

This strange poem he read to his elderly friend, with the evident purpose of eliciting some criticism. While admitting its power, she protested against its false philosophy, — the result of a distorted vision, in its turn the result of a perverted life. By way of attempting to strike out a healthier vein of sentiment, she begged him to furnish her with an answer. With this request he complied; but the production, although with glimpses of true poetry, and with the same power over rhythm, has, as might be expected, the air of something made to order. It is as follows: —

ANSWER TO THE MOURNER.

I daily sigh

That I meet not the glance of my lady's eye.
 I am weary of absence: I know too well
 How lonely and tiresome the dull hours tell
 Not to wish every moment to be with her
 Of whom I have long been the worshipper.
 Oh, how I long for the lovely creature!
 The olive-bud, at the general Flood,
 To the patriarch sailor was not sweeter.

I often pine

That the gifts of fortune are not mine,
 Yet covet not wealth from the wish to taste
 The enervating sweets of thoughtless waste.
 The slave of pleasure I scorn to be,
 And the usurer's love has no charms for me.
 I wish but an easy competence,
 With a pound to lend to an needy friend,
 But I care not for splendid affluence.

I sometimes weep

That I with the lowly my walk must keep:
 I would that my humble name were set
 In the centre of Fame's bright coronet;
 That my tomb might be decked with a gorgeous stone,