

a ploughed field, renders it visible across half a country, by the light which it pours upon it. An old astronomer, ere the heavens had been filled up with their fantastic signs, — crabs, and fish, and scorpions, bulls and rams, and young ladies, and locks of young ladies' hair, — could give a favorite toy or pet companion a place in the sky ; but it is only the true poet who possesses an analogous power now. He can fix whatever bauble his fancy rests upon high in the literary heavens ; and no true poet ever exercised the peculiar privilege of his order more sportively than Cowper. He has fixed Mr. Bull's tobacco-box and his pipe amid the signs, and elicited many a smile by setting the honest man a-smoking high up in the moon. But even to the moon his affection followed him, as may be seen from the characteristic passage, glittering, as is Cowper's wont, with an embroidery of playful humor, inwrought into a sad-colored groundwork of melancholy, in which he apostrophizes the worthy minister in his new lodgment. "Mon aimable and très chère ami, — it is not in the power of chaises or chariots to carry you where my affections will not follow you. If I heard that you were gone to finish your days in the moon, I should not love you the less, but should contemplate the place of your abode as often as it appeared in the heavens, and say, 'Farewell, my friend, forever! Lost, but not forgotten! Live happy in thy lantern, and smoke the remainder of thy pipes in peace. Thou art rid of earth, — at least; of all its cares, — and so far can I rejoice in thy removal ; and as to the cares that are to be found in the moon, I am resolved to suppose them lighter than those below, — heavier they can hardly be.' "

Cowper's translations of the better devotional poems of Madame Guion were made at the request of Mr. Bull, who, though himself a Calvinist, was yet so great an admirer of