

EPITAPH.

What means this grassy mound ; know, stranger.
would you ?

It hides the mortal dust of * * * *
Which here as worthless residue was laid
When hell's old claim, long overdue, was paid.
Such was his heart, he never felt he had one,
Save when he shaved a note that proved a bad
one.

His name is a memorial of woes
That Vengeance' self might shudder to impose
On their own minister. To many a yeoman,
Who first met ruin under that cognomen,
With what significance it strikes his ear !
Think how the war-whoop thrills the pioneer,
Whose helpless little ones and fenceless wife
Fall by the mangling tomahawk and knife.

A needy yeoman at the awful throne
Of Mammon, kneels to supplicate a loan.
What unpropitious causes culminated
In his appeal, is first interrogated,
And all that appertains to his estate,
To know the fish is worthy of the bait,
And thence deduce the magnitude of onus
His shoulders can sustain in shape of bonus ;
Next the security : if note of hand—
“How many farmers' names can you command ?”
If all are owners of estate, a few
(I love to aid the honest poor) will do ;
And, for their benefit, I always take