

The Choice &c. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

If Heaven the greatfull liberty would give,
 That I might chuse my method how to live,
 I first would take a partner to my bed,
 One ruled by reason not by passion led,
 Whome I my wife most willingly would make,
 Of all the joys I knew she should partake,
 The better if near twenty years of age,
 Of temper mild of understanding sage,
 Hospitably bent and blest with modesty,
 Good humored always to my friends and me;
 With such a consort I would next demand,
 Five hundred acres of the choicest land,
 On which I would have an house of stone or brick

And near to it an Orchard planted thick
 Five Acres square (not more in length nor wider)
 Enough to serve me all the year with cyder,
 A barn and stables built at no great charge,
 Between the two extremes of small and large.
 Office and kitchen both compactly neat.
 An avenue leading from my publick gate,
 Planted with chery-trees on either side,
 A walk between the travellers to guide: {graind,
 Teams, plows, and stock of every thing that's
 Two riding Geldings for their goodness prais'd.
 A gentle hunter for my wifes own use,
 Five breeding-mares good horses to produce,
 Six slaves to labour I'd Desire no more.
 They'd raise of good provision ample store,
 Enough on my plantation for to use,
 And some to export or barter as I'd chuse,

4
Nixes I would have of the most fruitful Beer,
And allways keep a stock of well made cheese,
But not from England that I'd quite disclaim,
Nor would I use what bore the oppressive name,
Sweetmeats and pickels both extremely good,
I'd have to relish more substantial food,
A hog's head too of good West India Rum,
To treat my friends who now and then might come,
American cloathing I would always wear,
And never import from Britain or elsewhere,
The very linnen that I would wear should be,
The produce of my wife's industry, - - -
Nor should she be to that too great a slave,
I'd have two hands to spin and one to weave,
I next would have a store of books well chose,

5
Some part in rhyme but most in solid prose
Swift, Shakespear, Pope, young, Addison & Gay,
To these the most attention I should pay;
Sometimes from Lock sound reasonings I would draw,
And now and then I would read the Common Law,
Next to all these should be, My greatest Guide,
A Hermit built close by a Rivers Side,
Where with my wife, and two good friends or three,
We spend some hours in Vocal harmony;
A garden at the Southern End I'd chase,
In sweet retirement now and then to muse
And Lull of all my wishes greatest measure
Should be a bath for sake of health and pleasure
When fix'd in such a little paradise
In making friendships I'd be very nice;
A few true friends or well-bred not too polite;

6
2 That Pride destroys all Symmetry and
Grace, and Affectation is a more terrible
Enemy to fine faces than the small-pox. —

3 That no Woman is capable of being Beautiful,
Who is not incapa ble of being false. —

4 And, That what would be Odious in a
Friend, is Deformity in a Mistress. —

Adams description of Eve.

Grace was in her steps, Heaven in her Eye,
In all her Gestures, Dignity and Love. —

Milton.