

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ; 200
 And ev'n those hills that round his mansion rise
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms :
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest, 205
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd :
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd. 210
 Yet let them only share the praises due ;
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
 For every want that stimulates the breast
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies, 215
 That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame : 220
 Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire ;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire, 225
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low.
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run ; 230
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart