

language, in which he expresses himself in relation to his own private sorrows, one might be almost induced to imagine, that his heart must needs have been so much engrossed by them, as to be but little, if at all, at libertie for being affected by any other subject; that a man, for example, thus sunk in grief, must have been utterly incapable of sharing in the joys of his country; if not, thro' the exorbitant influence of this selfish passion, have in a manner lost the idea of any such connection with a national interest; and that the loudest acclamations of public exultation and applause might in vain attempt to reach the ears, much less the heart, of one thus immersed in private woes. For hear, how bitterly it is, that he bemoans himself.

“ For my days are consumed like smoke,
 “ and my bones are burnt as an hearth.
 “ My heart is smitten, and withered like
 “ grass; so that I forget to eat my bread.
 “ By reason of the voice of my groaning
 “ my bones cleave to my skin. I am like
 “ a pelican of the wilderness, I am like an
 “ owl of the desert. I watch and am as
 “ a sparrow alone upon the house-top.”

Might