

POEMS

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Poems by J. S. Freleigh

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J. S. FRELIGH

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BY

J. S. FRELIGH.

Saint Louis:

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1852.

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Dedicated to my Wife and Boy.

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P R E F A C E .

THE present volume is intended rather as a Gift-Book and tribute of respect to my particular friends, and a few others, than for any profit I expect to derive from the publication. A few surplus copies only, will be sold—these will not pay half the expense of printing.

Most of the following pieces were written many years ago, to beguile a lonely hour in the dull, monotonous "round" of a country Pedagogue, and have not been revised since. Many of them would have been entirely omitted if the book had been designed for a more general circulation.

My first efforts were experimental, merely to satisfy myself if I, too, could write Poetry, like "uncle John." This uncle was a notable Schoolmaster in his day, and a most worthy man—but has long since passed away. I still remember some of his poems—his Rules for Health, and Maxims of Morality—and shall ever entertain a grateful sense of his uniform kindness to me. The result of my early attempts appeared in sundry Acrostics and Sonnets to the neighboring school-girls, some of which received a flattering notice, even from "uncle John." Thus encouraged, my next ambition was to see myself in print in some of the country newspapers; and though more than thirty years ago, I still retain a pleasing recollection of the time, when eagerly unfolding the damp and long-expected weekly sheet, I first saw my own composition, over my own initials, in a column, at the top of which appeared in large capitals, POETRY. This was one of the happiest days of my life, and some dozen copies of the paper, with a pencil line around the piece, and a hand pointing thus  to my initials at the bottom, were enclosed in yellow wrappers, and directed and mailed to my distant friends. I next aspired to write for the Magazines, and appeared in Graham's, the Lady's Book, New York Knickerbocker, and others, till the rapid development of the bump of Acquisitiveness left but little room for Ideality, and I ceased to write—for who ever heard of a "Money Lender" writing Poetry!!!

If there is any thing objectionable among the light and humorous pieces, it is not my fault, but should be attributed to my Muse; she was ever wayward and untractable, roaming wild and untamed over the vast prairies of the West: I

could not always keep her under proper restraint. And if, among the one hundred pieces in the present collection, but ten can be found that will favorably compare with the poetry of the day, remember that only ten righteous persons were once required to save a whole city from destruction.

May every Reader find something in the following pages that shall amuse or please—some verse, or line, or word of hope, that shall cheer or strengthen in the great "Battle of Life." And may this book serve as a pleasing memento to my Friends, and

"Long keep my memory green in their souls."

J. S. F.

St. Louis, November 19th, 1852.

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