

THE GREATEST HOUSE AT CHELSE

first-days while I was gone a journey or meeting, and in one of those days of retirement wrote the following lines :—

I.

"When our first sire, by Heaven's command,
Surveyed sweet Eden's blissful land,
Of all its goods possessed,
Each tree gave but a faint delight,
Each flower but half regaled the sight,
And half relieved his breast.

2.

For something more his longing soul
Deep sighed, in spite of all control—
He knew not what it meant;
His great Creator, ever kind,
To cheer his thought and soothe his mind,
A beauteous consort sent.

3.

Transported with such bliss bestowed,
His grateful heart with thanks o'erflowed
To taste such joys unknown;
Till, weakly listening to her tongue,
On which his ears too fondly hung,
His state was overthrown!

4.

O! Howard! if, in Eden's shade,
Our general father was betrayed
By one fair nymph—no more;
What care need you your fate to shun?
For if by one he was undone,
Can you withstand a score?"

One has become so familiar with the repetition of Sir Hans Sloane's distinctions, and th