

Notwithstanding that the hackneyed expressions of—"These fugitive pieces, were composed at odd moments, merely by way of relaxation from severer engagements, and confided only to a few intimate friends, at whose urgent entreaties they are now offered to the public, &c."—have become so proverbially dis-reputable for being adopted to usher into light the crude effusions of half-pay officers, bachelors on short commons, and blue-stocking poetesses, that it may be considered trite even to notice their unpopularity, it is none other but this identical form of apology that she begs leave to use in her own behalf—if indeed apology be necessary. In publishing those pieces where she is made the chief object of light and shade in the picture, the author is willing to incur the charge of *egotism*, provided, according to her own estimation, and agreeably to the maxim—"That what we feel most we express best," they be thought to contain the most favourable specimen of her poor abilities

At the end of the volume are published, with the author's permission, "A NEGRO'S BENEVOLENCE," and other poems, by an American gentleman, whose talents, though they may be inadequate to do away the obloquy so un-paringly cast upon the Transatlantic Muses, will be found, it is hoped, to exhibit not a few symptoms of the dawn of better taste, and more vivid imagination. She is happy in being able to present them to the public as a relief to the tedium of her own performances, and as affording something at least *deserving* of criticism.