

pleasant enough. Though there were some dabblers in the black art, disciples of Dr. Faustus, it was observed that there were more angels than devils present. After tea the married ladies seated themselves at the whist-tables, and the younger part of the company retired to the ball-room, which was about ten feet square. About one o'clock the impressions were struck off, and at two mostly all were in sheets.

*Question for the next meeting of the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.*

“Does the man in the moon wear a beard, a bib or a band?” That celebrated astronomer Mr. Drybrains, who is in the habit of gazing at the stars whilst walking the streets, and making discoveries in Saturn and the Moon, is expected to open the debate. The influence of the moon has of late been supposed a good deal to predominate with this learned Theban; the flash of a pistol, and the simile of a baboon, having caused various peripatetic soliloquies over giant Grumbo’s ballad of “Fee-Faw-Fum,” &c.

MARRIED, after an interrupted courtship of several years, (during which the lady was disappointed by another suitor, for although the day was fixed she waited in vain for “the bridegroom was not there, because he was away”) Mr. Gudelad M’Humhaw, to miss Piscator. Immediately after the ceremony, the bride’s sister, Mrs. Nul, appeared in a complete suit of the admiral, her husband’s, uniform, (the admiral and his lady having made a very advantageous arrangement by which he always wears the petticoats,) and manœuvred most skilfully to windward, to leeward, ahead and astern, to the great edification of the company.

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