

*Note.*—Or rather, that criticism was *poetry*: for I have some reason to believe—and have said so from the first, tho' *assured* to the contrary, from what I regarded as the best authority—that both of these criticisms were from the *same* pen! If I am right—I have only to say that my judgment is founded on the composition—not on the author. It is very possible for a random criticism to hit judiciously sometimes—and to appear, when it does, as the consequence of good taste and correct feeling—perhaps too, of even a poetical imagination. If I am right—and I believe I am, I can only wonder that a tolerable genius may be so miserably eclipsed—a tolerable taste, turned so cruelly awry; and then offer one word of advice to the author:—it is this—if you are praised for a good thing, don't *repeat* it: the prettiest thoughts are apt to become mighty silly in the second edition—particularly, when the author has time enough to be original—and too little quicksilver in his composition to be believed, when he says that, in the hurry of his feeling, he stole from himself. Besides, and *you* would do well to remember it—a very just and very pretty remark made on one subject, may become very stupid, pert and ridiculous, when applied to another. So, be careful!—and if you should chance to be praised again for saying a smart thing—take care not to repeat it *in the same company*, at least, 'till you are very sure it will apply.