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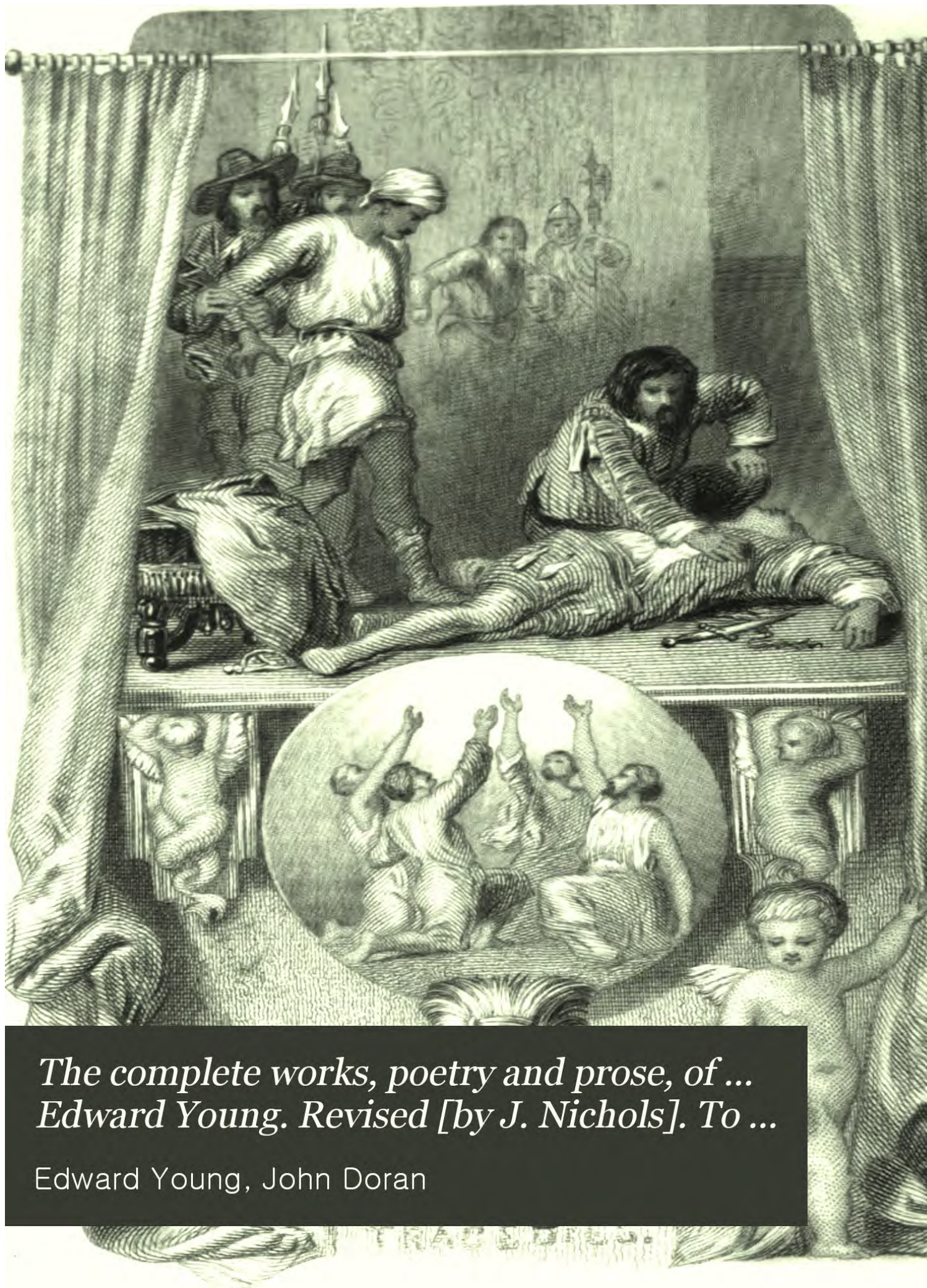
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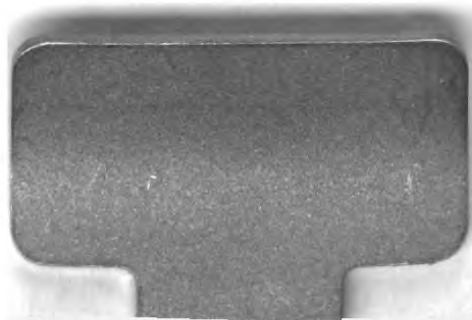
*The complete works, poetry and prose, of ...
Edward Young. Revised [by J. Nichols]. To ...*

Edward Young, John Doran

John S. 127

Feb. 1871

Along 1871







THE
COMPLETE WORKS,
POETRY AND PROSE,
OF THE
REV. EDWARD YOUNG, LL.D.,

FORMERLY RECTOR OF WELWYN, HERTFORDSHIRE, &c.

REVISED AND COLLATED WITH THE EARLIEST EDITIONS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
BY JOHN DORAN, LL.D.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS ON STEEL,
AND A PORTRAIT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.



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IMPERIUM PELAGI.

A NAVAL LYRIC.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN, SEPTEMBER 10TH,
1729, AND THE SUCCEEDING PEACE.*

*Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas alvere ripas,
Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo.*—PINDARUS.

*Concines lætosque dies, et urbis
Publicum ludum, super impetrato
Fortis Augusti reditu.*—HORATI *Carm.* lib. iv. od. ii. 41.

MDCCLXXIX.

PREFACE.

A PINDARIC carries a formidable sound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it, of which (with utmost submission) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a false idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not so familiar; as a fixed star is as much in the bounds of nature as a flower of the field, though less obvious and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion of Pindar; I shall therefore soon support at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very noble subject in itself, more proper than any for an Englishman, and particularly seasonable at this juncture.

We have more specimens of good writing in every province than in the sublime; our two famous epic poems

* Commonly called "The Treaty of Seville," concluded December 9th, 1729, between the crowns of Great Britain, France, Spain, and the United Provinces.

excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had fewest rivals.

If, on reading this Ode, any man has a fuller idea of the real interest or possible glory of his country than before, or a stronger impression from it, or a warmer concern for it, I give up to the critic any farther reputation.

We have many copies and translations that pass for originals. This Ode, I humbly conceive, is an original, though it professes imitation. No man can be like Pindar by imitating any of his particular works, any more than like Raphael by copying the Cartoons. The genius and spirit of such great men must be collected from the whole; and when thus we are possessed of it, we must exert its energy in subjects and designs of our own. Nothing is so un-Pindarical as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an original; and *he* must be so, too, who would be like Pindar in that which is his greatest praise. Nothing so unlike as a close copy and a noble original.

As for length, Pindar has an unbroken Ode of six hundred lines. Nothing is long or short in writing but relatively to the demand of the subject and the manner of treating it. A distich may be *long*, and a folio *short*. However, I have broken this Ode into Strains, each of which may be considered as a separate Ode, if you please. And, if the variety and fulness of matter be considered, I am rather apprehensive of danger from brevity in this Ode than from length. But lank writing is what I think ought most to be declined,—if for nothing else, for our plenty of it.

The Ode is the most spirited kind of poetry, and the Pindaric is the most spirited kind of Ode: this I speak at my own very great peril; but truth has an eternal title to our confession, though we are sure to suffer by it.

THE MERCHANT.

ODE THE FIRST.

ON THE BRITISH TRADE AND NAVIGATION.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

Πλατείαι πάντοθεν λογίσι-
 σιν ἐντὶ πρόσοδοι
 γᾶσον εὐκλέα τάν-
 δε κοσμεῖν.—PINDARI *Nemea*, od. vi. 75.

PRELUDE.

THE proposition.—An address to the vessel that brought over the king.
 —*Who* should sing on this occasion.—A Pindaric boast.

- 1 FAST by the surge my limbs are spread ;
 The naval oak nods o'er my head :
 The winds are loud ; the waves tumultuous roll.
 Ye winds ! indulge your rage no more ;
 Ye sounding billows ! cease to roar :
 The god descends, and transports warm my soul.
- 2 The waves are hush'd ; the winds are spent :—
 This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
 I celebrate in song.—Famed isle ! no less
 By Nature's favour from mankind,
 Than by the foaming sea, disjoin'd ;
 Alone in bliss, an isle in happiness !
- 3 Though Fate and Time have damp'd my strains,
 Though youth no longer fires my veins,
 Though slow their streams in this cold climate run,
 The royal eye dispels my cares,
 Recalls the warmth of blooming years ;
 Returning George supplies the distant sun.

4 Away, my soul! salute the "Pine"*
 That glads the heart of Caroline,
 Its grand deposit faithful to restore;
 Salute the bark that ne'er shall hold
 So rich a freight in gems or gold,
 And, loaded from both Indies, would be poor.

5 My soul! to thee she spreads her sails:
 Their bosoms fill with sacred gales,
 With inspiration from the godhead warm;
 Now bound for an eternal clime,
 O send her down the tide of Time,
 Snatch'd from oblivion, and secure from storm!

6 Or teach this flag like that to soar
 Which gods of old and heroes bore;
 Bid her a British constellation rise—
 The sea she scorns, and now shall bound
 On lofty billows of sweet sound;
 I am her pilot, and her port the skies!

7 Dare you to sing, ye tinkling train?
 Silence, ye wretched, ye profane,
 Who shackle prose, and boast of absent gods;
 Who murder thought, and numbers maim;
 Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
 And labour stiff Anacreontic Odes!

8 Ye lawful sons of genius, rise,
 Of genuine title to the skies!
 Ye founts of learning, and ye mints of fame!
 You who file off the mortal part
 Of glowing thought with Attic art,
 And drink pure song from Cam's or Isis' stream.

9 I glow, I burn! The numbers pure,
 High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
 Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd breast;
 As, when full-ripen'd teems the vine,
 The generous bursts of willing wine
 Distil nectareous from the grape unpress'd.

* The vessel that brought over the king.

STRAIN THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

How the king attended.—A prospect of happiness.—Industry. A surprising instance of it in Old Rome.—The mischief of sloth.—What happiness is. Sloth its greatest enemy.—Trade natural to Britain. Trade invoked: described.—What the greatest human excellence.—The praise of wealth. Its use, abuse, end.—The variety of nature The final moral cause of it.—The benefit of man's necessities.—Britain's naval stores. She makes all nature serviceable to her ends.—Of reason. Its excellence.—How we should form our estimate of things.—Reason's difficult task. Why the first glory hers. Her effects in Old Britain.

1 "OUR monarch comes! nor comes alone!"

What shining forms surround his throne,
O Sun, as planets thee!—To my loud strain
See Peace, by Wisdom led, advance;
The Grace, the Muse, the Season, dance;
And Plenty spreads behind her flowing train!

2 "OUR monarch comes! nor comes alone!"

New glories kindle round his throne;
The visions rise; I triumph as I gaze:
By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
The volume dark, the folds of Fate,
And now am present to the future blaze.

3 By George and Jove it is decreed,

The mighty months in pomp proceed,
Fair daughters of the sun.—O thou Divine,
Bless'd Industry! a smiling earth
From thee alone derives its birth:
By thee the ploughshare and its master shine.

4 From thee mast, cable, anchor, oar,

From thee the cannon and his roar;
On oaks nursed, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows:
O golden fruit! oak well might prove
The sacred tree, the tree of Jove;
All Jove can give, the naval oak bestows.

5 What cannot Industry complete?

When Punic war first flamed, the great,
Bold, active, ardent Roman fathers meet:
"Fell all your groves!" a Flamen cries;
As soon they fall, as soon they rise;
One moon a forest, and the next a fleet.

6 Is sloth indulgence? 'T is a toil ;
 Enervates man, and damns the soil ;
 Defeats creation, plunges in distress,
 Cankers our being, all devours.
 A full exertion of our powers,—
 Thence, and thence only, glows our happiness.

7 The stream may stagnate, yet be clear ;
 The sun suspend his swift career,
 Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force ;
 Ere man, his active springs resign'd,
 Can rust in body and in mind,
 Yet taste of bliss, of which he chokes the source.

8 Where, Industry, thy daughter fair ?
 Recall her to her native air :
 Here was Trade born, here bred, here flourish'd long ;
 And ever shall she flourish here.
 What, though she languish'd? 't was but fear :
 She's sound of heart, her constitution strong.

9 Wake, sting her up!—Trade! lean no more
 On thy fix'd anchor ; push from shore :
 Earth lies before thee ; every climate court.
 And see, she's roused, absolved from fears,
 Her brow in cloudless azure rears,
 Spreads all her sail, and opens every port.

10 See, cherish'd by her sister, Peace,
 She levies gain on every place,
 Religion, habit, custom, tongue, and name.
 Again she travels with the sun,
 Again she draws a golden zone
 Round earth and main,—bright zone of wealth and fame!

11 Ten thousand active hands—that hung
 In shameful sloth, with nerves unstrung,
 The nation's languid load—defy the storms,
 The sheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
 The long-moor'd vessel wing to sea ;
 Worlds, worlds salute, and peopled ocean swarms.

12 His sons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
 Their sedgy foreheads lift, and smile ;
 Their urns inverted prodigally pour
 Streams charged with wealth, and vow to buy
 Britannia for their great ally
 With climes paid down : what can the gods do more ?

13 Cold Russia costly furs from far,
Hot China sends her painted jar,
France generous wines to crown it : Arab sweet
With gales of incense swells our sails ;
Nor distant Ind our merchant fails,
Her richest ore the ballast of our fleet.

14 Luxuriant isle ! what tide that flows,
Or stream that glides, or wind that blows,
Or genial sun that shines, or shower that pours,
But flows, glides, breathes, shines, pours for thee ?
How every heart dilates to see
Each land's each season blending on thy shores !

15 All these one British harvest make !
The servant Ocean for thy sake
Both sinks and swells : his arms thy bosom wrap,
And fondly give, in boundless dower
To mighty George's growing power,
The wafted world into thy loaded lap.

16 Commerce brings riches ; riches crown
Fair Virtue with the first renown.
A large revenue, and a large expense,
When hearts for others' welfare glow,
And spend as free as gods bestow,
Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

17 Glow, then, my breast ; abound, my store !
This, and this boldly, I implore ;
Their want and apathy let Stoics boast.
Passions and riches, good or ill,
As used by man, demand our skill ;
All blessings wound us, when discretion's lost.

18 Wealth, in the virtuous and the wise,
'T is vice and folly to despise :
Let those in praise of poverty refine
Whose heads or hearts pervert its use,
The narrow-soul'd or the profuse :
The truly great find morals in the mine.

19 Happy the man who, large of heart,
Has learnt the rare, illustrious art
Of being rich : stores starve us, or they cloy,
From gold if more than chymic skill
Extract not what is brighter still :
'T is hard to gain, much harder to enjoy.

- 20 Plenty's a means, and joy her end :
 Exalted minds their joys extend :
 A Chandos shines, when others' joys are done ;
 As lofty turrets, by their height,
 When humbler scenes resign their light,
 Retain the rays of the declining sun.
- 21 Pregnant with blessings, Britain ! swear,
 No sordid son of thine shall dare
 Offend the Donor of thy wealth and peace,
 Who now His whole creation drains,
 To pour into thy tumid veins
 That blood of nations,—Commerce and Increase.
- 22 How various Nature ! Turgid grain
 Here nodding floats the golden plain ;
 There worms weave silken webs : here glowing vines
 Lay forth their purple to the sun ;
 Beneath the soil there harvests run,
 And kings' revenues ripen in the mines.
- 23 What's various Nature ? Art Divine.
 Man's soul to soften and refine,
 Heaven different growths to different lands imparts,
 That all may stand in need of all,
 And interest draw around the ball
 A net to catch and join all human hearts.
- 24 Thus has the great Creator's pen
 His law supreme to mortal men
 In their necessities distinctly writ :
 Even Appetite supplies the place
 Of absent Virtue, absent Grace ;
 And human Want performs for human Wit.
- 25 Vast naval ensigns strew'd around
 The wondering foreigner confound !
 How stands the deep-awed continent aghast,
 As her proud sceptred sons survey,
 At every port, on every quay,
 Huge mountains rise of cable, anchor, mast !
- 26 The' unwieldy tun, the ponderous bale !—
 Each prince his own clime set to sale
 Sees here, by subjects of a British king.
 How earth's abridged ! All nations range
 A narrow spot,—our throng'd Exchange ;
 And send the streams of plenty from their spring.

- 27 Nor Earth alone, all Nature bends
In aid to Britain's glorious ends.
Toils she in trade, or bleeds in honest wars?
Her keel each yielding sea enthralls,
Each willing wind her canvass calls,
Her pilot into service lists the stars.
- 28 In size confined, and humbly made,
What, though we creep beneath the shade,
And seem as emmets on this point, the ball?
Heaven lighted up the human soul,
Heaven bid its rays transpierce the whole,
And, giving godlike Reason, gave us all.
- 29 Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
Bless'd Reason! guide my life and pen:
All ills, like ghosts, fly trembling at thy light.
Who thee obeys, reigns over all;
Smiles, though the stars around him fall:
A God is nought but Reason Infinite.
- 30 The man of Reason is a god
Who scorns to stoop to Fortune's nod;
Sole agent he beneath the shining sphere.
Others are passive, are impell'd,
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, sunk, or swell'd,
As Accident is pleased to domineer.
- 31 Our hopes and fears are much to blame:
Shall monarchs awe, or crowns inflame?
From gross mistake our idle tumult springs.
Those men the silly world disarm,
Elude the dart, dissolve the charm,
Who know the slender worth of men and things.
- 32 The present object, present day,
Are idle phantoms, and away;
What's lasting only does exist. Know this,—
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, all,
Peace, commerce, freedom, nobly fall
To launch us on the flood of endless bliss.
- 33 How foreign these, though most in view!
Go, look your whole existence through;
Thence form your rule; thence fix your estimate;
For so the gods. But, as the gains,
How great the toil! 'T will cost more pains
To vanquish folly than reduce a state.

34 Hence, Reason, the first palm is thine :
 Old Britain learnt from thee to shine.
 By thee Trade's swarming throng, gay Freedom's smile,
 Armies,—in war, of fatal frown ;
 Of Peace the pride,—Arts, flowing down,
 Enrich, exalt, defend, instruct our isle.

STRAIN THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

ARTS from commerce. Why Britons should pursue it.—What wealth includes.—An historical digression, which kind is most frequent in Pindar.—The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The approach of her ruin. The cause of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miserable fall. The neighbouring kings' just reflection on it. An awful image of the Divine power and vengeance. From what Tyre fell, and how deep her calamity.

1 COMMERCE gives Arts, as well as gain :
 By Commerce wafted o'er the main,
 They barbarous climes enlighten as they run.
 Arts, the rich traffic of the soul,
 May travel thus from pole to pole,
 And gild the world with Learning's brighter sun.

2 Commerce gives learning, virtue, gold :
 Ply Commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
 Inured to winds and seas ; lest gods repent,
 The gods that throned you in the wave,
 And, as the trident's emblem, gave
 A triple realm, that awes the continent ;

3 And awes with wealth ; for wealth is power :
 When Jove descends a golden shower,
 'T is navies, armies, empire, all in one.—
 View, emulate, outshine old Tyre,
 In scarlet robed, with gems on fire,
 Her merchants princes, every deck a throne.

4 She sate an empress, awed the flood,
 Her stable column, ocean, trod ;
 She call'd the nations, and she call'd the seas,
 By both obey'd : the Syrian sings ;
 The Cyprian's art her viol strings ;
 Togarmah's steed along her valley neighs.

5 The fir of Senir makes her floor,
 And Bashan's oak, transform'd, her oar ;
 High Lebanon, her mast ; far Dedan warms
 Her mantled host ; Arabia feeds ;
 Her sail of purple Egypt spreads ;
 Arvad sends mariners ; the Persian, arms.

6 The world's last limit bounds her fame ;
 "The Golden City" was her name !
 Those stars on earth, the topaz, onyx, blaze
 Beneath her foot. Extent of coast,
 And rich as Nile's, let others boast ;
 Hers the far nobler harvest of the seas.

7 O merchant-land, as Eden fair !
 Ancient of empires ! Nature's care !
 The strength of ocean ! head of Plenty's springs !
 The pride of isles ! in wars revered !
 Mother of crafts ! loved, courted, fear'd !
 Pilot of kingdoms, and support of kings !

8 Great mart of nations !—But she fell :
 Her pamper'd sons revolt, rebel ;
 Against his favourite isle loud roars the main ;
 The tempest howls : her sculptured dome,
 Soon the wolf's refuge, dragon's home ;
 The land one altar,—a whole people slain !

9 The destined Day puts-on her frown ;
 The sable Hour is coming down ;
 She's on her march from yon almighty throne :
 The sword and storm are in her hand ;
 She trumpets shrill her dread command :
 "Dark be the *light* of earth, the *boast* unknown !"

10 For, O ! her sins, as red as blood,
 As crimson deep, outcry the flood ;
 The Queen of Trade is *bought* ! Once wise and just,
 Now venal is her council's tongue :
 How riot, violence, and wrong
 Turn gold to dross, her blossom into dust !

11 To things inglorious, far beneath
 Those high-born souls they proudly breathe,
 Her sordid noble sinks, her mighty bow !
 Is it for this the groves around
 Return the tabret's sprightly sound ?
 Is it for this her great ones toss the brow ?

12 What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign !
To nuptials cold, how glows the vein,
Confounding kindred, and misleading right !
The spurious lord it o'er the land :
Bold Blasphemy dares make a stand,
Assault the sky, and brandish all her might.

13 Tyre's artisan, sweet orator,
Her merchant, sage, big man of war,
Her judge, her prophet, nay, her hoary heads,
Whose brows with wisdom should be crown'd,
Her very priests, in guilt abound :
Hence the world's cedar all her honours sheds.

14 What dearth of truth ! what thirst of gold !
Chiefs warm in peace, in battle cold !
What youth unletter'd ! base ones lifted high !
What public boasts ! what private views !
What desert temples, crowded stews !
What women !—practised but to roll an eye !

15 O foul of heart ! her fairest dames
Decline the sun's intruding beams,
To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts.
Alas ! there is who sees them there ;
There is who flatters not the fair,
When cymbals tinkle, and the virgin chants.

16 He sees, and thunders !—Now in vain
The courser paws, and foams the rein ;
And chariots stream along the printed soil :
In vain her high presumptuous air,
In gorgeous vestments rich and rare,
O'er her proud shoulder throws the poor man's toil.

17 In robes or gems, her costly stain,
Green, scarlet, azure, shine in vain ;
In vain their golden heads her turrets rear :
In vain high-flavour'd foreign fruits,
Sidonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

18 In vain wines flow in various streams,
With helm and spear each pillar gleams ;
Damascus vain unfolds the glossy store ;
The golden wedge from Ophir's coasts,
From Arab incense, vain she boasts ;
Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.

19 Bel falls, the mighty Nebo bends!
 The nations hiss; her glory ends!
 To ships, her confidence, she flies from foes.
 Foes meet her there: the wind, the wave,
 That once aid, strength, and grandeur gave,
 Plunge her in seas, from which her glory rose.

20 Her ivory deck, embroider'd sail,
 And mast of cedar nought avail,
 Or pilot learn'd. She sinks; nor sinks alone;
 Her gods sink with her! To the sky,
 Which never more shall meet her eye,
 She sends her soul out in one dreadful groan.

21 What, though so vast her naval might,
 In her first dawn'd the British right,—
 All *flags abased* her sea-dominion greet?
 What, though she longer warr'd than Troy?
 At length her foes that isle destroy,
 Whose conquest sail'd as far as sail'd her fleet.

22 The kings she clothed in purple shake
 Their awful brows: "O foul mistake!
 O fatal pride!" they cry: "This, this is she
 Who said, 'With my own art and arm
 In the world's wealth I wrap me warm;'
 And swell'd at heart, vain empress of the sea!"

23 "This, this is she who meanly soar'd,
 Alas, how low! to be adored,
 And style herself a god!—Through stormy wars
 This eagle-isle her thunder bore,
 High fed her young with human gore,
 And would have built her nest among the stars.

24 "But ah, frail man how impotent
 To stand Heaven's vengeance or prevent,
 To turn aside the great Creator's aim!
 Shall island-kings with Him contend,
 Who makes the poles beneath Him bend,
 And shall drink up the sea herself with flame?"

25 "Earth, ether, empyræum bow,
 When from the brasen mountain's brow
 The God of Battles takes His mighty bow,
 Of wrath prepares to pour the flood.
 Puts-on His vesture dipp'd in blood,
 And marches out to scourge the world below.

26 " Ah wretched isle, once call'd *the great!*
 Ah wretched isle, and wise too late!
 The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out :
 Thy luxury, corruption, pride,
 And freedom lost, the realms deride ;
 Adored thee standing, o'er thy ruins shout :

27 " To scourge with war, or peace bestow,
 Was thine, O fallen, fallen low !
 'T was thine, of jarring thrones to still debates.
 How art thou fallen, down, down, down !
 Wide Waste, and Night, and Horror frown,
 Where Empire flamed in gold, and balanced states."

STRAIN THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

AN inference from this history. Advice to Britain. More proper to her than other nations.—How far the stroke of tyranny reaches. What supports our endeavours. The unconsidered benefits of liberty. Britain's obligation to pursue trade.—Why above half the globe is sea.—Britain's grandeur from her situation.—The winds, the seas, the constellations, described.—Sir Isaac Newton's praise.—Britain compared with other states. The leviathan described. Britain's site, and ancient title to the seas. Who rivals her. Of Venice. Holland.—Some despise trade as mean. Censured for it. Trade's glory.—The late czar. Solomon.—A surprising instance of magnificence. The merchant's dignity. Compared with men of letters.

1 HENCE learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
 Our fortunes wither or endure :
 Nations may thrive, or perish, by the wave.
 What storms from Jove's unwilling frown
 A people's crimes solicit down !
 Ocean's the *womb* of riches, and the *grave*.

2 This truth, O Britain ! ponder well :
 Virtues should rise, as fortunes swell.
 What is large property ? The sign of good,
 Of worth superior : if 't is less,
 Another's treasure we possess,
 And charge the gods with favours misbestow'd.

3 This counsel suits Britannia's isle,
 High-flush'd with wealth, and Freedom's smile :
 To vassals prison'd in the continent,
 Who starve at home on meagre toil,
 And suck to death their mother-soil,
 'T were useless caution and a truth mis-spent.

4 Fell tyrants strike beyond the bone,
 And wound the soul ; bow Genius down,
 Lay Virtue waste. For worth or arts who strain,
 To throw them at a monster's foot ?
 'T is property supports pursuit :
 Freedom gives eloquence, and Freedom gain.

5 She pours the thought, and forms the style ;
 She makes the blood and spirits boil ;
 I feel her now, and rouse, and rise, and rave
 In Theban song :—O Muse ! not thine,
 Verse is gay Freedom's gift divine :
 The man that can think greatly is no slave.

6 Others may traffic if they please ;
 Britain, fair daughter of the seas,
 Is born for trade, to plough her field, the wave,
 And reap the growth of every coast :
 A speck of land ; but let her boast,
 " Gods gave the world, when they the waters gave."

7 Britain ! behold the world's wide face ;
 Nor cover'd half with solid space ;
 Three parts are fluid, empire of the sea !
 And why ? For commerce. Ocean streams
 For that, through all his various names :
 And if for commerce, Ocean flows for thee.

8 Britain, like some great potentate
 Of eastern clime, retires in state,
 Shuts out the nations. Would a prince draw nigh ?
 He passes her strong guards, the waves,
 Of servant winds admission craves :
 Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.

9 There are her friends ; soft Zephyr there,
 Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
 Rough Boreas, bursting from the pole : all urge,
 And urge for her, their various toil,
 The Caspian, the broad Baltic boil,
 And into life the dead Pacific scourge.

10 There are her friends ; a marshall'd train,
A golden host and azure plain,
By turns do duty, and by turns retreat :
They may retreat, but not from her ;
The star that quits this hemisphere
Must quit the skies, to want a British fleet.

11 Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn ;
For her, Orion's glories burn,
The Pleiads gleam. For Britons set and rise
The fair-faced sons of Mazzaroth,
Near the deep chambers of the south,
The raging Dog that fires the midnight skies.

12 These nations Newton made his own,
All intimate with him alone :
His mighty soul did, like a giant, run
To the vast volume's closing star,
Decipher'd every character :
His reason pour'd new light upon the sun.

13 Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and barren strand ;
Not such the sea : let Fohé's ancient line
Vast tracts and ample beings vaunt ;
The camel *low, small* elephant—
O Britain ! the leviathan is thine.

14 Leviathan ! whom Nature's strife
Brought forth, her largest piece of life ;
He sleeps an isle ; his sports the billows warm !
Dreadful leviathan ! thy spout
Invades the skies ; the stars are out :
He drinks a river, and ejects a storm.

15 The' Atlantic surge around our shore,
German, and Caledonian, roar ;
Their mighty genii hold us in their lap.
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred :
"The seas are ours :"—the monarch said,—
The floods their hands, their hands the nations, clap.

16 Whence is a rival, then, to rise ?
Can he be found beneath the skies ?
No ; *there* they dwell that can give Britain fear :

The powers of earth by rival aim
Her grandeur but the more proclaim,
And prove their distance most as they draw near.

17 Proud Venice sits amid the waves,
Her foot ambitious Ocean laves,
Art's noblest boast : but, O what wondrous odds
"Twixt Venice and Britannia's isle,
"Twixt mortal and immortal toil !
Britannia is a Venice built by gods.

18 Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
But not o'er friends by whom she rose,
The child of Britain ! And shall she contend ?
It were no less than parricide.—
What wonders rise from out the tide !
Her " High and Mighty " to the rudder bend.

19 And are there, then, of lofty brow,
Who think trade mean, and scorn to bow
So far beneath the state of noble birth ?
Alas ! these chiefs but little know
Commerce how high, themselves how low :
The sons of nobles are the sons of earth.

20 And what have earth's mean sons to do,
But reap her fruits, and warm pursue
The world's chief good, not glut on others' toil ?
High Commerce from the gods came down,
With compass, chart, and starry crown,
Their delegate, to make the nations smile.

21 Blush, and behold the Russian bow,
From forty crowns, his mighty brow
To trade ! To toil he turns his glorious hand :
That arm which swept the bloody field,
See the huge axe or hammer wield ;
While sceptres wait, and thrones impatient stand.

22 O shame to subjects ! first renown,
Matchless example to the crown !
Old Time is poor : what age boasts such a sight ?
Ye drones, adore the man divine—
No ; Virtue still as " mean " decline,
Call Russians *barbarous*, and yourselves *polite*.

23 He, too, of Judah, great as wise,
 With Hiram strove in merchandise ;
 Monarchs with monarchs struggle for an oar !
 That merchant sinking to his grave,
 A flood of treasure swells the cave : *
 The *king* left much, the *merchant* buried more.

24 Is "merchant" an inglorious name ?
 No ; fit for Pindar such a theme ;
 Too great for me ; I pant beneath the weight.
 If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
 If words and thoughts to court my choice
 Out-number'd sands, I could not reach its height.

25 Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign ;
 Those trade in blessing, these in pain,
 At slaughter swell, and shout while nations groan.
 With purple monarchs merchants vie ;
 If great to spend, what to supply ?
 Priests pray for blessings ; merchants pour them down.

26 Kings merchants are in league and love ;
 Earth's odours pay soft airs above,
 That o'er the teeming field prolific range.
 Planets are merchants ; take, return,
 Lustre and heat ; by traffic burn :
 The whole creation is one vast Exchange.

27 Is "merchant" an inglorious name ?
 What say the sons of letter'd fame,
 Proud of their volumes, swelling in their cells ?
 In open life, in change of scene,
 Mid various manners, throngs of men,
 Experience, Arts, and solid Wisdom dwells.

28 Trade, Art's mechanic, Nature's stores
 Well weighs ; to starry Science soars ;
 Reads warm in life (dead colour'd by the pen)
 The sites, tongues, interests of the ball :
 Who studies trade, he studies all ;
 Accomplish'd merchants are accomplished men.

* Vast treasure taken from Solomon's tomb thirteen hundred years after his death.—YOUNG.

STRAIN THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

PINDAR invoked. His praise.—Britain should decline war, but boldly assert her trade. Encouraged from the throne. Britain's condition without trade.—Trade's character and surprising deeds.—Carthage.—Solomon's temple.—St. Paul's Church.—The miser's character.—The wonderful effects of trade.—Why religion recommended to the merchant.—What *false* joy. What *true*.—What religion is to the merchant.—Why trade more glorious in Britons than others. How warmly, and how long, to be pursued by us. The Briton's legacy.—Columbus. His praise.—America described.—Worlds still unknown.—Queen Elizabeth.—King George II. His glory navally represented.

1 How shall I farther rouse the soul ?
 How Sloth's lascivious reign control
 By verse, with unextinguish'd ardour wrought ?
 How every breast inflame with mine ?
 How bid my theme still brighter shine
 With wealth of words and unexhausted thought ?

2 O thou Dircean swan, on high,
 Round whom familiar thunders fly,
 While Jove attends a language like his own !
 Thy spirit pour, like vernal showers ;
 My verse shall burst out with the flowers,
 While Britain's trade advances with her sun.

3 Though Britain was not born to fear,
 Grasp not at bloody fame from war ;
 Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade.
 Jove gathers tempest black as night ;
 Jove pours the golden flood of light ;
 Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

4 Britain a comet, or a star,
 In commerce this, or that in war :
 Let Britons shout, earth, seas, and skies resound.
 Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve,
 And spirit dart through every nerve,
 Hear from the throne a voice through time renown'd.*

* The king's speech, January 13th, 1729-30.

5 So fall from heaven the vernal showers,
 To cheer the glebe, and wake the flowers ;
 The bloom call'd forth sees azure skies display'd ;
 The bird of voice is proud to sing ;
 Industrious bees ply every wing,
 Distend their cells, and urge their golden trade.

6 Trade once extinguish'd, Britain's sun
 Is gone out too ; his race is run ;
 He shines in vain ; her isle 's an isle indeed,
 A spot too small to be o'ercome.
 Ah dreadful safety, wretched doom !
 No foe will conquer what no foe can feed.

7 Trade 's the source, sinew, soul of all ;
 Trade 's all herself ; hers, hers, the ball ;
 Where most unseen, the goddess still is there :
 Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze ;
 The courtier's pomp, the student's ease !
 'T was Trade at Blenheim fought, and closed the war.

8 What Rome and all her gods defies ?
 The Punic oar. Behold it rise
 And battle for the world ! Trade gave the call :
 Rich cordials from his naval art
 Sent the strong spirits to his heart,
 That bid an Afric merchant grasp the ball.

9 Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home ?
 Trade mark'd the soil, and built the dome,
 In which His Majesty first deign'd to dwell ;
 The walls with silver sheets o'erlaid,
 Rich, as the sun, through gold unweigh'd ;
 Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column swell.

10 Grandeur unknown to Solomon !
 Methinks the labouring earth should groan
 Beneath yon load ; * created, sure, not made !
 Servant and rival of the skies !
 Heaven's arch alone can higher rise :
 What hand immortal raised thee ? "*Humble Trade.*"

* St. Paul's, built by the produce of the coal-tax ; as were forty-nine other churches and the Monument. St. Paul's alone was raised at the expense of £736,752. 2s. 3½d.

11 Where hadst thou been if, left at large,
Those sinewy arms that tugg'd the barge,
Had caught at pleasure on the flowery green ?
If they that watch'd the midnight star
Had swung behind the rolling car,
Or fill'd it with disgrace, where hadst thou been ?

12 As by repletion men consume,
Abundance is the miser's doom ;
Expend it nobly : he that lets it rust,
Which, passing numerous hands, would shine,
Is not a man, but living mine,
Foe to the gods, and rival to the dust.

13 Trade barbarous lands can polish fair,
Make earth well worth the wise man's care ;
Call forth her forests, charm them into fleets ;
Can make one house of human race ;
Can bid the distant poles embrace ;
Hers every sun, and India India meets.

14 Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
With bounty feeds, with laurel courts :
Trade gives fair Virtue fairer still to shine ;
Enacts those guards of gain, the Laws ;
Exalts e'en Freedom's glorious cause.—
Trade! warn'd by Tyre, O make Religion thine !

15 You lend each other mutual aid :
Why is Heaven's smile in wealth convey'd ?
Not to placé vice, but virtues, in our power.
Pleasure declined is luxury,
Boundless in time and in degree ;
Pleasure enjoy'd, the tumult of an hour.

16 False joy's a discomposing thing,
That jars on Nature's trembling string,
Tempests the spirits, and untunes the frame :
True joy, the sunshine of the soul,
A bright serene that calms the whole ;
Which they ne'er knew, whom other joys inflame.

17 Merchant! religion is the care
To grow as rich—as angels are ;
To know false coin from true ; to sweep the main ;
The mighty stake secure, beyond
The strongest tie of field or fund :
Commerce gives gold, religion makes it gain.

18 Join, then, religion to thy store,
 Or India's mines will make thee poor.
 Greater than Tyre, O bear a nobler mind,
 Sea-sovereign isle! Proud War decline,
 Trade patronize : what glory thine,
 Ardent to bless, who couldst subdue, mankind !

19 Rich commerce ply with warmth Divine
 By day, by night : the stars are thine ;
 Wear out the stars in trade! Eternal run,
 From age to age, the noble glow,
 A rage to gain, and to bestow,
 While ages last : in trade burn out the sun !

20 Trade, Britain's all, our sires sent down
 With toil, blood, treasure, ages won :
 This Edgar great bequeath'd ; this, Edward bold.
 Let Frobishers,* let Raleighs † fire !
 O let Columbus' shade inspire !
New worlds disclose, with Drake surround an *old*.

21 Columbus ! scarce inferior fame
 For thee to find, than Heaven to frame,
 That womb of gold and gem : her wide domain
 An universe, her rivers seas ;
 Her fruits, both men and gods to please ;
 Heaven's fairest birth, and, but for thee, in vain !

22 Worlds still unknown deep shadows wrap :
 Call wonders forth from Nature's lap ;
 New glory pour on her Eternal Sire.
 O noble search ! O glorious care !
 Are ye not Britons? Why despair?
 New worlds are due to such a godlike fire.

23 Swear by the great Eliza's soul,
 That Trade, as long as waters roll—
 Ah ! no ; the gods chastise my rash decree :

* Sir Martin Frobisher, an eminent navigator in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was born in the county of York. Conceiving that there was a north-west passage to be discovered to China, he made several voyages to find it. In these, though he failed in his great design, several advantages accrued to the nation, [he] being the first who sailed through the Straits which go by his own name. After serving his country in several expeditions and engagements, he received a wound at Crozon, near Brest, which afterwards proved mortal, in the year 1594.—
 JOHN NICHOLS, ESQ.

† Sir Walter Raleigh.

By great Eliza do not swear ;
 For thee, O George, the gods declare,
 And thou for them ! Late time shall swear by thee.

24 Truth, bright as stars, with thee prevails ;
 Full be thy fame, as swelling sails ;
 Constant as tides thy mind, as masts elate ;
 Thy justice, an unerring helm
 To steer Britannia's fickle realm ;
 Thy numerous race, sure anchor of her state !

STRAIN THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

WHAT is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the most famed in history.—The sign Lyra.—What the constellations are. Argo. The Whale. The Dolphin. Eridanus. The Lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice.—The British ladies censured.—The moon.—What the sea is.—Apostrophe to the emperor. The Spanish Armada.—How Britain should speak her resentment.—What gives power. What navies do in war.—The Tartar.—Mogul.—Africa.—China.—Who master of the world.—What the history of the world is.—The genealogy of glory. Mistakes about it.—Peace the merchant's harvest.—Ships of Divine origin.—Merchants ambassadors.—The Briton's voyage.—Praise the food of glory.—Britain's record.

1 BRITANNIA's state what bounds confine ?
 (Of rising thought O golden mine !)
 Mountains, Alps, streams, gulfs, oceans, set no bound :
 She sallies till she strikes the star ;
 Expanding wide, and launching far
 As wind can fly, or rolling wave resound.

2 Small isle—for Cæsars ; for the son
 Of Jove, who burst from Macedon ;
 For gorgeous easterns blazing o'er mankind !
 Then, when they call'd the world their own,
 Not equal fame from fable shone :
 They rose to gods, in half thy sphere confined.

3 Here no demand for Fancy's wing ;
 Plain Truth's illustrious : as I sing,
 O hear yon spangled harp repeat my lay !
 Yon starry lyre has caught the sound,
 And spreads it to the planets round,
 Who best can tell where ends Britannia's sway.

4 The skies (fair-printed page!) unfold
 The naval fame of heroes old ;
 As in a mirror, show the' adventurous throng :
 The deeds of Grecian mariners
 Are read by gods, are writ in stars,
 And noble verse that shall endure as long.

5 The skies are records of the main :
 Thence Argo listens to my strain ;
 Chiron, for song renown'd, his noble rage
 For naval fame and song renews,
 As Britain's fame he hears and views ;
 Chiron, the Shovel * of a former age.

6 The Whale (for late I sung his praise)
 Pours grateful lustre on my lays :
 How smiles Arion's friend † with partial beams !
 Eridanus would flatter, too,
 But jealousies his smile subdue ;
 He fears a British rival in the Thames.

7 In pride the Lion lifts his mane,
 To see his British brothers reign
 As stars below : the Balance, George ! from thine,
 Which weighs the nations, learns to weigh
 More accurate the night and day ;
 From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to shine.

8 Of Britain's court ye lesser lights !
 How could the wise-man gaze whole nights
 On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's Hair !
 But, O ! you practise shameful arts ;
 Your own retain, seize others' hearts :
 Pirates, not merchants, are the British fair.

9 This truth I swear by Cynthia's beam.
 Pale queen ! be flush'd at Britain's fame ;
 And, rolling, tell the nations—o'er the main
 To share her empire is thy pride.
 He, mighty Power ! who curbs the tide,
 Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

* In some editions is the name of Berkeley instead of that of Shovel. Sir Cloudesley Shovel was a brave seaman, who from the lowest situation, by mere dint of ability and integrity, rose to one of the first stations in the navy. He performed many gallant acts in the service of his country, and was very unfortunately lost on the rocks of Scilly, October 22d, 1707.—JOHN NICHOLS, ESQ.

† The Dolphin.

- 10 What is the main, ye kings renown'd?
 Britannia's centre, and your bound :
 Austrian ! where'er leviathan can roll,
 Is Britain's home ; and Britain's mine,
 Where'er the ripening sun can shine :
 Parts are for emperors ; for her, the whole.
- 11 Why, Austrian, wilt thou hover still
 On doubtful wing, and want the skill
 To see thy welfare in the world's ? Too late
 Another Churchill thou mayst find,
 Another Churchill, not so kind,
 And other Blenheims, big with other fate.
- 12 Ill thou remember'st, ill dost own,
 Who rescued an ungrateful throne ;
 Ill thou consider'st that the kind are brave ;
 Ill dost thou weigh that in Time's womb
 A day may sleep, a day of doom,
 As great to ruin as was that to save.
- 13 How wouldst thou smile to hear my strain,
 Whose boasted inspiration's vain !
 Yet what, if my prediction should prove true ?
 Know'st thou the fatal pair who shine
 O'er Britain's trading empire ? Thine,
 As one rejected, what, if one subdued ?
- 14 What naval scene adorns the seat
 Of awful Britain's high debate,
 Inspires her counsels, and records her power ?
 The nations know, in glowing balls
 On sinking thrones the tempest falls,
 When her august assembled senates lour.
- 15 O language fit for thoughts so bold !
 Would Britain have her anger told,
 Ah ! never let a meaner language sound
 Than that which prostrates human souls,
 Through heaven's dark vault impetuous rolls,
 And Nature rocks, when angry Jove has frown'd.
- 16 Not realms unbounded, not a flood
 Of natives, not expense of blood,
 Or reach of counsel, gives the world a lord :

* The Spanish Armada in the House of Lords ; since engraved and published by Mr. Pine.

Trade calls him forth, and sets him high
 As mortal man o'er men can fly :
 Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest sword.

17 Nay, hers the sword! For fleets have wings ;
 Like lightning fly to distant kings ;
 Like gods descend at once on trembling states.
 Is war proclaim'd ? Our wars are hurl'd
 To farthest confines of the world,
 Surprise your ports, and thunder at your gates.

18 The king of tempests, Æolus,
 Sends forth his pinion'd people thus
 On rapid errands : as they fly, they roar,
 And carry sable clouds, and sweep
 The land, the desert, and the deep :
 Earth shakes, proud cities fall, and thrones adore !

19 The fools of nature ever strike
 On bare outsides ; and loathe, or like,
 As glitter bids ; in endless error vie ;
 Admire the purple and the crown.
 Of human Welfare and Renown,
 Trade 's the big heart ; bright empire, but their eye.

20 Whence Tartar Grand, or Mogul Great ?
 Trade gilt their titles, power'd their state ;
 While Afric's black, lascivious, slothful breed,
 To clasp their ruin, fly from toil ;
 That meanest product of their soil,
 Their people, sell ; one half on t' other feed.

21 Of Nature's wealth from Commerce rent,
 Afric 's a glaring monument :
 Mid citron forests and pomegranate groves
 (Cursed in a Paradise!) she pines ;
 O'er generous glebe, o'er golden mines,
 Her beggar'd, famish'd, tradeless native roves.

22 Not so thine, China, blooming wide !
 Thy numerous fleets might bridge the tide ;
 Thy products would exhaust both Indias' mines :
 Shut be thy gate of trade, or (woe
 To Britain's!) Europe 't will o'erflow.—
 Ungrateful song! her growth * inspires thy lines.

* Coffee.

23 Britain! to these, and such as these,
 The river broad, and foaming seas,
 Which sever lands to mortals less renown'd,
 Devoid of naval skill or might,
 Those sever'd parts of earth unite :
 Trade's the full pulse that sends their vigour round.

24 Could, O, could one engrossing hand
 The various streams of Trade command,
 That, like the sun, would gazing nations awe :
 That awful power the world would brave,
 Bold War and Empire proud his slave ;
 Mankind his subjects ; and his will, their law.

25 Hast thou look'd round the spacious earth ?
 From Commerce Grandeur's humble birth :
 To George from Noah, empires living, dead,
 Their pride, their shame, their rise, their fall,—
 Time's whole plain chronicle is all
 One bright encomium, undesign'd, on Trade.

26 Trade springs from Peace, and Wealth from Trade,
 And Power from Wealth ; of Power is made
 The god on earth : hail, then, the dove of Peace,
 Whose olive speaks the raging flood
 Of war repress'd ! What's loss of blood ?
 War is the death of Commerce and Increase.

27 Then perish War!—Detested War!
 Shalt thou make gods, like Cæsar's star ?
 What calls man fool so loud as this has done,
 From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line ?
 Why not adore too, as Divine,
 Wide-wasting storms, before the genial sun ?

28 Peace is the merchant's summer clear ;
 His harvest,—harvest round the year :
 For Peace with laurel every mast be bound,
 Each deck carouse, each flag stream out,
 Each cannon sound, each sailor shout !
 For Peace let every sacred ship be crown'd.

29 Sacred are ships, of birth Divine :
 An angel drew the first design ;
 With which the patriarch nature's ruins braved :
 Two worlds aboard, an old and new,
 He safe o'er foaming billows flew :
 The gods *made* human race ; a pilot *saved*.

30 How sacred, too, the merchant's name !
 When Britain blazed meridian fame,*
 Bright shone the sword, but brighter Trade gave law ;
 Merchants in distant courts revered,
 Where prouder statesmen ne'er appear'd ;
 Merchants ambassadors, and thrones in awe !

31 'T is theirs to know the tides, the times,
 The march of stars, the births of climes ;
 Summer and Winter theirs ; theirs land and sea ;
 Theirs are the seasons, months, and years ;
 And each a different garland wears :—
 O that my song could add eternity !

32 Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
 The burning lamp of god-like deeds ;
 Immortal glory pays illustrious cares.
 Whither, ye Britons, are ye bound ?
 O noble voyage, glorious round !
 Launch from the Thames, and end among the stars.

33 If to my subject rose my soul,
 Your fame should last while oceans roll :
 When other worlds in depths of time shall rise,
 As we the Greeks of mighty name,
 May they Britannia's fleet proclaim,
 Look up, and read her story in the skies.†

34 Ye Sirens, sing ; ye Tritons, blow ;
 Ye Nereids, dance ; ye billows, flow ;
 Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng !
 Ye winds, in concert breathe around ;
 Ye navies, to the concert bound
 From pole to pole ! To Britain all belong.

THE MORAL.

THE most happy should be the most virtuous.—Of eternity.—What
 Britain's arts should be.—Whence slavery.

1 BRITAIN ! thus bless'd, thy blessing know ;
 Or bliss in vain the gods bestow ;
 Its end fulfil, means cherish, source adore :

* In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

† It is Sir Isaac Newton's opinion, that the principal constellations
 took their names from the Argonauts, to perpetuate that great action.

—DODSLEY.

Vain swellings of thy soul repress ;
 They most may lose who most possess :
 Then let bliss awe, and tremble at thy store.

2 Nor be too fond of life at best ;
 Her cheerful, not enamour'd, guest :
 Let thought fly forward ; 't will gay prospects give ;
 Prospects immortal, that deride
 A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,
 And make it perfect fortitude to live.

3 O for eternity ! a scene
 To fair adventurers serene !
 O, on that sea to deal in pure renown,—
 Traffic with gods ! What transports roll !
 What boundless import to the soul !
 The poor man's empire, and the subject's crown !

4 Adore the gods, and plough the seas :
 These be thy arts, O Britain, these !
 Let others pant for an immense command ;
 Let others breathe war's fiery god ;
 The proudest victor fears thy nod,
 Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

5 Glorious, while heaven-born Freedom lasts,
 Which Trade's soft spurious daughter blasts ;
 For what is Tyranny ? A monstrous birth
 From Luxury, by bribes caress'd,
 By glowing Power in shades compress'd ;
 Which stalks around, and chains the groaning earth.

THE CLOSE.

THIS subject now first sung. How sung.—Preferable to Pindar's subjects.—How Britain should be sung by all.

1 THEE, Trade ! I first—who boast no store,
 Who owe thee nought—thus snatch from shore,
 The shore of Prose, where thou hast slumber'd long ;
 And send thy flag triumphant down
 The tide of time to sure renown.
 O bless my country ! and thou pay'st my song.

2 Thou art the Briton's noblest theme ;
 Why, then, unsung? My simple aim
 To dress plain sense, and fire the generous blood ;
 Not sport imaginations vain,
 But list, with yon ethereal train,
 The shining Muse to serve the public good.

3 Of ancient art and ancient praise
 The springs are open'd in my lays : *
 Olympic heroes' ghosts around me throng,
 And think their glory sung anew,
 Till chiefs of equal fame they view,
 Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.

4 Not Pindar's theme with mine compares,
 As far surpass'd as useful cares
 Transcend diversion light and glory vain :
 The wreath fantastic, shouting throng
 And panting steed to him belong,—
 The charioteer's, not Empire's golden, reign.

5 Nor, Chandos, thou the Muse despise
 That would to glowing Ætna rise,
 (Such Pindar's boast,) thou Theron of our time !
 Seldom to man the gods impart
 A Pindar's head or Theron's heart ;
 In life or song how rare the true sublime !

6 None British-born will, sure, disdain
 This new, bold, moral, patriot strain,
 Though not with genius, with some virtue, crown'd :
 (How vain the Muse !) the lay may last,
 Thus twined around the British mast,
 The British mast with nobler laurels bound.

7 Weak ivy curls round naval oak,
 And smiles at wind and storm unbroke,
 By strength not hers sublime : thus, proud to soar,
 To Britain's grandeur cleaves my strain ;
 And lives, and echoes through the plain,
 While o'er the billow Britain's thunders roar.

* ——— *Tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
 Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes ;
 Ascraeumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.*

VIRGILII *Georg.* lib. ii. 174.

8 Be dumb, ye grovelling sons of verse,
 Who *sing* not actions, but *rehearse*,
 And fool the Muse with impotent desire!
 Ye sacrilegious, who presume
 To tarnish Britain's naval bloom!
 Sing Britain's fame with all her hero's fire.

THE CHORUS.

Ye Sirens, sing; ye Tritons, blow;
 Ye Nereids, dance; ye billows, flow;
 Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng!
 Ye winds, in concert breathe around;
 Ye navies, to the concert bound
 From pole to pole; to Britain all belong;
 Britain to heaven; from heaven descends my song.

EPISTLES TO MR. POPE

CONCERNING

THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

MDCCLXXX.

EPISTLE I.

TO MR. POPE.

WHILST you at Twickenham plan the future wood,
 Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,
 Our senate meets; at parties parties bawl,
 And pamphlets stun the streets, and load the stall.
 So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,
 Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight:
 The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
 And Codrus' prose works up, and Lico's strains.

Lo! what from cellars rise, what rush from high,
 Where Speculation roosted near the sky ; 10
 Letters, essays, sock, buskin, satire, song ;
 And all the *garret* thunders on the throng !
 O Pope! I burst ; nor can, nor will, refrain :
 I'll write ; let others, in their turn, complain.
 Truce, truce, ye Vandals! my tormented ear 15
 Less dreads a pillory than a pamphleteer ;
 I've *heard* myself to death ; and, plagued each hour,
 Sha'n't I return the vengeance in my power ?
 For who can write the true absurd like me?—
 Thy pardon, Codrus! who, I mean, but thee? 20
 Pope! if like mine, or Codrus', were thy style,
 The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file ;
 Merit less solid less despite had bred ;
 They had not bit, and then they had not bled.
 Fame is a public mistress none enjoys 25
 But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys.
 With Fame, in just proportion, Envy grows :
 The man that makes a character, makes foes.
 Slight, peevish insects round a genius rise,
 As a bright day awakes the world of flies ; 30
 With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
 (To show they live,) they flutter, and they sting :
 But as by depredations wasps proclaim
 The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.
 Shall we not censure all the motley train?— 35
 Whether with ale irriguous, or champagne ;
 Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
 And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme ;
 The college sloven, or embroider'd spark ;
 The purple prelate, or the parish clerk ; 40
 The quiet *quidnunc*, or demanding prig ;
 The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig ;
 Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay or sad ;
 Whether extremely witty, or quite mad ;
 Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite ; 45
 Men that read well, or men that only write ;
 Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune the reeds,
 And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds :
 For bankrupts write, when ruin'd shops are shut,
 As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut. 50
 His hammer this, and that his trowel, quits,
 And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.

By thriving men subsists each other trade ;
 Of every *broken* craft a writer 's made :
 Thus his material, paper, takes its birth 55
 From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.
 Hail, fruitful isle! To thee alone belong
 Millions of wits and brokers in old song.
 Thee well "a land of liberty" we name,
 Where all are free to scandal and to shame. 60
 Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,
 And be mankind's contempt, whene'er they please :
 Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
 Is unperceived but when it gives offence.
 Their heavy prose our injured reason tires ; 65
 Their verse immoral kindles loose desires :
 Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime ;
 Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.
 What glorious motives urge our authors on,
 Thus to undo, and thus to be undone? 70
 One loses his estate, and down he sits,
 To show (in vain!) he still retains his wits :
 Another marries, and his dear proves keen ;
 He writes, as an hypnotic for the spleen :
 Some write, confined by physic ; some, by debt ; 75
 Some, for 't is Sunday ; some, because 't is wet :
 Through private pique some do the public right,
 And love their king and country out of spite :
 Another writes because his father writ,
 And proves himself a bastard by his wit. 80
 "Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound?"—
 Neither:—"Why write, then?"—He wants twenty pound :
 His belly, not his brains, this impulse give :
 He'll grow immortal ; for he cannot live.
 He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream, 85
 With no provision made but of his theme ;
 Perhaps a title has his fancy smit,
 Or a quaint motto, which he thinks has wit.
 He writes, in inspiration puts his trust ; 89
 Though wrong his thoughts, the gods will make them just ;
 Genius directly from the gods descends ;
 And who by labour would distrust his friends ?
 Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
 In immortality he dips his quill :
 And, since blank paper is denied the press, 95
 He mingles the whole alphabet by guess,

In various sets, which various words compose,
 Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows.
 So sounds spontaneous from the Sibyl broke ;
 Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke : 100
 The priests found out the meaning, if they could ;
 And nations stared at what none understood.
 Clodio dress'd, danced, drank, visited,—the whole
 And great concern of an immortal soul !
 Oft have I said, "Awake! exist! and strive 105
 For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"
 As oft I overheard the demon say,
 Who daily met the loiterer in his way,
 "I'll meet thee, youth, at White's:" the youth replies,
 "I'll meet thee there," and falls his sacrifice. 110
 His fortune squander'd leaves his Virtue bare
 To every bribe, and blind to every snare :
 Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,
 Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.
 Such heroes have we! all, but life, they stake : 115
 How must Spain tremble, and the German shake!
 Such writers have we! all, but sense, they print ;
 E'en George's praise is dated from the Mint.
 In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
 Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign. 120
 Reform your lives before you thus aspire,
 And steal (for you *can steal*) celestial fire.
 O the just contrast, O the beauteous strife,
 'Twixt their cool writings and Pindaric life!
 They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire: 125
They cheat the lender, and *their works* the buyer.
 I reverence Misfortune, not deride ;
 I pity Poverty, but laugh at Pride :
 For who so sad but must some mirth confess
 At gay Castruchio's miscellaneous dress ? 130
 Though there 's but one of the dull works he wrote,
 There 's ten editions of his old laced coat.
 These, Nature's commoners, who want a home,
 Claim the wide world for their majestic dome :
 They make a private study of the street, 135
 And, looking full on every man they meet,
 Run souse against his chaps ; who stands amazed
 To find they did not see, but only gazed.
 How must these bards be rapt into the skies !
 You need not read, you *feel* their ecstasies. 140

Will they persist? 'T is madness:—Lintot, run,
 See them confined!—"O, that's already done.
 Most, as by leases, by the works they print,
 Have took for life possession of the Mint."
 If you mistake, and pity these poor men, 145
Est Ulubris,* they cry, and write again.

Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,
 And then pronounce just judges "Learning's foes."
 O frail conclusion! the reverse is true:
 If foes to Learning, they'd be friends to you. 150
 Treat them, ye judges, with an honest scorn,
 And weed the cockle from the generous corn:
 There's true good-nature in your disrespect;
 In justice to the good, the bad neglect:
 For immortality if hardships plead, 155
 It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O, what wisdom can convince a fool
 But that 't is dulness to conceive him dull?
 'T is sad Experience takes the censor's part,
 Conviction, not from reason, but from smart. 160

A virgin-author, recent from the press,
 The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success;
 Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
 Those in his hand, and glory in his head.
 'T is joy too great, a fever of delight! 165
 His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night.
 But, rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
 He finds that without sleeping he could dream.
 So sparks, they say, take goddesses to bed,
 And find next day the devil in their stead. 170

In vain advertisements the town o'erspread:
 They're epitaphs, and say the work is dead.
 Who press for fame, but small recruits will raise:
 'T is volunteers alone can give the bays.

A famous author visits a great man, 175
 Of his immortal work displays the plan,
 And says, "Sir, I'm your friend; all fears dismiss;
 Your glory and my own shall live by this;
 Your power is fix'd, your fame through time convey'd,
 And Britain Europe's queen—if I am paid." 180

A statesman has his answer in a trice:
 "Sir, such a genius is *beyond* all price:

* HORATIUS *Epist.* lib. i. ep. xi. 30.

What man can pay for this?"—Away he turns;
 His work is folded, and his bosom burns :
 His patron he will patronize no more, 185
 But rushes like a tempest out of door.
 Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name!
 Out comes the piece, another and the same;
 For A his magic pen evokes an O,
 And turns the tide of Europe on the foe : 190
 He rams his quill with scandal, and with scoff;
 But 't is so very foul, it won't go off.
 Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar;
 But, when once publish'd, they are heard no more.
 Thus distant bugbears fright; but, nearer draw, 195
 The block 's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.
 Can those oblige, whose heads and hearts are such?
 No; every party 's tainted by their touch.
 Infected persons fly each public place,
 And none, or enemies alone, embrace : 200
 To the foul fiend their every passion 's sold;
 They love, and hate, *extempore*, for gold.
 "What image of their fury can we form?"
 Dulness and rage,—a puddle in a storm.
 "Rest they in peace?" If you are pleased to buy, 205
 To swell your sails, like Lapland winds, they fly.
 "Write they with rage?" The tempest quickly flags;
 A state-Ulysses tames 'em with his bags,
 Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew :
 For *Christian* ministers of state are few. 210
 Behind the curtain lurks the fountain-head
 That pours his politics through pipes of lead,
 Which far and near ejaculate, and spout,
 O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout :
 But when they have bespatter'd all they may, 215
 The statesman throws his filthy squirts away!
 With *golden* forceps these another takes,
 And state-elixirs of the vipers makes.
 The richest statesman wants wherewith to pay
 A servile sycophant, if well they weigh 220
 How much it costs the wretch to be so base;
 Nor can the greatest powers enough disgrace,
 Enough chastise, such prostitute applause,
 If well they weigh how much it stains their cause.
 "But are our writers ever in the wrong? 225
 Does Virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?"

Yes ; if well-bribed, for Virtue's self they fight ;
 Still in the wrong, though champions for the right.
 Whoe'er their crimes, for interest only, quit,
 Sin on in virtue, and good deeds *commit*. 230
 Nought but inconstancy Britannia meets,
 And broken faith, in their abandoned sheets.
 From the same hand how various is the page !
 What civil war their brother pamphlets wage !
 Tracts battle tracts, self-contradictions glare : 235
 Say, is this lunacy ?—I wish it were.
 If such our writers, startled at the sight,
 Felons may bless their stars they cannot write !
 How justly Proteus' transmigrations fit
 The monstrous changes of a modern wit ! 240
 Now, such a gentle *stream* of eloquence
 As seldom rises to the verge of sense ;
 Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a *flame*,
 Which yet fit engines, well applied, can tame ;
 Now, on immodest trash, the *swine obscene* 245
 Invites the town to sup at Drury-Lane ;
 A dreadful *lion*, now he roars at power,
 Which sends him to his brothers at the Tower ;
 He's now a *serpent*, and his double tongue
 Salutes, nay, licks, the feet of those he stung. 250
 What knot can bind him, his evasion such ?
 One knot he well deserves, which might do much.
 The flood, flame, swine, the lion, and the snake,
 Those fivefold monsters, modern authors make.
 The snake reigns most : snakes, Pliny says, are bred, 255
 When the brain's perish'd, in a human head.
 Ye grovelling, trodden, whipp'd, stripp'd, turncoat things,
 Made up of venom, volumes, stains, and stings !
 Thrown from the tree of knowledge, like you, cursed
 To scribble in the dust, was Snake the First. 260
 What, if the figure should in fact prove true ?
 It did in Elkanah ; why not in you ?
 Poor Elkanah, all other changes past,
 For bread in Smithfield-dragons hiss'd at last,
 Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape, 265
 And found his manners suited to his shape.*
 Such is the fate of talents misapplied ;
 So lived your prototype, and so he died.

* Elkanah Settle, a versatile and unstable author, whose inconsistencies made him the butt of contemporary satirists.—EDIT.

The' abandon'd manners of our writing train
 May tempt mankind to think religion vain ; 270
 But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
 That gods there are, is eminently seen :
 Heaven stands absolved, by vengeance on their pen,
 And marks the murderers of fame from men.
 Through meagre jaws they draw their venal breath, 275
 As ghastly as their brothers in Macbeth :
 Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,
 And oftener changed their principles than shirt.
 The transient vestments of these frugal men
 Hasten to paper for our mirth again : 280
 Too soon (O merry-melancholy fate !)
 They beg in rhyme, and warble through a grate :
 The man lampoon'd forgets it at the sight ;
 The friend through pity gives, the foe through spite ;
 And though full conscious of his injured purse, 285
 Lintot relents, nor Curll can wish them worse.
 So fare the men who writers dare commence
 Without their patent,—probity and sense.
 From these their politics our *quidnuncs* seek,
 And Saturday's the learning of the week. 290
 These labouring wits, like pavours, mend our ways
 With heavy, huge, repeated, flat essays ;
 Ram their coarse nonsense down, though ne'er so dull
 And hem at every thump upon your skull.
 These staunch-bred writing-hounds begin the cry, 295
 And honest Folly echoes to the lie.
 O how I laugh, when I a blockhead see
 Thanking a villain for his *probity* !
 Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
 With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer. 300
 It tickles through my soul to hear the cock's
 Sincere encomium on his friend the fox,
 " Sole patron of his liberties and rights !"
 While graceless reynard listens—till he bites.
 As, when the trumpet sounds, the' o'erloaded state 305
 Discharges all her poor and profligate ;
 Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
 And prisons pour their filth into the field :
 Thus Nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
 Compose the black militia of the pen. 310

EPISTLE II.

FROM OXFORD.

ALL write at London : shall the rage abate
 Here, where it most should shine,—the Muses' seat ;
 Where, mortal or immortal, as they please,
 The learn'd may choose eternity or ease ?
 Has not a royal patron wisely strove 5
 To woo the Muse in her Athenian grove ;
 Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
 And given new tongues to those who spoke so well ?*
 Let these instruct, with Truth's illustrious ray,
 Awake the world, and scare our owls away. 10
 Meanwhile, O friend ! indulge me, if I give
 Some needful precepts how to write and live.
 Serious should be an author's final views :
 Who write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.
An author ! 'T is a venerable name : 15
 How few deserve it, and what numbers claim !
 Unbless'd with sense above their peers refined,
 Who shall stand up, dictators to mankind ?
 Nay, who dare shine, if not in Virtue's cause,
 The sole proprietor of just applause ? 20
 Ye restless men, who pant for letter'd praise,
 With whom would you consult to gain the bays ?
 With those great authors whose famed works you read ?
 'T is well : go, then, consult the laurell'd shade.
 What answer will the laurell'd shade return ? 25
 Hear it, and tremble !—He commands you burn
 The noblest works his envied genius writ,
 That boast of nought more excellent than wit.
 If this be true, as 't is a truth most dread,
 Woe to the page which has not *that* to plead ! 30
 Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote
 The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought :
 Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of Fame,
 Condemn the charm of ages to the flame :
 And in one point is all true wisdom cast,— 35
 To think that *early* we must think *at last*.

* His late Majesty's benefaction for modern languages.

Immortal wits, even dead, break Nature's laws,
 Injurious still to Virtue's sacred cause ;
 And, their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
 (Reversed ambition !) pant to be forgot. 40

Thus ends your courted Fame : does lucre, then,
 "The sacred thirst of gold," betray your pen ?
 In prose 't is blamable, in verse 't is worse,
 Provokes the muse, extorts Apollo's curse :
 His sacred influence never should be sold ; 45
 'T is arrant simony to sing for gold.
 'T is immortality should fire your mind :
 Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.

If bribes you seek, know this, ye writing tribe !
 Who writes for Virtue has the largest bribe : 50
 All 's on the party of the virtuous man ;
 The good will surely serve him, if they can ;
 The bad, when interest or ambition guide,
 And 't is at once their interest and their pride :
 But should both fail to take him to their care, 55
 He boasts a greater Friend, and both may spare.

Letters to man uncommon light dispense ;
 And what is virtue but superior sense ?
 In parts and learning you who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes, *your* crimes are double-dyed. 60
 What is a scandal of the first renown,
 But letter'd knaves, and atheists in a gown ?

'T is harder far to please than give offence ;
 The least misconduct damns the brightest sense :
 Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name, 65
 Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
 Flagitious manners make impressions deep
 On those that o'er a page of Milton sleep :
 Nor in their dulness think to save your shame :
 True, these are fools ; but wise men say the same. 70

Wits are a despicable race of men,
 If they confine their talents to the pen ;
 When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
 Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.
 Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense, 75
 And play the fool, because they 're men of sense.
 What instances breed recent in each thought,
 Of men to ruin by their genius brought !
 Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
 Purely through want of wit to be undone ! 80

Nature has shown, by making it so rare,
 That wit's a jewel which we need not wear.
 Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made ;
 With that we drive the most substantial trade.
 Prudence protects and guides us ; Wit betrays ; 85
 A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways ;
 A certain snare to miseries immense ;
 A gay prerogative from common-sense ;
 Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
 And break to paths of virtue and of fame. 90
 But grant your judgment equal to the best,
 Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast ;
 Yet still forbear : your wit (consider well)
 'T is great to show, but greater to conceal ;
 As it is great to seize the golden prize 95
 Of place or power, but greater to despise.
 If still you languish for an author's name,
 Think private merit less than public fame,
 And fancy *not to write* is *not to live* ;
 Deserve, and take, the great prerogative. 100
 But ponder what it is ; how dear 't will cost,
 To write one page which you may justly boast.
 Sense may be good, and yet not deserve the press :
 Who write, an awful character profess ;
 The world as pupil of their wisdom claim, 105
 And for their stipend an immortal fame.
 Nothing but what is solid or refined
 Should dare ask public audience of mankind.
 Severely weigh your learning and your wit :
 Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ : 110
 No writer, famed in your own way, pass o'er ;
 Much trust example, but reflection more :
 More had the ancients writ, they more had taught ;
 Which shows, some work is left for modern thought.
 This weigh'd, perfection know ; and, known, adore : 115
 Toil, burn for that ; but do not aim at more :
 Above, beneath it, the just limits fix ;
 And zealously prefer four lines to six.
 Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,
 And for its swiftness ne'er applaud your pen. 120
 Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praise ;
 Slow runs the Pegasus that wins the bays.
Much time for immortality to pay,
 Is just and wise ; for *less* is thrown away.

Time only can mature the labouring brain : 125
Time is the father, and the midwife *Pain*.
 The same good-sense that makes a man excel,
 Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
 Downright impossibilities they seek ;
 What man can be immortal in a week ? 130
 Excuse no fault ; though beautiful, 't will harm ;
 One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.
 Our age demands correctness : Addison
 And *you* this commendable hurt have done.
 Now writers find, as once Achilles found, 135
 The whole is mortal if a part 's unsound.
 He that strikes out, and strikes not out the best,
 Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest.
 Give e'er so little, if what 's right be there,
 We praise for what you burn, and what you spare : 140
 The part you burn, smells sweet before the shrine,
 And is as incense to the part divine.
 Nor frequent write, though you can do it well :
 Men may *too oft*, though not *too much*, excel.
 A few good works gain fame ; more sink their price : 145
 Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice :
 They granted you writ well ; what can they more,—
 Unless you let them praise for giving o'er ?
 Do boldly what you do, and let your page
 Smile, if it smiles, and, if it rages, rage. 150
 So faintly Lucius censures and commends,
 That Lucius has no foes—except his friends.
 Let satire less engage you than applause ;
 It shows a generous mind to wink at flaws.
 Is genius yours ? be yours a glorious end ; 155
 Be your king's, country's, truth's, religion's friend ;
 The public glory by your own beget ;
 Run nations, run posterity, in debt.
 And since the famed alone make others live,
 First have that glory you presume to give. 160
 If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man ;
 'T is dull to be as witty as you can.
 Satire recoils whenever charged too high ;
 Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
 As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart, 165
 Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.
 Painters and surgeons may the structure scan ;
 Genius and morals be with you the man :

Defaults in those alone should give offence :	
Who strikes the <i>person</i> , pleads his innocence.	170
My narrow-minded satire can't extend	
To Codrus' form ; I 'm not so much his friend :	
Himself should publish that (the world agree)	
Before his works, or in the pillory.	
Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin or fat,	175
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.	
Is that call'd humour ? It has this pretence,—	
'T is neither virtue, breeding, wit, nor sense.	
Unless you boast the genius of a Swift,	
Beware of humour,—the dull rogue's last shift.	180
Can others write like you ? Your task give o'er ;	
'T is printing what was publish'd long before.	
If nought peculiar through your labours run,	
They 're duplicates, and twenty are but one.	
Think frequently, think close, read Nature, turn	185
Men's manners o'er, and half your volumes burn.	
To nurse with quick reflection, be your strife,	
Thoughts born from present objects, warm from life :	
When most unsought, such inspirations rise,	
Slighted by fools, and cherish'd by the wise.	190
Expect peculiar fame from these alone ;	
These make an author, these are all your own.	
Life, like their Bibles, coolly men turn o'er ;	
Hence unexperienced children of threescore.	
True, all men think of course, as all men dream ;	195
And if they slightly think, 't is much the same.	
Letters admit not of a half-renown ;	
They give you nothing, or they give a crown.	
No work e'er gain'd true fame, or ever can,	
But what did honour to the name of man.	200
Weighty the subject, cogent the discourse,	
Clear be the style, the very sound of force ;	
Easy the conduct, simple the design,	
Striking the moral, and the soul divine.	
Let nature art, and judgment wit, exceed ;	205
O'er learning reason reign ; o'er that, your Creed :	
Thus virtue's seeds, at once, and laurel's, grow ;	
Do thus, and rise a Pope, or a Despreaux.	
And when your genius exquisitely shines,	
Live up to the full lustre of your lines :	210
Parts but expose those men who virtue quit :	
A fallen angel is a fallen wit ;	

And they plead Lucifer's detested cause,
 Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
 Would you restore just honours to the pen? 215
 From able writers *rise* to worthy men.

"Who's this with nonsense nonsense would restrain?
 Who's this," they cry, "so vainly schools the vain?
 Who damns our trash, with so much trash replete?
 As, three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at meat." 220

Shall I with Bavius, then, my voice exalt,
 And challenge all mankind to find one fault?
 With huge *examens* overwhelm my page,
 And darken reason with dogmatic rage?
 As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme, 225
 In prose a duller could excuse the crime!
 Sure, next to writing, the most idle thing
 Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.

At *that* tribunal stands the writing tribe
 Which nothing can intimidate or bribe: 230
 Time is the judge; Time has nor friend nor foe;
 False fame *must* wither, and the true *will* grow.
 Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy;
 For if I fall, by my own pen I die;
 While snarlers strive, with proud but fruitless pain, 235
 To wound immortals, or to slay the slain.

Sore press'd with danger, and in awful dread
 Of twenty pamphlets levell'd at my head,
 Thus have I forged a buckler in my brain,
 Of recent form, to serve me this campaign; 240
 And safely hope to quit the dreadful field,
 Deluged with ink, and sleep behind my shield;
 Unless dire Codrus rouses to the fray
 In all his might, and damns me—for a day.

As turns a flock of geese, and, on the green, 245
 Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,
 (Ridiculous in rage!) to hiss, not bite;
 So war their quills, when sons of Dulness write.

SEA-PIECE :

CONTAINING

I.—THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

II.—HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

MDCCLXXXIII.

THE DEDICATION.

TO MR. VOLTAIRE.

1 My Muse, a bird of passage, flies
From frozen climes to milder skies ;
From chilling blasts she seeks thy cheering beam,
A beam of favour here denied :
Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

2 To dive full deep in ancient days,
The warrior's ardent deeds to raise,
And monarchs aggrandize,—the glory thine ;*
Thine is the drama, how renown'd !
Thine, epic's loftier trump to sound ;—
But let Arion's sea-strung harp be mine :

3 But where's his dolphin? Know'st thou where?—
May that be found in thee, Voltaire !
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave.
How will thy name illustrious raise
My sinking song! Mere mortal lays,
So patronized, are rescued from the grave.

4 "Tell me," say'st thou, "who courts my smile?
What stranger stray'd from yonder isle?"—
No stranger, sir! though born in foreign climes.

* History of the Emperor Peter the Great, of Charles XII., and of Louis XIV.

On Dorset downs, when Milton's page,
 With Sin and Death, provoked thy rage,
 Thy rage provoked *who* soothed with gentle rhymes?*

5 *Who* kindly couch'd thy Censure's eye,
 And gave thee clearly to descry
 Sound Judgment giving law to Fancy strong?
Who half inclined thee to confess,—
 Nor could thy modesty do less,—
 That Milton's blindness lay not in his song?

6 But such debates long since are flown ;
 For ever set the suns that shone
 On airy pastimes, ere our brows were grey.
 How shortly shall we both forget,
 To thee, my patron, I my debt,
 And thou to thine, for Prussia's golden key!

7 The present, in oblivion cast,
 Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past ;
 Full soon the wide distinction die between
 The frowns and favours of the great,
 High-flush'd Success and pale Defeat,
 The Gallic gaiety and British spleen.

8 Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments, stay!—
 O friend! as deaf as rapid they ;
 Life's little drama done, the curtain falls !
 Dost thou not hear it? I can hear,
 Though nothing strikes the listening ear :
 Time groans his last! ETERNAL loudly calls!

9 Nor calls in vain : the call inspires
 Far other counsels and desires
 Than once prevail'd ; we stand on higher ground :
 What scenes we see!—Exalted aim!
 With ardours new our spirits flame ;
 Ambition bless'd, with more than laurels crown'd!

* An allusion to Young's impromptu reply to Voltaire :—

“Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
 Thou seem'st a Milton, with his Death and Sin.”—EDIT.

ODE THE FIRST.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

- 1 IN lofty sounds let those delight,
 Who brave the foe, but fear the fight,
 And, bold in word, of arms decline the stroke :
 'T is mean to boast, but great to lend
 To foes the counsel of a friend,
 And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.
- 2 From whence arise these loud alarms ?
 Why gleams the south with brandish'd arms ?
 War, bathed in blood, from cursed Ambition springs :
 Ambition mean ! ignoble Pride !
 Perhaps their ardours may subside,
 When weigh'd the wonders Britain's sailor sings.
- 3 Hear, and revere.—At Britain's nod,*
 From each enchanted grove and wood
 Hastes the huge oak, or shadeless forest leaves ;
 The mountain pines assume new forms,
 Spread canvass-wings, and fly through storms,
 And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.
- 4 She nods again : the labouring Earth
 Discloses a tremendous birth ;
 In smoking rivers runs her molten ore ;
 Thence monsters, of enormous size
 And hideous aspect, threatening rise,
 Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.
- 5 These ministers of Fate fulfil,
 On empires wide, an island's will,
 When thrones unjust wake vengeance.—Know, ye powers !
 In sudden night, and ponderous balls,
 And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
 When braved Britannia's awful senate lours.
- 6 In her grand council she surveys,
 In patriot picture, what may raise
 Of insolent attempts a warm disdain ; †

* See "the Foreign Address," p. 53-55, in which the stanzas 7-13 and 20-24 are nearly the same as the stanzas 3-15 in this Ode.—EDIT.

† Picture of the Defeat of the Spanish Armada in the House of Lords.

From hope's triumphant summit thrown,
Like darted lightning, swiftly down,
The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

7 Britannia sheaths her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine ;
Her cannon slumber, till the proud aspire,
And leave all law below them ; then they blaze !
They thunder from resounding seas,
Touch'd by their injured master's soul of fire.

8 Then Furies rise ; the battle raves,
And rends the skies, and warms the waves,
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of Nature, spite of Jove ;
While, all serene and hush'd, above,
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

9 A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
Hurls from her disembowell'd womb ;
Chain'd glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd by strong, sulphureous blasts,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and masts,
And leave singed, naked, blood-drown'd decks behind.

10 Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields ;
The wreath immortal Ocean yields :
There War's whole sting is shot, whole fire is spent,
Whole glory blooms. How pale, how tame,
How lambent is Bellona's flame—
How her storms languish—on the continent !

11 From the dread front of *ancient* War
Less terror frown'd ; her scythed car,
Her castled elephant, and battering beam,
Stoop to those engines which deny
Superior terrors to the sky,
And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

12 The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
The graveless dead, an ocean warm'd,
A firmament by mortals storm'd,
To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

13 Or do I dream ? or do I rave ?
Or see I Vulcan's sooty cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame ?

Those swarthy gods of toil and heat,
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

14 Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call;
Unfinish'd let those baubles fall,
Yon shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my song,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

15 Begin: * and, first, take rapid flight,
Fierce flame, and clouds of thickest night,
And ghastly terror, paler than the dead;
Then, borrow from the North his roar;
Mix groans and deaths; one phial pour
Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath;—and it is made:
Gaul starts, and trembles, at your dreadful trade.

ODE THE SECOND:

IN WHICH IS

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

1 So form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shake;
If Britain's crimes support not Britain's foes,
And edge their swords; O Power Divine!
If bless'd by Thee the bold design;
Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

2 Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
In Britain's cause, by Fame enroll'd
In deathless annal! deathless deeds inspire;
From oozy beds, for Britain's sake,
Awake, illustrious chiefs! awake
And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

3 The day commission'd from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full shock too feeble to sustain;

* Alluding to Virgil's description of thunder.

Or firm to stand its final blow,
 When vital streams of blood shall flow,
 And turn to crimson the discolour'd main ;

4 That day's arrived, that fatal hour!—
 "Hear us, O hear, Almighty Power!
 Our Guide in counsel, and our strength in fight!
 Now war's important die is thrown,
 If left the day to man alone,
 How blind is Wisdom, and how weak is Might?

5 "Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,
 And deep remorse, and sighs sincere
 For Britain's guilt, the wrath Divine appease ;
 A wrath more formidable far
 Than angry Nature's wasteful war,
 The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

6 "From out the deep, to Thee we cry,
 To Thee, at nature's helm on high!
 Steer Thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!
 To Thee for succour we resort ;
 Thy favour is our only port ;
 Our only rock of safety, Thy defence.

7 "O Thou, to whom the lions roar,
 And, not unheard, Thy boon implore!
 Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke :
 Thou canst arrest the flying ball ;
 Or send it back, and bid it fall
 On those from whose proud deck the thunder broke.

8 "Britain in vain extends her care
 To climes remote * for aids in war ;
 Still farther must it stretch, to crush the foe :
 There's one alliance, one alone,
 Can crown her arms, or fix her throne ;
 And that alliance is not found below.

9 "Ally Supreme! we turn to Thee :
 We learn obedience from the sea ;
 With seas and winds, henceforth, Thy laws fulfil.
 'T is Thine our blood to freeze or warm,
 To rouse or hush the martial storm,
 And turn the tide of conquest at Thy will.

* Russia.

10 " 'T is Thine to beam sublime renown,
Or quench the glories of a crown ;
'T is Thine to doom, 't is Thine from Death to free,
To turn aside his levell'd dart,
Or pluck it from the bleeding heart :—
There we cast anchor, we confide in Thee.

11 " Thou, who hast taught the North to roar,
And streaming lights nocturnal * pour,
Of frightful aspect ! when proud foes invade,
Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
Bid Britain's flags as meteors blaze ;
And George depute to thunder in Thy stead.

12 " The Right alone is bold and strong ;
Black hovering clouds appal the Wrong
With dread of vengeance. Nature's awful Sire !
Less than one moment shouldst Thou frown,
Where is puissance and renown ?
Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.

13 " Let George the Just chastise the vain.
Thou, who dost curb the rebel Main,
To mount the shore when boiling billows rave !
Bid George repel a bolder tide,
The boundless swell of Gallic pride,
And check Ambition's overwhelming wave.

14 " And when (all milder means withstood)
Ambition, tamed by loss of blood,
Regains her reason ; then, on angels' wings,
Let Peace descend, and, shouting, greet
With peals of joy Britannia's fleet,
How richly freighted ! It, triumphant, brings
The poise of kingdoms, and the fate of kings."

* Aurora Borealis.

THE
FOREIGN ADDRESS :

OR,

THE BEST ARGUMENT FOR PEACE.

OCCASIONED BY THE BRITISH FLEET, AND THE POSTURE
OF AFFAIRS, WHEN THE PARLIAMENT MET, 1734.

Musa dedit FIDIBUS divos, puerosque deorum.
HORATIUS *De Arte Poeticá*, 83.

MDCCLXXXIV.

1 YE guardian gods, who wait on kings,
And gently touch the secret springs
Of rising thought! solicit, I beseech,
For a poor stranger, come from far ;
Procure a suppliant traveller
“Ease of access and the soft hour of speech.”

2 'T is gain'd :—Hail, monarchs great and wise !
From distant climes and dusky skies,
O'er seas and lands I flew, your ear to claim :
Yours is the sun, and purple vine ;
Deep in the frozen north I pine ;
Nor vine nor sun could warm me like my theme.

3 A theme how great! On yonder tide,
A leafless forest spreading wide,
The labour of the deep, my Muse surveys ;
A fleet, whose empire o'er the wave,
You grant, Time strengthens, Nature gave ;
Now big with death, the terror of the seas !

4 Ye great by sea! ye shades adored,
Who fired the bomb, and bathed the sword !
Arise, arise, arise! 't is Britain charms :
Arise, ye boast of former wars,
And, pointing to your glorious scars,
Rouse me to verse, your martial sons to arms !

5 'T is done : and see, sweet Clio brings
 From heaven her deep-resounding strings.
 Clio! the god which gave thy charming shell,*
 Demands its most exalted strain,
 To sing the sovereign of the main :
 Of ocean's queen what wonders wilt thou tell?

6 Such wonders as may pass for sport
 Or vision in a southern court :
 But, mighty thrones! those truths which make me glow,
 Your fathers saw, your sons shall see :
 Then quit your infidelity ;
 Some truths 't is better to believe than know.

7 Believe me, kings : at Britain's nod,†
 From each enchanted grove and wood,
 Huge oaks stalk down the' unshaded mountain's side ;
 The lofty pines assume new forms,
 Fly round the globe, and live in storms,
 And tread and triumph on the wandering tide.

8 She nods again : the labouring earth
 Discloses a stupendous birth ;
 In smoking rivers runs her molten ore ;
 Thence monsters of enormous size
 And hideous nature, frowning, rise,
 Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

9 These ministers of wrath fulfil,
 On empires wide, an island's will ;
 If friends insulted, or sworn treaties broke,
 Or sacred Reason's injured cause,
 Or nations' violated laws,
 Britannia's vengeance and the gods' provoke.

10 As yet, Peace sheaths her courage keen,
 And spares her nitrous magazine ;
 Her cannon slumber, at the world's desire :
 But, give just cause, at once they blaze,
 At once they thunder from the seas,
 Touch'd by their injured master's soul of fire.

* Neptune.

† See "a Sea-Piece," p. 47, in which several stanzas contain the same sentiments, with a few verbal variations, as those which occur in this and other subsequent stanzas.—EDIT.

11 Then Furies rise ; the battle raves,
 And rends the skies, and warms the waves,
 And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
 In spite of Nature, spite of Jove ;
 While, all-serene and hush'd, above,
 The boisterous winds in azure chambers sleep.

12 This, this, my monarchs, is the scene
 For hearts of proof, for gods of men ;
Here War's whole sting is shot, whole heart is spent.
You sport in arms : how pale, how tame,
 How lambent is Bellona's flame,
 How her storms languish, on the continent !

13 A swarm of deaths the mighty bomb
 Now scatters from her glowing womb ;
 Now the chain'd bolts, in dread alliance join'd,
 Red-wing'd with an expanding blast,
 Sweep, in black whirlwinds, man and mast,
 And leave a singed and naked hull behind.

14 Now—but I'm struck with pale despair :
 My patrons ! what a burst was there !
 The strong-ribb'd barks at once disploding fly.
 Insatiate Death ! compendious Fate !
 Deep wound to some brave bleeding state !
 One moment's guilt, a thousand heroes die.

15 The great, gay, graceful, young, and brave,
 (Short obsequies !) the sable wave
 Involves in endless night. Ye graveless dead,
 Where are your conquests ? Now you rove,
 Pale, pensive, through the coral grove,
 Or shrink from Britain in your oozy bed.

16 While virgins fair, with tender toil,
 Of fragrant blooms their gardens spoil,
 Low lie the brows for which the wreath's design'd,
 In sea-weed wrapp'd. Alas ! how vain
 The hope, the joy, the care, the pain,
 The love, and godlike valour of mankind !

17 Of brass his heart who durst explore,—
 Lock'd up in triple brass, and more,
 Who, when explored, the secret durst explain,—
 How, in one instant, at one blow,
 The maiden's sigh, the mother's throe,
 Of half a widow'd land, to render vain.

- 18 See yon cowl'd friar in his cell,
With sulphur, flame, and crucible ;
And can the charms of gold that saint inspire ?
O curs'd cause ! O curs'd event !
O wondrous power of accident !
He rivals gods, and sets the globe on fire.
- 19 But the rank growth of modern ill
Too well deserved that fatal skill,
The skill by which Destruction swiftly runs,
And seas and lands and worlds lays waste,
With far more terror, far more haste,
Than ancient Nimrod and his haughty sons.
- 20 In frown and force *old* War must yield :
The chariot scythed, which mow'd the field,
The ram, the castled elephant, were tame ;
Tame to ranged ordnance, which denies
Superior terror to the skies,
And claims the cloud, the thunder, and the flame.
- 21 The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell, the sinking throng,
The graveless dead, an ocean warm'd,
A firmament by mortals storm'd,—
To wrong'd Britannia's angry brow belong.
- 22 Or do I dream, or do I rave ?
Or do I see the gloomy cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame ?
The swarthy gods of toil and heat
Loud peals on mountain-anvils beat,
While panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.
- 23 Ye sons of *Ætna*, hear my call !
Let your unfinish'd labours fall,
That shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue.
Suspend your toils, ye brawny throng !
Charm'd by the magic of my song,
Drop the *feign'd* thunder, and attempt the *true*.
- 24 Begin, and, first, take winged flight,
Fierce flames, and clouds of thickest night,
And trembling terror, paler than the dead ;
Then borrow from the North his roar ;
Mix groans and death ; one vial pour
Of dread Britannia's wrath, and it is made.

25 Yet, Peace celestial, may thy charms
 Still fire our breasts, though clad in arms :
 If scenes of blood avenging Fates decree,
 For thee the sword brave Britons wield ;
 For thee charge o'er the' embattled field ;
 Or plunge through seas, through crimson seas, for thee.

26 E'en now for peace the gods are press'd ;
 We woo the nations to be bless'd ;
 For peace, victorious kings, we call to you.
 For peace, on pinions of the dove,
 Soft emblem of eternal love,
 Through wintry, black, tempestuous skies I flew.

27 My former lays of rough contents,*
 Of waves, and wars, and armaments,
 Were but as peals of ordnance to confess
 Your height of dignity ; to clear
 Your deaf, your late obstructed ear ;
 And wake attention to more mild address.

28 Have I not heard you both declare,
 Your souls detest the purple war,
 And melt in anguish for the world's repose ?
 Hail, then, all hail ! your wish is crown'd,
 Your god-like zeal through time renown'd,
 Through Europe bless'd ; with joy her heart o'erflows.

29 Your friend, your brother of the north,
 To meet your arms, comes smiling forth,
 And leads soft-handed Peace : how powerful he !
 His numerous race, the blossoms bright
 Of golden empire,—radiant sight !—
 Endless beam on into eternity.

30 What long allies !—The virgin train
 Your most obdurate foes may gain :
 See, how their charms in lineal lustre shine !
 Through every genuine branch the sire
 Has darted rays of temper'd fire,
 The mother breathed soft air and bloom divine.

31 How fair the field ! ye Aonian bees ! †
 The flowers ambrosial fondly seize,
 Luxurious draw the sweet Hyblæan strain ;

* The foregoing stanzas.

† " Ye poets."

That gods may lean from heaven to hear,
And my throned patrons' ravish'd ear
The soul's rich nectar drink, and thirst again.

32 E'en mine they taste, and with success :
Ambition's fumes my strains repress ;
The fever flies ; no noxious thoughts ferment ;
No frenzy, taking friends for foes :
The pulse subsides ; they seek repose :
Nor I my winged embassy repent.

33 No ; by the blood of Blenheim's plain,
I swear, the rumour'd war is vain :
Shall Gallic faith and friendship ever cease ?
I swear by Europe's lovely dread,
I swear by great Eliza's shade,
The wise Iberian is the friend of Peace.

34 Yet, lest I fail, (for, prophets old
Not all infallibly foretold,)
We set our naval terrors in array.
Know, Britons ! an Augustus reigns :
If foes compel, send forth your chains,
While haughty thrones, uncensured, might obey.

35 O could I sing as you have fought,
I'd raise a monument of thought,
Bright as the sun !—How you burn at my heart !
How the drums all around
Soul-rousing resound !
Swift drawn from the thigh,
How the swords flame on high !
How the cannon, deep knell,
Fates of kingdoms foretell !
How to battle, to battle, sick of feminine art,
How to battle, to conquest, to glory, we dart !

36 But who gives conquest ? He whose ray
To darkness sinks the blaze of day ;
Whose boundless favour far out-flows the main ;
Whose power the raging waves can still :—
O curb more rebel human will !
With peace O bless us, or in war sustain !

37 Dost Thou sustain ?—Ye twinkling fry !
That swim the seas, glide gently by ;
Though your scales glitter, though your numbers swarm,

Ah! gently glide, for life's dear sake :
 Nor dare leviathan awake,
 Who spouts a river, and who breathes a storm.

38 Would you a nation's genius know?
 Alike her bards and warriors glow.
 High sounds my song? Immortal breathes the lyre?
 Along the chords that ardour runs
 Which stings Britannia's rushing sons
 To flaming deeds might nobler lays inspire.

39 If still vain hopes of conquest swell,
 How vain e'en conquest, ponder well :
 It stains, it brands, but when the cause is good.
 Are you not men? Think, what are they
 Your wanton wars reduce to clay ;
 Nor lay the summer's dust with kindred blood.

40 Is there a charm in dying groans ?
 See yonder vale of human bones !*
 The generous heart would melt, that won the day ;
 Would melt, and with the prophet cry,
 "To breathe new souls, ye Zephyrs, fly ;
 Ye winged brothers all, haste, haste away !"

41 Frown you? Frown on: your hour is past!
 The signal wafted in that blast
 Speaks Britain's awful senate met: beware
 Lest in her scale, (the womb of right!)
 With all your arms, you're found too light,
 Till smiles increase that weight your frowns impair.

42 For, mark the scene of deep debate,
 Where Britons sit on Europe's fate ;
 What loom'd exploit adorns it and inspires?
 The walls, the very walls advise,
 Each mean, degenerate thought chastise,
 And rouse the sons with all their fathers' fires ; †

43 Teach them the style they used of old.
 Would Britain have her anger told?
 O, never let a meaner language sound
 Than that which through black ether rolls,
 Than that which prostrates human souls,
 And rocks pale realms, when angry gods have frown'd.

* Ezek. xxxvii.

† The Spanish Armada, in the House of Lords.

- 44 Gods, and their noblest offspring here,
Soft terms refused, impose severe :
Ye nations, know! know, all ye sceptred powers!
In sulphurous night, and massy balls,
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When Pride presumes, and Britain's senate lours.
- 45 A brighter era is begun ;
Our fame advances with the sun ;
A virgin senate blooms : her bosom heaves
With something great, with something new ;
Something our god-like sires may view,
And not abash'd shrink back into their graves.
- 46 No ; Britain's slumbering genius wakes :
What other Churchills, other Drakes ?—
What Castle nods ? what Lilies cease to smile ?
What Lion roars ? what Fleets in flight ?
What Towns in flames ? (prophetic sight !)
What Eagle mounting from the burning pile ?
- 47 And now, who censures this Address ?
Thus crowns, states, common men, make peace :
They swell, soothe, double, dive, swear, pray, defy ;
And when rank Interest has prevail'd,
And Artifice the treaty seal'd,
Stark Love and Conscience own the bastard tie.
- 48 Ambassadors, ye mouths of kings !
Ye missive monarchs, empire's wings !
What, though the Muse your province proudly chose ?
'T is a reprisal fairly made ;
Her province you long since invade,
Ye perfect poets, in the vale of prose !
- 49 More safe, O Muse ! that humble vale
Than the proud surge and stormy gale :
Thy dangerous seas with wrecks are cover'd o'er ;
Dulness and Frenzy curse thy streams,
Rocks infamous for murder'd names :
O strike thy swelling sails, and make to shore !
- 50 While warmer climes, in cooler strains,
On tented fields or dusty plains,
The bleeding horse and horseman hurl to ground,

'T is mine to sing, and sing the first,
That mighty shock, that dreadful burst
Of war, which bellows through the seas profound.

51 Nor mean the song, or great my blame :
When such the patrons, such the theme,
Who might not glow, soar, paint, with rage divine ?
Truth, simple Truth, I proudly dress'd
In Fancy's robe ; her flowery vest
Dipp'd in the curious colours of the Nine.

52 But, ah ! 't is past : I sink, I faint ;
Nor more can glow, or soar, or paint ;
The refluent raptures from my bosom roll :
To heaven returns the sacred maid,
And all her golden visions fade,
Ne'er to revisit my tumultuous soul.

53 My vocal shell, which Thetis form'd
Beneath the waves, which Venus warm'd
With all her charms, (if ancient tales be true,)
And in thy pearly bosom glow'd,
Ere Pæan silver chords bestow'd !
My shell, which Clio gave, which kings applaud,
Which Europe's bleeding Genius call'd abroad !
Adieu, pacific lyre ! My laurell'd thrones, adieu !
Hear, Atticus ! your sailor's song ; I sing, I live for you.

EPITAPH

ON

LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK,*

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1740.

WHILST Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep,
This marble shall compel the brave to weep :
As men, as Britons, and as soldiers, mourn !
'T is dauntless, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.
Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great,
And ripe his worth, though immature his fate.
Each tender grace that joy and love inspires,
Living, he mingled with his martial fires :
Dying, he bid Britannia's thunders roar ;
And Spain still felt him, when he breathed no more.

* Lord Aubrey Beauclerk was the eighth son of the Duke of St. Alban's, who was one of the sons of King Charles II. He was born in the year 1711 ; and, being regularly bred to the sea-service, in 1731 he was appointed to the command of His Majesty's ship the " Ludlow Castle ;" and he commanded the " Prince Frederick" at the attack of the harbour of Carthagena, March 24th, 1740-1. This young nobleman was one of the most promising commanders in the king's service. When on the desperate attack of the castle of Bocca Chica, at the entrance of the said harbour, he lost his life, both his legs being first shot off. The prose part of the inscription on his monument was the production of Mrs. Mary Jones of Oxford ; who also wrote a poem on his death, printed in her *Miscellanies*, 8vo., 1752.—JOHN NICHOLS, Esq., F.A.S.

REFLECTIONS

ON

THE PUBLIC SITUATION OF THE KINGDOM,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,
ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLV.*

HOLLES, immortal in far more than fame!
Be thou illustrious in far more than power.
Great things are small when greater rise to view.
Though station'd high, and press'd with public cares,
Disdain not to peruse my serious song, 5
Which peradventure may push-by the world,
Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal,
And leave Europa's counsels less mature ;
For thou art noble, and the theme is great.
Nor shall or Europe or Britannia blame 10
Thine absent ear, but gain by the delay.
Long versed in senates and in cabinets,
States' intricate demands and high debates,
As thou of use to those, so this to thee ;
And in a point that empire far outweighs, 15
That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one.
Let Greatness prove its title to be great :
'T is Power's supreme prerogative to stamp
On others' minds an image of its own.
Bend the strong influence of high place, to stem 20
The stream that sweeps away thy country's weal ;
The Stygian stream, the torrent of our guilt.
Far as thou mayst, give life to Virtue's cause.

* This poem was originally printed as a conclusion to "the Night Thoughts," without any separate title to it ; but was announced on the title of the Ninth Night as "Some Thoughts, occasioned by the present Juncture." It is a hasty composition, having been written and published in less than a month. See the note at the conclusion of the "Night Thoughts," vol. i. p. 244.—EDIT.

Let not the ties of personal regard
 Betray the nation's trusts to feeble hands : 25
 Let not fomented flames of private pique
 Prey on the vitals of the public good :
 Let not our streets with blasphemies resound,
 Nor Lewdness whisper where the laws can reach :
 Let not best laws, the wisdom of our sires, 30
 Turn satires on their sunk, degenerate sons,
 The bastards of their blood, and serve no point
 But with more emphasis to call them fools :
 Let not our rank enormities unhinge
 Britannia's welfare from Divine support. 35
 Such deeds the minister, the prince, adorn.
 No power is shown but in such deeds as these :
 All, all is impotence but acting right :
 And where 's the statesman but would show his power ?
 To prince and people thou of equal zeal ! 40
 Be it henceforward but thy second care
 To grace thy country, and support the throne ;
 Though this supported, that adorn'd, so well.
 A Throne Superior our first homage claims ;
 To CÆsar's CÆSAR our first tribute due ; 45
 A tribute which unpaid makes specious wrong
 And splendid sacrilege of all beside.
 Illustrious *follows* ; we must *first* be just :
 And what so just as awe for the Supreme ?
 Less fear we rugged ruffians of the north, 50
 Than Virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home ;
 Less Loyola's disguised, all-aping sons,
 Than traitors lurking in our appetites ;
 Less all the legions Seine and Tagus send,
 Than unrein'd passions rushing on our peace : 55
 Yon savage mountaineers are tame to these.
 Against those rioters send forth the laws,
 And break to Reason's yoke their wild careers.
 Prudence for all things points the proper hour,
 Though some seem more importunate and great. 60
 Though Britain's generous views and interests spread
 Beyond the narrow circle of her shores,
 And their grand entries make on distant lands ;
 Though Britain's Genius the wide waves bestrides,
 And, like a vast Colossus, towering stands 65
 With one foot planted on the Continent ;
 Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares,

Though such high cares should call as call'd of late ;
 The cause of kings and emperors adjourn,
 And Europe's little balance drop a while ; 70
 For greater drop it : ponder and adjust
 The rival interests and contending claims
 Of life and death, of *now* and of *for-ever* ;
 Sublimest theme, and needful as sublime !
 Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd, 75
 Thus Walsingham and Raleigh, (Britain's boasts,)
 Thus every statesman thought that ever—died.
 There 's inspiration in a sable hour,
 And Death's approach makes politicians wise.
 When, thunder-struck, that eagle, Wolsey, fell ; 80
 When royal favour, as an ebbing sea,
 Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
 His gasping grandeur, naked on the strand,
 Naked of human, doubtful of Divine,
 Assistance ; no more wallowing in his wealth, 85
 Spouting proud foams of insolence no more ;
 On what then smote his heart, uncardinall'd,
 And sunk beneath the level of a man ?
 On the grand article, the sum of things,
 The point of the first magnitude ! that point 90
 Tubes mounted in a court but rarely reach ;
 Some painted cloud still intercepts their sight.
 First right to judge ; then choose ; then persevere,
 Steadfast, as if a crown or mistress call'd :—
 These, these are politics will stand the test, 95
 When finer politics their masters sting,
 And statesmen fain would shrink to common men.
 These, these are politics will answer now,
 (When common men would fain to statesmen swell,)
 Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's scheme. 100
 All safety rests on honest counsels : these
 immortalize the statesman, bless the state,
 Make the prince triumph, and the people smile ;
 In peace revered, or terrible in arms,
 Close-leagued with an Invincible Ally, 105
 Whom honest counsels never fail to fix
 In favour of an unabandon'd land ;
 A land that—starts at such a land as this.
 A parliament, so principled, will sink
 All ancient schools of empire in disgrace ; 110
 And Britain's Glory, rising from the dead,

Will fill the world, loud Fame's superior song.
Britain!—that word pronounced is an alarm ;
 It warms the blood, though frozen in our veins ;
 Awakes the soul, and sends her to the field, 115
 Enamour'd of the glorious face of Death.
Britain!—there 's noble magic in the sound.
 O what illustrious images arise !
 Embattled round me blaze the pomps of war.
 By sea, by land, at home, in foreign climes, 120
 What full-blown laurels on our fathers' brows !
 Ye radiant trophies and imperial spoils !
 Ye scenes, astonishing to modern sight !
 Let me at least enjoy you in a dream.
 Why vanish ? Stay, ye godlike strangers, stay ! 125
Strangers!—I wrong my countrymen : they wake ;
 High beats the pulse ; the noble pulse of War
 Beats to that ancient measure, that grand march,
 Which then prevail'd when Britain highest soar'd,
 And every battle paid for heroes slain. 130
 No more our great forefathers stain our cheeks
 With blushes ; their renown our shame no more.
 In military garb and sudden arms,
 Up starts Old Britain ; crosiers are laid by ;
 Trade wields the sword, and Agriculture leaves 135
 Her half-turn'd furrow : other harvests fire
 A nobler avarice,—avarice of renown ;
 And laurels are the growth of every field.
 In distant courts is our commotion felt,
 And less like gods sit monarchs on their thrones. 140
 What arm can want or sinews or success,
 Which, lifted from an honest heart, descends,
 With all the weight of British wrath, to cleave
 The Papal mitre or the Gallic chain
 At every stroke, and save a sinking land ? 145
 Or death or victory must be resolved :
 To dream of mercy, O how tame, how mad,
 Where, o'er black deeds the crucifix display'd,
 Fools think heaven purchased by the blood they shed ;
 By giving, not supporting, pains and death ! 150
 Nor simple death,—where they the greatest saints
 Who most subdue all tenderness of heart,
 Students in torture ; where, in zeal to Him
 Whose darling title is " the Prince of Peace,"
 The best turn ruthless butchers for our sakes, 155

To save us in a world they recommend,
 And yet forbear, themselves with earth content :
 What modesty !—Such virtues Rome adorn,
 And chiefly those who Rome's first honours wear,
 Whose name from Jesus, and whose arts from hell ! 160
 And shall a Pope-bred princeling crawl ashore,
 Replete with venom, guiltless of a sting,
 And whistle cut-throats, with those swords that scraped
 Their barren rocks for wretched sustenance,
 To cut his passage to the British throne ? 165
 One that has suck'd-in malice with his milk,
 Malice to Britain, Liberty, and Truth ?
 Less savage was his brother-robber's nurse,
 The howling nurse of plundering Romulus,
 Ere yet far worse than Pagan harbour'd there. 170
 Hail to the brave ! Be Britain Britain still :
 Britain, high-favour'd of indulgent Heaven !
 Nature's anointed empress of the deep !
 The nurse of merchants, who can purchase crowns !
 Supreme in commerce, that exuberant source 175
 Of wealth, the nerve of war ; of wealth, the blood,
 The circling current in a nation's veins,
 To set high bloom on the fair face of Peace !
 This once so celebrated seat of power,
 From which escaped, the mighty Cæsar triumph'd ! 180
 Of Gallic lilies this eternal blast !
 This terror of Armadas ! this true bolt,
 Ethereal-temper'd, to repress the vain
 Salmonean thunders from the papal chair !
 This small isle wide-realm'd monarchs eye with awe ; 185
 Which says to their ambition's foaming waves,
 " Thus far, nor farther !"—Let her hold, in life,
 Nought dear disjoin'd from freedom and renown ;
 Renown, our ancestors' great legacy,
 To be transmitted to their latest sons. 190
 By thoughts inglorious, and un-British deeds,
 Their cancell'd will is impiously profaned,
 Inhumanly disturb'd their sacred dust.
 Their sacred dust with recent laurels crown,
 By your own valour won. This sacred isle, 195
 Cut from the Continent, that world of slaves ;
 This temple built by Heaven's peculiar care,
 In a recess from the contagious world,
 With ocean pour'd around it for its guard ;

And dedicated long to Liberty, 200
 That health, that strength, that bloom of civil life ;
 This temple of still more Divine,—of faith,
 Sifted from errors, purified by flames,
 Like gold, to take anew Truth's heavenly stamp,
 And, rising both in lustre and in weight, 205
 With her bless'd Master's unmaim'd image shine ;
 Why should she longer droop ? why longer act
 As an accomplice with the plots of Rome ?
 Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's sword,
 And give him leave, among his dastard troops, 210
 To muster that strong succour, Albion's crimes,
 Send his self-impotent ambition aid,
 And crown the conquests of her fiercest foes ?
 Where are her foes most fatal ? Blushing Truth,
 "In her friends' vices," with a sigh replies. 215
 Empire on virtue's rock unshaken stands ;
 Flux as the billows, when in vice dissolved.
 If Heaven reclaims us by the scourge of war,
 What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid !
 Would they a revolution ? Aid their aim ; 220
 But be the revolution—in our hearts !
 Wouldst thou (whose hand is at the helm) the bark,
 The shaken bark of Britain, should out-ride
 The present blast and every future storm ?
 Give it that ballast which alone has weight 225
 With Him whom wind, and waves, and war, obey.
 Persist. Are others subtle ? thou be wise :
 Above the Florentine's, court-science raise :
 Stand forth a patriot of the moral world,
 The pattern, and the patron, of the just. 230
 Thus strengthen Britain's military strength ;
 Give its own terror to the sword she draws.
 Ask you, what mean I ? The most obvious truth :—
 Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
 When our proud arms are once disarm'd, disarm'd 235
 Of aid from Him by whom the mighty fall ;
 Of aid from Him by whom the feeble stand ;
 Who takes away the keenest edge of battle,
 Or gives the sword commission to destroy ;
 Who blasts, or bids the martial laurel bloom ;— 240
 Emasculated, then, most manly might ;
 Or, though the might remains, it nought avails :
 Then wither'd Weakness foils the sinewy arm

Of man's meridian and high-hearted power.
 Our naval thunders, and our tented fields 245
 With travell'd banners fanning southern climes,
 What do they? This; and more what can they do?—
 When heap'd the measure of a kingdom's crimes,
 The prince most dauntless, the first plume of war,
 By such bold inroads into foreign lands, 250
 Such elongation of our armaments,
 But stretches out the guilty nation's neck,
 While Heaven commands her executioner,
 Some less abandon'd nation, to discharge
 Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow, 255
 And tell the world, "Not strong is human strength;"
 And that "the proudest empire holds of Heaven."
 O Britain! often rescued, often crown'd,
 Beyond thy merit or most sanguine hopes,
 With all that's great in war, or sweet in peace! 260
 Know from what source thy signal blessings flow.
 Though bless'd with spirits ardent in the field,
 Though cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
 Though fenced with rocks, and moated by the main,
 Thy trust repose in a far stronger Guard; 265
 In Him who thee, though naked, could defend;
 Though weak, could strengthen; ruin'd, could restore.
 How oft, to tell what arm defends thine isle,
 To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
 Have the winds snatch'd the victory from War, 270
 Or, rather, won the day when War despair'd!
 How oft has providential succour awed;
 Awed while it bless'd us, conscious of our guilt;
 Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
 And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too! 275
 Well may we tremble now: what manners reign?
 But wherefore ask we, when a true reply
 Would shock too much? Kind Heaven, avert events
 Whose fatal nature might reply too plain!
 Heaven's half-bared arm of vengeance has been waved 280
 In northern skies, and pointed to the south.
 Vengeance, delay'd, but gathers and ferments,
 More formidably blackens in the wind,
 Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
 And higher charges the suspended storm. 285
 "That public vice portends a public fall"—
 Is this conjecture of adventurous Thought,

Or pious cowards' pulpit-cushion'd dream ?
 Far from it. This is certain ; this is fate.
 What says Experience, in her awful chair 290
 Of ages, her authentic annals spread
 Around her ? What says Reason, eagle-eyed ?
 Nay, what says Common-Sense, with common care
 Weighing events and causes in her scale ?
 All give one verdict, one decision sign ; 295
 And this the sentence Delphi could not mend :—
 “ Whatever secondary props may rise
 From politics, to build the public peace,
 The basis is the manners of the land.
 When rotten these, the politician's wiles 300
 But struggle with destruction, as a child
 With giants huge, or giants with a Jove.
 The statesman's arts to conjure up a peace,
 Or military phantoms, void of force,
 But scare away the vultures for an hour ; 305
 The scent cadaverous (for, O how rank
 The stench of profligates !) soon lures them back ;
 On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
 Soon they return ; soon make their full descent ;
 Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin ; 310
 Their idols graced and gorgeous with our spoils,
 Of universal empire sure presage ;
 Till now, repell'd by seas of British blood ! ”
 And whence the manners of the multitude ?
 The colour of their manners, black or fair, 315
 Falls from above ; from the complexion falls
 Of state Othellos, or white men in power :
 And from the greater height example falls,
 Greater the weight, and deeper its impress
 In ranks inferior, passive to the stroke. 320
 From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin
 The pulpit presses, but the pattern drives.
 What bonds, then, bonds how manifold and strong,
 To duty, double duty, tie the great !
 And are there Samsons that can burst them all ? 325
 Yes ; and great minds that stand in need of none,*

* Some of both these classes were to be found in that crisis of our national affairs, as will appear from the following letter which Mrs. Montagu, a shrewd observer of men and things, addressed to Mr. Freind, dated *Dover Street, Nov. 26th, 1845* :—

“ Lord Lonsdale has burnt a great stock of hay and corn-ricks about

Whose pulse beats virtue, and whose generous blood
 Aids mental motives, to push-on renown,
 In emulation of their glorious sires,
 From whom rolls down the consecrated stream. 330

Some sow good seeds in the glad people's hearts
 Some, cursed tares, like Satan in the text :
 This makes a foe most fatal to the state ;
 A foe who, (like a wizard in his cell,)
 In his dark cabinet of crooked schemes, 335
 Resembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
 Of boasted oracles and real lies,—
 Aided, perhaps, by second-sighted Scots,
 French Magi, relics riding post from Rome,
 A Gothic hero rising from the dead,* 340
 And changing for spruce plaid his dirty shroud,
 With succour suitable from lower still,—
 A foe who, these concurring to the charm,
 Excites those storms that shall o'erturn the state,
 Rend up her ancient honours by the root, 345
 And lay the boast of ages, the revered
 Of nations, the dear-bought with sumless wealth
 And blood illustrious, (spite of her La Hogue's,
 Her Cressys, and her Blenheims,) in the dust.

How must this strike a horror through the breast, 350
 Through every generous breast where Honour reigns,
 Through every breast where Honour claims a share ;
 Yes, and through every breast of Honour void !
 This thought might animate the dregs of men ;
 Ferment them into spirit ; give them fire 355
 To fight the cause, the black opprobrious cause,
 Foul core of all,—corruption at our hearts.
 What wreck of empire has the stream of Time
 Swept, with their vices, from the mountain height
 Of grandeur, deified by half mankind, 360

his house, that they might not nourish rebellion: a very handsome sacrifice to his country! and the more so, as people of the greatest rank here have been endeavouring to make the utmost advantage of the unhappy state of their country, and have *sold* the assistance it was their duty to *give*. Self-interest has taken such hold of every breast, that not any threatening calamity can banish it in the smallest instance. There is no view of the affair more melancholy than this. It is terrible to see people afraid to trust each other on this occasion. Every thing is turned to a job; and money given for the general good, is converted too much to private uses."—EDIT.

* The invader affects the character of Charles XII. of Sweden.

To dark Oblivion's melancholy lake,
 Or flagrant Infamy's eternal brand !
 Those names at which surrounding nations shook,
 Those names adored, a nuisance, or forgot !
 Nor this the caprice of a doubtful die, 365
 But nature's course ; no single chance against it.
 For, know, my Lord, 't is writ in adamant,
 'T is fix'd, as is the basis of the world,
 Whose kingdoms stand or fall by the decree.

What saw these eyes, surprised ?—Yet why surprised ? 370
 For aid Divine the crisis seem'd to call ;
 And how Divine was the monition given !
 As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
 My peace disturb'd by rumours from the north,
 While thunder o'er my head, portentous, roll'd, 375
 As giving signal of some strange event,
 And Ocean groan'd beneath for her he loved,
 Albion the Fair, so long his empire's queen,
 Whose reign is now contested by her foes ;
 On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright, 380
 Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray)
 By Fate's own iron pen I saw it writ,
 And thus the title ran :—

“ THE STATESMAN'S CREED.

“ Ye states and empires ! nor of empires least,
 Though least in size, hear, Britain ! thou whose lot, 385
 Whose final lot, is in the balance laid !
 Irresolutely play the doubtful scales,
 Nor know'st thou which will win.—Know, then, from me,
 As govern'd well or ill, states sink or rise :
 State-ministers, as upright or corrupt, 390
 Are balm or poison in a nation's veins,
 Health or distemper ; hasten or retard
 The period of her pride, her day of doom :
 And though, for reasons obvious to the wise,
 Just Providence deals otherwise with men, 395
 Yet believe, Britons, nor too late believe,—
 'T is fix'd, by Fate irrevocably fix'd,—
 VIRTUE AND VICE ARE EMPIRE'S LIFE AND DEATH.”

Thus it is written.—Heard you not a groan ?
 Is Britain on her death-bed ?—No, that groan 400
 Was utter'd by her foes.—But soon the scale,

If this Divine monition is despised,
 May turn against us. Read it, ye who rule!
 With reverence read ; with steadfastness believe ;
 With courage act as such belief inspires : 405
 Then shall your glory stand like Fate's decree ;
 Then shall your names in adamant be writ,
 In records that defy the tooth of Time,
 By nations saved, resounding your applause ;
 While deep beneath your monument's proud base, 410
 In black Oblivion's kennel, shall be trod
 Their execrable names who, high in power
 And deep in guilt, most ominously shine,
 (The meteors of the state,) give Vice her head,
 To Licence lewd let loose the public rein, 415
 Quench every spark of conscience in the land,
 And triumph in the profligate's applause ;—
 Or who to the first bidder sell their souls,
 Their country sell, sell all their fathers bought
 With funds exhausted and exhausted veins, 420
 To demons, by His Holiness ordain'd
 To propagate the gospel—penn'd at Rome,
 Hawk'd through the world by consecrated bulls,
 And how illustrated? By Smithfield flames ;—
 Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf, 425
 Down narrow-minded Self's voracious gulf,
 Which gapes and swallows all they swore to save ;
 Hate all that lifted heroes into gods,
 And hug the horrors of a victor's chain,
 Of bodies politic that destined hell, 430
 Inflicted here, since here their beings end ;
 That vengeance, soon or late, ordain'd to fall ;
 And fall from foes detested and despised,
 On disbelievers—of "the Statesman's Creed."
 Note, here, my lord, (unnoted yet it lies 435
 By most, or all,)—these truths political
 Serve more than public ends : this Creed of States
 Seconds, and irresistibly supports,
 The Christian Creed. Are you surprised? Attend,
 And on the statesman's build a nobler name. 440
 This punctual justice exercised on states,
 With which authentic chronicle abounds,
 As all men know, and therefore must believe ;
 This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
 Pour'd on them here, where only they exist ; 445

What is it but an argument of sense,
 Or rather demonstration, to support
 Our feeble faith "that they who states compose,
 That men who stand not bounded by the grave,
 Shall meet like measure at their proper hour?" 450
 For God is equal, similarly deals
 With states and persons, or He were not God ;
 Which means a Rectitude immutable,
 A Patron sure of universal right.
 What, then, shall rescue an abandon'd man ? 455
 " Nothing," it is replied :—replied by whom ?
 Replied by politicians well as priests :
 Writ sacred set aside, mankind's own writ,
 The whole world's annals,—these pronounce his doom.
 Thus (what might seem a daring paradox) 460
 E'en politics advance divinity :
 True masters *there* are better scholars *here*.
 Who travel history in quest of schemes
 To govern nations, or perhaps oppress,
 May there start truths that other aims inspire, 465
 And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,
 By Providence turn Christians on their road :
 Digging for silver, they may strike on gold ;
 May be surprised with better than they sought,
 And entertain an angel unawares. 470
 Nor is divinity ungrateful found.
 As politics advance divinity,
 Thus, in return, divinity promotes
 True politics, and crowns the statesman's praise.
 All wisdoms are but branches of the chief, 475
 And statesmen sound but shoots of honest men.
 Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded in excuse
 For deviations from our moral line ?
 This and the next world, view'd with such an eye
 As suits a statesman, such as keeps in view 480
 His own exalted science, both conspire
 To recommend and fix us in the right.
 If we regard the politics of Heaven,
 The grand administration of the whole,
 What's the next world ? A supplement of this : 485
 Without it, justice is defective here ;
 Just as to states, defective as to men.
 If so, what is this world ? (As sure as Right
 Sits in Heaven's throne,) a prophet of the next.

Prize you the prophet ? Then believe him too ; 490
 His prophecy more precious than his smile.
 How comes it, then, to pass, with most on earth,
 That this should charm us, that should discompose ?
 Long as the statesman finds this case his own,
 So long his politics are uncomplete ; 495
 In danger he ; nor is the nation safe,
 But soon must rue his inauspicious power.
 What hence results ? A truth that should resound
 For ever awful in Britannia's ear :—
 " Religion crowns the statesman and the man, 500
 Sole source of public and of private peace."
 This truth all men must own, and therefore will,
 And praise and preach it too : and when that 's done,
 Their compliment is paid, and 't is forgot.
 What Highland pole-axe half so deep can wound ? 505
 But how dare I, so mean, presume so far ?
 Assume my seat in the dictator's chair ?
 Pronounce, predict, (as if indeed inspired,)
 Promulge my censures, lay out all my throat,
 Till hoarse in clamour on enormous crimes ? 510
 Two mighty columns rise in my support ;
 In their more awful and authentic voice,
 Record profane and sacred drown the Muse,
 Though loud, and far out-threat her threatening song.
 Still farther, Holles, suffer me to plead, 515
 That I speak freely, as I speak to thee !
 Guilt only startles at the name of guilt ;
 And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wise.
 Thus what seem'd my presumption is thy praise.
 Praise, and immortal praise, is Virtue's claim ; 520
 And Virtue's sphere is action : yet we grant
 Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,
 Whose clangour kindles cowards into men.
 Nor shall the verse, perhaps, be quite forgot,
 Which talks of immortality, and bids 525
 In every British breast true glory rise,
 As now the warbling lark awakes the morn.
 To close, my Lord, with that which all should close
 And all begin, and strike us every hour,
 Though no war waked us, no black tempest frown'd.— 530
 The morning rises gay ; yet gayest morn
 Less glorious after night's incumbent shades,
 Less glorious far bright Nature, rich array'd

With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,
 Than the first feeble dawn of *moral* day ; 535
 Sole day,—let those whom statesmen serve attend ;
 Though the sun ripens diamonds for their crowns,—
 Sole day worth his regard whom Heaven ordains,
 Undarken'd, to behold noon dark, and date,
 From the sun's death, and every planet's fall, 540
 His all-illustrious and eternal year ;
 Where statesmen and their monarchs (names of awe
 And distance here) shall rank with common men,
 Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.
October, 1745.

AN EPISTLE

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.*

— *Quæ censet amicus, ut si
 Cæcus iter monstrare velit.*—HORATI *Epist.* lib. i. ep. xvii. 3.

THOUGH strength of genius, by experience taught,
 Gives thee to sound the depths of human thought,
 To trace the various workings of the mind,
 And rule the secret springs that rule mankind ;
 (Rare gift!) yet, Walpole, wilt thou condescend
 To listen, if thy unexperienced friend
 Can aught of use impart, though void of skill,
 And win attention by sincere good-will ?
 For friendship sometimes want of parts supplies ;
 The heart may furnish what the head denies.

As when the rapid Rhone, o'er swelling tides,
 To grace old Ocean's court, in triumph rides ;
 Though rich his source, he drains a thousand springs,
 Nor scorns the tribute each small rivulet brings.

* This piece was written by Mr. Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, and published in folio, A.D. 1726.

So thou shalt hence absorb each feeble ray,
 Each dawn of meaning, in thy brighter day ;
 Shalt like, or, where thou canst not like, excuse,
 Since no mean interest shall profane the muse,
 No malice, wrapp'd in truth's disguise, offend,
 Nor flattery taint the freedom of the friend.

When first a generous mind surveys the great,
 And views the crowds that on their fortune wait ;
 Pleased with the show, (though little understood,)
 He only seeks the power to do the good ;
 Thinks, till he tries, 't is godlike to dispose,
 And gratitude still springs where bounty sows ;
 That every grant sincere affection wins,
 And, where our wants have end, our love begins.
 But those who long the paths of state have trod,
 Learn from the clamours of the murmuring crowd,
 Which, cramm'd, yet craving still, their gates besiege,
 'T is easier far to give than to oblige.

This of thy conduct seems the nicest part,
 The chief perfection of the statesman's art,—
 To give to fair assent a fairer face,
 Or soften a refusal into grace.
 But few there are that can be truly kind,
 Or know to fix their favours on the mind.
 Hence some, whene'er they would oblige, offend,
 And, while they make the fortune, lose the friend ;
 Still give, unthank'd ; still squander, not bestow ;
 For great men want not *what* to give, but *how*.

The race of men that follow courts, 't is true,
 Think all they get, and more than all, their due ;
 Still ask, but ne'er consult their own deserts ;
 And measure by their interest, not their parts.
 From this mistake so many men we see
 But ill become the thing they wish'd to be :
 Hence discontent and fresh demands arise,
 More power, more favour in the great man's eyes :
 All feel a want, though none the cause suspects,
 But hate their patron for their own defects.
 Such none can please, but who reforms their hearts,
 And, when he gives them places, gives them parts.

As these o'erprize their worth, so sure the great
 May sell their favour at too dear a rate.
 When merit pines, while clamour is preferr'd,
 And long attachment waits among the herd ;

When no distinction, where distinction's due,
 Marks from the many the superior few ;
 When strong cabal constrains them to be just,
 And makes them give at last—because they must ;
 What hopes that men of real worth should prize
 What neither friendship gives, nor merit buys ?

The man who justly o'er the whole presides,
 His well-weigh'd choice with wise affection guides ;
 Knows when to stop with grace, and when advance ;
 Nor gives through importunity or chance ;
 But thinks how little gratitude is owed,
 When favours are extorted, not bestow'd.

When, safe on shore ourselves, we see the crowd
 Surround the great, importunate and loud,
 Through such a tumult 't is no easy task
 To drive the man of real worth to ask.
 Surrounded thus, and giddy with the show,
 'T is hard for great men rightly to bestow.
 From hence so few are skill'd, in either case,
 To ask with dignity, or give with grace.

Sometimes the great, seduced by love of parts,
 Consult our genius, and neglect our hearts ;
 Pleased with the glittering sparks that genius flings,
 They lift us, towering on their eagles' wings ;
 Mark out the flights by which themselves begun,
 And teach our dazzled eyes to bear the sun ;
 Till we forget the hand that made us great,
 And grow to envy, not to emulate.
 To emulate, a generous warmth implies,
 To reach the virtues that make great men rise ;
 But envy wears a mean, malignant face,
 And aims not at their virtues, but—their place.

Such to oblige, how vain is the pretence,
 When every favour is a fresh offence,
 By which superior power is still implied,
 And, while it helps their fortune, hurts their pride !
 Slight is the hate neglect or hardships breed ;
 But those who hate from envy, hate indeed.

“ Since so perplex'd the choice, whom shall we trust ? ”
 Methinks I hear thee cry :—The brave and just,
 The man by no mean fears or hopes controll'd,
 Who serves thee from affection, not for gold.

We love the honest, and esteem the brave ;
 Despise the coxcomb, but detest the knave :

No show of parts the truly wise seduce
To think that knaves can be of real use.

The man who contradicts the public voice,
And strives to dignify a worthless choice,
Attempts a task that on that choice reflects,
And lends us light to point out new defects.
One worthless man, that gains what he pretends,
Disgusts a thousand unpretending friends :
And since no art can make a counter pass,
Or add the weight of gold to mimic brass,
When princes to bad ore their image join,
They more debase the stamp than raise the coin.

Be thine the care true merit to reward,
And gain the good : nor will that task be hard ;
Souls form'd alike so quick by nature blend,
An honest man is more than half thy friend.

Him no mean views, or haste to rise, shall sway,
Thy choice to sully, or thy trust betray :
Ambition here shall at due distance stand ;
Nor is wit dangerous in an honest hand.
Besides, if failings at the bottom lie,
We view those failings with a lover's eye :
Though small his genius, let him do his best,
Our wishes and belief supply the rest.

Let others barter servile faith for gold,
His friendship is not to be bought or sold :
Fierce opposition he, unmoved, shall face,
Modest in favour, daring in disgrace ;
To share thy adverse fate alone pretend ;
In power, a servant ; out of power, a friend.
Here pour thy favours in an ample flood,
Indulge thy boundless thirst of doing good :
Nor think that good to him alone confined ;
Such to oblige is to oblige mankind.

If thus thy mighty master's steps thou trace,
The brave to cherish, and the good to grace ;
Long shalt thou stand from rage and faction free,
And teach us long to love the king through thee ;
Or fall a victim dangerous to the foe,
And make him tremble when he strikes the blow ;
While honour, gratitude, affection join
To deck thy close, and brighten thy decline :—
Illustrious doom ! The great, when thus displaced,
With friendship guarded, and with virtue graced,

In awful ruin, like Rome's senate, fall,
The prey and worship of the wondering Gaul.

No doubt, to genius some reward is due ;
(Excluding *that* were satirizing you ;)
But yet, believe thy undesigning friend,
When truth and genius for thy choice contend,
Though both have weight when in the balance cast,
Let probity be first, and parts the last.

On these foundations if thou darest be great,
And check the growth of folly and deceit ;
When party rage shall droop through length of days,
And calumny be ripen'd into praise,
Then future times shall to thy worth allow
That fame which envy would call flattery now.

Thus far my zeal, though for the task unfit,
Has pointed out the rocks where others split :
By that inspired, though stranger to the Nine,
And negligent of any fame—but thine,
I take the friendly, but superfluous, part ;
You act from nature what I teach from art.

THE

OLD MAN'S RELAPSE.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING EPISTLE.

———*Sopitos suscitāt ignes.*—VIRGILII *Æneid.* lib. v. 743.

I.

FROM man's too curious and impatient sight
The *future* Heaven involves in thickest night.
Credit grey hairs : Though freedom much we boast,
Some least perform what they determine most.
What sudden changes our resolves betray !
To-morrow is a satire on to-day,
And shows its weakness. Whom shall men believe,
When constantly themselves themselves deceive ?

II.

Long had I bid my once-loved Muse adieu :
 You warm old age ; my passion burns anew.
 How sweet your verse ! How great your force of mind !
 What power of words ! What skill in dark mankind !
 Polite the conduct ; generous the design ;
 And beauty files, and strength sustains, each line.
 Thus Mars and Venus are once more beset ;
 Your wit has caught them in its golden net.

III.

But what strikes home with most exalted grace
 Is, haughty Genius taught to know its place ;
 And, where Worth shines, its humbled crest to bend,
 With zeal devoted to that godlike end.
 When we discern so rich a vein of sense
 Through the smooth flow of purest eloquence,
 'T is like the limpid streams of Tagus roll'd
 O'er boundless wealth, o'er shining beds of gold.

IV.

But whence so finish'd, so refined a piece ?
 The tongue denies it to old Rome and Greece :
 The genius bids the moderns doubt their claim,
 And slowly take possession of the fame.
 But I nor know nor care by whom 't was writ ;
 Enough for me that 't is from *human* wit.
That soothes my pride : all glory in the pen
 Which has done honour to the race of men.

V.

But this have others done ; a like applause
 An ancient and a modern * Horace draws.
 But they to glory by degrees arose ;
 Meridian lustre you at once disclose.
 'T is continence of mind unknown before,
 To write so well, and yet to write no more.
 More bright renown can human nature claim,
 Than to deserve, and fly, immortal fame ?

* Boileau.

VI.

Next to the godlike praise of writing well,
 Is on that praise with just delight to dwell.
 O for some god my drooping soul to raise,
 That I might imitate, as well as praise !
 For all commend : e'en foes your fame confess ;
 Nor would Augustus' age have prized it less ;
 An age which had not held its pride so long,
 But for the want of so complete a song.

VII.

A golden period shall from you commence ;
 Peace shall be sign'd twixt wit and manly sense.
 Whether your genius or your rank they view,
 The Muses find their Halifax in you.
 Like him succeed ! nor think my zeal is shown
 For you ; 't is Britain's interest, not your own :
 For lofty stations are but golden snares,
 Which tempt the great to fall in love with cares.

VIII.

I would proceed, but age has chill'd my vein ;
 'T was a short fever, and I 'm cool again.
 Though life I hate, methinks I could renew
 Its tasteless, painful course to sing of you.
 When such the subject, who shall curb his flight ?
 When such your genius, who shall dare to write ?
 In pure respect I give my rhyming o'er,
 And, to commend you most, commend no more.

IX.

Adieu, whoe'er thou art ! On death's pale coast
 Ere long I 'll talk thee o'er with Dryden's ghost :
 The bard will smile. A last, a long farewell !
 Henceforth I hide me in my dusky cell ;
 There wait the friendly stroke that sets me free,
 And think of immortality and thee.—
 My strains are number'd by the tuneful Nine :
 Each maid presents her thanks, and all present thee mine.

VERSES

SENT BY LORD MELCOMBE TO DR. YOUNG, NOT LONG BEFORE
HIS DEATH.

KIND companion of my youth,
Loved for genius, worth, and truth !
Take what friendship can impart,
Tribute of a feeling heart ;
Take the Muse's latest spark,
Ere we drop into the dark.
He who parts and virtue gave,
Bade thee look beyond the grave :
Genius soars, and Virtue guides,
Where the love of God presides.
There 's a gulf 'twixt us and God ;
Let the gloomy path be trod :
Why stand shivering on the shore ?
Why not boldly venture o'er ?
Where unerring Virtue guides,
Let us brave the winds and tides :
Safe, through seas of doubts and fears,
Rides the bark which Virtue steers.

I.

Love thy country, wish it well,
Not with too intense a care ;
'T is enough that, when it fell,
Thou its ruin didst not share.

II.

Envy's censure, Flattery's praise,
With unmoved indifference view ;
Learn to tread life's dangerous maze
With unerring Virtue's clue.

III.

Void of strong desire and fear,
Life's wide ocean trust no more ;

Strive thy little bark to steer
With the tide, but near the shore.

IV.

Thus prepared, thy shorten'd sail
Shall, whene'er the winds increase,
Seizing each propitious gale,
Waft thee to the Port of Peace.

V.

Keep thy conscience from offence
And tempestuous passions free :
So, when thou art call'd from hence,
Easy shall thy passage be ;

VI.

Easy shall thy passage be,
Cheerful thy allotted stay,
Short the' account 'twixt God and thee :
Hope shall meet thee on the way :

VII.

Truth shall lead thee to the gate,
Mercy's self shall let thee in,
Where its never-changing state
Full perfection shall begin.*

* Croft informs us, that the verses which precede this "ode" were only an introduction to what is called, in the third couplet, "the Muse's latest spark;" and that it is necessary to present the reader with the poem itself to which they were introductory; and which is accordingly here given. "Lord Melcombe called his Tusculum *La Trappe*:" the poem was accompanied by the following letter:—

" *La Trappe, October 27th, 1761.*

"DEAR SIR,—You seemed to like the ode I sent you for your amusement: I now send it you as a present. If you please to accept of it, and are willing that our friendship should be known when we are gone, you will be pleased to leave this among those of your own papers that may possibly see the light by a posthumous publication. God send us health while we stay, and an easy journey!

" My dear Dr. Young,

" Yours most cordially,

" MELCOMBE."

RESIGNATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

“ My soul shall be satisfied, even as it were with marrow and fatness :
when my mouth praiseth Thee with joyful lips.” (Psalm lxxiii. 6.)

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS was not intended for the public : there were many and strong reasons against it, and are so still ;* but some extracts of it, from the few copies which were given away, being got into the printed papers, it was thought necessary to publish something, lest a copy still more imperfect than this should fall into the press ; and it is hoped that this unwelcome occasion of publication may be some excuse for it.

As for the following stanzas, God Almighty's infinite power, and marvellous goodness to man, is dwelt on, as the most just and cogent reason for our cheerful and absolute resignation to His will ; nor are any of those topics declined which have a just tendency to promote that supreme virtue ; such as the vanity of this life, the value of the next, the approach of death, &c.

PART I.

THE days how few, how short the years,
Of man's too rapid race,
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place !
They who the longest lease enjoy,
Have told us, with a sigh,
That to be born seems little more
Than to begin to die.

* This poem, the *cygnea cantio* of the dying bard, was written, at the pressing solicitation of Mrs. Montagu, to assuage the grief of her disconsolate friend Mrs. Boscawen, on the death of her husband, the brave admiral. Consult the narrative in the Life of Dr. Young.—EDIT.

Numbers there are who feel this truth
 With fears alarm'd ; and yet,
 In life's delusions lull'd asleep,
 This weighty truth forget.

And am not I to these akin ?
 Age slumbers o'er the quill ;
 Its honour blots, whate'er it writes :
 And am I writing still ?

Conscious of nature in decline,
 And languor in my thoughts ;
 To soften censure, and abate
 Its rigour on my faults ;

Permit me, madam ! ere to you
 The promised verse I pay,
 To touch on felt infirmity,
 Sad sister of decay.

ONE world deceased, another born,
 Like Noah, they behold,
 O'er whose white hairs and furrow'd brows
 Too many suns have roll'd :

Happy the patriarch ! He rejoiced
 His second world to see :
 My second world, though gay the scene,
 Can boast no charms for me.

To me this brilliant age appears
 With desolation spread :
 Near all with whom I lived and smiled,
 Whilst life was life, are dead ;
 And with them died my joys : the grave
 Has broken nature's laws ;
 And closed, against this feeble frame,
 Its partial, cruel jaws ;
 Cruel, to spare ! Condemn'd to life,
 A cloud impairs my sight ;
 My weak hand disobeys my will,
 And trembles as I write.

WHAT shall I write ? Thalia, tell ;
 Say, long-abandon'd Muse !
 What field of fancy shall I range ?
 What subject shall I choose ?

A choice of moment high inspire,
And rescue me from shame
For doting on thy charms so late,
By grandeur in my theme.

Beyond the themes which most admire,
Which dazzle or amaze,
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze,

Are themes which, in a world of woe,
Can best appease our pain ;
And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay folly's flood restrain ;

Amidst the storms of life support
A calm, unshaken mind ;
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the *resign'd*.

O RESIGNATION ! yet unsung,
Untouch'd by former strains ;
Though claiming every Muse's smile,
And every poet's pains ;

Beneath life's evening, solemn shade,
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou safest guard of youth !
Thou sole support of age !

All other duties crescents are
Of virtue faintly bright ;
The glorious consummation thou,
Which fills her orb with light,—

How rarely fill'd ! The love Divine
In evils to discern,—
This the first lesson which we want,
The latest which we learn :

A melancholy truth ! for, know,
Could our proud hearts *resign*,
The distance greatly would decrease
'Twixt human and Divine.

But though full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To soften sorrow, and forbid
The bursting tear to fall,—

The task I dread :—Dare I to leave
Of humble prose the shore,
And put to sea, a dangerous sea ?
What throngs have sunk before !

How proud the poet's billow swells !
" The god ! the god ! " his boast :
A boast how vain ! What wrecks abound !
Dead bards stench every coast.

What, then, am I ? Shall I presume,
On such a moulted wing,
Above the general wreck to rise,
And in my winter sing ;

When nightingales, when sweetest bards,
Confine their charming song
To summer's animating heats,
Content to warble young ?

Yet write I must ; a lady* sues :
How shameful her request !
My brain in labour for dull rhyme ;
Hers teeming with the best !

But you a stranger will excuse,
Nor scorn his feeble strain ;
To you a stranger, but, through fate,
No stranger to your pain.

The ghost of grief deceased ascends ;
His old wound bleeds anew ;
His sorrows are recall'd to life
By those he sees in you.

Too well he knows the twisting strings
Of ardent hearts combined,
When rent asunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be *resign'd*.

Those tears you pour, his eyes have shed ;
The pang you feel, he felt.
Thus Nature, loud as Virtue, bids
His heart at yours to melt.

* Mrs. Montagu.

But what can heart, or head, suggest?
What sad experience say?
Through truths austere, to peace we work
Our rugged, gloomy way.

What are we? whence? for what? and whither?
Who know not, needs must mourn:
But Thought, bright daughter of the skies,
Can tears to triumph turn.

Thought is our armour, 't is the mind's
Impenetrable shield,
When, sent by fate, we meet our foes
In sore affliction's field.

It plucks the frightful mask from ills;
Forbids pale fear to hide,
Beneath that dark disguise, a friend,
Which turns affection's tide.

Affection frail, train'd up by sense,
From reason's channel strays;
And, whilst it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond, erroneous stream
From daily-dying flowers,
To nourish rich immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bowers;

Whence throngs in ecstasy look down
On what once shock'd their sight,
And thank the terrors of the past
For ages of delight.

ALL withers here: who most possess
Are losers by their gain;
Stung by full proof that, bad at best,
Life's idle All is vain:

Vain, in its course, life's murmuring stream:
Did not its *course* offend,
But murmur cease, life then would seem
Still vainer, from its *end*.

How wretched who, through cruel fate,
Have nothing to lament!
With the poor alms this world affords
Deplorably content!

Had not the Greek his world mistook,
 His wish had been most wise ;
 To be content with but one world,
 Like him, we should despise.

Of earth's revenue would you state
 A full account and fair ?
 We hope, and hope, and hope ; then cast
 The total up—

Despair.

Since vain all here, all future vast,
 Embrace the lot assign'd :
 Heaven wounds to heal ; its frowns are friends ;
 Its strokes severe, most kind.

But in lapsed nature, rooted deep,
 Blind error domineers ;
 And on fools' errands, in the dark,
 Sends out our hopes and fears ;

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
 Our pleasures overprize :
 These oft persuade us to be weak ;
 Those urge us to be wise.

From virtue's rugged path to *right*,
 By pleasure are we brought
 To flowery fields of *wrong*, and there
 Pain chides us for our fault :

Yet, whilst it chides, it speaks of peace,
 If folly is withstood ;
 And says, *time* pays an easy price
 For our *eternal* good.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
 And in delusion great,
 What an economist is man,—
 To spend his whole estate,

And beggar an eternity !
 For which as he was born,
 More worlds than one, against it weigh'd,
 As feathers he should scorn.

Say not, your loss in triumph leads
Religion's feeble strife ;
Joys future amply reimburse
Joys bankrupts of this life.

But not deferr'd your joy so long.
It bears an early date ;
Affliction's ready pay in hand
Befriends our present state.

What are the tears which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl ? Like pearls of price,
They purchase lasting peace.

Grief softens hearts, and curbs the will,
Impetuous passion tames,
And keeps insatiate, keen desire
From launching in extremes.

Through time's dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear should we see, the Will Divine
Has but forestall'd our own.

At variance with our future wish,
Self-sever'd, we complain :
If so, the wounded, not the wound,
Must answer for the pain.

The day shall come, and swift of wing,
Though you may think it slow,
When, in the list of fortune's smiles,
You'll enter frowns of woe.

For, mark the path of Providence ;
This course it has pursued :
" Pain is the parent, woe the womb,
Of sound, important good."

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and endless ties ;
And every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.

'T will sound severe—Yet, rest assured,
I'm studious of your peace,
Though I should dare to give you joy—
Yes, joy of *his* decease.

An hour shall come, (you question this,)
An hour when you shall bless,
Beyond the brightest beams of life,
Dark days of your distress.

Hear, then, without surprise a truth,
A daughter-truth to this :—
Swift turns of fortune often tie
A bleeding heart to bliss.

Esteem you this a paradox ?
My sacred motto read ;
A glorious truth, divinely sung
By one whose heart had bled.

To RESIGNATION swift he flew ;
In her a friend he found,
A friend which bless'd him with a smile,
When gasping with his wound.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
But what is painful too :
By travail and to travail born,
Our sabbaths are but few :

To real joy we work our way,
Encountering many a shock,
Ere found what truly charms ; as found
A Venus in the block.

In some disaster, some severe
Appointment for our sins,
That mother-blessing, (not so call'd,)
True happiness, begins.

No martyr e'er defied the flames,
By stings of life unvex'd :
First rose some quarrel with this world,
Then passion for the next.

You see, then, pangs are parent-pangs,
The pangs of happy birth ;
Pangs by which only can be born
True happiness on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or through time's records run ;
And say, what is a man unstruck ?
It is a man undone.

THIS moment am I deeply stung,—
 My bold pretence is tried :
 When vain man boasts, Heaven puts to proof
 The vauntings of his pride.

Now need I, Madam, your support.—
 How exquisite the smart !
 How critically timed the news
 Which strikes me to the heart !*

The pangs of which I spoke, I feel :
 If worth like thine is born,
 O long-beloved ! I bless the blow,
 And triumph, whilst I mourn.

NOR mourn I long ; my grief subdued
 By reason's empire shown :
 Deep anguish comes by Heaven's decree,
 Continues by our own ;

And when continued past its point,
 Indulged in length of time,
 Grief is disgrace, and what was fate
 Corrupts into a crime.

And shall I, criminally mean,
 Myself and subject wrong ?
 No ; my example shall support
 The subject of my song.

MADAM ! I grant your loss is great ;
 Nor little is your gain :
 Let that be weigh'd ; when weigh'd aright,
 It richly pays your pain.

When Heaven would kindly set us free,
 And earth's enchantment end ;
 It takes the most effectual means,
 And robs us of a FRIEND.

But such a friend ! and sigh no more ?
 'T is prudent, but severe :
 Heaven aid my weakness, and I drop
 All sorrow—with this tear !

* Whilst the author was writing this, he received the news of Mr. Samuel Richardson's death, who was then printing the former part of the poem.

PERHAPS, your settled grief to soothe,
I should not vainly strive,
But with soft balm your pain assuage,
Had *he* been still alive,
Whose frequent aid brought kind relief
In my distress of thought,
Tinged with his beams my cloudy page,
And beautified a fault.
To touch our passions' secret springs
Was his peculiar care ;
And deep his happy genius dived
In bosoms of the fair.
Nature, which favours to the few,
All art beyond, imparts,
To him presented at his birth
The key of human hearts.
BUT not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle, smooth address ;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbing of distress.
How'er, proceed I must, unblest'd
With Æsculapian art.
Know, love sometimes, mistaken love !
Plays disaffection's part.
Nor lands, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,
Can soul from soul divide ;
They correspond from distant worlds,
Though transports are denied.
Are you not, then, unkindly kind ?
Is not your love severe ?
O, stop that crystal source of woe,
Nor wound him with a tear.
As those above from human bliss
Receive increase of joy,
May not a stroke from human woe,
In part, their peace destroy ?
He lives in those he left—to what ?
Your now paternal care :
Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye ;
It will discern him there,

In features, not of form alone,
But those, I trust, of mind ;
Auspicious to the public weal,
And to their fate resign'd.

Think on the tempests he sustain'd :
Revolve his battles won ;
And let those prophesy your joy
From such a father's son.

Is consolation what you seek ?
Fan, then, his martial fire ;
And animate to flame the sparks
Bequeath'd him by his sire.

As nothing great is born in haste,
Wise Nature's time allow :
His father's laurels may descend,
And flourish on his brow.

NOR, madam, be surprised to hear
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field
(Proud boasters!) than to you.

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn,
You are a soldier, and to fight
Superior battles born,

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood ; a banner bright,
High waved o'er all the world.

It, like a streaming meteor, casts
An universal light ;
Sheds day, sheds more,—eternal day,
On nations whelm'd in night.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory higher,
Than to sustain the dreadful blow,
When those we love expire ?

Go forth a moral Amazon,
Arm'd with undaunted thought :
The battle won, though costing dear,
You'll think it cheaply bought.

The passive hero who sits down
Unactive, and can smile
Beneath affliction's galling load,
Out-acts a Cæsar's toil.

The billows stain'd by slaughter'd foes
Inferior praise afford ;
Reason 's a bloodless conqueror,
More glorious than the sword.

Nor can the thunder of huzzas
From shouting nations cause
Such sweet delight, as from your heart
Soft whispers of applause.

The dear deceased, so famed in arms,
With what delight he 'll view
His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd twice by you!

SHARE his delight ; take heed to shun
Of bosoms most diseased
That odd distemper,—an absurd
Reluctance to be pleased.

Some seem in love with sorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace :
This temper let me justly brand ;
And stamp it with disgrace.

Sorrow ! of horrid parentage !
Thou second-born of hell !
Against Heaven's endless mercies pour'd
How darest thou to rebel ?

From black and noxious vapours bred,
And nursed by want of thought,
And to the door of Frenzy's self
By perseverance brought,

Thy most inglorious, coward tears
From brutal eyes have ran :
Smiles, incommunicable smiles,
Are radiant marks of man ;

They cast a sudden glory round
The' illumined human face,
And light in sons of honest joy
Some beams of Moses' face.

Is RESIGNATION's lesson hard ?
Examine,—we shall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguish of the mind.

Resign ; and all the load of life
That moment you remove ;
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on One above ;

Who bids us lay our burden down
On His almighty hands,
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing a command.

For joy what cause ! how every sense
Is courted from above,
The year around, with presents rich,
The growth of endless Love !

But most o'erlook the blessings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapp'd up in sense,
Their prospect at the sun.

From that their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler soul,

Broke loose from time's tenacious ties,
And earth's involving gloom,
To range at large its vast domain,
And talk with worlds to come.

They let, unmark'd and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run ;
And, doing nothing for themselves,
Imagine nothing done.

Fatal mistake ! Their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is set down
Amongst their darkest deeds.

Though man sits still, and takes his ease,
God is at work on man ;
No means, no moment unemploy'd,
To bless him, if He can.

BUT man consents not, boldly bent
To fashion his own fate :
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late ;

Hence loud laments. Let me Thy cause,
Indulgent Father ! plead :
Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by Thee was made.

What is Thy whole creation fair ?
Of Love Divine the child ;
Love brought it forth, and, from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly smiled.

Now, and through periods distant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heaven is and has in travail been,
Its birth the good of man.

Man holds in constant service bound
The blustering winds and seas ;
Nor suns disdain to travel hard,
Their master, man, to please.

To final good the worst events
Through secret channels run ;
Finish for man their destined course,
As 't was for man begun.

ONE point (observed, perhaps, by few)
Has often smote, and smites,
My mind, as demonstration strong
That Heaven in man delights :—

What's known to man of things unseen,
Of future worlds or fates ?
So much, nor more, than what to man's
Sublime affairs relates.

What's Revelation, then ? A list,
An inventory just,
Of that poor insect's goods, so late
Call'd out of night and dust.

WHAT various motives to rejoice !
To render joy sincere,
Has *this* no weight ?—Our joy is felt
Beyond this narrow sphere.

Would we in heaven new heaven create,
And double its delight ?
A smiling world, when heaven looks down,
How pleasing in its sight !

Angels stoop forward from their thrones
To hear its joyful lays,
As incense sweet enjoy, and join
Its aromatic praise.

Have we no cause to fear the stroke
Of Heaven's avenging rod,
When we presume to counteract
A sympathetic God ?

If we resign, our patience makes
His rod a harmless wand :
If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
Like that in Moses' hand ;

Like that, it swallows up whate'er
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whose baffled arts would boast below
Of joys a rival spring.

CONSUMMATE Love ! the list how large
Of blessings from Thy hand !
To banish sorrow, and be bless'd,
Is Thy supreme command.

Are such commands but ill obey'd ?
Of bliss shall we complain ?
The man who dares to be a wretch,
Deserves still greater pain.

Joy is our duty, glory, health ;
The sunshine of the soul ;
Our best encomium on the Power
Who sweetly plans the whole.

Joy is our Eden still possess'd :
Be gone, ignoble grief !
'T is joy makes gods, and men exalts,—
Their nature, our relief ;

Relief,—for man to that must stoop,
And his due distance know :
Transport's the language of the skies,
Content the style below.

Content is joy, and joy in pain
 Is joy and virtue too ;
 Thus, whilst good present we possess,
 More precious we pursue.

Of joy the more we have in hand,
 The more have we to come :
 Joy, like our money, interest bears,
 Which daily swells the sum.

“ BUT how to smile ? to stem the tide
 Of nature in our veins ?
 Is it not hard to weep in joy ?
 What, then, to smile in pains ? ”

Victorious joy, which breaks the clouds,
 And struggles through a storm,
 Proclaims the mind as great as good,
 And bids it doubly charm.

If doubly charming in our sex,
 A sex by nature bold ;
 What, then, in yours ? 'T is diamond there,
 Triumphant o'er our gold.

AND should not *this* complaint repress,
 And check the rising sigh ?
 Yet farther opiate to your pain
 I labour to supply.

Since spirits greatly damp'd distort
 Ideas of delight,
 Look through the medium of a friend,
 To set your notions right.

As tears the sight, grief dims the soul ;
 Its object dark appears :
 True friendship, like a rising sun,
 The soul's horizon clears.

A friend's an optic to the mind
 With sorrow clouded o'er ;
 And gives it strength of sight to see
 Redress unseen before.

Reason is somewhat rough in man ;
 Extremely smooth and fair,
 When she, to grace her manly strength,
 Assumes a female air.

A friend you have, and I the same,*
Whose prudent, soft address
Will bring to life those healing thoughts
Which died in your distress ;

That friend, the spirit of my theme
Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common,—such as these :

LET those lament, to whom full bowls
Of sparkling joys are given :
That triple bane inebriates life,
Embitters death, and hazards heaven ;

Woe to the soul at perfect ease !
'T is brewing perfect pains :
Lull'd Reason sleeps ; the Pulse is king ;
Despotic body reigns.

Have you* ne'er pitied joy's gay scenes,
And deem'd their glory dark ?
Alas, poor Envy ! she 's stone-blind,
And quite mistakes her mark.

Her mark lies hid in sorrow's shades,
But sorrow well subdued ;
And in proud Fortune's frown defied
By meek, unborrow'd good ;

By RESIGNATION : all in that
A double friend may find,—
A wing to heaven, and, while on earth,
The pillow of mankind.

On pillows void of down, for rest,
Our restless hopes we place.
When hopes of heaven lie warm at heart,
Our hearts repose in peace.

The peace which RESIGNATION yields,
Who feel alone can guess :
'T is disbelieved by murmuring minds ;
They *must* conclude it less.

The loss or gain of *that* alone
Have we to hope or fear :

* Mrs. Montagu.

That fate controls, and can invert
The seasons of the year.

O the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind!
Through clouds and storms a summer breaks,
To shine on the *resign'd*.

While man, by that, of every grace
And virtue is possess'd,
Foul Vice her pandemonium builds
In the rebellious breast.

By RESIGNATION we defeat
The worst that can annoy,
And suffer with far more repose
Than worldlings can enjoy.

FROM small experience this I speak :
O, grant to those I love
Experience fuller far, ye Powers
Who form our fates above !

My love where due, if not to those
Who, leaving grandeur, came
To shine on age in mean recess,
And light me to my theme ?

A theme themselves ! a theme how rare !
The charms which they display,
To triumph over captive heads,
Are set in bright array :

With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
His boasted laurels die ;
Learning and Genius, wiser grown,
To female bosoms fly.

THIS revolution, fix'd by fate,
In fable was foretold ;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold :

But as those ladies' * works I read,
They darted such a ray,
The latent sense burst out at once,
And shone in open day.

* Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter.

So burst, full ripe, distended fruits,
 When strongly strikes the sun ;
 And from the purple grape unpress'd
 Spontaneous nectars run.

PALLAS, 't is said, when Jove grew dull,
 Forsook his drowsy brain ;
 And sprightly leap'd into the throne
 Of Wisdom's brighter reign ;

Her *helmet* took,—that is, shot rays
 Of formidable wit,—
 And *lance*,—or genius most acute,
 Which lines immortal writ ;

And *Gorgon shield*—or power to fright
 Man's folly—dreadful shone,
 And many a blockhead (easy change !)
 Turn'd instantly to stone.

Our authors male, as then did Jove,
 Now scratch a damaged head,
 And call for what once quarter'd there,
 But find the goddess fled.

THE fruit of knowledge, golden fruit !
 That once-forbidden tree,
 Hedged in by surly man, is now
 To Britain's daughters free.

In Eve, we know, of fruit so fair
 The noble thirst began ;
 And they, like her, have caused a *fall*,—
 A fall of fame in man.

And since of genius in our sex,
 O Addison ! with thee
 The sun is set, how I rejoice
 This sister-lamp to see !

It sheds, like Cynthia, silver beams
 On man's nocturnal state :
 His lessen'd light and languid powers
 I show, whilst I relate.

PART II.

BUT what in either sex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns?
"In ruffling seasons to be calm,
And smile when fortune frowns."

Heaven's choice is safer than our own:
Of ages past inquire,
What the most formidable fate?
"To have our own desire."

If, in your wrath, the worst of foes
You wish extremely ill,
Expose him to the thunder's stroke,
Or that of his own will.

What numbers, rushing down the steep
Of inclination strong,
Have perish'd in their ardent wish!
Wish ardent, ever wrong!

'T is RESIGNATION'S full reverse,
Most wrong, as it implies
Error most fatal in our choice,
Detachment from the Skies.

By closing with the Skies, we make
Omnipotence our own:
That done, how formidable ill's
Whole army is o'erthrown!

No longer impotent and frail,
Ourselves above we rise:
We scarce believe ourselves below,
We trespass on the skies!

The Lord, the Soul and Source of all,
Whilst man enjoys his ease,
Is executing human will
In earth, and air, and seas.

Beyond us, what can angels boast?
Archangels what require?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done as—we desire.

What glory this for man so mean,
Whose life is but a span!
This is meridian majesty;
This, the sublime of man!

BEYOND the boast of pagan song
My sacred subject shines,
And for a foil the lustre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines:—

“All that the sun surveys, subdued,
But Cato's mighty mind:”—
How grand! Most true; yet far beneath
The soul of the *resign'd*.

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
To passion *that* gives law:
Its matchless empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe;

That fatal pride, whose cruel point
Transfix'd his noble breast;
Far nobler, if his fate sustain'd
Had left to Heaven the rest.

Then he the palm had borne away,
At distance Cæsar thrown;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the skies his own.

What cannot RESIGNATION do?
It wonders can perform:
That powerful charm, “Thy will be done!”
Can lay the loudest storm.

COME, RESIGNATION, then, from fields
Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, blest martyrs' souls
Ascended to their King.

Who is it calls thee? One whose need
Transcends the common size;
Who stands in front against a foe
To which none equal rise:

In front he stands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal state:
How dreadful his appointed post!
How strongly arm'd by fate!

His threatening foe—what shadows deep
 O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!
 His dart tremendous!—At fourscore
 My sole asylum thou!

HASTE, then, O RESIGNATION! haste:
 'T is thine to reconcile
 My foe and me; at thy approach
 My foe begins to smile.

O for that summit of my wish,
 Whilst here I draw my breath,
 That promise of eternal life,—
 A glorious smile in death!

What sight, heaven's azure arch beneath,
 Has most of heaven to boast?
 The man *resign'd*; at once serene,
 And giving up the ghost.

At Death's arrival they shall smile
 Who, not in life o'er-gay,
 Serious and frequent thought send out
 To meet him on his way.

My gay coævals! (such there are,)
 If happiness is dear,
 Approaching Death's alarming day
 Discreetly let us fear.

The fear of death is truly wise,
 Till wisdom can rise higher;
 And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
 Death, dreaded once, desire.

Grand climacteric vanities
 The vainest will despise;
 Shock'd when, beneath the snow of age,
 Man immaturely dies.

BUT am not I myself the man?
 No need abroad to roam
 In quest of faults to be chastised;
 What cause to blush at home!

In life's decline, when men relapse
 Into the sports of youth,
 The second child out-fools the first,
 And tempts the lash of truth.

Shall a mere truant from the grave
 With rival boys engage ?
 His trembling voice attempt to sing,
 And ape the poet's rage ?

Here, Madam, let me visit one,
 My fault who partly shares,
 And tell myself, by telling him,
 What more becomes our years :

And if your breast with prudent zeal
 For RESIGNATION glows,
 You will not disapprove a just
 Resentment at its foes.

In youth, Voltaire ! our foibles plead
 For some indulgence due ;
 When heads are white, their thoughts and aims
 Should change their colour too.

How are you cheated by your wit !
 Old age is bound to pay
 By nature's law a mind discreet,
 For joys it takes away.

A mighty change is wrought by years,
 Reversing human lot :
 In age 't is honour to lie hid,
 Its praise to be forgot.

The wise, as flowers, which spread at noon,
 And all their charms expose,
 When evening damps and shades descend,
 Their evolutions close.

WHAT, though your Muse has nobly soar'd,
 Is that our true sublime ?
 Ours, hoary friend, is to prefer
 Eternity to time.

Why close a life so justly famed
 With such bold trash as this ?*
 This for renown ? Yes, such as makes
 Obscurity a bliss.

Your trash, with mine at open war,
 Is obstinately bent,†

* *Candide.*

† Second part.

Like wits below, to sow your tares
Of gloom and discontent.

With so much sunshine at command,
Why light with darkness mix ?
Why dash with pain our pleasure? why
Your Helicon with Styx ?

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant passions raise,
Confound us with a double stroke,—
We shudder whilst we praise.

A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inspire,
From a black bag of poison spun,
With horror we admire.

MEAN as it is, if this is read
With a disdainful air,
I can't forgive so great a foe
To my dear friend Voltaire.

Early I knew him, early praised,
And long to praise him late :
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate ;

A fate how much to be deplored,
At which our nature starts :—
Forbear to fall on your own sword,
To perish by your parts.

“But great your name :”—To feed on air,
Were, then, immortals born ?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious, is the scorn.

CAN fame your carcass from the worm
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or soul, from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe save ?

But fame you lose ; good sense alone
Your idol, praise, can claim :
When wild wit murders happiness,
It puts to death our fame.

Nor boast your genius : talents bright
E'en dunces will despise,

If in your western beams is miss'd
A genius for the skies.

Your taste, too, fails : what most excels
True taste must relish most ;
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudest laurels boast ?

Sound heads salvation's helmet seek ; *
Resplendent are its rays :
Let that suffice ; it needs no plume
Of sublunary praise.

May this enable couch'd Voltaire
To see that—all is right ; †
His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,
Restoring to its sight.

If so, all 's well : who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiven :
I speak with joy, with joy he 'll hear,
" Voltaires are now in heaven."

NAY, such Philanthropy Divine,
So boundless in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoop most profound !) to me.

Let others cruel stars arraign,
Or dwell on their distress ;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart express.

Walking, the present God was seen,
Of old, in Eden fair :
The God as present, by plain steps
Of providential care,

I behold passing through my life :
His awful voice I hear ;
And, conscious of my nakedness,
Would hide myself for fear :

But where the trees, or where the clouds
Can cover from His sight ?
Naked the centre to that eye
To which the sun is night.

* Ephesians vi. 17.

† Which his romance ridicules.

As yonder glittering lamps on high
Through night illumined roll,
May thoughts of Him by whom they shine
Chase darkness from my soul ;

My soul, which reads His hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in His ample manuscript
Of sun, and moon, and stars ;

And knows Him not more bent aright
To wield that vast machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my small world within ;

A world that shall survive the fall
Of all His wonders here ;
Survive when suns ten thousand drop,
And leave a darken'd sphere.

Yon matter gross, how bright it shines !
For time how great His care !
Sure spirit and eternity
Far richer glories share.

Let those our hearts impress, on those
Our contemplation dwell :
On those my thoughts how justly thrown,
By what I now shall tell !

WHEN backward, with attentive mind,
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find Him, far myself beyond,
Propitious to my peace :

Through all the crooked paths I trod,
My folly He pursued ;
My heart astray to quick return
Importunately woo'd.

Due RESIGNATION home to press
On my capricious will,
How many rescues did I meet,
Beneath the mask of ill !

How many foes in ambush laid
Beneath my soul's desire !
The deepest penitents are made
By what we most admire.

HAVE I not sometimes, (real good
So little mortals know!)
Mounting the summit of my wish,
Profoundly plunged in woe?

I rarely plann'd, but cause I found
My plan's defeat to bless :
Oft I lamented an event ;
It turn'd to my success.

By sharpen'd appetite to give
To good intense delight,
Through dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right.

AND is not this the gloomy path
Which you are treading now ?
The path most gloomy leads to light,
When our proud passions bow.

When labouring under fancied ill,
My spirits to sustain,
He kindly cured with sovereign draughts
Of unimagined pain.

Pain'd sense from fancy's tyranny
Alone can set us free :
A thousand miseries we feel,
Till sunk in misery.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wish,
Our wish we relish less ;
Success—a sort of suicide—
Is ruin'd by success.

Sometimes He led me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Bid Terror whisper kind advice,
And taught the tomb to save.

To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds
As spangles o'er us shine,
One day He gave, and bid the next
My soul's delight resign.

WE to ourselves but through the means
Of mirrors are unknown :
In this my fate can you descry
No features of your own ?

And if you can, let *that* excuse
These self-recording lines ;
A record modesty forbids,
Or to small bound confines :

In grief why deep engulf'd ? You see,
You suffer nothing rare.
Uncommon grief for *common* fate ?
That wisdom cannot bear.

When streams flow backward to their source,
And humbled flames descend,
And mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,
Then human sorrows end :

But human prudence, too, must cease,
When sorrows domineer,
When fortitude has lost its fire,
And freezes into fear.

The pang most poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight :
I see a fair creation rise
From chaos and old night ;
From what seem'd horror and despair
The richest harvest rose ;
And gave me in the nod Divine
An absolute repose.

Of all the blunders of mankind,
More gross or frequent none
Than in their grief and joy misplaced
Eternally are shown.

But whither points all this parade ?
It says that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperused,
Which you should greatly prize.

Of self-perusal—science rare !—
Few know the mighty gain ;
Learn'd prelates, self-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain.

Self-knowledge, which from heaven itself
(So sages tell us) came,
What is it but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme ?

Unletter'd and untravell'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they consult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind.

Enter your bosom ; there you 'll meet
A revelation new,
A revelation personal,
Which none can read but you.

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, through life,
To fresh remembrance brought,

A mighty Being! and in Him
A complicated Friend,—
A Father, Brother, Spouse ; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end !

Who such a matchless Friend embrace,
And lodge Him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part ;

As, when o'erloaded branches bear
Large clusters big with wine,
We scarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.

My short advice to you may sound
Obscure or somewhat odd,
Though 't is the best that man can give,—
"E'en be content with God."

Through love He gave you the deceased,
Through greater took him hence :
This Reason fully could evince,
Though murmur'd at by Sense.

THIS Friend, far past the kindest kind,
Is past the greatest great :
His greatness let me touch in points
Not foreign to your state :

His eye this instant reads your heart ;—
A truth less obvious hear :
This instant its most secret thoughts
Are sounding in His ear.

Dispute you this? O stand in awe,
And cease your sorrow! Know,
That tear, now trickling down, He saw
Ten thousand years ago;

And twice ten thousand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To reason's bound, will He behold
Your prudence with a smile;

A smile which through eternity
Diffuses so bright rays,
The dimmest deifies e'en guilt,
If guilt at last obeys.

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When such a Sovereign reigns)—
Your guilt diminish; peace pursue:
How glorious peace in pains!

HERE, then, your sorrows cease: if not,
Think how unhappy they
Who guilt increase by streaming tears,
Which guilt should wash away!

Of tears that gush profuse restrain:
Whence burst those dismal sighs?
They from the throbbing breast of one
(Strange truth!) most happy rise.

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
Enjoy a larger share,
Than is indulged to you and yours,
Of God's impartial care;

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown;
For all His care as absolute
As all had been but one.

AND is He then so near, so kind?
How little, then, and great
That riddle, man! O, let me gaze
At wonders in his fate!

His fate, who yesterday did crawl
A worm from darkness deep,
And shall, with brother-worms, beneath
A turf to-morrow sleep;

How mean! And yet, if well obey'd
His mighty Master's call,
The whole creation for *mean* man
Is deem'd a boon too small;

Too small the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the dust!
Account amazing, yet most true;
My song is bold, yet just.

Man born for infinite, in whom
No period can destroy
The power, in exquisite extremes,
To suffer or enjoy.

Give him earth's empire,—if no more,—
He's beggar'd and undone;
Imprison'd in unbounded space;
Benighted by the sun!

For, what the sun's meridian blaze
To the most feeble ray,
Which glimmers from the distant dawn
Of uncreated day?

'T is not the poet's rapture feign'd
Swells here, the vain to please;
The mind most sober kindles most
At truths sublime as these:

They warm e'en me.—I dare not say,
Divine ambition strove,
Not to bless only, but confound,
Nay, fright us with its love.

And yet so frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd sun, and rising dead,
So formidably spoke?

And are we darker than that sun,
Than rocks more hard and blind?
We are, if not to such a God
In agonies *resign'd*.

YES, e'en in agonies forbear
To doubt Almighty Love:
Whate'er endears eternity,
Is mercy from above;

What most embitters time, that most
Eternity endears,
And thus, by plunging in distress,
Exalts us to the spheres,
Joy's fountain-head ! where bliss o'er bliss,
O'er wonders wonders rise,
And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wise.
Ambrosial banquet, rich in wines
Nectareous to the soul !
What transports sparkle from the stream,
As angels fill the bowl !
FOUNTAIN profuse of every bliss !
Good-will immense prevails :
Man's line can't fathom its profound ;
An angel's plummet fails.
Thy love and might by what they know
Who judge, nor dream of more,
They ask a drop, " How deep the sea ?"
One sand, " How wide the shore ?"
Of Thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity,
The thousandth part who comprehends,
A deity is he.
How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is sown !
How tubes astonish us with those
More deep in ether thrown !
And, those beyond, of brighter worlds
Why not a million more ?—
In lieu of answer, let us all
Fall prostrate and adore.
Since Thou art infinite in power,
Nor Thy indulgence less ;
Since man, quite impotent and blind,
Oft drops into distress ;
Say, what is RESIGNATION ? 'T is
Man's weakness understood ;
And Wisdom grasping, with a hand
Far stronger, every good.

LET rash repiners stand appall'd,
In Thee who dare not trust ;
Whose abject souls, like demons dark,
Are murmuring in the dust.

For man to murmur or repine
At what by Thee is done,
No less absurd than to complain
Of darkness in the sun.

Who would not, with a heart at ease,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wisdom and Goodness at the helm,
The roughest ocean plough ?

What, though I 'm swallow'd in the deep,
Though mountains o'er me roar ?
Jehovah reigns ! as Jonah safe,
I 'm landed, and adore.

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its most tremendous form :
Roar, waves ; rage, winds ! I know that Thou
Canst save me *by* a storm.

FROM Thee immortal spirits born
To Thee, their fountain, flow,
If wise ; as curl'd around to theirs
Meandering streams below.

Not less, compell'd by reason's call,
To Thee our souls aspire,
Than to Thy skies, by nature's law,
High mounts material fire.

To Thee aspiring they exult :
I feel my spirits rise ;
I feel myself Thy son, and pant
For patrimonial skies.

Since ardent thirst of future good,
And generous sense of past,
To Thee man's prudence strongly ties,
And binds affection fast ;

Since great Thy love, and great our want,
And men the wisest blind,
And bliss our aim ; pronounce us all
Distracted, or *resign'd* ;

Resign'd through duty, interest, shame ;
Deep shame ! dare I complain,
When (wondrous truth !) in heaven itself
Joy owed its birth to pain ?

AND pain for me ! For me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl ;
And shall one drop to murmur bold
Provoke my guilty soul ?

If pardon'd this, what cause, what crime,
Can indignation raise ?
The sun was lighted up to shine,
And man was born to praise ;

And when to praise the man shall cease,
Or sun to strike the view,
A cloud dishonours both ; but man's
The blacker of the two.

For, O, ingratitude how black !
With most profound amaze
At love, which man beloved o'erlooks,
Astonish'd angels gaze.

PRAISE cheers and warms, like generous wine ;
Praise, more divine than prayer :
Prayer points our ready path to heaven ;
Praise is already there.

Let plausible RESIGNATION rise,
And banish all complaint :
All virtues thronging into one,
It finishes the saint ;

Makes the man bless'd as man can be ;
Life's labours renders light ;
Darts beams through fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our sun by night.

'T is nature's brightest ornament,
The richest gift of grace,
Rival of angels, and supreme
Proprietor of peace :

Nay, peace beyond, no small degree
Of rapture 't will impart.
Know, Madam, when your heart 's in heaven,
" All heaven is in your heart."

BUT who to heaven their hearts can raise ?
Denied Divine support,
All virtue dies : support Divine
The wise with ardour court.

When prayer partakes the seraph's fire,
'T is mounted on his wing,
Bursts through heaven's crystal gates, and gains
Sure audience of its King.

The labouring soul from sore distress
That bless'd expedient frees :
I see you far advanced in peace ;
I see you on your knees.

How on that posture has the beam
Divine for ever shone !
An humble heart, God's other seat,*
The rival of His throne !

And stoops Omnipotence so low ?
And condescends to dwell
Eternity's Inhabitant,
Well pleased, in such a cell ?

Such honour how shall we repay ?
How treat our Guest Divine ?
The sacrifice supreme be slain !
Let self-will die : *resign*.

THUS far, at large, on our disease :
Now let the cause be shown,
Whence rises, and will ever rise,
The dismal human groan.

What our sole fountain of distress ?
Strong passion for this scene ;
That trifles make important, things
Of mighty moment mean.

When earth's dark maxims poison shed
On our polluted souls,
Our hearts and interests fly as far
Asunder as the poles.

Like princes in a cottage nursed,
Unknown their royal race,

* Isaiah lvii. 15.

With abject aims and sordid joys
Our grandeur we disgrace.

O for an Archimedes new,
Of moral powers possess'd,
The world to move, and quite expel
That traitor from the breast!

No small advantage may be reap'd
From thought *whence* we descend ;
From weighing well, and prizing, weigh'd,
Our origin and end.

From far above the glorious sun
To this dim scene we came ;
And may, if wise, for ever bask
In great Jehovah's beam.

Let that bright beam on reason roused
In awful lustre rise,
Earth's giant-ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all disquiet dies.

Earth's glories, too, their splendour lose ;
Those phantoms charm no more ;
Empire 's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor.

Then levell'd quite, whilst yet alive,
The monarch and his slave ;
Nor wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That lesson from the grave.

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boast of glory more
Than sparkles from a crown.

When human glory rises high
As human glory can ;
When, though the king is truly great,
Still greater is the man ;

The man is dead, where virtue fails ;
And though the monarch proud
In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy shroud.

WISDOM ! where art thou ? None on earth,
Though grasping wealth, fame, power,

But what, O death! through thy approach,
Is wiser every hour;

Approach how swift, how unconfined!
Worms feast on viands rare;
Those little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare.

From kings what RESIGNATION due
To that Almighty Will
Which thrones bestows, and, when they fail,
Can throne them higher still?

Who truly great? The good and brave,
The masters of a mind
The will Divine to do resolved,
To suffer it *resign'd*.

MADAM! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a solemn scene,—
The border of the grave;

Where strongly strikes the trembling soul
Eternity's dread power,
As bursting on it through the thin
Partition of an hour.

Hear this, Voltaire! But this from me
Runs hazard of your frown:
However, spare it; ere you die,
Such thoughts will be your own.

In mercy to yourself forbear
My notions to chastise,
Lest unawares the gay Voltaire
Should blame Voltaire the wise.

Fame's trumpet, rattling in your ear,
Now makes us disagree;
When a far louder trumpet sounds,
Voltaire will close with me.

How shocking is that modesty
Which keeps some honest men
From urging what their hearts suggest,
When braved by folly's pen,
Assaulting truths, of which in all
Is sown the sacred seed!

Our constitution's orthodox,
And closes with our Creed.

What, then, are they whose proud conceits
Superior wisdom boast?
Wretches who fight their own belief,
And labour to be lost!

Though vice by no superior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay;
Through pure disinterested love
Of ruin they obey;

Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Though tempted by no prize;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lies

From Fancy's forge: gay Fancy smiles
At reason plain and cool;
Fancy, whose curious trade it is
To make the finest fool.

Voltaire! long life's the greatest curse
That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live;

Quite thoughtless of their day of death,
That birth-day of their sorrow;
Knowing, it may be distant far,
Nor crush them till—to-morrow.

THESE are cold, northern thoughts, conceived
Beneath an humble cot:
Not mine your genius or your state;
No castle is my lot:*

But soon quite level shall we lie;
And, what Pride most bemoans,
Our parts, in rank so distant now,
As level as our bones.

Hear you that sound? Alarming sound!
Prepare to meet your fate!
One who writes *Finis* to our works
Is knocking at the gate.

* Letter to Lord Lyttelton.

Far other works will soon be weigh'd ;
 Far other judges sit ;
 Far other crowns be lost or won,
 Than fire ambitious wit.

Their wit far brightest will be proved,
 Who sank it in good sense,
 And veneration most profound
 Of dread Omnipotence.

'T is that alone unlocks the gate
 Of bless'd eternity :
 O may'st thou never, never lose
 That more than Golden Key !*

WHATE'ER may seem too rough, excuse ;
 Your good I have at heart :
 Since from my soul I wish you well,
 As yet we must not part.

Shall you and I, in love with life,
 Life's future schemes contrive,
 The world in wonder, not unjust,
 That we are still alive ?

What have we left ? How mean in man
 A shadow's shade to crave !
 When life so vain is vainer still,
 'T is time to take your leave.

Happier than happiest life his death
 Who, falling in the field
 Of conflict with his rebel will,
 Writes *Vici* on his shield.

So falling, man, immortal heir
 Of an eternal prize,
 Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Descends into the skies.

O how disorder'd our machine,
 When contradictions mix !
 When nature strikes no less than twelve,
 And folly points at six !

To mend the *movements* of your heart,
 How great is my delight,

* Alluding to Prussia.

Gently to *wind* your morals *up*,
 And set your *hand* aright!—
 That hand which spread your wisdom wide
 To poison distant lands.
 Repent, recant ; the tainted age
 Your antidote demands.
 To Satan dreadfully *resign'd*,
 Whole herds rush down the steep
 Of folly, by lewd wits possess'd,
 And perish in the deep.
 Men's praise your vanity pursues :
 'T is well, pursue it still ;
 But let it be of men deceased,
 And you 'll *resign* the will.
 And how superior they to those
 At whose applause you aim !
 How very far superior they
 In number and in name !

POSTSCRIPT.

THUS have I written, when to write
 No mortal should presume ;
 Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb.
 The public frowns, and censures loud
 My puerile employ :
 Though just the censure, if *you* smile,
 The scandal I enjoy ;
 But sing no more :—no more I sing,
 Or reassume the lyre,
 Unless vouchsafed an humble part
 Where Raphael leads the choir.
 What myriads swell the concert loud !
 Their golden harps resound
 High as the footstool of the throne,
 And deep as hell profound.
 Hell (horrid contrast !) chord and song
 Of raptured angels drowns
 In self-will's peal of blasphemies,
 And hideous burst of groans ;

But drowns them not to me : I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to speak)
From echoing pole to pole ;

Whilst this grand chorus shakes the skies :
“ Above, beneath the sun,
Through boundless age, by men, by gods,
Jehovah's will be done ! ”

'T is done in heaven ; whence, headlong hurl'd,
Self-will with Satan fell ;
And must from earth be banish'd too,
Or earth 's another hell.

Madam ! self-will inflicts your pains :
Self-will 's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the dismal shades,
And points the shafts of woe.

Your debt to nature fully paid,
Now virtue claims her due :
But virtue's cause I need not plead ;
'T is safe ; I write to you.

You know that virtue's basis lies
In ever judging right,
And wiping error's clouds away,
Which dim the mental sight.

Why mourn the dead ? You wrong the grave,—
From storm that safe resort :
We are still tossing out at sea,
Our *admiral* in port.

Was death denied, this world a scene
How dismal and forlorn !
To death we owe that 't is to man
A blessing to be born.

When every other blessing fails,
Or sapp'd by slow decay,
Or, storm'd by sudden blasts of fate,
Is swiftly whirl'd away ;

How happy that no storm or time
Of death can rob the just !
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the dust !

WELL-PLEAS'D to bear Heaven's darkest frown,
 Your utmost power employ ;
 'T is noble chymistry to turn
 Necessity to joy.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
 My fate shall be my choice :
 Determined am I, whilst I breathe,
 To praise and to rejoice.

What ample cause! Triumphant hope!
 O rich Eternity!
 I start not at a world in flames,
 Charm'd with one glimpse of thee.

And Thou, its great Inhabitant!
 How glorious dost Thou shine,
 And dart through sorrow, danger, death,
 A beam of joy Divine!

The void of joy (with some concern
 The truth severe I tell)
 Is an impenitent in guilt,
 A fool or infidel.

Weigh this, ye pupils of Voltaire,
 From joyless murmur free ;
 Or let us know, which character
 Shall crown you of the three.

RESIGN, *resign*! This lesson none
 Too deeply can instil :
 A crown has been *resign'd* by more
 Than have *resign'd* the will ;
 Though will *resign'd* the meanest makes
 Superior in renown,
 And richer in celestial eyes,
 Than he who wears a crown.

Hence in the bosom cold of age
 It kindled a strange aim
 To shine in song, and bid me boast
 The grandeur of my theme.*

But, O, how far presumption falls
 Its lofty theme below!

* Page 86.

Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
 And numbers cease to flow.

FIRST! Greatest! Best! grant what I wrote
 For others, ne'er may rise
 To brand the writer! Thou alone
 Canst make our wisdom wise.

And how unwise, how deep in guilt,
 How infamous the fault!—
 "A teacher throned in pomp of words,
 Indeed beneath the taught!"—

Means most infallible to make
 The world an infidel;
 And, with instructions most Divine,
 To pave a path to hell.

O for a clean and ardent heart!
 O for a soul on fire,
 Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
 Where angels string the lyre!

How cold is man! to him how hard
 (Hard what most easy seems)
 "To set a just esteem on that
 Which yet he—most esteems!"

What shall we say, when boundless bliss
 Is offer'd to mankind,
 And to that offer when a race
 Of rationals is blind?

Of human *nature* ne'er too high
 Are our ideas wrought;
 Of human *merit* ne'er too low
 Depress'd the daring thought.

* * The first impression * (from which the printed extracts were taken) was given only to friends: as such, they are requested to destroy it; since keeping that out of sight is the writer's only apology for publishing this.

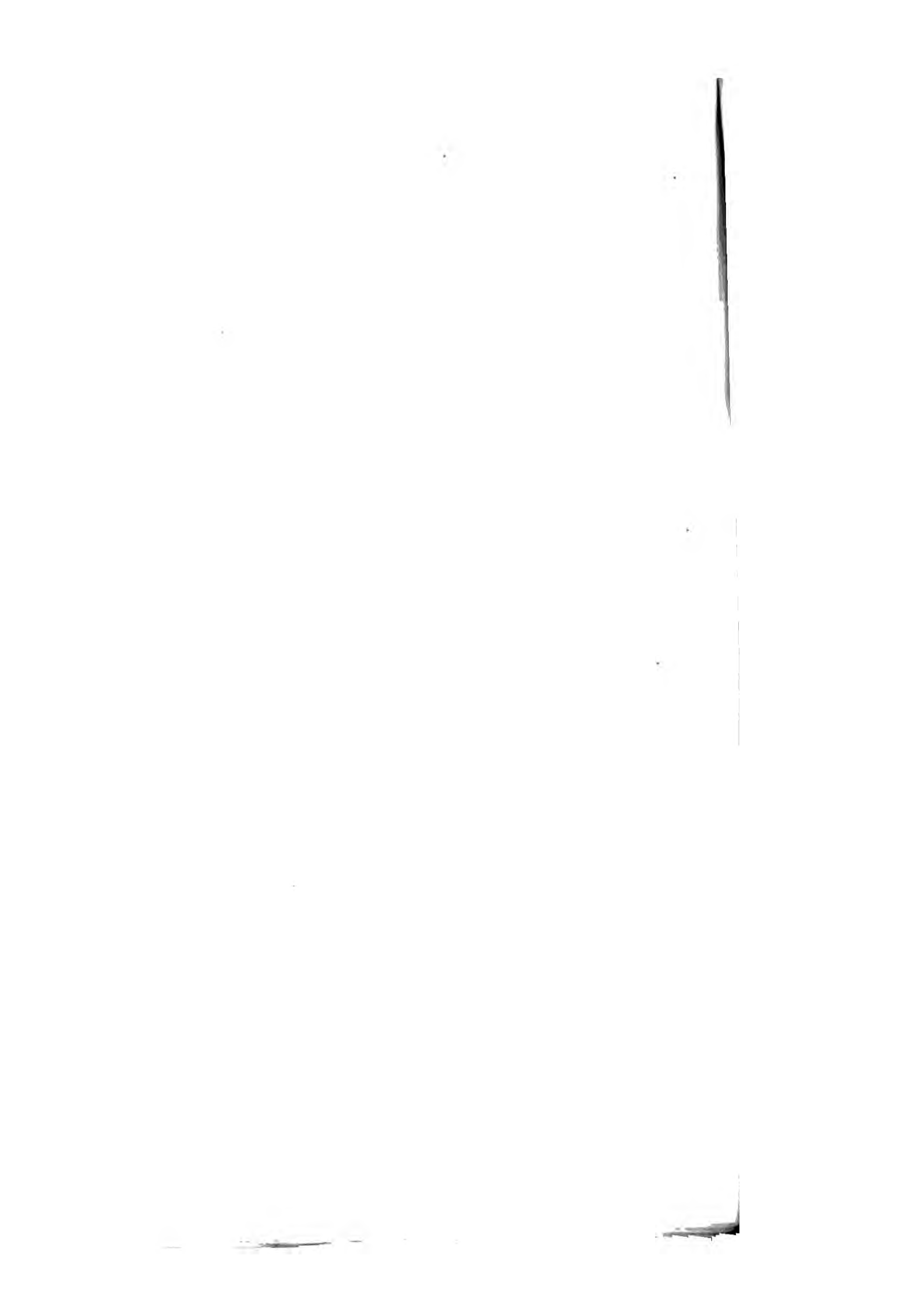
* Printed in quarto.

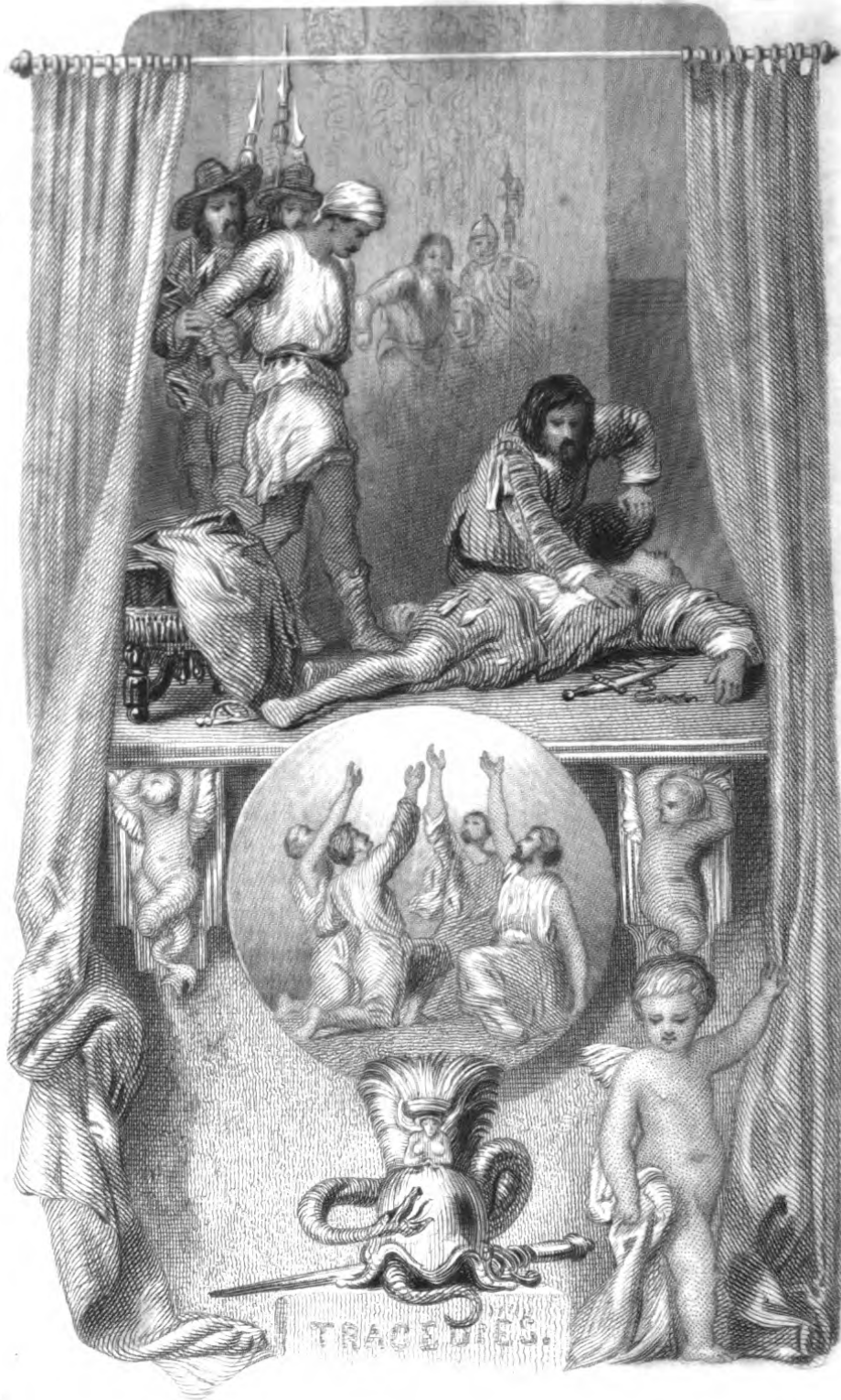
TRAGEDIES.

BUSIRIS, KING OF EGYPT.

THE REVENGE.

THE BROTHERS.





London, William Tegg & Co

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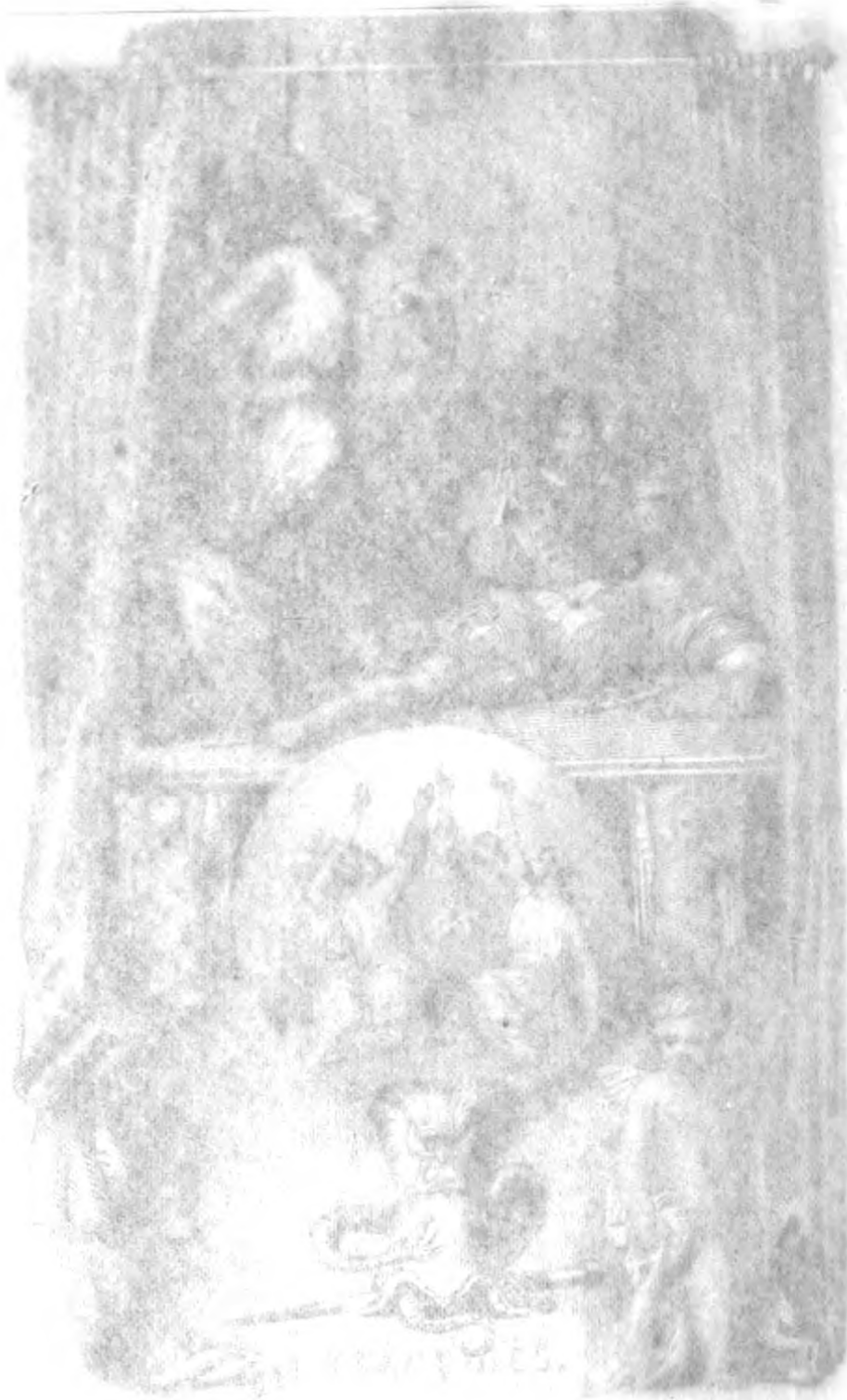
REPORT

1. Name of the business
2. Address
3. Telephone number

4. Nature of the business
5. Date of establishment

6. Capital and investment
7. Management
8. Financial statements
9. Tax records
10. Other relevant information

11. Summary of findings
12. Recommendations
13. Date of report
14. Signature of the auditor



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BUSIRIS, KING OF EGYPT.

A TRAGEDY :

ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 1719.

*O triste planè acerbumque funus ! O morte ipsâ mortis tempus indignius !
Jam destinata erat egregio juveni, jam electus nuptiarum dies ; quod
gaudium quo mœrore mutatum est !—PLINII Epist.*

DEDICATION.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, LORD CHAMBERLAIN
OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD, &c.

MY LORD,

IF a dedication carries in its nature a mark of our acknowledgment and esteem, and is there most due where we are most obliged ; the late instance I received of your Grace's undeserved and uncommon favour in an affair of some consequence (foreign to the theatre) has taken from me the privilege of *choosing* a patron ; especially for a performance which not only by its kind falls immediately under your Grace's authority, but which likewise by its good fortune, in a season of some danger to it, received from your Grace's free indulgence its life and success on the stage. Thus my ambition concurs with my duty ; and it is my happiness not to be able to gratify the impulse of the one, without obeying at the same time the dictates of the other.

Addresses of this nature, through a gross abuse of praise, have justly fallen under ridicule. How pleasant is it, to hear one of yesterday complimented on his illustrious ancestors ! a sordid person, on his magnificence ! an illiterate pretender, on his skill in arts and sciences ! or a wretch contracted with self-love, on his diffusive benevolence to mankind ! Yet from the frequency of such a shameful prostitution of the pen as this, one advantage results : it gives the grace of novelty and peculiarity to a dedication that shall reclaim panegyric from its guilt, and

rescue the late-mentioned sublime distinctions of character from absurdity and injustice, by applying them to a Duke of Newcastle. It is a kind of compliment paid to panegyric itself, to use it on so just an occasion.

It is letters, my Lord, which distinguish one age from another; each period of time shines, or is cast in shades, as they flourish or decline: and who knows not that the fate of letters is determined by the kind or cold aspect of the great? How happy, then, is the present time! how fair an assurance has it of being exempted from the death of common ages! when we see the politer arts triumphing in the care and encouragement of one who has made an early and regular acquaintance with them at their own home, joining to the amplest fortune the qualifications requisite (had it been wanting) to acquire and deserve it; one who, in the flower of youth, when the imagination is warmest, and fit for such a province, presides over the labours of genius and fine taste, and has it in his power to rival those he is pleased to patronize; one, in a word, who, covetous of learning, reaches beyond his own nation for new supplies of it; who, zealous for merit, pays honours to its very ashes; and whose being an excellent master in polite letters himself, is one of the smallest proofs he has given of his ardent love towards them.

But I cannot turn my thought that way, without being put in mind of the imperfection of the following scenes. I own they have many faults,—as many as I can allow, without reflecting on the town for the countenance they have received: but I hope they have merit enough to entitle them to some share of your Grace's approbation, as well as errors enough to make them stand in need of all your protection; the continuance of which is humbly hoped by,

My Lord,

Your Grace's much obliged, most obedient,

and most humble servant,

EDWARD YOUNG.

PROLOGUE.

BY A FRIEND.

SPOKEN BY MR. BOOTH.

Long have you seen the Greek and Roman name,
Assisted by the Muse, renew their fame ;
While yet unsung those heroes sleep, from whom
Greece form'd her Platos, and her Cæsars Rome.

Such, Egypt, were thy sons ! divinely great
In arts, in arms, in wisdom, and in state.
Her early monarchs gave such glories birth,
Their ruins are the wonders of the earth.
Structures so vast, by those great kings design'd,
Are but faint sketches of their boundless mind :
Yet ne'er has Albion's scene, though long renown'd,
With the stern tyrants of the Nile been crown'd.

The tragic Muse in grandeur should excel ;
Her figure blazes, and her numbers swell.
The proudest monarch of the proudest age
From Egypt comes to tread the British stage :
Old Homer's heroes moderns are to those
Whom this night's venerable scenes disclose.

Here pomp and splendour serve but to prepare
To touch the soul is our peculiar care ;
By just distress soft pity to impart,
And mend your nature, while we move your heart
Nor would these scenes in empty words abound,
Or overlay the sentiment with sound.
When passion rages, eloquence is mean ;
Gestures and looks best speak the moving scene.

Ye shining fair ! when tender woes invite
To pleasing anguish and severe delight,
By your affliction you compute your gain,
And rise in pleasure as you rise in pain.
If, then, just objects of concern are shown,
And your hearts heave with sorrows not your own,
Let not the generous impulse be withstood ;
Strive not with Nature ; blush not to be good.
Sighs only from a nobler temper rise,
And 't is your virtue swells into your eyes.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

BUSIRIS, king of Egypt	Mr. Elrington.	
MYRON, the prince	Mr. Booth.	
NICANOR, father of Mandane.....	Mr. Mills.	
MEMNON,)	conspirators, {	Mr. Wilks.
RAMESES,)		Mr. Walker.
SYPHOCES,)		Mr. Thurmond.
PERON,)		Mr. Williams.
AULETES, a courtier	Mr. W. Mills.	

WOMEN.

MYRIS, queen of Egypt ..	Mrs. Thurmond,
MANDANE.....	Mrs. Oldfield.

Scene, a temple at Memphis, in Old Egypt.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter PERON and SYPHOCES.

Syph. IF glorious structures and immortal deeds
 Enlarge the thought, and set our souls on fire,
 My tongue has been too cold in Egypt's praise,
 The queen of nations, and the boast of times,
 Mother of science, and the house of gods!
 Scarce can I open wide my labouring mind
 To comprehend the vast idea, big
 With arts and arms, so boundless in their fame.

Pher. Thrice happy land! did not her dreadful king,
 Far-famed Busiris, whom the world reveres,
 Lay all his shining wonders in disgrace
 By cruelty and pride.

Syph. By pride indeed.
 He calls himself "the Proud," and glories in it,
 Nor would exchange for Jupiter's "Almighty."
 Have we not seen him shake his silver reins
 O'er harness'd monarchs to his chariot yoked?

In sullen majesty they stalk along,
 With eyes of indignation and despair ;
 While he aloft displays his impious state,
 With half their rifled kingdoms o'er his brow,
 Blazing to heaven in diamonds and gold.

Pher. Nor less the tyrant's cruelty than pride :
 His horrid altars stream with human blood,
 And piety is murder in his hands. (*A great shout.*)

Syph. There rose the voice of twice two hundred thousand,
 And broke the clouds, and clear'd the face of day.
 The king, who, from his temple's airy height,
 With heart dilated, that great work surveys,
 Which shall proclaim what can be done by man,
 Has struck his purple streamer, and descends.

Pher. Twice ten long years have seen that haughty pile,
 Which nations with united toil advance,
 Gain on the skies, and labour up to heaven.

Syph. The king!—Or prostrate fall, or disappear.
 (*Exeunt.*)

Enter BUSIRIS, attended.

Bus. This ancient city, Memphis the renown'd,
 Almost coæval with the Sun himself,
 And boasting strength scarce sooner to decay,—
 How wanton sits she amid Nature's smiles ;
 Nor from her highest turret has to view
 But golden landscapes and luxuriant scenes ;
 A waste of wealth, the storehouse of the world !
 Here fruitful vales, far-stretching, fly the sight ;
 There sails unnumber'd whiten all the stream ;
 While from the banks full twenty thousand cities
 Survey their pride, and see their gilded towers
 Float on the waves, and break against the shore.
 To crown the whole, this rising pyramid (*Shows the plan.*)
 Lengthens in air, and ends among the stars ;
 While every other object shrinks beneath
 Its mighty shade, and lessens to the view,
 As kings compared with me.

Enter AULETES. He falls prostrate.

Aul. O live for ever,
 Busiris, first of men !

Bus. Auletes, rise.

Aul. Ambassadors from various climes arrive,

To view your wonders, and to greet your fame ;
 Each loaden with the gifts his country yields,
 Of which the meanest rise to gold and pearl.
 The rich Arabian fills his ample vase
 With sacred incense : Ethiopia sends
 A thousand coursers fleeter than the wind ;
 And their black riders darken all the plain.
 Camels and elephants from other realms,
 Bending beneath a weight of luxury,
 Bring the best seasons of their various years,
 And leave their monarchs poor.

Bus. What from the Persian ?

Aul. He bends before your throne, and far outweighs
 The rest in tribute, and outshines in state.

Bus. Away ! he sees me not : I know his purpose ;
 A spy upon my greatness, and no friend.
 Take his ambassador, and show him Egypt ;
 In Memphis show him various nations met,
 As in a sea, yet not confined in space,
 But streaming freely through the spacious streets,
 Which send forth millions at each brasen gate,
 Whene'er the trumpet calls : high over head
 On the broad walls the chariots bound along,
 And leave in air a thunder of my own.
 Jove, too, has pour'd the Nile into my hand,
 The prince of rivers, Ocean's eldest son :
 Rich of myself, I make the fruitful year,
 Nor ask precarious plenty from the sky.—
 Throw all my glories open to his view ;
 Then tell him, in return for trifles offer'd,
 I give him *this* : and when a Persian arm

(Gives him a bow.)

Can thus with vigour its reluctance bend,
 And to the nerve its stubborn force subdue,
 Then let his master think of arms,—but bring
 More men than yet e'er pour'd into the field ;
 Meantime, thank Heaven, our tide of conquest drives
 A different way, and leaves him still a king.
 This to the Persian.—I receive the rest,
 And give the world an answer. *(Exit Busiris.)*

*Mandane, attended by priests and her virgins, is
 seen sacrificing at a distance.*

An hymn to Isis is sung. The priests go out.

MANDANE, *attended by her maids, advances.*

Man. My morning duty to the gods is over ;
 Yet still this terror hangs upon my soul,
 And saddens every thought—I still behold
 The dreadful image ; still the threatening sword
 Points at my breast, and glitters in mine eye.—
 But 't was a dream ; no more. My virgins, leave me :
 And thou, great Ruler of the world, be present !
 O kindly shine on this important hour !
 This hour determines all my future life,
 And gives it up to misery or joy. (*She advances.*)
 These lonely walks, this deep and solemn gloom,
 Where noon-day suns but glimmer to the view,
 This house of tears, and mansion of the dead,
 For ever hides him from the hated light,
 And gives him leave to groan.

(*Back-scene draws, and shows Memnon leaning on his father's tomb.*)

Was ever scene

So mournful ? If, my lord, the dead alone
 Are all your care, life is no more a blessing.
 How could you shun me for this dismal shade,
 And seek from love a refuge in despair ?

Mem. Why hast thou brought those eyes to this sad
 place,
 Where darkness dwells, and grief would sigh secure
 In welcome horrors and beloved night ?
 Thy beauties drive thy friendly shades before them,
 And light up day e'en here. Retire, my love :
 Each *joyful* moment I would share with thee,
 My virtuous maid ; but I would *mourn* alone.

Man. What have you found in me so mean, to hope
 That while you sigh, my heart can be at peace ?
 Your sorrows flow from your Mandane's eyes.

Mem. O my Mandane !

Man. Wherefore turn you from me ?
 Have I offended, or are you unkind ?—
 Ah me ! a sight as strange as pitiful !
 From this big heart, o'ercharged with generous sorrow,
 See the tide working upward to his eye,
 And stealing from him in large silent drops,
 Without his leave ! Can those tears flow in vain ?

Mem. Why will you double my distress, and make

My grief my crime, by discomposing you?—
 And yet I can't forbear! Alas, my father!
 That name excuses all: what is not due
 To that great name, which life or death can pay?

Man. Speak on, and ease your labouring breast: it
 swells

And sinks again; and then it swells so high,
 It looks as it would break. I know 't is big
 With something you would utter. Oft in vain
 I have presumed to ask your mournful story,
 But ever have been answer'd with a frown.

Mem. O my Mandane! did my tale concern
 Myself alone, it would not lie conceal'd;
 But 't is wrapt up in guilt, in royal guilt,
 And therefore 't is unsafe to touch upon it.
 To tell my tale, is to blow off the ashes
 From sleeping embers, which will rise in flames
 At the least breath, and spread destruction round.
 But thou art faithful, and my other self;
 And, O! my heart this moment is so full,
 It bursts with its complaints, and I must speak.

Myris, the present queen, was only sister
 Of great Artaxes, our late royal lord:
 Busiris, who now reigns, was first of males
 In lineal blood, to which this crown descends.
 Not with long circumstance to load my story,
 Ambitious Myris fired his daring soul,
 And turn'd his sword against her brother's life;
 Then, mounting to the tyrant's bed and throne,
 Enjoy'd her shame, and triumph'd in her guilt.

Man. So black a story well might shun the day.

Mem. Artaxes' friends (a virtuous multitude)
 Were swept away by banishment or death
 In throngs, and sated the devouring grave.
 My father!—Think, Mandane, on your own,
 And pardon me!— (Weeps.)
 The tyrant took me, then of tender years,
 And rear'd me with his son,—a son since dead.
 He vainly hoped, by shows of guilty kindness,
 To wear away the blackness of his crime,
 And reconcile me to my father's fate.
 Hence have I long been forced to stay my vengeance.
 To smooth my brow with smiles, and curb my tongue,
 While the big woe lies throbbing at my heart.

Enter PHERON at a distance.

Pher. (Aside.) So close! so loving!—Here I stand unseen,

And watch my rival's fate.

Mem. But thou, my fair;
Thou art my peace in tumult, life in death;
Thou yet canst make me bless'd.

Man. As how, my lord?

Mem. Ah! why wilt thou insult me?

Man. Memnon—

Mem. Speak!

Man. Nature forbids; and when I would begin,
She stifles all my spirits, and I faint:
My heart is breaking, but I cannot speak.

O let me fly!—

Mem. You pierce me to the soul. (*Holding her.*)

Man. O! spare me for a moment, till my heart
Regains its wonted force, and I will speak.—
Pheron, you know, is daily urgent with me,
Breaks through restraints, and will not be refused.

(*Pheron shows a great concern.*)

Yet more: the prince, the young impetuous prince,
Before his father sent him forth to war,
And gave the Mede to his destructive sword,
Has often taught his tongue a silken tale,
Descended from himself, and talk'd of love.
Since last I saw thee, his licentious passion
Has haunted all my dreams.—

This day the court shines forth in all its lustre,
To welcome her returning warrior home:
Alas the malice of our stars!

Mem. To place it
Beyond the power of Fate to part our loves,
Be this our bridal-night, my life! my soul! (*Embrace.*)

Pher. Perdition seize them both! And have I loved
So long, to catch her in another's arms!
Another's arms for ever! O the pang!
Heart-piercing sight!—But rage shall take its turn—
It shall be so—and let the crime be his
Who drives me to the black extremity.
I fear no farther hell than that I feel. (*Exit.*)

Mem. Trembling I grasp thee, and my anxious heart
Is still in doubt if I may call thee mine.

O bliss too great! O painful ecstasy!
I know not what to utter.

Man. Ah, my lord!
What means this damp that comes athwart my joy,
Chastising thus the lightness of my heart?—
I have a father, and a father, too,
Tender as Nature ever framed. His will
Should be consulted. Should I touch his peace,
I should be wretched in my Memnon's arms.

Mem. Talk not of wretchedness.

Man. Alas! this day
First gave me birth; and (which is strange to tell)
The Fates e'er since, as watching its return,
Have caught it as it flew, and mark'd it deep
With something great, extremes of good or ill.

Mem. Why should we bode misfortune to our loves?
No; I receive thee from the gods, in lieu
Of all that happiness they ravish'd from me:
Fame, freedom, father, all return in thee.
Had not the gods Mandane to bestow,
They never would have pour'd such vengeance on me:
They meant me thee, and could not be severe.
Soon as night's favourable shades descend,
The holy priest shall join our hands for ever,
And life shall prove but one long bridal-day.
Till then, in scenes of pleasure lose thy grief,
Or strike the lute, or smile among the flowers;
They'll sweeter smell, and fairer bloom, for thee.—
Alas! I'm torn from this dear tender side
By weighty reasons and important calls;
Nay, e'en by love itself.—I quit thee now
But to deserve thee more. (*They embrace.*)

Man. Your friends are here. (*Exit Mandane.*)

Mem. Excellent creature! how my soul pants for thee!
But other passions now begin their claim;
Doubt, and disdain, and sorrow, and revenge,
With mingling tumult, tear up all my breast:
O how unlike the softnesses of love!

Enter SYPHOCES.

Syph. Hail, worthy Memnon.

Mem. Welcome, my Syphoces.
And much I hope thou bring'st a bleeding heart;
A heart that bleeds for others' miseries,

Bravely regardless of its own, though great ;
That first of characters.

Syph. And there's a second,
Not far behind,—to rescue the distress'd,
Or die.

Mem. Yes, die ; and visit those brave men
Who, from the first of time, have bathed their hands
In tyrants' blood, and grasp'd their honest swords
As part of their own being, when the cause,
The public cause, demanded. O my friend !
How long shall Egypt groan in chains ? How long
Shall her sons fall in heaps without a foe ?
No war, plague, famine, nothing but Busiris,
" His people's father, and the state's defence !"
Yet but a remnant of the land survives.

Syph. What havoc have I seen ! Have we not known
A multitude become a morning's prey,
When troubled rest, or a debauch, has sour'd
The monster's temper ? Then 't is instant death ;
Then fall the brave and good, like ripen'd corn
Before the sweeping scythe ; not the poor mercy
To starve and pine at leisure in their chains.—
But what fresh hope, that we receive your summons
To meet you here this morning ?

Mem. Know, Syphoces,
'T was on this day my warlike father's blood,
So often lavish'd in his country's cause,
And greatly sold for conquest and renown ;
'T was on this execrable day it flow'd
On his own pavement, in a peaceful hour,
Smoked in the dust, and wash'd a ruffian's feet.
This guilty day, returning, rouses all
My smother'd rage, and blows it to a flame.
Where are our friends ?

Syph. At hand. Rameses,
Last night,—when gentle Rest o'er Nature spread
Her still command, and Care alone was waking,—
Like a dumb, lonely, discontented ghost,
Enter'd my chamber, and approach'd my bed.
With bursts of passion, and a peal of groans,
He recollects his godlike brother's fate,
The drunken banquet, and the midnight murder,
And urges vengeance on the guilty prince.
Such was the fellness of his boiling rage,

Methought the night grew darker as he frown'd.

Mem. I know he bears the prince most deadly hate ;
But this will enter deeper in his soul, (*Shows a letter.*)
And rouse up passions which till now have slept :
Murder will look like innocence to this.

Syph. How, Memnon ?

Mem. This reminds me of thy fate :
The queen has courted thee with proffer'd realms,
And sought by threats to bend thee to her will ;
She languishes, she burns, she wastes away
In fruitless hopes, and dies upon thy name.

Syph. O fatal love ! which, stung by jealousy,
Expell'd a life far dearer than my own
By cursed poison.—Ah divine Apame !
And could the murderess hope she should inherit
This heart, and fill thy place within these arms ?—
But Grief shall yield—Revenge, I'm wholly thine !

Mem. The tyrant, too, is wanton in his age ;
He shows that all his thoughts are not in blood ;
Love claims its share : he envies poor Rameses
The softness of his bed ; and thinks Amelia
A mistress worthy of a monarch's arms.

Syph. But see, Rameses comes : a sullen gloom
Scowls on his brow, and marks him through the dusk.

Enter RAMESES, PHERON, and other Conspirators.

Mem. To what, my friend, shall Memnon bid you
welcome ?

To tombs, and melancholy scenes of death ?
I have no costly banquets, such as spread
Prince Myron's table, when *your* brother fell.

(*To Rameses.*)

I have no gilded roof, no gay apartment,
Such as the queen prepared for thee, Syphoces.
Yet be not discontent, my valiant friends ;
Busiris reigns, and 't is not out of season
To look on aught may mind us of our fate :
His sword is ever drawn, and furious Myris
Thinks the day lost that is not mark'd with blood.

Ram. And have we felt a tyrant twenty years,
Felt him as the raw wound the burning steel ?
And are we murmuring out our midnight curses,
Drying our tears in corners, and complaining ?
Our hands are forfeited—Gods ! strike them off.
No hands we need to fasten our own chains,

Our masters will do that ; and we want souls
To raise them to an use more worthy men.

Mem. Ruffles your temper at offences past ?
Here, then, to sting thee into madness.

(Gives the letter. Rameses reads.)

Ram. O !

Syph. See how the struggling passions shake his frame !

Ram. My bosom joy, that crowns my happy bed
With tender pledges of our mutual love,
Far dearer than my soul ! And shall my wife,
The mother of my little innocents,
Be taken from us ? torn from me, from mine,
Who live but on her sight ? And shall I hear
Her cries for succour, and not rush upon him ?
My infant hanging at the neck upbraids me,
And struggles with his little arms to save her.—
These veins have still some generous blood in store,
The dregs of those rich streams his wars have drain'd ;
I'll give 't in dowry with her.

Pher. Well resolved :

A tardy vengeance shares the tyrant's guilt.

Ram. Let me embrace thee, Pheron ; thou art brave,
And dost disdain the coldness of delay.
Curse on the man that calls Rameses friend,
And keeps his temper at a tale like this ;
When rage and rancour are the proper virtues,
And loss of reason is the mark of men !

Mem. Thus I've determined : When the midnight hour
Lulls this proud city, and her monarch dreams
Of humbler foes, or his new mistress' love,
Then we will rush at once, let loose the terrors
Of rage pent in, and struggling twenty years
To find a vent, and at one dreadful blow
Begin and end the war.

A more auspicious juncture could not happen.
The Persian, who for years has join'd our counsels,
Stirr'd up the love of freedom, and in private
Long nursed that glorious appetite with gold,
This morn with transport snatch'd the wish'd occasion
Of throwing his resentment wide ; and now
He frowns in arms, and gives the' event to Fate.

Ram. This hand shall drag the tyrant from the throne,
And stab the royal victim on this altar.

(Pointing to the tomb.)

Mem. O justly thought! Friends, cast your eyes around ;
 All that most awful is or great in nature,
 This solemn scene presents : the gods are here,
 And here our famed forefathers' sacred tombs,
 Who never brook'd a tyrant in this land.
 Let us not act beneath the grand assembly!
 The slighted altars tremble, and these tombs
 Send forth a peal of groans to urge us on.
 Come, then, surround my father's monument,
 And call his shade to witness to your vows.

Ram. Nor his alone, O all ye mighty dead!
 Illustrious shades! who nightly stalk around
 The tyrant's couch, and shake his guilty soul ;
 Whether already you converse with gods,
 Or stray below in melancholy glooms :
 From earth, from air, from heaven, and even hell,
 Come, I conjure you, by the prisoner's chain,
 The widow's sighing, and the orphan's tears,
 The virgin's shrieks, the hero's spouting veins ;
 By gods blasphemed, and free-born men enslaved.

Mem. Hear, Jove, and you, most injured heroes, hear
 While we o'er this thrice-hallow'd monument
 Thus join our hands, and, kneeling to the gods,
 Fast bind our souls to great revenge!

All. We swear—

Mem. This night the tyrant and his minions bleed.

Pher. (*Aside.*) So, now my foe is taken in the toil,
 And I've a second cast for this proud maid.
 It is an oath well spent, a perjury
 Of good account in vengeance and in love.

Mem. We wrong the mighty dead, if we permit
 Our eyes alone to count this grand assembly :
 A thousand unseen heroes walk among us.
 My father rises from his tomb ; his wounds
 Bleed all afresh, and consecrate the day :
 He waves his arm, and chides our tardy vengeance.
 More than this world shall thank us. O my friends !
 Such our condition, we have nought to lose ;
 And great may be our gain, if this be great,—
 To crush a tyrant, and preserve a state ;
 To still the clamours of our fathers' blood ;
 To fix the basis of the public good ;
 To leave a fame eternal ; then to soar,
 Mix with the gods, and bid the world adore.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Scene, the Palace.

A magnificent throne discovered, and several courtiers walking to and fro.

Enter SYPHOCES and RAMESES. Shouts at a distance.

Ram. WHAT means this dust and tumult in the court,
These streamers fooling in the wind, these shouts,
The tyrant blazing in full insolence,
And all his gaudy courtiers basking round him,
Like poisonous vermin in a dog-day sun ?

Syph. Your father and prince Myron are arrived,
And with one peal of joy the nation rings.

Ram. Long has my father served this tyrant king
With zeal well worthy of a better cause.
Though with his helm he hides a hoary brow,
Long versed in death, the father of the field,
At the shrill trumpet he throws off the weight
Of fourscore years, and springs upon the foe.
The transport danger gives him conquers nature,
And a short youth boils up within his veins.

Syph. Behold, this way they pass to meet the king.

MYRON and NICANOR pass the stage with attendants.

Ram. (*Looking on Myron.*) What pity 't is that one so
lost in guilt
Should thus engage the sight with manly charms,
And make vice lovely !

Syph. Pardon me, Rameses :
Though to my foe, I must be ever just.
He 's generous, grateful, affable, and brave :
But then he knows no limit to his passion ;
The tempest-beaten bark is not so toss'd
As is his reason, when those winds arise :
And though he draws a fatal sword in battle,
And kindles in the warm pursuit of fame,
Pleasure subdues him quite ; the sparkling eye,
And generous bowl, bear down his graver mind,
While fiery spirits dance along his veins,

And keep a constant revel in his heart.

Ram. But here the tyrant comes! With what excess
Of idle pride will he receive his son!
How with big words will he swell out this conquest,
And into grandeur puff his little tales!

*Enter KING, and ascends the throne; on the other side,
enter MYRON and NICANOR.*

King. Welcome, my son; great partner of my fame!
I thank thee for the' increase of my dominions;
That now more mountains rise, more rivers flow,
And more stars shine, in my still-growing empire.
The sun himself surveys it not at once,
But travels for the view, whilst far-disjoin'd
My subjects live unheard-of by each other;
These wrapp'd in shades, whilst those enjoy the light:
Their day is various, but their king the same.

Myr. Here, sir, your thanks are due; to this old arm,
Whose nerve not threescore winter camps unbend,
You owe your victory, and I my life.
When my fierce courser, with a javelin stung,
First rear'd in air, then, tearing with a bound
The trembling earth, plunged deep amidst the foe;
And now a thousand deaths from every side
Had but one mark, and on my buckler rung;
Through the throng'd legions, like a tempest, rush'd
This friend, o'er gasping heroes, rolling steeds,
And snatch'd me from my fate.

Bus. I thank thee, general.
Thou hast a heart that swells with loyalty,
And throws off the infection of these times;
But thy degenerate boy—

Nic. No more my son;
I cut him off; my guilt, my punishment.
Look not, dread sir, on me through his offence:
O let not *that* discolour all my service,
And ruin those who blame him for his crimes!

Bus. Old man, I will not wear the crown in vain;
Subjects shall work my will, or feel my power;
Their disobedience shall not be *my* guilt.
Who is their welfare, glory, and defence?
The land that yields them food, and every stream
That slakes their thirst, the air they breathe, is mine.
And is concurrence to their own enjoyment,

Myr. (Aside to Auletes.) I must away :
Her smiles were dreadful, but her tears are death.
I can no more : I sink beneath her charms,
And feel a deadly sickness at my heart.

Nic. Your cheek is pale : I dare not let you part :
You are not well—

Myr. A small indisposition :
I soon shall throw it from me. Farewell, general ;
Conquest attend your arms.

Nic. You shall not leave
Your servant's roof ; 't is an unwholesome air,
And my apartment wants a guest.

Myr. Nicanor,
If health returns, I shall not press my couch,
And hear of distant conquests ; but o'ertake thee,
And add new terror to the front of war.

Nic. Meantime, you are a guardian to my child :
Let her not miss a father in my absence :
She 's all my soul holds dear.

Both. (Embracing.) Farewell. Farewell.

NICANOR waits on MYRON off the stage, and returns.

Nic. My child, I feel a tenderness at heart
I never felt before : come near, Mandane ;
Let me gaze on thee, and indulge the father.
Thy dying mother with her clay-cold hand
Press'd mine ; then, turning on thee her faint eye,
Let fall a tear of fondness, and expired.
I cannot love thee well enough ; her grace
Softens thy cheek, and lives within thine eye.
Let me embrace you *both*.—My heart o'erflows :
If I should fall—thy mother's monument—
But I shall kill thy tenderness. No more :
Nay, do not weep ; I shall return again,
And with my dearest child sit down in peace,
And long enjoy her goodness.

Man. If the gods
Regard your daughter's fervent vows, you will.

Nic. Farewell, my only care ; my soul is with thee :
Regard yourself, and you remember me. (*Exit.*)

Enter MYRON and AULETES.

Myr. No place can give me ease : my restless thought,
Like working billows in a troubled sea,

Tosses me to and fro ; nor know I whither.
 What am I, who, or where?—Ha ! where indeed ?
 But let me pause, and ask myself again
 If I am well awake.—Impetuous bliss !
 My heart leaps up ; my mounting spirits blaze ;
 My soul is in a tempest of delight !

Aul. My lord, you tremble, and your eyes betray
 Strange tumults in your breast.

Myr. What hour of night ?

Aul. My lord, the night 's far spent.

Myr. The gates are barr'd.

And all the household is compos'd to rest ?

Aul. All : and the great Nicanor's own apartment,
 Proud to receive a royal guest, expects you.

Myr. Perdition on thy soul for naming him !
 Nicanor ! O, I never shall sleep more !
 Defend me ! Whither wander'd my bold thoughts ?
 Broke loose from reason, how did they run mad !
 And now they are come home all arm'd with stings,
 And pierce my bleeding heart.—

I beg the gods to disappoint my crime ;
 Yet almost wish them deaf to my desire :
 I long, repent ; repent, and long again ;
 And every moment differs from the last.
 I must no longer parley with destruction :
 Auletes, seize me ; force me to my chamber ;
 There chain me down, and guard me from myself.
 Hell rises in each thought ; 't is time to fly. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter MANDANE and RAMESES.

Ram. I hope your fears have given a false alarm.

Man. You 've heard my frequent visions of the night ;
 You know my father's absence, Myron's passion.
 Just now I met him ; at my sight he started ;
 Then with such ardent eyes he wander'd o'er me,
 And gazed with such malignity of love,
 Sending his soul out to me, in a look
 So fiercely kind, I trembled, and retired.

Ram. No more : my friends (whom, as I have inform'd
 you,

The queen, to gall the tyrant, has set free)
 Are lodged within your call ; the' appointed signal,
 If danger threatens, brings them to your rescue.

Man. Where are they ?

Ram. In the hall beneath your chamber :
 Memnon alone is wanting ; he 's providing
 For your escape before the morning dawn.
 The rest in visors, fearing to be known,
 Have ventured through the streets for your protection.

Man. Auspicious turn ! then I again am happy.

Ram. Auspicious turn indeed ! and what completes
 The happiness, the base man that betray'd us
 This arm laid low. I watch'd him from the king ;
 I took him warm, while he, with lifted brow,
 Confess'd high thought, and triumph'd in his mien :
 I thank'd him with my dagger in his heart.
 'T is late ; refresh yourself with sleep, Mandane.

(Exit Mandane.)

So, 't is resolved, if Myron dares attempt
 So black a crime, it justifies the blow :
 He dies ; and my poor brother's ghost shall smile.
 This way he bends his steps : I hate his sight ;
 And shall, till death has made it lovely to me. *(Exit.)*

Enter MYRON and AULETES.

Myr. O how this passion, like a whirlpool, drives me,
 With giddy, rapid motion, round and round,
 I know not where, and draws-in all my soul !
 I reason much, but reason about *her* ;
 And where she is, all reason dies before her ;
 And arguments but tell me I am conquer'd.—
 So black the night, as if no star e'er shone
 In all the wide expanse ; the lightning's flash
 But shows the darkness ; and the bursting clouds
 With peals of thunder seem to rock the land :
 Not beasts of prey dare now from shelter roam,
 But howl in dens, and make the forest groan.
 What, then, am I ? a monster, yet more fell
 Than haunts the wilds ? I am, and threaten more :
 My breast is darker than this dreadful night,
 And feels a fiercer tempest rage within.—
 I must—I will—This leads me to her chamber :
 Did not the raven croak ? *(Starting.)*

Aul. I hear her not.

Myr. By Heaven, methinks earth trembles under me.—
 Awake, ye Furies ! you are wanting to me :
 O finish me in ill ! O take me whole !
 Or, gods, confirm me good, without allay,

Nor leave me thus at variance with myself.
 Let me not thus be dash'd from side to side.—
 The old man wept at parting, kneel'd before me,
 Confided in me, gave her to my care,
 Nor long since saved my life. And doubt I still?
 I'm guilty of the fact; here let me lie,
 And rather groan for ever in the dust,
 And float the marble pavement with my tears,
 Than rise into a monster. (*Flings himself down.*)

MANDANE, *passing at a distance, speaks to a servant.*

Man. Well, observe me.

Before the rising sun my lord arrives,
 To seal our vows; the holy priest is with him:
 Watch to receive them at the western gate,
 And privately conduct them to my chamber. (*Exit.*)

Myr. (Starting up.) O torment! racks and flames!

Then she expects him

With open arms! Am I cast out for ever?
 For ever must despair, unless I snatch
 The present moment? She is all prepared;
 Her wishes waking, and her heart on fire!
 That powerful thought sweeps heaven and hell before it,
 And lays all open to the prince of Egypt;
 Born to enjoy whatever he desires,
 And fling fear, anguish, and remorse behind him.
 I see her midnight dress, her flowing hair,
 Her slacken'd bosom, her relenting mien,
 All the forbidding forms of day flung off
 For yielding softness.—O, I'm all confusion!
 I shiver in each joint! Ah! she was made
 To justify the blackest crimes, and gild
 Ruin and death with her destructive charms.

Aul. You'll force her, then?

Myr. Thou villain but to think it.

No; I'll solicit her with all my power;
 Conquest and crowns shall sparkle in her sight:
 If she consent, thy prince is bless'd indeed,
 Takes wings, and towers above mortality;
 If she resist, I put an end to pain,
 And lay my breathless body at her feet.

MANDANE *passing at a distance to her chamber,*

MYRON *meets her.*

Man. Is this well done, my lord?

Myr. Condemn me not
 Before you hear me : let this posture tell you,
 I 'm not so guilty as perhaps your fears,
 Your commendable, modest fears, suspect.
 Nay, do not go ; you know not what you do :
 I would receive a favour, not constrain it.
 Return, or good Nicanor, best of fathers,
 Shall charge you with the murder of his friend.

Man. And dare you, then, pronounce that sacred name,
 And yet persist ? Were you his mortal foe,
 What could your malice more ?

Myr. O fair Mandane !
 I know my fault ; I know your virtue too ;
 But such the violence of my disorder,
 That I dare tempt e'en you. Methinks, that guilt
 Has something lovely which proclaims your power.—
 But touch me with your hand, I die with bliss.
 Why swells your eye ? By Heaven, I 'd rather see
 All nature mourn, than you let fall a tear.
 I own I 'm mad ; but I am mad of love :
 You can't condemn me more than I myself ;
 In that we are agreed : agree in all.
 Condemn, but pity, me ; resent, but yield ;
 For, O, I burn, I rave, I die with love !

Man. O sir !

Myr. Nay, do not weep so ; it will kill me.
 This moment, while I speak, my eyes are darken'd ;
 I cannot see thee ; and my trembling limbs
 Refuse to bear their weight ; all left of life
 Is, that I love. If love was in our power,
 The fault were mine ; since not, you must comply.
 How godlike to bestow more heavenly joys
 Than you can think, and I support and live !

Man. O how can you abuse your sacred reason,
 That particle of heaven, that soul of Jove,
 To varnish o'er and paint so black a crime ?
 O prince !—

Myr. What says Mandane ?

Man. Sir, observe me :
 My bursting sighs, and ever-streaming tears,
 Your noble nature has with pity seen ;
 But would they not work deeper in your soul,
 Were you convinced my sorrows flow for you ?
 For you, my lord, they flow ; for I am safe ;

(I know you are surprised :) they flow for you,
 Myron, my father's friend, my prince, my guest.—
 Myron, my guardian god, attempts my peace ;
 And need I further reason for these tears ?
 Nature affords no object of concern
 So great, as to behold a generous mind
 Driven by a sudden gust, and dash'd on guilt.
 'T is base ; you ought not : 't is impracticable ;
 You cannot. Make necessity your choice ;
 Nor let one moment of defeated guilt,
 Of fruitless baseness, overthrow the glory
 Your whole illustrious life has dearly bought,
 In toilsome marches, and in fields of blood.

Enter AULETES and servants.

Aul. My lord, your life's beset ; the room beneath
 Is throng'd with ruffians, which but wait the signal,
 To rush and sheath their daggers in your heart.

Myr. Betray'd ? Cursed sorceress ! it was a plot,
 Concerted by them all, to take my life ;
 And this the bait to tempt me to the toil.
 She dies—

Aul. No ; first enjoy, then murder, her.
 Trust to my conduct, and you still are safe.
 They all are mask'd : I have my visor too.
 But time is short ; for once confide in me.
 You, sir, for safety, fly to your apartment :—

(To the prince.)

You, bear Mandane to her closet :—you, *(To servants.)*
 Speed to the southern gate, and burst it open.

*(As the servants seize Mandane, she gives the signal.
 She is borne off.)*

Enter RAMESES and Conspirators, masked.

Ram. The villain fled ? Perdition intercept him !
 Disperse ; fly several ways ; let each man bear
 A steady point, well levell'd at his heart.
 If he escapes us now, success attend him ;
 May he for ever triumph !

*(As they pass the stage in confusion, Auletes enters
 masked among them.)*

Aul. Ha ! Why halt you !
 Pursue, pursue ; e'en now I saw the monster,
 The villain Myron, with these eyes I saw him,

Bearing his prize swift to the western gate :
There, there, it burst. *(A noise without.)*

All. Away ; pursue.

Aul. (Without.) 'T is done ;

Advance the massy bar ; and all is safe :
Stand here, and with your lives defend the pass.

Enter MYRON.

Myr. I shall at least have time for vengeance on her :
And then I care not if I die. Barbarians !
Their swords are pointed at my life ! 'T is well !
But I will give them an excuse for murder ;
Such, such a cause—Off, love, and soft compassion !
Harden each sinew of my heart to steel !
I'll do what, done, will shock myself, and those
Whom time sets farthest from this dreadful hour.

Enter MANDANE, forced in by AULETES.

Man. By all the powers that can revenge a falsehood,
I'm innocent from any thoughts of blood.

Myr. Why, then, your champions here in arms ? 'T is
false.

Man. Ah ! let my life suffice you for the wrong
You charge upon me ! O my royal master !
My safety from all ill ! my great defender !
O did my father but insult my tears,
And give me to your care to suffer wrong ?
Kill *me*, but not your friend, but not my father.
He loves us both, and my severe distress
Will scarce more deeply wound him than your guilt.

(Myron walks passionately at a distance.)

Myr. Slaves, are you sworn against me ? Stop her voice,
And bear her to my chamber.

Man. O sir ! O Myron !
Behold my tears ! Here will I fix for ever :
I'll clasp your feet—and grow into the earth.—
O cut me, hew me—give to every limb
A separate death—but spare my spotless virtue ;—
But spare my fame.—You wound to distant ages—
And through all time my memory will bleed.

Myr. (As servants force-in Mandane.) Distraction ! All
the pains of hell are on me !

Man. (She is borne off.) O Memnon ! O my lord ! my
life ! where art thou ?

(Myron expresses sudden passion and surprise ; stands awhile fixed in astonishment ; then speaks.)

Myr. As many accidents concur to work
My passions up to this unheard-of crime,
As if the gods design'd it : be it, then,
Their fault, not mine.—*Memnon!* Said she not *Memnon?*
My heart began to stagger ; but 't is over.
Heaven blast me, if I thought it possible
I could be still more cursed ! That hated dog
Her lord, her life ! I thank her for my cure
Of all remorse and pity ; this has left me
Without a check, and thrown the loosen'd reins
On my wild passion to run headlong on,
And in her ruin quench a double fire,
The blended rage of vengeance and of love.
Destruction full of transport ! Lo, I come,
Swift on the wing, to meet my certain doom :
I know the danger, and I know the shame ;
But, like our phoenix, in so rich a flame
I plunge triumphant my devoted head,
And dote on death in that luxurious bed.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter MYRON in the utmost disorder, bare-headed, without light, &c. Walks disturbedly before he speaks.

Myr. HENCEFORTH let no man trust the first false step
Of guilt ; it hangs upon a precipice,
Whose steep descent in last perdition ends.
How far am I plunged down beyond all thought
Which I this evening framed !—But be it so :
Consummate horror ! guilt beyond a name !
Dare not, my soul, repent ; in thee repentance
Were second guilt, and thou blasphemest just Heaven
By hoping mercy. Ah ! my pain will cease
When gods want power to punish.—Ha ! the dawn :
Rise never more, O sun ! let night prevail ;
Eternal darkness close the world's wide scene,
And hide me from Nicanor and myself !
Who's there ? *(Enter Auletes.)*

Aul. My lord ?

Myr. Auletes ?

Aul. Guard your life.

The house is roused ; the servants all alarm'd ;
The gilded tapers dart from room to room ;
Solemn confusion, and a trembling haste,
Mix'd with pale horror, glares on every face.
The strengthen'd foe has rush'd upon your guard,
And cut their passage through them to the gate ;
Implacable Rameses leads them on,
Breathing revenge, and panting for your blood.

Myr. Why, let them come ; let-in the raging torrent :
I wish the world would rise in arms against me ;
For I must die, and I would die in state.

The doors are burst open. Servants pass the stage in tumult : RAMESES, &c., pursue MYRON'S guards over the stage ; then RAMESES and SYPHOCES enter, meeting.

Ram. Where is the prince ?

Syph. The monster stands at bay :

We can no more than shut him from escape,
Till further force arrive.

Ram. O my Syphoces !

Syph. This is a grief, but not for words.
Does she still live ?

Ram. She lives !—but O, how bless'd
Are they which are no more ! By stealth I saw her :
Cast on the ground in mourning weeds she lies ;
Her torn and loosen'd tresses shade her round ;
Through which her face, all pale, as she were dead,
Gleams like a sickly moon. Too great her grief
For words or tears ; but ever and anon,
After a dreadful, still, insidious calm,
Collecting all her breath, long, long suppress'd,
She sobs her soul out in a lengthen'd groan,
So sad, it breaks the heart of all that hear,
And sends her maids in agonies away.

Syph. O tale too mournful to be thought on !

Ram. Hold—

No, let her virgins weep ; forbear, Syphoces ;
Tear out an eye, but damp not our revenge.
Dispatch your letters ; I'll go comfort her.

(A servant speaks aside to Rameses. Exit Syphoces.)
And has she, then, commanded none approach her ?

I'm sorry for it ; but I cannot blame her.
Such is the dreadful ill, that it converts
All offer'd cure into a new disease :
It shuns our love, and comfort gives her pain.

Re-enter SYPHOCES.

Syph. Your father is return'd ; redundant Nile,
Broke from its channel, overswells the pass,
And sends him back to wait the waters' fall.

Ram. And is he, then, return'd ? I tremble for him.
I see his white head rolling in the dust :
But haste ; it is our duty to receive him. *(Exit.)*

Enter MYRON.

Myr. I feel a pain of which I am not worthy ;
A pain, an anguish, which the honest man
Alone deserves.—Is it not wondrous strange,
That I, who stabb'd the very heart of nature,
Should have surviving aught of man about me ?
And yet, I know not how, of gratitude
And friendship still the stubborn sparks survive ;
And poor Nicanor's torments pierce my soul.
Confusion ! he's return'd— *(Starting.)*

Enter NICANOR.

Nic. *(Advancing to embrace Myron.)* My prince—

Myr. *(Turning aside and hiding his face.)* My friend—

Nic. I interrupt you, sir—

Myr. *(Smiting his breast.)* I had thee there :
Before thou camest, my thoughts were bent upon thee.

Nic. O sir, you are too kind !

Myr. *(Aside.)* Death ! tortures ! hell !

Nic. What says my prince ?

Myr. A sudden pain,
To which I'm subject, struck across my heart :
'T is past ; I'm well again.

Nic. Heaven guard your health !

Myr. Dost thou, then, wish it ?

Nic. Am I, then, distrusted ?
Then, when I saved your life, I did the least
I e'er would do to serve you.

Myr. Barbarous man !

Nic. What have I done, my prince ? which way offended ?
Has not my life, my soul, been yours ?

Myr. O ! O

Nic. (*Takes him by the hand.*) By Heaven, I'm wrong'd!
Speak, and I'll clear myself.

Myr. I'm poison and destruction; curse thy gods;
I'll kill thee in compassion.—O my brain!
Away, away, away! (*Shoves him from him, going.*)

Nic. Do, kill me, prince!
You shall not go; I do demand the cause
Which has put forth thy hand against thy father:
For, thus provoked, I'll do myself the justice
To tell thee, youth, that I deserve that name;
Nor have thy parents loved thee more than I.

Myr. I hear them; they are on me—Loose thy hold,
Or I will plant my dagger in thy breast.

Nic. Your dagger's needless, O ungrateful boy!

Myr. (*Embrace.*) Forgive me, father! O, my soul bleeds
for thee!

(*As he is going out, Auletes meets him, and speaks to
him aside.*)

What, no escape? on every side enclosed?
Then I resolve to perish by his hand;
'T is just I should; and meaner death I scorn.
But how to work him to my fate, to sting
His passion up so high, will be a task
To me severe, as difficult as strange.
Support me, cruel heart; it must be done. (*Aside.*)

Nic. Now, from my very soul, I cannot tell—
But 't is enchantment all; for things so strange
Have happen'd, I might well distrust my sense.
But, if mine eyes are true, I plainly read
A heart in anguish; and, I must confess,
Your grief is just: it was inhuman in you.
But tell the cause; unravel, from the bottom,
The mystery that has embroil'd our loves:
For still, my prince, I love, since you repent.
What accident deprived me of my friend,
And lost you to yourself?

Myr. A traitor's sight!

Nic. Beneath my roof?

Myr. Beneath thy very helmet:
Thou art a traitor. Guard thyself. (*Draws.*)

Nic. Distraction!

Traitor!—For standing by your father's throne;
And stemming the wild stream, that roars against it,
Of rebel subjects, and of foreign foes?

For training thee to glory and to war?
 For taking thee from out thy mother's arms
 A mortal child, and kindling in thy soul
 The noble ardours of a future god?
 Farewell; I dare not trust my temper more.

Myr. Grey-headed, venerable traitor!

Enter RAMESES.

Ram. Ha!

Turn, turn, blasphemer, and repress thy taunts:
 All provocation's needless but thy sight.

(He assaults the prince: Nicanor hinders him.)

Nic. Forbear, my son.

Ram. Forbear?

Nic. If I am calm,
 Your rage should cease.

Ram. No; 't is my own revenge;
 Unless, sir, you disown me for your son.

Nic. Thy sword against thy prince?

Ram. A villain!

Nic. Hold!

Ram. The worst of villains!

Nic. 'T is too much.

Ram. O father!—

Nic. What wouldst thou?

Ram. Sir, your daughter—

Nic. Rightly thought;

She best can comfort me in all my sorrow.

Call, call Mandane: to behold my child

Would cheer me in the agonies of death:

Call her, Rameses.—Am I disobey'd?

Ram. O sir!

Nic. What mean those transports of concern?

Ram. Though I'm an outcast from your love, I weep
 To open your black scene of misery.

Nic. Where will this end? O my foreboding heart!

Ram. Should he, to whom, as to a god, at parting,
 You gave, with streaming eyes, your soul's delight,
 While yet your last embrace was warm about him,
 Gloomy and dreadful as this stormy night,
 Rush on your child, your comfort, your Mandane,
 All sweet and lovely as the blushing morn,
 Seize her by force, now trembling, breathless, pale,
 Prostrate in anguish, tearing up the earth,

By due submission, a too great return?
 Death and Destruction are within my call.—
 But thou shalt flourish in thy master's smile.
 A faithful minister adorns my crown,
 And throws a brighter glory round my brow.

Nic. Take but one more, one small one, to your favour,
 And then my soul's at peace.—I have a daughter,
 An only daughter, now an only child,
 Since her lost brother's folly: she deserves
 The most a father can for so much goodness.
 Her mother's dead, and we are left alone;
 We two are the whole house: nor are we *two*;
 In her I live, the comfort of my age:
 And if the king extend his grace so far,
 And take that tender blossom into shelter,
 Then I have all my monarch can bestow,
 Or Heaven itself; but this,—that I may wear
 My life's poor remnant out in your command,
 Stretch forth my being to the last in duty,
 And, when the Fates shall summon, die for you.

Bus. Nicanor, know, thy daughter is our care.

Myr. O, sir, be greatly kind, exert your power,
 And with the monarch furnish out the friend!—
 Art thou not he, that gallant-minded chief, (*To Nicanor.*)
 Who would not stoop to give me less than life?
 And shall I prove ungrateful? Shocking thought!
 He that's ungrateful, has no guilt but one;
 All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.

Nic. What joy my daughter's promised welfare gives me,
 My lips I need not open to discover.—
 Thus humbly let me thank you.

Bus. Dry thy tears,
 And follow us; thy daughter's near our queen,
 And longs, no doubt, to see thee: bless the maid,
 And then attend us on affairs of state.—
 I hear, there's treason near us: though the slaves
 Fall off from their obedience, and deny
 That I'm their monarch, I'm Busiris still:

Collected in myself, I'll stand alone,
 And hurl my thunder, though I shake my throne:
 Like Death, a solitary king I'll reign
 O'er silent subjects, and a desert plain;
 Ere brook their pride, I'll spread a general doom,
 And every step shall be from tomb to tomb. (*Exit.*)

(Myron and Auletes, who talked aside, advance.)

Myr. Her absent beauties glow'd upon my mind,
And sparkled in each thought. She never left me—
Wouldst thou believe it? in the field of battle,
In the mid terror and the flame of fight.
Mandane, thou hast stolen away my soul,
And left my fame in danger. My raised arm
Has hung in air, forgetful to descend,
And, for a moment, spared the prostrate foe.—
O that her birth rose equal to my own!
Then I might wed with honour, and enjoy
A lawful bliss. And why not now? Methinks
Absence has placed her in a fairer light,
Enrich'd the maid, and heighten'd every charm.

Aul. She comes!

Myr. That modest grace subdued my soul;
That chastity of look, which seems to hang
A veil of purest light o'er all her beauties,
And, by forbidding, most inflames desire.

(Enter Mandane.)

What tender force! what dignity divine!
What virtue consecrating every feature!
Around that neck, what dross are gold and pearl!
Mandane! powerful being, whose first sight
Gives me a transport not to be express'd;
And with one moment over-pays a year
Of danger, toil, and death, and absence from thee!

Man. My lord, I sought my father.

Myr. Leave me not;

I've much to say, much more than you conceive;
Yes, by the gods, much more than I can utter:
My breath is snatch'd; I tremble; I expire. *(Aside.)*
Nay, here I'll offer tender violence— *(Takes her hand.)*
May I not breathe my soul upon this hand?
When your eyes triumph, and insult my pain,
Permit me here to take a small revenge.

Man. My lord, I am not conscious of my fault.

Myr. 'T is false: I know the language of those eyes;
They use me ill. See my heart beat, Mandane;
Believe not me, but tell yourself my passion.
Is it in art to counterfeit within,
To drive the spirits, and inflame the blood?
Each nerve is pierced with lightning from your eye,
And every pulse is in the throbs of love.

Man. My lord, my duty calls ; I must not stay.

Myr. Give me a moment : I have that to speak
Will burst me, if suppress'd.—O heavenly maid !
Thy charms are doubled ; so is thy disdain.
Who is it, tell me, who enjoys thy smile ?
There is a happy man, I swear there is ;
I know it by your coldness to your friend.
That thought has fix'd a scorpion on my heart,
That stings to death.—And is it possible
You ever spoke of Myron in his absence,
Or cast at leisure a light thought that way ?

Man. I thought of you, my lord, and of my father,
And pray'd for your success ; nor must I now
Neglect to give him joy.

Myr. Yet stay ; you shall not go.—Ungrateful woman !
I would not wrong your father ; but, by Heaven,
His love is hatred, if compared with mine.
I understand whence this unkindness flows ;
Your heart resents some licence of my youth,
When love had touch'd my brain. You may forgive me,
Because I never shall forgive myself ;
But that you live, I 'd rush upon my sword.
If you forgive me, I shall now approach,
Not as a lover only, but a wretch
Redeem'd from baseness to the ways of honour,
And to my passion join my gratitude.
Each time I kneel before you, I shall rise
As well a better as a happier man,
Indebted to your virtue and your love.

Man. I must not hear you.

Myr. O torment me not !
Hear me you must, and more—Your father's valour,
In the late battle, rescued me from death :
And how shall I be grateful ? Thou 'rt a princess ;—
Think not, Mandane, this a sudden start,
A flash of love, that kindles and expires.
Long have I weigh'd it : since I parted hence,
No night has pass'd but this has broke my rest,
And mix'd with every dream. My fair, I wed thee
In the maturest counsel of my soul.

Man. (*Aside.*) O gods ! I tremble at the rising storm.
Where can this end ?

Myr. And do you, then, despise me ?

Man. My lord, I want the courage to accept

What far transcends my merit, and for ever
Must silently upbraid my little worth.

Myr. Have I forsook myself, forgone my temper
Headlong to all the gay delights of youth,
And fallen in love with virtue most severe,
Turn'd superstitious, to make thee my friend?
Gods! have I struggled through the powerful reasons
That strongly combated my fond resolves?
Was wealth o'erlook'd, and glory of no weight?
My parent's crown forgot, and my own conquests?
And all to be refused, to soothe your pride,
And make my rival sport?

Man. (*Kneels.*) With patience hear me,
Nor let my trust in Myron prove my ruin.

Myr. Distraction! Art thou married?

Man.

O!

Myr. My heart foretold it.—Ah my soul! Auletes!

(*Swoons.*)

Aul. Madam, 't is prudent in you to withdraw.

(*Exit Mandane.*)

Myr. I do not live—I cannot bear the light!
Where is Mandane? But I would not know.
She is not mine. Yet, though not mine in love,
Revenge, my just revenge, may overtake her.
O how I hate her! Let me know her faults:
Did the proud maid insult me in distress,
And smile to see me gasping? Speak, Auletes.
Did she not sigh? Sure she might pity me,
Though all her love is now another's right.

Aul. She sigh'd, and wept; but I removed her from you.

Myr. It was well done: yet I could gaze for ever.
And *did* she sigh? And *did* she drop a tear?
The tears she shed for me are surely mine;
And shall another dry them on those cheeks,
And make them an excuse for greater fondness?
Shall I assist the villain in his joys?
No; I will tear her from him!
I'd grudge her beauties to the gods that gave them.

Aul. My lord, have temper.

Myr. And another's passion
Warm on that lip! another's burning arms
Strain'd round the lovely waist for which I die!
And she consenting, wooing, growing to him!
What golden scenes, when absent, did I feign!

What lovely pictures did I draw in air!
 What luxury of thought! And see my fate!
 Shall, then, my slave enjoy her; and I languish
 In my triumphal car, my foot on purple,
 And o'er my head a canopy of gold,
 Fate in my nod, and monarchs in my train?
 What, if I stab him? No; she will not wed
 His murderer.—I never form'd a wish,
 But full fruition taught me to forget it.
 And am I lessen'd by my late success?
 And have I lost my conquest? Fly, Auletes,
 And tell her—

Aul. What, my lord?

Myr. No, bid her—

Aul. Speak!

Myr. I know not what.—My heart is torn asunder.

Aul. Retire, my lord, and recompose yourself:
 The queen approaches.—Ha! her bosom swells;
 (*Exit Myron.*)

Her pale lip trembles; a disorder'd haste
 Is in her steps; her eyes shoot gloomy fires.
 When Myris is in anger, happy they
 She calls her *friends*.

Enter QUEEN.

Queen. Auletes, where's the king?

Aul. At council, madam.

Queen. Let him know I want him. (*Exit Auletes.*)
 Base! to forget to whom he owes a crown!
 Fool! to provoke *her* rage whose hand is red
 In her own brother's blood!

Enter KING and PHERON.

King. Horrid conspiracy!

Pher. This night was destined for the bloody deed.

King. Mistaken villains! if they wish my death,
 They should in prudence lay their weapons by.
 So jealous are the gods of Egypt's glory,
 I cannot die whilst slaves are arm'd against me.
 Haste, Pheron, to the dungeon; plunge them down
 Far from the hopes of day; there let them lie,
 Banish'd this world while yet alive, and groan
 In darkness and in horror. Let double chains
 Consume the flesh of Memnon's loaded limbs,
 Till Death shall knock them off. A king's thy friend;

Nay, more,—Busiris. Go ; let that suffice. (*Exit Pheron.*)

Queen. My lord, your thought's engaged.

King. Affairs of state

Detain'd me from my queen.

Queen. The world may wait :

I've a request, my lord.

King. Oblige me with it.

Queen. Will you comply ?

King. My queen, my power is yours.

Queen. Your queen ?

King. My queen.

Queen. Indeed, it should be so—

Then sign these orders for Amelia's death.—

He starts, turns pale, he's sinking into earth.—

Enough ; begone, and fling thee at her feet ;

Dote on my slave, and sue to her for mercy.

Go, pour forth all the folly of thy soul ;

But bear in mind, thou givest not of thy own :

Thou givest that kindness which I bought with blood,

Nor shall I lose unmoved.

King. I wish, my queen,

This still had slept a secret, for thy sake ;

But since thy restless jealousy of soul

Has been so studious of its own disquiet,

Support it as you may :—I own I've felt

Amelia's charms, and think them worth my love.

Queen. And dar'est thou bravely own it too ? O insult !

Forgetful man ! 't is I, then, owe a crown !

Thou hadst still grovell'd in the lower world,

And view'd a throne at distance, had not I

Told thee, thou wast a man, and (dreadful thought !)

Through my own brother cut thy way to empire.

But thou might'st well forget a crown bestow'd ;

That gift was small : I listen'd to thy sighs,

And raised thee to my bed.

King. I thank you for it :

The gifts you made me were not cast away :

I understand their worth : "husband" and "king"

Are names of no mean import ; they rise high

Into dominion, and are big with power.

Whate'er I was, I now am king of Egypt,

And Myris' lord.

Queen. I dream : art thou Busiris ?

Busiris, that has trembled at my feet ?

And art thou now my Jove, with clouded brow
 Dispensing fate, and looking down on Myris?
 Dost thou derive thy spirit from thy crimes?
 'Cause thou hast wrong'd me, therefore dost thou threaten,
 And roll thine eye in anger? Rather bend,
 And sue for pardon!—O detestable!
 Burn for a stranger's bed!

King. And what was mine,
 When Myris' first vouchsafed to smile on me?

Queen. Distraction! death! upbraided for my love!—
 Thou art not only criminal, but base.
 Mine was a godlike guilt; ambition in it;
 Its foot in hell, its head above the clouds:
 For know, I hated when I most caress'd:
 'T was not Busiris, but the crown, that charm'd me,
 And sent its sparkling glories to my heart.
 But thou canst soil thy diadem with slaves.

King. Syphoces is a king, then.

Queen. Ha!

King. Let fair Amelia know, the king attends her.

(Exit.)

Queen. Go, tyrant, go, and wisely by thy shame
 Prepare thy way to ruin: I'll o'ertake thee,
 Living or dead. If dead, my ghost shall rise,
 Shriek in thine ears, and stalk before thine eyes:
 In death I'll triumph o'er my rival's charms,
 And chill thy blood, when clasp'd within her arms.
 Alone to suffer is beneath the great;
 Tyrant, thy torment shall support my state. *(Exit.)*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Scene, the general's house.

Enter the KING.

King. HERE dwells my stubborn fair: I'll soothe her
 pride,
 And lay an humbled monarch at her feet.
 But let her well consider: if she's slow

To welcome bliss, and dead to glory's charms,
 Then my resentment rises in proportion
 To this high grace extended to my slave,
 And turns the force of her own charms against her.
 Monarchs may court, but cannot be denied.

(Enter the queen, veiled.)

Amelia, dry thy tears, and lay aside
 That melancholy veil.—Ha! Myris!

Queen.

Myris!

A name that should like thunder strike thine ear,
 And make thee tremble in this guilty place.
 But wherefore dost thou think I meet thee here?
 Not with mean sighs, and deprecating tears,
 To humble me before thee, and increase
 The number of thy slaves, in hope to break
 Thy resolution, and avert thy crime;
 But to denounce, if thou shalt dare persist,
 The vengeance due to injured Heaven and me;
 And by this warning double thy offence.
 Think, think of vengeance; 't is the only joy
 Which thou hast left me: I'm no more thy wife,
 Nor queen; but know, I am a woman still.

Enter AULETES.

Aul. May all the gods watch o'er your life and empire,
 And render omens vain! So fierce the storm,
 Old Memphis from her deep foundations shakes,
 And such unheard-of prodigies hang o'er us
 As make the boldest tremble. See, the moon
 Robb'd of her light, discolour'd, without form,
 Appears a bloody sign, hung out by Jove,
 To speak peace broken with the sons of men;
 The Nile, as frighted, shrinks within its banks;
 And as this hour I pass'd great Isis' temple,
 A sudden flood of lightning rush'd upon it,
 And laid the shrine in ashes.

King.

O mighty Isis!

Why all these signs in nature? Why this tumult
 To tell me I am guilty? If my crown
 The Fates demand, why, let them take it back.
 My crown, indeed, I may resign; but, O!
 Who can awake the dead?—
 'T is hence these spectres shock my midnight thoughts,
 And Nature's laws are broke to discompose me.

'T is I that whirl these hurricanes in air,
And shake the earth's foundations with my guilt.
O Myris! give me back my innocence.

Queen. I bought it with an empire.

King. Cheaply sold!

Why didst thou urge my lifted arm to strike
The pious king, when my own heart recoil'd?

Queen. Why did you yield, when urged, and by a
woman,—

You that are vain of your superior reason,
And swell with the prerogative of man?
If you succeed, our counsel is of nought:
You own it, not accepted, though enjoy'd;
But steal the glory, and deny the favour.
Yet if a fatal consequence attend,
Then we're the authors; then your treacherous praise
Allows us sense enough to be condemn'd.

King. 'T is prudent to dissemble with her fury,
And wait a softer season for my love. (*Aside.*)
Bid Isis' priests attend their king's devotions;
I'll soothe with sacrifice the angry powers;
Swift to my dungeons; bid their darksome wombs
Give up the numerous captives of my wars;
Ten thousand lives to Heaven devoutly pour;
Nor let the sacred knife grow cool from blood,
Till sevenfold Nile, infected with the stain,
In all his streams flows purple to the main. (*Exit.*)

Queen. Thin artifice! I know the sacrifice
You most intend: but I will dash your joys;
Thou, victim, and thy goddess, both shall feel me.

Aul. Madam, the prince.

Queen. And is he still afflicted?

Aul. It grieves your faithful servant to relate it:
He struggles manfully, but all in vain.
Sometimes he calls-in music to his aid:
He strives with martial strains to fire his blood,
And rouse his soul to battle.
Then he relapses into love again,
Feeds the disease, and dotes upon his ruin.

Queen. Why seeks he here the cause of all his sorrow?

Aul. He seeks not here Mandane, but her father;
For friendship is the balm of all our cares,
Melts in the wound, and softens every fate.

(*Martial music.*)

Enter MYRON, at a distance.

Queen. Heavens! what a glory blazes from his eye!
What force, what majesty, in every motion,
As at each step he trod upon a foe!

Myr. O that this ardour would for ever last!
It shall; nor will I curse my being more.
Chain'd kings, and conquer'd kingdoms, are before me:
I'll bend the bow, and launch the whistling spear,
Bound o'er the mountains, plunge into the stream,
Where thickest falchions gleam, and helmets blaze.
I'll number my own heart among my foes,
And conquer it, or die. *(Exit.)*

Queen. The thoughts of war
Will soon dislodge the fair one from his breast.
But this has broken in on my intent.—
I would remind thee of my late commands.

Aul. Madam, 't is needless to remind your slave:
At dead of night I set the prisoners free.

Queen. Yes, set the prisoners free! 'T is great revenge,
Such as my soul pants after: it becomes me.
O, it will gall the tyrant, stab him home!
And, if one spark of gratitude survives,
Soften Syphoces to my soft desire.

The tyrant's torment is my only joy:
Ye gods! or let me perish, or destroy;
Or rather both; for what has life to boast
When vice is tasteless grown, and virtue lost?
Glory and wealth I call upon in vain;
Nor wealth nor glory can appease my pain:
My every joy upbraids me with my guilt,
And triumphs tell me, sacred blood is spilt.

(Exit queen.)

Enter MYRON.

Myr. The shining images of war are fled,
The fainting trumpets languish in mine ear,
The banners furl'd, and all the sprightly blaze
Of burnish'd armour, like the setting sun,
Insensibly is vanish'd from my thought.
No battle, siege, or storm, sustain my soul
In wonted grandeur, and fill out my breast:
But softness steals upon me, melting down
My rugged heart in languishments and sighs,
And pours it out at my Mandane's feet.

I see her e'en this moment stand before me,
 Too fair for sight, and fatal to behold :
 I have her here ; I clasp her in my arms ;
 And, in the madness of excessive love,
 Sigh out my heart, and bleed with tenderness.

Aul. My lord, too much you cherish this delusion :
 She is another's.

Myr. Do not tell me so :
 Say rather, she is dead ; each heavenly charm
 Turn'd into horror ! O, the pain of pains
 Is when the fair one, whom our soul is fond of,
 Gives transport, and receives it from another !
 How does my soul burn up with strong desire !
 Now shrink into itself ! now blaze again !
 I'll tear and rend the strings that tie me to her.
 If I stay longer here, I am undone.

As he is going, enter NICANOR.

Nic. My prince, and, since such honours you vouchsafe,
 My friend ! I have presumed upon your favour ;
 This is my daughter's birth-day, and this night
 I dedicate to joys, which ever languish
 If you refuse to crown them with your presence.

Myr. Nicanor, I was warm on other thoughts.

Nic. I am still near you in the day of danger,
 In toilsome marches and the bloody field,
 When nations against nations clash in arms,
 And half a people in one groan expire :
 Why am I, with your helmet, thrown aside,
 Cast off, and useless, in the hour of peace ?

Myr. Since then you press it, I must be your guest.—
 Methinks I labour, as I onward move, (*Aside.*)
 As under check of some controlling power.
 What can this mean ? Wine may relieve my thoughts,
 And mirth and converse lift my soul again. (*Exeunt.*)

The back scene draws, and shows a banquet.

Enter MANDANE, richly dressed.

Man. It was this day that gave me life ; this day
 Should give much more,—should give me Memnon too :
 But I am rivall'd by his chains ; they clasp
 The hero round ; a cold, unkind embrace,
 And but an earnest of far worse to come !
 While he, my soul, in dungeon-darkness closed,

Breathes damp unwholesome steams, and lives on poison,
 I am compell'd to suffer ornaments,
 To wear the rainbow, and to blaze in gems ;
 To put on all the shining guilt of dress,
 When 't is almost a crime that I still live.
 These eyes, which can't dissemble, pouring forth
 The dreadful truth, are honest to my heart ;
 These robes, O Memnon ! are Mandane's chains,
 And load, and gall, and wring her bleeding heart.

(Exit Mandane.)

Enter MYRON, NICANOR, AULETES, &c. They take their places.

Nic. Sound louder, sound, and waft my wish to Heaven.
 Hear me, ye righteous gods, and grant my prayer !
 For ever shine propitious on my daughter :
 Protect her, prosper her ; and when I 'm dead,
 Still bless me in Mandane's happiness !

(The bowl goes round. Music.)

Haste, call my daughter ; none can taste of joy
 Till she, the mistress of the feast, is with us.

A servant brings NICANOR a letter : he reads it.

The king's commands at any hour are welcome.

Myr. Not leave us, general ?

Nic. Ha ! the king here writes me,
 The discontented populace, that held
 O'er midnight bowls their desperate cabals,
 Are now in bold defiance to his power.
 Amid the terrors of this stormy night,
 E'en now they deluge all yon western vale,
 And form a war, impatient for the day :
 The spreading poison, too, has caught his troops,
 And the revolting soldiers stand in arms
 Mix'd with seditious citizens.

Myr. Your call is great.

Enter MANDANE. MYRON starts from his seat in disorder.

Man. (Aside.) O Memnon ! how shall I become a
 banquet,

Suppress my sorrows, and comply with joy ?
 Severest fate ! am I denied to grieve ?

Nic. Be comforted, my child : I 'll soon return.
 Why dost thou make me blush ? I feel my tears
 Run trickling down my cheek.

Imploring, shrieking, to the gods and you—
O hold my brain!—Look there, and think the rest.

The back-scene opens. A darkened chamber, a bed, and the curtains drawn. Women pass out, weeping, &c.
NICANOR falls back on RAMESES.

Nic. Is 't possible?—My child! my only daughter!
The growth of my own life! that sweeten'd age
And pain!—O, nature bleeds within me.

Man. Weep not, my virgins; cease your useless tears;
Kindness is thrown away upon despair,
And but provokes the sorrow it would ease.

Nic. Assist me forwards.

Man. Most unwelcome news!
Is he return'd? The gods support my father!
I now begin to wish he loved me less.

Nic. There, there, she pierced the very tenderest nerve:
She pities me, dear babe; she pities me:
Through all the raging tortures of her soul,
She feels my pain! But hold, my heart, to thank her;
Then burst at once, and let the pangs of death
Put Myron from my thought. *(Goes to her.)*

Man. Severest Fate
Has done its worst—I've drawn my father's tears!

Nic. Forbear to call me by that tender name;
Since I can't help thee, I would fain forget
Thou art a part of me: it only sharpens
Those pangs which, if a stranger, I should feel.
O spare me, my Mandane! To behold thee
In such excess of sorrow quite destroys me,
And I shall die, and leave thee unrevenged.

Man. O sir! there are misfortunes most severe,
Which yet can bear the light, and, well sustain'd,
Adorn the sufferer. But this affliction
Has made despair a virtue, and demands
Utter extinction, and eternal night,
As height of happiness. *(Scene shuts on them.)*

Enter SYPHOCES.

Ram. O my Syphoces!

Syph. And does this move you? does this melt you down,
And pour you out in sorrow? Then fly far,
Ere Memnon comes; he comes with flushing cheek,
And beating heart, to bear a bride away,

And bless his fate : how dreadfully deceived !

Ram. The melancholy scene at length begins.

Enter MEMNON.

Mem. O give me leave to yield to nature,
And indulge my joy !
My friend ! my brother ! O the ecstasy
That fires my veins, and dances at my heart !
You love me not, if you refuse to join
In all the just extravagance and flight
Of boundless transport on this happy hour.
Where is my soul, my bliss, my lovely bride ?
Call, call her forth ; O haste ; the priest expects us,
And every moment is a crime to love.

Ram. (*To Syphoces.*) Speak to him : pr'ythee, speak.

Syph. By Heaven, I cannot.

Mem. What can this mean ?

Ram. Syphoces.

Syph. Nay, Rameses.

Mem. By all the gods, they struggle with their sorrows,
And swallow down their tears to hide them from me :—
By Friendship's sacred name, I charge you, speak.

(*They look on him with the utmost concern, and go out
on different sides of the stage.*)

Was ever man thus left to dreadful thought,
And all the horrors of a black surmise ?
What woe is this, too big to be express'd ?
O my sad heart ! Why bodest thou so severely ?
Mandane's life 's in danger ! There, indeed,
Fortune, I fear thee still : her beauties arm thee :
Her virtues make thee dreadful to my thought.
But for my love, how I could laugh at Fate !

Enter a servant, and gives him a paper. He reads.

Enter RAMESES. MEMNON swoons, and falls on RAMESES.

Ram. 'T were happy if his soul would ne'er return :
The gods may still be merciful in this.—
His lips begin to rise.—How fares my friend ?

Mem. Did Myron feel my pangs, you 'd pity him.

Enter SYPHOCES.

Syph. Fainting beneath the' oppression of her grief,
This way Mandane seeks the fresher air :
Let us withdraw ; 't will pain her to be seen,

And most of all by you.

Mem. By my own heart
I judge, and am convinced.—I dare not see her :
The sight would strike me dead.

(As Memnon is going, Mandane meets him : both start back : she shrieks. Memnon recovers himself, and falls at her knees, embracing them : she tries to disengage : he not permitting, she raises him : he takes her passionately in his arms : they continue speechless and motionless for some time.)

Ram. Was ever mournful interview like this ?
See how they writhe with anguish ! hear them groan !
See the large silent dew run trickling down,
As from the weeping marble ; passion chokes
Their words, and they 're the statues of despair !

Mem. O my Mandane !

(At this she violently breaks from him, and exit.)

But one moment more.

(As Memnon is following, Rameses holds him.)

Ram. Brother !

Mem. Forgive me.

Ram. You 're to blame.

Mem. *(Pointing after her.)* Look there :

My heart is bursting.

Ram. With revenge ?

Mem. And love.

Ram. Revenge !

Mem. One dear embrace ; 't will edge my sword !

Syph. No, Memnon ; if our swords now want an edge,
They 'll want for ever : to this spot I charm thee
By the dread words, Revenge and Liberty !
This is the crisis of our fates ; this moment
The guardian gods of Egypt hover o'er us ;
They watch to see us act like prudent men,
And out of ills extract our happiness.
My friends, these dire calamities, like poison,
May have their wholesome use : this sad occasion,
If managed artfully, revives our hopes ;
It gives Nicanor to our sinking faction,
And still the tyrant shakes.

Ram. My father comes ;
Or snatch this moment, or despair for ever.
While passions glow, the heart, like heated steel,
Takes each impression, and is work'd at pleasure.

Enter NICANOR.

Nic. Why have the gods chose out my weakest hours
To set their terrors in array against me?
This would beat down the vigour of my youth,
Much more grey hairs, and life worn down so low.
Vain man! to be so fond of breathing long,
And spinning out a thread of misery!
The longer life, the greater choice of evil.
The happiest man is but a wretched thing,
That steals poor comfort from comparisons:
What, then, am I? Here will I sit me down,
Brood o'er my cares, and *think* myself to death.
Draw near, Rameses; I was rash erewhile,
And chid thee without cause. How many years
Have I been cased in steel?

Ram. Full threescore years
Have changed the seasons o'er your crested brow,
And seen your falchion dyed in hostile blood.

Nic. How many triumphs since the king has reign'd?

Ram. They number just your battles, one for one.

Nic. True; I have follow'd the rough trade of war
With some success, and can without a blush
Review the shaken fort and sanguine plain.
I have thought pain a pleasure, thirst and toil
Bless'd objects of ambition. I remember,
(Nor do my foes forget that bloody day,)
When the barb'd arrow from my gaping thigh
Was wrench'd with labour, I disdain'd the groan,
Because I suffer'd for Busiris' sake.

Ram. The king is not to blame.

Nic. Is not the prince his son?

Ram. But in himself—

Nic. (*Rising in passion.*) And has he lost his guilt,
'Cause he has injured me? Erewhile thy blood
Was kindled at his name. Didst thou not tell me
A shameful black design on poor Amelia?
O Memnon! what a glorious race is this,
To make the gods a party in our cause,
And draw down blessings on us!

Mem. He that supports them
In such black crimes, is sharer of their guilt.

Nic. Point out the man, and, with these wither'd hands,
I'd fly upon his throat, though he were lodged

Within the circle of Busiris' arms.

Ram. He that prevents it not when in his power,
Supports them in their course of flaming guilt ;
And you are he.

Nic. Thou ravest.

Syph. The army's yours :
I've sounded every chief ; but wave your finger,
Thousands fall off the tyrant's side, and leave him
Naked of help, and open to destruction.
But sweep his minions, cut a pander's throat,
Or lop a sycophant, the work is done.

Nic. (Starting.) What would you have me do ?

Mem. Let not your heart
Fly off from your own thought ; be truly great ;
Resent your country's sufferings as your own.
A generous soul is not confined at home,
But spreads itself abroad o'er all the public,
And feels for every member of the land.
What have we seen for twenty rolling years,
But one long tract of blood ? or, what is worse,
Throng'd dungeons pouring forth perpetual groans ;
And free-born men oppress'd ? Shall half mankind
Be doom'd to curse the moment of their birth ?
Shall all the mother's fondness be employ'd
To rear them up to bondage, give them strength
To bear afflictions, and support their chains ?

Syph. (Kneeling.) To you the valiant youth most hum-
bly bend,
And beg that nature's gifts, the vigorous nerve,
And graceful port, design'd to bless the world,
And take your great example in the field,
May not be forced, by lewdness in high place,
To other toils, to labour for disease,
To wither in a loathed embrace, and die
At an inglorious distance from the foe.

Ram. (Kneeling.) To you Amelia lifts her hands for
safety.

Mem. (Bursting into tears.) To you—to you—

Nic. By Heaven, he cannot speak.—I understand thee.
Rise, rise, my son : rise, all ! Your work is done ;
They perish all, these creatures of my sword.
Have I not seen whole armies vaulted o'er
With flying javelins, which shut out the day,
And fell in rattling storms at my command,

To slay and bury proud Busiris' foe?
 He lives and reigns; for I have been his friend:
 But I 'il unmake him, and plough up the ground
 Where his proud palace stands. *(Exit.)*

Mem. O my Mandane!

The gods by dreadful means bestow success,
 And in their vengeance most severely bless.
 From thy bright streaming eyes our triumphs flow;
 The tyrant falls,—Mandane strikes the blow.
 So the fair Moon, when seas swell high, and pour
 A wasteful deluge on the trembling shore,
 Inspires the tumult from her clouded throne,
 Where, silent, pensive, pale, she sits alone;
 And all the distant ruin is her own. }

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Scene, the field.

Enter BUSIRIS and AULETES. An alarum at a distance.

Bus. WELCOME the voice of war! Though loud the
 sound,
 It faintly speaks the language of my heart;
 It whispers what I mean. But say, Auletes,
 What urge these forlorn rebels in excuse
 For choosing ruin?

Aul. Various their complaints:
 But some are loud, that while your heavy hand
 Presses whole millions with incessant toil
 (Toils fitter far for beasts than human creatures)
 In building wonders for the world to gaze at,
 Weeds are their food, their cup the muddy Nile.

Bus. Do they not build for me? Let that reward them.
 Yes, I will build more wonders to be gazed at,
 And temper all my cement with their blood.
 Whose pains and art reform'd the puzzled year,
 Thus drawing down the Sun to human use,
 And making him their servant? Who push'd off
 With mountain dams the broad redundant Nile,
 Descended from the moon, and bid it wander

A stranger stream in unaccustom'd shores ?
 Who from the Ganges to the Danube reigns ?
 But virtues are forgot.—Away ! to arms !
 I call to mind my glorious ancestry,
 Which, for ten thousand rolling years renown'd,
 Shines up into eternity itself,
 And ends among the gods. *(An alarum.)*

Enter MEMNON.

Aul. The rebel braves us.

Bus. Hold, let our weapons thirst one moment longer ;
 And Death stand still till he receives my nod.—
 Whom meet I in the midst of my own realm,
 With bold defiance on his brow ?

Mem. The slave
 Whom dread Busiris lately laid in chains ;
 An emblem of his country.

Bus. Is it thus
 You thank my royal bounty ?

Mem. Thus you thank'd
 The good Artaxes ; thus you thank'd my father.

Bus. What I have done, conclude most right and just ;
 For I have done it, and the gods alone
 Shall ask me why. Thou livest, although they fell ;
 And, if they fell unjustly, greater thanks
 Are due from thee, whom e'en Injustice spared.

Mem. Thy kindnesses are wrongs ; they mean to soothe
 My injured soul, and steal it from revenge.

Bus. Turn back thine eye ; behold, thy troops are thin,
 Thy men are rarely sprinkled o'er the field ;
 And yet thou carriest millions on thy tongue.

Mem. All thy blood-thirsty sword has laid in dust
 Are on my side ; they come in bloody swarms,
 And throng my banners. Thy unequall'd crimes
 Have made thee weak, and rob my victory—

Bus. Ha !

Mem. Nay, stamp not, tyrant ; I can stamp as loud,
 And raise as many dæmons at the sound.

Bus. I wear a diadem.

Mem. And I a sword.

Bus. Yet, yet submit ; I give thee life.

Mem. Secure your own.

No more, Busiris ; bid the sun farewell.

Bus. Busiris and the sun should set together.

If this day's angry gods ordain my fate,
 Know thou, I fall like some vast pyramid ;
 I bury thousands in my great destruction,
 And thou the first. Slave ! in the front of battle,
 There thou shalt find me.

Mem. Thou shalt find me there,
 And have well paid that gratitude I owe. (*Exeunt.*)

A continued alarum.

Enter MYRON and NICANOR, meeting.

Nic. Does not mine eye strike terror through thy soul,
 And shake the weapon from thy trembling arm ?
 Base boy ! the foulness of thy guilt secures thee
 From my reproach ; I dare not name thy crime.

Myr. Old man, didst thou stand up in thy own cause,
 I then should be afraid of fourscore years,
 And tremble at grey hairs ; but since thy frenzy
 Has lent those venerable locks to cast
 A gloss of virtue on the blackest crime,
 Accursed rebellion ; this gives back my heart
 With all its rage, and I'm a man again.

Nic. Come on, and use that force of arms I taught thee ;
 I'll now resume the life I gave so late.

Myr. I grieve thou hast but half a life to lose,
 And dost defraud my vengeance. At my touch,
 Thou moulder'st into dust, and art forgotten.—

(Preparing to fight, Myron stops short.)

Ah, no ! I cannot fight with thee : begone,
 And shake elsewhere ; thou canst not want a death
 In such a field, though I refuse it to thee.
 Rameses, Memnon, give them to my sword,
 Sustain'd by thousands ; but to fly from thee,
 From thee, most injured man, shall be my praise,
 And rise above the conquest of my foes.

Nic. 'T is not old age,—the' avenging gods pursue thee !
(He retires before Nicanor off the stage. A loud alarum.)

Enter BUSIRIS and AULETES, in pursuit.

Bus. 'T is well ; I like this madness of the field :
 Let heighten'd horrors and a waste of death
 Inform the world, Busiris is in arms.
 But then I grudge the glory of my sword
 To slaves and rebels : while they die by me,

They cheat my vengeance, and survive in fame.

Aul. I panted after in the paths of death,
And could not but from far behold your plume
O'ershadow slaughter'd heaps, while your bright helm
Struck a distinguish'd terror through the field,
The distant legions trembling as it blazed.

Bus. Think not a crown alone lights up my name;
My hand is deep in fight. Forbid it, Isis,
That whilst Busiris treads the sanguine field,
The foremost spirit of his host should conquer
But by example, and beneath the shade,
Of this high-brandish'd arm. Didst thou e'er fear?
Sure 't is an art; I know not how to fear;
'T is one of the few things beyond my power;
And if death must be fear'd before 't is felt,
Thy master is immortal, O Auletes.—
But while I speak, they live!

Where fall the sounding cataracts of Nile,
The mountains tremble, and the waters boil:
Like them I'll rush, like them my fury pour,
And give the future world one wonder more. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter MYRON, engaged with a party: his plume is smitten off: he drives the foe, and returns.

Myr. When Death 's so near, but dares not venture on us,
'T is Heaven's regard, a kind of salutation,
Which to ourselves our own importance shows.
Faint, as I am, and almost sick of blood,
There is one cordial would revive me still,—
The sight of Memnon: place that fiend before me—(*Exit.*)

Enter MEMNON.

Mem. Where, where 's the prince? O give him to my
sword!
His tall white plume, which, like a high-wrought foam,
Floated on the tempestuous stream of fight,
Show'd where he swept the field. I follow'd swift,
But my approach has turn'd him into air—(*Enter Myron.*)
The fight but now begins!

Myr. Why, who art thou?

Mem. Prince, I am—

Myr. (*Disdainfully.*) Memnon!

Mem. No; I'm Mandane.

Myr. Ha!

Mem. (Striking his own head and breast.)

She's here, she's here, she's all: her wrongs and virtues!
Virtues and wrongs! Thou worse than murderer!

Myr. I charge thee, name her not; forbear the croak
With that ill-omen'd note.

Mem. Mandane!

Myr. Be it so.

When I reflect on her mean love for thee,
And plot against my life, my pain is less.

Mem. 'T is false; she meant, she knew it not. Rameses,
He, only he, was conscious of the thought.

Myr. Then I'm a wretch indeed!

Mem. As such I'll use thee:

I'll crush thee like some poison on the earth;
Then haste and cleanse me in the blood of men.

Myr. I thank thee for this spirit which exalts thee
Into a foe I need not blush to meet.

Now, from my soul, it joys me thou art found,
And found alive. By Heaven, so much I hate thee,
I fear'd that thou wast dead, and hadst escaped me.
I'll drench my sword in thy detested blood,
Or soon make thee immortal by my own.

Villain!

Mem. Myron!

Myr. Rebel!

Mem. Myron! *(They fight.)*

Myr. Hell!

Mem. Mandane!

Myr. (Falls.) Just the blow, and juster still,
Because embitter'd to me by that hand
I most detest; which gives my soul an earnest
Of vast unfathomable woes to come;
That dreadful dowry for my dreadful love.
I leave the world my misery's example;
If used aright, no trivial legacy. *(Dies.)*

Enter SYPHOCES.

Syph. My lord, I bring you most unwelcome news:
As poor Mandane wander'd near the field,
In hope to see her injuries revenged,
Thoughtless of any sufferings but the past,
A party of the foe saw, seized, and bore her off.

Mem. Vengeance and conquest now are trivial things;
Love made their prize. 'T is impious in my soul

To entertain a thought but of her rescue :
 Now, now I plunge into the thickest war,
 As some bold diver, from a precipice
 Into mid ocean, to regain a gem
 Whose loss impoverish'd kings ; to bring it back,
 Or see the day no more. *(Exeunt.)*

Enter MANDANE, prisoner.

Man. A generous foe will hear his captive speak ;
 A benefit thus, kneeling, I implore :
 Let one of all those swords that glitter round me,
 Vouchsafe to hide its point within my breast.

Enter MEMNON.

Mem. Ah villains ! cursed atheists ! Can you bear
 That posture from that form ? What, what are numbers,
 When I behold those eyes ! Not mine the glory,
 That singly thus I quell a host of foes.
 Inhuman robbers ! O bring back my soul !
(They force her off. He rushes in upon them, and is taken.)
 Poor comfort to mankind, that they can lose
 Their lives but once ; but, O, a thousand times
 Be torn from what they love !

Enter RAMESES.

Ram. Far have I waded in the bloody field,
 Laborious through the stubborn ranks of war,
 And traced thee in a labyrinth of death ;
 But thus to find thee !—Better find thee dead !
 These slaves will use thee ill.

Mem. Of that no more :
 Myron is dead, and by this arm.

Ram. I thank thee :
 All my few spirits left exult with joy :
 I'll chase and scourge him through the lower world.

Mem. Alas, thou bleed'st !

Ram. Curse on the tyrant's sword !
 I bleed to death ; but could not leave the world
 Without a last embrace. Just now I met
 The poor Mandane.

Mem. Quickly speak. What said she ?

Ram. Nothing of comfort ; cease to ask me farther.
 If you meet more, your meeting will be sad.—
 Your arm ! I faint—Ah ! what is human life ?
 How, like the dial's tardy-moving shade,

Day after day slides from us unperceived !
 The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth ;
 Too subtle is the movement to be seen ;
 Yet soon the hour is up—and we are gone.
 Farewell : I pity thee. *(Dies.)*

Mem. Farewell, brave friend !
 Would I could bear thee company to rest ;
 But life in all its terrors stands before me,
 And shuts the gates of Peace against my wishes. —
 Do I not hear a peal of distant thunder ?
 And see, a sudden darkness shuts the day,
 And quite blots out the sun ! But what to me
 The colour of the sky ? A death-cold dew
 Hangs on my brow, and all my slacken'd joints
 Are shook without a cause.—A groan ! From whence ?
 Again ! and no one near me ? Vain delusion !—
 I fear, not vain ! I fear some ill is towards me,
 More dreadful sure than all that's past.—Mandane ?
 I hoped she was at peace, and past the reach
 Of this ill news ; but such my wayward fate,
 I cannot ask a curse but 't is denied me :
 And could I wish I ne'er could see her more ?

Enter MANDANE, guarded.

Man. This is my brother : a short privacy
 Is a small favour you may grant a foe.

Guard. Let it be short ; we may not wait your leisure.

Mem. 'T is wondrous strange ; there's something holds
 me from her,
 And keeps this foot fast-rooted to the ground.

This is the last time I shall ever pray. *(Kneeling.)*

To me, ye gods, confine your threaten'd vengeance,
 And I will bless your mercies while I suffer !

*(Memnon and Mandane advance slowly to the front of the
 stage.)*

Man. What didst thou pray for ?

Mem. For thy peace.

Man. 'T was kind.

But, O, those hands in bonds deny the blessing,
 For which they earnestly were raised to heaven—

Mem. I fear so too : what we have yet to do
 Must be soon done : this meeting is our last.

How shall we use it ?

Man. How ? Consult thy chains

And my calamities.

Mem. Sad counsellors,
And cruel their advice. Are there no other?

Man. I look around,—and find no glimpse of hope;
A perfect night of horror and despair.

Mem. Of horror and despair indeed, Mandane.
Canst thou believe me? Nay, can I believe
Myself? The last thing that I wish'd for was—"T is false!
The weight of my misfortunes hurts my mind.

Man. Was what?

Mem. I dare not think; to think is to look down
A precipice ten thousand fathom deep,
That turns my brain.—O! O!

Man. Memnon, no more:
That silence and those tears need no explaining;
And it is kind, with such severe reluctance
To think upon my death, though necessary.

Mem. Ah, hold! You plant a thousand daggers here.
Talk not of dying: I disown the thought.
Right is not right, and reason is not reason;
All is distraction, when I look on thee.
O all ye pitying gods! dash out from nature
Your stars, your sun; but let Mandane live.

Man. No; death long since was my confirm'd resolve.

Mem. Myron is dead.

Man. What joy a heart like mine
Can feel, it feels. Had he been never born,
I might have lived: 't is now—impossible.

Mem. This even to my miseries I owe,
That it discovers greater virtues still
In her my soul adores. O my Mandane!
O glorious maid! then thou wilt be at peace—

(Memnon walks thoughtfully; then returns.)

Must I survive, and change thy tenderness
For a stern master and perpetual chains?
Long I may groan on earth to sate their malice,
Then through slow torments linger into death,
No steel to stab, no wall to dash my brain!

Man. Ha!

Mem. Why thus fix'd in thought? What mighty birth
Is labouring in your soul? Your eyes speak wonders—

Man. Will not the blood-hounds be content with life?

Mem. Alas, Mandane! No; they study nature,
To find out all her secret seats of pain,

And carry killing to a dreadful art.
A simple death in Egypt is for friends.

Man. O, then it must be so! and yet it cannot!

Mem. What means this sudden paleness?

Man. (*Feeling in her bosom, she swoons.*) Heaven assist me!

Mem. My love! Mandane! hear me, my espoused!
My dearest heart! the infant of my bosom!
Whom I would foster with my vital blood.

Man. (*Shows a dagger.*) 'T is well; and, in return, I give thee—this.

Mem. Millions of thanks, thou refuge in despair!

Man. Terrible kindness! Horrid mercy! O!
I cannot give it thee.

Mem. Full well I know
Thy tender soul, and I must force it from thee.
(*As he is struggling with her for the dagger, she speaks.*)

Man. My lord! my soul! my self! you tear my heart.
Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light?
Dost thou not circulate through all my veins,
Mingle with life, and form my very soul?

Mem. Now, monsters, I defy you: fate forbids
A long farewell: my guard may interpose,
And make your favour vain—Thus, only thus. (*Embrace.*)
And now—(*Going to stab himself.*)

Man. (*Holds his arm.*) Ah no! Since last I saw thee,
thrice I raised
My trembling arm, and thrice I let it fall.
If you refuse compassion to my sex,
Memnon betrays me, and is Myron's friend.
As I a poniard, you supply an arm,
And I shall still be happy in your love.

(*After a pause of astonishment, he sinks gently on the earth.*)

Mem. From dreadful to more dreadful I am plunged,
And find in deepest anguish deeper still:
I can't complain in common with mankind,
But am a wretched species all alone.
Must I not only lose thee, but be cursed
To sprinkle my own hands with thy life-blood?

Man. It cannot be avoided.

Mem. Nor perform'd.
Lift up my hand against thee as a foe!
I who should save thee from thy very father,

And teach thy dearest friends to use thee well,
 Make kindness kind, and soften all their smiles!
 O my Mandane! think how I have loved!
 O my Mandane! think upon thy power!
 How often hast thou seen me pale with joy,
 And trembling at a smile? And shall I—

Man.

Myron!—

(At that Memnon starts up suddenly.)

Mem. Ah, hold! I charge thee, hold! One glance that
 way

Awakes my hell, and blows up all its flames.
 The world turns round; my heart is sick to death!
 O my distraction! perfect loss of thought!

Man. Why stand you like a statue? Are you dead?
 What do you fold so fast within your arms?
 Why with fix'd eye-balls do you pierce the ground?
 Why shift your place, as if you trod on fire?
 Why gnaw your lip, and groan so dreadfully?
 My lord, if I have spent whole live-long nights
 In tears, and sigh'd away the day in private,
 Only oppress'd with an excess of love,
 O turn, and speak to me!

Mem. And these, no doubt,
 Are arguments that I should draw thy blood.
 No child was ever lull'd upon the breast
 With half that tenderness has melted from thee,
 And fell like balm upon my wounded soul!
 And shall I murder thee? Yes, thus—thus—thus.—

(Embracing some time.)

Man. Alas! my lord forgets we are to die.

(Memnon gazes with wonder on the dagger.)

Mem. By Heaven, I had; my soul had took her flight
 In bliss. Why, is not this our bridal day?

Man. That way distraction lies.

Mem.

Indeed it does.

Both. O! O!

Man. Thy sighs and groans are sharper than thy steel.
 The guard is on us.

Mem. Then it must be done.

Sun, hide thy face, and put the world in mourning!
 Though blood start out for tears, 't is done. But one,
 One last embrace. *(As he embraces her, she bursts into
 tears.)* Let me not see a tear: I could as soon
 Stab at the face of heaven, as kill thee weeping.

Man. 'T is past ; I am composed.

Mem. And now—and now.

Man. Be not so fearful ; 't is the second blow
Will pain my heart : indeed, this will not hurt me.

Mem. O, thou hast stung my soul quite through and
through

With those kind words ! I had just steel'd my breast,
(*Dashing down the dagger.*)

And thou undoest it all : I could not bear
To rase thy skin, to save the world from ruin !

Man. (*Stabs herself.*) If you 're a woman, I 'll be some-
thing more.—

I shall not taste of heaven till you arrive. (*Dies.*)

Mem. Struck home, and in her heart : she 's dead already ;
And now with me all Nature is expired.

My lovely bride, now we again are happy, (*Stabs himself.*)
And better worlds prepare our nuptial bower.—

Now every splendid object of ambition,
Which lately, with their various glosses, play'd
Upon my brain, and fool'd my idle heart,

Are taken from me by a little mist,
And all the world is vanish'd. (*Dies.*)

A march sounded. Enter NICANOR and SYPHOCES,
victorious.

The guards, which are advancing to the bodies, fly.

Nic. The day 's our own : the Persian's angry powers
Have well repaid this morning's insolence,
And turn'd the desperate fortune of the field,
By sure, though late, relief.

Syph. Nicanor, friend,
I from the city bring you welcome news.
My guilty letter from the amorous queen
I spread amongst the multitude : while yet
Their blood was warm with reading the black scroll,
Myris, to view the fortune of the fight,
Leaving her palace for the western tower,
Was seized, torn, scatter'd, on the guilty spot
Where her great brother fell.

Nic. The gods are just.

Syph. See where Busiris comes ; your royal captive,
In his misfortune great ; an awful ruin,
And dreadful to the conqueror !

Nic. (*Advancing, sees the bodies.*) Sad sight !

A sight that teaches Triumph how to mourn,
And more than justifies these streaming tears,
Even on the moment that my country's saved
From sore oppression and inglorious chains.

(He falls on his attendants.)

A great shout. Enter BUSIRIS, wounded.

Bus. Conquer'd? 'T is false; I am your master still;
Your master, though in bonds. You stand aghast
At your good fate, and, trembling, can't enjoy.
Now, from my soul, I hug these welcome chains
Which show you all Busiris, and declare
Crowns and success superfluous to my fame.
You think this streaming blood will lower my thought:
No, ye mistaken men, I smile at death;
For living here is living all alone;
To me a real solitude, amid
A throng of little beings grovelling round me,
Which yet usurp one common shape and name.
I thank these wounds, these raging pains, which promise
An interview with equals soon elsewhere.

(He sees Memnon.)

Ha! Dead? 'T is well: he rose not to my sword;
I only wish'd his fate, and there he lies.
Some, when they die, die all; their mouldering clay
Is but an emblem of their memories;
The space quite closes up through which they pass'd.
That I have lived, I leave a mark behind
Shall pluck the shining age from vulgar time,
And give it whole to late posterity.
My name is writ in mighty characters,
Triumphant columns, and eternal domes,
Whose splendour heightens our Egyptian day,
Whose strength shall laugh at time, till their great basis,
Old earth itself, shall fail. In after-ages,
Who war or build shall build or war from me;
Grow great in each as my example fires.
'T is I of art the future wonders raise;
I fight the future battles of the world.—
Great Jove, I come! Egypt, thou art forsaken; *(Sinks.)*
Asia's impoverish'd by my sinking glories;
And the world lessens, when Busiris falls. *(Dies.)*

Syph. Bear the dead monarch to his pyramid;
And for what use soe'er it was design'd

By that high-minded, but mistaken, man,
 There let him lie magnificent in death.
 Great was his life, great be his monument ;
 And on Busiris' nephew, young Arsaces,
 Of gentler spirit, let the crown devolve.

From this day's vengeance let the nations know,
 Jove lays the pride of haughtiest monarchs low ;
 And they who, kindled with ambitious fire,
 In arts and arms with most success aspire,
 If void of virtue, but provoke their doom,
 Grasp at their fate, and build themselves a tomb.

EPILOGUE,

BY A FRIEND.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

THE race of critics—dull, judicious rogues—
 To mournful plays deny brisk epilogues.
 "Each gentle swain and tender nymph," say they,
 "From a sad tale should go in tears away ;
 From hence quite home should streams of sorrow shed,
 And, drown'd in grief, steal supperless to bed."

This doctrine is so grave the sparks won't bear it ;
 They love to go in humour to their claret.
 The cit, who owns a little fun worth buying,
 Holds half-a-crown too much to pay for crying.
 Besides, who knows, without these healing arts,
 But Love might turn your heads, and break your hearts ;
 And the poor author, by imagined woes,
 Might people Beth'lem with our belles and beaux ?

Hence I, who lately bid adieu to pleasure,
 Robb'd of my spouse, and my dear virgin treasure ;
 I, whom you saw, despairing, breathe my last,
 Am free and easy, as if nought had pass'd ;
 Again put on my airs, and play my fan,
 And fear no more that dreadful creature, man.
 —But whence does this malicious mirth begin ?
 I know, ye beasts, you reckon it no sin.

'T is strange that crimes the same, in different plays,
Should move our horror, and our laughter raise.
Love's Jove secure the comic actor tries ;
But, if he 's wicked, in blank verse he dies.
The farce where wives prove frail, still makes the best ;
And the poor cuckold is a standing jest :
But our brave bard, a virtuous son of Isis,
Counts a bold stroke in love among the vices ;
In blood and wounds a guilty land he dips ye,
And wastes an empire for one ravish'd gipsy.

What musty morals fill an Oxford head,
To notions of pedantic virtue bred !
There each stiff don at gallantry exclaims,
And calls fine men and ladies filthy names :
They tell you, rakes and jilts corrupt a nation :
—Such is the prejudice of education !

You, who know better things, will sure approve
These scenes, that show the boundless power of Love.
Let, when they will, the' Italian things appear,
This play, we trust, shall throng an audience here.
Bold Myron's passion, up to frenzy wrought,
Would ill be warbled through an eunuch's throat :
His part, at least, his part requires a man ;
Let Nicolini act it, if he can.

THE REVENGE.

A TRAGEDY.

ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 1719,
BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Manet altâ mente repóstum.—VIRGILII *Æneid.* lib. i. 26.

DEDICATION.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

MY LORD,

WERE I a stranger to your Grace, I should not be afraid to solicit your patronage, since you have taken the politer arts into your protection, and they who endeavour to excel in them are in effect making their court to you. But I can plead more than a common title to this honour. Your Grace has been pleased to make yourself accessory to the following scenes, not only by suggesting the most beautiful incident in them, but by making all possible provision for the success of the whole. Your great delicacy of taste in compositions of this kind has so assisted this poem, and the indulgence of your nature has so endeavoured to shorten the great distance between your Grace and its author, that I have been scarce able to consider you in any other light, than as one entirely devoted to these amusements, and pursuing the same studies with myself.

The world, which is large in your praises of another nature, will be surpris'd to hear me speak of your Grace in this manner. They talk of one abounding in all the grace and power of public eloquence, and eminently furnished with those particular talents which qualify for shining in the highest stations, and influencing the national welfare:—of one who made a name in senates in his minority; and who now, at an age which in some well-constituted states would exclude him their grand council, has finished a reputation in that of Great Britain, and gained those for his greatest admirers who are themselves most admired

there :—one who, through this whole memorable session, has acted in the spirit of a Regulus, vigorously opposing measures in which he might have found his private advantage, and exerting the noblest indignation and contempt for those who, like the old Carthaginians, were equally famous for their riches and their faith :—one who, if he advances in proportion to his first degree of glory, shall not thank posterity for ranking him with the most celebrated this nation has produced, though his great father be in the number of them.

His country may with pleasure reflect, that when he has any thing of moment in his view, there is nothing which can either break his resolution, tire his activity, or limit his expense. His spirit increases on resistance ; and, like a great flame, it burns the stronger, and shines the brighter, in proportion to the violence of the storm that offends it. In the present troubled state of affairs in which the Nation fluctuates, how has he strove against the power of wind and tide to assist her into harbour ; while some have endeavoured to tear her to pieces, in order to provide for their private safety, and swim ashore on her ruins !

Thus speaks the world. I, my Lord, whose knowledge of your Grace lies more in private life, can tell them, in return, of one who can animate his country retirement with a kind of pleasures sometimes unknown to persons of distinction in that scene :—who can divide the longest day into a variety of polite and useful studies, and appoint the great men of antiquity their stated hours, to receive (if I may so speak) their audience of him :—who is an excellent master of their history in particular ; and, observing how Nature in a course of years is apt to come round again, and tread in her own footsteps, has a happiness in applying the facts or characters of ancient to modern times ; which requires a beautiful mixture of learning and genius, and a mind equally knowing in books and men :—who can carry from his studies such a life into conversation, that wine seems only an interruption of wit :—who has as many subjects to talk of, as proper matter on those subjects, as much wit to adorn that matter, and as many languages to produce it so adorned, as any of the age in which he lives. And yet so sweet his disposition, that no one ever wished his abilities less, but such as flattered themselves with the hope of shining when near him.

But there are still superior qualities which I am obliged

to remember, as is the society to which I belong, and to return him our thanks for his late donation to it ; which is so noble, that it had laid us under the greatest obligation, though it had been from another ; though it had been from one whose quality and character would have made a far less addition to it, and who had not, by the most graceful and engaging manner of conferring it, more than doubled its value. As for my own particular obligations to him, I shall not endeavour to express myself in words ; but beg leave to refer him to the whole future course of my life for my sense of them. My present fortune is his bounty, and my future his care ; which, I will venture to say, will be always remembered to his honour, since he, I know, intended his generosity as an encouragement to merit, though (through his very pardonable partiality to one who bears him so sincere a duty and respect) I happen to receive the benefit of it.

They who are acquainted with your Grace, will be of opinion that I make your goodness but an ill return by the liberty I now take. But though it be true that they who merit praise most affect it least, it is also true that to commend what is excellent is a debt we owe the public. In regard to which, how ill soever you may relish it, I have made no scruple to use you as you deserve : and my comfort is, I can take refuge in your Lordship's own example, for preferring the public before you.

But, if you are still dissatisfied, I shall only say, it is hard that your Grace should join with your enemies (who will equally dislike it) against me. For enemies, my Lord, you have ; nor am I sorry for it. All shining accomplishments will be for ever either loved or envied ; and next to the person who pays you his esteem, he bears the best testimony to the superiority of your character who hates you for it. I give you joy of those foes your great qualities have made. And I congratulate you in a particular manner, that *they* are the most inveterate to your Grace, *whom* your country pursues with her greatest dislike. It is no reflection on those who wish you best, to say, They will hardly be able to contribute more to your glory.

I am, my Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful, and most humble servant,
EDWARD YOUNG.

June 27th, 1722.

PROLOGUE.

BY A FRIEND.

Off has the buskin'd Muse, with action mean,
Debased the glory of the tragic scene ;
While puny villains, dress'd in purple pride,
With crimes obscene the heaven-born rage belied.

To her belongs to mourn the hero's fate,
To trace the errors of the wise and great ;
To mark the' excess of passions too refined,
And paint the tumults of a god-like mind,
Where, mix'd with rage, exalted thoughts combine,
And darkest deeds with beauteous colours shine.

Such lights and shades in a well-mingled draught,
By curious touch of artful pencil wrought,
With soft deceit amuse the doubtful eye,
Pleased with the conflict of the various dye.

Thus, through the following scenes, with sweet surprise,
Virtue and Guilt in dread confusion rise ;
And Love and Hate at once, and Grief and Joy,
Pity and Rage, their mingled force employ.

Here the soft virgin sees, with secret shame,
Her charms excell'd by Friendship's purer flame ;
Forced, with reluctant virtue, to approve
The generous hero who rejects her love.

Behold him there with gloomy passions stain'd,
A wife suspected, and an injured friend ;
Yet such the toil where Innocence is caught,
That rash suspicion seems without a fault.
We dread awhile lest Beauty should succeed,
And almost wish e'en Virtue's self may bleed.

Mark well the black revenge, the cruel guile,
The traitor-fiend trampling the lovely spoil
Of Beauty, Truth, and Innocence oppress'd :
Then let the rage of Furies fire your breast.

Yet may his mighty wrongs, his just disdain,
His bleeding country, his loved father slain,
His martial pride, your admiration raise,
And crown him with involuntary praise.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DON ALONZO, the Spanish generalMr. Booth.
 DON CARLOS, his friend.....Mr. Wilks.
 DON ALVAREZ, a courtierMr. Thurmond.
 DON MANUEL, attendant of Don Carlos. Mr. Williams.
 ZANGA, a captive MoorMr. Mills.

WOMEN.

LEONORA, Alvarez's daughterMrs. Porter.
 ISABELLA, the Moor's mistressMrs. Horton.

Scene, Spain.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. WHETHER first nature, or long want of peace,
 Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell ;
 But horrors now are not displeasing to me ;
 I like this rocking of the battlements.
 Rage on, ye winds ! burst, clouds ! and, waters, roar !
 You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,
 And suit the gloomy habit of my soul. (*Enter Isabella.*)
 Who's there ? My love !

Isa. Why have you left my bed ?
 Your absence more affrights me than the storm.

Zan. The dead alone in such a night can rest ;
 And I indulge my meditation here.
 Woman, away : I choose to be alone.

Isa. I know you do, and therefore will not leave you ;—
 Excuse me, Zanga,—therefore *dare* not leave you.
 Is this a night for walks of contemplation ?
 Something unusual hangs upon your heart,
 And I will know it ; by our loves, I will.
 To you I sacrificed my virgin fame ;
 Ask I too much to share in your distress ?

Zan. In tears? Thou fool! Then hear me, and be
plunged
In hell's abyss, if ever it escape thee.
To strike thee with astonishment at once,—
I hate Alonzo. First recover that,
And then thou shalt hear farther.

Isa. Hate Alonzo!
I own, I thought Alonzo most your friend,
And that he lost the master in that name.

Zan. Hear, then: 'T is twice three years since that great
man

(*Great let me call him; for he conquer'd me*)
Made me the captive of his arm in fight:
He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,
While I, with pious rage, pursued revenge.
I then was young; he placed me near his person,
And thought me not dishonour'd by his service.
One day (may that returning day be night,
The stain, the curse of each succeeding year!)
For something, or for nothing, in his pride
He struck me; (while I tell it, do I live?)
He smote me on the cheek—I did not stab him;
For that were poor revenge! E'er since, his folly
Has strove to bury it beneath a heap
Of kindnesses, and thinks it is forgot.
Insolent thought, and like a second blow!
Affronts are innocent, where men are worthless;
And such alone can wisely drop revenge.

Isa. But with more temper, Zanga, tell your story:
To see your strong emotions startles me.

Zan. Yes, woman, with a temper that befits it.
Has the dark adder venom? So have I,
When trod upon. Proud Spaniard, thou shalt feel me!
For from that day, that day of my dishonour,
I from that day have cursed the rising sun,
Which never fail'd to tell me of my shame:
I from that day have bless'd the coming night,
Which promised to conceal it; but in vain;
The blow return'd for ever in my dream.
Yet on I toil'd, and groan'd for an occasion
Of ample vengeance: none is yet arrived.
Howe'er, at present I conceive warm hopes
Of what may wound him sore in his ambition;
Life, of his life, and dearer than his soul.

By nightly march he purposed to surprise
The Moorish camp ; but I have taken care
They shall be ready to receive his favour.
Failing in this, a cast of utmost moment,
Would darken all the conquests he has won.

Isa. Just as I enter'd, an express arrived.

Zan.

To whom ?

Isa. His friend, Don Carlos.

Zan.

Be propitious,

O Mahomet, on this important hour,
And give at length my famish'd soul revenge !
What is revenge, but courage to call-in
Our honour's debts, and wisdom to convert
Others' self-love into our own protection ?
But see, the morning ray breaks in upon us ;
I'll seek Don Carlos, and inquire my fate. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter MANUEL and DON CARLOS.

Man. My lord Don Carlos, what brings your express ?

Car. Alonzo's glory, and the Moors' defeat.

The field is strow'd with twice ten thousand slain,
Though he suspects his measures were betray'd.
He'll soon arrive. O how I long to' embrace
The first of heroes, and the best of friends !—
I loved fair Leonora long before
The chance of battle gave me to the Moors,
From whom so late Alonzo set me free ;
And while I groan'd in bondage, I deputed
This great Alonzo, whom her father honours,
To be my gentle advocate in love,
To stir her heart, and fan its fires, for me.

Man. And what success ?

Car.

Alas ! the cruel maid—

Indeed, her father, who, though high at court,
And powerful with the king, has wealth at heart,
To heal his devastations from the Moors,
Knowing I'm richly freighted from the East,
My fleet now sailing in the sight of Spain,
(Heaven guard it safe through such a dreadful storm !)
Caresses me, and urges her to wed.

Man. Her aged father, see, leads her this way.

Car. She looks like radiant Youth

Brought forward by the hand of hoary Time.—
You to the port with speed ; 't is possible

Some vessel is arrived : Heaven grant it bring
Tidings which Carlos may receive with joy !

Enter ALVAREZ and LEONORA.

Alv. Don Carlos, I am labouring in your favour
With all a parent's soft authority
And earnest counsel.

Car. Angels second you !
For all my bliss or misery hangs on it.

Alv. Daughter, the happiness of life depends
On our discretion and a prudent choice.
Look into those they call unfortunate,
And, closer view'd, you'll find they are unwise :
Some flaw in their own conduct lies beneath ;
And 't is the trick of fools to save their credit,
Which brought another language into use.
Don Carlos is of ancient, noble blood ;
And then his wealth might mend a prince's fortune.
For him the sun is labouring in the mines,
A faithful slave, and turning earth to gold :
His keels are freighted with that sacred power,
By which e'en kings and emperors are made.
Sir, you have my good wishes ; and I hope *(To Carlos.)*
My daughter is not indisposed to hear you. *(Exit Alvarez.)*

Car. O Leonora ! why art thou in tears ?
Because I am less wretched than I was ?
Before your father gave me leave to woo you,
Hush'd was your bosom, and your eye serene.
Will you for ever help me to new pains,
And keep reserves of torment in your hand,
To let them loose on every dawn of joy ?

Leo. Think you my father too indulgent to me,
That he claims no dominion o'er my tears ?
A daughter, sure, may be right dutiful,
Whose tears alone are free from a restraint—

Car. Ah my torn heart !

Leo. Regard not me, my lord ;
I shall obey my father.

Car. Disobey him,
Rather than come thus coldly ; than come thus
With absent eyes and alienated mien,
Suffering address, the victim of my love.
O let me be undone the common way,
And have the common comfort to be pitied,

And not be ruin'd in the mask of bliss,
 And so be envied, and be wretched too !
 Love calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty ;
 Those eyes, that tell us what the sun is made of ;
 Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life ;
 Those hills of driven snow, which, seen, are felt :—
 All these possess'd are nought, but as they are
 The proof, the substance of an inward passion,
 And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

Leo. Alas ! my lord, we are too delicate ;
 And when we grasp the happiness we wish'd,
 We call on Wit to argue it away.
 A plainer man would not feel half your pains ;
 But some have too much wisdom to be happy.

Car. Had I known this before, it had been well :
 I had not then solicited your father
 To add to my distress : as you behave,
 Your father's kindness stabs me to the heart.
 Give me your hand ;—nay, give it, Leonora :
 You give it not ;—nay, yet you give it not,—
 I ravish it.

Leo. I pray, my lord, no more.

Car. Ah ! why so sad ? You know, each sigh does shake
 me ;

Sighs *there* are tempests *here*.—
 I've heard, bad men would be unblest'd in heaven :
 What is my guilt, that makes me so with you ?
 Have I not languish'd prostrate at thy feet ?
 Have I not lived whole days upon thy sight ?
 Have I not seen thee where thou hast not been,
 And, mad with the idea, clasp'd the wind,
 And doted upon nothing ?

Leo. Court me not,
 Good Carlos, by recounting of my faults,
 And telling how ungrateful I have been.
 Alas ! my lord, if talking would prevail,
 I could suggest much better arguments
 Than those regards you threw away on me,—
 Your value, honour, wisdom, praised by all.
 But bid physicians talk our veins to temper,
 And with an argument new-set a pulse ;
 Then think, my lord, of reasoning into love.

Car. Must I, then, despair ? Do not shake me thus :
 My tempest-beaten heart is cold to death ;

Ah! turn, and let me warm me in thy beauties.
 Heavens! what a proof I gave, but two nights past,
 Of matchless love! To fling me at thy feet,
 I slighted Friendship, and I flew from Fame,
 Nor heard the summons of the next day's battle:
 But, darting headlong to thy arms, I left
 The promised fight; I left Alonzo, too,
 To stand the war, and quell a world, alone. (*Trumpets.*)

Leo. The victor comes. My lord, I must withdraw.

Car. And must you go?

Leo. Why should you wish my stay!
 Your friend's arrival will bring comfort to you;
 My presence, none; it pains you and myself:
 For both our sakes, permit me to withdraw.

(*Exit Leonora.*)

Car. Sure, there's no peril but in love. O how
 My foes would boast to see me look so pale!

Enter ALONZO.

Car. Alonzo!

Alon. Carlos!—I am whole again:
 Clasp'd in thy arms, it makes my heart entire.

Car. Whom dare I thus embrace? the conqueror of Afric?

Alon. Yes, much more,—Don Carlos' friend.
 The conquest of the world would cost me dear,
 Should it beget one thought of distance in thee.
 I rise in virtues to come nearer thee:
 I conquer with Don Carlos in my eye;
 And thus I claim my victory's reward. (*Embracing him.*)

Car. A victory indeed! Your godlike arm
 Has made one spot the grave of Africa,
 Such numbers fell; and the survivors fled
 As frighted passengers from off the strand,
 When the tempestuous sea comes roaring on them.

Alon. 'T was Carlos conquer'd; 't was his cruel chains
 Inflamed me to a rage unknown before,
 And threw my former actions far behind.

Car. I love fair Leonora: how I love her!
 Yet still I find (I know not how it is)
 Another heart, another soul, for thee.
 Thy friendship warms, it raises, it transports
 Like music; pure the joy, without allay;
 Whose very rapture is tranquillity.
 But love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss,

Heighten'd, indeed, beyond all mortal pleasures ;
But mingles pangs and madness in the bowl.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. Manuel, my lord, returning from the port,
On business, both of moment and of haste,
Humbly begs leave to speak in private with you.

Car. In private? Ha!—Alonzo, I'll return ;
No business can detain me long from thee. (*Exit Carlos.*)

Zan. My lord Alonzo, I obey'd your orders.

Alon. Will the fair Leonora pass this way ?

Zan. She will, my lord ; and soon.

Alon. Come near me, Zanga ;

For I dare open all my heart to thee.
Never was such a day of triumph known !
There's not a wounded captive in my train,
That slowly follow'd my proud chariot-wheels,
With half a life, and beggary, and chains,
But is a god to me : I am most wretched.
In his captivity, thou know'st, Don Carlos,
My friend, (and never was a friend more dear,)
Deputed me his advocate in love,
To talk to Leonora's heart, and make
A tender party in her thoughts, for him.
What did I do? I loved myself. Indeed,
One thing there is might lessen my offence,
If such offence admits of being lessen'd :
I thought him dead ; for (by what fate I know not)
His letters never reach'd me.

Zan. (*Aside.*) Thanks to Zanga,
Who thence contrived that evil which has happen'd.

Alon. Yes, cursed of Heaven! I loved myself ; and
now,

In a late action rescued from the Moors,
I have brought home my rival in my friend.

Zan. We hear, my lord, that in that action, too,
Your interposing arm preserved his life.

Alon. It did—with more than the expense of mine ;
For, O! this day is mention'd for their nuptials.
But see, she comes : I'll take my leave, and die.

Zan. (*Aside.*) Hadst thou a thousand lives, thy death
would please me.

Unhappy fate! My country overcome ;
My six years' hope of vengeance quite expired !

Would Nature were—I will not fall alone ;
But others' groans shall tell the world my death.

Enter LEONORA.

Alon. When Nature ends with anguish like to this,
Sinners shall take their last leave of the sun,
And bid the light adieu.

Leo. The mighty conqueror
Dismay'd! I thought you gave the foe your sorrows.

Alon. O cruel insult! are those tears your sport,
Which nothing but a love for you could draw?
Afric I quell'd, in hope by that to purchase
Your leave to sigh unscorn'd. But I complain not:
'T was but a world; and you are—Leonora.

Leo. That passion which you boast of, is your guilt,
A treason to your friend. You think mean of me,
To plead your crimes as motives of my love.

Alon. You, madam, ought to thank those crimes you
blame:

'T is they permit you to be thus inhuman,
Without the censure both of earth and Heaven.
I fondly thought a last look might be kind.
Farewell for ever. This severe behaviour
Has, to my comfort, made it sweet to die.

Leo. (Aside.) Farewell for ever!—Sweet to die!—O
Heaven!

Alonzo, stay; you must not thus escape me,
But hear your guilt at large.

Alon. O Leonora!
What could I do? In duty to my friend,
I saw you; and to see is to admire:
For Carlos did I plead, and most sincerely;
Witness the thousand agonies it cost me.
You know I did: I sought but your esteem:
If that is guilt, an angel had been guilty.
I often sigh'd; nay, wept; but could not help it:
And, sure, it is no crime to be in pain!
But, grant my crime was great, I'm greatly cursed.
What would you more? Am I not most undone?
This usage is like stamping on the murder'd,
When life is fled,—most barbarous and unjust.

Leo. (Going.) If from your guilt none suffer'd but your-
self,
It might be so. Farewell.

Alon. Who suffers with me ?

Leo. Enjoy your ignorance, and let me go.

Alon. Alas ! what is there I can fear to know,
Since I already know your hate ? Your actions
Have long since told me that.

Leo. They flatter'd you.

Alon. How ? Flatter'd me ?

Leo. O, search in fate no further !
I hate thee, O Alonzo ! How I hate thee !

Alon. Indeed ! and do you weep for hatred too ?
O what a doubtful torment heaves my heart !
I hope it most—and yet I dread it more.

Should it be so, should her tears flow from thence,
How would my soul blaze up in ecstasy !

Ah, no ! how sink into the depth of horrors !

Leo. Why would you force my stay ?

Alon. What mean these tears ?

Leo. I weep by chance ; nor have my tears a meaning.
But, O ! when I first saw Alonzo's tears,
I knew their meaning well.

*(Alonzo falls passionately on his knees, and takes her
hand.)*

Alon. Heavens ! what is this ? That excellence for which
Desire was planted in the heart of man ;
Virtue's supreme reward on this side heaven ;
The cordial of my soul ! and this destroys me.—
Indeed I flatter'd me that thou didst hate.

Leo. Alonzo, pardon me the injury
Of loving you ; I struggled with my passion,
And struggled long ; let that be some excuse.

Alon. Unkind ! you know I think your love a blessing
Beyond all human blessings ; 't is the price
Of sighs and groans, and a whole year of dying :
But O the curse of curses ! O my friend !

Leo. Alas !

Alon. What says my love ? Speak, Leonora.

Leo. Was it for you, my lord, to be so quick,
In finding out objections to our love ?
Think you so strong my love, or weak my virtue,
It was unsafe to leave that part to me ?

Alon. Is not the day, then, fix'd for your espousals ?

Leo. Indeed, my father once had thought that way ;
But marking how the marriage pain'd my heart,
Long he stood doubtful ; but at last resolved

Your counsel, which determines him in all,
Should finish the debate.

Alon. O agony!
Must I not only lose her, but be made
Myself the instrument? not only die,
But plunge the dagger in my heart myself?
This is refining on calamity.

Leo. What! do you tremble, lest you should be mine?
For what else can you tremble? Not for that
My father places in your power to alter.

Alon. What's in my power?—O yes, to stab my friend!

Leo. To stab your friend were barbarous indeed!
Spare *him*—and murder *me*.—I own, Alonzo,
You may well wonder at such words as these;
I start at them myself; they fright my nature:
Great is my fault; but blame not me alone:
Give him a little blame who took such pains
To make me guilty.

Alon. Torment!

(After a pause, Leonora speaks.)

Leo. O my shame!
I sue, and sue in vain; it is most just:
When women sue, they sue to be denied.
You hate me, you despise me: you do well:
For what I've done, I hate and scorn myself.
O Night, fall on me! I shall blush to death.

Alon. First perish all.

Leo. Say, what have you resolved?
My father comes; what answer will you give him?

Alon. What answer? Let me look upon that face,
And read it there. Devote thee to another!
Not to be borne! A second look undoes me.

Leo. And why undo you? Is it, then, my lord,
So terrible to yield to your own wishes,
Because they happen to concur with mine?
Cruel! to take such pains to win a heart
Which you was conscious you must break with parting.

Alon. *(Runs and embraces her.)* No, Leonora; I am
thine for ever,

In spite of Carlos.—Ha! Who's that? My friend!
(Starts wide from her.)

Alas! I see him pale; I hear his groans:
He foams, he tears his hair, he raves, he bleeds;
(I know him by myself;) he dies distracted.

Leo. How dreadful to be cut from what we love!

Alon. Ah! speak no more.

Leo. And tied to what we hate!

Alon. O!

Leo. Is it possible?

Alon. Death!

Leo. Can you?

Alon. O!—

Yes, take a limb; but let my virtue 'scape.

Alas! my soul, this moment I die for thee. (*Breaks away.*)

Leo. And are you perjured, then, for virtue's sake?

How often have you sworn? But go for ever. (*Swoons.*)

Alon. Heart of my heart, and essence of my joy!

Where art thou? O, I'm thine, and thine for ever!

The groans of Friendship shall be heard no more:

For whatsoever crimes I can commit,

I've felt the pains already.

Leo. Hold, Alonzo;

And hear a maid whom doubly thou hast conquer'd.

I love thy virtue, as I love thy person;

And I adore thee for the pain it gave me:

But as I felt the pain, I'll reap the fruit;

I'll shine out in my turn, and show the world

Thy great example was not lost upon me.

Be it enough, that I have once been guilty;

In sight of such a pattern, to persist,

Ill suits a person honour'd with your love.

My other titles to that bliss are weak;

I must deserve it by refusing it:

Thus, then, I tear thee from my hopes for ever.*

Shall I contribute to Alonzo's crimes?

No, though the life-blood gushes from my heart.

You shall not be ashamed of Leonora,

Or that late Time may put our names together.

Nay, never shrink; take back the bright example

You lately lent: O take it while you may;

While I can give it you, and be immortal! (*Exit.*)

Alon. She's gone, and I shall see that face no more;

But pine in absence, and till death adore.

When with cold dew my fainting brow is hung,

And my eyes darken, from my faltering tongue

Her name will tremble in a feeble moan,

And Love with Fate divide my dying groan.

* "Thus, then, I tear me from thy hopes for ever," is the reading of the edition of 1767; but all others retain the verse as it stands in the text.—EDIT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter MANUEL and ZANGA.

Zan. If this be true, I cannot blame your pain
For wretched Carlos : 't is but humane in you.
But when arrived your dismal news ?

Man. This hour.

Zan. What ! not a vessel saved ?

Man. All, *all* the storm
Devour'd ; and now o'er his late envied fortune
The dolphins bound, and watery mountains roar,
Triumphant in his ruin.

Zan. Is Alvarez
Determined to deny his daughter to him ?
That treasure was on shore ; must that too join
The common wreck ?

Man. Alvarez pleads, indeed,
That Leonora's heart is disinclined,
And pleads that only : so it was this morning,
When he concurr'd : the tempest broke the match,
And sunk his favour, when it sunk the gold.
The love of gold is double in his heart,—
The vice of age, and of Alvarez too.

Zan. How does Don Carlos bear it ?

Man. Like a man
Whose heart feels most a human heart can feel,
And reasons best a human head can reason.

Zan. But is he, then, in absolute despair ?

Man. Never to see his Leonora more :
And, quite to quench all future hope, Alvarez
Urges Alonzo to espouse his daughter
This very day ; for he has learnt their loves.

Zan. Ha ! was not that received with ecstasy
By Don Alonzo ?

Man. Yes, at first ; but soon
A damp came o'er him ; it would kill his friend.

Zan. Not if his friend consented ; and since now
He can't himself espouse her—

Man. Yet to ask it
Has something shocking to a generous mind ;

At least, Alonzo's spirit startles at it.
Wide is the distance between our despair,
And giving up a mistress to another.
But I must leave you : Carlos wants support
In his severe affliction. *(Exit Manuel.)*

Zan. Ha ! it dawns ;
It rises to me like a new-found world
To mariners long time distress'd at sea,
Sore from a storm, and all their viands spent ;
Or like the sun just rising out of chaos,
Some dregs of ancient night not quite purged off :
But I shall finish it.—Ho ! Isabella ! *(Enter Isabella.)*
I thought of dying ; better things come forward :
Vengeance is still alive ; from her dark covert,
With all her snakes erect upon her crest,
She stalks in view, and fires me with her charms.
When, Isabel, arrived Don Carlos here ?

Isa. Two nights ago.

Zan. That was the very night
Before the battle.—Memory, set down that ;
It has the essence of a crocodile,
Though yet but in the shell : I'll give it birth.—
What time did he return ?

Isa. At midnight.

Zan. So.
Say, did he see, that night, his Leonora ?

Isa. No, my good lord.

Zan. No matter, tell me, woman,
Is not Alonzo rather brave than cautious,
Honest than subtle ; above fraud himself,
Slow therefore to suspect it in another ?

Isa. You best can judge ; but so the world thinks of him.

Zan. Why, that is well. Go fetch my tablets hither.
(Exit Isabella.)

Two nights ago, my father's sacred shade
Thrice stalk'd around my bed, and smiled upon me ;
He smiled, a joy then little understood.—
It must be so ; and if so, it is vengeance
Worth waking of the dead for.

*(Re-enter Isabella with the tablets. Zanga writes,
then reads as to himself.)*

Thus it stands :—

The father's fix'd,—Don Carlos cannot wed :
Alonzo may ; but that will hurt his friend :

Nor can he ask his leave ; if he did,
 He might not gain it. It is hard to give
 Our own consent to ills, though we must bear them.
 Were it not, then, a master-piece, worth all
 The wisdom I can boast, first to persuade
 Alonzo to request it of his friend,
 His friend to grant ; then, from that very grant,
 The strongest proof of friendship man can give,
 (And other motives,) to work out a cause
 Of jealousy, to rack Alonzo's peace ?
 I have turn'd o'er the catalogue of woes
 Which sting the heart of man, and find none equal :
 It is the Hydra of calamities,
 The seven-fold death : the jealous are the damn'd.
 O Jealousy, each other passion's calm
 To thee, thou conflagration of the soul !
 Thou king of torments ! thou grand counterpoise
 For all the transports Beauty can inspire !

Isa. Alonzo comes this way

Zan. Most opportunely.

Withdraw.—Ye subtle demons, which reside

(*Exit Isabella.*)

In courts, and do your work with bows and smiles,
 That little enginery, more mischievous
 Than fleets and armies, and the cannon's murder,
 Teach me to look a lie ; give me your maze
 Of gloomy thought and intricate design,
 To catch the man I hate, and then devour.

(*Enter Alonzo.*)

My lord, I give you joy.

Alon. Of what, good Zanga ?

Zan. Is not the lovely Leonora yours ?

Alon. What will become of Carlos ?

Zan. He's your friend,

And, since he can't espouse the fair himself,
 Will take some comfort from Alonzo's fortune.

Alon. Alas ! thou little know'st the force of Love :
 Love reigns a sultan with unrivall'd sway ;
 Puts all relations, Friendship's self, to death,
 If once he's jealous of it. I love Carlos ;
 Yet well I know what pangs I felt this morning
 At his intended nuptials : for myself
 I then felt pains which now for him I feel.

Zan. You will not wed her, then ?

Alon. Not instantly :
Insult his broken heart the very moment !

Zan. I understand you ; but you 'll wed hereafter,
When your friend 's gone, and his first pain assuaged ?

Alon. Am I to blame for that ?

Zan. My lord, I love
Your very errors ; they are born from virtue :
Your friendship (and what nobler passion claims
The heart ?) does lead your blindness to your ruin.
Consider, wherefore did Alvarez break
Don Carlos' match, and wherefore urge Alonzo's ?
'T was the same cause,—the love of wealth. To-morrow
May see Alonzo in Don Carlos' fortune :
A higher bidder is a better friend ;
And there are princes sigh for Leonora.
When your friend 's gone, you 'll wed : why, then the cause
Which gives you Leonora now, will cease.
Carlos has lost her ; should you lose her too,
Why, then you heap new torments on your friend,
By that respect which labour'd to relieve him.—
'T is well ; he is disturb'd ; it makes him pause. (*Aside.*)

Alon. Think'st thou, my Zanga, should I ask Don Carlos,
His goodness will consent that I should wed her ?

Zan. I know it would.

Alon. But then the cruelty
To ask it ! and for *me* to ask it of him !

Zan. Methinks, you are severe upon your friend :
Who was it gave him liberty and life ?

Alon. That is the very reason which forbids it.
Were I a stranger, I could freely speak :
In me, it so resembles a demand,
Exacting of a debt, it shocks my nature.

Zan. My lord, you know the sad alternative.
Is Leonora worth one pang, or not ?
It hurts not me, my lord, but as I love you.
Warmly as you, I wish Don Carlos well ;
But I am likewise Don Alonzo's friend :
There all the difference lies between us two.
In me, my lord, you hear another self,
And, give me leave to add, a better too,
Clear'd from those errors which, though caused by virtue,
Are such as may hereafter give you pain.
Don Lopez of Castile would not demur thus.

Alon. Perish the name ! What ! sacrifice the fair

To age and illness, because set in gold ?
 I'll to Don Carlos, if my heart will let me :
 I have not seen him since his sore affliction ;
 But shunn'd it, as too terrible to bear.
 How shall I bear it now ? I'm struck already.

(Exit Alonzo.)

Zan. Half my work is done. I must secure
 Don Carlos, e'er Alonzo speaks with him.

(He gives a message to a servant, then returns.)

Proud, hated Spain ! oft drench'd in Moorish blood ;
 Dost thou not feel a deadly foe within thee ?
 Shake not thy towers where'er I pass along,
 Conscious of ruin and their great destroyer ?
 Shake to the centre, if Alonzo's dear.
 Look down, O holy prophet ! See me torture
 This Christian dog, this infidel, which dares
 To smite thy votaries, and spurn thy law ;
 And yet hopes pleasure from two radiant eyes,
 Which look as they were lighted up for thee !
 Shall he enjoy thy paradise below ?
 Blast the bold thought, and curse him with her charms !—
 But see, the melancholy lover comes.

Enter DON CARLOS.

Car. Hope, thou hast told me lies from day to day,
 For more than twenty years ; vile promiser !
 None here are happy, but the very fool,
 Or very wise ; and I want fool enough,
 To smile in vanities, and hug a shadow ;
 Nor have I wisdom to elaborate
 An artificial happiness from pains.
 E'en joys are pains, because they cannot last. *(Sighs.)*
 Yet much is talk'd of bliss : it is the art
 Of such as have the world in their possession,
 To give it a good name, that fools may envy ;
 For envý to small minds is flattery.
 How many lift the head, look gay, and smile,
 Against their consciences ! And this we know ;
 Yet, knowing, disbelieve ; and try again
 What we have tried, and struggle with conviction.
 Each new experience gives the former credit ;
 And reverend grey Threescore is but a voucher
 That Thirty told us true.

Zan. My noble lord,

I mourn your fate : but are no hopes surviving ?

Car. No hopes. Alvarez has a heart of steel :
'T is fix'd ; 't is past ; 't is absolute despair.

Zan. You wanted not to have your heart made tender
By your own pains, to feel a friend's distress.

Car. I understand you well. Alonzo loves ;
I pity him.

Zan. I dare be sworn you do :
Yet he has other thoughts.

Car. What canst thou mean ?

Zan. Indeed he has ; and fears to ask a favour
A stranger from a stranger might request.
What costs you nothing, yet is all to him :
Nay, what indeed will to your glory add,
For nothing more than wishing your friend well.

Car. I pray, be plain : his happiness is mine.

Zan. He loves to death ; but so reveres his friend,
He can't persuade his heart to wed the maid
Without your leave ; and that he fears to ask
In perfect tenderness. I urged him to it,
Knowing the deadly sickness of his heart,
Your overflowing goodness to your friend,
Your wisdom, and despair yourself to wed her :
I wrung a promise from him he would try ;
And now I come, a mutual friend to both,
Without his privacy, to let you know it,
And to prepare you kindly to receive him.

Car. Ha ! if he weds, I am undone indeed :
Not Don Alvarez' self can then relieve me.

Zan. Alas ! my lord, you know his " heart is steel ;
'T is fix'd ! 't is past ! 't is absolute despair."

Car. O cruel Heaven ! and is it not enough
That I must never, never see her more ?
Say, is it not enough that I must die,
But I must be tormented in the grave ?

*Ask my consent !—Must I then give her to him ?
Lead to his nuptial sheets the blushing maid ?*

O Leonora ! never, never, never !

Zan. (*Aside.*) A storm of plagues upon him ! He
refuses.

Car. What ! wed her ? and to-day ?

Zan. To-day, or never :
To-morrow may some wealthier lover bring,
And then Alonzo is thrown out like you.

Then whom shall he condemn for his misfortune ?
 Carlos is an Alvarez to his love.

Car. O torment ! whither shall I turn ?

Zan. To peace.

Car. Which is the way ?

Zan. " His happiness is " yours :

I dare not disbelieve you.

Car. Kill my friend !

Or worse ! Alas ! and can there be a worse ?

A worse there is ; nor can my nature bear it.

Zan. You have convinced me, 't is a dreadful task.

I find, Alonzo's quitting her this morning,

For Carlos' sake, in tenderness to you,

Betray'd me to believe it less severe

Than I perceive it is.

Car. Thou dost upbraid me.

Zan. No, my good lord ; but since you can't comply,

'T is my misfortune that I mention'd it :

For, had I not, Alonzo would indeed

Have died, as now ; but not by your decree.

Car. By *my* decree ! Do I decree his death ?

I do.—Shall I, then, lead her to his arms ?

O ! which side shall I take ? be stabb'd, or—stab ?

'T is equal death, a choice of agonies.

Ah, no ! all other agonies are ease

To one—O Leonora !—Never, never !

Go, Zanga, go ; defer the dreadful trial,

Though but a day : something perchance may happen

To soften all to friendship and to love.

Go ; stop my friend ; let me not see him now,

But save us from an interview of death.

Zan. My lord, I'm bound in duty to obey you.—

If I not bring him, may Alonzo prosper ! (*Aside.*)

(*Exit Zanga.*)

Car. What is this world ? Thy school, O Misery !

Our only lesson is to learn to suffer ;

And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.

Though deep my pangs, and heavy at my heart,

My comfort is, each moment takes away

A grain at least from the dead load that's on me,

And gives a nearer prospect of the grave.

But put it most severely : should I live,

Live long—Alas ! there is no length in time ;

Not in thy time, O man ! What's fourscore years !

Nay, what indeed the age of Time itself,
 Since cut from out Eternity's wide round ?
 Away, then. To a mind resolved and wise,
 There is an impotence in misery
 Which makes me smile, when all its shafts are in me.
 Yet Leonora—she can make time long ;
 Its nature alter, as she alter'd mine.

While in the lustre of her charms I lay,
 Whole summer suns roll'd unperceived away !
 I years for days, and days for moments, told,
 And was surprised to hear that I grew old.
 Now Fate does rigidly its dues regain,
 And every moment is an age of pain.

*As he is going out, enter ZANGA and ALONZO. ZANGA
 stops CARLOS.*

Zan. Is this Don Carlos ? this the boasted friend ?
 How can you turn your back upon his sadness ?
 Look on him ; and then leave him, if you can.
 Whose sorrows thus depress him ? Not his own :
 This moment he *could* wed without your leave.

Car. I cannot yield, nor can I bear his griefs.

Alonzo ! (*Going to him, and taking his hand.*)

Alon. O Carlos !

Car. Pray, forbear.

Alon. Art thou undone, and shall Alonzo smile ?

Alonzo ! who perhaps in some degree
 Contributed to cause thy dreadful fate ?
 I was deputed guardian of thy love ;
 But, O ! I loved myself. Pour down, Afflictions,
 On this devoted head ! make me your mark ;
 And be the world by my example taught,
 How sacred it should hold the name of friend !

Car. You charge yourself unjustly ; well I know
 The only cause of my severe affliction :
 Alvarez, cursed Alvarez ! So much anguish,
 Felt for so small a failure, is one merit
 Which faultless Virtue wants. The crime was mine,
 Who placed thee there, where only thou could'st fail ;
 Though well I knew that dreadful post of honour
 I gave thee to maintain. Ah ! who could bear
 Those eyes unhurt ? The wounds myself have felt,
 Which wounds alone should cause me to condemn thee,—
 They plead in thy excuse ; for I, too, strove

To shun those fires, and found 't was not in man.

Alon. You cast in shades the failures of a friend,
And soften all ; but think not you deceive me :
I know my guilt ; and I implore your pardon,
As the sole glimpse I can obtain of peace.

Car. Pardon for him who, but this morning, threw
Fair Leonora from his heart, all bathed
In ceaseless tears, and blushing with her love,
Who, like a rose-leaf, wet with morning-dew,
Would have stuck close, and clung for ever there ?
But 't was in thee, through fondness to thy friend,
To shut thy bosom against ecstasies ;
For which, whilst this pulse beats, it beats to thee ;
While this blood flows, it flows for my Alonzo ;
And every wish is levell'd at thy joy.

Zan. (*To Alonzo.*) My lord, my lord, this is your time
to speak.

Alon. (*To Zanga.*) Because he 's kind ? It therefore is
the worst ;

For 't is his kindness which I fear to hurt.
Shall the same moment see him sink in woes,
And me providing for a flood of joys,
Rich in the plunder of his happiness ?
No ; I may die, but I can never speak.

Car. (*Aside.*) Now, now it comes ! They are concerting
it ;

The first word strikes me dead.—O Leonora !
And shall another taste her fragrant breath ?
Who knows what after-time may bring to pass ?
Fathers may change, and I may wed her still.

Alon. (*To Zanga.*) Do I not see him quite possess'd
with anguish,

Which, like a demon, writhes him to and fro ?
And shall I pour-in new ? No, fond Desire !
No, Love ! One pang at parting, and farewell :
I have no other love but Carlos now.

Car. Alas, my friend ! why with such eager grasps
Dost press my hand, and weep upon my cheek ?

Alon. If, after death, our forms (as some believe)
Shall be transparent, naked every thought,
And friends meet friends, and read each other's hearts,
Thou 'lt know, one day, that thou wast held most dear.
Farewell.

Car. Alonzo, stay.—He cannot speak—(*Holds him.*)

Lest it should grieve me. Shall I be outdone,
 And lose in glory, as I lose in love?— (*Aside.*)
 I take it much unkindly, my Alonzo,
 You think so meanly of me, not to speak,
 When, well I know, your heart is near to bursting.
 Have you forgot how you have bound me to you?
 Your smallest friendship's liberty and life.

Alon. There, there it is, my friend; it cuts me there.
 How dreadful is it, to a generous mind,
 To ask, when sure it cannot be denied!

Car. How greatly thought! In all he towers above me.
 (*Aside.*)

Then you confess you would ask something of me.

Alon. No, on my soul.

Zan. (*To Alonzo.*) Then lose her.

Car. Glorious spirit!

Why, what a pang has he run through for this!
 By Heaven, I envy him his agonies.
 Why was not mine the most illustrious lot,
 Of starting at one action from below,
 And flaming up into consummate greatness?
 Ha! angels, strengthen me! It shall be so:
 I can't want strength. Great actions, once conceived,
 Strengthen, like wine, and animate the soul,
 And call themselves to being. (*Aside.*) My Alonzo!
 Since thy great soul disdains to make request,
 Receive with favour that I make to thee.

Alon. What means my Carlos?

Car. Pray, observe me well.

Fate and Alvarez tore her from my heart;
 And, plucking up my love, they had well nigh
 Pluck'd up life too; for they were twined together:
 Of that no more. What now does Reason bid?
 I cannot wed: farewell, my happiness!
 But, O my soul! with care provide for hers.
 In life, how weak, how helpless, is a woman!
 Soon hurt, in happiness itself unsafe,
 And often wounded, while she plucks the rose;
 So properly the object of affliction,
 That Heaven is pleased to make distress become her,
 And dresses her most amiably in tears.
 Take, then, my heart in dowry with the fair:
 Be thou her guardian, and thou must be mine;
 Shut out the thousand pressing ills of life

With thy surrounding arms.—Do this ; and then
Set down the liberty and life thou gavest me
As little things, as essays of thy goodness,
And rudiments of friendship so divine.

Alon. There is a grandeur in thy goodness to me,
Which with thy foes would render thee adored.
But have a care ; nor think I can be pleased
With any thing that lays-in pains for thee :
Thou dost dissemble, and thy heart's in tears.

Car. My heart's in health, my spirits dance their round,
And at my eye Pleasure looks out in smiles.

Alon. And canst thou, canst thou part with Leonora ?

Car. I do not part with her ; I give her thee.

Alon. O Carlos !

Car. Don't distrust me ; I'm sincere ;
Nor is it more than simple justice in me :
This morn didst thou resign her for my sake ;
I but perform a virtue learnt from thee,
Discharge a debt, and pay her to thy wishes.

Alon. Ah ! how ?—But think not words were ever made
For such occasions : silence, tears, embraces,
Are languid eloquence. I'll seek relief
In absence from the pain of so much goodness ;
There thank the bless'd above, thy sole superiors ;
Adore, and raise my thoughts of them by thee. (*Exit.*)

Zan. (*Aside.*) Thus far success has crown'd my boldest
hope :

My next care is to hasten these new nuptials ;
And then my master-works begin to play.—
Why, that was greatly done, without one sigh (*To Carlos.*)
To carry such a glory to its period.

Car. Too soon thou praisest me. He's gone ; and now
I must unsluice my over-burden'd heart,
And let it flow. I would not grieve my friend
With tears, nor interrupt my great design ;
Great, sure, as ever human breast durst think of.
But now my sorrows, long with pain suppress'd,
Burst their confinement with impetuous sway,
O'erswell all bounds, and bear e'en life away.
So, till the day was won, the Greek renown'd
With anguish wore the arrow in his wound ;
Then drew the shaft from out his tortured side,
Let gush the torrent of his blood, and died. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter ZANGA and ISABELLA.

Zan. O Joy, thou welcome stranger! twice three years
I have not felt thy vital beam; but now
It warms my veins, and plays around my heart:
A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,
And I could mount. The spirits numberless
Of my dear countrymen, which yesterday
Left their poor bleeding bodies on the field,
Are all assembled here, and o'er-inform me.—
O bridegroom! great indeed thy present bliss;
Yet e'en by me unenvied; for, be sure,
It is thy last, thy last smile, that which now
Sits on thy cheek: enjoy it whilst thou mayst;
Anguish, and groans, and death, bespeak to-morrow.
My Isabella!

Isa. What commands my Moor?

Zan. My fair ally! my lovely minister!
'T was well Alvarez, by my arts impell'd,
(To plunge Don Carlos in the last despair,
And so prevent all future molestation,
Finish'd the nuptials soon as he resolved them:
This conduct ripen'd all for me and ruin.
Scarce had the priest the holy rite perform'd,
When I, by sacred inspiration, forged
That letter which I trusted to thy hand;
That letter which in glowing terms conveys,
From happy Carlos to fair Leonora,
The most profound acknowledgment of heart
For wondrous transports, which he never knew.
This is a good subservient artifice,
To aid the nobler workings of my brain.

Isa. I quickly dropp'd it in the bride's apartment,
As you commanded.

Zan. With a lucky hand;
For soon Alonzo found it. I observed him
From out my secret stand: he took it up;
But scarce was it unfolded to his sight,
When he, as if an arrow pierced his eye,

Started, and, trembling, dropp'd it on the ground.
 Pale and aghast awhile my victim stood,
 Disguised a sigh or two, and puff'd them from him ;
 Then rubb'd his brow, and took it up again :
 At first he look'd as if he meant to read it ;
 But, check'd by rising fears, he crush'd it thus,
 And thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom.

Isa. But if he read it not, it cannot sting him ;
 At least, not mortally.

Zan. At first I thought it so ;
 But farther thought informs me otherwise,
 And turns this disappointment to account.
 He more shall credit it, because unseen,
 (If 't is unseen,) as thou anon mayst find.

Isa. That would indeed commend my Zanga's skill.

Zan. This, Isabella, is Don Carlos' picture :
 Take it, and so dispose of it, that, found,
 It may rise up a witness of her love,—
 Under her pillow, in her cabinet,
 Or elsewhere, as shall best promote our end.

Isa. I'll weigh it as its consequence requires ;
 Then do my utmost to deserve your smile. (*Exit Isabella.*)

Zan. Is that Alonzo prostrate on the ground ?
 Now he starts up, like flame from sleeping embers,
 And wild distraction glares from either eye.
 If thus a slight surmise can work his soul,
 How will the fulness of the tempest tear him !

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. And yet it cannot be : I am deceived :
 I injure her : she wears the face of heaven.

Zan. (*Aside.*) He doubts.

Alon. I dare not look on this again :
 If the first glance, which gave suspicion only,
 Had such effect, so smote my heart and brain,
 The certainty would dash me all to pieces.
 It cannot—ha ! it must, it must be true. (*Starts.*)

Zan. (*Aside.*) Hold there, and we succeed. He has
 descried me,
 And (for he thinks I love him) will unfold
 His aching heart, and rest it on my counsel.
 I'll seem to go, to make my stay more sure.

Alon. Hold, Zanga ; turn.

Zan. My lord.

Alon. Shut close the door,
That not a spirit find an entrance here.

Zan. My lord 's obey'd.

Alon. I see that thou art frighted :
If thou dost love me, I shall fill thy heart
With scorpions' stings.

Zan. If I do love, my lord ?

Alon. Come near me ; let me rest upon thy bosom ;
(What pillow like the bosom of a friend ?)
For I am sick at heart.

Zan. Speak, sir, O speak,
And take me from the rack.

Alon. And is there need
Of words ? Behold a wonder ! See my tears !

Zan. I feel them too : Heaven grant my senses fail me !
I rather would lose them, than have this real.

Alon. Go, take a round through all things in thy
thought,
And find that one—for there is only one—
Which could extort my tears : find that, and tell
Thyself my misery, and spare me the pain.

Zan. Sorrow can think but ill—I am bewilder'd ;
I know not where I am.

Alon. Think, think no more ;
It ne'er can enter in an honest heart.
I'll tell thee, then :—I cannot—yet I do,
By wanting force to give it utterance.

Zan. Speak ; ease your heart ; its throbs will break your
bosom.

Alon. I am most happy : mine is victory,
Mine the king's favour, mine the nation's shout,
And great men make their fortunes of my smiles.
O curse of curses ! in the lap of Blessing
To be most cursed !—My Leonora 's false !

Zan. Save me, my lord !

Alon. My Leonora 's false. (*Gives him the letter.*)

Zan. Then Heaven has lost its image here on earth.

(*While Zanga reads the letter, he trembles, and shows
the utmost concern.*)

Alon. Good-natured man ! He makes my pains his own.
I durst not read it ; but I read it now
In thy concern.

Zan. Did you not read it, then ?

Alon. Mine eye just touch'd it, and could bear no more.

Zan. (*Tears the letter.*) Thus perish all that gives
Alonzo pain.

Alon. Why didst thou tear it?

Zan. Think of it no more :
'T was your mistake, and groundless are your fears.

Alon. And didst thou tremble, then, for my mistake?
Or give the whole contents ; or by the pangs
That feed upon my heart, thy life 's in danger.

Zan. Is this Alonzo's language to his Zanga?
Draw forth your sword, and find the secret here.
For whose sake is it, think you, I conceal it?
Wherefore this rage? because I seek your peace?
I have no interest in suppressing it,
But what good-natured tenderness for you
Obliges me to have. Not mine the heart
That will be rent in two; not mine the fame
That will be damn'd, though all the world should know it.

Alon. Then my worst fears are true, and life is past.

Zan. What has the rashness of my passion utter'd?
I know not what; but rage is our distraction,
And all its words are wind. Yet sure, I think,
I nothing own'd. But grant I did confess,
What is a letter? Letters may be forged.
For Heaven's sweet sake, my lord, lift up your heart:
Some foe to your repose—

Alon. So Heaven look on me,
As I can't find the man I have offended.

Zan. Indeed! (*Aside.*)—Our innocence is not our shield:
They take offence, who have not been offended;
They seek our ruin, too, who speak us fair;
And Death is often ambush'd in our smiles.
We know not whom we have to fear. 'T is certain,
A letter may be forged; and in a point
Of such a dreadful consequence as this,
One would rely on nought that *might* be false.
Think; have you any other cause to doubt her?
Away: you can find none. Resume your spirit;
All 's well again.

Alon. O that it were!

Zan. It is;
For who would credit that which, credited,
Makes hell superfluous by superior pains,
Without such proofs as cannot be withstood?
Has she not ever been to virtue train'd?

Is not her fame as spotless as the sun,
Her sex's envy, and the boast of Spain ?

Alon. O Zanga! it is *that* confounds me most,
That, full in opposition to appearance—

Zan. No more, my lord ; for you condemn yourself.
What is absurdity, but to believe
Against appearance? You can't yet, I find,
Subdue your passion to your better sense ;
And, truth to tell, it does not much displease me :
'T is fit our indiscretions should be check'd,
With some degrees of pain.

Alon. What indiscretion ?

Zan. Come, you must bear to hear your faults from me.
Had you not sent Don Carlos to the court
The night before the battle, that foul slave
Who forged the senseless scroll which gives you pain,
Had wanted footing for his villany.

Alon. I sent him not.

Zan. Not send him?—Ha! that strikes me.
I thought he came on message to the king :
Is there another cause could justify
His shunning danger, and the promised fight ?
But I perhaps may think too rigidly ;
So long an absence, and impatient love—

Alon. In my confusion, that had quite escaped me :
By Heaven, my wounded soul does bleed afresh.
'T is clear as day ; for Carlos is so brave,
He lives not but on fame, he hunts for danger,
And is enamour'd of the face of Death.
How, then, could he decline the next day's battle,
But for the transports? O, it must be so.
Inhuman, by the loss of his own honour,
To buy the ruin of his friend !

Zan. You wrong him :
He knew not of your love.

Alon. Ha!

Zan. (*Aside.*) That stings home.

Alon. Indeed, he knew not of my treacherous love.—
Proofs rise on proofs, and still the last the strongest ;
The' eternal law of things declares it true,
Which calls for judgments on distinguish'd guilt,
And loves to make our crime our punishment.
Love is my torture ; love was first my crime :
For she was his, my friend's, and he (O horror !)

Confided all in me. O sacred Faith!

How dearly I abide thy violation!

Zan. Were, then, their loves far gone?

Alon.

The father's will

There bore a total sway; and he, as soon
As news arrived that Carlos' fleet was seen
From off our coast, fired with the love of gold,
Determined that the very sun which saw
Carlos' return, should see his daughter wed.

Zan. Indeed, my lord! Then you must pardon me,
If I presume to mitigate the crime.

Consider; strong allurements soften guilt.

Long was his absence, ardent was his love;

At midnight his return, the next day destined

For his espousals: 't was a strong temptation.

Alon. Temptation!

Zan. 'T was but gaining of one night.

Alon. One night!

Zan. That crime could ne'er return again.

Alon. Again! By Heaven, thou dost insult thy lord.

Temptation! One night gain'd!—O, stings and death!

And am I, then, undone? Alas, my Zanga!

And dost thou own it, too? Deny it still,

And rescue me one moment from distraction.

Zan. My lord, I hope the best.

Alon.

False, foolish hope,

And insolent to me! Thou know'st it false;

It is as glaring as the noon-tide sun.

Devil! this morning, after three years' coldness,

To rush at once into a passion for me!

'T was time to feign; 't was time to get another,

When her first fool was sated with her beauties.

Zan. What says my lord? Did Leonora, then,

Never before disclose her passion for you?

Alon. Never.

Zan.

Throughout the whole three years?

Alon.

O never! never!—

Why, Zanga, shouldst thou strive? 'T is all in vain;

Though thy soul labours, it can find no reed

For Hope to catch at. Ah! I'm plunging down

Ten thousand thousand fathoms in despair.

Zan. Hold, sir; I'll break your fall: wave every fear,

And be a man again. Had he enjoy'd her,

Be most assured, he had resign'd her to you

With less reluctance.

Alon. Ha! resign her to me!
Resign her! Who resign'd her?—Double death!
 How could I doubt so long? My heart is broke.
 First love her to distraction; then resign her!

Zan. But was it not with utmost agony?

Alon. Grant that, he still resign'd her; that's enough.
 Would he pluck out his eye to give it me?
 Tear out his heart? She was his heart no more;
 Nor was it with reluctance he resign'd her.
 By Heaven, he ask'd, he courted, me to wed:
 I thought it strange; 't is now no longer so.

Zan. Was 't his request? Are you right sure of that?
 I fear the letter was not all a tale.

Alon. A tale! there's proof equivalent to sight.

Zan. I should distrust my sight on this occasion.

Alon. And so should I; by Heaven, I think I should.
 What! Leonora the divine, by whom
 We guess'd at angels? O! I'm all confusion.

Zan. You now are too much ruffled to think clearly.
 Since bliss and horror, life and death, hang on it,
 Go to your chamber; there maturely weigh
 Each circumstance: consider, above all,
 That it is Jealousy's peculiar nature
 To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
 To conjure much; and then to lose its reason
 Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

Alon. Had I ten thousand lives, I'd give them all
 To be deceived: I fear 't is doomsday with me;
 And yet she seem'd so pure, that I thought Heaven
 Borrow'd her form for Virtue's self to wear,
 To gain her lovers with the sons of men. (*Exit Alonzo.*)

Enter ISABELLA.

Zan. Thus far it works auspiciously. My patient
 Thrives, underneath my hand, in misery:
 He's gone to think; that is, to be distracted.

Isa. I overheard your conference, and saw you,
 To my amazement, tear the letter.

Zan. There,
 There, Isabella, I outdid myself:
 For, tearing it, I not secure it only
 In its first force, but superadd a new.
 For who can now the character examine,

To cause a doubt? much less, detect the fraud?
 And, after tearing it, as loath to show
 The foul contents, if I should swear it now
 A forgery, my lord would disbelieve me:
 Nay, more would disbelieve, the more I swore.
 But is the picture happily disposed of?

Isa. It is.

Zan. That's well—Ah! what is well? O pang to think!
 O dire necessity! Is this my province?
 Whither, my soul, ah! whither art thou sunk
 Beneath thy sphere? erewhile, far, far above
 Such little arts, dissemblings, falsehoods, frauds,
 The trash of villany itself, which falls
 To cowards, and poor wretches wanting bread.
 Does this become a soldier? this become
 Whom armies follow'd, and a people loved?
 My martial glory withers at the thought.
 But great my end; and since there are no other,
 These means are just; they shine with borrow'd light,
 Illustrious from the purpose they pursue.

And greater, sure, my merit, who, to gain
 A point sublime, can such a task sustain;
 To wade through ways obscene, my honour bend;
 And shock my nature, to attain my end.
 Late Time shall wonder: *that* my joys will raise;
 For wonder is involuntary praise.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter ALONZO and ZANGA.

Alon. O WHAT a pain to think! when every thought,
 Perplexing thought, in intricacies runs,
 And Reason knits the' inextricable toil
 In which herself is taken! I am lost;
 Poor insect that I am, I am involved
 And buried in the web myself have wrought!
 One argument is balanced by another,
 And reason reason meets in doubtful fight,
 And proofs are countermined by equal proofs.
 No more I'll bear this battle of the mind,

This inward anarchy ; but find my wife,
And, to her trembling heart presenting death,
Force all the secret from her.

Zan. O forbear !
You totter on the very brink of ruin.

Alon. What dost thou mean ?

Zan. (*Aside.*) That will discover all,
And kill my hopes : what can I think or do ?

Alon. What dost thou murmur ?

Zan. Force the secret from her !
What's perjury, to such a crime as this ?
Will she confess it, then ? O groundless hope !
But rest assured, she'll make this accusation,
Or false or true, your ruin with the king ;
Such is her father's power.

Alon. No more ; I care not :
Rather than groan beneath this load, I'll die.

Zan. But for what better will you change this load ?
Grant you should know it, would not that be worse ?

Alon. No ; it would cure me of my mortal pangs,
By hatred and contempt : I should despise her,
And all my love-bred agonies would vanish.

Zan. Ah ! were I sure of that, my lord—

Alon. What then ?

Zan. You should not hazard life to gain the secret.

Alon. What dost thou mean ? Thou know'st I'm on the
rack :

I'll not be play'd with : speak, if thou hast aught,
Or I this instant fly to Leonora.

Zan. That is, to death. My lord, I am not yet
Quite so far gone in guilt to suffer it ;
Though gone too far, Heaven knows.—'T is I am guilty :
I have took pains, as you, I know, observed,
To hinder you from diving in the secret,
And turn'd aside your thoughts from the detection.

Alon. Thou dost confound me.

Zan. I confound myself ;
And frankly own, though to my shame I own it,
Nought but your life in danger could have torn
The secret out, and made me own my crime.

Alon. Speak quickly ; Zanga, speak.

Zan. Not yet, dread sir :
First I must be assured, that if you find
The fair one guilty, Scorn, as you assured me,

Shall conquer Love and Rage, and heal your soul.

Alon. O, 't will, by Heaven!

Zan. Alas! I fear it much,
And scarce can hope so far; but I of this
Exact your solemn oath,—that you 'll abstain
From all self-violence, and save my lord.

Alon. I trebly swear.

Zan. You 'll bear it like a man?

Alon. A god.

Zan. Such have you been to me,—these tears confess it,—
And pour'd forth miracles of kindness on me:
And what amends is now within my power,
But to confess, expose myself to justice,
And, as a blessing, claim my punishment?
Know, then, Don Carlos—

Alon. O!

Zan. You cannot bear it.

Alon. Go on; I 'll have it, though it blast mankind:
I 'll have it all, and instantly. Go on.

Zan. Don Carlos did return at dead of night—

Enter LEONORA.

Leo. My lord Alonzo, you are absent from us,
And quite undo our joy.

Alon. I 'll come, my love:
Be not our friends deserted by us both;
I 'll follow you this moment.

Leo. My good lord,
I do observe severity of thought
Upon your brow. Aught hear you from the Moors?

Alon. No, my delight.

Leo. What, then, employ'd your mind?

Alon. Thou, love, and only thou; so Heaven befriend me,
As other thought can find no entrance here.

Leo. How good in you, my lord, whom nations' cares
Solicit, and a world in arms obeys,
To drop one thought on me!

Alon. (*He shows the utmost impatience.*) Dost thou,
then, prize it?

Leo. Do you, then, ask it?

Alon. Know, then, to thy comfort,
Thou hast me all; my throbbing heart is full
With thee alone: I 've thought of nothing else;
Nor shall, I from my soul believe, till death.

My life, our friends expect thee.

Leo. I obey. (*Exit Leonora.*)

Alon. Is that the face of cursed Hypocrisy?
If she is guilty, stars are made of darkness,
And beauty shall no more belong to heaven.—
“Don Carlos did return at dead of night :”
Proceed, good Zanga ; so thy tale began.

Zan. Don Carlos did return at dead of night :
That night, by chance, (ill chance for me !) did I
Command the watch that guards the palace-gate :
He told me he had letters for the king,
Dispatch'd from you.

Alon. The villain lied.

Zan. My lord,

I pray forbear.—Transported at his sight,
After so long a bondage, and your friend,
(Who could suspect him of an artifice ?)
No farther I inquired ; but let him pass,
False to my trust ; at least, imprudent in it.
Our watch relieved, I went into the garden,
As is my custom when the night's serene,
And took a moonlight walk ; when soon I heard
A rustling in an arbour that was near me :
I saw two lovers in each other's arms,
Embracing and embraced : anon the man
Arose ; and, falling back some paces from her,
Gazed ardently awhile ; then rush'd at once,
And, throwing all himself into her bosom,
There softly sigh'd, “O night of ecstasy !
When shall we meet again ?”—Don Carlos then
Led Leonora forth.

Alon. O ! O my heart ! (*He sinks into a chair.*)

Zan. Groan on, and with the sound refresh my soul.
'T is through his heart ; his knees smite one another :
'T is through his brain ; his eye-balls roll in anguish.—

(*Aside.*)

My lord, my lord, why will you rack my soul ?
Speak to me ; let me know that you still live.
Do you not know me, sir ? Pray look upon me :
You think too deeply : I am your own Zanga,
So loved, so cherish'd, and so faithful to you.—
Where start you in such fury ? Nay, my lord,
For Heaven's sake, sheath your sword ! What can this
mean ?

Fool that I was, to trust you with the secret ;
 And you unkind, to break your word with me !
 O passion for a woman ! on the ground ?
 Where is your boasted courage ? where your scorn,
 And prudent rage, that was to cure your grief,
 And chase your love-bred agonies away ?
 Rise, sir, for honour's sake. Why should the Moors,
 Why should the vanquish'd, triumph ?

Alon. Would to Heaven,
 That I were lower still ! O, she was all !
 My fame, my friendship, and my love of arms,
 All stoop'd to her ; my blood was her possession :
 Deep in the secret foldings of my heart,
 She lived with life, and far the dearer she.
 But—and no more—set Nature in a blaze ;
 Give her a fit of jealousy—away—
 To think on 't is the torment of the damn'd ;
 And not to think on 't, is impossible.
 How fair the cheek, that first alarm'd my soul !
 How bright the eye, that sets it on a flame !
 How soft the breast, on which I laid my peace
 For years to slumber, unawaked by care !
 How fierce the transport ! how sublime the bliss !—
 How deep, how black, the horror and despair !

Zan. You said, you 'd bear it like a man.

Alon. I do.

Am I not most distracted ?

Zan. Pray, be calm.

Alon. As hurricanes : be thou assured of that.

Zan. Is this the wise Alonzo ?

Alon. Villain, no :

He died in the' arbour ; he was murder'd there.
 I am his demon, though—my wife ! my wife !

Zan. Alas ! he weeps.

Alon. Go, dig her grave.

Zan. My lord !

Alon. But that her blood 's too hot, I would carouse it
 Around my bridal board.

Zan. (*Aside.*) And I would pledge thee.

Alon. But I may talk too fast. Pray, let me think,
 And reason mildly.—Wedded and undone
 Before one night descends—O hasty evil !
 What friend to comfort me in this extreme ?
 Where 's Carlos ? Why is Carlos absent from me ?

Does he know what has happen'd.

Zan. My good lord!

Alon. O depth of horrors! He! my bosom friend!

Zan. Alas! compose yourself, my lord.

Alon. To death.

"Gaze on her with both eyes so ardently!"

Give them the vultures; tear them all in pieces!

Zan. (Aside.) Most excellent!

Alon. Hark! you can keep a secret.

In yonder arbour bound with jessamine,—

Who's that? What villain's that? Unhand her! Murder!

Tear them asunder.—Murder! How they grind

My heart betwixt them!—O, let go my heart!

Yet let it go—"Embracing and embraced!"

O pestilence! Who let him in! A traitor.

(Goes to stab Zanga: he prevents him.)

Alas! my head turns round, and my limbs fail me.

Zan. My lord!

Alon. O villain, villain, most accursed!

If thou didst know it, why didst let me wed?

Zan. Hear me, my lord; your anger will abate:

I knew it not; I saw them in the garden,

But saw no more than you might well expect

To see in lovers destined for each other:

By Heaven, I thought their meeting innocent.

Who could suspect fair Leonora's virtue,

Till after-proofs conspired to blacken it?

Sad proofs, which came too late; which broke not out

(Eternal curses on Alvarez' haste!)

Till holy rites had made the wanton yours!

And then, I own, I labour'd to conceal it,

In duty, and compassion to your peace.

Alon. Live now; be damn'd hereafter; for I want thee.

"O night of ecstasy!"—Ha! was't not so?

I will enjoy this murder. Let me think:—

The jessamine bower; 't is secret and remote:

Go, wait me there, and take thy dagger with thee.

(Exit Zanga.)

How the sweet sound still sings within my ear!

"When shall we meet again?" To-night, in hell.

(As he is going out, enter Leonora.)

Ha! I'm surprised; I stagger at her charms.

O angel-devil!—Shall I stab her now?

No, it shall be as I had first determined:

To kill her now were half my vengeance lost.

Then I must now dissemble—if I can.

Leo. My lord, excuse me ; see, a second time
I come in embassy from all your friends,
Whose joys are languid, uninspired by you.

Alon. This moment, Leonora, I was coming
To thee, and all—But sure, or I mistake,
Or thou canst well inspire my friends with joy.

Leo. Why sighs my lord ?

Alon. I sigh'd not, Leonora.

Leo. I thought you did : your sighs are mine, my lord,
And I shall feel them all.

Alon. Dost flatter me ?

Leo. If my regards for you are flattery,
Full far indeed I stretch'd the compliment
In this day's solemn rite.

Alon. What rite ?

Leo. You sport me.

Alon. Indeed I do ; my heart is full of mirth.

Leo. And so is mine : I look on cheerfulness
As on the health of Virtue.

Alon. *Virtue!* Damn—

Leo. What says my lord ?

Alon. Thou art exceeding fair.

Leo. Beauty alone is but of little worth ;
But when the soul and body, of a piece,
Both shine alike, then they obtain a price,
And are a fit reward for gallant actions,
Heaven's pay on earth for such great souls as yours.
If fair and innocent, I am your due.

Alon. (*Aside.*) *Innocent!*

Leo. How?—My lord, I interrupt you.

Alon. No, my best life ; I must not part with thee :
This hand is mine. O, what a hand is here!
So soft, souls sink into it, and are lost!

Leo. In tears, my lord ?

Alon. What less can speak my joy ?

I gaze, and I forget my own existence ;
'T is all a vision ; my head swims in heaven.
Wherefore, O, wherefore, this expense of beauty ?
And wherefore ? O!—
Why, I could gaze upon thy looks for ever,
And drink-in all my being from thine eyes ;
And I could snatch a flaming thunderbolt,

And hurl destruction—

Leo. How, my lord? What mean you?
Acquaint me with the secret of your heart,
Or cast me out for ever from your love.

Alon. Art thou concern'd for me?

Leo. My lord, you fright me.
Is this the fondness of your nuptial hour?
I am ill-used, my lord; I must not bear it.
Why, when I woo your hand, is it denied me?
Your very eyes, why are they taught to shun me?
Nay, my good lord, I have a title here; (*Taking his hand.*)
And I will have it. Am I not your wife?
Have I not just authority to know
That heart which I have purchased with my own?
Lay it before me, then; it is my due.
Unkind Alonzo, though I might demand it,
Behold, I kneel! See, Leonora kneels,
And deigns to be a beggar for her own!
Tell me the secret: I conjure you, tell me.
The bride foregoes the homage of her day;
Alvarez' daughter trembles in the dust:
Speak, then; I charge you, speak, or I expire,
And load you with my death. My lord, my lord!

Alon. Ha! ha! ha! (*He breaks from her, and she
sinks upon the floor.*)

Leo. Are these the joys which fondly I conceived?
And is it thus a wedded life begins?
What did I part with, when I gave my heart?
I knew not that all happiness went with it.
Why did I leave my tender father's wing,
And venture into love? That maid that loves,
Goes out to sea upon a shatter'd plank,
And puts her trust in miracles for safety.
Where shall I sigh? where pour out my complaint?
He that should hear, should succour, should redress,
He is the source of all.

Alon. Go to thy chamber;
I soon will follow: that which now disturbs thee
Shall be clear'd up, and thou shalt not condemn me.

(*Exit Leonora.*)

O how like Innocence she looks! What! stab her,
And rush into her blood?—I never can:
In her, Guilt shines, and Nature holds my hand.
How, then? Why, thus—No more; it is determined.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. (Aside.) I fear, his heart has fail'd him. She must die.

Can I not rouse the snake that 's in his bosom,
To sting out human nature, and effect it?

Alon. This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,
Those skies, through which it rolls, must all have end.
What, then, is man? The smallest part of nothing.
Day buries day; month, month; and year, the year:
Our life is but a chain of many deaths.

Can then Death's self be fear'd? Our life much rather:
Life is the desert, life the solitude;
Death joins us to the great majority:

'T is to be born to Plato's and to Cæsar;

'T is to be great for ever.

'T is pleasure, 't is ambition, then, to die.

Zan. I think, my lord, you talk'd of death.

Alon. I did.

Zan. I give you joy; then Leonora's dead.

Alon. No, Zanga, no; the greatest guilt is mine:
'T is mine, who might have mark'd his midnight visit;
Who might have mark'd his tameness to resign her;
Who might have mark'd her sudden turn of love;—
These, and a thousand tokens more;—and yet
(For which the saints absolve my soul!) did wed.

Zan. Where does this tend?

Alon. To shed a woman's blood
Would stain my sword, and make my wars inglorious;
But just resentment to myself bears in it
A stamp of greatness above vulgar minds.
He who, superior to the checks of Nature,
Dares make his Life the victim of his Reason,
Does in some sort that Reason deify,
And take a flight at heaven.

Zan. Alas! my lord,
'T is not your reason, but her beauty, finds
Those arguments, and throws you on your sword.
You cannot close an eye that is so bright;
You cannot strike a breast that is so soft,
That has ten thousand ecstasies in store—
For Carlos?—No, my lord; I mean, for you.

Alon. O! through my heart and marrow! Pr'ythee spare
me;

Nor more upbraid the weakness of thy lord.
 I own, I tried, I quarrell'd, with my heart,
 And push'd it on, and bid it give her death ;
 But, O ! her eyes struck first, and murder'd me.

Zan. I know not what to answer to my lord.
 Men are but men ; we did not make ourselves :
 Farewell, then, my best lord, since you must die.
 O that I were to share your monument,
 And in eternal darkness close these eyes
 Against those scenes which I am doom'd to suffer !

Alon. What dost thou mean ?

Zan. And is it, then, unknown ?
 O grief of heart, to think that you should ask it !
 Sure, you distrust that ardent love I bear you ;
 Else could you doubt, when you are laid in dust—
 But it will cut my poor heart through and through
 To see those revel on your sacred tomb,
 Who brought you thither by their lawless loves :
 For there they 'll revel, and exult to find
 Him sleep so fast who else would mar their joys.

Alon. Distraction !—But Don Carlos, well thou know'st,
 Is sheath'd in steel, and bent on other thoughts.

Zan. I 'll work him to the murder of his friend.—

(Aside.)

Yes, till the fever of his blood returns,
 While her last kiss still glows upon his cheek.
 But when he finds Alonzo is no more,
 How will he rush, like lightning, to her arms !
 There sigh, there languish, there pour out his soul ;
 But not in grief—sad obsequies to thee—
 But thou wilt be at peace, nor see, nor hear,
 The burning kiss, the sigh of ecstasy,
 Their throbbing hearts that jostle one another.
 Thank Heaven, these torments will be all my own.

Alon. I 'll ease thee of that pain : let Carlos die ;
 O'ertake him on the road, and see it done.

'T is my command. *(Gives his signet.)*

Zan. I dare not disobey.

Alon. My Zanga, now I have thy leave to die.

Zan. Ah, sir, think, think again. Are all men buried
 In Carlos' grave ? You know not womankind :
 When once the throbbing of the heart has broke
 The modest zone with which it first was tied,
 Each man she meets will be a Carlos to her.

Alon. That thought has more of hell than had the former :—

Another, and another, and another !
And each shall cast a smile upon my tomb !
I am convinced ; I must not, will not, die.

Zan. You cannot die ; nor can you murder her.
What, then, remains ? In nature no third way,
But to forget, and so to love again.

Alon. O !

Zan. If you forgive, the world will call you "good ;"
If you forget, the world will call you "wise ;"
If you receive her to your grace again,
The world will call you "very, *very* kind."

Alon. Zanga, I understand thee well. She dies ;
Though my arm tremble at the stroke, she dies.

Zan. That's truly great. What, think you, 't was
set up

The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,
But doing right in stern despite to Nature,
Shutting their ears to all her little cries,
When great, august, and godlike Justice call'd ?
At Aulis, one pour'd out a daughter's life,
And gain'd more glory than by all his wars ;
Another slew a sister in just rage ;
A third, the theme of all succeeding times,
Gave to the cruel axe a darling son :
Nay, more, for justice some devote themselves,
As he at Carthage,—an immortal name !
Yet there is one step left above 'em all,
Above their history, above their fable,
A wife, bride, mistress, unenjoy'd—Do *that*,
And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.

Alon. 'T is done : again new transports fire my brain.
I had forgot it ; 't is my bridal night :
Friend, give me joy ; we must be gay together :
See that the festival be duly honour'd.

And when with garlands the full bowl is crown'd,
And Music gives her elevating sound,
And golden carpets spread the sacred floor,
And a new day the blazing tapers pour,
Thou, Zanga, then my solemn friends invite
From the dark realms of everlasting Night.
Call Vengeance, call the Furies, call Despair ;
And Death, our chief invited guest, be there :

He, with pale hand, shall lead the bride, and spread
Eternal curtains round our nuptial bed. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. O PITIFUL! O terrible to sight!
Poor mangled shade, all cover'd o'er with wounds,
And so disguised with blood! who murder'd thee?
Tell thy sad tale, and thou shalt be revenged.
Ha! Carlos?—Horror, Carlos?—O, away!
Go to thy grave, or let me sink to mine.
I cannot bear the sight—What sight? Where am I?
There's nothing here. If this was Fancy's work,
She draws a picture strongly.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. Ha!—You're pale.

Alon. Is Carlos murder'd?

Zan. I obey'd your order.

Six ruffians overtook him on the road:
He fought as he was wont, and four he slew;
Then sank beneath an hundred wounds to death:
His last breath bless'd Alonzo, and desired
His bones might rest near yours.

Alon. O Zanga! Zanga!—

But I'll not think; for I must act, and thinking
Would ruin me for action. O the medley
Of right and wrong! the chaos in my brain!
He should, and should not, die: you should obey,
And not obey. It is a day of darkness,
Of contradictions, and of many deaths.
Where's Leonora then? Quick answer me;
I'm deep in horrors; I'll be deeper still.
I find thy artifice did take effect,
And she forgives my late deportment to her.

Zan. I told her, from your childhood you was wont,
On any great surprise, but chiefly then,
When cause of sorrow bore it company,
To have your passion shake the seat of Reason;
A momentary ill, which soon blew o'er.

Then did I tell her of Don Carlos' death,
 (Wisely suppressing by what means he fell,)
 And laid the blame on that. At first she doubted ;
 But such the honest artifice I used,
 And such her ardent wish it should be true,
 That she, at length, was fully satisfied.

Alon. 'T was well she was. In our late interview,
 My passion so far threw me from my guard,
 (Methinks 't is strange!) that, conscious of her guilt,
 She saw not, through its thin disguise, my heart.

Zan. But what design you, sir? and how?

Alon. I'll tell thee.

Thus I've ordain'd it: In the jessamine bower,
 The place which she dishonour'd with her guilt,
 There will I meet her,—the appointment's made,—
 And calmly spread (for I can do it now)
 The blackness of her crime before her sight ;
 And then, with all the cool solemnity
 Of public justice, give her to the grave. (*Exit.*)

Zan. Why, get thee gone! Horror and Night go with
 thee!

Sisters of Acheron, go hand in hand ;
 Go dance around the bower, and close them in ;
 And tell them, that I sent you to salute them !
 Profane the ground ; and for the' ambrosial rose,
 And breath of jessamine, let hemlock blacken,
 And deadly nightshade poison all the air !
 For the sweet nightingale, may ravens croak,
 Toads pant, and adders rustle through the leaves !
 May serpents, winding up the trees, let fall
 Their hissing necks upon them from above,
 And mingle kisses—such as I should give them ! (*Exit.*)

Scene, the Bower.

LEONORA sleeping. Enter ALONZO.

Alon. YE amaranths! ye roses, like the morn !
 Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange-groves !
 Why do you smile? Why do you look so fair?
 Are you not blasted as I enter in?
 Yes; see how every flower lets fall its head!
 How shudders every leaf without a wind!
 How every green is as the ivy pale!
 Did ever midnight ghosts assemble here?

Have these sweet echoes ever learn'd to groan?
 Joy-giving, love-inspiring, holy bower!
 Know, in thy fragrant bosom, thou receivest
 A—murderer! O! I shall stain thy lilies,
 And Horror will usurp the seat of bliss.
 So Lucifer broke into Paradise,
 And soon damnation follow'd. (*He advances.*) Ha! she
 sleeps;

The day's uncommon heat has overcome her:
 Then take, my longing eyes, your last full gaze.
 O, what a sight is here! How dreadful fair!
 Who would not think that being innocent?
 Where shall I strike? Who strikes her, strikes himself.
 My own life-blood will issue at her wound.
 O my distracted heart!—O cruel Heaven!
 To give such charms as those, and then call man,
 Mere man, to be your executioner!
 Was it because it was too hard for you?
 But see, she smiles! I never shall smile more;
 It strongly tempts me to a parting kiss.

(*Going, he starts back.*)

Ha! smile again! She dreams of him she loves:
 Curse on her charms! I'll stab her through them all.

(*As he is going to strike, she wakes.*)

Leo. My lord, your stay was long; and yonder lull
 Of falling waters tempted me to rest,
 Dispirited with noon's excessive heat.

Alon. Ye powers! with what an eye she mends the day!
 While they were closed, I should have given the blow.

(*Aside.*)

O for a last embrace! and then for justice!
 Thus Heaven and I shall both be satisfied.

Leo. What says my lord?

Alon. Why, *this* Alonzo says:—

If love were endless, men were gods. 'T is *that*
 Does counterbalance travel, danger, pain:
 'T is Heaven's expedient to make mortals bear
 The light, and cheat them of the peaceful grave.

Leo. Alas! my lord, why talk you of the grave?
 Your friend is dead; in friendship you sustain
 A mighty loss; repair it with my love.

Alon. Thy love? Thou piece of witchcraft!—I would
 say,—

Thou brightest angel! I could gaze for ever.

Where hadst thou this? Enchantress, tell me where?
 Which with a touch works miracles, boils up
 My blood to tumults, and turns round my brain!
 E'en now thou swimm'st before me: I shall lose thee:
 No, I will make thee sure, and clasp thee all.
 Who turn'd this slender waist with so much art,
 And shut perfection in so small a ring?
 Who spread that pure expanse of white above,
 On which the dazzled sight can find no rest,
 But, drunk with beauty, wanders up and down
 For ever, and for ever finds new charms?
 But, O those eyes! those murderers! O whence,
 Whence didst thou steal their burning orbs? from heaven?
 Thou didst; and 't is religion to adore them.

Leo. My best Alonzo, moderate your thought:
 Extremes still fright me, though of love itself.

Alon. Extremes indeed! It hurried me away;
 But I come home again—and now for justice—
 And now for death—It is impossible.
 Sure, such were made by Heaven guiltless to sin,
 Or in their guilt to laugh at punishment. (*Aside.*)
 I leave her to just Heaven.

(*Drops the dagger, and goes off.*)

Leo. Ha! a dagger!
 What dost thou say, thou minister of death?
 What dreadful tale dost tell me? Let me think.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. (*Aside.*) Death to my towering hope! O fall from
 high!
 My close, long-labour'd scheme at once is blasted.
 That dagger found will cause her to inquire;
 Inquiry will discover all; my hopes
 Of vengeance perish; I myself am lost.
 Curse on the coward's heart! wither his hand,
 Which held the steel in vain!—What can be done?
 Where can I fix?—That's something still: 't will breed
 Fell rage and bitterness betwixt their souls,
 Which may perchance grow up to greater evil;
 If not, 't is all I can. It shall be so.

Leo. O Zanga! I am sinking in my fears!
 Alonzo dropp'd this dagger as he left me;
 And left me in a strange disorder, too.
 What can this mean? Angels preserve his life!

Zan. Yours, madam ; yours !

Leo. What, Zanga, dost thou say ?

Zan. Carry you goodness, then, to such extremes,
So blinded to the faults of him you love,
That you perceive not he is jealous ?

Leo. Heavens !

And yet a thousand things recur that swear it.
What villain could inspire him with that thought ?
It is not of the growth of his own nature.

Zan. Some villain ; who, Hell knows. But he is jealous ;
And 't is most fit a heart so pure as yours
Do itself justice, and assert its honour,
And make him conscious of his stab to Virtue.

Leo. Jealous ! It sickens at my heart. Unkind,
Ungenerous, groundless, weak, and insolent !
Why ? wherefore ? on what shadow of occasion ?
'T is fascination ; 't is the wrath of Heaven
For the collected crimes of all his race.
O how the great man lessens to my thought !
How could so mean a vice as Jealousy,
Unnatural child of Ignorance and Guilt,
Which tears and feeds upon its parent's heart,
Live in a throng of such exalted Virtues ?
I scorn and hate, yet love him and adore.
I cannot, will not, dare not, think it true.
Till from himself I know it. *(Exit.)*

Zan. This succeeds
Just to my wish. Now she with violence
Upbraids him ; he, not doubting she is guilty,
Rages no less ; and if on either side
The waves run high, there still lives hope of ruin.
(Enter Alonzo.)

My lord,—

Alon. O Zanga ! hold thy peace : I am no coward ;
But Heaven itself did hold my hand ; I felt it ;
By the well-being of my soul, I did.
I'll think of vengeance at another season.

Zan. My lord, her guilt—

Alon. Perdition on thee, Moor,
For that one word ! Ah ! do not rouse that thought ;
I have o'erwhelm'd it much as possible :
Away, then ; let us talk of other things.
I tell thee, Moor, I love her to distraction :
If 't is my shame, why, be it so. I love her ;

Nor can I help it; 't is imposed upon me
 By some superior and resistless power,
 I could not hurt her to be lord of earth;
 It shocks my nature like a stroke at Heaven.
 Angels defend her, as if innocent!
 But see, my Leonora comes:—be gone. (*Exit Zanga.*)
 (*Enter Leonora.*)

O seen for ever! yet for ever new!
 The conquer'd thou dost conquer o'er again,
 Inflicting wound on wound.

Leo. Alas, my lord!

What need of this to me?

Alon. Ha! dost thou weep?

Leo. Have I no cause?

Alon. If love is thy concern,
 Thou hast no cause; none ever loved like me.
 But wherefore this? Is it to break my heart,
 Which loses so much blood for every tear?

Leo. Is it so tender?

Alon. Is it not? O Heaven!
 Doubt of my love? Why, I am nothing else;
 It quite absorbs my every other passion.
 O that this one embrace would last for ever!

Leo. Could this man ever mean to wrong my virtue?
 Could this man e'er design upon my life?
 Impossible! I throw away the thought.— (*Aside.*)
 These tears declare how much I taste the joy
 Of being folded in your arms and heart:
 My universe does lie within that space.
 This dagger bore false witness. (*Showing it.*)

Alon. Ha! my dagger?

It rouses horrid images: away,
 Away with it, and let us talk of love,
 Plunge ourselves deep into the sweet illusion,
 And hide us there from every other thought.

Leo. It touches you.

Alon. Let's talk of love.

Leo. Of death.

Alon. As thou lovest happiness—

Leo. Of murder.

Alon. Rash,

Rash woman! yet forbear.

Leo. Approve my wrongs!

Alon. Then must I fly, for thy sake and my own.

Leo. Nay, by my injuries, you first must hear me :
Stab me, then think it much to hear me groan !

Alon. Heavens, strike me deaf !

Leo. It well may sting you home.

Alon. Alas ! thou quite mistakest my cause of pain.
Yet, yet dismiss me ; I am all in flames.

Leo. Who has most cause ? you, or myself ? What act
Of my whole life encouraged you to this ?
Or, of your own, what guilt has drawn it on you ?
You find me kind, and think me kind to all ;
The weak, ungenerous error of your sex.
What could inspire the thought ? We oftenest judge
From our own hearts : and is yours then so frail,
It prompts you to conceive thus ill of me ?
He that can stoop to harbour such a thought,
Deserves to find it true. (*Holding him.*)

Alon. O sex, sex, sex ! (*Turning on her.*)
The language of you all. Ill-fated woman !
Why hast thou forced me back into the gulf
Of agonies I had block'd up from thought ?
I know the cause ; thou saw'st me impotent
Erewhile to hurt thee, therefore thou turn'st on me ;
But, by the pangs I suffer, to thy woe !
For, since thou hast replunged me in my torture
I will be satisfied.

Leo. *Be satisfied !*

Alon. Yes ; thy own mouth shall witness it against thee :
I will be satisfied.

Leo. Of what ?

Alon. *Of what ?*

How darest thou ask that question ? Woman, woman,
Weak, and assured at once ! Thus 't is for ever.
Who told thee that thy virtue was suspected ?
Who told thee I design'd upon thy life ?
You found the dagger, but that could not speak ;
Nor did I tell thee : who did tell thee, then ?
Guilt, conscious guilt.

Leo. This to my face ? O Heaven !

Alon. This to thy very soul.

Leo. Thou 'rt not in earnest ?

Alon. Serious as death.

Leo. Then Heaven have mercy on thee !
Till now, I struggled not to think it true ;
I sought conviction, and would not believe it :

And dost thou force me? This shall not be borne :
Thou shalt repent this insult. *(Going.)*

Alon. Madam, stay :
Your passion 's wise ; 't is a disguise for guilt.
'T is my turn now to fix you here awhile ;
You, and your thousand arts, shall not escape me.

Leo. Arts ?

Alon. Arts ! Confess ; for death is in my hand.

Leo. 'T is in your words.

Alon. Confess, confess, confess ;
Nor tear my veins with passion to compel thee.

Leo. I scorn to answer thee, presumptuous man !

Alon. Deny, then, and incur a fouler shame.

Where did I find this picture ?

Leo. Ha ! Don Carlos ?

By my best hopes, more welcome than thy own.

Alon. I know it : but is vice so very rank,
That thou shouldst dare to dash it in my face ?
Nature is sick of thee, abandon'd woman !

Leo. Repent.

Alon. Is that for me ?

Leo. Fall, ask my pardon.

Alon. Astonishment !

Leo. Darest thou persist to think I am dishonest ?

Alon. I know thee so.

Leo. This blow, then, to thy heart !

(She stabs herself, he endeavouring to prevent her.)

Alon. Ho ! Zanga ! Isabella ! Ho ! She bleeds !
Descend, ye blessed angels, to assist her !

Leo. This is the only way I would wound thee,
Though most unjust. Now think me guilty still.

Enter ISABELLA.

Alon. Bear her to instant help : the world to save her !

Leo. Unhappy man ! well mayst thou gaze and tremble ;
But fix thy terror and amazement right,
Not on my blood, but on thy own distraction.
What hast thou done ? whom censured ?—Leonora.
When thou hadst censured, thou wouldst save her life.
O inconsistent ! Should I live in shame,
Or stoop to any other means but this,
To' assert my virtue ? No ; she who disputes,
Admits it possible she might be guilty.
While aught but truth could be my inducement to it,

While it might look like an excuse to thee,
I scorn'd to vindicate my innocence ;
But now, I let thy rashness know, the wound
Which least I feel, is that my dagger made.

(Isabella leads out Leonora.)

Alon. Ha! Was this woman guilty?—and if not—
How my thought darkens that way! Grant, kind Heaven,
That she prove guilty, or give being end.
Is that my hope, then? Sure, the sacred dust
Of her that bore me trembles in its urn.

Is it in man the sore distress to bear,
When hope itself is blacken'd to despair?
When all the bliss I pant for is, to gain
In hell a refuge from severer pain? *(Exit Alonzo.)*

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. How stands the great account 'twixt me and
Vengeance?
Though much is paid, yet still it owes me much ;
And I will not abate a single groan.—
Ha! that were well ; but that were fatal, too.
Why, be it so : revenge so truly great
Would come too cheap, if bought with less than life.
Come death, come hell, then ; 't is resolved ; 't is done.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Ah! Zanga, see me tremble : has not yet
Thy cruel heart its fill? Poor Leonora—

Zan. Welters in blood, and gasps for her last breath :
What then? We all must die.

Isa. Alonzo raves ;
And, in the tempest of his grief, has thrice
Attempted on his life : at length, disarm'd,
He calls his friends that save him his worst foes,
And importunes the skies for swift perdition.
Thus in his storm of sorrow. After pause,
He started up, and call'd aloud for Zanga,
For Zanga raved ; and see, he seeks you here,
To learn that truth which most he dreads to know.

Zan. Be gone.—Now, now, my soul, consummate all.
(Exit Isabella.)

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. O Zanga!

Zan. Do not tremble so ; but speak.

Alon. I dare not. (*Falls on him.*)

Zan. You will drown me with your tears.

Alon. Have I not cause?

Zan. As yet, you have no cause.

Alon. Dost thou, too, rave?

Zan. Your anguish is to come.

You much have been abused.

Alon. Abused! By whom?

Zan. To know were little comfort.

Alon. O! 't were much.

Zan. Indeed!

Alon. By Heaven. O give him to my fury!

Zan. Born for your use, I live but to oblige you:

Know, then, 't was—I.

Alon. Am I awake?

Zan. For ever.

Thy wife is guiltless; that's one transport to me:

And I, I let thee know it; that's another.

I urged Don Carlos to resign his mistress;

I forged the letter; I disposed the picture;

I hated; I despised; and I destroy.

Alon. O! (*Swoons.*)

Zan. Why, this is well; why, this is blow for blow.

Where are you? Crown me, shadow me, with laurels,

Ye spirits which delight in just revenge!

Let Europe, and her pallid sons, go weep;

Let Afric, and her hundred thrones, rejoice.

O my dear countrymen! look down, and see

How I bestride your prostrate conqueror!

I tread on haughty Spain, and all her kings.

But this is mercy; this is my indulgence;

'T is peace; 't is refuge from my indignation:

I must awake him into horrors. Ho!

Alonzo, ho! The Moor is at the gate.

Awake, invincible, omnipotent!

Thou who dost all subdue!

Alon. Inhuman slave!

Zan. Fallen Christian, thou mistakest my character.

Look on me. Who am I? I know, thou say'st,

"The Moor, a slave, an abject, *beaten* slave:"

(Eternal woes to him that made me so!)

But look again. Has six years' cruel bondage

Extinguish'd majesty so far, that nought

Shines here, to give an awe of one above thee?

When the great Moorish king, Abdalla, fell,
 Fell by thy hand accursed, I fought fast by him,—
 His son, though, through his fondness, in disguise,
 Less to expose me to the' ambitious foe.
 Ha! does it wake thee? O'er my father's corse
 I stood astride, till I had clove thy crest;
 And then was made the captive of a squadron,
 And sunk into thy servant. But, O! what,
 What were my wages? Hear not, Heaven, nor earth!
 My wages were a *blow*; by Heaven, a *blow*;
 And from a mortal hand!

Alon. O villain! villain!

Zan. (*Showing a dagger.*) All strife is vain.

Alon. Is thus my love return'd?

Is this my recompence? Make friends of tigers!
 Lay not your young, O mothers, on the breast,
 For fear they turn to serpents as they lie,
 And pay you for their nourishment with death.
 Carlos is dead, and Leonora dying;
 Both innocent, both murder'd, both by me.
 That heavenly maid—which should have lived for ever,
 At least have gently slept her soul away;
 Whose life should have shut up as evening flowers
 At the departing sun—was murder'd! murder'd!
 O shame! O guilt! O horror! O remorse!
 O punishment! Had Satan never fell,
 Hell had been made for me.—O Leonora!

Zan. Must I despise thee, too, as well as hate thee?
 Complain of grief, complain thou art a man.
 Priam from fortune's lofty summit fell;
 Great Alexander 'midst his conquests mourn'd;
 Heroes and demi-gods have known their sorrows;
 Cæsars have wept; and I have had—my *blow*:
 But 't is revenged; and now my work is done.
 Yet, ere I fall, be it one part of vengeance
 To make e'en thee confess that I am just.
 Thou seest a prince, whose father thou hast slain;
 Whose native country thou hast laid in blood;
 Whose sacred person, O! thou hast profaned;
 Whose reign extinguish'd. What was left to me
 So highly born? No kingdom but revenge;
 No treasure but thy tortures and thy groans.
 If men should ask, *who* brought thee to thy end;
 Tell them, "The Moor," and they will not despise thee.

If cold white mortals censure this great deed,
 Warn them, they judge not of superior beings,
 Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
 With whom revenge is virtue. Fare thee well.
 Now, fully satisfied, I should take leave ;
 But one thing grieves me : since thy death is near,
 I leave thee my example how to die.

As he is going to stab himself, Alonzo rushes upon him to prevent him. In the mean time, enter ALVAREZ, attended. They disarm and seize ZANGA. ALONZO puts the dagger in his bosom.

Alon. No, monster, thou shalt not escape by death.
 O father !

Alv. O Alonzo ! Isabella,
 Touch'd with remorse to see her mistress' pangs,
 Told all the dreadful tale.

Alon. What groan was that ?

Zan. As I have been a vulture to thy heart,
 So will I be a raven to thine ear,
 And true as ever snuff'd the scent of blood,
 As ever flapp'd its heavy wing against
 The window of the sick, and croak'd despair.
 Thy wife is dead.

(Alvarez goes to the side of the stage, and returns.)

Alv. The dreadful news is true.

Alon. Prepare the rack ; invent new torments for him.

Zan. This, too, is well. The fix'd and noble mind
 Turns all occurrence to its own advantage,
 And I'll make vengeance of calamity.
 Were I not thus reduced, thou wouldst not know
 That, thus reduced, I dare defy thee still.
 Torture thou mayst ; but thou shalt ne'er despise me.
 The blood will follow, where the knife is driven ;
 The flesh will quiver, where the pincers tear ;
 And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain :
 But these are foreign to the soul. Not mine
 The groans that issue, or the tears that fall ;
 They disobey me : on the rack I scorn thee,
 As when my falchion clove thy helm in battle.

Alv. Peace, villain !

Zan. While I live, old man, I'll speak ;
 And, well I know, thou darest not kill me yet ;
 For that would rob thy blood-hounds of their prey.

Alon. Who call'd Alonzo?

Alv. No one call'd, my son.

Alon. Again!—'T is Carlos' voice, and I obey.

O how I laugh at all that *this* can do!

(Showing the dagger.)

The wounds that pain'd, the wounds that murder'd me,
Were given before; I am already dead;

This only marks my body for the grave. *(Stabs himself.)*

Afric, thou art revenged!—O Leonora! *(Dies.)*

Zan. Good ruffians, give me leave; my blood is yours;
The wheel's prepared, and you shall have it all;

Let me but look one moment on the dead,

And pay yourselves with gazing on my pangs.

(He goes to Alonzo's body.)

Is this Alonzo? Where's the haughty mien?

Is that the hand which smote me? Heavens, how pale!

And art thou dead? So is my enmity:

I war not with the dust: the great, the proud,

The conqueror of Afric, was my foe.

A lion preys not upon carcasses.

This was the only method to subdue me.

Terror and doubt fall on me: all thy good

Now blazes; all thy guilt is in the grave.

Never had man such funeral applause:

If I lament thee, sure, thy worth was great.

O Vengeance! I have follow'd thee too far,

And to receive me Hell blows all her fires.

(He is borne off.)

Alv. Dreadful effect of jealousy! a rage

In which the wise with caution will engage;

Reluctant long, and tardy to believe,

Where, sway'd by Nature, we ourselves deceive;

Where our own folly joins the villain's art,

And each man finds a Zanga in his heart. *(Exeunt.)*

EPILOGUE,

BY A FRIEND.

OUR author sent me, in an humble strain,
 To beg you 'd bless the offspring of his brain ;
 And I, your proxy, promised, in your name,
 The child should live, at least, six days of fame.
 I like the brat, but still his faults can find ;
 And, by the parent's leave, will speak my mind.

Gallants, pray tell me, do you think 't was well
 To let a willing maid lead apes in hell ?
 You, nicer ladies, should *you* think it right
 To eat no supper—on your wedding-night ?
 Should English husbands dare to starve their wives,
 Be sure, they 'd lead most *comfortable* lives.
 But he loves mischief, and with groundless fears
 Would fain set loving couples by the ears ;
 Would spoil the tender husbands of our nation,
 By teaching them his vile outlandish fashion.
 But we've been taught, in our good-natured clime,
 That jealousy, though just, is still a crime,
 And will be still : for, (not to blame the plot,)
 That same Alonzo was a stupid sot,
 To kill a bride, a mistress, unenjoy'd ;—
 'T were some excuse, had the poor man been cloy'd ;—
 To kill her on suspicion, ere he knew
 Whether the heinous crime were false or true.
 The priest said grace ; she met him in the bower,
 In hopes she might anticipate an hour :
 Love was her errand ; but the hot-brain'd Spaniard,
 Instead of love,—produced a filthy poniard !
 Had he been wise at this their private meeting,
 The proof o' th' pudding had been in the eating :
 Madam had then been pleased, and Don contented,
 And all this blood and murder been prevented.
 Britons, be wise ! and, from this sad example,
 Ne'er break a bargain, but first take a sample.

THE BROTHERS.

A TRAGEDY :

ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE,
BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. DODSLEY,

AND SPOKEN BY MR. HAVARD.

THE tragic Muse, revolving many a page
Of Time's long records drawn from every age,
Forms not her plans on low or trivial deeds,
But marks the striking. When some hero bleeds
To save his country, then her powers inspire,
And souls congenial catch the patriot fire.
When bold Oppression grinds a suffering land ;
When the keen dagger gleams in Murder's hand ;
When black Conspiracy infects the throng,
Or fell Revenge sits brooding o'er his wrong ;
Then walks she forth in terror : at her frown
Guilt shrinks appall'd, though seated on a throne.
But the rack'd soul, when dark suspicions rend ;
When brothers hate, and sons with sires contend ;
When clashing interests war eternal wage ;
And love, the tenderest passion, turns to rage ;
Then grief on every visage stands impress'd,
And pity throbs in every feeling breast ;
Hope, fear, and indignation rise by turns,
And the strong scene with various passion burns.
Such is our tale :—nor blush, if tears should flow ;
They're Virtue's tribute paid to human Woe.
Such drops new lustre to bright eyes impart,
The silent witness of a tender heart.
Such drops adorn the noblest hero's cheek,
And paint his worth in strokes that more than speak :

Not he who cannot weep, but he who can,
Shows the great soul, and proves himself a man.
Yet do not idly grieve at others' pain,
Nor let the tears of Nature fall in vain :
Watch the close crimes from whence their ills have grown,
And from *their* frailties learn to mend *your own*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

PHILIP, king of Macedon Mr. Berry.
PERSEUS, his elder son Mr. Mossop.
DEMETRIUS, his younger son Mr. Garrick.
PERICLES, the friend of Perseus Mr. Blakes.
ANTIGONUS, a minister of state Mr. Burton.
DYMAS, the king's favourite Mr. Simson.
POSTHUMIUS, } Roman ambassadors { Mr. Winstone.
CURTIUS, } { Mr. Mozeen.

WOMEN.

ERIXENE, the Thracian princess..... Mrs. Bellamy.
DELIA, her attendant Miss Hippisley.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter CURTIUS and POSTHUMIUS.

Cur. THERE'S something of magnificence about us
I have not seen at Rome. But you can tell me.

(Gazes round.)

Post. True : hither sent on former embassies,
I know this splendid court of Macedon,
And haughty Philip, well.

Cur. His pride presumes
To treat us here like subjects, more than Romans,
More than ambassadors, who, in our bosoms,
Bear peace and war, and throw him which we please ;
As Jove, his storm or sunshine on his creatures.

Post. This Philip only, since Rome's glory rose,

Preserves its grandeur to the name of "king ;"
 Like a bold star, that shows its fires by day.
 The Greek who won the world, was sent before him,
 As the grey dawn before the blaze of noon :
 Philip had ne'er been conquer'd but by Rome ;
 And what can Fame say more of mortal man ?

Cur. I know his public character.

Post. It pains me
 To turn my thoughts on his domestic state :
 There Philip is no God ; but pours his heart
 In ceaseless groans o'er his contending sons,
 And pays the secret tax of mighty men
 To their mortality.

Cur. But whence the strife
 Which thus afflicts him ?

Post. From this Philip's bed
 Two Alexanders spring.

Cur. And but one world ?
 'T will never do.

Post. They both are bright ; but one
 Benignly bright, as stars to mariners ;
 And one a comet with malignant blaze,
 Denouncing ruin.

Cur. You mean Perseus.

Post. True.
 The younger son, Demetrius, you well know,
 Was bred at Rome, our hostage from his father.
 Soon after, he was sent ambassador,
 When Philip fear'd the thunder of our arms.
 Rome's manners won him, and his manners Rome ;
 Who granted peace, declaring she forgave,
 To his high worth, the conduct of his father.
 This gave him all the hearts of Macedon ;
 Which, join'd to his high patronage from Rome,
 Inflames his jealous brother.

Cur. Glows there not
 A second brand of enmity ?

Post. O, yes ;
 The fair Erixene.

Cur. I've partly heard
 Her smother'd story.

Post. Smother'd by the king ;
 And wisely, too. But thou shalt hear it all.
 Not seals of adamant, not mountains whelm'd

On guilty secrets, can exclude the day.
 Long burnt a fix'd hereditary hate
 Between the crowns of Macedon and Thrace ;
 The sword by both too much indulged in blood.
 Philip, at length, prevail'd ; he took by night
 The town and palace of his deadly foe ,
 Rush'd through the flames, which he had kindled round,
 And slew him, bold in vain ; nor rested there,
 But, with unkingly cruelty, destroy'd
 Two little sons within their mother's arms ;
 Thus meaning to tread out those sparks of war
 Which might one day flame up to great revenge.
 The queen, through grief, on her dead sons expired.
 One child alone survived : a female infant,
 Amid these horrors, in the cradle smiled.

Cur. What of that infant ?

Post. Stung with sharp remorse,
 The victor took and gave her to his queen.
 The child was bred, and honour'd, as her own :
 She grew, she bloom'd ; and now her eyes repay
 Her brothers' wounds on Philip's rival sons.

Cur. Is, then, Erixene that Thracian child ?
 How just the gods ! From out that ruin'd house
 He took a brand, to set his own on fire.

Post. To give thee, friend, the whole in miniature,
 This is the picture of great Philip's court :
 The proud, but melancholy, king on high
 Majestic sits, like Jove enthroned in darkness ;
 His sons are as the thunder in his hand ;
 And the fair Thracian princess is a star,
 That sparkles by, and gilds the solemn scene.

(Shouts heard.)

'T is their great day, supreme of all the year,
 The famed lustration of their martial powers ;
 Thence for our audience chosen by the king.
 If he provokes a war, his empire shakes,
 And all her lofty glories nod to ruin.

Cur. Who comes ?

Post. O, that 's the jealous elder brother ;
 Irregular in manners, as in form.
 Observe the fire high birth and empire kindle !

Cur. He holds his conference with much emotion.

Post. The brothers both can talk ; and, in their turns,
 Have borne away the prize of eloquence

At Athens. Shun his walk : our own debate
Is now at hand. We'll seek his lion sire,
Who dares to frown on us his conquerors,
And carries so much monarch on his brow,
As if he'd fright us with the wounds we gave him.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter PERSEUS and PERICLES.

Pers. 'T is empire ! empire ! empire ! Let that word
Make sacred all I do, or can attempt !
Had I been born a slave, I should affect it :
My nature's fiery, and, of course, aspires.
Who gives an empire, by the gift defeats
All end of giving ; and procures contempt,
Instead of gratitude. An empire lost,
Destroy'd, would less confound me, than resign'd.

Peri. But are you sure Demetrius will attempt ?

Pers. Why does Rome court him ? for his virtues ? No :
To fire him to dominion ; to blow up
A civil war, then to support him in it :
He gains the name of " king," and Rome the power.

Peri. This is indeed the common art of Rome.

Pers. That source of justice through the wondering
world !

His youth and valour second Rome's designs :
The first impels him to presumptuous hope ;
The last supports him in it. Then his person !
Thy hand, O nature, has made bold with mine.
Yet more ; what words distil from his red lip,
To gull the multitude ! and *they* make kings.
Ten thousand fools, knaves, cowards, lump'd together,
Become all-wise, all-righteous, and almighty.
Nor is this all : the foolish Thracian maid
Prefers the boy to me.

Peri. And does that pain you ?

Pers. O Pericles, to death. It is most true,
Through hate to him, and not through love for her,
I paid my first addresses ; but became
The fool I feign'd : my sighs are now sincere.
It smarts ; it burns : O that 't were fiction still !
By heaven, she seems more beauteous than dominion.

Peri. Dominion, and the princess, both are lost,
Unless you gain the king.

Pers. But how to gain him ?

Old men love novelties ; the last-arrived
Still pleases best ; the youngest steals their smiles.

Pers. Dymas alone can work him to his pleasure ;
First in esteem, and keeper of his heart.

Pers. To Dymas thou ; and win him to thy will.
In the mean time I'll seek my double rival ;
Curb his presumption, and erect myself,
In all the dignity of birth, before him.

Whate'er can stir the blood, or sway the mind,
Is now at stake ; and double is the loss,
When an inferior bears away the prize.

Pers. Your brother, dress'd for the solemnity.

Pers. To Dymas fly ! Gain him, and think on this,—
A prince indebted is a fortune made. (*Exit Pericles.*)

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How, brother ! unattired ? Have you forgot
What pomps are due to this illustrious day ?

Pers. I am no gewgaw, for the throng to gaze at.
Some are design'd by nature but for show ;
The tinsel and the feather of mankind.

Dem. Brother, of that no more : for shame, gird on
Your glittering arms, and look like any Roman.

Pers. No, brother ; let the Romans look like me,
If they're ambitious.—But, I prythee, stand ;
Let me gaze on thee :—no inglorious figure !

More Romano, as it ought to be.
But what is this that dazzles my weak sight ?
There's sunshine in thy beaver.

Dem. 'T is that helmet
Which Alexander wore at Granicus.

Pers. When he subdued the world ? Ha ! is't not so ?
What world hast thou subdued ? O, yes ; the fair.
Think'st thou there could in Macedon be found
No brow might suit that golden blaze but thine ?

Dem. I wore it but to grace this sacred day ;
Jar not for trifles.

Pers. Nothing is a trifle
That argues the presumption of the soul.

Dem. 'T is *they* presume, who know not to deserve.

Pers. Or who, deserving, scorn superior merit.

Dem. Who combats with a brother, wounds himself :
Wave private wrath, and rush upon the foes
Of Macedonia.

Pers. No; I would not wound
Demetrius' friends.

Dem. *Demetrius' friends?*

Pers. The Romans.

You copy Hannibal, our great ally?
Say, at what altar was you sworn their foe?
Peace-making brother, wherefore bring you peace,
But to prevent my glory from the field?
The peace you bring, was meant as war to me.

Dem. Perseus, be bold when danger's all your own:
War now were war with Philip more than Rome.

Pers. Come, you love peace; that fair cheek hates a scar:
You that admire the Romans, break the bridge
With Cocles, or with Curtius leap the gulf;
And league not with the vices of our foes.

Dem. What vices?

Pers. With their women, and their wits.
Your idol Lælius; Lælius the polite.
I hear, sir, you take wing, and mount in metre.
Terence has own'd your aid, your comrade Terence.
Godlike ambition! Terence there, the slave!

Dem. At Athens bred, and to the arts a foe?

Pers. At Athens bred, and borrow arts from Rome?

Dem. Brother, I've done: let our contention cease:
Our mother shudders at it in her grave;
And how has Philip mourn'd? a dreadful foe,
And awful king; but, O, the tenderest parent
That ever wept in fondness o'er a child!

Pers. Why, ay; go tell your father; fondly throw
Your arms around him; stroke him to your purpose,
As you are wont. I boast not so much worth;
I am no picture, by the doting eye
To be survey'd, and hung about his neck.
I fight his battles; that's all I can do.
But if you boast a piety sincere,
One way you may secure your father's peace;
And one alone:—resign Erixene.

Dem. You flatter me, to think her in my power.
We run our fates together; you deserve,
And she can judge: proceed we, then, like friends;
And he who gains her heart, and gains it fairly,
Let him enjoy his generous rival's too.

Pers. Smooth-speaking, insincere, insulting boy!
Is, then, my crown usurp'd but half thy crime?

Desist, or, by the gods that smile on blood,
 Not thy fine form, nor yet thy boasted peace,
 Nor patronizing Rome, nor Philip's tears,
 Nor Alexander's helmet, no, nor, more,
 His radiant form, should it alight in thunder,
 And spread its new divinity between us,
 Should save a brother from a brother's fury. (*Exit Perseus.*)

Dem. How's this? The waves ne'er ran thus high
 before.—

Resign thee? Yes, Erixene, with life!
 Thou in whose eye, so modest, and so bright,
 Love ever wakes, and keeps a vestal fire!
 Ne'er shall I wean my fond, fond heart from thee.
 But Perseus warns me to rouse all my powers.
 As yet I float in dark uncertainty;
 For, though she smiles, I sound not her designs:
 I'll fly, fall, tremble, weep upon her feet,
 And learn (O all ye gods!) my final doom.
 My father! ha! and on his brow deep thought,
 And pale concern! Kind Heaven, assuage his sorrows,
 Which strike a damp through all my flames of love. (*Exit.*)

Enter KING and ANTIGONUS.

King. Kings of their envy cheat a foolish world:
 Fate gives us all in spite, that we alone
 Might have the pain of knowing all is nothing,
 The seeming means of bliss but heighten woe,
 When impotent to make their promise good:
 Hence kings, at least, bid fairest to be wretched.

Ant. True, sir; 't is empty, or tormenting, all:
 The days of life are sisters; all alike:
 None just the same; which serve to fool us on
 Through blasted hopes with change of fallacy;
 While joy is, like to-morrow, still to come:
 Nor ends the fruitless chase but in the grave.

King. Ay, there, Antigonus, this pain will cease,
 Which meets me at the banquet, haunts my pillow,
 Nor by the din of arms is frightened from me.—
 Conscience, what art thou? thou tremendous power,
 Who dost inhabit us without our leave;
 And art, within ourselves, another self;
 A master self, that loves to domineer,
 And treat the monarch frankly as the slave!
 How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds,

Make the past present, and the future frown !
 How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
 As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,
 In this long restless dream, which idiots hug,
 Nay, wise men flatter with the name of " life ! "

Ant. You think too much.

King. I do not think at all :
 The gods impose, the gods inflict, my thoughts,
 And paint my dreams with images of dread.
 Last night, in sleep, I saw the Thracian queen,
 And her two murder'd sons. She frown'd upon me,
 And pointed at their wounds. How throb'd my heart !
 How shook my couch ! And, when the morning came,
 The formidable picture still subsisted,
 And slowly vanish'd from my waking eye.
 I fear some heavy vengeance hangs in air,
 And conscious deities infuse these thoughts,
 To warn my soul of her approaching doom.
 The gods are rigid when they weigh such deeds
 As speak a ruthless heart : they measure blood
 By drops, and bate not one in the repay.
 Could infants hurt me ? 'T was not like a king.

Ant. My lord, I do confess the gods are with us ;
 Stand at our side in every act of life ;
 And on our pillow watch each secret thought ;
 Nay, see it in its embryo, yet unborn.
 But their wrath ceases on remorse for guilt ;
 And well I know your sorrows touch your sons ;
 Nor is it possible but time must quench
 Their flaming spirits in a father's tears.

King. Vain comfort ! I this moment overheard
 My jarring sons with fury shake my walls.
 Ah ! why my curse from those that ought to bless me ?
 The queen of Thrace can answer that sad question :
 She had two sons, *but* two ; and so have I.
 Misfortune stands with her bow ever bent
 Over the world ; and he who wounds another,
 Directs the goddess, by that part he wounds,
 Where to strike deep her arrows in himself.

Ant. I own, I think it time your sons receive
 A father's awful counsel ; or, while here,
 Now weary Nature calls for kind repose,
 Your curtains will be shaken with their broils ;
 And, when you die, sons' blood may stain your tomb.

But other cares demand you now :—the Romans.

King. O change of pain! The Romans? Perish Rome!
Thrice happy they who sleep in humble life,
Beneath the storm Ambition blows. 'T is meet
The great should have the fame of happiness,
The consolation of a little envy.

'T is all their pay for those superior cares,
Those pangs of heart, their vassals ne'er can feel.
Where are these strangers? First I'll hear their tale,
Then talk in private with my sons.

Ant. But how
Intends my lord to make his peace with Rome?

King. Rome calls me fiery: let her find me so!

Ant. O sir, forbear! Too late you felt Rome's power.

King. Yes, and that reason stings me more than ever
To curse, and hate, and hazard all against her.

Ant. Hate her too much to give her battle now;
Nor to your godlike valour owe your ruin.
Greece, Thessaly, Illyrium, Rome has seized,
Your treasures wasted, and your phalanx thinn'd:
Should she proceed, and strike at Macedon,
What would be left of empire?

King. Philip: all.
I'll take my throne. Send-in these foreigners.

*Scene draws, and discovers a magnificent throne, PERSEUS,
DEMETRIUS, courtiers, &c.. attending. POSTHUMIUS and
CURTIUS, the Roman ambassadors, enter. Trumpets
sound. The KING ascends the throne.*

Post. Philip of Macedon! to these complaints
Our friends groan out, and you have heard at large,
Rome now expects an answer. She sits judge,
And will have right on earth.

King. Expects an answer?
I so shall answer as becomes a king.

Post. Or more, sir,—as becomes a friend of Rome.

King. Or Alexander's heir,—to rise still higher.
But to the purpose. Thus a king to those
That would make kings, and puff them out at pleasure:—
Has Philip done amiss? 'T was you provoked him.
My cities which deserted in my wars,
I thought it meet to punish: you denied me.
When I had shook the walls of Marena,
You pluck'd me thence, and took the taken town.

Then you sent word I should retire from Greece,
 A conquest at my door, by nature mine ;
 And said, " Here end thy realm," as ye were gods !
 And gods ye shall be, ere Rome humbles me.
 All this is done ; yet Philip is your friend !
 If this buys friendship, where can you find foes ?
 In what regard will stern Rome look upon me ?
 If as a friend, too precious let her hold
 Her own esteem to cast a stain on mine :
 If as an enemy, let her proceed,
 And do as she has done ; she need no more.

Post. The Romans do no wrong, yet still are men ;
 And if to-day an error thwarts their purpose,
 To-morrow sets it right. If Philip loves
 Dominion, and the pride that waits on kings,
 (Of which, perhaps, his words too strongly savour,)
 Humility to Rome will lead him to it :
 She can give more than common kings can govern.

King. Than *common* kings? Ambassador! remember
 Cannæ, where first my sword was flush'd with blood.

Dem. (*Aside to the king.*) My lord, forbear.

King. And Hannibal still lives.

Post. Because he fled at Capua.

King. There, indeed,
 I was not with him.

Post. Therefore he fled *alone*.
 Since thus you treat us, hear another charge.
 Why here detain you, prisoner of your power,
 His daughter, who was once Rome's good ally,—
 The king of Thrace? Why is she not restored?
 For our next meeting you'll provide an answer.
 What now has pass'd, for his sake we forgive.

(*Pointing to Demetrius.*)

But mark this well: there lies some little distance,
 Philip, between a Roman and a king. (*Exeunt Romans.*)

King. How say'st, unscathed boaster? This to me?
 With Hannibal I cleft yon Alpine rocks ;
 With Hannibal choked Thrasymene with slaughter :
 But, O the night of Cannæ's raging field,
 When half the Roman senate lay in blood
 Without our tent, and groan'd, as we caroused !
 Immortal gods! for such another hour!
 Then throw my carcase to the dogs of Rome.

Ant. Sir, you forget your sons.

King.

Let all withdraw.

(Exeunt all but the king and his sons.)

Two passions only take up all my soul,—
 Hatred to Rome, and tenderness for them.
 Draw near, my sons, and listen to my age.
 By what has pass'd, you see the state of things :
 Foreign alliance must a king secure,
 And insolence sustain, to serve his power :
 And if alliances with Rome are needful,
 Much more among ourselves. If I must bear,
 Unmoved, an insult from a stranger's brow,
 Shall not a brother bear a brother's look
 Without impatience? Whither all this tends,
 I'm sorry that your conscious hearts can tell you.
 Is it not most severe? Two sons alone
 Have crown'd my bed ; and they two are not brothers.
 Look here, and, from my kind regards to you,
 Copy such looks as you should bear each other.
 Why do I sigh? Do you not know, my sons?
 And if you do—O let me sigh no more!
 Let these white hairs put-in a claim to peace!

Pers. Henceforth, my sole contention with my brother
 Is this,—which best obeys our father's will.

Dem. Father, if simple Nature ever speaks
 In her own language, scorning useless words,
 You see her now ; she swells into my eyes.
 I take thee to my heart ; I fold thee in it.

(Embracing Perseus.)

Our father bids ; and that we drank one milk,
 Is now the smallest motive of my love.

King. Antigonus, the joy their mother felt
 When they were born, was faint to what I feel.

Dem. See, brother, if he does not weep! His love
 Runs o'er in venerable tears. I'm rude ;
 But Nature will prevail—My king! My father!

(Embracing.)

Pers. (Aside.) Now cannot I let fall a single tear.

King. See! the good man has caught it too.

Ant.

Such tears,

And such alone, be shed in Macedonia!

King. Be not thou, Perseus, jealous of thy brother ;
 Nor thou, Demetrius, prone to give him cause ;
 Nor either think of empire till I'm dead.
 You need not ; you reign *now* ; my heart is yours.

Sheath your resentments in your father's peace ;
Come to my bosom both, and swear it there.

(Embracing his sons.)

Ant. Look down, ye gods, and change me, if you can,
This sight for one more lovely ! What so sweet,
So beautiful, on earth, and, ah ! so rare,
As kindred love and family repose ?
This, this alliance, Rome, will quite undo thee.
See this, proud eastern monarchs, and look pale !
Armies are routed, realms o'er-run, by this.

King. Or if leagued worlds superior forces bring,
I'd rather die a father than a king.
Fathers alone, a father's heart can know ;
What secret tides of still enjoyment flow,
When brothers love ! But if their hate succeeds,
They wage the war ; but 't is the father bleeds. (Exeunt.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter PERSEUS.

Pers. WHY loiters my ambassador to Dymas !
His greatness will not sure presume to scorn
A friendship offer'd from an heir of empire.
But Pericles returns. *(Enter Pericles.)*

Is Dymas ours ?

Peri. He's cautious, sir ; he's subtle ; he's a courtier ;
Dymas is now for you, now for your brother ;
For both, and neither. He's a summer-insect,
And loves the sunshine : on his gilded wings,
While the scales waver, he'll fly doubtful round you,
And sing his flatteries to both alike :
The scales once fix'd, he'll settle on the winner.
And swear his prayers drew down the victory.—
But what success had you, sir, with your brother ?

Pers. All, all my hopes are at the point of death !
The boy triumphant keeps his hold in love :
He's ever warbling nonsense in her ear,
With all the' intoxication of success.
Darkness encloses me ; nor see I light

From any quarter dawn, but from his death.

Peri. Why start at *his* death who resolves on *yours*?

Pers. Resolves on mine?

Peri. Have you not mark'd the princess?
You have: with what a beam of majesty
Her eye strikes sacred awe! It speaks her mind
Exalted, as it is. Whom loves she, then?
Demetrius? No; Rome's darling; who, no doubt,
Dares court her with your empire. And shall Perseus
Survive that loss?—Thus he resolves your death.

Pers. Most true. What crime, then, to strike first? But
how?

Or when? or where? O Pericles! assist me.

Peri. 'T is dangerous.

Pers. The fitter, then, for me.

Peri. Wait an occasion that befriends your wishes.

Pers. Go, fool, and teach a cataract to creep!
Can thirst of empire, vengeance, beauty, wait?

Peri. In the mean time, accept a stratagem
That must secure your empire or your love.
Your brother's Roman friendships gall no less
The king than you: he dreads their consequence.
Dymas hates Rome; and Dymas has a daughter.
How can the king so powerfully fix
Demetrius' faith, as by his marriage there?
For Dymas thus (Rome's sworn, eternal foe)
Becomes a spy upon his private life,
And surety for his conduct.

Pers. True: but thus
Our art defeats itself. My brother gains
The favourite, and so strengthens in his treason.

Peri. Think you, he'll wed her? No; the princess' eye
Makes no such short-lived conquest. He'll refuse,
And thus effect what I have strove in vain:
Yes, he'll refuse; and Dymas, in his wrath,
Will list for us and vengeance. Then the king
Will, doubtless, much resent his son's refusal;
And thus we kindle the whole court against him.

Pers. My precious friend, I thank thee. I take wing
On ardent hope: I think it cannot fail.
Go, make thy court to Dymas with this scheme:
Be gone.—Erixene! I'll feed her pride (*Looking out.*)
Once more, but not expend my breath in vain.
This meeting stamps unalterable fate:

I *will* wed her, or vengeance.

(*Enter Erixene and Delia.*)

O Erixene!

O princess! colder than your Thracian snows!
See Perseus, who ne'er stoop'd but to the gods,
Prostrate before you. Fame and Empire sue.
Why have I conquer'd? Because you are fair.
What's empire? But a title to adore you.
Why do I number in my lineage high
Heroes and gods? That you, scarce less divine,
Without a blush may listen to my vows.
My ancestor subdued the world: I dare
Beyond his pride, and grasp at more, in you.
Obdurate maid! or turn, or I expire.

Erix. If love, my lord, is choice, who loves in vain
Should blame himself alone; and if 't is fate,
'T is fate in all: why, then, your blame on me?
My crown's precarious, through the chance of war;
But sure my heart's my own. Each villager
Is queen of her affections, and can vent
Her arbitrary sighs where'er she pleases.
Shall, then, the daughter of a race of kings—

Pers. Madam, you justly blame the chance of war:
The gods have been unkind: I am not so.
No! Perseus comes to counter-balance fate.
Thrace ne'er was conquer'd—if you smile on me.—
Silent, obdurate still! as cold as death!
But 't is Demetrius—

Erix. Prince, I take your meaning.
But, if you truly think his worth prevails,
How strange is your request!

Pers. No, madam, no;
Though Love has hurt my mind, I still can judge
What springs the passions of the great control.
Ambition is first minister of state;
Love's but a second in the cabinet;
Nor can he feather there his unfledged shaft
But from Ambition's wing. But you conceive
More sanguine hopes from him whom Rome supports,
Than me. You view Demetrius on *my* throne;
And thence he shines indeed. His charms from thence
Transpierce your soul, enamour'd of dominion.

Erix. Why, now you show me your profound esteem!
Demetrius' guilt alone has charms for me;

'T is not the prince, but traitor, wins my love!—
Such insults are not brook'd by royal minds,
How'er their fortunes ebb; and though I mourn,
An orphan, and a captive, gods there are:
Fear, then, an orphan's and a captive's wrong.

Pers. Your cruel treatment of my passion—
But I'll not talk. This, madam; only this:
Think not the cause, the cursed cause of all,
Shall laugh secure, and triumph in my pangs.
No; by the torments of a heart on fire,

She gluts my vengeance who defrauds my love! (Exit.)

Eric. What have I done? In what a whirlwind rage
Has snatch'd him hence on ill? I frown on Perseus,
And kill Demetrius.

Del. Madam, see! the prince.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Eric. Ah, prince! the tempest which so long has lour'd
Is now full ripe, and bursting o'er your head.
This moment Perseus' malice flamed before me;
Victorious rage broke through his wonted guard,
And menaced loud your ruin. Fly! O fly
This instant.

Dem. To what refuge?

Eric. Rome extends
Her longing arms to clasp you for her own.

Dem. Madam, 't is prudent; I confess it is:
But is it loving as true lovers ought,
To be so very prudent in our love?
I boast not so much wisdom: I prefer
Death at your feet, before the world without you.

Eric. In danger thus extreme—

Dem. O! most beloved!
Loved you like me, like me would you discern,
That I but execute my brother's purpose
By such a flight. At that his clamour, rage,
And menace aim,—to chase a rival hence,
And keep the field alone. O! shall I leave him
To gaze whole days; to learn to read your eye;
To study your delights; to chide the wind's
Too rude approach; to bid the ground be smooth;
To follow, like your shadow, where you go;
Tread in your steps; perhaps—to touch your hand;
(O death!) to minister in little things;

From half a glance to prophesy your will,
 And do it, ere well form'd in your own mind?—
 Gods! gods!—while worlds divide me from my princess,
 That, should she call, Demetrius might grow old,
 Ere he could reach her feet.

Erix. If Perseus' love
 Pains you, it pains me more. Is your heart grieved?
 Mine is tormented: But since Philip's self
 Is Love's great advocate, a flat refusal
 But blows their rage, and hastens your destruction.
 Had I not *that* to fear, were *you* secure,
 I'd ease my bosom of its full disdain,
 And dash this bold presumer on his birth.
 But, see! the grand procession.

Dem. We must join it.

Enter the KING, PERSEUS, Romans, ANTIGONUS, &c.

King. Let the procession halt! and here be paid,
 Before yon flaming altar, thanks to heaven,
 That brings us safe to this auspicious day,
 The great lustration of our martial powers,
 Which, from its distant birth to present time,
 Unfolds the glories of this ancient empire,
 And throngs the pride of ages in an hour.

Post. (Pointing.) What figure's that, O Philip! which
 precedes?

King. The founder of our empire, furious son
 Of great Alcides. We're allied to heaven;
 And you, I think, call Romulus a god.—
 That, Philip, second of our name; and here,
 O bend with awe to him whose red right hand
 Hurl'd prond Darius like a star from heaven,
 With lesser lights around him, flaming down,
 And bid the laurell'd sons of Macedonia
 Drink their own Ganges.

Pers. (Aside to Demetrius.) Give him his helmet,
 brother.

King. (To his sons.) You lead the troops that join in
 mock encounter;
 And in no other may you ever meet,
 But march one way, and drive the world before you!
 The victor, as our ancient rites decree,
 Must hold a feast, and triumph in the bowl.

Dem. I long, my lord, to see the charge begin,

The brandish'd falchion, and the clashing helm,
 Though but in sport ; it is a sport for men.
 Raw Alexander thus began his fame,
 And overthrew Darius, first, at home.
 We 'll practise o'er the plans of future conquests,
 While neighbouring nations tremble at our play ;
 And own the fault in fortune, not in us,
 That we but want a foe to be immortal.

Pers. You have supplied my wants : I thank you, brother.

King. (*Rising, and coming forwards. Music.*) How
 vain all outward effort to supply

The soul with joy ! The noon-tide sun is dark,
 And music discord, when the heart is low :
 Avert its omen ! What a damp hangs on me !
 These sprightly tuneful airs but skim along
 The surface of my soul, not enter there :
 She does not dance to this enchanting sound.
 How, like a broken instrument, beneath
 The skilful touch, my joyless heart lies dead,
 Nor answers to the master's hand divine !

Ant. When men once reach their autumn, sickly joys
 Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,
 At every little breath Misfortune blows ;
 Till, left quite naked of their happiness,
 In the chill blasts of winter they expire.
 This is the common lot. Have comfort, then :
 Your grief will damp the triumph.

King. It is over.

Hear, too ; the trumpet calls us to the field,
 And now this phantom of a fight begins.
 Fair princess, you and I will go together,
 As Priam and bright Helen did of old,
 To view the war. Your eyes will make them bolder,
 And raise the price of victory itself.

(*All go out but Perseus, who has observed Demetrius
 and Erixene all this time conversing, and stays behind
 thoughtful and disturbed.*)

Pers. Before my face she feeds him with her smiles :
 The king looks on, nor disapproves the crime ;
 And the boy takes them as not due to me,
 Without remorse, as happy as she 'll make him.
 Perish all three ! I 'll seek allies elsewhere ;
 Father and brother, nay, a mistress too.
 Destruction, rise ! Though thou art black as Night

Thy mother, and as hideous as Despair,
 I'll clasp thee thus, nor think of woman more.
 How the boy dotes, and drinks-in at his eyes
 Her poison! O to stab him in her arms,
 And yet do less than they have done to me!

Enter PERICLES.

Peri. Where is my prince? The nation's on the wing;
 No bosom but exults; no hand but bears
 A garland or a trophy: and shall Perseus—

Pers. Vengeance! *(Shouts within.)*

Peri. Hear how with shouts they rend the skies!

Pers. Give me my vengeance!

Peri. Forty thousand men,
 In polish'd armour, shine against the sun.

Pers. Dare but another word, and not of vengeance,
 And I will use thee, as I would—my brother.

Peri. Vengeance! on whom?

Pers. On him.

Peri. What vengeance?

Pers. Blood.

Peri. 'T is yours.

Pers. What god will give it me?

Peri. Your own right hand.

Pers. I dare not—for my father.

Peri. You shall dare.

Pers. Shalt thou dare give encouragement to Perseus?
 Unfold thy purpose; I'll outshoot the mark.

Peri. Where are you going?

Pers. To the mock encounter.

Peri. What more like mock encounter than the *true*?

Pers. Enough—he's dead! 'T was accident; 't was error:
 No matter what. Ten thousand share the blame.

Peri. Hold, sir! I had forgot: on this occasion,
 The troops are search'd; and foils alone are worn,
 Instead of swords.

Pers. An osier were enough.
 Who pains my heart, plants thunder in my hand.

Peri. But should this fail—

Pers. Impossible!

Peri. But, should it,
 The banquet follows.

Pers. Poison in his wine.
 I thank the gods! my spirits are revived!

I draw immortal vigour from that bowl!

Pers. Nay, should both fail, the field and banquet too,
All fails not; fairer hopes to fair succeed:
For know, my lord, the king received with joy
The marriage-scheme, and sent for Dymas' daughter.

Pers. Then there's a second bowl of poison for him.

Pers. Yet more: this evening those ambassadors
Which Philip sent to Rome, beneath the name
Of public business, but, in truth, to learn
Your brother's conduct, are expected home.

Pers. Those whom I swore, before they parted hence,
In dreadful sacraments of wine and blood,
To bring back such reports as should destroy him.
And what if, to complete our secret plan,
We feign a letter to his friend the consul,
To strengthen our ambassadors' report?

Pers. That care, my lord, be mine: I know a knave,
Grown fat on forgery; he'll counterfeit
Old Quintius' hand and seal, by former letters
Sent to the king; which you can gain with ease.

Pers. Observe: this morning, at their interview,
The Romans in effect inform'd the king
That Thrace was theirs, and order'd him restore
The princess. This will give much air of truth,
If our forged letters say the Romans crown
Demetrius king of Thrace, and promise more.

Pers. My lord, it shall be done.

Pers. All cannot fail. (*Trumpets.*)

Pers. The trumpets sound; the troops are mounted.

Pers. Vengeance!

Sweet Vengeance calls: nor ever call'd a god
Such swift obedience. Like the rapid wheel,
I kindle in the course; I'm there already;
Snatch the bright weapon; bound into my seat;
Strike; triumph; see him gasping on the ground,
And life, love, empire, springing from his wound.
When godlike ends by means unjust succeed,
The great result adorns the daring deed.
Virtue's a shackle, under fair disguise,
To fetter fools, while we bear off the prize. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter PERSEUS.

Pers. COWARDS in ill, like cowards in the field,
Are sure to be defeated. To strike home,
In both, is prudence : guilt, begun, must fly
To guilt consummate, to be safe.

Enter PERICLES.

Peri. My lord,—

Pers. Disturb not my devotions ; they decline
The beaten track, the common path of prayer.—
Ye powers of darkness ! that rejoice in ill ;
All sworn by Styx, with pestilential blasts
To wither every virtue in the bud ;
To keep the door of dark conspiracy,
And snuff the grateful fumes of human blood !
From sulphur blue, or your red beds of fire,
Or your black ebon thrones, auspicious rise ;
And, bursting through the barriers of this world,
Stand in dread contrast to the golden sun ;
Fright daylight hence with your infernal smiles,
And howl aloud your formidable joy,
While I transport you with the fair record
Of what your faithful minister has done,
Beyond your inspiration, self-impell'd,
To spread your empire, and secure his own.
Hear, and applaud.—Now, Pericles ! proceed :
Speak ; is the letter forgèd ?

Peri. This moment ; and might cheat
The cunning eye of Jealousy itself.

Pers. 'T is well : art thou apprized of what hath pass'd
Since last we parted ?

Peri. No, my lord.

Pers. Then rouse
Thy whole attention : here we are in private.
Know, then, my Pericles, the mock encounter
I turn'd, as taught by thee, to real rage.
But blasted be the cowards which I led !

They trembled at a boy.

Peri.

Ha!

Pers.

Mark me well :

The villains fled ; but soon my prudence turn'd
To good account that momentary shame,
Thus :—I pretend 't was voluntary flight
To save a brother's blood ; accusing him
As author of that conflict I declined,
And he pursued with ardour and success.

Peri. That's artful. What ensued ?

Pers.

The banquet follow'd,

Held by the victor, as our rites require :
To which his easy nature, soon appeased,
Invited me. I went not, but sent spies
To learn what pass'd : which spies, by chance detected,
(Observe me,) were ill-used.

Peri.

By whom ? your brother ?

Pers. No ; by his sons of riot. He soon after,
Not knowing that my servants were abused,
Kind and gay-hearted, came to visit me.
They who misused my spies, for self-defence,
Conceal'd their arms beneath the robes of peace.
Of this inform'd. again my genius served me.

Peri. You took occasion, from these few in arms,
To charge a murderous assault on all ?

Pers. True, Pericles : but mark my whole address :
Against my brother swift I bar my gates,
Fly to my father, and, with artful tears,
Accuse Demetrius, first, of turning sports
And guiltless exercise to mortal rage ;
Then, of inviting me (still blacker guilt !)
To smiling death in an envenom'd bowl ;
And, last, that, both these failing, mad with rage,
He threw his schemes of baffled art aside,
And with arm'd men avowedly sought my life.

Peri. Three startling articles, and well concerted,
Following each other in an easy train,
With fair similitude of truth ! But, sir,
How bore your father ?

Pers.

O, he shook, he fell !

Nor was his fleeting soul recall'd with ease.

Peri. What said he, when recover'd ?

Pers.

His resolve

I know not yet ; but, see, his minion comes ;

And comes, perhaps, to tell me—But I'll go ;
 Sustain my part, and echo loud my wrongs.
 Nought so like innocence as perfect guilt.
 If he brings aught of moment, you'll inform me.
(As Perseus goes off, he is seized by officers.)

Enter DYMAS.

Peri. How fares the king ?

Dym. E'en as an aged oak
 Push'd to and fro, the labour of the storm ;
 Whose largest branches are struck off by thunder ;
 Yet still he lives, and on the mountain groans ;
 Strong in affliction, awful from his wounds,
 And more revered in ruin than in glory.

Peri. I hear, prince Perseus has accused his brother.

Dym. True ; and the king's commands are now gone forth
 To throw them both in chains ; for farther thought
 Makes Philip doubt the truth of Perseus' charge.

Peri. What, then, is his design ?

Dym. They both this hour
 Must plead their cause before him : nay, already,
 His nobles, judges, counsellors, are met ;
 And Public Justice wears her sternest form.
 A more momentous trial ne'er was known ;
 Whether the pleaders you survey as brothers,
 Or princes known in arts, or famed for arms ;
 Whether you ponder, in their awful judge,
 The tender parent, or the mighty king.
 Greece, Athens hears the cause : the great result
 Is life, or death ; is infamy, or fame. *(Trumpets.)*

Peri. What trumpets these ?

Dym. They summon to the court. *(Exeunt.)*

Scene draws ; the Court, KING, &c.

Enter DYMAS, and takes his place by the KING.

King. Bring forth the prisoners.
 Strange trial this ! Here sit I to debate,
 Which vital limb to lop ; nor that to save,
 But render wretched life more wretched still.
 What see I, but Heaven's vengeance, in my sons ?
 Their guilt a scourge for mine. 'T is thus Heaven writes
 Its awful meaning plain in human deeds,
 And language leaves to man.

Enter PERSEUS and DEMETRIUS in chains, from different sides of the stage; PERSEUS followed by PERICLES, and DEMETRIUS by ANTIGONUS.

Dym. Dread sir, your sons.

King. I have no sons; and that I ever had,
Is now my heaviest curse: and yet what care,
What pains, I took to curb their rising rage!
How often have I ranged through history
To find examples for their private use?
The Theban brothers did I set before them;—
What blood! what desolation!—but in vain!
For thee, Demetrius, did I go to Rome,
And bring thee patterns thence of brothers' love,—
The Quintii, and the Scipios; but in vain!
If I'm a monarch, where is your obedience?
If I'm a father, where's your duty to me?
If old, your veneration due to years?
But I have wept, and you have sworn, in vain!
I had your ear, and enmity your heart.
How was this morning's counsel thrown away!
How happy is your mother in the grave!
She, when she bore you, suffer'd less: her pangs,
Her pungent pangs, throb through the father's heart.

Dem. You can't condemn me, sir, to worse than this.

King. Than what, thou young deceiver? While I live,
You both with impious wishes grasp my sceptre:
Nothing is sacred, nothing dear, but empire;
Brother, nor father, can you bear; fierce lust
Of empire burns, extinguish'd all beside.
Why pant you for it? to give others awe?
Be therefore awed yourselves, and tremble at it,
While in a father's hand.

Dym. My lord, your warmth
Defers the business.

King. Am I, then, *too* warm?
They that should shelter me from every blast,
To be themselves the storm! O how Rome triumphs!
O how they bring this hoary head to shame!
Conquest and fame, the labour of my life,
Now turn against me; and call-in the world
To gaze at what *was* Philip, but who now
Wants e'en the wretch's privilege,—a wish.
What can I wish? Demetrius may be guiltless.

What, then, is Perseus? Judgment hangs as yet
 Doubtful o'er them; but I'm condemn'd already;
 For both are mine; and one—is foul as hell.
 Should these two hands wage war, (these hands less dear!)
 What boots it which prevails? In both I bleed.
 But I have done. Speak, Perseus, and at large;
 You'll have no second hearing. Thou forbear.

(*To Demetrius.*)

Pers. "Speak?" 'T was with utmost struggle I forbore.
 These chains were scarce design'd to reach my tongue:
 Their trespass is sufficient, stopping here.

(*Showing his arms.*)

These chains! for what? Are chains for innocence?
 Not so; for see, Demetrius wears them too.
 Fool that I was, to tremble at vain laws,
 Nor learn from him defiance of their frown,
 Since innocence and guilt are used alike;
 Blood-thirsty stabbers, and their destined prey;
 Perseus, and he—I will not call him brother:

(*Pointing at Demetrius.*)

He wants not that enhancement of his guilt.

King. But closer to the point; and lay before us
 Your whole deportment this ill-fated day.

Pers. Scarce was he cool from that embrace this morning,
 Which you enjoind, and I sincerely gave,
 Nor thought he plann'd my death within my arms;
 When, holding vile oaths, honour, duty, love,
 He fired our friendly sports to martial rage.
 If war, why not *fair* war? But *that* has danger.
 From hostile conflict, as from brothers' play,
 He blush'd not to invite me to his banquet.
 I went not; and in that was I to blame?
 Think you, there nothing had been found but peace,
 From whence soon after sallied armed men?
 Think you, I nothing had to fear from swords,
 When from their foils I scarce escaped with life?
 Or poison might *his* valour suit as well.
 This past, as suits his wisdom, Macedonians!
 Who vaults o'er elder brothers to a throne,
 With an arm'd rout he came to visit me.
 Did I refuse to go, a bidden guest?
 And should I welcome him, a threatening foe,
 Resenting my refusal, boiling for revenge?

Dem. 'T is false.

Ant. Forbear :—the king !

Pers. Had I received them,
You now had mourn'd my death, not heard my cause.
Dares he deny he brought an armed throng ?
Call those I name ; who dare this deed, dare all ;
Yet will not dare deny, that this is true.

My death alone can yield a stronger proof ;
Will no less proof than *that* content a father ?

Peri. Perseus, you see, has art, as well as fire ;
Nor have the wars worn Athens from his tongue.

Pers. Let him who seeks to bathe in brother's blood,
Not find well-pleas'd the fountain whence it flow'd :
Let him who shudders at a brother's knife,
Find refuge in the bosom of a father.

For where else can I fly ? whom else implore ?
I have no Romans, with their eagles' wings,
To shelter me ; Demetrius borrows those,
To mount full rebel-high. I have their hatred,
And, thanks to Heaven ! deserve it : good Demetrius
Can see your towns and kingdoms torn away
By these *protectors*, and ne'er lose his temper.
My weakness ! I confess, it makes me rave ;
It makes me weep,—and my tears rarely flow.

Peri. Was ever stronger proof of filial love ?

Pers. Vain are Rome's hopes, while you and I survive :
But should the sword take me, and age my father,
(Heaven grant they leave him to the stroke of Age !)
The kingdom, and the king, are both their own ;
A duteous loyal king, a sceptred slave,
A willing Macedonian slave to Rome.

King. First let an earthquake swallow Macedonia.

Pers. How, at such news, would Hannibal rejoice !
How the great shade of Alexander smile !
The thought quite chokes me up : I can no more.

King. Proceed !

Pers. No, sir : why have I spoke at all ?
'T was needless : Philip justifies my charge ;
Philip's the single witness which I call,
To prove Demetrius guilty.

King. What dost mean ?

Pers. What mean I, sir ? what mean I ?—To run mad ;
For who, unshaken both in heart and brain,
Can recollect it ?

King. What ?

Pers. This morning's insult.
 This morning they proclaim'd him Philip's king :
 This morning they forgave you for his sake.
 O pardon, pardon!—I could strike him dead.

King. More temper.

Pers. Not more truth ; that cannot be !
 And that it cannot, one proof can't escape you ;
 For what but truth could make me, sir, so bold ?
 Rome puts forth all her strength to crown her minion.
 Demetrius' vices, thriving of themselves,
 Her fulsome flatteries dung to ranker growth.
 Demetrius is the burden of her song ;
 Each river, hill, and dale, has learnt his name ;
 While elder Perseus in a whisper dies.
 Demetrius treats ; Demetrius gives us peace ;
 Demetrius is our god, and would be so.
 My sight is short : look on him you that can :
 What sage experience sits upon his brow,
 What awful marks of wisdom, who vouchsafes
 To patronize a father and a king ?
 Such patronage is treason.

King. Treason ! Death !

Pers. Nor let the ties of blood bind up the hands
 Of Justice ; Nature's ties are broke already :
 For, who contend before you ? your two sons ?
 No ; read aright : 't is Macedon, and Rome ;
 A well-mask'd foreigner, and your—*only* son,
 Guard of your life, and—exile of your love.
 Now, bear me to my dungeon : what so fit
 As darkness, chains, and death, for such a traitor ?

King. Speak, Demetrius.

Ant. My lord, he cannot speak ; accept his tears
 Instead of words.

Pers. His tears are false as they.
 Now, with fine phrase and foppery of tongue,
 More graceful action and a smoother tone,
 That orator of fable and fair face
 Will steal on your bribed hearts ; and, as you listen,
 Plain truth, and I, plain Perseus, are forgot.

Dem. My father, king, and judge ! thrice-awful power !
 Your son, your subject, and your prisoner hear ;
 Thrice-humble state ! If I have grace of speech,
 (Which gives, it seems, offence,) be that no crime
 Which oft has served my country and my king :

Nor in my brother let it pass for virtue,
 That, as he is, ungracious he would seem.
 For, O ! he wants not art, though grace may fail him :
 The wonted aids of those that are accused,
 Has my accuser seized. He shed false tears,
 That my true sorrows might suspected flow :
 He seeks *my* life, and calls *me* "murderer ;"
 And vows no refuge can *he* find on earth,
 That *I* may want it in a father's arms ;
 Those arms, to which e'en strangers fly for safety.

King. Speak to your charge.

Dem. He charges me with treason :
 If I 'm a traitor, if I league with Rome,
 Why did his zeal forbear me till this hour ?
 Was treason, then, no crime, till (as he feigns)
 I sought his life ? Dares Perseus hold so much
 His father's welfare cheaper than his own ?
 Less cause have I, a brother, to complain.
 He says, I wade for empire through his blood :
 He says, I place my confidence in Rome.
 Why murder him, if Rome will crown my brow ?
 Will, then, a sceptre dipp'd in brother's blood
 Conciliate love, and make my reign secure ?
 False are both charges ; and he proves them false
 By placing them together.

Ant. That 's well urged.

Dem. Mark, sir, how Perseus, unawares, absolves me
 From guilt in all, by loading all with guilt.
 Did I design him poison at my feast ?
 Why, then, did I provoke him in the field ?
 That—as he did—he might refuse to come ?
 When, angry, he refused, I should have soothed
 His roused resentment, and deferr'd the blow ;
 Not destined him that moment to my sword,
 Which I before instructed him to shun.
 Through fear of death, did he decline my banquet ?
 Could I expect admittance, then, at his ?
 These numerous pleas at variance overthrow
 Each other, and are advocates for me.

Pers. No, sir ; Posthumius is his advocate.

King. Art thou afraid that I should hear him out ?

Dem. Quit, then, this picture, this well-painted fear,
 And come to that which touches him indeed.
 Why is Demetrius not despised of all,

His second in endowments, as in birth ?
 How dare I draw the thoughts of Macedon ?
 How dare I gain esteem with foreign powers ?
 Esteem, when gain'd, how dare I to preserve ?
 These are his secret thoughts ; these burn within ;
 These sting up accusations in his soul,
 Turn friendly visits to foul fraud and murder,
 And pour-in poison to the bowl of love.
 Merit is treason in a younger brother.

King. But clear your conduct with regard to Rome.

Dem. Alas ! dread sir, I grieve to find set down,
 Among my crimes, what ought to be my praise.
 That I went hostage, or ambassador,
 Was Philip's high command, not my request.
 Indeed, when there, in both those characters,
 I bore in mind to whom I owe my birth :
 Rome's favour follow'd. If it is a crime
 To be regarded, spare a crime you caused ;
 Caused by your orders, and examples too.
 True, I'm Rome's friend, while Rome is your ally :
 When not, this hostage, this ambassador,
 So dear, stands forth the fiercest of her foes ;
 At your command, flies swift on wings of fire,
 The native thunder of a father's arm.

Ant. There spoke at once the hero and the son.

Dem. To close :—to thee, I grant, some thanks are due ;
 (*Speaking to Perseus.*)

Not for thy kindness, but malignity :
 Thy character's my friend, though thou my foe.
 For, say, whose temper promises most guilt ?
 Perseus, importunate, demands my death :
 I do not ask for his : ah ! no ; I feel
 Too powerful Nature pleading for him here.
 But were there no fraternal tie to bind me,
 A son of Philip must be dear to me.
 If you, my father, had been angry with me,
 An elder brother, a less awful parent,
 He should assuage you, he should intercede,
 Soften my failings, and indulge my youth.
 But my asylum drops its character ;
 I find not there my rescue, but my ruin.

Pers. His bold assurance—

King. Do not interrupt him.
 But let thy brother finish his defence.

Dem. O Perseus! how I tremble as I speak!
 Where is a brother's voice, a brother's eye?
 Where is the melting of a brother's heart?
 Where is our awful father's dread command?
 Where a dear, dying mother's last request?
 Forgot, scorn'd, hated, trodden under foot!
 Thy heart, how dead to every call of Nature!
 Unsonn'd! unbrother'd! nay, unhumanized!
 Far from affection, as thou 'rt near in blood!
 O Perseus, Perseus!—But my heart's too full.

(Falls on Antigonus.)

King. Support him.

Pers. Vengeance overtake his crimes!

King. No more!

Ant. See, from his hoary brow he wipes the dew
 Which agony wrings from him.

King. O, my friend!
 These boys at strife, like Ætna's struggling flames,
 Convulsions cause, and make a mountain shake;
 Shake Philip's firmness, and convulse his heart;
 And with a fiery flood of civil war
 Threaten to deluge my divided land.
 I've heard them both; by neither am convinced:
 And yet Demetrius' words went through my heart.—
 A double crime, Demetrius, is your charge,—
 Fondness for Rome, and hatred to your brother.
 If you can clear your innocence in one,
 'T will give us cause to think you wrong'd in both.

Dem. How shall I clear it, sir?

King. This honest man
 Detests the Romans: if you wed his daughter,
 Rome's foe becomes the guardian of your faith.

Dem. I told you, sir, when I return'd from Rome,—

King. How? dost thou want an absolute command?
 Your brother, father, country, all exact it.

Ant. *(Aside to Demetrius.)* See yonder guards at hand,
 if you refuse.

Nay, more; a father so distress'd demands
 A son's compassion, to becalm his heart.
 O sir, comply.

Dem. *(Aside to Antigonus.)* There, there indeed you
 touch me!
 Besides, if I'm confined, and Perseus free,
 I never, never, shall behold *her* more.

Pardon, ye gods! an artifice forced on me.—

Dread sir, your son complies. *(To the king.)*

Dym. Astonishment!

King. Strike off his chains. Nay, Perseus, too, is free :
They wear no bonds but those of duty now.

Dymas, go thank the prince : he weds your daughter ;
And highest honours pay your high desert.

(Exeunt all but Dymas and Demetrius.)

Dym. O, sir, without presumption, may I dare
To lift my ravish'd thought?—

Dem. In what I've done
I paid a duty to my father's will,
And set you an example, where 't is due,
Of not withholding yours.

Dym. My duty, sir,
To you can never fail.

Dem. Then, Dymas, I request thee,
Go seek the king, and save me from a marriage
My brother has contrived, in artful malice,
To make me lose my father or my love.
Go, charge the just refusal on thyself.

Dym. What Philip authorizes me to wish,
You, sir, may disappoint : but, to take on me
The load of the refusal—

Dem. Is no more
Than Dymas owes his honour, if he'd shun
The natural surmise, that he concurr'd
In brewing this foul treason.

Dym. Sir, the king
Knows what he does ; and if he seeks my glory—

Dem. In a degree destructive of his own,
'T is yours to disappoint him, or renounce
Your duty to your king.

Dym. You'll better tell—

Dem. Yes, better tell the king, he wounds his honour
By lifting up a *minion* from the dust,
And mating him with princes. Use your power
Against yourself : yes, use it, like a man,
In serving him who gave it. Thus you'll make
Indulgence justice, and absolve your master.
Though kings delight in raising what they love,
Less owe they to themselves than to the throne ;
Nor must they prostitute its majesty,
To swell a subject's pride, howe'er deserving.

Dym. What the king grants me—

Dem.

Talk not of a grant :

What a king ought not, that he cannot give ;
And what is more than meet from princes' bounty,
Is plunder, not a grant. Think you his honour
A perquisite belonging to your place,
As favourite paramount ? Preserve the king
From doing wrong, though wrong is done for *you* ;
And show, 't is not in favour to corrupt thee.

Dym. I sought not, sir, this honour.

Dem.

But would take it.

True majesty 's the very soul of kings ;
And rectitude 's the soul of majesty.
If mining minions sap that rectitude,
The king may live, but majesty expires :
And he that lessens majesty, impairs
That just obedience public good requires ;
Doubly a traitor,—to the crown, and state.

Dym. Must I refuse what Philip 's pleased to give ?

Dem. Can a king give thee more than is his own ?

Know, a king's dignity is *public* wealth ;
On that subsists the nation's fame, and power.
Shall fawning sycophants, to plump themselves,
Eat up their master, and dethrone his glory ?
What are such wretches ? What, but vapours foul,
From fens and bogs by royal beams exhaled,
That radiance intercepting, which should cheer
The land at large ? Hence subjects' hearts grow cold,
And frozen loyalty forgets to flow :
But, then 't is slippery standing for the minion.
Stains on his ermine, to their royal master
Such miscreants are ; not jewels in his crown.
If you persist, sir—but, of words no more :
To me to threat is harder than to do.

Dym. Let me embrace this genuine son of Empire.

When the debates divide the doubtful land,
Should I not know the prince most fit to reign ?
I 've tried you, as an eagle tries her young,
And find, your dauntless eye is fix'd on glory.
I 'll to the king, and your commands obey.—
We must give young men opiates in a fever. (*Aside.*)
Yes, boy, I will obey thee, to thy ruin.
Erixene shall strike thee dead for this. (*Exit Dymas.*)

Dem. These statesmen nothing woo but gold and power :

I'm a bold advocate for other love,
 Though at *their* bar indicted for a fool.
 When Reason, like the skilful charioteer,
 Can break the fiery passions to the bit,
 And, spite of their licentious sallies, keep
 The radiant track of glory; passions, then,
 Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant Reason,
 Firm in her seat, and swift in her career,
 Enjoys their violence, and, smiling, thanks
 Their formidable flame for high renown.

Take, then, my soul, fair maid! 'T is wholly thine;
 And thence I feel an energy divine.
 When objects, worthy praise, our hearts approve,
 Each virtue grows on consecrated love:
 And, sure, soft passion claims to be forgiven,
 When love of beauty is the love of heaven.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter ERIXENE and DELIA.

Erix. 'T is plain! 't is plain! This marriage gains her
 father:

He join'd to Rome the crown. Thy words were true:
 He woos the diadem; that diadem which I
 Despised for him. O how unlike our loves!
 But it is well; he gives me my revenge.

Wed Dymas' daughter! What a fall is there!
 Not the world's empire could repair his glory.

Del. Madam, you can't be moved too much! but why
 More now than at the first?

Erix. At first I doubted:
 For who, that loved like me, could have believed?
 I disbelieved what Pericles reported,
 And thought it Perseus' art to wound our loves.
 But when the good Antigonus, sworn friend
 To false Demetrius,—when *his* word confirm'd it,
 Then passion took me, as the northern blast
 An autumn leaf. O gods, the dreadful whirl!
 But, while I speak, he's with her; laughs and plays;
 Mingles his dalliance with insulting mirth;

To this new goddess offers up my tears ;
 Yes, with *my* shame and torture woos her love.
 I see, hear, feel it! O these raging fires!
 Can, then, the thing we scorn give so much pain?

Del. Madam, these transports give him cause to triumph!

Erix. I vent my grief to thee; he ne'er shall know it.
 If I can't conquer, I'll conceal, my passion;
 And stifle all its pangs beneath disdain.

Del. The greatest minds are most relenting too:
 If, then, Demetrius should repent his crime—

Erix. If still my passion burns, it shall burn inward:
 On the fierce rack in silence I'll expire,
 Before one sigh escape me. *He* repent!
 What wild extravagance of thought is thine!
 But, did he,—who repents, has once been false:
 In love, repentance but declares our guilt;
 And injured honour—shall exact its due.
 In vain *his* love; nay, *mine* should groan in vain:
 Both are devoted. Vengeance, vengeance reigns!
 Our first love murder'd, is the sharpest pang
 A human heart can feel.

Del. The king approaches.

Enter the KING, &c.

King. Madam, at length we see the dawn of peace,
 And hope an end of our domestic jars.
 The jealous Perseus can no longer fear
 Demetrius is a Roman; since this day
 Makes him the son of Dymas, Rome's worst foe.

Erix. Already, sir, I've heard, and heard with joy,
 The' important news.

King. To make our bliss run o'er,
 You, madam, will complete what Heaven begins,
 And save the love-sick Perseus from despair.
 That marriage would leave Rome without pretence
 To touch our conquest, and for ever join
 To these dominions long-disputed Thrace.

Enter DYMAS.

Erix. Though Thrace by conquest stoops to Macedon,
 I know my rank, and would preserve its due.
 With meditated coldness have I heard
 Prince Perseus' vows; unwilling to consent,
 Before restored to my forefathers' throne,

Lest that consent should merit little thanks,
As flowing less from choice than your command.
But since the Roman pride will find account
In my persisting still, and Philip suffer,
I quit the lofty thought on which I stood,
And yield to your request.

King. Indulgent gods!
Bless'd moment! How will this with transport fill
The doubtful Perseus, after years of pain!

Dym. My lord, I've heard what pass'd, and give you joy
Of Perseus' nuptials, which your state requires:
But for Demetrius'—think of those no more.
Far from accepting such a load of glory,
I bring—I bring, my lord, this forfeit head,
Due to my bold refusal.

King. Dares the boy
Fall from his promise, and impose on thee
Forced disobedience to my royal pleasure?

Dym. No, my most honour'd lord, there, there's my
crime:
Fond of the maid, with ardour he press'd on:
But should I dare pollute his blood with mine?
But you, sir, authorize it:—still more base,
To wrong a master so profusely kind.

King. That man is noble on whom Philip smiles.
Come, come; there's something more in this; explain.

Dym. Why am I forced on this ungrateful office?
Yet can't I tell you more than fame has told;
Which says, Demetrius is in league with Rome.
Why weds Ambition, then, an humble maid,
But to gain me to treason? What, then, follows?
They'll say the subtile statesman plann'd this marriage,
To raise his blood into his master's throne.
No, sir, preserve my fame; let life suffice.

Enter PERICLES.

Sir, your ambassadors arrived from Rome—

(Presents a letter.)

King. Ha! I must read it: this will tell me more.

(After reading it.)

O princess! now our only comfort flows
From your indulgence to my better son.
This dreadful news precipitates my wish.
To keep rapacious Rome from seizing Thrace,

You cannot wed too soon. My fair ally!
What, if you bless me, and my son, to-morrow!

Erix. Since you request, and your affairs demand it,
Without a blush—I think I may comply.

King. O daughter!—but no more; the gods will thank
you!

I go to bless my Perseus with the news.

Dym. Thus the boy's dead in empire and in love.

(*Exeunt King, Dymas, &c.*)

Erix. I triumph, I'm revenged! I reign, I reign!
Nor thank Demetrius' treason for a crown.
Love is our own cause, honour is the gods'.
I can be glorious without happiness;
But without glory never can be bless'd.

Del. 'T is well; but can you wed the man you scorn?

Erix. Wed any thing for vengeance on the perjured.
I'll now insult him from a higher sphere:
This unexpected turn may gall his pride.

Whate'er has pangs for him, has charms for me.

Del. A rooted love is scarce so soon removed.

Erix. If not, the greater virtue to control it,
And strike at his heart, though 't is through my own.

Del. I can't but praise this triumph; yet I dread
The combat still. And see, the foe draws near.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Erixene!

Erix. My lord!

Dem. My pale cheek speaks,
My trembling limbs prevent my faltering tongue.
And ask you—

Erix. What, my lord?

Dem. My lord?—Her eyes
Confirm it true; and yet, without a crime,
I can't believe it. O Erixene!

Erix. I guess your meaning, sir, but am surprised
That Dymas' son should think of aught I do.

Dem. False are my senses, false both ear and eye!
All, all be rather false than her I love!

Erix. She pass'd not, sir, this way.

Dem. Is, then, my pain
Your sport? And can Erixene pretend
Herself deceived by what deceived the king?
An artifice made use of for your sake;

A proof, not violation, of my love.

Erix. I thought not of your love, nor artifice :
Both were forgot ; or, rather, never known.
But without artifice I tell you this :
Your brother lays his sceptre at my feet ;
And whose example bids my heart resist
The charms of empire ?

Dem. This is woman's skill :
You cease to love, and from my conduct strive
To labour an excuse. For if indeed
You thought me false, had you been thus serene,
Calm, and unruffled ? No ; my heart says, No.
Passions, if great, though turn'd to their reverse,
Keep their degree, and are great passions still :
And she who, when she thinks her lover false,
Retains her temper, never lost her heart.

Erix. That I 'm serene, says not I never loved.
Indeed, the vulgar float as Passion drives ;
But noble minds have Reason for their queen.
While you deserved, my passion was sincere :
You change, my passion dies. But pardon, sir,
If my vain mind thinks anger is too much :
Take my neglect ; I can afford no more.

Dem. No : rage ! flame ! thunder ! give a thousand
deaths !

O, rescue me from this more dreadful calm,
This cursed indifference, which, like a frost
In northern seas, outdoes the fiercest storm !
Commanded by my father to comply,
I feign'd obedience. Had I then refused—

Erix. I grant, the consequence had been most dreadful :
I grant, that Dymas' daughter had been angry.

Dem. Ask Dymas, with what rage—

Erix. You well might rage,
To be refused.

Dem. Refused ?

Erix. He told your secret ;
The king, and I, and all the court can witness.

Dem. *Refused ?* False villain ! O the perjured slave !
Hell-born impostor ! Madam, 't is most false !
Warm from my heart is every word I speak :
The villain lies ! Believe the pangs that rend me ;
Believe the witness streaming from my eyes,
And let me speak no more.

Erix. I do believe
Your grief sincere. I've heard the maid is fair.

Dem. Proceed; and thus indeed commit that crime
You falsely charge on me. The crown has charm'd you.
How warm this morning did you press my flight!
The cause is plain: an outraged lover's groan
And dying agony molest your ear,
And hurt the music of a nuptial song.

Erix. Since your inconstancy persists to charge
Its crime on my ambition, I'll be kind,
And leave you in possession of an error
Of which you seem so fond.

Dem. Ah! stay one moment!

Enter PERSEUS and PERICLES.

Pers. Erixene!

Dem. Distraction! (*Starting.*)

Erix. 'T is well-timed.

My lord, your brother doubts if I'm sincere,
And thinks (an error natural to him)
I'll break my vow to you. You'll clear my fame,
And labour to convince him that to-morrow
Erixene's at once a bride and queen. (*Exit Erixene.*)

Pers. When I have work'd him up to violence,
Bring thou the king, and pity my distress.
(*To Pericles, who goes out.*)

Dem. On what extremes extreme distress impels me!
In things impossible I put my trust.
I in my only brother find a foe;
Yet in my rival hope the greatest friend.
When all our hopes are lodged in such expedients,
'T is as if poison were our only food,
And death was call'd on as the guard of life.

Pers. Why dost thou droop?

Dem. Because I'm dead, quite dead
To hope, and yet rebellious to despair;
Like ghosts unblest, that burst the bars of death.
Strange is my conduct? Stranger my distress;
Beyond example both! Who e'er before me
Press'd his worst foe to prove his truest friend?
But though thou'rt *not* my brother, thou'rt a man;
And, if a man, compassionate the worst
That man can feel, though found that worst in me.

Pers. What wouldst?

Dem. Unclinch thy talons from thy prey;
 Let the dove fly to *this* her nest again. (*Striking his breast.*)
 For, O! the maid's unalienably mine,
 Though now through rage run mad, and turn'd to thee.
 How often have I languish'd at her feet,
 Bask'd in her eye, and revell'd in her smile!
 How often, as she listen'd to my vows,
 Trembling and pale with agonies of joy,
 Have I left earth, and mounted to the stars!

Pers. There Dymas' daughter shone above the rest,
 Illustrious in thy sight.

Dem. Thy taunt how false!
 I no less press your interest than my own.
 Think you 't is possible her heart, so long
 Inclined to me, the price of all my vows,
 Purchased by tears and groans, and paid me down
 In tenderest returns of love divine,
 Can in one day be yours? Impossible!

Pers. If I'm deceived, I'm pleased with the deceit.
 How my heart dances in the golden dream!
 In pity do not wake me till to-morrow.

Dem. Then thou 'lt wake distracted. Trust me, brother!
 She gives her hand alone.

Pers. Nor need I more;
 That hand's enough that brings a sceptre in it.
 I scorn a prince who weds with meaner views.
 Her duty's mine; and I conceive small pain
 From your sweet error, that her love is yours.
 I'm pleased such cordial thoughts of your own merit
 Support you in distress.

Dem. Inhuman Perseus!
 If pity dwells within the heart of man,
 If due that pity to the last distress,
 Pity a lover exquisitely pain'd,
 A lover exquisitely pain'd by you.
 O, in the name of all the gods, relent!
 Give me my princess! give her to my throes!
 Amidst a thousand *you* may choose a love;
 The spacious earth contains but one for *me*.
 But, O! I rave: art thou not he, the man
 Who drinks my groans like music at his ear,
 And would, as wine, as nectar, drink my blood?
 Are all my hopes of mercy lodged in thee?
 O rigid gods! and shall I then fall down,

Embrace thy feet, and bathe them with my tears!
 Yes, I will drown thee with my tears, my blood,
 So thou afford a human ear to pangs,
 A brother's pangs, a brother's broken heart.

Pers. Pardon, Demetrius, but the princess calls,
 And I am bound to go.

Dem. O stay. (*Laying hold of him.*)

Pers. You tremble.

Dem. "The princess calls, and you are bound to go?"

Pers. E'en so.

Dem. What princess?

Pers. Mine.

Dem. 'T is false.

Pers. Unhand me.

Dem. What! see, talk, touch, nay, taste her! like a bee,
 Draw honey from her wounded lip, while I
 Am stung to death!

Pers. The triumph once was yours.

Dem. Rip up my breast, or you shall never stir.
 My heart may visit her! O, take it with you!
 Have I not seen her, where she has not been?
 Have I not clasp'd her shadow, trod her steps?
 Transported trod, as if they led to heaven!
 Each morn my life I lighted at her eye,
 And, every evening, at its close expired. (*Bursts into tears.*)

Pers. Fie! thou'rt a Roman; can a Roman weep?
 Sure Alexander's helmet can sustain
 Far heavier strokes than these. For shame, Demetrius!
 E'en snatch up the next Sabine in thy way;
 'T will do as well. (*Going.*)

Dem. By heaven, you shall not stir.
 Long as I live, I stand a world between you,
 And keep you distant as the poles asunder.
 Who takes my love, in mercy takes my life:
 Thy bloody pass cleave through thy brother's breast.
 I beg, I challenge, I provoke my death.

(*His hand upon his sword.*)

Enter KING and DYMAS.

Pers. You will not murder me?

Dem. Yes, you and all.

King. How like a tiger foaming o'er his prey!

Pers. Now, sir, believe your eye, believe your ear,
 And still believe me perjured, as this morning.

King. Heaven's wrath's exhausted, there's no more to fear :

My darling son found criminal in all!

Dem. That villain there to blast me! Yes, I'll speak ;
For what have I to fear, who feel the worst ?
'T is time the truth were known. That villain, sir,
Has cleft my heart, and laughs to see it bleed :
But his confession shall redeem my fame,
And re-enthroned me in my princess' smile ;
Or I'll return that false embrace he gave me,
And stab him in your sight.

King. Hold, insolent !
Where's your respect to me ?

Dem. O royal sir !
That has undone me. Through respect I gave
A feign'd consent, which his black artifice
Has turn'd to my destruction. I refused
That slave's, that cursed slave's, that statesman's daughter ;
And he pretends she was refused by me.
Hence, hence, this desolation ! Nought I fear,
Though Nature groan her last. And shall *he*, then,
Escape and triumph ?

King. Guards, there ! seize the prince !
The man you menace you shall learn to fear. (*He is seized.*)

Dym. Hold, sir ! not this for me ! It is your son.
What is my life, though pour'd upon your feet ?

King. Is this a son ?

Dem. No, sir ; my crime's too great,
Which dares to vindicate a father's honour,
To catch the glories of a falling crown,
And save it from pollution. But I've done.
I die, unless my princess is restored ; (*Pointing to Dymas.*)
And if I die, by heaven, and earth, and hell !
His sordid blood shall mingle with the dust ;
And see if thence 't will mount into the throne.
O sir, think of it ! I'll expect my fate. (*Exit Demetrius.*)

King. And thou shalt have it.

Dym. How, my lord ! in tears !

King. As if the gods came down in evidence !
How many sudden rays of proof concur
To my conviction ! Was ever equal boldness ?
But 't is no wonder from a brother-king ;

(*Produces the forged letter.*)

This king of Thrace—to-morrow he'll be king

Of Macedon. He therefore dies to-night.

Pers. (Aside to Dymas.) And yet I doubt it ; for I know his fondness.

Thou practise well the lesson I have taught thee,
While I put on a solemn face of woe,
Afflicted for a brother's early fall.—

Heaven knows with what regret !—But, sir, your safety—
(Presenting the mandate for Demetrius' death.)

King. What givest thou here ?

Dym. Your passport to renown.

You sign your apotheosis in that.

What scales the skies, but zeal for public good ?

Pers. How godlike mercy !

Dym. Mercy to mankind,

By treason awed.

King. (To Perseus.) Must, then, thy brother bleed ?

*(Dymas seeming at a loss, Perseus whispers him,
and gives a letter.)*

Dym. (Looking on the letter.) No, sir ; the king of
Thrace.

King. Why, that is true :

Yet who, if not a father, should forgive ?

Dym. Who, sir, if not a Philip, should be just ?

King. (To Dymas.) Is 't not my son ?

Dym. If not, far less his guilt.

King. (To Perseus.) Is 't not my other Perseus ?

Pers. Sir, I thank you,—

That seeks your crown and life.

King. And life ?

Dym. No, sir ;

He 'll only take your crown ; you still may live.

King. Heaven blast thee for that thought !

Pers. Why shakes my father ?

King. It stabs, it gnaws, it harrows up my soul.

Is he not young ? Was he not much indulged,

Gall'd by his brother, doubted by his father,

Tempted by Rome ? a nation to a boy !

Dym. O, a mere infant—that deposes kings.

King. No ; once he saved my crown.

Dym. And now would wear it.

King. How my head swims !

Pers. Nor strange ; the task is hard.

Dym. Yet scarce for him. Brutus was but a Roman ;

(Speaking as if he would not have the king hear.)

Yet like a Philip dared, and is immortal.

King. I hear thee, Dymas ; give me, then, the mandate.
(*Going to sign, he stops short.*)

Dym. No wonder if his *mother* thus had paused.

Pers. (*Aside.*) Rank cankers on thy tongue ! Why mention her ?

King. O gods ! I see her now : what am I doing ?
(*Throws away the style.*)

I see her dying eye let fall a tear
In favour of Demetrius. Shall I stab
Her lovely image stamp'd on every feature ?

Dym. His soul escaped it, sir.

King. Thou liest ; begone.

(*Perseus and Dymas in great confusion : Perseus whispers Dymas.*)

Dym. (*Aside, to Perseus.*) True ; that, or nought, will touch him.

If, sir, your mercy— (*To the king.*)

Pers. O speak on of mercy !

Mercy, the darling attribute of heaven.

Dym. If you *should* spare him—

King. What if I *should* spare him ?

Dym. I dare not say : your wrath again might rise.

King. Yes, if thou 'rt silent : what if I *should* spare him ?

Dym. Why, if you *should*, proud Rome would thank you for it.

King. Rome ! Her applause more shocks me than his death.

O thou, death's orator ! dread advocate
For bowelless severity ! assist
My trembling hand, as thou hast steel'd my heart ;
And if it is guilt in me, share the guilt.

He's dead. (*Signs.*) And if I blot it with one tear,
Perseus, though less affected, will forgive me.

Pers. Forgive ! Sir, I applaud, and wish my sorrow
Was mild enough to weep.

(*The king, going out, meets Demetrius in mourning, introduced by Antigonus. The king starts back, and drops on Dymas. Recovering, speaks.*)

King. This, Fate, is thy tenth wave, and quite o'erwhelms me !

It less had shock'd me, had I met his ghost.

This is a plot to sentence *me* to death.—

What hast thou done, my mortal foe ; thrown bars

(*To Antigonus.*)

Athwart my glory? But thy scheme shall fail.
As rushing torrents sweep the' obstructed mound,
So Philip meets this mountain in his way,
Yet keeps his purpose still.

(*Perseus and Pericles whisper aside.*)

Peri. I can't but fear it.

Pers. I grant the danger great; yet don't despair:
Jove is against thee, Perseus on thy side.

Ant. The prince, dread sir, low on his bended knee—

King. This way, Antigonus.—Dost mark his bloom,
Grace in his aspect, grandeur in his mien?

Ant. I do.

King. 'T is false; take a king's word: he's dead.
That darling of my soul would stab me sleeping.
How darest thou start? Art thou the traitor's father
If thou art pale, what is enough for me?—

How his grave yawns: O that it was my own!

Ant. Mourn not the guilty.

King. No; he's innocent:
Death pays his debt to justice; and, that done,
I grant him still my son: as such I love him;
Yes, and will clasp him to my breast, while yet
His clay is warm, nor moulders at my touch.

Pers. (*Aside.*) A curse on that embrace!

Dym. Nay, worse; he weeps.

King. Poor boy, be not deceived by my compassion:
My tears are cruel, and I groan thy death.

Dem. And am I, then, to die? If death's decreed,
Stab me yourself, nor give me to the knife
Of midnight ruffians, that have forged my crimes.
For you I beg, for you I pour my tears:
You are deceived, dishonour'd; I am only slain.
O! father—

King. *Father?* There's no father here.
Forbear to wound me with that tender name,
Nor raise all nature up in arms against me.

Dem. My father! guardian! friend! nay, deity!
What less than gods give being, life, and death!
My dying mother—

King. Hold thy peace, I charge thee.

Dem. Pressing your hand, and bathing it with tears,
Bequeath'd your tenderness for her to me;
And, low on earth, my legacy I claim,

Clasping your knee, though banish'd from your breast.

King. *My knees?* Would that were all; he grasps my heart.

Perseus, canst thou stand by and see me ruin'd?

(Reaching his hand to Perseus.)

Pers. Loose, loose thy hold. It is *my* father, too.

King. Yes, Macedon, and thine; and I'll preserve thee.

Dem. Who once before preserved it from the Thracian?

And who at Thrasymene turn'd the lifted bolt
From Philip's hoary brow?

King. I'll hear no more.

O Perseus, Dymas, Pericles! assist me,
Unbind me, disenchant me! break this charm
Of Nature, that accomplice with my foes!
Rend me, O rend me from the friend of Rome!

Pers. Nay, then, howe'er reluctant, aid I must.

The friend of Rome? That severs you for ever,
Though most incorporate and strongly knit;
As lightning rends the knotted oak asunder.

Dem. In spite of lightning, I renew the tie;
And stubborn is the grasp of dying men.
Who's he that shall divide me from myself?

*(Demetrius is forced from the king's knees, on which,
starting up, he flings his arms round his father.)*

Still of a piece with him from whom I grew,
I'll bleed on my asylum, dart my soul
In this embrace, and *thus* my treason crown.

King. Who love yourselves, or Macedon, or me,
From the cursed eagle's* talons wrench my crown,
And this barb'd arrow from my breast.—'T is done;

(Forced asunder.)

And the blood gushes after it. I faint.

Dym. Support the king.

Pers. While treason licks the dust.

(Pointing at Demetrius, fallen in the struggle.)

Dym. A field well fought.

Pers. And justice has prevail'd.

King. O that the traitor could conceal the son!
Farewell, once best beloved! still most deplored!
He, he who dooms thee, bleeds upon thy tomb.

(Exit King.)

Dem. Prostrate on thee, my mother earth, be thou

* The Roman ensign.

Kinder than brother or than father ; open
 And save me in thy bosom from my—*friends* ;
 Friends sworn to wash their hands in guiltless tears,
 And quench infernal thirst in kindred blood ;
 As if relation sever'd human hearts,
 Or that Destruction was the child of Love.

Pers. Farewell, young traitor. If they ask below,
 Who sent thee beardless down ; say, " honest Perseus ;"
 Whom reason sways, not instinct ; who can strike
 At horrid parricide and flagrant treason,
 Though through a bosom dearer than his own.
 Think'st thou my tender heart can hate a brother ?
 The gods and Perseus war with nought but guilt.
 But I must go. What, sir, your last commands
 To your Erixene ? She chides my stay. (*Exit Perseus.*)

Dem. Without the token of a brother's love,
 He could not part ; my death was not enough :
 I came for mercy, and I find it here :
 And death is mercy, since my love is lost.
 Alas ! my father, too ; my heart aches for him :
 And Perseus,—fain would I forgive e'en thee ;
 But Philip's sufferings cry too loud against it ;
 Blind author and sure mourner of my death !
 Father most dear ! what pangs hast thou to come !
 Like that poor wretch is thy unhappy doom,
 Who, while in sleep his fever'd fancy glows,
 Draws his keen sword, and sheathes it in his foes ;
 But, waking, starts upright in wild surprise
 To feel warm blood glide round him as he lies ;
 To see his reeking hands in crimson dyed,
 And a pale corse extended by his side :
 He views with horror what mad dreams have done,
 And sinks, heart-broken, on a murder'd son.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

KING, POSTHUMIUS, *meeting.*

Post. WE, in behalf of our allies, O king,
 Call'd on thee yesterday, to clear thy glory ;
 Nor wonder now that Philip is unjust

To strangers, who has murder'd his own son.

King. 'T is false.

Post. No thanks to Philip that he fled.

King. A traitor is no son.

Post. Heaven's vengeance on me,
If he refused not yesterday thy crown,
Though life and love both bribed him to comply!

King. See there. *(Gives the letter.)*

Post. 'T is not the consul's hand or seal.

King. You 're his accomplices.

Post. We 're his avengers.

'T is war.

King. Eternal war.

Post. Next time we meet—

King. Is in the Capitol. Haste, fly my kingdom.

Post. No longer thine.

King. Yes, and proud Rome a province.
(Exit Posthumius, &c.)

They brave, they make, they tyrannize o'er kings.
The name of king the prostrate world adored
Ere Romulus had call'd his *thieves* together.
But let me pause:—*Not Quintius' hand or seal?*—
Doubt and impatience, like thick smoke and fire,
Cloud and torment my reason.

Ant. Sir, recall

And re-examine those you sent to Rome:
You took their evidence in haste and anger.
Torture, if they refuse, will tell the truth.

King. Go, stop the nuptials, till you hear from me.
(Exit King and Antigonus.)

Enter ERIXENE and DELIA, meeting.

Del. Madam, the prince, who fled from threaten'd death,
Attempting his escape to foreign realms,
Was lately taken at the city gates,
So strongly guarded by his father's powers;
And now, confined, expects his final doom.

Erix. Imprison'd, and to die!—And let him die.
Bid Dymas' daughter weep: I half forgot
His perjured insolence.—I'll go and glut
My vengeance. O how just a traitor's death!
And, blacker still, a traitor to my love!

(Exeunt Erixene and Delia.)

Scene draws, and shows DEMETRIUS in prison.

Dem. Thou subterranean sepulchre of peace!
 Thou home of horror! hideous nest of crimes!
 Guilt's first sad stage in her dark road to hell!
 Ye thick-barr'd sunless passages for air,
 To keep alive the wretch that longs to die!
 Ye low-brow'd arches, through whose sullen gloom
 Resound the ceaseless groans of pale Despair!
 Ye dreadful shambles, caked with *human* blood!
 Receive a guest, from far, far other scenes,
 From pompous courts, from shouting victories,
 Carousing festivals, harmonious bowers,
 And the soft chains of heart-dissolving love.
 O how unlike to these! heart-breaking load
 Of shame eternal, ne'er to be knock'd off,
 O welcome Death, no, never but by thee!
 Nor has a foe done this,—a friend! a father!
 O that I could have died without their guilt!—

(Enter Erixene. Demetrius gazing at her.)

So look'd in chaos the first beam of light:
 How drives the strong enchantment of her eye
 All horror hence! How die the thoughts of death!

Erix. I knew not my own heart. I cannot bear it.
 Shame chides me back: for, to insult his woes
 Is too severe; and to condole, too kind. *(Going.)*

Dem. Thus I arrest you in the name of Mercy,
 And dare compel your stay. Is, then, one look,
 One word, one moment,—a last moment too,
 When I stand tottering on the brink of death,
 A cruel, ignominious death,—too much
 For one that loves like me? A length of years
 You may devote to my blest rival's arms;
 I ask but one short moment. O, permit,
 Permit the dying to lay claim to thee,
 To thee, thou dear equivalent for life,
 Cruel, relentless, marble-hearted maid!

Erix. Demetrius, you persist to do me wrong:
 For, know, though I behold thee as thou art,
 Doubly a traitor, to the state and me;
 Thy sorrow, thy distress, have touch'd my bosom;—
 I own it is a fault;—I pity thee.

Enter OFFICER.

Off. My lord, your time is short, and death waits for you.

Erix. *Death?*—I forgive thee from my inmost soul.

Dem. *Forgive me?* O! thou need'st not to forgive,
If imposition had not struck thee blind.

Truth lies in ambush yet, but will start up,
And seize thy trembling soul, when mine is fled.
O, I've a thousand, thousand things to say.

Erix. And I am come a secret to disclose,
That might awake thee, wert thou dead already.

Off. My lord, your final moment is expired.

Dem. and Erix. One, one short moment more.

Dem. No; Death lets fall
The curtain, and divides our loves for ever. (*Is forced out.*)

Erix. O, I've a darker dungeon in my soul,
Nor want an executioner to kill me.
What revolutions in the human heart
Will pity cause! what horrid deeds revenge! (*Exit.*)

Scene shuts. Enter ANTIGONUS, with attendants.

Ant. How distant Virtue dwells from mortal man!
Was 't not that each man calls for others' virtue,
Her very name on earth would be forgot,
And leave the tongue, as it hath left the heart.
Was ever such a labour'd plan of guilt?
Take the king's mandate, to the prison fly,
Throw wide the gates, and let Demetrius know
The full detail. (*Enter Erixene.*)

The princess! Ha! be gone, (*To the attendant.*)
While I stir up an equal transport here.—
Princess, I see your griefs, and judge the cause:
But I bring news might raise you from your grave,
Or call you down from heaven to hear with joy.
Just gods! the virtuous will at last prevail.
On motives here too tedious to relate,
I begg'd the king to re-examine those
Who came from Rome. The king approved my counsel.
Surprised and conscious, in their charge they falter'd,
And threaten'd tortures soon discover'd all:—
That Perseus bribed them to their perjuries;
That Quintius' letter was a forgery;
That prince Demetrius' intercourse with Rome
Was innocent of treason to the state.

Erix. O my swoln heart! What will the gods do with me?

Ant. And, to confirm this most surprising news,
Dymas, who, striving to suppress a tumult
The rumour of Demetrius' flight had raised,
Was wounded sore, with his last breath confess'd
The prince refused his daughter; which affront
Inflamed the statesman to his prince's ruin.

Erix. Did he refuse her? (*Swoons.*)

Ant. Quite o'ercome with joy!
Transported out of life! The gods restore!

Erix. Ah! why recall me? This is a new kind
Of murder, most severe, that dooms to *life!*

Ant. Fair princess, you confound me.

Erix. Am I fair?
Am I a princess? love and empire mine?
Gay, gorgeous visions dancing in my sight?
No; here I stand, a naked shipwreck'd wretch,
Cold, trembling, pale, spent, helpless, hopeless, mad;*
Cast on a shore as cruel as the waves,
O'er-hung with rugged rocks, too steep to climb:
The mountain-billows loud come foaming in
Tremendous, and confound, ere they devour.

Ant. Madam, the king absolves you from your vow.

Erix. For me, it matters not; but O! the prince—
When he had shot the gulf of his despair,
Emerging into all the light of heaven,
His heart high-beating with well-grounded hope;
Then to make shipwreck of his happiness;
Like a poor wretch that has escaped the storm,
And swam to what he deems a happy isle,
When, lo! the savage natives drink his blood!
Ah! why is vengeance sweet to woman's pride,
As rapture to her love? It has undone me.

Del. Madam, he comes.

Erix. Leave us, Antigonus.

Ant. What dreadful secret this?—But I'll obey,
Invoke the gods, and leave the rest to fate.

(*Exit Antigonus.*)

Erix. How terribly triumphant comes the wretch!
He comes, like flowers ambrosial, early born,
To meet the blast, and perish in the storm.

* *Maid* in some copies.—*EDIT.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. After an age of absence in one hour,
Have I, then, found thee, thou celestial maid,
Like a fair Venus in a stormy sea ;
Or a bright goddess, through the shades of night,
Dropp'd from the stars to these bless'd arms again ?
How exquisite is pleasure after pain !
Why throbs my heart so turbulently strong,
Pain'd at thy presence, through redundant joy,
Like a poor miser, beggar'd by his store ?

Erix. Demetrius, joy and sorrow dwell too near.

Dem. Talk not of sorrow, lest the gods resent
As under-prized so loud a call to joy.
I live, I love, am loved ; I have her here !
Rapture in present, and in prospect more !
No rival, no destroyer, no despair !
For jealousies, for partings, groans, and death,
A train of joys the gods alone can name !
When heaven descends in blessings so profuse,
So sudden, so surpassing hope's extreme,
Like the sun bursting from the midnight gloom,
'T is impious to be niggards in delight ;
Joy becomes duty ; heaven calls for some excess,
And transport flames as incense to the skies.

Erix. Transport how dreadful !

Dem. Turns Erixene ?
Can she not bear the sunshine of our fate ?
Meridian happiness is pour'd around us ;
The laughing Loves descend in swarms upon us,
And where we tread is an eternal spring.
By heaven, I almost pity guilty Perseus
For such a loss.

Erix. That stabs me through and through !

Dem. What stabs thee ? Speak. Have I, then, lost thy
love ?

Erix. To my confusion be it spoke,—'t is thine.

Dem. To thy confusion ? Is it, then, a crime ?
You heard how dying Dymas clear'd my fame.

Erix. I heard, and trembled ; heard, and ran distracted.

Dem. Astonishment !

Erix. I've nothing else to give thee.

(*He steps back in astonishment, she in agony ; and
both are silent for some time.*)

He is struck dumb : nor can I speak ; yet must I.
 I tremble on the brink, yet must plunge in.—
 Know, my Demetrius, joys are for the gods ;
 Man's common course of nature is distress :
 His joys are prodigies ; and, like them, too,
 Portend approaching ill. The wise man starts,
 And trembles at the *perils* of a bliss.
 To hope, how bold ! How daring, to be fond,
 When what our fondness grasps is not immortal !—
 I will presume on thy known, steady virtue,
 And treat thee like a man ; I will, Demetrius !
 Nor longer in my bosom hide a brand
 That burns unseen, and drinks my vital blood.

Dem. What mystery ? (*Here a second pause in both.*)

Erix. The blackest.

Dem. How every terror doubles in the dark !
 Why muffled up in silence stands my fate ?
 This horrid spectre let me see at once,
 And show if I 'm a man.

Erix. It calls for more.

Dem. It calls for me, then ; love has made me more.

Erix. O fortify thy soul with more than love,
 To hear what, heard, thou 'lt curse the tongue that tells
 thee !

Dem. Curse whom ? curse thee ?

Erix. Yes, from thy inmost soul.

Why dost thou lift thy eyes and hands to heaven ?
 The powers most conscious of this deed reside
 In darkness, howl below in raging fires,
 Where pangs like mine corrode them.—Thence arise,
 Black gods of execration and despair !
 Through dreadful earthquakes cleave your upward way,
 While nature shakes, and vapours blot the sun :
 Then through those horrors in loud groans proclaim,
 That I am—

Dem. What ? I 'll have it, though it blast me.

Erix. Thus then in thunder :—I am Perseus' wife.

(*Demetrius falls against the scene. After a pause,*)

Dem. In thunder ? No ; that had not struck so deep.
 What tempest e'er discharged so fierce a fire ?
 Calm and deliberate anguish feeds upon me ;
 Each thought sent out for help brings-in new woe.
 Where shall I turn ? where fly ? to whom but thee ?

(*Kneeling.*)

Tremendous Jove ! whom mortals will not know
 From blessings, but compel to be severe ;
 I feel thy vengeance, and adore thy power ;
 I see my failings, and absolve thy rage.
 But, O ! I must perceive the load that 's on me ;
 I can't but tremble underneath the stroke.
 Aid me to bear ! But since it can't be borne,
 O let thy mercy burst in flames upon me !
 Thy triple bolt is healing balm to this,
 This pain unfelt, unfancied by the wretch,
 The groaning wretch, that on the wheel expires.

Erix. Why did I tell thee ?

Dem. Why commit a deed
 Too shocking to be told ? What fumes of hell
 Flew to thy brain ? What fiend the crime inspired ?

Erix. Perseus, last night, as soon as thou wast fled,
 At that dead hour when good men are at rest,
 When every crime and horror is abroad,
 Graves yawn, fiends yell, wolves howl, and ravens scream ;
 Than ravens, wolves, or fiends, more fatal far,
 To me he came, and threw him at my feet,
 And wept, and swore, unless I gave consent
 To call a priest that moment, all was ruin'd ;
 That the next day Demetrius and his powers
 Might conquer, he lose me, and I my crown,
 Conferr'd by Philip but on Perseus' wife.
 I started, trembled, fainted ; he invades
 My half-recover'd strength ; bribed priests conspire ;
 All urge my vow, all seize my ravish'd hand,
 Invoke the gods, run o'er the hasty rite ;
 While each ill omen of the sky flew o'er us,
 And furies howl'd our nuptial song below.
 Can'st thou forgive ?

Dem. By all the flames of love,
 And torments of despair, I never can.
 The Furies toss their torches from thy hand,
 And all their adders hiss around thy head !
 I'll see thy face no more !

(Going.)

Erix. Thy rage is just.
 Yet stay and hear me. *(She kneels, and holds him.)*

Dem. I have heard too much.

Erix. Till thou hast heard the whole, O do not curse me !

Dem. Where can I find a curse to reach thy crime ?

Erix. Mercy ! *(Weeping.)*

Dem. (Aside.) Her tears, like drops of molten lead,
With torment burn their passage to my heart.
And yet such violation of her vows—

Erix. Mercy!

Dem. Perseus— *(Stamping.)*

Erix. Stamp till the centre shakes,
So black a demon shalt thou never raise.

Perseus! canst thou abhor him more than I?

Hell has its furies, Perseus has his love,

And, O! Demetrius his eternal hate.

Dem. Eternal? Yes, eternal and eternal;
As deep and everlasting as my pain.

Erix. Some god descend, and soothe his soul to peace!

Dem. Talk'st thou of peace? What peace hast thou
bestow'd?

A brain distracted, and a broken heart.

Talk'st thou of peace? Hark, hark! thy husband calls,—

His father's rebel, brother's murderer,

Nature's abhorrence, and—thy lawful lord!

Fly, my kind patroness, and in his bosom

Consult my peace.

Erix. I never shall be there.
My lord! my life!

Dem. How say'st? Is Perseus here?

Fly, fly! away, away! 'T is death! 't is incest!

*(Starting wide, and looking round him. As he is
going, she lays hold of his robe.)*

Darest thou to touch Demetrius? Darest thou touch him
Even with thine eye?

Erix. I dare—and, more, dare seize
And fix him here: no doubt, to thy surprise.—

I'm blemish'd, not abandon'd; honour still

Is sacred in my sight. Thou call'st it incest;

'T is innocence, 't is virtue, if there's virtue

In fix'd, inviolable strength of love.

For, know, the moment the dark deed was done,

The moment madness made me Perseus' wife,

I seized *this* friend, and lodged him in my bosom,

(Showing a dagger.)

Firmly resolved I never would be more.

And now I fling me at thy feet, imploring

Thy steadier hand to guide him to my heart.

Who wed in vengeance, wed not but to die.

Dem. Has Perseus, then, an hymeneal claim?

And no divorce but death?—and death from me,
Who should defend thee from the world in arms?
O thou still excellent! still most beloved!

Erix. Life is the foe that parts us; Death, a friend,
All knots dissolving, joins us, and for ever.
Why so disorder'd? Wherefore shakes thy frame?
Look on me; do *I* tremble? Am *I* pale?
When I let loose a sigh, I'll pardon thine.
Take my example, and be bravely wretched:
True grandeur rises from surmounted ills;
The wretched only can be truly great.
If not in kindness, yet in vengeance strike;
'T is not Erixene, 't is Perseus' wife.—
Thou 'lt not resign me?

Dem. Not to Jove.

Erix. Then strike.

Dem. (*Gazing on her with astonishment.*) How can I
strike? stab at the face of heaven?
How can I strike? Yet how can I forbear?
I feel a thousand deaths, debating one.
A deity stands guard on every charm,
And strikes at me.

Erix. As will thy brother soon:
He's now in arms, and may be here this hour.
Nothing so cruel as too soft a soul.
This is strange tenderness, that breaks my heart;
Strange tenderness, that dooms to double death,—
To Perseus!

Dem. True: but how to shun that horror?
By wounding thee, whom savage pards would spare?
My heart's inhabitant! my soul's ambition!
By wounding thee, and bathing in thy blood;
That blood illustrious, through a radiant race
Of kings and heroes, rolling down from gods?

Erix. Heroes and kings, and gods themselves, must yield
To dire necessity.

Dem. Since that absolves me,
Stand firm and fair.

Erix. My bosom meets the point,
Than Perseus far more welcome to my breast.

Dem. Necessity, for gods themselves too strong,
Is weaker than thy charms. (*Drops the dagger.*)

Erix. O my Demetrius!

(*Turns, and goes to a farther part of the stage.*)

Dem. O my Erixene! (*Both silent, weep, and tremble.*)

Erix. Farewell. (*Going.*)

Dem. (*Passionately seizing her.*) Where goest?

Erix. To seek a friend.

Dem. He 's here.

Erix. Yes, Perseus' friend.

Earth, open and receive me.

Dem. Heaven strike us dead,
And save me from a double suicide,
And one of tenfold death! O Jove! O Jove!

(Falling on his knees.)
But I 'm distracted. *(Suddenly starting up.)*

What can Jove? Why pray?

What can I pray for?

Erix. For a heart.

Dem. Yes, one
That cannot feel. Mine bleeds at every vein.
Who never loved, ne'er suffer'd : he feels nothing,
Who nothing feels but for himself alone ;
And when we feel for others, Reason reels,
O'erloaded, from her path, and man runs mad.
As love alone can exquisitely bless,
Love only feels the marvellous of pain ;
Opens new veins of torture in the soul,
And wakes the nerve where agonies are born.
E'en Dymas, Perseus, (hearts of adamant!)
Might weep these torments of their mortal foe.

Erix. Shall I be less compassionate than they?

(Takes up the dagger.)

What love denied, thine agonies have done ; *(Stabs herself.)*
Demetrius' sigh outstings the dart of death.

Enter the KING, &c.

King. Give me Demetrius to my arms : I call him
To life from death, to transport from despair.

Dem. See Perseus' wife! *(Pointing at Erixene.)* Let
Delia tell the rest.

King. My grief-accustom'd heart can guess too well.

Dem. That sight turns all to guilt, but tears and death.

King. Death! Who shall quell false Perseus now in
arms?

Who pour my tempest on the Capitol?

How shall I sweeten life to thy sad spirit?

I 'll quit my throne this hour, and thou shalt reign.

Dem. You recommend that death you would dissuade;
Ennobled thus by fame and empire lost,
As well as life!—small sacrifice to love.

*(Going to stab himself, the king runs to prevent it;
but too late.)*

King. Ah, hold! nor strike thy dagger through my heart!

Dem. 'T is my first disobedience, and my last.

(Falls down.)

King. There Philip fell! There Macedon expired!
I see the Roman eagle hovering o'er us,
And the shaft broke should bring her to the ground.

(Pointing at Demetrius.)

Dem. Hear, good Antigonus, my last request:
Tell Perseus, if he'll sheath his impious sword
Drawn on his father, I'll forgive him all;
Though poor Erixene lies bleeding by:
Her blood cries, "Vengeance!" but my father's, "Peace!"

(Dies.)

King. As much his goodness wounds me as his death.
What, then, are both?—O Philip, once renown'd!
Where is the pride of Greece, the dread of Rome,
The theme of Athens, the wide world's example,
And the god Alexander's rival, now?
E'en at the foot of fortune's precipice,
Where the slave's sigh wafts pity to the prince,
And his omnipotence cries out for more.

Ant. As the swoln column of ascending smoke,
So solid swells thy grandeur, pigmy man!

King. My life's deep tragedy was plann'd with art,
From scene to scene advancing in distress,
Through a sad series, to this dire result;
As if the Thracian queen conducted all,
And wrote the moral in her children's blood,
Which seas might labour to wash out in vain.

Hear it, ye nations! distant ages, hear!

And learn the dread decrees of Jove to fear.

His dread decrees the strictest balance keep:

The father groans, who made a mother weep.

But if no terror for yourselves can move,

Tremble, ye parents, for the child ye love,

For *your* Demetrius: *mine* is doom'd to bleed,

A guiltless victim, for his father's deed.

AN HISTORICAL EPILOGUE.

BY THE AUTHOR.

An Epilogue, through custom, is your right ;
 But ne'er, perhaps, was *needful* till this night.
 To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies ;
 Guilt's dreadful close our narrow scene denies.

In history's authentic record read
 What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' shade ;
 Vengeance so great, that when his tale is told,
 With pity some e'en Perseus may behold.

Perseus survived, indeed, and fill'd the throne ;
 But ceaseless cares in conquest made him groan.
 Nor reign'd he long : from Rome swift thunder flew,
 And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw.
 Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
 For this night's deed his perjured bosom bled :
 His brother's ghost each moment made him start,
 And all his father's anguish rent his heart.

When, robed in black, his children round him hung,
 And their raised arms in early sorrow wrung ;
 The younger smiled, unconscious of their woe ;
 At which thy tears, O Rome ! began to flow ;
 So sad the scene. What, then, must Perseus feel,
 To see Jove's race attend the victor's wheel ;
 To see the slaves of his worst foes increase
 From such a source,—an emperor's embrace ?
 He sicken'd soon to death ; and, what is worse,
 He well deserved, and felt, the coward's curse ;
 Unpitied, scorn'd, insulted his last hour,
 Far, far from home, and in a vassal's power :
 His pale cheek rested on his shameful chain,
 No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign ;
 No suit retard, no comfort soothes, his doom,
 And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
 Nor ends it thus : dire vengeance to complete,
 His ancient empire, falling, shares his fate ;
 His throne forgot, his weeping country chain'd ;
 And nations ask *where* Alexander reign'd.
 As public woes a prince's crimes pursue,
 So public blessings are his virtue's due.
 Shout, Britons, shout ! auspicious Fortune bless ;
 And cry, " Long live—our title to success ! "

PROSE WORKS.

LATIN ORATION DELIVERED IN THE CHAPEL
OF ALL SOULS COLLEGE, OXFORD, ON
OCCASION OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION
OF THE CODRINGTON LIBRARY.

PREFACE TO MRS. ROWE'S FRIENDSHIP IN
DEATH.

A VINDICATION OF PROVIDENCE; OR, A TRUE
ESTIMATE OF HUMAN LIFE.

AN APOLOGY FOR PRINCES.

THE CENTAUR NOT FABULOUS.

AN ARGUMENT FROM CHRIST'S DEATH FOR
THE TRUTH OF HIS RELIGION.

CONJECTURES ON ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.

ORATIO

HABITA

IN SACELLO COLLEGII OMNIUM ANIMARUM,

JUNII DIE 20^{MO}, ANNOQUE 1716.

CUM JACTA SUNT BIBLIOTHECÆ
FUNDAMENTA.*

AB EDV. YOUNG, LL.B.

COLL. OM. ANIM. SOCIO.

*Tectum augustum, ingens, centum sublime columnis,
Urbe fuit summa.—VIRGILII Æneidos, lib. vii. 170.*

EDITA ROGATU HEREDIS DIGNISSIMI.

* Codringtonianæ.

THE library of which the foundations were laid when this following Oration was pronounced, was bequeathed to the University of Oxford by Christopher Codrington, a native of the island of Barbadoes. He early came to England, and received his education first at a private school, and afterwards at Oxford, where he was admitted a Probationer Fellow of All Souls College, in 1689. Quitting the university, although without relinquishing his fellowship, he entered upon the profession of a soldier; and soon recommended himself to the notice of his prince, by whom he was honoured with promotion, and with whom he continued in very high estimation. On the conclusion of the peace of Ryswick, he was appointed captain-general and governor-in-chief of the Leeward Caribbee Islands. Some time before his death, he resigned his government, and retired to the enjoyment of a studious and learned course of life, which ended at his seat in Barbadoes, on the 7th of April, 1710. He was buried first in the church of St. Michael in that island; but afterwards re-interred on the 19th of June, 1716, in the chapel of All Souls, Oxford, where two Orations were spoken by two fellows of that college; the one by Digby Cotes, the University Orator, at his interment; the other by Dr. Young, at the time above-mentioned. Both these Orations were printed together in 8vo., 1716. The books left by Colonel Codrington to this library are said to have been of £6,000 value.

*** THE preceding brief introduction was written in the year 1778, by the editor of the sixth volume of Dr. Young's Works. Both the English Dedication, and the Latin Oration, are good examples of the general style of the author. Though the Oration was delivered the day after the re-interment of the founder's remains, when we might have expected a little more gravity of manner, it abounds in wit and pleasantry, which always flowed freely from Young when he was in the company of ladies, with whom he was throughout life a great favourite.—EDIT

TO THE
LADIES OF THE CODRINGTON FAMILY,

PRESENT AT THE LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE.

LADIES,

You are surprised, and justly, to find yourselves here, in such very new circumstances, formidably enclosed by Latin, in the midst of strangers, that do not so much as speak your own tongue. You may seem to yourselves like the beautiful family of Darius, (which you have so often admired,) respectfully distressed, and as it were made prisoners by one that pretends to wait on you with his esteem. Or rather you may appear like the fair Sabines, (you know the story,) caught at a solemnity to which you were invited, and detained in Roman districts without your consent. To increase these your false apprehensions of danger and distress, the critics, it is not improbable, make an outcry, and half draw their pens in your favour. They vow it is an unheard-of, irregular, and barbarous usage; and, like bold knight-errants, will break your fancied bonds, and rescue the lovely and innocent captives from a castle *in the air*. As it is usual for the combatant first to look on the scene of battle, then to turn aside and collect himself, before he enters on it: so will I speak a word to another purpose, then enter with resolution on this perilous point, and look incensed Criticism in the face.

Our great benefactor and, ladies, (to rise in his titles,) your relation, cannot receive more respect than is due. He has so deserved of mankind, and us in particular, that all marks of gratitude and esteem are to be thought of. Every thing sacred to his memory, and designed in his honour, should be made as public as his character, and travel round the world with his fame. A private celebration of a CODRINGTON carries a degree of detraction in it, and takes away a distinction between him and less illustrious persons. The meanness of a performance must not be its excuse for

not doing homage to his excellencies in the face of the world. Shall my want of genius rob him of a debt, and pass perhaps with some for his want of merit? This performance is principally to discharge our duty, not to raise our credit; no, nor his, neither. If it was, that might be another handle of excuse. But CODRINGTON'S name stands of itself, independent of others' abilities. A small capacity may show an *inclination* to advance it, and the greatest (such is its lustre) can do no more; and that which the best praise cannot improve, the worst cannot injure.

Inclined by these considerations, and the request of those who are entitled to command, I, who, though unworthy, had the honour to speak on the late great occasion, and greater still by your presence, have condemned the following thing to the press; nor would I, through regard to my own reputation, be any way wanting to our second founder's glory. But some there are who seem to think that the publication of trifles wants no apology: by such I beg to be excused for this *their* deviation; for *I* think it none at all.

When I had once determined to print, my business was to hide the slenderness of the performance, and send it abroad in some importance foreign to its own worth. My art was, ladies, to throw over it something like (with respect be it mentioned) a hoop-petticoat, to swell it into notice, and make it strut in the reader's imagination beyond itself. Nothing then certainly so proper as a female patronage; and who, in that kind, can blame my choice? What other name could make it a more specious imposition, or carry it into the world with greater credit? Nor is it more than just, that you who robbed me of my audience when I spoke (for who could attend when you were present?) should give me my readers now I print.

But, to give the word of battle, I write in a learned tongue:—Yes, and therefore I write to you. Not because you understand it, but because, I hope, you do not. For it is, I fear, my interest not to be too well understood by those whose favour I seek: I am sure it is your interest not to be led into inconveniencies, the patron's common fate, through a colour of respect. From some of the patron's inconveniencies you will be freed by my odd method of inscribing to you a piece in a strange language. By this method I give an opportunity, to you ever welcome, of showing good-nature without violence to your opinion; I

exempt you from the hard necessity of putting yourselves, or the writer, out of countenance. You may favour the unworthy without blame; nay, to your commendation, since pure humanity inclines you to it, and judgment does not interpose.

Besides these, there are many weighty motives to this practice. Is it nothing to have it said in after-time, that you were the first that received the patronage of what you did not understand, and, what is more, perhaps the last also? Is it nothing to nettle the critic, who will be in wrath that this thing has the impudence to be so very right, though it never came into his thought, and borrows no excellence from being old? Is it nothing, ladies, to fling the awkward creature into such a resentment as no mask can hide, no fan can cool? Then this new method will necessarily occasion many questions; and he that starts questions concerning you, only praises with delicacy; for all must be resolved to your glory. But it will indeed unavoidably fling me into a singularity,—it will oblige me to write an epistle dedicatory, void of common-place, and which was never published before by any author whatever. But that is a trifle to its good effects. It will be a snare to some very fine gentlemen to pretend they understand Latin. They will be ambitious of telling you what I gibber, in my outlandish speech, of your great relation; they will civilly imagine and utter something very handsome that *might* be there, showing at once their ignorance and parts. As this practice by this means would promote mirth, so by other means would it promote learning also. I must inform you, ladies, that there are some amongst us who are excluded the patronage of the fair by their profound scholarship: they are well qualified to introduce themselves at a learned and easy rate, by others' merit and their own labour; they can give a Seneca or a Plato in his best dress, and neat from the recesses of antiquity; but they know not well how to stoop, or rather rise, to the less pompous quality of thinking for themselves. Now should this new method prevail, how would such a shining scene opened to their ambition incite their industry! How would the glory of laying Greek or Hebrew in a fair hand, without pricking it, without giving offence, push on their labour! With what pleasure would they examine a list of toasts for a patron to Aristotle, and debate what complexion would cast on his Metaphysics the fairest light!

Each new beauty would publish an ancient: and the admiring editor would see through all the difficulties of criticism, as much by the assistance of his fair patroness's eyes as his own. And as this method would give us the ancients, so I do not despair but that it might polish some moderns also. Since I expect the dedication should be English, though the work be not, this method would be a temptation to some very learned men, great restorers of Greek and Latin, to attain the accomplishment of being able to write a page in their mother-tongue. Again, since it will be odd to see the translation in the young gentleman's study, and the original in his sisters', I hope this practice will check the immoderate use and usurpation of translation amongst us; which begins not so much to illustrate and endear, as to supplant and dethrone, the original. I would fain have Tully turn Roman, and recover his Latinity, among men of education. Without any disrespect to, nay, out of pure value for, the excellence of English poetry, I would not have our curiosity stop short of Trapp in Latin,* and Pope in Greek.

I shall add but one motive more, but that very substantial. This practice absolves you from any obligation of reading what is presented to you. To these reasons I shall join one authority, and that of weight. The bookseller, since I will not be so kind as to write up to a public censure, approves of this: he says it will make people stare, it is absurd enough, and perfectly right.

On these accounts, and many more, I do not only justify myself in what I have done, but recommend to some others also the saving practice of flinging a veil over their sense, and keeping it as much a secret as they can from those whose good opinion they esteem. This practice, to show my charity, I recommend in a particular manner to such as shall criticise on me for it.

But if, after all that has been said, if, after all the delusion I have raised, this must not be permitted to pass for a dedication of any thing, but myself; (for I know not how far the humour may bear;) then that which I chiefly designed cannot be mistaken or overlooked. How ought we to esteem the relations of our munificent benefactor!

* Dr. Joseph Trapp, author of "Abramule," and translator of Virgil and Milton. He was professor of poetry some time in the University of Oxford.

a gentleman truly great, as a soldier, a scholar, and a prince; for, in his high station abroad, he was no less; a gentleman, to bring the fulness of his glory within a word, whose consanguinity is no small honour even unto you. To the fair relations of such a noble spirit, I was greatly desirous of showing my gratitude and sincere respect; and of thanking them for the late great and particular honour they did our, or rather, to speak proudly, CODRINGTON'S, Society. If the occasion I have taken for it appear proper, vouchsafe your smile, and all is well: if, which is likelier, I want art to make it appear as such, I can turn my defeat to some account, and enjoy a little the badness of the opportunity; since it more effectually declares with what impatient zeal I am,

Ladies,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

EDWARD YOUNG.

ORATIO.

CUM nec uberrima mihi contingit dicendi materies, nec feliciori manu penitens intacta, non est, auditores dignissimi, cur prolixam et splendidam expectetis Orationem a tenuitate et imperitiâ meâ. Quid enim de copiosissimis CODRINGTONI laudibus a Cotesio nostro celebratis est reliquum mihi, præter prima murorum surgentium vestigia, præter hoc, quod spectatis, marmor? Sed vos adestis: a quibusdam vel audiri magnum est, et afflatûs divini nequaquam expers. Si quid igitur paulò fecundius, si quid ab oratoris dignitate minùs abhorrens, ore rudi et inexercitato forsitan exciderit, apud vos sit omnis, ut oportet, gloria. Si quid de BIBLIOTHECÂ minùs indoctum, si quid post Cotesium minùs auditoribus insulsum, si quid in hisce CODRINGTONI laudibus minùs humile, si quid coram vobis inelegans minùs, a me proferetur, vobis omnibus, vel potiùs, Academici, ut favorem vestrum mihi conciliem magis, hisce solis* acceptum refero. Ne quis tamen adulationis insimulet, succensere me fateor, quòd hospites hæ suavissimæ, dum oratoris vim suppeditant, ambitionem oratoris angunt. Augent hanc frequentiam, *auditores* minuunt; vel præsentibus mihi denegant; oculis enim attentis adedò, peregrinentur aures, necesse est. In munere meo pergendum est tamen; et lætiùs, cùm vires perpendo meas, quoniam a perpauca contigit audiri.

Ut mos est honestissimus, sic et perantiquus, quem hodierna secuta est festivitas. Humanum genus ætate præcedit. Cùm terrarum orbis locata sunt fundamenta, stellæ matutinæ cantum dederunt; et ingenti cum clamore ab universis Dei filiis erupit gaudium.† *Magnarum rerum*

* Adfuerunt feminæ generosæ Codringtono cognatæ.

† This is a very elegant version of the poetic interrogation in Job xxxviii. 4, 7:—"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" Young loved this imagery, and employed it in the commencement of his "First Night:"—

—"THOU, who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball."—EDIT.

exordiis reverentia magna, lætitiæque pompa quædam debetur. Iis moliminibus, in semine suisque principiis, frigidè et oscitanter inhiare, quæ commodum in eximium et publicum aliquando sunt exitura, si non impiæ mentis, est saltem pusillæ et generosæ parùm. Sublatum heroa vespere hesterno quàm justè deflevimus! quàm justum deflendi modum hæc dies attulit! Vivit hîc, nec vitam brevem; vitam cui superstites dignentur invidere. Convenimus autem ad natalitia hujus exorientis gloriæ non eo fortassè, quem exoptaremus, splendore; sed eo quem CODRINGTONUS amavit, quem coluit, quo et aliquandò fuerat indutus. Hoc recolenti multùm ornatiores, quàm antea, videmur; et literatæ dignitatis insignia novis, alienis, a tali viro mutuò sumptis honoribus et luce enitescunt; vel potiùs enitescerent, ni *has præsentis*, oblectatione sanè periculosâ, suspiceremus. Has—quonam nomine designandas putem? Ni foret harum imminutio videri quicquam, nisi quod reverà sunt, tantum et loci hujus et occasionis monitui gloriæque Musarum indulgerem, ut appellarem “MUSES.” O Musas non academicis solummodò colendas! Si vultus tales Musarum cohors semper extulisset, non habuisset quod in ipsâ barbarie timeret; tuam Græciam, tuam Romam, O CODRINGTONE, conservâsset; et nunc dierum non resarsisses ruinas, sed florentissimam doctrinæ fortunam consummâsset; quam lautè, quam animosè ex hisce vel fundamentis, et adhuc equidem vix fundamentis, innotescit abundè.

In istoc verò marmor, quod hîc præsertim observandum venit, ut argumenti caput, oculos intendamus; nunc primùm, nunc supremùm nobis in conspectu est; mox etenim mœnia in cœlum evecta gloriosissimè tenebris damnabunt. Pax, salus, honor, imperium, ecclesia, scientiis et artibus innituntur; artes et scientiæ huic fundamento. Et si parvum est quod loquimur, ab hoc assurrecturus est saxo Fundator inclytissimus; quem aspici vel in marmore humani generis interest, si tam pulchros in usus apud illustrium imagines hodie, quàm olim, fervet æmulatio. Effundantur ergo flores, innectantur corollæ—sed nullus aliunde petitus honos, unctio nulla in famam et consecrationem hujus saxi desideratur, quod tale nomen habet inscriptum, tali manu * terræ demandatur.

En historiam brevem, sacram posteris, citatæ rerum

* Heredis dignissimi.

humanarum vertigini probè quidem accommodatam, speramus tamen inutilem. Hanc etenim notitiam intus clausam,* sacrificiorum ritu gentilium, non nisi interitu suo hæc strues aperiet; et ut fiat oraculum, necesse est, quod dii averruncent, ut priùs sit victima. Dies autem, verendum est, adveniet, in quâ decus hoc orbis literati, quod nondum est, non diutiùs erit. Hoc in loco ruinosum et informem cumulum amolita sera gens hominum, nisu non minori quàm hodie materiem elaboratam undiquaque collectam huc coacervamus, lapidem hunc inveniet; et gratitudinem nostram, eheu! quàm parvam, quàm magnam CODRINGTONI gloriam hoc scripto leget. Nec nullo leget negotio. Tenebris pulvereque deterisis, temporum diversitas, et ipsarum forsitan literarum imperitia, nubem obducent alteram: CODRINGTONUM paulatim excudet; et de literulâ quâque in lucem reductâ *victoriam* quandam reportabit. Erit *doctrina*, nec multorum, illud scire, quod nunc ignorare (percrebuit aded CODRINGTONI fama) quiddam habet difficile. Hearnium alterum,† verbis mutilatis totum incumbentem, fortiter, obstinatè, contractis superciliis infixum, et temporibus suis hoc e saxo ingenii sui vi vel duritie potiùs lumen elidentem videor videre. Prout ipse nunc loquor, tacentibus vobis, hic lapis docebit, cùm instructissimum hoc Museum, proh dolor! desiit docere. Summa verò mali, quod veremur, hæc est:—Quod *est* Capitolium, quod Lyceum, hæc *erit* Bibliotheca.

Abeat, nihilominùs, et recedat præsağa mali mens, et quicquid omen sapit infaustum; omne lætum hic locus et occasio rogat; omne lætum dat, et animo depingit. Cùm

* Inscriptionem marmoris terrâ defossi.

† Hearnius fuit doctus antiquarius, et industriæ summæ; vixit A.D. 1443. Hic talpa eruditus egregia e tenebris eruit; multum scalpsit, corrasit, et, occultus ipse, literaturæ cumulos, naso satis acuto, in lucem edidit.

[The date of A.D. 1443, which occurs in the beginning of the Latin note, is found in the first edition of this pamphlet, and has been retained in the subsequent impressions. Young introduced it, in a sportive humour, evidently for the purpose of ingenious mystification; though the subject of it, "the learned and laborious Thomas Hearne," when the note was written, had been upwards of twenty years a resident in the University, and was at the time under-librarian of the Bodleian. "A learned mole" he was called by the youthful wits, because he was sometimes mistaken in his antiquarian lucubrations. But his multifarious and very useful contributions to general literature, though not always indicative of good taste, were creditable to his industry and perseverance.]—EDIT.

ima telluris heros Virgilianus subibat, ut in hoc ædificii profundum a nobis descenditur, fertur aspexisse futura sui generis lumina, et absenti gloriâ, victoriis, imperio, e longinquo potitum fuisse. Ingentes domûs CODRINGTONIANÆ filios, theologos, medicos, jurisconsultos, ordine longo splendentique hinc procedentes, et nostrum est aspicere, et aspectis triumphare. Hos reipublicæ dat Fundator; donum ingens—ni *moriens* dedisset; donum ingens—ni *jacturâ* minus. Hos dat reipublicæ, et dat in perpetuum: uxore non auctus, mundum, ut vir, amplexus est; non prole, posteritatem adoptavit: eò magis ab humano genere deflendus, quòd materiem in gaudia sua tam abundantem suppeditandam curavit.

Fundamenta verò satis habemus inspecta; se tandem tollat Oratio, et in amplitudine suâ quaquaversum diffusâ dilatis animis accipiamus opus absolutum; et sic absolutum ut nec Bodleium præcedentem reformidat, nec succedentem Ratcliffium. Alexandrino, Byzantino, Romano, non nisi tempore postponendum est hoc doctrinæ sacrarium. En aream abundè patentem in quâ longè latèque liberalitas expatietur, et ingens se circumagat mens CODRINGTONI; stupendam—si ab alio! Ecce plaustrorum gementium pondus grave, montium parturientium foetus enormes, et amplissima terræ decrescentis spolia! Quantus pulvis adest, sudor quantus! Futuræ venustatis immensâ congerie laborat solum et sepelitur. Quàm novum et aliis inausum plusquam pollicetur hoc lapideum chaos,

——“Minæque
Murorum ingentes, æquataque machina cælo!”

VIRGILII *Æneid.* lib. iv. 88.

Hic et intus et extra fecundissima laudis materies; et linguarum varietas, et ædificii superbia, Babel antiquum in mentem trahunt.

Sublimis et perpolitæ illius structuræ vel in umbrâ sumus,* nec abhinc longè magnificentia se recepit Sheldoniana. Hoc est vicinium, et vel in hoc vicinio non informes adeo nobis videmur; at vel sub istius turris supercilio satis Augusto latentibus adhuc, et quodammodo depressis, parvos quosdam jactantiæ tumores non reprimendos ebullire, minimè diffiteor. Si longiùs abfuisset, magis se jactaret et præsul, et rex. Est danda tamen CODRINGTONO venia; aliâ ratione nunquam vel præsulum, vel regum

* Schol. Publ.

majestatem imminuit; nunquam non ardentissimè provexit. Quod admirantibus convenit, alia Collegia circumstant, et omne claudunt latus; circumstent, dum superant, et salva est Academia. Quod propiùs a nobis abest,* nitidissimum attollit caput, decantatum decus Academiæ! Decus est Academiæ, fateor; sed et nostrum: magnum enim majus, pulchrum pulchrius, majestatis non expers majestatem plenior, ostendit, et commendat. Et essemus ingrati, ni fateremur istas ædes celeberrimas non minùs officiosi, et in rem nostram consulentis proximi, quàm æmuli superbi partes præstitisse. Surgit ex adverso Rateliffianæ liberalitatis monumentum: † primævo fidum modulo, veteris ædificii reverentiæ nihil detrahit. Obtinet antiquum per omnia: nulla ludit levitas, nulla tumet ambitio, nec tanto sumptu quicquam affertur novi, nisi quòd producta vetustatis sunt insignia, nisi quòd Alfredi barba sit aliquantò prolixior, ut ita dicam, et comptior fortassè quàm non ita pridem fuit. Ædificant et alibi, dumque seculis præeuntibus palmam eripiunt, haud indecora CODRINGTONIANÆ magnanimitatis edunt præludia. Sin cuiquam videar intumescere, et animum impotentem in spem iniquam relaxare, habeo quod securus reponam: tuis ‡ sub auspiciis opus ingens initium sumit; procuratione tua, § læto fruitur progressu, sibi que felicissimum—nec arroganter, te prospecto—jamjam gratulatur exitum.

Nos autem Gothico pondere laboramus, et, hirsuto nimis ingenio, in barbariem relabimur. Illi meram spirant Italiam, et delicatâ se limant elegantia. Sed quid si vi septentrionali compta Ausonia rursus se victam fateatur? Sublimis est animi feliciter audere; tum vera laus profluit, cùm pulchro rerum exitu simul et percussi sumus, et decepti; cùm inviti resipiscentesque laudamus. Frigidæ cujusdam mediocritatis est, si non vitii, cunctis placuisse. Vos. O judices eruditissimi, quòd nonnulli nimiùm et delicatè sapiendo insipiunt, ne displiceat vobis inceptum hoc consultissimum. Ne vestræ, id est, veræ, laudis dispendio luat imperitiam vulgi; quod excellit tantopere, huic, precor, ignoscatis; nec gloriæ suæ vitio detur, quòd major sit, quàm ut angustæ pusillæque menti se totam ingerat. Quò tardior accrescit hominum approbatio, eò, molis hujus instar operosæ, cùm semel accrevit, et fortior est, et diuturnior.

* Coll. Reg.

† Coll. Univ.

‡ Custodis.

§ Doctoris G. Clark.

Spiritus huic operi liberalissimo par, e quàm paucis est eximendus! Multi doctrinam omninò neglectui habent; multi respiciunt, sed non amant; amant multi, sed propriam; et aliorum multi, sed non omnium; et omnium multi, sed sumptibus alienis. Selectos animos hoc munus exigit; hinc fit quòd Bibliothecæ principes plerùmque fundatores, interdum et curatores, habuere. Illis maximè cordi sunt literæ, quorum interest maximè memoriam suam diffundi, tradique per secula. Bibliothecam qui ponit indoctus, splendidam solummodò pœnitentiam agit; qui pravus, suo periculo spirat honestum, et instrumenta congerit quibus ipse puniatur.

Nôstis, O Bibliothecis maximè versati, minimè carentes! quòd Bibliotheca est templum elapsi temporis gloriæ dicatum, futuri commodo. Est acies adversùs ignorantiam et errores, per terrarum orbem conscripta, benè instructa, nunquam non parata. Hæc est acies, O Britanni, quam nulla dies, et vobis annuentibus, exauctorabit. Virtutem tribuit eruditione suâ, suâ remunerat voluptate. Secundas res ornat, lenit adversas. Aut opes dat, aut dat, quod majus, non carere. Hic vivunt veteres, hinc vota posteris. Viro dat esse magno, pusillo latere. Hic vel nos amittimus, vel invenimus gloriam. Sheldoni, CODRINGTONI, Wakei hinc emergunt; hic ipse memet occultabo. Hudsoni noster, hic immortalitas, (in Oxonio deest cui me vertam, dicens.)—hic et oblivio.

Et ut donum hoc eximium naturâ suâ magnum, sic Auctore majus. Accepimus enim BIBLIOTHECAM à galeato; à togato victoriam et triumphos. Hic orbi terrarum rependit arces, quas apud Namurcam, non ibi magis victor, delevit. Illic, rege teste, superbivit; hic loci, vobis. Sed quorsum abeo? Heroa literatum solummodò meum est delineare; et attendatis velim, quàm magnus e CODRINGTONO vir excerpendus est, aulico, duce, gubernatore salvis integrisque relictis.

In studiis ardens, ut in bello, simul in omnes literarum copias impetum fecit; omnes oppositus profligavit; et ab omni scientiâ, proprio Marte, tyro noster academicus retulit victoriam. Ut ab oculo suo, mirum in modum, sic et ab oratione poësique (tanta vis inerat) scintillæ videbantur absistere: num verbum est ardentius? De CODRINGTONO loquor: de CODRINGTONO loquens qui non incalescit, obliviscitur argumenti. Doctrinâ verò humaniori florentissimum quis ignorat? Per arida, obscura, salebrosa literarum

celerem expeditum animum; CODRINGTONUS et in his. Ex variis operosam gloriam sibi cumulavit. In omnibus vehemens, fateor, (laudent alii,) supra quod cuiquam credibile est: non-vehementibus vehementiam conciliavit; vehementer erat doctus. Mentis ejus lumen fulgur magis quàm stellam referebat: multum enim et vis et æstus luce commiscuit; et nonnulli, qui splendorem ejus noluerunt videre, vel inviti senserunt. Nec præsens solùm, et omninò noster, nostra curabat; vel in belli fulmine nos respexit; libris coëmendis satis amplos sumptus fecit quotannis; et ubi vitæ fuit oblitus, literaturæ consuluit: Cæsari (nec in hoc unice) comparandus, quòd unâ manu fluctus tumentes fortiter impulit, unâ gloriosè scripta sustinuit. Et quoniam Cæsaris mentionem feci, non erit abs re subjicere, quòd vitæ clarissimæ spatium supremum exstruendæ Bibliothecæ destinavit hic virorum maximus. Moriens autem opus verè imperatorium, cum terrarum orbe, legavit Augusto; prout mundi dominum decebat, hic exstruxit; et tamen post Augustum, in eodem laudis campo, magnus est CODRINGTONUS. Doctrinæ licet et inde conflati nominis avidissimus, nullis tamen erat invidiæ stimulis, ut ferè fit, agitated. Vos, O Socii, testor, quibus invidisse culpâ penè vacasset: te, Creeche, testor præ cæteris, in eleganti cœtu nunquam obliviscende, nunquam non celebrande; te testor, quòd CODRINGTONUS eruditioni studuit non tantùm suæ, et munificentissimè studuit. Suum effert Roma Lucretium, Britannia suum. Undè generosus ardor et mentis inexhausta vis in tam pulchra, tam ardua suppetebat? Sepositis unice Memmio CODRINGTONOQUE,—cunctis in promptu est dicere. O modestam, O pulchram horum ignorantiam! maximâ suâ scientiâ pulchriorem! Sed ipsam reformido veritatem, ne dicti fides laboret; exciderem veritate, si verisimilia tenerem. Scienter admodùm instituit Addisonus, qui herosa, solutam orationem sublimi genio fugientem, vigore poësis attigit; et effusis Musarum opibus, virum non exornandum enarravit. Si menti, judices, ignem inditum, si splendidum ingenium, si nominis amplitudinem, si bello vim, si vitam (eheu! cur amico, Lane, defuisti?) brevissimam, si totum denique virum, in exiguo depingendum, uno verbo coarctandum mihi desumpserim, ducem præstantissimum pulveri pyreo ab igne correpto conferre non timerem: *Caluit, enituit, insonuit, concussit, abivit.*

CODRINGTONUM, qui *minimè* norunt, dicent, fortassè, me multum in laudando fuisse; qui *probè*, brevem. Vos

illius quondam sodales et necessarii, non vestrum est tam auscultare quàm me corrigere. Ad memoriam vestram vos relego: vestra cogitatio est Oratio mea: fio sic demùm eloquens, et argumento sublimi par.

Quantus autem CODRINGTONUS qualisque, priùs audistis; et ab illo quem, ipse verba facturus, vos audivisse minimè vellem, ni viri conjunctissimi famam longe prætulerim meæ. Elegantiam et ab hoste prædicandam! Quàm molli eloquio, quàm lenè fluenti, delicatè pronunciato, ex animo humanissimè deprompto, dolorem nostrum flagrantem demulsit! Nec oratoris laudi vos defuistis. In plausu vestro tum triumphabam; manu plusquàm meâ tum palmam arripui; et quamcunque feratis in animo de futilitate nostrâ sententiam, serò nimis est hodie vestram indulgentiam mihi denegare.

Ad te verò, Marmor, mei punctum argumenti, revertar oportet; et ut unde sit orsa, in eodem terminetur Oratio mea. O Marmor carissimum! viri carissimi nomen gerens, honoratissimum! Fundatoris honoratissimi tibi famam ex parte commissam habens, potentissimum, et me ad oratoris munus subeundum exstimulans! valeas: molem tibi concreditam fortiter diuque sustineas; et cùm longa dies te luci reddet, (nam quid occultum longa dies non luci redditura?) notum facias fuisse CODRINGTONUM, et se præclarum dedisse: sed omninò talem, qualem nos experti sumus, et antequàm hoc tam grande meditatus est, non tuum est enarrare; imò, nec Ciceronis,—Ciceronis, in facultate dicendi longè longèque principis. Quem multi thesauris effusis ambière, nunquam nimirùm inopes reputandi, quibus superfuit Cicero; quem aurum et purpura et pauper Oriens donis suis splendidissimis profusè, sed et parùm, ornavit; quem sinu foverunt imperatores, et diadema decus habuerunt secundum; his indicis gloriæ cumulatissimus, humanorum maximus auctorum nondùm assecutus est fastigium, imò, nec assecuturus, donec classibus tuis collocetur, BIBLIOTHECA O sumptuosissima CHICHELEIO-CODRINGTONIANA!

PREFACE

TO

MRS. ROWE'S "FRIENDSHIP IN DEATH."*

THE drift of these letters is, to impress the notion of the soul's immortality; without which all virtue and religion, with their temporal and eternal good consequences, must fall to the ground.

Some, who pretend to have no scruples about the being of a God, have yet their doubts about their own eternal existence, though valuable authors abound in Christian and moral proofs of it.

But since no means should be left unattempted in a point of such importance, I hope endeavouring to make the mind familiar with the thoughts of our future existence, and contract, as it were unawares, an habitual persuasion of it, by writings built on that foundation, and addressed to the affections and imagination, will not be improper, either as a doctrine or amusement:—*amusement*, for which the world makes by far the largest demand; and which, generally speaking, is nothing but an art of forgetting that immortality, the firm belief and advantageous contemplation of which *this* amusement would recommend.

* The Rev. Theophilus Rowe, in the Life of his sister-in-law, has given us the subjoined account of the occasion on which Dr. Young wrote this brief preface:—

“She practised no arts to promote her reputation. She wrote no preface to any of her works, to prepossess the public in their favour, nor suffered them to be accompanied with panegyrics of her friends. She would not, indeed, so much as allow her name to be prefixed to any of them, excepting, perhaps, some few poems in the earlier part of her life. And though this occasioned several of her works to be ascribed to other hands, she did not alter the modesty of her conduct. When she intended to communicate to the world ‘Friendship in Death,’ she showed the manuscript to no more than one person, on whose secrecy she could rely; and after he had, by her order, copied it in his own hand, she sent it to Dr. Young, only knowing him by his works, and inscribed his name to the dedication, in hopes that, being published by him, and appearing under the patronage of his name, all her acquaintance would imagine this piece to be written by some friend of that eminent poet. And, when the inimitable beauties of Mrs. Rowe’s manner of writing discovered the true author, and this performance began to be universally admired, she still continued to avoid owning it, as far as was consistent with a strict regard to truth.”—EDIT.

A

VINDICATION OF PROVIDENCE :

OR,

A TRUE ESTIMATE OF HUMAN LIFE.

IN WHICH THE PASSIONS ARE CONSIDERED
IN A NEW LIGHT.

PREACHED IN ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, NEAR HANOVER SQUARE,
SOON AFTER THE LATE KING'S DEATH.

PRINTED IN MDCCLXXVIII.*

* This curious treatise excited much attention, and obtained considerable popularity, several editions having been sold within four years after its first publication.

Twenty-six years after its appearance an anonymous author published what he considered to be a substitute for the long-promised Second Part, and inscribed it to Dr. Young. Its title is, "A NEW ESTIMATE OF HUMAN LIFE;" and the literary organs of those times noticed it with high approval. The accomplished editor of the fifth volume of Dr. Young's Works, 1773, says it was "written by Dr. Hill:" but to which of the HILLS of that age the honour of its composition belongs, I cannot ascertain. From internal evidence, however, it may be proved not to have been written by the celebrated Sir John Hill, M.D.; for in his great work, entitled "God and Nature," he satisfactorily disposes of Lord Bolingbroke's arguments in favour of infidelity, and places his lordship intellectually in a very low position. But the author of this "New Estimate" lauds his favourite to the skies; and declares, that Bolingbroke "is one of the greatest of all human examples, how impossible it is for *the wise and good* to be unhappy." In the commencement of his treatise he says:—

"I have never failed to be out of humour with the authors who have treated human nature so ill, as to represent our present period of existence in these darker colours; and am sorry to find a writer, whom I, and every man of judgment, must in general greatly esteem, Dr. Young,

falling into the common error in this disquisition, and, from a melancholy turn in himself, giving us, under the title of 'An Estimate of Human Life,' one of these distasteful pictures of his own private sensations. It is unhappy that, on inquiring into the lists on the part of the two extremes, we shall find the men of character for wisdom almost all on the gloomy side, and the people of no consideration all on the other. A medium is indisputably the happy determination; but, as an exact medium is hardly to be expected, it is better, of the two extremes, to run into that which sets our existence too high, than that which debases it. He who gave us our being, gave it in mercy: he bestowed it as a benefit, not a pain.

"Life is not to be valued merely as it relates to ourselves: in the hands of those who know its real use, it is the means of good to others. Of the numbers who receive it under the same advantage of circumstances, we see many pluming themselves, and priding in it; glorying in their cage, and refusing, at all events, to come out of it on their own choice: and, on the other part, a more than equal number employing their whole time in murmuring and repining at the lot, and ready, at every cross event, to dash their brains out against its sides. There needs but little strength of reason to find that both these extremes are faulty: the man who has a just idea of his Creator and himself, sees that he is appointed by a superior power to act in a sphere whence he has no right to remove himself; he accepts the conditions as one who has no privilege to canvass, or to deviate from them; he sees, that though the road he has to pass is not all strewed with violets, yet it is not all flinty. Such is the general idea that a man of discernment will form of life; but when he descends into his particular self, he will find an unavoidable bias toward the one or the other extreme, in its valuation. Every man judges of his own condition, not from his simple and pure reason, but from that reason as coloured and disturbed by his passions. It is, therefore, from a consideration of the nature, tendency, strength, and effects of these, that we are to form an idea of the life of every individual to himself.

"This is the foundation on which the justly celebrated Dr. Young built the foundation of his *estimate*. He has pursued these great agents in all our interests through their several mazes and progressions on the plan of a French writer of no little fame, and of yet greater merit. Impartiality, however, is not to be found either in the original, or in the English writer; each has his bias, and each has fallen into the error of representing as the general system of the actuating qualities, not what a disinterested person would have declared from an observation of their effects on the world, but what those effects, seen through the partial medium of their own peculiar turn of mind, has represented them."

But it must be admitted, that neither Dr. Young, nor his anonymous critic, has employed, in this disquisition, those ameliorating and ennobling motives which are to be deduced from the peculiar doctrines of Divine Revelation, and which unfold the salvation of our guilty race "through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." The latter gentleman obviously belonged to the philosophical deists, a class at that time exceedingly numerous.—EDIT.

TO THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

IF the following discourse is as happy in its execution, as it is important in its design, it will not be, give me leave to say, altogether unworthy of a royal patronage.

The design is of great consequence, and, I think, new : it is to remove a prevailing and inveterate mistake, which first sprang, and now thrives, in a soil too indulgent to it, and a soil too difficultly subdued,—the pride, and ill-nature, and melancholy, and vice of mankind. I mean, madam, that false opinion, that reflection on Providence, “That this world is in its own nature, that is, by God’s appointment, a world of sorrow, a scene of misery, a vale of tears ; and that to be in it is to be wretched unavoidably.” Whereas this treatise shall endeavour to make it manifest, that Providence is not only gracious in the composition, studious of the accommodation, preventive of the accidents, corrective of the mistakes, and liberal to the wants, but lavish also to the luxuries, of man ; and that God does not only permit but enable us, and not only enable but enjoin us, to be happy ; happy to a much greater degree than we are, that is, than we choose to be.

Nor is that error I combat an error of the vulgar, unlearned, or sinful only ; but the learned, wise, and good have fatally contributed their sacred authority towards the propagation and establishment of it, either through inadvertency, or the resentment of present pain, or an indiscreet, though well intended, zeal in the recommendation of a better world.

Most of them have, as it were casually, let fall from their pens, which pursued some other principal point, too severe and unguarded intimations to the discredit of our present state : many have made an invective on this life a general drift, that mingled itself in all their discourses and conversations : and some have made it their particular theme, and avowedly, determinately, and strictly drove at this very point, without adjoining the true causes, the proper cures, the right uses, and salutary effects of our misfortunes

and pains ; and thus have left grounds of future argument against the goodness, and thrown a present cloud over the glory, of the Great Disposer of events, the King of time and of eternity.

Let, madam, one of His most shining representatives on earth patronize and vindicate a Vindication of His Providence ; let one of the principal ornaments of human life indulge a true estimate of it ; let her graciously defend a refutation of an error which flows from a decay of that faith of which our dread sovereign is the great defender, and which leads to a corruption of that morality of which her own correct conduct is the distinguished glory. Let that queen, who is nearly concerned in the sad occasion that turned my thought on this subject, take it into her protection ; her protection will recommend it to the world, and her example will supply the defects of this composition on it.

And, madam, as your example will assist me, so that good Providence, whose ways I presume to assert, grant that your fortune may too. That your most sacred majesty, from this joyful and unclouded morning of your reign, may shine forth a long and illustrious day, as an unanswerable instance of temporal happiness, and an unquestionable heir of eternal, is the constant and fervent prayer of,

Madam,

Your Majesty's most obedient and most dutiful subject,

E. YOUNG.

THE PREFACE.

I KNOW not well why, but the passions are a favourite subject with mankind: the reason may possibly be, because men are much concerned with them, both as to themselves and others; and where we have a self-concern, we have an attention. Or, because they are such powerful and universal springs, that almost all the pleasures, pains, designs, and actions of life are owing to them, and therefore it is our interest to know them well; or, because every man carrying them in his own breast, he thinks he knows them well already, and is therefore an able judge of such compositions, and thus his pride has a fondness for them; or, because the passions, like the boy at the fountain, fall in love with their own representation; or, because many are all passion, and if men consider a treatise on the passions as a history of themselves, it is no wonder they read it with pleasure. Or, because what a most celebrated ancient writ on this subject is lost, to the great regret of the learned and polite world, which is studious of some reparation of that loss; and the more so, because what other ancients have left on that head is imperfect and short.

Being sensible how difficult it is to gain attention for works of divinity, I have insisted more on the passions than any other head of the following discourse, in hopes of a more welcome reception prepared for it by that general taste or disposition of heart which I have mentioned. I have marked the distinctions and peculiarities of the passions with some care.

A French author has treated of them with such accuracy and applause, that it conciliated to him the particular favour of a celebrated queen, who wept for the death of the author of that piece, though she had never seen the man.

But he had a wrong bias on him, through the whole, to the prejudice of it; nor could I reap any advantage from him beside that of having such an example of industry and discernment; of which what use I have made, I do not hope, but fear, the reader will too easily perceive. That author, indeed, displays the passions at large, and pursues

them into all their several branches; whereas I could find room for the primary, or radical, passions only at present; but they may one day shoot, under Her Majesty's benign influence, (who, like the queen above-mentioned, is the greatest encourager of arts,) and give that one tree of human knowledge its entire growth.

But as imperfect as the discourse now is, (of which I am very sensible,) I persuade myself the reader will find an uncommon variety in it; and that the observations, which are by no means drawn from books, but the life, are so far just, that any one who is at the pains of looking on them may possibly find truths which his own experience can attest, and thus be a witness, as well as a judge, of what is here written. He may find some traces, some features of his own condition, as the Trojan met his own picture on a foreign shore. I wish (a rare wish in a writer) that I could be refuted in what is here advanced; for some of the truths are very melancholy. I hope the great length will be excused, since the nature of the subject might easily have betrayed me into a much greater transgression against the common limits of this kind of writing.

If this piece in any tolerable degree answer its title, a perusal will not be thrown away upon it. For I look on it as one of the *desiderata* in literature, and that of the nearest and most general concern to man.

The second discourse will be published soon.*

* This small paragraph occurs in all the early editions; but was omitted in that of the Collected Works in 1762.—EDIT.

A

VINDICATION OF PROVIDENCE,

&c.

“**SET** your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.”
Colossians iii. 2.

WE by no means question but that the birth, and life, and death, and resurrection of our Lord were acts of infinite merit; merit sufficient to satisfy God's justice, and bring sinners to the terms of reconciliation and salvation: but we must not imagine that they wrought any change or confusion in the nature of things. God is as pure as ever, and iniquity is as much His aversion. Though He can be reconciled to sinners, He cannot be reconciled to sin; and though the sinner may be saved, he cannot be saved unless he first be changed; for heaven has no more admittance for corruption than it had before. And, therefore, the unchangeable holiness of God requires that, notwithstanding all our Lord has done to save us, we should still work out our own salvation, by a conformity to His example, as well as a dependence on His merit; nor, most impiously, make His merit an encouragement of sin.

For this reason the Christian is called on to be born, to live, to die, and to rise again, in a moral sense; for, in the natural, all these acts are acts of necessity. These expressions import so many several stages in the Christian course.

By nature we are born of flesh and blood, which gives us a constitution fond of what is present, and careless of what is future: and therefore, to secure the future, we are told that the Spirit of God is a new principle of life, which, when received into the soul, will impress on it new thoughts, new aims, and new desires; and to receive this principle, and these impressions, is the Christian birth.

By nature we live a life of sense and self-will, which is destructive of our eternal interest; and therefore we are enjoined to take the will of Christ for our rule, and His practice for our example; and this is the Christian life.

By nature we die through a separation of soul and body;

but this separation makes it well with none with whom it was not well before ; and therefore we are enjoined to die to sin ; and this is the Christian death.

By nature, or by God's appointment in nature, we are to rise again, whether we will or no ; but nothing that is of pure force can produce an effect to any one's spiritual advantage ; and therefore are we to rise by choice, that is, by setting our affections on things above ; and this is the Christian resurrection ; the perfection of the Christian state, and that which the text particularly calls for.

I shall begin with explaining the words. The first word in the original text contains the whole act of our duty : we translate it, "Set your affection ;" but more is implied in it. We cannot love any thing without judging of its worth, nor can we judge of the worth of any thing without taking it into our thoughts ; and the word signifies each of these acts, to think, (Rom. xii.,) to judge, (xiv. 6,) and to love. (In the text.) Thus the whole signification of the word not only teaches us the whole act of our duty, but likewise the method necessary for the practice of it ; think, judge, and then love.

The next words are, "things above ;" showing the object of our duty. Now, "things above," in the style of scripture, signify the things of grace, and the things of glory. The things of grace are holiness, justice, temperance, charity, and all other Christian virtues. "The way of life is above to the wise, that he may depart from hell beneath ;" (Prov. xv. 24 ;) that is, every wise man will be religious ; for this is the way above, that upper, exalted way, that leads to life : but sin is the low and ignominious way ; so low, that there is nothing beneath it but hell, to which it leads.

Secondly, by "things above," are meant the things of glory ; as the beatific vision of God, the presence of Christ, the conversation of angels, the fellowship of saints ; bodies glorified, souls ennobled, faculties enlarged and entertained with transporting objects, and replenished with unmixed joys. All these things are meant by "things above ;" and one would imagine, that an injunction could not be ungrateful to set our affections on things like these.

And yet it is ungrateful to most of us ; and that for this reason, because there are things on the earth too, things contrary in their nature, and inconsistent in their choice, with the things now mentioned : pleasant things, and such

whose pleasures are present, and palpable, and always at hand : pleasures of appetite and sense, those winning masters, under whose dominion we spend the first of our years for want of reason, and (too often) the rest in spite of it : pleasures that, through their number, and opportunity, and prepossession, and custom, get such a fatal ascendant, that, unless we are always on our guard against them, our love of "things above" will either never spring, or, what is all one, never come to maturity. And this is the reason of that caution superadded in the last words of the text, "not on things on the earth."

Having thus explained the words, I proceed to show the particular method of practising the duty contained in them ; which consists, as I have already intimated, in these three acts : first, thinking of, secondly, judging, thirdly, loving, the "things above."

To think of them is the beginning of our duty. Nothing can act on the soul but by the mediation of thought ; that which we think not of moves us no more than that which is not : and therefore it is not so much the beauty, or excellency, or gratefulness, or fitness of an object, as thought, that makes us love. The object brings-in the matter, but thought gives the form to the passion ; and if we think not of a thing, it is impossible we should love it, be it never so lovely.

If, therefore, we would work ourselves to a proper zeal for "things above," it is necessary that we should allow ourselves stated seasons of thinking on them ; we must call them into our mind, and make them the matter of our serious contemplation, and then the most desirable things will certainly move in us a suitable desire.

Nor is it strange that thought should be necessary to give us an affection for things spiritual and remote, when it is necessary to give us a perception of things sensible and at hand. The eye may be open on an object which it does not see, and the ear struck with sounds which it does not hear, if thought is intensely engaged another way. But small attention, indeed, is necessary to give things sensible and present their full force on us, and this is the reason of that advantage which earthly things have on our choice above heavenly : they are immediate : their presence is their power. But religious thought, and that only, can rob them of this fatal advantage, which is a strong argument for the practice of this duty. Thought can make

absent things present, take away the distance between earth and heaven, and make an eternal good, though future, a better entertainment and fuller satisfaction to the mind, than all the pleasures of sin, though at hand.

I confess, indeed, since heaven forces itself on our thoughts from a thousand occasions, whether we will or no, that many think of heaven, and yet do not desire it as much as they ought; but this I affirm, that every man desires it in proportion to his thinking: for no man but wishes for heaven, while heaven is on his mind; and if every transient glance of thought can procure a wish, it is a good argument, that a fixed and frequent contemplation would produce no less than an effectual will. If, therefore, we affect not heaven enough, it is because we contemplate it too little.

Indeed there is one strange consideration which offers itself on this subject: Since our common notion of things above represents them as infinitely preferable to all other, how is it possible that they should not ever engage our thoughts? How is it possible that mankind, which [abhors nothing so much as pain, should not be for ever meditating on that place which we confess to be the seat of perfect exemption from it? How is it possible that mankind, which] toils out a weary life in eager pursuits of every appearance of good, should forget that which we confess the supreme? For it is too manifest that, as the thoughts of heaven and heavenly things enter most rarely into our minds, so they hang the most loosely there, and are soonest dislodged from their slender hold on us. Every new object, though never so trifling, foreign, or absurd, is sufficient to divert us from the importance of them.

The holy scripture is frequent in asserting, that the devil is actually and perpetually conversant among us; his end and business being to seduce, deceive, and destroy. Nor can there be a greater human demonstration of this truth than this instance of our thoughts with regard to the contemplation of eternal happiness; wherein their slackness, avocations, startings, wanderings, and interruptions, are so unaccountable, so contrary to their nature and manner of attention, when applied to worldly objects, that they cannot seem to receive their conduct from any principle, either voluntary or mechanical, that is purely within ourselves, but from the extrinsic influence and injection of that evil spirit. And, accordingly, we find him charged with

this very fact of snatching away good thoughts from the heart of man. (Matt. xiii. 19.)

And, indeed, if men but grant that there is such a power, and that he can tempt us, (which, if we deny, we must cease to be Christians,) the other follows of itself: for the region of the soul, in which the devil forges his wiles to deceive us, is the imagination; and his manner of working is by forming images, or exciting motions there, which become the immediate matter of our thought; and his time of working is then particularly, when he perceives our minds are religiously disposed; for then he is most afraid of losing his hold on us. And thence comes to pass, what I fear all of us have perceived, that, at the seasons of devotion, a languor and inattention often comes over us, which we feel neither before nor after; for then, especially, he attempts our imagination, and throngs it with foreign matter. As, therefore, my text requires the "setting our thoughts on things above," in order to create such a relish, and kindle such a desire as is due to them; so, in order to setting our thoughts on them, it is necessary to superadd this rule: That, in the seasons assigned for such contemplation, we should always guard our thoughts with that petition in the Lord's Prayer, "Deliver us from evil;" "that evil-one," as it may be rendered, who is ever hovering round us, to snatch away good thoughts from our hearts.

But a persuasive to serious contemplation, and nothing less than serious contemplation is sufficient, must seem strange to so gay an age, which has distinguished itself by nothing more than by carrying diversions to their greatest and most expensive height; diversions, which are the reverse of serious thought: An age which particularly may be said, with Sempronia, *Psallere, et saltare elegantius quàm necesse est probæ. Pecuniæ, an famæ minus parceret, haud faciliè discerneres.** I cannot, therefore, but repeat what cannot, I think, fail of some effect on all that hear it attentively:—

"Ah, my friends! while we laugh, all things are serious round about us. God is serious, who exerciseth patience towards us; Christ is serious, who shed His blood for us; the Holy Ghost is serious, who striveth against the obstinacy of our hearts; the holy scriptures bring to our ears the most serious things in the world; the holy sacra-

* SALLUST.

ments represent the most serious and awful matters ; the whole creation is serious in serving God, and us ; all that are in heaven or hell are serious ; how, then, can we be gay ?” To give these excellent words their full force, it should be known that they came not from the priesthood, but the court, and from a courtier as eminent as England ever boasted.

I shall now proceed to my second head, *judging* of the “ things above,” which is the second act of our duty. As judging of them without thinking, which some do, or our conversations and presses would not be so guilty as they are, is preposterous ; so, thinking of them without judging is incompetent and short. We must, therefore, judge likewise of the “ things above ;” that is, we must think of them comparatively, weigh them against all other things that may possibly stand in competition with them ; and so, on a rational and mature deliberation, give them that preference which they so well deserve.

Now, this second act of the soul is necessary for the fixing our affections, for this reason, because the simple act of thinking indifferently raises our love to every thing that is pleasurable ; but when judgment comes to examine, and discern between those pleasurable things, it will find that some of them must be foregone, and rejected of necessity, because they are inconsistent with, and destructive of, each other. And this, in a particular manner, is the case between “ things above ” and “ things upon the earth ;” both of them offer pleasures, and such pleasures as must necessarily engage our affections on our first contemplation of them. But those two kinds of pleasures are inconsistent, so contrary to each other, both in their nature and their means, that it is impossible for one soul to pursue both ; such, therefore, as entertain a distracted inclination for both of them are called, in scripture, “ men of two souls.”

Since, then, it is necessary to choose one, in order to enjoy either, let our judgment examine these two competitors for our affections, “ things above,” and “ things upon the earth,” and see which of them is most likely to bring-in the fullest satisfaction to our souls.

First, let us put this world in the balance, and, to avoid confusion in so wide a subject, let us separately consider the different orders, ages, aims, relations, constitutions, tempers, and passions of men ; and see this variety united in uneasiness and complaint.

First, as to their orders. The peasant complains aloud ; the courtier in secret repines. In want, what distress ! In affluence, what satiety ! The great are under as much difficulty to expend with pleasure, as the mean to labour with success. In retirement, what oscillancy, what heaviness ! In the world, what conflict, what fatigue ! The ignorant, through ill-grounded hope, are disappointed ; the knowing, through knowledge, despond. Ignorance occasions mistake, mistake disappointment, and disappointment is misery. Knowledge, on the other hand, gives true judgment ; and true judgment of things below gives a demonstration of their insufficiency to our peace. Good fortune makes the will undisciplined and dissolute, the imagination vain, the passions strong, and the understanding weak : a miserable state ! Affliction is the best school of wisdom ; no volumes are an equivalent for the necessity of reflection *that* lays us under ; but then, it must be confessed, we pay dear for its instruction : and since the end of wisdom is to lead us to pleasure, what signifies that wisdom which is accompanied with pain ?

The marriage state only may be the most happy, but is the most dangerous ; as fruitful of calamities as it is of relations ; whose capacity of being our greatest pleasures is likewise their capacity of being our greatest pains. And, if we consult experience more than reason in this point, we have grounds to fear the worst. Nor is reason entirely on the other side ; for, if there are more vices than virtues, more unfortunate than fortunate accidents in life, the balance, in this state, will probably turn against us. The good in it we look on as our due, and therefore receive it coldly, and without a proper emotion of heart ; the bad is unexpected, and therefore keen the resentment of it. The shaft is sharp ; the surprise dips it in poison, and doubles our anguish. Both parties look on all that the other can do for them as an absolute debt. This notion leaves both a much less power to oblige than to disgust, and, consequently, makes disquiets almost unavoidable.

The state of celibacy, unless it can work out an artificial happiness from the absence of evils, which requires a peculiar strength of mind, is a desert, melancholy, and disconsolate state. At the maturity of life tender affections awake in the heart, which demand their proper objects, and pine for the want of them. In this state of celibacy they must either be extinguished, or continued without

gratification. The first is a great violence to nature; the second, her lasting pain; and a pain of that kind which furnished the Platonists with their principal idea of hell. Our paternal affections must be drawn off, like a mother's milk, or they will corrupt and turn to disease.

Husband and father are the titles of honour which nature dispenses, and endows them with greater pleasure than any titles which fortune can confer. They that resist the impulses of nature are resisted by her in their new schemes of enjoyment; and nature is a powerful adversary. He that has children multiplies himself, and gives happiness many channels by which to flow in upon him. Letting the heart stream-out in tenderness on its proper objects, as it is the greatest duty, so it is the greatest blessing, of life. To have no one to whom we most heartily wish well, and for whom we are warmly concerned, is a deplorable state. It may be said, that wisdom will provide us with such objects in every condition. It may; but it would cost us less pains if we suffered nature to ease her of that trouble.

Persons of birth, riches, power, and talents, those shining and envied characters, have all their peculiar evils, the growth of their respective states.

First, persons of birth. These have their eye on their ancestors, and would have their glory subsist on the merit of the dead. This the world will not agree to, but thinks that an argument for attainments of their own, which the great by birth look on as their exemption from the labour of them: thus are they pained, where they expect homage, to find reproach. They contemn those of mean extraction; and, by that contempt, as it were, exact their hate, and generally have what they exact, with the bad consequences of it. Ardently they desire honours, because it is natural to men to desire an accumulation of that good, of which already they enjoy a share: hence a disappointment in this pursuit is more stinging to them than others. Who is truly more noble for his high birth? He that despises it; he that despises it as a possession, but values it as an incitement to virtue. Their appellations are their instructors: they are styled noble, on a presumption that they retain the virtue; their blood is styled generous, on a presumption that they retain the high nature of their ancestors; their riches are not sufficient.

Secondly, men of riches. These men, which is natural, are so high in their opinion of what they largely possess,

that they think to have riches is to have every thing ; that they think them the price for, and title to, all the world can give, or man enjoy. Hence high expectations and high resentments ; and every evil is aggrandized by these. Every wrong accident is a calamity, and not only a calamity, but an injury too ; for have not they a title to better things ? Others, when they are sick, are sorry ; but these are angry also, and look on a gout or a fever as an object of resentment ; which is still the stranger, because, for the most part, they invite them to their habitations.

Thirdly, men of power. They that have it in their power to make the fortune and reputation of others, may have, and often have, as many enemies as those whose fortune and reputation they do not make ; for men are so fond of themselves, as to think that all others can do, they should do, for them. This is unjust ; but this is true. And hence it is that all the uneasy, instead of venting their passion by striking the air, as it is natural for the peevish, in their gusts of rage, to do, vent it often on men in power, by shooting their arrows at them, even bitter words ; because men are apt to think they contract an importance from the importance of those they injure ; whereas it is rare that men in power give just offence to such as these. If they injure, they stoop not to these ; they level at the great, for that gives their dignity the highest satisfaction. The great often justly are, the mean often unjustly will be, their enemies. Where, then, are their friends ? They must be few ; and those few are more likely to be secret enemies to them than to any others, with whom they pass for friends. Because, first, men of power create the greatest envy, which is our strongest passion ; secondly, their ruin would afford the largest plunder, and our own emolument is our chiefest aim.

Fourthly, men of talents. If they exert them, it will cost them much pains ; and they may probably fail of success, through malice of accident, or indiscretion of choice. Or, if they succeed in their labour, their labour may not succeed in its reputation ; or, if it does, it is only setting themselves a hard task for the future ; for it is double shame to fall beneath themselves. Fame is generally these men's aim ; and, to fail of our aim, be it never so idle, is infelicity. An author at his lamp tells himself in triumph, now the toil is almost over, the purchase at hand, he is within a month of immortality. But, on publication, he

finds the payment deferred, deferred to the day of his death ; too late a payment of that which he cannot transfer to his heir. There is no stronger infatuation than this desire of chimerical immortality. It is very strange ; but the secret of it is this : God implanted in the soul a violent desire of approbation, in order to stimulate man into an attainment of His own approbation, which is the most valuable ; as He implanted in the soul strong hope, and fear, and love, that He Himself might be the object of them, as my text directs. But, as these affections, when they stop short on temporals, become pains ; so this violent desire of approbation, when it stops short at men, becomes, though most admirably wise in God's design, that ridiculous and seemingly unaccountable folly of which I speak ; and the wisest of men, not attending to this, have sometimes started, in surprise and shame, on discovering that some of their noblest designs had their rise and termination in that most despicable point, the opinion of men. Thus you see that the thirst of approbation, when misapplied, becomes a folly, and incurs shame, which it would most avoid. And this is the state of the greatest gifts that Omnipotence can bestow, when turned on improper ends. This, therefore, which might seem digressive, is not so ; it tends to demonstrate the miseries of this life, since hence it appears that we have reason to stand in dread of the very excellencies of our nature, as well as the imperfections of it.

Secondly, consider the different ages. Young men desire passionately, and therefore are afflictively disappointed. They desire chiefly gratifications of sense, and therefore soon impair their appetites for them, and anticipate old age by infirmities.

They are extremely mutable in their inclinations ; and, therefore, as some things by nature cannot, others, through their own temper, shall not, please them long.

They are fastidious in their pleasures, as thinking the most delicate and exalted, the prerogative of their time of life : thus they reject many, and impair the rest.

They are prone to anger, because unsubdued by fortune, and unapprized by wisdom of what they ought to expect : hence are they displeased with others without cause, and then with themselves for being so ; for, generally, their sense of being in the wrong is as quick as their propensity to it is strong.

They have not a sufficient regard for things of utility,

(because they never wanted,) and find the bad effects of it; what pride can better taste, pleases them more. Hence they are very tender of their honour before they have gained any; and thus are they pained, not only about things that are, but things also that are not."

They are credulous, because unexperienced; deceived, because credulous; and outrageous, because deceived; and hence, from too fond an opinion, they are apt to conceive too inveterate a dislike for mankind, as fruitful a source of evil as their first mistake.

The young man's field of reflection is small, for little is past; his field of hope is large, for much is to come; which, falling-in with vivacity of spirits and vanity of heart, he indulges it, to the exclusion of necessary fear, which is the shield of life; and hence is he perpetually wounded in his peace, fortune, reputation, or health, or all.

He delights in extremes; whereas virtue is in the mean, and happiness dwells with her. He is a squanderer of wealth, as well as of health, peace, and reputation, and, by the guilt of youth, lays up poverty for age; of which I am now to speak.

Age is infested with suspicion, excess of caution, disaffection, pusillanimity, illiberality, querulousness, immodesty, garrulity, want of compassion, solid hatred, moroseness, inordinate self-love, extreme covetousness, and distempers.

An old man is suspicious, because experienced; for the knowledge and distrust of mankind are inseparable. Now, he that lives in perpetual suspicion, lives the life of a sentinel, of a sentinel never relieved; whose business it is to look out for, and expect, an enemy,—which is an evil not very far short of perishing by him.

Allied to suspicion is excess of caution: wisdom, coldness of temperature, and sometimes ill-nature, are mixed in this. I shall choose one instance that includes them all. In points of speculation he rarely affirms or denies any thing positively, though he is best able to do it: he knows nothing, but is of such an opinion on most occasions; by which, one thing he means, is, to call younger men *fools*, (who delight in a more sanguine style,) and thus artfully to gratify his disaffection to them.

He is all disaffection: I speak in general. He loves nobody, because formerly, very probably, his good inclinations have been abused; besides the affections as naturally contract in the evening of life as flowers at the departure

of the sun. Now, he that loves none enjoys none, nor is loved or enjoyed by any.

He is pusillanimous, from decay of spirits, and the blows of fortune. Now, pusillanimity is the want of hope, and hope is the cordial of life.

He is querulous, which is the voice of pusillanimity, and an infallible source of contempt.

He is illiberal, as knowing how hard it is to gain, and how easy to lose; as, likewise, from a growing passion for the security of to-morrow; whereas to-day is the mistress of youth. Now, illiberality is the source of hatred, as generosity is of love.

He is immodest; I mean, hardened to the eye, and unaffected with the opinion, of others, because he disesteems them, and disesteems them, because he knows them; and praise and dispraise we disesteem, when we disesteem those from whom they come. Now, this immodesty is a source both of hatred and contempt. Besides, virtue is always enfeebled by a neglect of praise, which is a food of it.

He is talkative, because his largest scenes lie backward; and his talk on the past is always a censure on the present. Now, he that censures is displeased. Besides, this talkativeness is disgusting on two accounts: first, as he is generally his own theme; secondly, as it runs counter to the fire and activity of younger men, to whom he speaks.

His compassion is slight, from his familiarity with misfortunes; and his hatred is solid, more apt to vent itself in deeds than words, from the maturity of his wisdom, which loves things effectual, and to the purpose. His former qualities put him in a state of war with mankind; this, in a state of war that gives no quarter.

He is morose, and an inordinate lover of himself. The first, because he envies the pleasures which he cannot partake. There is no such thing, at least in our climate, as a gay old man: a fly in winter is for nations nearer the sun. He is the second, because men rise in fondness for things in proportion to their hazard of losing them, and his life is on the departure. Hence, absurdly, his passion for it increases as its value fails. Now, from all that has been said,

His extreme covetousness is accounted for. Money has two excellent qualities for him. First, it will do that for him which no one will, willingly, do; it will keep him company, as it always does; it will flatter him; it will go

on his errands ; it will procure him smiles and bows, and all the outside of affection and respect. Secondly, as it is a thing inanimate, it can give no offence. But, not to aggravate this matter, (which it little needs!) granting that, as youth is the reign of vehement desire, and vehement desire is a disease, a fever, a pain ; so age, indeed, brings on a serenity ; experience makes us able pilots in the waves of fortune, and vigour impaired no longer scorches us with the violence of desire ; granting, that the mind gains that strength which the body loses, and intellectual pleasures are then in their full force ; yet so, it must be confessed, are

Distempers too ; and what comfort is there in an hospital, or a storm ? In youth, what disappointments of our own making ! In age, what disappointments from the nature of things ! [It is long before we arrive at a right conduct, and, by that, at a true relish and good husbandry of life ; and when we are arrived at it, as much as wisdom gives, time withdraws, objects begin to flatten, and appetites to fail.] Human life has, then, its morning and evening ; but the evening and morning are one day ; a day of sorrows ; different, indeed, in sort, but in essence the same. And this is the reason why men, always unhappy, are always expecting happiness. For, had we no change of scenes to experience one after another, we should sooner be convinced of the vanity of our expectations : whereas we now are amused with hope, which, for pleasure, gives us change of pain ; we are wretched and deceived, which increases our wretchedness ; for every sorrow receives a new sting, from our expectation of the contrary.

Thirdly, consider our aims. If we let loose our wishes at things above our desert, how rarely we succeed ! Or, if we succeed, how are we pained with the fears of exposing our insufficiency ! How shall we make good the promise our fortune has made to the world ! We must live in perpetual constraint ; be for ever sweating under a mask of form and artifice, which, in spite of all our care, the wise will see through ; and at their mercy we lie for the precarious character we preserve. And how ridiculous a sight it is to see a man embarrassed by good fortune, and struggling with his own success ! To take up more money than our estate can answer, in time is certain ruin : to take up more reputation than our merit can answer, in time is as certain shame.

If our fortune, on the other hand, falls below our desert,

how careless are we of exerting those capacities we are really masters of, and of levying that advantage and reputation which is due to them ! Our preferment is our punishment ; and the consciousness of our worth is at once our pride and our affliction. How unpromising a scene is that for happiness where our merit increases the number of our pains !

If our aims are proportioned to our desert, we may indeed succeed ; but our success will soon grow insipid, nay, painful, when we see, as soon we shall, our inferiors in merit get the start of us in place and fortune ; when we find our wisdom and modesty less advantageous than the rashness and confidence of other men.

If we stand alone and independent, it is a proud, but a solitary and uncomfortable, dominion ; unrefreshed with hope, which is the life of life itself. If we have our attachments, and lean against our superiors, it is often a shining servitude, a promising anxiety, that excites indeed our spirits, but torments them too, during the suspense, and as often deceives as satisfies in the end. Which has most happiness,—a servile hope, or a hopeless independency ? He that has many hopes, has many possibilities of disappointment : he that has few, has few occasions of joy.

If we converse with our inferiors or equals only, we sacrifice the advancement of our fortune to present ease and complacency ; if with our superiors, we, in some measure, sacrifice our ease and complacency to our fortune : our caution must be always awake, our abilities always on the stretch ; and conversation, which was designed to recreate, must become a discipline and an enterprise.

Moreover, it is expectation from superiors that is apt to give a painful and unreasonable awe of them ; an awe due rather to God than man. It is that which annoys our breasts with pusillanimous doubts and fears ; that makes the little heart play its servile passions, in all their force, at a smile or a frown ; which he that does not expect, is free from himself, and in others most justly contemns. The most despicable weakness any one man can be guilty of, is an undue fear of another, which expectation is apt to subject him to.

Obscurity has its obvious disadvantages ; and a great name is the mark of envy and reproach ; or, if reproach spare it, it must be nurtured or lost. Time itself will work decay in glory, as in other things, unless it be kept in

repair at the expense of returning pains, and a succession of deserts; and if preserved, it has its moral evils. Fame from letters makes a man unsociable and overbearing; fame from political wisdom, designing; and fame from arms, incorrect of life. It has likewise its natural evils. For, since fame is the general mistress of mankind, he that enjoys it has almost as many rivals as men, and often as many foes as rivals.

One man aims at making his happiness by philosophy, another by fortune. The first is stemming the stream of the world, and his own nature, with endless labour; the second is carried away by that stream with endless hazard, and every wave is master of his peace.

One follows fancy; and by that time the thing fancied is attained, his fancy for it is fled. Another follows custom, and is fashionably pleased in contradiction to his own heart. Seeming to be happy is his happiness; now, seeming happiness implies the want of it. A third follows reason; and reason puts us out of humour with almost every thing about us.

If men have no pursuits, they are a burden to themselves; if they have, disappointments are a greater. What disappointments interrupt the most successful prosecutions! And, what is worse, possession is the greatest disappointment of all; it destroys the very phantom of happiness, our pleasing error, our sweet flatterer, hope, which before we enjoyed. The man of success, and of the highest advancement, first, indeed, laughs at others; but soon he revenges them, by laughing at himself. He wonders how he could be so passionately fond of what so little deserved his fondness: he is grieved, he is surprised, he is angry, that the absence of those things was able to give him so much pain, the presence of which can afford so little enjoyment. But he usually keeps the secret, in poor hopes of that enjoyment from the mistaken envy of others, which the things envied cannot give him, and takes a malicious pleasure in seeing his unwarned followers deceived as well as himself. There is ever a certain languor attending the fulness of prosperity: when the heart has no more to wish, it yawns over its possession; and the energy of the soul goes out, like a flame that has no more to devour; [or, like a storm, loses its force for want of opposition.] Who is so wretched as the man that is overwhelmed with a multitude of affairs? He that is relieved from them, and has none at all. But,

granting superiority of fortune should give some superiority of happiness, let it be remarked, that he who increases the endearments of life, increases, at the same time, the terrors of death. Which leads me to

The fourth consideration, that of our relations in life. A wife, a child, dear to us as our own bosoms in which they lie,—what cowards do they make us! What are their endearments, their softness, their charms, but new terrors in the frown, and new shafts in the quiver, of misfortune and death? There is something truly formidable in having such tender blessings as these; and every wise and feeling heart, while it is transported at the thoughts of them, must tremble too.

But all relations are not pained through tenderness of affection. While the father is solicitous for the welfare of his son, how solicitous and impatient is the son, very often, for the death of that very father! What are alliances of blood, but titles for expectation? And what are titles for expectation, but exposures to disappointment, and aggravations of its smart? All that seeming family-endearment, comfort, and complacency, which we figure to ourselves at a distance, what is it, too often, but mutual attacks on the peace, plots on the riches, hopes from the sickness, and joy from the deaths, of each other?

The servant envies his master; and sometimes the master his servant, and perhaps with more justice; but, justly, neither. For, if we well knew how little others enjoy, it would rescue the world from one sin, there would be no such thing as envy upon earth; envy, which is a double folly; folly as it is a sin, and folly as it is a mistake; for it results from the supposition of that which is not,—the superior happiness of others; which is not, I mean, in that degree we conceive of it; and we envy that which we conceive.

Fifthly, as to constitutions and tempers. In health, what temptation! In sickness, what pain! The misery of many is wrapped up in their very veins: how, then, shall they fly from it? How many inherit, how many create, how many purchase, distempers! Earthquake, storm, war, sweep not half so many as diseases, which we knowingly contract by carelessness and excess. Women, as they are less subject to pains of mind, are more subject to pains of the body than men, to balance that account.

He that is infirm dies daily, and loses all the pleasures of life. He that knows no infirmities, observes not the lapse

of time, grows old unawares, and is unprepared for death. But suppose a man has health and wisdom too, how many find in their tempers an enemy to peace !

The tempers are, as I take it, lesser passions, or various fainter shades or blendings of those strong colours on the soul of man. The gloomy, peevish, sanguine, phlegmatic, good-natured, impatient, improvident, wary, haughty, remitting, courteous, arrogant, suspicious, refining, reserved, affable, fearless, timid, modest, proud, delicate, and insensible temper, have all their peculiar evils.

A gloomy temper surveys every thing in the worst light, and can discover no blessings.

A peevish temper quarrels with the blessings it discovers, with its friends, [with] itself; and defeats the labour of Providence for its satisfaction.

The sanguine overshoots; the phlegmatic desponds; the mild tempts insults; the choleric is its own tormenter.

If a man is good-natured, his friends devour him; if not, his foes.

The impatient feels as much uneasiness from the slow approach of pleasure, as others from the despair of it.

To the thoughtless and improvident the surprise of every disappointment doubles its pain.

To the wary and foreboding the constant expectation of calamity is a calamity itself.

If a man is haughty, and too tender of his honour, he gives the power of hurting him to every wretch that can show disrespect: and who cannot? If he is remiss and negligent of respect, men will withhold real services, because their ceremonial was not sufficiently welcome: he loses the substance, because he will not catch at the shadow. But forms are more than shadows; they are the robe and defence of realities, which will ever run some hazard when we throw them off.

The very courteous lessen their favours by giving them the appearance of a debt, through their frequent professions of kindness. The favours of an arrogant man are received unthankfully; because, through too great a consciousness of them, he is his own paymaster. And yet he who does not sometimes assert his own merit, will soon have painful suspicions that the former is in the right.

The suspicious, in some measure, justify those injuries they expect. A person of small merit is anxiously jealous of imputations on his honour, because he knows his title is

weak ; one of great merit turbidly resents them, because he knows his title is strong.

The refining temper is expressly a maker of evils. Not to be obliged by superiors, it construes an injury ; to be obliged by inferiors, an affront. To have its wants relieved, it construes an affectation of superiority in its benefactor ; not to have them relieved, a contempt. It can work wonders to its own disadvantage, and make a look or gesture it disapproves a serious misfortune.

Reserve may procure respect, but it gives a disposition to hatred ; because that respect is involuntary, and, as it were, extorted ; and we hate every thing that invades the freedom of our choice.

Affability procures good-will, but may give a disposition to contempt ; because it gives us cheaply that which we desire, and the difficulty of the attainment enhances the value of things.

A fearless temper impairs our caution, and makes us careless of exerting our utmost strength ; a timid gives our understanding the strongest arguments for exerting our strength, but at the same time enfeebles the heart in the execution of what appears so reasonable.

A native modesty in men may conciliate love from the many, but forbids esteem from the wise ; because with them no act has merit but what has choice ; and these choose not modesty by their reason, but suffer it from their constitutions.

Proud men are apt to be injurious, because it is a mark of superiority ; they strike more through vanity than malice ; but then, as it is a mark, it is a mutilation of superiority too ; for it throws down our respect for them, which is a considerable support of it.

Too great a sensibility creates pain, where by nature it is not ; too little perceives not blessings where they are : and there is a too great sensibility from fortune, as well as temper. Rank gives some persons such a delicacy, that they have a set of inquietudes entirely their own, the prerogative of their high station, to which their inferiors must not presume to pretend. If humour and passion are indulged, how domineering are they ! If denied, how rebellious ! Which leads me to

The sixth and last consideration, the passions of men.

An account of the passions is properly a history of the active part of the soul, as an account of the understanding

is of the contemplative. They may be considered as so many standard-bearers, round each of which many mischiefs are ranged in array against us, and lay waste the tranquillity of human life. They have by others been considered physically, as they constitute part of our nature; morally, as they influence virtue and vice; and rhetorically, with regard to composition: but I do not know that they have been considered in a system, or with any accuracy, as the pains, and promoters of the pains, of life. In this view I shall speak of them, with as much light and distinction as I can. It is the passions that give the perpetual motion to human life, that roll us from place to place, from object to object; nor will the grave itself afford them rest.

First, anger. It is elegantly said, "The king's anger is as a roaring lion." Which description of it is confined to kings, only as to its efficacy: it is as strong, though not as successful, in other men. By a king, it is let loose into the large field of power; in others, it bites the bars that confine it; and, in both, it lashes itself. This shows it to be a pain; and it likewise proceeds from pain; for no one is angry but who has, or fancies he has, received an injury in himself or his; for which he is first grieved. So that anger may be called the daughter of sorrow, and the mother of revenge, which often has fatal consequences. Thus this passion has past, present, and future pains belonging to it.

Anger is frequent; for among enemies it is the natural habit of the mind; and where are not enemies? Among friends it is unnatural, and therefore, when it happens, more tormenting.

As pride is predominant in man, the principal cause of anger is disrespect: the question, therefore, is, if the angry man acts not against his own supreme purpose. If anger is impotent, that is a blow directly on his pride; if it succeeds by unworthy means, that is a blow on his general character. Anger, therefore, is not only an evil itself, proceeding from, and leading to, evil, but often to the very evil it would most avoid. It falls on its own sword.

Two sorts of men are most subject to this passion: men of felicity, and men of affliction: One, because their expectations are high; the other, because their uneasinesses are many. The first make their superiority their anxiety, counterbalancing, by their own resentment, the favours of nature and fortune; the second inflame the severities of them both.

Allied to anger is hatred, which is a lasting anger ; now hatred is always accompanied with disgust, and disgust is pain.

Allied to hatred are contempt and abhorrence. Contempt is hatred without fear ; but it *is* hatred, and therefore pain. Abhorrence is hatred with fear ; and therefore its pain is double.

Invective indeed eases the heart, as a discharge the stomach ; but it also proves it very sick before.

I do not deny that there is such a thing as a malicious pleasure ; but I affirm it is a pleasure like that of violent scratching, or striking ourselves in some dispositions ; it supposes a distemper, and leaves a wound, both in our reputation and our peace.

Anger has under its banner invective, assault, ruin, and death.

Secondly, love. By "love" I mean not the desire of what is useful or honest, but more particularly of what is pleasant. With philosophers, it includes the two former ; with the world, it is often limited to the last. It implies discontent, that is pain ; for he that desires is dissatisfied with his present condition, be it what it will. And the pain is in proportion to the desire.

To say the least to the disadvantage of this passion, it is putting your peace in the power of another, which is rarely safe even in your own.

There are two things, I think, peculiar to this passion ; and what makes them more remarkable is, they seem somewhat inconsistent. One is our desire of it ; the other is a condition that makes it very undesirable. As to the first, we do not seek, nay, we avoid, occasions of anger, hatred, fear, shame, or envy ; but we seek occasions of love. As to the second, love is all the passions in one : it is anger that it cannot, shame that it does not, fear that it shall not, enjoy its object ; it is envy of, and hatred to, those that possibly may. For envy, hatred, and suspicion form love's constant companion, jealousy ; which therefore stings deeper than either of them, because it is all. Now, as many passions as love has, so many pains. Be it therefore a maxim, "He that was never pained, never loved."

But though this passion has pains, leads it not to pleasures ? It may fail of them, and then it is despair, which is most terrible ; if it attains them, they may not be lasting ; for most pleasures, like flowers when gathered, die.

Love has under its banner watching, sickness, abasement, adulation, perjury, jealousy ; and sometimes it lists anger's most dreadful followers : the only difference is, *there* they are standing troops, *here* casual recruits ; *there* they are volunteers, *here* they are pressed occasionally into the service ; for they do not naturally belong to love.

Thirdly, fear. This is a most dismal passion : a mind haunted with fear is a hideous night-piece of storm, precipice, ruins, tombs, and apparitions : it is not content with the compass of nature, as if too scanty for evil, but creates new worlds for calamity, things that are not. But very timorous natures only suffer to this degree ; and it is well they do not ; for such a fear alone is capable of taking-in an ample vengeance of an incensed God ; insomuch that some have thought that hell consisted in the severe extremity of this passion only.

All that fear have proportionable pain. It is an anticipation of evil ; and has under its banner confusion, supplication, servility, amazement, and self-desertion particularly.

For I think it a peculiarity of fear, that it defeats its own purpose more than any of the passions. Anger strikes, and if unsuccessfully, it only loses a blow ; love pursues, and if unsuccessfully, it only loses a pursuit ; fear makes us fly, but makes us stumble too, and the more precipitate our flight, the farther are we from an escape. Hence, says the holy scripture, it betrays the succours of reason ; meaning, that it betrays it more than any other passion ; for all betray it in some degree.

Fears are the shields of life ; but if they are too many, they are an oppression, and, like the maid at the Capitol, we perish under them.

Fears we have many ; but there is but one that came from heaven, (as the Romans fabled of their Ancile,) which is the fear of God : all the rest are false ; and this sevenfold shield will save us from them. A falling world cannot affright him whom that shield has under its protection.

Fourthly, there is also false shame ; when, through an affection of the esteem of bad men, we are ashamed of what God approves ; or if ashamed of what is truly shameful, when we are ashamed with regard to men, not God. The first is blasphemy in thought ; or such a thought as, if expressed in words, would be blasphemous. The second is sacrilege, giving God's due to man. This is a shame to be ashamed of ; and contrary to the apostle's repentance not

to be repented of ; for shame is a repentance, or something very like it.

Shame is a sense of estimation impaired, and of our sinking in the opinion of men ; I wish I could add, of God too ; for men are not ashamed of injustice or profaneness, at the same time that they blush for an omission in fashion or complaisance : nay, I wish they are not often proud of the former ; now pride is shame's reverse. As shining in the opinion of others is the supreme aim of almost all men, shame must be exceeding painful, as it implies the loss, or diminution, of their greatest fancied good. [Besides, every man, while he is ashamed, wishes his condition altered ; which no man does who is happy under it.]

Shame has under its banner self-condemnation, pusillanimity, regret, lying, confusion of face.

Which last puts me in mind of what I take to be peculiarities of this passion, which are three. First, other passions fly to men for redress of their grievances, this flies from them : anger flies to strike, love to embrace, fear for shelter ; but shame flies from all men, and makes an eye as sharp as a sword. Shame's bad estate is seen in this, that its hope and felicity runs so low, as to make night and oblivion, which are the terror of others, a wish, a joy ; *fallere et effugere est triumphus*. [So that it robs man of one of his most essential good qualities,—that of his being a sociable creature.]

Secondly, shame has a more infallible mark fixed on it by nature than any of the rest, I mean blushes. Of which I take the reason to be, that this passion necessarily supposes guilt ; which is not the case of any of the passions beside, except envy, which is generally marked with paleness, as shame with the contrary. Shame, I say, necessarily supposes guilt. For none are ashamed but on one of these three accounts : First, because they are directly guilty. Secondly, because they want some merit they ought to have. Thirdly, because they suffer some indignity. Now, the want of proper merit proceeds generally from omissions ; suffering indignities, from sloth or cowardice ; and all these are vicious. “ But men are sometimes ashamed of virtue.” True ; but then they consider *that* virtue as a fault in the eyes of those before whom they are ashamed of it : besides, then it does not only suppose, but is, guilt.

Thirdly, lying. This is the false cover of false shame ; for true or proper shame has regard to God ; and who dares,

who can, lie to Him? For we cannot lie to any purpose but to fallible beings. Now, as false shame is lying eternally, though the person subject to it is ashamed without reason at first, he is sure to have ample reason for shame in the end; and, consequently, he will be pained without just cause, and with it too.

Fifthly, envy. This is the most deformed and most detestable of all the passions. A good man may be angry or ashamed, may love or fear; but a good man cannot envy. For all other passions seek good; but envy, evil. All other passions propose advantages to themselves; envy seeks the detriment of others: they, therefore, are human; this is diabolical. Anger seeks vengeance for an injury, an injury in fortune, or person, or honour; but envy pretends no injuries, and yet has an appetite for vengeance. Love seeks the possession of good; fear, the flight of evil; but envy, neither: all her good is the disadvantage of another. Hence it is most detestable; and, because most detestable, therefore, secondly,

Most deformed. For it is the most detestable, because the least natural; or, what is least natural, works in us the most disadvantageous and deforming effects. We must be sometimes angry, we must love, and fear, and be ashamed, by the necessity of our nature; and there are just occasions for them all: but no necessity of our nature obliges us to envy, nor is there any just occasion for it. For all men are unhappy, only we know not where their uneasiness lies; therefore there is no natural occasion for envy: and, that there should be a moral one, is a contradiction; for, the happier others are, the more we should rejoice. As, therefore, neither our nature nor reason requires envy, it is properly unnatural; and, because unnatural, it works such terrible effects in us. How pale, keen, inhuman, and emaciated is its look, if the undeserved indulgence of constitution gets not the better of those effects! Now, all these are demonstrations of its extreme pain.

Men of imagination, therefore, have been fond of this subject, as painters, poets, historians; for the imagination delights in extremes; and nothing is more terrible than their descriptions of it but the thing itself. A cheerful heart does good, like a medicine; but envy corrodes, like a poison: it is so sharp, that it cuts the body which sheathes it. Nay, it is thought by some actually to send forth its virulence, to sit visible in the eyes, and wound its object.

Of this opinion seems our greatest English philosopher, who assigns physical reasons why persons in joy and triumph are more liable to receive this venom than others. What a wretch must the quiver of such arrows be! Such is the pain of envy, that it made the two greatest and bravest men that ever lived weep; it made them shed tears, but not of compassion, though over the monuments of the dead.

Compassion is grieved at others' evil; envy, at others' good. Indignation is grieved that the unworthy prosper; envy, that the meritorious prosper also. Emulation is grieved at its own wants; envy, at the enjoyments of others. Nay, it principally maligns those who deserve the greatest praise, namely, new men, the makers of their own fame and fortune; for rising glory occasions the greatest envy, as kindling fires the greatest smoke. In a word, it is the reverse of charity; and, as that is the supreme source of pleasure, so this of pain: this gathers pain, as that gathers pleasures, from all the felicities that happen to mankind. Nor is it only painful, but ignominious. The most imperfect and pusillanimous are most subject to it; the first, because their field for envy is largest; the second, because, through mistake, what is little appears great to them; and, therefore, as the proper object of envy.

Its peculiarities I take to be, first, that it seeks not (as the other passions) good, but evil; secondly, that this is lasting, the others short. We are angry or ashamed, we love or fear, for a day or year; but we envy for life; and I look on it to be the most universal source of unhappiness on earth.

It has under its banner hatred, calumny, treachery, cabal, with the meagreness of famine, venom of pestilence, and rage of war.

Nor are the good and pleasurable passions without their inconveniences and inquietudes, which is a subject hitherto, I believe, unhandled. Compassion, indignation, hope, emulation, nay, and joy itself, if fairly examined, will prove this true, without any refinement or affectation of novelty in the attempt.

First, compassion, while it has others' misery in its eye, it has its own in its apprehension, and is struck with a quick sense of the obnoxious condition of human nature. Hence it is evident that fear and sorrow are included in it; and can there be fear and sorrow without pain?

Though I know it is disputed, I venture to affirm, that

our compassion for others is accompanied with a concern for ourselves : and I am persuaded of this, from considering the persons who are most, and who are least, inclined to compassion.

The least inclined are the most confirmed in, or the most lost to, happiness. The first are not compassionate, because most secure ; the second, because they have felt the worst. Little self-concern being moved by the miserable object in these men, little compassion is moved by it too.

The most inclined to it are the timid, and those who have wives, children, and relations. The first, because they are most liable to fear for themselves ; the second, because they afford misfortune the largest mark.

And all are more compassionate toward their equals in age, fortune, birth, qualifications, or manners, than others ; because the misfortunes of such are a more direct alarm of fear for themselves.

Secondly, indignation. This is a just and noble passion, and none but the noble-minded feel it. It is a generous zeal for right, an heroic and laudable anger at the prosperity of undeservers ; an anger, therefore, foreign to the unworthy, base, and profligate, who can conceive no resentment that men, like themselves, prosper. This elevated passion has sometimes a severer pang than is consistent with life. Cato died of it. He thought no man worthy to triumph over liberty and Rome ; and that violent deportment shown at his death, which has hitherto been wrongfully imputed to a ferocity of temper, was, I think, owing to this accidental passion, which was the cause of his death, —this fever, this noble inflammation of mind, this indignation for Cæsar's unjust success. My conjecture clears his character in that respect, and makes it more consistent with that humanity which he, in a peculiar manner, manifested on many occasions in his laudable life, which was worthy our emulation, though his death was blamable at the best.

Thirdly, emulation is an exalted and glorious passion, parent of most excellencies in human life. It is enamoured of all virtue and accomplishment ; its generous food is praise ; its sublime profession, transcendancy ; and the life it pants after, immortality. It kindles at all that is illustrious, and, as it were, lights its torch at the sun. Envy seeks others' evil ; emulation, its own good : envy repines at excellence, without imitation ; emulation imitates, and

rejoices in it. We envy often what we cannot arrive at; we emulate nothing but what we can, or think at least we can, attain. Hence the young and magnanimous are most inflamed with emulation, and emulation rather of glory and virtue than of the goods of the body or fortune, till the world effaces nature's first good impressions. *Hæc imitami*, says Tully; *per deos immortales, hæc ampla sunt, hæc divina, hæc immortalia, hæc fama celebrantur, monumentis annalium mandantur, posteritati propagantur.*

But, though emulation is the pursuit of the most amiable things, and that by persons most amiable too, it cannot escape; it cannot escape in a bad world, where men judge of others by themselves, being mistaken for envy, and being treated accordingly; for it has, sometimes, such a degree of resemblance, as to give the weak occasion of error, and the malicious of excuse. Thus it falls *alieno vulnere*; not to mention its own natural pain, which is, at least, as uneasy to the soul as extreme thirst is to the body. Hope and fear play the heart of emulation with violence; it has its throbs, its paleness, and tremblings when carried to an height.

Exultantiaque haurit

Corda pavor pulsans, laudumque arrepta cupido.

Fourthly, hope and joy. Hope feels the stings of impatience, which is often so vehemently eager, that falling from it into the despair of its object is sometimes a sensible ease to the mind. Joy, if moderate, scarce breaks through the general disquiet of life; if immoderate, it is a fever, a tumult, a gay delirium, a transport, which signifies a man's being beside or beyond himself; and he that is not in possession of himself can but ill be said to be in possession of any thing else: joy, in this case, goes beyond its bounds into an enemy's country, and becomes a pain, as its tears abundantly testify. Nor has it tears only, but is sometimes mortal.

Hence some, nay, most, philosophers have placed our chief good in serenity, or indolence; but this is a mistake. Indolence, or rest, is inconsistent with our nature, and not to be found in heaven itself but in a comparative sense. On the contrary, our heaven will consist in a pleasing motion, a delightful exertion, a transporting progress, to all eternity. Annihilation is the only rest for man. What, therefore, we are to aim at, I shall show in my second discourse.

To conclude, on the passions. We consist of soul and body : the passions are the wants of the soul, as the appetites may be called the passions of the body ; so that we are made up of wants, that is, of pains. Who is almost ever free from one passion or another ? And, as passions are the pains, (from which they take their very name,) so are they the destroyers, too, of our nature. They pain the whole soul, they confound the memory, make wild the imagination, and hurt the understanding, like ebriety, which they resemble in their natural and moral ill consequences ; and, because they injure the body also, therefore has the physician, as well as moralist, to do with them, and interdicts them to all those who desire length of days. Nay, they are more terrible than that death which they hasten ; for many have fled to that from the torment of them. It seems strangest, at first sight, that fear, of all the passions, should put on this appearance of courage ; but it is so far from it, in reality, that no other passion ever arrived at suicide but through the suggestion of this trembler, fear. Men die because they fear life under its present ills ; whereas true valour meets those ills, whatever they are, with the same resolution with which they meet death. [Their cowardice shows a pale, feeble valour, as darkness shows the moon ; but *that* valour is nothing compared to the true, as the moon is nothing by day.]

If this account of the passions be just, let us turn them against themselves ; let us be angry with anger, ashamed of shame, afraid of fear, pity, envy, and moderate our fondness for love ; for some are so idle, ridiculous, shameless, as to court the passion itself, and at a time, too, when they have the least probability of success. Love, according to the different objects it embraces, like a woman espoused, changes its name, and becomes voluptuousness, ambition, avarice, or vanity ; those four predominant impulses that divide mankind between them, that beat on us, like the four winds of heaven, and keep the restless world in a perpetual storm.

On this common subject I shall endeavour to throw some new light, by showing that they all act directly counter to their own purposes, and are the reverse of that which they pretend to.

First, the voluptuous. Can this man be unhappy, whose sole aim is pleasure ? whose study is the art, whose life is the chase, of delight ? He may, he is, nay, he must be so ;

because his imagination promises much more than sense is able to pay. Hence he is always disappointed; but, through ignorance or negligence of the cause of it, though always disappointed, he is always expecting; and repeated experience serves only to upbraid, not correct, his conduct. And it must be so; for, as every new scene of voluptuousness is a new light to his understanding to show the insufficiency of those scenes to his happiness, so is it, also, a new blow to his understanding and the rectitude of his will, and weakens his power of resisting them. Hence is he reduced to the wretched estate of eternally pursuing and eternally condemning the same things; than which nothing more severe could be imposed by the greatest tyrant and greatest foe. It is not in vigorous health, boundless fortune, unrestrained liberty, or that liberty improved by skill and experience into an art of debauchery, to give him satisfaction, nay, not to give him inquietude, though virtue, though reason, did not interpose: the body only would find out the vanity, the tedium, the bad effect of voluptuousness; and bare instinct would reproach him with it. His past gives regret, his present dissatisfies, and his future deceives; his imagination imposes on his senses, his senses weaken and vex his understanding, and his understanding censures them both: they persist, that grows peevish and impotent. Thus the divided man, like a divided family, is the seat of misery, and object of contempt.

With regard to the chief branch of sensuality, and its fatal consequences, it may be truly said, that nothing is more stinging than a bad woman's hatred, except her caresses; nothing is more to be declined than her deformity, except her charms. But as for a good woman, her price is beyond gold. She is a pillar of rest.

The man of pleasure, as the phrase is, is the most ridiculous of all beings. He travels, indeed, with his ribbon, plume, and bells, his dress, and his music; but through a toilsome and beaten road; and every day nauseously repeats the same track. Throw an eye into the gay world; what see we, for the most part, but a set of querulous, emaciated, fluttering, fantastical beings, worn out in the keen pursuit of pleasure; creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue, their own infelicity? the decayed monuments of error, the thin remains of what is called delight!

In a word, to suppose sense alone can make man happy, is to suppose reason superfluous, which is blasphemous and

absurd : but sensuality brings such a grossness on the understanding, that this argument will not be so much as comprehended by those who have the greatest need of being affected by it. Now, the cause of their not comprehending it is their total inexperience and ignorance of the pleasures of reason ; which ignorance proves this gay, this gallant creature, this patron of pleasures, and professor of delight, what he little suspects,—in reality the greatest niggard in enjoyment, the greatest self-denier in the world.

Secondly, ambition. Voluptuousness has its intervals ; when sense is satisfied, it pauses for the revival of its flame ; like eruptions, it rages and rests by turns : but ambition, like a conflagration, burns on incessant ; the more it has, the more it craves ; the more it devours, the stronger is its fury. Success but sets it new tasks, and is as severe to the ambitious, as misfortune to other men. Every difficulty he cuts off, seven rise in its stead : so that the character of the most ambitious man that ever lived is a proper motto for all his sons, whose sport, like the leviathan's, makes a tempest, and is the ruin of all about them. *Nil actum reputans, dum quid superesset agendum.* That is, it is their maxim to know no rest. How differs, then, ambition from slavery ? As severe exercise from hard labour : the thing is the same, only here it is the necessity, and there it is choice ; that is, there it is wretchedness and folly too.

The ambitious thinks all happiness is derived from comparison, and that *highest* and *happiest* is the same thing : nor knows that to be high is not always to be happy ; but to be happy is always and truly to be high. If his notion is right, how have the wisest of all ages and all nations been mistaken ! Either they have persevered in an eternal and obstinate error in asserting content to be happiness, or he is not happy at all ; for ambition imports an absence, nay, a disdain, of content ; and indeed it has the glory, if it is a glory, of being far from it. Disappointment in small things gives the ambitious no small anxiety ; success in great, no great satisfaction, because there remain still greater things than these ; and while his heart burns at some mighty point in view, it robs him of the relish of those considerable enjoyments which nature indulges to the meanest of her children. [The spring has no beauty, the autumn has no taste ; much less has wisdom, or religion. He is not altogether incapable of repenting of religion, and thinking his prayers a loss of time. Too just, I fear, is

this observation, which makes a passage in Aristotle extremely remarkable, who, recounting the vices incident to the great men of his age, says: "Indevotion was not one of them; but that they were addicted to the worship of the gods, on account of the riches which they had received from them." But to return:] The violence of the ambitious man's desires sets him at a distance from himself; he is never at home to the present hour, but reaching and grasping at joys to come; all in possession is contemptible. To what amounts, then, his violent affection for those objects he pursues? To a strenuous endeavour, by making them his own, to render them contemptible as fast as he can; that is, he seeks at once to gain a blessing and to destroy it: nor in this only does the ambitious appear to thwart his own purposes, as will appear immediately.

But, first, let us observe, that he cannot be extremely happy in the very exercise of his dominion, that fullest gust of all his desires; when he stands surrounded with many circles of expecting, anxious beings; the whole nest gaping wide, while he can allay the cravings but of few. He has not morsels for them all. If he has any humanity, it must touch it to see himself besieged with eager visages, secret pains, repining hearts, disappointed hopes, that will strike deep into the peace of families, and carry distress beyond his knowledge, and perhaps beyond his conception of it. Or if these stings of his fellow-creatures touch him not, he is still more to be pitied.

"Seek not of the Lord pre-eminence, neither of the king in the seat of honour." But call in the waves of thy desire, climbing over one another for ever; bid thy proud heart be still, and say to it, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther:" and let it, at least, have the bounds of the ocean, as well as the tumult of it.

[Among ambition's temporal evils (for of those only I speak) must be numbered the terribleness of its fall, which the scripture sets in the strongest light.* It shows it in a

* This digression, which was excluded from the edition of 1762, and from all subsequently published, is found in the early octavo impressions. The topic was a favourite one with our author, whose first ideas, I think, will be found in the 37th Number of "The Plain Dealer," edited by his friend Aaron Hill. In the commencement of the letter he says, "The Wise Author of nature gave us *passions* for a noble end; and, to defend us from excess, our *understandings* were conferred, to regulate them; and, lest all should prove deficient, out of His overflowing goodness He enriched us with a revelation. The eternal truths

flame of eloquence : in its style of denunciation against it, it shakes heaven, earth, and hell ; and shall it not shake the heart of man ? Give me leave to set down at large one remarkable instance of this, collected from the scriptures.

[I shall place the woe of Babylon in this order : God's threatening, His word of command, the execution, the reflection, the consequence, the triumph.

The threatening, or alarm. [“ O earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord, who is clothed in a vesture dipped in blood, and out of His mouth goeth a sharp two-edged sword, and His countenance shineth as the sun in his strength. Put yourselves in array against Babylon, round about. O thou most proud ! behold, I am against thee. Thou hast hardened thy heart in pride. Thou hast provoked the eyes of my glory. Though thou shouldst mount up to heaven, and fortify the height of thy strength ; though thou shouldst exalt thyself as an eagle, and build thy nest among the stars, I will bring thee down. O how lofty are thy eyes ! O thou who dwellest on many waters ! abundant in treasure ! thy end is come. There shall be time no longer with thee. I have the keys of hell, and of death. Though thou art a fair cedar of Lebanon ; though the fowls of heaven make their nest in thy boughs, and under thy shadow dwell all great nations, and thy roots drink many rivers, and all the trees of the garden of God envy the multitude of thy branches, thou shalt be but a fading flower. I will tread the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. Wherefore gloriest thou thyself in thy valleys, thy flowing valleys, thou backsliding daughter ? Though thou fillest the face of the world with cities, though thou clothest thyself with crimson, and deckest thee with ornaments of gold, and thy face with painting ; in vain thou makest thyself fair, thy lovers shall seek thy life. The ambassadors of peace shall weep bitterly. Woe to the multitude that makes a noise, like the noise of the seas ; and to the rushing of nations, like the rushing of many waters. I will cause the arrogancy of the proud to cease, and lay low the haughtiness of the terrible. Though thou art as a young lion of the nations, and as a whale in the seas, they shall bring thee up in my net.

of the Christian religion cast a shade upon the finest and most exalted productions of human literature : which remark has been frequently brought as a defence of its Divine original, and is really a very strong argument.” See the author's note, p. 362.—EDIT.

They shall set thee a bed in the midst of the slain ; thy graves shall be round about thee ; because thy children are grown fat, as heifers at grass, and bellow as bulls. I will set my terrors in array against thee, the arrows of the Almighty shall be in thee, they shall drink up thy spirits. Though all people, nations, and languages tremble before thee, I will smite thy bow from thy left hand, and the arrows from thy right. Give wings to Babylon, that she may fly : in vain ! the lame shall take the prey. I will lay thy flesh upon the mountains, and fill the valleys with thy height. I will water with blood the land wherein thou swimst, the rivers shall be full of thee. The beasts of the field, and the feathered fowl, shall assemble to the sacrifice on the mountain : they shall eat the flesh and drink the blood of princes ; they shall be filled at my table with horses, and chariots, and mighty men of war. Though thou diggest into hell, my hand shall take thee thence ; though thou climbest up to heaven, thence will I bring thee down ; though thou hidest in the bottom of the sea, I will command my serpent to bite thee there. I will send up many hunters against thee, and they shall pursue thee from hill to hill, from mountain to mountain ; they shall roll thee down the rocks. Thou shalt not lift thyself up in thy brigandine, thy tackling shall be loosed ; thou shalt not strengthen the mast, nor spread the sail ; there is a cry in the ships, though thy ship-board is the fir-tree of Senir, and thy mast the cedar of Lebanon, thine oars the oak of Bashan, and though the Ashurites have made thy benches of ivory ; thy sail fine linen with brodered work from Egypt, blue and purple from the isles of Elishah ; Zidon and Arvad thy mariners, and thy pilots wise men. Wilt thou say before Him that slayeth thee, ' I am a god ? ' And when in the fire of my wrath I put thee out, I will cover the heavens, and make the stars dark : the moon shall be confounded, and the sun ashamed ; I will shake the firmament, and the earth shall be moved out of her place ; hell from beneath shall be moved for thee, to meet thy coming ; it shall stir up the dead, the chief ones of the earth ; and raise from their thrones all the kings of the nations. The whole creation shall groan ! Thy stars shall fall down round about thee, and be stamped on the earth.

The words of command. ["The Lord maketh His arm bare, He hath opened His armoury, and brought forth the weapons of His indignation ; His

glittering spear, and His shield, and His chariots, from between two mountains, two mountains of brass. The pestilence goeth before Him, and behind Him a flaming fire. He cometh up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan; in the glory of His majesty He ariseth to shake terribly the earth. The Lord mustereth the host to battle. Lift ye up a banner on the high mountain! Exalt the voice! Shake the hand! Harness the horses! Get up the horsemen! Stand forth with the helmet! Put on the brigandines! Prepare thee! Stand fast! Go up, O Elam! Besiege, O Media! Ye kingdoms of Ararat, Minni, and Ashchenaz! Ye are my battle-axe. Come up, ye horses, and rage, ye chariots; and let the mighty men come forth! Make bright the arrows, and gather the shields! Arise, ye princes, and anoint the buckler! Set up a standard on the walls! Make the watch strong! Prepare the ambush! Cast up a bank! Call the archers! Spare no arrows! Set the engines of war against her wall! With axes break down her towers! Burst her bars, her pillars of iron, and her walls of brass! A sword, a sword is sharpened! Ah! it is made bright! It is wrapped up for the slaughter! Their horses' hoofs are like flint, and their wheels like a whirlwind. Their arrows are sharp, their bows bent; the quiver rattles against thee. The valleys are full of chariots, the horsemen set themselves in array at the entering of the gates. The snorting of the horses is heard from Media; the whole land trembles at the neighing of the strong. Nations lift up a shout against her, they set their thrones before her gates. They roar like a lion, like a young lion; they roar like the roaring of the sea. No man shall spare his brother. Cursed is he who keepeth back his sword from blood!

The execution. ["Lo! the shield of the mighty is made red, the valiant are in scarlet. The chariots are with flaming torches, the fir-trees are terribly shaken. They rage in the streets, they jostle one another in the broad ways, they run like lightnings,—the prancing horses, and jumping chariots! The horse is struck with astonishment, and the rider with madness. A day of wrath and distress, of desolation and darkness, of the trumpet and alarm! All hands are faint, and every heart melts. Their children are dashed to pieces before their eyes, their houses spoiled, their wives ravished, their women with child are ripped up. The blood of the souls of the innocents is upon

them. Watchman! what of the night? Watchman! what of the night? Inquire! Return! Come! One post runs to meet another, and one messenger to meet another, to tell the king of Babylon that his city is taken at one end, that the passages are stopped, the reeds burnt with fire, the men of war affrighted. They scale the wall, they climb the houses, death comes in at his windows, like a thief. The gates of the rivers are opened, the palace is dissolved. Pangs take hold on them, as on a woman in travail. They are amazed, their faces are as flames. They are fed with their own flesh, and drunken with their own blood, as with sweet wine. Howl, O gate! Cry, O city! Bel boweth down! Nebo stoopeth! Merodach is confounded! They stoop, they bow down together. Thou saidst, I shall sit a lady for ever, I shall not be a widow. Lo! thy sons have fainted, they lie at the heads of all the streets, like a wild bull in a net: they are full of the fury of the Lord. The sword devours, it is satiate, it is drunk with blood. At the stamping of the hoofs of the strong horses, at the rushing of the chariots, and the rumbling of the wheels, the fathers look not back for their children. The mighty stumbleth against the mighty, and both fall together. They roar as lions, and yell as lion's whelps. Her broad walls are utterly broken, her high gates are burned with fire: in fire her people labour; and labour in vain! Her mighty men are taken, their bows are broken; I have made her princes, her wise, and her mighty, drunk with the cup of trembling. They sleep a perpetual sleep. O thou sword of the Lord! how long will it be before thou art quiet? Put up thyself in the scabbard; rest, and be still!

The reflection. ["My sword is filled with blood; it is fat; it is bathed in heaven. With the sole of my feet have I dried up all the waters of besieged places. How the hammer of the whole earth is broken! Babylon is fallen! is fallen! She that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces! The glory of dominion! The beauty of the Chaldees' excellency! The golden city, that went out by thousands! The crown of pride! Alas! alas! that mighty city, that was clothed with fine linen, purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold, precious stones, and pearls! She who was called the lady of kingdoms! That crowning city, whose merchants were princes, and her traffickers the honourable of the earth. That was as a golden cup in the hand of the Lord, with which He made drunk

the princes of the earth, and the nations mad. Thy pomp, and the sound of thy viol, is brought down to the grave; the worms are spread over thee. Thou art become an astonishment, and all that pass by hiss at thee. Thy pile is deep and large, of fire and much wood, and the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, hath kindled it: the breath of the Lord, whose fire is in Zion, and His furnace in Jerusalem. Thy Tophet shall not be quenched, night nor day; the smoke of it shall go up for ever, and for ever. Wild beasts of the islands shall cry in thy desolate houses, and doleful creatures in thy pleasant palaces; satyrs shall dance there, they shall cry to their fellows. It shall be an habitation of dragons, and the court of owls. A wolf of the evening shall spoil thee, and a leopard shall watch over thy city.

[“Thy king spake, and said: Is not this great Babylon which I have built, for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty? I will ascend into heaven; I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will be like the Most High. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! Is this he that weakened the nations, destroyed cities, held princes prisoners, shook kingdoms, made the earth tremble, and the world a wilderness?

The consequence. [“Thou art cast out of thy very grave. Thy bones shall be spread before the sun, and the moon, the queen of heaven, which thou lovedst, and before all the host of heaven, which thou worshippedst. Thy name, remnant, son, and nephew, are cut off. Thy voice shall come out of the ground, like the voice of one that has a familiar spirit, and shall whisper out of the dust. Thy sons are gone down to hell with their weapons of war, they have laid their swords under their heads; but their iniquity shall be upon their bones, though they were the terror of the mighty in the land of the living.

The triumph. [“A mighty angel took a stone, like a great mill-stone, and threw it into the sea, saying. Thus shall the great Babylon be thrown down with violence, and shall be found no more for ever. O ye heavens, be astonished at this! Sing, O ye heavens! for the Lord hath done it: let the morning stars sing together, and all the sons of God shout for joy. Allelujah! Allelujah! In a voice, as of a great multitude, as of many

waters, as of mighty thunderings, Allelujah! Amen, Allelujah! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" *

[Let no man imagine, as some seem to do, that the excellency of his understanding hinders him from believing a revelation, if he finds not something beyond all human composition in this. What fire, what rapidity, what elevation, what enthusiasm, what picture, what propriety, what opulence, what fancy, what energy, what *non imitabile fulmen*,† is here! How arousing, how Divine, but how terrifying too, is this! And [may] its sacred Inspirer forbid that the ambitious should read it for their pleasure only! The fall of ambition is not only possible, but probable; nay, the wisest of men says, "He that exalteth his gate seeketh his fall." And an author of great name, when he is prescribing rules for the ambitious, says, that the best rule that can be given them is, to prepare for a change of fortune. Nebuchadnezzar, Julius, Sejanus, Wolsey, are only leading instances of fallen stars; countless multitudes have been involved in the like calamity, from the same cause, and fill up the terror of these notorious warnings to the pride of man.

[On what did Nebuchadnezzar, on what does any of his successors in ambition, set their hearts? On little things. Let any one remove his eye from the most magnificent parade, or triumph, to the expanse of heaven; and instantly, what was great is little, what was public is private. The trumpet, the plume, all that can enter at sense on the face of the earth, seems annihilated; and to dwell on it seems creeping into a by-path, a digression from the grandeur of our nature, and the true majesty of life. Let not this be thought extravagant: it is strictly just. And perhaps the best reason why a great part of the creation, which seems of little or no influence to our well-being, is

* [Though a shorter quotation would have satisfied my present purpose, yet, since I designed this likewise as a specimen of a work that endeavours to show, in a manner yet unattempted, the genius and eloquence of the Psalms, Prophets, and Job superior to that of all other authors, I hope the length will be excused. Prejudice on one hand, and implicit admiration and ecstasy on the other, have left room and occasion of farther adjusting the degree of estimation due to these compositions, as compositions; some parts of which have reached such a height of perfection, that human nature has not ideas to carry her to a conception of any thing beyond it. Two instances of this truth, among many, are, I think, the six last chapters of Job, and Psalm civ.

† [VIRGIL.]

notwithstanding within the compass of our observation, is, that it should lift the thought, expand the soul, disparage the littleness of things below, and inflame us with reflections of a similar nature to this.

[But to come close to the point.]

What does the ambitious man aim at? At dominion, principality, and power; at governing nations, and making his name great in the earth. "And who but the pusillanimous and base shall censure him for this? Whatever his errors are, does he not show, at least, a grandeur of deportment, and a magnanimity of heart?" Neither, but altogether the reverse.

For, first, as to magnanimity. There is a meanness of spirit in passionately desiring those things the contempt of which requires a greater effort of mind, that is, a greater magnanimity, and bestows a fuller happiness, than the possession of them. Magnanimity is a resolution able to comply with the dictates of reason when most difficult: if, therefore, ambition is unreasonable, as I have shown, it must be pusillanimous; I will not, therefore, call the ambitious an unhappy or a guilty, as I might, but, what will touch him nearer, I will call him a little, man; and if that does touch him nearer, it will be a new argument to prove that I call him so with the greatest truth.

As to the second, the grandeur of his deportment; that is, his distance from subjection and servility. What, then, if it should appear that no man is so much a slave? Dominion over others is indeed his aim; but by that very aim he most effectually subjects himself to them. Every one that can retard or promote his purposes, has an awe over him; is the object of his anxious application and servile fear; disciplines his deportment and pains his mind. Not to expect, is the only means to be free; and he is all expectation, that is, all slavery, *while* dominion, nay, *because* dominion, is his only aim. And thus it fares with all irregular pursuits of happiness: they contradict the purpose of God, and therefore must counteract themselves; for God will not be controlled. He has assigned other means of happiness; and, to convince us of it most strongly, they that make not use of His means, but their own, to that end, shall not only fail of it, but their endeavours shall be their hinderance; shall work them backwards, and set them at a greater distance from it. Thus the voluptuary just mentioned, while he too warmly pursues the objects,

most effectually blunts the powers, of appetite. The covetous, while he inordinately desires to become rich, though he succeeds in all his attempts, he fails of his end; nay, fails of it by that success: God, to chastise, and, as it were, to insult him too, gives him the thing, but withholds the enjoyment; nay, commands abundance, to make him poor. Thus, and thus only, can that miraculous conduct of the covetous be accounted for, of whom,

Thirdly, I am about to speak. The covetous strongly exposes human nature, by showing us an instance in one person how much she *desires*, and how little she *wants*. For who subsists on so little? Who grasps at so much? He mistakes the means for the end; money for enjoyment; nay, the means in his hands make against his end, and the power of enjoying is an inducement to self-denial. The gold that comes into his possession but changes its mine, and is farther from the light than ever. His impiety and his folly are equally gross. As to the first, he is often, in scripture, called "an idolater," because he worships his wealth: as to the second, that his idol, like other idols of old, requires severer service of him than the true God; more rigid austerities than religion enjoins. His toils, his self-denials, his fervent devotion to gain, is greater than that which might carry him to heaven. Covetousness is nothing but the painful art of making industry sinful, wealth indigent, [influence dishonourable,] life sordid, death terrible, and heirs ungrateful, without any manner of guilt.

But, to set it in the clearest and shortest light; what is wealth? A security put into our hands, that the enjoyments of this world shall be delivered to us whenever we please, on that title. Now, if that title rather denies than gives us those enjoyments, it loses its nature: it is no longer a title indulged to our necessities, but it is a warrant served on our folly, to deliver us over to wretchedness, to shame, and to want. So that the richest miser has no wealth.

Nothing is so strange as man's inextinguishable thirst for more; nay, he pants after that which he has. For I affirm, that infinite numbers have sufficient means of happiness already in their hands; and sufficient means is what they are reaching after; for who needs more? But men know not what they possess. How few have made an inventory of their own blessings! how few know what they do not want! Hence, "Know thyself," was said to come

from heaven ; for without it no man can be content. Our pains are from our desires, not from our wants. For which most material truth I shall mention two arguments.

First, if we examine, we shall often find that, after burning with some vehement desire, we are quieted by despair, as much, and perhaps more happily, than we should have been by success.

Second, let some great pain seize us in our most rapid pursuit after what we imagine essential to our peace, and the ceasing of that superior pain will give us a momentary conviction, that we were really then happy, when we thought ourselves miserable. But folly soon reclaims us as her own.

If we could lay aside but two things, first, our own imagination, which makes us think things necessary which are not ; secondly, our deference for the opinion of the world, which makes us incapable of being happy, unless we are thought so ; the majority of mankind would be much happier than they at present imagine ; they would grow rich extempore, and be more indebted to the removal of an error in judgment, than to any possible success they could have in their pursuits of wealth. Our error in the present case, as in most others, proceeds from partial views, from not taking in the whole. We look only on those above us, which strains our hearts in pursuit, and puts all our faculties painfully on the stretch : whereas, if we looked on those below us too, it would abate our ferment, remit our painful intention, and inspire quite new sentiments of our own state. Now, on our sentiments, which few observe, our happiness depends. It lies in thoughts, and not in things. Things are opaque bodies, which have no light of their own, and are only capable of reflecting to advantage the gaiety beaming on them from our own hearts. Hence, the very unhappy fly public and pompous scenes of life : because, while gay to others, they are dark to them, and, therefore, more provokingly so than retreat. It is not the man's business, who desires happiness, to increase his riches ; but to give his understanding so just a judgment of things, and his affections so rational a temper, as to know that he could not be more happy, though he were more rich. Nay, some have parted with their riches for the sake of happiness. But, in this, the faith of annals, in the miser's opinion, will *labour* very much.

The foundation of error in this point is, all our pains and

pleasures are from sense or imagination, and not from reason. Now, content is an art ; "I have learned to be content," says the apostle. Neither nature, nor chance, nor circumstances, can give it. The whole body of Pagan and Christian ethics are the rules of this art. Now, the miser professes an art directly the reverse of it. He is wise (which is another word for "happy" in this case) who can say, "I have not much ; but no man has more ; for I have all I want." Socrates said, with wit, but with judgment too, "He that needs least, is most like the gods, who need nothing."

Fourthly, I am to speak of the vain. This is the most distinguished son of Folly, and has the most airy happiness of them all. His brothers before-mentioned, though themselves to be laughed at, laugh at him. He seeks his felicity entirely in the opinions of others, and but rarely finds it there : for the world, by his very name, has pronounced against him ; from the emptiness of his pursuit, and the thinness of his enjoyment, is he called "vain." *The former* wish at least for something substantial, but *his* very wish is a reproach.

As the too modest is pained by being in the public eye, *he* is pained by being out of it. What a vast expense is he at to buy spectators ! for to what other end is his splendid person and equipage, his large parks, palaces, rivers, and cascades ? How expensive, and how useless ! Sense is too narrow, it wants compass to take them in ; less things would gratify that more. The understanding condemns them ; childish imagination only approves, and that, too, but for a moment. What are these pageantries but larger toys with which it plays a while, and then grows weary of them ? What are they but huge monuments of mistake, subjects for popular talk, and an immense tax paid for *rumour* ? for sure it cannot be called *fame* !

How he gazes on, and touches, and retouches, and, as it were, solicits his shining ornaments to give him some extraordinary sensation, somewhat adequate to the desire he indulged for, or the expectation he entertained from, them ; but in vain. They were much more powerful in idea, than they are in fact. It is falling in love with our own mistaken ideas that makes fools and beggars of half mankind.

The vain is a beggar of admiration. Begging is an unrespectable profession : but as we are dependent beings,

we must all be beggars in some degree. The scandal, therefore, of this practice depends on two things,—the character of the person from whom, and the value of the things which, we beg. Now, the vain begs from all, even the most ignoble; and he begs nothing; I mean, what turns to no account. He is more noble that asks bread than he who asks a bow, or the glance of an eye; for that is more worth.

In what does this man lay out the faculties of an immortal soul? that time, on which depends eternity? that estate, which, well disposed of, might, in some measure, purchase heaven? What is his serious labour, subtle machination, ardent desire, and reigning ambition?—To be seen. This ridiculous, but true answer, renders all grave censure almost superfluous. If the world was filled with such as these, all arts, and engines of discipline and of death, for chastisement of offence, might seem needless; let the law they violate, or the power they offend, but condemn them to retreat.

But, to come close to the point. What is it the vain would have? He would be admired; he begs an alms of admiration from every passer-by, and his happiness starves without it. Now, what does this desire imply? It implies that he cannot be happy without their leave. Thus is he by choice the most precarious creature on earth. The most precarious creature is the most wretched, and, therefore, the most precarious by choice is the most foolish too: if any will deny that the most precarious being is most wretched, let them consider that the reverse, the least precarious being is the most happy, for that is God: and the farther we are removed from independency and self-sufficiency, the farther are we removed from that standard of wisdom and happiness.

I shall dismiss the vain with one observation more. We ought particularly to guard against this folly, for a reason very particular too. Other vices are promoted by vices; but this is often nourished by virtue itself.

Thus have I, I think, proved, that the voluptuous is the greatest self-denier; that the ambitious is the greatest slave; that the covetous has no wealth; and that the vain, whose idol is admiration, is the greatest object of contempt.

The considerations which have been alleged to the discredit of human happiness, have been hitherto drawn from general topics; one remains, that is too peculiar. We have

lately lost our king. That sad occasion first suggested this subject to me, which now it supports with an unwelcome argument; for when our sovereign fell, nature herself emphatically proclaimed, "that all below is vain." Too powerful a supplement to this discourse!

Who, then, art thou, who settest thine affections on things below? Art thou greater than the deceased? Dost thou value thyself on thy birth? The most highly-descended is no more. Dost thou value thyself on thy riches? The king of Britain is no more. Dost thou value thyself on thy power? The master of the seas, the arbiter of Europe, is no more. Dost thou glory in thy constancy, humanity, affection to thy friend, or encouragement of arts?—But I forbear. It is ambition to be grateful, when princes bestow.

How lately were the eyes of all Europe thrown on this great man! For *man* let me call him now, nor contradict the declaration which his mortality has made. They that find him now, must seek for him; and seek for him in the dust. What on earth but must tell us *this world is vain*, if thrones declare it? if kings, if British kings, are demonstrations of it? [O majesty! thy serene evening indeed is closed; but then thou shinest on us in thy meridian glory.]

I shall offer one observation on the death of princes, which is full to my present purpose. A throne is the shining period, the golden termination of the worldly man's prospect; his passions affect, his understanding conceives, nothing beyond it, or the favours it can bestow. The sun, the expanse of heaven, or what lies higher, have no lustre in his sight, no room in his pre-engaged imagination; it is all a superfluous waste. When, therefore, his monarch dies, he is left in darkness, his sun is set; it is the night of ambition with him, which naturally damps him into reflection, and fills that reflection with awful thoughts.

With reverence, then, be it spoken, what can God, in His ordinary means, do more to turn his affections into their right channel, and send them forward to their proper end? Providence, by his king's decease, takes away the very ground on which his delusion rose; it sinks before him; his error is supplanted, nor has his folly whereon to stand; but must return, like the dove in the Deluge, to his own bosom again.

By this is he convinced, that his ultimate point of view is not only vain in its nature, but vain in fact; it not only may, but has actually failed. What, then, is he under a

necessity of doing, this boundary of his sight removed? Either he must look forward, (and what is beyond it but God?) or he must close his eyes in wilful darkness, and still repose his trust in things which he has experienced to be vain. Such accidents, therefore, however fatal to his secular, are the mercy of God as to his eternal, interest; and say with my text, "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth."

Let us now, from the throne, look back, as from an eminence, on the former part of our journey. We have passed the several orders, ages, aims, relations, constitutions, tempers, passions, with the four great impulses of mankind, and have found but one report through these several stages of our course: the various witnesses concur, and bring in a full verdict against the happiness of human life. They declare that all mankind is united by misery, in some degree, as by, what is less melancholy, the grave to which it leads.

And can this world enchant us still? and can we be born for this? Is this a scene for reason, that emanation of Divinity, to doat on? Is this the fortune, this the dower, to which we should wed an immortal soul? Where, then, is the difference between reason and absurdity? between immortality and the beasts that perish? Be this their heaven, as properly it is, but not their Lord's, but not man's.

I shall close this discourse with a picture of life in miniature, that your memories may carry it the better: a picture, more melancholy than that of this globe ere well clear of the chaos, or labouring afterwards under all the wrongs and disgraces that an universal deluge could inflict.

Behold a world! where, the inhabitants are not differenced by happiness and misery, but only by the different degrees and various colours of misery universal: where, the memory is clouded with black ideas of the past; the imagination overlooks the present; and the understanding, through mercy, is blinded to the future: where, every passion may be called *legion*; for its evils are many. Where, men almost universally lay aside intellectual pleasures; are most ardent desirers of happiness, and yet subsist it on the most impotent half of their natures. Where, anxiety of thought damps sensual pleasure, and sensual pleasure increases anxiety of thought, and impairs our strength to

Thoughts with regard to the mind.

support it too. Where, the soul and body are in perpetual hostilities, aggrieving each other, and external accidents seem superfluous to our misery. Thus the poor man, like devoted Jerusalem, besieged without and divided within, is a complication of infelicity.

To externals. Where, success must be procured by our infinite care, and ruin follows on the contrary; so that all the sad choice indulged to mankind is, of infinite care or destruction. Besides, the more we have of credit, wealth, or power, the more we may lose; nor is any man entirely free from the apprehensions of it; so that our possessions imply, and provide for, our misery. Where, an independent pleasure is very severe; a dependent, very frail. Where, pleasure often exacts such hardships from her votary, that austerity cannot improve upon them. Where, nothing pleases but in prospect; and to please in prospect only, is not to disappoint alone, but to deride us too. Where, what exalts the spirits shortens life by that expense; and what depresses, makes the shortest life too long. Where, days are long, yet life is short. Where, we stand as in a battle, thousands daily falling round us, and yet we forget our own mortality; nay, are hardened into an insensibility of it by these very proofs of its approach, and start, like David, when we hear, "Thou art the man." Where, experience, which is truly the greatest blessing of life, is the severest discipline of it too; and diversion, which is supposed a blessing, only signifies, that to ourselves we are insupportable. Where, sorrow is as the stem or root of life; joy, but as its flower, expected at remote seasons only, then often blighted, or, if it blooms, in blooming dies. Where, all is vexatious, or mixed, or fugitive. Where, pains assault us, delusions surround us, and terrors hang over us. Where, we are restless in pursuit, dissatisfied in fruition, and persecuted with remorse. Where, we are ever pursuing, and ever condemning, the same things; ever accusing hope of its broken faith, and ever trusting on; ever gasping after sensual enjoyments, and ever impairing our appetite for them. Where, objects, as well as appetites, decay; or if they last, last not to us, through the fickleness of our choice. Where, we are yearly burying some favourite amusement or pleasure; and they that succeed are less exquisite, and full as mortal. Where, we spend most of our days in climbing the hill of our fortune, which suspends, by labour, any serious thought; and when

we have climbed it, and are about to change toil for enjoyment, we start to see our grave so near us on the other side. Where, life with most men is to come, till it is past.

To the professions and nature of things. Where, the grave employments of mankind are but strenuous follies ; nor differed from those of children, but by their magnitude and their guilt. Where, the several occupations of life are but fortifications against want, and often frail ones too. Where, among professions are the lawyer and the soldier, professors of quarrel and death ; fortune and life their prey. Where, the infirmities of our bodies demand and support one profession ; the infirmities of our mind another ; and the misadventures of our fortune constitute an ample portion in the whole world of literature. Where, the very elements wage war against us, and have their inundation, shipwreck, earthquake, famine, pestilence, volcanoes, and conflagration. Where, we cannot make way from our doors, but through the cries of indigence or disease. Where, hospitals and bedlams are public necessaries. Where, the very appellations of a large part of mankind cannot be heard without compassion,—*widows* and *orphans* ! Where, tears are a distinction of the whole species from other creatures. Where, youth often languishes like a tempest-beaten flower, and age shows its injuries like a blasted oak.

To history. Where, history, for the most part, is nothing but a large field of misfortune ; and to dip into almost any page of it, is to dip into blood ; into blood, persecutions, inquisitions, treasons, assassinations, sieges, servitudes : or, if sometimes a triumph breaks through this general cloud, as lightning through night, it vanishes almost as soon ; and while it lasts, it is a proof and memorial of misery ; for what is a triumph, but the gay daughter of destruction and death ? Where, hard-heartedness and lust, drinking the tears of believing innocence ; and self-design and treachery, turning every virtue of others to its own interest and the good man's ruin, (which abounds in every record,) makes peace more cruel than war. Where, happiness is such a stranger, that for many ages it was learning to seek the true notion of it ; and it was but sought ; it was not found, but revealed at last. Where, the pomps and prancings of the mighty are but the trappings of woe. Where, the most shining and envied characters have few of them died a natural death ;

but furnish themes of tragedy for succeeding generations. Strange, that the same persons should be the objects of our envy and pity too! Strange, too, that we should have sighs sufficient for more miseries than our own! Where, the most happy would not repeat their course; and he was justly censured who wept over his army as mortal, because not one of that numerous host but might probably wish, before he found, his end. Where, among the many arguments for a future state, the misery of this has been most strongly and universally insisted on in all ages; which demonstrates an acute sense, and too ample a conviction, of it. Where, crowns have been often abdicated; how often in our own annals is the palace changed for the cloister! Where, self-murder, at certain periods, has been a fashion; nay, very extraordinary methods have been taken to restrain even the tender sex from this horror. Where, half the travels that have been undertook, half the designs that have been enterprized, half the volumes that have been written, have been refugees from uneasiness of heart; and the last are not more the immortal monuments of human wit, than of human infelicity. Where, happiness is an art, and content is an art; what libraries have been written to teach it! Whatever success they have in teaching that, they certainly teach us this,—that unhappiness and discontent are natural.

To friendship. Where, a smile is often an ambush, as it was on the face of Domitian, on which it seldom shone, but when rancour gathered at his heart. Where, enmity is sincere, friendship often a name; and it is ruin to trust those whom not to trust is almost a crime, as a relation, a friend, a brother! Where, many fall from credit, fortune, life, with Cæsar's exclamation, "And this from thee!" Where, provoking our foes has not ruined half so many, as confiding in those of a contrary character. He needs no foe who is entirely at the mercy of his friends. Where, more hearts pine away in secret anguish for unkindness from those who should be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life. Where, bills of mortality would scarce be mournful, if bills of private calamity were in use. Who has not seen, who has not foreseen, nay, who almost has not felt, a bleeding heart? Where, evil arts usurp the name and port of wisdom, though scarce worthy to be called cunning. Now, cunning is but the top of a fool's character, and wisdom itself is but the bottom or

inferior part of the character of an honest man. *Nulla bona, nisi honesta.*

To family affliction. Where, the honest confiding heart takes a virgin flower into his bosom, and often finds a sting under it. Where, the fond

mother to-day looks with transport on the reward of her long labour and painful travail, which changes perhaps tomorrow the cradle for the grave. Where, the feeble father follows a favourite, an only daughter, the delight of his eye, the rest of his age, to her long home, which he, perhaps, has wished for himself in vain ; and sheds those tears on her ashes, which should express his joy for the happy disposal of her in life : or perhaps the case is still worse, he sees her youth, and beauty, and innocence, fallen into arms, to him more dreadful than those of death. Where, the son of some great house, its hope, joy, and support, the sole heir of riches, titles, and golden schemes, falls immaturely, grasped by death, as the pillars were by Samson ; and the whole structure is sorely shaken, if it does not follow on his fall. Where, many a numerous family lives in innocence, peace, plenty, reputation, under the wing of an indulgent, prudent, and industrious father ; the father dies, they are scattered like a sheaf of corn when the band is broke, and become the prey of guilt, want, anxiety, and shame. Where, the comforts of life have their pangs ; their jars, jealousies, interruptions, decays, extinction. Where, grudge, animosity, and revenge, wound deep ; but deeper (when they wound) relation, friendship, love ; for love has its barbarities, and frequently may be mistaken for hatred by its effects. There are sometimes malignant tempers in families ; such domestic maladies are like ulcers in the vitals ; extremities cannot cure them, they cannot be cut off.

Mixed thoughts. Where, the night is an idle dream, and the day little better. Where, every one is witness or patient of affliction : ever telling sad tales of others, till he becomes a tale himself ; the tale of a day, and then is utterly forgotten ! " He lived and died," is an epitaph for much the greatest part of mankind. Where, he that has reached his meridian is one of a thousand, his friends and relations lie dead around him ; half of his conversation is gathered from the tomb. What are the gay, young, beautiful, brave, learned, wise, good, in which he once perhaps was rich, what are they ? A tear ! a sigh !

Where, youth has the pain of getting, age of leaving, its riches ; affection being rarely strong enough in us to make the parting with them agreeable. Where, fears and pangs only give a relish of the contrary ; and our pleasure generally as it rises from, so it ends in, them too. Where, the pain of impatience turns us over to the pain of satiety, scarce divided by the moment of delight. Where, pain is oftener sunk by new pain, than healed by supervening pleasure. Where, real evils are frequent, imaginary perpetual : and the happiest thanks some other's wretchedness, for putting him in mind that he is not the most wretched himself. Where, "I was happy," a few may possibly say ; "I shall be happy," most say ; "I am happy," none : now, if none are happy on the present, it is a demonstration that happiness is absent from us all. The present is all that our parent nature, properly, gives us ; and that, like peevish children, we will not taste : thus, between the law of our condition and the perverseness of our temper, we have nothing at all ; we are very poor, subsisting, or rather starving, our thin happiness on dreams and shadows of good to come : perhaps, never to come ; certainly, never to come proportionate to our conceptions of them. Where, man snatches such quick and terrible resentment from the smallest occasion, that it resembles the discharge of ordnance at the touch of a reed. Where, to have any chance for happiness, a man must possess the world, or despise it : now the contempt of it, in him that possesses it not, is a cheat, he does not heartily condemn it ; he mistakes his ill-will for contempt ; and, what is as unfortunate, he that possesses it, does condemn it ; but not from wisdom but weakness, which has not the skill to relish its enjoyments as they deserve. Where, proud honour stands in the place of meek religion ; honour that disdains compulsion, and that, consequently, must stand or fall with inclination and humour : he, therefore, that relies on honour, relies on humour ; and he that relies on humour is a fool, and must be a wretch in the end. Where, the two points the world's wise man aims at are, first, to get the better of natural instinct, so as not to be betrayed by it into any humanities, in which he does not find his own immediate account : secondly, to surmount the prejudices and timorousness of education, to throw the virtues and vices into one heap, "like a man ;" thence to be drawn out, indifferently, as interest directs ; interest, which is his god ; and

his bible, the custom of the world. Where, many men suppose you a knave, or conclude you a fool, and call you so by their professions of disinterested friendship; by which they only mean to steal your affections, and the good effects of them. Where, compassion, with some, passes for weakness, and you must suppress your sighs, as in the theatre, not to be laughed at; he is looked on as an idiot, who is not above being a man. Where, men seek not the means of serving, but an excuse for not serving, others; and words change their nature, and do not reveal, but cover, the mind; the passions themselves, those betrayers of truth, are taught to act a part; the very eye can lie, and that natural window of the soul has a screen before it, that you may not see through; he only who discovers his own interest, gives you a key to his heart: in a word, where, the honest man, who alone is worthy of good, if he judges of men by himself, is undone. This may be called satire; but, by the same rule, the scripture is so too. Where, to dissemble injuries is the greatest shock to nature, and shame to honour, yet, at the same time, the greatest art of life. Where, he that has not learned the world must go out of it, or be a jest and an unfortunate in it; he that has learned it, has learned it with discipline, and by that time he is well master of the game, his candle is put out. It is hard to learn the world, but harder to unlearn it; and not to unlearn it will, one day, prove more fatal. Where, we will not believe yesterday, but hope favourably of tomorrow; as if then there would be a new sun, a new nature, a new self: they pray for that, who almost curse its fellow. Where, sorrow is fruitless, and laughter is mad. Where, at the several tides of good fortune, the head tells the heart, "Well, now we are happy;" which the heart scarce believes, or believes it implicitly: whenever we say to ourselves, "Let us sit down and enjoy life," we discover the cheat, like one deluded by perspective, by bringing it to the touch. [Nothing will do: business, considering accident and passion, is a toil certainly; idleness is worse; and books are a weak resource: a man should no more read, than eat, without an appetite; if he does, the book will be near as much amused and edified by the man, as he by the book.] Where multitudes (strange and ridiculous! but for the horror of it) complain they have nothing to do, when every step is a step toward a grave, every minute an approach to an eternity: besides, if men well knew the

business of this world, and would acquit themselves like masters in it, want of time would be their great complaint. Nay, he that lays down but this one simple rule,—that he will be in the right wherever he is, or whatever he is about,—will never have one idle moment, though he has not the important cares of nations, or even of families, on his hands.

Where, the past is a very dream, and the future a sore travail. Where, the tender mother sheds tears over her helpless infant, and the careful father pours groans over them both ; groans conscious of the present, and presaging of the future. Where, sometimes nations groan, as one man, under a general calamity ; nor is the whole earth at all privileged from the severe condition of any one nation of it. Where, nature is perpetually pouring her children in vast tides out of time into eternity ; and the survivors take the evil and refuse the good : they are but the more melancholy, not the wiser, for it. Where, we are born with pain, and die with amazement. Where, life is the slave of misery ; and yet, most strange and deplorable, the king of terrors is death !

Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

Almost the whole Book of Ecclesiastes might be transcribed as a scriptural support of what is here said ; and its author, it is well known, received wisdom as an immediate gift from God, in superiority to all the rest of mankind.

I shall conclude by saying what is most true, that human life is like a dishonest creditor : it puts off our youth and manhood with lies from day to day ; then owns the cheat, and gives our age an absolute denial.

If this account is just, as I think it is, what is human happiness? A word, a notion, a day-dream, a wish, a sigh, a theme to be talked of ! a mark to be shot at, but never hit ! a picture in the head, and a pang in the heart of man ! Wisdom recommends it gravely, learning talks of it pompously, our understanding listens to it eagerly, our affection pursues it warmly, and our experience despairs of it irretrievably. Imagination persuades some that they have found it, but it is while their reason is asleep ; pride prevails with others to boast of it ; but it is only a boast, by which they may deceive their neighbours, but not themselves ; felicity of constitution, and suavity

of manners, make the nearest approach to it, but it is only an approach; fortune, the nature of things, the infirmities of the body, the passions of the mind, the dependence on others, the prevalence of vice, the very condition of (uncorrected) humanity forbids an embrace. Wine, beauty, music, pomp, study, diversion, business, wisdom, all that sea or land, nature or art, labour or rest, can bestow, are but poor expedients to heave off the insupportable load of an hour from the heart of man; the load of an hour from the heir of an eternity! If the young, or unexperienced, or vain, or profligate only, were subject to this weakness, it were something; but when the learned, and wise, and grave, and grey—it shocks! it mortifies! and, with shame and pity, my mind turns from its purpose, and goes backward with reverence to throw a veil over the nakedness of my father. In a word, the true notion of human happiness explained, is itself one of the strongest proofs of our misery. For how can we speak more adequately of it, than by saying, It is that of which our despair is as necessary as our passion for it is vehement and inextinguishable. Now, ardently to thirst, and unavoidably to despond, with regard to the same thing, and that thing of consequence supreme, is the consummation of infelicity. I know but one solid pleasure in life, and that is our duty. How miserable then, how unwise, how unpardonable are they, who make that one a pain!

The purpose of this discourse, as expressed in the beginning of it, was to put this world in the balance, and examine the value of things on the earth. Now, such as is represented, not aggravated, through the whole preceding discourse, is the general state of mankind; but it is a state of their own choice; and it may be, though not wholly reversed, abundantly relieved, exceedingly brightened from the clouds, the thick darkness that hangs upon it; as I shall endeavour to make manifest in the following discourse, and thus vindicate Providence from prevailing imputations, and, by laying the two counter parts together, infer a true estimate of human life.*

* The deistical author of the "New Estimate of Human Life" closes his treatise with a laboured encomium on Lord Bolingbroke; between whom and Cardinal Wolsey he institutes a comparison, greatly to the disparagement of the latter. At the close of it he says, "Wolsey had been suspicious, timid, and restless in power; Bolingbroke open, easy,

and unsuspecting. In the loss of it, the first sunk into less than man; the latter grew up into something more," &c.

But the paragraph in which he sums up his argumentation, is good, and deserving of transcription:—

“What has been thus evinced, in the higher scenes of life, has been before considered and established with regard to the more familiar. In every period, and under every circumstance, the account has been fairly stated; and where falls the balance? The question was, whether the melancholy Christian did well in joining with an unenlightened Heathen to say that life was a pain, and that it were an advantage not to enjoy it? Or whether it be a gift worthy the hand from which it comes, worthy the donation of Him who is the giver of all good things, and worthy of our gratitude? Thou who art disinterested, speak: certainly to live, to be, to exist, were that all, is a boon, a benefit, a pre-eminence over non-existence. But take into the account the pleasures which He who gave us life has also thrown into our way, and which we cannot miss of attaining otherwise than by our follies and our faults, which deserve the absence of this reward in the place of punishment; and, far from being out of humour with human nature, or wishing that we had not been born, we shall join in that universal tribute of thanks, which every thing that hath life pays to Him who gave it: we shall join our part to the universal song, merely as existent beings. But when we consider what rank we hold in the vast series, when we find ourselves superior to all beings that we see about us, and superior by such advantages as do not admit comparison, we shall know that our share of adoration ought to be proportionable. When we feel in ourselves a superior and distinct principle of life, which, as it is above the fabric of this more material body, must be capable of existence without it; when we look upon the rest of the works of the Creator, and see them all as happy as their several natures will permit, we shall know that this sublime and pure something, which reasons, understands, and thinks within us, as it can exist without the body, will exist without it; and, as not being subject to the decays of matter, it may be immortal, we shall, on the same principle, be convinced that it will be immortal.”—
EDIT.

AN

APOLOGY FOR PRINCES :

OR,

THE REVERENCE DUE TO GOVERNMENT.

A SERMON

PREACHED AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER,

BEFORE

THE HONOURABLE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

JANUARY 30TH, 1728-29.

Veneris 31^o die Januarii, 1728.

Ordered,

THAT the thanks of this House be given to the Reverend Dr. Edward Young, for the sermon by him preached before this House yesterday, at St. Margaret's, Westminster; and that he be desired to print the same; and that Mr. Dodington, Mr. Carey, and Mr. Gibson, do acquaint him therewith.

E. STABLES,
Cl. Dom. Com.

TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE HON. HOUSE OF COMMONS.

GENTLEMEN,

AN apology for princes may depend on your loyalty for protection ; and the reverence for government is a reverence for you. But while I mention your dignity, I may seem to forget it, by presuming to speak to those to whose deliberations the princes of the continent listen with attention, and, we hope, at this juncture, with awe : with awe will they ever listen, while your country with love : you shall ever be great in the eyes of foreign nations, while dear to the hearts of your own ; so long shall you shine forth the pure fountain of law, the firm patrons of liberty, the faithful council of the crown, the bright example of loyalty, the dread of foreign powers, the rivals of ancient worth, and the pattern of that to come, or, in one plain expression, honest men.

Law is the restraint of appetite, and defends us from ourselves ; liberty is the restraint of power, and defends us from the tyranny of princes ; counsel is the restraint of error, and defends us from their mistakes ; loyalty is the restraint of disobedience, and defends us from mistaken liberty ; awe abroad is the restraint of ambition, and defends the rights of Great Britain, or the balance of Europe ; imitation of ancient worth is the restraint of self-love, and defends us from any private ends ; your standing forth the patterns of worth to come, is the restraint of time's dominion over you, and carries on your title to share in the glories which shall arise hereafter ; the character of honest men comprehends the whole. That gives great authority where there is not great ability ; and where there is, breathes something divine.

From integrity of heart, our national characteristic, rise honour and privilege, your established claim : for something those words must import, which men with a safe conscience can receive and enjoy ; honour, therefore, must imply desert ; privilege, an engagement in, and devotion to, the public good. Honour, then, is the bloom, and privilege the fence, of merit : a fence thrown round it by law, that it may flourish unmolested, and put forth the

more numerous benefits for the common weal. Thus, while shrubs are left naked, the sound-hearted oak is sheltered in its growth, that it may thrive uninjured, and answer our various demands on the peculiar usefulness of that truly British tree. Nor can that tree be thought an improper emblem of British senates, which has sheltered a prince in its branches,* which protects the people with its shade, and which commands the seas in commerce and in war.

The Roman senate was taken by the Gauls for an assembly of gods. You (and to your honour I speak it) are delegates from, and ministers for, the loom, the anvil, the anchor, and the plough. These, and all other trades, arts, and professions, lay their fortunes, lives, families, liberty, and religion in your hands: all they have received from God, they intrust to mortal men; and thus give them an opportunity of becoming immortal, by holding sacred the vast deposit, and proving worthy the consummate confidence reposed in them.

I speak with freedom; for, whatever may be said with decency to parents, who gave us being, or to friends, who promote our fortunes, is not improper to the trustees and guardians of both. Who dares to mean, what he dares not speak? And to whom shall we speak with liberty, if not to the great protectors and the great examples of it?

For, were it possible for any in a British senate to speak under awe, reserve, or restraint, from aught but decency and truth, he would give a specimen of that evil against which we fly to him for protection. He is no senator, who dares not speak what he thinks: he is no patriot, who dares not act what he speaks: he is no Briton, who dares not act and speak what is right, with a noble openness of heart, and intrepid firmness of hand, beyond that of other nations; or we have long been flattered by others and ourselves.

Long has the British senate been reputed the most powerful assembly in the world. And why? because the most free; for power and freedom are one. And because the most free, therefore, likewise, is the British senate the fairest stage for great abilities; on which a Tully might have found full scope for his eloquence, a Cæsar for his ambition, as long as ambition was a virtue in him. It is the seat of eloquence, because the seat of liberty, that parent of eloquence through all ages past, and which must

* Charles II.

be so through all to come. How prudent, then, how just, how grateful your defence of that liberty which is the single source of your power to defend it; the noblest subject to display that power; and, when displayed at full, its most important and adequate reward! Like the dominion of the seas, it secures all other blessings to you, and, to what is dearer, your country. But liberty, and dissolution of manners in a nation, cannot be long compatible: if a vicious people are not slaves, the course of nature is suspended in their favour; they are miraculously safe. A flame is in the bush, and the bush is not consumed. Legislators, therefore, cannot too carefully provide for virtue, though temporal advantages alone were in view. Without this care,—

Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile tempus.—VIRGILIUS.

When I look on you as legislators, and as the great council of prince and people, I cannot help considering you in a most awful light, in which, perhaps, you have never before been considered, not even by yourselves. For what is a council? the supreme of all characters on earth. What honour, what importance, what sanctity, belonging to it! As to its honour: all other trusts are only for parts, fame, life, or liberty; this is for the whole. What confidence, what esteem from others must it, then, imply! what fidelity, what affection in yourselves! As to its importance; counsel is the sacred fountain; all blessings, mortal and immortal, are but derivations from it: all other things, how glorious soever, are but secondary; commerce, good-manners, conquest, triumph, and peace, are its fair descendants only; the most prosperous people but asks, and receives the blessing; the most powerful prince but approves, and executes the will of counsel, that great parent of all.

As to its sanctity, we well remember who is emphatically styled the "Counsellor" in holy writ. Besides, human nature, and perhaps the Divine, is never so august as in this situation, in this capacity. Counsel is as the wife of power, the womb of great events, the mother of every praise, every benefit of human race: all productions of power without it are spurious at best, often monstrous and deformed. Wisdom and integrity are the two pillars on which it rests; love of liberty, and freedom of speech, are its heart and soul; law is nothing but its resolutions; authority nothing but its minister, to carry forth those

portions of general reason, which it has stamped into positive laws, and to make them current through the land; lastly, national happiness is nothing but a submission to its will.

You are, now, acting in this most exalted capacity, and at a peculiar crisis; you are a mighty court, provided for more than the present times.

Attollens humeris famamque et fata nepotum.—VIRGILIUS.

Thus have I looked on a British senate in the most glorious, that is, the most proper, light; and, from this short and imperfect view of the honour, privilege, eloquence, freedom, and sublime dignity of it, the transition, Mr. Speaker, is most easy to one who supports that dignity so well. But you are safe. I leave your character to that high station you adorn; a few years in which may turn into seeming detraction the much I could now speak with justice and with joy. For this, sir, is the progress of human excellence. It sets out with fair talents and dispositions; better still, if animated by an illustrious ancestry; it proceeds by rising daily above itself, and burying its former in a more shining character; when at highest, it stands in awe of its own example; and it concludes with the care of transmitting that example unimpaired to posterity.

Or, more distinctly to mark the stages of great life: (for of what other should I now speak?) Its youth is vigorous in pursuit of polite letters and human knowledge; the knowledge of human nature from men, and of its laws from books; its advancing age applies that knowledge to the most proper use; its age mature grasps at honours and preferments, which that most proper use deserves; its evening discerns the vanity of those honours, preferments, and all transitory things; eases itself, on the contemplation of what passes not away; and provides, under the shadow of no ignoble retreat, for an immortality of its merit in the memories of men, and for a better immortality in the favour of heaven. For the final (which is the only true) understanding of every sensible man, whatever mazes it has run in the former course of life, comes home to religion at last; it will, it must end in pleasure, or pain, from the views of eternity. The most that can possibly be said of the greatest man that ever lived, if void of virtue, is, "That he gave every proof, but the best, of a consummate capacity." It is pity good, wise, and great, should be separable terms; but if we must separate them, a good man is

skilled in the concerns of eternity ; a wise adds to those the concerns of this life ; and the great man is he who, with nature and fortune on his side, carries on his skill in both those concerns to the most perfect success. The best school of goodness is due retirement ; the best school of wisdom is your public scene of the state ; the best school of greatness is both, is the world, is the whole compass of nature ; and it is well if we can find it there. The great man knows what the world is, and is not chimerical in his notions ; he knows what it should be, and is not dissolute in practice ; but complies in many things, dissents in more : which is the single means of making prudence and virtue consistent ; which clash in the weak, but agree in the truly wise.

Those slight outlines which I have drawn of the most illustrious human life, you, sir, from history can tell us to be truth ; this truth future records may tell others from you ; and from many, no doubt, in that venerable assembly where you with such dignity preside. A personal authority no shining endowments of person, parts, or fortune, can give ; nothing can give it but an alienation of them ; for an allowance of personal authority is the return which the public makes for that property in themselves, which men make over to the public use. A large property of merit in ourselves, and a frank alienation of it to our country, is the consummation of a parliamentary character ; which lessens in proportion to its distance from this only just definition of it.

Thus, gentlemen, with all deference and humility, have I let fall some private conjectures concerning the dignity of a parliament, as in the following discourse, concerning the dignity of a prince ; the subject was so related, that I could not resist it ; so noble, that I could not forbear running into so great length. A simple love of truth was my guide through the whole ; of truth, that only thing immortal belonging to our mortality ; of truth, that soul of senates, without which a patriot is but a name ; for his essence is, to build the public welfare on solid foundations, and falsehood is most perishable : a falsehood never grows old, but, to the great sorrow of its parent, is cut off in its youth. Therefore, a love of truth will, I hope, recommend to your indulgence and protection the otherwise mean endeavours of, Gentlemen, with all due submission,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

February 10th, 1728-29.

EDWARD YOUNG.

AN
APOLOGY FOR PRINCES,
&c.

“HONOUR the king.”—1 Peter ii. and part of the 17th verse, being part of the epistle for the day.

NATIONS are of various characters, as well as men ; this is frequent and warm in political debate. We can amicably converse with those of a different religion, rarely so with those of a different faction ; politics, in general, are no great friend to religion ; religion itself without charity is to be feared ; doubtless, then, uncharitable politics must threaten much evil.

Now, to be uncharitable, that is, violent, is the very merit of politics ; and a merit so great as to supersede all other. An intemperate zeal for a party is a full expiation for the breach of laws, human and Divine. The terms of *good* and *bad* are transferred from our moral to our political capacity ; whence it inevitably follows, that the same person, at the same time, must be the best and the worst, with different sets of men ; which so far flings down all distinction of right and wrong, virtue and vice, as absolutely to confound the weak, and to confirm the wicked, by a full persuasion of an universal depravation, and to startle the few that retain their integrity.

Thus our political merit goes far toward the destroying all other ; if, therefore, that is not real itself, we are quite impoverished, and left without any merit at all. And how notoriously have many of all ranks been determined in their politics by temporal views ! It is avowed in so many, that it is suspected in all. Now, what is the natural consequence of this modern state of things ? Even what we feel ; mutual contempt, hatred, violence, and ignorance, which lead directly to ruin : mutual contempt, because there is little merit : mutual hatred, because that little merit is fierce and injurious ; violence, because that is the greatest recommendation ; and ignorance, because, since blind vio-

lence can so powerfully recommend, to labour after attainments of any kind is superfluous trouble; lastly, probable ruin, because violence and ignorance are like a fire by night; as dreadful in the sight of reason, and more fatal in their consequence.

What numbers rush into the depths of party, without knowing so much as the general principles, much less the particular intentions, of them? Parties are no more without their faults than persons; and he that will run their utmost lengths must be a very weak or a dishonest man. But, granting a thing so rare as a blameless state-party, yet violence is still wrong, because ineffectual. Who so sanguine as to conceive his passion, argument, or authority, shall ever heal the long, transmitted, constitutional, and therefore, probably, incurable, divisions among us? And if they do not heal, they must inflame.

But, beside these general reasons against exerting a party-spirit, which is one incontestable cause of our degeneracy, all political dispute is, at best, but a natural digression from the duty of this day, not to say, of our profession too.

The duty of the day is a double sorrow: sorrow for a royal martyr's sufferings, and sorrow for a nation's guilt. "Martyr" carries in it all that is good; "royal," all that is great. How, then, shall we sufficiently lament him? Principally, by conceiving a just sense of merit.

First, therefore, I shall speak of the dignity of good princes. But how shall we sufficiently lament the nation's guilt? Principally, by conceiving a just sense of its duty.

Secondly, therefore, I shall speak of the duty of subjects. Now, both the martyr's sufferings, and the nation's guilt, call loud for national mourning on this day; and thence the institution of its solemnity.

Thirdly, therefore, with national mourning I shall conclude the discourse.

This most natural deduction from the day is no less natural from the text, "Honour the king." "Honour" implies dignity in its object, which is my first head; honour explained, resolves itself into the several parts of our duty, which is my second; and duty transgressed, exacts national sorrow and humiliation for it, which is my third.

But what is natural, sometimes, seems common in its kind, and therefore is not common in its use. Else, why

state-contests here? Why passion indulged on a day of abstinence; animosities excited on a day of humiliation; those embers stirred which kindled civil strife on a day of atonement for it? Why, in a word, this solemnity so observed as to furnish argument for its abolition? In which the dignity of good princes (of which I am, first, to speak) seems to have some concern.

I say, "of good princes," out of regard to the day and to reason. For a martyr must be good, and virtue in all is the best title to a crown: without it, conquest is usurpation, election is mistake, and inheritance is running in debt to the merit of ancestors for the glories a prince puts on. Doing good is a prince's calling, wearing glories is the premium for his illustrious toils; princes and planets must travel as well as shine.

Good princes are of the highest dignity, natural, civil, and religious. Their natural dignity has, perhaps, never been fully considered. I take it to rise from the dispositions they are of, and the disadvantages they lie under, naturally, as princes. They are disposed, as such, to a stronger passion for glory, a more serious temper, more devotion, more zeal for learning and for virtue, than other men: I mean, that to these they have stronger motives from their natural situation than others enjoy. The more difficult the proof of some of these may seem, the more needful, and, I hope, not the less welcome.

First, their passion for glory. This is kindled by their generous blood; blown up by public fame; and fomented by their power: power feeds it with high hopes; and their conspicuous station deters them from letting it languish so full in the eye of all mankind. Now, a passion for glory is the strongest motive to virtue in time, and, even with good men, only second to that in eternity.

And, as their passion for glory is stronger, their prospect of it is fairer, than other men's. They arrive at it with more ease, they enjoy it with more advantage, and they retain it with more security. As to the first, that high descent which kindles it directs it by kindred examples, assists it by a family experience in great achievement, and pushes it on with a more authority in them. They are born with an authority which is the result of old age in others; and with an authority which men value most, as other things, because it comes from far. Their blood rolling down from high, like a river from a hill, cuts its way

to virtue through greater difficulties. Secondly, they enjoy their glory with more advantage; for the world gives those the most liberal applause who are above their emulation, and who are able to return the most ample reward. Thirdly, they retain it with greater security, because it is more shameful to degenerate, than to be simply base; because their spirit increases as they go greater lengths; and because great achievement, that source of their glory, is likewise a witness and herald of their power; and to show their power, there is a pride in all: hence evil princes, if bad means fail for an ostentation of their power, are sometimes tempted to do great good, which, not observed, confounds history, and gives us inconsistent characters of princes.

Secondly, princes are of a more serious and composed temper than others, from their large and important objects of thought, which gives a poise to the mind; and from that awe in persons, and grandeur in things about them, which give it a solemnity. For grandeur is nothing but a sumptuous and elegant gravity. Their familiarity with great scenes, counsels, and events, destroys to them those causes of tumultuous spirits in others. Moreover, their own personal grandeur and majesty is of a piece in nature and effect, with that about them; and, though sometimes censured by the weak, is only a just, visible testimony of a conscience, that they deserve the crown they wear. A prince without majesty is but a common man, and looks like one who had borrowed his diadem. Cæsar retained a care for the preservation of majesty after he had resigned the care of life.

Thirdly, princes are disposed to devotion, from that composed temper spoken of; but much more from the consideration, that they have received more from Heaven, and have less farther to expect on earth, than other men. For human desires will ascend, and, if not intercepted by temporal views, aspire at eternal. Hence princes, after great things finished either in peace or war, having none equal to succeed, have, sometimes, absolutely thrown up the world, impatient of that emptiness they felt in their minds; and turned recluse, to fill them with the contemplations of Heaven. Of devotion in princes, we have no greater instance than the martyr of this day.

Fourthly, they are disposed to the promotion of learning; as it serves to direct them in those arduous affairs that

need it most, by the lights of all antiquity: to inflame them to virtues by just applause; then, by faithful record, to transmit those virtues to posterity, and make their names immortal; lest they die, and their names perish. Of this the second Cæsar is the most illustrious instance, who thought the "master of the world" an inferior title to the "father of patrons," and "friend of learned men." Power wants counsel, fidelity, and praise; learning wants support, protection, and rest; nature has struck a league, and established a traffic between them. The prince promotes their knowledge, they sustain his power; nor are there any second instruments on earth that can advance either of these great ends so well. The promotion of learning is as that of commerce, or husbandry; it is encouraging a branch of their own revenue; for, while subjects cultivate their minds into knowledge, princes reap the harvest.

Fifthly, they are disposed to the promotion of virtue and religion, as the strongest columns of their temporal thrones, and best titles to their eternal. "But have not all men the same motives in effect?" Yes, the same in kind, but not in degree. First, princes have more at stake on earth to kindle their zeal for religion, on which its preservation depends; secondly, they can more effectually promote it; thirdly, if they do, a proportionably larger reward is laid up for them in heaven. Now, from each of these three, their motive gathers strength beyond that of other men, pouring into their minds hopes full of immortality.—These are a prince's natural advantages, which claim our veneration; but, secondly, there is a counter-balance of disadvantages which claim our affection, or such a tenderness of disposition towards them, as is due to merit in distress.

Their disadvantages are, the want of equal hopes, equal friendships, and equal shelter, with other men.

First, princes have but few hopes. But is it not from the maturity of their fortune, as autumn has few flowers? And want not other men hopes, as much from being at the bottom, as they from being at the top, of things? Yes; but then these have little to lose; they have few fears also. Now, princes abound as much in fears, as they fail in hopes. And human happiness is a delusion, which hope by distance enjoys, possession ruins by approach. Hope triumphs in all the joys which lavish imagination can

supply; possession is cut close to the scanty substance of things, to sheer realities.

But grant possession its utmost, (and its utmost princes enjoy,) yet is there in our natures a secret spring impatient of rest, (meant, perhaps, as an indication of an immortal soul,) which makes it much more delightful to proceed in little things, than to be at a stand in great. Hence, some princes have descended from their proper sphere, to scenes that admitted of advance, though in pursuits but little to their reputation—to gratify this natural appetite of the human mind. Nero, the player, the fiddler, the charioteer, is a notorious instance of this.

Secondly, princes have few friends,—because no equals. Men approach them with design; men carry to courts rather their heads than their hearts. And where hearts are wanting, human faces are but a set of pictures; human voices, as the whistling of the wind: thus princes want not only friends, but men. It is a thronged solitude, a crowd of absent persons about them: kings have no company. Flattery keeps them not only at a distance from others, but from themselves. Nor is solemn counsel itself always to be relied on; in councils, through all ages, some understandings do not go; some point wrong through the imperfection of their make; and some are wrong set by the finger of design; design, which cuts off the communication between our real sentiments and a prince. His power makes him a prey: because he can make the fortunes of others, his own is in danger; and his natural appetite of friendship is famished by turning all about him into gain.

If, to remedy this evil, a prince should lift up any above a subject to make him a friend, this friendship is often attended with no less danger, than the most desperate will run for love: love, which opens another and most melancholy scene of their disadvantage; the countless and unspeakable joys flowing from that source belong to the property of subjects, not the prerogative of kings; they are not determined by choice, but by prudence; they wed not so properly a queen, as a design; their nuptial is little more than a covenant between two nations; their persons are the pledges of public faith; and consequently the supreme blessing of human life they pay as a tribute to their exalted situation in it. Hence in that situation so little nuptial happiness; but hence, also, the more happy, the more glorious, when we see it there.

Thirdly, princes want equal shelter with others.

First, from expectation. Self-love thinks all is its due which others can bestow. Hence all expect from princes; and can all be satisfied? If not, the repulsed are more angry than the favoured are grateful. For great thanks, they think, argue little merit of the favour conferred. Besides, the favours of princes, as death-bed benefactions, are the less valued, because they must be parted with to some. The repulsed, in the mean time, are high in resentment, to speak their merit, gratify their passion, and to make, out of their deep sense of past disappointment, a title to future success.

A second shelter they want is from temptation; from the power of doing much evil. The Heathens complained they knew not for what to pray; and one of the wisest of them says, (very remarkably,) that one would rise who would teach them that lesson. The reason of their complaint was, that men perversely turned good into evil. Now no good so liable to that perversion as power. The first happiness, indeed, is not to be *willing* to do evil; the second, not to be *able*. Great power is great danger; nor secures us more from others, than it exposes us to ourselves; to violence of appetite, and impotence of will. Besides, high power brings with it a necessity for many cares, but lessens the disposition to them; and to neglect them is guilt.

A third shelter princes want is from the general eye; which makes what guilt they have the public mark. Thrones open the eyes, and, what is worse, shut the hearts, of men. Princes' faults are most seen by others, and least shown to themselves, of any men's. Nothing is so public as the private actions of princes, because men's being in their secrets is a glory too great to be concealed. Princes deter censure, the best guard of virtue; and by their splendour exhale adulation from all that is sordid, that greatest nurse of vice.

These are some of a prince's disadvantages: you balance them with his glories; rather say, you increase them. For what is their vast revenue, but a declaration of vast wants? what, great authority, but a covenant for great duty? what, adulation, but asking favours for an injury? what are guards, but confessions of danger? what, pomps eternal, but as lights in the eye of him that would go to rest? so that empire is like old age, which all will desire, and of

which all must complain. In proportion to the largeness of princes' fortunes, the shadows are larger that fall from them; I mean, their misfortunes. A subject can part with nothing more valuable than life; he that loses a crown thinks life of no value, thinks it a comfort to die. Life fades at empire, as a fire at the sun. Moreover, the misfortunes of princes as rarely move compassion, as their successes, love; a cooler affection of the heart, a sort of speculative sorrow, waits on them in one, as a speculative joy in the other.

In daring to encounter, and being able to surmount, these disadvantages, consists the second branch of princes' natural dignity.

Secondly, princes are of the highest civil dignity. Proving this may lie under the imputation of making a question of what is readily allowed;—allowed, but not so thoroughly understood by all.

The supreme law is the people's welfare; the supreme dignity his who most promotes that welfare, which is the prince. This dignity supreme, ere a prince is chosen, is thin spread through numbers of the most deserving among the people; when chosen, each resigns his private share, to make up a revenue of glory for the crown. Which revenue is superior to that other of wealth; for that is but proportioned to the expense of princes; and thus often leaves them poorer than some of their subjects. If, therefore, we pay them not with dignity, we pay them with nothing for the greatest, the severest duty. For what is a throne? It is exposed itself, for the shelter of others; it stands the mark of admiration indeed, and of storms. How great, to admit the concern of millions to a single breast, and turn out self-love for its reception! to take a whole people for his children, and alienate his own to the public! to be the guardian of those laws that restrain him, and make his power act against itself! to think the administration of justice for others' right the most valuable part of his own! and to lead armies to his own hazard, but his subjects', and among those perhaps his opposers', safety!

From these difficulties, they who have most deserved to fill a throne, have been ravished into it against their will. They, indeed, who design not to comply with its obligations, need not be so tender.

A throne is a post of anxiety, toil, danger, temptation, envy, and (I had almost said) of servitude to the public

good. And shall it not be a post of honour too, as my text directs? Yes, for from these duties, and the subjects' resignation mentioned above, the supreme civil dignity is entirely their own.

Nor are they only above us, which is allowed; but far above us, which some have disputed. Subjects, from the lowest to the highest, press gradually on one another; but there is a mighty interval between the highest and a prince; at the highest subject the chain ends. The prince is separate, cut off as an island, and surrounded by a sea of power.

Thirdly, good princes are of the highest religious dignity.

I mean more than as they are supreme in all causes, civil and ecclesiastic. Wrong I not, then, the supreme ecclesiastics by this assertion? No; for example is more prevalent than precept; because men live more in deference to others' opinions, than their own reason; and because example is, as it were, a precept which we give ourselves. Now a prince's example is most prevalent, because that seems to double the sanction of virtue; and to promise it temporal, as heaven eternal, reward. Another's example is an argument, a prince's is an authority.

Nor promote they religion by example only, but trebly by their power. Thence, first, drawing rewards for others' virtue; secondly, instruments and energy for their own; and, thirdly, their execution of the laws, without which all laws, human and divine, little more than upbraid us with our guilt.

Then their high descent and situation inspires a largeness of heart, and elevation of mind to this good end, which others cannot reach; and their greater interest in it makes them push it on with greater vigour. Hence the priest and king, in some nations, have been joined in the same person.

In a word, good princes are as much above good subjects, as great *good in fact* is above great *good in will*. God, indeed, may equally accept both; but the world cannot equally enjoy them. Therefore, the world, which is the gainer, will, I hope, allow them the highest religious, as well as natural and civil, dignity, though the doctrine may be somewhat new.

In this character their right is truly Divine; in this let them be as unlimited monarchs as they please. By this they teach their doctors religion, and their senators wisdom;

by this they are more effectually heads of the church, than by their crowns; and more properly, than by their fleets and armies, defenders of the faith. But since both titles meet in them, how great, how indispensable our duty! which is the second general head of this discourse.

Our duty consists of three branches,—good will, good words, and good behaviour. Pressed in time, I shall speak only of good words; which is the least material branch of the three. If, therefore, this shall appear to be of great consequence, your inference is plain as to the other two. Here I shall endeavour to establish a due reverence for government; that principal pillar of a state, and inherent right of dominion, which stands charged with the care of all things human and Divine.

First, I shall give a general motive for this reverence.

This wisdom of all ages has aggrandized governors, and thrown a glory round their power, to make way for obedience by veneration. Hence forms, and ceremonies, whose ostentation is their virtue; hence, robes, ensigns, retinue, and pomp of office, whose ornament is their use. Hence, the pretended commerce of ancient legislators with heaven, to raise human grandeur by super-inducing divinity; hence, that divinity conferred, at death, on themselves, to render religion a supplement to their laws.—Nor were the people of the true God less zealous for the dignity of dominion, as far as truth would permit; but confirmed, and rendered superfluous, the former authorities by their own. Both Old and New Testament are the most loyal writings in the world; both cry in general, as my text in particular, “Honour the king.” Whatever has been the practice of mankind, this has been universally their decree; and their decrees tell us what is right; for men decree in deliberation and wisdom, but practise in passion and prejudice.

“Honour the king;” for the ceremony of anointing, appointed by God himself, is a proof of His own concern in that institution. The oil is called God’s oil; the oath of allegiance, God’s oath; and the person, God’s anointed. Nor is it a little to the glory of crowned heads to be vouchsafed the distinguishing title of “our Saviour, the Christ.” I believe it has never been observed, to the present purpose, that the oil was made warm, and fragrant with spices, as an emblem of two spiritual influences from it. What they were, we learn from this text: “He anointed him with the Holy Ghost, and with power.”

(Our Saviour, of whom it is spoken, because His kingdom was not of this world, never received the literal unction, but the spiritual only.)

By the Holy Ghost is meant such gifts as qualify princes for the discharge of their office; courage to command, prudence to determine, steadiness to execute, and largeness of heart to satisfy, the various demands of their exalted station and duty. As soon as Saul was anointed, it is said, God gave him a new heart, and changed him into another man. And why? No doubt, for the benefit of the whole people. And since the same reason subsists in all ages and nations, (unless forfeited particularly,) why should we think this a personal indulgence to Saul, and not a general endowment of all who receive a crown in the fear of God?

“But is it not an argument that God confers not these gifts by unction, since many princes give but little indications of them?” No; all grace is resistible; resistible, when offered, by malignity of temper; and extinguishable, when received, by carelessness of use. But thence we can no more infer that God is wanting to this institution, than that He is wanting to baptism, from our frequent violation of its solemn vows.

The second influence was including a title to submission and obedience. “I have said, Ye are gods;” and, “Thou shalt not revile the gods;” are texts in scripture, intimating that God’s own authority espouses, joins, and supports that of His vicegerents below.

A good prince is a guardian, a friend, a tutor, a father, a law, an example, a God (says God himself) of his people. God vouchsafes to be called a Prince himself, and to call princes *gods*. Only, then, to continue God’s own metaphor, ill words towards princes are blasphemies against them.

But, secondly, though they did not justify so strong a term, yet are there, among others, two powerful reasons why we should be tender and cautious in our censures.

The first, from generous allowance to princes’ disadvantages, who are the most liable to be mistaken by us.

For, to be free from all possible, nay, plausible, censure, (considering how *able* the world is in the wrong,) a prince must not only be innocent, but please all. An absolute impossibility! The guilty will clamour, even because he is innocent; the envious, because he is bountiful; the haughty, because they miss his favours; the favourite,

because he is not lavish. Few virtues, but in the selfish, may create ill-will : no virtues, but by the crafty, may be construed into crimes.

This is, by no means, so much a subject's calamity. He has not such numbers to please, such different interests to reconcile, such various expectations to satisfy, or such invidious duties to discharge. High merit blames not him if it fails of its reward ; deep guilt fears not him for the completion of its punishment. He creates not equal envy by his station, equal mistake by his conduct, equal ambition in opposers, or equal hopes from his defeat. He has not equal power of doing much evil, nor consequently of raising equal suspicions of it.

Now the just and natural counter-balance for these disadvantages of the prince, is a proportionable caution, and forbearance of surmises in the people : and, indeed, unless by such a tender disposition in us, princes are sometimes indulged, though seemingly, nay, partly, to blame ; they must often be censured when absolutely without fault. Who, then, on other terms, would stoop to dominion ? who would be so wretched as to wear a crown ?

It is not meet that a prince should be in a worse condition than his subjects ; who are as liable to mistake, as he to be mistaken by them. Which is my

Second reason for caution in our censures of him. Had not a prince the mentioned disadvantages, we should be liable to fall into groundless prejudices ; from ignorance, through distance ; from envy, through subordination ; from desire of change, through necessities ; or desire of tumult, through vice. From natural malignity, civil emulation, pique to ministers, or from imputing the faults of the person to the prince. From error through passion, inadvertence, incapacity, or credulity. From credulity in fear of affection to, or expectation from, men worse than ourselves. I dare affirm there is scarce a bad or weak quality in the mind of man, but may prove instrumental to this delusion. Nay, sometimes good qualities are made accessory to it.

What a world of enemies has power ! Great merit is quick to take offence ; little merit, to fear justice ; the proud think it magnanimity to oppose ; the ill-natured, pleasure ; the poor have a natural quarrel with the wealth of power ; the vicious, with its virtues ; and the ignoble, with its glory ; and, what is more melancholy, men of riches, talents, and birth, are sometimes tempted to conspire with

their opposites, by thinking that power is held by others in their own wrong. All that desire change are foes to government ; all that are uneasy desire change ; and all that are ambitious are uneasy.

What are the chief ingredients of political remonstrance ? Anger and suspicion ; neither reputable. The weakest are most subject to anger, as they have least reason to govern it, and as they have the most to fear ; for men are angry with all that puts them in a fright. Suspicion has three bad sources,—ill-will, ignorance, and pusillanimity ; and as bad effects, it disposes kings to tyranny, subjects to sedition, wise men to irresolution, and fools to madness : if real, it is often a defect of the head ; if pretended, of the heart. And it is often pretence. Some have talents to show ; and these have no more real quarrel with power, than an archer with his mark. Some find their account in opposition : and these have no more real quarrel with the political than that artist with a body natural, who dissects it for gain.

But granting men begin in sincerity, they may end in prejudice. For though men enter into a point through error, they will not, always, quit it when better informed. When it ceases to be their country's cause, (because once espoused,) it becomes their own ; their credit, their passion, perhaps their interest, is engaged in it. It is therefore to be feared they would be glad to have their accusations justified, and their prophecies fulfilled. That is, they would be glad of the mismanagement they pretend to detest. All immoderate zeal is passion, all passion is self-love, and no self-love is for the public good.

Besides, it is somewhat difficult for them to know if they are sincere or not. For they that hate mal-administration most, have often so far an affection for it, as it furnishes occasion for their censures, which carry the glory of patriotism in them.

But grant men sincere, and that they know they are so ; yet knowledge is as requisite as sincerity : and their knowledge will meet with many obstructions.

For how often hear we the report of a mismanagement, of which we neither know the remote cause, nor present motive, nor its degree of force, nor the actor's intention, nor the nature of the consequence. Either of which is sometimes sufficient to justify an ill-appearing action, and to return calumniators the guilt they bestowed upon it. Princes

often necessarily dwell, like their great Master, in clouds and thick darkness; and what strange apparitions will men fancy they see in the dark! Severe alternative! Princes' counsels, if known, are often disappointed; if unknown, always condemned. Though "clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment may be the habitation of his seat."

But, farther still, (and perhaps to the surprise of an audience less knowing than this,) I assert, "that princes are not only guiltless of many faults which are often laid to their charge, but sometimes of those, too, (in a very great degree,) which they actually commit." Of which I shall give a most evident instance from scripture.

We are told, 1 Chron. xxi., that David numbered the people: which being an act of pride, and directly contrary to God's command, He sent a pestilence which raged through the land, and swept away seventy thousand of the people.

Had this been done in a late generation, the prince would have been told, "that he was fallen from grace, and therefore from dominion;" that he had occasioned the death of many innocents, and therefore his own should make atonement for it.

But at 2 Sam. xxiv., we find they would have reasoned wrong. For there it is said, "The anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel and Judah."—The case, therefore, was this. Israel had provoked God, probably by reposing more confidence in their numbers than His protection. On which David was tempted, and God suffered him to fall, by withdrawing His grace, that the people might have their pride made the immediate cause of their humiliation, by the pestilence that followed. Subjects are sometimes commended for declining faults which they cannot commit; princes often are condemned for committing faults which they cannot decline.

Hence it appears that princes' crimes are not always imputable to themselves alone; that they are not simply voluntary, but judicial for the correction of a people; and, therefore, more chargeable on those that occasion, than on those who put them in execution.

From this follows a doctrine somewhat new, nor quite to our national taste; namely, "That the faults of princes should move us rather to repentance than censure; and that

reformation of themselves should be the subjects' first expedient for amending their governors ; lest while they conceive that they are prosecuting another's guilt, they should be only transferring their own." How dreadful to plunge in extremities through mistake, and to do ourselves imagined justice, by throwing (like Brennus the barbarian, or those of this day) the sword into the scale ! A set of men that were for a dutiful prince, and an exorbitant people ! The king was a good man with some faults ; his immediate destroyers bad men with few merits, but, what rendered their vices more dangerous, resolution and sagacity. They made the form of justice set its hand to murder, the form of reformation to anarchy, and the form of religion to the total subversion of the purest church in the world.

Since, then, (as we have seen,) not only the malevolent may misrepresent, the unwary misjudge, the weak misapprehend, the selfish misapply, but the wise and good not always fathom the counsels, and pronounce right on the conduct, of princes ; we shall stand in eternal hazard or doing them wrong, unless we set over our suspicions the strongest guard of temper, caution, deliberation, prudence, and good-will ; that first part mentioned of our duty.

But what different influences have all ages and nations felt ! How many have spoke and writ, through vice, against their consciences ; through interest, against their affections ; through malice, against their humanity ; through ingratitude, against obligations ; through want, against their credit ; through wantonness, against their safety ; through vanity, against their genius ; through wit, against their wisdom ; and through disaffection, against their duty !

But, if men will let loose their evil words, which (as this day attests) are as the secret swell of the waters, and the murmurs of the wind before a storm, and the civil storm ensues ; then nothing remains but national mourning ; which is the third and last head of which I propose to speak.

Since I speak to those who are not only willing to deprecate judgments for our fathers' offences, but able to restrain our own, I shall, under this head, lightly touch the latter : because real sorrow for past, is inconsistent with indulgence of present, guilt.

Sorrow for national iniquity is as needful and more excellent than for private, as it is the result of a nobler

charity. It answers to the heroic virtue of the Heathens, which ever implied a public concern. And as its excellence is great, its efficacy, by God's vouchsafement, is proportionable. Its power is mighty to procure public blessings, or avert public evils: when, therefore, so proper as at this hour?

If a fact so singular, as to transcend example and (God be praised!) imitation, can awaken and alarm; if a guilt so deep, as to astonish strangers and startle actors in it, though flushed with civil blood, can humble and terrify; if a consequence so diffusive, as to involve three kingdoms and their posterity in certain infamy and possible judgments, can soften and afflict; if a solemnity so just, ordained by authority, supported by reason, and established by religion, can claim observance and impose awfulness of thought; this day will find us all alarmed, and humbled, and afflicted, and devout.

Much more, if we cast, too, an eye on our own account. Have we contracted no national guilt? or is the moral world almost reversed, a system of infatuation nigh finished amongst us? Have we not luxurious poverty, avaricious wealth; shamefaced religion, frontless immorality; industrious debauchery, contemplative impiety; corruption in high place, insolence in low; ambitious shame, and criminal repentance? repentance for omission of sins, that black inversion of this day's duty!

Has not sin its commandments, error its creed, hypocrisy its saints, profaneness its confessors, and sensuality its martyrs? How unlike that martyr—but it is impious to name them together. Nay, do not we who censure this account, sometimes inflame it? If practice is the proof, are you not sometimes tempted to say, Our wit is for religion, our judgment against it, and our tongues commuting for indulgence in our hearts?

Where are you, then, ye large of heart! ye public spirits! ye men of compassion, who wish your eyes were fountains of waters! ye secret strengths, ye unarmed guards of these kingdoms! where are you? Mourners we see of every kind but the right; mourners that increase, not expiate, our guilt. Mourners from form, who make real grief a fable; mourners from vanity, proud of talents at complaint; from ill-nature, who grieve to pain their friends; from hypocrisy, who would weep us out of our bounties; from treachery, who bewail ill actions to spread their

report ; from querulity, who are glad of occasions that give them colour to complain ; from terror, who walk softly under the apprehensions of evil, but relapse when secure ; from political design, who lament mal-administration, to draw partisans into tumult ; and, lastly, from debauch, who mourn under the literal burden of their sins, decayed spirits, wasted fortune, and lost reputation. They mourn, but what ? their past follies ? No ; but want of strength to repeat them. Is this censure severe ? Should there, then, be such, how deep that guilt, which, without breach of charity, I cannot suppose to be true !

But where, in the mean time, is the true religious mourner ? for such, no doubt, there are, or where had we been ere this ? Such there are, no doubt ; it were an injury to you to suppose the contrary. But wherever they are, they are where the former mourners are not, where they necessarily cease. For such is the different moment between the concerns of time and eternity, that sorrows for sin put an end to all other ; quite draw their stings. In a world, then, where sorrows are countless in number, and intense in degree, shall we not make choice of that sorrow which cures all the rest, nay, itself too, at last ? For a heart in sorrow through sin, like a liquor through foulness, thrown into trouble and fermentation, precipitates that which disturbs it, and brightens, by degrees, into joy everlasting.

Let us, then, perform the duty of the day. But can we sincerely mourn for a martyred sovereign, and not honour his successors ? "He that saith he loveth God, and hateth his brother, is a liar : " he that saith he honoureth God, and honoureth not the king, what is he ? Let us honour, love, and obey those God hath set over us ; let us support, applaud, and defend them, in their persons, power, and fame ; with our counsels, fortunes, prayers, repentance, the reformation or expense of our lives ; let us hold them dearer than our interest ; reverence them more than our parents ; as indulgently survey their conduct, as our own perfections ; yes, let us hold them sacred,—sacred, next the laws by which they reign.

And if the prince be good, and we thus honour him, observe, what mutual gain. Each side enjoys the blessings of both. Our hearts are his property, and his glory is our private crown. Of prerogative the most valued part will be the power of doing the greater good ; of liberty, the

merit of pure choice in our returns. Thus ends liberty in the prince's satisfaction ; prerogative in our own. Power is the patron of privilege, and privilege the friend of power. Dispute vanishes, extremes cease. For who can make court to the prince by stretching that prerogative he would not stretch? who, to the people, by straining that liberty, which they value most as it renders their service the more acceptable? While the balance is equal, the nation is at rest ; new weight thrown into either scale but unsettles the beam that supports the public good. Why, therefore, an enlargement of power, or for prince or people, when that may make tyrants of either? Why should we make friends rivals, and, by too great zeal for one, threaten both with that ruin we now deplore?

Let none mistake universal truths for particular respects. By "reverence for government" throughout the discourse, I only mean, what none can deny, that its reverence should be as sacred as that liberty, property, and religion, which government defends. Whereas mistaken liberty is apt to be jealous of its defenders ; property, to seize their characters ; and religion, not to restrain us, because its sanctions are only eternal. Disrelishing government for the sake of liberty, is like disrelishing religion for the sake of morality (so common among us). And both are throwing down the fence for the sake of the vineyard. It was this error brought the royal martyr to his end ; the last scene of whose life was adorned with such truly Christian resignation and meekness, that, like a summer's sun, it triumphed in decline, to the world's admiration, and set in blood, to the world's amazement.

To conclude : the prince's virtue, firm-tempered as steel, is the principal spring in the delicate machine of government ; his majesty is as a golden case, which embraces, adorns, and defends the whole. The life of government is in danger when the majesty of, or reverence for, it is lost. This to the people. To the prince be it said, That without goodness there is no majesty ; without majesty, no reverence ; without reverence, no dominion ; without dominion, no order ; without order, no state. We fall back into primitive chaos and confusion.

Since goodness, then, is the basis of all, it imports us much to know wherein it consists.

I shall only touch a few principal features of this sublime character, which nor my time nor my talents permit me to

draw at length. But those I touch, I shall set in a peculiar, perhaps, but just, point of light.

God is absolutely good, because universally beneficent ; in proportion to their beneficence, His vicegerents are good below.

His vicegerents are called in scripture by His name, which implies their obligation to partake of His nature ; and so justify their high appellation by a conduct, in some measure, Divine.

Never, therefore, will the good prince acquiesce in common degrees of virtue ; he flies at excellence. His virtues are the virtues of a prince ; they speak a greatness of mind ; and, in their nature, or manner, or measure, ever carry his title to the crown. Simple innocence is guilt ; a subject's merit is beneath his dignity, because inadequate to his power. Superior power is nothing but a measure, assigned him by Heaven, to determine the proportion of his excellence, and a warrant to demand it of him.

He therefore exerts all his powers to the utmost ; turns over nothing, from his own prudence, to Providence ; but when his prudence succeeds, he gives Providence the glory ; justly esteeming it of greater honour to be the general care of Heaven, than to perform any particular exploit, were that possible, by his own strength.

To speak suitably to the scripture metaphor of him : his constant provision for good manners is his general course of providence, that sustains and keeps in order his part of the world. Public works and magnificent buildings are his visible creation, which, because it strikes the senses more powerfully, procures more converts to his glory. His delegation of proper magistrates, which are never wanting to the relief of the meanest and most distant of his subjects, is his omnipresence with them.

To carry on this sublime similitude to the Divine nature : a good prince is not a man that he should be angry : he is somewhat more. He has less to do with particulars, than generals ; with individuals, than societies ; with persons, than kingdoms ; and the latter of all these are but little more proper objects of passion, than good or bad seasons, a storm or a calm. He, therefore, is all reason ; he has no passion, at least, no blamable passion, in him. A passionate prince is no prince ; for he is no prince who wants another to rule over him. Passion can never do the work of justice ; and justice is the business of a prince.

He is much too great to take revenge on a subject, which implies a sort of equality in him : nor will he give a mis-deserver the glory of saying, that his prince was angry with him : he leaves him to the law. Besides, the subject that thinks himself hated by a prince, will boast that he is feared by him.

He studies the laws of his country as the medicine of his subjects, and the tenure of his crown ; and he considers his crown as the deposit of his people.

His example is a comment on the laws ; and his favour and rewards are a bribe for his subjects' obedience to them.

He rewards merit ; and, rewarding present merit, he creates the future. He rewards in person ; but he punishes by proxy : the province of rewarding he enjoys ; of punishing he suffers. God made not death, says the scripture ; nor a good prince punishment. Thus he gains affection by favouring desert, and restrains evil-doers without incurring their displeasure. Troubles and seditions occasion not fear, but care ; and his enemies give him one friend of the greatest consequence,—himself ; the fuller exertion of his own abilities, and the fairer display of all that is virtuous in him.

He favours or disfavors the desert, and not the person ; and thus lays the favoured under a double obligation of a benefit, and of a praise. And thus, too, the disfavoured feel but half a resentment, as knowing they lie not under any personal dislike.

To confirm this opinion, and for better ends, he sometimes pardons criminals, and is an asylum from the laws. That prince does a good thing who makes a good law ; he that sometimes dispenses with it, gives proof he did that good thing with the best intention, and to the best end. When mercy can reclaim, justice is unjust. There is but one good in punishment, two in merey ; for pardon implies a condemnation of the crime, as well as a compassion for the person. Besides, a merciful prince takes the cheapest way of purchasing the hearts of his subjects ; what an immense treasure must they cost the severe !

He is compassionate even in war. Metellus wept for the miseries which his own conquest had caused, and gained more glory by shedding a single tear of his own, than all the blood of his enemies. And we know who wept over Jerusalem for the calamities of His most inveterate foes, though yet to come, though distant forty years.

He thinks not his high station an exemption from the power, but a stronger engagement in the interest, of laws ; which are only portions of that reason which flows down from the Highest of all ; and how can he be farther from the influence, by being nearer to the fountain of it ? No, he considers his own breach of the laws as an abrogation of them with his subjects ; and that abrogation as the ruin of his own power, and his people's safety.

Conformably to this idea of princely perfection, he binds himself with two laws, which hang loose on other princes, —strict justice, and strict gratitude.

As what is extraordinary is most princely, he is a firm keeper of faith even on a throne. The Roman grandeur was chiefly owing to this single virtue. He makes no pernicious distinction between a public and a private conscience ; between the reason of things, and the reasons of state. Nor hopes to sanctify bad means by good ends ; which is making sure of evil, to gain a chance for good. He listens not to these, nor any other refinements of the Florentine, and his fraternity ; who foolishly defeated his own end, which was promoting the power of a prince. For those princes are most powerful who can do what they will ; which they only can who are willing to do what they ought. Deceit is most unprincely, as it argues want of power and virtue, the constituent parts of a prince. Deceit in a prince is like spots in the sun ; prophetic of his own decay, and his people's calamity. Indeed, there is no such thing as an art of government, any more than an art of honesty. The very notion is pernicious, and leads to those evils it would avoid : it sets cunning in the place of wisdom ; and cunning is, at best, but a prudence for parts, wisdom for the whole.

This with regard chiefly to foreign powers. With regard to his own people ; as he is the fountain of law, he will enact that of gratitude for himself, though it is, nay, because it is, too refined in its nature to stand enacted for a whole people. It is the noblest part of his prerogative to enjoy sublime virtues, which others cannot reach. Hence, like that great Master which he serves, he himself is never served in vain : but every subject finds his account in it : he gives titles to merit by his power, and merit to titles by his example.

He is rather awed, than exalted, by seeing millions, so like in nature, so different in fortune from himself. In

humble devotion, he ask God the cause; and finds no answer, but in the superiority of His merit.

He considers a throne only as the best argument this world can afford for man's acquiescence in it; and finding that invalid, is more powerfully than others converted to the thoughts of a throne eternal.

By his powerful example he makes religion the mode, and virtue a court-accomplishment. The court catches the example of the prince, the country of the court; thus the whole nation wears the image and superscription of Cæsar. Pride, ambition, interest, and adulation, though sworn foes of religion, come over to its party: and this he will do, not only if he is zealous for religion, but if he has any. For, an avowed indifference for religion is secret atheism.

He knows that religion is his all, either as a prince, or as a man. He knows, that as a prince, religion is the strength of empire; the great palladium fabled of old Troy, and prophetic of every other state, without which all falls to the ground. Vice may gain an empire, religion alone can preserve it.

He knows as a man, that religion is the single means of personal peace: that all our complaints are nothing but the natural, the necessary bleatings of stray and helpless beings after their Almighty Parent: who waits their return into the paths of virtue; there, and there only, to quiet those complaints, and lead them into pastures everlasting, by the rivers of comfort, and in the beams of glory.

Knowing this, he becomes so familiar with the sense of death, that he is foreign to the fear of it. He thinks it more fit, by his transcendent valour and public virtues, to leave the fear of his own death entirely to his people. The fear of death is all [which] the bravest is sure to conquer; and this is a conquest which he retains inviolated, although his enemy should win the field.

The life of a subject is from nature; of a prince, from excellence. One consists in the union of soul and body; the other in the union of his people's happiness, and his own glory; one in being, the other in reigning, well. He thinks himself no where vulnerable but in the welfare of his dominions: is much less desirous of living as a man, than of dying as a prince; and knows full well that it is not the person, but the virtue, of a prince that truly reigns.

Now as religion, which alone can suggest such glorious thoughts, is supported by the laws, (spoken of above,) so laws are formed by counsel. To counsel he lends a willing ear; nor thinks it any derogation from his personal wisdom. That is shown most in being avaricious of all means to promote it. Fools alone are content with themselves. Furthermore, he shows himself superior to his counsellors, among their various advice, by choosing the best: which no one can do, but [he] who has a full comprehension of, and perhaps a judgment above, them all. Thus, by taking counsel, he shows how little he stood in need of it.

Of a good prince's benevolence, a whole national wisdom is the counsellor; imperial power the servant; self-interest the victim; glory the ray; kingdoms its object; and a double immortality its reward.

He knows his counsellors, but keeps himself unknown. There is a robe, if I may so speak, becoming the mind, as well as the person, of princes, which shows dignity, and creates respect. A nakedness of heart is indecent, and dangerous in them. His wisdom promotes goodness, his reserve enforces his wisdom with the people; and keep his ministers in awe.

He retains his majesty in all circumstances, which is his natural robe in his glory; and his natural guard in all distress. As Marius found it, though no good man.

Though, therefore, he is most liberal of affection and favour to deserving counsellors, yet he shows it like a prince. He condescends with superiority, and rather makes his distance the greater by it. It is hard to make a subject an equal, without making him a superior; and that prince is poor who has it not in his power to let a subject into a new secret with him.

As he loves counsel, he must disrelish flattery, which is its reverse, the poison of it. He must dislike it, too, as it is a traitor, and stabs with its smile. For why false applause, if there is foundation for true? Every flourish supposes the absence of a fact; and facts are the real praise. And as he resents flattery, he takes the noblest revenge by destroying it, by turning what was designed as flattery into truth, by new attainments in perfection. He has more subjects than a bad prince would have in the same dominion; for his passions and his flatterers are among them, which reign elsewhere.

He is as perfect and truly great as possible; not only for

his subjects' general good, but for their personal glory ; that a subject to such a prince may be a character of dignity. And what can there be wanting, where it is an honour to obey ?

Of his perfection, he gives a proof by being gracious and affable to all. For real worth can afford to condescend ; the disputed will be proud. He is easy of access, as it opens a door for the larger knowledge to come in ; and (what he values more) for the larger relief and blessing to flow out on the respective wants and deserts of his people : and, likewise, as this access lets in light upon him, for the meanest of his subjects to see his manners, and infer his commands. For he would have his subjects tell themselves their duty ; and had much rather that his royal pleasure should be collected from his life, than promulged by his authority. Hence the people will be ready to obey the least intimation of his will. "He breathes, and the waters flow."

Hence a glorious traffic between the prince and people. He is ever conferring kind regards, and ever receiving them, and receiving more than the people think they confer. For his justice obliges them to perform their duty ; and his goodness looks on that duty performed as a favour to himself, because a blessing to them.

But there is another traffic between him and his people, of bounty and tribute. He is like heaven, they like earth ; his liberality is casual, their gratitude at stated times ; his bounty descends in showers, they yield him fruit in due season.

Frugality is the virtue of a subject, liberality of a prince. Profusion is merit, expense is good husbandry in him. It fecundates the land for his own use. These opposites are respective virtues in them, because the people ever supplies, the prince is ever supplied, and his own expense continues the circulation. A prince's coffer is as the heart of a nation, which keeps prosperity alive, by receiving and emitting its treasure (which is its blood) with a pulse eternal.

Nor does he less promote prosperity by cherishing arts and industry. He cherishes arts and sciences, as the glory of the nation and income of the crown ; as the growth of a free, and the cause of a happy, people ; and denies them nothing, but a more glorious theme than his own actions and virtues.

He makes his people shine with industry in peace, that they may be the fonder of it, having much to lose by war. And he forms them terrible for war, that they may keep it at the greater distance. He draws his sword, that he may have no occasion for its use.

To promote the wealth, and spare the blood, of his people, he had rather prevail by treaties and accommodation, than by conquest. Treaties, moreover, give him an undivided glory, in which his subjects do not partake, as they do in his victories. Conquest can only proclaim him a soldier; prudently declining it, a prince. It was a Roman law, that no general should triumph who had slain less than five thousand of the enemy; but the preservation of a single citizen was a triumph eternal. Its oaken garland hung, for ever sacred, on the columns of the imperial palace.

The greater his power, the less use he makes of it; and takes the more pleasure and noble pride in aiding and protecting, because he is able to molest and destroy. Misfortunes often prove advantages under him, because they recommend to his notice and patronage.

But, if war is inevitable, he leads his armies in person, as the least expensive way of doubling their numbers; for every soldier assumes a new spirit from the presence of his prince. Danger and death become objects of desire and envy, when shared in common with him. He shows in all, that he is a prince from nature, and not from fortune; that his people were the only gainers when he put on a crown, which made no real accession to himself. He is, in a word, what other princes would appear: thus, and thus only, a prince hereditary becomes, in effect, a prince elective too. A prince purely hereditary only enjoys those honours which his ancestors deserved. They raised virtue from themselves, and from virtue glory. Their heir partly inherits their glory, though he wants their virtue. But that glory, like a gathered flower, severed from the root, cannot flourish long.

Therefore the good prince inspires his princely spirit into those that spring from him, and sends the paternal lustre through the whole royal race. Nor is youth incapable of glory, nor will this Divine afflatus be lost upon it. David was a great conqueror before he was a man. Æmilius Lepidus, yet a boy, slew an enemy in battle, and saved the life of a citizen: for which he had a statue,

covered with the *toga puerilis*, set up in the Capitol. Cato, when a boy, though threatened with death for his obstinacy, was a chief cause of denying the Latins the liberties of Rome : and, being carried by his tutor to visit Sylla, seeing the heads of proscribed persons brought into his palace, asked his tutor for a sword that he might kill the tyrant. Cassius gave a blow to one of his fellows at school, little inferior in glory to that in the Capitol. And Alcibiades, yet a boy, gave advice to his uncle Pericles, a great and wise man, which he followed, in a point of the greatest consequence to himself and his country. But perhaps these distant examples will not be able to keep your thoughts entirely from glancing homeward on a subject of this nature.

He reposes reason his greatest strength ; his people's welfare, his best revenue ; doing his duty, his most certain success ; his own good deeds, his strongest guard ; out-blessing others, his choicest prerogative ; disdain of ambition, his brightest glory ; forbearing conquest, his noblest fortitude ; and his supreme triumph, his being able not to conquer, when conquest is not for the public good.

A prince must, however, be potent for war, though passionately for peace ; or he cherishes, in vain, an expectation of enjoying it long. He that preserves a posture for arms in peace, has made the best step towards victory in war.

He labours for the good, wakes for the care, feels for the wants, lives for the glory, or sets death at defiance for the preservation, of the whole. The good prince is the eye of government that never closes ; the hand of government that is never weary ; the heart of government that never ceases pouring out the vital streams of prudence and goodwill, to feed and support the public safety, and the public peace.

To these, and to these deities only, were two statues erected by Augustus, a name that brings me back to the main drift of my discourse, "the reverence for government." For this title, which till then was sacred to the gods alone, was chosen by the wisest of princes, well apprized of what moment was the majesty of dominion, and a due veneration for his power. Nor want we a still greater authority to this purpose, greater, I mean, as to us, from a prince of the same name, opinion, and dignity on the British throne.

A good prince I conceive to be such a character as I have here described.

A good people, and a very good people indeed, is that, which—deserves him. Of both prince and people the perfection is one,—a public spirit. And be this an eternal maxim : “ Kings, kingdoms, and individuals, all perish, like the boy in the fable, through a mistaken love of themselves.”

Illustrious examples of public spirit were Codrus, the king of Athens ; Thrasybulus and Themistocles, of the same country ; the Philæni, of Carthage ; Junius Brutus, the Curtii, Genutius Cippus, Ælius Catus, the Decii, Scipio Africanus, and the Catos of Rome.

But, where is Athens ? Where is Carthage ? Where is Rome ? The seat of science is darkened ; the regent of the seas is sunk ; the conqueror of the world is nothing. Their glories are gone ; they are passed by, as a bubble on a stream, or the thought of a drunken man ; as a post, or a shadow by day, as a watch or a vision by night ; though their cities were of marble, their mighty monuments of brass ; though the mountains fell, and the rivers flowed, as they bid them ; though their roots struck deep in earth, and their heads rose high in heaven. Of what once was all, now nothing remains, but what virtue has preserved : illustrious names ! that lay death under foot, and take hold of immortality. Nothing is there which the strength or art of man can acquire, except virtue, but is fugitive as air, and evanid as a vapour. Of virtue, the fairest field is empire. Nor have we cause to question but the prince we serve will convince us, that nature is not partial ; that she does not indulge her public spirits and sublime accomplishments, only to particular ages or nations of the world. We know our prince's justice : we know his valour. These are the two master-pillars of a state : one founds its basis in peace, the other in war ; and the constitution with safety may rely upon them. Nay, the more it relies, the firmer its support. Distrust is ruinous of that safety it desires, and disobeys my text, “ Honour the king.” Let Britons put their confidence in two things which cannot deceive ; a good prince, and his only Master ; and this confidence will be returned to them in kind, from the rest of the world : nay, it will do more, much more than the rise of national credit, much more than the most flourishing commerce, than the most victorious fleets

and armies, than the conquest of mankind ;—it will give them a kingdom, when kingdoms are no more ; when the sun is gone out, it will give them light everlasting.

Or if a profligate age more greedily listens after temporal advantages, be it known, that the Romans as they were the most prosperous, so were they the most religious, people in the world : for religious duties and rites, they had what they called their pontifical institutions ; for entrance on secular action, they had their auguries as a Divine authority for it ; for predictions, they had their books of prophets ; for averting ill omens, they had their doctrines from Etruria. They never commenced any thing without prayer ; never prayed for any thing without vows ; never received any blessing without thanksgiving ; never offered thanksgiving without the cost of sacrifice. This poured in upon them the rapid conquest of numberless cities, mighty kings, and the most martial countries on earth ; this carried them over the seas and Alps ; this made Romulus's handful of hay the glorious standard of the nations, and raised his cottage into a mighty dome, where the tribute and homage of all climates and languages was paid to the masters of the world, and where incense was offered as to gods, at their decease. With the Jews, virtue and vice, success and defeat, were weighed, as it were, in a balance ; and, with a scrupulous exactness, never failed to correspond. If, therefore, Britain has her complaints, she sees her remedy. Who that looks into the histories of Providence, can doubt of this truth ? Who that looks into the lives of men, can possibly believe it ?

The subject which I have chosen on this occasion is as wide as it is noble, which will, I hope, excuse my length ; and it is as delicate as wide, which will, I hope, excuse other faults, if not in essentials ; if in essentials, he that confutes, obliges me : for truth, and the general reason of things, is aimed at throughout, with an entire abstinence from party, without which, most modern compositions would be famished : party, which was disclaimed in the first step of this discourse ; party, the bane of virtue, the cover of insufficiency, the tool of dishonesty, the boast of fools, the calamity of the wise, the triumph of our enemies, the reverse of public-spirit, and the most fatal relic of this day's iniquity ; party, to be shunned by all, but most by us. Shall we divide a single audience, who should, if possible, unite the whole world ?

Forbid it, O God of order, and government! who stillest the waves thereof when they arise! O King of saints and martyrs! give princes, which are thy own anointed, and the breath of our nostrils, a charge over us, to defend us with their wings, and make us safe under their feathers; in return, O Lord, satisfy them with long life, and then show them thy salvation; through Jesus Christ our Saviour and Redeemer. Amen.





THE CENTAUR NOT FABULOUS.

London, William Tass & Co
1807

THE LIFE IN VOGUE

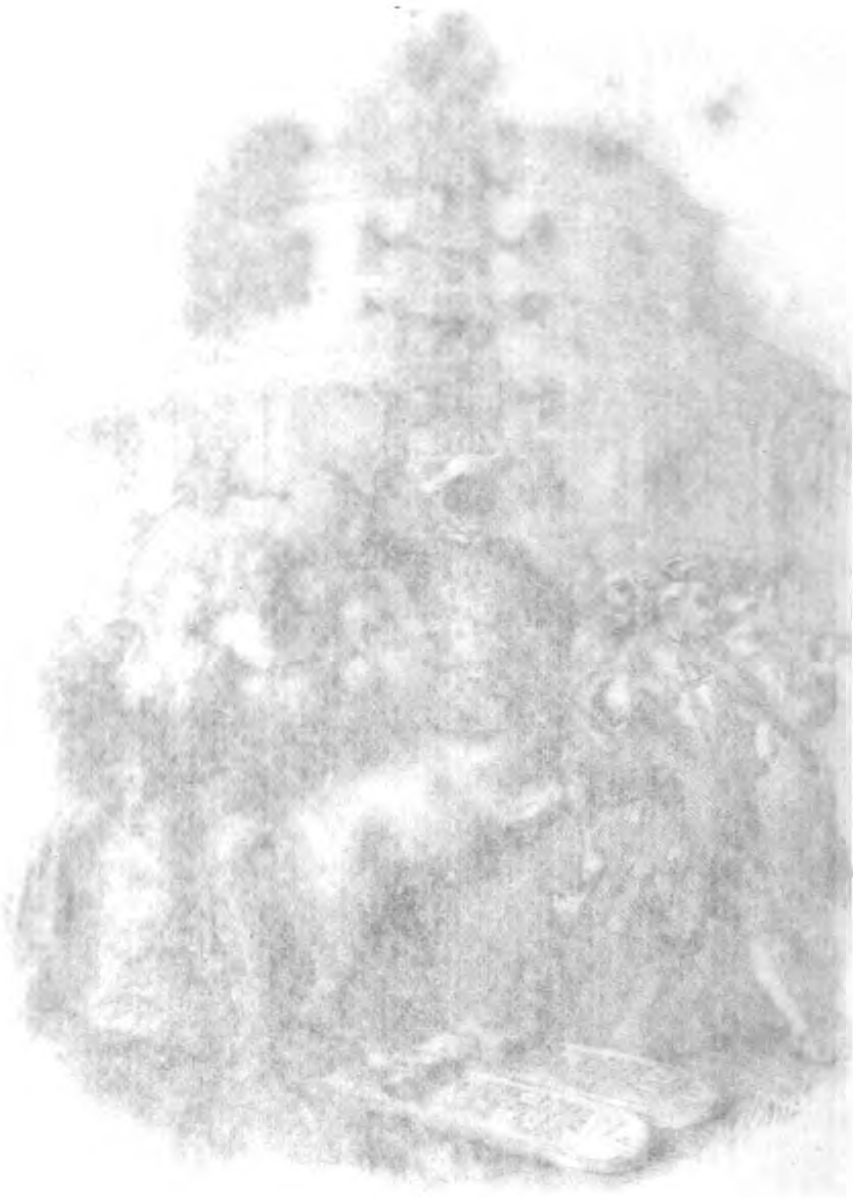
BY JOHN RUSSELL

ON

THE LIFE IN VOGUE

Doth he not speak parables? (Ezek. xx. 49.)

PRINTED IN MDCCCLIV.



London, William Fegg & Co

THE
CENTAUR NOT FABULOUS:

IN SIX LETTERS TO A FRIEND,

ON
THE LIFE IN VOGUE.

Doth he not speak parables? (Ezek. xx. 49.)

PRINTED IN MDCCLIV.

*** THIS celebrated satire on the vices of persons in high life excited much attention at the time of its publication ; and is said to have produced a marvellously good effect on the court, and on those within its influence, whose morals are generally represented to have been as dissolute and relaxed as those of the courtiers of Charles II.

When his manuscript was in the hands of Mr. Richardson his learned printer, Dr. Young sent him the following letter, which is a great curiosity, and needs no further explanation :—

“ August 12th, 1754.

“ DEAR SIR,—If you know any proper artist in that way, I wish you would show him the grotesque picture of a Centaur in my dedication. If I could have a cut of it, I would prefix it to the Letters. It would (I think) have two good effects :—

“ 1st. It would carry the reader with more appetite through the dedication, as letting him into the meaning of the odd picture before him.

“ 2dly. It would look as if there was more occasion for the dedication, (which is pretty long,) than there seems to be at present.

“ This seems to me a trick to cheat the public. The question is if you will be an accomplice in it.

“ A man of taste in sculpture may improve on my sketch ; and reconcile any thing in it, that is wrong, to the sculptor's art, or reject it. I wish I knew Hogarth, or your friend Mr. Hymore [Highmore].

“ You, dear sir, will be so good [as] to correct me in this sudden thought ; as you have kindly done in others relating to this affair.

“ Your affectionate and much obliged

“ Sunday.”

“ E. YOUNG.”

The reader will find in the next page a lithographic fac-simile of this letter copied from “ The Correspondence of Samuel Richardson,” which was edited by Mrs. Barbauld.—EDIR.

Dear Sir,

Occupation for you
seems to be at

of Publick Tho
in it.

improv: or a my

wrong, to y^e Sculptors

, or y^e Friend Mr Hyman

to me in this

as in others

much Obliged
of you -

If you know any proper Artist in y^e way, y^e

wish you w^d. show him y^e Grotto's Pictures of a Centaur
in my Dedication. If y^e I say: a cut of it, I w^d. print
it to y^e Letters. If w^d. (I think) have two good Effects.

at the end of the paper the most appropriate words



Vertical text or markings along the left edge of the page, possibly a page number or a reference code.

TO THE LADY * * * * *

MADAM,

YOUR ladyship's character is so well known, that the public would blame me, if I presented not these papers to you, who can so readily put them into the hands of those who want them most.

You will probably ask, why "THE CENTAUR" is prefixed as a title to them. The men of pleasure, the licentious and profligate, are the subject of these Letters; and in such, as in the fabled Centaur, the brute runs away with the man: therefore I call them "Centaur." And, farther, I call them "Centaur NOT FABULOUS," because by their scarce half-human conduct and character, that enigmatical and purely ideal figure of the ancients is not unriddled only, but realized.

Your ladyship's curiosity is great; and you, possibly, are willing to know what account antiquity gives of the family, or rather breed, of the Centaurs. It is as follows:—

Of the Centaurs the most celebrated was CHIRON. He was a great botanist; and our bitter herb centaury takes its name from him.—He thought all herbs bitter, because, being very amorous, he could not find any amongst them that could abate the fever in his blood: and he left a complaint in the Greek language to that purpose; which Ovid, sick of the same disease, has translated, and transmitted to posterity in his Works.

But he was not only a botanist, but a great master of music: he composed an exquisite piece of harmony for young Achilles, his pupil, which charmed Deidamia to his embraces; by whom he had Pyrrhus, in the court of her father Lycomedes, a little before he dropped his petticoats, and put on his boots for the Trojan war. But what will endear to your ladyship Chiron's memory beyond any the most renowned in story, is, that he was not only the venerable father of operas, but was also the son of a masquerade; the very first of those numerous sons with which that prolific entertainment has since multiplied mankind.

It happened thus: Saturn, false to his good wife Ops, had

an intrigue with Philyra. Seeing, one day, his injured spouse coming to disturb their intimacy, for escape he turned himself into a horse; which occasioned the noble equestrian figure of Chiron, his son.

This, madam, was the very first of masquerades. You see the *virtuous* occasion, and the *laudable* fruits, of it. Jupiter's masquerading in the form of a bull was long after. Europe takes its name from Europa, with whom he ran away in that shape. And your friend Clodius says, that probably we celebrate horned masquerades in memory of it. This is the recorded origin of that nocturnal assembly; and, indeed, it is evident to common sense, that the masquerade had never existed but for its then accidental, and since established, subserviency to love.

These, you will say, are wild fables; but they are not without their morals. This fable of Saturn and Ops means, that jealous Conscience, the Soul's lawful wife, will ever disturb licentious pleasure; and that there is no means of escaping the persecution but by becoming quite brutal in it. This and the following explanations of the mystical part of antiquity have been overlooked by former commentators, though Bacon was among them.

There is a second moral in the present fable. Chiron, madam, was a *man*,—as much, I mean, as the gayer part of your acquaintance. Why, then, is he represented as a Centaur? For two reasons:—He was, as I have said before, the son of Saturn, and a very lewd old fellow. Representing him as a Centaur signifies, that beings of origin truly celestial may debase their nature, forfeit their character, and sink themselves, by licentiousness, into perfect beasts.

Secondly, it signifies, that the rest of the species, the sober part of mankind, prejudiced by the abandoned manners of such men, may naturally imagine, that they hear them neighing after their wives and daughters; galloping with more than human haste after temptations; and, therefore, rather insolently prancing on four legs, than decently content with two. This, probably, is the meaning, First, Because prejudice greatly hurts our discernment, and transforms objects exceedingly: Secondly, Because all allow that a Centaur is a mere creature of the imagination.

But though Chiron was the most celebrated, yet he was not the most ancient, of our mythological cavalry. Ixion was a primitive man of pleasure; a gallant of Juno, and

much in favour. Jupiter, less in his interest, interposed a cloud in her stead, which not long after was brought to bed of the first Centaurs. From that hour Juno commenced a scold : and in that character Virgil makes her swear, that if she cannot find friends in heaven, she will ransack hell for them.

The amour of Ixion imports the great height of our expectation, and as great depth of our disappointment, in illicit love. And Jupiter's interposing the cloud intimates, that heaven decrees this disappointment ; and that therefore it is madness to flatter ourselves with hopes of the contrary. The fable would farther teach us, that our imagination, fired by passion, imposes not only on our understandings, but our very senses ; which take clouds for goddesses, and adore darkness as divine.

You see, madam, that gallantry is hereditary in this illustrious *house*,—I should say, *stable* ; that therefore continence may be construed as an argument of bastardy. Who, then, can blame your gay friends for being loath to be bastardized and disinherited ; to lose honour, patrimony, and mistress together ?

They keep clear of this imputation : but there is one particular that speaks not so much in their favour, but rather calls their legitimacy in question. How comes it to pass that the posterity of cloud-begotten sires should be so cloudless a generation, that not one spot of stupidity can be found about them ?

But though spotless in this point, they are not so in another ; which may set all right again. Dejanira, as a charm to regain the love of her husband Hercules, who was gone astray after Omphale, queen of Lydia, sent him a shirt dipped in the blood of the Centaur Nessus. But instead of answering her honest end, it gave him a distemper so virulent, that it proved mortal. To balance the disadvantage above, some say, this distemper at certain seasons still runs in his race. Others rob our modern Centaurs of that credit, imputing their disorder to another cause. And indeed, the present story tells us, that ladies may convey somewhat else, when they mean only to make a present of their love.

But worse than distemper is to be feared. You know, madam, Ixion's remarkable punishment ; but, probably, not the full import of it. Jupiter, for the father's sake, detesting his whole posterity, designed Ixion's wheel, not

only as an emblem of their endless rotation in unaltered circles of present pleasures, but also, as a prophecy of their future pains, and an exact representation of that rack which, prudes say, they deserve for their family-feats.

And now, madam, all things considered, have I named them wrong? I have named them, as most men of ancient renown were, from their personal qualities and exploits. If you still think me to blame, I flatter myself you will change your mind, when you have read the Letters following.

This address to your ladyship, will my sober reader say, is itself a Centaur of the Pegasean kind, in which the untamed imagination has too much run away with the judgment, and carried it to enormous heights. If your ladyship will venture, however, to be my fellow-traveller, I promise to carry you safely to an eminence in Fairy-land, from whence you shall survey the most surprising and amusing scene. To comply with your taste, it shall even be a ludicrous one. Your favourite Centaurs shall be permitted to intrude even into the most solemn groves of sacred meditation. Their grotesque figure shall continually meet your eye, where you the least expect, and where the severest critic and the prude (all but Centaresses are prudes with you) will be most scandalized to find them.

As a pledge of this promise, accept of my frontispiece. It offers a sketch which your ladyship, who know our Centaurs' secret accomplishments better than I do, may employ a better hand to perfect.

The statues of the renowned are set up in public, to kindle honest emulation. In most ancient schools of wisdom were the busts or portraits of the wise. What, madam, if, for your modern Academy, Hogarth should draw a Centaur, not, as usual, with his bow and arrow, but (what will hit my mark as well) with Harlequin's sabre by his side; in a party-coloured jacket of pictured cards; a band of music before, a scaramouch-demon behind, him; a weathercock on his head, a rattle in his hand, the Decalogue under his feet; and, for the benefit of your scholars, a label out of his mouth, inscribed, as was the temple of Apollo, with *Γνώθι σεαυτόν*, in letters of gold? (In ME, "know thyself.") They, your scholars, will take it in the true philosophic sense, and wonder how it came into the mouth of so ridiculous and, to them, so foreign a monster.

As your ladyship's assembly, of all our hyppodromes, is

the most renowned, I hope you will favourably accept the wholesome provender I send you. It is of an anti-Circean nature ; and may, possibly, turn your monsters into men.

But I detain you : it is Sunday night ; and I hear a whole string of your high-bred, unbridled colts coming in full career ; with a blaze in their foreheads, to outbrase my rebukes ; and a spring in their heels, to bound high at your balls.

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

This, madam, you understand better than they. But you begin to frown, as you always do at praise. Fear not ; not one word of compliment shall you have from me during our whole journey. I shall carry you at first a heavy trot through rough, unbeaten ways, entertaining you unpolitely, with discourse quite foreign to your way of thinking ; such as passed in correspondence between me, and a friend that would equally despise and be despised among such as you think yours. In the progress of our travels (which, I must honestly tell you, will only touch upon, not terminate in, Fairy-land) I shall carry you into an unknown country, where every thing is real, bright, and transporting. If there, compelled by the force of sovereign truth, I should not only assert, but convincingly prove, that you are of rank more than imperial, and present you with an unflattering glass, in which, notwithstanding, your own form shall appear with all the charms of an angel—But some breathing-time is necessary to prepare for such an arduous expedition. Therefore I dismount for the present, and say no more. I am,

Madam, &c.

THE
CENTAUR NOT FABULOUS.

LETTER I.
ON INFIDELITY.

DEAR SIR,

MAKE no apology for your request ; the *world* is your apology. The occasion calls louder on me than my friend can possibly do, and robs me of the credit of having my compliance owing entirely to your desire. Alarmed at our reigning passion for PLEASURE, you press me to write on that subject. Who can forbear ? since, if the present canine appetite for it should increase, where is that Bedlam which can receive a whole nation into proper methods of cure ?

Your enjoining me one task has engaged me in two. Prevails not INFIDELITY as much as pleasure ? And for ever they must prevail, or decrease, together. Infidelity is the parent of the love of pleasure in some : Eve doubted, and then ate. It is the consequence of it in others : most of Eve's daughters first taste, and then disbelieve. Pleasure and infidelity reciprocally generate each other ; and that necessarily. For faith is entirely the result of reason ; and reason is impotent in proportion to the prevalence of sense : therefore sensual pleasure begets infidelity. On the reverse, he that disbelieves a futurity must be fond of the present, and eagerly swallow its unrivalled delights ; and therefore infidelity lets loose the rein to pleasure, and gives it an ample range. He, then, who would reduce one, must strike at both. Eve and the serpent fell together : Pleasure, like the first, plucks the forbidden fruit ; and infidelity says with the latter, "Thou shalt not surely die."

These two, now national, distempers fairly divide us between them. One seizes the body ; one, the mind : and where these two fiery darts have taken place, the destroyer may spare a third ; his work is done. What, then, must be mine ? The task is hard to extract them ; for they

seem, at present, to be not only poisoned, but barbed, arrows in the British heart.

However, I shall attempt, first, to make the infidel, and then the voluptuary, sensible of his error. I shall recommend belief and virtue, in the room of doubt and dissoluteness; and, by (I hope) properly adapted devotion, assist their repentance,—that necessary step of transition from one of these states to the other. And, considering into whose hands these letters will first come, (for I design them for the press,) with regard to yourself, I shall give you your friend Eusebius's character at large; and with regard to your sister, I shall invite her, and her gay favourites, to a funeral, instead of a ball; and then I shall enter on subjects not unimportant, nor foreign to these.

As the mind is our superior part, I shall first speak of INFIDELITY, and then of PLEASURE. And it shall be my endeavour so to speak of both, as to render it the province of wit, rather than wisdom, to reply. What may silence wisdom will but provoke wit, whose ambition it is to say most where least is to be said. You may as well attempt to silence an echo by the strength of voice, as a wit by the force of reason. They both are but the louder for it: they both will have the last word. How often hear we men with great ingenuity supporting folly! that is, by wit destroying wisdom; as the same sort of men by pleasure destroy happiness; prone to draw evil out of good, and set things at variance which by nature are allies. Happiness and pleasure, as wisdom and wit, are each other's friends or foes; and, if foes, of foes the worst. Well-chosen pleasure is a branch of happiness; well-judging wit is a flower of wisdom: but when these petty subalterns set up for themselves, and counteract their principals, one makes a greater wretch, and the other a grosser fool, than could exist without them; pleasure then calls for our compassion, and wit for our contempt. Of how many might the names have slept in safety, had not their unlucky parts awakened a just clamour against them!

Have we not a recent and signal instance, how far wit can set wisdom at defiance, and with its artful brilliances dazzle common understandings? That noble author* smiles at a certain text of which I shall make a serious use; namely, "When the sons of God came in to the daugh-

* Lord Bolingbroke.

ters of men, they begot giants." So when great talents fall in love with mean purposes, they beget errors of an enormous size, both in opinion and in life. What more enormous than to let infidelity gather such strength, even in our decline, as to stand the terrors of a death-bed, and bequeath proud legacies of its poison to the world? Is not this stretching out our boldness even beyond the day of trial, carrying the war into the very borders (if I may so speak) of that dread Being we dare oppose, and desperately presuming to achieve that in our grave, of which a Julian, of equal genius, though not of equal guilt, despaired on a throne, and that the greatest on earth? Julian was for defeating one prophecy; my lord is for expunging them all; and, with like success, *Vicisti, Galilæe*, may serve for both.

Take I too great a freedom? It is both folly and vice to bear any man ill-will. But it is also folly and vice not so to behave, when occasion requires, as that our conduct may be *mistaken* for ill-will, if the prejudiced think fit. Why should our opponents call that ill-will, which they, if they were of our opinion, and thought us in a fatal error, and heartily wished us well, would necessarily do out of perfect love? If the viscount's admirers resent out of zeal to his honour, I assure them, (though I have had no apparition,) that his lordship, *now* on my side,* thanks them not for the favour.

Time was when those errors into which he fell would have been more excusable. For, that truth was obscure, and falsehood specious, and opinions endless; and that in these circumstances the mind of man could find no rest, because suspense is anxious, and assent almost inevitably betrayed into mistake;—this was the sad and just complaint of the Heathen world, which by God's dereliction had lost its way, and could not regain it by the feeble glimmering of natural light.

But of what have *we* to complain, who grope and wander and stumble at noon-day? Ours is not ignorance, but perverseness; not want of a guide, but defection from him. Our noble author, so much admired, because so much in the wrong, declares our light to be darkness; and, with the boasted acuteness of his superior understanding, instead of couching those that are blind, is for putting out the eyes

* Lord Bolingbroke died in 1751, three years prior to the publication of "the Centaur not Fabulous."—EDIT.

of those that see. Thus Heaven's supreme blessing on us in the gospel is not annulled only by our perverseness, but turned to much hurt. We are favoured to our misfortune, we are enriched to our loss.

The Heathens courted truth as a mistress, with warm and sincere addresses, but could not obtain her. We, having obtained her, treat her as an abandoned age the lawful partners of their beds,—with satiety, and disgust, and a wild desire after new embraces. And what have we embraced? Thus runs at best the palatable doctrine of an age too knowing to need instruction, and too proud to bear it from Heaven itself:—

“Whatever notices of duty to God or man are imprinted in us by nature, or deduced by reason, these are obliging and necessary to be performed by all as the natural religion: but as for any positive institutions, or particular forms of religion, these are of human origin, stamped in the political mints of craft, interest, or ambition; a coin current for the vulgar only.” It is fit, it seems, that the vulgar should be fettered, that their superiors may expatiate more at large, and not fear to meet with rivals in them. And, indeed, if the vulgar had the same principles and opinions with many of their masters, their masters would have as fair a chance to have their throats cut, as the murderer to be hanged for it.

As to God, they say, “The natural religion commands us to think worthily, and speak reverently, of Him: but, as some have thought churches derogatory to the notions of an Omnipresent Being, so formal prayers and solemn services are no way necessary to a Being Omniscient.” They present Him (if with any) with a more sublime and philosophical devotion, stripped of all externals, invisible as the Deity Himself, and, indeed, as incomprehensible to the multitude; whose religion, like themselves, must have a body, as well as a soul, or it will evaporate into nothing. Thus, under pretence of a compliment to one Divine attribute, they rob all of the worship due to them. They pretend to give God exalted homage, as the Jews arrayed our blessed Lord in a purple robe to mock him, not adore. And here our undissembled neglect, if not contempt, of religion, and our barefaced venality, setting all, even souls, to sale, cannot but recall to mind, that these sister iniquities, as if naturally connected, went hand-in-hand (as the historian tells us) towards the ruin of the

Roman commonwealth : *Deos negligere, omnia venalia habere.* (SALLUST.)

As to the duties of the second table, they tell us, that "the precepts of nature run evidently against injuries and injustice ; we must by no means commit rapine or murder ; these are unsociable crimes ; but as for any pleasurable enjoyments of ourselves, why deprive ourselves of these ? Why starve at a feast Heaven sets before us ? We cannot conceive God to be a tyrant : to what end has he given desires, but that we should satisfy them ? or appetites, but that we should indulge them ? Anger and lust, if constitutional, are venial sins."

Thus the sluices are set open for all sensuality, promiscuous incontinence, and studied arts of excess, to pour in uncontrolled : and by a second compliment to the Deity, as sincere as my lord's pretended regard for Christianity, is varnished over a second violation of His laws. Bacchus and Venus are recalled to a new apotheosis under a Christian era ; and receive daily sacrifice in the fortunes, health, and common dignity of man. What voluntary victims are we ! And as victims of old were crowned with flowers, how gaily does poor, devoted Britain bleed at their altars !

In answer to their pleas, it must be observed, that desires and appetites were not given us out of tyranny, but with an intention doubly kind,—as a means both of pleasure and virtue, if gratified and restrained as religion directs. In both views they are blessings, but greatest in the last ; yet an Esau will ever be for preferring the former.

Thus you see, sir, that both the tables of the Decalogue are broken, in a more terrible sense than they were by Moses at his descent from the mount ; and from no dissimilar cause. The sufficiency of human reason is the golden calf which these men set up to be worshipped ; and in the frenzies of their extravagant devotion to it, they trample on venerable authority ; strike at an oak with an osier ; the doctrine of God's own planting, and the growth of ages, with the sudden and fortuitous shoots of imagination, abortive births of an hour. These human improvements on Divine revelation may be compared to the profaning the holy temple* with the figures of Heathen idols, under Antiochus Epiphanes ; or rather, to the proud

* In all the copies which I have examined, from the second edition downwards, the word *Bible* is found as a misprint for *temple*.—EDIT.

Roman emperor who took the head from Jupiter's statue, and placed his own in its stead. These are bold men; but the boldest, we hope, may be reclaimed. That Almighty finger which wrote the Divine laws twice in stone, cannot want power to give them a new impression in their apostate hearts.

And that they may the more willingly receive that impression, I shall observe that, setting aside the immoral consequences of infidelity, faith is necessary on its own account, without relation to any thing else. Faith is not only a means of obeying, but a principal act of obedience. It is not only a needful foundation; it is not only as an altar, on which to sacrifice; but it is a sacrifice itself, and, perhaps, of all the greatest. It is a submission of our understandings, an oblation of our idolized reason, to God; which he requires so indispensably, that our whole will and affections, though seemingly a larger sacrifice, will not without it be received at our hands.

Does any question this? His lordship's disciples will be very apt to question it; yet this is true, unless we can suppose the primitive martyrs to have laid down their lives for what was unnecessary to their salvation. For it was not an attestation of their doctrine, but their faith, for which the blessed apostles were persecuted, and the martyrs shed their blood; which they might easily have avoided, if they had insisted only on the moral precepts of their new dispensation. Their moral precepts were approved and welcomed by the wisest on earth. Nay, our infidels compliment them, especially when they would give themselves the greater weight in their opposition to our creed; yet, possibly, they had rather subscribe that absurd creed, than stand obliged to practise that morality which they so much commend.

To renounce or corrupt the faith, (one or both of which is my lord's point,)—abstracted from libertine gratifications to follow, or to get rid of fear from those past,—there seems to be so little temptation, that I should think none would venture on it but through ignorance of its guilt. Its guilt, therefore, I have pointed out; which shows that modern deism, how laudable soever the deist's life is, is criminal in itself. A virtuous life, rising from a corrupted faith, (if that could possibly be,) is as an angel of light supported by a cloven foot; which many seem not to believe, otherwise they would not be so often pleading

the virtue of deists as a full absolution of that sect: whereas we are expressly told, that "the just shall live by faith;" that is, even the just shall not live, that is, be saved, without it.

But though a corrupt faith is sufficiently criminal in itself, yet its guilt rarely rests there; it often produces an irregular life. On the contrary, vicious practice is sure to produce a corrupt faith, or an absolute renunciation of all belief; for the notices of good and ill are so fairly imprinted on our nature, and the practice of them is so strongly guarded by consequent hope and fear, that no conscience is so hardened as to sin without the shelter of some pretence. The guilty hush conscience with such soft whispers as these: "Either Heaven takes not such cognizance of our actions, or is not so much concerned about them, as some imagine; or its mercy will not suffer it to be just; or its justice will not suffer it to be so severe as to punish temporal guilt with eternal pain:" all which are corruptions of the faith. Or if these opiates will not do, they proceed to renounce the faith. They give themselves a quite-quieting draught of absolute unbelief: a Deity is a dream, and religion a cheat. And thus they throw off their fears, their God, and common-sense together; and are deplorably gay, till they are irremediably undone. How happy might such wretches be, if they knew what a trifle pleasure is to peace! A very trifle is it, even when pleasure is innocent; but when not, when pleasure is an enemy to peace, then, then indeed it is a trifle no more.

There is a text which must give some surprise to those who doubt whether a bad life occasions a false or no belief. It is said, "There *must* be heresies," that is, false beliefs. And why? There is certainly no *fatal* necessity for them from God's destination:—no; but there is a *moral* necessity for them from man's corruption. A heart boiling with violent and vicious passions will send up infatuating fumes to the head; and a delirious giddiness of head will make a man fall into the grossest mistakes, be his natural abilities what they will. A lewd and obstinate will fails not to blind the strongest judgment, as Delilah the man of might.

Many, even of those that hold fast the faith, may, perhaps, not have observed, that faith is doubly precious: it is our duty, and our refuge. Nay, it is doubly our refuge: it rescues our passions from flaming into vice: and it rescues our understanding from darkening into

errors. The same qualification which is necessary for us in order to please God, is as necessary to secure ourselves from imposture; and not only from such impostures as others may prepare for us, but from our own. It is our sole security against our framing impositions to deceive our own judgments, (as shown above,) as well as against our incurring crimes to defeat our own salvation.

As to the mysterious articles of our faith, which infidels would by no means have me forget: "Who," say they, "can swallow them?" In truth, none but those who think it no dishonour to their understandings to credit their Creator. Socinus, like our infidels, was one of a narrow throat; and, out of generous compassion to the scriptures, (which the world, it seems, had misunderstood for fifteen hundred years,) was for weeding them of their mysteries; and rendering them, in the plenitude of his infallible reason, undisgusting and palatable to all the *rational* part of mankind. Why should honest Jews and Turks be frightened from us by the Trinity? He was for making religion familiar and inoffensive. And so he did; and unchristian, too. Those things which our hands can grasp, our understandings cannot comprehend. Why, then, deny to the Deity Himself the privilege of being one amidst that multitude of mysteries which he has made?

Here let me observe, what perhaps has escaped your notice, with regard to the Blessed Trinity, which gives our unbelievers the greatest offence. The revelation of it is not only necessary for our understanding the foundation of Christianity, but is also, I conceive, an absolute demonstration of its truth; because it is a mystery which by nature could not possibly have entered into the imagination of man; which they who most explode it confess by their obstinate rejection of it. For why do they reject it but on that very account? Our opponents, therefore, in some measure, support us in our attachment to this supreme article of our creed, which they most condemn; and (what is somewhat remarkable in favour of our faith) support us in it by the very cause for which it is condemned by them.

Mysteries, that is, those great and hidden things of our religion whose truth we are assured of by Divine Authority, but the manner of their being surpasses our understanding:—such as the plurality of Persons in the Divine Unity; God manifest in the flesh; the operation of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the believers; the

spiritual presence of Christ in the eucharist; the uniting our scattered parts from the dust of death:—all which the scriptures have expressly delivered as catholic truths. Several of these several heretics have rejected; and the Socinians have, in a manner, rejected them all. Faith in these is more acceptable to God than faith in less abstruse articles of our religion, because it pays that honour which is due to His testimony; and the more seemingly incredible the matter is which we believe, the more respect we show to the Relator of it. This (putting-in a *caveat* against the ridicule of infidels) may be called *heroic* faith, correspondent to heroic virtue, at which, out of prudence, they must smile.

“This heroic faith may be more acceptable to God,” some may say, “but, sure, not more useful to man. It may have a good influence on *another* life; but what account does *this* find in it? Who can show me the *moral* effects of it?”—From faith in these mysteries, man necessarily, and more justly, adores the incomprehensible majesty of God; and more justly and perfectly contemplates his own littleness, and disproportion of thought to those truths that are vouchsafed to his faith. Hence he heartily renders God a due honour for His testimony, and a due acknowledgment of His professed care of His church, and a due thankfulness for the mercy of His revelation. He renders a due obedience to his proper government, as a Christian, that is, the authority of the church; and a due assistance to the public peace, which is never safely built but on unity of judgment. And as to his private virtue, he keeps in due subjection the pride of understanding, that most vicious affection of the mind, which, if let loose, would be attended with a multitude of evils; and with one in particular, which occasions this letter. But though we could see none of these temporal advantages, yet would it be most reasonable in us to believe; unless we, who think it right to believe implicitly in those on whom our fortune depends, think it wrong to believe implicitly in Him on whom depends our salvation.

But there is, I confess, some error on our own part with regard to mysteries. We, perhaps, have given some small excuse for our infidels' contempt of mysteries, by more pious than prudent attempts that have been sometimes made toward an explanation of them. A mystery explained is a mystery destroyed: for what is a mystery but a thing not known? But things not known may reasonably be

believed : in the very strangest things there may be truth, and in things very credible a lie.*

It is with our understandings as with our eyes. Both have their mysteries: both have objects beyond their reach; some accidentally, some absolutely. We see not those objects that are placed in an obscure light, because there is a defect in the medium: we see not those that are vested with too much light, because there is a weakness in the sensory, unable to sustain such strong impressions. Thus it is with the objects of our understandings: some things we know not, for want of being duly informed. Salvation was a mystery to the Gentiles; but ceased so to be, when revealed by the gospel. Other things we know not, because they exceed the measure of our comprehension. Thus, some articles of our faith are such mysteries as by no revelation can cease to be so. They must be mysteries, while men are men; while yet unblessed with powers that are not indulged to this imperfect state. As it is bold and vain, so, perhaps, it has even been prejudicial to the truth, to labour at rational evictions of sacred mysteries; for, by these means, men attempt to comprehend the Divine Nature by putting it under some injurious disguise; as we venture to gaze at the sun, after we have watched it into a cloud.

God forbid images of Himself, because it is impossible that any sensible representations could do otherwise than derogate from Him that is invisible: nor can the diminishing imagery of our notions derogate less from Him that is incomprehensible. I presume not to censure those who have made use of illustrations to the proper ends of piety: all I mean is, that fallible ratiocination should not be made the grounds of faith, whose proper basis is infallible testimony. Nor is it longer faith than while it rests on that; for when I believe not so much what is revealed as what my own reason pronounces to be true, I believe not God, but myself. I assume, not obey; and give proof rather of the pride than humiliation of my reason; whereas its humiliation is a principal end aimed at by God's so strict demand of our faith.

And, indeed, far from humiliation, and even common modesty, must he be who hopes to give light to those mysteries which St. Paul, with all his learning, eloquence,

* QUINTIL. *Institut.* l. iv. c. 2.

and inspiration, pronounced to be "to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks," those most subtle of men, "foolishness:" that is, they thought it folly to believe them, because unintelligible, and because they did not apprehend that there was any Divine authority to compel their belief. And such Greeks have we; Epicurean Greeks, sensual, subtle, and unbelieving; and whose celebrated writings are of equal authority with

— *Quicquid Græcia mendax*
Audet in historia;—JUV.

men who reject Divine assistance, as too officious, with a sort of disdain, as if it affronted their own abilities; and whose presumptuous opinions are industriously spread by pest-men through the land.

With the gross and horrid effects of such opinions, and their consequences, the distempered age groans, and kingdoms shake, and judgments threaten. And well they may. How many private families have their infamous secrets! how many public transactions their barefaced iniquity! High courts of justice have their *jus datum sceleri*, and blush not to plead precedent for the violation of their own laws, and the corruption of the times for more corruption still. Is not this heaping mountain upon mountain against Heaven? And think we Heaven will never return the blow?

We have had already, nay, *now* have, *some* light and merciful admonitions from heaven. But can it be thought, that an age of judgments and pastimes, of riots and distresses, of excessive debts and excessive expense, of public poverty and private accumulation, of new sects in religion and new sallies in sin, and every other contradiction to common-sense, does not call for *more*? I, sir, am fastened in the country; nor know I much of that larger and fouler sink of debauchery in which you breathe. But even here I know too much. Where is that village that has not its suicides of intemperance, or its bold adventurers for still quicker death from the hand of public justice? And, to confirm that opinion above advanced of the close tie and mutual growth of vice and unbelief, almost every cottage can afford us one that has corrupted, and every palace one that has renounced, the faith.

I know, sir, you will tell me, that it is the business of our common piety to deplore, of our prayers to obstruct,

and of our lives, rather than our harangues, to confute, them. True; for if our Christianity is to be found nowhere but in our books, the Christian and Infidel may drop their dispute, a Tillotson and a Bolingbroke are on the same side; their contest is but verbal, their agreement is essential, and their association will prove eternal.

But, sir, it is our duty to speak and write, (if we can,) as well as live, against the enemies of our Christian faith. I proceed, therefore, to observe, that the viscount's arguments against the authority of the scriptures have been long since answered. But he is not without precedent in this point. This repetition of already-refuted arguments seems to be a deistical privilege, or distemper, from which few of them are free. Even echoes of echoes are to be found amongst them; which evidently shows, that they write not to discover truth, but to spread infection; which old poison re-administered will do, as well as new; and it will be struck deeper into the constitution, by repeating the same dose. Besides, new writers will have new readers. The book may fall into hands untainted before; or the already infected may swallow it more greedily in a new vehicle; or they that were disgusted with it in one vehicle, may relish it in another. I therefore ask pardon: what I miscalled "distemper," I find, on second thoughts, is perfect prudence; but such prudence as, with them, would throw a Christian writer into the bottom of contempt.

There are more reasons for our deists to be dissatisfied with themselves than those already given. "Infidel" is an opprobrious name; but time was when *deism* was the true religion; and they are for still retaining the credit once due to that character. It is therefore fit for a friend to Christianity, nor less fit for a friend to them, to take notice, that it is impossible for a *good* man, that is, one aiming at the Divine favour above all things, to reject an offered revelation, without inquiring into its title to the high character it assumes; and that it is as impossible (in my opinion) for a *reasonable* man to reject the Christian revelation, if he does inquire. He, therefore, who continues a deist, in a land enlightened by the gospel, must be wanting in goodness or reason; must be either criminal or dull. None, therefore, can be more mistaken than they that profess deism for the credit of superior understanding, or for the sake of exercising a more pure and perfect virtue. Yet these are the only pretences which they do or dare

avow for their fatal choice. Must not, then, their *real* motive be of a nature which they think prudent to conceal?

But to conceal it is not easy: for reason, our (of itself) defective reason, in many points of the last moment to man, wants, wishes, calls for a revelation; and cannot but accept, when offered, what it calls for: that is, reasonable deists cannot but become Christians where the gospel shines.

Or argue thus (for it admits of various proof): God Almighty would not have made a revelation, but in order to be received. And by whom received? Doubtless by the reasonable and good. And if by some of them, why not by all? And if all the reasonable and good receive it, what must they be that reject it? Therefore revealed religion rejected proves natural religion disobeyed. I said, above, that deists were blameable, how good soever their lives might be: but now it seems to appear that their lives cannot be good. Others, perhaps, have foreborne speaking so plain out of charity. I venture on it out of what I conceive to be charity greater still; for nothing that can awaken them can be kindly suppressed.

Cornelius, the centurion, though one of the best of men, thought not the belief of the gospel unnecessary to his salvation. But modern deists, wiser, not better than he, have their objections to the gospel. Their chief objection is against its mysteries. There is nothing mysterious in it, but with regard to things which we either *can not*, or *need not*, understand: *Can not*, through the limitation of the human intellect; or *need not*, through the sufficiency of other means and motives for our leading good lives. To what amounts, then, this capital objection and charge against it? To no more than this, namely, that Christianity performs not what is impossible to be performed; for it is as impossible for its Author, Almighty God, to do more than is needful for his gracious end, (namely, the good lives of mankind,) as to do what in its nature is impossible to be done.

Indeed, all their objections to Christianity seem to be no more nor less, than playing the best card they have; than using the best expedient they can think of to keep themselves in countenance, and the world in the dark, as to the true motive of their apostasy. Nor are their objections to be looked on, in those that are men of sense, as an argument of their disbelief, but their dislike. They wish not the mysteries removed; for that would rob them of a favourite

objection. They wish not the darkness of the mysteries removed, but transferred ; transferred from the doctrines to the moral precepts. These are without a cloud, these are too plain for their purpose. None ever fully complied with these but was easily reconciled to the mysteries of the gospel. The disgusted, despotic heart commands the passive obedient head to fight its unjust quarrel, and say it is its own ; so that Satan may blame them for some degree of hypocrisy in his favour ; may blame them for only pretending to disbelieve. If, on the other hand, Christians were not also hypocrites, (hypocrites, I mean, as to practice,) they would rob the deists of their most plausible plea against us, and either lessen their numbers, or increase their shame.

I hope that some of the deists, at least some of those whose principles are endangered by them, may admit some little impression from what has been offered. I hope they may discern, and own the self-accusation which is evidently implied in our deists' renunciation of Christianity ; or, if I am mistaken, that they will set me right : for if I have wronged them, I have wronged them much. For in what a disadvantageous light appear these deserters from Christianity in these pages ! A deistical tongue, a Christian conscience, and a partly Pagan heart ! What a sad composition is this ! It is a far heavier charge than I wish to find true.

But it is a natural question, " How comes it to pass that men of parts should so much disaffect the scriptures, so admirable, and still more and more admirable, in proportion to the discernment of their reader ? "

Can it be from ignorance ? It may be so, if their hearts are worse than their heads ; for there are parts of scripture which none but a good man can well understand : " Rejoice always ; and again I say, Rejoice. " This must appear to the vicious absurd, because impracticable, and therefore uninspired. To rejoice in tribulation, they have neither cause nor power. Thus, bad manners almost necessarily render men infidels to holy writ. On the contrary, a good life is a key to the scriptures. " The secret of the Lord is with those that fear him. " A text this, as unintelligible to the vicious as the former. As he has had no experience, so neither has he any comprehension, of its truth. The good man comprehends, and feels it too. Thus the scripture, like the cloudy pillar which it records, is light to the true Israelite, but darkness to the Egyptians. Hence

acutest understandings in religious debates often lose their edge.

Can that cause we seek be vanity? It may be said of the viscount's writings as of Catiline, *Satis eloquentiæ, sapientiæ parum*. Had his eloquence been less,—had those talents been denied him, which flattered him with hope of shining a first lustre in the lettered world,—he had escaped a temptation which has evidently been too hard for his prudence; and a common-sized head had probably left his heart in safety. So formidable a possession is an immortal pen, if his is immortal; a pen more fatal to its master than Cato's sword.

Or might not envy be the cause we seek? "But can these men envy Christians, whom they quit on account of our unhappy mistake?" Man is not only desirous, but ambitious too, of happiness. He but ill bears that another should be happier than himself; because superior happiness is a natural argument of superior wisdom or worth. The man of a libertine life knows that the good Christian, if his religion is true, is, on the whole, much happier than himself. Therefore he wishes it to be false, and endeavours to find it so. And strong endeavours to be in the wrong, Heaven will punish with success. It will permit them to believe their own lie; that is, to fall on their own sword, which was drawn against the truth.

Non hos quæsitum munus in usus.—VIRG.

And I am the more inclined to impute their opposition to envy, rather than vanity; because pure vanity is consistent with good-nature, and may be a very candid thing. But envy has bitterness and ill-will, and ridicule is the genuine child of ill-nature; ridicule, that offensive brat of which they are so fond.

Now, though nothing is more improper in important debates than raillery, yet can I make some apology for them. They may possibly perceive, that the load on their own misgiving consciences would sink them, were it not for the light expedient of forced mirth, like a bladder filled with wind, to keep them above water; and that they sometimes have their doubts and misgivings of heart, it is reasonable to believe. To give full established security is the incommunicable privilege of the gospel.

For the reasons above, I venture to set down envy among the causes of infidelity, though (I think) by others over-

looked. And, further, I believe it to be a very principal cause of lettered infidelity in the world. Other, but not greater, vices are, doubtless, the chief causes of infidelity in lower and illiterate life; where sense has no rival in thought, but tyrannizes alone.

But whatever is the cause of their infidelity, be it ignorance, vanity, envy, or any other vice, their infidelity will naturally have some effect in our favour. It is much to be hoped, that it will put us on our guard, and make us better men. Our leading a bad life is playing into their hands. It is giving them an argument in the debate against ourselves. Though the argument is bad, yet it is an argument still. And since they have none but bad arguments, and such they will make use of, we should not increase the number. This is like furnishing them with ammunition to protract the war: and though the war protracted will not hurt us, yet will it hurt them; and as we are Christians, that should give us an equal concern.

Secondly, Christianity may thank its opponents for much new light from time to time, thrown in on the sublime excellence of its nature, and the manifestation of its truth; opponents, in some sort, more welcome than its friends; as they do it signal service without running it in debt; and have no demand on our gratitude for the favours they confer. The stronger its adversaries, the greater its triumph; the more it is disputed, the more indisputably will it shine. With what pious pleasure must you see the brightest talents striking at it with the most hearty goodwill, yet dropping harmless, like old Priam's spear!

—*Telum imbelle sine ictu*
Conjecit; rauco quod protinus ære repulsum,
Et summo clypei nequicquam umbone pependit.—VIRG.

Christianity, that great support of man's welfare and God's glory, like a well-built arch, the greater load of opposition and reproach its enemy lays on it, the stronger it stands.

Thirdly, their antichristian writings may detect them: for since (as shown above) a false faith, or no faith at all, is the natural consequence of a bad life, it is possible that the gentlemen in the opposition, while they are giving us their opinions, may be giving us more: they may be discovering their morals while they mean only to teach us their creed: and thus, they may carry, like Bellerophon,

their own condemnation, while they imagine they are graciously conveying intelligence and new light to mankind : so that the old proverb, *Bellerophontis literæ*, may be a proper motto for the learned labours of them all.

But condemnation from others will be much more supportable than their own, if that should fall on them. And where is he on whom it shall not one day fall? If a man born blind, who had never so much as heard of the sun, moon, and stars should suddenly receive sight, he would not be more astonished at the first rushing in of those material glories, than would the man by vice struck blind to religion be, at his first conviction of heavenly truths, namely, Divine manifestations, awful revelations, fulfilled prophecies, numberless miracles ; and one unbroken chain of marvellous expedients, from before creation to this hour, for our salvation, those spiritual luminaries ; those (dare I say?) sun, moon, and stars, of the moral world ; if God should give him light. Till then, walking in darkness, he must mistake danger for safety, shame for glory, and mischief for pleasure. Like the blinded of Sodom, he reaches eagerly after, and presses hard for, enjoyment ; but of real enjoyment, of true felicity, he cannot find the door ; as I propose showing in my next.

If some part of it may seem too severe, I must observe, that no man can strike fire with a feather. A fire elemental is diffused through all nature, though locked up in dark matter, and unapparent in most parts of our globe. Thus I conceive, that there is Divine grace spread through all hearts, (where not entirely quenched by vice,) though inactive, and dormant in them. No slight animadversion can awake it. It must be a blow of some force that strikes it out of a heart of flint. And such there *must* be in these days of darkness, when few sparks of grace are apparent. Such there *must* be when infidelity prevails ; for infidelity and faith are the day and night of the moral world. One reveals, the other hides, heaven from our thoughts. Happy am I if this letter shall occasion the smallest dawn on but one single heart, in this our grand eclipse. With you, dear sir, the dawn is long since past ; and that you may continue in the light till Heaven, at that knock of faith which only will be heard, shall admit you into perfect day, where undisputed truth, and unmistaken pleasure, with endless glory, crown the just ; this is the prayer of

Your affectionate humble servant.

LETTER II.

ON PLEASURE.

DEAR SIR,

I NOW proceed to say something of pleasure ; that subject which you so warmly recommend ; not aware, I believe, that it may be long before men, whose faults set the public eye at defiance, will learn to blush when alone in their closets. And till then, what hope of much reformation from the pen? Besides, though our transgressions with regard to pleasure are great, yet they are not new. To the scandal of the antediluvians be it spoken, there were British iniquities before the flood. To such a degree have all moral subjects been exhausted, that it is difficult for a writer on them not to *repeat*, though he is no plagiarist. But your desires are an apology for my deficiencies in compliance with them.

Whether we are more hardened in infidelity, or softened in pleasure, may be disputed : but none can deny that the love of pleasure is the root of every crime. Theft, murder, perjury, are a few of its fatal fruits ; nor the worst. But I shall not dip so deep in its consequences ; yet deep enough to render the name of a “man of pleasure,” which some affect for their honour, not only ridiculous, but detestable.

What an extravagant dominion does pleasure exercise over us ! It is not only the pestilence that walketh in darkness, but an arrow that destroyeth at noon-day. The moon hides her face at our midnight enormities, and the morning blushes on our unfinished debauch. I am almost tempted to say, that our impudent folly puts nature out of countenance. But there is no need by words to exaggerate the fatal truth. Our luxury is beyond example, and beyond bounds ; it stops not at the poor ; even they that live on alms are infected with it.

It has often been observed, that it is with states as with men. They have their birth, growth, health, distemper, decay, and death. Men sometimes drop suddenly by an apoplexy, states by conquest ; in full vigour both. As man owes his mortality to original sin, some states owe

their fall to some defect or infelicity in their original constitution. But contracted distemper is the most common ruin of states and men. And what national distemper more mortal than our own? On the soft beds of luxury most kingdoms have expired.

If causes should not fail of their usual effect: if our national distemper, far from being cutaneous at present, should reach the vitals of our state; how applicable to this opulent, proud, profligate metropolis (which calls the sea her own, and whose vices, more diffusive, are without a shore) would be the prophet's sacred dirge over ancient Tyre; whose sea-born wealth and hell-born iniquity, let it not be said, was but a prelude to our own. And yet, if we proceed in our infernal career, that most infamous reproach may become but too true.

The sublime and most memorable words run thus; and I cannot but think that, at present, they must have a formidable sound in a British ear: "Is this the joyous city, whose antiquity is of days remote? whose merchants were princes, and her traffickers the honourable of the earth? whose revenue was the harvest of rivers, and her exchange the mart of nations? who sat as a queen, stretched out her hand over the seas, and shook the kingdoms? But she is fallen! she is fallen! Heaven has stained the pride of all glory. How sorely must you be pained at the report!"

Has not Britain reason to be more deeply struck with this part of scripture than the rest of mankind? The prophecy as yet, indeed, through mercy, is unfulfilled in us; but if Britain continues, like Tyre, "to sing as an harlot, to take the harp, to make sweet melody, sing many songs, turn to her hire, and commit fornication with all the kingdoms of the world," her fall is to be feared, unless the fate of most former empires betray us into mistake; and that national poison which has ever proved mortal, is mortal no more. If the fate of kingdoms is lodged in a just and impartial hand, what but the grossest self-flattery can banish our fears? And if our fears are banished, leave it not unobserved that our very want of fear is a proof of our danger: for Heaven infatuates, when it determines to destroy.

"But such a general face of affluence and gaiety: are these signs of ruin?" Not signs only, but causes of it too. Not Babylon alone has been smitten at a banquet, and perished in its joys. Most nations have been gayest when

nearest to their end ; and, like a taper in the socket, have blazed as they expired.

Were our fathers to rise from their graves, they would conceive that their fortune had thrown them on some day of public festivity, nor imagine that every day was drunk of the same disease. By our gaiety, we seem to celebrate the perpetual triumph of the millennium ; by our vices, to add to it the manners of the antediluvian world ; and by our security under them, to put full confidence in the Divine promise that the world shall be drowned no more. If, with the vices of the antediluvians, we had their years too, more might be said in our excuse : but to weigh such a moment against eternity, shows that the balance is in very weak hands. The world, which the Divine vengeance swept away for its enormities, was incapable of so great a guilt.

But, in so general a dissolution of manners, are there none that stand entitled to more particular blame ? Are not our great patrons of luxury a sort of anti-Curtii, who leap into the gulf for the ruin of their country ? Their country's ruin they threaten by the malignity of their example ; while, by the profusion of their expense, they nearly finish their own. What a weakness is self-denial, what idle self-tormentors are penitents, what wretched lunatics or gross suicides are the noble army of martyrs, if *these* men are in the right ! How *cheap* would their pleasures come, if they cost them nothing more than their health, credit, and estates !

Pleasure is, in some sort, more pernicious than direct vice. Vice has, naturally, some horror in it. It startles and alarms the conscience, and puts us on our guard. Pleasure, under the colour of being harmless, has an opiate in it ; it stupefies and besots. In the soft lap of pleasure conscience falls asleep. Vice, losing its horror, becomes familiar. And, as vice increases, some expedient becomes necessary to reconcile us to ourselves. Thus, looking out for some shadow of excuse, we naturally slide into groundless doubts, and become infidels out of pure self-defence.

And, as pleasure makes us infidels, by stupefying the conscience, so it makes us very bad husbands of temporal enjoyments, by darkening our understandings ; and thus unqualifies us for the very point to which *alone* we pretend.

It is this cloud on their understanding which hinders our voluptuaries from discerning, that their blind rage for

pleasure turns blessings into their reverse. Birth, education, and abundance, are great blessings; but, abused by pleasure into motives and instruments of indulgence, birth is more ignoble than obscurity, knowledge is more pernicious than ignorance, and abundance more a misfortune than want. Men of rank, (and of such I speak,) if wrong, can scarce avoid sinning beyond themselves. How pestilential their example falls on the lower world, which, under the welcome force of such illustrious authority, turn dissolute, as much for the sake of their credit and fortune as of their lusts; pride and interest bringing needless succour to loose desire; and Tyburn has sometimes reaped what assemblies have sown. Great men in the wrong are powerful engines of mischief, and, like bursting bombs, destroy themselves and all around them.

And as to the two supreme blessings and glories of man, their reason and immortality, these, as they manage it, flame out into vengeance too great to be mentioned without horror. Their reason serves only to render them more guilty, and their immortality to render endless the sad wages of their guilt.

It is this cloud on our understanding which makes us so little masters in the very science we profess. Happiness is our study; but are we not dunces in it? We know not, or seem not to know, that all *real* enjoyment lies within the compass of God's commands, which abridge not, but defend them; that, when we dip too deep in pleasure, we stir a sediment, that renders it impure and noxious; that, as much a paradox as it may seem, the best means of arriving at the true pleasures of the body, is to preserve and cultivate the powers of the soul; and that a good understanding is, in man, the source and security of mere *animal* delight.

Let these gentlemen take notice that I am not against enjoyment; I am as great a lover of it as they; for, without a relish of the good things of life, we cannot be thankful. Enjoy, but enjoy reasonably and thankfully to the great Donor; *that* will secure us from excess. To *enjoy* is our wisdom and our *duty*; it is the great lesson of human life; but a lesson which few have learned; and none less than *these*, who proclaim themselves *masters of art* in it.

It is this pleasure-bred cloud on the understanding which makes us forget, that virtue is the health of the soul; that all provision, and parade from without, can make a sensualist just as happy as the same can make an invalid *that*

both have pains adhering, necessarily, to their present state; that both have rather remedies, than joys; that assemblies, balls, masquerades, &c., are but as well-stored hospitals, unnecessary to the sound, and but poor palliatives to the sick. Though pretenders to more than health, they confess our distemper, and, what is worse, increase the distemper they confess; and that of distempers the worst, a wrong judgment in our most important point.

I grant that, in the boundless field of licentiousness, some bastard joys may rise that look gay, more especially at a distance; but they soon wither. No joys are always sweet, and flourish long, but such as have self-approbation for their root, and the Divine favour for their shelter. We are for rootless joys, joys beyond appetite, which is the sole root of sensual delight. We are for joys, not of man's native growth, but forced up by luxurious art; dinged by great expense, and shone on, not by the Divine favour, but a strong imagination, which gives them all their little taste, and makes them apt, like other crude fruits, to surfeit and destroy. We are, in a word, for joys of our own creation, the seeds of which Heaven never sowed in our hearts. But we may as well invade another prerogative of Heaven, and, with the tyrant of Elis, pretend to make thunder and lightning as real joy. I say *real* joy; joy we may make, but not cheerfulness. Joy may subsist without thought, cheerfulness rises from it. Joy is from the pulse, cheerfulness from the heart. That may give a momentary flash of pleasure, this alone makes a happy man. And happy men there may be, who never laughed in their lives; and, in a situation where reason calls for the reverse, there is not in nature so melancholy a thing as joy.

It is this intellectual cloud, which hangs, like a fog, over every gay resort of our *moral* invalids, (though invisible to common eyes,) which flings us not only into mistakes, but contradictions. How sick are we of yesterday! yet how fond of to-morrow, though devoted to the same cheat as the past! which flings us into contradictions not only in reason, but contradictions to sense. We cannot believe that fatigue is fatigue, let its cause be what it will. Too much recreation tires as much as too much business; yet one we swallow, are choked by the other. The man of business has, at least, his seventh day's rest. Our fever for folly never intermits. Our week has so sabbath in it. So much harder is the master whom we serve than that of

better men ; and yet, to our infamous honour be it spoken, we are better servants than they. How do we run, labour, expend, expose ourselves, hurt our families, resist unbounded, eternal temptations to wisdom, offer up the rich sacrifice of conscience and understanding, watch, watch late, and all but pray, for his service ! Quite jaded with protracted amusements, we yawn over them. The dull drone of nominal diversion still humming on, when the short tune of enjoyment is over, lulls us quite asleep. Like the bear in the fable, we hug our darling to death. Instead of rejoicing in tribulation, (of which few among us ever heard,) we sorrow in delight ; for, to speak the truth, (though we would not have it divulged,) we tread this eternal round of vanities, less for the pleasure it brings, than for the pain it suspends. It is a refuge, not a prize. Like criminals, (as we are,) we fly to it from our much-injured, unforgiving foes, from ourselves, which chide and sting us when alone ; when together, we support each other's spirits ; which is like sailors clinging to each other for safety when the vessel is sinking. We fly from ourselves, because we first fly from our Maker. Wretched flight ! Hell is nothing but an entire absence from Him, and every partial departure has its proportion of it.

But those deep draughts of pleasure which besot us must answer for all absurdities, and, among the rest, for our entire ignorance of the nature of that world in which we live. Mirth at a funeral is scarce more indecent and unnatural than a perpetual flight of gaiety and burst of exultation in a world like this ; a world which may seem a paradise to fools, but is an hospital with the wise ; a world, in which bare escape is a prime felicity. *Effugere est triumphus.*

The numberless pains of body and mind, the dark solemn approaches to, or dismal vestibules of, the grave, as well as opening graves themselves, are so thick scattered over the face of the whole earth, that an unpetrified heart cannot look round without feeling an inevitable damp and general disconsolation, and venting a sigh universal for the whole family of Adam, for the lot of all mankind. Nothing but strong faith in eternal life could hinder tears from bursting over it ; nor are tears too much, for sympathy is the chief duty of human life.

Were one tenth part of the wretchedness *seen* that is *felt*, it would strike us with horror. Heaven means to make

one half of the species a moral lecture to the other. It surrounds us with deplorable objects, not more for the sake of the wretched than for our own; that our compassion awakened may awaken our prudence, and teach us what we have *to do*, by showing us what we have *to fear*. Shall the rich and the well-educated throw their abundance down the sink of unprofitable and untasted delights, while untaught multitudes mistake and sin, and indigent multitudes shiver and starve? While we think we are sparing expenses, we are running in debt. How deep are we in arrears to the distressed! The distressed have from reason as just a demand on our superfluities, as we have from law on our stewards for our estates. But this is no *play-debt*, and therefore, without dishonour, undischarged.

Is, then, my repeated censure of intellectual darkness too severe? I wish it were. But, alas, how distant from their thoughts are the points most important! How foreign to their interest all that is nearest their hearts! When I speak of their darkness, I do not forget my own. There is not that man on earth that does not well deserve censure, and even from them. But there is difference in deviation from the right. *Mulattos* are not *Ethiopians*. I grant, in their excuse, that though all can see folly in pleasures past, yet must he be wiser than Solomon who sees it in those to come. Yet wiser than Solomon, in this respect, *must* we be, or continue mere idiots; and idiots with regard to the *present* life; for this life's enjoyment lies, chiefly, in our title to the joys of the next, as earth becomes fruitful from the kind influence of the distant sun.

And now what occasion of advancing any thing more to the condemnation of these sons of Epicurus, and in disfavour of pleasure, than this, namely, That by darkening our understandings, it robs us of *this* world, and by stupefying our consciences, of the *next*! So far are they from their boasted happiness, that, even in the judgment of a Heathen, (not to mention the scripture, of much less authority with them,) they are dead while yet alive.—*Is demum VIVERE, atque animâ frui videtur, qui alicui intentus negotio, aut artis bonæ, aut præclari facinoris, famam quærit.* (SALLUST.)

It is said of their master, Epicurus, *Deos verbis reliquit, re sustulit.* By his and their goddess, Pleasure, they do just the same. They loudly boast, and effectually destroy, it; the first, through want of modesty, the last through

want of understanding. But they must keep themselves in countenance, though out of heart, and make themselves some *small* amends from vanity, for what is wanting to reason and to sense.

Nor tread they their master's steps in this alone. He out of a swarm of dancing atoms was for making a world; they, out of a giddy whirl of innumerable amusements, those minute particles of pleasure, are for forming happiness: a system equally philosophical, and of equal success! A God alone can make one, the godlike only can achieve the other: and where are they to be found in this hopeful school?

The *one thing necessary* for happiness is in common to both worlds,—this and the next. In vain we seek a different receipt for it, one in time, another in eternity. *Virtue* wanting, every thing else becomes necessary to happiness and ineffectual. To what amounts, then, the boast of their numberless felicities? It brings, in proof of their happiness, a demonstration of their misery. *A good man shall be satisfied from himself* alone. A bad man shall be dissatisfied, with all the world at his devotion.

But there is a third particular in which, if they had followed their master, it would have been more for their advantage and credit. An indulgent Providence has abundantly provided us with irreproveable pleasures: why are these swept away with an ungrateful hand, to make room for poisons, of our own deadly composition, to be placed in their stead? Epicurus was in love with his gardens. But that is an amour too innocent for *them*: a garden has ever had the praise and affection of the wise. What is requisite to make a wise and happy man, but reflection and peace? and both are the natural growth of a garden. Nor is a garden only a promoter of a good man's happiness, but a picture of it; and, in some sort, shows him to himself. Its culture, order, fruitfulness, and seclusion from the world, compared to the weeds, wildness, and exposure of a common field, is no bad emblem of a good man, compared to the multitude. A garden weeds the mind: it weeds it of worldly thoughts, and sows celestial seed in their stead. For what see we there, but what awakens in us our gratitude to Heaven? A garden to the virtuous is a Paradise still extant, a Paradise unlost. What a rich present from heaven of sweet incense to man was wafted in that breeze! What a delightful entertainment

of sight glows on yonder bed, as if, in kindly showers, the watery bow had shed all its most celestial colours on it! Here are no objects that fire the passions; none that do not instruct the understanding, and better the heart, while they delight the sense; but not the sense of *these* men. To them the tulip has no colours, the rose no scent. Their palate for pleasure is so deadened and burnt out, by the violent stroke of higher tastes, as leaves no sensibility for the softer impressions of these; much less for the relish of those philosophic or moral sentiments, which the verdant walk, clear stream, embowering shade, pendant fruit, or rising flower,—those speechless, not powerless, orators, ever praising their Great Author,—inspire: much less still for their religious inspirations. Who cannot look on a flower till he frightens himself out of infidelity? Religion is the natural growth of the works of God, and infidelity, of the inventions of men.

Spiritually blind, deaf, and stupid, they see not the Great Omnipresent walking in the garden; they hear not His call, they know not that they are naked, they hide not among the trees; but stand in open defiance of His laws. Religion is far from them.

And where can we hope religion, if not in *age*? And are there Hecubas to be found among the bright Helens of our times? Is diversion grown a leveller, like death? Can assemblies banish distinction, and show us all dates, like church-yards? The latter, for *their* years, is the more proper scene. Give me leave, sir, to address them, and address them in haste: they may die by to-morrow. To-night they are shining at the assembly. Thither, for a moment, imagination transports me to attend them:—

“So various, ladies, and cogent are the reasons which might call you to this place, that I am at a loss which to thank for the honour it receives. Come you to admire, or to be admired? Your modesty declines the last. Come you out of kindness, then, to authorise those amusements you choose not to adorn? Or come you, out of compassion, to make these young criminals appear more innocent, than they could appear uncomparred with superior indiscretion? Or come you out of piety, to return thanks at this *religious house*, for your so narrowly escaping the grave? Or come you, out of pure generosity, to heighten the mirth of the night? Your point is carried. What borrowed ornaments are these? Is vanity still in its spring? Is the folly of

hairless heads putting forth its gay blossoms in the December of life? Age cannot drop its dignity, and yet retain its privileges. It must be laughed at, if it will not be revered; and objects of reverence cannot enter at *these* doors. We reverence age, as we reverence noble birth; on supposition, both: if our supposition proves false, our homage dies.

“‘A little entertainment,’ you say, ‘is natural.’ What a portentous jumble of seasons, what a violation of nature, is this,—winter dancing with the spring! Where are the first partakers of your pastimes, when pastimes became you? Their very monuments are in ruins. What real connexion of heart or interests can you have with any now alive? and without such connexion, how insipid your commerce with them! Sure, you cannot approve Mezentius’s connexion of the living with the dead.

“Hang your hours, though probably so few, so very heavy on your hands, that you had rather bear contempt than them? Is it drowned by the sprightly viol, or hear you yon solemn bell? Wants that the power to call you to your closets, which calls your grandchildren to their graves? Is it thus you discharge the duties of age to the rising generation? Whatever seeds of prudence you would sow in their hearts, before they can take root, these vanities blow away; especially if you, like the ladies of Lapland, heighten the hurricane* yourselves.

“Have you never heard, my good ladies, of the redemption of time? You carry yours to market, and sell it for nothing; nay, you dearly buy it off your hands. Can nothing but such trifles, such murder of time, make you think that you are alive? Can nothing but the stroke of death convince you, you shall die? To their beauty alone too much amusement is forgiven, even in the young. What then have you to plead?—That which is fairer than beauty, if you will call it to your aid: virtue can reconcile our respect to wrinkles. It can render age amiable, when bloom smiles in vain. But vice and deformity, when twisted together, is such a Gorgon, as turns the tenderest heart into stone.

“Pardon, ladies, that I presume to call that *vice* which you will soften by some milder name. What is innocence in youth, may be vice in years. Besides, mark the mischief

* Some assemblies so called.

of what you call 'harmless expedients to smooth the rugged path of life.' You spread that path with snares, to the ruin of those you love. You make parental authority, that natural safeguard of youth, their temptation to folly; and filial obedience, so lovely, so pious, the strange cause of their crimes. Through such mazes of more than folly, when parents lead the way, children, out of pure duty, may tread their wrong steps. Or if they have more discernment or more grace, what follows?—What you yourselves will be shocked to hear, and I to tell: a daughter blushing for her who bore her! which, to my knowledge and astonishment, has been the too memorable and too deplorable case."

Here I would fain leave off, and throw a mantle over the nakedness of our own sex: but that would be too great partiality. It is too sure Adam also fell. As I have spoken to his daughters, I must speak, sir, by your permission, now to his aged sons. I can speak with more freedom to these: I was forced to spare his daughters out of decency.

"Ye first on roll for eternity! why this waste of time? Why is its date quite erased? Your spruce appearance is a perfect forgery. And deserves it not the wonted penalty for it? You, for whom it is almost as unnatural as for a mole to be seen above-ground, what mean you by trespassing on this nether world? Or if here, ye deserters from death, to whose corps you belong, why list into so very foreign a service? Death, the more he is forgot, the more formidable he grows. But how could you forget him, who have seen him snatching from your bosom such numbers of your friends? Has he so often knocked at the next door, and so frequently shook his lance in vain? Will you drop into the grave on your road to the ball? You, who, one full age of man expired, commence a new with all the wantonness of youth, by an antichristian regeneration; a second birth into all the foibles of a sensual life! Consider what tender reverence, what respect mixed with compassion, is paid to years owning their infirmities, and supporting them as they ought. But infirmities of body dissembled, that those of the mind may be the more indulged; a vicious mind stinging on a jaded body into shame; this calls not only for the scorn, but detestation, of mankind.

"Consider, sirs, is there not some mistake? Do not

your minds, through disorder of the machine, go too slow, and misrepresent the time of day? Else, how could men, who have not space sufficient left between them and their graves for life's wonted delusions to display their gay phantoms, who can hardly hope to repeat to-morrow the farce of to-day, still persist to be boys? Young men, indeed, may see visions of what never shall come to pass, and be ravished with them; but old men in their senses cannot so much as dream dreams of delight; such delight, I mean, as yours. What delight can these gay scenes afford you? I should think you should be more mortified than amused, where you scarce can see a face that does not make you look twenty years older than before. Hope you any regard or affection among them? No; despair even of toleration, but when these moderns, for amusement, dip into you as into chronological tables, to know what happened before the flood: find friends in coevals, or despair.

"Indeed, my good friends, in one sense, most certainly, you are strangers upon earth: why will you not be so in the best? That you might be so in the best, is, probably, the sole reason you are still alive. Men in years, and the clergy, are the two natural supports of virtue and religion; that is, the two columns on which public welfare is built: and the first is the stronger, as there is less prejudice against it. They both have higher obligations to be wise than other men: and if the world sees those higher obligations fail of their due effect, their consciences will sit easier under the neglect of their own. The clergy are volunteers: the aged are pressed by nature into the service of wisdom: and if they both desert, vice may triumph without a battle, and virtue fall without a mourner.

"Ye fine men of rank and parts! a common soldier (your contempt, no doubt) shall reproach you. One of them, requesting dismissal from Charles the Fifth, gave this reason for it, *Inter vitæ negotia extremumque diem oportet aliquod temporis intercedere*. Much more *inter vitæ voluptates*, and our last hour. Will you go to your graves with your eyes shut, as Plutarch tells you the Spartans went to their beds in the dark? If so, as reasonable men in years enter their graves as a harbour, you will strike on yours as on a rock. You do not only expose yourselves, but your whole species. When they that have most reason to be wise are the farthest from it, it sinks the dignity of our common nature, brings, beyond all other

enormities, a reproach on mankind ; and gives each individual, as a sufferer, as a sharer in the scandal, a just right not only of censure but revenge.

“ This will excuse my indignation at two notorious offenders ; and therefore I shall dare name them. Who are they but Sedbury and Torrismond ? Their pictures have been partly drawn by the famous Seymour : I shall sketch the rest. These are two perfect heroes in this transgression ; old offenders in an offence which, till old, they could not begin ; who join the gallantries of Paris to the years of Nestor ; who read a play-bill, and a bill of mortality, with the same sensation and aspect ; who can amuse themselves with a cathedral service, and go for an hour's diversion to the funeral of a friend !

“ How many friends have they lost ? that is, how often has their confidence in the world been shaken at the root ? And give they still full proof of their obstinate adherence to, and cordial incorporation with, it ? Has it not daily crumbled away in their fingers, and will they hug it still ? How can their hearts still swell with those flattened bubbles of idle joy so often pricked by death ?

“ Ye two antediluvian youths ! what greater folly on earth than that of confounding seasons, and not giving their respective appropriations to the different periods of life ? Nothing can be in credit that is out of character ; and credit you affect,—no one more. If you would find it, let these gentle hints, like the light touch of a magic wand, make you shrink from your vernal bloom, and wither at least to the decencies of fourscore ; for I would make you some allowance still.

“ Know ye not, that they who in their wrinkled decline out-dive in folly the temerities of youth, and die immaturely at twice the age of man, are void of shame from censure, human and divine ; quite callous to God and men ? Know you not that such faults after seventy are as severely judged by this world as the next ? To be born like a wild ass's colt, is natural ; but not to live so, and retain the colt's tooth when all the man's are fallen out. Time was, when to centaurize was less ridiculous. But unless your equestrian part is now dismissed, laughter is irresistible ; as your friend Horace assures you :

*Solve senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus.*

Instead of surfeiting every public place with your ungodly omnipresence, you should be reserved as the Great Mogul. A little self-annihilation would be the wisest way even for your own vanity ; for the more we forget our age, the more we remind others of it ; and the younger we would appear, so much older shall we look in all eyes but our own.

“ Yes, gentlemen ! to preserve your dignity, retire like eastern kings. And kings indeed you may be, and glorious ones too, if you will be wise : for wisdom is the crown of old age ; and the fear of the Lord is its glory.”

Since the witchcraft of pleasure is so strong as to turn young men old by their infirmities, and old into young by their affectation and conceit, let us look a little more narrowly into the perverse composition of that marvellous being, which we style “ a man of pleasure ; ” and make somewhat, if possible, like an analysis of it.

The man of pleasure, (though I fear he never asked himself the question,)—of what nature, species, or rank in the creation conceives he himself to be ? Does this yet unconstrued, undeciphered creature consider himself as an immortal being ? or only as a rational ? or as a mere animal ? If as an immortal, let him regard things eternal : if as a rational, let reason reign : if as a mere animal, let him indulge appetite, but not go beyond it. When appetite is satisfied, an animal’s meal is over : if as a composition of all three, let it not be a confusion of them ; let it be a composition ; and order alone can preserve that name.

No, he is for neither of these. He is an immortal without a sense of immortality. He is a rational dethroning reason ; and an animal transgressing appetite ; an unhappy combination, a wretched chaos of all, without the benefit of either ; nay, a sufferer from each, because an abuser of all. They are not, as heaven designed them, three parties in alliance for his happiness ; but three conspirators of his own making against his peace.

For mark this immortal maze of human ruin ; appetite, reason, and immortality, violate and are violated by each other. Subtle reason finds arts and arguments to tempt appetite beyond her bounds. Unbounded appetite with stupefying sensuality bribes reason to drop her dominion. Her dominion, dropped, renders blind immortality regardless of things eternal : and they being disregarded, all immortality’s boundless powers and desires devolve on

things temporal ; and, devolved on them, with violence impel deposed reason and riotous appetite to monstrous lengths of extravagance, which had otherwise lain quite beyond both their power and desire.

Thus stands the perplexed and hitherto not unravelled case. The man in his constitution debauches the brute : the brute, debauched, dethrones the man : the dethroned man, and debauched brute, join in rebellion against the immortal : the subdued immortal resigns to them its infinite powers and desires, which they exert to the destruction absolute of all three.

The man, if not in alliance with an immortal, never would have had an unbounded power and desire. If not in alliance with a brute, he never would have debased them to mean and sordid ends ; never would have confined them to things below : but being joined to both, and, through perverseness and stupidity, rendering celestial immortality inglorious, and terrestrial brutality more brutal, he creates a far more miserable being than either of them apart could possibly have been. We may therefore congratulate the mere brute on his high prerogative of being incapable of becoming such a monster of rationality as this. And the man of pleasure, if modest, will, for the future, give the wall to his horse. He, like Codrus, disguises himself, puts off his dignity to rush into danger : and happy for him if he meets with nothing worse than death !

Reason and immortality, the man and the immortal,—these only occasion the calamity ; and the poor animal, an innocent ally, must suffer with them.

If your sister's favourites will contemplate themselves in any glass but their own, let them look in this true mirror ; and though the features are somewhat monstrous, let them not disown them, since they may change them when they please ; and they are pictured so minutely, that they may be the more inclined so to do. For, what a hideous ruin of humanity is this ! The world after the deluge, a less melancholy sight. Such shocking footsteps sin leaves behind it, in nature animate and inanimate. Reason and virtue are the sole beauty and sole salvation of all. Through all her realms creation groans without it. The Deity is all reason in his nature, conduct, and commands. The great, invariable, eternal, alternative, throughout his creation, is, or reason, or ruin. To how many ears in this happy metropolis is this dismal news ?

I was going to say, that reason is the sole basis of happiness ; but it is not. There are three kinds of happiness on earth, gradually less and less. There is a happiness from the exertion of reason, where reason is given : this is the happiness of a man. There is an inferior happiness from the gratification of sense, where reason is denied : this is the happiness of a brute. And there is a calamitous happiness where reason is suppressed or abused : and this is the happiness of a wretch. You see then in what line of happiness our fine men must be content to rank.

I know your sister will call my analysis above, a labyrinth of sophistry. I will therefore give the man of pleasure's character in a manner less perplexed, and which she may probably censure as too plain ; and may wish a clue were wanting to find the meaning.

He is one who, desirous of being more happy than any man can be, is less happy than most men are.

One who seeks happiness every where but where it is to be found.

One who out-toils the labourer, not only without his wages, but paying dearly for it.

He is an immortal being that has but two marks of a man about him,—upright stature, and the power of playing the fool, which a monkey has not.

He is an immortal being that triumphs in this single, deplorable, and yet false, hope,—that he shall be as happy as a monkey when they are both dead ; though he despairs of being so while yet alive.

He is an immortal being, that would lose none of its most darling delights, if he were a brute in the mire ; but would lose them all entirely, if he were an angel in heaven.

It is certain, therefore, that he desires not to be there : and if he not so much as desires it now, how can he ever hope it when his day of dissipation is over ? And if no hope,—what is our man of pleasure ? A man of distraction and despair to-morrow.

And who would buy to-day so dear, if it were so to be bought ? as certainly it is not. Doubtless the true man of pleasure is he who preserves order in his compounded nature ; and gives the animal, rational, and immortal their respective dues. Who, as immortal, places in the Supreme Being his supreme delight ; and, as rational, shunning superstitious austerities, and, as animal, too great indulgencies ; admits of all secular enjoyments that are strictly

consistent with his supreme. The true and false man of pleasure are brothers: born of the same parent, namely, an inextinguishable love of delight: but so superior is one to the other, that, like the fabled brothers Castor and Pollux, one may be said to be in heaven, the other on earth.

To be more explicit,—I would gather three particular branches from this general root of happiness, and present them to your sister as a specimen of the rest.

There is no man of pleasure without his Eve, no Eve without her serpent, no serpent without its sting. He that knows not the pure delight and ever-growing tenderness of a chaste love, knows not the most that the fairest can bestow.

He that knows not the sound cordiality and constant warmth of a disinterested friendship, knows not the most that man can enjoy from man.

He that keeps not open a constant intercourse with heaven by frequent fervours of rational devotion, knows not a joy still sublimer than both.

What are the joys of vice compared to these? What think their deluded admirers of a magnanimous triumph over strong temptation; of a sweet repose in Divine favour and protection; of an indefeasible right to life eternal? Is there not a certain grandeur and solidity of happiness in this? Is not this better than ranging from the gaming-house to brothels; and with other little, fluttering, gilded, noxious, liquorish insects, to be fixing on every nuisance for * delight? sons of Beelzebub, the god of flies! I like not a certain modest faint-heartedness in the friends and advocates of what is right. A Christian should let all see what an animation there is in Christianity, above all that the world may admire besides. Christianity should be the boast as well as comfort of our hearts.

And now if we inquire after the cause which has brought us into that fool's paradise, on which I have dwelt so long, we shall see with what good reason pleasure and infidelity are joined together in my plan.

The scripture ascribes the conquest of the world, that is, of its pleasures, to faith; and is very copious in enumerating renowned instances of it. Were faith as prevalent in us, we too should prove Alexanders in the moral world. All agree

* "*From*" is the reading of the modern editions.—EDIT.

that, several goods being proposed for our ultimate enjoyment, it is impossible in our nature not to choose the best. All agree that God's promises are better than any thing we can carve for ourselves ; and all agree that they are inconsistent with sin. So that he who will take out his portion in this life must lose it in the next. What then against our nature, and against our reason, hinders us from prosecuting our chiefest good? Want of faith. All is resolvable into that alone.

For instance : Our temptations are of two kinds : From things that grieve, or things that please ; the former fright, the latter allure, us from our virtue. From poverty, pain, disgrace, or prosecution, we fly to falsehood or fraud for escape. But those ills are not the immediate cause of it ; but want of faith in God's promises that " He will succour us in those exigencies, and deliver us in his good time, and make all things work together for our good." On the other hand, when pleasure entices and carries its point, we do not think those pleasures, be they what they will, preferable to heaven. But heaven is at a distance, and the soul is eager for present good. But why is heaven at a distance ? For want of faith ; for faith is " the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." It antedates the existence of that which is future ; makes " our conversation in heaven," though we are still in the body ; associates us with angels, though in our solitude ; and gives us greater joy in contemplation than the world can give in hand. This is true, or the conduct of those heroes in scripture had been impracticable ; and they, like ourselves, were mere men. Thus infidelity leads to pleasure, and pleasure confirms infidelity, and both together consummate ruin.

These gentlemen seem to think, that the world was made in jest ; that there is nothing of moment or serious in it. There is nothing else. There is not a fly but has had infinite wisdom concerned, not only in its structure, but in its destination. And was man made only to flutter, sing, and expire? a mere expletive in the mighty work, the marvellous operations of the Almighty! Is joy their point? He that to the best of his power has secured the final stake has a *fons perennis* of joy within him. He is satisfied from himself. They, his reverse, borrow all from without. Joy wholly from without is false, precarious, and short. From without, it may be gathered ; but, like

gathered flowers, though fair and sweet for a season, it must soon wither and become offensive. Joy from within is like smelling the rose on the tree ; it is more sweet and fair ; it is lasting, and, I must add, immortal.

As, therefore, I have above offered these gentlemen three expedients for happiness ; to persuade their acceptance of them, I shall now give three short maxims which will sit light on their memories, and (I hope) in time easy on their hearts.

He that will not fear, shall feel, the wrath of heaven.

He that lives in the kingdom of sense, shall die into the kingdom of sorrow.

He shall never truly enjoy his present hour, who never thinks on his last.

Let your sister, dear sir, tell her grey pretty fellows, who are apostles to these Gentiles, that, if they can advance three maxims of greater truth, or three expedients of greater efficacy to happiness, than those above-mentioned, I am their convert, I exchange my Bible for Bolingbroke, and prepare for the ball ; for, N. B., I am but fourscore.

With best wishes to you, and those you love, that is, all mankind,

I am, dear Sir,

Most affectionately yours.

LETTER III.

ON PLEASURE.

IN ANSWER TO ONE RECEIVED.

DEAR SIR,

THE contents of your letter damp my joy in hearing from you. Even a good man's approaching death strikes us with some concern. I am sorry that the sting which pleasure left in your unhappy friend occasions so swift a decline. How naturally we lay hold on heaven when the world sinks under us, and will support our hopes no more! The piece of devotion which you desire, you shall receive in my next. I cannot reflect on your friend's distress, and a noble youth whom I myself attended in his extremes, without dwelling still longer on pleasure, which has cost the world so dear.

If disease and infirmity make us daily visits in the persons of our neighbours and friends; and death, by the same affecting messengers, gives us frequent notice that he will be with us soon :

If, when death arrives, all mankind, however divided before, unanimously close in one opinion, and one wish :

If libertine enjoyments hasten the approach and heighten the dread, and imbitter the consequences, of death :

If death is the single event sure, and virtue the single pursuit indefeasible; and the Divine favour the single point of absolute importance :

If that favour comes so cheap that the very leavings (in time, care, and expense) of our real enjoyments would go a great way in the purchase of it :

If the martyr's blood makes that purchase sure; and it is impossible that martyrdom and voluptuousness should share the same fate :

If the fate to be shared is endless, and this life but as a moment to an age; and an age not a moment to eternity; and eternity as much ours as the present hour :

If he that is over-fond of the present, or high in expectation from any future, hour, either knows not this world, or believes not in the next :

If all this is true; that is, if it is day at noon; how

happy, like your friend Eusebius, to strike early into the right path ; and not so long to slumber in indulgence, like the noble youth, (of whom I shall soon speak,) as to suffer the birth-day of our understanding to be the last day of our lives !

I told you in a former letter, that I would give you your friend Eusebius's character at large : not, to be sure, for your information ; but to place him in opposition to the men of pleasure ; and so,

Facem præferre pudendis,—Juv.

that their deformity may be set in a stronger light, for the benefit of those weak eyes, who cannot see a mountain without spectacles ; with whom a centaur passes for a man ; or rather, who think a man of pleasure an extremely happy creature, and, with ancient astronomers, place the centaur in heaven ; their Sagittarius there, or eternal hunter, ever aiming at pleasure, and ever missing his mark. How very much, the character of Eusebius will plainly show.

Men of pleasure, notwithstanding all the thorns they meet with in their flowery path, imagine all would enter it but for want of taste, or spirit, or purse : Eusebius wants none of these. He wants not a taste for aught that can gratify either imagination or sense ; that can make a coxcomb or debauchee : but he is neither. Nor wants he a purse or heart to provide those gratifications. His purse is large ; larger his heart : but not corrupt, and nobly wrong. He is young, gay, rich, expensive. So far he is with them ; but will leave them soon, as the sun slides from under an eclipse. His riches widen the circle of his virtues. Their riches increase the number of their crimes. There are two kinds of expense ; in both, riches make themselves wings and fly away. But widely different in their flight ; in one they fly away as an eagle towards heaven ; in their flight beautiful, and celestial in their end. In the other they fly away as an owl to the desert ; ungracious and ill-omened in their flight, and ending in the desert of ignominy and ruin.

Eusebius, though liberal to the demands of nature, rank and duty, starves vice, caprice, and folly. These (the great cormorants of gold) he sends begging to their doors ; they, as old intimates, welcome and embrace them all ; and if they have not thrice the fortune of Eusebius, must soon be beggars themselves. While he, with one half they

sink in a debauch, lifts beggars (beggars, I mean, from fortune, not from folly) into the real comforts of life.

He, too, has his amusements ; but not such as deaden, but revive ; such as recover the relaxed tone of application, re-animate to new effort ; and thus are essential, though pausing, parts of noble, well-judging industry. He starts not at a masquerade : nor thinks cards the books of the devil. But thinks all our diversions like long books, that were better epitomized ; or, like the books of the Sybil, which, as they were lessened in number, rose in their price.

He, as well as they, has his parks, gardens, grottoes, cascades, statues, paintings, &c., but enjoys them more ; not because his are better than theirs, but because he is better than they. His paintings have beauties unborrowed from the pencil ; and his statues in his eyes appear, like Pygmalion's, to live ; though mere marble in theirs. His all-animating joy within gives graces to art and smiles to nature, invisible to common eyes. Objects of sense and imagination, for their greater power of pleasing, are indebted to the goodness of his heart. For as the sun is itself the most glorious of objects, and makes all others shine, so virtue itself is the greatest of pleasures, and of all other pleasures redoubles the delight.

He, and they, though they both value riches, yet entertain widely different opinions about them. He considers a great fortune as his being put, by a kind Providence, into its honourable commission for doing much good. They consider it as a privilege, or at least as an excuse, for the contrary. He, surveying his ample arcades and lofty domes, rejoices more in what benefits others, than what aggrandizes himself ; rejoices more in considering how many mouths he has fed, than in considering how many eyes he has drawn. He triumphs in reflecting to what numbers he has been enabled, by the Divine indulgence, to turn, without a miracle, those stones into bread. They, from their huge Babel-like buildings, contract a Babel-like pride, which turns, with regard to those beneath them, their hearts into stone. Such men, in effect, build downward, are the more ignoble (that is, the lower) for their height.

He thinks that heaven's rich donations imply in them some transfer to the public : they think they imply a transfer of the public homage to themselves. Instead of imagining his grandeur to be a demand on the public for its homage, he looks on it as the public's demand on him

for bounty and patronage, of which he has erected such proud promises ; and by them raised so just an expectation. He thinks that their riches (how strangely soever it may sound) run them in debt ; and that not to benefit, is to defraud.

His humility is equal to his magnificence ; and as magnificence with humility speaks more regard for others than himself, it escapes envy, and insures general applause. Their pride defeats their magnificence, and robs it of that applause which is its single aim ; for it is a great authority which tells us, that "pride is a tree which eats up its own fruit."

He knows (what they consider not) that splendid superiorities cannot be neutral, with regard to the characters of those who possess them ; that, therefore, men possess them at their peril ; that they must degrade, if they do not exalt, them ; that Heaven, which, in spite of different ranks, levels happiness, designed it as the peculiar curse of the great (if they deserve it) to be lessened by grandeur, and illustriously disgraced ; that if apes and crocodiles, men hurtful or ridiculous, inhabit superb piles, they must despair of being worshipped ; though but through vain and keen appetite for public incense, they never had been built.

You see in how many points these men fall short of Eusebius in pleasure from expense ; which, notwithstanding, is an article on which they pique themselves not a little. And give me leave to subjoin one more particular, which will affect them less than the former, though it ought to affect them most of all : his wealth has subterranean channels ; blesses unseen, and costs the relieved neither blushes nor thanks. Not one prison have they opened ; not one tear have they dried, which might speak in their favour when their own begin to flow. The sorrows we have relieved are the surest support in our own. The best that can be said of their expenses, is, that they are an unwilling encomium on those of your friend.

Sensual, of all our pleasures, are the meanest ; how low must a soul celestial stoop for them ! Yet these, our thirsty sponges of sensuality, who suck up every drop of it, in or out of their way, though they take up the dirt with it, prefer to all the rest. And in these, if in any, they will venture to dispute his superiority. But for reasons, some already mentioned, more most obvious, he is their supe-

rior in these. In pleasures intellectual, how far are they behind him! and then the moral, they are all his own. It is one of their minute and meagre pleasures, professedly to decline them: and these are the supreme. Moral pleasures, though faintly, (in this imperfect state,) yet truly, taste of heaven; and, what is more, insure that heaven of which they taste. And what an inestimable superiority is this! He that can think of death undismayed,

Extremumque diem vitæ inter munera ponit,—Lu.

has more enjoyment, even in distress, than they in triumph, with every vain amusement turning reason out of doors, lest it should wound them with one whisper of the grave. On how many melancholy occasions in life should we be glad of an asylum to which to fly! How should we be transported with a thought that had infallible comfort in it! And that thought can be but one; and that one, it is the constant aim, labour, nay, boast, of these *wise men* to destroy.

Eusebius's love of pleasure is equal to theirs: whence, then, this vast inequality of happiness? He commands his pleasures, some he cultivates, some admits cautiously, others sends blushing away. Their pleasures domineer, scout them away on vilest errands; bid them throw their patrimony in the dirt of prostitution or debauch; or dungeon them in midnight dens of fraud and destruction; and command them to whirl it away with a losing card, or stamp it to nothing with a desperate dye. What scaffolds of fatal execution are those guilty boards, where moments determine on fortunes for life, and rage and distraction threaten ruin eternal?

From this thralldom to their pleasures, this wretched impotence of heart, it is that while he has but one, and that a most gracious, Master, they have as many tyrants as there are follies and vices in the world. Ten times a day they change their Pharaoh: and why? Because his wages are so poor. They have it, indeed, in their power to change their master, but not to break their chain.

The Romans once pretended that they had a golden shield which fell from heaven: to secure it from theft, they laid it up among eleven others made of brass. This expedient had been unnecessary against *their* wisdom. They run away by choice with the eleven counterfeits; with a multitude of false ineffectual pleasures, and leave the celestial,

as of no value, to men of less understanding. Virtue, the delight of Eusebius, is a celestial shield against every evil of human life. Their pleasures are rather swords, that pierce them through with many sorrows.

The contrast how strong ! Their pleasures die in fruition, and are remembered with regret. His survive the present actual enjoyment, and are as sweet in retrospect as in hand. Theirs lessen on repetition, his increase. Theirs create and aggravate calamities ; his avert most, and alleviate the rest. Theirs hasten death, and heighten its horror : his owe their perfection to his final hour, after having heightened and lengthened all the blessings of life. And what a wretch is that happiness, and what an idiot that wisdom, that can offer no comfort in the days of darkness, and the hours of death ! In a word, their wretched joys flourish like dismal weeping willows watered by a ditch ; poor the figure they make ; flux and obscene the ground on which they stand : his flourish like cedars of Libanus from the fountains of heaven, and are rooted in a rock ; the rock of his salvation.

It is this superior ground on which he stands which imparts that inimitable sweetness of air, aspect, and deportment, which marks him, among multitudes of the gayest, for the gay. *They*, like things gilt, have much to show, much more to hide, are all darkness within. *He*, like a diamond, is transparent, and shines at heart. He looks as if *virtue*, according to the wish of some sages, was at last become visible, and shone through him ; in person, not precept, making a visit to mankind, and man is mended by looking on him.

Now please, sir, to observe to what an astonishing degree that intellectual darkness, mentioned in my former letter, prevails in these men, that would outshine all the world. What is their chief boast ? Why this, that they *make the most of this life*. Whereas the very fundamental difference between them and Eusebius is, that they make *nothing* of this world, because they design to make their *all* of it. He makes much of this world, because he holds it as little ; because ever having the sentiments, without the terrors, of a death-bed, he never cuts off this life from the thoughts of the next ; but sees his whole existence in one unbroken thread extended before him.

But, before I dismiss your friend Eusebius, (though he has made you a very long visit,) I must take notice of one

particular more. These gentlemen pique themselves on their epitome of all virtue and religion, *benevolence*: if they had it, it would confute most I have said, and make them very happy; for it may stand as a general maxim, that men are happy in proportion to their good-will; nor is it strange, that to the greatest duty should, by nature, belong the greatest reward. But their title to this virtue is not clear. The reason they so loudly pretend to it is, because they know they have it not. The weakest side of a citadel is to be defended most. Eusebius, on *his* principles, *must* have universal good-will. Self-love obliges him to it, and his own happy state of mind inclines him the same way: for all are most kind to others, when most easy and pleased with themselves. On *their* principles, that this world is *all*, or, at least, all they will concern themselves about, self-love obliges them to the contrary; and their uneasiness in themselves seconds that obligation: so that you may as well expect to find an angel among the dissolute as a friend. And, indeed, can any expect that they should love them better than their own souls? Yet that would they do, if they cared for them at all.

But, instead of endeavouring to prove what needs no proof, I shall present you with the picture of one of these great lovers of all mankind, if you will promise not to cut his throat; which picture, better than a Demosthenes, will prove my point. You will know whom I mean when I tell you, that he is enamoured of the charms, and deep in the mysteries, of *play*. That is, he is so fond of riches, (which a good judge tells us, *Nemo bonus unquam concupivit*,*) of riches is he so over-fond, that he is quite miserable if denied a daily chance of being stripped to beggary. Greater professions of friendship can no man make than this arch-promiser: greater proofs of the contrary can no man give. He never did a favour that proved barren to his own designs, but he sent a curse after it. All his kindnesses are artificial flies; if nothing is caught, they are pocketed again. "Hook him, or hang him," is a favourite maxim of his own coining. He smiles, indeed, with great complacency on a crowded levee of devoted friends, with no less than on a hand of good cards. And his hope from both is just the same; that is, so to play them off as to win his game. That done, if interest or humour bids, he throws

* SALLUST.

them aside as a foul pack, and calls for new, to shuffle, and cheat, and play tricks with, as before. He considers fools as trumps, with which he is sure to win. If there are no fools to be taken in, he makes a pretty good hand of it with a knave of the right suit. If he is so unlucky as not to be blessed with either, he gives out, and, for that time, plays no more: for, without a good hand, a bad heart is insupportable. But prosperity soothes remorse, and lays conscience asleep. This is one who knows the world; which generally means, one that knows not God. He never thought of that great, final stake, with regard to which he that honestly but desires it is sure to win; and he that plays foul the most dexterously, is sure to be undone. Such is Avidienus, such is that *good* man, who, as freely as eat his meal, could lay down his life for his friend.

But, in excuse for such men, I must own that, for such as place their all here, there can be no shadow of social happiness, but from deceiving, or being deceived. From *deceiving*, and so finding some account in their villany; or from *being deceived*, and so finding some account in their folly. For real friendship amongst them is impossible: and, indeed, to hope a friend in any man that is not truly his own friend, is absurd. From this account it is evident, that the chief fountain of happiness is dried up in their hearts.

A *wretch*, almost smothered with all the reputed means of happiness, would of all objects be the most ridiculous, were it not the most melancholy too. Diogenes went about the city of Athens begging to the statues; being asked the reason, he said, "He was learning to bear a repulse." These gentlemen should learn the same lesson; no statue can be dearer than most of their pursuits, when they ask *real* pleasure of them.

These are the men, who, while Providence lays the reins of free-will on their wanton necks, rush headlong into even unimportant temptations. But when it shall put its hook in their nose, and its bridle in their jaws; when it shall drag them into the condition of your unhappy friend; or, worse, when the tattered, convulsed body shall be shaking out an unwilling soul, loath to leave it for a still worse habitation; then, O what a change! It places full before me the last hours of that noble youth I mentioned above: last hours full of anguish! how fit to be remembered by those that wish peace to their own!

This is the funeral to which, in my first letter, I promised to invite your sister Sempronia, and her gay admirers; Sempronia, who delights *psallere et cantare elegantius quàm necesse est probæ*. And what invitation more kind than that for which she may thank me for ever, when other entertainments end? If they have their wine, this has its nectar; its cup of salvation, pressed from that Vine whose leaves heal the nations, and whose swelling clusters teem with eternal bliss. Funeral solemnities are more for the sake of the living than the dead. What a trifle that honour they receive from them, to the benefit we may reap from that affecting scene!

O, sir, how affecting! It is still before my eyes. That wretched youth dies again! Again I am smitten with his death. It wounds me even in remembrance: what, then, the scene itself! No words can paint it; no time efface it: I meet it in my dreams; I shall bear it to my grave.

I am about to represent to you the last hours of a person of high birth and high spirit; of great parts and strong passions, every way accomplished, nor least in iniquity. His unkind treatment was the death of a most amiable wife; and his great extravagance, in effect, disinherited his only child.

But to my point. The dead-bed of a profligate is next in horror to that abyss to which it leads. It has the most of hell that is visible on earth. And he that has seen it, has more than faith to confirm him in his creed. I see it now; for who can forget it? Are there in it no flames and furies?—You know not, then, what a scared imagination can figure, what a guilty heart can feel. How dismal is it! The two great enemies of soul and body, sickness and sin, sink and confound his friends, silence and darken the shocking scene. Sickness excludes the light of heaven; and sin, its blessed hope. O double darkness! more than Egyptian! acutely to be felt!

How unlike those illuminated revels of which he was the soul! Did this poor, pallid, scarce-animated mass dictate in the cabinet of pleasure, pronounce the fashion, and teach the gayest to be gay? Are these the trophies of his Paphian conquests? these the triumphs to be bought with heaven? Is this he who smote all their hearts with envy at his pre-eminence in guilt? See how he lies a sad, deserted outcast, on a narrow isthmus between time and eternity! for he is scarce alive. Lashed and overwhelmed

on one side by the sense of sin ; on the other, by the dread of punishment ! beyond the reach of human help, and in despair of Divine !

His dissipated fortune, impoverished babe, and murdered wife, lie heavy on him : the ghost of his murdered time, (for now no more is left,) all stained with folly, and gashed with vice, haunts his distracted thought. Conscience, which long had slept, awakes like a giant refreshed with wine ; lays waste all his former thoughts and desires ; and, like a long-deposed, now victorious, prince, on his bleeding heart, imposes, inflicts its own. Its late soft whispers are thunder in his ears ; and all means of grace rejected, exploded, ridiculed, is the bolt that strikes him dead,—dead even to the thoughts of death. In deeper distress, despair of life is forgot. He lies a wretched wreck of man on the shore of eternity, and the next breath he draws blows him off into ruin.

The greatest profligate is, at least, a momentary saint at such a sight : for this is a sight which plucks off the mask of folly, strips her of her gay disguise, which glittered in the false lights of this world's mummery, and makes her appear to be folly to the greatest fool.

How think we then ? Is not the death-bed of a profligate the most natural and powerful antidote for the poison of his example ? Heals not the bruised scorpion the wound it gave ? Intends not Heaven, that, struck with the terrors of such an exit, we should provide comfort for our own ? Would not he who departs obdurate from it continue adamant, though one rose from the dead ? For such a scene partly draws aside the curtain that divides time from futurity ; and, in some measure, gives to sight that tremendous, of which we only had the feeble report before.

Is not this then a prime school of wisdom ? Are not they obliged that are invited to this ? For what else should reclaim us ? The pulpit ? We are prejudiced against it. Besides, an agonizing profligate, though silent, out-preaches the most celebrated that the pulpit ever knew : but, if he speaks, his words might instruct the best instructors of mankind. Mixed in the warm converse of life, we think with men ; on a death-bed, with God.

But there are two lessons of this school written as it were in capitals, which they that run may read. First, He that in this his minority, this school of discipline, this

field of conflict, instead of grasping the weapons of his warfare, is for ever gathering flowers and catching at butterflies with his unarmed hand; ever making idle pleasures his pursuit; must pay for it his vast reversion; and, on opening his final account, (of which a death-bed breaks the seal,) shall find himself a beggar; a beggar past beggary; and shall passionately wish that his very being were added to the rest of his loss.

Secondly, He shall find, that truth, Divine truth, however through life injured, wounded, suppressed, is insuppressible, victorious, immortal; that, though with mountains overwhelmed, it will, one day, burst out like the fires of *Ætna*; visible, bright, and tormenting as the most raging flame. As now (O my friend!) I shall too plainly prove.

The sad evening before the death of that noble youth, whose last hours suggested these thoughts, I was with him. No one was there but his physician, and an intimate whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in he said:—

“You and the physician are come too late.—I have neither life nor hope. You both aim at miracles. You would raise the dead.”

Heaven, I said, was merciful—

“Or I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to bless and to save me?—I have been too strong for Omnipotence! I plucked down ruin.”

I said, The blessed Redeemer—

“Hold! hold! you wound me!—That is the rock on which I split—I denied his name.”

Refusing to hear any thing from me, or take any thing from the physician, he lay silent, as far as sudden darts of pain would permit, till the clock struck. Then with vehemence:—

“O Time! Time! It is fit thou shouldst thus strike thy murderer to the heart.—How art thou fled for ever!—A month!—O for a single week! I ask not for years. Though an age were too little for the much I have to do.”

On my saying, we could not do too much: that heaven was a blessed place—

“So much the worse. It is lost! It is lost!—Heaven is to me the severest part of hell.”

Soon after, I proposed prayer.

“Pray, you that can. I never prayed. I cannot pray.—

Nor need I. Is not heaven on my side already? It closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own."

His friend being much touched, even to tears, at this, (who could forbear? I could not,) with a most affectionate look, he said :

"Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee.—Dost weep for me? That is cruel. What can pain me more?"

Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him.

"No, stay. Thou still mayest hope.—Therefore hear me. How madly have I talked! How madly hast thou listened, and believed! But look on my present state as a full answer to thee, and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain: but my soul, as if stung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason; full mighty to suffer. And that which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality is, doubtless, immortal.—And, as for a Deity, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel."

I was about to congratulate this passive, involuntary confessor, on his asserting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature; when he thus, very passionately :

"No, no! let me speak on. I have not long to speak—My much-injured friend! my soul, as my body, lies in ruins; in scattered fragments of broken thought; remorse for the past throws my thought on the future. Worse dread of the future strikes it back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless heaven for the flames!—That is not an everlasting flame; that is not an unquenchable fire."

How were we struck! Yet soon after, still more. With what an eye of distraction, what a face of despair, he cried out!—

"My principles have poisoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared my boy; my unkindness has murdered my wife!—And is there another hell?—O thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent, Lord God! hell itself is a refuge, if it hides me from thy frown."

Soon after, his understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgot;

and ere the sun (which I hope has seen few like him) arose, the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched Altamont expired.

If this is a man of pleasure, what is a man of pain? How quick, how total, is the transit of these Phaetontiades! In what a dismal gloom they set for ever! How short, alas! the day of their rejoicing! For a moment they glitter, they dazzle. In a moment where are they? Oblivion covers their memories.—Ah! would it did! Infamy snatches them from oblivion. In the long-living annals of infamy their triumphs are recorded. Thy sufferings still bleed in the bosom (poor Altamont!) of the heart-stricken friend; for Altamont had a friend. He might have had many. With what capacities was he endowed, with what advantages for being greatly good! But with the talents of an angel, a man may be a fool. If he judges amiss in the supreme point, judging right in all else but aggravates his folly; as it shows him wrong, though blessed with the best capacity of doing right.

Such, so fatal, when abused, are the greatest blessings of heaven. Heaven grant his agonies were an expiation of the past; not a presage, and sad specimen of the future! That his surviving companions and admirers may never suffer the same, give me leave to speak to them, while this affecting object is (or might be) in their sight:—

“Ye staunch pursuers of pleasure, opening in full cry on its burning scent! who run yourselves out of breath, health, credit, estate, and often life, after that you cannot catch! For a moment, slacken your speed, and cool the fervour of your chace. It is a friend that calls, and he is his own that hears.

“If there is a scene on earth, in which you can find greater advantage, than in that to which you have been invited, do not come: if there is not, indulge me in a few words which may not be soon forgot: at least, they will recur to your thought, they will recur to your feeling hearts when your present jovial chace is over; when pleasure is no more.

“It will be grateful to your friend deceased, whom you were always willing to oblige, if, with his accomplishments, you remember his faults; for then you will not forget your own; but read in his deep distress a strong caution against them. Affords not the rock on which he split a solid basis for your safety? Has he not well

marked where mischief lies? See you not the wreck of that gallant first-rate? or, rather, is he not a beacon, lighted up by kind Providence, to guide you safe through the dangerous voyage of human life?

“He once, as you now, imagined himself in this life immortal. Was he not mistaken? He has taken his final flight; whither, who can tell? If you continue yours in the same fatal track, who is he that cannot tell where the folly must end? Smitten, transfixed, when most secure, from the most towering heights he dropped at once into depths of distress not to be fathomed by man. In gaiety of heart defy not the danger. Are there not more arrows in the same quiver? and are not you as fair and tempting a mark? more tempting, if unadmonished, and mounting still over his forgotten tomb. And whom dare you tempt? An archer that never missed his mark.

“But you, from your gay pavilion, embowered in roses, see no threatening prospects, no dangers of death. O, sirs! death delights to lie hid in thickets of roses! How often the gayest fall first in his snare! Yet even this is too gentle, too mild, to answer the good-will of heaven; it cannot keep the world in awe.

“What uncommon fortitude is needful to bear prosperities unhurt! It is now sunshine with you; and you think all is well. It is the season of indulgence.—But seasons will change. You that are now all social comfort, gathered close in glad clusters, and (like embodied birds of passage bound for new climes) on your impatient wing for new delights! what will you do, when each of you, severed from the rest, an unexperienced, unexpected recluse, lies sorely pained; dreading worse; none to converse with but the two greatest strangers, his own heart, and Him who made it; and neither at peace with him? Say, ye strangers to care, and abounders in mirth! what will he do, when he finds himself still subsisting in a state, where none of those pleasures, for which alone he wished to subsist, can possibly any longer subsist with him? when the dark matter at the centre will not be more foreign to him than that which now beats high in his pulse, and flushes in his cheek, and stings him on to schemes that laugh at such lectures as these, when he finds himself led by the soft hand of *Pleasure*, to those dismal gates, which *she* herself will never, never, never, enter?

“ Consider, my good friends! you still retain the name of Christians, and have heard of the scriptures. To speak their language, if Christians are racers, you have not yet started: if warriors, your armour is not yet on: if labourers in the vineyard, you pluck down the vine, and get drunk with the grapes: if watchmen, your nap is not yet over. There is no man but in some part of life, either stung by self-moved conscience, or alarmed by some providential event, as out of a long idle dream, starts at once into his senses. The longer the dream, the greater his surprise and pain; and if he nods to the last, the pain and horror (as too well has been proved) is inexpressible.

“ Cannot that awful truth interrupt your slumber? He sleeps sound indeed, at whose ear a friend's knell shall knock in vain. But, setting friendship aside; granting that, with men of your cast, a friend dead is a friend annihilated; ask, I beseech you, pure self-interest one question: ‘Have you no concern in this death? Is it nothing to you?’—O much, very much! It cannot stand neuter. It is big with good or ill. It must hasten your amendment, or heighten your offence. Henceforth, the same crimes are sevenfold guilt!

“ Have you never consulted the workings of nature? Have you never been surprised with a serious feeling of heart? When I stand, though a stranger, on the verge of another's grave; when I see the shaken mould take possession of human pride, and hear the solemn sound of ‘Dust to dust;’ what swelling of soul but instantly subsides? what salutary thoughts but at once it inspires? The grave of one unknown, and dying a common death, would have this effect: what then the grave of a friend, and of our own character; and that not good; and dying of the follies in which we live; and with admonitions in his mouth, and horrors in his heart? What heart impregnable to such an assault? What thunder equal to such a groan? It would echo for ever in a penetrable ear. In a penetrable heart there would be wrought a mighty change.

“ For see you not the mighty force that is implied in this mercy? Heaven trusts not to your faith; but gives sensible proof of what you have to fear. And could it do more? Would a miracle suffice? You have it in a mercy so little deserved. If danger can alarm you, you now are alarmed. If nothing can alarm you, nothing can save.

“I should grieve to have said too much. Yet have I said too much, if my words serve only to render more inexcusable that imprudence which they labour to remove. Rather know your danger, and embrace the plank (though not of cedar) which I throw out for your escape. Our fondness for good shuts our eyes on evil ; we scarce allow it existence before it is felt. But, remember, we live in a most mutable scene ; and have the fear of to-morrow before your eyes. Not the keenest discernment can ken through the second of a minute. To keep within the reach of mercy is the grand concern, and supreme blessing of human life.

‘ My converted ! or condemn’d ! farewell.’”

Thus, dear sir, I speak to these gentlemen. I wish they do not rather choose to show their parts than their penitence ; and criticise my speech instead of their own conduct. If so, they demonstrate how very great occasion there was of it, though it proves ineffectual.

Most yours.

LETTER IV.

ON PLEASURE.

DEAR SIR,

YOU seem to think, in your last letter, that our age is so far gone as to be past recovery. I hope not. Aviola, a consul in the time of Gordian, revived on his funeral pile. I will not despair but that British virtue now, like the phoenix, dying in its sweets, may start up from its ashes, and re-assume its former glory. I shall therefore proceed a little farther.

I grant that the man of pleasure, as well as the good man, has his joy. But their joys are very different. They differ not only in their objects, but their kind: which is as yet a secret to them; and, possibly, to you. Joy from temporals is a terrestrial joy; and, like all things terrestrial, has a dreg in it. If you observe your own heart, you will find that joy from temporals has ever somewhat of a gay inquietude, a disturbed and tumultuous delight; like some liquors, all in an unquiet ferment and confusion, while they sparkle and smile. Joy from eternal, joy, I mean, on spiritual accounts, (namely, *mens conscia recti*; or, a delightful hope of immortality; or an humble persuasion of Divine favour, &c.)—this joy is celestial; and, like a fine calm summer's evening, is undisturbed, placid, and serene. The first is a passion, and that in the strictest sense: we suffer from it, as well as enjoy. Nay, some have suffered from it even to death. The latter seems rather to be, or to resemble, an inspiration, in which the Divine cause takes away, or supersedes, our human infirmity; therefore, by our church, most properly styled "the peace of God." Nor let centaurs imagine, that this peace is occasioned by the smallness of the joy. No, "it passeth all understanding;" and is, strictly speaking, a specimen, an actual part, of heaven.

For, indeed, the supreme happiness and misery of rational beings, through all variation of circumstances, and through every period of their existence, is of a piece, or of the same kind. Though, perhaps, in no two periods of it, of the same proportion, or degree. Therefore, heaven and hell, how distant soever some think them, are really, though not fully, on earth. Wherever and whenever their

causes, that is, virtue and vice, exist, they will exist, in a measure correspondent to them. What then are the good and bad, but the wretched and happy? He, whose soul reposes on his firm trust in God, like the halcyon that builds on the waves, if storms arise, may be tossed, but not endangered. Or, grant the worst, those tumultuous billows, that devour others, rock him to rest eternal.

When the good man lies down to rest, no fears from the dangers of the night break through his strong confidence in the Divine protection. When he awakes, his first thought lays hold on heaven; which gives through the consecrated day such a sweetness of aspect and deportment, such a force and firmness to his felicity, that we may venture almost to say, "He cometh forth as a bridegroom from his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course."

The man of pleasure has his little clouds at the brightest; the course of his happiness is retarded by a straw; and any considerable, scarce considerable, accident puts it quite to death. Not only the necessaries, or conveniencies, but the decorations and superfluities, of life, are vital to his sickly felicity. In any of them he may receive a deep or deadly wound. Whereas they are mere excrescences to the good man's happiness; and he has no more feeling in them than in his hair or his nail: nay, his happiness is of so strong a constitution, that it can stand real calamities unhurt; nor quits its serenity on the confines of the grave; which the man of pleasure but ill retains in the sunshine of life.

Of which strange inferiority one cause is very obvious. When all our hopes and fears are confined within this narrow scene, what an insupportable importance, what a tyranny over our passions, does this give it! what demigods does it make our superiors, who can bestow what we most value! We tremble before them. What mountains does it make of little things, because the greatest in our inventory! We turn pale, sometimes die, at their loss. But, the first moment we take God for our protector, and his precious promises for our chief portion, our superiors, even kings, shrink to men; and crowns imperial lose their lustre: little things are little, and leave our hearts at rest. As a taper to the sun, such the sun to the glories that shall be revealed. Looking to the close of the drama, we resume our native dignity; nor are longer over-awed on

the stage by our fellows, or perhaps our inferiors *behind* the scene ; nay, sometimes *on* it too ; when, like poor Altamont, they are forced to change their plume for the warm cap of sickness ; and are unbuttoning their buskins on the bed of anguish, terror, and death.

And must this, one day, be the case? after having run the gauntlet of disappointing, painful pleasures, and for some years being afflicted with delights, to drop unregarded, unlamented, infamous, into punishment far greater, *for* the punishment they have already undergone? Of human happiness what a dismal account is this! Yet this is the true. Let us, therefore, inquire if it is not worse than they deserve.

Our men of pleasure affect much being men of honour too ; that is, they are as proud as they are dissolute : or, in other words, they will not stoop to mean and little vices ; they deal only in great. They scorn to pick a pocket, but triumph in cutting a throat. If their immaculate honour is violated by word, look, or thought, then they trample all the laws of religion, justice, and humanity, without remorse. My inquiry will join the man of honour and the man of pleasure together. But how shall I inquire? How shall I know the heart of these men? And that only can inform me right. Let us then consider what these men's prayer would be, if they prayed at all. For what is a prayer, but addressing to some superior power the real desires of our hearts?

Thus then I will show you an exact picture of their hearts. There was so masterly a copy of a capital picture of Julio Romano, taken by one of his scholars, that he swore it was his own original drawing. I hope so to copy their hearts, that they shall imagine, that it is not I, but they themselves, that speak. The desires of their hearts, if clothed in words, would run to the following purpose. But, first, this caution : let not that offend pious ears which passes in an impious heart ; and which, for the sake of piety, (though, perhaps, not without some shock to it,) is drawn out into light.

THE PROFLIGATE'S PRAYER.

“ O THOU ! whose omnipotence is but a second attribute, an able servant to thy delight ! thou great fountain of pleasure ! as such I adore thee. Pleasure alone makes me devout ; and let devotion advance my pleasure. For I am

not more devout than modest ; I ask not yet for heaven. Give me my heaven on earth. Let Mahomet's paradise descend, and bless me on this side the grave. Let my honour too shine before men ; and let none see my heart, but thee. *Noctem peccatis, et fraudibus objice nubem.* Give my lusts a long and prosperous reign over me ! and let not religion approach to hurt me. Lead me into temptation, and give me strength to comply with it. And deliver me from all evil that may mar my delights. Let me be (as I have been) a brute while I live, and an angel (if angels there are) when I die."

Is the good man shocked at this ? Yes ; and the profligate too. Few know the foulness of their own hearts. A famous modern, when, in age he had lost his understanding, passing by a looking-glass, cried out in compassion, "Poor old man !" not knowing it to be himself. Thus the profligate, at sight of this mirror, equally ignorant, no doubt will cry out in surprise, "Horrid wretch !" I answer, therefore, to the question above, (namely, Is it not worse than they deserve ?) that men of pleasure, themselves being judges, deserve the worst.

In contrast to this, (and sure it wants an antidote,) accept that piece of devotion you desired on your friend's account ; and may it prove of some little service to him !

DEVOUT THOUGHTS OF THE RETIRED PENITENT.

PART I.

"YES, blessed, ever blessed be the Divine indulgence for this ! How wanted, how welcome, this asylum, this recess ! Here earth holds its peace ; and heaven's voice can be heard ; Heaven's voice, if we listen, ever speaking in the human heart. Here let me commune with my so long-anxious heart, which has frequently called on me for an audience, and found me pre-engaged. Or else, the rude world broke in on our conference, and fatally pushed it off till a farther day ; though (shocking to consider !) though a depending eternity often chid my delay.

"While the noise of the world beats its drum in our ears ; and its bustle and hurry throws its dust in our eyes ; who can hear the soft whispers of conscience, or read the strong demands of reason, though written in capitals, on the composed and disenchanted heart ? I now read, hear, and

tremble. I tremble at that in which I once triumphed. I blush at that of which I once was vain. O pleasure! pleasure! what art thou? The death of reason. And with reason dies the whole heaven, as well as character, of man.

“The cloud now a little broken, which wrapped me up in night, look round, my soul enlarged; and say, where or what am I? An immensity around me! an eternity before me! a shadow my pleasure, a moment my time, a vapour my life! And shall a moment, shade, vapour, engage all my love? engross all my thought? Shall it bid an angel from heaven wait my better leisure? bid the great Father of angels defer his call till to-morrow? What, O my soul! if He should call no more? Good God! *If He should call no more?* If He should leave thee to thyself? Where, then, is hope? Where, then, is man?

“Man, desperate man, the first moment he sets up for himself, and, impatient of control, takes the rein into his own mad hands; the first moment he is at liberty, he is the greatest of slaves. How shackled! how harassed! how starved! In the midst of his riots, what a famine of joy! None can be wise for time, that are fools for eternity. Dreadful independence! the first moment man quits hold of his Creator, he drops! In distraction and ruin, how unfathomed his fall!

“Out of that deep I call unto thee, O Lord! Lord, hear my voice. Dissolve the charm that ties me down to delights trifling, terrestrial, infernal; and give me wings to rise into day, and reach the things that belong to my peace. Where is the creature which thou hast made? Where is the heart which thou hast given? This sink of pollution! this nest of all vices! it could not come from thee. No, I have snatched it out of thy blessed hand, and let it fall in the mire. What is it to me, that thy mercy is over all thy works, since I am not what thou hast made?

“I have slept on a precipice, and dreamt I was in heaven; slept on its very brink, though vengeance frowned over me, and flames roared beneath. What horrors awake me! What a gulf lies before me! What mercy has saved me! Where had I been, had I died yesterday? O, let this load, this mountainous load, on my heart, sink me lower, and lower still, in adoration that I live! Had I felt these pangs before, before I had been reclaimed. Thou, that bearest up the pillars of the earth, support my spirits!

Where had I been, if yesterday had been my last? Where, —O where?—And eternal too!—Eternal! O Lord, God Almighty! could thy thunder shake me more?

“Thou glorious God, who makest the thunder! let me climb above creation, and soar into thoughts of thee. How I wander up and down, bewildered and benighted, through the boundless of such a contemplation! Where, what, who, how, art thou? Source of all being! Centre of all good! Great ancient of days! before the birth of time, beyond the comprehension of angels! Filler of immensity! who lookest down on the highest; and the lowest dost support!—support even me.

“Support me while I labour at some idea of my God—but I labour in vain. Thou most obvious, and most occult! most present, and most absent of beings! how much of thee is enjoyed! how little of thee is known! I am in thee, yet cannot find thee. I can neither go from thee, nor to thee. Clouds and thick darkness are thy pavilion! Wonders, passing wonders, through the moment of time, and the immense of eternity, guard and aggrandize thy tremendous throne!

“Before such a Judge, O my soul! art thou to plead thy cause, to pour out thy deep sorrows and deeper sins, to tremble out thy complaint? O let me annihilate myself before him. Nor wretch, nor man, nor angel, is any thing in his sight, till he is nothing in his own. Who, Lord, ever thought on thee, and was not confounded? And give me leave to add, Who, Lord, ever prayed to thee as he ought, and was not blessed? For which infinite mercy, from the first thrones in heaven, to the meanest worm on earth, be paid all homage, praise, and adoration; constant, profound, ardent, and eternal!”

PART II.

“ARE they that pray blessed? But what is that to me? Dare I to pray? To whom is prayer addressed? O how dreadful in majesty! more dreadful in vengeance! dreadful to the blessed above! more dreadful to man! more still to the sinner! what then to the deepest in sin? May not I then say, (as is said, Lord God Almighty, of thy blessed self,) ‘Hell is open before me; destruction hath no covering?’ Where then shall I fly? I cannot fly from thy presence. I dare not stand in it. Should I sink to the centre, I am still in thy sight. Even darkness detects me! even flight

brings me nigh! O thou that dost light the sun as a taper, or tread it out as a spark! why still in being a wretch ever destined to pain? O let me be nothing; or let me be thine.

“And what a nothing, indeed, am I! What a nothing, compared, is man!—thou that inhabitest eternity! my foundation is in the dust. Lord most Holy! I was conceived in sin. God most Mighty! what weaker than man? Great! Holy! Mighty! Three Persons, and One God! Creator! Redeemer! Sanctifier! Three Benefactors, and One Being! with what indignation dost thou behold a wretch of such complicated guilt! a sinner to thee, to the public, and himself!

“And dare I then approach? The presumption how great!—But greater to forbear. To sin is bad; to despair is fatal. O most merciful Jesus! what refuge but in thee! Yet dare I not meet thy face; I come trembling behind thee. If I touch but the hem of thy garment, I shall be whole. Even dogs may eat of the crumbs that fall from their master’s table.—For that bountiful grant, what adoration is due? With prostration profound I cannot but adore.—What adoration is equal? I cannot adore aright. Or could I, I am unworthy to lift an eye to thy throne. My incense has no odour; my anthem no praise.

“But thou, Lord, wide as the arch of heaven dost extend thy compassionate arms to receive a returning world. As the sands of the sea are thy mercies, and (with horror let me speak it) my transgressions. I have looked on an unfeeling heart as a quiet conscience; on a multitude of sinners as an apology for sin; and on the fashion of the world as a repeal of thy laws. I have been thankless for what thou hast most bountifully given; senseless of what thou hast most bountifully promised; provoking, under the greatest obligations; peevish and impatient, under the smallest evils; riotous under thy judgments; and by thy blessings most unblessed; I turned them into poison; and by my prosperity was undone.

“I have studied iniquity as a science; been vain of distinction in it, and ashamed of my duty. I have blushed at the glance of a man, and a man most mistaken; and set my face as a flint against reason, and against thee. I have even borrowed infidel scraps for the credit of the day; and run in debt for destruction. Time given for repentance I turned over to folly; and made the Divine mercy a pro-

moter of sin. Nay, I have sinned even beyond my power. What schemes have I laid, which thy goodness disappointed! How many crimes have I committed, which never came to pass!

“With such overflowings of ungodliness I quenched thy blessed Spirit. I have trod, with thy Divine laws, thy precious blood, under foot. All this, Lord! thou knowest, and yet I still live. All this thou hast seen, and yet hast thou held thy peace. Thou hast shortened thine arm, and curbed vengeance in air; though called for (if daring can call for thy vengeance) to fall on my head.

“How long, Lord, hast thou forborne me! and forborne when thine arrows went abroad; though I stood in the first rank of offenders; nor ever lifted up the shield of devotion; quite naked in sin! My less vicious companions fell frequent around me; and dismal was their fall. I washed off its memory in the next welcome debauch; and the just cause of remorse but redoubled my guilt. By admonitions unadmonished, by thy mercies unsoftened, by my own sentiments unawed, by my own conviction unconvinced, I censured their conduct, and trod on in their steps. I deplored their sad exit, and posted on to my own. Because spared, when most obnoxious, I thought myself immortal. In every path of pleasure, in every flight of ambition, what gay, sanguine multitudes of those born after me, and in every promise of life to be placed before me, have I seen rise, bloom, triumph, languish, decay, and die! What a mystery of mercy is this! And what a miracle of madness am I! Amid this mighty field of slaughter, am I still alive? While I doubt if I still live, I live on in my crimes. Nay, my very repentance increases the number; repentance so languid, so far short of my guilt!”

PART III.

“LORD! from that stupendous height, towards which the cherubims lift up an eye in vain, bow down thine ear, and hear.—O Lord! hear me not. For what have I to plead? what excuse to cover, what palliation to soften, my guilt? Can my confession of sin weigh aught in my favour? I fear, not a grain. For wherefore have I confessed my transgressions? Because I could not conceal them. Thou knowest even those that are unknown to myself. But then, Lord, I have been tempted. Yes, and

I have courted temptation. Frail nature has seduced me. And have I not indulged my seducer? Public example bore hard on me. And I rejoiced in that excuse. I have sinned with my fathers. True, but I have sinned beyond them. What age for indulgence has so loosened the rein? And who, in such an age, has rushed farther in ill than the wretch at thy feet?

“But is there nothing in counterbalance? no dawnings of good? no pretensions, at least, to virtue, to lighten the loaded scale? Yes; I have been an advocate for virtue—that I might remove all obstructions in vice. I have gone to thy temple—but left my heart behind. Nay, I have prayed—but wished not what I asked. I have aimed at humility—out of pride. I have given—but without charity. I have been kind, the very kindest of men—to gain power of being cruel, as the most malignant of foes. My devotion to thee has been absolutely declined; yet never have I repented, but of omissions in guilt; nor ever had a darling joy, but what is the parent of my present grief.

“On searching my own heart, that abyss of corruption, I find there is hardly a virtue which my hypocrisy has not worn, as a mask; hardly a vice which my presumption has not acted under it; by these abandoned means bringing into discredit virtue of others the most sincere; and making more heinous my own deepest guilt; to the public a scarce less pernicious pest, than a fatal assassin to myself! Thus, Lord! all my pleas but inflame my indictment; and seeking excuses, but discovers new crimes.

“But, as I discover new crimes in myself by my own awakened reflection, by the gift of thy grace I discover new goodness, new glories, new wonders in thee. I have lived in darkness, in the shadows of eternal death. I wrapped myself up in the world; I saw nothing but what had been better unseen, what made me blind to thee. But now thy Divine attributes break in upon me, like the morning, and awake me to thy presence. I see thee in every thing; and, seeing, I adore; and, adoring, tremble.

“Thine attributes, at once, all lighten upon me; and strike me, like him of Tarsus, thy less persecuting foe; they strike me to the dust. Thy most awful omnipresence, thy most incomprehensible glory, thy most unbounded wisdom, exquisite justice, and ineffable goodness! goodness, how ineffable! and to me, Lord, to me

unsupportable! that chief cause of my confusion, severe upbraider of my conduct, and terrible aggravation of my guilt! If thy goodness thus pains me, what then will thy vengeance? when thy vengeance awakes (cover me, O ye mountains!) when thy vengeance awakes—O mercy! mercy! mercy!—Thou mighty to save! O have mercy upon me.

“And mercy thou wilt have, thou Father of all mercies! of mercy, redundant, inexhaustible source! Thou wilt not condemn him who condemns himself, who trembles at his own tribunal, who is scarce struck with more horror at vengeance than at guilt. At such guilt! and to such a Master! whose bounties enabled me so signally to sin; and who, my sin so provoking, so long over-looked.

“But I repent.—Lord! I repent—Yet how dry are these eyes! how hard is this heart! Strike thou the rock, and the waters flow. Let not him who groans under his transgressions, groan under thy displeasure. Thou giver, guider, lover, yea, buyer, of souls! and, at what a price! who dost hear the very thoughts of the wounded at heart! hear, pity, spare! Nor let the Lord be angry, if I presume to add, O spare thy paternal tenderness, O save it from its aversion; its strange work! Vengeance is an alien to thy most amiable nature. Ruin is a subversion of thy most glorious scheme.

“Though common sense has deserted me, and a legion possessed me; though I have contradicted my own reason, and fought my own heart, which stood in defence of thy laws; though I have struggled hard for madness, and taken ruin by force; yet let not compassion be quite a stranger in heaven. Let not thine anger burn for ever. Wherefore is the Lord angry,—because I am a sinner? What else canst thou forgive? Because my sin is great? If pardoned, the greater the glory. Thy servant is wicked; but still a servant. Thy son a prodigal; but still a son. Though a son's duty has been wanting in me, lose not thou, boundless Love! all the bowels of a Father. Am not I the work of thy hand? Do not despise it. An image of thy majesty? Do not blot it out. The price of thy blood? O cast it not away. Shall things incompatible combine to my destruction? Can I be related to ruin, and to thee? Let it be thy blessed pleasure to reclaim, not to destroy, me. If destroyed, thy foe will triumph. If reclaimed, there is joy in heaven; and ten times ten thousand will sing praise round thy throne.”

PART IV.

“But if I am pardoned, who then can be punished? What stains can condemn, if an Æthiop escapes? The regions of darkness are part of thy creation; and horrors infernal were not made in vain. My crimes, in themselves, how great! as committed in defiance of infinite majesty, they are greater still. What then shall I say? To what shadow of excuse shall I fly?—Pardon, Lord, the weakness of my reason, if I judge, or rather hope, amiss; thine infinite majesty seems to plead for me. Fain would I find an advocate in that; in that very cause which most heightens my guilt.

“For, what, my Lord, am I? a poor complex of littleness and vanity; the very centre of infirmities; a combination of all causes that can call for thy compassion. Frail flesh, and fleeting spirit! a moth, a worm, a flower of the field! To-day, and not to-morrow! at morning, and not at night! not master of a moment! not a match for a breeze! A dream, a vapour, a shadow, a thing of nought! posting through daily doubt and danger, toil and trouble, into trodden dust and ashes!

“Such am I! such was I made!—and made by thee. And now, Lord, wilt thou make bare an arm almighty against me? Wilt thou lift up a bolt that can crush creation against its meanest worm? (O pardon what distress compels me to plead!) Thine infinite majesty declares against it; that rescues the sinner, though it enhances the sin. Does not my meanness disarm thy might? Is not the greatness of the Offended the offender's defence? I am, indeed, unworthy, most unworthy, thy favour; but am I not unworthy thy resentment too? Thou that sittest on the highest heavens, and seest worlds infinite dance beneath thee, as atoms in the sun!—wilt thou, O wilt thou, not remember, that I am but dust?

“Yes, Lord! thou wilt remember it; thou wilt remember thy glorious self; what ancient days resound; what wonders Love Divine has wrought of old. For to whom do I cry? Art thou not he to whom none ever cried in vain? who created not, but to bless; commands not, but to preserve; nor punishes, but to reclaim! who has not more relieved, than amazed, with his extremities of love! For art thou not the same Lord, who, though most offended, as if thou wert the offender, beseeches us to be reconciled?

who mourns over the impenitent? and over the impenitent for sins against himself? and, when his sorrow cannot prevail, even weeps in their stead? Those tears obdurate Jerusalem would not shed, didst thou not take to thy own blessed lids, which overflowed at the bare prospect of its ruin? Who, without pious terror, without the greatest astonishment, can think on these things? or who, without comfort, still greater than that?

“Nor end our healing hopes of comfort here; not only to beseech, commiserate, and weep, descended the Lord of glory and eternal life, but to die. And what a death! and after what a life! A life of compassions without number, and beyond measure; what a shining progress, what a stupendous ascent in love! He meets the returning prodigal; looks compassion on denying Peter; rejects not disbelieving Thomas; admits sinful Magdalen; pardons the taken adulteress: and associates to himself in paradise (where angels cast their crowns at his feet) a thief from the cross. What a marvellous and most adorable climax is this! And is it possible for love to rise higher still? O let it rise higher, and reach even me.

“What am I, thou most exuberant fountain of love, that I should set a bound to such compassion as this? Can ocean be repelled by a single grain on the shore? What a triumph of mercy to pluck the ruined from ruin! What an omnipotent action to save the most lost! Though pleasure has fooled me; though reason, conscience, heaven, nay, and earth too, in one scale, has been outweighed by a feather in the other; though, with Esau, I sold my birthright for nothing; yet, Lord, let these distractions of thought, these convulsions of heart, these pangs of the wretch, if not the prayer of the penitent, reach the foot of thy throne; for his dear sake who spared not his most precious blood, O spare, pardon, bless; yes, bless me, even me, O my Father! Yes, thou all-surrounding, all-pervading, all-sustaining, and all-blessing Majesty of heaven! bless me, even me, O my God!

“Thou! who, if thou movest thy lip, it thunders; if thou liftest thine eye, the sun is dark; who hast thy way in the whirlwind, and walkest on the wings of the wind; who sittest above the heavens, and hidest thy footsteps in the great deep; but, above all, whose superabundant effluence, whose ocean of love, overflows the whole creation! add to these wonders one wonder more—the forgiveness

of guilt like mine; hear the suppliant voice, see the bleeding bosom, these throes, these throbs of the most vile and abandoned—but most repentant and heart-broken, of men.

“Then, Lord, come the worst, I will not complain! My joy shall burst its way through the frowns of the world, and the shadows of death. Then blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be to Him who sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, who nails sin to his cross! Thus will I sing in spite of my groans! Thus will I sing with my last expiring breath! Thus will I sing for ever and ever.

“Amen. O my soul! Amen, Amen!”

This, sir, is that importunate, ardent, persevering spirit of address, which was suitable to the state of the person from whom I borrowed it. It may possibly (partly at least) suit some others. And I thought it inhuman to gaze so long as I have done on the disease, without aiming at some expedient to mitigate its malignity. There is a sovereign balm in prayer.

I know, sir, there are certain quietists in devotion, saints of great repose in prayer, who may censure this as too warm. But when should we be warm, if not when our eternity is at stake? Shall we be warm in our vices, and cool in our repentance? Were our passions given for nothing? or given only as the servants of sin? Is it not heaven, but its reverse, that is to be taken by violence? I, therefore, drop this dispute, not only as unchristian, but undeistical too; for, if there is a God, all our affections are too feeble, all the wings of our soul are too few, to be put forth in pursuit of his favour; and being languid in devotion, is being solemnly undevout. If there is a God, he gave us our passions, as well as our reason; they, therefore, as well as reason, should assist in his service. And, indeed, reason without them, though it may loudly tell, will but lamely perform, our duty. How great a part of the scripture must these men's kind of criticism explode! Poor David must break his harp, lest it give offence. Even angels have their passions, nor are any beings exempt from the need of them on this side the throne of God. Whatever exemption some may fancy in their own favour, let us, my friend, who have seen the necessity of devotion for others, not neglect our own; nor, in the pride of instructing, lose the prudence of safety.

You and I, my friend, lie under two disadvantages in this point; the world's example, and our own years. It is an undevout age; and will you not be surprised to hear me say, that ours is an undevout period of life? Yet it is most certain, that there is a tenderness of heart, and a susceptibility of awe, with regard to God, as well as man, in youth, which, in most, is wanting afterwards. This want is an enemy we must fight; and fervent prayer, that "sword of the Spirit," is the best weapon against him. Prayer, because the most easy of duties, seems, with many, the hardest to be performed. It costs them so little pains, they think they may as well let it alone. Whereas, it is the supreme, the great mother-duty; all other duties and virtues are its progeny; are brought forth, nursed, nourished, and sustained by it. Devotion is the sole asylum of human frailty, and sole support of heavenly perfection; it is the golden chain of union between heaven and earth; keeps open the blessed communication;

—*Geminique facit commercia regni.*—CLAUDIUS.

He that has never prayed, can never conceive, and he that has prayed as he ought, can never forget, how much is to be gained by prayer.

Dear Sir,
Yours.

LETTER V.

LIFE'S REVIEW.

THE GENERAL CAUSE OF SECURITY IN SIN.

THOUGHTS FOR AGE, &c.

LIFE'S REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,

IN this and the following letters I shall touch on five points: Life's Review; the general Cause of Security in Sin; Thoughts for Age; the Dignity of Man; the Centaur's Restoration to Humanity. The three first are naturally suggested to me by the world's wickedness and our own, and our advanced time of life. The fourth, namely, the Dignity of Man, is naturally suggested by the notoriety of its reverse in those for whose sake these letters are principally written. For who can look on Lucifer in his abyss without thinking of that height from which he fell? by which alone we can take any just measure of his calamity. And the fifth point, namely, the Centaur's Restoration to Humanity, is forcibly imposed on me by the transporting thought, that such an event is possible. Yet, should it take place, posterity will scarce believe it: *Annalium nostrorum laborabit fides.* (LUCIUS FLORUS.)

I begin with the Review of Life; and that, though chiefly for our own sakes, yet also for the sake of all our grey-headed boys, as Sudbury, Torrismond, Ironside, &c.; for though beasts of so gross a class as they choose to rank with scarce deserve to be brought to the *manege*, yet pupils not yet expelled the school of life ought still, if possible, to be taught the lesson they have so long neglected; and I offer myself gladly for their tutor; though I fear they would prefer a *tetanothrum* * to an apotheosis; their erudition will not leave them at a loss to know what I mean.

There is nothing of which men are more liberal than

* A medicine to take out wrinkles.

their good advice, be their stock of it ever so small; because it seems to carry in it an intimation of our own influence, importance, or worth. We (for you approved it; we, I say) have bestowed abundance of it on our centaurs, which, I fear, will bring us in but little thanks. Let us, therefore, return from abroad, come to ourselves; and see if our export of wisdom may not be wanted at home. We have censured the aged; are we not such ourselves? Is there no folly to be found but at assemblies and masquerades? Or is folly not folly, because it hits our own taste? Let us lay the line to our own conduct; let us drop foreign ware, and put ourselves into the scale.

Yes, my friend! let us make a short visit to our former selves. They are, indeed, great strangers; nor much to be liked; yet it is a visit all should make who wish well to the future of life. A review of life is an employment agreeable but to few, because none can look back without self-condemnation; and none will look forward but with self-flattery. But though the task may be bitter, it is wholesome too. Ask you, "What advantage from it?"—It is the only way of taking my centaur's* advice, and *knowing ourselves*. A man can see himself in retrospection only. When warm in action, he is ever looking on something else, on his point in view; or, if he could see himself, he could not judge aright either of himself or others. While warm in action, prejudices, and passions, excited by the then present objects and incidents, corrupt his judgment. But in a cool review, he becomes rather a bystander, than the party, and is patient of truth. His then former rivals are no longer rivals; therefore he judges better of men. His former points of view are no longer points of view; therefore he judges better of things. He can judge, nay, he cannot but judge, as impartially of himself as of the rest of mankind.

Wisdom is the growth of experience: but experience is not the growth of action, but of reflection on it. In an active life is sown the seed of wisdom; but he who reflects not, never reaps; has no harvest from it; but carries the burden of age without the wages of experience; nor knows himself old, but from his infirmities, the parish register, and the contempt of mankind. And what has age, if it has not esteem? It has nothing.

* In the frontispiece.

Starting, my friend, from the same goal, through different paths, which severed our fortune, not our affection, we have run our race, and now approach its end. Jaded with our long journey, the spur of ambition blunted, and our spirits off their speed, we are glad of rest. In which, reflection on the past is not only useful, but extremely natural. Look on the stormy sea, whose billows reach the clouds; then on the peaceful lake, where the feather, or fallen leaf, lies unmoved; and you see the difference between the cool evening and warm meridian of man. Reflection is as natural to one, as action to the other. Unactive youth, and unreflecting age, are equal blanks in the book of life. Man varies no less than those varying insects at which he wonders. In his morning he crawls; long ere noon, flutters, and flies; at evening, chilled into languor, he creeps into corners, lies hid, and sleeps; or, if awake, having but little ground before him, nor that the best, how naturally he looks back on the past! how naturally his winter's evening calls for its tale! and to self-love, what tale so natural as our own? How idle soever our tale has been, if we can draw some moral from it, that will abate its insignificance, and give it some little weight by making us wiser for the future.

And want we not to be wiser? On how many fruitless friendships, ill-judged enmities, rash presumptions, cowardly despairs, unmanly flatteries, bold indecencies, idle schemes, airy hopes, groundless fears, opportunities lost, admonitions slighted, escapes unacknowledged, evils improved, blessings neglected, and trifles admired;—on what a swarm of infirmities I look back with shame! How ambitious have we been in our attachments, not aware that all, most worth our ambition, we can give ourselves! How fearful of expenses, not aware that, till it escapes the gripe, and takes its flight into some prudent use, money is not wealth; that it truly becomes ours only by our parting with it! How fond have we been of applause, not aware that human, separate from superior, applause is the greatest vanity, as well as the most common pursuit, in life! How plainly I now see that few things are more pernicious than too keen an appetite for applause, except a bold defiance of just reproach! That makes coxcombs; this, felons. This calls for detestation; that, for contempt.

How plainly do I now see that our ignorance has been great! How often have we been so idle as to complain

of our wants ; that is, of our capacity of being happy ! For without wants there would be no desires ; and without desires, no gratification of them ; and without gratification of desire, no happiness ; for human happiness, nay, happiness of all created beings, consists in nothing else.

What, on retrospect, appears to me to be the capital weakness of man, is that strange ascendant which his wishes have over his understanding ; it is this makes a centaur. How often have we looked on our wishes as infallible arguments for the certainty of what we desired ; when others saw it was an impossible point ! And of this capital weakness, a capital instance is, that dying men can scarce believe that they shall die. Are we not now as those yellow autumn leaves, which the first blast sweeps away ? Yet we seem to think the green bud hardly more tenacious of the stem.

On farther review, this is stranger still ; our friends are our strongest ties to life ; when these are cut, what but folly can renew the charm ? what, re-engage our disenchanted hearts ? And what, in my retrospect, is an object more obvious or striking than yonder ensigns of death ? How the tyrant triumphs ! What numerous monuments rise over the cold bosoms that once warmly received us ! that shared our counsels, our ambitions, our pleasures, and our hearts ! Their epitaphs collected would make a volume. A volume how instructive, if read aright ! A friend's monument is a friend's legacy ; and a richer to the considerate than any parchment can convey. What, for the most part, is human wisdom, but the melancholy growth of a bleeding heart ? The thought of death is the directing helm of life ; and he bespeaks a wreck who lays it aside.

O my friend, how rapid the human march ! Men are in haste ; how they hurry over the stage ! Where are those luminaries in every various walk of fame, in every kind of excellence and renown, who most fired our ambition and provoked our envy ? Are they not passed away as April shadows over the field ; or, by the fire-side, a winter's tale ? Are not those far-seen, shining lights gone out apace after one another, as little sparks in the fired leaf or paper, leaving us nothing but ashes behind ? And in their ashes is there nothing to be found but sorrow ? May we not light on a little prudence in them ?

Sorrow, indeed, predominates. O recent wound ! Sorrow how just ! Whom lost we the very last moon ?—Lost

we? That is vainly sad: whom lost the public? whom, the whole nation? Few have left it more worthy all love and esteem than our friend deceased.* He was made by nature to be beloved; and entitled by virtue to be admired.

—*Quem semper amatum,
Semper honoratum, sic Dii voluistis, habebo.*—VIRG.

Well had it been, if we, like him, had sought esteem; but we would not pay the price. Love, we thought, would come cheaper; and seeking that, were in danger of losing both. The wise world will part with nothing but by force. Love cannot be compelled, esteem may. And when it is, we lay in it, at the same time, the surest foundation for lasting love.

My retrospect shows me a transitory love of which we have been too fond; a love often bestowed by great ones on those whom they cannot esteem. This love, supposing it sterling, I (*stultus ego!*) returned in kind; but I do not repent it. I may not repent of my virtue; for, my friend, there are two sorts of charity in the world; and which the greatest, is hard to say. We are bound in compassion to help the poor to live, and the rich to enjoy; who feel a pain peculiar to themselves,—that of being mocked by abundance, which denies them their expected happiness; happiness in proportion to their purse. All I learn from such ardent lovers (for such generally they are) is, that it is dangerous to dip into most men below the surface, lest our curiosity should rob us of our good opinion of them. Much decorum, little homage, is requisite. My whole life tells me, that a just demand for esteem is sacred, but rare. We may well afford to pay it when it is due; nor must our love be withheld where it is not. Universal love enjoined, is designed as an antidote against reciprocal contempt; and as a discipline to human pride, which must stoop to love men in their infirmities and faults: nor is it more our duty than our prudence; how else could we hope quarter for our own, which both tell us of others' faults, and bid us forgive them? For many of them we should not suspect but from the whispers of their parallels in our own bosoms. And therefore, by not forgiving them, we condemn ourselves. If then we would be forgiven by

* Sir J. S.

ourselves, or others, we must forgive. A truth for which I thank my present review.

What I like least in this survey, for fear it should prove our own case, is this: I find old men apt to think well of themselves, not because they fly vice, but because vice is fled; repute themselves virtuous, because free from boys' offences; set down impotence for victory; and triumph, because they have not fought, because they meet no foe. And what makes me even tremble is, I see some, who, blameless in youth, are overtaken by folly when in years, and (of all sights the most deplorable!) I see them dragged by their white beards into the foulest enormities. Faults which are the natural growth of the distinct periods of life, may meet with some toleration; but the monstrous growth of vices out of season no man spares; because the hot-beds of Lucifer only can raise crimes, in which nature has no hand.

Heaven avert from us such an end! for, far from blameless was our beginning. In our early days (called the days of innocence) we had our little villanies: our vice in miniature. As years and temptations increased, in years less ripe than in iniquity, we were no petty criminals before we were men. We wished, indeed, for wisdom; but what wisdom would have avoided, we made our favourite choice; what wisdom would have chosen, we bid wait till to-morrow. Frequent were our quarrels with our faults; but rarely pushed on to a parting. Pleasure had its charms, and virtue its efforts; and sometimes in a passion threw its rider. But triumphs of passion are but short. No rebukes are so powerful as those from our own conduct. Affords not this, then, a strong caution for the future? The distempers of the past periods of our lives are the best antidotes for those to come.

Retrospection informs me, it was now open war with our enemy; now, perfect peace: how easy sin sat on our hearts, and called itself "spirit," "wisdom," any thing but what it was! When some merciful discipline awaked us from our trance, we fought, and we conquered. But what was our conquest? such as rather marred our wrong enjoyments, than wedded us closely to the right. We called the right our beloved, our spouse; but often committed adultery against it; thus losing the joys both of the sinner and the saint: so motley a creature is man; as mutable as God is fixed. Ours, indeed, was no uncommon case; but others'

faults are not our absolution. An absolution it is, however, with which many are content; though his holiness could scarce give his saints one more ineffectual and vain.

Who is he, my dear friend, that can absolve us, or condemn? Look through thy whole past life, and answer. What year, nay, what day, has passed unempowered to vouch for his clement and absolute reign? See I not, in numberless instances, the naked hand of Providence stretched out, as it were, on this side the clouds, pointing us to good? Now, showing how little this world can give, by pouring on us the full enjoyment of it; to turn our hearts on a better. Now showing us, by the calamities of others, how much we may suffer in this world; to keep us in awe, though ourselves were unhurt. Now, breaking to pieces all our own schemes, and raising our happiness out of their ruins; to teach us humility, gratitude, and on whom to rely; showing us, that most of our triumphs are errors; and our disappointments, escapes. Now bringing us, when most secure, to the brink of the grave; to repress presumption. Now snatching us from it, when past all human help; to kindle devotion, and forbid the pain of despair. Now defeating us in spite of all our wisdom; now blessing us in spite of all our folly; blessing, to sweeten life; the contrary, to wean us from it; and thus in both worlds to provide for our welfare, as far as the nature of humanity will admit.

What a glorious image of Divine goodness is this! The wisest cannot pay half its due in their highest opinion, nor the best in their profoundest acknowledgment of it. And can we not show as inglorious a portrait of human weakness in ourselves? How are our two different paths of life equally strewed over with follies! with follies thick as autumn leaves! but not thick enough to hide our faults; so numerous both, that I am quite disinclined to look longer backward; and hasten, for refuge, into some change of thought. And here, shall only add, that man overlooks the most instructive book in his study, if he reads not himself.

And now I fear you will say, that, how useful and natural soever Life's Review may be, yet you can find but little pleasure in it. In it there is no pleasure to be found, but what has cost us some pain; but what we have fought our way to, through nature's perverse bias and besieging temptations. Unbought pleasure is not the growth of

earth ; this is a militant state ; nor must man unbuckle his armour, till he puts on his shroud ; for the most victorious veteran may meet with a defeat. Nothing in Life's Review can give delight, but what we may call our trophies, or spoils taken in war. All else is vanished as a dream.

What have I said ? *vanished as a dream* !—Would to God it was ! it is not ! Far from it ! Every moment is immortal ! every moment shall return, and lay its whole freight, nothing lost, its every whisper, every thought, before the Throne : the Throne of him who sent it to man on that commission ; and commands it back at the stated day, to make its report ; to be registered in eternity, for the perusal of angels, and the justification of their King. Tell our gay triflers, that there is no such thing as a trifle upon earth. Can any thing be a trifle that has an effect eternal ? Tell them, though they are so well assured that there is nothing serious upon earth, that time to man is, in some respects, a more serious thing than eternity ; that his eternity is absolutely the creature of time ; that it is foul or fair, rejoices or laments, as time, omnipotent time, (that trifle which they throw away,) ordains its fate. If they doubt it, let them ask their jovial companion, who died of their happiness last night.

Many, my friend, have made a worse, many a better, use of time than we have done. Many have been more criminal ; many more innocent. But most men imagine that innocent which has a negative guilt. An idle day is a guilty day, in a life so short and precarious ; with more than human thought can carry, incumbent on it ! There are not more spots in the sun than in the life of a saint.

What then are we ?—O my friend ! at half a glance through life, I perceive, that, though we have made a shift to creep out of the Augean stable, yet have we not scaled the temple of virtue ; though we made the choice of Hercules, yet we wanted his strength ; though we sometimes lopped one head of the Hydra ; yet, too often, seven shot up in its stead. Whereas, on the contrary, they that have been long tossed by folly, when once landed on a good life, should burn their ships ; as Cæsar once burnt those of his legions on the British coast : I mean, that the warmest resolution should destroy the very desire of embarking in ill ; and so render a return impracticable.

Such, then, being our feeble attempts, so slender our pre-

tence to wisdom, it becomes us to give those whom we have so freely treated their revenge;—to confess that, though we are not quite horizontals, yet neither are we quite upright; and, though we have set up for reformers, yet we are not altogether men.

A man, my friend, is a glorious being, a great rarity; there are but few to be found. A man is an exalted character, doubly great; he is an hero and a king; few kings are so great as to reign over their own hearts. Few heroes so victorious as to drive dominions, principalities, and powers before them. Both these meet in a real man; he ranks, in reality, but a little lower than the angels; nor long, so low. O friend! man is a wonderful being! Anon, I will tell thee what thou art; and (mark what I say) I will surprise thee with thyself.

At present, only this:—Dare we say, that we are arrived at the character I have mentioned? No. Dare we say, it was not in our power? No. Why then this cowardice in a possible hero! Why this disloyalty to himself in a possible king? Whence this reproach to reason and immortality? Whence this inglorious and absolute desertion from our godlike selves? Sounds that too high?—In whose image were we made? I foresee your objection; I grant that image is impaired; but I quit not my point; I dare affirm that beings which are free, rational, and immortal, may be gods in due time, through Divine Grace, if they please.

How deplorable our distance from it! Whence this unmanly defect? Know we not that, unless our conduct is that of a man, it had been better for us, if in a lower species had fallen our lot? Why were we called into being? What we have enjoyed already poorly pays our mother's pain, and our own. Wouldst thou repeat thy part in the comedy? act it over again? Wouldst thou be rejumbled in this rough Thespian cart, dragged on by those two skeletons,—half-starved Hope, and panting Expectation, through bad roads, now worse and worse, and thy fellow-strollers in a constant conspiracy against both thy pay and thy applause, how well soever thy part is performed, how great soever thy indulgence is to them?—Thou wouldst not. Here and there, indeed, we might pick up a lucky hour, *alboque notanda lapillo*, that might make us smile again. But nature, and indeed reason, starts back at the whole. If we should find a small pearl in one oyster of a million, it would hardly make us fishers for life.

Wouldst thou then cease to be?—No, nature shudders at it. That horn of the alternative wounds more than the former: if so, our wishes, as well as our nature, push us into eternity. And shall we fear what we wish? Fear it we must, unless we provide a good reception there. We have provided for the to-morrow, and to-morrow was not satisfied. If we provide for eternity, our satisfaction will be full. We have provided for many years, for more than we shall ever see; but not for those which will never end.

How great the dishonour, my dear fellow-criminal, in us, who were not blind to the grand futurity, were not cold to the Divine rewards, to let the glowing thoughts of immortality so far mingle with the dregs of sense! Is not this, with the wings of an eagle, to drop into the mire? There lies the pleasure of which the world is so fond, that bane of private property, that presage of public slavery, that sure annihilation of a rational creature, and as sure a creation of a wretch eternal. Pleasure has robbed earth of more lives, and heaven of more souls, than the body collective of all other evils discharging their whole quivers on man.

Our weakness, and our security under the consequences of it, is no uncommon case. Blushing, I look round for its fatal cause. And do I not find it where, if found, it must increase my confusion? Do I not find it in the great goodness of God? If so, how must that reproach and brand the deep ingratitude of man! And I think I find it there.

THE GENERAL CAUSE OF SECURITY IN SIN.

For, consider, my good friend, what can he do that ventures to continue in sin? He cannot defy the wrath Divine: that is not in man. He cannot acquiesce under the terror of its consequence; he must therefore presume on Divine mercy. "I know myself worthless, yet earth pours its blessings. I know myself worthless, yet heaven buys me with its blood. What is to be feared, what is not to be hoped, from such a God? Be my crimes what they will, some yet unrevealed expedient will be found for my safety. For, 'God is love.'" Thus, possibly, he may reason; and thus at once do two strange things,—cite scripture to his ruin, and make the mercies of God fatal to man.

God, indeed, is love; but shall man therefore be a monster? and a monster in the judgment of all men? All

confess that there is an admirable consent between the precepts of virtue and the sentiments of our common reason. All confess that virtue receives a constant approbation from the uniform verdict of our consciences. All confess that virtue, practised, brings in the greatest happiness to society. He, therefore, that is not virtuous, can give himself no satisfactory account why he was born either with reason or conscience, or a desire of happiness, since he has nothing of what they all demand from him; and, therefore, he must appear an unaccountable being, that is, a monster, not only to others, but himself.

This is more than enough to make vice our aversion, though God were love to that absurd degree which our folly may fancy, and which our vice most certainly wishes and wants. But there is no such love in him; it is blasphemous to suppose it. God is love, and therefore—what? That which many may least expect; therefore God is terrible. From whence arises his marvellous love to man? Of man he has no need; the Divine happiness is complete; in man he sees no merit; he knows we are worthless, as well as we ourselves; but then, far better than we, he knows that we are immortal; that, therefore, (most interesting and most alarming thought!) that, therefore, we must suffer or enjoy for ever!

Hence, be most assured, my friend, his regard for man. Hence, for a worm, to-day crawling out of the earth, and to-morrow more despicably still, crawling into corruption, his compassion, his solicitude, his councils held on high, and all the wonders of his love. Wonders! much more than wonders to man; they are wonders in heaven! They strike with amazement the first angels of light.

Conscious of thy own meanness, canst thou scarce believe that Divine indulgence should thus abound? Consider, God, indeed, called us out of the dust. But he called us into an eternity; an eternity, henceforward, commensurate with his own. And shall not his concern be commensurate in degree, bear a proportion to his gift? Shall not one show as much of the great God as the other? As he has made us immortal, he has made us also endangered, creatures; creatures that must, necessarily, stand the most important and incomprehensible consequence of their own doubtful conduct for ever. Does not this abate thy surprise at such abundant indulgence? It must, if "God is love," and vouchsafes to look on us in the mentioned light. In that light

he looks on us. Thence his more than paternal bowels of compassion for the most unworthy of men. Thence his omnipotence exerted in giving proofs of his love.

“But why,” sayest thou, “is this love terrible?” Is not that love most terrible which tells us we are in danger of being eternally undone? And this love tells us so; for (as I conceive) it never had existed, had not that been our case.

How deep, then, and deplorable is their mistake who presume to sin because God is so good, when God is so good purely because he knows that presumption will be their ruin! who presume on impunity for sin because God is so good, when God is so good purely because he knows that sin and impunity are incompatible! Such men make a demonstration of their danger the basis of their security; and fear nothing, because an Omnipotence that is solicitous for their welfare gives proof that he is apprehensive of their destruction.

Such men reason ill. Still worse, experience cannot convince them. What their experience of every day, every hour, proves to be true, they will not believe: they doubt if they shall be (not to use a harsher word) condemned for their sins. Yet they know that they shall die. Now, as I take it, their death is a prelude and assurance of their future condemnation; for, if beings, originally immortal, die for another's sin, can it be doubted but that they shall be condemned for their own? And that death (which is a demonstration that sin shall not escape unpunished) is unavoidable, they are convinced by their senses. Unless our centaurs, therefore, lay aside their senses, as well as their reason, for the future they must forego vain hopes, too frequent and too sanguine among them; nor longer turn a proof of immortality into a presumption on impunity, heaven's indulgence into destruction, and gather poison from the tree of life.

I know not, my friend, if others have urged these arguments, with regard to the cause of God's great indulgence to man, and the certainty of punishment for sin; but to me they appear of a very weighty and affecting nature. There are some truths of the last moment to men, which, at first aspect, have somewhat surprising in them; they require, and well deserve, our second thoughts.

I will give you two; one from scripture, one from my own thoughts: “With the Lord there is mercy, therefore shall he be feared.”—With man there is immortality, there-

fore shall he tremble.—Tremble at himself! tremble at his own power, which can give what colour he will to a whole eternity; tremble at his own glory, that he has angels for his guard, and an Almighty for his friend! Yes, tremble at all that might incline him to triumph; for these grandeurs that inspire presumption, increase danger, are magnificent assurances that he may be plunged beyond hope, be lost past retrieve.

God, indeed, forbids our despair; but not because his love will save us in our sins, but because despair stops all effort at amendment; and without it his love desires our welfare in vain. His love is such as to give us encouragement and support in every thing but sin; such as to support our spirits amid the ruins of a falling world, but not under the cloud of one unrepented guilt.

This flings light on a part of scripture which has a cloud on it in some eyes, and with others quite ruins its credit: "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling:" a strange text to those who fear and tremble at nothing so much as at a disappointment in their lusts. Our salvation must be worked out: wishing and willing will not bring it; hoping and confiding will not procure it: it will not come by chance; no, nor by gift and infusion. It must be worked out with fear, because fear is the strongest guard of diligence, without which this work cannot go on; and with trembling, lest we should fail in this important work, lest we should think too lightly of the Divine justice, and lest our very confidence should betray us, even though we were good men; for good men have failed purely from a good opinion of their own state. For a good opinion begets security; security begets negligence; and negligence, temptation; and temptation, a fall; and (if unrepented) a fall into that state, where our first wish will be, that we never had been born; and (worse still!) where there is no *last*. Pain is sometimes so great even here, that we lose our senses; there it will be far greater; and (how terrible to say!) our senses will not be lost.

THOUGHTS FOR AGE.

ON the bank of that state we now stand; that post of wisdom, if ever men are wise; which is the reason why they wish it may be long before they arrive at it; for folly is the favourite of mankind; and is it not our own?

Though there we stand, we scarce believe it ; so much our wishes obstruct our belief : or, believing, scarce know what *being there* means ; so much familiarity takes away our attention, and robs things of their power to strike strong on our minds. *Eternity* has so often passed our lips, that it has forgot its way to our hearts. Did it enter there, would it not extinguish every earth-born passion in them ? Yes, as the sun the smallest spark of fire.

Though we stand on its awful brink, such our leaden bias to the world, we turn our faces the wrong way ; we are still looking on our old acquaintance, Time ; though now so wasted and reduced, that we can see little more of him than his wings and his scythe : our age enlarges his wings to our imagination ; and our fear of death, his scythe, as Time himself grows less. His consumption is deep, his annihilation is at hand.

Should we not then turn us round, and look on eternity ? that glorious home of all that survives, and outshines the sun ; that kingdom of souls immortal ! Of immortal souls time is only the maturing womb ; from eternity they wait their real birth. Are we, my friend, matured ? or shall we prove abortive to the world of glory ? If we were mature, why tarry here so long ? By protracting life, heaven shows not its favour to those that are fit to die. Is not *the business of our day undone*, the cause why we are suffered to sit up so late ? to be so long on our weary legs, after the common hour of human rest ? I fear, it is. I much fear, we are permitted to live, purely because—we do not deserve it.

Is it not (my languid fellow-traveller in the deep vale of years !) high time to be wiser ? lest the greatest of curses should fall on us, that of being wise too late : which is the most emphatical definition of a fool. The world is worn out to us ; and we are worn out to the world. The world, which knows its own interest, quits us, as rats a ruined house ; if we knew ours, should we not quit the world, as bees an exhausted flower ? We can make no more honey of it ; its sweets are gone. Where are its formerly sweet delusions, its airy castles, and glittering spires ? Are we not left on a lonely, barren, briery heath, to grope out our weary way, through the dusk of life, to our final home ? Shall not the dissolved enchantment set the captive free ? Are we *Torrismonds* or *Sudburys* ? Shall our dotage rivet our chains, when kind nature would

knock them off? To speak a language even centaurs may understand,—“A last card, well played, may yet win the game.”

Consider, are we scheming still? stretching out a trembling hand, which wants to be supported, to grasp at the nothing that comes next? Any thing now gained would rather mock than enrich us. Can any thing enrich, that cannot be enjoyed? Grasp at new faculties, and new powers, if thou canst find them, or new objects will only laugh us to scorn. But hadst thou even those, if the value of things is in proportion to our term in them, their price at our market should fall very low.

It is a good thing to know when we have *all*, and to laugh at that cheat *more* which is ever stealing our hearts. But it is as uncommon as good. Hence, seniors are milking the world after it is dry. Is it not a shame that we should be gleaning sublunary straws, when our harvest of life is over? hoping an after-crop in our stubble; though called to diadems, where harvest is perpetual; where an harvest, more than golden, profusely crowns an eternal year!

As to the pass which is so much feared, the dark subterranean entry to future life, into which our weak imagination peeps, and starts back as a child at a shadow; all thanks to the blessed gospel, we know what will light us up a lamp in it, and lessen its formidable gloom. I have seen a death-bed, the reverse of poor Altamont's, where the by-standers were the greatest sufferers; and the king of terrors, by Christian patience, was over-matched. The power of religion shone out without a veil; nor could any rising suspicions of hypocrisy dim its lustre. In such scenes as these the human heart is no longer invisible to man; and a glimpse of heaven is discovered in such a sight.

We know what can make us sleep sweetly in the dust; what can smooth the rough transition, soften death into a sort of translation, which interrupts not (blessed be God!) our existence, nor our peace. In peace have many died; and, therefore, it is certain all may. The whole secret for obtaining that peace is an absolute resignation to the Most High; which (as hard a task as it seems to some) at the bottom is no more than owning him to be God. And a contrary conduct (as little as it is considered) has atheism, partial atheism, in it. It is questioning some of his attributes, though not denying a God. May that peace be

thine ! My heart beats with ardour for thy present peace and future bliss. May I share it with thee ! What a poor broken embrace, what a sad fragment of friendship, is that which ends at the grave ! Such a transitory tie gives a second dart to death, and a double dissolution to departing man ; that of soul and body scarce more severe.

Would to heaven that all friendships were, evidently, friendships of immortal men ! such, I mean, as gave proof of their having each other's eternal interests at heart. Modern (at least fashionable) friendship flows from a polluted source ; it tastes too strong of earth, without the least tincture of man, (as above described,) without the least spirit of immortality, in it. Nay, worse ; it often springs from causes that will not bear the light ; and resembles the dark streams of Alpheus and Arethusa, that mingle under ground ; it should rather resemble Eridanus, which is said to flow from heaven.

How many have we of these subterranean attachments ! What is it ties our centaurs together in so long a string ? —Leaping together the same barriers of the decent and the just ; ranging the same forbidden grounds ; gorging at the same manger ; neighing the same inflammatory tune ; or being daily rid and sorely galled by the domineering insolence of the same inflamed mistress !

Since such their accomplishments, I hope to levy a Lapithean infantry sufficient successfully to carry on the war now opened against them.—As Chiron blew the trumpet which called the Greeks to the siege of Troy ; I hear there is a modern Chiron, who sounds as many instruments as Nebuchadnezzar did to summon his idolaters ; and that he raises forces, and ceases not to carry on the war, at a vast expense. Doubtless he was typified of old by him who is said in Virgil,—

Ære cire viros, martemque accendere cantu.

For my own part, my friend, I fancy my campaign will soon be over. I have frequent pains, and I think I hear the Master call. If so, should we not leave this world, though not yet admitted of the next ? Have we not been through life anxiously providing one year for the next ? And shall we grudge to pay half that pains for an eternity ?

Consider, my immortal friend, should we not leave the world before the world leaves us ? It is dismal to be left. There is a noble absence from earth, while we are yet on

it. There is a noble intimacy with heaven, while we are yet beneath it. If our affection flies thither, we shall be welcomed by superior beings, and not be missed by men who delight in novelties; or, if missed, admired the more for being once in the right. They must be somewhat out of this world who would be deep in the concerns of the next; and is it not time we should be so? Till the business of life (as it is called) is over, its real business is rarely begun: nor always then. Age is apt to carry its allowed title to repose too far; age is the most busy period of human life. But its transactions are not with men. Therefore that absence above-mentioned is most fit for us. It is a sort of a third state between this world and the next. How proper, then, for the reception of those whose term is out here, according to the common age of man!

And can it be hard for us to lay this world aside, since they that have fared best in the world have only the fewest objections against it? Is it not an old tragi-comedy read over and over, which by no means,

—*Decies repetita placebit?*—Juv.

To speak in the licentious style of comedy, Man is a mule, of mixed origin, of heaven and earth. Earth has had more than its share of us; give heaven the rest; and that for a double reason. All know that hope is life's cordial; it works miracles; without happiness it makes men happy. What have been all the pleasures of our former years but joyous prophecies, and bold promises in the name of to-morrow? Worldly hope in age expires. If he provides not another hope, a man of years and a man of misery mean the same thing. Therefore the same steps are to be taken, whether we would sweeten the remaining dreg of life, or provide a triumph for eternity.

The worldly wishes which an old man sends out are like Noah's dove; they cannot find whereon to light, and must return to his own heart again for rest. His natural and perhaps most allowable and proper wish is for respect. But respect for age is a virtue. I need say no more to convince him how little of it he must expect: and, indeed, he but ill deserves it from others, who, by doating on the world, denies it to himself.

When infirmity drives the world from us, or disease confines us to our chamber, shall we not be all alone with the great Father of spirits and Searcher of hearts? Is it

not worth while a little beforehand to practise our lesson, that we may be the better prepared to sustain such an interview? Our wisdom cannot add to the days, but it can lighten the burden, of life, and lessen the terrors of death. Death forgot in youth is folly; in age, madness. With regard to that king of terrors, how many in years borrow the security of youth! for it is impossible it should belong to them! Happy they whom Death, when he comes, shall find at home; his visit will have less of terror in it. Out of pure decency to the dignity of human nature, of which the decays and imperfections should not be exposed, men in years, by recess, should fling a veil over them, and to the world be a little buried before they are interred. An old man's too great familiarity with the public is an indignity to the human nature, and a neglect of the Divine. A greater intercourse with it than the calls of duty and virtue demand, is indecent, irreligious, and contemptible; speaking acquiescence in contempt, dotage on the world, and oblivion of eternity. His fancying himself to be still properly one of this world, and on a common foot with the rest of mankind, is as if a man getting drunk in the morning, after a long nap, lifting his drowsy lids at sun-set, should take it for break of day.

But, grant him to be still of this world, grant him all it can give, what is this world but a machine played on us by our *great enemy* for the dissipation of human thought, whose scattered rays must be collected, as it were, to a focal point, in order to duly warm our devotion, and set a pious heart on fire? And can any happiness subsist in age without piety? Impossible! Its intimacy with the world is not for the pleasures it can give,—they are past: it is purely to dislodge the thoughts of death, which intrude at that season; that is, it is purely to decline the pleasures of heaven.

Why, my friend, is our day of trial extended beyond the expiration of the common term? Is it not indulged to the great need our past conduct has of it? And shall our folly reverse the kind intention of that Divine indulgence to us? Shall it set us farther from our God? I am never so strongly struck with the weakness and depravity of man, as when I see grey hairs playing the fool. Hope, which in other evil appearances supports our spirits, fails us there. What can shock common sense, what can create amaze-

ment, if not the failings that would dishonour youth in those that are miraculously alive after the stated period of human life? This is an outrage to reason, beyond the boldness of the desperado that confounds us most; this outdares the felon repeating his crime, not only under the gallows, but with the cord about his neck. Where is that world into which you and I were born? It is underground; and a generation of strangers are dancing over our coëvals long since in the dust. Where is that world into which we *shall* be born? Far, far above the sun, if, while *we* are beneath it, we behave ourselves like men. But if this life was our only concern, consider, that nothing but being wiser, that is, better, than those born after us, can possibly rescue the decays of age from aversion and contempt.

Fain would I have my pen of some service to the aged, now my nearest relations,—those of blood are no more. To the former am I related by like date, duty, interest, and, above all,

—*Nunc ipsa pericula jungunt.*—OVID.

Still eager in worldly pursuits, warm in the chace of shadows, shall we rush, as down a precipice, and leap plumb into the jaws of *extempore* death?

No, let us halt in our career, pause on the brink, and provide for our eternal peace. Can I better express my love than by pressing it on thee? I press it strongly. And know, my friend, that Heaven, and (as I have showed thee) a most indulgent Heaven, joins my pathetic wish, and angels, ardent angels, say, Amen. And what want they? (mark it well!) they want nothing but thy *own* concurrence to crown their wishes for thy welfare.

Dear sir,
Yours.

LETTER VI.

THE DIGNITY OF MAN.

THE CENTAURS' RESTORATION TO HUMANITY.

THE DIGNITY OF MAN RESUMED.

THE CONCLUSION.

THE DIGNITY OF MAN.

HERE, sir, I enter on that elevated theme, the Dignity of Man.

Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.—VIRG.

I shall scale the summit of human nature, and set its dignity in the strongest light, that the contrast may strike our centaurs with a just sense of their own ghastly condition, and more clearly demonstrate the depth of their fall. Many are for degrading their nature, that they may lessen its duties; and for looking on themselves as beings insignificant, that they may be profligate beings with a better grace, and (as they would flatter themselves) with more excuse. They run voluntarily into this error, as men run into the dark, that they may sin without a blush; framing a lie (which is the common case) for their apology. Their master, Epicurus, meant much the same by setting the gods at such a distance; and, for their repose, exempting them from the trouble of inspecting the trifles of men. A due sense of the grandeur of man's nature and destination, is his best bulwark against the frequent and violent assaults temptation makes on him. This is a subject which I wish had been taken into better hands. For, as it demands all the powers of the noblest pen to reach its heights, so the world stands in need of having this, above all other, pressed home on their hearts; for all other of any great moment are implied in it. There are but few whose opinions do not too much widen the distance between an angel and a man. I shall bring them nearer together, as

the best means for the reformation of *centaurs*, (as you shall see,) and for the most noble exaltation of *men*.

I have just now observed, that "angels want nothing but thy own concurrence to crown their wishes for thy welfare." This is true. Shall I not, then, be pardoned, if I presume to put the same meaning into somewhat an higher style, and say (with all reverence) that Heaven's desires are at thy mercy? If so, think, and think again, What art thou? Thou poor, feeble, earth-born mortal! what art thou? Darts not on thee a stream of heavenly light? Dost thou not see an amazing majesty in man? Have I not, then, made my bold promise good? Did I not, above, tell thee I would *surprise* thee with thyself?

Nor can I rest here. A man is almost more than man can conceive; a marvellous being that rises above himself, darting rays of glory beyond the reach of his own sight. My heart is tied to this endearing, transporting, and triumphant theme.

Is *thy* consent necessary to finish what is begun, or rather only designed, above? How strangely this sounds! Yet must I proceed in a still higher strain: In thee it is, (how seemingly bold and impious so to speak!) yes, it is in thee to grant or deny the request of the Almighty. And impious, indeed, it would be, if unauthorized by scripture, in which that request is made.

A requesting Omnipotence! What can stun and confound thy reason more? What more can ravish and exalt thy heart? It cannot but ravish and exalt; it cannot but gloriously disturb and perplex thee to take in all *that* thought suggests. Thou child of the dust! thou speck of misery and sin! How abject thy weakness! How great is thy power! Thou crawler on earth, and possible (I was about to say) controller of the skies!

Weigh, and weigh well, the wondrous *truths* I have in view; which cannot be weighed too much; which, the more they are weighed, amaze the more; which to have supposed, before they were revealed, would have been as great madness; and to have presumed on, as great sin, as it is now madness and sin *not* to believe. Such precious and beatifying news is brought us by revelation; that revelation which is rejected and despised by those that affect to be thought wiser and happier than the rest of mankind.

The *truths* I mean are implied in what follows; namely,

Heaven intends, desires, labours, works miracles, or more (if more can be) for thy welfare: it presses thee, it importunately presses thee, to comply. Consider, how art thou courted? And by whom? By Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, thy *fellow-labourers* for thy good. How is thy alliance sought? and at what price? Angels, inspecting, admiring angels, cannot compute its value. An extreme of love, an extreme of glory this, which those angels (if angels could envy) might envy to man: for was it not denied to them?

Thou younger but darling son of heaven, wonder, tremble, triumph! Yes, triumph, tremble, wonder! thy greatest emotion falls short of the mighty cause. Thou greatly beloved, greatly favoured, greatly destined, and, O, greatly endangered, take heed to thy steps, nor less take fire at thy prize!

Art thou more exalted or terrified at what I say? Exaltation and fear both rise in extremes. With both passions comply; highly reverence thy *own* nature; more profoundly adore the *Divine*. Adore it with voice, heart, and life: and thus, to glad all heaven, assert, rescue, ennoble, and with bliss eternal crown thyself; for without thee, in the constituted order of things, heaven is unable to do it. Its almighty hand is, as it were, tied up by its own decree. Without thee, thou amazing being! (pardoned be the word so bold,) there is impotence in heaven. Nor is it bold when explained; for impotence when voluntary is no impeachment of power.

Is all this *rapturous*? Yes, such a rapture as nothing but gross ignorance, or more fatal infidelity, can forbear. Is not rapture due for felicities inexpressible? And what felicity is so much as second to this? It is the close, frequent, and feeling inspection of these *interiora* of man's sublime condition, as *immortal* and *redeemed*, that is the highest cordial of human joy, and the richest mine of human thought. A mine deep dug by few! and yet without it man is not more a stranger to the natives of Saturn than to himself. Without it he must want the true, genuine, vital spirit of a Christian. None without it can be filled with the light and comfort of the Holy Ghost. This, O ye Methodists, gives the real new birth! this enters man in quite another world. In his *former* world all things are absolutely changed: well-nigh annihilated as to his wonted passion for them.

“The heavens declare the glory of the Lord, and the firmament showeth his handy-work.” But the Christian mine I have mentioned, infinitely more demands our adoration and praise; infinitely more demands our exultation and joy. Are we transported, and justly transported, at the wonderful operations of nature, and decline we the contemplation of greater wonders in ourselves? And when the former but amuses an hour, the last blesses an eternity! In those stupendous views it is, that the mercy of God, and glory of man, at highest shine. Hence it is, that constant joy is enjoined to Christians as an absolute duty; a duty on weaker motives, as absolutely impracticable.

You see, sir, that to dive deep into man, is to dive into an ocean of love Divine; which first drowns us in amazement, then lifts us into triumph; and at length, lands us (if we are wise) on eternal life. But too many swim only on the surface of our nature; like a feather, through their levity, incapable of sinking to those solid and shining advantages, those pearls of great price; those great, awakening, and strongly stimulating motives to virtue, that lie below. But I shall resume this subject before I close. What is already said, is enough to produce that good effect which you will find in the marvellous scene which very soon will open on you.

THE CENTAURS' RESTORATION TO HUMANITY.

At present, my friend, we must quit this consecrated, for enchanted, ground; as you will soon, to your surprise and disgust, perceive. I know it is not to your taste, nor, indeed, to my own. But levity has its use, when perverse patients will refuse what is salutary, if conveyed in any vehicle less agreeable to their vitiated taste; and the grave reader, who nauseates it, sacrifices (through too great delicacy) to mere appearances the substance of what is right.

Thou knowest that our centaurs can scarce be persuaded that they are not still human creatures; though *mæchantur*, *scortantur*, *adulterantur*, *diabolantur*, (I am forced to make words that are bad enough for them,) and not so much as retain

—*Veteris vestigia formæ.*—Ov.

Are they not (to speak with reverence in the language of

the prophet) as "fed horses in the morning?" Do they not "assemble by troops in *ladies'* houses?" It is "harlots" in the original; and so by us translated. But that is not their only objection to the scriptures. Perhaps an old Arabian proverb may have greater authority with them. What says it? "Let him that would be safe, avoid seven things; wasps, spiders, hyænas, crocodiles, effs, adders, and fine women."

Here, then, I shall begin my exorcism. Its words must be strange and barbarous, suited to the occasion. Let not your ear, my friend, be shocked; but listen, and wait the event.

"May Lais, Thais, Limax, Lupa, Succuba, Quadrantaria, Obolaria, Euriole, Sthenio, Medusa, Erinnyes, Megæra, and Tysiphone—may all these, and all such ladies, whether sick or sound, high or low, of blood and title, or ditch and dunghill; natives, foreign, or infernal—may this glorious group of Torrismond's angels, these gorgons, furies, harpies, leeches, syrens, centaur-making syrens, paid or unpaid, keeping or kept, on fire or quenched, geneva-ed or citroned, in closet or cellar, in tavern, bagnio, brothel, round-house, Bridewell, or Newgate—O may they cease, from this hour, to sing or dance, smile or frown, please or plague, pray or swear our British, un-British youth, manhood, and age, out of their senses, health, estates, reputation, human nature, and hopes of heaven!

"And, these enchantresses laying aside their spells, may the bewitched of Great Britain recover their pristine form, as Circe's herd at the prayer of Ulysses! At the touch of my disenchanting pen, may they leap out of their hides for joy; and, laying hold on their long-deserted definition of man, 'reason and two legs,' walk uprightly for the future."

Rejoice with me, my friend! For do I dream? or didst thou not observe? Didst thou not hear?—*Intonuit lævum*. As the dark cloud which caused it is vanished, and a flood of light rushes in; so shall it fare with them. I see their dawning reason; I see the break of their moral day. And what I see, I shall relate; and what I relate, though strange, let no man disbelieve.

The centaurs that can read, on perusal of the Dignity of Man are stung, as the Trojan horse when Laocoon's spear pierced his side; and groan as deeply as that, when

Insonuere cavæ, gemitumque dedere cavernæ.—VIRG.

Most of them are much affected, but differently ; being at last fully convinced that they are not men. One burns his Bolingbroke, another an indecent song ; this calls in his bills, pleading privilege no more ; that bespeaks a pew against the next quarter ; a third blames his delay, swears he will pray directly, falls on his knees like *Cæsar's horse*,—rises again with a sigh and solemn vow, that he will be master of his *Paternoster* before to-morrow ; a fourth subscribes all his gains by false dice to the *Foundling Hospital* ; a fifth orders two little boys to school immediately, and sends ten guineas to their mothers in *Bride-well* ; a sixth, in a flame of pious zeal, damns a senseless world, and undertakes in less than a week to demonstrate that adultery is a crime. A seventh, &c.

But I must not triumph too much. I have not had equal success with the female-centaurs. From a natural constancy of temper, and habitual aversion to change, they come but slowly into my wishes. But to make amends when they come, they come with a vengeance, and overshoot the mark. *Mr. W—ly* (whose converts some of them are) tells them, that they stand not upright, unless they lean a little backward ; like a *crossier*, or like themselves, when they coyly refuse a salute ; thus, though converted, they find not the straight line, but stand still a little bent—to the wrong.

Besides, of my male converts, I have somewhat to complain : for some, though changed at heart, yet, awed by fashion, and vain of being still fine men, are ashamed to own it ; and appear to be fools, to save their credit. These hypocrites in vice, these moral fops, ridiculously good, may be called little men in centaurs' skins, or coward virtue in masquerade.

And, worst of all, of some centaurs I am quite in despair. They fly my pen, and will not be touched for their distemper ; but, being deep stung by worse than the *tarantula*, run mad for music, and dance themselves to death. Others, with *Swift*, (in that respect a centaur himself,) look on the noble quadruped as superior to the man. Others, on the contrary, approve, and heartily wish a restoration to humanity, but are careless and indolent. They would, indeed, if a demon was not in possession,—they would be good ; but will not be at the trouble of bringing a writ of *ejectment*, though *Sophonius* proffers to draw it up for them. The lowest price of virtue is vigilance and

industry, and if it costs us no more, it comes very cheap.

As for those that are truly conscious of their calamity, and heartily desirous of an escape, mark the good effect of the least tendency to goodness; the mighty change, a restoration of the human figure, is actually begun. But the process is gradual; nature advances, never leaps. They became not centaurs all at once.

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.—JUV

As evil habits, which occasioned their transformation, were gradually contracted, it is no wonder that their recovery should prove equally gradual and slow. One sheds a mane, another drops a tail, and appears only as too closely docked. [Some feel their hides loosen; some blister, as in haste for separation.] Some wonder to see slender fingers sprouting through hoofs by their penitential tears, mollified into flesh; some, like dancing dogs, continue upright some time, but, tired of that unnatural restraint, drop into centaurs for life. So dangerous in moral distempers, as well as natural, is a relapse; some, quite restored, yet still retain so much of their former nature that they are apt to trip, if a strong temptation, like a stone, or cart-rut, lies across their way. Some can scarce believe their good fortune, and fear it is a dream. Others, too sanguine, cry out, "Brother!" to the first man they see; who starts at his new relation, with a hide still sticking at his heels.

What a loud call do I hear among them for things strange and new! for dresses suited to the human shape; for pleasures suited to the human mind; for Bibles, Prayer-books, debt-books; for virtuous consorts, faithful friends, and fit objects of charity; for rational improvement and employments: no longer for Newmarket trappings, but for human ornaments. This, however, where the restoration is complete. Poor Sudbury is still awkwardly hopping on three legs; while others stand firmly planted on half four; one of whom, more learned than the rest, cries out,

Πλέον ἡμῖν παντός.—HES.

The rest naturally take it for a pious thanksgiving, and give a loud "Amen."

[The vision, my friend, (if it is a vision,) continues.*

* This paragraph, and others which follow, [within brackets,] are copied from the early octavo editions.—EDIT.

Please to observe here the fatal effect of bad habits; and what difficulties they lay us under in our recovery of the right, when long laid aside, and the great blessings of it are forgot. The human figure being now entirely recovered,—transported at their transmigration into new quarters, like surprised strangers, they rather stand amazed at the novelty, than quite enjoy it. My full-grown, and some aged, infants toss about their legs and arms, like a Pantin, in quest, as yet, of their right and graceful movement. They wreath their pliant body to and fro, before they find its straight line; and fear lest it should fall, being dangerously set up on one end. They resemble persons working a new-invented engine, awkward and much at a loss, till they are masters of its make: so hard is it to recover *the right* once wilfully lost! But these extempore men, these new grafts on humanity, as soon as by frequent efforts they have learned their lesson, and are let into the secret of this foreign machinery; after due devotion for the change, and looking back with horror on their former state, they enter immediately on human measures, and give full evidence that their reason and reputation only dived for a season, and that they now rise up into real men.]

They that are quite recovered, arrayed in decent plain apparel, not dappled as the morning, with embroidery, or with lace all over listed like the beautiful Indian ass, call a council; and their first manly resolution is to proclaim peace with the Lapithæ, or men of virtue; with whom, from time immemorial, the centaurs have been at war. Chiron bent his bow against them; but of war various has been the fortune between them; till within this last half century, the centaurs' increasing both in numbers and boldness, wearing frontlets of brass on their foreheads, and Horace's *æs triplex* on their breasts, and having of late a mighty giant at their head, whose quills, more fatal than the porcupine's, threatened a thousand deaths at once, they began to dream of nothing less than victory complete. But the present re-inforcement of their enemies will turn the scale against them. I say "re-inforcement;" for the next step my converts take, is to list into the Lapithean service, determined to meet their late friends in no friendly sort, under a banner with this motto:—

Quid verum, atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum:

which promises victory; for they are very formidable

foes, who have had the fortitude first to conquer themselves.

At the news of their revolt, offended Torrismond, burning for revenge, cries, "Ha, ha!" snuffs the battle from afar,

Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.—VIRG.

The glory of his nostrils is terrible. And still more abundantly his heroic choler rises on hearing that their first destined enterprise is against Bolingbroke-castle; that delight of his eyes, and defiance of his foes; for he deems it impregnable, because it is moated round with Acheron, and its aspiring proud battlements threaten heaven. [He holds sacred the very name of the noble founder, because he was graciously pleased to knock off *their* most insupportable chains of common sense, and rescue them from the restraints and reproach of humanity.]

This castle was built out of the various ruins of many demolished forts of infidelity pompously put together, faced over with a material more shining than solid; and cemented with untempered mortar. Sophronius* heads the laudable enterprise. The castle is taken, as was ancient Babylon. He first turns the general stream of the nation, by the force of strong and solid eloquence, into a new channel, as Cyrus did the river Euphrates; then entering the castle, and finding the garrison turning things sacred to profane use, and drowned in debauch, obtains a sudden and complete victory, but is a most merciful conqueror; for, instead of putting any to death, he only puts the most sensible of them out of countenance; and to their own darling delights and boasted glories, instead of the galleys, condemns them for life: obliging them, however, in acknowledgment of his clemency, to wear yellow cockades impressed with these words, "Be thou a centaur still!" The bad man's choice includes his punishment.

The same Sophronius, adorned with his well-deserved mural crown, rescues the character of a late pious and learned prelate, which the centaurs' boasted Achilles (who,

Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat) †

had dragged, like Hector's body, round the town in the dirt. For the glory of Britain, and for the light and emulation of posterity, I see it inscribed on a column

* An excellent writer in this controversy, now in the press.

† HORATIUS.

of adamant, with a Bolingbroke *couchant* embossed on the base, who now contributes to support (as much as such a feeble Atlas can) that celestial character which he lately laboured to destroy, proud of his uncircumcised *reason*; which reason, notwithstanding, had evidently lost its *authority* with himself: for when *that* is preserved, sense submits to reason; and when sense submits to reason, reason submits to the revealed word of God. And (since some are in love with words) I must observe, that reason stooped to revelation is reason still; only reason more reasonable; and its great hazard of error is all that it has lost.

And now, my friend, what shall I say on this happy revolution? Shall I not out-boast Augustus? He said of Rome, *Latericeam inveni, marmoream reliqui*. I, of London, *Inveni equinam, reliqui humanam*. [It was wise in Britain to reform her year, much more to reform her manners. Early in her *new style*, a new era is begun:

*Redeunt Saturnia regna,**

and an island once more keeps the continent in awe. For though lately, in the thronged streets of our metropolis, I could rarely meet a man; now (how strangely do thought and imagination spring forward!) *men* abound; and centaurs, who sunk our glory, entirely cease.

[For, those incurables among them, who read the "Dignity of Man" unstruck, and, persisting in Swift's sentiments, refuse offered humanity, escape not vengeance for their folly. The sky darkens, the thunder rolls, the ground trembles under them; and a sulphureous smoke, arising as from a volcano, involves them all in its horrors. Ravens croak, owls scream, bats fly at noon, women shriek, old ones pray, young ones nest in the heroic bosom of the next man they meet, purely for shelter; and five hundred and fifty pregnant syrens miscarry, at the dreadful scene. And yet but a prelude this maternal disaster to the paternal calamity that follows. For, lo! the cloud-involved centaurs, to their own great astonishment, no longer neigh, but bellow like bulls; their foreheads bud with horns; and the white, grey, dappled, sorrel, bay, roan, strawberry, &c., are all blotted into the deepest black, as if (like Achilles) they had been dipped in Styx; and, (what is very remarkable,) like him too, they are wounded in the heel. They are

* VIRGILIUS.

instantaneously all foundered, they fall, they groan like the syrens in travail : and well they may ; for now the final blow is struck ; their solid semicircular hoofs, with a loud explosion, like a fired bomb, burst all at once asunder ; and in their chosen dirty path of life they deep-print their true character with large, jetty, *cloven* feet for the future. Abashed at their infamous change, and seeking where to hide a formidable phantom appearing with a coronet dropping from his head, and a huge volume in his hand ; by the magic of the " First Philosophy " a sudden Pandæmonium rises, like a pestilential exhalation, for the welcome and well-adapted reception of them all. Now, exiles from the commerce, and converse, and habitations of man, they are no longer domestic animals, no longer carry fair ladies abroad, or are pampered by them for future exercise at home : even Newgate bars her condemned hole against them.]

Nothing remains but to cleanse the now-deserted *stables*, and to render them fit for human use, and to persuade the she-grooms, who kept them, into some more decent and less diabolical course of life ; especially my patroness, who, for the honour (as she calls it) of my Dedication, has promised to give into my superstition, and to play fair, at least on Sundays, and learn her Catechism, when the *masquerades* for the season are over ; which, out of an unsurmountable regard for their first, and most amorous and most musical son, Chiron, she confesses ingenuously she cannot forbear. For ladies love a centaur still.

THE DIGNITY OF MAN RESUMED.

It is high time, my friend, to quit this fairy land, of which, I know, you are heartily tired, and to perform my promise in resuming the " Dignity of Man ;" a theme which my heart affects, and which your conduct, in some measure, inspires. And who can think of it unimproved ? He who *thinks* of his dignity, necessarily thinks of his God ; and he who *values* his dignity, as necessarily worships and obeys Him. In a due sense, therefore, of human dignity, our endangered virtue finds her most powerful guard.

Think you that I have carried the Dignity of Man too high ? Spare the sacred page. " There, one of Adam's seed converses face to face with his Creator. Another is called his friend. He who made the worlds delights to be

called the Son of a third. He who made the worlds, even died for the meanest of men. The meanest of men has it within his power to be an heir of the most mighty God, and a joint-heir with the most blessed Jesus." Absolves not this the boldest stroke of my pen? What can raise our self-estimation so high, what can aggrandize human nature so much, as this?

In Heaven's great and constant *effort* for our welfare is capitally written the DIGNITY OF MAN. *That* is a key to the moral world, and opens and explains the reason of all God's otherwise mysterious conduct in it; every step of which is evidently calculated for man's present or future felicity, or both. The long-shining series, the golden chain of all God's marvellous acts, from the beginning to the close of time, speaks his uninterrupted regard for human nature; and what can more loudly proclaim human dignity than this? O let it not be said, that Man's Dignity is declared by all things but the manners of man!

As distant as they may be thought by the thoughtless, heaven and earth are so near together, so shot (as it were) into one another, that good men are truly "foreigners on earth; have their conversation in heaven; are fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." To speak allusively to the patriarchal vision, good men are angels; only, as yet, at the bottom of the ladder, and some angels are only men made perfect at the top of it. As a man from an embryo, so differs an angel from a man; what one is, the other soon shall be. Since this is the case, (and a most glorious case it is,) and since by such multitudes it is either not considered, or not known,—

*O fortunati nimium, bona si sua norunt! **

would be no needless memorandum, or improper motto, for all mankind.

But you still have your objection on the whole—"Will not raising so high, and dwelling so long on, the Dignity of Man, occasion pride?" No; on the reverse, a due sense of it will necessitate humility. Pride springs from a conceit which an individual has of his superiority over some others of the same species. The dignity I speak of is equally the dignity of *all* men; and what levels, cannot exalt. It will *necessitate* humility, because without *that* it cannot preserve itself, our native dignity will die in the

* VIRGILIUS.

result. As for that dignity which occasions your objection, we have, I confess, too much of it. We have in abundance what may be called *lunar* great men; men in themselves opaque, who borrow beams from their circumstances, or situation; which beams they show, like the moon, by night: I mean, when ignorance prevails; then the darkened understandings of their admirers give them leave to shine.

These lunar grandees have generally many little surrounding satellites, that help, by their adulations, to gild their opacity. But of such great men, who are forced to *assume*, (as men must plunder, who would be gainers where nothing is due,) it must be said, that the greatest of them would be greater still if they would only please to be a little less.

They only have *solar*, or self-born, light, who live up to the dignity of their nature. The light is not only their own and illustrious, but inextinguishable and eternal. These, as they are the greatest, are also the most humble, of mankind. For they well know, that our grandeur is to be looked for in the love of God, not in the merit of man. And, therefore, they set it down as a maxim, (and a maxim most true and useful it is,) "No man ever thought too highly of his nature, or too meanly of himself."

Here would I cease. But how hard to get loose from this ever-teeming, all-important, and inexhaustible theme! It fills with serene joy the superior region of the soul, and denies entrance to the clouds and storms of worldly perturbation and care. Such the height of its joy, that music and wine leave the raised hearts of our sons of delight far, far below. And yet how is this glorious subject in most minds, by the love of the world, close compressed and folded up, as an oak in an acorn, or a man in the womb! To develope and expand it, how great my desire! In which of its thousand shining lights shall I set it, for our final contemplation of its mighty moment to man?

Man is the most noble study of man. Let him circle the globe, let him traverse the skies, and then, for something more worthy his notice and admiration, return to himself. To himself he is a theatre immense: and was reputed such, when that theatre had much less to exhibit than at present it can boast, and when it was but faintly illuminated with the glimmering beams of far more feeble lights. The so-renowned "Know thyself," was nothing but a precept enjoining a close inspection and survey of this theatre; yet

that precept, as to its author, was held divine, and, as to its practice, the supreme wisdom of man. That precept is now exalted into an awful command from Heaven, and that theatre is consecrated into a venerable temple, a temple of the Holy Spirit.

As in some pieces of perspective, by the pressure of the eye, so in this temple, by the pressure or perseverance of thought, the magnificent prospect is opened and aggrandized still more and more ; and, opening, discovers the full Dignity of Man. In what does that consist? In the marvellous things the Almighty has done and designed for him. And if so, this survey gives at once the greatest *virtue* and the greatest *blessing* of life. For who can see those marvellous things without an ardent *love of God*, which is the supreme virtue of man? And who can reflect on such indulgence past, without an *absolute trust* in such a friend for the future, which of man is the supreme blessing?

But this blessing and this virtue, this glory and comfort of life, is lost to those to whom this temple is shut. And it is shut to the careless and ignorant, to the slothful and unawakened, in the most illustrious theory of the Christian religion. If, therefore, such men in what has been advanced shall find any thing like a key to this yet unopened temple, and shall enter its sacred and surprising recesses, and read the wonders of Divine Love in it, that is, in themselves, in their own condition and prospects ;—if they shall see and contemplate the three Persons of the Godhead before creation assuming, and through time's whole length exercising, their separate parts and provinces of philanthropy ;—and shall behold an innumerable flight of angels for ever on the wing to receive their commands, and speed away, on various dispatches, for the temporal and eternal welfare of man ;—how should I rejoice? For such a key would be next in value to the key of heaven. It opens the porch, the preliminary scene to it. Therefore have I kept it on the anvil so long ; and yet how unfinished at last! May some master-hand accomplish, and multitudes open, the yet absolutely unknown scene of their own nature and blessed destination with it!

And now, my friend, tell me, how must his love of glory fail, how must his *ambition* creep, who, after the strong inspiration of such a view as this, miserably confines it beneath the sun? Consider this view, and see how high

human nature may soar; then look down on the centaur, and see (if thou canst bear the sight) how low the sons of heaven may fall! Shall a being whose interests spread so wide as to take in both ends of the creation; shall a being deeply concerned in what was done in the days of Adam, and more deeply still in what shall be done in the great day of consummation; shall such an expansive and far-interested being, with the most sordid and despicable self-denial, and the most inconceivably criminal poverty of spirit, imprison his stifled thought, and nail down his little heart to the narrow span of this present life? God forbid! If there is the least sense of dignity, or fear of shame, the least spark of man alive, let us consider that we are not only the favourites, but the sons too, of heaven, and obey in this our voyage of human life, as Æneas in his from Troy, the Delian oracle,—

Antiquam exquirite matrem.—VIRG.

But our overwhelming shame and almost incurable misery is, that we are so *carnalized* by our lusts, that our heavenly mother, (Gal. iv. 26,) in our esteem, has no blessing for us; that a *spiritual* Paradise is no Paradise; that it is a Paradise we wish lost; one from which we desire to fall, and to wallow, *Epicuri de grege porci*, in our beloved mire. And yet what is this spot of earth which so swallows us up, and in its gulf of obscenities extinguishes our love of heaven? Its enchantment is very short. A few days, a few hours, may make us as wise as Solomon. For, rest assured, earth's rankest idolater, who *now*, perhaps, in our flourishing school of infidelity, thinks a wiser than Solomon is here, will, at the close of life, in his aching heart, ask Solomon's pardon for not believing him before.

I believe that wise and experienced prince, whose wisdom and experience was designed to spare future ages their own fatal experience in folly, and, closing with his *last* sentiment, the sum of his Divine philosophy, I affirm, that many a philosopher may justly be reputed a fool; that as there is but one God, one trial, one great tribunal, one salvation, so there is but one wisdom; that all which, devoid of *that*, assumes the name, is but folly of different colours and degrees,—gay, grave, wealthy, lettered, domestic, political, civil, military, recluse, ostentatious, humble, or triumphant; and is *so* called in the language of angels, in the sole-authentic and unalterable style of *eternity*.

That awful word inspires, and awakens ideas that slept before; it points to heaven, and shows me where I fail.— Though studious to do it justice, I have wronged my theme; and wronged it much. Somewhat more is wanting to consummate and crown the Dignity of Man. What have I advanced? “That man is *near* to the blessed angels?” Is he not more? Yes, most adorable Jesus! man is more, much more. O whither dost Thou call me? Whither dost Thou transport astonished human thought? I scarce dare look up to the summit of such stupendous love. Leave I not cherubim and seraphim below? Ye first-born of light! ye thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers! what do I behold? How awed and how raptured! with what prostration of heart, what elevation of joy, from this remote region, this lowest vale of the creation, this land of darkness and shadow of death, look I up through incumbent clouds of misery and sin, and behold—a *man* in heaven! in the highest heaven! in union with the Most High! in union with *your* most adored and eternal King! and so throned in authority, to *you* so superior in power, as to make ceaseless intercession for the rest of mankind; not for *those* whose fall left seats empty in heaven! O aid me with *your* language, with words more than human, to praise Him! that Advocate unwearied for his relations, (proud language!) for his earth-born relations and friends below.

Is not this *almost* too much for human modesty to mention, for human frailty to credit, for human corruption to admit? But is it not also *far* too much for human gratitude to leave unproclaimed, unresounded, unadored? “I go to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.” What heart-subduing, thought-overwhelming, man-exalting, words are these! What an amazing, I had almost said levelling, condescension of the Deity! What an amazing, I had almost said what a deifying, sublimation of man!

O blessed revelation, that opens such wonders! O dreadful revelation, if it opens them in vain! And are there those with whom they go for nought? Strange men! in possession of a blessing, the bare hopes of which supported the spirits of the wise for four thousand years, under all the calamities of life and terrors of death: and know they not that it is in their hands? or, knowing, cast it away as of no value? a blessing, the very shadow of which made the body of the patriarchal and Jewish religion! a blessing,

after which the whole earth panted, as the hart for the water-brooks! a blessing, on which the heavenly host were sent to congratulate mankind, and sing the glad tidings into their transported hearts! a blessing, which was more than an equivalent for Paradise lost! And is this blessing declined, rejected, exploded, despised, ridiculed? O unhappy men! The frailty of man is almost as incomprehensible as the mercies of God.

Who, then, can inculcate too much the Dignity of Man? For, what equally to a due sense of it can inspire a contempt of the world, a fondness for which occasions the madness I deplore? Indeed, a due sense of it evidently includes the whole of our duty. It inspires high veneration and great gratitude to God who gave it; it inspires a reverence for ourselves, which is of utmost moment to our character and peace; and it inspires a proper regard for all mankind, as equal sharers in it; which regard would prevent infinite mischief, and banish half the miseries of life.

This, its universal use, its nature so pregnant of good effects, determined me to the choice of this too-much-neglected subject. And perhaps I have now set it in the strongest light. But if not, its importance is such that it should be set in all lights, and, from every point that imagination can suggest and reason authorize, strike, if possible, the degenerate, deeply-sunk, and ever-grovvelling human heart. He that looks not on man in the light above, or some light similar and equivalent, knows not himself, is a perfect stranger at home: his heart wanders an exile from his destined felicity; he deprives himself of the powerful impulse which he so much wants; and which nature denies, and which revelation designed him, for his more vigorous advance in virtue here, and his more sublime ascent in glory hereafter: which two are the whole of his happiness: all the rest is extrinsic, precarious, transient, and inevitably mortal.

And who will dare say, that he who declines or falls from the noble and elevating object of contemplation above-mentioned, and the glorious hopes it inspires, into the barren field of amusement and trifle, or into the bestial abyss of a few years' debauch for his portion,—who will dare affirm, that such a wretch differs not as much in reason and happiness from the true Christian, as a quadruped differs in form from a man? It is not form, but manners, which make humanity. The mould in which we are cast

only says what we *should be* : nothing but our conduct tells us what *we are*. What wretches are they who contradict their figure, and accuse nature of having set a wrong stamp on their lying clay ! The most despicable and deplorable being under heaven is a Pagan in a Christian land. He is like a rank growth of poison in Paradise. He confines that thought which should set out at the creation, and travel down with wonder and adoration at every step, through the countless mercies and miracles of God for man, into nature's final dissolution, and thence launch for a never-ending voyage in a blessed eternity,—to the nothing of threescore years, and the wretched means of annihilating that nothing, of contracting that span : lust exhausts, luxury overwhelms, and, by heaping-on fuel, quite puts out the fire.

Where is that dignity which reason exacts, and which revelation exalts, in man ? In what I have said on that subject, I have, I think, done more to our purpose than he who measures the heavens and numbers the stars. I have taken (as I conceive) the true measure of man. That extensive measure rising above the skies, which the centaur dwarfs down to the scanty span of the brute creation, to the *bestia triumphanti*, and, making (might I so speak) a dunghill of our condition, with the cock in the fable, for a grain of sensuality spurns the jewel away ;—the powers angelic, the radiant beams of the divinity, in the *real man*.

But while I contemplate his grandeur, (so mixed our nature, so great and little is man,) I feel his weakness : in mind and body, I feel his infirmities. Pain this instant stops my pen ; stops it short of what I had proposed to say. It bids me take, while I may, my leave of him I love. I take a solemn, because perhaps a final, leave. It is, at least, possible we may meet no more ; no more in this foreign land, in this gloomy apartment of the boundless universe of God.

O thou, the last and strongest hold that earth has on me, my friend in Jesus Christ, my rival in immortal hope, and my companion, I trust, for eternity, come to my bosom ! Though so far remote, I take thee to my heart. Souls suffer no separation from obstruction of matter, or distance of place : oceans may roll between us, and climate interpose, in vain. The whole material creation is no bar to the winged mind ! Farewell ! Through boundless ages, fare

thou well! The Dignity of Man and blessing of heaven be with thee! The broad hand of the Almighty cover thee! Mayst thou shine when the sun is quenched! Mayst thou live and triumph when time expires!

This cordial duty done, this human debt discharged, my mind is eased, my spirits revive, my pain is less. And when this endless letter is ended, I shall drop thee for *the present*, and this idle pen and an idler world (that other feather in the scale of eternity) *for ever*. He that drops the world before that drops him,—he only knows its real value, and the value of his own soul. And, whatever the gaiety of the world pretends to, he only can have a solid, permanent, and uninterrupted joy of heart who builds it on the rock, on hope of the Divine mercy. Give a man the world, and give him no more, and his happiness is at an end: the human heart will necessarily feel a futurity, through all the superabundance earth can heap on it: nothing can possibly give it a peace independent of an hereafter; that point of view in his creation, that purchase of blood in his redemption, and yet in human conduct that ever-neglected ALL of man.

Ask the last bill of mortality, ask pleasure's or ambition's triumph most triumphant, "What is human life?" Knowledge of the world recommends recess; knowledge of life reconciles to the grave. Few sufficiently consider how great mercy is implied in the grant of death. With a heart quite disengaged, its cable cut, imploring a smooth passage and gentle gale, bound for that port whence none returns, I wait the mighty Master's call; that call irresistible, which every moment should expect, which every fool forgets, every knave dreads, every wise man welcomes, and every monarch obeys.

And yet, my friend, some of our few coëvals close not altogether with this way of thinking; but rather seem to judge, that some little degree of precipitation may be laid to its charge. As the dial knows not the hour it points out; so they, by their infirmities and decays, discover their time of day to all but themselves. Their desires grow stronger as enjoyments grow more coy. It is somewhat to be feared that their hearts gravitate, almost as much as their scarce-animated clay, and take but few and feeble flights above the level of the world; though very excellent things are spoken of thee, thou welcome haven of eternal rest, thou delightful region of inextinguishable love, thou great

goal of perfection, thou bright meridian of glory, thou boundless ocean of unrepenting pleasure, thou city of God!

And is man invited to this fulness of fruition? And is man importuned to partake the glories of the Almighty? He that weighs not well this transcendent height of love Divine, is far from being able to comprehend the terrible depth of human guilt. And what guilt so deep as that of a baptized infidel? [that obscene bird of night, flying abroad by day, with eyes unable to bear the sun,—the hoot, offence, and ill-omen of all the rational world.] A rank Heathen rising out of the sacred font, is reason's greatest shock, the deepest wound of rectitude, the blackest brand of earth, the sigh of angels, a second spear in the side of the most blessed Jesus, and the supreme triumph of the foe to God and man.

Most gracious God, in happiness and dignity how widely distant is man from man! In both, what an immense superiority has the pious believer! Scarce seems of the same species the believing and the apostate world. To the first, how justly may we cry out, "O ye happy sons of the fallen Adam, where is the damage you received from your father's fall? Where are the once-lamenting miseries of life, where are the once-unsurmountable terrors of death, fled?" I discern the Dignity of Man when his carcass is in the dust. I congratulate his happiness while the worm is feasting on him. Rejoice, O ye dead! exult and sing, ye dark inhabitants of the grave! For do I not behold, even in the grave, the comfort of heaven, when, with an eye of Christian faith, in heaven I behold a Man, the Man Christ Jesus? And with transport and adoration let me resound the lofty language of the prophet,—“A man the fellow of the Almighty.” (Zech. xiii. 7.)

THE CONCLUSION.

AND now, my friend, let us consider how deplorably wretched is that man amongst us who is deaf to such a voice, and blind to such a sight! And how criminally wretched is he, if he voluntarily declines them,—if he voluntarily recalls the suspended curse, obstinately presents disarmed death with his mortal sting again, and pours out, in his distraction, all the vials of its original bitterness on the days (how dismal and unredeemed!) of an apostate human life! What a formidable revelation does such a man

bespeak, in lieu of that which brought pardon and peace! What a revelation of no glad tidings awaits him, when his now-involving cloud breaks, and truth thunders on the dreadfully illumined soul, at the no-distant hour of death!

It is, indeed, in man's option, which of these revelations he will admit. One he must; but it is not in man's wisdom to make the least apology for a wrong option in so plain and important a point. A point how plain! I shall here just touch on a single proof of the truth of Christianity, which renders any further proof, among proofs innumerable, unnecessary with me, to create and support our Christian faith.

Every thing in the natural world is a proof of a God; and almost every thing in the moral world is a proof of a revelation. As, in the material universe, all exactly corresponds with the previous ideas of it in the Divine Mind, and in a substantial copy renders legible to man its invisible pattern, in the thought of the Almighty; so a complete history of mankind (if such could be had) would be little more than the same Almighty's prophetic word in scripture, materialized into fact. The prophets are more accurate and authentic historians of the future than the most happy genius, uninspired, can possibly be of the past. And want we miracles for our conviction? The series of scripture prophecies accomplished, is the most striking of miracles: it is a miracle not expiring in a transient act, but of great longevity, persisting in a perpetually increasing weight and validity, through the protracted course of many thousand years. It is a living, growing, permanent, paramount miracle, lighted up as a lamp of illumination for all ages; that all able to see might be quite unable to disbelieve, quite unable to retain reason and, at the same time, renounce belief. For if the scripture prophecies are fulfilled, the scripture is the word of God; and if the scripture is the word of God, Christianity cannot be false. Shall we reject it as false, when, in the present state of almost all nations, we are surrounded and condemned by a full ocular demonstration of its being true? Let us dispute our own existence, if we would continue of a piece with this.

Where is our natural curiosity, and that in points which concern us most? Would we know what we are, or what we may or must be to all eternity? Nothing but revelation can tell us either. So that, if we acted on no higher

motive than mere instinct, revelation would be precious in our sight. But vice extinguishes not our reason only, but our instinct too when it would do us any good. Either the strongest instinct of curiosity is extinguished by it, or there is an astonishing and pernicious self-denial in infidels, if their most natural curiosity is still alive. Revelation was written for our instruction; and are we too wise to be instructed by God himself? Throw we by, unread, and as of no consequence, an unsealed letter sent to us from the Almighty?

In our infidels it is no less than defiance of common sense, no less than hardened impudence to the rational nature of man, to pretend that, on due inquiry, they want proof of the truth of the gospel. Its proof is not only great, but amazing; it is not only sufficient to convince, but astonish: such its accumulated, overwhelming evidence, so truly marvellous its light, that, if rejected, it lays us under a necessity of rejecting reason and revelation together. And is not reason obeyed the sole dignity, glory, grandeur, of gods and men? Nothing can so much degrade as the violation of reason; and no violation of reason is equal to a wrong option in this point supreme. Too faint is the strongest colouring of all the severe fables of antiquity, to reach an absurdity so absurd.

That of Circe's sty and Chiron's stud falls short of the mark; for reason, in those days, had not such powerful motives to combat, or such glaring lights to resist; and guilt blackens, in proportion to the strength of the lights resisted, and the motives overcome.

Since, then, (as has been proved,) if reason makes a man, by ceasing to be Christians they cease to be men; by what term shall we call those whom no term can defame? Let, therefore, your offended sister pardon my parable; and let no honest man for the future so far offend propriety and profane our language, as to join in one abused word such repugnant ideas as those of the centaur and the man; one the idea of a being, horridly rejoicing in the miserable and mistaken thought, that this short life, shortened by vice and vanity, is his all; and that, like the snuff of a candle, it shall go out for ever; rejoicing to think, that, after all his bustle and ambition, he shall only, by his putrid carcass, add rankness to a clod of earth, and defile the dirt. The other idea is that of a being big with humble, but triumphant, hope; of exalting with his immortal spirit

joy celestial ; of adding melody to seraphic choirs, in ceaseless hallelujahs to their eternal King. "Sing praises, sing praises to our God ! sing praises, sing praises to our King ! Praise him, all ye angels ! praise him, all his host ! praise him, sun and moon ! praise him, all ye stars, and light !" For a fairer light, a nobler star, a more illustrious Sun is risen ; the Sun of righteousness with healing in his wings ; and all the glories of unbounded creation are outshone by the smallest beam of the gospel ; by the faintest hope of wrath appeased, and eternal life.

Yet this is that light which some, in their superior wisdom, would extinguish as superfluous to man, and set up the dim taper of their reason in its stead :

" O thou worst guide, philosopher, and friend !
Say, for thou know'st, What is it to be wise ? "

" Essay on Man."

With equal wisdom thou mightest imagine the sun superfluous, and unnecessary to the material world ; and call on chaos for primeval darkness, as the great blessing of mankind. Say, for now, indeed, thou knowest, is not Lucifer in the list of such benefactors as these ?

Though in this his lordship is quite as good a friend to mankind, as he is a philosopher in his materiality of the soul ; yet I will venture advancing towards that precious doctrine so far, as to call without scruple such sort of imaginations the " thoughts of the body ;" for from the body's predominance they necessarily rise : and that necessity proves the necessity of religion, which they resist : so that such men, (which, perhaps, they are not aware of,) while, as much as they can, they condemn religion, they commend it too ; they as loudly call for it as the disease for the cure ; for religion is nothing but an expedient for supporting, against the body's assaults and encroachments, the sacred interests of the soul. [Thus, then, you have, my friend, the whole cause of infidelity, and the whole reason of exerting all our powers against it, at once before you. How can our whole danger and duty be set in a shorter or fuller view than this ?]

At your request, sir, in the wide-spread ruins of our faith and virtue, I have taken a slight view of a more melancholy scene than could be presented by famine, pestilence, or the sword ; but, by God's grace, we shall repent, and not suffer our greatest glory to become our greatest dread ; not suffer

our prime and unspeakable blessing, immortality, to render existence the most insupportable curse. What a terrible inversion is this of the high favours of Heaven! This must be the case, when man is all sense; for to sense nothing exists but the present. Our present is so dear, that our future is undone. Strange conduct! when our step *out of* life is so short, and so sure, sudden, and innumerable our accidents *in* it, that almost every moment assures us, that unless in time we lay hold on our invisible and, to reason alone, existing God, we shall soon fall from all we held so dear, and that then, not only all our happiness, but all our hope, is at an end.

What is there, O my countrymen, O my friend, O my poor endangered, immortal soul,—what is there, from Adam to this hour, but fully confirms what I say? The world allures us, the world condemns us: he who takes that kind advice which, through his own experience, the world conveys, will despise all its charms. As ignorance teems with infidelity, so knowledge is a fast friend of faith. If we would but know, what we cannot but know; if we would but believe our senses in what passes, and our common records in what has passed; it would not only reconcile us to, but almost supply the place of, our Creed; so very natural a growth is the Christian of the man.

As natural a growth of an infidel is a beast; a beast by God uncreated, by Adam unnamed. That defect Adam's meanest son has supplied, by writing CENTAUR in the horrid gap, which the bold infidel has made, by the desperate erasure of his Christian name.

Is this thought too opprobrious, and a term of reproach? I will make some amends by a short hint of advice, which may save from reproach the whole length of their lives: "Let not the brute any longer run away with the man, lest something more dreadful should run away with the brute."

If this advice is refused, as Alexander said of the Persian effeminate army, "There are many enemies, but few soldiers;" so say I of this Paphian isle, "There are a multitude of people, but a small remnant of men." [As the face of the globe was deformed by the Flood, so nature's original plan of due proportion is broken by the deluge of iniquity. By large and frequent emigrations of our sensualists, and other deserters from humanity, mankind is thinned, and the brute-creation overstocked.] And of all brutes the most brutal is the volunteer in brutality;

the brute self-made ; the brute not from the decree, but abuse, of nature ; the strange brute-affrighting brute, with the stature, vesture, voice, and face of man ; the brute mysterious, irrationally rational, and (with horror let me speak it !) deplorably immortal.

[This is the picture—Knowest thou not of whom ? Though drawn by no master-hand, the likeness will be confessed by all but by those alone who *prove* it to be like. To spoil the picture, they must mend their lives ; and discipline their own hearts, to be revenged on me. All I write is waste paper if they become men. Till then, all their censures recoil on themselves ; and, by falsely condemning, make the likeness more just.]

Does the *centaur* still sound too harsh in their ears ? I will so far indulge them as to change it for *slave* ; and, instead of making free with their hides, only rattle their chains ; for chains they wear, galling, infamous chains. Till stubborn and wild will'is broken by grace and reason, no man is free, but madly prefers the heavy burdens of his lust, and the scourges of conscience, to the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

And is it possible that pride should be the growth of slavery ? They are proud of bondage, triumph in infamy, and imagine that in their high flights of folly, and riot unrestrained, there is something great. No man is great till he sees that everything in this world is little ; and, of all that is little, that they are the least. Would they know what is greatness ? Great is he, and he alone, who makes the whole creation and its amazing Cause the circumference, and his own true interest the centre, of his thoughts ; who has strength and steadiness to weigh, in perpetual and equal balance, right and wrong, body and soul, time and eternity, nature and God ; and, so weighing, to disdain any very anxious thought, for less than the greatest good his limited nature admits, and his all-powerful God has promised to bestow ; that God, "whose are the pillars of the earth, and who has set the world upon them ; who in his wrath thunders out of heaven, and his adversaries are broken to pieces."

In this, sir, in giving our supreme good, our supreme effort and concern, in spite of all temptation, lies the greatness of man. Well may it lie in a prudence, such a prudence as angels cannot exceed. If this is wanting, vain are all other pretensions to greatness, whether of king,

hero, or philosopher; and a Cæsar, a Marlborough, a Newton, a Bolingbroke, a fiddler, tumbler, and scaramouch, may be thrown together into one promiscuous heap of equal impotence for attaining true greatness. The performance, indeed, of each of these candidates for glory, the multitude may admire; but the performer, at the same time, will be condemned by the wise, as little-minded and mean, nay, as a very fool, in the language of scripture; that is, in the judgment of God.

You see, therefore, to what titles of renown our *fine men*, on the strictest inquiry, may put in a just pretence: *Fool! Slave! Centaur!*—The last is the newest, and (which would be well for them) may be the least understood; but let them choose which they please. Were it referred to me, their antichristian glory should be quite aggrandized, and shine, like his holiness, triple-crowned with all three.

To that tremendous Power which alone is truly great and good, in whose favour is all light, life, hope, peace, joy, and salvation, be thanks, praise, and dominion over the rebel, fool, slave, and centaur in our hearts! And may our hearts, thus exorcised, have a lively feeling of the God invisible; and, panting for the rivers of true pleasure at his right hand, abhor *the life in vogue*; and in faith unshaken, and virtue unfeigned, be confirmed for evermore; nor longer (to the reproach eternal of the present age) let our sins, as well as our situation, proclaim us to be

—*Toto divisos orbe Britannos!*—VIRG.

But, to damp my rising hope, I know not if another distinction of Britons from the greatest part of mankind may not have been the glorious, indeed, but fatal, cause of this most ignominious effect. It is the great glory of God to draw good out of evil. To draw evil out of good is the great infamy of man.

I suspect, that an insolent pride in British liberty, in some measure, inspires British licence of thought and extravagance of opinion; which as extravagant a practice for ever follows: if so, vice and infidelity are as much our national distempers, as the scurvy or the spleen. Though discretion much befriends happiness, happiness is no friend to discretion. Great blessings intoxicate. Liberty, fraught with blessings as it is when unabused, has, perhaps, been abused to our destruction. And as British malt, sublimated into the most pernicious liquor, (now so much in use,) so

British liberty, carried into licentiousness, has poisoned and brutalised the British state. By too much exalting our spirits, it corrupts our manners; and that glory of our constitution is the disgrace of our lives. Purely to prove themselves free men, some turn infidels: hanging themselves would be as good and, to the public, a less pernicious proof. Such men should perform a long quarantine ere admitted to the embrace even of a brother. Heaven preserve thee, my friend, from the freedom, and wisdom, and happiness now in vogue! He is most free who is bound by the laws; he is most wise who owns himself weak; he is most happy who abridges his pleasures; and he is most magnanimous, O ye bold, intrepid, heaven-defying Britons, who fears his God.

He, indeed, is the most magnanimous; for by that fear he is fortified against all other. And he is by far the most happy; for the Divine favour, the light of God's countenance, is the sun of the human soul, whence all its vegetation of real felicity; and though the world (which from him receives all its feeble rays) may greatly shine in our eyes, yet, as wisely may we expect vigorous and vivifying heat from the moon, as any solid satisfaction from it.

But just one word to the busy, ambitious, learned, and gay. Vice and virtue excepted, no man on earth can say what is good or ill, in as great a tumult and uproar as your passions are, O ye busy and ambitious, about every thing else: and to love and labour at what God commands, and to desire and hope what he promises, is the single great lesson, O ye learned, and the single true pleasure, O ye gay, of human life.

And now, my friend, farewell. I must trust myself no longer with the pen; for while I think there is a possibility, that, touched by some happy stroke, but one fellow mortal may be raised from a perishing man of the earth to a blessed immortal, my busy mind perpetually suggests new hints, and my heart knows not how to refrain from pursuing them. The volume grows upon my hands, till its very bulk would defeat its end. New rays of thought dart in upon me, which, like cross lights, confound and perplex each other. Something of this you may have perceived already. Even centaurs have been human; and I feel the strong tie of humanity, when going to bid them a last, an everlasting Farewell. Like one about to leave unhappy

friends in the midst of a destruction, which yet, by timely care, they might escape, still, at the moment of departure, some new caution occurs to me, some new exhortation, something unsaid, or not so well said, as it might have been. But now the Adieu must be final; with only this additional, and still more urgent, and to them surprising, motive for reformation, namely, my assuring them, that what I have hitherto, through tenderness, allowed to pass for fable is actual fact; that the centaur is indeed not fabulous; that a man without religion is really a beast: and such is he pronounced in scripture, where it is said that "he also is flesh;" (Gen. vi. ;) that is, a brute! and (what should strike them not a little) this is assigned as the reason for sweeping away our degenerate race by the flood. A brute, in truth, he is, with this only difference, that his superior understanding gives him more venom than the most envenomed of serpents, and enables him to do more fatal mischief to himself and others than, without the curse of reason, of abused reason, could possibly be done. So far, therefore, is it from satire, that kind admonition is all which the word "centaur" implies. And as in some words there was once imagined to reside a magic power over demons themselves, that opinion might still prevail, if the design of these letters, to the wish of all honest men, could succeed, and the foul nature of the centaur be cast out by the name. If this should be the fortunate event, these pages would live in the lives of those they shall reclaim. And if so, O Bolingbroke, and you his applauding idolizers, what to this is that vain immortality which the meanest writers wish, and which the noblest can scarce attain? Praise is an error, where pardon is indulgence; and pardon is indulgence to the brightest parts misapplied. They rather provoke than please the worthy mind, by laying it under the disagreeable necessity and clashing dispositions of admiring the writer and disapproving the man: which, in some sort, is like admiring Nero for his fiddle, when, through his own frenzy, his glorious capital was in flames.

Nov. 29th, 1754.

I am, my dear friend,
Truly yours.

POSTSCRIPT.

I RECEIVED your objections, and thank you for them. I believe every judicious reader will make the same. All I can say, for mitigation of their censure, is, that they who take on them to read lectures in this laughing age, if they wish an audience but moderately large, must have weight enough to make impression on the serious, and levity enough to catch those wanton ears which, unless tickled by that feather, would continue shut as close as their silly hearts are to virtue, though an angel should take the chair.

I know you are so kindly concerned for your friend's reputation, that the mixture of levity with solemnity in these letters makes you apprehensive of its exposing the writer to censure or ridicule. Yet, how is it possible to write on so dreadfully mixed a subject as the ways of men without being agitated by the most contradictory emotions? his follies so fantastically wrong, so ludicrously absurd; his capacities for virtue and happiness, so noble; his vices, so shocking; their consequence, so deplorable! So earnestly desirous I am of waking him from that dream, in which he nods upon the brink of eternal ruin, that if nothing can do it but my own disgrace, my own buffoonery, as perhaps he will think it, I rejoice to fall so low. If he will but laugh *with* me at himself, he is freely welcome to laugh *at* me as much as he sees cause. It is not his applause, but his welfare, that is sought. Amendment is the point in view. That point unproposed, (and could the viscount* propose it?) all censure is mere malice, and mere impertinence is all harangue; and entitles a Tully, a Bolingbroke, and a parrot, to just the same portion of our esteem and applause. Would you, my friend, judge aright of men? Ask not *what* they have done, but *why*; or their characters will be still in the dark. But I fear I am setting your judgment of men too right for my own interest: I must leave it under the power of some partiality, for the sake of your humble servant.

Pardon one word more. "Centaur" is of Greek extraction, and signifies "stimulation." † May it here prove (as

* Lord Bolingbroke.

† From *κεντρειν*, *stimulare*.

intended) a spur to virtue, and most in myself! Standing in awe of my own pen, may I take the counsel I give! Thus only can I be sure of doing any good; thus only can I boldly say, without the reader's leave, that I have not writ in vain. Is not this a new expedient for writing to some little purpose; and an expedient of no small service to the public, if all our writers would use the same? Their numbers, then, would be less a nuisance, and half the nation (blessed change!) would aim at virtue as well as fame. This, too, might be some sort of apology for those heroes of the pen who, dauntless at their own danger, with the spirit of a Curtius, for the sake of their dear country, leap headlong into the press, (too-hasty patriots!) and perish there.

Vincit amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido.—VIRG.

AN ARGUMENT,
DRAWN FROM
THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF CHRIST'S DEATH,
FOR
THE TRUTH OF HIS RELIGION.

A SERMON
PREACHED BEFORE HIS MAJESTY, AT KENSINGTON,
JUNE, 1758.

BY EDWARD YOUNG, LL.D.,
CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO HIS MAJESTY.

PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCLVIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE writer, not knowing that this argument has been made use of by others, thought it excusable to send it to the press ; as it endeavours to show, that the *death* of Christ, as well as his resurrection, gives evidence to the truth of his religion.

TO THE KING.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

I SHOULD not have presumed on the liberty of this address, if the discourse annexed was not of a nature to be presented, with some propriety, to the "Defender" of that "Faith" by which alone we can be saved, and which is the most likely means to save us in the present life; to save us, in times of peace, from our vices; and, (what some may value more,) in this day of war, from our foes. To our foes nothing can make us so formidable as religion and virtue, which are the fruits of faith. What have they to fear from those who have nothing to hope but on this side the grave? that is, from those in whom valour is indiscretion; whose true wisdom consists in flight; who must, therefore, be branded either with cowardice or folly in the field? And how dreadful, in union, are folly and death!

On the contrary, in the virtuous believer, valour is not only wise, but natural and safe; natural, as through Death's frightful aspect he discerns a real friend; and safe, as he is sure to triumph, though he falls: and how glorious, in union, a deathless name and endless bliss!

Since, then, the believer cannot fear, or the former dare, but purely for want of thought, it is scarce too bold to say that, in a martial as well as moral sense, "faith overcomes the world."

Faith, then, is a military virtue; and should take the field, or Fortitude may desert. Faith not only fortifies, but finishes, the soldier; who then only is complete, when his king and country under all events are sure of something to their wish; sure either to rejoice in his glorious conquest, or to boast and envy his blessed end; envy his wise ambition unbounded by victory, and boast his dauntless spirit invulnerable under the stroke of Death.*

* The celebrated Mr. Richardson, his judicious printer, makes the following remark on this passage:—

"Might not, sir, the manner of introducing what relates to the army be less violent, if I may so express myself, and the connexion be made more easy? Might not a word be said, first, as to the influence of faith upon the present welfare of society, as well as upon the future happiness of individuals, and so applied briefly to men's civil character in society; and then, more at large, to their military character?"—EDIT.

When thus happy men run no hazard in war, but that of bettering their condition, behind such unfeigned defenders of kingdoms, supporters of thrones, and renowned standards of warlike worth, a nation may sit in safety ; and recount her brave ancestors' illustrious deeds, without fear of setting her own discredit in the strongest point of light. But when faith is wanting, cold and unanimated fleets and armies may leave us naked in the day of battle ; and, with much ignominious pomp and expense, increase and signalize the dishonour of our defeat.

The best authors of former times observe, that Rome was valiant and successful, because she was pious : but as her piety was erroneous, her valour was fierce, her conquests unjust, her dominion oppressive. Real and lasting greatness must be founded in true piety, and a rational contempt of danger, such as distinguishes a man from a tiger ; both which virtues are the genuine effect (an effect which nothing else can produce) of that faith which you, sir, defend ; and which the following pages would, in some degree, strengthen and support.

That Your Majesty may long inspire, into a happy and grateful people, these aggrandizing sentiments of old British magnanimity and sound Christian fortitude, of which the least blessings are conquest and renown ; and which would make us happy, though both should fail :—this is the prayer of

Your Majesty's most dutiful subject, and ancient servant,
EDWARD YOUNG.

AN ARGUMENT,

&c.

“**THEN** Pilate said unto them, Why, what evil hath he done? And they cried out the more exceedingly, Crucify him.”—Mark xv. 14.

THE crucifixion of our blessed Saviour was an event full of terror in its nature, and full of consolation in its consequences, to the whole human race. But neither of these is the proposed subject of the present discourse. I rather choose to contemplate the strong evidences of a Divine interposition which are afforded us in the manner of bringing about this great event; such a manner as was requisite to render it most effectual to the merciful intentions of our great and most indulgent God in it.

I shall observe the most admirable and adorable wisdom of God through this whole transaction; and make it manifest, that he sees through all the actions, accidents, hearts, and inclinations of men; and conducts them all, however perverse, to the full accomplishment of his own good pleasure.

If innocence could ever have been a sufficient fence against injustice, or meekness against calumny, or the most obliging goodness against outrage, our most blessed Lord must have been sufficiently guarded against the prosecution of the Jews. But, as human nature stands corrupted, these excellent qualities are no guards at all. They rather expose and lay us open to malevolent assaults. Innocence itself is often interpreted into a crime, and gives some men as much offence as injury could possibly do. And, indeed, as long as envy is as mischievous in its attempts as any other passion, it cannot but happen that sometimes it may be as unsafe (in respect of temporal interest) to be eminently good as eminently evil.

It was, therefore, to little purpose that Pilate alleged our blessed Saviour's innocence, in this suggestion, “Why, what evil hath he done?” He had done none: but that was his offence. Therefore this allegation, as it affronted the malice of their proceedings, so it the more inflamed it;

making them "cry out the more exceedingly, Crucify him."

Men must have some virtue themselves, in order to relish it in others. Had our blessed Lord been criminal, he would have been less hated by his accusers: and if they could have had the pleasure to find him guilty as Barabbas, he might have found as great a share of their favour. But his excellent life, as well as doctrine, had been a galling reproach to their hypocrisy, and had justly diminished their authority among the people. And this being his only crime, alleging his integrity was the surest means to render their malice absolutely implacable.

Thus Pilate found himself defeated of his end proposed; which was, saving his prisoner: yet let us observe and adore. Let us observe, that he doubly served the proposed ends of Providence: he served them, both by his attempt and by his disappointment too.

For our blessed Redeemer was noways solicitous for the saving his life: that was already devoted to the great design of human salvation. But he valued not a little the clearing his innocence; for that was of as great importance to the same design. For, had but a small stain been flung on his character, had but the suspicion of crimes stuck on him unrefuted, it would have been of a consequence unspeakably prejudicial to the manners of all his future disciples. The door of salvation was set open by his blood in the remission of sins; but the condition of salvation, which is godliness, men were to copy from his example. If there had been any appearance of evil in that example, Christianity must have suffered extremely by it. For as it might have been looked on as a just scandal by those without the church, so would it have been laid hold on as an invincible argument for looseness of life by those that were within.

As, therefore, the Jews had prefaced their arraignment with this general charge, "If he were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered him up unto thee;" and as the good providence of God was concerned that the common Redeemer should be cleared from the scandal of such a charge; so no method more effectual to that purpose could have been taken, than that which offered itself in this transaction. He was cleared by his judge,—convinced from the whole process that nothing but envy began it, nothing but malice carried it on. He was cleared by his judge,

and that a stranger, against his own kindred ; and an idolater, against the worshippers of God ; and—what is still more particular, in a charge of treason—cleared by one who was more jealous for the Roman sovereignty than ever the Jews could possibly be supposed to be. So that if the scene of his vindication had lain in the management of any other hands, it could never have been so unexceptionable, and free from all suspicion of collusion and partiality, as it now evidently appears to be.

Thus, as the propitiatory lamb, under the law, was first to be inspected, and found “without blemish,” and then to be sacrificed ; so this Lamb of God (as that type prefigured) was first tried and justified, and then offered up as a worthy propitiation for the sins of the whole world. Pilate had just so much conscience as to declare him innocent, and just so little courage as to sacrifice that innocence to the popular request. But both his virtue and his vice were equally subservient to the bringing that to pass which God Almighty had before determined to be done.

Still farther : as it was God Almighty’s decree, that the Messiah, in the fulness of time, should offer himself to death for the sins of the people ; so it is worthy our observation, that the particular death he died, so circumstantiated as it was, did answer the proposed ends of the Divine Wisdom in such a manner as no other could have done. For, First, It would not have been suitable to the most gracious undertaking of our blessed Lord, to have passed through any milder kind of death ; because part of the atoning virtue of his sufferings arose both from the bitter anguish and deep ignominy of what he suffered. Secondly. Had he fallen by any sudden violence, his innocence had been deprived of that public attestation which it now enjoys. Thirdly. Had he been taken away by any casual stroke, it would not have appeared to the world that his death was voluntary, and the deliberate oblation of himself for our sins. Fourthly. Had he done any thing more than was done by him to procure or hasten his death, he then would have suffered in a circumstance not to be imitated by good men. But dying, as he did, a death so painful and ignominious, to fill up the merits of it ; and after a mature trial, and clear absolution as to any point of crime ; and then evidencing a voluntary oblation of himself, by not using any kind of means which he could have made use of for his rescue ; and all this

without the least act on his part by which the malice of his enemies could reasonably pretend to have been either provoked or exasperated;—we see here all circumstances divinely concerted to show forth, in his precious death, the most accomplished merit and the most excellent example.

And now, if we reflect on the several occurrences in this transaction, what ample reason will it afford us to break out into the apostle's exclamation, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" (Rom. xi. 33.) How thoroughly does he know (and what wonder the Almighty Maker should know!) all the springs and weights, all the motions and tendencies, all the powers and every possible affection of his own work! How perfectly knows he the full force of every object; and how far, to a point, it can act on every passion of man, in proportion to its present state and measure! and, this being known, how easily, by the sole management of opportunity, makes he the passions of men work out his own ends, without determining them in the least in what they act!

For though Almighty God forms good out of evil, far be it from our thought that he ordains that evil out of which the good is formed. Though he determined that our blessed Lord should die, far be it from our thought that he determined Judas to his treachery, or the Jews to their envy, or Pilate to his unjust popularity; or any of those sinful actions which concurred to the bringing about that his determined death.

Some, indeed, are of an opinion, that when God determines an end, he determines also those intermediate acts which contribute to the production of it; being apprehensive that the decrees of God would be defeasible, if depending on the actions of man, supposed to continue a free agent in them. But this for the Divine Providence is too shallow a gauge. For that free agency which makes the mystery to us, is seen through by God, when not by the man himself. When man presumes himself to act freely, God often knows that he acts in vassalage to his passions; that there needs no determination but his natural bent, to render an effect as certain as supernatural impressions from God Almighty on him would have done.

A man, dwelling on the mouth of a river, now makes use of the stream to carry his merchandise out to sea, and at another time makes use of the tide for importing his goods

from abroad: but in what lies all his skill? Merely in seizing opportunity; not in his influence on the current either of the tide or of the stream. Thus Almighty God never influences the current of man's sinful actions; but only makes use of them, as they run in their own voluntary course, to bear along with them the blessed events of his own holy designs.

Can we form a more sensible idea of that mysterious emblem by which the prophet Ezekiel represents the providence of God, when he compares it to a wheel within a wheel, than this? namely, nature is the first wheel, which God has set a-going as to all motions that are regular: and knowing all the springs which may introduce irregular motions, his particular providence is the second wheel, which, being occasionally set within the first, makes use of it to carry the course of things to the point of his own intentions. The wheel of particular providence has indeed a spring in itself, able to check and turn that of nature; but it never does turn it to the least motion that is morally wrong.

In the present instance, thus stood the case. Natural pravity, improved by vicious custom, made it natural for Judas, as a vicious man, to betray; for the Jews, as being hypocrites, to envy; for Pilate, as being a pusillanimous judge, to be borne down by the clamours of the court. And thus all these criminal inclinations being purely their own, Divine Providence only presented the opportunity before them; which being done, they all acted as naturally and as necessarily as the sparks fly upward.

And now, who can recollect the various and peculiar circumstances of Christ's death, as above represented, and not evidently discern the Divine conduct running through the whole?

And if God conducted this whole transaction, our religion is the truth.

God Almighty, in his great mercy, confirm those that are in it, and convert the rest! *

* In his early clerical career, Dr. Young seems usually to have preached much longer sermons than this; which is of such discreet brevity as not to become tiresome to a court auditory. But it exhibits lamentable marks of decay in the mental powers of the venerable author. When he sent the manuscript to his very clever and accomplished printer Richardson, author of "Sir Charles Grandison," &c., he solicited that friendly critic's remarks on the merits of this his latest performance:—

"With the utmost freedom of a true friend to truth, and to me, favour me with the full opinion of the dedication to my sermon; for I am, my dear sir, somewhat uneasy till I can determine myself about it, and my own judgment is at a loss.

"Is there any thing mean in what I say of myself, and my long service at court?

"Is there impropriety, or too great length, in what follows about the army?

"Pray let me know your real sentiments. Or shall I take your silence as a tender way of your letting me know that you disapprove?"

Two days afterwards Richardson sent his friend a proof of his sermon, and the following candid opinion of its contents:—

"I send you, enclosed, a proof of your sermon. On reading cursorily the discourse, I thought there were two or three places (which I cannot, on re-perusal, find again) that were not quite so clear to my clouded understanding as the rest of the excellent piece.

"As to the dedication, I am far from thinking your mentioning length of service *mean*: will it not rather be thought, or misunderstood, to carry with it something of complaint, or even of reproach; and, as if your neglecting your month for some years past were owing to resentment? I humbly think this part cannot be too delicately mentioned; especially as you have touched upon it with great feeling in more places than one, in your 'Night Thoughts,' so long ago, 'My master knows me not,' &c, and nothing resulted from the just sensibility. Some of your great admirers in that divine work thought you descended too much for the superior light you appeared in to them. Suppose, sir, you stop at your well-known seniority in the present chaplainship, without carrying the hint to Leicester-house; leaving it upon them to recollect, that you could have gone further with justice, had preferment been your sole view. It is right, however, not to be quite silent on the subject."

The aged divine was duly sensible of the justness of these observations; and, after deliberating a fortnight on the adoption of the suggestions, acknowledged his obligations, in the following terms:—

"A thousand thanks, my best friend! for restoring me to common sense. I shall follow your advice in the dedication; and now, on reflection, think it monstrous that I stood in need of it. I now see how weak I am myself, and what a friend is worth. I could not forbear writing to you by this post, being pained with the thought of your thinking me a fool any longer. This day se'nnight I propose sending the dedication as it shall stand."

The results of this correspondence were favourable to the reputation of Dr. Young, who suppressed the reference to his long dangle about the court for preferment, and abridged his eulogy on the army.—EDIT.

CONJECTURES

ON

ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.

IN A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR OF SIR CHARLES
GRANDISON.

*Si habet aliquod tanquam pabulum studii, et doctrinæ, otiosa senectute
nihil est jucundius.—Cic.*

PRINTED IN MDCCLIX.

CONSIDERED as one of the latest prelusions of an aged author, this treatise is a wonderful production. It displays a vigour of intellect, and a depth and sprightliness of thought, much beyond what might have been expected from one who was then beginning to bend under the weight of nearly eighty years. The numerous reflections which it contains are generally very just and pertinent; such indeed as might naturally suggest themselves to a man of great genius and long experience. While perusing these "Conjectures," the reader will be reminded of Cicero's charming *Cato Major*, and others of his minor philosophical treatises.

Besides the brief account of the interview between the young earl of Warwick and Addison, when the dying bard softly said, "See in what peace a Christian can die;" a few other anecdotes will be found which were new to that generation. The first is Swift's melancholy remark about himself,—"pointing at a noble elm, which in its uppermost branches was much withered and decayed, he said, *I shall be like that tree: I shall die at top.*" (P. 568.) Another relates to Pope's intention of composing an original heroic poem: "For I heard the dying swan," says Young, "talk over an epic plan, a few weeks before his decease." (P. 569.) The third concerns Addison, his chief literary hero; who, when a student at Oxford, consulted the veteran Dryden on the subject of his *Cato*. After high commendation of the tragedy, that great poet's opinion was, "that, on the stage, it would not meet with its deserved success." (P. 577.)

These incidental notices of the best writers of the Augustan age of our literature, with whom Young lived on terms of intimacy, and whom he long survived, induce the regret, that he who possessed the requisite qualifications for the task has not bequeathed to posterity larger contributions of this description.

In one of Richardson's letters to Young, he announces his having "written urgently to Mr. Johnson" to meet him, and adds:—

"I was very desirous that the anecdote of Addison's death-scene should be inserted: yet (so many admirable things as there are in every page of the piece) I was half sorry to have *that* made the sole end of your writing it. Your subject of original composition is new and nobly spirited. How much is your execution admired! But three good judges of my acquaintance, and good men too, wish, as I presumed myself to propose, that the subject had been kept more separate and distinct. They think the *next-to divine vehemence* (so one of them expressed himself) with which original writing is recommended, suffers some cooling abatement; which it would not have done, had the solemn subject been left to the last, when the critic, the scholar, the classic, might properly have given place to the Christian divine. Let me ask, however great and noble what you say of Mr. Addison's death is, whether it may not bear shortening? Will it not be thought laboured?"—RICHARDSON'S "Correspondence."

In tendering this prudent advice, Richardson, who was an excellent man, proved himself to be a true friend to the poet.—EDIT.

CONJECTURES,

&c.

DEAR SIR,

WE confess the follies of youth without a blush ; not so, those of age. However, keep me a little in countenance, by considering, that age wants amusements more, though it can justify them less, than the preceding periods of life. How you may relish the pastime here sent you, I know not. It is miscellaneous in its nature, somewhat licentious in its conduct ; and, perhaps, not over-important in its end. However, I have endeavoured to make some amends, by digressing into subjects more important, and more suitable to my season of life. A serious thought standing single, among many of a lighter nature, will sometimes strike the careless wanderer after amusement only, with useful awe : as monumental marbles scattered in a wide pleasure-garden (and such there are) will call to recollection those who would never have sought it in a church-yard walk of mournful yews.

To one such monument I may conduct you, in which is a hidden lustre, like the sepulchral lamps of old ; but not like those will this be extinguished, but shine the brighter for being produced, after so long concealment, into open day.

You remember that your worthy patron, and our common friend, put some questions on the serious drama, at the same time when he desired our sentiments on original and on moral composition. Though I despair of breaking through the frozen obstructions of age, and care's incumbent cloud, into that flow of thought and brightness of expression which subjects so polite require, yet will I hazard some conjectures on them.

I begin with original composition ; and the more willingly, as it seems an original subject to me, who have seen nothing hitherto written on it : but, first, a few thoughts on composition in general. Some are of opinion, that its growth, at present, is too luxuriant, and that the press is overcharged. Overcharged, I think, it could never be, if

none were admitted, but such as brought their *imprimatur* from sound understanding, and the public good. Wit, indeed, however brilliant, should not be permitted to gaze self-enamoured on its useless charms, in that fountain of fame, (if so I may call the press,) if beauty is all that it has to boast; but, like the first Brutus, it should sacrifice its most darling offspring to the sacred interests of virtue, and real service of mankind.

This restriction allowed, the more composition the better. To men of letters and leisure, it is not only a noble amusement, but a sweet refuge; it improves their parts, and promotes their peace; it opens a back-door out of the bustle of this busy and idle world, into a delicious garden of moral and intellectual fruits and flowers, the key of which is denied to the rest of mankind. When stung with idle anxieties, or teased with fruitless impertinence, or yawning over insipid diversions, then we perceive the blessings of a lettered recess. With what a gust do we retire to our disinterested and immortal friends in our closet, and find our minds, when applied to some favourite theme, as naturally and as easily quieted and refreshed as a peevish child (and peevish children are we all till we fall asleep) when laid to the breast! Our happiness no longer lives on charity; nor bids fair for a fall, by leaning on that most precarious and thorny pillow, another's pleasure, for our repose. How independent of the world is he, who can daily find new acquaintance that at once entertain and improve him, in the little world, the minute but fruitful creation of his own mind!

These advantages composition affords us, whether we write ourselves, or in more humble amusement peruse the works of others. While we bustle through the thronged walks of public life, it gives us a respite, at least, from care; a pleasing pause of refreshing recollection. If the country is our choice or fate, there it rescues us from sloth and sensuality, which, like obscene vermin, are apt gradually to creep unperceived into the delightful bowers of our retirement, and to poison all its sweets. Conscious guilt robs the rose of its scent, the lily of its lustre; and makes an Eden a deflowered and dismal scene.

Moreover, if we consider life's endless evils, what can be more prudent, than to provide for consolation under them? A consolation under them the wisest of men have found in the pleasures of the pen: witness, among many more,

Thucydides, Xenophon, Tully, Ovid, Seneca, Pliny the younger, who says, *In uxoris infirmitate, et amicorum periculo, aut morte turbatus, ad studia, unicum doloris levamentum, confugio.* And why not add to these their modern equals, Chaucer, Raleigh, Bacon, Milton, Clarendon, under the same shield, unwounded by misfortune, and nobly smiling in distress?

Composition was a cordial to these under the frowns of fortune; but evils there are which her smiles cannot prevent or cure. Among these are the languors of old age. If those are held honourable who in a hand benumbed by time have grasped the just sword in defence of their country, shall they be less esteemed whose unsteady pen vibrates to the last in the cause of religion, of virtue, of learning? Both these are happy in this, that, by fixing their attention on objects most important, they escape numberless little anxieties, and that *tædium vitæ* which often hangs so heavy on its evening hours. May not this insinuate some apology for my spilling ink, and spoiling paper, so late in life?

But there are who write with vigour and success, to the world's delight and their own renown. These are the glorious fruits where genius prevails. The mind of a man of genius is a fertile and pleasant field; pleasant as Elysium, and fertile as Tempe; it enjoys a perpetual spring. Of that spring originals are the fairest flowers: imitations are of quicker growth, but fainter bloom. Imitations are of two kinds; one of nature, one of authors: the first we call "originals," and confine the term "imitation" to the second. I shall not enter into the curious inquiry of what is, or is not, strictly speaking, original, content with what all must allow, that some compositions are more so than others; and the more they are so, I say, the better. Originals are, and ought to be, great favourites, for they are great benefactors; they extend the republic of letters, and add a new province to its dominion: imitators only give us a sort of duplicates of what we had, possibly much better, before; increasing the mere drug of books, while all that makes them valuable, knowledge and genius, are at a stand. The pen of an original writer, like Armida's wand, out of a barren waste calls a blooming spring: out of that blooming spring an imitator is a transplanter of laurels, which sometimes die on removal, always languish in a foreign soil.

But suppose an imitator to be most excellent, (and such there are,) yet still he but nobly builds on another's foundation; his debt is, at least, equal to his glory; which therefore, on the balance, cannot be very great. On the contrary, an original, though but indifferent, (its originality being set aside,) yet has something to boast; it is something to say with him in Horace,—

Meo sum pauper in ære;

and to share ambition with no less than Cæsar, who declared he had rather be the first in a village than the second at Rome.

Still farther: an imitator shares his crown, if he has one, with the chosen object of his imitation; an original enjoys an undivided applause. An original may be said to be of a vegetable nature, it rises spontaneously from the vital root of genius; it grows, it is not made: imitations are often a sort of manufacture wrought up by those mechanics, art and labour, out of pre-existent materials not their own.

Again: we read imitation with somewhat of his languor who listens to a twice-told tale: our spirits rouse at an original: that is a perfect stranger, and all throng to learn what news from a foreign land; and though it comes, like an Indian prince, adorned with feathers only, having little of weight, yet of our attention it will rob the more solid, if not equally new. Thus every telescope is lifted at a new discovered star: it makes a hundred astronomers in a moment, and denies equal notice to the sun. But if an original, by being as excellent as new, adds admiration to surprise, then are we at the writer's mercy; on the strong wing of his imagination we are snatched from Britain to Italy, from climate to climate, from pleasure to pleasure; we have no home, no thought, of our own, till the magician drops his pen; and then, falling down into ourselves, we awake to flat realities, lamenting the change, like the beggar who dreamt himself a prince.

It is with thoughts as it is with words, and with both as with men: they may grow old, and die. Words tarnished, by passing through the mouths of the vulgar, are laid aside as inelegant and obsolete. So thoughts, when become too common, should lose their currency; and we should send new metal to the mint, that is, new meaning to the press. The division of tongues at Babel did not more effectually debar men from "making themselves a

name" (as the scripture speaks) than the too great concurrence or union of tongues will do for ever. We may as well grow good by another's virtue, or fat by another's food, as famous by another's thought. The world will pay its debt of praise but once, and, instead of applauding, explode a second demand as a cheat.

If it is said, that most of the Latin classics, and all the Greek, except, perhaps, Homer, Pindar, and Anacreon, are in the number of imitators, yet receive our highest applause; our answer is, that they, though not real, are accidental originals; the works they imitated, few excepted, are lost; they, on their fathers' decease, enter as lawful heirs on their estates in fame: the fathers of our copyists are still in possession; and secured in it, in spite of Goths and flames, by the perpetuating power of the press. Very late must a modern imitator's fame arrive, if it waits for their decease.

An original enters early on reputation: Fame, fond of new glories, sounds her trumpet in triumph at its birth; and yet how few are awakened by it into the noble ambition of like attempts! Ambition is sometimes no vice in life; it is always a virtue in composition. High in the towering Alps is the fountain of the Po; high in fame, and in antiquity, is the fountain of an imitator's undertaking: but the river, and the imitation, humbly creep along the vale. So few are our originals, that, if all other books were to be burnt, the lettered world would resemble some metropolis in flames, where a few incombustible buildings, a fortress, temple, or tower, lift their heads, in melancholy grandeur, amid the mighty ruin. Compared with this conflagration, old Omar lighted up but a small bonfire when he heated the baths of the barbarians, for eight months together, with the famed Alexandrian library's inestimable spoils, that no profane book might obstruct the triumphant progress of his holy Alcoran round the globe.

But why are originals so few? Not because the writer's harvest is over, the great reapers of antiquity having left nothing to be gleaned after them; nor because the human mind's teeming time is past, or because it is incapable of putting forth unprecedented births; but because illustrious examples engross, prejudice, and intimidate. They *engross* our attention, and so prevent a due inspection of ourselves; they *prejudice* our judgment in favour of their abilities, and so lessen the sense of our own; and they

intimidate us with the splendour of their renown and thus under diffidence bury our strength. Nature's impossibilities, and those of diffidence, lie wide asunder.

Let it not be suspected, that I would weakly insinuate any thing in favour of the moderns, as compared with ancient authors; no, I am lamenting their great inferiority. But I think it is no necessary inferiority; that it is not from Divine destination, but from some cause far beneath the moon.* I think that human souls, through all periods, are equal; that due care and exertion would set us nearer our immortal predecessors than we are at present; and he who questions and confutes this, will show abilities not a little tending toward a proof of that equality which he denies.

After all, the first ancients had no merit in being originals: they could not be imitators. Modern writers have a choice to make, and therefore have a merit in their power. They may soar in the regions of liberty, or move in the soft fetters of easy imitation; and imitation has as many plausible reasons to urge as pleasure had to offer to Hercules. Hercules made the choice of an hero, and so became immortal.

Yet let not assertors of classic excellence imagine, that I deny the tribute it so well deserves. He that admires not ancient authors betrays a secret he would conceal, and tells the world that he does not understand them. Let us be as far from neglecting, as from copying, their admirable compositions: sacred be their rights, and inviolable their fame. Let our understanding feed on theirs; they afford the noblest nourishment; but let them nourish, not annihilate, our own. When we read, let our imagination kindle at their charms; when we write, let our judgment shut them out of our thoughts; treat even Homer himself as his royal admirer was treated by the cynic,—bid him stand aside, nor shade our composition from the beams of our own genius; for nothing original can rise, nothing immortal can ripen, in any other sun.

“Must we then,” you say, “not imitate ancient authors?” Imitate them by all means; but imitate aright. He that imitates the divine Iliad does not imitate Homer; but he who takes the same method which Homer took for arriving at a capacity of accomplishing a work so great. Tread in

* Inquiry into the Life of Homer, p. 76.

his steps to the sole fountain of immortality ; drink where he drank, at the true Helicon, that is, at the breast of nature. Imitate ; but imitate not the composition, but the man. For may not this paradox pass into a maxim?—namely, “The less we copy the renowned ancients, we shall resemble them the more.”

But possibly you may reply, that you must either imitate Homer, or depart from nature. Not so : for suppose you was to change place, in time, with Homer, then, if you write naturally, you might as well charge Homer with an imitation of you. Can you be said to imitate Homer for writing so as you would have written, if Homer had never been? As far as a regard to nature and sound sense will permit a departure from your great predecessors, so far ambitiously depart from them ; the farther from them in similitude, the nearer are you to them in excellence ; you rise by it into an original ; become a noble collateral, not an humble descendant from them. Let us build our compositions with the spirit, and in the taste, of the ancients ; but not with their materials : thus will they resemble the structures of Pericles at Athens, which Plutarch commends for having had an air of antiquity as soon as they were built. All eminence and distinction lies out of the beaten road, excursion and deviation are necessary to find it ; and the more remote your path from the highway, the more reputable, if, like poor Gulliver, (of whom anon,) you fall not into a ditch in your way to glory.

What glory to come near, what glory to reach, what glory (presumptuous thought!) to surpass, our predecessors ! And is that, then, in nature absolutely impossible ? or is it not, rather, contrary to nature to fail in it ? Nature herself sets the ladder, all wanting is our ambition to climb. For, by the bounty of nature, we are as strong as our predecessors, and by the favour of time (which is but another round in nature's scale) we stand on higher ground. As to the first, were they more than men ? or are we less ? Are not our minds cast in the same mould with those before the flood ? The flood affected matter ; mind escaped. As to the second, though we are moderns, the world is an ancient ; more ancient far than when they whom we most admire filled it with their fame. Have we not their beauties, as stars, to guide ; their defects, as rocks, to be shunned ; the judgment of ages on both, as a chart to conduct, and a sure helm to steer, us in our passage to greater

perfection than theirs? And shall we be stopped in our rival pretensions to fame by this just reproof?

Stat contra, dicitque tibi tua pagina, Fur es.—MART.

It is by a sort of noble contagion, from a general familiarity with their writings, and not by any particular sordid theft, that we can be the better for those who went before us. Hope we from plagiarism any dominion in literature, as that of Rome arose from a nest of thieves?

Rome was a powerful ally to many states; ancient authors are our powerful allies; but we must take heed that they do not succour, till they enslave, after the manner of Rome. Too formidable an idea of their superiority, like a spectre, would fright us out of a proper use of our wits, and dwarf our understanding, by making a giant of theirs. Too great awe for them lays genius under restraint, and denies it that free scope, that full elbow-room, which is requisite for striking its most masterly strokes. Genius is a master-workman, learning is but an instrument; and an instrument, though most valuable, yet not always indispensable. Heaven will not admit of a partner in the accomplishment of some favourite spirits; but, rejecting all human means, assumes the whole glory to itself. Have not some, though not famed for erudition, so written, as almost to persuade us that they shone brighter and soared higher for escaping the boasted aid of that proud ally?

Nor is it strange; for what, for the most part, mean we by genius, but the power of accomplishing great things without the means generally reputed necessary to that end? A genius differs from a good understanding, as a magician from a good architect; that raises his structure by means invisible, this by the skilful use of common tools. Hence genius has ever been supposed to partake of something Divine. *Nemo unquam vir magnus fuit, sine aliquo afflatu divino.*

Learning, destitute of this superior aid, is fond and proud of what has cost it much pains; is a great lover of rules, and boaster of famed examples. As beauties less perfect, who owe half their charms to cautious art, learning inveighs against natural unstudied graces and small harmless inaccuracies, and sets rigid bounds to that liberty to which genius often owes its supreme glory, but the no-genius its frequent ruin. For unprescribed beauties, and unexampled excellence, which are characteristics of

genius, lie without the pale of learning's authorities and laws ; which pale, genius must leap to come at them : but by that leap, if genius is wanting, we break our necks, we lose that little credit which possibly we might have enjoyed before. For rules, like crutches, are a needful aid to the lame, though an impediment to the strong. A Homer casts them away, and, like his Achilles,

Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat, (HORAT.)

by native force of mind. There is something in poetry beyond prose reason ; there are mysteries in it not to be explained, but admired, which render mere prose-men infidels to their divinity. And here pardon a second paradox : namely, "Genius often then deserves most to be praised when it is most sure to be condemned ; that is, when its excellence, from mounting high, to weak eyes is quite out of sight."

If I might speak farther of learning and genius, I would compare genius to virtue, and learning to riches. As riches are most wanted where there is least virtue, so learning where there is least genius. As virtue without much riches can give happiness, so genius without much learning can give renown. As it is said, in Terence, *Pecuniam negligere interdum maximum est lucrum*, so, to neglect of learning genius sometimes owes its greater glory. Genius, therefore, leaves but the second place, among men of letters, to the learned. It is their merit and ambition to fling light on the works of genius, and point out its charms. We most justly reverence their informing radius for that favour ; but we must much more admire the radiant stars pointed out by them.

A star of the first magnitude among the moderns was Shakspeare ; among the ancients, Pindar ; who, as Vossius tells us, boasted of his no-learning, calling himself the eagle, for his flight above it. And such genii as these may, indeed, have much reliance on their own native powers. For genius may be compared to the natural strength of the body ; learning to the superinduced accoutrements of arms. If the first is equal to the proposed exploit, the latter rather encumbers, than assists ; rather retards, than promotes, the victory. *Sacer nobis inest Deus*, says Seneca. With regard to the moral world, conscience—with regard to the intellectual, genius—is that god within. Genius can set us right in composition without

the rules of the learned, as conscience sets us right in life without the laws of the land ; this, singly, can make us good, as men ; that, singly, as writers, can sometimes make us great.

I say, "sometimes," because there is a genius which stands in need of learning to make it shine. Of genius there are two species, an earlier, and a later ; or call them infantine, and adult. An adult genius comes out of nature's hand, as Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth, and mature : Shakspeare's genius was of this kind : on the contrary, Swift stumbled at the threshold, and set out for distinction on feeble knees. His was an infantine genius ; a genius which, like other infants, must be nursed and educated, or it will come to nought. Learning is its nurse and tutor ; but this nurse may overlay with an indigested load, which smothers common sense ; and this tutor may mislead with pedantic prejudice, which vitiates the best understanding. As too great admirers of the fathers of the church have sometimes set up their authority against the true sense of scripture, so too great admirers of the classical fathers have sometimes set up their authority, or example, against reason.

Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu fabula.

So says Horace, so says ancient example. But reason has not subscribed. I know but one book that can justify our implicit acquiescence in it ; and, by the way, on that book a noble disdain of undue deference to prior opinion has lately cast, and is still casting, a new and inestimable light.

But, superstition for our predecessors set aside, the classics are for ever our rightful and revered masters in composition, and our understandings bow before them. But when ? When a master is wanted ; which sometimes, as I have shown, is not the case. Some are pupils of nature only, nor go farther to school. From such we reap often a double advantage ; they not only rival the reputation of the great ancient authors, but also reduce the number of mean ones among the moderns. For, when they enter on subjects which have been in former hands, such is their superiority, that, like a tenth wave, they overwhelm and bury in oblivion all that went before ; and thus not only enrich and adorn, but remove a load, and lessen the labour, of the lettered world.

"But," you say, "since originals can arise from genius

only, and since genius is so very rare, it is scarce worth while to labour a point so much, from which we can reasonably expect so little." To show that genius is not so very rare as you imagine, I shall point out strong instances of it, in a far distant quarter from that mentioned above. The minds of the schoolmen were almost as much cloistered as their bodies; they had but little learning, and few books; yet may the most learned be struck with some astonishment at their so singular natural sagacity, and most exquisite edge of thought. Who would expect to find Pindar and Scotus, Shakspeare and Aquinas, of the same party? Both equally show an original, unindebted energy; the *vigor igneus*, and *cælestis origo*, burn in both; and leave us in doubt whether genius is more evident in the sublime flights and beauteous flowers of poetry, or in the profound penetrations, and marvellously keen and minute distinctions, called the "thorns of the schools."* There might have been more able consuls called from the plough than ever arrived at that honour; many a genius, probably, there has been, which could neither write nor read. So that genius, that supreme lustre of literature, is less rare than you conceive.

By the praise of genius we detract not from learning; we detract not from the value of gold by saying that a diamond has greater still. He who disregards learning, shows that he wants its aid; and he that overvalues it, shows that its aid has done him harm. Over-valued, indeed, it cannot be, if genius as to composition is valued more. Learning we thank, genius we revere; that gives us pleasure, this gives us rapture; that informs, this inspires, and is itself inspired; for genius is from heaven, learning from man: this sets us above the low and illiterate; that, above the learned and polite. Learning is borrowed knowledge; genius is knowledge innate, and quite our own. Therefore, as Bacon observes, it may take a nobler name, and be called "wisdom;" in which sense of wisdom, some are born wise.

But here a caution is necessary against the most fatal of errors in those automaths, those "self-taught philosophers"

* This paragraph furnishes a semblance of confirmation to the curious anecdote, related by Ruffhead, (whose materials were furnished by Warburton,) of Young having been persuaded by Pope to study the writings of Thomas Aquinas, as the best course of preparation to be pursued by a candidate for holy orders in the Church of England.—EDIT.

of our age, who set up genius, and often mere fancied genius, not only above human learning, but Divine truth. I have called genius "wisdom;" but let it be remembered that, in the most renowned ages of the most refined Heathen wisdom, (and theirs is not Christian,) "the world by wisdom knew not God; and it pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save those that believed." In the fairyland of fancy, genius may wander wild; there it has a creative power, and may reign arbitrarily over its own empire of chimeras. The wide field of nature, also, lies open before it, where it may range unconfined, make what discoveries it can, and sport with its infinite objects uncontrolled, as far as visible nature extends, painting them as wantonly as it will. But what painter of the most unbounded and exalted genius can give us the true portrait of a seraph? He can give us only what by his own, or others' eyes, has been seen; though that indeed infinitely compounded, raised, burlesqued, dishonoured, or adorned. In like manner, who can give us Divine truth unrevealed? Much less should any presume to set aside Divine truth when revealed, as incongruous to their own sagacities. Is this too serious for my subject? I shall be more so before I close.

Having put-in a caveat against the most fatal of errors, from the too great indulgence of genius, return we now to that too great suppression of it, which is detrimental to composition, and endeavour to rescue the writer, as well as the man. I have said, that some are born wise; but they, like those that are born rich, by neglecting the cultivation and produce of their own possessions, and by running in debt, may be beggared at last; and lose their reputations, as younger brothers estates, not by being born with less abilities than the rich heir, but at too late an hour.

Many a great man has been lost to himself and the public, purely because great ones were born before him. Hermias, in his Collections on Homer's blindness, says that Homer, requesting the gods to grant him a sight of Achilles, that hero rose, but in armour so bright, that it struck Homer blind with the blaze. Let not the blaze of even Homer's muse darken us to the discernment of our own powers, which may possibly set us above the rank of imitators; who, though most excellent, and even immortal, (as some of them are,) yet are still but *Dii minorum gentium*, nor can expect the largest share of incense, the greatest profusion of praise, on their secondary altars.

But farther still: a spirit of imitation hath many ill effects; I shall confine myself to three. First, it deprives the liberal and politer arts of an advantage which the mechanic enjoy: in these, men are ever endeavouring to go beyond their predecessors; in the former, to follow them. And since copies surpass not their originals, as streams rise not higher than their spring, rarely so high; hence, while arts mechanic are in perpetual progress and increase, the liberal are in retrogradation and decay. These resemble pyramids,—are broad at bottom, but lessen exceedingly as they rise; those resemble rivers which, from a small fountain-head, are spreading ever wider and wider as they run. Hence it is evident that different portions of understanding are not (as some imagine) allotted to different periods of time; for we see, in the same period, understanding rising in one set of artists, and declining in another. Therefore, nature stands absolved, and our inferiority in composition must be charged on ourselves.

Nay, so far are we from complying with a necessity, which nature lays us under, that, Secondly, by a spirit of imitation we counteract nature, and thwart her design. She brings us into the world all originals. No two faces, no two minds, are just alike; but all bear nature's evident mark of separation on them. Born originals, how comes it to pass that we die copies? That meddling ape imitation, as soon as we come to years of indiscretion, (so let me speak,) snatches the pen, and blots out nature's mark of separation, cancels her kind intention, destroys all mental individuality. The lettered world no longer consists of singulars: it is a medley, a mass; and a hundred books, at bottom, are but one. Why are monkeys such masters of mimicry? Why receive they such a talent at imitation? Is it not as the Spartan slaves received a licence for ebriety,—that their betters might be ashamed of it?

The Third fault to be found with a spirit of imitation is, that, with great incongruity, it makes us poor and proud; makes us think little, and write much; gives us huge folios, which are little better than more reputable cushions to promote our repose. Have not some sevenfold volumes put us in mind of Ovid's sevenfold channels of the Nile at the conflagration?—

Ostia septem

Pulverulenta vacant septem sine flumine valles.

Such leaden labours are like Lycurgus's iron money, which

was so much less in value than in bulk, that it required barns for strong boxes, and a yoke of oxen to draw five hundred pounds.

But, notwithstanding these disadvantages of imitation, imitation must be the lot (and often an honourable lot it is) of most writers. If there is a famine of invention in the land, like Joseph's brethren, we must travel far for food; we must visit the remote and rich ancients. But an inventive genius may safely stay at home; that, like the widow's cruse, is divinely replenished from within, and affords us a miraculous delight. Whether our own genius be such or not, we diligently should inquire, that we may not go a-begging with gold in our purse; for there is a mine in man, which must be deeply dug ere we can conjecture its contents. Another often sees that in us which we see not ourselves; and may there not be that in us which is unseen by both? That there may, chance often discovers, either by a luckily-chosen theme, or a mighty premium, or an absolute necessity of exertion, or a noble stroke of emulation from another's glory; as that on Thucydides, from hearing Herodotus repeat part of his history at the Olympic games. Had there been no Herodotus, there might have been no Thucydides, and the world's admiration might have begun at Livy for excellence in that province of the pen. Demosthenes had the same stimulation on hearing Callistratus; or Tully might have been the first of consummate renown at the bar.

Quite clear of the dispute concerning ancient and modern learning, we speak not of performance, but powers. The modern powers are equal to those before them: modern performance in general is deplorable short. How great are the names just mentioned! yet who will dare affirm, that as great may not rise up in some future or even in the present age? Reasons there are why talents may not *appear*, none why they may not *exist*, as much in one period as another. An evocation of vegetable fruits depends on rain, air, and sun; an evocation of the fruits of genius no less depends on externals. What a marvellous crop bore it in Greece and Rome! and what a marvellous sunshine did it there enjoy! what encouragement from the nature of their governments, and the spirit of their people! Virgil and Horace owed their divine talents to Heaven, their immortal works to men: thank Mæcenas and Augustus for them. Had it not been for these, the

genius of those poets had lain buried in their ashes. Athens expended on her theatre, painting, sculpture, and architecture, a tax levied for the support of a war. Cæsar dropped his papers when Tully spoke; and Philip trembled at the voice of Demosthenes. And has there arisen but one Tully, one Demosthenes, in so long a course of years? The powerful eloquence of them both in one stream should never bear me down into the melancholy persuasion, that several have not been born, though they have not emerged. The sun as much exists in a cloudy day as in a clear: it is outward, accidental circumstances, that, with regard to genius either in nation or age,

Collectas que fugat nubes, solemque reducit.—VIRG.

As great, perhaps greater than those mentioned, (presumptuous as it may sound,) may possibly arise; for who hath fathomed the mind of man? Its bounds are as unknown as those of the creation; since the birth of which, perhaps, not one has so far exerted, as not to leave his possibilities beyond his attainments, his powers beyond his exploits. Forming our judgments altogether by what has been done, without knowing, or at all inquiring, what possibly might have been done, we naturally enough fall into too mean an opinion of the human mind. If a sketch of the divine Iliad, before Homer wrote, had been given to mankind, by some superior being, or otherwise, its execution would, probably, have appeared beyond the power of man. Now, to surpass it, we think impossible. As the first of these opinions would evidently have been a mistake, why may not the second be so too? Both are founded on the same bottom,—on our ignorance of the possible dimensions of the mind of man.

Nor are we only ignorant of the dimensions of the human mind in general, but even of our own. That a man may be scarce less ignorant of his own powers than an oyster of its pearl, or a rock of its diamond; that he may possess dormant, unsuspected abilities, till awakened by loud calls, or stung-up by striking emergencies; is evident from the sudden eruption of some men out of perfect obscurity into public admiration, on the strong impulse of some animating occasion; not more to the world's great surprise than their own. Few authors of distinction but have experienced something of this nature, at the first beamings of their yet unsuspected genius on their hitherto

dark composition. The writer starts at it, as at a lucid meteor in the night, is much surprised, can scarce believe it true. During his happy confusion, it may be said to him, as to Eve at the lake,

“What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself.”—MILTON.

Genius, in this view, is like a dear friend in our company under disguise; who, while we are lamenting his absence, drops his mask, striking us at once with equal surprise and joy. This sensation, which I speak of in a writer, might favour, and so promote, the fable of poetic inspiration. A poet of a strong imagination and stronger vanity, on feeling it, might naturally enough realize the world's mere compliment, and think himself truly inspired: which is not improbable; for enthusiasts of all kinds do no less.

Since it is plain that men may be strangers to their own abilities, and by thinking meanly of them without just cause may possibly lose a name, perhaps a name immortal, I would find some means to prevent these evils. Whatever promotes virtue, promotes something more, and carries its good influence beyond the moral man: to prevent these evils, I borrow two golden rules from ethics, which are no less golden in composition than in life: 1. “Know thyself;” 2. “Reverence thyself.” I design to repay ethics in a future letter, by two rules from rhetoric for its service.

1. “Know thyself.” Of ourselves it may be said, as Martial says of a bad neighbour,—

Nil tam propè, tam proculque nobis.

Therefore dive deep into thy bosom; learn the depth, extent, bias, and full fort of thy mind; contract full intimacy with the stranger within thee; excite and cherish every spark of intellectual light and heat, however smothered under former negligence, or scattered through the dull, dark mass of common thoughts; and, collecting them into a body, let thy genius rise (if a genius thou hast) as the sun from chaos; and if I should then say, like an Indian, “Worship it,” (though too bold,) yet should I say little more than my second rule enjoins; namely, “Reverence thyself.”

That is, Let not great examples or authorities browbeat thy reason into too great a diffidence of thyself: thyself so reverence, as to prefer the native growth of thy own mind to the richest import from abroad: such borrowed riches

make us poor. The man who thus reverences himself will soon find the world's reverence to follow his own. His works will stand distinguished; his the sole property of them; which property alone can confer the noble title of an author; that is, of one who, to speak accurately, thinks and composes; while other invaders of the press, how voluminous and learned soever, (with due respect be it spoken,) only read and write.

This is the difference between those two luminaries in literature, the well-accomplished scholar, and the divinely-inspired enthusiast: the first is, as the bright morning star; the second, as the rising sun. The writer who neglects those two rules above, will never stand alone: he makes one of a group, and thinks in wretched unanimity with the throng. Incumbered with the notions of others, and impoverished by their abundance, he conceives not the least embryo of new thought; opens not the least vista, through the gloom of ordinary writers, into the bright walks of rare imagination and singular design. While the true genius is crossing all public roads into fresh untrodden ground, he, up to the knees in antiquity, is treading the sacred footsteps of great examples, with the blind veneration of a bigot saluting the papal toe; comfortably hoping full absolution for the sins of his own understanding, from the powerful charm of touching his idol's infallibility.

Such meanness of mind, such prostration of our own powers, proceeds from too great admiration of others. Admiration has, generally, a degree of two very bad ingredients in it,—of ignorance, and of fear; and does mischief in composition and in life. Proud as the world is, there is more superiority in it given than assumed; and its grandees of all kinds owe more of their elevation to the littleness of others' minds, than to the greatness of their own. Were not prostrate spirits their voluntary pedestals, the figure they make among mankind would not stand so high. Imitators and translators are somewhat of the pedestal-kind, and sometimes rather raise their original's reputation, by showing him to be by them inimitable, than their own. Homer has been translated into most languages; Ælian tells us, that the Indians (hopeful tutors!) have taught him to speak their tongue. What expect we from them? Not Homer's Achilles, but something which, like Patroclus, assumes his name, and, at its peril, appears in his stead: nor expect we Homer's Ulysses gloriously

bursting out of his cloud into royal grandeur, but an Ulysses under disguise, and a beggar to the last. Such is that inimitable father of poetry, and oracle of all the wise, whom Lycurgus transcribed; and for an annual public recital of whose works Solon enacted a law, that, it is much to be feared that his so numerous translations are but as the published testimonials of so many nations and ages, that this author, so divine, is untranslated still.

But here,

—————*Cynthius aurem*
Vellit; (VIRG.)

and demands justice for his favourite, and ours. Great things he has done; but he might have done greater. What a fall is it from Homer's numbers, free as air, lofty and harmonious as the spheres, into childish shackles and tinkling sounds! But, in his fall, he is still great;

“Nor appears
Less than archangel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscured.”—MILTON.

Had Milton never wrote, Pope had been less to blame; but when in Milton's genius Homer, as it were, personally rose to forbid Britons doing him that ignoble wrong, it is less pardonable, by that effeminate decoration, to put Achilles in petticoats a second time. How much nobler had it been, if his numbers had rolled on in full flow, through the various modulations of masculine melody, into those grandeurs of solemn sound which are indispensably demanded by the native dignity of heroic song! How much nobler, if he had resisted the temptation of that Gothic demon, which modern poesy, tasting, became mortal! O how unlike the deathless, divine harmony of three great names, (how justly joined!) of Milton, Greece, and Rome! His verse, but for this little speck of mortality, in its extreme parts, as his hero had in his heel, like him, had been invulnerable and immortal. But, unfortunately, that was undipped in Helicon, as this in Styx. Harmony, as well as eloquence, is essential to poesy; and a murder of his music is putting half Homer to death. “Blank” is a term of diminution: what we mean by “blank verse,” is, verse unfallen, uncursed; verse reclaimed, re-inthroned in the true language of the gods: who never thundered, nor suffered their Homer to thunder, in rhyme; and therefore, I beg you, my friend, to crown it with some nobler term;

nor let the greatness of the thing lie under the defamation of such a name.

But, supposing Pope's Iliad to have been perfect in its kind, yet it is a translation still; which differs as much from an original, as the moon from the sun.

—*Phœben alieno jusserat igne
Impleri, solemque suo.*—CLAUD.

But as nothing is more easy than to write originally wrong, originals are not here recommended but under the strong guard of my first rule,—“Know thyself.” Lucian, who was an original, neglected not this rule, if we may judge by his reply to one who took some freedom with him. He was, at first, an apprentice to a statuary; and when he was reflected on as such, by being called Prometheus, he replied, “I am, indeed, the inventor of a new work, the model of which I owe to none: and, if I do not execute it well, I deserve to be torn by twelve vultures, instead of one.”

If so, O Gulliver, dost thou not shudder at thy brother Lucian's vultures hovering over thee? Shudder on! They cannot shock thee more than decency has been shocked by thee. How have thy Houynhunms thrown thy judgment from its seat, and laid thy imagination in the mire! In what ordure hast thou dipped thy pencil! What a monster hast thou made of the “human face divine!” * This writer has so satirised human nature, as to give a demonstration in himself, that it deserves to be satirised. “But,” say his wholesale admirers, “few *could* so have written.” True, and fewer *would*. If it required great abilities to commit the fault, greater still would have saved him from it. But whence arise such warm advocates for such a performance? From hence, namely, Before a character is established, merit makes fame; afterwards fame makes merit. Swift is not commended for this piece, but this piece for Swift. He has given us some beauties which deserve all our praise; and our comfort is, that his faults will not become common; for none can be guilty of them but who have wit as well as reputation to spare. His wit had been less wild, if his temper had not jostled his judgment. If his favourite Houynhunms could write, and Swift had been one of them, every horse with him would have been an ass, and he would have written a panegyric

* MILTON.

on mankind, saddling with much reproach the present heroes of his pen : on the contrary, being born amongst men, and, of consequence, piqued by many, and peevish at more, he has blasphemed a nature little lower than that of angels, and assumed by far higher than they. But surely the contempt of the world is not a greater virtue, than the contempt of mankind is a vice. Therefore I wonder that, though forborne by others, the laughter-loving Swift was not reproved by the venerable dean, who could sometimes be very grave.

For I remember, as I and others were taking with him an evening's walk, about a mile out of Dublin, he stopped short : we passed on ; but, perceiving that he did not follow us, I went back, and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, which in its uppermost branches was much withered and decayed. Pointing at it, he said, "I shall be like that tree : I shall die at top." As in this he seemed to prophesy like the Sybils ; if, like one of them, he had burnt part of his works, especially this blasted branch of a noble genius, like her, too, he might have risen in his demand for the rest.

Would not his friend Pope have succeeded better in an original attempt ? Talents untried are talents unknown. All that I know is, that, contrary to these sentiments, he was not only an avowed professor of imitation, but a zealous recommender of it also.* Nor could he recommend any thing better, except emulation, to those who write. One of these all writers must call to their aid ; but aids they are of unequal repute. Imitation is inferiority confessed, emulation is superiority contested or denied ; imitation is servile, emulation generous ; that fetters, this fires ; that may give a name, this a name immortal. This made Athens to succeeding ages the rule of taste, and the standard of perfection. Her men of genius struck fire against each other ; and kindled, by conflict, into glories, which no

* "One of Dr. Warburton's remarks was, that the character of an original writer is not confined to subject, but extends to manner ; by this distinction, I presume, securing his friend Pope's originality. But he mentioned this with so much good humour, that I should have been glad to have heard you both in conference upon the subject."—RICHARDSON'S "Correspondence."

This was addressed to Young, before Dr. Johnson had heard the "Conjectures." It is evident, that Richardson had either shown Warburton a proof of them, or had read that part to him in which Young castigates professed imitators.—EDIT.

time shall extinguish. We thank Æschylus for Sophocles, and Parrhasius for Zeuxis, emulation for both. That bids us fly the general fault of imitators; bids us not to be struck with the loud report of former fame as with a knell, which damps the spirits, but as with a trumpet, which inspires ardour to rival the renowned. Emulation exhorts us, instead of learning our discipline for ever, like raw troops, under ancient leaders in composition, to put those laurelled veterans in some hazard of losing their superior posts in glory.

Such is Emulation's high-spirited advice, such her immortalizing call. Pope would not hear, pre-engaged with Imitation, which blessed him with all her charms. He chose rather, with his namesake of Greece, to triumph in the old world, than to look out for a new. His taste partook the error of his religion,—it denied not worship to saints and angels; that is, to writers who, canonized for ages, have received their apotheosis from established and universal fame. True poesy, like true religion, abhors idolatry; and though it honours the memory of the exemplary, and takes them willingly (yet cautiously) as guides in the way to glory, real (though unexampled) excellence is its only aim; nor looks it for any inspiration less than divine.

Though Pope's noble muse may boast her illustrious descent from Homer, Virgil, Horace, yet is an original author more nobly born. As Tacitus says of Curtius Rufus, an original author is born of himself, is his own progenitor, and will probably propagate a numerous offspring of imitators, to eternise his glory; while mule-like imitators die without issue. Therefore, though we stand much obliged for his giving us an Homer, yet had he doubled our obligation by giving us—a Pope. Had he a strong imagination, and the true sublime? That granted, we might have had two Homers instead of one, if longer had been his life; for I heard the dying swan talk over an epic plan a few weeks before his decease.

Bacon, under the shadow of whose great name I would shelter my present attempt in favour of originals, says, "Men seek not to know their own stock and abilities, but fancy their possessions to be greater, and their abilities less, than they really are." Which is, in effect, saying, that we ought to exert more than we do; and that, on exertion, our probability of success is greater than we conceive.

Nor have I Bacon's opinion only, but his assistance too, on my side. His mighty mind travelled round the intellectual world, and, with a more than eagle's eye, saw and has pointed out blank spaces or dark spots in it, on which the human mind never shone: some of these have been enlightened since; some are benighted still.

Moreover, so boundless are the bold excursions of the human mind, that, in the vast void beyond real existence, it can call forth shadowy beings and unknown worlds, as numerous, as bright, and perhaps as lasting, as the stars: such quite-original beauties we may call paradisiacal,—

Natos sine semine flores.—OVID.

When such an ample area for renowned adventure in original attempts lies before us, shall we be as mere leaden pipes, conveying to the present age small streams of excellence from its grand reservoir in antiquity, and those too, perhaps, mudded in the pass? Originals shine like comets, have no peer in their path, are rivalled by none, and the gaze of all: all other compositions, if they shine at all, shine in clusters, like the stars in the galaxy; where, like bad neighbours, all suffer from all; each particular being diminished, and almost lost in the throng.

If thoughts of this nature prevailed,—if ancients and moderns were no longer considered as masters and pupils, but as hard-matched rivals for renown,—then moderns, by the longevity of their labours, might one day become ancients themselves; and old Time, that best weigher of merits, to keep his balance even, might have the golden weight of an Augustan age in both his scales; or, rather, our scale might descend; and that of antiquity (as a modern match for it strongly speaks) might kick the beam.

And why not? For, consider,—since an impartial Providence scatters talents indifferently, as through all orders of persons, so through all periods of time;—since a marvellous light, unenjoyed of old, is poured on us by revelation, with larger prospects extending our understanding, with brighter objects enriching our imagination, with an inestimable prize setting our passions on fire, thus strengthening every power that enables composition to shine;—since there has been no fall in man on this side Adam, who left no works, and the works of all other ancients are our auxiliars against themselves, as being perpetual spurs to our ambi-

tion, and shining lamps in our path to fame;—since this world is a school, as well for intellectual as moral advance, and the longer human nature is a school, the better scholar it should be;—since, as the moral world expects its glorious millennium, the world intellectual may hope, by the rules of analogy, for some superior degrees of excellence to crown her later scenes; nor may it only hope, but must enjoy them too; for Tully, Quintilian, and all true critics allow, that virtue assists genius, and that the writer will be more able, when better is the man:—all these particulars (I say) considered, why should it seem altogether impossible, that Heaven's latest editions of the human mind may be the most correct and fair; that the day may come when the moderns may proudly look back on the comparative darkness of former ages, on the children of antiquity, reputed Homer and Demosthenes as the dawn of divine genius, and Athens as the cradle of infant-fame? What a glorious revolution would this make in the rolls of renown!

“What a rant,” say you, “is here!”* I partly grant it: yet, consider, my friend, knowledge physical, mathematical, moral, and Divine, increases; all arts and sciences are making considerable advance; with them, all the accommodations, ornaments, delights, and glories of human life; and these are new food to the genius of a polite writer; these are as the root, and composition as the flower; and as the root spreads and thrives, shall the flower fail? As well

* This paragraph extorted from the *Monthly Reviewers* the following remarks:—

“We cannot consent to call the above passage mere *rant*. On the contrary, we look upon these sentiments as truly becoming an elevated mind, and genuine indications of a genius of the first rank. A daring spirit of liberty, an honest indignation at the meanness and servility of mere imitators, and a noble confidence in superior talents, are the distinguishing characteristics of men of genius; while the mere scholar labours along, with the timidity of a child, that hath not acquired sufficient strength and courage to walk alone.

“Occasional mention is made of Shakspeare, Jonson, Dryden, Pope, and Addison, and their merit, as originals or imitators, considered: in which part of the Letter, though there is little said that is new, the reader hath an instance, in our author, how far the *executive* and the *speculative* genius are compatible. In other words, he may see that taste and genius are not more necessary to form the *writer* than the *critic*; even in the latter capacity, the letter-writer giving us very judicious specimens of his known and distinguished abilities.”

These commendations of Young's intellectual powers are the more valuable, from having been the testimony of a reluctant witness.—EDIT.

may a flower flourish when the root is dead. It is prudence to read, genius to relish, glory to surpass, ancient authors; and wisdom to try our strength, in an attempt in which it would be no great dishonour to fail.

Why condemned Maro his admirable epic to the flames? Was it not because his discerning eye saw some length of perfection beyond it? And what he saw, may not others reach? And who bid fairer than our countrymen for that glory? Something new may be expected from Britons particularly; who seem not to be more severed from the rest of mankind by the surrounding sea, than by the current in their veins; and of whom little more appears to be required, in order to give us originals, than a consistency of character, and making their compositions of a piece with their lives. May our genius shine, and proclaim us in that noble view,—

—*minimâ contentos nocte Britannos!*—JUVENAL.

And so it does; for in polite composition, in natural and mathematical knowledge, we have great originals already: Bacon, Boyle, Newton, Shakspeare, Milton, have showed us, that all the winds cannot blow the British flag farther than an original spirit can convey the British fame. Their names go round the world; and what foreign genius strikes not as they pass? Why should not their posterity embark in the same bold bottom of new enterprise, and hope the same success? Hope it they may; or you must assert, either that those originals, which we already enjoy, were written by angels, or deny that we are men. As Simonides said to Pausanias, reason should say to the writer, "Remember thou art a man." And for man not to grasp at all which is laudable within his reach, is a dishonour to human nature, and a disobedience to the Divine; for as Heaven does nothing in vain, its gift of talents implies an injunction of their use.

A friend of mine has obeyed that injunction: he has relied on himself; and with a genius, as well moral as original, (to speak in bold terms,) has cast out evil spirits; has made a convert to virtue of a species of composition, once most its foe: as the first Christian emperors expelled demons, and dedicated their temples to the living God.*

* This fine and well-merited compliment to the author of "Sir Charles Grandison" and "Pamela," comes with peculiar grace from his old friend and admirer. This "species of composition," of which Richardson

But you, I know, are sparing in your praise of this author : therefore I will speak of one which is sure of your applause. Shakspeare mingled no water with his wine, lowered his genius by no vapid imitation. Shakspeare gave us a Shakspeare ; nor could the first in ancient fame have given us more. Shakspeare is not their son, but brother ; their equal, and that in spite of all his faults. Think you this too bold ? Consider, in those ancients what is it the world admires ? Not the fewness of their faults, but the number and brightness of their beauties ; and if Shakspeare is their equal (as he doubtless is) in that which in them is admired, then is Shakspeare as great as they ; and not impotence, but some other cause, must be charged with his defects. When we are setting these great men in competition, what but the comparative size of their genius is the subject of our inquiry ? And a giant loses nothing of his size, though he should chance to trip in his race. But it is a compliment to those heroes of antiquity to suppose Shakspeare their equal only in dramatic powers ; therefore, though his faults had been greater, the scale would still turn in his favour. There is at least as much genius on the British as on the Grecian stage, though the former is not swept so clean ; so clean from violations not only of the dramatic, but moral, rule ; for an honest Heathen, on reading some of our celebrated scenes, might be seriously concerned to see, that our obligations to the religion of nature were cancelled by Christianity.

Jonson, in the serious drama, is as much an imitator, as Shakspeare is an original. He was very learned, as Samson was very strong, to his own hurt. Blind to the nature of tragedy, he pulled down all antiquity on his head, and buried himself under it. We see nothing of Jonson, nor indeed of his admired (but also murdered) ancients ; for what shone in the historian is a cloud on the poet ; and

had "made a convert to virtue," has, since his time, risen to a high rank in the scale of our national literature, and eclipsed all the glories of the ancient epic. For many years, persons of great genius, and profound students of the human heart, have chosen this *novel* mode for the discussion of the most interesting topics connected with domestic life, social relations, and political institutions. In classical and attractive language these new moral epics have exhibited much useful truth and sound morality, the contemplation of which has enlightened the philosopher, and charmed the Christian.—EDIT.

Catiline might have been a good play, if Sallust had never writ.

Who knows whether Shakspeare might not have thought less, if he had read more? Who knows if he might not have laboured under the load of Jonson's learning, as Enceladus under *Ætna*? His mighty genius, indeed, through the most mountainous oppression would have breathed out some of his inextinguishable fire; yet, possibly, he might not have risen up into that giant, that much more than common man, at which we now gaze with amazement and delight. Perhaps he was as learned as his dramatic province required; for, whatever other learning he wanted, he was master of two books, unknown to many of the profoundly read, though books which the last conflagration alone can destroy,—the book of nature, and that of man. These he had by heart, and has transcribed many admirable pages of them into his immortal works. These are the fountain-head, whence the Castalian streams of original composition flow; and these are often mudded by other waters,—though waters, in their distinct channel, most wholesome and pure: as two chemical liquors, separately clear as crystal, grow foul by mixture, and offend the sight. So that he had not only as much learning as his dramatic province required, but, perhaps, as it could safely bear. If Milton had spared some of his learning, his muse would have gained more glory than he would have lost by it.

Dryden, destitute of Shakspeare's genius, had almost as much learning as Jonson, and, for the buskin, quite as little taste. He was a stranger to the pathos; and, by numbers, expression, sentiment, and every other dramatic cheat, strove to make amends for it; as if a saint could make amends for the want of conscience, a soldier for the want of valour, or a vestal of modesty! The noble nature of tragedy disclaims an equivalent: like virtue, it demands the heart; and Dryden had none to give. Let epic poets think; the tragedian's point is rather to feel: such distant things are a tragedian and a poet, that the latter, indulged, destroys the former. Look on *Barnwell*, and *Essex*, and see how, as to these distant characters, Dryden excels and is excelled. But the strongest demonstration of his no-taste for the buskin are his tragedies fringed with rhyme; which, in epic poetry, is a sore disease, in the tragic absolute death. To Dryden's enormity, Pope's was a light offence. As lacemen are foes to mourning, these two

authors, rich in rhyme, were no great friends to those solemn ornaments which the noble nature of their works required.

"Must rhyme, then," say you, "be banished?" I wish the nature of our language could bear its entire expulsion; but our lesser poetry stands in need of a toleration for it: it raises that, but sinks the great; as spangles adorn children, but expose men. Prince Henry bespangled all over in his eyelet-hole suit, with glittering pins, and an Achilles, or an Almanzor, in his Gothic array, are very much on a level, as to the majesty of the poet and the prince. Dryden had a great, but a general, capacity; and as for a general genius, there is no such thing in nature. A genius implies the rays of the mind concentrated, and determined to some particular point: when they are scattered widely, they act feebly, and strike not with sufficient force to fire or dissolve the heart. As what comes from the writer's heart reaches ours; so what comes from his head sets our brains at work, and our hearts at ease. It makes a circle of thoughtful critics, not of distressed patients; and a passive audience is what tragedy requires. Applause is not to be given, but extorted; and the silent lapse of a single tear does the writer more honour than the rattling thunder of a thousand hands. Applauding hands and dry eyes (which during Dryden's theatrical reign often met) are a satire on the writer's talent and the spectator's taste. When by such judges the laurel is blindly given, and by such a poet proudly received, they resemble an intoxicated host, and his tasteless guests, over some sparkling adulteration, commending their champagne.

But Dryden has his glory, though not on the stage. What an inimitable original is his ode! A small one, indeed, but of the first lustre, and without a flaw; and, amid the brightest boasts of antiquity, it may find a foil.

Among the brightest of the moderns, Mr. Addison must take his place. Who does not approach his character with great respect? They who refuse to close with the public in his praise, refuse at their peril. But, if men will be fond of their own opinions, some hazard must be run. He had, what Dryden and Jonson wanted, a warm and feeling heart; but, being of a grave and bashful nature, through a philosophic reserve, and a sort of moral prudery, he con-

cealed it, where he should have let loose all his fire, and have showed the most tender sensibilities of heart. At his celebrated "Cato," few tears are shed, but Cato's own; which, indeed, are truly great, but unaffecting, except to the noble few who love their country better than themselves. The bulk of mankind want virtue enough to be touched by them. His strength of genius has reared up one glorious image, more lofty and truly golden than that in the plains of Dura, for cool admiration to gaze at, and warm patriotism (how rare!) to worship: while those two throbbing pulses of the drama, by which alone it is shown to live, terror and pity, neglected through the whole, leave our unmolested hearts at perfect peace. Thus the poet, like his hero, through mistaken excellence, and virtue overstrained, becomes a sort of suicide; and that which is most dramatic in the drama dies. All his charms of poetry are but as funeral flowers which adorn—all his noble sentiments but as rich spices which embalm—the tragedy deceased.

Of tragedy, pathos is not only the life and soul, but the soul inextinguishable: it charms us through a thousand faults. Decorations, which in this author abound, though they might immortalize other poesy, are the *splendida peccata* which damn the drama; while, on the contrary, the murder of all other beauties is a venial sin, nor plucks the laurel from the tragedian's brow. Was it otherwise, Shakspeare himself would run some hazard of losing his crown.

Socrates frequented the plays of Euripides; and what living Socrates would decline the theatre, at the representation of Cato? Tully's assassins found him in his litter, reading the "Medea" of the Grecian poet, to prepare himself for death. Part of "Cato" might be read to the same end. In the weight and dignity of moral reflection, Addison resembles that poet, who was called "the dramatic philosopher;" and is himself, as he says of Cato, "ambitiously sententious." But as to the singular talent, so remarkable in Euripides, at melting down hearts into the tender streams of grief and pity, there the resemblance fails. His beauties sparkle, but do not warm; they sparkle as stars in a frosty night. There is, indeed, a constellation in his play; there is the philosopher, patriot, orator, and poet; but where is the tragedian? And, if that is wanting,

Cur in theatrum, Cato severe, venisti?—MARTIAL.

And, when I recollect what passed between him and Dryden, in relation to this drama, I must add the next line,—

An idèo tantùm veneras, ut exires ?

For, when Addison was a student at Oxford, he sent up this play to his friend Dryden, as a proper person to recommend it to the theatre, if it deserved it; who returned it with very great commendation, but with his opinion, that, on the stage, it could not meet with its deserved success. But though the performance was denied the theatre, it brought its author on the public stage of life. For, persons in power inquiring soon after of the head of his college for a youth of parts, Addison was recommended, and readily received, by means of the great reputation which Dryden had just then spread of him above.

There is this similitude between the poet and the play: as this is more fit for the closet than the stage, so that shone brighter in private conversation than on the public scene. They both had a sort of local excellency, as the Heathen gods a local divinity; beyond such a bound they unadmired, and these unadored. This puts me in mind of Plato, who denied "Homer" to the public; that "Homer" which, when in his closet, was rarely out of his hand. Thus, though "Cato" is not calculated to signalize himself in the warm emotions of the theatre, yet we find him a most amiable companion, in our calmer delights of recess.

Notwithstanding what has been offered, this, in many views, is an exquisite piece. But there is so much more of art than nature in it, that I can scarce forbear calling it, an exquisite piece of statuary,

"Where the smooth chisel all its skill has shown,
To soften into flesh the rugged stone."—ADDISON.

That is, where art has taken great pains to labour undramatic matter into dramatic life; which is impossible. However, as it is, like Pygmalion, we cannot but fall in love with it, and wish it was alive. How would a Shakespeare or an Otway have answered our wishes? They would have outdone Prometheus, and, with their heavenly fire, have given him not only life, but immortality. At their dramas (such is the force of nature) the poet is out of sight, quite hid behind his Venus, never thought of, till the curtain falls. Art brings our author forward, he stands before

his piece ; splendidly, indeed, but unfortunately ; for the writer must be forgotten by his audience, during the representation, if for ages he would be remembered by posterity. In the theatre, as in life, delusion is the charm ; and we are undelighted the first moment we are undeceived. Such demonstration have we, that the theatre is not yet opened in which solid happiness can be found by man ; because none are more than comparatively good ; and folly has a corner in the heart of the wise.

A genius fond of ornament should not be wedded to the tragic muse, which is in mourning : we want not to be diverted at an entertainment, where our greatest pleasure arises from the depth of our concern. But whence (by the way) this odd generation of pleasure from pain ? The movement of our melancholy passions is pleasant, when we ourselves are safe ; we love to be at once miserable and unhurt : so are we made ; and so made, perhaps, to show us the Divine goodness ; to show that none of our passions were designed to give us pain, except when being pained is for our advantage on the whole ; which is evident from this instance, in which we see that passions the most painful administer greatly, sometimes, to our delight. Since great names have accounted otherwise for this particular, I wish this solution, though to me probable, may not prove a mistake.

To close our thoughts on "Cato :" He who sees not much beauty in it has no taste for poetry ; he who sees nothing else, has no taste for the stage. Whilst it justifies censure, it extorts applause. It is much to be admired, but little to be felt. Had it not been a tragedy, it had been immortal ; as it is a tragedy, its uncommon fate somewhat resembles his who, for conquering gloriously, was condemned to die. Both shone, but shone fatally ; because in breach of their respective laws, the laws of the drama, and the laws of arms. But how rich in reputation must that author be, who can spare a "Cato" without feeling the loss !

That loss by our author would scarce be felt ; it would be but dropping a single feather from a wing, that mounts him above his contemporaries. He has a more refined, decent, judicious, and extensive genius, than Pope or Swift. To distinguish this triumvirate from each other, and, like Newton, to discover the different colours in these genuine and meridian rays of literary light, Swift is a singular wit, Pope a correct poet, Addison a great author. Swift looked on wit as the *jus divinum* to dominion and sway in the

world, and considered as usurpation all power that was lodged in persons of less sparkling understandings. This inclined him to tyranny in wit. Pope was somewhat of his opinion, but was for softening tyranny into lawful monarchy; yet were there some acts of severity in his reign. Addison's crown was elective: he reigned by the public voice:

—*Volentes*

Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.—VIRG.

But as good books are the medicine of the mind, if we should dethrone these authors, and consider them, not in their royal, but their medicinal, capacity, might it not then be said—that Addison prescribed a wholesome and pleasant regimen, which was universally relished, and did much good;—that Pope preferred a purgative of satire, which, though wholesome, was too painful in its operation;—and that Swift insisted on a large dose of ipecacuanha, which, though readily swallowed, from the fame of the physician, yet, if the patient had any delicacy of taste, he threw up the remedy, instead of the disease?

Addison wrote little in verse, much in sweet, elegant, Virgilian prose; so let me call it, since Longinus calls Herodotus most Homeric, and Thucydides is said to have formed his style on Pindar. Addison's compositions are built with the finest materials, in the taste of the ancients, and (to speak his own language) on truly classic ground; and though they are the delight of the present age, yet am I persuaded that they will receive more justice from posterity. I never read him but I am struck with such a disheartening idea of perfection, that I drop my pen. And, indeed, far superior writers should forget his compositions, if they would be greatly pleased with their own.

And yet, (perhaps you have not observed it,) what is the common language of the world, and even of his admirers, concerning him? They call him an elegant writer: that elegance which shines on the surface of his compositions seems to dazzle their understanding, and render it a little blind to the depth of sentiment which lies beneath: thus (hard fate!) he loses reputation with them, by doubling his title to it. On subjects the most interesting and important, no author of his age has written with greater, I had almost said with equal, weight; and they who commend him for his elegance pay him such a sort of compliment, by their

abstemious praise, as they would pay to Lucretia, if they should commend her only for her beauty.

But you say, that you know his value already.—You know, indeed, the value of his writings, and close with the world in thinking them immortal; but, I believe, you know not that his name would have deserved immortality, though he had never written; and *that*, by a better title than the pen can give. You know, too, that his life was amiable; but, perhaps, you are still to learn that his death was triumphant. That is a glory granted to very few; and the paternal hand of Providence, which sometimes snatches home its beloved children in a moment, must convince us, that it is a glory of no great consequence to the dying individual; that, when it is granted, it is granted chiefly for the sake of the surviving world, which may profit by his pious example, to whom is indulged the strength and opportunity to make his virtue shine out brightest at the point of death.* And here permit me to take notice, that the world will, probably, profit more by a pious example of lay-extraction, than by one born of the church; the latter being usually taxed with an abatement of influence by the bulk of mankind: therefore, to smother a bright example of this superior good influence, may be reputed a sort of murder injurious to the living, and unjust to the dead.

Such an example have we in Addison; which, though hitherto suppressed, yet, when once known, is insuppressible, of a nature too rare, too striking to be forgotten. For, after a long and manly, but vain, struggle with his distemper, he dismissed his physicians, and with them all

* “When, from the different nature of diseases, some of them are literally incapacitating, and deliriums happen often, is it not, or may it not be, discouraging to surviving friends to find wanting, in the dying, those tokens of resignation and true Christian piety, which Mr. Addison was graciously enabled to express so exemplarily to Lord Warwick? Sir J. S. was a good man; yet I have heard you mention his anxiety, and painful death, with no small concern. Forgive my freedom: but I know you will.”—RICHARDSON’S “Correspondence.”

Young thought that he had obviated Richardson’s objection by the remark, “*That is a glory granted to very few.*” But it remains in full force; and sorrowing survivors can derive no comfort from this large class of exceptional cases. Our knowledge of the Christian temper and consistent conduct of our friends while in health, affords a more solid ground of hope respecting their eternal welfare, than we can find in any utterances of their feelings, how desirable soever they may be, which they are permitted to give in their dying moments.—EDIT.

hopes of life. But with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concern for the living; but sent for a youth nearly related, and finely accomplished, yet not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came; but, life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent. After a decent and proper pause, the youth said, "Dear sir, you sent for me: I believe, and I hope, that you have some commands; I shall hold them most sacred." May distant ages not only hear, but feel, the reply! Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, "See in what peace a Christian can die!" He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired. Through grace Divine, how great is man! Through Divine mercy, how stingsless death! Who would not thus expire?*

What an inestimable legacy were those few dying words to the youth beloved! what a glorious supplement to his own valuable fragment on the truth of Christianity! what a full demonstration, that his fancy could not feign beyond what his virtue could reach! For when he would strike us most strongly with the grandeur of Roman magnanimity, his dying hero is ennobled with this sublime sentiment:—

"While yet I live, let me not live in vain."—*Cato.*

But how much more sublime is that sentiment when realized in life; when dispelling the languors, and appeasing the pains, of a last hour, and brightening with illustrious action the dark avenue and all-awful confines of an eternity! When his soul scarce animated his body, strong faith and ardent charity animated his soul into Divine ambition of saving more than his own. It is for our honour and our advantage to hold him high in our esteem; for the better men are, the more they will admire him; and the more they admire him, the better will they be.

By undrawing the long-closed curtain of his death-bed, have I not showed you a stranger in him whom you knew so well? Is not this of your favourite author,

* Thus piously acted Addison towards one who was but his step-son. The contrast between his conduct, and that of Young, when on his death-bed, to his only son, is too obvious not to obtrude itself on the memory. Yet, when he wrote these sentences, had any one intimated to the aged clergyman, who was not naturally ill-tempered, that his treatment of his son might be such as it is represented subsequently to have been, he would have indignantly exclaimed, "Am I a dog, that I should be supposed capable of acting in this culpable manner?"—*EDIT.*

—*notá major imago?*—VIRG.

His compositions are but a noble preface ; the grand work is his death : that is a work which is read in heaven. How has it joined the final approbation of angels to the previous applause of men ! How gloriously has he opened a splendid path, through fame immortal, into eternal peace ! How has he given religion to triumph amidst the ruins of his nature ; and, stronger than death, risen higher in virtue when breathing his last !

If all our men of genius had so breathed their last,—if all our men of genius, like him, had been men of genius for eternals,—then had we never been pained by the report of a latter end—O, how unlike to this ! But a little to balance our pain, let us consider, that such reports as make us at once adore and tremble, are of use, when too many there are who must tremble before they will adore ; and who convince us, to our shame, that the surest refuge of our endangered virtue is in the fears and terrors of the disingenuous human heart.

“But reports,” you say, “may be false ;” and you farther ask me, “If all reports were true, how came an anecdote of so much honour to human nature as mine to lie so long unknown ? What inauspicious planet interposed to lay its lustre under so lasting and so surprising an eclipse ?”

The fact is indisputably true ; nor are you to rely on me for the truth of it. My report is but a second edition ; it was published before, though obscurely, and with a cloud before it. As clouds before the sun are often beautiful, so this of which I speak. How finely pathetic are those two lines, which this so solemn and affecting scene inspired !—

“He taught us how to live ; and, O, too high
A price for knowledge, taught us how to die.”—TICKELL.

With truth wrapped in darkness, so sung our oracle to the public, but explained himself to me. He was present at his patron's death ; and that account of it here given, he gave to me before his eyes were dry. By what means Addison taught us how to die, the poet left to be made known by a late and less able hand ; but one more zealous for his patron's glory : zealous and impotent, as the poor Egyptian, who gathered a few splinters of a broken boat, as a funeral pile for the great Pompey, studious of doing honour to so renowned a name. Yet had not this poor

plank (permit me here so to call this imperfect page) been thrown out, the chief article of his patron's glory would probably have been sunk for ever, and late ages have received but a fragment of his fame: a fragment glorious indeed, for his genius how bright! But to commend him for composition, though immortal, is detraction now, if there our encomium ends; let us look farther to that concluding scene, which spoke human nature not unrelated to the Divine. To that let us pay the long and large arrear of our greatly posthumous applause.

This you will think a long digression; and justly: if that may be called a digression, which was my chief inducement for writing at all. I had long wished to deliver up to the public this sacred deposit, which by Providence was lodged in my hands; and I entered on the present undertaking partly as an introduction to that which is more worthy to see the light; of which I gave an intimation in the beginning of my letter: for this is the monumental marble there mentioned, to which I promised to conduct you; this is the sepulchral lamp, the long-hidden lustre of our accomplished countryman, who now rises, as from his tomb, to receive the regard so greatly due to the dignity of his death: a death to be distinguished by tears of joy; a death which angels beheld with delight.

And shall that which would have shone conspicuous amid the resplendent lights of Christianity's glorious morn, by these dark days be dropped into oblivion? Dropped it is; and dropped by our sacred, august, and ample register of renown, which has entered in its marble-memoirs the dim splendour of far inferior worth. Though so lavish of praise, and so talkative of the dead, yet is it silent on a subject, which (if any) might have taught its unlettered stones to speak. If powers were not wanting, a monument more durable than those of marble should proudly rise in this ambitious page, to the new and far nobler Addison, than that which you and the public have so long and so much admired. Nor this nation only; for it is Europe's Addison, as well as ours; though Europe knows not half his title to her esteem; being as yet unconscious that the dying Addison far outshines her Addison immortal. Would we resemble him? Let us not limit our ambition to the least illustrious part of his character; heads, indeed, are crowned on earth; but hearts only are crowned in

heaven : a truth which, in such an age of authors, should not be forgotten.

It is piously to be hoped, that this narrative may have some effect, since all listen when a death-bed speaks ; and regard the person departing as an actor of a part which the great Master of the drama has appointed us to perform to-morrow. This was a Roscius on the stage of life ; his exit how great ! Ye lovers of virtue, *plaudite* ; and let us, my friend, ever “remember his end, as well as our own, that we may never do amiss.”

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant.

P.S. How far Addison is an original, you will see in my next ; where I descend from this consecrated ground into his sublunary praise : and great is the descent, though into noble heights of intellectual power.*

* Boswell has given us, in one of Johnson's off-hand, graphic sketches, some account of Young and his “Conjectures :”—“The first time he saw Dr. Young was at the house of Mr. Richardson, the author of ‘Clarissa.’ He was sent for, that the Doctor might read to him his ‘Conjectures on Original Composition ;’ which he did, and Dr. Johnson made his remarks : and he was surprised to find Young receive as novelties, what he thought very common maxims. He said, he believed Young was not a great scholar, nor had studied regularly the art of writing.”

Young was undoubtedly a learned man ; though he never made a finical display of his erudition. But does the biographer mean, that Johnson's opinions on Young's production, delivered after dinner, *ore rotundo*, in his oracular style, were mere common-place sentiments, and received as “novelties” by his delighted auditory ? If this be the sense of the passage, it is one instance, among many, of Boswell's loose diction ; and is by no means complimentary to Johnson's character, when Young and Richardson, with a select party, were his willing listeners. But if he intended to convey the impression, that Young had introduced into his “Conjectures” “very common maxims” which he regarded as “novelties,” it is manifestly erroneous.

At the time of this interview, Johnson was in the prime of life, being about thirty years the junior of Young ; and his intellectual powers had reached their maturity. He had not then become notorious for overbearing dogmatism ; and the presence of the kind-hearted Richardson and of his polite friends might restrain much of his exuberant criticism. Yet two subjects were mooted in the “Conjectures,” which Johnson, at a later period of his life, would not have allowed to pass without one of his strongest protests. The first was Young's low estimate of Pope as an original writer. The other was his vituperation of rhyme ; on which he bestowed many disparaging epithets,—as “childish shackles and tinkling sound,” “an effeminate decoration,” “a Gothic demon,” &c. ;

and added, "I wish the nature of our language could bear its entire expulsion : but our lesser poetry stands in need of a toleration for it." "What we mean by *blank verse* is verse unfallen, uncursed ; verse reclaimed, re-inthroned in the true *language of the gods* ; who never thundered, nor suffered their Homer to thunder, in rhyme."

Pope was a great favourite with Johnson ; and the account of him is one of the longest and most laboured of "the Lives of the English Poets ;" in which he endeavours plausibly to controvert Young's opinion. He does not affirm, that Pope was a genius ; but that he "had all the qualities that constitute genius : He had *invention*, *imagination*, and *judgment*." The guarded manner in which he elucidates each of these qualities, instead of overturning, tends to confirm, Young's judgment.

With regard to the second topic, Johnson afterwards retracted much of that rigid canon which he had propounded, of the claims of rhyme, in preference to blank verse. In his "Life of Young," speaking of his "Night Thoughts," he says, "This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed for rhyme but with disadvantage. The wild diffusion of the sentiments, and the digressive sallies of imagination, would have been compressed and restrained by confinement to rhyme." He re-iterates the same mild opinion in his "Life of Thomson," and on other occasions.

Johnson had a memory very retentive of those prejudices which were imbibed hastily, and often from false premisses. It was his custom to represent Young as a man of slender attainments. Those who have perused the interesting Life and Letters of Miss Fanny Burney, who afterwards became Madame D'Arblay, will recollect that many of the "Lives of the English Poets" were read in manuscript to her and to her friend Mrs. Thrale, afterwards Mrs. Piozzi ; and we are treated with a few amusing instances of the suggestions which they proposed in some of those *brochures*, and which the great lexicographer readily adopted. This proves Mrs. Thrale to be a trustworthy authority on several points of literary history ; and the tide of public opinion has lately turned much in her favour. That clever lady has given us a curious reason for Johnson's depreciation of Young's acquirements :—"I must tell why Dr. Johnson despised Young's quantity of common knowledge as comparatively small. It was only because, once speaking upon the subject of metrical composition, our courtier [Dr. Young] seemed totally ignorant of what are called *rhepalick* or *rhopalick* verses, from the Greek word, *ῥόπαλον*, 'a club,' I believe ; of which I have read some Latin ones, preserved in the *Passe Tems Poétiques*, very pretty. Ausonius gives this as a specimen :—*Spes Deus æternæ stationis conciliator*."

Her lively description of Young's habitual cheerfulness and ready flow of wit, is in harmony with that which is given by all who had been in his company, and appreciated his social qualities :—

" ' Triflers not e'en in trifling can excel,
'T is only solid bodies polish well,'

says Dr. Young ; in whose habit and constitution the quality of wit was so completely incorporated, that Devotion's self could with difficulty sublime, or Indignation oblige it to precipitate. *Satires*, *Night Thoughts*, *Estimate of Human Life*, all turn to epigram, traced by the pen of Dr. Young ; and all evince 'fertility of imagery springing from the richest

soil—as Johnson told me—‘little cultivated,’ but proving that principle, which to observe gives comfort to every heart, that invigorating principle, which Bishop Horsely so elegantly, so emphatically, calls the *spontaneity of man*.”

The style was treated very hypercritically by the Monthly Reviewers, (vol. xx. p. 501,) who on all occasions evinced an undue prejudice against him and his writings, apparently on account of the strict orthodoxy of his religious sentiments. They remark: “This piece is said to be written by the celebrated author of the ‘Night Thoughts;’ of whose peculiar genius it bears evident marks throughout. The striking allusions, bold metaphors, and animated style of the poet distinguish this work, indeed, as much as if it had been divided into lines of ten or eleven syllables, and been dignified with the title of *blank verse*. What share of merit the critics, in general, may be willing to allow this kind of diction; or whether they will choose to call it *prosaic verse*, or *poetic prose*; we know not. But, for ourselves, we cannot help thinking, the affectation of writing in this equivocal, motley style, tends to vitiate the public taste for the correct modulation and genuine harmony of poetical numbers.”

These unfair strictures, the creations of the critic’s own fancy, are almost neutralized by an admission which follows:—“Though the author has not given a beautiful model of composition, as an example to enforce his precepts, it must nevertheless be confessed that many of his observations, on the merit of original writers and their imitators, *are new, striking, and just*.” On this point, even Croft, who is usually a niggard of praise to Young, could aver: “The lively Letter, in prose, on *Original Composition*, is more like the production of untamed, unbridled youth, than of jaded fourscore.”

As an appropriate conclusion to this long note, I append Mrs. Piozzi’s brief opinion of the Conjectures:—

“In the *Conjectures upon Original Composition*, written by that man of genius, we shall perhaps read the wittiest piece of prose our whole language has to boast; yet, from its over-twinkling, it seems little gazed at, and too little admired perhaps.”—EDIT.

EPITAPH

AT WELWYN, HERTFORDSHIRE.

READER,

If fond of what is rare, attend!

Here lies *an honest man*,

Of perfect piety,

Of lamblike patience,

My friend, JAMES BARKER;

To whom I pay this mean memorial

For what deserves the greatest.

An Example

Which shone through all the clouds of Fortune,

Industrious in low estate,

The lesson and reproach of those above him.

To lay this little stone

Is my ambition,

While others rear

The polish'd marbles of the great.

Vain pomp!

A turf o'er Virtue charms us more.

E. Y. 1749.

The above was the epitaph as originally written by Dr. Young. What was inscribed on the stone now remaining in the church-yard of Welwyn, was only the following:—

Here lies my friend JAMES BARKER,

Who was poor in LIFE,

But rich in DEATH.

E. Y. 1749.*

* I have given this epitaph, and the note subjoined to it by Isaac Reed, Esq.; lest the Works of our Author might be considered incomplete without it.—EDIT.

THE END.

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