

a state where
of a machine
Y
difficulty is to keep on the upper side of it,
a station pleasant in the eyes of many: but
difficult. Yet not impracticable. For, if you
turn a gyroscope, a person may keep on the
top of it, by crawling, with his crumb in mouth
in a direction & at a rate equal & opposite to
that of the stone. And a man might - that
is (as the childrens song, "to Barley But", has
it) if his legs were long enough, a man
might even keep on the upper side of this
rotating Planet, though it turns eastward at
the rate of one thousand miles an hour. Let
us start, with the sun right over his head,

turn on the old affair; & being, moreover,
well versed in Astronomy, they no doubt thought
it wise to imitate the mechanism of the
heavens, throughout which every thing goes
upon the principle of rotation. The Earth
itself incessantly rotates on its axis, revolving
at the same time in her annual orbit round
the great centre of power, so that something
like liberty & equality is enjoyed by every part
& portion of her great surface & by every part
tribe of her multitudinous population. On
the same grand principle they set up the thing
which they made - the Constitution - and

Why am I here enclosed in such a cell?
Where only knaves, & murderous villains dwell,
Enclos'd by iron doors and walls of stone?
Far removed from my friends; myself alone.
I stay here? who've been wont to walk abroad
Respecting not the laws of man, or God.
It can't be so - hark! hark! what, & that I hear?
A mournful hideous sound salutes mine ear.
But what brought me here? alas cruel gold,
Thou didst the deed; and thou hast the secret told.
I early learned to walk in ~~these~~ path
Which leads to temporal, & eternal death.
I ~~open~~ the intoxicating bowl have have sat
Indulging in idle and wicked chat,
From morn to night. And when darkness had spread
O'er heaven & earth a dark impenetrable shade.
Then I stalk'd ~~abroad~~ ^{forth}, like some wild beast of prey
Which durst not walk abroad in open day
Deeds I have done which would indeed disgrace
The blackestimps of Hell's infernal race.

why

Shall I never be released from here?
My prospects bad; nay, desperate I fear.
But why despair? while there is life there's hope
Sure I was never made to stretch a rope.
Although I did the deed, none did it see:
And therefore cannot swear 'twas done by me.
No witness can state in court that I,
Caused him or any other man to die—
O Heavens!!! even though all men should since keep
The walls, the very stones would quickly speak

The moon, magnetic queen, stood over and blushed.
When balmy sleep had all in silence hushed,
To see, a base & murderous wretch like me,
Commit such horrid wanton cruelty.
He veiled her face as if wishing not to know
The wicked work, of men who dwell below.—
Mine arm did wield the shaft, which stopt his breath,
And turned the ship of night, to that of death.
The blow being struck he quivering lay—
He tried to speak but not one word could say.
I moved his arm, to see if life had shed
And the poor man was numbed with the dead

But still he lived, & was or seemed to be,
In most excruciating misery.

I then applied the Shear unto his side
Which made an orifice deep large & wide
On short breath more he drew; but 'twas his last
For grim death seized & held him firm & fast.
My heart did burst with sorrow as I viewed
His face and hoary locks with blood bedewed.

Oh had I taken good advice in time!
Then would I have been free from such a crime.
But now I have sold yea truly sold for nought
That which can not ~~at any price~~ be bought.
I blessed by nature's God with talents fine
Was fit in any place in life to shine.
An indulgent parent did bestow - -

He loved me; indeed he loved me much
He thought that I was truly "a name such"
He gave me all things that I desired
And much more, than what my needs require.
He thought I one day or other would be
An honour, to him, and his family.

But now I've ruin my race; I've earned the meed
The laws award to such a desperate deed
Justice I can't escape. The walls are strong
The bolted doors proclaim "you must be hung"
Must I appear in court before the jury
To hear each one repeat the awful story?
Must I appear, & hear the sentence read?
"Hung by the neck unto ^{shall be} that you ~~are~~ dead"
Then him in chains unto the appointed time
In which ~~thousands~~ I must atone that awful crime
When thousands shall together press and squeeze
On Rocks fences houses, & boughs of trees
To see me mounted in a convict's chair
With that masked devil, a glorious hair

Robt. M. McLan (?)

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