

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes ;
 O Death, it's my opinion,
 Thou ne'er took such a bleth'ran b—tch,
 Into thy dark dominion !

ON WEE JOHNNIE.

Hic jacet wee Johnnie.

Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know,
 That Death has murder'd Johnnie ;
 An' here his *body* lies fu' low——
 For *saul* he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
 Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend !
 Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
 The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend.

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.