

**www.e-rara.ch**

## **A view of Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy**

**Pemberton, Henry**

**London, 1728**

**ETH-Bibliothek Zürich**

Shelf Mark: Rar 8936

Persistent Link: <https://doi.org/10.3931/e-rara-2590>

A Poem on Sir Isaac Newton.

---

### **www.e-rara.ch**

Die Plattform e-rara.ch macht die in Schweizer Bibliotheken vorhandenen Drucke online verfügbar. Das Spektrum reicht von Büchern über Karten bis zu illustrierten Materialien – von den Anfängen des Buchdrucks bis ins 20. Jahrhundert.

e-rara.ch provides online access to rare books available in Swiss libraries. The holdings extend from books and maps to illustrated material – from the beginnings of printing to the 20th century.

e-rara.ch met en ligne des reproductions numériques d'imprimés conservés dans les bibliothèques de Suisse. L'éventail va des livres aux documents iconographiques en passant par les cartes – des débuts de l'imprimerie jusqu'au 20e siècle.

e-rara.ch mette a disposizione in rete le edizioni antiche conservate nelle biblioteche svizzere. La collezione comprende libri, carte geografiche e materiale illustrato che risalgono agli inizi della tipografia fino ad arrivare al XX secolo.

---

**Nutzungsbedingungen** Dieses Digitalisat kann kostenfrei heruntergeladen werden. Die Lizenzierungsart und die Nutzungsbedingungen sind individuell zu jedem Dokument in den Titelinformationen angegeben. Für weitere Informationen siehe auch [Link]

**Terms of Use** This digital copy can be downloaded free of charge. The type of licensing and the terms of use are indicated in the title information for each document individually. For further information please refer to the terms of use on [Link]

**Conditions d'utilisation** Ce document numérique peut être téléchargé gratuitement. Son statut juridique et ses conditions d'utilisation sont précisés dans sa notice détaillée. Pour de plus amples informations, voir [Link]

**Condizioni di utilizzo** Questo documento può essere scaricato gratuitamente. Il tipo di licenza e le condizioni di utilizzo sono indicate nella notizia bibliografica del singolo documento. Per ulteriori informazioni vedi anche [Link]

---

---

A  
P O E M

O N

Sir *ISAAC NEWTON*.

**T**O NEWTON's genius, and immortal fame  
Th' advent'rous muse with trembling pinion soars.  
Thou, heav'nly truth, from thy seraphick throne  
Look favourable down, do thou assist

My lab'ring thought, do thou inspire my song.

NEWTON, who first th' almighty's works display'd,

And smooth'd that mirror, in whose polish'd face

The great creator now conspicuous shines;

Who open'd nature's adamantine gates,

And to our minds her secret powers expos'd;

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 inthron'd, her head

Shall mingle with the Stars. Hail nature, hail,

O Goddess, handmaid of th' ethereal power,

Now lift thy head, and to th' admiring world

Shew thy long hidden beauty. Thee the wife

Of ancient fame, immortal PLATO's self,

The Stagyrite, and Syracusan sage,

From

## A POEM ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

From black obscurity's abyss to raise,  
(Drooping and mourning o'er thy wondrous works)  
With vain inquiry fought. Like meteors these  
In their dark age bright sons of wisdom shone:  
But at thy NEWTON all their laurels fade,  
They shrink from all the honours of their names.  
So glimm'ring stars contract their feeble rays,  
When the swift lustre of AURORA's face  
Flows o'er the skies, and wraps the heav'ns in light.

THE Deity's omnipotence, the cause,  
Th' original of things long lay unknown.  
Alone the beauties prominent to fight  
(Of the celestial power the outward form)  
Drew praise and wonder from the gazing world.  
As when the deluge overspread the earth,  
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 back the rising tides, and haughty floods,  
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  
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 th' obstructing mists  
Of ignorance away, beneath whose gloom  
Th' inhrouded majesty of Nature lay.  
He drew the veil and swell'd the spreading scene.  
How had the moon around th' ethereal void

Rang'd,

## A POEM ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

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,  
Or, when conspicuous, smiles upon mankind,  
Unveiling all her night-rejoicing charms.  
When thus the silver-tressed moon dispels  
The frowning horrors from the brow of night,  
And with her splendors cheers the fullen gloom,  
While fable-mantled darkness with his veil  
The visage of the fair horizon shades,  
And over nature spreads his raven wings ;  
Let me upon some unfrequented green  
While sleep fits heavy on the drowsy world,  
Seek out some solitary peaceful cell,  
Where darksome woods around their gloomy brows  
Bow low, and ev'ry hill's protended shade  
Obscures the dusky vale, there silent dwell,  
Where contemplation holds its still abode,  
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 magick circles, or behold,  
In thought enraptur'd 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 yon starry vault  
With admiration I attentive gaze,  
Thou shalt descend from thy celestial feat,

And

## A POEM ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

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'rings of th' 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 the 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 resistless 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 hide the sands,  
There ravenous destruction lurks conceal'd,  
There the ill-guided vessel falls a prey,  
And all her numbers gorge his greedy jaws.  
But quick returning see th' impetuous tides  
Back to th' abandon'd shores impell the main.  
Again the foaming seas extend their waves,  
Again the rouling floods embrace the shoars,  
And veil the horrors of the empty deep.  
Thus the obsequious seas your power confess,  
While from the surface healthful vapours rise  
Plenteous 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'rs  
May gently lave the sun-burnt thirsty plains,

Or

## A POEM ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Or to replenish all the empty air  
With wholesome moisture to increase the fruits  
Of earth, and bless the labours of mankind.  
O NEWTON, whether 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'ned mind t' appear  
Confess'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,  
In thought 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 Zephir's breath,  
To where the frozen hyperborean blasts,  
To where the boist'rous tempest-leading south  
From their deep hollow caves send forth their storms.  
Thou still indulgent parent of mankind,  
Lest humid emanations should no more  
Flow from the ocean, but dissolve away  
Through the long series of revolving time ;  
And lest the vital principle decay,  
By which the air supplies the springs of life ;  
Thou hast the fiery visag'd comets form'd

[ b ]

With

## A POEM on Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

With vivifying spirits all replete,  
Which they abundant breathe about the void,  
Renewing the prolifick 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 mystic periods their obeysance pay  
To him majestic 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 laws  
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 Castalia's ever-flowing stream,  
That re-inspired she may sing to thee,  
How NEWTON dar'd advent'rous to unbraid  
The yellow tresses of thy shining hair.  
Or didst thou gracious leave thy radiant sphere,  
And to his hand thy lucid splendours give,  
T' unweave the light-diffusing wreath, and part

The

## A POEM ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

The blended glories of thy golden plumes?  
He with laborious, and unerring care,  
How diff'rent and imbodied 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 diff'rent 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 fair vesture of unnumber'd hues  
Array the show'ry bow. At thy approach  
The morning risen 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-day skies in radiant azure clad,  
The shining clouds, and silver vapours rob'd  
In white transparent intermixt with gold,  
With bright variety of splendor cloath  
All the illuminated face above.  
When hoary-headed winter back retires  
To the chill'd pole, there solitary sits  
Encompas'd round with winds and tempests bleak  
In caverns of impenetrable ice,  
And from behind the dissipated gloom  
Like a new Venus from the parting fudge  
The gay-apparell'd spring advances on;  
When thou in thy meridian brightness sitt'st,  
And from thy throne pure emanations flow

## A POEM ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Of glory bursting o'er the radiant skies :  
Then let the muse Olympus' top ascend,  
And o'er Theffalia's plain extend her view,  
And count, O Tempe, all thy beauties o'er.  
Mountains, whose fummits grasp the pendant clouds,  
Between their wood-invelop'd slopes embrace  
The green-attired vallies. Every flow'r  
Here in the pride of bounteous nature clad  
Smiles on the bosom of th' enamell'd meads,  
Over the smiling lawn the silver floods  
Of fair Peneus gently roul along,  
While the reflected colours from the flow'rs,  
And verdant borders pierce the lympid waves,  
And paint with all their variegated hue  
The yellow sands beneath. Smooth gliding on  
The waters hasten to the neighbouring sea.  
Still the pleas'd eye the floating plain pursues;  
At length, in Neptune's wide dominion lost,  
Surveys the shining billows, that arise  
Apparell'd each in Phœbus' bright attire :  
Or from a far some tall majestick ship,  
Or the long hostile lines of threat'ning fleets,  
Which o'er the bright uneven mirror sweep,  
In dazzling gold and waving purple deckt ;  
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  
The trembling walls of Potidæa shook.  
Crested with pendants curling with the breeze  
The upright masts high bristle in the air,  
Aloft exalting proud their gilded heads.  
The silver waves against the painted prows  
Raise their resplendent bosoms, and impearl

The

## A POEM ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

The fair vermilion with their glitt'ring drops :  
And from on board the iron-cloathed host  
Around the main a gleaming horreur casts ;  
Each flaming buckler like the mid-day sun,  
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-erected fanes,  
Fair citadels, and marble-crowned towers,  
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,  
Up to the skies th' imperious mountain-heaves  
The shining verdure of the nodding woods.  
See where the silver Hippoerene flows,  
Behold each glitt'ring rivulet, and rill  
Through mazes wander down the green descent,  
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.  
Here thou, O HOMER, offer'dst up thy vows ;  
Thee, the kind muse CALLIOPEA heard,  
And led thee to the empyrean seats,  
There manifested to thy hallow'd eyes  
The deeds of gods; thee wise MINERVA taught  
The wondrous art of knowing human kind ;  
Harmonious PHOEBUS tun'd thy heav'nly mind,  
And swell'd to rapture each exalted sense ;  
Even MARS the dreadful battle-ruling god,  
MARS taught thee war, and with his bloody hand

Instructed

## A POEM ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Instructed thine, when in thy founding lines  
We hear the rattling of Bellona's carr,  
The yell of discord, and the din of arms.  
PINDAR, when mounted on his fiery steed,  
Soars to the sun, opposing eagle like  
His eyes undazled to the fiercest rays.  
He firmly seated, not like GLAUCUS' 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 through eternal orbits roul beneath.  
But thou all hail immortalized son  
Of harmony, all hail thou Thracian bard,  
To whom APOLLO gave his tuneful lyre.  
O might'st thou, ORPHEUS, now again revive,  
And NEWTON should inform thy list'ning ear  
How the soft notes, and soul-inchanting strains  
Of thy own lyre were on the wind convey'd.  
He taught the muse, how found 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  
Through the enraptur'd ear to inmost thought,  
And folds the senses in its silken bands.  
So the sweet musick, which from ORPHEUS' touch  
And fam'd AMPHION's, on the founding string  
Arose harmonious, gliding on the air,  
Pierc'd the tough-bark'd and knotty-ribbed woods,  
Into their saps soft inspiration breath'd  
And taught attention to the stubborn oak.  
Thus when great HENRY, and brave MARLB'ROUGH led

Th'

## A POEM on Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

Th' imbattled numbers of BRITANNIA's sons,  
The trump, that swells th' expanded cheek of fame,  
That adds new vigour to the gen'rous youth,  
And rouses fluggish cowardize it self,  
The trumpet with its Mars-inciting voice,  
The winds broad breast impetuous sweeping o'er  
Fill'd the big note of war. Th' inspired host  
With new-born ardor press the trembling GAUL;  
Nor greater throngs had reach'd eternal night,  
Not if the fields of Agencourt had yawn'd  
Exposing horrible the gulf of fate;  
Or roaring 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 venerated name.  
Then let her sweep the loud-resounding lyre  
Again, again o'er each melodious 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'ns obstructive 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 Peneus' streams and golden sands  
In Tempe's vale dull melancholy sits,  
And every flower reclines its languid head.

By

## A POEM ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

By what high name shall I invoke thee, say,  
Thou life-infusing deity, on thee  
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 found rouls thro' th' undulating air,  
O had he, baffling times resistless power,  
Discover'd what that subtle spirit is,  
Or whatsoe'er 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 through their surface pierce.  
But since embrac'd by th' icy arms of age,  
And his quick thought by times cold hand congeal'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,  
Now unobstructed, all th' extensive scenes  
Of the ethereal ruler's works arise ;  
When he beholds this earth he late adorn'd,  
Let him not see philosophy in tears,  
Like a fond mother solitary fit,  
Lamenting him her dear, and only child.  
But as the wife PYTHAGORAS, and he,  
Whose birth with pride the fam'd Abdera boasts,  
With expectation having long survey'd  
This spot their antient seat, with joy beheld  
Divine philosophy at length appear  
In all her charms majestically fair,  
Conducted by immortal NEWTON'S hand :

## A POEM ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

So may he see another sage arise,  
That shall maintain her empire: then no more  
Imperious ignorance with haughty sway  
Shall stalk rapacious o'er the ravag'd globe:  
Then thou, O NEWTON, shalt protect these lines,  
The humble tribute of the grateful muse;  
Ne'er shall the sacrilegious hand despoil  
Her laurel'd temples, whom his name preserves:  
And were she equal to the mighty theme,  
Futurity should wonder at her song;  
Time should receive her with extended arms,  
Seat her conspicuous in his rousing carr,  
And bear her down to his extremeft bound.

FABLES with wonder tell how Terra's fons  
With iron force unloos'd the stubborn nerves  
Of hills, and on the cloud-enshrouded top  
Of Pelion Ossa pil'd. But if the vast  
Gigantick deeds of savage strength demand  
Astonishment from men, what then shalt thou,  
O what expreffive rapture of the foul,  
When thou before us, NEWTON, dost display  
The labours of thy great excelling mind;  
When thou unveileft all the wondrous fcene,  
The vast idea of th' eternal king,  
Not dreadful bearing in his angry arm  
The thunder hanging o'er our trembling heads;  
But with th' effulgency of love replete,  
And clad with power, which form'd th' extensive heavens.  
O happy he, whose enterprizing hand  
Unbars the golden and relucid gates  
Of th' empyrean dome, where thou enthron'd  
Philofophy art feated. Thou fustain'd  
By the firm hand of everlasting truth

[c]

Despifefst

## A POEM ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Despiseſt all the injuries of time :  
Thou never know'ſt decay when all around,  
Antiquity obſcures her head. Behold  
Th' Egyptian towers, the Babylonian walls,  
And Thebes with all her hundred gates of braſs,  
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 Germania's ſoil  
To the black Euxine's far remoted ſhore,  
O'er the wide bounds of mighty nations ſweep'ſt  
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 ground,  
No longer then to inundations ſwol'n  
Th' imperious waves the fertile paſtures drench,  
But ſhrunk within a narrow channel glide ;  
Or through the year's reiterated courſe  
When time himſelf grows old, your wond'rous ſtreams  
Loſt ev'n to memory ſhall lie unknown  
Beneath obſcurity, and Chaos whelm'd.  
But ſtill thou ſun illuminateſt all  
The azure regions round, thou guideſt ſtill  
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 ev'ry dark obſtruction ſhall retire,  
And ev'ry ſecret yield its hidden ſtore,  
Which thee dim-ſighted age forbad to ſee  
Age that alone could ſtay thy riſing ſoul.  
And could mankind among the fixed ſtars,

E'en

## A POEM ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

E'en to th' extremeſt bounds of knowledge reach,  
To thoſe unknown innumerable ſuns,  
Whoſe light but glimmers from thoſe diſtant worlds,  
Ev'n to thoſe utmoſt boundaries, thoſe bars  
That ſhut the entrance of th' illumin'd ſpace  
Where angels only tread the vaſt unknown,  
Thou ever ſhould'ſt be ſeen immortal there :  
In each new ſphere, each new-appearing ſun,  
In fartheſt regions at the very verge  
Of the wide univerſe ſhould'ſt 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  
Upreads the trophies of great NEWTON's fame.

R. GLOVER.