

TO MY BOOK.

And now little book,
With a fond parting look,
On thy mission I bid thee to go;
In this simple guise,
You may 'scape the keen eyes
Of the critic - a rhymesters dread foe.

"Lord Brougham" and "Jeffrey"—
The "Review" and "Quarterly"—
Have passed, with their essays profound:
They broke Keats' heart,
Aimed at Byron a dart,
Sad havoc *that* made in rebound.

But assail thee who will,
I am lacking in skill
From the carping of cynics to save:
Thou can'st live thy brief hour;
(To do harm thou'st no power),
Then quietly glide to thy grave.

ERRATUM,—On page 12 first line of verse read:—
"premise" instead of "promise."