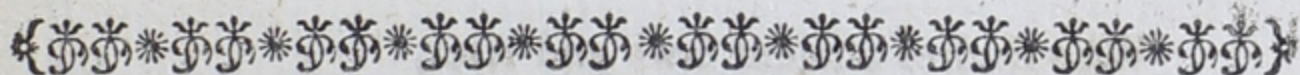


But grant our heroe's hope long toil
 And comprehensive genius crown,
 All sciences, all arts his spoil,
 Yet what reward, or what renown ?

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.

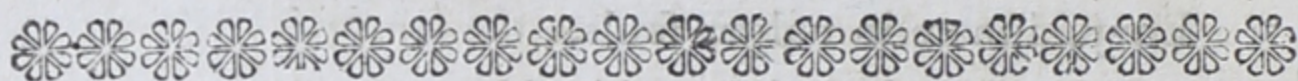


Inscription on a GROTTO of Shells at CRUX-
 EASTON, the Work of Nine young Ladies.

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 ;

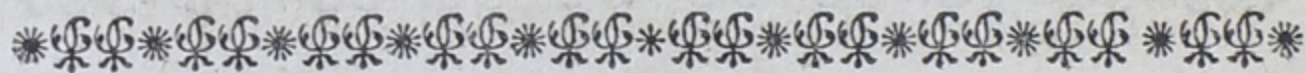
Beauty which Nature only can impart,
 And such a polish as disgraces Art;
 But Fate dispos'd them in this humble fort,
 And hid in desarts what wou'd charm a court.



V E R S E S occasioned by seeing a GROTTO
 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WHEN Phœbus's beams are withdrawn from our sight,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 sifter, the regent of night;
 Tho' languid her beauty, tho' feeble her ray,
 Yet still she's akin to the God of the day.