

**IMMORTALITY, A
POEM. IN
SIX BOOKS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649611393

Immortality, a Poem. In Six Books by Anonymous

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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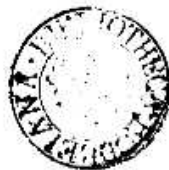
LONDON:

JOHN HEARNE, 81, STRAND.

1839.

944

TO MY COUNTRYMEN,
AND OTHERS,
THE FRIENDS OF LIBERTY,
POLITICAL AND MENTAL,
THIS POEM
IS DEDICATED, BY
THE AUTHOR.



IMMORTALITY:

A Poem.

BOOK I.

SEARCH where we will, since Time and Man hath been,
No Self-creating Power hath yet been seen.
The wondrous stories of the olden while,
Of plastic powers lodged in the mud of Nile,
Deceive no more. Read nature, and 't is plain
In all the windings of her wide domain,
Where beasts, birds, fishes, insects walk or fly,
Or swim or creep beneath earth's canopy,
None have self-form'd appear'd; each owns a sire,
Whose first sires own'd a God's creating fire.
But men of every clime, of every name,
The most of all the Deity proclaim;
Their reasoning power, which sees from sire to son
Their race continued, sees, in every one,
A being powerless o'er himself; the last
With all the generations which are past
Away, alike, by every art have striven,
In vain, but to prolong the being given:
None ever dream'd of self-creation! none
Have seen the wonders of creation done.

To man alone, kind nature's law bestows
 The power of inference, from what he knows.
 Where leads it then? Of earliest time inquire!
 It points unerringly to a first sire,
 Who could not make himself; but Being owed
 To Him, who had, unask'd, his life bestowed,
 Who is THE GOD—THE ALL-INTELLIGENT,
 OMNIPOTENT CREATOR: who hath sent
 His Power Almighty through all time, all space,
 Creating every world, and every race:
 With all, the power, through all degrees of life,
 Of perpetuity of kind is rife;
 Convincing reason; shewing common sense,
 The boundless bounty of Omnipotence;
 Convincing all, to God alone we owe
 The care-full blessing of this life below.
 I hence conclude, 't is all my reason can,
 The Godhead proved, proves immortality to man:
 For were all finish'd when this life is run,
 God hath done nought, or nought worth doing done,
 As it regardeth man. Could it be so,
 Man's thoughts his Maker's works would far outgo;
 God making man to merely mortal be,—
 While man has thought of immortality!
 Yet in all else, ev'n in this blade of grass,
 God's works, man's highest thoughts infinitely surpass.
 Man shall more knowledge have when Death shall be
 Revered,—the birth of immortality.
 Hail! power sublime, who must o'er all prevail,
 True leveller of man,—O Death, all hail!
 Would I could penetrate thy wide domain;
 Could all thy awful mysteries explain

To my bewilder'd race; and shew thy laws,
 Fix'd by TH' INTELLIGENT ETERNAL CAUSE
 OF ALL, are in the universal plan.
 Of equal justice, meant for doubting man;
 And that this chequer'd scene of various fate
 Is perfect as a probatory state:
 Ev'n doubt itself completes this wise intent,
 As none would rush on certain punishment.
 Could man but see the whole of nature's plan,
 'T would justify *Work of God in Man*.
 O that I knew which way to stretch the wing!
 What high rewards the God-like virtues bring,—
 What punishments great crimes,—I'd strive to sing.
 Whilst thus I mused, in evening's solemn hour,
 I sank as 'neath the mildly conquering power
 Of Death's diurnal sister—Sleep; thus free,
 Imagination can through nature see,
 To its far-hidden scenes unwearied fly,
 And compass more than waking mortal eye:
 Yet 't was not sleep, but the mind urged along
 By influence brighter far, and far more strong;
 An influence pointing beyond earthly cares,
 To other worlds, and life in other spheres.
 'T was thus I saw Death's awful form appear,
 Not garbless, fleshless, as he's drawn by fear;
 But as a learned seer, serenely bright,
 Whose pleasing province 't is to lead to light—
 Man,—groping man; whose vision cannot see
 His wondrous state through vast eternity.
 "Arise," he said, "and unto thee I'll shew
 What only true poetic minds can know,—
 What only to the favour'd few is given
 To see,—the real Hell—the real Heaven."

Struck with astonishment, I bow'd assent,
Not having words t' express my mind's intent:
Feelings of awe, all utterance denied;
Delight the needful confidence supplied.
When straight a cloud, bright as Aurora's blaze,
Buoyed us from earth: as dew by solar rays
Is raised, our smooth ascent; but swifter far
Than the cursed cannon speeds the shot in war;
Where men enslaved in bloody contests vie;
And, unregarded, endless thousands die,
Merc counters in these games of tyranny.
Such course uncheck'd, so distant took us soon,
That our fair earth but seem'd a larger moon;
And as a near approach the prospect cleared,
A lesser earth the silver moon appeared.
Ere I had well discern'd its land and flood,
Upon its rocky ground we firmly stood.
In wonder lost, I to my guide applied
For information. While on every side,
Unnumber'd objects soon convinced my mind—
Connected are all here with human kind.
"Behold," said he, "where yonder nodding wood,
Which twice ten ages of mankind hath stood
The solar heat in the long lunar days,
And dreary nights, relieved by earth's soft rays
Alone. There thou wilt on tribunals see
Good men of ages past, who mentally
Were heroes; all, of wise and gentle mind,—
Slaves, kings, plebeians, to no rank confined;
Selected solely from the just and wise,
As the *first* judges of each man that dies.
The final sentence rests with HIM alone
Whom error knows not. Here no prayers atone,

No promise of amendment can prevail,
Nor practice more;—forced goodness can't avail!
My seal impress'd affects eternity;
Erasure or addition cannot be.
Go thou to them, of kind reception sure.
By them thou 'lt learn what mankind now endure,
And what enjoy; through them wilt also see
How order'd, and what heavenly contests be,
And for what end: myself must haste away;
The numerous calls of each revolving day
Will not permit that I should longer stay:
Its scores unto my realm each minute brings,
Of slaves, serfs, peasants, freemen, peers and kings.
Farewell," he said, "we meet another day."
Then straight to earth he sped his rapid way.

Thus left alone, I to the wood drew near
With keen impatience, not unmix'd with fear:
When there approach'd, with evident intent,
Me to relieve of all embarrassment,
A faultless form, that might all eyes engage;
Youth, beauty, vigour, with the mind of age
In him conjoin'd, appear'd. "Hail! Son of Earth;"
He said, "thou mortal visitant where Death
Conveys thy fellow men; come, and with me,
Not blind, but wise, impartial justice see.
On each side openings from this beauteous glade,
Where trees, unnamed in mortal tongue, give shade,
Lead to a thousand open spaces, where
In each a seat or throne is fix'd, and there
Sit three on each, in judgment on mankind,
The chosen of the HIGHEST; souls refined,
But yet by laws immutable confined: