

last three months, a period of interregnum, as relates to my Scriblerian authority ; but it has been far from being a period of anarchy, for the dread of the blue book, the very ghost of my sceptre, has kept the whole of my dominions in much better order than I had expected. Some escapades indeed have taken place, but, in general, I have to applaud the good conduct that has been observed ; and above all things I have to present my compliments to all who have felt an itch for abusing the Scribbler, (i. e. in print,) and beg to congratulate them on the prudence they have shewn in abstaining from any attack. Indeed the few, who began to yelp at the time of the former temporary suspension of the Scribbler, were so severely handled, that it has operated *in terrorem* to prevent a repetition of the like temerity ; and the public are now fully convinced that, like Antæus, I revive with greater strength, each time I appear to be prostrated on the ground. To this let it be added, that I am now stationed within a stone's throw of Canada,* and have fixed my Royal Standard, as it were, in the very centre of my conquests, looking to Montreal to the north, to the shores of Lake Champlain, and the State of Vermont, to the south, westward to Kingston and the

*My house and Printing-Office lie only a few yards south of the spit of land that is called Rouse's Point, which, being included within the boundary-line of Canada, as determined by the commissioners appointed to trace and ascertain the exact 45th degree of north latitude, I can actually throw a stone into Canada from my premises. Indeed one of the astronomical observations made at that time, ran the line 45 right thro' the centre of the house I occupy ; it was from a mean of twelve observations on the spot that the new line was fixed. The present boundary-line, however, which, till the official publication of the decision of the commissioners, remains to all purposes that between Canada and the State of New-York. lies nearly a mile to the north of us.