

INTRODUCTION.

THESE unsophisticated rhymes ---
The reflex of the author's times ---
Appear without pretentious claim
To meed of everlasting fame,
To wonderful poetic force,
To perfect measure, faultless verse ---
Those attributes which but belong
To super-excellence of song !
But which, howe'er by critics prized,
We see are seldom realized.
Should any of the snarling breed
To look for faults my verses read,
Then turn capriciously around,
With less of reason than of sound,
And try by his dogmatic rule
To turn my page to ridicule :
I pledge my rhyming honor, then,
To fight the Battle of the Pen,
To meet the monster like a man,
And drub him soundly, if I can ;
And if I can't, 'tis likely he
May stand some chance of drubbing me !

—*Reprinted from Island Minstrel, Volume I.*

A6506
Sept. 23, 1930.