

sense and taste might have easily avoided, and which savour of carelessness, not becoming in a work prepared for the public eye.

And in opening the book to commence this brief review, we are led to notice, several appearances of affectation in the dedication and preface, which were not expected, from the manly writer whose work lies before us. We merely give one instance: the author pretends—because he is a poet—that he is too poor to “wear a seal,” and that he has acquired some acquaintance with the **Muse**, despite

“The luckless star that rules his lot,
And skrimps his fortune to the goad.”

If these allusions were intended as repetitions of the worn-out sneers at the lovers of poesy, Mr. Shiels' reading might have reminded him, how inappropriate they are, in the days when Byron, Scott, Southey, Moore and others, have found the Muse an heiress of large and golden possessions. If they were intended to be taken literally, he should recollect, that the ample farm of Ellenvale, which he has well won by hard-handed industry, can not be so easily winked out of sight. Want of simplicity and sincerity, in those parts of a work, does not introduce an author to his reader in the most pleasing manner. Does he not also expose himself to the very charges which he makes against others, when he intimates that vanity, detraction, and slander, are standard features of a whole community?

But to proceed. If we were to take the worst parts of the *Witch of the Westcot*, and at the same time forget that Shiels ever had previously produced smooth and spirited stanzas, we should feel constrained to set the book aside as unworthy animadversion or remark of any kind; but this would be an unfair mode, and we merely suppose the case, to express our opinion of the defective parts taken together.

Examples of ungraceful and very false rhyming are of continual occurrence in this little work, such as—scene, vain—sorry, story, —odd, road—oar, tour—reason, collision—creatures, matters—man, one—home, come—such, witch—chair, fire—awanting, enchanting—word, devoured—gone, zone—note, spot—you, ago—sought, goat—you, now—Scott, wrote—tower, shore—no, too.—These are a few, of many similar defects which might be selected from the first Canto, and the second and third seem equally as fruitful. This is at least unseemly, in the production of a man, who has had considerable experience in literary melody; and who must know, that whatever is pretended to, and attempted, should be done in its best style, if the artificer would not be thought either incapable or slovenly.