

are correct, these men are professional murderers, for they have clubs to slay their victims and spades to dig their graves, and what else we are not advised, and as we fly in terror from the scene, we hear them speak of "trumps." Poor fools! we think they are vastly mistaken, if they believe that they can kill one another with clubs, dig one another's graves with their spades, and then, Gabriel-like, call one another to life again with their trumps. The men must be either crazy or very childish, and their conduct, it seems to us, can be justified only on the ground that, especially here, "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

As we pass into another room we meet quite a procession, representing a country caravan on a small scale. The elephant is none other than two officers, bent forward, with a blanket thrown over them, while two sticks of wood protruding from the blanket, make the tusks. One man mounted upon another is the camel, and another on all-fours the bear. These are paraded through the rooms, headed by bearers of torches, and a band of music, performing Yankee Doodle and other airs on split quills, hair-combs, tin plates and cups. Accompanying the show are hideous imitations of all kinds of fowls and beasts, with a menagerie-like effect, which would do honor to Barnum's American Museum.

Having passed by this amusing scene, we hear a rustling, grating noise, with the tramping of many feet, and a rush is made toward us. We step aside to avoid the shock. It is a "raiding" party *à la cavalerie*. Twenty or more of the most desperate characters among us form the squad. They dash through, armed with broom-sticks, and other like weapons, sweeping all before them, upsetting everything