

The idea of printing them was afterwards suggested to Mr. C. ; and he gave his full consent, intending to revise them before I should send them to press. Various circumstances prevented him from doing this ; and the poems would probably have still remained unpublished, if it had not been found that several copies of them had already got abroad. The Editor therefore had reason to believe, that they would otherwise have made their appearance in a state far less correct than if printed from the original Manuscript. Nor can he imagine that even in their present form, they will, on the whole, tend to diminish the well-deserved reputation of their excellent Author.

To infer that the peculiarities of Madame Guion's theological sentiments, were adopted either by Mr. C. or by the Editor, would be almost as absurd as to suppose the inimitable Translator of Homer to have been a pagan. He revered her piety, admired her genius, and judged that several of her poems would be read with pleasure and edification by serious and candid persons.

I have taken the liberty to add the Stanzas subjoined to the Bills of Mortality, which had been published a few years past at Northampton ; and the Epitaph¹, which had appeared in a periodical publication. They sufficiently mark the genius of their Author, correspond with the other parts of this small volume, and have not before been printed in a uniform manner with his poems.

NEWPORT-PAGNEL,
6th June, 1801.

William Bull.

508 Instead of ll. 57-68 A. has the following :

ASK ye my souls opinion of her state,
She answers, of her state she nothing knows—
Time was she lived by Faith, but finds of late
In self-forgetfulness her best repose.

She either floats at random, or she sinks
By her own weight, without a wish to rise,
Feels an Indifference worse than death, and thinks
Her name erased for ever from the skies.

Language affords not my distress a name,
Yet is it real and no transient dream,—
I know but this that where Loves sacred flame
Is kindled, there is Happiness supreme.

9 *uncancelled variant :*

I cannot even give my woes a name,

11, 12 *uncancelled variants :*

'Tis Love inflights it, whose seraphic flame
Felt in the soul is happiness supreme.

¹ On Hamilton. [Ed.]