

---

---

POET'S CORNER.

---

---

SELECTED.

LADY OF THE LAKE ;

This Poem, which promises to add a new wreath to the reputation of *Walter Scott*, is now in the press, and may be had as soon as published, at *G. Shaw's Book Store*. It opens with a fine description of a stag chase, in which *Fitz James*, pursuing too eagerly, is separated from his companions, and at length reaches *Loch Kathrine*; Here he discovers the charming *Ellen Douglas*, "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

We extract the following Stanzas at the commencement of the Poem :—

I.

The Stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,  
And deep his midnight lair had made  
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;  
But, when the sun his beacon red,  
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,  
The deep-mouthed blood-hound's heavy bay  
Resounded up the rocky way,  
And faint, from farther distance borne,  
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

II.

As chief who hears his warder call,  
"To arms ! the foemen storm the wall,"  
The antler'd monarch of the waste  
Sprang from his heathery couch in haste.  
But, e'er his fleet career he took,  
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook ;  
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky ;  
A moment gaz'd adown the dale,  
A moment snuffed the tainted gale.  
A moment listen'd to the cry,  
That thickened as the chase drew nigh ;  
~~The, as the headmost deer appeared,~~  
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,  
And stretching forward, free and far,  
Sought the wild heathes of Uam-Var.

III.

Yelled on the view the opening pack,  
Rock, glen and cavern paid them back ;  
To many a mingled sound at once  
The awakened mountain gave response,  
An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,  
Clattered and hundred steeds along,  
Their peal the merry horns rung out,  
An hundred voices joined the shout ;  
With bark and whoop and wild halloo  
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew,  
Far from the tumult fled the roe,  
Close in her covert covered the doe,  
The falcon from her cairn on high,  
Cast on the route a wondering eye,  
Till far beyond her piercing ken  
The hurricane had swept the glen.  
Faint, and more faint, its falling din  
Returned from cavern, cliff, and inn,  
And silence settled, wide and still,  
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV.

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war  
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var  
And rous'd the cavern where 'tis told,  
A giant made his den of old ;  
For ere that steep ascent was won,  
High in his path-way, hung the sun,  
And many a gallant, stayed perforce,  
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse ;  
And of the trackers of the deer  
Scarce half the lessening pack was near,  
So shrewdly, on the mountain side,  
Had the bold burst their m~~u~~lt~~er~~ied.

V.

The noble Stag was pausing now,  
Upon the mountain's southern brow,  
Where broad extended, far beneath,  
The varied realms of fair Menteith.  
With anxious eye he wandered o'er  
Mountain and meadow moss and moor,  
And pondered refuge from his toil,  
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle,  
But nearer was the copse-wood ~~way~~  
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,  
And mingled with the pine trees blue  
On the bold cliffs of Ben-venue.  
Fresh vigour with the hope return'd,  
With flying foot the heath he spurned,  
Held westward with unwearied race,  
And left behind the panting chase.

VI.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,  
As swept the hunt through Cambusmore ;  
What reins were tighten'd in despair,  
When rose Benledi's ridge in air ;  
Who flagg'd upon Bochastle heath.  
Who thunned to stem the flooded Teith,—  
For twice, that day, from shore to shore,  
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.  
Few were the stragglers, following far,  
That reached the lake of Vennachar :  
And when the Brigg of Turk was won  
The headmost horseman rode alone.

---

---

The Subscriber

TAKES this method of informing his friend and the public, that he has taken the house formerly occupied by captain *Jamc Thomas*, and lately by *Mr. William Brewc*, where he intends keeping A PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE. All those who may favour him with their company may depend on his best endeavours to give general satisfaction.

15 WILLIAM TUCK.

Annapolis, April 10, 1810.

16.