I. Halley's poem about Newton


II. Elegies on Newton


III. Later panegyrics on men of science


Præfatio ad Lectionem.


In his locis, Vir autem & in omni literarum genus eruditissimus Edmundus Halleyus operum navavit, nec solam Typographia Spalunata correact & Scholastica insitus corruit, sed etiam Astorius sive tuorum exhibetone aggregatum. Quippe cum demonstratum sunt figuram Orbis celestium imperturbat, rogo non deficiat ut cælum caelestium & Regiomontani communicaret. Quæ deinde hortatorem & benigne suis sustinet efficit ut in cælum in lucentem cogitare incipere. At possetam Motum Lunarium insigniter aggregatur essem, deinde cæterum adeo tenuit ut puto quæ ad leges & mentes Gravitatis & aliarum virium, ad figuram corporum secundum dataque leges astræe deferreendas, ad motus corporum plenum inter se, ad motus corporum in Mediae residuorum, ad cælum, densatum ad motus Corporum, ad Orbis Cometae ad finita spectant, editionem in aliquem tempus deferat, ut ceterarum & una in philosophicum cælum. Vide quæ motus Lunares spectant, (imperfecta cum sub) in Complutinum LXVI. Gnam complexus eum, si figurata methodo prolatio quae pro rei dignitate praebent, & spectantiam demonstrationem tenere, & fieri reliquorum Propositionum internumperaque. Nomen vero saeculo loci mensus inhonce inserere multa, quam numerorum Propositionum & sitationum necessaria, omnia cævere leguntur, quæ deficiunt, in materia tam difficilis non tam reprehendat, quam novis Lectionibus omnibus investigentur, & bene exsplicatur, unus vobis.

IN VIRI PRÆSTANTISSIMI

D. ISAACI NEWTONI

OPUS HOCCE

MATHEMATICO-PHYSICUM

Seculi Gentisque nostre Decus egregium.
Deferit, ac Nautis sinepeatas nudat arenas; 
Alteris vicibus suprema ad littora pulsans. 
Quae toties animos veterem torfere Sophorum, 
Quaque Scholas fruira rauro certamine vexant 
Obvia confucimus numem pelлеte Mathei. 
Jam dubios nulla caligine praegravit error 
Quæs Superum penetrarc domos atque ardua Caæ 
Scandere Sublimis Genii concepit acumen. 
Surgite Mortales, terrenas mittite curas 
Atque hinc coeligence vires dignoscite Mentis 
A pecudum vita longe lateque remota. 
Qui scripsis jujit Tabulis complice Cædes 
Purta & Adulteria, & perjure crimina Fraudis; 
Quive vagis populis circumdare monocrib Urbes 
Auctor erat; Cercerive beavitt munere gentes; 
Vel qui curarem lenimen prelit ab Uva; 
Vel qui Nillaea monstravit arundine piéros 
Conlocaire tonos, oculique exponere Voces; 
Humanam fortem minus exultat; urpote pauca 
Relipiens miera fluminum commoda vite. 
Jam vero Superis convive admissitur, alti 
Jura poli trajectare licet, ianque abdis coceæ 
Claustra patent Térre, rerumque immobilsordo, 
Et quere terii laterrunt facula mundii. 
Talia monstrantem mecum celebrrte Cameris, 
Vos qui caelestis gauderis necare vecli, 
NEWTONUM clausi referantem ferinias Veri, 
NEWTONUM Muflis charum, cui peclore puro 
Phæbus add. i, totoque incellit Numine mentem: 
Nec fas est proprius Mortali attingere Divos.

EDM. HALLET.

PHILO-
The Ode Dedicated to Newton by Edmund Halley

This ode prefixed to the Principia of Newton is here translated by Leon J. Richardson, professor of Latin in the University of California from the version as given in the first edition.

To the Illustrious Man

Isaac Newton

And this his work

Done in fields of the mathematics and physics

A signal distinction of our time and race

Lo, for your gaze, the pattern of the skies!
What balance of the mass, what reckonings
Divine! Here ponder too the Laws which God;
Framing the universe, set not aside
But made the fixed foundations of his work.

The inmost places of the heavens, now gained,
Break into view, nor longer hidden is
The force that turns the farthest orb. The sun
Exalted on his throne bids all things tend
Toward him by inclination and descent,
Nor suffers that the courses of the stars
Be straight, as through the boundless void they move,
But with himself as centre speeds them on
In motionless ellipses. Now we know
The sharply veering ways of comets, once
A source of dread, nor longer do we quail
Beneath appearances of bearded stars.

At last we learn wherefore the silver moon
Once seemed to travel with unequal steps,
As if she scorned to suit her pace to numbers—
Till now made clear to no astronomer;
Why, though the Seasons go and then return,
The Hours move ever forward on their way;
Explained too are the forces of the deep,
How roaming Cynthia besirs the tides,
Whereby the surf, deserting now the kelp
Along the shore, exposes shoals of sand
Suspected by the sailors, now in turn
Driving its billows high upon the beach.

Matters that vexed the minds of ancient seers,
And for our learned doctors often led
To loud and vain contention, now are seen
In reason's light, the clouds of ignorance
Dispelled at last by science. Those on whom
Delusion cast its gloomy pall of doubt,
Upborne now on the wings that genius lends,
May penetrate the mansions of the gods
And scale the heights of heaven. O mortal men,
Arisel And, casting off your earthly cares,
AN ELOGY
ON
Sir ISAAC NEWTON,
TRANSLATED
From the LATIN of DR. HALLEY.

Behold the regions of the heav'n's survey'd!
And this fair system in the balance weigh'd;
Behold the law which (when in ruin hurl'd
God out of Chaos call'd the beauteous world)
Th' almighty fix'd, when all things good he saw!
Behold the chaste, inviolable law!

Before us now new scenes unfolded lie,
And heav'n appears expanded to the eye;
Th' illumin'd mind now seems distinctly clear
What power impels each planetary sphere.
Thron'd in the centre glows the king of day,
And rules all nature with unbounded sway;

K 3
Thro
Thro' the vast void his subject planets run,
Whirl'd in their orbits by the regal sun.
What course the dire tremendous comets steer
We know, nor wonder at their prone career;
Why silver Phoebè, meek-ey'd queen of night,
Now slackens, now precipitates her flight;
Why, scan'd by no astronomers of yore,
She yielded not to calculation's power;
Why the Node's motions retrograde we call,
And why the Apesides progres'sional.
Hence too we learn, with what proportion'd force
The moon impels, erroneous in her course,
The refulent main: as waves on waves succeed,
On the bleak beach they toss the sea-green weed,
Now bare the dangers of th' engulphing sand,
Now swelling high roll foaming on the strand.
What puzzling schoolmen sought so long in vain,
See cloud-dispelling Mathesis explain!
O highly blest, to whom kind fate has given
Minds to expatiate in the fields of heaven!

All
All doubts are clear’d, all errors done away,
And truth breaks on them in a blaze of day.
Awake, ye sons of men, arise! exclude
Far from your breasts all low solicitude;
Learn hence the mind’s ethereal powers to trace,
Exalted high above the brutal race.
Ev’n those fam’d chiefs who human life refin’d
By wholesome laws, the fathers of mankind;
Or they who first societies immur’d
In cities, and from violence secur’d;
They who with Ceres’ gifts the nations blest,
Or from the grape delicious nectar prest;
They who first taught the hieroglyphic rite
On smooth * papyrus, native plant of Nile,
(For literary elements renown’d)
And made the eye an arbiter of sound;
All these, tho’ men of deathless fame, we find
Have lefts advanc’d the good of human-kind:

* An Egyptian plant, growing in the marshy places near
the banks of the Nile, on the leaves of which the antients
used to write.
Their schemes were founded on a narrower plan, 
Replete with few emoluments to man. 
But now, admitted guests in heav’n, we rove 
Free and familiar in the realms above; 
The wonders hidden deep in earth below, 
And nature’s laws, before conceal’d, we know. 
Lend, lend your aid, ye bright superior powers, 
That live embofm’d in Elysian bowers, 
Lend your sweet voice to warble Newton’s praise, 
Who search’d out truth thro’ all her mystic maze, 
Newton, by every favouring muse inspir’d, 
With all Apollo’s radiations fir’d; 
Newton, that reach’d th’ insuperable line, 
The nice barrier ’twixt human and divine.
AN ODE,

To the MEMORY of
Sir ISAAC NEWTON;
INSCRIB'D TO
The ROYAL SOCIETY of London, for
the improving of Natural Knowledge.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

Great NEWTON's dead, --- full ripe his Fame;
Cease, vulgar Grief, to cloud our Song:
We thank the Author of our Frame,
Who lent him to the Earth so long.
The God-like Man now mounts the Sky,
Exploring all yon radiant Spheres;
And with one View can more descry,
Than here below in eighty Years.

Tho' none, with greater Strength of Soul,
Could rise to more divine a Height,
Or range the Orbs from Pole to Pole,
And more improve the humane Sight.

Now with full Joy he can survey
These Worlds, and ev'ry shining Blaze,
That countless in the Milky Way,
Only thro' Glasse shew their Rays.

Thousands in thousand Arts excell'd,
But often to one Part confin'd;
While ev'ry Science stood reveal'd
And clear to his capacious Mind.

His Penetration, most profound,
Launch'd far in that extended Sea,
Where humane Minds can reach no Bound,
And never diu'd so deep as he.

Sons
Sons of the East and Western World,
When on this Leading Star ye gaze,
While Magnets guide the Sail unfurl'd,
Pay to his Memory due Praise.

Thro' ev'ry Maze he was the Guide,
While others crawl'd, he soar'd above;
Yet Modesty, unstain'd with Pride,
Increas'd his Merit and our Love.

He shunn'd the Sophistry of Words,
Which only hatch contentious Spite;
His Learning turn'd on what affords
By Demonstration most Delight.

Britain may honourably boast,
And glory in her matchless Son,
Whose Genius has invented most,
And finish'd what the rest begun.

Ye Fellows of the Royal Class,
Who honour'd Him to be your Head,
Erect in finest Stone and Brass,
Statues of the Illustrious Dead.

Altho'
Altho' more lasting than them all,
Or ev'n the Poet's highest Strain,
His Works, as long as wheels this Ball,
Shall his great Memory sustain.

May from your Learned Band arise

Newtons to shine thro' future Times,
And bring down Knowledge from the Skies,
To plant on wild Barbarian Climes.

Till Nations, few Degrees from Brutes,
Be brought into each proper Road,
Which leads to Wisdom's happiest Fruits,
To know their Saviour and their God.
POEM

Sacred to the Memory of

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

By JAMES THOMSON.

His Tibi me Rebus quædam divina Voluptas
Percipit, atque Horror; quod sic Natura tua Vi
Tam manifesta patet ex omni Parte retecta. Luc.

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. Powell, for Richard Norris, at the Corner of Crane-lane in Essex-street, MDCCXXVII.

Where may be had Summer a Poem, and Winter a Poem.
To the Right Honourable

Sir Robert Walpole,

Knight of the

Most Noble Order of the Garter.

SIR,

SINCE I have ventur'd to write a Poem on a Gentleman who is universally acknowledg'd to be the Honour of our Country as a Philosopher, prompted by the same Ambition, I address it to her most illustrious Patriot.

Tho', by the wise Choice of the best of Kings, you are engag'd in the highest and most active Scenes of Life, balancing the Power of Europe, watching over our common Welfare, informing the whole Body of Society and Commerce, and even like Heaven dispensing Happiness to the Discontented A 2 and
and Ungrateful; the thus gloriously employ'd, yet are you not less attentive, in the Hour of Leisure, to the Variety, Beauty, and Magnificence of Nature, nor less delighted, and astonish'd at the Discoveries of the incomparable Newton. The same comprehensive Genius which Way soever it looks must have a steady, clear, and unbounded Prospect.

But not to encroach any further on your important Moments all devoted to the Good of Mankind, I once more plead the Dignity of my Subject for my Excuse in this Approach, and beg Leave to subscribe my self, with the sincerest Veneration,

SIR,

Your most faithful,

humble Servant,

JAMES THOMSON.
A 

POEM 

Sacred to the Memory of 

Sir ISAAC NEWTON, 

HALL the great Soul of Newton quit this Earth, 
To mingle with his Stars, and every Muse, 
Astonish'd into Silence, shun the Weight 
Of Honours due to his illustrious Name! 
But what can Man? — Even now the Song of Light.
In Strains such as delight the Ear of God,
Hail his Arrival on the Coasts of Bliss.
Yet am not I deterred, tho' high the Theme,
And sung to Harps of Angels; for with you,
Æthereal Flames! ambitious I aspire
In Nature's general Symphony to join.

AND what new Wonders can ye show your Guest!
Who, while on this dim Spot where Mortals toil
Clouded in Dust, from Motion's simple Laws
Could trace the boundless Hand of Providence,
Wide-working thro' this universal Frame.

H ave ye not listen'd while he bound the Suns,
And Planets to their Spheres! Th' unequal Task
Of Humankind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring Man the Year, and oft disgrac'd
The Pride of Schools, before their Course was known.
Full in its Causes and Effects to Him,
All-piercing Sage! Who sat not down and dreamt
Romantic Schemes, defended by the Din
Of specious Words, and Tyranny of Names,
But bidding his amazing Mind attend,

And
And with herculean Patience Years on Years
Deep-searching, saw at last the System dawn,
And shine, of all his Race, on him alone.

What were his Raptures then! how pure! how strong!
And what the Triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
By his diminish'd, but the Pride of Boys
In some small Fray victorious? When instead
Of shatter'd Parcel of this Earth usurp'd
By Violence unmanly, and sore Deeds
Of Cruelty and Blood, Nature herself
Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid
Her every latent Glory to his View.

And first our Solar System he survey'd
With accurate Ken, and by the mingling Power
Of Gravitation and Projection saw
The whole in silent Harmony revolve.
Drawn to his lengthen'd Eye th' attending Moons,
Design'd to cheer remoter Planets, were
By him in all their mix'd Proportions seen.
He also fix'd the wandering Queen of Night,
Whether she wanes into a Scanty Orb.
Or waxing broad with her pale shadowy Light
In a soft Deluge overflows the Sky.
Her every Motion clear discerning, He
Adjusted to th’ obsequious Main, and taught;
Why now the mighty Mas’ of Waters swells
Resistless, heaving on the broken Rocks,
And the full River turning; till again
The Tide revertive, unattacted, leaves
A Yellow Waste of idle Sands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent Flight
‘Thro’ the blue Infinite; and every Star,
Which the clear Concave of a Winter’s Night
Pours on the Eye, or Astronomic Tube,
Far-stretching, snatches from the dark Abyss,
Or such as farther in successive Skies
To Fancy only shine; at his Approach
Blaz’d into Suns. Th’enlivening Centre each
Of an harmonious System. All, combin’d,
And rul’d unerring by that single Power
Which draws the Stone projected to the Ground.

O unprouse Magnificence divine!
O Wisdom truly perfect! thus to call

From
From a few Causes such a Scheme of Things;
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An Universe compleat! And O Belov'd
Of Heaven! into th' Almighty's Councils thus
To be admitted, and allow'd to scan
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd Frame.

He too, unbafiled in his Aim; pursu'd
The Comet 'yo' the long Elliptic Curve,
As round innumerable Worlds he wound his Way;
Till to the Forehead of the Evening-Sky
Reduc'd, the blazing Wonder glares anew.

The Heavens are all his own. Finish'd by him
The fair Discovery lies; and every Eye
May lay the useless Telescope aside,
Unless it be to hold the great Acquests
By Newton made: Who from the wild Domain
Of the* French Dréamer rescu'd Heaven and Earth.
All Europe stood appall'd; but found it vain
To keep at Odds with Demonstration strong;

B And

* Des Cartes.
And lingering to resist the awakening Force
Of Truth. At once their pleasing Visions fled,
With the gay Shadows of the Morning mix'd,
When Newton rose, our Philosphic Sun.

Th' Aerial Flow of Sound was known to Him,
From whence it first in wavy Circles breaks,
Till the touch'd Organ takes the Message in.
Nor could the darting Beam, of Speed immense,
Escape his swift Pursuit, and measuring Glance.
Even Light itself, which every thing displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter Mind
Untwisted all the shining Robe of Day;
And from the whitening, undistinguish'd Blaze,
Collecting every Ray into his Kind,
To the charm'd Eye educ'd the gorgeous Train
Of Parent-Colours. First the flaming Red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny Orange next;
And then delicious Yellow; by whose Side
Fell the kind Beams of all-refreshing Green.
Then the pure Blue that swells autumnal Skies
Etherial play'd; and then of ladder Hue
Emerg'd the deepen'd Indigo, as when
The heavy-skirted Evening droops with Frost.
While the last Gleanings of refracted Light
Dy'd in the fainting Violet away.
These, when the Clouds distil the rosy Shower,
Shine out distinct adown the watry Bow,
While o'er our Heads the dewy Vilion bends
Delightful, melting on the Fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling Dies from the refulgent,
And Myriads still remain, th' exhaustless Source
Of Beauty ever-flushing, ever-new!

Did ever Poet image oush so fair,
Dreaming in whispering Groves, by the hoarse Brook!
Or Prophet, to whose Rapture Heav'n descends!
Even now the setting Sun and liveri'd Clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely Heights, declare
How just, how beauteous the refractive Law.

The noiseless Tide of Time, all bearing down
To vast Eternity's unbounded Sea
Where the green Islands of the Happy shine,
He backward item'd alone; and to it's Source
Ascending, mark'd it's Periods, and hung out
His Lights at equal Distances to guide
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome Way.
But who can number up his Labours? Who
His high Discoveries sing? When but a few
Of the deep-studying Race can stretch their Minds
To image what he knew, as clear as they
The Truths self-evident with which he link'd
His farthest Views. For is there ought that's great,
That's wonderful, and hard, deterring Search?
That was his Prize! and worthy of his Toil
Unfailing, Who the lonely Monarch reign'd
Of Science thin-inhabited below.

What Wonder then that his Devotion dwell'd
Responsive to his Knowledge! For could he,
Whose piercing mental Eye diffuse saw
The finish'd University of Things,
In all its Order, Magnitude, and Parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that Power
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole.

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,
Who saw him in the loftiest Lights of Life,
All unwithheld, indulging to his Friends
The vast, unborrow'd Treasures of his Mind,
O speak the wondrous Man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good,
How firm, establish'd on eternal Truth,
Pure as his Faith, and active as his Love,
Fervent in doing well, with every Nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the Past,
And panting for Perfection! far above
Those little Cares, and visionary Joys
That so besool the fond, impassion'd Heart
Of over-cheated, ever-trusting Man.

And say, ye downward, gloomy-minded Tribes,
Ye who, unconscious of those nobler Flights
That reach impatient at immortal Life,
Against the Prime, indearing Privilege
Of Being dare contend, say can a Soul
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous Powers,
Enlarging still, be but a finer Breath
Of Spirits dancing thro' their Tubes awhile,
And then for ever lost in vacant Air?

But hark! Methinks I hear a warning Voice,
Solemn as when some awful Change is come,
Sound thro' the World—'He's dead.—The Mensure's full,
'And I resign my Charge.—Ye mouldering Stones

That
That build the towering Pyramid, the proud
Triumphal Arch, the Monument effac'd
By ruthless Ruin, and whate'er supports
The worship'd Name of grey Antiquity,
Down to the Dust! What Grandeur can ye boast
While Newton lifts his Column to the Skies
Beyond the Waste of Time!—Let no weak Drop
Be shed for him. The Beauty in her Bloom
Cutoff, the Joyous Youth, and darling Child,
These are the Tombs that claim the tender Tear,
And Elegiac Song, but Newton calls
For other Notes of Gratulation high,
That now he wanders thro' those endless Worlds
He here so well descry'd, and wondering talks,
And Hymns their Author with his glad Compeers.

O Britain's Boast! Whether with Angels thou
Sittest in dread Discourse, or Fellow Saints
Who joy to see the Honour of their Kind;
Or whether mounted on Cherubic Wing,
Thy swift Career is with the whirling Spheres,
Comparing Things with Things, in Rapture left;
And lowly Adoration for that Light
So plenteous ray'd into thy Mind below.
From Light himself, O look with Pity down
On Humankind, a frail, erroneous Race!
Assuage the Madness of a frantic World!
But chiefly o'er thy Country's Cause preside,
And be her Genius call'd! Her Council steer,
Correct her Manners, and inspire her Youth!
For, guilty as she is, she brought thee forth,
And glorious in thy Name; she points thee out
To all her Sons, and bids them eye thy Star:
While in Expectance of th'arriving Blast,
When Time shall be no more, thy sacred Dust
Sleeps with her Kings, and dignifies the Scene.

THE END.
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Figg and Maffiff.
The Art of being easy.
A POEM ON

Sir ISAAC NEWTON.*

TO NEWTON's Genius, and immortal fame
Th' advent'rous Muse with trembling
Pinion fears,
Thou, heav'nly Truth! from thy seraphic Throne
Look favourable down, do thou assist
My lab'ring Thought, do thou inspire my Song. 5

* This fine Poem, wrote at the Age of Sixteen, was first publish'd by Dr. PEMBERTON, and prefixed to his splendid 4to Edition of A View of Sir ISAAC NEWTON's Philosophy, printed in 1728.
A Poem on Newton, who first th’ Almighty’s works display’d,
And smooth’d that Mirror, in whose polish’d
The great Creator now conspicuous shines; [Face
Who open’d Nature’s adamantine Gates,
And to our Minds her secret Powers expos’d; to
Newton demands the Muse; his sacred Hand
Shall guide her infant Steps; his sacred Hand
Shall raise her to the Heliconian Height,
Where, on its lofty Top in thron’d, her Head
Shall mingle with the Stars. Hail Nature! hail, 15
O Goddes! Handmaid of th’ ethereal Power!
Now lift thy Head, and to th’ admiring World
Show thy long hidden Beauty. Thee the wise
Of ancient Fame, immortal Plato’s self,
The Stagyrite, and Syracusan Sage,
From black Obscurity’s Abyss to raise, [works]
(Drooping and mourning o’er thy wondrous
With vain enquiry sought. Like Meteors these
In their dark Age bright Sons of Wisdom shone:
But at thy Newton all their Laurels fade, 25
They shrink from all the Honours of their names.
So glimmering Stars contract their feeble Rays,
When the swift Lure of Aurora’s Face [Light,
Flows o’er the skies, and wraps the Heav’ns in
The Deity’s Omnipotence, the Cause, 30
Th’ Original of Things long lay unknown.
Alone the Beauties prominent to Sight
(Of the celestial Power the outward Form)
Drew Praise and Wonder from the gazing World.
As when the Deluge overspread the Earth, 35
Whilst yet the Mountains only rear’d their Heads
Above the Surface of the wild Expanse,
Whelm’d deep below the great Foundations lay,
Till some kind Angel at Heav’n’s high Command
Roul’d
Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

Roul'd back the rising Tides, and haughty Floods, 41
And to the Ocean thunder'd out his Voice.
Quick all the swelling and imperious Waves,
The foaming Billows and obscuring Surge,
Back to their Channels, and their ancient Seats,
Recoil affrighted: from the darksome Main 45
Earth raises smiling, as new born, her Head,
And with fresh Charms her lovely Face arrays.
So his extensive Thought accomplish'd first
The mighty Task, to drive the obstructing Mists
Of Ignorance away, beneath whose Gloom 50
Th' inshrouched Majesty of Nature lay.

 Hedrew the Veil, and swell'd the spreading Scene.
 How had the Moon around th' ethereal Void
 Rang'd, and eluded lab'ring Mortals Care,
 Till his Invention trac'd her secret Steps,
 While she inconstant with unsteady Rein
 Through endless Mazes and Meanders guides
 In its unequal Course her changing Carr:
 Whether behind the Sun's superior Light
 She hides the Beauties of her radiant Face; 55
 Or, when conspicuous, smiles upon Mankind,
 Unveiling all her night-rejoicing Charms.
 When thus the silver-tressed Moon dispels
 The drowning Horrors from the Brow of Night,
 And with her Splendors cheers the fallen Gloom,
 While sable-mantled Darkness with his Veil 60
 The Visage of the fair Horizon shades,
 And over Nature spreads her raven Wings;
 Let me upon some unvisited Green
 While Sleep sits heavy on the drowsy World, 70
 Seek out some solitary peaceful Cell,
 Where darksome woods around their gloomy brows
 Bow low, and ev'ry Hill's pretended Shade
 Obscures the dusky Vale, there silent dwell,
 Where Contemplation holds its still Abode. 75
A Poem on

There trace the wide and pathless Void of Heav'n,
And count the Stars that sparkle on its Robe,
Or else in Fancy's wild'ring Mazes lost,
Upon the Verdure see the fairy Elves
Dance o'er their magic Circles, or behold,
In Thought enraptured with the ancient Bards,
Medea's baleful Incantations draw
Down from her Orb the paly Queen of Night.
But chiefly, Newton! let me soar with thee,
And while surveying all your starry Vault
With Admiration I attentive gaze,
Thou shalt descend from thy celestial Seat,
And waft aloft my high-aspiring Mind;
Shalt shew me there how Nature has ordain'd
Her fundamental Laws, shalt lead my Thought
Through all the Wand'ring of the uncertain Moon,
And teach me all her operating Powers.
She and the Sun with Influence conjoint
Wield the huge Axle of the whirling Earth,
And from their just Direction turn the Poles,
Slow urging on their Progress of the Years.
The Constellations seem to leave their Seats,
And o'er the Skies with solemn Pace to move.
You, splendid Rulers of the Day and Night!
The Seas obey, at your resolute Sway
Now they contract their Waters, and expose
The dreary Desert of old Ocean's Reign.
The craggy Rocks their horrid Sides disclose;
Trembling the Sailor views the dreadful Scene,
And cautiously the threat'ning Ruin shuns.
But where the shallow Waters hides the Sands,
The ravenous Destruction lurks conceal'd,
The ill-guided Vessel falls a Prey,
And all her Numbers gorge his greedy Jaws.
But quick returning, see the impetuous Tides
Back to th' abandon'd Shores impel the Main.

Again
Again the foaming Seas extend their Waves,
Again the rolling Floods embrace the Shores,
And veil the Horrors of the empty Deep.
Thus the obsqueous Seas your Power confess,
While from the Surface healthful Vapours rise
Pleasant throughout the Atmosphere diffus'd,
Or to supply the Mountain's Heads with Springs,
Or fill the hanging Clouds with needful Rains,
That friendly Streams, and kind refreshing Show'res,
May gently lave the Sun-burnt thirsty Plains,
Or to replenish all the empty Air
With wholesome Moisture to increase the Fruits
Of Earth, and bless the Labours of Mankind.
O Newton! whither flies thy mighty Soul,
How shall the feeble Muse pursue through all
The vast Extent of thy unbounded Thought,
That even seeks th' unseen Recesses dark
To penetrate of Providence immense.
And thou the great Dispenser of the World
Propitious, who with Inspiration taught'st
Our greatest Bard to send thy Praises forth;
Thou who gav'st Newton Thought; who
Smil'dst serene,
When to its Bounds he stretch'd his swelling Soul;
Who still benignant ever blest his Toil,
And deign'd to his enlight'red Mind t' appear
Confus'd around th' interminated World:
To me O thy divine Infusion grant
'O thou in all so infinitely good!)
That I may sing thy everlasting Works,
Thy inexhausted Store of Providence,
Inthought effulgent and resounding Verse.
O could I spread the wond'rous Theme around,
Where the Wind cools the oriental World,
To the calm Breezes of the Zephr's Breath,
To where the frozen hyperbolean Blasts,
To where the boist'rous Tempest-leading South
From their deep hollow Caves send forth their
Thou still indulgent Parent of Mankind, [Storms,
Left humid Emanations should no more
Flow from the Ocean, but dissolve away
Through the long Series of revolving Time;
And left the vital Principle decay,
By which the Air supplies the Springs of Life;
Thou haft the fiery visag'd Comets form'd
With vivifying Spirits all replete,
Which they abundant breathe about the Void,
Renewing the prolific Soul of Things,
No longer now on thee amaz'd we call,
No longer tremble at imagin'd Ills,
When Comets blaze tremendous from on high,
Or when extending wide their flaming Trains
With hideous Grasp the Skies engirdle round,
And spread the Terrors of their burning Locks.
For these through Orbits in the length'ning Space
Of many tedious rouling Years compleat
Around the Sun move regularly on;
And with the Planets in harmonious Orbs,
And mystick Periods their Obeysance pay
To him majestick Ruler of the Skies
Upon his Throne of circled Glory fixt.
He or some God conspicuous to the View,
Or else the Substitute of Nature seems,
Guiding the Courses of revolving Worlds.
He taught great Newton the all-potent Law
Of Gravitation, by whose simple Power
The Universe exists. Nor here the Sage
Big with Invention still renewing staid.
But O bright Angel of the Lamp of Day!
How shall the Muse display his greatest Toil?
Let her plunge deep in Aganippe's Waves,
Or in Calfalia's ever-flowing Stream,
Sir ISAAC NEWTON. 171

That re-inspired she may sing to thee,
How NEWTON dar'd advent'rous to unbraid
The yellow Tresses of thy shining Hair. 180
Or didst thou gracious leave thy radiant Sphere,
And to his hand thy lucid Splendors give,
T' unwave the Light-diffusing Wreath, and part
The blended Glories of thy golden Plumes?
He with laborious, and unerring Care,
How differ'ent and imbody'd Colours form
Thy piercing Light, with just Distinction found.
He with quick Sight pursu'd thy darting Rays,
When penetrating to th' obscure Recess
Of solid Matter, there perspicuous saw,
How in the Texture of each Body lay
The Power that separates the differ'nt Beams.
Hence over Nature's unadorned Face
Thy bright diversifying Rays dilate
Their various hues: and hence when vernal rains
Descending swift have burst the low'ring Clouds,
Thy Splendors through the dissipating Mists
In its rare Vesture of unnumber'd Hues
Array the show'ry Bow. At thy Approach
The Morning riven from her pearly Couch
With rosy Blushes decks her Virgin Cheek;
The Ev'ning on the Frontispiece of Heav'n
His Mantle spreads with many Colours gay;
The mid-way Skies in radiant Azure clad,
The shining Clouds, and Silver Vapours rob'd
In white transparent intermixt with Gold,
With bright Variety of Splendor clothe
All the illuminated Face above.
When heavy-headed Winter back retires
To the chill'd Pole, there solitary sits
Encompass'd round with Winds and Temp'ras
In Caverns of impenetrable Ice,
And from behind the dissipat'd Gloom
Like a new Venus from the parting Surge
The gay-apparel’d Spring advances on; 215
When thou in thy Meridian Brightness sitt’st;
And from thy Throne pure Emanations flow
Of Glory bursting o’er the radiant Skies:
Then let the Mute Olympus’ Top ascend,
And o’er Thessalia’s Plain extend her View, 220
And count, O Tempe! all thy Beauties o’er.
Mountains, whose Summits grasp the pendant Clouds,
Between their Wood-envelop’d Slopes embrace
The green-attired Vallies. Every Flow’r
Here in the Pride of bounteous Nature clad 225
Smiles on the Bosom of th’ enamell’d Meadows.
Over the smiling Lawn the Silver Floods
Of fair Peneus gently roll along,
While the reflected Colours from the Flow’rs,
And verdant Border pierce the limpid Waves, 230
And paint with all their variegated Hue
The yellow Sands beneath. Smooth gliding on
The Waters fall to the neighbouring Sea,
Still the pleas’d Eye the floating Plain pursues;
At length, in Neptune’s wide Dominion lost, 235
Surveys the shining Billows, that arise
Apparel’d each in Phæbus’ bright Attire:
Or from a far somettall majestick Ship,
Or the long hostile Lines of threat’ning Fleets,
Which o’er the bright uneven Mirror sweep, 240
In dazzling Gold and waving Purple deck’d;
Such as of old, when haughty Athens Power
Their hideous Front, and terrible Array
Against Pallene’s Coast extended wide,
And with tremendous War and Battel stern 245
The trembling Walls of Potidaea shook.
Crested with Pendants curling with the Breeze
The upright Masts high bristle in the Air,
Aloft
Sir ISAAC NEWTON. 173

Aloft exalting proud their gilded Heads,
The Silver Waves against the painted Prows 250
Raise their resplendent Bosoms, and impearl
The fair Vermilion with their glist'ring Drops:
And from on Board the iron-clad'd H oft
Around the Main a glistening Horrour casts;
Each flaming Buckler like the mid-day Sun, 255
Each plumed Helmet like the Silver Moon,
Each moving Gauntlet like the Light'ning's Blaze,
And like a Star each brazen pointed Spear.
But lo the sacred high-erect'd Fanes,
Fair Citadels, and Marble-crowned Towers, 260
And sumptuous Palaces of stately Towns
Magnificent arise, upon their Heads
Bearing on high a Wreath of Silver Light.
But see, my Muse! the high Pierian Hill,
Behold its shaggy Locks and airy Top, 265
Up to the Skies th' imperious Mountain heaves
The shining Verdure of the nodding Woods.
See where the Silver Hippocrene flows,
Behold each glist'ring Rivulet, and Rill
Thro' Mazes wander down the green Descent, 270
And sparkle through the interwoven Trees.
Here rest a while and humble Homage pay,
Here, where the sacred Genius, that inspir'd
Sublime Mæonides and Pindar's Breast,
His Habitation once was fam'd to hold. 275
Here thou, O Homer! offer'd up thy Vows;
Thee, the kind Muse Calliope a heard
And led thee to the empycean Seats,
There manifest'd to thy hallow'd Eyes
The Deeds of Gods; thee wise Minerva taught
The wondrous Art of knowing human kind; 280
Harmonious Phoebus tun'd thy heav'nly Mind,
And swell'd to Rapture each exalted Soul;
Even Mars the dreadful Battle-ruling God.
Mars taught thee War, and with his bloody Hand
Instructed thine, when in thy sounding Lines
We hear the rattling of Bellona’s Carr,
The Yell of Discord, and the Din of Arms.
Pandar, when mounted on his fiery Steed,
Scars to the Sun, opposing Eagle like
His Eyes undazzled to the fiercest Rays.
He firmly seated, not like Glauceus’ Son,
Strides his swift-winged and Fire-breathing Horse,
And born aloft strikes with his ringing Hoofs
The brazen Vault of Heav’n, superior there
Looks down upon the Stars, whose radiant Light
Illuminates innumerable Worlds,
That thro’ eternal Orbits roll beneath.
But thou all hail immortalized Son
Of Harmony! all hail thou Thracian Bard! To whom Apollo gave his tuneful Lyre.
O might’n’t thou, Orpheus! now again revive,
And Newton should inform thy list’n’ing Ear
How the soft Notes, and Soul-inchanting Strains
Of thy own Lyre were on the Wind convey’d.
Thou taught the Muse, how Sound progressive floats
Upon the waving Particles of Air,
When Harmony in ever-pleasing Strains,
Melodious melting at each lulling Fall
With soft alluring Penetration steals
Thro’ the enraptur’d Ear to inmost Thought,
And folds the Senses in its silken Bands.
[touch
So the sweet Musick, which from Orpheus’
And Pan’d Amphion’s, on the sounding String
Arose harmonious, gliding on the Air,
Pierce’d the tough-bark’d and knotty-ribbed woods,
Into their Saps soft Inspiration breath’d,
And taught Attention to the Rubbourn Oak.
Thus when great Henry, and brave Marlborough led
Sir ISAAC NEWTON. 175.

Th' imbattled Numbers of BRITANNIA's Sons,
The Trump, that swells th' expanded cheek of
Fame,
That adds new Vigour to th' generous Youth,
And rouzes sluggish Cowardize it self,
The Trumpet with its Mars-inciting voice,
The wind's breath Breast impetuous sweeping o'er
Fill'd the big Note of War. Th' inspired Host
With new-born Ardor presh the trembling GAUL;
Nor greater Thronges had reach'd eternal Night,
Nor if the Fields of Agencourt had yawn'd
Exposing horrible the Gulf of Fate;
Or roasting Danube spread his arms abroad
And overwhelm'd their Legions with his Floods.
But let the wand'ring Muse at length return;
Nor yet, angelick Genius of the Sun!
In worthy Lays her high-attempting song
Has blazon'd forth thy venerared Name.
Then let her sweep the loud resounding Lyre
Again, again o'er each meloudious String
Teach Harmony to tremble with thy Praise.
And still thine Ear, O favourable grant,
And she shall tell thee, that whatever Charms,
Whatever Beauties bloom on Nature's Face,
Proceed from thy all influencing Light.
That when arising with tempestuous Rage,
The North impetuous rides upon the Clouds
Dispersing round the Heav'n's obstrutive Gloom,
And with his dreaded Prohibition stays
The kind Effusion of thy genial Beams;
Pale are the Rubies on AURORA's Lips;
No more the Roses blush upon her Cheeks,
Black are Penes's Streams and golden Sands,
In Tempe's Vale dull Melancholy sits,
And every Flower reclines its languid Head.
By what high Name shall I invoke thee, say,
Thou Life-insufing Deity, on thee,

I call
I call, and look propitious from on high
While now to thee I offer up my Prayer.
O had great Newton, as he found the Cause,
By which Sound rouls thro' th' undulating Air,
O had he, baffling Time's resistless Power,
Discover'd what that subtle Spirit is,
Or whatsoever diffusive else is spread
Over the wide extended Universe,
Which causes Bodies to reflect the Light,
And from their straight Direction to divert
The rapid Beams, that thro' their Surface pierce.
But since embrac'd by th' icy Arms of Age,
And his quick Thought by Time's cold Hand congel'd,
Ev'n Newton left unknown this hidden Power;
Thou from the Race of human Kind select
Some other worthy of an Angel's Care,
With Inspiration animate his Breast,
And him instruct in these thy secret Laws.
O let not Newton, to whose spacious View,
New unobstructed, all th' extensive Scenes
Of the ethereal Ruler's Work arise;
When he beholds this Earth he late adorn'd,
Let him not see Philosophy in Tears,
Like a fond Mother solitary sit,
Lamenting him her dear, and only Child.
But as the wise Pythagoras, and he,
Whose Birth with Pride the fam'd Abdæro boasts,
With Expectation having long survey'd
This Spent their ancient Seat, with joy beheld
Divine Philosophy at length appear
In all her Charms majestically fair,
Conducted by immortal Newton's Hand:
So may he see another Sage arise,
That shall maintain her Empire: then no more
Imperious Ignorance with haughty Sway
Shall
Shall stalk rapacious o'er the ravag'd Globe:
Then thou, Newton! shalt protect these Lines,
The humble Tribute of the grateful Muse;
Never shall the sacrilegious Hand despoil
Her laurel'd Temples, whom his Name preserves:
And were she equal to the mighty Theme, 396
Futurity should wonder at her Song;
Time should receive her with extended Arms,
Seat her conspicuous in his roulign Carr,
And bear her down to his extremest Bound. 400

Fables with Wonder tell how Terra's Sons
With iron Force unloos'd the stubborn Nerves
Of Hills, and on the cloud-inshrouded top
Of pelion osla pil'd. But if the vast
Giantick Deeds of savage Strength demand 405
Amendment from Men, what then shalt thou,
O what expressive Rapture of the Soul,
When thou before us, Newton! dost display
The labours of thy great excelling Mind;
When thou unveilst all the wondrous Scene, 410
The vast Idea of th' eternal King,
Not dreadful heaving in his angry Arm
The Thunder hanging o'er our trembling Heads;
But with th' effulgence of Love replete,
And clad with Power, which form'd th' extensive
Heavens. 415

O happy he, whose enterprising Hand
Unbars the golden and refulgent Gates
Of the imperial Dome, where thou enthron'd
Philosophy art seated. Thou sustai'n'd
By the firm Hand of everlasting Truth 420
Despised all the Injuries of Time:
Thou never knew'st Decay when all around,
Amity obscured her Head. Behold
Th' Egyptian Towers, the Babylonian Walls,
And Thanes with all her hundred Gates of Brass,
Behold
Behold them scatter'd like the dust abroad.
Whatever now is flourishing and proud,
Whatever shall, must know devouring Age.
Euphrates' Stream, and seven-mouthed Nile,
And Danube, thou that from Germany's Soil,
To the black Euxine's far remoted Shore,
O'er the wide Bounds of mighty Nations sweep'd
In Thunder loud thy rapid Floods along.
Ev'n you shall feel inexorable Time;
To you the fatal Day shall come; no more
Your Torrents then shall shake the trembling
No longer then to Inundations swol'n
Th' imperious Waves the fertile Pastures drench,
But shrunk within a narrow Channel glide;
Or thro' the Year's reiterated Course
When Time himself grows old, your wond'rous
Lost ev'n to Memory shall lie unknown
Streams Beneath Obscurity, and Chaos whelm'd.
But still, thou Sun, illuminat. all
The azure Regions round, thou guidest all
The Orbits of the planetary Spheres;
The Moon still wanders o'er her changing Course,
And still, O Newton! shall thy Name survive:
As long as Nature's Hand directs the World,
When every dark Obstruction shall retire,
And ev'ry Secret yield its hidden Store,
Which the dim-sighted Age forbid to see,
Age that alone could stay thy rising Soul.
And could Mankind among the fixed Stars,
Ev'n to th' extremest Bounds of Knowledge reach,
To those unknown innumerable Suns,
Whole Light but glimmer from those distant Worlds,
Ev'n to those utmost Boundaries, those Bars
That shut the Entrance of th' illuminat. Space
Where Angels only tread the vast Unknown,
Thou ever shouldst be seen immortal there:
In each new Sphere, each new-appearing Sun,
In farthest Regions at the very Verge
Of the wide Universe shouldst thou be seen.
And lo, th' all-potent Goddess Nature takes
With her own Hand thy great, thy just Reward
Of Immortality; aloft in Air
See she displays, and with eternal Grasp
Uprears the Trophies of great Newton's Fame.

THE END.
ELEGY
ON
CAPTAIN COOK.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN ODE TO THE SUN.

BY MISS SEWARD.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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Sorrowing, the Nine beneath yon blasted yew
    Shed the bright drops of Pity's holy dew;
Mute are their tuneful tongues, extinct their fires;
Yet not in silence sleep their silver lyres;
To the bleak gale they vibrate sad and slow,
In deep accordance to a Nation's woe.

Ye, who ere while for Cook's illustrious brow
Pluck'd the green laurel, and the oaken bough,
Hung the gay garlands on the trophied oars,
And pour'd his fame along a thousand shores,
Strike the slow death-bell!—weave the sacred verse,
And strew the cypress o'er his honor'd hearse;
In sad procession wander round the shrine,
And weep him mortal, whom ye sung divine!
Say first, what Pow’r inspir’d his dauntless breast
With scorn of danger, and inglorious rest,
To quit imperial London’s gorgeous plains,
Where, rob’d in thousand tints, bright PLEASURE reigns;
In cups of summer-ice her nectar pours,
And twines, ’mid wintry snows, her roscate bow’rs?
Where Beauty moves with undulating grace,
Calls the sweet blush to wanton o’er her face,
On each fond Youth her soft artillery tries,
Aims her light smile, and rolls her frolic eyes?

What Pow’r inspir’d his dauntless breast to brave:
The scorched Equator, and th’ Antarctic wave?
Climes, where fierce suns in cloudless ardors shine,
And pour the dazzling deluge round the Line;
The realms of frost, where icy mountains rise,
’Mid the pale summer of the polar skies?
IT WAS HUMANITY!—on coasts unknown,
The shivering natives of the frozen zone,
And the swart Indian, as he faintly strays
WHERE Cancer reddens in the solar blaze,“
She bade him seek;—on each inclement shore
Plant the rich seeds of her exhaustless store;
Unite the savage hearts, and hostile hands,
In the firm compact of her gentle bands;
Strew her soft comforts o'er the barren plain,
Sing her sweet lays, and consecrate her fane.

**It was Humanity!—O Nymph divine!**
I see thy light step print the burning Line!
There thy bright eye the dubious pilot guides,
The faint oar struggling with the scalding tides.—
On as thou lead'st the bold, the glorious prow,
Mild, and more mild, the floping sun-beams glow;
Now weak and pale the lessen'd lustres play,
As round th' horizon rolls the timid day;
Barb'd with the fleeted snow, the driving hail,
Rush the fierce arrows of the polar gale;
And thro' the dim, unvaried, ling'ring hours,
Wide o'er the waves incumbent horror low'rs.

From:
From the rude summit of yon frozen steep,
Contrasting Glory gilds the dreary deep!
Lo!—deck’d with vermeil youth and beamy grace,
Hope in her step, and gladness in her face,
Light on the icy rock, with outstretch’d hands,
The Goddess of the new Columbus stands.
Round her bright head the plumy * Peterels soar,
Blue as her robe, that sweeps the frozen shore;
Glows her soft cheek, as vernal mornings fair,
And warm as summer-suns her golden hair;
O’er the hoar waste her radiant glances stream,
And courage kindles in their magic beam.
She points the ship its mazy path, to thread
† The floating fragments of the frozen bed.

* Peterels soar.—The peterel is a bird found in the frozen seas; its neck and tail are white, and its wings of a bright blue.

† The floating fragments.—"In the course of the last twenty-four hours, we passed through several fields of broken ice; they were in general narrow, but of considerable extent. In one part the pieces of ice were so close, that the ship had much difficulty to thread them.

While
While o'er the deep, in many a dreadful form,
The giant Danger howls along the storm,
Furling the *iron sails with numbed hands,
Firm on the deck the great Adventurer stands;
Round glitt'ring mountains hears the billows rave,
And the † vaft ruin thunder on the wave.—
Appall'd he hears!—but checks the rising sigh,
And turns on his firm band a glitt'ning eye.—
Not for himself the sighs unbidden break,
Amid the terrors of the icy wreck;
Not for himself starts the impasion'd tear,
Congealing as it falls;—nor pain, nor fear,
Nor Death's dread darts, impede the great design,
Till ‡ Nature draws the circumscribing line.

* Furling the iron sails.—"Our sails and rigging were so frozen, that they seemed plates of iron."

† And the vast ruin.—The breaking of one of these immense mountains of ice, and the prodigious noise it made, is particularly described in Cook's second voyage to the South Pole.

‡ Till Nature, &c.—"After running four leagues this course, with the ice on our starboard side, we found ourselves quite embay'd, the ice extending from north-north-east, round by the west and south, to east, in one compact body; the weather was tolerably clear, yet we could see no end to it."
Huge rocks of ice th' arrested ship embay,
And bar the gallant Wanderer's dangerous way.—
His eye regretful marks the Goddess turn
Th' assiduous prow from its relentless bourn.

And now antarctic Zealand's drear domain
Frowns, and o'erhangs th' inhospitable main.
On it's chill beach this dove of human-kind
For his long-wandering foot short rest shall find,
Bear to the coast the *olive-branch in vain,
And quit on wearied wing the hostile plain.—
With jealous low'r the frowning natives view
The stately vessel, and th' advent'rous crew;
Nor fear the brave, nor emulate the good,
But scowl with savage thirst of human blood!

And yet there were, who in this iron clime
Soar'd o'er the herd on Virtue's wing sublime;

* The olive-branch.—"To carry a green branch in the hand on landing,
is a pacific signal, universally understood by all the islanders in the South
Seas."
Rever'd the stranger-guest, and smiling strove
To soothe his stay with hospitable love;
Fann'd in full confidence the friendly flame,
Join'd plighted hands, and * name exchang'd for name.
To these the Hero leads † his living store,
And pours new wonders on th' uncultur'd shore;
The silky fleece, fair fruit, and golden grain;
And future herds and harvests bless the plain.
O'er the green soil his Kids exulting play,
And sounds his clarion loud the Bird of day;
The downy Goose her ruffled bosom laves,
Trims her white wing, and wantons in the waves;
Stern moves the Bull along th' affrighted shores,
And countless nations tremble as he roars.

* And name exchang'd.—The exchange of names is a pledge of amity among these islanders, and was frequently proposed by them to Captain Cook and his people; so also is the joining noses.

† His living store.—Captain Cook left various kinds of animals upon this coast, together with garden-seeds, &c. The Zealanders had hitherto subsisted upon fish, and such coarse vegetables as their climate produced; and this want of better provision, it is supposed, induced them to the horrid practice of eating human flesh.
So when the Daughter of eternal Jove,
And Ocean's God, to bless their Athens strove,
The massy trident with gigantic force
Cleaves the firm earth—and gives the stately Horse;
He paws the ground, impatient of the rein,
Shakes his high front, and thunders o'er the plain.
Then Wisdom's Goddess plants the embryon feed,
And bids new foliage shade the sultry mead;
'Mid the pale green the tawny olives shine,
And famish'd thousands bless the hand divine.

Now the warm solstice o'er the shining bay,
Darts from the north its mild meridian ray;
Again the Chief invokes the rising gale,
And spreads again in desert seas the sail;
O'er dangerous shoals his steady steerage keeps,
O'er * walls of coral, ambush'd in the deeps;

* Walls of coral.—The coral rocks are described as rising perpendicularly from the greatest depths of the ocean, insomuch that the sounding-line could not reach their bottom; and yet they were but just covered with water.—These rocks are now found to be fabricated by sea-insects.

Strong
Strong Labour's hands the crackling cordage twine,
And * sleeplefs Patience heaves the founding-line.

On a lone beach a † rock-built temple stands,
Stupendous pile! unwrought by mortal hands;
Sublime the ponderous turrets rise in air,
And the wide roof basaltic columns bear;
Thro' the long aisles the murm'ring tempefts blow,
And Ocean chides his dashing waves below.
From this fair fane, along the silver sands,
Two sifter-virgins wave their snowy hands;
First ‡ gentle Flora—round her smiling brow
Leaves of new forms, and flow'rs uncultur'd glow;

* And sleeplefs Patience.—"We had now pass'd several months with a man constantly in the chains heaving the lead."

† A rock-buil' temple.—"On one part of this ifle there was a solitary rock; rising on the coast with arched cavities, like a majestic temple."

‡ First gentle Flora.—Flora is the Goddes of modern Botany, and Fauna of modern Zoology: hence the pupils of Linnaeus call their books Flora Anglica—Fauna Danica, &c.—"The Flora of one of these iflands contain'd thirty new plants."
Thin folds of * vegetable silk, behind,
Shade her white neck, and wanton in the wind;
Strange sweets, where'er she turns, perfume the glades,
And fruits unnam'd adorn the bending shades.
—Next Fauna treads, in youthful beauty's pride,
A playful † Kangaroo bounding by her side;
Around the Nymph her beauteous ‡ Pois display
Their varied plumes, and trill the dulcet lay;
A § Giant-bat, with leathern wings outspread,
Umbrella light, hangs quiv'ring o'er her head.

* Vegetable silk.—In New-Zealand is a flag of which the natives make their nets and cordage. The fibres of this vegetable are longer and stronger than our hemp and flax; and some, manufactured in London, is as white and glossy as fine silk. This valuable vegetable will probably grow in our climate.

† A playful Kangaroo.—The kangaroo is an animal peculiar to those climates. It is perpetually jumping along on its hind legs, its fore legs being too short to be used in the manner of other quadrupeds.

‡ Beauxteous Pois.—“The poi-bird, common in those countries, has feathers of a fine mazarine blue, except those of the neck, which are of a beautiful silver grey; and two or three short white ones, which are in the pinion-joint of the wing. Under its throat hang two little tufts of curled white feathers, called its poies, which, being the Otaheitean word for ear-rings, occasioned our giving that name to the bird; which is not more remarkable for the beauty of its plumage, than for the exquisite melody of its note.”

§ A Giant-bat.—The bats which Captain Cook saw in some of these countries were of incredible dimensions, measuring three feet and an half in breadth, when their wings were extended.
As o'er the cliff her graceful step she bends,
On glitt'ring wing her insect-train attends.
With diamond-eye her scaly tribes survey
Their Goddess-nymph, and gambol in the spray.

With earnest gaze the still, enamour'd crew
Mark the fair forms; and, as they pass, pursue;
But round the steepy rocks, and dangerous strand,
Rolls * the white surf, and shipwreck guards the land.

So, when of old, Sicilian shores along,
Enchanting Syrens trill'd th' alluring song,
Bound to the mast the charm'd Ulysses hears,
And drinks the sweet tones with infatiate ears;
Strains the strong cords, upbraids the prosp'rous gale,
And sighs, as Wisdom spreads the flying sail.

* Rolls the white surf.—"As we passed this island, many of its trees had an unusual appearance, and the richness of the vegetation much invited our naturalists to land, but their earnest wishes were in vain, from the dangerous reefs and the violence of the surfs."
Now leads Humanity the destin’d way,
Where all the Loves in Otaheite stray.
To bid the Arts disclose their wond’rous pow’rs,
To bid the Virtues consecrate the bow’rs,
She gives her Hero to its blooming plain.—
Nor has he wander’d, has he bled in vain!
His lips persuasive charm th’ uncultur’d youth,
Teach Wisdom’s lore, and point the path of Truth.
See! *chaften’d love in softer glances flows,
See! with new fires parental duty glows.

Thou smiling Eden of the southern wave,
Could not, alas! thy grateful wishes save
That angel-goodness, which had bles’d thy plain?—
Ah! vain thy gratitude, thy wishes vain!
On a far distant, and remorseless shore,
Where human fiends their dire libations pour;
Where treachery, hov’ring o’er the blasted heath,
Poises with ghastly smile the darts of death,

* Chaften’d love.—Captain Cook observes, in his second voyage, that the women of Otaheite were grown more modest; and that the barbarous practice of destroying their children was lessened.

Pierc’d
Pierc'd by their venom'd points, your favorite bleeds,
And on his limbs the lust of hunger feeds!

Thus when, of old, the Muse-born Orpheus bore
Fair Arts and Virtues to the Thracian shore;
Struck with sweet energy the warbling wire,
And pour'd persuasion from th' immortal lyre;
As soften'd brutes, the waving woods among,
Bow'd their meek heads, and listen'd to the song;
Near, and more near, with rage and tumult loud,
Round the bold bard th' inebriate maniacs crowd.—
Red on th' ungrateful foil his life-blood swims,
And Fiends and Furies tear his quiv'ring limbs!

Gay Eden of the south, thy tribute pay,
And raise, in pomp of woe, thy Cook's * Morai!

* Morai.—The Morai is a kind of funeral altar, which the people of Otaheite raise to the memory of their deceased friends. They bring to it a daily tribute of fruits, flowers, and the plumage of birds. The chief mourner wanders around it in a state of apparent distraction, shrieking furiously, and striking at intervals a shark's tooth into her head. All people fly her, as she aims at wounding not only herself, but others.
Bid mild Omiah bring his choicest stores,
The juicy fruits, and the luxuriant flow'rs;
Bring the bright plumes, that drink the torrid ray,
And strew each lavish spoil on Cook's Morai!

Come, Oberea, hapless fair-one! come,
With piercing shrieks bewail thy Hero's doom!—
She comes!—she gazes round with dire survey!—
Oh! fly the mourner on her frantic way.
See! see! the pointed ivory wounds that head,
Where late the Loves impurpled roses spread;
Now stain'd with gore, her raven-tresses flow,
In ruthless negligence of mad'ning woe;
Loud she laments!—and long the Nymph shall stray
With wild unequal step round Cook's Morai!

But ah!—aloft on Albion's rocky steep,
That frowns incumbent o'er the boiling deep,
Sollicitous, and sad, a softer form
Eyes the lone flood, and deprecates the storm.—

Ill-fated
Ill-fated matron!---for, alas! in vain
Thy eager glances wander o'er the main!---
'Tis the vex'd billows, that insurgent rave,
Their white foam silvers yonder distant wave,
'Tis not his fails!---thy husband comes no more!
His bones now whiten an accursed shore!---
Retire,---for hark! the sea-gull shrieking soars,
The lurid atmosphere portentous low'rs;
Night's fullen spirit groans in ev'ry gale,
And o'er the waters draws the darkling veil,
Sighs in thy hair, and chills thy throbbing breast---
Go, wretched mourner!---weep thy griefs to rest!

Yet, tho' through life is lost each fond delight,
Tho' set thy earthly fun in dreary night,
Oh! raise thy thoughts to yonder starry plain,
And own thy sorrow selfish, weak, and vain;
Since, while Britannia, to his virtues just,
Twines the bright wreath, and rears th' immortal bust;
While on each wind of heav'n his fame shall rise,
In endless incense to the smiling skies;
The attendant Power, that bade his sails expand,
And waft her blessings to each barren land,
Now raptur'd bears him to th' immortal plains,
Where Mercy hails him with congenial strains;
Where soars, on Joy's white plume, his spirit free,
And angels choir him, while he waits for Thee.

ODE

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ODE

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN HOWARD, ESQ. F.R.S.

AUTHOR OF

"The State of English and Foreign Prisons."

Πολέμων ευτέχεις ποιητής.

Euripides.

BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

LONDON:
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M.DCC.LXXX.
O D E, &c.

FAV'RITE of Heaven, and friend of Earth!
Philanthropy, benignant Power!
Whose sons display no doubtful worth,
The pageant of the passing hour!
Teach me to paint, in deathless song,
Some darling from thy filial throng,
Whose deeds no party-rage inspire,
But fill th' agreeing world with one desire,
To echo his renown, responsive to my lyre!

B

Ah!
Ah! whither lead'lt thou?—whence that sigh?
What sound of woe my bosom jars?
Why pass, where Misery's hollow eye
Glares wildly thro' those gloomy bars?
Is Virtue sunk in these abodes,
Where keen Remorse the heart corrodes;
Where Guilt's base blood with frenzy boils,
And Blasphemy the mournful scene embroils?
From this infernal gloom my shudd'ring soul recoils.

But whence those sudden sacred beams?
Oppression drops his iron rod!
And all the bright'ning dungeon seems
To speak the presence of a God.
Philanthropy's descending ray
Diffuses unexpected day!
Loveliest of angels!—at her side
Her favourite votary stands;—her English pride,
Thro' Horror's mansions led by this celestial guide.

Hail!
Hail! generous Howard! tho' thou bear
A name which Glory's hand sublime
Has blazon'd oft, with guardian care,
In characters that fear not Time;
For thee she fondly spreads her wings;
For thee from Paradise she brings,
More verdant than her laurel bough,
Such wreaths of sacred Palm, as ne'er till now
The smiling Seraph twin'd around a mortal brow.

That Hero's * praise shall ever bloom,
Who shielded our insulted coast;
And launch'd his light'ning to consume
The proud Invader's routed host.
Brave perils rais'd his noble name:
But thou deriv'lt thy matchless fame
From scenes, where deadlier danger dwells;
Where fierce Contagion, with affright, repels
Valor's advent'rous step from her malignant cells.

* Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham.
Where in the dungeon's loathsome shade,
The speechless Captive clanks his chain,
With heartless hope to raise that aid
His feeble cries have call'd in vain:
Thine eye his dumb complaint explores;
Thy voice his parting breath restores;
Thy cares his ghastly visage clear
From Death's chill dew, with many a clotted tear,
And to his thankful soul returning life endear.

What precious Drug, or stronger Charm,
Thy constant fortitude inspires
In scenes, whence, muttering her alarm,
Med'cine *, with selfish dread, retires?
Nor Charm, nor Drug, dispel thy fears:
Temperance, thy better guard, appears:
For thee I see her fondly fill
Her crystal cup from Nature's purest rill;
Chief nourisher of life! best antidote of ill!

* Mussabat tacito Medecina timore. Lucretius.
I see...
I see the hallow'd shade of Hales *
Who felt, like thee, for human woe,
And taught the health-diffusing gales
Thro' Horror's murky cells to blow,
As thy protecting angel wait;
To save thee from the snares of Fate,
Commission'd from the Eternal Throne:
I hear him praise, in wonder's warmest tone,
The virtues of thy heart, more active than his own.

* Stephen Hales, minister of Teddington: he died at the age of 84, 1761; and has been justly called "An ornament to his profession, as a clergyman," and to his country, as a philosopher." I had the happiness of knowing this excellent man, when I was very young; and well remember the warm glow of benevolence which used to animate his countenance, in relating the success of his various projects for the benefit of mankind. I have frequently heard him dwell with great pleasure on the fortunate incident which led him to the discovery of his Ventilator, to which I have alluded.—He had ordered a new floor for one of his rooms; his carpenter not having prepared the work so soon as he expected, he thought the scaben improper for laying down new boards, when they were brought to his house, and gave orders for their being deposited in his barn;—from their accidental position in that place, he caught his first idea of this useful invention.

Thy
Thy soul supplies new funds of health
That fail not, in the trying hour,
Above Arabia’s spicy wealth
And Pharmacy’s reviving power.
The transports of the generous mind,
Feeling its bounty to mankind,
Inspire every mortal part;
And, far more potent than precarious art,
Give radiance to the eye, and vigor to the heart.

Blest Howard! who like thee can feel
This vital spring in all its force?
New star of philanthropic zeal;
Enlight’ning nations in thy course!
And shedding Comfort’s heavenly dew
On meagre Want’s deserted crew!
Friend to the wretch, whom friends disclaim,
Who feels stern Justice, in his famish’d frame,
A persecuting fiend beneath an angel’s name.

Authority!
Authority! unfeeling power,
Whose iron heart can coldly doom
The Debtor, drag'd from Pleasure's bower,
To sicken in the dungeon's gloom!
O might thy terror-striking call,
Profusion's sons alone enthrall!
But thou canst Want with Guilt confound:
Thy bonds the man of virtuous toil surround,
Driven by malicious Fate within thy dreary bound.

How savage are thy stern decrees?
Thy cruel minister I see
A weak, laborious victim seize,
By worth entitled to be free!
Behold, in the afflicting strife,
The faithful partner of his life,
In vain thy ruthless servant court,
To spare her little children's sole support,
Whom this terrific form has frighten'd from their sport.

Nor
Nor weeps she only from the thought,
Those infants must no longer share
His aid, whose daily labour bought
The pittance of their scanty fare.
The horrors of the loathsome jail
Her inly-bleeding heart assail:
E'en now her fears, from fondness bred,
See the lost partner of her faithful bed
Drop, in that murd'rous scene, his pale, expiring head.

Take comfort yet in these keen pains,
Fond mourner! check thy gushing tears!
The dungeon now no more contains
Those perils which thy fancy fears:
No more Contagion's baleful breath
Speaks it the hidcous cave of Death:
Howard has planted safety there;
Pure minister of light! his heavenly care
Has purg'd the damp of Death from that polluted air.

His
His Care, exulting Britain found
Here first display'd, not here confin'd!
No single tract of earth could bound
The active virtues of his mind.
To all the lands, where'er the tear,
That mourn'd the Prisoner's wrongs severe,
Sad Pity's glifi'ning cheek impearl'd,
Eager he steer'd, with every sail unfurl'd,
A friend to every clime! a Patriot of the World!

Ye nations thro' whose fair domain
Our flying sons of joy have past,
By Pleasure driven with loosen'd rein,
Astonish'd that they flew so fast!
How did the heart-improving fight
Awake your wonder and delight,
When, in her unexampled chace,
Philanthropy outstrip'd keen Pleasure's pace,
When with a warmer soul she ran a nobler race!

C

Where-e'er
Where-e'er her generous Briton went,  
Princes his suppliants became:  
He seem'd the enquiring angel, sent  
To scrutinize their secret shame.*  
Captivity, where he appear'd,  
Her languid head with transport rear'd;  
And gazing on her godlike guest,  
Like those of old, whom Heaven's pure servant blest,  
E'en by his shadow seem'd of demons dispossess'd.

Amaz'd her foreign children cry,  
Seeing their patron pass along;  
"O! who is he, whose daring eye  
Can search into our hidden wrong?  
What monarch's Heaven-directed mind,  
With royal bounty unconfin'd,  
Has tempted Freedom's son to share  
These perils; searching with an angel's care  
Each cell of dire Disease, each cavern of Despair?"

* I am credibly informed that several Princes, or at least persons in authority, requested Mr. Howard not to publish a minute account of some prisons, which reflected disgrace on their government.
No monarch's word, nor lucre's lust,
Nor vain ambition's restless fire,
Nor ample power, that sacred trust!
His life-diffusing toils inspire:
Rous'd by no voice, save that whole cries
Internal bid the soul arise
From joys, that only seem to bless,
From low pursuits, which little minds possess,
To Nature's noblest aim, the Succour of Distress!

Taught by that God, in Mercy's robe,
Who his celestial throne resign'd,
To free the prison of the globe
From vice, th' oppressor of the mind!
For thee, of misery's rights bereft,
For thee, Captivity! he left
Fair Fortune's lap, who, far from coy,
Bade him with smiles his golden hours employ
In her delicious bower, the festive scene of joy!

C 2 While
While to thy virtue's utmost scope
I boldly strive my aim to raise
As high as mortal hand may hope
To shoot the glittering * shaft of Praise;
Say! Howard, say! what may the Muse,
Whose melting eye thy merit views,
What guerdon may her love design?
What may she ask for thee, from Power Divine,
Above the rich rewards which are already thine?

Sweet is the joy when Science shines
Her light on philosophic thought;
When Genius, with keen ardent, springs
To clasp the lovely truth he sought:
Sweet is the joy, when Rapture's fire
Flows from the spirit of the lyre;
When Liberty and Virtue roll
Spring-tides of fancy o'er the poet's soul,
That waft his flying bark thro' seas above the pole.

* αἰδρὺς δ' εἰς κυνή
Anita: μυθισμοι, ελευσι
Με χαλκογραφία ακοής ὑπο τ' αγωγεία βαλεν ψυχάλαμα δίνου. Pindar.

Sweet
Sweet the delight, when the gall'd heart
Feels Consolation's lenient hand
Bind up the wound from Fortune's dart
With Friendship's life-supporting band!
And sweeter still, and far above
These fainter joys, when purest Love
The soul his willing captive keeps!
When he in bliss the melting spirit steeps,
Who drops delicious tears, and wonders that he weeps!

But not the brightest joy, which Arts,
In floods of mental light, bestow;
Nor what firm Friendship's zeal imparts,
Blest antidote of bitterest woe!
Nor those that Love's sweet hours dispense,
Can equal the ecstatic sense,
When, swelling to a fond excess,
The grateful praises of reliev'd distress,
Re-echoed thro' the heart, the soul of Bounty bless.

These
These transports, in no common state,
Supremely pure, sublimely strong,
Above the reach of envious fate,
Blest Howard! these to thee belong:
While years encreasing o'er thee roll,
Long may this sunshine of the soul
New vigor to thy frame convey!
Its radiance thro' thy noon of life display,
And with serenest light adorn thy closing day!

And when the Power, who joys to save,
Proclaims the guilt of earth forgiven;
And calls the prisoners of the grave
To all the liberty of Heaven:
In that bright day, whose wonders blind
The eye of the astonish'd mind;
When life's glad angel shall resume
His ancient sway, announce to Death his doom,
And from existence drive that tyrant of the tomb:
In that blest hour, when Seraphs sing
The triumphs gain'd in human strife;
And to their new associates bring
The wreaths of everlasting life:
May'st thou, in Glory's hallow'd blaze,
Approach the Eternal Fount of Praise,
With those who lead the angelic van,
Those pure adherents to their Saviour's plan,
Who liv'd but to relieve the Miseries of Man!

F I N I S.
LINES
FOR THE
STATUE
OF
MR. HOWARD.

THE victor's arch, the dazzling armory
And tombs of Kings, Egypt's great pyramids,
And all the marble monuments of time
Shall fall to dust;
And, like the pathless billows of the deep,
Leave not a trace behind.
But while the human heart is made of flesh,
While pity, struggling, holds one fibre there,
Unpetrified, Britannia shall hold forth,
In characters more durable than these,
The friend of God and man—

Ye
IMITATIONS.

Ye that have scap'd the vapid dungeon's gloom,
And been reprieved into the open air--
--Behold the Man--whose heart felt all your ills,
Who fann'd your fever with celestial joy!

--The turban'd Moor shall drop here on his knee,
In spite of Mahomet--while the large tear,
Streaking a milk-white passage down his cheek,
In silent eloquence shall thank the man,
Who, like the Saviour of a shatter'd world,
Met Death itself, to save a sinking land!