

## P R E F A C E.

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COULD I think that the following pages contained any merit sufficient to atone for their many faults, I should pen these introductory lines with a less unfaltering hand. As it is, I can only commend my book to the indulgence of the reader. If I have *any* satisfaction in sending it forth, the qualities productive of that satisfaction are merely of a negative character—consisting of an absence of the false philosophies now in vogue, and the polluting pitch of licentiousness, evils which too surely convey to the inexperienced mind a poisonous contagion, more swift and deadly than that the eastern prince imbibed, while turning over the fatal leaves bequeathed him by his seer.

And now my bubble is blown. For the evanescence