

TO THE PUBLIC.

IN submitting the following poems to your judgment, the author does so in a truly Christian spirit—that is with fear and trembling, knowing how few of those who think they are called to be authors enter in at the narrow gate which leads to fame—the only reward for which any one worthy of the name of author labors as such.

The author thinks that the present case has a claim to your especial indulgence; for the deed to be judged (good, evil or indifferent, as it may be) is that of a person whom fortune, with all its attendant blessings (and let us trust its curses too) has sadly neglected and forced to seek for the scanty education and information necessary for the performance of the work outside of the usual channels, and by devoting thereto the few hours which hard manual labor allows for recreation and amusement. But lest this should go to show that it was impertinence on his part to attempt the task at all, it must be borne in mind that poetry is the pure gift of nature which she bestows on whom she pleases; rich and poor, learned and unlearned, share her favors alike. Burns as peasant, and Byron as lord, were equally recipients of her bounty.

With these remarks, I humbly submit myself to any sentence you may be pleased to pass.

J. J. M.