

**STRAY LEAVES: A
COLLECTION
OF POEMS**

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Stray Leaves: A Collection of Poems by Mrs. J. P. Grant

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MRS. J. P. GRANT

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BY

MRS. J. P. GRANT.



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PREFACE.



H O U L D you ask me, gentle Reader,—
Very kind and gentle Reader,—
Easy, kind, and soft subscriber
To the volume now before you,
How I came to write this volume,—
What inducement made me print it,—
How I hope to pay the printer!—
I should answer, I should tell you,
In the strain of Hiawatha :
I had not the least intention,
When I penned my modest verses,
That they ever in a volume

Should collected be, and printed ;
Printed, prefaced, bound, and published !
Thus it happened :—From my childhood,
Like young Pope, “ I lisped in numbers ”
(All, I fear, we have in common),
And whene'er occasion prompted,
Slight or weighty, grave or merry,
Birth or burial, christening, wedding,
Sad removal, happy meeting,
Tearful parting, joyous greeting,
Action brave or patriotic,
Faithful love, or warlike daring,
I must have my “ lines ” upon it,
Venting all my soul in rhyming.
As I grew in years and stature,
Editors my verses welcomed,
Friends around me kindly flatter'd,
Urged me to collect and publish,
Offered to become subscribers,
Offered to procure me others ;

Talked of profits, talked of dollars,
(Things I very sadly needed,)
Talked until at last I yielded,—
Vanity, *perhaps*, assisting.
Thus it comes to pass, O Reader,
That I throw me on thy mercy,—
Book and author on thy mercy.

Sages tell us that the medium
Through the which we see an object,
Gives it colour bright or gloomy,—
Gives it ugliness or beauty,
Makes it lovely or unlovely ;
Therefore, when thou art perusing
This my unpretending volume,
Read it with the eye of friendship,
Read it by the light of kindness,
Through good-nature's rosiest glasses :
So its unassuming pages
Shall for thee seem gay with fancy,

Bright with wit and warm with feeling,
Burning with poetic passion,
Glowing with reflected beauty
From thy heart, O gentle Reader!
Thus shall recompense be made thee,
Fair, and good, and manifold,
And thy dollar be repaid thee,
Like a "greenback" turned to gold.