

Col. Dash-at all has not fulfilled his promise of throwing a sop to Cerberus to stop his mouth.

From the second edition of the Government-City Advertiser.—
The actresses request the acting manager and treasurer to the late garrison-amateur-company, to fulfil his engagements to them, which have been due since the first of last April. His last advertisement requesting payment for admission tickets having been in August, the lapse of seven months time is quite sufficient to liquidate a debt of a few pounds, that would be highly welcome to the solicitrixes.

Change of Residence. Dr. Whitecat, the Adonis of old ladies, will in future keep his apothecary's shop, at his cousin german's opposite the barracks, where he has for a long while been treating a disorder of forty-five years standing. Mad. Strung has been cured by a marine-captain, *dechaussé à bonne terre*, by means of conserves *à la Derottenburg*, after fifty years of light suffering. Dr. Whitecat, will continue to give *tout ce qu'il y a de meilleur en France*. During office-hours, Mrs. Whitecat will distribute gratis, at the old stand, all kinds of *anti-ragoutants*.

Public Notice. Proposals will be received at the sign of the Micmac's head, Mountain-street, in the story above made. *C'est doux d'heureuse memoire*, for a contract to furnish white and red paint in small boxes of two ounces each, as well as for reducing the body and legs of an elephant, with an abdomen of a sow, to a reasonable size. For security for payment will be given at Coldspring manor, sundry mortgages engrossed upon leaves of *Palma Christi*, and approved by the sheriff of the district.

N. B. Adelaide and Victoire *esperent que quelques charitables Lasdevivre les delivreront de trente-sept ans de martire.* OLIVET.

Mesdames Clouée and LaChristienne, respectfully request their night-friends, and all others who come to their evening-school, at the presbytery, to take care to pass by the gate of the court-yard, or to go into the little passage in sight.—Being well known as instructresses in the graces and acquirements of the *bon ton*, those ladies trust they will be found to merit the encouragement of the public, in teaching the arts of slander, calumny, and backbiting, with lessons on the most approved methods of destroying the reputation of best friends.

Dr. Poultry, of the Lower-town, of sprawling memory, and formerly *un domestique*, is respectfully informed that obscenity in the presence of an unoffending female is unmanly and degrading.

From the Trifluvian Reporter. Good Hang-people-up, finding his good lady in another doctor's hands, exclaimed, *le diable emporte les mediciens, ils en veulent à mes femmes.*