

and may perhaps be one cause of the careless treatment which travellers meet with at some of the inns. During my stay I was invited to take dinner with a friend at his hotel, opposite a great building; but, gracious heavens! what a difference between that and the one where I put up, in the viands, in the attendance, and in every thing! At the centre of the table sat an elderly female, who, my friend told me, was the mistress of the house,—(a strange place, thought I, then for her to sit in;) with looks as cross as the devil himself. While at our meal, up she gets, taking with her a *short cow-hide whip* that lay beside her,—(seemly appendage to a dinner-table!)—when shortly after issued from the kitchen, sounds of the lash, and the cries of an unfortunate female slave. Not being used to such work, I desired my friend to excuse me, alleging that I had to make a call about that time.

I say, Mr. Mac, you must excuse this hasty scrawl; remember it is Sunday, and I must repair to Forster's head-quarters, to set my head to rights. You shall hear shortly from me again.

Your's, &c.

HERACLITUS.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND THE PUBLIC.

At the conclusion of my fourth volume, which the present number completes, I beg to offer my customary acknowledgements to my subscribers and correspondents. The interruption that took place in the publication of the *Scribbler*, for full three months, unavoidable as it was on my part, under the circumstances that existed at the time, has been of great injury to me, not merely in the loss of the entire of my subscriptions for that period, but by indisposing a great number of my subscribers towards the work, and confusing others, who, when called upon for payment, at the commencement of the quarter which is