EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

VOL. XXVII. **EASTON. (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 28, 1844.** **NO. 52.**

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
Saturday Morning,
BY
Alexander Graham,

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS Per Annum, payable half yearly in advance

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square inserted Three times for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

ALL READY
—FOR—
CHRISTMAS!

THE subscriber takes this method to return his sincere thanks to his friends and customers generally for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended towards him, and informs them that he has just returned from Baltimore with a full supply of

BOOKS & STATIONARY.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
TOYS AND CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,
ALSO A FULL ASSORTMENT OF
FRUIT & CONFECTIONARY,
Fancy Goods, Groceries, &c.

Also, 75lbs. PATENT THREAD, low for cash.

All of which have been selected with great care, and will be sold low for cash or on time to punctual customers. He would invite his friends and customers to an inspection of the same before purchasing elsewhere, as he thinks he can sell as low and as good articles as can be bought elsewhere in town.

The public's obedient servant.
CHARLES ROBINSON.
Easton, Dec 21, 1844—4w

HENRY J. STRANDBERG.

WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Easton and the public generally, that he has just returned from Baltimore with

A FULL SUPPLY OF
FRUIT & FANCY GOODS,
FOR CHRISTMAS

RAISINS,—by the box or single pound.
PRUNES, do - do
FIGS, do - do
GRAPES, do - do
ORANGES, do - do
LEMONS,—ALMONDS; &c. &c. etc.

ALSO,

a fresh supply of his celebrated medicated CANDY on hand; Candy and Cakes at whole sale as cheap as they can be had in the city.—Call and see.

Easton, Dec. 21 1844—tf

CHEMICAL & PHILOSOPHICAL.
LECTURES.

A lecture INTRODUCTORY to the course on CHEMISTRY and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, will be delivered, in the School-room, at the Easton Academy, on Friday, 10th January next at 4 o'clock P. M This lecture will be open for all who may please to attend.

The course succeeding the above will consist of eight lectures, four on each branch proposed;—to be illustrated by superior *Chemical* and *Philosophical* apparatus

Tickets to *entire* course—$1 50 admitting one Gentleman & Lady.

Tickets to *partial* course—$1,00 do. do.

Tickets to *single* lectures—25cts admitting one person

Students of the Academy, admitted gratis

Tickets to be had of either of the Lecturers, or of R. F. Hemsley, Apothecary,

Easton, Dec. 21, 1844. (8)

NOTICE.

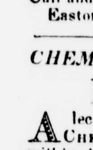
PERSONS having claims against the Estate of Jeremiah C. Willis, Dec'd. are requested to file them in the Register's office, by the 1st day of February next ensuing. JOHN H. H. WILLIS,
Dec. 14, 1844. Adm'r.

MANTUA-MAKING.

MISS S. A. MILLS, returns her sincere thanks to the Ladies of Easton and its vicinity for their former patronage, and informs them that she *still* continues to carry on the above business at her old stand on Harrison street, next door to Mrs. John Bennett. [Easton, Dec. 7, 1844—6t

Public Sale.

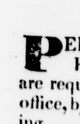
BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Talbot county, will be sold at public sale on Saturday the 4th of January next. at the Trappe, between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock P. M. A negro man called NOAH, about 25 years old and a negro boy called MOSES about fourteen years old, both slaves for life.



TERMS.—A credit of 6 months will be given, the purchaser giving note with approved security bearing interest from the day of sale.

WILLIAM OZMON, Adm'r.
of JOSEPH BARNES, Dec'd.
Dec. 21, 1844—ts

TO RENT.



A small House, with kitchen and shed room attached, a very good lot & garden, and a pump of excellent water just at the door; near my Barn and out-houses—To an intelligent, steady man, who can aid me in attending to business, the rent will be very moderate, Apply to E. G. KERR.
Easton, Dec. 21, 1844—3w

FOR SALE.

150 CORDS of seasoned and green OAK WOOD cheap for cash.
HUSSEY & HOPKINS.
Dec. 7, 1844—4w

The Pioneers Magazine of America.
GODEY'S MAGAZINE AND LADY'S BOOK. FOR 1845.

The best earnest a publisher can give of what he can and will do next year is a reference to what he has done last year, or at ANY TIME FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS. Under this view of the case it would be quite sufficient for ordinary purposes for us to say that the high character of this magazine for literary and artistical merit will be properly sustained. But we are aware that the rapid and dazzling succession of novelties which we have brought forward within the last few years naturally excites a lively curiosity, and every subscriber is saying to himself what will Godey do next?

It is merely with a view to gratifiy this curiosity on the part of our friends that we now proceed to enumerate some of the features of our next year's plan, premising, however, that the enumeration must necessarily be partial and incomplete, from our invariable practice of seizing upon every new and brilliant form of embellishment the moment it presents itself as well as securing the services of all the Popular, Lively and Piquant Writers the moment their characters are distinctly developed and pronounced. The honour of bringing forward first rate genius into public notice and favour, and serving as a sort of prime conductor to ELECTRIC FLASHES which send their light through the whole Union, has become quite habitual to the Lady's Book.

Our original idea of illustrating American history by views of Battle Grounds we are still calmly pursuing in a style that defies all competition. The not less brilliant idea of illustrating the Heroism of American Ladies by a series of ENGRAVINGS & NARRATIVES which will serve to place in their true light the patriotism, devotion and self-sacrifice of our female ancestors in the revolutionary war, emphatically called the Heroic age of America, is also original with us. Other incidents of revolutionary history will also furnish subjects for the embelishments of the coming year.—

Among the subjects already executed are the
Reception of the news of Lexington Fight. by Darley
Marion's Entertainment of the Brtish Officer. by White
Female Gallantry. by Hubart.
The Storming of Red Bank Fort, by Hamilton.
Count Donop's Monument, by Hamilton.
The Battle of Concord Bridge, by Frankenstein
The Germantown Battle-ground. by Russel Smith
Trenton Battle Ground, by Hamilton.

with a large number of others, engaged but not yet sent in by the artists. Another new and striking feature we now propose for the first time in public, having had artists engaged for twelve months in working it out Our readers will please to note the date of the announcement of this feature. it will consist of characteristic state views, in which the peculiarities of Scenery, Costume and Customs of every State and Territory of the Union will be presented in succession. This idea will of course be claimed by others, but our readers will not forget to make dates.

Our proffered premium of $200 for the best painting of a subject illustrative of American Female Patriotism has already brought a splendid array of talent into the field. The award has been postponed for another month out of courtesy to artists who have pictures still up on their easel.

The premium of $250 for the best engraving will of course bring forward a series of first rate steel plates.

In addition to all these advantages, the privilege of engraving the premium pictures of of the Apollo Association will serve to form a Keystone to our splendid system of Embellishments

The public know our literary contributors well for they have long been in the habit of recognizing them as the leading writers of America in Magazine Literature—the literature which exacts from the ablest pens their most piquant and brilliant contributions, at the same time that it condenses into a compact and pleasing form the Moral, the useful and the solid in narative, sketch and essay writing.

MEZZOTINTS, MEZZOTINTS

It is only necessary to say that in this department we have Sartain, Sadd and Warner, and each of them has several plates in hand. We shall, we think, have one in each number next year.

AUTHENTIC FASHION PLATES

Godey's Lady's Book is the only Magazine that can be relied upon for the real fashions.

Our translators suffer nothing of merit and interest, which is suited to the design of the Lady's Book, in the Literature of Germany France, Italy, and other nations of the European continent to escape them

Among many novel features in the literary way which are now in the course of preparation, for well known reasons we choose to announce but one in this connection, viz:

The Border Legends of America, many of which have just reached us from the distant regions which were formerly the scene of border wars and hunting expeditions, and where the exploits of the famous Indian killers and hunters still furnish themes for purely national. Ballads, Songs and Stories to their children and grandchildren by the winter's fireside.

It is not necessary for us to give the names o our writers—previous numbers will show that they are the best in America.

TERMS OF GODEY'S MAGAZINE

1 copy, 1 year, $3; 2 copies, 1 year, 5, 5 copies, 1 year; $10; 11 copies. 1 yer, 20

Any person ordering a copy 1 year for $3, or two copies one year for $5, will be presented with a copy of the novelette of The Prime Deans, by W. G. Simme, and Robert Rueful by T. S. Fay.

Address L. A. GODEY,
Publisher's Hall, Philadelphia,
Dec. 21, 1844.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

THE LEGEND OF KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Writers inform us that King Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urban and of the Emperor Valemond, was a prince of great valor and renown; but of a temper so proud and impatient that he did not like to bend his knee to heaven itself, but would sit twirling his beard, and looking with something worse than indifference round about him during the gravest services of the church.

One day while he was present at vespers on the eve of St. John, his attention was excited to some words in the Magnificat, in consequence of a sudden dropping of the choiristers' voices. The words were these: "*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles.*" (He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble.) Being far too great and warlike a prince to know any thing of Latin, he asked a chaplain near him the meaning of these words; and being told what it was observed that such expressions were no better than an old song, since men like himself were not so easily pulled down, much less supplanted by poor creatures whom people called humble."

The chaplain, doubtless out of pure astonishment and horror, made no reply; and his Majesty, partly from the heat of the weather, and partly to relieve himself from the rest of the service, fell asleep.

After some lapse of time, the royal "sitter in the seat of the scornful," owing, as he thought, to the sound of the organ, but in reality to a great droning fly in his ear woke up in more than his usual state of impatience; and he was preparing to vent it, when to his astonishment, he perceived the church empty. Every soul was gone excepting a deaf old woman who was turning up the cushions. He addressed her to no purpose: he spoke louder and louder and was proceeding, as well as rage and amaze would let him, try if he could walk out of the church without a dozen lords before him when suddenly catching sight of his face, the old woman uttered a cry of 'Thieves' and shuffled away, first closing the door behind her.

King Robert looked at the door in silence, then round about him at the empty church, then at himself. His cloak of ermine was gone. The coronet was taken from his cap. The very jewels from his fingers. "Thieves, verily;" thought the king, turning white for shame and rage." "Here is conspiracy—rebellion! This is that sanctified traitor, the duke. Horses shall tear them all to pieces! What ho, there! Open the door for the king!"

"For the constable, you mean," said a voice through the keyhole. "You're a pretty fellow!"

The king said nothing.

"Thinking to escape in the king's name," said the voice, "after hiding to plunder his closet. We've got you."

Still the king said nothing.

The sexton could not refrain from another jibe at his prisoner.

"I see you there," said he—"by the big lamp, grinning like a rat in a trap. How do you like your bacon?"

Now whether king Robert was of the blood of that Norman chief who felled his enemy's horse with a blow of his fist, we know not; but certain it is, that the only answer he made the sexton was by dashing his enormous foot against the door, and bursting it open in his teeth. The sexton who felt as if a horse had given him a blow in the face, fainted away; and the king, as far as a sense of dignity allowed him, hurried to his palace, which was close by.

"Well said the porter "what do you want!"

"Stand aside, fellow!" roared the king, pushing back the door with the same gigantic foot.

"Go to the devil!" said the porter, who was a stout fellow too, and pushed the king back before he expected resistance. The king however, was too much for him. He felled him to the ground; and half strode, half rushed in the palace, followed by the exasperated janitor.

"Seize him," cried the porter.

"On your lives," cried the king. "Look at me, fellow:—who am I?"

"A mad beast and fool; thats what you are," cried the porter; "and you're a dead man, for coming drunk into the palace, and hitting the king's servants. Hold him fast."

In came the guards with an officer at their head, who was going to visit his mistress, and had been dressing his curls at a looking-glass. He had the looking-glass in his hand.

"Captain Francavilla," said the king, "is the world run mad? or what is it? Do your rebels pretend not even to know me. Go before me, sir, to my rooms." And as he spoke the king shook off his assailants, as a lion does curs, and moved onwards.

Captain Francavilla put his finger gently before the king to stop him; and then looking with a sort of staring indifference in his face, said in a very mild tone, "Some madman."

King Robert tore the looking glass from the captain's hand, and looked himself in the face. It was not his own face. It was another man's face, very hot and vulgar; and had something in it at once melancholy and rediculous.

"By the living god!" exclaimed Robert, here is witchcraft! I am changed!" And for the first time in his life, a sensation of fear came upon him but nothing so great as the rage and fury that remained. All the world believed in witch-craft, as well as King Robert; but they had still more certain proofs of the existence of drunkenness and madness; and the king's household had seen the king come forth from church as usual, and were ready to split their sides for laughter at the figment of this raving impostor, pretending to be King Robert changed!

"Bring him in!" "bring him in!" now exclaimed other voices the news having got to the royal apartment; "the king wants to see him."

King Robert was brought in; and there amidst roars of laughter, (for courts were not quite such well bred places then as they are now,) he found himself face to face with another King Robert, seated on his throne, and as alike his former self as he himself was unlike, but with more dignity.

"Hideous impostor!" exclaimed Robert, rushing forward to tear him down.

The court, at the word "hideous," roared with greater laughter than before; for the king, in spite of his pride, was at all times a handsome man; and there was a strong feeling at present that he had never in his life looked so well.

Robert when half way to the throne, felt as if a palsy had struck him. He stopped, and essayed to vent his rage, but could not speak.

The figure on the throne looked him steadily in the face. Robert thought it was a wizard, but hated far more than he feared him; for he was of great courage.

It was an angel.

But the angel was not going to disclose himself yet, nor for a long time. Meanwhile, he behaved, on the occasion, very much like a man; we mean, like a man of ordinary feelings and resentments, though still mixed with a dignity beyond what had been before observed in the Sicilian monarch. Some of the courtiers attributed it to a sort of royal instinct of contrast, excited by the claims of the impostor; but others (by the angel's contrivance) had seen him, as he came out of the church, halt suddenly, with an abashed and altered visage, before the shrine of St. Thomas as if supernaturally struck with some visitation from Heaven for his pride and unbelief. The rumor flew about on the instant and was confirmed, by an order given from the throne, the moment the angel seated himself upon it, for a gift of hitherto unheard-of amount to the shrine itself.

"Since thou art royal mad," said the new sovereign, "and in truth a very king of idiots, thou shalt be crowned and sceptred with a cap and bauble, & be my fool."

Robert was still tongue tied. He tried in vain to speak—to roar out his disgust and defiance; and half mad, indeed, with the inability, pointed with his quivering finger to the inside of his mouth, as in apology to the beholders for not doing it. Fresh shouts of laughter made his brain seem to reel within him.

"Fetch the cap and bauble," said the sovereign, "and let the king of fools have his coronation."

Robert felt that he must submit to what he thought the power of the devil; and began to have glimpses of a real though hesitating sense of the advantage of securing friendship on the side of Heaven. But rage and indignation were uppermost; and while the attendants were shaving his head, fixing the cap, and jeeringly dignifying him with the bauble-sceptre, he was racking his brains for schemes of vengeance. What exasperated him most of all next to the shaving, was to observe that those who had flattered him most when a king, were the loudest in their contempt now that he was the court-zany.

One pompous lord in particular, with a high and ridiculous voice, which continued to laugh when all the rest had done, & produced fresh peals by the continuance was so excessively provoking, that Robert who felt his vocal and muscular powers restored to him as if for the occasion, could not help shaking his fist at the grinning slave and crying out, "Thou beast Terranova;" which, in all but the person so addressed, only produced additional merriment. At length, the king ordered away the fool to be taken, in order to sup with the dogs. Robert was stupified; but he found himself hungry against his will, and gnawed the bones which had been chucked away by his nobles.

The proud King Robert of Sicily lived in this way for two years, always raging in his mind, always sullen in his manners, and subjected to every indignity that his quondam favorites could heap on him, without the power to resent it; for the new monarch seemed unjust to him only.

He had all the humiliation without any of the privileges, of the cap & bells, and was the dullest fool ever heard of. All the notice the king took of him consisted in his asking, now and then, in full court, when everything was silent, "Well, fool, art thou still a king?" Robert for some weeks; loudly answered that he was, but finding that the answer was but a signal for a roar of laughter, converted his speech into the silent dignity of a haughty and royal attitude; till, observing that the laughter was greater at this dumb show he ingeniously adopted a manner which expressed neither defiance nor acquiescence, and the angel for some time let him alone.

Meantime every body but the unhappy Robert blessed the new, or, as they supposed him, the altered king; for everything in the mode of government was changed. Taxes were light, the poor had plenty; work was reasonable; the nobles themselves were expected to work after their fashion—to study, to watch zealously over the interests of their tenants, to travel and bring home new books and innocent luxuries. Half the day throughout Sicily was given to industry, and half to healthy and intellectual enjoyment; and the inhabitants became at once the manliest and tenderest, the gayest and most studious people in the world. Wherever the king went, he was loaded with benedictions; and the fool heard them, and began to wonder *what the devil* the devil had to do with appearances so extraordinary.—And thus for the space of time we have mentioned, he lived wondering, and sullen and hating, and hated, and despised.

At the expiration of these two years, or nearly so, the King announced his intention of paying a visit to his brother, the Pope, and his brother, the Emperor, the latter agreeing to come to Rome for the purpose. He went, accordingly, with a great train, clad in the most magnificent garments all but the fool, who was arrayed in foxtails, & put side by side with an ape dressed like himself. The people poured out of their houses and fields and vineyards, all struggling to get a sight of the king's face, and to bless it, the ladies strewing flowers, and the peasant's wives holding up their rosy children, which last sight seemed particularly to delight the sovereign. The fool, bewildered, came after the court pages, by the side of his ape, exciting shouts of laughter, and, in some bosoms not a little astonishment, to think how a monarch so kind and considerate to all the rest of the world, should be so hard upon a sorry fool. But it was told them, that this fool was the most perverse and insolent of men towards the prince himself; and then, although their wonder hardly ceased it was full of indignation against the unhappy wretch, and he was loaded with every kind of scorn and abuse. The proud King Robert seemed the only blot and disgrace upon the island.

The fool had still a hope, that when his holiness the Pope saw him, the magician's arts would be at an end; for, though he had no religion at all, properly speaking, he had retained something even of a superstitious faith in the highest worldly form of it. The good Pope, however, beheld him without the least recognition; so did the emperor, and when he saw them both gazing with unfeigned admiration at the exalted beauty of his former altered self, & not with the old faces of good-will & secret dislike, a sense of awe & humility, for the first time, fell gently upon him. Instead of getting as far as possible from his companion the ape, he approached him closer and closer, partly that he might shroud himself under the very shadow of his insignificance partly from a feeling of absolute sympathy, and a desire to possess, if not one friend in the world, at least one associate who was not an enemy.

It happened that day that it was the eve of St. John, the same on which, two years ago, Robert had heard and scorned the words in the Magnificat. Vespers were performed before the Pope, and two sovereigns, the music and the soft voices fell softer as they came to the words—and Robert again heard, but with far different feelings—*Deposuit potentis de sede, et exaltavit humiles;* "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and exalted the humble." Tears gushed into his eyes; and, to the astonishment of the court, the late sullen and brutal fool was seen with his hands reverently clasped upon his bosom in prayer, and the water pouring down his face in floods of penitence. Something of holier feelings than usual had turned all hearts that day. The king's own favorite chaplain had preached from the text which declares charity to be greater than faith or hope. The emperor began to think mankind really his brothers. The Pope wished that some new council of the church would authorize him to set over the Jewish ten commandments, and in more glorious letters, the new *eleventh*, or great christian commandment—"Behold, I give unto you a *new* commandment, Love one another." In short, Rome felt that day like angel-governed Sicily.

When the service was over, and the sovereigns had retired to their apartments, the unknown King Robert's behavior was reported to the unsuspected King-Angel, who had seen it, but said nothing. The sacred interloper announced his intention of giving the fool a trial in some better office, and he sent for him accordingly, having first dismissed every other person. King Robert came in his fool's-cap and bells, and stood humbly at a distance before the strange, great, charitable unknown, looking on the floor and blushing. He had the ape by the hand, who had long courted his good will, and who having now obtained it, clung to his human friend in a way that to a Roman, might have seemed ridiculous, but to the angel, was affecting.

"Art thou still a king?" said the angel, putting the old question, but without the word "fool.

"I am a fool," said King Robert, "and no king."

"What wouldst thou, Robert?" returned the angel, in a mild voice.

King Robert trembled from head to foot and said, "Even what thou wouldest, O mighty and good stranger, whom I know not how to name—hardly to look at!"

The stranger laid his hand on the shoulder of King Robert, who felt an inexpressible calm suddenly diffuse itself over his whole being. He knelt down, and clasped his hands to thank him.

"Not to me," interrupted the angel, in a grave but sweet voice; and kneeling down by the side of Robert he said, as if in church, "Let us pray."

King Robert prayed, and the angel prayed, and after a few moments, the king looked up, and the angel was gone; and then the king knew that it was, an angel indeed.

And his own likeness returned to King Robert, but never an atom of his pride; and after a blessed reign, he died, disclosing this history to his weeping nobles, and requesting that it might be recorded in the Sicilian annals.

From the Delaware Gazette.

VENTRILOQUISM VS. MESMERISM.

Sometime since while on a visit to the interior of Pennsylvania, in my professional capacity; about four o'clock the stage in which I was ensconced, drove into a small village—as business was to detain me for a couple of days, I was thinking how to improve the monotony of my leisure hours, when my attention was arrested by some very large handbills, one setting forth the merits of Ventriloquism by Mr. T. V. Skelline, whom I ascertained had acquired considerable celebrity in that science; the other was on a lecture on the subject of Animal Magnetism, by Mr. M.

About the exhibition hour I visited the exhibition room of Mr. Skelline, but no company having arrived, we adjourned to the room of his more successful rival for stray change and public fame. Upon entering the room we found it literally crowded with all ages, sexes, sizes and characters; on a platform erected for the occasion Mr. Snooks was addressing the audience expatiating on the science of Mesmerism.

After he had concluded a committee was appointed among whom was the Rev. Mr. A—, pastor of the village church, & Dr. G——. My companion remarked to me that he was determined to expose the humbug or test its claims as a science—accordingly things being arranged, a lady was placed in the operating chair on the platform. After requesting silence Mr. Snooks fixed his eyes, gazing intently upon the subject, reminding us of the serpent charming Eve, our old lady mother, and then commenced his manipulations by moving his hand up and down her face. He was pretty soon interrupted by the snarling and barking of two dogs; Mr. Snooks arose & expostulated with them for so great a breach of decorum. As the delinquents had not paid their admission fee, a negro was ordered to expel them. Cuffey, coming forward exclaimed, "What is 'um?" at the same time flourishing a large broom stick, he said, "Jus' leff me ober dar; I'll cotch 'em, and fotch 'em out de high grass;" but no four legged quadrupeds of nature being found, order was again restored, and Mr. Snooks kept on moving his arms. My companion remarked I fixed them a little.

Soon afterward Skelline threw his voice so as to proceed immediately from the Rev. gentleman, exclaiming "go it my boy, and don't spare elbow grease! that's the time o' day!" All eyes were directed towards the Rev. gentleman, particularly Dr. G——, who looked daggers at the Rev. offender, while the Shepherd cast his eyes around in utter amazement. Significant glances were given by two virgin maidens whose appearance indicated that they had passed the meridian of their charms, which Skelline observed and immediately cast his voice to them, remarking,

"Bless my soul, it can't be possible—I never thought that our Minister drank before.'

"Nor does he," exclaimed the Rev. Mr. A. "Ladies and gentleman—this is utterly inexplicable to me, as I have not said a word; to be sure I did hear something very near me, but I assure you it was not myself that used the phrase."

Our two virgin ladies now removed some distance apart, each one believing the other to be the offender, by breaking the decorum of audience.

At last in spite of all interruption the magnetic sleep was produced. Mr. Snooks now addressing the audience said:

"Gentleman and Ladies, you see the effect of Animal Magnetism in the case present—no power on earth except my own can arouse her from this deep sleep."

A variety of experiments were now tried upon the subject, when suddenly a voice was heard in the midst of the committee, crying "Mad dog! mad dog!"

"Bow, wow, wow," exclaimed Skelline, transferring his voice immediately under the chair of the magnetized lady. Quick as thought Mr. Snooks and the committee sprang from the stage, and the movement was visible in the magnetized lady of drawing the feet up to the spokes of the chair.

At this moment another tremendous snarling was heard in all directions of the audience, which caused a general rush to the door, in which one lubberly fellow trod on the toes of the patient, who could not suppress a loud scream.

Cuff was again called to remove the intruders forthwith. "Wha is you dogs," says Cuff, pushing his broom stick under the stage, "Jus' leff me near you say whar you is, & see if I don't sweeten you." No answer being made to Cuff's reasonable request, he was forced to get under the stage where by thrusting and groping his way putting his stick in every direction, he was again startled by another snarling and barking at his heels, "Look out da, wha' is you about," halloed Cuff making a hasty retreat.

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