

We are informed that Tony Crouch, who was drowned on the 28th April, and whose death we announced in our last, was not the son of Lord Goddamhim: the mistake however was easy, as his lordship may safely be reckoned the patriarch of one half of the illegitimates, and the original seducer of three fourths, and the occasional patron of seven eighths of all the prostitutes in town.

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### PRAYER TO FORTUNE.

Sweet Goddess! always grant enough  
 To purchase me cigars and snuff;  
 Then, let thy servant never lack  
 The needful for his mouth and back;  
 Add to these gifts a glass of grog,  
 A well-made gun, and well train'd dog;  
 Lastly, to crown the goods of life,  
 Bestow him a submissive wife,  
 Whose priacipal attraction lies  
 In making puddings, tarts and pies.  
 Thus, for this sublunary wealth,  
 He'll puff thy praise, and quaff thy health;  
 Spanish tobacco-smoke shall rise  
 In grateful incense to the skies;  
 And thy shrine, with chibice fragments strew'd,  
 Begreased with fat, with grog-dedew'd,  
 Prove his respect and gratitude.  
 But if not *all* these blessings can  
 Be granted to the prayer of man;  
 If, of these articles, 'tis fit  
 That he should choose *one* to omit,  
 Then, from the list the wife erase,  
 But ob! of thy exceeding grace,  
 With a good cook supply her place.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

### NOTICE.

An explanation will appear in next number of the causes of the delay and interruption that have taken place in the publication of the SCRIBBLER. No. 48 and its supplement will appear in a few days; to be followed by No. 49, and so on, until the arrears are brought up; and the second volume will begin with No. 53, on an enlarged plan and more moderate terms, as will shortly be announced to the public.