

*From the Catarogue Journal. Cream-street, April 7th.*

A small affair that had *like* to have terminated in an affair of honour, but as an old proverb says, *was like to never kill nobody*, only an old woman, and she was *like to freeze to death*, has just occurred here. Kit Cut Nose Esquire, a gentleman possessing much of that suavity of disposition which is called pomposity, being in company with a true blue brother of the anchor, upon some political remark made by the latter, who is a free and independent spoken man, (as most of Daddy Neptune's children are,) thought proper to say "the R. N. gentleman was not worthy of the cloth he wore." This produced what, in technical language, is called a floorer, but did not, in the same language, draw claret, his noddle having probably discharged, on a former trial, all it contained. The commodore, however, insisting upon further satisfaction, the wealthy lawyer, proved himself a more loyal subject than to send a small bit of lead through the body of one of His Majesty's officers of distinction, so that, he preferred making an humble apology for the words spoken; and so the matter ended.

LIBUT. LISMANAGO presents his compliments to the hero of *Christie's Grange*, and *Bruggart's Harbour*, and begs to apprise him of the impropriety of addressing, with so much familiarity as he does, companions of the Bath and others, with respect to whom a certain etiquette is necessary, which the worthy gentleman is forgetful of, when he sings out with his leather lungs "Hoo are ye! Hoo are ye!"

*Cream-street, 24th May. FASHIONABLE DEPARTURES.*

On Monday evening, the 12th instant, Mr. Billa Billson from the pleasant State of single-blessedness, for the land of Holy Matrimony: it is reported that his mistership stands the fatigue of travelling uncommonly well.

On Sunday the 18th instant, Mr. Broad Axe, with a fine blood horse of the genuine Canadian breed, to figure at the New-York spring-races.

*PAUL CRIMPS* returns his sincere thanks to his friends and acquaintances for the patronage he has hitherto experienced, since his residence in Cream-street, and hopes, by strict attention to his business, to reform the town altogether in a few years.

Communications for the Scribbler left at Billa Mc Squiggan's office, Cream-street, will be thankfully received.