

with a hopeful disciple of his own caste. His opponent, Tim Stout, a man remarkable for his lantern-jaws and overwhelming brows, was often heard when he could not be seen. There was also a galaxy of other mighty personages, and Messrs. Coal, Pill, Jug, and Meadow, sanctioned and graced this kindred meeting with their presence. A son of Crispin likewise attended, determined to stake his *all*, which he actually did, but fortunately for his shoulders and ribs, he won his wager, or his exasperated wife would have rewarded him on his return with a good *leathering*, for she declared that he took away her *last* shilling. It has moreover been intimated to me by a person of credibility, that one or two puffing rural squires permitted, perhaps inadvertently, the male part of their families to visit this school of vice and immorality. I conclude in the hope that you, Mr. Macculloh, will give this an early insertion in your useful paper, and concur with me in stamping a mark of infamy on such a cruel and ruinous practice. I am, etc.

BARON HARPAX.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

As several edifying suggestions have lately been offered through the medium of your hebdomedal olio, for correcting the hospitable hostilities that occasionally occur amidst the convivialities that enliven the gaieties of this town, I feel some interest and much pleasure in announcing to you, that Montreal is likely soon to become, under your chastening influence, one of the most agreeable places in the world.

In proof of this remark, I submit to your high consideration the overpowering attentions lately paid here to a distinguished foreigner, who, with