

In respect for the love and affection he'd
show'd her,
She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up
the Powder.

But Queen N*****, of a diff'rent
complexion,
When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
Would have *eat* her dead lord, on a slender
pretence,
Not to show her respect, but—to *save the ex-*
pence.



E P I T A P H S.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

Here Sowter **** in Death does sleep;
To H—ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.