

last published on the 26th of May, 1770, when Goldsmith was in his 42nd year. The leading idea of it he had already thrown out in certain lines of *The Traveller*, and elsewhere in his works where we find that he had somehow become possessed of the idea that the accumulation of wealth in a country was the parent of all evils, including depopulation.

There is little doubt that Lissoy is the original of Auburn, and that the leading characters at least were drawn after those with whom Goldsmith had been familiar in his youth. Yet Macaulay affirms that there is no such hamlet as Auburn in Ireland, that *The Deserted Village* is a hopelessly incongruous poem, and that Goldsmith in combining a description of a probably Kentish village with a description of an Irish ejection has produced something which never has and never will be seen in any part of the world.

“But this criticism overlooks one of the radical facts of human nature—the magnifying delight of the human mind in what is long remembered and remote. Goldsmith had been since his youth, in a manner, an exile from his native land, and the Lissoy that he has in his mind is not a pure reality, but the home of his youth, Lissoy as his childish recollections recall it, freed from its rude and unpoetical realities, and with the features upon which his mind loved to dwell, magnified and clothed with a poetic beauty. The grown-up Goldsmith had not to go to any Kentish village for a model; the familiar scenes of his youth, regarded with all the wistfulness and longing of an exile, became glorified enough.

This poem has always retained its position in English literature, and has not been disturbed by any fluctuations in literary taste. We may give more attention at the moment to the new experiments of the poetic method, but we return only with renewed gratitude to the old familiar strain, not the least

merit of which is that it has nothing about it of foreign tricks or graces. In English literature there is nothing more thoroughly English than these writings produced by an Irishman, and whether or not it was Paddy Byrne and the Lissoy ale-house that Goldsmith had in his mind when he was writing the poem, is not of much consequence; the manner and language and feeling are all essentially English, so that we never think of calling Goldsmith anything but an English poet.”

HIS STYLE.

The most characteristic feature observable in all the works of Goldsmith, is the regularity with which he mirrors there his own life, disposition and experiences. *The Bee*, *The Citizen of the World*, his poems, his comedies, all present under one aspect or another his own life and sympathies, or even his follies and improvidence. There are few authors who can separate themselves from their work to such an extent that it is not possible to detect the hand of the artist behind the character that is sketched, but in few is the reflection of the artist so faithful and complete as here.

Another remarkable feature in Goldsmith is that while his works are universally esteemed, he displays the most defective knowledge of details in everything. His natural indolence unfitted him for mastering any subject thoroughly, so that in his works in science and history he falls into the most absurd errors. But so great is his faculty for generalization and so delicate his power of description that the defect of exactness is scarcely noticeable, so little does the merit of his work depend upon that quality. The details of his plots, too, are always full of improbabilities, and are strangely in contrast with the rigid exactness of the artificial School of Pope. Yet, strange to say, a story