

XXIII

"Friend of my youth, OUISEAU HEIGHT, adieu !
No more shall I revisit thee, no more
Gaze from thy summit on the upper blue,
And listen to the rapid's battle-roar ;
I go, my elder brother, to pursue
The Elk's great shadow on a distant shore.
Where Nature, still unwounded, wears her charms,
And calls me, like a mother, to her arms."

XXIV

Is that poetical? Appollo nods.
And some in cushioned chairs have gravely said
That savage life is happier by all odds,
Than civilized society, well bred ; *
Just let the sages try it. By the gods,
I think I see them blanketed and fed
On the raw buttock of a grizzly bear,
And sleeping on the snow in open air.

XXV

For my part, give me "bread and cheese."—and more,
The wine of knowledge pressed from every age,
And well-filled honeycombs of bardic lore,
Rare sweet'ner of my earthly pilgrimage ;
But, lest my audience vote me down a bore,
From length of wind, and hiss me off the stage,
I make my bow, and trust I've nothing said
Unworthy of a Briton's heart and head.

* Rousseau, among others, maintained this sophism in a prize essay, and defended it against all Europe for many years.

