

The mysteries of illimitable space
 In regions where imagination roams,
 Selecting barb'rous substantives required.
 (Not always found pronounceable at best
 Accent and emphasis alike unknown
 And polish'd only by repeating o'er)
 For telling motion, magnitude or speed,
 Of continents that float beyond your reach,
 Or calculate impossible details
 Of density or distance from this globe,
 With no results to justify the toil."

Far other task, apparently has been
 By circumstances to our pen assign'd,
 For shadowing the leanings of our love
 We gather up what gifted ones have miss'd
 In living landscapes, and sequester'd scenes,
 Where nature claims to rusticate at will,
 Or in the noonday comes for calm repose.
 What time the songbirds fold their wings awhile
 Nor audible the music that is made,
 As lazy brooks move noisily along,
 Tho' often proud to play the Minstrel's part
 And babble out a ballad of their own
 Even "Pero" though for playfulness inclined
 Seems reconciled to stretch himself at length
 Among the grass, or sit with drooping ears,
 And of such silence question with his eye—
 Not even a whisper in the lapse is breathed,
 But ev'ry leaf is speechless with delight,
 Or if enjoyment burdensome be found
 How glad to have some plausible excuse
 To cultivate acquaintanceship with toil,
 Or greet the wretched with a gracious smile.

Deem not the Poet's pilgrimage has been
 All of it sunshine or all summer days,
 Or pass'd unmingled with corroding care,
 With anguish and excruciating pain,
 And such vicissitudes as come uncall'd,
 Not more expected, than unwelcome made,
 Nor felt their riddance to be any loss,
 Whether intruders with a hostile frown
 Or visitations Providence allow'd,