

New Orleans Republican. OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES THE BETTER WAY.

I were better to live in a should do, And our lives with the angels share, Than do we too often would do, And fall upon trouble and care...

MISS PATTY GIBSON'S STRANGE ADVENTURES.

Exchester Cathedral is one of the few middle age ecclesiastical edifices in a north of England that have survived, in a good state of preservation, the wars of the Roses, the reign of the Tudors, and the restoration.

All this was very far from new, and Patty, as she sauntered down the cloisters, thought of Tom Cummings with a little pang. Her mother had been a Haddo, and her father a Tom.

Exchester Cathedral, however, is comparatively a modern structure, it one thinks of the Druids, the invasion of Caesar, and the reign of Alfred.

If you should ever go to Exchester you will be spell-bound by the lofty vaults, the low radiance, and massive richness of the interior.

To the American, fresh from the cheapness of his transatlantic hotel, the English cathedral is like a revelation. He is oppressed by its curious antiquity, its enduring massiveness, its historic atmosphere.

Exchester Cathedral was some such impression as this upon Miss Patty Gibson, of Oskosh, Wisconsin, when she visited it the summer of 1863.

There was nothing to show that the male Gibsons, father and son, were specially moved, by any sight of that repository of the nation's early traditions.

Exchester cathedral is cool, but a staid window richly dignified. The monk in the habit who stands Sir Thomas de Comey's journey about the vast building, fired; her lips and her eyes were somewhat oppressed.

How low she slept, she was never quite able to say. The sun was an hour high when the Gibsons, convinced that she had returned to the inn without them, went away from the cathedral.

with a wink at his blushing sister. The reader should know that Miss Patty's new acquaintance, Lieutenant Thomas Cummings, had just returned from his military adventures.

Miss Patty looked very pretty head, but she could not help a little, and she did not look at all like the young lady of the noble family.

Miss Patty had not been "infatuated," as the world would call it, with Tom Cummings, and if her father, as a copperhead, had not found things quite uncomfortable in the patriotic tone of (oh, how!) the Gibsons.

Tom Cummings, however, had not found things quite uncomfortable in the patriotic tone of (oh, how!) the Gibsons. He was a man of a different stamp.

With a somewhat battered face, which even a warm reflection from the figure of the crusader would not improve, he was looking down upon the young lady from Oskosh.

Castle Lincoln, I had in mind, please you, I was there my lord lodged last night. The crusader was recovering his good manners, but he had lost his reckoning.

"Dead-dead," the knight added cheerfully, "I know all that, but I don't know what you mean by it. There is no need for soft words, good lady."

"Where is your home, if I may radeek so gentle a maid?" "I live in Oskosh." "Under looked perplexed and said: 'Is Oskosh, this place you speak of, in Wisconsin?'"

"Oh, no, my lord! Wisconsin is in the United States of America. Oh, I forgot; it was not discovered when you were sent to sleep."

"Died, fair damsel. Died is the word. No, I never heard of tidings of the land you call America. It was a very strange country."

"What an insufferable conceit!" thought the girl. "I don't know what she means by that. She is a very odd creature, but she is a very good one."

"My lord, the king," replied Sir Thomas de Comey, in great trouble, said to her. "Why, this man is a copperhead."

don't live in peace; but it is all owing to those rebels," said a little doubtful about her logic. "But Miss Patty's case of fun was strong upon her, and she thought of the strange adventures she had lived through."

March, a centurion, went; whereas the Saracens asked why this great array of Christian princes, knights and gentlemen came to make war upon them.

"I guess the Saracens were right," said the young lady. "I am not learned in the law, but heathen Turks and infidel Jews are all the same to me."

"Well, there are no real knights. Those who lift at the ring are mostly nice young fellows and good students."

"Telegraphs, I think you said." "Yes; by using wires we can send messages thousands of miles across continents, in a few minutes."

"But our electric telegraphs are not so good as yours. We have not yet discovered the secret of the telegraph."

"I don't know what you mean, gentle lady. The good knight grew softer in the fading moonlight. His voice sounded as if it came from a great way off."

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the knight lay couched on his slab, his head on his stony pillow, and his hands pliously laid palm to palm as if silently imploring peace.

"Oh, mother, don't!" cried the girl, starting forward with a half-uttered cry of alarm; but the yellow marble gave no sound; only a dull ring answered to the blow of the American mallet.

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The Louisiana Jockey Club and "Our Young Friend, F. O. Minor." Editor Turf, Field and Farm: The establishment of the New Orleans public at the late and unfounded aspersion cast upon the "old Procrustes" the Louisiana Jockey Club in Fordham's communication in your issue of May 28, seemingly induced by you, was only exceeded by the cheering and congratulatory remarks of your non-other than "our young friend, F. O. Minor," as he complacently styles himself.

At the good taste displayed in writing about one's self, as he does, even our non de plume, we have nothing to say. Our purpose is to protect the management from vindictive and unfounded aspersion, which, while it receives some attention abroad, our local press having already, for the sake of right, done full justice to the complaint, which, as well as we gather therefrom, from the not-over-clear there, are these:

1. That the race meeting, which should have commenced April 3, was postponed for a favor Mr. Cottrill's health. 2. That the club did not wish Cottrill's string, the only one prepared for business, to carry all the money off.

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