

"Oh! why has worth so short a date,  
While villains ripen gray with time."

—Burns.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY

OF

LUCIUS S. WILLSON

One of nature's noblemen: My companion in many a woodland stroll, whose keen eye observed and gloried in the charms of varied pastoral scenes, whose listening ear heard and delighted in the caroling of feathered songsters and the cadence of murmuring streams. His ear caught the music of breezes as they wandered through the boughs of forest trees, and, while striking the tenderest chords on their Æolian harps of russet-brown leaves, in the Autumn of 1882, they muttered to him their last farewell, and whispered something like—Eternity.

THE AUTHOR.