

10 *Singular Circumstance respecting a Cod-Fish.* [Jan.

*To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.*

IT would give me great pleasure, to have the annexed circumstance inserted this month, in your respectable Magazine.

HAVING had a very fine Cod-fish for 3 days in pickle, and dressed entire for dinner to-day, in the usual way, that is, *positively* boiled for two entire hours, on its being brought to table, *remarkably well done*, I found, on opening it, there was a sort of sea-worm, (as I believe,) crept out of the inside skin of the belly. Now as it astonishes me, how this animalcule could have lived, though actually boiled in the fish for two hours, I beg leave to appeal to the public, for an explanation. The worm was about two inches long, and not thicker than a middle sized knitting-needle, and pretty sharp at both ends.

ROBERT JOHNSTON, JUN.

Dundalk, 23d Dec. 1812.

*To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.*

IT has been my fortune, more than once, to have been annoyed by poetasters and plagiarists. The ridiculous whine of sentiment, which pervades so many of our modern rhymes, would exhaust any common fund of patience. But when the itch for writing prompts silly people to adopt the compositions of men, whose fame is well established, and pass them for their own, our feelings naturally assume a graver tone, and displeasure is added to contempt.

I am led to these reflections, by having observed in your Magazine for November last, one of the grossest cases of literary thieving, that has come

within my knowledge. A writer, in the department for *original* poetry, who signs himself "H.H.H.," has the hardihood to attempt passing T. Moore's beautiful lines on a Tear, for his own. He has transcribed them verbatim et literatim, with the exception of *two* words; where he has substituted Eliza, and Henry, for Ellen, and Lendor. And so exceedingly stupid is this shameless plagiarist, that he never once perceived, that the name of Eliza contained a syllable more than that of Ellen; which caused what was originally a smooth line, to run in this hobbling manner;

"When by the damp grave *Eliza* wept."

The two other poems, bearing the same signature, I strongly suspect that I have seen before, but I cannot at present say where. When a writer, however, practises so gross an imposture, we have fair grounds for questioning his veracity in other cases.

I have thus felt it *my* duty, to hold up to public derision this vain fool, whose presumption got the better of his fears. It would be doing not more than *your* duty, to publish (if you are possessed of such an invaluable secret,) the real name of the writer who has thought proper to father this literary bantling, and meanly to deform the child of his adoption.

CRAETREE.

*WE shall be obliged to any of our correspondents in the neighbourhood of Dungannon, where we understand this plagiarist lives, to communicate his name, that we may expose him to public view. Some years ago, we detected him acting in the same manner, under the signatures of "William," "D.," &c. He, at that time, we understood, was a clerk in a woollen-drapery's shop.*