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**A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands**

**Dodsley, Robert**

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On the Immortality of the Soul. Translated From the Latin of Isaac  
Hawkins Brown, Esq; By Soame Jennyns, Esq;

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And Peace, that seldom knows to share  
 The Statesman's friendly bowl, be there;  
 While rosy Health, superior guest,  
 Loose to the Zephyrs bares her breast;  
 And, to add a sweeter grace,  
 Give her soft Amelia's face.

Mafon, why this dull delay?  
 Haste, to Sion haste away.  
 There the Muse again shall ask,  
 Nor thy hand forget its task;  
 Nor the Lyre it's strains refuse  
 To the Patron of the Muse.



## On the IMMORTALITY of the SOUL.

TRANSLATED

From the LATIN of ISAAC HAWKINS BROWN, Esq;

By SOAME JENNYNS, Esq;

### BOOK I.

**T**O all inferior animals 'tis giv'n  
 T' enjoy the state allotted them by Heaven;  
 No vain researches e'er disturb their rest,  
 No fears of dark futurity molest.

Man, only Man sollicitous to know  
 The springs whence Nature's operations flow,  
 Plods thro' a dreary waste with toil and pain,  
 And reasons, hopes, and thinks, and lives in vain;  
 For sable Death still hov'ring o'er his head,  
 Cuts short his progress, with his vital thread.  
 Wherefore, since Nature errs not, do we find  
 These seeds of Science in the human mind,  
 If no congenial fruits are predestin'd?  
 For what avails to Man this pow'r to roam  
 Thro' ages past, and ages yet to come,  
 T' explore new worlds o'er all th' ætherial way,  
 Chain'd to a spot, and living but a day?  
 Since all must perish in one common grave,  
 Nor can these long laborious searches save,  
 Were it not wiser far, supinely laid,  
 To sport with Phyllis in the noontide shade?  
 Or at thy jovial festivals appear,  
 Great Bacchus, who alone the soul can clear  
 From all that it has felt, and all that it can fear?

Come on then, let us feast: let Chloe sing,  
 And soft Næra touch the trembling string;  
 Enjoy the present hour, nor seek to know  
 What good or ill to-morrow may bestow.  
 But these delights soon pall upon the taste;  
 Let's try then if more serious cannot last:  
 Wealth let us heap on wealth, or fame pursue,  
 Let pow'r and glory be our points in view;

In courts, in camps, in senates let us live,  
 Our levees crowded like the buzzing hive :  
 Each weak attempt the same sad lesson brings,  
 Alas, what vanity in human things !

What means then shall we try ? where hope to find  
 A friendly harbour for the restless mind ?  
 Who still, you see, impatient to obtain  
 Knowledge immense, (so Nature's laws ordain)  
 Ev'n now, tho' fetter'd in corporeal clay,  
 Climbs step by step the prospect to survey,  
 And seeks, unwear'd, Truth's eternal ray.  
 No fleeting joys she asks, which must depend  
 On the frail senses, and with them must end ;  
 But such as suit her own immortal fame,  
 Free from all change, eternally the same.

Take courage then, these joys we shall attain ;  
 Almighty Wisdom never acts in vain ;  
 Nor shall the soul, on which it has bestow'd  
 Such pow'rs, e'er perish, like an earthly clod ;  
 But purg'd at length from foul corruption's stain,  
 Freed from her prison, and unbound her chain,  
 She shall her native strength, and native skies regain :  
 To heav'n an old inhabitant return,  
 And draw nectareous streams from truth's perpetual urn.

Whilst life remains, (if life it can be call'd  
 T' exist in fleshly bondage thus enthrall'd)  
 Tir'd with the dull pursuit of worldly things,  
 The soul scarce wakes, or opes her gladsome wings,

Yet

Yet still the godlike exile in disgrace  
 Retains some marks of her celestial race;  
 Else whence from Mem'ry's store can she produce  
 Such various thoughts, or range them so for use?  
 Can matter these contain, dispose, apply?  
 Can in her cells such mighty treasures lye?  
 Or can her native force produce them to the eye?

Whence is this pow'r, this foundress of all arts,  
 Serving, adorning life, thro' all its parts,  
 Which names impos'd, by letters mark'd those names,  
 Adjusted properly by legal claims,  
 From woods, and wilds collected rude mankind,  
 And cities, laws, and governments design'd?  
 What can this be, but some bright ray from heaven,  
 Some emanation from Omniscience given?

When now the rapid stream of Eloquence  
 Bears all before it, passion, reason, sense,  
 Can its dread thunder, or its lightning's force  
 Derive their essence from a mortal source?  
 What think you of the bard's enchanting art,  
 Which, whether he attempts to warm the heart  
 With fabled scenes, or charm the ear with rhyme,  
 Breathes all pathetic, lovely, and sublime?  
 Whilst things on earth roll round from age to age,  
 The same dull force repeated; on the stage  
 The poet gives us a creation new,  
 More pleasing, and more perfect than the true;

The

The mind, who always to perfection hastes,  
 Perfection, such as here she never tastes,  
 With gratitude accepts the kind deceit,  
 And thence foresees a system more compleat.  
 Of those what think you, who the circling race  
 Of suns, and their revolving planets trace,  
 And comets journeying thro' unbounded space?  
 Say, can you doubt, but that th' all-searching soul,  
 That now can traverse heav'n from pole to pole,  
 From thence descending visits but this earth,  
 And shall once more regain the regions of her birth?  
 Cou'd she thus act, unless some Power unknown,  
 From matter quite distinct, and all her own,  
 Supported, and impell'd her? She approves  
 Self-conscious; and condemns; she hates, and loves,  
 Mourns, and rejoices, hopes, and is afraid,  
 Without the body's unrequested aid:  
 Her own internal strength her reason guides,  
 By this she now compares things, now divides;  
 Truth's scatter'd fragments piece by piece collects,  
 Rejoins, and thence her edifice erects;  
 Piles arts on arts, effects to causes ties,  
 And rears th' aspiring fabric to the skies:  
 From whence, as on a distant plain below,  
 She sees from causes consequences flow,  
 And the whole chain distinctly comprehends,  
 Which from th' Almighty's throne to earth descends:

And

And lastly, turning inwardly her eyes,  
 Perceives how all her own ideas rise,  
 Contemplates what she is, and whence she came,  
 And almost comprehends her own amazing frame.  
 Can mere machines be with such pow'rs endued,  
 Or conscious of those pow'rs, suppose they cou'd ?  
 For body is but a machine alone  
 Mov'd by external force, and impulse not its own.

Rate not th' extension of the human mind  
 By the plebeian standard of mankind,  
 But by the size of those gigantic few,  
 Whom *Greece* and *Rome* still offer to our view ;  
 Or *Britain* well-deserving equal praise,  
 Parent of heroes too in better days.  
 Why shou'd I try her num'rous sons to name  
 By verse, law, eloquence consign'd to fame ?  
 Or who have forc'd fair Science into fight  
 Long lost in darkness, and afraid of light.  
 O'er all superior, like the solar ray  
 First *Bacon* usher'd in the dawning day,  
 And drove the mists of sophistry away ;  
 Pervaded nature with amazing force,  
 Following experience still throughout his course,  
 And finishing at length his destin'd way  
 To *Newton* he bequeath'd the radiant lamp of day.

Illustrious souls! if any tender cares  
 Affect angelic breasts for man's affairs,



If in your present happy heav'nly state,  
 You're not regardless quite of *Britain's* fate,  
 Let this degen'rate land again be blest  
 With that true vigour, which she once possess;  
 Compel us to unfold our slumb'ring eyes  
 And to our ancient dignity to rise.  
 Such wond'rous pow'rs as these must sure be giv'n  
 For most important purposes by heav'n;  
 Who bids these stars as bright examples shine  
 Besprinkled thinly by the hand divine,  
 To form to virtue each degenerate time,  
 And point out to the soul its origin sublime.  
 That there's a self which after death shall live,  
 All are concern'd about, and all believe;  
 That something's ours, when we from life depart  
 This all conceive, all feel it at the heart;  
 The wise of learn'd antiquity proclaim  
 This truth, the public voice declares the same;  
 No land so rude but looks beyond the tomb  
 For future prospects in a world to come.  
 Hence, without hopes to be in life repaid,  
 We plant slow oaks posterity to shade;  
 And hence vast pyramids aspiring high  
 Lift their proud heads aloft, and time defy.  
 Hence is our love of fame, a love so strong,  
 We think no dangers great, or labors long,  
 By which we hope our beings to extend,  
 And to remotest times in glory to descend.

For



For fame the wretch beneath the gallows lies  
 Disowning every crime for which he dies ;  
 Of life profuse, tenacious of a name,  
 Fearless of death, and yet afraid of shame.  
 Nature has wove into the human mind  
 This anxious care for names we leave behind,  
 T' extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,  
 And give an earnest of a life to come :  
 For, if when dead, we are but dust or clay,  
 Why think of what posterity shall say ?  
 Her praise, or censure cannot us concern,  
 Nor ever penetrate the silent urn.

What mean the nodding plumes, the fun'ral train,  
 And marble monument, that speaks in vain,  
 With all those cares, which ev'ry nation pays  
 To their unfeeling dead in diff'rent ways !  
 Some in the flower-strewn grave the corpse have lay'd,  
 And annual obsequies around it pay'd, }  
 As if to please the poor departed shade ;  
 Others on blazing piles the body burn,  
 And store their ashes in the faithful urn ;  
 But all in one great principle agree  
 To give a fancy'd immortality.  
 Why shou'd I mention those, whose ouzy soil  
 Is render'd fertile by th' o'erflowing Nile,  
 Their dead they bury not, nor burn with fires,  
 No graves they dig, erect no fun'ral pires,



But, washing first th' embowel'd body clean,  
 Gums, spice, and melted pitch they pour within;  
 Then with strong fillets bind it round and round,  
 To make each flaccid part compact, and sound;  
 And lastly paint the varnish'd surface o'er  
 With the same features, which in life it wore:  
 So strong their presage of a future state,  
 And that our nobler part survives the body's fate.

Nations behold remote from reason's beams,  
 Where *Indian Ganges* rolls his sandy streams,  
 Of life impatient rush into the fire,  
 And willing victims to their gods expire!  
 Persuaded the loose soul to regions flies,  
 Blest with eternal spring, and cloudless skies.

Nor is less fam'd the oriental wife  
 For steadfast virtue, and contempt of life:  
 These heroines mourn not with loud female cries  
 Their husbands lost, or with o'erflowing eyes,  
 But, strange to tell! their funeral piles ascend,  
 And in the same sad flames their sorrows end;  
 In hopes with them beneath the shades to rove,  
 And there renew their interrupted love.

In climes where *Boreas* breathes eternal cold,  
 See numerous nations, warlike, fierce, and bold,  
 To battle all unanimously run,  
 Nor fire, nor sword, nor instant death they shun:

Whence

Whence this disdain of life in ev'ry breast,  
 But from a notion on their minds impress,  
 That all, who for their country die, are blest.  
 Add too to these the once prevailing dreams,  
 Of sweet *Elysian* groves, and *Stygian* streams :  
 All shew with what consent mankind agree  
 In the firm hope of Immortality.  
 Grant these th' inventions of the crafty priest,  
 Yet such inventions never cou'd subsist,  
 Unless some glimm'rings of a future state  
 Were with the mind coæval, and innate :  
 For ev'ry fiction, which can long persuade,  
 In truth must have its first foundations laid.

Because we are unable to conceive,  
 How unembod'y'd souls can act, and live,  
 The vulgar give them forms, and limbs, and faces,  
 And habitations in peculiar places ;  
 Hence reasoners more refin'd, but not more wise,  
 Struck with the glare of such absurdities,  
 Their whole existence fabulous suspect,  
 And truth and falsehood in a lump reject ;  
 Too indolent to learn what may be known,  
 Or else too proud that ignorance to own.  
 For hard's the task the daubing to pervade  
 Folly and fraud on Truth's fair form have laid ;  
 Yet let that task be ours ; for great the prize ;  
 Nor let us Truth's celestial charms despise,  
 Because that priests, or poets may disguise.



That there's a God from Nature's voice is clear,  
 And yet what errors to this truth adhere?  
 How have the fears and follies of mankind  
 Now multiply'd their gods, and now subjoin'd  
 To each the frailties of the human mind?  
 Nay superstition spread at length so wide,  
 Beasts, birds, and onions too were deify'd.

Th' *Athenian* sage revolving in his mind  
 This weakness, blindness, madness of mankind,  
 Foretold, that in maturer days, tho' late,  
 When Time should ripen the decrees of Fate,  
 Some God would light us, like the rising day,  
 Thro' error's maze, and chase these clouds away.  
 Long since has Time fulfill'd this great decree,  
 And brought us aid from this divinity.

Well worth our search discoveries may be made  
 By Nature, void of the celestial aid:

Let's try what her conjectures then can reach,  
 Nor scorn plain Reason, when she deigns to teach.

That mind and body often sympathize  
 Is plain; such is this union Nature ties:  
 But then as often too they disagree,  
 Which proves the soul's superior progeny.  
 Sometimes the body in full strength we find,  
 Whilst various ails debilitate the mind;  
 At others, whilst the mind its force retains,  
 The body sinks with sickness and with pains:

Now

Now did one common fate their beings end,  
 Alike they'd sicken, and alike they'd mend.  
 But sure experience, on the slightest view,  
 Shews us, that the reverse of this is true ;  
 For when the body oft expiring lies,  
 Its limbs quite senseless, and half clos'd its eyes,  
 The mind new force, and eloquence acquires,  
 And with prophetic voice the dying lips inspires.

Of like materials were they both compos'd,  
 How comes it, that the mind, when sleep has clos'd  
 Each avenue of sense, expatiates wide  
 Her liberty restor'd, her bonds unty'd ?  
 And like some bird who from its prison flies,  
 Claps her exulting wings, and mounts the skies.

Grant that corporeal is the human mind,  
 In must have parts *in infinitum* join'd ;  
 And each of these must will, perceive, design,  
 And draw confus'dly in a diff'rent line ;  
 Which then can claim dominion o'er the rest,  
 Or stamp the ruling passion in the breast ?

Perhaps the mind is form'd by various arts  
 Of modelling, and figuring these parts ;  
 Just as if circles wiser were than squares ;  
 But surely common sense aloud declares  
 That size, and figure are as foreign quite  
 From mental pow'rs, as colours black or white.

Allow that motion is the cause of thought,  
 With what strange pow'rs must motion then be fraught ?



Reason, sense, science, must derive their source  
 From the wheel's rapid whirl, or pulley's force ;  
 Tops whip'd by school-boys fages must commence,  
 Their hoops, like them, be cudgell'd into sense,  
 And boiling pots o'erflow with eloquence. }  
 Whence can this very motion take its birth ?  
 Not sure from matter, from dull clods of earth ;  
 But from a living spirit lodg'd within,  
 Which governs all the bodily machine :  
 Just as th' Almighty Universal Soul  
 Informs, directs, and animates the whole.

Cease then to wonder how th' immortal mind  
 Can live, when from the body quite disjoin'd ;  
 But rather wonder, if she e'er cou'd die,  
 So fram'd, so fashion'd for eternity ;  
 Self-mov'd, not form'd of parts together ty'd,  
 Which time can dissipate, and force divide ;  
 For beings of this make can never die,  
 Whose pow'rs within themselves, and their own essence lie.

If to conceive how any thing can be  
 From shape abstracted and locality }  
 Is hard ; what think you of the Deity ?  
 His Being not the least relation bears,  
 As far as to the human mind appears,  
 To shape, or size, similitude or place,  
 Cloath'd in no form, and bounded by no space,  
 Such then is God, a Spirit pure refin'd  
 From all material dross, and such the human mind.

For

For in what part of essence can we see  
 More certain marks of Immortality?  
 Ev'n from this dark confinement with delight  
 She looks abroad, and prunes herself for flight;  
 Like an unwilling inmate longs to roam  
 From this dull earth, and seek her native home.

Go then forgetful of its toil and strife,  
 Pursue the joys of this fallacious life;  
 Like some poor fly, who lives but for a day  
 Sip the fresh dews, and in the sunshine play,  
 And into nothing then dissolve away.  
 Are these our great pursuits, is this to live?  
 These all the hopes this much-lov'd world can give!  
 How much more worthy envy is their fate,  
 Who search for truth in a superior state?  
 Not groping step by step, as we pursue,  
 And following reason's much entangled clue,  
 But with one great, and instantaneous view.

But how can sense remain, perhaps you'll say,  
 Corporeal organs if we take away!  
 Since it from them proceeds, and with them must decay.  
 Why not? or why may not the soul receive  
 New organs, since ev'n art can these retrieve?  
 The silver trumpet aids th' obstructed ear,  
 And optic glasses the dim eye can clear;  
 These in mankind new faculties create,  
 And lift him far above his native state;

Call



Call down revolving planets from the sky,  
 Earth's secret treasures open to his eye,  
 The whole minute creation make his own,  
 With all the wonders of a world unknown.

How cou'd the mind, did she alone depend  
 On sense, the errors of those senses mend?  
 Yet oft, we see those senses she corrects,  
 And oft their information quite rejects.  
 In distances of things, their shapes and size,  
 Our reason judges better than our eyes.  
 Declares not this the soul's preheminance  
 Superior to, and quite distinct from sense?  
 For sure 'tis likely, that, since now so high  
 Clog'd and unledg'd she dares her wings to try,  
 Loos'd, and mature, she shall her strength display,  
 And soar at length to Truth's refulgent ray.

Inquire you how these pow'rs we shall attain,  
 'Tis not for us to know; our search is vain:  
 Can any now remember or relate  
 How he existed in the embryo state?  
 Or one from birth insensible of day  
 Conceive ideas of the solar ray?  
 That light's deny'd to him, which others see,  
 He knows, perhaps you'll say, — and so do we.

The mind contemplative finds nothing here  
 On earth, that's worthy of a wish or fear:  
 He, whose sublime pursuit is God and truth,  
 Burns, like some absent and impatient youth,



To join the object of his warm desires,  
 Thence to sequester'd shades, and streams retires,  
 And there delights his passion to rehearse  
 In wisdom's sacred voice, or in harmonious verse.

To me most happy therefore he appears,  
 Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,  
 Survey'd this sun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,  
 Well satisfy'd returns from whence he came.  
 Is life a hundred years, or e'er so few,  
 'Tis repetition all, and nothing new :  
 A fair, where thousands meet, but none can stay,  
 An inn, where travellers bait, then post away ;  
 A sea, where man perpetually is tost,  
 Now plung'd in bus'ness, now in trifles lost :  
 Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain ;  
 Hold then ! no farther launch into the main :  
 Contract your sails ; life nothing can bestow  
 By long continuance, but continu'd woe :  
 The wretched privilege daily to deplore  
 The funerals of our friends, who go before :  
 Diseases, pains, anxieties, and cares,  
 And age surrounded with a thousand snares.

But whither hurry'd by a generous scorn  
 Of this vain world, ah, whither am I borne ?  
 Let's not unbid th' Almighty's standard quit,  
 Howe'er severe our post, we must submit.

Could I a firm persuasion once attain  
 That after death no being wou'd remain ;



To those dark shades I'd willingly descend,  
 Where all must sleep, this drama at an end :  
 Nor life accept, altho' renew'd by Fate  
 Ev'n from its earliest, and its happiest state.

Might I from Fortune's bounteous hand receive  
 Each boon, each blessing in her pow'r to give,  
 Genius, and science, morals, and good-sense,  
 Unenvy'd honors, wit and eloquence,  
 A numerous offspring to the world well known  
 Both for paternal virtues, and their own ;  
 Ev'n at this mighty price I'd not be bound  
 To tread the same dull circle round, and round ;  
 The soul requires enjoyments more sublime,  
 By space unbounded, undestroy'd by time.

## B O O K II.

**G**OD then thro' all creation gives, we find,  
 Sufficient marks of an indulgent mind,  
 Excepting in ourselves ; ourselves of all  
 His works the chief on this terrestrial ball,  
 His own bright image, who alone unblest  
 Feel ills perpetual, happy all the rest.  
 But hold presumptuous ! charge not heav'n's decree  
 With such injustice, such partiality.

Yet true it is, survey we life around,  
 Whole hosts of ills on ev'ry side are found ;  
 Who wound not here and there by chance a foe,  
 But at the species meditate the blow :

What

What millions perish by each others hands  
 In war's fierce rage ? or by the dread commands  
 Of tyrants languish out their lives in chains,  
 Or lose them in variety of pains ?  
 What numbers pinch'd by want, and hunger die,  
 In spite of Nature's liberality ?  
 (Those, still more numerous, I to name disdain,  
 By lewdness, and intemperance justly slain ;)   
 What numbers guiltless of their own disease  
 Are snatch'd by sudden death, or waste by slow degrees ?

Where then is Virtue's well deserv'd reward ! —

Let's pay to Virtue ev'ry due regard,  
 That she enables man, let us confess,  
 To bear those evils, which she can't redress,  
 Gives hope, and conscions peace, and can assuage  
 Th' impetuous tempests both of lust, and rage ;  
 Yet she's a guard so far from being sure,  
 That oft her friends peculiar ills endure :  
 Where Vice prevails severest is their fate,  
 Tyrants pursue them with a three-fold hate ;  
 How many struggling in their country's cause,  
 And from their country meriting applause,  
 Have fall'n by wretches fond to be enslav'd,  
 And perish'd by the hands themselves had fav'd ?

Soon as superior worth appears in view,  
 See knaves, and fools united to pursue !  
 The man so form'd they all conspire to blame,  
 And Envy's pois'nous tooth attacks his fame ;

Shou'd



Shou'd he at length, so truly good and great,  
 Prevail, and rule with honest views the state,  
 Then must he toil for an ungrateful race,  
 Submit to clamor, libels, and disgrace,  
 Threaten'd, oppos'd, defeated in his ends,  
 By foes seditious, and aspiring friends.  
 Hear this, and tremble ! all who wou'd be great,  
 Yet know not what attends that dang'rous wretched state.

Is private life from all these evils free ?  
 Vice of all kinds, rage, envy there we see,  
 Deceit, that Friendship's mask insidious wears,  
 Quarrels, and feuds, and law's entangling snares.

But there are pleasures still in human life,  
 Domestic ease, a tender loving wife,  
 Children, whose dawning smiles your heart engage,  
 The grace, and comfort of soft-stealing age :  
 If happiness exists, 'tis surely here,  
 But are these joys exempt from care and fear ?  
 Need I the miseries of that state declare,  
 When diff'rent passions draw the wedded pair ?  
 Or say how hard those passions to discern,  
 Ere the die's cast, and 'tis too late to learn ?  
 Who can insure, that what is right, and good,  
 These children shall pursue ? or if they shou'd,  
 Death comes, when least you fear so black a day,  
 And all your blooming hopes are snatch'd away.

We say not, that these ills from Virtue flow,  
 Did her wise precepts rule the world, we know

The

The golden ages wou'd again begin,  
But 'tis our lot in this to suffer, and to fin.

Observing this, some sages have decreed  
That all things from two causes must proceed ;  
Two principles with equal pow'r endu'd,  
This wholly evil, that supremely good.  
From this arise the miseries we endure,  
Whilst that administers a friendly cure ;  
Hence life is checquer'd still with blifs, and woe,  
Hence tares with golden crops promiscuous grow,  
And poisonous serpents make their dread repose  
Beneath the covert of the fragrant rose.

Can such a system satisfy the mind ?  
Are both these Gods in equal pow'r conjoin'd,  
Or one superior ? Equal if you say,  
Chaos returns, since neither will obey ;  
Is one superior ? good, or ill must reign,  
Eternal joy, or everlasting pain.  
Whiche'er is conquer'd must entirely yield,  
And the victorious God enjoy the field :  
Hence with these fictions of the *Magi's* brain !  
Hence ouzy *Nile*, with all her monstrous train !

Or comes the Stoic nearer to the right ?  
He holds, that whatsoever yields delight,  
Wealth, fame, externals all, are usefess things ;  
Himself half starving happier far than kings.  
'Tis fine indeed to be so wond'rous wise !  
By the same reas'ning too he pain denies ;

Roast



Roast him, or flea him, break him on the wheel,  
 Retract he will not, tho' he can't but feel :  
 Pain's not an ill, he utters with a groan ;  
 What then ? an inconvenience 'tis, he'll own :  
 What ? vigour, health, and beauty ? are these good ?  
 No : they may be accepted, not pursued :  
 Absurd to squabble thus about a name,  
 Quibbling with diff'rent words, that mean the same.  
 Stoic, were you not fram'd of flesh and blood,  
 You might be blest without external good ;  
 But know, be self-sufficient as you can,  
 You are not spirit quite, but frail, and mortal man.

But since these sages, so absurdly wise,  
 Vainly pretend enjoyments to despise,  
 Because externals, and in Fortune's pow'r,  
 Now mine, now thine, the blessings of an hour ;  
 Why value then, that strength of mind, they boast,  
 As often varying, and as quickly lost ?  
 A head-ach hurts it, or a rainy day,  
 And a slow fever wipes it quite away.

See <sup>a</sup> one whose councils, one <sup>b</sup> whose conqu'ring hand  
 Once sav'd Britannia's almost sinking land :  
 Examples of the mind's extensive pow'r,  
 Examples too how quickly fades that flow'r.  
<sup>c</sup> Him let me add, whom late we saw excel  
 In each politer kind of writing well ;

<sup>a</sup> Lord Somers.    <sup>b</sup> Duke of Marlborough.    <sup>c</sup> Dean Swift.

Whether he strove our follies to expose  
 In easy verse, or droll, and hum'rous prose;  
 Few years alas! compel his throne to quit:  
 This mighty monarch o'er the realms or wit,  
 See self-surviving he's an idiot grown!  
 A melancholy proof our parts are not our own,

Thy tenets, Stoic, yet we may forgive,  
 If in a future state we cease to live.  
 For here the virtuous suffer much, 'tis plain;  
 If pain is evil, this must God arraign;  
 And on this principle confess we must,  
 Pain can no evil be, or God must be unjust.

Blind man! whose reason such strait bounds confine,  
 That ere it touches truth's extremest line,  
 It stops amaz'd, and quits the great design. }  
 Own you not, Stoic, God is just and true?  
 Dare to proceed; secure this path pursue:  
 'Twill soon conduct you far beyond the tomb,  
 To future justice, and a life to come.  
 This path you say is hid in endless night,  
 'Tis self-conceit alone obstructs your sight;  
 You stop, ere half your destin'd course is run,  
 And triumph, when the conquest is not won;  
 By this the Sophists were of old misled:  
 See what a monstrous race from one mistake is bred!

Hear then my argument: — confess we must,  
 A God there is, supremely wise and just:

If so, however things affect our sight,  
 As sings our bard, *whatever is, is right.*  
 But is it right, what here so oft appears,  
 That vice shou'd triumph, virtue sink in tears?  
 The inference then, that closes this debate,  
 Is, that there must exist a future state.  
 The wise extending their enquiries wide  
 See how both states are by connection ty'd;  
 Fools view but part, and not the whole survey,  
 So crowd existence all into a day.  
 Hence are they led to hope, but hope in vain,  
 That Justice never will resume her reign;  
 On this vain hope adulterers, thieves rely,  
 And to this altar vile assassins fly.  
 "But rules not God by general laws divine?  
 "Man's vice, or virtues change not the design?"  
 What laws are these? instruct us if you can: —  
 There's one design'd for brutes, and one for man:  
 Another guides inactive matter's course,  
 Attracting, and attracted by its force:  
 Hence mutual gravity subsists between  
 Far distant worlds, and ties the vast machine.  
 The laws of life why need I call to mind,  
 Obey'd by birds, and beasts of ev'ry kind;  
 By all the sandy desert's ravage brood,  
 And all the num'rous offspring of the flood;  
 Of these none uncontroul'd, and lawless rove,  
 But to some destin'd end spontaneons move:



Led by that instinct, heav'n itself inspires,  
 Or so much reason, as their state requires ;  
 See all with skill acquire their daily food,  
 All use those arms, which Nature has bestow'd ;  
 Produce their tender progeny, and feed  
 With care parental, whilst that care they need ;  
 In these lov'd offices compleatly blest,  
 No hopes beyond them, nor vain fears molest.

Man o'er a wider field extends his views ;  
 God thro' the wonders of his works pursues,  
 Exploring thence his attributes, and laws,  
 Adores, loves, imitates th' Eternal Cause ;  
 For sure in nothing we approach so nigh  
 The great example of divinity,  
 As in benevolence : the patriot's soul  
 Knows not self-center'd for itself to roll,  
 But warms, enlightens, animates the whole :  
 Its mighty orb embraces first his friends,  
 His country next, then man ; nor here it ends,  
 But to the meanest animal descends.

Wise Nature has this social law confirm'd,  
 By forming man so helpless, and unarm'd ;  
 His want of others' aid, and pow'r of speech  
 T' implore that aid this lesson daily teach :  
 Mankind with other animals compare,  
 Single how weak, and impotent they are !  
 But view them in their complicated state,  
 Their pow'rs how wond'rous, and their strength how great,



When social virtue individuals joins,  
 And in one solid mass, like gravity combines !  
 This then's the first great law by Nature giv'n,  
 Stamp'd on our souls, and ratify'd by Heav'n ;  
 All from utility this law approve,  
 As ev'ry private bliss must spring from social love,

Why deviate then so many from this law ?  
 See passions, custom, vice, and folly draw !  
 Survey the rolling globe from East to West,  
 How few, alas ! how very few are blest ?  
 Beneath the frozen poles, and burning line,  
 What poverty, and indolence combine,  
 To cloud with Error's mists the human mind ?  
 No trace of man, but in the form we find.

And are we free from error, and distress,  
 Whom Heav'n with clearer light has pleas'd to bless ?  
 Whom true Religion leads ? (for she but leads  
 By soft persuasion, not by force proceeds ;)  
 Behold how we avoid this radiant sun !  
 This proffer'd guide how obstinately shun,  
 And after Sophistry's vain systems run !  
 For these as for essentials we engage  
 In wars, and massacres, with holy rage ;  
 Brothers by brothers' impious hands are slain,  
 Mistaken Zeal, how savage is thy reign !

Unpunish'd vices here so much abound,  
 All right, and wrong, all order they confound ;

These are the giants, who the gods defy,  
 And mountains heap on mountains to the sky ;  
 Sees this th' Almighty Judge, or seeing spares,  
 And deems the crimes of man beneath his cares ?  
 He sees ; and will at last rewards bestow,  
 And punishments, not less assur'd for being slow.

Nor doubt I, tho' this state confus'd appears,  
 That ev'n in this God sometimes interferences ;  
 Sometimes, lest man should quite his pow'r disown,  
 He makes that pow'r to trembling nations known :  
 But rarely this ; not for each vulgar end,  
 As Superstition's idle tales pretend,  
 Who thinks all foes to God, who are her own,  
 Directs his thunder, and usurps his throne.

Nor know I not, how much a conscious mind  
 Avails to punish, or reward mankind ;  
 Ev'n in this life thou, impious wretch, must feel  
 The Fury's scourges, and th' infernal wheel ;  
 From man's tribunal, tho' thou hop'st to run,  
 Thyself thou can'st not, nor thy conscience shun :  
 What must thou suffer, when each dire disease,  
 The progeny of Vice, thy fabric seize ?  
 Consumption, fever, and the wreaking pain  
 Of spasms, and gout, and stone, a frightful train !  
 When life new tortures can alone supply,  
 Life thy sole hope thou'lt hate, yet dread to die.

Shou'd such a wretch to num'rous years arrive,  
 It can be little worth his while to live ;



No honors, no regards his age attend,  
 Companions fly ; he ne'er cou'd have a friend :  
 His flatterers leave him, and with wild affright  
 He looks within, and shudders at the sight :  
 When threatning Death uplifts his pointed dart,  
 With what impatience he applies to art,  
 Life to prolong amidst disease and pains !  
 Why this, if after it no sense remains ?  
 Why shou'd he chuse these miseries to endure,  
 If Death cou'd grant an everlasting cure ?  
 'Tis plain there's something whispers in his ear,  
 (Tho' fain he'd hide it) he has much to fear.

See the reverse ! how happy those we find,  
 Who know by merit to engage mankind ?  
 Prais'd by each tongue, by ev'ry heart belov'd,  
 For Virtues practis'd, and for Arts improv'd :  
 Their easy aspects shine with smiles serene,  
 And all is peace, and happiness within :  
 Their sleep is ne'er disturb'd by fears, or strife,  
 Nor lust, nor wine, impair the springs of life.

Him Fortune can not sink, nor much elate,  
 Whose views extend beyond this mortal state ;  
 By age when summon'd to resign his breath,  
 Calm, and serene, he sees approaching death,  
 As the safe port, the peaceful silent shore,  
 Where he may rest, life's tedious voyage o'er :  
 He, and he only, is of death afraid,  
 Whom his own conscience has a coward made ;

Whilst

Whilst he, who Virtue's radiant course has run,  
 Descends like a serenely-setting sun :  
 His thoughts triumphant Heav'n alone employs,  
 And Hope anticipates his future joys.

So good, so blest th' illustrious <sup>d</sup> *Hough* we find,  
 Whose image dwells with pleasure on my mind ;  
 The Mitre's glory, Freedom's constant friend,  
 In times which ask'd a champion to defend ;  
 Who after near a hundred virtuous years,  
 His senses perfect, free from pains and fears,  
 Replete with life, with honors, and with age,  
 Like an applauded actor left the stage ;  
 Or like some victor in th' Olympic games,  
 Who, having run his course, the crown of Glory claims.

From this just contrast plainly it appears,  
 How Conscience can inspire both hopes and fears ;  
 But whence proceed these hopes, or whence this dread,  
 If nothing really can affect the dead ?  
 See all things join to promise, and preface  
 The sure arrival of a future age !  
 Whate'er their lot is here, the good and wise,  
 Nor doat on life, nor peevishly despise.  
 An honest man, when Fortune's storms begin,  
 Has Consolation always sure within,  
 And, if she sends a more propitious gale,  
 He's pleas'd, but not forgetful it may fail.

Nor fear that he, who sits so loose to life,  
 Shou'd too much shun its labors, and its strife ;

*Bishop of Worcester.*

And scorning wealth, contented to be mean,  
 Shrink from the duties of this bustling scene ;  
 Or, when his country's safety claims his aid,  
 Avoid the fight inglorious, and afraid :  
 Who scorns life most must surely be most brave,  
 And he, who pow'r contemns, be least a slave :  
 Virtue will lead him to Ambition's ends,  
 And prompt him to defend his country, and his friends,

But still his merit you can not regard,  
 Who thus pursues a posthumous reward ;  
 His soul, you cry, is uncorrupt and great,  
 Who quite uninfluenc'd by a future state,  
 Embraces Virtue from a nobler sense  
 Of her abstracted, native excellence,  
 From the self-conscious joy her essence brings,  
 The beauty, fitness, harmony of things.  
 It may be so : yet he deserves applause,  
 Who follows where instructive Nature draws ;  
 Aims at rewards by her indulgence giv'n,  
 And soars triumphant on her wings to heav'n.

Say what this venal virtuous man pursues,  
 No mean rewards, no mercenary views ;  
 Not wealth usurious, or a num'rous train,  
 Not fame by fraud acquir'd, or tide vain !  
 He follows but where Nature points the road,  
 Rising in Virtue's school, till he ascends to God,

But we th' inglorious common herd of man,  
 Sail without compass, toil without a plan ;

In Fortune's varying storms for ever tost,  
 Shadows pursue, that in pursuit are lost ;  
 Mere infants all, till life's extremest day,  
 Scrambling for toys, then tossing them away.  
 Who rests of Immortality assur'd

Is safe, whatever ills are here endur'd :  
 He hopes not vainly in a world like this,  
 To meet with pure uninterrupted bliss ;  
 For good and ill, in this imperfect state,  
 Are ever mix'd by the decrees of Fate.

With Wisdom's richest harvest Folly grows,  
 And baleful hemlock mingles with the rose ;  
 All things are blended, changeable, and vain,  
 No hope, no wish we perfectly obtain ;  
 God may perhaps (might human Reason's line  
 Pretend to fathom infinite design)

Have thus ordain'd things, that the restless mind  
 No happiness compleat on earth may find ;  
 And, by this friendly chastisement made wise,  
 To heav'n her safest, best retreat may rise.

Come then, since now in safety we have past  
 Thro' Error's rocks, and see the port at last,  
 Let us review, and recollect the whole. —

Thus stands my argument. — The thinking soul  
 Cannot terrestrial, or material be,  
 But claims by Nature Immortality :  
 God, who created it, can make it end,  
 We question not, but cannot apprehend

He



He will ; because it is by him endued  
 With strong ideas of all-perfect Good :  
 With wond'rous pow'rs to know, and calculate  
 Things too remote from this our earthly state ;  
 With sure prefages of a life to come,  
 All false and uselefs ; if beyond the tomb  
 Our beings cease : we therefore can't believe  
 God either acts in vain, or can deceive.

If ev'ry rule of equity demands,  
 That Vice and Virtue from the Almighty's hands,  
 Shou'd due rewards, and punishments receive,  
 And this by no means happens whilst we live,  
 It follows, that a time must surely come,  
 When each shall meet their well-adjusted doom :  
 Then shall this scene, which now to human sight  
 Seems so unworthy Wisdom infinite,  
 A system of consummate skill appear,  
 And ev'ry cloud dispers'd, be beautiful and clear.

Doubt we of this ! what solid proof remains,  
 That o'er the world a wise Disposer reigns ?  
 Whilst all Creation speaks a pow'r divine,  
 Is it deficient in the main design ?  
 Not so: the day shall come, (pretend not now  
 Presumptuous to enquire or when, or how)  
 But after death shall come th' important day,  
 When God to all his justice shall display ;  
 Each action with impartial eyes regard,  
 And in a just proportion punish and reward.