

much truth, much homeliness, and no romance, in Crabbe's delineation of his Mariner's Club, at the sign of the Anchor.

The Anchor, too, affords the seamen joys,
In small smoked room, all clamour, crowd, and noise;
Where a carved settle half surrounds the fire,
Where fifty voices purl and punch require;
They come for pleasure in their leisure hour,
And they enjoy it to their utmost power;
Standing they drink, they swearing smoke, while all
Call, or make ready for a second call.
See round the room, on every beam and balk,
Are mingled scrolls of hieroglyphic chalk;
Yet, nothing heeded, would one stroke suffice
To blot out all—here honour is too nice—
“Let knavish landmen think such dirty things,
We're British tars—and British tars are kings.”

Of another stamp is the following—it is the picture of a loose liver fallen into misfortune and the vale of years.

And now we saw him on the beach reclined,
Or causeless walking in the wintry wind;
And when it raised a loud and angry sea,
He stood and gazed, in wretched reverie;
He heeded not the frost, the rain, the snow,
Close by the sea he walked alone, and slow;
Sometimes his frame through many an hour he spread
Upon a tombstone, moveless as the dead;
And where was found a sad and silent place,
There would he creep, with slow and measured pace;
Then would he wander by the river side,
And fix his eyes upon the falling tide;
The deep dry ditch—the rushes in the fen—
And mossy crag-pits, were his lodgings then;
There to his discontented thoughts a prey,
The melancholy mortal pined away.

The sorrowful softness of the following passage will go to many hearts:—

Yes, there are real mourners—I have seen
A fair sad girl, mild, suffering and serene—
Attention through the day her duties claimed,
And to be useful as resigned she aimed;
Neatly she dress't, nor vainly seemed to expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep;
Then to her mind was all the vast displayed,
That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid;
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth:
In every place she wandered where they'd been,
And sadly sacred held the parting scene,
Where last for sea he took his leave—that place,
With double interest, she would nightly trace.