

Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school: and then, the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then a soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like a pard,  
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth: And then the justice,  
 In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;  
 His youthful hose, well-saved, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
 Sans<sup>1</sup> teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

#### HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them? To die—to sleep—  
 No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end  
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wished: to die, to sleep;  
 To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause: there's the respect,  
 That makes calamity of so long life:  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

<sup>1</sup> Without.

The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus take  
 With a bare bodkin?<sup>1</sup> Who would fardels<sup>2</sup> bear,  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life;  
 But that the dread of something after death,  
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will;  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn away  
 And lose the name of action.

#### DETACHED PASSAGES FROM THE PLAYS.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
 To the last syllable of recorded time;  
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing.

Our revels now are ended: these our actors,  
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
 Are melted into air, into thin air:  
 And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself—  
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack<sup>3</sup> behind. We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made on, and our little life  
 Is rounded<sup>4</sup> with a sleep.

<sup>1</sup> Small sword.

<sup>2</sup> Burdens.

<sup>3</sup> Cloud.

<sup>4</sup> Encompassed.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;  
 To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;  
 This sensible warm motion to become  
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;  
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,  
 And blown with restless violence round about  
 The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
 Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts  
 Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!

O who can hold a fire in his hand,  
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
 By bare imagination of a feast?  
 Or wallow naked in December snow,  
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
 O no! the apprehension of the good  
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

She never told her love,  
 But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
 Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,  
 And with a green and yellow melancholy,  
 She sat, like patience on a monument,  
 Smiling at grief.

Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,  
 Could ever hear by tale or history,  
 The course of true love never did run smooth:  
 But either it was different in blood;  
 Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;  
 Making it momentary as a sound,  
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,  
 Brief as the lightning in the collied<sup>1</sup> night,  
 That, in a spleen,<sup>2</sup> unfolds both heaven and earth,  
 And ere a man hath power to say, Behold!  
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up:  
 So quick bright things come to confusion.

<sup>1</sup> Black.<sup>2</sup> Caprice, whim.

## FRANCIS BACON.

## OF DEATH.

[From the Essays.]

MEN fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly, the contemplation of death, as the wages of sin, and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. Yet in religious meditations there is sometimes mixture of vanity and of superstition. You shall read in some of the friars' books of mortification, that a man should think with himself what the pain is, if he have but his finger's end pressed or tortured; and thereby imagine what the pains of death are, when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved; when many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb; for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense. And by him that spake only as a philosopher and natural man, it was well said, *Pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa*.<sup>1</sup> Groans and convulsions, and a discolored face, and friends weeping, and blacks and obsequies, and the like, show death terrible. It is worthy the observing, that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death, and therefore death is no such terrible enemy, when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspireth to it; grief flieth to it; fear preoccupateth<sup>2</sup> it. It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant perhaps the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood: who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the colours of death; but, above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis*,<sup>3</sup> when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy: *Extinctus amabitur idem*.<sup>4</sup>

## OF STUDIES.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs come best from

<sup>1</sup> The shows of death terrify more than death itself.<sup>2</sup> Anticipates.<sup>3</sup> Now thou dismisest us.<sup>4</sup> The same man will be loved when dead.

those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar: they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; <sup>1</sup> and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments,<sup>2</sup> and the meaner sorts of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend: *Abeunt studia in mores*;<sup>3</sup> nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises—bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head and the like; so, if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the school-men, for they are *Cymini sectores*;<sup>4</sup> if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

#### OF ADVERSITY.

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that "the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired"—*Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia*. Certainly, if miracles be the command

<sup>1</sup> Attentively.    <sup>2</sup> Subjects.    <sup>3</sup> Studies pass into the character.    <sup>4</sup> Hair-splitters.

over Nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen), "It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man and the security of a god"—*Vere magnum habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem dei*. This would have done better in poesy, where transcendencies are more allowed; and the poets indeed have been busy with it; for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery;<sup>1</sup> nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian; "that Hercules, when he went to unbind *Prometheus* (by whom human nature is represented), sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher," lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world. But, to speak in a *mean*,<sup>2</sup> the virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle-works and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed<sup>3</sup> or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

BEN JONSON.

#### SONG TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup  
I would not change for thine.

<sup>1</sup> An allegorical meaning.    <sup>2</sup> Moderately, that is, without poetic figures.    <sup>3</sup> Burnt.

## FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
 Not so much honoring thee,  
 As giving it a hope, that there  
 It could not withered be.  
 But thou thereon did'st only breathe  
 And sent'st it back to me:  
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear,  
 Not of itself, but thee.

## LONG LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree  
 In bulk, doth make men better be;  
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:  
 A lily of a day  
 Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night;  
 It was the plant and flower of light.  
 In small proportions we just beauty see;  
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

## EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this sable hearse  
 Lies the subject of all verse,  
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;  
 Death, ere thou hast slain another,  
 Learn'd and fair and good as she,  
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

## THE THANKLESS MUSE.

[From *The Poetaster*.]

O this would make a learned and liberal soul  
 To rive his stained quill up to the back,  
 And damn his long-watched labours to the fire—  
 Things that were born when none, but the still night  
 And his dumb candle, saw his pinching throes;  
 Were not his own free merit a more crown,  
 Unto his travails than their reeling claps.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Applauses.

This 'tis that strikes me silent, seals my lips,  
 And apts me rather to sleep out my time,  
 Than I would waste it in contemnéd strifes  
 With these vile Ibirds,<sup>1</sup> these unclean birds  
 That make their mouths their clysters, and still purge  
 From their hot entrails. But I leave the monsters  
 To their own fate. And, since the Comic Muse  
 Hath proved so ominous to me, I will try  
 If tragedy have a more kind aspect:  
 Her favors in my next I will pursue,  
 Where, if I prove the pleasure but of one,  
 So he judicious be, he shall be alone  
 A theater unto me. Once I'll 'say<sup>2</sup>  
 To strike the ear of time in those fresh strains,  
 As shall, beside the cunning of their ground,  
 Give cause to some of wonder, some despite,  
 And more despair to imitate their sound.  
 I, that spend half my nights and all my days  
 Here in a cell, to get a dark pale face,  
 To come forth worth the ivy or the bays,  
 And in this age can hope no other grace—  
 Leave me! There's something come into my thought  
 That must and shall be sung high and aloof,  
 Safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull ass's hoof.<sup>3</sup>

## JOHN FLETCHER AND FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

## A SONG OF TRUE LOVE DEAD.

[From *The Maid's Tragedy*.]

Lay a garland on my hearse  
 Of the dismal yew;  
 Maidens willow branches bear;  
 Say I died true:  
 My love was false, but I was firm  
 From my hour of birth:  
 Upon my buried body lie  
 Lightly, gentle earth.

Plural of ibis. <sup>2</sup> That is, I will try once for all. <sup>3</sup> That is, envy and stupidity.

A SONG OF CRUEL LOVE.<sup>1</sup>[From *Rollo, Duke of Normandy.*]

Take, oh take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn,  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn;  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are of those that April wears;  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

SWEET MELANCHOLY.<sup>2</sup>[From *The Nice Valor.*]

Hence, all your vain delights,  
As short as are the nights  
Wherein you spend your folly!  
There's naught in this life sweet,  
If man were wise to see't,  
But only melancholy:  
O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,  
A sigh that piercing mortifies,  
A look that's fastened on the ground,  
A tongue chained up without a sound!  
Fountain-heads and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves,  
Moonlight walks when all the fowls  
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls,  
A midnight bell, a parting groan,  
These are the sounds we feed upon;  
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:  
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

<sup>1</sup> The first stanza of this song was probably Shakspeare's. compared with Milton's *Il Penserosa*.

<sup>2</sup> This should be

## CÆSAR'S LAMENT OVER POMPEY.

[From *The False One.*]

O thou conqueror,  
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity:  
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?  
What poor fate followed thee and plucked thee on  
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?  
The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger  
That honorable war ne'er taught a nobleness,  
Nor worthy circumstance showed what a man was?  
That never heard thy name sung but in banquets  
And loose lascivious pleasures? To a boy  
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,  
No study of thy life to know thy goodness? . . .  
Egyptians, dare you think your high pyramids,  
Built to out-dure the sun, as you suppose,  
Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,  
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,  
Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven;  
No pyramid set off his memories,  
But the eternal substance of his greatness,  
To which I leave him.

JOHN MILTON.

## FAME.

[From *Lycidas.*]

Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
Were it not better done, as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?  
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble mind)  
To scorn delights and live laborious days;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,<sup>1</sup>  
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"  
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:  
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glistening foil  
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

## THE PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY.

[From *Il Penseroso*.]

Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy!  
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among  
I woo, to hear thy even-song;  
And, missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wandering moon,  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,  
And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
Over some wide-watered shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar;  
Or, if the air will not permit,  
Some still removèd place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the bellman's drowsy charm<sup>2</sup>  
To bless the doors from nightly harm. . . .  
But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale,

<sup>1</sup> Atropos, the fate who cuts the thread of life.<sup>2</sup> The watchman's call.

And love the high embowèd roof,  
With antique pillars massy-proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voiced quire below,  
In service high and anthem clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heaven doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew,  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give;  
And I with thee will choose to live.

## THE PROTECTION OF CONSCIENCE.

[From *Comus*.]

Scene: A wild wood; night.

*Lady*: My brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
Under the spreading favor of these pines,  
Stepped, as they said, to the next thicket-side  
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
They left me then when the grey-hooded Even,  
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.  
But where they are, and why they came not back,  
Is now the labor of my thoughts. 'Tis likeliest  
They had engaged their wandering steps too far;  
And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
Had stolen them from me. Else, O thievish Night,  
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,

In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars  
 That Nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps  
 With everlasting oil, to give due light  
 To the misled and lonely traveller?  
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;  
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.  
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory,  
 Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,  
 And airy tongues that syllable men's names  
 On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.  
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound  
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.  
 O, welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,  
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,  
 And thou unblemished form of Chastity!  
 I see ye visibly, and now believe  
 That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glistening guardian, if need were,  
 To keep my life and honor unassailed. . . .  
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
 I did not err: there does a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.

#### INVOCATION TO LIGHT.

[From *Paradise Lost*.]

Thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou  
 Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
 So thick a drop serene<sup>1</sup> hath quenched their orbs,  
 Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more  
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,

<sup>1</sup> The *gutta serena*, or cataract.

Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,  
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,  
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two equalled with me in fate,  
 So were I equalled with them in renown,  
 Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,<sup>1</sup>  
 And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:  
 Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move  
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid  
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year  
 Seasons return, but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark,  
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
 Presented with a univresal blank  
 Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,  
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,  
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
 Irrai ate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

#### SATAN.

[From *Paradise Lost*.]

He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend  
 Was moving toward the shore: his ponderous shield,  
 Etherial temper, massy, large and round,  
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist<sup>2</sup> views  
 At evening from the top of Fesole,<sup>3</sup>  
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
 Rivers or mountains on her spotty globe.  
 His spear (to equal which the tallest pine

<sup>1</sup> Homer.

<sup>2</sup> Galileo.

<sup>3</sup> A hill near Florence.

Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
 Of some great ammiral, were but a wand)  
 He walked with, to support uneasy steps  
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps  
 On heaven's azure; and the torrid clime  
 Smote on him sore beside, vaulted with fire.  
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach  
 Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called  
 His legions, angel-forms, who lay entranced  
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
 In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades  
 High over-arched embower, or scattered sedge  
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed  
 Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew  
 Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,  
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses  
 And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrewn,  
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous change.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.<sup>1</sup>

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;  
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
 When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,  
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans  
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled  
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
 To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow  
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway  
 The triple Tyrant,<sup>2</sup> that from these may grow  
 A hundred-fold, who, having learnt thy way,  
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This sonnet refers to the persecution instituted in 1655 by the Duke of Savoy against the Vaudois Protestants. <sup>2</sup> The Pope, who wore the triple crown or tiara.  
<sup>3</sup> The Papacy, with which the Protestant reformers identified Babylon the Great, the "Scarlet Woman" of Revelation.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

THE VANITY OF MONUMENTS.

[From *Urn Burial*]

There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. . . . The iniquity<sup>1</sup> of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostatus lives, that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations and Thersites<sup>2</sup> is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favor of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methusaleh's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired.<sup>3</sup> The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story, and the reported names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina<sup>4</sup> of life, and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions and makes but winter arches, and, therefore, it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness and have our light in ashes. Since the brother<sup>5</sup> of death daily haunts us with dying mementoes, and time that grows old in itself bids us hope no long duration; diurnity is a dream and folly of expectation. . . .

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end. All others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction, which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain of omnipo-

<sup>1</sup> Injustice. <sup>2</sup> See Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida*. <sup>3</sup> That is, bribed, bought off.  
<sup>4</sup> The goddess of childbirth. We must die to be born again. <sup>5</sup> Sleep.