

ence, has drawn his growing virtues starting forth into fragrant blossom. For whatever national feeling is expressed in this work, an apology cannot be necessary to a reasonable person, of what country soever : The warm attachment of the author to his *Native Land*, is but the natural feeling of every honest heart,—in that land, the hours of infancy were whiled away under the influence of hope, and fancy ; and the delights of that innocent period, are engraven on the tablets of memory, in the lovely hues of youthful imagination. Nor does this laudable partiality cast a reflection upon the same predilection in the natives of other countries ; those who feel the true *amor patriæ* are charmed with the same sentiment in others of whatever nation.

THE smaller pieces are the effusions of the moment written at different times, and are incapable of being altered from their original crudeness.