

stanza; and Dr. Thomas Brown, whose metaphysics glow with poetry, might, though he produced whole volumes of verse, have said nearly the same thing of himself. But, like the Metaphysician, who would scarce have published his verses unless he had thought them good ones, my rhymes pleased me at this period, and for some time after, wonderfully well: they came to be so associated in my mind with the scenery amid which they were composed, and the mood which it rarely failed of inducing, that, though they neither breathed the mood nor reflected the scenery, they always suggested both; on the principle, I suppose, that a pewter spoon, bearing the London stamp, suggested to a crew of poor weather-beaten sailors in one of the islands of the Pacific, their far-distant home and its enjoyments. One of the pieces suggested at this time I shall, however, venture on submitting to the reader. The few simple thoughts which it embodies arose in the solitary churchyard among the woods, beside the aged lichen-encrusted dial-stone.

ON SEEING A SUN-DIAL IN A CHURCHYARD.

Gray dial-stone, I fain would know
 What motive placed thee here,
 Where darkly opes the frequent grave,
 And rests the frequent bier;
 Ah! bootless creeps the dusky shade,
 Slow o'er thy figured plain:
 When mortal life has passed away,
 Time counts his hours in vain.

As sweep the clouds o'er ocean's breast,
 When shrieks the wintry wind,
 So doubtful thoughts, gray dial-stone,
 Come sweeping o'er my mind.
 I think of what could place thee here,
 Of those beneath thee laid;
 And ponder if thou wer't not raised
 In mockery o'er the dead.

Nay, man, when on life's stage they fret,
 May mock his fellow-men;
 In sooth, their soberest freaks afford
 Rare food for mockery then.