

sleep for ever in the dust, and bid an eternal adieu to the light of heaven?"

"I have seen," adds our informant, "many scenes, and I have heard many eloquent men; but thus I have never seen equalled, or even imitated. It was not learning, it was not art; it was the untaught and unincumbered incantation of genius—the mightiest engine of which the world can boast." A group of auditors, Mr. Robert Tennant, junior, and four other Glasgow citizens, took a peculiar interest in the services of this Sabbath day. They came to Bendochy as members of the Town Council of Glasgow, to hear Mr. Chalmers, as one who had been named as a candidate for the Tron Church in that city. The canvas for the vacancy was at this time at its height, and a singular and unprecedented interest had been attached to it.

THE FATHERLESS.

(From the *Looker-on: a Literary Miscellany.*)

Speak softly to the fatherless!
And check the harsh reply,
That sends the crimson to the cheek—
The tear-drop to the eye.
They have the weight of loneliness
In this rude world to bear:
Then gently raise the fallen bud,
The drooping floweret spare!

Think kindly of the fatherless!
The lowliest of their band
God keepeth, as the waters,
In the hollow of His hand.
'Tis sad to see Life's evening sun
Go down in Sorrow's shroud.
But sadder still, when Morning's dawn,
Is darkened by a cloud.

Look mildly on the fatherless!
Ye may have power to while
Their hearts from saddened memory,
By the magic of a smile.
Deal gently with these little ones,
Be pitiful, and He—
The Friend and Father of us all—
Shall gently deal with thee.

THE EGYPTIAN MAGICIANS.

(From the *New-York Freeman's Journal.*)

If Mr. Lane, from whose book on Egypt we make the following extract, were either a credulous, an exaggerating, or a designing writer, we should know at once what to call his strange narrative; but as he is an uncommonly acute, sagacious, cool-headed traveller, and scrupulously accurate withal, as every traveller since his time testifies, we know not what to make of it, unless that the cunning men of Egypt have lost but little of the dark science which enabled them, in the days of Moses, to work such wonders as only miracles could surpass.

THE EGYPTIAN MAGICIANS.

"A few days after my first arrival in Egypt," says Mr. Lane, the traveller, "my curiosity was excited on the subject of magic by a circumstance related to me by Mr. Salt, our Consul-General. Having had reason to believe that one of his servants was a thief, from the fact of several articles of property having been stolen from his house, he sent for the celebrated Mughrebee magician, with the view of intimidating them, and causing the guilty one (if any of them were guilty) to confess his crime. The magician came, and said that he would cause the exact image of the person who had committed the theft to appear to any youth not arrived at the age of puberty; and desired the master of the house to call in any boy whom he might choose. As several boys were then employed in a garden adjacent to the house, one of them was called for this purpose. In the palm of this boy's hand the magician drew, with a pen, a certain diagram, in the centre of which he poured a little ink. Into this ink, he desired the boy

steadfastly to look. He then burned some incense and several bits of paper with charms; and, at the same time called for various objects to appear in the ink. The boy declared he saw all these objects, and last of all, the image of the guilty person; he described his stature, countenance and dress: said that he knew him; and directly ran down into the garden, and apprehended one of the laborers, who, when brought before the master, immediately confessed that he was the thief.

"The strips of paper were inscribed with certain forms of incantation, such as 'Turshoon' and 'Turyooshoon,' which he said, were the names of two genii, his familiar spirits. I compared the copies, (says Mr. Lane) with the originals, and found they have exactly agreed. The following is a translation:—

'Turshoon! Turyooshoon! come down!
Come down! Be present! Whither are gone
the prince and his troop? Be present,
ye servants of these names! And this is the
removal.

And we have removed from thee
the veil; and thy sight to-day
is piercing. Correct correct!

"The boy, on the present occasion, was brought in by Mr. Lane's desire, from among a parcel of boys in the street, returning from a manufactory, and had therefore no previous communication with the old Magus. The preparation being completed, with all the accompanying mummerly, and after muttering indistinctly a few words, he then asked him (the boy) if he saw any thing in the ink: and was answered 'No;' but about a minute after, the boy trembling, and seeming much frightened, said, 'I see a man sweeping the ground.' 'When he has done sweeping,' said the magician, 'tell me.' Presently the boy said, 'he has done.' The magician then again interrupted his muttering to ask the boy if he knew what a beyrack (or flag) was? and being answered 'yes,' desired him to say 'bring a flag.' The boy did so, and soon said, 'he has brought a flag.' 'What colour is it?' asked the magician; the boy replied 'Red.' He was told to call for another flag, which he did, and soon after he said he saw another brought—and that it was black. In like manner he was told to call for a third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh, which he described as being successively brought before him, specifying their colours as white, green, black, red and blue. The magician then asked him (as he did also, each time a new flag was brought,) 'How many flags have you now before you?' 'Seven,' answered the boy. While this was going on, the magician put the second and third of the small strips of paper upon which the forms of invocation were written, into a chafing dish; and fresh frankincense and coriander seed having been repeatedly added, the fumes became painful to the eyes. When the boy had described the seven flags appearing to him, he was desired to say, 'Bring the Sooltan's tent, and pitch it.' This he did; and in about a minute after he said, 'some men have brought a tent—a large green tent; they are pitching it;' and presently he added, 'they have set it up.' 'Now,' said the magician, 'order the soldiers to come, and to pitch their camp around the tent of the Sooltan.' The boy did as he was desired; and immediately said, 'I see a great many soldiers with their tents; they have pitched their tents.' He was then told to order that the soldiers should be drawn up in ranks; and having done so, he presently said that he saw them thus arranged. The magician had put the fourth of the little strips of paper into the chafing dish, and soon after he had done the same with the fifth. He now said, 'tell some of the people to bring a bull.' The boy gave the order required, and said, 'I see a bull; it is red; four men are dragging it along, and three are beating it.' He was told to desire them to kill it, and cut it up,—and to put the meat in saucapans, and cook it. He did as he was directed, and described these operations as apparently performed before his eyes. 'Tell the soldiers,' said the magician, 'to eat it.' The boy did so, and said 'they are eating it,—they have done, and are washing their hands.' The magician then told him to call for the Sooltan; and the boy having done this, said 'I see the Sooltan riding on his tent on a bay horse, and he has on his head a high red cap; he has alighted at his tent, and sat down within it.' 'Desire them to bring coffee to the Sooltan,' said the magician, 'and to form the court.' These orders were given by the boy, and he said that he saw them performed.

"He now addressed himself to me, and asked me if I wished the boy to see any person who was absent or dead? I named Lord Nelson, of whom the boy had evidently never heard; for it was with much difficulty

that he pronounced the name, after several trials. The magician desired the boy to say 'the Sooltan—' My master salutes thee, and desires thee to bring Lord Nelson; bring him before my eyes, that I may see him speedily.' The boy then did so, and almost immediately added, 'A messenger has gone, and has returned, and brought a man, dressed in a black suit of European clothes; the man has lost his left arm.' He then paused for a moment or two, and looking more intently and more closely into the ink, said, 'No, he has not lost his left arm, but it is placed on his breast.' This correction made his description more striking than it had been without it, since Lord Nelson generally had the empty sleeve attached to the breast of his coat; but it was the right arm that he had lost. Without saying that I suspected the boy had made a mistake, I asked the magician if the objects appeared in the ink as if actually before the eyes, or as if in a glass, which makes the right appear left. He answered that they appeared as if in a mirror. This rendered the boy's description faultless.

"The next person I called for was a native of Egypt, who has been for many years resident in England, where he has adopted our dress, and who had been long confined to his bed by illness before I embarked for this country; I thought his name, one not very uncommon in Egypt, might make the boy describe him incorrect; though another boy, on the former visit of the magician, had described this same person as wearing an European dress, like that in which I last saw him. In the present case the boy said 'Here is a man brought on a kind of bier and wrapped up in a sheet.' This description would suit, supposing the person in question to be still confined to his bed, or if he be dead. The boy described his face as covered, and was told to order that it should be uncovered. This he did, and then said 'His face is pale and he has moustachios, but no beard.' which is correct.

"That there was no confederacy," says Mr. Lane, 'I satisfactorily ascertained by selecting the boy who performed the part above described in my presence from a number of others passing by in the street, and by his rejecting a present, which I afterwards offered him with the view of inducing him to confess that he did not really see what he had professed to have seen.' The result was the same with another boy on another occasion. Then again supposing pictorial representations or descriptions otherwise procured, many public characters might admit of accurate description, what previous preparation could the magician have for describing a certain obscure individual as lying in a winding sheet or that which follows, which is still more extraordinary.

"On one of these occasions an Englishman present ridiculed the performance, and said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of the appearance of his own father, of whom he was sure no one of the company had any knowledge. The boy accordingly having called by name for the person alluded to described a man in a Frank dress of course, with his hand placed to his head, wearing spectacles, and with one foot on the ground and the other raised behind as if he were stepping down from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect; the peculiar position of the hand was occasioned by an almost constant headache; and that of the foot or leg by a stiff knee, caused by a fall from a horse while hunting."

PANTHER SHOT.—The well known hunter Mr. Charles Parmenter, of this town, who has been out in the woods for the last two months deer-hunting, killed, a few days since, in the town of Belmont, in Franklin County, a large panther or catamount, measuring nine feet in extreme length, and weighing two hundred and forty-seven pounds. Mr. Parmenter came upon the track while hunting, and the next day with a small dog, started with the determination to hunt him up. After a short distance he struck the trail and soon came to where, with a single bound, he had killed and split entirely open a huge buck, apparently carried the same about 20 rods and partly buried the carcass.

Following on in pursuit, Mr. P. soon came to a mountain ridge of huge shelving rocks, in a chasm under one of which he found the panther's den, his dog, with hair erect and exhibiting extreme fear, refused to enter. Mr. P. tying a rope around the dog's neck, entered himself, drawing his dog after him. The panther fled by another entrance and took a very tall spruce tree near by. Mr. P. now climbed the ledge of