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Scientific Discourse.

BY PROFESSOR JULIUS CAESAR HANNIBAL.

SECOND EPISTOL FROM 'UOPE.

SHEEPS OF MY FLOCK OB DE FOLE:—
It was a lubly day in May when I 'ribed in London—it woud a bin like a May day in de States ef it had bin warm 'nuff, and it hadent a rained all de time; desum 'peered to be ashamed ob sich condnet, for he never showed he face de hole day—I woudent a none from any zternal circumstances dat surround de horizon ob my wisdom, dat it was de twenty-fourth ob May if it hadent a bin for de blessed almyrack, dat I always carry for reference to de wedder and how to take ink out ob linen. Dat good ole book put me 'rise in spite ob ober coats and numbrellers.
As our goodly ship neared de city, I found dat my comin ober had bin telegraphed by de under Atlantick line, and dat my hourly expectation was looked for wid impunity. I kinder looked fur some public demonstraashun to be shown me, but, my dear lams, judge ob my surprise wen I hear my approach herilded wid de blaseandry ob cannon from de Naby ships in de downs and all along de channel, till I reach de city. Here I found all de sogers out and flags a flyin in all directions. You mout bet your dinner wid safety to your stumjack dat I felt proud ob de compliment and de 'caasion, and pullin off my ole wite hat like Jeneral Jackson did when he landed by de Battery, I walked in de city in front ob de sogers. I hadent bin walkin dar long befo'e I noticed dat I was looked 'pon as a queersity, like de alagator in de Museum, and putty soon a feller in blue close wid wite buttons, behind a ledder stock, walked up to me under a hat bound round ou de ages wid patent ledder, and sez he to me, sez he:—
"Your a stranger 'ere, I perceive, sir, and it mout be you don't know dat your a breakin von ob de regulations ob de military to be walkin 'ere; you must come hoff from there or I must take you hoff."
"Why, who be you?" I 'dignestly axed, "dat you dar 'proach a furrin goman in dat style—it's next to a consult?"
"I'm number 495, 1st section," answered de man.
"Section ob what?" I naterly axed.
"Section ob police," said he, as stubborn as a nigger wid de sulks.
"Well," sez I, wid all de fire ob my natur, "your a pretty police to come up and coast me in dis kind ob style—don't you nose me? Don't you nose, you nignumrampus, dat I am Professor Hannibal, from ole Warginny but more recently from New York, in de biggest country on de globe! Don't you nose," continued I, warming up wid de subjack, and a heaby ober coat, "dat all dis parade, all dis firin, and all dis display ob flags am for me, kase I

LEARNING.—"Ah," said old Mrs. Roosenbury, "larning is a great thing; I've often felt de need of it. Why, would you believe it, I'm now sixty years old, and only know de names of three months in de year, and them's spring, fall, and autumn. I larnt de names of them when I was a little bit of a gal."
WHAT is de difference between a summer dress in winter and an ext-acted tooth? One is too thin, de other t ooth out.

"I say, boy, where does dat right hand road go to?" inquired a pedestrian of a country rustic. "I don't know, sir," replied de boy; "taint been nowhere since we lived here."

A FRIEND said to an Irishman: "Good monring, Patrick; slippery this mornin'." "Slippery? and be jabbers, it is nothing else, yer honor. Upon my word and I slid down three times without getting up once!"

DONNE, on being questioned by de court as to whether he had ever been extensively engaged in de hotel business, answered dat he rather thought he had, as he once "boarded a frigate and two sloops-of-war."

come to trow lite on de cause ob Seaince, and run de America? Ef you don't know it afore, luff me dispe your benited ignumrance and tell you dat's de fas?" dis de feller begin to laff, and sed he hadent de leas' ob it.
"I mout speeted as much," sed I, "when I reflex on de ignumrance ob a nashun widout public skules."
"See 'ere, my dark friend," returned de policar, "I'm afraid I'll hev ter hintroduce yer to de keepers of de Lunatick mad house establishment; you don't seem to be altogether right under de hat."
"What makes you tink Ise crazy?" axed I in 'stonishment.
"Why, to 'ere you talk sich nonsense as you do, about this 'ere parade, as de firin ob de cannon and de flyin ob de flags, was all intended for you."
"Why, in de name ob all dat is scientifice, wat is all dis fuss kicked up fur, if not fur me, se-ay, ain't I 'ribed?" mildly inquired I.
"Y, for hour beloved Queen—you hold fool, don't yer know it's 'er birth day, and it's allers hobserved by a demonstraashun? And, hold feller, we'd show you a sight as you'd remember to go 'ome and tell, if thej harmy wuzn't gone hoff to fight de Bushers!"
"Well, when he told me dat, I felt de starob go rite out ob my shirt collar, and felt it wite—I felt as cheap as tree cents a half a peck, and I come to de 'clusion dat I'd bin sold; so to end de matter I axed de policar in to take a drop ob "Bardy's entire." He took a quart, and he and I was sworn frens eber sence. He scoorched me to a lodgins, and gab me all de inflammation he cood 'bout tings in gwesner.
When I went fur lodgins, de ole lady at fust sed to de policar dat she hadent a spar room in de house, but as soon as she ses me she changed her mind.
"Are you one ob them poor hoppedressed people Mrs. Butcher Store has so beautifully wrote on, from that barbarous savage country, North America."
"Yes mum," sez I, wid an eye to de lodgins, and sez she was one ob de rite kind fur me to lib in klober wia.
"Well," sez she, puttin on her specks, "in de name ob heaven, 'ow did you git away from them—ave you bin beated much, or branded wid 'ot hiron, do let's look at you."
I frankly tole de ole woman dat I wasn't much hurt, and hoped to find a silum under her hospital roof.
"You shall 'ave de best room in de 'ouse," returned she; "there's honly a poor newspaper editor got it now, and 'e must take de hatick room till you leave, or he must leave altogether. I don't care which."
I tanked her for her preference and due 'preciation ob de culleded man, and was shown to de room. I was not long in unpacking my wardrobe from de crown ob my hat, and makin myself at home. How de editor and de ole woman settled 'bout de room I neber nole, all I heard 'bout it was 'bout ten a clock de same night. I hear a voice, goin up stairs in big shoes, say—"I'm d—d if I'll stand it, to be turned out of my room for a runaway buck nigger; I'll show her in de mornin'!" Dat's de lass I heard ob it; ef he did show her its more dan he did heseff, for he neber showed heseff to me.
In one day it got noised round de naborhood dat I was riv, and de letters ob inwasitations and de nabors looked in from all quarters. I had inwite, de fust ting, to lecture at de "Egypeters' Hall" in de Strand, de greatest temple ob Abolitionism and Deism in all 'Urope. I got inwite too, from Mrs. Victoria Coburg, de Queen, to wial her at de Buck ob Dukeinham's Palace in St. James's Park, all ob which I must refer to my next, kase dis letter has grown too long already. Remember me to de Sewing Siaty, and de Clam Soup Kummittee fur next winter, and don't forgit to pass round de sasser under no circumstance whatsom-dever.

Yours in klober
JULIUS CAESAR HANNIBAL,
S. A. N. Sarclof Arter Nolage.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.
An old crow sat on a hickory limb;
None knew him but to praise,
Let me kiss him for his mother,
For he smells ob Switzer kase.
The boy stood on the burning deck,
With his baggage checked for troy;
One of de few immortal names,
His name was Fat Malloy.
The minstrel to de war has gone,
With de basjo on his knee;
He woko to hear de sentries shriek
There's a light in de window for thee.
The frog he would a woofin go;
His hair was curled to kill;
He used to wear an old grey coat,
And de sword ob Benker Hill.
By de lake where drooped de willow;
Row, yassals, row,
I want to be an angel,
And 'ump Jim Crow.
Mary had a little lamb,
He could a tale unfold;
He had no teets to eat hoe-cake,
As his spectacles were gold.
I'm dyin, Egypt, dyin,
Sussannah, don't you cry,
Know how sublime a thing it is,
To brush de um-called dy.

REPORT says dat General Grant was lately walking de dock at City Point, absorbed in thought, and with de inevitable cigar in his mouth, when a negro touched his arm, saying, "No smokin on deck, sir." "Are these your orders?" asked de General, looking up. "Yes, sir," replied de negro, courteously, but decidedly. "Very good orders," said Grant, throwing his cigar into de water.

WHY must de devil be a perfect gentleman? Because de imp o' darkness could not be imp o' lite.

"Why do de swallows build in my chimney?" said Squibobs to Quilp. Quilp gave it up. "The swallows build in my chimney," remarked Squibobs, "because they have a tendency to my grate."

"Julius," said one contraband to another, "is you better dis mornin'?" "No I was better yesterday, but, I's got ober dat."