

but never in reality is it looked on with indifference. The Stoic may affect to contemn it, but he is either acting a part, or his contempt is not of Death but of Life. The thought of Lucan is poetical, but not persuasive, that "the Gods conceal from men the happiness of Death that they may endure life." Hobbes, afraid both of Night and Death, and associating those ideas in a mind, notwithstanding its scepticism, not wholly divested of the dreams of the nursery, used to call the latter "the leap in the dark." Where the apprehension of Death, prepared to strike, perpetually haunts the imagination, life can afford no happiness. The horror of death is finely depicted in Claudio's speech:

" Ah! but to die, and go we know not where,  
 To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;  
 This sensible warm motion to become  
 A kneaded clod: and the delighted spirit  
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;  
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
 And blown with restless violence round about  
 The pendent world——  
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life,  
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
 Can lay on nature, 's a paradise  
 To what we fear of Death."

From these distressing images the poetry of Garth tries to relieve us, (himself dying in that faith,) assuring us that,

" To die is landing on a friendly shore,  
 Where billows never beat or tempests roar;  
 E'er we can feel the fatal stroke 'tis o'er."

It has been often said and seen that weeping friends, the tolling bell, the plumed hearse, the opening grave, are awful, but purely dramatic terrors—