

PREFACE.

THE generosity already manifested by the public in so extensively subscribing to a work of the merits of which, nothing was given whereby to form an estimate, at the same time that it indicates a favourable impression towards the author, which can not but be highly gratifying, renders doubly painful the consciousness, that she has nothing to offer more worthy of the excited expectations—it however encourages her to hope, that a corresponding liberality will be exerted in extenuation of its demerits. It has been observed, "That for a man of rank and fortune to write verses at all is some merit"—and, consequently, exempts him from a portion of that severity which they must expect who write only for bread, and who have no other claim to notice but their talents to please the public.—The author begs leave to request from her judges of the opposite sex, whose strictures she has most reason to dread, that they will, out of pure gallantry, extend the same exemption to another species of the Scribbling Tribe, which for many reasons is equally deserving of the claim, and allow—"That it is some merit also, for a female to write verses at all."

Having read and admired much good poetry in her lifetime, the author is competent to appreciate the merit of her own attempts, and consequently aware, that they cannot escape the lash of criticism. She has voluntarily subjected herself to the ordeal of public opinion, and, as the only alternative, it behoves her to submit to it with the best possible grace. If there be any, (tho' the author is very unwilling to indulge the suspicion) who have placed their names for the purpose of indulging their own acuteness of judgement, at the expence of her imprudence, she will only say to them in the words of a much greater poet than herself "Qu'on me critique, mais qu'on me lise," and then sit down, regardless of their admonitions as uncensured by their malignity.