

'Tis dreadful; and the Dread is wisely plac'd,
 by Nature conscious of the make of Man.
 A dreadful Friend it is; a Terror kind,
 a flaming Sword to guard the Tree of Life.
 By that unaw'd, in Life's most smiling Hour,
 the *Good Man* would repine; would *suffer* Joys,
 and burn impatient for his promis'd Skies.
 The *Bad*, on each punctilious Pique of Pride,
 or Gloom of Humour, would give Rage the Rein,
 bound o'er the Barrier, rush into the Dark,
 and mar the Scenes of Providence below.

What Groan was that, LORENZO? — Furies! rise;
 and drown, in your less execrable Yell,
Britannia's Shame. There took her gloomy Flight,
 on Wing impetuous, a black fullen Soul,
 blasted from Hell, with horrid Lust of Death.
 Thy Friend, the Brave, the Gallant *Altamont*,
 so call'd, so thought. — And *then* he fled the Field,
 Less base the Fear of Death, than Fear of Life.
 O *Britain*, infamous for Suicide!
 An *Island* in thy Manners! far disjoin'd
 from the whole World of *Rationals* beside!