

take place, between the enormous Mr. Mancolt, Mr. Justice Pierot, and the delicate Madame Bisorme. The bets are ten to one, and, strange to say, all in favour of the lady.

*From the Backbite Mercury.* The Rev. Proser M'Glutherm and his crony Arch'd. M'Ticketail, have at length dissolved partnership, both with regard to the bottle and to all other concerns: it seems that Mrs. M'G. got rather green-eyed, conceiving her spouse paid too much attention to Mrs. M'T. whenever he found poor Archy out of the way; and one day, being rather in high spirits, took the poor devil by the neck at the parsonage-house, and ordered him home to mind his wife. Archy lately sued George Common for the sum of five shillings, for doing the parson's duty five years ago, in reading the funeral service over his brother William, who had committed suicide, and, though the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of insanity, the parson would not bury the corpse: but poor Archy got nonsuited here too, for Mr. Justice M'Scrape, being now a favourite with the revergentleman, in consequence of playing a good game at whist, told Archy that the parson ought to have kicked him out of the church-yard, for meddling with his duty. Much grief has been occasioned in this place by the removal of Mr. Sandy Flatt, to the Isle of Bullfrogs; Sir John Footatt, Alexander the Great, and the reverend Proser, went in a body to Mount Royal, to see if they could not, by a petition to the commandant of the district, get him to remain at Backbite, as Proser states that no man in the world ever played a better hand, and they can not make up their whist-parties this winter for the loss of him. It would not be amiss for the parson, when he sits up at whist till past midnight, on Saturday night, to keep his upper works in order, so as not to be forced to leave the pulpit on Sunday morning, and cut his congregation out of a sermon.

Arrived here on the 1st inst. Miss Olivia from Quebec: her brother-in-law, Mr. M'Scrape, it is said, has got her up upon speculation, expecting to get her spliced to the young comptroller of the customs, (and indeed in point of beauty on both sides they would be a very good match,) but two of mother Cary's chickens are daily expected, as her rivals, at Sir John Footatt's, where they are to be highly fed with George King's pork, and it is to be hoped they will not, as the sailors say they generally do, bring blustering weather with them.

*From the Campbelltown Gazette.* The grave-digger happened a little while ago at Mount Royal, to meet the small beer man and Mrs. G. D. in a caleche, driving through St. Paul street; and, being, he conceived, mocked at by them, as he