

In effect, however, his scruples were overruled, and he agreed to qualify himself for the office. He was now only twenty-one, and must pass two years of probation. They were two years of rather loitering, unsettled life. Sometimes he was at Lissoy, participating with thoughtless enjoyment in the rural sports and occupations of his brother-in law, Mr. Hodson; sometimes he was with his brother Henry, at the old goblin mansion at Pallas, assisting him occasionally in his school. The early marriage and unambitious retirement of Henry, though so subversive of the fond plans of his father, had proved happy in their results. He was already surrounded by a blooming family; he was contented with his lot, beloved by his parishioners, and lived in the daily practice of all the amiable virtues, and the immediate enjoyment of their reward. Of the tender affection inspired in the breast of Goldsmith by the constant kindness of this excellent brother, and of the longing recollection with which, in the lonely wanderings of after years, he looked back upon this scene of domestic felicity, we have a touching instance in the well-known opening to his poem of *The Traveler*:

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po;

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart untravel'd fondly turns to thee;  
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

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