

when he peopled his *Tartarus* with the ancient scourges of the human race. An authority sacred among christians has indeed given us a most awful confirmation of his doctrine.

A PROPHET and POET indeed, whose inspiration was truly from Heaven, the incomparably sublime ISAIAH, foretelling the fall of Babylon, has an ODE of *triumph*, wherein he exults over its haughty Monarch in strains of wonderful *irony* and reproach. He reprobates him as a destroyer of mankind; who had "made the world a wilderness." He represents the whole earth as delivered from a curse by his fall! The trees of the forest rejoice, because he is laid low! The very grave refuses a covering to his execrable corse! he is consign'd to the depths of misery; while the infernal mansions themselves are moved at his approach, and the ghosts of departed tyrants rise up, in horrid array and mockery of triumph, to bid him welcome to his final abode!

THE astonishing grandeur and spirit of this passage, and indeed of the whole Ode, are unrivalled by any Poet of Greek or Roman name.

"How hath the oppressor ceased! The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked! He that smote the people in wrath—that ruled the nations in anger—is persecuted and none hindereth! The whole earth is at rest—they break forth into singing; yea the Fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the Cedars of Lebanon, saying, since thou art laid down no feller is come up against us.

"HELL from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming. It stirreth up the dead for thee—even the chiefs of the nations! They say unto thee, art thou also become weak as we? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave—How art thou fallen,

"O *Lucifer*,

* Alcaeus himself (saith Bishop Newton) so highly renowned for his hatred of tyranny, and whose odes are alike animated by the spirit of Liberty and Poetry, has nothing that can be compared with the Prophet in this place.