

100 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind ;
 For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
 When commerce proudly flourished through the state.
 At her command the palace learnt to rise, 135
 Again the long-fallen column sought the skies ;
 The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n nature warm,
 105 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form ;
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ; 140
 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave :
 110 And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied 145
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;
 From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
 115 An easy compensation seem to find.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
 The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade ; 150
 Processions form'd for piety and love,
 A mistress or a saint in every grove.
 By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
 120 The sports of children satisfy the child ;
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control, 155
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind.
 As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
 Defac'd by time and tottering in decay, 160
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
 And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
 125 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.