

IN PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Unbought abundance plies the appetite ;
Not choicest Lucrine oysters could delight
Me more, nor turbot, nor the scar which thrives
In eastern floods, if wintry tempest drives
It to this sea, nor yet the turkey laved
In wine, nor Asiatic wild-fowl craved
By epicures, tastes more agreeably,
Than olives gathered from the richest tree,
Or meadow-loving sorrel, or a dish
Of mailows, comforting to those who wish
For health, or spotless lamb slain at the feast
Of Terminus, or kid from wolf releast.
Amid these dainties, how it pleases one
To see the well-fed sheep, from distant run
Come trooping home ! To see the weary pair
Of oxen dragging the inverted share !
And slaves, the test of wealthy families,
Ranged round the smiling household deities !
Thus, Alfius, the rich usurer, on the eve
Of turning countryman, of words took leave ;
And getting in his money on the Ides,
At Calends puts it out—with more besides.