

"Such was the shadow fools pursued on earth,  
Under the name of pleasure; fair outside,  
Within corrupted, and corrupting still.  
Ruined and ruinous, her sure reward,  
Her total recompense, was still, as he,  
The bard, recorder of Earth's Seasons, sung,  
'Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.'"

Fame is next introduced, as leading many astray.

"Not that by virtue earned, the true renown,  
Begun on earth, and lasting in the skies,  
Worthy the lofty wish of seraphim,—  
The approbation of the Eye that sees  
The end from the beginning, sees from cause  
To most remote effect."

But that description of fame which is applied to bold or splendid deeds, careless of motives or results. The universal passion to create a name, and by so doing, to escape oblivion, is fervidly noticed, but with an air of ridicule which perhaps the passion does not deserve. We take such spiritual longings to be a strong innate proof of the immortality of the soul—and to be productive of more noble disinterested perseverance, than perhaps any other feeling not religious. If so, its errings should be treated with regret and respect, and not with the vulgar shallow sneers which are very abundant with superficial thinkers. The effects of the desire for fame are told by our author in a few sketches of much beauty. Take as a specimen the *Bard* at his midnight study.

"And in the silent vigils of the night,  
When uninspired men reposed, the bard,  
Ghastly of countenance, and from his eye  
Oft streaming wild unearthly fire, sat up,  
And sent imagination forth, and searched  
The far and near, heaven, earth, and gloomy hell,  
For fiction new, for thought, unthought before;  
And when some curious, rare idea peered  
Upon his mind, he dipped his hasty pen,  
And by the glimmering lamp, or moonlight beam  
That through his lattice peeped, wrote fondly down,  
What seemed in truth imperishable song."

The Hind carving his name on the trees, while his flocks are scattered around him; and the Fair one endeavouring after fame, through all the tortuous windings of fashion, are next depicted; and then our author boldly touches a variety of characters, who strive by uncommon means to procure distinction.

"Many the roads they took, the plans they tried;  
And awful oft the wickedness they wrought.  
To be observed, some scrambled up to thrones,  
And sat in vestures dripping wet with gore.  
The warrior dipped his sword in blood, and wrote  
His name on lands and cities desolate.  
The rich bought fields, and houses built, and raised  
The monumental piles up to the clouds,  
And called them by their names."