

*Placid.* Dont you know Meadows, that Turgid aped poetry himself at one time, and only produced doggrel which was sneered at in the notice "to Correspondents" of the Newspapers; ever since, he imagines that there are but two or three Poets in the world, therefore it is not a great disgrace to fail in becoming one of so small and select a company, and he is as good as the remainder of the common herd. But if he were to allow, that one out of every fifty of his fellows has a soul and an ear finely attuned for the muses music; and that one in a thousand, at least, is capable of creating instructive and entertaining ideas in harmonious language—delighting themselves and pleasing the little circle which each moves in—such an admission would be a reproach to his own failure, and a mortification to vanity which has mistaken its forte.

*Turgid.* You are blunt enough Gentlemen in all conscience still I contend that these pretenders neither please themselves nor others.

*Placid.* As to pleasing others you must wait until the articles are examined to judge of that; as to pleasing themselves, I can vouch that a miser never counted his money with more delight than honest Grahame recites his verses—the cadence of his voice the nervous play of his lip, and the sparkle and moisture of his eyes, tell you that he is a greater and a happier and a better man from the exercise of his gift of harmony.

*Turgid.* Enough, my cigar burns pleasantly, and you may enjoy your vapour while I enjoy my smoke.

*Meadows.* Unfold the soldiers effusions Placid, nothing but good eating and drinking goes down smoothly with our smoking companion.

*Placid.* I scarcely know which to take up first; here is "An Address to the Drill Horn"—"Observations on Beauty"—"A Dialogue between Team and Steam Boats"—"on the landing of the 8th Regiment"—"An Elegy on the late Duke of York"—"one Grenadier killing a Mouse"—"On being charged a penny for a half penny"—"Lines on the loss of the English Packet"—"The Prisoners address to his Looking Glass while in Georges' Island"—"On being refused the loan of a shilling"—and "The Soldiers address to his old Knapsack."

*Meadows.* A most appropriate and goodly collection of subjects. Take up any one and let us hear the rude strains of the warrior.

*Placid.* I have glanced my eye over one which seems to exhibit the friendly and patriotic feelings of the author very strongly. [reads.]

"On viewing the landing of the 8th Regiment at Halifax."

The dark-collared corps on our shore lately landed,  
With complexions as ruddy as the clothing they wore;  
All angled and caught by the bait they call money,  
To wear warlike trappings, and face dangers roar.