

## A C O M P A R I S O N.

THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,  
 Both speed their journey with a restless stream,  
 The silent pace with which they steal away,  
 No wealth can bribe, no pray'rs persuade to stay,  
 Alike irrevocable both when past,  
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.  
 Though each resemble each in ev'ry part,  
 A difference strikes at length the musing heart;  
 Streams never flow in vain; where streams abound,  
 How laughs the land with various plenty crown'd!  
 But time that should enrich the nobler mind,  
 Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind.

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 A N O T H E R.

*Addressed to a* YOUNG LADY.

SWEET stream that winds through yonder  
 glade,  
 Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—

Silent

Silent and chaste she steals along  
 Far from the world's gay busy throng,  
 With gentle yet prevailing force  
 Intent upon her destin'd course,  
 Graceful and useful all she does,  
 Blessing and blest where're she goes,  
 Pure—bosom'd as that wat'ry glass,  
 And heav'n reflected in her face.

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*V E R S E S, supposed to be written by ALEXANDER  
 SELKIRK, during his solitary Abode in the Island  
 of JUAN FERNANDEZ.*

I.

I A M monarch of all I survey,  
 My right there is none to dispute,  
 From the center all round to the sea,  
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
 Oh solitude ! where are the charms  
 That sages have seen in thy face ?  
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
 Than reign in this horrible place.