# EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—[ RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment o.

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***ADVERTISEMENTS***

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From the New York Evening Express.

## JONATHAN SLICK'S FIRST VISIT TO THE PARK THEATRE.

**Johnathan's first impression of the Poetry of Motion, as written on the air, in the aerial *fetes* of Mademoiselle Celeste. Jonathan's first shock at the exhibition of a ballet costume, accompanied by the 'twinkles' of Celeste's feet,—with her pigeon wings, double-shuffles, gallopades and *pirouettes*.**

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To Mr. ZEPHANIAH SLICK, Esq. Justice of the Peace and Deacon of the Church over in Weathersfield, State of Connecticut.

Dear Par—I've been trying to git time to write you a letter this ever so long, but somehow I've had so many parties to go to, besides sleigh rides, balls; and so on, that I haint known which eend my head is on more than half the time. Besides all that, I've felt kinder loth to write to you, for I aint jist sarun that you and marm wont be in a pucker about what I've been doing since I writ to you before. But I've got my pluck a stirring jist now: so I'm determined to up and tell you all right out, jist as it is,—for arter all, a feller must be a consarned coward that'il do a thing, right or wrong, and then back out from owning on it.

Wal, t'other night Mr. Beebe he cum up to my office about sundown, and sez he, 'Cousin Slick, supposing we go to the Park Theatre to night, and see Madam Celeste dance.' My heart ris right up into my throat as he said this, for the very idee of going to the Theatre set me all over in a twitter. Ever since I come down here to York, I've had an eternal hangering to go and see some of their plays: but I tried all I could to pacify myself, and thought over more than forty times all the preachings you used to make agin them—how you used to say they were filled with sinful devices and picters of the devil's own painting, and that they want nothing more nor less than scraps of the infarnal regions sot up here on arth to delude away poor mortals.—I wanted to go awfully, but instead of giving in to cousin John when he fust come, I jist sot too and let off one of your preachments to him; but he did'nt seem to mind it, but sez he, 'Cousin, would you think it right if a feller was to come out like all blazes again one of your letters in the Express, if he hadn't read 'em."

'I should like to ketch a feller at it—I should,' sez I. 'Wal,' sez he 'do you think it fair to run out again the Theatres till you've seen something on 'em?' 'Wal,' sez I, 'I don't know as it is, but aint my par an old man as well as deacon of the church, and had'nt he ought to know. What's the use of a man's experience if his children won't profit by it so long as he can't turn about and live his life over agin?'

'That's true' sez cousin John 'but are you sartin that your father was ever at a play in his life?' 'What, my par at the Theatre?' sez I a holding up both hands, 'Mr. Zepheniah Slick, Esquire, Justice of the Peace and deacon of the church, at the Theatre! Look a here cousin John, why don't you ask if he ever plays all fours, or 'I had as many wives as the stars in the skies,'—he'd be about as likely to do one as t'other.'

'Wal,' sez John, sort of parsevering 'how can he judge about them sort of things without he's seen 'em?

'Come come, jist put on your fix and let's go down.' So with that he come his soft sodder so strong that I could'nt hold out no longer, so I jist give up, and we started off; but my heart felt sort of queer all the way, for I could'nt keep from thinking how you and marm would feel when you found out where I'd been. I don't think there's any thing very scrumptious about the outside of the Theatre any how. Think, sez I, as I looked up to it, if this raly a temple of Old Nick, he haint put himself out much to finefy it off. A good many of the meeting houses here in York go ahead of this all to nothing. It looks more like a town hall or a tavern than any thing else that I can think on.

When we got into the entry way, Cousin Beebe he took out a dollar bill, and went up to a little hole, cut out in the wall, and stuck in his hand and sez he, 'a ticket.'

Thinks, sez I, wal if this don't beat all! They raly do mean to carry all kinds of deveitry; who'd a thought of finding one of these darnation lottery offices here.

'You wont want a ticket,' sez cousin John.

'No!' sez I, 'I guess I don't: if there's any thing on arth that makes my blood bile its gambling. I was a going on to give him a piece of my mind, but jist then he pushed a door open, all civered over with green flannel, and give his paper to a tall man that stood a looking as solemn as an owl in a storm; and, sez he a pointing to me, this gentleman belongs to the Express Office. The feller looked at me as sharp as a needle, and he begun to fumble over a paper, as if he did'nt know exactly what he wanted; but at last he held out his hand, and said it was custom for the press to leave cards at the door. I never was so stuck up in my whole born days. Think, sez I. Wal, if this don't beat all natur; they think because a feller is green enough to go the Theatre that he must play cards, and every thing else that's bad. I shouldn't wonder, sez I to myself, if he wants me to begin to cuss and swear next. I looked him right in his eyes & put my hands down in my pockets allfired hard and, sez I.'

'Look a here, you sir, I ain't no gambler—none of your foreign chaps, that git their living by playing cards. You must be soft in the upper story if you don't see that the first giffy. You don't see no hair on my upper lip! I don't carry a cane with a bayonet in it, nor wear checked trowsers, so you needn't ask ME to give you any cards. I hain't touched one of the pesky things since marm broke the tin dipper over my head for singing out 'high, low, Jack and the game, by ganley,' one day, when I and another little shaver got hid away in the corn-house playing all fours.'

The feller opened his eyes a few when I said this but three or four fixefied young fellers, with white gloves on and little canes in their hand, come to the door, and stood a grinning at me like so many hungry monkeys. Cousin John spoke sort of low, and sez he—

'It is your name the man wants. If your hav'n't any cards write it out on a piece of paper.

With that the man handed over a piece of paper, and cousin Bebee give me his gold pencil.

Think sez I, 'If they will have my name, I'll give em a smasher,'—so I flourished the "J" off with an allfired long tail, and curlecued the "S" until it looked like a black snake in the sun. I rather seem to think the feller stared a few when he saw the name. The grinning chaps cum and looked at it, but made themselves scarce in less than no time arter they had made it out, and the tall chap, he bowed close down to the floor, and sez he—

'Walk in, Mr Sick. Mr. Simpson put your name on the free list ever so long ago.'

I was going to ask him to tell Mr Simpson that I was very much obligated though I hadn't the leest idea what he meant by his free list, but that minute there was such a smashing of fiddles and drums & toot-horns inside that I cenamost jumped out of my skin. It seemed as if a dozen training bands had all been set agoing at once. Cousin John he took hold of my arm and hauled me along through a little door into a great big room built off more like a meeting house than anything else—and yet it wasn't like that neither. It was shaped kinder like a horse shoe, the floor was chuck full of benches, covered over with red cushions, and there was four galleries all pillared off and painted, and sot off with gold and great blazing glass things that made every thing look as bright as day. In the second gallery there were five or six places all boarded off from the rest, with lots of gold pictures all round them, and hung over with silk curtains, till they looked more like the berths on board a steamboat than any thing I could think on. These places were chuck full of allfired handsome gals and spruce looking fellers, that were dressed off to kill, and talked and laughed as chipper as could be. The ruff was an eternal way up from the floor; it rounded up, & was crinkle crankled off with gold and picters till it looked like the west jist afore sundown, when the red and yaller and purple lie in heaps and ridges all over the sky. Think sez I, if that's what par means by a device of the devil Old Nick is no slouch at putting the shine on the ruff of his house, anyhow. We sot down on one of the red benches in the lowest gallery, and I got a leetle over the twitter that I was in at fust, and jist made up my mind to look about amongst the folks to see what was going on. It warnt a mite of wonder that the musicianers made me jump so when I was in the entry way, for clear on t'other eend of the room was a long pen chuck full and running over with fiddlers, base drums, and great brass horns, all pulling and blowing and thumping away like all natur; but did'nt they send out the music! —never on arth did I hear any thing like it! It made me choke and sigh and ketch my breath like a dying hen; and all I could do, my feet would keep going over the slips, and my yaller gloves seemed as if they never would git still again, they kept so busy a beating time on the leg of my new trowsers. Jist over the pen where the fiddlers sot, hung a great picture as big as the side of the house. I thought of what you said about Theatres being filled with pictures of the devils own painting; but I couldn't make up my mind that that was one on 'em for it was so green and cold, and a pale man pictured out on a heap of stuff in the middle on it, looked as shivery as if he'd had a fit of the fever and ague—besides, there was water painted out, and every body knows that Old Scratch ain't te-total enough to paint a picter chuck full of clouds and water and sich like, without one spark of fire to make him feel to hum in his own premises.

By-am-by sich sights of people, all dressed off as if they were a going to a general training ball, kept a pouring in through all the leetle doors in the galleries till the seats were all chuck full; such a glistening of handsome eyes, and feathers, and flowers I never did see. A purty leetle gal cum and sot close down by me, and now and then I took a slanting squint at her: and by the hokey! she was a slick lettle critter, with the consarndest soft eyes I ever looked into. I wonder what on arth is the reason that I can't sit down by a handsome gal but my heart will begin to flounder about like a fish just arter he's hooked. Think, sez I, if there's any dancing a going on to night, darn me if I don't shine up to that gal for a partner. But, where on arth the folks were going to find a place to dance in I could'nt make out, for there warnt room enough to hang up a flax-seed edgeways. I was jist agoing to ask cousin John about it, when the fiddles pulled up a minit, and all to once that great picture give a twicth, and up it went like a streak of chalk, into the ruff, or the Lord knows where I jumped right on eend, I was so struck up with what I see. Clear back where the curtain had been was a purty leetle garden as natural as one of our onion patches. It was chuck full of trees, and flowers, and a snug leetle house stood on one side; clear back, jist under the edge of the sky, lay the soft water, looking as blue and still as could be.—What to make on it I could'nt tell: it warnt like a picter, and yet I could'nt think how on arth there could be room enough to have sich a place near the Theatre. While I sot there a bending for'ard with one of my yaller gloves pressed down on each knee, and a staring like a stuck pig with my mouth a leetle open, a lot of folks dressed off in short jackets and trousers cutt off at the knees, come a dancing out of the house and begun to talk all at once, and chatter and laugh together as chipper as a flock of birds. They seemed as happy as clams in high water; and the fellers skipped and hung round the gals like good fellers. But the gals were dressed out too bad. I'll be darned if some on 'em did'nt make me feel streaked, their frocks were so short. They did'nt seem to make no bones of showing their legs half way to their knees. I swanny if I was'nt ashamed to look at the purty gal that sot by me. Think, sez I, if she don't blush and feel all oversh I'm mistaken After while I give her a kind of a slanting'icular squint, but she sot as still as a kitten, and looking as if butter would'nt melt in her mouth, but was a starjug st aight at the garden, without seeming to mind the gals' legs a bit more than if they'd a been so many broom sticks. It warnt a great while afore I did'nt seem to mind it much either, for a leetle old comical looking chap come out in front of the garden and begun, to chattar and fart and fling his arms about every which way, and to tell about some young gal, that was a going to be married, Madelaine he called her. Wal, while he was a talking, a feller all in red regimentals, come round the house, as big as my pussy cousin, with a set of letters in his hand and blowing a tin toot-horn, as if he wanted us all to come to dinner.—He turned out to be a sort of a post rider, with letters; he give one to the funny old chap that owned the house, but it only had another letter in it, and that was for the gal that was a going to be married. I begun to feel awful curious to see that gal, arter hearing them talk about her so much; but the post office feller cut up his shines, and ordered the folks about as obstroperous as may pussy cousin: a prime chap he was—and I took a sort of a notion to him, he acted out so slick. By-am-by in come the purtyest looking critter that ever I did see; she walked and sidled through the garden like a bird among the green trees, and her voice sounded so funny when she spoke; she kinder let her words off, and lisped 'em out so sweet, that every word sounded chuck full of honey. I swan it made my heart rise up right in my mouth, every time she spoke. She had turnal handsome eyes, as bright as the biggest star in the gill dipper, and I could almost tell what she was a saying by the cut of her face; I never did see a critter look so happy. She had the cunningest leetle white hat that I ever did see, stuck on one side of her head, with blue ribands a streaming from it over her sholders; on t'other side her long shiny curls hung down on to her shoulders, and a handsome white rose was stuck in them back of her ear; but it didn't seem whiter than her forehead and neck for they were as white as the froth on pail of new milk afore it is strained. She had on a blue silk frock, at the bottom cut off a leetle too short for my notion, and her cunning leetle feet raly cut about in the new shoes a leetle *too* spry; I never did see any thing so subtle as she was in my life. The minit she came into the garden all the folks in the galleries and on the seats below begun to stomp and yell and holler, till I begun to be afeared that I made a mistake and got into Tammany Hall again. She began to curchy again all the while, a looking so sweet and smealy mouthed that I wanted to eat her up hull, I swan I did. Arter awhile they begun to git tired of making sich etarnal coots of themselves, and she begun to go round among the folks in the garden and give them presents, because she was a going to git married in the morning to a rich gentleman that lived close by. There was one nice leetle gal that seemed to take an awful shine to her, and the way they talked and chatted together was enough to make a feller feel happy for a hull week. The comical leetle feller that she lived with, looked as if he'd eat her up, bonnet and all, he was so tickled when she called him her dear pa, and gave him a beautiful silver pitcher to remember her by. By-am by the two gals went away among the bushes to talk over things, as young gals always will jest before they git married; but all at once the comical old chap called out "Madelaine!" and gave her the letter that the post rider had brought for her. I never see a critter so seared, and yet so overjoyed as she seemed to be when she took the letter. Arter she'd gone into the house, he begun to tell the folks all about her—how she was a poor leetle French gal that he'd undertoo to bring up and keep out of harm, when in every body her country was afeared of their lives—and how she'd got a brother yet in France, whose life wouldn't be worth fourpence-half-penny if he should once set foot over in England, for they made believe that all this garden and things was a going on in England.

Wal, arter they'd all gone in, out come Madeline again with the letter in her hand. I swanny but I could'nt help but feel for the poor critter. She looked as if she'd been a crying her eyes out, but she kept a kissing the letter and reading it sort of loud and a crying all the time, so that I've found out it come from her brother, and that he was coming to take her away with him in the morning; and it seemed to make her feel bad because he did'nt know that she was a going to be married then. When she'd read the letter through, she went into the house again, looking as peaked and wamblecropped as a sick lamb. All to once a greet picter fell down smash dab right over the garden, that made me jump up. I was so scared. A great tall woman, all dressed out in red, stood in the middle on it, looking as savage as a meat axe, and more than a dozen folks, boys and women and men, all in some kind of fire red cloths, were pictured on it as large as life, and a good deal larger. By the living hoking! think, sez I, there aint no mistake about that picter. If Old Scratch had'nt hand in that, somebody has stole a good heap of his fire and brimstone.—The folks on it looked so big and savage, and yet so nat'ral, that I could'nt seem to think that it was'nt nothing but a picter at first, but by am by I got used to looking at it, and it did'nt make me feel so alloverish.

It warnt long afore the picter was rolled up again, and as true as you live the garden was all gone, and there sot the purty leetle Madeline in a room with a chest open by her filled with woman's clothing, and there was a rale handsome young feller a standing by her that she seemed so fond of, and that she called her brother. While they were a talking together and afore she had time to tell him she was a going to be married, there was an allfired noise outside of the door, and you never see a cat jump up spryer than she did. She turned as white as a sheet and wrung her leetle hands and seemed more than half crazy, for she said the officers had cum arter her brother to hang him for a spy. She hugged him one minit, and then she'd wring her hands, and look round so anxious for some place to hide him in; at last she run to the chest, pulled all the clothes out on it, and made him git in there,—she put them all in again, and kivered it over with a great red shawl. She had'nt but jist sot down and took up her sewing work, when a great etarnal coot of a feller, that made my blood bile every time I looked at him, cum in the room along with another feller, and begun to sarch arter the poor young chap that she'd hid away. We could see that the poor gal was cenamost scared out of her senses, for she turned as white as a ghost—but she cocked one foot over tother, and went on a sewing as fast as could be.—It was raly enough to make one cry to see how scared she was, and yet how she contrived to fling dirt in them feller's eyes. The great tall ragged loon of a feller begun to grumble and cuss to himself, while tother chap sarched round the room. I swan it made me wrathy to hear the varmint how he run out agin the poor gal. She'd gin him the sack once, and he was determined to spit out his wrath on her for it. I never did see such wicked eyes as hizen were in my life, nor sich a ragged drunken looking shack; it made my grit rise every time he looked towards that sweet gal.

The officer couldn't find nobody, and wanted to go hum, but the tall shack went up to the chest, and begun to poke about among the clothes, and asked what she'd got there. She looked as if she would go off the handle at that but she didn't give up. Arter a minit she jumped up and took up a gown and showed it to the officer, and then she took up a shawl and told him it was her wedding shawl, and she begun to run on and smile, and talk so coaxingly, and spread out the shawl all the time, till the young feller in the chest crept out and got into another room, while she held the shawl afore him. I couldn't hardly ketch my breath, I was so afeared that they would see the poor feller; for when they'd sarched the chest the ragged coot wanted to go into the bedroom too, but she stood out, and wouldn't let them go a step, so they had to go off grumbling, and censarnedly wamblecropped, for a reward had been offered for the purty French gal's brother, and the etarnal scamp meant to git his revenge on her and money to boot.

I was looking steady into the room when all to conceit slid away and there was the garden again and the outside of the house, and it was dark as midnight among the bushes. I could'nt but jist catch my breath I was so amased, for it seemed like witchwork. By-am-by out came the ragged scamp and stood jist under the poor French girl's winder to see what was a going on, and while he was there the good-hearted chap that she was a going to be married to, came along to look at her winder, as fellers will when they are over head and ears in love. Jist afore they cum in, the post rider in his red regimentals cum a staggerin along as drunk as a coot, with his hat knocked over his eyes and his toot-horn all bent and bruised up. The way he talked and gabbled and cut corners was fun to see; but at last he fell down and went to kicking up his heels and counting the stars as happy as a mouse in a corn bin. The ragged chap and the squire did'nt seem to mind him much, for jist then the French gal cum to the winder and the young feller that she'd been a hiding away jumped out and put his cloak on and hugged him as if her heart was cenamost ready to bust.—When she see her brother clear off she went back to bed, but the squire and the ragged scamp had seen her, & sich a row as it kicked up never was heard on afore.

In a little while there was sich a hubub in the garden, all the woman that she'd gin presents to got together and begun to run again her saying that they always thought she was no better than she should be. The squire said he wouldn't marry her and the tarnal old man turned her out of doors.

I thought I should a boo-hooed right out, when I see her come out of the door with a bundle in her hand, a crying as if she had'nt a friend on arth. One genuine kind hearted young gal cum out and bid her good by, and seemed sorry enough, but all the rest of the women begun to spit out their spite at the poor forlorn critter. She was a going away so slow and sorrowful, when the squire cum up & offered her some money, for he seemed to feel sorry for her, though he thought she'd been a cheating him. She looked at him so still, and yet so proud, as if her heart was brim full of grief, but she would'n't take his money. At last he told her that the man she'd had was took prisoner. Oh! how she did take on then. She wrung her hands, and sobbed, and cried enough to make one feel wamblecropped to see her, and she said now that her character was gone and her brother taken that she wanted to die.

The squire felt dreadfully when he found out that the man was her brother. So he made up with her, and she got on to a horse and rode off full chisel to get her brother's pardon. She got the pardon, and was a cuming hum with it throughout a piece of woods, when the ragged scamp shot her horse and cenamost scared her to death, but at last she snatched one of his pistols and shot the coot dead in the woods. It was as much as I could do to keep from jumping up and going to help her, when I saw the rascal a dragging her about; and when she shot him, I jumped up and hollored hurra right out.

By-and-by she got back with the pardon for her brother, and there was such crying and kissing and shaking hands as you never heard on. I bellowed right out a crying, I was so allfired glad to see the poor gal hopping once more. I could'nt make myself think it was all make believe any way I could, for it seemed so natral.

Wal, when the picture was let down again, the folks all begun to stomp and holler again like a pack of crazy critters, but I kept a crying; all I could do it seemed as if I never could choke in again. The purty blue eyed critter that sot by me, she cried too, like all natur, and I felt as if she and I felt different to any of the rest on em.

'Wall,' sez cousin Beebe, arter he see that I'd begun to chirp up a leetle, how do you like Celeste?'

'I can tell better when I've seen her,' sez I, 'but she must be something above the common chop if she beats that little french gal, by gracious, but she is a smart critter, aint she.'

Cousin John larfed, and sez he, 'why that was Celeste herself.' 'You don't say so?' sez I, 'I'm cenamost sartin they called her Medeline when she cum into the garden.'

'Yes,' sez John, 'but that's only her stage name. In Saint Mary's Eve she's called Madeline, and in the next piece she'l have some other name.'

'I sniggers, 'sez I, 'I had'nt the least idea that these french women were such modest mealy mouthed critters. I'm a coot, if I aint cenamost in love with her already. She's so sweet and tasteful, I don't believe you'l ketch her a wearing her peticoats so short as some of them gals did.'

Cousin John larfed a little easy, and sez he, 'there she's a going to dance.'

That minute a bell tinkled the pictur rolled up agin and the fidlers begun to put on elbow grease till the music came out slick enough. Instead of the garden there was a great long ball room with rows of great shiney pillars running all through it. It was as light as day, for their seemed to be candles out of sight among the pillars besides a row of lamps that stood along the pen where the musicianers sot. I was staring with all the eyes I had in my head when the harnsomest critter I ever sot eyes on, cum flying into the middle of the room, and there she stood on one foot with her arms held out and her face turned towards us, looking as bold, and a smiling so soft as if she'd never done anything else all her life. I was so scared when she first sprung in, that I raly did'nt know which eend my head was on. The darned critter was more than half naked,—she was by golley! To save my life I could'nt look at her right straight with that blue ey'd gal a sitting close by me. At first I was so struck up that I could'nt see nothing but an allfired harnsome face a smiling from under a wreath of flowers, and naked legs and arms and bosom flying round like a live wind mill. I thought I should go off the handle at first,—I felt a sort of dizzy, and as if I was blushing all over. I dont think that I ever was in such an eternal twitter in my hall life. I partly got up to go out and then I sot down agin as sneaked as lean pork and covered my face with my yellar gloves, but somehow I could'nt hold my hands still all I could do the fingers would get apart so that I could'nt help but looking through them at the plaguey, darned harnsome, undecent critter, as she jumped and whirled and stretched her naked arms out toward us, and stood a smiling and coaxing and looking to the fellers. It was enough to make a feller cuss his mother because she was a woman; but I'll be darned if there was ever a fellow on arth that could help looking at the critter. I've seen a bird charmed by a black snake, but it was nothing to this,—not a p.inting. One minute she'd kinder flutter round the room softly and still like a bird that's jist a begining to fly, the she'd stand on foot and twinkle t'other out and to agunst the ankle so swift but could jist see it. Then she'd hop forward and twist her arms up on her bosom and stick one leg out behind her and stand on one toe for ever so long till we had had a fair sight on her that way. Then she'd take another hop and pint her right toe forward and lift it higher and higher still till by-am-by round she'd go like a top with her leg stuck out straight and whirling round and round like the spoke of a broken waggon with a foot to it. It raly did beat all that ever I did see. When she stood up straight her white frock was all sprigged of with silver and it looked like a cloud of snow, but it dident reach half way to her knees and stuck out dreadfully behind where her hump was. I had'nt dared to uncover my face yit, and was sort of itching all over in a dreadful pucker, wondering what on arth she meant to do next, when she gave a whirl kissed her hand and hopped away as spry as a cricket, jist as she come in. I swan if I did'nt think I never should breathe straight again, I raly would'nt a looked on that purty blue eyed gal's face for anything: but somehow I happened to squint that way for I kinder anxious to see how red a gal could blush, but there she sat a smiling and a looking as if she raly liked the fun. She was whispering to a young feller that sot tother side, and sez she.

"Aint it beautiful? oh I hope they'l call her back!"

"She will cum I dare say," sez the feller a larfing, and begining to stomp and clap his hands with the rest of them that were yelling and a hooting as if the devil had kicked em all on end. "She treats the Americans very much as a lover does his lady."

"How so?" sez the girl looking sort of puzzled." "Why she can't leave them without coming back again and again to take farewell" sez he, a larfin, "but she comes!"

True as a book there she did cum, and begun to leap and whirl and cut up her crancums all over agin, by little and little. I let my hands slide down from my face, and when she give her prime whirl and stuck out her toe the last time I sot a staring right straight at her so astonished. I could'nt set still, for as true as you live, the nice little French gal that was so sweet and modest and the bold beautiful critter with her foot out—her arms wavering around her head and her mouth jist open enough to show her teeth, was the same individual critter, and both on 'em were Madam Celeste.

I went hum But I'll be choked if them legs and arms and that fan with tuem flowers over it did'nt whirl round in my head all night, & they aint fairly out yet