

Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
 Of some great ammiral, were but a wand)  
 He walked with, to support uneasy steps  
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps  
 On heaven's azure; and the torrid clime  
 Smote on him sore beside, vaulted with fire.  
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach  
 Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called  
 His legions, angel-forms, who lay entranced  
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
 In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades  
 High over-arched embower, or scattered sedge  
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed  
 Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew  
 Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,  
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses  
 And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrewn,  
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous change.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.<sup>1</sup>

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;  
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
 When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,  
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans  
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled  
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
 To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow  
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway  
 The triple Tyrant,<sup>2</sup> that from these may grow  
 A hundred-fold, who, having learnt thy way,  
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This sonnet refers to the persecution instituted in 1655 by the Duke of Savoy against the Vaudois Protestants. <sup>2</sup> The Pope, who wore the triple crown or tiara.  
<sup>3</sup> The Papacy, with which the Protestant reformers identified Babylon the Great, the "Scarlet Woman" of Revelation.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

THE VANITY OF MONUMENTS.

[From *Urn Burial*]

There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. . . . The iniquity<sup>1</sup> of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives, that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations and Thersites<sup>2</sup> is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favor of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methusaleh's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired.<sup>3</sup> The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story, and the reported names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina<sup>4</sup> of life, and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions and makes but winter arches, and, therefore, it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness and have our light in ashes. Since the brother<sup>5</sup> of death daily haunts us with dying mementoes, and time that grows old in itself bids us hope no long duration; diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation. . . .

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end. All others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction, which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain of omnipo-

<sup>1</sup> Injustice. <sup>2</sup> See Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida*. <sup>3</sup> That is, bribed, bought off.  
<sup>4</sup> The goddess of childbirth. We must die to be born again. <sup>5</sup> Sleep.

tency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only<sup>1</sup> destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustrations, and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape<sup>2</sup> in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave, solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery<sup>3</sup> in the infamy of his nature.

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JOHN DRYDEN.

THE CHARACTER OF ZIMRI.<sup>4</sup>

[From *Absalom and Achitophel*.]

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,  
A man so various that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:  
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
Was every thing by turns, and nothing long;  
But in the course of one revolving moon  
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;  
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking,  
Blest madman, who could every hour employ  
With something new to wish or to enjoy!  
Railing and praising were his usual themes,  
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:  
So over-violent or over-civil  
That every man with him was God or Devil.  
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;  
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.  
Beggared by fools whom still he found<sup>5</sup> too late,  
He had his jest, and they had his estate.  
He laughed himself from court; then sought relief  
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:

<sup>1</sup> That is, the only one who can.   <sup>2</sup> Freak   <sup>3</sup> Ostentation.   <sup>4</sup> This is a satirical sketch of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.   <sup>5</sup> Found out, detected.

For spite of him, the weight of business fell  
To Absalom and wise Achitophel.<sup>1</sup>  
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,  
He left not faction, but of that was left.

THE CHEATS OF HOPE.

[From *Aurengzebe*.]

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;  
Yet, fooled with hope, men favor the deceit,  
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;  
To-morrow's falser than the former day,  
Lies worse, and while it says we shall be blest  
With some new joys, cuts off what we possessed.  
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,  
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain,  
And from the dregs of life think to receive  
What the first sprightly running could not give.  
I'm tired of waiting for this chymic<sup>2</sup> gold  
Which fools us young and beggars us when old.

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JONATHAN SWIFT.

THE EMPEROR OF LILLIPUT.

[From *Gulliver's Travels*.]

He is taller by almost the breadth of my nail than any of his court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off; however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the descrip-

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Monmouth and the Earl of Shaftesbury.

<sup>2</sup> The gold which the alchemists tried to make from base metals.

tion. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long: the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it, when I stood up.

### THE STRULDBRUGS.

[From *Gulliver's Travels*.]

One day in much good company, I was asked by a person of quality whether I had seen any of their *Struldbrugs*, or immortals? I said I had not, and desired he would explain to me what he meant by such an appellation, applied to a mortal creature. He told me that sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family with a red circular spot in the forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die. . . . He said these births were so rare that he did not believe there could be above eleven hundred *Struldbrugs* of both sexes in the whole kingdom; of which he computed about fifty in the metropolis, and among the rest, a young girl born about three years ago; that these productions were not peculiar to any family, but a mere effect of chance; and the children of the *Struldbrugs* themselves were equally mortal with the rest of the people. . . . After this preface, he gave me a particular account of the *Struldbrugs* among them. He said they commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old; after which, by degrees, they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession; for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more, which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed are the vices of the younger sort and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral they lament and repine that others are gone to a harbor of rest, to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no

remembrance of any thing but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect. And for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in others. . . . At ninety, they lose their teeth and hair; they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking, they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relatives. For the same reason they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable. . . . They are despised and hated by all sorts of people; when one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly. . . . They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld; and the women were homelier than the men. Beside the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness, in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described; and among half a dozen I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them.

### ALEXANDER POPE.

#### A CHARACTER OF ADDISON.

[From the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.]

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires  
True genius kindles and fair fame inspires;  
Blest with each talent and each art to please,  
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:  
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;  
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
And hate, for arts that caused himself to rise;  
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;  
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike;

Alike reserved to blame or to commend,  
 A timorous foe and a suspicious friend;  
 Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged;  
 And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;  
 Like *Cato*,<sup>1</sup> give his little Senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his own applause;  
 While wits and templars<sup>2</sup> every sentence raise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—  
 Who but must laugh if such a man there be?  
 Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

## AN ORNAMENT TO HER SEX.

[From the *Epistle of the Characters of Women*.]

See how the world its veterans rewards!  
 A youth of frolic, an old age of cards;  
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,  
 Young without lovers, old without a friend;  
 A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;  
 Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot.  
 Ah! Friend,<sup>3</sup> to dazzle let the vain design;  
 To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine!  
 That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring<sup>4</sup>  
 Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing.  
 So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,  
 All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,  
 Serene in virgin majesty she shines,  
 And unobserved, the glaring orb declines.  
 Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray  
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;  
 She who can love a sister's charms, or hear  
 Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;  
 She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,  
 Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;  
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,  
 Yet has her humour most when she obeys;  
 Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,  
 Disdains all loss of tickets or Codille;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A reference to Addison's tragedy of *Cato*.    <sup>2</sup> Young lawyers resident in the temple. See Spenser's *Prothalamion*.    <sup>3</sup> Martha Blount, a dear friend of the poet's.  
<sup>4</sup> The fashionable promenade in Hyde Park.    <sup>5</sup> The "pool" in the game of ombre.

Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,  
 And mistress of herself though china fall. . . .  
 Be this a woman's fame: with this unblest,  
 Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.  
 This Phœbus promised (I forget the year)  
 When those blue eyes first opened on the sphere;  
 Ascendant Phœbus watched that hour with care,  
 Averted half your parents' simple prayer;  
 And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf  
 That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.  
 The generous God who wit and gold refines,  
 And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,  
 Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,  
 To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

## JOSEPH ADDISON.

## SIGNOR NICOLINI AND THE LION.

[From the *Spectator*.]

There is nothing that of late years has afforded matter of greater amusement to the town than Signor Nicolini's combat with a lion in the Haymarket, which has been very often exhibited to the general satisfaction of most of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom of Great Britain. . . . But before I communicate my discoveries I must acquaint the reader that upon my walking behind the scenes last winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally jostled against a monstrous animal that extremely startled me, and, upon my nearer survey of it, appeared to be a lion rampant. The lion, seeing me very much surprised, told me in a gentle voice that I might come by him if I pleased; "for," says he, "I do not intend to hurt any body." I thanked him very kindly and passed by him, and in a little time after saw him leap upon the stage and act his part with very great applause. It has been observed by several that the lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice since his first appearance, which will not seem strange when I acquaint the reader that the lion has been changed upon the audience three several times.

The first lion was a candle-snuffer, who, being a fellow of a testy, choleric temper, overdid his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done; besides, it was observed of him that he grew

more surly every time he came out of the lion; and having dropt some words in ordinary conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffered himself to be thrown upon his back in the scuffle, and that he would wrestle with Mr. Nicolini for what he pleased, out of his lion's skin, it was thought proper to discard him; and it is verily believed to this day that had he been brought upon the stage another time he would certainly have done mischief. Besides, it was objected against the first lion that he reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a position, that he looked more like an old man than a lion.

The second lion was a tailor by trade, who belonged to the play-house, and had the character of a mild and peaceful man in his profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish, for his part; inasmuch that, after a short, modest walk upon the stage, he would fall at the first touch of 'Hydaspes'<sup>1</sup> without grappling with him and giving him an opportunity of showing his variety of Italian trips; it is said, indeed, that he once gave him a rip in his flesh-colored doublet; but this was only to make work for himself in his private character of a tailor. I must not omit that it was this second lion who treated me with so much humanity behind the scenes.

The acting lion at present is, as I am informed, a country gentleman who does it for his diversion, but desires his name may be concealed. He says very handsomely, in his own excuse, that he does not act for gain, that he indulges an innocent pleasure in it, and that it is better to pass away an evening in this manner than in gaming and drinking; but at the same time says, with a very agreeable raillery upon himself, that if his name should be known the ill-natured world might call him *the ass in the lion's skin*. This gentleman's temper is made out of such a happy mixture of the mild and the choleric that he outdoes both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater audiences than have been known in the memory of man.

I must not conclude my narrative without taking notice of a groundless report that has been raised to a gentleman's disadvantage, of whom I must declare myself an admirer; namely, that Signor Nicolini and the lion have been seen sitting peaceably by one another and smoking a pipe together behind the scenes, by which their common enemies would insinuate that it is but a sham combat which they represent upon the stage; but upon inquiry I find that if any such correspondence has passed between them it was not till the combat was over, when the lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received rules of the drama. Besides, this is what is practiced every day in Westminster Hall, where nothing is more usual than to see a couple of lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

<sup>1</sup> In the opera of *Hydaspes*, presented at the Haymarket in 1710, the hero, whose part was taken by Signor Nicolini, kills a lion in the amphitheater.

## SAMUEL JOHNSON.

## DETACHED PASSAGES FROM BOSWELL'S LIFE.

We talked of the education of children, and I asked him what he thought was best to teach them first. *Johnson*: Sir, it is no matter what you teach them first, any more than what leg you shall put into your breeches first. Sir, while you are considering which of two things you should teach your child first, another boy has learnt them both.

Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to see it done at all.

A gentleman who had been very unhappy in marriage married immediately after his wife died. *Johnson* said it was a triumph of hope over experience.

He would not allow Scotland to derive any credit from Lord Mansfield, for he was educated in England. "Much," said he, "may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young." *Johnson*: An old tutor of a college said to one of his pupils, "Read over your compositions, and wherever you meet with a passage which you think is particularly fine strike it out." A gentleman who introduced his brother to Dr. Johnson was earnest to recommend him to the doctor's notice, which he did by saying: "When we have sat together some time you'll find my brother grow very entertaining."

"Sir," said Johnson, "I can wait."

"Greek, sir," said he, "is like lace; every man gets as much of it as he can."

Lord Lucan tells a very good story, that when the sale of Thrale's brewery was going forward, Johnson appeared bustling about with an inkhorn and pen in his button-hole, like an exciseman, and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property which was to be disposed of, answered, "We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

*Johnson*: My dear friend, clear your *mind* of cant. You may *talk* as other people do; you may say to a man, "Sir, I am your most humble servant." You are *not* his most humble servant. You may say, "These are bad times; it is a melancholy thing to be reserved to such times." You don't mind the times. You tell a man, "I am sorry you had such bad weather the last day of your journey and were so much wet." You don't care sixpence whether he is wet or dry. You may *talk* in this manner; it is a mode of talking in society, but don't *think* foolishly.

A lively saying of Dr. Johnson to Miss Hannah More, who had expressed a wonder that the poet who had written *Paradise Lost* should write such poor sonnets: "Milton, madam, was a genius that could cut a colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones."

A gentleman having said that a *congé d'elire* has not, perhaps, the force of

a command, but may be considered only as a strong recommendation: "Sir," replied Johnson, "it is such a recommendation as if I should throw you out of a two pair of stairs window, and recommend you to fall soft."

Happening one day to mention Mr. Flaxman, the doctor replied, "Let me hear no more of him, sir; that is the fellow who made the index to my *Ramblers*, and set down the name of Milton thus: 'Milton, Mr. John.'"

Goldsmith said that he thought he could write a good fable, mentioned the simplicity which that kind of composition requires, and observed that, in most fables, the animals introduced seldom talk in character. "For instance," said he, "the fable of the little fishes, who saw birds fly over their heads, and, envying them, petitioned Jupiter to be changed into birds. The skill," continued he, "consists in making them talk like little fishes." While he indulged himself in this fanciful reverie, he observed Johnson shaking his sides and laughing. Upon which he smartly proceeded, "Why, Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like WHALES."

He expressed a particular enthusiasm with respect to visiting the wall of China. I caught it for the moment, and said I really believed I should go and see the wall of China, had I not children of whom it was my duty to take care. "Sir," said he, "by doing so, you would do what would be of importance in raising your children to eminence. There would be a luster reflected upon them from your spirit and curiosity. They would be at all times regarded as the children of a man who had gone to view the wall of China—I am serious, sir."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR AND SCHOOL-MASTER.

[From *The Deserted Village*.]

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place.  
Unskillful he to fawn or seek for power  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;

Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train—  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;  
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast.  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire and talked the night away;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave e'er charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side. . . .

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
E'en children followed with endearing wile  
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.  
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossomed furze unprofitable gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,  
The village master taught his little school.  
A man severe he was, and stern to view;  
I knew him well, and every truant knew.  
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face;

Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
 At all his jokes (for many a joke had he);  
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
 Conveyed the dismal, tidings when he frowned  
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,  
 The love he bore for learning was his fault.  
 The village all declared how much he knew—  
 'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;  
 Lands he could measure, times and tides presage,  
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.  
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,  
 For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still,  
 While words of learned length and thundering sound  
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;  
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

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EDMUND BURKE.

THE DECAY OF LOYALTY.

[From *Reflections on the Revolution in France*.]

It is sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France,<sup>1</sup> then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in; glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy. O, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall. Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from the scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that s'p'

<sup>1</sup> Marie Antoinette.

ordination of the heart which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage, whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness. . . . On the scheme of this barbarous philosophy, which is the offspring of cold hearts and muddy understandings, and which is as void of solid wisdom as it is destitute of all taste and elegance, laws are to be supported only by their own terms, and by the concern which each individual may find in them from his own private speculations, or can spare to them from his own private interests. In the groves of their academy, at the end of every vista, you see nothing but the gallows. Nothing is left which engages the affections on the part of the commonwealth. On the principles of this mechanic philosophy, our institutions can never be embodied, if I may use the expression, in persons; so as to create in us love, veneration, admiration, or attachment. But that sort of reason which banishes the affections is incapable of filling their place. These public affections, combined with manners, are required sometimes as supplements, sometimes as corrections, always as aids, to law. The precept given by a wise man, as well as a great critic, for the construction of poems, is equally true as to states. *Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia suntu*. There ought to be a system of manners in every nation which a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely.

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THOMAS GRAY.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,  
 That crown the watery glade,  
 Where grateful Science still adores  
 Her Henry's<sup>1</sup> holy shade;  
 And ye, that from the stately brow  
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below  
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey,  
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
 Wanders the hoary Thames along  
 His silver-winding way:

<sup>1</sup> Henry VI., founder of Eton College.