

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer George
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke Bebel Proust
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Langbein Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Tersteegen Gilm Grillparzer Georgy
Brentano Claudius Schiller Lafontaine Kralik Iffland Sokrates
Strachwitz Bellamy Schilling Raabe Gibbon Tschchow
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gibbon Tschchow
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Wilde Gleim Vulpius
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Morgenstern Goedicke
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Kleist Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke
Nestroy Marie de France
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht Ringelnatz
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz
von Ossietzky May vom Stein Lawrence Irving
Petalozzi Platon Pückler Michelangelo Knigge Kock Kafka
Sachs Poe Liebermann Kock Korolenko
de Sade Praetorius Mistral Zetkin



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**An Essay on War, in Blank Verse;
Honington Green, a Ballad; the
Culprit, an Elegy; and Other
Poems, on Various Subjects**

Nathaniel Bloomfield

Imprint

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series.

Author: Nathaniel Bloomfield

Cover design: toepferschumann, Berlin (Germany)

Publisher: tredition GmbH, Hamburg (Germany)

ISBN: 978-3-8491-7501-6

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PREFACE.

Whoever has read the *Preface* to the FARMER'S BOY will hardly fail of recollecting the Name of NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD; the Author of the POEMS here offer'd to The Public.

It will be recollected that he there appears, with his Brother GEORGE BLOOMFIELD, standing in the place of the Father, whom they had early lost, to their younger Brother ROBERT.

It is natural to suppose that this brotherly interference, and it's consequences, greatly and advantageously influenc'd the dispositions, pursuits, and habits of thought and conduct, of all three of the Brothers.—And it is the more exemplary when it is consider'd how young the two eldest were at that time.

It is an encouraging instance how much may be effected for each other by the poor and uneducated, if they have prudence, activity, and kind affections; and how unexpectedly, and to an extent far beyond apparent probability, success is given by Providence to virtuous and benevolent efforts.

Beyond question, the Brothers of this Family are all extraordinary Men: and perhaps every one of them is more so than he would have been without the fraternal concord which has animated them all, and multiplied the powers of all by union and sympathy.

Of NATHANIEL, as of ROBERT, my Account shall be taken from communications by Letter, made at my request by Mr. GEORGE BLOOMFIELD.

NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD was born 23d Feb.¹ 1759.

He was the 3d Child and 2d Son of GEORGE BLOOMFIELD, of *Honington*: and was deprived of his Father, by the Small-pox, when he was *eight* years old. Like ROBERT, he learnt to read and write of his MOTHER: and had, like him, his farther instructions in *Writing*, and was taught the first Rules of *Arithmetic*, by Mr. RODWELL, of *Ixworth*²: where also he seems to have had some instruction in *Grammar*. But his Mother being then a *widow*, his Grandfather (Mr. ROBIN MANBY) kindly bound him Apprentice to Mr. HAYLETT, a

Taylor of Market-Harling: of which business the Father of the BLOOMFIELDS had been.

He was here very kindly treated: and was found to be an excellent Apprentice.

While here he learnt *Church Music*, (one of the great consolations of energetic and pensive minds) and sung in a company which was conducted by Mr. SYDER. But when his voice broke, he could make no figure among them: for it was not only a Bass of extremely narrow compass, but *weak* and *tremulous*.

This latter defect of voice was observ'd in THOMSON: and perhaps it may arise sometimes not from a fault in the natural quality of the voice, but from exceeding sensibility to *Poetry* and *Music*.

When about 16 or 17 years of age he entered with the fervor of a vigorous and thoughtful mind into the study of *Religion*, on the principles of the *Church of England*: and added to his study of it what is the great end, the *practice* of Religion as a rule of conduct and life.

At a stall at *Harling Fair* he met with a *Practical Catechism*: the Author's name, PRATT: and at the same time he made the acquisition of a large volume of TILLOTSON'S Sermons. Probably the Folio Edition of the Sermons of that excellent Man and *Writer*: so distinguish'd by his Piety, uniform, mild, and rational; the morality of his excellent Discourses; their simplicity and clearness; and the sweetness and persuasiveness of manner. These, and other religious Tracts, he bought: and "the last" (*Tillotson*) "he lent," says Mr. GEORGE BLOOMFIELD, "to me. I receiv'd many excellent Letters from him on that subject: and they had greater weight on my mind than if they had been written by an elder hand."

When his *Apprenticeship* expir'd he came to LONDON: and expected to find his Brother GEORGE there. But GEORGE had taken a trip, "or tramp, as it is called," into *Kent*. They however soon met in LONDON: "and there never lived" (adds GEORGE) "a more pleasant acquaintance than he prov'd."

It was some years before he could procure work in LONDON sufficient to support him through the *dead* Months. He us'd therefore, when he found trade dull in Town, to go into the Country.

And thus, while at *Woolwich*, he became acquainted with CHARLOTTE NOBLE, whom he MARRIED 4th March, 1787; he being then in his 28th, and she in her 17th year. Her Mother was a Widow: who kept a small General Shop. Her Brother-in-law GEORGE, in speaking of this union, says, "There perhaps never liv'd a Woman who possess'd a better temper: and he has, though very poor, been exceedingly happy." For myself, I wish, in transcribing this account, that those who think riches so essential to happiness that they will take no step in life, nor suffer their hearts or their understandings to have any influence with them, if the acquisition of riches seems likely to be delayed or endanger'd, would consider that the Family of the BLOOMFIELDS has been happy, and has excell'd, upon very different principles. And if we would compare the thousands in every situation of Life to whom what is called *prosperity* is a snare, a burthen and a curse, with those who are happy with mere necessities, and those with difficulty obtain'd; ... happy by their Affections and their Virtues; by improv'd and generous and tender Feelings; by Hope amid difficulties, and Confidence in Heaven amid trials and distresses, ... it might be seen and felt that there is more of folly in the wisdom of the world, than those who place Wisdom in the accumulation of superfluities, to the neglect of the most natural Blessings, and often in violation of the clearest Duties, either of *Justice* or of *Benevolence*, may be willing to acknowledge.

He has *two* Children living:—ELIZABETH; born 11th *Jul.* 1789; GEORGE; 4th *Febr.* 1797. "He lost," adds his Brother, "two sweet Boys: who both died within a few days of each other, by that dreadful disease the SMALL-POX;" which, while this Preface was in the Press, has been fatal to another promising Child, THOMAS; born *Aug.* 1799. The Father, oppress'd with grief, reproaches himself for not having inoculated this Child with the Small-Pox. But when it is consider'd how formidable, after two such Losses, the SMALL-POX in any form must appear to affectionate Parents, I think it will be evident that he is too severe to himself in this reproach. The inoculated SMALL-POX is sometimes fatal: had he inoculated the Child he would have reproach'd himself, and still with more feeling than justice, for so doing.

He had read but little Poetry when he came to LONDON: but he had not been long there before he was struck, looking, as was his

custom, at Books on a stall, with the Title of NIGHT THOUGHTS. "He had never heard of it before: but it's name was an irresistible charm to his melancholy, enquiring mind. This has been ever his favourite Book. He would have bought it had it been double the price. And as he possesses an uncommonly retentive memory, he us'd to repeat great part of it by rote in his walks with his Brothers. He afterwards read MILTON."

Such a Memory, and the study of two such Authors with poetic enthusiasm, may in part account for what exceedingly surpriz'd me in reading the MSS. of THE ESSAY ON WAR:— a greater mastery in the mechanism, and greater power of numbers, than I should have almost thought possible in the first attempt in BLANK VERSE; even to a person of the best education.

He read too, GOLDSMITH and FIELDING. And he added to these some of our English Poets as they fell in his way. Among these THOMSON could hardly fail to be: but Mr. G. BLOOMFIELD remarks, "he never was so struck with THOMSON as I should have expected."

While single, he made it the amusement of his evenings to read *Entick's Dictionary*, and write down every word of which he wish'd to remember the spelling or the meaning. He has often said that since his buying of the Sermons in his early youth, he had never bought for his own reading any but *poetical* Books: and when he could get hold of any miscellaneous Book, he read first the Poetry, and after look'd at no other part.

With this turn of Mind and habit of reading, that he has through Life indulg'd in poetical effusions will be no matter of surprize. But he has more than once said to his Brother GEORGE in Letters, that it was the success of ROBERT that encouraged him to attempt an *Essay on War*: a subject on which he had occupied his thoughts a great length of time.

"I remember," says his Brother, "nothing particular of his infancy: except the great share of bashfulness (or, as a Philosopher perhaps would say, pride) which he possess'd in common with the rest of the Family.... Exceedingly mild in his temper and kind to his play-mates, he was very apt in learning."

For the last 15 years his own Account is that he has certainly read but little: his Family having claim'd his utmost exertions; and his business allowing little leisure. And what leisure he had being generally employed in walking with his Children. Untill last Summer he was a *Journeyman* Tailor: but has since been a MASTER in a small way. If therefore he appears to possess any knowledge of a literary nature, it must be all from the stores of Memory.

He at present lives at No. 19, *Dagget Court, Broker Row, Moorfields, London*. He is (says Mr. G. BLOOMFIELD) about 5F. 3I. high³: of a dark complexion, and dark gray eyes: he has lost the hair from the top of his head, which gives him the appearance of Age. Though remarkable for talking little, so as to have the name of a man of few words, he is, on occasion, a chearful companion: and though generally pensive and melancholy, ever kind-hearted.

"As a Husband and Father, his character is certainly exemplary. And few men pass through Life so smoothly. Though commonly working with a number of shop-mates, he has such a philosophical command of temper, that he never disputes; nor concerns himself with the disputes of others, unless they refer to him for a decision."

Thus far the Account by his Brother: who had observ'd in a former Letter, that with respect to *Temper*, what he should otherwise have to speak of NATHANIEL, he had in a great measure said already of ROBERT. Such a coincidence in mild and simple manners, amiable and good disposition, is pleasing to remark any where: and additionally so when it relates to Men who have each original and characteristic Genius; and when the testimony is given by a Brother so capable of judging, and who has had such continued experience from their very early Life, of the Disposition and Character of both.

Having spoken thus far of the AUTHOR, from the best authority, it remains for me to say something briefly of these his WORKS.

Early in the *Spring* of 1801, I saw in MSS. HONINGTON-GREEN, and the ESSAY ON WAR⁴. I communicated them to Mr. GEDGE, *Printer*, of BURY; who had been a zealous and active Friend to THE FARMER'S BOY: on reading them, he wanted no time for deliberation, but offer'd at once to print them for the benefit of the Author, at his own risque. I had known his accuracy as a Printer: of which, and of neat Typography, I flatter myself this Publication will be a

proof. I had no difficulty to adopt the proposal: and gladly offer'd, on my part, what little preparation (very little indeed it was) might be necessary of the MSS. for the Press; (or rather in it's progress through it); and to revise and correct the Proofs.

My province has been quite of a similar kind in this instance as it was in that of Mr. ROBERT BLOOMFIELD: little corrections, in point of Orthography; and still fewer of Grammar: sometimes of Diction; and sometimes of Versification. For some of the best of these emendations I have been indebted to one, in mentioning of whom I should have had an affectionate Pride: and have more in that Modesty which forbids the mention. They are, as I have said, few of any kind: For of emendations I have been anxiously sparing. Little was requisite: and more than was so would have been blameable. I rely on the original MSS. being preserv'd: which on this, as on the former occasion, will speak for itself.

I have said what I thought of THE FARMER'S BOY. It is a truly agricultural Poem: it's originality and vivid representation of immediate Nature manifest themselves in the whole Design, and in every page. It will live with the works of HESIOD and THEOCRITUS; of VIRGIL and THOMSON. I was nearly as much assur'd of this from the first, and so express'd myself, as the event could assure me. I will now say with the same freedom what I think of the ESSAY ON WAR.

I regard it as a Poem of extraordinary vigor and originality: in Thought, Plan, Conduct, Language, and Versification. I think it has much indeed of the philosophic character, poetic spirit, force of coloring, energy and pathos, which distinguish LUCRETIUS. Of the justness and spirit of the VERSIFICATION I have already spoken.

The PRINCIPLE of the ESSAY ON WAR appears to me, I will own, more paradoxical than I should think, to judge from their conduct, it can appear to the ruling part at least of Mankind in general. I indulge the hope and expectation that WAR shall one day be universally and finally extinguish'd. But I will confess also, that appearances would tempt us to apprehend that day is far distant. And while we make War for Sport on useful, generous, inoffensive Animals, it is not easy to imagine that we shall cease to make War on one another.

But whether the Principle of the Poem be well or ill-founded, I can hardly imagine any abstract proposition to be more poetically, more forcibly, or more comprehensively maintain'd. And I am either ignorant wherein Genius consists, or it is manifest in the Idea, the Style and Numbers, the Design and Conduct of this Poem.

Of HONINGTON GREEN I am to speak next. And here it may be right to obviate some prejudice against the Poem, which, in the minds of several, may arise from the subject. I am not an Enemy to Enclosures: if the RIGHTS and INTERESTS of the POOR, and of SMALL OWNERS, be very carefully guarded, an ENCLOSURE may be a common Benefit. However, it is very liable to become otherwise. But be an Enclosure good or bad, (and every Man has a right to his opinion, and to support it by argument, on this subject and every other) there are particular circumstances and considerations which stand clear of the scope of the general question. The Spot which is the subject of the Ballad is less, I believe, than Half an Acre. It did certainly ornament the Village; independent of a just and laudable partiality in the Author. Thus it would have seem'd to the casual glance of a stranger. To the BLOOMFIELDS every circumstance gave it peculiar endearment. There the Author of 'THE FARMER'S BOY,' and of these POEMS, first drew breath. There grew the first Daisies which their feet pressed in childhood. On this little Green their Parents look'd with delight: and the Children caught the affection; and learn'd to love it as soon as they lov'd any thing. By it's smallness and it's situation it was no object: and could have been left out of Enclosure without detriment to the General Plan, or to any individual Interest. I wish it had: and most who love Poetry, and respect Genius, and are anxious to preserve the little innocent Gratifications of the Poor, will have the same wish.

As a poetical effusion, it strikes me that it has the tone, simplicity, and sweetness, and pleasing Melancholy of the Ballad. There is a stroke or two of indignant severity: but the general character is such as I have describ'd. And with filial Gratitude and Love there is blended, in the close, that turn for Reflection which is so remarkable in this Author.... I wish'd and recommended that some at least of the ornaments of 'THE FARMER'S BOY' should be sketches of *local scenery*: knowing how much more interesting they would have been, and how much more appropriate to the Poem. In that recom-

mendation I was not successful: but I am glad, in this instance, to see a faithful and agreeable Sketch of *Honington-Green* from a very young pencil^s. It will be remember'd, at a far remote Period, that the double Cottage at the end of the Green was the Birth-place of the BLOOMFIELDS. It is still, (and may it yet be long so) the habitation of their *Mother*: and has been repair'd lately by ROBERT. And I much doubt whether any House or Green will see two such Poets born of the same Parents.

THE CULPRIT is the next in this Collection, and I had not seen it, nor was it written, when I saw the two first. They decided my Opinion; and had no more appeared, they would have been publish'd alone; as they abundantly deserved.

THE CULPRIT strikes me as an original and highly affecting Poem. The very attempt to sketch the successive conflicting feelings of one thus circumstanc'd is no common effort. And what compass of thought; what energy of expression! ... I do not always admit the justness of the arguments. But it is a Soliloquy in *character*: and in judging of it, as in all pieces of *representative* Poetry (as Mr. DYER, in his lately publish'd ESSAY has well term'd it) the imagin'd situation ought to be consider'd. And it strikes me as closing with a true and awful Pathos: not often equall'd.

The YORKSHIRE DIP is, I think, the result of that active but melancholy Fancy, which can travel far into views of Life and Nature from a slight occasion. It has a mixture of the Sportive which deepens the impression of it's melancholy Close. I could have wish'd, as I have said in a short Note, the Conclusion had been otherwise. The sours of Life less offend my Taste than its sweets delight it. But when I think what NATHANIEL must have felt in passing through Life, I more respect the Chearfulness and habitual Vigor of his Mind, than I am dispos'd to be out of humor with occasional gloom.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH differs as much in manner as in subject from those which precede it. Yet a vein of pensive and philosophic thought flows here also. The SONG OF BALDWIN is well adapted to soothe the fears and the discontents of Poverty: and to convince those who have not learnt it, that wealth, and rank, and power, and unlimited indulgence, are not such Blessings as they are imagin'd to

be at a distance: nor Poverty such an Evil, that the first and best Blessings of Nature should be therefore thrown aside in despair.

I may doubt on the *expediency* of the SONG OF BALDWIN being in a different measure; but I can not doubt of the general merit of the Poem.

The PROVERBS, like other compositions of this kind, must rest chiefly on their moral Justness, Utility, Simplicity, and Conciseness, rather than on poetic Excellence: though neither in form nor coloring are they deficient of that compos'd and grave Beauty which the Nature of the Subject and Composition admits.

MORE BREAD AND CHEESE contains the Principle of the ESSAY ON WAR, and of a celebrated ESSAY ON POPULATION, which I dare say the Author never saw. It is strong, characteristic; and original: and although in the measure of the *humorous* Ballad, has much nerve and energy⁶.

I have now a Remark to make which relates generally to the Versification. We may observe of HONINGTON GREEN, and most of the Poems in rhyme in this Collection, that they are strongly accented: and if read with a close attention to accent and emphasis, the rhythm is musical and energetic; where to a careless Reader it might appear harsh and untunable.

The LYRIC ELEGY which concludes this little Collection is, I think, animated and pathetic in no common degree. On the Merits of VACCINE INOCULATION I do not think myself qualify'd to offer an opinion. Great Doubts have been entertain'd concerning it by *medical* Men of Abilities and Experience. Objections apparently strong were urg'd; and of various kinds. At present it has had Declarations in it's favor from among the most distinguish'd of it's Opposers. And it seems to have little short of a general reception in the *medical World*.... Time and Experience, the great Test of Truth in such instances, must determine for or against it. But, important as the Question is, poetical Merit is comparatively independent on the correctness of a philosophic System or Hypothesis. And reflecting on his former Losses and present Calamities, the Author could not but feel a deep Interest in whatever seem'd likely to obviate such an Evil to others.

I have observ'd some rather striking *coincidences* with VIRGIL and LUCRETIUS. I might have pointed out more; and to other *classic* Authors. But I should have extended this Preface too far. At the same time, such a concurrence in the Sentiments and Expressions of Genius in very distant Ages, and under widely different Circumstances, is always interesting, even where it can be resolv'd with Certainty, or Probability, into IMITATION: and much more so, when, as in these Poems, it is certain that it CAN NOT.

I have very few Words more to say in presenting this little Volume to the PUBLIC. Specimens they will find in it of such different kinds of Composition, as the same individual rarely can attempt with success. Yet through great diversity of Style, Dissimilarity of Measure, and Variety of Sentiment and Subject, may be seen the same Mind: and Traces of the same Manner, and that manner peculiarly characteristic...a mixture of contemplative equanimity, of incidental gleams of vivacity; of energy frequently pathetic, sometimes sarcastic, and not seldom sublime. And we have here an additional proof, that a true poetic Spirit, in whatever Breast it inhabits, will create Thoughts, Language, and Numbers, worthy of the Muse, however unfavourable the occupation and habits of Life.

Mr. NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD was not without his fears, however, lest it should be thought, that, although THE MUSE can visit a SHEPHERD'S BOY, there may be some employments which exclude her influence. That a TAYLOR should be a POET, he doubted, might appear too startling an Assertion. And he had said accordingly to his Brother GEORGE, in a Letter, when this Publication was first going to Press, "I want you to exclude the word *Taylor*. Let there be no such Word in the Book. But perhaps I am too late. I know there is in the public Mind as great contempt for him who bears the appellation of *Taylor*, as STERNE has made old SHANDY have for SIMKIN, NECKEY, or TRISTRAM. How many CAESARS and POMPEYS, says he, by mere inspiration of the names, have been rendered worthy of them? And how many are there who might have done exceedingly well in the World, had not their Characters and Spirits been totally depress'd and *Nicodemiz'd*; and I will add (says Mr. N. BLOOMFIELD) *taylor'd* into nothing? In the REHEARSAL, the Author, to make the most ridiculous part of it still more ridiculous, tells us, that it was written to a *Taylor*, and by a

Taylor's Wife. And even the discerning SPECTATOR has given into this common-place raillery in the Monkey's Letter to her Mistress. He has made the Soul which inhabited Pug's Body, in recounting the humiliating State it had formerly been in, say, that he had been a *Taylor*, a *Shrimp*, and a *Tom-tit*. It is from these causes, as well as from the habits and appearance contracted by a recluse and sedentary Life, that, in the enlighten'd, as well as the ignorant, the ideas of *Taylor* and *Insignificance* are inseparably link'd together."

I prevail'd, notwithstanding, that this word, whose *anti-poetic* influence is so dreaded, should be in the Book. About half a Century ago, there seem'd a degree of incredulity as to the possibility of Courage in a *Taylor*. ELLIOT'S LIGHT HORSE, at that time compos'd of *Taylor-Volunteers*. effectually overcame that prejudice. It remain'd to dissolve another still more irrational prepossession, that a *Taylor cannot be a Poet*. And this Volume will be a victorious Host against an Army of such Prejudices. Indeed the Force is greater than such a Combat requires: for stubborn as other Prejudices may still be, our literary Prejudices have, in this Age, been rapidly giving way to Candour, Reason, Common-Sense, and the Evidence of Fact. We have long known that a Scotch *Plough-Boy* and a *Milk-Woman*⁷ could still be Poets of high and almost singular Excellence. And if Improbability were any thing against Fact, it would be far more improbable, that two Brothers should be such Poets as ROBERT and NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD are, than that a *Taylor* should be a Poet. It remains then for Prejudice to vanish like Mists before the Sun: while the two BROTHERS sociably ascend PARNASSUS together; higher than ever Brothers have climbed before: I might add, each of them to an height which but few have ever reach'd⁸.

CAPEL LOFFT.

Troston-Hall, 2 Jan: 1803.

Footnote 1: (return)

I had said, and certainly upon full authority, 23rd April; which the Author his-self believ'd to be the Day: and had remarked accordingly it was a Day distinguish'd by the *Birth* and *Death* of SHAKESPERE. But Mr. N. BLOOMFIELD discover'd and immediately communicated the mistake as to the Day. Thus we lose an interesting coincidence: but we gain what is of greater value; a just and prompt sacrifice to truth and candor. C.L.

Footnote 2: (return)

Who is mention'd in the *Preface to the Farmer's Boy*. C.L.

Footnote 3: (return)

If "*True natural Greatness all consists in height,*" the Family of the *Bloomfields*, is most unfortunate. The Father Mr. *George Bloomfield* had 2 Inches less of this Greatness.

Footnote 4: (return)

I had a hint from both the Brothers, GEORGE and ROBERT, that NATHANIEL had a turn for Poetry, and had written what they believ'd would much please me. C.L.

Footnote 5: (return)

A name-sake and relation of the Author: of the Age, as I understand, of about 14.

Footnote 6: (return)

I am half tempted to say of it

A Fist may hit him who a Sermon flies.

Ridiculum aeri Fortius et melius magnas quandoque fecat res. C.L.

Footnote 7: (return)

BURNS, and Mrs. YEARSLEY.

Footnote 8: (return)

*Pauci quos aequus amavit Jupiter, atque ardens
evexit ad aethera Virtus, Felices, potuere!*

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