

Belov'd of vice, and infamy, and shame,
 "———," "———," whatso'er thy name!—
 (*For modesty these dashes merit claim (6)—*)
 Thine is the winter of the soul, the gloom,
 But not the quiet of the desert tomb; (7)
For thou art talk'd of, more than Greece or Rome.
 Thine are the cheerless hours, "that loathe the light,"
 And thine the horrors of the sleepless night;—
Save when beside thee lies a beauty bright.
 While conscience pours upon thy heart and brain
 Remorse unbounded, ceaseless, and in vain,
Not to have shot the men, who would thy life have ta'en.
 Think of thy earlier days, when, warm and gay,
 Virtue and hope were guardians of thy way,
Before thou' amongst these scoundrels got astray;
 When o'er the future, fancy's witchery threw
 The glittering veil of radiance, ever new,
Before they broke their plighted words to you;
And when their crimes and perjury wake thy rage,
 Then turn thee, maddening, to the crimson page, (8)‡
 The blasting trophy of thy worthless age;
 (*The age we live in, says th' explaining sage.—*)
 Behold the banners of thy crimes unfurl'd,—
Tho' false as blackest lies from hell e'er whirl'd;
 Behold, and shudder, with a shuddering world,

(6) Poor man! how he blushes! now I don't blush to say that he probably meant these dashes to stand for, Macculloh, and Wilcocke; nor, if I were composing a phillipic against the worthies, who have been hired to blacken, calumniate, and criticise me, should I hesitate or blush, in writing,

"Tresillian, Chisholm, whatso'er thy name!

for, though I can scarcely give Mr. C. the credit of inditing such poetry as Tresillian's, both this piece and the infamous lying pamphlet written by Mr. C. have evidently come from the same contaminated forgery-shop.

[7] Though I shall hereafter scatter the notes of the learned Tresillian, like chaff before the wind, I can not avoid expressing my surprise that so chaste, so virtuous, so scrupulous, so sanctified, a writer as he pretends to be, should quote from, or illustrate his noble verses, with a reference from, any of the works of that licentious, that wicked, that Macculloh-like poet, Lord Byron; as he has done in a note in this place.

[8] "Alluding," says the modest Tresillian, "to a late unutterable compilation by the —— of ——." And why not say "the Man of Ross?" because the Man of Ross, or at least he who disgraced that appellation by being hired by the agents of the North West Company, to compile that pamphlet, is utterly ashamed of it. Although every page of it contains at least one gross lie, & the whole is a tissue of fabrication, forgery, & falsehood, the time will come when it will be unanswerably answered, and overwhelm with "unutterable" infamy, the mean and wretched creatures who were instrumental in its clandestine circulation.