

declines acknowledging. similarly situated, it would appear was the dutchman mentioned by the late doctor walcot, my broder is te poet, look, as all te world must please, for he heb wrote, py got, a book so big as all this cheese on the other hand, collins, hammond, and gray, wrote each of them but little, yet their names will descend to posterity and had gray, of his poems the bard, and the elegy in a country church yard, written only one, and written nothing else, he had required no other or better passport to immortality of that great and multitudinous writer, doctor samuel johnson, the following anecdote is told: being one morning in the library at buckingham house honoured with the presence of royalty, the king, his late majesty, inquired why he, mr. johnson did not continue to write. may it please your majesty, answered the doctor, i think i have written enough. i should have thought so too, his majesty replied, if, doctor johnson, you had not written so well. in this opinion the visitants, who were both well conversant with our native literature, readily acquiesced. have you never, asked dashall, thought of publishing a volume by subscription i meditated such intention, answered the poet, not long ago; drew up the necessary prospectus, with a specimen of the poetry, and perambulated the metropolis in search of patronage. in some few instances i was successful, and, though limited the number, yet the high respectability of my few subscribers gave me inexpressible satisfaction; several of our nobility honoured me with their names, and others, my patrons, were of the very first class of literature. nevertheless, i encountered much contumelious reception; and after an irksome and unavailing perseverance of a months continuance, i was at last compelled to relinquish all hope of success. having near ten oclock, and he was finishing his supper, when someone tapped at the door, and miss euphemia joliffe came in. i beg your pardon for interrupting you, sir, she said; i am a little anxious about mr sharnall. he was not in at teatime, and has not come back since. i thought you might know perhaps where he was. it is years since he has been out so late in the evening. i havent the least idea where he is, westray said rather testily, for he was tired with a long days work. i suppose he has gone out somewhere to supper. no one ever asks mr sharnall out. i do not think he can be gone out to supper. oh, well, i dare say he will turn up in due course; let me hear before you go to bed if he has come back; and he poured himself out another cup of tea, for he was one of those thin blooded and old womanly men who elevate the drinking of tea instead of other liquids into a special merit. he could not understand, he said, why everybody did not drink tea. it was so much more refreshing one could work so much better after drinking tea. he turned to some calculations for the section of a tie rod, with which sir george farquhar had at last consented to strengthen the south side of the tower, and did not notice how time passed till there came another irritating tap, and his landlady reappeared. it is nearly twelve oclock, she said, and we have seen nothing of mr sharnall. i am so alarmed i am sure i am very sorry to trouble you, mr westray, but my niece and i are so alarmed. i dont quite see what i am to do, westray said, looking up. could he have gone out with lord blandamer do you think lord blandamer could have asked him to fording lord blandamer was here this afternoon, miss joliffe answered, but he feathers to show how much flaps was in the wrong, and then puffed them out to show how much she was in the right; and after clearing her throat almost as if she were going to crow, she observed very shrilly that she didnt care who contradicted her when she said that the common sense of the mother of a family was enough to tell her that an old dog, who had lost an eye and an ear and a leg, was no fit protector for the feminine and the young and the inexperienced. the chief cock was not so free of his opinions as the chief hen, but he grumbled and scolded about everything, by which one may make matters amply unpleasant without committing oneself or incurring responsibility. another of the hens made a point of having no opinion. she said that was her way, she trusted everybody alike and bore her share of suffering, which was seldom small, without a murmur. but her good wishes were always at any ones service, and she would say that she sincerely hoped that a sad injustice had not been done to the red haired gentleman with the singularly agreeable manners, who would have been gatekeeper of hencastle at this moment if it had not been for flaps. poor flaps well might he say, one ear is enough