Or build this flying Bridge, the author's boast,
Or thousand other schemes now gone and past,
Or thousand things to come, that none e'er knew,
As time rolls on, invention shall prove true:
If these were all design'd for one man's work,
The other sons of art in caves might lurk,
And mourn their useless state, as lost to fame,
Compell'd to live and die without a name.
ARCHIMEDES foretold the lever's power,
How he could with a pole upset a tower,
Or raise the globe, if fulcrum were but strong,
Sufficient for to rest his lever on.
The author's Bridge shall surely rise to fame,
In spite of envy's efforts, power, or claim,
And men of liberal science own its worth,
Respect his name and cultivate its growth.

T. POPE.