

65. 13. h h

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F T H E

Secret EXPEDITION.

N O more shall SCOTLAND now in Sadness mourn:
Justice and Judgment, Hand in Hand, return:
Knaves now are punish'd in the very Fact,
And have no Time t' excuse their wicked Act:
No more's the Judgment of the Law deferr'd,
Till some nice Plea, or sham Defence be heard.
Without a Gibbet Rogues their Sentence meet,
And *Market Cross* gives Place to *Arthur's Seat*;
Boldly to Death, and more, stout CAMPBELL went,
And, unbewail'd, dy'd on the graffy Bent:
No mourning Friend, no Priest was at his Call,
No Judge, no Jury; a poor Sheep did all, }
Gave Sentence, kill'd the Thief; but perish'd in his Fall.
Tell not in *Lothian*, publish not in *Leith*,
How strangely this Red-coat was brought to Death.
When ev'ry Day we see th' injurious Tribe
Blindfold the Law with some prevailing Bribe,
When Villains, that delight in shedding Blood,
Escape their Doom, unpunish'd, unpursu'd.
Had PORTEOUS gone (what tho' GOD's Laws forbid)
A Wedder-hunting, as bold CAMPBELL did,
Instead of tripping up a Life or two,
And sending some Souls to the Shades below,
Then had no Mob defy'd his wisht Reprieve,
And caus'd him die whom CAROLINE bade live,

