

A N

A L E R M

To all Bankrupt's in Scotland ; or
a timely warning for all honest
dealers, to be ware of all such,
as that Noted Bankrupt from
Perth ; Alexander Morton and
his Son James. Giving a brief
account of their proceedings in
and about the Town of Perth,
where they have defrauded the
people of many thousand
Pounds Sterling.

The BANKRUPT Dissected.

FORGIVE the hypocritic praise ;
Due to our Heroes, in these day's
If I should speak,
A little back-ward on the cause,
Of one that no man gives applause,
And's rais'd such reek.
His hidden Name he well sustains,
Morton, from Mors, which Death explains,
But to define,
They have without Translators leave,
From Mortem the acculative,
Revers'd the line.
Perhaps, because he knew to prank,

C. more than E. explain'd him blank,
 A better way,
 And (N. for M.) that wants a leg,
 To mean he could not stand so big,
 A Rogue for ay.

Thus Morton, sure from *Mortem* rose,
 Tho' that's the Name he bears in prose ;
 By just translation,
 For sure since Earth from Chaos sprung,
 None in such short time's done more wrong,
 In any nation.

Unless thus, that he has not kill'd,
 In public (tho' in private spill'd,
 much peace in Life,
 But yet his artificial fram,
 In families has arm'd the Man,
 Against the Wife.

But whether like the Cockatrice,
 In's watchful looks so deathly nice,
 poor folk to sell,
 Or *Argus* like with's hundred eyes,
 From every quarter stear'd a prize,
 I cannot tell.

He well the proverb old doth grace ;
 As said is, he's had a good face,
 And well I wat,
 (Tho' better ~~was~~) all who him knew,
 Confess'd his face revr'nce drew,
 I'm sure o' that.

For what so way he went to work,
 He kill'd a Fish at evry fork,
 And some times twa,
 And e'er the drumly waters clear'd,
 Drew all the prize, and off he sheer'd ;
 And's run awa.

That Miser Widow (gen'rous grown,)
 Mincurr, she would not keep her own ;
 pose tocher valu'd,

But betrer her twa thousand Mark,
 Had been row'd up intill her Sark;
 Sew'd in the tail o't.

And Mr Burgh of Toffna Mill;
 A hale blue fatt he's garr'd him spill,
 And in a crack :

The cliverest way that e'er you saw,
 Some magic how, converted a'
 His white to black.

Some says, Rob Carrick of Kildees,
 Will need to fell Kincairn trees.
 With trunk and bark,

Baith Birk and Elm, Ash and Aik ;
 To keep his credit, now at stake,
 W' Sandy's wark.

From William Scott, he drain'd his liquor,
 In Hogheads, to a quartin Bicker,
 As with a charm,

Nor will the Vintiner refuse,
 He taught him a new way to use,
 Quickning for Barm.

That farmer Butcher, David Squire,
 For seventy pounds of prentice hire,
 He gave him Druggs,

To save him whittle pains,) wherein,
 By art anointing, a the skin;
 Comes cr'e the Lugs-

But by unskill'd ideas, forc'd,
 Imagination to the worst,
 Upon himself,

Instaed of taking off the skin,
 It's a hidebound and close within,
 And's dry'd thy tell.

But to enumerate their Names,
 Wha kens the power of Sandys schemes,
 I'wad tak a day,

Yet sure I am, I notic'd had,
 O' name that for his fa' was glad,
 But one (they say,)

Who to his house in spirit went,
 And there a while in singing spent ;
 As they report

Altho' my sang said he be tough,
 But hush I'll make ye fett enough,
 Hech man sic spor

But stay and on your favorite sang,
 Tweed-side, I'll speak your mind e'er lang,
 In burlesque on 'i

'Twill claw your back to hear the notes
 And see in all how Sandy trots,
 Thro' out your sonnet

Tune Tweed side.

What beauties does Morton disclose !

How sweet the effects of his greed !

Yet Jannie excels him in those,

When once he gets upon his steed.

No Portar ! nor yet Athol Brose !

Nor all that my entrails e'er feeld !

Nor wine gliding gently thro' those

To me half such pleasure doth yield.

2 Fy, let us go up to the Books,

And see whence the new house did spring ?

With what bait he dres'd up his hooks ?

And learnt the Syren to sing ?

The Creditors howl in each clime ;

Gottenburgh and Dundee in the Brush,

Rotterdam, Dantzick ! London and Rhine,

Groans under so mortal a crush.

3 Where does Morton spend the long day ?

Dee: Sandy not sail oe'r the deep ?

Or on the land carelessly stray :

Borrowing some few pounds for to keep.

Former mischiefs should lall him to rest,

Lest fortune less kind should him curie,

And ease him of weight so depress'd,

By a Judas bagg hell scraped Purse.

4 'Tis he does all Bankrupts excell !

No scounderal can with him compare !
 Nor conscience there in him does dwell !

His like in a world is rare !

Say traitor where does thou now stray ?

O ! tell me where proud James doth feed ?

It in Holy Rude-House at play ?

Or has he fled off with his steed ?

Altho' his sanctiously polite,

To weep and act the hypocrite,
 And seem repenting,

It's but the effect of his fears,

And like the Crocodile's feign'd tear's,

He now is venting.

Indeed me thinks his outward deeds,

For what he's done much penance needs,

In what accus'd,

That king of bankrupts he might reign,

The Abbey (some say) he did gain,

Nor was refus'd,

Now Sandy ! e'en just take your ease,

Let every ane another teaze,

And use their skill,

You may defend yourself as chief ;

and live secure as any thief,

Into a Mill.

I think I hear him say " just so,

Let a the Rabble share the blow,

I care na by,

I've kept the secret, gaind the point !

Come bring a glais, and rost a jont ;

I've gaind the pyc.

It's bad wind blows no body good,

I'll live upon the best of food ;

Come mull som- wile.

Bring Mackral ! Fowls and rosted -eat,

This Alexander great, in state

...at now must dine.

All that Perth Rancourites can say:

(So) what think ye? Morton's run away,

He should be haug'd

Even let them say, and more beside,

My purse is large, and conscience wide :

I fanna wrang't

But yet before the table's covert,
Bring up some wine and spicery over't:

To synd down sorry

Here's money : haste you, spare no cost.

(When this is done all's not engros'd:

Their's more to borrow.

Come James sit down, and let us dine,
Such dishes! stuck with flow'rs so fine.

And garnish'd so

Muir fowls! Pheasants! Quails! Bunnis! Cakes
Such state! I see it's money makes the

Mare to go

As proverbs say, few folk's good cheer,
His majesty if present here,

Would at a taste

Say, Richmond's, Kingfington's state board ;
Or Buckingham's could scarce afford,

A better feast.

Come Jammie fill me up some tent.
And claret wine ; give comfort vent.

I want na wealth

The tost ? To all our tricks in Perth
And every where thro'ut the earth.

Then ; heres their health.

I think it goes most sweetly down !
Once more again our joys to crown :

Fill up another

Rooted with the glass, and had it gawn,
Of red wine or rain drawn :

A grief to smother.

Ha! ha! sic sport! I think I see,
 Young Baxter chewing for his tea saying,
 That villain,

And pollock greeting that his done?
 And Mr Moor about his shoon,
 And twa three thillings.

On James Brown of Bamanna lon,
 drew a stroke that made him groun; & did him
 Nip.

I trow he may confess the tale;
 made the Brown a black for sale:
 Wi ae dip.

Hē for his bill may advertise.
 and cry thro' all; anse, twice thrize;
 And a the leave o't,

It garrs me in my sleeve to smile;
 o think how him I did beguile:
 And scarce did crave't

That hardy merchant ironside,
 his purse I gar'd him open wide,
 And him did trick.

Say what they like, I will assert,
 Who more then me can be expert; may cheat
 And nick:

But ah! me! yet for all that's come,
 wo fares my honest wife at home?
 I must bemoan her.

Psha never mind, what's afterwards?
 I've din'd. Let's have a game at cards,
 and play catch honours,

Come, (footman,) bring the chards and dice;
 Mull'd wine and rum, or some thing nice
 (Stay let me see)

You coffee may or chocklate make:
 or yet cockoa: for I can't take,
 The best of tea.

And then for supper, get me dress'd
 some pyes, and custards of the best,
 And get them right

For Mr Johnsonc may defend,
 What money I in Perth did spend,
 On them each Night
 I shall a ranting time o't keep,
 And Ev'ning into Morning ileep ;
 And then set on
 For Indies east or west, first ship,
 And o'er the seas with pleasurè skip,
 And jamph about
 Let wheengers act the wheengers part,
 I'll be improving in the art ;
 And so be sporting
 It's braw to have a scheming wit !
 Come o't what likes I'm scarcely fit,
 To spend my fortune.

P. J. Me thinks I hear some folk speer,
 I wonder wha's the author here?

It was the man
 Of whom we speak ;
 That rais'd such reek :

He! drew the plan
 But if you ask who did comple,
 This aukward rhyme or blunder prose?

I fanna spær
 To tell you: if you dinna ken :
 You need na Care.

Bit na

F I N I S . . .