

*employed—every mother's son and daughter of them were beating the DEVIL'S TATTOO with their fingers on their knees!*

"They're doing the 'daddy, mammy,' sir," whispered Stocks, who was sitting by my side. "Wouldn't it be beautiful if our drummers in barricks was as quiet over it?"

I gave him a kick, as at this moment some one began a speech, not a prayer; it appeared that prayers were over. It was nearly word for word as follows:

"Brothers and sisters, I wish to say a few words before we disperse. Praise the Lord! I've been six years, next fall, admitted into the bosom of the Shakers, and I can say I have never wished to depart from their ways, and I have fattened in the Lord." ("Which is the chap as is speaking?" said Stocks. "Well, he *is* fat, surely!") "And I have never done no harm to any of my brothers and sisters. I may have transgressed in my ways afore I com'd among my brother Shakers, but nobody asked any questions, and nobody wanted any money." ("How jolly!" quoth Stocks). "What we get, we share." (Hear, hear! from Stocks, loud enough to elicit an alarming scowl from the Usher). "And we live happy and comfortable one with the other; and those who don't like, needn't jine us. We worship the Lord in our own way, and we keep ourselves to ourselves. If any of my brothers or sisters wish to address the meeting, let 'em do so. Praise the Lord! Amen."

Several brothers and sisters "followed" in the same style—one awfully ugly female stating that ever since she had "jined the Shakers, *no one had never interfered with her,*" which drew from Stocks an indignant, "I'd like to know who *would.*" A little *music* followed, after which all the men rose and deliberately *took off their coats*, and hung them on pegs in the wall—Stocks excitedly insisting that they were going to "*wrestle.*" They, however, proceeded to perform the queerest lot of manœuvres I ever witnessed, singing all the time a sort of sailors' *Yo heave-ho-and-up-she-comes* chorus.

They advanced in line, in polka time, then right-about-turned, formed into fours—(I thought I *must* have roared—Lucille *did*, for I heard her)—stood at ease and attention, and finally formed square, and were addressed by somebody in the centre; they then opened out into