

**NINEVEH: THE BIRTH OF  
BURNS, WITH  
TWO ESSAYS AND OTHER  
POEMS AND SONNETS**

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Nineveh: The Birth of Burns, with Two Essays and Other Poems and Sonnets by Edward  
George Kent

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**EDWARD GEORGE KENT**

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NINEVEH,  
THE BIRTH OF BURNS,

WITH

TWO ESSAYS,

And other Poems and Sonnets.

BY

EDWARD GEORGE KENT.

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"I am no poet, or a wit, or sage,  
For numerous failings dwell upon my page;  
But as truth's simple, if it reigneth there,  
Ye learn'd reviewers, pray my volume spare."  
E. G. K.

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[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]



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BOSTON: JOHN MORTON, MARKET PLACE.

TO

JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK, ESQ., M.P.,

(BY PERMISSION.)

THIS LITTLE WORK

Is Dedicated,

WITH DUE SUBMISSION AND SINCERE RESPECT,

BY

HIS VERY HUMBLE AND OBEISANT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.





## PREFACE.

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It may seem strange that I, blessed with so few advantages of wit or genius—requisites so indispensable in these affairs—should present to the public a volume of unfinished effusions; and I certainly feel abashed at the reception it deserves in those illustrious circles in which it has been my good fortune to secure its introduction. I am but seventeen years of age; consequently, my kind readers cannot wonder at the lack of stage thoughts and ideas, better known to more experienced persons. To the public I am nearly unknown, except through the columns of different papers to which I have subscribed my futile compositions.

The first title I selected for my little work was "May Fair, and other Poems," but being only partly acquainted with the legends, traditions, &c., of this ancient borough, I thought it advisable to defer that portion for sundry corrections until a more seasonable opportunity. My poem on the birth of Burns was certainly a scanty ear by the side of the cereal gem of Miss Craig, but as it was allowed to contain a little corn, that authority of justice amply rewarded its lowly author. My "Twa Brigs of Boston" is in humble imitation of the Caledonian's "Brigs of Ayr," intended to show the respect and deference due to old age from youth, an important matter too often forgotten by the runagates of human life. But as it would occupy too large a space in commenting on the different portions of my little volume, in a word, I beg to say it has been my sincere desire to spread

throughout the whole one general system, which is the aim at truth and virtue, expunging all remarks that would be likely to produce simple fancies in the minds of my young readers, endeavouring to establish on its page the grand principles of justice and morality; to delineate the varied beauties of nature, and faithfully to represent the prominent features of our versatile appearances in the vale of life; nor has my little work been the result of undivided labour, but has been composed after the duties of the day in the important business to which I belong; and, I admit, my studying powers have too frequently left me in the care of peaceful Morpheus. Together with the difficulties I have had to encounter, and my early age, I hope my readers will consider those facts equivalent to the faults and inaccuracies contained in this little compilation. As it is, so I commit it to their kind notice: for every word I am answerable, therefore, if worthy, I hope to receive a favourable recommendation; if not, it is their duty to cast upon me the contempt I deserve. With profound respect, and under sincere obligations to my esteemed patrons, my agents, and my publisher,

I humbly remain,

Their dutiful servant,

EDWARD GEORGE KENT.

APRIL, 1859.

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