

l'ouvrage pour
il écrit :

Virgile commence ici à parler de la culture de l'olivier, du pommier, des
es, des pins et autre arbres, il s'occupe de leur usage, après quoi, il félicite
omme des champs de son bonheur si varié, en comparaison avec le luxe que l'on
ve dans les palais. Il dit :

"O happy, if he knows his happy state !
The swain, who, free from business and debate,
Receives his easy food from Nature's hand
And just returns of cultivated land !
No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants
T' admit the tide of early visitants ;
He boasts no wool, whose native white is dyed
With purple poison of Assyrian pride ;
No costly drugs of Araby defile
With foreign scents, the sweetness of his oil ;
But easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat ;
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bless,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvexed with quarrels, undisturbed with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys."

ps, la lune,
orésage, etc.

Le bonheur des philosophes champêtres :

"Happy the man who, studies nature's laws,
Through known effects can trace the secret cause ;
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of fortune, and resigned to fate,
He feeds on fruits, which, of their own accord,
The willing ground and laden trees afford."

Il établit des contrastes entre les occupations des hommes. Sénateurs,
mes de loi, avarés, riches, etc. Puis il parle de la vie paisible du paysan :

"The Peasant, innocent of all these ills,
With crooked ploughs the fertile fallows tills,
And the round year with daily labor fills ;
Thus every several season is employed,
Some spent in toil and some in ease enjoyed ;
His cares are eased by intervals of bliss ;
His little children, climbing for a kiss,
Welcome their father's return at night ;
His kine with swelling udders ready stand,
And, lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand."

Le troisième livre traite surtout des animaux de la ferme, avec des direc-
s applicables et encore observées aujourd'hui. Le livre quatrième, sur les
lles, les jardins et leurs plantes, renferme de descriptions minutieuses et
ent très belles. Il termine ainsi les Géorgiques :

"Thus have I sung of fields and flocks and trees,
And of the waxen work of laboring bees ;
While mighty Cæsar, thundering from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war ;
While I, at Naples, pass my peaceful days,
Affecting studies of less noisy praise ;
And bold, through youth, beneath the beechen shade,
The lays of shepherds and their loves have played."