

that Doctor Mitchill saw, in the very act of metamorphose, was a full-grown man, and could not be influenced, one would think, at that time, by any affection of his mamma to change his color. That fact then remains to be accounted for on some newer principle. I once knew a Mr. Percy, a composer in music and singing master. He taught in my family, and he confessed one day in the fullness of his heart, that he had been credulous enough to throw away a guinea a visit for several months, to a quack, calling himself an ancient magnetist, who undertook by gestures and wry faces to take a purple stain from the cheek of a favorite pupil. In the beginning of the course of magnetism, all parents, kindred and neighbors, glorified this quack, for they thought they saw the mark disappearing from the edge of the lower eye-lash. But finally they were convinced that they were imposed upon.

There was a horse shown some time ago in New York as a wonder, and he passed well enough because his tail was shaved and his buttocks painted dapple green. It is the easiest thing in life to work a wonder.

The last question I took the liberty of asking Doctor Mitchill, in order to come to a just estimate of what he conceives the line of probability was, whether the fact which we have on Scripture authority of the changes worked upon Laban's sheep by the contrivance of Jacob, was to be considered as a miracle, or, on the principles of maternal affection, a thing within the ordinary laws of nature? And the learned witness answered, without hesitation, that it was to be accounted for by the ordinary laws of nature. Seeing that this is so, and that in matters of generation the resemblance is so perfect between man and beast, I wonder it has not been long ago turned to the embellishment of the human species. Ladies might then go to the ball, and Indians to the war without paint; and it would be an innocent pleasure to variegate boys and girls, by means of colored sticks, feathers and ribbands; and the Dutchmen might display their taste upon their children as they do now upon their tulips. How pretty and pleasant to see little natural