

on which his assignments are minuted to be rubbed out with a wet finger as occasion serves; and there is no class of men who will not find it serviceable to take recurring periods for considering what duties unperformed, or promises unfulfilled, are required from them. A periodical writer is as much or more bound than others to take such an occasional retrospect, especially where, as I feel both pride and gratification is the case with me, the increasing patronage of the public imposes upon him the greater obligation to fulfil, to the utmost of his ability, the expectations he may have held out. I have, with this object, been passing in review my essays from the beginning, and find a number of promises that have been either only partially performed, or remain to be redeemed.

Of the performance of the general professions made at the out-set of the Scribbler, the public will best judge after time and experience have set their seal upon my labours. I have in some measure endeavoured, by variety, to fulfil the expectations held out, and it is only with respect to a review of literary works published in, or relative to the Canadas, and perhaps also to a more full and minute perquisition into the dress, manners and amusements of both sexes, that I have any twinges of conscience for neglect or arrears.

But, registering the promises I have made, I find also that I owe:

An antiquarian, and critical disquisition on the *Charrivari*.

An apology for Queen Mary, Lot's daughters, Joseph's mistress, Sampson's Dalilah, and Herod's Herodias.

A celebration of every female saints-day that occurs on thursday, and a copy of verses in praise