

A Reply to a Copy of Verses made in Imitation
of Ode II. Book III. of HORACE.

Angustam amice pauperiem pati, &c.

And sent by Mr. TITLEY to Dr. BENTLEY.

By Dr. BENTLEY.

WHO strives to mount Parnassus' hill,
And thence poetick laurels bring,
Must first acquire due force, and skill,
Must fly with swans, or eagle's wing.

Who nature's treasures wou'd explore,
Her mysteries and arcana know,
Must high, as lofty Newton soar,
Must stoop, as delving Woodward low.

Who studies ancient laws and rites,
Tongues, arts, and arms, and history,
Must drudge like Selden days and nights,
And in the endless labour die.

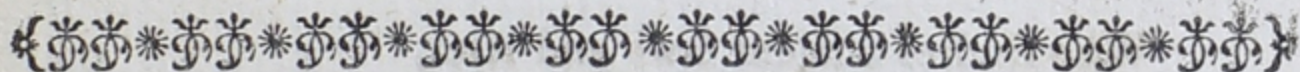
Who travels in religious jars,
(Truth mixt with error, shade with rays,)
Like Whiston wanting pyx or stars,
In ocean wide or sinks or strays.

But

But grant our heroe's hope long toil
And comprehensive genius crown,
All sciences, all arts his spoil,
Yet what reward, or what renown ?

Envy, innate in vulgar souls,
Envy steps in and stops his rise ;
Envy, with poison'd tarnish fouls
His lustre, and his worth decries.

He lives inglorious, or in want;
To college and old books confin'd ;
Instead of learn'd he's call'd pedant,
Dunces advanc'd, he's left behind :
Yet left content, a genuine stoic he,
Great without patron, rich without South-sea.



Inscription on a GROTTO of Shells at CRUX-
EASTON, the Work of Nine young Ladies.

By Mr. P O P E.

HERE shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise ;
The glitt'ring emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame ;