

that he had been actually carried off by the demons ycleped printer's devils, with whom it was known he had dealings; others that he had gonemad, had refused to put out his light at ten o'clock, when ordered, and most unreasonably wished to see and converse with his friends whenever they and he wanted, with other symptoms of insanity; again, it was supposed that his inveterate enemies (for like all great characters he has both many adversaries and many friends) had attempted anew to assassinate him, and had in this instance had recourse to poison, administered in the shape of a noxious and pestiferous pamphlet, compounded of the deleterious essences of malice, falsehood, perjury, and *forgery*; Count Oldjoseph and his clan, with a view no doubt to cover their own base intentions, maintained that he had committed suicide: in short, assertions were multiplied, and suggestions started, till all were in a maze: some few indeed conjectured the truth, namely, that his Uncle Sam had sent for him; but all was uncertainty and anxiety till the time came when he was accustomed to make his hebdomedal appearance. If our readers ever perused Tristram Shandy's description of the eagerness with which the Strasburghers panted after the promised arrival of Don Diego's nose on the day he had fixed to return to their city, they can form some idea of the busy bustle, the anxious faces, and unceasing enquiries, that agitated the whole town when Scriblerus was expected to return; but alas! all was that day, and for several succeeding days, disappointment and alarm: no Scriblerus shewed himself, and his friends even began to despair—they became crest-fallen, whilst his enemies began to crow and exult. At length we learnt that the vehicle he had hired for his conveyance, had broke down & stuck in the mud in a dirty Lane, which, tho' it had a fair ap-