

point at last." Mrs. Matchwell, as consort to the "worthy Cawdor," was particularly great in the sleep-walking scene, rubbing her lily hand, and ejaculating "out, out! damn'd spot!" with the finest effect imaginable: suddenly throwing off her night-ropes, and appearing as priestess of Hymen, she seized the hands of a charming Sylvia, and her newly animated Cymon, and the gay trio danced off to the lively reel of "there's braw kailbrose in Moffattown." Mrs. Sandy Flat as Lydia Languish, was irresistibly ridiculous; by overacting the character she lost cue completely, but gave, as a succedaneum, several literal speeches from the novels of "the Delicate Distress," and "Excessive Sensibility:" she led, by a tartan ribbon, an animal of the Scotch mongrel breed, who smelt as strongly of drugs and chymicals as if he had newly escaped from a laboratory in full work; a suspicious look with an involuntary grin induced several persons to keep aloof, but the fair leader assured them that "little Lancet was a most sagacious creature, and gentle as a turtle dove cooing to its mate." Mr. Archy McTickletail, who by some means or other, contrived to edge himself into this circle of fashionables, (probably in the wake of his clerical patron, whom we discovered during the night in a variety of characters, to wit Dicky Gossip, Father Paul, a News-carrier vending jest-books, puns and conundrums, etc.) grievously tormented all who came within reach of his corner for solutions of mathematical problems: we do not exactly know whether poor Archy represented Newton, Copernicus, or Tycho Brahe, but some wicked wag or other succeeded in fastening a pair of gilt antlers on the cap of the unfortunate philomath, while Daddy McHumming, as the ghost of John Knox, stood at his elbow, bitterly