

in a place, where, thanks to Mr. Sutherland's dishonesty, the Scribbler is seldom seen; where it is little read, and less understood; where you thought you could be a cock on your own dung-hill: but the shaft is nevertheless sped, and has transfixed your shrinking breast; your spurs are hacked off, sir knight, and your crest is humbled to the dust; and faith! I pity you!

L. L. M.

AN OPEN COUNTENANCE.

An open countenance I love,
It shews th' ingenuous, honest, heart,
Fraught with each virtue from above,
Devoid of guile and worldly art.

An open countenance? quoth Pat.
Is that the thing you prize so dear,
There's Peg Malloony, fair and fat,
And with a mouth from ear to ear.

Defaulters in Montreal, both as regards subscriptions, and advertisements, are reminded that this week is the very last week of grace, and unless their arrears are paid up, at the Scribbler-office, No. 4, St. Jean Baptiste street, on or before Saturday next at four o'clock, their names will appear in the BLACK LIST to be published next week, without distinction of persons, high or low, friends or foes. Circumstances render it absolutely necessary to be peremptory and decided in this measure.

Erratum in last number; last page, 13th line from bottom, for reasonable read readable.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. ROGER BONTOMS, PADDY O'D CUT-UP, MONTEZUMA, LOXIAS, and GOOD NIGHT, are all received, and will all be availed of. MANFRED is too gross; his ideas are good, but his language is both incorrect and vulgar.