THE BRADFORD REPORTER

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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, December 28, 1850.

(For the Bradford Reporter)

THE MINSTREL'S FATE.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO M. M. M.

BY ROMEO.

'Twas summer's eve. The blue-arched sky above
Beamed down in glowing beauty, and around
All, all was peace and quiet. The bright sun
Was just departing, and his farewell smile
Slept on the blooming meadows;—far away
The mountain-tops in golden sheen were capped
And flowing crimson tinged the distant West
With gorgeous beauty. The fragrancy of flowers
Burdened the passing zephyr, and the song
Of bird, and leaf, and stream, stole on the ear
With a bewildering sweetness.

How the heart
Thrills at such an hour with glowing thoughts
And inspirations; for it seems that earth
And sky bend all their loveliness to fill
The soul with almost Heaven's hallowed bliss.

Such was the hour, so lovely, still, serene,
When to a sheltered and a favorite nook
Far in the quiet grove, I turned my steps
For pleasant meditation. Sitting down
Upon the rude and gnarled trunk of an
Old fallen oak, I gazed upon the scene,
And hallowed thoughts stole o'er me.

Nature there
Dwelt in her primal loveliness, unchanged,
Untouched by man. A little joyous brook,
Was sparkling by me, singing on its way
Home for ocean-home; and aged trees
Leaned o'er it with their shaggy arms outstretched
As in benedictions. On the boughs
The leaves were dancing to the zephyrs' kiss,
Making their low sweet melody with the
Subdued tones of a far distant water-fall.
Beneath a levels spot one half a rods
The busy, crowded world around him; and the cares
Which thoughts of rivalry and power
Are ever wont to intrude upon him there,
Were strangers to love's soft glow,
Or the rapt poet's dream.

As there I sat
The calm took—and the dim
Twilight shed over the world. I saw
Not, but felt communion with the spiritual air.
A [illegible] gently by me came
And sat down beside me on the bank;
Some words of greeting passed,
But soon I shunned the circle gay
Fancy conjured up. I fancy-winged, that
Soon unchecked play to fancy's wings
Gave I came;—that every thought inspired
By the shade of those green branches, seemed
Sweet—there in so lone a nook
Where the flow round my heart, akin
To that I ever felt where fell
Not an jarring human sound.
When from the gray-haired sage with earnestness
His warning strain began:

"Fair youth, thy heart's deep wish I read,
Thou seek'st a Poet's fame:
[illegible] age take heed—
I do not speak to blame.
For fourscore years have taught me truths
[illegible]
And ever to aspiring youths
This is my warning speech:

"Stop, stop in a gushing fount, nor sip,
[illegible] clear waters invite;
[illegible] to the lip,
But it has power to blight.
And that fount doth malice lark—
Beneath lith envy hiss,
Which, as thy ruin it would work,
Betrays thee with a kiss!

"Try not Parnassus' heights to gain
To grasp that blushing wreath;
That twined of love-lies' flowers, the bane
Of thorns thou'll find beneath.
Aye, the graves of laurel green,
Which grace a mountains crest,
The viper hate, perchance unseen,
Will all thy joys molest.

"Go, seek pale Genius in his cell
If thou would'st further know:
A mournful tale that wreck will tell
Of care, and want, and wo.
The heartless taunt—the treacherous smile
Ken his confiding heart;
He bowed to love's endearing wile
To feel a poisoned dart!

"He spent his days in solitude—
His nights in feverish thought;
And want, and base ingratitude
Was all the boon it brought.
No answering eye met his—no tear
Mingled with those he shed;
No voice of sympathy was near
To soothe his aching head!
Thus, ever thus has been the fate
Of the fond hearted bard—
Misery has ever been his state
And penury his reward!
Then youth, sip not of yonder fount;
There's wo in waves beneath;
And climb not the Parnassus mount
To grasp the tempting wreath!"

'Twas twilight dim ere the old man had ceased
These words of cold and stern philosophy;
But, when at last I was alone, I mused
On his doleful tale, in much of doubt
If all he said were true.

What though neglect
May be the minstrel's fate—receives he not
Fame, and days of want, and all the cares
Accompany that beset his path, a rich
Reward in the lofty sense of his
High calling, and the sweet delusions
Of love and virtue?—And is it not
A glorious recompense for him to feel
That he is privileged far above the throng
That flitter round him, and can find delight
Of which they nothing know.

Old man, must I
Believe thy lesson of the heartlessness
And treachery of earth—and of the pangs
That stung the soul of Genius?—No, no,
I cannot think it true! Those moments which
Breathe heavenly inspiration o'er his soul
Must be, indeed, most blissful, if it were strange
That in the melody which he calls forth,
Enrapturing thousands, he should fail to find
Music to soothe his soul!

Far in the woods
The old man's footfalls died upon my ear,
When on a trembling branch just o'er my head
A little bird that perched there, thrilled a low,
Sweet song—the leaves in murmuring gave
A faint reply, and e'en the brook's glad tones
Seemed softened then, as if the spell of love
Were over all.

Lulled by those low, sweet tones
Oh, what a soothing dream stole over me!
And when I homeward turned my steps, the stars
Were forth, beaming upon the earth as bright
As hope's first smile;—and then I deeply felt
That it was not a sin to love the beautiful,
Or cherish in my heart the secret joy
Of some pure one's affections,—which it seems
Is all the hapless bard's impeated crime.

Herrick, Pa.

(Written for the Sunday Courier.)

"KEERD" PLAYING;

A BRADFORD COUNTY SHOOTING MATCH.

BY JOHN OF YORK.

The commonwealth of Pennsylvania is divided, by conventional consent, into three states, namely, Pennsylvania Proper, the State of Williamsport, and the State of Bradford County. The reason for this division has never been explicitly explained in the history of the old Dutch Commonwealth, but I believe Williamsport received her elevation from the fact that at one time nearly all the lucrative offices under the government were filled by citizens of that borough, and that Bradford was promoted because she once (at Towanda) boasted a theatre, and still boasts of a scion who refused a bribe of four hundred dollars, Plainfield money, while a member of the legislature. Be these suggestions true or false, Bradford is a great state, and will be greater when the North Branch Canal taps our state improvement at Tioga Point;—a place, by-the-way, where the jockeys used to hold their annual races—the stakes being buckwheat, the currency, at our time, of that region. Bradford has within her borders a mount called Pool Hill, on which a colony, mostly of that name, have lived from (my) time immemorial; a sort of gipsy tribe, who are governed by no law except that taught in the Court of Oyer and Terminer and generpl jail delivery.—These Pool Hill gipsys are famous for thieving and gambling propensities, and during the "eel running season" are the terror of all owners of fish-baskets for many miles along the Susquehanna.—They speak a jargon that is difficult to understand, and are the last witnesses outside of "Sugar Creek," to be found in the state of Bradford County.

But Bradford has lost one element of her former property—namely, the almost universal addiction of the people to play at games of chance. There is now no more moral community on the Crooked River than the free soil constituency of David Wilmot Proviso, M. C., for the counties of Susquehanna, Bradford and Tioga.

In the year 1835-6-7, the writer was a dweller in the State of Bradford County, and, being of an inquiring disposition, was not long initiating himself into the favor and confidence of several of the lively boys of his own age, most of whom were a little ahead of him in "moral habits." His business was to learn "the art and mystery of printing" but in a town where there were so many "arts and mysteries" of another nature, the gentleman who "ruled the Democrats" was often heard to express the opinion that his apprentice would never be exalted to a higher position than Chief Justice, or President of the United States. If when he was sent on errands, he loitered in divers places where bagatelle, quoits, foot-races and cock fighting were exhibited, he was as well as other amusements cost no pence, partly upon the shooting matches.

Of all the amusements then in vogue in the State of Bradford we generally largely participated. There are two great sports in Bradford men who can split a water at sixty yards with a common rifle; the bayne made among the turkeys, geese and chickens was generally munificent. At the conclusion of the shooting dinner was served, (no matter whether the match was at a public or a private house) and after that came the riffling for the game. If the house happened to be small, (as W's, above town, was,) every room, even the cellar and garret, would be occupied by persons eager to increase their gains or make up their losses. As the night wore along, sets of four, five, and sometimes six would be made up in the corners, and the universal game of poker introduced. Every body played poker in those days; the boys began at a penny "stake," the young men went as high as a "fip," while the old uns "plinted" from a "fery" to a quarter, and shook up. Indeed, Towanda was like a Spanish town, so high did the rage for play run.

One cold, wet evening in November, a party, of which the writer of this made one, left Towanda for old B's, two miles below town. Of course the shooting part of the performance was done up, the dinner demolished, and the riffling begun. Presently, cards were introduced, and by ten o'clock tables were all over the house, and busily occupied by the company, most of whom were eager to play. The regular setters-out had been left pretty much alone, those who did not care about playing, or whose business required them to be early in town, having gone. One young fellow, a Yankee, who had not long been in those parts, having been left by his party, was sauntering around the tables, apparent little interested in the proceedings, and no doubt wishing himself at home. At length he came to three young fellows who were seated upon a bed, playing penny poker.

"Come, take a hand, Bill," said one of the party. The others joined in the request, and at length the Yankee was drawn in.

At first the Yankee boy had extraordinary luck, and had in each hip pocket of his duck shooting coat a pretty snug pile of pennies and shin plasters—the latter currency being altogether the circulating medium of Pennsylvania at that time.

"You're in luck," said one of the trio, named B——; at the same time slipping an ace under his knee as he sat on the coverlet. The Yankee saw the trick, and kept his eyes on B——, who was not long in getting a match to his ace. The card was quickly brought from its hiding place, and, with six cents in his hand, B—— bragged a half over the Yankee, who went back over him a dollar. B—— afraid he might make a mistake, called, when the Yankee produced two kings.

"Won't do," exclaimed B——; "here's two aces," and he attempted to rake in the money.

"Want a bet," said the Yankee; "six kerds there, I guess," at the same time spreading out B——'s cards with one hand, while he pocked the money with the other.

"That's right," exclaimed the other parties—"if any one cheats he loses the money."

At this time liquors were called for, and a half pint glass of "thunder-and lightnin' brandy" was brought. Each of the trio took a slight sip, and the Yankee did the same.

"Oh, take it all," exclaimed B——, "you haint drink'd nothin' and we've had lots of it."

The Yankee emptied the glass and handed it back, making a sour face, at which all laughed.—But he knew a thing or two, and (he was sitting in a chair at the corner of the bed,) leaning down his head, spat the whole of the brandy against the pendant coverlet, from which it ran down noiselessly upon the floor. In a few moments he was a very drunken youth, and the others were sure of their game.

The play proceeded with spirit. The three smart young men were all busy stocking cards, passing suits with each other, and trying their prettiest generally. The Yankee had two very wide pockets in his hunting coat, and bet high and recklessly. Whenever either of the schemers bet over him, he would plunge his hand (with the cards in it) into his pocket, and bring out his paper and pennies and the cards at the same time—the cards often awfully jumed up and misshapen. Three times out of four he had the largest hand, and before morning had stripped the three conspirators of all the money they had, and won their cards into the bargain.

While the others were cheating in a small way, he was packing large hands and slipping them into his pocket. These he changed as he wanted them, and, under cover of affected drunkenness, was never suspected by the other worthies, who, busy with their own rascality, had not time to watch the innocent greenhorn.

As the three sold uns were probably never enlightened as to how they were so badly beaten, I give them the information gratis.

Sleep.

But few persons are aware of the philosophical fact that our senses do not all drop asleep at the same time. The sense of sight is the first to succumb to the enchanter's wand. Persons may be hearing words spoken in their presence, and yet be so far asleep as to dream they are hearing them elsewhere. Individuals who are so unlucky or so criminal as to fall asleep in sermon time, continue afterwards to hear the words of the preacher and only find themselves asleep by the start that awakens them. When the sense of taste and smell sleep, we do not know. It would be hardly possible to try experiments with the first; and as far as experiments have been made with the second, there are doubts whether it sleeps at all. In trying such experiments, pungent applications to the nose would not be allowable as a test, their direct action on the organs might arouse at once. The sense of hearing, probably, follows that of sight. Where there has been much to agitate the mind, and a desire to keep awake at night, to listen for supposed danger, it is believed does not sleep, but keeps a watch in distinct and uncertain guard over its possessor. The sense of touch and that which Dr. Brown (quoteness to add,) arising from muscular exertion are the last to give in their adhesion to the reigning power, and it is only when every sense is wrapped in oblivion that the sleep becomes sweet and refreshing. The sense of touch differs from muscular action. The former takes cognizance directly of different degrees of roughness or smoothness on the surface of bodies, and indirectly of form: the latter, of hardness and of angular or spherical figures. The sense of muscular resistance is going to sleep when the head nods, the hands slide down, the knees fail. It is probable that horses and some other animals are habituated never to allow this sense to sleep, and hence can sleep standing. What actual comfortable rest can be obtained is a question. The affirmative is well illustrated by the experience of the mother of the child, the cause of her infant's child. The eyes close and open, and close again. If the song of the mother ceases, the start of the little slumberer shows that the sense of hearing was not asleep. But the tune soon comes when that sense, too, is steeped in oblivion and the voice of the mother stop without waking the child. But if the protecting hand be even then removed, that lay across the breast of the sleeping infant, a start of wakefulness shows that the sense of touch was still waking and watchful, and the whole process must be renewed. Soon, however, the sense sleeps, the hand is removed, and the mother rises from the cradle under the idea that the task is finished, but the cessation of the rocking of its cradle is felt by the muscular resistance, and the child again starts, but a renewal of motion brings on that deep, death-like sleep, in which the child may be removed without danger of arousing it.

It is probable, that when our senses are all closed to external impressions that dreams do not take place, and that the character of our dreams may depend upon what senses are then watchful.

A Dog's Tail.—A writer in a New-York paper, thus unravels the philosophy of a rather twisted subject. We subscribe to his Dog-mas:

"There is a great deal of philosophy in a dog's tail. It is as great a study as a lady's fan. If a dog is pleased, his tail is immediately in a waggish humor; if he is afraid, it elopes; if angry, it sucks out. You can tell the character and disposition of a dog by his tail, as well as Fowler can decipher yours from the bumps.

Noble Sentiment.—Teach your children the elements of Christian philosophy, the Bible, lessons of love and temperance, and knowledge, and virtue, and faith, and hope, and charity, and you may turn them out into the world without a pang of apprehension, without a doubt of distrust, or fear, they will never hurt each other, and never injure the State.

Children are separate bodies, for instance. What does decree mean, Pa? It means to unite together. Does John unite when he cleaved with? How, Pa? It means to separate. Well, Pa, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her? Hem, sem, about ask so many foolish questions, child.

Native Eloquence.

[A few evenings before the election, a well known military politician, editor, and orator from the country, went to Boston and made a speech at a meeting in Faneuil Hall. Immediately thereafter, the following phonographic report of the speech appeared in the Chronotype. This is not the identical Faneuil Hall Speech, but those who are acquainted with the military gentleman's style of oratory will be ready to believe the representation that this speech was written under the inspiration produced by the hearing of that at Faneuil Hall:]

Thunder an guns! where are we? This are a day for the citizens of Hornby, and of I want too modest, it's a day and a half for all creation—includin' the rest of mankind, and the pepple gineraly! The world, feller citizens, is a lookin' at us, an on the hetrogeneous exertions of this here society, hewman liberty depends, and hangs like a buntock to a boy's trowsis. Ar we up to the crop? Dus every individual feel the responsibility of the grate crie-sis bearing on him like a flat rock on a tode's back? Dus all feel like a young Herkerlanium ready to take holt an choke the orryzon stables as is wormin' in to squeeze the daylights out of our infant liberties? I answer—we is! Let the pot-intates of the hole airth hear an tremble!

Feller citizens, we have come up here—every man prepared to take his life in his trowsis pocket to preserve the Union—that blessed Union—fit for, bled for, and died for by our reverend prosterity on the bloody fields of Buena Vista, Yorktown, Madawasky, an Waterlieu. This here glorious Union, feller citizens, is threatened within an inch of its life—by whom? why, by a set of onsecumcized, mean, nasty critters, who can't appreciate this blessed perlaydium that pervides every man a vine and a fig tree—under which we're set and our fathers has set, and no one dares molest or make us afraid.

Feller citizens, I'm for the Union! Yes, ar! An though the hole world was agin me, though the divil joined in with the abolitionist, yet, as Webster said in his Newburyport letter—"The dollum, ennum Eureka Historia were lerrogliphic, rose sigsum at broadway"—the pelican in the desert, I'd fire till all was blew! [Hear! hear! and stompin'.

Feller citizens: The pint we've met here to consider is: Shall the Union be preserved, shall the star spangled banner still flount and flounce in the salewbrity of the unmitigated space of either—shall the Amerikan eagle—God bless him!—[stompin' by the men, an sobbin and snifin by the women]—shall the Amerikan eagle continue to soar aloft an—an—an do as he darned pleases? Or shall he be stove up and broke in like a worn out syder barrel—and our flag toss and flit like leetle Ephe Libby's shirt-tail over there by the winder—an the glorious news of liberty plucked and picked like a thanksgiving turkey? Saints, ministers, elders, deacons, fetch in your lamps! What—I say what will Hornby be found when this great battle of annexation which is comin is fit? Will she be skulkin about like a woodchuck in a tater field, or toin the mark like a ray in the corner? What ar yer Libbys, yer Peabodys, yer Wiggins, and yer Ryers, names illustrious in the Madywasky war? Tide, the fast run away afore he got thar, and Potter did'nt go, but then, ef went had happened to come to the west, that's no knowin what they might have done for their country. Sports of '76! den from that all the way up to this—from the hyperbolical confidence of ajacent sarcumstimcy—yo behold this cri sis!—inside on your predecessors who are about to join hoss with ungodly abolitionists and cussed niggers for the preservation of Union, Perlaytoins, and what nots!

Feller citizens! I'm in a strait. A crisis is nigh. As the sun of the free and enlightened sun rises at the east it will more surmount Shiloh to the west.

"A wafin of snakes—
An ivil creatin of ideas."

Yes, everything is wak'n up, and takin off in earnest. Even the sleepy hoss, Daniel Webster, gives a snort, and shakin his tail and mane, prepared to fite for he wman rites and dimocratick usages. "The great confounder of the Constitution," as he is justly termed, in his last letter to me very truly and gnosically says: "Ethan," says he, "I don't speak as a Massachusetts man nor nothin else—no, pen up your turkeys, counteract my powers—the hole continent, however bounded, is mine! But," he continues, "things hain't as: in the language of Julyus Seizer to the Pope of Rome, "Ahuito sua jon sure qeere!" which means, somethin is amiss!"—Finally, he concludes in this touchin way—"My dear Spike," says he, "I've undertuk the job of fixin and patchin the Union: I luke to Hornby to lay holt and sustain me!" [Hear! Hear—hoorray!] And then he adds this postscriptum—N. B.—P. S.—Nobody, so far as I've heerd, says a word agin the nigger slave law, leastways, nobody whose opinion is worth arous!

Now, feller citerzens, that's a gook deal to be dab! In the name of all that'—[here the eloquent speaker was interrupted by somebody callin out to know what was to be did—and what he'd bin about?] Now, Feller citerzens, in the talkin name of all that's sacred on dimocratic, shall we be found wantin? No, Feller Citerzens, no! no!! From all sour borders, from the remorseless precipitations of Bethel-hill and the dark and inscrutable caverns of Lilly Pond to the mutified exclamations of Dan Wiggin's cuow paster, comes up a thunderin patryotic, double breasted No. On, then, on and let the watchword be—Webster, hew man rites, and darn a nigger!

Feller Citerzins, I've done. My speech is afore you. I hope it's done you good, for its laid as heavy on my stomack for the last two days as a cold baked tater.

Ethan Spike.

Hornby, away down East.

A Free Translation.—A very smart precocious youth, in one of the Latin schools of Boston, coming to the passage, "Quis custodiet custodes?" in one of his daily recitations, astounded his teacher by translating it, "Who shall have custody of the custards?"

Movers in the South West.

Any month of the year in passing through South Western Virginia or Eastern Tennessee, you may meet the large and heavily laden covered wagons of the country, filled with emigrants, the children of the soil, seeking new homes far away. In the depth of last winter, I came upon a family, among the mountains, where something like a northern winter is known; the father was on the ground in the wet snow and ice, urging on his horses over wretched roads, and the cumbrous wagon creaking lazily along. "An odd time to be a moving, isn't it, stranger?" he called out. "How far do you go, my friend, in such weather—not a long journey, I hope?" "Oh," said he, "over in Kaintuck, about sixty miles further, I reckon." By such modes of travelling thousands have changed their homes every year. Every variety of condition in life is to be encountered on the road, but especially those on whom the world has not smiled. They are hardy descendants, many of them of the early Scotch and Irish settlers of this mountain region; and the peculiarities of that frontier and comparatively rude state of civilization, are far enough from having vanished to this day. Their ancestors fought well, as King's Mountain in North Carolina, and the fierce fight victoriously maintained there, against the British valor in the Revolution, bears witness. At this time these mountaineers are essentially a military population. Naturally they have steady sense and acuteness of mind, and particularly shrewd at a bargain. Their learning is seldom such as is seen inside of school houses; it may not even include an ability to read and write; but they are pretty good judges of a stump speech, of a sermon, or of an argument at the bar; from these is drawn their education. They are unrivaled horsemen, marksmen, and hunters, and capital judges of horseflesh and stock in general; but the men, at least, are not remarkable for agricultural industry, for the patient thrift and the intelligent skill that make the successful farmer. They are squatters rather than farmers. It is certain at least that very considerable tracts in the mountain districts of Carolina and Tennessee have been occupied and cultivated in no other way, and the rightful owners of the soil have found it difficult and hardly profitable to dispossess those occupants.

Mark the courteous manners even of the lowest and most ignorant; there is a frank, ready, and kindly address, seldom seen in the same class elsewhere. Withal, the sallow, gaunt visage of poverty and sickness is too often to be observed. Some are not too proud to ask an alms as they go on their way. I met a family group near the Cumberland mountains this summer that had travelled on in sickness and feeblness, one hundred miles on foot, and one of the boys asked for money to buy some coffee for his sick sister. The poor girl was borne along in the arms of her mother. "He," said the wife,—meaning her husband, "he would not take a house or live in one, lest he should have to work." At the next cabin in the woods I called for a moment; "your money will go for liquor," said the man of the house. "I know such movers right well;" "perhaps not, my friend; they may be very honest folks, and at any rate the will and the effort to help them in their want does me some good."

Families make these journies in ponderous wagons, closely stowed with all sorts of culinary apparatus, when they have it, or perhaps in lieu of this man or woman of African descent is lodged among the other household stuff, the sole indication of wealth or station on the part of the family that is moving. Some are tramping on foot, the men sleeping off straight and erect like Indians, with truly useless flung at their backs. At night they camp out in a wood, or under a big tree by the road side, heap up a huge fire of fuss, prepare coffee and cakes and bacon for supper, tie up their horses last to the wagon, and soon all are stretched out seeking rest for the night. This is the life of great numbers for weeks together, and the weather is so mild during a large part of the year as to make this practicable. There is an independence about it that has a charm, of a higher kind if their travels are not protracted too far, or pursued too long; they shake off the effects of poor training and unfortunate associations at home; they develop new resources, impart new energy, and are often the beginning of successful and honorable endeavor. Among their rich neighbors these persons had been neglected, and to some extent depressed and kept down. They were not wanted as neighbors, and were not cared for; they grew up untaught and ignorant. They knew the road to the great man's door in their vicinity, and in some parts could hardly tell another road but the one to mill. Even the negroes looked down in scorn upon "poor white folks." There houses were rude log cabins of frontier backwoods life; sixty and seventy years since, when the Indian was still powerful, and spread over the land.—Two rooms is a large allowance in such establishments, each consisting of a square "lodgen," plastered more or less thoroughly at the interstices with the strongly adhesive clay of the country, but few attempting to exclude the air or sunlight, to have them quite close, were it practicable, is not considered healthy. Those who lived year in and year out, continually in such tenements, have the same Anglo Saxon blood coursing through their veins that bears proudly in the hearts of the wealthy and the great; and what is better, they possess the mind, and resolved will of the sagacious old race.—Leaving behind them their old homes, all the people country of the Carolinas, Georgia and Tennessee, they go, a small part of them to Texas, and to Mississippi, they chiefly have settled Arkansas and Missouri; there they rise to influence, to real respectability and consideration; and their children rank often among the truly eminent and noble of the land. From this stock have sprung generals and statesmen whom the whole people have delighted to honor.

Merit is usually discovered by accident, and rewarded by destiny.

Scenes in the South.

How interesting and important is the short portion of our existence, when the faculties are first aroused from a state of unconscious happiness to become acquainted with the first hard lessons of this world, we are ushered into new life and Existence, with the fearful assurance written on every page, we learn that we can never retrace our steps, or remain stationary, but we must ever press forward, each one so pushing his unknown path, and wrought as they are with fanciful wreaths of happiness, we are apt to mistake the mock pleasures that surround them for true happiness, until the excitement and impetuosity of youth have passed away; when we find ourselves mere machines with but little use for knowledge and that little mixed to condemnation. But on the other hand if we look above the mere excitement that would at first seem attractive for that which is really useful and lasting, we are led upward through a widening course of happiness, which is ever displaying to our adoring minds new and endless pleasures from her never failing stores.

Payrnie.

Canton, Pa. 1850.

The Reptile Room at Night.

The following striking account of the reptile room in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, we take, with some abridgment, from Bentley's London Miscellany:

About ten o'clock one evening during the last spring, in company with two naturalists of eminence, we entered the apartment. A small lantern was our only light, and the faint illumination of this impartial a ghastly character to the scene before us. The clear plate glass which faces the cages was invisible, and it was difficult to believe that the monsters were in confinement and the spectators secure. Those who have only seen the boas and pythons, the rattle snakes and cobras lazily hanging in festoons from the forks of the trees in the dens, or sluggishly coiled up, can form no conception of the appearance and actions of the same creatures at night. The huge boas was clashing each other in every direction, whirling about the glass with the rapidity of lightning, sometimes clinging in huge coils around the branches, anon entwining each other in massive folds, then separating, they would rush over and under branches, hissing and lashing their tails in their hideous sport. Ever and anon, thirsty with their exertions, they would approach the pans of water and drink eagerly, lapping it with their forked tongues. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we perceived objects better; and on the uppermost branch of trees, in the den of the biggest serpent we perceived a pigeon quietly roosting, apparently indifferent to the turmoil which was going on around and to the vicinity of the monster whose meal it was soon to form. In the den of the smallest serpent's was a little mouse whose panting sides and fast beating heart showed that it, at least disliked its company.

During the time we were looking at these creatures, all sorts of noises were heard. A strange scratching against the glass would be audible—it was the carnivorous lizard endeavoring to inform us that it was a fast day with him, entirely contrary to his inclination. A sharp hiss would startle us from another quarter, and we stepped back involuntarily as the lantern revealed the inflated blood and threatened action of the angry cobra. Then a rattlesnake would take umbrage, and sounding an alarm, would make a stroke against the glass intended for our person. The fixed gaze from the brilliant eyes of the huge pythons was more fascinating and pleasant, and the scene, taking it altogether, more exciting than agreeable. Each of the spectators involuntarily stopped to make sure that his trousers were strapped down, and as if our nerves were jostling, a strange sensation, would every now and then be felt, resembling the twining of a small snake about the legs. Just before leaving the house, a great door-beetle which had flown in, attracted by the light, struck with some force against our right ear. Startled we were, for at that moment our impression was that it was some member of the happy family around us who had favored us with a mark of his affection.

Reading.—Make it a rule to read a little every day, even if it be a single sentence. A paragraph will often afford you a profitable source of reflection for a whole day. For this purpose keep some valuable book or paper always within your reach, so that you may lay your hands on it at any moment when you are about the house. We know a large family that had made itself intimately acquainted with history probably more than any other family in the United States, by the practice of having one of the children, each one taking a week, read every morning while the rest were at breakfast.

Spring the Chest.—The amended queer entry is "said" to be copied from the Diary of John Adams, recently published. We always used to think John was "some pumpkins" but as he speaks so slightingly of the girls, we doubt whether he was anything to brag of after all. However, he got married at last, and that was some amusement:

"Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday—all spent in absolute idleness, or (which is where) gallanting the girls."

The Pen.—In a hand who knows how to use it—the most powerful weapon known. When the golden tints of virtue guide its flow, beauty, truth, self respect gives it a new spirit, love, charity, hope. Where honor directs it, how respected! Wings and sharpens it, how fatal! When scurrility wields it, how contemptible! Its the weapon of the soul!

A western editor announces the death of a lady of his acquaintance, and touchingly adds that in her decease the sick have lost an invaluable friend. Long will she scent in stand at their bedsides as she was wont, with the balm of consolation in one hand and a cup of hubrub in the other. Affecting as it is!