

acter of the "double," for a scene in that of the "plain dealer." Mr. Foot-att rejoined in a key, to which the bellowings of an overfed, incensed, Leicestershire bull were as the soul-stealing harmonies of an Eolian harp. Some filthy allusions unhappily dropping from the tongue of the accomplished orator in the sequel of his harangue, caused poor Mrs. Sandy Flat, with a few other sensitive ladies, to faint, revive, fall into graceful hysterics, and after some capital shewing off; *Exeunt Omnes.* The meeting broke up as wise as when convened. Trip, an invisible eye-and ear-witness, slyly laughing in his sleeve, then, and still, eluding discovery, whilst your resuscitative No. 58 fully acquitted the young merchants.

Bravo! bravissimo! Mr. Trip! How in the name of Fortune did you manage so cleverly? Know, esteemed querist, that the dexter crutch of the cripple Asmodeus is an heir-loom in my family. We descend lineally from the Salamancian student who broke the phial and freed the good-humoured devil from the yoke of necromancy. 'Twas the gift of gratitude, and its virtues yet remain unimpaired. Astride on it, I am able, not only to perch aloft on their chimney-tops, but to penetrate at pleasure into their very *sanc-tum sanctorums*. Luxuriating lately over my iced Madeira at the "Springs of Saratoga," I made one, in the twinkling of an eye, in the picnic excursion of the Sandy Flats, O'Giggles, and brass visored Foot-atts to "Scotch Mountain." On a close inspection of our vehicle, a dashing post-coach, I found it was then returning the friendly compliment to good old farmer George's broad-bottomed batteaux, for divers services "by the faint moon's watery beam." From the "Pavillion at the Falls of Niagara," I literally flew to be present at the revival of private theatricals by the