

**A POCKET OF PEBBLES, WITH A
FEW SHELLS; BEING FRAGMENTS
OF REFLECTION, NOW AND THEN
WITH CADENCE, MADE UP
MOSTLY BY THE SEA-SHORE**

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A pocket of pebbles, with a few shells; being fragments of reflection, now and then with cadence, made up mostly by the sea-shore by William Philpot

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WILLIAM PHILPOT

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With W. P.'s kind regards.

A Pocket of Pebbles.

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FRAGMENTS OF REFLECTION,

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CADENCE,

MADE UP MOSTLY BY THE SEA-SHORE.

BY

WILLIAM PHILPOT,

VICAR IN THE HOLY ORDERS OF THE CHURCH
OF CHRIST AND OF ENGLAND.

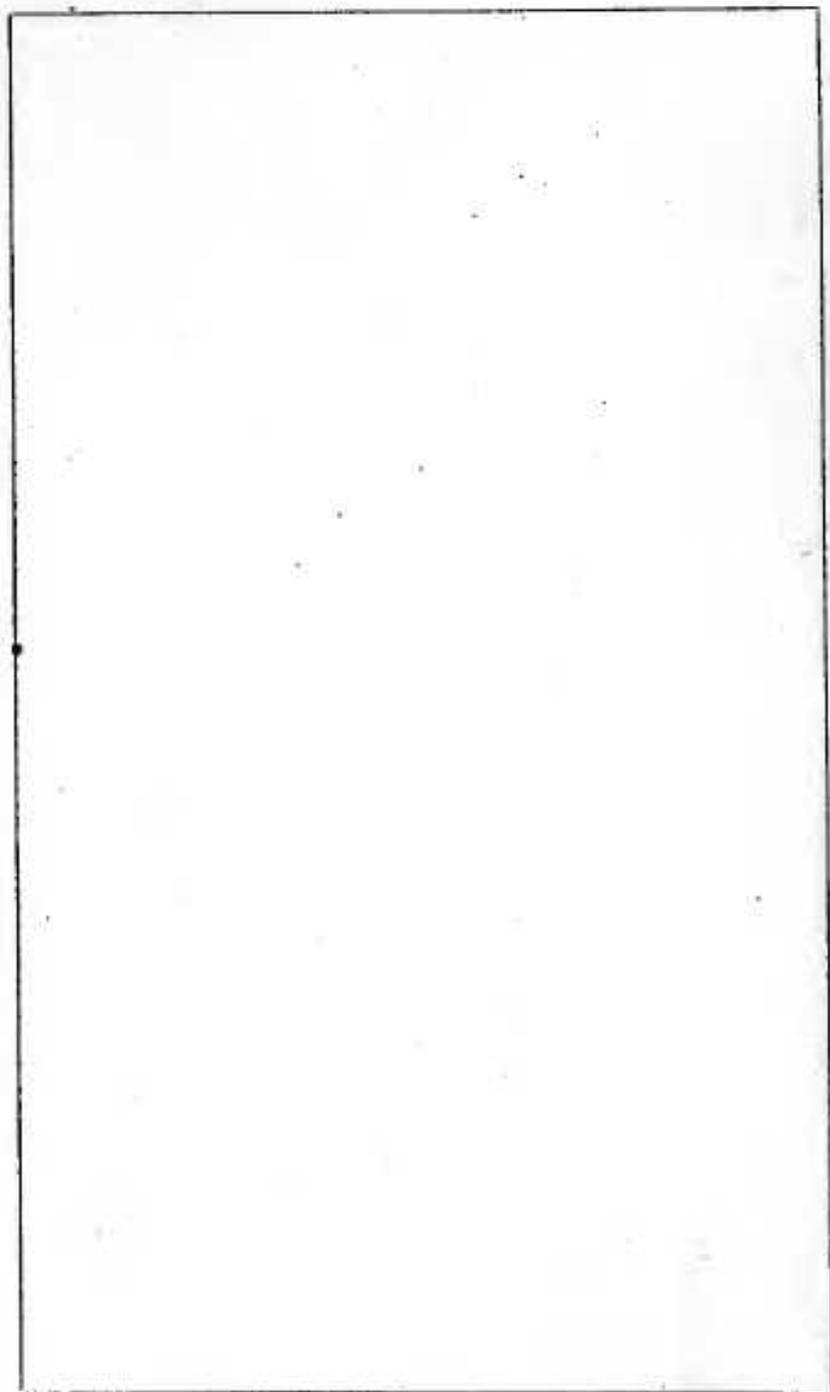
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DEDICATED
TO
THE WORLD AND—MY WIFE.





Preface.

"THESE are but pelting matters," some may opine; and for my own part, in exposing the contents of my satchel, I hardly know what I ought to say, and what I ought not. And yet, besides the having to say something, I feel as if, by way of preface, I had something to say. Such an introduction to a book is much as when a man in making a speech begins *sotto voce*, partly that he may gauge the pitch of the building, and partly that he may break upon his audience less loudly and rudely. Those who do not want a preface, will not read it; and those who will read it may be presumed to have wanted it.

If I am called to account for this 'litle boke,' it might be enough in these days to say that a man may well court the ranks of publicity as a refuge from the reproach of singularity. But to those who may not regard this reason as ample, and who may care to ask of me further, I may say that the cause, not of these "pebbles" being

gathered and pocketed—for that had been a private and harmless fancy already foregone—but of their being offered to my neighbours, was simply on this wise.

Not long ago, a worthy friend, whose praise is in the presses, urged me to put some of my thinkings together. Now, to be garrulous for a moment, be it known to all men by these presents, that the aforesaid friend is among those genial men to whom you cannot but listen. He is one whom, in his rare leisure, nothing delights more than to take the treasures which he has found among the worm-eaten caskets of our half-forgotten poets, and because it pitieth him to see them in the dust, to lift them up again to the light, and, preserving with loving care all their ancient touches, newly to set them. And this it was, I am free to confess, more than anything else, which drew me and won me to listen to the request which he saw fit to urge. For I could not but secretly feel, that if ever, among those thinkers to whom may safely be applied the words “advanced” and “high,” I should live to look for more precious stones than these along the beaches of any Island of the Blest—and if ever a man of so kindly a soul, in the days that are coming, should in like