

# Reveries—Reviews—Recollections.

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## REVERIE No. I.

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“I am pleased, and yet I’m sad.”—*Henry Kirke White.*

THERE are few things, perhaps, which tend more to give the countenance a melancholy cast than a thoughtful turn of mind. Misfortune may blanch the fairest cheek and soften the most rugged features, and when musing on our personal ills we are led to assume a sad appearance. But this is not what I mean—it is a sorrowful sadness. I mean a melancholy which arises from a natural thoughtfulness, from being habituated to muse with our own fantasy. This is a pleasing sadness, which I think we may safely conclude there are but few who enjoy, as we continually hear about driving away thought, and to be found thinking will ruin a man with half the world. In this case I measure not my conduct by the opinion of the world, as for upwards of twenty years my own bosom has been the only receptacle of my various phantasms. Except a short time, I have never had a friend to whom I could unbend my spirit. But this