

Did he think his appearance that of a gentleman upon that occasion, when he entered the room and danced several figures, in a *long beard*, a *black coat*, and *boots*?

This gentleman, I perceive, belongs to a squad called the *Creamers*, famed, I am told, for slang and abuse; but, from the specimen which he exhibits of their politeness and breeding, I fear they will find few friends in this place. He has not been content with abusing the company, but has attacked even our aunt Peggy, who, in return, presents her compliments to him, and begs to assure him that if he will pay her the 13 s. 6 d. he has owed her the last three years, she will, at her own expense, furnish him with a pair of pumps, the next time he intrudes himself into company unasked. I remain

Yours,
ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

A GRAVE YARD SCENE.

Oft in the grave-yard's sad and gloomy dell,
By night, my wakeful fancy loves to dwell;
And 'neath the shadows of her mournful gloom,
Let fall a tear on my lost Mary's tomb.
There late I roved, with pensive thought, along,
Ere yet the curfew rang the graves among.
No sound was heard throughout the drear abode,
For Death and Silence, hand in hand there strode;
Yet soon did there my watchful eyes behold
Two spectre-forms, in shape of human mould.
Amazed I stood, with fear half petrified,
And saw the spectres pass me by my side.
Armed they seem'd—and soon they smote the ground:
How did it echo thro' the dark profound!
These must be demons, to myself I said,
That dare profane the mansions of the dead;
Wretches whose souls nor sense, nor pity, feel—
Alas! with pain the truth I now reveal:
Like men their shape, and men they were indeed—