

o'clock the grand saloon, 21 feet by 18; was thrown open for the reception of the masks. As usual on such occasions, as well as on others, many of the guests assumed characters they could not by any means support. A few, however, were spiritedly kept up, and of these we particularly noticed the following. Col. St. Matthew (the sage Nestor of the place) supported Sir Anthony Absolute in fine style: the testiness, squaretoes, and manege of the cane, were of the chaste and genuine old school. Mrs. St. Matthew (whom even the unsparing gossips allow to be an exemplary woman) sustained Lady Priory in "Wives as they were" very respectably. Mrs. Clack-too-fast Fickle, of Steeplefield, was quite at home in the fidgetty Lady Mary Oldboy, squalling most admirably at "the spider on her petticoat." Mr. Jack Foot-att, as Sir John Brute, attracted considerable notice, he changed his dress, and afterwards appeared as Captain O'Cutter, and, tho' he unfortunately was deficient in the brogue, made the most of the part; talked a deal of his own courage, delicate Mrs. O'Cutter, (who, by the bye, he declared had a right high spirit of her own, being one of the knock-down family,) and the children at home: adding "that the one on the stocks, had lately been launched; and that the Reverend Proser M'Glutherum had played all fours, got drunk, and danced Malowney's jig at the christening, in token of a perfect reconciliation of their old quarrel; because why, damn his eyes,* in his passion he had bid the clargy get out of his house, by reason he would'nt just certify black was white, purely to oblige him, as one gentleman ought to have done to another"; but 'twas all over now, a raking pot of smuggled hyson to the women, with a bottle and a guinea to his reverence, had "set the wind to the right

* ▲ favourite expletive of this polished personage.