

the university was not a distinguished one, due probably to an unaffected dislike for mathematics and ethics, and an indolent spirit. His excessive generosity, good humor, and love of fun made him a general favorite among his companions, who were ever ready to lend him a helping hand in his pecuniary emergencies which, unfortunately, were many.

After leaving the university, Goldsmith studied for the ministry, but was rejected by the bishop. Some one has said of Goldsmith, that "no man was ever slower in finding work to which he could successfully set his hand;" this judgment seems a just one, as he tried to enter the professions of teacher, clergyman, lawyer, and physician without meeting success in any one of them.

In appearance Goldsmith was anything but prepossessing. He was short of stature, and rather heavy; his features, though plain, were not repulsive, and when lighted up by conversation seemed almost attractive. He delighted in attiring his odd little person in the most gaudy apparel, thus rendering all the defects unusually conspicuous. He was simple and natural in his manner, but lacked the polish both in conversation and manner that we would attribute to him, were we to judge him only by his writings.

Goldsmith's first important literary work was submitted to the public in 1759. This work was entitled, "An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe." The title page was without an author's name, but it was generally known who the author was. The work was a bright and daring treatise in criticism consisting of material furnished him by his continental experiences.

His meeting with Johnson marked the beginning of Goldsmith's new life. From the day on which they became acquainted to the last of Goldsmith's life, the great literary philosopher took the place of a brother toward Goldsmith. He would rebuke him for his follies, and correct his mistakes, but would allow no one to ridicule his errors.

Goldsmith was engaged in back work of all kinds until the very end of his career, and we wonder that he found any time at all to devote to the writing of his own masterpieces, as his exacting masters, the bookseller, held him under their iron hand; but notwithstanding all these drawbacks, "The Traveller" made its appearance in 1765. The plan of this poem was laid when the poet was enjoying his wanderings afoot through

Europe in 1757. The speaker, sitting on an Alpine rock, muses on his travels and the condition of the countries over which he has traversed; wonders where real happiness can be found, and after passing in review the countries of Italy, Switzerland, France, Holland and Britain closes with the reflection that we can find our own happiness only in ourselves.

The poem is dedicated to his much loved brother, Henry; in it, we may readily trace a resemblance between the picture he presents of his father's household in the "Deserted Village," and the one he gives of his brother's in this:

"Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,  
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;  
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire  
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;  
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,  
And every stranger finds a ready chair;  
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,  
Where all the ruddy family around  
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,  
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,  
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
And learn the luxury of doing good."

In this poem we are charmed by the graceful memories, the poet's genial sympathy with all humanity, and his beautiful descriptions. We accompany him on all his travels, through Holland, "where the broad ocean sweeps against the land," as well as over Italy's "sloping uplands," and the "bright domain" of France, in which latter place he charmed the peasants by his magic flute, thus winning his way.

This poem gained for Goldsmith considerable notoriety, which was increased by the publication in 1766, of the "Vicar of Wakefield," that embodiment of delicate humor, purity and tenderness. As in all of his other writings, this also teemed with memories of childhood; his father's was the central figure around which clustered the group of shadows from the past. This was Goldsmith's only novel; his success lay not in making many characters move in unity, but in portraying a single character to a finish, combining in this one the pathetic, the humorous, sometimes the grotesque.

Many years passed without producing a successor to Goldsmith's first poem. Was his muse sleeping, or was he purposely keeping her in subjection? I should say the latter, for he tells us himself, that he found prose productions more sought after and better paid for; but though his second poem, "The Deserted Village," made its way slowly, its reception more than repaid the