

By them advised how various and how vast,  
 The desolation made where death has pass'd.  
 We look for relies but can nothing see,  
 Is from oblivion rescued—or will be.  
 Nor in the compass of this hemisphere  
 Are any omens that a change is near ;  
 And satisfied what has been heretofore,  
 Will in the future be repeated o'er :  
 Therefore *Resolved*, for reasons erst assigned,  
 In them, and more not difficult to find,  
 That under cover of our *nom de plume*,  
 Executorship forthwith we assume,  
 And in the plenitude that we possess,  
 Our memory commit unto the "PRESS."  
 Determining, tho' vain it may appear,  
 Hereafter *something* shall our shadow bear ;  
 Perhaps by early prejudices sway'd,  
 Have it in shape and volume fashion made,  
 And shall, if possible, we can contrive,  
 To have it finished while we are alive ;  
 Lest there be no interpreter who knows  
 The caligraph when we are in repose.

We finish here, no doubt the readers' glad ;  
 Well, so are we, and only have to add :  
 Enough if it be written right ; if wrong,  
 Then for a preface, it is far too long.  
 We leave for those with overcurious eyes  
 Either to carp at or to criticize ;