

THE SOLILOQUY OF CATO.

CATO, solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture. In his hand, PLATO's book on The Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on a table by him.

It must be so! PLATO, thou reason'st well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after Immortality!
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought! Why shrinks the Soul
Back on herself; and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us!
'Tis Heaven itself, that points out an Hereafter;
And intimates Eternity to Man!

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried Being,
Through what new scenes and changes, must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded, prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it!

Here, will I hold! If there 's a Power above us
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud