

16 AVR 1962

DAY-DREAMS

BY A

UTTERFLY.

IN NINE PARTS.

I'll wing me through creation like a bee,
And taste the gleaming spheres.

—A. SMITH.

Shall he,
* * * * *
Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the true, the just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills?

—A. TENNYSON.

KINGSTON, C. W.

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