

his children under his own eye in habits of industry and virtue, he sold his lands in the Albany District, and removed up to the beautiful scenery of Pondstun. There he built his home; and if any one wishes to have the secret of his wonderful administration in the War Department, while Secretary of War, let him go with Mr. Calhoun to his farm. None, however, but an enthusiast in cattle, bees, poultry, and such, with a pair of well-trained legs under him, should attempt the ascent. With his long stick in hand, and strides as long, he moves ahead, talking all the time, now on a beautiful theory of agriculture, then on a practical result—down in the corn field, up on the potato hill, round the potato patch, through the eye lot—here is a bubbling spring, there a prospect—turn the bull into the pasture, hence to the poultry-woman, see the grafts on the apple trees, hivo those bees. If a hapless neophyte in these agricultural operations is left any sense, after five or six hours of hard driving, he will decline further courtesy and take the shortest cut home. Or mount horses with him, he always insists on taking the hardest going, and see his marvellous endurance of punishment, under a hard gait, without apparently feeling its discommodities, whilst prying round and round, he gives directions, hastens operations, and looks over the whole farm, talking and acting as if he had never thought of or practised anything else but the business of a farmer. It has been by such attention and industry, that he has established his reputation of being the most practical and successful farmer in the upper country, and at the same time has supported well, and educated his family. Eliza Pickens, he has never increased nor diminished his fortune. The gold mine of which so much has been said in the papers, he became possessed of, by an act of parental kindness. His son bought the land, and despairing of making them profitable, the father took them off his hands. He affords a rare specimen in our country, of one content throughout life with a competency in a cheap country, and has therefore avoided those temptations and speculations which have wrecked the fortunes and happiness of so many millions of our countrymen. The truth is, he has too clear and practical a head, not to know the true value of all property.

But let us enter the door, at "Fort Hill," and see the man in his domestic habits. His style of living is as plain as possible. Although no ascetic, he has not failed to perceive, that for the most efficient working and improvement of the mind, the body must be subjected; and the excessive indulgence in the grosser appetites, must soon lead to decay, and not only reduce the virtues, but impede the highest growth of the intellectual powers. He is therefore habitually a water drinker, although no member of a temperance society, and eats anything, apparently but little regardful of the quality of his food, provided it is wholesome. A traveller once visited him at his farm, for a few days. Soon after his arrival, he was invited to dinner, which consisted of bacon and its usual accompaniments of vegetables, white corn bread and beautiful butter. "You see," he observed, "I am no epicure; indeed, I am a barbarian, according to the theory of civilization by some French philosophers, that it consists in what we eat. But to-morrow, for your sake, we will do better." Accordingly, the next day brought a sumptuous feast. But it is not merely indulging himself to the strictest habits of sobriety, that his virtues consist. Self-denial is a powerful, probably an indispensable auxiliary to virtue; but it is not necessarily virtue. Activity in good, as well as abstinence from evil, is essential, in all our conceptions of the highest excellence in character. Such, at least, is the opinion of this distinguished man, speaking through his life. "We have been informed, by one who has lived many years together in his family, and therefore in daily and hourly communication with him; that he never saw in him the slightest emotion of anger, or heard from him a harsh expression to a single creature beneath his roof. Always self-possessed, patient, and kind, his gentle and affectionate nature mingled itself with the existence of all around him. His joys in the instruction, pleasure, and amusement of all; by his presence, chastening, yet by his cheerfulness, heightening and exhilarating their happiness. That equanimity and buoyancy of temper, which is so remarkable in his public, equally shines out in his private life. Yet his is not the equanimity of the stoic—a well-trained indifference; not that of the epicurean—the result of a refined and calculating selfishness; but it is the calm of an abiding consciousness of duty performed, of confidence in truth, and trust in God.

Standing one day on the esplanade of the Capitol at Washington, and conversing with a friend on the subject of a special Providence, he cast his eyes down on the pavement; "see that stone," said he, "there is the stamp of the Deity, for some one." "Duty is plainly as in our features," he said, "on an oval face, and most trying occasion, is his life. No one who might have seen him, only in the Senate, in the face of a man, stern and apparently among the stern, could easily suppose that he would sit up all night with a child in his arms, or care, all day before him on his saddle in the field, or was so familiar with his children as to send himself down, when returning weary from the Senate, and place his head in his daughter's lap, bidding her tell him of the adventures and disappointments of the day, and narrating known. That to be great little things is proverbially to be contemptible, may be the reflection of a stern, cold-blooded philosophy; but is not

the greatest greatness that which ministers most to the happiness of others? The man of great events is like the sword, which may rust away in its scabbard; but the every day contributor to the happiness of those around him, is like the homely sickle, whose edge grows sharper by use, and feeds the world.

In his intercourse with men, Mr. Calhoun's manners are those of his climate and section—warm, simple, frank and impressive. Of that politeness, which consists in leaving false impressions that men may be pleased with us, because he can make them pleased with themselves, he has none. His direct truthfulness leaves no room for hypocrisy. Hence although all admire, but few, on a transient intercourse, love him. He speaks too much to the head. He seems in his conversation to be surrounded with an atmosphere of lucid thought, like a clear sky of a frosty night, and often in proportion as the head is pressed with truth the heart is chilled. Indeed he can hardly be said to converse, because conversation implies an interchange of ideas. He discourses rather, pouring out his riches of original thought in such close language, that the attention of his hearers is often wearied and the comprehension at fault. Whilst rapidly stringing his consequences, link after link, to a member of Congress and seeing hesitation in his eye, he put in his usual quick enquiry with which his conversation is interspersed, "You understand?" "No," replied the member, relieving himself with a long sigh, "I don't understand, nor can I ever understand while you talk so closely." He once messed with a Senator in Washington, and so incessant was the operation of his mind, and so laborious the attention necessary to keep up with and comprehend his thoughts, that the Senator changed his lodgings. On being asked why he had removed, he replied "to escape thought and Mr. Calhoun." Of course he has no wit in conversation. Wit, if not falsehood, is too often truth in travesty or exaggeration; and the essence of things presses too heavily on such a mind, to admit of trifling on its grave realities. He can also possess no poetry in his composition; at least, none such as men in books call poetry. Yet there is a cheerful hopefulness—a burning enthusiasm for the high destinies of men, especially as connected with our forms of free Government which never wearies in its flight through time and nature, looking ever upward and rejoicing in its anticipated consummation, of "peace on earth and good will towards men." It is this enthusiasm—this intensity in every thing connected with our Government, which has occasioned the sneer, that with him, every turn of public affairs, is a "crisis." He looks to futurity, as if it were present; and conscious of his mighty powers, speaks as if he grasped it. Events and the questions they evolve, press more weightily upon him, than other men, because he sees further into their consequences. His zeal for truth; his long experience in government, which teaches him that every movement of its complex machinery is big with issues, and that after results, cannot be estimated or understood by shallow political sophisms, or unprincipled charlatans. The question is, "What is often merely a personal one,—how shall I be affected?"—"What shall I gain?" or it is a question, of immediate effect only, immediate and remote; for they can see no farther. But with him, the question is the contrary, and what is its whole effect, immediate and remote—but especially its remote which, like the ocean's wave, is often most fatal and violent in its recoil. This intensity and self-abandonment in public affairs, has also rendered him obnoxious to the charge of being too indifferent to results, when fatal to his friends. When standing according to his conception, in the way of his public duty, he rides over them remorselessly; and great public measures seem to absorb all his private sympathies. The charge is not without truth. No man who enjoys his friendship, need expect that his private esteem and affection will control his public course; but it is not true, whatever may be external appearances, that he does not deeply deplore the loss or fall of friends. He has seemed unmoved because he has felt himself to be the victim; and the altar at which he served, required a cheerful sacrifice; and to see it broken at a blow, by one force current of political events; dashing into collision and strife those who once "look sweet counsel together," is indeed the most wretched of all life's experiences; but can it be avoided, if the supreme principle is the country's good? The ties of friendship—the esteem of all men—life itself, we doubt not, are nothing in Mr. Calhoun's estimation of the great principles of free government, through the mighty experiment of our Federal Constitution, for which he has lived and struggled for more than a quarter of a century. We have heard him say so with an eye so bright and calm, and lips so firm and pale—not in crowds or in the Senate chamber, but in the solitude of personal communion—that to doubt him, were to outrage nature and wrong our being. He has shown too often the spirit of the martyr, in his many reverses in public life, for any one to question his possessing it; and when he saw that the way was dark and perilous, there are many who can testify to the earnestness with which he implored his friends, if consistent with their own views of duty, to abandon him, and permit him to tread it alone. Most assuredly, he has not been more reckless of others, than of himself, in his political career.

It is a power, not right—distinction not usefulness, had been his aim, who doubts, that long since he would have obtained all that popularity could have bestowed in a Republic? But the struggle of his life has been, not to use our system of Government, or lift himself by its abuses,

but to save the system, by reforming its abuses, and correcting its dangerous and dissolving tendencies. In pursuing this end, he has been stern to his friends and foes; and the former have probably contributed as little as the latter, in swaying his policy. Had he been otherwise, however, he might have had troops of friends, (who long since abandoned him,) while falling into the "sere and yellow leaf" of age, and have revelled in honors; but he would not have been what he is—a man, in the midst of political profligacy and corruption, fit to reform and save a great Republic.

Our readers will easily infer from what we have said, that Mr. Calhoun is no politician, in the sense the term is generally used. He neither understands how to string the wires, nor to pull them. Despising indirection and trickery of all kinds, he wields but one weapon for success in his measures and ascendancy in his councils, and that is—outright, downright, naked truth. Yet it might have been fortunate for him, if only for the purposes of defence, had he possessed more of that art, which in public affairs, produces results, whilst affecting to be indifferent or opposed to them, secretly instigates and combines instruments and causes, and when the effect is produced, cries out—"Behold the people!" All art and concealment in conducting the affairs of a Republic are contrary to its genius and spirit. Dissembling and artifice are the mean resorts of conscious unworthiness or meditated treachery to the people, and may suit courts or harems; but are not favorable to that just appreciation by the people, of public men and public measures, which are absolutely necessary for their proper control. He who loves them, and confides in their capacity for self government, will deal openly and fairly with them. He will plant himself on the great principles of truth and liberty, and if he fails to convince the people that these require his policy to prevail, he will doubt his own ability to enforce them, or deprecate the unworthy sophistries which obscure them from their eyes, but he will not doubt the people. He will wait in hope—in patience he will possess his soul. He will go down, if necessary, beneath the people's wrath; confident that their sense of justice and correct appreciation of their interests and honor, will ere long lift him up again, and even for his humiliations they will remember him. This is statesmanship. This is true patriotism. To serve the people when the people serve you—to magnify them when they exalt you—to laud their omnipotence when their omnipotence is your glory, and their favor your crown; is an easy task that repays sweetly in the performance. But to dare to be right when the people are wrong, and to face them in frowns—to serve on when your services are slighted or scorned—to feel their power pressing down to your ruin, whilst bad men and bad counsels hurry them on in a career of folly and iniquity—to see that purest reward of a high ambition, ("that last infirmity of noble minds") your good name, belied, trampled on and cursed—and yet to hold on—calmly, cheerfully, and hopefully to hold on to the truth—and hold it up and push it on, inch by inch, until it moves and spreads and flames in the popular mind, and saves the land. This is statesmanship; this is true patriotism. The politician knows nothing of it and perhaps despises it. He laughs in his sleeve at the simplicity and folly of those whom, by his intrigues and measures, he may have driven into such desperate experiments on the popular intelligence. Personal success is his principle, and expediency in all measures (excepting where professions of principle are expedient,) is his unscrupulous instrument to win his way. The statesman stands on great principles of liberty and government, and knows no success but in their ascendancy, and no reward but in the blessings they impart to the country. Need we say to our readers, that the statesman, as we have depicted him in character and life, is John C. Calhoun.

Such is the man we uphold for the first office in the gift of the people of these United States, whom he has served for thirty-one years consecutively in the councils of the Union. Of these services, although affording a brilliant chapter for biography, we propose to say nothing. They extend over a long space, through the most trying incidents, and stirring public events—from the last war, the declaration of which he penned, to his splendid career for the last ten years in the Senate of the United States. During so long a course of public services, of course he has committed errors; and it is possible that we are so feminine in our attachment as to love him the more for these very errors. They bring him nearer on a level with us in our common nature, whilst his moral excellencies draw him warmly to our hearts. We uphold him for the Presidency, not merely because we admire the statesman, but because we love the man. No one who has occupied, or pretended to occupy the Presidential chair, if our conception of his character is correct, can approach him in his domestic traits. Washington, in his personal dignity and pure moral grandeur, stood like the solitary eagle on the mountain peak. The clouds of human tenderness and passion, moved for below him. Madison was correct, amiable and kind. Monroe was blunt yet considerate and honorable. But neither Washington, Madison nor Monroe had children—and the hidden but gushing streams of parental love never flowed over and softened their natures. Of other living men who have occupied or aspired to the Presidency, we will say nothing, although we might say a great deal in commendation. We wish to see in the White House the same virtues which make the cottage happy. We wish to see in the Presidency those principles of morality, which bring order and peace, every where actively bearing on all

duties. On these principles, not only the happiness, but the liberties of the people depend. Without them, in the high places of power and dominion, the rights and interests of the people are rendered subordinate to the ambition of unprincipled aspirants;—and to gamble them away—to profess, and falsify professions—to seem to do, yet not to do—to have measures without principles, and abuses without correction, and expediency in everything, and clear decided honesty in nothing—becomes the model of statesmanship, and the habitual but contemptible practices of public men. Republics are built on the higher virtues, and the people must have them actively engaged in the administration of their affairs, or their liberties must fall. Give us honesty in our government, and give us energy and courage to make honesty rule without being duped, and effectual in all its departments, without regard to consequences. Then if errors are committed, errors will correct themselves. Good measures will produce all their good; and bad ones be bereft of half their evil. Confidence, now long lost, will once more return amongst us; confidence in our rulers will give us confidence in each other; and an abiding sense that truth, justice, and the fear of God, reign in our national councils, will bring repose and peace to our distracted and suffering country.

REPUBLICAN OR WHIG DEPARTMENT.

THE BANK CRUSADE.
After all the "blood and thunder" threatened by the Locos, not a single Act or Resolution was adopted by the Legislature, in relation to the Banks! The batch of Bills, reported by Mr. Biggs, of Martin, in the House, and Mr. Brown, of Caswell, in the Senate, were all "snowed under." The Resolutions which were transmitted to the Senate from the House, in relation to the Bank of the State, were "consigned to the tomb of the Capulets;" and those which went from the Senate to the House, were laid upon the table *with-out day*. And last though not least, it will be recollected, that when the Loco Focos took the back track, and reconsidered their Resolution to investigate the condition of the Banks, on the ground that it could not be done while the Legislature was in session, Mr. Jones, of Orange, introduced a fresh set of Resolutions providing for an examination after the Legislature should adjourn! Will it be believed, that these Resolutions were never even called up? Yet such is the fact! And to cap the climax of inconsistency and folly, on the last day but one of the Session, a bill was introduced (by a Loco loco) to exempt the Banks from the legal penalty of suspension now prescribed by the Charter! [This bill was opposed by Mr. Barringer, Whig, and defeated.]

One good effect at least will result, we trust, from the impotent efforts of the Loco Foco leaders to crush our Banks.—The eyes of the People will be opened to the value of these Institutions, and Public opinion, which has been vitiated on this subject by the clamor of Demagogues will again be restored to a sound and healthy tone.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.
The General Meeting of the Stockholders of the Bank of the State, which assembled on the 2d inst. has been continued open by adjournment, from day to day, until yesterday, when it adjourned *sine die*. It will be seen by the following Resolution, adopted by the Stockholders *unanimously*, that the Legislature having adjourned without doing any thing to relieve the people, the President and Directors of the Bank, are requested to extend such accommodation to the public, as may be consistent with the interests of the Institution. This little Resolution of the Stockholders of an Institution, which has been so violently assailed by demagogues, will do more to restore confidence, and alleviate the embarrassments of the community, than all the Acts and Resolutions of the General Assembly:

"The General Assembly of this State, having adjourned on the 28th inst. *sine die*, without having taken any action on the Resolution, unanimously adopted by the individual Stockholders of this Bank on the 2d inst. and transmitted to that body by his Excellency, the Governor—the Stockholders, although believing that as a matter of pecuniary consideration alone, it would be their interest to wind up the affairs of the Bank under the Charter, and divide the Capital; yet, as the General Assembly have forbore to express any opinion on the subject when respectfully invited to do so, the Stockholders decline further action on it at this time, leaving the subject open for the consideration of a future General Meeting—recommending to the President and Directors of the Bank, to administer its affairs in the mean time, with as liberal accommodation to the People of the State and indulgence to its debtors, as may be consistent with the safety and interests of the Bank."

Correspondence N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

THE CURRENCY AND PUBLIC CREDIT.
Washington City, Feb. 10.
Mr. Everett's Plan for the Restoration of Public Credit, and for a Currency.
I have already apprised you that Mr. Horace Everett, of Vermont, has introduced into the House of Representatives a bill which he calls "a bill to revive and establish the public credit." This, he declares, is his intention to offer as a substitute for the Exchequer project of Mr. Cushing's select committee, which will probably soon be considered by the House. It is a composite affair, partaking of Mr. Cost Johnson's great scheme, in some degree, of a United States Bank and of an Exchequer. The first eight sections provide for the issue of \$100,000,000 of Government stock, with the lands pledged for its payment, distributable, *pro rata*,

among the states—the issuing of scrip from the treasury, therefore,—the issue of \$15,000,000 treasury notes, from \$3 to \$1000, the appointment of the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Treasurer of the United States for six years, removable by impeachment, or by the President, on a vote of two thirds of the House of Representatives—the establishment of a fiscal agency, (with powers strictly guarded, and made responsible to Congress, like those of a National Bank,) for receiving, keeping, and disbursing the revenue, to be under the Treasurer's superintendence, under certain specified regulations, given in the body of the bill; and that this section is repealable, under certain provisions and conditions, which are given at length.

These are the provisions of the first eight sections of the bill. The ninth, being the last, seems to be, in the present state of things, rather the most important of the whole, being a provision for the reception, safe-keeping and disbursement of the public revenue, "until such agency shall go into operation." And for this section Mr. Everett acknowledges himself, on the first page of his bill, indebted to "Mr. D., of New York," by which initial your readers are to understand Mr. Davis (of the firm of Davis & Brooks,) of your city, to be intended.

I give you this section at length, and beg for it the readers careful consideration. It seems to me exactly the intermediate measure between our present slipshod fiscal position and the establishment of some permanent institution for the objects it aims at temporarily. I remain, very truly, Y. W. C.

[Instead of giving these provisions, verbatim, as they are very long, we present the substance of them, in straightforward English.]
The first subdivision authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow \$15,000,000 from specie-paying banks, at 6 per cent. interest; not more than one quarter of its actual paid up capital to be loaned by any one bank.

Second, this amount of \$15,000,000 to be deducted from the amount of Treasury notes authorized to be issued by the 5th section of the Bill.

Third, an equal amount of the notes of the lending banks, five dollars and upward, to be stamped, under the direction of the Secretary, with the words, "this note will be received in payment of Government dues, according to act of Congress," &c., the said stamp to be countersigned by a proper officer. These stamped notes to be given to the Banks on their paying into the Treasury the amount thereof in gold or silver.

Fourth, by written agreement to be entered into between the banks and Secretary of the Treasury, the banks are to forfeit accruing interest on the money loaned, and the stamped notes, as they are received at the Treasury in payment of dues, are to be returned to the banks in payment of the loan—if the said banks fail to redeem any of the stamped notes in gold or silver on demand.

Fifth, by the same agreement the Secretary is to be at liberty to pay off, or reduce the loan, at any time, by returning and cancelling the stamped notes, due notice being given, and the reduction being made equally among the banks as far as possible.

Sixth, any of the banks may at any time, on giving a stipulated notice, recall the whole or any part of its loan by cancelling an equal amount of its stamped notes; the Secretary being at liberty to pay either in effective money or Treasury bonds, at 6 per cent. redeemable in ten years.

Seventh, provides for the appointment of the stamping officer, &c.

Eighth, directs copies of the bill to be circulated among all the specie-paying banks in the United States, with proposals to make part of the loan, &c. and in executing offers the Secretary is to equalize the loan as much as possible.

Ninth, makes existing laws to prevent or punish forgery, applicable to the stamps proposed by this bill.

Tenth, the Secretary to publish quarterly accounts of his doings under this bill.

Eleventh, that the public revenues shall be deposited in the loaning banks.

The Editor of the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette writes home from Washington as follows:
"Walking out rather early this morning, I was struck by the earnestness with which certain laborers were pulling down an old fence, and opening drains. They seemed to be under the guidance of an overseer, who was also an aid, as he plied head and shoulders in the work, transferring to his coat, hat, and pantaloons, the remaining whitewash of the boards, and a sample of the earth removed from the drains.
When the job was finished, the principal laborer raised himself to depart. I looked closely at him—it was the President of the United States. Long may the head of the nation be a working man, and long may he aid and assist the working man.
Half a dozen witticisms suggest themselves about the whitewash, the mud, &c., but none that would repay for the pleasure I had in seeing the chief magistrate of the nation thus employed in what may be called his leisure hours. Mr. Tyler I hear, is personally popular in Washington. That has nothing to do with his executive duties as President—nothing to do with his veto or his exchequer—but simply with his courteous bearing as a gentleman, his personal civilities, his liberality, as a Christian man, and those other qualities which go to make a good name, without reference to political relations. He yields to many whom he

knows to be no friends, and suffers their hypocrisy to pass unrebuked. But he can afford that; he is on the full tide of prosperity—above all, and directing all; and what has he to fear? He may well pardon much. But will he be equally yielding, equally kind, equally charitable, when time shall have sent these crowds of suitors who flatter and obey him now, to some new holder of power and dispenser of favors? Will he, when not comforted by the consciousness of ability, be equally yielding to those who may chance to stand in his light, as they do now? Perhaps not; though, perhaps, he will still show as much true magnanimity as any one. But none are as pliable in the absence of power and favor, as when they are possessed both; and, perhaps, the best hearts are those which grow a little crabbed from jealousy in their adversity.

CHANCE FOR A LAWSUIT.—The following singular advertisement appears in a Lynn, (Mass.) paper:—"Whereas, Mr. Joseph Johnson, Jr., of Nahant, contracted with the subscribers to convey him to Lynn and back again to Nahant, for the sum of 25 cents; but having driven into too close proximity with a post, whereby the wagon shafts were severed from the body, thus obliging me to incur the expenses of support and lodging at Lynn Hotel: this is therefore to notify Mr. Johnson that I shall continue to board at the said hotel at his expense until he shall provide me a conveyance to Nahant in some convenient vehicle agreeable to his contract. Signed Abner Hood." This will form the ground work for a capital law suit; in the mean time, says the Salem Gazette, "Mr. Hood is feeding fat his grudge," and "nursing his wrath to keep it warm."

DEATH IN THE TEA SPOON.—Many persons are in the habit of using German Silver Tea and Table Spoons without being aware of their poisonous composition. Some friend of humanity has announced, that German Silver is composed of copper, arsenic and nickel, and that it oxydizes very rapidly in contact with any acid, and that small particles are taken into the stomach, which imperceptibly act as a slow but sure poison.

A MAN DYING WITH THE GLANDERS.
In Chester county, Pa., last week, Henry Gorman, a resident of Ridley township, died from glanders produced by bleeding a horse owned by him, which was afflicted with the disease. At the time of bleeding the animal, he had a cut on one of his fingers, into which the poisonous virus of the disease was transmitted to the system, and in a short time made itself manifest throughout his whole frame. Mortification ensued, and death put an end to his sufferings in about three weeks after he was attacked.

A LEAP FOR LIFE.—One day during the last week, a party of gentlemen went on a nesting excursion to the Heights, near Slains Castle, and approaching "Danbury," an insulated precipitous rock, well known as a favorite resort for sea fowl, one of the boldest of the party, enamoured of its rich treasures, ventured to ascend its rugged and almost perpendicular crags, amid the wailing cries of its reclaiming occupants, which "boasted about the enemy," seemingly disposed to enter their dens, in the shape of sundry pounces on his face and hands; but heedless of all, the daring intruder clambered up to the alarming height of 80 or 90 feet, when accidentally laying hold of a piece of loose rock, which gave way with him, he lost his balance, but had the presence of mind to make a sudden leap from the face of the rock, much to the satisfaction of his winged neighbors, who rejoiced at his exit. He fell into the water, and to the great joy and surprise of his friends, escaped unhurt.—*Glasgow Courier.*

JUGGLING.—The London Spectator thus speaks of the tricks performed by a celebrated juggler now in that metropolis:
Among other incomprehensible doings, he boils four plucked pigeons in a kettle full of water suspended over a fire, and perfectly isolated, and out fly four living birds from an empty vessel; he returns to their owners a score of handkerchiefs, washed and ironed, that a moment before lay soaking wet in a pail; and he produces no end of bouquets out of an old hat that he stamps upon, and turns inside out, each pressure or squeeze of the hand being followed by a fresh supply of bunches of sweet-smelling flowers from the old battered hat. A young lady near us lent her straw bonnet, and was horrified at seeing it crushed up into a ball; but to her great relief, it appeared hanging at the top of the proscenium; and being brought down by a pistol shot, she found it quite undamaged. A handful of gold watches is flung to the back of the stage and presently re-appear hanging from the branches of a plant that had just been watered and placed under a heated cover for producing this sort of golden fruit. Bunches of keys, that seem not to be out of sight, are found attached to the roots of a plant in a flower pot; and a head with goggle eyes, at the summons of a pistol shot, thrusts out a bunch of rings at the tip of its tongue and stars with two gold watches for eye-balls, though one could have sworn both rings and watches were under certain covers.
But perhaps one of the completest puzzles is the pouring successively of black and red wine, and steaming champagne, from the identical black bottle that we had just before seen filled with water. This, and the dipping for bouquets in the old hat, are done in the very faces of the spectators; and the bottle, when emptied of its contents, is broken, and a silk handkerchief is found in it.—A couple of lemons are handed to the company, and one of them, on being cut, is found to contain an egg, which being broken, yields a walnut, that when cracked, discloses a ring belonging to one of the audience. If those feats seem wondrous in telling, they are far more inexplicable in the doing, for you feel what cannot be indicated sufficiently in a brief description—the seeming impossibility of them. The illusion is perfect; you see things vanish under your eyes, and behold them in another place while yet they appear to be where they were before.