

the pure blood of the *Eveites*; or in plain English, no woman can be perfectly agreeable without a spice of the devil in her composition, which is an original paradox invented by me, the Scribbler, as witness my hand, the day and year first above written.

### LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOH.

The letter from the pivot-man of the Company of Independant Loungers on the Champ de Mars has been received, but too late for this number. It will appear next week. He has certainly made out a good case, which, if not amounting to a full justification, is a very admissible apology.

*Timothy Single* justly complains of a grievous evil in society: his communication will receive that favourable attention in the next number which it well deserves. *Jeremy Tickler*, tickles rather too roughly but his hint shall likewise not go unregarded. To ensure attention in the next number, letters should be left for Mr. Macculloh at the Publisher's on the previous Saturday evening.

Those ladies and gentlemen who have had the first numbers of the Scribbler for approval, but have declined subscribing, are respectfully requested to return them to the publisher, Mr. LANE; especially No. 1. which is getting out of print, and is wanted for fresh subscribers.

To be disposed of, a few Manuscript Sermons warranted originals, in a convenient form for pulpit-use. Apply by letter, post paid, to X. Y. Z, at Mr. Lane's, St. Paul street.

N. B.—Secrecy may be relied on.