

Here we have fustian for metaphor, and a most un-astronomical dissertation on Jupiters, Venuses, Polar-Stars of elegance, together with big and little Bears revolving around them! How will Herschell stare when he reads of this new system!

Praise of her gait and stature.

‘ From the extreme fineness of her waist,
The shadow of her ringlets is a burthen to her stature.
Her stature is a cypress *when she walks*,
But it bears, however, the fruit of seedless pomegranates.
She moves more gracefully than the water of life.
Like me, the pheasant and partridge are lost in astonishment.

Although she should tread on the pismire at her feet,
Its smallest hair would receive no injury.
Yes, it is for this that she treads so lightly,
Under every step lie a hundred souls!’

The following may be considered the very acmé of absurdity!

‘ When they wash’d *pearls* and the *moon* pure
With BIRDS’ MILK, they have modell’d the globes of her
breast!’

And again,

‘ Her chin is not an apple of the garden,
It is a WELL full of the water of life!’

And, once more, again,

‘ Her lip demands tribute from sugar-candy,
THE BLOOD OF WINE is its only nourishment!’