

the large house near Steeple-field, at present occupied by Frank Kennedy, but it is stated that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Kennedy, will be allowed to be one of the party, as Proser fears they will give information of his capers, to that prating rascal the Scribbler. The assemblies are to be on a very saving plan, as his reverence, and Sir John Footatt are to be the providers and managers, of all preparations and decorations. The Footatt family are expected to be at the head of the bon ton, as they are regularly furnished from Government-City with all second-hand articles of clothing suitable for balls and routs, by their relations, the Knock-downs: and in very truth the lasses have improved very much these last two years, both in pride and in feathers. The next in succession is Squire M'Scrape and his lady, who you know formerly belonged to the old rat-catching company. Then comes Mr. Clearly and Miss Orange, who, you would think, were brother and sister; and of course Alexander the great, with his spouse Mrs. Cotty O'Giggle, belong to the party. Mr. Tapborer is admitted, with the two Miss Commons; Mr. Jeune Bois, & the two Miss Bigmans, one of whom is very likely soon to be led to the altar of Hymen, whilst the other is in some dread of dying an old maid, as our sparks are by no means very forward in gallantry, and think more of dollars and cents, than of smiles and graces. They will not allow the Marchalongs to join, as they say one of them sold stale currants, to Sir John, and the other, rotten cheese to the reverend. There are some others who are blackballed; but the deficiency will be made up from the Isle of Bullfrogs, and Shambly. From the latter place, general Fleabite and his handsome young wife, Honesty Hooper and ditto, Col. Thunder, &c. The reverend Mr.