

PREFACE



These verses were written, firstly, with a view to nursing my imagination which, I believe, got a very good chance to develop, not being hampered with a weighty scholastic education; secondly, with a view to entertaining myself when I am an old man (if I ever live to be old), with a want of friends, which things I am making poor headway at securing; thirdly, for the pleasure of scribbling on some letter paper which I have borrowed and never expect to have the price to return. But in late years, believing that all men possess like passions, cares and griefs and the same thoughts, if these thoughts would force themselves far enough to leave their stamp upon the memory, I have endeavored to expose my mind without any fear of scorn.

I have lately completed one score of years of the allotted three; therefore I would fain offer an apology for thrusting these verses on the unwary public, and it shall be this, that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Thanking my few cherished friends for the encouragement they have given me, and hoping, should I discover to my neighbors in these few unfinished lines a want of genius and they in turn extinguish me immediately, that the Ruling Powers will allow me to while away eternity in admiring the banks of the beautiful Beaver.

I am the critics' resigned and most humble victim,

THE AUTHOR.