

THE  
POETRY OF FEELING  
AND THE  
POETRY OF DICTION,

**A LECTURE,**

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## PREFACE.

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If it were not probable that I might be censured for being too presumptuous in giving publicity to this Lecture, I should not trouble the reader with a Preface, but at once introduce the Lecture itself.

With the hope of affording some kind of amusement and instruction to the Members of the Wolverton Mechanics' Institute, of which I am a Member, I resolved on delivering a Public Lecture on the "Poetry of Feeling and the Poetry of Diction." Never having lectured before, I did not expect to be able to acquit myself to the satisfaction of all parties.

Since the Lecture, I have been repeatedly requested by Members of the Institute and others to publish it. Not wishing to keep it in Manuscript,—since it might possibly afford some kind of pleasure to my fellow-working Men,—I consented to get it printed on the condition that I be exonerated from all pecuniary expense, which condition has been fulfilled by a Subscription List for the amount of 400 copies being raised.

I never had, nor still have, a pecuniary end in view. The Lecture would not have appeared in print at the present time had I not have been requested by many who heard it delivered to publish it. I have nothing more to say but to express my gratitude to all who have been kind enough to assist in getting it out.

JAMES POWELL.

Wolverton.



# THE POETRY OF FEELING AND THE POETRY OF DICTION.

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## PART I.

WHEN the summer sun robes the creation in luxurious apparel, and the variegated flowers exhale delicious incense to the breeze—while perchance, ever and anon, the lark ascends the aerial passages of Heaven, intermingling its mellow voice with the surrounding atmosphere, and the whole feathered messengers of song make the country resound with strains of melodious music—when every tree bears its fruit and flower its bloom; what enchanting rapture thrills the soul of man when he gazes around on such transcendent charms! What electric throbbings of internal joy vibrate the harpstrings of his heart! He may possess but an illiterate and uncultivated taste—the labyrinths of Science, or the refinements of art, may afford no flowers for him—no flowers that are culled only by the intellectual and artistic mind;—still he possesses a human heart—a heart as susceptible to love—as capable of loving the beautiful in Nature—as does the most subtle Philosopher—the most refined Artist.

The Poetry of Feeling, unlike the Poetry of Diction, is universally the property of Man. From the Peasant, through the intermediate grades of class, up to the King himself, it is felt—although it is oftentimes unnaturally stunted, in its influence on some Men—altogether unappreciated or unconsciously felt by others. It is Poetry in this sense, that, like an angel of goodness, calls forth our sympathy for suffering and sorrow. It is the angel side of our existence, which dictates to the heart all those generous impulses, unalloyed by mere selfish desire, which spring up in

the human breast—those impulses which lead to Patriotism and individual exertion, self-denial and suffering endurance, for the good of Humanity.

All Men individually admire either some of the works of Nature or of Art. All Men have some conceptions of Beauty, however vague and indefinite those conceptions may be. All Men can appreciate, in some limited proportion, either the mathematical delineation of life, as portrayed by the Statuary's chisel—the finely majestic and nobly reared Palace, standing erect in proud defiance, within the bounds of some delightfully pleasant Park—the mental and physical labour of the Architect—the rugged or sweetly enticing Landscape, with its trees, hills, meadows, and streams, decked in new and varied colors on the Painter's canvass—the mellifluous harmony of sound, that sweetly lulls the careworn heart to rest, as produced by the magical touch of the Musician—or the metrical composition of the Poet, with his immortal thoughts for universal Humanity, blended in euphonious harmony with the feelings and aspirations of the age in which he lives.

It would indeed be difficult to imagine a human creature entirely devoid of the finer susceptibilities of life—without possessing the power to appreciate any of the beauties and elegancies so profusely strewn over his path—without feeling spontaneous sympathy for suffering sometimes swell in his breast—without possessing even those holy affections of the heart, which gush up at the mention of the names of Mother, Father, Brother, Sister, Wife, and Child;—for in all these we behold something of the Poetry of the human and the universal heart—something to lead us to the ennobling thought—that all men have within their own individual souls something of the Poetry of Feeling, developing itself in various ways.

It is indeed a thought that should create within us grateful emotions to that Omniscient Power, whose hand-marks can be traced in all the varied scenes the Universe displays. No matter the season, His sceptre-

wand may change the Summer's luscious splendour into the Winter's bleak and snow-tipt grandeur. Still that thought, which speaks to us through the aspiration after a nobler and a far higher existence—that thought, which contains in itself all that is good, without a mixture of that which is evil, and carries us beyond the iron pressure of unfeeling and Sectarian prejudice, springing from Political or Religious narrowness, to enjoy, for the fleeting moment it is with us, the invaluable and holy pleasure flowing from the exhaustless stream of Universal Humanity—over which it presides, to show to Man that his feelings of Poetic impulse, which at all times dwell in his soul, waiting only for some influence to give them new and freshening birth, dwell in every other human soul as well, and are repeatedly presented to us. When Wonder fixes the imagination on some sublime object, and the reason refuses to lend its aid, because of the inexplicity of that object, then I say Poetic Feeling holds commune with the heart. It is the inspiration of Nature at work. When the eye wanders over the delightful garden of the World, and the charms of Beauty with a divine fascination spring up from everything around, though they cause but one throb of unselfish pleasure to act on our hearts, then I say Poetic Feeling is at work. When Love—celestial, divine, Love for the magnificence, sublimity, and grandeur that reign majestically throughout the vast unbounded works of creation—waves its mystic and magic sceptre, whose angelic and soothing influence never fails to create a heaven of happiness and joyfulness within us, and to make us fitter beings to aid, instruct, and elevate each other, and to cheerfully pursue the oftentimes rough and ever-struggling course of moral and intellectual rectitude—when Love, which is called forth by all that is grand and beautiful in Nature, is called forth as well by whatever is truly great and justly brave in the human character, and we feel its inexpressible influence permeating our own existence, and making us gradually more liberal in our

opinions toward others than we were—more generous in our actions of goodness than we were—and more susceptible to receive the stimulus of still further progress toward a far better and much nearer approach to Universal Brotherhood—then I say Poetic Feeling is at work. When gratitude to God for all the wonderful and beneficent benefits He bestows is moulded in the souls, and conveyed in the myriad prayers, of diversified expression, of a People—no matter though they be wanting in the mere outward semblance of scholastic pedantry—for the fact that they are the inward workings of the soul, poured forth in thrilling and fervid utterance, is all that is requisite to stamp them with the purely lofty name of Poetic Feeling. Yes! when gratitude to God, and gratitude to Man for his service of kindness and of love bestowed in many and many a form, at once praiseworthy in himself and beneficial to us, is created within us, in its purest and most eloquent garb, to shew to all Men that their labor in the cause of moral and intellectual Freedom will not go wholly unrewarded—but that those who feel and appreciate the benefits they bestow will pour out the incense of grateful hearts; and, when that incense shall reach their hearts, and they shall feel the noble satisfaction of having conscientiously performed their duty, and that incense shall stimulate them to still further and more vigorous endeavour—then I say Poetic Feeling is at work.

Whatever appeals to our imagination of a character advantageous to Mankind, as well as to ourselves—and we feel impulsively its superiority over all that is merely mechanical, and nothing more—whatever becomes the ideal of our lives, that something yet unattained but in our thoughts, for which we look forward hopefully and eagerly, ever shaping our actions so that we may make it a reality, though we may never realize the social and mechanical benefits which others may who follow a far different course, but who can never know the actual and spontaneous bliss which rises in our souls at every fresh effort we make



to realize to ourselves and to others those grand ideal dreams of the soul, full of the sparks of Poetic fire, that like the rays of the spring-time sun—which recline resplendently on the flowery beds of Nature to cheer and enrich the World—do its rays of Poetry cheer and enrich our hearts—whatever of such a character exists within us, fascinating and wooing our affections, are the true workings of Poetry on the Feelings.

The Poetry of Feeling can never cease to play its part in the World's drama, so long as the human heart retains its functions, and progressive development continues. It has played no insignificant part in all the physical and intellectual revolutions that have long since passed away. All the great schemes that were ever propounded, and successfully carried out, needed something more than mere money and materials, conditions which in themselves were indispensably necessary to success. But those schemes contained, in their untried and visionary form, that which played upon the imagination of those who were instrumental in their accomplishment: they formed the ideal of their souls, although many of those men who were influenced by them might have been cold calculating individuals, influenced by them solely in the light of pounds, shillings, and pence. Yet they could never have been carried out, or have come to a successful termination, without there had been men aiding such a termination whose minds were fascinated by the ideal truths contained in them, which truths must have formed the conviction in their minds that they could become realities, before Enthusiasm, Perseverance, and Faith in the objects in view could have been acquired, sufficiently stimulated to withstand the pressure of accumulated difficulties. Those men were influenced to the accomplishment of their once Utopian schemes (whether for good or evil, it is not my place to determine), but simply to show that Poetic Feeling created that influence, and therefore played a part, however small, in their accomplishment.

The imagination must have given existence to those schemes, and have clothed them in ideal attire, before ever the Reason could have decided on the probability or the improbability of their becoming realities, which decision, being in favour of the probability, would only serve to invest them with new charms of far greater value to Mankind, and serve likewise to influence the hearts of those who were connected with them.

There must have been Truthfulness and Usefulness, decked in imaginative colourings, within those schemes, when they first dawned upon the mind—to have enlisted the Feelings and the Intellect in their favour—and to have moulded the faith of individuals strongly enough, to enable them to defy the cold unblushing prejudice which, in all ages and to all schemes for progressing Man onwards to a nobler and a far higher destiny, ever has used its venomous tongue to poison the minds and hearts of those who might otherwise have stood up to aid their furtherance—but who, through the influence of prejudice, were made to barricade the path so that new difficulties might spring up almost as quickly as old difficulties were overcome. The faith of those Men in the objects in view, founded on their truthfulness and usefulness, was strong enough to fire all the enthusiasm of their souls—the Poetry of Feeling—the soul's minstrelsy—the sensations and emotions, caused by gazing on whatever is most attractive, and which for a long time continually has fascinated us—and an earnest spirit-thrilling desire to possess, in some more tangible form, that which had hitherto existed but in the imagination—were some of the strongest influences that could possibly be produced to cause Men to energetically and earnestly work out those great problems—those hitherto imaginative schemes—to shew that what once were deemed, by the mass of Mankind, to be but mere chimeras, Utopias, or idle dreams, should one day divest themselves of their imaginative colourings, which were absolutely necessary to fascinate the minds

of those connected with them, in order that their physical energies might be directed in the removal of all external difficulties, through the Faith and Enthusiasm that were moulded by the imaginative perception of truth and beauty contained in them, and appear before the World in all their complex character to stand the test of Utilitarian principles—it may be, to be found wanting in many of the benefits supposed to result from them. But the accomplishment—the practical, tangible, every-day realities of those once Utopian schemes—establish the broad unmistakable fact that the imagination did something, by the sensations, the thrilling ecstasies, and the Poetic Feelings it gave birth to—to give a stimulus to the intelligence to force, as it were, the mental and physical energies to perform their necessary part.

There must be an ideal on the mind, and, whatever that ideal may be, it is sure to bear harmonised proportions of Truth and Beauty, in greater or in lesser degree. The perception and appreciation of that harmony creates what I have described as the Poetry of Feeling. It may be that some Men's minds are so confused and muddled that they can perceive no regularity or harmony as existing within their imaginations in any form whatever. But that they feel sensations of unsordid pleasure—aspirations after something better than the present affords them—no one, I think, will attempt to deny: therefore, they have perceptive faculties, and an ideal of some description with which to employ them—but they lie almost dormant, out of sight, through the confused and muddling influences occupying the mind, which, if removed, would give place to them; and it might be possible that a far greater perception and appreciation of a much better and more harmonised ideal (even than those possess who are cognisant of perceiving the harmony of their minds) would appear, and give a new character to the individuals of a more humanising and softening nature.

What a magical effect has been produced by the name of Freedom? What an amount of self-

sacrifice, endurance, and suffering—how many victims have fallen bleeding on the plains of War! And how many souls are still illuminated by the radiating brilliancy of its imaginative smiles and promises!

It was for Freedom that Rienzi, Kosciusko, and Tell struggled continuously and patriotically, never ceasing, even in the midst of all the dangers and difficulties that want of power on their own side and oppression on the other side created, to labour in its cause so long as opportunity and life were left them. In those men, and in the millions who have since struggled for—aye, and obtained too, by slow but sure degrees—that Freedom from Priestcraft and Serfdom, which only ignorance could exist under—for which Freedom Humanity will have to tender its gratitude to those heroic Martyrs of the Past, who, deeming life as valueless without Freedom, unfurled the Banner whereon was written the desires of the Millions—their hopes, trials, daily and hourly sufferings by the hand of the Oppressor—the recognition of Rights as well as Duties, all blended in that ennobling sentiment, “All Men are Brethren.” The name of Freedom called forth all the fire of their souls; and, no longer able to bear the heartlessness and brutality that on every hand were heaped upon them, by the wealth-abusing and non-creating aristocracies of their time, they rose up in their enthusiasm and majesty to throw off the yoke their so-called masters had placed upon them—to champion for Liberty in the place of Slavery, Manhood in the place of Serfdom, and Intelligence in the place of Ignorance.

In those men we behold the true Poetry of Feeling mantling itself around the name of Freedom. It is indeed a magical name! Who can hear it without feeling his own soul thrill with the sound? Its name conveys the imagination to the remotest ages of time, and pictures to the mind rude and savage tribes of Men existing under a state of uncivilized conditions, and carries it, step by step, through all the varied stages of Progression up to the present stage of the

World's civilization, shewing to Man how much he owes to its influence on the past for whatever he can appreciate or enjoy in the present. And it still lives in the imaginations of Men, like a star peering from the Firmament of Heaven. The future will develope its influence, which is already preparing us for great and momentous changes.

There is Poetry in its most lovely form, of universality and fitness for all, in the name of Freedom! May that name be more on the lips and in the hearts of all men! May they feel the inspiration it produces—the glowing desire to forsake the intoxicating influences, which, the more used, the more will enslave them, and to work out their own Redemption from whatever is degrading to Manhood—to throw off the shackles of Ignorance and Slavery which still bind them—and to cultivate the more refining, the more intellectual, accomplishment, in order that they may develope fully, to the advantage of themselves and all Men, those faculties that were never meant by Providence to remain in entire disuse.

Religion, too, with its bright visions of unsullied happiness in immortality—the thrilling worship at its shrine—the earnest, unaffected, eloquence—the self-examination and unwavering advocacy in its name—contains a soul-stirring sublimity, and an ideal imagery: the Poetry of Thought and Feeling—aye, and expression too—illuminate it. Religion, freed from the gilded trappings of Conventionalism—and from the crotchets of this or that individual, who, deeming his peculiar creed alone essential to the salvation of all Men—regardless of all toleration and liberty of conscience—recognising no purity of sentiment or Religious Communion, as existing out of the narrow boundary of his own short-sighted creed—and who, instead of cementing the bonds of Universal Love and Brotherhood—so that unity of action (seeing that great differences do and must exist on points of Theology) might result in an intellectual, moral, and religious Reformation—but who serves rather to induce

disaffection than love, and to create a species of direct antagonism in others, through his unneeded bigotry and fervent zeal in forcing his peculiar Religious views down their throats, as though they were absolutely necessary to enable them to coalesce in other minor but more tangible interests—religion, I say, freed from such unnecessary trappings, and taking the broad Universe for its home and the human heart for its throne—on which, regardless of country, position, or sect, it imprints its divine teachings—developing its influence in the emotional aspirings and internal anticipations of hoped-for joy, yet to be realized—in the unnumbered prayers that have spontaneously escaped from the lips of the wild untutored Indian, who, knowing not the belief of modern Theology, paid his adorations to the Sun, the Moon, and Stars—as well as from the lips of all sincere followers of every age, sect, and country. It is this which clothes Religion in Poetry—that it needs no partial or restrictive measures, which some men cannot fulfil, but that, like its Author, it visits all Men, and creates within them, not this or that peculiar creed, but internal conceptions of that mysterious being, for whom the soul-longings for spiritual intercourse arise—for whom the Intellect, the Reason, and the Feelings each bring their offerings. The Intellect, in fathoming the depths of ignorance, discovering a remedy or in bringing science from the researches of a Gallileo, a Newton, or a Franklin, in making known her treasures to man, showing him the vast unbounded field of undiscovered truth before him, and the wonderful things already brought to light, that were never even dreamt of in times gone by. The Reason, in battling with the gross superstitions and prejudices of Ignorance, and in pointing out a more congenial atmosphere, where all men may breathe the air of perfect Freedom in matters of faith, and may possess more trust and faith in humanity than their gross superstitions will allow, and the Feelings whose harmonious developement is as necessary as the intellect's to give birth to tender

and glowing impulses—unstudied goodness and kindness—yearnings for humanity—love for the beautiful and grand, and the spontaneous swellings of the soul, for a more pure and exalted existence, which all serve to create within us, so much real happiness—and to raise us above the condition of brutes, to teach us a lesson, which no Theory, no Philosophy, can destroy—namely, that there is a mysterious Future to come, and that Man has desires, eager longings for an immortality, vague and indefinable as they may appear—and that there is a mysterious influence which acts upon his heart, producing that harmony of sensation, that broad and universal aspiration, which ever flows from a soul full of Poetic fervency.

Religion, in its universality—recognising no partial or narrow creed, but shedding its lustre over all men—asking not their individual opinions, but only that those opinions be sincerely felt and expressed—Religion, I say, in its most ennobling and universal character, presents to us one of the holiest themes that can woo the affections from the attracting influences of vice, whose insidious allurements are the means of pressing an incubus on the soul, to prevent it from soaring beyond the sensual and grovelling things of earth—to the attainment of an intellectual and vivid perception of the things of Heaven.

Religion, with its joyful hopes beyond death—(apart from all those barbarous punishments which some men would inculcate as the sure and certain Destiny of all who follow not in their footsteps)—with its influence on the heart, calling forth all the best feelings of our nature, and creating within us enlarged and benevolent intentions toward our fellow-creatures—does indeed possess itself of the Poetry of Feeling—whose purity and aspiring tendencies are the guarantees of their relationship.

Co-existent and inseparable are Religion and Poetry—together, they lift the soul from the finite, comprehensible to the sight, every day diversified things of Time—to behold, by the power of the ima-

gination, something of the infinite, incomprehensible, and diversified things of eternity ;—together, they lead the mind from the stupifying animalism of ignorant societarian intercourse to view the grand panorama of nature, whose scenes are decked with most chaste and delicate colors, and where recline, in all their loveliness, the variegated fruits of the earth—each separately displaying something of the wonderful goodness of God, in its own mysterious but beautiful form—where reside the sublime and the beautiful, the one filling us with awe and the other with admiration !—where the most thrilling and harmonious minstrelsy is heard flowing from the feathered inhabitants of Nature's habitations—the whole existing beneath the skyey pavilion above, by night and day so magnificently attired that the eye is enchanted and filled with instant wonder to behold it ;—together, they cause us to feel that we have a something to live for, and they touch the springs of our souls to start us on the road of duty and responsibility, of persevering industry and energetic pursuits in the direction which they point out.

What influence can produce such happy sensations as Religion and Poetry can produce in the soul of Man, when freed from every narrow or sectarian artifice ! They give a new existence, a spiritual etheralized being, to the soul—exhibiting themselves, in all their grandeur, to the mind, through the mystic webwork of imaginative texture they create—wedding themselves to all the generous feelings of the heart—by the enchanting and fascinating display of the ideal pictures, and by the real affections and aspirations they produce.

Religion and Poetry are innate parts of ourselves—external parts of the Universe. They study not the gingerbread pageantry of worldly riches, nor the exterior plainness of poverty—but they deal out the most happiness to the most attentive and deserving of their recipients. They cannot be purchased at a market price by the god of gold—for they stand invulnerable to all the deceitful and uncounted exte-



riors of convention, alforms, and ceremonies, that come not direct from the heart in spontaneous and unadorned simplicity, but which are only the creations of pride and worldly vanity bearing their name.

Religion and Poetry, in harmonious communion, travel together. They cannot be separated ;—useless, futile, vain, would be all the attempts to destroy them—for, to destroy them, all that is beautiful, which excites admiration—all that is sublime, which gives birth to awe—all that is wonderful, which bespeaks incomprehensible causation, must be destroyed—for Religion and Poetry exist in all these, like angel seraphs winning us by their smiles from giving permanent and soul-engrossing attention to the commonalities, although necessities, of commercial speculation, to feel a something of their influence, which will tend to make us transcendantly more happy than all our competitive scrambles can ever make us, and to create within us a counteracting influence of a softening and humanising tendency, to so act upon our feelings as to prevent our sinking into mere machines of flesh and blood, only to be worked in the production of gold, the attainment of which, by unlimited competition without the influence of moral restraint, would set mankind in a chaos of confusion.

## PART II.

Having glanced somewhat briefly at a few of the innumerable instances that produce what I have described as the Poetry of Feeling, I shall now endeavour to illustrate what I mean by the Poetry of Diction. Diction is to the Poet that which language is to all Men—namely, the expression of that which is within—the agent by which he distributes to others that which he feels himself. The Poet has a power over other Men, in giving an existence, in burning and glowing language, to the ideal musings of his mind, so that other minds may realize the same emotions, the same aspirations, as himself. He gives a

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tangible shape to the dim and shadowy dreams of others, which, when they behold, they can appreciate and gratefully accept as a surer guide and a more developed theory of the human heart;—for the poet's mission principally is to record the teachings, forebodings, and ecstasies of the human heart, and to prophecy for humanity the coming events—the future of the World. In such a prophesying spirit has one of our greatest living Poets, Tennyson, in imaginative beauty of expression, given us his

“POET'S SONG.”

“The rain had fallen—the Poet arose ;  
He passed by the town and out of the street ;  
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,  
And waves of shadow went over the wheat ;  
And he sat him down in a lonely place,  
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,  
That made the wild swan pause in her cloud,  
And the lark drop down at his feet.

“The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee—  
The snake slipt under a spray—  
The wild hawk stood with down on his beak,  
And stared, with his foot on the prey ;  
And the nightingale thought, ‘I have sung many songs,  
But never a one so gay,  
For he sings of what the world will be  
When the years have died away ?’”

And, when those years shall have “died away,” may the Prophet-Poets of the World, having foretold the truth in the dim departed past, be honoured by a People in the enjoyment of the intellectual and moral dowers which they were instrumental in creating.

There is a vast distinction between Diction when it stands by itself and when it is wedded to Poetry. The one is simply an art, and submits to the regulations of rule. It may be acquired, more or less, with perseverance and practice, by all men. It may please and cleverly puzzle, but it can never make an impression like the other, which is capable of rousing all the faculties of the mind, and lifting, as it were, the soul from everything that presses it down—that it may soar in regions of mental and emotional

joyfulness. The one is merely a measured amount of words that are deficient alike in lofty and in ennobling ideas—whilst the other is the embodiment of universal, truthful, and eternal ideas, that are capable of expanding the heart and stimulating the mind.

It is with Diction, when wedded to Poetry, when it becomes the receptacle of thoughtful, sensational, and glorious utterings, and conveys in musical and pleasing language those utterings to the soul, that I purpose to treat in this part of my Lecture.

We find, in all countries and in all ages, that Poet Barbs have arisen, and have given to humanity their immortal breathings. 3,000 years have already rolled along the tide-fraught sea of Time since Homer gave expression to the Poetry of his soul—and still do we find a freshness and an enduring elasticity in his writings that will take a standing both in the past and in the future history of the Poetry of the World. All those mighty and heroic men, who built the superstructure of antique Poetry, have long since passed from the noisy stage of societarian tumult, leaving their works behind them as the monumental proofs of their own immortal greatness. Such men as Chaucer, the father of English Poetry—with Spenser and Milton—and with Shakespeare, our great Dramatic Poet—they, too, have passed away, leaving their magnificent and majestic legacies of eternal greatness to posterity. We have Men living amongst us, in this mechanical, practical, but not unpoetical age, who have spoken, and are still speaking, to Mankind in the soul-stirring language of Poetry.

I shall give a few specimens of Poetic Diction from the Poets of the present century, to shew how much there is of the sublime, the beautiful, the truthful, and the useful, contained in a few lines of musical and touching Poetry. The first two selections I shall give are from the pens of two of our best Scotch Poets—namely, Robert Nicholl and Robert Burns. Poor Nicholl! when he wrote his “Bacchanalian”—so touchingly descriptive of necessitated

drunkenness by the human mocker, Poverty—he little thought that he would lie in the grave, prematurely killed by excessive toil at the early age of three-and-twenty. The “Bacchanalian” strikingly contrasts the different inducements to drink of the rich and the poor; and, at the same time, displays much of bitter sarcasm and apparent hard-hearted recklessness which both drunkenness and poverty abundantly produce in their victims. The poverty-stricken drunkard, Nicholl has made to speak in the following truthful lines:—

“BACCHANALIAN.”

“They make their feasts, and fill their cups—  
They drink the rosy wine—  
They seek for pleasure in the bowl:  
Their search is not like mine.  
From misery I freedom seek—  
I crave relief from pain;  
From hunger, poverty, and cold—  
I’ll go get drunk again!

“The wind doth thro’ my garments run—  
I’m naked to the blast;  
Two days have flutter’d o’er my head  
Since last I broke my fast.  
But I’ll go drink, and straightway clad  
In purple I shall be;  
And I shall feast at tables spread  
With rich men’s luxury!

“My wife is naked—and she begs  
Her bread from door to door;  
She sleeps on clay each night beside  
Her hungry children four!  
She drinks—I drink—for why? it drives  
All poverty away;  
And starving babies grow again  
Like happy children gay!

“In broadcloth clad, with belly full,  
A sermon you can preach;  
But hunger, cold, and nakedness,  
Another song would teach.  
I’m bad and vile—what matters that  
To outcasts such as we?  
Bread is denied—come, wife, we’ll drink  
Again and happy be!”

Such is the language of the actions of thousands, that with a heedlessness, a carelessness, for the doubly-piercing pangs that must of necessity twitch

their hearts, sooner or later, their cry is, "We'll drink and happy be!" and, with a restless, feverish excitement, they rush from the home of poverty, to drown, as they think, their misery in the happiness of drunkenness. Short-sighted, pitiable folly! they do not see their own handiwork—the self-created slavery they produce by rushing from poverty to drunkenness.

The Poet Burns, who knew how to suffer poverty rather than stoop to sycophancy, has built for himself a home in the hearts of all true lovers of Poetry. He was almost the only man who had the courage to preserve his own native tongue—and he has shewn how beautiful is that tongue for Poetic Diction. He wrote nearly the whole of his Poems in the Scotch dialect—never giving an unnecessary quantity of words to express an idea. The "Cotter's Saturday Night," "Tam o'Shanter," and "Man was made to Mourn," are among the best of his productions—the latter containing some sturdy-honest-hearted sentiments, showing forcibly to the mind their truthfulness:—

"When chill November's surly blast,  
 Made fields and forests bare,  
 One evening, as I wander'd forth,  
 Along the banks of Ayr,  
 I spied a man, whose aged step  
 Seem'd weary, worn with care;  
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,  
 And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?"  
 Began the rev'rend sage:  
 'Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,  
 Or youthful pleasure's rage?  
 Or, haply prest with cares and woe,  
 Too soon thou hast began  
 To wander forth with me to mourn  
 The miseries of man.

"The sun which overhangs yon moors,  
 Outspreading far and wide,  
 Where hundreds labour to support  
 A haughty lordling's pride;  
 I've seen yon weary winter's sun  
 Twice forty times return,  
 And every time has added proofs  
 That man was made to mourn.

“ Oh, man ! while in thy early years,  
 How prodigal of time !  
 Misspending all thy precious hours,  
 Thy glorious youthful prime !  
 Alternate follies take the sway,  
 Licentious passions burn,  
 Which tenfold force gives nature's law,  
 That man was made to mourn.

“ Look not alone on youthful prime,  
 Or manhood's active might ;  
 Man then is useful to his kind,  
 Supported in his right ;  
 But see him on the edge of life,  
 With cares and sorrows worn ;  
 Then age and want—oh, ill-matched pair—  
 Show man was made to mourn.

“ A few seem favorites of fate,  
 In pleasure's lap carest ;  
 Yet think not all the rich and great  
 Are likewise truly blest.  
 But, oh ! what crowds in every land,  
 All wretched and forlorn !  
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn—  
 That man was made to mourn.

“ Many and sharp the num'rous ills  
 Inwoven with our frame !  
 More pointed still we make ourselves,  
 Regret, remorse, and shame !  
 And man, whose heaven-erected face,  
 The smiles of love adorn—  
 Man's inhumanity to man  
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

“ See yonder poor o'er-labour'd wight,  
 So abject, mean, and vile,  
 Who begs a brother of the earth  
 To give him leave to toil ;  
 And see his lordly fellow worn  
 The poor petition spurn,  
 Unmindful though a weeping wife  
 And helpless offspring mourn.

“ If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—  
 By nature's law designed—  
 Why was an independent wish  
 E'er planted in my mind ?  
 If not, why am I subject to  
 His cruelty and scorn ?  
 Or why has man the will and power  
 To make his fellow mourn ?

“ Yet let not this too much, my son,  
 Disturb thy youthful breast :  
 This partial view of human kind  
 Is surely not the best !

The poor, oppressed, honest man  
 Had never sure been born  
 Had there not been some recompense  
 To comfort those that mourn.

“O, Death! the poor man's dearest friend—  
 The kindest and the best!  
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs  
 Are laid with thee at rest!  
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,  
 From pomp and pleasure torn!  
 But, oh! a blest relief to those  
 That weary laden mourn.”

Such was the language of Burns, the “Poet of the Poor,” who knew himself something of their sufferings and position in relation to the wealthy classes of the land, and who, from the simple ploughman to the exciseman (the contemptible gift of his country to its greatest Poet), had passed through much of struggling with the social evils of poverty.

I do not presume to place Nicholl on a footing with Burns; but I believe, had he lived as long, he would have attained a very high position in the Literary world.

Let us now take a glimpse of the Poetic Diction of two of our American Poets—Professor Longfellow, whose writings abound with imaginative brilliancy and true descriptive beauty, and whose name is known in all the Literary circles of the world—and from Edgar Allan Poe, whose life was almost one changeless scene of dissipation and misery, but whose writings evince more of American originality than any other of the American Poets. In the “Psalm of Life,” we have a beautiful specimen of Longfellow's powers. It is a Poem full of advice, and of truthful delineation of the mission of our existence in the “World's broad field of Battle.” With a strong faith in the immortality of the soul, he commences with the following lines:—

“THE PSALM OF LIFE.”

“Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
 Life is but an empty dream!  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they seem.

“ Life is real! Life is earnest,  
 And the grave is not its goal ;  
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
 Was not spoken of the soul.

“ Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
 Is our destined end or way ;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Find us farther than to-day.

“ Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

“ In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of life,  
 Be not like dumb, driv'n cattle!  
 Be a hero in the strife!

“ Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!  
 Let the dead past bury its dead!  
 Act, act, in the living present!  
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

“ Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime—  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Footprints in the sands of Time;

“ Footprints, that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

“ Let us, then, be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate ;  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labor and to wait.”

Who can read that “ Psalm of Life” and not feel that he has a mission to perform, and duties to fulfil, in society? Why, it gives one a stronger faith in one's self, and an earnest faith in the realization of those political and social advantages for humanity, which Philosophers, Statesmen, and Poets have laboured unceasingly to attain. There is a true manliness in it, which we feel ashamed to acknowledge without determining at the same time to be more zealous in our endeavours to help each other in bringing about a state of mental and moral freedom.

Leaving Longfellow, we will now introduce ourselves to Edgar Allan Poe, whose Diction possesses a remarkable dissimilarity and characteristic distinction



from the Poetic Diction of any other Writer ; indeed, you cannot read his Poems without instantly being struck with the peculiarities and singular ideas pervading them. But they are full of true Poetry. In the "Raven" and the "Bells," two of his best productions, we have specimens of his own original powers. In the "Raven," he foreshadows the dim perspective future of his own existence, which was one of the darkest pictures and most terrible warnings that genius ever presented to us. I shall content myself by selecting a portion of the "Raven" and a portion of the "Bells," as both these Poems are too long for entire quotation. After describing how he heard "a tapping" at his chamber door, and that he flung open the "shutter," when a Raven came in and perched itself above his chamber door—to whom he put the questionings that rose in his mind, which were answered repeatedly by the Raven's monotonous "Never more." Poe, addressing the Raven, thus continues :—

"Prophet!" said I, 'thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!  
By that heaven that bends above us, by the God we both adore—  
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore'—  
Quoth the Raven, 'Never more.'

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, up-  
starting—  
'Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my  
door!  
Quoth the Raven, 'Never more.'

"And the Raven, never fitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,  
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the  
floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,  
Shall be lifted 'Never more.'"

I shall just give one verse from the Poem entitled the "Bells," and then take leave of Poe, feeling—

assured that you will appreciate the talent and musical melody of his versification :—

“ Hear the loud alarum bells—  
     Brazen bells !  
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells ;  
     In the startled ear of night,  
     How they scream out their affright !  
     Too much horrified to speak,  
     They can only shriek, shriek,  
     Out of tune,  
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
 In a mad exostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,  
     Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
     With a desperate desire,  
     And a resolute endeavour  
     Now—now to sit or never,  
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
     Oh, the bells, bells, bells !  
     What a tale their terror tells  
     Of despair !  
     How they clang, and clash, and roar !  
     What a horror they outpour  
 On the bosom of the palpitating air !  
     Yet the air it fully knows,  
     By the twanging,  
     And the clanging,  
     How the danger ebbs and flows ;  
     Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
     In the fangling,  
     And the wrangling,  
     How the danger sinks and swells,  
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells ;  
     Of the bells—  
     Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
     Bells, bells, bells—  
     In the clamour and the clangour of the bells !”

Having glanced briefly at some of the Scotch and American Poets, it will be necessary to give a few specimens of English Composition. I shall not be able, for want of time, to select from the writings of Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, Keats, and many others, who have gained the laurels of Poetic excellence and immortal endurance. But I must content myself with giving illustrations from Kirke White, Charles Swain, Dr. Mackay, and Eliza Cook (the three latter of whom are living amongst us), to represent something of the Poetic Diction of England. I by no means give the following specimens as the best of English

Poetry—but because they contain that within them which the majority of us can profit by. Yet I do believe that such kinds of Poetry as we find in the writings of Charles Mackay, Eliza Cook, &c., do more to mould the morality of the People, and to stimulate them in the path of duty, than do the writings of the most mystical or the most imaginative of our Poets. I think the following lines so beautifully plaintive, and exquisitely wrought, On the Miseries of Poverty, are amongst the best of Kirke White's Poetry :—

“ Go to the raging sea, and say ‘be still!’  
 Bid the wild lawless winds obey thy will—  
 Preach to the storm, and reason with despair—  
 But tell not misery's son that life is fair.

“ Thou, who in plenty's lavish lap hast roll'd,  
 And every year with new delight has told—  
 Thou, who recumbent on the lacquer'd barge,  
 Has dropt down joy's gay stream of pleasant marge—

“ Thou may'st extol life's calm, untroubled sea—  
 The storms of misery ne'er burst on thee.  
 Go to the mat where squalid want reclines ;  
 Go to the shade obscure, where merit pines ;  
 Abide with him whom penury's charms control,  
 And bind the rising yearnings of his soul—  
 Survey his sleepless couch, and, standing there,  
 Tell the poor pallid wretch that life is fair!

“ Lo! o'er his manly form, decay'd and wan,  
 The shades of death with gradual steps steal on ;  
 And the pale mother, pining to decay,  
 Weeps for her boy, her wretched life away.

“ Go, child of fortune! to his early grave,  
 Where o'er his head obscure the rank weeds wave ;  
 Behold the heart-wrung parent lay her head  
 On the cold turf, and ask to share her bed.  
 Go, child of fortune, take thy lesson there,  
 And tell us that life is wondrous fair.”

How much of sympathy for the depressed and suffering of humanity—how much descriptive truth—is presented in those lines. How beautifully they contrast the child of fortune with the son of misery—showing that his life cannot be so wondrous fair, whilst he has to struggle with the exigencies and necessities of poverty. And how they must appeal to the hearts of those who have in their possession all that is requisite to make life worth preserving. Why,

they are so truthful and so touching that I almost think they would melt into tenderness and sympathy the hardest and most unfeeling natures that bear the impress of humanity.

There is in the Poetic Diction of Swain much of exuberant fancy, intensity of feeling, and universal sentiment. He possesses a chaste and a refined beauty of expression, as well as fine metaphorical descriptive powers. Mark with what delicacy and eloquence he speaks of Love :—

“ Love ? I will tell thee what it is to love !  
 It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,  
 Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove ;  
 Where Time seems young and Life a thing divine.  
 All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine,  
 To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss,  
 Above—the stars in shroudless beauty shine ;  
 Around—the streams their flowery margins kiss ;  
 And if there’s heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this.  
 Yes, this is love ! the steadfast and the true ;  
 The immortal glory which hath never set ;  
 The best and brightest boon the ear e’er knew ;  
 Of all life’s sweets the very sweetest yet !  
 Oh, who but can recall the eve they met,  
 To breathe in some green walk their first young vow,  
 Whilst summer flowers with moonlit dews were wet,  
 And winds sighed soft around the mountain’s brow ;  
 And all was rapture then, which is but memory now !”

Many of Swain’s productions are full of high moral sentiments, and appeal to the affections with great force.

We must now take farewell of Swain, and introduce ourselves to Chas. Mackay and Eliza Cook, two of the most popular and most practical Poets of the age. Their Poetry exhibits a wonderful adaptation to the wants and necessities of the times. They deal not so much in dreamy and visionary mysticism, or in deep imaginative wanderings, as many other of our English Poets do. But they teach lessons of lofty, ennobling, aspiring, and useful tendencies, that elevate and refine the heart, and stimulate it to struggle nobly and honestly with the difficulties and inequalities of our social state. As a specimen of the

practical and immediately useful of Mackay's Poems, I cannot do better than give you his Poem entitled a "Hand to take :"—

"You're rich and yet you are not proud ;  
 You are not selfish, hard, or vain ;  
 You look upon the common crowd  
 With sympathy, and not disdain.  
 You'd travel far to share your gold  
 With humble sorrow unconsol'd ;  
 You'd raise the orphan from the dust,  
 And help the sad and widow'd mother ;  
 Give me your hand—you shall—you must—  
     I love you as a brother !

You're poor, and yet you do not scorn,  
 Or hate the wealthy for their wealth ;  
 You toil, contented, night and morn,  
 And prize the gifts of strength and health ;  
 You'd share your little with a friend,  
 And what you cannot give you'd lend ;  
 You take humanity on trust,  
 And see some merit in another ;  
 Give me your hand—you shall—you must—  
     I love you as a brother !

And what care I how rich you be ?  
 I love you if your thoughts are pure ;  
 What signifies your poverty,  
 If you can struggle and endure ?  
 'Tis not the birds that make the Spring—  
 'Tis not the crown that makes the King :—  
 If you are wise, and good, and just,  
 You've riches better than all other :  
 Give me your hand—you shall—you must—  
     I love you as a brother !"

Those who are apt to pride themselves on their own peculiar merits, and can see no merit in others—those who can see no good traits and nobility of character out of their own distinctive circles—those who let prejudices blind them to all charitable feeling toward others—will do well to imitate the spirit of that Poem ; and I am sure it will bind them closer to humanity, and aid them to influence the characters of all around them, and serve to hasten the approach of a brighter future and a more universal harmony than the world has yet seen.

The name of Eliza Cook has become a household name. She has written on the hopes and fears of daily life. In all her Poems there is a manifestation

of a strong and unwavering faith in a future of happiness for humanity. Her Poems breathe a kindly and affectionate spirit, and, like Mackay's, are capable of immediate application. Take, for instance, her Poem entitled "Never hold Malice," and you have at once a lesson of wisdom and utility:—

"Oh! never 'hold malice,' it poisons our life,  
 With the gall-drop of hate, and the night-shade of strife;  
 Let us scorn where we must, and despise where we may,  
 But let anger, like sunlight, go down with the day.  
 Our spirits, in clashing, may bear the hot spark,  
 But no smouldering flame to break out in the dark;  
 'Tis the narrowest heart that creation can make,  
 When our passion foils up like the coil of a snake.

Oh! never 'hold malice,' it cannot be good,  
 For 'tis nobler to strike in the rush of hot blood,  
 Than to bitterly cherish the name of the foe,  
 Wait to sharpen a weapon and measure a blow.  
 The wild dog in hunger—the wolf in its spring—  
 The shark of the waters—the asp with its sting—  
 Are less to be feared than the vengeance of man,  
 When he lieth in secret, to wound when he can.

Oh! never 'hold malice,' dislike if you will,  
 Yet, remember, humanity linketh us still;  
 We are all of us human, and all of us erring,  
 And mercy within us should ever be stirring.  
 Shall we dare to look up to the father above,  
 With petitions for pardon, or pleadings for love;  
 Shall we dare while we pant for revenge on another,  
 To ask from a God—yet deny to a brother?"

We might find many more of Eliza Cook's Poems full of tender warnings and winning kindness. But we must content ourselves with that one selection. Let us ponder well over its teachings, and apply them to our daily intercourses with our fellow-creatures, and we shall find ourselves gradually in possession of less of the brutal and more of the human.

How much we owe of the intellectual and moral developement in society to the Poetic Diction of the present century. It is one of the grandest and most eloquent teachers in the cause of progressive improvement and moral regeneration. Its influence has been felt, in some shape or form, in all our social, political, and religious arrangements; and, like a Monarch's sceptre, swaying over all his subjects, does

its influence sway over the hearts and affections of all its subjects. If we want food for the imagination, so that we may wrap ourselves in a mantle of ideal beauty, and forget for a time all things relating to earth—if we want profundity of intellect, deep and pithy searchings into the inner soul of man—if we want sublime and lofty thoughts, magnificent sketches of natural scenery—if we want songs for freedom, full of pathos, and descriptive of national feeling—if we want religious communion, full of faith and trustfulness in Providence—if we want moral sentiments capable of immediate imitation and practical utility—we have but to read the Poetic Diction of the last century to find an abundance of all these, or of every other description of Poetic influences we may have failed to mention.

Our popular songs, with all their variety of strains and heart-thrilling sentiments, wedded to the musical and delicious melodies that waft them to the heart by entrancing and delighting the ear—the hymns of praise and adulation, rising from the soul, and transmitted on the wings of music to the Creator. The incense of the soul, conveyed through the organs of sound, to permeate the atmosphere of external morality—all these, along with nature's minstrelsy—heard in the war of elements—the water's fall—the zephyr's fan, and the wild mellifluous notes sent forth from the many coloured warblers of the woods, to echo through the ærial palaces of space, as if to fill its tiny but wonderful inhabitants with joy—in all such where music lends its inspiring and magical aid, to convey to man, through the medium of sound, whether of concord or discord—harmony or melody—those everlasting truths—those refining and soul-stirring influences that move in everything that moves, or rest in everything that rests, in creation; with all these poetry, both of feeling and expression, holds connexion. Music is but the poetry of sound, whilst poetry is clothed in the music of the soul when felt or expressed, and the ideas and musings of the mind are

called forth by the power of the imagination, when fixed on, or when contemplating the vast range of created wonders in the external world, when theorizing on the probable destiny of humanity, and creating the mystic and ideal wonders of the internal world. Music, like beauty, is everywhere to be found—and, like beauty, speaks a language that all are willing to listen to. Beauty enchants the eye with its myriad colours and its nicely moulded shapes of minute as well as of stupendous dimensions, and through the eye gains access to the soul, and there gives rise to poetic extacy—to joyous feelings—and so becomes an influence to the mind and the heart, which cannot refuse to accept its teachings; whilst music, with its myriad sounds of thrilling melody, electrifies the soul through its delightful companionship with the ear, and gives rise to poetic rapture—to Heaven-born happiness—and so becomes a teacher to the mind and heart, which must become influenced by its soothing and soul-lifting language—which is itself fraught with the true poetic inspiration of nature, and must necessarily, when wedded to poetic diction, refine and elevate the human feelings—soften and subdue the flinty ruggedness and coarse susceptibilities of ungenerous natures—fill the breast with rapturous joy, delightful associations, and minister to the affections a heavenly solace from earthly care and depressing solicitude, so that the spiritual part of our beings may taste of the delicious fruit of the ideal of the poetical and the musical world, and realize at intervals the blissful separation from the momentous and necessary struggles of earth, to enjoy in reality, for a brief duration, the entrancing and spirit-waking sensations of heaven.

I, of course, have reference to music solely when it is employed for purposes of a refining and elevating character; not when it is, as is too often the case, employed in an opposite sphere; and, instead of deeply rooting the impressions of wisdom and divinity, contained in the language of our poets,—in the minds of its recipients it roots more deeply the obscene



language of the vulgarest songs; for then it has a demoralizing tendency—it is abused, and out of its own congenial element; and, although for such is its tendency, it will touch the chords of the most hardened soul, and produce vibrating throbbings and unresisting emotions of goodness, which rise sooner or later in every human breast, touched by some divine influence or other. Still the so-called pleasure that feeds the morbid and unrefined appetite, which, without the aid of music, would lose half its charms, creates a listlessness and an unnatural void of moral principle in the mind—and music, instead of serving to create a purely spiritual and moral development, so that man might rise superior to ignorant and gross sensualism, and breathe the purer atmosphere of intellectual and spiritual perfection, serves to crush, by its aid, in making sensual and ignorant pleasure more palatable, all the moral tendencies of his heart—and thus becomes an instrument of danger, where otherwise it would become an instrument powerful for human improvement.

Poetry has an influence of no mean character on the human family—however unperceived to some minds that influence may be, to other minds it is observable through a thousand different mediums. Society, with its complexity of mechanical, social, and physical conditions—with its commercial regulations and speculative arrangements, and with its religious, philosophical, and scientific institutions, patronised and maintained by a thousand different influences, feels through all its connecting, all its necessary and indispensable parts, either directly or indirectly, something of the influence—something of the blessings of poetry. It permeates our whole intellectual, moral, and social being. We trace its existence in the literary productions of our greatest and most profound thinkers—productions that have served to mould the thoughts and to influence the literary labours of many who possess not that fertile and creative genius which gave birth to these productions, that unconsciously all

of us may be influenced more or less by either, through the experience that they have brought to bear upon our educational training, or through the new modes of political, philosophical, or religious conceptions they may have grafted in our minds, or through the belief which they may have created in the minds of those who have studied them being made to react on the unconscious followers of no preconceived theory of their own; but whose influence, along with the influence of those productions, must have its weight in the world. Poetry can be traced through all the noble results that emanate from moral example and imitation. The heroic deeds which have been performed regardless of personal safety and enormous sacrifices, by men of lofty souls, full of moral beauty and universal ideas. The social arrangements that are linked to the chain of existing regulations, so much as they may partake of the spirit of moral progression and distributive justice, owe something to poetry for whatever of a moral and elevating character they possess. There are no necessary boons to the human race, either of a social or moral kind, that have to be hewn out of the rock of ignorance by united struggling and firm determination—no rights, human or divine, that must be attained for the down-trodden and enslaved of our fellow-mortals ere they can keep pace with the eternal law of progression—no endurance and brotherly aid in bringing to light the hidden truths of the universe, so that those who are groping about in the darkness of false scepticism may be guided by the radiating light of true faith, and lend their enthusiastic endeavours to improve humanity—no delightful and visionary anticipations that through the portals of the present are seen by the imagination to settle in the dimness and distance of the slowly approaching future,—but where poetry is required to lend its divine influence, either by its action on the heart, through the imaginative workings of the mind, or through the diction which conveys it to the eye or ear.

19 JY 53