

gentlemen of a certain department in Backbite last season. *The Midnight hour, Up all night or the Smuggler's Cave, Much ado about nothing, &c.* had their run, to the cruel fatigue of the minor performers. The campaign opened last month with the *Rival Candidates, Agreeable Surprise, and Merry Mourners*. Mr. Frank Kennedy, (whose exquisite *Busy-body* will not soon be forgotten, insisted on the liberty of stultifying the audience with his eternal glee "A boat, a boat comes o'er the ferry," and the song of "Turn out the guard." Mrs. Frank Kennedy's varied efforts to amuse her friends deserve notice. *The Poor Gentleman, with A Midsummer-nights Dream*, were in rehearsal for enactment by juvenile performers; but, the lady's sentiments approximating the Hindoo-creed, being unable to collect a full corps dramatique, she became apprehensive of the young Kennedy's losing caste by vulgar association, so the plan has been abandoned, and *O tempora, O mores!* the intended theatre at Castle Tumbledown became the alternate resort for conventiclers, field preachers, bible-subscription-gatherers, and wrangling lawyers, to hold forth in.

Since the memorable meeting, Padreen Priest chuckles, rubs his hands and looks knowing; he boasts every where of his admission to the honours of a sitting among the magnates; which will serve him (like Claud Halcro's pinch from Dryden's snuff-box) years to come, with or without embellishment from his store of daydreams, as a devilish good story to amuse future subs condemned to the ennui of country-quarters. Mr. McTickletail has ready for the press, a masterly satire on the "Scribbler, its correspondents and readers;" and is moreover busily engaged in writing an elegy on a fine brindled cow who came to her death by an overfeed of rank grass