

choultry, when the *pandāram* came up and requested permission to show his feats, for he was a conjuror or juggler. He began by biting pieces off the servant's cloth, (or native cotton dress,) and then, by some incantation, instantaneously repairing it, without the least distinction from the other part. The Missionary called his wife to witness the performance, and asked the pilgrim to repeat it. He asked for a table-knife, and, without the least attempt at concealment, cut off three pieces of the same cloth, then, picking up the pieces, laid them on the part from which they had been cut, struck them a few times, while muttering something in a *sacret* tongue, and then showed the cloth without darn or flaw. Well, to place the matter beyond doubt, the lady said, "You have played some trick, and I will not believe unless you allow me to cut the cloth." The man hesitated, but at length consented; and, in the presence of many natives, she took hold of the cloth as you would the centre of a pocket-handkerchief, cut off three pieces with a table-knife, and threw them on the ground, that all might see them. The conjuror took them up, and connected them with the cloth, as he had done before; and when the Missionary's wife examined the cloth, it was perfectly whole: all she could see was a twist she had given the cloth before cutting it. When the lady saw the cloth quite perfect, she trembled all over, and was much frightened at the deed. She has never been able to understand how it was done.

The conjuror then went on to show other feats. He swallowed ten small stones about the size of a marble, one stone about the size of an egg, one shell a little larger than an egg, and a metal image of the god Krishna. "Rather hard

food," you will say; "they will not be very easy of digestion:" but he did not mean to digest them. After keeping them down for a short time, he brought them all up again, slowly and without disguise: this he did twice. He said, it had taken him *five years* to practise, before he was expert at it. The stones went quite down his throat; for while they were down, he spoke very distinctly. The Missionary examined his throat, which seemed to be very large and very bony.

MR. CAMPBELL, THE MISSIONARY, MEETS  
WITH A CONJUROR WHO VERY MUCH  
ASTONISHES HIM.

Mr. Campbell was one of those who are disposed to laugh at the deeds of jugglers, and regard them as childish tricks; but a juggler called one day at his house, and he asked him to show him some of his exploits. After making ribbons, and performing some very curious deeds, he asked if Mr. Campbell had a rupee. "Yes," he replied, "I have one;" and, taking a rupee out of his pocket, he showed it to him in his hand. He was sitting on the carpet, and Mr. Campbell was standing not less than five or six feet from him. "Well, sir," said he, "you are sure you have it?" "O yes," was the reply, and he held it with a firmer grasp.—"Now," he said, "open your hand." He did so very cautiously, lest any trick should be played; but all his caution was vain: his hand drew back with an involuntary shudder; there leaped out of it a small snake, and sprang about on the floor. The juggler laid hold of the reptile, and put it into his bag, and afterwards took Mr. Campbell's rupee out of his bag and gave it to him. How this was done, was always a mystery to him.