

PREFACE.

I INTRODUCE the following poetical attempts to the public, with great diffidence. I am not sure but a direct apology would be in better taste, but the strength derived from the purpose I had in view, in writing and publishing them, sustains me without saying anything further by way of excuse. Like Burns, I wished to do something for my country, and chose this method of doing it.

The literature of this country is in its infancy. It must not always remain so, or the expectations we have in regard to making it a great nation, will never be fulfilled. Literature gives life to a nation, or rather it is the reflection of a nation's life and thought, in a mirror, which cheers, strengthens and ennobles those who look into it, and study what is there displayed. Literature must grow with our nation, and, when growing, it will aid the latter's progress in no small degree.

Pedantic critics may find fault with my modest productions, and perhaps justly, in regard to grammatical construction, and mechanical arrangement, but I shall be satisfied, if the public discern a vein of true poetry glittering here and there through what I have just written. The public are the final judges of compositions of this sort, and not the writer himself, or his personal friends. It is they, therefore, who must decide whether these humble attempts of my 'prentice hand, shall be numbered with writings that