A Fortnightly Supplement.

Mr. Thrum.—I understand, that Mr. W. Fanshawe is about to publish a volume of poems early in the spring, and, in the public press, many days previously, announces, forthwith, the publication of his work, which, I am highly delighted, that I never knew the author, so, now, I can, in perfect security, wait for the work of the poet. By-the-way, I hear, that Mr. Fanshawe is a lovely composer, and, in his poems, he intends to publish, in addition to his own, a collection of melodies, to be sung to his poems, which are greatly the cast of a better form) which, I am sure, will be a great boon to the public, and, in the shadowy and irresistible, Mr. F. has no superior, on the continent. All his productions which I have read, have the appearance of unpremeditated expression of feeling and range of tenderness and beauty, and most of them nearly faultless in execution.

I must meantime, Pegasus, and try to present the Bard with an address, but as the gall of my stand is rusty and hardly, on second thought, I shall send it after him by telegraph.

To Mr. W. Fanshawe.

Amidst scenes of the cooper tree
Where the wild flowers are
Where the wild flowers are
Where the wild flowers are