ARGUMENT of the THIRD BOOK.

Self-recollection and reproof.—Addreſs to domeſtic happineſs.—Some account of myſelf.—The vanity of many of their purſuits who are reputed wiſe.—Juſtification of my cenſures.—Divine illumination neceſſary to the moſt expert philoſopher.—The queſtion, What is truth? anſwered by other queſtions.—Domeſtic happineſs addreſſed again.—Few lovers of the country.—My tame hare.—Occupations of a retired gentleman in his garden.—Pruning.—Framing.—Greenhouſe.—Sowing of flower-ſeeds.—The country preferable to the town even in the winter.—Reaſons why it is deſerted at that ſeaſon.—Ruinous effects of gaming and of expenſive improvement.—Book concludes with an apoſtrophé to the metropolis.

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BOOK III.

THE GARDEN.

AS one who long in thickets and in brakes
Entangled, winds now this way and now that
His devious courſe uncertain, ſeeking home;
Or having long in miry ways been foiled
And ſore diſcomfited, from ſlough to ſlough
Plunging, and half deſpairing of eſcape,
If chance at length he find a green-ſwerd ſmooth
And faithful to the foot, his ſpirits riſe,
He chirrups briſk his ear-erecting ſteed,
And winds his way with pleaſure and with eaſe;
So I, deſigning other themes, and call'd

T' adorn

T' adorn the Sofa with eulogium due,
To tell its ſlumbers and to paint its dreams,
Have rambled wide. In country, city, ſeat
Of academic fame (howe'er deſerved)
Long held, and ſcarcely diſengaged at laſt.
But now with pleaſant pace, a cleanlier road
I mean to tread. I feel myſelf at large,
Courageous, and refreſh'd for future toil,
If toil await me, or if dangers new.

Since pulpits fail, and ſounding-boards reflect
Moſt part an empty ineffectual ſound,
What chance that I, to fame ſo little known,
Nor converſant with men or manners much,
Should ſpeak to purpoſe, or with better hope
Crack the ſatyric thong? 'twere wiſer far
For me enamour'd of ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
And charm'd with rural beauty, to repoſe
Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or vine,
My languid limbs when ſummer ſears the plains,

Or

Or when rough winter rages, on the ſoft
And ſhelter'd Sofa, while the nitrous air
Feeds a blue flame and makes a chearful hearth;
There undiſturb'd by folly, and appriz'd
How great the danger of diſturbing her,
To muſe in ſilence, or at leaſt confine
Remarks that gall ſo many, to the few
My partners in retreat. Diſguſt conceal'd
Is oft-times proof of wiſdom, when the fault
Is obſtinate, and cure beyond our reach.

Domeſtic happineſs, thou only bliſs
Of Paradiſe that has ſurvived the fall!
Though few now taſte thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or taſting, long enjoy thee, too infirm
Or too incautious to preſerve thy ſweets
Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper ſheds into thy chryſtal cup.
Thou art the nurſe of virtue. In thine arms
She ſmiles, appearing, as in truth ſhe is,

Heav'n

Heav'n born and deſtined to the ſkies again.
Thou art not known where pleaſure is adored,
That reeling goddeſs with the zoneleſs waiſt
And wand'ring eyes, ſtill leaning on the arm
Of novelty, her fickle frail ſupport;
For thou art meek and conſtant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tied love
Joys that her ſtormy raptures never yeild.
Forſaking thee, what ſhipwreck have we made
Of honor, dignity, and fair renown,
'Till proſtitution elbows us aſide
In all our crowded ſtreets, and ſenates ſeem
Convened for purpoſes of empire leſs,
Than to releaſe th' adultreſs from her bond.
Th' adultreſs! what a theme for angry verſe,
What provocation to th' indignant heart
That feels for injured love! but I diſdain
The nauſeous taſk to paint her as ſhe is,
Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her ſhame.
No. Let her paſs, and chariotted along

In guilty ſplendor, ſhake the public ways;
The frequency of crimes has waſh'd them white.
And verſe of mine ſhall never brand the wretch,
Whom matrons now of character unſmirch'd
And chaſte themſelves, are not aſhamed to own.
Virtue and vice had bound'ries in old time
Not to be paſs'd. And ſhe that had renounced
Her ſex's honor, was renounced herſelf
By all that priz'd it; not for prud'ry's ſake,
But dignity's, reſentful of the wrong.
'Twas hard perhaps on here and there a waif
Deſirous to return and not received,
But was an wholeſome rigor in the main,
And taught th' unblemiſh'd to preſerve with care
That purity, whoſe loſs was loſs of all.
Men too were nice in honor in thoſe days,
And judg'd offenders well. And he that ſharp'd,
And pocketted a prize by fraud obtain'd,
Was mark'd and ſhunn'd as odious. He that ſold
His country, or was ſlack when ſhe required

His ev'ry nerve in action and at ſtretch,
Paid with the blood that he had baſely ſpared
The price of his default. But now, yes, now,
We are become ſo candid and ſo fair,
So lib'ral in conſtruction, and ſo rich
In chriſtian charity, a good-natured age!
That they are ſafe, ſinners of either ſex,
Tranſgreſs what laws they may. Well dreſs'd, well bred,
Well equipaged, is ticket good enough
To paſs us readily through ev'ry door.
Hypocriſy, deteſt her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet)
May claim this merit ſtill, that ſhe admits
The worth of what ſhe mimics with ſuch care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applauſe;
But ſhe has burnt her maſk not needed here,
Where vice has ſuch allowance, that her ſhifts
And ſpecious ſemblances have loſt their uſe.

I was a ſtricken deer that left the herd
Long ſince; with many an arrow deep infixt

My

My panting ſide was charged when I withdrew
To ſeek a tranquil death in diſtant ſhades.
There was I found by one who had himſelf
Been hurt by th' archers. In his ſide he bore
And in his hands and feet the cruel ſcars.
With gentle force ſoliciting the darts
He drew them forth, and heal'd and bade me live.
Since then, with few aſſociates, in remote
And ſilent woods I wander, far from thoſe
My former partners of the peopled ſcene,
With few aſſociates, and not wiſhing more.
Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now
Than once, and others of a life to come.
I ſee that all are wand'rers, gone aſtray
Each in his own deluſions; they are loſt
In chace of fancied happineſs, ſtill wooed
And never won. Dream after dream enſues,
And ſtill they dream that they ſhall ſtill ſucceed,
And ſtill are diſappointed; rings the world

With the vain ſtir. I ſum up half mankind,
And add two-thirds of the remainder half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears
Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit as gay
As if created only like the fly
That ſpreads his motley wings in th' eye of noon
To ſport their ſeaſon and be ſeen no more.
The reſt are ſober dreamers, grave and wiſe,
And pregnant with diſcov'ries new and rare.
Some write a narrative of wars and feats
Of heroes little known, and call the rant
An hiſtory. Deſcribe the man, of whom
His own coœvals took but little note,
And paint his perſon, character and views,
As they had known him from his mother's womb.
They diſentangle from the puzzled ſkein
In which obſcurity has wrapp'd them up,
The threads of politic and ſhrewd deſign
That ran through all his purpoſes, and charge
His mind with meanings that he never had,

Or having, kept conceal'd. Some drill and bore
The ſolid earth, and from the ſtrata there
Extract a regiſter, by which we learn
That he who made it and reveal'd its date
To Moſes, was miſtaken in its age.
Some more acute and more induſtrious ſtill
Contrive creation. Travel nature up
To the ſharp peak of her ſublimeſt height,
And tell us whence the ſtars. Why ſome are fixt,
And planetary ſome. What gave them firſt
Rotation, from what fountain flow'd their light.
Great conteſt follows, and much learned duſt
Involves the combatants, each claiming truth,
And truth diſclaiming both. And thus they ſpend
The little wick of life's poor ſhallow lamp,
In playing tricks with nature, giving laws
To diſtant worlds and trifling in their own.
Is't not a pity now that tickling rheums
Should ever teaze the lungs and blear the ſight
Of oracles like theſe? Great pity too,

That having wielded th' elements, and built
A thouſand ſyſtems, each in his own way,
They ſhould go out in fume and be forgot?
Ah! what is life thus ſpent? and what are they
But frantic who thus ſpend it? all for ſmoke—
Eternity for bubbles, proves at laſt
A ſenſeleſs bargain. When I ſee ſuch games
Play'd by the creatures of a pow'r who ſwears
That he will judge the earth, and call the fool
To a ſharp reck'ning that has lived in vain,
And when I weigh this ſeeming wiſdom well
And prove it in th' infallible reſult
So hollow and ſo falſe—I feel my heart
Diſſolve in pity, and account the learn'd,
If this be learning, moſt of all deceived.
Great crimes alarm the conſcience, but ſhe ſleeps
While thoughtful man is plauſibly amuſed.
Defend me therefore common ſenſe, ſay I,
From reveries ſo airy, from the toil

Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up!

'Twere well, ſays one ſage erudite, profound,
Terribly arch'd and aquiline his noſe,
And overbuilt with moſt impending brows,
'Twere well could you permit the world to live
As the world pleaſes. What's the world to you?
Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk
As ſweet as charity from human breaſts.
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep
And exerciſe all functions of a man.
How then ſhould I and any man that lives
Be ſtrangers to each other? pierce my vein,
Take of the crimſon ſtream meandring there
And catechiſe it well. Apply your glaſs,
Search it, and prove now if it be not blood
Congenial with thine own. And if it be,
What edge of ſubtlety canſt thou ſuppoſe
Keen enough, wiſe and ſkilful as thou art,

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
One common Maker bound me to the kind.
True; I am no proficient, I confeſs,
In arts like yours. I cannot call the ſwift
And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,
And bid them hide themſelves in th' earth beneath,
I cannot analyſe the air, nor catch
The parallax of yonder luminous point
That ſeems half quench'd in the immenſe abyſs;
Such pow'rs I boaſt not—neither can I reſt
A ſilent witneſs of the headlong rage
Or heedleſs folly by which thouſands die,
Bone of my bone, and kindred ſouls to mine.

God never meant that man ſhould ſcale the heav'ns
By ſtrides of human wiſdom. In his works
Though wond'rous, he commands us in his word
To ſeek him rather, where his mercy ſhines.
The mind indeed enlighten'd from above
Views him in all. Aſcribes to the grand cauſe

The grand effect. Acknowledges with joy
His manner, and with rapture taſtes his ſtile.
But never yet did philoſophic tube
That brings the planets home into the eye
Of obſervation, and diſcovers, elſe
Not viſible, his family of worlds,
Diſcover him that rules them; ſuch a veil
Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth
And dark in things divine. Full often too
Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
Of nature, overlooks her author more,
From inſtrumental cauſes proud to draw
Concluſions retrograde and mad miſtake.
But if his word once teach us, ſhoot a ray
Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal
Truths undiſcern'd but by that holy light,
Then all is plain. Philoſophy baptized
In the pure fountain of eternal love
Has eyes indeed; and viewing all ſhe ſees
As meant to indicate a God to man,

Gives *him* his praiſe, and forfeits not her own.
Learning has borne ſuch fruit in other days
On all her branches. Piety has found
Friends in the friends of ſcience, and true pray'r
Has flow'd from lips wet with Caſtalian dews.
Such was thy wiſdom, Newton, childlike ſage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in his word ſagacious. Such too thine
Milton, whoſe genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna. And ſuch thine in whom
Our Britiſh Themis gloried with juſt cauſe
Immortal Hale! for deep diſcernment praiſed
And ſound integrity not more, than famed
For ſanctity of manners undefiled.

All fleſh is graſs, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flow'r diſhevell'd in the wind;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream;
The man we celebrate muſt find a tomb,
And we that worſhip him, ignoble graves.

Nothing is proof againſt the gen'ral curſe
Of vanity, that ſeizes all below.
The only amaranthine flow'r on earth
Is virtue, th' only laſting treaſure, truth.
But what is truth? 'twas Pilate's queſtion put
To truth itſelf, that deign'd him no reply.
And wherefore? will not God impart his light
To them that aſk it?—Freely—'tis his joy,
His glory, and his nature to impart.
But to the proud, uncandid, inſincere
Or negligent enquirer, not a ſpark.
What's that which brings contempt upon a book
And him that writes it, though the ſtile be neat,
The method clear, and argument exact?
That makes a miniſter in holy things
The joy of many and the dread of more,
His name a theme for praiſe and for reproach?—
That while it gives us worth in God's account,
Depreciates and undoes us in our own?
What pearl is it that rich men cannot buy,

That learning is too proud to gather up,
But which the poor and the deſpiſed of all
Seek and obtain, and often find unſought?
Tell me, and I will tell thee, what is truth.

Oh friendly to the beſt purſuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domeſtic life in rural leiſure paſs'd!
Few know thy value, and few taſte thy ſweets,
Though many boaſt thy favours, and affect
To underſtand and chuſe thee for their own,
But fooliſh man foregoes his proper bliſs
Ev'n as his firſt progenitor, and quits,
Though placed in paradiſe (for earth has ſtill
Some traces of her youthful beauty left)
Subſtantial happineſs for tranſient joy.
Scenes form'd for contemplation, and to nurſe
The growing ſeeds of wiſdom; that ſuggeſt
By ev'ry pleaſing image they preſent
Reflections ſuch as meliorate the heart,

Compoſe the paſſions, and exalt the mind,
Scenes ſuch as theſe, 'tis his ſupreme delight
To fill with riot and defile with blood.
Should ſome contagion kind to the poor brutes
We perſecute, annihilate the tribes
That draw the ſportſman over hill and dale
Fearleſs, and rapt away from all his cares;
Should never game-fowl hatch her eggs again,
Nor baited hook deceive the fiſhes eye;
Could pageantry and dance and feaſt and ſong
Be quell'd in all our ſummer-month retreats;
How many ſelf-deluded nymphs and ſwains
Who dream they have a taſte for fields and groves,
Would find them hideous nurs'ries of the ſpleen,
And crowd the roads, impatient for the town!
They love the country, and none elſe, who ſeek
For their own ſake its ſilence and its ſhade.
Delights which who would leave, that has a heart
Suſceptible of pity, or a mind
Cultured and capable of ſober thought,

For all the ſavage din of the ſwift pack
And clamours of the field? deteſted ſport,
That owes its pleaſures to another's pain,
That feeds upon the ſobs and dying ſhrieks
Of harmleſs nature, dumb, but yet endued
With eloquence that agonies inſpire
Of ſilent tears and heart-diſtending ſighs!
Vain tears alas! and ſighs that never find
A correſponding tone in jovial ſouls.
Well—one at leaſt is ſafe. One ſhelter'd hare
Has never heard the ſanguinary yell
Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.
Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
Whom ten long years experience of my care
Has made at laſt familiar, ſhe has loſt
Much of her vigilant inſtinctive dread,
Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.
Yes—thou mayſt eat thy bread, and lick the hand
That feeds thee; thou may'ſt frolic on the floor
At evening, and at night retire ſecure.

To thy ſtraw-couch, and ſlumber unalarm'd.
For I have gain'd thy confidence, have pledg'd
All that is human in me, to protect
Thine unſuſpecting gratitude and love.
If I ſurvive thee I will dig thy grave,
And when I place thee in it, ſighing ſay,
I knew at leaſt one hare that had a friend.

How various his employments, whom the world
Calls idle, and who juſtly in return
Eſteems that buſy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delighful induſtry enjoyed at home,
And nature in her cultivated trim
Dreſſed to his taſte, inviting him abroad—
Can he want occupation who has theſe?
Will he be idle who has much t' enjoy?
Me therefore, ſtudious of laborious eaſe,
Not ſlothful; happy to deceive the time
Not waſte it; and aware that human life

Is but a loan to be repaid with uſe,
When he ſhall call his debtors to account,
From whom are all our bleſſings, bus'neſs finds
Ev'n here. While ſedulous I ſeek t' improve,
At leaſt neglect not, or leave unemploy'd
The mind he gave me; driving it, though ſlack
Too oft, and much impeded in its work
By cauſes not to be divulged in vain,
To its juſt point the ſervice of mankind.
He that attends to his interior ſelf,
That has a heart and keeps it; has a mind
That hungers and ſupplies it; and who ſeeks
A ſocial, not a diſſipated life,
Has buſineſs. Feels himſelf engaged t' atchieve
No unimportant, though a ſilent taſk.
A life all turbulence and noiſe, may ſeem
To him that leads it, wiſe and to be prais'd;
But wiſdom is a pearl with moſt ſucceſs
Sought in ſtill water, and beneath clear ſkies.
He that is ever occupied in ſtorms,

Or dives not for it, or brings up inſtead,
Vainly induſtrious, a diſgraceful prize.

The morning finds the ſelf-ſequeſter'd man
Freſh for his taſk, intend what taſk he may.
Whether inclement ſeaſons recommend
His warm but ſimple home, where he enjoys
With her who ſhares his pleaſures and his heart,
Sweet converſe, ſipping calm the fragrant lymph
Which neatly ſhe prepares; then to his book
Well choſen, and not ſullenly peruſed
In ſelfiſh ſilence, but imparted oft
As aught occurs that ſhe may ſmile to hear,
Or turn to nouriſhment digeſted well.
Or if the garden with its many cares,
All well repay'd, demand him, he attends
The welcome call, conſcious how much the hand
Of lubbard labor needs his watchful eye,
Oft loit'ring lazily if not o'erſeen,
Or miſapplying his unſkilful ſtrength.

Nor does he govern only or direct,
But much performs himſelf. No works indeed
That aſk robuſt tough ſinews bred to toil,
Servile employ—but ſuch as may amuſe,
Not tire, demanding rather ſkill than force.
Proud of his well ſpread walls, he views his trees
That meet (no barren interval between)
With pleaſure more than ev'n their fruits afford,
Which, ſave himſelf who trains them, none can feel.
Theſe therefore are his own peculiar charge,
No meaner hand may diſcipline the ſhoots,
None but his ſteel approach them. What is weak,
Diſtemper'd, or has loſt prolific pow'rs
Impair'd by age, his unrelenting hand
Dooms to the knife. Nor does he ſpare the ſoft
And ſucculent that feeds its giant growth
But barren, at th' expence of neighb'ring twigs
Leſs oſtentatious, and yet ſtudded thick
With hopeful gems. The reſt, no portion left
That may diſgrace his art, or diſappoint

Large expectation, he diſpoſes neat
At meaſur'd diſtances, that air and ſun
Admitted freely may afford their aid,
And ventilate and warm the ſwelling buds.
Hence ſummer has her riches, autumn hence,
And hence ev'n winter fills his wither'd hand
With bluſhing fruits, and plenty not his own.*
Fair recompenſe of labour well beſtow'd
And wiſe precaution, which a clime ſo rude
Makes needful ſtill, whoſe ſpring is but the child
Of churliſh winter, in her froward moods
Diſcov'ring much the temper of her ſire.
For oft, as if in her the ſtteam of mild
Maternal nature had revers'd its courſe,
She brings her infants forth with many ſmiles,
But once deliver'd, kills them with a frown.
He therefore, timely warn'd, himſelf ſupplies
Her want of care, ſcreening and keeping warm
The plenteous bloom, that no rough blaſt may ſweep
His garlands from the boughs. Again, as oft

* Miraturque novos fructus et non ſua poma.
VIRG.

As the ſun peeps and vernal airs breathe mild,
The fence withdrawn, he gives them ev'ry beam,
And ſpreads his hopes before the blaze of day.

To raiſe the prickly and green-coated gourd
So grateful to the palate, and when rare
So coveted, elſe baſe and diſeſteem'd—
Food for the vulgar merely—is an art
That toiling ages have but juſt matured,
And at this moment unaſſay'd in ſong.
Yet gnats have had, and frogs and mice long ſince
Their eulogy; thoſe ſang the Mantuan bard,
And theſe the Grecian in ennobling ſtrains,
And in thy numbers, Phillips, ſhines for ay
The ſolitary ſhilling. Pardon then
Ye ſage diſpenſers of poetic fame!
Th' ambition of one meaner far, whoſe pow'rs
Preſuming an attempt not leſs ſublime,
Pant for the praiſe of dreſſing to the taſte

Of critic appetite, no ſordid fare,
A cucumber, while coſtly yet and ſcarce.

The ſtable yields a ſtercorarious heap
Impregnated with quick fermenting ſalts,
And potent to reſiſt the freezing blaſt.
For 'ere the beech and elm have caſt their leaf
Decidu'ous, and when now November dark
Checks vegetation in the torpid plant
Expoſed to his cold breath, the taſk begins.
Warily therefore, and with prudent heed
He ſeeks a favor'd ſpot. That where he builds
Th' agglomerated pile, his frame may front
The ſun's meridian diſk, and at the back
Enjoy cloſe ſhelter, wall, or reeds, or hedge
Impervious to the wind. Firſt he bids ſpread
Dry fern or litter'd hay, that may imbibe
Th' aſcending damps; then leiſurely impoſe
And lightly, ſhaking it with agile hand
From the full fork, the ſaturated ſtraw.

What longeſt binds the cloſeſt, forms ſecure
The ſhapely ſide, that as it riſes takes
By juſt degrees an overhanging breadth,
Shelt'ring the baſe with its projected eaves.
Th' uplifted frame compact at ev'ry joint,
And overlaid with clear tranſlucent glaſs
He ſettles next upon the ſloping mount,
Whoſe ſharp declivity ſhoots off ſecure
From the daſh'd pane the deluge as it falls.
He ſhuts it cloſe, and the firſt labor ends.
Thrice muſt the voluble and reſtleſs earth
Spin round upon her axle, 'ere the warmth
Slow gathering in the midſt, through the ſquare maſs
Diffuſed, attain the ſurface. When behold!
A peſtilent and moſt corroſive ſteam,
Like a groſs fog Bœotian, riſing faſt,
And faſt condenſed upon the dewy ſaſh,
Aſks egreſs; which obtained, the overcharged
And drench'd conſervatory breathes abroad
In volumes wheeling ſlow, the vapor dank,

And purified, rejoices to have loſt
Its foul inhabitant. But to aſſuage
Th' impatient fervor which it firſt conceives
Within its reeking boſom, threat'ning death
To his young hopes, requires diſcreet delay.
Experience, ſlow preceptreſs, teaching oft
The way to glory by miſcarriage foul,
Muſt prompt him, and admoniſh how to catch
Th' auſpicious moment, when the temper'd heat
Friendly to vital motion, may afford
Soft fomentation, and invite the ſeed.
The ſeed ſelected wiſely, plump and ſmooth
And gloſſy, he commits to pots of ſize
Diminutive, well fill'd with well prepar'd
And fruitful ſoil, that has been treaſur'd long,
And drunk no moiſture from the dripping clouds.
Theſe on the warm and genial earth that hides
The ſmoking manure and o'erſpreads it all,
He places lightly, and as time ſubdues
The rage of fermentation, plunges deep

In the ſoft medium, 'till they ſtand immers'd,
Then riſe the tender germs upſtarting quick
And ſpreading wide their ſpongy lobes, at firſt
Pale, wan, and livid, but aſſuming ſoon,
If fann'd by balmy and nutritious air
Strain'd through the friendly mats, a vivid green.
Two leaves produced, two rough indented leaves,
Cautious, he pinches from the ſecond ſtalk
A pimple, that portends a future ſprout,
And interdicts its growth. Thence ſtraight ſucceed
The branches, ſturdy to his utmoſt wiſh,
Prolific all, and harbingers of more.
The crowded roots demand enlargement now
And tranſplantation in an ampler ſpace.
Indulged in what they wiſh, they ſoon ſupply
Large foliage, overſhadowing golden flowers,
Blown on the ſummit of th' apparent fruit.
Theſe have their ſexes, and when ſummer ſhines
The bee tranſports the fertilizing meal
From flow'r to flow'r, and ev'n the breathing air

Wafts the rich prize to its appointed uſe.
Not ſo when winter ſcowls. Aſſiſtant art
Then acts in nature's office, brings to paſs
The glad eſpouſals and inſures the crop.

Grudge not ye rich (ſince luxury muſt have
His dainties, and the world's more num'rous half
Lives by contriving delicates for you)
Grudge not the coſt. Ye little know the cares,
The vigilance, the labor and the ſkill
That day and night are exerciſed, and hang
Upon the tickliſh balance of ſuſpenſe,
That ye may garniſh your profuſe regales
With ſummer fruits brought forth by wintry ſuns.
Ten thouſand dangers lie in wait to thwart
The proceſs. Heat and cold, and wind and ſteam,
Moiſture and drought, mice, worms, and ſwarming flies
Minute as duſt and numberleſs, oft work
Dire diſappointment that admits no cure,
And which no care can obviate. It were long,

Too long to tell th' expedients and the ſhifts
Which he that fights a ſeaſon ſo ſevere
Deviſes, while he guards his tender truſt,
And oft, at laſt, in vain. The learn'd and wiſe
Sarcaſtic would exclaim, and judge the ſong
Cold as its theme, and like its theme, the fruit
Of too much labor, worthleſs when produced.

Who loves a garden, loves a green-houſe too.
Unconſcious of a leſs propitious clime
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and ſnug,
While the winds whiſtle and the ſnows deſcend.
The ſpiry myrtle with unwith'ring leaf
Shines there and flouriſhes. The golden boaſt
Of Portugal and weſtern India there,
The ruddier orange and the paler lime
Peep through their poliſh'd foliage at the ſtorm,
And ſeem to ſmile at what they need not fear.
Th' amomum there with intermingling flow'rs
And cherries hangs her twigs. Geranium boaſts

Her

Her crimſon honors, and the ſpangled beau
Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long.
All plants of ev'ry leaf that can endure
The winter's frown if ſcreen'd from his ſhrewd bite,
Live there and proſper. Thoſe Auſonia claims,
Levantine regions theſe; th' Azores ſend
Their jeſſamine, her jeſſamine remote
Caffraia; foreigners from many lands
They form one ſocial ſhade, as if convened
By magic ſummons of th' Orphean lyre.
Yet juſt arrangement, rarely brought to paſs
But by a maſter's hand, diſpoſing well
The gay diverſities of leaf and flow'r,
Muſt lend its aid t' illuſtrate all their charms,
nd dreſs the regular yet various ſcene.
Plant behind plant aſpiring, in the van
The dwarfiſh, in the rear retired, but ſtill
Sublime above the reſt, the ſtatelier ſtand.
So once were ranged the ſons of ancient Rome,
A noble ſhow! while Roſcius trod the ſtage;
And ſo, while Garrick as renown'd as he,

The ſons of Albion; fearing each to loſe
Some note of Nature's muſic from his lips,
And covetous of Shakeſpeare's beauty ſeen
In ev'ry flaſh of his far-beaming eye.
Nor taſte alone and well contrived diſplay
Suffice to give the marſhall'd ranks the grace
Of their complete effect. Much yet remains
Unſung, and many cares are yet behind
And more laborious. Cares on which depends
Their vigor, injured ſoon, not ſoon reſtored.
The ſoil muſt be renew'd, which often waſh'd
Loſes its treaſure of ſalubrious ſalts,
And diſappoints the roots; the ſlender roots
Cloſe interwoven where they meet the vaſe
Muſt ſmooth be ſhorn away; the ſapleſs branch
Muſt fly before the knife; the wither'd leaf
Muſt be detach'd, and where it ſtrews the floor
Swept with a woman's neatneſs, breeding elſe
Contagion, and diſſeminating death.
Diſcharge but theſe kind offices, (and who

Would ſpare, that loves them, offices like theſe?)
Well they reward the toil. The ſight is pleaſed,
The ſcent regaled, each odorif'rous leaf,
Each opening bloſſom freely breathes abroad
Its gratitude, and thanks him with its ſweets.

So manifold, all pleaſing in their kind,
All healthful, are th' employs of rural life,
Reiterated as the wheel of time
Runs round, ſtill ending, and beginning ſtill.
Nor are theſe all. To deck the ſhapely knoll
That ſoftly ſwell'd and gayly dreſs'd, appears
A flow'ry iſland from the dark green lawn
Emerging, muſt be deemed a labor due
To no mean hand, and aſks the touch of taſte.
Here alſo gratefull mixture of well match'd
And ſorted hues, (each giving each relief,
And by contraſted beauty ſhining more)
Is needful. Strength may wield the pond'rous ſpade,
May turn the clod, and wheel the compoſt home,

But

But elegance, chief grace the garden ſhows
And moſt attractive, is the fair reſult
Of thought, the creature of a poliſh'd mind.
Without it, all is Gothic as the ſcene
To which th' inſipid citizen reſorts
Near yonder heath; where induſtry miſpent,
But proud of his uncouth ill-choſen taſk,
Has made a heav'n on earth. With ſuns and moons
Of cloſe-ramm'd ſtones has charged th' incumber'd ſoil,
And fairly laid the Zodiac in the duſt.
He therefore who would ſee his flow'rs diſpoſed
Sightly and in juſt order, 'ere he gives
The beds the truſted treaſure of their ſeeds
Forecaſts the future whole. That when the ſcene
Shall break into its preconceived diſplay,
Each for itſelf, and all as with one voice
Conſpiring, may atteſt his bright deſign.
Nor even then, diſmiſſing as perform'd
His pleaſant work, may he ſuppoſe it done.
Few ſelf-ſupported flow'rs endure the wind

Uninjured,

Uninjured, but expect th' upholding aid
Of the ſmooth-ſhaven prop, and neatly tied
Are wedded thus like beauty to old age,
For int'reſt ſake, the living to the dead.
Some cloath the ſoil that feeds them, far diffuſed
And lowly creeping, modeſt and yet fair,
Like virtue, thriving moſt where little ſeen.
Some more aſpiring catch the neighbour ſhrub
With claſping tendrils, and inveſt his branch
Elſe unadorn'd, with many a gay feſtoon
And fragrant chaplet, recompenſing well
The ſtrength they borrow with the grace they lend.
All hate the rank ſociety of weeds
Noiſome, and ever greedy to exhauſt
Th' impov'riſh'd earth; an overbearing race,
That like the multitude made faction-mad
Diſturb good order, and degrade true worth.

Oh bleſt ſecluſion from a jarring world
Which he thus occupied, enjoys! Retreat

Cannot

Cannot indeed to guilty man reſtore
Loſt innocence, or cancel follies paſt,
But it has peace, and much ſecures the mind
From all aſſaults of evil, proving ſtill
A faithful barrier, not o'erleap'd with eaſe
By vicious cuſtom, raging uncontroul'd
Abroad, and deſolating public life.
When fierce temptation ſeconded within
By traitor appetite, and arm'd with darts
Temper'd in hell, invades the throbbing breaſt,
To combat may be glorious, and ſucceſs
Perhaps may crown us, but to fly is ſafe.
Had I the choice of ſublunary good,
What could I wiſh, that I poſſeſs not here?
Health, leiſure, means t' improve it, friendſhip, peace,
No looſe or wanton, though a wand'ring muſe,
And conſtant occupation without care.
Thus bleſt, I draw a picture of that bliſs;
Hopeleſs indeed that diſſipated minds,
And profligate abuſers of a world

Created fair ſo much in vain for them,
Should ſeek the guiltleſs joys that I deſcribe
Allured by my report. But ſure no leſs
That ſelf-condemn'd they muſt neglect the prize,
And what they will not taſte, muſt yet approve.
What we admire we praiſe. And when we praiſe
Advance it into notice, that its worth
Acknowledg'd, others may admire it too.
I therefore recommend, though at the riſk
Of popular diſguſt, yet boldly ſtill,
The cauſe of piety and ſacred truth
And virtue, and thoſe ſcenes which God ordain'd
Should beſt ſecure them and promote them moſt;
Scenes that I love, and with regret perceive
Forſaken, or through folly not enjoyed.
Pure is the nymph, though lib'ral of her ſmiles,
And chaſte, though unconfined, whom I extoll.
Not as the prince in Suſhan, when he call'd
Vain-glorious of her charms his Vaſhti forth
To grace the full pavilion. His deſign

Was but to boaſt his own peculiar good,
Which all might view with envy, none partake.
My charmer is not mine alone; my ſweets
And ſhe that ſweetens all my bitters too,
Nature, enchanting Nature, in whoſe form
And lineaments divine I trace a hand
That errs not, and find raptures ſtill renew'd,
Is free to all men, univerſal prize.
Strange that ſo fair a creature ſhould yet want
Admirers, and be deſtin'd to divide
With meaner objects, ev'n the few ſhe finds.
Stripp'd of her ornaments, her leaves and flow'rs,
She loſes all her influence. Cities then
Attract us, and neglected Nature pines
Abandon'd, as unworthy of our love.
But are not wholeſome airs, though unperfumed
By roſes, and clear ſuns though ſcarcely felt,
And groves if unharmonious, yet ſecure
From clamour, and whoſe very ſilence charms,
To be preferr'd to ſmoke, to the eclipſe

That Metropolitan volcano's make,
Whoſe Stygian throats breathe darkneſs all day long,
And to the ſtir of commerce, driving ſlow,
And thund'ring loud, with his ten thouſand wheels?
They would be, were not madneſs in the head
And folly in the heart; were England now
What England was, plain, hoſpitable, kind,
And undebauch'd. But we have bid farewell
To all the virtues of thoſe better days,
And all their honeſt pleaſures. Manſions once
Knew their own maſters, and laborious hinds
That had ſurviv'd the father, ſerv'd the ſon.
Now the legitimate and rightful Lord
Is but a tranſient gueſt, newly arrived
And ſoon to be ſupplanted. He that ſaw
His patrimonial timber caſt its leaf,
Sells the laſt ſcantling, and transfers the price
To ſome ſhrew'd ſharper, 'ere it buds again.
Eſtates are landſcapes, gazed upon awhile,
Then advertiſed, and auctioneer'd away.

The country ſtarves, and they that feed th' o'ercharged
And ſurfeited lew'd town with her fair dues,
By a juſt judgment ſtrip and ſtarve themſelves.
The wings that waft our riches out of ſight
Grow on the gameſter's elbows, and th' alert
And nimble motion of thoſe reſtleſs joints
That never tire, ſoon fans them all away.
Improvement too, the idol of the age,
Is fed with many a victim. Lo! he comes—
The omnipotent magician, Brown appears.
Down falls the venerable pile, th' abode
Of our forefathers, a grave whiſker'd race,
But taſteleſs. Springs a palace in its ſtead,
But in a diſtant ſpot; where more expoſed
It may enjoy th' advantage of the north
And agueiſh Eaſt, till time ſhall have transform'd
Thoſe naked acres to a ſhelt'ring grove.
He ſpeaks. The lake in front becomes a lawn,
Woods vaniſh, hills ſubſide, and vallies riſe,
And ſtreams as if created for his uſe,

Purſue the track of his directing wand
Sinuous or ſtrait, now rapid and now ſlow,
Now murm'ring ſoft, now roaring in caſcades,
Ev'n as he bids. Th' enraptur'd owner ſmiles.
'Tis finiſh'd. And yet finiſh'd as it ſeems,
Still wants a grace, th' loveliеſt it could ſhow,
A mine to ſatisfy the enormous coſt.
Drain'd to the laſt poor item of his wealth
He ſighs, departs, and leaves the accompliſhed plan
That he has touch'd, retouch'd, many a long day
Labor'd, and many a night purſued in dreams,
Juſt when it meets his hopes, and proves the heav'n
He wanted, for a wealthier to enjoy.
And now perhaps the glorious hour is come,
When having no ſtake left, no pledge t' indear
Her int'reſts, or that gives her ſacred cauſe
A moment's operation on his love,
He burns with moſt intenſe and flagrant zeal
To ſerve his country. Miniſterial grace
Deals him out money from the public cheſt,

Or if that mine be ſhut, ſome private purſe
Supplies his need with an uſurious loan
To be refunded duely, when his vote
Well-managed, ſhall have earn'd its worthy price.
Oh innocent compared with arts like theſe,
Crape and cock'd piſtol and the whiſtling ball
Sent through the trav'llers temples! he that finds
One drop of heav'ns ſweet mercy in his cup,
Can dig, beg, rot, and periſh well-content,
So he may wrap himſelf in honeſt rags
At his laſt gaſp; but could not for a world
Fiſh up his dirty and dependent bread
From pools and ditches of the commonwealth,
Sordid and ſick'ning at his own ſucceſs.

Ambition, av'rice, penury incurr'd
By endleſs riot; vanity, the luſt
Of pleaſure and variety, diſpatch
As duely as the ſwallows diſappear,
The world of wand'ring knights and ſquires to town.

London

London ingulphs them all. The ſhark is there
And the ſhark's prey. The ſpendthrift and the leech
That ſucks him. There the ſycophant and he
That with bare-headed and obſequious bows
Begs a warm office, doom'd to a cold jail
And groat per diem if his patron frown.
The levee ſwarms, as if in golden pomp
Were character'd on ev'ry ſtateſman's door,
"BATTER'D AND BANKRUPT FORTUNES MENDED HERE"
Theſe are the charms that ſully and eclipſe
The charms of nature. 'Tis the cruel gripe
That lean hard-handed poverty inflicts,
The hope of better things, the chance to win,
The wiſh to ſhine, the thirſt to be amuſed,
That at the ſound of Winter's hoary wing,
Unpeople all our counties, of ſuch herds
Of flutt'ring, loit'ring, cringing, begging, looſe
And wanton vagrants, as make London, vaſt
And boundleſs as it is, a crowded coop.

Oh thou reſort and mart of all the earth,
Chequer'd with all complexions of mankind,
And ſpotted with all crimes; in whom I ſee
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor; thou freckled fair
That pleaſes and yet ſhocks me, I can laugh
And I can weep, can hope, and can deſpond,
Feel wrath and pity when I think on thee!
Ten righteous would have ſaved a city once,
And thou haſt many righteous.—Well for thee—
That ſalt preſerves thee; more corrupted elſe,
And therefore more obnoxious at this hour,
Than Sodom in her day had pow'r to be,
For whom God heard his Abr'am plead in vain.