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 of all."

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From the Boston Atlas.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES OF *POPULAR PERSONS & PLACES,*

BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

A SKETCHING PARTY.

Amongst the red letter days of my life and, thanks to generally good, if not robust health, a light heart, & a roving commission they have not been few—none are more delightful in the remembrance, than one or two which I spent in company with a party of Artists and Literary men, in the autumn of 1835.

In this year, that somewhat migratory body, the British Association, held its annual meeting in the city of Bristol, for the purpose of discussing grave questions pertaining to science, and much in the same way as the American *Savans* are amusing themselves at New Haven, whilst I write. It was at this Bristol meeting, I may by the way mention, that Doctor Lardner made his famous and foolish assertion, that the Atlantic could never be navigated by steam. Not very long afterwards, the accute philosopher was glad to avail himself of a steamship, in order to quit a land which he had made rather too hot to hold him!

Amongst the motley throng who congregated at the place and on the occasion I have mentioned, were famous men of all professions. As many, or more, went to see the great gathering, as to yield their quota to the amount of already acquired information in the various departments of science and philosophy; and, of course, there was a tolerably fair sprinkling of Artists. Fortunately for them, the locality of the place of meeting was extremely beautiful, and afforded plenty of employment for their pencils; and, on the occasion of a Sketching Party being "got up," for a trip up the celebrated river WYE, I received an *invite*, which I the more readily accepted as it was known that Mr. Woodsworth was touring in South Wales, and we were not without some hope of falling in with him.

We were a pleasant party, that day, as we stood on the deck of the steamboat which was to convey us to where, as Pope sings,

> "Pleased Vaga* echoes through her winding bounds"

And "while the steam is getting up," let me give a catalogue of my fellow pleasure seekers.

With an ample portfolio under one arm, and a walking-stick camp-seat in his hand, stood a gentleman, clad in sober black—his age might have been forty-five or thereabouts, and if a bald, broad forehead be any indication of a more than usual quantity of talent, assuredly the possessor of the said ample "head and front," was no ordinarily gifted man. There was an air of reserve, almost of *hauteur*, about him, and he was evidently gratified by being *looked up to* by the younger members of our party. This gentleman was a clergyman, an artist and a poet. His name. (I know not, should these sketches ever meet his eye, whether he will thank me for divulging it,) was JOHN EAGLES; but he is better known to the readers of BLACKWOOD as "THE SKETCHER," such being the designation he adopts in the articles he furnishes to MAGA.

The Reverend Mr. Eagle's sonnets, in the periodical I have just named, have been considered, by competent judges, to be scarcely, if at all, inferior to Wordsworth's; his paintings are fine transcripts from nature; and his prose writings exhibit a most refined and intimate acquaintance with art, and its rules, if rules it has. As a satirist, he wields a fierce and slashing pen. He possesses a rectory at Wynford, in Somersetshire, and passes a pleasant life, in dalliance with the muses. Such is or was our "Sketcher!"

Who is that somewhat eccentric looking personage, with a keen dark eye, and rather foreign appearance? He has *huddled* his cloths on, not dressed himself. His hair, which grows long behind, falls over the collar of his olive colored coat, and altogether his appearance is picturesque and eccentric. His portfolio lies on a cross seat near him, and in his hand he has a guitar, in its case. That is E. V. RIPPINGILLE, one of the best delineators of Italian groups which we possess. And a singular life has been his. Stung by unmerited neglect in the city which starved out a CHATTERTON, and which only afforded a grave to poor SAVAGE, who died within its prison he turned his face towards the sunny South—lived for months and years among brigands; explored, in their society, the rocky fastnesses of the Abruzzi; sketched, with a bold pencil, scenes *ala* SALVATOR, and brought us home the rich fruits of his adventurous and somewhat perilous trip.—He is an accomplished musician, and England boasts not of his superior on the guitar, so that he is no mean addition to our party Besides this, he, like SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, the present President of the Royal academy.

> "The pen & pencil wields with equal grace "

Mr. RIPPINGILLE's Italian Stories, illustrated by himself, must be familiar to the readers of *Bentley's Miscellany.* At present he conducts, with great ability, in London, a Magazine, devoted to the interests of the Fine Arts. In this country, he is not so much known, as yet—but in strolling through the streets of Boston, I have noticed, in more than one print shop, an engraving from his picture of "King John signing Magna Charta:" and I have now before me a lovely though lightly executed engraving, by Pease, of "Childhood"—it appears in the Boston "*Friendship's Offering*" for 1842. I have often seen the original picture, which is the portrait of a son of Sir Charles Abraham Elton, well known as one of the most elegant of Greek scholars.

More music! Yonder pale, but dapper looking gentleman, whose somewhat slight form is enveloped in a blue frock coat, *frogged* from throat to waist, & who sports moustachious and a tip, is EULENSTEIN, the celebrated performer on the Jew's-harp! A strange and apparently insignificant instrument, and disagreeable enough, at least to me, in most hands, or rather mouths—but let our little German friend, there, take it between his lips, and you would fancy that Titania's band had arrived fresh from Fairy-land,

> 'So soft so sweet, so delicately clear"

are the tones produced by his fingers' ends. That little box in his hand contains his assortment of harps; for when he gives a concert he uses instruments of different sizes and tones, and these he takes up or lays down with astonishing celerity—never once causing interruption or jar in the melody. The ear of royalty itself has listened to and applauded his music.

But who is that lively little gentleman, who every body is shaking hands with, and who shakes hands with every body in return? He is here, there and everywhere; chattering away delightfully, it would seem and dispensing smiles and arch looks in profusion. How his black eyes twinkle, and what fun is there in his face! He seems brimful, and running over with good humor, and looks as if care never had or could touch him. And then, listen to that pleasant Milesian brogue! Reader perhaps you have never heard an *educated* Irish man talk. Well if so, you have lost a treat; for nothing in the world is more delightful excepting only the soft, mellifluous, tripping-over-the-tongue tattle of a pretty and well informed daughter of the Emerald isle. That natty, dear '*duck*' of a man, as the ladys might say, *is* an universal favorite every where. He is at once poet, painter, musician and novelist. He writes songs, sets them to music, illustrates them with his pencil, and then sings them as no one else can. Hurrah! we have RORY O'MORE amongst us. SAM LOVER, I beg to introduce you to the American public. Mr. Public—the author of the tale of the "Gridiron"—and, I can assure you, one of the most accomplished & realy elegant men whom you will ever have the good fortune to know.

See he has fixed himself for a time, and is chattering away with a brother bard, whose appearance is as opposite to his own as can possibly be imagined. His companion, for the time being, is a man, over whom more than sixty winters have passed, leaving their snows upon his head.—He is tall, & stoutly made—beneath a rusty, clerical-looking hat is a large, placid looking face whose complexion is somewhat florid and whose surface is strongly indented with decided lines. There is a serene thoughtfulness in his large grey eyes, and a benevolent smile characterizes his mouth. Round his full, collarless neck is a white cravat, somewhat dingy, and tied *not* as Brummell would have fastened it. His stalwart and still robust frame is encassed in a long black frock, or great coat, whose skirts reach below the knee—a dark westcoat—peper-and-salt colored "continuations," and a pair of clumsey top-boots, complete his costume—and his ungloved hand graps a stout walking stick. Taken altogether, he resembles a yeoman, well to do in the world, and never would be in the least suspected, by those who knew him not, of being a poet!

But he is—and not only a poet himself, but the world ought to be grateful to him in that he has been the occasion of poetry in one far greater than himself—for we are told that COLERIDGE was first induced to build for himself the lofty rhyme, in consequence of his perusal of Bowles' Sonnets; which sonnets the bard of CHRISTOBEL says he copied with his own pen, more than forty times. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES was the name of the unpoetic looking individual I have attempted to describe.—He is a clergyman, and resides at the parsonage of Brewhill, in Wiltshire, not far from Moore's Cottage. Of him more anon.

Let me see—who else were there? Oh! I remember amongst others was a young man of low stature, and rather heavy features of the German cast. His age was then somewhere about two and twenty, and he was then considered to be a rising artist. This was William Muller, whose "Letters from Zanthus" are now publishing in the London Art Union, and whose picture of a "DANCE AT ZANTHUS" was the *crack* picture in the recent Royal Academy Exhibition. This young man was the son of Mr. Muller, a distinguished scholar; and should these random records fall under the notice of any Naturalist, he will remember, with interest, that gentleman as the author of the best work on the CRINOIDEA.

Poor THEODORE VON HOLST, too, the son of the well-known composer for the piano-forte, was one of us. He was an artist of singular and truly original genius, and worked hard in what may be better understood by calling it the FUSELI school. He, like his productions, was wild and striking in his appearance—and a profusion of long hair, immense mostachios, and somewhat grotesque dress, made him appear affected, which in reality he was not. There he sat, puffing away at a meerschaum in gloomy glory. Not long afterwards, he exhibited his great picture of the Death of Lady Macbeth; and so successful was it, that he was overwhelmed with praises, &, better far, with commissions. His two last pictures. "Bettina," and "Medora," were quite the rage when they appeared; but the artist did not live long to enjoy his honors. The last time I saw him, he was working away, although wretchedly ill: and, in a week after I had been with him in his studio, he had laid down his pallet and pencils for ever. He died of consumption, brought on by excessive devotion to his art!

[To be continued.]

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*The river Wye.

COUNTRY LIFE IN ENGLAND

A FARMER'S WIFE.

BY HENRY COLMAN, ESQ.

I must claim the indulgence of my readers, if I give them an account of a visit in the country so instructive, so bright, so cheerful, that nothing but the absolute breaking up of the mind can ever obliterate its record, or dispel that bright vision from my imagination. I know my fair readers—for with some such I am assured my humble Reports are kindly honored—will feel an interest in it; and if I have any unfair readers, I beg them at once to turn over the page. But mind, I shall utter no name, and point to no place; and if I did not know that the example was not altogether singular, and therefore would not be detected, I should not relate it. I know very well, as soon as I return to my native land, if Heaven has that happiness yet in store for me, a dozen of my charming friends—God bless them!—with their bright eyes, and their gentle entreaties, will be pressing me for a disclosure; but I tell them before hand, I am panoplied in a stern philosophy, and shall remain immoveable.

I had no sooner, then, entered the house, where my visit had been expected, than I was met with an unaffected cordiality which at once made me at home. In the midst of gilded halls and hosts of liveried servants, of dazzling lamps, and glittering mirrors, redoubling the highest triumphs of art and taste; in the midst of books, and statues, and pictures, and all the elegancies and refinements of luxury; in the midst of titles, and dignities, and ranks, allied to regal grandeur—there was one object which transcended and eclipsed them all, and showed how much the nobility of character surpassed the nobility of rank, the beauty of refined and simple manners all the adornments of art, and the scintillations of the soul, beaming from the eyes, the purest gems that ever glittered in a princely diadem. In person, in education and improvement, in quickness of perception, in facility and elegance of expression, in accomplishments and taste, in a frankness and gentleness of manners tempered by a modesty which courted confidence and inspired respect, and in a high moral tone and sentiment, which, like a bright halo, seemed to encircle the whole person—I confess the fictions of poetry became substantial, and the *beau ideal* of my youthful imagination was realized.

But who was the person I have described? A mere statue, to adorn a gallery of sculpture? a bird of paradise, to be kept in a glass case? a mere doll, with painted cheeks, to be dressed and undressed with childish fondness? a mere human toy, to languish over a romance, or to figure in a quadrille? Far otherwise; she was a woman in all the noble attributes which should dignify that name; a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, a farmer, a gardener, a dairy-woman, a benefactor to the poor, a Christian woman, "full of good works, and alms-deeds which she did."

In the morning, I first met her at prayers; for, to the honor of England, there is scarcely a family, among the hundreds whose hospitality I have shared, where the duties of the day are not preceded by the services of family worship; and the master and the servant, the parent and the child, the teacher and the taught, the friend and the stranger, come together to recognise and to strengthen the sense of their common equality in the presence of their common Father, and to acknowledge their equal dependence upon His care and mercy. She was then kind enough to tell me, after her morning arrangements, she claimed me for the day. She first showed me her children, whom, like the Roman mother, she deemed her brightest jewels, and arranged their studies and occupations for the day. She then took me two or three miles on foot to visit a sick neighbor; and, while performing this act of kindness, left me to visit some of the cottages upon the estate, whose inmates I found loud in the praises of her kindness and benefactions. Our next excursion was to see some of the finest, and largest, and most aged trees in the park, the size of which was truly magnificent; and I sympathized in the veneration which she expressed for them, which was like that with which one recalls the illustrious memory of a remote progenitor. Our next visit was to the greenhouses and the gardens; and she explained to me the mode adopted there of managing the most delicate plants, and of cultivating, in the most economical and successful manner, the fruits of a warmer region. From the garden we proceeded to the cultivated fields; and she informed me of the system of husbandry pursued on the estate, the rotation of crops, the management and application of manures, the amount of seed sown, the ordinary yield, and the appropriation of the produce, with a perspicuous detail of the expenses and results. She then undertook to show me the yards and the offices, the byres, the feeding stalls, the plans for saving, and increasing, and managing the manure, the cattle for feeding, for breeding, for raising, the milking stock, the piggery, the poultry yard, the stables, the harness rooms, &c. the dairy. She explained to me the process of making the different kinds of cheese, and the general management of the milk, and the mode of feeding the stock; and then, conducting me into the bailiff's house, she exhibited to me the Farm Journal, and the whole systematic mode of keeping the accounts and making the returns, with which she seemed as familiar as if they were the accounts of her own wardrobe. This did not finish our grand tour; for on my return, she admitted me into her boudoir and showed me the secret of her own admirable housewifery, in the exact accounts which she kept of every thing connected with the dairy and the market, the table, the drawing room, and the servants' hall. All this was done with a simplicity and a frankness which showed an absence of all consciousness of any extraordinary merit in her own department, and which evidently sprang solely from a kind desire to gratify a curiosity on my part, which, I hope, under such circumstances, was not unreasonable. A short hour after this brought us into another relation; for the dinner bell summoned us, and this same lady was found presiding over a brilliant circle of the highest rank and fashion, with an ease, elegance, wit, intelligence, and good humor; with a kind attention to every one's wants, and an unaffected concern for every one's comfort, which would lead one to suppose that this was her only and her peculiar sphere.—Now I will not say how many mud-puddles we had waded through and how many dung heaps we had crossed, and what places we explored, and how every farming topic was discussed; but I will say; that she pursued her object without any of that fastidiousness and affected delicacy which pass with some persons for refinement, but which in many cases indicate a weak if not a corrupt mind. The mind which is occupied with concerns and subjects which are worthy of it, thinks very little of accessories which are of no importance. I will say, to the credit of English women—I speak, of course, of the upper classes—that it seems impossible that there should exist a more delicate sense of propriety than is found universally among them; and yet you will perceive at once that their good sense teaches them that true delicacy is much more an element of the mind in the person who speaks or observes, than an attribute of the subject which is spoken of or observed. A friend told me that Canova assured him that, in modelling the wonderful statue of the Three Graces from real life, he was never at any time conscious of an improper emotion or thought; and if any man can look at this splendid production, this affecting embodyment of a genius almost creative and divine, with any other emotion than that of the most profound and respectful admiration, he may well tremble for the utter corruption, within him, of that moral nature which God designed should elevate him above the brute creation.

Now, I do not say that the lady to whom I have referred was herself the manager of the farm; that rests entirely with her husband; but I have intended simply to show how grateful and gratifying to him must have been the lively interest and sympathy which she took in concerns which necessarily so much engaged his time and attention; and how the country could be divested of that dullness and *ennui* so often complained of as inseparable from it, when a cordial and practical interest is taken in the concerns which necessarily belong to rural life. I meant also to show—as this and many other examples which have come under my observation emphatically do show—that an interest in and a familiarity with even the most humble occupations of agricultural life, are not inconsistent with the highest refinements of taste, the most improved cultivation of the mind, the practice of the polite accomplishments, and a grace, and elegance, and dignity of manners, unsurpassed in the highest circles of society.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Farmers' Club of New York, on Tuesday the following matters were considered:

Among the subjects of conversation was the Preservation of Peach trees, as by tying a small bundle of tobacco about the trunk a little above the ground, the drippings from which destroy the worms at the roots or train oil poured round the trunk, or anthracite coal ashes placed there. Tansy was recommended to be planted around the trees as a preventive against worms. Col. Travers, of New Jersey, was of the opinion that the ordinary direction for killing the grubs about the trees are unavailing. Digging and manuring are the only appliances that he has found successful.—We came to the conclusion that no very positive remedy is known. Personal vigilance and a constant examination of the trees appear to be the best reliance.

Mr. Knight, of Washington city, made some interesting remarks in relation to a recent tour through the Southern States.—the settlers from Dutchess county who went to Fairfax county, Va., are said to be doing exceedingly well with their farms and are making money, two dollars for one formerly made in this State. A novel mode of preparing manure was also described. By its application, the produce of corn was trebled.

Hemp is now rotted by the aid of steam in Kentucky. Five minutes application of steam makes the stem ready for the brake. The fibre is thought to be better and more beautiful than when water rotted. Specimens of linen equal to the Irish were shown by Mr. Knight.

In Mississippi and Alabama general agriculture was attracting much attention.

The hour of conversation having elapsed, the regular question came up, the "Preservation of Animal Food." A new process was described by Col. Clarke: It is to place meat in stout iron vessels and exhaust them of air. Then the mixture or pickle necessary to preserve it is admitted into the vessel and completely fills up all the pores and openings of the meat. It is said the plan has been adopted extensively for the South American market.

The directions for curing meats contained in the Emigrant's Guide, a comprehensive work by Mr. Marshall, were read, and other references were repeatedly made to it as a standard work.

The Newbold and Ridgeway hams of New Jersey, were spoken of as very celebrated. So also those of Mr. Pool.

Mr. Campbell related some interesting experiments he made in 1839, by forcing brine into hams under an immense hydraulic pressure, which hams had been placed in a cylinder, from which the air had been exhausted. In no instance did the solution penetrate the hams or make them salt, except in one particular way, which is reserved for further examination and not yet made public. Other remarks were made of some interest, for which we have no room.—*N. Y. True Sun.*

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

MRS CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Mrs. Caudle has been to see her dear Mother. Caudle on the "joyful occasion," has given a Party, and issued the annexed Card of Invitation.

[Here is an engraved fac simile of a card displaying a punch bowl, a broom, a bottle, glass, pipes and dead-latch key neatly disposed with the motto, 'When the cat's away the mice will play," and the following invitation.]

Mr. Caudle's compliments to Mr Prettyman, and expects to have the honor of his company on this joyful occasion, at half past eight o'clock.

"It is hard, I think, Mr. Caudle, that I can't leave home for a day or two, but the house must be turned into a tavern: a tavern? a pothouse! Yes, I thought you were very anxious that I should go; I thought you wanted to get rid of me for something, or you would not have insisted on my staying at dear mother's all night. You were afraid I should get cold coming home, were you? Oh yes, you can be very tender. You can, Mr. Caudle when it suits your own purpose. Yes; and the world thinks what a good husband you are! I only wish the world knew you as well as I do, that's all; but it shall some day, I'm determined.

"I am sure the house will not be sweet for a month. All the curtains are poisoned with smoke; and, what's more with the filthiest smoke I every knew. *Take 'em down then?* Yes, it's all very well for you to say, take 'em down; but they were only cleaned and put up a month ago; but a careful wife is lost upon you, Mr. Caudle. You ought to have married somebody who'd have let your house go to wreck and ruin, as I will for the future.—People who don't care for their families are better thought of than those who do; I've long found out *that.*

"And what a condition the carpet's in! They've taken five pounds out of it, if a farthing, with their filthy boots and I don't know what besides. And then the smoke in the hearth-rug, and a large cinder hole burnt in it! I never saw such a house in my life*!* If you wanted to have a few friends, why couldn't you invite 'em when your wife's at home, like any other man? not have 'em sneaking in, like a set of house-breakers, directly a woman turns her back. They must be pretty gentlemen, they must; mean fellows, that are afraid to face a woman! Ha, and you all call yourselves the lords of creation! I should only like to see what would become of the creation, if you were left to yourselves! A pretty pickle creation would be in very soon!

"You must all have been in a nice condition! What do you say? *You took nothing?* Took nothing did'nt you? I'm sure there's such a regiment of empty bottles, I havn't had the heart to count 'em. And punch, too! you must have punch!—there's a hundred half-lemons in the kitchen, if there's one; for *Susan* like a good girl, kept 'em to show 'em me. No sir, Susan *shan't leave the house!* What do you say? *She has no right to tell tales, and you will be master in your own house?* Will you? If you don't alter, Mr. Caudle, you'll soon have no house to be master of. A whole loaf of sugar did I leave in the cupboard, and now there isn't as much as would fill a tea cup. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for punch for fifty men? What do you say? *There wasn't fifty?*—That's no matter; the more shame for 'em sir. I'm sure they drank enough for fifty. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for punch for all the world out of my housekeeping money *You don't ask me!* Don't you ask me? You do; you know you do: for if I only want a shilling extra, the house is in a blaze. And yet a whole loaf of sugar can you throw away upon——No, I *won't* be still; and I won't let you go to sleep. If you'd got to bed at a proper hour last night, you wouldn't have been so sleepy now. You can sit up half the night with a pack of people who don't care for you and your poor wife can't get in a word!

"And there's that China image that I had when I was married—I wouldn't have taken any sum of money for it, & you know it; & how do I find it? With its precious head knocked off! And what was more mean more contemptible than all besides, it was put on again, as if nothing had happened.—*You knew nothing about it?* Now, how can you lie there, in your Christian bed CAUDLE, and say that? You know that fellow Prettyman, knocked off the head with the poker! You know that he did. And you had'nt the feeling—yes, I will say it—you had'nt the feeling to protect what you knew was precious to me. Oh, no, if the truth was known, you were very glad to see it broken for that very reason.

"Every way, I've been insulted. I should like to know who it was who corked whiskers on my dear aunt's picture? Oh! you're laughing, are you! *You're not laughing?* Don't tell me that. I should like to know what shakes the bed, then, if you're not laughing? Yes, corked whiskers on her dear face—and she was a good soul to you Caudle & you ought to be ashamed of yourself to see her ill-used. Oh, you may laugh! It's very easy to laugh! I only wish you'd a little feeling, like other people, that's all.

"Then there's my china mug—the mug I had before I was married—when I was a happy creature. I should like to know who knocked the spout off that mug;—Don't tell me it was cracked before—It's no such thing, Caudle; there wasn't a flaw in it—and now, I could have cried when I saw it Don't tell me it wasn't worth two-pence. How do you know. You never buy mugs. But that's like men; they think nothing in a house costs anything.

"There's four glasses broke, and nine cracked. At least, that's all I've found out at present, but I dare say I shall discover a dozen to morrow.

"And I should like to know were the cotton umbrella's gone to—and I should like to know who broke the bell pull—and perhaps you don't know there's a leg off a chair,—and perhaps"—

Here," says Caudle, "Morpheus came to my aid, and I slept; nay, I think I snorted."

A CARD. Mrs. Margaret Caudle begs permission to protest, in this manner, against the publicity which has been given to some conversation between her and her husband, relative to matters altogether of a domestic nature. She has against the suggestion of many good friends, forborne to notice the injustice of her husband, who is, it is believed, instigated by the vanity of being considered a writer or the habits and customs of certain societies, of which he has lately become a member, to tell a good deal more than should have been made public. Unwilling to be made a subject of ridicule, Mrs. Caudle deems it due to herself, & small family, now entirely dependent on her, to appeal respectfully to the people against the decision they have made against her or her husband's representations and to sustain her appeal by a statement of further facts.

From the United States Gazette.

MR. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

"There, Mrs. Caudle, if a fellow begins to whistle, you need'nt be tormenting *yourself*, to find out what it's about. I'd like to know, if a man can't whistle in his own bed, where he *can* whistle? Keeps you from going to sleep, does it? That's always the way! If I choose to converse with you on little private family matters at this time, it always keeps you from going to sleep! Pray what *right* have you to be asleep when *I'm* awake? A pretty piece of conjugal devotion, that, when *I'm* tired and weary, that you have nothing better to do, than go to sleep!—Whistle, may I, if I keep my mouth shut? Now you know very well that I must open my mouth to whistle; that shows all *you* know! Paid too dear for your whistle, did you? You must be mighty changed since I first knew you! I *used* to get a chance of talking then! but *now*, you're always deaf when I speak! But I just tell you what it is, Mrs. Caudle, you must either keep my shirts in better order or leave the premises; there's a button off, and it's been off a whole week, too! And you're gadding about the streets, while your poor husband has no buttons on his shirts! I'm not in a passion about it, but if *I was* a cussing man, I certainly should

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