EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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POETRY.

For the Whig.

Tahmora's Curse.

The sun was up and beaming bright
Upon Tahmora's rapid flight!
From hill to hill with lengthen'd strides
With Indian fleetness swift he glides!
His blood-stain'd trophies loosely sweep
The breeze that rises from the deep,—
The eagle plume bends from his brow,
Where fear ne'er shiver'd until now!
And he who *once* in proud disdain,
Would ne'er have fled his native plain,
Upon his knees through wild wood creeps,
And clambers up the dizzy steeps,
To shun the spoilers of their game,
Sought in his tribe's last chieftan's name.
From crag to crag he firmly leaps,
And bounds o'er nature's stony heaps!
The last projecting peak he gains,
In hopes to soothe his galling pains;
For blood had mark'd his rapid tread,
And hope his warrior's heart had fled!
He looks steadfast in fretted grief,
Below upon the river's deep,
Where light canoe is seen no more,
Traversing swift from shore to shore;
And then upon his native hills—
The meadows and the silv'ry rills,—
Until a tear burst from his eye
That he was from them forc'd to fly.
His murder'd wife, and helpless boy,
(His pride, his care, and only joy,)
Rush'd full upon the chieftan's mind,
While grief he mingled with the wind!
The flinty rock received his head
And formed his hard and fatal bed!
And soon he hears the approaching sound
Of footsteps on the hard by ground!
And ste[illegible]
And each one wears a rec'ant face:
He springs erect in frightful ire,—
His eye glares forth its angry fire—
And on his brow enthron'd appear
A mortal hate—a banish'd fear!
What! shall I like the hunted lion,
Die contending—or still fly on?
Shall old Tahmora tamely yield—
Or stain with blood his native field?
He scream'd a death-defying yell—
Receiv'd the wound—and nobly fell!
Where now the thousand warriors bold,
That once this summons quickly told?
Their bones are whit'ning on the plain,
Their wigwams scatter'd o'er the main:
The war-whoop dies amid the blast,
That gathers round this conquer'd LAST.
But ere his life had ebb'd apace,
He slowly raised his death-mark'd face;
Propping himself upon his hand,
He bade them list to his command:—
This wampum belt you've stain'd with blood,
As innocent as yonder flood!
Take it—my curse be on thy race—
And hurl'd it in the foremost face!
May the Great Spirit in yonder cloud,
Mutter his veng'ance forth aloud;
Unfurl the light'nings from his hand,
And swell the streams by dread command;
Dash—dash the waters of the deep,
O'er this my lone sepulchral steep!
Until the blood you've shed this day,
Be all reveng'd and wash'd away!
Thou Great One execute my CURSE,
Revenge my fall—for'er disperse——
He could not breathe the ling'ring rest—
The vital spark had fled his breast.

WACOUSTA.

European Correspondence of the Portland Advertiser.

THINGS IN ENGLAND.—June 18, 1835.

I write you from a place called Pattley Bridge,—a little English village ugly enough to the eyes as almost all their villages are—on the river Nidd—a *river* with something more than a thimble full of water in it. It was quite dark, made so by a Scotch mist, when we reached here on foot,—and made for a little Public House, in which there was a collection of Yorkshiremen discusing something or other over their mugs of beer, but in a tongue, which was all Greek to me, for I could not even *guess* out one word in forty, as they rattled off together word after word in amazing volubility. This is England then, thought I —this the place where such pure English is spoken, that English travellers come over to us, and ridicule the mass of our contrymen who do not speak by line and rule, each one of whom, however, can be easily understood. This is the boasted English language of an Englishman's home—this gibberish here,—this broad-mouthed jargon, that an Englishman himself cannot understand at all. I listened with astonishment. I had no idea, that there was a race of men on earth, who pretended to speak English, that spoke such English as this. [illegible] could not even guess what [illegible] earnest conversation, for the rattling of their "clog-shune" as they call them (shoes with wooden soles) was as intelligible to me as the music of their throats. But more of this by and by.

At York I resolved upon a new way of travelling. In coaches and Steam boats, every body travels—but I came to England to see the people of England, and them I mean to see, cost whatsoever or labor it may. I therefore sent my portmanteau on to Edinburgh, (a portmanteau or valise is all I ever take in travelling, and that holds twice as many things as are necessary to go over the world with, if one has a depot in some principal places—the top of one's hat is quite large enough,—and a portmanteau will hold an entire change of clothes, Sunday-dress and all)—and then I bade adieu to coaches and made for the bye ways, and crooked ways, with only my surtout under my arm—and my little writing materials in one of its pockets, holding paper, pen, ink sealing wax, wafers, seals, pencil, rule and line, pins, needles, silk, false collars and other notions. Thus armed and equipped, I sailed forth for the heart of Yorkshire.—Plague on a coach—we had not walked two miles before one passing by tempted us in, for we had not philiosophy enough as yet to resist such a temptation. We road to Ripon about twenty miles, I believe—over a very good road,—passing one place where a few poor retired gentlemen lived on an estate which had been devoted by bequest for such a purpose, with other funds to keep up the establishment, and observing nothing very remarkable unless it was some hordes of Irish laborers coming over in search of work, begging, and chasing after our coach, crying for "pennies" with broods of children, in their train;—or patches of ground close on the road, outside of an estate, given to the poor of the parish to cultivate. By the way, the poor of England, considering their number, are wonderfully taken care of. An English beggar is seldom seen. Medicity is often forbid by law, and mendicants are taken up as vagabonds. In the streets of London, placards are carried about all over the city, cautioning the public not to give, and stating that all the poor are provided for with work and food and clothing. Thus beggary is put down, —and but few pretend to beg in England unless they invite some *quid pro quo* in the way of a song—some little mineral or some pretty flowers which almost always opens one's heart.

I did not tarry long to look at the Cathedral or Minster, as it is called, for after having seen that of York, my curiosity was not very sharp, and this was upon a much smaller scale. I gave the town of Ripon but a glance, and started for Studley Park some too or three miles ahead. The first view we had of this well known Park was after our emerging from some ugly villages, when all at once, we came upon a beautiful green, stretching as far as eye the could reach, studded here in irregular beauty, with wide spread elms of luxuriant foliage, and dotted all over with groups of deer and sheep grazing upon the matted grass. The spectator at first, fancies he has stept into another sphere, so beautiful is every thing he sees about him. Here are gavel walks—and under the shade of the trees, are cicular seats where one can read in peace for hours. Over your head is the music of sweet toned birds, and by your feet is the sparkling and babbling little river Skell. In yondec view, far down the vista [illegible] work of art. I wandered in the little woods. I surveyed the mansion, the chapel and its lodges. I took another view of the distant Minster, obtain which the brances of the intervening trees have been lopped off, and the Minster then seemed to spring up as from the wood. But all this delight was but trifling in comparison with the more delicious view that soon opened upon us. We passed the lodge of the pleasure grounds—(in England almost all estates have grounds laid out in walks, highly adorned and cultivated as pleasure grounds) —and after inscribing our names in an album, where I observed the names of many other Americans,—we entered what was indeed a fairy land. Such beauty my eyes never beheld. Here was a little mountain of laurel trimmed in the form of a pyramid. Now the river Skell branched out into a lake in whose waters were gliding the pike and trout, anon it murmured over an artificial water-fall About me were the trees of many climes, and with others, the American fir. Here was a hedge thickly grown, and skilfully trimmed. There was an opening in the little forest that opened to other forests still, or to another peep to the little river, or the little lake, with the green islets in its bosom. Here was a lawn shaded by some lofty oaks, and there was a thicket too wild to penetrate. Here was a ledgy precipice of fearful steepness,—and through this vista, some marble statue of some Roman god. Now I am on a little hill, seated with some wide view before me, and anon, I am in a vale of luxuriant wealth. The birds are about me warbling their sweetest melody—the wind sighs plaintively through the thickly branching trees—the rippling of the rivulet over its bed of stones is heard—and from this mound, the (Gothic seat, it is called,) I hear and see through this vista sounds, and things I never heard or saw before,—the note of the cuckoo—and the caw of the jackdaw, as it flutters about the ruins of an Abbey in the distance—the time-worn sides of which I can already see embraced in ivy.

A ruin! all my fancy was aroused at the thought, and I hurried my guide from the seat here prepared to give the spectator the first view in the distance, toward the lone walls of Fountain's Abbey. I had never seen a ruin of any magnitude before,—and oh, how awful are such first impressions when first looking at the time-worn, and crumbling walls and arches of such religious institutions. I hurried rapidly down the paths winding under thickly shadowing branches. I came to a bridge over the Skell, already in ruins, in which were growing stout trees, indicating its age, and so thick with earth and vegetation as to be concealed but for the water that is heard gurgling by the stones, that have fallen from the arch, —and soon I came to the lone Abbey in the glen, so far from the road—all hidden by woods and crags, all silence and desolation, as if here the very genius of solitude sat brooding in moody sovereignty. What a scene was about and above me! Loud was the croak of the rook and the jack-daw. This quivering arch hangs in threatening altitude. I am watching the little lad that is gathering pink seed to transplant to the pinnacles of the tower. I look with surprise at the grass and the trees high in air on the battlements of the walls. Here is the stony figure of a Norman Baron on a coffin of stone, which his friends fain believed would give him immortality and peace, —but his bones are gone, and he is forgotton long ago. This covering has been wrenched from another coffin,—and the very name of the once-proud Nobleman is known no more. Over the earth where Abbot and Monk once trampled, the grass is growing, as if it had never been disturbed but by the shears or the scythe. The swallow is twittering in the cloisters and the ivy twines amid fantastic device, and sculptured arch. Art too, and man have done their best to add romance to this scene. An inner court is full of flowers, there cultivated within walls, and thus by the very contrast, making the even romance more romantic.

But I shall weary you, and cover sheets of paper, were I to attempt fully to describe this which I know, must be the most beautiful spot on earth.—If I were a Poet, I would beg of the owner, for a habitation—even a nook in the corner of the monstrous Kitchen-fire place yet left standing, and if I had none of the poetic soul, the very inspiration of the scene about would give me one.

"I do love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history."

But yet, thank God, we have no such monuments of priestly extortion in our own country —no such relics of a gloomy superstition, and sad corruption, for if history is true, the Monk and the Bacchanal here was one—the Abbey was a haram as well as a *House of God*! True, we have not such thought-inspiring solitudes for fancy to draw its visions in. Our history does not stretch backwards as England's does, upon a thickly clustered Past,—but the American eye is on the Present and the Future. We have done, and we are doing what will lift us above the glory of Rome,—and when the time of a thousand years has consecrated it, the stupendous end of small beginnings, will leave a harvest for Poetry and Fame.

This Abbey now in ruins, of which I have been speaking, once covered twelve acres of ground, including all its outworks. The very ruins now cover two acres. The Park and all stretch over an extent of 650 acres. It is now the property of a Miss Lawrence or Mrs. Lawrence, as she is called, who is now 76 years of age.

The property after her decease, descends to some Lord or other whose name I have forgotten. The grounds were laid out and embellished by Mr. Aislabe at an immense expense. Mr. A. was for many years a member of Parliament. He annexed Fountain's Abby to his estate by purchase. The expense of supporting them even now in their present state would consume the income of almost any single rich man in America. Of course such a property could not long be kept together where the law of Primogeniture did not prevail. —I have said nothing here of numerous statues on the pleasure grounds—busts—nothing of the little edifices called Temples,—nothing of the gladiators, gods and demi gods, &c, because they are quite common affairs in the World—and I have not room to say half as much as might be said of this, which I repeat, MUST be the most beautiful place on earth.

With the eye amply gratified, and weary of reflection, I left the park with my friend. All our baggage was with us. We did not care where we went provided our course was West, toward the Lak[illegible] [illegible] road [illegible] heart of Yorkshire—and I have already told you that I am at Paitley Bridge.

TROTTING.—The long anticipated performance of one hundred miles in ten hours and a half took place yesterday on Sunbury Common. It is a task which few have had the courage to undertake; but it has been accomplished by the celebrated American trotter, Tom Thumb, in ten hours and eight minutes. The stakes were 500l. from Mr. Dixon, the proprietor of the mare, and 1000l of Mr. White church's against the performance. It had been originally agreed that the match should commence at two o'clock yesterday morning, but it was determined to take advantage of the coolness of the night air, and the parties met accordingly on Tuesday evening at the George, in the lane leading to the Common. At ten o'clock, Stacey, a horse-dealer at Kingston, jumped into a beautiful machine which the mare was to draw. It was in every respect similar to that used by Mr. Osbaldeston, and started as the clock struck, taking five miles out across the Common to Staines, and then returning. The first ten miles occupied 58 minutes and a half, and the next ten miles a quarter of a minute sooner. The mare was taken out, her mouth washed, and some gruel and brandy offered to her, which she refused to drink. Seven minutes were occupied in this change. She completed her next ten miles in 61 minutes, and took but 57 minutes in trotting the succeeding length. She was again taken out, and appeared as fresh as starting. She was apparently just getting on her mettle, and drank her allowance of gruel off as though nothing had happened.

This change was well managed, and occupied but three minutes and a half. Off she went again, and completed the distance in 63 minutes. This was evidently a draw, but no money was sported, although some of the 'right ones' were present.—Precisely the same time was taken for the next distance. Sixty miles had at this time been completed, yet there was no symptoms of distress apparent in the mare. On her being put to again she performed the ten miles in one minute less than the hour, and the succeeding (making the 80th) in half a minute less. The sun was getting in full power when the mare started for her last twenty miles.—In the first ten she gained two minutes on the hour, and followed it up by completing the next ten in the same time, thus winning the wager by nearly a quarter of an hour. But few persons were present, and betting appeared absolutely out of the question. There was considerable apathy on the part of the bystanders until the 70th mile, when the vehicle was accompanied by horsemen galloping to encourage the mare. She is certainly a beautiful animal, stands 15 hands high, is six years old, and nearly thorough-bred. She was well managed.—*London Chronicle.*

LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS,

For the third week in August.

JEWELLERY.

Necklaces, which have been so long out of favour, are, now again making their re-appearance. Some of a novel description have just been introduced: they are chiefly worn in demi-foilette. Sometimes they are composed of a plaiting of hair, closed by a diamond clasp; or the necklace itself may be formed of several rows of Mexican gold chain, and the clasp, which is worn in front of the throat, is rather large and elaborately wrought. A necklace of this kind is very pretty when formed of a flat gold chain or lacet, and fastened by a clasp in the form of a heart, set with garnets. We [illegible] of several row[illegible] clasp in the [illegible] stones, either [illegible] of the latter, [illegible] and the folia[illegible] bracelets to c[illegible] elegant *paru*[illegible]

As a genera[illegible] that jeweller[illegible] of simplicit[illegible] seasons. B[illegible] of form. I[illegible] chains, wit[illegible] numerous. [illegible] still in favo[illegible] precious sto[illegible] suspended a [illegible] ring, which [illegible] which has a [illegible] chain crosse[illegible]

Waist bu[illegible] toilette neg[illegible] change in [illegible] observe that [illegible] They are lo[illegible] dead gold, or [illegible] and gold.

A brooch [illegible] the chemiset [illegible] of the corsa[illegible] bow of ribb[illegible]

The most [illegible] of jewellery [illegible] cluded diam[illegible] longer exist[illegible] stones, may [illegible] lace, or brac[illegible] they must [illegible] tatiously. [illegible] fashionable[illegible] Some of the [illegible] produced so[illegible] are Gothic [illegible] of rubies or [illegible] colors on a [illegible]

Pearls are [illegible] Gold neck [illegible] terns.

DRESSE[illegible] ther render[illegible] texture u[illegible] printed mu[illegible] robes of bo[illegible] broad hem[illegible] these hem[illegible] Pelerines a[illegible] ner, with [illegible] Pelisses ar[illegible] lins lined [illegible] than ever [illegible] costume; [illegible] and brilli[illegible]

The pr[illegible] out-door [illegible] with a [illegible] clasp in front.

The Thames Tunnel.—The works at the tunnel are proceeding in a most satisfactory manner. Great anxiety and doubts were entertained on the practicability of reopening the shield, which has been blocked up since 1828 The difficulties, it was apprehended, would be increased by the removal of the old shield to prepare the ground in its vicinity for the reception of the new one. The apprehension was also increased by the knowledge of the fact, that a considerable portion of the ground formed in the bed of the river by throwing over the spot were the last eruption took place, clay, &c, to stop up the cavity, had been removed in order to clear the channel of the river.—The old shield, however, has been already partially removed, and the works in its immediate vicinity were found to be in the most sound state. The iron work, however, owing to the length of time it has remained blocked up, is unfit for use. The infiltration caused by the removal of nearly the whole of the shield is extremely small and caused solely by the undersprings which feed the wells in the district to a great distance. The ground above the shield has been removed to the extent, of two or three feet, and has been cut away to prepare for the reception of the new shield, the contract for which has been taken by Messrs Rennie and Co., who have already delivered parts of it required immediately for the new ceiling. Favourably as appearances are at present, the engineer, Mr. Brunel, has adopted measures to prevent accidents for the future, and in order to show the confidence of the men engaged in the works before they were suspended, it may be mentioned that the best of the work-men, who were exposed to the greatest danger, have been solicitous to join in the accomplishment of the Tunnel.

With the experience the engineer has obtained, a competent opinion is entertained that the work will be accomplished at no great distance of time. Many persons of distinction, including several foreigners, have recently visited the works.

Kosciusko.—It is stated in Falbenstein's life of Kosciusko that when this distinguished Pole reached his country for the purpose of combating in behalf of liberty, he was utterly unprovided with letters of introduction, and nearly pennyless. He sought an interview with WASHINGTON. "What do you seek here?" inquired the General, with his accustomed brevity.—"I come to fight as a volunteer for American Independence," was the equally brief and fearless reply.—"What can you do?" was Washington's next question—to which Kosciusko, with his characteristic simplicity, only rejoined, "*Try me.*" This was done.—Occasions soon offered, in which his talents, science, and valor were evinced, and above all, his great character was duly appreciated.

Mrs. Jordan.—The present King of Great Britain had eight children by this lady; several of whom are now among the first titles in the kingdom. He spent upwards of fifty thousand pounds of *her* earnings, and then suffered her to end her days in poverty, and be buried upon charity in a foreign land. She died in Paris, in extreme poverty, and was buried at the expense of the English comedians in that city. Mark the change: the New-York Star says—

"Chantry's beautiful monument of Mrs. Jordan, (the deceased actress) sculptured expressly for the king—is represented with an infant (the present Earl of Munster) in her arms, surrounded by a groupe of her other children. The monument is to be placed in Westminster Abbey."

BEAT THIS

The Germantown Telegraph has been boasting about fall timothy; the Darby Republican about tall corn, and the York Republican about long cucumbers; now we throw the glov[illegible] for a glass of buttermilk, and five yards of gingham made up in suitable sized dresses, that Montgomery county can beat them all to pieces. Friend M[illegible], in Whitpain township, was presented a few days ago, by his wife, with *three fine, large healthy boys*, at one birth, all living, and doing well, and we hope will live to become a solace to their parents, when

"Age full of care shall encircle their brows."

Norristown Herald.

MAMMOTH CHEESE.

We are informed that Col. Thos. S. Meacham, of Richland, Oswego county, who keeps 154 cows, and has made this season 300 cheeses weighing 125 lbs. each, has made on weighing 1400 lbs., which he intends to present to the President of the U. States. He has also made several weighing 800 lbs each, one of which he intends for the vice president, one for Gov. Marcy and one for each of the cities of New York, Albany, Troy, and Rochester.

From the North River Times.

Romantic Adventure.—Married—In this village on Tuesday evening last, by John Stagg, Esq. of Clarkstown, Miss HESTER ANN EVENS, of Walden, Orange County, to Mr. LENI SMITH, of this town.

The circumstances attending the above marriage, are somewhat singular, and having produced some little amusement in the neighborhood, we have thought best to give them to our readers correctly.

Mr. Smith formerly resided at Walden, and for some length of time paid his addresses to Miss Evens. He was honest and sincere in his attentions, and the wedding day was named. At this juncture of the affair, some evil disposed person whispered calumny in the ear of Mr. S. against the object of his affections —his jealousy was aroused, and he precipitately left the place. This happened in July, and Miss E. having learnt the cause of his sudden departure, made every inquiry, with the hope of finding and convincing him of his error; but all to no purpose. Confident that her friend was laboring under a false impression, confident of her ability to convince him of his error, and relying implicity upon his honor when so convinced, about a week since she came to the romantic determination of leaving her friends and home, and of searching out his abode, if, indeed, he were yet living. The world is called cruel and unfriendly—it may be so, but we have yet to learn an instance, where a female ever ventured forth upon a laudible undertaking but that the world assisted here at every step. So in the present instance, our fair heroine proceeded to Newburgh, where she soon found those who interested themselves in her behalf, and who, on inquiry, ascertained that a Mr. Smith, some weeks since, took passage from that place to New York. She proceeded to New York in the first boat, arrived on the following morning, and entered that immense city a total stranger, to seek among a population of two hundred and seventy thousand a single individual, who, in all probability, was unknown to them all.—Probability, nay, we may say, possibility, was against her. But she carried within her breast a woman's heart, which actuated by the holy fire of love, thought only of success. The very idea of a young, inexperienced, and unprotected female, entering a vast city to search among a heterogeneous population for a fugitive lover, appears incredible; but such is the fact—nor was she unsuccessful.

Countless were the dangers she passed; but surmounting every obstacle, she pursued her inquiry, until, at last, she learned that a person, bearing the description of Mr. S., had with a view, probably of more effectually hiding himself from the world, taken passage in a boat for little rocky Rockland Hither she proceeded, and landed at Grassy Point. After making every necessary inquiry at that place, she hired a conveyance and came to this village on Tuesday last Here the romantic and dangerous journey was brought to a close—here she received the word for all her toil and labor. Mr. Smith when he left his home came almost directly to this place and here he had been and was still industriously and perseveringly pursuing his wonted calling.

After some little delay an interview was had when a mutual explanation and reconciliation took place—"they kissed and were friends again."

In the course of the evening our good friend Justice Stagg put a stop to any further rambling on the part of the truant swain, by tying that knot which death alone can unravel.

In the language of Paine, it may be said of Mr. Smith, that

"Delighted to find her in honer and ease,
He felt no more sorrow nor pain;
And the wind coming fair, he ascended the breeze,
And went back with his" *Hester* "again."

From the Southern Literary Messenger, for August.

EXTRAORDINARY INDIAN FEATS OF LEGERDEMAIN.

From the Manuscripts of D. D. Mitchell, Esq.

I have felt some reluctance in narrating the following singular feats, (I had almost said miracles,) not because I considered them unworthy the attention of the curious, but lest I should be accused of sporting with the reader's credulity, or of availing myself too largely of what is supposed by some to be the *traveller's privilege*. I acknowledged that the performance was altogether above my comprehension, and greatly excited my astonishment.

In civilized life, we know the many expedients to which men resort in order to acquire a subsistence, and are not therefore surprised, that, by perseverance and long practice, stimulatated by necessity, they should attain great great dexterity in the art of deception. To find it, however, carried to such great perfection by wild and untutored savages, who are neither urged by necessity, nor indeed receive the slighest reward for their skill, is certainly very surprising.

In travelling up the Missouri during the summer of 1831, we lost our horses near the Arickara village, which caused our detention for several days. As this nation has committed more outrages upon the whites than any other on the Missouri, and seem to possess all the vices of the savage without a redeeming virtue, we found ourselves very unpleasantly situated near the principal village, without sufficient force to repel an attack if one should be made. After some deliberation we adopted the advice of an old Canadian hunter, and determined to move our chattels directly into the village, and, whilst we remained, to take up our lodgings with the tribe. We were emboldened to this step, by the assurance of the hunter, that the Arickarees had never been known to kill but one man who had taken refuge within the limits of their town, and that their forbearance originated in the superstitions believe that the ghost of the murdered had haunted their encampment, and had frightened away the buffalo by his nightly screams.

We were received in the village with much more politeness than we expected; a lodge was appropriated to our use, and provisions brought to us in abundance. After we were completely refreshed, a young man came to our lodge and informed us that a band of ears, (as he expressed it) or medicine men, were making preparations to exhibit their skill, and that if we felt disposed we could witness the ceremony. We were much gratified at the invitation, as we had all heard marvellous stories of the wonderful feats performed by the Indian medicine men or jugglers. We accordingly followed our guide to the medicine lodge where we found six men dressed in bear skins and seated in a circle in the middle of the apartment. The spectators were standing round, and so arranged as to give each individual a view of the performers.

They civilly made way for our party, and placed us so near the circle that we had ample opportunity of detecting the imposture, if any imposition should be practised. The actors (if I may so call them) were painted in the most grotesque manner imaginable, blending so completely the ludicrous and frightful in their appearance that the spectator might be at a loss to be somewhat undecided whether to laugh or to shudder. After sitting some time in a kind of mournful silence, one of the jugglers desired a youth, who was near him, to bring some still clay from a certain place, which he named, on the river bank. This we understood, through an old Canadian, named *Garrow*, (well known on the Missouri,) who was present and acted as our interpreter The young man soon returned with the clay, and each of these human bears immediately commenced the process of moulding a number of little images exactly resembling buffaloes, men and horses, bows, arrows, &c. When they had completed nine of each variety, the miniature buffaloes were all placed together in a line, & the little clay hunters mounted on the roses, and holding their bows and arrows in their hands, were stationed about three feet from them in a parallel line, I must confess that at this part of the ceremony I felt very much inclined to be merry, especially when I observed what appeared to me the ludicrous solemnity with which it was performed. But my ridicule was changed into astonishment, and even into *awe*, by what speedily followed.

When the buffaloes and horsemen were properly arranged, one of the jugglers thus addressed the little clay men, or hunters:

"My children, I know you are hungry; it has been a long time since you have been out hunting. Exert yourselves to-day. Try and kill as many as you can. Here are white people present who will laugh at you if you don't kill. Go! dont you see that the buffaloes have already got the scent of you and have started?"

Conceive, if possible, our amazement, when he speaker's last words escaped his lips, at seeing the little images start off at full speed, followed by the Lilliputian horsemen, who with their bows of clay and arrows of straw actually pierced the sides of the flying buffaloes at the distance of three feet.—Several of the little animals soon fell, apparently dead; but two of them ran round the circumference of the circles (a distance of fifteen or twenty feet,) and before they finally fell, one had three and the other five arrows transfixed in his side. When the buffaloes were all dead, the man who first addressed the hunters spoke to them again, and ordered them to ride into the fire, (a small one having been previously kindled in the centre of the apartment) and on receiving this cruel order, the gallant horsemen, without exhibiting the least symptoms of fear or reluctance, rode forward at a brisk trot until they had reached the fire. The horses here stopped and drew back, when the Indian cried in an angry tone, "why don't you ride in?"

The riders now commenced beating their horses with their bows, and soon succeeded in urging them into the flames, where horses and riders both tumbled down, and for a time lay baking on the coals. The medicine men gathered up the dead buffaloes and laid them also on the fire, and when all were completely dried they were taken out and pounded into dust.—After a long speech from one of the party, (of which our interpreter could make nothing,) the dust was carried to the top of the lodge and scattered to the winds.

I paid the strictest attention during the whole ceremony, in order to discover, if possible, the mode by which this extrordinary deception was practised: but all my vigilance was of no avail. The jugglers themselves act motionless during the performance, and the nearest was not within six feet. I failed altogether to detect the mysterious agency by which inanimate images of clay were, to all appearance, suddenly endowed with the action, energy and feeling of living beings.

Smuggling Extraordinary.—On Saturday a very singular discovery of contraband goods was made by the revenue officers. On Gally quay, lower Thames-street, a case of foreign toys had been just landed from a ship recently arrived from Calais, and a custom-house weigher, wishing to please his children with a wooden horse, asked the merchant to whom they were consigned, for one, which he refused, and rather peremptorily ordered the weigher to return it to the box, which he did, [illegible] the merchant had retired, the officer [illegible] horse out of the case, which broke, and displayed to his view twelve pairs of French silk net gloves, which had been ingeniously secreted in the interior before the horse was painted. The inside of every toy was found to contain similar articles; horses, dogs, lambs and donkeys were stuffed with silk gloves, and 178 dozen pairs were seized, valued at £200. There were twelve children's drums, in each of which were found twelve pairs of gloves. The whole were so ingeniously packed, and the toys so well finished, that had it not been for the above accidental occurrence, they would most probably have passed the custom-house.—*London paper.*

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