

large apartment could contain all the first-class singers in the world ; and mayhap, judged by men of the highest degree of taste, a closet roomy enough to contain Jenny Lind might be found sufficient to accommodate for a time its *pre-eminent* musical talent. And it is so as certainly with poetry as with music. There are a few men in every community wholly destitute of both the musical and the poetic sense, just as in every community there are a few men born blind, and a few more born deaf ; but, with these exceptions, all men have poetry and music in them,—music enough, if their education has not been wholly neglected, to derive pleasure from music, and poetry enough to derive pleasure from poetry. And in due accordance with this fact, we find that in what man's Creator appointed from the beginning to be the commonest of all things—religion—He has made large use of both. Every church has its music, and a large portion of the Divine Revelation has been made in poetry. But if the great musicians who can exquisitely delight be few, the great poets are still fewer. There is but one Jenny Lind in the world ; but then the world has not had a Shakspeare for the last two hundred and forty years ; and, though greatly more than a century has elapsed since Dryden took tale, in his famous epigram, of all the great epic poets, and found them but three, no one has since been able to add a fourth to the list. Of all rare and admirable gifts, the poetic faculty in the high and perfect degree is at once the most admirable and the most rare. It may, however, be very genuine and exquisite, though not full-orbed, as in a Homer or a Milton. Nature, when she makes a poet of the first class, adds a powerful imaginative faculty, and a fancy of great brilliancy, to an understanding of the profoundest ; she takes all that makes the great philosopher, and all that is peculiar to the true poet, and, adding them together, produces, once in a thousand years or so, one of her fully-rounded and perfect intellects.