

# P R E F A C E.

**A**T a time when literature seems to be emerging from the closet to illuminate our horizon, I venture to usher into day the following little poem, the offspring of a few leisure hours; which I hope will not be unpleasing to the lovers of polite learning.

If I may be allowed to judge from experience, I must pronounce descriptive poetry, that exhibits a picture of the real scenes of nature, to be the most difficult to excel in. To vary, harmonize, soften and add the necessary graces to description to make it palatable to a judicious and poetical reader require no small genius and skill. I think far more than are requisite to any thing of the fabulous kind, whose fabric is the sole work of imagination and where the fancy has full play.

Convinced of this difficulty, I cannot enough admire those writers who have excelled in this kind of writing. At the head of whom, amongst the moderns, Thompson, the harmonious Thompson stands unrivalled. Much as I admire that great refiner of English verse Pope, I cannot help feeling a preference for Thompson, so strikingly unparalleled and inimitable are the beauties of his numbers. It must be observed that it is only Pope's descriptive poetry, such as his Windsor-Forest, that I  
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