And this old oak, that shades this hollow way,
Amidst whose windings sheep and oxen stray!
'Tis thus Theocritus his landscape 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 Hem/kirk's boors engage.

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

---

* V A C U N A. *

By Mr. D———.

S C E P T R E 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 haft 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.
If e'er my nodding Muse was blest with pow'r,
To doze the reader with her opiate verse—
Come, goddes; but be gentle; not as when
On studious heads attendant thou art seen
Faint by the twinkling lamp, poring and pale
Immers'd in meditation, sleep's great foe?
Where the clue-guided castig unwinds
Perplexities; or Halley from his tower
Converses with the stars: In other guise
Thy presence I invoke. Serene approach,
With forehead smooth, and sauntering gait; put on
The smile unmeaning, or in sober mood
Fix thy flat, musing, leaden eye: as looks
Simplicius, when he flares and seems to think.
Prompted by thee, Reservo keeps at home,
Intent on books: he when alone applies
The needle's reparation to his hose,
Or studious slices paper. Taught by thee
Dullman takes snuff, and ever and anon
Turns o'er the page unread. Others more sage,
Place, year, and printer not unnoted, well
Examine the whole frontispiece, and if
Yet stricter their enquiry, e'en proceed
To leaves within, and curious there select
Italicks, or consult the margin, pleas'd
To find a hero or a tale: all else,
The observation, maxim, inference
Disturb the brain with thought—It sure were long
To
To name thy sever'al vot'ries, Pow'r supine,
And all thy various haunts. Why should I speak
Of coffee-house? or where the eunuch plays,
Or Roscius in his buskin? These and more
Thy crowded temples, where thou sit't enshrin'd
Glorious, thy incense ambergris, and time
Thy sacrifice.—About thee cards and dice
Lie scatter'd, and a thousand vassal beaux
Officiate at thy worship.—Nor mean while
Is solitude less thy peculiar sphere;
There unattended you vouchsafe to shroud
Your beauties, gentle Potentate; with me
By vale or brook to loiter not displeas'd:
Hear the stream's pebbled roar, and the sweet bee
Humming her fairy-tunes, in praise of flowers;
Or clam'rous rooks, on aged elm or oak,
Aloft the cawing legislators sit,
Debating, in full senate, points of state.

My bower, my walks, my study all are thine,
For thee my yews project their shade: my green
Spreads her soft lap, my waters whisper sleep.
Here thou may'ft reign secure, nor hostile thought,
Nor argument, nor logick's dire array
Make inroad on thy kingdom's peace.—What tho'?
Malicious tongues me harmless represent,
A traitor to thy throne: or that I hold
Forbidden correspondance with the Nine,
Plotting with Phæbus, and thy foes! What tho'

Vol. V.  G  Qf
Of satire they impeach me, strain severe!
Thou know'st my innocence: 'tis true indeed
I sometimes scribble, but 'tis thou inspir'it:
In proof accept, O goddess, this my verse.

On J. W. ranging PAMPHLETS.

By the Same.

WHAT ken mine eyes, enchanted? man of ease,
In elbow chair, and under brow of thought
Intense, on some great matter fixt, no doubt:
What mean the myrmidons on either hand
In paper-coats, and orderly array,
Spread far and wide, on table, desk, and floor,
Variety of troops, white, purple, pied,
And grey, and blue's battalion trim; and who
In marbled regimentals, some in vest
Gay edg'd with gold; of various garb, and tongue,
And clime; extended o'er the wooden plain.

Not force more numerous from her teeming loins
Pours forth Hungary to the Danube's bank
Croats and Pandours: nor the swarming war
Of Turk and Nadir, nodding opposite
With particolour'd turbans. Sing, O Muse,
Their marshal'd numbers, and puissance. First,
With fable shield, and arms opaque, advance

Divinity