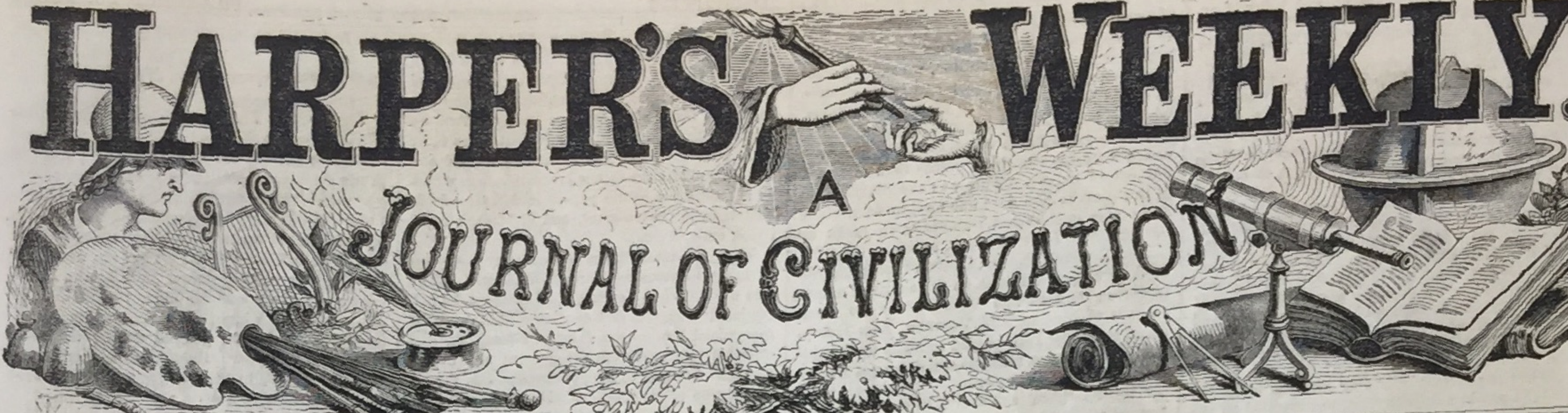


HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.



Vol. II.—No. 55.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1858.

[PRICE FIVE CENTS.]

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To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

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submit yourselves unto your husbands," and proves that the apostle meant no such thing, but the very opposite—then, indeed, I perceive that the daily papers send reporters; and you, Sir, frequently give us the marrow of their report. But why is the practice not general? Believe me, you would do the public a vast good were you to send your corps of artists and writers to each fashionable church in town, and daguerreotype for us the scenes which take place there every Sunday morning. Who knows but you might be the means of bringing some erring soul from the depths of vulgar religion to the shining light of gilt-edged and perfumed piety?

I am a plain fellow, myself. We live in a pretty fair town in the interior of this State. We are plain folk, and carry out the Maine Law among us, though we've only convicted one chap, and he was an Irishman. We have a nice, trim, little church, and a first-rate minister—a Down-Easter—who preaches twice a day on Sunday, and teaches our young folk a'most every day of the week. He ain't what you'd call a smart fellow: he never pitches into the Catholics or the Unitarians; he never gets into a fume about slavery; he don't muddle plain folk's brains about transubstantiation or other tough doctrines, which are not for farmers to understand. But he just reads a few plain chapters from the Good Book, and explains all the hard verses as he goes along; and then he gives out a few verses of a psalm, and Aunt Betty and Cousin Mary they lead the singing, and we all join in, some in tune, some out of tune: and then he preaches a plain sermon, and tells us we oughtn't to sell short weight, or to mix our seed, or to overwork our help, or to let our children be idle and ignorant, or to suffer any poor, homeless creature to go hungry from our door. So, you see, preaching thus, and being besides a very kind sociable man, who comes every day to see any body who's sick, and a mighty favorite of the young ones, our minister rather suits us plain folk. I reckon that if he was hard pressed there'd be a good many purses open to him; and a good many strong chaps, I tell you, a standing before his door if any one wanted to do him a hurt. But bless you, there doesn't live the creature that doesn't love

our minister Jeremiah— Never mind his other name.

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So I went, walking after Mrs. Brown, for she and her daughter, Arabella, quite filled the sidewalk with their dresses. When we reached the church door a fashionable sort of man bowed to Mrs. Brown, and came forward to meet her. Seeing him bareheaded, I thought he was the minister, and, says I—wanting to be civil—"How do you do, Reverend Sir?" Upon which that minx Arabella nearly choked herself with a laugh, and cried, "Uncle Obadiah, why that's the sexton!"

He led the way to a pew, and opened the door; after we had gone in he closed it. I had a mind to give him six-pence, but hadn't change handy, so I nodded, as much as to say, "You score one." He stared in a mighty insolent way, and walked down the aisle like a Rajah's state elephant.

I noticed that the gentlemen, the moment they entered the church, poked their noses into their hats, and held them there for a good minute. Why is this, Mr. Editor? Do they find the air of the church overpower them? Do they carry snuff in their hats? I like to know the reasons of every thing; so when the gentleman before us had gone through the ceremony, I just stretched over and took up his hat to look at it. It was a common hat, much like my own. There was nothing in it that I could see but the maker's name. So I gave it back to him, apparently much to his relief.

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