

sation. The Lord's day and the Lord's house are not exempt. The matrons and maids, sires and sons, all are agog, drumming and begging, in order to render imposing and profitable the approaching religious fair. The day arrives; from all quarters the crowd is winding its way to old Charity, and soon a host of merry faces and joyous hearts are collected there. Tables for eating and tables for trafficking are spread, and all things are soon under way. The table for eating groans under viands the most varied and tempting. One dollar is paid for dinner. The tables for trafficking are filled with nameless little items, a lady or more behind each, and a crowd in front, here a gentleman is bartering for a bouquet, another for a pair of socks, these for a tidy &c., &c., Yonder seems to be a merry group, what is there that is so amusing and attractive? It is the *fortune teller!* fortunes are here told by a Doll Baby for 25 or 50 cents a piece. Some may be curious to know how this is conducted. The Rag, China, or Wax Doll, as it may happen to be, is tastily dressed, and made to stand on a table in the centre of a sheet of letter paper, with agreeable mottos upon love, courtship, marriage, &c., &c., written on lines running from centre to circumstance, holding in its hand a pointer. The Doll Baby is assigned to some one, (a matron I suppose,) whose duty is to see that it performs its part and to see that it is paid for so doing. All who wish their fortunes told can go up. The sheet of paper is gently turned, (I suppose by the matron) and stops with the pointer in the Doll's hand resting on a motto, which is considered the fortune of the applicant. It is read out to the individual, down is laid the fee, amid the jest, the laugh, and so on through the day proceeds the business of fortune telling. Yonder is one busily engaged in directing letters. It is soon announced that the mail has arrived, which produces quite a sensation. The Post Master opens the mail and announces letters for A. B. C. D. &c., &c., with 20 cents postage on each. The postage is paid, the envelope is broken, as was expected, a blank, a cheat—never mind, the end justifies the means. It is now announced that a chance is offered for the ring—you ask, what do you mean? A ring is put up into the cake, slices are sold for 50 cents or a dollar a piece. Lottery like, the fortunate man gets a valuable ring for his investment. As in all games of chance, some must lose, their loss has been a gain to the treasury of the church. While these varied duties are being faithfully and profitably performed amid a scene of perfect jollification, the fathers in the church are seen gliding to and fro through the crowd, greatly