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VOLTAIRE ROOM



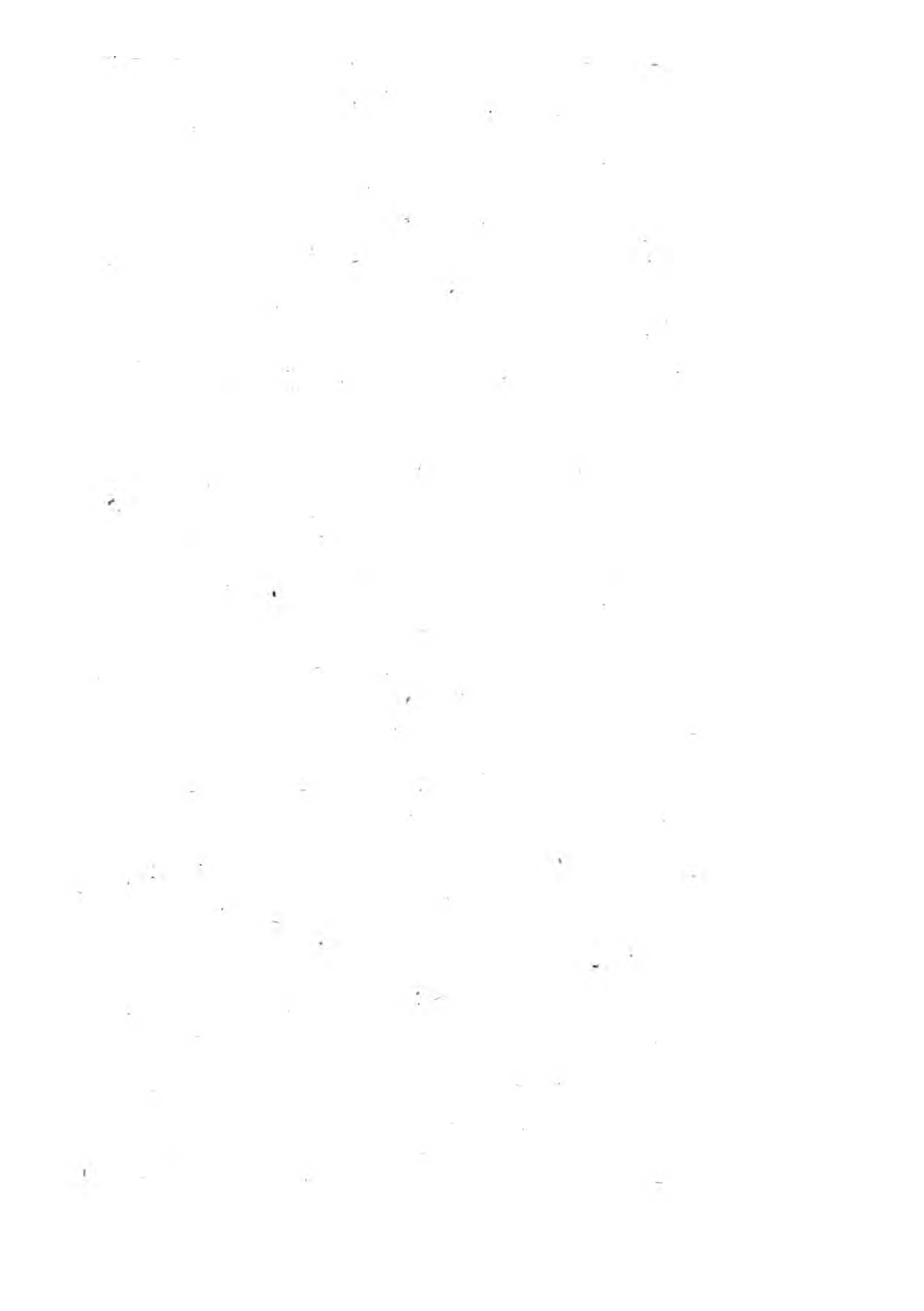
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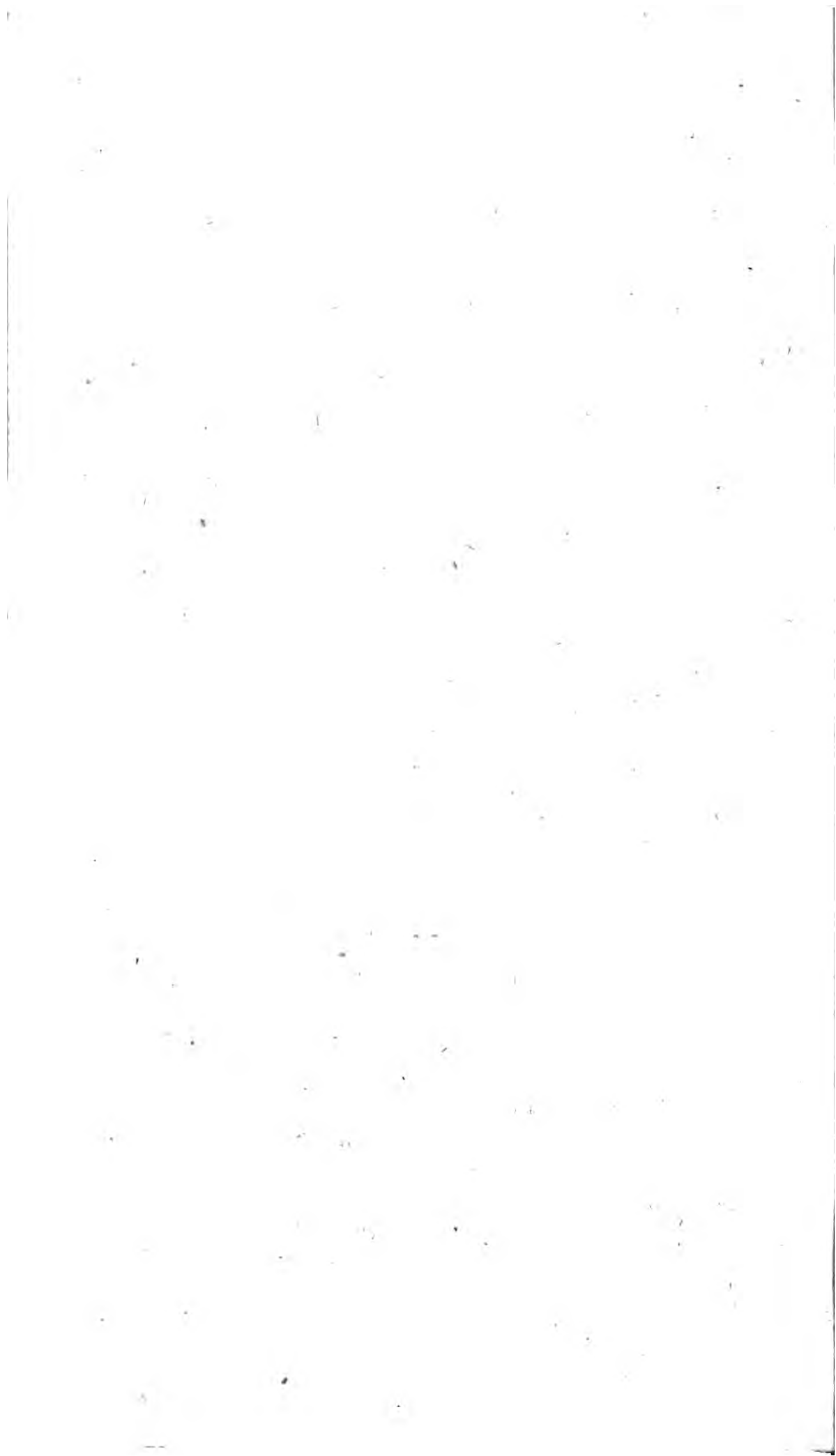
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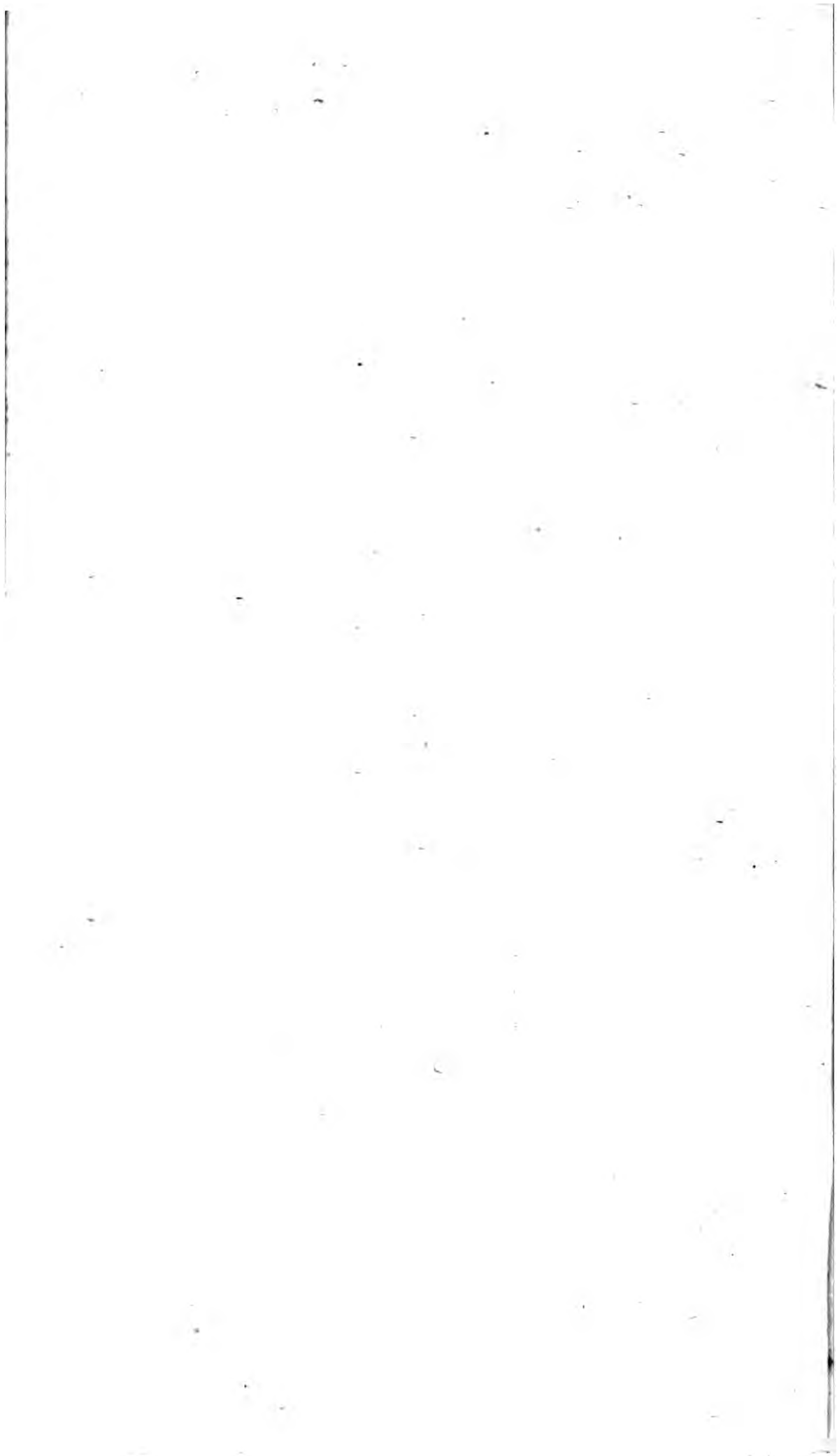






THE
WORKS
OF
VOLTAIRE.
VOL. XXXIII.





MISCELLANEOUS
P O E M S.

BY

Mr. DE VOLTAIRE.

Translated from the FRENCH,

By T. SMOLLET M. D. T. FRANCKLIN, M. A.
and others.

V O L. XXXIII.



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 DISSERTATION the IIIId.

Upon ENVY.

IF man is free, he o'er himself should reign,
 Attack'd by tyrants, should their rage restrain.
 Vices are tyrants of the human mind,
 And we no vice more fierce and cruel find ;
 None more capricious, furious, and more base ;
 None which all goodness does so much efface ;
 None which envenoms more the human breast,
 Or with dire rankling does so much infest ;
 Whose fierce attacks 'tis harder to controul,
 Than envy, the tormentor of the soul.
 Of pride and folly envy is the child,
 Stubborn, perverse, indocible, and wild :
 Tho' sprung from pride, he to appear declines,
 At others shining merit he repines ;
 Like to th' giant, whom great Jove, in ire,
 O'erwhelm'd with whirlwinds of tempestuous fire ;

B

Who

2 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

Who, whilst he panting lay, and rav'd below,

Strove to hurl back the flames against his foe.

At length he rav'd, imprison'd under ground,

And efforts made to shake earth's pits profound ;

Heav'd against Ætna, which his bosom press'd,

Ætna fell back, he was again oppress'd.

I oft have courtiers known, the dupe's of fame,

Ready to burst at Villars' glorious name.

The arm they hated, which in fight prevail'd,

He fought for them, and they against him rail'd.

Justly a hero once to Lewis said,

Taking the field, ' Versailles alone I dread :

Defend me from my countrymen, I go

Fearless in distant realms to fight the foe.'

What anguish feels the mind from envy's blast ?

In public joy it is with grief o'ercast.

You tasteless guests, to you fine food seems vile,

To poison 'tis converted by the bile.

Oh you who take the road that leads to fame,

Must none besides you travel in the same ?

Must each competitor incur your hate ?

Would you those eastern monarchs emulate,

Who make the slavish Asiatics groan,

And cannot bear a brother near the throne ?

When

When at the play-house some enticing bill
 Makes love of novelty the play-house fill ;
 When in Alzira or Zenobia's part,
 Pathetic Goffin touches every heart ;
 Or when Dufrene * like thunder shakes the stage,
 In acting Orafmanes' jealous rage,
 Tears at each stroke bedew the hearers eyes,
 Tears which from truest satisfaction rise :
 The jealous Rufus hangs his drooping head,
 Their joy constrains him tears of rage to shed.
 If this distinction frail oh wretch forlorn !
 If others bliss thy envious heart has torn,
 Of this vexation try thyself t'avail,
 And strive, by dint of merit, to prevail.
 † *The haughty man* draws crowds on every night ;
 Does this afflict thee ? Better strive to write.
 But if to please the audience you intend,
 Your *Sires capricious* ‡ don't to Paris send ;
 Exotic characters suit not the age,
 Think not to bring Rabelais upon the stage.

* Dufrene, a celebrated actor at Paris; Mademoiselle Goffin, a very graceful actress, who played Zara the first time the tragedy of that name was represented.

† A Comedy of Mons. Destouches.

‡ The *Capricious Sires* was a comedy of Rousseau's, which so disgusted the audience, that they would not suffer it to be acted through.

4 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

The burlesque writer few know how to bear,
Whose modern muse assumes a gothic air ;
And in some verse, which antique guise displays,
Conceals his dulness by Marotic phrase.
This style I would not in a tale reject,
But truth requires a tone of more respect.
A sinner would'st thou to repentance call,
Bigot mix honey with thy sermon's gall :
Assuming the instructor's arduous task,
'Thou ape of virtue take a better mask :
If rival of some eminent divine,
Envy him not ; endeavour to outshine ;
Raise higher trophies to make his seem low,
Orpheus alone should dare to hiss Rameau ;
Venus to criticise is Psyche's right ;
But why should we in censure thus delight ?
No beauty she acquires who blames a face ;
Was Bayle e'er hurt by the caballing race ?
Tho' furious Jurieu aim'd prophetic lies
At Bayle, he's still respected by the wise :
Fanatic Jurieu *, who 'gainst Bayle declaim'd,
Is by the public with abhorrence nam'd.

An

* Jurieu was a protestant minister, who rav'd at Bayle and
good sense ; he wrote like a fool, and counterfeited the prophet :
He

An author often prostitutes his art,
 Descending to the slanderer's low part.
 He helps the levees of the great to fill,
 Still ready his vile malice to distil :
 Impiety's reproach he casts on all,
 Whoe'er maintains this planet is a ball ;
 Or says, that the ecliptic with the line
 An angle makes, has some accur'd design.
 Malebranche is Spinozist and Locke's Essay,
 With Epicurus' errors leads astray.
 Pope is a reprobate, whose impious pen
 Presumes to shew God's clemency to men ;
 An impious heathen who attempts to shew
 That God loves all, that all is good below.
 He is a wretch indeed who still for self
 Damns others, and would almost damn himself,
 Who lets his venal, prostituted page
 And to the highest bidder sells his rage :

He foretold that France should undergo revolutions which never happened. It is universally known that Bayle was one of the greatest men that France ever produced. The parliament of Toulouse shewed him a great mark of distinction in ratifying his will, which, according to strict law, should have been set aside, as that of a Hugonot : It was declared valid, as the will of a man who had enlightened the world, and been an honour to his country. The edict was published upon the report of Mons. Senaux, counsellor of that parliament.

6 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

A satirist whoresents satiric strains,
Whose dulness tires, who of the dull complains
Who cries true taste is now from Paris flown,
Which no one's works prove better than his own :
In Boileau we excuse satiric rage,
Some beauties please in the malignant page.
That bee had hony to assuage the grief
Of those he stung, and give some kind relief,
But the unprofitable, stupid drone,
Who lives by doing dirty work alone,
All will to crush the hated insect try
At once disgusting to the ear and eye,
How great your frenzy rash and envious band,
Ye rival painters whose presumptuous hand
Dar'd the French Zeuxis picture to * deface,
And impiously prophan'd a sacred place :
His pencil thus a new renown acquir'd,
The torn remains by all were more admir'd ;
New lustre is reflected on his name,
You are consign'd to infamy and shame.
Men should so low, so mean a vice detest ;
A critick nobly once his sense exprest,

* Some painters, jealous of le Sueur's reputation, spoiled and defaced his pictures at the Carthulian convent.

When

When mighty Richlieu strove, but strove in vain,
 To vilify Corneille's immortal strain;
 Less bold than chaplain he the task declin'd,
 Defects in such a noble work to find,
 With generous rage curst envy he oppos'd,
 And said, I wish I had the work compos'd.
 To France a journey when Bernini made,
 He wonder'd at the skill Perrault * display'd:
 If France, said he, has genius so sublime,
 I never should have left the Latian clime.
 'Tis merit others merit thus to own,
 To a true genius envy is unknown.
 What pleasure from a generous temper flows!
 How great, to say with truth, I have no foes!
 In ev'ry brother's welfare I take part,
 We're all united by one common art.
 'Tis thus the earth with joy sees woods arise,
 Whose oak or fir-trees seem to threat the skies;
 By the saps circulating juice they're fed,
 Each root is deep as hell, in heaven each head.
 The force of winds their solid trunks assails,
 They bend and the fierce tempest's fury fails.

* Alludes to the frontispiece of the Louvre, the plan of which was given by Perrault.

8 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

Secure they flourish by each other's aid,
And over time itself triumphs the shade.
War at their feet the hissing serpents wage,
And the stain'd roots bear witness to their rage.

DIS-

 DISSERTATION the IVth.

Upon Moderation in all Things, STUDY, AM-
BITION, and PLEASURE.

FOOLS by excess make vary'd pleasures pall,
The wise man's moderate, and enjoys them all;
Pleasure and business to combine he knows,
And makes joy terminate in due repose.
To all things no one mortal can aspire,
From early youth to know was your desire:
Nature's your book, you strive with curious eye
In Nature more than others to descry,
Guided by reason nature try to found,
But set to curiosity a bound.
Stop on infinity's dread verge thy course,
And pry not into nature's awful source,
Reaumur and Buffon who with piercing sight,
Athwart her veil discern'd truth's sacred light,
Cannot by philosophic process state
The wond'rous laws by which plants vegetate;

10 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

Was it e'er known to the profoundest sage
Why panthers, tygers, and why aspies rage?
Wherefore to man the dog still lifts his eyes,
And licks his feeder's hand before he dies?
Why on a hundred legs, with motion slow,
Does yonder insect ever trembling go?
Why does the reptile which entomb'd now lies,
Reviv'd, from thence with a new body rise?
Why does it, crown'd like flame, ascending spring,
And in the air expand its gorgeous wing?
Can even * Dufay, whose head with plans is fill'd,
Dufay in vegetables deeply skill'd,
Tell why the plant which sensitive we name,
Shrinks from the touch of man it's trembling frame?
Languid with sickness, on your bed reclin'd,
From Sylva's eloquence relief you find,
He makes the tortur'd patient cease to groan,
To him the happy art to please is known.
Can Sylva's self the oeconomy explain
Which works digestion, and makes food sustain?

* Mons^r Dufay was superintendant of the king's garden, which had been very much neglected before he undertook the care of it; and which was afterwards so much improved by Mons^r. de Buffon, that it became the admiration of strangers. It contains, besides the plants, a great variety of curiosities.

How

How the bile thro' so many channels flows,
 How, by degrees, it's filtrated, and goes
 To pour into my veins a purple tide,
 By which both strength and spirits are supply'd,
 Which make the pulse of life incessant beat,
 And make the brain intelligence's seat?
 Lost in amaze, he lifts to heav'n his eye,
 And bids you for the truth to God apply.
 Return Maupertius to these realms of light,
 From realms where half the year day's hid in night;
 * You, who alone the praise of Newton share,
 Who know the truth, the truth to man declare.
 You who forego in search of knowledge ease,
 Who traverse mountains, and who pass the seas,
 Who could the mind and body's toil sustain,
 Who could our planets' figure ascertain;
 Who scan all nature's laws with minds profound,
 The cause from whence attraction springs expound.
 To men like you all nature's laws are known,
 Tell me how, seated on his heavenly throne,
 The great first mover can with pow'r controul,
 Those orbs which in the heav'ns incessant roll,

* Messieurs Maupertius, Clairant, La Mormier, and others, made a voyage to Torno, in the year 1736, in order to measure a degree of the meridian.

12 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

Direct their motions, make them gravitate
Towards each other with responsive weight?
Why towards the sun is this our nether world
For ever pull'd, and round its axis hurl'd,
Why in twelve years does Jove the heav'ns go round,
Why of his day is ten hours space the bound?
These subtile disquisitions all are vain,
Mars measures heav'n, but nature can't explain.
Thus by sure art, and by perspective's law,
You may the front of some proud palace draw,
Its architecture's to the eye reveal'd,
The inside of the structure is conceal'd.
Why should I grieve then, if my feeble sight
Cannot pierce thro' this veil of darkest night?
I would not, like Empedocles, aspire
To know the nature of fam'd Ætna's fire,
Who to walk o'er sulphureous vaults presum'd,
Who fire would know, and was by fire consum'd.
Let then ambition's fallies be repress'd,
It is the ruling passion of the breast.
The farmer-general rude, the magistrate
Who struts with the imperious airs of state,
All these to court, contempt to suffer go,
Contempt which they to all at Paris shew.

Even

Even bards sometimes urg'd on by Phœbus' flame,
 Have been deluded by that phantom fame,
 Plato was Dyonisius' humble guest,
 Lewis Racine turn'd Jansenist carest.
 Horace, in loose and prostituted lays,
 Sung Glyury and sold Octavius praise.
 At court these pawn'd integrity for gain;
 But opulence and ease made light their chain;
 Horace, the sage, with affluence liv'd blest,
 Who grasps at all, is sure to be distrest.
 You who have introduc'd in Gallia's court
 All Sybaris' luxury and wanton sport,
 Who even on the down of ease reclin'd,
 To luxury dedicate the vacant mind,
 You frantic men, who vainly blifs pursue,
 Learn to enjoy it, and to know it too;
 Pleasure's the God from whom we claim our birth,
 Starv'd 'midst the weeds and brambles of the earth.
 Pleasures are various in each vary'd stage
 Of life, and some we taste when chill'd by age.
 But prudently the soul should feast on joy,
 Pleasures are always transient soon they cloy.
 Present not to your senses when they fail,
 All the perfumes which Flora can exhale;

Let

14 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

Let us not strive of all joys to partake,
But let us pleasure quit, for pleasure's sake ;
Who labours hard true pleasure still obtains,
I pity him whom indolence enchains.
True wisdom yields true happiness below,
On earth no harvests without culture grow :
Good by laborious search must here be sought,
Success by industry alone is bought.
Behold Lucullus critic in nice fare,
To supper from the opera repair,
Pleasure in luxury he hopes to find,
But vapours still o'ercast his clouded mind.
His soul o'erwhelm'd, no rays of light pervade,
He sleeps supine in dark oblivion's shade ;
He grasps at joy, to rapture he aspires
In vain ; he's dead to pleasure and desires.
Carest by ease, officious and o'er-kind
Pleasure long since on sloth's soft lap reclin'd :
Love, music, poetry, no more could please,
Man was enslav'd by indolence and ease.
But God in pity to man's helpless kind
Labour with pleasure, joy with pain's combin'd.
Awak'd by fear, man strives his bliss to gain ;
Toil ever follows in fair pleasure's train.

To

To charm by novelty be still your care ;
 I speak to you young lovers and the fair.
 Subdu'd by sense, and by delusions vain,
 Damon, the hop'd for bliss, you can't obtain.
 You think by Daphne's charms with love inspir'd,
 You ne'er can of her company be tir'd.
 But transports last not in the human heart,
 In time with transport you'll agree to part.
 Who hope in constant converse bliss to find
 Must greatly soar above the vulgar mind,
 Such joy may be by souls superior sought,
 From caprice free, with ev'ry virtue fraught ;
 Who live in friendship must in worth excel ;
 In hearts corrupted friendship cannot dwell.
 Friendship divine thy influence we bless,
 With thee we find a virtue in excess.
 Blest friendship shielded by thy heav'nly pow'r,
 New joys I taste each season, and each hour.
 Man by himself forlorn, if you assist,
 By force of love in others can exist.
 The good man's idol, passion of the sage,
 Friendship thy name shall consecrate my page ;
 Govern my heart, and o'er my verse preside,
 Inspir'd by thee, to bliss I'll mortals guide.

DISSERTATION the Vth.

Upon the Nature of PLEASURE.

HOW long shall bigots, by false zeal grown rude,
All human kind from Paradise exclude?
To virtue mortals shall they then excite,
By sermons which make even fair virtue fright?
Shall preachers then in Calvin's footsteps tread,
Who thinks God like himself by anger lead?
Some tyrant minister, elate and proud,
I see methinks amidst a slavish crowd,
Dictate with savage air what rage inspires,
A milder government my soul requires.
* Timon thinks virtue nothing loves below,
But Christian's nature should not sure forego.

* This poem turns entirely upon the impossibility of man's having any sensations entirely his own. All our sensations prove a God, and all our agreeable sensations prove a benevolent God.

God's

POETICAL DISSERTATIONS. 17

God's mercy I adore, revere his law,
 Approach him mortals with a grateful awe.
 Hark how you'r call'd by nature's voice benign,
 Thro' joys and pleasures to the power divine.
 The treasures of his wisdom n'er were known,
 Matter by motion he directs alone ;
 But man by pleasure to conduct he knows,
 Learn to enjoy the bliss his hand bestows.
 Pleasure existence gave to human kind,
 It actuates body, and inspires the mind.
 Whether soft slumbers close your weary eyes,
 Or morn to rouse you gilds the orient skies,
 Or if by hunger prest, you seek for fare,
 The painful waste of labour to repair ;
 Or if by Cupid's genial pow'r you're led
 To taste the pleasures of the nuptial bed ;
 In every circumstance the power divine
 Delights blest balm can with your wants combine.
 Man is impell'd to act by joy alone,
 All other motives are to him unknown.
 Did not our souls alluring pleasure draw,
 Who would submit to Hymen's rigid law ?
 What Beauty would not sorely curse her doom,
 Condemn'd a child to carry in her womb,

To

18 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

To bear excruciating pangs and throws,
An infant nurse, and feel a mother's woes?
His wayward imbecillity to shield,
And after to his youthful follies yield.
Enjoying Pleasure in each state and hour,
Mortals acknowledge God's eternal power.
But wherefore, said I, in your joys alone?
Even in your woes God's wisdom is made known.
That sense so quick of danger and of harm,
That guard for ever prompt to take the alarm,
Cries out incessantly of hurt beware,
Defend your lives, preserve your health with care.
No quarter self-love can with zealots find,
They stile it hell-born foe to human kind.
Wretches traduce not of God's gifts the best,
Love comes from Heaven, God means to make us blest.
From self to sons, to countrymen descends
Our love; but most of all we love our friends.
Love like a soul can even our soul's inspire,
They soar to Heaven above on wings of fire.
God gives to man at once severe and kind,
* Passions to raise to noble deeds the mind.

They're

* As most of the words of a language may be explained in more than one sense, it may not be improper to apprize the readers, that
by

They're dangerous gifts, altho' 'twas Heaven that gave,
 Th' abuse destroys, the prudent use can save.
 That mortal I do'nt pity, but admire,
 Who knows to check by reason each desire;
 Who shunning man, to God devotes his mind,
 Nor asks to know perfidious human kind;
 Who loving God with all his heart and might,
 Shuns lawful pleasures for more high delight.
 If of his cross he's proud, of fasting vain,
 Yet still in secret weary of his pain,
 If he condemns the world from which he fled,
 Rails at all ties, and at the marriage-bed;
 We do not in such pride and rancour trace
 The friend of God, but foe to human race;

by the word *Passions*, he should understand strong desires which continue for any length of time, whatever be the nature of the good which they aim at. The word is derived from the Latin verb *patire*, to suffer, because no desire is unattended with pain; to desire the possession of any thing good, is to feel its absence, and the first step towards pleasure, is the assuaging of that pain. The virtuous and the vicious are equally subject to those lively and continued desires, which go by the name of passions. They are never vices, but when render'd so by their object; a man's desire to succeed in his profession, conjugal love, parental affection, a taste for the sciences, are passions, tho' there is nothing criminal in them. It were to be wish'd, that language could afford us words to express those habitual desires which are in themselves indifferent, those which are virtuous, and those which are blameable; but there is not a language in the world which has terms capable of conveying all our ideas, and men are under a necessity of using the same word in different acceptations, just as the same tool is frequently used in works of a different nature.

Thro'

20 POETICAL DISERTATIONS.

Thro' his austerity and monkish spleen,
 Regret of pleasure he foregoes is seen.
 Heaven which bestow'd on every man a heart
 To animate it, must desires impart.
 The modern stoick would each wish controul,
 And of it's very essence rob my soul.
 God, we are told, rules with an iron rod,
 Like a fierce Turk obey'd at every nod,
 Who hires to guard his brows from dire disgrace,
 Eunuchs, the outcasts of the human race.
 You who at nature level all your rage,
 Have you not read the antient's moral page?
 In Peleus's daughters, Peleus worn and old,
 As in a glass, your folly you behold.
 They thought both time and nature to subdue,
 And youthful vigour in their fire renew:
 They slew, and left him welt'ring in his gore,
 The prime of life attempting to restore.
 Stoicks herein behold your frightful form,
 You nature murder, striving to reform.
 From use of good felicity must rise,
 Ruin from its abuse, so say the wise.
 Petronius's pleasures I'd avoid no less,
 Than Epictetus's austere excess.

Fatal

Fatal to happiness is either scheme,
 Bliss never yet was found in the extreme.
 Declaimer subtle, I do'nt therefore say,
 That man to all his passions should give way;
 I would this fiery courser's speed restrain,
 And stem this torrent pouring o'er the plain,
 Its headlong rage by banks and dams command,
 Nor suffer it to overflow my land.

Winds purify the air, no tempest raise;
 Scorch us not sun, but light with kindly rays.
 God to all beings that exist a friend,
 Your care to instincts which you gave extend.
 The taste of friendship, social tie of hearts,
 The love of study, solitude, and arts;
 These are my passions, at all time my mind
 Could in their charms attractive comfort find.

When on the banks of Mein two rogues in place,
 Who often broke the laws of human race;
 When two commission'd thieves, by av'rice led,
 Upon me all their rage malignant shed;
 Then learned ease was my delight alone,
 I cultivated arts to them unknown.

'Twas thus Jove's son his cares with music eas'd
 His lowing herds when wily Cacus seiz'd.

22 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

He still continu'd his harmonious strain,
Thieves strove to interrupt the song in vain.
That man is born to a propitious fate,
Who to the muse his time can dedicate ;
He from the tuneful art derives repose,
The muse his anguish sooths, dispels his woes :
He laughs at all the follies of mankind,
And from his lyre a sure relief can find.

DISSERTATION the VIth.

Upon the Nature of M A N.

VIR TUE presides still over thy delights,
To thee she by the charm of verse invites.
Your study's man, that labyrinth you explore,
Your guide the clue of wisdom's sacred lore.
Asham'd of ignorance to study man,
I strive, myself, my being I would scan;
To satire Pascal and Boileau inclin'd,
Have dipt their pen in gall and lash'd mankind.
Leibnitz and Pope at once both learn'd and sage,
Observe a medium in their moral page;
Wifely the latent tracts of man explore,
And to the Deity sublimely soar.
But nature's ways they strove to find in vain,
Man is a riddle man cannot explain;
Upon the subject all their wit have shewn,
But still the riddle's sense remains unknown.

By

24 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

By prostitutes, I know, and rakes profess,
The disquisition's treated as a jest.

At supper these loose verses read aloud,
Which charm the sprightly, gay, unthinking crowd.
But study pleases when our mirth is past,
Reason succeeds to witty jests at last.

Upon ourselves we turn a curious eye,
And into our own nature strive to pry:
Thought is to those who live in crowds unknown,
We seriously reflect when left alone.

With thee I fain would soar on wisdom's wing
From this vile world to its eternal King.

That wond'rous chain discover, if you can,
Which links the heavens with earth, with angels man

That world of beings subject to one law,
Which Plato and which Pope in fancy saw.

In vain you press me, such a great design

My Genius must in silent awe decline:

Gallic correctness all my flights restrains,

Ours are not free like Greek or British strains.

'Tis Pope's to speak, I am to silence bound,

Bachelors of Bourges may mysteries expound.

I've taken no degree, nor will engage

In fierce debate or war polemic wage.

Hear

Hear a recital with instruction fraught,
 Which by * Fourmont may be a fable thought;
 But which I in a Chinese author found
 Translated by a Jesuit profound.

A mouse did once thus to another say,
 O'er what a noble empire bear we sway!
 This palace deep foundation's erst were laid
 For us, for us by God these holes were made.
 See you those hams in yon vault closely pent?
 By God they thither for our use were sent.
 Those hills of bacon, an unfailing store,
 Shall last for us till time shall be no more.
 A mouse, great God, the Sages all declare
 Creation's end: A work beyond compare!
 Vicious are cats, to eat us much inclin'd,
 But 'tis from error to reclaim our kind.
 Not far a multitude of geese are seen,
 Drawn up near woods and streams upon the green;
 Of pamper'd turkies, troops that strut in state,
 And flocks that bend beneath their fleeces weight,
 They cry'd, The universe is our's alone,
 Whatever the Almighty made, we own.

* A man deeply vers'd in the history of China, as well as in the Chinese language.

26 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

In the clear wat'ry image whilst he graz'd,
 The ass his beauty saw, and was amaz'd.
 He cries, For asses God has made the earth,
 Man still attends me, he's my slave from birth;
 He curries, washes me, and, more, to please,
 Builds my seraglio, for my joys purveys;
 And happy to procure me soft delight,
 Brings a she-ass to crown my bliss at night:
 Often I laugh when I behold him pass,
 With haughty airs, as if he were an ass.
 Man came the next, his plea was much the same,
 He cry'd, Heav'n, earth, and elements, I claim:
 To waft me ocean rolls and winds arise;
 To give me light, stars glitter in the skies;
 Night's argent globe thro' heav'n's clear azure glides,
 Encreases, wanes, and o'er the stars presides;
 O'er all presides my vast, capacious mind,
 In the wide universe too close confin'd:
 But tho' I'm oracle and master here,
 I should be rais'd to a more glorious sphere:
 The angels then, who in high heav'n controul
 The wand'ring orbs, and teach them how to roll,
 Exclaim'd, whilst at their will they mov'd each ball,
 God for our pleasure has created all.

Then

Then earth with pity and with scorn they ey'd,
 And laugh'd at mortals and at human pride.
 Their secret thoughts were all to *Fien* * known,
 He summon'd them before th' eternal throne.
 Each vary'd being, angel, beast, and man,
 All that compose th' Almighty's wond'rous plan,
You are my Creatures, I all call you mine,
You bear, said he, my character divine ;
To me you all, as to your center, tend ;
For me you all were made, on me depend :
I rule at once o'er Nature, Time and Fate ;
By me each being is assign'd its state.
Imperfect creatures ! you aspire in vain,
In your own stations satisfy'd remain.
 Man still was discontented with his place,
 Still at their lot repin'd the human race.
 A learn'd Chinese, grown old in fierce dispute,
 Who reason could by argument confute,
 With old *Confucius* logic quite possess'd,
 In form to God presented his request :
 Why is my time a second ? Why my space
 A point ? Why falls so soon the human race ?

* God is called by this name in the Chinese language.

28 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

Why am I not an hundred cubits high ?

Why can't I travel swiftly thro' the sky ?

Why can't I teach the erring moon her way ?

Why am I not awake both night and day ?

Why can't I prove, inflam'd by amorous fire,

In one month, of a hundred sons, the fire ?

Why, in one day, was all my ardours past ?

Your questions, said the God, will always last :

Soon will your doubts and scruples all be o'er,

For truth you must th' ideal world explore.

Even then an angel bore him from the place,

Far as the center of unbounded space ;

O'er suns, which circling planets still surround,

Moons, rings and comets, which no limits bound :

A globe he enter'd, where the hand divine

Of nature's God had trac'd his great design ;

The eye can there each real system scan,

And of each system possible the plan.

Now animating hopes the sage inspire,

He seeks a world made to his heart's desire :

He sought in vain ; the angel made him know,

That what he wish'd could ne'er exist below ;

For could man, giant-like, with heav'n engage,

Or rather war against right reason wage.

Had

Had God extended in this earthly sphere
 His life up to his twenty-thousandth year,
 This mass of earth and water ne'er could find
 Room for the overgrown, gigantic kind.
 Reasons like these the cavillers confound,
 He owns, each being has its proper bound ;
 That 'tis a folly to aspire below,
 Since life and pleasure both their limits know ;
 That man should not of grief or toil complain,
 And less of death, which frees him from his chain :
 That he should not fatigue the heav'nly throne,
 Since to the Almighty change was never known.
 Convinc'd, not satisfy'd, the sage his flight
 Bent to the earth, and own'd that all is right ;
 But still he murmur'd, 'midst the earthly throng,
 A doctor never can be in the wrong.
 More flexible was Matthew Garo's mind,
 To praise for all things God his soul inclin'd.
 Perhaps God erst on men more wealth bestow'd,
 Perhaps their plains with milk and honey flow'd ;
 The night, perhaps, was lightsome as the day,
 And winter bloom'd with all the flow'rs of May ;
 Whilst man, the king of earth, in peace retir'd,
 Wrapt up in self, himself alone admir'd.

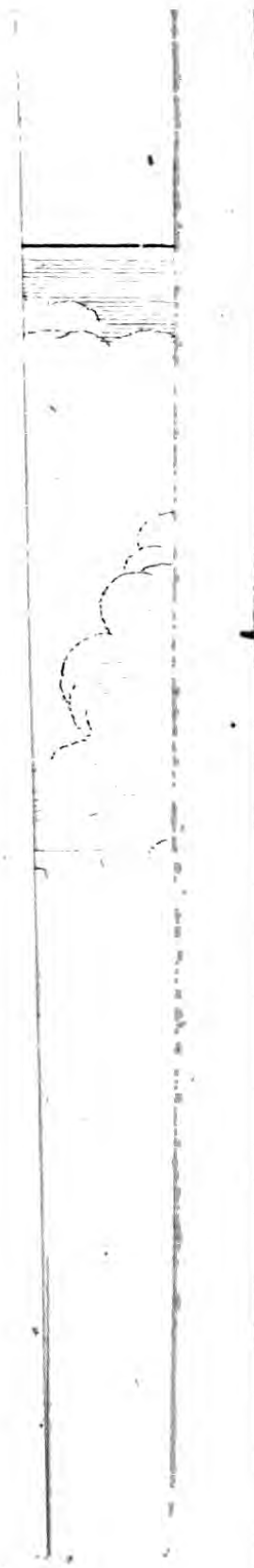
30 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

But let us rest contented with our fate,
 Our bliss is suited to our present state :
 Against our maker murmurs must prove vain,
 Mortals should not the laws of God arraign :
 Let us to serve him all our lives employ,
 And gratefully the bliss he gives, enjoy.
 If to two days th' Almighty had confin'd
 The time allotted to all human kind,
 We should to God those two short days consign,
 And consecrate the time to love divine.
 He who assiduous every call attends,
 Never complains that life too quickly ends.
 A man in little time may sure live long,
 This I could prove by reasons very strong ;
 But authors should not to instruct aspire,
 Who speaks too much is ever sure to tire.
 Thus did my muse, in simple, artless strain,
 And various tones, strive nature to explain ;
 Whilst Frenchmen wander'd, and, with piercing eyes,
 At Quito hop'd to see new stars arise ;
 Whilst Maupertuis and Cleraut Europe prais'd,
 And Lapland at their new meridian gaz'd ;
 Whilst rival of the old Prometheus fame,
Vaanson brings to man celestial flame,

Boldly

Boldly to copy nature's self aspires,
 And bodies animates with heavenly fires.
 Remote from cities, on Parnassus shore
 I pass'd my days, intent on learned lore ;
 And from the sphere, where Milton, unconfin'd,
 At pleasure rov'd, where pierc'd great Newton's mind,
 I saw them soar, with emulation fir'd,
 Genius sublime and arts my soul admir'd ;
 Sland'ers in me beheld their foe profess'd,
 Fanatics wild, informers I detest ;
 I know no envy, or perfidious art,
 I worship God with pure and upright heart ;
 And tho' my body's with diseases spent,
 My active mind on study is intent ;
 I live convinc'd that while we here remain,
 To hope for perfect happiness is vain.







P O E M S

UPON THE

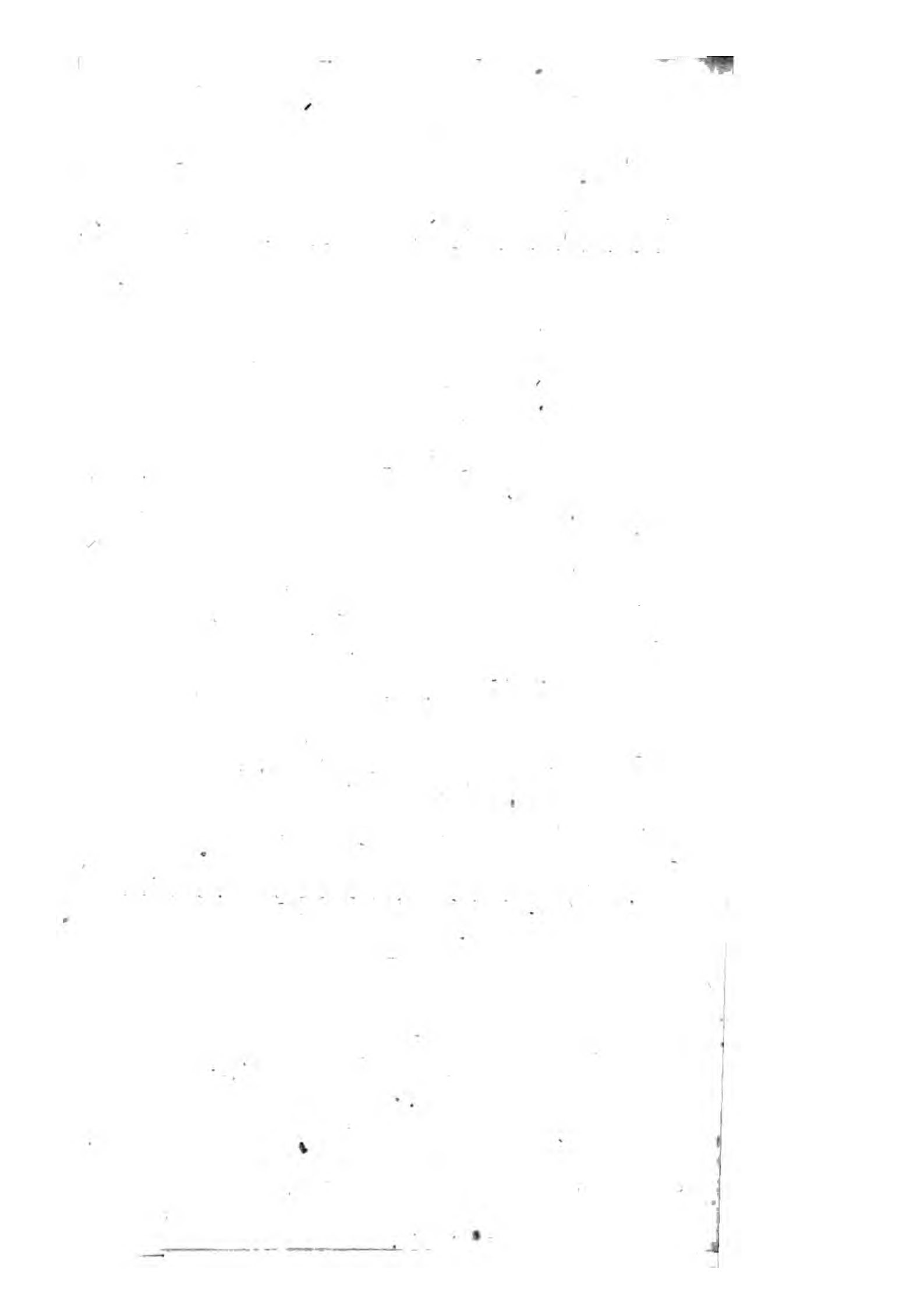
DESTRUCTION of LISBON,

AND THE

LAW OF NATURE.

With PREFACES, NOTES, &c.





THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

IF the question concerning physical evil ever deserves the attention of men, it is in those melancholy events which put us in mind of the weakness of our nature; such as plagues, which carry off quarter of the inhabitants of the known world; the earthquake which swallowed up four hundred thousand of the *Chinese* in 1699, that of *Lima* and *Callao*, and, in the last place, that of *Portugal* and the kingdom of *Fez*. The maxim, *whatever is, is right*, appears somewhat extraordinary to those who have been eye-witnesses of such calamities: All things are doubtless arranged and set in order by providence, but it has long been too evident, that its superintending power has not disposed them in such a manner as to promote our temporal happiness.

When the celebrated *Pope* published his *Essay on Man*, and expounded in immortal verse the systems of *Leibnitz*, *Lord Shaftesbury*, and *Lord Bolingbroke*,
his

his system was attacked by a multitude of divines of a variety of different communions: They were shocked at the novelty of the propositions, *whatever is, is right*; and that *man always enjoys that measure of happiness which is suited to his being*. There are few writings that may not be condemned, if considered in one light, or approv'd of, if considered in another. It would be much more reasonable to attend only to the beauties and improving parts of a work, than to endeavour to put an odious construction upon it; but it is one of the imperfections of our nature to put a bad interpretation upon whatever has a dubious sense, and to run down whatever has been successful.

In a word, it was the opinion of many, that the axiom, *whatever is, is right*, was subversive of all our receiv'd ideas. If it be true, said they, that whatever is, is right, it follows that human nature is not degenerated. If the general order requires that every thing should be as it is, human nature has not been corrupted, and consequently could have had no occasion for a redeemer. If this world, such as it is, be the best of systems possible, we have no room to hope for a happy future state. If the various evils by which man is overwhelm'd, end in general good, all civiliz'd nations
have

have been wrong in endeavouring to trace out the origin of moral and physical evil. If a man devour'd by wild beasts, causes the well-being of those beasts, and contributes to promote the orders of the universe; if the misfortunes of individuals are only the consequence of this general and necessary order, we are nothing more than wheels which serve to keep the great machine in motion; we are not more precious in the eyes of God, than the animals by whom we are devour'd.

These are the inferences which were drawn from Mr. *Pope's* poem; and these very conclusions increas'd the sale and success of the work. But it should have been seen in another point of view. Readers should have considered the reverence for the Deity, the resignation to his supreme will, the useful morality, and the spirit of toleration, which breath thro' this excellent poem. This the publick has done, and the work being translated by men equal to the task, has completely triumph'd over criticks, tho' it turn'd upon matters of so delicate a nature.

It is the nature of over violent censurers to give importance to the opinions which they attack. A book is rail'd at on account of its success, and a thousand errors are imputed to it. What is the consequence of
 this?

this? Men disgusted with these invectives, take for truths the very errors which these criticks think they have discover'd. Cavillers raise phantoms on purpose to combat them, and indignant readers embrace these very phantoms.

Criticks have declar'd, that *Pope* and *Leibnitz* maintain the doctrine of fatality: the partizans of *Leibnitz* and *Pope*, have said on the other hand; if *Leibnitz* and *Pope* have taught the doctrine of fatality, they were in the right, and all this invincible fatality we should believe.

Pope had advanc'd, that *whatever is, is right*, in a sense that might very well be admitted, and his followers maintain the same proposition in a sense that may very well be contested.

The author of the poem upon the Destruction of Lisbon, does not write against the illustrious *Pope*, whom he always lov'd and admir'd; he agrees with him in almost every particular, but compassionating the misery of man; he declares against the abuse of the new maxim, *whatever is, is right*. He maintains that antient and sad truth acknowleg'd by all men, that *there is evil upon earth*; he acknowledges, that the words, *whatever is, is right*, if understood in a positive sense,

sense, and without any hopes of a happy future state, only insult us in our present misery.

If when *Lisbon, Moquinxa, Tetuan*, and other cities were swallow'd up with a great number of their inhabitants in the month of *November 1759*, Philosophers had cry'd out to the wretches, who with difficulty escap'd from the ruins, *all this is productive of general good; the heirs of those who have perish'd will increase their fortune; masons will earn money by rebuilding the houses; beasts will feed upon the carcases buried under the ruins, it is the necessary effect of necessary causes, your particular misfortune is nothing, it contributes to universal good.* Such an harangue would doubtless have been as cruel as the earthquake was fatal, and all that the author of the poem upon the Destruction of *Lisbon* has said, amounts only to this.

He acknowledges with all mankind, that there is evil as well as good upon the earth: he owns, that no philosopher has ever been able to explain the nature of moral and physical evil. He asserts, that Bayle, the greatest master of the art of reasoning that ever wrote, has only taught to doubt, and that he combats himself; he owns, that man's understanding is as weak as his life is miserable. He lays a concise abstract of the several
differ-

different systems before his readers. He says, that Revelation alone can untie the great knot which philosophers have only rendered more puzzling; and that nothing but the hope of our existence being continued in a future state can console us under our present misfortunes; that the goodness of Providence is the only asylum in which man can take refuge in the darkness of reason, and in the calamities to which his weak and frail nature is exposed.

P. S. Readers should always distinguish between the objections which an author proposes to himself, and his answers to those objections, and should not mistake what he refutes for what he adopts.

ADVERTISEMENT *occasion'd by the following passage of the above Preface: when the illustrious Pope expounded in his immortal Verse, the systems of Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Bolingbroke, &c.*

Perhaps Mr. Pope's system was never before looked upon as the same with Lord Shaftesbury's; it is, however, an incontestable truth that it is so: the whole physical part of it is to be met with, word for word, in the first part of the chapter, entitled, The Moralists, section

section the first, beginning with, *Much is alledged in answer to shew, &c. Many answers have been made to these complaints of the defects of nature. How can she have come so faulty and impotent out of the hands of a perfect being? But I deny that she is faulty,—her beauty is the result of contrarieties, and universal harmony springs from a perpetual combat. . . . Every thing that exists must be sacrificed to something else; vegetables to animals, animals to the earth. . . . and the laws of central power and vegetation which gives the celestial bodies their weight and motion, will not be put in confusion for the sake of a wretched and weak animal, who tho' protected by those laws, will soon be reduc'd to dust by them.* This is admirable, yet notwithstanding this, Mr. Clarke, in his treatise upon the existence of God has declared, *That in the rank which the human species is plac'd in this present state, the order of things is inverted.* page 20. vol. ii. second edition, translated by Mr. Ricotie: Man may notwithstanding say, I should be as dear to my master, I that am a sensible and thinking being, as the planets which are probably without sensation; the affairs of this world might be otherwise notwithstanding this, since we are told, that order has been perverted, and will be re-established: notwithstanding this, moral and physical

cal evil may be things incomprehensible to the human mind: notwithstanding this, *Pope* and *Shaftesbury's* maxim, *whatever is, is right*, may be justly call'd in question. The moral part of *Pope's* Essay on Man is likewise to be found entire in *Shaftesbury*, in the enquiry into the nature of moral virtue, at the beginning of the second volume of the *Characteristicks*. Therēin the author lays it down as a maxim, that particular interest well understood, constitutes the general interest.

It is not only possible to love the public good as well as our own, but the latter sort of love is inseparably connected with the former. The words of Lord *Shaftesbury* are: *To be well affected towards the public interest and one's own, is not only consistent, but inseparable.* This he makes it his business to prove through the whole book; and this is the basis of the moral part of *Pope's* Essay on Man. He concludes it by asserting,

*That reason, passion answers one great aim,
That true self-love and social are the same.*

Reason and passion conspire to produce the great end which the Deity has in View. True self-love and social love are, in effect, the same.

Such

Such excellent morality much more forcibly inculcated in *Pope* than *Shaftesbury*, always gave high satisfaction to the author of the Poems upon the Destruction of Lisbon, and the Law of Nature: For this reason he speaks of the former in these terms,

Mais Pope approfondit se qu'ils ont effleuré,

Et l'homme avec lui apprend a ve connoître.

Lord *Shaftesbury* farther proves, that the perfection of virtue must spring from the belief of a God. His words are, *and thus perfection of virtue must be owing to the belief of a God.*

It is most probable that these are the words which have induced some persons to look upon *Shaftesbury* as an atheist. If they had read his work with care, they would not have cast such an aspersion upon a Peer of *England*, and a philosopher educated by the sagacious *Locke*.

'Twas in the same manner Father *Hardouin* treated *Pascal*, *Mallebranche*, and *Arnaud* as atheists. Thus did *Dr. Lange* represent the respectable *Wolffius* as an atheist, for having spoken well of the morality of the *Chinese*: And *Wolffius* having alledged, in his vindication, the testimony of the Jesuits missionaries to *China*, the answer made by the Doctor was, *Does not every body know that*

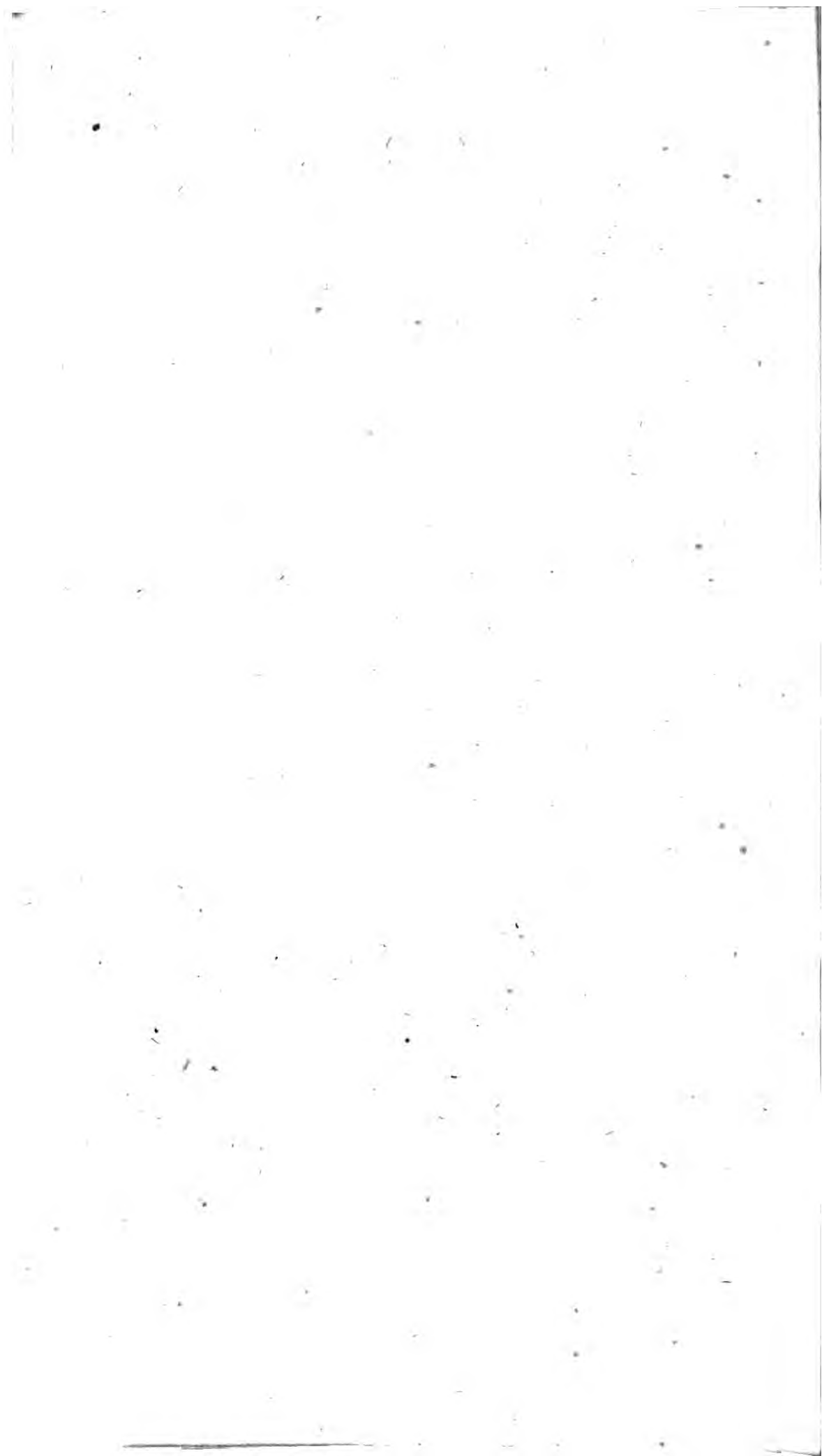
that the Jesuits are atheists? Those who lamented the affair of the devils of *Loudun*, which was such a disgrace to human nature, those who were scandalized that a monk conducting *Urbain Grandier* to execution should strike him with an iron crucifix, were called atheists by the whole order. Those of the sect of Convulsionaries declared, in printed books, that all who made a jest of their convulsions, were no better than atheists: and the Molinists have a hundred times given the same appellation to the Jansenists. About twenty years ago, when an author of reputation wrote upon inoculating for the small-pox, an author never before heard of, expressed himself in the following terms, No one but an atheist, infected by the follies of the *English*, could be so mad as to advise his countrymen to incur an unavoidable disease, for the hope of a precarious cure.

The author of the *Ecclesiastical Journal*, who has so long enjoyed a plenary indulgence of writing against government, law, and reason, has, in one whole sheet, exerted himself to the utmost to prove that *Monf. de Montesquieu* was an atheist; and in another, that he was a Deist.

St. Sorlin des Maretz, known to the world by the Poem of *Clevis*, and by his fanaticism, one day seeing

La

La Mothe le Vayer, privy counsellor and preceptor to the king's brother, pass through the gallery of the *Louvre*, cried out: *There goes a man who has no sense of religion*; *La Mothe* turned about, and made him this answer, *Friend, I have too much religion to be of yours*. To conclude, the odious and ridiculous practice of accusing all who are not exactly of the same sentiments with us of atheism, has contributed more than any other cause whatever to render controversy contemptible to all *Europe*.



P O E M

UPON THE

DESTRUCTION of LISBON:

O R,

An Inquiry into the Maxim, *Whatever is, is
right.*

O H wretched man, earth fated to be curst ;
Abyfs of plagues, and miseries the worst !
Horrors on horrors, grief on griefs must shew,
That man's the victim of unceasing woe,
And lamentations which inspire my strain,
Prove that philosophy is false and vain.
Approach in crowds, and meditate awhile
Yon shatter'd walls, and view each ruin'd pile,
Women and children heap'd up mountain high,
Limbs crush'd which under pond'rous marble lie ;
Wretches

Wretches unnumber'd in the pangs of death,
Who mangl'd, torn, and panting for their breath,
Bury'd beneath their sinking roofs expire,
And end their wretched lives in torments dire.
Say, when you hear their piteous, half-form'd cries,
Or from their ashes see the smoak arise,
Say, will you then eternal laws maintain,
Which God to cruelties like these constrain?
Whilst you these facts replete with horror view,
Will you maintain death to their crimes was due?
And can you then impute a sinful deed
To babes who on their mothers bosoms bleed?
Was then more vice in fallen Lisbon found,
Than Paris, where voluptuous joys abound?
Was less debauchery to London known,
Where opulence luxurious holds her throne?
Earth Lisbon swallows; the light sons of France
Protract the feast, or lead the sprightly dance.
Spectators who undaunted courage shew,
While you behold your dying brethrens woe;
With stoical tranquillity of mind
You seek the causes of these ills to find;
But when like us Fate's rigours you have felt,
Become humane like us you'll learn to melt.

When

DESTRUCTION OF LISBON. 49

When the earth gapes my body to entomb,
I justly may complain of such a doom.
Hem'd round on every side by cruel fate,
The snares of death, the wicked's furious hate,
Prey'd on by pain and by corroding grief
Suffer me from complaint to find relief.
'Tis pride, you cry, seditious pride that still,
Asserts mankind should be exempt from ill.
The awful truth on Tagus banks explore,
Rummage the ruins on that bloody shore,
Wretches interr'd alive in direful grave
Ask if pride cries, *good Heaven thy creatures save.*
If 'tis presumption that makes mortals cry,
Heaven on our sufferings cast a pitying eye.
All's right, you answer, the eternal cause
Rules not by partial, but by general laws.
Say what advantage can result to all,
From wretched Lisbon's lamentable fall?
Are you then sure, the power which could create
The universe and fix the laws of fate,
Could not have found for man a proper place,
But earthquakes must destroy the human race?
Will you thus limit the eternal mind?
Should not our God to mercy be inclin'd?

D

Can-

Cannot then God direct all nature's course ?

Can power almighty be without resource ?

Humbly the great Creator I intreat,

This gulph with sulphur and with fire replete,

Might on the deserts spend its raging flame,

God my respect, my love weak mortals claim ;

When man groans under such a load of woe,

He is not proud, he only feels the blow.

Would words like these to peace of mind restore

The natives sad of that disast'rous shore ?

Grieve not, that others blifs may overflow,

Your sumptuous palaces are laid thus low ;

Your burn'd towers shall other hands rebuild ;

With multitudes your walls one day be fill'd ;

Your ruin on the North shall wealth bestow,

For general good from partial ills must flow ;

You seem as abject to the sov'reign power,

As worms which shall your carcases devour.

No comfort could such shocking words impart,

They'd only wound the sad, afflicted heart.

When I lament my present wretched state,

Alledge not the unchanging laws of fate ;

Urge not the links of the eternal chain,

'Tis false philosophy and wisdom vain.

The

DESTRUCTION OF LISBON. 51

The God who holds the chain can't be enchain'd *;
By his blest will are all events ordain'd :

He's

* The universal chain is not, as some have thought, a regular gradation which connects all beings. There is, in all probability, an immense distance between man and beast, as well as between man and substances of a superior nature; there is likewise an infinity between God and all created beings whatever. There are none of these insensible gradations in the globes which move round our sun in their several periods, whether we consider their mass, their distances, or their satellites.

If we may believe Pope, man is not capable of discovering the reason why the satellites of Jove are less than Jove himself; he is herein mistaken, such an error as this may well be overlooked in so fine a genius. Every smatterer in mathematics could have told Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope, that if the satellites of Jove had equalled him in magnitude, they could not have moved round him; but no mathematician is able to discover the regular gradation in the bodies of the solar system.

It is not true, that the world could not subsist if a single atom was taken from it: This was justly observed by Mr. Crouzer, a learned geometrician, in a tract which he wrote against Pope. He seems to have been right in this point, though he was fully refuted by Mr. Warburton and Mr. Silhouette.

The concatenation of events was admitted and defended with the utmost ingenuity by the celebrated philosopher Leibnitz; it is worth explaining. All bodies and all events depend upon other bodies and other events. That cannot be denied; but all bodies are not essential to the support of the universe, and the preservation of its order; neither are all events necessary in the general series of events. A drop of water, a grain of sand more or less, can cause no revolution in the general system. Nature is not confined to any determinate quantity, or any determinate form. No planet moves in a curve compleatly regular; there is nothing in nature of a figure exactly mathematical: no fixed quantity is required for any operation: Nature is never very strict or rigid in her method of proceeding. It is, therefore, absurd to advance, that the removal of an atom from the earth might be the cause of its destruction.

This holds, in like manner, with regard to events. The cause of every event is contained in some precedent event; this no phi-

He's just, nor easily to wrath gives way,

* Why suffer we beneath so mild a sway :

Iofopher has ever called in question. If Cæsar's mother had never gone through the Cæſarian operation, Cæſar had never ſubverted the commonwealth; he could never have adopted Octavius, and Octavius could never have choſen Tiberius for his ſucceſſor in the empire. The marriage of Maximilian with the heiress of Burgundy and the Low Countries, gave riſe to a war which laſted two hundred years. But Cæſar's ſpitting on the right or left ſide, or the dutcheſs of Burgundy's dreſſing her head in this manner or in that, could have altered nothing in the general plan of Providence.

It follows, therefore, that there are ſome events which have conſequences, and others which have none. Their chain reſembles a geneological tree, ſome branches of which diſappear at the firſt generation, whiſt the race is continued by others. There are many events which paſs away without ever generating others. Thus in every machine there are ſome effects indiſpenſably neceſſary towards producing motion, and others which are productive of nothing at all. The wheels of a coach make it go; but whether they raiſe more or leſs duſt, the journey is finiſhed alike. Such is the general order of the world, that the links of the chain would not be in the leaſt diſcompoſed by a ſmall increaſe or diminution of the quantity of matter, or by an inconfiderable deviation from regularity.

The chain is not in an abſolute *plenum*; it has been demonſtrated, that the cœleſtial bodies perform their revolutions, in an unreſiſting medium. Every ſpace is not filled. It follows then, that there is not a progreſſion of bodies from an atom to the moſt remote fixed ſtar. There may of conſequence be immense intervals between beings endued with ſenſation, as well as between thoſe that are not. We cannot then be certain, that man muſt be placed in one of theſe links joined to another by an uninterrupted connection. *All things are linked together* means only that all things are regularly diſpoſed in their proper order. God is the cauſe and the regulator of that order. Homer's Jupiter was the ſlave of deſtiny; but, according to more rational philoſophy, God is the maſter of deſtiny. See Clarke's *Treatiſe upon the Exiſtence of God*.

* Sub Deo juſto nemo miſer niſi mereatur. St. Auguſtin. The meaning of this ipſe dixit of the Saint is, no one is miſerable under the government of a juſt God, without deſerving to be ſo.

This

DESTRUCTION OF LISBON. 53

This is the fatal knot you should untie,
Our evils do you cure when you deny?
Men ever strove into the source to pry,
Of evil whose existence you deny.
If he whose hand the elements can wield,
To the winds force makes rocky mountains yield;
If thunder lays oaks level with the plain,
From the bolts' strokes they never suffer pain.
But I can feel, my heart oppress'd demands
Aid of that God who form'd me with his hands.
Sons of the God supreme to suffer all
Fated alike; we on our father call.
No vessel of the potter asks, we know,
Why it was made so brittle, vile, and low?
Vessels of speech as well as thought are void;
The urn this moment form'd and that destroy'd,
The potter never could with sense inspire,
Devoid of thought it nothing can desire.
The moralist still obstinate replies,
Other's enjoyments from your woes arise,
To numerous insects shall my corps give birth,
When once it mixes with its mother earth:
Small comfort 'tis that when Death's ruthless power
Closes my life, worms shall my flesh devour.

Remembrancers of misery refrain
 From consolation, you increase my pain :
 Complaint, I see, you have with care repress,
 And proudly hid your sorrows in your breast.
 But a small part I no importance claim
 In this vast universe, this gen'ral frame ;
 All other beings in this world below
 Condemn'd like me to lead a life of woe,
 Subject to laws as rigorous as I,
 Like me in anguish live and like me die.
 The vulture urg'd by an insatiate maw,
 It's trembling prey tears with relentless claw :
 'Tis it finds right, endu'd with greater powers
 The bird of Jove the vulture's self devours.
 Man lifts his tube, he aims the fatal ball
 And makes to earth the tow'ring eagle fall ;
 Man in the field with wounds all cover'd o'er,
 Midst heaps of dead lies welt'ring in his gore,
 While birds of prey the mangled limbs devour,
 Of Nature's Lord who boasts his mighty pow'r.
 Thus the world's members equal ills sustain,
 And perish by each other born to pain :
 Yet in this direful chaos you'd compose
 A gen'ral bliss from individuals woes ?

Oh

DESTRUCTION OF LISBON. 55

Oh worthless blifs ! in injur'd reason's spight,
 With fault'ring voice you cry, What is, is right.
 The universe confutes your boasting vain,
 Your heart retracts the error you maintain.
 Men, beafts, and elements know no repose
 From dire contention ; earth's the feat of woes :
 We strive in vain its fecret fource to find,
 Is ill the gift of our Creator kind ?
 Do then fell Typhon's * curfed laws ordain
 Our ill, or Arimanius † doom to pain ?
 Shock'd at fuch dire chimeras, I reject
 Monsters which fear could into Gods erect.
 But how conceive a God, the fource of love,
 Who on man lavifh'd bleffings from above,
 Then would the race with various plagues confound,
 Can mortals penetrate his views profound ?
 Ill could not from a perfect being fpring,
 Nor from another ‡, fince God's fov'reign king ;
 And yet, fad truth ! in this our world 'tis found,
 What contradictions here my foul confound !

* The author of evil according to the ancient Egyptians.

† The author of evil according to the ancient Perfians.

‡ From another principle.

A God once dwelt on earth amongst mankind,
 Yet vices still lay waste the human mind *;
 He could not do it, this proud sophist cries,
 He could, but he declin'd it, that replies ;
 He surely will, ere these disputes have end,
 Lisbon's foundations hidden thunders rend,
 And thirty cities shatter'd remnants fly,
 With ruin and combustion thro' the sky,
 From dismal Tagus's ensanguin'd shore,
 To where of Cadiz' sea the billows roar.
 Or man's a sinful creature from his birth,
 And God to woe condemns the sons of earth ;
 Or else the God who being rules and space
 Untouch'd with pity for the human race,
 Indiff'rent, both from love and anger free,
 Still acts consistent to his first decree :
 Or matter has defects which still oppose
 God's will, and thence all human evil flows ;
 Or else this transient world by mortals trod,
 Is but a passage that conducts to God †.

* An English philosopher has maintained, that the physical world should have been new formed at the first coming of Christ, as well as the moral world.

† These and the foregoing lines contain, besides the hypothesis of two self-existent principles, one of good, and the other of evil, all the solutions that occur to the human mind upon this abstruse subject ; 'tis revelation alone that can enlighten the mind in matters above our comprehension.

DESTRUCTION OF LISBON. 57

Our transient suff'rings here shall soon be o'er,
 And death will land us on a happier shore.
 But when we rise from this accurst abyss,
 Who by his merit can lay claim to blis?
 Dangers and difficulties man surround,
 Doubts and perplexities his mind confound.
 To nature we apply for truth in vain,
 God should his will to human kind explain.
 He only can illumine the human soul,
 Instruct the wiseman, and the weak console.
 Without him man of error still the sport,
 Thinks from each broken reed to find support.
 Leibnitz can't tell me from what secret cause
 In a world govern'd by the wisest laws,
 Lasting disorders, woes that never end
 With our vain pleasures real suff'rings blend;
 Why ill the virtuous with the vicious shares?
 Why neither good nor bad misfortune spares?
 I can't conceive that *what is, ought to be,*
 In this each doctor knows as much as me.
 We're told by Plato, man, in times of yore,
 Wings gorgeous to his glorious body wore,
 That all attacks he could unhurt sustain,
 By death ne'er conquer'd, ne'er approach'd by pain.

Alas, how chang'd from such a brilliant state !
 He crawls 'twixt heav'n and earth, then yields to fate.
 Look round this sublunary world, you'll find
 That nature to destruction is consign'd.
 Our system weak which nerves and bone compose,
 Cannot the shock of elements oppose ;
 This mass of fluids mix'd with temper'd clay,
 To dissolution quickly must give way.
 Their quick sensations can't unhurt sustain
 Th' attacks of death and of tormenting pain.
 This is the nature of the human frame,
 Plato and Epicurus I disclaim.
 Nature was more to Bayle than either known :
 What do I learn from Bayle, to doubt alone * ?

Bayle,

* About a hundred observations scattered up and down in Bayle's Dictionary, have acquired him immortal reputation. He has left the controversy concerning the *origin of evil* undecided. He lays all manner of opinions before his readers ; all the arguments by which they are supported, and all the arguments by which they may be contested, are by him discussed ; he is, as it were, the recorder of philosophers, but he never gives his own opinion. He resembles Cicero, who often, in his philosophical works, assumes the character of an academian who decides nothing ; this is the remark of the learned and judicious abbe d'Olivet.

I think it my duty, in this place, to endeavour to soften those who have so long attacked Bayle with so much virulence, and to so little purpose ; when I say to so little purpose, I do not say enough ; their invectives have only made people more desirous of reading his works : they should endeavour to learn moderation,

and

DESTRUCTION OF LISBON. 59

Bayle, great and wise, all systems overthrows,
Then his own tenets labours to oppose.

and the art of reasoning from him. The philosophical Bayle did not, however, deny providence, or the immortality of the soul. The works of Cicero are translated, commented upon, and thought necessary in the education of princes; yet what strange doctrine occurs in almost every page of Cicero amongst passages worthy of the highest admiration? He advances over and over, that *if there is a providence, it is to be blamed for giving man an intelligent soul, which it knew he would make an ill use of.* Sic vestra ista providentia reprehendenda est quæ rationem dededit eis quos scierit eâ perverfè ufuros. (*Libro tertio de Naturâ Deorum.*)

No one ever looked upon virtue as a gift of the gods, and it certainly can't be considered in that light. Virtutem nunquam Deo acceptam nemo retulit, nimirum redè. *Ibidem.* *If a criminal dies unpunished, you say the Gods will afflict his posterity. Would a state bear with a legislator who should punish the grand children for the crimes of their grandfathers?* Ferretne ulla civitas latorem legis ut condemnaretur Nepos si avus deliquisset? What is still more surprizing, Cicero concludes his treatise upon the Nature of the Gods without refuting such assertions as these. In his Tusculan Questions he in many places endeavours to prove the mortality of the soul, after having before laboured to prove its immortality.

This is not all; in his oration for Cluentius he declares his sentiments in these terms before the whole Roman senate: *What has he suffered by death? we reject all the idle stories of the infernal regions. What has he then been deprived of by the loss of life except the sense of his sufferings?* Quid illi mors attulit mali, nisi fortè ineptis ac fabulis ducimur ut existimemus illum apud inferos supplicia perferre? Quæ si falsa sunt quod omnes intelligant; quid ei mors eripuit præter sensum doloris?

Even in his letters, in which men generally speak their real sentiments, has not he expressed himself thus, *cum non ero, sensu omnino carebo*: when I am dead, I shall be in a state of perfect insensibility.

Bayle never spoke in such terms as these. Yet Cicero is put into the hands of youth at college by the very persons who inveigh against Bayle: How can we account for this? only by saying that men are inconsistent and unjust.

Like

Like the blind slave to Dalilah's commands,
 Crush'd by the pile demolish'd by his hands.
 Mysteries like these can no man penetrate,
 Hid from his view remains the book of fate.
 Man his own nature never yet could sound,
 He knows not whence he is, nor whither bound*.
 Atoms tormented on this earthly ball,
 The sport of fate, by death soon swallow'd all,
 But thinking atoms, who with piercing eyes
 Have measur'd the whole circuit of the skies ;
 We rise in thought up to the heav'nly throne,
 But our own nature still remains unknown.
 This world which error and o'erweening pride,
 Rulers accurst between them still divide,

* It is self-evident, that man cannot acquire this knowledge without assistance. The human mind derives all its knowledge from experience ; no experience can give us an insight into what preceded our existence, into what is to follow it, nor into what supports it at present. In what manner have we received life ? What is the spring upon which it depends ? How is our brain capable of ideas and memory ? In what manner do our limbs obey every motion of the will ? Of all this we are entirely ignorant. Is our globe the only one that is inhabited ? Was it created ~~after~~ other globes, or at the same instant ? Does every particular species of plants proceed from a first plant ? Is every species of animals produced by two first animals ? The most profound philosophers are no more able to solve these questions than the most ignorant of men. All these questions may be reduced to the vulgar proverb : *Was the hen before the egg, or the egg before the hen ?* The proverb is rather low, but it confounds the utmost penetration of human wisdom, which is utterly at a loss with regard to the first principles of things without supernatural assistance.

Where

DESTRUCTION OF LISBON. 61

Where wretches overwhelm'd with lasting woe,
Talk of a happiness they never know,
Is with complaining fill'd, all are forlorn
In seeking bliss ; none would again be born *.
If in a life midst sorrows past and fears,
With pleasure's hand we wipe away our tears,
Pleasure his light wings spreads, and quickly flies,
Losses on losses, griefs on griefs arise.
The mind from sad remembrance of the past,
Is with black melancholy over-cast ;
Sad is the present if no future state,
No blissful retribution mortals wait,
If fate's decrees the thinking being doom
To lose existence in the silent tomb.
All may be well ; that hope can man sustain,
All now is well ; 'tis an illusion vain.
The fages held me forth delusive light,
Divine instructions only can be right.
Humbly I sigh, submissive suffer pain,
Nor more the ways of providence arraign.
In youthful prime I sung in strains more gay,
Soft pleasure's laws which lead mankind astray.

* We scarce even meet with a man, who would willingly recommence his past course of life, and go through the same events.

But

But times change manners ; taught by age and care
 Whilst I mistaken mortals weakness share,
 The light of truth I seek in this dark state,
 And without murmuring submit to fate.
 A calise one when his last hour drew nigh,
 Pray'd in such terms as these to the most high :
Being supream, whose greatness knows no bound,
I bring thee all that can't in thee be found ;
Defects and sorrows, ignorance and woe.
 Hope he omitted, man's sole bliss below *.

* Most nations entertained this hope even before they had the assistance of revelation. The hope of existing after death is founded upon the desire of existing during life ; it is founded upon the probability that what thinks now shall think hereafter. Of this there is no demonstration, because the contrary of whatever is demonstrated is a contradiction, and because there never was any dispute concerning demonstrable truths. Lucretius, in his third book, offers arguments of a force which must afflict those who wish for a life to come, in order to destroy this hope : but he does no more than oppose probabilities to probabilities more strong. Many of the Romans thought like Lucretius ; and these words, in a chorus of Seneca the Tragedian, were sung upon the Roman stage ; *Post mortem nihil est, there remains nothing after death.* But instinct, reason, the desire of consolation, and the good of society prevailed, and men have always hoped in a life to come : this hope has, however, been generally accompanied with doubt. Revelation destroys that doubt, and makes it give place to certainty.

P R E F A C E

P R E F A C E
TO THE
P O E M
UPON THE
L A W O F N A T U R E.

IT is generally known that this Poem was not intended for the publick, it long remain'd a secret between a great King and the Author. About three months ago a few copies were handed about at *Paris*, and soon after several impressions of it were publish'd as incorrect as those of other works by the same hand.

It would be no more than justice, to be more indulgent to a work forc'd out of the obscurity to which the Author had condemn'd it, than to a work offer'd by the Writer himself to the inspection of the publick. It would likewise be agreeable to equity not to pass the same judgment upon a Poem compos'd by a Layman, as upon a theological thesis. These two Poems are the fruits of a transplanted tree. Some of these fruits may perhaps not be to the taste of certain persons;

persons; they come from a foreign climate, but none of them are poison'd, and many of them may prove highly salutary.

This Work should be consider'd as a Letter, in which the Author freely discovers his sentiments. Most books resemble those formal and general conversations in which people seldom utter their thoughts. The Author in this Poem declares his real opinions to a philosophical Prince, whom he then had the honour of living with. He has been inform'd that persons of the best understanding have been pleas'd with this sketch: they were of opinion that the Poem upon the Law of Nature was intended only to prepare the world for truths more sublime. This consideration alone would have determin'd the Author to render his work more complete and correct, if his infirmities had permitted it. He was at last oblig'd to content himself with correcting the faults which the first edition swarm with.

The praises bestow'd in this work upon a Prince by no means sollicitous about praise, should not surprize any body, they came from the heart; they are very different from that incense which self-interestedness lavishes upon power. The Man of Letters might not perhaps

perhaps have deserv'd the praises or the favours pour'd upon him by the Monarch, but the Monarch was every way deserving of the encomiums bestow'd upon him in this Poem by the Man of Letters. The change which has since happen'd, in a connection which does so much honour to learning, has by no means alter'd the sentiments which gave occasion to these praises.

In fine, since a work never intended for publication, has been snatch'd out of secrecy and obscurity, it will last among a few Sages as a monument of a philosophical correspondence, which should not have ended, and if it shews human weakness throughout, it, at the same time, makes it appear that true Philosophy always surmounts that weakness.

To conclude, this weak Essay was first occasion'd by a little Pamphlet which appear'd at that time. It was entitled, *A Treatise upon the Sovereign Good*, and it should have been call'd *A Treatise upon the Sovereign Evil*. The Author of it maintain'd that there is no such thing as virtue or vice, and that remorse of conscience is a weakness owing to the prejudice of education, which a man should endeavour to subdue. The Author of the following Poem maintains, that remorse of conscience is as natural to us as any passion of the human soul.

soul. If the violence of passion hurries man into a fault, when come to himself he is sensible of that fault. The wild girl who was found near *Chalons* own'd, that in her passion she gave her companion a blow, of the consequence of which the poor wretch died in her arms. As soon as she saw her blood, she repented, she wept, she stopt the blood, and dress'd the wound with herbs. Those who maintain that this relenting of humanity is only a branch of self-love, do that principle a great deal of honour. Let men call reason and conscience by what names they will, they exist, and are the foundation of the Law of Nature.

THE
LAW OF NATURE.

A POEM IN FOUR PARTS.

EXORDIUM.

THOU by whose works, deeds, reign with wonders fraught,

The brave and wise their duty shall be taught,

Who with unalter'd brow alike look down

On life and death, the cottage and the crown;

With force like thine my wavering soul inspire,

Spread o'er me rays of that celestial fire,

Which owes to sacred reason all its light,

By prepossession dimm'd and turn'd to night.

On darkness which o'erspreads the world below,

Lets strive some light however faint to throw.

Our first of studies in our early age,

Was courtly *Horace* with *Boileau's* chaste page.

In them you sought with philosophic mind,

The true and beautiful at once to find;

Oft

Oft with instructive and with moral lines,
 Brightly each finish'd composition shines ;
 But Pope possess of genius more profound,
 What lightly they skim'd over knew to sound.
 Light into th' abyss of being first he brought,
 And man by him to know himself was taught.
 A trivial now, and now an useful art,
 Verse is in Pope divine, it forms the heart.
 What need we know that Horace hir'd to praise
 Octavius in vile, prostituted lays,
 When from the night's polluted joys he rose,
 Insulted *Crispinus* in measur'd prose?
 That pension'd Boileau satire's venom shed
 On *Quinault's* lyre and *Tasso's* laurel'd head ;
 Could paint the hurry, bustle, and the throng
 Of Paris, where men scarce can pass along ;
 Or at a wretched feast what pass'd rehearse,
 In flowing numbers and harmonious verse.
 A soul like thine to higher views aspires,
 Far other information it requires ;
 The essence of our spirit you explore,
 Its end, beginning, but its duty more.
 On this important theme what others thought,
 What error has to vulgar doctors taught,

Let's

Let's scan and ballance with those truths divine,
 Which Heaven suggests to such a soul as thine.
 God we should search for in ourselves alone,
 If he exists the human heart's his throne.
 The God whose pow'r from dust could mortals raise,
 Must we then seek in learning's winding maze?
 You trust not *Origen's* or *Scotus* page,
 Nature instructs us more than either sage;
 Systems lets drop those follies of the wise,
 And into self-descending learn to rise.

P A R T the Ist.

God has given men ideas of justice and conscience to admonish them just as he has given them every thing else necessary. This is that Law of Nature upon which religion is founded. This is the only principle herein discussed. The author speaks only of the Law of Nature, and not of religion and its awful mysteries.

Whether a self-existent * being laid
 The world's foundations out of nothing made,

If

* As God is an infinite being, his nature must of consequence be unknown to all men. As this is a philosophical work, it was judged necessary to cite the opinions of philosophers. All the ancients, without exception, looked upon matter as eternal; this is almost the only point upon which they were agreed. Most of them
 main.

If forming matter o'er it he presides,
 And having shap'd the mass directs and guides ;
 Whether the soul, that bright, ætherial spark
 Of heavenly fire, too oft obscure and dark,
 Makes of our senses one or acts alone ;
 We all are subject to the Almighty's Throne.
 But at his throne round which deep thunders roar
 What homage shall we pay, how God adore ?
 Can jealousy affect th' eternal mind ?
 Will adulation there acceptance find ?
 Is it that warlike race of haughty brow,
 Who to their power made fam'd Byzantium bow,
 The phlegmatic Chinese, the Tartar rude,
 Whose arms so many regions have subdu'd,
 That rightly knows to praise the Power divine,
 And offer grateful homage at his shrine ?

maintained that God had set the world in order; none of them knew that he had created it out of nothing. They asserted, that the celestial intelligence was by his nature endued with a power of arranging matter, and that matter was by its nature self-existent.

According to almost all the philosophers and poets, the great gods dwelt at a distance from the earth. The soul of man was, in the opinion of many, a celestial fire; according to others, it was a harmony resulting from the organs; others represented it as a part of the Divinity *divinæ particulam, auræ*; others as a refined matter, or quintessence; the wisest considered it as an immaterial being: but whatever sect they embraced, they acknowledged that man is in every respect subject to the Deity.

Various

Various in language and religious lore
 A different deity they all implore ;
 Then all have err'd, let's therefore turn our eyes
 From vile impostors who delight in lies * :
 Nor let us vainly make attempt to found
 Awful religion's mysteries profound,
 To reason let researches vain give place,
 Let's strive to know if God instructs our race.
 Nature to man has given with bounteous hand
 What'er his nature's cravings can demand ;
 Senses sure instinct, spirits vary'd springs,
 To him each element its tribute brings.
 In the brains-foldings memory is plac'd,
 And on it nature's lively image trac'd.
 Ready at every motion of his will,
 His call external objects answer still ;
 Sound to his ear is wafted by the air,
 The light he sees without or pains or care,
 As to his God, the end of human kind
 Is man to ceaseless errors then confin'd ?
 Is nature then display'd to mortals eyes,
 While nature's God obscure and hidden lies ?

* *Confucius* should not be confounded with these, he confined himself to natural religion, and discovered every thing that could be discovered without the light of revelation.

Is succour in my greatest need deny'd?
 Must my chief craving rest unsatisfy'd?
 No, God in vain has not his creatures made,
 The hand divine on every brow's display'd.
 My Master's will can't from me be conceal'd;
 When he gave being he his law reveal'd.
 Doubtless he spoke, but spoke to all mankind;
 To Egypt's deserts he was ne'er confin'd.
 In Delphi, Delos, or the Sibyl's cave,
 No oracle the godhead ever gave.
 Morality, unvary'd and the same,
 Denounces to each age God's holy name.
 'Tis *Trajan's* law, 'tis *Socrates's*, yours,
 By nature preach'd, like nature it endures;
 Reason receives it, and the keen remorse
 Of conscience strengthens it, and gives it force;
 For conscience makes the obstinate repent,
 And hardest bosoms at her voice relent.
 Think you young *Ammon*, mad ambition's slave,
 Not like you moderate, altho' as brave,
 In a friend's blood, when he his hands embu'd,
 By augurs to soft pity was subdu'd?
 Religious rites for gold they had prophan'd,
 And wash'd the monarch's hands by murder stain'd:

But

But nature's instinct could not be suppress'd,
 It pleaded powerful in the monarch's breast ;
 He could not his impetuous rage forgive,
 But thought himself a wretch unfit to live.
 This law which bears in China sov'reign sway,
 To which fierce Japonese due rev'rence pay,
 Fir'd Zoroaster's genius unconfin'd,
 And shed its sacred light on Solon's mind.
 It cries from Indus to cold Zembla's shore,
Be just, thy country love, and God adore.
 The Laplander, amidst eternal snows,
 His God adores, and what is justice, knows ;
 And sold to distant coasts the negro race
 With joy in others negro features trace.
 No slanderer vile, no murderer ever knows
 The mind's calm sunshine and the soul's repose ;
 Nor ever thus his secret thoughts express'd,
 He who destroys the innocent is bless'd ;
 Bless'd he by whom his mother's blood is spilt,
 Great the attractions and the charms of guilt.
 Believe me, mortals, man, with dauntless brow,
 Would openly such sentiments avow,
 If there was not an universal law
 Crimes to suppress, and keep the world in awe.

Did men create the sense of guilt or shame?
 Their soul and faculties did mortals frame?
 Whether in Peru or in China flame
 The golden heaps, their nature is the same:
 From th' artists hands new forms the ingots take,
 But he who shapes unable is to make:
 Thus God, to whom each man his being owes,
 In every heart the seeds of virtue sows.
 True virtue by th' Almighty first was made,
 By man its counterfeit, and empty shade;
 He may disguise the truth with errors vain,
 His feelings an attempt to change restrain.

P A R T the IId.

Containing answers to the objections against Universal
 Morality, with a demonstration of that truth.

Cardan and fam'd Spinoza both reply,
 This check of conscience, nature's boasted cry,
 From mutual wants and habit take their rise,
 'Tis these cement our friendships and our ties.
 Foe to thyself, sophist both weak and blind,
 Whence springs this want? Why did the sov'reign mind
 Make in the bosom of all mortals dwell,
 Instincts which to society impel?

Laws

Laws made by mortal man soon pass away,
 The vary'd, weak productions of a day,
Jacob of old, as inclination led,
 Two sisters of the Hebrew race could wed;
 David, exempt both from restraint and shame,
 Could to a hundred beauties tell his flame,
 Whilst at the Vatican, the pope distress'd,
 Can't without scandal be of one possess'd.
 Here successors are chosen by the fires,
 Whilst birthright there the whole estate acquires.
 If but a whisker'd *Polander* commands,
 All public business suspended stands.
 Electors must the emperor sustain,
 The pope has dignity, the English gain.
 Worship, law, interests, variations know,
 Virtue's alone unchangeable below*.
 But whilst this moral beauty we admire,
 See on a scaffold Britain's king expire.
Borgia the blade against his brother drew,
 And stabb'd whilst to his sister's arms he flew.
 There the Dutch rabble rous'd to frantic rage,
 Two brothers tear, the worthies of their age.

* It is evident that variations are here ascrib'd only to institutions, such as civil laws and discipline, which are alter'd every day as occasion requires.

In France Brinvilliers constant still at prayers,
 Poisons her fire, and to confess repairs;
 The just is by the wicked's force subdu'd,
 Hence do you virtue but a name conclude?
 When with the baleful south winds tainted breath,
 All nature sickens, and each gale is death,
 Will you maintain that since the world began,
 Health never yet was known to dwell with man,
 The various pests that poison human life,
 Effects that spring from elemental strife,
 Corrupt the bliss of mortals here below,
 But quickly vanish both their guilt and woe,
 Soon as our passions fierce subside and cool,
 Our hearts assent to every moral rule.
 The source is pure, the furious winds in vain
 Disturb its waves, and rushing torrents stain;
 The mud that on its surface flows refines,
 And by degrees the wat'ry mirror shines;
 The worst man there fierce as the storm before,
 His image sees when once its rage is o'er.
 The light of reason heav'n gave not in vain
 To man, but added conscience to restrain.
 The springs of sense are mov'd by her command;
 Who hears her voice is sure to understand:

Te

To minds by passion sway'd tho' free before,
She still an equilibrium can restore ;
She kindles in each breast a gen'rous flame,
And makes self-love and social love the same.
This was the dæmon Socrates's guide,
Ordain'd o'er all his actions to preside,
The God whose presence could his fears controul,
Who made him dauntless drink the poison'd bowl.
Was to the sage its influence confin'd ?
No ; heaven must sure direct each human mind.
By this for five years Nero's rage was quell'd,
Five years the voice of flatt'ry he repell'd.
His soul to this Aurelius still apply'd,
Like a philosopher he liv'd and died !
Julian, apostate by the Christians nam'd,
Adher'd to reason whilst he faith disclaim'd,
The church's scandal, but of kings the pride,
Ne'er from the Law of Nature turn'd aside.
But cavillers truth's force will never own,
They cry to infants reason is unknown ;
The power of education forms the mind,
Man still to copy others is inclin'd ;
Nothing peculiar actuates his heart,
Others he, apes, and acts a borrow'd part ;

Justice and truth with him are words of course,
 But machine-like he acts by instinct's force.
 He's Turk or Jew, Pagan or Child of Grace,
 Layman or Monk, according to his race.
 I know example influence acquires
 O'er man; that habit sentiment inspires.
 Speech, fashions, and the mind's unbounded range
 Of mad opinions, subject still to change,
 Are feeble traces by our fires imprest,
 With mortal signet on each human breast.
 But the first springs are made by God's own hand,
 Of source divine they shall for ever stand.
 To practice them the child a man must grow,
 Their force he cannot in the cradle know.
 The sparrow when he first beholds the light,
 Can he unfledg'd feel amorous delight?
 Do new born foxes prey to seek begin?
 Do insects taught by nature silk to spin,
 Or do the humming swarms, whose artful skill,
 Can wax compose, and honey's sweets distil,
 Soon as they see the day their work produce?
 Time ripens and brings all things into use.
 All beings have their object, and they tend
 At a fix'd period to their destin'd end.

Passion,

Passion, 'tis true, may hurry us along,
 Sometimes the just may deviate into wrong.
 Oft man from good to hated evil flies,
 None in all moments virtuous are or wise.
 We're told that man's a mystery o'er and o'er;
 All nature as mysterious is or more.
 Philosophers sagacious and profound,
 The beasts sure instinct could you ever sound?
 The nature of the grass can you explain,
 That dies, then rising spreads a verdant plain?
 This world a veil o'erspreads of darkest night,
 If thro' the deep obscure the glimmering light
 Of reason serves to guide us on our way,
 Should we extinguish it, and go astray.
 When God first fill'd the vast expanse of sky,
 Bid oceans flow and kindled suns on high;
 He said, Be in your limits fix'd contain'd,
 And in their bounds the rising worlds remain'd.
 On Venus laws and Saturn he impos'd,
 The sixteen orbs of which our world's compos'd;
 On jarring elements that still contend,
 On rolling thunders that the æther rend,
 On man created to adore his power,
 And on the worm that shall man's flesh devour.

Shall man audaciously, with effort vain,
 His own * laws add to those the heav'ns ordain?
 Should we the phantoms of a day at most,
 Who scarcely can a real being boast,
 Place ourselves on the throne at God's right hand,
 And issue forth like Gods supream command?

P A R T the III^d.

Shews that, as men have for the most part dis-
 figured, by the various opinions which they have
 adopted, the principle of natural religion which
 unites them, they should mutually bear with each
 other.

The universe is God's eternal shrine,
 † Men various ways adore, the power divine.
 All of their faith, their saints, their martyr'd host,
 And oracles unerring voice make boast.
 On numerous ablutions one relies,
 He thinks heav'n sees them with propitious eyes,

* By the word laws in this place, are meant only the transient opinions of men who would make their peculiar sentiments pass for general laws.

† Men in this place, means those only who have erected themselves into legislators, and the passage relates only to the forms of worship establish'd in Heathen countries, as has been declar'd in the beginning of the first part.

And

And that all those who are not circumcis'd,
 Are by his God rejected and despis'd,
 Another thinks he Brama's favour gains,
 Whilst he from eating rabbits flesh abstains,
 Amongst the bless'd above he hopes a seat,
 The just reward of merit so compleat.
 Against their neighbours all alike declaim,
 And brand them with the unbelievers name.
 The jars amidst contending Christians bred,
 More desolation through the world have spread,
 Than the pretext of statesmen weak and vain,
 Midst Europe's powers a ballance to maintain.
 See an inquisitor, with air benign,
 His neighbour's body to the flames consign;
 Much sorrow at the tragic scene he shews,
 But takes the money to assuage his woes.
 Whilst touch'd with zeal religious crowds advance,
 And praising God, around the victim dance.
 Blind zeal could oft good catholicks incite,
 At leaving mass to hurry to the fight,
 And threatening each their neighbour loudly cry,
Wretch think like me, or else this moment die.
 From Paris Calvin and his sect withdrew,
 Their effigies the bloodless hangman slew.

Servetus born in torments to expire,
By *Calvin's* self was sentenc'd to the fire.
Had but Servetus been of power possest,
The *Trinitarians* had been fore opprest,
Quickly had ended all the warm dispute,
For halters can the obstinate confute.
Thus sectaries who 'gainst *Arminius* rose,
Bent all his tenets warmly to oppose,
In Flanders gain'd the martyr's glorious name,
In Holland executioners became.
Why for so many years with pious rage,
Religious wars did our fore-fathers wage?
From nature's law allegiance they withdrew,
Or added others dangerous as new;
And man to his own sense an abject slave,
To God his weakness and his passions gave.
To him men give the faults of human kind,
They paint him fickle, false, to rage inclin'd:
But reason, thanks to Heav'n, in these our days
O'er half the globe diffuses kindly rays;
Man at her voice persuasive grows humane,
No piles are lighted, blood no altars stain.
If bigot fury should again be known,
Those fires would soon to tenfold rage be blown.

So oft opinion does not pass for guilt,
 By man his brother's blood's more rarely spilt.
 * More rarely horror acts of faith inspire
 At Lisbon, fewer Jews in flames expire ;
 Less oft the Muphti cries in furious strain,
Slave follow Mahomet, from wine refrain.
 † But Christians still the furious Muphti names
 Dogs, and condemns them to eternal flames.
 The Catholics again from bliss exclude
 The Turks, who have so many realms subdu'd ;
 They to damnation northern realms consign,
 The curse great King affects even worth like thine.
 In vain your goodness is each day display'd,
 In vain all mankind you protect and aid ;
 You people and improve the barren plain,
 Arts cultivate, asylums build in vain :
 ‡ For confidently many doctors say
 That you from Beelzebub derive your sway.

The

* When this poem was wrote, the author could not foresee that flames were to destroy a great part of that unhappy city in which faggots were too often kindled.

† 'Tis common with the Turks to give the appellations of Dog and Infidel to the Christians.

‡ The maxim, *Extra ecclesiam nulla est salus*, There is no salvation out of the church; is held in great veneration by the Catholics, yet all men of sense look upon it as both ridiculous and abominable to thunder such an anathema against men of the high-

The Pagan virtues were but crimes at best,
 All generous souls such maxims must detest.
 Journalist base who with malignant mind
 Think'st thyself authoris'd to damn mankind;
 Thou seest with joy God human beings frame,
 To glut the devil and burn with endless flame.
 Is't not enough that you at once consign
 Montagne and Montesquieu to wrath divine?
 Shall Aristides, Socrates the sage,
 Solon the guide and model of his age;
 Aurelius, Trajan, Titus dear to fame,
 Against whom you with bitterness declaim,
 All be cast into the abyss of hell,
 By the just Being whom they serv'd so well?
 And shall you be in Heaven with glory crown'd,
 While crowds of cherubims your throne surround;
 Because with Monks a wallet once you bore,
 In ignorance slept and greasy sack-cloth wore?

est rank and most extraordinary talents: this is not like the procedure of reasonable men. Archbishop Tillotson would never have wrote in these terms to the Archbishop of Cambray, *Sir, you are damned.* A King of Portugal would not have written in this manner to a King of England who should send him aid, *Brother, you will certainly go to hell.* The menace of eternal damnation to those who do not think like us, is like a weapon deposited in an arsenal by the church, and no individual is allowed to make use of it.

Be

Be blest above, with souls no war I wage,
 But why should Newton, wonder of his age,
 Leibnitz profound, and Addison whose mind
 With learning fraught was by true taste refin'd :
 * Locke who could spirits properties explain,
 And understanding's limits ascertain ;

Mens

* It is well known that the wise and modest Locke discover'd the whole progress of the human understanding, and pointed out the limits of it's power. Fully convinc'd of human weakness, and sensible of the infinite power of the Creator, he says that we have no knowledge of the nature of our souls, but from faith : he says that man is not sufficiently enlighten'd to assert, that God could not communicate thoughts to any being whatever, and even to matter itself.

Those who were still immers'd in ignorance, rose up in arms against him. Infatuated with a cartesianism as false in every respect as peripateticism itself, they were of opinion, that matter is nothing else but extent in length, breadth, and depth : they did not know that it is endu'd with the property of gravitating towards a center, the *vis inertia*, and many more ; that it's elements are indivisible, tho' it's component parts may be divided *ad infinitum*. They limited the power of the supreme being, they did not reflect that notwithstanding all the discoveries that have been made concerning the nature of matter, we are still in the dark as to it's essence. They should have taken it into consideration, that it has been long debated, whether the human understanding be a faculty or substance. They should have examin'd themselves, and they would have been sensible, that our understandings are too limited to sound this abyss.

The faculty of moving, which beasts have, is not a substance, a particular essence ; it appears to be a gift of the Creator. Locke has advanc'd, that the same Creator may confer the gift of thinking upon whatever being he thinks proper. According to this hypothesis, which subjects us more than any other to the supreme being, thought added to any element of matter is not less pure or less

ing,

Men whom the God supreme deign'd to inspire,
Wherefore should these be doom'd to penal fire?

immortal, than it is supposed to be in any other system. That indivisible element is unperishable: thought may, doubtless, exist with it to all eternity, after the body is dissolv'd. This is what Locke offers to our consideration, without affirming any thing. He speaks of what God might have done, and not of what he has done. He does not pretend to know what matter is: he acknowledges that between it and God, there may be an infinity of created substances totally different from each other: in fact, light, elementary fire, as Sir Isaac Newton has observed in his Principles, seems to hold the middle place between the unknown essence call'd matter, and other essences still more unknown. Light does not tend to a center like matter; it does not seem to be impenetrable; accordingly *Newton* often repeats in his Opticks, *I don't enter into the question, whether the rays of light are bodies or not.*

Locke has advanc'd, that there may be an infinite number of substances, and that God may communicate ideas to these substances. We cannot conjecture by what art divine, any being can form ideas; we are very far from such a degree of penetration; we shall never know how an earth worm can be capable of motion. In all these researches, we should look up to God and acknowledge our weakness. Such is Mr. Locke's philosophy, as grand as it is simple; and this submission to God, men have presum'd to treat as impiety; his followers convinc'd of the immortality of the soul, have been call'd Materialists, and such a man as Locke has been censur'd as tedious, by the Compiler of a Treatise upon Physicks.

Granting even that Locke was mistaken in this point, (if he can be mistaken who affirms nothing) he is not the less deserving of the praise bestow'd on him here: he is, in my opinion, the first who has made it appear, that we are not acquainted with any axiom, till we know the particular truths that enter into it; he is the first who has shewn in what entity consists, what it is to be the same person, the same self: he is the first who has prov'd the system of innate ideas to be false. Upon this occasion I can't help observing, that certain schools pronounc'd anathemas against innate ideas, when they were established by *Descartes*, and afterwards pronounced other anathemas against the adversaries of innate ideas, when Locke had shewn them to be absurd. Thus do men judge when they are not Philosophers.

In

In judging be more temperate and cool,
Teach not eternal wisdom how to rule ;
To judge severely such great men beware,
And those who ne'er condemn'd you learn to spare.
Religion well observ'd will quell your rage,
And make you mild, compassionate and sage ;
Drown others not, but try the port to find,
He's right who pardons but the angry blind.
Sons of one God, in these our days of woe
Let's live like brothers whilst we dwell below.
Let's strive to lend each other kind relief,
We groan beneath a load of woes and grief :
Against our lives a thousand foes lay wait,
Our lives which we at once both love and hate :
Some guide, some prop our wavering hearts require,
With languor chill'd, or burn'd with strong desire.
Tears by the happiest mortals have been shed,
All have their share of anxious care and dread.
If kind society her succours lend,
Her joys awhile our griefs and cares suspend :
Yet even here a weak resource we find,
'Gainst grief that ever rankles in the mind.
Dash not the cup in which our comforts flow,
Do not corrupt the balm of human woe.

Felons,

Felons, methinks, I in a dungeon spy,
 Who at their fellows throats with fury fly;
 And tho' they could relieve each others pains,
 For ever jar and combat with their chains.

P A R T the IVth.

Proves that it is the business of the government to put
 an end to the unhappy disputes of the schools, by
 which the peace of society is disturbed.

I oft have heard it from your lips august,
 'Tis the grand duty, doubtless, to be just;
 And the first blessing is the heart's repose,
 How could you, where so many sects oppose,
 Amidst incessant wrangling and debate,
 Preserve a peace so lasting in the state?
 Whence is it *Calvin's* sons, and *Luther's*, tell,
 Deem'd by the papist's Satan's off-spring fell,
 The Roman, Greek, who will not own the pow'r
 Of Rome; the Quaker, Anabaptist four,
 Who in their law could never yet agree,
 Are all united in the praise of thee?
 'Tis because nature form'd you for the throne;
 Like you to rule had the first Valois known,

A Ja-

A Jacobin had not, with fury fir'd,
 To rival *Judith* and *Aod*, aspir'd ;
 Ne'er on the king his hands prophane had laid,
 But Valois edg'd the * church's murd'rous blade,
 That blade by which, tho' subject crouds stood round,
 Great Henry after fell, for worth renown'd.
 Such curs'd effects from pious quarrels flow,
 Or soon or late all factions bloody grow ;
 Quickly they spread and strength acquire, if priz'd,
 But quickly sink to nothing, if despis'd.
 He who can armies lead against the foe,
 To govern refractory priests should know.
 Yet could a Norman confessor perswade
 A king who prowes in the field display'd,
 That *Quesnel*, *Jansen* threaten'd much the state,
 The monarch by his greatness gave them weight.
 Then rose a hundred factions fill'd with ire,
 Blind zeal made judges, pleaders, clerks conspire ;
 Then jesuits, capuchins, and cordeliers,
 The kingdom fill'd with scruples and with fears :

* We are not by the word Church, in this place, to understand
 the Catholick Church, nothing is here alluded to but the abomina-
 ble fanaticism of some Ecclesiasticks detested by the Church in all
 ages.

* Ridiculous once by the regent made,
 They quickly funk into oblivion's shade.
 The master's presence and his care suffice
 To scatter bliss, thence general good must rise.
 Who cultivates within the well-fenc'd field,
 The treasures which the spring and autumn yield,
 Can water, earth, sun's various gifts bestow,
 Upon the trees that in his gardens grow ;
 On slender props he feeble branches rears,
 And from the ground the uselefs plants up tears ;
 Or prunes them when they too luxuriant shoot,
 And drain of needful sap the trunk and root,
 His lands afford him all he can desire,
 The laws of nature with his toil conspire ;
 A tree which he has planted with his hand,
 Is sure, with others, to enrich the land ;
 And all the planter's cares are well repaid
 With luscious fruits and with a grateful shade.
 A gardener never could, by vengeance led,
 Make heav'n upon it baleful influence shed ;
 Could ne'er, by curses, make his fruits decay,
 Or vines and fig-trees wither quite away.

* This ridicule, the sense of which is universal amongst all nations, falls upon great intrigues occasion'd by trifles, upon the inveterate animosity of two parties which could never agree with regard to the sense of four thousand printed volumes.

Wretched

Wretched those nations where laws still contend !
Their jarring factions never can have end :
The Roman senate, watchful o'er the state,
Morals and rites intent to regulate,
Set to the vestals number its due bound,
Nor suffer'd bacchanals to range around.
Aurelius, Trajan, princes of renown,
The pontiff's bonnet wore, and emperor's crown :
The world depended on their care alone,
And the schools vain disputes were then unknown ;
Those legislators, with sage maxims fraught,
Ne'er for their sacred birds with fury fought.
On the same principle Rome now holds command,
The throne and altar by their union stand ;
Her citizens enjoy serene repose,
More bless'd than when they vanquish'd numerous
foes.

Not that I think kings should the mitre wear,
And the cross jointly with the scepter bear,
Or when they come from council should, aloud,
Utter their benediction to the croud ;
But I assert that kings, when they are crown'd,
To maintain order are by duty bound,

That

POEM UPON THE

* That their authority's o'er all the same,
 That all their fatherly protection claim.
 On various orders well-form'd states depend,
 Merchants enrich them, warriors defend.
 Religious ordinances level all,
 The rich and poor, the great as well as small ;
 Equal authority has civil law,
 This keeps both citizens and priests in awe.
 Law in a state should equal sway extend
 O'er all ; all to it equally should bend.
 Farther to treat of such points I decline,
 Heav'n ne'er for government form'd souls like mine ;
 But from the port where now my life I close,
 In tranquil happiness and calm repose,
 Seeing the storms that all around me rage,
 I with your lessons moralize my page.
 From this discourse what inference shall we draw ?
 That prejudice to fools alone gives law ;
 We should not for it with fierce rage contend,
 Earth teems with error, truths from heav'n descend ;

* It should not be inferr'd from hence, that every order in the state has not its peculiar distinctions, its privileges inseparably annex'd to its particular functions. In all countries the various orders of a state enjoy their several privileges : but they are all equally bound by the general law.

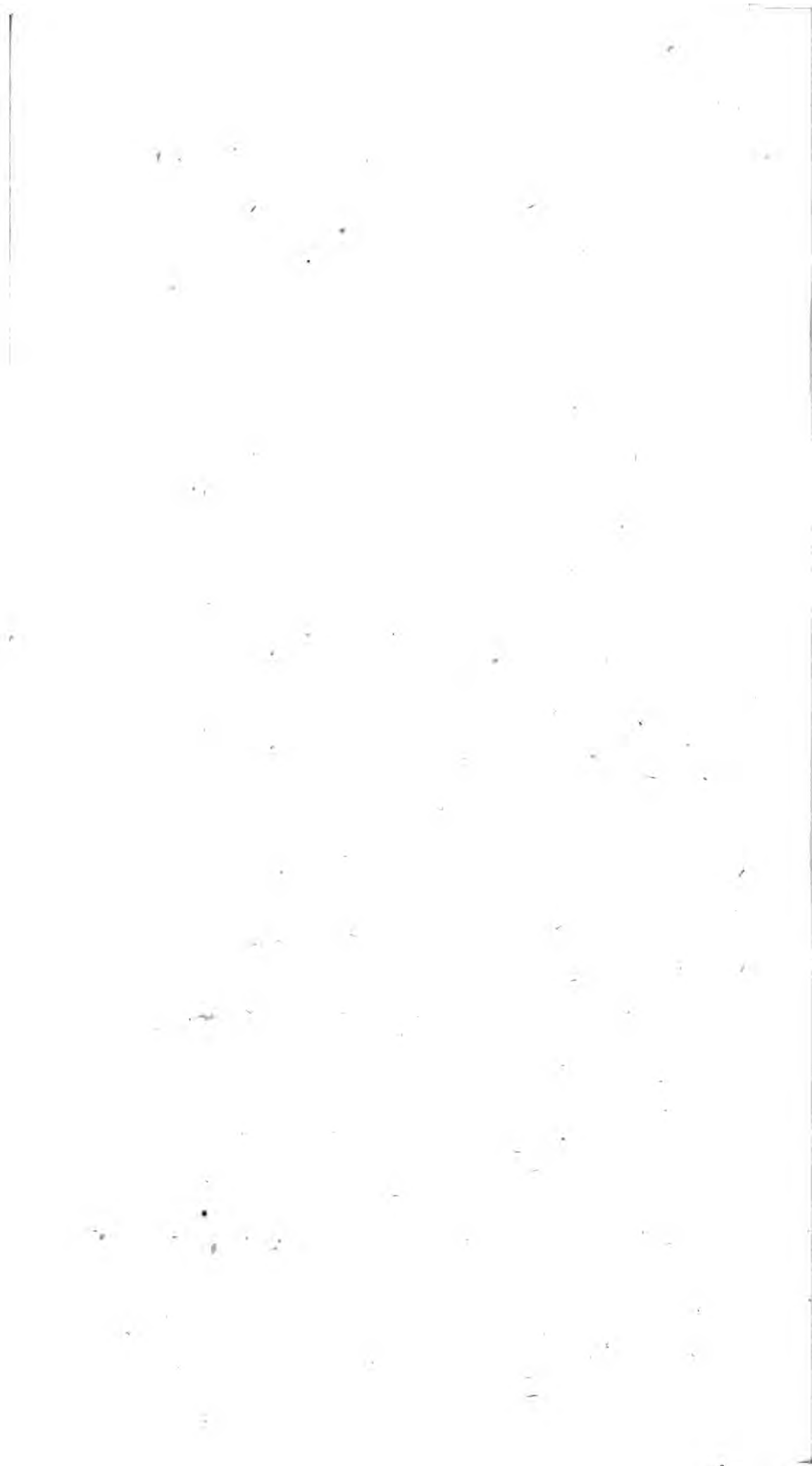
And

And amidst thistles which obstruct the way,
The sage finds paths that cannot lead astray.
Peace, which man wishes, whilst he from it flies,
As much as sacred truth should mortals prize.

P R A Y E R.

Great God, whose being by thy works is known,
Hear my last words from thy eternal throne:
If I mistook 'twas whilst thy law I sought,
I may have err'd, but thou wert in each thought.
Fearless I look beyond the opening grave,
And cannot think the God who being gave,
The God whose favours made my bliss o'erflow,
Has doom'd me, after death, to endless woe.

OLYMPIA.





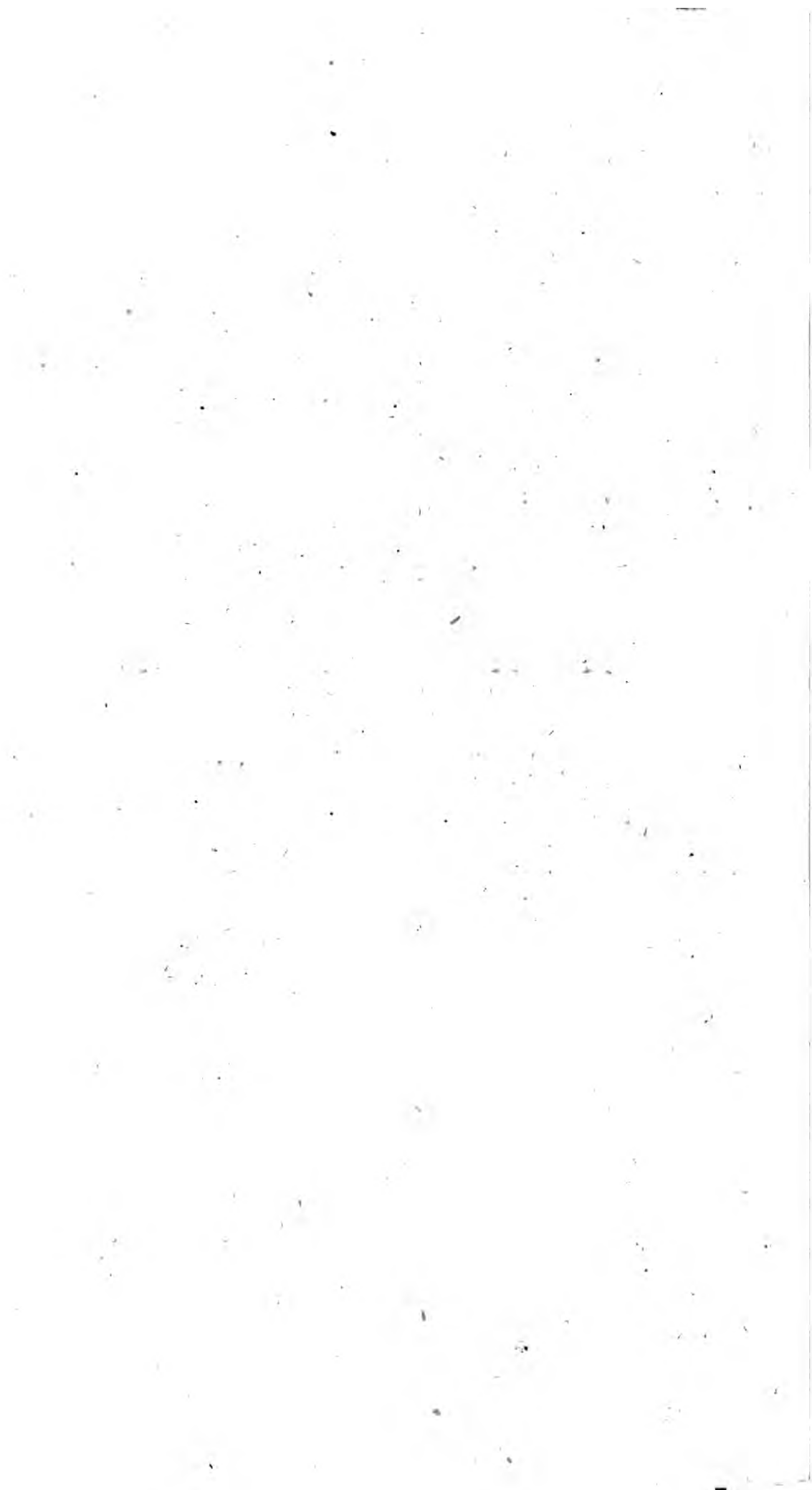
O L Y M P I A.

A N E W

T R A G E D Y.

Written by Mr. DE VOLTAIRE.





T H E

E D I T O R ' S A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

THIS new Tragedy which I lay before the publick, will, I hope, prove acceptable to all that have a taste for literary performances.

Monf. de *Voltaire* sent the manuscript some time ago to his Serene Highness the Elector *Palatine*. This Prince renown'd throughout *Europe* for talents which render the throne respectable, had a desire to see this piece, and caus'd it to be acted last year by his comedians at the Theatre of *Schwetzingen*, on the thirtieth of *September*, and the seventh of *October*, whilst the Author endeavour'd to get it represented at his own house. The Author, with whom I have the honour to correspond, and under whose directions I wrote for five years, sent me the copy of this piece, together with the alterations which he made in it every day. As I assisted at the several representations of it at *Schwetzingen*, I informed him of its success, and took the liberty to communicate to him a few

observations which I had made on it. In return he communicated to me some observations of his own.

This Tragedy has been acknowledg'd to have something original in it. The pomp of its decorations excited admiration at the Palace of his Serene Highness. Several striking and happy incidents render'd the conduct of the piece interesting, and at once inspir'd pity and terror. Every thing contributed to make the catastrophe shocking. I can assure the publick, that the dagger never produc'd such an effect upon the stage as in the last Act of *Olympia*. The decorations were extremely magnificent; the stake in its proper place made the spectators shudder; the flames were real. The altar upon which was *Olympia*, discover'd the whole sight. The Priests and Priestesses plac'd at a distance from her, left the Princess at liberty to throw herself down; in a word, the piece was represented with a magnificence worthy of their Serene Electoral Highnesses. Nothing was wanting but the presence of him for whom my master has so great an esteem, whose work I have caus'd to be printed, as a token of the profound respect I have for him.

COLINI, Secretary and Historiographer to
his Serene Highness the Elector *Palatine*.

D R A M-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

CASSANDER, Son of Antipater, King of Macedonia.

ANTIGONES, King of Part of Asia.

The Hierophantes, or High Priest, who presides at the
Celebration of the great Mysteries.

SOSTHENES, an Officer of Cassander's.

HERMAS, an Officer of Antigones.

W O M E N.

STATIRA, the Wife of Alexander.

OLYMPIA, the Daughter of Alexander and Statira.

Priests, Priestesses, Soldiers, Populace.

1950

1951

1952

1953

1954

1955

1956

1957

1958

1959

1960

O L Y M P I A.

A N E W

T R A G E D Y.

S C E N E I.

The back part of the theatre represents a temple, the doors of which are shut, and adorn'd with lofty pillars: the two wings form a vast porch. Sosthenes is seen in the porch. The great door opens; Cassander in great agitation approaches Sosthenes, and the great door is again shut.

C A S S A N D E R, S O S T H E N E S.

C A S S A N D E R.

TH E S E rites oh Sosthenes must quickly end:
Cassander hopes to find propitious Gods;
My days will soon more calmly glide away,
And my wild agitation will subside.
Already I feel ease——

F. 3.

S O S T-

———— Near Ephesus

The warlike chiefs who serv'd your royal fire,
 The oath accustom'd in my presence swore.
 All Macedon acknowledges your sway.
 Her two protectors Ephesus has chosen.
 The throne which with Antigones you share,
 Will doubtless make your great designs succeed.
 A reign, which with the worship of the Gods
 Begins, must doubtless be approv'd by men.
 Initiation in the sacred rites,
 Will make your diadem beheld with awe.
 Appear in public.————

C A S S A N D E R.

———— Yet it is too soon,

When I possess the crown, your faithful eyes,
 Shall be the witnesses of all my deeds.
 Stay in this porch, the Priestesses to day
 Present Olympia to the powers divine:
 This day in secret she must expiate,
 Sins which are even to herself unknown.
 'This day a better life I shall begin.
 Oh! dear Olympia, may you never know
 The heinous crime that's hardly yet effac'd,
 To whom your birth you owe, what blood I've shed.

S O S T-

S O S T H E N E S.

Can then my Lord, a girl in infancy,
Stol'n on Euphrates Banks, and by your fire
Condemn'd to slavery, in your royal breast
Raife such a conflict?—

C A S S A N D E R.

— Sosthenes respect

A slave to whom the world should homage pay:
The wrongs of fate I labour to repair.
My father had his reasons to conceal
The noble blood to which she ow'd her birth.
What do I say? Oh cruel memory!
He set her down amongst the victims doom'd
To bleed, that he might unmolested reign. . . .
Altho' in cruelty and carnage bred
I pity'd her, and turn'd my father's heart;
I who the mother stabb'd, the daughter fav'd,
My frenzy and my crime she never knew.
Olympia may thy error ever last,
Tho' as a benefactor thou dost love
Cassander, quickly he would have thy hate
Wert thou to know what blood his hands have shed.

S O S T H E N E S.

I don't into those secrets strive to pry,
Of your true interest I speak alone.

Of all the several monarchs who pretend
To Alexander's throne, Antigones,
And he alone, is to your cause a friend.

C A S S A N D E R.

His friendship I have always held most dear.
I will to him be faithful—

S O S T H E N E S.

—————He to you
Equal fidelity and friendship owes,
But since we've seen him enter first these walls,
His heart by secret jealousy seems fill'd,
And from your love he seems to be estrang'd.

C A S S A N D E R.

What matters it? Oh ever honour'd shades
Of Alexander and Statira—Dust
Of a fam'd hero, of a demi-god,
By my remorse you are enough reveng'd.
Olympia from their shades pleas'd obtain
The peace for which my heart so long has sigh'd;
Let your bright virtues all my fears dispell,
Be my defence and Heaven propitiate;
But to this porch just open'd e'er the day
I see Antigones the King advance.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

CASSANDER, SOSTHENES, ANTIGONES, HERMAS.

ANTIGONES. [To Hermas behind.]

I must this secret know, it importunes me.
 Even in his heart I'll read what he conceals.
 Depart, but be at hand——

CASSANDER.

When scarce the sun
 Darts his first rays, what cause can bring you here?

ANTIGONES.

Your interests, Cassander, since the gods
 By penitence you have propitious made,
 The earth between us we must strive to share.
 No more war's horrors Ephesus dismay;
 Your secret mysteries which awe inspire
 Have banish'd discord and calamities.
 Monarchs contentions are awhile compos'd,
 But this repose is short, and soon our climes
 By flames and by the sword will be laid waste;
 The sword's not sheath'd nor flames extinguish'd yet.
 Antipater's no more, your courage, cares,
 His undertaking doubtless will compleat.
 The brave Antipater had never born
 To see Seleucus and the Lagides,

And treacherous Antiochus, insult
The tomb of Alexander, boldly seize
His conquests and his great successors brave.

C A S S A N D E R.

Would to the gods that Alexander could
From heaven's height this daring man behold ;
Would he were still alive—

A N T I G O N E S.

Your words surprize ;
Can you then Alexander's loss regret ?
What can to such a strange remorse give rise !
Of Alexander's death you're innocent.

C A S S A N D E R.

Alas I caus'd his death—

A N T I G O N E S.

—He justly fell.

That victim loudly all the Grecians claim'd,
Long was the world of his ambition tir'd.
The poison that he drank from Athens came,
Perdiccas cast it in the sparkling bowl ;
The bowl your father put into your hand,
But never intimated the design.
You then was young, you at the banquet serv'd,
The banquet where the haughty tyrant dy'd.

C A S-

O L Y M P I A.

107

C A S S A N D E R.

The impious parricide excuse no more.

A N T I G O N E S.

Can you then abjectly thus deify
The murderer of Clitus, whose fell rage
Destroy'd Parmenio, and who madly vain
Dishonouring his mother durst aspire
To be a god, and adoration claim'd.
'Tis he deserves the name of parricide;
And when at Babylon we cut him off,
When fate o'ertook him in the poison'd bowl,
We mortals and the gods at once reveng'd.

C A S S A N D E R.

Altho' he had his faults, you still must own
He was a hero and our lawful King.

A N T I G O N E S.

A hero!—

C A S S A N D E R.

—Doubtless he deserves the name.

A N T I G O N E S.

It was our valour, 'twas our arms, our blood,
To which the ungrateful wretch his conquests ow'd.

C A S S A N D E R.

Ye tutelary gods!

Who could be more ungrateful than our fires?
All to that rank exalted strove to rise.

But

But wherefore were his wife and children slain?
Who can relate the horrors of that day?

A N T I G O N E S.

This late repentance fills me with surprize,
Jealous and quite suspicious of his friends,
He was become a Persian, had espous'd
The daughter of Darius; we were slaves.
Do you then wish that furious for revenge,
Statira had his subjects rous'd to arms,
And to his shade had sacrific'd us all?
She arm'd them all, Antipater himself
That day with difficulty 'scap'd her rage.
A father's life you sav'd——

C A S S A N D E R.

——'Tis true, but still

This hand the wife of Alexander flew.

A N T I G O N E S.

It is the fate of combats, our success
Should not be follow'd by regret and tears.

C A S S A N D E R.

After the fatal stroke I wept I own,
And stain'd with that august but hapless blood,
Astonish'd at myself and mad with grief
For what my father forc'd me to commit,
I long have groan'd in secret——

A N T I G O N E S.

A N T I G O N E S.

——But declare

Wherefore to day you feel these pangs of grief.
A friend should to a friend his heart disclose,
You still dissemble——

C A S S A N D E R.

Friend, what can I say?

Depend upon it there's a time the heart
To virtue's paths by instinct's force returns;
And when the memory of former guilt
With terror harrows up the frightened soul.

A N T I G O N E S.

Of murders expiated think no more;
But let us to our interests still attend.
If your soul must be ruff'd by remorse,
Repent that you've abandon'd Asia's plains
To insolent Antiochus's sway.
May my brave warriors and your valiant Greeks
Again with terror shake Euphrates shores:
Of all these upstart Kings elate with pride
Not one is worthy of the name, not one
Like us has serv'd Darius conqueror.
Our chiefs are all cut off——

C.A.S.

C A S S A N D E R.

———— Perhaps the Gods
Have sacrific'd them to their monarch's shade.

A N T I G O N E S.

We who still live should labour to restore
The few who have surviv'd the general wreck.
The victor dying, to the worthiest left
His host, who saves it is the man he meant.
My fortune and your own at once secure,
The strongest all men must the worthiest own.
The fallen powers of Greece let's raise again:
Let discord from our councils be remov'd,
Least to these tyrants we should fall a prey;
They were not born to vie with men like us,
Say will you second me? —————

C A S S A N D E R.

———— My friend I swear
I'm ready to assert our common cause.
Unworthy hands have Asia's scepter seiz'd,
Nile and th' Euphrates both are tyranniz'd;
I'll fight for you, for Greece and for myself.

A N T I G O N E S.

Int'rest your promise dictates; both I trust,
But much more in your friendship I confide,
That secret tye by which we both are bound.

But

But of your friendship I require a proof;
Do not refuse it.

C A S S A N D E R.

By your doubt I'm wrong'd.
If what you ask is in my pow'r, your will
I as a sacred order shall obey.

A N T I G O N E S.

Perhaps you will consider with surprize
The trifle which in friendship's name I ask;
'Tis but a slave——.

C A S S A N D E R.

——— All mine you may command,
They're prostrate at your feet, chuse which you will.

A N T I G O N E S.

A foreign damsel suffer me to ask,
In Babylon made captive by your fire,
She's your's by lot, I claim her as the prize
Of labours which for you I've undergone.
Your father hardly us'd her, I am told,
But in my court she'll meet with due respect.
Her name's Olympia.——

C A S S A N D E R.

Olympia!

A N T I G O N E S.

That's the fair one's name.

C A S S.

CASSANDER.

How unexpectedly he wounds my heart!
Must I resign Olympia?

ANTIGONE S.

Hear me, friend,
I hope I shall Cassander grateful find;
In trifles a refusal may offend,
And sure you do not mean to injure me.

CASSANDER.

No, you shall soon the youthful slave behold;
You shall yourself decide if 'twould be fit
That I should give her up at your request:
To this shrine none profane can find access.
Under the inspection of the pow'rs divine,
Olympia 'midst the priestesses remains.
The gates will open at the proper time
Within this porch, to which access is free;
My coming wait, and all complaint suspend.
New mysteries may strike you with surprize;
You quickly may determine whether kings
Can to Olympia now have any claim.

[He enters the temple again, and Sothenes goes out.]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Antigones and Hermas in the porch.

H E R M A S.

My Lord you move my wonder, whilst alarms
Disturb all Asia, and a hundred kings
For power supreme in fields of blood contend;
When fortune Alexander's wide domains
Prepares amongst the valiant to divide.
Whilst greatly you to sovereign sway lay claim,
Can a slave be the object of your wish?

A N T I G O N E S.

Your wonder's just; but reasons, which to none
I dare disclose, to this pursuit excite.
Perhaps this slave may of importance prove
To Asia's kings; to all men who aspire;
To him who in his bosom bears a heart
Which nobly aims at Alexander's throne.
Strangest conjectures long my soul has fram'd
Upon the slave's adventures, and her name.
I sought for information; oft my eyes
Have gaz'd upon her from these ramparts height.
The time and place to which she owes her birth,
The great respect which even a master shews her,

Cal.

Cassander's sorrow and obscure discourse,
 With fresh suspicions have my soul inspir'd;
 The mystery dark, I think, I can see thro'.

H E R M A S.

He loves her, I am told; and, with the care
 Of a kind father, educates her youth.

A N T I G O N E S.

We'll know the truth, but see the temple opens
 And shews the sacred altar deck'd with flowers.
 The priestesses are rang'd on either side;
 The high priest sits within the sacred shrine,
 Cassander and Olympia now advance.

S C E N E IV.

The three doors of the temple are opened. The inside of the temple is discovered. The priests advance slowly on one side, and the priestesses on the other. They are all clothed in white raiment, with blue girdles, the ends of which touch the ground. Cassander and Olympia lay their hands upon the altar. Antigones and Hermas stand in the porch.

C A S S A N D E R.

Oh God of kings and gods, eternal mind
 Who in these sacred mysteries stand reveal'd.

Who

Who dost the wicked punish, and the just
 Support, with whom remorse atones for crimes :
 Great God confirm the vows which here I make.
 Olympia, heavenly fair ! those vows receive ;
 To you my throne, my life I dedicate.
 A love as pure, as holy as the fire
 Of Vesta, which ne'er dies, I promise here.
 To heaven devoted, priestesses august,
 Receive the vows and promises I make,
 Bear them in clouds of incense to the throne
 Of listening gods, and may they still avert
 The punishment that's due to crimes like mine.

O L Y M P I A.

Protect, O Gods ! in whom I put my trust,
 The master who supply'd a father's care ;
 Let my kind lover and my husband still
 Be dear to you, and worthy of your care.
 My heart is to you known, his rank, his crown
 Are the least gifts which on me he bestows :
 'Tis your's to answer for my ardent flame,
 Who here bear witness to it's purity.
 May I from him to please you learn, and may
 Your justice doom me to th' infernal shades,
 If faithless to your laws I e'er forget
 My former state, and what I owe to him.

C A S S A N D E R.

Let's to the shrine return, where bliss invites.
 The solemn pomp you Priestesses prepare,
 The pomp from which my happiness I date;
 Sanctify both my passion and my life,
 I've at the temple seen the Gods, in her
 I see them; may they hate me if I am false,
 Antigones you hear what I have said,
 Sufficient answer have I now return'd?
 Acknowledge now that you should cease to claim
 Cassander's slave; know even my throne itself,
 And all my grandeur, are below her worth.
 Whatever friendship may unite our hearts,
 You cannot such a sacrifice expect.

They enter the temple again, and the doors are shut.

S C E N E V.

A N T I G O N E S, H E R M A S.

A N T I G O N E S.

I doubt no more, I have discover'd all.
 He brav'd me, but his ruin is at hand.
 He's ardent and impetuous, and prone
 Sometimes to serve the Gods, sometimes offend;
 The world has many characters like his,
 Made up of passion and religious zeal.

With

With headlong passion, tenderness they mix,
 They oft repent, and all things undertake.
 He says he weds a slave, ah never think
 That love could make him so debase himself.
 That slave is of a race himself respects,
 His secret machinations I surmise.
 He thinks in virtue of Olympia's rights
 He one day may become supreme of Kings.
 Had love alone been master of his breast,
 He had not from me kept it thus conceal'd.
 His friendship weak, you'll quickly see give place
 To rancour and inveterate enmity.

H E R M A S .

Perhaps to his infatuated heart,
 Designs too deep for lovers you ascribe ;
 Our actions oft, even in our great concerns,
 Are but effects which from our passions spring,
 Their power tyrannic, we in vain disguise,
 The weak is oft a politician deem'd ;
 Cassander's not the first King who has stoop'd
 To love a slave, and raise her to his bed.
 Heroes have often, by their flames subdu'd,
 Yielded to women, whilst they monarchs brav'd.

A N T I G O N E S .

What you have said, is just, you reason right,

But

But all I see, suspicion has confirm'd.
 Shall I avow the truth? Olympia's charms
 Have jealousy excited in my soul:
 My secret sentiments too plain you see.
 Perhaps love mingles with these great concerns.
 More than I thought, their marriage grieves my soul.
 Cassander's not the only man that's weak.

H E R M A S.

But he rely'd upon you. Can then kings
 Never be to the laws of friendship true?
 Nor your alliance, nor your fellowship
 In arms, the dangers which you both have shar'd,
 Nor oaths redoubl'd, nor united cares,
 Can save you from the woes that discord brings.
 Is then true friendship banish'd from the earth?

A N T I G O N E S.

I know to friendship Greece has temples rais'd,
 To int'rest none, tho' int'rest's there ador'd.
 At once with love and with ambition blind,
 Cassander hides from me Olympia's birth.
 Cassander views me with a jealous eye:
 He's in the right; perhaps this very day
 The object of his wishes will be mine.

*[The initiated, the priests and the priestesses pass over
 the stage in procession, with garlands of flowers
 in their hands.]*

H E R-

H E R M A S.

He has receiv'd her hand, the sacred shrine
Already sees their nuptial pomp prepar'd ;
Th' initiated, follow'd by the priests,
With garlands in their hands, attend in crowds.
Over the rites love's sacred pow'r presides.

A N T I G O N E S.

His conquest may be ravish'd from him soon :
I shall on your fidelity rely.
Gods, laws, and people, will for me declare.
Let us a moment fly these odious pomps,
And take the measures my designs require ;
Let us pollute this sanctuary o'er,
Not with the blood of bulls, but human gore.

End of the first Act.

ACT

A C T II. S C E N E I.

The three doors of the temple are opened. Though this scene, and many others, are supposed to pass in the innermost part of the temple, as theatres are not built in a manner favourable to the voice, the performers are obliged to advance forwards towards the porch; but the three doors of the temple are open, to shew that they are supposed to be in the temple.

The Hierophantes, the Priests and the Priestesses.

The HIEROPHANTES.

WHAT in these sacred days, this shrine august,
When God consoles the just, and sins forgives,
Shall one of all the priestesses presume
To interrupt the rites, and disobey?
Must Arzane from duty be exempt?

One of the PRIESTESSES.

Arzane bent on silence in retreat,
Bathes with her tears the statues of the gods;
She hides herself, my lord, from every eye;
A prey to grief, and weaken'd by her woes,
And wishes death may end her misery.

The

The HIEROPHANTES.

Her woes we pity, but she must obey;
 Let her a moment at the rites attend.
 Since she has lain conceal'd in her retreat,
 First on this day her presence is requir'd.
 * Bid her approach, the sacred will of heav'n
 Calls to the altar, and won't brook delay.
 Adorn'd by her with wreaths of gayest flow'rs,
 Olympia must before the gods be led.
 Initiated in our sacred rites,
 Cassander must be purify'd by her;
 Our mysteries soon must be compleat, and all
 The orders of the gods must be obey'd;
 They never vary, are for ever fix'd,
 Nor like the changeful laws of humankind.

S C E N E II.

The HIEROPHANTES, the Priests and Priestesses, STATIRA.

The HIEROPHANTES, *to Statira.*

You must not duty's sacred call neglect,
 Nor your most holy ministry decline.
 Since in this blest asylum first you made
 The vow, which never more can be recall'd;

* The inferior priestess goes in quest of Arzane.

Upon this day first by the gods you're chosen
Their laws to Asia's victors to declare.

Be worthy of the God you represent.

STATIRA, *covered with a veil which does not conceal
her features.*

Oh heavens, why after fifteen years that here,
Within deep solitudes and silent walls,
Remote from mankind fate has bury'd me;
Why do you force me from obscurity?
Why do you bring me to the light and woe?

[*To the Hierophantes.*]

My Lord, when to this temple I repair'd,
'Twas but to weep, and die in secret here.
You know that was my purpose —

The HIEROPHANTES.

— Other laws

The will of heaven prescribes you on this day,
And since at nuptials now you first preside,
Your name, your rank no longer must be hid.
You must declare them —

STATIRA.

— Sir, what matter these?

The blood of beggars and the blood of kings,
Are they not equal in the sight of heaven?
By heaven we're better known than by ourselves,
Great names might formerly have dazzled me;
They're

They're all forgotten in the silent tomb,
Let them be ever blotted from my mind.

The HIEROPHANTES.

Vain glory and ambition we renounce,
In this point we're agreed but still the gods
Exact a full confession of the truth.
Say all, you shudder —

S T A T I R A.

— So you will yourself.

[*To the Priests and Priestesses.*]

You who on heaven's high majesty attend,
Who share my fate, whose lives are past in prayer,
Religiously my secret ever keep.

The HIEROPHANTES.

We swear it solemnly.

S T A T I R A.

— Ere I proceed,

Say is Cassander, that blood-thirsty man
Admitted to your sacred mysteries.

The HIEROPHANTES,

Madam, he is —

S T A T I R A.

— Are then his crimes aton'd?

The HIEROPHANTES.

Of mercy every mortal stands in need.
If innocence alone could heaven approach,

Who in this temple would the gods adore ?
 All human virtue from repentance springs.
 Such is th' eternal order of the gods,
 Mortals are guilty, but heaven pardons all.

S T A T I R A.

¶ If you then know the barbarous, horrid deeds
 Which make him sue for grace and vengeance dread,
 If you knew that by him his master fell,
 A master dear to heaven, and if you know
 What blood he shed within these flaming walls,
 When even in dying Alexander's eyes,
 He gor'd the bosom of his weeping queen,
 And threw her dying on her husband's corpse,
 You'll still be more surpriz'd when I've reveal'd
 Secrets as yet unknown to human kind.
 That wife who once on glory's summit sat,
 Whose memory bleeding Persia honours still,
 Darius' daughter, Alexander's wife,
 She's here before you, ask her nothing more.

*[The Priests and Priestesses lift up their hands and
 bend their bodies.]*

The H I E R O P H A N T E S.

What have I heard, you gods whom crimes offend,
 How do you strike your images on earth,
 Statira in this temple, give me leave
 Respect profoundest —

S T A -

S T A T I R A.

— Rise thou reverend Priest.

No longer am I mistress of the world,
 Only respect the anguish of my mind.
 In me of human greatness see the fate,
 What my sire found the moment of his death,
 I found in Babylon when drench'd in blood.
 Darius king of kings of throne depriv'd,
 A fugitive in deserts, quite forlorn,
 By his own treacherous followers was slain,
 A stranger wretched out-cast of the earth,
 Consol'd his misery in his dying hour,
 See you that woman to my court a stranger.

[*Shewing the inferior Priestess.*]

Her hand, her hand alone preserv'd my life.
 'Twas she that brought me from the slaughter'd heap
 Where my base friends had left me to expire;
 She is of Ephesus my steps she led
 To this asylum on my realms confines.
 I saw my spoils by numerous plunderers torn,
 The field strew'd o'er with dying and the dead,
 All Alexander's soldiers rais'd to kings,
 And public robberies call'd great exploits.
 The world I hated and its various woes,

I left it, and liv'd here interr'd alive.
 I own I mourn a daughter much belov'd,
 Torn from me whilst I welter'd in my gore,
 This stranger here is all my family.
 My husband, daughter, and Darius lost,
 Heaven's my resource alone —

The HIEROPHANTES.

— Be heaven your prop.

From the throne which you lost to heaven you rise,
 God's temple is your court, be happy there.
 Your grandeur tho' august was dangerous,
 The throne was terrible, forget it quite,
 And look upon it with a pitying eye.

S T A T I R A.

This temple, Sir, sometimes has calm'd my griefs.
 But you may well conceive how much I'm shock'd
 At seeing by Cassander the same gods
 Implor'd, whom I've invok'd against his head.

The HIEROPHANTES.

This, I acknowledge, needs must give you pain:
 But our law speaks to you and must be heard.
 You have embrac'd it. —

S T A T I R A.

— Could I ever think
 It would so horrid an injunction lay?

The

The torch of my sad days grows pale and dim,
 And these last moments which high heaven bestows
 What purpose serve they? —

The HIEROPHANTES.

— You'll perhaps forgive,
 You have yourself trac'd out your great career,
 Proceed in it and never look behind.
 Shades when unbound from cumbrous, fleshly chains,
 Taste lasting rest, and are from passion free.
 A new day gives them light, a cloudless day;
 They live for heav'n, their lot is like to ours.
 Soon on our hearts a blest retreat bestows
 Oblivion of our enemies and griefs.

S T A T I R A.

I'm priestess now, 'tis true, tho' once a queen.
 My duty's harsh, oh! with my weakness bear.
 What must I do? —

The HIEROPHANTES.

— Olympia on her knees
 Will soon appear before you, then 'tis yours
 To bless the marriage of th' illustrious pair.

S T A T I R A.

I'll reconcile her to a life of woe,
 That is the lot of mortals. —



The HIEROPHANTES.

——— The incense,

The water for ablution and the gifts,
Offer'd up to the gods, your royal hands
Shall bear, and at their sacred shrine present.

S T A T I R A.

For whom should I present them, wretch, must then
My life be fill'd with horror to it's close?
In my retreat I thought to scape from woe,
Oh fruitless hope, woe every where abounds:
Let me obey the law which I have made.

The HIEROPHANTES.

Farewell, I both lament you and admire.
Behold she comes.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

S T A T I R A and O L Y M P I A. [The stage shakes.

S T A T I R A.

Dark and awful cells
You shake, a horrid murmur strikes my ear:
The temple quakes, must nature then be mov'd
When she appears, must all my senses fail,
And the same trouble and confusion feel?

O L Y M P I A, [terrified.]

Ah madam!

S T A-

S T A T I R A.

Young, tender victim to the nuptial law
 Approach, these frightful omens crime denote,
 Such charms as your's for virtue's self seem made.

O L Y M P I A.

My sinking courage, oh just gods support,
 Oh you the confident of their decrees,
 Deign to direct my innocence and youth.
 I claim your care, my terror dissipate,

S T A T I R A.

Alas, mine your's exceeds; embrace me daughter.
 Do you then know your husband's history,
 Or do you know your country or your birth?

O L Y M P I A.

Of humble birth, I never did expect
 My present rank, to which I have no right.
 Cassander, madam's King, he deign'd in Greece
 To educate me at his father's court.
 Since I've been near his person, I have seen
 In him the greatest of all human kind.
 The husband's dear, the master is rever'd;
 Thus have I all my sentiments made known.

S T A T I R A.

How easily a youthful heart's deceiv'd?
 How much I love your candid innocence?

Cassander then has taken charge of you.

Do you not from some King derive your birth ?

O L Y M P I A.

Can none love virtue or obey its laws,
But such as from a kingly race descend ?

S T A T I R A.

I think not so, guilt dwells too near the throne.

O L Y M P I A.

I was a slave, no more.——

S T A T I R A.

—— I'm much surpriz'd.

Upon your front august, and in your eyes,
In every noble feature of your face

We read the virtues of a royal mind.

Could you be then a slave ?

O L Y M P I A.

—— Antipater

Seiz'd on my infancy by chance of war.

All to his son I owe.——

S T A T I R A.

—— Your first days thus

Have felt misfortunes, which at length have ceas'd ;
My woes have been as lasting as my life.

Say where, and when you were by fate involv'd

In ills which brought you to captivity.

O L Y M P I A.

O L Y M P I A.

I'm told a King, the world's victorious lord
Was slain, and rivals for his empire strove;
That whilst it was by fierce contentions torn,
In Babylon Cassander sav'd my life,
When it was threaten'd by the murd'rous blade.

S T A T I R A.

In days made sad by Alexander's death,
Were you then captive of Antipater,
And did you by Cassander's favours live?

O L Y M P I A.

I never could learn more, misfortunes past,
Felicity has banish'd from my thought.

S T A T I R A.

Captive at Babylon; eternal powers
Do you then make of mortals woes your sport?
The time, the place, her age, have in my soul
At once rous'd joy, grief, tenderness, and dread.
Am I not then deceiv'd? Upon her face
My valiant husband's image is impress'd. . . .

O L Y M P I A.

What say you?—

S T A T I R A.

— Heavens! such looks the hero cast,
When mild and from the bloody field retir'd!

He

He rais'd my family, which scarce had 'scap'd
 Th' insatiate fury of the murderous blade !
 When he rais'd all my fallen family
 To their first rank, and when his hand touch'd mine !
 Illusion dear ! enchanting hope ! but vain.
 Can it be possible ! Lift, princess, lift,
 Pity the agitation of my soul !
 Have you no memory of a mother left !

O L Y M P I A.

Those who have had it in their pow'r to tell
 Of the transactions of my infancy,
 Inform'd me, that I, in those days of slaughter,
 Was even, when in my cradle, made a slave.
 A mother's fondness ne'er to me was known.
 I know not who I am, from whom I'm sprung.
 Alas, you sigh, you weep ; my trickling tears
 I mix with your's, and in them I find charms.
 With faint embrace your languid arms clasp me ;
 Your organs fail ; you strive to speak, in vain.
 Speak to me.—

S T A T I R A.

My utt'rance fails, I sink, I'm overwhelm'd ;
 The trouble which I feel will end my days.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

STATIRA, OLYMPIA, the HIEROPHANTES.

The HIEROPHANTES.

Priestess of heav'n, and queen of human race;
 Say what new change has happen'd in your fate?
 What must we do? What art thou now to hear?

S T A T I R A.

Misfortunes, but I'm now prepar'd for all.

The HIEROPHANTES.

The greatest good is ever dash'd with grief;
 No bliss is pure. Antigones's rage,
 The troops, the citizens that rise in arms,
 The general voice, by ardent zeal inspir'd,
 All these things prove the object you behold,
 Like you long bury'd in obscurity.
 The object which your hands should to Cassander
 This day have given, Olympia—

S T A T I R A.

————— What mean's this!

The HIEROPHANTES.

Is daughter of the late victorious king.

S T A T I R A, (*running to embrace Olympia.*)

My torn heart had told me this before.
 My child! my daughter! dear, but fatal names;

Do

Do I then press you in a close embrace,
When by your marriage thus you wound my soul.

O L Y M P I A.

Does then to be my mother make you grieve?

S T A T I R A.

No, I thank heav'n, whose anger long I felt,
Nature pleads loudly, joy pours on my soul;
But heav'n deprives me of the promis'd bliss.
You are to wed Cassander.—

O L Y M P I A.

If from you

Olympia is descended, if the love
A parent bears a child inspires your heart,
Cassander surely never could offend.

The H I E R O P H A N T E S.

You are descended from her, doubt it not;
Cassander owns and will attest the truth.
With him united, may you both find means
To make two hostile races live in peace.

O L Y M P I A.

Is he your foe then, am I so accurs'd?

S T A T I R A.

The villain poison'd your victorious fire;
He plung'd his dagger in your mother's breast,

Even

Even in her breast whose hapless womb first bore you ;
 He plung'd the steel which oft had princes pierc'd :
 Even to this temple he pursues my steps ;
 The gods he braves, pretending to appease :
 He tears you from your weeping mother's arms,
 And can you ask me why I hate this man ?

O L Y M P I A.

Does then the conqueror's family survive ?
 Are you his widow ; is he then my sire ?
 Have I my mother's assassins espous'd ?
 Am I become an object of your wrath ;
 And is this marriage then a horrid crime ?

The HIEROPHANTES.

Hope in the gods—

O L Y M P I A.

Ah, if their ruthless hate
 To my soul's wishes can no hopes afford ;
 Opening my eyes a pit they op'd before me.
 Knowing myself too well I know my fate.
 My great misfortune is to know my birth,
 Before the altar where you joined our hands
 I should have fallen, and at your feet expir'd.

STATIRA, OLYMPIA, the HIEROPHANTES, and a Priest.

The P R I E S T.

The temple's threaten'd, all our mysteries
 Quickly will be prophan'd by impious hands ;

The

The two contending Kings dispute the right
 There to command where gods alone should sway,
 Groans heard within these vaults foreboded this,
 In sign of this the ground shook under us.
 The gods denounce some change to mortal man,
 The earth offends them ; they must be appeas'd.
 The furious people whom fell discord fires
 Run headlong to this temple's sacred porch,
 Two rival factions Ephesus divide.
 Like other nations we shall be at strife ;
 Morals, peace, sanctity, shall all give way ;
 Kings shall prevail and we shall have a Lord.

The HIEROPHANTES.

Ah may they bear from Ephesus their crimes,
 And leave one place of refuge to the earth :
 Oh royal mother sprung from royal race,
 Olympia, shall I say Cassander's wife ?
 Before these altars you'll protection find.
 To daring Kings I shall present myself.
 I know how much respect is due to crowns,
 But more by far is due to Heaven that gives them.
 Let them keep fair with Heaven if they would reign :
 We have not arms or soldiers, it is true,
 Our power we only from our laws derive.

God's

God's my support, his temple's my defence,
Should tyranny once dare to make approach.
My bloody corse awhile shall bar its way.

(The Hierophantes goes out with the inferior Priest.)

S C E N E VI.

STATIRA, OLYMPIA.

S T A T I R A.

Oh fate ! oh God of altars and of thrones !
Oppose Cassander, shield Antigones.
I must, my daughter, in my close of life
Aid only from my enemies expect,
And look for vengeance in my misery
From the usurpers of your father's throne ;
From my own subjects who with jealous rage
Contend for states of which I was possess'd !
They're now my masters ; once they were my slaves.
Oh noble race of Cyrus the renown'd,
How from thy ancient glory art thou fallen !
So vain is greatness, thou art known no more.

O L Y M P I A.

Mother, I follow you, in this sad day
Render me worthy of your glorious name ;
To do my duty's all I hope for now.

S T A T I R A.

Sprung from a King who over Kings has reign'd,
Do that and equal glory thou hast gain'd.

End of the Second Act.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

(The Temple is shut.)

CASSANDER, SOSTHENES, (*within the Porch.*)

CASSANDER.

THE truth prevails, no more can I suppress.

The fatal secret by my fire conceal'd :
Forc'd to the public voice at length to yield
To a King's daughter I have justice done ;
Should I then longer injure royal blood
By cruel silence keeping it conceal'd ?
Already I've incurr'd enough of guilt.

SOSTHENES.

A jealous rival of Olympia's name
Avails himself intent upon your ruin ;
The people he excites, the town's alarm'd.
Antigones religious zeal contemns,
And yet has blown its fire to tenfold rage.
Tis thought a shocking crime in you to wed
The daughter, you who had the mother slain.

CASSANDER.

Ye gods the keen reproaches of my heart
Torture me more than all the Ephesians say,
The hearts of all the citizens I've calm'd,

Yet

Yet still my own is by the furies torn
Victim of love and of my cruelty.
I would have had her all things owe to me,
Not know a fate replete with horrors dire.
Her fire's dominions to her I restor'd,
Transmitted from Antipater to me.
Blest in the favours on my love conferr'd,
I was to calm tranquillity restor'd,
I had repair'd all wrongs and justice done.
My heart indeed was conscious of no crime ;
I kill'd Statira by the chance of war,
Even whilst I strove to save a father's life,
'Twas in the heat of slaughter and of rage
When duty to excess my valour drove ;
'Twas in the blindness which a sable cloud
Of horror shed upon my darken'd eyes ;
I shudder'd to think on it e'er I felt
The fatal passion which enslav'd my soul,
I thought myself acquitted in the fight
Of God and of the world, not in my own,
Nor in Olympia's, that's what racks my soul ;
Despair lies that way ; she must either chuse
To seal my pardon or to pierce my heart,
This heart that burns with love's consuming fire.

S O S T -

S O S T H E N E S.

'Tis said, Olympia to this temple brought
Can here retract the faith which she has sworn.

C A S S A N D E R.

I know it, Sosthenes, and if this law
Should be abus'd by her my soul adores,
Woe to my rival and the temple too ;
Tho' I am here a model of true zeal,
The temple I'd a scene of vengeance make.
But let me banish far this terror vain ;
I am belov'd, her heart was ever mine ;
The god of love shall undertake my cause :
To her upon the wings of love I fly.

S C E N E II.

CASSANDER, SOSTHENES, the HIEROPHANTES, (*coming out of the Temple.*)

C A S S A N D E R.

Interpreter of Heaven and minister
Of clemency, I in this solemn day
Have from your temple banish'd war's alarms :
I have not fought against Antigones.
Days to peace consecrated I rever'd ;
That peace to my distracted soul restore.
My rites are numerous, I'll defend them all ;

Let

Let us conclude this marriage. But first say
What does the daughter of the conqueror?

The HIEROPHANTES.

My Lord, Olympia duties now fulfils,
Duties most sacred, to her heart most dear.

CASSANDER.

Mine shares them. Where's the priestess, whose
kind hand
Is to present the bride and bless our loves.

The HIEROPHANTES.

She'll bring her quickly, may such glorious ties
Not end in the destruction of you both.

CASSANDER.

Alas! upon this very day the woes
I long groan'd under seem'd to have an end.
For the first time a moment of repose
Seem'd to becalm the troubles of my soul.

The HIEROPHANTES.

Perhaps Olympia's woe surpasses yours.

CASSANDER.

What do you say? can she have ought to fear?

The HIEROPHANTES, (*going.*)

Too soon you'll know it—

CASSANDER.

Stay, explain yourself.

Do you espouse Antigones's cause?

The

O L Y M P I A.

The HIEROPHANTES.

Forbid it, Heaven, that I should pass the bounds
 Which to my zeal my duty has prescrib'd.
 The din of factions, the intrigues of courts,
 The passions that distract the human soul
 Have never troubled our obscure retreats ;
 We lift pure hands unto the God we serve.
 Contests of Kings too much to discord prone
 We learn but with intention to compose ;
 And of their greatness we should never hear
 Did they not often need our friendly prayers.
 I go, my Lord, to invoke the immortal gods
 For you, Olympia, and for many more.

C A S S A N D E R.

Olympia !

The HIEROPHANTES.

This moment to the temple she returns.
 Try if she still will own you for her Lord.
 I leave you. [*He goes out, and the temple opens.*]

S C E N E III.

CASSANDER, SOSTHENES, STATIRA, OLYMPIA.

C A S S A N D E R.

By heaven she trembles, and I quake all o'er,
 You cast upon the ground your streaming eyes !

You

You turn aside that face where nature's hand
 With the most strong expression trac'd at once
 The noblest and the tenderest of souls!

OLYMPIA, [*throwing herself into her mother's arms.*]

Ah cruel man! ah madam!

CASSANDER.

Speak, explain

This agitation. Wherefore do you fly me?

Whose arms do you run into? What means this?

Why must my anxious soul be thus alarm'd?

Who is't attends and bathes you with her tears?

STATIRA, [*unveiling and turning towards Cassander.*]

Hast thou forgot me?——

CASSANDER.

—— At that voice, those looks

My blood runs cold, where am I? What means this?

STATIRA.

That thou'rt a villain——

CASSANDER.

Is Statira here?

STATIRA.

Behold thou wretch the widow of thy Lord,

Olympia's mother.——

CASSANDER.

Oh you bolts of Jove,

Against my guilty head point all your rage.

STA-

S T A T I R A.

Thou shouldst have sooner for destruction pray'd,
 Eternal enemy of me and mine,
 If 'twas the will of heaven that both my throne
 And husband to thy rage should owe their fall,
 If amidst carnage, in that day of crimes
 Thy cowardice and cruelty was such,
 That thou couldst pierce a woman's breast, and plunge
 Her body in the flood of gore she shed,
 Leave me what of that hapless blood remains,
 Must you be ever fatal to my peace?
 Tear not my daughter from my heart, my arms,
 Deprive me not of her whom heaven restores,
 Respect the place of refuge which I've chosen,
 That from earth's tyrants' I might live retir'd.
 Monster to crimes inur'd, cease, cease at length
 In sacred tombs to persecute the dead.

C A S S A N D E R.

Less dread the voice of thunder would inspire,
 I dare not prostrate kiss the ground before you:
 I own I am made unworthy by my crimes,
 If in excuse war's horrors I should urge,
 If I should say I was impos'd upon
 When the illustrious hero was cut off;
 That I to serve my sire took arms against you,

I should

I should not pacify your angry soul.
 You'll no excuse admit, tho' I might say
 I sav'd your daughter whom my soul adores ;
 That at your feet I lay my crown and realms.
 All makes against me, no defence you'll hear,
 Soon to my wretched life I'd put an end,
 A life whose punishment outweighs it's guilt,
 If your own child, spite of herself and me,
 Did not attach me to detested life.

Your daughter I brought up with tender care,
 And to her friends and father's place supply'd ;
 She has my every wish, my heart ; the gods
 Perhaps have made us in this temple meet,
 That we by Hymen's sacred ties might change,
 The horrors of our destiny to bliss.

S T A T I R A.

Heav'ns ! what a match, could you the villain wed
 Who slew your sire, and would have murder'd me ?

O L Y M P I A.

No, no, extinguish'd ever be the torch,
 The guilty torch of nuptials so accurst :
 Blot from my heart the shocking memory
 Of those dire bands which were to join our hands.
 My soul prefers, you'll wonder at the choice,
 Your ashes to the sceptre he bestows.

H

I must

I must not hesitate; in your kind arms,
 Let me forget his love, and all his crimes.
 Your daughter loving him partook his guilt.
 Forgive me, my dire sacrifice accept:
 Think not his villainies involve my heart,
 But keep me, keep me ever from his sight.

S T A T I R A.

Thou shew'st a spirit worthy of thy race,
 These sentiments revive my drooping soul.
 Eternal Gods, could you have then decreed,
 That with these hands I should Olympia give
 To the most barbarous of the human race.
 Can you exact it of me? Such a deed
 The Priestess and the mother both disclaim.
 You pity'd me, it was not your design
 That I so dire a duty should perform . . .
 Villain no more the altar and the throne
 Insult, the walls of Babylon you stain'd
 With this heart's blood, but I would rather see
 That blood shed now by such a parricide,
 Than see my foe, my subject — see Cassander
 Presume audaciously to proffer love
 To Alexander's daughter, and to mine.

O L Y M P I A.

147

C A S S A N D E R.

Still with more rigour I condemn myself :
But then I love, to frantic love give way.
Olympia's mine ; who was her fire I know ;
Like him I am a king, I have the right,
I have the power, in fine, Olympia's mine.
Her fate and mine are not to be disjoin'd.
Neither her fears nor you, the gods, my crimes,
Nor aught shall break a tie so sanctify'd ;
The gods did not my penitence reject,
When they united us they pardon'd all.
But if you'd rob me of my charming bride,
Whose hand I have received and plighted faith,
This blood you first must shed, pluck out this heart
Which beats for her alone, which you detest.
No privilege your altars shall protect,
Who murder'd now shall sacrilege commit.
I'll from this temple, from your very arms,
From the unpitying gods bear off my wife.
I seek for death, 'tis my desire, my wish,
But I'll the husband of Olympia die.
In spite of you I'll carry to the grave
The tenderest love, and most illustrious name,
And grief for an involuntary crime,
Which will the manes of her sire appease.

[Exit Cassander with Sophenes.]

H 2

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

S T A T I R A, O L Y M P I A.

S T A T I R A.

What horrid blasphemies have reach'd my ear?
 Daughter, how dearly for thy life I pay!
 The horrors which I feel you suffer too,
 My grief I in your eyes conspicuous read;
 Our hearts still sympathize, your kind embraces
 And deep-fetch'd sighs console my wounded soul;
 Because you share my griefs I feel them less;
 In you I find a shelter from the storm.
 I brave my fate since you possess a heart
 Worthy of Alexander and of me.

O L Y M P I A.

Heav'n knows my heart was ne'er by nature form'd
 To copy after yours, to be inspir'd
 By such high sentiments, such swelling virtues.
 O widow of fam'd Alexander, sprung
 From fam'd Darius, wherefore being torn
 From thy maternal arms, was I brought up
 By this Cassander, thy most mortal foe?
 Why on Olympia did your assaffin
 Unask'd new favours every day confer?
 Why did he not with cruel hand oppress me?

Too

Too dangerous favours! why was I belov'd?

Heavens, who do I behold in this retreat!

[*Antigones advances.*]

S C E N E V.

STATIRA, OLYMPIA, ANTIGONES.

ANTIGONES.

— Retire not queen.

You see a king by Alexander taught,

His widow I respect and will defend.

You from that altar's foot again might rise

To the high rank which you possess'd before;

Replace your daughter there, and vengeance take

Of that proud ravisher who injures both

Your story's known, and every heart is yours;

All men are weary of those tyrants' yoke,

Who at your husband's death the empire seiz'd.

Your name this revolution will support;

As your defender will you own me here?

STATIRA

Yes, if 'tis pity that directs your heart,

And if this friendly offer is sincere.

ANTIGONES.

I will not suffer an audacious youth

To gain a double right to Cyrus' throne,

When of your virtuous daughter's hand possess't.
 He is unworthy, and I cannot doubt
 But you will never grant him your consent.
 I have not to the Priest explain'd myself :
 Tho' I came hither as a worshipper,
 Who to the gods for clemency applies,
 I come before you with fierce vangeance arm'd,
 The widow of the conqueror may forget
 Her greatness, but the honour of her race
 She never can forget or overlook.

S T A T I R A.

I'm weary both of life and of the throne ;
 One's taken from me, t'other near an end.
 If from an impious ravisher you snatch
 The only comfort heaven has left my woe :
 If you protect her and revenge her sire,
 I'll own you as my tutelary god.
 Oh ! Sir, whilst on life's utmost verge I stand,
 Preserve my daughter from the dangerous crime,
 Of marrying him whose bloody malice strove
 Her hapless mother to deprive of life.

A N T I G O N E S.

Say worthy offspring of the conqueror,
 Dost thou accept the offer which I make ?

O L Y M P I A.

Cassander I should hate. —

A N T I G O N E S.

— You then must grant

The prize, the noble prize I come to ask,
 Against my all I will assert your cause,
 Since I deserve you be my recompense.
 'Tis this I ask, all other prize I scorn,
 Such worth should never be Cassander's lot ;
 Speak: the unequal'd glory I will owe
 To this right arm, the queen, and to yourself.

S T A T I R A.

Decide. —

O L Y M P I A.

— My scatter'd spirits let me first

Awhile recover. Scarce my eyes are op'd,
 Trembling and terrify'd from slavery,
 I to this temple's hallow'd cells retir'd,
 Sprung from Statira and a demi-god ;
 A mother in this shrine august I find
 Divested of her name, her rank, her all,
 And hardly from a dream of death awak'd.
 I as a benefactor wed the man
 Whose dagger had my mother's bosom gor'd.
 While thus disasters compass me about,

H 4

Your

Your arm you offer to avenge my cause.

What answer can I make? At such a time

[*Embracing her mother.*]

'Tis here that my first duties are requir'd.

Judge if the torch of Hymen e'er was made

To yield its light amidst this gloom of woe;

See in one day how I'm with ills o'erwhelm'd,

And think not I can listen now to love.

S T A T I R A. A T

I'll answer for her, heav'n decrees her to you.

Perhaps in former times the majesty,

Or call it pride, of my imperial throne,

My daughter to a subject had deny'd,

But you deserve her since you would defend,

'Twas you that Alexander meant his heir.

He nam'd the worthiest, you the worthiest prove.

His throne you have a right to, who support,

May the unceasing favour of the gods

Second you, may their power to empire raise.

Both Alexander and his queen interr'd

He in his tomb, and I within these walls,

Will see you on our throne without regret;

And may henceforth the fates grown less severe,

Oppose for you that strange fatality,

Which oft has overwhelm'd that throne in blood.

A N-

A N T I G O N E S.

It shall be rais'd by fair Olympia's hand.
 To Asia's people shew yourself and her.
 Quit this asylum, all things I'll prepare
 Your husband to revenge, and fill his place.

[Exit Antigones.]

S C E N E V I.

S T A T I R A, T O L Y M P I A.

S T A T I R A.

By your means, daughter, I the barrier break
 That keeps me distant from all human kind;
 Again I enter this degenerate world
 My husband to revenge, and break thy chains.
 New strength the gods will to a mother give,
 And soon thou shalt be set at liberty.
 Help me to keep my word, by a new oath
 Help me to wipe away the former's guilt.

O L Y M P I A.

Alas!

S T A T I R A.

You groan!

O L Y M P I A.

Must then this fatal day
 Twice light-up Hymen's inauspicious torch?

O L Y M P I A.

S T A T I R A.

What dost thou say?

O L Y M P I A.

— Permit me, this first time,

My thoughts to utter with a trembling voice.
 So much I love thee, mother, I would shed
 The blood which from thee I derive, if so
 The gods would, by new added years, protract
 Thy life, or render it completely blest.

S T A T I R A.

Dearest Olympia!

O L Y M P I A.

Shall I tell those gods

I ask no throne except this calm retreat;
 In it you'll see me lead my life resign'd,
 And look with scorn on crowns forgot by you.
 Think'ft thou my father, in the silent tomb,
 Desires his foe should perish by our hands?
 Amidst the horrors of the fight, let kings
 Destroy each other, and revenge his death:
 But we, the victims of so many ills,
 Shall we, with feeble hands, assist their rage?
 Shall we a fruitless murder undertake?
 Tears are our portion, crimes for them were made.

S T A-

S T A T I R A.

Our portion tears! For whom thus dost thou weep?
Is Alexander's daughter by the gods
Restor'd me? Heavens if't her whose voice I hear!

O L Y M P I A.

Mother!

S T A T I R A.

Ye angry gods!

O L Y M P I A.

Cassander!

S T A T I R A.

Explain yourself, my soul is shock'd to hear you.

O L Y M P I A.

I cannot speak——

S T A T I R A.

—— You wound me to the heart.

End this anxiety, I charge thee speak.

O L Y M P I A.

Madam, too well I see I give you pain,
But whom I love I never will deceive.
Altho' for ever I am resolv'd to shun
My guilty husband, I must love him still.

S T A T I R A.

Oh words accurst! ah daughter since you love
This cruel husband, you will never fly him!

Thus

Thus Alexander you betray and me !

Ye gods I saw my fire and husband die :

My daughter from me torn, your cruel will

Restores to make me perish by her fault.

O L Y M P I A.

Thus prostrate falling——

S T A T I R A.

—— Daughter ever dear

But cruel and unnatural——

O L Y M P I A.

Alas !

Oppress'd with woe I bathe your knees with tears.

Mother forgive me.——

S T A T I R A.

—— So I will and die.

O L Y M P I A.

Be calm and hear me——

S T A T I R A.

—— What have you to say.

O L Y M P I A.

I swear by heaven, by my own name, by you,

By nature, I the punishment will bear

Of my own guilt, this hand to day should shed

My blood e'er I'd consent to be his wife.

You

You know my heart, I've told you that I love ;
 By this confession and my weakness judge
 If my heart's yours, if love for you prevails
 Over that love which has subdu'd my senses.
 Consider not my sex or tender age,
 Courage from my great parents I derive.
 I might offend them, I cannot betray,
 You'll know Olympia, when you see her die.

S T A T I R A.

Dear, but inhuman daughter can you die,
 And yet not hate th' assassins of your fire !

O L Y M P I A.

Tear out my heart, examine it, you'll find,
 Tho' dear my husband, reign'd not there like you.
 The blood which animates it then you'll know ;
 Your daughter sacrifice.

S T A T I R A.

—— I know your heart.

I pity you my child, and don't condemn.
 Your courage and your duty give me hope,
 I pity even the love that injures me.
 You tear my heart, yet you affect it too.
 Console your mother whilst you cause her death.
 Alas ! I am wretched, but you're not to blame.

O L Y M-

O L Y M P I A

O L Y M P I A.

*Which bears, oh heavens! of woe the greatest weight!
Which has most reason to complain of fate!*

End of the third ACT.

ACT

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

A N T I G O N E S, H E R M A S, [*in the Porch.*]

H E R M A S.

YOU warn'd me well ; the holy place profan'd,
 Will soon of strife and slaughter be the scene.
 Your soldiers guard our passage near the shrine,
 Cassander mad with love, with grief, and rage,
 Daring the gods whom he before invoc'd,
 Advances towards you by another path.
 The signal's given, but in this enterprise
 The people doubt whose cause they should espouse.

A N T I G O N E S, [*going out.*]

I'll soon unite them.

S C E N E II.

A N T I G O N E S, H E R M A S, C A S S A N D E R, S O S T H E N E S.

C A S S A N D E R, [*stopping Antigones.*]

—— Stay unworthy friend,

False ally, and detested enemy,

How durst thou claim what heaven bestows on me ?

A N T I G O N E S.

I do, should that in thee excite surprise ?

The conqueror's daughter has sufficient right

To make the sons of Asia rise in arms,

And

And haughty tyrant's tremble on their thrones.
 Her portion's Babylon, but she may claim
 The empire's wide extent in right of birth.
 I to possess them both aspire, and know
 Thy tears, thy expiations and thy grief,
 The piercing eyes of nations cannot blind.
 Think not Olympia's love still prone to doubt,
 If thou art guilty of her father's death.
 In her opinion you are now condemn'd.
 Your heart enslav'd, and tyranniz'd by love,
 Seduc'd Olympia, and you hid her birth.
 You thought to bury in oblivion's night,
 The fatal secret which to me is known.
 Her love you owe to baseness and deceit.
 But time at length her eyes has op'd, and now
 Cassander his pretensions must forgoe.
 What were thy hopes presumptuous? Didst thou think
 By her right to become the King of Kings? . . .
 By arms I may defend Statira's cause,
 But would you our alliance still preserve?
 In your new kingdom would you reign in peace,
 Regain my friendship, on my arm depend?

C A S S A N D E R.

Proceed, —————

A N-

A N T I G O N E S.

Olympia yield, and we are friends:
 For you I'll spill my blood, if you refuse,
 I'll henceforth be the greatest of your foes.
 Maturely weigh your interests, and chuse.

C A S S A N D E R.

My choice is easy, and I hither came
 To make to you an offer that may please.
 You know nor law nor pity, nor remorse;
 Friendship to violate to you is sport.
 The gods I fear'd, you heavenly justice mock;
 The fruit of all your crimes you now enjoy;
 You shall not long.—

A N T I G O N E S.

—What mean these swelling words?

C A S S A N D E R.

If your fierce soul of virtue is not void,
 Let us not to our soldiers have recourse,
 Our rage to second, and our anger serve.
 Our people should not in our quarrels bleed,
 They should not in our contests be involv'd.
 You, if you're bold enough, alone should brave
 My courage, and my single arm oppose:
 I was not to the commerce of the gods
 Admitted in their fight to slay my friend;

'Tis

'Tis an unheard-of crime prepar'd by you :
 Come, we were born to act this bloody part.
 Come on, decide both of my fate and yours,
 Pour out your blood, or glut yourself with mine.

A N T I G O N E S.

With joy the combat I accept; be sure
 Olympia weds the man by whom thou'rt slain.

[*They draw.*]

S C E N E III.

The Hierophantes comes precipitately from the temple
 with the priests and the initiated, who, with a mul-
 titude of the populace, part Cassander and Antigones,
 and disarm them.

The H I E R O P H A N T E S.

Hold your audacious hands, you men prophane !
 Respect our god, respect his sacred rites !
 Haste, priests and people, part these barbarous men :
 Banish fierce discord from this sacred shrine.
 Your crimes atone—swords quickly disappear—
 Ye gods grant pardon—monarchs heaven obey.

C A S S A N D E R.

To you and heaven I yield. ———

A N T I G O N E S.

—— I still persist,

I call to witness Alexander's shade,

I call

I call to witness the avenging gods,
 That whilst I live Olympia my belov'd,
 Ne'er shall be folded in my rival's arms,
 The impious match on Ephesus would bring
 Shame, and make Asia's sons with horror shrink.

C A S S A N D E R.

It would, no doubt, had it been made by you.

The H I E R O P H A N T E S.

With spirit calmer, and with heart less fierce,
 Yield to the law obedience and respect.
 All men it binds, by all should be fulfill'd.
 The poor man's hut, the haughty monarch's throne,
 Alike subjected hear the voice of law;
 The weak she aids, transgressors she restrains,
 And her power sets the blameless victim free.
 Whene'er a husband of whatever rank
 Has chanc'd the parents of his wife to slay,
 Tho' he be by our mysteries purify'd,
 By Vesta's fire, and by her healthful stream,
 And by repentance more essential still,
 His wife that day may new engagements form,
 She may without offence except she chuse
 To imitate the gods and pardon him.
 As still Statira lives, you well may think
 That she will of her daughter's fate dispose.

A mo-

A mother's woes, a mother's rights respect,
 The law of nations, and the character
 Which nature gives, and nothing can efface.
 Her voice august Olympia must obey.
 All your attempts are vain since you must wait,
 The widow's and her daughter's final will.

[Exit with his followers.]

A N T I G O N E S.

I to these terms subscribe, she's surely mine.

[Exit Antigones with Hermas.]

S C E N E IV.

CASSANDER, SOSTHENE'S, *[in the porch.]*

CASSANDER.

You shall not find her treacherous, cruel man.
 Let us remove her from this fatal shrine,
 And disappoint this daring villain's hopes,
 He laughs at my remorse, insults my grief,
 And would with calm serenity and joy
 Conceal'd, destroy my peace and tear my heart.

SOSTHENE'S.

Statira he seduces, Sir, the deed
 He justifies by laws he violates,
 And by the gods his impious soul contemns.

C A S-

C A S S A N D E R.

Let's take her from the gods whom I have serv'd,
 Those cruel gods by whom I am betray'd.
 I'd gladly die, the thund'rer's stroke I'd bless;
 But that my wife should in this fatal day
 Pass from Cassander's to his rival's hand:
 E'er that I bear, this temple shall be laid
 In ashes, oh ye Gods, you pardon'd me!
 My soul grown calm with blest tranquillity,
 Gave itself up to that delusive hope;
 Ye gods you snatch Olympia from my arms,
 Thus do you pardon expiated crimes?

S O S T H E N E S.

You have not lost the fair; her tender heart
 To you obedient and devoted still
 Cannot so soon the man she lov'd forget:
 Changes so quick are to the heart unknown.
 By loving you she breaks not nature's law;
 The wounds which you in fight at random dealt
 Have, I will grant you, shed most precious blood!
 The gods permitted that calamity.
 You are not guilty of her father's death.
 Your tears have for her mother's blood aton'd;
 Her woes are past, your favours present still.

C A S-

C A S S A N D E R.

The anguish of my soul you sooth in vain :
 Statira's blood and Alexander's ghost
 Cry from the ground and fill my soul with dread.
 She is their daughter, and may justly hate
 Her hapless husband with relentless rage ;
 Olympia hates me, she whom I prefer
 To Cyrus' throne, to all the thrones on earth.
 Those expiations, secret mysteries
 By Kings neglected, fought with care by me,
 She was their object, and my guilty soul
 Approach'd the gods her presence to enjoy.

S O S T H E N E S, (*seeing Olympia.*)

Alas ! behold her to her griefs a prey,
 She clasps the altar, bathes it with her tears.

C A S S A N D E R.

'Tis time to take her from this shrine by force ;
 Go, lose no time, but every thing prepare.

(Exit Sothenes.)

C A S S A N D E R, O L Y M P I A, (*reclin'd upon the altar with-
 out seeing Cassander.*)

O L Y M P I A.

How my heart rises in my throbbing breast !
 How in despair 'tis plung'd ! how self-condemn'd ?
(seeing Cassander.)

What do I see ?——

C A S-

O L Y M P I A.

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C A S S A N D E R.

Your husband plung'd in woe.

O L Y M P I A.

Cassander, to that name no more pretend,
That you should be my husband's not in fate.

C A S S A N D E R.

I own myself unworthy of such bliss.
I know the crimes which cruel destiny
For both our ruin made my hand commit.
Thinking to expiate I've their measure fill'd.
My presence hurts you and my love insults.
Howe'er vouchsafe to answer; has my aid
From war and from destruction sav'd your youth?

O L Y M P I A.

Why did you save it? —

C A S S A N D E R.

Even in infancy

Was not your innocence by me rever'd?
Did I not idolize you? —

O L Y M P I A.

That's my grief.

C A S S A N D E R.

After acknowledging the purest flame,
Free in your choice and mistress of yourself,
Did you not in the presence of the gods
Before this shrine receive my solemn vows?

O L Y M -

O L Y M P I A.

It is too true, may pitying Heaven avert
The punishment I have thereby incurr'd.

C A S S A N D E R.

I had your heart, Olympia.—

O L Y M P I A.

Do not add

To my distress by such a keen reproach.
My youth 'twas easy for you to seduce;
My ignorance and weakness you deceiv'd:
Your guilt's by this inhand'd, fly hence, to hear
Your conversation is in me a crime.

C A S S A N D E R.

Beware how you a greater crime commit,
In listening to a treacherous villain's vows.
If for Antigones——

O L Y M P I A.

Cease, wretched man,

My soul rejects his vows as well as yours.
Since I was once deluded and this hand
Was join'd to thine stain'd with my parents blood,
No mortal to my heart shall e'er lay claim:
Marriage, the world and life alike I hate.
Since now my soul is mistress of her choice,
I without hesitation chuse these tombs
Which hide my mother for my last retreat;

I this

I this afylum chufe whose God alone
 My heart by thee deceiv'd fhall now poffefs.
 Thefe altars I embrace, all thrones deteft,
 All Asia's thrones, but far above the reft
 That which by proud Antigones is fill'd.
 See me no more, go, let me weep alone
 That promis'd love which now I muft abhor.

C A S S A N D E R.

If then your heart my rival's love rejects,
 You can't deprive me of a ray of hope;
 And when your virtue a new husband fhuns,
 I think a favour is conferr'd on me.
 Altho' I with your parents blood am ftain'd,
 My foul, my being muft depend on you;
 Wife ever dear whose virtues turn'd afide
 The thunders aim'd at my devoted head,
 Still o'er my foul maintain'd a fovereign fway
 And fhould your mother's rigour have difarm'd.

O L Y M P I A.

My mother! can your tongue pronounce her name!
 Ah, if repentance, pity or foft love
 Have any influence upon your heart,
 Fly from the places fhe inhabits, fly
 The altars I embrace.

C A S.

C A S S A N D E R.

No, without you

I cannot go, you must my steps attend,

(he takes her by the hand.)

Come, dearest wife.-----

O L Y M P I A, *(pulling back her hand.)*

Then like my mother treat me,

This bosom to its duty faithful pierce:

A surer dagger plunge in this sad heart,

To shed my blood that cruel hand was form'd.

Strike here.-----

C A S S A N D E R.

Your vengeance carries you too far.

My cruelty and violence were less.

Heaven pardons man, you how to punish know:

But your ingratitude exceeds all bounds

When thus a benefactor feels your hate.

O L Y M P I A.

Have you not by your deeds incurr'd my hate?

Cassander, had thy fierce, thy bloody hand,

Which with the murderous steel my mother gor'd,

Stabb'd me alone and shed no other blood,

I could have pardon'd thee and lov'd thee still.

Fly, cruel man, fate wills that we should part.

C A S-

C A S S A N D E R.

No, destiny itself can't separate
 Our fates, did you Cassander more detest;
 Had you even married me to pierce my heart,
 You must my steps attend; 'tis fate's decree.
 Let me still love you as a punishment:
 I swear by you it never will have end:
 Punish, detest your husband, don't forsake.

S C E N E VI.

C A S S A N D E R, O L Y M P I A, S O S T H E N E S.

S O S T H E N E S.

Appear, or soon Antigones prevails:
 The gate he blocks, your warriors he harangues,
 Your friends assembled near the sacred shrine
 He strives to gain, and their fidelity
 Seems to be shaken by his daring words:
 He on Olympia calls, and on her fire;
 Tremble both for your love and for your life;
 Come.——

C A S S A N D E R.

Is it thus you sacrifice me then
 To a detested rival. I in quest
 Of death will go, since you my death desire.

O L Y M P I A.

Alas! Olympia cannot wish thy death.
Live distant from her.—

C A S S A N D E R.

Without thee the light
Of Heaven is odious to my eyes, and life
An object full of horror; if I 'scape
Death's rage, I to this temple will return
And force thee hence, or with the vital drops
That warm my heart the sacred pavement stain.
[Exit with Sophenes.]

S C E N E VII.

O L Y M P I A, (*alone.*)

Ah, wretch! 'tis he that causes my alarms!
Wherefore, Cassander, should I weep for you?
Is it so hard our duty to perform?
The blood from whence I sprung shall o'er my mind
Rule with despotic sway. By nature's voice
I'll be directed, by her pow'r I swear
To sacrifice my sentiments to you.
Far different oaths I at this altar made,
God's you receiv'd them, and your clemency
Approv'd the passion which inspir'd my soul.
My state your pow'r has chang'd, then change my heart,
Give

Give me a virtue suited to my woe.
 Pity a soul by ruthless passion torn,
 Which must its nature or its faith forego:
 Whilst yet obscure, I liv'd in perfect bliss,
 The world forgetting in captivity;
 Both to my parents and myself unknown.
 Ruin to my illustrious name I owe,
 At least I'll strive to merit it. Cassander
 I must forsake, must fly thee; can I hate?
 How little power has woman o'er her heart!
 Weeping, I tear the wound that rankles there,
 And whilst my hand, with trembling, seeks the dart,
 I plunge it deeper, make the wound more wide.

S C E N E VIII.

OLYMPIA, the HIEROPHANTES, Attendants.

OLYMPIA.

Pontif, where go you? Oh! protect the weak:
 You tremble, and your eyes with tears o'erflow.

The HIEROPHANTES.

I grieve, unhappy Princess! at your lot.

OLYMPIA.

Since I am forlorn, afford me then thy aid.

The HIEROPHANTES.

With resignation to their heavenly will

Expect protection from the gods alone.

O L Y M P I A.

Alas ! what words are these ! —

The H I E R O P H A N T E S.

— O daughter dear !

The widow of great Alexander. —

O L Y M P I A.

— Gods !

Has aught befallen my mother ? quickly speak.

The H I E R O P H A N T E S.

All's lost, both kings rous'd up to furious rage,
Trampling on law, and arm'd against the gods,
Within this temple's consecrated porch,
Their troops spurr'd on to murder and to rage.
Blood flow'd on every side, with sword in hand,
To you Cassander cut himself a path.
I march'd against him having no defence,
But laws neglected and offended gods.
Your mother in despair his fury met,
She thought him master of the shrine and you.
Tir'd of such horrors, tir'd of such black deeds,
She seiz'd the knife with which we victims slay,
And plung'd it in those loins wherein you found
The source of life and of calamity.

OLYM-

O L Y M P I A.

I die, support me, is she yet alive?

The HIEROPHANTES.

Cassander's with her, he laments her fate,
 And even presumes to offer her relief,
 To second those whose virtuous hands assist her;
 He raves, himself he blames, throws down his arms,
 Her feet embraces, bathes them with his tears.
 Hearing his cries, her dying eyes she opes,
 And looks upon him as a monster fierce
 Come to deprive her of life's poor remains,
 By the same hand which she had escap'd before,
 She makes an effort weak to raise herself,
 Then falls again and gasps for her last breath;
 Cassander and the light she hates alike,
 Then opening with regret her half-clos'd eyes,
 Go, says she to me, hapless minister
 Of a sad shrine profan'd with human gore,
 Console Olympia, she her mother loves,
 Tell her it is my pleasure that she wed
 Antigones, he will revenge my death.

O L Y M P I A.

I'll go and near her die; now hear me gods,
 Accompany my steps and close my eyes.

The HIEROPHANTES.

Intrepid courage to your ills oppose.

O L Y M P I A.

Perhaps I soon may shew to proud mankind,
That courage may inspire the female mind.

End of the fourth Act.

ACT,

ACT V. SCENE I.

ANTIGONES, HERMAS, [*in the porch.*]

HERMAS.

VENGEANCE is vain, compassion now should
speak,

A hapless rival is not worth your hate.

Fly from this dire abode ; Olympia, fir,

Is lost both to Cassander and yourself.

ANTIGONES.

Is then Statira dead? —

HERMAS.

—— Cassander's fate :

Has made him fatal to the conqueror's race.

Statira sinking with a load of woe,

Expires with horror in her daughter's arms.

Tender Olympia stretch'd upon the corpse,

Seems scarcely to retain the breath of life.

The priests and priestesses dissolv'd in tears,

Increase their griefs by mixing them with hers.

With cries and groans the temple's vaults resound,

A funeral pile's prepar'd, and all the pomp
With which man's vanity adorns the dead.

'Tis said Olympia in this solitude
Will dwell where once her mother liv'd retir'd ;
And that renouncing marriage and the world,
She'll dedicate to heaven her future life,
And that she'll in eternal silence weep
Her family, her mother, and her birth.

A N T I G O N E S.

No, no, her duty's law she must obey,
My right to her admits of no dispute.
Statira gives her to me, and her will
When at the point of death's a law divine.
Frantic Cassander and his fatal love
Statira's daughter must with horror fill.

H E R M A S.

Sir, can you think it?

A N T I G O N E S.

She herself declares
That her sad heart disclaims this barbarous man.
Should he persist in his audacious love,
He shall with life for his presumption pay.

H E R M A S.

Would you mix blood with tears, and with the flames
Of the sad pile where burns the royal corpse ?

Your

Your awe-struck soldiers will with horror start
From such an object, they'll not follow you.

A N T I G O N E S.

No, I will not disturb the funeral rites;
This I have sworn; Cassander will revere them,
Awhile Olmypia shall my rage suspend,
But when the funeral's o'er I'll give it scope.

[The temple opens.]

S C E N E II.

ANTIGONES, HERMAS, the HIEROPHANTES, the Priests,

[advancing slowly] OLYMPIA *[in mourning, and supported by the Priestesses.]*

H E R M A S.

Olympia scarce alive, is this way led.
I see the pontiff of the sacred shrine,
Who following bathes her tracks with floods of tears.
The Priestesses support her in their arms.

A N T I G O N E S.

I own these objects in the hardest heart
Would raise emotion. Madam, give me leave *[To Olym.]*
To mix with yours my sorrows, and to swear
That I'll revenge the wrongs you have sustain'd.
The wretch by whom you twice a mother lost,
A hope presumptuous madly entertains,

But

But know his punishment is not far off.
 To your afflictions add not trembling fear:
 But all his rash attempts defy secure.

O L Y M P I A.

Ah! speak not now of vengeance and of blood,
 Statira's dead, I'm dead to human kind.

A N T I G O N E S.

Her loss I mourn, and I pity you,
 Her sacred will I justly might alledge,
 Dear to my hopes, and by yourself rever'd;
 But I know what is in this juncture due,
 Both to her shade, her daughter, and your grief.
 Madam, consult yourself, her will obey.

[*Exit with Hermas.*]

S C E N E III.

OLYMPIA, the HIEROPHANTES, Priests, Priestesses.

O L Y M P I A.

You who alone compassionate my woes,
 Priest of a God of mildness and of peace,
 Can't I for ever dedicate my woe
 To this sad shrine bath'd with my mother's tears?
 Sure, sir, you cannot have so hard a heart
 To shut this place of refuge from my grief?

'Tis

'Tis all that's claim'd by one of royal race,
Do not refuse this poor inheritance.

The HIEROPHANTES.

I mourn your fate, but how can I assist you?
Your mother dying has your husband nam'd.
You yourself heard her her last will declare,
Whilst with our hands we clos'd her dying eyes,
And if you will not her commands obey,
Cassander still may claim you as his right.

O L Y M P I A.

'Tis true, I to my dying mother swore
Ne'er to receive Cassander's bloody hand,
My oath I'll keep.——

The HIEROPHANTES.

—— You freedom still enjoy,
The gods alone can of your hand dispose.
Things soon will change; you now, Olympia, may
Determine and dispose your future life.
Indeed it fit's not that the self same day
Should light the funeral pile and hymen's torch.
Such marriage would be shocking, but a word
Suffices, and that word I want to hear.
In this extremity your heart should know
What to your royal race is justly due.

O L Y M-

O L Y M P I A.

Sir, I have told you any nuptial tye
 Is hateful to my heart, and should to your's.
 A mother's injur'd shade I'll not betray :
 A husband I forsake, that should suffice.
 Both from the throne and marriage let me fly.

The H I E R O P H A N T E S.

Antigones or else Cassander chuse.
 Those arm'd rivals, jealous as they're proud,
 Are forc'd by your decision to abide.
 You with a word confusion may prevent,
 And slaughter which would quickly rage again ;
 Were not men fill'd with reverence and respect
 By all that funeral pomp, that pile, those altars,
 Those duties, and those honours which awhile
 To serious contemplation souls dispose.
 Piety lasts not long amongst the great ;
 Their rage I hardly could a while suspend ;
 To-morrow blood will Ephesus o'erflow.
 Princess decide, and all will be appeas'd :
 The people ever to the law adheres,
 When you have spoken they'll support your choice ;
 If not, with sword in hand within this shrine
 Cassander will your plighted faith require ;

What

What he possess'd he has a right to claim,
Tho' with just horror he inspires your soul.

O L Y M P I A.

Enough, your apprehensions I conceive,
My soul shall never to complaint give way :
To fate I yield, you all its rigour know. . . .
My choice already in my heart is made :
I have resolv'd.—

The HIEROPHANTES.

—Then shall Antigones

Be happy, and your plighted faith receive ?

O L Y M P I A.

Howe'er that be, this juncture, Sir, ill suits
With such engagements ; you yourself must own
The fatal day on which a mother dy'd,
Should quite engross a daughter's every thought. . . .
Must you not bear her to the funeral pile ?

The HIEROPHANTES.

'Tis ours that mournful duty to perform :
All that remains of her an urn shall hold ;
Her ashes to deposit be your care.

O L Y M P I A.

Alas ! her guilty daughter caus'd her death,
Something that daughter owes her injur'd shade,

The

O L Y M P I A.

The HIEROPHANTES.

All things I'll now prepare.—

O L Y M P I A.

— Say, do your laws

Permit me to behold her on the pile?

May I approach the funeral pomp, and shed

Tears on her body while the flames ascend?

The HIEROPHANTES.

It is your duty, we partake your grief.

You've nought to dread, those arm'd rivals now

Will not presume your sorrows to disturb.

Present perfumes, your veils and locks of hair,

And a libation, offering sad, but pure.

*[The priestesses lay these offerings upon the altar.]*O L Y M P I A, *[to the Hierophantes.]*

This is the only favour I require.

[to the inferior priestesses.]

You who attended her in this abode

Of death, and shar'd the horrors of her fate,

Return and give me notice when the fire

Is ready to consume those lov'd remains:

Since 'tis permitted, let my last farewell

Her manes satisfy.—

P R I E S T E S S.

I shall obey.

[Exit.]

O L Y M-

O L Y M P I A, [*to the Hierophantes.*]

Go holy priest, the sacred pile erect,
 Prepare the wreaths of cyprus and the urn :
 Bid the two rivals to the pile repair,
 I in their presence will explain myself
 Before my mother's corpse, and in the sight
 Of holy priestesses, who to my woes
 And to my promises can witness bear,
 My sentiments, my choice shall be declar'd ;
 You must approve them, tho' perhaps you'll grieve.

The H I E R O P H A N T E S.

You still are mistress of your destiny :
 This day expir'd, your freedom will be o'er.

[*Exit with the priests.*]

S C E N E IV.

O L Y M P I A, [*at the front of the stage, the priestesses in a semi-circle at the bottom.*]

O L Y M P I A.

Oh thou who to my shame dost still enslave
 My heart, which has deliberately made choice ;
 Who o'er Statira dead dost triumph still,
 O'er Alexander and their hapless race !
 O'er earth and heaven against thee both conspir'd .
 Reign, hapless lover, o'er my tortur'd sense :

If

If you still love me, which I scarce can wish,
Your fatal victory will cost you dear.

S C E N E V.

OLYMPIA, CASSANDER, the Priestesses.

CASSANDER.

Your wishes to fulfil, I hither come ;
This fatal pile shall with my blood be stain'd.
Accept my death ; the only hope I've left
Is that your pity not your vengeance asks it.

OLYMPIA.

Cassander !

CASSANDER.

Dearest wife !

OLYMPIA.

Ah cruel man !

CASSANDER.

No pardon for this criminal remains,
The hapless slave of cruel destiny ;
To be a parricide was still my fate :
Still I am thy husband : Spite of all my crimes,
My soul Olympia idolizes still.
Altho' you hate me, Hymen's rites respect :
You have no tye on earth except to me :
'Tis death alone can separate our fates ;

I must,

I must, in dying, see you and adore.

[*He throws himself at her feet.*]

Wreak vengeance on my guilty head, my crimes

Severely punish, but forsake me not.

Hymen's more sacred are than nature's ties.

O L Y M P I A.

Rise, rise, the funeral rites prophane no more,

No more prophane the ashes of the dead.

Whilst on the dreadful pile the flames consume

My mother's body, don't pollute the gifts

Which here I at the funeral pile present :

Do not approach, but at a distance hear me.

S C E N E VI.

OLYMPIA, CASSANDER, ANTIGONES, and
the Priestesses.

A N T I G O N E S.

Your virtue cannot still decline a choice :

Her will Statira at her death explain'd :

This day of terror fill'd my soul with awe,

And I the dead respected; else this arm,

This vengeful arm had plung'd the shrine in blood;

And, in obedience to your orders, now

I come as to my rival's judge and mine :

From apprehensions free pronounce our doom.

I hope

I hope you will a just distinction make
 Between the man by whom your mother bled,
 And him who strove her murder to revenge.
 Nature has sacred rites ; Statira, plac'd
 By Alexander, looks on you from heaven.
 Within this darksome shrine you're bury'd now,
 But heaven and earth attentive mark your deeds :
 Between us two Olympia must decide.

O L Y M P I A.

I shall, but you must treat me with respect.
 You see these preparations and these gifts,
 Which to the infernal gods I must present ;
 And you, like furious rivals, chuse this time,
 Midst tombs, to talk of marriage and of love !
 You soldiers of the potent king my fire,
 Who, by his death, are kings become yourselves,
 If I am dear to you, I charge you swear
 You'll not oppose my duties or my choice.

C A S S A N D E R.

I swear it solemnly, and you shall find
 That I respect you as I scorn that traitor.

A N T I G O N E S.

I swear it too, for sure I am, your heart
 Must from my barbarous rival shock'd recoil.
 Declare yourself.—

O L Y M-

O L Y M P I A.

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O L Y M P I A.

Think then what e'er befalls
That Alexander's present, that he hears us.

A N T I G O N E S.

Decide before him.——

C A S S A N D E R.

——— I your pleasure wait.

O L Y M P I A.

Then know the heart which thus you persecute,
And judge what resolution I should take.
Whatever choice I make, must fatal prove ;
The grief that racks my soul too well you know,
Know likewise that I have deserv'd it all.
My parents I betray'd, who might have known
I caus'd the death of her who gave me birth,
I found a mother in this dire abode :
I quickly lost her, in these arms she died.
To her sad daughter, dying thus she spoke,
Marry Antigones, I die content.
Then she was seiz'd with agonies, and I
Her death to hasten, her desire oppos'd.

A N T I G O N E S.

Thus do you brave me and insult my love,
Your mother injure, nature's laws betray.

O L Y M-

O L Y M P I A.

Her shade I injure not, nor injure you ;
 I justice do to all and to myself.
 Cassander first to you my faith I gave :
 Think you the gods our union could approve ?
 Decide this point yourself : you know your crimes,
 I will not now reproach you with your guilt.
 Repair it when you can. ———

C A S S A N D E R.

——— I can't appease you !

I can't assuage the horror I inspire,
 My heart you soon shall know : your promise keep.
[The temple opens, and the pile is seen in flames.]

S C E N E the Last.

OLYMPIA, CASSANDER, ANTIGONES, the
 HIEROPHANTES, PRIESTS, PRIESTESSES.

The inferior P R I E S T E S S.

Princess 'tis time. ———

OLYMPIA, *[to Cassander.]*

Behold yon flaming pile.

Now mourn, Cassander, your unhappy fate.
 Those royal ashes and that pile remark ;
 Remember Alexander and my chains !
 Behold his widow ! Tell me how to act.

C A S-

OLYMPIA.

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CASSANDER.

Exterminate me.—

OLYMPIA.

—— You pronounce your doom. . . .

To mine bear witness*. Oh thou sacred shade,
Shade of my mother! I this duty pay
To thee, who justly may be still incens'd;
Perhaps these gifts your manes may appease,
They may prove worthy of my fire and you.

[*To Cassander.*]

Thou husband of Olympia, who by fate
Wert ne'er intended for her; who preserv'd
My life, by whom I both my parents lost;
Thou who so lov'd me, and for whom my soul
Felt all the weakness of a tender love;
Thou think'st my guilty passion from my breast
Is banish'd; know that I adore thee still,
And will upon myself that guilt revenge.
Oh ever-honour'd ashes of Statira,
The body of Olympia now receive!

[*She stabs herself, and throws herself into the pile.*]

* She mounts the steps before the altar, which is near the funeral pile. The priestesses present her the offerings.

All

O L Y M P I A.

All present cry out †.

Oh heavens!

CASSANDER, [*running to the pile.*]

Olympia!

PRIESTS.

Heavens!

ANTIGONES [*running also to the pile.*]

Oh frenzy strange!

CASSANDER.

She's now no more, our efforts all are vain.

[*Returning to the porch.*]

Gods are you satisfy'd? My hands accurs'd,

A royal pair have of their lives depriv'd.

Still dost thou envy me, Antigones?

Can't thou, unmov'd, this shocking death behold,

And think'st thou still Cassander's fate is blest'd?

If my felicity provokes thy rage,

Share it, this dagger take and do like me.

[*Stabs himself.*]

The HIEROPHANTES.

Oh holy shrine! Just, but vindictive gods,

In courts profane were e'er such horrors seen!

† The hierophantes, the priests and the priestesses, all shew their astonishment and consternation.

A N T I G O N E S.

Thus Alexander and his family,
Successors, assassins, are all destroy'd !
Gods ! since the world must ever feel your rage,
Why into being did you mortals call ?
What were Statira's or Olympia's crimes ?
To what am I reserv'd in future times !





E P I S T L E S .



~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

MEMORANDUM FOR THE DIRECTOR
SUBJECT: [Illegible]

RE: [Illegible]
[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

[Illegible]

EPISTLE to Madam DE ***, upon the
Manner of Living at PARIS and VERSAILLES.

ROSALIA, to the world unknown,
Let us live for ourselves alone.
Friendship and blood's endearing tye,
Shall all society supply ;
So foolish, dangerous, vain's mankind,
We in the world no joy can find,
In that whirlpool they call the world
Man's thro' so many errors hurl'd,
That it can coxcombs please alone,
By whom it ne'er was rightly known.
Glycer when her dinner's o'er,
Goes out just as the day before ;
Into her gorgeous chariot led,
She indolent reclines her head,
Embarrass'd by the 'cumbrous pride
Of a vast hoop that fills each side ;
Visits her friend in pomp and state,
Ascends, and then repents too late,

Embracing yawns, and plain is seen
 In her constrain'd behaviour spleen;
 She seems to beg for nonsense gay,
 To make her langour pass away.
 They interchange some faint careffes,
 They talk of weather, plays, and dresties,
 Of sermons, and of ribbons price,
 And are exhausted in a trice.
 Now thro' necessity grown dumb,
 A tune they both begin to hum;
 But Mr. Abbe enter'd soon,
 Priest, gallant, sharper, and buffoon,
 Endow'd with various talents rare,
 Who for some months was master there,
 A formal coxcomb enter'd too,
 Pleas'd in the glass himself to view,
 Both pedants please, their jargon suits;
 A captain enters; both are mutes;
 The captain to recite proceeds
 The great exploits and hardy deeds
 Which his brave men would have perform'd,
 How they Placentia would have storm'd,
 And then atchiev'd some wond'rous feat,
 Had they not chose to make retreat.

To

E P I S T L E S.

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To Nice, to Var, to Digne he leads,
Not a soul listens, he proceeds.
Then *Isis* enters with sad air,
Her time is wholly spent in prayer,
Yet *Isis*' leer is very sly,
A little Jansenist stands by,
St. Austin's works and faintly pride,
Both equally his heart divide.
Other birds too of different feather
And different tastes tune up together,
Whence various notes so much confound
That slander's voice is almost drown'd.
Their jarring clack's like winds that rend
The air, and with fierce winds contend.
A chasm of silence most profound
Succeeds to all this empty sound :
All rational converse they shun
And into idle nonsense run.
Oh *David** to their succour haste,
Nor suffer them their time to waste.
Oh *David* thy most powerful ace
Engages all the human race ;

* Cards were at that time sold at the sign of King David.

Soon as upon the table green
Thy various, magic cards are seen,
The noble, prelate, lawyer, cit,
Are rouz'd and sharpen'd into wit,
Above all, women take delight
In black and red spots on the white,
All are amus'd by hopes of treasure,
Avarice assumes the shape of pleasure
From these exploits the wise and fair
To supper by consent repair;
Th' insipid joy of ev'ry guest
In dullest fallies is exprest,
The machine man by wholesome food
And richest fauces is renew'd.
The soul and blood new force acquire,
The stomach and the brain conspire.
Then their clacks run at a strange rate,
The son of law begins to prate,
All parties he alike assails,
He damns the war, at peace he rails.
A country noble quaffs champagne,
But must of misery complain,
Of misery by his country felt,
At which even hearts of stone might melt,

And

And tho' in luxury immers'd
 By taxes, says, the land's oppress'd.
 Then the loquacious abbe tries
 For histories true to pass off lies;
 His tale cut short must soon give way
 To arrant chit-chat of the day;
 This, in its turn, is put to flight,
 By conversation not more bright.
 The jest insipid, double meaning
 T' obscenity and nonsense leaning,
 The foolish laugh, the stupid pun,
 Stale pleasantries which pass for fun,
 Give this society polite,
 The highest rapture and delight.
 Is't thus you waste, oh men unwise,
 That fleeting time which quickly flies?
 Which still to fools will tedious seem,
 Which men who think too transient deem.
 What shall I do? Whereto shall I
 Far from myself for refuge fly?
 Man company requires no doubt,
 He's restless with it, worse without;
 Indolent sloth's the greatest foe
 That mortals ever knew below,

Tir'd of tranquillity at home
To court disgusted creatures roam,
At Paris babble loud prevails,
But artful silence at Versailles,
For real joy can ne'er reside
With men whose principle is pride.
Happy that man must be confess'd,
Who's with his master's presence blest.
O'er the empyreum Jove presides,
But from mankind his glory hides :
Heroes and demi-gods alone
Dare to approach the heavenly throne,
Must we amidst the crowds that press
Inferior deities address ?
Gods who can good or ill bestow,
But ne'er love those by fate plac'd low,
Who on the top of fortune's wheel,
By joys intoxicated reel,
Who amidst all their pomp and shew,
No tenderness or feeling know ?
Rise early, at their levee wait,
And dance attendance at their gate,
Three years neglected or abus'd,
At last you're civilly refus'd.

No;

No ; haughty courts, the fage replies,
Suit not great souls that courts despise.
From treacherous courtiers haste away
And pleasures which like them betray.
Make public good your only care,
And you shall public honours share.
The public, what that monster dire,
Whose hundred tongues can never tire,
That fawns and bites, that courts neglects,
That breaks the statues it erects ?
Still ready those who serve to spurn
It once profan'd great *Colbert's* urn,
That oft has vile reflexions cast
Virtue and innocence to blast.
To envy merit still inclin'd
Faults it could in *Armida* find,
And has with greater pleasure seen
Vile plays than those of fam'd *Racine*.
It *Athaliah* long despis'd
And wretched, ill wrote dramas priz'd.
Applause it foolishly bestows,
And undeserv'd indulgence shews.
But all its errors time repairs
At length applause true merit shares ;

'Tis true, but oft the owner dies,
 Ere to his worth men ope their eyes.
 Posterity may to my name
 Be just; I'd fain enjoy my fame.
 When once a man is in the ground,
 He hears not fame's loud trumpet sound.
 A nation to his merit just,
 Reveres Pope's like a monarch's bust,
 Dead he's admir'd, but from his age
 He bore fierce persecution's rage.
 Let's lie conceal'd, and pass away
 Calmly the evening of our day,
 From malice and from envy's rage
 Let us preserve declining age.
 Friendship chief blifs of human race,
 My dwelling with thy presence grace,
 May I for friendship live alone,
 Friendship to wicked men unknown,
 Distant from bigotry, whence flow
 Terrors in death, life's piercing woe.

EPISTLE to the Prince of VENDOME *.

C*COURTIN*, one of his faithful friends,
Health to the brave Prince Vendome sends,
The meanest of the sons of rhyme
His homage pays at the same time ;
From Sully whither he was sent
By some spright on his good intent.

You see, Sir, that the desire of serving you has united
two men very very different from each other.

One fat, and fair, and in good case,
Looks pamper'd and replete with grace,
And seems so sanctify'd his air,
Predestin'd to an easy chair.
On his unwrinkl'd face still glows
The healthful colour of the rose,
Which makes the Abbe still appear
Youthful as in his twentieth year.

* This Prince was brother to the Duke of Vendome ; he was great Prior of France. The Abbe *Courtin*, who was one of his friends, was son to a Privy Counsellor, and a man of learning. His character was such as it is here represented. This Epistle was wrote in 1716.

The bard by meagre visage known,
 Is nothing else but skin and bone,
 To occupy much space not made,
 Nor quite ill-natur'd as portray'd.

Our first intention was to send your Highness a regular composition, half verse, half prose, as was customary with the *Chapelles*, the *Des Barreaux*, and the *Hamiltons*, who were the Abbe's contemporaries and our masters. I should have added, *Voitures*, if I was not afraid of offending the Abbe, who pretends, I don't know for what reason, that he is not old enough to have seen him.

As there are many bold things to be said concerning the times, the wisest of us two, I don't mean myself, did not chuse to speak of them without enjoining profound secrecy.

The God mysterious he address'd
 Whose power by Normans is confess'd;
 That cautious God with artful leer,
 Who whispers fearing men might hear.
 He much too often knaves befriends,
 But still to wise men succour lends.
 He does at court and church preside,
 And once was even Cupid's guide.

This

This god happened unluckily not to be at Sully; he was then, as we were told, engaged by —— and Madam de ——, or else we should have finished our work under his inspection.

We then had labour'd to display
 Your sprightly wit, your leisure gay;
 Had shewn you amiable in chace
 Of pleasure, dauntless in disgrace.
 We had that period blest related,
 Which to love's joys was dedicated;
 Love's raptures in harmonious verse
 We should have labour'd to rehearse;
 All Paphos' rites we had explor'd,
 Paphos where Venus was ador'd;
 Amours in the Florentine taste
 Had our description likewise grac'd;
 But in so artful a disguise
 As might deceive e'en bigot's eyes.
 We had not fail'd to introduce
 Bacchus flush'd with the grape's rich juice,
 The world had seen with what delight
 You in his orgies pass'd the night.
 Imagination by his side
 Should have her utmost care apply'd;

T' embellish with her gayest flowers
 The pleasure of your blissful hours.
 Ye midnight revels, feasts where joy
 Yields pleasures which can never cloy;
 From you gay sonnets first took rise,
 Which the young loves so highly prize;
 How much those brilliant trifles please!
 They ravish with harmonious ease,
 By such fam'd Horace was the soul
 Of feasts when flow'd the sparkling bowl,
 When with the witty and the great;
 He next Augustus took his seat.

We have here given you a weak scetch of the picture we intended to draw.

But who'd succeed should be inspir'd;
 We to such glory ne'er aspir'd,
 That honour we shall ne'er dispute
 With the divine, th' enchanting lute
 Of him who other bards excells,
 Chaulieu, who at your * temple dwells,
 Know then that indolence and ease
 Such minds as ours alone can please.

* The Abbe *Chaulieu* liv'd at the temple which belongs to the grand Priors of France. It was in former times inhabited by the Knights Templars.

Of gods themselves this was the lot
In times which ne'er will be forgot ;
Yours is this blest condition now,
And sure the truth you must avow,
That after many days and nights
Sacred to courts and soft delights,
When you such great things have atchiev'd,
'Tis happiness to be reliev'd ;
That after toil 'tis bliss to rest,
That he who nothing does is blest

* To the Abbe CHAULIEU.

Sully, July 3, 1717.

TO thee who dost in lyric lays
Rival the fam'd *Anacreon's* praise,
Who dost voluptuous pleasure preach,
And by your life free living teach ;
Thou blest with such a tuneful mind,
That when to bed by gout confin'd,
Thy lute there yields as pleasing sounds
As at a feast where mirth abounds.

I write to you from *Sully*, where *Chapelle* liv'd, that is, got drunk for two years together. I wish he had left something of his poetical talent in this castle ; it would be very convenient for those who undertake to write to you. But as we are told that he bequeath'd it entirely to you, I was oblig'd to have recourse to magick, of which you have frequently made mention.

* This epistle, consisting partly of verse, and partly of prose, is one of our author's first works. *Chapelle*, who is here spoken of, was a man of an easy genius, and had a turn to libertinism ; he had been much given to drinking, which was the vice of his age ; both his constitution and his genius were greatly impair'd by this practice.

Then

Then searching all the castle round,
Soon as the darkeſt tower I found,
I call'd upon gay *Chapelle's* ſpright
From realms where reigns eternal night.
To the infernal gods I made
No offering when I call'd the ſhade,
Like knaves who erſt in ſervile days,
Loudly ſung forth their godhead's praiſe;
Or Endor's witch whoſe curſed art
With terror ſtruck Saul's daſtard heart,
Who thought the devil before his eyes
Had made the prophet's ſpectre riſe.
But we can raiſe a bard from hell,
Without a magic rite or ſpell:
A ſong alone muſt ſure ſuffice,
To make a poet's gholt ariſe;
I thus addreſs'd him, much lov'd friend,
Chapelle from Pluto's realms aſcend.
A poet wants your kindly aid,
A poet now invokes your ſhade.
Yet we are told, propitious gods
Have rais'd you to the bleſs'd abodes,
And plac'd you 'twixt the powers divine,
'That over verſe preſide and wine.

Therefore kind *Chapelle*, much lov'd friend,
From realms above on earth descend.

This prayer familiarly address'd,

Was heard with favour by the blest,

Tho' it to merit had no claim,

But being offer'd in your name.

Before me *Chapelle* stood confess'd,

With transport glow'd my ravish'd breast:

In one hand he held forth the lyre,

Which charm'd so oft the heavenly choir,

* *Gassendi's* works he with him brought,

With various, well-fram'd systems fraught;

He on *Bachauon* leaning walk'd,

And with him of his journey talk'd;

A journey which, whilst he recited,

All those that heard him were delighted.

I ask'd him by what art he during his residence in
our world

Touching his lyre could always please

With flowing numbers, and with ease,

* *Chapelle* was educated by *Gassendi*, and became a great partizan of the philosophical system of his master. When ever he was intoxicated with liquor, he explained *Gassendi's* system to all present, and when they were gone, he continu'd holding forth to the steward.

Which

Which nature only could impart,
Which ne'er were faulty found by art?
He said by love and wine alone,
To me the power of verse was known.
To witty Chaulieu for a time,
I taught the happy art to rhyme;
To you he should in turn impart
The precepts of the tuneful art.

 ANSWER to the foregoing.

S I R,

I Should never have thought, that such a man as you could have any faith in spirits, and still less that you could believe what they say when they return, God knows from whence. The Epicurean philosophers, to whose sect you say I belong, have, thank heaven, enabled me to doubt of the reality of Chappelle's apparition, and equally to distrust the insinuations of his shade, of your politeness, and of my own self-love, which you have with great address endeavour'd to interest upon this occasion. Amongst many other good reasons which should induce you to distrust this apparition, you have in yourself an essential one, which should determine you to give it no sort of credit as it did me.

Do not believe a lying shade,
 Who bids you learn the poet's trade
 From me, so much below you;
 Such progress you have in it made,
 That only Phœbus' heavenly aid
 Can now new light bestow you.

This

This is all I can say in answer to the prettiest letter that ever was writ, a letter whose flattery I should not listen to, and whose brilliancy of imagination deters me from attempting to answer it in form, as the answer would, in all likelihood, be unworthy of a scholar of *Chapelle*, to whom you might very possibly shew it, as you have so great an intimacy with him forty years after his death.

But tho' I distrust my head, I am always sure of my heart, and in proof of the esteem and affection I have for you, of which you ask me a token that cannot be call'd in question, I shall with the sincerity which I have always profess'd, tell you my real opinion of the affair which you have communicated to me.

Paris, July 26, 1717.

To

To the President HENAUT, Author of an
excellent Work upon the History of France.

Cirey, Sept. 2, 1744.

GODDESS who dost make blest the earth,
Health who to temperance owe thy birth,
Who pleasures to the wise dispense,
Whose joys are govern'd by good sense,
Who dost with gilded rays adorn
Our youth, of life the brilliant morn ;
And oft dost cheer life's gloomy close
With calm content and soft repose.
Oh health-dispensing goddess, now
Listen propitious to my vow ;
By thy kind star conduct to rest
A mortal worthy to be blest.
All other gods unite to shed
Their blessings upon Henaut's head.
Will you, who hold the place of all,
Alone prove deaf to Henaut's call ?
To sweet society once more,
And to his noble seats restore

Henaut

Henaut, whose happy vein of wit
Can every taste and genius hit.
To him your needful succour lend,
For him time's rapid course suspend :
So well he knows time to employ,
So well divides 'twixt care and joy.
Women, enchanted by his ease,
Have thought he only knew to please ;
Men, who the depth of science found,
Have ever thought him most profound ;
The god of jollity and mirth
Thinks him the merriest soul on earth.
Immortal as his works, may he
Live late posterity to see,
Live long as all the kings, his pen
So well brings to the view of men,
Whose characters so well he draws,
Their deeds relates, explains their laws.
Since he so many ways has shone,
Restore his stomach to its tone.
Of ev'ry talent he's possess'd,
With ev'ry virtue glows his breast ;
The art to please, is all his own,
The art t' enjoy to him is known ;

All this, however, is a jest,
 If he's unable to digest.
 I wonder not that Des Fontaines,
 Who tires all mortals with his strain,
 Should in his garret midst his lumber
 Of dusty books have easy slumber,
 That he should still be in good case
 Tho' void of virtue and of grace.
 Egle or Silvia ne'er invite
 Pedants who without genius write,
 Whose heap'd citations readers tire
 Whose writings dulness fumes inspire ;
 His company all mortals cloy,
 He is reduc'd to herd with boys.
 Alas ! to genius's alone
 These indigestions curs'd are known.

After this hymn to the goddess of health which I have made with the utmost sincerity of friendship, permit me, Sir, to add to it mentally a short *Gloria Patri*. I have as much occasion for it as you, but I am more sollicitous about your welfare than my own. May the goddess of health first shower down her favours upon you ; drink the waters of Plombieres chearfully, and return with all speed to Cirey before the Austrian
hussars

huffars enter Lorrain. Such folks give no waters to drink but those of the river Styx. Do not forget that amongst the multitude of your well-wishers there are two here who desire that you should stop awhile in your journey for their sakes.

TO MONS. DE FONTENELLE.

SIR,

Villars, September 1, 1720.

THE ladies at Villars are quite spoil'd by reading your Treatise of the Plurality of Worlds. We could have wish'd it had rather been by your Pastorals, for we would much rather have seen them shepherdesſes than philosophers. They spend that time in contemplating the stars, which they might employ to much greater advantage; and as our taste is regulated by theirs, love for them has made us all turn natural philosophers.

Each night on beds by nature made,
Whose verdure trees o'er-arching shade,
Which seem by nature's self design'd,
For meetings of another kind;
We out of order put the skies,
Venus seems Mercury to our eyes;
For we no telescopes have here
To bring the wand'ring planets near,
But to behold them we apply
Our opera-glasses to the eye.

As

As we pass the whole night in taking a view of the stars, we very much neglect the sun, to which we rarely pay a visit till he has run one half of his course. We were inform'd awhile ago, that he look'd bloody the whole morning: that afterwards, without the air's being any ways obscur'd, he, by insensible degrees, was depriv'd both of his magnitude and his light: this information we did not receive till five o'clock in the evening. We thereupon look'd out at the window, and we took the sun for the moon on account of his paleness. We make no doubt but you have seen the same phenomenon at Paris.

Upon this occasion, Sir, we address you as our master. You know how to make those things pleasing which are scarce made intelligible by other philosophers, and such a man as you was necessary in France, and indeed, in all Europe, to inform the literati, and inspire the ignorant with a taste for the sciences.

Say, Fontenelle, who took thy flight
 With rapid wings above all height,
 Who with *Dedalean* art could pierce
 Each corner of the universe;
 And many spheres immortal view
 Seen by St. Paul as well as you,

L. 3.

Where

Where beauties never seen before
 He saw, but of them says no more.
 Of the sun which you know so well,
 Can you not mortals something tell,
 Why did he red as blood appear
 In ent'ring upon his career?
 Why did he tremble and turn pale?
 Why lessen? why did his light fail?
 Upon a fight so full of dread
 What by * *Boulainvilliers* is said?
 To many nations will he cry
 That their destruction's drawing nigh;
 Shall we behold incursions new,
 Edicts or war's dire terrors view?
 Shall imposts over France increase,
 Or branches of revenue cease?
 When once upon the verdant plain
 You tun'd your reed a simple swain,
 Had you beheld the god of day,
 A change so great to view display,

* The Count de Boulainvilliers, a man of great erudition, but who was weak enough to believe in astrology. Cardinal de Fleury said of him, that he knew neither the future, the past, or the present. He has, however, made some fine researches upon the History of France.

You

You'd thought some change must then have rise
In your nymph's heart as in the skies.
But since your Phœbus left the plains,
And all the rural joys of swains
For those important truths made known
By *Euclid* and by *Varignon* ;
Since you at length have laid aside
The ribbons, *Celadon's* gay pride,
To take the *Astrolabe* in hand,
You'll speak what few can understand :
You'll puzzle us with calculation,
Talk of refraction and equation.
But if you graciously should deign
These difficulties to explain,
Whenever you the truth make known,
Use the poetic style alone ;
For us bright fancy more engages
Than five score deeply learned pages.

* **Monf. de FONTENELLE'S ANSWER to
Monf. de VOLTAIRE.**

YOU folks who in the country dwell,
This is a ftrange thing that you tell,
That when the fun firft fhew'd his head,
His face was cover'd o'er with red.
Then vapours which from earth arife
Caft o'er his glory that difguife.
The fun remain'd a prifoner there,
Wrapt up in thick, malignant air;
And yet I dare be bold to fay
He did not fear to faint away.
This is all that I chufe to tell,
And fo I bid you all farewell.
In youth's delightful days, life's prime,
Such ftudies are quite out of time;
Nothing youth fhould to know require,
But pleasures tafte at heart's defire.

* This answer of Fontenelle's is very indifferent; he compos'd another addreffed to Madam de Villars, which we have not been able to come at,

I'll own the science that we boast
 But specious trifling is at most ;
 A trifling suited to our age,
 Which helps us on in life's last stage ;
 Our journey let's in peace pursue
 And seek the pleasures made for you.
 Upon the verdant turf lie down,
 And in love's joys life's sorrows drown ;
 For love, enchanting love alone,
 Its cordial drop all mortals own.
Alison, Martin still are sung,
 Because they both took care when young
 To make the best use of their time,
 And not to lose life's youthful prime.
 Howe'er I'll own I do not doubt,
 But the sun may one day go out,
 And say, kind gentlemen, good night,
 Seek some one else to give you light :
 No more I shall in glory rise,
 No more illuminate the skies ;
 I wish you then good night once more,
 My shining days are past and o'er ;
 And if no goddess should be there,
 The powers divine he will not spare.

But oh what evils shall befall
From want of light this wretched ball ?
Candles and torches feeble light,
Won't dissipate so thick a night.
In chaos earth shall be involv'd,
Society shall be dissolved.
Human connection all shall end,
No man shall leave take of his friend.
All men shall quickly disappear,
And none behind them leave an heir.
But what's still worse than all the rest,
Each shall desire to be confest ;
To priests for pardon shall repair,
And seem abandon'd to despair.

To the Marquis of ISSARTS, Ambaffador of
France at the Court of Dresden.

SIR, *Verfailles, April 7, 1747.*

THE kind letter with which you favoured me, gives me at once pleasure and regret; at the fame time that it delights me, it makes me fenfible of the lofs I have fufained. I might have been prefent at the very moment when your Excellency figned the treaty by which France was made happy. I might have feen the court of Dresden, but I never faw it. I was not born to be happy; but your happinefs, Sir, you will own even to equal your merit. What you left at Verfailles, is reftored to you at Dresden; you have there met with a King beloved by his fubjects.

One day you'll make us a report
Which King has the moft brilliant court,
Which Lewis or Auguftus' name
To glory has the better claim?
A point like this might well confound
Sagacity the moft profound,
You'll

You'll find e'en ten years labour vain
This difficulty to explain.

Nothing can better prove how hard a matter it is to discover truth in this world ; and then, Sir, those who know it best are the last to divulge it. For example, can those who have had the honour of being admitted to the presence of the three Princesses, with whom the Queen of Poland has blessed France, Naples, and Munich, ever determine which of the three nations is happiest ?

Should we even of the Queen enquire
Which daughter we should most admire ;
Which of the three does most excell,
She'd sure be much perplex'd to tell :
But if you should of me enquire
Which gratitude should most inspire,
Which the most hope should entertain,
In doubt I should not long remain.

When I see the Dauphin and Dauphiness, I think of Psyche, and recollect that Psyche had two sisters :

Both fill'd the gazers with delight,
The Courts of both alike were bright ;
Both were with tender spouses wedded,
But Psyche was with Cupid bedded.

But

But perhaps, Sir, an end might be put to this dispute, and *Paris* would, upon such an occasion, cut his apple into three pieces.

The prize of beauty should adorn
Her to whom first a daughter's born,
In whom we shall with transport trace
The beauty of her royal race.

You see, Sir, that tho' I am not a politician, I can contrive means to accommodate matters, and I don't doubt but you will approve of my sentiments.

I have the honour of being,

With the utmost respect,

Your Excellency's most humble servant, &c.

To Count ALGAROTTI at the Court of
Saxony.

Paris, February 21, 1747.

THESSE strains, O Algarotti, hear,
To Pindus and Cytheron dear,
Who dost from Heaven the gifts inherit,
To love, to please, to write with spirit,
Who with each shining talent grac'd
Can suit thyself to ev'ry taste;
Whilst you in lofty palace sit
A poet's weak address permit;
No art or care these lines display,
Wrote 'midst the giddy and the gay.
The bliss, O Saxony, we owe
To thee should make our hearts o'erflow
With gratitude, the poet's lays
Should still be lavish in thy praise;
From thee the valiant hero came,
Who France defends, the royal dame
Who makes it famous o'er the earth,
In thy bless'd realm receiv'd her birth.

Know

Know this accomplish'd princess still
Each day continues to fulfil
What oft your muse of her foretold,
What you could prophet-like unfold.
From this description doubtless you
Will think I've seen and heard her too :
It is not so ; I'll freely own
My muse obscure and little known,
Such charms excited to rehearse,
But tells the simple truth in verse ;
Re-echoes what all mortals say,
Who homage to such beauty pay.
A Dauphiness by crowds surrounded,
With ceremony is confounded.
Prudently I at first gave place
To dames whose hoops fill so much space ;
Who occupy with gaudy pride
Of the apartment every side.
Was *Virgil* struck with *Livia's* state
Still at her toilet first to wait ?
He let *Cornelia* pass neglected,
Nor Peers nor Chancellor respected ;
Nobles he pass'd regardless by,
Pomp never once could catch his eye.

He

He with Tibullus and the muse
To laugh at care would rather chuse.
But in my turn I shall obtain
My wish, and not apply in vain.
I to the graces ev'ry day
With fervent heart devoutly pray.
Daughters of love, I cry, oh deign:
Propitiously to aid my strain;
And when your sister you attend,
My muse present her as a friend.
But of the sacred nuptial bands,
The tie that join'd the royal hands
Of the most noble pair on earth,
Renown'd for virtue as for birth;
Venus's maids of honour may
Indeed be able to display
Those glories; but a wretch prophane
Like me should not attempt the strain.
If we may credit the report
Unanimous of the whole court,
From them a race shall soon take rise,
Whose glories shall the world surprize.
To the great minister of state
Who regulates the kingdom's fate,

A bard's

A bard's respects and homage pay,
I would not tire him with my lay.
Those offerings exquisite and rare
Deem'd by the great and by the fair,
Who live on flattery and lies,
Such elevated souls despise.
Adieu! Inspire thro' Saxon plains
A taste for soft Italian strains,
And for the truths by Newton taught,
Newton! almost a God in thought!
In more sublime, more heavenly lays,
Sing fair Æmilia's deathless praise.

ANSWER

ANSWER to Cardinal QUIRINI.

Berlin, December 12, 1751.

THE temple would you have me sing,
To which you various offerings bring?
But yet tho' I your worth admire,
I cannot do what you require.
How can I, on the banks of Spree,
Where Roman laws no more bear sway,
My voice before all mankind raise,
And utter forth a prelate's praise?
From Sion, distant and forlorn,
Like a good catholic, I mourn.
My prince by heresy's infected,
Religion's not by him respected.
It fills my soul with poignant woe,
To think that in the shades below
He shall, with antients, have his place,
Antients who were quite void of grace;
We know those heroes, thrice renown'd,
Are punish'd in th' abyss profound;

With

With them he must be damn'd, because
He in this world liv'd by their laws.
But still I'm much more griev'd to find
A shocking vice infects his mind ;
A vice, by men call'd Toleration,
Which bears th' opinions of each nation :
I'm shock'd to think the Turkish crew,
The Quaker and the Lutheran too,
The Protestant and Papist find
Alike, with him, reception kind,
If they can by their actions claim
Of honest men the glorious name.
But, crime more shocking to reveal,
He laughs at sanguinary zeal ;
That hate which bigots fills with rage,
Which gentle pity can't assuage,
But which the Free-thinker, profess'd,
Prophanely turns into a jest :
What can your Eminence then hope
From me who don't revere the Pope ?
From me, who am the chamberlain
Of a prince obdurate in sin ?
You, whose predestinated front
Bears double marks of honour on't,

Whose

Whose scarlet hat, with laurels bound,
Shews you for poetry renown'd ;
Who Horace and St. Auſtin's lore,
With equal genius could explore,
Who equally doſt know to riſe
To Pindus top, and paradise,
Convert that genius; you can pleaſe,
And teach mankind with equal eaſe ;
Of Jeſus Chriſt, the grace divine,
Does often thro' your writings ſhine,
And in them often we admire
Both Homer's grace and Homer's fire.

EPISTLE to * * * *.

DUDEFANS, Fourmont, who both unite
Solidity to graces light,
In whom wit's charms, with sense combin'd,
And eloquence's pow'r we find;
Ye pleasures, which all good contain,
Which I still labour'd to obtain;
Philosophers, whose learned lore
I vainly labour'd to explore;
From all th' efforts I made to know,
What are th' advantages that flow?
Those squares of distances, those springs,
Atoms, inexplicable things,
That vast abyfs of infinite,
Can it into my soul pour light?
Lectures on bodies are but vain,
They can't ease mine when rack'd with pain:
Does greater blifs my soul o'erflow?
Better do I my duty know
When I have all the visions read
In *Renes* roving fancy bred?

Or

Or when with Malebranche I've found
That I cannot the Godhead found?
Or when by scaling I arise
Up to truth's castle in the skies,
With the illustrious *Leibnitz* aid,
And see Monades alone display'd.
Fly quickly hence, deluding dreams!
Ye cold chimera's, idle schemes!
And since to error we're consign'd,
Let us some pleasing errors find.
The vulgar mind to method bent,
On calculations still intent,
If pleas'd with such a crabbed trade,
For nothing nobler e'er was made.
From the deep caverns under ground,
Where dwells philosophy profound,
Behold *Æmia*, on the plain,
Advance with cupids in her train!
Had she not been by these befriended,
Who to Bruffels her steps attended,
She would have lost life's brilliant stage,
In poring o'er a German sage.

To

TO MR. DE CIDEVILLE.

PARDON's at Easter ever due
To christians who their penance do :
Mine's done, a silence that's so lasting,
Is penance worse by far than fasting.
A pardon full you therefore owe me,
So plenary indulgence shew me.
Of a true sage I long in quest
Travell'd, but now I am at rest ;
No more about the world I roam,
I'm ten times happier at home.
All that I sought at length I find,
I'm blest and hid from human kind.
The throne and all its slavish pride,
Grandeurs by men with envy ey'd,
Can't with my hermitage compare,
Where never enters anxious care.
Kings I have seen, who, in retreat,
Thought themselves like Aurelius great ;
But virtue was no more their care,
When trumpets clangors pierc'd the air ;

Good

Good resolutions then are o'er,
They still are kings, but men no more :
They scour the world with eager haste,
To seize on realms, or to lay waste ;
They all are to ambition slaves,
But my free soul ambition braves.
Princes, the grandeur of a throne
Renounc'd, I wish for friends alone.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE to the KING, presented to his
Majesty at the Camp before Fribourgh.

KING of benign but of undaunted heart,
As brave as mild, and prudent without art,
Whither do you precipitately go?
The fever 'scaping you provoke the foe!
You haste to Fribourgh, Peyronie in vain
Strove your impetuous ardour to restrain.
To risk your precious life, great king, beware,
Fields suit not him who wants physician's care.
When laurels bind the conquering hero's brow,
Some care of health he surely may allow.
Zeal spoke, but from you no attention drew,
Deaf to advice, you to the combat flew;
Inclement seasons with the foes conspire,
You brave the seasons and the cannon's fire:
Your headlong courage fills with dread the state,
But your foes dread it as they dread their fate.
Give to Vienna not to Paris fear,
Make us rejoice to whom you are so dear:

The hero they admire and love once more,
To loving subjects graciously restore,
A sage has said the only good below,
The only solid bliss that mortals know,
Springs from the tender sympathy of hearts
From the blest transports friendship's force imparts,
How happy then must be the monarch's fate,
Who's lov'd by every member of the state!
How blest the king whose throne's each subject's breast!
This bliss enjoy, by thee it is possest.
To Paris' ramparts even from Alsace bound
Approach, you'll hear the voice of love resound.
Subjects you'll see whose bosoms transports fire,
Blessing the hero whom their souls admire,
Do you not see how on their knees they fall,
How on your face are fix'd the eyes of all,
How our hearts leap with transport at the sight
Of our lov'd kings? This triumph's your delight.
Kings dragg'd like slaves, thro' an insulting throng
Led to the capitol in chains along,
Those glittering chariots, priests, that warlike host,
That senate which made earth oppress'd its boast,
Wretches from the procession to the tomb
Sent, were the triumphs both of pride and Rome :

Yours

Your's is love's triumph, and its glory pure,
Theirs time effac'd, yours ever will endure;
They shock'd mankind, the sinking world you raise,
In you his image God on earth displays,
In the blest age of gold you had been king,
Enjoy the days of happiness you bring,
May peace for ever bless their happy course,
Peace makes blest days, the glorious, martial force.
May she still hear the victor's voice well-known,
He combated for us and her alone.

EPISTLE to her Most Serene Highness
the Dutchess of MAYNE, occasioned by the
Victory gained by his Majesty at Lawfelt.

O FFSPRING and mother of a line,
Which ever did with heroes shine,
My feeble voice you would inspire,
Again you'd have me tune the lyre.
You'd have me publish to mankind
His deeds, the virtues of his mind,
Tell how great *Cumberland* admir'd
The monarch, fear'd him and retir'd :
No more the poets art divine
Subsists, in war alone men shine :
Our king no bard can justly praise,
His glory rises, ours decays.
Fontenoy's soft, harmonious name,
Indeed might aid the poet's flame :
The name *Woerden* shock'd *Boileau*,
What had he said if forc'd to go
Not far from *Helderen* 'twixt defiles,
At *Nethes* by *Bathiani's* wiles,

With

With d'Esttrées from Rosmal advance?
 Me glory rouzes from my trance;
 The king's name we delighted hear;
 But Lawfelt wounds the listening ear.
 What then avails the praise bestow'd,
 In song, epistle, lofty ode,
 Tho' Crebillon * revise the lines,
 Which Marville †, not Apollo, signs.
 I know th' indulgence of the king,
 He'll take the incense which I bring;
 Kindness ally'd to warlike spirit,
 From his great fires he does inherit;
 But readers are not so contented,
 For had I rashly represented
 Your valiant carbineers who gave
 A bright example to the brave;
 Should I the hero's worth proclaim
 Who rivals the great Condé's fame,
 Should even Apollo's self inspire
 My verse as Mars the hero's fire;
 Still censurers with hellish spight
 Had rail'd at all that I could write,

* Mr. Crebillon, of the French academy, was, by his place, obliged to examine the manuscripts laid before the government.

† Mr. Feydeau de Marville was at that time lieutenant of the police.

Much satire, very little praise,
 The author's labour still repays ;
 But spight of all I'll strive to sing :
 A bard should suffer for his king ;
 Envy has blacker venom shed
 On chiefs by whom our troops were led,
 Than upon me who touch the lyre,
 And praise the hero I admire.
 Your voices academics raise,
 Sleep not while kings require your praise.
 Describe the victor in the field
 Whose right hand does the thunder wield,
 Whose left the peaceful olive bears,
 That banishes pale mortals fears ;
 No adulation is desir'd,
 Justice of you's alone requir'd ;
 Present with ages past compare
 What Cæsar wrote revolve with care,
 Seeing in war how Cæsar shone,
 Great Maurice * will to you be known.
 If those whose arms defend the state,
 If France your breasts can animate,
 Behold the chief who wise and brave,
 Parma, France, Genoa could save ;

* Marshal Saxe.

A monument to *Boufflers* raise,
Be lavish in fam'd *Belleisle*'s praise ;
Boufflers' right arm had prop'd the throne,
He victim fell to death alone,
Escap'd from horrid war's alarms,
He dy'd in towns freed by his arms.
But what voice tender as it's strong,
Shall utter forth a plaintive song,
Of valiant heroes doom'd t' expire,
Before their much lov'd king and fire.
But you *Bavaria*, hapless chief,
Froulay, the object of our grief ;
Who shall your warlike virtue sing,
To your lov'd tombs who flow'rs shall bring ?
Powers who the rowling planets guide,
Who o'er our transient lives preside,
Lautrec midst dangers dire defend,
O'er *Segur* your wings shade extend.
Rocou has felt the sword's dire rage,
Have pity on his tender age ;
That precious blood your care requires,
Which he to shed in fight aspires :
Snatch numerous warriors from the grave,
Bonac and valiant *Daubeterre* save,

By cruel aid they suffer more
Than by Bellona's rage before.
But, some will say, why thus rehearse
Long lists of heroes in dull verse ?
Know that your countries love in vain,
Inspires your true, your gen'rous strain ;
Seldom by praise you gain a friend,
Those you neglect you much offend.
I'm haunted thus by dread of harm,
My life's ne'er free from some alarm,
Not more to Europe ever gave
Contentions both on land and wave.
Great princess then excite no more,
My timid muse sublime to soar,
Let me to history devote
My mind, and only write by rote ;
There we may follow without art,
From the Scheld Lewis to the Tart :
My work shall all his deeds proclaim,
All, reflect honour on his name :
Boileau I would not imitate,
Boileau, that pensioner of state,
Who tho' well paid his king to praise,
Was very sparing of his lays.

*EPISTLE to the Cardinal DU BORS.

Cambray, July, 1722.

RUPELMONDE for her charms renown'd,
With whom I rove the world around,
Whom the young loves in crowds attend,
To whose commands all mortals bend,
Desires I'd write to you; my muse
Can nothing to the fair refuse.
By hopes to please her I'm excited,
And with the given task delighted.

We are just arriv'd at your eminences metropolis,
which, I think, all the ambassadors and all the cooks
in Europe have chosen as their place of rendezvous.
The German ambassadors seem to have nothing to do
at Cambray but drink the emperor's health. As for
the ambassadors of Spain, one hears two masses a day,

* This epistle was wrote in 1722. It has been printed several times, but never before from the original. Madam de Rupelmonde was daughter to the marshal *D'Alegre*, wife of a Flemish nobleman, and mother of the marquis of *Rupelmonde*, who was kill'd in Bavaria.

and the other superintends the company of comedians. The English ministers sends several couriers to Champagne, and very few to London. No body expects to see your eminence, it is not apprehended that you will quit your royal palace in order to visit your pulpit. It would be a great mortification to us, as well as to you, if you were oblig'd to quit the ministry in order to turn apostle.

May gentlemen of deep design,
 Who at the congress drink good wine,
 Find means upon foundation sure,
 The peace of Europe to secure,
 May you your city love, but ne'er
 Think it worth while to visit there.
 I know you homilies can make,
 In hand the bishop's crozier take,
 Can mass upon occasion say,
 And in a voice sonorous pray.
 Rather teach princes how to shine,
 Prudence with lively wit combine;
 Let Europe's general voice proclaim
 Your mighty deeds, resound your fame;
 Blest by all virtuous Frenchmen live,
 Do not at Cambray blessings give.

Some

Sometimes, my lord, remember a man who regrets nothing so much as not having in it his power to converse with your eminence as often as he could wish, and who considers the honour of your company as the greatest favour you can confer on him.

Cardinal

Cardinal DE FLEURY TO MR. DE VOLTAIRE.

S I R,

1740, Nov. 14.

I Have just receiv'd your second letter, and answer it without losing a moment, for fear the marquiss of Beauvau should have quitted Berlin. I can't but approve of your journey thither; and you are attach'd to the king of Prussia by ties so just and so strong, that you can't refuse him this mark of your respect and gratitude. The queen of Saba's motive alone would have been sufficient to induce you to agree to it.

I did not know that the valuable present of *Anti-machiavel* which was made me by the marchioness of Chatelet, came from you; it is the more dear to me upon that account, and I return you my hearty thanks. As I have little leisure to bestow upon my amusements, I have not hitherto been able to read above forty pages of it, and I shall endeavour to read it thro' in this place, which I improperly call my retreat, as there is too much perplexity and trouble in it to allow me much repose.

Who

Whoever be the author of this work, if he is not a prince, he deserves to be one, and the small part of it which I have read is so wise, so reasonable, and contains such admirable principles, that he who compos'd it would deserve to govern all other men, if he had the courage to carry them into execution: if he was born a prince, he enters into a solemn engagement with the public: the emperor Antoninus would never have acquir'd that immortal glory which he will preserve forever, if he had not by the justice of his government enforc'd the admirable system of morality, of which he had given such instructive lessons to all sovereigns.

You say so many obliging things of me, that I'm afraid I should not give credit to them all; but they give me, however, high satisfaction, as they are at least tokens of your friendship. I should be greatly pleas'd if the king of Prussia could find in my conduct any conformity to his principles; for I assure you, I look upon them as the model of the most perfect and most glorious government.

I, unknown to myself, deviate into political reflections, and shall conclude, by assuring you, that I will do my utmost to deserve the good opinion which his Prussian majesty has of me. The quality of prince,

is

is in him superfluous ; if he was only a private individual, every body would think it an honour to be connected with him. I envy you that happiness, sir, and felicitate you upon it the more, as you are indebted for it only to your talents and your virtues.

Mr.

Mr. DE VOLT AIRE'S Answer to Cardinal
DE FLEURY.

My LORD,

I Receiv'd your letter of the fourteenth, which was convey'd to me by the marquifs of Beauveau. I have obey'd the orders which your eminence did not think proper to give me in exprefs terms. I have fhewn your letter to the king of Pruffia; he is the more fenfible of your praifes, as he deserves them, and he appears to me dispos'd to deserve thofe of all the nations in Europe. It were to be wish'd, for their happinefs, or at leaft for that of a great part of them, that the king of France and the king of Pruffia were friends. This concerns you, my bufinefs is to offer up my beft wifhes, and be always devoted to you with the moft profound refpect.

Berlin, 26th of November, 1740.

Car-

Cardinal ALBERONI to Mr. DE VOLTAIRE.

SIR,

Rome, Feb. 10, 1735.

IT was long before your life of the late king of Sweden came to my knowledge, which oblig'd me to defer returning you my thanks for that part of it which concern'd me. Your prepossession in my favour, has carried you a great way, since you have in your sublime style said more of me in two words, than *Pliny* has said of *Trajan* in his whole panegyrick. Happy the princes who can find means to interest you in their exploits, your pen insures their immortality. With regard to myself, I assure you of the warmest sentiments of gratitude, and that no one living loves, esteems, and honours you more than Cardinal Alberoni.

Mr.

Mr. DE VOLTAIRE'S ANSWER.

My LORD,

THE letter with which your eminence has honour'd me, is as acceptable a record of my works, as the esteem of Europe can be of your actions. I was not entitled to your thanks my lord ; I was only the organ of the public when I spoke of you. Liberty and truth, which have always guided my pen, secur'd me your suffrage. Those two characters are sure to please such a genius as yours. Whoever does not love them, may become a powerful, but can never be a great man ; I should be glad to have an opportunity of admiring at a nearer view, him to whom I have done justice at a distance. I don't flatter myself that I shall ever be so happy as too see your eminence. But Rome understands her interests enough even to desire to re-establish arts and commerce, and restore splendor to a country which was once mistress of the world, I hope I shall then write to you by a different title from that of your eminence, of whom I have the honour to subscribe myself with the most profound respect, &c.

First

First LETTER of the PRINCE ROYAL
of PRUSSIA to Mr. DE VOLTAIRE.

SIR,

August 8, 1763.

THOUGH I have not the honour of being personally acquainted with you, I have long known you in your works. They are treasures of genius, if I may be allowed the expression, pieces labour'd with so much taste, that we discover new beauties in them at every reading. I think I have in them discover'd the character of their ingenious author, who does an honour to our age and to human nature. The great men amongst the moderns will one day be oblig'd to you, and to you alone, for turning the balance in their favour, in case the controversy concerning the preference due to the antients or moderns should be reviv'd.

To the quality of excellent poet, you add many different sorts of knowledge, which, tho' they have some affinity with poetry, were never superadded to it but by your pen. No poet before you could give cadence to metaphysical thoughts; this honour was reserv'd to
you.

you. 'Tis the taste for philosophy which you discover in your works, which has made me send you my translation of the Accusation and Defence of *Wolfius*, the most celebrated philosopher of our age, who, for having diffus'd light over the darkest parts of metaphysics, and treated the most abstruse points in a manner equally sublime, elegant, and exact, has been cruelly accus'd of irreligion and atheism. Such is the fate of great men; they are constantly expos'd by their superior genius to the invenom'd darts of calumny and envy.

I have caus'd the same author's treatise upon God, the Soul, and the World, to be translated. I shall send it to you, sir, as soon as ever it is finish'd; and I am sure that you will be struck with the force of evidence in all its propositions, they follow geometrically, and are connected together like the links of a chain.

The tenderness which you discover for all those who devote themselves to the arts and sciences, makes me hope that you will not exclude me from the number of those whom you think worthy of your instructions. I consider your literary correspondence as a source of instruction that must be profitable to every thinking being. I might even venture to affirm, that in the whole world there are none that would not be benefited

by

by becoming your scholars. Without lavishing an incense unworthy to be offer'd you, I can say with the utmost sincerity, that I discover innumerable beauties in your works. Your *Henriade* charms me, it triumphs over the injudicious criticism wrote against it. The tragedy of *Cæsar* presents us with characters admirably supported. The sentiments in it are all noble and grand, and it is easy to perceive that Brutus is either a Roman, or an Englishman; *Alzira* adds to the graces of novelty, the happy contrast between the manners of the savage Americans and the Europeans. You shew in the character of *Gusman*, that christianity misunderstood, and directed by false zeal, makes men more barbarous and cruel than paganism itself.

Corneille, the great *Corneills*, the wonder of his age, if he was reviv'd in our days, would see with astonishment, and perhaps with envy, that the tragic muse has lavished upon you those graces of which she was so sparing to him. What may not be expected from the author of so many masterly compositions? What new wonders may not come from the pen of him who delineated, in so lively and admirable a manner, the Temple of Taste?

This

This is what has made me so ardently desire to be possessed of all your works. I beg, sir, you would be so good as to send me them, and communicate them all without reserve. If, amongst your manuscripts, there should be any which a necessary circumspection should induce you to conceal from the public, I promise to make it a profound secret, and content myself with admiring it in private. I am not ignorant that the faith of princes is not thought very respectable in these days; but I hope you will not let yourself be prepossessed by vulgar prejudices, and that you will make an exception in my favour.

I shall think myself more rich in possessing your works, than I could ever be made by all the transitory goods of fortune, of which we are deprived by the same chance which bestows them on us. The first, I mean your works, we may make our own by the assistance of memory, and they last as long as our memory lasts. As I know the weakness of mine, I hesitate a long time upon the choice of things worthy to be deposited in it.

If poetry was still upon the same footing as formerly, that is to say, if poets were capable only of composing insipid idylliums, eclogues eternally wrote upon
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the same plan, trifling stanzas, or elegiac strains, I should renounce the art forever: but you ennoble it, you point out new paths, paths unknown to *** and to ***. Your poetry has qualities which make it respectable, and worthy to be the study and admiration of all men of taste: they comprize a compleat course of morality, by which men are taught both to act and to think; virtue is therein painted in its most beautiful colours: the idea of true glory is ascertained, and inspires us with the love of virtue in a manner so delicate, that whoever has read your works is fir'd with an ambition to tread in your footsteps. How many times have I said to myself, Wretch lay down a burthen which thou art unable to bear; no man can imitate Voltaire without having abilities equal to his. In those moments I perceived that the advantages of birth are of no consequence, they are distinctions foreign to ourselves, and only adorn the outside: How much preferable to them are the talents of the mind! How much are we indebted to those whom nature has endowed with extraordinary qualifications! She takes pleasure in giving to some men all the capacity necessary to make a progress in the sciences, and it is the duty of princes to reward their labours. Why does

not

not glory make choice of me to crown your success? I should fear nothing but that the country here should not produce as many laurels as your works deserve. If fate does not favour me so far as to make me constantly happy in your company, I at least hope one day to see him whom I admire at a distance, and to assure you in person, that I am, with all the esteem due to those who, following the light of truth, consecrate their works to the good of the public.

Sir,

Your affectionate friend,

FREDERICK,

Prince Royal of Prussia.

Mr.

MR. DE VOLTAIRE'S ANSWER to the Prince
Royal of Prussia.

S I R,

Paris, August 26, 1736.

I Must be insensible if I was not highly pleased with the letter that your royal highness honoured me with; my self-love received high satisfaction from it; but the love of human kind, which always animated my heart, and which I will presume to say is my distinguishing characteristick, gave me a much purer delight when I saw that there is in the world a prince who thinks like a man, a philosophical prince born to make the human species happy.

Give me leave to tell you, that there is not a man living, who is not in duty bound to thank you for the care you take to improve by sound philosophy a soul by nature framed for government. Depend upon it, there never were any kings who really deserved the name of good, but those who, like you, began by endeavouring to acquire knowledge, to study human nature, to love truth, and to detest persecution and superstition. Any
prince

prince who thinks in this manner, may revive the golden age in his dominions. Why do so few kings seek such happiness? Your royal highness must be sensible, that it is because most of them think more of royalty than of humanity: you observe the very reverse of this conduct. Depend upon it, if the hurry of business and the malice of men do not spoil so fine a character, you will be one day adored by your people, and beloved by the whole world: all those who deserve the name of philosophers will repair to your dominions; and as celebrated artists crowd to countries where their respective arts are encouraged, your throne will be surrounded by men who think.

The renowned queen Christina quitted her dominions, in order to go in quest of the arts: Reign, my lord, and let the arts come in quest of you.

May you never be disgusted with the sciences on account of the dissentions of learned men: You see, my lord, by what you have yourself informed me of, that the learned are only men like courtiers themselves, they are sometimes as rapacious, as much addicted to intrigue; and all the difference between the plagues of the court and the plagues of the school, is, that the last are most ridiculous. It is afflictive to humanity,

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that

that those who call themselves the publishers of the divine commandments, the interpreters of the deity, in a word, the divines should be more dangerous than all the rest: that some of them should be as troublesome to society, as confused in their ideas, and their souls are swelled with gail and pride, in proportion as they are void of ideas: such men would disturb the peace of the whole earth for the sake of a sophism, and engage kings to assert, by sword and fire, the honour of an argument, in *ferio* or *barbara*. Every thinking being who differs from them in opinion, is branded as an atheist; and every king who does not favour their party is consigned to damnation. You are well aware, my lord, that it is the best way to leave these pretended preceptors and real enemies of society to themselves. Their words, when overlooked and neglected, mix with the air like wind; but, if authority adds its weight to them, that wind acquires a strength which is sometimes able to shake the throne.

I see, my lord, with the joy of a heart inspired by zeal for the welfare of mankind, the great difference you make between those who peaceably investigate the truth, and those who war for words they don't understand. I perceive that the *Newton's*, the *Leibnitz's*, the *Bayle's*,

Bayle's, and the *Locke's*, those souls so sublime and so humane, give your's its spiritual nourishment, and that you reject the pretended aliments of the others, which you would find poisoned, and void of substance.

I can't make sufficient acknowledgments to your highness for having sent me the little book concerning Mr. Wolf; his metaphysical ideas reflect an honour upon the human understanding; they resemble flashes of lightning in the darkest night; nothing farther can, in my opinion, be expected from metaphysicks. It does not seem probable, that the first principles of things will ever be thoroughly understood. The rats, who occupy a few holes in a great pile of building, neither know whether the building is eternal, who is the architect, nor why that architect has built: they exert themselves to the utmost to preserve their lives, to people their holes, and to fly the destructive animals who pursue them. We are the rats, and the divine architect who built this edifice of the universe, has not, as I know, hitherto disclosed his secret to any of us. If any man may flatter himself with having guessed right, 'tis Mr. Wolf. Though we may sometimes combat his opinions, we must always esteem him: his philosophy is by no means pernicious. What can be more

beautiful and more true than his axiom, that men ought to be just, even if they had the misfortune of being atheists?

You were so good, my lord, as to promise to send me the *Treatise upon God, the Soul and the World*. What a present this! how extraordinary a commerce! The heir to a monarchy in his palace, condescends to send instructions to a recluse! my lord, deign to make me this present; my great love for the truth renders me worthy of it; most princes fear to hear the truth, you undertake to teach it. With regard to the verses which you mention, you think as judiciously upon that as upon every other article; such verses as do not teach men new and interesting truths do not deserve to be read; you are sensible, that nothing can be more contemptible than to pass away one's life in reducing to rhyme such trite, common-place topicks as do not deserve the name of thoughts. If any thing can be lower than this, it is to be a satyrist alone, and to write only in order to depreciate others. Such poets are in Parnassus what those doctors are in the schools who know nothing but words, and cabal against those who are acquainted with things.

If

If your royal highness has not been displeas'd with the *Henriade*, I should thank that love of truth, that horror of faction, persecution, superstition, tyrants and rebels, which breathe thro' my poem. 'Tis the work of a virtuous man, and should of consequence meet with a favourable reception from a philosophical prince.

You command me to send you my other works, I shall obey you, my lord: I shall submit them to your judgment; you will to me supply the place of the public. I will submit to you whatever I have advanc'd in philosophy; your information shall be my recompence; 'tis a recompence which few soveraigns have to give. I may depend upon your secrecy; your virtue must equal your knowledge.

I should look upon it as a singular happiness to have it in my power to come and pay my court to your royal highness. Travellers go to Rome to see churches, pictures and *bas relievo's*. Such a prince as you is much more deserving of a traveller's attention, a prince of such merit is a much more uncommon sight. But friendship, which detains me in my present retreat, will not permit me to quit it. You appear to me to be more a man than a prince, and you will, without doubt, permit me, my Lord, to prefer my friends even to kings.

In whatever corner of the world I end my life, be assured, my Lord, I will always offer up my best wishes for you, that is, for the happiness of a whole nation. My soul will be always in the number of your subjects; your glory will be always dear to me. It shall be my constant prayer that you may always be like yourself, and that other kings may be like you.

I am, with the profoundest respect,

Your royal highness's humble servant, &c.

V O L T A I R E.

E P I S T L E

EPISTLE to the Prince Royal of PRUSSIA.

Cirey, 21st of December, 1741.

SUN who in winter sad dart feeble fire,
Sun who art of this world believ'd the fire,
Inventor deem'd of the poetic trade,
Tho' such sad verses ev'ry day are made:
Say, Sun, what rigorous destiny ordains,
That whilst so little of the year remains
You should so distant from fam'd Berlin roll,
Which lies towards the frozen northern pole?
There dwells the chief whose breast celestial fire,
In his climes wanting ever does inspire;
The hero who a host undaunted led,
And conquer'd Neifs when from our climes you fled.
Your course why do you to th' antartic steer?
Do negroes lovely to your eyes appear?
From that sad climate quickly back retire,
And like my hero yield celestial fire.

In terms like these, royal Sir, did I this morning address your brother the sun, who is likewise the soul of a-part of this world. I should have said a great deal

more concerning your majesty, if I had that talent for writing verse with ease, which I have lost, and which you possess. I have received some here which you composed at Neifs, with as much ease as you took the town. This little anecdote, together with the verses, which you were so kind as to send me immediately after the victory of Molwitz, will one day furnish extraordinary materials for history.

Lewis the XIVth took the Franche-Comte in winter, but he fought no battle and composed no verses at the camp before Dole or Besançon. Those composed by your majesty at Neifs, resemble those which Solomon composed in all his glory, when, after having known all things by experience, he acknowledged that *all is vanity*. It is true, the good man spoke thus in the midst of three hundred wives, and seven hundred concubines, and without having ever fought a battle or besieged a town. But, royal Sir, no offence to Solomon or you, or to you and Solomon; there is certainly some reality in this world.

Silesia's regions to lay waste,
Then crown'd with laurels home to haste,
To hear all bards your worth proclaim,
And consecrate the hero's fame;

The

The fair and brave each night to call
 To opera, comedy, or ball ;
 Yourself to see both lov'd and fear'd,
 Admir'd by all men, and rever'd,
 Seated on glory's lap to know
 The pleasures that from friendship flow ;
 A joy to those but rarely known
 Who shine in fields or on the throne ;
 With taste to read the learned lays
 Compos'd by bards of ancient days ;
 Sometimes to labour happy rhymes,
 Which shall be read in latest times ;
 Such a life must your bliss secure,
 And pleasure must be real sure.

Your majesty has atchieved many great things in a short time. I am positive there is not that person living who is employed in a greater variety of affairs of all kinds ; but with this active genius that comprehends so many things in its sphere, you will always preserve that superiority of genius which raises you above all your employments.

All I apprehend is, that you may at last conceive too great a contempt for mankind. Millions of animals with two feet and no feathers are removed to a vast

distance from you as well by the meanness of their understanding as of their condition. This thought has been beautifully expressed by Milton :

Amongst unequals no society.

There is another misfortune to be dreaded, and that is, that as your majesty so admirably delineates the noble courage of politicians, the interested attachment of courtiers, &c. you may at last distrust all demonstrations of affection whatever, and look upon it as a self-evident proposition, that no king is loved for his own sake. Let me in my turn, Sir, offer an argument of my own. Is it not true, that no man can avoid loving, for his own sake, a person of a superior genius who has a variety of talents, and to those talents joins the art of pleasing. Now if by ill luck this superior genius should happen to be a king, should his condition for that reason be the worse, and would he be the less beloved because of his wearing a crown? For my part, I don't find that the last circumstance inspires me with any coldness.

I am, Sir, &c.

The

The Prince Royal of PRUSSIA to M. DE
VOLTAIRE.

Dear VOLTAIRE, *Selowitz, March 23, 1742.*

I Am afraid to write to you, for I have no other news to tell you but such as you are quite indifferent about, or such as you abhor. If I was to tell you, for example, that the inhabitants of two different countries of Germany left their habitations in order to cut the throats of another people, whose very name they were ignorant of, and which they went in quest of to a very remote country, and that for no other reason but because their master had made an agreement with another Prince, and because they intended to join in order to cut the throat of a third, you would tell me, that such people were fools and mad to second in that manner the caprice and barbarity of their master.

Were I to tell you that we are preparing, with great care and expence, to demolish certain walls raised at an immense expence; that we reap where we have not sown, and are masters where no body is strong enough

to

to resist us ; you would cry out, O barbarians, robbers, inhuman wretches ! the unjust shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven, according to St. Matthew, chap. xii. ver. 24.

Since I foresee what you would say to me upon these subjects, I shall talk to you no more about them ; I shall content myself with informing you, that a man whom you have heard spoken of under the name of the King of Prussia, hearing that the dominions of his ally the Emperor were ruined by the Queen of Hungary, flew to his assistance ; that he joined his troops to those of the King of Poland, in order to make a diversion in Lower Austria ; and that he has been so successful that he expects in a short time to engage the principal forces of the queen of Hungary in order to serve his ally. This is generosity, you will say ; this is heroism. Yet, dear Voltaire, this is exactly the same with the first picture ; it may be compared to the same woman's appearing in her night-cap when she divests herself of her charms, and afterwards shewing herself with her paint, her false teeth, and her trinkets. In how many different points of view may the same object be seen ? How much do men's judgments vary ! Men condemn in the evening what they approved in
the

the morning; the same sun which pleas'd them at it's rising, displeases them when it sets; hence it is that reputations are establish'd, that they sink, and that they then are re-establish'd again; and yet we are weak enough to be sollicitous about reputation during the whole course of our lives. How is it possible that men can be impos'd upon by this false coin ever since it was first current? &c.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA TO MR. DE VOLTAIRE.

IF all histories were wrote like that which you sent me, we would be better acquainted with the manners of all ages, and less imposed upon by historians. The longer I know you, the more I admire your abilities. No style can, in my opinion, be finer than that in which the History of Lewis the Fourteenth is wrote. I read every paragraph three or four times over, to such a degree do I admire it : every sentence is striking, it every where abounds with admirable reflexions: there is not a false thought in it, there is nothing in it any way puerile, and its impartiality is unexceptionable. When I have read the work thro', I shall send you a few remarks upon it, amongst the rest, upon the German names which you have a little disfigur'd, this might render the work somewhat obscure, as some of them are so disguis'd, that we are puzzled to guess at them.

I wish every work capable of conveying instruction, was to come from your pen. We should then be sure of being improv'd by the books we read.

I some-

I sometimes am vex'd at the puerilities, the trivial remarks, and the dry style of certain books. These things readers are often oblig'd to digest. You spare your readers that trouble. Let a man have judgment or not, he is equally improv'd by your works: he has no occasion for any thing but memory. Pray, my dear friend, tell me how you pass your time at Cirey, 'tis a retreat which I envy you.

The A N S W E R.

YOU ask me, and I'll tell in rhyme,
How we at Cirey pass our time :
What need I to you this relate,
Our master, you we imitate :
From you we've learn'd the wisest rules,
Taught in fam'd Epicurus' schools.
We here all sacrifice like you,
To every art and nature too.
And yet we but at distance follow
Your steps tho' guided by Apollo.
Thus when the brilliant god of day
Casts from heav'n's height a shining ray,
Upon some chamber dark as night,
Of those blest rays the shining light,
The chambers deep obscure pervades
And dissipate the gloomy shades,
Then the spectators cast their eyes on
A miniature of the horizon.
Such a comparison may shew
That some philosophy I know,

That

That I've read Newton and Kirkherus,
Authors both learn'd, profound and serious.
Perhaps my muse this tone assuming,
May be by many thought presuming ;
Perhaps I spoil at the same time
As well philosophy as rhyme,
But novelties have charms for me
From laws poetic I'd be free ;
Let others in their lyric lays
Say the same thing a thousand ways,
The world with antient fables tire,
I new and striking truths admire.
Ye deities ador'd by swains,
Neyads and nymphs that trip the plains,
Satyrs to dancing still inclin'd,
Ye boys call'd Cupids by mankind,
Who whilst our meadows bloom in spring,
Inspire men love's soft joys to sing,
Assist a poet with your skill,
The charms 'twixt sense and rhyme to fill.
Th' enchanting pleasures well I know
Which from harmonious numbers flow ;
The ear's a passage to the heart,
Sound can to thought new charms impart ;

But

But genius's I must prefer
 Tho' even nobly wild they err,
 To pedants whose exact discourse,
 Is void of genius as of force.
 Gardens where symmetry's display'd,
 Trees which in rows yield equal shade,
 Who thus arrang'd you on the plain
 May boast his art and skill in vain :
 Gardens from you I must retire,
 Too much of art I can't admire.
 The spacious forest suits my mind,
 Where nature wanders unconfin'd,
 Its shades with awe spectators fill,
 They baffle all the artist's skill.
 But in my free and artless strain,
 Nature I imitate in vain,
 Tho' wild, I can't like nature please,
 I can't boast charming nature's ease.
 This rhapsody great prince excuse,
 'Tis but the folly of my muse,
 Reason had o'er me lost her sway,
 When I compos'd this hurry'd lay,
 Judgment was from my breast expell'd,
 For fair Emilia I beheld.

END of the THIRTY-THIRD VOLUME.

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