




INTRODUCTION.

N presenting this first edition of my Poems to the public, I consider it my duty to explain to my readers the reasons which led to their publication in book form. Since my boyhood I have been in the habit of throwing many of my solitary thoughts into rhyme ; I have even a vague idea that, in the evening of my infancy, "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came ;" and any humorous incident or droll accident that occurred in my neighbourhood, was sure to be caught up and dressed by my fancy for the nearest paper.

I have written much during the last thirty years. Some of my Poems are entirely lost, shreds of others hang still upon my memory—they are hopeless cast-aways, wrecks upon the bleak shores of dim forgetfulness—whilst many more are merely local productions, which are dead when the characters or scenes they portray pass off, and can have no interest for the general reader.

Whilst rummaging one evening in an old chest of drawers—an heirloom in the family—I happened to come across a scrap-book belonging to one of my daughters, and on looking it over I found it to be a bulky volume filled with my own writings. Then it was that