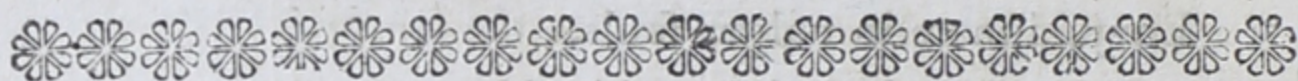


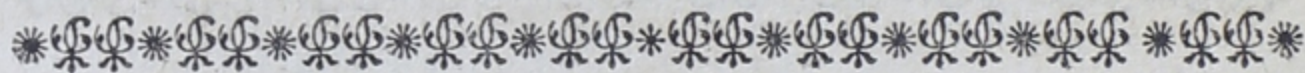
Beauty which Nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces Art;
But Fate dispos'd them in this humble fort,
And hid in desarts what wou'd charm a court.



VERSES occasioned by seeing a GROTTA
built by Nine Sisters.

SO much this building entertains my sight,
Nought but the builders can give more delight;
In them the master-piece of Nature's shown,
In this I see Art's master-piece in stone.
O! Nature, Nature, thou hast conquer'd Art;
She charms the sight alone, but you the heart.

N. H.



An EXCUSE for INCONSTANCY, 1737.

By the Rev. Dr. LISLE.

WHEN Phœbus's beams are withdrawn from our sight,
We admire his fair sister, the regent of night;
Tho' languid her beauty, tho' feeble her ray,
Yet still she's akin to the God of the day.