

choly sung so truthfully by an elder bard, who also must have entered deeply into the feeling.

“When I goe musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknowne,—
When I builde castles in the air,
Voide of sorrow and voide of care,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,—
Methinks the time runs very fleet;
All my joyes to this are follie;—
None soe sweet as melanchollie.

When to myself I sit and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook side or wood soe green,
Unheard, unsought for, and unseen,
A thousand pleasures doe me blesse,
And crowne my soul with happiness;
All my joyes to this are follie;—
None soe sweet as melanchollie.”

When I remember how my happiness was enhanced by every little bird that burst out into sudden song among the trees, and then as suddenly became silent, or by every bright-scaled fish that went darting through the topaz-colored depths of the water, or rose for a moment over its calm surface,—how the blue sheets of hyacinths that carpeted the openings in the wood delighted me, and every golden-tinted cloud that gleamed over the setting sun, and threw its bright flush on the river, seemed to inform the heart of a heaven beyond,—I marvel, in looking over the scraps of verse produced at the time, to find how little of the sentiment in which I so luxuriated, or of the nature which I so enjoyed, found their way into them. But what Wordsworth well terms “the accomplishment of verse,” given to but few, is as distinct from the poetic faculty vouchsafed to many, as the ability of relishing exquisite music is distinct from the power of producing it. Nay, there are cases in which the “faculty” may be very high, and yet the “accomplishment” comparatively low, or altogether wanting. I have been told by the late Dr. Chalmers, whose *Astronomical Discourses* form one of the finest philosophical poems in any language, that he never succeeded in achieving a readable