
THOUGHTS

*Alluding to, and in Part occasioned by
the CAPTIVITY and SUFFERINGS of
BENJAMIN GILBERT and his FAMILY.*

AS from the forest issues the fell boar,
So human ravagers, in deserts bred,
On the defenceless, peaceful hamlet pour
Wild waste o'er all, and sudden ruin spread!

Here undisguis'd, War's brutal spirit see,
Its venom'd nature to the root laid bare,
In which (trickt up in webs of policy)
Professing Christians vindicate their share.

Pompous profession, vaunting in a name,
Floats lightly on an ostentatious shew,
Nor dips sincere, in resignation's stream,
To bring memorials from the depths below.

Sophisticated dogmas of the schools,
The flatulent, unwholesome food of strife,
With zeal pedantic, for tradition's rules,
Still crucify the principle of life.

The woes of this probationary state,
Through life so mingled and diversified,
Derive their chief malignity and weight,
From murmuring discontent and captious pride.

Transient is human Life, all flesh as grâs,
The goodliness of man but as a flower.
Fine gold must through the fervid furnace pass;
Through death we immortality explore :