

**HOMELY PICTURES IN
VERSE: CHIEFLY OF A
DOMESTIC CHARACTER**

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Homely Pictures in Verse: Chiefly of a Domestic Character by John Young

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JOHN YOUNG

**HOMELY PICTURES IN
VERSE: CHIEFLY OF A
DOMESTIC CHARACTER**

HOMELY PICTURES

IN VERSE,

CHIEFLY OF A DOMESTIC CHARACTER.

BY

JOHN YOUNG,

Author of "Lays from the Poorhouse," and "Lays from the Ingle Nook."

GLASGOW :

GEORGE GALLIE, 99 BUCHANAN STREET.

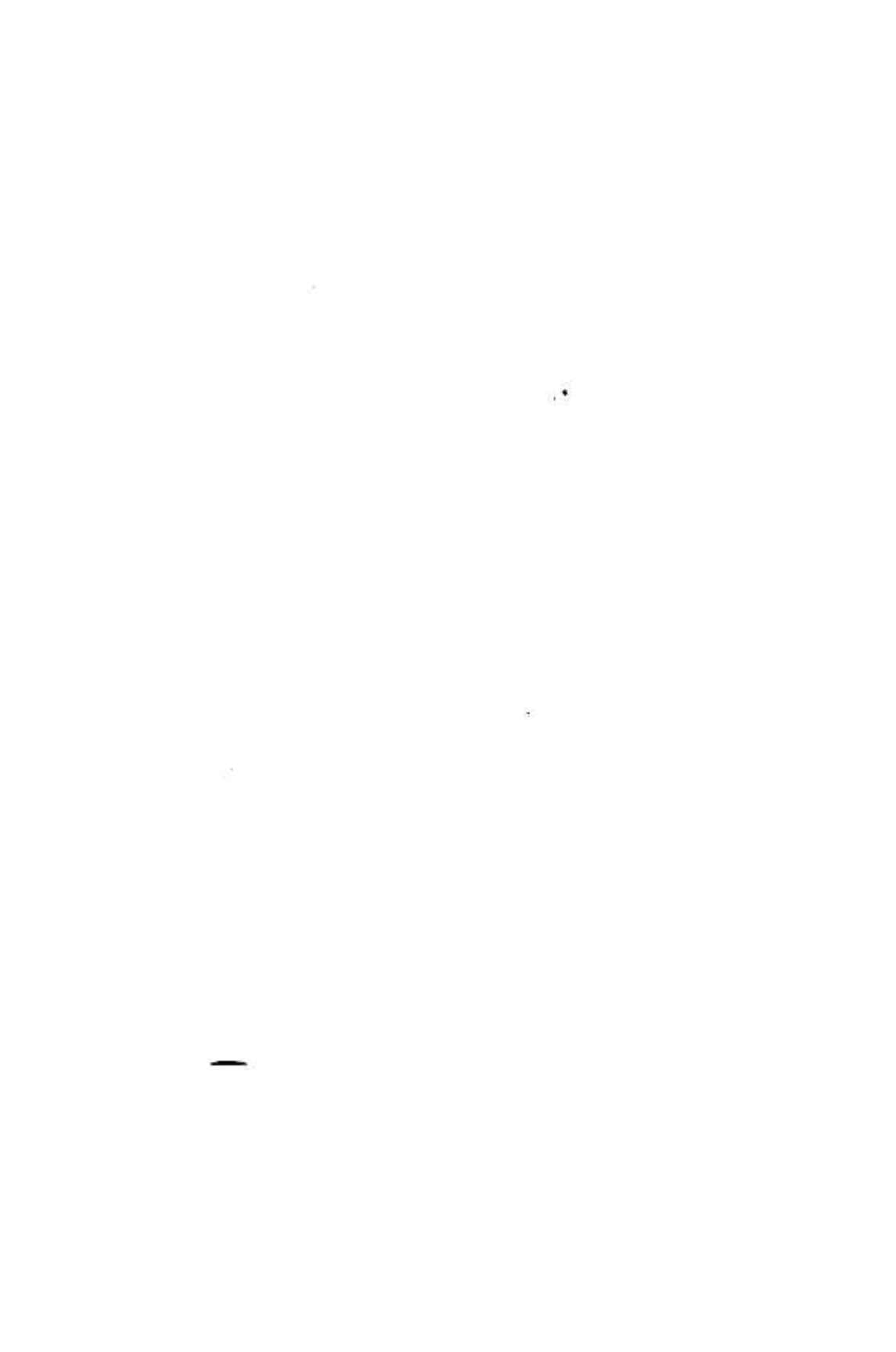
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TO
MY VENERABLE FRIEND,
MRS JANET HAMILTON,
PORTEN, LANGLOAN,
I Dedicate this Little Volume,
IN TOKEN OF THE
ESTEEM AND FILIAL AFFECTION WHICH I ENTERTAIN FOR HER
PRIVATE CHARACTER, AND HEART-FELT APPRECIATION
OF HER LITERARY ATTAINMENTS.

JOHN YOUNG.



P R E F A C E .

IN craving for this, my Third Volume, a kindly reception at the hands of a generous Public, I may be permitted to inform such of my readers as may now make my acquaintance for the first time, that the following pages are not the product of my vacant leisure; but, if I may so speak, they are the hopefully sown, diligently cultivated, and gratefully reaped fruit of earnest work-day labour.

An indulgent Critic, in the course of his remarks on my last Volume—"Lays from the Ingle Nook"—says, "We commend the Author's tastes, and if they do not interfere with graver pursuits, we would not forbid his indulgence of a by no means despicable Muse."

I can assure my readers that neither in my former volumes nor in the present, is there anything that has resulted from an interference with graver pursuits. For other pursuits than the diligent cultivation of my humble literary talents, Providence has made me unfit. I am all but totally blind, and my right hand is so maimed that, save for holding the pen (which I manage to do between the two forefingers), it is almost useless, thus entirely disabling me for the prosecution of my former occupation, which was that of a carter. These physical disabilities, I may state, are the results of an accidental burning, which occurred to me in February, 1853. To my readers previously unacquainted with me, I mention these facts by way of bespeaking their kind reception of my book. I do not murmur at my lot. There is much that alleviates my condition, for which I desire to be grateful. My previous volumes have been kindly received by the critics, and I know they have sold well. Once an inmate of the poorhouse, I am now, thanks to my generous patrons, in the enjoyment of domestic felicity, and able to pay my quota to the parish rates! Indeed, I had not long attained to the parochial

franchise before I was called upon to pay for my freedom the sum of two shillings and sixpence (I believe there was also an odd penny or halfpenny), in the shape of poor's rates. Nor can I be sufficiently grateful to the Giver of all good for having spared to me, through much trouble and suffering, the dear partner of my bosom, without whose confiding affection, encouraging smile, and unflagging industry, I never could have attained to my present position, humble as it is.

To say that my poetical effusions, past and present, are not enriched with the ornate graces of scholarship, the fadeless blooms of Poesy, and the lofty flights of an aspiring Fancy, is to say what must be patent to the most cursory of readers. The very utmost that I can hope for them is, that they may be found to be permeated with a few grains of mother wit, combined with a sprinkling of sound common-sense, and, haply, lit up here and there with but "ae spark o' Nature's fire." At the same time, it will be cheering for me to learn from my friends the Critics that the contents of the present volume have been benefitted, however slightly, by the society of a few well-informed letter-backed cronies of mine, now tenanted a certain square box in a certain corner of my dwelling. Of this, at least, I am certain—the lack of such cronies was a sad hindrance to my welfare at the outset of my humble career as an Author.

Tendering my hearty thanks to my patrons for past and present favours, may I hope that these my "Homely Pictures" will ensure me the continuance of their support.

1 SWAN LANE, FORT-DUNDAE,
GLASGOW, Dec., 1864.

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