

But the little magician wouldn't leave the young man's side, until he had promised to hold the pistol with one hand, and at arms length from his body—stating as a reason, that there was danger in firing it in any other position.

We will now give a description of the pistol used on the occasion. The lock was connected with the hole usually occupied on other pistols by the ramrod, and had no connection whatever with the barrel in which the young man had so carefully and maliciously placed a heavy charge of powder and ball, but in the ramrod hole, there had previously been placed a small charge of powder, which should, on the explosion of the percussion cap, produce a report similar to the firing of a pistol when loaded with an ordinary charge of powder and ball. The ball which the young man had so carefully marked and he supposed placed in the barrel of the pistol, had been taken from his fingers by the rapid motions of the magician, and another carefully substituted.

Telling the young man—and the now almost frantic audience, who were tremblingly expecting every minute to see a cold-blooded murder committed—that he particularly insisted that the pistol should be held with one hand and not fired until he should get upon the stand, a distance of about fifteen feet—the magician turned and started with rapid pace for the gorgeous throne of flying imps and half hatched buzzards.

But being over anxious not to miss his mark, the young man—on the instant the magician turned his back—brought the pistol up to a level and commenced taking sight; but fearing that his arm would tremble if he held it with one hand, he brought the left hand up under the barrel, with the fore-finger over the ramrod aperture, and blazed away, exclaiming at the same time:

'Now I've got yo', my old boy.'

The magician sprang about two feet into the air, turned suddenly round to the audience, opened his lips wide showing the ball between his teeth, and exclaimed:

'Ah, ah! mon fren, and dare is de ball, as you can examine so for yourself.'

As the smoke cleared away from the young man he was seen to be wiping the tears from his eyes with his right hand, and holding the mutilated remains of the left in close proximity to a lighted candle. The fore-finger was entirely blown off and the blood was flowing with great profuseness, as the Frenchman again broke the silence by exclaiming:

'Yes, mon little fren, you mooshet did make way wid me, but dare is de ball, vat you did put in de little gun.'

'Oh yes, I see the ball,' replied the young man, as his face crimsoned with shame and mortification, 'but where in fire and brimstone is my finger?'

The young man was mortified to think that instead of clearing up the mystery of the pistol act, he had got his own "finger in it," entered a complaint and had the magician bound over in the sum of four hundred dollars; for which a worthy citizen became surety; and although the magician acted in an unenergetic and censurable manner towards his kind friend who volunteered to become bail for him, the young man who most distinguished himself in the affair, could ever after be silenced in his highest moments of mirth, by any one of the company exclaiming:—

'Oh yes, I see the ball, but where in fire and brimstone is my finger?—Boston Weekly Museum'

A BOUNCING GIRL.—Miss Rosina Delight Richardson, according to a writer in the Boston Journal is a delectable armful, belonging to the state of New Hampshire, where she resides with her father, a substantial farmer. She is thus described:—

'Miss Rosina is nineteen year of age, is 5 feet 3 and a quarter inches in height, measures 6 feet 4 and a quarter inches around the waist, six feet two inches around the hips, twenty two inches around the arm above the elbow, fourteen inches around the arm below the elbow, and two feet ten inches in a straight line across the shoulders. At birth she weighed six pounds; at five years, one hundred and forty-eight pounds; at fifteen years, three hundred and sixty-five pounds; and at nineteen years of age, she weighs four hundred and seventy-eight pounds! On estimating the quantity of clothing when dressed for a ride on winter's day, we found it to contain ninety-eight and half yards—of three quarter yard wide cloth. She has brown hair, dark blue eyes, is of a fair complexion, and has what phrenologists call a well balanced head, the perceptive organs predominating. She can knit, spin, weave, make a shirt or batch of bread is a good singer and plays the piano with great taste and skill; is considered one of the best scholars in the town where she resides, is courteous and affable, and lively in conversation, and evinces a general knowledge which might raise a blush on the cheeks of some of our city belles.'

LADIES AND AGRICULTURE.

We take the following from an address of C. P. Helcomb, Esq., before the Maryland state Agricultural Society:

As showing the interest English Ladies take in Agriculture, I cannot but relate a casual interview I chanced to have with an English lady, in going up in the Express train from London to York. Her husband had bought a book at the stand as we were about starting, and remarked to her that 'it was one of her favorite American authors—Hawthorne.' I casually observed 'I was pleased among English ladies,' when the conversation turned on books and authors. But I said to myself pretty soon, 'this is a literary lady—probably her husband is an Editor or Reviewer, and she handles scissors for him; at all events I must retreat from this discussion about authors, modern poets, and poetry. What should a farmer know critically of such things? If I was only in those fields—if the conversation could be made to turn on crops, or cattle, then I should feel at home.' I finally pointed out a field of wheat, and remarked it was very fine. The lady carefully observing it, said: 'Sir I think it is too thin—a common fault this season, as the seeding was late; those drills,' she added, turning to her husband for his confirmation, 'cannot be more than ten inches apart, and you see the ground is not completely covered—twelve, and even fifteen inches is now preferred for the width of drills, and two bushels of seed to the acre will then entirely cover the ground, on good land, so you can hardly distinguish the drills.'

If the goddess Ceres had appeared with her sheaf, on her cornucopia. I could not have been taken more by surprise. A lady descending on the width of wheat drills, and the quantity of seed!

'I will try her again,' said I, 'this may be a chance shot,' and remarked in reference to a field of ploughed ground we were then passing, that it broke up in great lumps, and could hardly be put in good tilth. 'We have much clay land like this she replied, 'and formally it was difficult to cultivate in a tillage crop, but since the introduction of Croskill's Patent Clod Crusher, they will make the most beautiful tilth on these lands, and which are now regarded as among our best wheat lands.'

The conversation turned on cattle; she spoke of the Ayrshires and Devons as the best breeds of cows for the pail, told me where the best Cheese was made—Cheshire—the best butter—Ireland—where the best milk-maids were to be found—Wales. 'Oh!' said I, 'I was mistaken, this charming intelligent woman, acting so natural and unaffected, dressed so neat and so very plain, must be a farmer's wife and what a help-mate he has in her! She is not an extravagant wife, either, not an ornament about her—yes, a single bracelet, clasps a fair rounded arm—that's all.' The train stopped at York; no sooner had my travelling companions stepped upon the platform than I noticed they were surrounded by half a dozen servants—men and maids—the men in full livery. It turned out to be Sir John and Lady H. This gentleman I learned was one of the largest landed proprietors in Berkshire, and his lady the daughter of a Nobleman, a Peeress in her own right; but her title added nothing to her; she is a noble woman without it.

Some folks who have a caty-cornered conscience, think it is a sin ever to be merry or cheery, or given to smiles, jokes, or laughter. Now, ever since we read of Tony Lumpkins, we have been favorable to laughter in its proper season—it favors the growth of fat. If it was made man's duty to wear a face like a little basket of withered crab apples, and cry "woe, woe," day and night, there would have been no use for the visible muscles around one's mouth; since they are given, however, we go for using them. The birds in the forest boughs sing as if their lives and gloss coast depended upon it; fish play hide and seek among the tufts of water moss; the doves in the hedge bill and coo and sleek their Dorothy drab; and even the dogs cease growling at times and play mumble-bumble on the grass in the meadow. Then why shouldn't we be merry too?

A medical association had a breakfast together not long since. We understand the bill of fare included the following choice viands:—Senna tea, cream of tartar, sugar of lead, saffron cake, batter of antimony, epsom salts, cayenne pepper, flour of mustard, rhubarb tart and antimonial wine. Spatula and mortar were laid for forty-eight. The M. D's., doubtless, felt congenial for hours afterwards.

The saying that 'there is more pleasure in giving than receiving,' is supposed to apply chiefly to kicks, medicine and advice.

To cure the itch, swallow a cat tail foremost.—But a hedgehog would do better.

VAST SIZE OF LONDON ILLUSTRATED.—London extends over an area of 78,026 acres, or 122 square miles, and the number of its inhabitants, rapidly increasing, was two millions three hundred and sixty-two thousand two hundred and thirty-six (2,362,236) on the day of the last census. A conception of the vast mass of the people may be formed by the fact that, if the metropolis was surrounded by a wall, having a north gate, a south gate, an east gate, and a west gate, and each of the four gates was of sufficient width to allow a column of persons to pass out freely four abreast, and preliminary necessity required the immediate evacuation of the city, it could not be accomplished under four-and-twenty hours, by the expiration of which time the head of each of the four columns would have advanced a no less distance than seventy-five miles from their respective gates, all the people being in close file, four deep.—Cheshire's results of the Census.

RATHER OBTUSE.—Travelling alone in a buggy, I overtook an elderly honest-looking German, a member, as he afterwards informed me, of the Lutheran church. I invited him to take a seat with me, and after a little hesitation he did so. On my asking where he was from, he said he was just from Arkansas, that it was a sickly country; he had taken a great deal of calomel and quinine, and had suffered a great deal. Thinking it a favorable time to spiritualize a little, I told him that these things must be expected more or less in this world. But, said I, there is a land where the inhabitants never say, I am sick. After thinking a little, he looked up and said, "I tink dat musht be Wishconsin!"

A FIRST ATTEMPT.—Due allowance should always be made for 'first attempts,' and this precaution is as necessary as any other universal accomplishment of the age. The editor who received the following 'Massacre of an Antelope' from 'A Beginner,' was doubtless of this opinion: "First Israel with his gun he shot him, He laid it down and went away— Then Isaac with his axe he chopped it, Until there was no signs of life remaining as they could perceive!"

ROUTINE EDUCATION!—It is related by Miss Edgeworth, that a gentleman, while attending an examination of a school, where every question was answered with the greatest promptness, put some questions to the pupils which were not exactly the same as found in the book. After numerous ready answers to their teacher on the subject of geography, he asked one of the pupils where Turkey was. She answered rather hesitatingly, "In the yard with the poultry."

AN INGENIOUS RIDDLE.—Hear the *Quebec Gazette* on riddles:—

"It was done when it was begun, it was done when it was half done, and yet it wasn't done when it was finished. Now what was it? Of course you can't guess. Will that do?"

"Timothy Johnson courts Susan Dunn. It was Dunn when it was begun, it was Dunn when it was half done, and yet it wasn't Dunn when it was done—for it was Johnson."

A youngster, who had just risen to the dignity of the first pair of boots with heels to them, laid himself liable, through some misdemeanor, to maternal chastisement. After pleading to get clear, to no effect, he exclaimed:—"Well, if I've got to stand it, I mean to take off my boots." "Why?" asked his mother. "Because I won't be whipped in them new boots, no how. That's so."

Some alarm is said to have been excited in the maternal breasts of the female inhabitants of a village not very far away, by the following announcement upon the door of a new comer—"Children taken in three seconds." It was soon discovered however, that he was not a kidnapper, but a daguerreotypist.

Marriage between persons of the same age is an institution of God. Marriage between an old man and a young woman is an institution of man. Marriage between an old woman and a young man is an institution of the devil.

"Homestead Exemption," exclaimed Mrs. Partington, throwing down the paper. "It's coming to a pretty pass indeed, that men are going to exempt themselves from home just when they please, without any proviso for cold nights."

A woman in Wisconsin, who was lately attacked by a bear in the woods, so abused the poor animal with her tongue that it died at her feet.

An Apothecary in Salem has written over his door—"All kinds of dying stuffs sold here."

The War Policy of Russia

Every information we can collect, both from parties who know the country, and parties who are in constant communication with Russian celebrities lead us to conclude with positive conviction that the emperor has resolved on the safe course of purely defensive operations; that he is preparing for a long, obstinate, unyielding struggle; and that he intends to take refuge in his inaccessibility and to defy the western powers to compel him to make peace. His adherents say, "you may burn our ships, you may destroy our harbours; you may even, at the vast cost of life, take Sebastopol and Cronstadt; you may drive us back across the Danube, and even across the Pruth, though in order to effect all this you must put forth your strength in a very different manner from anything which you have yet done: but when you have done all this you cannot force us to negotiate. We shall retire within our frontiers, where you dare not follow us; we shall thus compel you to keep up your armies and navies, at a vast expense, along our shores and boundaries; for the moment you retire we shall again advance, and we shall thus weary you out by an interminable war at a distance from your homes and amid inhospitable seas and pestilential marshes. We shall thus have two immense advantages over you; we shall be at home, you will be abroad; you will be playing your game of chess with knights, and we with pawns, for in economic value one Englishman or Frenchman is equal to ten Russians; we can replace our men, you cannot replace yours; and a state of war which will be costly, harrassing, and annoying in the last degree to you, will scarcely derange, in any perceptible degree, the ordinary habits and comforts of our semi-barbarous population. In the meantime the English will grow tired of the war; their merchant will become discontented with commercial interruption; the people will grumble at additional taxation; and the two new allies, unaccustomed to act together, will disagree among themselves coldness and quarrels will ensue, and the game will be ultimately won by Russia." This is the policy we have to fear on the part of Russia. It is subtle and well judged, and we have only one way of meeting it. We must not only beat her promptly and effectually, but we must weaken her so decidedly that she will no longer be formidable; that when once defeated and driven back into her deserts, it will no longer be necessary for us to keep up an army on her frontier in order to prevent her re-issuing to recover what she has lost. We must strengthen her conterminous neighbours, as well as weaken her, so that they may henceforth be enabled to hold her in check without the aid (by land) of the distant western powers. Georgia must be rescued and replaced, and Circassia maintained as an independent barrier, to keep Russia for ever on this side of the Caucasus. The Crimea must be taken also, and Sebastopol stormed at any cost and the navy sheltered there captured or destroyed. Bessarabia longs for the day of her emancipation and would probably rise on the first thorough disaster that happened to the Russian arms, if assured of the faithful and permanent support of the allies. The Danubian principalities must be freed from the curse of Russian occupation and Russian protectorate for ever. Finland must be restored to Sweden, and the Isles of Aland must be held either by Sweden or by England.—*Economist*.

MURDER OF THE EMPEROR PAUL ON RUSSIA, ON ACCOUNT OF HIS DECLARING WAR AGAINST ENGLAND.

The writer of the following account says:—have been over the palace where the scene was acted, accompanied by Dr. Grieve, who was much in the confidence of the Emperor, and who gave him a draught on the night he was murdered about an hour before it took place. For a long time before his death—but particularly for the last ten days—his mind was in a constant state of irritation. He suspected that some plot was going on but could not fix upon the authors of it. It is more than probable that had he lived forty-eight hours longer, his sons would have been shut up in the fortress. Those who were to be the immediate actors, about ten in number, had supped together and drank freely. On their coming to the out folding-door, the valet-de-chambre, seeing the a jutant on duty, opened the door of the chamber where the Emperor was in bed; suspecting something was wrong immediately after, from the number of people at that hour, he shut it again, and called to the Emperor. Paul, alarmed by the noise jumped out of bed. It is thought that he had attempted to find the door of the Empress's apartment, but failed, and was found by General Beningsen behind a screen, in his shirt. He immediately threw himself into one of his attitudes, as begun to expostulate; but almost immediately received a blow on the temple from one of the party, supposed to have been given with the butt-end of a pistol, and after some struggling, was strangled with a sash. The business took up near three-quarters of an hour. The next morning was quiet, and the people were seen embracing and giving each other joy in the streets.—*Engl. paper*.