

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 *saül* 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.