

P R E F A C E .

FRIENDS AND READERS,—I suppose, for fashion's sake, I must say something in the way of preface. Well, supposing I do say a little, should any of the learned heads think this humble attempt at publication worthy of animadversion, all that I can say for myself is, that without any pretensions to classical or scholastic lore, I wrote a considerable number of the following verses shortly after the disastrous occurrences took place which called them forth, merely for my own amusement, without any intention of publishing them. But being repeatedly importuned by several gentlemen to bring forward something on the all-engrossing subject, I arranged them into the present form, which I now lay before you, in the fond anticipation that you will not be disappointed (for your own sakes); for my motto is—“*What is ^{writ} ~~not~~, is ^{writ} ~~not~~; and Whatever is, is right.*” And now, with every consideration of gratitude and respect, I remain your most

Obedient Humble Servant,

GAVIN RUSSELL.

Kilmarnock, Upper Canada, July 1, 1839.