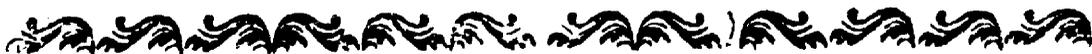


Joseph Strong. — the gift of
— Mrs. Joseph Gordon —



Youth's Triumph :

A

P O E M

OR

V I S I O N.







YOUTH'S TRIUMPH:

A

P O E M O R V I S I O N.

IN which, PLEASURE, HONOUR, and WEALTH, make their Address to a Youth for supreme Respect; Virtue interposes, by Way of Address, and wins the Youth, who thereupon Triumphs.



MY Muse, now sing the rare, the happy Youth,
In the fair Bloom of *Piety* and *Truth*:
Divinely gay, divinely good and wise,
Peerless on Earth, the Darling of the Skies.

In Virtue rich, the Pledge and early Bloom,
Of Youth immortal, in the World to come:
Blest with the Sight of blazing Glory nigh,
In Hope sublime, in Joys and Triumphs high.

When

When balmy Sleep had lull'd all Care to Rest,
 Vision's gay Images, the Mind possess't.
 The Muse befriended by the Morn serene,
 Collects, refines, and sings, what then was seen.

Three *Nymphs* like Goddeffes, grand in their Mein,
 By Words and Charms they vy'd, the Youth to win ;
 Virtue beheld, and clasp'd within her Arms,
 Repelling Force by Force, with brighter Charms.

PLEASURE the fair, the all-careffing Dame,
 Gay in her Form, Charmes in her very Name,
 First enterpriz'd, and all her Pow'r essay'd ;
 To gain the Youth, high was the Boast she made.

Soft was her Speech, and glit'ring was her Vest,
 Artful her Strain, she thus the Youth address'd ;
 ' Attend, most lovely Youth, obey my Voice ;
 ' Make me, the darling Object of your Choice.

' Music and Mirth, with ev'ry wanton Air,
 ' What ever will delight, and Bar out Fear ;
 ' Make Conscience sleep, free from Remorse and Woe,
 ' These Opiates, I freely will bestow.

' Not Youth alone, are charm'd with my Repast,
 ' I am the World's great *First*, and I the *Last* :
 ' Not like to *Athens'* Deity—unknown,
 ' My Name all Mortals know, my Charms they own.

' The Sons of Wealth, of Honour and of Shame,
 ' In Motives jarr ; accord, in me their Aim :
 ' All Ranks submit, to my dispotic Sway ;
 ' For me they live, or give their Lives away.

Refign

' *Reign, gay Youth, to my imper'al Reign,*
 * *While Pulse for Bliss beat high in ev'ry Vein :*
 * *Let all the Passions of a lawless Mind,*
 * *Feel their own Fire, and kindle unconfind.'*

She ceas'd—

FAME soon appear'd, in her effulgent Rays,
 Her Face beam'd Honour in a gushing Blaze ;
 In gay Magnificence she stood a while,
 In open View, with Rad'ence on her Smile.

She Silence broke, most delicate her Theme,
 Splendors, Rewards, and all that merits Name :
 * *Gay Youth, give me your Love, while I invite,*
 * *To crown your Life, with exquisite Delight.*

* *When I my Glories wave in Character,*
 * *Suitors from Thrones, Pulpits, the Bench and Bar,*
 * *All suppliant, my Shrine attend, and wait,*
 * *My Trump to sound, WELL DONE, THE MAN IS*
 * *GREAT.*

* *The Sov'reign, and the Slave, fix me their Aim,*
 * *Forgot, inglorious Act, then blush my Name :*
 * *Those who have wrote, me to revile, mistook ;*
 * *For me they fix'd their Names, to the same Book.*

* *Heroes for me, welcome Wars loud Alarms,*
 * *In bloody Fields, me they pursue, in Arms :*
 * *'Tis I record the Triumphs they have won,*
 * *And gild the Thread of Life, with Glory spun.*

* *See how I shine, in ev'ry Coat of Arms,*
 * *Where Thousands gaze, high-raptur'd with my*
 * *Charms ;*

* The

‘ The Wastes of Time and Death, I long out-brave ;
 ‘ The Marble holds me safe, above the Grave.

‘ While I, brave Youth, invite, give me your
 ‘ Heart,
 ‘ And share the Bliss of Grandeur I impart ;
 ‘ Crown’d with Applause, your celebrated Name,
 ‘ Shall stand inroll’d, amongst the Sons of Fame.’

She ceas’d—

WEALTH next advanc’d, a Dame in glitt’ring Hue,
 And strove to rival both the former two ;
 Diamonds her Crown, her flowing Robe of Gold,
 Thick set with Pearls, Splendors to view unfold.

Lightly she danc’d along, and thus begun,
 ‘ I from the rising to the setting Sun,
 ‘ A Goddess am, have more of Worship giv’n,
 ‘ Than fam’d Diana, or the God of Heav’n.

‘ Gay Youth, ’tis I bestow, what you desire,
 ‘ The Pride of Life, to make the World admire ;
 ‘ For me the Sailor quits his home-born Ease,
 ‘ Rides with the raging Storm, and ploughs the Seas.

‘ Monarchs of wide Command, and growing Fame,
 ‘ Their Grandeur owe, to my resplendent Beam ;
 ‘ ’Tis by my or’ent Blaze, the Nations shine ;
 ‘ They crave my Smile, and give me Praise Divine.

‘ If I suspend my Beam, and Frown on you,
 ‘ Shame, Poverty, and ills on ills insue :
 ‘ Bow to my Shrine, my blended Glories know ;
 ‘ Luxurent Joy, and Fame I will bestow.’

She ceas’d—

VIRTUE which glow'd with univ'rsal Love,
 Sublime her Birth, descending from above;
 In sacred Flame, resent'd what she heard :
 Unvail'd herself, in native Charms appear'd.

No borrow'd Bloom, nor artful Die, she wore,
 As she drew near, her Features pleas'd the more :
 A Vest of snowy white, was her Attire ;
 Serene her Eye, darting celestial Fire.

Sweet Majesty, the Lustre of her Face,
 August she trod, her ev'ry Air was Grace :
 Her Beauties like to those, in Realms above,
 Where Youth immortal dwells in blissful Love.

Her Words inspire, with Joy and awful Fear,
 All Truth Divine, winning, and all sincere ;
 Breathing Benevolence, and heav'nly Bliss,
 Boundless ETERNITY gave Emphasis.

While, awful and endearing Glories blaz'd,
 Sudden, her all-pathetic Voice she rais'd ;
 Dear Youth, while warring Passions are at Strife,
 Be calm, and listen to the Words of Life.

' Mistake me not, by present modish Fame ;
 RELIGION was, and is my proper Name :
 Raptures deep felt, 'tis I alone impart,
 To banish Ills, and to sublime the Heart.

' Vain Promises, delusive *Dames* have made ;
 Unblest, accurst, are all by *them* betray'd :
 Fame, Wealth, and Joy, that vanish when you die,
 Dart Woe, and beggar, to Eternity.

' In lustful *Sodom's* everlasting Fate,
 ' There see, how sensual Joys will Terminate :
 ' Burning in Lust, when Vengeance took her Aim
 ' Re-thunder'd Hell, in an eternal Flame.

' By *Herod* learn, what 'tis to Thirst for Fame,
 ' Keen was his Thirst, proud Worm, to steal Go
 ' Name :
 ' Justice resents, arm'd Death in hid'ous Forms,
 ' Sudden, He fell a Prey to fellow Worms.

' Go learn, where 'tis inscrib'd, in sacred Blood,
 ' That *Judas* did, for Wealth betray his God :
 ' His God in Vengeance clad, resenting this,
 ' Sent him, to his own Place, Hell's dark Abyfs.

' Charms that delude you to the Pit of Woe,
 ' For Virtue's boundless Prize, you must forego !
 ' Pleasures all adequate, you shall receive ;
 ' Replete with Joys divine, immortal live.

' A fateless Thirst for Bliss, within the Mind,
 ' Is Proof of Immortality design'd :
 ' If Souls henceforth, eternal are in Date,
 ' Objects of Bliss, must be commensurate.

' Passions are Rays of an eternal Fire ;
 ' They'll Flame intense, when Time and Worlds e
 ' pire :
 ' Reason must guide them, in their boundless Flight
 ' Virtue will fix, on Objects infinite.

' Then let them glow, with an eternal Flame,
 ' The source of Bliss, will be the great, I AM :

A Stream of endless Joys, He will impart,
And kindle flaming Raptures in the Heart.

‘ Come then, dear Youth, make me your Choice,
‘ and I
‘ Will you exalt, to share those Joys on high :
‘ When all below, no longer has a Name,
‘ I’ll give eternal Gain, eternal Fame.

‘ Sin I subdue, and form the Soul for Heav’n ;
‘ Light, Love, and Joy, first Fruits, by me are giv’n,
‘ With Hope, sweet Peace ; and Love your Soul shall
‘ fire,
‘ To praise in Realms, where Angels string the *Lyre*.

‘ Amidst the Storms of Life, a World of Woe,
‘ Support, Counsel, and Aid, I will bestow :
‘ Your Passions calm, unshaken in your Mind,
‘ To Heav’ns, Will supreme, your own resign’d.

‘ Then in the final Hour, when Death invades,
‘ I will afford, my all-supporting Aids :
‘ Safety, or more, a Triumph you shall have,
‘ And sing, the *Victor’s* Conquest o’er the Grave.

‘ The Soul dismiss’d from Clay, and Ills of Time,
‘ Shall soar to Joys immortal and sublime :
‘ Angels your Convoys, to the realms of Day,
‘ Will sing, and give you Musick by the Way.

‘ Then the eternal Judge, will you approve,
‘ And welcome you, to extasy of Love :
‘ All Heav’n rejoice, in your new blest abode,
‘ In Bliss immense, before the Throne of God.

• Where you array'd, in Robes of daz'ling Light,
 • In Bloom of Youth, beaming divinely bright,
 • Shall triumph in your Choice of Virtue's Prize,
 • And join the Songs, and Raptures of the Skies.

• Thou lovely Youth, *all this*, for ever thine,
 • If thou thy willing Soul, to me resign :
 • I speak the Truth of the eternal God,
 • 'Tis ratify'd by Oath, and sacred Blood,

The young *Triphono*, who attentive heard,
 Then rose, in ev'ry blooming Grace appear'd,
 From Meditation deep, now mark'd the Way,
 Nor Moments hesitated what to say.

• VIRTUE, thy lovely charms, thy winning Pow'r,
 • Have been display'd, in a most welcome Hour :
 • Conviction strikes ; I've seen all here below,
 • Delusive Vanity, an empty show.

• That Sin and Guilt, as *Sinai's* Curse proclaims,
 • Justly expose, to Hell's engulfing Flames :
 • The thirsty Vengeance of the Law of God,
 • Is quench'd, by the Almighty Saviour's Blood.

• His all-sufficing Righteousness, and Grace.
 • His spreading Arms, invite me to embrace :
 • His Glories captivate, with sweet controul ;
 • Hail, welcome Virtue, to my thirsty Soul.

• Without reserve, I am forever thine,
 • In honour to my Lord, oh ! make me shine.
 • Virtue, I feel thy sacred Flame enliv'n ;
 • Thou Pledge of Glory, and thou Dawn of Heav'n.
 • Yet

' Yet more and more, impress thy Stamp divine,
 ' Direct, support, give joy, glow and refine ;
 ' Ray out in Death, and guard me in my Flight,
 ' To the full Raptures of eternal Light.

In Vision then I heard, or seem'd to hear,
 Angelick Sounds, melod'ous to the Ear :
 The joyful Choirs above, in flaming Lays
 The Triumph join'd, with their exalted Praise.

Triphono too I heard, triumphant o'er,
 The *Trinity*, which thoughtless Crowds adore :
 Then thus,——' Ye Goddeses, I hate your Lies,
 ' You charm, you cheat, and fool your own Allies.

' Vast Boast of Happiness, of Gain and Fame,
 ' 'Tis all delusive Pomp, a perfect Sham :
 ' A constant Toil, a mighty Enterprize ;
 ' When young a Fool, nor in old Age more wise.

' A wretched Life, your Vot'ries spend for Bliss ;
 ' Then o'er their Graves, for *Epitaph* have this,
 ' A Youth in Follies, and old Age in Woe,
 ' Then plung'd, in everlasting Flames below.

' Vile *Sorcerers*, thus to beguile to Hell,
 ' With boasted Bliss, that ends where Horrors dwell.
 ' Can you diffuse Delight, and well impart,
 ' Light, Life, and Cordials to a sin-sick Heart.

' When Earth, Sea, Skies, in ancient Chaos hurl'd,
 ' And Heaven's Terrors, fright a guilty World,
 ' When Desolation spreads her lordly Fear,
 ' Then boast your mighty Bliss, 'a Heart felt Chear.'

' Vain Boast, Souls are immortal in their Name,
 ' The intellectual Thirst, eternal Flame :
 ' To quench the Thirst of the unbounded Mind,
 ' Your boasted Bliss, serves but as empty Wind.

' A Thirst for Bliss, when rightly understood,
 ' Must have substantial, and immortal Good :
 ' You raise deluded Souls to hope on Air,
 ' Mock *Nymphs*, then head-long plunge, in black
 ' Despair.

' The *all* of Pleasure, is an airy Dream,
 ' Polluted Breath, the *all* of noisy Fame,
 ' The *all* of Wealth, Dust glitt'ring with a Ray,
 ' The *all* of each, the *Rhantom* of a Day.

' The Pleasure Virtue gives, true and refin'd,
 ' Her Fame, a weight of Glory in the Mind,
 ' Her Wealth, the Treasures of the Deity,
 ' All real, their *Motto* Immortality.

' Since I have fully bow'd, to Virtue's Shrine,
 ' From her full Source, my Pleasures flow divine ;
 ' Sweet and immortal Pledge of Joys on high,
 ' For Souls, and Virtue's Flame, can never die.

' I triumph in my Choice, by Virtue blest,
 ' With the first Joys of everlasting Rest :
 ' My Spirit burns, to see my God above,
 ' Where cloudless Shines, inflame eternal Love.

' To Him I'll consecrate my future Days,
 ' Eternal be, his ample Round of Praise !
 ' Ye Goddesses, your gilded Charms are o'er,
 ' Hiss and be gone, adieu, tempt me no more.'

Sudden.

Sudden, I saw them wing their rapid Way,
 To dark Abodes, remote from Wisdom's Ray :
 There Temples fix'd, and Honours sought Divine,
 Vast Crowds of young and old, bow'd to their Shrine.

From thence, I turn'd my Eye, to open Day,
 Triphono there I saw, divinely Gay :
 Drest in a Robe, that qualifies for Heav'n,
 Triumphant in the Prize, by Virtue giv'n.

Humble in Life, by Virtue's Pow'r and Skill,
 Wise to obey, the *all* of Heaven's Will :
 Cheerful in Death, dropping the brittle Clay :
 Then took the Flight, for Bliss in endless Day.

Triphono there I saw, before the Throne,
 In Life, and Love, and Extasies unknown
 To all, but those in blisful blazing Light ;
 The Vision ceas'd, whelm'd in the dazzling Sight.

Ex meo Museo, *East-Hampton*, Jan. 20, 1775.

[If this Poem should be printed, or read seperately :
 The Reader may be inform'd, that it was com-
 posed in connexion with a Sermon, from Mark
 16. 5. in which the Inhabitants of Heaven are re-
 presented in the perpetual Bloom of Youth.]