

“ So come along, no more we'll part :”  
 He said, and touch'd him with his dart ;  
 And now old Debson turning pale,  
 Yields to his fate——so ends my tale.

T H E E X C U R S I O N,

**H**A P P Y thrice the harmless swain,  
 Tenant of the peaceful plain,  
 Far from business, noise and strife,  
 Blest with every sweet of life ;  
 Far from all the toil of state,  
 All oppressions of the great ;  
 Dancing blythe his Nymph he leads  
 O'er the carpet of the meads ;  
 While his neighbour's pipe or horn  
 Lulls the night or cheers the morn :  
 Healthy joy from labour springs,  
 Healthy joy the wish of kings.

Here Providence in bounty flows,  
 And joys on every sense bestows ;  
 Here Earth affords her kind increase,  
 With virtue gain'd, enjoy'd in peace ;  
 The harvest rich, the fruitage fair,  
 Repay the cultivator's care.

Hills where sportive lambkins stray,  
 Flocks that fleecy tribute pay ;

Crystal streams whose murmuring rills  
 Stray between the flowery hills,  
 Meeting from a hundred dells,  
 Till the foaming river swells,  
 Swells beyond restraint, and laves  
 Happy lands with welcome waves ;  
 While the crystal of the floods  
 Mocks the waving of the woods.

Here flowers in sweet confusion strown,  
 O'er the verdant mead are blown ;  
 Narcissus, near the rivers fair,  
 Smiles at itself reflected there ;  
 Sad emblem of that lover's pride,  
 Who for himself too fondly died.  
 The crowfoot here with golden hue,  
 The cowslips sweet, the violets blue,  
 The blushing pinks, and lilies pale,  
 Like virgins fair, like virgins frail ;  
 Soft daffodils of early bloom,  
 And daisies fearful of the gloom.

But ah, those beauties soon must fall !  
 The ruthless scythe which levels all,  
 Must sweep their harmless sweets away,  
 And give their colours to decay.

Here lofty groves invade the sky,  
 And all the tempest's rage defy ;  
 The solid oak that awes the main,  
 The spreading elm of coarser grain,

The elastic eugh, whose distant wound  
 With England's rivals heap'd the ground;  
 The stubborn holly, rough and bold,  
 That spreads her verdure to the cold,  
 And boasts her berries fair and ripe,  
 Beneath December's icy gripe;  
 All, all Destruction's power shall feel,  
 And fall before the fatal steel.  
 See this, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave,  
 And sink together in the grave.

The squirrel climbs the nut-tree bough,  
 And strips the clusters as they grow;  
 The little mouse with humbler hope  
 Tastes Nature's bounties as they drop.

See all the feather'd warblers sing,  
 To welcome the returning spring;  
 The blackbird, linnet, finch, and thrush,  
 Pour out their songs from every bush;  
 The tuneful lark, whose towering flight  
 Fatigues the disappointed sight;  
 These little songsters mounted high,  
 Harmonious carrol to the sky:  
 To heaven their tuneful offering pay,  
 And seem to hail the new-born day!

Sweet bird! instructed by thy lays,  
 Can man forget his Maker's praise?  
 Reviving from the shades of night,  
 Can he behold the all-quickening light,

Can he uncloſe his ſluggiſh eyes,  
Nor ſend one rapture to the ſkies ?

At eve, in ſoftly mournful ſtrains,  
The love-lorn nightingale complains ;  
While as it ſtrains its little throat,  
Pleas'd Echo dwells on every note,  
And ſighs to hear the plaintive moan,  
And grief expreſſive of her own.

How bleſt, my foul, how bleſt are thoſe  
Who paſs a life in ſuch reſoſe ;  
Who ſtill in rural ſhades abide,  
Where all their hours thus ſmoothly glide ;  
Whoſe humble aims no higher tend,  
Than to enjoy a book and friend ;  
Whom anxious projects ne'er moleſt,  
Nor war nor love diſturb their reſt ;  
Who form no wiſh of riſing higher,  
But learn betimes to check deſire ;  
Whoſe happy and yet humble ſtate  
Provokes no threatening frowns of Fate :  
So humble ſhrubs in ſafety grow,  
When ſtorms the lofty pine o'erthrow.

O hear, ye Powers, a ſuppliant's voice,  
Indulge my wiſh, approve my choice !  
O grant me, whereſoe'er ye pleaſe,  
A life of privacy and eaſe ;  
No more thoſe pleaſures to purſue,  
Which Fancy paints to Folly's view ;

Nor falsely fond, nor idly gay,  
To waste the fashionable day;  
No more with craving heart to go  
From toy to toy, from show to show;  
All day to counterfeit delight,  
And long, to end the cheat, for night.  
Afford me pleasures more serene:  
Give me to range the sylvan scene,  
Where Ceres' full-ear'd sheaves abound,  
And Flora paints th' enamel'd ground;  
To feel, from every pressure free,  
The joys of Truth and Poetry;  
Let Contemplation string my lyre,  
And Zeal supply poetic fire;  
Then let me Nature's wonders sing,  
And praise the power of Nature's King;  
While as by chance I turn my sight,  
New objects strike with new delight;  
Till fresh ideas hourly spring,  
And urge Imagination's wing.

Here Knowledge, quicken'd by Delight,  
Shall rouse the soul to vigorous flight:  
Rapt with the thought, methinks I rise  
To meditate my kindred skies;  
At once the past and present view,  
Compare the former with the new;  
Survey the world from pole to pole,  
Join clime to clime, and grasp the whole;

To

To each effect the cause conjoin,  
 And trace the Original divine;  
 Awaken'd Hope directs my way  
 Thro' all the spacious realms of day;  
 Views the resplendent courts above,  
 Blest mansion of seraphic love!  
 Refulgent throne of power divine,  
 Where calm celestial splendors shine;  
 Whence beams of emanating light  
 From Nature chafe retiring night.  
 Quick to my breast new beauties rise,  
 I pant to range my native skies;  
 But here, encumber'd with her clay,  
 My Soul must wait the final day;  
 And now but short excursions make,  
 And joys thro' long perspectives take;  
 Such joys as virtuous souls improve,  
 And heighten wonder into love.

Then fill'd with reverence and delight,  
 Back to the world I take my flight;  
 Back to my much lov'd groves again,  
 Where honest joys alternate reign;  
 Where thro' Creation's mighty round,  
 Unnumber'd miracles abound,  
 And, form'd instruction to convey,  
 The Almighty Father's power display;  
 Amaz'd I view the splendid dye  
 Of this enamel'd butterfly;

Amaz'd each reptile insect see,  
 Each blest with life as well as we.  
 Wherever we direct our eyes,  
 Ten thousand various forms arise ;  
 On each a life of different mode  
 By boundless Providence bestow'd ;  
 From small to less, from high to higher,  
 Till Reason, Sense, and Fancy tire ;  
 While all in due proportion shine,  
 To prove the economy divine.

With serious joy the enlighten'd soul  
 Surveys a part, admires the whole ;  
 Nor always silently surveys,  
 But, fir'd by gratitude to praise,  
 In holy confidence is blest,  
 And calmly waits eternal rest.

ALEXIS: