

IN PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

(Horace.)

Happy the man ! By all the gods approved !
Who, from the cares of business far removed,
In simple manner of the olden race
Of mortals, cultivates, with easy pace
Of his own oxen, his paternal lands,
And every kind of usury withstands.
He neither is alarmed by horrid blast
Of trumpet, like a soldier, nor down-cast
Is he with dread of ocean's thundering rage ;
Such cheerful, homely toil doth him engage,
He shuns alike the bar and proudest gates
Of citizens in power. And so he mates
The lofty poplars to the ready vine,
And, pruning useless boughs, ingrafts the fine