



It has always been the custom of man to bewail the miserable past and look upon it as alone good, ~~be~~ beautiful and poetic. The early Romans mourned for the Greek past, and the latter Romans in their turn sighed for the days of the birth of their state. The middle Ages mourned the Roman days, and what they called their poetry, their loveliness and their joy. Others again did come who sighed for the times of Dante. Does not Fielding bewail days gone before, and does not Dickens bewail the times of Fielding himself? And do we ourselves not wish present again the early days of the ~~early~~ past century; should we not love to hear the rattling of a coach into an antique ~~y~~ yard and to see strangely dressed figures descend from it?

And yet this longing for the past and thinking it alone poetic is not a little caused by the strangeness of it. We have now no toga, no Forum and therefore think it greatly poetic for a man in a toga to be startling across a Forum.

But the poetry of the earth depends much also on the mind of man.

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## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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