

that, whether suitable to their individual palates or capacities or not, every one of my numbers has its place in the intellectual banquet which I serve up, as well as its aim and end, although it may escape their immediate penetration to discover them. I am told that by some I am considered as too abstruse, too learned, Heaven bless the mark! by others too volatile; one correspondent would have me turn my thoughts more upon trade and commerce and I suppose would wish me, like some of my contemporaries to publish price-currents of butter, eggs, onions, carrots, and gooseberries: some unconscionable rogues have complained of want of originality in my essays, who perhaps never wrote an original line in their lives, or know a line of Virgil from one in the Seven champions of Christendom; nay one whimsical chap, who is probably enamoured of "tweedle dum and tweedle dee," don't like the Scribbler because there is no music in it! But—:

*Know all men by these presents,* that it will not henceforward be permitted for any one, under the degree of an A. M. to criticise or find fault with any number of the Scribbler without he is provided with a proper certificate that he has read the Spectator, the Tatler, and the Rambler; and is able to produce one original thought of his own invention; or an old idea clothed in new language which will be admitted as an equivalent.

It will be observed that, like an indulgent and magnanimous sovereign, after establishing my authority upon the undisputed basis of my own dictum, I require a very small degree of qualification in those whom I admit into the ranks of privileged critics. But I mercifully consider the state of letters in this country. As Diogenes required a lanthorn at noon-day to search for an honest man so—but it is enough to have barely shewn the rod.