

PREFACE.

AT a time when Poetry has received the highest polish, from the master hands of a BYRON and a MOORE, it seems almost rashness in a youthful bard to attempt to cull, from the banks of Helicon, even one leaf of the immortal *baccalia*, to adorn his aspiring brow—while the consequences may prove as serious before the ordeal of Criticism as the efforts of Pliny, who perished in the fire of Vesuvius, while searching into the cause of the beauteous, but destructive element.

The little birch canoe, in which I have safely glided through the tranquil lakes of the Canadas, could not securely venture on the boiling surge, and foaming breakers, over which Childe Harold and Lalla Rookh triumphantly rode in their magnificent Gondolas.