

lects that he only beholds shadows, the originals are barred from his possession : his eyes shed tears as the gay figures glide over the glass, for he is cut off from the enjoyments and from the society of his fellow men—"I cannot mingle in the stream" he pathetically exclaims. Then comes the night vision, the temptation of Folly or False Pleasure, and the consequent disappointment of her dupe ; the golden necklace turns to the captive's iron chain : How delicately and vividly the moral is implied, although—with a poet's perception—the author has not cumbered his lines with direct reflections. In the concluding paragraph he mournfully describes the appearance of his own image in the glass ; and laments—man is so dull at taking warning—that folly similar to his own will be perpetrated, when he lies in the darksome grave. A pleasing specimen indeed it is, of the uneducated Poet's abilities ; it bears the impress of a creative fancy ; and the germs of much excellence appear in its unpretending thoughts.

*Placid.* How would you advise the author to improve his talent.

*Meadows.* By learning to read and write on Jacotot's system, and then by making himself conversant with such authors as Goldsmith, Burns, and Bloomfield. Let him be confident that he can amuse himself and others, but not foolishly suppose that he is therefore to become a great poet. I would also advise him to aim at nattness and sweetness as little as may be ; with improved judgment let him continue to pen the rough and graphic pictures, the peculiarities of which his mind seems to so strongly appreciate. Some persons, who unnoticed have thrown off valuable little verses, the strong transcript of their own vigorous minds—by being brought into notice, and by getting injudicious advice, and by imagining themselves of consequence, have entirely lost all command over their muse : they have copied thoughts, and borrowed epithets, and collected large words, and smoothed their rhymes, and gained a molasses-sweetness of expression and sentiment, but alas ! the spirit was departed from them ; they no longer looked with their former clear eyes, or thought with boldness or originality—the materials in their crucible were more glittering, but less substantial, and the result instead of being gems, was dross and vapour.

*Turgid.* As my Cigar is exhausted, I beg leave to slide in a word of approval. I acknowledge that I have been much more pleased with the soldiers verses than I expected to be. I think I will try and rub up my own Aladdins lamp and see what spirits will come at my bidding. A happy flight of one of your inferior poets, excites me, as the sound of the horn does an old hunter. I'll try one more touch at rhyme and reason.

*Meadows.* Do, do—and bring your effusion next evening for our perusal.

*Turgid.* I'll think about it.

*Meadows.* In opposition to his former opinion, Placid, we see that Turgid is pleased—I think that you and I may say that we