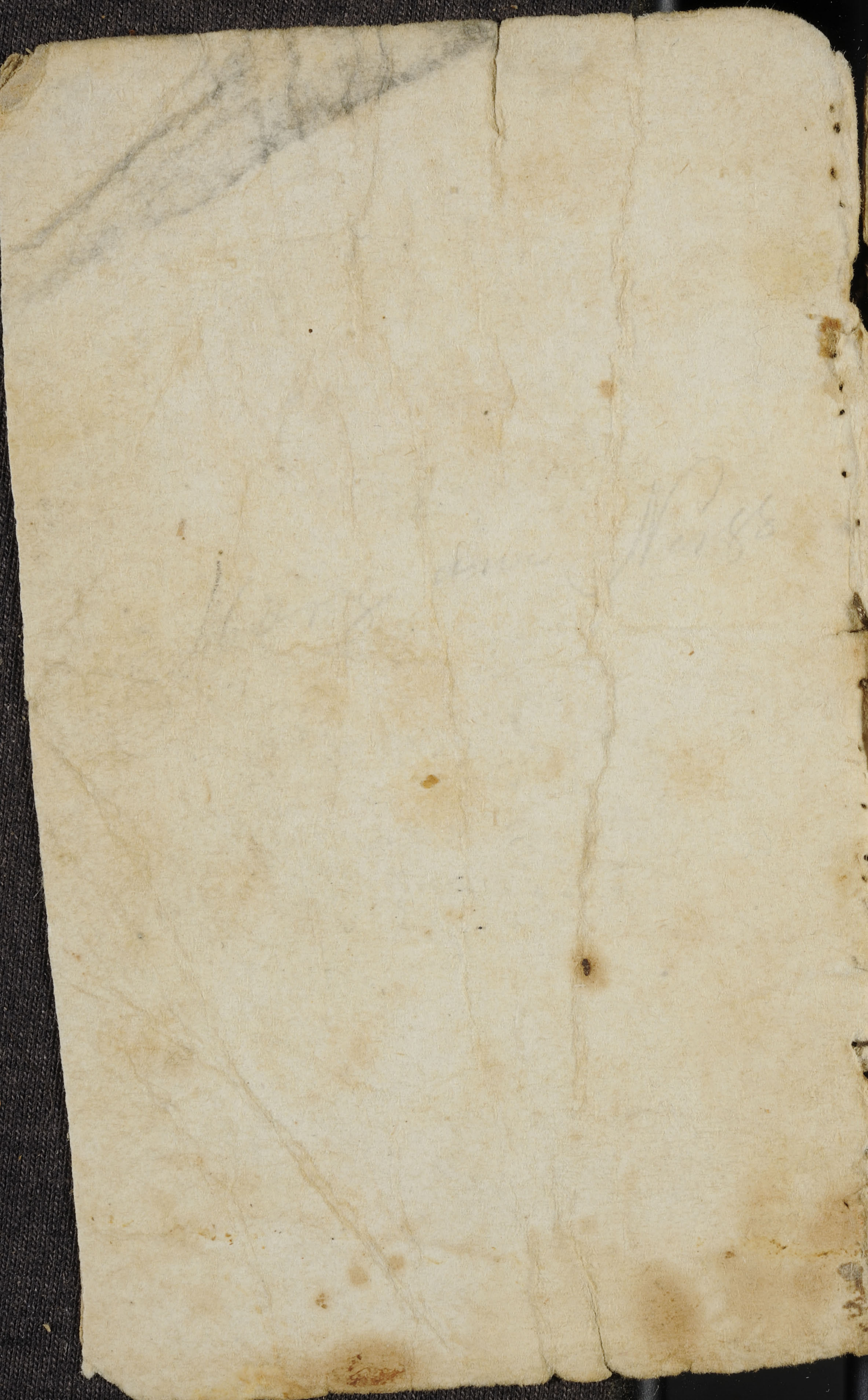


THE
HERBARIUM
AND
THE TRAVELLER



NEW

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Mary-ann Pearse

THE
HERMIT

AND

THE
TRAVELLER



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George Noyes

George W Noyes

Woods Chardon

Vermont

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Mary B. Neuf

THE HERMIT.*

— I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man.

MILTON.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew ;
The moss his bed—the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well.
Remote from man with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose ;
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose :
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey ;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway.
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost.

* Little children are desired to consider this pleasing and beautiful Poem, not as a real fact, but a beautiful allegory of the ways of the Almighty with his creatures.

So when a smooth expanse receives impress'd
 Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees impending grow,
 And skies beneath with answering colours glow.
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on every side ;
 And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun ;
 Banks, trees, and skies in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books or swains report it right,
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell ; the pilgrim's staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass :
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
 A youth came'posting o'er a crossing way ;
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
 Then near approaching, Father, hail ! he cry'd ;
 And hail, my son ! the rev'rend sire reply'd ;



Words followed words, from question answer
 flow'd,
 And talk of various kinds deceiv'd the road :
 Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart.
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
 But here the youth enjoin'd the eager sire,
 Who into hidden truths did much inquire,

If he'd in silence each event behold,
 He would to him some wondrous things unfold.

Now sunk the sun—the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;
 Nature in silence bid the world repose ;
 When near the road a stately palace rose :
 There by the moon, thro' ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
 It chanc'd, the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home.
 Yet still his kindness, from a thirst of praise,
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive, the livery'd servants wait ;
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate ;
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;

Rich, luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forced his guests to taste :
 Then pleas'd and thankful from the porch they go
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of wo ;
 His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
 The younger guest parloin'd the glittering prize.
 Now on they pass—when far upon the road,
 The wealthy spoil the wily partner show'd.



As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,

Disorder'd stops, to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear :
 So seem'd the sire, he walk'd with trembling heart:
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
 Murm'ring, he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
 That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
 A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
 And beasts to coverts scud across the plain.
 Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat :
 'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around :
 Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
 The nimble light'ning mix'd with showers began,
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.

At length some pity warm'd the master's breast :
 ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest.)
 Slow, creaking turns the door with jealous care ;
 And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair ;
 One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls :
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with meager wine,
 Each hardly granted, serv'd them both to dine ;
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering Hermit view'd,
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
 And why should such, within himself he cry'd,
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place
 In ev'ry settling feature of his face !
 When, from his vest, the young companion bore
 That cup the generous landlord own'd before ;
 And paid profusely, with the precious bowl,
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul :
 Just sunk to earth, the miser in surprise,
 Receiv'd the glitt'ring gift with startled eyes :



But ere he could recover from his fright,
 The generous guests had travelled from his sight,
 Now the brisk clouds in airy tumults fly,
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky :
 A fresher green the fragrant leaves display,
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day :
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom
 wrought

With all the travail of uncertain thought ;
 His partner's acts without their *cause* appear,*
 'Twas there a vice, but seem'd a madness here,
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.
 Now night's dim shades again invoke the sky, }
 Again the wand'ers want a place to lie, }
 Again they search and find a mansion nigh. }
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet ;
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies :
 Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part :
 From him you come, from him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed ;

* To steal the cup from the generous man, and give it to a wretch that would scarcely admit them within his gate.

When the grave household round the hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose :
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck ; the landlord's little pride,



O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and
died.

Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done !
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assail his heart.

Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies— but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
 Perplex'd with roads, a servant shew'd the way ;
 A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find, the servant went before ;
 Long arms of oak an open bridge supplied,
 And deep the waves beneath the branches glide :
 The youth who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in,
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,



Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the Father's eyes,
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
 Detested wretch ! but scarce his speech began
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man ;
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd about his feet :
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd like the day,
 Wide at his back the dazzling plumes display
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew ;
 Sudden he gaz'd and wist not what to do :
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
 The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.

“ Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice un-
 known,

In sweet memorial rise before the throne ;
 These charms success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;
 For this commission'd I forsook the sky ;

Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow servant, I.
 Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.
 The Maker justly claims that world he made ;
 In this the right of Providence is laid ;
 Its sacred majesty through all depends,
 On using second means* to work his ends :
 'Tis thus withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The power exerts his attributes on high :
 Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
 What strange events can strike with more sur-
 prise
 Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring
 eyes ?
 Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
 And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !
 “ The great vain man, who fared on costly food,
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;

* Second means—God often appoints wicked and abandoned wretches to be his instruments of justice upon others, for some ends tending to public good, though unperceived by human eyes.

Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
 And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
 Has with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

“ The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted
 door

Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor :
 With him I left the cup to teach his mind
 That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind ;
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon his head ;
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 And loose from dross the silver runs below.

“ Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 But now the child half wean'd his soul from God ;
 Child of his age,* for him he liv'd in pain,
 And measured back his steps to earth again.
 To what excesses had his dotage run !
 But God, to save the father, took the son,
 To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
 And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.

* Child of his age.—A child born to him when in years, on which he doated too fondly.

The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

“ But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had the false servant sped in safety back !
This very night, by secret plot contriv'd,
Of life and wealth his master he'd depriv'd,
Had he in this conspiracy prevail'd,
What funds of charity would then have fail'd !

“ Thus heaven instructs thy mind : this trial
o'er,

Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.”
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.

Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky :
The fiery pomp, ascending, left the view ;
The prophet gaz'd and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
“ Lord ! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.”
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.”

THE
TRAVELLER :

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor :
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste, expanding to the skies ;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd, fondly turns to thee ;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.

Perpetual blessings crown my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
 Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire,
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
 Blest that abode where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair :
 Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
 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.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care ;
 Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
 Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view ;
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet as I follow, flies ;
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own.

Jests or Pranks. It is to be feared, these words rather encourage more than innocent mirth or cheerfulness, and tend to lightness or dissipation.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend :



And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear ;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom
vain ?

Let school taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man ;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.
 Ye glitt'ring towns with wealth and splendour
 crown'd ;
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round ;
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
 For me your tributary stores combine :
 Creation's heir ! the world, the world is mine !
 As some lone miser, visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still :
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
 Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies ;
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd ;
 Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
 May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease :
The naked negro panting at the line,



Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine ;

Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods* for all the good they gave,
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam ;
 His first, best country ever is at home.

And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
 And estimate the blessings which they share,
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;
 As different good, by art or nature given,
 To different nations, make their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
 Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call ;
 With food as well the peasant is supply'd
 On Idra's cliffs, as Arno's shelvy side !
 And though the rocky crested summits frown,
 These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
 From art more various are the blessings sent ;
 Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content,
 Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
 That either seems destructive of the rest.

* Though there is but one true and living God, yet not only the children of Africa, but many others, have been, and some still continue so enveloped in error, as to believe in a plurality of gods.

Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment
fails ;

And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.

Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,

Comforts and models life to that alone.

Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,

And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;

Till carried to excess in each domain,

This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try those truths with closer eyes,

And trace them through the prospect as it lies :

Here, fore a while, my proper cares resign'd

Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;

Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,

That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right, where Appenine ascends,

Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;

Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,

Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;

While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,

With venerable grandeur marks the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.



Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal leaves, that blossom but to die—
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.*
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign ;
 Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain :
 Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
 And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind ;
 For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
 When commerce proudly flourish'd thro' the state,
 At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
 Again the long fallen column sought the skies ;
 The canvass glow'd beyond e'en nature warm ;
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form ;
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ;
 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
 But towns unman'd, and lords without a slave :

* Although too true as a nation, yet it is hoped many individuals have a better idea of bliss.

And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen in bloodless pomp array'd
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsar's once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them—turn we to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display ;
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion
 tread,



And force a churlish soil for scanty bread ;
 No product here the barren hills afford,
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May :
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feast tho' small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him for the soil,
 Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes :
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep ;
 Or seeks the den where snow tracks mark the
 way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day !
 At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten in the blaze ;
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board :

And haply too some pilgrim thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd :
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due ;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few :
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
When from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy :
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,

Catch ev'ry nerve and vibrate thro' the frame.
 Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unfan'd by strong desire ;
 Unfit for raptures ; or, if raptures cheer
 In some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;
 Their morals like their pleasures, are but low :
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run ;
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
 Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest ;
 But all* the gentler morals, such as play
 Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm
 the way,
 These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

* Doubtless this must be understood comparatively.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn—and France displays her bright domain.



Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can
please,

How often have I led thy sportive choir
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire :
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew ;
And haply, tho' my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour !

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful
 maze ;

And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burden of three-score.

So gay a life these thoughtless realms display,
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear ;
 For honour forms the social temper here :
 Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land :
 From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise :
 They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise,
 For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.

Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart :
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,



Where the broad ocean leans against the land ;

And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
 Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore,
 While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile,
 The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
 The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
 A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus while around the wave subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain.
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here display'd. Their much lov'd wealth
 imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
 Even liberty itself is barter'd here;

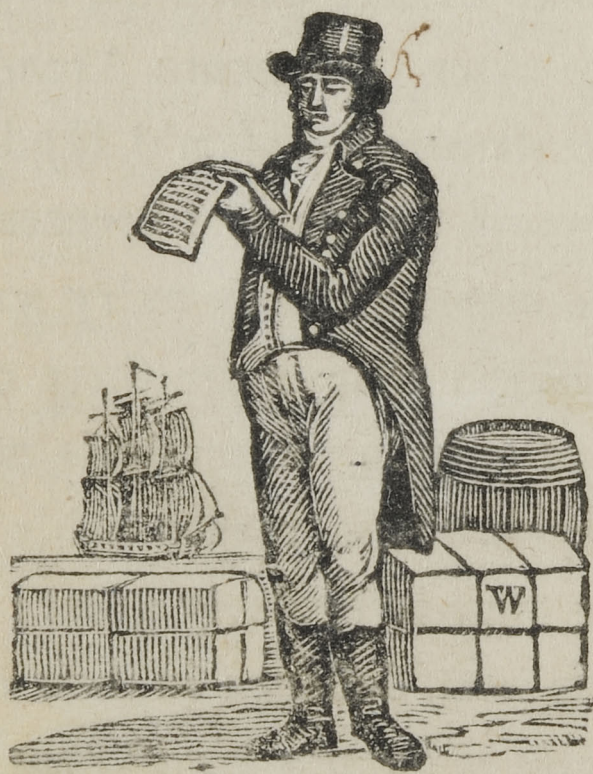
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies ;
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys ;
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves !
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
 And calmly bent, to servitude conform ;
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
 Oh ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old !
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow ;
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide :
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray ;
 There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray ;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd ;
 Extremes are only in the master's mind !
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
 With daring aims irregularly great :
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the *lords of human kind** pass by ;

* The writer of this was a British subject. As a parallel, see the little boy's song, page 45, headed Prejudice, taken from Original Poems, and the wise and happy conclusion occasioned by the Father's observations to his Child.

Intent on his designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand ;
 Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above control,
 While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;
 Too blest indeed were such without alloy,
 But foster'd e'en by freedom ills annoy :
 That independence Briton's prize too high,



Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ;

The self-dependent lordlings stand alone :
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown :
 Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
 Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore,
 Till over wrought, the general system feels
 Its motion stop, or phrenzy fires the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown ;
 Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
 The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,

And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great ;
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire :

And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel,
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone
 By proud contempt, or favour's fost'ring sun,
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
 I only would repress them to secure ;
 For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
 That those who think must govern those who toil ;
 And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then, how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires.
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast approaching danger warms :
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own ;
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
 Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home,

Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
 Tear off reserve and bear my swelling heart ;
 Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
 When first ambition struck at regal power ;
 And, thus polluted honour in its source,
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore ?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste
 Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste ?
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,
 And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 In barren, solitary pomp repose ?
 Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
 The smiling long frequented village fall ?
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid ;
 Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main ;
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound !

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
 Thro' tangled forest's* and thro' dang'rous ways ;
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim ;



There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his wo,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,

* Abundantly altered by the hand of industry and American enterprise, a peaceful asylum from European oppression.

Cast a long look where England's *glories** shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search, to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind !
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows ?
In ev'ry government tho' terrors reign,
Tho' tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !
Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find :
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

* Nature has done much ; but the pride and avarice
of those in power, have much marred its glory.

PREJUDICE.

PART I.

“WITH England no land can compare;
For every thing fine, sweet and rare,
So grand, and so rich, and so fair,

Old England, O nothing like thee!
The Frenchmen, they say, feed on frogs,
The Germans are stupid as dogs,
The Dutchmen are clumsy as hogs;

Hail England! Old England for me!
We'll beat them—the cowardly slaves!
For nobly a Briton behaves,
He rules both the land and the waves,

O none but bold Britons are free!

Thus Edward sang, as round the spacious hall,
He whip'd his top—A map adorn'd the wall,
On which his father look'd, yet list'ning stood,
Then call'd the boy, but in no angry mood.

He lifts him to the map, and says, “Look here;
Tell me those countries on each hemisphere:”
“Here's Europe, father, 'twixt this sea and this;
How wonderfully large all Europe is!
Yet Asia's larger, to the right it stands;
I scarce can cover it with both my hands.

Then great America, take South and North,
 What sums of money all this land is worth !
 Those heaps of islands in the sea beside,
 And Africa ! how vast ! how long ! how wide !

“ But Edward,” cries the father with a smile,
 “ You have not shown me England, all the while ;
 Edward, my boy, look sharp, use well your eyes ;
 Under your little finger England lies.”

Says Ned, “ Ay, this is it ; but, dear, how very
 small ;

I was afraid it was not here at all.”

Ned listens, and his father thus replies :

“ God form'd all things, you know—he's good
 and wise,

And can you think so large a world he'd make,
 Sun, moon, and stars, for little England's sake ?

Think of the people by the map or chart,

We do not make their hundred thousandth part.

If we're the only grain, they chaff and bran,

God's work was ill bestow'd in making man ;

Do for your own, what in your power lies,

But other countries hate not, nor despise.”

Cries Ned, “ I'll love all good men that I see,

And where they're born is all alike to me.”

PART II.

“ FATHER, since on the map you made me look,
 Geography I’ve learn’d—I’ve read the book ;
 And history—I’ve conn’d that very well,
 And what I’ve read in both to you I’ll tell ;
 Yes, now I know, that on this world around,
 Men great and good, and precious things are
 found :

In Africa, gold, rich drugs, and fragrant gums :
 Best wine from France, coffee from Turkey comes ;
 Dies, cocoa, sugar, silver, white and pure,
 And bark, in which the sick can find a cure,
 In vast America, and Caribbees,
 Where blacks are slaves, that whites may drink
 and sneeze ;

In Asia, diamonds, spices, finest birds, and fruits,
 Lions and Elephants, the noblest brutes ;
 The Paradise and Eden, where the Lord
 Placed man—where Moses, God adored,
 Where Christ was born, where our Redeemer bled,
 Lie all in Asia, Sir, these things I’ve read ;

And first in Greece sprang up the arts so fine,
Wise Solon too, and Plato call'd divine,
And Socrates, who drank the hemlock bowl,
To save his body, would not kill his soul.
Greece and the Swiss, their patriot heroes hav
In Scanderberg, and William Tell, the brave :
If then so fine, so good, each foreign part,
Although I love dear England in my heart,
Although my country's rights I would defend,
My prejudice to others here shall end ;
May other countries look on me with scorn,
When I despise good men, where'er they're born."

FINIS.

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