

*To John Creighton, Esq., Mayor of Kingston.*

SIR,—

The undersigned begs, most humbly, the honor to dedicate the following pages to your Worship, in view, Sir, of those high endowments of mind, and those qualities of sterling worth that beam so lustrously in your Worship's character, and which have induced the public of Kingston to distinguish you as their Mayor, which office your Worship has so admirably filled. Long may you live to evince that inflexible adherence to right and truth that has characterized your mind, till all those noble qualities be called to shine in a world of ineffable bliss and purity.

I have the honor to subscribe myself

Your Worship's obedient and humble servant,

JAMES THOS. BREEZE.

KINGSTON, JULY 19, 1864.

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TO THE READER,—

The author of the following pages would beg the reader's indulgence to the poem, inasmuch as he had only been in the City about three or four days to make his inquiries and complete it. If he has left any important things out of the work it was not designedly, but owing to either his lack of information respecting, or utter ignorance of them.

Yours truly,

J. T. BREEZE.