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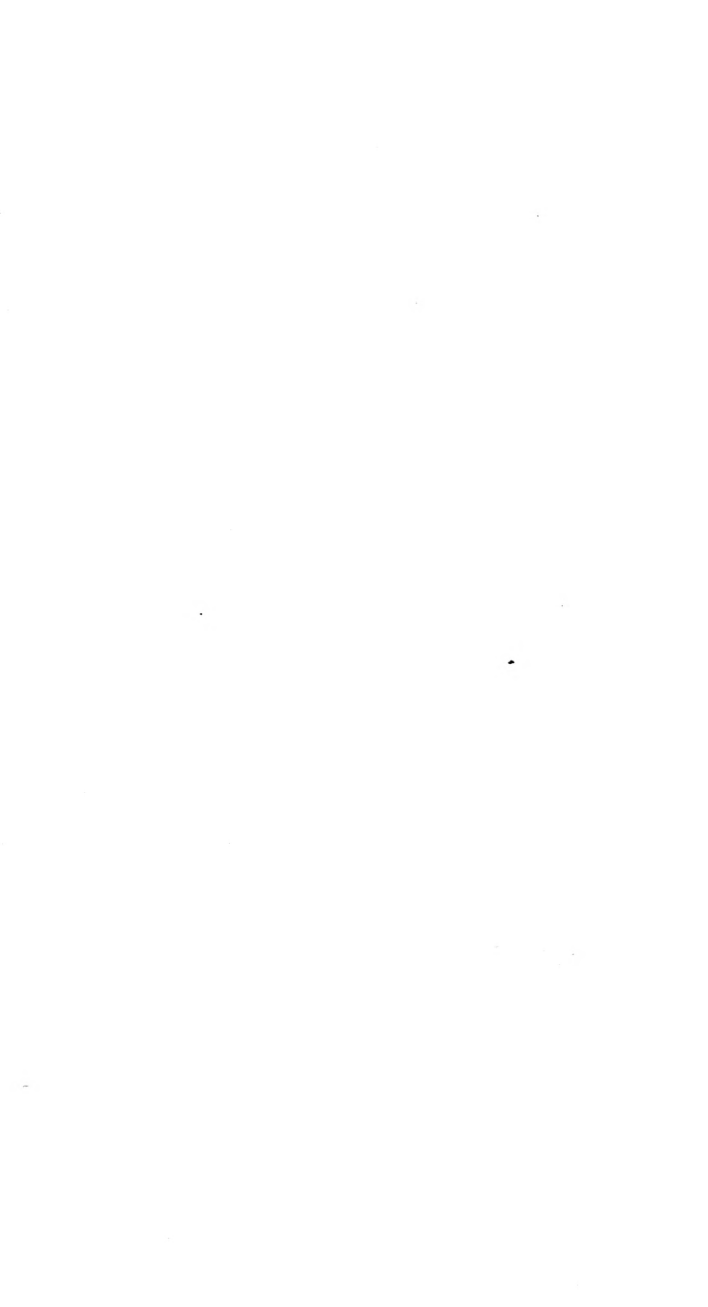
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CALVARY;
OR,
THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

A POEM,
IN EIGHT BOOKS.

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

SEVENTH EDITION.

VOL. I.

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CALVARY;
OR,
THE DEATH OF CHRIST.



BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

After a short introduction, which states the miraculous acts of CHRIST, and serves to mark the period at which the Poem commences, SATAN goes forth by night into the wilderness, and finds himself in the very spot, where he had in vain practised his temptations upon CHRIST:.... Here he falls into meditation upon that unsuccessful interview, and vents himself in soliloquy:.... Indignant under disappointment and impatient to repair his defeat, he ascends to the summit of the mountain, from whence he had exhibited the kingdoms of the earth, and calls the Devils from all parts of the Heathen world:.... The whole host of Infernals assemble at his summons:.... The chief leaders are enumerated, their persons and attributes described:.... SATAN addresses them, and proposes the subject matter for their consultation, namely, By what means to counteract the power of CHRIST upon earth:.... BAAL delivers his sentiments by stating difficulties and objections without any decided opinion unless for seduction in the general:.... MOLOCH angrily resents what he considers as pointed at himself, and speaks disdainfully against the proposal of seduction, as not only desperate but disgraceful:.... BELIAL replies, and after much circumlocution suggests a temptation to be set on foot by MAMMON:.... He is interrupted by SATAN, who reproves him for certain digressions in his speech, but adopts his hint of employing MAMMON, and calls upon that evil spirit to attempt the fidelity of JUDAS ISCARIOT, whom he points out to him as the only one of the Disciples open to seduction:.... MAMMON at first affects to excuse himself from the undertaking, but in conclusion accepts it, and taking wing in presence of the whole applauding host sets out upon his embassy, directing his course to the City of Jerusalem.

CALVARY.

BOOK I.

THE ASSEMBLING OF THE DEVILS.

HAIL, awful CALVARY! forsaking now
Aönian haunts and the unhallow'd Nine,
I visit thy sad mount, and thence invite
The mournful echoes to my deep-ton'd harp,
Hymning the whilst in solemn numbers praise 5
To God for mercies purchas'd by the death
Of that mysterious Being, virgin-born,
Savior of lost mankind, who on the cross,
Lord though he be of life and one with God,
In mortal pangs expir'd; there to atone 10
For a degenerate world, by his pure blood
To wash original corruption out,

And rising victor from the grave dispel
 Sin and it's offspring Death, with all the train
 Of idol gods, usurping earth and heav'n. 15

Now had the wond'rous acts by JESUS wrought
 Spread wide his fame thro' all Judæa's realm ;
 The leper cleans'd, the blind to sight restor'd,
 The sick to health and ev'n the dead to life,
 Tho' warn'd to silence, for his modest ear 20
 Sought not the praise of men, so much the more
 Publish'd his mercies ; Dæmons at his call
 With horrid shrieks, that testified his power,
 Came forth from men possest and fled ; his voice 24
 Rebuk'd the seas and winds ; vast was the throng
 That follow'd where he led, and thousands found
 In the waste wilderness mirac'lous food :
 They saw, they marvel'd, and of force confest
 Messiah in his power, not so in form ;
 For there no comeliness, no outward grace, 30
 No princely state appear'd : Slow to renounce
 Illusion :

Illusions long indulg'd, their wavering minds
 'Twixt two opinions halted, while in place
 Of these bright visions they beheld a man
 Lowly and meek, a houseless wanderer, 35
 That had not where on earth to lay his head:—
 Such can our Israel's great Restorer be,
 Such our Messiah?—Thus their troubled thoughts
 Like meeting currents clash'd; when as he spake
 Truth flow'd resistless from his lips, his eyes 40
 Beam'd mercy, and his Father's glory shone
 Effulgent in his face; then every tongue
 Was hush'd to silence, every doubt dispell'd,
 And every heart confess'd him Lord and Christ.
 'Twas night, when SATAN, prince of darkness call'd,
 And fitly call'd, for evil hates the day, 46
 Walk'd forth on hellish meditation bent,
 Prowling the wilderness: Where'er he trode,
 Earth quak'd beneath his foot; before him roll'd
 Thick cloud and vapour, making night's dark shade

More black and terrible ; the beasts of prey,
 Every wild thing that roams the savage waste
 And howling to the moon demands it's food,
 Fled his approach ; the lion and the pard
 Scented the blast and slunk into their dens ; 55
 For whilst his breast with raging passions boil'd,
 Hatred, revenge and blasphemous despight,
 The sighs he vented from the hell within
 Breath'd death into the air ; his haggard eyes,
 Which still in speechless agonies he roll'd, 60
 Out-glar'd the hyæna's ; other fires than their's
 To light his dismal path he needed none.

Now, having stretch'd athwart the sandy wild
 Clear to its rocky verge, the Arch-fiend paus'd
 And upward cast his eye, if haply there 65
 Darkling he might discern what saucy mound
 Dar'd to arrest his course ; for yet there dwelt
 Such vigor in his wing, nor depth, nor height,
 Mountains nor seas might check his bold career,
Were

Were he so purpos'd; neither would he deign 70
To ask one charitable star for light,
Thoughtful of former glory, when he soar'd
Son of the morning far above their spheres.

Whereat he 'gan put forth his plumed vans 74
From either shoulder stretcht for flight, when soon
The fuel'd clouds to fierce encounter rush'd,
Loud thunders bellow'd, and the lightning's flash
Smote on the craggy cliff; at sight whereof
Conscious that now he press'd the fatal spot,
Where late he commun'd with the Son of God, 80
Who for the space of forty days and nights
Foil'd ev'ry vain device, with shame abash'd
And pondering in his mind his foul defeat,
Down, down at once his flagging pinions fell! 84
Close cow'ring to his ribs: As some proud ship
Between the tropics o'er th' Atlantic wave
Speeding amain to reach her destin'd port,
If chance th' experienc'd mariner espies

The

The gathering hurricane, no stay, no stop,
 Quick to the yard each swelling sail is furl'd, 90
 The curl'd waves whitening as the torrent drives,
 And soon her taunt and lofty topmast lower'd
 Strikes to the gale ; so he his towering height,
 That to angelic stature now had swell'd,
 Shrunk into human size, nor other seem'd 95
 Than pilgrim squalid and with years and toil
 Bending decrepit, when from his full heart
 Words intermixt with groans thus forc'd their way.

Yes, hateful wilderness, detested rocks, 99
 Whom I would curse, had Nature left one blade
 On your bare ribs, which cursing I might blast,
 Full well I know you ; deep, too deep engrav'd
 On memory's tablet your rude horrors live.
 And you, officious lightnings, hide your fires !
 Come, Night, again ; let central darkness shroud
 Scenes, whose tormenting recollection stabs 106
 My unavenged soul. Can I forget

This

This Son of Joseph? Son of God henceforth
 Of force I must confess him, for what less
 Than god-like constancy could have withstood
 Temptations great and terrible as mine? 111
 Something which man is not, he needs must be,
 Virtue, that angels boast not, he must have,
 Else had my snares enclos'd him, else the world,
 Which then was mine to give, had been a bribe
 Too glorious not to dazzle every eye 116
 But his, who made those glories what they are.
 Still I must doubt the Father's love sincere,
 Tho' loudly vouch'd by his own voice from heav'n :
 Is this a father's love, is this his care, 120
 Here to expose him to this desert wild
 Forty long sleepless nights and fasting days,
 No Angel guard about him, lost, forlorn,
 Abandon'd to the elements, to beasts
 More fierce than this loud storm ; nay, fiercer still,
 To me than all more terrible, to me, 126
 Foe

Foe of his life inveterate and avow'd ?
 Rare sample of God's love ! If here his CHRIST
 Encounter'd aught of danger ; and if none,
 What else could prompt him to this vain display
 Of voluntary penance, but the love 131
 Of flattery and a despicable wish
 To hear himself applauded ? In this spot,
 Beneath the jutting roof of this rude cliff,
 I first surpriz'd this wand'ring Son of God, 135
 This Savior of the world : Fainting he seem'd
 With thirst and hunger, pale as death his cheek,
 His hollow eyes deep sunk, and from his brow
 Big drops of sweat distill'd, as one o'erspent
 And sinking to the earth there to expire : 140
 A ready tale he had for pity's ear,
 A melancholy list of wants and woes ;
 He had not tasted food, and fairly own'd
 That nature's cravings were intense ; when I,
 Glad at the heart to find him thus besieg'd 145
 With

With appetite so eager, stooping down,
From the dissever'd fragments, that here lie
About the base of this storm-beaten rock,
Chose out a few smooth stones, and tempting said,
If thou art hungry, eat ; convert these stones, 150
If thou art God's own Son, to bread, and eat !
But he not so beguil'd spurn'd them away,
And silenc'd me with text of holy writ :
A nobler appetite I next assail'd,
Ambition ; to the mountain's top we soar'd ; 155
I spread the kingdoms of the earth in sight,
Fit sight to wet the hunger of the mind ;
But mind and body he alike would starve,
Nor thank nor homage render back for food
Of my providing : One last hope remain'd ; 160
Methought there was a godly pride about him,
Which with right holy flattery I might win :
Upon the temple's topmost pinnacle
I plac'd this scorner of an earthly crown,

And

And bade him be a God ; Cast thyself down ;
 Behold, quoth I, the Angels are on wing 166
 To bear thee up unhurt : With stern rebuke,
 Get thee behind me, SATAN ! he replied :
 Some power unseen controll'd me, down I fell,
 Down from the giddy eminence I plung'd, 170
 And left him to his Angels, whilst their hymns
 And hallelujahs echo'd through the air
 His triumphs and my second fall from heav'n.
 And now if dark despair shall reach this heart,
 Which of hell's tetrarchs can arraign their king,
 Or fix on me his share of public loss 176
 And overthrow sustain'd in this attack ?
 None, for none dare. If I, till now supreme,
 Great idol of the Gentile world, for whom
 So many groves, so many altars blaze ; 180
 If I, to whom by various names ador'd
 Thousands of temples rise, whilst one alone,
 One solitary pile on Sion's hill

Echoes

Echoes the praise of God, neglected else
 Of all ; if I, if SATAN must submit 185
 To CHRIST, revenge to patience, war to peace,
 And men must learn new maxims of forgiveness,
 Maxims I neither practise nor instil,
 Heroes and kings and conquerors, farewell !
 Greater is he who serves than he who reigns : 190
 To suffer, to submit, to turn the cheek
 To the proud smiter, these are virtues now ;
 Hence with such virtues ! If these rules obtain,
 If this tame doctrine shall unman the world,
 Altars and groves and temples all must sink ; 195
 Olympus and its synod, every grace
 And every muse, all that the chissel wrought
 In Greece or Rome, shall moulder into dust,
 And CHRIST and Reason shall usurp the world.

He ceas'd, and now his swelling bosom heav'd
 With indignation like the labouring earth, 201
 Which subterranean vapours undermine,

Pent in it's sulph'rous entrails : Up he sprung
 To that high mountain top whence he review'd
 The kingdoms of the earth, whilst at his side 205
 CHRIST's humble virtue stood, on other realms,
 Realms of immortal happiness, intent :
 Here, as a vulture, on the craggy peak
 Of Caucasus or Hæmus left to watch,
 Screams out his shrill alarm, at sound whereof
 The carrion troop, upon the wing for prey, 211
 Come flocking to the signal, SATAN thus
 Stood eminent, and call'd his dark compeers ;
 So loud he call'd that to the farthest bounds
 Of Pagan isle or continent was heard 215
 His voice re-echoing thro' the vault of heav'n.

Heroes and demi-gods, Olympian powers,
 Infernal princes of hell's dark abyss,
 Heaven's exiles, spirits of air, water, fire,
 Or whatsoever element confines 220
 Your incorporeal essences, Oh hear !

Hear

Hear and assemble ! 'tis your leader calls ;
It is your champion's voice, in happier hours
Heard and obey'd, now in extremest need
Be present and assist our great divan. 225

No more, for soon was heard the distant sound
Of wings that beat the air ; from every point
Of the four winds the gathering swarm came on ;
From Crete, from Cyprus and the Ionian coast,
From Egypt, Afric, and the Ausonian shores, 230
Gods of all names, dimensions and degrees.
Great was their sov'reign's triumph to behold
This prompt obedience to his high command ;
For now descending on the desert heath
To martial music, the infernal host 235
In bands and column, by their chiefs arrang'd,
Stood firm ; if ever gleam of joy might reach
Heart so accurs'd, th' Arch-fiend had felt it here,
As with a monarch's eye he now review'd
His armies, covering all the swarthy plain. 240

Come,

Come, Muse, and to your suppliant's eyes impart
 One ray of that pure light, which late you pour'd
 On the dark orbs of your immortal Bard
 Eclips'd by drop-serene : Conduct me now,
 Me from my better days of bold emprise 245
 Far in decline, and with the hoary hand
 Of Time hard stricken, yet adventuring forth
 O'er Nature's limits into worlds unseen,
 Peopled with shadowy forms and phantoms dire :
 Oh! bear me on your pinions in this void, 250
 Where weary foot ne'er rested; and behold!
 All hell bursts forth : Support me, or I sink.

Now glimm'ring twilight streak'd the Eastern sky,
 For he, that on his forehead brings the morn, 254
 Star-crowned PHOSPHORUS had heard the call,
 And with the foremost stood. Beside him one
 Of towering stature and majestic port,
 Himself a host; his black and curling locks
 Down his herculean shoulders copious flow'd;

In glittering brass upon his shield he bore 260
A kingly eagle, ensign of command,
BAAL his name, second to none in state
Save only his great chieftain ; worshipp'd long
In Babylon, till Daniel drove him thence
With all his gluttonous priests ; exalted since 265
High above all the idol gods of Greece,
Thron'd on Olympus, and his impious hand
Arm'd with the thunder ; yet he ru'd the zeal
Of furious Jehu, and that mournful day,
When he beheld his altars stream with blood, 270
His prophets and his priests by hundreds slain
Upon Mount Carmel. MOLOCH in the van,
Mail'd at all points for war, with spear and helm
And plumed crest and garments roll'd in blood,
Flam'd like a meteor : Him with horrid joy 275
SATAN awhile survey'd, then sighing cried,
Oh ! worthy of command, had all like thee
So bravely fought, heav'n never had been lost.

Thence

Thence as he glanc'd his eye, far other form
 And much unfit for war he next espied, 280

CHEMOS, the son of Moab ; power obscene,
 Emasculate and soft, in loose attire

A sensual deity ; his glory 'twas
 In arts of base seduction to excel, 284

And leagu'd with harlots to have turn'd the heart
 Of that wise king, and drawn him from his God
 To bend his aged knees at idol shrines.

Close at his side stood one, in whose soft eyes
 Ensnaring smiles and beauteous ruin lurk'd ;
 Oh ! that such grace should be allied to sin ; 290

Zidonian goddess, ASHTORETH her name ;
 Heav'n would not quite destroy so fair a work,
 But wantonness usurp'd an angel face,

And with her innocence had chang'd her sex :
 Yet let that sex beware, for in their souls, 295

When once she enters, peace no longer dwells ;
 Witness that Magdalen, whose frantic breast,

Till

Till by CHRIST's mercy heal'd, sev'n dæmons rent,
 All sin-begotten, all her brood accurst.
 But SATAN, whose stern heart, stranger to love, 300
 All weakness tho' in shape of sin disdain'd,
 And only priz'd spirits more like himself,
 Indignant turn'd aside, and bent his eye
 Where DAGON, giant god, amidst the ranks,
 Like Teneriff or Ætua, proudly tower'd: 305
 DAGON of Gath and Askalon the boast
 In that sad flight, when on Gilboa's mount
 The shield of Saul was vilely thrown away,
 And Israel's beauty perish'd: Him awhile
 With scowling eye the infernal king survey'd, 310
 Then taunting cried, O DAGON, vast in size,
 In soul diminutive, had that huge mass
 Valour proportionate, heav'n had been our's ;
 But fitter thou, dull spirit, to people hell 314
 Than re-assault God's throne: Where was thy pride,
 When overthrown in Gaza by the strength

Of that uxorious Danite? Humbled now
 I know thy nightly haunts, and how thou driv'st
 Wretches possess to hide themselves in tombs,
 Whence I beheld thee 'midst the herd unclean 320
 Scour down the steep and plunge into the sea.
 But now a fairer form arrests the eye
 Of hell's despotic lord; his radiant vest
 Of Tyrian purple, studded thick with gems,
 Flow'd graceful: He for courts was form'd, for feasts,
 For ladies' chambers and for amorous sports; 326
 He lov'd not camps nor the rude toils of war;
 BELIAL his name; around his temples twin'd
 A wreath of roses, and, where'er he pass'd,
 His garments fann'd a breeze of rich perfume: 330
 No ear had he for the shrill-toned trump,
 Him the soft warble of the Lydian flute
 Delighted rather, the love-soothing harp,
 Sappho's loose song and the Aonian Maids
 And zoneless Graces floating in the dance; 335
 Yet

Yet from his lips sweet eloquence distill'd,
 As honey from the bee, but still his voice
 Ne'er counsell'd aught but cunning and deceit,
 Mean truce and base capitulating terms ;
 Therefore by SATAN held in slight account, 340
 For devils affect a dignity in sin.

Last in the field, and from the rest apart,
 Was MAMMON ; cautious was his step and slow,
 His eye still watchful to prevent surprize,
 Squalid his vesture and his locks uncomb'd ; 345
 For gain and usury engross'd his soul,
 Nor other care had he but to amass
 Wealth unenjoy'd, and gloat upon his hoard :
 Had there been only happiness in heav'n
 And gold in hell, MAMMON had spurn'd the bliss, 350
 And hugg'd the treasure cheaply earn'd with pain.

His princes thus review'd, from the hill top
 SATAN swift-glancing flew, and in the midst
 Rose like a meteor ; whereat all the host

Sent up a general shout : he with his hand 355
 Gave sign, and wheel'd the Stygian phalanx round,
 Horrible sight ! A theatre of fiends,
 And each the foe of man ; idols and imps,
 Wizzards, familiars, sprites, phantasmas, dreams,
 Sorrows and pains and deaths in every shape 360
 Cover'd the blasted heath : Th' infernal king,
 Tho' in his heart, by mutinous passions torn,
 Thought clash'd with thought, and all was anarchy,
 Yet with assum'd composure beck'ning forth
 His princes, whilst th' inferior throng stood off, 365
 And mute attention reign'd, in few thus spake :

Friends and confederates, welcome! for this proof
 Of your affiance, thanks ! On every call,
 Whether we need your counsel or your arms,
 Joyful I see your ready zeal displays 370
 Virtues, which hell itself cannot corrupt.
 I mean not to declaim : The occasion told
 Speaks its own import, and the time's dispatch

All waste of words forbids. God's Son on earth,
 CHRIST, the reveal'd Messiah, how to oppose 375
 Is now the question ; by what force, or power—
 Temptations have been tried, I name not them—
 Or dark conspiracy, we may pull down
 This sun of righteousness from his bright sphere
 Declare, who can : I pause for a reply. 380 .

Silence ensu'd, whilst every eye was turn'd
 Instinctively on BAAL ; he of all
 Hell's magi fill'd the seat of wisdom chief :
 Experienc'd long in craft, and nothing apt
 To give strait counsel, slow of speech he was: 385
 To hint, propound, dilate, and so entice
 Other opinions forth, them to refute,
 And thereon build his own, was all his art.
 After long pause and hesitation feign'd,
 Stale trick of orators, he thus began : 390 .

Why thus on me, as I were worthy, me,
 Lost being like yourselves, as I alone .

Cou'd

Cou'd compass this high argument, on me,
 Least in your sapient conclave, why you point
 These scrutinizing looks, I muse ; and aw'd 395
 By this your expectation fain wou'd shrink
 From the great task to silence, had you not
 O'er these poor faculties such full controul,
 As to put by all pleas, and call them forth
 In heav'n or earth, or hell's profound abyss, 400
 Your's in all uses, present at all hours.
 Our kingly chief hath told us we are met
 To combat CHRIST on earth : Be't so ! We yet
 May try our fortune in another field ;
 Worse fortune than in heav'n befell our arms, 405
 Worse downfall than to hell, we cannot prove.
 But with the scene our action too must change :
 How ? to what warfare ? Circumvention, fraud,
 Seduction ; these are earthly weapons, these
 As man to man opposes, so must we 410
 To CHRIST incarnate. There be some, who cry,
 Hence

Hence with such dastard arts ! War, open war !
I honor such bold counsellors, and yield
All that I can, my praise ; till one be found,
One that may rival God's own Son in power, 415
And miracle to miracle oppose,
More than my praise I cannot, my assent
I will not give ; 'twere madness : And how war
With God? what arms may we employ 'gainst him,
Whose very prophets can call down heaven's fires
Upon our priests and altars? For myself, 421
What powers I had I shall not soon forget ;
What I have left I know, and for your use
Shall husband as I may, not vainly risque
Where they must surely fail. The Jews pretend 425
That CHRIST colludes with Belzebub ; the Jews
As far mistake my nature as my name :
The fallacy, O peers, confutes itself,
Forg'd to disparage CHRIST, not honor me :
Oh ! that I had his wonder-working powers ; 430
I'm

I'm not that fool to turn them on myself :
No, my brave friends, I've yet too much to lose ;
Though Babylon's proud shrines are laid in dust,
Rome's capitol survives, and thro' the world
Where'er her eagles fly, upon their wings . . . 435
They bear my thunder and they spread my fame :
Therefore no more of Belzebub and CHRIST ;
No league, no compact can we hold together.
What then ensues ? Despair ? Perish the thought !
The brave renounce it, and the wise prevent ; 440
You are both wise and brave. Our leader says
Temptations have been tried, and tried in vain,
Himself the tempter. Who will tread that ground,
Where he was foil'd ? For Adam a mere toy,
An apple serv'd ; CHRIST is not brib'd by worlds :
So much the second Man exceeds the first . . . 446
In strength and glory. But tho' CHRIST himself
Will not be tempted, those who hear him may :
Jews may be urg'd to envy, to revenge,

To

To murder ; a rebellious race of old, 450
To kill a prophet or betray his God
What Jew was ever found to need the spur ?
Wist ye not what a train this preacher hath,
What followers, what disciples ? These are men,
Mere men, frail sons of Adam, born in sin. 455
Here is our hope. I leave it to your thoughts.

He ceas'd, but neither murmur nor applause
Follow'd his speech, for MOLOCH, whose fell heart
Ill stomach'd this tame counsel, least of all
Taunts thinly cover'd under mask of praise, 460
Sprung forth impetuous, and with scowling brow
And accent acrimonious thus replied :

My thoughts it seems are known before I speak :
War, open war is all my note : I rise
To thank the prophet, who thus reads my heart, 465
Where honesty shou'd wear it, in my face ;
That face from danger I did never hide,
How then from him ? Nor am I by his praise

More

More honor'd than by his dissenting voice :
For whilst he counsels circumvention, fraud, 470
Seduction,—if my memory wrongs his words
I yield it to correction,—we stand off
Wide as the poles apart. Much I had hop'd
When the great Tempter fail'd and in your ears
Sung his own honor's dirge, we had heard the last 475
Of plots and mean temptations ; mean I call them,
For great names cannot sanctify mean deeds :
SATAN himself knows I oppos'd the attempt,
Appeal'd, protested ; my thrice-honor'd chief
Knows it full well and blushes for th' event. 480
And are we now caballing how to outwit
A few poor harmless fishermen, for such
Are CHRIST's disciples ; how to gull and cheat
Their simple hearts of honesty ? Oh peers,
For shame, if not for pity, leave them that, 485
That beggar's virtue : And is this the theme,
The mighty theme, which now employs the thoughts
Of

Of your immortal synod ? Shame, oh shame !
 Princes, Dominions, Arch-angelic Thrones,
 Imperial Lords ! these were your titles once, 490
 By these names ye were known above the stars,
 Shame not your antient dignities, nor sink
 Beneath the vilest of the sons of men,
 Whisperers, informers, spies. If CHRIST be God,
 Fight, as becometh you to fight, with God : 495
 If man, and sure his birth bespeaks no more,
 Why all this preparation, this consult,
 These mighty machinations and cabals ?
 Off with your foe at once, dismiss him hence
 Where all his brother prophets have been sent ; 500
 Where his precursor John is gone before,
 Whose voice still echoes thro' this wilderness :—
 “ Repent ye, for God’s kingdom is at hand !
 “ Prepare ye the Lord’s way ! ”—It is prepar’d ;
 It leads to death, it marshals him the road 505
 To that oblivious bourne, whence none return :

Herod

Herod yet lives ; another royal feast,
 Another wanton dance, and he, for whom
 So many innocents were slain, shall fall.
 Once vanquish'd, are we therefore to despair? 510
 In heav'n unequal battle we provok'd ;
 Tho' vast our host, the million was with God :
 On earth enquire of all the nations round
 Whom they will serve, with one voice they reply,
 We are their gods ; they feed us with their blood, 515
 Their sons and daughters they make pass thro' fire
 To do us grace ; if their own flesh they give,
 Shall they with-hold to sacrifice a foe ?
 Twelve tribes were all JEHOVAH had on earth,
 And ten are lost ; of this small remnant few 520
 And wretched are the friends that league with Heav'n.
 And where is now CHRIST's promis'd reign on earth?
 When God's own servants rise against his Son,
 And those, to whom the promises were giv'n,
 Revolt from their Messias, can we wish 525

Greater

Greater revenge? What need have we to tempt
 Them, who have hearts rebellious as our own,
 As prompt to malice, no less prone to vex
 God's righteous spirit? And let come what may,
 It comes not to our loss, rather our gain. 530
 Let God arise to vengeance; let him pour
 Destruction on his temple, whose proud height
 Our chief can witness, measur'd by his fall:
 Let him not leave one stone upon another,
 As his rash Son hath menac'd; let his wrath 535
 Thro' all the inhospitable earth disperse
 His scatter'd tribes; such ever be the fate
 Of all his worshippers! May scorn, contempt,
 Derision be their lot, and may their God
 Never recall his curse! Are we, O peers, 540
 To mourn for his Jerusalem? Our joy
 Springs from confusion; enmity 'twixt God
 And man is our best triumph: For myself,
 War is my harvest, then my altars blaze

Brightest,

Brightest, when human victims feed the flame. 545

Breathless he paus'd, so rapid was the pulse
 Of his high-beating heart he stood as one
 Choak'd and convuls'd with rage; when as he ceas'd,
 He smote his mailed habergeon so loud,
 Hell's armed legions heard, and shook their spears
 Betok'ning war: Frowning he look'd around, 551
 Whilst from his fiery eyes such terror glanc'd,
 It seem'd as if his pride meant to abash
 And silence all opposers: Yet not long
 His triumph, for now BELIAL from the ranks 555
 Graceful advanc'd, and as he put aside
 His purple robe in act to speak, the throng,
 Such was the dazzling beauty of his form,
 Fell back a space; then stood all eyes and ears
 In expectation mute as death: Though hell 560
 Own'd not a spirit more false, sensual and base,
 Yet ever as he spake such action grac'd
 His words, so musically soft they flow'd,

Who

Who most despis'd the pleader prais'd the speech :
 When thus with mild insinuating looks, 565
 Masking his rancorous heart, the Fiend began.

After so many peaceful ages past
 Since first emerging from hell's dark abyss,
 Rous'd by our Arch-angelic Chief we sprung
 Up to this middle region, and here seiz'd 570
 On this terrestrial globe, created first
 For man, our vassal now, where at full ease,
 Lords of the elements and gods ador'd,
 We reign and revel undisturb'd of Heav'n,
 If God, whose jealousy be sure ill brooks 575
 That this fair world should be so long possess'd
 Of us his exil'd angels, and his name
 Pent up in Palestine, should now arouse
 His slumb'ring wrath, and his best strength put forth
 To wrestle for lost empire, and our earth, 580
 As we in evil hour his heav'n, assail,
 Who of this mighty synod but must own

The

The provocation warrants the retort ?

If then the Maker of mankind hath cause

To meditate their rescue, we no less 585

Have cause to oppose th' attempt, and hold them fast

To their allegiance in despite of Heav'n.

Much we owe to our great Leader's care,

Which, ever watchful o'er the public weal,

Calls us to this full council, here to meet 590

In grave consult how best we may repair

Past disappointments, and repel the spite

Of this new Champion, levell'd at our shrines.

Great is the trouble of my thoughts, O peers,

And much perplex'd am I with doubts, what name,

Nature and office to ascribe to CHRIST ; 596

In form the lowliest of the sons of men,

In miracles omnipotent as God ;

Whose voice controuls the stoutest of our host,

Bids the graves open and their dead come forth ; 600

Whose very touch is health ; who with a glance

Pervades

Pervades each heart, absolves it or condemns ;
 Whose virgin birth credulity scarce owns,
 And nature disavows. Prais'd to all time,
 Immortal as himself be the renown 605
 Of that wise spirit, who shall devise the means
 By force or fraud to overthrow the power
 Of this mysterious foe, what shall I say?—
 Priest, Prophet, King, Messiah, Son of God.
 Yet how God's unity, which well we know 610
 Endures no second, should adopt a Son
 And essence indivisible divide,
 Baffles my weak conjecture : Let that pass !
 To such hard doctrines I subscribe no faith :
 I'll call him man inspir'd, and wait till death 615
 Gives sentence of mortality upon him.
 Meanwhile let circumspection on our part
 Fill all the anxious interim ; alarm
 Rome's jealousy, stir up the captious spleen
 Of the proud Pharisee, beset him round 620

With snares to catch him, urge the envious priests,
 For envy still beneath the altar lurks,
 And note the man he trusts. MAMMON could tell,
 Though MAMMON boasts not of his own success,
 How few of human mould have yet withstood 625
 His glittering, golden lures. The sword can kill
 Man's body, gold destroys his very soul :
 Yet mark me well, I counsel not to tempt
 The Master ; poverty can do no more
 Than his own mortifying penance does, 630
 Hunger and thirst and obstinately starve,
 When his mere wish could make the rock a spring
 And its hard fragments bread : Yet sure I am
 All are not CHRIST'S in heart, who with their lips
 Confess him ; these are men, and therefore frail, 635
 Frail and corruptible : And let none say,
 Fear prompts this counsel ; I disclaim all fear
 But for the general cause : In every heart
 Nature hath built my altar ; every sect,

Nation

Nation and language, with one voice confess 640
 Pleasure the sovereign good : The Stoic churl,
 The dogged Cynic snarling in his tub,
 And all the ragged moralizing crew
 Are hypocrites ; philosophy itself
 Is but my votary beneath a cloak : 645
 It harms not me, though every idol god
 Were tumbled from his base ; alike I scorn
 Sampson's strong nerve and Daniel's flaming zeal :
 And let CHRIST preach his mortifying rules,
 Let him go forth through all the Gentile world, 650
 And on the ruin of our fanes erect
 His church triumphant o'er the gates of hell,
 Still, still man's heart will draw the secret sigh
 For pleasures unenjoy'd ; the gloomy cell
 And melancholy fast, the midnight prayer 655
 And pale contrition weeping o'er her lamp
 Are penances, from which the sense revolts :
 Fines, that compounding superstition pays

For pleasures past, or bribes for more to come.

Enough of this vain boast, here SATAN cried ; 660
 More than enough of these voluptuous strains,
 Which, tho' they lull the ear, disarm the soul
 Of its best attribute : Not gaudy flowers
 Are cull'd for med'cine, but the humble weed ;
 True wisdom, ever frugal of her speech, 665
 Gives sage advice in plain and homely words.
 The sum of all our reasoning ends in this,
 That nothing but the death of CHRIST can solve
 The mystery of his nature ; till he falls
 Scarce can I say we stand : All voices then, 670
 Though varying in the means, conspire his death ;
 Some cautiously as BAAL ; some with zeal
 Precipitate as MOLOCH, whose swift thought
 Vaults over all impediments to seize
 The goal of his ambition. But, O peers, 675
 Our's is no trivial care ; direct your sight
 Along the ranks of that redeemed host ;

On us hangs all their safety : Night and day
My anxious thoughts are labouring in their cause,
And whilst CHRIST walks the earth I take no rest,
A watchful spy for ever at his side, 681
Noting each word and deed ; sometimes I mix
With the selected Twelve that page his steps ;
Of these, though some have waver'd, none is false
Save one alone, ISCARIOT he by name ; 685
The taint of avarice hath touch'd his heart ;
I've mark'd him for my own. Hear, princes, hear !
This night the priests and elders will convene
Their secret conclave : I am in their hearts ;
Burning with envy, malice and revenge, 690
Their only thought is how to tangle CHRIST,
In whom of force I own no guile is found,
But gentleness instead and perfect truth,
A lamb in nature without spot and pure,
Fit victim therefore for their Paschal rites, 695
Which now are near at hand ; apt is the hour,
Apt

Apt are the instruments. What now remains
 But to send forth a tempter to persuade
 ISCARIOT to betray his Master's life,
 And damn himself for gold? Speak, is there one,
 One in this patriot circle, whom all eyes 701
 Point out for this emprise? Most sure there is;
 BELIAL hath well predicted of our choice:
 MAMMON, stand forth! On thee th' election lights.

He spake, and all approve, for choice so fit 705
 None could oppose; when MAMMON thus replied.

Prince of this world! To whom these armies owe,
 Lost but for thee in everlasting night,
 The glorious prospect of yon rising sun,
 'Tis not to evade the labor, but prevent 710
 The failure of your hopes, that I beseech
 Your wisdom to correct its choice, and lodge
 This arduous embassy in abler hands:
 Nathless if such your will, and my compeers
 Adjudge me to this service, I submit: 715

In

In me is no repugnance, no delay ;
For ever what these toiling hands could do,
Or patient thoughts devise, that I have done ;
Whether in heav'n ordain'd to undermine
God's adamant throne, or doom'd to dig 720
The solid sulphur of hell's burning soil,
Fearless I wrought, and, were there no tongues else
To vouch my services, these scars would speak.
How many daintier spirits do I see
Fair as in heav'n and in fresh bloom of youth, 725
Whilst I, with shrivel'd sinews cramp'd and scorch'd
'Midst pestilential damps and fiery blasts,
Drag as you see a miserable load,
Age-struck without the last resource of death :
This for myself, no more. You're not to know 730
The snares which I employ are golden snares ;
These are my arts, and like the crafty slave,
Who in Rome's Circus hurls the fatal net
Over his fierce pursuer, so oft times

Have

Have I entangled the proud hearts of men, 735
 And made their courage stoop to shameful bribes,
 Paid for dishonest deeds, perjuries and plots,
 That draw them off from God, who else had fill'd
 His courts ere now with guests and peopled heav'n.
 These weapons and these hands you still command ;
 So dear I hold the general cause at heart, 741
 So disciplin'd am I in duty's school,
 That reckless of all hazard I present
 Myself your servant, or, if so fate wills,
 Your sacrifice ; for though from mortal man 745
 Discomfiture I dread not, yet if CHRIST,
 Whom the great Tempter foil'd not, shall stand forth
 The champion of his follower, witness for me,
 You my brave peers and this angelic host,
 I sought not this bold height, whence if I fall, 750
 I do but fall where SATAN could not stand.

Go then, exclaim'd th' Arch-Enemy of man,
 Go, brave adventurer, go where glory calls ;

Auspicious

Auspicious thoughts engender in my breast,
And now prophetic visions burst upon me : 755
I see the traitor JUDAS with a band
Of midnight ruffians seize his peaceful Lord :
They drag him to the bar, accuse, condemn ;
He bleeds, he dies ! Darkness involves the rest.
Ascend the air, brave spirit, and 'midst the shout
Of grateful myriads wing thy course to fame. 761

He said, and pointing to the sacred towers
Of God's high temple, wav'd his sceptred hand,
Whereat the infernal armies gave a shout
That shook the rocky desert to its base : 765
Meanwhile the fiend, ambassador of hell,
Exulting heard his high election crown'd
With these applauding voices, and the call
Of his great chieftain echo'd to the skies :
Pride swell'd his conscious breast ; no longer now
Crouching with age and pain, but nerv'd anew, 771
As with a spell transform'd, erect he stood

With

With towering stature tallest of the throng,
And looks of high supremacy and state.
And now from either shoulder he unfurl'd 775
His wide-stretch'd pinions, and uprising swift
Tower'd in mid-air ; the host with loud acclaim
Hail'd his ascent ; he on the well-pois'd wing
Hover'd awhile, till from his cloudy height
Sweeping the wide horizon he descried 780
Far in the west the holy city' of God,
His destin'd port, then to the orient sun
Turn'd his broad vans, and plied their utmost speed.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

CALVARY;

OR,

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.



BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

MAMMON, alighting on the **HOLY MOUNT**, assumes the form and character of a Levite, and under that appearance goes in search of **JUDAS ISCARIOT**.....He meets that disciple most opportunely for his purpose in a solitary place, and entering into conversation with him, pretends a commission from the priests and elders for engaging him in their service with the promise of a reward, and urges many insidious arguments for detaching him from his Master....They separate with a promise on the part of **JUDAS** to report his final answer to the priests that evening....**CHRIST** is now brought to view, sitting in the midst of his disciples at his **LAST SUPPER** :....He addresses them in those solemn and affecting terms recorded in the Gospel of **St. JOHN**....Washes their feet, foretells his death, and points out to them his betrayer in the person of **JUDAS**, then present....The traitor, perceiving himself discovered, hastily departs....**CHRIST**, pitying the affliction of his disciples, tenderly consoles them with the promise of his support under their future tribulations, and concludes with an awful invocation to the **FATHER** in their behalf: whereupon, warning them that his hour is come, he goes forth to the garden.....A reflection, naturally springing from the subject, addressed to unbelievers, closes the book.

CALVARY.

BOOK II.

THE LAST SUPPER.

NOW on the consecrated Mount of God,
MAMMON, invisible to mortal eye,
Stooping the wing from his aerial height
With feet unhallow'd lands ; a direful pest,
Farthest from heav'n of all that outcast crew, 5
Who fell from bliss ; fit messenger was he,
And fatal was their choice who sent him forth
To work corruption's purpose in man's heart ;
For in his pow'r excelling he can take
The semblance of each virtue, shift each form, 10
And turn and turn new faces on the world,
Till he hath snar'd a soul ; then he appears .

In nature as he is, loathsome, obscene,
 Rapacious as those filthy monsters feign'd
 By fabling poets of amphibious breed, 15
 Harpies, of earth and ocean the foul spawn,
 Half brute, half human, with cadaverous face
 Horribly pale, and hollow hungry eye,
 Glaring aghast, with wings outstretch'd to chace
 And talons crook'd to pounce their mangled prey. 20
 And now by dev'lish spell transform'd he seems
 A reverend Levite, bearded to the waist ;
 Hypocrisy ne'er wore a graver mask ;
 And still with wolf-like watch he prowls around,
 If haply in those haunts he might surprize 25
 Occasion to put forth his damning arts,
 And from the flock of their good Shepherd cull
 One tainted straggler, one, whose sordid soul
 Avarice might tempt to take the price of blood,
 And sacrifice the Son of God for gold : 30
 Of CHRIST no care had he, but to elude.

His vigilance, which still was all his dread ;
Nor of the Twelve, save JUDAS, was there one
Whom to assail ; on him alone, on him,
Son of perdition, rested all the hopes 35
Of SATAN and his legions. Now the fiend
With ineffectual search had coasted all
The sacred region round, and in the shade
Beneath the temple porch awhile repos'd,
List'ning the converse of the idle crowd, 40
The sun then high at noon ; and much they talk'd
Of CHRIST and his great miracles, of some
Elias deem'd, of some the Baptist John
Ris'n from the dead, but by all tongues confest
A prophet mighty both in word and deed : 45
Silent the whilst in secret musings wrapt
The wizard spirit stood, when all at once
Loud voices strike his ear, and straight comes one
Leaping and bounding 'midst the shouting throng,
A cripple new restor'd ; the very bed, 50
Which

Which from his birth the palsied wretch had press'd,
 Now in its turn was carried, and to all
 Triumphantly expos'd : Behold, he cried,
 The token of my cure ; I am the man
 Whom ye all knew, and this the doleful bed, 55
 On which, fast bound in misery and pain,
 Helpless before your charitable gates
 I laid and begg'd for pity and relief :
 Lo ! I am free ! Mark how these new-found limbs
 Nimble the health-restoring voice obey ! 60
 CHRIST gave the word ; he spake and I am whole.

This whilst he heard, conviction smote the fiend ;
 His conscious heart a sudden tremor seiz'd
 And off he slunk abash'd : A winding path
 Led down the mount, and here as he pursued 65
 In gloomy thought his solitary way,
 Behold by happy chance the man he sought,
 ISCARIOT, and alone : Joy flush'd the cheek
 Of the incarnate dæmon, thus to find

His labour in auspicious moment crown'd. 70

Hail, son of Simon! peace be to thee, friend!
 Fairly encounter'd art thou in good hour,
 The priest-like Tempter cried; thy worth is known
 To all our Levites, from whose tribe I come
 With friendly greeting charg'd: This night they meet
 In special conclave; our chief pontiff there 76
 Will in the holy convocation move
 Points of high import to our ancient law,
 Questions it much importeth thee to hear,
 And well accepted shalt thou be of all, 80
 Who with large recompense and honors due
 Will greet thee so complying: I have said.

Grave Sir, I know thee not, JUDAS replied;
 Yet for thy greeting thanks, and peace for peace,
 As holy men becomes. To him the fiend. 85

Unknown, I well may be, who night and day
 Serving God's altar rarely stir abroad,
 And little commerce hold with this great world;

But thee I know one of that Teacher's train,
 Who walks at large, nor shuns the haunts impure 90
 Of sinners and of publicans : Alas !
 That one of thy wise bearing should be seen
 In such base fellowship, paging his steps,
 Calling him Lord and Master, whom the world
 In mere derision suffers to grow up 95
 To full-blown vanity, at once to crush.
 But good report is pregnant with thy name,
 As one exempted from the general scorn ;
 And sure I am thou wilt not so abase
 And lower thy nobler thoughts to one so mean,
 Vile and mechanic ; to the driv'ling crew 101
 Of children and of women leave that task,
 To Peter and his brethren of the net :
 Fine reas'ning we shall have, and well be school'd,
 When fishermen turn preachers and instill 105
 Doctrines and laws, which Moses never taught.
 Woe to our scribes ! Rare mockery of the world
And

And the world's wisdom, if these simple folk,
 Lur'd from their daily drudgery, should set up
 Fishers of men ; the synagogue, to them 110
 A barren element, will never yield
 Such gainful earnings as the sea affords.
 And what is CHRIST, that JUDAS so should court
 His starving service ? What so tempting lure
 Hath this deceiver to beguile thy hopes ? 115
 Not of this world my kingdom, he hath said ;
 Yet of this world are we, in this alone
 We live and move, here only we expect
 Or pain or pleasure, all that lies beyond
 In the unknown abyss is dark as death. 120
 And wherefore carriest thou that bag about ?
 A beggar needs no treasurer, and thy Lord
 Feeds but by miracle : Alas for him,
 Who serves a master, that keeps Sabbath fasts
 Forty long days in the bare wilderness, 125
 Makes poverty his passport into heav'n,

And bids us throw away life's present means
 For doubtful chance of interest after life!
 And art thou of all reason so bereft
 As to account prosperity a crime, 130
 Or think none blest but him, whose every step
 Through misery's thorny path is mark'd with blood?
 O son of Simon, take thy last resolve ;
 Either resign thy body to the worm, 134
 And die with CHRIST, or him renounce, and live
 Rich, honor'd, prosperous, and enjoy the world.

The Fiend now paus'd, well pleas'd that he had gain'd
 Audience so large ; when JUDAS, in whose soul
 The pois'nous instillation 'gan to work,
 Thus to corruption's advocate replied. 140

That CHRIST, rejected and despis'd of men,
 Hath in this world no part I freely grant ;
 Therefore if we his followers, who renounce
 Things present, build our hopes upon a dream
 Of what shall never come, we are of all 145

Most

Most miserable ; if we, who bid farewell
 To all that Nature holds most dear to share
 Sorrows and pains and poverty with CHRIST,
 Find not those blissful mansions in the heav'n
 Which he hath promis'd ; if, when all is past 150
 And this sad scene concludes, no reck'ning comes,
 No grateful compensation after death,
 Hard is our fate, and much hath he abus'd
 Our weak credulity ; but still these hopes
 Of an expected glory, though with doubt 155
 And darkness clouded, faint yet not extinct,
 Yield not to words ; words made them what they are,
 CHRIST's words, and surely man ne'er spake like
 Wherefore if these your doctors of the law [him ;
 Invite me to their conclave but to hear 160
 A railing accusation, I hold off
 From their assembly, and to CHRIST adhere,
 As to the better reas'ner ; and though poor
 The servant, equal is the Master's lot,

Poor

Poor as the poorest, houseless and forlorn, 165
 A man of sorrows ; nor can we complain,
 Whilst he of all we suffer still partakes,
 First in all labours, penances and pains.
 You ask, and bid me take my last resolve,
 If I will give this body to the worm 170
 And die with CHRIST : To die is Nature's dread ;
 Instinctively she loaths the gloomy grave,
 And turns a longing eye to light and life ;
 But fortune gives to all things their degrees ;
 To them, who bask in sunshine thro' the day, 175
 Night comes with double sadness, whilst to me,
 Who toil from morn to noon, from noon to eve,
 Yet nothing but a dim horizon see
 Low'ring in clouds, darkness is nothing strange,
 Nor death a terror : Wealth presents no dower
 To wed me to the world ; no pleasures cling 181
 Around my heart ; no soft affections woo
 My longer stay on earth, there to prefer

Brief

Brief joys possess'd to hope of future bliss. 184

Thus whilst he 'plain'd the subtle Tempter's ear
Caught the soft murmur that betrays the soul,
The sigh capitulating virtue breathes,
When from her last defences she retreats ;
Whereat a bolder tone he now assum'd,
And thus the wav'ring false disciple plied. 190

All joys that gold can purchase wait your choice ;
Rich to your heart's ambition you shall be,
Nor only rich, but rescued from a doom
So dreadful, had you all the wealth in store,
Which the sea covers or the earth contains, 195
'Twere well bestow'd to purchase your redemption.
With CHRIST impending death, with me you meet
Life with encircling pleasures. Throw aside
That beggar's purse, your starving office spurn ;
Serve God's high priest, whose treasury is full ; 200
Cast those few mites away, the scanty dole
Of some contaminating leper's hand,

For

For which you bid God heal him and pass on ;
Whilst he, good cred'lous soul, cries out amain,
As powerful fancy works, Lo! I am clean ; 205
Behold a miracle ! But gold performs
Greater and happier miracles than this :
Gold with a touch can heal the mind's disease,
Quicken the slow-pac'd blood, and make it dance
In tides of rapture through each thrilling vein ; 210
Cast out that worst of dæmons, poverty,
And with a spell exorcise the sad heart,
Haunted with spectres of despair and spleen.
If then this prize can tempt thee, if thy soul
Still thirsts for life, for riches, for repose, 215
If in thy breast there dwells that manly scorn,
Which slighted merit feels, when envious pride
Thrusts it aside to build th' unworthy up,
Now, now assert it ; from a Master turn,
Who turns from thee, who before thee exalts 220
Thy meaner brethren, Peter, James and John :

On

On them his partial smile for ever beams,
They have his love, his confidence, his heart ;
Of them revolting he might well complain,
Of thee he cannot ; thine were just revenge : 225
He is no traitor, who resents a wrong ;
Who shares no confidence, can break no trust.
Bid conscience then be still, let no weak qualms
Damp thy reviving spirit ; but when night
Wraps her dark curtain round this busy word, 230
Come thou to CAIAPHAS ; there will be found
Our priests and scribes in council to attain
And bring to judgment this presumptuous man,
Who boasts himself Messiah Son of God. 234
If thou, to whom his midnight haunts are known,
His secret incantations and his spells,
By which he does those feats that cheat our sight,
Wilt to those guilty haunts conduct our guard,
And render up his person to the law, 239
Much praise and large reward shalt thou receive ;
If

If thou wilt not—But wherefore should I doubt ?
 I would persuade, not threaten : Know withal
 It is not thou, 'tis justice gives the blow ;
 The law will have its victim. Thinkest thou
 That we, to whom the custody is given 245
 Of God's prophetic oracles, ordain'd
 To guard his worship and expound his laws,
 Will let this innovating Teacher spurn
 Our holy order, mock our ancient rites,
 Prophane our Sabbaths, and himself exalt 250
 Co-equal with JEHOVAH, to confound
 His unity, and claim divided power ?
 No, let death arbitrate 'twixt him and us ;
 If he be very CHRIST, death shall not dare
 To aim his dart at immortality ; 255
 His incorruption shall defy the grave :
 If man, blaspheming man, he justly dies.
 Living or dying thus his fate dispells
 All mystery ; truth starts of force to light,

And

And God is glorified in either case. 260
 He ceas'd, and on the Traitor fix'd a look,
 Which, 'like the serpent's fascinating eye,
 Gaz'd motion's power away ; sullen he stood,
 As with a spell entranc'd ; the awful sense
 Of his great Master's virtue and the dread 265
 Of an hereafter terrible to thought,
 No longer serv'd to hold the wizard fiend
 And his fell arts at bay : The word of truth,
 Sown on the surface of his stony heart,
 Had perish'd without root ; religion's lamp, 270
 Faint and more faint as MAMMON'S crafty breath
 Blew up the storm of passion, now expir'd
 In his benighted soul ; there rankling pride,
 Malicious envy, avarice and revenge,
 Leagu'd with hell's minister and uncontroul'd 275
 Their impious orgies held. At length the wretch,
 To calm deliberate treachery resign'd,
 With all th' unrighteous mammon in his heart

And

And vile prevarication on his lips,
 Thus with consent in dubious phrase implied 280
 The grand seducer of mankind dismiss'd.

Great is the peril of the attempt you urge,
 For great the power of him you would destroy :
 Therefore if I demand some pause for thought,
 Deem it not much. Your offers shall be weigh'd ;
 But now no more : Occasions call me hence ; 286
 This night the Master hath convok'd the Twelve
 To keep the sacred feast, ordain'd of God
 With bread unleaven'd and the Paschal lamb :
 Thither, tho' last and in his favor least, 290
 I go, a cited guest : There whilst I sit
 Unnotic'd at his table's lowest foot,
 My meditations shall recall your words,
 And ponder them apart. Say to your priests,
 Those conservators of our ancient law, 295
 This night they may expect my last resolve.
 And now behold the length'ning shadow marks

The

The ev'ning hour, that warns me hence: Farewell!

This said, their conf'rence ended, they embrace
 As friends, who plight their faith: Upon the touch,
 So quick th' infection ran, so dire the blight, 301
 The pois'nous ferment on the instant reach'd
 ISCARIOT'S tainted heart, and now he burnt
 With the fell lust of gold. Joy seiz'd the Fiend;
 For well he knew how mortal to the soul 305
 That deadly aconite, the growth of hell.
 Oh! wretch for ever lost, for ever curst,
 Whom Mammon thus embraces! Who shall wake
 Thy conscience from its lethargy? Who now
 Shall stop the courses of that baneful drug, 310
 And stem the swift destruction? 'Tis too late:
 Better for thee hadst thou ne'er seen the light,
 Or lost it ere this fatal hour had birth.
 Thy doom is seal'd; hell hath its hour of joy,
 Thou, traitor, an eternity of woe: 315
 The meditation of thy heart shall hurl

Thee

'Thee to perdition and thy Lord to death.

Now JUDAS down the mountain turn'd his steps ;
 Not so the Tempter ; he from the high rock,
 Exalted where he stood, his impious eye 320
 Glanc'd o'er the city' of God, full in his view
 From East to West in moony crescent stretch'd.
 Here yet JEHOVAH was ador'd, here reign'd ;
 All else to SATAN and his idol gods [names
 Thro' earth's wide range belong'd ; to their dire
 Each temple echo'd, every knee was bow'd : 326
 How oft, ev'n here upon his holy hill,
 Did Judah's kings with their polluted groves
 Affront God's house, and pagan altars raise
 To Chemos, Milcom, Ashtaroth and all 330
 The host of heav'n within his sacred courts !
 Witness that impious king, who pass'd his son
 Through fire to Moloch, homicidal god,
 Which rous'd th' Almighty's vengeance, and entail'd
 Mournful captivity on all his race. 335

Hither,

Hither, as to the delug'd world of old,
 In promis'd time the dove of peace was sent ;
 Upon this Ararat, his sacred mount,
 He rested ; hence salvation dawn'd on man :
 Him to destroy the Tempter now aspir'd, 340
 Secure of his new convert firmly leagu'd
 In his dire plot and to perdition seal'd :
 Nor rested on that mount the darkling Fiend,
 Nor further need had he of priestly garb,
 Than till he saw ISCARIOT join the train 345
 Of CHRIST and his disciples ; then at once
 To his own airy properties dissolv'd
 A spi'rit invisible, with eager speed
 To hell's assembled chiefs he wing'd his flight.

The sun had sunk beneath the Western hills, 350
 And now at ev'ning hour the Jews prepare
 To celebrate their Passover, ordain'd
 T' eternize their deliv'rance, when God's wrath
 Smote ev'ry first-born male in Mizraim's coast,
Save

Save where the blood of lamb piacular, 355
 Sprinkling the consecrated door, was found
 Of the destroying angel : To this feast,
 Prelusive of his own pure sacrifice
 And type of his blood-shedding, JESUS came :
 The guests were present and the table spread ; 360
 With loins begirt, as men upon the march,
 And staff in hand, they snatch a hasty meal :
 This done, in pensive meditation wrapt,
 The Savior, conscious of impending death,
 Sate in the midst ; to his all-present mind 365
 The treason and the traitor stood confest.
 Low'ring, abash'd and from the rest apart,
 ISCARIOT at the table's lowest foot
 Took post, where best he might escape that glance,
 From whose intelligence no heart could hide 370
 Its guilty meditations : All eyes else
 Were center'd on the Savior's face divine,
 Which with the brightness of the Godhead mix'd

Traces

Traces of human sorrow, and display'd
 The workings of a mind, where mercy seem'd 375
 Struggling to reconcile some mortal wrong
 To pardon and forbearance : Such a look
 Made silence sacred, every tongue was mute ;
 Ev'n PETER's zeal forbore the vent of words,
 Or spent itself in murmurs half suppress. 380
 At length the meek REDEEMER rais'd his eyes,
 Where gentle resignation, tempering grief,
 Beam'd grace ineffable on all around,
 And with these words the awful silence broke.

Muse not if I am sad, nor stand aghast 385
 As doubtful of my constancy ; these pangs
 And more which I must suffer, were foreseen ;
 The hour now coming comes not by surprize,
 It is the consummation of my charge,
 And fills the measure of atonement up. 390
 Shall I then say, Father, avert this hour,
 And save me from these agonies ? Not so

With heart prepar'd to suffer and submit
 I meet my doom forewarn'd: Yet ere we part
 Take this last office from your Master's hands ; 395
 And when you see me stoop to wash your feet,
 As soon you shall, remember 'tis your Lord,
 Your dying Lord this legacy bequeaths,
 And edify by his humility.

 This said, his seamless mantle he threw off, 400
 And girt his tunic close about his waist ;
 And now with mute amazement they beheld
 The Son of God in servant-like attire
 Prepar'd to execute his menial task.
 All gaz'd, all wonder'd, but no voice oppos'd ; 405
 None dar'd to pray forbearance of the deed,
 Till he, whose heart was ever on his lips,
 PETER, in warm expostulation cried :

 Lord, dost thou wash my feet, thy servant's feet,
 Mean as the dust he treads on ? Never, Lord, 410
 Never shalt thou do that for one so vile,

So

So all-unworthy : That be far from thee !
 Such homage ill beseemeth thee to pay,
 Me to receive.—To him the Lord replied :

PETER, as yet thou know'st not what I do, 415
 Hereafter thou shalt know ; therefore no more :
 Cease to oppose, for if I wash thee not,
 With me thou hast no part.—Struck to the soul
 With horror at the thought, his eager words,
 Wing'd with the flame of rhapsody, burst forth :

Oh! not my feet alone, my hands, my head, 421
 Wash me all o'er, and sanctify each part.

There needs not this, the meek REDEEMER cried,
 Enough is done ; thus wash'd, though but in part,
 Thou shalt be clean throughout : Yet I'll not say
 Ye are all clean : Spite of the Shepherd's care 426
 The taint hath touch'd his flock. Alas ! for him
 On whom the foul contamination lights ;
 Woe to that wretch that ever he was born !
 And do ye need a comment to expound 430

This lesson of humility and love ?

Ye call me Lord and Master ; well ye say,
For such in truth I am ; if then your Lord
Be meek and lowly, will not ye renounce
Pride and contention ? If the Master stoops 435

To wash his feet who serves, shall ye do less
To these your equal brethren ? Learn of me,
And each with other deal, as I with you :

Write on your hearts my words ; the time draws nigh
When I shall speak no more with you on earth : 440
Ye have all heard ; how blest if ye obey !

I speak not of you all : Whilst here ye sit
In seeming fellowship around my board,
Sharing this social meal, my last on earth,
Doubt not but I can search into your breasts, 445
And see whose hearts are loyal, whose is false ;
And mark me well, I fall not by man's wiles,
Not unpredicted is the trait'rous act,
And well I know the wretch, whose faithless hand

Dips

Dips with me in the dish, shall soon be dy'd 450
 With my devoted blood. Betray'd I am,
 Deceiv'd I cannot be. — This when they heard,
 Each with the other interchang'd a look
 Of question and suspect ; speechless they star'd,
 Confounded and aghast : As men drawn forth 455
 For decimation tremble to unfold
 The lot of life or death, so these in doubt
 On whom the word of prophecy might light,
 Curious yet fearful to enquire of CHRIST,
 Search'd their own hearts in silence. All perceiv'd
 Omniscience, which to God alone belongs, 461
 Familiar with their thoughts, and every soul,
 Save that dire wretch whom conscience inly smote,
 Trembled lest unpremeditated guilt
 Might be denounc'd upon him, or the sin 465
 Of one man, as of Korah, move the Lord
 With the whole congregation to be wroth.
 But PETER, in whose ever-anxious mind

These

These terrors undispell'd long could not dwell,
 To the belov'd Disciple, on the breast 470
 Of CHRIST reclining, now gave sign to ask
 The fearful question, in what traitor's heart
 Plot so accurs'd could harbour. Thus besought,
 Though much his humble nature fear'd offence,
 In accent soft, with supplicating eye 475
 Turn'd on the Master, the meek suitor said :
 Lord, shew thy true and faithful servants grace,
 And let us know the traitor.—He it is,
 JESUS replied, on whom I shall bestow
 This sop, when I have dipp'd it in my cup. 480
 He said, and as he plung'd the morsel in,
 All eyes were fix'd upon the fatal work,
 Wond'ring on whom he would bestow the spell ;
 And soon with silent horror they beheld
 The saturated sop to JUDAS giv'n, 485
 Pledge of perdition ; he with greedy haste
 Devour'd it, by the fiend within him urg'd ;

For

For MAMMON to the dark divan had told
 The joyful tidings, and had posted back
 Swift as the magic whirlwind conjur'd up 490
 By all hell's wizard imps could drive him on,
 And now sate nestling in the traitor's heart,
 Brooding his filthy spawn : Great was the joy
 Of the infernal tempter, thus to find
 That guardian Pow'r, whose providence he fear'd,
 By these symbolic elements withdrawn, 496
 And his apostate victim now cast out
 From the Lord's Supper, alien from God's grace,
 And soul-surrender'd to hell's gloomy realm.

Now, as the spell within him 'gan to work, 500
 The traitor's visage, like the troubled sea
 Uptorn and furrow'd with tempestuous winds,
 Shifted its hues, now deadly pale, aghast
 And horror-struck, now fiery red, deform'd
 With hellish rage, and from man's semblance chang'd
 To very dæmon, terrible to sight! 506

Oh!

Oh! what a fall from heav'n to deeper hell
Than thought can fathom, horrors worse than heart
Of man, unless abandon'd of his God,
Can suffer or conceive! Words do but fail 510
To paint that unreveal'd abyss, those depths
Of the immeasu'able profound, where groans,
Wailings and woes and tossings amidst fires
Unquenchable await the wretch condemn'd!

Meanwhile in cloudless majesty and mild 515
The Savior's face divine on all around
Effulgent beam'd; about his temples shone
A radiant glory: 'This when JUDAS saw,
Whom now the spi'rit of darkness had possess'd,
And none such in the sphere of that pure light 520
Long could abide, he started from his couch
Prepar'd for flight, when thus in few the Lord—
Go then! and what thou hast in hand to do,
Do quickly; so depart!—The word of power,
Though gentle yet commanding, JUDAS heard, 525

And

And instantly the spirit took him thence ;
 Nor could he not obey, for so rebuk'd
 The prince of hell, SATAN himself, had fled.
 The faithful remnant sate in mute suspense,
 Pondering what this dismissal might import. 530
 The Master with a glance discern'd their thoughts ;
 He saw them in profound conjecture lost,
 Humbled in heart and sad, their honor stain'd
 By base defection, and their faith convuls'd :
 When thus, at once to strengthen and console 535
 Their wav'ring minds, these healing words he spake.

Let not your heart be troubled : Ye believe
 In God, believe also in me his Son.
 Doubt not but in the compass of the heav'ns
 My Father will provide for all his Saints 540
 Mansions of peace, seats of eternal bliss,
 Where spi'rits made perfect after death shall dwell,
 And rest from earthly toils : Thither I go
 To seal your sure election, and prepare

For

For you my faithful servants an abode ; 545
 That, as in sorrow here, so there in bliss
 With me your Lord, now dying for your sakes,
 Ye may surmount the grave, and ever live
 In heavenly communion undisturb'd.
 Lament not therefore if I now depart, 550
 Your provident precursor, for ye know
 Whither I go, and also know the way.

Lord, we are ignorant and dim-sighted men,
 THOMAS replied, we see not what thou seest ;
 And as it stands not in our reach to guess 555
 Whither thou go'st, how should we know the way ?

I am the way, th' inspired Teacher cried,
 I am the Truth, the Life : None can approach
 The Father but by me ; me had ye known,
 This blindness had been done away, and now 560
 Behold Him present !---Where? still doubting cried
 One of th' astonish'd number ; Oh! impart
 That intellectual vision to discern

And

And see the Father ; set him in our view
In form demonstrative ; we ask no more. 565

Say'st thou ? resum'd the Lord, and have I been
So long familiar yet so little known ?

Will not the works, O PHILIP, I have done,
Done in thy sight, instruct thee whence I am,
And what my power ? Doth there need light for this ?
'Midst the broad blaze of proofs that shines about thee
Can'st thou not see God's presence in his power ?

Of this mortality which ye behold,
This fleshly self, I speak not ; 'tis the Spirit,
The virtue of my Father, which is in me, 575

In act how visible, in voice how strong,
Clear and express ! And can you see and hear
And yet withhold belief ? Oh, slow of faith !
If words cannot persuade, let works convince :
If miracles, which only God can do,
Are done before your eyes, how say you then,
Shew us the Father ? Sanctify your hearts

From

From fear and terror ; though the hour comes on,
When to the silent mansions of the dead

From this impeni'tent world I must withdraw, 585

Mourn not, but let your grief be turn'd to joy ;

For as in me the Father, so in Him

I live and move ; my Spirit, though unseen

Still present, shall protect and hover o'er you.

I will not leave you comfortless ; my Name 590

Shall be your tower of refuge ; with my peace

Now dying I endow you ; of that peace

The powers of this world never shall despoil you,

And in my Name whatever ye shall ask

Believing, ye shall have : By faith in me 595

Ye shall command the elements, uplift

The everlasting mountains by their roots,

And whelm them in the centre of the sea :

This in my Name potential ye shall do,

And greater works than this : By faith in me 600

Ye shall confront th' oppressor ; 'midst the shock

Of

Of tribulations and the angry scorn
 Of a malignant world, abhorr'd, despis'd,
 Thrust from their synagogues, ye shall possess
 Your souls in patience, glorying to endure 605
 Like tribulation with your martyr'd Lord.
 Despair not therefore, for before that day
 A Comforter shall come, whom I will send,
 And he shall teach you all things. When ye stand
 Before the judgment-seat of impious men 610
 Friendless, accus'd, environ'd with a throng
 Of perjur'd witnesses athirst for blood,
 Your Guardian Spirit shall provide a voice,
 Action and eloquence, and prompt your lips
 With untaught languages to sound my Name 615
 With tongue miraculous through all the world.
 Wars then and rumors and portentous signs,
 Famine and earthquakes and disastrous plagues
 Shall vex the nations ; prophets shall arise
 With lying divinations to confound 620
 The

The weak, pervert the wavering and perplex
 The very Saints themselves. Await the time ;
 These are but harbingers of mightier woes ;
 The day of terror is but in its dawn :
 The powers of earth and heav'n must undergo 625
 Direful convulsion ; this majestic pile,
 This temple, shall become so mere a wreck,
 That not one stone shall rest upon another :
 Then shall your hour of tribulation come ;
 Then to confess my Name shall be your crime 630
 By torture and by death to be aton'd :
 The tyrants of the world shall then let loose
 Their persecuting rage, and great shall be
 The falling-off of many ; rocks and caves
 Shall be your hiding-places, yet from thence 635
 Your sound shall echo to the farthest ends
 Of the redeemed earth ; from those dark cells
 The beams of revelation shall break forth,
 Maugre the pow'rs of hell ; and blest is he,

Whose

Whose faith unshaken shall abide the time, 640
Till the great end and consummation comes
My peace and my salvation to ensure.
Few are the moments now, and passing swift,
Which thus conversing we have yet in hand.
Servants no more, henceforth I call you friends ; 645
Therefore, as friends and children, let your love
Each to the other knit your hearts together
In brotherly communion ; this command,
New to the world, I give you : Let good will,
And peace and concord harmonize your souls, 650
And mark you as the followers of him,
Whose every act was charity, whose life
Was spent and clos'd expiring for your sakes :
And stronger proof of love what man can give,
Than to yield up his body to the grave, 655
And die, as shortly I shall, for his friends ?
Time was that I have shadow'd out my speech
In proverbs and allusions ; time now is

To

To cast obscurity aside and shew
 Th' unveiled glories of the Father to you. 660
 Henceforward ye shall ask of Him and have ;
 My Name for your petitions shall suffice ;
 My prayers ye need not, for the Father's love
 Without an intercessor shall protect
 Mine, as you love me, and prevent your wants. 665
 From Him I came into this world, to Him,
 This world now leaving, I again return.

This said, conviction smote their glowing hearts
 With faith, and hope's bright image new inspir'd,
 And scenes of future glory beaming on them : 670
 When thus with voices join'd in loud acclaim
 CHRIST in the Godhead manifest they hail'd.

Now, Lord, we hear and understand thy words,
 Plain words and not in parables involv'd :
 Now are we sure all knowledge is reveal'd, 675
 All pow'r committed to thee from above,
 And without further question we believe

And

And henceforth know thou camest forth from God.

Do ye at length believe? the Master cried;
Behold, the hour comes on, yea now is come, 680
When your strong faith shall stagger at the scene
Of these impending horrors, and shrink back
Confounded and appall'd; to the four winds,
Wide as your fears can spread you, all shall fly,
And leave me struggling with a storm of woes 685
Unfriended and alone: what did I say?
Alone I cannot be, for in me dwells
The Father ever present: Let this thought
Arm you with constancy to meet the shock
Of tribulation, and withstand the powers 690
Of this brief world; for to your comfort know,
I have o'ercome the world. This said, he paus'd,
And sate, whilst all were hush'd, as one entranc'd,
So fast the heav'nly vision pour'd upon him:
Then with uplifted eyes and heaving breast, 695
Full of his God, this solemn pray'r breath'd forth.

O Father! give thy glory to the Son,
 As he hath glorified thy Name on earth, [know
 And these, whom thou hast giv'n him, taught to
 Thee, the true God alone, and JESUS CHRIST, 700
 Thy messenger and advocate with thee
 For lost mankind. Father! To me restore
 That glory, which was mine before all time,
 Or e'er the world was made and man fell off
 From his obedience, now at length redeem'd 705
 From sin by my atonement, and made heir
 Of life eternal, purchas'd with my blood.
 The act of mediation is complete ;
 Thy work is finish'd and thy Name gone forth
 To these of thine election : Thine they were, 710
 To me thou gav'st them, and they have receiv'd
 And kept as faithful witnesses thy Word.
 For them I pray : The world, which now I leave,
 Hath no more part in me ; for them alone,
 Not for the world, I pray ; they must abide, 715
 I shall

I shall depart and be at peace with Thee.
 O holy Father! keep them in thy Name
 Whole and entire, link'd in the bond of faith,
 Firm as I hold them. One alone is lost,
 Son of perdition; him the prophets saw 720
 In their prospective visions, and foretold
 That so thy Son should suffer; but for these,
 They are unstain'd, they stand not in the guilt
 And condemnation of that wretch accurst.
 I pray thee not to take them from the world, 725
 Through which I send them forth as shining lights
 To draw men's eyes and hearts, and guide their search
 To the bright source, whence thy salvation beams.
 These are my ministers, as I am thine:
 Oh! sanctify them through thy truth! For them, 730
 And all through them converted to thy word,
 Father! I pray. Translate them in thy time
 From this unquiet world to that high state
 Of heav'nly bliss, where they may dwell with me

And see my glory : So shall they receive 735
 Thy love, through me transfus'd into their hearts,
 And rest from all their sorrows in thy peace.

So spake the Lord, and with these gracious words
 His faithful remnant cheer'd, for soft they fell
 As heav'n's blest dew upon the thirsty hills, 740
 And sweet the healing balm, which they distill'd
 On sorrow-wounded souls.—Now treach'rous eye
 Crept silent on, and threw her dusky veil
 O'er Nature's face, masking the deeds of men :
 The Savior rose, for in his conscious breast 745
 A warning voice had whisper'd, Up, arise,
 Go forth to death ! One solemn act remains,
 One sacrifice ; 'tis now God's wrath demands
 Atonement, a whole world's redemption now
 Hangs on the minute's point. Behold him then,
 A voluntary victim, leading forth 751
 His sad disciples to the fatal spot,
 Where treason lurk'd in ambush for his life,

Where

Where stood the prince of darkness and his pow'rs
Arm'd with commission'd terrors to assail 755
Him single, him forsaken, him oppos'd
To myriads, whilst Heav'n's angels soar'd aloof
Trembling spectators of th' unequal strife.
Who now so comfortless as God's own Son?
His soul in woes unutterable whelm'd, 760
All commerce with its native heav'n denied,
Press'd down to earth; nor other strength had he,
Than in his human nature might be found,
To combat more than human agonies,
Accumulated pangs, which all the sins 765
Of all the world, from loss of Paradise
By man's first fall to the last damning page
Of heav'n's black register, had pil'd upon him,
The mass of ages. Oh! what tongue can speak
The love of our REDEEMER? And yet man, 770
Ingrateful impious man, hourly reviles
His Benefactor's name, affects the style

Of sophistry and metaphysic pride
 To quibble with salvation, and renounce 774
 Those guides, that lead us by the hand to heav'n.
 This they call reason, this man's natural right
 To question his Creator, and in pride
 Of independent dignity reject
 Salvation, rather than consent to own
 God's privilege to save him by such means, 780
 As to God's wisdom best and meetest seem'd.
 Such monsters doth this teeming earth produce :
 Impious audacity ! which dares to say—
 I need no Mediator, I disclaim
 CHRIST and his offer'd peace ; 'twixt God and me
 I want no advocate to plead my cause, 786
 By my own rectitude I stand or fall :
 The Evangelic Volumes I regard
 As fabricated tales of juggling tricks,
 Witness'd by none but partners in the craft : 790
 Deep read in pagan story I confront

The

The sacred records with the silent page
Of those, who register no strange eclipse,
No noon-day darkness, not one friendly groan
Of sympathising Nature to attest 795
CHRIST'S dying hour.—Shut, shut the Book of Life;
Go to the Jews, the Pagans, for thy creed,
Go to the dust, blasphemer! In the ear
Of Death whisper thy doubts, and learn of him
Thy folly's confutation and thy doom 800
In those sad realms, to which he shall conduct
Thy trembling soul, when the Arch-angel's trump
Hath summon'd thee to judgment, and set ope
The grave, thy rashness deem'd for ever clos'd.

CALVARY;
OR,
THE DEATH OF CHRIST.



BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

ISCAIOT, having separated himself from CHRIST, wanders through the streets of the city in a disconsolate manner, and at length arrives at the Brook CEDRON without the gates.....Here he breaks forth into soliloquy, in which, after reviewing his past situation, he affects to justify his present motives for betraying his Master to the priests..... CHRIST and his disciples, proceeding to the Mount of OLIVES, are discovered by him as they are passing the brook in their way thither, and JUDAS resolves upon availing himself of the opportunity for delivering CHRIST into the hands of his enemies.....In the mean time the priests and elders assemble in the palace of Caiaphas, and there hold a council upon the measures to be pursued for the apprehension of CHRIST: The high priest harangues the assembly to this immediate purport: In the interim JUDAS is announced, and being admitted makes his proposal to the council; this produces some observations on the part of CAIAPHAS, and is objected to by NICODEMUS, who after delivering his opinion, quits the assembly.....CAIAPHAS then takes up the matter afresh, controverts the sentiments of NICODEMUS, and with the approbation of all present closes with the proposals of JUDAS, and sends out a company with that traitorous disciple to the Mount of OLIVES, there to apprehend the person of CHRIST.....The assembly breaks up, and the hall is no sooner evacuated by the priests and elders, than their seats are filled by SATAN and his infernal spirits.....SATAN addresses to them a congratulatory speech on the success of MAMMON's temptation, on whom he bestows many high encomiums; an ovation takes place in honor of that daemon, when CHEMOS appears wounded by the spear of GABRIEL, whom he had encountered on the Mount of OLIVES, where he had been posted as a spy upon the motions of CHRIST and his disciples.....SATAN, enraged at the account, sallies forth with a resolution to revenge the attack by punishing the temerity of GABRIEL, arms himself for the occasion, and after much proud vanthing of his superior prowess disappears, and the infernal spirits disperse.

CALVARY.

BOOK III.

THE TREASON OF JUDAS.

DARK came the ev'ning on, and the pale moon,
Now faintly glimm'ring through a wint'ry cloud,
Shed her dim horrors o'er the shadowy earth ;
Whilst through the silent streets with step disturb'd,
And heart by hellish meditations rent, 5
The Outcast of the Lord pursued his way,
ISCARIOT, name for evermore accurst.
Onward he went unquestion'd, unobserv'd,
For all upon this solemn night kept house,
Nor stopp'd till forth the city gates he came 10
To Cedron's brook, whose bubbling current laves
The olive-crowned Mount, favor'd of CHRIST
For

For its umbrageous groves and silent haunts,
 For pray'r and contemplation fit retreat.
 Here first, as one awaken'd to new thoughts, 15
 Starting he check'd his step, and with a groan,
 That rent his lab'ring bosom, thus broke forth.

Oh, my torn heart! Oh, soul-tormenting scenes!
 Can I forget the blissful hours I've pass'd
 Beneath your shades list'ning the Master's words?
 When as he spake of heav'n and heav'nly joys, 21
 Of righteousness and the blest Spi'rits with God,
 Such life in his description glow'd, methought
 All Paradise was present to my view
 And courted me to enter. Heav'n and earth! 25
 Must I remember? Never man like him
 Could with such magic eloquence entrance
 The senses of his hearers, lift the soul
 To heav'nly contemplations and transport
 To thoughts beyond itself; thence to look down 30
 Upon this lower world and all its cares,

Its

Its pains, its persecutions with contempt :
 Sometimes envelop'd in mysterious schemes
 And parables he couch'd the moral truth,
 Which painted on the memory left its tints 35
 Indelible : But when with tongue inspir'd
 The fall of nations he foretold, and drew
 The curtain of futurity aside ;
 When in the pomp of numbers he describ'd
 Jerusalem beleagu'rd with a host 40
 Of Gentile foes and trodden down to dust,
 Her matrons and her virgins whelm'd in blood,
 Or dragg'd to violation, shame and bondage
 By ruffian spoilers ; when his soaring flight,
 Spurning the world's wide compass, scal'd the skies,
 And there amidst the empyrean fields, 46
 As in his proper region, shook the spheres
 Of sun, moon, stars, as with a master's hand,
 And shew'd them falling in prophetic awe
 Of his own glorious coming in a cloud 50

With

With pow'r and state supernal, then our hearts
 With sympathetic raptures burnt within us,
 And we vain mortals saw, or thought we saw,
 Our own vile bodies glorified to share
 In his triumphant entry, and ourselves 55
 To dignities and thrones and starry spheres
 Exalted, loftiest in the realms of light.
 But now these bright illusions are no more ;
 Vanish'd these glitt'ring scenes, my claims on heav'n
 All cancell'd, and my hopes a bankrupt's dream,
 Mocking the haunted fancy with a pile 61
 Of visionary wealth. Behold me sham'd,
 Banish'd his board, detected, and my thoughts
 Turn'd outward to provoke my brethren's scorn,
 And blazon forth his prescience : Let that pass ! 65
 Traitor pronounc'd, a traitor I will be ;
 That prophecy at least shall be fulfill'd.
 Though master of my will I could refute
 And dash his bold prediction, yet my heart

Ponders

Ponders revenge more suited to its wrongs, 70
 Greater than such slight triumph can bestow,
 And not less terrible than death itself.

This night, the last that he shall walk at large,
 This night shall be his triumph or his fall.

If these grave elders, who conspire his death, 75

These reverend priests revolt not from the deed,
 That casts on them, their function and their tribe

The peril of his blood, why should my heart
 Shrink from its purpose? What have I to fear

In act subordinate, in cause supreme, 80

Traitor prejudg'd, of uncommitted crimes

Arraign'd, and thrown upon the world condemn'd?

More he had said, but, like a serpent coil'd,
 With sudden start he shrunk into himself,

And list'ning held his breath to catch the sound 85

Of steps, that echoing o'er the flinty soil

Bespoke a company in near approach:

With these the Master's well-known voice he heard;

Whereat,

Whereat, like murd'rous Cain when call'd of God,
The cow'ring conscious outcast slunk aside, 90
And wrapp'd his russet cloak about his head,
Then darkling stood; the holy troop meanwhile-
Forded the shallow brook and held their way
Strait to the Olive Mount, their wonted haunt.
Forth sprung the lurking caitiff from his watch: 95
The greedy Mammon rush'd upon his heart,
Glorying that now he held them in his net,
Darkness conspiring with occasions apt
Of hour and place to make his vengeance sure.
Remorse was dead within him, every sense 100
Of virtue lost, yet in his coward breast
Such languor, dread and cold repugnance dwelt,
Scarce could the breath of hell's worst fiend suffice
To blow it into flame: Now sudden rage
Impell'd him onward; now with palsied fear 105
Struck back, he reel'd and shook in ev'ry joint.
This SATAN saw, and evermore at hand

To

To drive the wav'ring sinner to his doom,
 Breath'd all his spi'rit upon him ; direr blast
 Cocytus never vented, the full tide 110
 Of aconite engender'd with his blood,
 His brain, set ev'ry fev'rish nerve in play,
 And screw'd his heated fancy to the pitch
 Of daring and defiance ; yet the wretch,
 Not less a traitor to himself than CHRIST, 115
 Or e'er the acting of the dreadful deed
 Thus strove by sophistry to gloss it o'er.

Why do I doubt ? What horrors shake my mind ?
 Why should not my affronted honor stir
 Me to betray, as their insulted law 120
 Provokes our elders to destroy their foe ?
 For Moses they, I for myself oppose ;
 And where's the wrong, if he, who knows my heart
 And all its meditations, will not deign
 To turn it from its purpose, and divert 125
 The danger he foreknows ; nay rather helps

To lure the embryo treason into birth?
 Either his own free will makes death its choice,
 And so becomes accomplice in the deed,
 Or else, foredoom'd to die, he knows his hour, 130
 And thus, not acting of ourselves but rul'd
 By strong necessity, we stand absolv'd,
 Mere guiltless tools and instruments of fate.
 What then? Why let the Scriptures be fulfill'd,
 Let prophecies, which are the voice of God, 135
 Sound out his knell; we fight not against Heav'n.
 Let CHRIST, if glory waits him in the grave,
 Descend into the dust and seek it there:
 If his soul covets to make league with death,
 And dwell in consort with corruption's worm, 140
 What time more apt for death than this dark hour,
 Image of death itself? And who so fit
 As God's high-priest, the temple's minister,
 To put life's intervening veil aside,
 And usher him to glory? I meanwhile, 145
 His

His humble harbinger, will go before
 T' announce his coming, and make clear the road
 That leads to death, the goal of his ambition
 Yet how if all this tame indifference
 Be but a feint to draw the world about him, 150
 And then amaze them with some grand display
 Of wonder-working power? And who can tell
 How far his hand miraculous may stretch,
 Who from the tomb pluck'd forth the fest'ring corpse
 Of shrowded Lazarus, three days in earth, 155
 And bade him live again? Stupendous act!
 This we beheld and hail'd him Lord of Life;
 But still the unconverted Jews stood off,
 And deem'd us witnesses of slight account,
 Weak cred'lous men, first dup'd and thence become
 Associates in imposture. What remains 161
 But instantly to put my thoughts in act,
 And yield him up to those, who in th' attempt
 Succeeding vindicate their disbelief,

Failing abide the shame of their defeat? 165

In this or that opinion there must be

A dangerous error ; to persist were fatal :

This night dispells all doubt : If he be CHRIST,

He lives confest and triumphs over death ;

If man, he falls unpitied and abjur'd. 170

Thus for foul deeds pretending fair excuse,

The caitiff wretch on trait'rous errand bent,

Back through the city gates pursu'd his way,

And to his nightly assignation hied.

Perch'd on the summit of the sacred Mount, 175

Should'ring God's temple, a proud palace stood :

There dwelt the sovereign pontiff, and this night

Held solemn convocation and consult,

Not for God's glory, other cares had they,

Cares nearer to their selfish hearts, concerns 180

Heav'n had no part in, impious dire cabals

How to prevent the day-spring from on high,

Now by CHRIST's revelation and his acts

Miraculous

Miraculous just dawning on the world,
 Aforetime wrapt in darkness black as death, 185
 Best veil for their hypocrisy and craft.
 In their great hall of council, there in ranks,
 Precedencies and dignities dispos'd,
 Doctors and long-rob'd pharisees and scribes
 And bearded elders met; senate, to whom 190
 For machinations, plots and secret wiles
 Rome's purple conclave stoops. High over all
 On throne pontifical in robes of state,
 With sacred ephod girt of various hues, 194
 And breast-plate glitt'ring bright with mystic gems,
 Mitre-crown'd CAIAPHAS, the temple's chief,
 Exalted sate: The sanhedrim was full.
 All came, whom lust of power, or bigot zeal,
 Or enmity to CHRIST rous'd to the call;
 Mouth-worshippers of God, agents of hell 200
 In heart, and hypocrites abhorr'd of CHRIST,
 To public scorn held up and pictur'd out

As

As rebel husbandmen, who basely slew
 Their Lord's commission'd Son. Scarce was there one,
 Whose galled conscience had not felt the sting 205
 Of some keen truth extorted from the lips
 Of the else-humble JESUS, meek to all
 But the proud Pharisee or cavi'lling Scribe,
 To knaves, who thought by cunning to outwit
 Wisdom itself, and snare him in his talk ; 210
 To hypocrites, who fasted oft with sad
 And woe-worn faces to be seen of men,
 Or such as made long pray'rs for a display
 Of righteousness, and vaunted their good deeds,
 Mocking their conscience and insulting Heav'n : 215
 To these in all the majesty of truth
 Frowning he spake, nor spar'd he for rebuke
 Severe, indignant ; many a time and oft
 To their whole sect he had denounced woe,
 Woe trembled on their heads : What wonder then,
 If thus combin'd by interest to oppose 221
 His

His spreading glories, their envenom'd hearts
 Rankled with envy, hatred and revenge ?
 Nor were there wanting to their great divan
 Those, who can work unseen within the heart, 225
 Dark ministers, who know to touch the springs
 And cords, whose movements can convulse the soul
 With furious passions, bursting from their mine,
 Like sulph'rous fires that tear the quaking earth.
 SATAN himself was there, for at this hour 230
 He and his host had furlough upon earth,
 Dæmons of blood, ambition, envy, strife [tongues,
 Rang'd the vex'd world at large : Loud were their
 And fiery hot their zeal against the LORD,
 Whose miracles, resounding through the land, 235
 Rung in their ears the downfall of their pow'r,
 Ill-omen'd knell.—Brethren ! 'tis time to rouse,
 Cried CAIAPHAS, and started from his throne
 Furious as Korah, when at his tent door
 With his rebellious company he stood, 240
 And

And waving high his censer call'd aloud
To mutiny 'gainst Moses : So now call'd
With voice as loud, and deeper plung'd in crime
Than these who sunk outright, this second priest,
This worse revolter against God himself 245
In his own Son reflected ; from his state,
High o'er their heads exalted, he look'd down
On all beneath ; then with uplifted eyes
And hands extended, as in act to rend
His robes pontifical—Yes, sacred seers, 250
Again he cried, yes, venerable priests,
Elders, and reverend sages of our law,
'Tis more than time to call your vengeance up ;
Awake ! ye sleep too long : For me, your slave,
Servant of servants, me, by how much more 255
In place exalted so much more in heart
Abas'd, as meritless of such high state,
I were content to cast these robes aside,
Pluck off this beard, and on this mitred head,
Unworthy

Unworthy of such honors, scatter dust 260
 And ashes, might such penitence avert
 The shame, that for my sins is falling on you,
 And quell the mad'ning faction now afloat,
 Since this bold Bethlemite hath started up
 To mock the church of God. Shall it be said, 265
 That for my punishment these evils light
 On you the righteous? that in my day rose
 This innovator to conspire your fall,
 To broach new doctrines and unhinge the faith
 Of the still wav'ring multitude? If I, 270
 If I am in the crime, if in your thoughts
 My negligence hath foster'd this revolt,
 Make me your sacrifice, thrust me from hence,
 For this high place unfit; set up your cross,
 And there exalt me: But if I am clear, 275
 And this your looks encourage me to hope,
 If CHRIST not CAIAPHAS deserves the death,
 Why do ye pause? What terror holds you back?

Time.

Time-honor'd rabbi, elders, sages, guides
 And masters of our Israel! ye, by whom 280
 Our synagogues are taught, of God's own law
 Interpreters ordain'd, which of your grave
 And reverend council will at once unfold
 To my yet faithless ears the mighty spell
 By which this JESUS works? Who will expound
 This prodigy, that sets the crowd agape, 286
 This more than man, of whom the people bruit
 These more than human doings? You are dumb;
 None offers a reply; for none will say
 This wisdom and these mighty works accord 290
 With one so mean of birth, with Joseph's son,
 A base mechanic: Fitter task for him
 To use his father's craft, and humbly ply
 The workman's tools, than in the temple sit
 Disputing with our doctors; or withdrawn, 295
 As late the Baptist, to some desert mount,
 There sit in sullen dignity enthron'd,

And

And from his rocky theatre declaim
To list'ning thousands. Here be some have heard
His doctrines, many have endur'd his taunts, 300
And though in wise and well-pois'd minds like your's
Such meteors breed no terror, yet they draw
The gazing vulgar, and so rank a taint
Runs through th' infected fold, that much I doubt
If half the flock of Israel be not touch'd ; 305
So diligent is he to spread the plague,
So careless we to stem it. If his word
Be suffer'd thus to overturn our law,
The monument of ages, then alas !
We've seen the last of these solemnities : 310
Before this night returns there'll not be found
Or lamb to sacrifice, or priest to slay,
Or temple to receive our Paschal rites ;
Rome, whose ambition grasps the conquer'd world,
Shall plant her eagles on our holy mount, 315
And Jupiter usurp JEHOVAH's shrine.

He

He paus'd, yet stood as one in act to speak,
 Struggling for words, which furious passion choak'd
 And stifled on his tongue ; a stormy cloud
 Hung on his brow, his visage ghastly pale, 320
 Mad'ning with rage he stamp'd and shook his robe :
 As when the Delphic prophetess, convuls'd
 And foaming on her tripod, sets aghast
 The scar'd enthusiasts, who believe her fill'd
 And fighting with the God oracular ; 325
 So through the hall of council silence reign'd,
 Whilst expectation turn'd all eyes and ears
 On their rapt prophet ; till the word being giv'n,
 That one of CHRIST'S disciples stood without
 And instant audience crav'd, that awful name 330
 Their spell-bound faculties at once set free ;
 Instant loud murmurs fill'd the vaulted roof,
 Like the deep roar of subterranean tides,
 Whose eddies undermine the cavern'd shores
 Of sea-girt Mona or Bermuda's isle : 335

This

This past, the senate's chief resum'd his throne ;
 Whence from his state inclining he gave sign
 For silence and commanded to admit
 Their unexpected suitor ; at the word
 Wide flew the doors apart, and there behold 340
 With cloak to' the knee tuck'd up and staff in hand
 ISCARIOT, caitiff viler than the worst
 That e'er wore pilgrim's sanctimonious garb
 In after-times, when fierce crusading zeal
 Sent forth its wand'ring eremites to put 345
 The murd'rous sword in meek Religion's hand,
 The cross, on which our patient Lord expir'd,
 Their badge of victory, and signal made
 For their destroying armies; lur'd to war
 With pardons earnt in fields of carnage, fought 350
 For God's pretended glory', as if, dire hope!
 Rivers of blood could waft their souls to heav'n.
 Founder of these, and prototype of all,
 Who dy'd the cross with blood, ISCARIOT stood

Full

Full of the fiend, and cast around on all 355
 His haggard eyes, that augur'd vengeful ire
 And fraud deep brooding in his treach'rous heart :
 When after pause now summon'd to expound
 His purpose, whether by his Master sent,
 Or self-impell'd, thus MAMMON'S convert spake.

Fathers of Israel, patrons of our law, 361
 And chiefly thou, great priest, vicar of God,
 And faithful shepherd of the remnant sav'd
 From Abraham's scatter'd flock ! I muse not, lords,
 That you are cast in wonder to behold 365
 Me standing in this place, me, to your cause
 Unfriendly deem'd, and, which to all is known
 Nor on my part denied, one of the Twelve,
 And follower of JESUS. But, grave sirs,
 I do adjure you by your love to truth, 370
 No longer wear this jealous eye upon me,
 Than to your patient ears I shall unfold,
 Why hither I am come, not as a thief

To

To steal into your councils, spy them out
 And after blazon them, but in fair faith 375
 And plain sincerity with no double heart
 To make confession sure, and give my life
 A pledge into your hands. Stand not amaz'd,
 As if it were a thing impossible
 That CHRIST's disciple should not be his friend. 380
 Mine hath been toilsome husbandry, my lords,
 And none but bitter fruits have I reap'd from it,
 Fruits of repentance: Weary days and nights
 I've minister'd to him without reward,
 And weary miles full many travel'd o'er, 385
 Fainting and pinch'd with hunger; then at night,
 When the wild creatures of the earth find rest
 And covert in their holes, houseless have watch'd
 Amidst the shock of elements, and brav'd
 Storms, which the mail'd rhinoceros did not dare 390
 Unshelter'd to abide: Sometimes on sea
 Lash'd by the surging waves I've toil'd for life,

Whilst

Whilst he sate sleeping, reckless of the gale :
 Rescu'd from these, for I of force confess
 His pow'r is absolute, and safe on shore, 395
 My labors ceas'd not with the scene ; new toils,
 New tasks succeeded : Now to rocks and caves,
 To sandy wilds, or wheresoever else
 The Spirit led and desolation reign'd,
 His wand'ring steps I follow'd, yes, his steps, 400
 But at what distance from his heart he held me,
 Bear witness, mem'ry ! Others had his heart,
 Peter and James and John, to them he breath'd
 The secrets of his soul, on them he shower'd
 His promises ; of these he made no thrift, 405
 These he abounded in ; to me he gave
 What he had least in store, a barren purse,
 And bade me bear it ; no hard task I own,
 For it was light as beggary could make it,
 But office most ignoble. Here perchance 410
 Your wisdom would demand of me a cause,

Why

Why I endur'd these slights year after year,
 And still toil'd on in such a thankless service ;
 What fascination and what spell, you'll ask,
 Doth this man work with, so to charm the mind
 And lure it on through mortifying toils, 416
 Sorrows and pains, and, worse than these, contempts,
 Yet hold it still enchain'd slave to his will ?
 Most equal judges, I must here submit
 My weakness to your censure, and refer 420
 My cause to mercy, or in self-defence
 Conjure you for a moment to descend
 From your high state, and to my humble place
 And peasant thoughts accord your own great minds :
 My lords, I neither mean to varnish o'er 425
 My own too feeble nature, nor to smooth
 The rough sincerity of truth through fear
 Or flattery of those, 'fore whom I speak :
 If JESUS works by spells, I know them not ;
 Pray'rs but not incantations I have heard ; 430

If these be charms, they are no charms for devils,
 Yet such he's charg'd withal : Neither by league
 With Beelzebub, as some have gravely urg'd,
 Nor art Samaritan, nor else by imp
 Or genius, as the heathen loudly vouch 435
 Of their fam'd Socrates, do I believe
 His miracles are wrought : Alas, alas !
 Which of hell's ministers will be suborn'd
 To work his own confusion ? No, they shriek,
 They tremble, at his bidding they come forth 440
 From men possest, they vanish to the winds,
 They sink into the pit from whence they sprung.
 I am a man, my lords, not over-prone
 To rash credulity, nor apt to veer
 With ev'ry breath of doctrine, and I've heard 445
 A voice, that sways the elements, commands
 The springs of health, making maim'd nature whole,
 Nay, life itself return into the trunk
 Which it had left, and give a second pulse

To

To the cold heart of death : This to have seen, 450
 And not to stand in reverence of the pow'r
 That wrought these miracles, were a degree
 Of apathy above my nature's reach.

No more ! cried CAIAPHAS, no more of this !
 You much abuse our patience with this talk. 455
 Here is no place to sound CHRIST's praises forth ;
 We are not met to recognize his pow'r
 And back his daring claims, but to chastise
 Imposture, to assert our sacred law,
 And vindicate the majesty of Heav'n. 460
 You tell us you are wearied with the tasks
 Of a hard Master ; quit him then and earn
 A better service, earn a rich reward
 By yielding him to justice. You well know
 His haunts, his privacies, his darkling hours, 465
 When without hazard of a public brawl
 We may make lawful seizure for the state
 Of his attainted person : On this point,

So you will order your discourse aright,
 You may speak freely ; of his praise no more. 470
 To him th' Apostate : If from my forc'd lips,
 Unwilling witnesses although they be,
 Truth wrings this praise, the last which they will
 Suffer thus far in candor, and let pass [utter,
 These words in justice to a Master's fame, 475
 Whom I renounce and with an oath devote
 To wrath, to punishment, to death itself,
 If death you doom. But oh! most reverend lords,
 It is not as a false and juggling cheat,
 A dealer with familiars I present him 480
 To your just judgment : Wretches vile as these
 Would but disgrace your wrath and my revenge.
 But take him as a victim from my hands
 Richer than hecatombs of vulgar blood,
 A sacrifice for God's high priest to make, 485
 Whilst all earth's scepter'd monarchs stood around
 To gaze upon the work. Be not deceiv'd :
I know

I know the jeopardy in which I stand,
 Yet I will on ; in me is no delay :
 This night, this hour, this instant I am your's 490
 To trace him to his haunts, to be your guide
 And marshal you to vengeance. But beware !
 Let them be chosen men you send, approv'd [fire,
 And constant, though the heav'ns shall rain down
 And the earth rock beneath them : He, who call'd
 The dead anatomy to life, can well 496
 Make corpses of the living.—Here the voice
 Of one, who nearest to the throne had place,
 Cut short the traitor's speech : Of high renown
 Was he now rising, NICODEMUS, known 500
 To after-ages as the nightly guest
 Of JESUS, and his converse with our Lord
 In holy writ recorded : Grave he was,
 A Pharisee and ruler of the Jews,
 Yet not of soul vindictive like the rest, 505
 Nor aspect arrogant ; when thus he spake.

I call

I call the time mispent, that is bestow'd
On loud-tongu'd orators, whose art it is
To launch their hearers upon passion's tide,
And drive them on by gusts of windy words 510
A giddy desperate course to rocks and shoals,
Which steer'd by sage experience they had shunn'd.
Such shipwreck of our wisdom we might make,
Should we our better senses now permit
To take improv'ident counsel of our ears, 515
By this high-ton'd declaimer thus assail'd.
I pray you, therefore, carry back your thoughts
To times foregone, when prophets have arose
And boasted mighty works, which, being done
Of man's device and cunning, came to nought: 520
So will it be with JESUS, if his spirit
Be not of God: time will o'ertake deceit,
If time be let to run; but cut it short
By death's rash stroke, you cover him with glory,
And from his ashes raise a mightier name, 525
Than

Than living he had reach'd with all the aids
Of artifice to back him. Give me, Heav'n!
That tolerating policy, which shews
No bitterness in speculative points :
Disdaining from my heart what this man says, 530
A traitor says, who comes to sell his Master,
My sentence never shall affect the life
Of this or any other man accus'd
On vague presumptions, nor will I say, Die !
Till I have that in proof, which merits death : 535
For if this JESUS vaunts himself to be
What he is not, God will confute his pride ;
But if with pow'r divine he acts and speaks,
Commission'd to some awful unseen end,
Shall man contend with God ? Vain strife ! shall we
Fall off from our great origin, the faith 541
Of our blest father Abraham ? Shall we,
Sore smitten for our trespasses, cut short
And wasted to a remnant, we, on whom

The

The guiltless blood of all the prophets rests, 545

Send this man up to heav'n to cry against us,

And to a burthen heavier than enough

Add more and weightier guilt than all the rest ?

Heav'n's grace forefend ! You have my conscience,

I leave it to your thoughts : I stand absolv'd. [lords ;

He said, and conscious that his words were lost

Upon obdurate hearts, departed thence, 552

So warn'd of God, and from the gulph escap'd

Of that night's dire perdition, wherein all

Save him alone were lost. So in the wreck 555

Of some great admiral, full fraught for war,

When his tall vessel splits, and the bold crew

Plunge quick into th' abyss, Heav'n sometimes

By wond'rous providence to snatch one life [deigns

From the devouring waves, and waft him home 560

A solitary relick, there to tell

God's mercies and his sad companions' fate.

Him thus departing the proud pontiff ey'd

With

With look malign, and to these taunts gave vent.

Weak is that cause, whose advocate flies from it :
 I pause to see if any here will follow. 566
 None moves, none speaks, none seconds his appeal :
 'Tis well ! One only convert to our foe,
 One patron of his cause this senate held,
 And holds no longer : Vanish'd, flown, escap'd ! 570
 One heart, one mind, one voice now rules the whole.
 For me, I nor opinion shift nor place,
 Faithful I shrink from neither. You have heard
 What this wise elder counsels ; he hath left
 His conscience as a legacy behind him : 575
 Let him, who loves the giver, take the gift ;
 I, for such part as to my share may fall,
 Scorn to engraft that scyon on my heart,
 Which, if admitted, might impart the seeds
 Of treason and apostacy like his. 580
 Till cold and hot agree, till selfish fear
 And temporising maxims coalesce

With

With patriot zeal for Israel and firm faith
 In God's reveal'd decrees, his thoughts and miue
 Will never mix, and the attempt to join 585
 Their jarring elements could only serve
 To make this breast a field of mental war.
 Mark, brethren, mark how this man contravenes
 Your antient just retaliating law.
 Moses said—Eye for eye, and tooth for tooth ! 590
 So is revenge a virtue : By this rule
 JESUS must die ; for who puts out the law,
 Puts out the light of Israel, stabs the life,
 And life for life is justice upon record.
 This ordinance our absent elder spurns ; 595
 He holds at nought our antient equity,
 And sets new doctrines forth ; tells us forsooth,
 That we must wait the time, wait till the light
 Of Israel be extinct, and leave redress
 For those, who without eyes can spy it out ; 600
 Such councils would make cowards of us all,
Rebels

Rebels to God, deserters from the faith,
 Traitors to Israel. Can I wear these robes,
 And wear a heart within so vile, so base?
 Tear them away, uncover me to shame, 605
 Make me the scorn of men, if, thus array'd
 And trickt in outside honors, I am found
 False to that King, whose standard I support.
 No, venerable sages, if your rule
 Were short to teach us what our duty is, 610
 The very heathen would inform us of it:
 The Roman soldier, who deserts his post,
 Or sleeping suffers a surprise, shall die;
 But we, with God's own armies in our charge,
 We, whose commander is the Lord of Hosts, 615
 Should we be found thus criminal, what death,
 What doom, more terrible than death itself,
 Can recompense such treason? Forth then, lords!
 Draw out an armed band and send them forth.
 Behold a ready leader! Time yet serves; 620
 This

This night no stir, no stragglers in our streets
 To shake the city's peace : JESUS secur'd
 And hither brought, a largess I decree
 To all concern'd ; to JUDAS a reward
 Befitting us to give, him to receive. 625

No more : loud acclamations shook the hall :
 Th' assembly rose, the traitor bow'd assent,
 A band of ruffians arm'd with swords and staves
 Forth issued with ISCARIOT at their head,
 And to the Olive Mountain bent their course. 630

Oh, hour accurst ! Oh, all ye stars of heav'n !
 And thou pale waning moon, ethereal lights,
 First-born of Nature, look not, ye chaste fires,
 Upon this monster-breeding earth, but quench
 Your conscious lamps and whelm this murd'rous
 In darkness black as their own damning plot. [crew
 And thou, conductor of this Stygian band, 637
 Vile hypocrite, what fiend inspir'd the thought
 To hail thy Master with the kiss of peace,

And

And so betray him? Wretch, the time will come,
When rack'd with horror, and to all hope lost, 641
Thine agonizing soul shall rue this deed,
Curse its birth-hour, and whilst thy Master soars
To heav'n, triumphant over death and sin,
Thou shalt sink howling to the depths of hell. 645

Now break your synod up, ye envious priests,
Elders and scribes! prepare your harden'd hearts
To judge the LORD of Life, convene your spies
To forge false witness, and make smooth the way
To man's redemption by the blood of CHRIST, 650
The very Paschal Lamb, whom by the type
Of this night's sacrifice ye shadow'd forth,
Blind unbelieving prophets as ye are.
Fit hour ye chose, ye murd'ers, to embrue
Your cursed hands in that pure Victim's blood, 655
Peace-offering for the sins of lost mankind.
Hence to your homes! there meditate new plots;
The fiends shall be your helpers, to your thoughts
Present,

Present, though not to sight, they swarm around,
 Now here, now there, now hovering over head, 660
 Where, as your enmity to CHRIST breaks forth,
 And your blaspheming voices fill the roof,
 Like steaming vapours from sulphureous lakes,
 Joyous they catch the welcome sounds, and fan
 With clapping wings the pestilential air, 665
 Applauding as they soar. Now clear the hall ;
 Yield up your seats, ye substituted fiends ;
 Hence, minor dæmons ! give your masters place !
 And hark ! the King of Terrors speaks the word,
 He calls his shadowy princes, they start forth, 670
 Expand themselves to sight and throng the hall,
 A synod of infernals : Forms more dire
 Imagination shapes not, when the wretch,
 Whom conscience haunts, in the dead hour of night,
 Whilst all is dark and silent round his bed, 675
 Sees hideous phantoms in his fev'rish dream,
 That stare him into madness with fix'd eyes

And

And threat'ning faces floating in his brain.
 The ghostly monarch mounts the vacant throne ;
 Gives sign for order, the superiors sit, 680
 Each as his stellar attribute gives rank
 And place peculiar, the untitled stand
 Circling their LUCIFER, their fallen sun :
 He of his state more jealous, as in heart
 Conscious of faded glory, in the midst 685
 Now rising, after many a hard essay
 To wreathe his war-worn face into a smile,
 Semblance at least of joy, at length with voice
 Screw'd to the pitch of triumph vaunting cries.

Pow'rs and Dominions, Lords by victory's right
 Of earth and man, now from his Maker won 691
 By overthrow of Heav'n's last champion giv'n
 In God's own city, battle fairly gain'd
 On hostile ground, his Sion's sacred mount, [friends ;
 Warriors, your king applauds you : Thanks, brave
 Now shall your temples with loud pæans ring, 696
 Your

Your vindicated altars and your groves
 Exhale rich clouds of incense, steaming forth
 From od'rous gums ; your statues gaily crown'd
 With garlands, every trophy, that the art 700
 Of painting or of sculpture can bestow,
 Shall be hung round to decorate your shrines ;
 Your oracles henceforth shall find a voice,
 Which future Christs shall never put to silence,
 And nations from your lips shall ask their fate : 705
 This day to all posterity shall be
 Sacred to games, processions, triumphs, feasts,
 And laurel-crowned bards shall hymn your praise.
 But sure no spirit of etherial mould,
 For such of right ye are, will so forget 710
 His native dignity as to repine,
 Or gloat with envy, if I now demand
 Your tribute of especial praise to him,
 Whom your joint suffrages deputed first
 To this important embassy ; a spirit 715
 Our

Our subterranean empire cannot mate
For high authority and potent sway
O'er man's subjected heart : MAMMON, stand forth !
Stand forth, thou prosp'rous, rich, persuasive pow'r,
Worshipp'd of all, great idol of the world ; 720
May fortune on thy patient labors smile,
Thou persevering deity ! Pursue
Thy darling metal through earth's central veins,
Ransack her womb for mines, send forth thy slaves
To undiscover'd realms, and bid them sap 725
Potosi's glittering mountains for their ore ;
Pull down her golden temples, strip her kings,
Rack them with tortures, wring their secrets out
By slow-consuming fires, lay Nature waste,
Let nothing mortal breathe upon the soil 730
That covers gold : All hell applauds thy zeal,
And all hell's engines shall assist thy search.

He said, and lo ! from either side the throne
Upon the signal a seraphic choir

In equal bands came forth ; the minstrels strike 735
Their golden harps ; swift o'er the sounding strings
Their flying fingers sweep, whilst to the strain
Melodious voices, though to heav'nly airs
Attun'd no longer, still in sweet accord
Echo the festive song, now full combin'd 740
Pouring the choral torrent on the ear,
In parts responsive now warbling by turns
Their sprightly quick divisions, swelling now
Through all the compass of their tuneful throats
Their varying cadences, as fancy prompts. 745
Whereat the Stygian herd, like them of old
Lull'd by the Theban minstrel, stood at gaze
Mute and appeas'd, for music hath a voice,
Which ev'n the devils obey, and for a while
Sweet sounds shall lay their turbid hearts asleep,
Charm'd into sweet oblivion and repose. 751
The praise of MAMMON the rapt seraphs sung
And gold's almighty pow'r ; free flow'd the verse ;

No

No need to call the Muse, for all were there,
 Apollo and the Heliconian maids, 755

And all that pagan poet e'er invoc'd
 Were present to the song. Above the flight
 Of bold Alcæus, Tisias bard divine,
 Or Pindar's strain Olympic, high it soar'd
 In dithyrambic majesty sublime. 760

At the right hand of hell's terrific Lord
 MAMMON exalted sate, and as the choir
 Chanted their hymn, his swelling bosom throb'd
 In concert with the strain ; pride flush'd his cheek
 Furrow'd with care and toil, his eyes, now rais'd 765
 From earth, their proper centre, sparkling gleam'd
 Malicious triumph, whilst ovations loud
 And thund'ring plaudits shook the trembling roof.

The song was clos'd, and, order now resum'd,
 MAMMON stood forth to speak ; when ere the words
 From his slow lips found way, the infernal King, 771
 With eager action starting from his throne,

Gave sign for silence and thus interpos'd.

Pause, worthy spi'rit, awhile ! my mind forebodes
Cares more immediate, for amid the throng 775

I spy our faithful CHEMOS ; well I know

'Tis not on slight occasion he hath left

The post assign'd him ; and behold ! his looks

Augur important tidings. Fall back, friends,

And give our gallant centinel access. 780

Obedient to the word the opening files

Fell back and let him pass ; he to the throne

Low rev'rence made, and thus his chief address'd.

Imperial Lord of this seraphic host,

As I kept station on the faithless mount, 785

Where once my altar blaz'd, revolted now

From its allegiance and with olive crown'd

In token of God's peace, I thence descried

By glimpse of the pale moon a vagrant train,

With JESUS at their head, fording the brook, 790

As thither bound : I couch'd upon the watch,

So

So bidd'n, and to their talk gave heedful ear.
A melancholy theme the Master chose :
Sadly he warns them of his own death's hour
Now near impending, and how all shall fly, 795
Like scatter'd sheep, and their lone Shepherd leave
Forlorn, abandon'd : This the fiery zeal
Of PETER, to our Chief well known, disclaims,
Who boldly vouches, though all else should swerve,
His own unshaken constancy ; when CHRIST, 800
Severe though not with railing, him reproves,
And solemnly denounces triple breach
Of this vain boast, and instant, for this night,
Or e'er the cock's shrill trumpet twice shall sound,
So CHRIST predicts, he shall be thrice denied 805
Of this self-vaunting man : All this I heard,
And held it for my duty to report ;
What more ensu'd imperfectly I learn ;
For now the Master taketh three apart,
And much disturb'd in soul and sore amaz'd 810

Wills

Wills them stand off and watch, whilst he retires
 And vents his grief in pray'r: I saw him fall
 Prostrate to earth, and vent such heart-felt groans,
 That were I other than I am, less wrong'd,
 Less hostile to the tyranny of Heav'n, 815
 Whence I am exil'd, I had then let fall
 Weak pity's tear and been my nature's fool.
 But, lords, I cannot so forget your cause,
 Or my own wrongs, nor would I wear a heart
 Made of such melting stuff. With noiseless tread
 The kneeling Suppliant I approach'd, and mark'd
 His agony of soul, whilst from his brow 822
 I saw large drops and gouttes of bloody sweat
 Incarnardine the dust, on which they fell.
 Bear witness, my revenge, 'twas there, ev'n there,
 The very spot, on which he knelt and pray'd,
 Where now his blood, wrung out by agony
 As in atonement, dropt, on which my shrine,
 Rear'd by the wives of the uxorious king,

Deck'd

Deck'd out with blazing tapers proudly shone, 830
And front to front of God's own temple stood,
Till Asa's parricidal hand pluck'd up
Maacha's grove, and burnt my shrine to dust.
Now hear the sequel: As I stood at gaze,
Noting his pray'r, one of the heav'nly band 835
And of the highest, GABRIEL, with his spear
Couch'd as for combat, started forth to view,
And frowning bade me take my flight with speed,
Nor trouble that just person: Valiant peers!
I am not one to back at his proud bidding, 840
Nor ever did I turn my face to flight
Save in our army's universal rout,
When all from heav'n fell headlong to the gulph:
Such weapon as I had, this trenchant sword
Of adamantine proof, forthwith I drew; 845
But ere my arm could wield it, swift as thought
I felt his spear's sharp point with forceful thrust
Deep plung'd into my side: Staggering, amaz'd,
I gave

I gave back so compell'd ; he still advanc'd
 Arm'd for a second onset, when my strength 850
 Foil'd, though immortal, and my sight grown dim,
 My wound the whilst sore rankling, I took wing
 And hither came on painful pinions borne,
 Your faithful servant, whether to attempt
 Fresh battle, or my present loss repair. 855

This said, he put his azure tunic by,
 And bar'd his wounded side, where GABRIEL'S spear
 Had lodg'd its massy fluke, a ghastly chasm
 Trench'd by the force of arch-angelic arm,
 And to aught else than deathless spirit, death. 860

Fir'd at the sight with eyes that sparkling blaz'd
 SATAN uprose, and thus infuriate spake.

GABRIEL in arms! Hah! warriors, we are brav'd:
 CHRIST hath his guard about him and defies us.
 If this immortal spirit could not stand, 865
 What shall ISCARIOT do? Myself will forth;
 We shall then see who wields the stronger lance,

SATAN

SATAN or GABRIEL : In the fields of heaven,
 In the mid-air, on earth, in deepest hell,
 He knows my might superior, and shall rue 870
 His dastardly assault. Why not with me,
The sender rather than the sent, this strife ?
 So might he boast the contest, though subdued.
 The scars by this sharp sword in battle dealt
 Are the best honors GABRIEL hath to vaunt ; 875
 The brightest laurels on his brow are those
 I planted when in equal fight I deign'd
 To measure spears with such inferior foe.
 Doth GABRIEL think God's favour can reverse
 Immutable pre-eminence, and raise 880
 His menial sphere to that, in which I shone
 Son of the morning ? Doth he vainly hope
 Exil'd from heav'n we left our courage there,
 Or lost it in our fall, or that hell's fires
 Have parch'd and wither'd our shrunk sinews up ?
 Delusive hope ! the warrior's nerve is strung 886
 By

By exercise, by pain, by glorious toil :
 The torrid clime of hell, its burning rock,
 Its gulph of liquid flames, in which we roll'd, [fires
 Have calcin'd our strong hearts, breath'd their own
 Into our veins, and forg'd those nerves to steel,
 Which heav'n's calm æther, her voluptuous skies
 And frequent adorations well nigh smooth'd
 To the soft flexibility of slaves,
 Till bold rebellion shook its fetters off, 895
 And with their clangor rais'd so brave a storm,
 That God's eternal throne rock'd to its base.
 Now break we up this council : Each disperse
 Or to his post, his pleasure or pursuit ;
 Sufficeth for this task my single arm : 900
 CHEMOS shall be reveng'd ; the public zeal
 Of MAMMON still shall be our theme of praise ;
 Nor shall ISCARIOT'S nightly plot be foil'd
 By intervening angels, nor these priests,
 Whose seats we fill and whose allies we are, 905
 Fail

Fail of their victim, or find us remiss
 To second them in this our common league
 And joint emprise against the pow'rs of Heav'n.

'Twas said, the princes of th' assembly rose
 In reverence to his will; the legion round 910
 Smote on their shields the signal of assent.
 Tow'ring he stood, the Majesty of Hell,
 Dark o'er his brows thick clouds of vengeance roll'd,
 Thunder was in his voice, his eye shot fire,
 And loud he call'd for buckler and for spear; 915
 These bold AZAZEL bore, enormous weight,
 For Atlantean spirit proper charge:
 With eager grasp he seiz'd the towering mast,
 And shook it like a twig; then with a frown,
 That aw'd the stoutest heart, gave sign for all 920
 Straight to disperse, and vanish'd from their sight.

CALVARY;

OR,

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.



BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

A general review of CHRIST's agony in the garden :....His disciples, who are ordered to watch, fall asleep ; CHRIST prays apart ; he awakens them, and warns them to watch lest they enter into temptation.....SATAN arrives, and takes post near the spot where CHRIST is praying in his agony :....He is discovered by GABRIEL, the supporting angel ; their interview described :....CHRIST approaches, and reproving SATAN, by the word of power casts him to the ground disabled and in torments.....JUDAS now advances with an armed company ; betrays his Master with a kiss :....CHRIST is seized, and carried away to the palace of the high priest.....SATAN, unable to rise, laments over his disconsolate condition :....He is discovered by MAMMON, who consoles him, and assists in raising him from the ground :....SATAN testifies to the power and divinity of CHRIST, feels a presentiment of his impending doom, and having delivered his last injunctions to MAMMON, is lifted from the earth by a stormy gust and carried through the air out of sight of that evil spirit, who, terrified by the fate of his chief, turns to flight and escapes.

CALVARY.



BOOK IV.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

O MOUNT of agony! water'd with tears
From my Redeemer's eyes, and by his knees,
Pressing thy turf, made sacred as the ground,
Where ev'n the chosen Shepherd might not stand
But with unshod feet, Ah! where is now 5
That purifying Angel me to cleanse
From this vile world, that so I may approach,
Though but in thought, with a right spirit renew'd,
Thy hallow'd solitude? Lo! where the Lord
Sorrowing retires apart: Where are the three 10
Station'd to guard his sacred privacy?
Stand they aloof, as their forefathers stood,
When

When from the midst of darkness, cloud and fire,
 JEHOVAH thunder'd out of Sinai's mount ?
 Ah, no ! within that olive grove they lie
 Stretch'd on the ground, a drowsy slumb'ring guard.
 And could ye not, ye sleepers, watch one hour
 For such a Master ? Oh ! what heart could taste
 Of rest or peace, whilst his was rack'd with pain ?
 Was it the sighs his suffering virtue breath'd 20
 Into the air of sad Gethsemanè,
 That so entranc'd your senses ? Or was he,
 The strength'ning Angel, sent from heav'n to shield
 The Savior's anguish from all human eyes,
 And veil the mystery of that awful hour ? 25
 Then was that angry cup, full mix'd and red
 From God's right hand, presented to his lips :
 The bitter essence of origi'nal sin,
 With every life-destroying extract, drawn
 From man's corruption since, were there infus'd, 30
 Compounded and resolv'd into that draught,
 Mix'd

Mix'd by the hand of Death and drugg'd in hell.
 The coward, shrinking under fortune's blows,
 With desperate lip hath oft-times drank and died ;
 'Tis refuge, 'tis desertion from a post 35
 He dares defend no longer, 'tis the hope,
 False fruitless hope, of a perpetual sleep,
 When he hath bottom'd that Lethæan cup :
 But our Redeemer's potion was not such ;
 Horrors and heart-dissolving woes and pangs, 40
 That mock imagination's scope, and stretch
 The heart's strong cordage, till it bursts asunder
 And leaves the mind a wreck, these were the drugs,
 That brew'd that cup of agony, which God
 Now tender'd as the wrath-atoning draught 45
 For a revolted world ! Mysterious act !
 The Father sacrifice the Son belov'd !
 The just to spare the unjust lay the rod
 Upon the guiltless head ! Shall all offend,
 And One atone for all ? One Victim bear 50

The accumulated load of punishment,
 The mass of vengeance, that amazing whole,
 Which each particu'lar sin had pil'd in store,
 And that devoted sacrifice a Lamb
 Pure, without spot or blemish? O my soul! 55
 Beware, nor to that tabernacle press,
 Where clouds and darkness canopy thy God.

Lo! where the Savior kneels; he looks around
 For some to succour, to support, some friend,
 Whose sympathising eye might beam upon him, 60
 And with a moment's glance of pity cheer
 His desolated spirit. All around
 Is vacant horror, solitary, dark;
 The partners of his heart, the chosen few, [sleep,
 The friends, who should have watch'd, are wrapt in
 Insensible, supine, oblivious sleep; 65
 Woes multiplied by woe, and that the worst,
 Ingratitude, the sharpest fang that gnaws
 Man's bleeding bosom. In this sad extreme,
 His

His soul revolting from the noisome draught, 70
 With eyes to Heav'n uplifted, and a sigh,
 Which shew'd that human weakness then o'er-
 His soul's diviner part—Abba! he cries, [power'd
 Father, all things are possible to Thee,
 Remove this cup!—Then bows his patient head 75
 And qualifies the pray'r—Yet not my will,
 But Thine be done!—No voice from Heav'n replies:
 All nature sleeps in silence still as death,
 As if the planets in their spheres had paus'd
 To watch the trembling balance, on whose point 80
 The fortunes of this globe suspended hung,
 Its ruin or redemption, death or life.

'Twas then the strength'ning Angel dealt the blow,
 That put the hovering spy of hell to flight,
 Seen of our LORD in ambush where he lay. 85
 And now the Mourner rises from the earth,
 On which he knelt, and a few paces moves
 Pensive and slow to find his station'd friends;

He finds them not as friends upon the watch,
Not as God's faithful soldiers should be found, 90
But at their length stretch'd out in lazy sleep
With folded arms supine. Rous'd by his voice
They stare, they start confounded and amaz'd.
Could ye not watch one hour? the Sufferer cries :
Watch, for the foe of man is near at hand ; 95
Pray, lest ye fall into the Tempter's snare :
The spi'rit is ready, but the flesh is weak.

So warn'd, he leaves them with this mild rebuke :
A second time he seeks the dismal dell,
Again he prays remission of his woe, 100
And deprecates the agonizing cup :
Meanwhile his drowsy centinels perceive
A languor, which their senses must obey,
And down they sink, their leaden eye-balls clos'd
As in a death-like trance. Again he comes, 105
Again he calls, a second warning gives,
And so departs.—Now SATAN on the wing

Swift

Swift as a fiery meteor rides the air,
 With shield and spear arm'd at all points for war :
 Then down at once with huge Titanian bulk, 110
 Plumb down he lights upon the solid soil,
 Hard by th' angelic post : Earth felt the shock,
 And trembling to her center inly groan'd.
 Nor did his haughty courage deign to crouch,
 Or lurk with lion watch, but firm of foot 115
 Erect and confident in arms he stood,
 As one, whose prowess all advantage scorn'd
 And mean surprize of an unguarded foe :
 Such arts to weaker spirits he resign'd :
 He of his former self felt no decay, 120
 Or feeling scorn'd confession, for his pride
 Still deem'd that heav'n, though lost, contain'd no
 To mate with him in hardihood and proof, [peer
 Save only the Almighty ; to such height
 Of arrogance had pow'r long time usurp'd 125
 Over the Gentile nations, and the sight

Of

Of God's own Son, now, as he falsely deem'd,
Vanquish'd and prostrate, swell'd his impious heart.

Our blessed LORD meanwhile having preferr'd
For the last time his interceding prayer, 130
Summon'd his strength, and conscious that the hour
Was come, which finish'd or revok'd the task
Of man's redemption from the powers of hell,
Whose representative hard by at hand
Stood eager to arrest the forfeit prize, 135
Put forth his hand, and as he took the cup,
SATAN, who stood spectator of the deed,
Started aghast ; cold tremor shook his joints,
His threat'ning spear now droop'd, and his broad
shield,
So proudly borne aloft, weigh'd down his arm 140
Slack and unnerv'd ; confusion seiz'd his heart,
And his high courage quail'd. This GABRIEL saw,
Yet left he not his post till CHRIST had drain'd
The cup mysterious ; to its lowest dregs
He drank it ; now convulsion shook the fiend, 145
Death

Death shriek'd amain and through his hollow ribs
 Drove his own ebon dart with desp'rate rage.
 Bitter the draught and hateful to the taste,
 But Immortality had crown'd the cup,
 And Light and Life on phœnix wings sprung forth
 From the foul dregs in new-born glories bright. 151

GABRIEL, who knew that by this solemn act
 Thus happily perform'd his charge expir'd,
 Now turn'd away in search of that fierce spi'rit,
 Whom through the darkling covert he had seen,
 Whilst by the side of God's afflicted Son 156
 Minist'ring he stood : Right well he knew the form
 And towering port of hell's terrific King ;
 Nor had the dire confusion and dismay
 Of that fell dæmon scap'd th' angelic glance. 160
 Him now within a gloomy dell retir'd
 To further distance, wrapt as it should seem
 In pensive thought, the Guardian Seraph spy'd.
 In the same moment SATAN's ghastly eye

Glanc'd

Glanc'd on his foe : bright in cærulean arms 165
 Heav'n's champion shone, high o'er his crested helm
 The arch-angelic plume triformed wav'd,
 Ensign of throned state and high command.
 The grisly monarch gnash'd his teeth with spite
 To find himself encounter'd at such odds ; 170
 His foe fresh blooming in immortal youth,
 Vigorous, in heav'nly-temper'd armor brac'd ;
 Himself at this ill hour surpriz'd, his strength
 As by enchantment blasted, and that voice,
 Which in the ears of all hell's princes vouch'd 175
 Such bold atchievements, shrunk from its high pitch
 To feeble murmurs and weak whining sighs.

So when on Zama's plain the rival chiefs,
 Rome's consul and the Punic captain, met
 To parley in mid-way 'twixt either camp, 180
 The war-worn veteran, blighted and defac'd
 By wint'ry marches over noisome fens
 And snows on mountains pil'd, with envious eye,

Sole

Sole relick of his toil, survey'd the form
 And blooming features of his youthful foe ; 185
 Then to his mind recalling glories past,
 When his proud menace aw'd immortal Rome,
 Sigh'd to reflect how far in the decline
 From that bright morn his evening sun had sunk ;
 Then ey'd the youth again, and in his face, 190
 Shadow'd by fate, saw Carthage doom'd to fall,
 And his own glories to a foe transferr'd
 Less than his equal once, his conqu'ror now.

But 'twas not long that SATAN so endur'd,
 For now the conscious sense of former deeds 195
 Bold, though unblest, and high innate disdain
 Of mean capitulation and demur
 Rous'd his proud heart, like a hot courser spurr'd,
 'To chafe and lash his languid courage up :
 Red'ning he swell'd and gnaw'd his nether lip 200
 For vengeance that it would not give him words
 'To hurl defiance on th' advancing foe :

When

When GABRIEL, noting his disorder'd mien
And haggard aspect, straight bespoke the fiend.

Thus ever may the foe of CHRIST be found 205
Speechless, abash'd, struck down of Heav'n and
How long, malicious Spi'rit, wilt thou persist [quell'd!
To trouble this vex'd earth? How long to haunt
This righteous person, whose strong virtue mocks
Thy faint attempts? Warn'd by this shame, avaunt!
Hence, baffled Tempter! roaming thus at large, 211
Thou dost but shew by melancholy proof,
That a tormented conscience never rests.

As the fierce panther, through the ribs transfix'd,
Writhes round the bloody weapon in his side, 215
And tugs it to and fro with foamy teeth,
Mad'ning with pain and gnashing at his wound;
So 'gainst himself and foe alike enrag'd,
Hell's gloomy Lord, by this deserved taunt
Cut to the heart, with many a hard essay 220
Struggled for voice; at length collecting breath,
These

These words disdainful, though of their full tone
And energy abated, found their way.

GABRIEL, the brave in danger earn renown ;
True valor spares the weak, but thou, more wise
Than valiant, studiest well the safer hour, 226
When to come forth and wage inglorious war
'Gainst unprovided foes ; if CHEMOS then,
Or some slight Cherub, cross thy wary path,
Woe to the straggler ! if thy barbed spear 230
Can make safe tilt at his unweapon'd side.
But I, who day and night have pac'd this globe,
Found in all quarters, I, who never shun'd,
Rather have sought, thy walk, am left to roam
Free and of thee unquestion'd from the hour, 235
When on the confines of this new-made world
We parlied under Eden's shady fence,
To th' instant now, when faint and ill at ease,
Unwarlike Angel, thou hast found me here
Nerveless, and little more than match for thee. 240

To

To whom th' indignant Virtue thus reply'd :
 If SATAN here is found in evil plight,
 He's found of me unsought. Thine own dark wiles,
 Degen'rate Spi'rit, and Heav'n's all-ruling hand
 Have cast thee in my way. Must I turn off 245
 From duty's road direct because forsooth
 A wounded adder hisses in my path ?
 Why didst thou press into this place of prayer,
 This hallow'd solitude, where CHRIST hath breath'd
 A charm, that withers up thy blasted strength ? 250
 Could'st thou not learn, by late experience taught,
 There is a sphere about the Son of God,
 In which no spi'rit like thee accurst can draw
 His breath blaspheming ? At a word begone ! 254
 Though with my foot I could have spurn'd thee
 I tread not on the fall'n ; nor do I vaunt [hence,
 Conquest of thee ; that to a mightier arm,
 Rebel to God, to God's own Son thou ow'st,
 To CHRIST, not GABRIEL : Nor shalt thou alone
 Stoop

Stoop to his name, but every idol god, 260
 And ev'ry pow'r of darkness with their prince,
 And Sin hell-born, and thy foul offspring Death.

Whereto, by these prophetic words appall'd,
 SATAN with taunting argument replied.

Since this angelic form, from death exempt, 265
 Sometimes shall yield to aches and transient pains
 And natural ailments for a while endur'd,
 What wonder, if ethereal spi'rit like me,
 Pent in this atmosphere and fain to breathe
 The lazy fogs of this unwholesome earth, 270
 Pine for his native clime? What, if he droop,
 Worn out with care and toil? Wert thou as I
 Driv'n to and fro, and by God's thunder hurl'd
 From Heav'n's high ramparts, would that silken form
 Abide the tossing on hell's fiery lake? 275
 Hadst thou like me travers'd the vast profound
 Of antient Night, and beat the weary wing
 Through stormy Chaos, voyage rude as this

Would

Would ruffle those fine plumes. I've kept my course
 Through hurricanes, the least of which let loose 280
 On this firm globe would winnow it to dust,
 Snap like a weaver's thread the mighty chain,
 That links it to heav'n's adamantine floor,
 And whirl it through the Infinite of Space.
 And what hast thou, soft Cherub, done the whilst?
 What are thy labors? What hast thou atchiev'd? 286
 Heav'n knows no winter, there no tempests howl;
 To breathe perpetual spring, to sleep supine
 On flowery beds of amaranth and rose,
 Voluptuous slavery, was GABRIEL'S choice: 290
 His bosom never drew th' indignant sigh,
 That rent my heart, when call'd to morning hymn
 I paid compulsive homage at God's throne,
 Warbling feign'd hallelujahs to his praise.
 Spirits of abject mould, and such art thou, 295
 May call this easy service, for they love
 Ignoble ease; to me the fulsome task

Was

Was bitterest slavery, and though I fell,
I fell opposing ; exil'd both from heav'n
Freedom and I shar'd the same glorious fall. 300
Go back then to thy drudgery of praise,
Practise new canticles and tune thy throat
To flattery's fawning pitch ; leave me my groans,
Leave me to teach these echoes how to curse ;
Here let me lie and make this rugged stone 305
My couch, my canopy this stormy cloud,
That rolls stern winter o'er my fenceless head ;
'Tis freedom's privilege, nor tribute owes,
Nor tribute pays to Heav'n's despotic King.

Thus whilst he spake, the Savior of mankind, 310
New ris'n from pray'r, drew nigh ; whereat the fiend,
Or e'er the awful presence met his eye,
Shivering, as one by sudden fever seiz'd,
Turn'd deadly pale ; then fell to earth convuls'd.
Dire were the yells he vented, fierce the throes 315
That writh'd his tortur'd frame, whilst thro' the seams

And

And chinks, that in his jointed armour gap'd,
 Blue sulph'rous flames in livid flashes burst,
 So hot the hell within his fuel'd heart,
 Which like a furnace sev'n times heated rag'd. 320
 Meanwhile the winged Messenger of Heaven,
 GABRIEL, with horror and amazement fix'd,
 Stood motionless behind his orb'd shield :
 Not so the Savior ; he with look compos'd
 And stedfast noting the disastrous plight 325
 Of that tormented fiend, these words address'd.

SATAN, thou see'st the serpent's primal curse
 At length falls heavy on thy bruised head ;
 When man lost Paradise, by thee betray'd,
 This was thy doom, Deceiver ; and although 330
 Ages have roll'd on ages since, yet God,
 Who from eternal to eternal lives
 Blessed for evermore, computes not time
 As thou, whose mis'ry makes short years seem long.
 Yet was the interim thine, and thou, who first 335
 Brought'st

Brought'st sin into the world, hast reign'd in sin :
 Thou hadst the power of death, but I through death
 Am destin'd to destroy that power and thee.
 And now my hour is come, I go to death,
 That all through me may live ; therefore begone ! 340
 Get thee behind me ! Thou hast now no part
 On earth, thy dwelling is prepar'd in hell :
 There when we meet, expect to meet thy doom.

This said, the fiend replied not but with groans,
 Nor staid the Angel longer than to turn 345
 One last sad look upon his prostrate foe,
 Then flew to heav'n. The Savior bent his steps
 In search of his disciples ; them he found
 Wrapt as before in sleep. — Sleep on, he cried,
 And henceforth take your rest : It is enough : 350
 The hour is come. Behold ! the Son of man
 Into the hands of sinners is betray'd :
 Rise, let us go ! The traitor is at hand.

And lo ! while yet he spake a mingled crew

Arm'd and unarm'd approach ; before them all 355
JUDAS advancing thus bespeaks the throng :
Whom I shall kiss is he, the CHRIST : Him seize
And in safe keeping hold.—Upon the word
He gives the trait'rous greeting, and exclaims,
Hail, Master !—When at once the swarming crowd
Rush in a space, then stand in circle round, 361
Like blood-hounds held at bay, their eager eyes
Fix'd on his face, which to behold they rear
Their flaming torches, whilst the prospect round
Glares with the ruddy blaze ; a ghastly troop, 365
Like that dread chorus, which the tragic bard
Pour'd on the scene, when the Athenian wives
Dropt their abortive burthens with affright,
To see their snaky locks and fiery brands
Kindled in Phlegethon's sulphureous waves : 370
So glares that haggard crew : in front they see
JESUS in conscious majesty unmov'd,
Behind him to some little space withdrawn

PETER

PETER and JAMES and JOHN, the chosen Three,
 Small band, but in their Leader's power a host 375
 Invincible, 'gainst whom whole armies leagu'd
 Were but as chaff before the whirlwind's blast,
 Had he so will'd ; but now with accent firm,
 Whom seek ye ? he demands : They answer make,
 JESUS of Nazareth.—I am the man, 380
 JESUS replies ; He, whom ye seek, is found.
 His air, his utterance, and that voice divine,
 Which could have arm'd Heav'n's legions in his
 Or gulph'd them to the center at a word, [cause,
 Swift as the vollied thunder smote their hearts, 385
 And hurl'd'd them to the ground : Headlong they fell
 With hideous crash, nor ever thence had ris'n,
 Had not his gracious purpose so decreed
 For man's redemption : Up they rise from earth,
 And in like manner to the same demand 390
 A second time make answer ; he repeats—
 I told you, and ye heard, that I am He :

If therefore me ye seek, let these depart.
 Then burst the chidden zeal of PETER forth,
 Arm'd with a sword he rush'd upon the throng 395
 And at the foremost aim'd a random blow,
 That gash'd the caitiff's head, but miss'd the life.

Put up thy sword, rash man! the Savior cries,
 Did I want rescue, would I ask of thee,
 With all my Father's Angels at command? 400
 No! let me do His will and drink His cup:
 And you, that here encompass me about,
 As 'twere a felon ye came out to take,
 With swords and staves, suffer thus far, behold!
 The wound his weapon makes my touch shall heal:
 'Tis done! Know all, that they, who take the sword,
 Shall perish by the sword. What needs this stir,
 This midnight plotting and this traitor's kiss,
 These staves, these torches and this arm'd array
 To make one harmless peaceful man your prize?
 You saw me daily in my public walks, 411

Freely

Freely we commun'd, for you harm'd me not ;
 You heard me in the temple ; for I taught
 In very zeal the simple way of truth,
 Lab'ring full hard to turn your hearts to God : 415
 If this were my offence, why not arrest
 Your Preacher in the act, and drag to death
 Him, who would fain have train'd you in the road
 To life eternal? Never on the poor
 Turn'd I my back ; I courted not the rich ; 420
 Were this my fault, in the broad face of day
 Ye might have smitten me and earn'd the praise
 Of the proud Pharisee and braggart Scribe :
 I fed the hungry and I heal'd your sick,
 I succour'd the tormented and possest ; 425
 Are these the heinous acts for which I die ?
 In field, in city, in frequented ways,
 The wretched flock'd around, if these be crimes,
 Why is their punishment so long reserv'd
 To this dark hour of night ? The sun himself 430

Witness'd

Witness'd my doings, so might he my death.
 But see! my followers are dispers'd and fled,
 And I stand in your peril here alone :
 No need to fear him, who makes no defence ;
 Conduct me to my doom : God's will be done ! 435

This said, their sacrilegious hands they laid
 Upon his sacred person : He in' the midst
 With meek composure and submitted look
 March'd slowly onward, as they led the way
 To the proud dome of CAIAPHAS, high-priest 440
 Of MOLOCH than of God more fitly call'd.

Oh! ye hard hearts, was this the Paschal Lamb,
 Ye worse than pagan butchers, whom ye cull'd
 Pure and unspotted for your bloody feast ?
 Well did your Lawgiver decree this day 445
 A record and memorial to be kept
 Throughout your generations to all time ;
 A memorable day, a noted feast
 Your stubborn incredulity hath made it.

To

To you a day of darkness and disgrace ; 450
 To us Salvation's glorious dawn, to us
 By our great Captain led, the Lord of Life,
 Who through the darksome avenue of death
 And depths mysterious of the mazy grave,
 Holding the clue of prophecy in hand, 455
 Unravell'd all the ways of Providence
 And to our view set ope the golden gates
 Of Paradise regain'd, whence light and life
 And bliss eternal beam on all mankind ;
 For all, who with their lips confess the Lord, 460
 And in their hearts believe that from the dead
 God in his pow'r hath rais'd him, shall be sav'd.

Meanwhile the prince of hell, whom CHRIST had
 Rolling in torments on the stony rock, [left
 Mad as leviathan, when tempest-wreck'd 465
 Flound'ring he lies upon the shoaly beach,
 Now to one last and desperate effort driv'n,
 Straining each nerve with many a dolorous groan

Half

Half his huge length had rear'd. His right hand
 His spear, the other on his buckler propp'd [grasp'd
 Pillow'd his head, raging with pain and thoughts 471
 Black as the night around him : To arise
 And stand surpass'd his power ; in vain he spread
 His feathery vans to raise him in the air ;
 About him all the ground with azure plumes 475
 Beat from his shatter'd pinions was bestrewn :
 Despair now seiz'd him, now too late he rued
 His blasphemies and bold rebellious taunts
 'Gainst Heav'n's Omnipotent, his Judge incens'd :
 Hopeless of mercy now he curs'd his doom 480
 Of immortality, and as he roll'd
 His haggard eyes in night, hell's flaming gulph,
 Terrific vision, seem'd to burst upon him
 With treble horrors charg'd ; then with a sigh,
 That strain'd his heaving cors'let, he breath'd forth
 In murmuring lamentations these sad words. 486
 Ah ! who will lift me from this iron bed,

On which Prometheus-like for ever link'd
 And rivetted by dire necessity
 I'm doom'd to lie, and wail the cruel boon 490
 Of immortality, my baneful fate?
 O earth, earth, earth! Cannot my groans pervade
 Thy stony heart to' embowel me alive
 Under this rock, before to-morrow's sun
 Find me here weltering in the sordid dust, 495
 A spectacle of scorn to all my host,
 Wont to behold in me their kingly chief?
 Will not some pitying earthquake gulph me down
 To where the everlasting fountains sleep,
 That in those wat'ry caverns I might slake 500
 These fires, that shrivel my parch'd sinews up?
 Ah! whither shall I turn? Who will unbrace
 This scalding mail, that burns my tortur'd breast
 Worse than the shirt of Nessus? Oh! for pity,
 Grant me a moment's interval of ease, 505
 Avenging, angry Deity! Draw back

Thy

Thy red right hand, that with the lightning arm'd
 Thrust to my heart makes all my boiling blood
 Hiss in my veins ; or if thou wilt destroy
 Whom thou hast vanquish'd, terminate these feuds
 'Twixt good and evil, thee and me, reduce 511
 This incorruptible to mould'ring dust,
 Make Death a parricide, and so conclude
 Me and my sufferings and my sins at once.
 But 'twill not be. Happy I might have been, 515
 Immortal I must be : God can create
 Nothing but bliss ; I made the pains I feel :
 Sorrow had no existence, Death no name
 Till I lost heav'n ; to be was to be blest,
 And beings blest could never cease to be. 520
 This earth and man its habitant were good,
 Till envy, pride, rebellion, in my heart
 Engend'ring, marr'd God's perfect work with sin ;
 And but for sin the universe were heav'n :
 So am I author of the hell within me, 525
 And

And these tormenting fires God cannot quench ;
For that would be to turn from what he is,
Parent of good, and to become like me
Patron and friend of evil. Reas'ning thus
I must renounce all hope of future peace, 530
And wage eternal enmity with God,
Whom longer to oppose I now despair,
And under whose strong hand weigh'd down to earth
Prostrate, confounded, I can rise no more.
Must I be ever thus? Must these fierce pangs, 535
Or worse, if worse can be, torment me ever ?
Are there no means to make a truce with Heav'n ?
Submission, penitence, atonement, pray'rs
And intercessions—Oh ! fallacious, vain,
Impracticable terms ! Can pride shed tears, 540
Falsehood keep faith, or perjury pass its oath
Upon that Judge, to whom all hearts are known ?
It cannot be. Ages of sin have roll'd
'Twixt me and pardon, gulph impassable.

Man's

Man's loss of Paradise, a delug'd world, 545
 Sin paramount on earth, the nations turn'd
 From God to idols, scarce a remnant left
 Of this his chosen race, corruption spread
 Ev'n to' the heart of Judah', and from this Mount,
 Sad witness of my overthrow and shame, 550
 Scene of my triumphs once, his standard torn
 And hell's proud banners flanting in its place ;
 These and a countless multitude of wrongs
 Cry in the catalogue so loud against me,
 That should the thunder of God's vengeance sleep,
 Mercy herself would seize th' uplifted bolt 556
 And speed the ling'ring blow. What is my hope,
 If such the task to purchase peace for man,
 Man so subordinate in sin to me,
 The spring and fountain-head of that foul stream, 560
 Which he at distance drank ? If CHRIST must die
 For man, if nothing less than God's own Son
 Can stand betwixt the Father's wrath and man,
 What

What mediator can be found for me ?
None, and no wonder if his wrath, withdrawn 565
From man now pardon'd, fall with worse recoil
On my devoted head : Ev'n now it falls.
Me like an eagle in my tow'ring flight,
From the proud zenith of the sun's bright sphere
Headlong he hurls to earth with shatter'd wing 570
And plumes dishevell'd grov'ling in the dust :
Me, the sole mover of man's foul revolt,
He marks for tenfold vengeance ; for if CHRIST,
The patient meek Redeemer, groans in pain,
What shall the Tempter feel ? If on the rack 575
Of agony his guiltless brow sweats blood,
Well may this body' of sin burst out in flames,
A conflagration horrible to sight,
And blazing beacon to th' astonish'd world.
And what is this vile JUDAS, who seduc'd 580
By wily MAMMON sells his Master's life ?
What PETER's self, whom, had not JESUS pray'd,
I'd

I'd sifted into chaff? These purblind priests,
 Who with their half-shut eyes askance behold
 Their own Messiah in his wondrous acts, 585
 Yet give those wonders to the powers of hell,
 And trembling for their craft complot his death,
 What are they? Whence but from myself their lyes?
 'Tis I in them, and not they of themselves,
 That kill the Prince of Peace; his guiltless blood 590
 Sprinkles their hands, but in a flood-gate tide
 Redder than scarlet whelms my sinking soul.

He ceas'd, and in his mantle hid his face
 For shame and sorrow to be thus surpriz'd;
 For MAMMON, ever on the foot by night, 595
 Had spied him through the gloom, and thus began.

What ails thee, Prince of air, that here thou liest
 On the dull earth, not resting it should seem
 From victory, but vanquish'd and o'erthrown?

Vanquish'd, alas! and in the dust o'erthrown 600
 By God's all-pow'rful Son, SATAN replied,

Too sure I am ; and how it wrings this heart
So to be found of thee words cannot speak.
Yet thou of all the spirits heav'n hath lost
Art he, of whom my pride hath least to fear ; 605
For thou wilt not as others gall my spleen
With scorn and taunting : Thou, a friendly chief,
Hast pity for the sorrows of a friend ;
To thee my valor and deserts are known,
For thou wert ever nearest where I fought 610
In front of danger on the battle's edge ;
Thou know'st the hazard and the chance of war,
And with what malice fortune thwarts our best,
Our bravest efforts : Scarr'd thyself with wounds,
Thou from the wounded wilt not turn aside ; 615
Therefore, O MAMMON, as my hand to thee
Were present, didst thou need it, so to me,
Thy sovereign in distress, reach forth thine hand,
And, if thou canst, upraise me from this fall ;
If thou canst not, let not my armies know 620
Thei_r

Their leader's fate, be mindful of my fame,
And bury this sad secret in thy breast.

He said, nor need had he of further suit,
For MAMMON now had put forth all his strength
To raise him from the ground ; in his strong grasp
He seiz'd his giant limbs in armour clad 626
Of adamant and gold, a ponderous wreck :
Earth trembled with the shock ; dire were the groans
Hell's Monarch vented, horrible the pains,
That rack'd his stiffen'd joints ; yet on he toil'd 630
Till by Heav'n's sufferance rather than by aid
Of arm angelic once again he rear'd
His huge Titanian stature to the skies,
And stood ; yet not as late with look erect
And lofty mien : Ruin was in his face ; 635
Sordid and soil'd with ignominious dust
His robe imperial, and his azure wings
And glossy locks, that o'er his shoulders curl'd,
Dishevell'd now, and in like tatter'd trim

With

With vessel tempest-torn or by the force 640
 Of engines weigh'd from bottom of the deep,
 Founder'd in creek or harbor, where she lay
 Gulph'd in the slimy ooze; when MAMMON thus :
 Joy to our gallant Leader! Once again
 With firm foot planted on the subject earth 645
 We stand as spi'rits by our own strength redeem'd
 Erect and dauntless. Wherefore droops that eye,
 As it would root itself into the soil,
 From which with vigor new restor'd you rise
 Antæus-like indignant of defeat? 650
 Oft, when in search of gold or silver ore
 In earth's metallic veins, I've labor'd long
 And hard, in damp and darksome caverns pent,
 Mining the solid rock, at length to light
 And the free air emerg'd, I've found my limbs 655
 Stiffen'd with cramps, or with cold ague numb'd :
 Yet never did my patient courage droop
 Or slack its gainful toil. I am not apt,

When wealth or glory can be bought with pain,
 To stagger at the terms; and if it please 660
 Heav'n's Monarch in his vengeance to attach
 To this eternal be'ing eternal pain,
 Good hope, as poisons may be sheath'd by use,
 So long familiarity with pain
 May draw its sting, and habitude convert 665
 Its hostile property to friendly ease.
 But thy great heart perhaps is rent with grief,
 Of pain disdainful as of lesser ill: [heaven,
 And wherefore grieve? Our joys were lost with
 Our passions all revers'd, our natures chang'd, 670
 Virtues to vices, amity to hate;
 Deeds, that in heav'n had been our shame, in hell
 Become our glory; and whilst the world endures,
 Whilst evil is to good oppos'd, we keep
 The fight at doubtful issue, oft-times win 675
 The glorious field and triumph over God.
 Why did I tempt ISCARIOT to betray

His

His guiltless Master? 'Twas not that I lov'd
 The traitor, no, the treason was my joy ;
 I laugh at fools in their own folly caught : 680
 The wretch I tempted, him I shall destroy,
 And like a worn-out weapon cast him by ;
 He shall not live to see his Master's fall,
 And for the sorry purchase of his sin
 He shall but touch the adder's sting and die : 685
 So much for JUDAS ! Thus at once I slay
 Two victims and refine upon revenge.

To whom with clouded brow and nothing cheer'd
 By this discourse hell's gloomy Power replied :

MAMMON, you well describe the rueful change
 Wrought in us by our overthrow from heav'n, 691
 And for such solace as in thought you find
 Pondering the sad eternity of pain,
 My argument shall never be employ'd
 To make that little less ; but when you vaunt 695
 ISCARIOT'S treason and th' impending fall

Of that just Person, now before the bar
 Of envious judges, who shall doom his death,
 You vaunt a deed, which, though the' elect of hell
 Jointly with me advis'd, brings on us all 700
 Ruin with loss of empire, and all hope
 So quenches, nought can stand us now in stead
 But patience and your reconciling rules
 To wont our natures to eternal pain.
 My potency you know, and can you think 705
 Less than the hand of God could hurl me down
 To misery like this? It must be God,
 Who speaks in CHRIST, the Father in the Son:
 Though meek, Almighty he controuls the world
 And me the world's late master ; he destroys 710
 Sin my begotten and Sin's offspring Death.
 Oh! that I never had approach'd him more,
 Foil'd in my first temptation. Now, ev'n now,
 I feel a nature in me, not mine own,
 That is my master and against my will 715
Enforces

Enforces truths prophetic from my tongue,
Making me rev'rence whom in heart I hate :
I feel that now, though lifted from the ground,
I stand or move or speak but as he wills,
By influence not by freedom : I perceive 720
These exhalations, that the night breathes on me,
Are loaded with the vaporous steams of hell ;
I scent them in the air, and well I know
The angel of destruction is abroad.
I cannot fly from fate ; the man foredoom'd 725
To bruise my head is CHRIST, the time is come,
The prophecy is full ; exil'd from hence,
As first from heav'n, my reign on earth is o'er,
And my last care is for those hapless friends,
The partners of my fall, when I am gone 730
Left like a headless trunk. Warn them to fly
Impending ruin ; sure I am, when CHRIST
Breathes forth his sacred spi'rit into the air,
His dying gasp shall blow them like a spell

To

To the four winds of heav'n : Let them be gone 735
 In time and ply the wing ; there's shelter yet
 In this wide world for them : Though I must hence,
 They may abide, and though their names be lost,
 Their altars levell'd and their idols maim'd,
 Yet shall their arts and offices endure, 740
 Their influences still shall draw the hearts
 Of many ; sin shall not at once secede
 From earth, nor darkness wholly yield to light.
 To thee, auspicious spi'rit, whose potent arm
 Hath rais'd me from the ground, I can assure 745
 A longer term of residence and power :
 Thy empire in earth's inmost centre roots,
 Thy influence circulates through all her veins ;
 Nor earth alone, but ocean wafts to thee
 Continual tribute ; commerce hails thy name ; 750
 In thee war triumphs, thee fair peace adores
 And gilds the feathers of her dove with gold
 To dedicate to thee her worldly god,

Thee,

Thee, the last foe whom CHRIST shall chase from
 So spake the parting fiend in his last hour [earth.
 Prophetic, father though he were of lyes : 756
 To him the inferior dæmon answer none
 Attempted, but in ghastly silence stood
 Gazing with horror on his chieftain's face,
 That chang'd all hues by fits, as when the North, 760
 With nitrous vapours charg'd, convulsive shoots
 Its fiery darts athwart the trembling pole,
 Making heav'n's vault a canopy of blood ;
 So o'er the visage of the exorcis'd fiend
 Alternate gleams like meteors came and went ; 765
 And ever and anon he beat his breast,
 That quick and short with lab'ring pulses heav'd.
 One piteous look he upward turn'd, one sigh
 From his sad heart he fain had sent to heav'n,
 But ere the hopeless messenger could leave 770
 His quiv'ring lips, by sudden impulse seiz'd
 He finds himself uplifted from the earth ;

His

His azure wings, to sooty black now chang'd,
 In wide expanse from either shoulder stretch
 For flight involuntary : Up he springs 775
 Whirl'd in a fiery vortex round and round ;
 As when the Lybian wilderness caught up
 In sandy pillar by the eddying winds
 Moves horrible, the grave of man and beast ;
 Him thus ascending the fork'd light'ning smites 780
 With sidelong volley, whilst loud thunders rock
 Heav'n's echoing vault, when all at once, behold!
 Caught in the stream of an impetuous gust
 High in mid-air, swift on the level wing
 Northward he shoots and like a comet leaves 785
 Long fiery track behind, speeding his course
 Straight to the realms of Chaos and old Night,
 Hell-bound and to Tartarean darkness doom'd.

His sad associate, left on earth, look'd up
 And with like conscious terror ey'd his flight, 790
 As when the merchant trembling for his freight

Looks

Looks seaward from some promontory's top,
And thence descries his gallant bark a wreck
Driving at mercy of the winds and waves
Full on the rocky shoal, her certain grave; 795
Then having bid farewell to all his hope
In this one bottom stor'd, now lost to sight,
Turns with a sigh aside, and o'er the strand
With heavy heart takes homeward his slow way.

So sigh'd the fiend, and for his own sad fate 800
Trembling yet fearful to attempt the wing,
Slunk cowering off veil'd in the shades of night.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

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