

I suppose you have heard of the death of Amos bottle I paid a solemn
 visit of condolence to his brother, accompanied with George Dyer
 of Burlesque memory I went, trembling to see poor bottle so
 immediately upon the event. He was in black. And his younger
 brother was also in black every thing wore an aspect suitable
 to the respect due to the freshly dead. For some time after our entrance
 nobody spoke Till George modestly put in a question, whether
 Alfred was likely to sell This was like to bottle, and his poor face
 wet with tears, & his hind eye brightened up in a moment now
 I felt it was my cue to speak I had to thank him for a present of a
 magnificent copy, & had promised to send him my remarks
 - the least thing I could do - So I ventured to suggest, that I
 perceived a considerable improvement he had made in his
 first book, since the state in which he first read it to me
 Joseph, who till now had sat with his knees covering in by
 the fire place, wheeled about, & with great difficulty of
 body shifted the same round to the corner of a table where
 I was sitting, & first stationing one thigh over the other, which
 is his sedentary mould, & placidly fixing his benevolent
 face right against mine, waited my observations. At
 that moment it came it came strongly into my mind,
 that I had got well Toly before me he looked so kind & good
 I could not say an unkind thing of Alfred so fast my memory strove
 to recollect what was the name of Alfreds Queen & with some
 adroitness recalled the well known sound to bottles ears of
 All witha at that moment I could perceive that bottle had
 forgot his brother was so lately become a blessed spirit
 In the language of mathematicians the author was a of the
 brother as I felt my cue, & strong pity working at the root, I
 went to work, & belabored Alfred with most unqualified
 praise or only qualifying my praise by the occasional
 polite Interposition of an exception taken against
 trivial faults, slips, & human imperfections, which by
 removing the appearance of insincerity, did but in

truth heighten the relish. Perhaps I might have spared those
refinement for Joseph was in a frame to hope believe all
things - What I said was beautifully supported, corroborated
& confirmed by the stupidity of his brother on my left hand,
& by George on my right, who has an utter incapacity of compre-
hending that there can be any thing bad in Poetry. All Poems
are good Poems to George. All men are fine Geniuses
So, what with my actual memory, of which I made the
most, & bottles own helping me out, for I really had forgotten
a good deal of Alfred, I made shift to discuss the most essential
parts, entirely to the satisfaction of its author, who
repeatedly declared that he loved nothing better than candid
criticism. Was I a fancied Greyhound now for all this?
or did I do right? I believe I did. The effect was luscious
to my conscience. For all the rest of the evening Amos was no
more heard of, till George revived the subject by enquiring
whether some account should not be drawn up by the
friends of the deceased to be inserted in Phillips Monthly
Obituary, adding that Amos was estimable both for
his head & heart & would have made a fine Poet, if he had lived.
To the expediency of this measure bottle fully assented,
but could not help adding, that he always thought that
the qualities of his brother's heart exceeded those of his head
I believe his brother, when living, had formed precisely
the same idea of him. And I apprehend the words will
be sent to both judgments - I rather guess that the Brothers
were poetical rivals I judged so when I saw
them together. ... Poor bottle I must leave living,
after his short dream, to muse again upon
his poor brother, for whom I am sure in
secret he will yet shed many a tear. If
you send me in return some pretty news.