

THE
LIFE
OF
ROBERT SCOTT,
JOURNEYMAN WRIGHT,

From his Infancy to the present time,

Being a space of Seventy years.

IN VERSE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

WITH OBSERVATIONS, MORAL AND RELIGIOUS,
IN LONDON, NEWCASTLE, MURFRETH, EDINBURGH,
GLASGOW, DUNDEE, AND FALKLAND.

By this I'd have it understood,
My brains have long been beat with wood;
My arms worn out with driving planes,
I now begin to beat my brains,
To search each crannie there for bread,
Age makes me now give up the trade;
Please buy my book, you'll not repent,
By age you now may learn content.

DUNDEE:

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UNTO THE
PRESIDENTS, and other MEMBERS,
OF
THE SOCIETIES OF
CABINET MAKERS AND JOINERS,
IN
EDINBURGH AND DUNDEE,

The following pages are humbly dedicated.



THE general acquaintance I formerly had with the Edinburgh Society, at a particular period, is not, I hope, by them yet forgot; and the active hand the Members of the Dundee Society have taken, to get these pages put to the Press, has induced the Author to submit them to his brethren in trade, among whom he has been conversant the greatest part of his life; hoping the general sentiments inculcated, will meet with their approbation, which is the desire of their brother and fellow workman,

THE AUTHOR.

EPISTLE to the READER.

READER, excuse, if I am wrong,
To bid you listen to my song.
Where labour hard spreads out her night,
How difficult to rise to light:
How can the mind exert her pow'rs,
That under constant labour lowrs?
Had I, in my poetic buddings,
Compos'd a poem on black puddings;
Or high extoll'd, how mighty nice
A haggies is, when mix'd with spice:
White puddings too, in time of want,
'Twould fame me a poetic faint.
Yea, had I marked out with care,
The mighty deeds at Hallow Fair;
How recruiting serjeants jangl'd,
And fogers 'bout their doxies wrangl'd:
This would have rais'd poetic fame,
And given my muse a lofty name.
But she forbids the catching theme;
She fain would sing the holy name,
Whose unseen hand, with lenient pow'r,
Has been my guardian to this hour.
This is the burthen of my song;
Pray judge if it is right or wrong.
Only I beg, take this advice,
To criticise be not too nice.
Who can expect much from the pen
Of an old man, threescore and ten.
If you practise as he has said,
Your reading will be well repaid.

L I F E
OF
ROBERT SCOTT.

——
ARGUMENT.

The author, on the 8th March 1794, (that day being appointed a fast by Government,) takes a retrospective view of his past life. Invokes the Almighty to assist him in his conceived plan.

ON the eighth of March, this present year,
As I, perhaps, may make appear,
While I was musing on my bed,
With a fore pain'd and aching head,
A sudden thought then struck my mind,
Sure God's to me been very kind;
He guided me thro' time that's past;
This day he's called me to fast,
To fast for sin that's not my own;
To fast for crimes by no man known;
A duty God himself appointed,
Often enjoin'd by his Anointed,
My heart and life to inspect anew,
And take a retrospective view,
In order thus to form a plan,
To vindicate God's ways to man;
Yet all is dark and gloom within;
Where shall I end, and how begin?
No memorandum, or place-book,
For to direct me in my rout;

No dictionary to consult,
 For language plain, or yet occult;
 No books to search for right quotations,
 Or yet to form nice annotations.
 How mad is't for a simple wright,
 To try to write in verse aright?
 'Tis fifty years since I left school;
 I've quite forgot each grammar rule.
 Must I turn poet at threescore;
 Sure never wright did so before.
 How comest about, I cannot tell;
 A secret force does me impell,
 To try to write myself in rhyme;
 Alas! it's all but blots and crime.
 Should I invoke some friendly muse,
 A stranger's pray'r she'd soon refuse.
 Yea one strong flight I dare not try,
 Unto Parnassus for to fly;
 Nor darè I venture for to bring
 One drop from Helicon's sweet spring,
 From whence so many bards and sages,
 Were taught to form sublimest pages.
 I'm but a weak unlearn'd man;
 I here invoke the great I AM:
 I'll trust to the Almighty's care,
 Who's fav'd me from a world of snare.
 Assist me now, Almighty King;
 Teach me thy goodness now to sing:
 Assist my memory and tongue,
 To celebrate in humble song,
 The mighty providence of God,
 That guards me still in danger's road;
 That now inspires me by his power,
 And fav'd me to this present hour;

In hopes that he will guide this pen,
And grant me power to act the man.

ARGUMENT.

The author here owns his incapacity of accomplishing his plan, on account of the want of academic education, and the opportunity of books for improvement; and begs to be excused of grammatical or other errors, upon that account.

NOT skill'd to keep methodic rule,
Nor bred in academic school;
Ne'er had I but one learn'd pater;
Falkland school's my Alma Mater.
What faults you find, I pray excuse,
From one who's had so little use
Of either books, or pens and paper,
As you'd a youth that cuts a caper.

ARGUMENT.

The author, in the following section, begins the account of his life; which commenced in the year 1730, at Falkland. Describes his family, education, leaving the place of his birth, going to a writer in Edinburgh, end of the year 1745, to learn with him—his account of leaving that employment. In the year 1747, commences wright—his apprenticeship, and until he leaves his native town, and goes for improvement to Glasgow.

NOW to begin my toilsome life,
I drew my breath in Scotland's Fife;
Just at the bottom of a hill,
That far o'ertops a water-mill;
Where also stood a royal house,
Now fall'n to ruin by vile abuse;
Pull'd down by many a hireling hand,
Who to their rapine set no band;
And time, with ancient reformation,
Has almost tore from its foundation.

Here Scottish kings, and nation's peers,
 Did hunt the fawns and fallow deers.
 Here hawks did fly, the game to chace,
 For to divert the royal race:
 Yea hawks and hounds did hunt their fill,
 Upon the verdant Lowmond hill.
 From hawks and hounds that there did stand,
 'Twas named the King's Falcon Land.
 Here royal James receiv'd the news,
 Which did fulfil his wish'd for views:
 The Rose and Thistle join'd the hands
 Of English and the Scottish lands.
 When Bess did end the Tudors' line,
 Tudors with Stewarts did now combine.
 Carey was now by charter good,
 Created Falkland's new Viscount.
 The royal house is now a shell,
 Wherein the parish priest does dwell.
 Where catacombs were fill'd with wine,
 Nought's to be seen but filth and swine.
 Where lords and ladies walk'd in silk,
 Little's seen but cows with milk.
 It's useful still to thinking men,
 Sure proof that nought can age restrain.
 The little town's now out of fame;
 There's nothing left it but the name.
 Before, and since that I was born,
 The cross bore up an unicorn;
 Wrought out, it's said, in a great hurry,
 By a town's artist, J——e Burry.
 Tho' not much fam'd for silver dollars,
 The town's produc'd some decent scholars.
 Let this suffice for to describe
 Where I my breath did first imbibe.

My father was an honest man;
 My mother wash'd, and sometimes span.
 Two brothers had of good report,
 Who, seldom did to vice resort:
 The eldest learn'd the healing art,
 Yet breath'd his last in painful smart:
 The other was a joiner bred,
 By which he gain'd his daily bread.
 Each had a sister neat and pretty;
 No peevish, silly country kitty.

When reason first illum'd my soul,
 My parents put me to a school,
 An aged woman of good parts,
 Who us'd the scholastic arts;
 By whom I learn'd to know the letters,
 As soon as some that were my betters.
 When I had learn'd the alphabet,
 And for a better school was fit,
 That now by trial they might tell,
 If I could learn to read and spell;
 My father sent me to a school,
 To a smart man, who could bear rule;
 A real good man, by common fame,
 John Coldstream was the master's name.
 In time he taught me how to read,
 How to repeat the catholic creed;
 And that I might beware of schism,
 He made me say my catechism;
 And that I might not e'er be idle,
 Enjoin'd me still to read my Bible.
 At other times I did rehearse
 In English prose and Latin verse:
 Yea sometimes he would well define
 How I should scan a Latin line.

Some rolling years went smoothly on,
In getting education.

To Edinburgh next I did repair,
To Mr O——re in Miln's Square,
By him to learn, without a flaw,
All the subtilties of the law.
About that time, when perverse France,
Against Great Britain did advance,
And by her treach'rous tricks and schemes,
Made Scotia bleed thro' all her veins;
When nought was heard but treason, treason,
And nothing seen but dire rebellion.

These awful scenes soon stopt my plan;
Instead of which I chose a plane.
Tho' friends dislik'd I should be bred
To a laborious working trade,
Strong reasons with myself combin'd,
Resolved not to change my mind.
Without delay I chose my trade,
A wooden trade, to gain my bread.
I am no novice at this hour,
For Adam was my connoisseur.
He taught me well to work and drink,
But never once to speak or think.
Some years were spent in handling tool;
In working still a silly fool:
Tho' I was made to understand,
I now must work with my own hand,
Must practise at this occupation,
To keep me decent in my station;
Must leave my native place in Fife,
And travel now to learn life;
Learn to know and see each fashion,
In some great town within the nation.

ARGUMENT.

The author describes his journey to Glasgow. Arrives in that city. Various observations, religious and moral. Finds the influence of grace upon his own heart, &c.

GLASGOW was the place intended,
 Where I should go for to be mended.
 It was a place, my mother said,
 Where much to God the people pray'd,
 And well the Sabbath-day did keep;
 No person to the street durst peep.
 Glasgow Sabbaths bore renown,
 In every village and large town.
 Alas, she knew not that within,
 Many a one did slyly sin.
 And her own son, in little time,
 E'en was not guiltless of the crime.
 In company with a young man,
 I strait pursu'd my purpos'd plan,
 To try if I could mend my hand,
 Among this mighty trading band.
 My father saw me cross the Forth
 At Stirling bridge, which guards the north;
 That we might not part with a frown,
 Clapt in my hand just half-a-crown.
 My friend and I, without much stay,
 To Glasgow city made our way,
 With wearied steps, both up and down,
 At last we cross'd the *Tak me Down*.
 We pass'd *Kilsyth* and *Kirkintilloch*,
 At last arriv'd at Glasgow hillock;
 Went down the street, pass'd by the college,
 Of which we had but little knowledge;
 Then took a view of ancient Clyde,
 No doubt of many things beside.

We saw the weavers working inkle;
 Strange sight to us who were but simple.
 At last I met an old school-fellow,
 With whom I soon got pretty mellow;
 A friend alive unto this hour,
 And, like myself, but very poor.
 Soon tir'd by running thus about,
 To look for work I took my rout;
 With Providence my only guide,
 No friend, no friend I had beside.
 Now for the first time I did find,
 That Providence to me was kind;
 That great unerring, unseen power,
 Employment found me in an hour,
 With one who bore the Christian name;
 But to the cross was oft a shame.
 The man is dead; Muse, let us hum,
Nill de mortuis nisi bonum.
 Young, and raw, in every sense,
 To work I could make small pretence.
 My master, a professing man,
 Did easily my weakness scan;
 And settled me at a small wage,
 As I with him would not engage.
 It serv'd, however, for pies and ale,
 But little left for milk and meal.
 I now set out to work; and think,
 At night went with the rest to drink;
 Spent all our money, oft our time,
 Yet seldom thought it was a crime.
 I got a mate come from the border,
 Some time before had been a foger;
 By him I was too often led,
 In hopes that I might learn my trade;

But, O, I've often found the smart,
 Of acting this poor silly part.
 I came to learn a vicious course;
 No better of my trade, but worse.
 May all young men learn to be wise,
 And from a friend take this advice:
 Look round you for a sober man,
 Who may direct you in your plan:
 Ne'er by a drunken fool be led,
 Tho' you should never learn your trade:
 Let Providence o'er you preside,
 He'll be your best, your surest guide.
 In all your ways acknowledge God,
 He'll you direct to safest road:
 Strive to be free, and good, and just,
 And in the Lord put all your trust.
 Had I, when young, this plan pursu'd,
 What ills and toils had I eschew'd:
 But God thus suffer'd my behaviour,
 That I might know there was a Saviour.
 The good advice that I had got
 From parents, was not quite forgot;
 Not to forget the Sabbath-day,
 Nor yet unto the Lord to pray.
 Sure Glasgow was a gracious place;
 In it there was a praying race:
 For generally at the close of day,
 The families us'd to sing and pray.
 Along with a kind female friend,
 The church I constant did attend.
 I often heard that gracious man,
 The reverend pious Hamilton.
 Six Sundays I did then admire,
 As many sermons, all on "Fire:"

A fiery trial to a young^l mind,
 Which little knew of human kind;
 And far less knew the narrow road,
 That forms the path direct to God.
 Salvation he so much confin'd,
 It troubled much my tender mind.
 A fullen gloom my mind o'erspread;
 I went straight home, and then to bed.
 I pray you, brethren all, beware,
 And shun this fatal common snare.
 When you're convicted, go to pray,
 And not to sleep the sense away:
 Fly unto Christ, who doth atone,
 And bend your knees before his throne:
 Cry, for his sake, for mercy cry;
 Plead for the spirit to apply
 The sacred unction from above,
 That you may feel that God is love;
 That all your powers may combine,
 To prove religion is divine:
 Come now to him with broken heart;
 Lament your sins with poignant smart:
 He'll soon remove the pond'rous load;
 By grace you'll praise the pard'ning God.
 But, O my friends, I this abus'd,
 His striving grace I quite refus'd:
 So yet I bore the heavy load,
 Nor did I yet acknowledge God.
 I soon got free of this first shock,
 Grew harden'd as a flinty rock;
 Tho' from the church did not desist,
 Yet was a perfect formalist.
 My mind was now at perfect ease,
 Free from conviction's dire disease.

As smoothly on the time I spent,
 I never thought, I need repent.
 Who need repent, that well behave,
 That go to church, and look so grave,
 That round the circle constant move,
 That formalists so much approve?
 Grace had not yet me quite given o'er,
 It try'd my youthful heart once more.
 Just at this time to town there came
 A great good man, W——d by name:
 A man of gifts and talents great;
 An orator by's master made.
 One greatly lov'd by all the flock,
 That were not harden'd as a rock.
 He, with great oratorical force,
 Argu'd against my formal course:
 From holy word, he prov'd amain,
 That I must yet be born again;
 That if I was a child of Heaven,
 I must know my sins forgiven;
 And from my own experience prove,
 That I was settled in God's love;
 And firmly hold salvation's plan,
 And know God's life in soul of man.
 I now was struck with deep remorse,
 And cried, I'm surely worse and worse.
 Am I so ignorant of God,
 As not to know this heavenly road?
 Have I to read been at such pain,
 Yet blindly pass'd o'er "Born again?"
 I neither feel, nor yet can prove,
 That I am fixed in God's love.
 I thought I held salvation's plan,
 Yet felt not God's life in soul of man:

In short he did, with little trouble,
 Prove my religion all a bubble;
 Altho' I knew all faith's confession,
 Was a great Christian by profession.
 I had the form without the power,
 But knew not truth unto this hour.
 Thus did my thought run o'er and o'er,
 Faintly I did God's aid implore.
 Altham'd I was for to advise
 With any that were godly wife.
 The Tempter soon perceiv'd my state,
 And for me quick he laid a bait.
 He whisper'd softly in my ear,
 I pray you, young man, take great care;
 You see your master, godly man,
 A convert made at Cambuslang;
 His words and actions give you pain,
 And yet he says he's born again:
 Besides, young men will taunt and mock,
 And fools make you their laughing stock.
 I now grew sad and serious too,
 None but myself what ail'd me knew.

Providence now call'd me back to Fife,
 Where first I drew the breath of life;
 Conviction then went fast away,
 Again began to go astray:
 My former course I follow'd fast,
 Forgot entirely what was past.
 Among companions, gay, and young,
 I spent my time in work and song:
 Went constantly to church on Sunday;
 In alehouse sometime spent the Monday:
 Sometimes the inward wise Recorder,
 Would call my mind to proper order.

In sacred reading or profane,
 I oft to midnight would remain;
 It was my best, my chief delight,
 In books to spend my time and fight.
 Now ag'd the gust does still remain;
 When I can't read it gives me pain.
 I'm often griev'd, when I do see
 A powder'd head and high toupee:
 A silly fool at so much pains,
 To ornament his empty brains;
 To put the Friseur to such trouble,
 To finish out a water bubble.
 I knew one of these powder'd fools,
 That spent long time at different schools;
 Yet still is such a silly ass,
 Can't tell why men keep Christmases.
 Excuse this simple plain digression,
 Will strive to move with more progression;
 Must try once more now to find out,
 How Providence has mark'd our route;
 What different marches he's assign'd
 Unto the body and the mind.
 I doubt we'll find some very long,
 And difficult to work in song:
 Sometimes we'll march thro' pain and strife,
 Hardly get through with breath of life:
 Sometimes no doubt in griefs and fears,
 Perplex'd with Trouble's useless cares.
 But, as this is the lot of man,
 We must not now give up our plan;
 Because we'll hope for halcyon days;
 In them we'll raise to heav'n our lays.
 That ruling Power, that is unseen,
 Had for my welfare careful been;

For me prepar'd some trying hours,
 To know how strong my inward pow'rs.
 The shock I manfully sustain'd,
 By grace I yet still firm remain'd;
 Call'd now unto a genteel feat,
 No doubt, indeed, to fix my fate.

ARGUMENT.

Leaves Glasgow in the year 1752, and returns to Fife, to the place of his nativity. Goes to work at a gentleman's house, where he enters into the matrimonial state. Goes to Clackmannan—works at Kennet house and Shaw Park—his rising family—the death of his infant children—his religious sentiments with respect to their future state; with various other observations, until his return to Edinburgh.

JUST at this time, pure soft'ning love,
 Began my tender mind to move.
 I saw a maiden young, and gay,
 Blooming as the month of May;
 Soon felt the power of all her charms,
 And fondly wish'd her to my arms:
 And she return'd as pure a flame,
 Without e'er guile, or guilt, or shame.
 Hymen soon join'd our willing hands,
 In lawful matrimonial bands;
 And the great Power that rules above,
 Soon gave us pledges of our love:
 For in the space of se'enteen years,
 Was blest'd with seven most lovely dears.
 When God saw meet, he call'd his own;
 Parents ought not at this to frown:
 Five of them were call'd out of time,
 E'er they were guilty of a crime.
 Christ died to cleanse their nature's stain;
 With Jesus they sure now remain:

They sing among the blood-wash'd throng,
 Who now surround his radiant throne.
 May those, who yet on earth remain,
 Be wash'd, be cleans'd, be born again!
 May they by faith be made to cry,
 We know that Christ for us did die;
 By grace be guided in that road,
 That leads their steps direct to God;
 And when they've spent a happy life,
 Free from contention and vain strife,
 May their pure souls to heaven rise,
 To join their brethren 'bove the skies;
 For evermore to praise and sing
 Of your Redeemer, and their King.

I now a pleasant harmless life
 Enjoy'd with my beloved wife;
 Near the pleasant banks of Forth,
 Where her first-born she brought furth;
 Where still is found the Brucian line,
 And also many a good coal mine.
 Here Lord Cathcart holds his domain,
 Set round by many a fertile plain:
 A pleasant landscape to the Forth;
 The Ochil hills view'd to the north.
 Good Haley then dispens'd the word,
 Exhorted men to fear the Lord.
 Here wrights and masons sat at ease,
 With Bessie Næsmith's ale and cheese:
 Yea, when all things were right and well,
 Din'd on J—n Miller's garvie kail.
 Of those indeed made little use,
 While all was right at Kennet-house.

ARGUMENT.

He is now called from this peaceful country retirement to the capital. His reflections and sentiments thereon. Bewails the unhappy turn of mind incident to workmen and others, in being exercised with trials by poor and careless employers, &c.

CALL'D from this pleasant solitude,
 Once more I join that multitude,
 That walk Edina's spacious street,
 And climb her stairs with nimble feet:
 Once more I drown myself in noise,
 Chuse quietness where there's little choice;
 I change a peaceful country life,
 For constant clamour, or vain strife.
 Each day brings on some fresh demand;
 Here money must be had in hand:
 But, O alas! it was my fate
 To work with a poor J—e T—te,
 Who nothing had his men to pay,
 But promises from day to day.
 The want of money oft breeds strife,
 Between a loving man and wife.
 Indeed this sometimes was my case;
 For this I often shunn'd her face,
 With some who shar'd an equal fate,
 We staid from home both soon and late,
 Drown'd our reflections, and wives tongues,
 Often with drink, sometimes with songs.
 Sure money is a mighty curse,
 A plague to have, to want it worse.
 My conscience now began to accuse,
 And ask me how I could abuse
 My time and talents in such strife,
 And grieve and vex a loving wife.

My former thoughts return'd amain,
 Sure I must yet be born again.
 Satan, once more, who tempts mankind,
 Infus'd the thought, Your wife's unkind.
 She speaks in harsh and uncouth terms,
 Unlike when taken to your arms.
 Despair, distraction, and disease,
 Did soon my mind and body seize.
 No view, but want, and sad distress,
 Which my whole frame and mind impress:
 No faith, no trust, no gleam of hope,
 Wherewith my tender mind to prop.
 No pleasure now, no hope, in life,
 Like what I had from my dear wife.
 Religious comforts all were gone,
 No access had to Grace's throne.
 At last some comfort from the word,
 With which my mind did now accord,
 " If you upon the Lord rely,
 " He soon will all your wants supply."
 This now was no delusive dream,
 Great glory to God's holy name:
 He's prov'd it true these fifty years;
 Dispelling ay my doubts and fears,
 Conducting me thro' seas of ill,
 Because it was his holy will.
 My gratitude sure ne'er will swerve,
 For every ill I do deserve.
 My strength return'd, employment came,
 I now lived quietly at home;
 Enjoy'd a pleasant happy life,
 Free from domestic din and strife:
 When lo the horn'd god of war
 Was mounted on his dreadful car;

Nothing was heard in Ed'nbrough town,
 But found of trumpet, beat of drum;
 Let Scotia's valiant sons advance,
 And meet the treacherous sons of France.
 O cruel war, what dire alarms,
 Sons torn from their parents arms!
 Mothers and wives in sad distress,
 By the harsh laws of curs'd impress.
 For those employ'd in naval power,
 Impress'd poor tradesmen every hour.
 Even miscreants of the human race
 Drag'd mankind from their native place:
 Disgrace indeed to a free nation,
 To employ vile men in such a station.
 Each civil law was now suspended,
 Expediency by power pretended.
 Men at a loss to speak or meet,
 Or walk with freedom on Edinbrough street;
 In danger of a sea intender,
 To force them down aboard a tender;
 And F——n, head of that power,
 Distress'd the country every hour.
 Trade at a stand, all crafts do stop;
 For workmen now there was no hope;
 But fly their country, and their friend,
 Or join the army, it to defend.
 A sad alternative for some
 Who ne'er had been a mile from home;
 Oblig'd to leave my own fire-side,
 I sought a place where to abide,
 Till Providence should set me free,
 To take my rout by land or sea;
 Unqualified for warlike life;
 Resolved ne'er to leave my wife.

My gracious Guide found out a plan,
 How I might once more act the man;
 Of great Augusta take a view,
 And there my wooden trade renew;
 Get better of my doubts and fears,
 And once more try to form chairs.
 There still remain'd the hardest task,
 (As I'd this settled under mask)
 To reconcile my tender wife,
 The dearest partner of my life,
 To stay at home, and set me free,
 Or share the dangers of the sea:
 Dangers to her were perfect ease,
 She'll share my fate, and still me please.

All matters settled to our mind,
 For Providence is always kind,
 Embark'd at Leith with utmost speed,
 With every thing we thought we'd need,
 With pleasant gale, we sweep the Forth;
 My eyes flew naturally to the north;
 Involuntar'ly dropt a tear,
 When parting with my native air.
 Our ship now join'd a num'rous fleet,
 Before we got into the deep.
 The Hazard sloop, two vessels more,
 Must see us safe as far's the Nore.
 We sailed safe, by help of God;
 Arrived well in Yarmouth road,
 Dangers now soon appear'd in view,
 Dangers indeed to me quite new;
 Our sailors spy'd boats from afar,
 Coming fast from men of war.
 Captain and mate did now confess,
 Each man on board they sure would press.

Reflection now did work a-pace,
 I surely am yet under grace;
 I'm fav'd from dangers in the street,
 He'll free me also in the deep.
 As soon's aboard, they rang'd along;
 To me they never mov'd a tongue;
 With pleasant gales, we reach'd the Nore,
 And got a view of Thames's shore.

ARGUMENT.

After a short and easy passage, the author arrives safe at Wapping. Description of his walk through the city of London—incidental observations in the course thereof. Gets a resting-place next morning. Goes in quest of employment—is accosted in the usual style by an English landlord—obtains work. Resides in that capital ten years—various reflections. Sees the funeral of George II.—views the coronation. Short description of Westminster Abbey. Loses his health—with other incidents. Leaves London, &c.

AFTER a passage safe and soon,
 We landed well in London town.
 What horrid noise, what mighty din;
 I wish'd I'd still in Scotland been.
 Left Wapping soon, and did demand
 Which way I should find out the Strand.
 Each street, and turn, I did regard;
 And soon found out St Paul's Church-yard;
 Where butchers did their cleavers ring,
 And men and women ballads sing.
 A mighty mob did then conspire,
 To burn Bing's effigy in fire.
 Got thro' this crowd, not without force;
 Still pursuing my destin'd course;
 Until I spyed from afar,
 Three human heads on Temple Bar:

My mind was griev'd, when thus I saw
 The dire effects of treason's law.
 A secret wish I did rehearse,
 May no more heads this gate disgrace!
 May peace, and love, fill ev'ry soul,
 Subjects no more the law controul;
 Nor e'er a British son advance
 The crafty politics of France!
 I now pursu'd my purpos'd route,
 To try if I could friends find out.
 I soon arriv'd at Charing Cross;
 A warlike man on mighty horse,
 Turn'd soon about; ask'd where to go,
 To find the Square called Soho.
 By providence I met a friend,
 Which put my journey to an end;
 Soon got a place, wherein to rest;
 And next day look for what was best.
 It was in May, just with the sun,
 I rose to view great London town.
 'T surpris'd me much, to see the street,
 And every door, so cleanly swept;
 Publicans and porters talking,
 And country folks to market walking;
 With greens and pease and colliflower,
 And every herb man can devour;
 With beef and mutton, veal and pork,
 And new made shoes just come from York.
 I halted now in Martin's Lane,
 As easy as I'd been at hame,
 Went in and call'd for pint of beer,
 At which the landlord gave a sneer;
 Ask'd if I'd arrived from Perth,
 He thought I had a Scottish breath;

Turn'd on his heel, and made a caper,
 And I sat down and took the paper.
 He ask'd me, if I read the news;
 I simply said, if he should chuse.
 I read a paragraph to please him,
 And he stept out, suppos'd to ease'im;
 But while I staid, he ne'er return'd,
 For which I not a little mourn'd;
 As I did wish to give a toast,
 This English gentleman to roast.
 I now thought time, to use some metal,
 To look for work, and then to settle.
 I pass'd a street or two in haste,
 A sign espy'd, I thought like beast,
 The King's upholder, above was Trotter,
 Thinks I, he sure must be no blotter;
 That works for King, and bears his arms,
 To enquire for work can never harm's.
 Providence now exerts it's pow'r;
 Work I obtain'd in half an hour;
 Went home, and told my wife the news;
 Happy she was I had such views.
 That I might not appear as fools,
 Took to the shop my chest and tools.
 Good God! what noise, what mighty din;
 Men swearing, women drinking gin.
 For men and women were all bent
 In packing goods, or stringing tents;
 Or other things that were thought handy,
 To ship for Germany to Granby.
 Nothing here but work or drink;
 No time either to speak or think.
 I ply'd my work, to learn my trade,
 The best made of a bargain bad.

When time allow'd, I took a walk
 To Middlesex Hospital, or the Park:
 For Providence was very kind,
 To place me rightly to my mind.
 And as a great and happy gift,
 Plac'd me in that street called Thrift.
 Alas it only had the name,
 It oft a thriftless gift became.
 What man, like me, can e'er rehearse,
 What I did see, in prose or verse.
 All that I know's by ratiocination,
 Or by ocular demonstration:
 Whate'er I know I shall relate,
 Like me it e'en must take its fate.
 Ten years I wrought from place to place,
 Left none with any foul disgrace,
 Because the Almighty still was kind,
 To over-rule my perverse mind,
 To counteract the stubborn will,
 And lay the wayward passions still.
 I heard a King proclaim'd in Fife,
 Saw George the Second too in life,
 Full dress'd in his large German hat,
 Review his guards in the Hyde Park.
 I saw him too, before his death,
 Inspect Scots Greys upon Blackheath.
 'Mong many Scotsmen there I saw
 A Fife man, valiant Captain Law.
 Soon the King was dead and gone,
 And left his kingdom and his throne:
 I saw him carry'd to his cell,
 While time shall last there he must dwell.
 Like other men, he lost his breath,
 And died a very sudden death.

Now heralds did, by proclamation,
 Cry, George the Third must fill his station.
 On twenty-fifth day of October,
 A day on which no f—ter's sober,
 I saw him with imperial crown,
 The Queen dress'd in her royal gown.
 (I'd seen her with F—ck of York,
 Before she bore the royal yoke,)

With Dukes and Earls, Lords and 'Squires,
 Dutcheffes, Countesses, Ladies in all attires,
 With all the splendor of the nation,
 Call'd to attend the coronation.
 Such fight, no doubt, did much excite
 The wonder of a simple wright.
 'Tis all in vain, for to describe,
 What numbers were on every side,
 From England, Scotland, France and Spain,
 Yea Holland, Swedland, Prufs' and Dane;
 Swarms from Wales and Ireland too,
 As far's the Danube and the Po;
 Mercantile Jews who adorn the crown,
 Italian painters too from Rome;
 All come to see this mighty fight;
 That none was fit to see aright.
 What mighty groups of wh—re and tar,
 With pickpockets from Temple Bar,
 Men and women, great and small,
 To view procession from the Hall.
 See every noble of the nation,
 Each walking in his proper station;
 The Prince supported on each hand
 By Bishops of the sacred band;
 All walking in majestic state
 From Stephen's Hall to Abbey-gate.

This then did terminate the fight
 Of vulgar eye, and curious wright;
 Until the ceremony's o'er,
 When all return, just as before.
 Tir'd with the fight, I home went fast,
 Ruminating on what was past;
 Convinc'd I'll ne'er see such a crowd,
 Till God shall call both bad and good.
 I then view'd London east and west,
 What I thought good, and what was best;
 Saw the palace round and round,
 Walk'd the Park to its utmost bound;
 Saw Buckingham-house, before the Queen,
 Thro' all its gardens I have been;
 Some times I walk'd down to the Abbey,
 To see the tombs both fine and shabby;
 Not skill'd at all in Phidian art,
 For to describe dare take small part.
 By living marbles, those may spy
 Who have the real artist's eye;
 There's plac'd, I think, into an isle,
 Sir Cloudsly Shovell, and Argyle:
 Sir Cloudsly's is a mass of stone,
 With ships distress'd, and streamers down:
 Argyle, the greatest of our nation;
 It says, his tomb was by donation.
 I often pass'd, sometimes in haste,
 At last I spied great General Guest,
 Styl'd Edinburgh Castle's great defender
 Against the rebels and Pretender.
 The sent'ment would have been far nobler,
 To say he fought against a cobler;
 For T——r, who led the blockade,
 Was but a suttor to his trade.

I heard debates both great and small,
 From Robin Hood's unto the Hall:
 Heard cobblers often scold and jangle,
 'Bout politics and religion wrangle:
 But never heard a man advance,
 The new philosophy of France.
 Heard preachers of each denomination,
 Gathered from every nation;
 Bishops, presbyters, and priests,
 And laymen, which some call the best;
 Whitefield, Wesley, and Romaine,
 The great Fordyce o'er and again;
 Dissenters too of every size,
 Who swarm in London as bee-hives;
 Each wrangling, striving what he can,
 To advance his own beloved plan.
 From no one place I had ejection,
 But had short time to make reflection.
 For J—nie Wilkes destroy'd our peace,
 And brought on Scots a sad disgrace;
 Hir'd all the mob to his and hout,
 In order to dethrone Earl B—te;
 Call'd all the Scotsmen rogues and thieves,
 Aided by some who wore lawn sleeves.
 But forty-five soon stop'd his game;
 Carry'd to the Tower from his own hame.
 His patron now stood out with awe,
 And P——t reliev'd him from the law.
 P——d now supported Wilkes,
 And bore him home as upon stilts:
 When S—die Dunn conspir'd his life,
 It's said he'd kill him without knife.
 You'll surely wonder when I tell you,
 That Martin shot him in the belly;

Soon took advantage of the night,
 And into France did take his flight.
 The Commons too, just out of fun,
 Sent to King's-bench poor S—die Dunn.
 Politics now run very high,
 W—kes was the word, and Liberty.
 The nation, now restor'd to peace;
 Mobs did each day the streets disgrace.
 Spittalfield weavers, a mighty mob,
 Infested St Stephen's neighbourhood;
 With mourning implements of trade,
 And bawling out for want of bread;
 At every breath did loud advance
 A curse against the peace with France.
 War was a ministerial farce;
 Now B—d and B—te are curs'd for peace.
 St Giles's brood, Germans and Jews,
 With all the vermin of the stews;
 And Cocknies too, where'er they meet,
 Curse L—d B—te for paving London street;
 They'd rather limp with broken bones,
 Than streets be pav'd with Scottish stones;
 They'd sooner die for want of breath,
 Than hanging signs should suffer death.
 Happy the man in a mean station,
 That serves not such a thankless nation.
 I one morning had a lucky hit,
 As I pass'd by the Gravel Pit;
 I saw Sam House had got the pox,
 Before he link'd to Mr Fox;
 A man of late of great renown,
 Cried up a wight thro' all the town,
 Because he was J—es F—'s cully,
 A drunken blackguard, and a bully.

The Wonderful has made us sure,
 That he was buried by his w—re.
 What pity is't that men of sense,
 Should use their pen in his defence.
 I saw Earl F—rers hang on a tree,
 And twenty others as bad as he.
 I saw a woman burnt for treason,
 A horrid law, without all reason.
 By these I learnt that great and small,
 By following vice at last must fall.
 My first impressions then recur'd,
 Look'd back on all things had occur'd;
 My God, how gracious must thou be,
 To care for such a creature as me,
 Impress my mind with such an awe,
 To reverence thy most holy law;
 And by a free unmerited grace,
 Save me from such foul disgrace.
 Sure grace like this deserves my praise,
 My faith and love, thro' all my days.
 Troubles now, both great and small,
 Began to seize my family all,
 The only comforts of my life,
 Besides my best beloved wife.
 My dearest boy resign'd his breath;
 My daughter too was call'd by death;
 With resignation kiss'd the rod,
 As a chastisement from my God.
 Tir'd 'mong such a numerous crowd,
 I keenly wish'd for solitude;
 That Providence would change my lot,
 To a lone unfrequented spot.
 I envied even the hermit's life,
 Who, free from tumult and vain strife,

In peace resigns his soul, his all,
 To God, when he is pleas'd to call.
 Still labouring hard, confin'd from air,
 At length my health I much impair;
 A languid look, and pallid cheek,
 Made my connexions all to weep;
 Consumption now, a dire disease,
 Did quickly on my vitals seize;
 But Providence did still preside,
 And now my best, my surest guide,
 Directed me to great Fordyce,
 Who of his skill was never nice.
 He order'd me quick to repair,
 Where I should breathe my native air;
 Or sweep once more the German main,
 To be restor'd to health again.
 Unwilling, unprepar'd to die,
 Resolv'd from London quick to fly,
 If possible to save my life,
 And once more see my friends in Fife.
 After ten years absence view the north,
 And cross again the frith of Forth;
 Of the fresh air to take my fill,
 Upon the verdant Lowmond hill:
 Having seen London over all,
 From Hyde Park corner to Blackwall;
 I crippl'd up to Highgate now,
 To give Augusta a last adieu,
 Wishing that harmony and peace
 May ever bless so fine a place;
 That George may live, and loved be
 By all his subjects low and high;
 That all my brethren left behind,
 May enjoy a loving peaceful mind.

ARGUMENT.

Takes his departure once more to the north. Crosses the frith of Forth. Meets, after ten years absence, with his friends. By the salubrity of his native air, recovers his former vigour. Is again capable to follow his natural plan of working. Leaves his friends, and returns to Edinburgh. Thankful acknowledgements to the memory of his juvenile pastor and schoolmaster, &c.

WITH son and daughter, and my wife,
 I now embark for Scotland's Fife;
 Safely get to Falkland town,
 A place of ancient renown.
 I met my friends all in good health,
 Not burthen'd much with London pelf;
 But free and easy in my mind,
 'Cause Providence to me was kind.
 Of Falkland whins what can I say,
 Only that there I us'd to play.
 From their sweet smell and bonny bloom,
 Pure health and vigour did assume.
 O happy spot, and pure delight,
 It ravishes my mind and sight,
 To think how many happy days
 I've spent in pleasure, and in plays.
 At palace close, and bowling-green,
 Many a joyful morn I've seen;
 The mind then free from worldly care,
 Kept up by hope, unaw'd by fear;
 My juvenile mind was kept in peace,
 Directed then by unknown grace.
 Great is the pleasure still remains,
 When I reflect on Coldstream's pains,
 Who with much ease, and great delight,
 Led my young mind to what was right;

On Stoddart too, of good renown,
 Tho' not adorn'd with priestly gown,
 (For surplices, and bands and gowns,
 Were badges of Prelatic c——ns,)

Who with much care and holy art,
 Us'd every means to mend my heart;
 My gratitude to's memory's due,
 'Tis God alone that makes it new.

Soon I resume the pilgrim's life,
 And leave my native place in Fife;
 Cross Boadotria once again,
 Once more view Lothian's fertile plain,
 With tender heart, and mind serene,
 A soul prepar'd for every scene.

And scenes a' new'r prepar'd for me,
 Which no man ever could foresee;
 But God had me prepar'd for them,
 For which I'll ever bless his name.

Persuaded now, what need I mourn,
 To Falkland sure I'd ne'er return;
 I left it soon on Monday morn,
 And made my way quick to Kinghorn;

Arriv'd at Leith, made little stay,
 To Ed'nburgh fast I hy'd my way;
 With quicken'd steps walk'd to the cross,
 Hastid fast down to Abbey close.

O with what glee my heart did beat,
 When I again view'd Arthur's Seat!
 A pen like mine can ne'er describe
 The beauties of its ancient site;
 Rock upon rock, and hill on hill,
 With many a pleasant water rill.

Augusta must give up the prize,
 For grateful pleasure, but her size.

With thankful heart view'd all I saw,
 Got to the plane, and grip'd the saw.
 While all mankind was calling *straight*,
 It was my trade to crook aright.
 My lot was good in Edinburgh town:
 I wrought for those of best renown,
 Gentlemen of greatest fame,
 But it's in vain to write each name.
 Year after year I ply'd my trade,
 With honesty to get my bread.
 What mighty changes I have seen,
 In Fdinburgh since I have been;
 A church and steeple in a field,
 With many streets, which corn did yield.
 I saw a bridge fall to the ground;
 Saw also rais'd an earthen mound.
 Where holy man was heard to pray,
 I've seen the devil's actors play.
 Seen loch dry'd up, and quarries clear'd;
 Hotels and shops, and houses rear'd;
 The great exertions of Hume and Young,
 A theme too great for to be sung:
 And Trotter mild I'll ne'er forget,
 While pulse does beat, or head doth ach.
 London itself can scarce compare,
 In art that's exercised there.
 Saw also rais'd a stately dome,
 To keep Scotch records safe at home,
 Which will transmit to latest fame,
 The founder and the builder's name;
 An Orphan-house in modern mode,
 By charitable and gen'rous Tod.
 To sing of all I've seen and heard,
 Would waste the brains of simple bard.

ARGUMENT.

Providence calls the author, in the way of his business, to the Merse, where he stops a few months; and then continues his journey southward, through Northumberland. Is employed near Wooler, at the foot of Cheviot—his happy situation in that solitude; with historical remarks, and other observations.

ONCE more I took the pilgrim's staff,
 But not the scallop in my hat;
 Once more to breathe the freshen'd air,
 To banks of Tweed I did repair;
 Stopt where the law, prison, and church,
 Enter by one united porch.
 There sits the head of Mercia's law;
 The place, I think, is call'd Greenlaw.
 When I came here there was no street,
 For people walk'd in dirt knee-deep.
 Like passage birds, whose time drew near,
 Like them, to southern climes repair.
 One morn in March I rose with speed,
 And hasted fast to cross the Tweed;
 To visit now Northumbria's lands,
 Once wasted sore by hostile bands:
 Now pleasant fields, and happy swains,
 Fill ever corner of these plains.
 Peace and plenty, ease and joy,
 Do every house and heart employ.
 Where'er I go, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.
 Here, here I met with my desire,
 Which did my mind with rapture fire.
 Here I found a safe retreat,
 Nigh to a pleasant genteel feat;
 Just at the foot of Cheviot hill,
 Of solitude I had my fill.

What happy place, what pleasant life,
 Enjoy'd I here with son and wife,
 The constant partners of my toil,
 Which did my tedious hours beguile!
 On evens and morns I did repair
 To Cheviot hill, to take the air:
 Sometimes ascended to the mount,
 To take a view all round about.
 Saw land and water, sea and shore,
 And rocks and hills I can't explore.
 One skill'd in old historic page,
 Could tell the wars once here were wag'd.
 Here Percy and Lord Douglas fell;
 How many more I cannot tell.
 Numbers of Scotsmen here were slain,
 In marching up from Milfield plain,
 Whose carcases and blood did fill
 The water that is call'd the Till.
 Here camps and trenches, Scots and Danes,
 And banks where many English trains
 Engag'd themselves in horrid war,
 And mounted the ambitious car.
 Now all is pleasant pure delight;
 Nought to offend the ear or sight.
 Now far remov'd from noisy scene,
 All that was pass'd appear'd a dream.
 Reflection now came on a-pace;
 Providence still guides by his grace.
 The rock, the hill, the water-fall,
 Silent proclaim that God is all.
 No preacher here perplex'd the text,
 To prove what's good, or what is best.
 No need for arg'ment by implication,
 For each do prove to demonstration.

Vales, rocks, and trees, and skies above,
 Loudly proclaim that God is love.
 No sceptic soul that e'er was born,
 Shews other cause from which they form.
 Here, here I sat with freest choice,
 To be at ease, or mix with noise:
 Might go to town, and dance or drink,
 Or on this hill sit down and think:
 May either fit, or yet lie still;
 God sets before me good and ill:
 To chuse the good, or shun the evil;
 To worship God, or fly the devil.
 Gives reason to direct my choice,
 Promisses grace to hear his voice.
 A God of love did ne'er decree
 A soul eternally to die.
 No evil can from God proceed;
 'Tis only suffer'd, not decreed.
 Darkness is not from the sun,
 Nor mount the shades till he is gone.
 Such thoughts as these, nought to annoy,
 Inflam'd my feeling heart with joy.
 With heart-felt love ador'd the Lord,
 For blessings of his holy word;
 Had strong desire in every place,
 For to attend the means of grace;
 And every place where two or three
 Met to praise God, was means to me.
 Not trammel'd by bigotted pride,
 God does in each true heart reside,
 I'll ne'er esteem that man a fool,
 Who strictly walks by scripture rule.
 Yea W——n, K——dy, and Gr——ve,
 Did each great pleasure to me give;

When they declar'd that grace was free,
 Excluding none, not even me.
 My solitary pleasure o'er;
 Now I must move my tent once more.
 And bid farewell to Cheviot mount,
 With all the pleasures thereabout.
 May hostile power infest no more,
 From foreign or domestic shore:
 But may your flocks and herds increase,
 Till time itself shall quite decrease!
 May no fell wolf, nor Swedish dog,
 On you e'er tear another hog!
 Once more adieu to Cheviot hills,
 With lambs and sheep, and purling rills.
 Must once more mix with noisy crew;
 Bid silent pleasures all adieu.
 Yet once I take a farewell look,
 At W——r, and of G——dy D——ke.
 All matters properly prepar'd,
 Having receiv'd a just reward
 For all the work that I had done,
 Set my face direct from home.
 'Twas on the first day of September,
 As I do right well remember,
 That I set out from W'——er town,
 Then to me familiar grown;
 Wishing my friends to live in peace,
 Be guided still by divine grace.
 Now Ceres wav'd a yellow crop,
 And realiz'd the farmer's hope.
 Now jocund mirth 'mong happy swains,
 Fill'd all these pleasant fertile plains.
 The humorous tale, or simple play,
 Wore off the reapers' toilsome day.

Fields fill'd with cattle of ilk fize,
 Swarming like unto bee-hives.
 We travell'd here with ease and joy;
 No cruel difaster to annoy;
 No caufe to fear, or run with hafte,
 From ruffian crew, or yet wild beaft.
 Here nothing reigns but peace and love,
 A blessing fure from God above.
 How happy now the prefent race,
 Who live in plenty, and in peace;
 Whofe rude progenitors of old,
 Were bafely bought, and meanly fold.
 In flavery doom'd to fpend their time,
 For thofe who thought this was no crime.
 The effect is ceas'd, remov'd the caufe,
 By government, and wholefome laws.
 Northumbria's lords, and Scottifh chiefs,
 Difpute no more about their fiefs;
 But live in harmony and love,
 Tho' far remov'd from courts above;
 Without e'er jealousy or harm,
 Or getting calls in hafte to arm.
 Good Britifh laws, and proper rules,
 Guard the good man, check ftubborn fools.

ARGUMENT.

The author having completed his work, continues his route fouthward. Arrives with his family at Morpeth, where he refides fome years with one employer—is happy in his fituation—is kindly intreated by a religious focety there, which he joined—with incidental remarks on the fituation of the town, its mercantile dealings, &c. Observations on a diffipated life, and its fatal effects, &c.

BY eafy journies, without lofs,
 I fafe arriv'd at M——th crofs;

Contented with the toils of life,
 When safe my boy and loving wife;
 Charm'd to see so fine a place,
 Yet stranger to each person's face.
 One sign I saw I thought right queer,
 " Restrig butter, churn-maker, engineer:"
 For Scottish women, who made butter,
 Seldom made so great a clutter.
 Viewing all things with much care,
 That I might shun each per'lous snare;
 Surpris'd to see such genteel people,
 A handsome town without a steeple;
 Where markets hold in every week,
 For Scottish cows, and Cheviot sheep.
 My guardian angel, as before,
 Prepar'd for me a working door.
 Happy those who live at home,
 They many fore temptations shun:
 But he, who wanders far and near,
 Has hourly dangers for to fear.
 Engag'd 'mong men of dissipation,
 Almost unknown in northern nation;
 Without more strength than was my own,
 I'd almost dissipated grown.
 My unseen guide, of me took care,
 And led me to the house of pray'r.
 Once more I found the power of grace,
 Even in a strange and unknown place.
 Here met I with the loving friend,
 Who to my welfare did attend.
 A stranger here, they took me in,
 And ever since have friendly been.
 Joining with those, that kept strict rule,
 I now was call'd an arrant fool.

My former friends all from me fled,
 Which eas'd my mind, and made me glad.
 Here, for some years, was fix'd my lot;
 A pleasant hospitable spot;
 With friends tho' few, a social band,
 Who led each other by the hand,
 Into that happy harmless road,
 Which they thought pleasing to their God.
 With them I now cast in my lot,
 Altho' a true dissenting Scot;
 For modes, like robes, may well adorn,
 But ne'er the heart, nor soul, transform.
 This was to me a time of grace,
 A pleasant and a gen'rous place;
 Had inward peace, and outward joy,
 With my dear love to rear our boy.
 The fragrant flowers on Wanspak's brook,
 The pleasant trees on Cotton wood,
 The walks I had to Wilson's Bower,
 Sometimes to Carlisle's high-house tower,
 The singing birds, the humming bees,
 The fields adorn'd with blooming trees,
 A pleasant landscape far and wide,
 When glowing in its summer's pride.
 In winter too, the town was warm,
 With social friends quite free from harm.
 When war was raging far and wide,
 No evil did to us betide.
 These thoughts did calm the mind to peace;
 Convinc'd that nought, but divine grace,
 Could e'er have sav'd me from that power,
 That does each thoughtless mind devour.
 Let logic argue, as it can;
 This surely is the scripture plan,

That God gives grace for man to act,
 And also power to counteract.
 The sun does shine with power most bright;
 I've power to screen it from my sight.
 An awkward wright, with crooked legs,
 Can shut out light with wooden pegs.
 The world shuts out the grace that's given,
 The very light and life of Heaven.
 O what a silly thing is self,
 When man knows nothing of himself!
 Men, capable of every plan,
 Yet never try'd themselves to scan.
 I have an instance in my eye,
 Which to relate I now shall try:
 A lawyer here, once of renown,
 But now is dissipated grown;
 Wakes 'bout twelve, begins to think,
 Then rings his bell, and calls for drink.
 He tells the maid, he'll rise at two,
 For he has bus'ness great to do.
 In half an hour he calls again,
 And orders brandy, rum, or gin.
 Then he lies still and drinks and sweats,
 And with himself often debates,
 Whether to rise at five, or six,
 And with his old companions mix.
 But, lo! he hears a rap below,
 And who, that calls, he wants to know.
 The servant comes; he asks her strait,
 Who is't that doth below stairs wait.
 She answers, with a simple hum,
 Sir, it's a man they call a dun;
 For duns are often at the door,
 But still they go without their ore.

Go down stairs quick, the lawyer cries,
 And tell the man, I cannot rise.
 Then he lies still, for three hours more;
 For still there's people at the door.
 And he lies in his bed full snug,
 Still guzzling down the other mug.
 His spouse now comes, with solemn pace,
 With misery painted in her face.
 She sees he's now got drunk again,
 And hopes he'll in his bed remain.
 But he insists on bus'ness great,
 On which depends his future fate.
 In hurry then his bell does ring,
 Bring me H——n and K——g.
 H——n is drunk, he cannot come;
 And B——y K——g is not at home.
 He now can lie no longer still,
 Vex'd he cannot get his will.
 He now gets up, and creeps down stairs;
 And round the house about him stares.
 He sees not aught that he regards;
 So out he gets, and falls to cards.
 Next morning he is carried home,
 As stupid as a silly dron.
 He's put in bed, there to remain,
 Till he is fit to drink again.
 O what a dissipated life!
 How happy is this genteel wife!
 The poorest peasant in the town,
 Is happier with half a crown.
 This lawyer's dissipated plan
 Convinc'd me still, that man was man.
 Unless he has a change of nature,
 He still is an unhappy creature.

Some years elaps'd, my time drew on,
 When I must from this town be gone;
 Must now apply to Reverend Tr——er,
 To get a note, "I was no blotter;"
 That I behav'd, as I began,
 Attending each religious plan.
 In a short time I went direct,
 To part with my late architect,
 To leave my master, gen'rous soul,
 Who o'er himself had no controul;
 A carver, turner, or a joiner,
 As good as ever us'd a former.
 We parted fair, perhaps he's well,
 And living still at the Blue Bell.
 Here first the muse inspir'd my pen,
 Was soon o'erpower'd by saw and plane;
 Obliged to give up my lay,
 And leave it to some future day.
 I now must part, tho' 'gainst my will,
 With my good friends, D——d and Hill,
 With others too of equal fame,
 I need not mention here by name.
 They were indeed right social friends,
 I wish them good and happy ends.

ARGUMENT.

The author leaves Morpeth with his family, and arrives at Newcastle. Historical account, with other observations, religious, moral, and political. General election, and a remarkable phenomenon—a crow's nest on the steeple, which gave alarm to the superstitious, &c.

AND now that I did leave this place,
 I trusted still to divine grace,
 That Providence would still preside,
 And be my best, my surest guide.

I safe arriv'd upon that spot,
 Where Rufus built a warlike fort;
 For to defend the banks of Tyne
 From inroads from the southern clime;
 As well as to command the north,
 From Tyne-mouth to the river Forth.
 That castle's now fet round by taylors,
 Curriers, coblers, drunken nailors.
 I here enjoy'd health, and good cheer,
 At the Bull's Head, with famous beer;
 Still labour'd at my wooden trade;
 With pleasure earn'd my daily bread.
 Real happiness can ne'er be found
 By man, while he's above the ground.
 My cares and fears now fresh began.
 My boy was now become a man.
 To my sad grief, as well's my wife,
 He wish'd to live a naval life.
 Mars still was mounted on his car;
 Nothing was heard, but din of war.
 The Atlantic now was clad in thunder,
 With men of war, and ships past number;
 To chastise those base sons and brothers,
 Who now rebel against their mothers.
 Paul Jones, now, with his hostile band,
 Disturb'd the north by sea and land:
 From mouth of Thames, as far's the Forth,
 And fir'd his cannon at Arbroath.
 In midst of noise, I peace did feel,
 Sat calm on top of tumult's wheel:
 And Providence to me was kind,
 My son did change his youthful mind.
 He now was bound to my own trade,
 And taught to earn his daily bread.

My social friends I still retain'd,
 And stedfast with them I remain'd.
 In using each prudential rule,
 That marks the wise man from the fool.
 Our vacant hours were spent in peace;
 None try'd to bring us to disgrace.
 The sun shines bright, all's calm, serene;
 No interposing cloud between:
 But suddenly the sky's o'ercast,
 And threatens a most furious blast.
 Winds and rains, and thunders roll,
 Destruction reigns from pole to pole.
 Even so the little world of man,
 Is oft diverted from his plan:
 Disease attacking every vein;
 Convulsions siezing all his frame.
 In midst of health, my mind at ease,
 I'm instant struck with dire disease;
 Persuaded that my end is come,
 'Mongst strangers, far from native home.
 Now by experience I did prove,
 Religious friends are full of love.
 My soul and body were their care,
 Hourly offer'd they up pray'r;
 And, thro' the interceding blood,
 Was soon restor'd to brotherhood.
 While I have breath, my friends I'll love,
 And thank the Donor from above;
 Who me directed to their care;
 'To health restored thro' their pray'r.
 My strength return'd, I now began
 'To prosecute my former plan;
 And labour for my daily bread,
 My son now standing in some stead;

To help us through the ills of life,
 And comforting a tender wife;
 Tho' bound indeed to a poor wretch,
 Who us'd each mean and silly fetch,
 For to oppress both old and young,
 Both by his hands and cursed tongue,
 Who liv'd at head of a great slough
 Which then was call'd the Penter Heugh.
 His time with him drew to an end;
 I hope his master too did mend.
 War, with all its dire alarms,
 Still call'd the nation up to arms.
 Nought was heard with utmost veh'mence,
 But Independence, Independence:
 Words without meaning, or intend;
 No man on earth but does depend
 On God and man for his support,
 The word, therefore, has small import.
 A mighty wonder now appear'd
 Which caused many be afraid;
 A thing ne'er seen by any people,
 A crow's nest on Newcastle steeple.
 A portent of some great event,
 Enough to make bad men repent.
 Lord N—th had now destroy'd the nation,
 By ministerial usurpation.
 He and the ministerial gang,
 Were clean cut down in each harangue:
 Each beer-house here was fill'd with faction,
 Men bawling out party detraction.
 Broils hence of another kind
 Began to fill each freeman's mind.
 Brandling and Bowes did now contend,
 Who should the C——ns house attend.

From street to street each party ran,
 For votes that might support their plan;
 Freemen now gave o'er their work,
 Did nought but feast on beef and pork;
 Revellings and riots in every street,
 And fighting when contenders meet;
 Bribing, swearing, domineering,
 The sad effects of electioneering.
 Thanks to Heaven, it was my lot,
 To be a simple alien Scot!
 Not plagu'd to be a free dictator;
 But simply look as a spectator.
 How happy is the Scottish nation,
 With its restricted representation;
 Where men of sense are call'd to chuse
 Those that fill up the C——ns house.
 Keelmen and colliers fill'd each house,
 With mighty noise and abuse;
 While freemen's wives all walk'd as brides,
 In gowns and ribbands got as b—bes.
 Sir M——w now obtain'd the chair,
 As if he'd been its natural h—r:
 B——ng too, did obtain his feat,
 Which made no honest man regret.
 Thus ended all this mighty bustle;
 Peace was restor'd to good N—tle.
 Workmen here may live at ease,
 And spend their money as they please.
 Markets are fill'd with fish and milk,
 With vegetables of every ilk:
 A street's cram'd full with beef and mutton,
 The very sight might fill a glutton.
 Here maidens carry lime and stane
 Unto house-tops, e'en without shame:

Sure a disgrace to female's pride,
 Who ought their n——s to hide.
 I now enjoy'd good health and pleasure,
 Which always were my wish'd-for treasure:
 But Providence, who was my guide,
 Resolv'd I should not here abide;
 But trace my footsteps back again,
 Altho' I thought here to remain,
 Among my good and social friends,
 Who did my welfare still attend.
 I left them all in love and peace,
 God guide them ever by his grace.

ARGUMENT.

By the death of a brother, the author is called north—visits his brother's children—returns to Edinburgh. A dispute betwixt the masters and journeymen. War with Spain. His son pressed into the navy—returns after the peace. Leaves Edinburgh with him, to prevent his again being pressed. Travels through Fife, by Stirling and St Ninian's—with incidental remarks, &c.

I cross'd Bodotria once again,
 And met with friends in grief and pain;
 Five children lost their parents dear,
 The greatest loss, a parents care.
 With them my stay was very short;
 To Edinburgh I did resort;
 Went to work at the old place,
 Not having left it in disgrace.
 Here special Providence, once more,
 Open'd me a working door:
 And here I labour'd for a year,
 Thro' many a care, and doubt, and fear,
 Struggling thro' the ills of life,
 Yet still kept free from public strife.

At length intestine war began,
 Betwixt each master and his man.
 Each party used every power,
 To save or lose a silly hour.
 Thanks to the laws of this our nation,
 Justice is open to every station.
 The rich dare not oppress the poor,
 The laws shut up oppression's door.
 The Session, by its legal power,
 Decided this disputed hour;
 And granted unto working men,
 That a day's work's sum was hours ten.
 This bustle now came to an end,
 By which I lost a valu'd friend;
 Because I never could act double,
 Tho' it should bring me into trouble.
 I'd now a year walk'd Edinburgh street;
 But could few old companions meet:
 Some wander'd east, and wander'd west,
 And many reach'd their settled rest;
 Many cross'd the Atlantic sea,
 To fight and squabble with Yankie.
 Still Providence kept me in peace,
 Convinc'd me I was under grace;
 The unseen hand kept me at home,
 To teach and guide my only son:
 A painful task to parents hearts,
 To form young minds to act their parts;
 To guide them to that happy way,
 From which so many youths do stray:
 But 'tis a task too great for man,
 Unless the Almighty guide the plan.
 And 'tis the business and the rule
 Of every man who's not a fool.

How weak is man, how oft in trouble,
 In ease blown up like water-bubble;
 Forgetful of things past and gone,
 Insensible of what's to come.
 The present time is only ours;
 Yet thoughtlessness that time devours!
 Edina still increas'd in fame;
 Her chair was fill'd by a worthy name.
 A mighty Hunter did command
 Her city-guard, and ancient band.
 Suddenly it was decreed,
 To level down its rising street,
 That by this useful operation,
 There might be easy communication;
 And bringing down its higher ridge,
 An easy way to the south bridge.
 Now south and north bridge easy meet,
 And make a noble, handsome street;
 To future ages to declare,
 The labours of the noble Blair.
 Instead of dark and cut-throat lanes,
 Now noble buildings round Trone's fanes;
 Warehouses, shops of every kind,
 Which brings Cheapside into our mind.
 London itself can scarcely vie
 With wares you daily there may spy.
 Lottery tickets, great and small,
 As cheap and good as at Guildhall.
 Confections you may buy by lot;
 Drugs of all kinds from R——t S——tt.
 Here's founded a most noble college,
 To increase scientific knowledge;
 Where chemic and Galenic rules,
 Made clear, as language at grammar-schools:

Where great M—ro man's frame dissects,
And the minutest part inspects.

And by his lectures does explain,
'The use of every nerve and vein.

Here students from the nations round,
Do every season much abound.

When finish'd, surely no such dome,
Either abroad, or yet at home;

Such theory with practice join'd,
Can't be found the world around.

This will increase old Scotia's fame;
Its founders get a lasting name.

We labour'd now with health and pleasure,
(Contentment sure's the greatest treasure,)

When war, that great devourer war,
Set up, once more his dreadful car.

Great Britain now, to extend its bound,
Possession took of Nootka sound;

Which made the Dons of silly Spain
Unfurl their ensigns on the main,

To keep far from their distant coast
The English with their warlike host;

While Britain, with its hostile power,
'Threat'ned their navy to devour.

A cruel law, the press began,
The British navy for to man;

And my own son, with not a few,
Was press'd aboard the Courageux:

And soon went out upon a cruise,
The hostile nation to amuse.

Negotiation soon took place,
Which ended in a speedy peace.

My dearest lad got home once more,
To's parents, and his native shore;

Hoping to work in ease and peace,
 While kept from any foul disgrace.
 Before this I had been in pain;
 Was just restor'd to health again;
 And pleasant hope now fill'd my mind,
 That Providence to me was kind;
 For to restore my age's prop,
 And realise his parents hope:
 That we would happiness attain,
 Our son returned from the main.

Calms only last a little while,
 Without, or even in Britain's isle.
 Thunders now roar from Gallia's shore,
 Threat'ning all nations to devour,
 And pour destruction on each man,
 Who paid respect to legal plan:
 Pluck up by root subordination,
 And prove themselves the thrice great nation.
 Britain now must take a part,
 In this great contest, or must smart:
 Must yield religion, and her laws,
 Or struggle in the glorious cause,
 For which our ancestors of old,
 Expended both their blood and gold;
 Settling an envied constitution,
 The greatest glory of our nation.
 Where is the man that's not a fool,
 Would e'er submit to Gallic rule;
 And yet we've seen men in this nation,
 Struggling for Gallic reformation.
 Our rulers now must form a plan,
 The British navy for to man:
 The herald's trumpets now declare,
 The nation in a state of war:

Make proclamations, offer bribes,
 To tell where any seamen hides.
 Informers now, a cursed race,
 Both day and night poor failors trace.
 My lad but a short time at home,
 Becomes constrain'd once more to roam.
 Lest they entrap my only son,
 I'm forc'd with him once more from home.
 Our first course was to cross the Forth,
 And thus to view my native north;
 Till Providence should bring about,
 And plan for me a proper rout.
 How wondrous are the ways of God;
 We're led unto that ancient road;
 The first I travell'd in my life,
 Before I had a son or wife.
 My father then did my steps direct;
 My son did now my ways protect,
 Along the foot of Ochil hill;
 I then of pleasure had my fill.
 But, O those joys are all now gone,
 And now when old am forc'd to roam.
 Travelling by the hilly ridge,
 I hasten fast to Stirling bridge,
 Once the barrier of the Forth,
 Betwixt the southern Scots and north:
 But now these ancient feuds do cease;
 Men pass in pleasure, and in peace.
 Here it happen'd I sprain'd my knee,
 So pass'd the bridge with little glee.
 A meeting with an ancient friend,
 Put this day's journey to an end.
 A surgeon-barber of old name,
 Engag'd next day to mend my limb.

He swore that camphire, with first shot,
 Would cure the leg of any Scot:
 He vow'd it would be small expence,
 And half a gill was neat twelve pence.
 But after all I found the fetter;
 My leg was ne'er a bit the better.
 Determin'd 'gain to take the road,
 And trust myself to help of God:
 We crippl'd now past Ninian's kirk;
 In forty-five it got a jirk;
 Not a stone left on the spot,
 Real emblem of the powder plot.
 Reflecting thus, we pass'd this town,
 And hasten'd on to *Tak me Down*.
 In little time we could explore,
 The mighty change by Carron Shore;
 Where Wallace once, with great design,
 Planted his great warlike ensign.
 Noble indeed was his decree,
 To set an ancient nation free;
 To save from foes his native lands,
 And drive from them the southern bands.
 No discord now on Carron shore;
 Commerce and arts you may explore.
 The hills have lost their ancient ridges,
 Turn'd into locks, canals, and bridges.
 Now southern wealth's driven to the north,
 And wafts its way from Clyde to Forth.
 We now arriv'd upon that ground,
 Where warlike arms were lately found;
 Where men and horse had lost their life,
 At the ancient battle of Kilfyth.
 Instead of swords, powder or ball,
 Craft glide along the smooth canal.

Agriculture of a new mode,
 Is view'd on each side of the road;
 Which set the mind in pleasant glow,
 Till we arriv'd at old Glasgow.

ARGUMENT.

After an interval of forty years, the author visits Glasgow—admires the changes in men and manners. None of his old acquaintances alive. The friends of the people. Mr M——r, F——s, F——ne. His son goes on board the navy once more. Death of his wife, &c.

NOW I thro' Glasgow street do range,
 In forty years what mighty change!
 Each thing was new there that I saw,
 Except the King, and Broomilaw:
 For William still bestrode his horse,
 At the same place, I mean the cross:
 But every other thing was new;
 And not a man I saw I knew.
 We now were put to mighty pother;
 Scarce find a place to lodge or fodder.
 Chance cast us on an old projector,
 Who undertakes for our protector,
 And lodg'd us after mighty care,
 With a Cameronean prayer;
 Who thought it sin to go to church,
 But none his lodgers purse to purge.
 I rested in this house all Sunday;
 But cripl'd out upon the Monday.
 Indeed I was not now alone;
 I had a careful guide, my son.
 Persuaded we'd soon find employ,
 Which rais'd our minds to peace and joy.
 We soon did realize our hope,
 Obtained work from J—n D——pe;

A man, who spoke as sweet as honey,
 But, O alas! was scant of money.
 We labour'd here a little while,
 And moved next to street A—gyle.
 We got employ with utmost speed,
 From the generous Fr—s R—d.
 The Friends of People now began,
 To put in force their fore thought plan.
 Liberty was now the word;
 Equality now drew the sword;
 And clubs were form'd in every station,
 To bring about a reformation.
 D—ple now assum'd the chair,
 Assisted by the lawyer M—r.
 Delegates from every town,
 Assembled in the T—k's head room;
 Where weavers, wrights, taylors, and mafons,
 Debated hard for reformations:
 With hecklers too, a mighty gang,
 Urg'd by a long labour'd harangue:
 That it was proper now to motion,
 To heckle down the constitution.
 At this the room floor gave a crack,
 Which made the delegates to quake.
 The president now left the chair;
 Pass'd to the yard in utmost fear:
 Dissolv'd the meeting now in pain;
 Resolv'd not there to meet again.
 T—m Paine now, with his Age of Reason,
 Fill'd up mens minds at every season.
 Labouring hard with every care,
 To learn his plan more than their pray'r.
 Their Bibles now were laid aside,
 That Man's Rights pure they might imbibe.

For T—m with philosophic skill,
 Had mixed for them a proper pill:
 For he could prove, without disorder,
 He'd make a king out of a cobbler;
 That the King's son was as like mine,
 As horse like horse, or swine's like swine.
 Expose their young upon a hill,
 They'd fuck a sow with equal skill.
 By this equality was proven,
 To every one who's not a floven.
 When I had time, I took a peep,
 Sometimes a tour thro' every street;
 But, O what mighty change had been,
 Since first I Glasgow town had seen!
 Altho' I watched with great care,
 I seldom heard a psalm or prayer!
 Revelling and rioting every night,
 Decency driven out of sight!
 On Sabbath-days now all is bustle,
 Each man does now his neighbour juggle.
 Umbrellas screening power'd sparks,
 A tribe of young mercantile clerks;
 With strutting gait, and mighty capers,
 Hurrying to tap-rooms and the papers;
 Where reformation, porter, ham,
 Do both their heads and bellies cram.
 The Sabbath night is thus far gone,
 Before they think of going home.
 Forty years since 'twas Glasgow's care,
 Each house should be a house of pray'r.
 Mankind now are vain and idle,
 Taking reason for their Bible.
 Distresses of another kind,
 Began to fill my anxious mind.

Mars in Gallia mounts his car,
 Threatening universal war.
 And Prussia now did fast advance
 His armies into ancient France;
 And Brunswick led his warlike bands
 Into these long ill-fated lands.
 Britain now prepares to meet
 Her foes, with a well furnish'd fleet:
 And my dear son must now explore
 A foreign, instead of native shore:
 Must once more join the British fleet,
 Proud its ancient foes to meet;
 And leave his parents for to groan,
 And daily for his absence moan.
 My mind upheld by grace divine,
 Bade me still not to repine;
 Believing God was such a lover,
 Would still uphold the aged mother;
 Support me thro' the ills of life,
 While I'd an aged, dying wife.
 Distress now raged for a while,
 Thro' every corner of this isle.
 Bankers and banks did all now stop;
 Workmen now had little hope.
 Among this great commercial band,
 For goods there was but small demand.
 Mechanics and merchants looked pale,
 Because their wares had little sale.
 Tradesmen hasten'd to the army,
 Or flew to man the British navy.
 My hands were still employ'd at home;
 My thought abroad did often roam;
 And sail'd along the coast of France,
 Where Britain's fleet did now advance.

In imagination view'd their order,
 Advancing fast to the French border.
 My trials now drew on a-pace;
 What need had I for suffering grace!
 Tho' wading thro' great seas of ill,
 In them I had a partner still,
 Who help'd me through with toil and care,
 And drew me often from a snare.
 But now the almighty God above,
 Resolv'd to take from me my love.
 For forty years she was a friend,
 On whom I always could depend.
 In Glasgow she resign'd her breath;
 The Almighty there call'd her by death.
 Naomi like, I am left alone,
 To grieve and mourn around her tomb.
 St Mungo's now retains her dust;
 To resurrection's morn I trust.

 ARGUMENT.

Having left Glasgow, returns north, through Fife. Sees his native place and friends. Takes his way by Cupar—arrives at Dundee. Hears of his son's death. Observations incidental on Volunteers. Improvements. A walk through Dundee and its neighbourhood. The author's present situation—want of employment. Character of his daughter. Tabernacle plan, &c.

AND I must leave them for a while,
 And view the north part of this isle.
 Must now leave Glotta's ancient shore,
 And Tayo's banks once more explore.
 View Carron canal on the spot,
 And cross the Forth at Higgin's Nook.
 See Kincardine once again,
 And make my way thro' Fife's plain;

To breathe once more my native air,
 And see how all my friends do fare.
 View the sepulchre of my fathers,
 My own two children's, and my brothers.
 This done, by Cupar I took my way;
 Arrived safe upon the Tay.
 Soon landed safe at fair Dundee,
 When planting trees of libertie;
 When struggling hard for reformation,
 Like other places of the nation;
 When mobs were rising about meal,
 Or want of barley to make ale;
 When the light horse arriv'd from Perth,
 The men entirely out of breath;
 To clear the shore of stripping lads,
 And drive from it some Hilly b—ds.
 When volunteers first took the field,
 And march'd to town-house for a bield:
 When M—lm——er, to cast out chism,
 For reformers made a catechism.
 It was about this happy day,
 That I arriv'd across the Tay.
 Mankind will still their ways propose,
 But God alone will still dispose.
 Just now arriv'd that fatal day,
 Which set my mind in dark dismay.
 A day which ne'er will be forgot,
 While I retain the name of Scott.
 (On that day, the first of June,
 My heart is always out of tune.)
 Forbid it Heaven, I curse that day,
 When Howe his glory did display:
 When skill and courage did combine,
 To break the strong republic line.

My son was in this mighty strife;
 In the Defence he lost his life.
 The news appall'd my very soul;
 But who can Providence controul?
 (My son is gone, I'm left alone,
 To mourn and grieve th' return of June.)
 Reason once more assum'd the rein,
 Whispers my grief is all in vain.
 Providence still is to me kind,
 And leaves a comfort still behind:
 A tender friend, a daughter dear,
 Who does allay my doubts and fear.
 I labour'd now above the cross,
 With ————— C—— R—s.
 Reformation still took place,
 Disturb'd not much the public peace.
 Still peace and plenty in Dundee,
 Among the low as well as high.
 Fame, indeed, is never idle;
 Reports run high some burnt their Bible.
 In vain, indeed, the pains they took,
 To burn the sacred ancient book.
 Its precepts are of that strong kind,
 Not easy plucked from the mind.
 Like other stories in Dundee,
 I think it was an arrant lie;
 Because on Sundays, and at night,
 Most people here attend the kirk.
 Now gentlemen, with all their might,
 Labour'd to protect their right;
 Form'd themselves into a band,
 In defence of house and land;
 To support the loyal cause,
 Religion, liberty, and laws.

Reform'd reformers now agreed,
 And to their standard volunteer'd,
 Which forms a most puissant band,
 As any in the British land;
 Commanded by the gallant Milne,
 Who them directs with martial skill.
 No man in Britain e'er looks braver,
 When mounted on his warlike charger.
 Riddoch too, by royal word,
 Gives up the chain, assumes the sword;
 And has a regiment to direct,
 All sworn the city to protect,
 From mobs and riots, with other crimes,
 So common in those troubled times.
 I labour still for daily bread;
 With honesty hold up my head.
 War rages still on every side;
 Dearth now prevails both far and wide:
 And age, with all its train of ills,
 My heart with trembling often fills:
 For time does my frail frame devour;
 My life is as a fading flower.
 In life no hours of ease and peace,
 Unless when flows the divine grace.
 My spring of life is long since gone;
 My summer life went swiftly on;
 My autumnal life, like ripen'd corn,
 By sickle now most cleanly shorn.
 My winter life has catch'd fast hold;
 I feel my blood grow chill and cold.
 Now furious blasts of cramp and rheum,
 And other ills, my frame consume.
 Besides the other toils of life,
 I've lost six children and my wife.

But still I am not left alone,
 Tho' many troubles I've to moan.
 My gracious God, yea only he,
 Some comfort still reserves for me:
 He's spar'd me yet a loving child,
 Of manners gentle, temper mild.
 She me attends with utmost care;
 Of vice she does, thro' grace, beware.
 But, O alas! I'm griev'd to see,
 My dearest child so vex'd for me:
 To see her labour air and late,
 For to support my aged pate.
 My soul and body are her care;
 My comforts are her daily pray'r.
 While her weak hands work at her wheel,
 Her comforts doe my pains beguile.
 Yea when she feigns the pleasant smile,
 Her trembling lips her griefs beguile.
 When she draws out the flaxen thread,
 The crystal drops steal down her cheek.
 Her very soul is in her eye,
 That she may all my needs descry.
 Sometimes the needle is her care;
 Then she prefers her humble pray'r,
 That Providence would raise some friend,
 Who might assist her to attend,
 And comfort still the wrecks of age;
 Yea in this dearth its toils engage:
 For my own labour now must cease;
 O grant that I may die in peace!
 In war and famine, still I'll trust,
 Convinced ay that God is just.
 He's promis'd that our bread is sure,
 And water too, if we endure.

Little strength and want of work,
 Have given me now a fatal stroke.
 In work, my time went smoothly on;
 Idleness now makes me to moan.
 Labour was my highest joy;
 But few do love old men to employ.
 What can I do, but take a peep,
 And see what's doing on the street;
 Breathe the freshen'd air once more,
 And see what's doing at the shore?
 View what improvement's going on,
 And think on it when I'm at home.
 I see by magisterial stroke,
 A street form'd out of solid rock.
 The town may now have purer air,
 With pleasure to the shore repair.
 This sure will raise good R——ch's fame;
 To future age transmit his name.
 Who walks the Meadows, now can tell,
 The labours of the generous Bell;
 Who with great skill, and much composure,
 Has made a good and neat inclosure.
 I take a walk to the Law, look round
 To where the sea and ether bound.
 The first thing there that caught my sight,
 (For then the atmosphere was bright,)
 Was the green Lowmonds, high rais'd top,
 To which I've travell'd oft in hope;
 Below whose height I drew my breath,
 And there, perhaps, may find my death;
 Like hunted hare, when nigh her fate,
 Runs hard to gain her former seat.
 My eyes still rang'd o'er Fifa's plain,
 And lost themselves in German main.

Return'd and view'd St Andrew's fane;
 Revere the place, and love its name.
 There my dear mother drew her breath;
 There many friends are sunk in death.
 My fight still bounded by the main,
 The light-house did the land regain.
 Travers'd along by Sidla hills,
 And view'd the land to Dighty mills.
 (Took a view more of good Dundee,
 Thankful I still could walk and see.)
 As I came down by Dudhope tower,
 What grand improvements every hour!
 Upon that spot what great erection,
 To keep from Government defection;
 To lodge a power, and keep in awe,
 Those discontented with the law.
 There to maintain a martial force,
 In case that matters should be worse.
 A th——nd men here kept in pay,
 At e——n pence for every day:
 Mechanic men, who learn a trade,
 Can scarcely earn their daily bread:
 Politic scheme, which keeps in view,
 Our fleets and armies to renew.
 What precious fruit we daily see,
 Produc'd from trees of libertie!
 The leaves smell'd fragrant in our nose;
 The fruit has given our purse a dose:
 Has bled us dry in every vein;
 I fear it will do it o'er again.
 (But for myself I need not fear;
 It's got from me what I held dear;
 It's snatch'd from me my age's prop,
 Where I perhaps plac'd too much hope.)

Walking along to the west port,
 There's object of another fort;
 A fabric built of mighty size,
 Where men may meet, for to advise
 Upon a tabernacle plan;
 Try to reform each hopeless man;
 That those who stray'd, or meant to stray,
 May there be taught to sing and pray:
 For ancient pastors of our flock,
 Some say, their duties have forgot.
 Novices now of every station,
 Are eager bent on reformation:
 And often meet at the west port,
 To sing and pray, and to exhort;
 To study reformation's cause,
 Obedience too to gospel laws.
 Noble indeed is the design,
 If form'd upon a plan divine;
 On principles of faith and love,
 Deriv'd from Christ and God above.
 For all opinions sure are vain,
 Which don't Christ's principles maintain.
 But O this theme's above my reach,
 Who ne'er was taught to sing or preach!

A MORNING THOUGHT IN DISTRESS.

Dundee, Jan. 15. 1801.

O Frail fond man, what makes you sad?
 Thou'lt find relief; thy road's been bad.
 Look back, how many a weary mile
 Thou'ft travell'd thro' this fertile ile;
 Yet have not seventy tedious years,
 Cur'd thee of thy cares and fears.
 Survey with care thy mortal frame;
 Was't twenty years ago the same?
 Thy joints have lost their native oil;
 Thy hands sore torn by mighty toil.
 They now refuse thy just command,
 Tho' then a willing supple hand.
 Thy obedient and thy nimble feet,
 Refuse to walk, can scarcely creep.
 Like water trembling on the breeze,
 So shake thy weak and feeble knees.
 Thy bones and bowels have lost their power
 To labour for one single hour.
 Thy every weak and shivering nerve,
 From every point does constant swerve.
 Rheums, like thistles, make thee smart,
 Oft pain thee to the very heart.
 Thy bowels oft pain'd with sudden gripe;
 Thy lungs now stopt in every pipe.
 Thy voice turns hoarse, and often rough,
 Till it's reliev'd by painful cough.

Thy pulse beats low, is almost still,
 Will soon defeat g——t S——art's skill.
 Thy muscular vein that form'd the smile,
 Does now thy inward pain reveal.
 Thy head doth ach with mighty pain,
 The seat once of a fertile brain;
 Where fancy reign'd without controul,
 The very centre of the soul.
 Here's been explor'd, at various times,
 The product of far distant climes.
 Here fancy often travell'd o'er
 The terrestrial globe, from shore to shore;
 View'd ether to its utmost bound,
 And sail'd with Cook the world round.
 Oft been in Greenland catching whales;
 Seen W——er measuring their tails.
 Saw great Howe beat the French fleet;
 My own son dead 'mong sailors feet.
 Fancy now tir'd with earthly shore,
 Would fain a heavenly one explore;
 And this old head, that's sore with pain,
 Would now an unseen world regain;
 Would wish to glance th' Eternal's throne;
 Hear fairs and seraphs hymn their song.
 But that's enough; I here must cease:
 This head will soon be laid in peace;
 The ears turn deaf that help'd to raise
 The tongue to sing the Redeemer's praise.
 All these proclaim that death is nigh;
 'Tis time thou were prepar'd to die.
 Thou must obey great nature's laws,
 And bid adieu to planes and saws:
 Your rules and squares you must lay by,
 And find a little space to die.

For dust thou art, pray do not mourn;
 To dust thou also must return.
 Soon death shall seize thy vital part;
 With his dire pang shall strike thy heart:
 Where vital breath did first imbibe,
 There to the last life shall reside.
 When outward vision loses sight,
 May then the mental eye be bright!
 Reason still possess the brain!
 Memory to the last retain!
 Those sacred truths, be plain and clear,
 That lead unto the S——r dear!
 All controversies here must cease,
 When mankind wish to die in peace.
 All other props are vain and idle;
 To these great truths lead all the Bible.
 A gracious friend would now be Death,
 In this time of a mighty dearth.
 When Nature has deny'd her store,
 What poor man would more needs explore?

R. S.

THE END.

*(T. Colville & Son,
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