

gave rise to it. It originated in a whim of Mr. January's, who wanted an opportunity of making a bustle in the world ; on the best mode of doing which, it is said, he consulted his friends, although, like his namesake in Dan Pope,

BUT fix'd before, and well resolved was he,
As men that ask advice are wont to be.

His determination to astonish the public, thus soon became known, and fame, the trumpet-tongued harbinger of revolutions, and runaway matches, of coronations, and teaparties, announced that on Wednesday evening, the 30th ultimo, he intended to *baptise* his estate, and to have a grand display of *feux d'artifice*, which would be superintended by His Majesty's chief professor of pyrotechny. The long looked-for night arrived, and notwithstanding the unpleasant state of the weather, from eight till ten, the streets were crowded with persons of all descriptions, hurrying towards the scene of bustle and delight. Thither we will transport ourselves in fancy's eye, without recounting how often we stuck in the mire on the road. Here we beheld a garden illuminated with *variegated* lamps, (all of the same colour,) and arranged in different fantastic forms; but those over the summer-house in particular, forming a gothic arch, cast a brilliancy scarcely to be imagined. The military band of the regiment in garrison, drawn up in sonorous array on one side, and Dillon's artillery on the other, gave

“Dreadful note of preparation,”

and looked quite *hostile-like*. At about nine, the signal for commencing operations was given ; the great guns fired, the band struck up, the ladies were ushered into the pavilion, and his honour let off the first squib. For nearly two hours, rock-