

for his desire of their appearance in the Scribbler.
It must be allowed that a more delicate compli-
ment could not be paid to the vanity of

His obedient servant,

L. L. MACCULLOH.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

A CURE FOR A FEELING HEART.

I on my knees did beg a kiss,
From Julia, and most roundly swore
If she would grant me that sweet bliss,
I'd never ask for more.

The maid knew how to play her part,
"Was ever such a love-sick elf!"

By Hymen's torch and Cupid's dart,
I vow'd I'd shoot myself.

My prayers and tears her heart did move;
'Twa'n't made of iron, brass, or steel;
And her reply did fully prove
That she had learnt to feel.

At length my senses to entrap
She this request did softly roak;
Tip me a gill of right black strap,
And, damn me, take a score.*

SKIRMERHORN.

The *Disappointed Amateur of Music* must excuse the publica-
tion of his advertisement; besides it is now too late.

A SUB-DEPUTY ASSISTANT'S report is certainly replete with
much information, and would have been highly useful at an earlier
stage of the campaign. Tho' circumstances prevent the insertion
of the present communication, his future favours will be very ac-
ceptable, *if in time*. Mr. Macculloh will endeavour to prevail up-
on the Irish widow to remonstrate with Miss Connecticut and Miss
Vermont, tho' she is as bad as they are, in sometimes being squeez-
ed sadly out of joint, when the whim takes her.

ELDULAH'S second attempt is inadmissible. It is a mere jumble
of high sounding words without meaning. He will do better
to store his mind by reading our best poets for some years before
he composes any more verses; besides he should recollect that
many a good carpenter, mason, tradesman and lawyer have been
spoiled to make bad poets.

* The point of these verses will not fail of reminding the classical
reader of the 66th epigram of the 12th book of Martial. I have a juve-
nile version of that epigram somewhere amongst my scraps: if I can
find it, I will consider whether it is worthy of the public eye.