

P O E T R Y.

THE SCHOOL-BOY.

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint !

BACK memory, to scenes of pleasure
 past,
 To scenes ere childhood ripen'd into man;
 When school day sports employ'd the busy
 hours,
 And ev'ning finish'd what the morn be-
 gan.

In those gay meads how gladsome have I
 play'd,
 Those meads encircled with meand'ring
 streams,
 Where lavish Flora spreads her chequer'd
 sweets,
 And Phœbus darts his lustre adding
 beams.

Oft, as the pale-ey'd regent of the night,
 Held forth her lamp; and lighten'd all
 the green,
 Have I exulting frolick'd with my mates,
 And hail'd the brightness of the silver
 scene.

Yon sloping lawns, where skips the frisky
 lamb,
 Yon herbag'd vales, and inter-twisted
 bow'rs,
 Yon velvet plains, and daisy-platted hills,
 Can sweetly testify my playful hours.

Beside that pebbled spring I oft have sat,
 And listen'd to each vernal warbler there,
 As oft well pleas'd I've puff'd the clay-
 form'd tube,
 And view'd the bubbles mount, and burst
 in air.

Can I forget how oft the race I've run,
 While hope of conquest beat in ev'ry
 vein?
 Pomona's prize has crown'd my vast suc-
 cess,
 And all have hail'd me hero of the plain.

Ne'er triumph'd more a warrior in the
 field,
 When he had vanquish'd his high daring foe
 Than I, when in my fights engag'd,
 My stubborn rival fell beneath my blow.

Then was the day (so jocund was my life)
 When I could smile at ev'ry feather'd
 toy;

When each vain trifle that might shame
 the man,
 Delighted, nor disgrac'd the laughing boy.

Where now are all those festive days of
 ease?
 Alas! fast bound in time's all girding roll;
 Yet as in thought each sport I fondly
 trace,
 The lov'd idea warms my panting soul.

When years increasing swell the age of
 man,
 How pleasing then the recollective pow'r!
 Remembrance of past joys play'd o'er in
 youth,
 Gives a fresh relish to the present hour.

Adieu that happy transit! for no more
 Those moments pleasure wing'd shall I
 behold,
 Reality no more can give them birth,
 Tho' airy fancy may the shade unfold.

Let not proud man, buoy'd up by self con-
 ceit,
 Contemn the various frolicks of the child,
 Nor wisdom seated on her aged throne,
 Deem youthful sports romantic all and
 wild.

The title bearing star, the garter'd badge,
 The coat emblazon'd, and the flowing
 gown,
 Is little more than emblematick farce,
 One half of man is childhood overgrown.

Oft now with curious retrospective eye,
 The stealing progress of the mind I view,
 I mark how slow it to perfection tends,
 Guided by pliant education's clue.

Bless'd education! all who feel its fire,
 The genial comfort it imparts, must own,
 This great distinction elevates the soul,
 And adds the richest jewel to a crown.

Where'er it spreads, it polishes the rude,
 Extracts the finer from the grosser part;
 The brutish passions gently charms away,
 And levigates the marble of the heart.

The mind, that beauteous spark of heav'n-
 ly flame,
 How by degrees it rises to a blaze!
 Its fury spent, as gradual it expires,
 Nor leaves one glimpse of its diminish'd
 rays.