

in the world—at least, in my ken—and more resembling a large farm-yard, without beasts, birds, or implements of agriculture, of any description, barring a pump. On our arrival (we were rather late), we discovered ourselves in the midst of at least a hundred vehicles of all sorts and sizes. The *company* had arrived, we were told, and were then in the place of worship, witnessing the ceremonies, or, as Lucille somewhat professionally termed it, “the performance!” A sort of harmonious howling reaching our ears at this moment, warned us that the curtain was up (I am afraid I said *that*!), and in we went.

Now, reader, picture for yourself a large square white-washed room, one end of it occupied by a brilliant assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, dressed to death, seated on benches sloping from the floor almost to the ceiling. This was the audience. The performers consisted of some two hundred males and females—I believe, men and women—but as unlike men and women as possible. The men had their hair cut short in front, and hanging down their backs; white cotton neckcloths, with long ends; coats, with tails down to their heels, and waistcoats of brown serge, with large flap pockets; trousers of the same material—loose in the seat, and tight in the leg, reaching half way down the calf—white cotton stockings, and enormous shoes. I never saw such shoes!

The women hadn't a vestige of hair to be seen, and wore skull caps or a species of (what I believe is termed) “*penny caul*,” white silk, or cambric handkerchiefs, pinned down fore and aft; and skirts of the same material as the men's breeches, fitting tight over their—well, their *hips*. The nearest approach to *crinoline*, I computed at a short yard in circumference. White stockings, and shoes, closely allied in shape and size to those of the males. Each female had a white pocket-handkerchief hung over the left arm, waiter-wise, of snowy whiteness, but as stiff as buckram.

As we entered, the hymn, psalm, or symphony, was concluded, and being ushered to seats (ladies on one side, gentlemen on the other), in the dress circle, by a stout party in the same, “get up” as the others, there we sat for upwards of ten minutes, in total silence, save now-and-then a slight giggle among the audience, or a loud nasal performance by some one afflicted with a cold in the joint assembly. *They were all*