

A Brief Description

Your Season

On the Four Seasons.

Cold Winter, wrapt in furs, resigns his seat, and turns aside his withered face. The smiling countenance of Spring succeeds, when warm, gentle gales begin to flow, and soft, descending showers moisten the earth. The ground is covered with young, verdant flowers. The trees put forth green buds, and deck themselves with blossoms.

"The bright-hair'd Sun, with warmth benign,
" Bidstree and shrub, and swelling vine,
" Their infant buds display.

The birds fill every grove with melody, and join in pairs to build their little nests, which unlucky boys often destroy.

"But he ne'er can be true, she averr'd,
" Who can rob a poor bird of its young,

" And I lov'd her the more when I heard
" Such tenderness drop from her tongue.

The careful farmer now plows his field, casts his grain into the earth, and waits for harvest. Now the tender lambs skip o'er the grass, in wanton play; the cuckoo sings, and universal nature seems to rejoice.

" Forth in the pleasing spring
" God's beauty walks, His tenderness & love.
" Wide flut' the fields, the softening air
" Keels the mountains o'ers, the is balm,
" And every sense, and every heart is joy."

Summer succeeds. The Sun now darts his beams with greater force, and lengthens out the day. The flocks & herds, unable to endure the scorching heat, retire beneath the shade of some large

spreading tree.

Early in the morning, the careful mow-
er, walking forth with his scythe on his
shoulder, goes into the meadow, and with
a sweeping stroke cuts down the grass.
The cheerful hay-makers, with fork
and rake, soon follow him. They top, and
turn, and spread the new-mown hay, or
raise it into cocks, while the laugh, &
joke, and merry tale or song, echo the
meadow round.

The silent angler, on the river's
bank, betrays the fishes with his baited
hook. — But see! The face of hea-
ven is overcast; — black clouds arise,
— hoarse thunder, at a distance first is
heard, — and soon the glaring flash,

and loud amazing clap, burst o'er
their heads, — while from the teeming
clouds the sudden showers with vio-
lence descends.

“ After comes Thy glory in the summer — mo-
“ With light and heat refulgent. — ^{with} Then thy Sun
“ Shoots full perfection through the swelling year,
“ And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
“ And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
“ By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering
“ gales.

Autumn comes on. The yellow har-
vest tempts the reaper's sickle, and the
glad farmer fills his spacious barns with
various grain. The sanguine sportsmen
now traverse the fields with va-

vious instruments of death. The wide
spreading net entangles the fluttering covey,
while the fatal gun brings down the frightened
partridge, plover, or fine-plumed pheasant. —

But hark! the cry of the hounds and huntsmen
strikes the ear; — and see! the bounding
stag flees o'er the forest. — The shifts and
doublings of the timorous hare, and all the
cunning tricks of the fox are worn off now in

the tangling wood, the boy with eagerness pulls
down the clustering nut. — The mellow orchard
now affords its various fruit. — The juicy

grape swells with its luscious store, and the
large tun overflows with generous wine.

"God's bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd"

"And spreads a common feast for all that live"

Now too, the provident laborious bees are
robbed of their winter stock of honey, hoarded
up in waxen cells, — and ^{are} cruelly murder-
ed!!

"Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends,
And us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
"By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
"Convuls'd, and agonizing in the dust.

"And was it then for this they roam'd the Spring,
"Intent from flower to flower? — for this they toil'd,

"Ceaseless, the burning Summer-heats away?"

"For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,

"Nor lost one sunny gleam? — for this sad fate

— "O man! tyrannic Lord! how long

"Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your hand?"

— "When oblig'd,

"Must you destroy? — Of their ambrosial food

"Can you not borrow, and, in just return,
"Afford them shelter from the wintery winds?
"Or as the sharp year pinches, with their own
"Again regale them, on some smiling day?

But lo! the rising mists at morn &
even, — the chilling breeze, — the falling
leaves, and the decayed herbage all around,
declare the approach of a more early season.

It is Winter. — The trees are all
divested of their leaves, and silent birds sit
penone on their naked branches. No mu-
sic glads the grove, nor verdure clothes
the plain. The winds blow cold, — the fogs
arise, — and the faint sun is scarcely
seen or felt.

The fur, and the lined waistcoat sup-
ply warmth to the human race, — or round the
cheerful fire they sit & talk, and laugh
and sing, while through the long dark
nights, the North Wind whistles, and the
tempest roars.

'Tis keen and chilling frost. The
powers of Nature seem bound up or dead.
The waters, all congealed to ice, admit the
crowds of sliding boys, — or boldest youths,
with skates beneath their feet, who
swiftly skur around the level surface.

The snow descends, and covers
all the whitened plain. — The careful far-
mer

feeds his flocks and herds with hay or straw,
and the thresher in his barn, from morn-
to night, pursues the flail's laborious
task.

" In Winter awful T H O L L ! with clouds & Storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
" Majestic darkness! on the whirlwinds' wing,
" Ruling sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,
" And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

" Behold fond man,
" See here thy pictur'd life! Pass some few years
" Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
" Thy sober Autumn fading into Age,
" And pale concluding Winter comes at last,

" And shuts the scene! Ah! whither now are fled
" Those dreams of greatness? those unsold Hopes
" Of happiness? those longings after fame?
" ~~Those restless cares?~~ those busy bustling days?
" Those gay spent festive nights? those veering thoughts
" Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
" All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole surviving
" Immortal, never failing friend of Man,
" His guide to happiness or high."