

Simplicity and sublimity of another description is the characteristic of the inscription at Vienna upon the tomb of Eleonor, the third wife of the Emperor Leopold;

ELEONORE,

pauvre pécheresse ;

Morte 19 Janvier, 1719.

Yet this affectation of humility is but another species of pride. But what are all monuments? what the pyramids of Egypt, to which the couplet of Drayton, where he alludes to the stupendous pile of Stonehenge in Wiltshire, may with even more propriety be applied?

“ Ill did those mighty men to trust thee with their story,
Thou hast forgot their names that rear'd thee for their glory.”

In looking over No. 3, I find, that, trusting too much to memory, and writing *currente calamo*, I attributed to John Heywood some lines that belong to Shadwell; who in his “Royal Shepherdess,” has this passage:

“ *End.* My Lord, you take too great a liberty.
Near. I'm sure you do to give such mighty names
To killing men; (*men who kill.*) Why, celebrate the plague,
What general ever did destroy like that?
Or study glorious titles for old age,
That kills all those whom nothing else can kill.”

The last line very happily illustrates Pope's distich

“ When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours and the words move slow.”

It is impossible to read the last line of the above quotation from the Royal Shepherdess without feeling the tedious difficulty of killing those “whom nothing else can kill;” there is not one soft, one liquid, syllable, the whole is hard, and nervous, and requires the distinct and laboured exertion of all the organs of utterance.

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