

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 Johnie.*

Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know,  
That Death has murder'd Johnie ;  
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.