their merits have long since been fully discussed, and their station in the scale of literary merit permanently established. They have outlasted generations of works of higher power, and wider scope, and will continue to outlast succeeding generations, for they have that magic charm of style by which works are embalmed to perpetuity. Neither shall we attempt a regular analysis of the character of the poet, but will indulge in a few desultory remarks in addition to those scattered throughout the preceding chapters.

Never was the trite because sage apopthegm, that "the child is father to the man," more fully verified than in the case of Goldsmith. He is shy, awkward, and blundering in childhood, yet full of sensibility; he is a butt for the jeers and jokes of his companions, but apt to surprise and confound them by sudden and witty repartees; he is dull and stupid at his tasks, yet an eager and intelligent devourer of the travelling tales and campaigning stories of his half-military pedagogue; he may be a dunce, but he is already a rhymer; and his early scintillations of poetry awaken the expectations of his friends. He seems from infancy to have been compounded of two natures, one bright, the other blundering : or to have had fairy gifts laid in his cradle by the "good people" who haunted his birth-place, the old goblin mansion on the banks of the Inny.

> Who left scarcely any style of writing
> untouched,
> And touched nothing that he did not adorn;
> Of all the passions,
> Whether smiles were to be moved
> or tears,
> A powerful yet gentle master;
> In genius, sublime, vivid, versatile,
> In style, elevated, clear, elegant—
> The love of companions,
> The fidelity of friends,
> And the veneration of readers,
> Have by this monument honoured the memory.
> He was born in Ireland,
> At a place called Pallas,
> [In the parish] of Forney, [and county] of Longford
> On the 29th Nov., 1731;
> Educated at [the University of] Dublin;
> And died in London,
> 4th April, 1774.