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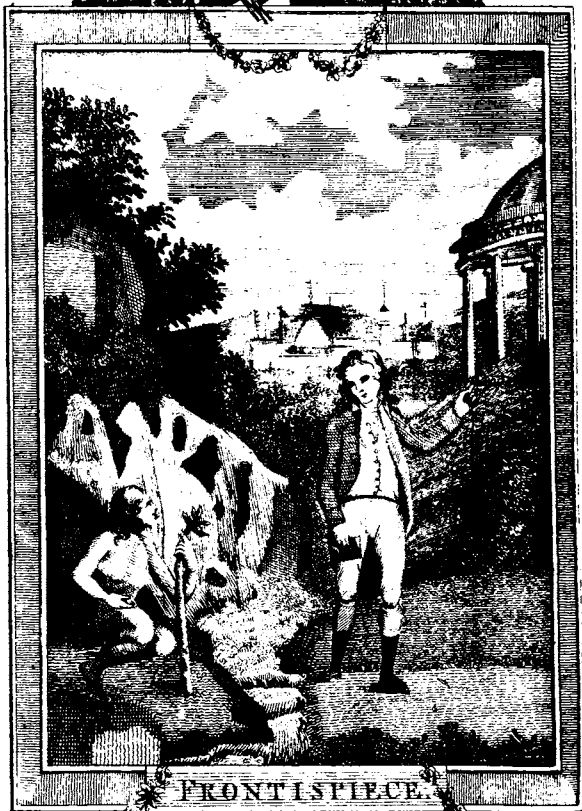
BY

THOMAS ODIORNE.









seymour de. sculp.

*In vision wrapped of nature, man acquires
 Materials for reflections work, then forms
 Arts elegant to humanize the mind.
 Then glow the warm affections of the heart,
 And pure refinement decorates the breast.*

5

T H E
P R O G R E S S O F R E F I N E M E N T,
A
P O E M,
I N T H R E E B O O K S.

T O W H I C H A R E A D D E D,
A
P O E M O N F A M E,
A N D
M I S C E L L A N E O U S.

By Thomas Odiorne.



B O S T O N :
P R I N T E D B Y Y O U N G A N D E T H E R I D G E,
O p p o s i t e t h e E n t r a n c e o f t h e B R A N C H - B A N K,
S T A T E - S T R E E T .
M D C C X C I I .





P R E F A C E.

THE connexion between *nature*, the *fine arts*, and *virtue*, seems to be a peculiar institution of the Deity, to accomplish a refinement in the rational world. Hence they are subjects of eminent moment and distinction. The character and happiness, as well of nations as of individuals, are estimated by their proficiency in the knowledge of them. They have ever been considered the only means to elevation in worth ;
and

and will ever continue objects of the assiduous attention of man. Such is his desire for the expansion of his mind ; such his curiosity for inquiry ; and such his emulation for the acquirement of internal dignity, that every new discovery in science, every invention of the fine arts, and every garland won by the conduct of virtue, has attracted the admiration of the world, and been viewed as a new pillar in the temple of fame.

THE human mind is ever open to the impression of ideas ; and nature is the
source,

source, whence they originate. Her wonderfully striking prospects, being subjects of pleasing perceptions, are calculated to raise most agreeable emotions. Hence commences the *progress of refinement*. Never would there have been any advancement in science, never any types for imitation, nor any spring to emotion, had she secreted her images from the mind. The rare, the beautiful, the sublime, being the only objects in nature capable of rousing the attention, are perpetually unfolding, to please, expand, and excite.

HAVING

HAVING been acquainted with external objects, and with the touches of different prospects, the mind proceeds to the display of its ingenuity in imitations. These, in one respect, have a high superiority over the images of nature. While their inherent beauty affords similar pleasures, there are others arising from analogy, which are doubly delightful. The fine arts tend to inspire delicacy of feeling, intice to elegance of manners, and form the mind to humanity. Though pleasure is their immediate object, yet, their efficacy, in
kindling

kindling refinement and social affection, renders their cultivation still more desirable. Those humane virtues, those amiable dispositions, inspired by their influence, are calculated for rational and refined enjoyment, and promotive of harmony of minds.

THUS the affinity, subsisting between the different stages of refinement, between *nature*, the *fine arts*, and *virtue*, is intimate and happy. Each of them in its operations has an agreeable effect on man; and all conspire, to engage him in the most laudable pursuits, in order

order to accomplish a noble and very desirable end.

NOTWITHSTANDING the custom of making long preambles, to win the candour of the public, in the initiation of a production into the world ; it may here, with no impropriety, be laconically observed—*Let youth excuse.*

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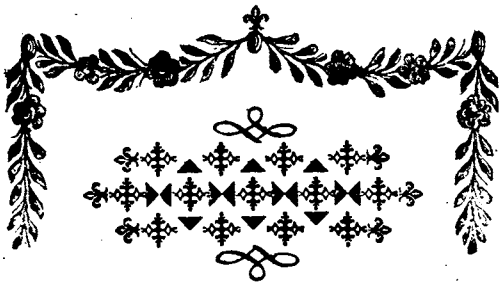




Influence of Nature.

ARGUMENT.

INVOCATION.—Address to the President of Dartmouth University.—Sketch on Man.—Tour of Imagination.—Succession of the Seasons.—Variety agreeable.—The susceptibility of the mind to receive impressions from external objects ; and the benefit of acquiring a taste for them.—They excite emotions, more or less agreeable, in all minds.—Like objects excite, in all minds, like emotions ; but stronger in proportion to the refinement of the taste.—Different objects excite different emotions.—The power of Fancy to render objects more or less striking by contrast.—The Smooth stream contrasted with the impetuous torrent.—The scenery of Nature happily diversified.—Contains prospects suited to every tone of mind.—Morning walk : A Tale.—Compliment to the Fair.—Pleasures of Morn : Neglected by some ; by others cherished.—General reflections on Nature, and her tendency to dignify man.



PROGRESS OF REFINEMENT.

B O O K I.

INFLUENCE OF NATURE.

NOR heathen gods nor goddeses I court ;
Nor will admit them to pollute my song.

With gentler graces and poetic powers,
While the fond pencil sips the inspiring stream
Of science, and essays such forms to paint,
As its tinge suits, deck, fancy, every theme !

And thou, on whose regard the hopeful muse
Proudly relies, lend, WHEELOCK ! lend an ear.

B

Her

Her warblings tune thy long-loved favourite themes.
 Gladly awhile she listened to thy tongue,
 Which in full periods rolled a mental blaze,
 And did the office of a heart, that glowed
 With virtue. It bespoke thy heavenly fires,
 Thy cultivated taste in arts polite,
 Thy genuine love of nature ; and betrayed
 Thy efforts warm, to inspire their genial flame,
 And rear them, blooming, in the expanding mind.
 Prefuming hence thy patronage to court,
 The hope of favour animation gives
 To the faint numbers of her infant song.

Man is a striking trait of wondrous skill,
 A feature of sagacity divine.
 His mind, immortal, of consummate worth,
 Although within a cumbrous mould confined,
 Soars on the wings of thought. While here detained
Probationate,

Probationate, to fit for other skies,

It operates on images of sense,

And by reflection gains perpetual growth.

Pleased with excursion, o'er the scenery

Of nature vast, imagination roams,

And finds delicious pleasure in her tour.

With the delights of prospect ever charmed,

And fond of novelty, she traverses

Creation through ; discerns the matchless skill

Of HIM, who gave to prospect power to move

The mind ; contrasts the beautiful and deformed,

And heightens by comparison the view.

Daring she plays upon the mountain's brink,

Ranges the humble valley, sports along

The purling rivulet, by sylvan woods

O'ershaded, and collects her various themes.

The festive, sad ; sublime and beautiful,

Rich

Rich scenes of wonder, nature's self displays.

Her inspiration touches with delight.

Poetic, with enthusiasm sweet,

Refines the taste, and meliorates the heart.

Surrounding forms in partycoloured drefs,

And prospects that diversify the face

Of nature ; where enchanting visions rise

Continual, to delight the roving eye,

And raise new wonder in the curious mind,

Are ever varying in rotation sweet.

Now the scene changes, that, upon the year,

Late frowned, morose, in all its dreary gloom.

Morn now the portals of glad light unfolds ;

Winter retiring, spring, in blushful grace,

Steals on delightful, scatters joy abroad ;

And nature, putting forth her every charm,

Opens new beauty to the ravished gaze.

The

The splendid orb, high mounted in the car
 Of majesty superb and glory bright,
 Taking, through Aries, Taurus, and the Twins,
 His wonted tour, diffuses o'er the face
 Of things invigorating life. From roots
 Prolifical the enlivening moisture runs,
 And flowers, herbs, trees, with vivid verdure glow.
 Verdure is pleasing to the human eye.
 E'er faithful, thus the daily-circling sun
 Sends his kind influence, spreads fertility
 Abroad, and cherishes the rising tribes ;
 Excepting sometimes, (like the harmless swain,
 Who squeezed, and killed, alas ! the tender bird
 He loved, and was desirous to retain)
 His pouring heat oppresses their soft leaves.
 The effect is not unsimilar on man.
 The turbid air, when not a zephyr blows,

Sultry and thick, retards the springs of life ;
 Flaccid become the nerves ; the enfeebled frame
 And mind remits the solar influence feel,
 And languish in the sweltering blaze intense.
 But grateful autumn, loaded, comes at last,
 In triumph comes, with all his luscious spoils
 Exuberant ; and, having poured them forth
 Profuse, the vegetive creation sad,
 Yields to the stern embrace of gustful storms.
 The trees stand naked, shivering in the blast,
 Lashed by the inclement winds ; and fleeces hoar,
 Descending, hide, from human ken, the face
 Of things ; and winter, ruffian winter reigns.
 Not long ; but seeming long ; because severe.
 Then frolic spring, flushed in high pride, again
 Approaches, and inspires the rising scene.
 Thus in vicissitude the seasons roll,

Yielding

Yielding by turns things tipped with vivid life,
 Things grown mature, and things all in decay,
 Affording full indulgence to the sense.

The mind so delicately nice is formed ;
 Its taste so critical, digestion fine ;
 And such relation bears to external things,
 Variety of objects is its food,
 Its only satisfying food. Hence roll
 The wheels of nature. Hence the various scenes
 That strike the fancy. All things speak design,
 Are admirably formed, adapted well
 The mind to amuse, and raise the bliss of thought.
 There's not a tuft that answers not its end ;
 Nor even a scene, that does not sometimes charm.
 The rude rough wild waste has its power to please.
 Nature involves us in drear winter's depths,
 In blasted prospects and congenial glooms,

And

And by variety even there delights.

And though less pleasure in such scenes she yields,

She charms us highly, doubly charms,

At the return of gaiety and spring.

Such, and so fit, the changes of the world !

Such its perfection, and its beauty such !

Its parts, combined, complete a perfect whole,

Which harmonizes with its sister spheres.

To indulge a taste for nature's images,

And from her lineaments refinement reap,

Is no unpleasing license of the mind.

While we peruse her page, we moralize

Her themes, collect sage maxims to instruct,

Reform, improve ; and striking figures gain,

To give the warm emotion vent in style

Exalted. Entertainment is the flower,

Knowledge the fruit, and happiness the end,

OF

Of all her dictates. Her philosophy
 Dilates the mind, gives elevated views,
 Inspires devotion, dignity, and joy
 Extatic ; and, on every warmer heart,
 Addicted to her precepts, she imprints
 Her AUTHOR'S image. Minds, inured to themes
 Ennobling, magnify, to heavenly forms,
 Minutest things ; and see, on every leaf
 That grows, the impression of the HAND DIVINE.
 Such are the views of philosophic man,
 And such the pleasures which pervade his breast,
 When he reads o'er the instructive page, sublime,
 Of nature, that each fine emotion, formed
 In generous mould, her inspiration wakes ;
 And every feeling that affords delight,
 Her prospects kindle. But of ravishments

So

So pure, of fine emotions, and of charms
So sweet, the untutored genius ne'er partakes.

The mind, with well adjusted taste adorned,
And taught the traits of imagery to admire ;
Just like a viol, accurately strung,
That at the slightest stroke responds ; while all
Its chords in varied harmony combine,
Is nicely formed. With every prospect touched,
It takes its tincture from the scenes it views.
All objects, when with ardent eye perceived,
Arouse the finer movements of the soul,
Vigour inspire, and leave impressions apt.
Sometimes the mind assumes a gloomy mood,
Sometimes capricious airs and gairish flights,
Is sometimes wrapped in wonder, quick again
Alarmed, and always feels the power of things.

When

When frosty autumn, with a fatal hand,
Crops the fair flowerets of the blooming year,
Strips nature of her beauteous garb, and kills
The verdure of the landscape ; if inured
To rural charms, and used to roam, well pleased,
Abroad, we feel a sympathising grief.
And though such sadness seem to cause our pain,
Still it delights. Even sensibility,
When listening to the plaintive tale of wo,
Though she makes sad, and wets compassion's cheek,
Or calls a sorrowing tear from pity's eye,
Is not unwelcome in the breast humane.
When nature gay, bedecked in roseate made,
Beams a full scope of beauty to the soul,
And pours effluvia to the wanton sense ;
While music, warbled wild, each finer nerve
Inspires, 'tis sweet, 'tis exquisitely sweet.

Or

Or if sublimity, with terrour crowned,
 Sudden alarm the mind, its powers, aghast,
 Anticipate a sad catastrophe,
 And feel the sufferings of expected pain.
 If objects, rare, attract, we gaze awhile,
 We fondly gaze, and yet more fondly still ;
 Dote, and admire ; and, still admiring, dote ;
 Until its secret wonders we exhaust.

The scenes of nature, whether regular
 Or wild, or gay or gloomy ; whether robed
 In wintry mourning, or in vernal green ;
 In leaves of vegetable life deprived,
 By frost discoloured ; or in foliage
 All languishing in summer heat ; when viewed
 Descriptive, as the year revolves, have power,
 In turn, to move, have efficacious power,
 To heighten pleasure by the touch of sense.

On

On every mind the effects of images
Are similar ; but happier as the taste
Refines ; and different as the different scenes.
The prospects various, nature shows, appear
Peculiarly contrived, and fitly ranged
In contrast, as to suit the intellect
Of man, and move him with surprising power.
The daring precipice, the rapid stream,
The sudden lapse of waters, headlong prone,
And the sublimity of objects, seize
At once the soul, arrest it from itself,
And far more violent sensations prompt,
Than the slow-rising eminence, the rill
Symphonious tinkling, or less striking scenes.
Dissimilar emotions they produce,
Which, singly viewed, touch all mankind alike ;
Yet do not equally move all ; but strike

C

With

With double force the mind, of taste improved.

Now pines the blossomed season, beauty pines ;
 And raving storms, with desolation wide,
 Brood o'er the world. The forest stands all bare,
 With not a shelter, nor a robe, to guard
 Its shivering members from the raging blast.
 Gloomy is every mind, and every brow
 Is sad. Not so, when vernal pleasantry
 New vigour raises in the exulting mind.

As from drear winter's solitary scenes,
 Where objects, shrouded in a snowy veil,
 Have from the ken of man been long obscured,
 The fragrant spring emerges, blooming, forth,
 In smiling beauty clad, and to the face,
 The lurid face of nature, gives a look
 Gladdened with joy ; the listless drowsy mind
 Wakes from the pillow of repose, and smiles.

Objects,

Objects, presenting with unnumbered charms,
Unfold new beauty to the mental gaze.
Grim tempests' desolating frowns now gone,
Joyous to vernal sweetness we arrive,
To sweetness that affords us gay delight.
The effect is as agreeable to sense,
As the expanding scene is beautiful.
Bright thought, enraptured, plays upon the forms,
Which dandle, pleasing, on the sight profuse,
Gives spring to pulse, revives the languid powers
Of life, and neryes the constitution well.
The cheek assumes its genial red ; the eye,
Sparkling, vivacity of mind bespeaks,
Discovering the sensations of the breast ;
And every feature, flushed with ruddiness
Afresh, appears in charms of healthful bloom.
Such is the close connexion of the mind

With

With matter, that both droop, when nature droops;
 And bloom with vigour, when fair nature blooms.

Behold, the clouds, thick lowering o'er our heads,
 Forbode dark tempests dire ! The lightnings flash ;
 Loud thunders rock the skies ; the showers descend,
 And silence reigns in melancholy gloom.

All nature dismal looks ! The birds retreat
 In lonely stillness, and forget their song.

But see, the clouds disperse ; the storm clears up ;
 And all is beaming gladness ; nor a mist

Obscures. Now how the varied scene affects !

Music reanimates the echoing woods ;

The party-coloured bow is thrown around ;

And the bright sun, reflecting o'er the world

His rays, relumes creation. Man appears

Delighted, flashing from his eyes the sparks

Of pleasure ; for he realizes joy.

Highly

Highly affecting to the human mind
Are changes from the gloomy to the gay,
And touch the breast with delicate delight.

Through the transitions of the circling year,
As well through frigid seasons as through mild,
When the sun takes his shortened course, and leaves
The cold to chill, and keener blast to blow ;
And o'er the arrangement of terrestrial things,
Fancy, unwearied, takes her wild career,
Sees nature filled with variegated scenes,
With lowly vallies, mountains towering high ;
With rivers fringed with bowery ornament ;
With landscapes blooming, craggy cliffs, and groves
Exultant, waving to the spicy breeze,
And from each prospect gathers varied joy.
Fondly assuming arbitrary power,
She oft controls the images displayed

In the fair system of variety ;
 And, by alternate and contrasting views,
 Increases or diminishes their force.

Here smoothly flows the limpid rill serene ;
 And, as we view, awhile, its tranquil glide,
 Each rough emotion is appeas'd, calm joys
 Arise, and tune to harmony the mind.
 There headlong lapses the cascade abrupt ;
 Which, striking, bellows with perpetual roar.
 It wakes astonishment, strains every nerve,
 And keeps us doting on its shifting scenes,
 Till the tired mind demand a humbler sphere.
 Sublimely prominent there awful frowns,
 Directly from above, the huge high cliff,
 The startled gaze, irregular dismayed,
 Refrains the view, and the faint heart, affright,
 Shrinks with amazement, and in haste recedes.

Now

Now yonder, fairy scenes, elysian scenes,
Hard by a softly-warbling stream, and cheered,
By wild trilled music, rising to the view,
Attract the attention of the vagrant muse.
Here, on a beauteous train of images,
Imagination, ravished, plays awhile,
Much gratified in culling flowers so sweet ;
Then, in her wonted gaiety, expands
Her silken wings, and rapid through the void
She soars, lights on the jutting brow, sublime,
Of some high cliff, looks, timid, down the steep,
The amazing steep ! and, shuddering at attempt
So daring, quickly hastens from the brink,
And makes her fleet-winged way to humbler themes.

The mountain rivulet, now hastening down
Its pebbly bed, loud bubbling as it runs,
Soon takes an easier course along the vale,

Winding

Winding, and grows still smoother as it glides.
 But the rough torrent, hoarse with murmuring noise,
 Swift o'er the rocky channel hurries, rolls
 Vertiginous, in wild confusion lost ;
 Till sudden, in a cataract, it falls
 Impetuous, dashes on the rocks below ;
 And the wild water, fractured, tours in air.
 Then gathering and subsiding to a calm,
 It swells to grandeur with a mighty flood,
 And moves in prided majesty along.
 On either side the banks, the towering banks
 Protect it on its way, and guide it safe,
 Until deep-swallowed in the boundless main.

Nature's fair page, with many a scene well stored,
 With every kind of prospect, and bedecked
 With countless forms, is fit to attract the eye,
 And keep it e'er delightfully employed.

As

As man looks forth, it flashes to illumine
His mind, and all its images imprint.
Extensive mountains flocked with herds, vales wild
In florulent embroideries graceful robed,
Rills softly tinkling, hoarsely murmuring streams,
High towering forests nodding to the breeze,
Rocks piled on rocks in rude magnificence,
Lakes, rivers, seas, and all created things,
Arranged delightful o'er the globe immense,
Are visions not unpleasing to behold,
Nor unbetokening a designing cause.

The finer feelings in the breast to raise,
The passions harmonize, and form the mind
For the delicious pleasures of fine arts,
And for the endearments delicate of life,
Belongs to nature and the care of man,
In her unbounded field, all checkered o'er

With

With types of beauty, wisdom, and design,
 Analogies he finds, his sentiments
 To illustrate, and the sciences advance ;
 Which, by reflection's dint digested well,
 Add to his fund of knowledge constant stores.

To every tone of mind are nature's scenes
 Adapted. Should vivacity of thought
 Revive, and merriment attune the breast ;
 She paints things delicate and sweetly gay.
 Should we arousing views desire, to arrest
 The attention, and the sleeping powers awake,
 Or wish even to be ravished from ourselves,
 Grand prospects she affords. Or should a thirst
 For novelty prevail ; in her wide field,
 Where scenes of wonder ever rise, the mind
 May traverse ; and its curiosity
 Be still indulged, and ever be amused.

In

In ages early of society,
With simple nature pleased and rural scenes,
Oft in a summer day, and under bowers
Umbrageous, fighting to the wayward gales,
Ingenuous shepherds tuned the rustic reed,
And sung the doom of lovers and their loves.
To represent their sad, or joyful state,
In plaintive tone, or in exulting air,
They drew from nature apt similitudes.
While some, by ruthless treachery deceived,
Slighted and spurned by all the cruelty
Of scorn, were sunk in cheerless gloom of mind ;
Sometimes compelled to solitude obscure,
Where the dull moments lingered as they grieved ;
Others with innocence were blessed, with worth
And every charm, quaffed deep of pleasure's stream,
Gave glad indulgence to facetious thought,

And

And talked with cheerfulness the hours away.
 The beautiful flower, that late in vigour shone,
 Emitting odour to the passing breeze,
 Unfolding magic beauty to the sense,
 Torn by a cruel hand, now hangs its head
 Dejected, and amid its sister race,
 Still frisking gay and flourishing in pride,
 No more, alas, its brilliancy assumes !

Such the disparity of human fate !

Ah, such the lot of disappointed love !

Some, unsuccessful pine forlorn ; some wed
 The virtuous, and are blessed ; and some, sad tale !
 Joined to the object of their rancorous hate,
 Lead jarring lives of fretfulness and wo.
 Yet let not lovers lorn with life repine,
 Should disappointment blast their cherished hopes ;
 For even the woods, when every friend is fled,

The

The silent woods will listen to their plaint,
And with them sympathize in all their grief.
There they may give their sorrowed passion vent,
Their echoed moanings hear, and woo their mind,
Disordered, to a calm. But the blessed pair,
With minds complexioned with a cheerful tone,
Gay o'er the flowery dale may traverse, sit,
Long sit, delighted, under citron groves,
And to the music of the stream attend,
Or to the warbling sweetness of the quires.
Ah these, and nature's various festive scenes,
Heighten the nuptial flame, and finer joys
Enkindle. But far other prospects suit
The fretted soul, far other music cheers.
He rather see the billowy surges break,
And their hoarse tumult hear. Along the beach
Stately he walks, observes them as they rise,

D

Swell,

Swell, foam, and maddening lash the sidelong shores,
 Murmuring aloud, they seize his wakened sense,
 Allay the fullen temper of his mind,
 And lull his passions to a tranquil state.

Thus man is nicely formed, to feel the force
 Of things external; thus full amply stored
 Is nature's scenery, and fair arranged
 In well-adjusted order, where the mind
 Recurs, just as its different movements lead,
 And prospect finds, adapted to its tone.

When with a reddening grace Aurora waked,
 Expansive, in the chambers of the east,
 And frightened Somnus from his dreary reign;
 When cheerfulness and pleasantry awaked,
 Bade blithe Favonius feast on sweet perfume,
 Sip the melliferous dew drop, glistening bright,
 And kiss fair Flora fond, as in the lawn

She

She sported ; then, when vernal beauty bloomed,
 Then young Laurillo took his rural walk,
 And, musing as he passed on every theme,
 That claimed the attention of his curious mind,
 Struck with delight, for sexes were designed
 For mutual joy, a female few, he spied,
 Emerging from a shadowy grove, to view
 The checkered dale, which widened as they roamed
 Along. Enlivening gaiety was there,
 Sportful and sprightly, in luxuriant scenes,
 In scenes beguiling as the social smile,
 Or as the magic charm of mingling loves.
 The prospect stole him from his musing self,
 Inspired bewitching frenzy in his soul,
 And urged him thus the blooming fair to hail :
 Whither, ye gay, roves your delighted step
 Thus early ? Sudden consternation seized

Their

Their tender hearts. They stood ; soft listened ; looked
 Abroad ; and at a distance spied, ah, spied
 Laurillo ! Such emotions in their breasts
 Then kindled, as when modest blushes speak
 The love warm flame. Then whispering gently soft,
 They wished his near approach ; still roved along ;
 But with reluctant slowly wandering step.
 Soon, on a bank, by sylvan shades o'ercast,
 Beside a brook that bubbled as it flowed,
 On rosy couches down they gently sat.
 But as they glanced again, the modest youth,
 Alas, had fled ! Then, like a thriving flower,
 Snatched sudden from its stalk, and thrown away,
 Hapless, to pine, their hopes of intercourse
 Were blasted. But, forgetful of the past,
 Converse they cherished, and 'twas mutual all.
 In diction, pure as zephyr's balmy breath,

Which.

Which flowed unlaboured as a placid stream,
Graces they painted in the lily gay,
Described, so delicately well, the forms,
Diversified, in nature's scenery,
As waked poetic ravishments of mind.
In salutary chat they passed the morn
Away ; while pertinent and sage remark
Dropped from their ruby lips, full sweet as dew,
Mellifluous, from the foliage of the rose.
All things were lively, dressed in brilliant hues,
In hues that pleased the fancy, and the mind
With delicate festivity inspired.
Sweet melody of song controled the ear ;
Through every finer nerve enchantment thrilled ;
And all was transport and elysian joy.
Inspiring was the scene, and charming too.
Such are flowers the sportive muse oft culls,

And strows them o'er her page, in hopes the fair,
 Perhaps, as well as rougher sex, to please ;
 An object in her view by no means small.
 Though others may approve ; they, they must give
 The sanction. Should they frown, alas, it fails !
 Hence, here and there, she intermixes oft
 Scenes purely moral with description nice ;
 Food for their delicate and livelier thought.
 She knows their love of smoother verse, without
 The trappings of verbose and gingling rhyme.
 Her inability, she also knows,
 To fully gratify their judging taste,
 Or paint things as their sprightlier fancy paints.

When wakes Aurora in the vernal scene,
 With aspect mild, and with a crimson grace,
 O'er the vast hemisphere she joyous smiles,
 And beams unbounded pleasntry abroad.

The

The freshened air is pure, serene the sky,
And sweetness floats, diffuse, upon the wing
Of zephyr. All is magic to the mind !
In scattered voices, and to different song
Attuned, the playful warblers, heard around,
With varied music ushering in the day,
Touch with sweet transport every listening ear.
The flower, with dew drop twinkling on its leaves,
Gives to the wasteful gales effluvia rich,
And a mild pleasure to the wanton sense :
And every object that develops, steals
A secret sway, to soften and refine.

Sweet are the emotions of a mind, engaged
In dotage on descriptive scenes. A love
Of nature lays us open to her charms,
To all her fine impressions, and bespeaks
A soul, consummate as her scenes are grand,

Or

Or temper gentle as her balmy breeze.
 The worth of mind is measured by its train
 Of thought, its object, energy and joys.
 Ne'er dreamed the snoring sluggard of the charms
 Of nature. Unrefined of soul, he seeks
 Far other pleasures ; and of what he seeks,
 He dreams ; of pleasures dreams, which indicate
 A vile, ignoble, sordid mind ; a mind
 Base as his pleasures. He esteems his bliss,
 Or rather low delight, where much of pain
 Concentres, in indulging mean desires,
 And dozing on the slumberous bed of sloth.
 Torpid of soul, he fain would cease to think ;
 And, by degrading means, deceives himself
 Of the slow-lingering hours. When the bright star,
 The harbinger of morn, that, sparkling, leads,
 Triumphant on, the rising fires, to gild

With

With gold the horizon, and the world illumine ;
While slipped from Somnus' arms the zephyrs blow,
And sport round nature's every odorous form,
Collecting fragrance for the sense ; even then,
Sordid, he sleeps the rosiest hours away.
Life is to him a visionary scene,
Unfilled with gratitude to heaven, devoid
Of usefulness to man, and to himself
A blot. The talent, given for his use,
Is misimproved, and careless thrown aside.
Sunk in oblivion drowsy, he prefers
The stagnized air, confined, of chamber dun,
To gentle zephyr's salutary breeze ;
Not dreaming of its lung dilating sweets,
Nor that the rosy blooming field is joy.

But see ! the hoar head good old healthful man
Wakes when the dawn awakes, arises glad,

His

His wonted practice, cheerful takes his walk,
 On the variety of things, well pleased,
 Contemplates, and new reason finds, to adore
 The BEING, who in wisdom made them all.

See too the sprightly youth ! for the delights
 Of nature he gains early fondness, springs
 Alert and joyful from his couch, when scarce
 The quiriſters have yet awaked, to rouse
 The flumbering world, and cheer them to their task.
 He feels a mild serenity, afresh,
 Spring o'er his mind. With devious wandering step,
 Wrapped in pleased visions, he expatiates wide,
 O'er all the scene, the quiet hours devotes
 To museful thought ; and, when the sun looks out,
 Majestic orb ! reflecting rays oblique,
 While oblong shadows streak the extended plains,
 He stands in readiness, with grateful heart,

To

To pay his early tokens of respect.

Then 'tis delightful all ! With noble views

He takes his tour o'er nature's ample range,

Scans her great themes, and marks the HAND DIVINE.

Such nature is, her inspiration such !

Who can remain unfeeling of her charms !

Who, that the type of human nature bears,

Can pass her kindling beauties without thought !

Too many ; but they leave them to the wise,

To those who give them their intrinsic rank,

And view them as the spring of mental joys.

Admiring, in the rural field, through scenes

Descriptive of inimitable skill,

With pleasure and expansive views they rove.

'Tis there the poet rambles, artists gain

Still finer taste, philosophers grow wise,

And all refinement's rapturing influence feel.

To

To peep at nature from the haunts of thought,
 And muse on animated things awhile,
 Is pleasing to a meditative mind.

When wearied and relaxed, in search of truth,
 By thought intense, to prospect we recur,
 And inspiration gather, that dispels
 The melancholy gloom, vivacity
 Awakes, and fits it for a fresher task,
 As the cool crystal stream refreshment gives
 To panting lungs athirst, when arid heat
 Licks the perspiring moisture from the limbs ;
 So does variety have sweet effect
 On minds, with one continuous scene fatigued.

Adorned with prospect beautiful, sublime,
 And rare, shines nature forth in harmony
 Divine ; for man, in wondrous light, shines forth,
 Who stands spectator of her glowing scenes ;

And

And, if he loves to muse upon her works,
Descrives her charms, and triumphs in the view.
If such for man, where is his gratitude
And admiration warm ? That nobleness
Of spirit where, that dignity of mind,
Her captivating objects tend to inspire ?
Man, gain refinement : let the blaze divine,
That flashes to illumine, flash not in vain.
If, of her wisdom teaching page, ye still
Are uninformed, with fondness read ;
Acquire such treasure, as manures the mind,
And bosom warms. And ye, who early taught,
By the mild discipline of sapient worth,
With eager eye her volume to peruse,
Read still with pleasure ; gain refinement still.
Who would not still be wiser is not wise.

E

Hail,

Hail, nature ! fountain inexhaustible
 Of knowledge and delight ! Thy cheering beams
 Blaze on the ken of man, illumine his mind,
 And raise his being. The inspiration warm,
 Imparted from thy many scenes, excites
 To every kind of rapture his breast,
 Attracts him to thyself, cements, endears,
 And fills his intellect with rapturous views.
 In admiration high he walks thy field,
 Dotes on thy beauties, gathers many a joy,
 And, with emotion varied, ruminates
 Thy rising and decaying scenes, as HEAVEN,
 With hand unerring, turns the silent spheres,
 And in rotation brings the seasons round.

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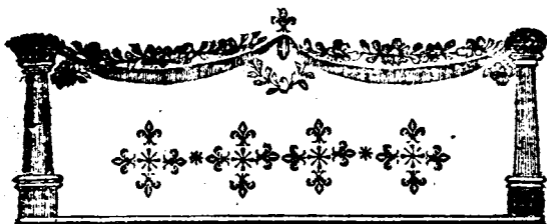




Influence of the Fine Arts.

ARGUMENT.

MAN, having gained Ideas of different Prospects in Nature, proceeds to works of Invention and Imitation.—Origin of the Fine Arts, according to their natural order.—Their Design; to give Pleasure by exciting ideas of Beauty, Grandeur, and Novelty.—The influence of Each in exciting Emotions.—Emotion and Passion distinguished.—Their Analogy to the Natural World.—The Dissocial Passions bear resemblance to the warring elements.—The Influence of the Fine Arts, by refining the Mind, and softening the Affections, destroys the balance between the Turbulent and Milder Exercises, and, deciding in favour of the Latter, incline the Heart to Humanity and Virtue.



PROGRESS OF REFINEMENT.

B O O K II.

INFLUENCE OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE forms of nature, through the visual sense,
Having now stole, and taught the observing mind
Sweet beauty's sway, the curiosity
That novelty excites, and how sublimity
To high astonishment elates the thought ;
The aspiring genius; with unfolding powers,
Daring above the passive state ascends,

And by reflection acts in finer spheres.

Not satisfied with nature's prospects, flow'd

In negligence profuse, o'er all the globe,

Diversified and wild, man fains to eclipse

Her influence by invention's skilful works ;

Or strives to raise them to the sense refined,

By the nice touch of rosy-fingered art.

Inflamed he lets imagination loose,

Pregnant with gairish schemes, solicitous

To please. High notions rise ; ambition wakes ;

And taste, luxuriant, leads refinement on.

Inwrapped in wonder at the view of things,

Or with sublime conceptions fired, or touched

With admiration, in primeval times,

When scarce the mind had oped its infant powers ;

When scarce the tongue was modelled to the sweets

Of language, man his ravished soul poured forth,

In

In broken numbers and in figures wild.
The flights of sentiment, and different tones
Of intellect, inspired by nature, gave
Measure to speech, and music to the voice.
Soon grew refined the auditory nerve ;
And, as each prospect, striking, touched the sense,
Poetic feelings tuned the enraptured breast,
And prompted magic melody of phrase.
Genius, aspiring to renown, to great,
To wonderful invention stretched her powers ;
And taste, ambitious of refinement nice,
In beauteous imitation shed her plumes
Descriptive, dressed in elegance of mode.
She learned to relish delicacy's sweets,
The power of figures, the delights of verse,
And all the genuine harmony of sounds.
Thus rose the sister graces, mutual rose,

And

And told the flame divine, that in the breast
 Enkindled, as perception looked abroad
 The face of nature, and from prospect gained
 Impressions various. Then 'twas fancy's task,
 By judgment guided, to control the wilds
 Of language, and the sentiment to dress
 In tuneful numbers and the flowers of phrase.
 It was the work of art, to modulate
 The untutored voice, and call, to union, harsh,
 Discordant sounds; which, stealing through the sense,
 Thrill in each nerve, and rule the yielding soul.

From music poetry has borrowed sweets,
 Harmonious sweets; and still possesses charms
 Innate, and powers peculiarly her own.
 To her has nature yielded the command
 Of rich description, given exalted turns
 Of phrase, and power to incite emotions sweet,

Wonderous,

Wonderous, or grand in every feeling breast.
While the musician is to tones confined,
Adapted only but one sense to please ;
The poet ranges o'er the vast of things,
Objects controls far distant from the view,
The finest features from creation culls,
Liveliest of prospects, suited best to move,
And still, with melody, can charm the ear.
In fair resemblance images to paint,
And all the different passions of the breast,
Hatred or love ; grief, joy, or sympathy ;
Or envy, anger, jealousy, or pride,
And show them obvious to the glowing mind,
Is poetry's distinguishing delight.
While she unfolds the page of character,
Informs the ear of harmony, and fills
The intellect with sentiment refined,

At

At once she touches, raptures, and illumines.

Music can charm, can swell the breast to rage,
 Or drown the spirits in a sad delight.
 Music assuages grief, or heightens joy,
 Softens the feelings, meliorates the heart,
 Impure desire corrects, sedition quells,
 Raises or calms the passions, prompts to deeds
 Humanely virtuous, or to fury fires.
 Enchanting is its power ; and its effects
 Are various. When its soft respiring strains
 And plaintive numbers solemnize the soul,
 Calling our sorrow forth, we instant feel
 A pain beguiling, blended with an ease,
 We fondly wish to indulge. But other airs,
 Alert and lively, steal us from ourselves,
 And raise us sudden to the heights of joy.
 Music to pity melts the stubborn heart,

Or

Or kindles soft desire. Its power has quelled
Fell fury's flame, the monarch's madness calmed,
Given to humanity the breast, and called
The drops of sympathy from pity's eye.
Lovers oft languish to its dying strains,
Or even in its ravishments expire.

Music aroused an Alexander's rage ;
Then gently soothed his bosom to a calm,
Hark ! the musician animates the string ;
Now gives a higher, now a lower tone ;
Now gaily-brisk, now deeply-solemn, slow ;
And see, the wild emotions instant rise !
Distraction mad, ah, seizes on the soul !

Music can things inanimate inspire,
And make to tremble every particle.
When the full organ breathes a shriller tone,
In undulation moves the startled air ;

The

The wide void swells ; concussions rend the walls ;
 From arch to arch responses echo round ;
 The temple shakes ; runs cold the thrilling blood ;
 And, as though frightened, stands the hair all wild.
 Such power has music, fascinating power,
 To set in agitation lifeless things,
 To rouse the varied movements of the breast,
 Or soothe and lull them to a state serene.

Revolving on the past, man now recalls
 To mind the observations made on things
 External ; and, while reigns serenity
 Within his breast, and every passion sleeps,
 Lost to imaginations flowery phrase,
 His diction moderates to simple prose,
 Reflection's language. But soon fancy gay,
 To enliven converse, wakes her fervid train,
 Strows blossoms round, and courts the florid aid

Of

Of figures, to invigorate the style,
 Then hear the golden periods as they flow,
 Arousing, or pathetic, to instruct,
 Persuade, and move. With varying voice well tuned,
 With gesture natural, and replete with sense,
 Comes every sentence missioned to the heart.
 In copious streams the rich ideas roll,
 And, by the force of reason and of truth,
 Joined with the suasive tone of eloquence,
 Sway the inflamed passions, and o'erpower the mind.
 The hand, in bold expression, wakes the breast
 To patriot ardour ; or from every eye,
 Effusive, calls meek pity's crystal tear.
 Now dealing in simplicity of thought,
 Led through the native wilds of episode,
 With artless ornament and language pure,
 Potent persuasion hangs upon the tongue,

F

To

To inform, illustrate, bias, and enforce.
 Now in a loftier style, with figures bold,
 Expressions rich, and sentiments sublime,
 The orator darts lightning through the soul,
 The attention ravishes, the audience rules,
 And leads through many scenes the astonished mind.
 He traverses creation through, rich tropes
 To gather ; makes them speak his cause, and teach,
 With energy, how novelty affects,
 How beauty pleases, and how grandeur fires.

When oral language and poetic phrase
 In just description fail ; to other means,
 More efficacious, genius has recourse.
 Imagination paints the forms to view,
 That, by perception, on the mind impressed
 Their genial aspect ; while the pencil draws,
 In sweet resemblance on the parchment blank,

A

A beauteous offspring of the original.

The skillful touch recalls the withered flower
 To life, immingled with well shaded grace,
 And shows it blooming in its mimic pride ;
 Or vernal scenes depicts, when winter reigns,
 Which, sparkling to the enraptured eye, the power
 Of imitation, in their charms, display.

To represent Apollo with his lyre,
 In car, refulgent, drawn by prancing steeds ;
 Or the bold orator with lifted arm,
 And language speaking eyes ; or virgin nymphs,
 With snow white bosoms naked, and their robes
 Loose floating, while the shepherd tunes his pipe ;
 Or mighty Jove, with right hand thunder armed,
 Soaring on eagle's wing aloft ; to draw
 Or real or imaginary scenes,
 As fancy dictates, is the painter's skill.

Still,

Still, specimens of imitation fair

Genius displays in other striking views.

The chisel, from the quarry rough, unfolds

The attitude well-softened into flesh.

By artful sculptor's foaming stroke transformed,

Erect the marble stands, and feigns to breathe.

It veils its senseless self in mimic life,

All freshly blooming, shows the rosy cheeks,

Looks eager forth, and, by similitude

Exact, illudes and cheats the flattered eye.

Surprise awakes ; yet the beholder scarce

Can realize the guile. He thinks it still

A living object ; yet remains, with doubts,

Perplexed ; and eager looks ; till vanishes

The seeming animated form, and turns

A breathless statue. Wonderous counterfeit !

How it deceives the thought, and fascinates

The

The mind, with wakened senses, to admire
Its likenesses, fancying it reality !
Such are the stratagems of art ! Wherein
Its genuine imitations it displays,
How pleasing to observe it ! To compare
The ingenious offspring with the original,
Inspires emotions, not unlike those raised
By scenes contrasted. While the mind partakes,
By mere perception, the delights of each,
And feels the force of their inherent charms ;
Pleasures of livelier vigour it imbibes,
From contrariety and changeful views.
So, from expressive likenesses in the arts,
Enchantment steals, unnoticed, on the mind,
By curiosity awakened ; which,
Revolving inward, finds itself alarmed
With ravishments peculiar and intense.

Next agriculture, rustic art and rough,
 Advancing, opes the way for other arts
 To flourish. Forests disappear ; and fields,
 All blooming, intimate fine views to man.

Hail agriculture ! nurse of elegance
 And grace, tho' rude thyself. Even kings renowned,
 Famed sages, and philosophers have held
 The inuring plough ; have made the stubborn earth
 Yield to the polish ; and the barren glebe
 Submissive to manure. The liberal hand
 Of industry, with patient diligence,
 Sweeps off the rubbish of the field, and lends
 A nutriment, that mollifies the soil,
 And rears a growth, rotund, of luscious crops.
 While agriculture, spring to polished life,
 Demands the attention of the generous brave,
 Let not America's aspiring sons,

To

To independent greatness born, to arts
 Refined, and virtue eminent, deserve
 The imputation low of idle clowns.
 To make the towering forest to the axe
 Submit, to pile the enormous log, apply
 The fire, subdue and cultivate the land,
 Is no mean labour of the ambitious swain.

Who tills, not only benefits himself ;
 But to community gives sustinence.
 His actions breathe benevolence to men,
 Who move in other spheres, and make the means,
 Of him received, contribute a return :
 And all, performing their allotted part,
 Become shrewd artists at their work, expert,
 Exact ; and, by the mutual task of all,
 Society, just like an instrument,
 With various unisons, which harmonize

In

In concord sweet, and breathe the general song,
 Is to perfection reared, to wealth and fame,
 Obtains utensils for convenient life,
 Reaps high emolument, and in the tide
 Of honour riots, while kind fortune smiles.

With a good zest the labourer relishes
 His meals, and many a sweet participates.
 But sluggard indolence in listlessness
 Repines, becomes debilitate of mind,
 Sickens with life, and time drags heavy on.
 Sloth on his temples strows untimely snow,
 And soon, ah, sudden, gives him to the tomb !

Polished by culture, now the plains, hills, vales,
 In verdure shine ; and flowers profusely bloom,
 The florist ranges over the scenery
 Of nature, culls themes comely to the sense,
 Of colours various, exquisite perfumes,

To

To please or fight or smell ; and places them
 In most agreeable variety,
 As freakish fancy dictates is the mode.
 Then blooms the flower garden in its pride,
 Opening its beauties in assemblage fair,
 To raise the delicate delights of soul.
 There, scenes contrasted, regular with wild,
 Lively with melancholy, grand with neat,
 Bedecked with rosy fingers, charm the view,
 And prove a sphere of innocence and mirth.
 The gently gliding crystal rivulet
 Meandrous, murmuring by the bowery walk,
 Betrays its progress through the lowly mead ;
 Through winding vallies, to the distant main.
 The gardener skilfully arranges scenes,
 Forms to his taste peculiar, and bestows
 All for amusement fine. Each hour, there spent,

Flies

Flies swiftly as the rosy zephyrs bland,
 Which kifs the lip of Flora as ſhe ſmiles,
 And waſt her ſpicy odours to the ſenſe.

The flower garden, where ſhines every grace,
 In nice proportion or diſorder wild,
 With beauteous imagery diverſified,
 Mixture of ſcenes, where ſweet emotions glow,
 Where curioſity gains new deſire ;
 Where ſwells the poet's boſom into bliſs ;
 Where ſage philoſophy more wiſdom learns ;
 Where wonder brightens ; where refinement wins
 Propitious influence o'er the ingenious mind ;
 The flower garden is the haunt, beloved,
 Of gaiety, of ſweetneſs, and delight.
 There undulating bowers breathe o'er our limbs
 Freſh coolneſs, as beneath their ſhades we fit ;
 There, the delicious eſſence floats diffuſe,

And

And the wild stream emits soft symphony
 Delighting ; while inspiring visions rise,
 Ravish the view ; and music's dulcet sounds
 Benignly vibrate on the enchanted ear,
 Prompting sensations exquisitely sweet,
 In delicacy's gentle breast. How love,
 Peculiarly, the softer sex, to walk
 In such embellished spheres ! with images
 To associate, so congenial with their minds,
 That raise emotions, pure and delicate
 As nature's tinge, and sweet as her perfume !
 While thus conversant with such scenes, the heart,
 Auspicious moulded for the finer joys
 Of life domestic, triumphs in its gains.

Behold proud architectures splendid domes
 Arise in florid grandeur ! See, sublime,
 The collonade arrest the ravished sight ;

And

And the projection, vast and high, endowed
 With elegance and majesty august,
 O'erlook the country round ! The columned arch
 Swells on the gaze, and, like the concave skies,
 To grand conception elevates the mind.
 Art, there, its standards of sublimity
 Displays ; which, suited both for useful ends
 And intellectual, for the purposes
 Of life and mental pleasures, intimate
 Capacious powers in man. His energy
 Inventive, his expanded views, and taste
 Discerning, that with skill embellishment
 Confers, there shine conspicuously grand,
 Bespeak his nature, dignity, and fame.

Of the fine arts the origin thus traced
 In order, as kind nature gave them birth ;
 The muse anticipates her rising themes,

And

And, still assiduous, calls them to her toil.
 By charming imitation to awake
 The mind to fervid exercise of thought,
 To emotions such as nature prospect wakes,
 Refining human nature, human bliss ;
 The pleasing power of beauty, novelty,
 And grandeur, o'er the intellect of man,
 To show, is the display, most eminent,
 Of genius, and the end of arts refined.

The thoughts and exercises, prevalent
 In man, form the complexion of his powers,
 And give to character its general traits.
 The mind, that most the beautiful admires
 In prospect ; that delights in gentler scenes,
 Where, in sweet graces, delicacy shines ;
 That at the softer strains of melody,
 Feels finer charms, is genuinely formed

G

For

For friendship's clime, and for the sympathies,
The tender sympathies of nuptial life.

Beauty, thou paragon of nature ! all
Thy features, singularly fair, display
Attractions, which enkindle flames divine.
A cherished fondness for thy pleasing train,
Sweetness, simplicity, and gaiety,
Thy favourite graces, with a love to scan,
Minutely, thy perfections, and admire,
In every shape, thy image, indicates
A mind, complexioned with refinement nice,
Of delicate sensations, and a heart
Trained to the gentler feelings. Where thy charms
And lineaments are seen, they operate
To instil their magic through the partial breast.
Whoever cherishes thy influence sweet,
Retains thy fine impressions, and becomes

Engaging,

Engaging, pleasing, delicate like thee.

Engaging in demeanour, delicate

In sentiment, and pleasing in the traits,

Humane, of genius, character, and heart.

But the sublime, with magnitude august

Endowed, of wonderful power to captivate,

Darting sometimes chill terror through the soul,

Different effects produces. It inspires

With dignity and nobler turn the thought.

The mind, conversant with its scenes, expands

To vast designs, with enterprising acts,

Seeks daring ends, and, rather than the abodes,

Endearing of connubial life, prefers

Heroic virtue, scorns the frowns of war,

Danger provokes, encounters hardy toils,

And all to gain the palm, or find a grave,

That fame deems glorious. Magnanimity

To

To acquire, and to maintain a temper calm,
 In the vicissitudes of changeful fate,
 Prosperous or sad, converse with the sublime.
 Cherish its inspirations in thy breast,
 And it will stamp its nobler image there.

Still, other prospects, scenes of novelty,
 To sweet sensations wake the mind of man,
 And stimulate in search of knowledge, new
 And wonderful. Geniuses inquisitive
 The strange and marvelous admire, and take
 Delight peculiar, to investigate
 The secret springs of ingenuity,
 In human nature, actions, and effects.

Thus, by the different prospects we behold,
 Emotions different, in the breast, are raised ;
 And an attachment to peculiar sights
 Distinguishes the genius and the heart.

To

To impressions of external images
 Exposed, man feels their energetic power,
 And, with partiality for favourite scenes,
 Cherished in early youth, imbibes their stamp,
 And genial tincture. His ideptic turn
 Of mind, of manners, and affections, bears
 A likeness to the livery they assume.

But other movements in the human breast,
 Are roused to exercise, beside those caused
 By prospect. The dissocial passions there,
 And social, are predominant in turn,
 As moral causes vex or please the mind.
 With rational sense endowed, from falsehood man
 Distinguishes the truth, and actions right
 From wrong ; propriety in inference
 Discerns ; and his esteem of social worth,
 Of actions virtuous ; and dislike to vice,

Sanctions with passion. When the suppliant hand
 Of injured innocence bespeaks its wrong,
 And insolence and cruelty appear,
 Can anger slumber in the feeling breast ?
 Where is the generous but would lend relief ?
 Or when benevolence and virtue kind
 Confer their favours, liberal, on mankind,
 Cherish and bless, what bosom is not warmed ?
 The mind of moral excellence possessed,
 Of loveliness, humanity, and truth,
 The social passions claim of kindred souls.
 But the deformities of vice, disgust
 Excite in every amiable mind.
 All moral actions cause dislike or love.

Emotion is the effect of things impressed,
 The pleasures of perception : and the sweets
 Of scenery, the vast magnificence

Of

Of objects striking, and the novelty
 Of curious unfamiliar images,
 United with the liveliness of view,
 Determine its degree of pleasantry.
 But passion is desire. The cordial glow
 Of approbation, followed by a wish
 Of goodness ; or aversion's vengeful flame,
 Mark its complexion. By its vicious cause
 Or virtuous, is its kind and nature known.
 'Tis moral evil prompts to exercise
 The passions, turbulent, in human minds :
 Which, when let loose, unduely bridled, cause
 Confusions dreadful in the mental world,
 Like those, by warring elements produced,
 Wide-spreading desolation o'er the globe.
 But social passions of a gentler mould,
 Resemble summer with its genial warmth

Prolific,

Prolific, brilliancy, and tranquil skies.

As man more fondly cherishes a love
 Of scenes, which sweetly ravish and exalt,
 More perfect grows the standard of fine arts.
 Genius' warm efforts skilfully succeed,
 And give them happier influence o'er the mind.
 As taste improves, susceptibility
 Of beauty, elegance, and harmony
 Increases, and the emotions are possessed
 Of livelier mood to please : and while, with them,
 The social feelings in refinement vie ;
 Dissocial passions lose their rougher sway,
 And grow more mild, pacific, and humane.

Reared by ingenious man whose taste improved
 Conducts to pomp of thought, to pleasures fine,
 And elegance of life, the liberal arts
 Thus beam their lavish honours. They diffuse

Their

Their charming influence o'er the mental powers,
Sweet as the spicy gales, all hovering round
With recent coolness, and allure the mind,
Auspicious, from its rustic mood. They quell
Its stern ferocity ; and, by their charms,
They soften and refine. 'Tis not for thought
Uncultured, nor for unharmonious sounds,
To harmonize the passions, or beguile,
Into the maze of musical delight,
The finer ear. But when the mind expands,
And fairer genius blossoms, human works
Receive the touch of beauty, elegance,
And power, like nature's scenes, to move ; to inspire
Emotions delicate, sublime, or rare.
Then thought refined can sweetly harmonize
The passions, and well modulated voice,
Into the maze of musical delight,

The

The finer ear beguile. Man then, elate,
Prides in refinement ; and *society*
Is *high, polite, and happy*. Far emerged
From rudeness, with benevolence' brightening ray
His heart distends ; the social passions rule
The breast ; and virtue, generous virtue reigns.



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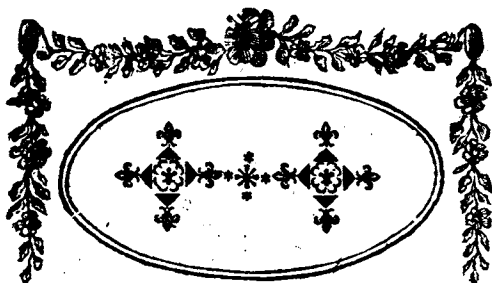
Influence of Virtue.



BRITISH MUSEUM

ARGUMENT.

DEFINITION of True Virtue, in distinction from that, understood in the present connexion.—Different Notions and Qualifications of Men in search of Truth, by which to regulate their Conduct.—Gold, the occasion of Sordid Ambition : and Beauty, the occasion of Vanity, the Common and Worst Enemies of Virtue.—Comparison between Virtuous Youth and the Rose.—Reflection on Human Life.—Sympathy and Friendship :—Offspring of Virtue.—The influence of Virtue, in effecting General Harmony.—Conclusion.



PROGRESS OF REFINEMENT.

B O O K · III.

INFLUENCE OF VIRTUE.

IN vision wrapped of nature, man acquires
 Materials for reflection's work, then forms
 Arts elegant to humanize the mind.
 Then glow the warm affections of the heart,
 And pure refinement decorates the breast.
 Virtue, the subject of my present strain,

H

Then

Then lives ; and every ruder passion dies.

Though different prospects fascinate the view,
Enkindling raised emotions of delight ;

Though the fine arts move, ravish, and exalt ;

Though all creation, and all human schemes

Unite, to expand and grace the mind, to shed

Refining power ; they ne'er communicate

Celestial influence to the wildered heart.

The sparks of love, that are divine, are not,

By human efforts simply, to be gained.

True heaven born virtue, that will stand the test

Of judgment and of durability,

That merits approbation most sincere,

Is harmony of mind with general ends.

This is a jewel in humanity ;

Which, conscious of its value, prides in hopes

Of solid glory ; and in public sphere

Or

Or private, casts bright beaming lustre round.
The satisfaction of a life well spent,
And pleasing recollections of past scenes
Of duty done, of charity humane,
Gives consolation to the honest man
Deserving ; though obscured from public show,
And scorned by those, his secret-working hand
Of kindness benefits. Affectionate
To all, to God sincere, devout, and chaste,
He fills his little sphere with usefulness,
And acts conformant to the general good.
But virtue, such as nature and fine arts
Enkindle, is benevolence of soul,
Complacent, kind, and friendly, prompting deeds
Conformable to moral truth, which bear
The sanction of humanity benign.
The mind, reviewing the transactions past

Of

Of life, scans every motive, sees the effects
 That they produce, and gathers pain
 Or pleasure, as they seem or wrong or right.
 A consciousness of cruelty to man
 Or beast, has oft the heart of peace deprived,
 The tender heart, and pierced it with the shaft
 Of keen reflection. But beneficence
 Diffuses satisfaction o'er the mind.

The guide of virtue, through the scenes of life,
 Is truth : a gem, whose value is not small.
 The studious seek it with a keen desire
 Ambitious, with anticipation sweet
 Of what it promises ; yet with much pains
 Laborious. Still the inducement to pursue
 Are strong. The satisfaction is refined,
 The treasure rich, when purchased. Far above
 The common level of the wise, it rears

The

The aspiring mind. It adds philosophy
To meditation, dignity to man,
And to his actions durability.

Quite different are the gifts of men ; their thoughts,
Their reasonings, and their actions different too.
They labour, ardent, in the mental field,
Collecting each what better suits his taste.
Blinded by passion some, and some, through pride,
Run heedless ; some, by prejudice deceived,
And ignorant, superior wisdom boast ;
Others eccentric, seeking novelty,
Imbibe erroneous tenets ; while the man,
Who reasons just, and practises the truth
He propagates, alone is in the right,
And acts compatible with virtue's end.
To follow solid metaphysic rule,
Demonstrate clear, illustrate, and evince,

Is the nice province of discerning minds.

Opinions various among men prevail,
 And juster in proportion to the pains
 They take, with candour or with prejudice,
 To find out error, and embrace the truth.
 Discordant minds, contending, keep the pen
 Fluent with mighty tides of argument,
 Or flimsy, subtil, false or reasonable,
 In every series of revolving time.
 Should the mind ever cease to think, men then,
 Perhaps, may cease to jar in sentiment.
 Such is the bias education gives,
 And such the heat of superstition, which
 Insinuates poisonous influence o'er the mind,
 While yet in weakness ; such the varied strength
 Of different geniuses ; and such man's thirst
 For new discovery, the prevalence

Of

Of inconsistencies is not much strange.
But why, since candour in the search of truth
Is laudable, why form hypotheses,
Devious from right, and dazzling figures bring,
To enchant the mind, and, by the subtilties
Of art, use crafty methods to illude ?
Why feminate gross prejudice austere,
With crude conception, for a partial cause ?
Men have eccentric geniuses, and feed
On various fare. Their ardour, in support
Of different sentiment, is not unlike
The raging conflict of hostilities,
Discordant, in the embattled field. The clash
Of truth and error, like the clang of arms,
Keeps up the variance ; and the endeavours used
To proselyte, like hopes of victory,
Which prompt to readiest methods of assault,

Set

Set every mind in motion, in the search
 Of copious argument, or false or true,
 To bias or convince. The sprightliness
 Of far-fetched metaphors, or witty turns
 Of diction, tickle some ; some, grossly rude,
 On superstition feed, unwholesome fare !
 Anxious, with low delight, suck error down,
 And fancy they are wise. But error, not
 Like streams pierian, which illumine the mind,
 Only when drank in copious draughts ; but, like
 The vapid juice of poppy, stupifies
 The more 'tis taken, and deludes the mind.
 The ray of truth the bigoted avoid.
 Too much they know, to follow reason's path,
 Preclude the light, and dare not step for fear.
 The dreamer never argues ; frightful shapes
 None oftener sees ; and none more hard to evince,
 That

That they are phantoms of disordered brain.
 The rude are more enlightened than the learned ;
 The superstitious, only, are controled
 By candour ; and the bigoted are fair.
 Unconscious ignorance makes men more wise,
 Than all the precepts of philosophy.
 And thus a Newton was no sage, who taught,
 Consistent, how the unerring HAND DIVINE,
 That rules the vast of nature, sets the springs,
 The secret springs in motion, and sustains
 A world, a system, and a universe.
 Thus too a Locke, on whose capacious mind
 The orb of science poured meridian blaze,
 Was not discerning : nor a Milton grand,
 Who soared on fancy's towering wing sublime.
 Nor was an Edward metaphysical,

Who,

Who, with great strength of mind and eagle eye,
Deep penetrated to the soul of truth.

Science full orb'd, and with refulgent blaze,
Illumes the modern world. The dawning beams,
The ancients cherish'd, glimmer'd faintly bright.
Still the proficiency they made, though small,
Pointed to truths in science, which unfold
In brighter times. But let the fathers sleep
In peace, and be content to call them wise,
Though ages since have thought themselves more wise
Than they were ; but the moderns think themselves
Yet wiser still ; and though America,
So famous, is esteem'd more wise than all :
Even wiser than old Britain with her kings.
For envy grants superiority ;
And the same rancorous ire, that would infect
Our country's bosom, cankers in her own.

Strangely

Strangely it mortifies the instructors pride,
To see the pupil rise above the rules
Of borrowed precept, and become more sage
Than he. So the young bird, whose pinions still
Unfledged and feeble, nurtured by the dam
With proved attention, soon, with equal wing,
In ether soars, and mingles with the flock ;
Though does not soar, like men, above the rest.

The feathered throng, not by invention taught,
Nor by the light of reason's orb illumed,
Endowed with instinct only, are alike
Confined to narrow bounds of knowledge dim.
Nature has taught them as they need, to build
Their nest with skill, convenient for themselves,
And model as their little fancies prompt,
In way peculiar to each different kind.
Unlearned by complicated theory,

Or

Or logic rule, they prove minutely wise,
 And nicely regular. They trill their notes
 Of rapture, sing enamoured to their mates
 Their social lay, wild echoing through the groves,
 When undisturbed, or pour the lengthened wail
 Of lamentation, when the ruthless swain,
 Unfeeling and regardless of their moan,
 Bespoils their eggs, or robs them of their young.
 Such nature dictates : but the mind of man
 Progressive, of bright reason's boon possessed,
 Moves forth in ceaseless action, e'er expands,
 Makes great researches in the field of truth,
 Discovers the connexions, intricate,
 Of causes and effects, draws inference
 From principle, forms plans and executes,
 Indulges high raised hopes, and, with desire
 Ambitious, climbs the slippery steep to fame.

As

As we expatiate o'er the bustling world,
Look through the various scenes of busy care,
'Tis all tumultuous and a toilsome round.
Man seeks for happiness, but vainly seeks,
To find it in the dreams of wealth and fame.
Formed for enjoyment, with intense desires,
He aims for pleasure ; pain is oft imbibed.
He hates, in others, that, which in himself
He loves ; despises what he cannot gain ;
And, suffering envy to corrode his breast,
Fosters the poison that destroys his peace.
Urged on by passion, and inflamed with hope,
With heightened expectation, and misled
By erring reason's dictates, all his views
On mere imaginary things are placed,
On the false glitter of delusive joy.
Virtue is slighted, and her influence scorned.

Anxious he roves from scene to scene, in quest

Of things to gratify desire ; but, led

By partial notions, never gains his end.

At empty bubbles, which enchant the sight,

Delight the fancy, and excite desire,

He grasps, and catches but the fleeting air.

Then disappointed expectation comes.

The disappointed, ever on the jar,

Feel all the pangs of anguish and regret.

Too often heated fancy paints a pearl,

A real treasure, in an empty theme ;

Which, when procured, but surfeits and disgusts.

Too oft illuded, and as oft deceived,

Man still persists, is disappointed still ;

Yet still pursues imaginary joy,

And his acquirements jeer at all his hopes.

The rose, that blooms so fair, he fain would seize ;

Its

Its foliage, alas, drops off—frail thing !
The briar stings his hand ; the only prize
He gains, a bramble ; the only pleasure, pain.
But solid judgment, stationed at the helm
Of fancy, moderates to noble views.
It regulates the passions, and the breast
Refigns to social virtue's gentle sway.

As things material are inadequate
To expectation, and refined desire,
Hope, wanton hope, oft meets with a reverse.
'Tis mental food alone can satisfy
A being, immaterial in his make,
Of social nature, and whose bliss is love.
For solid pleasure things of vanity
Were ne'er intended. Their possession yields
Small satisfaction even to narrow souls.
True virtue's social sweets, the harmonies

Of

Of generous spirits, constitute the charms,
 And dear felicities of life ; although
 In deep obscurity immured ; and where
 Nor wealth, nor trum of fame were ever known.

Hail tranquil solitude ! thou sweet retreat,
 Where virtuous minds oft love to dwell ; and where,
 Seclude from noise, they cherish finer flames.
 Thou gentle nurse of meditation pure !
 Thy haunts are sacred to the pensive mind,
 Congenial to divine philosophy,
 Sweet to the soul of useful man. There glide
 The hours unruffled with a silken wing ;
 Nor molestation e'er invades thy paths
 Unknown to bustle. Nor temptation finds
 An avenue, to enter thy resort
 Beloved ; but is debarred with all its train.
 Conscience, with thee, its purity preserves ;

The

The mind is free from envy's sting ; the heart
 Unfullied, and the bosom crowned with peace.
 Thou art the confine of the pensive mind,
 The noisy city, of the giddy throng.
 Obsequious ever to reflection calm,
 To rich improvement, in thy pleasing walks,
 Sweet solitude, the meditative mind,
 Free from the flattering whimsies of the world,
 Is e'er indulgent to the dreams of thought.
 There dwells tranquillity of mind ; which, clear
 As morn unclouded, gives reflection scope ;
 And, ever busy on delightful themes,
 Creation scans, the monuments of art
 Descries, and their effect on human kind
 Discovering, hopes success to virtue's reign,
 To science, to society, and man.

Some, whose pursuit is glory and applause,

Discarding every sympathy of soul
 Refined, and pleasures of a moral life,
 Devoid of principle and honest views,
 The golden treasure seize, the palm of wealth,
 Flutter in opulence and rich attire,
 In all the pomp and splendour of a court,
 In affluency great ; but soon, alas,
 Stern fortune frowns disastrous, and involves
 Their gaudy glory in obscurity !
 They seem for moments happy, only seem,
 And then are destined to anxiety.

How fickle fortune blasts the hopes of men !
 How strangely she upsets their high raised schemes !
 In every stage of life, through every scene,
 She, watchful, seeks to pull ambition down,
 High-browed ambition ; and would fain conform
 To virtue and humility the mind,

Some

Some, trivial, run a dissipated round,
Regardless of the impending ills of life ;
Others, securely careless of their end,
Important end ! waste time in slothful ease ;
Some, active, in accumulating wealth,
And covetous, deny themselves the fruit,
Their labour yields ; and others, prodigal,
Are brought to pinching poverty and want.
All fain would travel pleasure's flowery road ;
And while they run the chase of golden hopes,
The gay career in giddy circles run,
And of elyſian tranſports fondly dream,
The fleeting moments rapidly depart ;
Hours, days, weeks, months, and ſeaſons roll away,
And life is dwindled to oblivious dreams.
Age imperceptibly ſteals o'er the bloom
Of youth ; manhood arrives, and ſoon is gone ;

Then

Then sickness, with her desolating train,
 All ghastly, ominous with dire disease,
 Instils her poison through the human frame,
 And, fatal, weakens all the springs of life.
 Then, like the leaves in autumn, which elapse
 When touched by frost, we droop and fall away.
 Time draws the curtain round, and shuts the scene
 Of human action. Then the soul is left,
 To feel too conscious of eternity,
 To realize its worth and just deserts.

Thus to all those, who void of virtue's boon,
 To the base shrine of avaricious views,
 The enjoyments sacrifice of social life,
 The emoluments of fame are vanity,
 All its pursuits are dreams, its joys deceit.
 Thrice blessed is he, who acts the wiser part ;
 Who keeps himself unspotted from the world,

And

And unintangled in its treacherous wiles.

Who thinks he's happy, is the happier man.

Enjoyment crowns his wishes, and repletes

Desire. Content he does not hope for that,

Which never was designed for virtuous use.

But not alone we see ambition stalk,

Trampling on virtue, to the shrine of gold

Advancing ; but capricious vanity,

The child of beauty and of flattering vile,

We see, inflate with prudery and whim.

These are the worst seducers of the world ;

Adverse to friendship and morality.

Beauty, extrinsecal, is but a name ;

A gift of nature ; an adaptedness

To please the fancy, or delight the eye.

'Tis true, its kindling power is great ; and who,

What heart, that when its magic beaming eye

Darts

Darts potent inspiration, can resist ?
 In youth it charms ; in middle age it fades,
 And saturates the sense, and then decays.

When in my boyhood, fondly I observed
 The fair ; their geniuses and tempers marked
 With critic eye. My fancy was well pleased
 With virtue, even in the morn of life,
 Nor was my heart unfeeling of the flame
 And amorous impulse, nature early gave.
 Beauty with virtue joined, oft won, ('tis told
 With freedom for 'twas innocent) ah, won
 A conquest o'er my little fluttering heart.
 Enraptured I beheld, with wanton eye,
 The red rose blossom on the fair one's cheek,
 Who breathed of spring ; whose rosy lip shed sweets
 Ambrosial ; and whose breast too felt the flame.
 While I perceived the magic of her eye,

The

The voice of love soft-whispered to my heart ;
 The modest red-enkindling blush bespoke
 My passion, and its innocence betrayed.
 The beauties of the field, then too, I loved,
 Admired to ramble with the little lads,
 And crop the flowers of spring. The stripling boy
 Knows more, feels more, far more than fame allows.

Nature is often lavish with her gifts,
 And, when bestowed on females, be it kept
 A secret ; for to intimate the thought,
 Is dangerous ; makes them vain ; and vanity
 May virtue, modest virtue, never know.
 It dissipates the mind, corrupts the heart,
 And makes sweet females supercilious prudes.
 But why should those, who ought in tenderness
 To nourish virtue in the female breast,
 To fan the graces, and prevent the fall

Of

Of innocence ; why should they dare to instil
 The poisonous flame? by thoughts unchaste, expressed
 In smoother terms, why flatter to betray ?
 To injure sweetness, satiate, and despoil ?
 Why raze the temple on which virtue builds
 Her throne ; where, like the empress of the night,
 In modest eminence, she fain would shine ?
 Who flatters, is of impudence possessed :
 Who does it to inspire with vanity,
 Is inimical to fair virtue's cause ;
 And base the wretch who flatters to seduce !
 Too oft unfeeling inhumanity
 Has watched, with dissolute intent, the path,
 Where female virtue innocently walked,
 Unconscious of the harm. Too oft are worth
 And thriving glory blasted in their bloom.

O, human species, what vile infamy

Would

Would stigmatize thy race, did female worth
Hear wantonly to flattery's rant, and yield,
With unreserve, to libertine intrigue,
Still virtue sometimes falls. But did the fair
The wiles of sycophants discountenance,
Brand the deceiver with deserved disgrace,
And make unblemished honour, open truth,
And mental charms, the standard of their smiles ;
Virtue would flourish with unrivalled growth,
Would triumph o'er the fall of vice, and add
New rays to human glory. Meekness, then,
Would smooth the brow of conscious innocence,
With down-cast looks and fascinating charms.
When modesty forsakes them, loveliness
Departs, and every beauty disappears.
Blessed is the purer heart, that vanity
Ne'er tainted, sweet the guileless countenance

Of honesty, and eminent the mind,
 That dignity to human nature flows,
 Through the bright mirror of morality.
 Complacent manners, unaffected ease,
 And dispositions sweet, which indicate
 Refinement, ever charm congenial minds.

In purer ages, when brave honour met
 The approving smile of virtue with delight ;
 When lovers frank, in fondness entertained
 The lass, with feats their valour had atchieved,
 Or with the instructive tale of simple truth ;
 Then base disguise and flattery were unknown.
 To give the worthy deed its due applause,
 Was virtue's plea, and merit's sure reward.
 The blooming fair then lent their manners mild,
 To soften roughness in the ruder sex,
 And stole becoming dignity from them.

By

By mutual aids, rusticity acquired
Refinement delicate and gentler mould ;
And weak effeminacy, nobler grace.
The benefit, alternately derived,
Gave affability and worth to each.
No vain applause intruded on the rules
Of decency ; nor did infatuate thirst
Of gold eradicate, from man, a sense
Of justice, nor a love of virtuous deeds.

Flattery, the common fosterer of guile,
In modern times, by freakish belles and beaux,
Obtains the smoother sense of compliment.
Still, with its blandished softness, its effects
Are rankling poison in the unguarded heart.
It learns the fair to cultivate deceit,
And slight the brilliant talents of the mind.
Some paint, dress fine, assume affected airs,

And,

And, primming at the mirror, waste the day,
To fancy they are pretty : fondly dote
On their imagined, but unreal charms,
And foster dear deception of themselves.
Have you not seen a peacock strut superb,
With flirts and turns, with ostentatious plumes,
And gaudy show ? and did the dazzling fight,
With colours splendid, beautify his legs ?
Nor does the vesture of the gay coquette,
The affected air, the prim, and painted cheek,
Add graces or accomplishments of mind.
Often, too often is intrinsic worth,
For beauty, slighted ; and the glowing cheek,
That nature decks, by paint uncomely daubed.
Strange, that the sprightliest fancy should be cloyed
With native grace, to have recourse to art !
The well mixed colours and the gentlest touch,

Far

Far from adorning nature's images,
 Of nice perfection, tarnish and deform.
 The painter, though his taste be exquisite,
 Can never add a beauty to the rose.
 With curious and minute observing eye,
 With fine discernment, pleased he may perceive
 Its mingled tinges and proportioned shades ;
 But ne'er can adequately draw the theme.
 He sees, admires those beauties, pencil ne'er
 Can steal, nor artists imitate exact ;
 Although the tints be delicately fine,
 And laid with lightly-fingered skill, and nice.
 Hence, why does female vanity attempt,
 To grace the cheek, too fair to be adorned ?
 The finer pieces, drawn with master strokes,
 May please a moment, carelessly beheld ;
 But cannot captivate, like images

By nature's self portrayed. The blooming cheek,
 The ruby lip, the brightly sparkling eye,
 And comely set of features, vivified
 With life and health, are objects beautiful,
 Too beautiful for art to emulate ;
 And the superior graces of the mind,
 Ever unfolding with still brighter charms,
 Can captivate, when nature's beauties fade ;
 And when the mimic arts no more can please.

See yonder ! in the gaudy pride of state,
 The rose-bud, sportive, vibrates to the breeze,
 Exhaling sweetest odours. Softening dews,
 Mellifluous, yield a nutriment benign,
 Which prompts its growth, expands its foliage ;
 And there it glows the beauteous pride of spring.
 Its matchless graces charm the sight ; and though,
 On either side, environed by the thorn,

It

It flourishes unfoiled, and sports unharmed.
Emblem of genuine virtue ! which nor pride
Of life, nor lure of gold, nor beauty's power,
Can elevate, intice, or overcome.
Sweet emblem also of aspiring youth,
Who sport upon the tide of fame, and swell
With high desire and emulating hopes.
Beguiling are thy beauties ! Ruddiness,
Festivity, and sweets in thee combine.
The garden owes to thee its matchless grace
And pristine grandeur : and ingenuous youth,
Their fond desires of merited applause,
To virtue owe. The precious jewel this,
On which depends true eminence in life.
Fair virtue is the pride of youth, the rose
The garden's pride. But youth ne'er represent
The charms of virtue in so pleasing light,

And

And striking, as the garden shows the rose.
 Still virtue, even amid the blasts of time,
 Buds and expands ; though oft embarrassed much ;
 And, if with heavenly principle combined,
 When winged to milder suns, in glory beams,
 And flourishes in ever brightening bloom.
 While cropped, perhaps, by some inclement hand,
 Or withering on its stalk, the rose expires ;
 Its tinges fades ; and every charm decays.
 Twice, thrice two days it bloomed, perhaps a week ;
 Then sudden, from its boasted grandeur, pomp,
 And heightened glory, to oblivion fell ;
 As falls all outward beauty and its pride.

One youth, though in the bloom of health, and gay
 In harmless merriment, unknown to care
 Perplexing ; though in eager search of fame,
 Urged by desire and emulation warm ;

Which,

Which, if e'er gratified, give ardency
To other hopes; though strowed with flowers his path;
Though pleasure smiles in every chase; one youth,
And only one, is there for man designed.
He rises into life, runs giddy rounds
Of flattering joy, forgetful of its cheats,
And of the hurrying years. Age after age
Succeeds; and treacherous, illusive time,
With swift-winged flight, in hasty guile steals on,
To bury all its grandeur in the dust,
Or, rather else, to oblivate its crimes.
Nature is subject to perpetual waste;
And soon forgotten are the exploits of men.
The deeds of hero's, mighty boasts of fame,
Of art, and all the wonders of the world,
Are wasting fast the memory to evade.

The

The seasons are a type of human life.

Now, as the green scene opens, bud the trees,
 And put forth young-eyed infancy awhile ;
 Now gaily blossom in the pride of youth ;
 Now gather all their nourishment, in strength
 Of manhood ; then, mature, give up their spoils,
 And yield obedient to the blasts of time.

Like spring, when vegetative vigour works,
 Infusing secret influence through the tribes
 Of rising forms, and beauty's fairy train,
 The youthful mind, susceptible and warm
 Of feeling, shows the pleasing habitudes
 Of virtue in its thriving state, ere yet
 The briars of ambition, and the cares
 Of busier age, infringe upon its growth.
 Then nature's dictates, throbbing at the heart,
 In harmless mirths and sensibilities,

Attachments

Attachments warm and amorous flames, and all
The kind affections of congenial souls,
Excite to habits moral and humane.
Friendship diffuses sweets ; and sympathy
Mingles careffes in all scenes of life.
Virtue's blest offspring ! qualities most dear,
In human nature, and in social joys !

When with disastrous fate the breast is torn ;
And goodness, sadly injured, is compelled
To grieve, sweet sympathy her aid bestows,
Pours consolation's balm in every wound,
Endeavours to inspire, with lenient ease,
The bosom, gives exhilaration sweet
Of mind, and wakes vivacity of thought.
Ingenuous spirits with immingling fires
Congenial, ratified by long proved love,
Proffer affection, show attachment warm;

And

And blend their feelings in one common lot.
 Then far avault, ye sadly lingering hours,
 Nor enter where concordant passions reign !
 For mutual pleasures e'er untainted flow,
 Where dwell the generous, where the virtuous dwell,
 That lovely tenderness of soul sincere,
 Which care dissolves and mitigates distress,
 And the kind heart that vibrates at our joy,
 Are blessed ingredients of sweet sympathy.
 She lends her smiles reviving, kindles hope,
 The aspect sad dispels, regales the soul,
 Averts corroding sorrows from the mind,
 And wins it over to a mirthful mood.
 Or when kind fortune smiles, she heightens joy ;
 And cheerfulness leads on the happier hours.
 Spirits refined and virtuous coalesce,
 Their tempers, mutual, harmonize sincere ;

And

And intimacy ratifies the bond.
'Tis this discovers qualities humane,
Which more attract, the more we realize
Their merits. Oft has intimacy found
The jewel precious, that neglect concealed.
Merit, not showy, not too fond of fame,
And eminent above the groveling arts
Of flattery in disguise, and boasting rant,
Is nobly humble ; keeps herself secluse ;
And by the passing throng is not discerned.
But intimacy strips the mantle off,
Unfolding treasures of consummate worth.

How happy to indulge the cordial glow
Of social feeling, friendship called ! Herein
The finer joys consist of mutual man.
The soul exhilarating intercourse
Of bland philanthropy gives tardy time

L

A swiftly

A swiftly-fleeting pinion to be gone,
 Embezzling all our pains, and leaving sweets
 Her votaries to bless. When anxious thought
 Sorrows the brow, and causes grief acute,
 Mingle with friends ; the cordial hand bestow ;
 Cheer up your spirits ; every care dispel,
 And let hilarity complete the joy.
 Mirth in its proper time is innocent :
 Not incompatible with virtue's rules ;
 Nor has unhappy influence on the mind.

A friend—how dear the name ! a friend sincere,
 What comprehension in the term ! a friend,
 Joyous, I once possessed—another self.
 May roses amaranthine deck his urn ;
 Love crown his memory. He fell, when young,
 A luckless victim to an early tomb !
 In bloom of life he fell ; not like the flower

Autumnal,

Autumnal, lapsing in an age mature ;
 But like a lily of the vernal morn,
 That bloomed awhile ; but faded ere 'twas noon.
 Such the mysterious calls of PROVIDENCE !
 His gentle virtue blossomed like the rose,
 Promised much benefit to man ; but soon,
 Ah, sudden, gained a passport to the skies !

Though lawless passions false, enkindled warm
 By heated fancy, to infatuate rage,
 Lose, shortly lose their irritated glow,
 And turn to cold retaliating guilt ;
 Still there's a flame, that flourishes in growth
 Immortal. And although the sordid soul,
 Ignoble, unacquainted with the charms
 Of friendship and the power of sympathy,
 Scoff at the affections, kindled at the shrine
 Of virtue ; it ne'er lessens, but augments

The

The joys of those who feel them. Genuine sweets
 Of friendship can be realized by those
 Alone, who merit, taste, and are revived :
 Who never knew disguise ; whose open brow
 Meets virtue's smile, and speaks a kindred soul.

Where e'er the graces shine, in mental powers,
 Or outward action ; where affections kind
 And charity their benefits diffuse ;
 There virtue dwells, society to bless.
 Holding dominion o'er the human mind,
 She humbles vanity, ambition curbs,
 And moderates them to benigner rule.
 No vengeful passions, then, control within ;
 Nor actions, of immoral cast, disgrace
 The human species. Peace with union dwells.
 By science' beams enlightened, by fine arts
 Exalted, warmed by virtue, human minds

New

New mould receive ; and pure refinement reigns,
Auspicious reigns, to harmonize the world.

Thus having ranged the field of nature, found
Ingredients for reflection to advance
Her works ; thence traced the active powers of man
In mimic ingenuities, and marked
Refinement, as o'er human intellect,
It sweetly stole ; imagination lowers
Her pinions, and participates repose.



I NO 61

Fame. A Poem.

By nature's self portrayed. The blooming cheek,
 The ruby lip, the brightly sparkling eye,
 And comely set of features, vivified
 With life and health, are objects beautiful,
 Too beautiful for art to emulate ;
 And the superior graces of the mind,
 Ever unfolding with still brighter charms,
 Can captivate, when nature's beauties fade ;
 And when the mimic arts no more can please.

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 Or withering on its stalk, the rose expires ;
 Its tinges fades ; and every charm decays.
 Twice, thrice two days it bloomed, perhaps a week ;
 Then sudden, from its boasted grandeur, pomp,
 And heightened glory, to oblivion fell ;
 As falls all outward beauty and its pride.

One youth, though in the bloom of health, and gay
 In harmless merriment, unknown to care
 Perplexing ; though in eager search of fame,
 Urged by desire and emulation warm ;

Which,

Which, if e'er gratified, give ardency
To other hopes; though strowed with flowers his path;
Though pleasure smiles in every chafe; one youth,
And only one, is there for man designed.
He rises into life, runs giddy rounds
Of flattering joy, forgetful of its cheats,
And of the hurrying years. Age after age
Succeeds; and treacherous, illusive time,
With swift-winged flight, in hasty guile steals on,
To bury all its grandeur in the dust,
Or, rather else, to oblivate its crimes.
Nature is subject to perpetual waste;
And soon forgotten are the exploits of men.
The deeds of hero's, mighty boasts of fame,
Of art, and all the wonders of the world,
Are wasting fast the memory to evade.

The

The seasons are a type of human life.

Now, as the green scene opens, bud the trees,
 And put forth young-eyed infancy awhile ;
 Now gaily blossom in the pride of youth ;
 Now gather all their nourishment, in strength
 Of manhood ; then, mature, give up their spoils,
 And yield obedient to the blasts of time.

Like spring, when vegetative vigour works,
 Infusing secret influence through the tribes
 Of rising forms, and beauty's fairy train,
 The youthful mind, susceptible and warm
 Of feeling, shows the pleasing habitudes
 Of virtue in its thriving state, ere yet
 The briars of ambition, and the cares
 Of busier age, infringe upon its growth.
 Then nature's dictates, throbbing at the heart,
 In harmless mirths and sensibilities,

Attachments

Attachments warm and amorous flames, and all
 The kind affections of congenial souls,
 Excite to habits moral and humane.
 Friendship diffuses sweets ; and sympathy
 Mingles careffes in all scenes of life.
 Virtue's blest offspring ! qualities most dear,
 In human nature, and in social joys !

When with difaftrous fate the breast is torn ;
 And goodnefs, fadly injured, is compelled
 To grieve, fweet sympathy her aid beftows,
 Pours confolation's balm in every wound,
 Endeavours to infpire, with lenient eafe,
 The bofom, gives exhilaration fweet
 Of mind, and wakes vivacity of thought.
 Ingenuous fpirits with immingling fires
 Congenial, ratified by long proved love,
 Proffer affection, fhew attachment warm;

And



ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION.—Love of Fame predominant in all minds.—Sought principally in three respects: In the accumulation of wealth, in political displays, and in military exploits.—Vain, when sought from wrong motives; and truly laudable only, when sought with benevolent views.—Conclusion, on the happy influence of Science.





F A M E.

A

P O E M.

AS the bright day star wakes the radiant morn,
 And crimson beams the expansive east adorn,
 Man rouses from the bed of sweet repose,
 With golden hopes his ardent bosom glows,
 Pursues the chase of many a toilsome round,
 The sphere of glory all his actions bound.

When emulation's fires the mind control,
 And smooth applauses touch the aspiring soul,

The

The ingenuous bosom feels a conscious pride,
And moves, exulting, on the rising tide.

Should we expatiate o'er the round of care,
The various actions of the scene compare,
View every movement, every bosom scan,
And mark the motives which prevail on man ;
Though different passions rise, we still should find,
That love of praise controls the general mind.
Flushed with fond wishes we pursue our end,
Form various projects, and for fame contend,
Strive with impatience to acquire renown,
Hope never fails, though adverse fortune frown.

'Tis emulation prompts the freeborn mind,
In search of truth and sentiment refined,
Excites a fond desire for true applause,
Bids us with ardour rise in virtue's cause,

INSTRUMENT

Instruct mankind, where streams of pleasure roll,
And godlike reason teach to guide the soul.

But when wrong motives in the breast conspire,
Ambition, raging, sets the soul on fire.

Insatiate avarice, with fraud profane,
Slights all for treasure, forfeits heaven for gain,
Flies to the realms where copious stores unfold,
And makes the soul a prostitute to gold.

Cræsus, Lucullus, with vain glorious aim,
In sparkling coffers won ignoble fame,
In pomp refulgent shone superbly great,
While gaudy splendour decked the pride of state.
But vain is wealth, and vain is sumptuous show,
Vain the delights false glory can bestow !
Yet man, the same in every circling age,
Feels disappointment fire his soul with rage.

In

In every breast the same desires prevail,
And the same passions rise, when efforts fail.
And while within the sphere of toil confined,
He meets disasters which distract his mind.
There tortured envy sneaks in low disguise ;
There discord reigns, and rankling feelings rise.
Here heaven born virtue dwells seclude from broils ;
There vice is plodding his infernal wiles.
Some form vile stratagems to effect their views,
Allure the kind and poignant rancour use.
Thus base Pizarro, though a specious friend,
Harboured the intrigue and malice of a fiend.

Many who stand revered in statesman's gown,
Whose actions gain the sanction of renown,
Shine forth, conspicuous, in the blaze of state,
Seek the distinguished honours of the great,

Flourish

Flourish in politics and learning's pride,
The curious subtilties of law decide,
Form the fair plea, and, eloquently loud,
Roll off their periods to the admiring crowd.
Some, sage in council and augustly bold,
With warm endeavour polished sense unfold,
Seem anxious to promote their country's cause,
And strive to gain the summit of applause.

See zealous Tully with high honours crowned,
And living laurels on his temples bound !
With magic powers of elocution armed,
He caught attention, every mind alarmed,
Roused patriotism in a falling state,
And snatched his country from disastrous fate.
Richelieu, with pleasing hopes of glory fired,
By sly intrigue for boundless power conspired.

M

Woolsey

Woolsey and Walpole felt the glowing flame,
And proved mere dupes to flattery and fame.

See warriors, all enraged with thirst of blood,
Deluge vast empires in a crimson flood.
They ride, exulting, in the martial field,
Bear off the trophies their proud conquests yield,
Drag captured subjects bound in hostile chains,
Laugh o'er their sufferings and insult their pains.
Such are the effects of false ambition dire !
For false ambition kindles fierce desire.
Frantic with fury, and inflate with pride,
Famed Alexander strove for empire wide,
Made nations tremble at his ravenous sword,
Let loose his passion, and their bosom gored.
From lowest basis populous realms he hurled,
And stood the unrivalled conqueror of the world.

Great

Great Charles of Sweden, in refulgent car,
And Lewis, famous, braved the front of war,
Struggled for glory with impetuous aim,
Unsheathed the dagger to emblaze their fame.

Wealth, conquests, and political displays
Are crowned with wreaths and amaranthine bays.
Although the motive and the end be wrong,
They win the favour of the vulgar throng.
The rich have fought with persevering care,
Great politicians, ardent, aimed to share,
And sanguine heroes strove, in hopes to gain,
A fleeting bubble treacherously vain :
And, as they seized the prize, it overjoyed ;
But soon it broke, and disappointment cloyed.
Mere trifles please ; and phantoms seem like gems ;
But the fond hand that grasps, at once condemns.

Delusive

Delusive fortune blasts the keen desire,
Humiliates pride, and checks ambition's fire.

Now may the muse display the nobler mind,
Where virtue and the love of fame combined ;
Where with benignant sceptre wisdom reigned,
Smiled concord round, and true applause obtained.

With patriotic firmness, martial zeal,
Turenne, heroic, fought the public weal.
France reared a Henry, who illustrious shone,
Rode the triumphal car, adorned the throne,
Was persevering in his country's cause,
And bade his subjects yield to reason's laws.
By sapient rules the Medici* long reigned ;

And

* *An illustrious family of Florence ; who, under the auspices of virtue, long flourished, and diffused the benefits of salutary government over a happy people.*

And the famed Incas* due submission gained,
 Dispensing justice they acquired renown,
 Planted the olive, bore the laurelled crown,
 With transport smiled to see vast empires rise,
 While virtue won the plaudit of the skies.
 And see the patriot Pitt with warmth approve,
 When brave Columbia for her freedom strove.
 See him in Britain's courts our cause defend,
 And, strenuous, with imperious lords contend.
 With pleasing gesture, with enrapturing eyes,
 And flashing thought, he bade the passions rise.

His

* *Peruvian kings, the worthy descendants of Mango Capac, who civilized and founded their empire. The government continued wisely regulated under these, his successors, until destroyed by the Spaniards, in the fifteenth century.*

See ROB. Hist. of America.

His eloquence in mighty torrents rolled,
O'erwhelmed assemblies, and the mind controlled.

A Paul, a Calvin, and a Knox once shone,
Diffused blessed light on distant realms unknown,
Taught the wide world, illumed the general mind,
And proved the grand reformers of mankind.

Though men in every sphere, and every age,
In the pursuit of popular fame engage,
Encounter cares, fatigues, and constant toils,
None but the truly great deserve her smiles.

From wealth, the forum, and the martial field,
May smoother numbers to fair science yield.
Her generous province is to deck the soul,
The savage wilds of passion to control,
To light the bosom with celestial grace,
And blazon with renown the human race.

May

May man, enraptured, her vast field explore,
Bid ignorance perplex the mind no more,
Crop the delicious flower, that scents the gale,
And, placed on virtue's temple, glory hail.

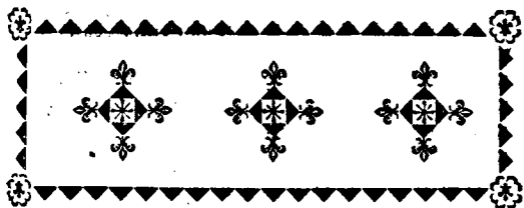
When the fine arts and literature refined,
Diffuse their influence o'er the ingenious mind ;
When skepticism is o'ercome by truth,
And prejudice debarred the breast of youth ;
When falsehood, bigotry, and nonsense fail,
And simple manners flourish and prevail ;
Then freedom, worth, and eminence arise,
And genius ripens for the blissful skies.
Bright as the lustre of the vernal morn,
Science ! thy beams Columbia's plains adorn.
Still shed thy radiance on the expanding mind,
And teach thy generous sons to bless mankind !



I NO 61

Miscellaneous Poems.





MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

EFFORTS OF GENIUS.

SEE the bold genius, with seraphic views,
 Imagination's soaring powers unloose,]
 With joy the vast of nature to explore,
 And in strict limits acquiesce no more !
 Now with raised efforts he pervades the skies,
 Sees worlds revolve, and distant planets rise ;
 And, wrapped in contemplation's joyous maze,
 Feels all the ardour of angelic praise.

Still

Still where's the genius that can fully scan
Wisdom's all perfect and harmonious plan !
What being less than infinite can trace,
The GREAT FIRST CAUSE, or find an end to space !
Through boundless realms of ether systems roll,
Kept in due order by divine control.
In beauteous order they revolve their spheres ;
Where the SUPREME in wonderous light appears.
All nature's works in high perfection shine,
Develope wonders, and bespeak design,
Display consummate power, unrivalled skill,
And prove the glories of the soveraign will.

The mind, enkindled at the glowing fire
Of dawning science, waking to inspire
Its infant efforts, warm endeavour opes,
Stretches its genius, brightens into hopes ;

And,

And, as its struggling powers enlightened grow,
The more attained, the more it sees to know.
Something still pleasing in the wide expanse,
Ever disclosing, further we advance,
Becomes the object of our next desire ;
And though we zealously to that aspire ;
Though all we view before us is obtained,
Something is wanting that must still be gained.
Although unbounded knowledge we comprise,
Desires innumerable still arise.
Wishing to satisfy we still pursue ;
The more we learn, the further from our view.

How many in the mental field have toiled !
Some have instructed, others have beguiled ;
Some taught the beauties of redeeming love,
Others the fantasies of fabled Jove ;

N

Some

Some how gay Iris paints her varied bow,
And how old ocean and the tides o'erflow ;
How rivulets in circling eddies run ;
How planetary spheres revolve the sun ;
How fire electric pierces through our frame,
And how man's actions merit praise or blame.
Many there are who study, some who preach,
Too few who practise ; yet they all must teach.
Some take erroneous reason for their guide,
Deceive the head, and store the heart with pride.
Others, with efforts warm, improve the mind,
Acquire discernment, and become refined.
Still, without practice, learning is but vain
When joined with wisdom it is sterling gain.



DECLINE OF SCIENCE.

ATHENS, the region once much famed for lore,
 Athens, where science flourished, is no more :
 And the known land of Nile, on whose proud towers,
 The mind to great discoveries bent its powers,
 Explored each planet rolling round its sphere,
 Is now depraved, and science sheds a tear.
 Those lofty pyramids, of cloud topped heights,
 Where astronomic genius took its flights,
 Are fallen ! and vice, with all that poets feign,
 Pursues their fall, and science weeps in vain.

Rome once assumed fair independence' crown,
 Walked with the graces, and in high renown,
 Controlled the nations, haughty kings o'ercome,
 And gained the epithet, *imperial* Rome.

That

That flourishing condition, now no more,

Let all the friends of literature deplore.

Greece, Rome, and Egypt, once in brightened state,

Are fallen in the memory of the great !

But hold ! why mourn those realms not now illumed ?

Or why the Alexandrian rolls consumed ?

For science lives to emblaze the modern times,

And shines peculiar in the western climes.



P O L I T E N E S S .

OFFSPRING of pure good nature, generous art!

To adorn the conduct, to dispose the heart,

To give the action grace, the manner ease,

Conciliate feeling, and mankind to please ;

To make the circle social, joys dispense,

Communicate refinement and good sense,

The ruder temper curb, the mild display,

Is thine, politeness, never to betray.



MORAL PROGRESS OF MAN.

LONG ere the sun his beams had shed,
Or ere the vaulted skies were spread,
Dwelt an all sovereign God ;
At whose Omnific nod,
Systems emerged from sable void profound,
And in immeasurable spheres rolled round.

Adam, placed in bliss refined,
Where creation, amply stored,
Kindly stored, to cheer the mind,
Was the world's primeval lord.
Beneath propitious bowers at rest,
The lovely fair one, in his arms,
Unfolding all her angel charms,
Kindled high raptures in his breast.

Beauty

Beauty held a pleasing sway,
While Euphrates gently flowed,
Eden bloomed in fair array
And dulcet song enlivened the abode.
Happy, thrice happy state !
Blessed with his MAKER'S smiles,
Crowned with pleasure, free from toils,
Not a pain his bosom soils.

But hear, alas, the sequel of his fate !
From seats of joy, he fell, to realms of wo !
Just so the fall of heaven's audacious foe ;
When the Dread-Sovereign on his regal throne,
Swift hurled him with his impious comrades down,
Down to chaotic darkness dire !
Lightnings flashed around their heads,
Thunders forced them to their beds,
Where ceaseless vengeance feeds the raging fire.

Adam,

Adam, for a selfish pleasure,

Forfeited his blifsful treasure.

'Twas a foul fiend seduced him from those scenes,

An evil minded fiend, by subtil means.

Armed with a flaming sword and looks of awe,

The just avengers of a broken law,

Gabriel descended from above,

To drive him from those scenes of love,

Where music enlivened the grove.

Reluctantly and slow he moves along,

Still hears the melody of song,

Which sweetly ravishes his ears ;

While fairy prospects, yet in view,

Alarm his guilty mind anew ;

And, as he takes his last adieu,

He turns, dejected, with a flood of tears.

Now

Now under pain's severe control,
Grief harrows up his sorrowing soul.
Doomed to laborious cares and toils,
To dire anxiety and wo,
Deprived of blissful Eden's smiles,
He bids adieu to happiness below.

But hark, a Saviour's voice !
Mountains and hills rebound,
Let guilty man rejoice !
Woods, rocks, and vallies echo back the sound.
Behold, a GOD from heaven descends !
A clement GOD kind audience lends,
Pities the plaint of wo,
Subdues the infernal foe,

Drops

Drops a tear on human crimes,
 Cheers the heart with gospel sound,
 Gladdens creation round,
 And makes man heir to happier, happier climes.

Such was the goodness of redeeming love,
 He parted from celestial quires above,
 Changed a heavenly throne,
 For a thorny crown :
 And, as on Calvary's top he stood,
 See, see the gushing tears of blood !
 In mourning robes the sun was veiled ;
 Thick darkness brooded round ;
 The Saviour to the cross was nailed ;
 And nature trembled from its base profound.

Then

Then from his inmost soul he sighed ;

Rocks rent in twain ;

The hills were grieved, and grieved was every plain !

He groaned ! he died !

Still solemn scenes remain un Sung,

Still solemn scenes employ my faltering tongue.

Swifter than a stream,

Delusive as a dream,

Time flies away,

Makes no delay,

Steals us from every stage,

And brings us to old age.

Hark, whence that woful groan !

Ah, from the sick man's bed !

Trembling

Trembling to pass through scenes unknown,

He raises his disordered head,

And stares distracted round !

Now blackest horror and surprise

Seize on his soul, and all his thoughts confound !

See how he gasps for breath,

And struggles on the brink of death !

Ah, faint, and pale, he dies !

Still lend an ear to my ~~Pindaric~~ strain,

While the muse tempts another height to gain.

Time having measured off his round of years,

For judgment CHRIST in majesty appears.

Lo, Gabriel takes the trumpet, swells the sound,

The undulations wave abroad,

Fill all creation's ample round,

And earth and skies rebound,

Nations,

Nations, attend the Bar of God!

In solemn pomp they all appear ;

In solemn pomp with awful fear ;

In joy or grief their final sentence hear.

Horror now seizes every guilty heart !

In wild confusion they depart ;

With doleful yellings, agonizing groans,

With thousand thousand moans.

Deep plunging to the burning center,

Headlong they enter,

Hells wide yawning doors.

A cataract of molten fire

O'er the devoted subjects pours,

And the huge gates are barred till endless time expire.

Hell rings with jarrings of discordant souls,

And dire infernal rage the will controls.

O

Meanwhile

Meanwhile the saints, triumphant, wing their way
To glorious mansions of unclouded day,
Hymning high anthems while they move along ;
Sweet is the concord, rapturous is the song.
Messiah leads them to the courts above,
And seals them, cordial, with eternal love.
Thus justice lives, and mercy never dies ;
God shall forever reign blessed REGENT of the skies.



MORAL REFLECTION.

WHEN the industrious hand waves o'er the soil
Uncultured, golden Ceres crowns the field,
And the rough wild waste smiles. Great cause of joy,
Man's honest labour ever meets reward !
For all his arduous pains the autumnal skies,
Auspicious, yield him blessed returns profuse.
But, when with base ingratitude his heart
Is puffed, the prospects change. Destructive frosts
Untimely shed, or blighting mildew's taints,
Or tempests fierce, his expectations blast,
And check his flattering hopes. The promises,
The fairest promises of spring, are oft
Nipped in the blossom. Oft the boasted spoils
Of autumn are, in seeming cruelty,

Arrested

Arrested by the violent winds, and made
Their desolating sport: But man, ingrate,
Be mute. For some good end thy MAKER'S frowns
Are e'er designed, though seemingly unjust.
The ways of PROVIDENCE, although obscure
To human reason, never dare condemn.



RISE OF AMERICAN GLORY.

AMERICA, blessed region ! once thy plains,
Whose bosom now is robed in cultered grace,
Were shrouded in a gloom, obscure and sad,
As when o'er wasteful wilds a forest dark
Casts a bewildering shade. Then ruder man
Uncivilized, and ravenous monsters howled,
Terrific, through thy drear abode, and woods,
Mountains, and rocks were vocal with wild noise
Loud-bellowing. But the general reign expired
Of savage horreur in thy wildered clime.

Our valiant fires embarked the ruffled main,
O'er mighty billows made their eager way,
Tempests outbraved, controled the shifting gales,
And hope, oft flattering, smiled upon success.

But, having landed on this western shore,
They changed the dangers of the threatening storm,
Not for the expected scenes of quiet life
Domestic ; where might prating infants prompt
The mingling glow of passion ; where might reign
The endearing charms of friendship ; but for scenes
Of keen anxiety, where husbands, wives,
And children fell obsequious to the shaft.
If haply rescued from the jaws of death,
Perpetual fear distressed the anxious mind
Disconsolate, and stole the wonted rest.
Sometimes, midnight, barbarian fierceness peeped
Into the window of some lonely cot,
With haggard looks, fire-flashing eyes, and mouth,
Wide-yawning, to devour the hapless pair.
An hour then seemed a tedious lingering day.

Such

Such was the fortune of humanity !
The sufferings such of our adventurous fires !
Hardships in many a ghastly form they braved ;
Till heaven, propitious, smiled upon their toils,
And promised triumph, liberty, and fame.
Blessed science then, o'er these benighted shores
Had not diffused her influence ; nor the hand
Of culture thrown its mollient richness round.
These fertile climes, where populous cities rise,
In domes superb of proud magnificence,
To please the finer taste, and for the use
Of freeborn and enlightened man, then lay
A desert waste, a solitary wild.

Now happier stars revolve ! far happier years
Glide unmolested on ; while science, peace,
And pleasure reign combined ; save where, sublime,
Ohio rolls his deepening tide ; and where

The

The wild tribes roam, in quest of innocence
 And harmless prey, to fate their blood thirst jaws.
 But, before many a season has elapsed,
 Some happier genius shall assume the song,
 And, joyous, thus, the auspicious era hail.

No more of sufferings in thy blissful climes,
 America, such as our fires endured !
 No more of grim barbarians to molest
 The lonely cottage ; to arrest, with hand
 Inhuman, the dear infant from the breast,
 And the affrighted captive grind, in jaws
 Voracious ! Of unbounded woods, no more,
 Awful and vast, to wrap in fable gloom,
 The glistening fields ; or to resound the roar
 Horrific, of enfanguined beasts. No more
 Of war's grim ensigns ; nor of spacious plains,
 Drowned in a crimson flood ! Hail cherub peace !

The

The olive flourishes auspicious here,
Unrivalled, ne'er to wither on its stalk.
Of ages rude, when science slept obscure,
Of these no more ! for here the graces reign ;
Here through the expanding mind refinement steals,
And wins to harmony the jarring powers.
Society is happy, man is blessed.



POETICAL EPISTLE.

SAY, generous worth, since moved by noble ends,
 Since purest joy on sympathy depends,
 And since our hearts are warmed with genuine fire,
 Say, can the glowing passion soon expire ?
 Disclose the secret wishes of your heart,
 Your bosom open, and your mind impart.
 Laurillo's breast its native warmth retains,
 And feels the transports that true friendship feigns.
 If swoln with grief, diffuse a healing balm,
 And soothe his troubled bosom to a calm.
 If injured, save, and let his name revive ;
 Forget his foibles, and true love shall live.



POWER OF SYMPATHY.

SWEET sympathy diffuses tears

Consoling, when grieved virtue droops ;

Smiles when prosperity appears,

With cheering hopes.

She pours sweet fragrance o'er the mind,

When worn with care, depressed with grief,

Inspires enlivening joys refined,

Which give relief.

Then all is mutual, all is love !

She wipes off, gently, every tear,

By kind endeavour strives to improve

The union dear.

Ingenuous

RECIPROICATION.

COME, beauteous fair, with gently winning smiles,

Dwell in my arms, and share my love ;

Rolinda's smiles can sweeten all my toils ;

And my esteem her joys improve.

With cheerful gladness come, enchanting fair ;

My bosom is a seat for thee ;

Come, thou shalt ever dwell securely there,

From anguish and from discord free.

In friendship shall our cordant hearts unite,

And all the sweets of love employ ;

In pleasing parle we'll gather soft delight ;

Sexes were formed for mutual joy.

While

While in familiar converse we engage,

The hours shall roll serene away ;

Nor shall discordant passion ever rage,

Where Rollin and Rolinda stay.

But should our bosoms be depressed with grief,

The soothing balm we'll gently ply ;

The balm of tendernefs shall give relief,

And check the tear in sorrow's eye.

Curfed be the miscreant, who fain would wrong

Sweet innocence and virtue fair !

May he be branded with disgrace as long,

As female censure shall declare.

The wretch, fo vile, shall have my lasting hate,

Shall be despised by all the good,

Be stigmatized forever by the great,

And stand contemned, as Cain once stood.

To

To guard ingenuous virtue from deceit,
 Protect the innocent from harm,
 Increase their joys, and make their bliss complete,
 Shall with delight their bosom warm.

Reciprocal enjoyments sweeten toils,
 And guileless ravishments impart ;
 Hence sweet Rolinda blesses me with smiles,
 And in return receives my heart.



THE PLUME.

YE rosy hours,
 When vernal flowers
 The zephyrs of the morn perfume ;
 Your charms impart,
 To inspire my heart,
 While I but cull a favourite plume.

The

The rising dawn
Gilds the bright lawn,
Instant makes shadowy forms arise ;
Makes Flora smile,
With magic guile,
And spreads fresh crimson round the skies.
All things are green ;
Spring decks the scene ;
The fragrant blossoms of the trees
Their sweets dispense,
Pleasing to sense,
And give rich flavour to the breeze,
The shepherd wakes,
His couch forsakes,
And joyous walks the fields around,
Sees his flocks play,
Frolic and gay,
And hears the rivulets tinkling sound.

The

The citron groves,
Where warbling loves
Pour forth their wild-thrilled amorous notes,
With playful ease,
Nod to the breeze,
And softly sweet the music floats.

O'ershadowing bowers,
And mingling flowers,
That fringe the banks of haunted rill ;
Shagged piles of rocks,
And towering oaks,
That shroud in frowns yon bordering hill ;
Vallies in bloom,
With rich perfume,
And every prospect nature gilds,
Sublime or mild,
Cultured or wild,
Some plumage to gay fancy yields.

Poets!

Poets ! aspire,
Catch, catch the fire,
And let it flash from soul to soul,
Enchant each breast,
That all be blessed,
And yield to nature's pure control.

Full, full of means,
Of various scenes,
To captivate and charm the sight,
She shall e'er gain,
Each genius' strain,
And be the topic of delight.

Though Venus frown,
And Jove send down
His fabled thunders to affright ;
Though Ceres fail,
And Bacchus rail,
And though Apollo owe us spite ;

Though

Though all declare,
And vengeful swear,
We ne'er their honours shall assume,
Their scoffs we'll spurn,
And in return,
Answer, that nature is our plume.

Then shall the mind
Taste sweets refined,
Engage in still more rich employs ;
Nor be controled,
By heathen mould,
But feast its powers on higher joys.

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E N D.



