

Oh! may all gentle bards together place ye,
 Men of good hearts, and men of delicacy.
 May satire ne'er befool ye or beknave ye,
 And from all wits that have a knack, oh save ye.

VERSES TO DR BOLTON,

IN THE NAME OF MRS BUTLER'S SPIRIT, LATELY DECEASED.

STRIPP'D to the naked soul, escaped from clay,
 From doubts unfetter'd, and dissolved in day;
 Unwarm'd by vanity, unreach'd by strife,
 And all my hopes and fears thrown off with life;
 Why am I charm'd by friendship's fond essays,
 And though unbodied, conscious of thy praise;
 Has pride a portion in the parted soul?
 Does passion still the firmless mind control?
 Can gratitude out-pant the silent breath?
 Or a friend's sorrow pierce the gloom of death?
 No—'tis a spirit's nobler task of bliss;
 That feels the worth it left, in proofs like this;
 That not its own applause, but thine approves,
 Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves;
 Who liv'st to crown departed friends with fame;
 Then dying, late, shalt all thou gav'st reclaim.

1740.

A FRAGMENT OF A POEM.

O WRETCHED B——! jealous now of all,
 What god, what mortal, shall prevent thy fa'!
 Turn, turn thy eyes from wicked men in place,
 And see what succour from the patriot race.
 C——, his own proud dupe, thinks monarchs things
 Made just for him, as other fools for kings;
 Controls, decides, insults thee every hour,
 And antedates the hatred due to power.
 Through clouds of passion P——'s views are clear,
 He foams a patriot to subside a peer;
 Impatient sees his country bought and sold,
 CONDEMNNS the market where he takes no gold.