

Of monkish chastity ! Each angry friar
 Crawled from his bedded strumpet, muttering low
 An ineffectual curse. The pervious nooks,
 That ages past conveyed the guileful priest
 To play some image on the gaping crowd,
 Imbibe the novel daylight, and expose
 Obvious the fraudulent engin'ry of Rome."

Even with all his fine taste, and high appreciation, for the purposes of the landscape-gardener, of *bona fide* pieces of antiquity, rich in association, it is questionable, from the following passage, whether his anti-Popish antipathies would not have led him to join our Scotch iconoclasts in their stern work of dilapidation.

"Henceforth was plied the long-continued task
 Of *righteous havoc*, covering distant fields
 With the wrought remnants of the shattered pile ;
 Till recent, through the land, the pilgrim sees
 Rich tracts of brighter green, and in the midst
 Gray mouldering walls, with nodding ivy crowned,
 Or Gothic turret, pride of ancient days,
 Now but of use to grace a rural scene,
 To bound our vistas, and to gladd the sons
 Of George's reign, reserved for fairer times."

In "The Schoolmistress," the most finished and pleasing of Shenstone's longer poems, we find one of the sources of the feeling somewhat unwittingly exhibited. "Shenstone learned to read," says Johnson, in his biography, "of an old dame, whom his poem of 'The Schoolmistress' has delivered to posterity." "The house of my old schooldame Sarah Lloyd," we find the poet himself saying, in one of his earlier letters (1741), "is to be seen as thou travellest towards the native home of thy faithful servant. But she sleeps with her fathers, and is buried with her fathers ; and Thomas her son reigneth in her stead." Of the good Sarah Lloyd we learn from the poem,—a piece of information suited to show how shrewd a part Pusey-