

Scotch Kirk: you have now got a Mr. Black, who I am told is a very excellent preacher." "Oh! a vara gude mon, but ye ken, we ha' three o' them; there," says he, "is Mr. Winterville, at so many hundreds a year, Moral Police, at £ 300, a year, and Mr. Black, at I don't know how much; but am told the lasses hae gi'en him a bra' new goon to preach in next Sunday, won't you go and hear him; but I forgot," says he, you are a turncoat, and gang to hear the organ, so good morning mister." I thought this would do for your tea-table. Your's, &c. ALICK.

*Indignant at the treatment he has received at the hand of Dr. Ignoramus Pedanticus, WHITE SWELLING, desires to know why he is left, all alone by himself, in understandable English, amongst his numerous brothers and friend, in the last quarterly report of the general hospital. He would have Dr. Pedanticus to know that he has as good a claim to be dressed up in Latin pontificals, as Fractura Cranii, who to his knowledge was always known amongst his schoolfellows by his old name of Broken head, or Vulnerus, or Congelatio, or Explosio, or any others of his brethren named after the common accidents of human life; and he is determined upon insisting that the doctor shall, in his next report, put him in a learned coat, that he may not stand in the ranks like a raw recruit that has not yet got his uniform from the regimental taylor.*

An accumulation of matter will require the publication of No. 22 of the Domestic Intelligencer, sooner than usual.

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The difficulty of preserving consistency of character in interlocutory composition, was well illustrated by Goldsmith, in a conversation which he