Voices of nature, and thoughts in rhyme

Dyer Sidney

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VOICES OF NATURE,

AND

THOUGHTS IN RHYME.

BY

SIDNEY DYER.

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language."

"I am na poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymer like, by chance."

LOUISVILLE:
J. V. COWLING & G. C. DAVIES.
1849.

TO

ALL YOUNG MEN,

WHO ARE

TOO ASPIRING TO REMAIN IGNORANT,

TOO INDOMITABLE TO BE DEPRESSED BY POVERTY,

AND

WHO WOULD RATHER BE WISE THAN WEALTHY,

THIS VOLUME IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

"WE hold these truths to be self-evident: — that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their CREATOR with certain unalienable rights; that among these are," the liberty to write rhymes when they please, and to publish them in a book when it suits their purpose; and that every individual has the right to occupy and improve a portion of the demesne of Literature; provided, always, that he does not appropriate to himself the betterments of his neighbor, without giving due credit for value received.

In accordance with this "bill of rights," the Author of this little volume has occupied a small portion of the demesne aforesaid, and improved it to the best of his ability, and the fruits gathered in are herewith presented; they may be considered bad samples, crude and unripe; but, nevertheless, they are in market.

No doubt, among so large a collection, the nice taste of the critic will discover some "sour crabs" to set his literary

dentals on edge. Well, there is some consolation in this thought, for it is much more agreeable to be handsomely "cut up," than to submit to bruises and mangling from the blunted fangs of some critical "*Snarleyyow.*"

For this intrusion upon public notice, all the reasons usually presented to justify such a procedure could be adduced; but the Author will not add to the number of these inflictions: it is with his book, and not with the reasons which induced him to publish it, that the public has to do.

At the age of sixteen years the Author found himself a "drummer boy" in the United States Army, wholly ignorant of the grammar of "his land's language." By the kind exertions of a pious female, he was induced to devote those hours to study, usually given by his companions to idleness, dissipation, and vice; and to the blessing of Heaven upon these efforts, he is indebted for all the acquirements he may possess, having, from that time to the present hour, enjoyed none of the advantages of school or college.

The above statement is made that the accompanying poems may appear in their proper light. They are not the productions of the polished schoolman, but the simple lays of one whose only claim to the sacred name of poet is, the possession of a heart and mind ever deeply impressed with the true and beautiful.

The pieces comprised in the following pages have been written within the last three years, during hours of relaxation from the arduous duties of a profession to which the Author is now wholly devoted; and have appeared, from time to time, in various monthly magazines, and other popular journals.

To those who may feel disposed to criticise, the Author would most cordially say: "*Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness,*" from which he hopes to derive a benefit; but in any event, it can do him no very great harm; for, in