



## PREFACE.

POETRY, somebody has said, is Truth clothed in the Garb of Fiction. This may be classical, but it is not true, for where falsehood has a claim truth dies. Poetry is Truth, indeed, naked or clothed, but she is indebted to her own excellent growth and manufacture for the comfort and elegance of her dress; nor does she owe even her ornaments to fiction, but to the ample treasury of her own resources. The Universe is hers, how can she be indebted to another? Truth clothed in the garb of Fiction! What a heathenish idea—what an impoverished one!

Yet it is easier, perhaps, to write Poetry than to define it. The *iron* in the ore is the same *metal* in that lady's mirror. The *diamond* in her ear owes the *display* of its brilliance to the lapidary.

Again—Look at the heartless *I go* of an automaton hireling to serve you, and the winged benevolence of the poet's *I fly*!

To be *very* plain—Let two persons have a desire to buy one of my pamphlets—One of them shall have a heart (*poetically*), and the other none. *This* pays me his shilling with an air that I feel no more indebted to, (since I have been schooled into economy of affection) than does the interstice between two teeth of a horizontal mill-wheel for the kiss of a perpendicular cog in the way of its revolution—much obliged—must help one another—hard times—good bye,—and so forth;—but the *other*—aye, look at the other about the same transaction—I wish to God, says his heart as you read it in his intelligent countenance, for he will seldom *say* it through a mistaken delicacy,—I wish to God I could afford to make it *two* for you, and the shilling comes charged to me with a charity that deli-