

POEMS

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Poems by Edward Pollock

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EDWARD POLLOCK

POEMS



W. H. P. 1840

Edward Pollock.

P O E M S.

BY

EDWARD POLLOCK.



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PREFACE.

THE poems of this little volume—mere fragments of a highly-gifted, poetical mind—are presented not as a challenge to admiration, or to the criticism that naturally follows the pretentious weaving of rhythmical webs of song. They are given to publication through the promptings of filial affection, and, beyond that, of the friendship, warm, intimate, and steadfast, which the author's early associates in California felt for him. During a short life which was a struggle for education, gained by him without a master, he could not be expected to have written much. But he wrote well, as the following pages will prove. As with gems, so with the poems of Mr. Pollock,—quality is superior to quantity.

To the few who had the favor of his friendship, he was a present pleasure, a great hope of the future. He had the poetic temperament. He understood the art of poetry thoroughly. Imagination, invention, passion, fancy, and the power of expression were his, and rhyme and rhythm, as ornaments, were appreciated and made subservient to the intended effect.

Yet what he produced was but as the flutterings of the falcon ere he strikes for the higher air and the object afar.

We who knew him believed in his great capacity and brilliant future, and it has been a difficult thing to reconcile our disappointed hopes to the inevitable decree that took him so early and so suddenly away. Full of lofty ambition that aspired to a grand niche in the temple, gathering the materials for the flight, like Columbus struggling against all obstacles, just as the sails were ready to be spread, the ship went down at her moorings, and only the few floating fragments given in this volume remain of all the brilliant promises and golden anticipations our argosy contained. But, like the relics of the saints, they are the more valuable because of their limited number.

Should the public judge favorably and kindly of them, it will be gratifying to those who knew and esteemed the author. But to such these fragments of a highly-endowed intellect possess a double value, being estimated not merely as literary productions, but also as mementos to keep perpetually green the author's memory.