Daily Appeal.

THE WEST.

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll the human sea.
The wingless eagle of empire here
Can plume yet, and warm;
And the germs of a mighty heart
Is beating into form.
Here shall the wrong of ages
Be righted in full time;
Truth yet shall triumph
The time-spun web of crime.
The new world cast of states, where no
Shall call the human sire,
The emperor of empire here
Are prairie yet, and warm.
And the dawn of a mighty heart
Is beating into form.
Here shall the wrong of ages
Be righted in full time;
Truth yet shall triumph
The time-spun web of crime.
The new material of a State,
The elements and the wind,
Are the sculptors of a people
Who shall be free and kind.

ROUDIN, THE CONJURER.

We have already given some extracts from Houdin's book, describing his exploits at Rome and in Algeria. Here is an account of a performance at the Royal Palace, for the entertainment of Louis Phillippe and his household:

At the beginning of November, I received a "command" in St. Cloud, to give a performance before Louis Phillippe and his family. I accepted the invitation with the greatest pleasure, for as I had never performed before a crowned head, this was an important event for me.

I had six days before me to make my preparations, and I took all possible pains, even so far as to get a trick for the occasion, from which I had reason to expect an excellent result.

On the day fixed for my performance, a footman came at an early hour to fetch me and my apparatus, and we were soon on the chateau. A theater had been put up in a large hall selected by the king for the representation, and in order that I might not be disturbed in my preparations, a guard was placed at one of the doors leading into the corridor. I also noticed three other doors in the apartment; one, composed of glass, opened on the garden opposite a passage filled with splendid orange trees; the others, to the right and left, communicated with the apartments of the king and the Duchess of Orleans.

I was busy arranging my apparatus, when I heard one of the doors I have just mentioned open quietly, and directly a voice made the following inquiry in the most affable manner: "Monsieur Robert Houdin, may I be permitted to come in?"

I turned my head in the direction, and recognized the king, who, having asked this question merely as a form of introduction, had not waited for my reply to walk forward to me.

I bowed respectfully.

"Here you all you require for your preparations?" [illegible] ward of the chateau supplied me with all workmen, who speedily put up this, in stage."

My tables, consoles and tabourets, as well as the various instruments for my performance, symmetrically arranged on the stage, already presented an elegant appearance.

"This is all very pretty," the king said to me, drawing near the stage, and casting a steadfast glance at some of my apparatus; "I see with pleasure that the artist of 1846 will justify the good opinion produced by the mechanic as of 1844."

"Sir," I replied, "on this day I will strive, as I did two years ago, to render myself worthy of the great favor your majesty deigns to bestow on me by witnessing my performance."

"Your such a second sight is said to be very surprising," the king continued, "but I warn you, Monsier Robert Houdin, to be on your guard, for we intend to cause you considerable difficulties."

"Sire," I replied boldly, "I have every reason for believing that my son will surmount them."

"I should be vexed were it otherwise," the king said, with a tinge of irascibility, as he retired. "Monsieur Robert Houdin," he added, as he joined the queen and family, "I shall feel obliged by your punctuality."

At four o'clock precisely, the royal family and the numerous guests were assembled, the curtain that concealed my stage, and I opened on the stage. Owing to my repeated performances, I had fortunately acquired an imperturbable assurance, and a confidence in myself, which the success of my experiments fully justified.

I began in the most profound silence, for the great and affably wished to see and judge before giving one any encouragement. But, insensibly, they became excited, and I heard several exclamations of surprise, which were soon followed by still more expressive demonstrations. All my tricks were favorably received, and the one I had invented for the occasion gained unbounded applause.

I will give a description of it:

I borrowed from my noble pectators several handkerchiefs, which I made into a parcel, and laid on the table. Then, at my request, different persons spoke on the cards the names of places whither they desired the handkerchiefs to be invisibly transported.

"Has this had been fair, sire, I begged the king to take three of the cards at hazard and choose from them the place he might consider most suitable.

"I," said the king, "will say, 'what this one says: 'I desire the handkerchiefs to be found beneath one of the candelabras on the mantelpiece.' That is too easy for a sorcerer; news will pass to the next card: 'The handkerchiefs are to be transported to the house of the Invalides.' That would suit me, for it is much too far, sire, for the handkerchiefs, but for us. Ah, ah!" the king added, looking at the last card, "I am afraid. Monsieur Robert Houdin, I am about to embarrass you. Do you know what this card proposes?"

"Will your majesty deign to inform me?"

"It is desired that you should send the handkerchief into the chest of the last orange tree on the right of the avenue."

"Only that, sire?" Deign to order, and I will obey."

"Very good then; I should like to see such a magician; I therefore choose the orange tree chosen."

The king gave some orders in a low voice, and I directly saw several persons run to a orange tree, in order to watch it, and prevent any fraud.

I was delighted at this precaution, which was add to the effect of my experiment, for the trick was already arranged, and the preparations beene from late.

I had now to send the handkerchiefs on their travels, so I placed them beneath a bell of opaque glass, and taking my wand, I ordered the invisible travellers to proceed to the spot the king had chosen.

I raised the bell; the little parcel was no longer there, and a white turtle dove had taken its place.

The king then walked quickly to the door, which he looked in the direction of the orange tree, where himself had placed the guards were still posted; when this was done, he began to smile and shrug his shoulders.

"Ah, Monsieur Robert Houdin," he said, somewhat in ironical tone, "I am afraid the virtue of your magic staff." Then he added, as he returned to the end of the room, where several servants were standing, "Tell William to open the cage of the eagle at the end of the avenue, and bring me carefully what he finds there—if he does find anything.

William soon succeeded in the orange tree, and though much astonished at the orders given him, he began to carry them out.

He carefully removed one of the sides of the cage, and in a moment we heard a loud cry of surprise, as he drew out a small coffer, rather by rust.

This curious "find," after having been closely from the hands of the king, was placed on a small ottoman by the king's side.

"Well, Monsieur Robert Houdin," Louis Philippe said to me, with a movement of incredulity, "there is a key, I believe, but to conclude it contains the handkerchiefs?"

"Yes, sire," I replied, with assurance, "and they have lain there for a long period."

"How can that be? the handkerchiefs were last you scarce a quarter of an hour ago."

"I cannot deny it, sire; but what would my magic seem if I did not so surprise you? Perform incomprehensible trick? Your majesty will do better be still more surprised, when I prove to your satisfaction that this coffer, as well as the contents, were deposited in the chest of the orange tree sixty years ago."

"I should like to believe your statement," the king replied, with a smile that bore in it irony, and I, therefore, ask for proofs of your assertion."

"If your majesty will be kind enough to open the casket, they will be supplied."

"Certainly; but I shall require a key for that."

"It only depends on yourself, sire, to have one. Place between your fingers the little dove, which has just brought it to you."

Louis Philippe understood a ribbon that held a small rusty key, with which he hastened to open the casket.

The first thing that caught the kings eye was a parchment, on which he read the following statement:

"This day, the 6th June, 1788, [illegible]

"There is decidedly witchcraft about this," the king said, more and more amazed. "Nothing is wanting, for the seal with my signature, the celebrated sorcerer are placed at the foot of this document, which, heaven pardon me, smells strongly of sulphur."

"Will hear the parchment," I began to touch.

"But," the king added, taking out of the box a very worn-out pocket, "can the handkerchiefs by possibility be in this?"

"Read, sire, and if you please, before opening the parcel, I would request your majesty to notice that I also bear the impression of Cagliostro's seal."

The seal once rendered so famous by being placed on the celebrated alchemist's bottle of Count d'Egmont gold, I had obtained from Dr. Gay, who had been an old friend of Cagliostro.

"It is certainly the same," my royal spectator answered, after comparing the two seals. "Cagliostro is important to be the centuries of the court, the king quickly tore open the envelope, and soon displayed before the astonished spectators the six handkerchiefs, which a few moments before, were still on the table.

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