

boys, give the old girl a good send off," and then every instrument opened its throat, and the dust fairly rose from the road. The noise was deafening. The gunners kept up an incessant fire, the cow-bells clanged, the bugles blew, the couchs roared, the saws rang, the small boys cheered and the dogs yelped. Such a medley of sounds, such a confusion of noises, such a jangle of tongues! Orwell never heard its like before, and probably never will again. The dance suddenly stopped and the inmates rushed to the doors and windows to see what had happened. Horses on the adjoining farms broke their picket ropes, and went galloping through the fields; cows jumped over fences into fields of grain, but this was not discovered till next morning as all their bells were in use at the charivari; dogs howled; chickens left their roosts; people crawled out of their beds and rushed to their doors in their night garments; babies sprang from their cradles. Some thought that the Fenians had arrived, and that the battle of Armageddon was on. One old man gave it as his belief that the end of the world had come. But the charivari went on. Then there would be a rest, followed by another attack—the last one appearing to outdo all the previous efforts. Then a march was made to within two hundred yards of the house and then a halt. The bad brother-in-law appeared at the door with a gun in his hand, but when he saw the strength of the invaders, he deemed it prudent to retire. After a time he sneaked away, got in among the charivariers, and became the noisiest rascal in the whole lot. His object was to ascertain who the boys were, but they were on to the trick, so he never found out. They were so completely disguised that detection was impossible. Then came the final rally, and, as the boys say, it was a "bird." At its height I roared in my companion's ear "what do you think of it?" As he was a fellow who was very fond of using big words he simply replied "gorgeous." Then I repeated the same question in