

with his subject. According to Vergil, Dido slew herself as soon as the false Trojan's galleys were hull down on the horizon ; but Shakspeare has another vision. Two young lovers lately wed are watching the moonlit heavens in the gardens of Belmont. They give themselves up to the loveliness of the scene, and are so full of new-found happiness that they can endure the least shadow of a far-off, romantic melancholy :

" In such a night  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea-banks and waved her love  
To come again to Carthage."

Full moonlight on the sea! Can anything be fuller of yearning, except the single lonely figure on the shore with its hopeless signal of welcome? But Shakspeare sees life in the round. Moving as is the love-tale of Dido, it has even its ridiculous side. Two epithets do it all: "*widow Dido*," "*widower Æneas*."<sup>1</sup> Spring is the only mating-time. The loves of middle-aged people do not move us except to laughter.

Nearer our own day, English poets have given utterance to their personal sentiments in regard to Vergil. Dryden calls him his divine master. Cowper says that he

" should have deem'd it once an effort vain  
To sweeten more sweet Maro's matchless strain,"

until Mr. Hayley gave him a copy of Heyne's edition. Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold find interest in the poet's tomb. Wordsworth's greatest joy is in the landscape,

" that delicious Bay  
Parthenope's Domain—Virgilian haunt ;  
Illustrated with never-dying verse,  
And by the Poet's laurel shaded tomb,  
Age after age to Pilgrims from all lands  
Endeared<sup>2</sup>."

Arnold feels the contrast between this and Heine's resting-place in trim Montmartre. His feeling for Vergil is

<sup>1</sup> *Tempest* II., i.

<sup>2</sup> *Memorials of a Tour in Italy*.