

ed, and the office of decoy-man or fowler has become

the matter of history. "The mournful cry of the battle which once came booming over the dreary marshes and the low hills of the north, the wailing of the father bereft, watching, alas!—has almost wholly become extinct; and the very spots, which once so long and so heavily a few years ago were covered with water, are now the abode of the wild birds of every description from the eagle which goes to the little teal—have now assumed a new and different character.

There is no more occasion for the hunters to come to the lake for the stalking-pen; there would be no more occasion to jump from haunch to haunch in the light of the morning, and to follow the deer as he gambled and gambled, until the sun had cleared the way for civilization in the far West. The animals have become changed and are still changing; and the most forcible commentary to be found in the history of the country is the fact that the thousands of acres of swampy bogs, once

men have been reclaimed; and if the generous  
of wild-fowl shooting feels any regret at the  
of his enjoyment, he may find abundant  
population, whole districts, once barren  
orthoses, are now devoted to the most useful of  
the production of human food.

**A Marvellous Counter,**  
Ordinary "magicians" would feel rather nervous  
the idea of undertaking the very remarkable feat  
described below. We must remark, however, that  
the performance mentioned last is the following  
article, it does not appear to have been altogether  
original with him. It is related of Cagliostro, the  
vigning displaced Frederick, and received an order to

The Russians have long exhibited a remarkable sense of justice for judging all that smacks of the marvelous as a conjuring trick. Conjurors, professors of natural magic, ventriloquists and the entire race of mountebanks, who in France and England astonish the gaping crowds with their feats of sleight of hand and their tricks of a ready tongue, are everywhere in Russia, and they, too, are treated as a variety of conjurers. They, too, are treated as a variety of conjurers.

the Russian cities. About the beginning of the present century, a species of Carduus, or rather a superior kind of Wizard of the North, made his appearance at St. Petersburg, and astonished the natives by his marvellous performances. His name was Piretti, and his fame is yet retained in the memory of those who witnessed his marvellous talents. The Czar Alexander, having heard Piretti mentioned, was desirous of seeing him, and one day he was announced to the conjuror that he would have the honor of giving a representation of his magical powers at court, the hour fixed for him to make his

appearance being seven o'clock. A brilliant and numerous assembly of ladies and courtiers, presided over by the Czar, had met, but the conjugal was absent. Surprised and displeased the Czar pulled out his watch, which indicated five minutes after seven. Piretti had not only failed in being in waiting, but he had caused the court to wait, and Alexander was not more patient than Louis XIV. A quarter of a hour passed, half an hour, and no Piretti! Messengers who had been sent in search for him, returned unsuccessful. The anger of the Czar, with difficulty restrained, displayed itself in threatening exclamations.

At length, after the lapse of an hour, the door of the saloon opened and the gentleman of the chamber announced Pimetti, who presented himself with calm front and the serenity of one who had nothing to reproach himself with. The Czar, however, was greatly displeased; but Pimetti assumed an air of astonishment, and replied with the greatest coolness: "Did not your majesty command my presence at seven o'clock precisely?"

"Just so!" exclaimed the Czar, at the height of his exasperation.

"Well, then," said Pimetti, "let your majesty be satisfied."

The Czar pulling out the watch violently in order to offend what he considered a downright piece of insolence, was completely amazed. The watch mark even o'clock! He looked at the clock of the saloon which had been twenty times consulted during the space that the assembly were kept waiting; the clock also marked and struck seven o'clock! In turn the courtiers drew out their watches, which were found as usual exactly regulated by that of their sovereign. Seven o'clock! indicated with a common accord the clocks and watches of the palace. The art of time

The Czar once more drew forth his watch, pointed to a few minutes past eight—the same indication taken place in all the watches of the

"Yes, sire, everywhere," replied the conjurer, with modest assurance.

"What!" exclaimed the Czar, "could you penetrate even into this palace, were I to order all the doors to be closed and guarded?"

"Well, then," said the Czar, "at mid-day tomorrow I shall have ready in my closet the price of the evening's amusement—one thousand roubles. Come and fetch them. But I forewarn you that the door shall be carefully closed and guarded."

"To-morrow at mid-day I shall have the honor of presenting myself before your majesty," replied Piretti, who bowed and withdrew.

Two gentlemen of the household followed the emperor to make sure he quitted the palace, they accompanied him to the door.

He accompanied him to his lodgings, and a number of the palace guards surrounded the dwelling from the moment he entered it. The palace was instantly closed, while various orders not to suffer under any pretext whatever any one to enter, were by prince or valet, until the czar himself should command the doors to be opened. These orders were strictly enforced—confidential persons having watched their execution. The exterior of the palace was guarded by the soldiers of the artillery. All the apartments of the imperial apartments were protected by high double doors, and the simple professor of the art of legerdemain possessed no means of bribing. In short, for greater security, all the

"Ah! he has found out that the undertaking is unpracticable, and he has abandoned it," observed the Czar with a smile.

bed-room of the Czar to the cabinet opened, and Pi-  
nretti appeared. The Czar drew back a couple  
paces, his brow darkened, and after a momentary  
hesitation, while fixing a suspicious look on Pi-  
nretti, he said: "are you aware that you may become a ve-  
ry dangerous individual?"  
"Yes, sire," he replied, "I am only an humble  
conjuror, with no ambition but that of amusing your  
majesty."  
"Here," said the Czar, "are the thousand rub-  
les for last night, and a thousand more for this day."  
Pisetti.

"No," hastily observed the Czar, "it is not my intention to detain you; and moreover," he continued with a smile, "I should vainly endeavor to keep you against your will. You know how to leave St. Petersburg as easily as you have found your way into this palace."

"I could do so, sir," said Parnetti; "but far rather wishing to quit St. Petersburg stealthily or mysteriously, I am desirous of quitting it in the most public manner, by giving to the world a series of political and capital strikes. Examples of my magical powers Parnetti could not leave like an ordinary mortal; it was necessary that he should crown his successes in Russian capital by something surpassing his previous efforts; therefore, he announced that he should leave St. Petersburg the following day at ten o'clock in the morning, and that he should quit by all the city gates at the same moment. Public curiosity was excited to the highest degree by this announcement. St. Petersburg

The spectators at these various gates all declared that at ten o'clock precise y, Pirmethi, whom they perfectly recognized, passed through. "He walked a slow pace, and with head erect in order to be better seen," said they, and "he bade us adieu in a clear and loud voice." These unanimous testimonies were confirmed by the written declaration of the officers placed at every gate to examine passports of travellers. The inspection of Pirmethi's passports were inserted in the fifteen registers. When he had finished his business

LYNCHING.—Patrick Lynch, Esq., editor of the Irish American, inveighs the New York City press this week. He makes no Negation, but lumps us together, like fish in one net, and authenticizes wholesale. Well, we "still live." [New York Mirror.]