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If Solomon did say, that nothing new
Under the sun was seen, 'tis not quite true:
Since we contend, that ev'ry hour and day
Brings novelties, with changes' due array.
Whatever had a birth must change sustain,
Unsteady ever be; but not in vain:
Enjoying life must die to live again,
In afterlives perfection to attain.
ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1835, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of the State of Pennsylvania.
DEDICATION.

To the wise and the good
These outlines are inscribed.
To the half of mankind,
Gentle Women, I offer
Both a tribute of praise
And a share of my verses.
In the strains and the scenes
Of this Poem and mirror,
To such human best minds
A bright view is presented:
The religion of Love,
And the moral of changes;
The strong anchor of hope,
And true precepts of Wisdom.

THE AUTHOR.
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PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

The readers of the English language in both hemispheres, are presented in this Poem, an unusual literary effort, such as is but seldom expected from this side of the Atlantic. This curious and moral poem is novel and unique: it bears the stamp of genius, which alone can strike a new path in poesy as well as philosophy.

It would be difficult to class it, although it may be compared with some of the best. It comes nearest to the didactic and philosophical poems, such as Pope’s on Man and Brookes’ on Beauty; Darwin, Thomson, &c. but it partakes of the Epic nature, in as much that the Epic sings a great heroic achievement and this poem inculcates a great truth, so as to perform a wise achievement. Pope wrote in rhymes, and his style is highly polished; while this poem employs the versification of Thomson and Milton, and has some neglects intermixed with the most sublime passages. It is however, altogether superior to Pope and Darwin in moral tendency, variety of subjects, and sublimity.

The great aim of this poem is to prove that Instability is as much a law of nature, as attraction or gravitation; that it rules both the physical and moral worlds, is equally wise and beneficent. This leads to a general survey of the universe the earth and mankind, becoming a kind of Mirror where are reflected the changeful scenes that they offer. Instability had never yet been traced so far and so well, much less sung in such strains. It is as if Newton had explained his laws of attraction and repulsion in a poem, instead of a mathematical work.

An invocation to the Genius of the Earth opens the poem, and it ends with a farewell to it, preceded by a Hymn to truth and a view of futurity. The machinery employed is only the help of divine attributes, and the Angels, as in Milton: there are no heathen Deities engrafted on it; but personifications of Sympathy, Truth, Divine Love, Nature, Science, the imp of intemperance, &c. The exordium states at once the subject, and explains the opposite tendencies of Change and Symetry, compared to Repulsion and Attraction, afterwards the subject is pursued and unfolded thro’ the Scenes of Nature and Morality: whereby a crowd of interesting causes and effects are reviewed, forming altogether a proper philosophy of Instability.

If this poem may bear a comparison with some Classics:
this fact, will be by itself a kind of Eulogy. If it is compared with Milton and Thomson's Seasons, as employing the same versification, it shall be found to have its own peculiar style, to be equal to them in some respects, inferior in others; but superior in some peculiar points.

Milton's Paradise Lost by the loftiness of the theme, and the energy of style, justly ranks as the best English Epic, yet it has defects of style and has been accused of some plagiarisms. His fight of Angels and Demons has been much blamed, deemed too monstrous even for a poetical flight of fancy: and Satan is evidently his unworthy Hero, since he achieves the Epic design of the fall of man.

Compared with Milton, this poem is equal in the lofty aim, the vivid pictures, the sublime thoughts and the ranges of imagination. The Hero of it, if any, is the Divine Love, that gives Life, freedom and hope forever, thro' everlastiuig changeful scenes, and therefore a more worthy Hero than Satan. It is inferior in length, and florid speeches; in pathos, stirring scenes, in energy—But it is almost superior in moral tendency, in undeviating benevolence of purpose, in variety of introduced subjects, and in scientific applications.

Compared with Thomson, it is equal in lucid views of Nature, pious sentiments, moral scope; what may be called the religion of the soul. It is inferior, in musical versification, in sentimental tendency, in happy Episodes—But superior in wider range of scenes, in lofty wisdom, and science, in inculcation of general tolerance and peace.

The style and the contents may exhibit several peculiar striking features. The versification altho' similar, and of the Iambic noble metre as usual in tragic and heroic poetry, has something peculiar. Milton is very negligent, he has some verses of six feet instead of five, and trochaic measures in the very middle of his verses. They sound well only at the opening of a verse, and as such are frequent in all heroic poems, as in this. But Milton and Thomson studiously avoid rhymes, and an additional liquid syllable, at the end of their verses: while this poem admits both when they happen to fall in. This renders the versification more smooth, varied, and pleasing to the ear: breaking the monotony of interlocking verses, and the constant accent of the ending word. That the author might have written in rhymes, if he had preferred, is evinced by his scattered rhymes, his rhymed hymns, apathetic, &c.

As varied appears the style: it is generally florid, forcible, expressive, terse and perspicuous; not seldom assuming
vigor and energy, and even rising to the sublime, when the subject allows it. Otherwise, it may be deemed harmonious and correct; equally stranger to bombastic inflation, and obscurity of meaning, altho' there are many intricate periods. The whole is a mirror of the world, divided into twenty Cantos or sections, each forming a small poem by itself with an adequate title, and including nearly 6000 verses. Some allegorical Episodes are introduced; that of Cohol and Cohiba is poetical and moral; it will be liked by all, except drunkards and tobacconists. That of Sympathy is of a still higher order. The hymn to the first born of God, is truly beautiful and of a severe pious cast. The hymn to Peace, is but a trifle; but equally just. The wheel of Fortune is an anomaly, and may please by the evident contrast between the sense and versification. The universal hymn and prayer at the end is excellent, and suited to all Religions.

Beauties abound in this poem, they are scattered like gems from beginning to end. They consist in vivid pictures, truths well expressed, the best moral precepts, a deep religious impression, sublime addresses to the deity and truth, a love of wisdom, virtue and universal peace, a benevolent universal tolerance and charity; sublime sketches of the Sun, Light, Fire, War, the Passions, Women, &c. Some of these expressive passages possess great poetical merit.

Whenever great beauties are found in a work of Genius, corresponding defects may be expected: Trublet and d'Israel have said that they are inseparable. Genius has beams and eccentricities, a light and shade. What may be deemed defects by some critics will be the flight to the land beyond the stars, the prophetical style respecting the end of wars, cupidity &c, some fervid suggestions, the repetition of the precepts of tolerance, the severity against critics, some inconsistencies and redundancies, a few contradictions or repetitions—But others may excuse these aberrations and imperfections.

The morality of the whole is unexceptionable, it breathes the mildest spirit of tolerance and peace, the purest wisdom and virtue, the kindest charity and benevolence: even carried to excess. The religion of the poem is one that admits of all others, and all the harmless pleasures of life; it wars only against evil, strife and the human Devils. It is a religion of Love and hope; the hints against intolerance, exclusive creeds and variable tenets, end by stating positively that all are in the right, who seek a God, and do not persecute. All will approve, except those who dislike latitude and absolute tolerance.
Melancholy is not found in these lines; but a heart alive to joy and hope. Yet there are many hints about the death of all, nay even the very Earth; but always contrasted by the hope of a renewed existence. Every thing here is spiritual and immortal; matter is only the tool of Spirits, who fly from one to another world, as led by hope, duty or doom.

The philosophy of the whole poem is celestial and ethereal; it seeks heaven and refers to it, at every step; borrowing most of its noble images from Nature, the sky and the heavens. It unfolds the probable means of creation, of the union of elements, the formation of organized bodies; always referring to a divine hand. It accounts for the diversity of mankind in complexions, features, languages, manners, policy, pursuits, affections, opinions, religious feelings and tenets, &c. It takes the most extensive view of the Universe, peopling the whole with living worlds, and these with other living beings: it animates the Stars, the Planets, and every thing they contain. It recalls men to their duties and teaches how to be happy in freedom and peace, so as to deserve to reach better worlds.

Vivid pictures of some objects are given so strikingly, that a painter could draw them from the outlines: such are the pictures of Ariel, the dwelling of sympathy, the common Shrine of Nature and science. Poetry ought to paint as well as sing, and here it is realized. The little poem on women is delightful, and cannot fail to please the sex it extols; it ends by a happy transition to playful children.

In conclusion this poetry is the poesy of the Soul; the philosophy is celestial; the morality, charity itself; the aim good and bold; the lesson true and wise! the religion that of Job and the patriarchs. The execution of the task answers the end intended; wisdom breathes in every page. A deep sense of conviction, or of satisfied curiosity, will no doubt be felt by the readers of congenial moulds, and happy tempers.

Those who may dislike this poem must have a bad heart, be exclusive in opinions, or fond of strife and discord. To them it is not addressed, since it deprecates what they hold dear. But the wise and good, the sensible souls, the friends of peace and mankind, and above all gentle women, must approve of it. If they do, it is likely that the poet will deem himself amply rewarded.

_Philadelphia, 1 January, 1836._
I wish to sing the changeful ample world
Where we now dwell, a little speck in space,
Yet a wide home for us, Dust of the Earth.
To sing of thee, I ask the friendly help,
Not of the Muses, heathen deities deaf
And blind, not of thyself, dull inert mass
Of matter; but of him, thy Lord and Leader,
Soul of this Earth, that dwells and lives in thee,
Spiritual mover guiding all thy motions.
Angel of light! fair child of solar life!
Tellurian soul! and guardian spirit! sent
By God to lead this globe in space, and all
The earthly functions sway! I call on thee,
Fair Ariel! appear, appear to me,
Come at my call, my verses to inspire. (N. 1.)

He comes, he comes, fair spirit of this sphere;
He flies, and from his hidden seat he stands
Now at my side, in his bright airy form,
Clad in the blue of azure sky and waves,
With scarf of evergreens and blossoms sweet;
Upon his head a snowy crown he wears,
Surrounded by Aurora's solar beams
That brightly sport and dance in shooting
streams.
Sandals of gold adorn his restless feet;
A silver wand within his hand he holds;
Around his neck, a string of gems is thrown
As dazzling as the Iris of the sky.

While mute I stood, the fairy vision viewing
With dumb delight; in accents mild he spoke:
Child of the Earth, what is thy wish? said he.
In humble mood, the daring words I utter:
Lord of the Earth! thyself alone invoking
My mind to thee applies for help and strength;
Soul of this globe! my soul to thine now calls
To guide my pen and voice, while I may dare
To write and sing of thee, and all within
Thyself; the mind to mind must speak, and not
To sod apply, that is so mute and cold.

In placid words his answer came to me,
Thou hast well done to call on me for help,
My son, and child of God who is my father,
As well as thine, and of those worlds, by us
Angels of his high will, throughout the space
And Ether made to live and move awhile.
Thy friend I'll be, and in thy mind shall throw
Some of that lore that mortals hardly know,
Or else neglect; that wisdom sprung in heaven,
INVOCATION.

That beams around the upper blissful worlds;
But so obscur'd in this, my sinful globe,
Given to me for home and body, like
Thy body was united to thy soul.
Thy pleasing song I often shall inspire,
And through the Earth or Sky, thy daring flight
May lead, on hopeful wings of solar light.

Having thus spoken, far away he flew,
Leaving with me a sense of happy bliss,
That made me thrill with joy, while I began
To sing of him, and us, of GOD, who is
In him, in us, and ev'ry where: no thing
Is without GOD, in space and time, nor was.
Father of all, he dwells with all, and shows
To men the solid good; his children spares,
Corrects, invites to happiness; while they
On earth too oft forget his bounties, and
Their duties slight, as children of his love.

II. EXORDIUM.

THE LAWS OF CHANGE AND SYMETRY.

In endless shapes, mutations quick or slow,
The world revolves, and all above, below,
In various moulds and frames all things were cast,
But none forever can endure nor last.
EXORDIUM.

Whatever took a form, must change or mend;
Whatever once began, must have an end.

Such is a law, a hidden law of Nature,
Or rather GOD, whose power when exerted
We thus have nam'd. This potent law by few
Has been perceiv'd as yet, altho' in heaven
On earth, in man, it may be seen, be felt,
And ever binds, as ever it will rule
The skies, the worlds, and all that live within.
Thus like another law from equal source
And similar; by few suspected till
A Newton came, his eye and mind unfolding
The secret motions ruling planets, globes,
The Earth itself, the sun, and all the stars,
With all the atoms dwelling there, within
Or else without, beyond the sight expanding.
By him this law was strong Attraction called,
By others Gravitation, else Impulsion,
In Elements affinity becoming;
While in the mental world sweet Sympathy.
The names are many, but all mean the same
Divine and binding law that thro' the space
And time, upholds, directs, connects and binds
Those rolling spheres, huge massive globes of earth
And other matter, where we dwell and live;
EXORDIUM.

Or those bright suns and starry lights we see
So far beyond our reach, and all the comets
Wandering clouds or worlds, with Nebulas
And Galaxies, and all the wonders far
Into the skies conceal'd, and widely spread,
Or else invisible, with all the Beings
Who creep upon their surface, swim in fluids
Or dart thro' air, as in our globe. Nay these
Aerial fluids, waters, oceans, seas,
Obey also this law; the particles
Of bodies, elements and fragments, all
Must follow it. The souls and spirits may
Avoid the ruling law, yet often feel
A tendency to union by a sweet bond
Of moral sympathy, that unawares
In blindness leads towards the objects chosen.

Such is also the wise and holy law,
As yet so little known, by few surmised,
By keenest eyes long sought: the Law of
CHANGE,
Or else mutations ever there recurring;
Diversity and mutability,
Divine and Earthly Instability:
That in perpetual motion keep the world,
Pervading and controlling ev'ry thing
That is, or was, or ever may exist. (2)

How few suspect that nothing ever can
Belong to permanent stability
In skies or sod? Eternal is that law
That wisely bids to spring, to live and die,
Not man and beasts alone, but blooming plants
Also, and all the Beings born: besides [skies.
The globes, and worlds, and suns, that fill the
But CHANGE extends also to vary forms,
And none of these were ever born alike,
Nor ever will. Not even two leaves or blooms
In vain you'll seek to match upon a tree.
No human being can be found on earth,
With face or limbs alike, in shape or size:
Much less two stars or planets wide apart.
This change is then a law in time and space
Existing, and on matter ever acting,
To modify, embellish all the Beings
That live to fill the wide extent of life:
With all the bodies holding now or ever
A seat in space; thus clothing them in shapes
Forever new or pleasing to the sight. 440
Not them alone in features strange and bold;
But ev'ry thing they do, or ever did,
From birth to death, from youth to oldest age.
In men, in nations, cities and empires,
In their complexions, motions, actions, speech,
Whatever once began must have an end,
Whatever took a form must change or mend.
This is the Law, the positive decree
EXORDIUM.

Written in heav'n, on earth; to us untold,
Yet eas'ly seen in daily facts and scenes.

But who can tell the terms of many lives,
When much beyond our own? Who ever saw
The birth and death of solar globes and stars?(8)
For whom perhaps an age is but a day;
Unless 'tis Him who sits on high and holds
The countless orbs within his potent grasp,
For whom their longest ages are as naught,
Not even days! Eternity his shrine,
Expanse his throne, and both within himself:
Nay, all that is must be in him alone.

By him we all enjoy the life he gave,
By him we move, and moving seek the grave.

'Tis him who made that law a boon of life:
A wise decree, since wisdom ever was
The aim of Nature's rule. In vain we'll say
Why not to live forever, never changing?
In heedless mood we once may speak these
words,
When pleasures smile and beauty shines on us,
When joy and love delight the youthful mind,
When happiness our lot appears to be.
But sad reverse, let age or fate betray
Our fondest hopes, then we soon wish for change.
Have we not been a child before we grew?
Nay even less, when in the womb of time.
Does not ev'ry day, or week, or month, or year
Effect great changes in our thoughts and deeds?
When in ripe youth, the blooming age we reach
Are we to rest and none to rest besides?
The daring wish may strike a selfish mind:
A wiser man will meet his doom and say,
The fruit when ripe must seek the earth and fall.

Go on pursue thy way to heaven leading
Immortal man, forever changing, yet
Ever in life revolving Entity
Of conscious existence. Take heed and seek
That virtue, truth and wisdom leading there.
Avoid the ills of life, the angry passions,
The strifes, deceits and woes of vice and crime.
Above all things endeavour to abstain
From greedy selfishness, the direful bane
Of social peace and mutual happiness.
Do good to all around and harm to none,
And blest thou wilt become. Remember well
To tolerate, if toleration seeking
Thy wish is happiness: thy fellow men
The same desire will feel and must obtain.
Forbear, concede and love, if love thyself
Thou wilt deserve and claim to cheer thy days.
A common father gave us life, thy heart
Must see thy brothers, in those beings who
By mutual fate in this unlucky sphere
Around thee dwell, with wishes like thy own.
Hinder them not the boons of life to seek,
Let them pursue the paths they may prefer.
Then may sweet peace and blessed toil prevail,
The earth adorn, unite mankind in love.
Soul of the world! the starry skies controlling,
Like human souls their bodies rule and lead:
Father of life and Lord of living worlds!
All beings born of thee obey thy laws;
The mighty mental Sun thou art of all
That is or was, is seen or still unseen
Near us, or far away into the wide
Abyss of time and Ether; but a few
Particles of thyself or atoms of
Thy light, they are, who fleet awhile in space.

By many links they are to thee connected,
By laws of love and pleasure ever safe.
With double chains or triple ties by thee
Are still impell'd to live and move, remain
Within thy power, in willing bondage; free
To rove within the limits set by thee.

Ruler of all by wise and steady laws!
We study them in order to obey
Thy will. And thus we find that double ties
Often control each other, to prevent
Excess in each, by blending tendencies
Of opposite import and aim. We see
The moral world by good and evil sway'd,
By turns upon each other acting, they
Evolve the greatest good. Attraction has
A foe to check its course, excess prevent,
Or both united join to rule in peace.
We many names apply to this wise law
Imparting life, Repulsion else Expulsion,
Antipathy within the moral world.
Yet all alike, they tend to check the act
That might all bodies blend into one mass:
Around the sun the planets roll, instead
Of throwing them into the solar focus:
The souls repel from evil by dislike
And pain, that good and pleasure teach by turns,
Or sweet contrast, of wise import to us.

'Tis thus that change, eternal law of God,
Another law has met to rule the world;
They jointly blend to beautify the whole,
Without both aids, it could not be admired.
This needful help is symmetry, that bears
So many other names and terms receives:
Stability, or Sameness, or else
Permanence, Durability; they all
Imply the action of a single law
Tending to dullest uniformity.
If in the world it should prevail alone,
We should perceive in ev'ry thing alike,
But one dull mass a single color showing;
In bodies but one shape and size, or few:
Ever the same, unborn, undying, or moving
But in one way, a single path pursuing:
EXORDIUM.

The minds and souls would think and act alike,
Or nothing have to say: a single speech
In vain might then prevail. The earth might be
All land or sea, a single tribe producing
Of beasts and blooms. If individuals had
Birth any where, so like and similar,
None would be known, or any thing enjoy.
To think of this, a shudder will produce;
'Twould be a Chaos, similar or worse
Than the confusion of all Elements
Before Creation was by God decreed.

But lo! how different the scene has been
By wisdom's call ordain'd, when joyful changes
The world have fill'd, adorn'd with many hues,
Bodies of various shapes, the earth with men
Of various features, minds with thoughts unlike
Acting apart; with crowds of blooming plants,
Birds, fishes, beasts of many kinds, to sport
Aloft or in the waters, else to trample
The solid ground; all useful, having each
A lot to fill, a life to run, enjoy.

Yet if this world was only rul'd by Change
And nothing was alike, we could not see
The beautiful array and order of
[not
The glorious skies; the days and nights should
Succeed in regular display, nor months
Seasons and years. All bodies if unlike
EXORDIUM.

Could never love nor match, the beings free
Of due restraint and hope could not agree
In any duty; whims alone might follow.
Thus felt must be the need of a control,
Wisely appointed in fair Symetry, [bounds
That checks the law of change and sets due
To useless whims, unruly actions stops.
By Symetry the bodies take a form
Into the moulds are cast of many kinds,
To life and love are born, their happiness
Pursue, thro' many paths: the minds agree
On many points. The planets round the sun
In steady circles roll, and daily whirls
Perform. Sweet harmony prevails among
The spheres and stars. The streams pursue
their courses,
In daily tides the waves do ebb and flow,
While ev'ry year the sweetest flowers blow.
Organs and limbs alike, the Genera
Obtain; but species vary shapes and colors.
Our social feelings spring, for fellow beings
Of human frame: our speech so oft unlike,
Yet many links in common words has found
Spoken by millions in peculiar tongues.
Nations are formed, binding laws enacted,
Houses and cities built, upon a plan
Of solid use and graceful Symetry.
In dress, in manners, food, religions or
Actions, great many will agree, conform
Either for ages or awhile. Thus all
Upon this earth partake of these two laws,
Each other modifying, and adorning:
In happy bonds of genuine friendship link'd,
Rivals for sway, yet each a share obtaining of rule, to reign on earth, and in the skies;
Each striving to fulfil the needful scope,
Controlling matter, spirits, souls and bodies.

These laws divine, unlike the human laws,
Exceptions nor evasions never meet.
The laws of kings, of rulers, or lawgivers
Endure awhile, are changed, set aside;
Not so with those that wisely rule the world,
They are immutable, eternal, like
The holy giver, source of goodness pure.
While ev'ry thing must change, or mend or die,
The law of change itself endures forever.

The laws of God, on wood are neither written,
Nor chaffy rags, that perish, burn, decay;
Not ev'n engrav'd on stone or metal hard,
That crumble, rust, or melt in violent fires:
But in the hearts of men, on earth and sky,
In all the works of God in Nature seen,
They are so deeply grav'd by a divine
Finger of steel, that they endure as long as he who gave those laws of love and wisdom.
III. THE UNIVERSE.

STARS, SUN, AND LIGHT.

The constant streams of existence and life
Are like unsteady rolling waves, at sea
Rising to sink, to rise and sink again;
Offering endless shapes, perpetual motions,
By these wise rules sustain'd and led to good,
Nay very best designs and purposes,
In life and death, thro' ample range of space.
From elements invisible and thin,
To living atoms faintly hardly seen,
The steady course we trace and may perceive
Of constant change and mutability:
Thro' all the living beings up to man,
Throughout his institutions and pursuits,
His thoughts, opinions, and ev'n his religions;
Nay further yet, to all the works of nature,
To hills or mountains high, to brooks and streams,
Rivers and Lakes, the ocean and his shores.
By rising higher we may lift the eyes
Towards the fleeting clouds, and thunderbolts,
The polar beams in dancing rays observe
To sport awhile, the rain and snow by turns
To fall and sink, the meteors of light
In darkness shining, prone to disappear:
All these obey this sway, they flirt and vanish. Beyond their range, we reach the boundless vault,
Where eyes may dive in vain, and seldom could
Even by thought attempt to fathom far,
The wonders of the starry heavens bright,
Unless by telescope with spreading sight
They aid the daring search: then are reveal'd
The treasures of the skies, in Ether spread.
By telescopes the eyes increase their range,
The suns and spheres explore; with true delight
Survey the seats of glorious worldly life,
The functions of the globes and spreading light.
They may perceive, afar beyond the stars,
Millions of worlds that never were surmised
Except by keenest mental eyes; but now
This mental sight can even reach beyond.
Some men are blest, with double sight endowed;
One ever soars beyond the range of vision,
So limited in others, deeply diving
In space, increasing vision, to enlarge
The mental view of things untold, unseen.
Where ends the range and limits have been set
To mortal eyes, there mental sight begins
To fathom space, and worlds invisible
Surveys, admires: with many daring eyes
This inward sight is gifted to detect,
Perceive and grasp the wonders of the skies,
Never enjoy'd by eyes of earthly man.
Say not 'tis fancy all or else illusions.
No, 'tis now that my friendly angel stands
Near me, my boldest flight and strains inspires.

Unhappy they who can deny this truth,
A single sight receiv'd, or blind themselves
By scorn to mental rights of keen perceptions.
Many we know are born to cruel blindness
Of solar light depriv'd, from their sad birth; 400
Others with dimness only see, thro' clouds,
Or film, disorders of the body's eyes.
The same may happen with our mental sight
Some minds have clearer sharp perceptions;
Others a dull or dimmer mental view alone
Can claim, to look beyond a certain range
Unable quite. If born without the power
Of second view, in mental darkness living,
They never see the treasures of the skies.
No more can a blind man the sun perceive,
His light effulgent, dazzling colors, shades,
Adorning all: than these unhappy men
Devoid of mental eyes, can see of God
The glorious works, beyond the bounds of sight;
Freely displayed to perfect lofty minds
That soar afar, and all the worlds survey;
But hidden treasures to the human crowd,
By astronomers sought and oft reveal'd.
Oh happy they, who have this boon receiv'd,
And live in mental light of many hues. 420
To them this Earth is but a paltry sphere,
Rolling awhile thro' space, or Volvox like, (4)
A speck minute, within a drop of water
Swimming and whirling quick, unseen by millions
Of other worlds and beings, life and peace
Enjoying far away into the places [death;
Where they were born, and moving seek their
Unless immortal spirits they become.

Arisemysoul, the loftiest theme attempt;
Above the shining worlds, a daring search
Begin; and what is seen by thee, do tell
In song sublime, that may the mind convince.

Beyond the starry skies there is a sea
Of light, where Islands swim in heavenly
Beauty array'd, and spirits flirt in rays
Of beams divine: there is a land of Love,
Of solar dazzling light, and dusty gold,
Darting a golden Ether, source of light,
To bind the solar systems and puny worlds.

The mind must feel that space can have no bounds,
Whatever number be of things or thoughts
Others may be beyond. And thus behind
The Nebulas and Belts, our Galaxies,
Of starry clouds and oceans, lies that land
And sea, with all their wonders; Island Moons,
The sun is but an atom to the smallest!
Spread like a sea or atmosphere around
The whole, in azure cloud is found, AKAZ, (5)
Ether divine, the source of light and stars;
Nay all the worlds and suns we see are but
Dense particles united of this fluid,
In solid spheres compressed and congealed.

There stands the central land and throne
Of our wide Universe, the home of all.
There shines in splendid glory this fair Land,
The Home of Love divine, and angels sprung
From love, as all the worlds besides have been.
There live also fair beings of all shapes
And hues; with those immortal spirits, sent
To wander thro' the distant space and spheres,
Awhile from world to world a rambling visit
In human shape to pay, to live and die,
Until their final home they reach with joy.

Land of delight, bright heav'n of bliss and love!
Thou throne of God and all that is divine,
I hail to thee from this far distant sphere
And puny world, to seek thy blissful rest,
In peaceful acts of love at last to live
With God, near him that gave me birth and Soul.
Eyes of my soul! that have the vision sought,
Do not deceive the hopeful trust it gives.
Soul of the world! my own to thine is linked
By love and hope, do not betray my wish.

No, no! says God to man, when humble hope
Bespeaks the truth, and calls him to his side:
The time will come to meet, when many worlds
And lives of purity shall lead thee there.

Then soul to soul may speak, and thought to thought

Respond, since both are but thy children, born
Out of thy love to give, and life impart:
Yes all that is was thine and sprung from thee,
Soul of the World! the Universe thy work,
And We thy mental thoughts, by thinking love
All born from thee. 'Tis Him that made the whole.

He said, let there be time, and time began,
Let there be Love, and Love was at his side,
Let there be space, and space expanded far,
Let there be light, and light was shining round,
Let there be worlds, and worlds were spread thro' space,
Let there be Souls, and Souls sprung out of his,
Let Beings live, and Beings liv'd and lov'd,
Let angels be, and angels flew in light.
He said at last let there be men on Earth,
And here we are, his youngest children born
For happiness, but through our Sins delayed.
My mental eyes could not all this perceive;
THE UNIVERSE.

But led by higher power I have surmised
The truth, and of past ages thought: until
The source of all, that is, has been revealed. 500

Shall I a further daring search attempt
Beyond the Land of God? towards the verge
Of solar lives and seas is space a void
At last? there naught existing? or else be? (6)
But hush, no longer can my eyes extend
Their vision, nor my mind receive a hint
From usual friendly prompter; it is time
To stop and nearer look. But I suspect
That heavens have no end in their extent,
Nor wonders cease as they expand throughout.
The Land of light, of stars the daily mother,
Is not alone a wonder of delight,
The mighty seat and stool of loving God:
He may have many thrones, since our own globe
So paltry, distant, and unworthy quite,
Has been his stool and yet reclains his care.
Around the whole still God is met in power,
Within his Womb the Universe inclosing.

My eyes repose upon the solar worlds,
Attention claiming by their moving powers; 520
These rolling spheres of many hues of light
In clusters spread, achieve their mighty race.
In curling spiral circles, and around
Their central magnets swiftly fly revolving,
Seen or unseen by turns, with all their moons
THE UNIVERSE.

Or minor stars and satellites, the globes,
Planets and comets; many forms they offer,
With many motions strange, and are endowed
With their peculiar life; while they are homes
Of countless men and beings of all kinds;
In swarms they live, wherever light has reached.
Meantime a worthy, boldest man of late,
Herschell his name, a name to Newton mate,
Has seen and has reveal'd the secret changes,
That endless ages have achiev'd, nay yet
Go on unerring, following the law
That bids to be, and live to move and die.
'Tis he who dared to surmise and say,
He saw in fancy eyes the birth of worlds,
By shining light, ethereal vital fire,
Now widely spread in lucid clouds, or else
In flaming comets' tails, now slowly forming
By gradual concentration, matter bright,
In luminous or sparkling globes or stars
Attraction meeting, moulding them to shapes
Of spherical fair globes in blazing fires.

Thus sidereal wide space is ever filling;
Thus comets, planets, moons, and other worlds,
Perhaps are yearly made, created far
Apart by hands divine; no idle God
Is He, who rules the worlds, and millions has
Of angels to command, his bid obeying.
In solid balls or hollow spheres, in disks,
Or rings and zones, they are forever cast
In moulds of life, by symmetry adorned.
In floating airy fluids, or fiery belts
They swim, or liquid oceans wash their limbs.
Each will assume a form or size unlike
Not two are similar, and thro' their lives
Or existence, for us almost eternal,

They ever change in some degree or mood.
But who shall count the years they have to live?
Their periods of decay? Yet being born
Their doom must be to die; but when and how?
Their pile may be the fire that gave them life,
Caloric light subduing strong attraction.
Or else a dissolution, wat'ry grave,
Or sublimation in thin vapors spreading
Again to roam in space, until recalled
To worldly life, by attraction and love.
From Ether they were born, to Ether go,
Like man who born of earth to earth returns.
Have we not seen? at various times of old
Stars to be spent, and disappear awhile
Or else forever, like a light when blown.
Have we we not seen? new stars into the skies
To blaze where none before appear'd, or comets
To come and go, and never yet return.
Oh wonders of the sky! of all the scenes

The most sublime, who can your numbers tell?
Not made for us but countless other beings,
THE UNIVERSE.

Yet teaching us the laws of life and death,
Our hopes reviving, mortal men consoling;
New homes they offer, souls inviting there
When freed from earthly bonds, they seek for heaven.

King of the sky! refulgent solar orb,
That gives us light and heat, to nourish life:
To thee we hail, and human eyes admire,
In wonder lost, thy beauty and thy size;
Both much beyond conception; whence not few
Tellurian minds in thee a God adore:
Of old as Phoebus known, Apollo else
A Baal, Lord of Heaven, worthy Sire
Of most exalted Lords and living Fire.

So dazzling is thy brightness that no eyes
Can bear to look on thee without the danger
Of blindness to ensue, a trusty image
Becoming of thy Ruler; mighty Lord,
By mental eyes but seldom fixt too long,
Without a fearful blindness, frequently
Inducing; tender eyes unable are
To bear the blinding beams of fulgid light
From solar orb and thee, oh God! direct
Into the eyes and souls convey'd, absorbed.

Luminous fluid that fills the wide expanse!
In thee are swimming all the worlds and spheres.
Thou art of God a glorious agent seen
THE UNIVERSE.

And ev'ry atom showing, yet unfelt:
But to the mind convey'd, in colors bright
Painting the worlds in glaring beauty for
Perceptions to arise of thee, of them,
Of all that is; of God himself to give
A faint and distant glimpse; this very light
From Him is emanating far away,
Into the starry skies it lights the lamps
Of sparkling stars, the dazzling solar sphere;
From thence it shoots in everlasting streams,
And all the planets vivifies at once,
Their surface glossing with a share of light;
To feed of life the precious hidden stores. 620

From all the orbs and bodies it rebounds,
Reflected in new streams of lucid rays,
And interposing links each other striving,
In ev'ry way directed, to outfly.
Thou art not matter, ethereal unbounded
Ocean of Light, forever rapid motion
Exerting and imparting; yet so thin
That bodies can thro' thee proceed without
The least impediment of speed. Thyself
A wonder, since each particle minute,
If such thou hast, itself can penetrate,
Or slide along without resistance by
The constant shocks. A substance medial Light
Must be, between the heavy matter, quite
Unable thus to move, at ev'ry step
Meeting or giving a resistance bold,
And spiritual unmaterial unseen
Essence or substance filling all the world. (7)

Matter the light receives, repels, refracts,
But light cannot repel itself, but moves 640
Forever strait from worlds to worlds, as angels
And beams divine, are streaming thro' expanse
In all directions. Light by matter is
Partly absorb'd, imparting to all bodies
The shock of life. Perhaps it gives to planets
The power of revolving quick around
Our solar central focus of this light:
Repulsion may produce; attraction brings
The tendency of matter to descend,
The largest massive power to join, uniting
Bodies into a solid passive form.

With fire, Caloric heat, combines the light,
And with Electron; flames and thunder both
Evince and scatter light, as focal seats.
Perhaps in these, as well as magnetism
And gravitation join'd, we only see
Of light the changeful state well modified.
If matter takes so many forms, we may
Well think, suppose, that light as many takes.
All colors bright or dull, are pictures of it. 660
The various flames by different bodies fed,
As many changeful forms of light and heat
Appear: galvanic fires, magnetic sparks,
But other modes of fiery existence.
That nervous fluid giving and imparting
Sensations of delight or pain, to men
And animals, is but another mode
Of latent existence in them and we,
Of light absorb'd galvanic shocks evolving.

Upon the sun the solar light condensed
Is bathing solar angels dwelling there.
This orb, with glorious lucid atmosphere,
Is not a ball of fire as many thought;
But splendid globe, a golden land with streams
And seas of liquid pearls, with mountains high
Of lofty gems and crystals shining forth.
Ethereal fluids the ambient air comprise,
While light itself the whole surrounds, adorn-
There Iris clouds arise, by us as spots (8)
Perceiv'd: but others deem the solar light
To spread, expanding self with openings
Disclosing solar lands. Whatever be
The real case, in time we shall detect
When to explore the sun, our eyes shall dare
Under a veil, his wonders will declare.

Around the dazzling orb, the planets roll
Bathing in Light and Ether, fond companions:
And nearly all have moons, as children born
To move in orbits nearer to their focus,
Reflecting light in various shapes, extent.
Among the planets, Venus brightest star
Is harbinger for us of morn and eve.
The fiery Mars in purple hue is drest.
Proud Jupiter outshines them all in size,
With many cloudy zones he is arrayed.
Saturn has double rings, anomaly
In worlds near us. How many more exist.
Planets of solar stars, is not revealed:
Within their sparkling rays they are conceal-
Of wand’ring stars, or comets often seen.
When near they reach, the number is immense.
Some orbits take for path, elliptic tracks,
But others never seen but once, appear
To roam at will, or as the fluids impel,
Thro’ which they fly in rapid active course.
In shapes and sizes atmospheres and tails
They all vary: Some thin as air, the stars
Do not eclipse; while solid centres show
In others thicker matter, often dreamed
To be of worldly spheres the rambling germs. (9)
All these great works of God, so distantly,
So thinly overspread, were never made
To shine in vain; but homes of life became.
In comets sad the fate, in planets better,
In solar globes still more, their beings live.
Our sister planets, growing bodies must,
And conscious beings may, to ours evolve
Akin, not quite unlike, and even men
Exist; but with a different shape and size.
III. THE EARTH AND MOON.

WATER, FIRE AND LAND.

But from this lofty theme and daring search
To Earth we must return, our globe and home,
Where all bespeak the changes daily seen.
The air is never still, the winds will blow
From ev'ry side by turns in gentle breeze,
Or gales, and stormy ire; in hurricanes
That suddenly foul desolation spread:
In lesser speed, of ships they fill the sails,
And waft across the seas the floating vessels
Connecting of mankind, the tribes remote,
By oceans deep divided, thus in vain.
Vapors arise in fogs or curly clouds,
That swiftly fly to shade the burning sun,
Or else descend in balmy dews to bathe
The spreading blooms, in gentle showers fall
Or streams of rain, the soil to fertilize.
Else they congeal in solid lumps of hail,
Or crystals white of snow, and many shapes,
THE EARTH AND MOON.

To spread the wint'ry dress beyond the tropics,
Or lofty mountains crown with frozen snow:
While polar ice in islands rising swims.

Survey the world of waters sweet or salt;
The oceans wide and deep, in placid calm,
Or stormy waves arrayed, a splendid scene:
The tides that ebb and flow, to breathe
In rolling surf upon the sandy shores,
Or break in angry mood, upon restraint
By rocks and cliffs. The foaming angry waves
That ever roll and fall to toss astray
The proudest ships, while whales and birds
in sport
Bask in their foam: Of instability,
Billows you are, unfaithful emblem true;
Never the same, the winds bid you to rise,
Yet ever sink to rise and roll again.
The whirling spouts in cloudy pillars fall,
And meet the sea, in angry bubbles boiling.
The currents swift or slow, the briny mass
In streams remove, to check the stagnant pool;
Nay ever flow in circular meanders.

Survey all this, in each the law perceive
That bids th' unsteady sea in motion ever
To be; and seldom rest in sullen calm.

Upon the land, the liquid waters seek,
Spreading in lakes, by sloping hills surrounded;
Fair inland seas that have also their waves,
Their storms, their currents, spouts, and tiny tides.
Sweet are their waters, when an outlet reaching
They flow in streams, but briny or else bitter
When quite confin'd, or sunk within the Earth.
The Caspian such; but Erie meets a chasm (10)
Where suddenly it sinks into Ontario,
Thro' noble stream and fall of Niagara.

The bubbling springs admire, that ever feed
The purling brooks, becoming larger soon,
In rivers merging, bold or majestic,
Flowing in streams, to fertilize the ground,
Valleys, and plains, the sea to meet in broad
Havens or estuaries, inviting trade.

None can be met, alike in length or breadth,
Nor sinuous course, nor depth, nor devious banks:
Nay each will change in yearly bulk by floods;
Islands are formed, and deltas in the sea
Daily increase. Some roll in muddy pools,
Others in limpid streams, with various colors
The waters flow or change, the yellow, red,
Or blacker hues assume. A placid mood
Here they will show, but then a rapid current
In bolder mood, thro' rocky beds they roll,
In cataract they tumble, loudly roar.

The fountains of the earth are earthy pores,
The sweat and moisture of this globe exuding.
How various and unsteady in their sizes,
Contents and functions? Few are always pure,
But liquid fluids of many kinds they throw,
Sweet or impure, both cold and tepid, warm
Or hot; that gently rise, or bubbling boil,
Nay spout on high. Now nearly dry becoming,
Or full their basons filling to the brim.
Not only water flows from earthly springs,
But mineral fluids, holding sulphur, iron,
Acids and gazes, lime, and many salts.
Naphtha and oils from fountains seldom flow;
Yet there are such, even liquid pitch (14)
In bubbles bursting underground, in lakes
Expanding; thro' volcanic regions, prone
To offer fiery springs, in heat evolving:
While spungy ground, or marshy soil conceal
Of lurid swamps the deadly hues and mire.
Where none arise, where liquid outlets scarce,
Or if the soil they shun, a desert dry
The earth becomes; and if no fluid could moist
This globe, it would have been a dreary wild,
Unfit for life, where life should be extinct.

The latent fire is spread in ev'ry pore
Of matter; heat, caloric are but names
Of this pure element, in dire effects
Variable, potent, felt. By strange power,
It keeps all things apart, and tends in all
To swell, expand and break the bonds of matter.
Upwards, around, radiating in all places,  
It has no weight and never sinks beneath.  
With light uniting ever, fleeting prone  
It flies or darts, and visible becomes.  

In endless changes, moods and forms evolving,  
It will appear, and disappear by turns;  
But whether seen, or quite invisible,  
Felt or unfelt, existing and pervading  
All elements or bodies more or less.  

From air to water, fluids, solid rocks,  
To plants and animals, to man himself.  
Never the same although the same appearing,  
But in all shapes, connections, e’er the same.  

Without his help the earth would be congeal’d  
All beings frozen, the water ice become,  
No air be breath’d; thus life soon at an end.  
For there is heat in air, in water, blood,  
Altho’ unseen: nay in the very ice  
And snow it lays conceal’d; but much reduced.  
Throughout the world it flows in hidden streams,  

Around all bodies sports and ever beams.  

When heat evolves with air and light unites,  
It breaks in burning flames, on fuel feeding  
Destroying form and life, consuming all.  
In dazzling thunderbolts it darts afar,  
From cloud to cloud, or on the earth it strikes,  
And hills; when electricity combines
THE EARTH AND MOON.

With it in deadly anger roaring loud.

In other permutations we may see
The blazing fiery meteors sublime.
The shooting stars, the globes and rains of fire,
Their heat evolving or else holding fast.
The northern lights and lovely bow in clouds
May be of heat deprived, but where a light
In any shape appears, there is also
A fire combin'd. What is the real source
Of heat? but solar light, since clear glasses
Of convex shape the solar rays collecting
A potent fire evolve, consuming all. [860

How many fires of late have been revealed?
That formerly in matter were concealed?
Galvanic latent heat, electric sparks,
Now handled by the daring hand of man.
But who shall dare to sport with earthy fires?
The central heat, in awful abyss sunk, (12)
Volcanoes forming, rising to this day. [quakes

See where the ground in trembling fever
And darts galvanic fires; the clouds of smoke
Ascend on high, the bolts to heaven fly
In all directions; Ashes fall like snow,
And scorch the ground; the burning lava boils,
Like melted iron flows, and desolation
Is spreading far: high hills arise, where none
Before had stood, while others fall or sink.
The fields of men, their homes, their cattle,
towns,
And cities proud are swept away by turns.

Upon the earth in various places, high
Or low, arise the hills or lofty cones,
Which bear within their hollow bowels, hot
And awful fires that rocks and metals burn.
Thro' one or many mouths their dingy smokes
Evolving, dreadful loud explosions follow,
To warn and frighten man. In full eruption
The mountain roars and blazes lurid flames.
Showers of ashes, gravel, fill the sky,
And far away to distant regions fly.

The burning lava soon overflows the brim,
In streams of fire upon the sides expands,
To desolate and spoil the blooming ground,
A soil fertile with glowing rocks to fill.

Of such volcanoes, dreadful blazing moun-
I dared to reach the brim, and throw my eyes
Thro' clouds of smoke into their boiling fires.
An awful sight, that makes the stoutest heart
To quiver, wonder, and exclaim, how great
The works of God! But he has will'd these throes
And dismal fires to cool the heated earth,
And warn mankind, that they depend on him.

While from this very power, follows good,
The ashy rains of dust and gravel hard,
Soon crumble and become a fruitful soil,
Where thrive the olive and the vine, of peace
And joy the emblems; overlooking all
The dangers, man there silently admires,
The power that from evil can evolve
A greater good, and fertilize the soil:
While earthly heat is thrown into the air,
To lessen central fires and cool the globe.

Returning on the ground we like to tread
Upon, in verdant dress array'd, we may
The soil survey that gives to man his food:
By falling leaves or crumbling rocks increas'd,
Furrows or gullies split, yet still adorn'd.
The sloping hills that once were cliffs of stone:
The lofty mountains, once much higher still;
Whose ruins in rocky piles or boulders strange,
By time were scattered afar, to tell
Of former changes; yet a previous happens,
When mountains shooting from beneath their roots,
Like crystals form their angles or sharp points
Upon their base, in gradual steps ascending.

Between the hills and mountains stand apart
The blooming valleys, gardens of this globe,
The fruitful plains the husbandmen inviting,
Or shepherds calling with their flocks to graze
The verdant grass. In gloomy forests dwelt
The wildest beasts; but now their precious timber
Offer for fuel, ships and homes to build.
Fair groves they are become, with bloomy glades
And lovely meads connected and improved.

Fair Moon, thou only daughter of this Earth,
Queen of the sky, and glowing lamp of night;
Unsteady orb, of changes emblem old
Thou ever wast: in crescents, rings or disk
Appearing, shining or eclipsed; ever
In various daily shapes and shades, thou art
Reveal'd. Yet in thy steady monthly course
Around this globe revolving as a friend,
To shine in dusky night, and point the way
To travellers, or sailors on the sea.

Once a mere lamp of heav'n the moon was
For wise men, a land became of wonders:
With lakes and seas, with mountains steep adorn'd,
Volcanoes, valleys, plains, as on the earth.
The wisest knew, surmising truth, she was
A little world, with shady groves, and gifted
With beings of her own to ours unlike.
But doubting minds, deny'd the fact, supposing
She had no air to feed their lives, nor clouds
To moisten them, the arid soil supply
With balmy dews and needful rains to drop:
Yet where combustion thrives, and smoke arises,
An atmosphere they both reveal or form. (18)

A time is coming when the human mind
With skilful tools shall further pry into
The lunar world. Aided by double lenses,
Gigantic tubes and glasses, human eyes
Shall see, what has so long to us remained
Conceal’d, and many wonders contemplate. 960

Columbus of the moon, a skilful man,
With daring sight exploring this new world,
Discoveries shall make with magic spell
Convey’d into the human eyes and mind,
Astonishing beholders gazing there.

Then of this sister world, the nearest to
Our own, we shall obtain a better view;
Another range for mind to rove and think
Upon; to speculate, analogies
Deducing by comparing other worlds
To this, as well as ours. A very thin
Aerial atmosphere, with misty clouds
Will be detected. Lakes and ample seas
Better defin’d, the shores and tides perceiv’d.
The rivers, hills, and plains as on a map
Will then be drawn. And if there may exist
Large trees and animals in lunar regions,
We may expect to see them wave or sport.
Of lunar men the doubtful existence
Shall be decided; whether fram’d alike, 980
Or of a lower order of mankind,

THE EARTH AND MOON. 45
In accordance with lesser size of planet:
Whether quite savage yet, or civilized,
In woods, or huts, or cities dwelling there.

By magic glasses aided, we may hope, (14)
Even to see beyond, much more to know;
With solar light wherever it may reach
To roam and fly. Still other worlds reveal,
In part explore, the splendid vivid homes
Of many sentient, conscious beings, with
Effusive life endowed. All this to see,
Admire, before we die, and by this glimpse,
No longer fear the grave that lead us there.

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V. THE FORMER EARTH.

CATACLYSMS, FLOODS AND FOSSILS.

But while surveying thus the actual earth,
Her changeful scenes; the times recal to mind
Of other ancient changes, ruinous traces,
With memories of cataclysms: events
Of yore by us recorded or surmised,
Which thro' the maze of time we search and find.

When lofty minds delight to raise awhile 1000
The gloomy veil of time and ages past,
Beyond Memory's hold, and Clio's reach
FORMER EARTH.

They search unwritten pages, words unspoken, Medals engraved by Nature's potent hand. They soar throughout the skies, and ask the suns When born? how made? and scattered thro' space, To light and warm the planets, comets, moons. How rolling worlds were thrown to wheel around? In splendid homes prepar'd, adorn'd for men And beings numberless, since born therein. They sink beneath the soil to seek below Within the deepest graves records of life; Their epitaphs of time, reveal, explain. Of nations sunk to dust almost unknown, Through various languages no longer spoken, Through crumbling monuments and relics faint, They trace the steps and deeds, their arts unfold. Within the earthly bowels in rocky tombs They find the bones and shells of buried bodies, Or woody fragments, formerly partaking, Enjoying life. Their existence revealed, A useful lesson teaches; the law of change Fully confirms, without exceptions ruling The flying Orbs, and moving living beings. Meantime in these, and ev'ry where, we may The mighty hand of God, perceive, adore. By flood or floods, by many revolutions, By Cataclysms, successive changes felt, We may account for rocky tombs involving
These relics, once a softer bed presenting,
A great deluge, a mighty flood of waters,
Come once to overwhelm the earthy globe
From whence we hardly know, yet often dare
Vainly surmise. Some say a comet flew
Too near; while others think a change of motion
Accounts for it; or shock of many fluids
In either case produc'd. We may ascribe
It, if we like, to sinking, or upheaving
Of continents, land regions widely changed;
The ocean swell'd to mountain tides of woe,
Abyss of water spreading desolation
By breaking thro' the solid earthy crust.
Whatever was the cause, by mighty spell,
In overflowing waves, the soil was drowned;
And overwhelming all that stood before
Their way, with rainy floods combining to
Destroy the human race, the animals
And plants that liv'd upon the earth: except
The few that were in mountains sav'd, in arks
Or places of refuge, escaping death
Together with the swimming water tribes.

But searching minds have lately proclaimed
The awful theme of many floods of yore,
And clysmian deeds of partial casual scope,
Anterior and posterior to the last
Greater deluge; that have destroy'd the lives
Of many beings, even wat'ry tribes:
FORMER EARTH.

Ere men had come to share this earthly home.
Two cataclysms at least have since been felt
By men, dismay and horror scattering
Afar. The last was equally severe,
And split the land into the actual fragments.

Sunk in the strata of hard rocky stones,
Or beds of slate and sand, are shells and fishes
Once dwelling far within the ocean deep;
But now removed to mountains high and steep,
By sunken sea or lifted land. Besides
The bones of animals and plants, that move
Or grow upon the land: yet now entombed
Not far apart, upon each other met
In superpos'd position, often mingled.
There deeply buried as in their last grave
They have become the medals of this globe;
The evidence of successive creations,
Of living forms now chang'd or quite unknown,
By Him who never ceases giving life;
Who said, let there be life, and they were born.

If medals struck by nations, cities, kings,
Reveal, recall their names, their deeds and dates
These fossil medals struck by life and death,
Reveal the forms, the existence, sad fate
Of countless beings; names receiving now
From us, when brought to light from their dark tombs.
Some of their deeds also may be imprest
Upon their frames, localities and shapes;
But bear no dates, except the local signs
That successive convulsions indicate,
And we restore, comparing sites of graves.

Even their modes of death, or how extinct,
Is oft obscure, or liable to doubts;
If overwhelm'd by water, fire or mud,
A flood, a stream, a current strong and wide,
Eruptions of volcanoes, rising tides,
Or any other awful kind of fate.

To trace the time of each destructive power,
Respective ages ascertain and fix,
Is arduous task beyond the human ken.
But ev'ry thing by daring man is tried,
And floods of many kinds were thus invented,
Suppos'd, in order to account for each
Stratum of fossil relics in decay
Entomb'd, or faint impressions left in stones
By living stamps destroy'd. The vain surmises
Of such prolific floods, of wide extent
And baneful nature, are not always true,
Never were universal on our globe.

But many local floods have taken place
And yet occur; some fatal, desolating
A tract of country, overwhelming towns
With men and cattle: others even less
In cruelty, are only seen to spread
Over a small extent, and fewer lives
FORMER EARTH.

Destroy, of living beings and rooted plants.
Yet both these cataclysms unequal means
Display; the elements are all, employ'd
To wage a war against mankind and life.
The air and winds; the waters, waves and
streams; [floods:
Earthquakes and spouts, tornadoes, storms and
Eruptive matter, thunderbolts and fires.
They all combine to awe the human race, 1120
By turns assail the earth, and dire effects,
Confin'd to narrow limits, oft produce.
Under the sea, the ocean bitter waves,
Volcanic deep eruptions rage also,
That scatter death among the finny tribes:
The waves themselves to boiling heat reduce.

To ask, when born these fossils were? is idle,
Nay worse, unwise; the countless ages of
Their existence can only be surmised
By guess, comparing depths of graves and sites.

To ask how born, and why no longer now?
Is bold. How can we hope to know, detect,
The ways of God in active mood employed?
Some may contend that many times his power
Upon the earth was felt to bid new life:
But others deem that once alone exerted
To ev'ry thing gave life, by single act
Creating wonders wise beyond belief,
That by successive change unfold themselves.
The earth herself is thought alive, and all
Within; which living power can endow
The very stones with life: they crystalize
In forms quite regular with lines and sides,
In straight or curved angles sharp or flat.

If by increase of action modified
Successive sportive forms arise, combine,
In changeful moods to frame, produce, become
All that we see, with organs, life, endowed;
'Tis but of God the active power still,
Thro' laws of wisdom, change, exerting skill.

From crystals bright and gems so fair and pure
Of atoms form'd in series superposed,
To vegetating cells and tubes minute,
That in combining, vessels, fibres, wood
Become, disclosing art and wise design;
Growing by fluids circulating up
And down, from roots to stems convey'd in plants
Or Trees, inward a latent motion having
Obtain'd. From these but fewer changes may
Produce the motions of spontaneous fixt
Polyps and animals; next spring at last
The moving beings, freely ranging far:
Whose moulds were cast by will divine and wise.
Each growing from their original germs,
As plants from buds and seeds, while stony gems
From molecules arise: and altogether
In elements the stream of life imbibe.
FORMER EARTH.

But who shall dare to scan the hidden course
Of this process divine that bids to be?
And all is born to live in changeful mood,
So slowly newer shapes assuming, that
By mortal eyes, but seldom ’tis perceived.
What is an age to God? or thousand years?
Hardly a day, an hour, or even less.
He bids all things to be, and they appear.
He chose they should forever change, and this
They do by human eyes unseen, because
Only awhile we live. Yet men and cattle,
The dogs and beasts, and all the trees or plants,
That we have kept for ages under view
Or cultivation, have in many ways
Their colors, shapes and fruits so often changed,
That this process the dullest sight may strike,
And cant escape a keen investigation.
From this we may presume the same to happen
To other things and bodies, slower still
Or quite beyond the human reach and notice.
But when, and how, and why? are questions bold:
Let wiser minds resolve and answer, when
Longer experience, the truth may teach.

I will not say with him, Lamark, who dreamt
Of late upon this curious subject, that
This spreading globe, with all its boasted ruins,
Was once a ball of water filled with life,
FORMER EARTH.

And atoms quite minute, by heat and light
Of life endow'd; who moving, mixing, changing,
Growing and dying to decay, and sink,
Out of organic ashes, made whatever
We see on land, and all the solid bodies
Inert or living, stones and rocks and mountains,
As well as plants and moving animals.
This theory so fanciful, has few
Believers or supporters; yet we find
That many deem the limy rocks by shells
Alone once made, and others will ascribe
To trees the birth of fossil coals; because
Forsooth, they hold some shells and wood en-
tomb'd.

Graves were not built of human bones, although
Many as yet they hold conceal'd inside.
There is no strange conceit upon this score,
Or any other subject of proud lore,
That has not been by learned men supposed
Or vainly dreamt, to scan, explain and tell
The why of ev'ry thing. When plausible
Hypotheses are built in harmless fancy,
They are mere curious themes of no importance.
But when they ground their visions strange and
wild
Upon belief at variance with facts
Or truth, in order to support the creeds
Dogmas or tenets held: they cease to be
Mere harmless dreams, and weapons may become
Of angry strife. Whoever seeks with care
The real truth, of such ought to beware:
And never bow the head to absurd thoughts,
Nor worship learned idols, seldom trustful,
Who worse than idols made by human hands,
In baneful mental bondage keep the mind.

In caves, plaster, clay, and other soils [huge,
Are found the bones of beasts so strange and
As stagger human faith in times of yore.
Formerly thought the bones of giants, such
They were declar'd by learned wonders seekers:
Until in later times Cuvier, was born
Whose lofty mind the truth surmising said,
As if a Deity; arise again
To view, you beings of the earliest days!
He took their bones and set them side to side,
Until their former frames became restored:
A kind of resurrection taking place,
By skulls and teeth with joints and claws united.

These skeletons were made to stand upright
As when alive, and show the framing structure
Of bodies in decay restor'd to view.

When once in any science the path is open,
The lesser minds can follow on the steps
Of daring pioneers: thus yearly are
FORMER EARTH.

Now brought to light, the fragments of the tombs,
Where living tribes met their early fate.
Th' enquiring mind in this another theme
Has found, to think upon or dream awhile.
When were these beings born and ceased to live?
The why and how? are now the questions, which
Cuvier himself has hardly dar'd unfold:
But bolder minds have tried to make their lives
Agree with strange opinions and beliefs.

Belief is never proof; conviction flows
From holy truth: but truth by diff'rent minds
Conceiv'd, appears in various shades and forms,
That give belief to some, but certainty
To few: Nor proofs to ev'ry mind convey.

That there has been upon this earthly globe
Another race of living beings, born
To dwell and roam, to sport and feed, as we
Now do, is truth. Also that long before
They dwelt on land, and the dry soil appeared
To be their home; there was another breed
Of water beings swarming in the waves,
Of polyps, shells and crabs, with fishes, whales,
And monsters of the deep: In early ages
When yet the ocean over many lands
Was spread, and this youthful globe was bath'd
In briny tears, or healthy dews and fluids,
Forming around the whole a liquid veil,
FORMER EARTH.

Where islands stood as many spots apart.

These are the truths, but if beyond we soar
And seek minute details, or to explain
Every thing we see, in wonder lost
Or idle dreams indulging, we obtain
No certainty; but wander far astray
In theories and speculations wild.

To man it was not giv’n to know the whole
Dark mysteries of generations past;
Nor when the potent hand that made the stars,
Did people this small globe with living swarms
Of active moving bodies, gradually
Evolving from each other, thro’ the love
Of reproduction and of changes; gifts
Of holy origin, so kindly granted.

Some bounds were set to human scrutiny,
And searching lore. What was and what will be
Often becomes a riddle, else a theme
Too lofty, too obscure and deep. Let us
Apply the soaring intellect to facts;
Let us but try to know, survey, enquire
And prize what is, this study to admire,
Most useful to us all, while here we live.
Beware thou daring man to dive too deep
Into the abyss of eternity,
Before thou was or afterdeath will be.

The present is thy own, the past so far
As memory can reach, the future is
LIFE AND MOTION.

Into the hands of God, who rules the whole
Of time and existence, in endless course.

Thus I shall not attempt to raise the veil
That hides the earthly doom and human fate,
In times to come. I must myself confine
To past and present years, what is displayed
To mortal view, and I delight to study.

VI. LIFE AND MOTION.

ELEMENTS, CRYSTALS, PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

The worlds and all within, in streams of life
Expand and roll thro' endless time and space:
Unsteady as the winds, the waves and clouds,
Seldom alike in sizes, courses, shapes.
Does not the sun revolve in rapid motion?
The earth around, her yearly flight performing,
And daily whirl upon herself; besides,
The balancing and tremulent display
Of all her zones to heat, the seasons giving.
Thus with a triple motion gifted, and
By wisdom led thro' Ether, is she not
Of life endow'd? a moving life her own.

The bird was born to fly, the fish to swim;
While globes in ether sent to move and roll;
Or there to fly and swim in their own way:
The suns and stars in glorious light to bathe.

Has not the earth her limbs and organs like
The smaller bodies living there? Indeed
She has; the mountains are her bones, the sea
Her blood, the streams her veins, the soil her flesh.

Her poles are double heads in glory crowned,
Feeding perhaps on lights of many hues,
Dancing around, attracted and repelled.

We cannot dive into her fiery bowels
But know she moves and lives' thus has a soul,
A Motor, principle of motion, who (18)
Her steps and functions guide; whatever lives
Has soul, whatever moves a spirit claims. [still!

Who shall then bid the earth or sun? stand
No longer move, that we may scorch or freeze!
No longer live, that we may die also! [1340
No longer change, that we may be immortal!
In silly mood insane who shall dispose?
The host of heav'n to rest and move no more!
For them 'and all that is, this sad repose
Would be the doom of death or nature's end.

Motion is life; but many motions claim
The right of life; alike, unlike or changing,
They sway by turns, in all directions leading,
Swiftly or slowly, atoms, spheres and bodies.
The worlds must grow, they move, decay, and die;
But all their motions are quite peculiar:
By condensation born, expansion dying:
By depositions growing, crumbling they
Decay; their food absorb, imbibe, enjoy:
Their inward, needless fires, eject, expel.
They move to seek the needful light and fire,
To it, by it, impell'd. They weep and bathe
In rains and dews; they breathe in tides, in caves,
In fogs. In verdant groves and grass they dress;
As beasts in furs, and birds in feathers clad.
In seeming passive bodies, and rocks,
There is a latent life as latent heat,
A motion hardly seen so slowly creeping:
Yet if these hardest rocks had a beginning
Or grew, they have a passive life, shall have
An end, like earth they crumble, decay and die.
By motions matter lives; but souls by motives.
From atoms, elements invisible,
To drops of water, grains of sand or dust,
Or particles of matter, we perceive
The laws of life and change, in motions seeking
To share the life of bodies which they form.
These atoms of all shapes and size combine,
In various modes the fragments are united;
Protean forms they ever like to take,
Assume by turns, display and cast away.
Of thinnest ether quite invisible,
Thro' changes seen, we have a distant glimpse
LIFE AND MOTION.

In cloudy lights that nebulas become,
In fleeting gazes, steam and vapors spread,
Dancing above in air and sky azure.

Ever dissolving to combine again,
And feeding life if not enjoying life.

Of solid stones the thinnest gazes may
Assume the shape beyond the airy clouds,
Or many other substances produce
That puzzle men to name: by weight impelled
Upon the earth they fall and wonder strike.

'Tis thus with stony rain and dusty showers,
Aerolites, Bolites, the splendid stars
That seem to fall by night in streams of fire:
Many thus fall by day unseen, yet leaving (19)
Traces behind; unearthly matter found
Their silent fall betrays, upon the ground:
A sudden visit else by noisy sound
Is preceded, and awful fear produces.

The liquid drops of many fluids are seen
Forever forming, mixing and combining,
Flowing or flying, melting, or vivifying.
A drop of water may become a world,
Holding a swarm of living swimming beings,
In sports or fights employed to last as long
As water is a drop; but when absorbed
Into the air, they die; unless they fly in vapor:
There, may at least, their germs and eggs con-

cealed
To keenest microscope, be floating still.
LIFE AND MOTION.

The air we breathe is fill'd with living germs,
Which wafted by the winds to distant seats,
The seeds of life convey and spread afar.
Such germs and seeds are lighter than the air,
And quite minute, thus seldom are detected.
By them, the rocks are cloth'd with verdant moss,
And crusty lichens, waters with unseen
Unsteady generations. Trees and plants
Absorb their parasites, as well as we,
And animals; who breathing germs with air,
Within their blood convey the seeds of life,
That breed the worms, and inward generations
Throughout their limbs conceal'd, or bowels fed, (20)
Of sad disease and death the cause becoming.
Such living germs, of yore, by God created,
Upon the earth have spread her parasites, 1420
The growing floral world of plants and trees,
The moving tribes of animals and we!
Who moulded in unsteady forms, adorn
And vivify the earth. They are but worms
Creeping or rooted on the ground. The grass
Is but like fur or hair upon the head,
As feathers on the birds the blooming plants
Adorn the naked soil: the woody trees
To bristles we compare. The lichens are
But scales, the ferns but wool. Thus vegetation
Is but the drooping dress of earthy life;
Partaking of this life they live and die.
But we and other fellow animals
Not rooted, ever stirring, moving quick
Or slow; to run, to swim, to fly at random,
Or as the will directs forever prone;
What are we all? but hungry parasites,
Moving to feed, and feeding giving death.
To plants or to each other. Life is sweet
Yet daily is destroy'd, on life we feed
Without remorse.—On fruits on seeds, on eggs,
On milk and butter, sugar, honey sweet,
We might have fed; but we must have the life,
The flesh and blood, as tygers seek for them.

To many tribes the grass for food was given;
By grazing, cropping leaves; the roots remain
And may new leaves afford. Not so with life,
When once extinct it ends for those who meet
Their fate. But other greedy tribes on life
Must feed, or else no food obtain. And thus
The fishes prey on fish, in crowding swarms
The water filling. While the birds and beasts
That feed on prey, the pleasing lives destroy
Of many innocent, quite harmless beings.
But hateful snakes so dreaded swallow whole
Their prey, as fishes do, no slaughter making.

The earthly tribes of moving animals
No food from earth and air obtain or draw,
As plants and trees may do; yet to sustain
Their life, they are by nature bid to seek
Their food in toil, and this command obey,
In various moods their motions actions ruling.
The roving tribes of hairy quadrupeds,
In running, jumping, climbing seek their food.
The flying tribes of birds in feathers clad,
Seek it on trees, the ground, and thro' the air
Pursue their prey; the insects, flies or beetles.
The creeping tribes of scaly lizards, snakes,
And all reptiles on earth, on trees, in waters,
Their prey or pasture seek in greedy mood.
The swimming tribe of scaly finny fishes
In lakes and streams, in all the seas pursue
Devour each other; ever hungry are,
No peace nor truce into the waters granting.
The countless tribes of insects, butterflies,
Beetles and bugs, on earth, in trees, in air
By turns are seen to sport, with wings or none,
In early life in ugly worms conceal'd,
They feed on all the kinds of food around;
A chrysalis become, no longer eat
And dormant lay; until their wings obtaining
They flirt about and live for love alone.
Thus all the living tribes are set in motion
By food or love: each seeking equal mates.
The crusty crabs, and soft mollusca feel
These wants; the naked snails, in pretty shells
Often conceal'd; their shelter, shield and home.
LIFE AND MOTION.

The fixed Polyps, under briny waters
Dwelling on rocks; can neither creep nor swim;
But yet they move, expand their limbs and feelers,
Arrest their prey and smaller beings swallow.

Nay plants are moving bodies that have limbs:
They slowly grow and move, expanding roots,
Blossoms and leaves, that breathe and feed on air,
Gazes and water, earth and heat, with acids,
Thro' roots and pores imbibing, and transforming
Into their sap or blood, becoming next
The sweet or juicy fruits, the oily nuts or seeds. A thousand useful things are thus
By them produc'd, affording food, or oils
And wood to burn; medical simples, our
Best remedies; sweet sugar, honey, wax;
Our breads and wines, the cotton, linen, straw.

But other lives and motions slow in action
Are met in solid fragments, minerals
And crystals bright, that splendid gems become.
Angles and sides quite regular and bright
Adorn the best, from sand to diamond, from iron to gold; while if their size increas'd
By microscope, or Nature's hands, we see
That steps or roughness cover all their sides.
Thus pillars of basalt, or pyramids
Of rocks, and lofty peaks or mountains high,
Rising above the clouds towards the sky,
Appear in strata split, or masses put
On massive bases. Crystals, gems, are thus
In lam'lar strata cleft of size minute.
Thus gems and rocks may grow, additions
taking,
From ambient air, by adding lamina,
Or sediments from elements receiving.
If they begin and grow, it is a motion
A life proceeding slow; still slower they
Decay, to death by dissolution led.

Yes rocks and crystals grow, then die decrease-
Like plants begin to sprout, increasing upwards,
And then decay to rotten earthy mould,
Matrix of life. In triple modes the series (23)
Of beings grow and live. The elements,
The crystals, rocks, which triple mineral
Gradual slow moods display, in hidden motions.
But herbs their texture, structure, show as plain,
While motions quicker to the view they offer,
Their simplest mode of life in swollen cells
Expand, and Cellular are called from this. (23)
The second mode in inward fibres spreading,
Grows from within, the Endogens produces,
The useful grasses, lilies and lofty palms. [1540
The most perfect and last of those three modes,
By outward fibres thrown around the stem,
In concentric thin layers, yearly growing
The trees and shrubs produces, the woody plants;
All those now known as *Exogens* and trees.

In animals three modes are obvious still,
The least perfect has neither bones inside
Nor feet, nor crust: Yet many classes boasting
Of shells and snails, of polyps, worms, and others,
By many names to learned men well known.
A common name they lack, must be supplied.
The second mode of life, all insects join (24)
With crabs and spiders, ringed worms; who all
Have crusty ringed bodies or ringed feet.
The third and most complete, in organs, limbs
And functions, are the bony animals,
With inward bones, a skeleton composing
Cov’red by flesh and skin. The beasts and birds,
Reptiles and fishes all including; nay
We there belong; as well as whales and seals,
Altho’ within the sea, they dwell and move. (25)

But it is not a combination blind,
Nor a mere chance that leads these things to be,
The crystals, plants to grow, the animals
Apart and free to move. Nor is it chance
That bids to live, and life recalls from death.
No! chance is not a law; it is a name,
A fancy name, of ignorance the cloak.
LIFE AND MOTION.

By hidden secret laws, the worlds and bodies
Are rul'd, control'd and bound, which time re-
veals,
To those who patient seek, with wisdom eyes.
Thus were reveal'd some mysteries of nature,
And those of love divine; the law that binds
The stormy skies, the elements pervades,
And pleasing change that for delight renews
The dresses, colors, shapes of bodies or
Objects, presented to the view; and ever
Varies of individuals born alike
In symetry, the minor features, limbs
And lesser parts. Such theme as I attempt
To sing and to explain in melody.

Yet many more of Nature's harmonies
Merely surmised, may become explained,
When seeking truth; by future bards or lovers
Of wisdom, sought, ascertain'd, nobly sung.
Then we shall know perhaps the laws of life,
How worlds were made, and beings bid to live,
How atoms sprung and elements combined.
There must be laws of origin divine
That rule their birth, and active course of mo-
Whether it was by active sympathy,
Or by an elective affinity,
We may then know. Of change and symetry
I still must sing, disorder regulating
And order biding, confusion exploding,
In seeming endless forms that baffle all
Enquiries. Strong impulse divine, yet wise
And good, in this has ever been exerted.

Creation! theme sublime and unexplained,
Shall I then dare to draw thy veil in song?
The mystery unfold, the vital powers tell,
That spring to life, and existence impell,
By potent hidden hand or energy Divine. I must forbear to seek too far,
And lift the veil that God himself has thrown
For us upon his works. 'Tis not my theme,
A single law by me was sought and chosen,
An ample circle of truth, to dwell upon.
My wish is yet in humble strains to prove
That law of truth, delightful to behold.
Therefore to Love divine and to all beings
Imparted, shar'd, of life the mate, I must
A hymn address, in tuneful metres smooth.

VII. LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

From Love divine was born this world and all
Within. Thro' human love we spring to life
On earth, by greater love we reach the gates
Of heav'n, and thus obtain to live forever.
In endless chain of love on earth succeed
LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

The sentient beings, all the moving tribes.
The gentle love was giv'n to sweeten life,
It bids the living chain to keep unbroken,
And ever to endure, in pleasure bound.

Strong sympathy attracts and links the chain,
Sweet hope attends the birth and course of love;
Throughout this life we hope, by hope we live;
Living for love, we die to live again.

Of many loves, we feel the pleasing powers,
The children all of heav'nly, godly love;
Of all the passions, th' only pure they are,
That bear excess; we never can too much
Of strong affections feel the sweet delights:
Whoever loves the most, the nearer God
Will emulate; who, love the most intense,
Has ever felt for all his works and children.
And thus like him paternal love we feel
The deepest for our earthly progeny.
The filial feelings lessen in our children,
Or we as sons towards our heav'nly father.
By sexual love, immortals we become,
The human kind perpetuate on earth.
All beings, bodies born to fill the world,
Appearing ever same in long succession,
Must feel that love or that of reproduction.
Friendship and amity are sweet affections
For friends and neighbors; while philanthropy,
Brotherly feeling, springs in loving hearts.
LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

For the whole of mankind. Patriotism, the bond of nations, is the love of country, the land that gave us birth; or that affords protection, pleasures, wealth, our homes contain.

In us the strongest love is always selfish, and all refers to paltry, lonely aim:
Self love is yet a wise decree for us, that preservation seeks for individuals. Without this monitor, to quick destruction we might be led. When loving, we may seek love for ourselves; demand or rightly claim affections pleasures in return: 'tis well, since God himself the same exacts from us.

Arise my soul, to sing a hymn of praise to this true holy love, from heaven born. In pious mood, the love of God I'll sing in tuneful rhymes, in worthy strains express, the thoughts he may inspire, and thus convey to mental love, quite ready to obey.

ODE OR HYMN TO LOVE DIVINE.

Let there be Love! said God, ere time was will'd, and in his bosom born, by thee was fill'd his heart. There ever will abide repose. [arose; through thee the worlds were made, the stars the various angels, spirits, souls were bid to live, enjoy, partake by bounteous deed thy immortality.
LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

Thou art the breath of God, the first born prince
Of this wide universe, and ever since
Thy birth divine, thou hast a single will
With him to rule, the space and worlds to fill;
Pervading all, creating and preserving,
Bestowing life and bliss, but never swerving
From thy true glorious call.

A blazing ether, vivid hidden flame
Thou art, to all the eyes unseen; thy name Is blest; by all the hearts that feel, well known.
Thy beams from heav'n around the orbs are
thrown
To reach the souls, and ev'ry being warm,
Like mirrors they reflect thy potent charm,
And dazzling image show.

Thy rule in smiles and joys on all that is
Was felt, became the only source of bliss.
Thy vast empire in time, in space, no end
Nor limits knows and never will: the friend
And gentle king thou art of willing hearts;
Thy holy voice, if heard, affection darts
Into the vacant souls.

All beings born of thee attend thy voice,
To it respond, and in thy smiles rejoice;
LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

Thy frown they fear, thy chains they wear and sing.

Around thy steps the sweetest blossoms spring:
If biding, all thy subjects glad obey:
Their zeal and homage hasten to display;
Thy laws are ever sweet.

But Love on earth is led by Sympathy,
The bodies, beings, souls and hearts controlling.
Whether it is Affinity that seeks
In seeming blind pursuits, the elements
Congenial to unite and blend by turns:
Or else the wise election, potent guide
Of that Vitality pervading plants
And animals, forever seeking food,
Or aiming Life to spread, to be sustained,
Enduring toil this blessing to prolong:
In both 'tis Sympathy of lesser grade
In lower bodies ruling, swaying life.
But nobler is in man and animals
Akin, with souls endow'd, this holy guide,
To love and pleasure leading, with a hand
Of magnetic intent and power strong.

Hail Sympathy! true tie of tender souls
And feeling hearts, by links invisible
At random joined, and guided constantly
By pleasing paths to Love. By thee alone,
Aurora bright of Love, in friendly mood
LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

To help us ever ready, we are led
Towards the bliss, delightful aim of life.

Sister of love and friendship, fairest guide
And best that we can take, let ev'ry heart
Surrender choice to thee; who never fails,
Seldom deceiving, pointing rightly to
The objects best deserving our attention.

As quick as light, when beaming in the eyes,
Fair sympathy will shoot her rosy shafts,
Into the hearts, with light thro' eyes conveyed.

She points to beauty, merit, worth, attractions,
To pleasing forms or features mild congenial;
And we are drawn towards the beings thus
Adorn'd, as magnet draws the iron near.

We sympathize, admire, and speedy love
Will follow on the way, by stronger ties
Will bind the hearts. If mutual sympathy
Two hearts controls, a mutual love is felt
The happiest tie that beings join in life.

Why should some objects please, and others
Because of sympathy the chains are strong
Or slender. Others may displease or give
A nervous shock of dire antipathy,
The foe of love. Throughout the human frame
A fluid in our nerves conceal'd, like blood
In veins is flowing: thinner and ethereal,
It beams around the bodies, atmospheres
Of love producing, by antipathy
LOVE AND SYMPATHY. 75

It is repell'd, by sympathy attracted;
Like magnets having double poles, or else
In electricity we meet, two powers,
A double stream, impelling some attracted,
Others repelling fast. Yet who can tell
The why? in either instances. Not we. (26)
But I'll relate a vision that I had;
It was a dream, yet fancy leads to truth,
In fiction drest to please the craving mind.

A Vision.

Upon the wings of hopeful joy I felt
Myself, to rise and fly beyond this globe;
Towards the Sun I flew, and drawing near
I saw the glorious orb increase, in size
And glowing light, but not in scorching heat.
When I came nigh, I fell into his bright
And lucid atmosphere; there beaming rays
Were darting; cloudy spots of darker hue
Were floating, ever changing, seldom steady. (27)
Thro' this aerial light, the real orb
I reached; hidden land of glory, bathed
By shining fluids; mountains, valleys, streams,
I saw of dazzling hues, where countless beings
Dwell, and those happy souls reside in glory, (28)
Who once on earth for love and peace have lived. 1780

Land of the sun! who can thy wonders tell?
LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

By those I met bewildered, I was,
And dazzled quite. But to a hill I came:
There weary rest I took. Of sympathy
It was the solar throne and happy shrine.

Upon this hill of gentle slope, and aspect
Pleasing beyond description, stood a palace
Or temple, built of golden stones and crystals:
Circular in the shape, eight pillars rose
Around of milky Agat polished.
A spheric dome supporting on their shafts,
Of brilliant colors blending marble like,
Crown'd by a massive Pearl of giant size.
Around this temple lovely blossoms grew,
And groves of trees were swarming with blue
doves,
Singing their tender strains in happy mood:
With birds of paradise of plumage gilt,
And feathers like the various precious gems.

Under the dome and canopy, a throne
Or couch was set of shining crystal, like
The Iris of the clouds, in form and hues.
A fairy there was sitting and reclining,
Of radiant beauty, sweetly smiling; she
A lovely child was fanning on her lap;
Who was asleep, and dreaming full of smiles.
Upon a silver table, fronting both,
Within an urn was burning sweet perfume
Like frankincense and Aloewood combined,
Spreading above a cloud of fragrant vapor.

While mute I gaz’d, and all my senses felt
A strong delight, fair Sympathy beholding
My presence, smiling spoke to me. She said,
Son of the earth, what is thy wish and hope?

In overjoy I knelt, and thus to her
I spoke. Fair Spirit, happy Fairy, thou
Daughter of happiness and Nurse of Love!
To thee impell’d I was; before thy throne
I kneel; my homage do receive, accept,

My prayer grant. In ardent wish I ask
To know thyself, thy power tell to me,
And how exerted, from this solar orb
To paltry earthly sphere, to lead the souls.

Thy wish is rather bold, in answer she
Replied, but granted is thy prayer. Listen
To me awhile. A childish spirit, Love
Has been, and I became his careful nurse;
His guide with youth, and with old age his staff.
When thro’ the world he flirts in sportive mood,
I lead the darts at random shot by him.
In solar glory dwelling, here on this
The central orb of light, all planets leading,
From hence with streams of light on earth I send,
My beams, and in the hearts by nervous fluid
Conveyed, I rule their hidden choice; unseen
I dart from each to others leading quick,
DEITY.

Affections bid to follow, and they obey my call. 'Tis thus I sway the hearts and minds, with pleasure, joys and smiles, lead them to love.

VIII. SUBLIMITY AND THE DEITY.

To earth returning, and forever seeking knowledge, my active mind into new paths with pleasure enters, wisdom to acquire.

In search of thee I went Sublimity, delight of noble souls that fills the mind with exstasy. For thee I sought, beauty of beauties, strongest energy of man and intellectual worth, that in the world thro' changeful scenes displays thy lasting power.

Thro' this fair globe, one of the least perhaps or else the worst, my rambling fancy went, to scan, observe and study; seeking those emotions of delight that wonderful or pleasing objects can alone produce.

Upon the lofty mountains I have climbed, their fairest blooming valleys I have paced; of blazing cones, volcanoes, awful sight! I dar'd to reach the brims and throw my eyes thro' clouds of smoke, into their boiling fires.
DEITY.

The gentle hills and dales, with balmy blooms
Adorn'd, the deepest shady forests, groves 1860
Inviting to repose, I ever loved
To visit: while pellucid bubbling streams,
Their rocky cliffs, cascades of silver fluid,
With pleasure ever new I contemplate.
The deepest largest rivers to their sources
I have ascended, where to brooks and rills
They are reduc'd. The hollow dismal caves
I dar'd to fathom in the darkest gloom.
The Iris of the cloud, the stormy winds,
The dreaded hurricanes and quaking earth,
All these I either saw or felt, admiring.
The briny rolling waves, and widest lakes
In spite of storms, leeshores and waterspouts,
I often plough'd. The meteors of the sky,
The firy globes and shooting stars I have
Delighted to survey. The whole creation
Of roving beings, rooted plants and trees,
I sought to study, manners to record, 1880
Their forms explore. In all these living tribes,
And ev'ry where on earth, in waters deep,
In clouds and sky, I saw the hand of HIM
Who bids these wonders be, and they arise
At his most holy call, in scenes sublime.

Whatever fills the restless panting soul,
With exquisite emotions deeply felt,
Is truly such; delight and wonder mingling
DEITY.

Are parents of this feeling in the mind.
Yet, of the sources claiming this high name,
The first and best, is virtuous man in prey
To evils ever new; still doing good
To all; and his reward in heav'nily hope
Seeking alone, thro' wisdom, love and virtue.
Philanthropy, religion of true love!
Thou art his guide, and leader safe and kind.
Nations and men by deeper study viewing
Thro' history and living crowds are known:
The wise their crimes avoid, detest, expose,
But often meet with scorn and no repose;

Closing the eyes to this material world
We boldly enter other worlds unseen,
Invisible, conceal'd; to mental eyes
Alone perceptible; displaying wonders
Beyond conception, giving new sensations.
My lofty thoughts, unshrinking, daring, bold,
Have soar'd into these realms of delight;
But kept by mortal shroud within the limits
Of mental sight, a glimpse alone obtained,
Of glorious spirituality, in souls
And heavens hidden. When from shackles free
And born again in a better life, I hope
To meet and know the real truth sublime.

Meantime I will the holy view explain
As by my soul conceiv'd: the Deity
In humble song I'll reach; but his thick veil
DEITY.

Shall never lift, the dazzling sight avoiding.
Of all the themes this is the most sublime,
And words I'll often lack, in fitting terms
To speak of him, my burning thoughts express.

Soul of the world, and ruler of the skies!
Father of all, and potent king, in love

The universe controlling ever kindly:
Spirit supreme, the spirits, matter, all,
To thee submit, in love their life receive.

Source of all good, delighting to forgive,
Thy bounty scatter, pleasures grant and joy:
To thee I lift my eyes and mental sight,
Seeking thy presence in the earth and skies.
Thus I may see thyself in life and love,
Within the earthly bounds, in clouds above,
Within the sun, the stars, and all the orbs
Of Heav'n. In all the changeful scenes beheld,
Where light may lead—thyself I ever see.

Thy voice I hear, in clashing thunder, loudly
Speaking within the clouds: in whistling winds;
In volcanic explosions, quaking earth;
In cataracts, the music of the waters,
The raging billows, gentler surf of shores,
The rocky streams.—In all thyself I hear.

Within my soul and mind thyself I feel,
In my sensations, noble thoughts, and hopes
That reach beyond these mortal ties; my life
I owe to thee, on thee depend alone.
And what I feel by others must be felt;
Thus in the whole of human kind concealed,
Thy home is there as in thy other works.

Who can then say? there is no God! but they
That blindness, madness, urge to impious thought.
They might as well deny that they exist.
Open your eyes and gaze, his wonders see
And feel. He blazes in the solar orb,
In all the stars he sparkles, darts with beams
Of light revolving in this earthy globe;
Is heard in waves, in storms and thunderbolts.
With swiftest winds is flying while they blow,
In clouds and lightnings rides. He fills the skies,
The space and worlds pervades, is time itself
Within eternity existing ever.
He lives in human souls, in animals
And trees; in living beings dwells, expands,
Their souls is leading; goodness, happiness
Teaching or granting. Ever gives new forms,
To beautify the whole by pleasing change.

But, cold Pantheism freezing creed, is not
My theme, the burthen of my songs. No never.
God is a spirit, not this material
System of worlds alone: altho' in all
He dwells, pervades their motions, leading them
Thro' space and life: He is the God of love
And truth, the soul divine of th' universe.
If matter could alone exist and move,
Her motion would then be her soul, becoming
First cause of all, a Deity, not th' God [also
We seek. Each world, each man, could boast
To be a God, within himself to live
Alone; no duty knowing, stranger quite
To other men, no good and evil seeking.
If circumstances were swaying all his steps,
They would become his Gods, a heathen throng
Again might rise, a cruel worship crave. 1980

Not so with him who breathing love and peace
Ruler of all, by wise and steady laws
The worlds and men is swaying constantly.
Who freedom gave to men to choose their path
Of life, by pleasures shows the best and good,
By pains and thorns he tells the worst to shun.
Thy laws and monitors our care demand,
We study them in order to obey
Thy will. Religion, worship, thankful love,
Arise from this pursuit; the holy ties
Become, forever binding souls to thee.

IX. RELIGION.
SUPERSTITION, PROVIDENCE, CREEDS AND RITES.

We bow to this religion holy pure!
Boon of thy love for us, and father care,
RELIGION.

Given to men to lead their steps to heaven,
And happiness thro' deeds of love and peace.
Clothing their souls in candid mantles of
Benevolence and charity divine.
Lovely, unearthly, kind religion, hail!
To thee; who feeds the souls with purest thoughts,
And honey words; who ever leads to good,
And never leads astray: altho' thy foes
Often assuming both thy name and dress
Deceive mankind, and deeds of darkest hue
Prepare, inspire, to palm on us as thine.

Accursed they! foul superstition, who
With grim fanatacism; both sadness spreading
Over this earthly globe with desolation;
Under a mask or stolen cloak contrive
To use thy name: the passions call to help
Their war on thee, and love would drive away.
In vain, Religion cries, beware, beware!
Of my deceitful foes; thy words they smother,
Thy tears they hide, thy admonitions scorn.

By fruits the trees are known, by deeds are theirs.
In deeds of love, religion rules the souls,
To bless the world, where love will yet prevail.
Her foes are ruling, when by evil deeds
Of strife and sin, we see the world beset,
Worshipping gold or power, with images,
Idols of many shapes; who they suppose
To hear and see, altho' by human hands
Contriv'd and made. As well might they those hands
Worship that making Gods, must be divine.
Others less blind; but proud, like Gods conceive Themselves to be, and act in that delusion.
The earthly wonders, starry skies, have each
By turns receiv'd the homage of mankind
Instead of him their father and supporter
Who gave them existence, with life and motion.
Not so with those who real good are seeking,
The God of nature worship virtuously,
And he alone admit to share their homage.
To him in need or fear apply for help
In hopeful faith, and from his love expect
A father's blessing. Not to change the laws
And course of nature; but to entertain
The constant good they seek, the peace procure
That evil drives afar; his love again
To claim, if lost, by them neglected often.
If ever we should ask more than we ought,
He listens not, and grants but what is right.
Since instability, we know at last
To be his law and will, an alternation
Giving of causes and effects to rule
The moral world as well as others; well we may
To him apply for hopeful pleasing changes,
That by his will arise, in turns are sent
To charm and happyf the craving souls.
By holy providence the fate of men
Is rul'd, not by mere chance, but happy change.
Wisdom of God! on which we all depend,
The human life, events and actions leading,
We pray to thee, we ask thee to procure
To us, a happy life by changeful scenes
Adorn'd, by death in better still to live.

Blest are the men who trusting in thy love,
Never despair, but deem thy will their fate.
Not a blind fate of accidental whims;
But wise and good, of happiness the spring.
Unhappy they, who have no trust in thee,
Or know thee not, and never claim thy care:
Altho' forgiv'n in blindness they must live,
And feel no hope in need; to chance alone
They trust in vain, their paltry lot to meet.

Worships of many kinds are met, prevail
Thro' various regions, climes; in all of them,
Even the worst, is found the real creed,
Religion of the soul. If God adoring
Under a veil or dresses of conceit,
Which shall we say is in the right or wrong?
If God has set a veil before his face,
The world he gave for mirror of himself.
Whoever of this world adores a limb,
May yet be seeking God and find him there.
Pity the blind, and judge not rashly they
Who piously may kneel, a God believe.
’Tis but a sad mistake, if for the whole
A part they chose to deem, abiding place
Of Him who present is at ev’ry side,
And there also may be. To tolerate
Their creed is duty, since by God himself
They are excus’d, forgiven; cruel rites
Alone he hates, disclaims, and he desires
To see abolished in ev’ry clime:
To bring of peaceful creeds, the happy reign.

Thus where we meet the cruel sacrifices
Of human beings, useful cattle, doves:
Or bloody rites, self immolation worse;
The lives destroying, spilling human blood,
Or giving tortures, pain. Intolerance,
With persecution blending to dismay:
The ghastly inquisitions lighting flames
To burn the Jews, or witches magic crew;
Lone widows, infants, thrown to Moloch fires.
When these we meet, obnoxious cruel rites,
Of sad fanaticism they are the offspring;
Not sweet religion, peace and love proclaiming.
These we must try to drive away forever,
And inculcate instead, the love of man.

But if we meet with ceremonious rites
Or joyful feasts, that please the human eyes;
These we must tolerate, and never dare,
Except by persuasion mild, impair.
Perfumes, incense, the seat of smell delight,
Music the human ear, if not of God
The senses, harmless pleasures giving us.
The days of rest, the holy days, and eves,
The veneration for animals and trees,
The holy dances, races, pilgrimages
To holy shrines. All these religious whims
Have been indulg'd in turns by human minds,
Delights affording to their votaries,
Sanction receiving, celestial permission;
As various changeful rites, to many men
Needful or useful, pious joys procuring.

Let Jews and Musselmen the use of pork
Forbear, a bleeding stigma put on babes.
Let Hindoos never eat a holy cow, land.
And harmless rites perform throughout their
Let Budhists never taste of flesh or eggs,
In convents dwell, metempsichosis hold
As a belief. Tis all the same to God,
It is by him allow'd, or else approved,
Like many christian rites; when infants are
By water sprinkled, adults immersed,
Not sins to wash away, but grace receive
And better deem themselves, thus to behave:
Yet let the friendly quakers quite forbear
This rite, the holy spirit waiting all
In peace. In holy suppers others join,
And some the bread or wafer eaten, deem
Their God; by human hands tho' made, if words
Of holy power, can tell him there to dwell,
The Jews into a box or ark enclosed
Their deity. In Egypt onions were
Both worshipped and eaten. Wiser they
Who never eat their Gods, the impious thought
Disclaim. But if all nature is a God,
We should all feed on Deities, who here
Must live on food. What absurd creed, if matter
Is made divine for Gods on Gods to feed!

To rule the hearts and sway the minds of men,
Two means have been from earliest times in use;
Whence have prevail'd so many codes of laws,
Contriv'd for good, to rule mankind, by kings,
Judges and rulers wise or else ambitious.
The same was done by priests who were perhaps
The earliest, best lawgivers, true or false.
They knew that social men require a sway,
A code or customs, modes of life, to govern
Their passions, punish crimes, support the state:
Besides a creed to clothe the mind with hope.
And these they gave; it was a gift divine,
Prompted by God himself, by him inspired.

But tyrants came, and priests abus'd their trust,
With many Gods and idols filled the world,
Or cruel rites invented in mere sport;
Of fear instead of hope the worship taught. 2460
Like all the human acts and laws, the creeds,
Religious rites, forever were conflicting;
In fluctuations strange they rose and fell,
Were set aside, renew'd, restor'd, reformed.
No king, no priest, lawgiver ever can
Enact eternal laws, or creeds invent
To bind mankind forever. Change in this
Also will rule in spite of them. To give
Or frame good laws is meritorious still:
Our laws and creeds are yearly modified,
Our sons may further change devise, improve
Their rules of life and hope. Thus kingdoms rose
And sunk, in states, commonwealths dividing:
Or nations, potent power is felt and then subsides.
Worships appear and disappear by turns,
In endless forms. Opinions rule awhile,
Others succeed, prevail; beliefs also
Are deem'd the best, until a better comes.
What is belief? but an opinion held
Holy or sacred; faith, conviction are 2480
Unlike. To see or feel a certainty
Produce; but faith in others only slight
Doubtful belief, that weaker grows by age
Until it is destroy'd by wiser thoughts.
Need of the soul! Religion true the gift
Of godly hope, not so with thee; forever
Lasting, enduring, and surviving those
Beliefs and creeds, thou art like God himself
Eternal: in the pious souls residing
In early ages, yet to latest times
Shall dwell with wisdom, hope and love, in all
The human minds that seek thy holy help.

If by the will of God, in various forms
Mankind to him applies, no one must dare,
Complain. If creeds and rites are ever changing
Thro’ law divine, ’tis well, since we assert
That all that is, by him was will’d to be.
If God had said let only one prevail
Religious creed, upon the earth believ’d,
It should be so; as when his power said, 2200
Let there be light, and light began to shine.

But there are hidden secrets unreveal’d:
Let the unweary tremble to surmise
Whatever has been veil’d from mortal eyes.
Yet God allows to study, search his works;
And scan throughout the wisdom he displays.
Divine descents on earth, incarnations, (32)
By many creeds admitted, mortal men
Adore instead of him; he was in them
Perhaps as now with us; but sinful men
Cannot aspire to be the chosen seat
Of godly love, a spotless man alone
Could be a human God. Yet to this day
We deify the useless drones, ascetics,
The pious saints, the monks and lamas, popes
And emperors, a sinful crowd; but those
Best men who live for good, and to promote
The human weal, by deeds of peace and love,
We hardly venerate as they deserve.

The love of God and men is true religion,
And universal creed; whatever else
Unfits the whole, is but additional.
For toil and motion made, we have received
Sweet sleep for rest, our body to restore
In ev'ry clime. To this religions added
A day of rest in many, made them holy.
'Twas a wise law, the weary labourer,
The wretched slave, comforting, granting them
Respite. One day in seven was of old
Devis'd; this term we keep, but change the day.
Let not in idle gloom, mere rites alone,
This holy day be spent; but in rejoicing
That toilsome labor has a term. Nor deem,
As many do, this institution claims
Assent quite universal; near the poles
Where monthly days exist, there are no weeks.
The week itself is not a natural
Division, since, an equal number, is
Not found in solar years. Of seven planets
The names by weekly days are borne, and thus
Ascribed by Hindoos, Buddhists, Celts and we;
While six periods of creation, Jewish books compare, and thus the week explain. The seventh day, yet lasting ever since! (35) Was godly rest, and thus like him we must rest on that day. The power divine inactive can never be, creation still proceeds in regions celestial, and motion has no end. The seventh day is human law; thus has been chang'd from day to day by us, Mahometans and others. Yet it was by God approv'd and blest for human good. 'Twas wise and kind for him to give us change in mind and matter, creeds, opinions, rites; as a sweet law to modify, improve, adorn and beautify the whole of life. From this good law, let men at last receive the hint of toleration. ample full, equal to liberty, in ev'ry case. (36) [2260]

Since all the world must change by gradual steps, diversity controls the whole in pleasure, dispelling gloomy uniformity, suiting each mind or taste and easily moulding itself in able hands to harmless joys, that sweeten life, or lessen pain or evil. Whatever God allows is surely right; but evil is not his, it springs from deeds of darkness and deceit, in freedom's hands.
X. FREEWILL, EVIL AND SIN.

If evil is a problem yet to solve,
'Tis easy task to tell what it may be.
Whatever causes pain; a pang, a throb,
Grief and sad anguish, life impairs, destroys;
Or else the hearts and minds of men may lead
Astray, inflicting these. All such are evils;
In thoughts or deeds evolve the sinful acts,
When with intent into the will arising,
The soul assents and this bad act performs.
Matter itself not having soul and will,
No sinful deed can do, no guilt incur,
Where life begins, and freedom of a choice, 2380
There guilt also may happen by the will.
How far in growing bodies, animals
Enjoying life, a moral sense exists
Of right or wrong, we hardly know: but those
Nearest to man, have surely this high sense.
In men themselves 'tis more or less unfolded
Some have acute perceptions, moral views
Of good and evil, clearly both distinguish:
In others blunter feelings frequently
Prevail, and cloudy views of evil give.
Yet either taught by pain and pleasure know,
Easily may perceive their proper good,
And pain with evil may avoid alike
To give, receive: their sinful will controlling.
If men were matter only, and of souls
Depriv'd they could not choose, decide, nor sin
Commit, thro' willing agency; their crimes
And cruelty, would be to virtue like.
This is the plea of vicious, impious men,
To evil prone and sins; who their own souls deny.
If they admit such real existence,
But this free will deny, Necessity
Deeming to be the rule of mind and matter:
It is as bad a plea, mere slaves and tools
They should become of God, or Deities
Of their own wild conceit; the sullen Fates,
The Destiny, Necessity, or else
The clashing throng of casual circumstances;
All powers blind, without an aim to actions
Aware of good or ill import. If God
Himself was acting for each human soul,
Man could not sin; but God would sin for him!
Evil would be his deed, not ours; if in
A moral thraldom bound, our hearts and minds
Only could act thro' him, of will deprived.
This impious thought prevails among the few
Who God degrade to blindness, cruelty:
Not seek in him a father, but a tyrant
See. Others have contriv'd two Gods, of good
And evil authors, always warring; each
Unable to prevail or overcome
His rival God. Their clashing claims to rule
This world, explain the facts; but can't convince
The mind, who seeks a single God and cause
Ruling supreme. From him, the God of good-
ness,
No evil springs; but freedom granting to
His children, not his slaves, he has allow'd
The use of change, a will to choose, reject,
Comply, decide. Thus men are prone to change
Their ways and mind, by motives led to act.
If Wisdom, Justice, are by them in life
Chosen for friends, companions, they improve
With changeful time; but ever worse become
If evil they admit in any shape,
Thro' their own willing choice, and tendency
To hate dislike, of love forget the ways.

In freedom born to rove, to think and act,
All men may seek their good by various means;
The paths of life are many freely open. [may
Thro' stormy waves, or mountains rough, we
Wander or climb: or else in smiling plains 2340
And vales, with shady gardens fill'd, adorned,
We may in peace and pleasures dwell, repose.
In such were men once born in sunny climes,
In shady groves receiv'd the breath of life,
The boon of freely roaming at their will.
By sinful thoughts of pride some led astray
The thorny paths of evil willing chose
To enter, follow and explore in vain,
Forsaking many pleasures, mutual love.

Thus wandering afar they fill'd the earth,
Compell'd became to toil, to labor hard,
In hunting, grazing, tilling as they went.
The seasons chang'd and ever brought new toils
Or evils; chilly blast, and freezing cold,
The snowy mantle, scorching heat by turns
Assailing men, distressing them, compelling
To seek for shelters, caves and huts; to dress
In thicker clothing, scantly food to find.
By snows the skin was blanch'd, by ardent sun
Was burnt, and thus in various skinny hues 2360
And breeds the human kind became divided:
Strangers at last, in evil times at war.
By strife and fear they were compell'd to roam
As far as glacial poles and torrid zones,
In mountains, rocks, and caves to hide themselves;
In arid deserts wander, thirst to prove
Where water fails, and trees no longer grow.

These were the gradual evils brought on men
By their own choice in times of yore and sin.
Emblem of speedy moral evils, flowing
In constant streams from minds neglecting good.
But ev'ry where some men the truth preserved
Religion nursing, deeds of love performing.
They never ceas'd to be the sons beloved
Of God, his fatherly best cares deserving.
But sinful men his children are also,
And notwithstanding errors claim his care:
The deeds of evil, punishment obtain
Thro' evil still upon itself recoiling.

The God of love the sins forgives and blots,
Of those who feel the wrong, repent and pray.
If they do not in other worlds they meet
With further evils and new punishments.

There is no angry God, the wily foes
Who born of him could fall by envy, pride;
In anger yet retain the stubborn spirit
Of wrath, and wickedness, are never Gods.
The God who made us all, is ever loving,
No one he hates; in pity looks on errors,
On wicked men his equal boons bestows:
If they refuse his loving gifts with scorn,
'Tis their freewill, the consequence they take:
But if relenting, his holy will they seek
Contrive again to keep, they are restored
By him to fatherly affection, and
His loving care obtain to bless their days.

When Bigots slander him, and say he is
A cruel tyrant, dooming crowds of men
At will to a sad fate, without a cause;
The innocence of children deeming vain,
Their father's sins remembering too well:
They speak in false conceit, their cruelty
Ascribe to him, who is of mercy, love,
Pity and goodness, the everlasting type.
In cruel mood they speak when they conceive
And teach, that he may light eternal flames,
In hellish wrath, for wicked souls to burn.
If they were matter soon they should consume,
No longer be in pain: while spirits by
No fire can be assail'd, except the blaze
Of burning consciousness, reproving self
In afterlives of wretched existence.
Yet feelings of despair and burning pains
Cannot forever last; when this reproof
Leads to repent and purify the souls,
They may begin to hope, and thro' new paths
From wretchedness to fly, by God forgiven
In other worlds as they would be in this.

How few on earth have ever been so pure
As to deserve translation to the bliss
Of heaven's joys at once, without new trials,
And better lives in better worlds performed.
When all at last shall reach the gates of heaven,
Then everlasting bliss may be their prize,
A glorious endless life they may obtain;
But endless torments never were ordained
By him, our only loving God of hope.
I do not sing the deeds of other worlds, 
Their angels, spirits, glorious good performing; 
Nor devils, wicked spirits of deceit 
In sinful pride array'd, as Milton sung: 
But of this earth the angels sing and devils. 
There are two kinds of men, the good and bad, 
The first were Sons of God in olden times, 
Else Angels called. The bad were Devils then, 
And yet by evil deeds such name deserve. 
From hands divine both sprung, but free to choose 
Their earthly paths, some chose the blooming 
To heaven leading; others bent on evil, 
Mischief and strife, of darkness took the path, 
Travel in woe and sin, and thus become 
The Devils of this globe. Yet among them 
Both good and bad, not two alike are found: 
By endless hues, degrees of merit, worth, 
Or else of sad deceit and evil deeds, 
They are indued, and various claims acquire. 
They form the human throng, the wise and mad; 
The sons of God or foes, that here awhile 
Are seen to bless or curse themselves, their home, 
Nay, all around within their greedy reach.
Among the best, perfection is unknown: None is perfect but God; yet many claim, Evince the highest wisdom and true sense Of virtue, justice, rays divine that beam In worthy deeds of goodness and love; Thro' all the various climes and regions spread. In many soils the fruits of love have sprung, By pious men transplanted there and nursed, To grow apace, and more or less to thrive. So many are the kinds, that all the tastes They suit of human minds. The arts and scien- Such blessed fruits and holy deeds became. By them mankind has been improv'd, and made To know whatever needful is of men And God; to live and die in better moods. The grassy fields were plough'd, and cities built; The cattle tam'd to give their milk and wool. Of corn and wheat the sapid bread was made, From fruits the pressed juice, their wines have yielded. By decent clothing cov'red, spun and woven, Men bear the cold, and all their wants supply. Besides the holy men who spread these gifts; Others achieve some good, a lesser merit Deserving, or no evil deeds performing; But earthly Devils are these cursing deeds Intending and delighting to achieve.
ANGELS.

To sinful mischief, harm and strife, they are
Forever prone; each other punish, thwart,
Like to inflict distress and painful woes. 2480
From them good beings suffer much, in vain
Endeavour to avoid them; but these fiends
Seeking to interfere, on peaceful men
The many evils throw, impart and scatter
Which in this world, afflict the human race.

These human devils, fiends, are easily known
When met through life; their evil will they show
In looks and deeds, the stamp of sin they bear.
Such are all those who boasting pride display,
Or try in vain their shameful acts conceal;
The vain and proud, ambitious, cruel; or
The tyrant and oppressor, with his slave
His ready cringing tool, at his command
Committing murder and the worst of deeds;
Or killing as a robber seeking booty,
For paltry pay, in battles proudly led.
Whoever hates and seeks revenge, annoys
Or brings unhappiness on neighbours, friends,
Or any fellow man, is curst as such.
Nay, even he who on himself alone,
By evil heart or folly brings the shame
Of sinful thoughts and acts; thus sinking deep
In vice, hypocrisy, the human aim
Of wisdom, purity foregoing quite:
His God disdaining to obey and please.
This mighty God who rules the soaring worlds,
Allows on this, one of the smallest orbs,
Some creeping human worms to crawl awhile,
At random travel choosing their own path.
Perhaps from other distant happier spheres,
The angels are allow'd to visit us;
To good inclin'd, our guides become; or else
Convey instruction leading to good deeds:
'Tis hopeful to believe, and to surmise
Such power. If so however, Imps of evil
May reach this globe, from other hellish worlds,
Becoming demons fierce, satanic fiends,
Our active foes, invisible yet felt,
When of mischief and crimes by them suggested
Our human devils stain the earth; becoming
Impell'd to slavish, dreadful deeds of sin.

Bodies to bodies give a shock, impart
Each other motions; quick or slow impulse
Is giv'n, by largest moving power in various
Directions leading. Thus our earth, on all
The earthly bodies can communicate
Her own swift motions, quickly whirling; yet
They still retain their own peculiar drift:
While from a distance th' sun our earth impells
Meantime around him swiftly to revolve.
Thus mighty Spirits of high power, often
May swerve the lesser Spirits, Souls of men;
A right or wrong impulse may give to thought
That actions sway, suggest the noblest deeds
Or foulest crimes: without destroying each
Peculiar will, th' assent, that moral merit,
Or sinful act, completes; as good or evil
Prevails and freely flows from active souls.
These souls and spirits are of God the children,
Like him in mighty spell of actions free
Endow'd. Some bound to terrestrial sod,
Or puny worlds, cant soar except in thought;
But others receiv'd higher gifts; from suns
And stars they may take flight, the earthly sphere
Visit awhile, and here reside to act
Upon the minds, that listen to their spell.
Some of the proudest stamp, have dar'd to scorn
Their Lord and Maker, act against his laws,
And holy pleasure, in rebellion choosing
To follow sin and evil. Such on earth
Guilty alike, are those who have the same
Bad ways adopted, like them gone astray.
They are the human devils that beset
Our earthy globe, and all our ills dispense.
But there is yet a wiser purest band,
In heaven swarming, filling many worlds,
On earth perhaps not always overruling,
That keep the wisest path, and still deserving
The holy name of Godly sons sincere:  
Who live for constant love of good in self.  
Their friends and even foes, by always doing  
Of God the will, their own submitting quite;  
Assenting to dispense like him as much  
Pleasure and happiness, as human life  
Requires; when not forbidden and prevented  
By evil doers. Scorning vice, and sin  
With horror viewing; all the gifts of virtue  
They scatter and enjoy thro' deeds of love,  
Of peace, of charity, by God approved.  

Blessed are these, the children dutiful,  
And pious sons of God, whom he delights  
To look upon with smiling eyes, and seeks  
So far away on earth, for his to own.  
When death may bring their spirits back to him,  
In mantles bright array'd of purity  
And loving charity, in nearer worlds  
Or by his side, in heav'nly light he bids  
Them live again, for happier joys and love  
In endless bliss, where evil is unknown.  

While they the devils of the earth, who have  
So often harm inflicted, peace disturbed,  
Are sent to dwell in darker worlds, beyond  
His loving care, and where his beams of light  
Seldom are seen: together thrown in crowds,  
Or solitude apace, they may despair, or else  
Repent. In pride they may continue evil
ANGELS.

To like, evolve; each other curse and vex,
Inflicting mutual woes and burning pains.
If they relent, their evil course forbear,
At last detest, they may also be looked
Upon in mercy by the eyes of God;
Thro' repentance and pray'r may be restored
To better lives in happier worlds apart
From sons of God: Not even devils shall
Perish forever; God in pity may
Offer them mercy if they ask for it.

Angels in heaven smile when they repent
Either on earth or hell: if they rejoice
At human change, when sinful paths forsaking,
How greater is the joy, when devils feel
At last the mighty spell of beaming love,
To seek new worlds of peace or lesser evils.

Among the fallen beings that exist
Within the universe, few are alike
In guilt; some lesser time require to crave
For heav'nly help, by fewer pains atone,
Are purified and fitted to appear
Before the throne of grace, or nearer to
The central seat of love and happiness.
None but the obdurate, most criminal
Shall dwell in misery the longest; but
Eternity of pains and raging fires, (39)
Endless in term, are not within the scope
Nor the decrees of everlasting mercy.
The justice of a loving God, can well
Distinguish crimes from venial sins, for each
Appoints peculiar punishments. They slander
Almighty God, they who maintain his blind-
ness,
Unjustly deeming all unworthy of
Pardon and bliss, who have offended even 2620
In slightest modes against his holy will.
No! God is just, and justly can correct,
Punish, reclaim, in due proportion all.

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XII. EPISODE.—COHOL AND COHIBA,

Among the Elfs and Imps of hellish worlds
Who are visiting earth in direful wrath,
To tempt, to sway and scourge the human race;
Many there are to various evils prone,
And leading men to sin thro' devious paths,
By acting on the mind, obscuring thought,
Intoxication, frenzy, madness causing,
Diseases of all kinds, and wretched death.
In times of yore, when sev'ral did prevail,
Sorrow and crimes they spread; but even they
Are liable to change; by turns awhile
They rule, or fly from climes to other climes.

Now in the East, the ruling Demons are
Morphion, who seeks his prey with many doses
Of bitter opium, fleeting dreams producing. *Banga* his partner, fury of Hempseed, (40) Both leading to a premature old age, Producing folly, madness and deceit, Insanity and crimes inducing often. *Betel* by bloody mouths and blacked teeth Detected. *Kawa* that in Polynesia (41) Stupidity and scurfy skin imparts. The Mexican *Maguey* or *Pulque*, with *Chicha* uniting in America (42) To palsy often both the brain and mind, Or dulness, drowsiness, impart forever.

But in the west and all the northern climes, Two spiteful demons now prevail and reign, *Cohol*, *Cohiba*, are this loathful couple, (48) Wedded in hell, on earth impell'd by envy, And widely spreading with their progeny.

In early times a boon to men was given To cheer the mind and healthy age procure; Angelic Mentors rose, to men they taught The art of making wine by pressing grapes, (44) And planting vines in ev'ry suiting clime: Where none could grow of many substitutes The means were found, by healthy liquors made In imitation; cider, perry, beer, Were thus obtain'd, and other equally Suitable wines, of fruits or palms extracted.

But angry hell, this boon with envy saw,
And always ready to injure and thwart
The human race, in satanic grim smiles
Sent to the earth a jovial demon, spirit
Of foul deceit, by many Bacchus named.
Under the smiling garb of merry mood
He leads to drink beyond the actual need
And to excess, producing drunkenness,
Precursor of intemperance and death,
With misery, diseases, vices, while
The wretched life may last in awful curse.

Yet this was not enough, and hellish fury
Sent afterwards into this world another
Demon far worse, insane and mad, to prowl
Upon mankind. His name was then Cohol,
Son of the still and fire, he is an imp
Of woe. His liquid body is like water
Limpid and clear, but in a bluish blaze
He burns and flies, whenever in contact
With fire. In liquors, wines, conceals and hides,
Recall'd to view again by heating fire:
Thus phenix-like, forever seen to live
And die in flames. An emblem true becoming
Of hellish life, in lurid blazing rage
Lurking conceal'd, to burn and to destroy.

Under this burning shape, no man would dare
To swallow such a deadly draught, which kills
At once; but hiding both the flame and poison
Within a milder drink, it can allure
And tempt mankind to use the burning bane,  
That by degrees the work of death achieves;  
While sin controls the mind and clouded thoughts,  
The body shakes, the bloated seals receives.  

Sprung from the earth in lurid bloom arrayed  
The filthy fiend *Cohiba* was by him  
Chosen for bride; within the fiery pit  
Where Satan reigns in rage, and over Imps  
Of mischief rules, the bridal couple was  
United to deceive and curse mankind.  

On earth returning, ample regions fell  
Under their sway, in peace or war to feel  
Alike the sad effects of their joint power.  
She with tobacco smoke intoxicates  
The brain, and he with fiery liquors quite  
Inebriates the mind, and fires the blood.  

From this foul union sprung, the actual fiends,  
Children of woe, that emanate from each.  
*Brandy and Rum*, with *Whiskey, Gin*, and other  
Brothers in mischief prone, united all  
And ready to infuse the seeds of ruin,  
Among the mortals weak enough to taste  
Their fiery draughts. Meantime they call upon  
Their filthy dusky sisters to allure,  
Increase the thirst for their own liquid fires.  
These Sisters foul, are of *Cohiba* born  
In darkness, artfully concealing their...
Offensive mother by deceitful shapes.

Pipe and Sigs, that live in fiery smoke,
By hell are lighted, spreading stench around.
Twisted and rolled, both fermented in dirt,
Chewing Tobacco filthily infused, (45)
And next put in the mouth, to spoil digestion.
Lastly the Snuff of many kinds or hues
In dusty particles convey'd by nostrils
The arid brains to tickle and excite,
Till palsy or else apoplexy follows.

Yet all these find, in human beings prone
To evil habits, tempted by these fiends,
A filthy crew, that dare to take delight
To fill their mouths and noses for awhile
With dust and dirt, or fiery smoke still worse.
Unhealthy stuff that loathing nerves refuse
At first to bear, but are compell'd to suffer
By vicious will controll'd, until they bear it
And by degrees, the dreadful habit like.
Neither of them is food nor drink to us
Nor any use whatever to the body.
But of the brain, the stomach and the blood
They are the real banes, becoming all
A latent poison of the mind and soul;
Upon the body ruthless curse affixing
In trembling nerves, and burning bloaches, seals
Of vice, of infamy and awful fate.

They are in latent fires array'd, involved,
Both demons with their progeny on earth,
Burning the mouth and blood, the flesh and brain:
Emblems of woes and future fate in hells.
In spite of this, their worshippers deny
The obvious fact, or seem to scorn their fate.
To liquid flames thus flowing thro’ their veins,
Or deadly foul combustion of the flesh, (46)
They are in prey; and yet cannot abstain
From drinking fire: Of stinking smokes and breaths.
By gradual use, the need they seem to feel.
Because forsooth, they fill their lazy hours,
Or stimulate their vacant brains and minds,
Into the passive dreams of selfish guilt,
Or vicious folly, habits quite perverted.

Curst be the day when this Cohol was born,
Unto the earth was thrown to tempt mankind;
Misguiding them by dreams of silly folly.
Curst be the hour when he Cohiba met,
When both uniting powers to control
The sinful race of men, their progeny
Produc’d, increasing evil by deceptions:
Upon their votaries and worshippers
Entailing, scattering diseases, death,
With vicious sinful course of life; of them
As many earthly human demons making,
With hellish smoke and breath annoying all
Who wish to breathe in peace the purest air.
To cruel crimes this vicious selfishness
Is leading them by steps and by degrees
Quite unaware, since folly fills their brains
And keeps the mind in sad insanity,
Delusions wild, or frenzy, madness causing,
Delusions wild, or frenzy, madness causing,

Wo to the men, who drink and smoke their death
Who live in vice and in dismay soon die:
Or sooner than their duly hour. On Earth
They feed upon and wallow in a cloud
Of stinking heated smoke and liquid flames;
As if they were in hell already thrown,
Before their time is come to drop in there.
While yet on Earth, they scatter round distress,
Parents and friends with sorrow sadness fill;
By children feared or hated are, to them
Contrive too oft their selfish vice to teach,
And show their tender minds the way to hell.
Pity the mothers, daughters, wives, of these
Proud selfish men, or elfish Demons, worthy
Sons of Cohol, that with Cohiba joined
Such monsters to produce among mankind.
Pity on them that are compell'd to bear
These sad results of dismal wo and ruin. (47)

O why should we, such evils contemplate,
Suffer to spread, and not reform or mend? 2500
A time must surely come when they will cease,
No longer curse the land, afflict mankind. 
Since they began, they must also have end, 
A term be put at last to this disgrace. 
Hasten the time, you friends of man and good, 
Forbear the weed and liquid fire forbid, 
Their deadly use like moral sickness deem 
And treat: to health restore the poor and weak, 
So sadly tempted beings, thus beset 
By pleasures false to madness leading them, 
To vicious habits parent of diseases. 
Then we may hope to drive to hell the imps 
Of Fire and smoke, that now assume the sway 
And thro' the Earth sad misery, have spread. 
To send them back to those infernal regions 
Whence they have sprung, in chains to keep them there.
The constant change of aims in fleeting mood
Exerted, to pursue the dreams of pleasure,
And happiness, as we advance receding.

Whatever was the hue of our first parents,
Whether in red or white or black arrayed,
Whatever were their features, skulls and limbs,
We trace by dim records and facts of yore,
That nations soon became of various shades,
Complexions, speech: and now we see the pale,
The brown, the ruddy and the black prevailing
By turns in climes remote; these colors stain
The skin, but hardly penetrate beyond.
They form no test, and only split mankind
Into slight varieties, that change and blend
With easy mood; as horses may and cattle
In various colors clad, by turns assume
Restore or loose, their hairy tinged shades.

If Adamites were red, in mountains pale
Became, in frigid regions whiter still,
They might assume the brown or blackest hues
Under the solar rays expos'd, in climes
Of burning sands, and in the torrid Zones.
In many ages, separation made
Intense distinctions, that alike may blend
When meeting, other varieties producing.
And among us we have the ruddy fair,
The tawny and the brown, with hairs of light
Or darker hues; with eyes of black, or grey,
MANKIND.

Or blue. The handsome features pleasing all, With those of duller ugly type: the sharp And Roman nose, also the flat and broad. With many mouths and chins, foreheads and cheeks, To please or else disgust, and suit each taste. Pigmies and giants, men of all the sizes, Dwarfish or tall, quite lean or corpulent And fat, are often seen, or daily met.

   Children but seldom are to mothers like; Resembling brothers still less; families Are quite unlike, unless they intermarry, And during many ages keep together. (49) This is the human physical display, Of changeful nature. Which in greater scope, Changing the hair by crisping spiral twist, Has given woolly heads to Negroes, as To sheep the woolly fleece, and in the North The thickest furs to many arctic beasts.

   Of speech the gift divine to men peculiar The countless changes are so striking, that No one can help to notice them, except The deaf and dumb, before they may be taught. Languages are now split into so many, As baffle comprehension; yet each is Splitting anew in dialects, uncouth, By the new words we daily coin or borrow. No language ever was, nor ever can
Become quite fixt and permanent: in spite
Of vain conceit, or nations learned pride. 2880
To sing the laws that rule the changing speech,
To find and scan the terms or words of each,
Would be a hopeless task, which I renounce:
But I'll venture to sketch its rise and fall.
In days of yore the speech of men was one;
Few were their wants and few the needed
words;
They must have been quite short and with few
Such as the gift of God, with leave to speak,
Gave to their minds, the ease to coin and use.
When far they went to dwell in lands remote
Their speech as well as skin, both underwent
A change, a new complexion took. Whereby
Have sprung the oldest languages, now quite
Unknown again, to others giving way
By them produc'd, within ten ages born (50)
Or even less. Until they came at last
To form the actual spoken tongues, that were
Just born within few ages, recollected.
Some things in former times by two or more
Small words were nam'd, which kept, or dropt,
or changed,
Soon gave to tribes or nations peculiar 2900
Forms in their speech. These words when mixt
or used
In sport, or whim, or choice, became the types
Of all the languages we know or hear.
The rules of each were subsequent to speech,
By care and skill were found, in Elements
Or sounds, next roots, the complicated words
Divided were; the Grammars made long after:
The Nouns in Verbs were spun, and other parts
Contriv'd, till from colloquial speech so rude,
To florid eloquence and poesy,
So pleasing we have reach'd; from human cries
Improving to the harmony of song.
Meantime by written signs the sounds were fixt,
And alphabets invented, or elsewhere
By painted symbols, words became expressed.
Of many kinds, the letters, symbols were,
And often changed; yet are unsteady quite. (51)
From human speech the parent of all these
Have sprung the various languages, their gram-
mars,
Idioms, letters: having each their mothers,
And daughters may produce by equal mode.
How mighty were the changes of mankind,
In ways of life and social policy?
When first in civil bonds united, men
Began to tame the cattle, fowls; that they
Before had merely hunted to destroy.
The pastor life assuming, they became
Nomads and herdsmen, who at random roaming
Thro’ plains and hills affording grass and pasture:
In tents or moving houses dwelt; on milk
Began to feed; in woollen cloth to dress.

A further change took place, when wiser men
Began to till the ground, and ask the soil
To reproduce in plenty roots and seeds,
Affording healthier food; and bread was made
Or rice was boil’d, instead of sapid fruits,
Eaten alone and raw, with coarser roots.
No longer then a rambling crew, they soon
Became attached to the soil, that fed
Their families, and plenty gave each year.

Then steady homes were built, in happy fields
Or level fruitful spots, which by degrees
To towns and ample cities grew in peace.
Nations and States were form’d, to flourish for
Awhile, and then decay; by arts supported;
By sloth and wealth, in jealous wars expiring.

In social bands the human pride will say,
Let us be firm and build a city fair,
Of marble stone, that will forever last.
The sun revolving, yearly views it, growing
In size and beauty; busy crowds within,
Amend, enlarge, rebuild; but afterwards
When ages roll, a time must come at last
To ruin or desolate the proudest city.

A war, a flood, earthquakes or plagues, may each
By turns destroy it; sweeping soon the whole. The marble crumbles, falls to ruins, the palms and trees upon the buildings grow. The crowd of people die, or slaves become in distant climes.

Thus end the fairest cities built by men: Thus were destroy'd Palmyra, Babylon, Persepolis and Thebes, with many more. While others, phenix-like, may be rebuilt, Restor'd, from ashes spring again to view in diff'rent shape, but on the very site where once they stood. Jerusalem and Rome, Athens and Mexico are such. But Troy, Carthage and Tyre, restor'd; have sunk again to dust, the very site disputed where they twice have stood. Thus human toils and homes appear and disappear; in vain belief ever to last, they must this doom await.

Nations and States to equal fate submit, Kingdoms, empires, that sway the human race, Must rise and fall; by turns they proudly rise, Flourish awhile or ages; then decay, or dwindle, fall to rise no more; until another name assuming, they obtain again a rank, no better fate command. How could they hope survive the common doom?
Since even Godly works, are liable
to constant change, in slow mutations move,
The works of men, their institutions must
in revolutions similar forever
Exist and live, or yearly changes prove.
Even in China, where antiquity
Remote and steady laws are boasted of,
By changes perpetual the history
Is fill'd; and dynasties but sway awhile,
Succeed each other, rise and fall, decay
Or flourish; one or many States the land
Divide or occupy, in limits wide
Extend, or narrow bounds receive by turns.
In boastful vanity a nation may
Have said, by wisdom rais'd or force of arms,
We shall endure forever on this land.
But wisdom flies, and luxury soon comes
To weaken strength and call in vain for peace.
Factions arise and civil struggles follow,
The nation splits or else a ready foe
Subdues, enslaves, destroys those who had hop'd
So long to last and hold the reins of power.
They are but men, by human hands were held,
And like those hands must perish and decay
Sooner or later: nothing can avert
This common doom. It is the will of heaven.
But while they last, they are as prone to
change
Their laws and governments. Their rulers are
By many titles known: but whether dukes,
Or kings, or emperors, or magistrates,
Judges and presidents, lawgivers or
Dictators; these alike the power hold
To lead and sway, in many modes contrived.
Despotic will in tyranny subsiding
Of one, or few, or many, from fatherly
Command arising anciently; was since
In martial clamor fed, in power abused.
The rule of steady laws is better, when
They are enacted by the wise and good,
By them supported; but atrocious laws
Are worse than despotism; if judges are
Unjust, and magistrates unkind, they both
Pervert the laws and happiness destroy. [else
From these two modes, the private will, or
The public laws, all Governments have sprung,
In endless forms, and constant fluctuations
Keeping mankind in awe, and crimes restrain-
ing.

Blest be the man who did invent the plough,
Was first to till the ground, increasing food
And wealth: civilization his exertions
Did follow, bringing happiness and peace:
The arts and sciences inviting, who
So many pleasures give, and social men
Induce in happy lawful bonds to live.
MANKIND.

Who was this man so wisely blest? To us
He is unknown! his memory was lost;
But his best gift remains. Thus we forget
Our benefactors; while too oft remember
The cursed foes of human peace and laws.
Each nation claims a Ceres, goddess of
The plough, or else a son of hers, who gave
To men the use of corn, of mills and bread.
Was it a woman, who this precious gift
Bestow'd? and was a goddess call'd in thanks
By grateful mortals fed by her invention.
At any rate no Cain he, no foul (54)
Sad murderer, I vow;—Perhaps a child
Or nameless daughter of the Adamites.

All men were equal once; but now no longer.
When human families in swarms increased,
The ranks invented were, professions, castes,
All equally to human toil employed.
But wisdom, strength or power gave at last
A higher rank to some, or was assumed
By priestly lore or craft, and ruling clans.
Thus by degrees arose in various number
Both ancient, modern ranks, forever mingling
With us; but kept apart in Eastern climes,
Under the name of castes, which we disdain;
Yet secretly in ev'ry place retain. (55)
The priestly order first became by claiming
The help of heav'n; the noble martial clans
The second rank assum'd and held the sway,
Over the trading class, and toiling caste; (56)
Bondsmen and slaves, since vassals call'd or else
Impure proscribed Parias, all remains
Of vanquished in war, unhappy tribes.

Of thraldom, slavery, many nations have
Felt the sad yoke by turns. Once proudly free
In war engag'd, but conquered, became
The bondsmen of the strongest warlike tribes.
Bitter and sad is thy unhappy lot,
Slave of the proud, to all his whims exposed,
To constant toils, and liable to evils
Dreadful in number and extent. Despair
Is often thine, poor vassal, or sad slave:
But he who owns thy person, labor claims,
Entails upon himself no lesser toil
Of constant fear; on his posterity
Devolves the awful fate, of broken chains, 3080
And of revenge the cruel doom; prospect
Forever pending, never ceasing to
Occur. In hope the slave may live or dream
Of Liberty, in death he can but find it.
But he who holds the chains, no hope can feel:
In dread and fear he lives, his fate awaiting.

This thraldom was unwise in darker ages:
Now it is worse, a useless cruel state,
Of happiness the bane; so many dooming
Children unborn to heavy chains, and parents
For life retaining, under bondage, sunk
In darkest, gloomy ignorance and vice.
But happier wiser times will come, when tasks
And chains shall drop. The owners of the slaves
Their interest consulting, may themselves
Break the unholy bonds, and happiness
Will find while granting it to these freedmen.
Then fearful dreams and anxious hours will cease
To haunt their minds. Like God who freedom
to all the human souls, they will bestow,
Rather restore, this holy liberty.

The dawn of freedom rose in later times
Within the Western world, and there it will
Prevail when slavery shall forever end.
In Europe once so common, it has been
Expell'd, confin'd to Eastern dull barbarians.
And in America it disappears
By gradual steps; to Brazil is reduced,
With Cuba, and a few unwisely still,
Regions and States that waver and delay
The needful steps to take; emancipating
By gradual laws the suff'ring sons of wo. (57)
It will be done by them when they become
Convinc'd, or fear shall overcome the lust
Of that unholy wealth, in human groans
And toils unpaid, consisting and obtained.

(See the Additions.)
XIV. PEACE AND WAR, DISCORD AND STRIFE.

Sweet is the peace and harmony of Nature
That in the sky is written, altho' on earth
It may but seldom dwell, to bless mankind.
Among the rolling orbs, there is no clash
Of passions, to destroy, and to disturb
By foul discord the motion of the spheres.
In peaceful harmony they all perform
Their functions; flying, moving thro' the ether:
A steady path pursuing of their choice,
On which no one intrudes, nor dares assail.

Not so with men and beasts, in swarming crowds
Filling the earth, and preying on each other:
The wolf against the lamb, the eagle against
All 'birds, the shark against all fishes, set
Themselves; are waging war for food. While
Who boldly claims the kingly title, dares
To war on all, and to become their tyrant.
When weary to subdue the living tribes,
War he declar'd against mankind, to rule,
Enslave or kill, and lastly, horrible
Remembrance! even to devour and feed
On mangled bloody limbs of his own kind.

And this was called a glorious war, as deeds
Of fame proclaim'd. If this barbarity
Of cannibals has ended for awhile,
It may yet be renew'd, and does exist (59)
In distant regions to this day. But war,
With all the horrors in her train displayed
Cruelty, death, revenge, dismay and tears,
Companions of her deeds and bloody spoils,
Still rages widely, spreading all these evils.

Oh may the times that bring so many changes
Bring forth the death of war, the reign of peace
Proclaim. May union, harmony divine
On earth prevail; not for awhile but ever;
Joining the hearts of men in happy love:
May each his course of happiness pursue
Without restraint, nor any one restraining.
May liberty with harmony unite,
Concord of minds produce, as is displayed
Above, in those celestial splendid mansions
And heav’nly homes, unfurled in the skies.

Yet once perhaps the din of war was needful
To teach us what is peace, and make us prize it.
As by contrast alone we can conceive,
Or know the need of evil, to evince
That there is good; that vice exists for virtue,
Error for truth, and war perhaps for peace.
Without their dire contrast, the best from worst
In ev’ry case we hardly could distinguish;
Neither could have a proper name nor sense.
By night and darkness we obtain alone
The knowledge of the day, and of its light,
In constant train succeeding, to convince
By this contrast that each exist, and fills.
The yearly space of time in mutual change.

Meantime by passions fed, discord and strife
Arise that lead to war, the scourge of life
And human kind. When she disturbs the earth,
The dismal clash of weapons strikes the ear,
Her thundering explosions peal, and both
Resound afar among the hills and plains.
Appalling, dreadful sounds! the peaceful men
Dismaying, bidding them to fly for life
Or liberty, if both are worth preserving.

All men are brothers, ought to live in peace;
But by sad passions sway'd, are led astray
To bitter enmity. By turns they live
In peace or war, as if a steady calm
Could never long prevail throughout the world.
As stormy clouds the brightest sky obscure,
Thus it appears that quarrels and discord,
Must often break the peaceful social order,
Or else like a disease, a moral fever,
The bloody war breaks out to prey upon
The crowds of restless men, or ruin the States.
Happy are they when in duration short
This awful fever rages but awhile:
If holy peace, the lovely friend of all,
Much longer dwells and many blessings spreads.
Since cursed wars with desolation rise,
Evils and woes alone can bring and scatter.

Hail blessed peace! thou gift divine and sweet,
Who brothers making of the sons of men,
In ev'ry clime to them is welcome; thro' the whole of this unsteady globe is greeted
And prais'd. Whatever be the hues and laws
Of human beings, willing subjects all
They are of thee; unless in frenzy mad,
The martial fever shaking fits they feel.
Come to the earnest call of wisest men,
To dwell with us forever or as long,
As God thy father, leader of events,
May in his goodness grant; respite allow
Throughout the earth, to deeds of glory false or rather shame. Instead of visits short,
Abide and rest with us for longer terms,
Or keep thy settled home among thy friends.

I trust this time may come, not in my days perhaps; but others will enjoy thy boons.
Meantime we are as yet in times of woes
And wars, residing on this globe: when proud Ambition reigns, the human rulers sway.
Sister of death! unsightly baneful strife
Prevail, dominion holds. False honor claims
In men and nations wrongly to dictate,
To arms appeals instead of justice, for
Redress or mad revenge. The duels are
Frequent as yet; and him who kills the most
Of human brothers, either in a single
Combat or in a battle; often is
Deemed the very best of men: Alas!
'Tis murder, even so, the worst of crimes.

We savage deem and call, the man who scalps,
And bloody trophies thus collects; but him
Who spills his brother's blood, and stains the earth,
Mother of both, with cloated gore, becomes
A hero! praised for this foul deed by many.
A savage glory, he acquires, to dazzle
The cruel minds of cringing petty souls:
Nay he is said to be thus born to rule,
And rule obtains, in spite of wisdom warning,
Altho' he may be quite unfit to hold
The reins of state; or else in sport he likes
War to declare and wage, to conquer, plunder,
Oppress the weak, destruction to achieve.

Many to civil worthy deeds of peace,
To equal laws, prefer the laws of war;
Where force is right, and weakness must submit
To all the foulest whims of cruelty.
When warriors rise in proud array to fight
For right or wrong, for honor, glory, else
For paltry pay and spoil, the foulest evils
Are in their train. Death at their side is seen
In horrid shapes, by steel and fire she mows
The human throng become contending oes;
No harmless men, nor women can escape
The fury of these demons, when their rage
Greedy of blood, the peaceful fields invade,
The cities take by siege or by assault.
Young children in their cradles frequently
By sword are slain: In vain the innocent
And trembling child or youth, may kneel, implore
For pity and for mercy, none they find.
The bashful maid in agony is doomed
To feel the curse of lust. The hoary man,
Unable quite to stir, is hurried to his grave.

Such are the deeds of war, when legions move
Without restraint. All direful passions have
The sway, and in the worst of forms assail
Both Armies, Nations, feverish with war.
The strongest party deems it right, compulsion
Becoming law, the cruel laws of war
That now altho' in milder forms presented
By modern pity rul'd or modified,
Still must allow, admit of striking deeds
Of cruelty; of happiness destroying
The hopeful course. Whenever war prevails
In path of sorrow, tears and dismal woes
The armies move, and desolation spread.
Cities and towns are taken, burnt or spoilt;
Castles besieg'd where few can find refuge:
Widows and orphans made at ev'ry stroke,
Disease and death the train of legions follow.  
The ploughmen fly, no longer sow nor reap, 
The vilest men exult, the wisest weep.  
The merchants shy become, no longer trade; 
From land to sea the evils spread with speed, 
In spite of storms, the pirates scour the waves. 
In dungeons or in slav'ry, captives led 
Are doom'd to pine or die, in chains or toil: 
By war has thraldom here begun and thrives, 
The weaker dooming to obey the strong. 
In war began the curse of slavery: when 
No longer mad and thirsty after blood 
Or human spoil, the strong and powerful 
Shall cease to quarrel and to fight for lust 
And slaves, then may both evils cease together.

The curses of mankind will ever fall 
Upon all cruel warriors; soldiers who 
For hire or glory fight, deserve no better. 
Curst be their names as curst by God their deeds 
None but defenders claim our thankful praise. 
'Tis nature's law that we should live, and when 
By foes assail'd, in self defence we may 
Our lives defend. But we should never dare 
Provoke the angry foe. All wars are foul, 
Often unjust, one party in the wrong; 
Not seldom both, when mutual spite has led 
To quarrels, next to strife and battles dire.
Wo to the weak, have said these boasting men.
Wo to the strong, the victor and the cruel,
Has said the God of peace. Who shall be right?
In life some victors triumph, many more
In early death entomb'd, the doom they delt
They justly meet. Surviving few may boast;
But death will come, and then they will be sent
To join the demons vile of lurid hell
In fiery strife to burn, contending still.
Alone these imps exult when they perceive
The rising storms of war; and they rejoice,
When mutual slaughter sends new victims to
Punish and torment for awhile in hells
Of strife and woes, of burning pains, remorse.
On earth the heroes human imps become,
Justly may wish, deserve to join their bands,
When death removes them to the other worlds.
Curst be the bards who sing the deeds of war,
By martial songs, and glorious poems dare
Entice to strife, the flames of war to fan.
Instead of praising conquerors, they ought
Ever to stain with infamy their deeds,
Their memory devoting to oblivion.
In strains of deeply felt emotions, let
Me sing at least, the infamy of war:
Upon all conquerors my virtuous scorn
I throw, and all their dreadful deeds despise.
Of bloody laurels proud, and glorious shame
Seeking; the foes of peace, to virtue, worth,
Are strangers; daring to insult them oft
When met, to drown in tears or drive afar
These boasts of human life. By them more evils
Are scattered than by the thunderbolts,
The angry waves, volcanoes burning rage,
The ghastly plague, and squalid dearth united.
May all the laurels thus obtain'd that are
Dripping with gore, become a crown of thorns;
By single wounds inflicting for each murder
Committed by their order, cause their death.

Of such may perish lasting memory;
But that of peaceful heroes, wise lawgivers,
Sages that wisdom teach, improving minds
That arts and sciences invented, spread,
To lessen toil, or pleasure new procure:
These will deserve our praise, their names endure.

To lessen wars or drive them from the earth,
Let us control the youthful minds so prone
To feel ambitious views, and seek for fame
In the wrong path of martial glory, dazzling
The tender eyes; to fame of better deeds
Direct the inquiring mind, and lead it there.
Even in children's plays and first pursuits,
Efforts to strike in petty angry quarrels,
Repress the overruling tendency
To fight and seek redress by force. In these,
PEACE AND WAR.

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The germ of angry passions springs, to ripen
In youth, in after age to curse mankind,
Oppress the weak, and cruel war suggest. (60)
Let nations wiser grown, unite in peace,
Confederations form, and friendly leagues.
All states become allies; their quarrels settle
In peaceful mood by new Diplomacy;
When reason fails, let chos'n umpires decide,
In congress meet and justice there award.
If parties will comply, there is an end
Of strife, and wars will cease. If one stubborn
Will disagree, and set the world at bay:
Let this mad nation rave, alone to stand,
From trade forbidden, under a blockade,
And common ban of all the peaceful states;
Until her senses may return; to seek
In better mood, a milder course to follow.
When to this change, the human minds assent,
The reign of peace, may then begin on earth.
Blest be the men who shall accomplish this
Object so long desir'd of human hope. 3380
Then may be sung in joyful chorus loud
This hymn of peace, the blessings of her reign.

On earth again the golden age appears!
Sweet peace forever dries the human tears,
The toils of war dispels and deadly fears
Heralds of peace the happy news proclaim;
Of peace the holy reign is nigh! the flame
Of dismal war is spent! By men around
Is heard in hopeful doubt the grateful sound:
With shouts of joy when truth confirms the fact,
And justice comes to sign the solemn pact.

XV. TOLERATION AND SELFISHNESS.

FICKLENESS, CONSTANCY, INTOLERANCE, GENIUS,
FOOD AND DRESS.

As love by sympathy is led and nursed,
Sweet peace a guide and friend has ever found,
In toleration, holy sentiment
Teaching to let the human throng pursue
In their own way the paths of happiness;
To seek for pleasures innocent, or sweet,
And entertain opinions of their own.

Like peace it is a gift of love divine.
By God himself was this example set
To tolerate the freedom of his sons,
Of men the good and evil bear: although
The foe of wickedness, to evil doers
The solar beams and worldly joys He grants,
Allows to live, and living share his boons.
Tho' God can bear their evil course and deeds.
He may ordain that future means shall punish
The crimes and vices of mankind. How daring
Must be the men who proudly scorn his ways,
And in his name assume the awful right
By force opinions and beliefs to dictate.
In self defence to punish crimes is right,
Society may claim it as a duty;
Or to prevent them would better suit of justice
The wisest aim. But how in daring mood,
Of selfish wild conceit, can any man?
Set up himself, his creeds opinions all
As only right, and punish those who may
Disdain to creep with him upon his track,
A single path refusing to pursue,
Searching for happiness beyond his ken.
While God the ruling Lord of all the creeds,
Allows of many more than we may hear
Or dream of, both on earth, and in the worlds,
That fill the universe: Nay he may like
To see himself in various worships loved,
As in so many spoken tongues addressed,
Which he can understand, and duly value.

Intolerance is war upon the thoughts
And harmless deeds of human mental freedom.
By selfishness, deceitful monitor,
It is misguided, led astray, but told
To seek of self alone the wilful might
To think that self alone is always right:
And thus oneself to make a ruling God.
This impious aim is oft by pious minds
Avow'd or boldly acted on; when they
Impose their dogmas, worships, on mankind:
When in the name of loving God of peace
A holy war against his foes declaring,
(Who are his sons also, and better men
Not seldom) they unblushing curse the world
With their hypocrisy; alight the flames
Of impious piles, to sacrifice, not beasts
Alone, but human beings; Inquisition
Holding on secret thoughts, to God best known.
When with the sword or cross they strike alike
Their friends or foes, by mere opinions swayed:
Daring to take the names of champions, saints,
Crusaders; but unholy men becoming,
The scourge of real holy men; like demons
Acting on earth and curse like them by God.

Deep in the mind are various notions nursed,
While passions fierce there deeply brood and rage:
Opinions ever changing with the age;
Fluctuating like the fleeting clouds above,
From youth to riper years evolv'd and held.
How strange, unwise, to quarrel and contend
For these mere mental clouds, so often known
To vary daily, fashion's whims assuming,
In silly changeful minds; as ruler of taste,
Or solid standard, deem'd the best awhile.
Of all the flying follies none is worse
Than pityful disdain, the bane and curse
Of social feelings, amity and love,
That scorns whatever is no longer deemed
The fashion; ev'ry thing condemns that once
Might have been such, or may next year become.
When fools abound, and wiser men control,
They take delight to wound, or praise extort,
By ridicule, the weapon of their sport,
To mischief prone, and sober senses excluding.
Yet often better men, must borrow this
Weapon uncouth, can handle it with care,
Retort the silly play, and deeper strike.
Wo to the man who dares be fat or tall
When we are lean, of humble growth and small.
Wo to the fool, who dares to pore on books,
If we delight in idle days to lounge.
Pity the youths, who seek their minds to store
With useless trash, when fashion teaches all
Needful to know. Hurrah for war and glory!
That we may bravely die and quickly rot....
Thus speak the wise, in keenest irony
Driving away, of ridicule the shaft.
In other mood to get the sober rule
Over these fools, to argue with whom is vain,
The lashing rod and fetter noose are tryed,
Curbing awhile their folly; children like,
As colts untam'd they often must be used.
Every thing has chang'd, is changing; yet,
Must change; it is the mighty will of God.
Let us be wise, and scorn to set our own
Standard of good and truth, above all others,
The only one deserving to retain,
Worthy to form the code of life and action,
Now and forever! while even God himself,
Altho' he reads the hearts, of truth the whole
alone

Can see, allows they should think true,
What he well knows as false and very wrong.
Imprudent man! wilt thou be able ever
Better to judge, and what is true maintain?
Proud mortal man! will thou attempt to set
Thyself above the laws of God? and say—
I am a God and all must bow to me,
My whims obey—Some raving tyrants dared
To speak these impious words. While many yet
Speak not so plain; but secretly contrive
To act upon this plan of dire compulsion:
As petty tyrants bold sustain, assume
The plea of useful need, conformity.
If we can teach from this survey of change,
A law of God, that nothing can conform
But for awhile, we shall not toil in vain.
Yet fickleness avoid, a sentiment
Leading the mind astray to rove and wander,
At random fly and dance into the air,
TOLERATION.

Never to rest, to sip at all the blooms,
Like butterflies not bees, and none to pluck
Nor honey gather, reap. Not so with nature,
She is not fickle; ever constant wise,
She knows the sweets of sleep, repose and peace;
Waking to active life, exertions bold:
Returns from rest to motion and from sleep
To toils of life, versatility and love.

Man has the same unchecked powers,
By alternations of sweet rest and sleep
With waking toils and pleasures, all combining
To sweeten life, his keen perceptions brace,
And his sensations sharpen or restore.

We feel the need of rest, and usual slumber
After the daily toils or strong exertions.
Thus in ourselves a constant change we prove
Of rest and motion, emblems of delight
In changeful scenes and shifting actions proved.

_Whatever is, is right_, has said a poet; (61)

We doubt the fact, but yet allow the end,
As it is not a law, it has exceptions;
Since vice and crime, the many banes of life,
The horrid war, disease and pains, we may
Attempt in vain to prove to pleasure equal;
Unless by constant plain contrast in view,
They show and prove the real worth of good,
Much further this old maxim might extend,
If we should say; _Whatever was or yet_
TOLERATION.

Will be, must have been right or such become—
If we pursue the rule, apply it here,
We'll find that all the changes past or future,
In deep oblivion sinking, or else hidden
Within the awful womb of time to come,
Were gently leading to, evolving good,
Or shall such happy ends attain, secure.

In spite of all intolerance or dread,
Compulsive force by tyranny employed,
Changes occur, and gradually proceed:
Nothing can stop their steady flirting course.
In vain the tyrants, bigots, of the mind
Endeavor to attempt the hopeless task.

In vain they strive, in social bonds to keep us;
By cruel laws, they think to bind and fetter,
Religious creeds impose to cloud the souls,
Of knowledge try to stop the rapid strides,
To set up fashions, taste corrupt and lead.
Tis all in vain, the endless time absorbs
And conquers all; It never feels inaction:
New facts and deeds in active changing mood,
Forever brings forth; life and death bestowing.
We live in shifting scenes from youth to age,
In sorrow die, in joy again outlive.

Even in trifling matters, in our dress,
Our food and sports, these tyrants of a day
Or a few years, would rule, dictate, assume
The rod, and persecution rise against
TOLERATION.

Whoever will not follow, blindly folded,
The beaten road they trace. Thro' envy, spite
Ambition proud to lead, if changes must
Occur, themselves alone new paths must open:
Whoever tries to seek for better ways,
A wish of all the worthy minds, they dare
To call in scorn, projectors, innovators,
And warn the crowd against the wisest plans;
Or steal them if so good as to deserve
This vain reward. By innovations all
What we now use began, from shoes to hats,
From cloth to paper, as from roots to bread;
All our best arts thro' innovations sprung:
And yet they dare disdain the conscious worth
Of lofty minds, delighting to invent.

When shall we learn that toleration is
A justice due to all, in any matter?
Freedom and liberty were giv'n to men,
As well as wishes to improve and learn.
When shall we know to value Genius bright?
That always strikes new paths in ev'ry line,
Duly fulfils the wishes of mankind.
When shall we feel the sense of wisdom pure?
That bids respect opinions and pursuits.

Some happy men are born in proper time,
The very age in which their lofty minds
Can find a field of action and reward;
But others come too soon to spend their days,
And shine in a dark age, like stars unseen
Except by keenest sight, or else become
Meteors unheeded, mistaken for
Beings of dire import. While duller minds
May in their turn too late come in the world,
To carry there the dreams of ages past:
Lazy to learn, they try to stop the wheels
Of time; become the foes of knowledge, science;
All that improve, ennobles mankind in life.
These pygmies when in power abominate,
Abhor and persecute the better men.
Banes of the world, these human snails at rest
Would keep and leave the whole. Their maxims are—

*Let things alone, whatever is, of course
Is well and right. *'Tis wrong to seek for better
And worse to find perhaps—Thus they will say
Or argue. While nature, genius, wisdom tell,
And loudly answer them, proclaiming thus—

Through many devious paths and various deeds,

Good may be sought and found by skilful minds.
From good a better mate may often spring
In wiser hands, that know the art sublime,
Improvement nam'd, that every dross can change
To gold, when not impeded nor restrained
By those who deem their interest at stake;
Or fear that gold too common might become,
As well as plenty, peace, with happiness.

Forbear you vipers, demons of this globe,
Your dark efforts are all in vain, since time
In spite of you, these changes brings and nurses:
It bids the taste to vary, and pleasure find,
By shifting scenes produced, by latest deeds,
The best improvements, better houses and roads.
If novelty of ev'ry kind delights,
Tis vain to try that nothing new should pass
Occur, prevail; or to suppose it madness
To change our mind, in taste, in dress, in food.
In ev'ry thing tis right to shift and flutter,
Except in friendship, love and virtue; best
Companions faithful of mankind, and never
To be discarded, lost, forgotten by
The human minds. Of Constancy the aim
Is proper when it leads to love forever,
Forever hold of virtue, wisdom, peace,
The holy boons; with trifling changes only
Vary their pleasures during our short lives,
As precious sources of unfading bliss.

In food no one denies that change is sweet,
And various are the means to feed the streams
Of life. From bread to dainties we may seek,
And ever find new ways to gratify
The hungry want or slender appetite.
Our thirst we quench with water or with wines,
And other healthy liquors we may use.
How many dishes, soups, and tender meats?
May be invented or employed at will
To prop the human frame and health procure,
With pleasures not to be despised; since they
Entice to milder food. The chemistry
Of meats and dressed viands, herbs and roots,
Teaches the best, civilization helps.
If grosser food and raw materials are
Relished alone, barbarous savage temper
Obtains the sway, and by the blood is to
The mind convey'd, The most refin'd and rich
Dishes or food, a better blood infuse,
And milder mind, that leads us to become,
Not wiser, but less cruel, much less prone
To crimes. Thus, food affects the moral man,
And to neglect good food is to despise
These happy results, and cruelty recall. (63)

But neither envy nor disdain the food
That pleases other tempers, other nations.
Let Esquimaux' delight to drink train oil.
Let Cossacks' use for butter, tallow candles;
And let the Chinese eat their slugs and nests;
The Abyssinians meat quite bloody raw; 3680
The Dutch their rotten cheese; the Anamese(63)
Foul rotten eggs; the Tartars, dogs and horses;
Wild Hottentots the locusts and the ants.
Since Englishmen delights to eat roast beef,
As rare as if quite raw, with bleeding juice.
Oysters and snails, with frogs and snakes are liked
By many men, who what they like enjoy.
Where is the harm, and who will say 'tis wrong?
No food is bad unless it hurts the frame.
None but the fool who wants to rule the wise,
Will dare decide, which proper food prefer,
When health it gives, and no bad blood produces.
Deny yourself the horse, and dog or cat:
If you dislike the name or taste; but let
Also the Jew deny himself the hog
If such he deems unclean: or else Hindoos
From beef abstain, because the ox and cow
Are holy. 'Tis all well, if such be choice.
To quarrel or compel alone is wrong,
In trivial matters, as in weighty ones.
The same is true for dress, if fashion leads
By paltry whims, let whims alone: they pass
So very soon, that hardly time is left
To notice them: 'tis idle to complain.
Since ev'ry clime admits of diff'ent moods,
Peculiar customs, dresses quite unlike. (64)
'Tis wisely so ordain'd to break of life
The dulness, that by uniformity
Might be produc'd. Who laughs at this but folly?
The mad conceit of some unblushing fools,
Would dress all men like soldiers, monks or slaves,
In uniform of red, or black, or grey.
Others dislike the bright colors of flowers
In pious mood unwise, would draw a veil
Over the blue of sky, and dress themselves
In gloomy colors, sadness calling forth;
While nature smiles, the gayest dress assuming,
In winter white, in summer green not dark.

Whenever dresses, customs are unlike
Convenience has invented, use adopted.
By proper aim, the fashion may become
Quite natural and steady, liked well.
The hats and caps, the turbans or the wigs,
Have all been deem'd by turns convenient quite,
Very becoming covers of the head.
The coat, the gown, the folding mantle have-
Also become the usual daily dress.
To wear the beard, or none, to trim it with
The hair, to dress this last; or ears and nose
Adorn with rings; by changeful whims of na-
tions
Is liked or not, as fashion leads or custom.

Whether in silk or costly lace arrayed,
Or cloth of gold, the man is but a man:
A beauty bright no brighter will appear;
To ugliness they never give a charm;
But change the trim, a newer fashion wear,
TOLERATION.

The face assumes a kind of novelty;
Which is the secret aim of youthful minds,
Who feel that variety sweet pleasure gives.
Yet to despise a man because in rags,
Or coat quite plain, of tissue drab or gray,
He may be drest; is worse than folly nice:
'Tis scornful pride, despising shabbiness.
Respect the man, whatever be his garb,
If under it, is found a feeling heart,
Or virtue dwells with him, and beams in spite
Of modest garb. By deeds alone endeavour
To know of men the merit and the worth.

XVI. PASSIONS AND PLEASURES,

THOUGHTS, CUPIDITY, SPORTS AND PAIN.

Where are the men who ever think alike
And feel alike? No where, in vain you'll roam
In search of them. Return within yourself,
Study your mind, your feelings analyze.
Did you once feel exactly as to-day
You may now feel and think? Every hour
Of the revolving day, sensations new
May bring; new thoughts arise and lead the way.
In youth, in age mature, every year
Peculiar thoughts and feelings, new ideas
Will spring, command to follow as they lead,
To ramble with the fancy of the time,
Or prompt the deeds, performed by the will;
The passions urge, their wild display assume.

If thus fantastical, never self-identic,
In life, in years and days, you'll find yourself
Seldom the same awhile, how vain the hope
To see the human throng become alike,
Unite in every thought, opinion, or
Pursuit. Discard the idle wish and dream:
Enjoy your own, and let all men enjoy
Whatever they may think and deem the best;
Provided harmless deeds from thence result.
Let mental thoughts in freedom range and soar;
But wilful evil claims a strong control,
By laws and public sentiments expressed.
Yet in mistake do not assume the sway,
Dictate at every step, a single path
Allowing to pursue, because your own
It is, and seem the best to you or friends.

In a few points all men perhaps agree,
When facts and senses speak in plainest terms;
But when they fail and different views are taken,
Never attempt to force your own: you must
Then try to soothe, enlighten, or persuade;
Your thoughts you may convey, impress, or sing,
But leave to time and truth, the happy task
To fix the thoughts; unite by common bonds
Of other minds, the ready will assenting.
Yet never dream to make all men the same
In any thing. It is beyond the bounds
Of possibility, because against
The law I now unfold, explain, and dare
To sing, admiring and extolling both
The wisdom and the use, in change displayed.

In mental freedom, the worlds of thoughts
Wander and stray. Each mind a little Sun
Becomes, ideas are the beams of light
That each evolves, and shoots afar or near,
Recalling them in need, and storing them
In memory. As immaterial rays
Of solar light, that ever smoothly slide,
Without restraint, wherever they may reach,
Aided by them, as quickly fly or quicker
The rapid thoughts, that soar in space and time.
At will they rise; but many are suggested,
By other minds or spirits worthy friends;
The bad by evil spirits prompted often.
Spontaneous others spring, and are the growth
Of mental worlds. In these conflicting thoughts
So various, sudden, numberless and strong,
Reason alone can judge, and guide the will
To keep and nurse the best, the worst discard.

If none but worthy ideas should occur
Into the mind, no wicked thought impure
Creep in the soul, we should be angels, gods,
Not mortals frail and weak as we are all.
By active thought, the soul is equal to
The mind divine, that will'd the existence
Of worlds and us, and we as they, were born
As thoughts of God; as such we live, and dying
Nearer to him are drawn, or wander yet
In memory divine, forever kept.
Such in the human soul, a world, her own,
Will spring by active power, creation of
The mind, a mirror of the universe,
In puny dreams indulging; yet so bold
To penetrate wherever light proceeds,
The foot of thrones divine to seek and reach.
The daily dreams of man, are often daring,
As many glances throw beyond the sight,
In visions swim, not seldom truth reveal,
With fiction mixt: imperfect as thy aims,
Man of a day, in body clad of dust!
While of the only God, the waking dreams,
He never sleeps, are wise and true, as He.
With angels he communes, and holds converse;
To men he fondly sends the dreams of hope,
Upholds the good, in pity looks upon
The bad, rewards and pains dispensing justly.
Contending crowds of lazy minds and souls
In human moulds inclos'd, forever stir,
In active mood exert their highest powers,
With faculties endow'd so prone to change,
Conflicts arise; each other justling, minds
On minds will act, endeavour to control.
The strongest intellect ascendancy
Acquires; as solar light the paler moon
Eclipses. Matter, motion and impulse
From both receives, fair light and mental beams.
The will obeys the Soul, and leads the body
Which other bodies moves; all strive to rule;
By speech or deed predominate, and win
Applause and praise. Thus busy man is seen
Forever toiling, seldom resting quiet.

By passions kindled, mental labor may
Assume a fierce or gentle aspect, as
Affections lead or passions sway the mind:
When gently mild, unruffled temper will
In happy mood the virtues prop, sustain
Or mental pleasures seek deserve obtain.
But angry temper or the passions mean,
No pleasure give or vainly try to grasp
Secure and keep, the shameful purpose dire,
They have in view. Ambition proudly seeks,
Delights in strife, contention, deadly war:
And noble deeds it calls the very worst.
In order to obtain the full command,
It tramples under feet, the human rights
And duties; bathing oft in bloody gore:
In groans of wo, a worthy music finding.
Envy and spite with pride and vanity
Controlling minds, upon themselves retort
As many evils as they may evolve:
No pleasure seek, but prey upon the Soul,
Of angry fury light the flaming torch.
Disgusting pride is seen; alone exulting
At her own shadow kneeling, to adore
The selfishness of mental prejudice.
The flimsy vanity, upon her steps
Attempts to tread, in selfish laughing mood;
Without disdain she looks upon mankind; 3880
But petty self exalts above her worth.

The angry passions these exceed, much worse
Become than envious and conceited feelings;
Recoiling on the human frame, that may [rage, Indulge their bursting storms. Of wrath and
Anger and choleric emotion sore,
And of revenge the foulest worst of all,
Let us beware in time: the angry mood
Repress whenever it may rise in th’ breast.
Never allow the direful storm to shake
The soul and body; else in agonies
We throw ourselves and all around agrieve.
If furious rage is often prov’d and sharp,
It leads to madness, bodily distress:
In stormy angry fury we may rave,
And bursting veins of blood may find the grave.
All such unruly eager passions spring
From sinful thoughts in men to evil prone;
Each other helping, nursing, calling forth. 3900
In endless shapes and acts evolving deeds,
Producing actions bad, the very worst.
They are the clouds and storms of human minds,
The raging billows of the nervous fluid:
Like them forever fleeting and recurring,
Seldom alike in changeful forms arising,
To vex, disturb the mental faculties,
Control the will; unless the will by strength
Conquers and wins a glorious victory.

Another still unworthy passion rules
Over mankind, and widely spreads the nets
Wherein we fall in crowds, quite unawares.
It is the meanest of them all, a monster
Loaded with spoils, yet oft in rags displayed:
The grinning Avarice, a cruel, mean
Unnatural passion sprung in wicked times;
The bane of social feelings; happiness
Neglecting, pleasures never seeking, self
Alone exalting; with unsparing hands
Forever grasping, keeping and concealing. 3920

But tis not money, gold alone, she covets;
With various forms and names assuming sway,
Cupidity becoming, thirst for wealth,
Accumulation, wishes to possess,
Desire to keep and seldom spend nor spread,
Whatever may procure true happiness
In others better fram'd, but thus deprived.
Industry ought to earn, and wealth enjoy;
But of cupidty the greater spurs
Amass, monopolize the lands and rents,
Bounties of soil, the sweats of labor, all
Merging into the gulf of avarice.
Curst be the man who first enclos'd a field,
And said this is my own, with all within
That grows, or is beneath; the water, soil
And rocks, the very centre of the earth
Reaching if so it may: the air also
Above beyond the clouds or further yet.
Some say 'twas Cain, who also the first (65)
Murderer was upon the mother earth:
Or else his progeny a perfid crew
As vile as he. And ever since the strong,
Or bold, have done the same, thus ev'ry where
Have grasp'd the land and wealth of nature gift,
Granted by God to all for home and food.
Enacted laws this doubtful right sustain,
'To claim and own far more than each can need:
Depriving thus the weak and poor of soil,
Condemning them to constant weary toil.
With equal common rights to property,
Unable they become by labor hard
And frugal Industry to share the wealth
That nature scatters fast, and skill can reap.
To grant to each the fruits of tedious toil
Is very proper; to whoever will
Labor bestow, his skilful hands or mind
Apply to plough or tools, let him enjoy
His due reward, and reap the field he plants.
But why should greedy men, acquire and keep
Far more than they can use? in order to
Become the Lords and masters of so many
In thralldom kept, depriv'd of their due share.

It is not right, nor natural; but quite
Improper: once by lawless force assumed,
And now by time and codes receiv'd and settled;
But never sanctioned by God's decree: (66)
Yet is allow'd as other evils are.
Contrast of wealth and poverty, will strike,
With pain the thinking mind, of art and nature
Knowing so well the ample fruitful stores.
Thus ever shifting crowds of mortal men,
In wealth may wallow, others misery
May prove: the rich and poor by turns exchange
Their state, each other striving to subdue.
Happy the men, who neither evils know,
Never oppress by wealth, their wealth bestow,
Nor groan in poverty, as sneaking slaves;
But of mediocrity the pleasure feel;
Meantime the rich must live in heavy cares,
Of injustice the fruits; and doom the poor
To suffer heavier toils then they can bear. (67)
But this also may change, a time may come
When wisdom ruling men, shall justice teach;
The proudest Lords of earthy soil may then,
Become the friends of men, no longer own
The whole; their shares retain, the overplus
Divide and parcel, many hearts to gladden.
This not to be by any foul compulsion,
Agrarian laws, despoiling them of all;
But rather by a better mood, a choice
Spontaneous of their own, the aim of good,
From fair persuasion sprung. This may be done
While living still if higher wisdom leads:
Or at their death, if clinging fast to wealth
As long as life endures. But when they die
No wealth can be secured beyond the grave.
A heavy load it would become for souls
Seeking of heav'n the way; their sins besides
Are quite enough to carry there: good deeds
Alone the entry give to better worlds. 4000
Open the gates of heaven, admit to bliss.
When death shall come to wean you misers, or
Holders of wealth, unwisely greedy still
Of earthly dross; no longer pamper children,
Who can with ease on a small share be thriving
Of your superfluous wealth; while any more
Might render them unjust in vice as you.
Lords of the soil, your wealth in peace enjoy,
Your paltry whims indulge; but 'tis not right
When you convey the whole in vicious hands.
Be just in death if not in life and think
To do some good, before you must appear
To face the judge of right and wrong: your doom
To meet, of happiness or misery,
In worlds of better kind, or hells of woes.
Then is the time, if none you found before,
To give, bestow, in holy deeds of goodness
And Charity, the worldly goods you hoard,
That land you held beyond your real need.

But blest the man who never waits so long,
To scatter round his extra share of wealth: Who knows the poor, relieves their needful wants,
Can feel for them: or with a gen’rous hand
Delights to sow and plant the future seeds
Of happiness to come; Benevolence
Exerting, thankful praise receiving duly.
He lives to be a blessing of mankind,
And dies to meet in worlds of bliss, the Angels,
One to become; a glorious fate awarded
To charity, by Him the God of Love,
Who wishes man to deal as he is dealt
By him; in plenty live, and happiness
Enjoy, dispense; but never hinder any.

This aim may be attain’d if we indulge
Only the best affections, and discard
Or else repress, the evil passions all;
PASSIONS.

That pains alone produce, no fruits of love.
But otherwise with you the gentle sisters
Of pleasure, mildest passions of the soul:
Affections of the heart, inducing soft
Emotions, glorious deeds, to heaven leading,
Thro' happy life and death: kind friends of man,
Ever with him why not to dwell? and guide
His steps so weak thro' thorny paths and ways.

Thou Love the first and best, I often have,
Thy happy fruits, the holy loving passions
Already sung and prais'd. Benevolence
And charity I show to be the guides
To heaven. Virtues wisdom are also
Such holy sentiments. The love of justice
And wisdom leads the mind to act as God
Himself may do, and with unsparing hand
To throw the seeds of good; without distinction
Equally treat all men alike as friends;
And kindly meet as brothers on this earth.

Virtues are many, nay whatever leads
To good in man is human virtue still.
Not few the aims, but chiefly what to self
Conveys a godlike feature, sparkling oft
Like a bright star of human mind, upon
All the beholders, gazing in delight
Receiving beams of pleasure, seldom slight.

The virtuous man no vicious course indulges
No crimes commits, and never harms no one.
In peace he lives with himself and his God, 
His neighbors, friends; his children, wife and blest:
A good example setting far and near.
Happier his fate would be, if no sad foe
Was ever tempting him, disturbing peace
Of mind, to lessen thwart his wise pursuit.
But human devils always active, mad,
Distress his mind, and never cease to tease.

By pain and pleasure, ruling both by turns.
Contending ever, the human mind is sway'd:
The pains of bodies cause the grief and sadness;
So often felt, in bitter tears to flow,
Draining the sources of unsteady joy.
To grieve too deeply wrong becomes, we must
The gloomy mood dispel. There is in tears
Not seldom secret pleasure; but to weep
Too long may cause a melancholy state
Too sadly felt, and painful to the mind.
Awake to pleasure, man of strength and worth,
There is no merit in thy tears, to dry
Them is thy duty, short are human days:
Enjoy them while they last. It is the will
Of Him, who gave us joys to cheer this life.

Never despair, but hope take for thy staff:
It is a trusty prop and faithful guide.
To laugh and sing, or else be sad awhile;
As changing mood requires, is not a sin.
PASSIONS.

In smiles we like to bask, indulge and see 
Cover with dimples friendly faces known; 
To laugh does good to sev'ral mental moods, 
Who can enjoy a jest, a pun, a riddle: 
They are but sports of fancy and caprice. 
In dulness we must live if ever sad, 
Morose and musing, we disdain these sports. 
How many whims arise that often baffle 
Control? they are but mental waves contending;
The fan of fancy ruffling but awhile 
The mental sea of thought and of ideas. 
Needful perhaps to purify the whole, 
As breezes do when stirring th' Ocean waves.

Let us delight in music, harmless pleasure, 
Filling the ear with harmonious sounds 
Of many kinds, to please by melody. 
The dance do not disdain, an exercise 
By gentle motions, graceful steps combined, 
Promoting health, graceful to behold. 

Those who condemn the harmony of voice, 
The solemn hymn also ought to discard. 
Whoever disapproves of dance and music 
Must stupid feel and tries his mood impart. 
Even the Drama by so many spurned, (68) 
Polluted oft by others, may achieve 
A good example, please so many minds, 
That wisdom gives consent, to tolerate 
The moral aim of striking terror deep,
And hateful make the crimes; or ridicule
The follies as they fly; to be a mirror
Of sportful love and life, or tragic deeds.
In poesy sublime, the same effect
Is better felt; if join'd, they both achieve it,
Or wiser lesson give: with music added
A triple pleasure grows, becomes a task,
In strains of melody, the Soul delighting. (69)

If curious rambling mood impels a man
To travel far away, and knowledge seek
Or pleasure; ev'ry where he finds them both:
Then pleasing scenes forever changeful fly;
Wherever he may roam, are his reward.

But in this life; it is not only pleasure
That we may meet. Of pain a constant foe
The spur is felt, and to avoid the sting,
We often fly in vain. Disease will creep
Over the mind or body, many shapes
Assuming, vexing, frightening by turns.
In pain we take a birth, in pains we oft
May live, in pain at least we surely die.
If such the fate, why further pains to seek?
Let us the pleasures cull that Nature spreads,
Let us enjoy as many as may offer,
Without a pang inflicting on no one.
In hope and love; our scanty days will pass,
If seeking them, we trust in them when found.
Deceitful loves, and hopes deferred may
PASSIONS.

Too often cramp the ardent wishful will;
But still in hope we trust, and love we feel:
Since if depriv'd of both, we should become
Unfeeling wretches, of despair the types. 4160
Then both again with constant care do seek,
And never lose the props that they afford.

XVII. WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE.

IGNORANCE AND ERRORS OF MANKIND.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

In wisdom, after Love, the greatest good
And pleasure has been set, by our allwise,
Ever unerring God. Not in mere trifles,
Opinions of a day, is wisdom placed;
Nor to be sought; to be by us secured.
In higher range and deeper study, we
Alone can hope to reach this worthy aim.
Sister of truth, fair wisdom dwells in heaven,
On earth it beams reflected rays of glory.
If wiser to become, the hopeful wish
We entertain, the secret laws of Nature
Eternal, ever wise, we must consult:
In these we always find, support and hope.
Of history the pages must be read,
Which tell how men have ever stumbled from
WISDOM.

Errors to Errors, each by turns upset
By truth: that lovely truth so seldom found,
Or when acquired so difficult to keep,
So often lost, so utterly neglected.

Wisdom delights the minds of worthy men,
To them conveys a share of real truth;
Which deeper joy can give than earthly whims.
The mental powers by it concord find,
Communion with high heaven they acquire.
But learn also how to behave on Earth,
How to do good, be happy, virtuous, free,
And such endeavor ev'ry man to make.

In vicious minds, where ignorance prevails
Errors and evil paramount reside,
Despising wisdom: yet her golden wings
Over the whole uninvited she throws,
To shade and shelter from the burning evils
Of life, ev'n those who spurn the grateful boon.

In seeking wisdom, men improve apace;
By rapid strides, the noble minds have reached,
Not that perfection, which alone belongs
To Him who perfect is; but knowledge bright,
Sublime, a share of Omniscience divine.

By gradual steps of mental toils; has man,
His greedy panting soul with wisdom's lore
Adorn'd; his daring thoughts directing far
Beyond the usual limits of his senses:
Above the range of sight, the furthest bounds
Attaining, where of light the beams may reach.
Within his mind he dives, discovers there
Another world of thought, a moral world
Of conscious existence with keener eyes
Endow'd, and duties teaching; which may lead
Into the depths of endless time, and space
As boundless in extent: to fathom all
Becomes the daring aim; but failure is
The usual consequence, because obscure
Or dim the human thoughts, conceptions must
Become, when they attempt too much to scan,
Too far to range. Yet this survey is full
Of joys sublime, and never fails to give
New pleasures of a heav'nly cast, impart
Some share of holy wisdom on the way.

And who shall say to man? thy thoughts are bold,
But are not free! a mental slave thou art
Born to obey. Who shall thus dare command?
Or say, thus far to go, but not beyond—
Limits to fix to mental freedom's range!
As well might folly set the bounds of space,
Or endless time, and tell us where they are:
Say that Eternity is but a name,
And nought controls the wonders of the skies—
Ideas are not slavish, springing from
Blind causes far beyond our own control,
That can alone direct and sway the mind.
If so, why ever rising in the soul?
Without a cause, or unaware presented
In quick succession, image of an instant:
If not retain'd by will, to disappear
Forever; yet by wilful wish recalled.
Why ever seeking objects new to know,
Observe, admire and love? To dwell upon
New subjects, scan and praise, why ever prone?
Because in mental change the soul delights,
And freely seeks those pleasures to pursue,
Secure, which slaves are not allow'd to taste

Whoever may contend in spite of sense
That thoughts are slavish, basely bound in chains
May wish them such, the minds with ease to rule,
Debasing them within a narrow circle.
There is a happy medium, double evils
Avoiding, that not vainly seeks for truth:
Not in blind faith alone confiding ever; (70)
Nor unbelief far worse, to chance alone
Ascribing both our mutual thoughts and deeds.
But in freewill and reason, kindest gifts,
That neither slaves of chance nor faith compels
The human mind to be, in chains remaining.

Reflect immortal man upon thyself,
Does not thy mind its power feel and know?
How to observe, adopt, reject, decide;
In endless new opinions to dwell awhile,
To form, discard: Nay to invent create.
By reason led, sound judgment, or caprice;
Thy will exerts his choice, not always best. This will is paramount, thy mind obeys
What he dictates at last: in spite of causes,
Or circumstances, that otherwise might have
Mislead, or better guided, as it may.

At random ignorance decides to will,
Or interest consulting makes a choice
But reason, wiser guide, the better minds
Adorns and seldom leads astray; unless
Opinions muster strong, or fashion comes
To win the will, and his assent demand.
When wisdom, knowledge, reason, all combine
Into one mind, they surely prompt the will;
But it decides, and is the final judge.

In minds as bodies ev'ry variety
Is met, some weak, some strong, and others just,
Of quick perceptions, soft emotions feeling,
Or passions wild indulging. Nay the same
And very mind is changing mood and scope.
The strongest boldest minds, must surely lead
Weaker and humble human mental powers,
Assuming over them a ready sway.
As man controls the animal creation
All conscious beings brings to live and thrive
Under his rule and care: thus godlike men
May for the good of many, veneration
Inspire, respect command, and rule obtain
Over less gifted minds. This is but right,
The wiser ought to rule the weaker sort.
But when mere force of arm, or giant size
Compels submission, 'tis no longer so:
It is of matter blind, the overcoming
Misrule, which tramples wisdom under foot.

Thus man on woman has assum'd the rule,
By right of stronger mind and body both:
Compelling to submit the weaker sex.
But gentle woman's mind by soft deceit
Restores her sway, and willing man in chains
Of love may lead; of wisdom but a share,
The motive right, the end still more becomes;
But 'tis unnatural to see a woman
Obtain by strength the mastership of man.
Yet Queens have rul'd, and nations conquered,
In tragic deeds of crime have deeply delt.

Behold! in ghastly gloomy ignorance
How many men have sunk, unable quite
To seek for truth and wisdom; to enjoy
The mental life that knowledge gives to all.
Debas'd in mind, they merely creep on earth,
Not even feeling wishes to improve.
In sorrows we must look on this sad fact
Or rather hold a friendly hand, to lift
Their minds above their actual dismal fate.
If on a level rising fellow men
With us, while travelling together here.
Upon this orb, towards futurity:
The very best of deeds we then perform:  
We give them knowledge, with it happiness  
Or better lot, to greater joys conducing,  
To reach with us th' eternal state to come  
Of hopeful bliss, which deeds of good deserve;  
Avoiding evil courses leading to  
The awful state of woes and constant pains.  
All men these pleasures, duties claim, and are  
Endowed with sufficient good sense to reap  
The happy fruits of knowledge, to possess  
And keep the proper good instructions given.

Knowledge and science are twins, from truth  
were born:

But ignorance was daughter of deceit,  
And in deceptions lives; with notions false,  
Their ancient foe and baneful rival strong;  
Nay yet the same. It could in time of old  
Compel fair science to sleep or persecute,  
Attempt to crush the seeds, she might have thrown.

A double veil this ignorance had woven  
To blind the piercing eyes, in order to  
Control the minds of men. Then knowledge was  
Miscalled magic, impious search, profane  
Pursuit. Such as yet are the shameful deeds  
Of ignorance in power strong exulting.  
But the dark veil was lifted by surprise,  
Has been unrolling gradually to view;
Knowledge has grown unfolding wonders, giving
Ever renew'd soft pleasures to the mind:
Dispelling errors; Truth in glorious smiles
Revealing, often faintly seen, obscured
By clouds of old opinions thinly spread:
Which ev'ry year with constant care dispels.

In times of yore, they deem'd the sun a god
Upon a chariot flying, nightly diving
Into the sea; returning east, no one
Could tell his way. A little ball of fire
By others since believ'd, no bigger than
Was seen. The earth was either square and flat,
Or swimming on the water, or supported
Upon a turtle back: it was for them
As boundless as space may now to us appear.
The stars were twinkling lamps or lucid sparks.
Thunder was but a noise, the flying dart of Jove.
The arts were few, yet ever growing;
But science by superstition was repelled:
Or closely shut, to temples quite confined,
To be in priestly craft and oracles
Employ'd with more effect. The muses might
Better flourish delighting younger minds.

Of moral sense and truth the deeper seal
Could show the rightful paths, but deviate
As evil minds would lead the crowd astray.
Of war and slavery the shameful curse
Was cast in evil times, and still remains.
Of many gods a pantheon was made:
In wood and stone the carved image set
A god was deem'd: a mighty man was told
He was a god, to him as such they knelt.
Are all these errors gone? with thousand others
Exploding; no they still remain and lurk,
Hiding ashamed in corners of the earth:
To others giving way; not yet upset.

The sad beliefs in witches riding brooms,
In goblins, ghosts, in useless miracles,
In alchemy, astrology; are not (72)
Extinct, confined to few and weakest minds.
Intolerance and superstition sleep:
But may awake, not seldom do afar,
Or show to us again their horrid forms.

Meantime by rapid strides in better climes
Knowledge has been reviv'd, improv'd beyond
The human expectations; still proceeds,
And will achieve a glorious victory
In future days: on apathy prevail,
And all the foes that have so long detained
The human hands and minds in fetters, by
Dull heavy chains, or veiling hoods of darkness.

Such in revolving changing times, we see
At last recur of truths and errors both
The speedy flight. In this to Fortune like,
Whose wheeling circle is forever flying;
Of my survey this ancient emblem now
WISDOM.

I'll try by rhymes repeated quick, to render
A striking picture of all change: and teach
To many minds, a lesson wise and true.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE, AN APATHESIS. (73)

Ambition warning take, attention lend.
Upon a wheel our days and whims we spend,
Forever rolling quick or slow; to send
Us, up in hope, or down the hearts to send.
When on the top of fortune wheel we stand,
With proud contempt we see those that ascend
With pity look upon those that descend.
Our lofty station try to hold, defend.
On either side we cling with grasping hand;
But all in vain, our trembling feet will bend
Follow the turning wheel, unsteady friend.
It turns and down we fall, still we pretend,
That we do not, the motion hope to mend
While near behind the rising crowds contend
And strive to reach the top, therein to blend,
Awhile enjoy the glorious height; offend
As we have done, like us soon have their end.
ARTS.

XVIII. ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LITERATURE, BOOKS, WRITERS, CRITICS, POESY.

Much older are the needful useful arts
Of social life, than commonly believed.
In ages far remov'd and primitive (74)
Appear'd the blessed hands, that handled first:
The plough, the spade, the ax, the saw and loom;
Forging the metals hard to make these tools:
That houses built of wood, of brick or stone:
Chariots on wheels and boats on water threw;
But who are they? to whom these gifts are due;
We hardly know; altho' deserving fame:
And grateful praise, their names have been forgotten.
Their deeds alone remain. Of many more
Such benefactors, memory is lost.
Of those who tam'd the sheep, the ox and horse;
The faithful dog, the Camel traveling boat (75)
From wilds or deserts drew, to be the friends:
And willing slaves of man, their fate improving.
Who first invented letters, painting, else;
The snowy cotton wove or warmer wool,
No one can tell the names involv'd in doubt.

By gradual steps, all innovations, changes,
They were improv'd, perfected, probably
By some approv'd, by many disapproved;
As all inventions are, by those who wished
No change, the savage state prefer'd to keep,
Remains in sloth and ignorance immersed:
Which all inventors endeavor to dispel,
Civilization introducing, with
New comforts, polish'd social life, and peace
Promoting; men becoming less unkindly
Ferocious, when they cultivate the arts.

Sandals adorning feet in ancient times,
Became the shoes, and slippers, boots of ours.
The mantle, cloak and toga are become
Our coats, and dresses tight, by convenience
Adopted in our coldest climes. In warmer
Both useless and uncouth: there little clothing
Is needed, shelter from the ardent sun
 Alone requir'd, in ample folds or hats;
Umbrellas better still; to kings reserved (76)
Among despotic clans, and were adopted 4460
By us to shelter from the rain and snow.

To sleep in peace enjoy a quiet rest,
The dews and damps of nightly air avoiding,
In huts and tents, on skins and mats, began
The men to dwell and sleep, which are by turns
Become the cottages, the houses, mansions
And stately palaces; wherein we rest
In raised beds, on pillows of soft down.

Of hollow trees, like troughs the first canoes
Were made, to boats improving, rowing barks,
The galleys, Brigs and Ships of ev'ry size;
By sails impell'd, and wafted by the winds
Thro' ev'ry sea, to visit all the climes.
And now by using steam, a stronger power
In spite of winds and tides we swiftly go
Wherever we may wish at any time.
But many Fultons liv'd, before the last (77)
Improving still, success could meet and fame:
As many more may come, completing then
Of navigations wonderful the scopes.

Into the air the daring men ascending
May yet obtain the due control of winds; (78)
And guide themselves in these aerial ships
That now they waft at random in the air.

Machines, Engines of sundry shapes and sorts
Are daily made, improv'd, as many tools
Employ'd by human minds to help the hands
And labor spare; until a time may come
When toil shall cease, as sport alone amuse
The vacant hour. The tedious loom exploded
Has given way to power looms, perfect
And able substitutes, that spin and weave
The cotton and the wool, the flax and silk,
A thousand tissues forming of their yarns.

No limits can be set to such improvements,
Ever progressing. Prophecy must fail
In vain attempting to foretel, all these
Inventions yet unborn, but yearly made.
A time will come when Ships shall safely ride
The storms, no longer sink, nor wreck on shores; (79)  
No longer burn in flames. When fire proof houses  
Alone we'll build, without the wooden floors  
Nor shingleroofs; no longer men shall fear  
To burn alive, in sudden flames at night.  
When steam shall plough the fields, may plant and reap,  
The hay will mow, and ev'ry toil shall spare. (80)  
Engines and boilers under better care  
Will never burst, nor sudden death dispense.  
The sciences lend their aid, and contribute  
Their share, both to promote, and to achieve  
Such mighty deeds, results of wisdom, there  
Applied, and truly made to raise a throne  
For man, in which to set in glorious ease.  
Science is one, of knowledge sprung and truth,  
A goddess dwelling safe in lofty minds;  
But many daughters fair, by wisdom fed,  
She has acquir'd to multiply herself.  
The everlasting source of knowledge bright,  
Another goddess, Nature, power divine,  
Is mate of Science; both united join,  
To reproduce on Earth; the fruits of heaven.  
The loveliest Sciences are those ever seeking  
Their holy mothers; ev'ry distant clime  
Forever searching to reveal and study  
Of Nature and of Science the hidden stores:
Their features to display, admire and love.
By blooming Botany of Floral gems
The sweet array is ever sought and culled;
Her sister is Zoology, of life
The forms and conscious deeds displaying.
A third of crystals, minerals, and gems
Examines structures, elements and angles
All three their smiling mothers seek, and join
Their hands to build for them a temple, or
An ample palace; with a double shrine
Where Science, Nature may, the worship pure
Accept of votaries to truth devoted.
Of precious marbles, lucid opals is
This temple built, by cedar beams connected;
A roof of turtle shells surmounts the whole,
On pillars rising of azure saphires;
The double shrines or thrones in splendor glitter;
One is of sandal wood with pearls and gold
Inlaid, another is of ivory
With emeralds adorn'd and rubies bright.
The first is Nature's seat, behind a veil
Of silken gauze but half conceal'd; quite naked
In smiling beauty drest, with garlands crowned
Of fragrant flowers, entwin'd with pearly shells
A string of sparkling gems with amber mixt
Around her neck is thrown, her breast adorning.
But she eclipses all these emblems of
Her wealth, and shines behind the pudic veil.
A side is seen the throne of Science, she
Reclines in graceful smiles, half drest in cloth
Of lace and silk with gold adorn'd and woven.
Her charming beauties please and give delight,
With laurel crown'd and myrtle, necklace wearing.
Of sparkling diamonds; around her wrists
Are coral clasps, and in her hand a mirror
Reflecting Nature's beauty at her side.

Such is the temple built by skilful hands
Where Science, Nature dwell surrounded by
The younger daughters born at their joint call.
Let us survey the aim of these new scions,
Muses or Fairies festive friends of man.
Not seldom changing names, improving time,
Urania, queen of muses, is become
Astronomy sublime her sisters ruling:
Connecting man and earth with distant skies.
Clio is history, a fruitful muse,
That has an ample progeny of younger
Children in cluster dwelling near herself.
Biography relating human lives
Ethnology that nations births and fates,
Not deeds of kings alone, surveys and states
With Archeology that dives into
The darkest ages past and deeds forgotten.
Geonomy new science, th' earth her laws
And structure, tries to study; but in vain
Geology becoming, wishes to ascend beyond, and dreams upon her birth. Geography the earth and men describes, their cities, towns, the regions and the states. With rivers, mountains, valleys, deserts, plains. Economy may teach how cheap to live and thrive, or wealth acquire and spend. Statistics numbers industry and men; while Ethics, moral laws explains and teaches.

The art of music once a muse, is now assuming name of science, Phrenology. Her title, theory of vocal sounds; but Acoustics the laws of sounds vibrated, as Optics is the science of light and colors; and statics, is pondering upon weights: all daughters of that Physics, constant laws of nature seeking to observe and study. Of Mathematics sister fond, that measures in space, expanse and angles, circles, curves, Geometry once call'd, the earth alone daring to measure; now into the sky, and distant worlds, she boldly dives and sends her compasses by help of light and angles. With Algebra, Arithmetic unites to study numbers, quantities to scan. Of Chemistry the modern wonders show the elements of bodies, analyzing to the utmost the earthly substances:
Alchemy call'd when but a child of yore
She sought for baubles and for toys, t' amuse
The greedy mind, as now a new born child,
Phrenology, attempts the vain pursuit
To read the fate of men into their skulls
And brains, to find their happy inclinations,
Or tell their wicked deeds, propensities.
Astrology had once the same pursuit,
In loftier mood she tried to read in stars
Their future fate: when age and wisdom gave her
A better aim, Astronomy became.
Thus when Phrenology shall older grow,
Feel wiser, she'll assume of Phrenomy the name; the laws of mental science, a worthy aim,
Attempt to scan, by searching mental deeds.
Philology thus studies Languages,
Their words and roots is deeply analyzing
To fix the meaning, sense; and grammars form.
The metaphysical pursuits gave birth
To many dreams, and some yet deem, that all This Science may teach is in the mind alone—Not so, or else the mind itself would be Beyond a doubt a greater wonder still:
And since there are so many minds at work Each would be prone to feel itself a god,
All others to deny, and be denied.
In doubtful regions soaring far, the mind
Obscure may feel, in darkness travel often;
But entities she meets to greet her steps,
The thoughts commune with higher better still.
If liable to fair illusions, visions,
They are but shadows of the truth; concealed
As yet. Opinions often clash, or dreams
Assume the form of truth, usurping sway,
The souls of men control and lead astray.

Thus Sciences the lofty moods assume,
And thro' the whole of knowledge range afar,
At will and pleasure sip the blooms of life,
Or deeply seek in wisdom, stores of truths.
Science also has whims, her systems false
Or true, her theories, hypotheses
And flights of fancy, revolutions, facts
Unascertain'd, beyond strict demonstrations;
Besides her mysteries, problems deep,
So difficult to solve. Her critics who
Would keep her still, undeviating; while
Every thing is changing: or by slow
Tortoise like steps would fain alone to lead
Her; or allow to move, not to proceed
At pleasure; stopping when they vainly bid.

With zeal for fame, a searching mind will move,
By quicker steps or strides gigantic may
Attain the aim it seeks, unfold new stores
Of knowledge, secrets discover, reveal:
Engraft new scions on the tree of science;
And pluck in time th' inviting fruits it bears.

In letters, styles and compositions, we
Find ever new or pleasing paths to follow,
Or open roads thro' thorny briars grown
Over the fruitful soil of human mind.

To such as feel the wish or dream the hope
To please, instruct the public, or convey
Their thoughts to many, leaving ere they die
A memory, if not a fame well earned;

By printing is the noble aim secur'd.

Style has its rules, but notions change the mood.

We speak or write in prose or poetry,
Are eloquent or vulgar as we mean:
In verses or in song conveying best
The soft emotions gliding gently by:
Or images presenting of sad passions.

Taste has no rules, in vain the critics may
Endeavor to obtain them, keep in view:

The changing taste will baffle this attempt.

Of books there is no end; of readers, many
Admire the worst. Let them indulge and wallow
In filth as nameless animals are apt;
Or Asses like on thistles feed and thrive.

Reading in mental food, the milk of souls,
Without this food we are like pasive grubs.
In mental sleep involv'd. The mind delights
To taste and sip of many sweets, or honey,
Gather on all the flowers it can meet.

Whatever be the actual taste or fashion,
Leading the mind to seek this mental pleasure;
Whether in Novels, Poems or Reviews,
Fiction or truth, the drama or the pulpit,
We may prefer to seek instruction or
Amusement; be it so: enjoy them all
By turns or jointly, you'll be wise to boot.
The lives of men or kings, events of old,
Romances, Travels, Songs, are all relished
By some; in folios of huge size we pore:
Or over daily, weekly, pamphlets quite
As large, this real pleasure often find:
In little manuals nice compact, some prefer
To seek it, others in the finest type,
Nay not a few in pictures take delight,
And even some in splendid binding must
Their knowledge meet in gorgeous apparel,
Not as a humble, trusty friend and guide.

In poetry versification, music,
The changeful mood is sweet, as thrilling sounds
Forever new emotions give procure;
Thus in the poesy divine and verses
Of various metres, chaste delights we prove
Ever renew'd; a harmony of soul,
A melody of mind unfading felt.
The Epic will exult in princely strains
A great achievement proudly takes for aim.
The tragic Drama mirror of the crimes,
Compels to weep, and terror strikes with force.
The gentle modest poem, freely ranges,
And all the themes may sing or fitly treat.
The Elegy the sorrows of this life
In sadness rings, with melancholy pleased.
The solemn hymn towards the skies ascends,
Tolling the bell, and praising God as angels.
The jovial song in glee and gladness springs,
It cheers the heart, and smiling joy invites.

But while these pleasures we afford, alas!
The critics come, in gloomy mood dissecting
The author bold enough to enter first
A thorny path, to feed the public taste,
Or craving soaring minds: He falls their prey,
Without remorse, as wolves upon a lamb
They feast; unable to perform as much
As he, they can however wound or sneer.
These men alliance form, united stand,
To stop the march of mind, and none extol
But fawning friends. They crush within the bud
The genius bright. Perverted talents dare
Revile their equals better writers oft.
Under a Jesuit cowl, or grinning mask
They hide their envious spite; the glare of light
Unable are to bear, offended by
The beams of genius; ever snarling like
As many dogs untam'd, a piece of bread
Requiring as a bribe, to hold their tongues:
Or cold neglect they throw, upon the gems
And best efforts of modesty and worth.

If they are fed by bribing fees or prayers,
They may the trembling author, poet spare,
And if well paid may praise or puff away
Whatever is expos'd for sale; the trash
As well as sterling worth or stolen gold.

May freedom's warming sun and beaming rays,
By mental courage wrestle with these foes,
The clouds of ire and apathy dispel.
And may we see far better critics rise
With taste correct endow'd, to foster and
Support, or call to life the sleeping bard,
The infant Genius, men of talents bright
In all the branching paths of authorship.
The mental fruits of knowledge to recall,
Invite again; the fruits that never clog,
That double of this life, the pleasing taste.

Come, rise, awake you men of real merit,
Disdain the sullen glances of your foes,
The envious pygmies ruling now the world,—
And try with me to win a name, that may
Outlive your time, not written on a grave;
But in smooth lines or pages bright and clear,
By sterling value stampt; let each endeavor
To please the sympathies of fellow men,  
Or minds unborn delight in future ages,  
When they may read your happy thoughts imprinted  
In prose or poetry. Come flourish all  
In peace, each other striving to excel.  
As widely spread may be your worthy fame  
As spoken is the language you employ,  
Now common to both hemispheres, and to  
Australia reaching, distant southern world.  
From chilly Maine to sunny Florida.  
Let muses travel; in their happy train  
The love of mental pleasure sweet conveying,  
With their fair sisters, arts and sciences;  
Sprinkling with gems and flowers the path of life,  
In sportive mood rewarding those who have  
Their favors won, deserving well their boons.

XIX. WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Become eclipsed for awhile, you stars,  
And glowing moon illuminating night;  
With you, bright orb of day, the source of light  
I wish to borrow beams from beauty's eyes,  
Of woman sing the praise and tell the faults,  
Her constant worth, but shifting mind declare.  
To draw this picture, trusty pencils must  
I need, and colors drawn from Iris, bow
Of heaven's clouds, in misty rain descending.
Aurora's daughters! women, earliest gift
To men, by heaven sent, to be in life
Their useful mates, and mothers of mankind.
Hear me, my strains inspire: I wish to throw
Some flowers in your way, your heads adorn
With those unfading crowns that you deserve.
Women so often call'd, and not in vain,
The better sex and of mankind best half,
Receive a tribute at my hands; my voice
Again proclaims this truth, and proves the fact.

In beauty, grace, attraction, sense and feeling,
You are to men superior; they alone
In strength and wisdom may surpass your own.
Your weakness is your strength, on men you look
For help, in timid fears, on them rely:
Proud of this call, in you they see no harm
The favor grant, but unaware they fall
Into the cunning snare, your slaves become.
They call themselves your Lords, but pass
beneath
Your yoke: of love the rosy chains you weave,
At random throw, to catch and bind a friend
In thralldom kept, by smiles retain'd, who feels
Quite willing to remain in bonds of love.

When woman birth receive'd by power divine,
Adorn'd alone by beauty, sweetest smiles,
By beaming eyes, a crown of flowing tresses,
Without a veil to hide the graceful form;
Roses and dimples setting on her face;
Astonished was man, delighted by
The fairy vision: willing gave to her
His heart, and call'd her queen of all the world.
And ever since on all the hearts she reigns
Of Sheperds as of Kings; the wisest man
May kneel awhile to her, to ask, receive
And keep, the crowns of love that she bestows.

If prudence rather leads her gentle mind
Than higher wisdom, sensibility
Rather than stern emotions; it is right,
Better for her, for us; she moderates
Of man the pride and passions when severe,
Or blindly strong, by softer sentiments. 4840
As milder lighter oil may calm the waves
When spilt upon the sea: thus woman throws
Her balmy oil into the heart of man
And soothing wins the day in milder mood.
If this should fail, she has her tears to use,
This weapon to employ, which seldom we
Resist, and giving way to better thoughts,
Whatever she suggests, requires compliance,
Her wish we try to please, or we forbear
From violence and crimes; in this as angels
Acting, who screen our souls from foulest deeds.
So, woman dear exerts this very power
To soften man in ire, his crimes to lessen.
Him who can see the woman's tears to flow
And heeds them not, nor yields, is not a man:
Unworthy of the name, he is a fiend.

Deceitful sex, in weakness strong by tears
You conquer, not by steel, nor blazing fire;
But flame of love, in willing hearts alighted.
Happy deceptions or illusions of

Your charms so often felt, prevailing ever;
And yet we are unwilling to forbear,
Discard the pleasures they afford and teach.

From you we hold both love and happiness;
Nay much more still; our very lives we owe,
Your nursing care, your tender sentiments.
As mothers we respect, as sisters love
You all; as wives we doat, rely on you,
As daughters bless you ever from your cradle.
As blooming girls we seek your company,
A choice to make, and love to feel, inspire.
From mothers we receive the breath of life,
And milk to feed our tender infant frame.
The sisters lend us soft and tender cares.
A wife her bosom for a pillow offers:
Our existence she doubles sharing all
Our pains, our pleasures; double joys we feel
When she partakes of them; our sorrows are
Lessen'd by half when by another shared,
Who can condole with us, and consolation
Carry into the heaving heart, to dry our tears.
From daughters we expect comfort and help,
To bless our days, our eyes at last to close.
They are our hope and gems in life and death,
In sorrow, grief; in health as in disease,
Woman is but a flower; emblem of life,
She is also to fade; but other flowers
Springing from her, forever bloom again.
In childhood she appears a little angel,
In youth the fragrant blossom of mankind,
In prime of beauty, splendid meteor,
In old age a faithful prop and nurse,
On the decline a fruit quite ripe and good.

In all thy ages woman, shine on us,
As a bright star of hope, our side adorning.
Wherever we may go, we meet with thee,
Dear woman, kind and loving; ev'ry where,
In cities, towns, the palace and the cottage,
In fields and plains, in valleys deep or wide,
On mountains dreary steep; wherever man 4900
At random went, his star was at his side.
Since if depriv'd of her, unhappy quite
He would become, forlorn and ever sad.
But near to her, the smiles she gives receiving
In joy man lives, and not despairing dies.

Thy happy fate enjoy; do not abuse
The power of thy charms; no tears for thee
Ought ever to be shed, they are thy own
And holy weapons sure and strong; if lent
To us they soon become of no avail
To thee. Thy charms were not receiv'd in vain,
For good purpose, not to betray intended.
Love at thy sight into the heart of man
Will creep or spring in many fancy shapes;
To love a man is in thy turn a duty
Thyself the prize they claim from thy ownself,
And ever wish obtain, secure for life.
The gift receiv'd, the boon of love exchanged,
Become forever lovely bridal queen
Of thy selected chosen mate and partner.

In early life of parents be the joy,
Delight of their long days, their darling toy.
In after life, if mother grown, become
The nursing prop of children dear and good,
Their tender minds induce and lead apace
Knowledge to seek and wisdom to acquire.
In oldest age, when creeping to the grave,
Thy prudent wisdom stor'd in mind mature
Display, and counsel give in case of need.

When old we grow, as nearer heaven reaching
A share we get of higher wisdom true.

Fair women, bring us pleasure, love and mirth,
Along with you enjoy'd, impart on earth.
Women belov'd, you live for love and joy.
Of virtue nurse the hope and keep the path.
Gem of mankind! sweet pity ever feeling:
With thousand graces clad, thy beauty shines
But to reveal thy wishes to do good;
Of charity thou art the living emblem,
Of piety the prop, of hope the anchor;
Religion blesses thee, invites to heaven,
Thou woman! angel of mankind! of earth
The blooming worthy queen: the happy mate
Of man, with him to happiness unfailing
Leading below, and high above obtaining.
Ascend on wings of love and steps of glory,
To better worlds of bliss, awaiting thee
With angels join and kneel together by
The throne of God, who made thee such, and calls
Thée not in vain towards thy resting place.

But while in glowing strains, her worth extolling
I must not try to hide, conceal her faults.
Some say that mother Eve, the first of all
Of evil brought the curse upon mankind.
But Eve is life, and love she taught, not sin: (81)
There is no sin in love, it is the child
Of God, as life his breath. No slander can
Impair the love we feel for mothers, brides
And sisters, deeply fondly ever felt. (4960
The Jewish tales, by veils conceal'd, may be
Mirrors of truth; their deeper sense involved
In mystic lore, tis not for me to tell:
By Milton sung already was the theme.

25
The foes of women have ascrib'd to all
So many weaknesses as heavy faults:
Which they partake with all the weaker minds
Of men, that ape to live as butterflies.
Woman is Woman still, at any time
And place, forever kind and gentle mild.
Her form peculiar, graceful, sylphic like;
A pear in shape, with double hemispheres (82)
Adorn'd; on supple pillars softly moving.
With sparkling eyes, in which we read of love
The pudic modest flame: with golden crown
Or raven locks, in ringlets waving by,
The smiling dimpled face, inviting kisses.
Her voice is music, sweetest melody.
Her tears are drooping pearls. Her graceful steps
A gentle motion like the breathing surge.
Her breath is a perfume. In her we meet 4980
Nothing but beauties justly feminine—
And in her mind, a temper mild and sweet.

But all the beings change, and woman do,
Vary in kind, in features and in souls:
With weaker intellect are tempted often
To change for worse, to passions giving way.
But others, many more, improvements seek,
Attain like man to dignity of mind,
The worthy deeds achieve of God approved.
By jealous men denied the rights to share
In framing laws, yet doomed to obey
Those by them made, in silence they submit.
But, a few daring women overcome
This barrier unjust; their level find
When stronger souls direct their bold pursuits,
Opinions false despising, worth evincing.
More equal laws in other regions often
Enact that queens may rule, succeed their fathers
Or sev'ral stations grant, allow to fill.

Yet in domestic circles women best
Can shine and please: there find a real throne.
Of half the cares of life assuming sway,
The men must grateful feel, to be deprived
Of galling troubles, happy homes to get.
But there also, if wicked temper comes
In mood perverse, to drive the happy scene;
There may arise a hell of doleful woes.
If rare, it happens still, and men made sore,
Reject the ties of love, to hatred changed.
Yet frequently 'tis man himself who makes
The trembling girl, his bride or loving wife,
A victim of his passions, who betrays
His holy vows of love, and overspreads
With misery the life of a fond woman.
Then wretched or unable thus to bear
The pangs by man inflicted, wandering
Astray without a trusty guide, in guilt
Too often falls. Who is the cause? but him
Who sought her ruin, or may neglect his wife.
To love alone, she can entice and fly;
But him to all the passions introduce
The helpless being who has trusted deep
In him, expecting a support denied.

Compar'd to this, what is all else but trifles?
When woman vain of beauty, wishing to
Increase attraction, her only wealth and hope,
She flies in folly, to whims, to fashions new
But for a day; in fancy lives, in moods
Of changeful hues: admiring novelty,
Or costly ornaments. In youthful days
She sings of love, to call attention from
The flirting crowds. In balls and revels she
Is found, to dance and show her graceful steps.
'Tis but her lot, to spread the nets of love:
And like the nightingale in dusky hours, (88)
She strains her voice, to call to her a mate.

Unhappy they who never can obtain
Of love the match, in solitude must pine.
No single life can suit the maiden heart:
If not to man, to God she gives her soul. 5040
His bride elect becomes behind a grate,
Or willing keeps the holy virgin vow.
If love they give, of jealousy also,
In them the source is found, that unaware.
Inflicts so many pangs, and cruel pains.
Sisters they are, and ever walk together;
Unless we love we never feel the stings
Of jealousy, and feeling them we love.
Their joys and pains, fair women may dispense
In cruelty the jealous thoughts may fling.
Of lesser evils, faults of no account
I could still sing; but have no wish to wound
The fairy queens, whom I delight to honor:
As imperfect as men, they surely are
But in degree much less, and never worse.
Ev’n furies mates of Devils; not so bad
Are deem’d, and only persecute the guilty.

Farewell to you, the human blossoms fair,
Angels of my unsteady thoughts and dreams,
I wish you well, and love you all alike;
Without a lawful fulfilling well your share
Of active life and duties, ever found
Kind daughters, better mothers and good wives.
I love you all, from youth to oldest age:
From dairy maids to farmers daughters’ spruce,
Under a bonnet hiding pretty features,
To ladies drest in robes of many hues,
And spoiling often rather than adorning
Their beauty, shape and lovely woman frame.
I love your smiles, altho’ so scarce to me:
I love to see you move, to all display
The fascination that in you resides.
By you inspir’d I soon became a poet,
And what I sing is still the fruit, result
Of your impressions; throbbing gratitude
Still in my heart I feel. Effusions taught
By you, again attempting to portray
Your worth and my fond love, you will perceive.
In pictures and emotions deeply felt,
That I present and offer, homage of
My heart. Do not disdain the poets gift:
Thro’ busy life he has long sought for one
That could a wreath upon this brow transfer,
A garland sweet of myrtle, pinks and roses:
But when he found the lovely maid entwining
The poet’s wreath, a cruel fate decreed
She should be torn from him. In solitude
He wanders yet thro’ life; but tries to soothe His lonely way, by culling mental blooms:
The flowers of the groves, or knowledge bright.
Until he meets the lovely rose, who is
To grace his side, his weary search reward.

I love you truly yet, my muses fair,
My angels in fond visions of delight;
When beauty beams; and grace adorns the whole,
When mental worth and temper sweet excel:
Your gentle smiles I ever will be love.
But of all human objects of this world
The best I love a sportive child of yours,
By nature hands new moulded, and adorned
With features sweet, with modest dimples set.
Such as of yore were Cupids call'd and Gods,
Now angels yet we deem, in innocence
Of mind and sinless thoughts unfolding worth;
The future boy or girl becoming soon.
No sexual dreams indulging yet in life,
As little angels living pure and playful.
I hail to you my angels of a day,
Sweet little girls in smiling joy revelling,
Who ever gay, with graceful airy steps
Appear to rove like angels on this earth.
In them I see the future hope and mould
Of races yet unborn, the buds of times
To come. To such in holy eastern mood,
The heathen brahm kneels; and worship offers.

The lively child, the sprightly boy behold;
Gloomy, sedate, 'tis not for him to be;
In glee and fun he lives, and with his toys,
Forever plays, his castles builds into
The airy void; as he may do when grown
If childish yet in mind, in after age,
His useless hopes, in visions rise by day.

Admire the simple modest little girl;
Who runs and plays upon the grassy turf;
She romps, exults, in sportful whims delights:
In merry mood she moves, and all the while
The daisies culls, or equal pretty flowers,
To form a posy, for a mother's breast.
Of butterflies she tries to follow quick
The speedy crooked flight; but fails, and they
Escape the tender fingers. Dandelions
She gathers but to blow the feather seeds,
Sends them away upon the winds to swim.
At other times into the house retired
She takes her doll, and as a child to her
She talks: in playful mood undress,
Puts her to bed, and sings her lullaby.
In childish play is learning to behave
As nurse and mother, she one day will do.

But ev’ry year a growing change unfolds,
The babe becomes a child, the child a girl,
The girl a youthful bride. While tender minds
In children grow, impress the happy seals
Of Education, Knowledge, Piety;
The charity that all mankind embraces.
Do not neglect your boys, the future men
Involving; wisdom sound engraft on them;
Prevent all quarrels, peaceful habits give:
Impart the seeds of future worthy merit.
To girls let mothers teach economy
Domestic duties, pleasures and rewards.
May orphans meet with wealthy families,
Adopting them, as Romans did of old. (85)
Thus to repair the loss of either parent;
While wealth may find another useful prop,
In grateful hearts and noble charity.
XX. **CONCLUSION.—TRUTH,**

AND ULTIMATE PROSPECTS OF THE EARTH AND MANKIND.

From God to stars, from earthy sod to man,

I have survey'd the world, with woman ending

The very best of human gifts. To prove [5160

Of change the object, use, and constant law,

I have pursued and trac'd the wise decree,

Throughout the puzzling maze of facts and deeds.

Led by my friend angelic Ariel,

Tellurian spirit of this mundane sphere,

I have ascended far beyond the bounds
Where many eyes and minds so often stop.

The Universe I view'd with piercing sight;

Upon the earth I culled the precious gems,

And flowers of knowledge, wisdom, truth, and toil:

Into the heart of man, consulting mine,

I boldly ventured to dive. What else

Remains for my concluding thoughts to scan?

I will a hymn of thanks to Truth address,

Promoter of my endeavors, asking yet

Another boon. To lead my thankful voice,

And to suggest or else reveal to me,

Lifting of time a corner of the veil,

What fate awaits the future man and earth.

I own 'tis bold and daring thus to try
To fathom secrets of futurity.

But I presume upon my Angel’s help
Who to the last will stand my friendly guide.

Of Truth divine, eternal, holy, bright,
Coeval mate of God, beyond the limits
Of space and time, with Him existing there;
I claim the aid and ask the daring boon.
I am already heard, and feel my heart
To swell with harmony divine and pure.
In holy strains I’ll sing, and shall intone
The grateful lofty praise. Into my soul
The inspiration rises, and to my lips
Convey’d, the evidence of truth I give.

Truth is a mental state of God, as light
May be the eyes thro’ which He does perceive.
There was a time when nothing was but Him,
Main principle of all futurity;
And things, to be hereafter will’d and made.
He filled at once Eternity of time,
Immensity of space. And there with Him
Was Truth, a bud of things to be, the germ
Of future reality. Jehovah resting
In gentle slumber, not in sleep, awoke;
More active spread his wings: His pensive will
Exerting, beaming Love by potent spell;
Delightful Truth unfolded was by both:
Their Shadow it became, and ever since
Upon their steps is treading; hidden often
As they to mortal eyes, to worthy minds
Reveal'd, and filling them with joy sincere.

Thus join'd they act, they think; by active thoughts,

Millions of Beings, worlds evolve, sustain, Which we admire, or are without a name.

Truth, as a widely spreading tree unfolds,
Of vast extent in golden foliage clad,
With many flowers ever blooming round
The branches numberless that are produced,
Throughout Creation growing; while the roots
Upon the rock of time are creeping ever.
The things that are, that happen, or have been,
Or ever will occur, are blooms of this
Immense and godly tree; whose shade delights
The tender eyes, that dazzled by the glow
Of glorious Truth itself, might shrink from it.

Expanding, flourishing, throughout the wide domains of life, of existence and motions,
It bears two kinds of fruits; one very fair,
Is sweet and good; another is quite bad,
Bitter and sour: we evil call this last,
Engrafted there by wicked freedom bent
Upon revolt, by Satan's hands and ours.

Celestial Truth is ever steady, firm
As God himself may be: it knows no change;
But all the changes gives, imparts and gilds,
Which beam in light, evolved or reflected.
Whatever is unsteady or may be,  
In bodies, minds, or souls, perceiv'd or hidden,  
Opinions fleeting, changeful colors showing,  
Is not the truth; but waving shadows faint.  
Whatever has existence, must be true  
As long as lasting; but when changing moods  
Or forms, it is no longer such, nor real.  
Yet, if assuming other better shapes,  
It is not true again? Yes, ev'ry change  
Is but a shifting breeze, or wafting gale,  
Shaking the leaves of truth, and of their shadow  
Waving the hues and scenes. Meantime the tree  
The stem, and very leaves remain the same,  
Bearing the brightest blossoms, gems for fruits:  
In everlasting beauty all adorned,  
Of gilding light, and pearly silver gloss.  

The men and worlds are but a blooming crop  
Growing awhile thereon, when ripe to drop.  
The hands of God the fruitful seed uphold,  
Scatter the living germs, their moulds unfold,  
From which take birth new trees of virgin gold:  
Whereon we daily pluck, and safe retaining,  
A precious harvest, knowledge, life, sustaining;  
Are led, to steady happiness on Earth,  
And boundless bliss in heavenly new birth.
SHADOW of God! bright Truth and helping friend,
Image of his fond love for conscious life,
Glory and thanks to thee; upon my knees
I fall before thy sight, in grateful sounds
To send so far my pensive strains and prayers.
Leader of minds, of worthy Souls the friend,
Accept my vows, my thankful praise receive,
For having granted me a feeling heart,
And guided me in this attempt to scan,
A law sublime of thine. I owe to thee
Whatever slight success I may have met:
To thee ascribe all honor, worth and glory.
Myself in thee confiding, merely claim.
And wish to dwell forever under thy
Unbounded hopeful shade, and holy care:
Thou everlasting Truth, my loving friend.

If not too bold my further wish I'll utter;
Before I speak 'tis known to Omniscience.
Of future changeful scenes a view display,
Unfold as much as craving souls desire,
In safety may a joyful glimpse obtain,
And willing thou may be now to impart.

Before my eyes the veil of time is thrown;
Behind its folds futurity is hidden;
By Truth a corner lifted, shows of ages
To come, the gradual changes yet to happen.
A glance I throw into this corner bright,
A crowd I see of shifting moving scenes,
Of pleasing objects passing fast away;
And what I can retain, awhile admire,
I will present, and sing the hopeful view.

A time will come when men shall better fare,
Improving still; but if perfection claiming,
They dream to be as Gods forever pure,
In vain they'll seek this perfect human state,
Never obtain this worthy aim on earth:
Nor better deeds achieve, if they neglect
With humbler hope fair wisdom to secure.
The wiser will prevail, in after times
Foul passions lull, but not destroy nor kill.

Of peaceful mutual Love, the whole mankind
Shall feel the happy power; joyful scenes
Of earthly bliss, tellurian happiness.
As brothers men shall meet, and nations may
As many members thrive of this immense
Vast human family: By mutual trade,
And many other links, will be united;
In changeful freedom, and ready pleasures,
For a long time may live and fondly nurse.
Plenty and Peace; sweet Charity, the sister
Of Piety; Religion of the heart;
Worshiping God \textit{in spirit and in truth}!
Virtue and Wisdom, shall become the mates,
Of human Love, directed as it ought
To seek and find, to keep and to preserve
The boons of life and mutual happiness.
Intolerance shall cease, from Earth shall fly:
All men shall deem that free must ever be
The intercourse of Souls with Love divine.
By toleration new pursuits and paths
Shall freely open, suiting various scopes,
And tasteful minds. No longer in restraint
Improvements endless in extent shall rise,
Astonish all mankind: imparted quite
Freely to beautify, embellish, polish
The human world and tellurian sphere.

But men however happy here below,
Must die at last; this doom they never can
Here fail to meet, nor can dispense the fate.
Yet better men in wiser mood here living,
With purer minds become best fitted for
The upper worlds, and heav'nly seats of life.
Even this globe must die, dissolve in smoke,
To ether vanish out of sight. When this
Sad fate occurs, all men if living yet
Must share the cruel doom. But neither near
Nor quick will happen this tellurian death.
Countless may be the ages ere all men
Must disappear with mother Earth and prop.
When men are free, from earthly bonds
removed,
New life or lives await the active Souls,
That never die; but wander far away,
Like solar beams into the worlds to dive,
And seek new homes, new bodies fit for them.
Seldom a choice; but often given by (86)
The conscious deeds they have on earth performed.

Then wicked souls by sin attracted go
Beyond the reach of good, in worlds of wo.
Then happy souls, by love divine are called,
To worlds of bliss, and angels' forms assume.

Inert and passive earth, when dead and gone,
No longer moving quick, in fiery blaze
To ashes burnt, reduc'd, expanding smoke,
By elements absorbed; probably
Will fly as clouds in air, in Ether swim.

Our earthy bodies are to Earth restored,
The elements of earth in Ether born,
Return in space with it to dwell awhile:
Until again recall'd to worldly life
By hand and love divine, another shape
Assuming, and another soul receiving,
Angel of motions or of solar lives.

But Ariel, my friendly help, the soul
Of actual earth, will never die with her.
No, he did live before the earth was born;
He will outlive this world and many more.
When this fulfils the destiny of matter,
Fair Ariel will leave this sinful sphere,
A better home obtain, more active life,
Bathing in beams of brighter ether pure.
This will become the future earth and globe,  
Of many human souls the home, of rest. (87)  
'Tis not the orb where earthly elements  
May meet in time, that will revive this earth;  
But where the soul tellurian may outlive,  
A worldly body take and to it cleave.  

Fare-thee-well, truly glorious earthly genius,  
Spirit of light, that has my voice inspired.  
Farewell to thee, my friendly monitor,  
Receive my grateful thanks, until again  
I may thy help require, and fondly crave.  

Farewell to thee, tellurian Angel bright;  
And when the distant time shall come for thee  
To leave this world, another lead and guide,  
May we again in mental freedom meet;  
Wherever I may be, thyself I'll seek.  

Much sooner shall my doom occur; but then  
Eternal life obtain'd, time is no more.  
From other worlds I'll look on thee and thine,  
And see the fate of men in clearer sight;  
Watching thy own, my trusty, worthy friend,  
Seraph of God! who leads this human sphere:  
Of all my friends, the loving objects met  
Upon this globe, I'll watch the gradual steps,  
As they ascend with me, towards the heavens.  

Awhile entomb'd we sleep; but soon awake,  
To seek new lives; another body take.
In distant better worlds: attracted fly,
As beaming light revolving through the sky.
Becoming Spirits, frequently we range, (88)
And freely rove in search of further CHANGE.

5400 VERSES.

END OF THE POEM.

THE UNIVERSAL HYMN AND PRAYER
OF MANKIND.

Father of all the human family!
Who reads the hearts, and actions justly weighs,
    We sing thy holy praise.
Ruler of worlds! and King of time and space,
Who made this earth, dividing Land and Sea,
    We bless and honor thee.
Creator thou hast been of all the Stars,
The Sun, and other treasures of the sky,
    That swiftly soar and fly.
Ever preserving with perpetual care
Thy living works; which form a boundless ring,
    Thy praises shout and sing.
By Love and Providence, in shifting scenes
Ruling the whole, by giving freedom's range,
    With constant hopeful change.
We gifted were, with a free will and choice,
That we may blame, decide, or seek the best,
This keeping safe, be blest
Dwelling in light, wherever it may reach
Thy beams are thrown, to guide the hearts and
To thee, beyond the skies.
From heaven far remov'd, yet seeking thee
From this our paltry home, and sinful sphere,
We feel thy steady care.
With equal eyes, the human crowds he views,
Their deeds rewards or punishes, at th' graves
Where sink both Kings and Slaves.
Throughout the earth, at ev'ry hour and season
To men he listens, who by day or night,
Apply for help or light.
Whether alone, or else in social throng,
We meet to pray, at any time and place,
Thou sendest blessing grace.
By walls confin'd, in churches, under roofs,
When there we meet, thou dwellest not alone,
In heaven is thy throne.
Yes ev'ry where, the living God is met,
His temples built by him in wide expanse,
Wherever sight may glance.
The hearts of men become his holy shrines,
When just and kind, his holy laws they seek,
And wish to keep or speak.
On lofty mountains, valleys wide and deep
Or ample plains, we find him when we meet
To worship at his feet.
In shady groves, or blooming meads, we pray;
His holy steps, we duly seek and trace,
Invoke his helping grace.
In hollow dismal caves, and deepest mines
Wherever we may creep, he is still there,
And we may claim his care.
On land and Sea, thy presence we may feel,
Upon the rolling waves, or gliding streams,
Thy spirit moves and swims.
In storms and dingy clouds, with thunder filled,
Riding upon the winds, we hear thy voice,
In trembling mood rejoice.
In hurricanes and bursting hills is heard
Thy dreaded speech, that fills the human ear
With terror, awe and fear.
Yet, thou the only God, a God of love
Must be, and hopeful mercy; such we find
The Lord of all mankind.
Whatever be the words, or language used,
When earthly children thine, apply and pray,
Thou hearest what they say.
Then glory be, to thee celestial Lord!
Of millions yearly born, and yearly dying
In hope to heaven flying.
In love we worship thee, in hope adore,
Thou knowest best whatever we may want,
And what is fit to grant.
Whatever be the doom by thee ordained,
Resign'd we live; we trust thy love alone,
And say, thy will be done.
Thy blessing give, our sinful deeds forgive,
We all are fallen beings, but too frail,
Where evil deeds prevail.
With humble hearts, but trusting hope, we pray
To thee, and ask for all, their daily food,
Their needful share of good.
The dreadful bane of foul cupidity
Remove from us, and let swift charity
Become our earnest plea.
We ask not wealth; but power to do good:
Dominion we disdain; but crave for peace,
The prop of human bliss.
Whether we live an age or a few years,
Guide us to walk into the rightful ways,
As long as last our days.
Grant us the health of body, mind and soul,
With happiness, the aim of human life,
Avoiding pride and strife.
Of evil drive away the awful curse,
Deliver us from it, with constant care
Enable us to beware.
Preserve us Lord! from all calamities
From plagues, earthquakes, fire, floods, that may
And war the worst of all.

Lead us to virtue, worthy deeds of love
And charity; but never lead astray
The souls who trust and pray.

Teach us whatever may to wisdom lead;
If found, let us secure the precious prize,
That never fades nor dies.

Thy holy spirit, grace divine, we crave
'Twere' enlighten us, that we may seek thy will
Better thy laws fulfil.

As children dutiful let us behave
To thee, and earthly fathers, since we owe
To both, respect and love.

In ev'ry man we must behold a brother,
A fellow passenger on this sad sphere,
As such must hold him dear.

We must do good to all, and harm to none,
The laws of God fulfilling as he bids,
By which the worlds he leads.

Oh! let thy kingdom come on earth at last,
When war and strife shall cease, and all proclaim
Or bless thy holy name.

When passions shall subside, affections rule;
The reign of love and truth prevail, endure,
And men the boon secure.
In sorrow born, to joy we shall arise,
When God in justice shall our sorrows heal
  By Love divine appeal.
Let all mankind then join in grateful praise
To sing the Love of God, that brings us peace,
  Completes the earthly bliss.
Wherever we may be or go, to this
True Love we'll trust, and shall be saved by him,
  Who can our sins redeem.

Soul of this world, who is, has been, will be;
By love has made us all, we worship thee:
  In humble hope adoring,
   Thy mercy are imploring;
   Our heavy sins deploring,
   Thy boundless love restoring,
      We shall forever trust.
  Altho' but earthly dust,
   By lives of purity,
   And deeds of charity,
      We shall thy care deserve;
      And holy grace preserve:
   Thou only hope of all
      The men that sin and fall.
Then blest forever be thy holy name,
And deeds of love; thou God, the light and flame
Of all the souls that crave eternal life: 
Jehovah! only God, by beaming Love,  
And blazing Truth, the human earthly strife  
Changing to peace, angelic bliss above.

In those celestial homes,  
Beyond the starry domes,  
Appointed by thy will  
For souls and angels pure  
To dwell, thy laws fulfil  
In Love divine secure.

THE ANGELS CHORUS.

We hear from Earth ascending  
The voice of man depending  
Upon the Love of God.  
In trustful hope relenting,  
Their evil deeds repenting,  
They seek the Will of God.  
By death to Heaven rising,  
To blissful doom surprising,  
We guide their Souls to God.  
The prize of Love obtaining,  
Eternal life attaining,  
They find and see their God.  
His wonders safe exploring,  
His mighty self adoring,  
With us enjoy this God.  
In truth and light immersing,  
Thro' worlds and space dispersing,  
They meet the works of God:  
In extasy amazing,  
With us admiring, praising,  
The holy deeds of God.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Note 1. Ariel is the oriental name of the guardian angel of the Earth. The name means Earthly-divine, from Ar. Earth, El. Divine or Angel, or God. It answers to the Tholos of the Greek, and Tellus of the Latins; Yama of Thibet, Espender of Persia, &c.

Note 2. The constant gradual progress of mutations and changes all over the world, has been long surmised; but never explained nor sung, nor deemed a general perpetual law, which it is the aim of this poem to do and prove the fact.

Note 3. Some astronomers have noticed appearances in the skies, which might be surmised to be such. Stars have suddenly appeared and others disappeared; but it may happen that these phenomena of light, were luminous floods or cataclysms of those solar Suns, and other variations of light: or even the passage of Stars to the state of planets by the extinction of their luminous atmosphere. Others have surmised opaque bodies eclipsing them.

Note 4. The Volvox is a minute animalcule, of globular shape, that rolls upon himself in drops of water.

Note 5. The Akaz or Akash of the Hindu philosophy is their fifth element: it answers to our Ether: Our name of Gaz derives from it—is it also the AUR, or substance of light of the Bible and the orientals? Herschell deems the nebulous matter of the Sky a condensation of it.

Note 6. Whenever the human mind dwells upon the extent of space and time, it becomes lost in astonishment, and unable to think of infinity but as an abstract term. Doomed to short lives, men can seldom fathom these topics without becoming bewildered in the maze of the wonder they excite.
They can hardly conceive both, and yet are unable to set any bounds to either: thus we waver and dream until we meet a better fate, enter a more durable life, with extended vision and powers of perception.

Note 7. All imponderable substances, penetrable, ungravitating, radiating &c. appear to form a class of *Abarial* substances, distinct from mere matters on *material* substances. Many philosophers deem that light is not matter; if it was, it would be impossible to explain how millions of millions of rays and lucid colors, can radiate and cross each other at all possible points and angles, without ever causing any deviation to the straight course of each other, and without imparting any resistance or shock in the way. Those who sustain that light does not emanate; but is communitated by vibration, as sound in air, are more consistent; yet these vibrations would be so numerous, sudden and unceasing, so often crossed by each other, as to present equal difficulties.

Note 8. Solar Spots are always more or less present, and vary daily in size and aspect, as late observations in Canada have proved. See the views of the Daily Solar Variations for one hundred and eighty-five days, by Watts, in the transactions of the Quebec Historical Society. Therefore the solar day deduced from their gradual motion is, perhaps, not altogether correct. If Herschell’s theory of the spots being dark openings in the atmosphere instead of clouds, is admitted, the same difficulty occurs; but then we may hope to explore the solar disk, more or less veiled by the luminous atmosphere.

Note 9. Of all the celestial phenomena, Comets have most puzzled philosophers and struck awe in mankind, by their unusual and portentous appearance. It is not yet well ascertained that they are worlds. They were once believed to be whirlwinds in Ether, now many think they may be the germs
of planets, but neither blazing balls of fire, nor mere solid spheres; they must have a peculiar atmosphere, more lucid than ours, which shows itself in comas and wide tails.

Note 10. It has lately been ascertained that the surface of the Caspian is three hundred and twenty feet under the level of the ocean, therefore a sunken sea, while other lakes are more or less elevated over that level. The lake Aral, near it, is two hundred and five feet under the sea.—Humboldt.

Note 11. There are very singular lakes of pitch in the Island of Trinidad, and in New California. Oily Springs of Naphtha are by no means uncommon: this mineral oil is called Petroleum (Oil of Stone), in North America, Seneca Oil.

Note 12. The central heat, long doubted by many, is now revived by philosophers; because it appears that heat increases downwards, as we descend under ground in caves, wells and mines. But it is not yet certain that there is a central fire. The nature of the centre of the Earth, must long remain a problem, and speculations of all kinds, have therefore been sustained. The opinion that the Earth is a hollow sphere is yet entertained, and some have gone so far as to suppose the inner surface may be inhabited. If light could reach there, it might, not otherwise.

Note 13. The Moon has burning volcanoes, and thus must have an oxygen gaseous atmosphere as we have, else the flames would be quenched as in the void air: it may be very thin, or pure oxygen; whence the imperceptible refraction.

Note 14. What may be achieved yet by Astronomers, is beyond belief: to be convinced of the probability of increasing the powers of our astronomical instruments, we have merely to reflect on the immense difference between the ancient and modern tools of vision. A telescope of only eight hundred
increase, will show in the moon an object one hundred and fifty yards wide.

Note 15. The great flood is called universal by the same figure of speech that makes us call everlasting many things well known to last only a while: or when we say all the world knows it, although far from the truth. The THBE of Noah, means refuge, we translate Ark, which comes from the Persian, and means a stronghold, a castle, or a box in Leviticus. It was in Central Asia that Noah took refuge with many animals. Humboldt has surmised that a volcanic eruption of waters from the Caspian Sea, caused this great Asiatic flood. But there was a subsequent volcanic flood or disruption of the land in the time of Peleg, often erroneously blended in the date and fact. The believers in the literal sense of the translated account of the flood, ought to study again the original and its concealed sense.

The nations that have boasted to be antediluvian, and to have escaped this flood, or another flood, in mountains or boats, are the Chinese, Hindus, Polynesian, Egyptians, Madagascar, Berbers, Phenicians, Pelagians, Umbrians, Atlantes, Zapotecas, Peruvians, Chilians, Haytians, Tamanacs, Linapis, Esquimaux, &c., with many more; but some allude to subsequent floods. Many clergyman have sustained the opinion that Noah's flood was not universal.

Note 16. This was the dividing of the land in the time of Peleg, well illustrated by many Biblists, and sung by David in the 18th psalm: the date of which is that of Noah's flood by the Hebrew vulgate, while Josephus and the seventy give the more correct date of both.

Note 17. Some have said that all the fossils were made and entombed within six days of creation, where found, or the flood overwhelmed the remainder.
Others less piously inclined, have made them live for millions of ages; but without any proof, except rancor against the belief of the more credulous.

Note 18. The animation of the Earth is a very old opinion of many oriental nations, believed by Repler and many philosophers. Her life and motion is so unlike ours, that we are not struck at once with the analogies, unless we reflect deeply on the subject. She lives as a world, not as a man or bird.

Note 19. The splendid starry showers of November, 1833, have been deemed to begin beyond the atmosphere, the earth passing through their stratum. Olmstead connects them with a doubtful earthly comet. Many wonderful rains are related by history in day time, which may be connected thereto in origin. The subject is yet obscure and must call for repeated observations.

The Substances known to have fallen from clouds or the atmosphere are stones, metals, gravel, dust, mud, dirty water, earthly matter, salts, sulphur, ashes, manna or a sweet fat substance, gelatinous matter, fleshy bodies, and even fishes! . . . . &c. Some may be ascribed to volcanoes or tornadoes; but others in calm weather or with fiery meteors are quite aerial. It is probable that at the birth of the globe, such rains or depositions from the atmosphere were quite common, serving to increase the solid nucleus of the globe.

Note 20. The spontaneous generation of the Entozoa or inward worms is maintained, as yet, by some learned men; but it is only because we cannot perceive their minute germs that this opinion has arisen. Every equivocal generation ought to be exploded from sound philosophy; but we ought to seek and study the living germs of animals and plants.

Note 21. Carbonic acid is one of the principal aliments of trees, and forms their woody fibres.
Thick plants and leaves are fed by the air they imbibe rather than the roots. Some few plants can live unrooted and suspended in the air.

Note 22. These three high series are called the Kingdoms of Nature. Linneus elegantly says that minerals grow; Plants grow and live; Animals grow, live and feel. But later naturalists divide the bodies of our globe in two empires, Organized, and Inorganic. Each has a triple series of living forms.

These triple series are divided into a multitude of groups, called Classes, Orders, Tribes or Families, Genera and Species: Each formed by a cluster of individuals which in the Organic Beings reproduce and perpetuate themselves. But all these groups are factitious more or less, made by us by an inductive method of generalization: while in Inorganic Bodies we proceed by the contrary mode of analysis to seek the elementary principles, once thought only four or five, now increased to fifty or more.

Yet in this scientific process of grouping individuals we endeavour to follow the steps of Nature in their previous decompositions by gradual slow changes in reproduced individuals. We know not how many living forms existed at first, or were created on earth at the earliest period; but by the fossil relics of many, we ascertain that they were fewer and often different. Whatever was their original number and types; it is probable that these primitive individuals have produced all the actual various species, of which we have already ascertained nearly eighty thousand of animals, with a hundred and twenty thousand of plants. The proofs of this fact are found in the varieties and monstruosities, still proceeding under our eyes, or that have for ages past. Every species was once a variety, and every variety is the embryo of a new species.
Note 23. The cellular plants include the Fungi, Alga, Lichens, Hepatica, &c., all minute and simple plants, extremely numerous and without flowers, but multiplying by Gemules, Sporules and Gongyles, germs or seeds peculiar to them.

Note 24. All the animals without bones, nor articulated bodies, were called worms by Linneus; but require a better name, more explicit, such as Aplozoïds. Together with the insects they are Anosteon or unbonny. Many have no heads, nor any sense except those of feeling and reproduction.

Note 25. Whales and Seals are classed with men, since they suckle their young, and are not oviparous as fishes. Some Seals are so like men as to have been called Mermaids, Tritons, and Syrens of old; and some philosophers have dreamt that they were the progenitors of mankind, as others have dreamt of Monkeys as such.

Mankind forms a unic species and genus, very distinct even physically from the Quadrumanes; all monkeys have four hands, while man is bimane or two handed. Whether mankind was once otherwise than now in shape, cannot be known; but that it has changed and varied in complexion, size, hair, facial angle, features and limbs, is obvious, since it happens yet even now under our eyes, or has within a few ages. But all the varieties of men, are not peculiar species; since they propagate together, and these varieties are not greater than those of our white and black Sheep, Horses, Goats, Cats, &c.: much less than those of our Dogs, who have already formed so many striking varieties, as to be almost specific: Yet we do not reckon them as such, nor deem distinct species.

The wonderful structure of man, would have afforded a fine theme; but rather too didactic and descriptive, as well as the wonders of chemistry and elementary aggregations. Man is a little world;
his body has 10,000 veins, 10,000 arteries, 100,000 glands, 1,000,000 of scales, 200, millions of pores, 1,600,000 vesicles in the lungs alone, 4,000 lacteals and lymphatics, 1,000 ligaments, 200,000 millions of adaptations of parts!! besides the bones, organs of senses, limbs, membranes, cartilages, &c., the fibres and tubules of the muscles or flesh are numberless; as well as the glands and cells of the brain, liver, spleen. The fluids of the body are as various; blood, milk, lymph, serum, bile, chyle, tears, saliva, sweat, fat, &c., and no one could reckon their particles!

Note 26. No philosopher has yet been enabled to unravel the mysteries of combined magnetism and double electricity, that have both a double polar attraction. They are, however, nearly identic, as well as animal galvanism, which is itself a link between nervous sympathy and electrical power.

Note 27. Here the solar spots are deemed dark clouds of the solar lucid atmosphere.

Note 28. The Sun has been the land of souls for many philosophers; our future paradise. The thought has nothing improbable nor impossible, and is a hopeful dream.

Note 29. Pantheism is the absurd belief that the whole material world is one God, or a congregation of gods. The materialists deny even this divine attribute, and see nothing but blind fate and casualty to rule the universe and men. Pantheism is become the Budhist Religion of Asia and China.

Note 30. Many nations forbear animal food on the principle of the divinity of matter, yet it is a good custom opposed to cruelty. Others abstain of meat and eggs for a while on the absurd principle of self mortification.

Note 31. Water cannot wash sins, nor fire punish them, since souls are not material. The grace conveyed by this rite, must be that of conscious mental
feelings; whence Baptists are more rational in their rite. But the Quakers are as good, nay, often better christians than those who use it.

Note 32. Incarnations are constant dogmas in Asia, and the Deity is said to have often appeared on earth; the Great Lama is a perpetual such incarnation. The Hindus claim many Vishnus, Budhas and Crishnas. The hidden meaning is, that those men were deemed divine, having the fulness of godly qualities in their soul. Such the Unitarians deem the founder of our religion; others make him the only living son of God, with a mystic union in one single essence. All are right, they only differ and quarrel for words of doubtful meaning.

Note 33. Sinful men have been made saints or demi-gods, and worshipped; are to this day, all over the world, even by us. What a contrast between the heavenly Charles Boromeo, a benefactor of man, and Dominic, the founder of the inquisition, a demon of evil, both equally made saints for opposite deeds.

Note 34. Jesus has said that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath: but Jews, Sabatarians, and Puritans reverse this axiom, and compel its gloomy observance. Those who have changed the day and rejoice on the day of the sun, are more rational. It ought to be a day of thanks and relief to the toil of the week. The Druids had the week, and kept Sunday for holy rest as we. Mahometans now use Friday.

Note 35. It is evident that if creation was completed in six days, each was an indefinite period, like the seventh lasting yet in which we are. If those days were of twenty-four hours, there was as much rest on the eighth, ninth, tenth, &c. days as on the seventh, and we ought to rest all the while. The number seven does not divide the year, and is unnatural. A week of five days would come nearer
to a natural period, but leave a fraction. The seven
days represent the four lunar quarters of the old
lunar months, each dedicated to a planet.

Adam, Noah, Abraham and Job knew no Sab-
bath, yet held the true religion of God. It is true
that Moses and the Jews understood the six days
of creation literally. But it is a fact that the whole
beginning of the Genesis, was a series of mysterious
narrations or apologues, taken by Moses from former
annals, and holy hymns in a poetical style. The
recital of the creation by Job, is anterior, and more
sublime, without sabbath nor adamic sin. If Eve
was created on the eighth day, as commonly sup-
posed, God did proceed with creation on that day!
The Earth, the stars, the winds, the streams, . . .
do not rest on the Sabbath; the plants, animals, and
men, continue to grow and move on that day as
well as others. The Christian Sabbath is, or ought
to be, totally different from the Jewish Sabbath.
Else we ought to admit all the Jewish minutia of
that day, or sleep all the while: and keep also the
sabatical years and jubilees: bloody sacrifices, &c.
—See Last Note.

Note 36. Liberty of opinion and speech, of harm-
less actions and rites, in the positive right and duty
of mankind. It is the complement of tolerance and
charity, fulfilling the law of instability. Any one
may say we deem this to be right; but never ought
to say we alone are in the right. Every act of
persecution, compulsion, or infringement of mutual
liberty, is a heavy sin against the divine permission:
ever deeds alone ought to be repressed. The eter-
nal religion of the angels and millions of beings that
dwell in the planets, the sun, and the countless stars,
must be as various as they; yet based upon the faith
of hope and love, the practice of charity and mutual
forbearance. Those who dare assume on this little
earth, the right to dictate opinions and to enforce
them by evil deeds, become Human Devils. The
universal and everlasting religion, consists chiefly in hoping much, loving all, doing good, worshiping in spirit and truth. In this the good and wise of all religions will always agree. The sectarians who quarrel, fight, gamble, drink, accumulate, steal, kill and persecute ... are not Christians! but devils.

Note 37. Satan's true name was Zabul, he was according to traditions of the East, a revolted king, who built Zabul, now Cabul. Satan only means adversary, and his devils or subjects have been made angry demi-gods by some, who nearly equal them to the supreme deity. Their own god is one of wrath and revenge, their religion that of fear rather than hope and love.

Note 38. Milton, in his war of the angels has exceeded human belief: Satan is his hero, who achieves the epic aim of the fall of man. His devils are as near men, as the actual devils of the earth. In Job, Satan is not the opponent of God, but belongs to his council of angels.

Note 39. Benevolence is not carried too far, in supposing that no eternity of pains can happen, and that even devils will probably be reclaimed after long atonements; these sentiments best agree with the wisest providence of a god of everlasting love: it is the belief of all eastern creeds. Dante read on his Gate of Hell—Lose all hope, you who enter; but his Hell is only the fanciful sketch of a poet, the Tartarus of the heathens.

Note 40. Cohol means spirit in Arabic, whence we have made A'cohol, and Spirits of Wine. Cohiba was the name of tobacco in Hayti when discovered by Columbus, tabaco was the name of the pipes and segars used there; whence our borrowed but misapplied name.

Note 41. Bang is one of the names of the leaves and seeds of hemp, smoked in the east to intoxicate.

Note 42. Kawa is the root of a kind of peppervine, chewed into a loathsome intoxicating drink.
Note 43. **Pulque** is the beer of Agave or **Ma-guey**, but **Chicha**, a beer made of **Maize**; they both produce stupidity rather than exhilaration.

Note 44. Wine is ascribed to Noah, Janus, Bac-chus &c. by various nations, which are titles of ancient law-givers and promoters of civilization.

Note 45. Tobacco is often infused in urine to give it a pungency! or otherwise prepared in the most filthy way.

Note 46. Alcohol introduced into the body, is never decomposed; if not expelled by the breath, or transpiration, it is absorbed in the system, fills the blood, brain and flesh. In fat individuals it has frequently set fire to the fat, and burnt the wretched body alive!

Note 47 It is calculated that two-thirds of the crimes with us, are caused directly or indirectly by intemperance: and yet our laws do not interfere to prevent this! they punish, but do not prevent. Many guilty deeds even escape punishment on the false and absurd plea of accident or insanity, although drunkenness led to both. Therefore these are greater evils than dreamed of, and the temperance societies lately established have but begun to do some good. Every drunkard ought to be deemed and treated at once as insane.

Note 48. A strange opinion has been advanced that all men were once negroes, who have since improved to the actual races and complexions; but the tawny is more likely to have produced the other two extremes. As to those who deny the unity of mankind, they lack proofs; if believed, black and white sheep, horses, &c. ought to be deemed peculiar species; as well as men with black hairs and eyes, and blue eyes with fair coma, . . . .

Man forms a genus with a single species; as well as dogs and all domestic animals, as liable as he to vary. A genus in organized beings is the collection of all the varieties or species that differ essen-
tially from others. A species is the collection of all the individuals acquiring distinct forms and colors, and all the deviations that can breed together. They are abstract terms of our own; Nature only acknowledges individuals, and vary them constantly; so as to produce new species now and then, particularly among plants. Genera vary also, but so slowly, as not to be easily perceived. It is probable that new genera are also forming, and that all our generic and specific form of animals and plants have been produced by successive deviations from the original types discovered among the fossils of the former earth. In birds and insects, the colors alone distinguish most of the species; yet they are known to be most variable characters. The zoologists and botanists begin to pay some attention to the relative importance and value of organs and characters; but they are still divided on the subject of species and varieties: whereby they fall into singular contradictions, and call varieties in men, dogs, grapes, cherries, . . . , what they call species in monkeys, birds, insects, roses, grasses, oaks,. . . . . Every species is a variety, and every variety is a species! the only difference is in their age! and there is no actual limit between them: no more than between a hill and a mountain, a lake and a pond, a river and a creek! which are distinguished by mere relative size without demarcation. Therefore it is only a nominal question, and they became quite indifferent terms. Thus, if Bory has made 15 species of men! let it be so; they are varieties, however, and all men form one procreating genus. Some naturalists neglect varieties altogether, and thus it is right to call them species in order to fix thereon the attention:

Just like a tree, with many branches; most
Of genera produce the various kinds
Of species; varieties at first, like buds
Unfolding, and becoming species, when
By age, they may acquire the proper forms.
Note 49. The Jews, the mountaineers, and the savage tribes that keep apart and do not intermarry with others, acquire and preserve peculiar features. The object of the wise law forbidding relations to marry is to prevent this deterioration: among cattle this is called crossing the breeds.

Note 50. Our actual modern languages are quite recent, and mere polished dialects of former languages: they only date from a few centuries; the languages of Europe 1,000 years ago being quite different. And it was probably so all over the earth.

Note 51. Our alphabets and letters are as unsteady as speech, as may be perceived by comparing inscriptions, old manuscripts. . . . What variety in the hand-writing of several individuals? hardly two alike; variable even by age in the very same person!

Note 52. Although Rome was never totally destroyed, and is called an immortal city, it has been so often taken, burnt or nearly destroyed as to warrant the poetical licence.

Note 53. The Chinese are deemed the most steady of nations, only because they do not change nor improve as quick as our versatility allows us; but their languages, arts, policy and manners vary under each dynasty more or less.

Note 54. Cain is said to have been the first husbandman; but it is not said he invented the plough, Adam might. The Chinese ascribe the plough to the human antediluvian emperors Gin-hoang, and again to Shin-nong, a postdiluvian emperor.

Note 55. There are Castes in almost every country under other names. In England called Ranks, in Italy Cetti. In the United States, there are 3 Castes, each dividing into lesser Castes. 1. Native whites, naturalized citizens and aliens. 2. Independent Indian nations, dependent tribes, and incorporated I...lians. 3. Free colored men and
negroes, slaves, black, yellow and white! Why then blame the Hindus for their 4 Castes?

Note 56. The priestly order is natural, it is the caste of wise men; any one may inter it who attains wisdom. The noble cast is unnatural; it is that of force and bloody deeds. Mechanics and ploughmen, herdsmen and traders, are all useful social castes. Pariaus and slaves are like our convicts, outcasts of society; but to entail the stigma of guilt or slavery on innocent children, is social cruelty. The worst slavery is that of the christians! and North America! in Brazil and Cuba they are allowed religion, marriage and property. The Mahometans give freedom to all children by slaves, as well as their mothers, and they award only half punishments to slaves. . . . But Christians! keep their own bastard children, even if white, in slavery, as well as their mothers; they double their punishments or inflict the most cruel tortures. They deny to their slaves the use of property, the rite of marriage, and the help of religion! . . . The absolute equality of mankind, is a non-entity physically and morally; but the inequality of slavery is unnatural, unwise and cruel. To make some men brutes or a kind of cattle, and deem others gods; are the greatest of our social absurdities, in awful contrast.

Note 57. Every emancipation to be safe and useful, must be gradual: those who advise a sudden general liberation, act unwisely. It is for the masters themselves to see the justice of it, and devise the best means; but if they lack the will, it is not wrong to prompt it and urge it. The English nation has given a noble example, which shall be followed elsewhere; but the Spanish states of Mexico and South America, have acted still more nobly. Bolivar freed all his slaves; but Washington did not. Mexico, Bermuda and Antigua have freed at once all the slaves without danger.
Note 58. Canibalism has been found in America, Africa, Polynesia, . . . In our days there have been Canibals in Naples! and instances in almost all modern wars!

Note 59. Quakers and some others deem resistance unlawful; if so the wicked might rule without danger, and laws ought not to be made to restrain them; it is the inconsistency of worthy minds, carrying the love of peace to excess.

Note 60. If laws were made to punish every petty strife or evil deed of children, we should not nurse so many foes of peace, nor candidates for gallows or penitentiaries. The juvenile asylums are excellent institutions; but many deserve to go there who are not sent.

Note 61. It was Pope, in his poem on Man, or on Optimism rather than wisdom.

Note 62. The nations who use the most refined cookery, are also the most refined, witness the French and Japanese. There is everywhere an accordance between food and manners. The Hindus who use no animal food are the mildest and weakest of mankind.

Note 63. Anam is the true name of our Cochin-China; there, it is said, rotten eggs are a dainty! the Chinese are said to like the smell of bedbugs! we like cinnamon which is very near alike in smell. Rotten cheese and game are equal to rotten eggs.

Note 64. An Italian proverb says, Paese che vai, uso che trovi. Each country you visit has peculiar customs. And it is wise to comply with them, as Europeans often do in the East.

Note 65. In ancient times fields were not inclosed, and only belonged for a while to the ploughmen who sowed and reaped. If left vacant, they could be occupied by another. Common fields were set apart by many nations: the wise laws of Crete and Peru made the soil common property; in China and
India it is the property of the state, and held in nominal fiefs. In feodal times arose our laws of property, giving fee simple to nobles and warriors. We retain the modified usage, allowing the parceling; but it is evident that such laws may be modified again to suit the times, or for the good of the state.

Note 66. The first Christians disclaimed wealth and cupidity, war and gambling. The modern sects make them agree with their tenets; another proof that they are changing and not those of primitive christianity. Some monks and sects keeping property in common, are alone acting consistently. Gambling for money, stocks, lands, is the natural consequence of the social cupidity.

Note 67. That a man should never work, and live in idleness or ennui, while another must labor beyond strength, and if unable, starve or be sent to jail—must be a result of bad, unequal laws. But the poor and ignorant undervalue mental labors, still more than the rich, yet they are most profitable at the end, and most diffusible or available.

Note 68. One of our holy books, the earliest and best, the poem of Job, is a drama, written by Job son of Jobab, son of Esau son of Isaac, long before Moses. In it, is found the pure primitive patriarchal religion, the belief in God, angels, souls; but no Sabbath. This account and survey of creation is anterior and better than those of Moses, and David in the 104th Psalm.—See Herder's Spirit of Hebrew Poetry.

Note 69. This is become the modern Italian Opera, meaning the work by excellence: where poetry, music and dances combine to excite exquisite sensations.

Note 70. The blind faith of many sects, means only to believe implicitly what a teacher tells, or what he writes, or what he translates, right or wrong;
and whether true or false! with all his comments. The enlightened faith seeks conviction and finds it. One half of the actual dogmas are made up gradually from puns, or allegories, apologues, figures of speech, and misunderstood words of primitive languages. Such are our days of creation, evidently long periods in the text. Job's account of the creation, anterior to Moses, says the sons of God (angels) and the morning stars shouted for joy when the foundations of the earth were laid! Thus they had been created before the earth! The Elohim or angels made the earth in our Moses; they are the Geni of Arabs, Gin of Chinese, Ized of Parsees, Demos of Greeks, Lahi of Thibet, Lares of Etruscans. Job calls God Eloah in the singular, not Elohim in the plural. See Herder's Hebrew Poetry, and Gleig's History of the Bible.

Blind faith is a foe of mankind. Such is the faith of cruel religious and heathen gods, nay, many sectarians of better creeds. Hope, Faith and Charity are 3 cardinal virtues of our religion; but how disguised was the faith of those who dared to call the human sacrifices of the inquisition, auto da fe—An act of faith! . . . How deceived those who deem faith alone sufficient, and neglect charity: who think that faith will allow of crimes and vices, and forgive all sins! This is even worse than blind faith; it is the faith of hell, Satan and his devils! The superstitious faith is akin to this, as well as the faith in human whims and idols; the sad belief that to confess sins is enough to be forgiven. God is very merciful, but he requires personal atonement for every individual sin of men and devils. Charity must verify the true faith, or else it is the useless faith of sist in demons. This true faith does not merely concur with the blind belief of a Bible, badly translated or interpreted, nor in mere vicarious atonements; but will confidence in the love of God, imitated
by us in charity. Such was the faith of primitive patriarchs, of Adam, Noah, Job—of Jesus and his trusty followers. . . . But persecutors, bloody warriors, lovers of pelf, proud fanatics, deceitful hypocrites—were never such: they are discarded by him and God.—They are as much human devils! as those who deny their God and own souls. Yet charity alone does not buy eternity of bliss by a few years of good deeds: it is the divine love that freely grants the prize to those who freely conform to the living laws of God.

Note 71. The heathen priests had discovered many wonders of nature and art, which they kept concealed to answer their purposes. They knew ventriloquism, gunpowder, alcohol, steam, optical delusions, phosphorus, electricity, the magnet, &c. as several writers have lately proved. In Egypt, were these magical mysteries chiefly preserved.

At all times deep knowledge has been confined to a few. For 1000 years, during the darkages, between the 5th and 15th centuries, it was almost driven away from Europe; and confined to the Arabs and Chinese. Even since the revival of learning it has experienced many revolutions: and to this day the absurd belief of the darkest ages are perhaps prevailing among the majority. Dick in his Improvement of Society, has stated, that out of 800 millions of men, there are now hardly 200 millions enlightened as they ought to be—nay that among the Scotch, one of the most intelligent nations, out of 2 millions, only 20,000 possess the needful accurate knowledge. Thus, although science and wisdom is accessible to all, it is still confined to few. In the United States the proportion is not greater, out of 15 millions, hardly 200,000 have a correct idea of the earth and sky, nations, human duties, and natural objects.
Note 72. There are yet astrologers, fortune-tellers, and alchemists in Europe, America, and all over the Eastern regions. Natural magic is become an art and trade, based on deceptions, like automata. Witches and jugglers, obi-men and wizards exist yet, although no longer burnt. The credulity of mankind is great: some like better to be deceived than enlightened. In 1828, Varley published a book on Astrology in London! and Page another in Philadelphia, 1835!

In England 400,000 Astrological Almanacs are sold annually; and in the United States nearly as many: while correct Almanacs without predictions are much less saleable! In Scotland out of two millions of population, only 20,000 are properly enlightened; while 1,800,000 are not, knowing neither geography, nor the needful natural and moral sciences: many being as ignorant as the wandering Tartars! In the United States of North America, the proportion is not greater; many being sunk in abject slavery, or mental ignorance.

Note 73. Apathesis means a piece of poetry where the same rhymes are repeated, and employed throughout.

Note 74. Most of our useful arts are antediluvian; to build cities then, they ought to know iron tools, metalurgy, masonry, architecture, geometry, drawing, arithmetic, carpentry . . . to lead a social life, it was needful to know, the plough, the mill, the axe, the saw, mechanic arts, bakery, spinning, weaving, nets, weapons, boats, trading . . . Astronomy and writing are ascribed to Seth, called Thoth and Hermes elsewhere.

Note 75. The Abelites, children of Adam, are deemed the first shepherds, and must at least have tamed the sheep. If the Cainites ploughed with oxen, they must have tamed the ox.
Note 76. Umbrellas were the emblems of royalty, in Asia, before crowns were used, and are yet in Africa, Polynesia, &c.

Note 77. It is now well ascertained that many attempted to use steam navigation, long before Fulton; but were prevented by ignorance and neglect. He only succeeded after long delays, and by the chance of finding a wealthy patron.

Note 78. How many attempts have failed to guide balloons through the air? yet it is not impossible; sails and rudders, or even steam, may yet be employed; but the shape must be changed; those of a boat or spindle, a fish or a bird ought to be attempted.

Note 79. The Chinese by dividing the hulls of ships, have long ago employed one of the means to prevent foundering at sea by leakage. Yet we are in no hurry to imitate them. Iron hulls that can never burn, have already been attempted, and other means exist to prevent shipwrecks of all sorts. Those who propose them, are, however, laughed at, as Fulton was at first. No other reward oftener awaits the useful man of genius, but scorn, neglect or robbery.

Note 80. Steam ploughs have been spoken of, but never yet used—although quite practicable in level fields.

Note 81. Eve means life, and Adam red clay, in old Hebrew: whence some have conceived the mystical tale to allude to a marriage of life with the earth. Others suppose that the whole is an allegory; Adam being Reason, Eve Sensuality, and Satan the Tempting Concupiscence. The snake that tempted Eve, is not Satan in the text; but Nahash which has ten meanings in Hebrew besides Serpent, Observation, Knowledge, Fetters, Steel, Fornication, Crocodile, &c., See Harris’ Natural History of the Bible. What evidence is there that this important
word has been well translated? Why not say knowledge rather than serpent; The Rabinic tales give 4 wives to Adam before Eve, Lilith mother of Devils, Naemah of Spirits, Ogereth of Fairies, Machalath of Goblins! The teacher of Adam was the angel Raziel, thus Nahash might be the teacher of Eve, but no Satan or adversary of God. Or he might be Zabul the king of Cabul, who had revolted against the celestial empire of Asia, called Heaven or Eden.—See Burnes's Travels in Bokhara.

Note 82. St. Pierre, in his Harmonies of Nature was the first to compare woman's frame to a pear. Whenever that shape is best unfolded the female form is most lovely and graceful. He says she was thus wisely made, not merely to please; but to answer her maternal purpose, and to balance the weight of her child borne above in her arms.

Note 83. Although it is the male bird that sings to please the female in this case, the allusion is not overfetched. Men serenade women at night in Spain, Italy and elsewhere. With us girls are expected to serenade the swains.

Note 84. The Bramins worship little girls as emblems of renovating nature: Set them on a stool, kneel to them, and present them flowers. It is a simple and innocent rite.

Note 85. The Romans, Chinese, Orientals and all the wise nations, allow of filial adoption, of orphans or poor and friendless children. We alone as Saxon barbarians discourage this touching act, and do not sanction it by law.

Note 86. The pious Bonnet in his Contemplation of Nature, and the worthy Dupont in his Philosophy of the Universe, have both adopted and illustrated the rational metempsycosis of Palingenesy, or resurrection of souls in other bodies. It is a very old opinion. They even go so far as to suppose with the Parsis, that plants and animals have latent or
moving souls of a lower kind, called Ferohers in Persian, which gradually ascend by steps into the scale of existence; but human souls must seek for other worlds, wherein to be happy or wretched as deserving. Eastern philosophy gives them 5 essences: life, sensation, intellect, will and conscience.

Note 87. The renovation or palingenesis of the earth, is a universal doctrine. It is so old that even in Job we find a new world and earth of peace promised when this earth shall have passed away.

Note 88. and last. Illustrations of Biblical Truth. It must be explicitly stated that every allusion or remark in this Poem or in the Notes, in reference to any fact, event or tenet connected with religious beliefs, was not made in any spirit of intolerance nor hostility, nor even insidious enquiry; but in the pure spirit of love and charity, of tolerance and good will to all who may think otherwise. Whenever any thing is stated or asserted, it is alone on the lofty ground of holy truth, of pure Biblical truth sought and found. What is true is from God, ever was such, ever will be, now and forever!

In studying and quoting the Bible, or rather the Mosaic Sepher (book, pentateuch), we ought always to refer to the pure, undefiled original, instead of perverted copies or erroneous translations. Moses neither wrote in English, nor in any modern language, not even in the modern dialects of the Jews, nor the Thalmud, nor the Chaldaic Mashor, nor the Masoretic version with additions of points and accents.

It is a fact that although the Mosaic writings, have reached us nearly pure, owing to their holiness, they were neither divided into chapters, verses, nor words when first written. This was a subsequent addition, as well as the vocal points, which are differently understood, and ought to be altogether
rejected, as most divines do. The very alphabet in which Moses wrote is lost; although supposed to be akin to the Samaritan, or the demotic Egyptian, or more likely the unknown alphabet of the Mokata inscriptions on the rocks of Mount Sinai: the actual Hebrew Bible since Esdras has been written in Assyrian or Chaldaic letters, and might be in any other alphabet, provided the pure undefiled amount of signs and sounds is retained.

This genuine original text, although kept whole by the Jews, has long been misunderstood by them and by us, as well as the still more ancient book of Job; both being in very ancient dialects, long ago become obsolete. If the Jews are consulted on both, they give us the tales of the Thalmud as explanations. St. Paul, in Cor. ch. 3 has positively stated that Moses had thrown a veil over his writings! The modern translations were made by pious men who did not understand them better: whence their variations and errors, amounting to over 4,000 in the Sepher alone, according to Luther, Calvin and the best critics; but they are much more.

Yet there are some sectarians who almost worship their English Bible, as the Jews do their own; and the inquisition burnt those who doubted the Latin version. It was reserved to modern learning in Germany and France chiefly to begin to lift the Mosaic veil and reveal the concealed truth. Among all those learned philologists, shines Fabre D'Olivet who has restored the old Mosaic Hebrew, in roots and grammar; shown that Moses had a triple sense. 1. Vulgar, our own! and Allegorical; 2. Mystical; 3. Hieratic or Spiritual; and given complete analytical corrected translations, in English and French, of the ten first chapters of Brashith or Genesis.

The modern geologists, and the blind vulgar Biblists, have often been at variance upon the sublime and true cosmogony of Moses: because the Biblists
wanted to support their dogmas upon the erroneous translations. In the true Mosaic Bible the Yum or cosmogonical period, wrongly translated Day, and wrongly understood of 24 hours, is at least of 1000 years, which is but a divine day of the Bible. The Brashith or Genesis intimates or indicates besides, many such successive periods, at least 14, as follow: The names are in the Mosaic language.

1. Period or Yum—Beginning or Brashith. Creation of Aleim the Angels, Shmin Heavens, and Artz, Earth.


3. Yum. AUR, essence of celestial light or Ether.

4. Yum. RKIo, expanse or sky.

5 Yum. Dry land and Sea, upheaving of land over waters.

6. Yum. Sun and Moon, appearing by a change in the misty atmosphere?

7. Yum. Fishes and Fowls of the sea.

8. Yum. Beasts and Cattle with ADM our Adam, the universal man or emanation. ZXR male, NKBE female.

9. Yum. SHBIOI, Seventh manifestation, our Sabbath. IEUE, our Jehovah: true meaning Eternal Soul-and-Soul, or powerful self-self.

10. Yum AD, Emanation or form: our mist.

11. Yum. ADM, Adam again, with GN our Eden! not a garden, but an inclosure. Gan in Dialects.


13. Yum. Four emanations or streams, NER, &c.

14. Yum. ASHE, intellectual woman, mate or soul, called afterwards EUA, living, with existence, our Eve! (Soul and being.)

The first verse of Genesis will be given to illustrate further the Mosaic truth, and in 4 different
forms. 1. The genuine Mosaic text in English letters, without words nor points. 2. The same divided in words and with the shevas or hiatus (a soft breathing) between consonants, with the genuine meaning of each word. 3. The Mashor or Chaldaic dialect with some points as given by D'Olivet, with his mystical translation or paraphrase. 4. The English-Jewish spelling with masoretic points, as given by David Levi, in 1786.

1. BRASHITHBRAALEIMATHESHMIM-UATHEARTZ, Text of Moses, of 28 letters only. Sh, th and tz being single letters and sounds.


Here is the genuine text, divided into roots, and each with their triple sense and meaning. 1. Holy and spiritual. 2. Proper and obvious. 3. Vulgar or veiled, from a manuscript translation of Moses' Ontogony.


BRA. In reality. 2. In real principle. 3. In head.

SH-ITH. Enduring power or essence. 2. Eternal or celestial being. 3. Beginning.

BRA. In reality. 2. Realized. 3. Created.

AL-E-IM. Divine selves. 2. Angels. 3. God.

ATH. Such. 2. That. 3. The.

E-SHM-IM. Self-universe, many. 2. Self-heaven, many. 3. Heavens.

U-ATH. With such. 2. And that. 3. And the.

E-ARTZ. Self-earth. 2. Self-earth. 3. The Earth.

Paraphrase of the holy meaning. In reality, the first celestial eternal power of the universe, realized at first out of himself many angelic beings,
and the whole plurality of the worlds forming the Heavens or universe, and likewise the Earth.

The sublime brevity of Mosēs can hardly be adequately expressed in our modern languages: when every letter has a meaning. But meantime it is evident that the first word BRA soon after repeated, but differently translated, means the same thing: The 3 letters representing IN-REAL-BEING, in reality. While we have the ineffable hidden name of the Deity in the SH-I-TH, also of 3 letters imparting the holy meaning of SH celestial enduring—I power eternal—TH soul of the world. . . . Wherein is concealed the holy dogma of the Trinity, or triple essence of the Deity. Each single letter has also many other symbolic efficiencies which it imparts to the roots: thus R implies besides real, also head, beginning and motion; and all these ideas are united in the word BRA, which is the type of Bra-ma the supreme being of the Hindus.

3. Beræshith bara Ælohîm æth-ha-shamaim w'-æth ha-aretz. At-first-in-principle he-created Ælohîm (he caused to be, he brought forth in principle, he-the-gods, the-being-of beings), the self-sameness-of-heavens, and the self-sameness-of earth.—D'Oli-vet 1815.

4. Bereusheeth bara Eloheem ath hasham-ayim vath haaretz.—Levi: how different from Moses!

Let us have at last the whole Mosaic Bible in the genuine text thus analyzed, compared, translated and commented by itself.—Then we shall know the whole Mosaic and Biblic truth. Amen!

The human moral world by words is ruled; In books and laws recorded, written, kept: }
Misunderstood not seldom or misspelt, }
With various meanings, puzzling double senses.
Upon these errors, thrive the cunning lawyers, And crafty knaves, who seek the false import.
The better men the plainest version give, 
Or in good faith translations sought, receive. 
Designing men of this obscurity
Avail themselves, and darker make the whole,
By throwing veils upon the obvious words,
Mistaking them or else perverting text,
Or changing both to suit their pious whims.
Thus quibbles or deceits are fram’d apace
To govern simple minds, unlearned men:
A greedy spoil secure, out of the laws,
By God or wisdom made for human good.

But holy men and wiser spirits sent
From time to time, celestial messengers,
Come to recall, restore the hidden truth,
And raise the veil of foul idolatry:
Whether of words or idols set by hand.
Although they often meet with seorn or worse,
Their mission they fulfil and God obey,
When they declare his genuine will and words,
No pelf they seek, nor golden wages ask;
By angels guided, o’er the earth they throw,
The beams of light that yonder skies conceal:
Of changes ring the theme, recalling truth
That never shifts, nor willing veils assumes;
But of reforms, improvements will admit.
To men they offer peace and boundless love,
The will of God revealing, that declared
Peace be on Earth, goodwill to all mankind!
Then stretching hands to lead them forth to heaven,
Upon the pious road of Love and truth;
They jointly reach the hopeful home of bliss.
They gently glide upon the stream of time,
Wafted along by acts of charity,
That hoist the sails
Of steady hope and faith,
Both swell’d by gales
Of Love’s divine own breath.
Addition to Religion, at Verse 2192.

PRIMITIVE RELIGION.

What is conversion but another change
Adopting new belief, a better creed,
Or such as may be deem'd awhile the best:
Forsaking sin, to seek the will of God
As then conceiv'd. Until again revealed
By mental search to pious mood inclined,
Another creed is found to supersede
The former. Whether years or ages pass
Between the two, is it not all the same?
Thus have awhile prevail'd and truly ruled
The human faith, the ancient pure beliefs,
And worships primitive of Adam, next
Of Noah's age, and other holy men,
Our patriarchs, of nations worthy sires.
The very same belief, forgotten oft,
Was next recall'd in Abram's time and Moses',
By novel rites and duties superadded,
Impressive made to suit unsteady men.

In christian times a better creed was given,
Improving over all, yet bas'd on them:
Which is forever splitting and reforming,
Producing sects, new rites and names assuming;
Each deeming self the best—Yet God alone
May know which is the nearest to the truth.
'Tis surely those that do his holy will,
Disdaining acts of evil; trusting both
His love and mercy; never persecuting,
Whosoever lives in peace and rightful deeds
Performs, is ever safe; and in the path
That leads to Heav'n, whatever be his creed.

The minds of men are changeful, God is not:
What was the truth for him will ever be.
Thus primitive Religion, once the best,
Is still the same; it was by him approved,
By wisdom care, for human good improved;
Because by evil tempted, men had been
Quite led astray, to worship sky and sod,
Or human gods. But if eternal was
The truth and will of God, the very first,
By Him to men reveal'd, must be the best.

Addition to Angels, before Verse 2570.

Blest be the men, who for the love of God,
Forsaking home and friends, to distant climes
Are led as messengers of heav'n, to teach
The loving laws of God to all the souls,
And human tribes, their godly mission craving.
A better policy, and wiser laws
Follow their steps; that open many doors
To knowledge, science, trade and mutual love.

Columbus found a world, but to enslave!
Las-Casas came, and with the cross of God,
The willing hearts he conquers of his foes.
Thus missions supersede, and heal the wounds
Of cruel war. A Roger Williams sails,
And in the north he brings the purest creed
Of tolerance, and godly peace to all.
A William Penn from noble blood was born;
But nobler made his own immortal name,
When peace he brought upon the western shores;
In modest garb the savage hand he shook,
Proclaiming with good faith the end of war.
Let us at last recall his virtuous wish,
And of all men a band of brothers make.

Addition to Equality at end of page 125,
Verse 3116.

Some men of absolute equality
Have dreamt among mankind, by their own wish
Deceiv'd; but none can ever be detected,
In physical nor moral human frames.
In birth and death, all men are surely equal,
When born or dying all so helpless weak;
But growing, wean'd, the child evolves his strength
Or temper shows, assuming forms unlike,
When in the manly body grown mature.

The men to be quite equal ought to have
Sameness of size, of strength, and temper like,
As similar their thoughts and wishes be,
And feel alike; the same complexions show,
Their features constantly be cast in moulds
Unchanging. . . . But it never happens; thus
Unequal they appear, always unlike;
Of different size and weight, of many hues;
With strong or skillful hands by turns exerting,
With bold or weaker minds by various tempers
Rul'd, that unequal wants and wishes feel,
Religious thoughts in fleeting moods adopt,
Which many notions teach, and creeds absurd.

Yet equal duties, rights, might all control;
This, frequently the strong forget, as laws
Enacted are to suit the powerful
And rich; secure their wealth in any way
Acquir'd, or sway increase: until the wise
Recall to steady view the aim of good.
If men are not of equal frame and mind,
Yet they are brothers claiming social care,
And equal laws demanding to obey.
When they obtain this happy boon, 'tis well,
Since equal they become before the law;
This is the constant wish they have in view:
Until secured, they deem themselves deprived
Of common human rights or happiness.

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CORRECTIONS.

The reader is requested not to ascribe to the Poet some obvious blunders of the Press—for instance. dwells in Verse 8—for which read dwells.

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With a few more easily perceived to be oversights of the Press. A few trifling mistaken changes of punctuation, may also be easily detected.