

eacy herself might fling her arms about and never tire of caressing. Now, it is quite clear that these two persons have each paid me a shilling for my pamphlet, but it is *not* true that one of them has paid me no more—and, without the language and resources of Poetry, how shall I *truly* describe the fact? Mere words cannot do it—they must embody and shew forth all the social and particular relations that go to compose brotherly love and kindness: and if this be not *understood*, it is for the same reason that, when Sir John Smyth and Sir John Herschell make mention of the sun, they have very different ideas about him. I know that I am not doing justice here, even to my own conceptions in the matter; but I have been walking all my life in the dark, and now that I have been suddenly admitted to the full gorgeousness of vision, the multitude and variety of its splendors are rather belligerent and imposing for me. I promise to do better by-and-by.

Poetry is Truth stepping forth from the dignity of retirement, and dazzling with the radiance of a thousand glories. How tame is the spirit that will not sympathize with the Horse when he snorts among the trumpets, ha! ha!—(Have I found ye, my proud delight—my life's triumph!) and *smelleth* the battle afar off,—the *thunder* of the captains, and the *shouting*! While the sun stands still and the moon, until vengeance is glutted with the terror and destruction of the adversaries.—Or, Poetry is a gentle girl—and fierce and wicked is the malignant fiend, whose soul acknowledges no gratitude to the Creator, for a ray of pity shed upon it from the holy eye of a Christian woman.

Poetry is Truth Naked—and here, I do wish, from my inmost soul, that I could get man, woman and child with me, from Victoria on the Throne to the humblest—aye *meanest*, altho' I hate the word—of her subjects—Look at her,—at Poetry—sacred Poetry! at the Source and Fount of her own