

O, blessed land ! if *selfishness* is bliss,
 What clime on earth can be compared to this ;
 Where the amenities the living crave,
 Can only reach the precincts of the grave.
There admiration takes its final flight
 And kindred ties no longer lend delight.

In this preamble (criticism now
 Is gone abroad ; no matter what, or how,
 An author writes, we always do prefer
 Verse for our purpose, there perhaps we err ;
 But is for us a most convenient way,
 In the construction of a poem or play,
 And in a preface, where a surplusage
 There is to crowd, or cancel in a page)
 In this preamble, ev'n if it were prose,
 The evidence of negligence o'erflows,
 Advising how indifference takes the place
 Of fond affection in the human race ;
 How very fanciful the ties between
Remaining and *departed* friends have been.

Such contemplations, simple as they seem,
 Serve to demolish Albyns' cherish'd dream ;
 And by these presents, wanting in the date,
 To all intents we now repudiate.
 If such a destiny admits a doubt,
 Should be at last to Albyn meted out.
 And on this preface enter our protest