

hired chaise, drawn by two horses ranged lengthwise," to lie abed till long past mid-day, because he had "nae motive" to rise; and to browse in the gardens on the sunny side of the peaches, with his hands stuck in his pockets. He was hourly expected at Hagley on one of his many visits, when the intelligence came, instead, of his death. With all his amazing inertness, he must have been a lovable man, — an essentially different sort of person from either of his two poetical Scotch acquaintances, Mallet or Armstrong. Quin wept for him no feigned tears on the boards of the theatre; poor Collins, a person of warm and genial affections, had gone to live beside him at Richmond, but on his death quitted the place forever; even Shenstone, whose nature it was to think much and often of himself, felt life grow darker at his departure, and, true to his hobby, commemorated him in an urn, on the principle on which the late Lord Buchan was so solicitous to bury Sir Walter Scott. "He was to have been at Hagley this week," we find Shenstone saying, in a letter dated from the Leasowes, in which he records his death, "and then I should probably have seen him here. As it is, I will erect an urn in Virgil's Grove to his memory. I was really as much shocked to hear of his death as if I had known and loved him for a number of years.

the memory of a people, in the nine lines of which it consists, than in any single poem of ten times the length his Lordship ever produced.

"A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems,
Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
Poured forth his unpremeditated strain;
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laughed he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaffed, encircled with the joyous train, —
Oft moralizing sage: his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat."