

My dear Friend, I inclose you a
proof-sheet, one out of a dozen I got from
the Publisher, to give among my friends.
It is a Poem of mine which perhaps you
have seen from our friends Dunbar or
Cunningham, who got M.S. copies
of it. —

I have not time to write you at large,
but wish much to hear from you, &
to know whether I could venture to
write you by post without any risk
of the letter being read by any body
but yourself. — In so many words,
I may perhaps have occasion to
tell you somewhat & ask a little advice

too, which I would not wish even
M.^{rs} Cleghorn to see, & I believe the
Good Women in general take a freedom
to break up or peep into their
husbands' letters.

This is indeed all a perhaps; but
let me hear from you.

I am giving up my farm: it
is a bad bargain; & as my Landlord
is offering the lands to sale, I took
the hint, & have got some little
consideration for my leave. The
Excise, after all has been said against
it, is the business for me. — I find
no difficulty in being an honest
man in it; the work of itself, is
easy; & it is a devilish different affair;

managing money matters where
I care not a damn whether the money
is paid or not; from the long faced
made to a haughty Laird or still
more haughty Factor, when rents
are demanded, & money, Alas! not to
be had! — Besides, I am now
ranked on the Supervisor list, which
will in a little time, place me in a
respectable situation, even as an
Excise-Man.

My best Compl. ^{nts} to M.^{rs} Cleghorn
& your little ones; & believe me to be
ever, most sincerely, My dear Sir,
Your oblige^d Friend & humble serv^t.
Rob^t Paine

875-
und
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M. Cleghorn
