

interrupted by the inter-
 location of any other
 stray idea to see what
 the matter. I recollect
 an instance of this. In
 some modern tragedy, I
 believe. The man in a hurry
 Go call a coach, & let a coach be call'd,
 And let the man that calls it be the caller,
 And in his calling let him nothing call
 But coach, coach, coach, oh for a coach
 ye Gods!

The man, you see, my dear
 Sir, keeps his idea in view
 dwells upon it, and holds

it up in so many differ-
 ent lights, that I think
 it is impossible to find
 a new one. On the
 other hand, a man whose
 brain is crowded with
 ideas, has no time to
 contemplate any one
 singly, without having
 it push'd out by a score
 of others. 'Tis like a painter
 who should attempt to
 draw the faces of half a