

# The GUARDIAN.

— — — *Nunc formosissimus Annus*

Virg.

Tuesday, August 4. 1713.

**M**EN of my Age receive a greater Pleasure from fine Weather, than from any other sensual Enjoyment of Life. In spite of the Auxiliary Battle, or any Artificial Heat, we are apt to droop under a gloomy Sky; and taste no Luxury, like a Blue Firmament and Sun-shine. I have often, in a Splenetick Fit, wished my self a Dormouse, during the Winter; and I never see one of those snug Animals, wrapt up close in his Fur, and compactly happy in himself; but I contemplate him with Envy, beneath the Dignity of a Philosopher. If the Art of Flying were brought to Perfection; the Use that I should make of it, would be to attend the Sun round the World, and pursue the Spring through every Sign of the Zodiac. This Love of Warmth makes my Heart glad at the Return of the Spring. How amazing is the Change in the Face of Nature; when the Earth, from being bound with Frost, or covered with Snow, begins to put forth her Plants and Flowers, to be clothed with Green, diversified with ten thousand various Dyes; and to exhale such fresh and charming Colours, as fill every living Creature with Delight!

Full of Thoughts like these, I make it a Rule to lose as little as I can of that blessed Season; and accordingly rise with the Sun, and wander through the Fields, throw my self on the Banks of little Rivulets, or lose my self in the Woods. I spent a Day, or two this Spring at a Country Gentleman's Seat, where I feasted my Imagination every Morning with the most luxurious Prospect I ever saw. I usually took my Stand by the Wall of an old Castle built upon an high Hill. A noble River ran at the Foot of it, which, after being broken by a heap of mis-shapen Stones, glided away in a clear Stream, and wandering through two Woods on each side of it in many Windings, shone here and there, at a great distance, through the Trees. I could trace the Mazes for some Miles, till my Eye was led through

two Ridges of Hills, and terminated by a vast Mountain in another County.

I hope the Reader will pardon me for taking his Eye from our present Subject of the Spring, by this Landskip; since it is at this Time of the Year only that Prospects excel in Beauty. But if the Eye is delighted, the Ear hath likewise its proper Entertainment. The Musick of the Birds, at this time of the Year, hath something in it so wildly sweet, as makes me less relish the most elaborate Compositions of *Italy*. The Vigour which the Warmth of the Sun pours afresh into their Veins, prompts them to renew their Species; and thereby puts the Male upon wooing his Mate with more mellow Warblings, and to swell his Throat with more violent Modulations. It is an Amusement, by no means below the Dignity of a Rational Soul, to observe the pretty Creatures flying in Pairs, to mark the different Passions in their intrigues, the Curious Contexture of their Nests, and their Care, and Tenderness of their little Off-spring.

I am particularly acquainted with a *Wag-tail* and his Spouse, and made many Remarks upon the several Gallantries he hourly used, before the Coy Female would consent to make him happy. When I saw in how many Airy Rings he was forced to pursue her; how sometimes she tripped before him in a pretty pitty-pat Step, and scarce seemed to regard the cowering of his Wings, and the many awkward and foppish Contortions into which he put his Body to do her Homage: it made me reflect upon my own Youth, and the Caprices of the Fair, but fantastick *Teraminta*. Often have I wished, that I understood the Language of Birds, when I have heard him exert an eager Chuckle at her leaving him; and do not doubt, but that he muttered the same Vows and Reproaches which I often have vented against that unrelenting Maid.

(Price Two Pence.)

The

The Sight that gave me the most Satisfaction, was a Flight of young Birds, under the Conduct of the Father, and indulgent Directions and Assistance of the Dam. I took particular Notice of a Beau Gold finch, who was picking his Plumes, pruning his Wings, and, with great Diligence, adjusting all his gaudy Garbure. When he had equip'd himself with great Trimness and Nicety, he stretched his painted Neck, which seemed to brighten with new Glowings, and strained his Throat into many wild Notes and natural Melody. He then flew about the Nest in several Circles, and Windings, and invited his Wife, and Children into open Air. It was very entertaining to see the trembling, and the fluttering of the little Strangers, at their first Appearance in the World, and the different Care of the Male, and Female Parent, so suitable to their several Sexes. I could not take my Eye quickly from so entertaining an Object; nor could I help wishing, that Creatures of a superior Rank, would so manifest their mutual Affection, and so cheerfully concur in providing for their Off-spring.

I shall conclude this Tattle about the Spring, which I usually call *the Youth, and Health of the Year*, with some Verses which I transcribe from a Manuscript Poem upon *Hunting*. The Author gives Directions, that Hounds should breed in the Spring, whence he takes Occasion, after the Manner of the Ancients, to make a Digression in Praise of that Season. The Verses, here subjoined, are not all upon that Subject; but the Transitions slide so easily into one another, that I knew not how to leave off, till I had writ out the whole Digression.

*In Spring, let loose thy Males. Then all Things prove  
The Stings of Pleasure, and the Pangs of Love;  
Aetherial Jove then glads, with genial Showers,  
Earth's mighty Womb, and strows her Lap with Flowers;  
Hence Juices mount, and Buds, embolden'd, try  
More kindly Breezes, and a sister Sky:  
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on ev'ry Bough,  
In lulling Strains the feather'd Warblers woo.  
Fell Tigers soften in th' infectious Flames,  
And Lions, fawning, court their brinded Dames:  
Great Love pervades the Deep; to please his Mate,  
The w' bale, in Gambols, moves his monstrous Weight;  
Heav'd by his Wayward Mirth old Ocean roars,  
And scatter'd Navies bulge on distant Shores.*

*All Nature smiles; Come now, nor fear, my Love,  
To taste the Odours of the Wood-bine Grove,  
To pass the Evening Gloom, in harmless Play,  
And, sweetly swearing, languish Life away.  
As Altar, bound with recent Flowers, I rear  
To Thee, best Season of the various Year;  
All hail! such Days in beauteous Order ran,  
So soft, so sweet, when first the World began,*

*In Eden's Bowers, when Man's great Sire assign'd  
The Names, and Natures of the brutal Kind.  
Then Lamb, and Lion friendly walk'd their Round;  
And Hares, undaunted, lick'd the fondling Hound,  
Wondrous to tell! But when, with luckless Hand,  
Our daring Mother broke the sole Command,  
Then Want, and Envy brought their Meagre Train,  
Then Wrath came down, and Death had leave to reign:  
Hence Foxes earth'd, and Wolves abhor'd the Day,  
And hungry Charles ensnar'd the nightly Prey,  
Rude Aris at first; but witty Want refin'd  
The Huntsman's Wiles, and Famine form'd the Mind.*

*Bold Nimrod first the Lion's Trophies wore,  
The Panther bound, and lann'd the bristling Boar;  
He taught to turn the Hare, to buy the Deer,  
And wheel the Courser in his mid Career:  
Ah! had he there restrain'd his Tyrant Hand!  
Let me, ye Pow'rs, an humbler Wreath demand.  
No Poms I ask, which Crowns and Sceptres yield,  
Nor dang'rous Lawrels in the dusty Field;  
Fast by the Forrest, and the limpid Spring,  
Give me the Warfare of the Woods to sing,  
To breed my Whelps, and healthful press the Game,  
A mean, inglorious, but a guiltless Name.*

#### ADVERTISEMENT S.

Just Published, with Her Majesty's Royal Privilege and Licence,

Proposals for Printing by Subscription a very fine Edition of all the Ancient Greek Poets in three Vols. in Folio. This Work is prepared for the Press by Mr. Michael Maittaire from the best Editions, and will consist of 750 Sheets, or thereabouts, adorned with several beautiful Designs, Engraved by the best Hands. The Types, both Greek and Latin, with which this Work is to be Printed, are all cast New Abroad according to the Specimen. The Price of the three Vols. to Subscribers is five Guineas in Quires, viz. one Guinea in hand, two more upon Delivery of the first Vol. one Guinea more upon Delivery of the second Vol. and the last upon Delivery of the third Vol. Whosoever Subscribes for six Books shall have a seventh gratis. There will be a small Number Printed upon a very fine Royal Paper according to the Specimen. The first Volume will certainly be delivered to the Subscribers within one Year from the time of Subscribing, and there will not be one Book more Printed than what are Subscribed for. The Undertakers are Jacob Tonson at Shakspeare's Head over-against Catherine-Street in the Strand, and John Watts at the Printing-House in Bow Street, Covent-Garden, where Subscriptions are taken in, and Proposals deliver'd out; as also by Mr. Vaillant in the Strand, Mr. Barnes in Pall-Mall, Mr. Harding in St. Martin's-lane, Mr. Lewis in Ruffel-Street, Covent-Garden, Mr. Browne at the Black Swan without Temple-bar, Mr. Lintott between the Two Temple-Gates in Fleet-Street, Mr. Taylor at the Ship in Pater-noster-row, Mr. Clements at the Half-moon in St. Paul's Church-yard, Mr. Parker and Mr. Smith under the Royal Exchange, Mr. Rund in Exchange-Ally, and most other Book-sellers in Town and Country. The Sheets as Printed off will be sent from time to time at Mr. Tonson's Shop.

Neat French Brandy, a very considerable Quantity, full Proof and of the true Flavour, newly laid in from the Western Parts, are Sold at ninety four Pounds per Tunn, and eight Shillings per Gallon; at the Black Lion over-against Ironmongers Lane in Cheap-side. Constant Attendance is given.

L O N D O N: Printed for J. Tonson in the Strand; and Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane; where Advertisements are taken in. 1713.

UKD