

O sacred towers sacred in your height,
 Mingling with clouds, the villas of the gods,
 Whither for sacred pleasures they retire :
 Your lofty looks boast your divine descent ;
 And the proud city which lies at your feet,
 And would give place to nothing but to you,
 Owns her original is short of yours.
 And now a thousand objects ride more fast
 On morning beams, and meet my eyes in throngs :
 And see, all Argos meets me with loved shouts !
Philisthenes. O joyful sound !
Thy. But with them Atreus too—
Phil. What ails my father that he stops and shakes
 And now retires ?
Thy. Return with me my son,
 And old friend Peneus to the honest beasts,
 And faithful desert, and well-seated cares ;
 Trees shelter man, by whom they often die,
 And never seek revenge ; no villainy
 Lies in the prospect of a humble care.
Pen. Talk you of villainy, of foes, and fraud ?
Thy. I talk of Atreus.
Pen. What are these to him !
Thy. Nearer than I am, for they are himself.
Pen. God drive these impious thoughts out of your mind !
Thy. The gods for all our safety put them there.
 Return, return with me.
Pen. Against our oaths !
 I cannot stem the vengeance of the gods.
Thy. Here are no gods ; they've left this dire abode.
Pen. True race of Tantalus ! who parent-like
 Are doomed in midst of plenty to be starved,
 His hell and yours differ alone in this :
 When he would catch at joys, they fly from him ;
 When glories catch at you, you fly from them.
Thy. A fit comparison ; our joys and his
 Are lying shadows, which to trust is hell.

The following selections also contain some fine thoughts :

WISHES FOR OBSCURITY.

How miserable a thing is a great man !
 Take noisy vexing greatness they that please ;
 Give me obscure and safe, and silent ease.
 Acquaintance and commerce let me have none
 With any powerful thing but time alone :
 My rest let time be fearful to offend.
 And creep by me as by a slumbering friend ;
 Till, with ease glutted, to my bed I steal,
 As men to sleep after a plenteous meal,
 Oh, wretched he, who called abroad by power,
 To know himself can never find an hour !
 Strange to himself, but to all others known,
 Lends every one his life, but uses none ;
 So, ere he tasted life, to death he goes,
 And himself loses ere himself he knows.

PASSIONS.

We oft by lightning read in darkest nights ;
 And by your passions I read all your natures,
 Thou you at other times can keep them dark.

LOVE IN WOMEN.

These are great maxims, sir, it is confessed ;
 Too stately for a woman's narrow breast.
 Poor love is lost in men's capacious minds ;
 In ours it fills up all the room it finds.