

not far removed the date
 When commerce proudly flourish'd through the
 state;
 At her command the palace bant to rise,
 Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
 The canvas stow'd beyond ev'n nature warm,
 The pregnant quarry term'd with human form;
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
 While not remain'd of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave;
 And late the nation found, with fruitless toil,
 Its former strength was pluck'd away.

Goldsmith: The Traveller

By some time further; then we survey
 When rougher climes a nobler race display;
 When the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
 And for a churlish soil for scanty bread:

even
 Yet still, here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.

Cheerful at noon, he wakes from short repose
 Breathes the keen air and cools as he goes:
 With patient angle toils the fenny deep,
 Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep,
 Or sows the den where snow-flocks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day.
 At night returning, weary labour sped,
 He sits him down, the monarch of a shed

down from the power, I wish men were like the stars

With secret course, which no loud storm away,
 While the west wind's content; I'd have the joy.

Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round survey,
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze,
 While his love's partner, boastful of her board,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
 And hospely to some some pilgrim, hither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

And as a child, when scaring sounds molest
 Cling close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So loud torrent, and the whistling's roar,
 But bind him to his native mount ⁱⁿ ^{side}

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 In dustrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain,
 Hence all the good from opulence that brings
 Are here display'd. Their much lov'd wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
 But view them closer, craft & fraud appears;
 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 welcome sees dishonourable graves,
 & calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Hence, shores are ⁱⁿ ^{proportion} ^{grow}
 Its double weight must ruin all below