

An Epistle

Deep skill'd in sciences and arts  
O, how he shines in Noble parts  
Can natural causes quick discern  
The most this age he's fit to learn  
Of spirit large expanded soul  
Which in good works upon the whole

Does ever feel for the distressed  
In life and death the good cure blest  
No harden'd soil can happy be  
Will light and darkness e'er agree  
In light the Great Eternal cause  
Did order light from darkness thro'  
Did man create. Lord here below  
Intending he should glory know  
E'en all like him do mercy show

August 8<sup>th</sup> 1812

John Campbell Poet

N-B - Sir hearing of your worth and fame  
I made these lines upon your Name  
I hope you'll me excuse  
My rashness ruderess you'll forgive  
As in our sphere we all must live

Theword my willing muse

J: C: Poet

Dr Dinwiddie

Drumwies

