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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, July 19, 1851.

Original Poetry.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)

TIME AND FORTUNE.

BY E. MASON.

Old Time and Dame Fortune together once came,
Dame Fortune began of Old Time to complain:
"She often had fortunes for men in design,
And often they lost them for want of more time;
She often had fortunes that men should have made,
But time kept on moving, their rights to invade,
And fortunes might often be made in one day,
And then so hard-hearted you snatch'd time away
You render my fortune as fickle as game,
And surely I think I've a right to complain;
And man would oft hail me as almost divine,
As now I rule fortune if I could rule time."

"Ah! then brother Fortune, I'd have the world
I'm never too fast, and I'm never too slow; [know,
And none that are righteous of me can complain,
As first in creation, I'm always the same.
I give of my time each a portion to keep,
And set them a country they cannot outleap;
If fortune did likewise I'm sure we should have
Our subjects much wiser and better to live,
But causes and reasons I will now explain,
And show you that neither of us should have blame.
Since man is a mortal and not made divine,
Men never keep fortune who fool away time.
But all those who keep it with prudence and care,
Have always enough and something to spare.
If you give a fortune, though ever so fine,
No one ever keeps it who squanders his time,
And fortunes are worthless, although you may give,
While foolishly squand'ring the time they should live.

"Some take of me time like the prodigal son,
And when they receive it, full gallop they run,
To spend it so foolish in folly and vice,
And value my time at a very low price.
No laws can restrain them, though purely divine,
They never learn fortune's are made out of time;
In cursing and railing say fortune is hard—
From participation are always debarred.

"Some take of me time which they idle away,
In ranting or sporting, or some foolish play;
If those you give fortune, you cause them to weep
For loss of a treasure they never can keep.
No one keeps a fortune but such as are wise,
And time make good use of as onward it flies,
Nor catch at the vapors, although they may shine;
As fortune they value, they value their time.

"To some you give fortune who cheat and defraud,
And think fortune's treasure is never outlaw'd;
And such, tho' they glory, soon downward descend,
Ill-gotten treasure will soon have an end.
If any gain fortune by measures unjust,
Their time they are spending at last to be cursed;
But few will keep fortune, and few their time prize,
The world may act foolish, but we should be wise."

Moxaze, July, 1851.

A LEAF FROM THE ROMANCE OF EMIGRATION.

BY MARY IRVING.

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
EVANGELINE.

Among the beautiful islands in the British Channel, off the coast of "vine-clad France," there is one which has made large contributions to our prairie. It is a bright emerald on the bosom of the blue ocean, kept always freshly green by the sunshine and the spray. It is the hive of a swarming, but by no means starving population. Its stray children cherish it in their memories as the home of all things beautiful—"the home of their childhood." "Over the ocean wave" they look longing back to it, and kindle into a glow of patriotism that could hardly wax warmer, were the favorite isle limited by the boundaries of the Chinese Empire instead of the few narrow miles.

The inhabitants of the French, whose language they speak with some peculiarities of dialect, and in form and features they resemble their continental neighbors much more than the subjects of Victoria, whose sway they proudly own.

In a greenly-shaded street of this village-like isle, retired from the bustle of business, yet giving a glimpse of the sea, stood a vine-hung cottage, the home of Christine S——. Christine was a short, sun-browned, but rosy-cheeked girl of seventeen, with eyes as bright and black as "sharded beetles," and a luxuriance of glossy brown hair, offsetting a face as merry and good-humored as you might find among a thousand. It was no great wonder that Christine should "fall in love," though her parents frowned upon it; and no wonder that the sailor youth, who on Sunday evenings walked home along the turf path by her side, should have fancied that even a portionless girl, such as her, was an inestimable portion.

Christine was no heroine of romance; she was a simple farmer's daughter, who "tethered" her own cow in the yard in summer time; made the family butter and cheese from her own hands' milking; and acted in all respects the part of a good little household fairy, in the kitchen as well as in the "best room."

But the father and mother of Christine had little will to give her away to a "lad" as poor as her self—a son of the ocean, too, whose amiable, honest face was his only passport to their favor. So thorns sprung up thick and and high in the path of the young couple's "true love."

More than once did Jacques steal an hour to say good-bye to Christine, unknown to her father, tho' almost under the vine-drooping eaves; and many a time did the poor girl's tears fall fast and warm on his shoulder, as she thought of the winds and waves that would toss him, while she was shuddering at their threatening far away in her lonely chamber.

"It will not be for always, Christine!" the hopeful Jacques would say, consolingly. "We shall earn happiness and a little home for ourselves by-and-by."

And patiently was every hard-earned penny of the industrious seaman put into his fund for the future. His comrades, in true sailor fashion, laughed and jeered at his suddenly closed purse; but no matter; he bore all unchaled, and toiled on through sunshine and through storm, that he might reach that humble goal of his most aspiring wishes.

Once at parting, he drew a plain gold ring upon Christine's third finger. It was a seal of the betrothal, which the customs of the island had from time immemorial, enjoined and held sacred.—Christine hid it in the most secure corner of her most secret drawer, well knowing that its simple gleam would be the electric flash to awaken the tempest of her fathers wrath. Every night she peeped at it; and every night it seemed to reproach her with faithlessness to its giver, in disowning to the world his place in heart.

One morning early, Christine came down to her duties with a beating heart, and a ring on her chubby right hand. Furtively glancing from under her dark eyelashes, and blushing with the effort to look unconcerned, she seated herself at the breakfast table, to encounter her father's terror boding eye, which soon fastened its gaze upon her unfortunate finger.

"Where did you get that ring?" he exclaimed abruptly, thumping down his half drained coffee cup upon the bare oaken table.

"It was given me," timidly, but decisively replied Christine.

"Given you!" he repeated, a flush purpling his forehead. Dare you wear Jacques Lery's ring before my eyes, to pretend yourself his? Off with it, I say! I'll never own you, the betrothed of that beggar."

"But I will be, and I shall keep the ring!" resolutely exclaimed the little damsel, with heaving chest and curling lip. "I love Jacques, and he loves me; and we shall be married some day, if God wills! I shall be nobody's wife but his, and I shall wear this ring to let everybody know it, too!"

Gleams flashed from her sparkling black eyes, that might have warned her father of the wisdom of reserving his remonstrance for another time and place. But the overcharged cloud of wrath waits not usually the fitting hour to burst. "Thunder and lightning, whirlwind and storm," raged around her for a few moments, shaking, but to more firmly rost the resolution of her heart, and then she took refuge in an escape to her chamber.

To use her own expressive language, she "cried all day long, and all night, too." Jaques was far away upon the sea; and had he been nearer, her pride of character would have hindered her from turning to him for help. That pride did not think itself too much humbled, in going to fill, under the roof of another, the station she had filled at home from her childhood. Her parents and friends curled their lips at her idea of "going out to service," as we term it; and ridiculed and scolded her in turns, but in vain.

She left the humble roof she was born under, not without a severe struggle and many scalding tears, to take a few steps in the world alone. Now the tide of her life began to flow more calmly. A pleasant home and kind patrons she found, who would not throw a feather in the way of her cherished hopes and purposes. More as a daughter than a servant, she moved about her tasks, singing gaily, now over her newly-scrubbed kitchen floor, and now over her wheel, in the sunshine of summer, where it fell through the western casement.

Jaques came home at last, to claim his island bride. But so clingingly did she plead with him to forsake "a life on the ocean wave," and so brightly did fancy paint for him a fireside shared with her, that he resolved to change his calling, and try what a sailor's stout arm could win on *terra firma*. But not there; every inch of the island soil was too precious for his slender wallet to lean towards.

"I must take one more voyage, Christine," said he, after some consultation with neighbors and friends, 'to the Lakes of America; and if I like the country, our home shall be there. But I must marry you now my Christine. I cannot leave you so uncared for; and then I will come back for you."

Christine had few objections to make, her employers had none; and as for her parents, their indignation had quite calmed into composure, and even into complacency, since her resolute determination in favor of the young seaman. They even went so far as to bestow upon his uprightness and energy a little of the admiration due to it.

Christine stood up at the side of Jacques in their parish church, on a calm Sabbath evening, and another ring, besides the ring of betrothal, was put upon her finger. It was a thick, heavy, orange-hued circlet, such as our great-grandmothers show us; none of the pale, delicate, lemon tinged, diamond-eyed jewels of modern make, but a substantial golden hoop, stout enough to keep company with the hard of its mistress, through all sorts of work and weather; for there is a sort of superstitious regard attached to the wedding ring among the peasantry of Europe. I have known a sensible young French woman thrown into a fever of foreboding at losing this ring, sure that the tie of her life and love was to be broken by the loss of its seal. And when, after the lapse of three years or more, it was found imbedded in the bank of the stream where she had dropped it, her gratitude and joy swelled almost to intoxication.

Jacques Leroy left his Christine in the same humble vocation where he had wedded her, and set sail for the new world. I do not know that any wild emotions of rapture swelled his breast, when he first caught sight of the continent, to look on which Columbus risked his life, and won an immortality of fame. I strongly suspect that honest Jacques' eye was more intent upon the blue mountains and green swells that bound it. Yet I know the image of Christine rose there in his heart, to throw the reflection of beauty and love over its rudest associations.

Jacques went his cheerful way to the wilds of the west, via river, canal and lake. The tide of circumstances and of imigration (at that date) bore him into the mining region of Illinois. Here his ready will and strong arm found patronage and payment immediately.

Ere five months had passed, one of the few short letters spoken from his heart to his far away bride, (for ocean postage was a heavy burden to a poor emigrant's purse then—would that it were less now!) told her briefly of his success, and of his intention of fixing his residence at that spot. Yet his engagements would not permit him to leave for a time. "If you can make up your mind to come on without me," it added, "we can meet much sooner. You had better come with ——, and ——," naming some neighbors who were about to leave the green isle for the same region. "But wait till you hear from me again."

Christine's pulse bounded with impatience and delight, when she had spelled out this dear little missive. To meet her Jacques again—to find the neat little home she had so often dreamed of, in the green wide world of whose beauty and plenteousness the emigrant's home letters were always telling—this was a lot worth crossing the ocean to gain.

Unluckily, as it proved, the families with whom her voyage had been purposed, put off their plans of sailing to another season. Christine had just written to this effect, and asked further advice about the matter, when she heard of a sudden determination of some other friends to sail, and she took a rash resolution.

"I will surprise him!" she thought, gleefully.—"I could not wish better protectors than these: and he will be astonished, and delighted to see me!"

The good ship was winged by the favorite gales over the restless Atlantic. Christine, buoyant hearted girl that she was, could have kissed for very joy the first sandy soil of America that her foot pressed. In her fond delusion as to the magnitude of our United States, she felt that her end was really gained—that she was already in the neighborhood of the husband who had proceeded her. Her isle-contracted eyes had to look upon the journey of many a day, before they could realize that the New World was so tiresomely large.

Up the magnificent diorama of the Hudson the party slowly moved, in tow of a strong river steamer. Christine's girlish curiosity was animated and delighted; and her lively French ejaculations were a fund of amusement to her fellow emigrants from other climes than her own. At Albany she floated into the great artificial vein of New York—the Erie canal—at that day the thoroughfare of rich and poor to the West.

The terrors of a voyage on the "raging canal" must, of course, be few; but Christine was startled from her shelf the first night, by a rumbling that she could by no means understand, while the water without was dashing with a formidable sound.

"*Qu'est ce que c'est?*" she called from her curtained corner. But she could comprehend little of the answers which various English and Irish tongues sent her, and her French fellow voyagers were sound asleep, she wrapped herself in a warm shawl, and made her way to the cabin door, just as the narrow coffin shaped boat was floating even with the upper sluice of the lock.

"Oh!" she breathed, in a tone of relieved satisfaction, as she looked on the smoothly rippling water around; and glancing back to the level from which she ascended, recalling the explanation that had been given her: "*Se l'entends?*" and she grouped along back to her nook, to dream of home past and home future.

Slowly as the canal boat crept along, Christine's patience did not not outstrip it—for she amused herself, in sunshiny hours, by long walks on the level tow-path, far in advance of the snail-paced bark, gathering strange berries and flowers, and framing all sorts of wondering dreams about her home in the wilderness—what flowers would bloom around it, and what comforts would blossom within it. Then in the stinted cabin she would sit with her knitting on her needle, chatting when she could, and making the most of her active eyes when her ears could give her no information—for she understood and spoke few phrases of Anglo-Saxon.

At Buffalo, the party took ship again for a three weeks' trip up the Lakes; few steamboats then ascended above "the Flats," and the Michigan railroad was not. At Chicago, they chartered an emigrants' wagon, with all appurtenances, even to the water pail swinging like a pendulum from the hindmost axle, and went on their way, rejoicing that it was now so short. Christine's heart took a happier thrill each night of that journey, in the joyful consciousness that it brought her nearer the haven of her happiness. When the low roofs and smoke-haloed chimneys of the village of L—— first loomed up to view from a distant bluff on which the wagon halted, she was no longer the first to ejaculate: her heart was to full for speech, and her eyes were full of tears.

Oh! what is so cruel as disappointment! It is the canker that riots on the fairest flowers—the mildew that fastens on the happiest heart! And so it fell upon Christine's, when, on springing from her rude carriage to the door of a former countryman, she found not the face she had expected first to welcome her.

"Where is my ——," she commenced; but her lips were to little accustomed to the word "husband," to speak it without a blush, and she repeated, "Where is Jacques Leroy?"

"Why?" [I give their conversation in English] exclaimed her old acquaintances, starting in surprised recognition. "Christine S——, Christine Leroy! what chance brought you here? Ah! how unfortunate!"

"What is it? what is it?" demanded Christine, glancing in trembling dismay from one to another; for she saw that each hesitated, and a dreadful foreboding flashed over her.

"Tell me if Jacques is—if he is *dead!*" and she grasped the arm of her host almost fiercely.

"Oh, no, never! certainly not!" burst from the circle at one breath. "But he is not here. He went away two month ago!"

Christine turned dizzy, and sunk back upon a settee. "Foolish girl that I am!" she ejaculated; "he has gone over the ocean to fetch me!"

"No, not so bad as that—oh, I hope not!" replied her hostess, hastily. "He did not intend to sail for several weeks yet. Why, he wrote to you to wait for him, and told you all about it!"

"I never got the letter!" sobbed Christine, now now quite overcome by the sudden reaction of hope's excitement.

"Take heart, dear child!" urged her friends, soothingly. "He's easily to be brought; only a hundred miles away!"

"I'll go to him!" exclaimed she, starting up impulsively.

"No, oh no! stay here until we send for him; that is best!"

"I'll trust nobody else! I will go to him; and that to morrow!" she persisted.

The morrow saw Christine, snugly packed in the wagon of a stranger emigrant family, set out on her long and tedious journey. Well for her hope and patience, that she saw not then how long that journey must be; She passed over virgin prairies, and through almost trackless woods, and with a sort of dreamy admiration, always wishing the end were come. It was no easy matter to light upon her husband's second home; the limits of the settlement named were large; and when, after some search, they found the place of his brief abiding, the bird had flown.

Now she was among strangers, indeed; strangers who spoke not her tongue—who read not her heart. A less resolute spirit would have sunk down in despair, at least for a time. But Christine only baptised a new resolution in a few more womanly tears.

"He must have gone to Chicago, to sail for Europe," she reasoned. "I will track him there."

Well was it for her that her small earnings had been wisely hoarded for years, and no bridal finery had drained the little fund that now sustained her efforts. At Chicago she found him—*not*; but hearing that he had "gone north," she left her name and tale of distress behind her, and embarked for another port.

"Do you know anything of Jacques Leroy? He is a Frenchman, of the Isle ——. He mine husband, and him I cannot find!"

Such were the questions the lips of poor Christine became weary of asking, day after day, and week after week, as from place to place she pursued, on the wings of hope, the fleeting shadow of her best beloved.

The captains and sailor of all the coast learned her name and story: and kind words many a time fell on her ear, in tones which she could understand better than the sentences they veiled. One star soon dawned upon her discouragement, though it led her into a still more intricate labyrinth. She found that her husband had been aware of her arrival and her anxiety, and was seeking her with the same eagerness of pursuit. Certainly wisdom would have told her to cease her journeyings then; and wait for him to follow her track and find her. But her impatience was too eager for these counsels of prudence.

It was laughable in the memory, but serious in the reality—that chase and counter-chase up and down, back and forth, among the seaports and principal towns, over prairies and into nooks and corners, which followed. Poor Christine's heart grew fainter every day. She could scarcely lift her eyes, for shame, when she encountered again strangers whom she had met so often in her search, although she knew that in such recounters lay almost her only hope of final success. "I think," she long afterwards told me, "dey will believe I have not any husband!"

But Christine was not doomed to the ordeal of poor Evangeline—the fire of perpetual disappointment, that purges the dross from the martyr heart on earth, and transfigures a mortal to an angel this side the vale of Death; that lot was spared her.

One day she heard that Jacques had been passing two days in the town of R——, at the house of a friend who knew all the troublous story of both, and had often given her sympathy and shelter in her wanderings. With the buoyancy of assured certainty—for she was very near the spot—she made her way swiftly thither, and almost flew into the presence of her friend.

"Oh!" was his startled ejaculation, as he started up on seeing her, and clasped his hands deprecatingly. Christine, who comprehended too well the import of the gesture, stopped short, and burst into more bitter tears than ever.

"Poor child! you shall not go roaming about again!" he exclaimed, sympathisingly. "Jacques, the foolish fellow, I couldn't keep him; but I'll hold you fast enough. Left only half an hour ago I will go myself to fetch him back, and I'll take the fleetest beast in R.——."

"I will go too!" said Christine, rising tremulously.

"No, that you shall not do. Be quiet! rest easy! You have been crossing each other's track these two months, and enough of it you have had for your folly, both of you. I'll not stand palavering now, but—wife keep your eye on her, and don't let her stir a step from the house!" and snatching his hat, the kind dictator rushed through the outer door.

Jacques Leroy was zealously pursuing his way along the prairie road, about seven miles away from R——, well muffled up from the autumn blasts, and scowling on the smiling blue sky which bent over the *ignus fatuus* of a bride that had been flitting so illusively before him, when he caught a faint "halloo!" from a bluff he had just left behind He raised his ear from its enveloping collar, and listentened wistfully for a moment; then remarking to his companion, "Some hunter," 'tis likely," he relasped into his former attitude.

"Halloo! stop! hold on there, comrade!" rang out nearer, and hairly startled the steed, he suddenly reined up.

A reeking horse rushed alongside, flecked with foam, followed by a rattling waggon, in which a man started up, with a face as round and radiant as the moon at its very fullest.

"Ha! ha! a fine fellow you are! running away from your Christine, at this rate! I told you so, comrade!"

"Christine! sacre!" The usually quiet Jacques started almost out his hat and cloak.

"Yes, Christine, man! Pack yourself into my cart in a hurry, or she'll be away to the ends of the earth on your track, before we reach her. Gee up, Tom!" and he bestowed a whack that sent the animal plunging up the steep of the bluff. "I told you so, I told—but his triumphant chuckle died away in the rattle of the cart wheels

Christine sat, all the while, leaning against a pane of a small window, scarcely conscious of either hope or fear; her faculties were bound up in the intensity of watching. Many a whirlwind of dust, and many a distant carriage rattle cheated her heart into a quick, suffocating throb, before the *right one* heralded a jaded, dripping horse—a waving red handkerchief, and then—

"*Il vient!*" she cried, springing wildly from her seat. Yes, he comes at last! 'Tis his face, his step, his, that rings on the threshold! I cannot tell you anything more of the meeting. Christine herself never described it to me, save by the eloquence of a starting tear; never attempted the utterance of what was unutterable in her heart. It is not only the soul of exalted sensibilities that hides gems of feeling, too sacred to wear the veil of words. The rudest, most uncultivated human spirit has a capacity for joy or woe, which the hand of an angel could never fill—the soul of an angel could never speak!

Christine and her Jacques came to our Prairie de la Fleur: and in the confines of its grove they gave a "local habitation" to the little home their humble visions had shadowed forth. Not largely indebted to the luxuries of civilization was that home, to be sure. It was built of logs—but then it was nicely and tightly built; and it was neatly kept and garnished inside by the busy hands of the little cheerful matron. Tall trees, around, sheltered it from the hearts of summer, and the storms of winter howled not too fiercely there.

A little patch in front bears the squashes, sweet corn and melons, watched and watered every summer by Christine's one especial care. *One* little bank, just under her bit of a bed-room window, is thickly sown with flower-seeds from the green island over the sea; and she never wearies of nourishing, cherishing and admiring, these exiled pets of her childhood. Wild roses spring up without call at the very gate, and nameless vines curl over the brush fence, and up the rough corner of the cot. The voice of prayer has hallowed that lowly home; and the incense of thanksgiving has gone up from the hearts that had taken the Angel of Contentment for the guardian genius of their humble hearth.

Do you wonder that Jacques and Christine have been happy—that they are happy still?

FLUENCY IN CONVERSATION.—Roll an empty barrel down the hill, and what a rattling noise it makes—So with an empty carriage over the pavements. So also with an empty head. When it contains a few scattering ideas every body can hear them rattle. You can almost see them, when the fellow who carries such a head passes by you. Have you not such an individual in your mind's eye? We have. His name may be Dick or Jim, Bill or Joe—but he is the same everywhere—he wags the same tongue, shoots forth the same ideas. He thinks he is wise, but everybody else thinks otherwise. Had he real knowledge he would talk less and say more. Generally, a man of sterling talents talks but very little, yet every word tells. Addison was a person of this description. He was always embarrassed in company. Some of our best living authors—men of genius and talent have been noticed for their paucity of words in common conversation. Yet men who know scarcely more than that twice two make four are always rattling off words, and pass for persons of some consequence. They utter sentences without meaning, and words that would puzzle an editor to understand.

An incessant talker we always avoid. In his presence we feel about as happy as on the brow of a cataract—only there is some sense in the latter. In an office or store, what is more trying than a person with the gift of gab?—what but a straggling musician under your window, or a fiddler in your garret?

CURIOSITY OF CHILDREN.—The curiosity of the child is the philosophy of the man—or at least, to abate somewhat of so sweeping a generality, the one spirit very generally grows into the other. The former is a sort of pilot balloon, a little thing, to be sure, but a critical one nevertheless, and pretty surely indicative of the height, as well as the direction to be taken by the more fully expanded mind Point out to me a boy of original, or what would generally be called eccentric habits, fond of rambling about, a haunter of the wood-side and river-bank; prone to collect what he can search out, and then on his return to shut himself up in his room, and make experiments upon his gatherings—to inquire into the natural history of each according to its kind—point such an one out to me, and I should have no difficulty in pronouncing him, without the aid of physiognomy, to be of far better augury than his fellow, who does but pore over his books, never dreaming that there can be any knowledge beyond them. Of such stuff as this, were all our philosophical geniuses, from Newton to Davy; and so, from the nature of things they must generally be. And no wonder. The spirit that is powerful enough to choose, ay and to take its own course, instead of resigning itself to the tide, must be a very powerful spirit indeed—a spirit of right excellent promise.

"Don't put too much confidence in a lover's vows and sighs," said Mrs. Partington to her niece; "let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a carnation, and eyes like an asterisk, but such things oftener come from a tender head than from a tender heart.

A LITTLE GIRL, just past her fifth year, while chatting about the beaux that visited two of the sex in the same house, of more mature age, being asked, "What do you mean by beaux, Anne?" replied "Why I mean men that have not got much sense!"

That is an observing little girl; if she lives she'll make a sensible woman.

Hindoo Jugglers.

One of the men, taking a large earthen vessel with a capacious mouth, filled it with water, and turned it upside down, when all the water flowed out, but the moment it was placed with the mouth upward, it became always full. He then emptied it, allowing any one to inspect it who chose.—This being done, he desired one of the party to fill it up. His request was obeyed. Still not a drop of water flowed, and upon turning it up, to our astonisment it was empty These and similar deceptions were several times repeated; and so skillfully were they managed that although any of us who chose were allowed to upset the vessel when full, which we did many times, upon reversing it no water was to be seen, and yet no appearance of any having escaped. I examined the jar carefully when empty, but detected nothing that would lead to a discovery of the mystery. I was allowed to retain and fill it myself; still, upon taking it up, all was void within; so that, how the water had disappeared, and where it had been conveyed, were problems that none of us were able to expound. The vessel employed by the juggler on this occasion was the common earthenware of the country, roughly made; and in order to convince us that it had not been especially made for the purpose of aiding his clever deceptions, he permitted it to be broken in our presence. The fragments were then handed around for the inspection of his highness, and party present with him. The next thing done was still more extraordinary. A large basket was produced, in which was put a lean hungry Parish sldt. After a laps of about a minute the basket was removed, and she appeared with a litter of little puppies. These were again covered, and upon raising the magic basket, a *goat* was presented to our view. This was succeeded by a *pig*, in the full vigor of existence, but which, after being covered for the usual time, appeared with his throat cut. It was, however, soon restored to life, under the mystical shake of the wicker covering. What rendered these sudden changes so extraordinary was, that no one stood near the basket but the juggler who raised and covered the animals with it.—When he concluded his exploits, there was nothing to be seen under it, and what became of the different animals which figured in this amazing deception was a question which puzzled all. A man now took a bag of brass balls, which he threw, one by one, into the open air, to the number of thirty-five. *None of them appeared to return.* When he had discharged the last, there was a pause for at least a minute. He then made a variety of motions with his hands, and at the same time grunted forth a sort of barbarous chant. In a few seconds the balls were seen to fall one by one, until the whole of them were placed in the bag. This was repepeated a half a dozen times. No one was allowed to come near him while this interesting juggle was performed. A guant looking Hindoo then stepped forward, and declared he would swallow a snake; and opening a box, he produced a Cobra di Capello not less than five feet long, and as big as an infant's wrist. He stood apart at some distance from us, & life his predecessors would not allow any one to appproach him, so that the deception appeared no longer equivocal. He then, as it appeared to us, took the snake, and putting its tail into his mouth, gradually lowered it into his stomach, until nothing but the head appeared to project between his lips, when with a sudden gulp he seemed to complete the disgusting process of deglutition, and to secure the odious reptile within his body. After the expiration of a few seconds he opened his mouth, and gradually drew forth the snake, which he replaced in the box.

The next thing that engaged our attention was a feat of dexterity altogether astonishing. An elderly lady woman, the upper part of whose body was entirely uncovered, presenting herself to our notice, and taking a bamboo twenty feet high, placed it upright upon a flat stone, and then, without any support, climbed to the top with surprising agility. Having done this, she stood upon one leg on the top of the bamboo, balancing it all the while.

Round her waist she had a girdle, to which was fastened an iron socket. Springing from her upright position on the bamboo, she threw herself horizontally forward with such exact precision that the top of the pole entered the socket of her iron zone, and in this position she spun herself round with a velocity that made me giddy to look at, the bamboo appearing all the while as if supported by some supernatural agency. She turned her legs backwards until her heels touched her shoulders, and grasping her ancles in her hands, continued her rotation so rapidly that the outline of her body was lost to the eye, and she looked like a revolving ball. Having performed other feats equally extraordinary, she slid down the elastic shaft, and raising it in the air, balanced it upon her hip, and finally projected it to a distance without the application of her hands. The next performer spread upon the ground a cloth about the size of a sheet After a while it seemed gradually raised; and upon taking it up there appeared three pine apples growing [illegible]

inghill—Chester Wells, Judson Stephens.
Stone—Charles Stephens.
wanda tp—James Decker.
" boro—Joseph Powell.
y tp—Benjamin Tears.
ter—John Bowman.
alusing—S W Biles.
ndham—Porter Merchant, Wytlys Bronson.
lls—Nathan Shephard.
sox—Caleb Shores.

FURNISHING DEPOT!

HE subscribers having just received a large addi-

DUMPLINGS—Some person who has a culinary imagination, describing a new dance, says, "The gorgeous strings of glass beads glistened on the heaving bosoms of the village belles, like polished rubies resting on the delicate surface of warm apple dumplings."

A small piece of paper or linen, just moistened with turpentine and put into the wardrobe or drawers for a single day, two or three times a year, is a sufficient preservative against moths.