

**POEMS: TO WHICH ARE
ADDED CRITIQUES ON
METAPHYSICAL SUBJECTS**

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Poems: To Which Are Added Critiques on Metaphysical Subjects by G. H. Wood

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POEMS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

CRITIQUES

ON

METAPHYSICAL SUBJECTS.

BY G. H. WOOD.

"But is amusement all? Studios of song,
And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,
I would not trifle merely, though the world
Were loudest in their praise, who do no more."

COWPER'S TASK, book ii.

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DEDICATORY SONNETS.

TO THE REVEREND THOMAS ROBINSON, D.D.,
MASTER OF THE TEMPLE, RECTOR OF THERFIELD, AND
HONORARY PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S.

I.

To thee, my friend, I dedicate my lays,—
For well I ween that thou wilt not refuse
This grateful tribute of my humble muse,—
Thy kind approval, as in early days,
Would be my guerdon, and my highest praise ;
For thou art fraught with Poesy's hallow'd fire,
And skill'd to wake the soul-entrancing lyre,
And roam'st at will through all her flowery ways :
More worthy thou an angel's raptur'd lay,
Than be the subject of my lowly song,—
For thou art meet to join the heavenly throng :—
What tho' my debt of love I ne'er can pay !
'T is blest to owe a debt of gratitude
To those we love,—the virtuous, wise, and good.

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II.

HAD I an angel's harp or cherub's tongue,
 Or were I "fraught with Poesy's hallow'd fire,"
 And skill'd, like thee, to wake the raptur'd lyre,
 I'd pour the fulness of my heart in song,
 Thou most esteem'd of Friendship's sacred throng!
 Illum'd by Faith, fraught with Love's hallow'd fire,
 And pure in heart,—ah! well mayst thou aspire
 To hold thy seat the blissful saints among:
 At home, abroad, in India's¹ sunny clime,
 Thy name shall live throughout the course of time;
 And long as Persia's tongue on earth is known,
 To thee her sons their boundless debt shall own;
 In all the church thou art rever'd, belov'd,—
 For "every virtue under heaven" approv'd.

¹ Dr. R. was formerly Senior Chaplain of Poonah, Domestic Chaplain to the late Bishop Heber, and afterwards Archdeacon of Madras; and translated the Old Testament into Persian.

ON, on, my Bark, thy airy wings unfold,
Joyous to clasp the fair and favouring breeze,
And fearless speed along the treacherous seas,
Albeit thou bear'st within thy friendly hold
A freight more priz'd by me than gems or gold ;
And should foul winds or envious blasts assail,
No power malign 'gainst thee shall e'er prevail,
With Hope thy pilot, heaven-inspir'd and bold :
"Tutus in undis,"—words inform'd with power,—
Thy motto be, and prove a sovereign charm
All doubt to quell, and fear, and blind alarm :
Then speed thee on in love and friendship's hour,
And some sweet cherub sit aloft the while
To guard the Poet-Bark of Mona's Druid Isle.

INTRODUCTION.

In introducing this volume to the notice of the public, I beg leave to express the grateful sense I feel of the kind and generous support which I have received from all my friends,—some of them of forty years' standing,—not only in this my native Island, but throughout Great Britain; and I cherish the hope, that these effusions of my humble muse may prove not unworthy of their indulgent patronage.

Some of the Poems have been reprinted from "Fraser's Magazine" and other periodicals, though the greater portion of them has never before been published. A few, from a volume of mine which appeared in 1827, have been added at the desire of my friends.

In the *Strictures on Metaphysical Subjects*, inserted at the end of the work, I have endeavoured studiously to avoid all technical and scholastic phraseology, and to use the plainest and most familiar style of language, though involving some repetition, — my chief object and desire

being, to expound to the uninitiated the main points at issue between the antagonistic schools of the philosophers of the material and immaterial theories; at the same time hoping, that these deep and subtle speculations may be found not uninteresting or unedifying to the initiated, who delight in such intellectual studies, and who can sympathise with the bard in his enraptured apostrophe:—

“How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.”—*Comus*.

Moreover, I trust that the intelligent reader will perceive, in the perusal of these Strictures, that philosophy, rightly so called, is the handmaid of Divine revelation and true religion. And it was solely to promote the latter, and to overthrow infidelity and atheism, based on materialism, that the learned and pious Bishop Berkeley,¹ and his not less learned and pious contemporary, the Rev. Arthur Collier, propounded their incontrovertible metaphysical doctrines.

¹ So highly eulogised by Pope in the well-known line,—

“To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.”

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