

Capotes were there—loose, flowing, and picturesque ; and broad-cloth tail-coats were there, of the last century, tight-fitting, angular, in a word, detestable ; verifying the truth of the proverb that extremes meet—by shewing that the *cut*, which all the wisdom of tailors and scientific fops, after centuries of study, had laboriously wrought out and foisted upon the poor civilised world as perfectly sublime, appeared, in the eyes of backwoodsmen and Indians, utterly ridiculous. No wonder that Harry, under the circumstances, became quietly insane, and went about committing *nothing* but mistakes the whole evening. No wonder that he emulated his father-in-law, in abusing the gray cat, when he found it surreptitiously devouring part of the supper in an adjoining room ; and no wonder that, when he rushed about vainly in search of Mrs Taddipopple, to acquaint her with the cat's wickedness, he at last, in desperation, laid violent hands on Miss Cookumwell, and addressed that excellent lady by the name of Mrs Popple-taddy.

Were we courageous enough to make the attempt, we would endeavour to describe that joyful evening from beginning to end. We would tell you how the company's spirits rose higher and higher, as each individual became more and more anxious to lend his or her aid in adding to the general hilarity ; how old Mr Kennedy nearly killed himself in his fruitless efforts to be everywhere, speak to everybody, and do everything at once ; how Charley danced till he could scarcely speak, and then talked till he could hardly dance ; and how the fiddler, instead of growing wearied, became gradually and continuously more powerful, until it seemed as if fifty fiddles were playing at one and the same time. We would tell