

CHAPTER XIX.

“ See yonder poor o’er-labor’d wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;
And see his lordy *fellow-worm*
The poor petition spurn.”

BURNS.

WORK failed me about the end of June 1828 ; and, acting on the advice of a friend who believed that my style of cutting inscriptions could not fail to secure for me a good many little jobs in the churchyard of Inverness, I visited that place, and inserted a brief advertisement in one of the newspapers, soliciting employment. I ventured to characterize my style of engraving as neat and *correct* ; laying especial emphasis on the correctness, as a quality not very common among the stonecutters of the north. It was not a Scotch, but an English mason, who, when engaged, at the instance of a bereaved widower, in recording on his wife’s tombstone that a “ virtuous woman is a *crown* to her husband,” corrupted the text, in his simplicity, by substituting “ 5s.” for the “ *crown*.” But even Scotch masons do make odd enough mistakes at times, especially in the provinces ; and I felt it would be something gained could I but get an opportunity of showing the Inverness public that I had at least English enough to avoid the commoner errors. My verses, thought I, are at least tolerably correct : could I not get some one or two copies introduced into