Poetry.

METRICAL PHYSIC.

There is wealth of suggestive matter in the subjoined lyric, which some anonymous bard has dignified by the name of Metrical Physic. Not unlike is the bewildering diversity of Alex. McLachlan's hobgoblin. Between the lines, and also buttonate of Zinc Village, must the credit of the ode be ascribed, in the lack of specific evidence as to its paternity.—*Sdiama of Medicine.*

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

Pay the printer, hairs,
For paid ink pay the printer,
Or ye nanus mak' pay your minds
Ye speed it will no matter,
Your dozen wells eternal show,
And half a' your sheep and pigs betray,
Will be smoothed beneath the mane.

Pay the printer, hairs,
Richt weel has he earned his fee,
Then ye must in justice see
He's paid for the leaves he carves.
He's up in the morning early,
A bit speed it will no matter,
Your dozen wells eternal show,
And half a' your sheep and pigs betray,
Will be smoothed beneath the mane