

"Hath made a speech confessional and so forth,
 " (Your printers keep the custom still in vogue,)
 " Ere then I die the world shall know *your worth*."—
 The household now was heard returning,
 So that with apprehension burning,
 The Commissary's conscience having got a rap,
 He promptly seized upon the trap;
 " Hush, Whiskerandos! worthy friend, pray cease;
 " No tales!—the door is open—*Go in peace.*"

MR. SCRIBBLER,

Your publication has developed to our view, a numerous new nobility and gentry, whose titles and talents were doomed to remain in oblivion, had you not begun to notice them. I believe it is a custom, in the mother-country, to publish in the periodical works, the biography of all the celebrated and noted characters there, distinguished by their high birth, learning, great deeds, philanthropy, etc. which qualities, however, I fear are not very abundant amongst the aforesaid new nobility and gentry. No matter, could'nt some of your correspondents well acquainted with their characters, give the public a concise sketch of their lives and actions, private and public, as they have been and as they are; and also trace their pedigrees faithfully? I say faithfully, because a great man (not renowned for wisdom) who is well known to you, and is a partner of a ci-devant famous company, while tracing his pedigree, began with his grandfather, and got up to his ninety ninth ancestor, taking no notice of his father. Would you know the reason that the old dad was left out? Why, because he was a cobbler. I am sure you can not object to devote a space in your paper to such interesting and beneficial matter. If you refuse, all these great ladies and gentlemen's fame, will not be handed down to posterity, to the great detriment of our great grand-children.

PETO.

9th March, 1822.