

**PICTURES IN PROSE AND VERSE; OR,
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE
LATE JANET HAMILTON, LANGLOAN.
TOGETHER WITH SEVERAL HITHERTO
UNPUBLISHED POETIC PIECES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649514106

Pictures in Prose and Verse; Or, Personal Recollections of the Late Janet Hamilton, Langloan.
Together with Several Hitherto Unpublished Poetic Pieces by John Young

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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JOHN YOUNG

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OF

THE LATE JANET HAMILTON, LANGLOAN.

TOGETHER WITH

Several hitherto Unpublished Poetic Pieces.

BY

JOHN YOUNG,

AUTHOR OF "LAYS FROM THE POORHOUSE," "LAYS FROM THE INGLE NOOK,"
"HOMELY PICTURES IN VERSE," "POEMS AND LYRICS,"
"LOCHLOMOND SIDE AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.

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GLASGOW:

GEORGE GALLIE, 99 BUCHANAN STREET.

1877.

AD. 912 F

GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY HAY NISBET,
GEORGE STREET.

Preface.

It is now upwards of twenty years since my first serious attempt at verse-making saw the light in the columns of a Glasgow newspaper; and sixteen years, last November, since my first collected volume, "Lays from the Poorhouse," was published. Since that time I have published, in all, five volumes of verse, equal in size to the present; and while the merit of having been a *zealous worker* may fairly be granted me, not even the most arrogant of readers, I respectfully submit, will venture to tell me that my zeal might have been expended in a better cause, seeing that the prime object I had in view was an honest endeavour to provide the common necessaries of life for myself and family.

"The Muse, poor hizzie," did not find me in so congenial a situation as she found our national Bard in, at the plough, but within the dreary walls of a Poorhouse. And yet, thanks to the bountiful dealings of a beneficent Providence, and the generous countenance of many staunch old friends, this same homely Muse of mine, during the bygone sixteen years, has not only "kept the wolf from my door," but enabled me to pay every man—the tax-gatherer not excepted—twenty shillings in the pound, and raised me to a much more comfortable, yea, a much

more honourable position in the social scale than that in which she found me. Nor, with the beneficent aids just mentioned, and though now in my fifty-second year, and so painfully near to being totally blind, that, for fully two years past, my wife has had to read and write for me, am I at all fearful of losing faith in the grateful old distich—

“We’ve aye been provided for, an’ sae will we yet.”

But here, very probably, some olympian-brow’d, star-gazing brother poet—if he will grant my claim to kinship—denounces all I have been saying as the vilest prostitution imaginable of the genius of any poet worthy the name. So be it, your bardship,—

“Sic flichts are far abune my power.”

But I have been dealing with facts; and a supremely greater poet than either of us need ever hope to become, has assured us that

“Facts are chiefs that winna ding,
An’ downa be disputed.”

So much then for self. And now a word or two in behalf of this other self, my sixth volume, or, as my old friend, Janet Hamilton, might have styled it, “the Benjamin o’ my pen.” And yet, albeit the younkling brings with it my first essay of much importance at prose writing, little if anything need be said for it by way of introduction, seeing that, like each of its elder brethren who have preceded it, the gabbie thing can, and will, speak for itsel’. And should it fare as well at the hands of my readers, critical, and otherwise, as its predecessors did, I shall have nothing whatever to complain of. It only remains, therefore,

for me to express my sincere thanks to my numerous subscribers, old and new, for the honour of their patronage; and to the gentlemen of the Press, my cordial appreciation of the manner in which they have noticed my former volumes. This, in my own name, and that of my family, I now most heartily do; and beg each and all to rest assured that their kindness will ever be most gratefully remembered by me and mine.

And now, in the words of that much abused, but, in my humble opinion, well deserving individual, "Jonas Fisher,"—the now, by the way, admitted creation of one of the most amiable and talented of our Scotch nobility—I, for the sixth, and probably the last time, bid my readers a grateful adieu.

"Long prefaces are prigs, who hang
Text-cards upon a garden wall,
Meant to grow plums and apricots;
So now to business, readers all."

1 SWAN LANE, PORT DUNDAS,
GLASGOW, *February, 1877.*

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