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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, June 22, 1850.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)

THE SERENADE.

Mother! I heard a sound last night,—
A sound of melody low and light,
As I lay on my bed where moon-beams pale
Rested soft in their silvery veil,
And watched, through the open casement ajar,
The glimmering light of each dancing star,
And I heard it low through the jassamine vine,
That round the window its tendrils twine;
And so softly it stole in my lonely room,
Mother, dear mother! where did it come?

Child! it was but the boatman's song,
That he sings on the waters all the night long;
Or the wail of the waves from the distant sea,
Borne on the light breeze softly to thee;
Or the voice of lute, or the sweet guitar,
As some lover sings to his mistress fair;
Or the night bird's note from the mountain's crest;
Child, sweet child! lie still and rest!

Mother! I heard that low, sweet tone,
At the midnight hour as I lay alone,
And never such melody felt before,
Though music was sweet in the days of yore,
'Twas softer than lute in the distance heard,
And sweeter than note of singing bird;
'Twas not like the moan of the troubled sea,
Nor the long night-song of the boatman free.
As it fell on my ear, it seemed to arise,
From the unseen depths of the breathing skies,
And speak to me of a far-off home—
Mother, dear mother! whence did it come?

Child, sweet child! be still and rest!
Calm the thoughts of your troubled breast,
The sounds that you heard last night only came,
From your mind disturbed by the fever's flame,
Or the night-wind's song in the jassamine near,
Sounded thus to your restless ear,
It was but this, and your unquiet breast,
Child, dear child! lie still and rest!

Mother! I hear those sounds again,
And they come not alone from my fevered brain,
They are not like the songs that the night winds sing,
As they fan the leaves with a gentle wing.
They come to my soul from far blue skies,
Brightened now by the morning dies;
'Tis the songs of angels singing there,
For I see their forms so bright and fair,
They call me hence to that sweet home—
Mother, dear mother! 'tis thence they come!

Yes, sweet child! they come from the sky!
I see a strange light in your loving eye;
'Tis the light of death! and the hectic glow
Is resting now on your damp'ning brow,
You have seen the heavens opening fair—
You have heard the songs of the angels there,
You are going away to your long, long home,
And your restless thoughts no longer will roam,
Tranquil now is your gentle breast,—
Farewell, sweet child! 'tis your long still rest.

Herrick, Pa. THOLIAS.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)

FAMILIAR LETTERS...No. I.

DEAR EDITOR:—When we consider the important services which the pen has rendered to mankind—when we think how many bloodless battles it has fought, and how many glorious victories it has gained we cannot but bless the "old gray goose-quill." In the course of the last few centuries, with the assistance of the press it has indeed done wonders in changing and ameliorating the condition of mankind—effecting revolutions in manners and customs—dispelling the superstition and barbarity of former times—overthrowing the false systems of philosophy once prevalent, and enacting in their stead the sublime and eternal structure of modern science. In a truthful view of the subject every one must join with Bulwer in saying "the pen is mightier than the sword." Indeed it has been through the instrumentality of the pen what the sentiment, once so general, have been almost driven from the public mind which breathed this language,

"——One murder makes a villain,
Millions a hero!"

Its claims to usefulness are not few even if taken in an humbler point of view. It has been the means of making many an hour pass pleasantly away which otherwise had been tedious—it has soothed the sorrowing and encouraged the desponding. Many of the bright and happy thoughts that in hours of amusement or meditation flit across the mind like shooting stars, would be lost, perchance forever, if the pen did not arrest them in their meteor-like course and trace them in legible characters upon the snowy leaflet. The beautiful and cheering reflections that are often breathed into some inspired mind by Faith and Hope, would not go forth with their holy influences, enlivening the spirits of the sad and sorrowful, did it not catch them as they come, like the dewy manna from heaven, and imprinted them upon the lasting page. Absent ones have often awarded it a grateful tribute of thanks for the assurances which it gave them of continued friendship and love;—and rosy maidens have offered many a pearly tear of gratitude at its shrine, for the sweet words of love that it had traced upon the enamelled sheet, as they flowed in a heavenly current from the fond hearts of their lovers. Parents have blessed it as their eyes glanced over the lines that told of a distant son's welfare, and of honors that were showering thick upon him—while Virtue and Religion have crowned it as their most successful promulgator and efficient champion. Though of lowly birth, such is the pen; and such are its powers when rightly employed.

And now, I would ask, why is it that the farmers—"the young men and maidens" of old Bradford so seldom take up this useful little instrument and favor us with their thoughts through the country press? It certainly cannot be for lack of talent—for among the sturdy farmers of our county there is as much good reason and sound sense as can be found among the same class in any part of the Union. The young men are as spirited, and the girls are as (pretty and) witty as any you can find upon our republican soil.

Now Mr. Editor, I wish you would stir them up a little upon this subject, for if they would contribute occasionally to the columns of your paper, it would certainly be an improvement which could not fail to benefit themselves, their readers and the publisher. How anxiously would we look for each paper if we thought that it might contain something from the pen of an acquaintance. It would induce a great many to take the paper who do not take it if they could find in it communications from different parts of their own county.

Come, young men; while you are following the plow you must think of something—why not think occasionally *pro bono publico*? I heard a young man say the other day, that if he wished to think upon any particular subject he would rather be following a plow after a steady yoke of oxen than be in any other situation. Burns composed some of his sweetest songs while driving his "bonny team afield." And you must consider that a man's head is in one particular similar to the widow's barrel of meal and cruse of oil—that is, the more he takes out of it the more there is in. And girls—*young ladies* I should have said, but I don't like to erase—I must ask of you this boon. When you stroll through your flower-garden, the scented meadow or the fragrant grove in the morning to feast your eyes with the beautiful or to listen to the harmonious music of nature—or when you wander forth with a loved one at twilight to enjoy the "quiet witchery of the evening hour,"—if at such times sunny thoughts or beautiful fancies flit through your minds, do not let them fly away but catch and cage them with your pen, and they may touch a sympathizing chord in the breast of some other one which will vibrate tenderly. Remember that

"The bird that flies highest
And warbles the best
Was born in the lowest
And narrowest nest."

There! I have said my say for this time. Quite lofty for a plow-boy isn't it, to be giving advice to the *boys* and "*girls*"—but good-bye.

Herrick, June 5, 1850. ROMEO.

Another Prophet.

The following curious statement is made in a recent letter of the regular Paris correspondent of the *London Atlas*:

"Wonders will never cease in Paris. A discovery which has lately been made of an extraordinary individual living at the Barriere d'Italie, and who proclaims himself to the world as the heir and successor of Jesus Christ, has created the greatest curiosity among the miracle hunters of our capital. This man is a peasant of the name of Perimoud, about five and forty years of age, of simple and unpretending manners and homely speech. He is, however, manifestly, under some extraordinary magnetic influence; for he has cured, by the effect of his touch alone, many hundreds of persons who have been to visit him. He receives all strangers who seek him with the greatest simplicity, disclaims any credit for the wonderful miracles he performed, merely repeating the assurance of his appointment by our Saviour, who appeared to him in a dream, to go forth to the world to testify to the truth of the Gospel. He is of short stature and full expressive countenance. His hair, parted on the forehead, descends on either side of his temples. There would be nothing remarkable about the man were it not for the circumstance which has given rise to the willful lie, or the unhappy delusion, whichever it may be, that he thus openly advances, were it not for the extraordinary *stigmates* on his hands and feet, and the deep cicatrice in his side, whence during the whole of Passion Week, have issued large drops of blood! Many people worthy of belief have told me that there is no delusion about this. The hands and feet are pierced through and through, and the wound in the side is about two inches long, and very deep; that they have seen the blood ooze from those wounds slowly and drop by drop for hours together during the past week, and that during all this time Perimond remains exhausted on his bed, lying as if were in a trance, without food or nourishment, and to all appearance dead. After sunset he revives, the bleeding ceases; he recovers his senses, partakes of some slight refreshments, and passes the whole night in prayer! His dress consists of a short tunic of white linen reaching to the knee, with long full sleeves of the same. On his head he wears a white linen turban of the Jewish form. He carries no ornament on his person save a gold clasp, which fastens the band to which his waist is confined. The police have been most active in causing the strictest investigations to be made into the history and antecedents of the man; but as yet nothing has been discovered which can in any way serve as excuse for molesting him. All that is known is the fact that he has recently arrived from Grenoble, where he had lived a holy and religious life, much beloved by the old peasant women, who had reared him, and who even to the hour of their death, declared to have found him one morning lying beneath a hedge near her cottage. No trace of his parentage has ever been discovered. He never stirs abroad, and discourages all meetings or assemblies at his house; therefore the authorities of Paris have nought to do in this case. Several physicians of eminence have already been to visit him, but none have as yet been able to solve the mystery of the long fast and bleeding. Dr. C——, the great anatomist, after remaining two hours in his room last Friday, left in despair, declaring, with an oath, that the juggle was too well managed for discovery; and, therefore, the mystery, like that of the ecstatic virgins of the Tyrol, remains a mystery still."

A TARTAR.—On the last trip of a little coasting steamer from the mouth of Cahokia to this port, the clerk actuated by a spirit of devility, hailed a gigantic flatboatman:

"Halloo," cried the clerk, "what port are you bound for?"

"Wheed Hook," replied the boatman.

"What are you loaded with?" continued the clerk.

"Hoop poles, empty barrels, advice, and sipe."

"What sort of sipe?"

"Turnips, darn goo, can't you understand Kongish," cried the boatman. The clerk immediately retired to attend to the duties of his office.

(From the New York Tribune, June 10.)

An Evening with the Spirits.

We were present on Thursday evening at a party of gentlemen, who had been invited to the chambers of Rev. Dr. Griswold, in Broadway, to meet the Rochester ladies, whose connection with the mysterious knockings has called forth such a general curiosity. The party had been arranged by Dr. Griswold, who has been incredulous from the first with regard to any preternatural character of the manifestations, with a view to examine the actual facts of the case, and to obtain materials for the formation of a correct judgment. It consisted of persons whose general character for intelligence and probity, was a guarantee against their being deluded by hasty impressions, and who, probably without exception, had no prepossession in favor of the principal actors in the movement. Indeed, several gentlemen were invited who had been known to express the most entire scepticism with regard to the extraordinary nature of the sounds, believing them to be the result of contrivance and imposture. Among the guests of Dr. Griswold we may without impropriety mention the names of Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper, Mr. George Bancroft, Rev. Dr. Hawks, Dr. J. W. Francis, Dr. Marcy, Mr. N. P. Willis, Mr. Bigelow of the *Evening Post*, Mr. Richard B. Kimball, Mr. H. T. Tuckerman, and Gen. Dyman, without meaning in the slightest degree to mix them up in the exhibition, or to intimate the kind of impressions made on their minds, or on that of Dr. Griswold, by the occurrences of the evening.

The ladies had been previously consulted, and after ascertaining that the manifestations would take place, to a certain degree, consented to meet the party. In order to prevent any suspicions as to the arrangement of the room, furniture, closets, &c. the reunion was appointed at the house of Dr. Griswold, which neither of the ladies had ever entered before the party was assembled. A little past 8 o'clock, they made their appearance—Mrs. Fox, an elderly lady, the mother of the "ghost seers" (which word we use for want of a better,) Mrs. Fish, a married daughter, and her two young sisters, with a couple of gentlemen from Rochester, whose names we did not learn.

For some time, perhaps a little over half an hour, after the arrival of the ladies, no sounds were heard, and the company gave obvious symptoms of impatience. They were then requested to draw nearer the table, which was in front of the ladies, and form themselves into a compact circle. Soon after, faint sounds began to be heard from under the floor, around the table and in different parts of the room. They increased in loudness and frequency, becoming so clear and distinct that no one could deny their presence, nor trace them to any visible cause. The question was now asked by the ghost seers, "Will the spirits converse with any one present?" No satisfactory answer was obtained, though there was a general rumbling succession of sounds, the purport of which appeared to be ambiguous, to those who professed to be most conversant with the language. The question was then put more definitely, with regard to several gentlemen present. After a good deal of coquetting, it was said that replies would be given to any questions proposed by Dr. Marcy. He inquired whether the spirit which he wished to converse with was a relation—was a child—and what was its age at the time of its death. We understood Dr. Marcy to say that the answers were correct, but nothing worthy of special notice was elicited.

Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman was the next to propound inquiries, which, contrary to the usual custom, he expressed audibly, so as to be heard by the ladies and the whole company. Having fixed in his mind the name of an individual, he asked, "Did he live in New-York?" No answer. "In Baltimore? In Cambridge? In Boston?"—three distinct raps, which is the sign of an affirmative answer. A negative reply is indicated by silence. Mr. T. continued, "Was he a lawyer? A merchant? A physician? A clergyman?" Knocks. "Was he an Episcopalian? A Presbyterian? A Unitarian?"—going over the names of the principal sects. No answer. At the suggestion of a gentleman, Mr. T. asked, "Was he a christian?" Knocks. Mr. T. then asked the age of the person in a series of tests. "Was he twenty years old at the time of his death? Was he thirty?—Fifty? Sixty?"—Knocks. "Has he left a family?" Knocks. "Children?" Knocks. "Five? Three? Two?" Knocks. "Did he die in Boston? In Philadelphia?" Knocks. "Did he die of consumption? Of fever? Of cholera? Of old age?" Knocks.

The person in Mr. Tuckerman's mind was the late Rev. Dr. Channing of Boston, who died in Bennington, Vt. while on a journey. The degree of correctness in the answers may be judged by the reader. It may be stated, however, that for the last year of his life Dr. C. disclaimed the use of all sectarian names, preferring to be called i only Christain, and that though under seventy, his physical powers had long suffered from premature exhaustion.

Rev. Dr. Hawks was then urgently solicited by several of the party to propose inquiries, to which, after some hesitation, he reluctantly consented.—He did not meet with any great success. The sounds uttered were faint, almost inaudible at several times, and in the great majority of cases indicated an incorrect reply. Dr. Hawks pursued his inquiries with exemplary patience, but after several more ineffectual attempts, he resigned the floor to Dr. John W. Francis, who was welcomed with a general roll of knockings, from the mysterious agents, seeming to claim the privilege of old and intimate acquaintance. With his proverbial urbanity, seating himself as if at the bed side of a patient, Dr. F. asked in terms of the most beaming blandness, whether the spirits present would converse with any member of the company?—Would they vouchsafe to speak to the illustrious friend, the world-renowned author, Mr. Cooper?—Would they converse with the great American poet, Mr. Bryant? To these flattering invitations no reply was given. Would they speak to so humble an individual as himself? Loud knocks. Dr. F. then asked, facing on a person, Was he an American? Was he an Englishman? Was he a Frenchman? The knocks were loud and unanimous. Was he a poet? Yes, in distinct knocks. Will you tell his name? Here the spirits called for the alphabet, by sounds intelligible to the ghost-seers. The answers by this method are given in knocks at the letter desired, when the alphabet is repeated by one of the ladies. It then spelt out B-u-r—when the company indiscreetly, but spontaneously, interrupted, by crying out Robert Burns. This was the true answer, and after the interview with the favorite Scotch poet, Dr. F. declined any further communication.

Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper was then requested to enter into the supra-mundane sphere, and proceed to interrogate the spirits, with the most imperturbable self-possession and deliberation. After several desultory questions from which no satisfactory answers were obtained, Mr. C. commenced a new series of inquiries. Is the person I inquire about a relative? Yes, was at once indicated by the knocks. A near relative? Yes. A man? No answer. A woman? Yes. A daughter? A mother? A wife? No answer. A sister? Yes. Mr. C. then asked the number of years since her death. To this the answer was given in a rapid and indistinct rape, some counting 45, others 49, 54, &c. After considerable parleying, as to the manner in which the question should be answered, the consent of the invisible interlocutor was given to knock the years so slowly that they might be distinctly counted. This was done. Knock—knock—knock—for what seemed over a minute, till the number amounted to fifty, and was unanimously announced by the company. Mr. C. now asked, Did she die of consumption—naming several diseases, to which no answer was given. Did she die by accident? Yes. Was she killed by lightning? Was she shot? Was she lost at sea? Did she fall from a carriage? Was she thrown from a horse? Yes.

Mr. Cooper did not pursue his inquiries any further, and stated to the company that the answers were correct, the person alluded to by him being a sister, who, just fifty years ago the present month was killed by being thrown from a horse.

The evening was now far advanced, and it was not thought desirable to continue the colloquies any further. At the suggestion of several gentlemen, the ladies removed from the sofa, where they had sat during the evening, and remained standing in another part of the room. The knockings were now heard on the doors, at both ends of the room, producing a vibration on the pannels which was felt by every one touched them. Different gentlemen stood on the outside and the inside of the door at the same time, when loud knockings were heard on the side opposite to that where they stood. The ladies were at such a distance from the door in both cases, as to lend no countenance to the idea that the sounds were produced by any direct communication with them. They now went into a parlor, under the room in which the party was held, accompanied by several gentlemen, and the sounds where then produced with great distinctness, causing sensible vibrations in the sofa, and apparently coming from a thick hearth-rug before the fireplace as well as from other quarters of the room.

Such are the most important facts, which we can recall of the manifestations of the evening. We believe we have stated them without any coloring whatever, as they appeared to everyone present; but with regard to their origin or their nature, we are as much in the dark as any of our readers.—The manners and bearing of the ladies are such as to create a prepossession in their favor. They have no theories to offer in explanation of the acts of their mysterious attendants, and apparently have no control of their incomings or outgoings. But if the sounds are not made by their agency, are they made by the spirits of the departed. If so, why do they come such an unusual journey, on an unprofitable errand? At the utmost, they only exhibited their credentials, but bring no message. After the first introduction, their silence is as unmitigated as that of the awkward stranger, who having exhausted the weather, has not another word to say. We wait for further disclosures without wishing to hasten the course of delaying time, and recommending our readers to see for themselves, take shelter in a discreet, and somewhat apathetic noncommittalism.

Under the Hebrew Commonwealth and kingdom, the land could not be sold or alienated forever.—Neither king nor creditor could divest the meanest citizen of his right in the soil. The misfortunes or the crimes of the father could not oust his child from the possession. The cultivator of the land stood upon it the free tenant of the Lord of Lords, owning no other landlord. The harmonized sacredness gave to the man such dignity, and to the citizen such importance, that he could feel all the inspiration of the phrase, "My native land."

Neither in conquest nor in defence were the soldiery of Israel ever excelled, while they had their own firesides and altars to fight for; and the noble institutions of Moses operated by their own inherent force in achieving the grandeur of the nation, accomplishing really much more for it by their natural potency than the miracles which only relieved the people occasionally in great emergencies.

KEEN REPORT.—During the late canvass in Michigan, a surgeon dentist was making an excellent speech in one of the interior towns. A low fellow belonging to the other party interrupted him with the question, "what do you ask to pull a tooth, Doctor?" "I will pull all your teeth for a shilling and your nose gratis," replied the speaker.

Genius, like the lark, is apt to despise its nest upon the earth, and waste its time in fluttering and quivering among the clouds; but common sense is the heathen fowl which eats up the barley corns, and crows and falcons at leisure.

Arrival of an East Indian Embassy in England.

The steamship Ripon brought to Southampton on May 28, from Alexandria, an extraordinary embassage from the Kingdom of Nepaul, on the borders of Thibet. It consisted of his Excellency General Jung Bahadoor Koorman Ranagee, Prime Minister and Commander-in Chief, and his suite of twenty-four persons, the most distinguished of which were Col. Jugmut Shumshere Koorman Ranagee, and Col. Dheen Shumshere Koorman Ranagee, brothers of the General, Capt. Rummihr Singh Adhikaree Khajee Kurbeer Khuree, Capt. Hamdul Singh Thapa, Lieut. Kurbeer Khuree, Lieut. Lall Singh Khuree, and Lieut. Bheem Sen Rana, and a great many other terrible men with terrible names. The General's visit to England is as Ambassador Extraordinary from the King of Nepaul to the Queen of England, and he is charged with a complimentary letter and costly presents, consisting of the most valuable Nepaulese productions and manufactures, worth, it is said, nearly a quarter of a million of pounds sterling, from the King to her Majesty.

According to the accounts in the Southampton papers, the traveling expenses of the embassy, since it left Nepaul, have amounted to nearly ten thousand pounds. His Excellency and suite professes the religion of Buddhism; and on account of their strict notions respecting their religion, diet, and ablutions, and their dread of having their food, or vessels which contain it, touched by Christains, they were compelled to engage the whole fore-cabins and saloons of the Ripon, in which they fitted up a cooking apparatus, which was constructed out of a large square box made of planks and paddle floats, filled with mud and sand. The fuel they used was charcoal. Their principal food on board was poultry, kids, eggs, rice, and vegetables. They took in themselves, at each port they touched at, what water they wanted.

As the description of this embassy will likely interest our readers quite as much as political details, we subjoin other particulars:

The features of the Nepaulese partake of the Mongolian and Hindoo caste. Many of the embassy are most pleasing and handsome looking men, and their dress are gorgeous beyond description.

The general is a handsome and most intelligent man, about 82 years of age, very dark, with long jet hair. He is the first Hindoo of high caste that has visited England.

The Ripon arrived in the Southampton dock soon after seven in the morning. Many of the General's suite were promenading the deck, and among them his two brother's, very handsome young men, and splendidly dressed. The General made his appearance on deck at about half-past seven. His dress consisted of a black satin cloak, profusely embroidered with gold of elegant workmanship.—His headdress was a cap nearly covered with large emeralds, diamonds and other precious stones.—The cap was surmounted with a bird of Paradise, the fastening of which was covered by a profusion of brilliants. His fingers were covered with rings, on one of which was a diamond, an amethyst and an emerald of immense value. His wrists were also covered with bracelets adorned with gold and precious stones.

He left the ship soon after 9 o'clock in the morning, to go the Peninsular and Oriental Company's offices, just outside the dock gates. On walking from the ship His Excellency was preceded by one of the chiefs of his suite, and, followed by a large number of other chiefs. Such a strange and gorgeous sight is seldom witnessed. There were 14 or 15 princely personages, evidently from a refined and highly civilized State on the borders of the Himalayan range, with most strange but handsome countenances, clothed in dresses of elegant and costly workmanship. Many of their head-dresses, when the sun shone on them, were literally blazing with brilliants. They were all armed with pistols, mounted, and many of their swords were in golden scabbards.

The ambassador declined to go to any Southampton hotel unless he could have it entirely to himself. This arose from religious scruples, lest any food prepared for Christians should be mixed with his own. In consequence of this determination immediate arrangements were made to enable the ambassador and suite to sleep and cook their food at the Peninsular offices during their stay in Southampton. During the whole of Saturday afternoon the Hindoo servants were busy conveying their cooking utensils, water pitchers, bedding, rice and other kinds of food from the ship to their temporary abode. A tent was formed in a back yard, where a Nepaulese cooking apparatus was fitted up. Messengers were employed running all over the town purchasing eggs and vegetables. The Hindoos refused hen eggs, and preferred the larger eggs of ducks and geese. They took a great fancy for cauliflower, which is very plentiful at Southampton, and purchased an immense quantity of that vegetable. They appeared to observe the utmost secrecy in dressing and eating their food, and were much alarmed lest any of the blacks and other persons belonging to the Peninsular Company should observe them. But though so secret about their cooking and eating, they appeared to be quite indifferent as to who saw them at their extraordinary ablutions. They wash after they touch anything, the washing being more like a religious ceremony, than for the purpose of cleanliness. Not only the Hindoo servants, but some of the chiefs were in the back yard washing themselves almost perpetually. They stripped, with the exception of a slight cloth around the loins, and they would wash themselves all over with about a half pint of water. The servants of the embassy were evidently of the lowest caste—some were meanly and miserably clad, many of them without shoes, and their clothing formed a striking contrast to the magnificent costume of the chiefs. His Excellency dined with a few members of his suite on Saturday. After dinner they all commenced smoking. They also rode out in a carriage in the evening. They appeared much pleased with the apartment in which they resided, which is a very spacious and handsome one, and particularly, in the evening, when it was lit up with gas.

The Ripon brought home a collection of birds and beasts from Ethiope, Abyssina, and other parts of the world. There were a fine young lion and a leopard, a wild hog, a pair of pelicans, three eagles, a gazelle, three lynxes, two musk rats, a Bahbah ibex, (a goat with magnificent horns,) a number of kangaroo rats, a little larger than English mice, of a very light brown color, and remarkable for the length of their hind as compared with their fore legs, several Cashmere goats, a wild cat, rather larger than a domestic one, marked like a leopard, with a beautiful head. There were also a number of venomous serpents and gigantic lizards; several of the cobra capellas were as big round as a man's waist. The beasts, birds and reptiles were attended to by several grim and picturesque-looking Arabs and Abyssinians, many of the former with large grisly beards. Among them were two African serpent charmers; one of the latter was a lad, a strange little shriveled-faced fellow, who caused much amusement by his comic manners, his grotesque dress, and daring handling of the beasts and reptiles. In each of his ears were two brass bedcurtain rings, his trousers did not reach below his knees, and he wore a pair of large Wellington boots. His legs and boots appeared like two mahogany posts in a pair of leathern buckets. He played with and teased the most savage of the beasts and reptiles with the most daring intrepidity but the most extraordinary performances of this youthful charmer were with the venomous serpents, at the request of the Admiralty agent, and for the trifling *backsheesh* of a silver sixpence, for which he made a profound slave-like salaam, he exhibited his power over the serpent tribe to the writer of this notice when he went on board the Ripon in Southampton Docks.

He took out the cobra capelles from a box, fondled with them, kissed their heads and mouths, held them in his mouth, irritated them apparently to madness by scratching them on the back, and even suffered them to bite him without experiencing any apparent injury. It was a singular sight to see one of these serpents irritated, standing firmly on a small portion of his tail, while the body was forming graceful curves, and it was preparing to spring upon the body with its mouth open and its fangs quivering.

The greatest curiosity, however, brought by the Ripon was the Hippopatamus. The one brought home in the Ripon is a male specimen, in good health, about ten months old, and 500 lbs. weight. It fed on milk and rice, about 86 pints daily of the former, and the latter was consumed both boiled and raw. A number of cows and goats were kept on board the Ripon to supply the milk.

HOW TO ENLARGE VEGETABLES.—A vast increase of food may be obtained by managing judiciously, and systematically carrying out for a time the principle of increase. Take for instance a pea. Plant it in very rich ground. Allow it to bear the first year, say half a dozen pods only. Remove all others. Save the largest single pea of these. Sow it the next year, and retain of the product three pods only. Sow the largest one the following year and retain one pod. Again select the largest, and the next year the sort will be by this time have trebled its size and weight. Ever afterwards sow the largest seed. By these means you will get peas (or anything else) of a bulk of which we at present have no conception.

ONE OF THE B'YS.—"I wish I was a ghost, blamed if I don't," said a poor covey the other night, as he sat soliloquising in the cold. "They goes wherever they pleases, toll free! they don't owe nothing and that's a comfort. Who ever heam tell of a man what had a bill again a ghost? nobody.—They never has to buy hats and vitals and liquor, nor has to saw wood and run errants as I do. Their shirts never gets dirty, nor their trowsers out at the knees, as I ever heard tell on. Ghosts is the only independent people I knows on. I railly wish I was one."

IRRESOLUTION.—In matters of great concern and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution; to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent; to be alway intending to lead a new life, but never find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating, and drinking, and sleeping, for one day and night to another, till he is starving and destroyed.—*Tillotson.*

TRUTH.—Who knows not that truth is strong, next the Almighty—needs no policy, no stratagems, no licensing, to make her victorious? Though all the winds of doctrine are let loose to play upon earth, so truth be in the field, we injure her to misdoubt her strength! Let Truth and falsehood grapple; whoever knew Truth put to the worst, in a free and open encounter?—*Milton.*

At a late court, a man and his wife brought cross action, each charging the other with assault and battery. On investigation, it appeared that the husband had pushed the door against his wife, and that the wife in return had pushed the door against her husband. A gentleman at the bar remarked that he could see no impropriety in a man and his wife a doring each other.

THE POTENCY OF WORDS.—On words rests the axis of the intellectual world. A word hath struck incurably in a million hearts, and envenomed every hour throughout their hard pulsation. On a winged word hath hung the destiny of nations.—On a winged word hath human wisdom been willing to cast the immortal soul, and to leave it dependent for all future happiness.—*Landor.*

TALENT is an eye-sore to tyranny. In weakness tyranny leare it as a power, in power it hates it a liberty.

THE MERIT of our actions consists not in doing extraordinary actions, but in doing ordinary actions extraordinary well.