

**A VOICE FROM THE
TOWN: AND
OTHER POEMS**

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A voice from the town: and other poems by John Bolton Rogerson

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JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON

**A VOICE FROM THE
TOWN: AND
OTHER POEMS**

A
VOICE FROM THE TOWN,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON,

AUTHOR OF "RHYME, ROMANCE, AND REVERIE," ETC.

Thanks to the human love by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and tears,
To all the mearest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often let us deep in tears.

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TO

SAMUEL BAMFORD,

AUTHOR OF

"HOURS IN THE BOWERS," AND "PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A RADICAL,"

This Volume

IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY HIS FRIEND,

JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

775264

PREFACE.

It is said by D'Israeli, that "a Preface, being the entrance to a book, should invite by its beauty." This may be true, but it is considerably more easy to lay down a rule than to follow the precept; and if the public decline to enter into this book, unless they pass through an inviting Preface, the contents will have a fair prospect of being unread.

With regard to the principal poem, I am afraid that it may be thought too fragmentary. Plot there is none; nor have I studied to bind the subjects together by a continuous chain. I have commented upon what has impressed itself on my mind at various periods, during my residence in a large town; and have left untouched many subjects perhaps more deserving of notice than those which I have chosen for my themes. One of my objects has been to embody some of the feelings of my own heart, and to give vent to my emotions freely and undisguisedly. It may be objected, that an author ought to make confidants of his friends, and not trouble the public with his sorrows. To this I should be unwilling to subscribe. I agree with Coleridge, when he says—"If I could judge of others by myself, I should not hesitate to affirm, that the most interesting passages in our most

interesting poems, are those in which the author develops his own feelings. The sweet voice of Cona^e never sounds so sweetly, as when it speaks of itself; and I should almost suspect that man of an unkindly heart, who could read the opening of the third book of *Paradise Lost* without peculiar emotion. By a law of nature, he who labours under a strong feeling is impelled to seek for sympathy; but a Poet's feelings are all strong.—*Quicquid amet calde amat.*"

The principal poem was written hastily. I mention this as a fact, and not as an excuse. The minor poems are trifling and unambitious, and may probably escape the censure of the critic from their insignificance. I am conscious that there are many faults in the book; and I have no doubt less interested parties will discover others, that have escaped my observation,—but "what is writ is writ."

Should this production not be unfavourably received, I may be induced, at a future time, to attempt a work more worthy the acceptance of the public.

I take this opportunity of expressing my obligations to my Printers, for the care and attention which they have bestowed on the work in its progress through the Press, and for the tasteful style in which the volume has been executed.

To those friends who have cheered me, not with lip-service only, I tender my brief, but not the less warm and sincere thanks.

Holme, Manchester,
May, 1832.

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