

indeed they seem to be as the ould saying is *stark*-mad. First the driving-club made up of the likeliest marchants of the town, and king George's officers of the army; they ride in slays all around the town for two or three ours jist to shiew themselves twice a week. They dress funny enough, and blow horns to contract notice, and the boys and dogs all run out to bark at them. But I dont care a darn fig for all this: they at last arrive to my house and bring with them what they call a pick nick dinner, but I should call it the old Nick's dinner for it is made up of a cold bit of every thing under the son. Then they drink tea. Then they dance quadrillions awhile, and then they cut up the rest of the pick-nick fragments, which they call supper; and then, after paying me my bill of notions and one thing another, you must know they all retire mightily tickled with the performance, and I am as tickled as any of them. I shall right you again before long: in the mean time I remain as ever, your affectionate

ANT PEG IN THE COUNTRY.

Veluti in speculum.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women in it merely players."

MR. SCRIBBLER,

I hasten to communicate to you a piece of intelligence that must be highly gratifying, not only to the fashionable world, but to the public at large. You are aware that theatrical amusements have been long a desideratum in this place, and of the obstinate prejudices by which they have been constantly and successfully opposed. At last, however, opposition has been vanquished, and