May disappointment blighting envy blast,
And malice be to shades of darkness cast,
Whilst thou, pursuing still thy radiant round,
Art with serenity triumphant crown'd.

Time, precious gem, how swift thy periods fly,
In vain we cast the retrospective eye,
For we can neer recall the fleeting day,
Nor prayrs, nor tears, the winged moments stay!
Yet on we pass the good unskill'd to prize
The gifts of heaven we lavish, or despise,
Strangely profuse years roll unseen away,
While we no homage to their exit pay!
Nor are the hours by sacred wisdom blest,
Nor by the forming hand of science drest,
The morn of life in pleasure passes on,
And Life's meridian is here–is gone–

Autumn enwraps--the silver hairs aris--
And boldly qestion–"Will ye ne'er be wise?"[156]
The dimpling smiles to hollow cheeks give place,
We bid adieu to elegance, and grace,
Chill winter in the human form appears!
Decripid age, and a dark night of tears.
Yet still we murder time–without concern,
The various methods eager still to learn,
To kill an hour with thoughtless hast we fly,
And smile delighted as the moments die.
[155] When Sickness every pulse pervades,
And life beneath its influence fades,
When guardian angels hov'ring round,
Busy about my couch are found,
My soul just mounting on the wing,
Then may no Priest my death knoll ring:
But sinking gently down to rest,
May Jesus triumph in my breast.

What strange capricious beings mortals are!
This hour they shun with most assiduous care,
Persons, and things, to which the coming day,
The homage of the heart they learn to pay.
Now they detest--anon they joyful hail,
And in a breath their mighty fabricks fail.
I know myself, who can unblushing say?
Pride and conceit our ignorance betray.
Oft we determine, and declare–We Will–
Yet ne'er perchance the fond design fulfil:
Created changeful as the winds of heaven,
Like waves, succeeding waves, by passion driven,
Vainly we strive a constant mind to bear,
Our resolutions but a puff of air.
Immortal love, immortal hate we claim,
Nought can extinguish the enduring flame,
We scorn the Wretch–with rageful tongue we cry,
And mercy, and its pleadings we defy:
Each refluent passion we will learn to steel,
And no more pangs our way ward hearts shall feel;
But circumstances swift events conspire,
Resuscitated hopes the bosom fire
[156] We meet as friends–familiar converse hold–
And social pleasures once again unfold.

Who says that Vanity confin'd,

Lives only in a female mind?
That Women bending at her shrine,
Alone confess her laws divine?
That we her gaudy triumphs swell,
There needs no magick art to tell,
Her arbitrary rule we grant,
But of its bounds conviction want
And till decisive proofs are brought,
However Lordly Man has taught,
We'll not allow a Lady's heart,
Makes up of vanity the chart;
But will protest her rule extends,
Till subject Man before her bends.
If dress decides–behold the fop,
And each illiberal censure drop.
High powder'd hair with scented snuff,
And every word an empty puff,
His kerchief wafting perfumes round,
With tinsel lace his beaver bound,
Senseless he shrugs at all he meets,
And ev'ry slanderous tale repeats.
Gold headed cane, with fancy knot,
What glances from his eyes are shot!
With bosom pin, and brilliant rings,
God's what italian airs he sings!
Sword scabbard debonair and fine,
Mincing he steps, or lolls supine,
In folly vers'd–on he proceeds,
Where e'er fantastic fashion leads!
[157] To affectation given o'er,
What Nymph terrestrial can do more?

How soft the bandage, and how light the chains,
When amity the wedded pair sustains,
Congenial souls–but ah how rare they meet–
With rosy peace the loves and graces greet,
Hymen conducts them to his blissful bowers,
Perfum'd, and dressd with never fading flowers,
The purple garland he delights to wreath,
Smiling propitious o'er the vows they breathe,
Enduring constancy around them blooms,
And sweet affiance every look assumes,
Virtue and innocence their bosoms share,
And guardian angels shield the happy pair
Augmenting Friendship stamps each hour

And fiends of discord fly the sacred bower.

Why sinks my soul–Why this regret
What ills uncommon have we met?
Suppose the elements engage
Fierce war against our peace to wage,
Suppose the ills of life conspire,
To quench of hope the lambent fire.
The sun serene will once more rise,
And we shall hail cerulean skies,
As time rolls on, and all things change,
In walks of pleasure we may range,
The good we wish is but delay'd,
Till we the forfeit tax have paid;
[158] Then let us lift the drooping head
While life remains hope is not dead
The common lot contented share
Resolv'd with fortitude to bear

When friends and foes together join,
In fatal league when they combine,
The barbarous war well skill'd to wage,
Potent in envy–strong in rage!
Tis then the wounded bosom sighs,
While peace, and hope, and pleasure dies:
Keen anguish harrows up the breast,
The soul by mighty ills opprest,
Views the shorn prospect with dismay,
The gathering clouds, the thorny way.
Resentment takes a vengeful stand,
And rules with a vindictive hand,
The mind a theatre becomes,
Where Discord management assumes,
Where deep despair performs a part,
Piercing with agony the heart,
Where passions powerful to destroy,
In embryo blights the promis'd joy,
Reason surrenders her bright sway,
And darkness wraps the mental ray.

O! that the Mind could self collected stand,
Its faculties, a firm triumphant band,
Rising superior to his little plans,
Who with invidious censure always scans.
[159] If we have not each latent cause beheld,

The motive which to action have impell'd,
We should relinquish the accuser's part,
Not daring to arraign another's heart.
A God Omniscient uncontrouled reigns,
And in due order the wide globe sustains,
To him belongs the all pervading ken,
The deep recesses of the haunts of men.
The creature should kind sympathies receive,
Nor e'er an unsupported tail believe,
With mingling mercy fellow mortals blame,
Nor with relentless hate pursue a name;
With holy rapture should unceasing trace,
Elucidation in Emmanuel's face.
The works of God, how e'er incongruous thought,
With wisdom, harmony, and truth are fraught,
And if mankind submitting to his sway,
Pursue with humble minds the righteous way,
The obedient passions will harmonic roll,
And not an adverse wish deform the soul.

Give me, sweet patience, at thy shrine to bend,
And with my passions all thy dictates blend.
May thy blest influence every movement sway,
And from thy maxims may I never stray.
O'er thy fair systems heaven born hope presides,
Endurance mild thy words and actions guides;
Thy humble fortitude my spirit views
And at thy shrine its glimmering torch renews,
Vast is thy pow'r, of most benign effect,
From fate's dark ravages thou canst protect!
Armed by thee, we suffer every ill,
As heaven directs, our duties to fulfil.
[160] Of all the virtues thee we chiefly want,
Propitious to our prayrs thy succour grant;
Thee we implore–extensive is our claim,
To suffer, to be human, tis the same,
With our first breath we raise the plaintive cry,
And as we learn to live-we learn to sigh.
Encreasing days, but add encreasing pain,
Till length'ning years augmenting woes sustain,
Then come sweet patience, o'er our souls descend,
And through each arduous scene our steps attend,
Give us submission to the Parent God,
Blest resignation to the lifted rod.

Yes, it is true, vicissitudes await,
On this precarious, this uncertain state,
And, as events, in dark succession rise,
The tortur'd bosom heaves corroding sighs,
Sad Retrospection mid the gloomy range,
Weeps, as it contemplates, each mournful change.
When we behold the hospitable door,
Shut to receive its founder's steps no more;
When thronging strangers occupy his place,
To the exclusion of his numrous race!
When low is laid the virtuous son of fame,
Nor in his hall is found his patriot name:
When to the grave his high rais'd hopes descend,
When to the woes of life his children bend,
To fortune born, to honour, and to state,
Now struggling with the rigours of their fate,
Tis then the ensanguin'd gush of pity flows,
And in the soul commiseration grows,
We hear their sighs, their mighty sorrows feel,
And in their names to heav'ns high Court appeal.

[161] There is an elegance–sweet child of ease,
A certain something, which must ever please;
A soft engaging manner, born of grace,
Refulgent beaming o'er the radiant face:
The page of Chesterfield[157] its worth defines,
It breathes prolific in his copious lines,
Yet, dark their hue–we give the volume o'er,
Its machinations fearing to explore,
Contagion hovers–deep designing art,
Deception, baseness, treachery of heart,
Which 'gainst the virtues all the graces arm,
Robbing sincerity of every charm;
Sapping the basis of connubial love,
Of wedded faith, which truth and peace approve.
But how I wander from my first design,
'Tis difficult ideas to confine
Formd to associate–martial how we will–
Amid the airy maze they mingle still.
I seiz'd the pen to sketch celestial hues,
Snatch'd from the breast which rectitude imbues,
To paint the virtue that endears the heart,
That beauty gives beyond the reach of art,
Blending the modest manners as they rise,
Simple as innocence; as prudence wise,

That can as good beyond its worth enhance,
And to importance trivial things advance,
To its Possessor guarantee applause,
Pleading with silent eloquence his cause,
Yes, radiant truth, by gentleness refind,
Commands and captivates the rapturd mind,
And when correct the tender feelings flow,
With friendship fraught when they responsive glow,
[162] And their allurements when the graces join,
They form a character almost divine.

Must I to gloomy superstition bend,
And all her fears, and all her horrors blend?
Must a tyrannic dream my soul molest,
With power despotic triumph in my breast?
Sure ‘twere a joy to scape this mortal coil,
The rugged passion which we painful toil.
To lay the weary body down in peace.
And from its weight of woes forever cease,
To feel its various ills perplex no more,
Dark phantoms flitting on this cloud wrapt shore.
Its fancy’d evils–its unreal good,
Its joys and sorrows through false opticks viewd.
And mid the walks of paradise to stray,
By angels wafted o’er the trackless way.
For me, I ardent wish to rest me there,
To bid adieu to unrelenting care;
To rise above this much enanguish’d clay,
And wing through distant worlds my wond’rous way,
To quit a scene with evil so replete,
My Saviour, my Almighty friend to meet.

I love those boundless, those extensive views,
Which glowing faith with bright’ning joy pursues,
By ties seraphick which connects mankind,
The wandering offspring of the eternal mind;
Tracing their origin to one great source;
However devious their eccentric course.
Which ne’er the mercy of a God confines,
Nor to perdition any sect consigns.
Happy the Man whose breast with friendship glows.
The milk of kindness in whose bosom flows,
[163] Whose hospitality, without a pause,
Home to his mansion the lorn stranger draws;
With decent joy who welcomes every guest,

And whose vast heart in blessing, is most blest;
Blessed indeed, thus gen'rous, thus benign,
With worth, transcendent worth, his actions shine;
Behold him hast to break the prisoner's chain,
To lead him forth to light and life again,
To wipe the tears from real grief that flow,
To stem the torrent of impending woe.
Close to the breast the balm of hope to bind,
To whisper peace to the benighted mind;
To point the soul to that auspicious day,
When sighs and tears shall all be done away,
When we shall spread the new embroider'd wing,
Commence our heav'n, and bliss unfading sing.

Lord, what is Man![158] How various and how weak,
What tongue with truth his eulogy can speak?
Borne on aspiring wings to day he soars,
With piercing ken the path of light explores,
Tomorrow, sinking from his lofty flight,
Wrapped impervious in the shades of night!
Now prudence his obedient bosom sways,
No way ward wish his upright heart betrays,
Anon, chaotic visions wildering rise,
Offended reason from the uproar flies,
Wild, and more wild, delusive fancy leads,
He follows on, nor ought his steps impedes!
O'er each licentious folly throws the reins.
Nor love of wisdom now, nor truth remains!
I'st possible–Is this the wond'rous Man,
Whose life was innocence–Whose every plan,
Based on virtue, bright compendiums stood,
Of what soe'er was beautiful or good?
[164] I said his mind by truth celestial taught,
With wisdom, peace, and harmony was fraught,
That reason plac'd refulgent umpire there,
Successful barriers against crimes would rear;
But disappointment flaps her baleful wings,
The Muse no more unclouded virtue sings;
Prostrate the son of rectitude appears!
And o'er my cheeks descend the falling tears
I mourn humanity, with humid eyes,
And from my bosom bursts spontaneous sighs;
In vain I seek to trace the latent cause,
Darkness a veil impenetrable draws.

Envy how blighting are thy baleful pow'rs,
Beneath thy influence fade the fairest flow'rs,
Thy breath contaminates, thy grasp destroys,
E'en at thy touch expire the brightest joys.
If heart felt pleasure lifts the cheerful head,
Or rosy peace is round a dwelling spread,
On rapid wings the hell born fiend descends,
And flapping o'er the dome portentous bends.
Her business is to scatter discord round,
To stab contentment with a mortal wound:
From the fair face of bliss to drink the smile,
Of every hope the bosom to beguile;
To fill the breast with apprehensive woe,
To bid a copious flood of sorrow flow,
In the bright soul with radiant honour fraught,
In innocence itself to point a fault.
In vain the virtues barriers erect,
No power on earth 'gainst envy can protect,
The Man howe'er by rectitude sustain'd,
A life of honour though he hath maintaind,
[165] From infancy by sacred wisdom taught,
With evry kindly glow divinely fraught;
Although discretion's never closing eye,
And all her watchful guards, be ever nigh;
Deforming envy blasts his purest joys,
And potent like the Basalisk[159] destroys!
Eternal mildew marks her baneful step,
While at her progress angels learn to weep;
Not e'en perfection her career impedes,
She murders first, and then insatiate feeds.

Tis wrong conclusions of Mankind to form,
To be for any side, or party warm,
In borrow'd hues appearances deceive,
An Ignis fatuus[160] while our hearts believe.
For holy truth tis righteous to contend,
And decent warmth with argument to blend;
But all things else are so precarious found,
With modes, and forms, so thick encircl'd round,
That final judgement, Reason, still suspends,
Nor speaks decisively of foes, or friends,
Until with deep research and piercing ken,
She penetrates the latent views of men.
Tis in some hour, when prudence lull'd to sleep,
Her vigils round the breast forgets to keep,

When the unguarded soul above disguise,
Before the eye of observation lies;
That if with unremitting care we watch,
Each bursting thought industriously to catch,
We may successfully each motive trace,
And, words, and deeds on a just basis place
But if we have not thus our judgments made,
We are by weak credulity betray'd,
Reports are vague–they ought not to decide,
Acts should be try'd, just as pure gold is try'd,
[166] For when opinions are as truths believ'd,
A reputation seldom is retriev'd;
And he upright, who equity obeys,
In whose fair bosom genrous candour sways,
Free to conviction ever open stands,
While broad philanthropy his mind expands.

What is there in this giddy round,
Worthy the name of pleasure found?
E'en the fantastic joys we boast,
By whims as trifling, oft are lost;
The soul disdains to take a part,
For modes can never reach the heart.
We dress, and for the farce prepare,
Performing with uncommon care;
And to importance thus exalt,
Nonsense, frivolity, and fault;
Bubbles of air we hugely swell,
And on their magnitude we dwell:
Fancy would paint her joys sincere,
Dilating in her gay career,
But all her efforts are in vain,
Her garish empire to sustain,
Reason will not her sway allow,
Nor at her shrine obedience vow,
Amid the throng compell'd she bends,
But censure with compliance blends.

I said tis bliss, if bliss on earth there be,
To set the soul from heartfelt sorrow free,
Yes, when we can the latent wish explore,
To the torn mind the balm of peace restore,
No purer joy the source of truth can yield,
Than such vast pow'r from misery to shield.
[167] To wipe the tear which trembles in the eye,

To teach the bosom to surcease the sigh,
To light the countenance with smiles of joy,
The glooms of apprehension to destroy,
Where late the ills of life triumphant rose,
And nought the mighty torrent could oppose,
Where frightful spectres met the trembling view,
Through the long range insatiate to pursue;
Where penury transforming power assumd,
New barbd each arrow, every prospect gloomd;
Then, then benign, like Deity to rise,
To act the God, who bounteously supplies,
Despair and anguish chasing far away;
Wide o'er the darkned mind to pour the day,
This, this is bliss, which ev'ry bliss exceeds,
Home to the bosom of our God which leads.

How vain and arrogant we are,
When we decisively declare,
That this and tother will take place.
And all things wear just such a face;
That some[161] events will never be,
While others we as plainly see.
That so and so it will turn out,
Such matters will be brought about,
That if such steps we mortals take,
Though we may opposition make.
The very thing we would not choose,
But would with all our pow'rs refuse,
Spite of our efforts will be givn.
Our humility Cross by righteous heav'n!
Yea weak is ev'ry fond pretence,
To date the hour, or say from whence,
The shafts of disappointment come,
Or where the joys of peace will bloom,
Scenes most unlike what we expected,
With latent causes are connected,
In which succession potent rise
And sorrow fills our streaming eyes,
[168] Prospects which dawn'd serenly gay,
In thick dark clouds may pass away;
While where we look'd for nought but care,
The moments may be bright and fair.
One thing is plain, we cannot tell,
What in the womb of time may dwell;
We may on present scenes dilate,

But cannot read the book of fate;
This instant only stands confest,
The next conjectural is at best;
Onward with doubtful steps we move,
Unfolding visions formd to prove,

And only this we ought to say,
As heav'n shall point we will obey.

**Acknowledgment upon the receipt of letters**

Hail blest Epistle–Heaven directed page,
Thy sacred truths my rapturd soul engage,
Rich with celestial hues, in fullest bloom,
Panacean[162] cure for every heart felt gloom.
Yea God himself inspird the high wrought line,
Religion beams transcendently benign,
The writer's heart by holy friendship bound,
With brightning faith, and confidence is crownd.

**Another**

As some rich Miser eyes his glittering store,
The golden treasures counting o'er, and o'er,
Exulting as those shining hoards encrease,
Which lull his cares, and give the balm of peace;
So on each page with raptrous joy I dwell
While to my gaze the copious parcels swell,
Augmented lines transmitted by my friend,
Which pleasure and improvement always blend.

[169] **Another**

Again the speaking pen I seize,
Fondly secure my friend to please,
Painting the feelings of my breast,
By sacred gratitude imprest.

**Upon a celebrated Warrior returning for a few months to the recesses of friendship**

Martial spirits clustering meet,
Guard the dignified retreat,
Crown with joy the hallow'd shade,
Seat for truth and friendship made.

There may reason fill her bowl,
Zested for the manly soul,
Sentiments by worth inwrought,
All the blooming growth of thought;
Love refin'd her chaplets twine,
Esteem and confidence combine:
For the moments hast away,
The blissful scene, however gay,
Flitting onward passeth o'er,
Peace and pleasure charm no more,
Echoing arms, and hostile rage,
All the Hero's soul engage.

**Written at a period of the American contest replete with uncertainty**

Now expectation reigns in every breast,
Suspense corroding, chases balmy rest,
Trembling inquietude all pale appears,
And Briton 'gainst our peace the battle rears!
Columbia's[163] sons, at this important hour,
Echo's the loud huzza for gallic pow'r!
While moderation, rising from her throne,
The wonted calmness of her bosom flown
[170] Girts with solicitude her peaceful brow,
And offers tremulous the ardent vow.
Dark apprehension broods along the plain,
Extending o'er the soul its sad domain;
The fearful contest every bosom swells,
To one grand object every thought impels;
Each moment still more interesting grows,
To aid our cause the nations interpose;
Bourbon[164] equips the fleet ordaind to guard,
Weapons of war from Albion's[165] race to ward!
English America, with France combind,
Discordant pow'rs in leagues of friendship joind!
While British squandrons hostile legions bear!
Rush to the field, and for the fight prepare!
Deep hid the great event–involv'd in fate,
While worlds impatient for the issue wait.
For ample realms our warring Chiefs contend,
And countless wilds our valorous hosts defend:
Vast is the theatre–augustly spread,
And broad the Circle which our heroes tread:
An Auditory Universe attends,
And with deep interest expectation bends:

A thousand pens uplifted wait to catch,
From dark oblivion's gulph events to snatch,
With laurel bays to crown the Gallic[166] name,
Or for Britania blow the trump of fame.
Mean time, great heav'n, permit a supplicant's prayr,
Who humbly prostrate, seeks thy guardian care,
Beyond myself one martial youth I prize,
From my lorn breast for him my wishes rise,
[171] O spare a brother[167] mid the deathful field,
O'er his young life out spread thy sacred shield;
The path of honour give him to pursue,
To keep the radiant eminence in view;
And if his manly form no more I meet,
My early friend no more with rapture greet,
If on this ball, amid this cloud rapt sphere,
No more my youthful warrior shall appear,
May Cherubs chaunt a requiem to his soul,
Descending angels every pang controul,
To realms of light refulgent be his path,
In his right hand the radiant torch of faith.

**Upon the Dread of Death[168]**

What art thou death–and why this dread impressd,
On the believer's–on a Christian's breast?
Didst thou not lose thy sting–pale tyrant say,
When the Redeemer washd our crimes away?
Since he descended to the silent tomb,
The grave with living verdure seems to bloom,
I hail it as some odoriferous bed,
Since there my God reposd his sacred head;
And when he burst the barriers of the grave,
Refulgent light proclaimd him strong to save.
Then rise my soul–on faith's broad pinions rise,
And seek thy native home beyond the skies,
In thy Creator's image thou wert made,
And in his robe of righteousness arrayd,
Canst thou behold the God ascending high,
Believe the record, and yet fear to die?
Why trembling Nature shouldst thou thus recoil,
Why thus attach'd to this rude barren soil?
[172] Why shrink appal'd from the deliverer death,
Why fear to lose this lingring, quiv'ring breath?
True, most august the Sire of worlds appears,

True, rectitude the heavenly aegis bears:
But mercy, radiant mercy, gems his throne,
With all her mildly beaming beauties on,
And God our great Almighty Father reigns,
Our Nature shields, and radiant hope sustains.

**Morning of the 7th of September 1778**[169]

See the concomitants of baleful war,
Famine, and pestilence, and wild uproar!
Mark how they hover o'er Columbia's[170] head,
Mingling her heroes with the mighty dead!
Portentous omens with terrific glare!
Stamp on the breast the horrors of despair!
War, desolating war, stalks oer the land,
And in his ranks appear a murd'rous band;
They shake the leaden spear and death pervades,
At whose dire touch undaunted valour fades!
The hostile grounds by slaughter covered o'er,
Mountains and vallies reek with human gore!
While agonized shrieks, and groans of death,
Torture the air and swell the lingring breath.
Dire is the scene, with various woes replete,
When rage and malice they insatiate meet.
Look down great God, our wandring steps explore,
The golden hours of harmony restore,
Give dark suspicion, baneful bird of night,
Far from our plains to wing its distant flight,
To climes congenial, some chaotic shore,
Where it can vex this younger world no more:
[173] And when each hour shall be with concord crownd,
When laughing confidence looks gaily round,
Contentment will advance her fair domain,
And peace unrival'd o'er our borders reign.

**September 12. 1778**[171]

Said I not so–bliss was to pain ally'd,
Twas true, experience many a proof supply'd,
Day after day I mourn'd my hapless fate,
Sinking beneath oppressive sorrow's weight;
While streaming tears bedewd my faded cheek,
And language faild my many woes to speak:
Inly I sigh'd o'er each protracted hour,
And felt of apprehension all the pow'r.

'Twas for a brother's precious life I feard,
Against whose youth a veteran host appeard,
Rumours of death borne on the heavy air,
For dire misfortune bade my soul prepare,
Veild from my sight his glorious career,
No tidings of my soldier reach'd my ear;
Perhaps inhumid in some hallow'd tomb,
His laurels wither in their early bloom,
To guard my life no more a brother lives,
Death many a vital stab to friendship gives.
Thus my forboding mind sad vigils kept,
For her long lov'd, her wand'ring warrior wept,
At terrors shrine subdued reason bent,
And to imperious omens credence lent.
Thus days past on, till with glad tidings fraught,
The copious page was to my Father brought,
Now tun'd to joy I bid adieu to care,
Another face my glowing prospects wear,
My Hero lives, nay more, he home ward bends
And with his name the well earn'd laurel blends
[174] Sweet expectation elevates my mind,
I give my sorrows to the passing wind.
Thus pain and pleasure with alternate sway,
Rule in the breast and vassal hearts obey,
We shrink all sensitive from grasping pain,
But pleasure rises, and we smile again.

**To a Friend**

Go faithful page and to my friend convey,
The strong emotions which my bosom sway;
Say that the torch of Virtue brighter burns,
When to the beams of sacred truth it turns:
Say that when friendship animates my song,
To him the consecrated strains belong;
Go with propitious providence thy guide,
May no mishap thy destin'd voyage betide.
Blow swift ye breezes, spread the ready sails,
Rise to my aid ye oriental gales,
Across yon Ocean waft my letter o'er,[172]
Convey it safe to yonder sea girt shore,
Then push it onward o'er the destin'd way,
With rapid speed, as it rejoic'd to pay,
The votive tribute of a faithful mind,
Rich wreaths of gratitude which hasts to bind.

**Acknowledgment of letters**

Yes, Edwin yes–rich is the mental treat,
With wisdom, truth, and harmony replete,
Thy pages are like thy own creed benign,
And virtue breathes in every speaking line.
The Christian fervours to thy breast belong,
Live in thy sentiment, and swell thy song,
[175] And while its elegance proclaims it thine,
Proudly I cry the Writer too is mine.

How say they Repetitions always tire?
Truths thus confirm'd the brightest hopes inspire,
And as the lengthning line of friendship flows,
My gratitude more energetic grows.
Anticipation gives the pulse of joy,
Those viewless pleasures which can never cloy.
Cheered by sweet hope, the humble village swain,
Hails the bright sun that swells the golden grain,
Chaunting with new delight his matin lay,
Rejoicing in the <u>oft</u> <u>returning</u> day:
The blue serene–the wide expanded sky,
The all resplendent orbs that roll on high,
The verdant earth, the copious showers of rain,
Prolific life–the vegetable train,
These <u>frequent</u> blessings still command his praise,
He lives to love, to wonder, and to gaze!
Yes though my Edwin on our plains appears,
And the glad thought my glowing bosom cheers,
Though he returns to bless the happy few,
Benign as friendship, and as virtue true,
Yet still I glory in each added line,
Recount the treasures, and pronounce them mine;
Well pleas'd to mark in every breathing page,
What o'er my best affections can engage,
And conscious of my rich encreasing store,
I trace each varied beauty o'er, and o'er

If I possess'd such pow'rs as you say,
The votive tribute ever fond to pay,
Each line should speak the transport of my breast,
In your attachment most supremely blest.
[176] Yes I would give the sacred rapture way,
Rejoicing mould the energetic lay,
Inspir'd by friendship all its virtues tell,

On its high worth with new born pleasure dwell,
And as I read, with answering warmth pourtray,
The kindred feelings which my bosom sway.
Your excellence in various view to show,
In fairest order rang'd my words should flow;
Then every grace would dignify my song,
Around my verse the clust'ring virtues throng,
Well skill'd to polish, elevate, complete,
With sense, and elegance, and truth replete.
Vast as thy merit my emphatic theme,
While glowing gratitude, with pow'r supreme,
Smil'd o'er the scene, exhalting every thought,
With spotless rectitude divinely fraught.
But ah I feel unequal to such praise,
The dear partiality of these rich lays,
My every faculty, my language fails,
And o'er ambition humbling truth prevails.

Arise my Muse, and come along,
Come raise the high seraphick song,
Expand thy wings, and soar away,
With thy own genius fond to stray;
Behold him seize the speaking pen,
Mark well the place, the season when,
'Twas in a stable, by his side,
The beasts in sullen silence stride;
Wide o'er his head fierce Boreas[173] blows,
Loud, and more loud, the tempest grows,
The angry heav'ns in darkness clad,
As yonder sun our system fled;
[177] But while succeeding clouds impend,
And heavy rains in floods descend,
Devotion kindles in his breast,
By early piety impress'd:
In such a place was Jesus laid,
While gathering sages honours paid,
And he for shelter hither come,
Amid the fierce descending storm,
Prostrates before the dying God,
Who all the depths of misery trod.

Thy visions steal o'er my obedient soul,
Hush every passion, every wish controul,
Thy native elegance, thy native ease,
Bestow attractions that must ever please.

The muse tis plain attunes thy honied tongue,
Then why is her melodious worth unsung?
Why, though she moulds each rich harmonious thought,
And the smooth strains are with her language fraught,
Thus undistinguish'd is her various song,
Unmark'd amid a dull prosaic throng?
Why, dearest Edwin, thus her charms enshroud,
By words, unmeasurd words, her beauties cloud?
Vain is the attempt, shouldst thou no numbers give,
Inherent loveliness must ever live,
Her potent pow'rs, thy art cannot conceal,
And each impressive page will still reveal,
That thou art aided by the tuneful vine
And that the flowers of Helicon[174] are thine.

The riddles of your page I oft retrac'd,
In various lights the fancy'd viands plac'd,
Yet all unconscious saw the table spread,
And of its sumptuous fare astonish'd read!
[178] What! fourteen dishes–with surprise I cry'd!
Sure he, of eating fame, the feast supply'd:
What ails my temperate friend–trembling I said,
Is not sweet health by luxury betrayd?
And as I saw thy eager ken explore,
Counting the varied covers o'er, and o'er,[175]
From thy fond grasp the blooming goddess flew,
While thy fine features wore a bloated hue!
But passing on the added lines I sought,
When fancy, with elucidation fraught,
Enwrap'd me round–thou seizdst the whole repast,
And thus aside the mystic veil was cast;
The enigma stood confest–I clearly knew;
From whence my Edwin his pure pleasures drew,
My various subjects are in figure prais'd,
And on their base an airy structure rais'd,
Mental enjoyments cannot sate the mind.
Unfading are the blooming wreaths they bind.

**On conversing with a person whose opposition to the plan of redemption was indecently bitter**

How fierce the wordy war, how dark the rage,
When ranc'rous passions 'gainst the truth engage.
Malice, and envy in conjunction rail,
Twin born of hell, the Christian faith assail:
Unyielding prejudice with tongue of fire,
And bigotry malignant as its sire,
These fiends of discord in strange union stand,
Unnatural compact of a motley band!
'Gainst the Redeemer murd'rous weapons aim,
While with a kiss they stab his sacred name!
When thus the infernals in full league combine.
And superstition forms the maddening line,
[179] Wild is the uproar–dire confusion leads,
And peace, at every pore, transfixed bleeds;
Beneath the storm the trembling spirit bends,
While no strong arm the righteous cause defends.
Rise, glorious Lord, o'er the benighted race,
The banners wave of thy resplendant grace,
Thou wilt–for so long since thy word declar'd,
Thou wilt–though the due time be yet defer'd.

**Friendship**

Yes, virtuous friendship dignifies the heart,
Strong are its pow'rs, and luminous its art;
The richest hues cannot the soul pourtray,
Where perfect friendship bears unrival'd sway;
Ameliorating every bursting thought,
With truth, and tenderness, and pity fraught.
We may by steady, unremitting care,
Collect in some recipient the air,
May trace it or condens'd, or rarefy'd,
Compressed now, and now dilated wide,
Yet will its essence human search elude,
Though by the philosophick eye pursu'd,
Still the pure ether from the gaze retires,
While its effects the wondring soul admires:
So when the fine sensations we would show,
That in the breast of holy friendship glow,
The attempt is vain–language is impotent,
Though their vast pow'rs, assisting seraphs lent.

**On remarking the general admiration with which a favourite youth beheld the sex—**

So have I seen hopping from spray to spray,
A feather'd Warbler chaunt his time away,
[180] Now this, now that attracts his fickle sight,
Now here, now there he wings his vagrant flight;
Inconstant still his airy circuit makes,
The tulip now, and now the rose forsakes,
Then spreads his plumage of commixing dyes,
And lightly skimming into the azure skies.
Tis thus Orlando[176] scaping all controul,
By love and nature twined round my soul,
Wanders unfix'd, from blooming fair, to fair,
While the sweet rivals leave him free as air.
Now a fine face his better judgment charms,
And[177] on each mental grace his bosom warms,
Then icy prudence takes the careful lead,
And gold, persuasive gold's his nuptial creed!
But not congenial to his gen'rous mind,
Visions of avarice disperse in wind,
The glittering toys possess no lasting hold,
The bird disdains the earth, and he the gold.
Yet changing still, he marks each beauteous Maid,
Who moves majestick o'er the verdant glade,
Till martial glory, clad in streams of light,
Transfers the Hero to the distant fight.

**Soliciting the judgment of a friend**

To thee my candid friend I make appeal,
Tis thou must fix thy approbating seal,
Or to oblivion my fond hopes resign;
This mighty task, by my free will, is thine.
Read with a critic's eye the work I send,
By my best talents every line was pen'd,
Let no false tenderness thy taste betray,
But pour o'er every fault refulgent ray;
Give prepossession to the fleeting winds,
Fond prepossession which the judgment binds.
[181] Let understanding fill the chair of state
And be immortal truth my advocate
From wise discernment let thy verdict grow
Thy justice, not thy friendship let it show.

**To an english gentleman who informed me of the death of Lord Chatham[178]**

And is he gone! Thy Albion sun no more?

That star which taught e'en royalty to soar
Diffusing wide its bright benignant rays,
And towering far beyond the reach of praise!
I know, so life's vicissitudes impel,
That o'er his disk an opake shadow fell:
As this terragneous globe amid its way,
Eclipses in its course the orb of day;
So clouds condensed unpropitious rose,
Blighting as envy–dark as human woes;
The virtues of the statesman seem'd to wane,
Unsully'd rectitude to wear a stain!
Yet greatly he emerg'd, radiant as truth,
His coronet the badge of peerless worth;
It borrowd lustre from his mighty mind
Where no ignoble views could shelter find.
Still independent, his aspiring soul,
Submitted not to faction's rude controul,
The publick weal his matchless pow'rs engag'd,
With Albion's foes unceasing war he wag'd,
His was the arduous all important task,
From vice, audacious vice, to tear the mask.
An undivided empire he maintaind,
And o'er obedient hearts triumphant reign'd;
Columbia's friend–his patriotic breath,
Her rights proclaim'd, e'en in the grasp of death,
Historick truth to latest time shall give
His splendid life–and bid the virtues live;
[182] Recording how the well poiz'd scales he held,
The sword of government how skill'd to wield.
With mind erect those mazy windings trod,
Which lead to wisdom, and to wisdom's God.
And, said my friend that he existed not?
His influential life, and fame forgot!
No, surely no–He fills a higher sphere,
And thronging seraphs in his train appear,
Soaring refulgent to that blissful shore,
Where disembodied spirits truth explore;
Where in succession countless wonders rise,
And the vast Universe the theme supplies.

**After assisting at the funeral rites of an amiable young friend**

And now, sweet Maid, we've sigh'd our last adieu,
Though thou wert lovely, modest, mild, and true,

Yet in the grave thy seraph form is laid,
And the last solemn rites to thee are paid!
What though benevolence adorn'd thy face,
Replete, besides, with every female grace;
In vain thy beauties, fond affection seeks,
Lost is the lustre of thy faded cheeks!
The envious shroud, and death's long dreary night,[179]
Wraps thee forever from our mournful sight!
Then I will quit the tomb, thy hallow'd urn,
To brighter worlds, and brighter visions turn,
Will trace, to bow'rs of bliss, thy early flight,
And mix with thee in copious floods of light;
The torch of faith will gild the destin'd way;
Will point thy image in the realms of day,
Celestial visions o'er my senses fling
While heavenly minstrals notes seraphick sing,
[183] Echoing melodious through the paths of sound,
Aerial strains of musick floating round.
Thus shall unwavering faith my spirit cheer,
Before the throne of God till I appear.

**An Elegiac attempt on the death of a friend**

Peace rest thy innocence—in realms of light,
It will resume its robe of spotless white:
Sublime pursuits will elevate thy soul,
Refulgent truth, thy pole star, and thy goal.
To distant worlds I trace thy rapid flight,
Seraphick visions burst upon thy sight;
I mark thy sacred joy, thy young surprise,
While passing homeward to thy native skies–
The well earn'd trophy of redeeming blood,
Snatch'd from the depths of an engulphing flood.
A lucid veil around thy form is thrown,
Thy name, thy claims, thy destiny are known,
Attendant angels guard thee on thy way;
Shaping thy passage to the realms of day.
Aspiring to behold the face of God,
Thy gentle spirit left its earth borne clod;
And see, embodied by enfolding rays,
The God of glory meets thy wondring gaze!
While at his feet thy starry crown is laid
And thy heart's homage most devoutly paid
The source of Being, though in clouds enshrin'd,
Unnerves, and dazzles, the enfebbled mind,

But mark the God–in accents mild he speaks,
While high immortal beauty paints thy cheeks
Whence comes my daughter–why these trembling fears,
Why is thy visage wet with humid tears?
[184] And as he speaks his wide out stretched hand,
Implants the joys in heaven which expand;
The touch of Deity new vigor gives,
And in the bosom holy rapture lives.
"I come" she cries "from yon bleak dusky ball,
"I come, obedient to the heavenly call,
"Deformd by error though the deathless mind,
"In fleeting scenes, could fleeting pleasures find,
"Yet "cloth'd upon"[180] in Jesu' finish'd robe.
"I look'd beyond my natal, cloud wrapt globe,
"With calm affiance viewd my wedding dress,
"Inwove by mercy, peace, and righteousness;
"See! Sire of worlds! the creature thou hast form'd!
"By thee to virtue, to existence warmd,
"Clad in that rectitude thy life inwrought,
"My gladden'd soul is by thy teaching taught,
"And those remaining tears that silent stray,
"The recent feelings of my soul betray,
"For from dark shades my wandring spirit come
"Still wears the semblance of remember'd gloom."
She said, while angels and arch angels heard,
Circling the throne of light where they appeard,
When the Creator with benignant voice,
Bade her emancipated soul rejoice.
"Welcome my daughter to thy native skies,
"Child of my love--" the blest Redeemer cries,
"Hush'd be thy sighs, thy tears are wip'd away,
"Born to inhabit never ending day,
"Long have I mark'd thy humble confidence.
"Thy torch of faith, the Christian's sure defence,
"In paths of sorrow thou hast patient trod,
"Own'd by thy Saviour, by the Father God,
"But the dark scenes of time afflict no more;
"Grief never reaches this sky cinctur'd shore";[181]
[185] Oblivion o'er thy glowing mind shall rise,
In whose embraces sad remembrance dies:
While Retrospection each past pleasure gives,
And dear to memory, every virtue lives;
In sacred Bowers thou shalt, enraptur'd rove,
To mediate, admire, enjoy, and love;
Anticipating that auspicious morn,

On rosy pinions, with new pow'rs born;
Which wafts thy kindred from abodes of clay,
To light, and life and everlasting day;
Crown'd with the Chaplet which thy love prepares,
Who e'en in heav'n thy blest remembrance shares,
With thee the brightning paths of light shall trace,
Refulgent beaming with unbounded grace.
Yes sainted shade, thy track we shall pursue,
As thou wert human, as our God is true,
Like thee transfer'd to his Almighty hand,
Where sacred pleasures evermore expand,
Imperishable joys successive rise,
While the vast source of bliss new streams supplies.
Thus restitution hails the Creature Man,
Thus bas'd by justice, is Jehovah's plan.

**An Hypothesis**

Last night unpleasing visions round my head,
In horror clad, their baleful influence spread!
Spectres most ghastly rose before my view,
And every moment more tremendous grew!
Appall'd! I shudder'd at the fearful sight,
And blest the beam of slow returning light.
Say sacred Muse, whence the portentous dream,
When, lost to reason, the rapt senses seem?
[186] Might not the spirit prison'd in her cell,
On some seraphick prelibation dwell?
While her career a short suspension knows.
Why seeks she thus to add to human woes?
Why not unfold her broad expansive wing,
And future hopes in strains immortal sing?
Why not delight to give the burst of thought,
With all the treasurd stores of wisdom fraught?
Reflection luminous darts o'er my mind,
While Reason, harbinger of light design'd,
Throws back the clouds and with pervading ray,
Pours from her orb illimitable day:
Reflection, as a mental mine appears,
And industry its golden treasures shares,
Come then, investigation, hither bend,
And with thee let refulgent truth descend.
The soul, encumber'd by a mass of clay,
Stoops, reason saith, through the revolving day,
To the debasing claims of earth born care,

And in each wayward passion takes her share,
To various offices perforce submits,
Now stands, now walks, and now inactive sits.
But when deep slumbers wrap the body round,
No longer by these clay forg'd fetters bound,
Glad of the respite, free from every load,
She speeds away to some divine abode.
On out stretch'd wings renews her latent fires,
And freely in her native air respires.
And as attraction sways the natural world,
Or dire confusion o'er our globe were hurld;
So, by some secret law, as yet untaught,
Back to her post the fugitive is brought,
[187] Compelled every well known task resumes,
Glows in the eye, and in each feature blooms.
Nor can the unfolding senses greet the day,
Till animated by her genial sway.
And mid the febrile hours of morbid night,
A viewless instant points her rapid flight.
But while abroad the deathless wand'rer strays,
A thousand giddy gambles folly plays.
The breast a theatre for sport becomes,
Where each buffoon his mimick part assumes;
Fantastick sprights the motley scenes display,
While mirthful fancy, unreservdly gay,
Laughs as she paints–till baleful spectres rise,
And a dark group the infernal fiend supplies;
Then passions all tumultuous swell the breast,
Assassinating the fair hours of rest.
Alternate visions thus chaotic rise,
Now sink us low–now mount us to the skies.
But when our guardian angel deigns to fill,
The empty void–and heavenly truths instill,
Visions seraphic flit before our sight.
Cherubick forms enrob'd in spotless white,
Successive images of bliss arise,
Till the <u>returning</u> spirit deeply sighs,
For that celestial world, her native home,
Where joys eternal shall for ever bloom

**On the sudden death of a friend**

Yes he is fled!–Where, we cannot explore,
Nor Men, nor angels can the dead restore.
Could we accelerate the destind day,

Or snatch but one elucidating ray,
[188] One glimpse of better worlds, beyond the sky;
The pierced bosom would surcease its sigh,
The transient ills of time serenely bear,
Nor think its disappointments worth a tear.
Yes, the blest prelibation, arm'd with pow'r,
To smooth, and gild, the heavy, woe fraught hour,
Life's glittering bubbles with indifference view'd,
Futurity on wings of hope pursud,
To time and death we should superior rise,
Nor seek a resting place below the skies.

**Despairing of a friend's restoration**

See where sweet hope on out stretch'd wings hath fled,
While fell despair uplifts its hydra head!
A melancholy silence broods around,
Death hovers o'er, with gloomy triumph crown'd!
Affection weeps, and the big stream of woe,
Adown the cheek pursues its biney flow.
In vain abroad the tearful eye is thrown,
Fond expectation from the bosom flown,
No bright'ning rays the sorrowing breast illume,
But frightful spectres fearful powrs assume.
Yet meek ey'd patience o'er the sick presides,
The torch of faith through the dark valley guides,
Gradual the passing scene to light gives place,
And death assumes a fair cherubic face!
She hasts where spirits rosy health inhale,
Where zephyr breaths a mild salubrious gale,
Where peace and order rule withe genial sway,
Where Jesus sheds invigorating day,
With pow'r Omnipotent benignly reigns
While mercy, based on truth, his shroud sustains.

[189]

**Reluctantly taking a journey**

In vain for resolution I assay,
The journey still appears a dreary way,
Ill health combining, every sense alarms,
And e'en variety no longer charms.
In vain I strive the latent fire to fan,
To blend enjoyment with the little plan,
A crowd of busy triflers rise to view,

Torment my hours, and all my steps pursue:
The motley group my soul could never bear,
It turns disgusted from the well bred stare;
Frolick will mark the circles I approach,
And why should sorrow on their joys encroach,
Mirth, jovial mirth, in festive smiles array'd,
Loves not the grief worn face, the cypress shade,
No bosom in my deep regrets will share,
For heavenly sympathy will not be there,
Pleasures will from the child of sadness fly,
Spread their light wings, or in the contact die![182]
Yes it is wrong, like a black cloud to come,
Where new born raptures every moment bloom,
Much rather let me o'er my suffrings brood,
Than thus ill boding, o'er young hope intrude:
Yes I will be a Miser of my woe,
The whelming torrent shall in secret flow;
No genial throng shall witness my distress,
Nor on the sacred rights of sorrow press.
Yet still my friends insist–I must depart,
Nor thus, submitting to a wayward heart,
With pale ey'd melancholy pass my days;
Nor one fair Altar to contentment raise.
Sweet health, they say, will meet me on my way,
And rosy pleasures in my bosom sway!
[190] Well, well, reluctantly my spirit cries,
Take me, dispose of me,–Ye mighty wise,
Officious as ye are–I know your love,
And peevish though I am, I must approve,
To strong affection gratitude is due,
Its dictates, not my own, I will pursue.

**Mr Sewall[183]**

Sewall thy honesty I love,
And all thy virtues I approve;
I know thy mighty pow'rs will give,
Through latest times thy fame to live;
With ancient bards enroll thy name,
Like theirs thy Muse, thy lays the same.
Not thy own Ossian[184] sweeter sung,
Nor more harmonious his tongue,

Not higher his vast Genius soar'd,
Great Nature's haunts though he explor'd,
Beyond the bounds of science stray'd,
The minstrilsey of heaven his aid,
In paths sublime undaunted trod,
And felt, and ownd the present God.
Yet still permit my humble mind,
The wreath of honesty to bind,
That moral virtue which is thine,
With its own praises to entwine.

**Returning from a journey**

And now at length the journey o'er,
Its fears and hopes perplex no more,
To sweet Retirement I haste,
And all its pleasures once more taste;
[191] Thus when we yield this mortal coil,
Surceasing every kindred toil,
Descending angels shall await,
Our homeward steps to gratulate,
Where we shall breathe our native air,
Dismissing sorrow, pain, and care,
On lofty pinions take our flight,
And rank with denizens of light.

**Reading Waller's[185] letters to St. Evermond**[186]

Sweet were the lays which Waller sung,
The musick of his tuneful tongue;
His magick powers each swain confest,
And every Nymph his numbers blest.
Smooth flows the verse by taste refind,
With sense and judgment when combind.
But when the Poet folds his wings,
And sweeps no more the sounding strings,
When sober prose employs his pen,
He makes Philosophers of Men.
St. Evermond his chosen friend,
Round whose lorn shrine the virtues bend,
Who when he mourn'd his Mazarine[187],
E'en manly firmness wept the scene,
Yet Waller's lessons he applies,
And each tumultuous murmur dies:
Discordant passions hush'd to peace,

The conflicts of his bosom cease.

**On the ill fated Penobscot Expedition**[188]

Now, dire misfortune spreads her baleful wings!
And where she passes teeming mischief brings,
War! frightful war! a form gigantic rears,
And in its train victorious death appears.
[192] From ancient Britain hostile hosts collect,
Slaughtering the millions, whom she should protect!
Fast flows the kindred blood, from kindred veins,
And rage vindictive english annals stains!
Hark! from yon prison ship deep groans of death,
For love of freedom millions yield their breath;
No more unmatchd Calcutta's[189] barbarous deeds,
Yon floating dungeon their black hole exceeds!
Thousands immur'd in her pestiferous hold,
The enanguish'd tale a thousand tongues hath told;
Compress'd in heaps the crowded victims lie,
And as they sink inevitably die!
Defeated hosts with hearts appall'd retreat,
In wilderd wilds their trembling comrades meet;
Hope o'er Penobscot brightest visions rear'd,
But indecision–want of skill appeard,
Columbia's sons in dread disorder fly,
And Patriot bosoms swell the bursting sigh:
The spectre fear stalks o'er the sanguine plain,
And Pity mourns her many warriors slain;
We shudder at the evils which await,
And deprecate our tottering Country's fate.

**Writing to a friend**

Fatigud I set me down to write,
As friendship may the page indite:
Friendship the balm of heart felt woe,
Friendship, whence sacred pleasures flow.
How sweet to sit and chat awhile,
In converse sweet the hours beguile,
To share our sorrows, or impart,
Prolific transport to the heart,
[193] Friendship by reason when refind,
Soothes and ameliorates the mind,

To sentiment new worth is giv'n,
Unfolding earth–the bliss of heav'n–
The scenes of time, we freely scan,
The actions of the creature Man;
The chain of being fondly trace;
Systems which fill unbounded space,
To virtue breathing holy love,
Sensations God and truth approve,
Ethereal cement of the kindred race,
By which imbued, remotest realms embrace.

**Written in a storm**

Fiercely the warring elements contend,
Beneath their blast the mountain forests bend!
Nature's vast magazines of death unfurld!
Terrific darkness wraps the affrighted world!
Hoaric thunders roll, alternate light'nings flash,
O'er yon tall rocks the foaming billows dash,
Deep gathring horrors every where prevail,
And soul appalling fears the mind assail,
Portentous dread my faculties pervades,
Fast from my gaze cherish'd existence fades!
And if around me clustering woes await,
Almighty God! prepare me for my fate,
Give truth, with torch of faith to set at helm,
So shall no waves of sorrow overwhelm,
So, mid the storm, howe'er so fiercely blown,
Reason, and peace, shall fill my bosom's throne.

**After listening to a blustering foe**

As some base Coward vaunts his murd'rous skill,
His great adroitness human blood to spill;
[194] Drawing his mighty sword forth from its sheath,
And threat'ning martial Chiefs with instant death;
Sounding his bold exploits where cannons roar,
Which waft the winged death from shore to shore,
Repeating oft his ostentatious boasts,
With senseless scorn deriding battling hosts,
Till in the trial mimick courage dies,
And from the field on wings of fear he flies!
So, this vain Boaster, F—, his strength proclaims,

And with low art the Man of worth defames,
Invents new his to blacken, or to stain,
Nor from malicious slander will refrain.
Hear him unfold the wonders of his might,
His utterance wisdom, and his councils light.
Armd cap a pee the wordy Recreant stands,
Collects his powers, and makes strong his bands,
Against the Man who nobly dares proclaim,
Boundless redemption in Emmanuel's[190] name,
Protesting that he can his hopes confound
Can pour conviction the wide world around,
If the Philanthropist would but appear,
And listening silence lend a patient ear.
Tis thus the Babbler lifts his voice on high,
Nor is there who will deign to make reply.
Yet should the peaceful Promulgator come,
Led on by truth to his deserted home,
And guided by the heaven inspired page,
The doughty Champion mid his might engage,
Then J— would shrink–to subterfuges fly,
And once more give his boastful vaunts the lie.

**Acknowledgments upon the receipt of letters**

Again I raise the grateful song,
Again to thee my thanks belong,
Friendship, sweet shade of lineage blest,
And of the richest powers possest
[195] Lines in thy page, gilds every line,
As virtue mild as truth divine;
Her upright pleasures are thy own,
And all her paths to thee are known,
Thy letters speak an ardent mind,
By potent rectitude designd,
Living to cultivate and bless,
Vast are the truths thy words impress,
Seraphick knowledge wafting round,
Panacea[191] blest for every wound:
Tidings of bliss to every Man,
The song of Angels, God's own plan,
While every tongue the theme shall raise,
Creation lift the voice of praise.

As the fond Mother views with matron grace,
Her growing progeny, a beauteous race,

And while the blooming circling gathers round,
With health, and loveliness, and virtue crown'd;
Complacent marks the interesting group,
With rapture new, and ever cherish'd hope;
Till her mild eye rests on the vacant seat,
Where her Fidelia[192] she was wont to greet.
"Alas! where is my Girl, what dreary wild,
"Conceals my treasure–whither strays my child?
"Bitter reflection copious floods supplies,
Drinks up my bliss, the balm of peace denies,
"E'en while I hail my darling girls and Boys,
"Inly I mourn–for faded are my joys."
As thus the birth of sentiment I view
Offspring of friendship virtuous, just, and true,
As I behold the breathing lines encrease,
Potent to yield the sovereign balm of peace,
With glowing gratitude I fondly trace,
Seraphick truth, each sentimental grace,
I read thy high wrought letters o'er, and o'er,
Each latent beauty eagerly explore
[196] Seizing the dear moments one by one,
As only now their magic powers begun:
Till to my gaze thy long lost pages rise,
When deep regrets my pierced soul surprise:
For ah! by some rude hand borne far away,
The charmful scenes which brighten'd many a day;
Nor had I half the treasur'd letter read,
E'er from my grasp its finish'd sheets had fled!
And though full many a cherish'd page be mine,
Stampt with such merit as proclaims them thine,
Yet still I drop the unavailing tear,
And sighing wish the vagrant wanderer here.

Well then, my letters are arriv'd,
And chance, it seems, has well contriv'd,
The Intelligence comes at last,
And all thy anxious fears are past.
So may success thy wishes crown,
Nor scowling disappointments frown:
May sweet fruition kindly shed,
Its balmy blessings on thy head,
And sacred pleasures wish'd for me,
In copious showers descend on thee.

Well now Philanthropos,[193] once more I boast,

Recovered favours, not a line is lost,
No chasm now to damp the rising joy,
By pleasure tun'd, pleasure without alloy.
And as well written pages swell my store,
To thanks, proportion'd thanks, my wishes soar,
But all too weak is niggard language found,
To dwell on mental ties, so closely bound,
[197] High, and more high, my obligations rise,
And they shall reach to worlds beyond the skies.

I saw the vessel on the yielding wave,
Its strong built sides I saw old Ocean lave,
The echoing winds were rustling in each sail,
Swiftly it bounded, urged by every gale,
With rapid flight it cut the dark blue stream,
Like visions fleeting in a morning dream:
I knew the vessel bore a trusted friend,
To whom suspicion's self might credence lend,
That this same friend receiv'd my fond command,
To waft expected letters to my hand;
Dear letters pen'd by blest fraternal truth,
Cherish'd through time, from early dawning youth.
Full seventy gloomy days successive rose,
As many nights had witness'd human woes,
Since his last date had blest my eager eye,
So long suspense had swell'd the torturing sigh.
My anxious bosom number'd every hour,
And felt of apprehension all the pow'r:

While as the vessel to the landing drew,
Conflicting passions still more potent grew.
Now with the brightest hopes sweet fancy fraught,
Resigns to gladness every blessful thought,
Yet a short moment, and I shall possess,
What e'er can soothe, all that has power to bless.
Anon with spectre hue pale doubt appears,
Sighs heave my breast, and copious flow my tears,
Perhaps I cry, the hand is cold and dead,
Perhaps my brother from this globe is fled,
That heart by honour firm'd, hath ceas'd to beat,
It feels no more its long accustom'd heat!
Great God remove, remove this cup of woe,
Nor let my bosom such deep sorrows know!
[198] Or oh! support if clustering woes await,
Support good heaven, whatever be my fate!

Hope tremulous, and all despairing flies,
And e'en the boding spirit inly dies!
It must not, cannot be, but ah it may!
And I may live to see a long dark day!
But day it will not be, for deepest night,
Must shut the garish sun from my lorn sight.
Within this bosom joy must then surcease,
Till I rejoin him in the realms of peace.
To holy Nature deep regrets are due,
When holy Nature is to friendship true,
Congenial spirits cast in sacred mould,
When in one form the opening leaves unfold,
With fatal influence feel the severing wound,
Which bursts the kindred bands so closely bound!
E'en virtue sanctions the long cherish'd sigh,
When intellectual pleasures fade, and die.
Again they cannot be my happy lot,
Nor can my early friend be e'er forgot.
Thus hope and fear by turns triumphant reign'd,
And o'er my breast alternate victory gain'd,
Till to my hand the welcome sheets were brought,
Which from my breast eras'd corroding thought.
Then sacred transport in my bosom grew,
Bright as affection, and as friendship true.

If thanks to common friends be due,
What shall I render then to you?

You must accept the votive lay,
Tis all which my poor heart can pay.
Yet while this breast feels vital heat,
While yet a pulse remains to beat,
Of gratitude I swell the song,
My fairest lays to you belong.
[199] If memory in the task should fail,
Your kindness would o'er time prevail,
And on the tablets of my breast,
Your imag'd goodness be impress'd.
From the admiring croud I see,
Compassion lead you still to me,
The soothing pen you gladly seize,
Sure to instruct, and sure to please.
How sweet is friendship kindly giv'n,
A honied drop by righteous heav'n:
Mild is its sympathetic sway,

Deriv'd from God–Its lucid ray
Guides and subdues the mental storm,
Which reason's self might else deform.
In faithful bosoms bright it glows,
Coeval with existence flows,
And may the current of our days,
To trophied Friendship add new praise.

How great, Dear Sir, is your success,
When you assay your friends to bless.
Armd with the powr to soothe, and please,
To give the mournful spirit ease,
Tis yours to elevate the soul,
Sorrow submits to your control.
Your well tim'd letter just receivd,
My burdend bosom has relievd,
From all those doubts which once oppress'd,
The cheerless region of my breast,
With gloomy fears my every thought,
Dark, as it rose, was deeply fraught.
Until your all persuasive page,
Which can the mental storm assuage,
Rose o'er my mind, as some bright sun,
Life light and hope had just begun.
Yes, in your sacred lines I trace,
Wisdom benign, and richest grace,
[200]
Transported reading o'er and oer,
The blest, the heaven inspired lore.

Generous as good, What shall I say,
Or how my gratitude pourtray?
Which like a tide impetuous swells,
And all my soul to love impels.
Mistake me not ye Cynic race,
Virtue in stoic pride who place;
I mean that pure and sacred fire,
Which might angelic breasts inspire;
Which I shall feel in realms above,
In regions of enduring love.
Yes, Yes, my friend, thy page receiv'd,
And every flattering truth believd,
Enkindling ardours inly grow,
Brighter my faded prospects grow;
Visions of sorrow pass away,

New hopes around my bosom play.
Such soothing powers to thee belong,
So fascinating is thy song,
That fancy whispers I possess,
Those virtues which can guide, and bless.
E'en while thy words my praises speak,
New pleasures mantle on my cheek,
Ambition potent in my breast,
By every soaring mind confest,
Would be what thy rich lines proclaim,
Inheriting a righteous fame.
And were such elevation mine,
The votive page should still be thine,
While my sooth'd spirit should inhale,
That highly aromatic gale
[201] Of strong invigorating pow'r,
To rear to life the modest flow'r.
But ah! the retrospective eye,
Impels, commands, the bursting sigh,
My soul unequal passions sway,
And reason feebly gilds my way.
But why this bold intrusion here,
Avaunt ye fiends! quick disappear!
While I commission some soft lay,
Its tributary thanks to pay,

Homage well earn'd, at Friendship's shrine,
For all of gratitude is mine.

In safety wafted to my hand,
By order rangd, thy letters stand,
In many a goodly row combining,
And on my gratitude designing.
Claiming again the votive lay,
The tribute which I love to pay,
The well earnd thanks, as truth sincere,
The sweetly felt luxuriant tear,
The glittering eye of hope surcharging,
On every beauteous scene enlarging,
While pleasure regent in my breast,
Bestows the balm of peaceful rest.

Yes, as I said thy words inspire,
Holy Friendship's vestal fire,
And to my view new worth display'd,

Again I ask thy potent aid,
Sweetest of passions Gratitude,
So gently mild, sincere and good.
[202] Assist me by thy beamy ray,
Give me thy dictates to obey,
So shall my lines expressive swell,
And of my obligations tell.

Another letter! say my valued friend,
Will thy attentions never know an end?
Resolve me Sir, for should thy efforts fail
And I no more the voice of truth inhale
'Twere better I had ne'er distinguish'd been
The harvest reaping of thy fruitful pen
For once again in holy truth I say
Dark are the hours that close a splendid day
Nor can I wish to mount the tottering height
Where certain change must on my footsteps wait
No, let me rather fill some humble sphere
Nor record of my life nor name appear
Than soaring buoyant on the wings of fame
Be doom'd at length to mourn a wounded name
To sink in thy esteem, how dark the thought!
With a long train of ills how deeply fraught!

In sacred friendship O continue then,
And give me still the efforts of thy pen.

Through all the maze of dissipation's round,
There's nought so soothing as thy friendship found.
For Virtue, in thy breast, by truth enshrin'd,
Triumphant reigns in thy obedient mind.
Through every line the heaven born fair I meet,
With grace, with innocence, with worth replete.
[203] Well now my fears are all blown oer,
Suspicion blights my hopes no more,
Thy volum'd pages are receiv'd,
And, as they merit, are believ'd,
Again the hallow'd lines I view,
And sacred truth again pursue;
With sweet complacence hail my friend,
Nor shall my glad employment end,
Till in Eternity's wide round,
My liberated soul be found:
Or rather till existence o'er,

The gift of life is mine no more;
Till beings back to nought are hurld,
And darkness reigns throughout the world:
Yet while intelligence remains,
Or memory my heart retains,
Nought shall obliterate thy name,
Nor malice blast thy radiant fame:
For holy Friendship deep imprest,
Upon the tablets of my breast,
Shall live immortal as its source,
Marking with joy its splendid course.

Now dark forebodings far away,
Again I hail a cloudless day,
Bright pleasure revels in my breast,
Balmy and sweet my bosom's rest,
I have receiv'd, and I have read,
While airy visions round my head,
With healing wings impressive move,
And the vast pow'rs of friendship prove.

Yes, Colonel L—s[194] is a charming Man,
Let gratitude deny it if she can,
[204] But yesterday with courteous smiles he brought,
Thy letters with fraternal kindness fraught,
And while benevolence suffus'd his face;
He said, and said it with peculiar grace,
These letters would ere now have met your sight,
But I return'd from Boston late last night,
And as at early dawn I rais'd my head,
I saw the whitening sails at distance spread,
And well I knew my sons, my nephews came,
While my full heart confess'd their filial claim.
With hark I flew to meet my darling boys,
And in their arms to blend our common joys.
Thus my apology unvernish'd stands,
But now the pages wait to kiss your hands,
All this, and more, his countenance express'd,
While every word urbanity confess'd.
Grateful I curtesy'd, and receiv'd the prize,
Admiring much its fold, its shape, its size.

**On Discord**

With baleful front and deleterious tread,

The Monster Discord rears its Gorgon[195] head;
Of hydra lineage, with ten thousand eyes,
Abroad the many headed Mischief flies:
Nor peace nor pleasure where it enters bloom,
Its murderous grasp is holy friendship's tomb,
Slander moves onward at the miscreant's heels,
And innocence its deadly weapon feels.
Virtue is no safe guard 'gainst such a foe,
The fiends of Malice spots in heaven can show.

**[205] To a Friend on attempting to versify a tale of Ossian[196]**

Wilt thou forgive the bold adventurous flight,
And read with candour as I copious write?
I know thou wilt, and while the pen I wield,
Thy lov'd partiality is still my shield.
Resistless power the love of rhyming gains,
For Ossian's self it forges female chains
Yet to discretion I shall one day bend,
Advancing time will every folly end.

**To the same upon a similar occasion**

Again to this inflatus I give way,
And Ossian once more elevates my lay,
What though the Bard is thus in clouds obscur'd,
Yet am I not of this same Rhyming cur d.
Then o'er my soul son of Fingal[197] descend,
Inspire my song, and on my verse attend,
Give all thy spirit in my lines to flow,
The great sublime, and beautiful bestow;
So shall the mind, with new born feelings trace
All various fancy, every mingling grace,
And pity weep, e'en in the manly breast;
The Hero's woes by sympathy imprest.
Oithona's[198] wrongs the falling tear impel,
The sigh of grief, the tide of sorrow swell;
Embalming thus the rudely rifled flow'r,
Too lovely victim of licentious power,
Joining with Gaul the hallow'd tomb to raise,
To chaunt with solemn zeal the song of praise.

**Another attempt**

Yea, once again I mount on Ossian's wings,
And chatter what he most sublimely sings,
[206] Forgive immortal Bard repeated crimes,
And charge them to the folly of the times;
When little Men the helm of powr arrest,
And giant posts by pigmies are possest;
If Order Ceases, tis no wonder then,
Though untaught females wield the mighty pen.

**Versifying the second chapter of Isaiah**[199]

And now the prophet by new ardour fir'd,
With holy zeal by God himself inspird;
His broad eye throwing o'er the mighty plan
Which in its course embraceth lapsed Man.
Having describd the creature weak and frail,
Uplifts with righteous hand the equal scale.
Points out the Union, God and Man combind,
The source of being, with our nature join'd.
Hence truth its sacred energies bestows,
And holy peace uninterrupted flows.
Each mystic figure lucid faith unseals,
And to the world unbounded grace reveals.

**Chapter 3**

Our heaven taught Bard, by truth, and reason led,
From streams impure up to the fountain head,
After describing Man depravd and vain,
On all his glory a pervading stain,
Turns his inquiring eye from sons of earth,
Creatures of time, mere beings of a breath,
[207] And to induce affiance in his God,
To place each hope beyond this cloud wrapt clod;
To the vast source of good he lifts the eye,
Enthron'd August in worlds beyond the sky;
Strongly contrasting every high wrought plan,
The brightest efforts of enfeebled Man,
How fluctuating all their prospects are,
How ineffectual every earth born care,
How transient each proud boast of good, or great,
To fix their seals where countless follies wait.

**Chapter 4th**

However dark the scene our Bard pourtrays,
Truth holds the pencil, every trait displays;
And tearful Nature as she inly sighs,
Fresh proof with each returning day supplies:
Proof of abasement, lack of mental worth,
Prolifick evil, of deforming growth,
Through every age successive crimes pervade,
And imperfections all our virtues shade.
But wrapt in future times the Bard proceeds,
To yonder heaven, through times long Vista leads.
After proclaiming with prophetic zeal,
The Pride, rank pride, which even Christians feel,
How they too, swelling with conceited worth,
With fancy'd excellence, and fancy'd truth,
To bear Emanuel's name devoutly sue,
While their own efforts meet the wondering view!
For their own selves they weave the vesture gay,
Ranging their mighty deeds in proud array,
Eager to seize the wreath of fair renown,
E'en from Omnipotence to snatch the crown.
[208] Turning from empty boasts with high disdain,
The prophet owns the intellectual stain,
And hails with joy the great auspicious day,
Which shall remove obscuring clouds away;
The branch of God exhibit to our gaze,
Ancient of days, object of solemn praise,
The God of heaven, child of the creature born,
Head of Creation, on his natal morn,
In whom the life of every Man is found,
With perfect rectitude divinely crownd.
And, with his subject still his language grows,
While gratitude with pious ardour glows,
And as we read, with holy joy we trace,
The now not guilty, the redeemed race.

**Chapter 5th**

The winds are all abroad, dark storms arise,
Portentous Winter towers along the skies!
Deep glooms pervade my apprehensive soul,
And dire forebodings all my hopes controul.
Then let me hi listen to Isaiah's God,
And learn of him to kiss the lifted rod,
To resignation in my breast shall dwell,
And faith of future bliss divinely tell.

**Chapter 6**

The time will come when I no more shall write,
But through extensive regions wing my flight;
With rapture new the works of God survey,
Mounting beyond the spheres, or solar way,
This thought reanimates, I weary grew,
But now my self set task, I glad pursue.

**[209] Chapter 7**

Come on reflection, studious let us bend,
Upon the prophets voice again attend,
Reap from this field the solace earth denies,
And soar with him to worlds beyond the skies.

**Chapter 8th**

Still let us on, our blissful theme pursue,
Tis ever wonderful, and ever new,
Tis bliss divine, the raptur'd Bard to trace,
Proclaiming sovereign wisdom, sovereign grace.

**Passing on as far as the 14th chapter**

Yes, as with solemn awe I pass along,
New wonders rise to elevate my song
The present God in every page I hail
Source of existence which can never fail
And while receiving from a fount so pure
I feel my life, my blissful life, secure.
Fixing on Judah's[200] God a single eye
I cut a passage through the opening sky
One comprehensive whole appears complete,
Nor can events Almighty powr defeat.
And as the hallow'd Bard pursues his theme,
New glories burst, and brighter visions beam.
The human family to God restord,
Through all their aberrating paths explord,
Anticipation paints the closing scene,
When the glad intellect, as heaven serene,
No tear distains, no sigh deforms the breast,
With all that God can give supremely blest:

For cloudless bursts the long expected morn,
And all Creation to new life is born.
Thus having view'd the broad compendius plan,
Great restitution of the creature Man,
[210] The retrospective eye he turns again,
And various figures glide along the plain;
Imagination all her powers renews,
And on strong pinions the vast theme pursues:
While sacred truth with all impelling fires,
Enwraps the mind, and the full soul inspires.
Now metaphoric Babylon[201] ascends,
And gathering darkness frightful horrors blends,
Cyrus,[202] by heaven ordained for mighty deeds;
To hostile fields with dauntless valour speeds,
Great type of Jesus conq'ring King of heav'n,
Who trac'd his nerves, and who success hath giv'n,

For as the Chief dismay, and terror spread,
And on to victory his armies led,
Till desolation brooding far, and wide,
Rose to appal the heart on every side:
So shall Emmanuel, high enthron'd in light,
Wrap mystic Babylon in shades of night,
Swift wingd destruction shall her sorceries end,
Beneath her yoke no more the Nations bend,
Nor in her borders shall a wanderer stray,
Or once again tread o'er the devious way,
But mingling with the bright angelic throng,
In Zion's[203] courts shall raise the sacred song.

**Still preparing to Versify**

Well if I must the pen incessant wield,
And from this writing Mania nought can shield,
Let me a harvest from retention gain,
And thus to profit turn the Despots reign.
[211] Bright were the paths the heaven taught teacher trod,
I love with him to hail a present God.
What though his language memory may not give,
Nor in my breast his vast ideas live,
Yet will the sacred page before me lay,
Record ordain'd to point the better way:
Where countless glories God and Man surround,
Where holy truth and sovereign grace abound.
Yes, I can mark where thronging myriads press,

Where God Omnipotent is strong to bless.
Judah and Salem[204] with precision trace,
Standing as figures of the human race:
Great emblematic story clearly giv'n,
Epitome, designd by righteous heav'n,
For if not interested in their fate,
The good or ill which Israel's sons[205] await,
We might as well the grecian page pursue,
Or Roman annals[206] with devotion view.

**Absurdity of blending spirit with matter**

I wish this mode of speech were giv'n o'er,
That we confounded life and death no more:
That nor in thought, nor word, we e'er consignd,
To drear oblivion the precipient mind!
Tis surely strange to blend the breath of God,
The high born soul, with its enfolding clod!
Dark is the view, and comfortless the plan,
Which levels thus the complex being Man.
'Gainst human Nature when we wield the pen,
Since the great spirit is the life of Men,
Whilst this blest Source of being shall remain,
Our wit and folly are alike in vain.
[212] That this weak tenement is frail I know,
Subject to error--The lorn child of woe;
Its texture slight, its frame deriv'd from earth,
Fated to fall before the conq'ror death:
That twill to reptiles yield a rich repast,
Descending to its native dust at last.
All this unhesitating I confess,
Nor can these truths my better hopes depress.
We cannot hence characterize the race,
Nor the high lineage of the spirit trace,
We might as well hie to some lone retreat,
And thus the philosophic Exile greet.
"Thy hut is lowly, 'tis obscure and small,
And must assuredly to ruin fall,
Contending winds will rase it to the ground,
And on the spot shall rise the verdant mound,
E'en now thy cottage totters in the blast,
The storm descends, the fatal die is cast.
Such hoary sage the lot design'd for thee,
Superior to thy cot thou canst not be,
The tenant cannot soar beyond his cell,

Those clay built walls where he was wont to dwell,
As is the house, so is the Master too,
Rising together in one point of view."[207]
Tis thus, to Reason's eye, their tenets seem,
Who lightly of the heaven born mind esteem.
Offspring of Deity, thou wing'st thy flight,
To regions of interminable light,
Where thy expansive powers new strength shall gain,
And truth unclouded shall forever reign.

[213] **Expiring Amity**

Whatever ills a mortal lives to mourn,
From friends, from wealth, from a lov'd Country torn,
Exil'd by penury, or aught beside,
Which may the wanderer from sweet peace divide.
Yet still resources in the breast arise,
And hope the distant gleam of light supplies,
He may return, his friends again may meet,
Fortune may smile, his joys may be complete,
Forward he looks, and in perspective views,
Scenes which glad fancy with new joy pursues.
But that keen anguish which incessant springs,
Which some new pang with recollection brings,
Offspring of love transform'd to deadly hate,
Unrivall'd stands in the dark book of fate!
The female heart for amity design'd,
Enraptur'd hastes the bands of truth to bind,
But ah how deep the shafts of sorrow pierce,
When gath'ring glooms the promised joys enhearse
When friendship dead upon the sacred bier,
We live to shed the solitary tear.
How sad to mark the once expressive eye,
Which glistened with endearing amity,
Indignant flashing, while the glowing cheek,
And every look a thousand daggers speak!
Dark passions arming 'gainst the friend belov'd,
Who was for many lengthning years approv'd,
For whom the dearest sympathies were felt,
And in whose breast responsive kindness dwelt.
To see affiance yield its calm retreat,
And Discord mount the consecrated seat;
Malice ejecting, each inherent grace,
[214] Which to attachment gave an angel face.
Great God what deep regrets the bosom swell,

To dark despair the bursting heart impel,
Nought can support, or mitigation yield,
Except indifference the mind enshield.
For should that permanent affection glow,
Which flows spontaneous, and must ever flow,
Which while repeated insults it receives,
Yet still esteems, and still unceasing grieves.
What can the woes of such a state assuage,
What distant prospects the lorn soul engage.
Hope, blissful solace, dies within the breast,
We are not e'en in expectation blest:
For ah! we know if friendship once expires,
No art can eer resuscitate its fires.

**Address to Reason**

Reason, how placid is thy peaceful reign,
Truth and Religion mingle in thy train,
When thou celestial Goddess sit'st at helm,
No tempests rise, no billows overwhelm.
But parting from thy luminous countrol,
The waves of discord in succession roll,
Till wreck'd on some inhospitable shore,
The social joys of life we greet no more.
Tell me bright Cherub[208] where thy footsteps stray,
In what sequester'd paths thou markst thy way?
When morbid Fancy triumphs in the breast,
And host of doubts the wilder'd soul molest?
Canst thou not always fill thy radiant throne,
Guide of the heart, to fatal folly prone?
Our strongest efforts ask thy mighty aid,
Despoild of thee even the virtues fade,
[215] Prolifick evils with the moments grow,
Nor intellectual bliss, nor hope, we know:
But armd by thee we stem the swelling tide,
And smoothly o'er the varying current glide;
Suspend not then thy ever righteous sway,
But teach mankind to love, adore, obey.
Chase every vagrant from the human heart,
And all thy wisdom to the soul impart.
For me, I would enshrine thee in my breast,
Against thy foes with holy zeal protest,
Thy lustrous beams should guide my devious way,
Emiting where I pass a pointing ray,
Low at thy feet I would my passions bring,

And thy vast triumphs in loud paeans sing.
Thus would I bend me to thy lov'd controul,
Thus cede to thee the empire of the soul,
Hailing thee Sovereign of the deathless mind,
And in thy sway substantial pleasures find.
Yea would I sought the hours of balmy sleep,
Thou shouldst around my couch blest vigils keep,
So should no dark assassin meet my view,
Spectres which oft the slumberer pursue,
But o'er my pillow pleasing visions rise,
And the glad spirit mount its native skies.

**Petition for Equanimity**

When expectation fills the soul,
And clouds involve the distant goal,
Alternate hopes and fears arise,
And fancy various views supplies.
[216] Now disappointment aims a dart,
Strong to transfix the trembling heart:
Anon the meteor vision streams,
And fairy land the prospect seems.
Or joys extatick swell the breast,
Or woes augmenting woes molest.
Alas! futurity is dark,
No human eye its steps can mark;
Nor is it strange the conscious mind,
To each event so wholly blind,
As the winged hour passeth by,
Spontaneous breaths the boding sigh.
Perhaps the friend we wish to meet,
With virtue once, and truth replete,
Now sleeps forgetful in the tomb,
Ordain'd to meet an early doom.
Who knows what sounds may reach the ear,
What sorrows pour the unceasing tear
While thus uncertainty pervades,
Enwrap'd about in gloomy shades.
Ye pow'rs benign my heart prepare,
I supplicate thy guardian care,
When sorrows e'en my head shall burst,
May I almighty wisdom trust.
E'en now my hopes all prostrate lay,
Misfortunes in succession sway,

And each anticipating thought,
Is with enaguish'd sadness fraught.
Descend, paternal God, descend,
And thy imploring child defend,
Thy Fiat grant, dispel each shade,
Give true Religion to my aid,
[217] Give her with all her angel face
And every philosophick grace
Let acquiescence lead her on
By Virtue and obedience known
So shall my froward spirit meet
That equal flow with peace replete
Sweet Equanimity which gives
That holy calm in heaven that lives
Which that blest fortitude bestows
Whence every chasten'd pleasure flows.

**Lines occasioned by the habit of appropriating a particular hour to writing to Cleora[209]**

As infant Pratlers lisp in rhyme,
Catching with ease the tinkling chime,
Rehearsing by mechanic art,
The pages of their little part
Till they by habit verses say,
Repeating oft the ready lay.
Or as the Parrot gets by rote,
And warbles through his plumy throat,
The sound vibrating on his ear,
That he accustom'd is to hear:
So added strength this hour obtains,
New power with every moment gains,
By practice taught to tyrannise,
Reason and argument defies.
When distant my Cleora strays,
Perpetual haunts my nights, and days,
As some memento, flaps its wing,
Still harping on the self same string,
Or like a death watch, or some spright,
"What, wilt thou not set down to write
[218] "Really methinks its mighty odd,
"That thou shouldst wander thus abroad,
"Unmindful of my cherish'd pow'r,
"Thy lov'd, thy consecrated hour."
Cease thus to persecute, I cry,

Thy right to torture I deny,
Thou knowst Ive nothing new to say,
And sure I must my visits pay;
So short an absence soon will end,
And I again shall greet my friend.
"Short, sayst thou? I pronounce thee wrong,
"Time was a week was termed long"
Well, well, it seems those days are past,
And sober Reason sways at last,
We'll place her on her lucid throne,
And let this scribbling alone.
"But I have heard Experience say,
"That error is a down hill way,
"Now shouldst thou to this change submit,
"And me, thou once so priz'd, forget,
"What fluctuating scenes may come,
"Till every joy shall cease to bloom:
"Friendship herself at length may die,
"Or hast to her own native sky."
Well, let her, so its for the best,
And I may from thy clamours rest,
For after all, in Reason's spite,
Pope says, What ever is, is right.[210]
"Well then 'tis right thou should'st devote,
"The pen my well known worth to note,
"And as each day I pass along,
"Swell in my ear the grateful song,
"What cause I pray canst thou devise,
"Why sweet applause should cease to rise."
Heardst thou not then my favorite Bard,
If I suspend my warm regard,
[219] It will be so, and therefore good,
Thus is his reasoning understood.
"But still I ween tis hard to sink
"Whatever other folks may think,
"To mark of friendship the decline,
"And all her blessings to resign."
Pshaw, pshaw, thou art delirious sure,
Friendship will with my life endure,
Nor can its lustre ever fail,
While I the vital air inhale.
But after all thy senseless pother,
With urging then, and that, tother,
Pray canst thou tell me what to write
Or ought but nonsense to indite?

True, I might swell the bulky letter,
And my Cleora nought the better,
Except I could with wisdom sing,
Or with the page instruction bring,
"Perhaps thou mayest excite a smile,
"And some corrosive care beguile."
True, true, this is most strictly just,
Of all thy reasonings this the best,
But, as I live, the charm is past,
The hour is twelve, and I'm in haste,
To morrow will thy sway restore,
Its magick potent as before,
Mean while from rigid thraldom free,
The dawn of liberty I see,
Domestic calls again pursue,
And distant all restrictions view.

**Reflecting upon the disappointments incident to the present life**

What though by disappointments long oppress'd,
In future worlds our woes are all redressd,
[220] While immortality bequeaths a charm,
Which can the malice e'en of fate disarm.
Hail most divine, primeval boon of heav'n,
E'en God himself no richer gem hath giv'n,
Thou the commanding, the endearing zest,
That high endurance gives to all the rest,
For not possest of thee, dark clouds arise,
Dashing existence from our opening skies.
From evanescent joys the spirit flies,
With each new moment, some new pleasure dies,
Nor heaven itself a source exhaustless seems,
Nor in one equal flow its bounty streams.
But blest with thee, when woes successive burst,
A future life, a living God we trust,
Hope sooths the wretched, lifts the trembling mind,
Hope, anchor for the breaking heart design'd.
Life, future life ordain'd to meliorate
The countless evils that our paths await
Mean time Affliction softens rougher souls
The boisterous passions by her sway controuls
In her wet eye mild sentiments appear
She gives the cheek the sympathetick tear
Those copious floods which stream for foreign woe
With unremitted melancholy flow

The flinty breast with plastic pow'r she moulds
Beneath her touch strong fortitude unfolds
Her gradual influence weans the care worn mind
Not for the fleeting scenes of earth design'd
Each faculty to resignation bends
And the strong conflict in the bosom ends
Train'd in her school we for our exit sigh
Impatient to attain our native sky
Serenely smiling at expiring hope
Kindly design'd our homeward path to slope.
Thus disappointment vast advantage brings
From sorrow's eye the veil of error flings
[221] Pointing to regions of immortal youth,
To virtue, bliss, and bright unclouded truth.

**On Presumptious Inquiries**

In what a labyrinth the spirit strays,
When skeptic doubt the labouring bosom sways,
When mounting on the giddy heights of pride,
We see below, out stretch'd on every side,
The various sects, opinions, vagaries,
Which Babel[211] like ascend the vaulted skies.
What wild confusion everywhere obtains,
Without a Rival Chaos once more reigns.
Reason, or Reason's mimick leads her bands,
With facy'd prowess Irreligion stands,
Inquires with arrogance, cavils, arraigns,
'Gainst God Almighty desperate war maintains!
Profanely bold each hidden plan explores,
Scorning the faith which loves, obeys, adores.
Yet in the unholy flight, by clouds involv'd
Vague, and untaught, each problem unresolvd,
On a tempestuous sea of error tost,
Each hope of peace, and joy, and heav'n are lost.

**Questions to Cleora**

Say, is there aught which twined hearts can call,
Trivial in friendship, be it e'er so small?
Is there not, tell me, for you surely know,
A sweet attractive, sympathetic glow,
Which o'er the mind with magick sway prevails,
When friendship breathes its soft favonian gales?
And will not that same sympathy create,

In either bosom mutual love and hate?
[222] Will not each chasten'd joy congenial rise,
Can we swell any but responsive sighs?
And if united thus, may we not claim,
All that belongs to friendship's hallow'd name?
Unhesitating confidence repose,
Such confidence as no restriction knows?

Wholly uninteresting to those minds,
Which Caprice only in its fetters binds.
May we not every latent wish impart,
Unblushing ope the region of the heart?
Are not thy sorrows, and thy pleasures mine,
And is not all I feel, Cleora thine?
Yea should some trifle swell the bursting sigh,
Wilt thou not answer with a humid eye?
In pity's softest voice thy soothings give,
And cherish'd by thy friendship bid me live?

**Commerce**

Hail Commerce wondrous boon of Parent Heav'n,
When time was young in vast indulgence giv'n,
Fountain of blessings which prolifick rise,
To stamp success on dauntless enterprize,
Aided by thee, the distant poles conjoin,
To pour the wealth of every clime is thine.
O'er the dark Ocean thou outspreadst the sail,
Floating upon the bosom of the gale,
While not a breeze passes yon azure sky,
But o'er the waves thy hardy children fly,
Revolving hours bring to their native shore;
Thy sons rejoicing in their well earn'd store.
[223] To thee the needy seek, and succour gain,
Successful suppliants swell thy ample train,
Thy hospitable arms are open wide,
While countless myriads hail their radiant guide.
Adventurous ships that cut the raging main,
Proclaim the shining glories of thy reign,
Those floating Castles by thy breath are blown,
By treasur'd wealth thy fav'rite sons are known.
Thy liberal hand with ample power replete,
Gives all the blessings of the globe to meet.
Taught in thy school the vigilant explore,
The fruits of every clime--each distant shore,

The product bearing to some happy home,
No more compell'd from its glad scenes to roam.
Industry owns thy ever ready aid,
Its toils and dangers bountifully paid.
Thy rays diverging gild the shepherds cot,
While he, contented with his rural lot,
Dreams not of Traffic, though the glittering gain,
Transmutes to gold the treasures of the plain.
On shining wings thou canst thy Voteries lift,
And Independence is thy splendid gift.
Distinguish'd offspring of auspicious peace,
May thy dominion with our growth encrease,
O'er hostile Passion wave thy mellowing wand,
And smile propitious on this younger land,
So shall thy Altars multiplied ascend,
And at thy shrine industrious millions bend.

**Lines to my brother, who solicited my opinion of Dean Swift's[212] letters to Stella[213]**

When you request I would obey
In thought, and word, attention pay,
But well I know your manly spirit,
From Nature boasting wondrous merit,
[224] Would female criticism spurn,
And from my page indignant turn.
Your compliments I own are sweet,
With kindness, and all that, replete,
But by your tenderness elated,
If I should be so self conceited,
Puff'd up by this your fond appeal,
My consequence so vastly feel,
(Although you meant but common place,
Merely to snatch a transient grace)
In dictatorial chair to sit,
Or what is worse, to aim at wit,
You would pronounce the Dean persuaded
And every brilliant Sally aided.
"Sure Swift," you'd say, "the Girl inspires,
Enkindling these unusual fires."
Methinks I hear yon eager cry,
With passion darting from your eye,
"Why saucy face I did not send,
"These lines which Man supreme hath pen'd,
"For you to ape, or censure either,

"But to behold with reverence rather;
"You should such flights at distance view
"And ne'er our shining steps pursue,
"Plague on the Sex, how they aspire,
"Their follies curb, and bit require,
"In all our paths they vie with us,
"That they through out may be our curse.
"Here for this brat I transcrib'd Swift,
"Thought she had sense to see my drift;
"I say again I meant to raise,
"Her admiration of his lays,
[225] "And when I gave her the Dean's letters,
"That soar beyond or rule, or fetters,
"By which his lowly Stella taught,
"Was into due subjection brought;
"I thought to teach humility,
"Not to receive wit in reply,
"Or something like it, as she thinks,
"But in the attempt, tis just she sinks,
"Gods how the pride of women kind,
"Governs in every female mind!
"Still to our province they approach,
"On every privilege encroach:
"The shrine of wit not sacred found,
"While female Voteries throng around."
Said I not so, the case is clear,
You either envy, or you fear,
No worthless Candidate would feel,
The sharpness of your pointed steel,
But as to you I always bend,
Of course I shall not now contend,
Well satisfied the theme I wave,
Silence from your reproofs will save.

**To a Preacher of glad tidings**

And thus, dear Sir, from friend to friend you go,
Mercy as radiant as the God head show,
While in your destind sphere you gladly move,
Born to expatiate on Redeeming Love.
Fancy full oft the Expositor pourtrays,
While the sweet Artist all the soul obeys,
She meets you on the lonely desert way,
As o'er the thorny paths of life you stray,
[226] Enters the City full, with holy joy,

Greatly exulting in your vast employ;
How blest the elevated bands appear,
By union raisd, disdaining every fear,
Reason the Volume of our faith approves,
And Virtue, God, her parent, always loves.
How sweet to join the gratulating throng,
To swell with them the never ending song,
Triumphant song of consecrated praise,
Which we through vast eternity shall raise.
Yes I do love the musick of that tongue,
Which oft a requiem to my woes hath sung,
My friends with boundless gratitude I join,
To hear the message I believe divine.
I love the sacred fame, ordaind for praise,
With adoration on my God I gaze,
I love the holy fountain ope'd in heav'n,
For life, for love, for restoration giv'n.

**To Cleora**

Yes, as you say to lift the song of praise,
On worth unclouded while we fondly gaze,
To paint the virtues those we love possess,
And countless deeds of wondrous merit bless,
These are the joys which friendship can bestow,
The root on which unnumber'd pleasures grow.
But to condemn, to meet the humid eye,
And to the bosom give the torturing sigh,
This is the agonizing task assignd,
The painful duty of the upright mind.
When we have very long and truly lov'd,
And every action perfectly approvd,
We start to see the deep enfolding shade;
The hue of error suddenly pervade:
[227] And anxious to restore to native worth,
And all the excellence of wonted truth,
We hast to guard against those dangerous ways,
Wrapt in thick mists where the lorn traveller strays.
Yet on a dangerous precipice we stand,
Freedom too often bursts the firmest band,
And minds so slight, and frivolous there are,
The breath of censure which can never bear:
Reproof they neither will nor can forgive,
Friendship expires! Disgust and Rancour live!
Then, when we must administer reproof,

Let every angry passion stand aloof,
Utter no sentence, not a word too much,
With caution exquisite the feelings touch,
Let kindness mould the features of the face,
And tenderness be there, with humid grace,
Bring delicacy, strong affection bring,
And soft eye'd sympathy with feathery wing.
Great faults full surely never will arise,
Or if they should, esteem as surely dies!
Extenuation is a humane part,
Seeking to mend, and not to wound the heart;
The soul of friendship inborn candour guides,
Directs her councils, every where presides,
Error with hesitating voice she names;
And sweetly mitigates, e'en when she blames;
Reluctance beams in her impressive eye,
She breaths o'er every fault a pitying sigh.
Thus when attachment the Reprover leads,
When kindness for the dear Offender pleads,
Unceasing gratitude the tongue impels,
The story of its errors when it tells.
And we may soothe amid the conscious blush,
May bid the tumults of the bosom hush,
[228] The prostrate spirit skillfully may raise,
By the sweet voice of meliorating praise.
Praise is the surest way to reach the soul,
To give it virtue, as its destind goal,
It elevates the hesitating youth,
To paths of glory, and eternal truth.
And was by heaven a potent aid design'd,
To those who pour instruction oer the mind.
Praise stimulates to every noble thought.
It gives the hope with high ambition fraught,
Rais'd by its power the ardent spirit soars,
On wings untird the loftiest heights explores.
And if we would effectually teach
The high born mind and its affections reach
Pride and ambition to our purpose win
We should with honest well laid art begin
Proposing useful truths which should be known
As though they had from recollection flown
This will acceptably mistakes correct.
And on ourselves the brightest rays reflect
Will the soft smile of grateful thanks excite
And set without a blush the wanderer right

Thus my Cleora we the mind enlarge
The duties of existence thus discharge.

**To an evangelical Preacher who conceived he suffered by comparison with a fellow Labourer**

Methinks thy tongue grows wanton in his praise,
Pray why to him such mighty trophies raise,
In what is he superior, come, define,
And tell me how his merit equals thine?
Hath he not lit his lamp at thy bright flame,
Learning from thee to hail a saviour's name?
[229] At least thou hast the instrument been made,
Sent by his God his doubting mind to aid,
The clouds dispersing from his trembling heart,
Giving those truths which all of heaven impart;
And dost thou not the paths of duty tread,
The words of life with zeal industrious spread,
Exulting in that vast, that boundless grace,
Whose potent power enzones the lapsed race?
While he supinely sits, mid his lov'd home,
His family, his flock, his little dome,
Thy labours are abundant, still untir'd,
For thy career, by God himself inspird,
Thou blow'st the sacred trumpet far, and wide,
Of distant myriads the friend, and guide.
Say whence this humility proceed,
What crude ideas thus thy mind mislead,
What false conception, better judgment sways,
Thus giving birth to such unfounded praise?
What e'er it be, if rhyme will not convince,
Reason should boast more potent influence.

**Halting between two opinions**

Surely the most accommodating mind,
Although by harmony itself designd,
Though from rude discord all its passions cease,
Obedient bending at the shrine of peace,
Opposing systems cannot so combine,
So mix, so mingle, with such art conjoin,
As to assume each new sectarian face,
And various tenets easily embrace.
Religion seizes on the yielding heart,
Of Nature born, beyond the reach of art,

Its vast importance fills the wond'ring soul,
High in descent, and boundless in controul.
[230] In vain the hesitating spirit bends,
In vain to varied preference pretends,
Howe'er the Sophist[214] may attempt to gloss,
Opposing sentiments command a choice:
Judgment and inclination will incline,
To graft the faith which we believe divine,
And when we feel the Deity within,
Solemn investigation must begin;
What hopes well formd my future state attend,
At what blest shrine shall I devoted bend?
Fair truth I woo thee from thy lone recess,
With thy celestial charms my heart impress,
Guide me I pray thee, to the paths of light,
Unveil thy essence to my rapturd sight;
Extend thy influence o'er my wavering mind,
And to my bosom all thy dictates bind.
Such is the language of the thinking Man,
His Reason owns but one consistent plan,
To which with steady firmness he adheres,
And ever as its advocate appears.
But the time serving supple cringing fool,
Who squares his actions by a waxen rule,
To passing shadows true, still halts between,
And still conforms to every changing scene.
He, Proteous[215] like, is any thing by turns,
While with no pious zeal his bosom burns.
Gold is the idol of his venal soul,
And sordid views his better hopes controul,
His dearest joys he forfeits for a breath,
And smiles deceptive in the arms of death.

**Closing a visit to a much loved friend**

As shadows lengthen at the suns decline,
And by degrees the splendid scene resign,
[231] When whirling round this massy globe descends,
And from yon luminary changeful bends,
Till softer twilight clad in sober gray,
By movements gradual to night gives way,
When darkness wraps in shades the various hues,
The eye in vain the beauteous tinct pursues,
The verdant turf, the flowery mead no more
Can charm the senses grateful as before

Lost in thick glooms in one convolving scene
Are fields and meadows and their tufted green
All nature droops or waits the coming day
When rosy morn shall paint the welkin gay:
So, pensively my cheerful hours arise,
No radiant beam its genial aid supplies.
The sun of friendship lately sooth’d my eye,
And every moment pass’d serenely by,
Beneath its influence I securely bask'd,
Nor brighter joys, nor fairer prospects ask'd.
Love, dear esteem, entwining rosy hope,
And conscious truth an ever sacred prop,
Whate’er of happiness exists below,
Whatever virtuous friendship can bestow.
But days and weeks passing unheeded on,
Ere I could stamp their worth, too soon were gone,
My starting soul beheld the period near,
Tracing its progress with a silent tear,
Which summon'd me from that enchanting place,
Where amity assumes her fairest face,
Where my Cleora's gentle worth presides,
And wayward passion by her influence guides,
Where duteous ardour swells the filial breast,
And all the charms of honour are imprest,
[232] Where every mental feature stands pourtrayd,
Stampt by those graces which can never fade,
Where Rectitude extends her fair domain,
Mingling the virtues in her starry train.
Yet, from this social scene I fled away,
When duty calls friendship, and love obey,
Though dark and gloomy was my settling mind,
My bosom not to severing fate resignd,
Hope was benighted, many a joy was dead,
A host of pleasures my embraces fled;
Chill'd was my spirit, while the parting gleam,
Seemd a wing'd shadow, or a tearful dream,
Full oft I cast the retrospective eye,
And inly swell'd the deep regretting sigh,
In vain I struggled, all in vain resolvd,
My soul in melting tenderness dissolvd,
Till midnight darkness every where prevaild,
And from my glance the beamy vision faild.
But now more calm, the dawn salutes my eye,
Anticipation streaks the azure sky,

Again I hail the bright ascending day,
Nature relumes, and all the scene is gay.

**Written in a Tavern**

Here loud ton'd folly fills her throne,
Riotous Mirth, to Discord prone,
Alternately the passions sway,
And each by turns the whim obey.
Oaths, Curses, Peals of Laughter join,
And frightfully in league combine,
Rude uproar, which the well taught mind,
For peace, seraphick peace design'd,
[233] With virtuous indignation flies
To shield beneath congenial skies
Waft me the ardent soul exclaims
To some lone spot where silence reigns
Hark the ferocious sounds encrease
When will the savage uproar cease
Shield me ye powers but this one night
And soon as dawn the cheerful light
From these tumultuous scenes I haste
Where home felt bliss my heart may taste.

**To a friend on his manner of taking leave of sundry characters**

Methinks as slow thou movest along,
And friends around thy carriage throng,
Imploring blessings on thy way,
Peace with her mildly beaming ray,
Health, amity, approving heavn,
Primeval joys by virtue givn,
Methinks as thus their voices swell,
While they pronounce the long farewel,
As thus in unison they join,
To bless the Teacher they resign;
It looks as some propitious power,
Which shone benign oer many an hour,
Quitting our World had pass'd away,
To mingle with eternal day!
A sudden chill my soul pervades,
And hope within my bosom fades:
Just so when shades of night prevail,
And orient beams in heaven fail,
Dire spectres meet the fearful eye,

And darkness wraps the vaulted sky.
But morning suns again return,
With undiminished splendors burn,
Streaking with rosy red the dawn,
And streaming o'er the verdant lawn.
[234] So with thy cheering message blest,
Of all the power to soothe possest,
Mayst thou in wonted strength appear,
Filling again thy splendid sphere,
While truths of potent power prevail,
And from thy lips our souls inhale,
That Sovereign good, which once obtaind,
Rest, everlasting rest, is gaind.

**Written at an early period of the Revolutionary War[216]**

When will these rude tumultuous clamours cease,
When shall we hear the genial voice of peace;
My tird soul is sick of these alarms,
This vain parade, this constant din of arms.
I wish, devoutly wish, for some retreat,
Where but the shepherds pipe my ear may greet,
Where I may calmly hail the rising day,
On life's eventful threshold while I stray.
I would in its variety enjoy,
The mental feast I would my hours employ,
To cull the flowers of wisdom as they grow,
To reap the fruits which love and truth bestow.
But ah! alas! On a rough Ocean tost,
To all the bliss of social pleasures lost;
My little bark by winds of passion driv'n,
Blown to, and fro, by each opinion giv'n;
Sees in perspective no auspicious shore
Which can its safety, or its hopes restore;
Terrifick visions in succession rise,
A host of fears the trembling soul surprise.
And can it be, will dark vindictive rage,
'Gainst helpless towns revengeful battle wage,
When far removed from the hostile scene
When cities rise, when Oceans roll between
[235] Must Glous'ter though obscure be doom'd to feel,
The British thunder, and the British steel,

Forbid it British valour, British grace,
And spare so little, so remote a place.

**On the facility with which the mind becomes accomodated to the loss of friends and other misfortunes**

The Creature Man with social passions formd,
By acts of kindness is to friendship warmd,
Till envious death dissolves the tender tie,
When from his bosom bursts the deep drawn sigh.
While down his cheek ensanguind sorrow streams,
Despoild and hopeless the lorn mourner seems.
But pass some months, and mark the mighty change,
How vast his projects, and how wide his range,
He dreamd, when first the hour of anguish rose,
Anguish which often most impetuous flows,
That he no more should taste the bliss of peace,
Nor his embosomd pangs one moment cease.
Perhaps to yonder grave his friend is borne,
Or from his arms his wedded bride is torn.
Perhaps with frenzied eye, and sorrow wild,
He saw inhum’d in earth his only child,
When in the bitterness of grief he said,
He was to every future comfort dead.
Yet e'er the form surrender’d to the earth,
Is moulderd by the great destroyer death,
New hopes, new fears, new joys, new friends arise,
And all his past regrets forever dies!
On a broad sea of new sensations tost,
His former pleasures and his pains are lost,
Again the swelling tide he greatly dares,
Nor of approaching happiness despairs,
Although adorn'd in garb of garish hue,
Full many a time it cheats his ardent view.
[236] Thus visions of futurity we prize
By disappointments hardly ever wise
We think the coming day will be most blest
And hail the treasurd hours of tranquil rest
The period's here, what then? why then we mourn
And are again by adverse passions torn
Thus we go on to count our rising joys
While every moment some fond hope destroys
Felicity is not at our command
Unvaried pleasures cannot here expand
Imagination may contemplate bliss
May think to grasp it in a world like this
But when emerging from the womb of fate

Events of time their wond'rous worth relate
Convinc'd of error we shall then confess
Mortality twas not design'd to bless.

**Attending at Church during the absence of our spiritual guide[217]**

Solemn, and slow, the gath'ring circles meet,
With humid eye and faltering accents greet;
They seem to say "'tis not as heretofore,
We shall not now that sacred Mine explore,
Those depths of wisdom, that august profound,
The sacred page, where heart felt joys abound.
Where truth unveils her bright seraphic face,
Beaming refulgent o'er the lapsed race."[218]
Hail Goddess fair, descended from above,
Dispatched from abodes of peace, and love,
Rich is thy message, fruit of wond'rous worth,
Of heavenly climes the bright spontaneous growth;
Descend, we supplicate, thy influence give,
And in thy precepts let thy children live,
Let us assembled in thy sacred fame,
A glorious weight of character sustain,
[237] And though no more we hear our teacher's voice,
Let us in thee, and thy great source rejoice,
At thy white altars still our spirits bend,
Still in the courts of wisdom we attend;
United swell the grateful voice of praise,
To God our Saviour glad orisons raise,
While recolection drys her humid eye,
And we forbear the melancholy sigh.

**On the Aeolian Harp[219]**

Descend sweet Zephyrus[220] on my Harp strings blow,
With movements regular, majestic slow,
See to the breeze the well toned Chords recline,
And whispering breathe melodious airs divine.
To thy soft strains my listening ear I bend,
And all thy melancholy notes attend.
Not Thomson,[221] Bard of Nature, more admird,
Thy charmful touch not more his breast inspird,
When consecrated strains he deftly play'd;
In magic Castle where eftsoons he stray'd.
To that lorn breast which tender sorrow wounds,
Sweetly congenial are these dirgful sounds;

Deeply they thrill the grief devoted mind,
Responsive sympathy, by love design'd,
With dulcet power to elevate and soothe,
And the rough paths of disappointment smooth.
The luxury of tears it ne'er condemns,
Nor e'er the tide of silent sorrow stems:
Gently it warbles wild complaining notes
As o'er the chords the mild gale lightly floats.
But rougher winds swell the majestic sound,
While echo spreads the sonorous musick round.
How sweetly melting, and how deeply grave,
Now fair favonion breezes gently wave,
[238] Anon fierce bellowing winds deform the sky,
And o'er the diapasan hoarsly fly.
Thus to my well tun'd harp the breathing air,
Or rougher gales, alternately repair.
With Thomson's eye I mark a Cherub throng,
Bending, to aid, and meliorate the song,
Children of Paradise who fondly prove,
To kindred Man their yet continued love,
How softly flows that deeply warbled strain,
Listen my heart, the tones return again,
Diffusing magick symphonies around,
The wide expansive melody of sound.
Thanks gentle spirits, thanks to you are due,
Receive my vows, and in my path way strew
That tranquil bliss from harmony which flows,
Which countless blessings with itself bestows,
To sweet repose my wayward passions hush,
And in the germe each latent mischief crush.
Come guardian Seraphs[222] on benignant wings,
Touch and retouch the deep vibrating strings,
Etherial minstrels in full concert join,
Airs wafted from cherubic choirs combine;
Swell high the base, the notes seraphick raise,
And lift my soul to heaven, to, love and praise.

**To Cleora on suspense**

Yes my Cleora I can set my seal,
And all the woes thou paintst like thee can feel,
Yes, by experience my torn bosom knows,

The mighty mischief on suspense which grows:
When trembling doubt preponderating reigns,
And scarce a hope the sickening heart sustains,
Inquietude with wild disorder’d air,
Each feature stampt with dark vexatious care,
[239] Uncertainty with red, and humid eye,
Pale visag’d, sad, with many a bursting sigh,
Corroding evil fearful of the worst,
Armd by suspicion, which can seldom trust.
Suspense obscurs the brightest beams of light,
Dark, haggard, torturing, indecisive spright,
Its thousand perturbations who can tell,
Upon its hydra[223] ills what tongue can dwell,
Words are inadequate, silent it treads,
And heart felt gloom where’er it passes spreads.
What can against its ravages protect,
In vain we reason, and in vain reflect,
Despotic influence it still obtains,
And some new power with every moment gains;
If faith, if blest Religion aid us not,
Peace is no more, and every hope forgot,
Yes, my Cleora, I can set my seal,
And all the woes thou pain’st like thee can feel.

**To the same upon the familiarity of a stranger**

Well never was I so perplex'd,
Nay absolutely almost vex'd,
Thus to be thrown quite off[224] my guard,
So foolish, flutterd, and so scar'd,
Before an utter stranger too,
So little self command to shew.
The Man from Albion's white cliff’d shore,[225]
Paris, and half a dozen more,
Polish'd and gracd but just arriv'd,
Was ever mischief so contriv'd,
As if from Fairy land he flew,
Or by enchantment met my view,
Close at my elbow sudden stood,
With looks complacent, mild, and good.
[240] Baskets of work my table fill'd
In needle work you know me skill'd
And all unconscious as I wrought
Of Visitors I never thought
And least of all of one so rare

So lively, chatty, debonair
'Twas accident quite unexpected
That thus to me his steps directed
And this same chance though blind as ever
At times perchance is mighty clever
Well, I before this high bred wight,
Would have demean'd exactly right
With elegance have play'd my part
And every pretty female art
All unconstraind with native ease
Humour and wit which always please
Deuce take it, what a plague possess'd
Confusion thus to stand confess'd
For as I live it is a fact
No rustic could more awkward act
A simple chit at boarding school
Just fit to smile and look the fool
Would chatter with as good a grace
As much expression in her face
Herself acquitting quite as well
A mortifying truth to tell
But yet indeed the very case
Vexatious blushes paint my face
"And this embarassment for what?"
Why thats the wonder, ‘twas for nought
Ridiculous, 'twas but a kiss,
In days oft yore not deem'd amiss
And that so decently bestowd
As but a Father's feelings showd
[241] Indeed the simple truth to tell,
He look'd the Father very well,
Paternity sat on his brow,
Een when he made his lowest bow;
And for a moment I believ'd
By fancy, and her imps deceivd,
That scaped from the River Styx,[226]
With mortal men again to mix,
Some Ancestor by will of heav'n,
To guard my wandering steps was giv'n.
And hence so perfect, so benign,
With graces only not divine,
Hence he appeard with charms bedight,
Such as might suit a son of light.
"Pshaw, pshaw” you cry, "pray dont proceed,
"Nor such a jaunt attention lead,

"For pity's sake your self explain,
"And from this doggerel refrain."
Cleora hush, to chide forebear,
And all about it you shall hear.

**On hearing the circumstances attending the death of an aged Christian**

And must I meet my ancient friend no more,
Until in heaven together we explore,
That vast, that boundless, that encircling love,
Which paid for us the "price, all price above"?[227]
Hail happy spirit, scap'd this mortal coil,
With each concomitant of grief, and toil,
Subject while here to long, long lingering pain,
Religion only could the weight sustain.
Full many a rood thy weary feet has trod,
Marching triumphant homeward to thy God.
Calmly resignd and resolutely good,
As rectitude on Earth is understood,
[242] Great in thy life, yet greater still in death,
Fraught with instruction was thy latest breath.
Mournful amid thy weeping friends I stand,
Reverence, and love, within my breast expand;
With joy I hear the dying saint proclaim,
A risen Saviour's comprehensive name;
Jesus the guardian of her early youth,
Her life, her peace, her holiness, her truth:
In whom the wandering family of Man,
Existed e'er the course of time began,
And in whose character they still appear,
However various their wild career.
Yes, 'twas a solemn, a pathetic scene,
Her parting moments, as her soul serene,
Embosom'd faith, embosom'd joy confest,
As thus her tongue her family addrest.
"Cease dearest children, these complainings cease,
"Your Mother verges on the realms of peace,
"All sense of suffering this assurance charms
"Almighty pow'r the tyrant death disarms,
"He cannot hurt, despoiled of his sting,
"His cold embraces will deliverance bring.
"And you dear partner of my wedded life,
"When you behold a lov'd, expiring Wife,
"Your tearful eyes in resignation lift,
"To Him who claims, and who bestowd the gift.

"In yonder world our well remember'd loves,
"The God who made us knows, allows, approves,
"And we amid those realms of bliss shall meet
"And with new pow'rs, and new sensations greet.
"Sisters farewel, our minds have variant been,
"You have not with my eyes your Saviour seen;
[243] "Yet shall some future day the veil remove,
"For you are circled in the arms of love.
"And thou too Murray,[228] harbinger of peace,
"E'er long shall thy laborious progress cease.
"Mean time go on, auspicious tidings spread,
"And point the Nations to their glorious head,
"Lead them to Jesus, source of every hope,
"And thus the thorny path of being slope.
"For me, with sacred rapture I behold,
"The world departing and my heaven unfold,
"To scenes terrestrial I bid adieu,
"To friends connexions, last of all to you"
Thus far her words, and then nor tears, nor sighs,
Without a struggle the believer dies!
Dies, I recall, 'tis then the spirit lives,
And God himself the crown immortal gives.

**Lines to Cleora occasioned by a barbarous attack made upon a celebrated literary and law character**

Inhuman Villains! Stop your murd'rous hands,
Forbear this violence, disperse your bands,
What furies urge you, what vindictive rage,
Why Dastards thus, unequal battle wage?
Did you not know whose precious life you sought,
Were not your souls by intuition taught?
Surely you might in every feature trace,
The rare perfections which your victim grace,
By sense, by elegance, and science blest,
Of honour, truth, and probity possest.
But base Poltroons, Virtue you never knew,
Or knowing could your barb'rous hands imbrue
Deep in her vitals! Stab her favorite son,
And only mourn the deed not wholly done!
[244] "What means Constantia?[229] What strong passions swell,
"Whose injuries these frantic lines impel?"
Cleora mark, like mine your breast will glow,
The blood indignant through your veins will flow;
When the rude outrage pourd into your ear,

Commands the crimson flush, the burning tear;
With trembling sympathy you will confess,
I never can the thousandth part express,
Of those sensations which my soul must feel,
Unless my breast, more malleable than steel,
Than adamantive stone more rough, and hard,
For suffering merit felt no fond regard.
Know then, Hortensius,[230] traind in paths of peace,
Whose pleadings bid the jarring passions cease,
Whose flowing rhetoric and nervous page,
Might hush the ravings e'en of savage rage.
This Man for gentleness, for virtue fam'd,
And never but with veneration nam'd,
Except or ignorance, or envy thought,
To their low level virtue might be brought.
E'en he, I say, defenceless and unarm'd,
By sweet benignity his bosom warm'd,
The circling round of truth as he pursu'd,
And justice only with due preference view'd,
Drag'd unexpected from his righteous course,
By a Banditis[231] of superior force,
Was fell'd to earth by oft repeated blows,
Dealt by the deadly rancour of his foes.
Tis said, but I forbear the blighting tale,
Let me not breathe it to the listening gale;
Desist sweet muse, thy horrid task give o'er
And stain thy numbers with such deeds no more.

**To a friend, introductory to a design of inquiring into the origin of evil**

Canst thou forgive the bold presuming pen,
Say, for in candour, thou'rt the first of Men,
[245] Whose Mistress arrogant with prying eyes,
Invades the secrets of empyrean skies?[232]
Who proudly confident removes the veil,
Who, even should the arduous effort fail,
Believes the Almighty will compassion show,
To those whose venial faults from ignorance flow

Yes I do mean with humble zeal to trace
The origin of evil whence its place
How darkness wrapt the bright celestial world
And how the angels down to tartarus hurld
Lost their fair seats abodes of joy and love
Those radiant Circles which they filld above

Commencing demons in the realms below
Whence envy, malice, rancour, hatred flow
Deep is the theme, with sacred mystery fraught
Yet in the sacred volume if tis taught
If in that comprehensive text contain'd
Whence light and freedom to our paths is gain'd
It well becomes the high incipient mind
To search the plans by truth and life design'd
And, or in fruitful error's devious way,
Unconsciously my wild ideas stray
In the broad page of Deity is found.
A Sovereign Remedy for every wound
Yes, yes the healing rays of mercy bend
And on the faded morning star descend
The righteousness decreed will all o'erflow
E'en on the fallen spirits life bestow
Encompass all, diffusing through all space
And every creature in its truth embrace

**Upon a disappointment**

The twentieth of November comes at last,
Almost a gloomy month having gone past,
Since tidings of my brother blest my ear,
Or voice, or sound, my listening soul could hear.
October twenty fifth, yes, that's the date,
Since which unconscious of eventful fate,
[246] Or if among the living, or the dead,
My much lov'd wanderer may now be read.
How deeply harrowd is this sighing breast,
By all the horrors of suspense opprest,
Corroding ravages are making there,
But yet my God excludes the fiend despair.
Casting this morn the long inquiring eye,
I saw and hail'd the bright cerulean sky,
And as the fanning breezes gently blue,
Within my bosom hope, and pleasure grew.
Thank you propitious gales, grateful I said,
O'er yon blue waves the tardy vessel speed,
Give her to quit the sea environd shore,
The din of battle, and the cannon's roar,
I said, and L-----[233] obedient hove in sight,
My soul expanded with supreme delight;
With hast obliging my attendants flew,
And expectation every moment grew,

But disappointment spread her baleful wing,
And I of only blasted hopes can sing.

**News from my Brother**

Behold how thick my obligations rise,
See every moment some fair boon supplies,
E'er yet my thanks for one event ascends,
My penetrated spirit lowly bends,
To that blest source whence good repeated springs,
Eventual blessings which from evil brings.
It was but yester morn the sigh of woe,
Swell'd in my breast, and tears began to flow,
Red and surcharged were these humid eyes,
I said he sickens, or perhaps he dies,
Dark apprehension brooded in my soul,
Vast is her empire, potent her controul,
But e'er the day to its meridian came,
To bless my life and greet a sister’s name,
[247] A letter flew, chasing whole hosts of fear,
And wiping from my cheek the mournful tear,
And still to brim for me my cup of joy,
And every evil root, and branch, destroy,
The swelling Climax with the evening rose,
Finish'd the day, and gave me sweet repose,
Another and another blessing blest,
And rosy hope my grateful soul possest.
Each military danger left behind,
The laurel wreathe the sons of victory bind,
Columbia will her valiant Heroes greet,
As they deserve she will her warriors meet,
The Cap of Liberty shall be their crown,
While latest ages trumpet their renown.

**On an insult offerd to a friend**

Is't possible, is pride so deeply stung,
That spite of all the musick of his tongue,
Still it assumes, and still audacious dares,
Nor yet of the victorian meed despairs!
Armd by fell prejudice can it contrive,
To keep discordant passions still alive
Still to assert its empire oer the breast,
Still to object and still the soul molest.
Swayd by rank pride a host of foes combine,

Against the voice of truth in concert join,
With sweet applause full many a thorn they blend,
And to the depths of calumny descend,
To vex my friend, and with unlicencd joy,
Mix each delicious draught with dire alloy.
And still they urge the war, and still maintain,
That God himself shall ne'er triumphant reign,
Still from his message all indignant turn,
While murd'rous passions in their bosoms burn.
[248] With rancorous hate his Messenger pursue!
Nor decency, nor truth, nor mercy shew!
Strange that in Norwich such sad scenes appear
Norwich to recollection truly dear
Her virtuous Citizens my soul approves
And all her hospitable Circles loves
Such sons of Belial[234] can her soil produce!
Can C—s of Religion make such use!
With lawless power his neighbours rights invade
And to the Despot's throne outragious wade
Assaying thus in barbarous bands to bind,
Narrow as those which fetter his dark mind.
Low at thy shrine fair Liberty I bow,
And offer in thy courts the votive vow,
Goddess extend thy empire far, and wide,
Not a licentious, but a moral guide.
Or if our actions modes and forms enchain,
If we perforce must own some tyrant reign,
Yet give the heaven born spirit ample scope,
And let us cherish every innate hope.
No arbitrary mandate should pretend,
The vital spark to regulate, or bend,

Imperious dictates cannot reach the soul,
Tis God alone her movements can controul.

**Unintentionally hurting the feelings of a very dear friend-----**

Most true, Dean Pope, their errors wound our peace,
For whom our high regards can never cease.
And friendship though conjoind by holy tie,
Breaths o'er a look the not unfrequent sigh,
A word ill taken, though perhaps well meant,
Nay, utter'd with kindest, best intent,
[249] May give the soul the transient glow of hate,
And deep repentance in the breast create,

That e'er the mutual flame so potent grew,
That e'er its kindling energies we knew;
To calm indifference then we raise the prayr,
And e'en a state of apathy prefer!
But these are fleeting visions of the mind,
Our thraldom pleases, and our views refind
By sophistry, or truth, or what you will,
To amity, sweet amity, obedient still,
Bows to her dictates, twines the willing bands,
And love beneath her gentle touch expands.
Dear sensibility again we seek,
With new born raptures of its pleasures speak,
Live on its praises, magnify its name,
Its innate worth, with tongue untird proclaim:
Freedom and all her charter'd rights resign,
Nor at the loss of Liberty repine,
Thus amity, sweet amity we prize,
And fancy that our choice is mighty wise;
While equanimity, dull, sober thing,
We smile to see it spread its heavy wing,
And with unfeign'd sincerity declare,
Nought with the joys of friendship can compare.

**Presiding at a little ball which I gave to the boys and Girls of my select Circle**

Last night the dimpling God of mirth we crown'd,
And smiling boys and Girls stood laughing round,
While as each little Visitant I haild,
Maternal pleasure in my breast prevaild.
I love the enjoyments of that cheerful scene,
Which peaceful rise, as innocence serene;
I love the fragrant bud of opening youth,
Its modest blush, and its endearing truth.
[250] And when a skillful hand the blossom rears,
Cloath'd in angelic sweetness it appears,
When mingling art with nature is combind,
Her handmaid, not her paramount designd,
When gentle manners grace the rising fair,
When growing worth becomes the stripling's care,
The interesting objects must engage,
The kindest wishes of the coldest sage,
Nor can the Cynic the fond glow restrain,
His misanthropic apathy retain;
For modest beauty cloath'd with infant charms,
The Anchorite[235] to plausive pleasure warms.

How playful is the genial morn of life,
Secure from passion and malicious strife,
Sincerity appears unfolding there,
For innocence can no disguises wear.
Sweet Confidence sets mantling on the cheek,
And as our children think, just so they speak,
From us they learn the deep dissembling art,
To guard their thoughts, and act a double part,
Innate sincerity lives in their dawn,
But e'er the tender flow'r is fully blown,
Crush'd in its bud, blasted by fell deceit,
It yields its sweetness to the hand of fate.
Why should duplicity thus rampant grow,
And virtue only blighted blossoms show?
But leaving causes, memory would give,
Those little Cherubs in her page which live,
Though conscious that her colouring could not vie,
However luminous the splendid dye,
With Nature's glowing, bright impressive tincts,
Who all her characters so deep imprints.
Yet still the pleasing task I would assay,
And little loves, around my pen should play,
[251] I'd draw the picture of the mirthful room,
Where pleasure laugh'd, without or fear, or gloom,
Where smiling truth array'd like Girls and Boys,
Diffus'd with circling bliss high lineag'd joys
I'd tell how in the mazy dance they join'd,
With mingling steps, and mingling grace combind,
In various movements how their little feet,
Musick, and musick's measur'd notes repeat,
How the slow minuet they glided o'er,
Circling with airy steps the spacious floor;
How I beheld the graces all expand,
As light they trod the beauteous alamand.
Or when they danc'd the sprightly Cotellion,
While in each feature sparkling pleasure shone.
Mixing confusdly wild, or gaily free,
In many a pretty frolick vagary.
This is the theme I would delight to raise,
Swelling my notes to well deserved praise.
But sylphs and fairies I as well might trace,
The gay meanderings of the elfin race,
As sketch the floating graces, witching smiles,
The little mischiefs, sweet infantile wiles,
Then to the region of the mind I give,

Pictures which there, and only there can live.

**Prospect of Religious Liberty**

And will the beauteous Goddess rise,
Fair Liberty, with azure eyes,
Sweet Nature's face again relume,
And all her early charms resume?
And will she by her potent aid,
Dispel each dense impervious shade,
Will Prejudice dark fiend avaunt,
With eye askance, and figure gaunt,
From sactimonious Despots free.
Shall we emancipation see?
Escap'd their superstitious wiles,
No more entangled in their toils,
[252] Free to select the better part,
To rectitude resign the heart.
No more of legal threats afraid,
By bigotry no more betrayd,
To God alone devoutly bend,
With solemn awe his laws attend;
Prostrate adoring at his throne,
For justice, truth, and mercy known,
The Great First Cause,[236] Almighty God,
In robe of flesh who humbly trod
This vale of sorrow, vale of tears,
As friend, and brother who appears:
Uniting all that we can prize,
As good, as holy, great or wise,
The living God, the Prince of Peace,
Whose power, whose Realms can never cease,
The Father God, the infant born,
The harbinger, the glorious morn,
The Saviour of a ruind world,
Which erst from Paradise was hurld:
The holy spirit source of bliss,
Not drawn from such a world as this,
But pointing where our race began,
To Jesus, head of every Man.
Thus all these characters combine,
To stamp one character divine,
Thus bright consistence crowns our faith,
Thus glorious is our shining path,
Thus truth and Liberty appear,

Filling with majesty their sphere,
Religious Liberty, and truth,
Eternal Peace, unfading youth.

**Taking a journey from Gloucester to Boston**

Midst clouds of dust and scorching blasts of wind,
Midst flaming suns which o’er our heads impend,
[253] Severe as when the fiery dog star reigns,
And o'er the welkin direful influence gains,
Mid all the torrid heat of yesterday,
Its fervid power, and high unyielding sway.
I left the cool Recess the Village gives,
Where undisturbd each tranquil pleasure lives,
I left the place where I have known extremes,
Of all that earth or good, or evil deems;
Alternate passions have my bosom sway'd,
Now sooth'd to confidence, and now betrayd.
Fatigued and burnt, almost to cinders parch'd,
O'er rocky hills, and sandy plains we marchd,
And as the flaming day began to close,
When sober evening clad in grey arose,
We reach'd this place, where dissipation[237] sways,
And every wight her giddy rule obeys.

**Concluding a letter in Rhyme**

The post Boy is hasting away,
And what I have further to say,
Of Compliments, love, or advice,
Must be hurried off in a trice.
Well then o'er the pages I breathe,
The best wishes my heart can bequeath,
Confiding that providence will,
These wishes so fervid fulfil:
Will waft all my letters along.
Through the busy inquiring throng,
Till my friend of the parcels possest,
Shall be with intelligence blest.
With regard to the time I shall go,
I cannot at present bestow,
A thought on so distant an hour,

Nor is it now in my pow'r,
In my next perhaps I may say,
The time and exactly the way,
My every arrangement disclose,
Sweet confidence fondly repose.
[254] But now in the clouds 'tis involv'd,
On nothing I yet have resolv'd,
My friends solicit my stay,
My family calls me away,
Nor know I which to obey.
When duty and interest conjoin,
We neither demur, nor repine,
But can at our pleasure design;
But when diversly they bend,
Who can with precision pretend,
To say where the contest will end.
At present I freely declare,
My mind I cannot compare,
To ought but the waves of the sea,
My conclusions so little agree,
Unstable and fickle they be.
Tis now I determine to go,
Nor change shall my purposes know,
A week is the longest I stay,
In a resolute manner I say.
Anon by persuasion addrest,
The voice of duty supprest,
My faculties weakly revolt,
And judgment itself is in fault,
The contest I mark with surprise,
My path way, so pointedly lies,
And irresolution condemn,
The torrent resolving to stem.
Thus wild, and at pleasure thus tost,
To rational principles lost,
My bosom an empire becomes,
Where Chaos dominion resumes
Nor can I a barrier erect,
Which may from its progress protect.
Thus doom'd to acknowledge its sway,
Its dictates perforce I obey.
But let me this rhyming give o'er,
Or, to heights more ambitiously soar
[255] The ear such doggerel pains,
The Muse dishonour sustains,

Thus double's the crime I commit,
By writing so low, and unfit,
Then let me your pardon implore,
And prose to its office restore.

**Sonnet**

Oft borne where winged souls reflection reap,
To the lone bower for contemplation made,
Embosom'd by the thick entangled shade,
Where busy care and giddy riot sleep,
While all the Muses sacred vigils keep,
Pale Luna[238] lends her melancholy aid,
Till rising suns with new born light pervade,
Oer human woes my eyes incessant weep,
But the glad morning bursts upon my sight,
And the sweet Choristers in every bough,
Warbles to heaven the early matin vow;
Thus after a long, lingering, mournful night,
Joy everlasting joy shall crown the brow,
And vast Redemption shed its radiant light.

**Endeavouring to recollect those truths which are of sovereign aid to peace**

Once more retention lend thy magick aid,
Stamp on my heart, in hues that cannot fade,
Those doctrines which the zealous teacher taught,
With piety, and with Religion fraught;
Truths, sacred truths, in holy writ that live,
Which treasurd peace, and consolation give.
Search thy fair leaves, and open to my view,
Those healing fruits on Love divine that grew,
Let me reiterate the pleasing past.
Thy archives gratitude should ever last,
[256] Recording memory untir'd should write,
The Comment issuing from the source of light,
Tenaciously the words of life retain,
Words, with the sorrowing spirit which remain,
When by a mighty weight of grief opprest,
Only in other worlds it can be blest.

How rich the joys of Retrospection are,
A face of pleasure when the visions wear,
Of pleasures in futurity that rise,
Their root, their growth, in realms beyond the skies.
Blest Retrospection which the past retrieves,
And from reflection added bliss receives,
Thus with the present when the past we blend,
And future hopes their winged influence lend,
Tis then we know our origin divine,
And traits of Deity conspicuous shine,
For past and present with each scene that lies,
In vast eternity, together rise,
Before Jehovah in one view expand,
A ne'er receding present, always stand;
And tis with elevating joy we trace,
Indulged by a Father's boundless grace,
This striking proof of our Almighty source,
However aberrating in our course.
Yes when the truth of God its influence spreads,
And in its well known paths when memory treads,
Rapture deep felt the glowing bosom fires,
And true devotion all the soul inspires,
Sublime enjoyments then we fully prove,
Trace, and retrace, the depths of sacred love,

Till every wanderer by grace explor'd,
The Universe is to our God restor'd.

**To Prejudice**

Fell Prejudice, thy deleterious sway,
The finest feelings of the soul betray,
[257] Thy very breath is with contagion fraught,
No toleration in thy school is taught.
Thy blackening tongue 'gainst innocence protests,
No pitying power thy ruthless zeal arrests.
Thou clothst in crimes which e'en the bad abhor,
With Virtue waging never ending war;
Clouding the sunshine of the tranquil mind,
For heaven descended truth and peace designd.
Pursuing on through every close recess,
Till even Rectitude cans scarcely bless.
Rancour, revenge and malice swell thy train,
Uncounted crimes thy bloated annals stain,
Tremendous is thy long enduring hate,

Strong and relentless as unyielding fate.

**Declination of Prejudice**

Yes, when the tyrant to right Reason bends,
And on the force of argument attends.
When truth upon the visual organ breaks,
And all the soul to light and life awakes,
Philanthropy its paean[239] voice will raise,
And Freedom chaunt the charmful hymn of praise.
Yes, to behold the rigid mind relax,
Impressions taking, like the yielding wax,
Those features where the baleful passions rangd,
By blest Religion to complacence changd,
The truth of God with well earn'd victory crown'd,
And Prejudice in its own fetters bound,
Consign'd to regions of eternal night,
No more to cloud the brightening paths of light.
[258] A consummation so sublime, and vast,
Would to oblivion give the gloomy past,
A song of triumph to the heart would give,
And bid the bliss of expectation live.

**Accidentally meeting an aged Minister of Peace**

Devoid of art, by honest Nature drest,
I saw the Man, his virtues stood confest,
His furrowd cheek with reverence I beheld,
And felt my soul to piety impel'd.
A meek Ambassador from heav'ns high court,
I honour'd him, and haild his good report.
A theme exhaustless his glad tongue proclaim’d,
Jesus the Saviour with devotion nam'd,
This was enough, though dim his visual ray,
I will await the all disclosing day,
When humble piety without a veil,
Shall learn of God, and his redemption hail,
Mean time a blameless life proclaims a heart,
In which deceit can boast no latent part.

**To my brother dangerously ill abroad**

Conflicting passions agonize my heart,
Suspense infixeth deep its barbed dart,

A train of hopes and fears by turns control,
Perturbd emotions agitate my soul,
Rudely contending in my grief worn mind,
Around my brow a wreath of thorns they bind
I seizd thy letters with enraptur'd haste,
But smiling joy the sad, sad times erased,
Triumphant sickness spreads its wide domain,
And will perhaps a final victory gain!
[259] Worn is thy life, to sorrow oft a prey,
And thou art hastening to the Realms of day:
Malignant ills arrest thy splendid course,
We must submit, alas! there's no resource;
No tender friend to lend thee aid is near,
To hush thy griefs and thy afflictions share.
E'en I myself am still confind by forms,
While round my head beat life's severest storms.
I said I would thy bed of pain relieve,
That from my hand thou shouldst each good receive,
Well pleasd if I could steal the bursting sigh,
Or wipe the tear drop from thy humid eye.
But distant far thy pained head is laid,
And all thy sister's expectations fade.
The roar of battle round my Hero flies,
And every instant some brave veteran dies.
Alas! alas! such were my bosom's fears,
My face bedewing with foreboding tears,
To morbid fancy frightful visions rose,
Anticipation calendar'd my woes.
Yet God can rescue, can to health restore,
And I his wondrous goodness may adore.

**Returning from a visit to the Metropolis**

The giddy scene at length is o'er,
No more I revel, and no more
The round of dissipation tread,
So gaily to my vision spread.
Now seated in this lone recess,
The busy throng no longer press,
I set me down and freely scan,
Each mix'dly various, motley plan.
Nor do I wish again to roam,
Since truest bliss resides at home
[260] Where sober reason holds her sway,
Reason which never can betray.

Domestic life the bosom charms,
The soul to social pleasure warms.
And much I love those heart felt joys,
That recollection ne'er destroys.
That take their rise in no fond whim,
Conceits which o'er the fancy skim,
That give the burst of sacred thought,
With real bliss divinely fraught.

**Expecting a sentimental friend**

Now my full soul awakes to joy,
And hope resumes its glad employ,
Cleora comes by beauty drest,
With sense, and with discretion blest,
Pleasure attunes her cheerful voice,
And all my faculties rejoice.
Singing a requiem to each care,
And biding me for bliss prepare,
That bliss from sentiment which flows,
Which on the stock of virtue grows,
And which cherubic spirits feel,
In heaven when they have set their seal
To the vast worth of truth, and peace,
Esteem and love which never cease,
Which like their source eternal rise,
Progressing in their native skies.

**Assaying to preserve from oblivion the pleasing past**

Go recollection trace the flowery way,
The white wing'd moments studiously display,
Collect each blissful scene which memory knows,
Which in the volume of retention glows,
[261] Give them to breathe upon the speaking sheet,
With power to bless thy pensive friend replete,
Thy utmost efforts into action bring,
O'er wasting woes oblivion's mantle fling,
Cleora's heart enough of grief hath felt,
In sorrow's mournful shade too long hath dwelt.
Now pangs of body bar the gates of rest,
Anon her mildly sympathetic breast,
Too keenly broods upon another's woe,
Reflected ills from many a source that flow.
Her path through life hath been a day of toil,

Pregnant with evil is this mortal coil.
When pleasure seldom loans her beamy smile,
Rich is the act which sorrow can beguile:
And sure we may some gloomy hour illume,
And past enjoyments in our page may bloom;
Grouping ideas by contentment taught,
From sprightly wit, and gay good humour caught;
The laughing moments skillfully may twine,
Health, precious health, our laudable design.
The powers of laughter Israel's Monarch[240] said,
As in the balance men, and plants, he weighd,
Resuscitating energy possess,
And like a medicine with fresh vigor bless.
From lips of wisdom this decision flow'd,
Stampt by experience, on sweet Nature's code.

**Writing to Cleora after a number of succeeding days during which the sun had not once made its appearance**

The sun of late forgotten hath,
To radiate his fleecy path,
Obscur'd by thick condensed clouds,
Darkness the lights of heaven shrouds,
Veiling in thickest glooms the sky,
Erst brilliant to the lifted eye
[262] And while we mourn the genial day,
Apollo's[241] bright and beamy way,
While thus his face his Godship hides,
Evil the mortal wight betides.
Nor Man alone, all Nature weeps,
When darkness solemn vigils keeps.
The stream as it meandering flows,
No more its charmful visage shows,
The bright enamel'd fields in vain,
Their rich and various hues retain.
The fragrant floweret blooms unseen,
Its damask tincts and glossy green;
No little songsters through the air,
Warble their sprightly carols there,
For Phebus[242] muffling thus his head,
A second chaos seems out spread.
Nor will my sweet Cleora chide.
Though I, too, lay my pen aside,
Perforce submitting to that gloom,
Imperious power which can assume,

Whose torpid influence can control,
Even the sunshine of the soul.
No, no dear Girl, it will not do,
Based on light our friendship grew,
And while these gathering mists obtain,
O'er the blue welkin while they reign,
Until Apollo shall inspire,
No more I tune my sad, sad lyre.

**To Cleora who had encouraged false hopes**

No more let sorrow cloud thy brow,
Come on, renew the votive vow,
Let hope sublim'd, on Reason bas'd,
By no contending evils ras'd,
Empow'r'd to elevate and bless,
A bright futurity impress.
[263] And chasing sorrow far away,
The potent charms of truth display:
So shall no blasted withering joy,
The sunshine of thy soul destroy.
No Phantoms hideous arise,
Illusive to thy tearful eyes.
May memory cull her fairest flowers,
The fragrant growth of virtuous hours,
And from reflections passing gale,
Mayst thou the richest scents inhale.
May Love, with soft cherubic charms,
Such as angelic bosoms warms,
Of truth and innocence possest,
Erect its empire in thy breast.
Blending sweet friendship's holy name,
So pure, and so refin'd its flame,
May it the wounds of honour cure,
And bliss, enduring bliss, ensure.

**Franking a letter[243] to a friend urg'd as an apology for transmitting him various pieces**.

Well as I've made the matter out,
One thing appears beyond a doubt,
That thou wilt not be tax'd to pay,
What friendship will for thee defray.
And lacking subjects that are better,
I shall proceed to fill my letter,

With copies which thou hast not seen,
Which may perhaps beguile the spleen,
Or cheerful close some tedious day,
That heavily hath past away.
My children's writing books shall first,
Say how I keep my sacred trust;
Repeat the lessons I designd,
Food for the young untutord mind,
Strange that I should such trifles speed,
To him who doth his thousands lead!
[264] Yet stop thou caveat urging spright,
And tell me if it be not right,
A gleeful evening when we spend,
And playfully the mind unbend,
A simple process should prepare,
The light refection which we share?
If so, your murmuring I'll not heed,
But to transcribe, I will proceed.

**Continuing to transcribe**

The copying pen once more I seize;
Friendship in humblest garb can please;
And when esteem with kindness blends,
With partial glow the heart attends,
Reiterating every lay,
Or grave, or serious, sad, or gay,
Whether the Muse exalts her song,
And graceful moves the lines along,
Or dull prosaic numbers tell,
What might be said, or sung as well,
In any way, by any wight,
Withouten Muse to aid his flight
But now a theme demands thine eye,
Which merits much of sympathy,
And well I ween thy gentle heart,
With every sufferer takes a part,
And though no Ghost, I can divine,
The honest pleasures which are thine,
When grief subsiding milder grows,
And sorrow mitigation knows.
I think the tidings caught thine ear,
While yet thy footsteps linger'd here,
That a sweet boy was born to prove,

A substitute for that fond love,
Which fair Sabina[244] once confess'd,
When by a guardian husband blest
[265] I think I say thou heardst the sound,
And in the tidings pleasure found.
Thy soul attun'd by tenderness,
Would with one general blessing bless.
And I too know to sympathize,
Like thee to swell congenial sighs,
Like thee the throb of bliss I know,
When pleasure lightens human woe.
And I have raisd the voice of joy,
Delighting in my glad employ,
Mingling with those who gratulate,
The Cherub in this mortal state,
And as an offering at thy shrine,
I tinder every breathing line,

Resigning them to Friendship's name,
Their dear, their sacred, legal claim.

**Still copying**

Again to copy I proceed,
My Cause sweet amity will plead,
Will pass my faults, and follies o’er,
Will every trait of worth explore,
Dwelling delighted on the line,
Essay, or book, believed mine.
With glowing ardour will commend,
O’er every page applauding bend;
Or if my errors glaring stand,
With candour’s mantle in his hand,
Some excellence he will pursue,
Ideas which on Virtue grew;
And if the sentiments be good,
However clad in garments rude,
His benediction freely give,
And bid it in retention live,
Exult to grant its utmost merit,
Restoring form, and life, and spirit,
[266] What ever vivid fancy warms,
The richest of her treasurd charms.
Tis thus partiality endows,
The object of its fervid vows;

With ever bounteous hand supplies,
Like yonder sun, creates those dyes,[245]
Which variegate the splendid scene,
Tiping the mead and mounting green.
Thus are my trembling fears dispers'd,
In sweet oblivion doubt enhears'd,
While gladly I my task pursue,
To copy, as I said, for you,
And till the pleasing work be done,
I mean with every rising sun,
Still to go on, nor make a pause,
To note the hour in any clause,
Except the margin should await,
Obsequiously to show the date,
Thus then permit me to begin,
With I confess audacious pen.

**On the demolition of the nest of a Canary Bird which from some unknown cause took place in a little temporary Aviary which I had filled up for the accommodation of the Parent Birds. I had daily watched the construction of the little superstructure marking with much pleasure its gradual advance.**

As some fond pair industrious join,
And with united powers combine,
The modest Mansion to erect,
Which may from future storms protect,
And as the social scene they draw,
Anticipating future joy;
When in the rural Cot shall dwell,
What o'er to virtue may impel,
Contentment find a lasting seat,
The rosy train of pleasures meet,
Infantile life with smiles be blest,
And laughing innocence caress'd:
[267] So, even so, our feather'd pair,
Their little dwelling join'd to rear,
And as with care they cast about,
To find the best materials out,
Amid the efforts of the day,
They sweetly warbled many a lay.
What time their skill the nest constructed,
And each superfluous straw deducted,
Their arduous labours to beguile,
Bright expectation loan'd her smile:
And while nor doubt, nor fear intruded,

Their little toils they thus eluded;
Ere long the milk white shell portending,
Soft hope with fluttering prospects blending,
In this asylum lie concealed,
To eye of Mischief unrevealed,
Fit tenement for such a boon,
Let us, dear Love, complete it soon.
This downy fleece which thus we spread,
To pillow the sweet nestling's head,
Shall witness that parental joy,
Which nothing shall, or can destroy.
And when the little peepers burst,
The thinly circumambient crust,
With songs we'll mark their natal hour,
And blessings on the younglings show'r.
And when swift time shall fledge the wing,
The softest carols when they sing,
To the sweet warblers we'll impart,
The fondest wishes of the heart,
We'll train them to the arduous flight,
When to press forward, when to light,
Gainst every exigence we'll arm,
And give them every featherd charm,.
Thus they, for future bliss preparing,
Felicity ideal rearing,
[268] Of their domestic plans were talking,
And side by side together walking.
Or if they sung, or if they flew,
Their loves and hopes more ardent grew,
Nor knew they that the hand of fate,
Was often arm'd with deadly hate.
But what remains is best conceal'd,
What innocence from woe can shield,
A latent cause the storm directs,
While no propitious pow'r protects.
The little Fabrick strews the ground,
Though no Assasins steps are found,
From some fell Demon's hand it came,
While not a Muse the Spright will name.

**After Preaching**

How rational with those to meet,
Who sit serene at Jesu's feet,
Admiring in the sacred page,

What e'er devotion can engage;
What e'er the raptur'd breast can fire,
And kindling piety inspire;
For when the truth of God we see,
From every contradiction free,
When we behold his perfect Law,
And just conclusions when we draw,
Viewing that broad consistent plan,
Ordain'd to bless the Creature Man.
To bear him to the realms above,
The trophy of Redeeming love,
While he emancipated flies,
To Mansions in his native skies.
When thus we see, and thus we know,
Our pleasures unremitted flow,
Pillow'd by peace the soul confides,
In him the Universe who guides,
[269] While bas'd by virtue we ascend
With torch of faith, and lowly bend,
At blest Religion's radiant shrine,
Of name and origin divine.

**Petulent lines complaining of being absorbed in family cares occasioned by several additions to my household among whom were those whom I found it impossible to please**

How blank and vacant all my moments rise,
The pleasing Volume while no hand supplies.
Compell'd to act a part my soul disdains,
Tis but a choice of evils that remains.
No better than Cateress, nay tis true,
Fatigu'd, and humbled, to oppression new;
Nought to employ the mind which fain would soar,
Save the important question, What's in store?
For food to day, and how shall it be drest?
And whether turkey, veal, or chickens best?
Yet notwithstanding all our anxious care,
Viands to please we never can prepare;
The look reservd, the half averted eye,
The gesture petulent, the short reply,
The dish but tasted, and with hast dismiss'd,
<u>In the first act</u> our best productions hiss'd,
These signs proclaim, as loud as words can speak,
That 'tis in vain to satisfy we seek.
My circumstances harass'd and depress'd,

Not of the means to variegate possess'd;
My health declining, and my spirits fled,
No wonder if sweet hope itself were dead.
Were but my little family alone,
The passing moments would be all my own,
Nor would my duteous children e'er expect,
Although their claims I never could neglect,
More than direction what they should pursue,
Their finish'd tasks, that my pleasd eye would view,
[270] Approving where I might, inspecting still,
That each the work allotted might fulfil.
But now a Month, or more, hath pass'd away,
Since peace or leisure blest my tedious day.
Time is not lent to think, to write or read,
Care and vexation all my moments lead.
Wide o'er the house misrule extends her sway,
While Discord, born of malice, shouts obey,
And thus subjected to chaotic glooms,
Joy, intellectual joy no longer blooms.

**Meeting an aged Preacher of evangelick truth**

The venerable Man well pleasd we greet,
And joyful haste his aged steps to meet.
Gray hairs with gentle condescension crownd,
When in the radiant paths of wisdom found,
Ensure the admiration which we give,
And bright examples to observers live.
Benevolence advanceth in his train,
And white rob'd innocence descends again,
Of mortal habiliments once more possest,
Triumphant reigning in his child like breast.
Yet reason regulates his manly soul,
Subdued Passion bends to her controul,
While meek and lowly, at Emmanuels feet,
He smiles to find his happy, happy seat.

**On being told that the Citizens of Columbia[246] were opposing themselves to her Warriors[247]**

How vast, ingratitude, is thy domain,
What countless crimes thy pondrous annals stain,
The claims of merit but excite thy ire,
And matchless deeds thy utmost hate inspire.
See round our chief a host of ills unfold,

Behold their valour, their reward behold!
[271] And if pale envy be with victory crown'd,
If bloated Malice be triumphant found,
If over Virtue, hydra Vice prevails,
And justice in her regulations fails;
Our brave Protectors to the tide must yield,
Or once more dare the horrors of the field:
Against their Country turn the deathful steel,
Such wounds inflicting as no time can heal,
Steeping their laurels deep in kindred gore,
Their splendid claims to patriot worth no more.

**To Cleora, written in her Closet**

Well, calmly in thy closet seated,
And many cares aloof retreated,
Composd I set me down to write,
Though certes it is almost night.
And tea just ready to my hand,
Waits but my Ladyship's command.
The cups and saucers all are placed,
Each vessel with due order graced,
The cream and sugar both in view,
And eke, the bread, and butter too.
But as the Girls have taken flight,
We matrons deem it fit, and right,
To stop till they shall both come in,
Ere we our light repast begin.
Mean time Ive stole myself away,
Though scarcely knowing what to say
Only that I have shut the door,
And gatherd in my little store,
Of loves, and smiles, and prittle prattle,
And all the pretty tittle tattle,
Of what's the fashion, who's together,
How is your health this charming weather?
What shall you wear to the next ball,
When will you give the bride a call?
[272] What is the price of meeklin lace,
Did you observe Fattima's face?
Although with head bedizen'd o'er,
She looks to be at least three score!

Tis said Belinda's health's destroyd,
That she no more will go abroad,
Pray what is the Beau Monde about;
Did you cut in at the last route?
"But hold" thou criest "what, my retreat!
"Is that become your rhyming seat?
"I thought my friend 'twoul'd sacred be,
"When e'er an occupy'd by me."
Ah, my sweet Girl, you are mistaken,
If thus without your host you reckon,
Tis a long time I have been chasd,
From every spot were I was placed;
When first my little room I yielded,
I in the next apartment shielded,
But when at length that was requird,
To the spare chamber I retir'd;
Which well thou know'st did never yet,
Or paper, pen, or ink admit.
But this lone spot affording shelter,
Without or noise, or helter skelter,
Hither I hie, when I would find,
The calm enjoyments of the mind.
In Classic order Poets here,
Clad in their very best appear;
Historians in letterd pride,
Sages the mental world who guide;
Philosophers with magick pen,
Reason's prime agents, wondrous men,
These fill the shelves, illustrious band;
Embodied for the ready hand.
[273] Could ought this frigid breast inspire,
Enkindling there parnassian fire,
The viewless influence wafted thence,
Would ope the treasurd vein of sense,
Essence divine, with wisdom fraught,
From Genius, and from judgment caught.
But ah in vain the breeze assails,
Vain are the sweet favonian gales,
The leafless stump they cannot move,
Though playful o'er the root they move.

**To a Friend**

I gratulate thy steps once more,
Impressive on the distant shore,

Where oft thy Fancy roving stray'd,
And fond imagination said,
That joy sincere should meet thee there,
And pleasure charmful banners rear,
Pleasure white robed, such as those,
Which from the purest vision flows.
But ah! the present scene how chang'd,
Where are the walks where thou hast rang'd,
Where are those friends who erst times press'd,
And thee, and thy commission blest?
Fled on misfortune's baleful wing,
Or else with angel hosts they sing;
While strangers throng the crouded streets,
When kindred worth was wont to greet,
With glowing heart sweet friendship yielding,
And in the social Dome enshielding;
But merit will conspicuous shine,
And new attachments will be thine.

[274] **To the Same**

When beauteous Nature all around,
In every various walk is found,
When brightening prospects gild our home,
In search of change why should we roam?
Yet present good can scarce engage,
Which we indulge the idle rage,
For foreign pleasures, foreign joys,
A future something, that employs
The restless Mind, each anxious thought,
With no sweet acquiescence fraught.

**On the unexpected return of my eldest brother[248] after a long absence**

What pleasing transports swell the throbbing breast,
For one rich moment how supremely blest,
Is she who mid her tears, with glad surprise,
Full in her grasp beholds some bliss arise.
From distant shores when the lovd youth returns,
With wonted ardours if his bosom burns,
If we indulg'd no fond presentiment,
Prone to the earth if every hope was bent,
The bounding heart with rapture flies to meet,
Joys to embrace, nor can too oft repeat
The welcome sound, the labouring spirit swells,

With new delight on every feature dwells,
High beats the pulse, the blood more rapid flows,
And mantling on the cheek suffusive glows.

**To a friend who had observed upon our feelings at meeting an acquaintance at a distance from home**

Yes, well I know the observation true,
Repeated often, and approvd by you.
The predilection which we feel for home,
Far from its magick circles when we roam,

At each removal added vigour gains,
Till our dear object every wish enchains.
Then those, who heretofore indifferent seem'd,
Or possibly as enemies were deemd,
[275] Because they erst times breath'd the self same air,
No matter how esteem'd, or who they were,
When they are met upon a foreign shore,
Long cherish'd enmity appears no more.
They're haild as friends, as brothers are embrac'd,
While every sense of injury's eras'd,
The radiant star of confidence ascends,
To natal feelings high wrought passion bends;
No cloud upon the countenance appears,
The smile of amity each feature wears.

**After attending an aged, but very indifferent Preacher**

Once more respect to age, and love of truth,
Fondness for order, and intrusic worth,
Have plac'd my feet within the hallow'd fane,
Where true Religion should forever reign.
Grey hairs I reverence, and would bless the ray,
Of genial truth, howe'er obscurd its way;
The sun will still emit a cheering beam,
Though clouds condens'd to dim its lustre seem,
Yet still I wish (and Reason sets her seal,
Though some and prudence lodge, no vain appeal
Nor daring joins the sacriligious jest,
By Ridicule and thoughtless mirth expressd)
That some warm Preachers would the desk resign,
Their usefulness to private walks confine,
For conversation much improvement yields,
And from the voice of public censure shields.

Thus from their labours real good would flow,
And truth and virtue by their efforts grow,
Cherish'd by argument Religion lives,
Reflecting back the lustre which she gives,
Truth by investigation greatly thrives,
From being known her brightest charm derives,
Truth, the stamina, and the ornament,
Of every life in paths of honour spent.

[276] **On Receiving an account of an evangelical Preacher performing a series of benevolent actions**

Yes, to my hand the proud narration came,
And may unclouded honour stamp his name,
Eternal sunshine be his great reward,
Who imitating thus his gracious Lord,
Pursues the sighing breast, the aching head,
By blest benevolence divinely led,
To soothe, to cheer, and elevate the heart,
The confidence of sacred truth impart,
Who follows still the weal of humankind,
Potent to calm the tumults of the mind;
Whose hand the banners of the cross can rear,
Well skilld in all the winding of despair,
Who can those salutary councels give,
Which softens, heals, and bids the spirit live.

**Upon forming expectations unauthorized by Reason**

When expectations are too sanguine formd,
Events which would the throbbing breast have warmd,
With tranquil pleasure, or extatic joy,
Partake a deep, and very sad alloy.
Tis wrong incautiously to yield the reins,
To giddy Fancy, who so oft maintains,
Her garish triumphs o'er those temp'rate beams,
Which Reason loves, and sober truth esteems,
Exulting much to prop her airy sway,
Her visions gilding with fictious day.
Tis thus the spright in gaudy trappings drest,
Of magick charms, and potent spells possest,
Hood winks the judgment, riots in our dreams,
To every sense a brightening Cherub seems,

But ah! we wake, the dear delusion flies,
And every high raisd hope droops, fades, and dies.

[277] **To a Promulgator of truths of Sovereign aid to Peace**

Yes I unhesitating say
Smooth is thy path, and bright thy way.
Celestial joys of source divine,
From heaven descended must be thine,
To break Tradition's heavy chains
Tradition, who despotick reigns,
The tyrant Prejudice to meet,
And all his wondrous power defeat
To free the captive intellect
And from imperious rule protect
To give to Man the only hope
Which can his passage homeward slope
Pointing where radiant peace descends
Till at the throne of God he bends
Born to disseminate the grace
Ordained for the human race
By Reason and Religion lov'd
And by united worlds approvd
This is the task to thee assign'd
The labours of thy heavn taught mind.

**On the delay of judgment respecting our Religious Rights**

Still wrapt in clouds, suspense corroding reigns,
And fear, gigantic fear, vast power maintains:
Absorb'd in doubt, wilder'd conjecture strays,
Tangle'd the Labyrinth, a thorny maze.
Who can the windings of the Law disclose,
What heart on its decision can repose;
Deep Erudition, Eloquence and art
These are embody'd, each assign'd a part
While with the subtle argument is hung
The systematic magick of the tongue
Now black is white, and white again is black,
Nor sense, nor judgment, parry the attack;
Before the mighty phalanx virtue falls!
And Justice, all in vain, for quarter calls!
[278] Then who shall say, if Liberty will shield,
The Cap and staff to guard her Votaries wield,
Or whether bound by Superstition's chain,

Slaves to the Multitude we still remain.

**Witnessing the effect of evangelic truth upon a Religious Maniac**

May we not say those truths from heav'n descend,
That from the shafts of Misery defend,
That whisper peace, and lift the trembling mind,
To realms of light, the spirits home designd?
Redemption by Jehovah's[249] fiat crownd,
Is a panacea closing every wound,
Refulgent beaming o'er a ruind world,
Which erst from paradise for crimes was hurld.
Where floods of sorrow dim'd the swoln eye,
And oft repeated was the bosom's sigh,
A holy smile illumes the radiant face,
In every feature shines redeeming grace;
Terrific phantoms lose their maddening pow'r.
Pass'd are the terrors of the frenzied hour;
No more the spirit on destruction broods,
Upon futurity no spright intrudes,
The deep despondence by delirium taught,
With grief, enanguish'd grief, and horror fraught,
Led by despair fly to their native night,
Disperc'd by the strong blaze of orient light.
Auspicious day, with healing in its wings,
Which light, and peace, and restoration brings.
From such effects we trace that great First Cause,[250]
That life from death, and good from evil draws;
[279] And with the lamp of Reason once more bright,
Through trackless space pursue our destind flight:
Blessing the Messenger whose bosom glow'd,
Health to the spirit when his words bestowd,
Teaching the wilderd intellect the way,
O'er the poor Maniac, when he pour'd the day.

**Upon the accusation of neglect**

No, no I say, it never can be true,
I never can with cold indifference view,
I must with searching eye her steps explore,
Who once was seated in my bosom's core.
If life be lent, if memory remain,
It is enough, clustering ideas reign,
Fond recollection kindles in my breast,
Where every tender image is impress'd.

Yes, who declares no fealty I pay,
But all regardless of sweet friendship stray,
Through a false medium my actions trace,
My looks, my movements, and my words misplace;
Or when my ruling Passion thus he rates,
The sacred laws of truth he violates.
Yes, sense, and judgment amity approve,
Reason and sentiment the vision love,
Yes, in my breast her sacred Rights expand,
Stampt by a high, impressive, potent hand.
And every week, and every fleeting day,
However rapidly they pass away,
To my obedience have set their seal,
And to their Registers I make appeal.
Yes, holy friendship wears unequal'd charms,
And all her peerless worth my bosom warms;
Gladly I render homage at her shrine,
Confess her empire, own her laws divine.
But ranc'rous Censure hath a hundred eyes,
And Malice, hid in treachrous ambush lies.

[280] **Desultory Fragments on hearing the ill health of my eldest Brother, while ignorant of his precise situation**

Left to uncertainty a prey,
I waste in doubts the live long day,
Alternate passions swell my breast,
And joy and grief by turns molest.
Now, I exclaim, He lives, he lives,
And hope her brightest influence gives.
Anon, enwrap'd in shades of death,
He yields to fate his quiv'ring breath;
Alas! fond Nature shrieking cries,
My friend, my brother–ah he dies!
Then bursting sighs my bosom rend,
And tears, enanguishd tears, descend,
Sorrow prepares a barbed dart,
Skilld to transfix the trembling heart;
Pleasures gone past like spectres rise,
While each fair vision but supplies,
The means of pointing present woes,
As forked lightning darkness shows;
Thus a dense cloud my prospects shades,
And hope in my lorn bosom fades.

**Endeavouring to soothe the perturbed sensations of suspense by the indulgence of hope**

No news, as good old proverbs tell,
Is a sure sign that things go well,
Calm then, my soul, thy gloomy fears,
And wipe away thy falling tears,
Thy brother many a year may live,
And all thou ask'st thy God may give.
If he had mingled with the dead,
Report the tidings would have spread,
[281] The winds would waft the sad sad tale,
Borne heavily on every gale;
With solemn deep enanguish'd knell,
As sounds the last funeral bell.
Friends of all ranks, these would have known,
And foes, exulting foes, have flown,
The prostrate Hero would have name'd,
With trumpet tongue our loss proclaim'd.
What agitates on every side,
Must circulate both far, and wide,
Swiftly the sound of grief pursues,
When interest wings the solemn news,
Cease then my heart, thy sorrows cease,
Thy moments give to white rob'd peace,
Let hope assert her fair domain,
And in thy bosom empress reign.

Go then my paper, learn his fate,
Nor let us then uncertain wait,
Oh! bid him haste to calm our fears,
From sorrow's eye to wipe the tears,
To waft those sacred pleasures on,
Which from our hearts so long have flown.

**Still in Suspense**

Yet o'er my bosom fearful doubts obtain,
In gloomy triumph most victorious reign,
On a vast sea of apprehension tost,
In dire uncertainty my peace is lost.
I hop'd, alas! my hopes are past away,
And on my prospects countless sorrows prey;
[282] I hop'd o'er this that health his nerves had strung,
That once again, the musick of his tongue,

Would hush my griefs, would lull my cares to rest,
And give the balm of peace to this lorn breast.
But fate e'er this perhaps,–My heart no more!
With acquiescence, heavens decrees adore,
Embrace Religion, take her for thy guide,
Let her o'er every thought, and word preside,
Her charmful influence with devotion woo,
Believe that God is merciful, as true,
Let faith, and hope futurity prepare,
Point thee to heaven and lead thy footsteps there:
Let these around thy dying pillow watch,
And as they mount the lingering spirit catch,
With guardian angels luminous combine,
To give the sacred bliss ordained thine.

**Still in agonized uncertainty**

Tis not enough that clouds my hopes o'er cast,
That deep reflections on the gloomy past,
Give me to fear the worst that I can know,
That streams of sorrow will unbounded flow,
That ruthless fate will cut a brother's breath,
And o'er his prospects draw the veil of death!
These hourly fears that tear my trembling heart,
And give me in the joys of life no part,
Are not enough, for fertile fancy joins,
To heighten every gloom her power combines,
And when oppress'd, and spent with many a care,
To sleep as an asylum I repair,
[283] Visions portentous through the live long night,
Distract my soul, my faculties affright,
Weary, and sick of life, I quit my bed,
Seeking in vain a place to rest my head,
I would the silence of the grave prefer.
Ardent I wish to shield my sorrows there.

**Yet anticipating the worst**

I thought my mind had almost callous grown,
So many disappointments I have known,
And boasting much, in stoic pride I said,
Of few events my soul is now afraid.
But ah alas! it is deception all,
For while remaining on this changeful ball,
Keenly susceptible I shall be found,

To every stroke the feelings which can wound,
The shafts of anguish pierce my sorrowing breast,
My peace destroy, and every hope of rest,
For truth inspir'd the Bard of tuneful tongue,
When in majestic solemn strains he sung,
Sleep flies the lids wash'd by the humid tear,
Nor in the train of suffering will appear.

**But he is restored**

Come then my heart, awake to joy,
To happiness without alloy,
Come let once more the blissful page,
Thy lip, thy mind, thy tongue engage,
The rapt'rous record while it gives,
For thee thy darling Brother lives,
For thee[251] he lives, then mourn no more,
But thy Almighty friend adore,
Prostrate before the King of heav'n,
Who to thy prayrs assent hath giv'n,
[284] A requiem sing to every care,
And songs of grateful love prepare.

**Confirmation**

Once more my faded hopes new bloom,
Once more their wonted hues assume,
Combining chase corroding care,
Cherish'd regret, and fell despair.
To social joys my bosom warms,
Pleasure which in perspective charms,
These elevate my ardent mind,
For peace, for happiness designd.
Nor buoyant thus, can ought control,
The sacred raptures of the soul.
Yet is not hope too far indulged,
Sad tidings may be yet divulged!
As flitting clouds pass o'er the scene,
With shadowy influence intervene,
Until the sun's superior ray,
Absorbs them in the blaze of day:
So may blest certainty descend,
And o'er my prospects radiant bend,
Eradicating every fear,
And wiping each enaguish'd tear.

**On an unexpected event, the consequences of which were very questionable**

Beyond conception some events arise,
And by their magnitude the soul surprise;
Wholly unlook'd for in the course of fate,
On which ambiguous terminations wait,
With deep suspense they fill the labouring mind,
Ten thousand hopes and fears their balance find.
A doubtful evil, or a doubtful good,
But yet by no researches understood,
Anxiety corrodes the trembling breast,
And chases thence that sweet, that sky rob'd quest
[285] Soft eye'd tranquility, of soul serene,
Who marks with mild equality the scene,
On whose Retina ever is impress'd,
Of all that God ordains the very best.

**To Cleora**

Nay, wonder not, that Deists[252] thus abound,
Since so uncertain is the trumpet's sound,
Since holy Priests, with unadvised zeal,
To false conclusions void of truth appeal:
Painting incongruous that sacred word,
Which form'd, preserv'd, and wandering Man restor'd,
Forth from the text, doctrines absurd they drew,
And still to gloss their utmost powers employ,
Their creeds for revelation they repeat,
Though revelation is with truth replete;
Though wisdom spoke and Chaos disappear'd,
While Order at the sound her banners rear'd.
But when the holy pages are deform'd,
Tis then to life the infidel[253] is warmd,
When in the system contradictions grow,
Reason cannot a God of Order show.

**On an instance of Clerical Treachery–**

Ne'er saw I malice in a darker hue,
Than A.B.[254] places full before my view!
His acts evince that low debasing art,
Which gives deceit a black, invidious part.

Base cunning is, in all his plans expressd,
And in his conversation stands confess'd:
On every sentence Priest Craft is inscrib'd,
As if he were by Hell's dark Monarch brib'd,
To wrest the views, and the false comment make,
On those blest truths the heaven taught Preacher spake:
So the swol'n insect from the fragrant flow'r,
Fresh vigor gains, new pointing every powr.
[286] And issuing forth, malignant as it moves,
Its deleterious progress fatal proves.

**To a friend urging me to write**

Sweetly, my Friend, you would impel my pen,
Indeed you stand amid that rank of men,
Whose mild indulgence, armd with latent pow'r,
(Just as the breezy zephyr opes the flow'r,)
Draws forth the timid efforts of the mind
By genial praise to brilliant worth inclind

**To Mary[255] regretting the swift departure of time while on a visit**

August 5th 1781

I thought best here to date my letter,
For a memento, not a fetter,
I mean no harm, but just to shew,
Time to its revolutions true.
That for no tardy Girl it waits,
Nor e'er an hour anticipates,
Though o'er its course possession sighs,
And cries, alas! how swift it flies.
Or though some swain's enamour'd heart,
Should bid those weeks, and months, depart,
Which sever from his favorite fair,
His brightest hope, his softest care,
Well pleas'd would wipe from every scene,
The hours and days that intervene.
But with one pace old time moves on,
It will not stay, nor yet be gone,
Unbending still, its course pursues,
The suppliant eye relentless views,
Its destin'd race just so performs,
Mid summer's suns, and winter's storms,
Mid vernal showers, and verdant glades,

Progressing through autumnal shades.
[287] Then Mary let us cease repining,
To each event ourselves resigning,
Vicissitudes by God ordain'd,
With equal mind should be sustaind.
We cannot taste unfading bliss,
In such a changeful world as this.

**Lines written in my closet**

Yes I must write, it soothes, and calms my mind,
And with my pen, my fairest hours I find.
Retir'd from care, to this far distant spot,
Would I could say the world were then forgot,
My various Musings, pensive, grave, or sad,
And moments too, by sacred joy made glad,
Are here indulg'd, while none presumes to trace,
My lov'd retreat, my little sheltering place,
Serene I dwell on memory's brightening page,
And in past scenes with new delight engage:
Anticipate each future joy or grief,
Smile at the bliss, and seek from tears relief,
When heart felt sorrows every where surround,
And with their barbed arrows deeply wound.
Nor can I, seated solitary here,
The censuring tongue of rancrous malice fear,
None but my Father God my conduct views,
Who with paternal love my steps pursues,
And to his searching eye I make appeal,
My heart doth only common failings feel.

**To a Religious friend**

If ought can mitigate my heart felt grief,
Or yield the lenient balm of blest relief,
If ought can soothe, amid the present scene,
Or give a placid thought to intervene,
[288] If ought the edge of sorrow can destroy,
I say again, it is this lov'd employ,
I seem as if conversing with my friend,
When to her heaven taught precepts I attend.
And often times she steals my tears away,
Pointing my soul to never ending day,
With faith, and hope, or worlds to come she dwells,
And hymns of praise to God her Saviour swells,

She reassures, and calms my doubting breast;
And if she could, would hush each fear to rest,
While some kind angel whispers to my mind,
Consummate bliss with Jesus I shall find.

**To the same**

When e'er my letters find their way to you,
Glowing attachment, strong, enduring, true,
Blesses the kindness of indulgent heavn,
Which thus unvaried hath a sanction giv'n,
Which hath thus far our correspondence blest,
By care benign, its usefulness confess'd,
That through each danger not one line is lost,
Though every page from hand to hand is tost,
Though borne along o'er many a length'ning rood,
Passing from rough to smooth, from bad to good,
Still wafted on by providential care,
Till in your hand the numerous sheets appear,
Till every doubt left a long length behind,
Renew'd assurance fills the gladdend mind.

**To Mary**

Mary forgive the forward line,
Which pointed out a fault in thine,
Or e'er presum'd a beam to see,
Or blemish, or a mote in thee;
What though pale doubts within thy soul,
Thy better prospects may control,
[289] We know that thorns sufficient grow,
To authorize the fear of woe,
And true it is, that hopes of bliss,
Are vain in such a state as this.

**To a facetious Friend**

Whence is this change, dear Momus[256] tell,
Within thy brain what whimsies dwell?
In quondam times I thought thine eyes,
Complacent viewd a good round size;
That portly limbs with flesh well stord,
Did rapture to thy gaze afford:
And that the plump well favour'd wight,
Was, peace, and plenty, to thy sight,

Preferd before that lean lank kine,
Who still, like envy, feed, and pine.
E'en when a child, Ive heard thee say,
No sleek fat paunch came in thy way,
But forthwith thou didst supplicate,
For such a circumambient weight.
Why then resign the darling wish,
And part so easy with thy flesh?
Thinkst thou a visage thin, and pale,
And tottering limbs which seem to fail,
A ghostly form, and shrivel'd face,
Will give more virtue, truth, or grace?
Will yield thy person more respect,
Or better shield thee[257] from neglect,
No, trust me no, Regain thy quantum,
And keep it too–ad-infinitum.

**To my Brother**

My pleasures now are by no doubts contrould,
Couldst thou the bliss of my glad heart behold,
How high it beats, how expectation soars,
Each pregnant scene, how white wingd hope explores,
[290] Thou'dst hail me happy, nor again wouldst say,
Felicity ne'er blossoms in our way,
Thy health restord, thy footsteps this way bent,
A long, long visit, thy benign intent,
Felicity in my own bosom blooms,
And the blest calm of sweet content assumes.
True, it affects no sudden, wordy joy,
No exclamation fitted to destroy,
To waste its essence by a vain parade,
That in description gives the bliss to fade.
Silent and drest in tranquil smiles it sits,
Or round my heart in gay meanders flits,
Conscious of peace, and veild from vulgar eyes;
Hid in my soul each dear idea lies,
With jealous haste from laughing mirth retires,
Glows with new warmth by its own genial fires,
And on the lap of amity reclin'd,
Feeds on the pleasures sacred to the mind.

**Cursory Thoughts**

Yes, Merit often disregarded sighs,
Neglected pines, and prematurely dies–
The Goddess Fashion turns a deafened ear,
Nor heeds the asking eye, nor supplicating tear.

The Man who scans with philosophic eye,
With cautious doubt who fashions his reply;
Who generalizes, individuates,
And for the agency of reason waits;
Who every link with scrutiny beholds,
What to his view the probable unfolds,
[291] Or what the possible may intrduce,
Who makes of every proof the proper use;
Catching the deep reflections as they rise,
Skill'd to reflect, and skill'd to analyze,
Shall be by radiant truth supremely blest,
The Goddess clasping to his ardent breast.

Is it so strange the self same views should rise,
When one great origin the stream supplies;
That Nature an unvaried face should wear,
To kindred minds, who kindred talants share?
If one their language, education too,
On the same roof if their ideas grew
If their Religion, and their faith be one,
The same career of life if they have run,
Where is the wonder that some kindred line
Soft as it flows, should breathe the same design?
Or that the newborn sentiment imprest,
In the same robe of language should be drest?
Perhaps a thought original to both,
Obtain'd in kindred minds the richest growth,
They brought it forth, and to adorn it sought,
A tissu'd garb by skillful fancy wrought;
Spun from the same materials and grac'd,
By answering gems–in answering order plac'd,
Of fraud, or theft, they neither think, nor dream,
What they have written they their own esteem;
Conscious integrity their bosoms warm,
Till Critics raise and wield a wondrous storm,
Sure tis rank plagiary the snarlers cry,
But to the charge–"Not Guilty" they reply.
[292] When noble sentiments the bosom guide,
And inborn virtues in the breast preside,
When real excellence adorns the mind,

With all the charms of elegance entwin'd,
Then sweet urbanity inmingling flows,
And blest benevolence resplendent glows.

Now the rich germ by genial warmth impress'd,
Expands its bosom to the opening breeze,
And by alternate showers and sunshine blest,
Progresses on the varied sense to please.
Now budding Nature leads her beauteous train,
And scatters flowerets where soe'er she treads,
In verdure cloathing the luxuriant plain,
While expectation its enchantments spreads.

To soothe to confidence, and wake to joy,
Benevolence is thine–August employ–
To spread expansive happiness around,
To pour a healing balm o'er every wound,
Blest is that Man, who thus divinely taught,
Is with compassion for the mourner fraught;
Who uniformly weeps at sorrow's tale,
And breaths of pity the assuasive gale;
Who deigns to follow where the suffrer leads,
With Thompson[258] weeping o'er the stag which bleeds;
Who inly o'er the woodland Warbler sighs,
And feels compassion when an insect dies.

Nursd, with our virtues, natal in the breast,
A love of <u>home</u> <u>felt</u> <u>joys</u> is deep impress'd;
No art those complex cords can e'er untwine,
Which with such sweet entanglements combine.
[293] Tis true a daring hand may cut the thread,
Such intricate enchantments which hath spread;
And while with Alexandrian warmth impress'd,
May with divine philanthropy be blest;
Grasping at empire–on expansive wing,
Into subjection every thought may bring,
Scorning the narrow views which parties bind,
May give the Universe his ample mind,
Bounding unfettered through extensive space,
Proclaim his family, the human Race–

Not know thy native tongue–tis pity sure,
That thou shouldst not a mode of speech secure!
While screech owls wandering in their dark domain,
Hoot in just concert with the hooting train,

Each species mark'd by some appropriate sound,
In syntax and conjunction perfect found;
Birds, beasts and fishes, with precision trace,
The language Parent Nature gave their race.
And why wilt thou the given rules neglect,
And not, as order points, the words inflect?
Alas! thou wert not taught–and yet tis true;
That thou hast latin, greek, and hebrew too,
Strange that with erudition so profound,
Thou shouldst so oft the parts of speech confound,
Verbs, nominatives, and possessives jumbling,
And Nouns and articles together tumbling.

Wisdom a just ascendency to gain,
Will the full soul of confidence obtain,
By the soft voice of honest praise she lures;
And each avenue to the breast secures;
Virtue implanting with assiduous hand,
While perfum'd leaves beneath her touch expand.
[294] That Love divine is like its God we know,
And on this truth our fairest prospects grow.
But if extensive benefits are given,
And every good deriv'd from yonder heaven,
If Laws replete with death, are now repeal'd,
And one grand act of amnesty is seald;
If restoration ope's her ample gates,
And certain bliss the soul of men awaits;
To deeds of worth shall we no more aspire.
Can streams of mercy quench celestial fire?
Forbid it justice, gratitude, forbid
Those active Virtues from the slothful hid.
Yes we will woo imperishable fame,
And mark with rectitude the christian name
Adorn redeeming love, while here below,
To proud objection faultless manners show
The Saviour's precepts stamp'd on every mind,
Morality, by God Himself design'd.
Tis heaven commenc'd, to tread the radiant path.
And as we march to hail augmenting faith,
That when translated to our native skies,
As we behold the severing curtain rise,
We may with humble confidence ascend,
And with angelic hosts adoring blend.

Pleasure in various minds, is various found,

Now gently, mild, and now with riot crown'd;
Some seek her in the gay promiscuous throng,
Some stray the unfrequented woods among,
Some in the idea seek the fleeting sprite,
The wanderer chasing mid her aerial flight,
[295] O'er hills and plains, with steps untird pursue,
Possession brightening in their gladden'd view,
For those who mount the dear, ideal car,
Are guided by an all propitious star;
Refulgent splendors gild the opening scene,
The Lawn is verdant, and the sky serene,
And if the sun darts too intense a ray,
Umbrageous trees their ready shades display;
Where'er they wander smiling plenty laughs,
And bless without alloy the spirit quaffs.
Such are the soothing visionary dreams,
The Ignis fatuus[259] which so gaily beams,
Fancy, deluded fancy, still believes,
Till late learn'd lessons the lorn heart receives,
For from our circling arms sweet pleasure flies,
And in our fond embrace the vision dies.
Yet Hope still guides us o'er the devious way,
Hope though delusive smiles our griefs away,
Hope a fallacious–yet a flattering bliss,
Hope, but another name for happiness.
If pleasure dwells in earth–Hope is her name,
Alike their interests, and their views the same.
Hope dwells on future scenes, and thence bestows,
And pleasure still in expectation glows,
Yet Hope in sweet fruition shall expire,
While sacred pleasure shall new joys acquire.

**Scandal**

Scandal, I sicken at thy baleful name–
Thou fiend like Murderer of the fairest fame.
Oh could I hie me from thy dark domain,
To where the Virtues unmolested reign
[296] Where o'er my head thy barbed darts might fly,
Thy utmost malice where I might defy;
Then, clad in innocence, my trembling heart,
No more enduring thy envenom'd dart,
Would quaff the fountain which exhaustless flows,
And in its course celestial pleasure shows,
The joys of virtue with delight inhale,

Its pinions spreading to the plausive gale.
But when officious friends, with studious care,
The blighting tale of slander hast to bear,
Tis then the tenor of the soul is lost,
And every treasur'd hope tempestuous tost.
Severe the ordeal–large the tax we pay,
When by our friends our peace is borne away!
What though ten thousand virtues we entwine;
Can we without regret their dues resign,
Though in our bosoms truth and honour meet,
Yet still the honied voice of praise is sweet:
We love the fame to upright conduct due,
The meed of rectitude delight view.
Yes, though acquital sooths the labouring mind;
The Vulture scandal may dark entrance find,
With serpent windings coil around the breast,
Of excellence of brilliant worth possest,
With deleterious power its prospects blast,
And all around its fatal mildews cast.

**Consistency**

With eager step the deep mark'd haunts I trace,
Where firm Consistency unveils her face,
Where blest unvaried constancy resides,
And universal Order, always guides.
[297] Oh deign, I cry, to visit my abode,
Thou emanation of the unchanging God.
Irradiate a soul attach'd to thee,
Which in thy splendid courts would gladly be;
With intellectual firmness let me tread,
By virtuous fortitude divinely led;
Consistent, uniform, adoring too,
With the Almighty archetype in view,
Till plac'd secure the heavenly hosts among,
I mingle with the emancipated throng,
Through trackless ether speed my bright'ning way;
And hail with dauntless eyes unclouded day.

**Severity to children**

I hate severity to trembling youth,
Mildness should designate each useful truth,
My soul detestes the rude unmanly part,
Which swells with bursting sighs the little heart,

What can an infant do to merit blows?
See from his eyes, a briny torrent flows!
Behold the pretty mourner–pale his cheek,
His tears are fruitless–and he dare not speak–
Lowly he bends beneath yon tyrant's rod,
Unfeeling Pedagogue, who like some God,
Fabled of old, of bloody, savage mind,
To scourge, and not to mind the race design'd–
Decrees, and mangles–nor admits appeal,
The wounds he gives, his breast can never feel.

**Epitaph Upon an old Man**

With added years his Virtues grew
To God, to Reason, to Religion true,
[298] Faith lit her torch illumining his way,
With new refulgence on to perfect day,
Jesus his theme, his glory, and his boast,
His great, his sacred, his unceasing trust.
Ancient, and honourd, round his hallow'd bier,
Assembled kindred drop th' embalming tear,
Children pronounce him blest, while memory weeps,
O'er the bright record she so fondly keeps,
Where deeds of worth indelibly imprest,
His useful life, and virtuous acts attest.

**Good Nature**

What is it we Good Nature call,
Is it agreement made with all–
A conflict with sincerity,
By Man y'clepped urbanity?
It is to wear a mean disguise,
Commending what our hearts despise,
Applauding only to betray
Virtues which in the breast should sway?
Is it to make the world a friend,
Low at the shrine of vice to bend,
To echo folly–and proclaim,
The worthless wight the first in fame?
Is this divine benevolence,
Which born of God, and issuing thence,
Regards mankind with equal love,
But which can only truth approve?
I hate th' ignoble thirst of fame,

Always enforcing its own claim;
A Ruling passion strong in death,
Which yields the judgment to a breath,
[299] On its own private ends intent,
Courting applause from each event.
Good Nature figures all benign,
Mild, gently looking, and divine,
Observing still that golden Mean,
Where righteousness is felt and seen,
The Man of worth, the genrous friend,
Will candid blame–and glad commend,
An upright conduct keep in view,
To rectitude for ever true.

**Error and truth**

How short the Isthmus–scarce a rood of land,
Error, and truth, appear on either hand,
There, darkness wraps the soul in deepest night,
Here, dawns the radiant beam of heavenly light.
There, interposing clouds successive rise,
Here, Reason streams along the mental skies.
There, on the heart the shadowing veil remains,
And melancholy doubt unrival'd reigns,
The sons of men amid the Labyrinth stray,
No hand to point, no guide to mark the way;
Absurd traditions gloomy sway obtain,
And impious dogmas frightful influence gain.
Yet let a ray of wisdom intervene,
Or crop the neck, and change the fearful scene;
Cloth'd in unclouded light our God appears,
And on his head a crown victorious wears,
Immortal truth in avid brightness glows,
And peace coeval with her influence flows,
Virtue arrayd in soul subduing charms,
Lives in the heart and all the bosom warms

[300] Reason and judgment bow at Jesu's throne,
And inconsistency is no more known.

**Sincerity**

Sincerity for noble acts designd,
The vigrous effort of the heav'n taught mind;
Oft have I sought thee, in that peaceful Dome,

Where centering joys proclaimd my happy home.
But truth, een there, in garish hues was drest,
And flattering friends around my footsteps prest.
In various circles I in vain have sought
Truth undisguisd, with open candour fraught;
Seductive smiles, the witcheries of praise,
Altars to vanity design'd to raise,
The biting ridicule, the better jest,
Successful pointed 'gainst the guileless breast,
All these have met my tearful eye, my ear,
Where mirth and folly robes of gladness wear.
Onward I pass'd–to other scenes I fled,
Seeking sincerity where'er I sped;
From Courts, and public walks, sequesterd worth,
Retiring to the rosy haunts of truth,
In the good shepherd's Cot delights to dwell,
To mark his life, and grace his lowly cell,
So said my sanguine hopes, and sought her there,
But sought in vain–fruitless was every care.
Yet still I cast my humid eyes about,
Resolv'd to find the radiant Vision out,
Till lifting upwards my inquiring view,
As my fond wishes still more ardent grew,
I saw her clad, in robes of dazzling light,
Radiant as heav'n, immeasurably bright,
And as my spirit lowly homage paid,
In soothing terms the beauteous vision said--
[301] "Yet a short moment pass–and then, shall rise,
By circling angels wafted to the skies,
When mingling in my train thy heart shall know,
The joys, unfading joys, from truth which flow."[260]

**Rectitude**

Say, Rectitude, hath not High Heaven,
Explicitely its precepts given?
Yea, God Himself His standard rears,
Which on its front His likeness bears,
Perfection drew the sacred line,
And truth completed the design:
Such are the Rules--so bright, so true,
No rising cloud obscures the view;
Directed by the blaze of day,
With strict decision we can say--
What step is wrong, and what is right,

And cannot veil refulgent life;
Conscience with ever piercing ken,
Her torch presents to reckless Men,
Obedience to God she loves,
And every righteous act approves,
But if in devious paths we stray,
Conscience beholds with deep dismay,
What e'er the plausible pretence,
Conscience, with guilt, cannot dispense,
No absolutions she bestows,
Wide as the fault her censure flows,
The bosom's peace is clouded oe'r,
And blameless life exists no more.

**Disembodied Spirits**

Oh, if some gentle spirit would descend,
With kind indulgence to our wishes bend,
Remove the film which clouds the visual ray,
An hour abroad the bright refulgent day--
[302] What mighty wonders would in order rise,
What glorious truths our gladden'd souls surprise;
How should we catch the elevated sound,
Which spread celestial information round!
But ah! how dark is all beyond the grave,
Or if in Lethean waters[261] spirits lave,
If they of past transactions still retain,
A sense of joy--or of reflected pain,
If they as guardian seraphs watch around,
And feel by sympathy th' inflicted wound,
Smile at our bliss amid their roseate bow'rs,
And shield with holy zeal the passing hours;
Or if insensible to human woe,
To the glad source whence mortal pleasures flow,
Forgetful of each friend they left behind,
The joys of heaven completely fill the mind.
Yes, some assert that on that blissful shore,
Human attachments will exist no more!
I shall not know the dear congenial soul,
From the fair spirit of the distant pole!
But most ungrateful is this gloomy thought,
With pale eye'd melancholy, darkly fraught,
Surely in future Worlds knowledge will grow,
From thence the streams of information flow;
And shall not friendship too, new honours gain,

In paradise maturity obtain,
Unfading flourish with immortal bloom,
And brighter joys, and softer hues assume?
But tis conjecture all--none can disclose,
No kind informing shade will interpose,
The important secret is securely hid,
We may not know--all o'er the trembling lid,
[303] Death waves his wand--unlocks these mortal chains,
And the freed spirit in Elysium[262] reigns--
Mean time, my hopes and fears suspended wait,
The friends I love new wishes still create;
Esteem just opening I would see expand,
In other worlds by airs etherial fan'd.
Dark Lethe's[263] murmurs spread a solemn gloom,
On its oblivious banks, no flowers bloom:
If but our woes the river bore away,
Then on its borders smiling hope would stray,
In its fair stream reflected pleasures trace,
And view with sacred joy its dimpling face.
Again I bend beneath yon radiant sphere,
In human forms ye blessed shades appear,
Ye that from this dark ball have recent flown,
Descend a moment from your azure throne,
Ah! Why so close--Why with such care conceal,
What bursting light will to my gaze reveal.
Yes, tis my privilege--I too shall die--
Like you ascend the region of the sky,
Through boundless space shall wing my starry way,
Dilating mid the realms of endless day.

**Dissimilarity of minds**

That Minds are not alike--full well we know--
No truth more luminous exists below.
Some elevated spirits greatly soar,
On daring wings stupendous heights explore,
With eager gaze survey those paths of light,
Which stood confest to Newton's[264] piercing sight.
Science the radiant tutord mind requires,
From common hands, and common worth retires,
[304] By perserverance eminence is won,
And Genius, arm d by study, wears the crown.
Again, there are, who wish not to improve,
The path of knowledge who could never love,
Whose souls almost with the dull body one,

Mental employments uniformly shun,
Of low, debased, and enervated mind,
Only whilst here to vegetate design'd.
Such torpid spirits mingling with the clod,
Can scarcely boast their origin from God;
Stupidly dull, and slowly moving on,
They eat, they drink, and all their work is done.
All this, and more we steadily believe,
And each new proof with readiness receive;
Yet cannot we their sentiments imbibe,
Who these distinctions to the sex ascribe,
As if a Woman's form must needs enroll,
A weak, a servile a degenerate soul!
And that the guise of Man--by worth impress'd,
Greatness of Mind, and Majesty possess'd,
Yet as the moments fly--Records are giv'n,
Which lift the female world to their own heavn;
And in past lines some Men have sunk so low,
That all our annals nothing less can show.
But Lordly, Man, armd with imperious rule,
Strong to direct--Potent to play the fool,
Rob's half the world of what great Nature gave,
And Tyrannies o'er his beauteous slave
Yet hasts the hour when wondering worlds shall know,
That such distinctions only dwell below,
The soul unfetter'd by no sex confind,
Shall glad commence the mighty march of mind
[305] Mean time, we emulate almighty Man,
Like his our objects, and like him we plan,
For God doth equally his gifts impart
And strength, and honour nerve the female heart.

**Divine Truth**

Yes, tis a bright a radiant path,
And those who walk therein by faith,
Shall mark its luminous encrease,
Till they obtain eternal peace.
Jesus hath said "I am the way,"[265]
Nor wonder then unclouded day,
Upon the Man resplendent bursts,
In the incarnate God who trusts.
In God the just--the Almighty One,
The Father God--and God the Son,

When His emphathic name we trace,
Replete with renovating grace,
To heav'n the rapturd spirit tow'rs,
For God's own Righteousness is ours,
Truth, still more radiant points our view,
Onward as we her paths pursue:
As slowly dawns the rosy morn,
Of the gray[266] twilight gradual born,
Uncertain shadows meet the eye,
And o'er the welkin seem to fly,
Until the day more splendid breaks,
And nature from her slumbers wakes;
Aurora[267] clad in all her charms,
With vigor new the spirit arms,
We haste to meet the Orb of day,
Resplendant in his azure way;
[306] Who spreads and paints the beauteous view
To flowerets gives their varied hue,
Spangles the verdant dewy Lawn,
And Gilds the scene so richly drawn;
Light first of creatures glads the eye,
And smiles along the purple sky;
Exhaustless flowing from his source
No clouds can e'er impede His course;
But wandering far-our changeful globe,
Assumes the darkly sable robe,
Withdrawing from the fount of light,
Enshrouds the world in long dark night.
Just so false glosses intervene,
While sovereign Truth is dimly seen,
Except reflected by the tear,
Which forms a circling atmosphere,
Around her disk dark shadows roll,
And clouds impervious wrap the soul:
To truth divine till we awake,
And superstitious dreams forsake.
Then each appalling Vision fled,
To heaven we lift the joy crown'd head,
Conviction spreads her beamy train,
And faith and peace coeval reign
Investigation lifts the veil,
And doubts no more the Mind assails,
Serene the righteous sun appears,
Wiping away our falling tears:
Shelter'd beneath Jehovah's wing,

Of never dying love we sing;
Fear or suspense o'er cloud no more,
To blissful certainty we soar.
[307] Eternal Truth[268] is fully known,
And to oblivion Night is flown.
Thus is the sacred text most true
Which saith the farther we pursue,
The just One's path, the more 'twill shine,
Until its splendors be divine.

**Disembodied Spirits Again–**

I most sincerely wish I could believe,
Their sentiments as questionless receive;
Who fancy that upon this dusky globe,
Glad to our view, in some familiar robe;
The aerial spirit oft times pensive roves,
Its ancient haunts, and meditations loves:
That there's a secret instinct which attracts,
And with mortality the soul connects;
That still it feels the sympathizing glow,
Is still affected by events below;
That as our guardian angels spirits move,
And a bright shield to virtue often prove.
That strongly urg'd by principles benign,
Upon our solitude they deign to shine;
To warm, perhaps, of some unpending ill,
To bend, and fortify the human will;
Or they themselves may breathe the troubled sigh,
May wander comfortless beneath the sky,
Urg'd by suspense, may flit athwart the scene,
Mourning the hours which yet must intervene,
E'er the refulgent day of God shall rise,
The tear drop wiping from their humid eye.
What e'er the Cause--would some bright spirit give,
Views upon which the gladden'd soul might live;
[308] With light divine illume this house of clay,
Adoring we should hail the blissful ray;
For gloomy doubt would ne'er again depress.
Nor sad uncertainty the soul distress.
Future existence the assured boast,
In endless questions then no longer lost,
Fears of annihilation past away,
Encircled by imperishable day:
To pleasing visions all our passions strung,

Unfading joys would tremble on the tongue.
For if of immortality secure,
Of bliss, eternal bliss, the Mind is sure,
By no infernal power the race was form'd,
But Love, exhaustless Love, to Being warm'd.

**Gratitude**

Hail Gratitude, ennobling boon of Heaven,
Sensation Blest, to Virtue always given;
Right well I love thy honest praise to sing,
Low at thy shrine, Oblations rich to bring.
And, were my lays immortal as thy fame,
Eternal annals should record thy name,
And thou wilt live in future Worlds of light,
When these poor lines are wrapt in shades of Night.
Yet still I would ingraft so fair a flow'r,
It should adorn, and grace my every hour,
Expand reliance–impious murmurings crush,
And to sweet peace each adverse passion hush;
Oh! by thy influence attune my mind,
And mild contentment to my bosom bind,
Chase pale eye'd melancholy from a breast,
Of blessings past and future hopes possess'd;
[309] Give me with reverential awe to bend;
With all my wishes acquiescence blend;
Give me to laud the benefits I have,
Which God Himself with sovereign goodness gave;
And when the floods of sorrow overwhelm,
Give me that faith which can the torrent stem;
That firm affiance in the God of Truth,
Which gives to age the confidence of youth.
If Gratitude unclouded holds the glass,
What Countless Blessings in review will pass.
When Gratitude is stampt upon the heart,
No sordid passions can obtain a part.
A bane to Vice she spreads complacence round,
Nor in her hallow'd seal can guilt be found.
Come then, with all thy fascinating train–
Of fine sensation–in my bosom reign,
Come Gratitude, with ever potent sway,
And all my yielding passions shall obey.

**Freedom**

A love of Freedom innate in the human Mind.
The beauteous bud of freedom early blooms,
Its new born pow'rs the struggling Babe assumes;
And if there be a principle innate,
Implanted by a pre existent Fate,
It surely is that unextinguish'd glow,
Which with existence will coeval flow.
Children by Nature spurn parental rule,
And look with terror on an opening school;
Dark anger agitates an Infant's breast,
When by the hand of full grown powr opprest;
The bands of servitude our bosoms scorn,
To Liberty the intellect was born,
This flower so sensitive–in this rough soil,
Will from the touch of slavery[269] recoil;
Deeply resenting--Its fine fragrance fades,
Its native rights, when Jurisdiction invades.
[310] Tis true long habit potent power may gain,
Subdue the Mind–and with stern rigour reign,
Worn by restraint, the soul more timid grows,
And custom may assuage the deepest woes.
But often times the but suspended rage,
And kindling passions, ardent warfare wage,
Revenge impetuous the bosom warms,
And the whole soul for the fierce contest arms.
We cannot with delight our chains survey,
Prescriptive rights we never can betray,
The love of Liberty must still exist,
Though its lorn Voteries may not now resist.
To wave their claims though they may condescend;
With tame submission to the Yoke may bend,
Yet still not smother'd is the sacred fire,
Occasion shall the glowing hope inspire,
Cheer and invigorate the drooping soul,
And bid it burst the bands of rude controul.

**Old Age**

Surely the hoary head bent down with age,
Made white by time, and by experience sage;
The[270] Man of years whose weary steps have trod,
The thorny passage homeward to his God–
Demands from youth the sorrow soothing strain,
Through closing life–which may the soul sustain.
Well he has earn'd the homage of the Mind,

And young affection should the chaplet bind,
Waiting to crown his venerable brow,
Low at his feet to breathe the duteous vow.
Recount his acts, proclaim his deeds abroad.
What worth he cherishd--What fell Vice destroy'd,
[311] At his approach how guilt hath fled away,
And rectitude up rose to brighter days
How Orphans smild, and grateful widows wept,
Beneath his roof as holy days they kept;
How ril and rime in the torn bosom's wound,
Was liberal sound where soever found.
Bring veneration–bring deserv'd respect,
With wonder new upon his word reflect,
Bid all his Virtues in your bosom live,
And blooming honours to his precepts give.
Such is th offering for an old Man's shrine,
Verging on heav'n–only not divine–
If he has faults your mantle wide extend,
His reputation as his life defend,
His imbecility with pity soothe,
And skillfully the rougher places smooth:
Like good Eneas[271] your fond Father bear,
And take in all his griefs a filial share;
Assaying with alacrity to slope,
Remaining ills–to cherish every hope,
Which brightning o'er a ling'ring length of years,
His doubts removd and banish'd all his fears–
Let not the aged disappointment mourn,
Nor by uncertainty the mind be torn,
Attentive still–preventing every sigh,
Pointing to future Worlds the lifted eye.
Surely to see the trembling hand of age,
The wanton smile of thoughtless mirth engage,
To see the eye sight dimn'd, the deaf'ned ear,
Subjected to the base licentious sneer–
The parsy'd limb, the slowly tottering step,
Vigils at Virtue's couch which oft haft kept,
When these become the themes of ridicule,
Booty for wit--[ ][272] not for a fool–
[312] The soul appall'd shrinks from the fearful view,
And Rectitude, to its own feelings true,
Detests the Wretch amid his frolick train,
Where riot, folly, impious laughter reign.
What though Old Age in prostrate guise appears,
Time but upon the human organ wears,

The Mind enthron'd in its own native light,
Stands ready plum'd, to take its aerial flight:
And when the current of the heart subdu'd,
Is through each vein, and genial flow pursu'd;
The intellect–its shackles here forgot,
Shall find in Paradise its happy lot.
As frigid Winter passes o'er the Earth,
All Nature cloathing in apparent death,
Rivers and seas congealing in their course,
Creation grasping in its ice bound force;
Till Spring returns and Nature blooms again,
And fruits and flowers renew the verdant plain–
So Man, ascends his Mansion seat on high;
And Age no more shall swell the bursting sigh.

**The Martyred Prince of England–1781**[273]

Yes, I confess, and glory in the thought,
With admiration my whole soul is fraught,
I view his murder as a shameful stain,
And mourn the Man by furious zealot slain.
Low at thy shrine great slaughter'd Prince I bend,
Would that my verse were potent to defend
To thee I would the votive tribute pay,
And give My many [ ][274]
[313] Dethroned King–and yet how wide thy rule,
Impetuous passions at thy bidding cool;
Glowing resentment at thy voice stands still,
And Pride obsequious to thy sovereign will–
Obedient bow'd–at pleasure was restrain'd,
When oer thyself thy Mind victorious reign'd.
Calmly thou stoodst amid the wreck of fate;
Nor had thy breast the rancrous power to hate.
Hail, hapless Sufferer–Charles of England hail,
Thy bright'ning fame like some auspicious gale,
By Malice purified, made white by years,
E'en now almost without a spot appears;
While latest times thy headless trunk shall view,
As thy sad tale their streaming eyes pursue.
In vain we search the annals of Mankind,
Thou wert a solitary mark design'd,
Arraign'd, condemn'd–a prisoner, yet a king,
A thousand tongues false accusations bring,
Whilst great in ruins–great in conscious worth,
In honour rich–immaculate in truth

Superior to the dark designing few,
No pause in its career thy Virtue knew.
So self collected was thy tow'ring soul,
Fixt on its base–firm as the radiant pole–
Like the redeeming God–thy latest breath,
Respir'd in prayrs for those who gave thee Death!
Peaceful and calm thy previous slumbers were,
Though all around–borne on the guilty air,
The [ ][275] sounds of instruments arose,
Which fram'd the scaffold to complete thy woes.
Unhappy [ ][276] few
While [ ][277]
[314] As Man compassionate, humane, benign,
Glowing in goodness–only not divine:
Rich in domestic honour–Wedded love.
Those kindred ties which all the Father prove;
So bright a constellation strikes the eye,
As swells perforce the deep, deploring sigh,
Perhaps in early life the Price mislead,
In paths despotic might unconscious tread.
But if returning Wisdom could atone,
A King more virtuous never fell'd a throne.
What condescension–What enduring love,
To save the people how the Monarch strove;
Yet Albion's sons with rage ungoverned flew,
And on their Sovereign's head destruction drew.
Cromwell the barb'd–the deathful weapon guides,
With joy infernal o'er the Mob presides,
With dark and treachrous wiles his King pursues,
His murdrous hands in royal blood imbrues.
Villain abhor'd–how vain is thy pretence–
To Liberty, and specious self defence–
Holy Religion too thou darest to name,
Both state and Church thy usurpations claim!
Thus prostituting consecrated terms,
While thy dark soul nor truth, nor honour warms.
Ye powers above–if in the book of fate,
Convolving evils yet on mortals wait,
Great Sire of Men–if still thy wisdom knows,
For final good, a scene so big with woes,
Take, take we pray thee, the supreme [ ],[278]
Inflict our punishment with[ ],[279]
[315] And we, as he of Israel heretofore,
Thy name will worship, and thy power adore.
But let no Oliver[280] again arise,

Nor the arch fiend no more assume his guise,
In pity for the woes which waste Mankind,
Let Cromwell be to shades of night confind,
For howsoe'er we wish his spirit rest,
Against his sway our ardent vows protest.

**Candid Liberality**

What though a trifling difference may exist,
'Gainst Holy Truth must we for this enlist?
Error perhaps will still maintain her sway,
And human Nature more, or less obey,
Till soaring upwards from this cloud wrapt shore,
Our future steps new paths of light explore.
Mean time the investigating eye attends,
To mark the Ore though drop conmixing blends,
The Man esteeming, though of views confind,
Darkness encrusting the immortal mind,
Yet if he owns that principles benign,
Proclaim the Great Creator's vast design,
If he confesseth that our God is good,
Though how, perhaps, he hath not understood;
If joy, eventual joy, his tongue proclaims,
If God, the Saviour, with glad heart he names,

Adoring still, if he will still confess,
Jehovah[281] had created but to bless.
Howe'er in oblique paths his faith may stray,
Or in his bosom wild opinions sway,
I [ ][282] –yea intimate–
[ ][283] great–
[316] In sacred Amity with him combine.
His wishes, and his interests blend with mine–
For what–Because we mark with kindred Mind
The death of evil from the first design'd,
From this rude Chaos can alike behold,
A perfect whole to future times unfold.
Can see a Universe emerging pure,
In God's decree standing for ever sure.
No–modes of thinking never can impede–
When various paths to the same Centre lead,
Before the throne when we together bend,
From One Omnific power when we descend,
When as emerging from the self same source,
We thither tend–as streams pursue their course–

One Common God when we agree to hail,
Believing truth unbounded will prevail,
Then every shade of difference let us wave,
And only cry–our God is strong to save.[284]

Reason for Evil may be understood,
If we admit it still educeth good,
Nay, can events deserve the name of ill;
Jehovah's purposes if they fulfil?
What though confusion here Almighty seems,
Tis but the state in which the spirit dreams;
Dark Visions flit before his clouded eye,
And wraps in glooms his intellectual sky,
[ ][285] when he soars to meet the Great First Cause,
When God Himself the obscuring veil withdraws,
Then bliss embody'd meets his gladden'd view
[ ][286] system–Mercy [ ][287]
[317] Love, universal Love, encircling wide,
And its broad shield a wall on every side.
To me, e'en now, the blissful scene awakes,
Through opening heaven the radian morning breaks,
The deep, dark shades of night all done away,
Evil expires in the bright blaze of day.
What though some scenes of agony may rise,
And envious clouds may wrap my mental skies,
Yet God from transient evil will restore,
And we in future Worlds shall weep no more.

**Truth**

Truth how I love thy bright unclouded ray,
The dazzling sun beams of thy perfect day;
Daughter of light–of origin divine,
Around my steps with all thy splendours shine.
As some clear spring which diembogues its stream,
To superficial view may turpid seem,
Disturb'd by heedless step of Village kind,
To beauteous Nature and her Order blind.
Yet let the rude commotion but subside,
And all transparent flows the rippling tide.
Just so celestial truth, tradition veils
And prejudice its radiant form assails,
Blended with error, and involv'd in shades,
Its beauty within, and its lustre fades,
Or seems to fade–for bright immortal truth,

Will ever flourish in eternal youth
Tis our film'd eye balls lengthning shadows throw,
To slumb'ring reason which deep [ ][288] show.
But let the strong elucidating Mind,
The [ ][289] of holy truth design'd,
Dis[ ][290] tales,
[ ][291] oft prevails.
[318] Then will she shine in her own native grace,
Justice and mercy beaming in her face,
Consistent, uniform, and good, as fair;
Making the works of God her guardian care.

**Upon the Infliction of Capital Punishments**

Is there not some thing wrong in giving death,
Forth from the soul to force the refluent breath?
If o'er ourselves prescriptive rule we boast.
When on the sea of time tempestuous tost,
We fancy we may throw our lives away,
And the mad influence of a whim obey.
Yet sure we cannot prove a natural right,
To wrap another in the shades of night.
What though in felon paths the Villain strays,
And the bright cause of Rectitude betrays;
What though the Wretch, impell'd by murd'rous strife,
Lifts his fell hand against his neighbour's life;
Shall we, while reason to herself is true,
Commit the crime which we so shocking view?
What though he err's cannot our God reclaim,
And call the Offender back to virtuous fame?
Mean time, in government resources lie,
Which may to wisdom lift the Miscreant's eye;
Or if in impenetrable he remains,
And his dark breast a savage soul contains,
Then might our laws–a two edg'd sword become,
To stripes, to labour, and to prison doom.
But spare the Victim, for repentance spare,
And make his life the Legislators care.
But do you urge the old [ ],[292]
And your authority from [ ][293]
[319] Why if these [ ][294] skills in force,
Do we prevent their broad, unbounded course?
Why not admit them in their full extent,
If as a guide those precepts still are meant?
But the great Legislator hath declar'd,

(And let us bend to his most just award,)
Who e'er can boast of Rectitude with in,
In other words–who e'er is free from sin–
Let him assume the great avenging rod,
And arm'd with purity assent the God.
Punish the criminal–nor fear his fate–
Since sorrow cannot on perfection wait.
Thus the Redeemer–and let every Man–
Whom crimes appal, forbear the rig'rous plan,
Yet let stern Law atrocious deeds controul,
By many a bulwark awe the guilty soul,
Remembering still the sovereign voice which said,
"Vengeance is mine–by me it shall be paid."[295]
To God alone belongs the fragrant breath,
And God alone should wing the darts of death.

**Lack of innate Ideas**

Well, I protest, it is a dark design,
Which to Old Chaos would the soul resign,
Stay, I conjure thee–stop thy murd'rous knife,
Nor aim to take from me immortal life.
Suppose we could the Mind unfurnish'd prove,
By Nature void of knowledge, truth, or love,
What by the mighty secret should we gain,
What end–say, ruthless Man–What end obtain?
Surely we dwindle to a thing of naught,
With no identities, no chance, fraught.
[320] A heaven descended–<u>intellectual</u> <u>spark</u>,
Without ideas, unimpressed, dark!
Deriv'd from Deity, yet wholly blind,
To <u>matter</u> <u>for</u> <u>its</u> <u>principles</u> <u>consign'd</u>!!!
I say the bold assertion is replete,
With strange impiety–It must defeat–
The strongest arguments by art combin'd,
To prove we sprang from the Eternal Mind.
In this sad faith the Atheist's creed involv'd,
My future hopes are in effect dissolv'd;
For if I am this poor dependent thing;
What evidence–what credence can I bring,
That I above this body e'er shall soar,
Or that there is a God I should adore.

**Uncertainty of public Opinion**

I'm sick of this precarious state,
Where naught but changing scenes await,
Where the ever varying throng,
Resound the loud triumphant song.
To elevate some little Man,
Of sordid Mind, and narrow plan;
Who up to heaven would lift a cause;
Censure confounding, by applause,
Which not long since they said, and thought,
Was with every evil fraught:
To day they curse–to morrow bless,
And what will be, no wight can guess,
The giddy multitude are found,
By naught but this of interest bound,
They would exalt the plan, or name,
If in their power, to deathless fame,
[321] Which contributes to swell their stores,
The mine of riches which explores;
Their favourites they often change,
At pleasure views, and schemes derange,
Now this, now that their plaudit gains,
And now another whim obtains.
Thus caprice swells the public voice,
This hour they mourn, the next rejoice.
The honest Man of upright mind,
To common fame is always blind,
Each cause with piercing eye he weighs,
And rectitude resolv'd obeys;
Unaw'd by censure always lives,
And justice to his merit gives–
That guerdon rich–that civick crown,
A garland wafting sweet renown.

**Morning of June 20th. 1782–Light first of Creatures just dawning**

Now gentle zephyr wakes the early dawn,
And pearly drops bespangle all the Lawn;
The heat of yesterday no more we mourn,
For all fleet wings the friendly light'ning borne.
Through the broad Welkin hath refin'd the air;
Proving to Man high heav'ns paternal care;
Languid and fainting in the torrid ray,
We heard the thunders roll–and mark'd their way–
With joy we saw the healthful gales arise,
Inhal'd the breeze–and blest the circling skies.

E'en the sweet Warblers, by new life inspir'd,
To grateful carols are this morning fir'd,
Beneath the scorching sun they dropt the wing,
And hardly seemd their cheerful notes to sing;
But now alert, they hop from spray to spray,
And welcome in the cool refreshing day,
To highest lays they swell their little throats,
Charming the ear by their melodious notes.

**To Cleora lamenting for her Lap Dog and a favourite Bird–**

Alas! how many ills await,
On this precarious, fleeting state,
There's not a good that we enjoy,
But some fell evil may destroy,
If sweet applause the heart sustains,
Malice the Child of worth arraigns;
Or if of opulence we boast,
Possessions in a breath are lost.

E'en friends before their death may change,
To other loves capricious range.
Monkies, or Lap Dogs, should we choose,
And precious time in trifling lose;[296]
Or should some pretty Warbler seem,
To frown if happiness the dream,
Or squirrels, deck'd in many a charm,
The flexile breast to passion warm;
Birds, monkies, Lap dogs squirrels die,
And fruitless swells the bursting sigh.
Nor peaceful do they yield their breath,
Or always die a natural death,
To satisfy her hungry Maw;
Ill fam'd Grimalkin may destroy:
Or, if beyond her prowess found,
In many forms Misfortunes wound,
A barbarous wight may seize upon–
The songster we believ'd our own,
Bun may escape–and Monkies too,
And Lap Dogs are not always true.
For all things here precarious are,
And we for chance wait for [ ][297]
[323] When sentimental Circles meet,
High polish'd Minds, with wit replete,
When these in social pleasures join,

Refind enjoyments their design,
For richest gems who would not look,
Some brilliant thought, drawn from some book,
Or some original display,
Result of Reason grave, or gay,
And who but with regret must find,
That fashion sways the strongest mind,
That Folly gives, and moulds the theme,
Of those whom we Superior deem.

**Firmness**

I love the Man whom justice sways,
Who from her dictates never strays,
Unaw'd by censure, who pursues,
What he as equitable views;
Who nobly dares, in these bad times,
A rampant stand, against those crimes,
Which like a deluge o'er the land;
Burst full to view on every hand.
Firmness in such a breast presides,
Truth undisguis'd his actions guides,
Boldly he pleads her righteous cause,
The honour of her sacred laws,
In spite of interest's darkning frown,
To rectitude who yields the crown;
Tis he who virtue ne'er betrays,
And he shall wear my heart's best praise;
Yea, far beyond the fawning wight,
Who's never wrong, nor never right,
[324] But Proteous[298] like who changes still,
The servile slave of every will,
As suits the views–or as may best,
Conciliate the passing guest.
Greatness of Mind is only found,
Where the firm Virtues gather round.

**Human Woes**

What countless Evils mark the present life,
With Nature, how unceasing is the strife!
Congenial horrors every where prevail,
And deep felt agonies the heart assail.
Youth healthful as the fragrant breath of Morn;
Possessing all that can the soul adorn,

E'er the meridian of the day is come,
Sinks sudden to the narrow, silent tomb;
Blasting the Lover's hope, the Mistress dies,
And cold in death the faithful Matron lies:
The smiling infant who beguil'd each care,
Who was so sweet, so blooming, and so fair,
To its dark lodging in the grave is borne,
While the parental heart with grief is torn.
But ah! to reach the various scenes of woe,
Which mortals, doom'd to suffer, daily know,
Is far beyond the deepest human ken,
Beyond the efforts of the strongest pen,
Language hath not attain'd the mighty art,
To clothe the feelings of a wounded heart,
For these are agonies to speech unknown,
Which yet no images have ever shown;
Nor the mark'd Climax of a swelling line,
Could e'er their breath, or height, or depth define.
[325] We may attempt, each power may lend its aid,
But still we cannot paint so dark a shade,
Corroding ills the stricken breast must feel,
But nought its big emotions can reveal,
That keen distress which laurels the Mind,
Is to the region of the soul confind.

**Custom**

Though modes and forms we sacred view;
Pronouncing all they dictate true,
Upholding their tyrannic sway,
Though sense and reason they betray.
Yet devious often are their laws,
Their caprie much of peace destroys.
If 'tis immoral to give pain,
Then we the cause of vice sustain,
'Gainst Reason when we persevere,
And <u>fashionably</u> <u>wrong</u> <u>appear</u>,
Sure folly should no triumph gain,
No moment in the bosom reign,
And then our inborn rights we lose,
When Custom as <u>sole</u> guide we choose;
O! if good sense would nobly dare
The garb of honest truth to wear:
By one great effort break the chains,
In thraldom which the mind retains

Resolv'd no Phantom should controul
The free born movements of the soul
Emancipation we should hail
Should quaff the rich salubrious gale
Healthful to moral virtue found
By truth and justice always crown'd
Then Rectitude would fill the throne
The bosom's Regent always known.

[326] **Retrospection**

My peaceful steps once more I backward tread,
O'er scenes by fond retention gaily spread–
While many figures flit before my sight,
Full to my view in Fancy's radiant light.
Consignd to paper they may still remain,
Though circling years their destin'd period gain.
And gladdened Memory mid their haunts shall rove,
The worth of past enjoyments fondly prove;
Wisely comparing them with present joys,
With new form'd hopes, which passing time employs,
Taught by experience how to estimate,
The splendid triumps which on Virtue waits,
Above the rest bright Rectitude to prize,
The gale which wafts me homeward to the skies.

**Conversation**

The charms of conversation warm the heart,
And to the intellect new powers impart,
When guided by the gentle, and humane,
Who wish to see unbounded goodness reign
To the bright throne of mercy then it soars,
And new found paths of light, and love explores.
An aged Friend, under whose simple guise–
Of Child like innocence–deep thinking lies,
Lately suggested to my listening ear.
Hints which replete with bright'ning truth appear.
Holding high Converse we have join'd to trace,
The magnitude of rich, redeeming Grace;
Systems on systems mingled in the fall,
Till o'er vail ruin wide encircled all;
Whose Jesus came, Lord of celestial light,
To Chaos banishing the shades of night,
Then Worlds unnumbered pristine beauty gain'd,

And each intelligence–once more obtaind,
That Glorious Birth Right by transgression lost,
Treasure immense–The blood of Heaven which cost.

**Charity**

Can white rob'd Charity too oft be sung,
Too oft her virtues dwell upon the tongue?
Say, are not even Maro's[299] peerless lays,
Inadequate to her immortal praise?
Celestial Maid, what Orisons are due,
What high wrought gratitude, what thanks to you?
With lenient hand thou smooth'st the bed of pain,
Beneath thy footsteps Hope revives again,
Thy radiant form the trembling tear exhales,
And as yon sun, o'er deepest night prevails,
So doth thy presence chase the clouds away,
And at thy bidding bursts the new born day,
Low at thy shrine bereaved orphans bend,
In thy fair Courts the desolate attend,
The widowed fair, at thy auspicious name,
Bids hope survive and fans the lambient flame,
In thee the aged, on their staff reclind,
A ready, and a sure asylum find,
All who the frown of adverse fate oppress,
Thy aid invoke, thy potent powers bless.

**Murmuring at the dispensations of Providence–**

To deep complaint by Nature we are prone,
None have like us such dire misfortunes known;
Our lives partake the darkest shades of grief,
From various sources, <u>others</u> find relief;
But we not ease, nor mitigation know,
For, as our days, just so our sufferings grow.
[328] Our heav'n accusing hands abroad we spread,
As equity from the wide world were fled;
Merit like ours doomd to struggle thus;
Why sure, on <u>virtue</u> was entail'd the curse,
Or we could never taste unmingled woe,
Nor would our sorrows thus unceasing flow.
Such is the language of each impious thought,
With murmuring discontent forever fraught
By implication our complainings say,
The God of heav'n holds unrighteous sway!

And sighs and tears most guerulous declare,
Our fortunes less than our deservings are:
Yet if we mark with an impartial eye,
How low, how very low! some mortals lie,
How broad the cataloge of human ills,
Mid its career, how oft indulgence kills,
How various are the avenues of pain,
What woes unnumberd in the bosom reign,
Pangs deeply felt–which never reach'd our ear,
Or but in name before our view appear;
What agonizing scenes, from which exempt,
We never yet, even in fancy, dreamt,
We shall in silence bear our lighter weight,
Submitting patiently to milder fate;

With every mercy will our wonder grow,
That we the ills of life so little know.

**Death**

To greet with fortitude the spoiler Death,
Without regret to yield the parting breath,
To view, with heart serene, the silent tomb,
Undaunted by its shades, and kindred gloom,
The severing angel with a smile to meet,
While Reason triumphs in her natal seat;
Voyaging to future worlds–while faith, and hope,
By radiant power the dubious passage slope–
[329] Is a rich close with sacred pleasure fraught,
Which through protracted life should still be sought:
Kindling warm aspirations in the breast,
Illum'd by Virtue, by devotion blest.
Will to discharge through life our varied part,
Asks the firm virtues of a willing heart,
Honour bright regent, truth implanted there,
Integrity preserv'd with strictest care;
Sweet Charity, and blest Religion too,
Candid, Munificent, informd and True;
To die with decency we crown the whole,
Loudly proclaiming that immortal soul,
Which hasting homeward to its Father God,
Most gladly quits the pain enduring clod;
With joy anticipating yonder skies,
At every step where countless wonders rise,
Contrasting worlds of light, with evry toil,

Which hath oppress'd it on this care worn soil,
It bids a long adieu to grief or fear,
And from its radiant eye wipes the last tear.

**Redeeming Grace**

Grace radiant beaming, brightens on the view,
Subject most splendid–subject ever new–
A Saviour's Grace–broad as his ample sway;
And body'd by its own refulgent ray.
What tongue can reach the great exhaustless theme,
Those Glories point, which so resplendant beam?
Yet we rejoicing chant infantile praise,
And up to heaven would our glad Paeans raise:
And when fair Gratitude the soul inspires,
The heart expands, and the whole bosom fires,
The Sire of Angels marks the lifted eye,
The pious wish, and bosom breathing sigh,
The loud attempt to hail that mighty name,
Which seraphs tend, and saints above proclaim,
[330] He marks, approves, and that high sanction gives,
On which a universe supported lives.
Then let us still our feeble voices lift,
To sing the triumphs of this mighty gift,
Eternal life, the mighty gift of God;
For realms of light, we leave this humble clod.
Redeeming Grace, by love divinely wrought,
With life imperishable richly fraught.
Yes, we would paint the transports of that breast,
With a firm sense of pardoning Grace impress'd,
But glancing o'er the widely wandering Race,
We only echo Grace Almighty Grace.

**The Parental Harvest**

Surely so sweet as is the vernal show'r,
To the green Lawn, and tender budding flow,
Or as the purple Harbinger of day,
After a night in sorrow past away;
Or as the mellow fruit rich autumn yields,
When yellow harvest crowns the golden fields;
When plants our crops repay the lab'ring swain,
To glad the hearts of all the Reaper Train;
So sweet, and far beyond, is that soft glow,
Which fond parental bosoms always know;

When filial worth the cultering hand repays,
When grateful duty uniformly sways,
When with the clust'ring virtues all replete,
In the young mind the bright assemblage meet;
When gratitude ennobling fills the breast;
And every sense by her fair laws imprest,
Unite the Authors of our lives to prop,
Their paths to gild, to cherish, and to slope;
When to redeem a Parent's time worn worth
We would resign the brightest hours of youth;
Rush to the field, to prison, or to death,
Gladly relinquishing e'en the last breath,
[331] If thus we may protect the long lov'd pair,
And round their steps enshielding banners rear,
May guard their lives from penury's cold hand,
And all those countless wrongs which waiting stand–
To blast the waning hours of sinking age,
And scatter evils o'er the last sad page.
Great God! what sweet sensations fill the soul,
What tides of transport in the bosom roll,
What tears luxuriant fill parental eyes,
To their glad view when deeds of worth arise,
When they behold a mildly virtuous race,
Reflecting back each well remember'd grace,
Once imag'd in their long since faded morn,
To new existence, and new beauty born.
When the rich fruit of duteous love they reap,
And o'er the glowing scene enraptur'd weep,
The big emotions which their bosoms swell,
No words can utter–nor no tongues can tell,
Description fails–language is far behind,
The strong, deep feelings seated in the Mind.

**Infidelity**

How barbarous is the wish to rob the breast,
Of that rich hope which many an hour hath blest,
To blot from this decaying form the soul,
That mind which can the march of vice controul;
To virtuous deeds which a blest motive gives,
Whispering, that Truth in future Regions lives,
Which points the Man to High Approving heav'n,
Where Nature's God a Paradise hath giv'n;
Where we, when sorrow, pain, and toil are o'er,
Shall boundless goodness, boundless love explore.

Say, Man, of Matter, what dost thou pursue,
What dark chaotic end hast thou in view?
Should thy profound absurdities obtain,
Say, what superior pleasures should we gain?
[332] Would Man more bright; more excellent be found;
Would his felicities the more abound?
Prospects most dreary, comfortless and cold,
Blasted futurity would then unfold;
No soothing hope to null his present care,
No distant World divinely bright, and fair,
No guardian seraphs his lorn steps attend.
Around his couch, no hovering angels bend;
After this life of suffering is o'er,
Where he hath agoniz'd at every pore,
What then?–Why then he changes–or he dies–
And in a Cabbage head perhaps may rise.

**Conscious Worth**

Self approbation by good sense impress'd
Is in the Mind a most efficient guest
And conscious excellence is oft the root
Whence springs th' embowring shade and mellow fruit
Prais often stimulates to deathless deeds
Pointing the Goal where peerless Honour leads
Gilding through life the rough laborious part
Each virtuous purpose fixing in the heart.
"Reverence thy self"[300] exclaimd the moral bard
(A lesson to Conviction sometimes hard)
Self estimation–kept within due bounds
By its strong Ramparts Rectitude surrounds
In unbecoming paths it cannot stray
Nor ever will the bosom's peace betray.
But lost to conscious worth–to descent pride,
Compass nor helm remain our course to guide.
Nor may we anchor cast–for rudely tost–
No hope was giv'n, or giv'n but to be lost
Wildly amid contending waves we beat,
Mid rocks and quicksands–with stern fate replete
[333] Till dash'd in pieces–or till whelmd below,
Oblivious floods in dark succession flow.
Nor do we[301] mourn–We were unknown to fame,
No heavenly radiance cluster'd round our name.
Ourselves to Reverence we have never known,
For us the sun of science never shone!

Rous'd by no stimulous–no kindling glow,
Motives which emulation can bestow,
Ambition never e'en in thought prevail'd,
Nor the rich gale of praise was e'er inhald.
Great Mother Nature the cold Niggard play'd,
By parsimonious rules unkindly sway'd,
For us with no maternal cares was fraught,
So we believe–because we so were taught.

**Slander**

The blighting worm the richest fruit assays,
And on the ripen'd pulp luxurious preys,
Spoil'd of its beauty by th' envenom'd tooth,
No more it lifts the head of peerless worth.
The fairest flow'rs which Nature's garden grows;
The genial fragrance of the damask rose,
These yield the shade ambrosial food impart,
Continued life extracted from the heart;
The tasteful tribes their appetites obey,
And on from flowr to flow'r impervious stray.
Yet as they feed, ungrateful buzzing round,
The pointed sting inflicts a fatal wound,
Rifling the plant from whose enfolding leaves,
The honied hoard its choicest boon receives;
The fostering shrub, rob'd of its sweet perfume,
With odoriferous charms no longer blooms.
Thus, latent Envy, cankering at the root,
Nips the fair bud of honour–blasts her fruit,
With aspect dark, and fiend like malice bends,
Or hovering in her bright'ning train attends;
[334] The trump of slander with[302] delights it rears,
And skillfully the murderous tale prepares,
It cannot bear the gladdening voice of praise,
To innocence it will no trophies raise;
At worth superior all its shafts are hurl'd,
Virtue must seek her fame in yonder World;
For envy sick'ning at deserv'd applause,
The interposing veil of slander draws:
Grasps in its blighting fangs the fairest form,
Those charms which might a savage bosom warm;
And stripping Rectitude of its prime boast,
As if to every virtuous feeling lost,

It sends it forth amid the gaping crowd,
With all its mangling purposes arrow'd,
It strives to fix, upon the faultless name,
The deepening stains of long recording fame,
While with such falsehoods as foul fiends might scorn,
Repeating Echo fills her mystic horn.

**Retrospecting a social little tour**

The day serenely dawns–the morning breaks,
And with rich hues the vaulted heavens stream
Favonian breezes o'er the meadows play,
The disy'd Lawn assumes its vestments gay.
On such a morn by smiling hope impress'd,
While peaceful visions floated in my breast
With feathery steps the social band I join'd.
And every glowing thought to bliss resignd
Seizing the moments as[303] they sped along
We press'd the verdant earth, the woods among,
And as the gleeful period rapid flew,
Complacence–sentiments–and pleasure grew,
Reflection o'er the day delighted roves,
Recording memory most faithful proves,
Presenting scenes by varying Nature wrought,
With countless beauties–countless treasures fraught–
[335] Blending her great sublime–Vast hills, and woods,
And rocks, and mountains, and Old Oceans floods.

**Reflecting upon early attachments**

There is in first attachments, early formd,
When to young life the faculties were warm'd,
A fascinating, fond, extatic glow,
Visions of bliss in fancy's haunts which grow.
Tis hard to sever minds in youth entwind,
When all the fine sensations of the Mind,
Together blending, sought the hallow'd shrine,
Where young esteem, and holy truth combine,
Those we distinguish'd in the bud of life,
E'er murd'rous Discord aim'd its fatal knife,
With whom we gaily past the circling year,
The air built Castle fond with them to rear;

Live in our bosoms, like the vital stream,
Dear to our hearts, and first in our esteem.
As the green plant its tender fibres weaves,
And fashions by one principle its leaves,
Impressing in the stock its youngling blow,
From whence its branches, buds, and flowers grow;
So close enfolding Minds–Conmixing rise
Their mutual joys, the self same source supplies,
One is their origin–their pleasures one,
Together the career of life they run,
And all tremendous must the tempest roll,
Which parts their branches, e'er they reach the goal,
The goal of death, that terminate the view,
That only vague conjecture can pursue.
But if misfortune, urg'd by adverse fate,
Converts their early love, to fancyd hate,
Yet still the first fond principle remains,
Its own partialities the heart retains,
For the lost object swells the frequent sigh,
While tears, regretting tears, surcharge the eye:
[336] In vain to Lethe's Ocean[304] they repair,
No draught can yield oblivion to their care:
All unsubdued their hopes and fears arise,
No present pleasure the lov'd past supplies.
For first attachments Memory fondly pleads,
To many a tender recollection leads,
Embodies every thought–each virtue gives,
Till imagd worth in early splendour lives.
Presumed faults with kindly hand she smooths,
Skillful to mitigate, the bosom sooths,
Repeatedly resuscitates the Morn,
When young esteem, and rosy love were born.
When Friendship triumph'd in the yielding breast,
And mutual trust was mutually imprest.
When the young mind was rich in every grace,
And Virtue, beaming in the radiant face,
To young affiance all the bosom warmd,
By philterd magic to affection charmd.
Thus Memory with Retrospective Torch,
Refulgent lights her consecrated porch,
While fond regrets depress th' impassion'd soul,
And every hope of opening life controul.
But when to reason once again they wake,
When faith and love the clouds of error break;
Then radiant dawns the bright'ning hours of youth,

Relum'd and pointed by all potent truth.
Gladly they hail each rich returning joy,
Those raptrous moments which their doubts destroy.
Their dark suspicions are forever gone,
On the fleet winds to distant caverns flown,
Bright Confidence resumes its wide domain,
And Friendship triumphs in the breast again.

[337] **The young Gentleman in my native Town–Gloucester–proposing to perform the Recruiting Officer, for the amusement of a winter evening, applied to me for an Epilogue, which was spoken by a young gentleman, in the character of Serjeant Kite, who, after some years residence in the Metropolis, had returnd to take up his abode among his kindred–The Epilogue was written in the winter of 1790 previous to any dramatic attempt in Boston**

Act Plays in Gloucester!–Well, upon my honour,
I should have thought of many things much sooner;
Why the Metropolis is not so gay–
Nor doth her sons such enterprise display.
How can those little folks so far presume,
Where are their Worthy's Kites, and where their Plume?
Where is their Theatre, their Stage–their scenery,
And eke a very long etcetera?
Yet if the attempt be arduous–still we dare,
Run any risk–and every danger share,
Corrected pleasures studious to enrol,
Enlisting those who feel they have a soul:
Who social worth, and social hours approve,
And joys chastiz'd by wisdom always love:
For you we have assay'd our very best,
We woo your candour–but with warmth protest.
Against the Critic's eye, the Critic's wit,
Those rules severe, which oft in judgment sit.
Our infant efforts your indulgence claim;
Your genial smiles will rear our budding fame,
It is the auspicious breath of sweet applause
That the pure veil from modest merit draws,
The latest talent with new powrs supplies,
And bids the sonnets to brighter orisons rise.
At least how e'er we fail, forgive the attempt,
It is the first and should from blame exempt.
[338] Rough were the outlines the first Painter drew,
Though from the hand of Love, tis said they grew;
Yet now behold the finish'd canvass lives,

When the last touch the high wrought piece receives,
Rude were the wild notes melody first taught,
Though polish'd now and to perfection brought.
Thus arts progress–and we some future day,
New pow'rs may gain–may find some better play,
For lenity the generous bosom fires,
Enkindles hope, and all the soul inspires.

For me–now noble Serjeant Kite no more,
Anon Commission'd Private as before.
No Actor now–nor seeking to ensnare,
(For I of wandering life have had my share)
To my dear native Town well please'd I come,
Implanting here the joys I wish should bloom.
But though I yield my halbend, drum, and[305] arms,
With all their various, all their witching charms,
Yet Kite the Conjurer I still remain,
And all his magic dignity retain.
My Circles draw, wave my enchanting wand,
Upon the stretch my faculties expand,
Consult each sign, those stars that throng around,
And which to night are so resplendant found,
If haply by my art I may discern,
From brilliant features may our sentence learn.
Your approbation, freely we confess,
Will zest our efforts, and our moments bless;
It is the talisman by which we aim,
To gain amid your social haunts a name,
O! Yield us then the palm for which is due;
And gratitude, to its own feelings true
Shall chant the praises which we love to swell;
And on your names will new born rapture dwell.

**[339] Our Gentlemen's next enterprize was the performance of the Comedy of Variety. The Prologue and the Epilogue were provided from the same source which furnished the Epilogue to the Recruiting Officer**

**Prologue spoken in the character of Old Seafort–**

Again the Curtain draws–and forth we come,
Again the Actor's various parts assume;
Borne on advent'rous wings new heights assaying,
And as ambition points, her laws obeying.
Fearless we bask in her most fervid ray,
For blest indulgence marks our bright'ning way.

So said the gently mild prophetic Muse,
That we in future should with judgment choose,
And stimulated by the voice of praise,
Fond to enwreath, and wear the blooming bays,
Much we have thought–repeatedly inquir'd,
Read many a piece, and many a play admir'd,

Till caught by dear variety we fix'd,
And in her ample train obseqious mix'd.
Variety, from Nature was her birth,
Parent of sober lore, and frolic Mirth,
Ere time was born her young career commencd,
And light, and darkness, her first steps dispens'd.
Prolific o'er a wondring world she flew.
And in each motley shape attention drew.
Now she assumes the prison'd diamond rays,
Anon in Etna's strato[306] see her blaze;
Now fanciful she streaks th' opening flow'r,
And now she shades the deep sequester'd bow'r,
Variety! Vast, rich, exhaustless theme,
Thou Origin of whim–and soul of scheme,
Arts and Professions blaze on in thy gift,
Both sense and sound my splendid triumphs lift,
Thy head now moulds the gesture, form, and air,
The [ ][307] of [ ][308] fair.
[340] Young Master sets him down–his pen in hand,
To form a Thesis you–you must understand–
Now this, now that in swift succession flows,
With many a thought his pericranium glows;
Pshaw, pshaw, it will not do–"Why, what's the matter?
It hath been said before as well–or better;
For something new the youngling inly sighs,
And studious to his lexicon applies,
There words abound–ideas they create,
And clustering round <u>Variety</u> await.
Miss wreaths her flowers, and knots her ribbons o'er,
That they may seem as never worn before.
Detests the sameness of that decent dress,
Whose taste and fashion potent powers possess.
"Why sure Mamma I might have some thing new–
Pick various colours, various beauties shew,
At least pray alter, cut, and fur below,
And set the flounces on in many a row."
Variety the Manly breast expands,
On every devious step through life attends.

And the gay nymph a sober Wife commencing,
Mid her domestic round, her rules dispensing,
Finds, in her varid Virtues magic charms,
Which with the Lover's flame the husband warms.
This is Variety admir'd by all,
Nay it involves this huge unwieldy ball,
Whirls it around the orient beam of light,
Yielding the genial day–and eke the night,
But from our Altitudes well pleasd descending,
This eve we have–on your applause depending
A Moral piece–which though not spick and span,
Yet hath its [ ],[309]
Variety is its enchanting name,
To which the characters far [ ][310]
[341] We too the party colour'd Nymph[311] embrace,
And our arrangements wear a various face;
For when at first these social scenes we fill'd,
Young Plume, in deep persuasive magick skilld.
To supplicate your aid–your smiles invoke,
The prepossessing Prologue gaily spoke;
With native grace sprightly, and Debonair,
He brib'd the manly breast–and charmd the fair.
But to my age, and my profession true,
Ladies excuse me–I can never sue–
Old Seafort must obedience command,
And for his Countermarches ready stand,
Like Uncle Toby[312] for mock War prepare,
Retrace past dangers, and fresh laurels wear:
While if you should against our Play engage,
'Tis ten to one but disappointed rage,
May aim its shafts–its missive weapons fire,
And all the fury of revenge inspire.

**Epilogue to Variety spoken in the character of Mooley.[313] The Plays acted in Gloucester were for the benefit of the poor**

An Epilogue! Why what's an Epilogue?
A motley piece from days of yore in vogue:
Boasting of nothing native--but its name,
For no peculiar feature, can it claim.
Whence then originates this mighty clatter,
About what can contain so little matter.
Merely a hobbling, rhyming, giggling thing,
To suit a Cobler--or to fit a King.
Then too, Old Shakespeare--Bard of Nature--said,

To a good Play, none ever need be made.
And that our Play is good, I can appeal,
To those whose hearts its various beauties feel;
Loaded with no coarse jest--No actors profane;
Fortune to Virtue and Religion's bane.
[342] Yet, on my faith I am well pleas'd that fashion,
Will give me leave to speak, remark, and question,
I know your expectations have been raisd,
I know we have been prematurely praisd.
It was but yesterday I crossd the street,
And chancd a laughter loving-fair to meet;
"[314]To morrow night you say?-- I vow I'll go,
Though I should travel through huge alps of snow.
The grave ones stroke their chins, and yawning say,
"Well, it is true I never lik'd a play,
But if the poor will the advantage reap,
Good Master Conscience may unruffled sleep,
Though we should set these giddy folks among.
And join for once the gay promisculous throng:
Besides, they say the piece is wondrous good--
And mighty easy to be understood,
And that the Players will themselves excel,
Upon a theme so copious fondly dwell."
The partial Town by such bright hopes imprest,
Trembling forebodings my full soul possess'd:
For well I knew the flow'r when fully blown,
Is oft upon the floating zephyr thrown,
That scenes pourtray'd by garish fancy's hand,
Shorn of their beauties may disrobed stand.
And say ye Gentle's, have I augur'd right?
Say, for I'm in a most confounded fright--
Let's see--Let's see--by all my hopes tis so,
The meed of praise your candour will bestow,
Bright approbation moulds each manly face,
In each strong line this pleasing truth I trace,
And beauty kindling with a warmer glow,
Smiles oer the scene, and weeps the transient woe;
In Lady Frankly virtuous love admires,
While Harriot's [ ][315]
[343] The softest wishes for the Orphan fair,
The balm of pity--and the silent tear.
The gay Hibemian[316] too, hath claim'd her part,
For generous goodness swells the female heart,
Where sacred hospitality enshrin'd,
Gives to an angel form, an angel mind,

Transfering thence a sweet refreshing shade,
Which to the virgin stranger yields its aid.
Nor let my Courtney pass unheeded by,
For though for her I swell the secret sigh,
Yet, if her girlish airs no more deceive,
No Votary of her peerless charms I live,
Well in good truth I am right glad its over,
I hate to act the philosophic lover
For when the fair my glowing bosom warms,
And virtue with angelic sweetness charms,
Then to cold prudence I will bid adieu,
With fervid love, and rapid steps pursue,
To the gay vision cheerfully resign,
(Happy to call the lovely maiden mine)
Sage Alma-mater, books, and all such stuff,
Of which in days of yore I've had enough.
Thus, should a yielding Courtney bless my eyes,
Eeager I'll seize the lovely, beauteous prize,
With her in bands of friendship gladly join,
And with esteem the loves and graces twine.

**Apology for an Epilogue--Spoken in the character of Steady**

Ladies and Gentlemen a moment stay,
And let Compassion in your bosoms sway;
For since the first old Grecians trod the stage,
Through every epoch of dramatick rage,
Down to the present moment of vexation,
Nay I had almost said of wild distraction,
[344] A single instance so mal apropos[317],
Thalia's[318] annals never yet could show.
Behind the curtain there is such a pother,
Such coaxing, scolding, this, and that, and t'other;
Excuses urging--and then flaming out,
Dear self acquitting--clear beyond a doubt--
"'Tis wrong I say--" "'Tis not"--" you are to blame,
For 'twas to you for Epilogue we came."
To me! Why sure you jest, I sat perdue;
And scarce the time of exhibition knew
Heaven's as there no Epilogue tonight,
I say her Manager this is not right.
And look ye Sir--Whoever shall pretend,
To say "tis well"--he is no more my friend.
He cock'd his eye--and kimboing his arm--
Express'd himself in language rather warm.

"Why surely five long acts, and a good farce,
Two prologues, and an Epilogue in verse,
I vow to Man, this is enough in conscience,
And I maintain--another word were nonsense--
But hark--from whence proceeds that mighty clamor,
'Tis the bell ringing, on my word and honor!
Fly my good Fellow--our excuses make,
Dear Steady, do not now your friends forsake."
Fly, why for what, to bow, and gape, and stare?
They'll wonder what strange caprice brought me there;
"No matter--tell them--"and he stroak'd his chin
"Next monday ere we act this play again,
And that an Epilogue shall then be ready,
Fresh from the mint–spoken by you, good Steady,
Say that once more their countenance we claim,
As a new plume to our dramatic fame."
And, as an Advocate I now appear,
Taking in this request an ample share,
[345] As Plenipo[319]--official here I stand,
While, basking in your smiles, my hopes expand,
On your indulgence thus I learn to draw,
And grateful add, to every wight--Bon Soir--

**Epilogue to "Who's the Dupe" a Farce by Mrs Cowley[320] per formed by our gentlemen as a supplement to Variety--The Epilogue was intended as a Valedictory**

At length these mirthful haunts we must resign,
These haunts, where candour, wit, and beauty shine;
Deputed here–to bid a long adieu–
With all your partial favours full in view,
Regretting I pronounce the season o'er,
That the sweet Comick Muse will charm no more–
Till gathering Winter shall majestic rise,
And live long night sit Regent in the skies
The social months have spread the fleeting wing,
And on swift pinions haste the rosy spring,
Young breathing zephyr passeth o'er the lee,
And general Nature joins the new born glee.
Business and pleasure summon us away,
Our humbler parts in real life to play.
And as we tread the circling, chequer'd round,
Where many a good, and many an ill are found,
To Mem'ry's eye these varied scenes will rise,
Blest Mem'ry', which the gladsome hour supplies.

At Farquar's[321] humour o'er and o'er will laugh
Wit's sparkling howl with thirst insatiate quaff
The whims of good Sir Timothy[322] inhaling
Chuckling to hear the Knight "confess his failing"
Honest old Broad side we shall oft retrace,
His many virtues in due order place,
Manly and frank–good, tender, and sincere,
Moving resplendent in his destin'd sphere,
If fair integrity but point the way,
The Commander will cheerfully obey
[346] Frankley will teach us elegance, and ease,
While we like Morley,[323] the rich blessing seize;
Dup'd by no musty metaphysick rules
The plague of reason, and the Craft of schools.
Gradus[324] exhibits a most precious sample,
Take him dear audience as example,
Well did Dean Pope in dulcet numbers sing,
"Drink deep, or taste not the pervian spring."[325]
But, that a female voice such notes should swell,
Should point the Pedant, and our follies tell,
Must give to sovereign man a dire alarm,
'Gainst this usurping sex our prowess arm.
By Jove I fancy these o'erwhelming Raileers,
Well soar beyond our tribe of larned fellows.
Gods 'Twere enough to turn a Lordly Brain,
To see these Women that the empire gain,
The burnish'd shafts of wit intrepid seizing,
Aiming at every art, and always pleasing.
But, seriously–I envy not their flights,
Nor, care, though they[326] ascend the loftiest heights;
This heart devoted to the virtuous fair,
In their improvement takes a tender share,
With them in mild equality would dwell,
And with new glee applauding Paeans[327] swell,
E'en now, a Cowley,[328] my rapt soul inspires,
My bosom warms, and all my fancy fires:
In Briton's Isle the lovely authoress lives,
Where kindred Excellence due honour gives,
Full many a quip, and crank, compose her train,
Vast, and prolific is her magic reign,
Pit, Box, and Gallery, their notes combine,
The grateful public in full chorus join,
Laugh, and applaud, and with glad haste bestow,
The well earn'd need–the fruits on worth which grow.
[347] Nor to the Comic Muse is she confind,

Extensive plans employ her ample mind;
The Cypress bud her skillful hand enwraths,
Obedient Genius at her bidding breathes–
Ranting Melssom[329]–is by her art supported,
And gaily with the giggling slut consorted.
From Treasures so abundant, we have chose,
To our attempts to form the richest close,
Her little Doiley–and his strange conceit,
Smiling to see the Gudgeon catch the bait.
But at so wild a rate if I go on,
Regardless of the place, or time, or ton,
You'll wish perhaps Old Doiley's[330] fate were mine,
When mid his Comrades he assay'd to shine.
And, I protest, your powers are wond'rous great,
For while your dread decision I await,
Just like our Hero's my unfaithful tongue.
Nay, all my trembling nerves are quite unstrung,
Pray tell me then–since words are grown so scarce,
In your own language–If you like the farce?
If you approve, and, if you wish to show it,
Clap loud your hands, and all the house will know it.

**Prologue to the West Indian. It is presumed the band[331] will continue playing until addressed by the gentleman appointed to speak the Prologue**

Cease my good friend–The suppliant prologue comes,
Its title introductory assumes,
In all its graces and its airs array'd,
And to entreat a patient hearing made.
'Tis true it pleads no trembling Author's cause,
Its rhetoric more central views employs;
To advocate no would be wit appears,
No Bard bemus'd its hopes, and wishes shares.
[ ][332] of our piece secure resides,
[ ][333] its new achievements guides.
[348] On Albion's shores where merit lifts the head,
Round whose white Cliffs old Ocean's waves are spread.
Or else escap'd to some Elysian[334] bower
He prunes the shade and props the opening flower;
By genial gales, by airs celestial fan'd,
Where sense, and genius ample powers expand.
At any rate superior to our praise,
He asks to crown his brow no foreign lays.
"No foreign lays" some demi Critic cries,
"Really to me, 'tis matter of surprise,

Our Gentlemen should stray so very far,
From distant isles should draw the laurel'd car,
To elevate our Gloucesterian spirit,
We who delight to cherish native merit,
Who for our wiggism[335] were so much noted,
That British wrath for our destruction voted,
And madly sought to fire our ramperts down;
To wrap in ashes our beloved Town.
Me thinks our feelings should be still the same,
Still fond of wafting young Columbia's fame,
And, I protest my judgment would have chose,
Some Heliconian[336] stream, which hither flows;
Nor, are we stinted–Tyler's[337] wondrous pow'rs,
Gathers and culls for us, the fairest flowers;
While Humphreys'[338] worth demands no common meed,
Fame hath to his the laurel crown decreed,
And that he rises a dramatick star,
Witness his widow–fresh from Malabar.
And Warren[339] too–what Patriot breast but feels,
As the lost Hero on retention steals,
Yes, there is magic in an honour'd name,
Which can reanimate the latent flame,
And Warren so rever'd–and so renownd,
With never dying honour who is crownd,
That brightening name leads forth the [ ][340]
On dubious strife while [ ][341]
[349] In female guise to gen'rous virtue warms,
And this nerd World by high wrought precepts charms.
By Jove I think we're great in every line,
In every character ordaind to shine,
Talk of their Fabius,[342] Cincinnatus[343] too,
Those Romans fade before my wondering view:
To rural haunts e'en Cincinnatus fled,
'Neathe humbler skies to shield his time worn head;
While our lov'd Hero still unrival'd stands,
And equal pois'd his peerless fame expands;
Amid the blaze of day superior grows,
Refulgent light no cause of censure shows,
Secure upon a precipice he moves,
While we admire–and the wide world approves.
Myriads of circling Heroes I could name,
Who have advanced–and have receiv'd their fame,
But they must veil in that great Warrior's train,
In glory's annals who will Chief remain.
Besides the time and place is not so fit,

Though I can ne'er the glowing theme forget"
Well, Have you finish'd your excentrick speech,
Or would you still collecting wonders teach?
That two and two make four–that the sun shines,
Round matchless truth, that matchless honour twines
But tell me doughty Sir–Have you not seen,
Example sway, where precept fail'd to win?
Whence are your velvets, broadcloths, and brocades,
The charm of Fashion, which e'en beauty aids,
Whence are your Lady's muslins, ribbons gauze,
The Proteous loom which many an hour employs,
Pray tell us, were they manufactor'd here,
And had Old England not the smallest share?
The Bishops and Commodes–say are they yours,
Or [ ][344] Briton or the gay Monsieurs?
[350] But pshaw–I hate recriminating strife,
For truth to tell, 'tis just like Man and Wife–
Waving the subject then–I only say,
By way of introduction to our play,
Actors have talents–<u>or they ought to have</u>
Genius should lead, and sense its banners wave.
We thought the piece would sail our various parts,
And felt its merits warm our yielding hearts.
Scanty of morals was our first essay,
Like spires of grass in Lybia's sandy way,
For black seduction even Worthy own'd,
And but the frost of age the justice zon'd.
But Virtue here obtains the fairest growth,
Luxuriant honour, and enkinding worth,
Integrity in sober radiance suited,
And Irish truth new model'd, and recruited,
The shades are few–they but the lustre show,
Of beauties which with every moment grow.
And, my heart leaps to see such goodly rows,
Of sparkling bells–and their attendant beaus:
Smile, we conjure you smile–and stimulate,
To higher essays–those poor wights who wait
Behind the curtains, eager to begin,
To crush their efforts were indeed a sin:
They'll entertain and please you–if they can,
This is the ne plus ultra of their plan.

**Epilogue to the West Indian–spoken in the character of Fulmer. The Epilogue supposes that Fulmer, having escaped the vigilence of his Keepers,**

**suddenly produces himself upon the Stage, while an attempt is made to intercept his appearance–The Epilogue was spoken by a Physician**

Off, off, I say, I will have lease to speak,
And on the Vixen sex my [ ][345]
[351] For since the serpent with frail Eve combin'd,[346]
These Women have been torments to Mankind.
Pandora's box[347] the story mildly tells,
On the dark mischief much too feebly dwells,
The loss of Paradise could not content,
On teeming ills inveterality bent,
Cities have fallen–Troy[348] in ashes mourn'd,
And roman valor dup'd, beguild, and scorn'd.
That females have capacious minds I grant,
Hence for more ample ruin still they pant,
In fancy often swallowing up a Nation,
Or the whole Globe, or some dear Reputation
From their deep machinations ne'er secure,
What thinking Wight, the ingrates can endure.
Coaxing, or scolding, storming or deceiving,
There fondest blandishments there's no believing.
Who can the furious Termagent[349] abide,
Or who amid the hurricane can guide?
The boldest gust the helm–compelld to yield,
To own that patience is their only shield:
So the Athenian for wisdom fam'd,[350]
Xantippe[351] a tryal of his patience nam'd,
In my opinion he had done much better,
If in the marriage Noose he ne'er had met her,
For I repeat–Woman the plague of Man,
Will be, and has been since the world began.
Thus I, in sad, and shameful durance held,
To drink the cup of foul disgrace am impeld,
A Man of erudition as I am,
Through life detesting every vulgar flam!
E'en I amid the toils am basely caught,
And by a woman to perdition brought.
Who would have thought it, that the little jade,
Had been for such bold enterprizes made
[352] Demure I thought her–form'd of yielding stuff,
And for my purpose suited well enough:

But, mercy on us–such an errant Vixen,
No soul but she assay'd to play her tricks on.
Old Dudly[352] might have kept his Girl for me,

And Belcour[353] past from molestation free.
I ne'er believ'd the foolish plot would thrive,
Such flimsy powers can nothing great contrive.
And, Gentles, if you'll not accept my troth,
I pledge before you all my bible oath,
Let me be disentangled from this scrape,
And every future snare I will escape.
You look incredulous–with tauntful sneer,
As if my innocence were not quite clear,
Well then, my poor last card thus having play'd,
I strut no more in this same Masquerade;
No, I will ne'er again be such an Ass,
For the vile thing which I am not, to pass,
And, Ladies now my proper self again,
I say the Virtues mingle in your train,
I say that you are good, as you are fair,
That every excellence you more than share:
I say that Villains for your ruin wait,
That having urg'd, they leave you to your fate;
I say, and by experience I know,
Substantial blessings from your wisdom flow,
I know your worth is little understood,
That not enough we estimate the good.
A *virtuous* Woman–yes she is a crown,
Would that old Solomon[354] this truth had known,
But truth upon the tongue will some times float,
And Parrot like we chatter on by rote.
Fulmer no more–an honest Doctor now,
To this good company I make my bow
[353] And as a proof I am indeed sincere,
En verity, permit me to declare,
(And let my deeds my faith and fervour vouch)
That when attending on your languid couch,
I will the utmost powers of art employ,
The fell disease with my best skill destroy,
I'd rather save the patient for a fee,
Than let him go from all expenses free;
For if he dies he'll do me little good,
But living, he's my fame, my purse, my food,
So I'll e'en hie me home in sober guise,
And all this Play House rant hence forth despise.

**Epilogue to the Provok'd husband[355] written by Colley Cibber[356] and abridg'd for the purpose of accommodating it to a small number of it Actors. The Epilogue was prepared at the request of Mrs. Solyman who had a little**

**family dependant upon her theatrical exertions and it was penned at a time when the illegality of stage exhibitions induced the Players to term their performances "<u>moral</u> <u>lectures</u>"**[357]

Well, tis a moral lecture on my word,
And to condemn it, were indeed absurd.
Call this a Play Pray Gentle's [ ][358] Gard,
The wise Ones have their interdictions rear'd,
And at one stroke the Wrongheads[359] are expung'd;
And every thing which could offend is changd.
Good Colley Cibber will forgive those crimes,
Which but conform us to these sober times
Say Ladies fair–isn't it very pretty,
A charming clever little moral ditty?
And you good Sirs–Pray what have you to say,
Are not its features most unlike a play?
Here's precept upon precept–not a few,
A husband to his own importance true
[354] He questions his dear self, soothes, preaches, scolds
And every corner of his heart unfolds:
Until at length his fine spun system ends,
In turning Lady Townley on her friends!
How Lady Grace and Master Manly stare,
Pity and wonder all their feelings share;
For indiscretion what a punishment,
But yet inflicted with the best intent;
And these strong efforts back'd by reformation,
Produce a miracle of transformation.
If we had sermonizd what could we more,
Than Madam to her own good Man restore?
Heigh-ho--you ask me why this bursting sigh,
Ah! well a day! there's many a reason why.
When heretofore these goodly numbers throng'd,
To your own Worthies every scene belong'd:
With independence was the task assay'd,
Their powrs for your amusement display'd;
The meed they sought was your applauding smiles,
Adjudgd a full reward for all their toils.
And think ye that our bosoms cannot beat,
With genrous purposes, like their's, replete?
Had we the powr, we would the essay make,
And gladly would a wandering life forsake.
Hither from a far distant shore we came,
The <u>means</u> of <u>living</u> our imperious <u>claim</u>,
To innocence our task young vigor gives,

The infant suppliant on our efforts lives:
Tis when I see the little hand upreard,
That for each various scene I am prepard,
I drop a tear–then bend me to my fate,
And in these walls perturb'd, and anxious wait.
"But stop" you cry–"by Jove the woman's mad,
I never heard an Epilogue so sad."
[355] Why don't you like it? Then I'll change my lay
And, if you please, become exceeding gay
Lend but your Countenance–I'll laugh so loud
That gaping thousands shall about me crowd
As sprightly and as jcund I'll appear
As if the Comic Muse herself were here.

**Picture of a Play House--or Bucks have at ye all[360] Parodized at the request of an amiable Actress--**

Ye blooming Fair - guardians of sense, and wit,
How ever group'd, or where so e'er you sit;
Whether with smiles ye gild the opening scene,
Or placid bend with countenance serene,
Ladies assembled, or to kill an hour,
Or pluck perchance some wildly blooming flower;
I know the motives which your bosoms fire,
Each latent wish, each generous desire;
By magic taught I can the thoughts divine;
Explain a blush, and e'en a sigh define,
Of your applause sweet Echo wreaths a crown,
Your favorites mount on wings of fair renown;
Your voice is fame, to which bright goal we haste,
Judgment is yours, and sentiment and taste
Tis not in Nature you should be severe,
No by my faith--you move in mercy's sphere.
And should the sons of riot rudely crowd,
And upstart folly laughing long, and loud,
Or some spoil'd child by tenderness undone,
Lisping, and ogling--"bless us, What's the fun."
Though Shakespear speaks regardless of the play,
Tittering teh-he as whim and caprice sway,
And to seem sensible of real merit,
O! la dear me--that were beneath her spirit,
Beside forsooth, she hath her cute discerning,
And bless us [ ][361] a little world of [ ][362]
[356] She knows to point a fault, to murder sense.
And she hath all the airs of consequence!

Within these walls should there be such a Miss,
More fit her lap dog, or her doll to kiss:
Fair Wisdoms daughters by bright precepts formd,
And by example to sweet Virtue warmd.
With mild reproof will Decency restore,
And look confusion on the mad encore:
With kindling hope I mark the well fill'd rows,
That to my view the charming Matron shows.
And trust me, pretty Miss, she's thy protection,
For from her train hath fled the fiend detraction.
Thy untaught gaiety she can direct,
She'll teach thee Girl--she'll teach thee to reflect--
And you, fair Maidens, who still rove at large,
Now do not laugh, but listen to your charge;
You who design to yield the single life,
Commencing that domestic thing a Wife.
O! there's a Belle–one of the sprightly sort,
Well, I protest she hath the features for 't-
How sly she looks beneath that feather'd hat,
Where Cupids amble--dimples, and all that,
I charge the Child to keep thy honest station,
Like Fallstaff[363] following still thy own Vocation.
Say not to Duty off, off, off--nor to affection
Act well sweet Girl, and it will bear reflection.
Well, now Ive run this jumbling thing quite through,
I vow I hardly know what is its view!
If 'tis good sense, or only well intended,
By folly written, or with genius blended.
One fact is certain--I have no design,
But to perform the duties of my line,
To paint blest Virtue in celestial hues,
To crown with garlands the dramatic Muse,
To grace and elevate the scenic art,
And swell the sacred pleasure of the heart
[357] To rear my little family to worth,
To yield the means of living, and of truth,
For this I nightly on these boards appear,
Swell many a sigh--and drop the humid tear:
For this to early matin hour I wake,
Your smiles well soothe--your frowns my heart will break,
Your valued patronage, benignly giv'n,
Will smooth my path, and gild my opening heav'n.

**Reason for Lack of Union in the Wedded State.**

Say Hymen, gentle God of marriage, say,
Why from the paths of peace thy Votaries stray?
Why blasted is the long expected joy,
So soon in mingling with such sad alloy?
Why fades the roses of Adelia's cheek.
Whence spring the woes of which she dare not speak?
Where is the hope that sparkled in her eye,
Whence is the mournful oft repeated sigh?
Why struts her Lord with magisterial gate,
Imperious airs, and late assumed state?
Did not the fondest vows thy altar grace,
And joys chastiz'd illume the blushing face?
Then why those tears of anguish, which so soon,
Portentous cloud even the Honey Moon?
Scarcely the wedded pair thy bands assume,
When to the smiling Loves no longer bloom,
Discord their motto, young esteem is fled,
And fair, respect, and friendship too, are dead!
Thy Altars and thy hallow'd rites profan'd,
And mortricious Vice in pomp sustain'd!
Resolve me Power, why these deep woes attend--
The many Mourners who before thee bend!
And see the God from his connubial throne,
To answer thus my questions hither flown–
[358] Lowly I bend my much impatient ear
And as I ought his courtly Godship hear.

"Oft I have seen"--with dignity he said--
"The perjur'd vow e'er in my presence made.
My wholesome laws audaciously transgress'd
While every thought a lack of love confessd--
The evils you lament to me are known,
Their vast increase of late, so mighty grown.
Oft have my precepts, wandering hearts assail'd,
But precepts and examples, all have fail'd -
The mania still exists, which renders blind;
By much the greater part of human kind,
Blind to their happiness, they madly strive,
A root of bitterness to keep alive.
Their woes I feel--as the celestials may,
E'en mid the ever brightening realms of day.
Yet from yourselves these ills originate,
They are not written in Jove's book of fate.[364]
The sexes were in kind compassion giv'n,
To yield upon your globe a taste of heav'n,

But erring mortals with pernicious skill,
Refuse the dictates of our sovereign will,
The purposed good industriously invert,
Their utmost pow'rs of mischief they exert,
With fatal zeal sweet amity they blast,
And o'er their lives thick clouds of sorrow cast.
The Virgin is by soft attention woo'd,
By all the blandishments of art pursu'd,
By force of language nearly deify'd,
Beyond a doubt to God himself allied,
She fills on high some visionary throne,
While prostrate at her shrine the swain falls down,
A perfect model, peerless mid her race,
Mortals should veil before her radiant face.
[359] Delicious flattery's seductive wiles,
The fair one of her judgment oft beguiles:
She listens, balances and then behaves,
To her fond heart the youth belov'd receives;
And e'er the indissolvable knot is tied,
With mutual art their mutual faults they hide.
The Virgin eager to commence a bride,
Hushes each fear, and lays each doubt aside,
Bright hope predicts a long unrivald reign,
Despotic o'er the husband, as the swain!
That he will ne'er her righteous sway controul,
But hail her lasting Empress of her soul.
He too, impatient waits the destind hour,
Which gives, and guarantees his Lordly pow'r,
He fancies all those virtues grace her mind,
Which form her modest, tender, gentle, kind.
That mellowing love will gild each added year,
And in perspective halcyon days appear.
Thus each expects a mild submissive friend,
And disappointment will on each attend:
The marriage day the fatal veil removes,
And lo! the Goddess a mere Woman proves!
Sighs, flattery, and oaths are now no more,
The obsequious Lover ceaseth to adore;
The Angel trembling on his tongue is changd,
For plainest words, in common order ranged;
He dies no more though absent from her sight,
But seeks in varid life some new delight.
Amazd, and shock'd, the weeping fair beholds,
The long dark scroll her added life unfolds.
Tears course each other down her faded cheek,

Her swoln eyes the tale of sorrow speak,
She hop'd too much - her temper is quite spoild,
Her looks are haggard--and her gestures wild–
[360] No more her features are in smiles array'd,
For why, no incense to her charms is paid;
Quinch'd is the lustre of her sparkling eye,
And her lorn bosom swells the frequent sigh:
Baleful recrimination then begins,
And wedded happiness that moment ends.
Thus air built Castles tumble from their base,
And Clouds and Darkness occupy their place:
On blasted hopes Mis'ry now plumes her wing,
The deepest ills from Disappointments spring.
Yet there are some who my white altars grace,
Congenial souls among the human race,
To whom the bands of wedlock silken prove,
Who heed my laws, and reason blend with love:
Bending submissive at my hallow'd shrine,
Who own my worth, and bless my pow'r divine.
With young esteem at first their bosoms glow'd,
Then next in order virtuous friendship flow'd:
Till mellowing love the purest wish imprest,
And to my ear the impassion'd vow addrest:
The sanction which they sought I freely gave.
And o'er their lives my peaceful banners wave:
Conjugal faith and confidence is theirs,
While rosy truth its brightest wreaths prepares.
Mean time they know humanity will err.
And o'er each others faults they drop a tear.
But wipe it quick nor feel their minds recoil,
Though weeds inmingle in the valued soil:
They ne'er expected on your globe to see,
A character from every blemish free.
And when the glowing virtues meet their eye,
They hail them bursting from their native sky,
Gladly anticipating that bright day,
When imperfection shall be done away.
Till when--by [ ][365]
To all the toils of competition lost
[361] Struggles for Victory cannot exist,
Prudence each teeming evil will resist:
Fierce disputation they can neve know,
One and the same their cheerful pleasures flow,
They live as friends--by fate supreme design'd,
To quaff the sacred raptures of the mind.

The hour which registerd their mutual vows,
Distinction banish'd, and more sacred grows,
Their hopes, their fears, by confidence imprest,
Revolving seasons hail them truly blest,
Peaceful succeed their bright harmonious days,
Grateful to heav'n their orisons of praise."

**Written upon a saturday evening after having passed the day agreeably to a uniform custom in the mansion of my Parents**

Well, one more social day is now gone past,
Alas! these seasons will not always last,
The time will come when I no more shall greet,
This cheerful dawn--nor circling friends shall meet,
Nor Father's house with open doors shall stand,
Nor duteous raptures shall my heart expand;
No hospitable table shall be spread,
Nor shall my feet the well known Mansion tread.
Then heavily these periods will arise;
My bosom swelling long regretting sighs,
Vain the fond wish for one such Gala day,
As, scarce regarded, fleeteth now away;
No lov'd protecting hand shall then be near
No smile parental my lorn hours cheer,
The guardians of my youth no more shall guide,
Nor cautious o'er my wandering steps preside:
Deaf to my voice they shall in silence sleep,
And at my sorrows shall forget to weep!
[362] My sacred pleasures they shall not partake,
For they must slumber, not again awake,
Till the arch angel cuts the yielding skies,
And bids the renovated dead arise.
Must I then see that venerable pair,
Who form'd my infant mind with tender care,
The hallow'd source from whence my being drew--
Its birth, support, and information too,
Must I behold my parents pallid cold,
No more their tongues impassion'd love unfold,
No more their features with sweet pleasure beam,
As worthy in their eyes, my actions seem,
Must I behold an end of that dear glow,
Those melting throbbings which from duty flow,
With filial observance not again,
Explore their wish--and half their woes sustain--
No more my heart with joy responsive beat,

As their love footsteps I go forth to meet?
Great God forbid it--and command that fate,
With severing power around my path shall wait.
E'er yet the solemn period, wing'd by love,
Shall sign their passport to the Realms Above.

**To Aldo[366] who announced to me the death of an aged Man of Uncommon merit whom he had numbered among the first of his friends**

How dark, how intricate this thorny maze,
How latent evil budding hope betrays;
What doubts assail--what views chaotic rise,
While no elucidation time supplies?
We mark the various scene where ills preside,
And ask if wisdom is the unerring guide,
Why yon exalted Man is borne away,
Who was his Country's Bulwark and her stay,
Whose bright benevolence by heavn imprest,
By sense and virtue was supremely blest.
[363] Who sought to cheer the desolated heart,
Taking in every ill an ample part:
Who brought the stranger to his social home,
Where mid the plenty of his spacious dome,
When seated at the hospitable board,
The Exile dreamd his family restord,
And while the generous welcome he receiv'd,
A little moment fancied all retreiv'd.
Who gladly dealt his liberal bounty round,
Whose actions by munificence were crownd;
Whose love by Deity divinely given,
With energetic fervour soar'd to heaven;
The helpless Widow, the lorn Orphan's friend,

Why must a life so glorious know an end,
Why must he gasping yield his parting breath,
Why is he summon'd to the house of death?
Why is the tyrant with new vigor blest,
Health on his cheek, and pleasure in his breast,
Why should Oppressors stronger make their bands,
Seizing the pittance from defenceless hands?
They live but to excite the heart felt sigh,
To disregard the pity moving cry,
To hear unmovd the tale of deepest woe,
Though tears of anguish like a torrent flow.
Why are they spard encumberers of the ground,

At Virtue aiming many a deadly wound.
In vain we question--and in vain we trace--
But this we know, that Order fills all space,
That God, "from evil, still educeth good,"[367]
Though not by human reason understood.
That seeming contradictions shall appear
Consistent--[ ][368]--divinely--clear,
That when the regular confusion ends,
And cloudless Vision o'er the mind descends,
[364] The grand Catastrophe shall splendid rise,
All good, all great, all merciful, all wise.
Mean time I join to mourn thy Man of Ross,
Great in his Country's, thine, and Virtue's loss:
With thee wide o'er his verdant hills I stray,
Emotions similar, my bosom sway,
The waving corn in ripening beauty clad,
Which once the soul of indigence made glad;
But now ordain'd those ample stores to swell,
Where heavenly pity will no longer dwell!
Wealth which the ruthless heir will sternly guard,
A thankless Miser brooding o'er his hoard!
Who but must wish some deleterious blast,
Its blackening mildews o'er these fields would cast.
Winding yon path my mournful way I take,
Solemn and slow my measurd footsteps break,
On that Recess--Erst times the fair abode,
Where smiling peace, and ardent friendship glowd,
But ah how chang'd the hospitable scene,
The growling Mastiff--grating door between--
These intercept to bar the traveller's foot,
Guards which the haunts of Parsimony[369] suit.
But though no welcome sordid Av'rice gives,
The shepherd Boy still in retention lives,
Who checks the Cur, and greets his Masters friend,
While down his cheeks fast falling tears descend:
Sad Vestige He, of all the grateful throng,
Who in blest union rais'd the cheerful song.
Collected round the honour'd guest who stood,
Observant, happy, faithful, kind, and good.
And see with mournful pace and dirgeful steps,
Where the lorn relict moves, and looks, and weeps,
Her faded cheeks her silent woes proclaim,
For grief like hers language hath not a name,
[365] She passes on to meet the Man belov'd,
By honour justice, and by friendship provd.

Who but the widowed Mourner must deplore,
Who but must wish her days as heretofore;
Who but must swell the sympathizing sigh,
And lift for her the supplicating eye.
How deep the glooms which everywhere pervade,
What sorrows mark the woods, the hills, the glade,
Painful remembrance to its office true,
Passes each fleeting scene in sad review;
Still holds the mirror up--'twas there he stood,
There first we saw him mildly great, and good,
First haild him manly, generous, sincere,
Awake to Virtue's joys, and Virtu's tear;
To that benevolence which ceaseless flows,
And but with life a termination knows.
'Twas there he sat by serious converse held,
What time his tongue the theme of rapture swelld,
To Jesu's name the sacred song to raise,
To Jesu's name, the votive hymn of praise,
The spreading Oak--a ready Emblem gave,
A shadow from the heat its branches wave;
So the rich covering of Emmanuel's robe,
Spreads its wide Mantle o'er the guilty globe.
His soul expanding the vast Covert haild,
And solemn joy o'er every sense prevaild.
Adown his furrowed cheek the tear drop strays,
And every faculty his God obeys.
At yonder corner when thou past away,
His humid eye besought a longer stay,
But while the blessing trembled on his tongue,
As yet with ardent love thy hand he wrung,
"Depart" he said--Aldo in peace depart,
But still to friendship give thy yielding heart,
[366] At that lone gate he wav'd his aged hand,
'Twas on that very spot he took his stand;
"Thou wilt return--and we again shall meet,
Thy welcome footsteps I once more shall greet.
But ah! too late the long lovd Aldo comes,
For him the social bow'r no longer blooms,
Down to the grave the honourd Man descends,
And o'er his ashes weeping virtue bends.
Then say why thrive these flowery shrubs around,
Why are these spreading trees so lofty found,
Why thus enameld is the verdant plain,
Why doth not sorrow universal reign?
A loss so wide, so genral, and so deep,

Nature herself should not forget[370] to weep
Tis well, those weeds promiscuously ascend,
With every healthful viand rampant blend.
Tis well, one sympathetic tree appears,
To the sad view its leafless head up rears.
'Twas planted by the honoured Masters care,
And should the common desolation share.
Mournfully pleasing round his hallowd grave,
Their bending foliage weeping willows wave,
Fancy with awe the sacred spot surveys,
As melancholy mid the grove she strays,
There, rest the lov'd remains so late interd
Beside the Dome for free inquiry reard
Raisd on the basis of religious truth,
Which speaks the [ ][371] Builder's modest worth.
Ample it stands-- yielding access to all,
Who on the first Great Cause devoutly call,
The well trim'd Oaks majestically rise,
As they would mingle with the bending skies,
While mid the foliage circling this retreat,
The featherd Warblers in full Chorus meet.
[367] Clos'd are the shutters of the sacred Dome,
Silent as yonder monumental tomb;
The grass grown walk-- never profanely pressd,
Is by the hand of Nature richly drest,
Unbroken silence every where prevails,
Save from the hollow wind, or whispering gales,
Save when the little songsters join to raise,
Their wildly soothing soft melodious lays.
To true devotion these the soul dispose,
To that rich source whence pure Religion flows,
Hail sadly pleasing, thick sequester'd shade,
For sober Reason--for reflection made,
On contemplation's wing far hence we soar,
The future scan, and our own hearts explore:
In solemn state while yonder graves proclaim,
In mournful annals many an honour'd name,
See where he lies--The Universal friend--
And learn how every <u>human</u> hope must end.
Yea verily, the Man of virtue dies,
While one gray stone the stinted tale supplies!
Nature in fragrant flowrs his grave has dressd,
The turf lays lightly on his peaceful breast;
The gourd conmixing, verdantly o'er spreads,
The hallowd spot where weeping sorrow treads,

No noxious weed the friendly sod supports,
Thither each purifying breeze resorts,
With winnowing care extracting every seed,
Eer yet the germe completes the poisonous weed.
And, wildly grateful as the flowerets blow,
In emblematick guise they seem to show,
The mind which once the sleeping clay inform'd,
And the whole soul to genial kindness warmd.
Nature his guide, devoid of every art,
Disguises never veild his manly heart,
[368] Untaught by Science his unletterd mind,
For no ambitious purposes designd,
Though Genius cherish'd, all unequal rose,
Wildly impetuous as some river flows.
Yet still to noble acts his soul aspird
And vast ideas, to vast efforts fird.
Refulgent brightness shone o'er his career,
As on he moved in his destind sphere:
High was the native polish of his soul,
Splendid as truth--above all base controul.
And now intuitive his spirit gains,
Views which no science e'en in thought obtains,
To the great source of knowledge upward soars,
And wisdom's ways with new born powrs explores.
Quitting this globe to Realms of light he flies,
Blest Restoration to his Native skies.
In radiant Robes encircling myriads joins,
And mid the saints of God resplendant shines!

O'er star pavd plains--o'er worlds of wander
moves,
And all that heaven can give adoring proves.

1. This table is a transcription of Sargent Murray's original table of contents. My page numbers are placed in the upper right-hand margin. Sargent Murray's page numbers are bracketed in the left-hand margins. To use this table to find the poems, use the bracketed page numbers in the left-hand margins.

2. All bibliographic reference information can be found in the Bibliography of this document, beginning on page 111.

3. Sargent Murray incorrectly uses the word "sits" instead of "sets." My editorial policy allows correction of spelling errors only when they impede the text's meaning, such as when the poet mistakenly uses a homonym.

4. Probably written about John Murray (1741-1815), Sargent Murray's second husband, whom she wed in 1788. John Murray is considered the Father of Universalism in America.

5. Sargent Murray had seven siblings, but only three survived to adulthood: Winthrop (1753-1820), Fitz William (1768-1822), and Esther Sargent Ellery (1755-1811).

6. Perhaps a reference to Sargent Murray's conflict with the First Parish Church. In 1779, the church expelled those who accepted Universalism, leading the expelled to establish their own church–the Independent Church of Christ.

7. Hygeia. "Personified Health, said to be daughter of Asclepius and associated with him in cult" (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary*).

8. Sargent Murray makes extensive reference to the classics, the Bible, and Greek and Roman mythology.

9. No source for quotation found.

10. [reli^nquishes]. The letter "n" added above the word by Sargent Murray.

11. Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727) was "the most eminent physicist of his day." "Belief in God rests for him chiefly on the admirable order of the universe. He acknowledges the Divine transcendence, omnipotence, and perfection, and combats the pantheistic idea of a world soul. God is the Supreme Being, with complete authority over the material universe as well as over human souls, which owe him absolute submission. . . . In private, he denied the doctrine of the Trinity on the ground that such a belief was inaccessible to reason" (*The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church* 1143).

12. Gen. Chap 1 Verse 14. Sargent Murray provides this note in the left-hand margin of the text.

13. Sabea is the ancient name of Tigray, an Ethiopian province.

14. [robed]. Sargent Murray mistakenly uses the word “robed” for “robbed.”

15. Empyrean. Specifically the upper levels of heaven, in general a reference to paradise (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

16. Poem is written to Anna, Sargent Murray’s charge. In 1780, at the age of 21, Sargent Murray, then named Judith Sargent Stevens, took in Anna, the orphaned daughter of John Steven’s sister (Smith 25).

17. Sons of Liberty. Controversial group opposed to acts leveraged against the colonies prior to the American Revolution. Sargent Murray decried the group and their propensity towards violence and defiance.

18. Pallas. “A name of Athena, apparently said to be derived either from a playmate of the same name accidentally killed by the goddess or from a giant whom Athena overcame” (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary*).

19. [^the]. The word “the” was added by Sargent Murray.

20. From *Romeo and Juliet*: Scene II, Capulet’s Orchid: “Come, civil night, Thou sober-suited matron, all in black, And learn me how to lose a winning match, Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.” Sargent Murray’s use of literary allusion is extensive and demonstrates her familiarity with the classics.

21. Sargent Murray often elegized her friends in verse. No further information about Esther Dolliver was found.

22. Reference to *Clarissa, or, the history of a young lady; comprehending the most important concerns of private life* (1747) by Samuel Richardson (1689-1761). Sargent Murray compares Esther’s plight with Philander to that of Clarissa Harlowe with Robert Lovelace although Esther does marry her Philander against her parents’ wishes.

23. Philander. A lover, from the Greek *Philandros* (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

24. Hymen. “The god of marriage and the marriage feast or song. He is often depicted with a marriage feast torch in his hand. This god was the son of Aphrodite by Dionysus and therefore the full brother of Priapus. His attributes are referred to in the opening sections of Homer's *Iliad* as well as playing a part in Virgil's *Aeneid*. He is a character in both *As You Like It* and *The Tempest* by Shakespeare” (*Bulfinch’s Mythology*).

25. Sargent Murray writes about The Great First Cause in *A Universalist Catechism* she published unanimously in 1782. She writes, “When our Lord says his Father is greater than he, it is evident he speaks of that nature in which he was manifested to men: but when he says my Father and I are one, he then recurs to

his original character, as the great first cause of all things" (Hurd 8).

26. Brutus has both historical and literary reference: Marcus Junius (85?-42 BC.) "Roman politician and general who conspired to assassinate Julius Caesar. In the subsequent power struggle with Mark Antony and Octavian, Brutus was defeated at the Battle of Philippi and committed suicide" (*American Heritage Dictionary*). In literature, Brutus refers to Decius Brutus in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*: "Marcus Brutus is the idealistic friend of Caesar who is persuaded by Cassius to join the conspiracy. Caesar receives hi wound from Brutus with the legendary words '*Et tu, Brute*?–Then fall Caesar!' (III.i.76). Antony's tribute to Brutus after his death as 'the noblest Roman of them all' (V.v.68) is well know" (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature* 144).

27. Philanthropos. Benevolent Greek (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

28. These lines indicate that most of Sargent Murray's poetry was written to an intended audience, not the general public. Sargent Murray published a small fraction of her poems during her lifetime. In *From Gloucester to Philadelphia in 1790,* Bonnie Hurd Smith outlines the publications (34-35).

29. "Constantia" is the pen name of Sargent Murray. It was also temporarily used by poet Sarah Morton. The two "exchanged poems in the *Massachusetts Magazine* to explain a misunderstanding regarding their choices of identical pseudonyms" (Cowell 15).

30. John Stevens Ellery, nephew of Sargent Murray. John is the son of Esther Ellery, Sargent Murray's sister.

31. Plutarch (AD 46?-120?) Greek biographer, philosopher, and author: "In America the Founding Fathers turned to them for models of republican virtue" (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature* 799).

32. The word "each" is repeated. Sargent Murray stuckout the first.

33. Aurora. From Roman mythology. The goddess of the dawn. (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary*).

34. Sargent Murray places the apostrophe in the wrong place for the eclipsed letters. She writes "hea'vn" instead of "heav'n."

35. Morpheous. The god of dreams in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Also "the name of the god of dreams (popularly often taken as the god of sleep), used *allusively* with reference to his ability to induce dreams or sleep. Hence also (as a personification): sleep; a soporific substance, etc" (*OED*).

36. Milton favored blank verse, which he used in *Paradise Lost*: "During the times of Dryden and Pope, [blank verse] was practiced by minor imitators of

Milton, while the heroic couplet dominated the drama and longer poems. Dryden argued against b. v. (*Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, 1668), although he used it in some later plays. . . .When the vigor of b. v. was revived, notably by Thomson in *The Seasons* (1726), some Miltonic mannerisms of diction were retained, and although phrases and sentences were arranged freely to fun over the line end, which they seldom did in the 18th-c. couplet, b.v. in this period did not attain the easy colloquial mode of Dryden and Pope's couplets. Later in the century, Young's *Night Thoughts* (1742) and Cowper's *The Task* (1785) are distinguished by a certain departure from the conventionally 'poetic' diction of the time; metrically they are composed largely in the style of the 'single-moulded' line, as Saintsbury called it, and they maintain regularity in stress and syllable" (*Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics* 79).

Sargent Murray favored the use of rhyming couplets.

37. Genii. Plural of "Genius": "In Roman mythology, a tutelary deity or guardian spirit over a person or place" (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

38. "Hebes is the goddess of youth, and the daughter of Zeus and Hera. She poured the nectar of the gods on the Olympus until Ganymede replaced her. Hebe also prepared Ares' bath, and helped Hera to her chariot. After Heracles became a god, he married her. The Romans called her Juventas ("youth").

She was portrayed as a young woman, wearing a sleeveless dress. On various vases she is shown as cup bearer of the gods, or as bride of Heracles. Famous was the --now lost -- statue of Hebe, made of ivory and gold, by Naucydes (brother of Polycletus) in the 5th century BCE. This statue was also shown on more recent coins from Argos" (*Bulfinch Mythology*).

39. Greek historian Herodotus, the Father of History, writes about the Etesian Winds in Book II of *The History of Herodotus.* He discusses the impact that many Egyptians attribute to the winds on the rising of the Nile although he remains skeptical about the winds' effect on the river (II. 19-31).

40. The glad Egyptian seems to be a general reference to the happiness Egyptians felt with the rising of the Nile, which allowed them sustenance and survival.

41. Lethe's banks. From Greek mythology. Reference to forgetfulness. (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary*).

42. No source for quotation found.

43. From *Utopia*. "*Utopia*, the principal literary work of Sir T[homas] More, is a speculative political essay written in Latin. The work was published in 1516. . . . The form was probably suggested by the narrative of voyages of Vespucci, printed in 1507. The subject is the search for the best possible form of

government. More meets at Antwerp a traveller, one Raphael Hythloday, who has discovered ‘Utopia’, ‘Nowhere land’. Communism is there the general law, a national system of education is extended to men and women alike, and the freest toleration of religion is recognized. . . . The name ‘Utopia’ (‘no place’), coined by More, passed into general usage, and has been used to describe, retrospectively, Plato’s *Republic*, and many subsequent fictions” (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature* 1050).

44. Elysium. From Greek mythology. Reference to ideal happiness (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary*).

45. Flora. From Roman mythology. The goddess of flowers (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary*).

46. Ceres. From Roman mythology. The goddess of agriculture (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary*).

47. Pomona. “Italo-Roman goddess of fruits, especially such as grow on trees. Ovid (*Met*.14.623ff.) has a story (unconnected with facts of cult and clearly of his own or another comparatively late author’s invention) that Vertumnus loved her, pleaded his own cause in disguised shape, and finally won her. In another version she is the spouse of Picus” (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary*).

48. Vertumnus. “Vorumnus, supposedly an Etruscan god” (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary*).

49. Astrea. Maybe a reference to Asteria, “sister of Leto and mother, by Perses, of Hecate. . . . According to Callimachus, and others, she leapt into the sea to escape the amorous pursuit of Zeus, and so gave her name to the island” (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary*).

50. Lictors. “Roman functionar[ies] who carried fasces when attending a magistrate in public appearances” (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

51. Fasces. “A bundle of rods bound around an ax with the blade projecting, carried before ancient Roman magistrates as an emblem of authority” (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

52. From Edward Young (1683-1756)**:** “The Complaint or Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality” (1742).

53. No further information about uncle found.

54. Stoics. “Member[s] of a Greek school of philosophy, founded by Zeno about 308 B.C., believing that human beings should be free from passion and should calmly accept all occurrences as the unavoidable result of divine will or of the natural order” (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

55. From Joseph Addison's *Cato*, Act I.

56. Columbia. Reference to the U.S., named after Christopher Columbus (1451-1506).

57. New Albion. Another name for the U.S. "Albion" refers to England; "New Albion" refers to New England, the U.S.

58. Hymen. See note 24.

59. Source of quotation not found.

60. Immanuel or Emmanuel. "In the O[ld] T[estament] the word is used only in Is. 7:14 and 8:8. There are several interpretations. The prophet may here have meant by the expression (1) Hezekiah, the son of Ahaz; or (2) a son of his own; or (3) the Messiah. It has also been suggested that no individual is referred to, but only future Divine Deliverance" (*The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church* 822).

61. Shakespeare's *The Tragedy of Macbeth*, Act 1, Scene 7.

62. Jehovah. Old Testament reference to God.

63. Elysium. See note number 44.

64. Sirius. "A star in the constellation *Canis Major*, the brightest star in the sky, approximately 8.6 light-years distant from Earth. Also called *Dog Star, Sothis"* (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

65. Reference to Mather Byles (1707-88), Boston clergyman and poet, nephew of Cotton Mather. Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton provides details of Byles's dismissal from the Hollis St. Congregational Church and his subsequent arrest for Tory sympathies. Originally ordered prisoner aboard a warship and facing deportation to the West Indies or Europe, Byles was subjected to house arrest instead (161).

66. [^often]. The word "often" added by Sargent Murray.

67. Unidentified to protect Byles's supporter in the volatile political climate of the time.

68. Parnassian. "Of or relating to poetry; . . .a mountain in Greece sacred to Apollo and the Muses" (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

69. Illegible.

70. [which]. Second "which" struck out by Sargent Murray.

71. No further information found.

72. No source for quotation found.

73. Israel's King Soloman.

74. In the Old Testament, the queen of Sheba made a celebrated visit to King Soloman where she marvels at his wisdom. See 1 Kings 10:1-13.

75. The flood that destroys the earth is detailed in Genesis 6. God spares Noah from the flood although he lives in the midst of corruption. "Noah, a son of Lamech, and tenth in descent from Adam. According to the story in *Genesis* 6-9, Noah and his family alone were saved in an ark of gopher-wood, when the rest of mankind were destroyed int the Flood. . . . From Noah, therefore, the entire surviving human race descended, through his three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japeth" (*The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church*).

76. [all all]. The word "all" is repeated but not struck by Sargent Murray.

77. God establishes a covenant with man and promises not to flood the earth again. The rainbow serves as a visual reminder of this promise (Gen. 9:16-17).

78. Mather Byles.

79. There is no evidence that Byles actually wrote or said these words.

80. Socrates (460-399 BC), Greek philosopher, born near Athens. . . . He served in the army . . . . Late in life he held public office, and showed moral courage in resisting illegalities. . . . He occupied his life with oral instruction, frequenting public places and engaging in discourse designed to reveal truth and expose error. He incurred much enmity, was caricatured by Aristophanes in the *Clouds*, and was finally accused by Meletus, a leather-seller, of introducing strange gods and corrupting youth. He was sentenced to death, and thirty days later took hemlock" (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature*).

81. Hemlock (see previous note).

82. Dipp[**]g, page torn. Missing letters estimated.

83. First "to" struck out by Sargent Murray.

84. Second "me" struck out by Sargent Murray.

85. In *Judith Sargent Murray, A Brief Biography with Documents*, Sheila L. Skemp writes, "Judith's grandfather, Epes Sargent, was among Gloucester's wealthiest and most cosmopolitan inhabitants. He was one of a handful of men in his generation who attended Harvard. His far-flung merchant ventures took his

vessels to Boston, the West Indies, and Europe. He served at one time or another as justice of the peace of Essex County, as a major in the Essex County Militia, and as a deputy from Gloucester to the Massachusetts General Court" (9).

86. Sirius. See note number 64.

87. Possibly a misspelling of "wandering."

88. Sargent Murray espouses anti-fishing sentiment in this poem.

89. Philanthropos. See note number 27.

90. Olive Branch. A year after the Flood, a dove returned to Noah's arc with an olive branch, letting Noah and his family know that life on earth was now a possibility. See Genesis 8:10-11. The olive branch has come to symbolize peace.

91. Helicon. "A mountain. . . of central Greece. It was the legendary abode of the Muses and was sacred to Apollo" (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

92. Illegible.

93. Sargent Murray exemplifies the characteristics of a quintessential eighteenth-century woman; she is domestically apt and religious devoted, yet she oversteps traditional roles by being educated and politically vocal.

94. No source of quotation found.

95. Mr. E.P. is unidentified.

96. Nymphs. In Greek and Roman mythology, nymphs can be "any one numerous minor deities represented as beautiful maidens inhabiting and sometimes personifying features of nature such as trees, waters, and mountains" (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

97. Neptune (Poseidon): "Ruler of the sea, Zeus's brother and second only to him in eminence. The Greeks on both sides of the Aegean were seamen and the God of the Sea was all-important to them. His wife was Amphitrite, a granddaughter of the Titan, Ocean. Poseidon had a splendid palace beneath the sea, but he was oftener to be found in Olympus" (Hamilton).

98. Troy. In Greek mythology, Odysseus is "the king of Ithaca, a leader of the Greeks in the Trojan War, who reached home after ten years of wandering" (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

99. Aeolus. "King of the Winds, also lived on the earth. An island, Aeolia, was his home. Accurately he was only regent of the Winds, viceroy of the gods"

(Hamilton).

100. Ocean's Sire. Reference to Poseidon. See note number 97.

101. Genii. See note number 37.

102. Sargent Murray mistakenly uses the word "hast" for "haste."

103. Naiads. "Nymphs who lived in and presided over brooks, springs, and fountains; also the aquatic nymph of certain insects, such as the mayfly, damselfly, or dragonfly" (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

104. Nereids. Any of the sea nymphs, the 50 daughters of Nereus" (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

105. Leucothea. Ino-Leucothea, "goddess connected with initiation and rites of reversal. The names are already combined by Homer (*Odyssey* 5.333), but Ino appears independently in myth. Leucothea was worshipped in the whole of Greece, but it is difficult to get a clear idea of her festivals" (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary*).

106. No source for quotation found.

107. Gen. 8:11. Reference not provided by Sargent Murray.

108. Paper torn between words.

109. In a letter to her sister Esther Sargent Ellery in June of 1776, Sargent Murray writes about the small pox epidemic from which her aunt and aunt's sister were recovering. This poem, written almost two years later, gives testament to the longevity of the outbreak. Like her father, Sargent Murray did take the small pox inoculation. She, however, did not contract the disease.

110. Sargent Murray omits the possessive.

111. No further information found.

112. Sally Ellery, niece of Sargent Murray. Sally is the daughter of Esther Ellery (1755-1811), Sargent Murray's sister.

113. No source for quotation found.

114. Second "in" is not struck out by Sargent Murray.

115. Sargent Murray advocates education for women. In this particular poem, she provides a list of those areas in which a female should be education. For further reading, see Sargent Murray's essay, "Equality of the Sexes."

116. Not further identified.

117. Miss Polly Odell, one of the orphans Sargent Murray fostered, beginning in 1780. We do not know how long she cared for the girl.

118. Anna Lætitia Aikin Barbauld (1743-1825).

119. Probably a reference to Polly Odell. See note number 117.

120. Perhaps a reference to Anna Williams, whose education Sargent Murray agreed to monitor. Anna was the stepchild of Sargent Murray's brother Winthrop Sargent (Skemp 168).

121. Panacea. "'All-Healer', daughter of Asclepius" (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary*).

122. Most likely a reference to Sargent Murray's charge Anna. See note number 120.

123. Second "in vacant" struck by Sargent Murray.

124. Not further identified.

125. Paper damaged by Sargent Murray scraping ink. Illegible.

126. No further information about a real Monsieur Toscar found. Possible allusion to Toscar, chief of Lutha, father of Malvina is James McPherson's *Ossian*. Sargent Murray versifies *Ossian* in one of her poetry manuscripts.

127. Sargent Murray's spelling of "Lizette" is inconsistent within the poem.

128. [^to]. The word "to" added by Sargent Murray.

129. Source of quote not found.

130. Great First Cause. See note number 25. .

131. Sargent Murray mistakenly uses the word "by" instead of "be."

132. Misquoted from James Thomson's 1730 poem "A Hymn on the Seasons": "From seeming evil still educing good" (line 119).

133. No further information found.

134. Second "their" not struck out by Sargent Murray.

135. [breaths]. Sargent Murray mistakenly uses the word "breaths" instead of "breathes."

136. Emmanuel. See note number 60.

137. “Let there be light.” Gen. 1:3. Not glossed by Sargent Murray.

138. We too shall rise. Possible paraphrase of 1 Cor 15:12 or 1 Th 4:14. Not glossed by Sargent Murray.

139. Dog Star. Sirius. See not number 64.

140. There is no page 121 according to Sargent Murray’s pagination; she wrote, “Left blank by mistake--turn over other leaf.” The librarian inserted page number 121a and 122b with pencil.

141. [to to]. Second “to” not struck by Sargent Murray.

142. No source for quotation found.

143. Illegible.

144. Illegible.

145. Ignis fatuus. An illusion.

146. Tyburn. Location in London infamous for public hangings.

147. [breaths]. Sargent Murray mistakenly uses the word “breaths” for “breathes.” See note number 135, which references the same error.

148. Illegible.

149. Illegible.

150. Paeans. From Greek mythology. A hymn of thanksgiving, especially sung to Apollo (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary*).

151. Flames of Etna. From Greek and Roman mythology. Because it was active, Etna gained notoriety and was the source of mythological lore.

152. Ignis fatuus. See note number 145.

153. [Flee**ng]. Estimation of word. ** denote missing letters.

154. First “with” struck out by Sargent Murray.

155. Great First Cause. See note number 25.

156. Source of quotation not found.

157. Philip Dormer Stanhope Chesterfield (1694-1773) “is chiefly remembered for his ‘Letters’ to his natural son . . . which were written (not for publication) almost daily from 1737 onwards. These consist largely of instruction in etiquette and the worldly arts, and became after publication (by the son’s widow in 1774) a handbook of good manners” (*The Oxford Companion to the English Literature* 190).

158. Lord, what is Man! From Psalm 144:3. Phrase has been used as a subject for countless sermons and many hymns.

159. Basilisk. “A legendary serpent or dragon with lethal breath and glance” (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

160. Ignis fatuus. See note number 145.

161. Second “some” struck by Sargent Murray.

162. Panacean. See note number 121.

163. Columbia’s sons. See note number 56.

164. Bourbon. “Bourbon” specifically refers to the French royal family descended from Lous I, but Sargent Murray uses “Bourbon” to refer to France in general.

165. Albion. See note number 57.

166. Gallic. Reference to the French.

167. Winthrop Sargent, Sargent Murray’s brother, served as an officer in the Continental Army during the contest with England. The poet writes about her worries for his safety and health.

168. Perhaps derivative of John Donne’s Holy Sonnet X.

169. This poem may have been written in reaction to the bloody Battle of Rhode Island (August 29, 1778), in which the death toll totaled almost 500 American and British troops and ended with not clear victor.

170. Columbia. See note number 56.

171. See note number 170.

172. [oe’r]. Sargent Murray places the apostrophe in the incorrect place to denote the ellipsed letter. She writes “oe’r” instead of “o’er.”

173. Boreas. “The god of the north wind” (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

174. Helicon. See note number 91.

175. [oe'r]. See note number 172.

176. Orlando. "(1) The Italian form of Roland, a hero of the Charlemagne romances; (2) in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, the lover of Rosalind" (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature* 719).

177. [An]. Sargent Murray mistakenly uses the word "an" instead of "and."

178. Lord Chatham refers to William Pitt, "first earl of Chatham (1708-78), a great Whig statesman and orator, who entered Parliament in 1735. He was secretary of state in 1765-7, but his fame as a great administrator rests on the period that immediately followed . . . . He strenuously opposed from 1774 onwards the harsh measures taken against the American colonies, though unwilling to recognize their independence. His speeches were marked by lofty and impassioned eloquence and, judged by their effect on their hearers, place him among the greatest orators, but only fragments have survived" (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature* 768).

179. Line repeated and first line struck by Sargent Murray.

180. Possibly an allusion to Bradstreet's "As Weary Pilgrim."

181. End of quotation not noted by Sargent Murray.

182. [dye]. Sargent Murray uses "dye" for "die."

183. Samuel Sewell (1652-1730), politician and essayist, "was born in England of a family that had previously resided in the colonies, was brought at the age of nine to Boston, with which his later life is identified . . . .In 1692 he was appointed . . . as a special commissioner in the Salem witchcraft trials, in which he later regretted having participated, and in 1697, on a fast day set aside for repentance concerning errors in the trials, he was the only judge publicly to recant by standing in the Old South Church while the clergyman read his confession of error and guilt. . . . Both as a man and as author, Sewall is now best remembered for the *Diary*, which was published by the Massachusetts Historical Society" (*The Oxford Companion to American Literature* 599).

184. Ossian. "A legendary Gaelic hero and bard of the third century A.D." (*American Heritage Dictionary*). Also see note number 126. .

185. Edmund Waller (1606-87), was "educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, entered Parliament early and was at first an active member of the opposition. . . .[H]e became a royalist, and in 1643 was leader in a plot to seize London for Charles I. For this he was imprisoned, fined, and banished. He made his peace with Cromwell in 1651, returned to England, and was restored to favour

at the Restoration. . . . Waller was a precocious poet; he wrote, probably as early as 1625, a complimentary piece on *His Majesty's Escape at St Andere* . . . in heroic couplets, onw of the first examples of a form that prevailed in English poetry for some two centuries. . . . Dryden repeatedly praised his 'sweetness', describing him as 'the father of our English numbers" (*The Oxford Companion to American Literature* 1040).

186. Charles de Saint-Denis Saint-Evrémond (1613-1703) was a "French critic . . . [who] spent the latter part of his life in exile in England, where he acted as arbiter of taste from the reign of Charles II to that of William III. In his skeptical epicureanism he was a representative *libertin* who wrote with witty sobriety on a variety of subjects, including English Comedy. His works were translated in 1714, some of his essays having appeared in English in 1693, with a preface by Dryden" (*The Oxford Companion to American Literature* 861).

187. Jules Mazarin (1602-1661) "of an ancient Sicilian family, was sent as papal legate to Paris in 1634, attracted the notice of Richelieu, entered the French service, and was made a cardinal in 1641. He succeeded Richelieu as prime minister, was retained in that office by the queen regent (Anne of Austria) on the death of Louis XIII, and governed France during the minority of Louis XIV. His internal administration provoked the civil wars of the Fronde. He founded a splendid library in Paris, the Bibliothèque Mazarine" (*The Oxford Companion to American Literature* 634).

188. John O. Sands provides an interesting discussion of the failed Penobscot Expedition in "Gunboats and Warships of the American Revolution" (*Ships and Shipwrecks of the Americas*, edited by George F. Bass, Thames and Hudson, London, 1988). In 1779, 44 ships sailed to a "new British outpost on Penobscot Bay, in what is now Maine. At the time, Maine was a largely unsettled territory of Massachusetts, and the British had sent a force to establish what they hoped would be a colony loyal to the crown. The Americans set sail to counter this threat with overwhelming numerical superiority on their side. Yet only a month later, virtually the entire American fleet had been destroyed or captured" (155). The cause of this military disaster he describes as "the inability of the army and navy to cooperate" (155). The three pivotal Americans in charge were Dudley Saltonstall, Solomon Lovell, and Paul Revere.

In 1972, wreckage of the *Defence* was discovered. From it, archeologists have been able to estimate what life on a war privateer would have entailed in colonial America.

189. "No more unmatchd Calcutta's barbarous deeds." Most likely a reference to the 1757 Battle of Plassey in which the British, who were severely outnumbered, defeated the Bengal natives under the command of Robert Clive, who is credited with establishing in Calcutta the British East India Company. Clive is reputed to have bribed the natives to lay down their arms or even turn on each other. (See

Moon for more information).

190. Emmanuel. See note number 60.

191. Panacea. See note number 121.

192. Fidelia. No specific reference found for Sargent Murray's family or friends. Perhaps an allusion to Book I of Spencer's *The Faierie Queen*. Fidelia (faithful) along with her sisters teaches the Red Cross Knight in the House of Holiness.

193. Philanthropos. See note number 27.

194. No further information found.

195. Gorgons. "Any of the three sisters Stheno, Euryale, and the mortal Medusa who had snakes for hair and eyes that if looked into turned the beholder into stone" (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

196. Ossian. "The name commonly given to Oisin, a legendary Gaelic warrior and bard" (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature* 723). See notes 126 and 184.

197. Fingal. *The Oxford Companion to English Literature* explains the controversy that ensued following James Macpherson's 1762 and 1763 publications of *Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem, in Six Books: together with several other Poems, composed by Ossian, the Son of Fingal. Translated from the Galic language, 1762* and *Temora, an ancient epic poem, in Eight Books* (1763). Although presented as translations, the epics "were in fact largely the work of . . . Macpherson; the first was based loosely on various old ballads and fragments, the second was entirely invented" (349). Many critics were at first duped, but "the Homeric, biblical, and Miltonic echoes in [the] work helped draw attention to its lack of authenticity" (350). Sargent Murray composed her own poems on Ossian in the 1770s.

198. Oithona. From Macpherson's *The Poems of Ossian*: Gaul, the son of Morni, attended Lathmon into his own country after his being defeated in Morven. . . . He was kindly entertained by Nuäth, the father of Lathmon, and fell in love with his daughter Oithona. The lady was no less enamored of Gaul, and a day was fixed for their marriage. In the mean time Fingal, preparing for an expedition into the country of the Britons, sent for Gaul. He obeyed, and went; but not without promising to Oithona to return, if he survived the war, by a certain day. Lathmon too was obliged to attend his father Nuäth in his wars, and Oithona was left alone at Dunlathmon, the seat of the family" (243). Oithona was raped and concealed in a cave. While Gaul prepared to avenge her rape, Oithona "sercretly armed herself, rushed into the thickest of battle, and was mortally wounded" (243).

199. Isaiah. “The Hebrew prophet of the 8th cent. BC. He exercised influence at the court of the kings of Judah, and took a prominent part esp. in foreign politics. Called to the prophetic office in the year of King Uzziah’s death . . . he continued his prophetic work till the Assyrian invasion of Judah in 701 BC. Tradition relates his death by martyrdom in the reign of Manasseh . . . . In his teaching Isaiah followed Amos and Hosea in asserting the supremacy of Yahweh, the God of Israel, and in emphasizing His moral demands on His worshippers. He laid special stress on the Divine holiness . . ., giving to this conception a strong ethical content” (*The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church* 849).

200. Judah. “The tribe of Judah was the most powerful of the twelve tribes of Israel. Possibly its earliest history is represented in the story of Judah, the fourth son of Jacob (Gen. 29:35 and ch. 38). Already in the reigns of David and Solomon (c.100BC) it was the predominant tribe. After Solomon’s death (c. 930 BC), Judah, along with Benjamin, formed a separate kingdom . . . which outlasted that of the northern tribes, and in general maintained a purer religious faith. It came to an end with the Babylonian captivity” (*The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church* 905).

201. Babylonian captivity. “The captivity in Babylon, whither under Nebuchandnezzar (604-562 BC) a significant proportion of the population of Judah was deported in two batches c.597 and c.586 BC respectively (2 Kgs. 24: 14-16; 25: 11). Acc. To Ex. 1-2, they were permitted to return after the Persian ruler, Cyrus, had captured Babylon c.539 BC, though many of them did not return until at least 100 years later. . . . The expression was used metaphorically by F. Petrarch and subsequent writers of the exile of the Popes at Avignon from 1309 to 1377. M. Luther’s treatise on the *Babylonish Captivity of the Church* (1520) was a sustained attack on the ‘bondage’ in which the Church had been held by the withdrawal of the chalice from the laity, the doctrine of transubstantiation, and the Sacrifice of the Mass” (*The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church* 141).

202. Cyrus. “The Great . . . , son of Cambyses I, who became c. 557 BC king of the small kingdom of Anshan in Persia. . . . Beginning in 550 he fought extensive campaigns in which he conquered, respectively, Media (550/49), Sardis and Lydia (546), Babylonia, and the neo-Babylonian empire (539). . . . [H]e conquered central Asia. He was thus the first Persian king to bring together territories into an imperial framework” (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary* 423).

203. Zion. “The citadel of Jerusalem, taken by David from the Jebusites (2 Sam. 5: 6-7). It was probably situated on the eastern ridge of the city, south of the site of the Temple. The name came to signify the mount on which the Temple stood, ‘God’s holy hill’ at Jerusalem (Ps. 2: 6); thence also, Jerusalem itslef (Is. 1: 27), and allegorically the heavenly city (Heb. 12: 22, Reb. 14:1)” (*The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church* 1782).

204. Salem, Massachusetts, is notorious for the witchcraft trials of 1692.

205. Israel's sons. "In a theological sense, the word Israel was used of the people of Yahweh as a whole . . . esp. in their covenant-relation to their God. In the N[ew] T[estament] it was transfered to the Christian Church, considered as the 'Israel of God' (Gal. 6 : 16) and spoken of as inheriting the privileges of the ancient Israel" (*The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church* 853).

206. Roman annals. Allusion to Edward Gibbon's *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. "In 1776 appeared the first volume of the *History* which was very favourably received, although his chapters on the growth of Christianity provoked criticisms" (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature* 389).

207. No source for quotation found.

208. Cherub. "The history of the sense, or notion attached to the word, lies outside English, though English use reflects all its varieties. In the OTest. the *cherubim* are 'living creatures' with two or four wings, but the accounts of their form are not consistent. . . . They first appear in Genesis iii. 24, as guardians of the tree of life. This name was also given to the two images overlaid with gold placed with wings expanded over the mercy-seat in the Jewish tabernacle and temple, over which the shekinah or symbol of the divine presence was manifested. A frequent expression for the Divine Being was 'he that dwelleth (or sitteth) between (or on) the cherubim'. Psalm xviii. 10 (also contained in 2 Sam. xxii. 11) says of Jehovah 'He rode upon a cherub (LXX. *cherubim*), and did fly'. . . . *Cherubim* were thus made the second of the nine orders, having the special attribute of knowledge and contemplation of divine things. Their angelic character is that which chiefly prevails in later notions and in Christian art" (*OED*).

209. Cleora. No further information found.

210. From Pope's *Essay on Man. Epistle I.*

211. Babel. "Acc. To Gen. 11: 1-9, the tower reaching to heaven, the presumptuous construction of which was frustrated by Yahweh through confusion of languages among its builders. The story was probably inspired by the famous Babylonian temper-tower ('ziggurat') of Etemenanki, which symbolized for the

Israelites the pride of the nations destined by God to dissolution from within" (*The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church* 141).

212. Dean Swift. Jonathan Swift (1667-1745). Irish-born English satirist and writer who "became dean of St. Patrick's in 1713" (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature* 952).

213. Stella. Esther Johnson, daughter of a servant or companion of Sir W. Temple's sister, whom Swift met at Moor Park while editing Temple's

correspondence and writing *The Battle of the Books* and *A Tale of the Tub*. Swift's *Journal to Stella* is "a series of intimate letters (1710-13) to Esther Johnson and her companion Rebecca Dingley, who had moved to Ireland in 1700/01; it is written partly in baby language, and gives a vivid account of Swift's daily life lin London where he was in close touch with Tory ministers. Swift's relationship with Stella remain obscure; they were intimate and affectionate, and some form of marriage may have taken place" (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature* 952).

214. Sophist. "A professional philosopher and teacher, especially one belonging to a group of fifth-century B.C. Greek philosophers who specialized in dialectic, argumentation, and rhetoric and who were often known for their elaborate and specious arguments" (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

215. Proteous. "A minor sea-god or 'Old Man of the Sea', herdsman of seals. At Homer, *Odyssey* 4. 349-570 Menelaus encounters him on the island of Pharos off the coast of Egypt. The god takes on various shapes in an effort to escape (his shape-changing became proverbial), but Menelaus holds him fast and forces him to answer questions" (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary* 1265).

216. Revolutionary War. (1775-1783).

217. Most likely written about John Murray.

218. No source for quotation found.

219. Aelian Harp. "An instrument consisting of an open box over which are stretched strings that sound when wind passes over them. Also called the *wind harp*. [From Aeolian, relating to Aeolus, god of the winds]" (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

220. Zephyrus. "Greek Mythology. A god personifying the gentle west wind" (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

221. Thomson, Bard of Nature. Reference to Scottish poet James Thomson (1700-48), author of "*The Seasons*, which appeared successively in 1726-30. . . . *The Seasons* was one of the most popular (and frequently reprinted and illustrated) of English poems, was immensely influential, offering both in style and subject a new departure from the urbanity of Pope and developing in a highly distinctive manner the range of topographical poetry" (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature* 979).

222. Seraphs. "Celestial beings having three pairs of wings" (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

223. Hydra. “A persistent or multifaceted problem that cannot be eradicated by a single effort,” which comes from “the many-headed monster that was slain by Hercules” in Greek mythology (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

224. [of]. Sargent Murray mistakenly uses the word “of” instead of “off.”

225. Most likely a reference to John Murray.

226. The River Styx. “River of the Underworld” (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary* 1450).

227. Source of direct quotation not found but clearly a reference to Christ’s sacrifice for mankind.

228. Murray. The dying woman addresses John Murray and bids him continue in spreading his faith.

229. Constantia is Sargent Murray’s pen name.

230. Hortensius. “Hortalus, Quintus, descendant of the preceding and grandson of C. Sempornious Tuditanus, was one of the foremost Roman orators. Born 114 BC, he served in the Social War, became prominent during Sulla’s absence form Rome, joined him in time, and dominated the courts in the seventies, using a florid ‘Asianic’ style even though he had never studied in the east, and resorting to shameless bribery” (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary* 728).

231. Banditis. Reference to a bandit.

232. Empyrean sky. See note number 15.

233. L—. No further information found about her brother’s ship.

234. Belial. “The spirit of evil personified; used from early times as a name for the Devil or one of the fiends, and by Milton as the name of one of the fallen angels” (*OED*).

235. Anchorite. “A person who has retired into seclusion for religious reasons” (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

236. The Great First Cause. See note number 25.

237. Dissipation. “Intemperance” (*The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language*).

238. Luna. “Roman moon-goddess” (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary* 892).

239. Paean. See note number 150.

240. Israel's Monarch. Jacob. "OT Patriarch. The story of Jacob, the son of Isaac and grandson of Abraham, is told in Gen. 25-50" (*The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church* 855). "Acc. to Gen. 32: 28, the name Israel was bestowed upon Jacob by the mysterious divine stranger with whom he wrestled at Peniel" (*The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church* 853). During famine, Israel sent his sons to Egypt for food. Gen. 42: 1-5.

241. Apollo. "Greek god, son of Zeus and Leto. . . . Among his numerous and diverse functions healing and purification, prophecy, care for young citizens, for poetry, and music are prominent" (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary* 122).

242. Phebus. Misspelling of "Phoebus." "Radiant; name or description of Apollo" ( *The Oxford Classical Dictionary* 1173).

243. Franking a letter. To frank is "[t]o superscribe (a letter, etc.) with a signature, so as to ensure its being sent without charge; to send or cause to be sent free of charge" (*OED*).

244. Sabina. Sabina August, "married Hadrian in AD 100, thus strengthening his claims to succeed his childless kinsmen. Nothing is heard of her before Hadrian's accession, but she accompanied him on several journeys; . . . she is said to have ensured that she remained childless since any offspring of Hadrian's would have been a monster. However, she received the title *Augusta* at latest in 128, when she began to appear on the coinage, and was present with Hadrian in Egypt in 1130, when her friend Iulia Balbilla paid tribute to her beauty with a poem carved on the statue of Memnon. Her death (in 136 or 137) was ascribed to poisoning by Hadrian, but she was declared *Diva* by him" (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary* 1341-2).

245. [dieis]. Sargent Murray misspells "dies."

246. Columbia. Reference to the colonies.

247. This poem is interesting in that it demonstrates the ambiguity that Sargent Murray and many others initially felt about entering into war with Britain.

248. Reference to Winthrop Sargent. See note number 5 and number 167.

249. Jehovah. See note number 62.

250. Great First Cause. See note number 25.

251. [the]. Sargent Murray mistakenly writes "the" instead of "thee."

252. Deists. A deist is "one who acknowledges the existence of a God upon the testimony of reason, but rejects revealed religion" (*OED*). *The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church* defines deism as the following: "The term, orig.

interchangeable with Theism . . ., i.e. belief in one Supreme Being as opposed to atheism and polytheism, is now generally restricted to the system of natural religion which was first developed in England in the late 17th and 18th cents. . . . As it developed, the negative elements in Deism received greater emphasis. Belief in Divine Providence, as well as in rewards and punishments, was gradually abandoned. The chief mark of later Deism was belief in a Creator God whose further Divine intervention in His creation was rejected as derogatory to His omnipotence and unchangeableness. Deism, which was never widely accepted in this country, had a great influence in France, where Voltaire, J.-J. Rousseau, and the Encyclopaedists were its chief exponents" (465).

253. Infidel. "From a Christian point of view: An adherent of a religion opposed to Christianity" (*OED*).

254. A.B. No specific reference found.

255. Mary. No further information found.

256. Momus. "a. The Greek god of censure and ridicule, who was banished from Olympus for his criticisms of the gods; (also) a representation of the god. b. A person who habitually grumbles or finds fault, a carping critic" (*OED*).

257. [the]. Sargent Murray mistakenly writes "the" instead of "thee."

258. Thompson. Reference to James Thomson (1770-1778), English poet. Author of *The Seasons*.

259. Ignis fatuus. See note number 145.

260. No source for quotation found.

261. Lethean waters. "*Gr. Myth.* A river in Hades, the water of which produced, in those who drank it, forgetfulness of the past. Hence, the 'waters of oblivion' or forgetfulness of the past" (*OED*).

262. Elysium. See note number 44.

263. The word "murmurs" is added with a carot above illegible struckout word by Sargent Murray.

264. Newton's piercing sight. Reference to Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727). "Modern scholarship has not seriously affected his stature in the fields of mathematics, dynamics, celestial mechanics, astronomy, optics, natural philosophy, or cosmology. . . . Newtonianism was the dominant philosophy of the Enlightenment, influencing all fields of science, and finding its way into the poetry of Pope, J. Thomson, and E. Young" (*The Oxford Companion to English*

*Literature* 697).

265. John 14:6-8. "I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me."

266. Bottom "gray" is blackened out by Sargent Murray.

267. Aurora. See note number 33.

268. Sargent Murray uses both the minuscule and capital "T" when she copies the word "Truth."

269. Slavery. This is the only poem that mentions slavery. Universalists opposed slavery.

270. [Th]. Sargent Murray writes "Th" instead of "The."

271. Eneas. "Aeneas, character in literature and mythology, son of Anchises and the goddess Aphrodite. In the *Ilian* he is a prominent Trojan leader, belonging to the younger branch of the royal house . . ., and has important duels with Diomedes . . . and Achilles. . ., from both of which he is rescued by divine intervention. . . The departure of Aeneas from Troy is widely recorded, and the image of Aeneas' pious carrying of his father Anchises on his shoulders in the retreat is common in Greek vases of the 6th cent." (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary* 23).

272. Page cracked--word missing.

273. Reference to Charles Stuart, British monarch Charles I (1600-49), who took the throne in 1625. Political troubles plagued his reign as many feared his queen, the French princess Henrietta Maria: "Three parliaments were summoned and dissolved in the first four years of the reign; then for eleven years Charles ruled without one, in its stead with subservient judges and the courts of Star Chamber and High Commission. In 1627 he had blundered into an inglorious French war" (*Chambers's Biographical Dictionary* 256) More problems with parliament erupted when Charles disregarded parliament's "bill by which the existing parliament might not be dissolved without its own consent." Eventually, he was imprisoned and brought to trial at Westminster, where "Charles faced them bravely, and with dignity. Thrice he refused to plead, denying the competence of such a court; and his refusal being treated as a confession, on January 30, 1649, he died on the scaffold in front of Whitehall, with a courage worthy of a martyr" (*Chambers's Biographical Dictionary* 256).

274. Illegible.

275. Illegible.

276. Illegible.

277. Illegible.

278. Illegible.

279. Illegible.

280. Reference to Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658), a member of one of the parliaments and armies that plagued the reign of Charles I: “Cromwell, despairing of any arrangement with the faithless Charles, brought him to trial, and signed his death-warrant (January 1649)” thereby establishing the Commonwealth. “Of his greatness as a soldier and statesman there can be no question, but it is difficult to pronounce how far ambition mingled with higher motives; religious enthusiasm is often associated with fanaticism and self-deception” (*Chambers’s Biographical Dictionary* 335).

281. Jehovah. See note number 62.

282. Illegible.

283. Illegible.

284. From Queen Mary’s Psalter 183.

285. Illegible.

286. Illegible.

287. Illegible.

288. Illegible.

289. Illegible.

290. Illegible.

291. Illegible.

292. Illegible.

293. Illegible.

294. Illegible.

295. Romans 12:19-21. Reference not glossed by Sargent Murray.

296. [loose]. Sargent Murray mistakenly writes “loose” instead of “lose.”

297. Illegible.

298. Proteous. See note number 215.

299. Maro's peerless lays. Perhaps a reference to Saint Maro, a hermit who generally lived outdoors.

300. Reverence thyself. Attributed to Pythagorus: "Above the cloud with its shadow is the star with its light. Above all things reverence thyself."

301. [we we]. Second "we" not struck by Sargent Murray.

302. Second "with" struck by Sargent Murray.

303. [as as]. Second "as" not struck by Sargent Murray.

304. Lethe's strato. See note number 41.

305. [and and]. Second "and" not struck by Sargent Murray.

306. Etna's strato. See note number 151.

307. Illegible.

308. Illegible.

309. Illegible.

310. Illegible.

311. Nymph. See note number 96.

312. Reference to Uncle Toby, Captain Tobias Shandy from Sterne's *Trinstam Shandy*. Hazlitt described Uncle Toby's character as "'one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature', a man benign and practical, whose most passionate interest is aroused only by the problems of military fortifications and,

more fleetingly, by the widow Wasman" (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature* 999).

313. Mooley. Also muley. "A name for a hornless cow. Also used for any cow" (*OED*).

314. [" "]. Sargent Murray uses double quotation marks.

315. Illegible.

316. Hibemian. Related to Hibernia. “The Latin and poetic name for the island of Ireland” (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

317. Malapropos. “In an inopportune, inappropriate, or awkward manner; at an inconvenient or unhelpful time” (*OED*).

318. Thalia. “*Greek Mythology.* The Muse of comedy and pastoral poetry” (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

319. Plenipo. Short for plenipotentiary. “Invested with full power, esp. as the deputy, representative, or envoy of a sovereign ruler; exercising absolute power or authority” (*OED*).

320. Hannah Cowley, “*née* Parkhouse (1743-1809), wrote a number of comedies and two tedious tragedies; her comedies include *The Runaway* (1776), *A Bold Stroke for a Husband* (1783), and her most successful, *The Belle’s Strategem*, performed in 1780. They tend to preach the importance of marriage and the domestic virtues” (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature* 236). *Who’s the Dupe* was published in 1779.

321. Farquar. George Farquhar (1678-1707) was “an actor, but gave up the stage in consequence of accidentally wounding a fellow player. He took to writing comedies and produced *Love in a Bottle* in 1698. *The Constant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubilee* in 1699, *Sir Harry Wildair* in 1701, *The Inconstant* and *The Twin Rivals* in 1702, *The Stage Coach* (with Motteux) in 1704, *The Recruiting Officer* in 1706, and *The Beaux’ Stratagem* in 1707. The last two are the best of his plays and are still regularly performed” (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature* 340).

322. Sir Timothy. Reference to *The Town-Fopp, or Sir Timothy Tawdrey* (1677), written by Aphra Behn (1640-89) prolific dramatist of over 14 plays. *The Oxford Companion to English Literature* notes that “despite her success she had even in her lifetime to contend with accusations of plagiarism and lewdness, attracted in her view by her sex. . . . V. Woolf in *A Room of Her Own* (1928) acclaims her as the first English woman to earn her living by writing” (82).

323. Second “Morley” struck by Sargent Murray.

324. Gradus. “Short for *Gradus ad Parnassum* ‘a step to Parnassus’, the Latin title of a dictionary of prosody until recently used in English public schools, intended as an aid in Latin versification, both by giving the ‘quantities’ of words and by suggesting poetical epithets and phraseology. Hence applied to later works of similar plan and object; also extended as in *Greek gradus*, and *transf.* The earliest edition of the ‘Gradus’ in the British Museum is that of Cologne 1687; there was a London edition in 1691" (*OED*).

325. "A little learning is a dangerous thing; Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring; There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain, And drinking largely sobers us again" from Pope's *Essay on Criticism* (1711) 1.152 (*The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* 521:8).

326. Second "though they" struck by Sargent Murray.

327. Paeans. See note number 150.

328. Cowley. See note number 322.

329. Melssom. No further info found.

330. Old Doiley. Character in Cowley's *Who's the Dupe?* See note number 322.

331. [band of]. Sargent Murray seems to have mistakenly added the word "of" or neglected to complete the phrase.

332. Illegible.

333. Illegible.

334. Elysian bower. Allusion to Dante's *Paradise Canto XV*.

335. Wiggism. Whiggism. Reference to Whig. "1. A member of an 18th-and 19th-century British political party that was opposed to the Tories. 2. A supporter of the war against England during the American Revolution" (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

336. Heliconian. From Helicon. See note number 91.

337. Tyler's wondrous pow'rs. Reference to Royall Tyler (1757-1826).

338. Humphreys. Reference to David Humphreys (1752-1818), poet and soldier, "author of a romantic drama *The Widow of Malabar* (1790)" (*The Oxford Companion To American Literature* 309).

339. Warren. Probably a reference to Mercy Otis Warren (1728-1814), "sister of James Otis, wife of James Warren (1726-1808), president of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts"; she "was herself at the center of Revolutionary politics and a frequent correspondent withe the leaders. Her political satires in dramatic form, *The Adulateur* (1773) and *The Group* (1775), attack Governor Hutchinson and other Loyalists. Probably neither play was performed, and both are conversations rather than dramas" (*The Oxford Companion To American Literature* 701).

340. Illegible.

341. Illegible.

342. Fabius. Reference to Quintus Fabius Maximus Verrucosus. “Known as ‘the Cunctator.’ Died 203 B.C. Roman general who ultimately defeated (209) the superior forces of Hannibal through delay tactics” (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

343. Cincinnatus. Reference to Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus. “519?-438 B.C. Roman statesman who according to tradition was twice called away from his farm to assume the dictatorship of Rome (458 and 439)” (*American Heritage Dictionary*).

344. Illegible.

345. Illegible.

346. Gen. 3:1-17. Reference not glossed by Sargent Murray.

347. Pandora’s box. “Pandora, whose name combines ‘all’ and ‘gifts’, was a goddess connected with the earth, but she is better known as the first human female, the cause of all man’s woes. . . . She was fashioned out of clay by Hephaestus, given ‘gifts’ by ‘all’ the Olympian gods, and sent as a gift herself to Prometheus’ brother Epimetheus. Here she opened a large jar and released all manner of evils into the world” (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary* 1104).

348. Troy in ashes mourn’d. “Troy lies in NW Asia Minor, about 6 ½ km. (4 mi.) from the Aegean coast and rather less from the Hellespont. The site consists of a small citadel mound with c.25 m. of gradually accumulated debris from human habitation. . . . [T]he Troy of Priam has never been proved, but a ruined castle would have been visible in Homer’s day and its situation agrees with that of Troy in most classical tradition. . . . It is generally assumed that some residue of historical truth persists in the legends concerning the Trojan War” (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary* 1557).

349. Termagent. “Name of an imaginary deity held in mediæval Christendom to be worshipped by Muslims: in the mystery plays represented as a violent overbearing personage” (*OED*).

350. Reference to Socrates (469-399BC), “Athenian public figure and central participant in the intellectual debates so common in the city in the middle and late 5th cent. His influence has been enormous, although he wrote nothing” (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary*1419).

351. Xantippe. Xanthippe. Wife of Socrates and mother of his two sons. (*The Oxford Classical Dictionary*1419).

352. Old Dudly. Dudley. Character in *The West Indian.*

353. Belcour. Character in *The West Indian.*

354. Solomon. "King of Israel from c. 970 BC. . . honoured for his wealth and wisdom" (*The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church* 1516).

355. *The Provok'd Husband, or a Journey to London*, is "a comedy by Vanbrugh, finished by C. Cibber, produced in 1728" (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature* 794).

356. Colley Cibber. (1671-1757) was an actor and writer. "He attracted enemies by his rudeness and vanity, and as a writer was more concerned with theatrical effect than with literary merit, but nevertheless made a significant contribution to 18th-cent. drama, particularly to the genre of sentimental comedy" (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature* 198).

357. *The Oxford Companion to American Theater* notes that even though "the settlement of America coincided with the flourishing of both Jacobean and Restoration play-writing in England, the relatively small number of settlers and their general religious bent precluded the emergence of real theatre during the 17th century and much of the early 18th century. Certainly the New England Puritans , the Dutch in New Amsterdam, and the Quakers in Pennsylvania were all vehemently opposed to theatricals of any sort . . . .Inevitably, as with any prohibition, not only were appetites whetted but means of circumvention were found. Plays were often advertised as 'concerns,' 'lectures,' or 'dissertations'" (133).

358. Illegible.

359. Wrongheads. In *The Provok'd Husband*, Dir Francis Wronghead and his wife visit London. Although they are "simple, country" folks, the wife wants to live like a "fine lady" (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature* 794).

360. Picture of a Play House–or Buck[s] Have at Ye All. Reference to a popular recitation of the period, possibly written by Thomas Mozeen.

361. Illegible.

362. Illegible.

363. Falstaff. Reference to Sir John Falstaff, "a character in Shakespeare's *1* and *2 Henry IV* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. . . . He is fat, witty, a lover of sack and of jests, and skillful at turning jokes on him to his own advantage" (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature* 338).

364. Jove's book of fate. Jove. "A poetical equivalent of *Jupiter*, name of the highest deity of the ancient Romans" (*OED*).

365. Illegible.

366. Aldo. No further information found.

367. No source for quotation found.

368. Illegible.

369. Parsimony. “Carefulness in the employment of money or material resources; saving or economic disposition” (*OED*).

370. [should not forget should not forget]. Second “should not forget” not struck by Sargent Murray.

371. Illegible.