

ascertaining - I therefore for
pardon sake I am compelled to
be explicit - If you prefer
Mary Jane - or Tilly Stockton
or any other name
to John Smith - I entreat you to
decide as according to your fancy.
Will you give my best regards
to Mr. Howitt & your daughter -

I believe me to be

I repeat best

Your very sincere

B. W. Procter.

13 Upper Harley Street
Cavendish Square
9th April 1846.

My Dear Mr. Howitt

Can you continue to let me
know by return of post whether
the accompanying vouchers
were come safely to hand?
The reason why I ask this is
because I leave town ~~tomorrow~~
~~the~~ early on Monday Morning -
I wish to know not only

whether you get them in time
for any good purpose but also
^{to know} where a letter will find you
when you leave town. I wish
I should be able to manufacture
a few more obituaries for you.
What I send you are poor
matters, I confess. But I
have nothing of 'First Growth'
(as they say of the best flax)
at present by me.

I am obliged to ask you to

put a petition name to
the present ones - you may
put any name - John Smith
for instance - ^{or} ~~be distinguished~~
Father Name - ~~John Smith~~ -

The reason why I ask you not
to put in names at present
I will explain when I see you.
I think that the difficulty
which has been started is nothing
I may be set aside - but I
have not the means at the
moment I now write of

By Barry Cornwall.

Penned by a Priest.

A Word for ~~the~~ Poets.

1
A Poet? - So! what do you here?
What right have you on this rich earth?
What claim to ~~be~~ live exempt from toil?
Is't wealthy lineage? Noble birth?

2.
The limbs you wear are strong as mine.
Your hand - pah! tis a baby's palm:
By what stout weekly labour, pray,
D'you earn your leisure Sundays' calm?

3.
Where lies your mattock? - where your spade?
Your shuttle? - Loom? - your axe? - your plane?
Strip, Strip! & for your father's sake,
Shew us you were not born in vain.

4.
The very infants, at my mill,
Through half the night, through all the day,
Dun to & fro, & piece the threads,
And know not what it is to play.

5
Crippled, or sick, or weak - they work,
But You! - You doze out life & time;

Wasting the nights in useless dream,
The days in yet more useless rhyme!

6.

Alas! the poet did not speak,
Apart, & half abashed he stood,
That he and his should be derided,
And all be thus misunderstood.

7

"What use?" - at last he sighed, - "What use,
To teach the blind the way to sight? -
The deaf to hear? The dumb to speak?
The poor man to assert his right?"

8.

Is all this - nothing? God above!
Do I not draw from out thy skies
The music of their many spheres,
And show wherein their beauty lies?

9.

What use? Why were it not for me,
And such as me, blind man would tread
The violet in his ignorant scorn,
And dust be on the roses' head.

10.

But we ^{heart} train up the youthful thoughts,
To vigour wrought, & wrought abuse;
And guide the willing mind, from birth
Till death; and do ye ask - "What use"?

11.

My Brothers! to whose country hearth,
 Oft-times the Muses venture down,
 And thou, sage Sister, who hast left
 The prin cap for the Laurel crown, -

12.

Come, - tell them all ye dream & do -
 For noble acts, by each are done -
 And bid them count the men whose deeds,
 (In all that Trade or Science breeds,
 Surpass ye, underneath the Sun!

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