

A MIDNIGHT TALE.

Or a nocturnal peep into the mysteries of the St. Lawrence Suburbs.

——— I will a tale unfold,
Whose slightest word will bear conviction home
To them who need it most.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

I have waited with no little impatience to see whether any notice would be taken in your pages of an occurrence, which, in my humble opinion, well deserves a place in your suburban recorder.

Will Watch, the youthful *maitre de casernes* of St. Nelly's Island, whose graceful mug may be seen any day, from ten till three, behind a desk, in the neighbourhood of the Bath house, set out, some weeks ago, about the "witching time of night," from Scora's go-shop, in company with a friend, (an amateur of the long robe, it is believed,) both well primed with cherry-brandy, and, to use a slang phrase, "up to all sorts, and ripe for every thing."

Where their first voyage was made to, though known to be in the latitude of the above far famed regions, yet, from the labyrinthal intricacy of their many hidden places, has not been distinctly ascertained; but, about two o'clock in the morning, they knocked stoutly at the door of a *ci-devant* protégé of mother Sadler's; but who, since the bankruptcy of that once famous establishment, has set up in trade for herself. As the demand for admission was imperious in its many repetitions, the lady of the house, being either busily engaged, or too lazy to do it herself, dispatched her foreman, (if I may use the expression without a bull,)