

**POEMS OF THE
FARM AND FIRESIDE**

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Poems of the Farm and Fireside by Eugene J. Hall

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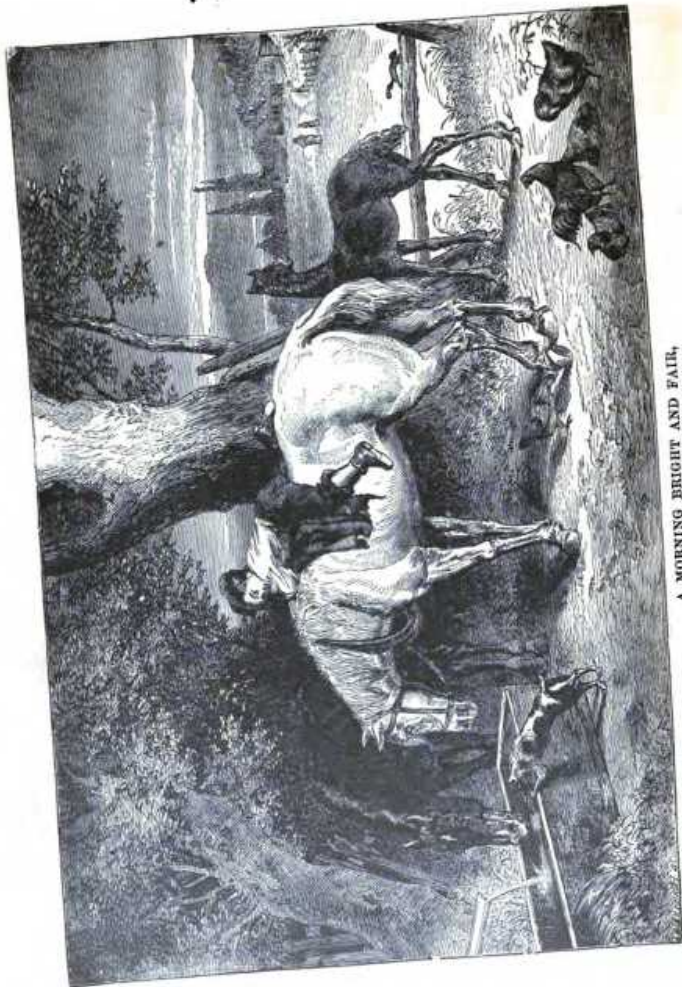
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EUGENE J. HALL

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A MORNING BRIGHT AND FAIR,
WHEN I WAS A MERRY FARM-BOY,
WITHOUT AN EARTHLY CARE.—Page 88.

POEMS
OF THE
FARM AND FIRESIDE.

BY

EUGENE J. HALL,

AUTHOR OF STORIES OF A WINTER NIGHT; CALEB COMERFORD;
FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW; WON AT LAST;
MANKIND IN GENERAL, ETC.



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TO
MARY, MY WIFE,
MY
KINDEST CRITIC
AND
TRUEST EARTHLY FRIEND.



BELOW THE FLEECY FOLDS OF DRIFTING SNOW,
LIKE BEAUTY LAID AT REST, THE VERDURE LIES.—Page 115.

PREFACE.

THE following poems are neither the result of hours of idleness nor the imperfect fancies of one who has had nothing else to do. Most of them have been written in the editorial room, with the worry of printers and the hurry of newspaper work about the writer. He has received many words of encouragement from his friends, and has been gratified by the kindly reception some of them have met with from the press and the people.

All have been written with a purpose; some to point out the abuses that are common in society, to show their deplorable effects and the means of reform; some to create a kindly feeling towards the poor and lowly; some to exhibit a few peculiar phases of human nature, that have come to the author's observation; some to describe the joys, the sorrows and the experiences of the human heart, and every one with the earnest intention and sincere hope of doing good.

As literary achievements, the author does not claim any high degree of excellence for them, nor does he expect the approbation or the applause of literary persons. They have been written for the people; and to the working people, among whom the author has passed the greater portion of his life, he looks for encouragement and patronage. If therefore they meet with a friendly welcome from those for whose good they are intended, he will feel that his efforts in their behalf have not been in vain.

E. J. H.

