

on this Side Death; and points them out to Men,
a Lecture, silent, but of sov'reign Pow'r!
to Vice, Confusion; and to Virtue, Peace.

Whatever Farce the boastful Hero plays,
Virtue alone has Majesty in Death;
and greater still, the more the Tyrant frowns.
PHILANDER! he severely frown'd on Thee.

"No Warning giv'n! Unceremonious Fate!

"A sudden Rush from Life's meridian Joys!

"A Wrench from all we *love*! from all we *are*!

"A restless Bed of Pain! A Plunge opaque

"beyond Conjecture! Feeble *Nature's* Dread!

"Strong *Reason's* Shudder at the dark Unknown!

"A Sun extinguish'd! A just opening Grave!

"And Oh! the last, last; what? (can Words express?

"Thought reach?) the last, last — *Silence* of a Friend!,"

Where are those Horrors, that Amazement, where.

this hideous Group of Ills, which *singly* shock,

demand from Man? — I thought him Man till *now*.