

propriety of looking on the scenes of our own day, as strangers to our own should look, may now also be appreciated—for, suppose such a character as the miser's to be before unknown, and what a miracle of miserable eccentricity and folly will it appear by an abstract examination of its picture.

False pleasure is the next thing introduced, the following lines bring the siren prominently forward.

"A dress of gaudy hue loosely attired
Her loveliness; her air and manner frank;
And seeming free of all disguise; her song
Enchanting; and her words, which sweetly dropped,
As honey from the comb, most large of promise,
Still prophesying days of new delight,
And rapturous nights of undecaying joy;
And in her hand, where'er she went, she held
A radiant cup that seemed of nectar full;
And by her side, danced fair, delusive Hope.
The fool pursued, enamoured; and the wise
Experienced man, who reasoned much and thought,
Was sometimes seen laying his wisdom down,
And vying with the stripling in the chase."

The three concluding lines of this passage, contain a very spirited little caricature. Grey-beard vying with a boy in a race after pleasure—the difference between the rivals in appearance and gait, their relative fitness for the prize which each has in view, and their mutual folly, all help on a moment's consideration to finish this little exquisite picture, the fidelity of which is too well attested by experience. The disgustingly diseased nature of false pleasure is strongly told, "her haunts" are thus pictorially described.

"Many her haunts. Thou might'st have seen her now
With indolence, lolling on the mid-day couch,
And whispering drowsy words; and now at dawn,
Loudly and rough, joining the sylvan horn;
Or sauntering in the park, and to the tale
Of slander giving ear; or sitting fierce,
Rude, blasphemous, malicious, raving, mad,
Where fortune to the fickle die was bound.

"But chief she loved the scene of deep debauch,
Where revelry, and dance, and frantic song,
Disturbed the sleep of honest men; and where
The drunkard sat, she entered in, well pleased,
With eye brimful of wanton mirthfulness,
And urged him still to fill another cup."

Solomon's description of her "whose guests are in hell" are then paraphrased, as another variety of false pleasure.

"She wove the winding-sheet of souls, and laid
Them in the urn of everlasting death.