

C R E A T I O N.

A PHILOSOPHICAL

P O E M.

Demonstrating the

Existence and Providence
of a **G O D.**

In **S E V E N B O O K S.**

By Sir **RICHARD BLACKMORE**, Knt. M. D.
and Fellow of the College of Physicians in *London.*

The **S E C O N D E D I T I O N.**

*Principio cœlum, ac terras campôsque liquentes,
Lucentêmque globum lunæ, Titaniâque astra
Spiritus intus alit, totâmque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, & magno se corpore miscet.
Inde hominum, pecudîmque genus, vitæque volantum,
Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus. Virg.*

LONDON: Printed for S. Buckley, at the Dolphin in
Little-Britain; and J. Tonson, at *Shakespeare's Head*
over-against *Catherine-Street* in the Strand. 1712.

A

SUMMARY ACCOUNT
OF THE

Following Poem, and of what
is contain'd in each Book.

THE Design of this Work is to demon-
strate the Existence of a Divine Eter-
nal Mind.

The Arguments us'd for this End are taken
from the various Marks of Wisdom and Art-
ful Contrivance, which are Evident to Ob-
servation in the several Parts of the Materi-
al World, and in the Faculties of the Human
Soul.

The First Book contains the Proof of a Deity,
from the Instances of Design and Choice, which
occur in the Structure and Qualities of the
Earth and Sea.

The Second pursues the Proof of the same
Proposition, There is a God, from the Celesti-
al Motions, and more fully from the Appear-
ances in the Solar System and the Air.

In the Third, the Objections, which are
brought by Atheistical Philosophers against the
Hypo-

A Summary Account, &c.

Hypothesis establish'd in the two preceding Books, are answer'd.

In the Fourth is laid down the Hypothesis of the Atomists or Epicureans, and other Irreligious Philosophers, and confuted.

In the Fifth, the Doctrine of the Fatalists or Aristotelians, who make the World to be Eternal, is consider'd and subverted.

In the Sixth, the Argument of the two first Books is resum'd, and the Existence of God demonstrated from the Prudence and Art discover'd in the several Parts of the Body of Man.

In the Seventh, the same Demonstration is carry'd on from the Contemplation of the Instincts in Brute Animals, and the Faculties and Operations of the Soul of Man. This Book concludes with a Recapitulation of what has been treated of, and a Hymn to the Creator of the World.



C R E A

CREATION.

A

PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

In SEVEN BOOKS.

BOOK I.

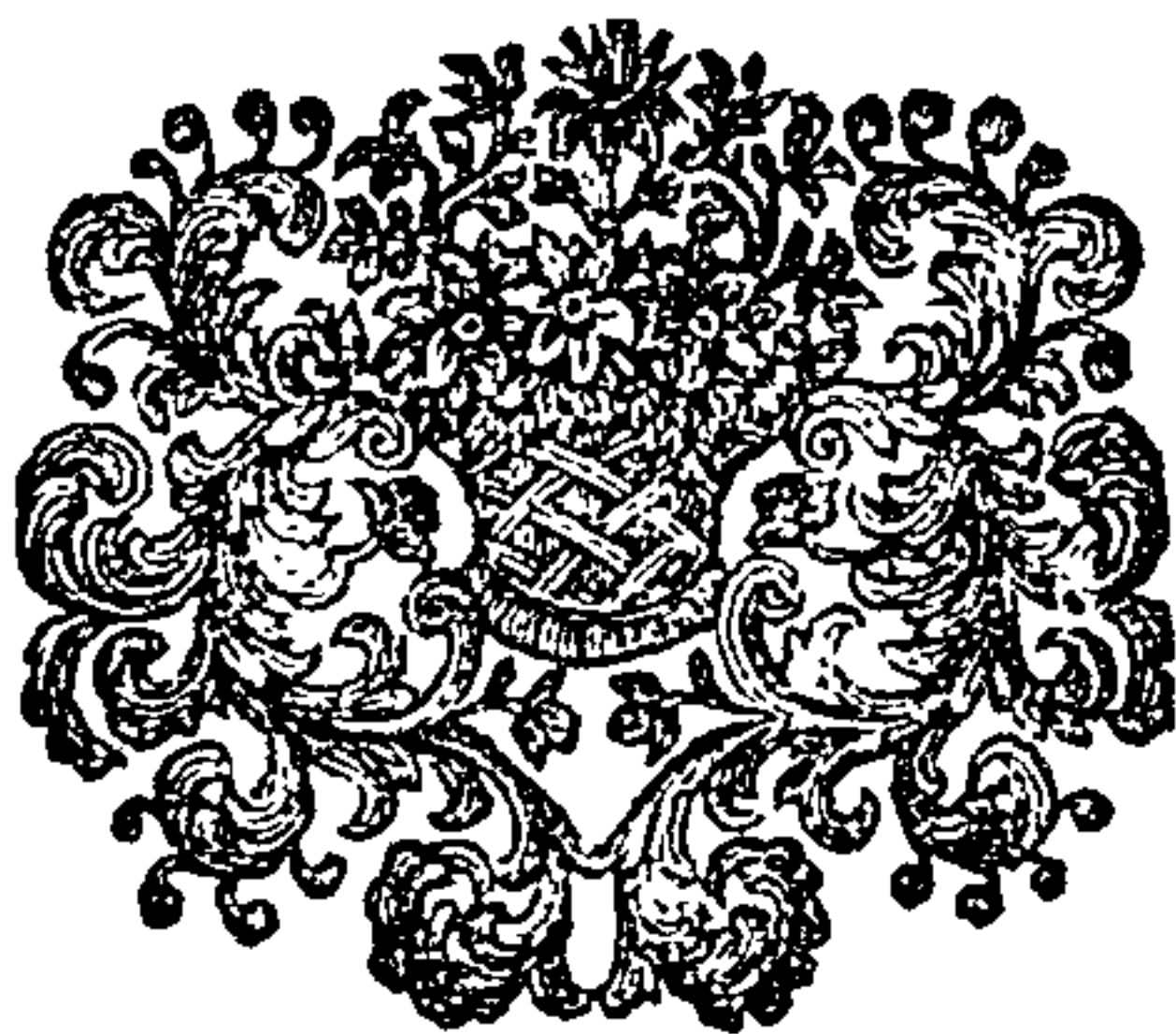
The ARGUMENT.

The Proposition. The Invocation. The Existence of a God demonstrated from the Marks of Wisdom, Choice and Art, which appear in the Visible World, and infer an Intelligent and Free Cause. This evinc'd from the Contemplation, I. of the Earth. 1. Its Situation. 2. The Cohesion of its Parts, not to be solv'd by any Hypothesis yet produc'd. 3. Its Stability. 4. Its

B Structure,

Structure, or the Order of its Parts. 5. Its Motion Diurnal and Annual, or else the Motion of the Sun in both those respects. The Cause of these Motions not yet accounted for by any Philosopher. 6. Its Outside or Face; the Beauties and Conveniencies of it; its Mountains, Lakes, and Rivers. II. The Existence of a God prov'd from the Marks and Impressions of Prudence and Design, which appear in the Sea.

- I. In its Formation.
2. The Proportion of its Parts in respect of the Earthy.
3. Its Situation.
4. The Contexture of its Parts.
5. Its Brackish or Briny Quality.
6. Its Flux and Reflux.





O more of Courts, of Triumphs, or
of Arms,

No more of Valour's Force, or
Beauty's Charms;

The Themes of Vulgar Lays, with just Disdain,
I leave un Sung, the Flocks, the am'rous Swain,
The Pleasures of the Land, and Terrors of the
Main.

How Abject, how Inglorious 'tis to lye
Groveling in Dust and Darknes, when on high
Empires immense and rolling Worlds of Light
To range their Heav'nly Scenes the Muse invite?
I meditate to Soar above the Skies,
To Heights unknown, thro' Ways untry'd, to rise:

I would th' Eternal from his Works assert,
And sing the Wonders of Creating Art.

While I this unexampled Task essay,
Pass awful Gulphs, and beat my painful Way,
Celestial Dove, Divine Assistance bring,
Sustain me on Thy strong extended Wing ;
That I may reach th' Almighty's Sacred Throne,
And make His Causeless Pow'r, the Cause of all
Things, known.

Thou dost the full Extent of Nature see,
And the wide Realms of vast Immensity:
Eternal Wisdom Thou dost comprehend,
Rise to her Heights, and to her Depths descend
The Father's secret Counsels Thou can't tell,
Who in His Bosom didst for ever dwell:
Thou on the Deep's dark Face, Immortal Dove
Thou, with almighty Energy didst move

On the wild Waves, Incumbent didst display
Thy genial Wings, and hatch primæval Day.
Order from Thee, from Thee Distinction came,
And all the Beauties of the wondrous Frame:
Hence stamp'd on Nature we Perfection find,
Fair as th' Idea in th' Eternal Mind.

See, thro' this vast extended Theater
Of Skill Divine what shining Marks appear:
Creating Pow'r is all around express'd,
The God discover'd, and his Care confess'd.
Nature's high Birth her Heav'nly Beauties show;
By ev'ry Feature we the Parent know.
Th' expanded Spheres amazing to the Sight,
Magnificent with Stars and Globes of Light;
The Glorious Orbs, which Heav'n's bright Host
compose,
Th' imprison'd Sea, that restless ebbs and flows;

The fluctuating Fields of liquid Air,
With all the curious Meteors hov'ring there,
And the wide Regions of the Land, proclaim
The Pow'r Divine, that rais'd the mighty Frame.

What Things soe'er are to an End referr'd,
And in their Motions still that End regard,
Always the Fitness of the Means respect,
These as conducive chuse, and those reject,
Must by a Judgment foreign and unknown
Be guided to their End, or by their own.
For to design an End, and to pursue
That End by Means, and have it still in View,
Demands a Conscious, Wise, Reflecting Cause,
Which freely moves, and acts by Reason's Laws:
That can Deliberate, Means elect, and find
Their due Connexion with the End design'd.
And since the World's wide Frame do's not include
A Cause with such Capacities endu'd;

Some other Cause o'er Nature must preside
Which gave her Birth, and do's her Motions guide.
And here behold the Cause, which *God* we name,
The Source of Beings, and the Mind Supreme ;
Whose perfect Wisdom, and whose prudent Care,
With one Confed'rate Voice unnumber'd
Worlds declare.

See how the Earth has gain'd that very Place,
Which of all others in the boundless Space
Is most Convenient, and will best conduce
To the wise Ends requir'd for Nature's Use.
You, who the Mind and Cause Supreme deny,
Nor on his Aid to form the World rely,
Must grant, had perfect Wisdom been employ'd
To find, thro' all th' Interminable Void,
A Seat most proper, and which best became
The Earth and Sea, it must have been the same.

Now, who can this surprizing Fact conceive,
 Who this Event Fortuitous believe,
 That the Brute Earth unguided should embrace,
 The only Useful, only Proper Place,
 Of all the Millions in the empty Space?

Could stupid Atomes with impetuous Speed
 By diff'rent Roads and adverse Ways proceed;
 From Regions opposite begin their Flight,
 That here they might Rencounter, here Unite?
 What Charms could these Terrestrial Vagrants see
 In this one Point of all Immensity,
 That all th' enamour'd Troops should thither flow?
 Did they its useful Situation know?

And when the Squadrons with a swift Career
 Had reach'd that Point, why did they settle there,
 When nothing check'd their flight, but Gulphs
 of Air?

Since

Since *Epicurus* and his Scholars say
 That unobstructed Matter flies away,
 Ranges the Void, and knows not where to stay.

If you, sagacious Sons of Art, pretend
 That by their Native Force they did descend,
 And ceas'd to move, when they had gain'd their
 End;

That Native Force till you enlighten'd know,
 Can its mysterious Spring disclose, and show
 How it's exerted, how it does impel,
 Your unstructive Words no Doubt dispel.
 We ask you, whence does Motive Vigour flow?
 You say the Nature of the Thing is so.
 But how does this relieve th' Enquirer's Pain?
 Or how the dark impulsive Power explain?

The Atomists, who Skill Mechanic teach,
 Who boast their clearer Sight, and deeper Reach,

Assert their Atomes took that happy Seat,
Determin'd thither by their inbred Weight;
That downward thro' the spacious Void they strove
To that one Point, from all the Parts above.
Grant this Position true, tho' Up and Down
Are to a Space not limited unknown;
But since they say our Earth from Morn to Morn
On its own Axis is oblig'd to turn;
That swift Rotation must disperse in Air
All Things, which on the rapid Orb appear:
And if no Pow'r that Motion should controul,
It must disjoynt and dissipate the Whole:
'Tis by Experience uncontested found,
Bodies Orbicular, when whirling round,
Still shake off all Things on their Surface plac'd,
And to a distance from the Center cast.

If pondrous Atomes are so much in Love
With this one Point, that all will thither move,

Give them the Situation they desire;

But let us then, ye Sages, next enquire,

What Cause of their Cohesion can you find?

What Props support, what Chains the Fabrick bind?

Why do not Beasts that move, or Stones that lye

Loose on the Field, thro' distant Regions fly?

Or why do Fragments, from a Mountain rent,

Tend to the Earth, with such a swift Descent?

Those who ascribe this one determin'd Course

Of pondrous Things to Gravitating Force,

Refer us to a Quality occult,

To senseless Words, for which while they insult

With just Contempt the famous Stagyrice,

Their Schools should bless the World with clearer

Light.

Some, the round Earth's Cohesion to secure,

For that hard Task employ Magnetic Pow'r.

Remark

Remark, say they, the Globe, with Wonder own
Its Nature, like the fam'd attractive Stone.
This has its Axis, so th' Observer tells,
Meridians, Poles, Æquator, Parallels.
To the Terrestrial Poles by constant Fate
Th' Obsequious Poles themselves accommodate.
And when of this Position dispossess
They move, and strive, nor ever will they rest,
Till their lov'd Situation they regain,
Where pleas'd they settle, and unmov'd remain.
And should you, so Experience does decide,
Into small Parts the wondrous Stone divide,
Ten Thousand of minutest Size express
The same Propension, which the large possess.
Hence all the Globe, ('tis said) we may conclude
With this prevailing Energy endu'd.
That this Attractive, this surprizing Stone
Has no peculiar Vertue of its own;

Nothing,

Nothing, but what is Common to the Whole,
To Sides, to Axis, and to either Pole.

The mighty Magnet from the Center darts
This strong, tho' subtile Force, thro' all the Parts:
Its active Rays ejaculated thence,
Irradiate all the wide Circumference.
While ev'ry Part is in Proportion blest,
And of its due attractive Pow'r possess'd;
While adverse ways the adverse Atomes draw
With the same strength, by Nature's constant Law
Ballanc'd and fixt, they can no longer move;
Thro' Gulphs immense no more unguided rove.
If Cords are pull'd two adverse Ways, we find
The more we draw them, they the faster bind.
So when with equal Vigour Nature strains,
This way and that, these fine Mechanic Chains,

They

They fix the Earth, they Part to Part unite,
 Preserve their Structure, and prevent their Flight.
 Pressure, they say, and Weight we must disown,
 As Things Occult, by no Idea's known,
 And on the Earth's Magnetic Pow'r depend
 To fix its Seat, its Union to defend.

Let us this fam'd Hypothesis survey,
 And with attentive Thought remark the Way,
 How Earth's attractive Parts their Force display.
 The Mass, 'tis said, from its wide Bosom pours
 Torrents of Atomes, and Eternal Show'rs
 Of fine Magnetic Darts, of Matter made
 So subtile, Marble they with Ease pervade:
 Refin'd, and (next to Incorporeal) thin,
 Not by *Ausonian* Glasses to be seen.

These Emanations take their constant Flight
 Swift from the Earth, as from the Sun the Light;

To

To a determin'd Distance they ascend,
And there inflect their Course, and downward tend.

What can insult unequal Reason more,
Than this Magnetic, this Mysterious Pow'r?
That Cords and Chains beyond Conception small,
Should gird and bind so fast this mighty Ball:
That active Rays should spring from ev'ry Part,
And, tho' so subtile, should such Force exert!
That the Light Legions should be sent abroad,
Range all the Air, and traverse ev'ry Road:
To stated Limits should Excursions make,
Then backward of themselves their Journey take:
Should in their Way to solid Bodies cling,
And home to Earth the Captive Matter bring:
Where all things, on its Surface spread, are bound
By their Coercive Vigour to the Ground!

Can this be done without a Guide Divine?
 Should we to this Hypothesis incline,
 Say, does not here conspicuous Wisdom shine?
 Who can enough Magnetic Force admire?
 Does it not Counsel and Design require
 To give the Earth this wond'rous Energy,
 In such a Measure, such a just Degree,
 That it should still perform its destin'd Task,
 As Nature's Ends and various Uses ask?

For should our Globe have had a greater Share
 Of this strong Force, by which the Parts cohere;
 Things had been bound by such a pow'rful Chain,
 That All would fix'd and motionless remain.

All Men, like Statues, on the Earth would stand,
 Nor would they move the Foot, or stretch the Hand.

Birds would not range the Skies, nor Beasts the
 Woods,

Nor could the Fish divide the stiffen'd Floods.

Again,

Again, had this strange Energy been less,

Defect had been as fatal as Excess.

For want of Cement strong enough to bind

The Structure fast, huge Ribs of Rock disjoin'd

Without an Earthquake, from their Base would

start,

And Hills unhing'd from their deep Roots depart.

And while our Orb perform'd its daily Race,

All Beings found upon its ample Face

Would, by that Motion dissipated, fly

Whirl'd from the Globe, and scatter thro' the Sky.

They must Obedient to Mechanic Laws

Assemble, where the stronger Magnet draws;

Whether the Sun that stronger Magnet proves,

Or else some Planet's Orb, that nearer moves.

Who can unfold the Cause that does recall

Magnetic Rays, and make them backward fall?

If these Effluvia, which do upward tend,
 Because less heavy than the Air, ascend;
 Why do they ever from their Height retreat,
 And why return to seek their Central Seat?
 From the same Cause, ye Sons of Art, declare
 Can they by turns descend, and rise in Air?
 Prodigious 'tis, that one attractive Ray
 Should this way bend, the next an adverse Way;
 For should th' unseen Magnetic Jets descend
 All the same Way, they could not gain their End:
 They could not draw and bind the Fabrick fast,
 Unless alike they ev'ry Part embrac'd.

How does *Cartesius* all his Sinews strain,
 How much he labours, and how much in vain,
 The Earth's Attractive Vigour to explain?
 This bold Contriver thus his Thoughts conveys
 Incessant Streams of thin Magnetic Rays,

Gush from their Fountains, with impetuous Force,
In either Pole, then take an adverse Course:
Those from the Southern Pole, the Northern seek;
The Southern those, that from the Northern break:
In either Pole these Rays emitted meet
Small Pores provided, for their Figures fit:
Still to and fro they Circulating pass,
Hold all the Frame, and firmly bind the Mass.
Thus he the Parts of Earth from Flight restrains,
And girds it fast by fine Imagin'd Chains.

But oh! how dark is human Reason found,
How vain the Man, with Wit and Learning
crown'd;
How feeble all his Strength, when he Effays
To trace dark Nature, and detect her Ways,
Unless he calls its Author to his Aid,
Who ev'ry secret Spring of Motion laid;

Who over all his wondrous Works presides,
 And to their Useful Ends their Causes guides?
 These Paths in vain are by Enquirers trod;
 There's no Philosophy without a God.

Admir'd *Cartesius*, let the Curious know,
 If your Magnetic Atomes always flow
 From Pole to Pole, what form'd their double
 Source,
 What spurr'd, what gave them their inflected
 Course.

Tell, what could drill and perforate the Poles,
 And to th'attractive Rays adapt their Holes?
 A Race so long what prompts them to pursue?
 Have the Blind Troops th'Important End in view?
 How are they sure they in the Poles shall meet
 Pores of a Figure to their Figure fit?
 Are they with such Sagacity endu'd
 To know, if this their Journey be pursu'd,

They shall the Earth's Constructure closely bind,
And to the Center keep the Parts confin'd.

Let us review this whole Magnetic Scheme,
Till wiser Heads a wiser Model frame.
For its Formation let fit Atomes start,
To one determin'd Point, from ev'ry Part.
Encount'ring there from Regions opposite
They clash, and interrupt each other's Flight;
And Rendezvousing with an adverse Course,
Produce an equal Poise, by equal Force:
For while the Parts by Laws Magnetic act,
And are at once attracted and attract:
While match'd in Strength they keep the doubtful
Field,
And neither overcome, and neither yield,
To happy Purpose they their Vigour spend,
For these Contentions in the Balance end,
Which must in liquid Air the Globe suspend.

Besides Materials which are Brute and Blind,
Did not this Work require a Knowing Mind?
Who for the Task should fit Detachments chuse
From all the Atomes, which their Host diffuse
Thro' the wide Regions of the Boundless Space,
And for their Rendezvous appoint the Place.
Who should command, by his Almighty Nod,
These chosen Troops, unconscious of the Road,
And unacquainted with th' appointed End,
Their Marches to begin, and thither tend;
Direct them all to take the nearest Way,
Whence none of all th' unnumber'd Millions stray:
Make them advance with such an equal Pace,
From all the adverse Regions of the Space,
That they at once should reach the destin'd Place;
Should muster there, and round the Center swarm
And draw together in a Globous Form.

Grant, that by mutual Opposition made
 Of adverse Parts, their mutual Flight is staid;
 That thus the whole is in a Balance laid;
 Does it not all Mechanic Heads confound,
 That Troops of Atomes, from all Parts around,
 Of equal Number, and of equal Force,
 Should to this single Point direct their Course;
 That so the Counter-pressure ev'ry way,
 Of equal Vigour, might their Motions stay,
 And, by a steady Poise, the whole in Quiet lay?

Besides, the Structure of the Earth regard:
 For Firmness how is all its Frame prepar'd?
 With what amazing Skill is the vast Building
 rear'd?

Metals and Veins of solid Stone are found
 The chief Materials, which the Globe compound.
 See, how the Hills, which high in Air ascend,
 From Pole to Pole their lofty Lines extend.

These strong unshaken Mounds resist the Shocks
Of Tides and Seas tempestuous, while the Rocks
That secret in a long continu'd Vein
Pass thro' the Earth, the pondrous Pile sustain:
These mighty Girders, which the Fabrick bind,
These Ribs robust and vast, in Order joyn'd;
These subterranean Walls dispos'd with Art,
Such Strength, and such Stability impart,
That Storms above, and Earthquakes under
ground

Break not the Pillars, nor the Work confound.

Give to the Earth a Form Orbicular,
Let it be pois'd, and hung in Ambient Air;
Give it the Situation to the Sun
Such as is only fit; when this is done,
Suppose it still remain'd a lazy Heap;
From what we grant you no Advantage reap.

YOU

You either must the Earth from Rest disturb,
Or roll around the Heav'ns the Solar Orb.

Else what a dreadful Face will Nature wear?

How horrid will these lonesome Seats appear?

This ne'er would see one kind refreshing Ray;

That would be ruin'd, but a different way,

Condemn'd to Light, and curs'd with endless Day.

A cold Islandian Defart one would grow,

One, like *Sicilian* Furnaces, would glow.

That Nature may this fatal Error shun,

Move, which will please you best, the Earth or Sun.

But, say, from what great Builder's Magazines

You'll Engines fetch, what strong, what vast

Machines

Will you employ to give this Motion Birth,

And whirl so swiftly round the Sun or Earth?

Ye learned Heads, by what Mechanic Laws

Will you of either Orb this Motion cause?

Why do they move? why in a Circle? why
With such a Measure of Velocity?

Say, why the Earth, if not the Earth, the Sun
Does thro' his winding Road the Zodiack run?
Why do revolving Orbs their Tracks sublime
So constant keep, that since the Birth of Time
They never vary'd their accustom'd Place,
Nor lost a Minute in so long a Race?

But hold, perhaps I rudely press too far;
You are not vers'd in Reas'ning so severe.
To a first Question your Reply's at hand;
Ask but a second, and you speechless stand.
You swim a-top, and on the Surface strive,
But to the Depths of Nature never dive:
For if you did, instructed you'd explore
Divine Contrivance, and a God adore.

Ye Sons of Art, one curious Piece devise,
From whose Constructure Motion shall arise.
Machines, to all Philosophers 'tis known,
Move by a Foreign Impulse, not their own.
Then let *Gassendus* chuse what Frame he please,
By which to turn the Heav'nly Orbs with Ease;
Those Orbs must rest, 'till by th' exerted Force
Of some first Mover they begin their Course:
Meer Disposition, meer Mechanic Art,
Can never Motion to the Globes impart:
And if they could, the Marks of wise Design
In that Contrivance would conspicuous shine.
These Questions still recur, we still demand,
What moves them first, and puts them off at Hand;
What makes them this one way their Race direct,
While they a thousand other ways reject?
Why do they never once their Course inflect?

Why

Why do they roll with such an equal Pace,
 And to a Moment still perform their Race?
 Why Earth or Sun Diurnal Stages keep?
 In spiral Tracks why thro' the Zodiack creep?
 Who can account for this, unless they say
 These Orbs th' eternal Mind's Command obey,
 Who bad them move, did all their Motions guide,
 To each its destin'd Province did divide;
 Which to compleat he gave them Motive Pow'r,
 That shall, as long as he does Will, endure?

Thus we the Frame of Nature have exprest;
 Now view the Earth in finish'd Beauty drest:
 The various Scenes, which various Charms display,
 Thro' all th' extended Theater survey.

See how sublime th' uplifted Mountains rise,
 And with their pointed Heads invade the Skies.

How

How the high Cliffs their craggy Arms extend,
Distinguish States, and sever'd Realms defend;
How ambient Shores confine the restless Deep,
And in their ancient Bounds the Billows keep;
The hollow Vales their smiling Pride unfold;
What rich Abundance do their Bosoms hold?
Regard their lovely Verdure, ravish'd view
The springing Flow'rs of various Scent and Hue.
Not Eastern Monarchs, on their Nuptial Day,
In dazzling Gold and Purple shine so gay
As the bright Natives of th' unlabour'd Field,
Unverst in Spinning, and in Looms unskill'd.
See, how the rip'ning Fruits the Gardens crown,
Imbibe the Sun, and make his Light their own:
See the sweet Brooks in Silver Mazes creep,
Enrich the Meadows, and supply the Deep;
While from their weeping Urns the Fountains flow,
And Vital Moisture, where they pass, bestow.

Admire

Admire the narrow Stream, and spreading Lake,
The proud aspiring Grove, and humble Brake:
How do the Forests and the Woods delight?
How the sweet Glades and Openings charm the
Sight?

Observe the pleasant Lawn, and airy Plain,
The fertile Furrows rich with various Grain;
How useful all? how all conspire to grace
Th' extended Earth, and beautifie her Face?

Now, see, with how much Art the Parts are made,
With how much Wisdom are the *Strata* laid,
Of different Weight, and of a different Kind,
Of fundry Forms, for fundry Ends design'd?
Here in their Beds the finish'd Minerals rest,
There the rich Wombs the Seeds of Gold digest.
Here in fit Moulds, to *Indian* Nations known,
Are cast the several kinds of precious Stone;

The Diamond here, by mighty Monarchs worn,
Fair, as the Star that beautifies the Morn;
And, splendid by the Sun's embody'd Ray,
The Rubies there their Crimson Light display.
There Marble's various colour'd Veins are spread;
Here of *Bitumen* unctious Stores are bred.
What Skill on all its Surface is bestow'd,
To make the Earth for Man a fit Abode?
The upper Moulds, with active Spirits stor'd,
And rich in verdant Progeny, afford
The flow'ry Pasture, and the shady Wood,
To Men their Physick, and to Beasts their Food.

Proceed yet farther, and a Prospect take
Of the swift Stream, and of the standing Lake.
Had not the Deep been form'd, that might contain
All the Collected Treasures of the Main,
The Earth had still o'erwhelm'd with Water stood,
To Man an uninhabitable Flood.

Yet had not Part as kindly staid behind,
 In the wide Cisterns of the Lakes confin'd,
 Did not the Springs and Rivers drench the Land,
 Our Globe would grow a Wilderness of Sand;
 The Plants and Groves, the tame and savage Beast,
 And Man, their Lord, would die with Drought
 oppress'd.

Now, as you see, the floating Element
 Part loose in Streams, part in the Ocean pent,
 So wisely is dispos'd, as may conduce
 To Man's Delight, or necessary Use.

See how the Mountains in the midst divide
 The noblest Regions, that from either side
 The Streams, which to the Hills their Currents
 owe,
 May ev'ry way along the Vally flow,
 And verdant Wealth on all the Soil bestow.

So

So *Atlas*, and the Mountains of the Moon,
From North to South in lofty Ridges run
Thro' *Africk* Realms, whence falling Waters lave
Th' inferior Regions with a winding Wave.
They various Rivers give to various Soil,
Niger to *Guinea*, and to *Egypt Nile*.
So from the tow'ring *Alps*, on different Sides,
Dissolving Snows descend in num'rous Tides,
Which in the Vale beneath their Parties joyn
To form the *Rhone*, the *Danube*, and the *Rhine*.
So *Caucasus*, aspiring *Taurus* so,
And fam'd *Imaus*, ever white with Snow,
Thro' Eastern Climes their lofty Lines extend,
And this and that way ample Currents send:
A thousand Rivers make their crooked Way,
And disembogue their Floods into the Sea;
Whence should they ne'er by secret Roads retire,
And to the Hills, from whence they came, aspire;

D

They

They by their constant Streams would so encrease
 The watry Stores, and raise so high the Seas,
 That the wide Hollow would not long contain
 Th' unequal Treasures of the swelling Main :
 Scorning the Mounds which now its Tide with-
 stand,
 The Sea would pass the Shores, and drown the
 Land.

Tell, by what Paths, what subterranean Ways,
 Back to the Fountain's Head the Sea conveys
 The refluent Rivers, and the Land repays.
 Tell, what superior, what controuling Cause
 Makes Waters in contempt of Nature's Laws,
 Climb up, and gain th' aspiring Mountains height
 Swift and forgetful of their Native Weight.
 What happy Works, what Engines under Ground
 What Instruments of curious Art are found,

Whi

Which must with everlasting Labour play,
 Back to their Springs the Rivers to convey,
 And keep their Correspondence with the Sea? }

Perhaps you'll say, their Streams the Rivers owe
 In part to Rain, in part to melting Snow;
 And that th' attracted watry Vapours rise
 From Lakes and Seas, and fill the lower Skies:
 These when condens'd the airy Region pours
 On the dry Earth in Rain, or gentle Show'rs.
 Th'insinuating Drops sink thro' the Sand,
 And pass the porous Strainers of the Land;
 Which fresh Supplies of Watry Riches bring
 To ev'ry River's Head, to each exhausted Spring.
 The Streams are thus, their Losses to repair,
 Back to their Source transmitted thro' the Air.
 The Waters still their circling Course maintain,
 Flow down in Rivers, and return in Rain.

And on the Soil with Heat immoderate dry'd,
To which the Rain's pure Treasures are deny'd,
The Mountains more sublime in *Ether* rise,
Transfix the Clouds, and tow'r amidst the Skies:
The snowy Fleeces, which their Heads involve,
Still stay in part, and still in part dissolve.

Torrents and loud impetuous Cataracts
Thro' Roads abrupt, and rude unfashion'd Tracts
Roll down the lofty Mountains channell'd sides,
And to the Vale convey their foaming Tides.
At length, to make their various Currents one,
The Congregated Floods together run.

These Confluent Streams make some great Ri-
ver's Head,

By Stores still melting and descending fed.
Thus from th' aspiring Mountains of the Moon
Dissolving Treasures rush in Torrents down;

Which

Which pass the Sun-burnt Realms and sandy Soil,
And bless th' *Egyptian* Nation with their *Nile*:
Then whoso'er his secret Rife would know,
Must climb the Hills, and trace his Head in Snow.
And tho' the *Rhine*, the *Danube* and the *Rhone*,
All ample Rivers of our milder Zone,
While they advance along the Flats and Plains,
Spread, by the Show'rs augmented, and the Rains;
Yet these their Source and first Beginning owe
To Stores, that from the *Alpine* Mountains flow.
Hence, when the Snows in Winter cease to weep,
And undissolv'd their flaky Texture keep,
The Banks with ease their humble Streams con-
tain,
Which swell in Summer, and those Banks disdain.
Be this Account allow'd, say, do not here
Th' Impressions of Consummate Art appear?

In ev'ry spacious Realm a rising Ground,
Observers tell, is in the Middle found ;
That all the Streams, which flow from either side,
May thro' the Valleys unobstructed glide.
What various Kingdoms does the *Danube* lave,
Before the *Euxine* Sea receives its Wave?
How many Nations of the Sun-burnt Soil
Does *Niger* bless? how many drink the *Nile*?
Thro' what vast Regions near the rising Sun
Does *Indus*, *Ganges*, and *Hydaspes* run?
What happy Empires, wide *Euphrates*, team,
And pregnant grow by thy prolifick Stream?
How many spacious Countries does the *Rhine*,
In winding Banks, and Mazes serpentine,
Traverse, before he splits in *Belgia's* Plain,
And lost in Sand creeps to the *German* Main?
Floods which thro' *Indian* Realms their Course
pursue,
That *Mexico* enrich, and wash *Peru*,

With their unwearied Streams yet farther pass,
Before they reach the Sea, and end their Race.
And since the Rivers and the Floods demand,
For their Descent, a prone and sinking Land,
Does not this due Declivity declare
A wise Director's providential Care?

See, how the Streams advancing to the Main
Thro' crooked Channels draw their Chrystal
Train.

While lingring thus they in *Meanders* glide,
They scatter verdant Life on either side.
The Valleys smile, and with their flowry Face
And wealthy Births confess the Floods embrace.
But this great Blessing would in part be lost,
Nor would the Meads their blooming Plenty boast,
Did uncheck'd Rivers draw their fluid Train
In Lines direct, and rapid seek the Main.

The Sea does next demand our View ; and there
No less the Marks of perfect Skill appear.

When first the Atomes to the Congress came,
And by their Concourse form'd the mighty Frame,

What did the Liquid to th' Assembly call,

To give their Aid to form the pond'rous Ball?

First, tell us, why did any come? next, why

In such a disproportion to the Dry?

Why were the Moist in Number so outdone,

That to a Thousand Dry, they are but one?

When they united, and together clung,

When undistinguish'd in one Heap they hung,

How was the Union broke, the Knot unty'd,

What did th' entangled Elements divide?

Why did the Moist disjoyn'd, without respect

To their less Weight, the lowest Seat elect?

Could they dispense to lye below the Land,

With Nature's Law, and unrepeal'd Command;

Which

Which gives to lighter Things the greatest height,
And Seats Inferior to Superior Weight?

Did they foresee, unless they lay so low,
The restless Flood the Land would overflow,
By which the Delug'd Earth would useless grow?

What, but a Conscious Agent, could provide
The spacious Hollow, where the Waves reside?
Where barr'd with Rock, and fenc'd with Hills,
the Deep

Does in its Womb the Floating Treasures keep;
And all the raging Regiments restrain

In stated Limits, that the swelling Main

May not in Triumph o'er the Frontier ride,

And thro' the Land licentious spread its Tide?

What other Cause the Frame could so contrive,

That when tempestuous Winds the Ocean drive,

They cannot break the Tye, nor disunite

The Waves, which roll Connected in their flight?

Their

Their Bands, tho' slack, no Diffolution fear,
 Th' unsever'd Parts the greatest Pressure bear,
 Tho' loose, and fit to flow, they still cohere. }
 This apt, this wise Contexture of the Sea,
 Makes it the Ships driv'n by the Winds obey;
 Whence hardy Merchants Sail from Shoar to Shoar,
 Bring *India's* Spices Home, and *Guinea's* Oar.

When you with Liquid Stores have fill'd the
 Deep,

What does the Flood from Putrefaction keep?
 Should it lye Stagnant in its ample Seat,
 The Sun would thro' it spread Destructive Heat.
 The Wise Contriver on his End intent,
 Careful this fatal Error to prevent,
 And keep the Waters from Corruption free,
 Mixt them with Salt, and Season'd all the Sea.

What

What other Cause could this Effect produce?
The Brackish Tincture thro' the Main diffuse?
You, who to Solar Beams this Task assign,
To scald the Waves, and turn the Tide to Brine,
Reflect, that all the Fluid Stores which sleep
In the remotest Caverns of the Deep,
Have of the Briny Force a greater Share,
Than those above, that meet the Ambient Air.
Others, but oh how much in vain! erect
Mountains of Salt, the Ocean to infect.
Who, vers'd in Nature, can describe the Land,
Or fix the Place on which those Mountains stand?
Why have those Rocks so long unwasted stood,
Since, lavish of their Stock, they thro' the Flood,
Have, Ages past, their melting Chrystal spread,
And with their Spoils the Liquid Regions fed?

Yet

Yet more, the Wise Contriver did provide,
 To keep the Sea from stagnating the Tide; }
 Which now we see advance, and now subside. }
 If you exclude this great Directing Mind,
 Declare what Cause of this Effect you find.
 You who this Globe round its own Axis drive,
 From that Rotation this Event derive:
 You say, the Sea, which with unequal pace,
 Attends the Earth in this its rapid Race,
 Does with its Waves fall backward to the West,
 And thence repell'd, advances to the East:
 While this revolving Motion does indure,
 The Deep must reel, and rush from Shoar to Shoar.
 Thus to the Setting, and the rising Sun,
 Alternate Tides in stated Order run.
 Th' Experiments you bring us, to explain
 This Notion, are impertinent and vain.

An Orb or Ball round its own Axis whirl;
Will not the Motion to a distance hurl
Whatever Dust or Sand you on it place,
And Drops of Water from its Convex Face?
If this Rotation does the Seas affect,
The rapid Motion rather would eject
The Stores, the low Capacious Caves contain,
And from its ample Basin cast the Main;
Aloft in Air would make the Ocean fly,
And dash its scatter'd Waves against the Sky.

If you, to solve th' Appearance, have recourse
To the bright Sun's, or Moon's impulsive Force;
Do you, who call for Demonstration, tell
How distant Orbs th' Obedient Flood impel.
This strong Myfterious Influence explain,
By which, to swell the Waves, they prefs the Main.

But

But if you chuse Magnetic Pow'r, and say
 Those Bodies by Attraction move the Sea;
 Till with new Light you make this Secret known
 And tell us how 'tis by Attraction done,
 You leave the Mind in Darknes still involv'd,
 Nor have you, like Philosophers, resolv'd
 The Doubts, which we to Reas'ning Men refer
 But with a Cant of Words abuse the Ear.

Those, who assert the Lunar Orb presides
 O'er Humid Bodies, and the Ocean guides:
 Whose Waves obsequious ebb, or swelling run
 With the declining or increasing Moon;
 With Reason seem her Empire to maintain,
 As Mistress of the Rivers and the Main.
 Perhaps her active Influences cause
 Th' alternate Flood, and give the Billow Laws

The Waters seem her Orders to obey,
And ebb and flow, determin'd by her Sway.

Grant that the Deep this foreign Sovereign
owns,

That mov'd by her it this and that way runs.

Say, by what Force she makes the Ocean swell,

Does she attract the Waters, or impell?

How does she rule the rolling Waves, and guide

By fixt and constant Laws, the restless Tide?

Why does she dart her Force to that degree,

As gives so just a Motion to the Sea,

That it should flow no more, no more retire,

Than Nature's various useful Ends require?

A Mind Supream you therefore must approve,

Whose high Command caus'd Matter first to move:

Who still preserves its Course, and with respect

To his wise Ends, all Motions does direct.

He

He to the Silver Moon this Province gave,
And fixt her Empire o'er the Briny Wave:
Endu'd her with such just Decrees of Pow'r,
As might his Aims and wise Designs procure:
Might agitate and work the troubled Deep,
And rolling Waters from Corruption keep;
But not impell them o'er their Bounds of Sand,
Nor force the wastful Deluge o'er the Land.

