

ago a small collection of his poems was published. By these his name alone became known. In concluding the present agreeable task of adding something of his personal history to the introduction then prefaced to the poems, I feel that the old man and I are making our last bow, as of a "farewell appearance," and

I desire to thank one and all who have taken him into the favor of their kindly consideration, and who may feel prompted to join, in any degree, by contributing towards the support of him who is no longer able to help himself.

A. D. Patterson.

59 Pembroke street.

AN IOTA TO FANCY.

My Gipsy sweet, now greet mine ears
 With incantations from the spheres
 Most blandly mild, careering wild
 To soothe thy vot'ry as a child.
 Then raise thine eye unto the sky
 And such things there as thou shalt spy,
 Them straight to me, my fair, descry.
 Or take a turn into some dell
 And what thou seest there me tell ;
 Or lovers young, or linnets free,
 Or roses sweet, or cypress tree.
 Or on the sea spread forth thy sail
 To catch the morn or evening's gale,
 And as thou mayest push thy way
 To other shores that distant lay.
 But in a mad fantastic plight
 Play in the beams of Ether light,
 And sport in drops of crystal dew
 Of colors rich and ever new,
 And gaze on forms divinely fair,
 Such as not human mould may share,
 Whose looks are heavenly free from care !

WM. RICE.