

NOTES.

NOTES TO THE LEGEND OF LOON.

1 And hence 'tis inferred mine's no yesterday tale.

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Least some of my readers should be led to suspect the fidelity of Albyn's Muse, I subjoin the following picture of Acadia, in 1831, drawn by a contemporary poet.

'Acadia's shame,' whose sting more venomous
Than serpent's tooth, deep rankling in the heart,
Inflames almost to madness, urging oft
The hapless victim'e'en to verify
The slanderous tale; or else upon his mind
Incessant preying, like a canker worm,
Withers each rising hope, even in the bud;
Blasts the fair prospects that he once indulged
Of honest fame; and having paved his way
Through wasting grief to an untimely grave,
Points at him as the prey of late remorse,
Or unrequited love; and bids the world
Take heed by his example; and be warned:
Or else with scornful pity dares insult
His memory, pointing out his hapless fate
As the best confirmation of her lies.
For *Slander* doth not only magnify,
But oft createth. Having marked her prey,
Perhaps for daring contrary to act
To what her narrow prejudice prescribes;
With shrug and gesture, more significant
Than words, she prophecies the certain end;
Detested screech-owl! and once having said
'It will be so, ere long;' with horrid joy,
Watches for the fulfilment, nor will stop
At being instrumental to that end.
Frustrated of her aim, if not a flaw
She can discern, whereon to exercise
Her magnifying power, she then resorts
To blackest falsehood, rather than confess
She judged at first too harshly. The foul tale,
Too eagerly received; each word, each loc.