

The pitying Heart that felt for human Woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human
Pride;

The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe;
' For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's
side. *'

FOR R. A. Esq;

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honor'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

FOR G. H. Esq;

The poor man weeps—here G——N sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd:
But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
May I be *sav'd* or *d——'d*!

F f

* Goldsmith.