

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. 300
 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; 305
 Even liberty itself is bartered 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 dishonorable graves, 310
 And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old—
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow ; 315
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

~~X~~ 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. 320
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on every 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, 325
 With daring aims irregularly great ;
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by ;
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,