THE TRAVELLER: A POEM

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The Traveller: A Poem by Oliver Goldsmith & Birket Foster

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OLIVER GOLDSMITH & BIRKET FOSTER

THE TRAVELLER: A POEM



THE TRAVELLER

A POEM

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ETCHINGS ON STEEL

BY BIRKET FOSTER.



LONDON:

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE. NEW YORK: 416, BROOME STREET.

1868. /.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
 A weary waste expanding to the skies.
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair.
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the laxury of doing good.

	IV.	Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend, I sit me down a persive hour to spend	4
	v.	The shepherd's humbler pride	5
	VI.	Ye glittering towns with wealth and splendour crown'd.	7
	VII.	Ye lakes, whose vessels eatch the busy gale; Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale.	7
	VIII.	The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone, Boldy proclaims that happiest spot his own	9
Ĩ	IX.	Basks in the glare or stems the tepid wave, And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.	9

X. With food as well the peasant is supplied

XII. While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between With memorable grandeur mark the scene, .

XIII. While sca-born gales their gelid wings expand, To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
XIV. For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,

XV. While nought remain'd of all that riches gave
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave.

XVI. As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay.

XI. as Arno's shelvy side.

78 1901 390

When Commerce proudly flourish'd through the state.

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· On Ida's cliffs,

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

1	XVII.	And, wondering man could want the larger pile,		PAGE	
	2	Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.	*	19	
XVIII. Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,					
	<u> </u>	He sees his little lot the lot of all	*	21	
	XIX.	With patient angle trolls the finny deep	٠	23	
	XX.	Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep.	¥	23	
	XXI.	With many a tale repays the nightly bed	Œ.	25	

XXIII. So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

XXIV. How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuncless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!

XXII. And haply, too, some pilgrim thither led.

XXV. The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail.

XXVI. Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring.

XXVII. Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes' glide.

XXVIII. Hence all obedience bows to these alone,

And Talent sinks and Merit weeps unknown. .

XXIX. Seen Opulence her grandcur to maintain,

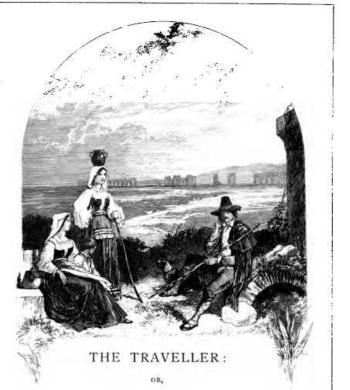
Lead stern Depopulation in her train. . .

XXX. With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy. . . 39

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A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow, Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po; Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor Against the houseless stranger shuts the door; Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies, A weary waste expanding to the skies;

THE TRAVELLER.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see, My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee; Still to my Brother turns, with ceaseless pain, And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend, And round his dwelling guardian saints attend; Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire; Blest that abode, where want and pain repair, And every stranger finds a ready chair; Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd, Where all the ruddy family around

*



Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail, Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale; Or press the bashful stranger to his food, And learn the luxury of doing good.



THE TRAVELLER.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.