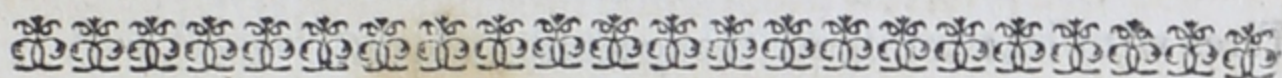


Let opening roses, drooping lillies tell,
 Like those she bloom'd, and ah! like these she fell,
 In circling wreaths let the pale ivy grow,
 And distant yews a fable shade bestow;
 Round her, ye Graces, constant vigils keep,
 And guard (fair Innocence!) her sacred sleep:
 Till that bright morn shall wake the beauteous clay,
 To bloom and sparkle in eternal day.



UT PICTURA POESIS.

By Mr. Nourse, late of All-Souls College Oxon, 1741.

AS once the Muse, reclining on her lyre,
 Observ'd her fav'rite bards, a num'rous choir;
 The conscious pleasure swell'd her silent breast,
 Her secret pride exulting smiles confess.

When thus her sister spoke, whose care presides
 O'er the mixt pallat, and the pencil guides,
 Just, Goddess, is thy joy, thy train, we own,
 Approaches nearest to Apollo's throne.
 Foremost in Learning's ranks they sit sublime,
 Honour'd and lov'd thro' every age of time:
 Yet let me say, some fav'rite son of mine
 Has more than follow'd every son of thine.
 Thy *Homer* needs not grieve to hear his fame
 Exceeds not Raphael's widely honour'd name:

Raphael

Raphael like him 'midst ages wrapt in night,
 Rose father of his science to the light;
 With matchless grace, and majesty divine,
 Bade Painting breathe, and live the bold design;
 To the clay-man the heavenly fire apply'd,
 And gave it charms to Nature's self deny'd.

With judgment, genius, industry and art,
 Does *Virgil* captivate his reader's heart?
 With rival talents my *Caracci* blest
 Fires with like transport the spectator's breast.
 The youthful *Lucan*, who with rapid force
 Urg'd by *Pharsalia's* field the Muse's horse,
 An equal fire, an equal strength of mind,
 In *Angelo's* congenial soul will find:
 Whose wild imagination could display
 Fierce giants whirl'd from heaven—the world's last day.

With more success does tender *Ovid* move
 The melting soul to softness and to love;
 Than wanton *Titian*, whose warm colours shew
 That gods themselves the amorous riot know?
 Thy grandeur, *Paulo*, and thy happy stroke,
 I proudly own my emulation spoke,
 For I bestow'd them, that the world might see,
 A *Horace* too of mine arise in thee.

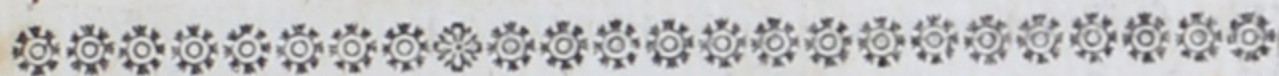
Lo! where *Poussin* his magic colours spreads,
 Rise tower'd towns, rough rocks, and flow'ry meads:
 What leagues between those azure mountains lie,
 (Whose less'ning tops invade the purple sky)

And

And this old oak, that shades this hollow way,
 Amidst whose windings sheep and oxen stray!
 'Tis thus *Theocritus* his landskip gives,
 'Tis thus the speaking picture moves and lives.

Alike in *Terence* and in *Guido's* air,
 Our praise the height of art and nature share.
 In broader mirth if *Plautus* tread the stage,
 With equal humour *Hemskirk's* boors engage.

She spoke, with friendly emulation stirr'd,
 And *Phæbus* from his throne with pleasure heard.



* V A C U N A .

By Mr. D——.

SCEPTRE of ease! whose calm domain extends
 O'er the froze *Chronian*, or where lagging gales
 Fan to repose the Southern realms. O! whom
 More slaves obey than swarm about the courts
 † *Pekin*, or ‡ *Agra*——universal queen!

Me hap'ly slumb'ring all a summer's day,
 Thy meanest subject, often hast thou deign'd
 Gracious to visit. If thy poppy then
 Was e'er infus'd into my gifted quill,

* *The goddess of Indolence.*

† *The capital of China.*

‡ *The capital of the Mogul's country, lately plunder'd by
 T. Kouli Kan.*