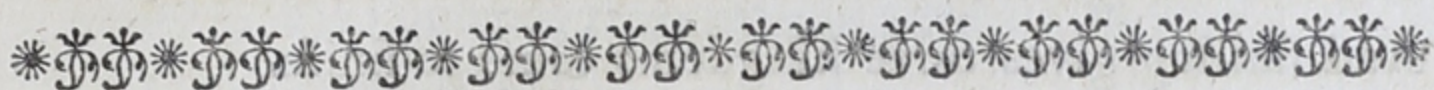


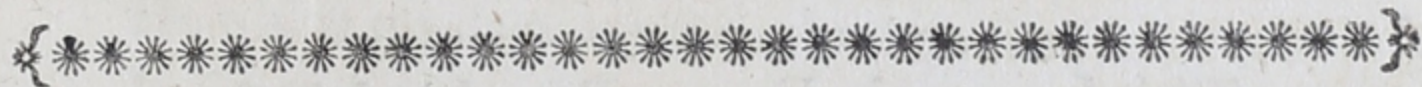
She chuses that delightful cave beneath
 The crystal treasures of meek Ifis' stream;
 And now all glad the temperate air to breathe,
 While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
 Binding her dewy locks with sedgey wreath
 She fits amid the quire of Naiads trim.



To Lady H——Y. By Mr. de VOLTAIRE.

H——Y would you know the passion
 You have kindled in my breast,
 Trifling is the inclination
 That by words can be express'd.

In my silence see the lover,
 True love is by silence known;
 In my eyes you'll best discover
 All the power of your own.



On Sir ROBERT WALPOLE's Birth-day,
 AUGUST the 26th.

By the Honourable Mr. D——TON.

ALL hail, auspicious day, whose wish'd return
 Bids every breast with grateful ardor burn,

While