

been entitled to a very high rank in the public estimation, which indeed, while the public judgment was as yet immature, he actually enjoyed. In the present improved state of versification, we have few productions of the English muse more soft, more gay, more airy, than his Anacreontics, his Acme and Septimius, and his Chronicle. On the other hand, in the pathetic and plaintive stile, few pieces exhibit a more mournful flow of numbers than his Elegy on Harvey, the poem stiled the Complaint, and some others. He knew how to express as well as feel the most tender, as well as the most lively emotions of the soul.

"Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric art,
 Yet still we love the language of his heart."

Waller must be regarded as greatly inferior to Cowley in genius; but he possessed a more correct taste and truer judgment. His versification, when compared with that of the majority of his predecessors, is eminently smooth and harmonious; and he contributed much to polish and refine the elegant art which he cultivated.

Thomson's celebrated poem, *The Seasons*, enjoys a reputation at least equal to its merit. As Pope has been called the Poet of Reason, Thomson may with equal justice be stiled the Poet of Nature. He surveyed her various
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scenes