THE STAR AND BANNER.

[BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.]

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[For the "Star and Banner."

VALLEY OF WYOMING.

Messrs. Editors—

We have at length arrived at the far famed valley of the Wyoming. Meeting with the Susquehanna at Harrisburg, we followed it in all its windings as far as Wilkesbarre, and found the scenery along its banks a sufficient recompense for all the toil and fatigue of a long pedestrian excursion. At this season of the year, the scenery along the river is unusually attractive. Nature, decked in her gayest attire, causes every thing to appear bright and beautiful. The old Susquehanna passes through a country beautifully diversified and and richly cultivated: at one time flowing along calmly, its bosom scarcely ruffled by the gentle breeze: at another, foaming and dashing madly o'er its rocky bed: now gliding through a beautiful valley, and, anon, at at the foot of some huge mountain frowning o'er with its craggy cliffs: here flowing by gently sloping banks of green: there by a shore rugged with jutting rocks. A grand and sublime prospect presents itself at Duncan's Island. The steep mountains rising high on either side of the river. the grey craggy rocks on the mountain's brow, the pine tree shooting from the crevices of the rocks, the chrystal stream leaping forth from the mountain's side, the blue Juniata meeting the Susquehanna to pay her its tribute, the canal winding its way by the river's side with boats heavily laden with coal and lumber, the beautiful island with its green fields and blossoming orchards—all these assist in presenting a prospect worthy of admiration. From the top of the Blue Hill, opposite Northumberland, we had another beautiful prospect. Far down below us, at the foot of the mountain, the North and West Branches meet and mingle their waves: to our right, stands Sunbury: at the junction of the North and West Branches, Northumberland: before us, the two Branches of the Susquehanna loosing themselves far in the distance: between the two Branches, a rich and beautiful country, with gently rising hills and, as far as the eye can reach, mountains of blue. Whilst at Northumberland, we visited the grave of the celebrated Dr. Priestly. We found no costly monument there erected to perpetuate the memory of him, who, in his day, made such deep impressions in science and religion. A plain tombstone marks the place that contains his remains; but by his extensive researches in the scientific world, he has acquired for himself a fame more lasting than the proudest monument. Chemistry is proud to own him as her son.

Following from Northumberland the North Branch, we found the scenery along its banks as beautiful as that by which we had just passed. At one time, we saw Nature displaying herself in simple beauty—at another, in wild magnificence. But along the Susquehanna,

"————the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore"

is "fair Wyoming." From "Prospect Rock" may be seen the Valley's whole extent, guarded by a ridge of lofty mountains. Through its centre flows the Susquehanna, with banks of lovely green and shady woodland. From this high rock, the Valley, with its sunny slopes, rich meadows and wandering rivulets, presents a scene over which the artist's pencil might linger long. In the centre of the Valley, on the river's glassy surface, calmly rests an island of beautiful green, with its willow trees gracefully bending o'er the stream. Through this beautiful valley, and along the banks of this lovely river, there lingers an inexpressible charm, because immortalized by a poet. 'The Susquehanna does not roll its waters on to the ocean unheeded because unsung.' The sweetest strains of Campbell's muse have rendered it immortal. By the delicate touches of his plastic pencil there has been added an air of captivating romance to the beautiful valley. He could not have chosen a much more romantic spot for the home of so beautiful and lovely a character as his Gertrude. And by immortalizing the valley of Wyoming, he has rendered himself immortal.

Visiting Wyoming valley, for the first time, one's mind naturally wanders back to that period when the now beautiful valley was the theatre of a bloody drama—one in which the tomahawk, scalping-knife, and torch did their work; when the beautiful mansions and quiet homes were levelled with the ground; when its rich farms were plundered by a band of blood-thirsty savages.—Here the life blood of some of its bravest sons and loveliest daughters was shed. O'er yonder hills came that band of infuriated savages, with Brandt, a fiend incarnate, at their head, and descending in this peaceful valley, caused death and desolation to follow in their track.

The ladies of Wyoming have erected a monument to the memories of those who fought so bravely in defence of their valley-homes. We visited the old battle ground, which was the scene of the "Wyoming Massacre." We also saw the portrait of "the lost Sister of Wyoming." She was taken by a chieftain of the Delaware tribe, when five years of age. Sixty years after, when her friends discovered where she was, they visited her, but found all their entreaties for her return fruitless—having become accustomed to the Indian life, she preferred remaining with them.—Her last days were spent with the Miami tribe.

We saw many other curiosities whilst in the Valley, and spent our time very pleasantly. The scenery along the banks and in the valley is itself a sufficient recompense for the time spent in visiting it. Before some of its prospects the artist might well pause, wonder and admire. Here he might behold scenery that would require his pencil's darkest stroke and lightest touch. Here the most gifted of artists might task their genius to its highest pitch, use their utmost endeavors and make their boldest strokes before they would be able to sketch nature in all her beauty and simplicity. The admirer of nature might here behold beautiful prospects presenting themselves on all sides—scenery capable of inspiring him with noblest thoughts. Here he could trace the hand of that Master-skill which formed them all.

Yours, &c., K.

Nothing Forgotten.—It is a terrible thought to remember that nothing can be forgotten. We have somewhere read that not an oath is uttered that does not vibrate through all time, in the wide-spreading current of sounds—not a prayer lisped that its record is not also to be found stamped on the laws of nature by the indelible seal of the Almighty's will.

A PANTHER HUNT.

Incredible as the following account may appear to our readers, the incidents related are strictly true, and the hero of the tale still walks the earth in a green old age.

In a certain section of our own goodly state, the first settlers were obliged to depend, for a part of their subsistance, upon the wild animals they might take with the aid of their trusty rifles. Many of them could eye a rifle, or take a shot of white-eye (corn whiskey) without blinking; and it is to be regretted that some of them have suffered severely from wounds caused by the latter.

In the autumn, after the leaves had fallen as a light snow lay upon the ground, our hero, who rejoiced in the cognomen of "Cal," (Calvin shortened,) started, with two companions and a dog, to spend an afternoon on a still hunt for deer. Now Cal was one of that cool, selfpossesed, athletic, yet reckless kind of men often met with in all new countries; and on training-days, at logging bees and at raisings, always ready to climb a sign-post or sappling, feet foremost, or walk a ridge-pole from end to end upon his hands, with his heels in the air, and then, by way of showing that he was capable of even greater feats, would descend a rafter to the plate of the building in the same manner.

The party did not forget to carry their canteens well charged, and as they pursued their way into the recess of the forest, from time to time refreshed the inner man by liberal draughts therefrom. Not meeting with any game in their progress, it was agreed to separate and pursue the hunt, and if either fired his rifle, the others were to hasten to his assistance. They had not been long separated, when one of them fired his rifle, and the others soon came up. The one who fired had discovered a recent track in the light snow, which resembled a cat's, but was nearly as large as a man could make with his hand, by slightly bending his fingers inward, as in the act of grasping. They knew it to be a panther's track, and, though the day was far spent, resolved to follow it, and if possible to secure the animal. On they went, plunging deeper and deeper into the forest, till the shades of night gathered around them, when they came to a huge hemlock, and perceived, by scratches on the bark, that the object of their pursuit was treed. It was too dark to see him through the thick foliage, and they dared not fire at random; they therefore concluded to build a fire at the roots of the tree and watch till daylight, when they might secure their prisoner.

Accordingly the fire was built; and after again wetting their throats, they commenced their night's watch. About six or eight feet from the roots of the tree lay the fallen trunk of another. Owing to the fatigues of the day and their experiments with the canteens, as the night wore away sleep weighed down their eye-lids, and they sunk into her embrace. Cal, however, had one eye open for adventure. The fire had gradually declined until only a few faint flickerings shot up at intervals. Hearing a scratching above his head, he roused himself, arose, and by the light of the nearly extinguished fire, discovered the panther, about fifteen feet up the tree, gradually descending like a cat. His long tail swung to and fro, and as soon as it came within reach, Cal seized it with both hands, shouted to his companions, and gave it a desperate pull, which brought the panther directly down into the burning embers. Bewildered, and taken all aback, as the sailors say, he started full jump around the tree, while Cal, shouting and holding on to the caudal extremity, followed round and round, raising a fine dust in the ashes. His companions had snatched their rifles, and, at a safe distance, called on Cal to let go, that they might fire without danger of hitting him. But Cal thought that a panther caught by the tail was worth two running in the woods; so round they went as before, till the panther, not liking the "circus," darted off, and just as he was leaping over the before-mentioned fallen tree, received a shot through the heart and fell dead on the other side. Cal, still retaining his hold, went over after him, and his companions were duly notified that the animal was his game. He was of the largest size, measuring over nine feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail.—*Syracuse Union.*

A Priest in search of his wife.—The Rev. Mr. Cowley, a recent ambassador from the English Catholics to Rome, had been a Protestant and married. He and his better-half resolved, not only to conform to the Roman Catholic religion, but also to abandon "the world and the flesh." With that intimation, Mr. Cowley took priest's orders, and Mrs. Cowley entered a convent, of which she is now Mother Abbess. In course of time, Mr. Cowley's religious fervor cooled, while his conjugal affection was renewed. Obeying the dictates of the latter, he has pitched the breviary aside, and is now in search of his wife. Hence the question is, if Mrs. Cowley will not leave the convent, can he enforce his conjugal rights. It will be a rich subject for the big wigs.—*English paper.*

BRINGING IN THE NEW YEAR IN GERMANY.

There is plenty of dancing going on in Germany. Gleewine, a sort of negus and punch, is brought in after supper, and just before twelve o'clock. Every one is on the watch to win the New Year from the others—that is, to announce the New Year first. Accordingly, the instant the city bell is heard to commence tolling, 'Pross Neu Jahr!' starts from every one's lips; and happy is he who is acknowledged to have made the exclamation first, and to have won from all the others the New Year. In every house at that moment, all over the country, is shouted 'Prosst Neu Jahr!' prosst being no German word, but a contraction of the Latin *prosit.* On one occasion, having retired to rest, our servants assembled at our room door and woke us, in order to cry 'Prosst Neu Jahr!' On the following morning, every one that meets you salutes you with the same exclamation. With the gleewines are brought in on a waiter, the New Year wishes of the family and its friends. These are written in verse, generally on very ornamented gilt note-paper, and sealed up. When the Prosst Neu Jahr has passed, and all have drunk to one another a happy New Year with a general touching of glasses, these are opened and read. For the most they are without signatures, and occasion much guessing and joking.—Under cover of these anonomous epistles, good hints and advice are often hinted by parents and friends. Numbers of people, who never on any other occasion write a verse, now try their hands at one; and those who do not find themselves sufficiently inspired, present ornamental cards, which have all kinds of wishes, to suit all kinds of tastes and circumstances. These are to be purchased of all qualities and prices; and those sent by friends and lovers generally appear on New Year's Day, and are signed or not, as suits the purpose of the sender.—*William Howit's Rural and Domestic Life of Germany.*

INTELLIGENCE IN A FISH.

At a recent meeting of the Liverpool Philosophical Society, Dr. Warwick related an extraordinary instance of intelligence in a fish. When he resided at Durham, the seat of the Earl of Stanford and Warrington, he was walking one evening in the park, and came to a pond where fish intended for the table were temporarily kept. He took particular notice of a fine pike, about six pounds weight, which, when it observed him, darted hastily away. In doing so, it struck its head against a tenterhook in a post (of which there were several in the pond, placed to prevent poaching) and, as it afterwards appeared, fractured its skull, and turned the optic nerve on one side. The agony evinced by the animal appeared most horrible. It rushed to the bottom, and boring its head into the mud, whirled itself round with such velocity that it was almost lost to the sight for a short interval. It then plunged about the pond, and at length threw itself completely out of the water on to the bank. He (the doctor) went and examined it, and found that a very small portion of the brain was protruding from the fracture in the skull. He carefully replaced this, and with a small silver tooth-pick, raised the indented portion of the skull. The fish remained still for a short time, and he then put it again into the pond. It appeared at first a good deal relieved; but in a few moments it again darted and plunged about, until it threw itself out of water a second time. A second time Dr. Warwick did what he could to relieve it, and again put it into the water. It continued for several times to throw itself out of the water, and with the assistance of the keeper, the doctor at length made a kind of pillow for the fish, which was then left in the pond to its fate. Upon making his appearance at the pond on the following morning, the pike came towards him to the edge of the water, and actually laid its head upon his foot. The Dr. thought this most extraordinary; but he examined the fish's skull, and found it going on all right. He then walked backwards and forwards along the edge of the pond for some time, and the fish continued to swim up and down, turning whenever he turned; but being blind on the wounded side of his skull, it always appeared agitated when it had that side towards the bank, as it could not then see its benefactor. On the next day he took some young friends down to see the fish, which came to him as usual; and at length he actually taught the pike to come to him at his whistle, and feed out of his hands. With other persons it continued as shy as fish usually are. He (Dr. Warck) thought this a most extraordinary instance of gratitude in a fish for a benefit received; and as it always came to his whistle, it proved also what he had previously, with other naturalists, disbelieved—that fishes are sensible to sound.

In an old mansion in Sweden, belonging to the family of the Count de Fersen, attached to Louis XVI., there has recently been discovered by the workmen, while repairing it, a collection of diamonds worth sixteen hundred thousand dollars, and a sum of nine millions of francs.

"AN ARAB WILL BE AN ARAB."

During a portion of Lagard's researches into the ruins of Nineveh, every day produced some new discovery. The Arabs entered with alacrity into the work; they referred their constant disputes to the doctor, and abided in all cases, but one unfortunate one, by his decisions. Their tents had increased in number, and they began to till the ground. How rapidly does one advantage follow another, and habits of industry ensure stability and prosperity!—How, also, do such circumstances attest that even the Arab is open to improvement under good government!—The old leaven would, however, manifest itself at times, but in a harmless manner.

'I was riding home from the ruins one evening with Mr. Longworth. The Arabs returning from their day's work, were following a flock of sheep belonging to the people of the village, shouting their warcry, flourishing their swords, and indulging in the most extravagant gesticulations. My friend, less acquainted with the exciteable temperament of the children of the desert than myself, was somewhat amazed at these violent proceedings, and desired to learn their cause. I asked one of the most active of the party. 'Obey,' they exclaimed, almost all together, 'God be praised, we have eaten butter and wheaten bread under your shadow, and are content—but an Arab is an Arab. It is not for a man to carry about dirt in baskets, and to use a spade all his life; he should be with his sword and his mare in the desert. We are sad as we think of the days when we plundered the Anayza, and we must have excitement, or our hearts would break. Let us then believe that these are sheep we have taken from the enemy, and that we are driving them to our tents!'—And off they ran, raising their wild cry and flourishing their swords, to the no small alarm of shepherd, who saw his sheep scampering in all directions, and did not seem inclined to enter into the joke.'

Ingenuity of the Germans.—The following are some of the inventions which have originated in Germany, and also the time when they were made known:—Saw-mills in 850; sun-dials in 898; tillage of hops 1070; wind-mills and oil-paintings, in 1100; spectacles in 1279; paper of linen rags in 1300; organs in 1312; gunpowder and cannons in 1318; wire making in 1350; hats in 1330; pins in 1379; grist-mills in 1389; wood engravings in 1523; printing in 1436; printing presses in 1439; copper-plate engraving and printing ink in 1440; cast types in 1442; chiming of bells in 1487; watches, letter posts or mails, etching, and bolting apparatus, in 1500; gun-locks in 1527; spinning-wheels in 1535; almanacs, stoves, and sealing-wax, in 1546; telescopes in 1590; wooden bellows in 1610; microscopes in 1620; thermometers in 1638; mezzotint engravings in 1643; air-pumps in 1650; electric machines in 1651; pendulum clocks in 1655; clarionets in 1690; white china ware in 1706; Prussian blue in 1707; stereotyping in 1709; mercurial thermometer in 1715; piano fortes in 1717; solar microscope in 1730; the gamut in 1753; lithography in 1796. Besides, there are several German inventions of which we cannot ascertain the date, such as door-locks and latches, the modern screw-auger, and gimblet, the cradle for harvesting, etc. Surely a nation which has made such contributions to the interests of literature and the arts, must occupy a high rank in intellect and ingenuity.

Poor Louis Philippe.—A correspondent of the *Louisville Courier*, under date of London, March 14, speaks in the following terms of the ex-king of the French:—"The mention of France reminds me that I saw Louis Philippe, (as he was once called,) and his wife and sons, in Northumberland-street last week. They have taken a sort of private town residence there, which they are to occupy whenever they come up from Claremount. Who it was that induced them to pitch their camp in in such a neighborhood I know not, but certainly a more disagreeable one could not have been selected. It is situated almost immediately behind Hungerford market, where all kinds of unsavory smell from decayed fish abound, and where bakers' shops and gin palaces thrive luxuriously. The old buffer himself looked hale and healthy enough, but the late queen is evidently giving way rapidly from the effects of old age and the disasters through which she has recently passed. The Queen of the Belgians was paying them a visit at the time I saw them—so that the insignificant street above named contained that day within its precincts some astonishingly great people; and yet nobody else seemed to be aware of the fact, or to care the price of a mackerel whether it were so or not."

We are told that the bank clerks in Lombard street carry their checks and bills about with them in cases chained to their arms! The chief cannot steal the case without carrying of the clerk. Gold, at Lombard street banking-houses, is *sold* by weight, and the teller counts small sums by two's and three's at a time.

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN BRANDY AND THE CHOLERA.

BRANDY.

Tell me, dread plague, why goest thou forth,
Spreading dismay and death
From East and West, from South to North,
With pestilential breath!

CHOLERA.

Foul, poisonous dirug! charge me no more
With crimes of such excess;
My victims number many a score,
But thine are numberless.

BRANDY.

That is not true, for I have sure
Been often instrumentive,
With pepper, to effect a cure;
I also am preventive.

CHOLERA.

Ah, Brandy, thy untimely birth
Has caused perpetual tears,
Whilst I have coursed around the earth
But twice sixteen year.

The rich, the poor, the young, the old,
Are crushed by thee each day,
While death and evils manifold,
Are strewed in thy pathway.

Ah! many a widow thou hast made,
And many an orphan pair—
On many a home hast cast a shade
Of darkness and despair.

So, Brandy, say no more to me
Of pestilential breath;
A while, and I will leave to thee
To do the work of death.

Gems of "Poor Richard."—The *New York Evening Post* has sent a copy of Dr. Franklin's Almanac of unbroken files for twenty-five years, from which it makes the following selections:

"If pride leads the van, beggary brings up the rear.

"Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee.

"God heals and the doctor takes the fees.

"Mary's mouth cost her nothing, for she never opens it but at other's expense.

"The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.

"Tart words make no friends; a spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon vinegar.

"Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

"A mob's a monster; heads enough, but no brains.

"Nothing humbler than ambition when it is about to climb.

"When prosperity was well mounted, she let go the bridle and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.

"A change of fortune hurts a wise man no more than a change in the moon.

"A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

"If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead and rotten, either write something worth reading or do something worth writing.

"Nothing dies sooner than a tear.

"Kings and bears often worry their keepers.

"He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir.

"Love well, whip well.

"Hunger never saw bad bread.

"Great talkers, little doers.

"The poor have little—beggars none—the rich too much—enough, not one.

"Mankind are very odd creatures. One half censure what they practice, and the other half practice what they censure. The rest always say and do as they ought.

"Old boys have their playthings as well as young ones; the difference is only in the price."

Norwegian Water Telescopes.—How slow we sometimes are in copying the simple and useful inventions is exemplified in our being so long in applying an instrument which the people of Norway have found of so great utility that there is scarcely a fishing-boat without one. We mean the water telescope or tube, of three or four feet in length, which they carry in their boats with them when they go a-fishing. When they reach the fishing-grounds, they immerse one end of this telescope in the water, and leaning over the gunwhale of the boat with their head, or rather the whole of their face, closing up the other end, so as to exclude the light from dazzling the eye and distracting the vision, they look intently through the glass, which shows objects some nine or ten fathoms deep as distinctly as if they were within a few feet of the surface; by which means, when a shoal of fish comes into their bays, the Norwegians instantly prepare their nets, man their boats, and go in pursuit.—The first process is minutely to survey the ground with their glasses, and, where they find the fish swarming about in great numbers, then they give the signal, and surround the fish with their large draught nets, and often catch them in hundreds at a haul, which, were it not for these telescopes, would often prove a precarious and unprofitable fishing, as the fish by these glasses are as distinctly seen in the deep clear sea of Norway, as gold fish in a chrystal jar. This instrument is not only used by the fishermen, but it is also found aboard the navy and consting vessels of Norway.—When their anchors get into foul ground, or the cables warped on a roads tead, they immediately apply the glass, and, guided by it, take steps to put to rights, which they could not do so well without the aid of this rude and simple instrument, which the meanest fisherman can make with his own hands, without the aid of a craftsman. The preceding remarks form the introduction to the notice of a telescope made on the same principle, and introduced recently, we believe for the first time, into the Fay, whereby fishermen below the bridge have been enabled to discover holes, stones, and uneven ground, over which the net travels, and have found the instrument to answer to admiration, the minutest objects in twelve feet water being as clearly seen as on the surface.—*Northern Warder.*

GUNPOWDER AND GREEK FIRE.

M. Renaud has lately discovered an Arabian ms. of the thirteenth century, which proves that compositions identical with gunpowder in all but the granulations were, and had been for a long time previously, in the possession of the Arabs; and that there is every probability they had obtained them from the Chinese, in the ninth century. Many of these were called "Greek Fire;" and comparing the account of Joinville of the wars on the Nile in the time of St. Louis with Arabic recipes, there can be little doubt that we are in possession of what was then termed "Greek Fire." Mr. Grove, F. R. S., who has investigated the subject, experimentally as well as historically, concludes that the main element of the Greek Fire, as contradistinguished from other inflammable substances, was nitre, or a salt containing much oxygen; that Greek Fire and gunpowder were substantially the same thing; and that the development of the invention had been very slow and gradual, and had taken place long antecedent to the date of Schwartz, the monk of Cologne, A. D. 1320, to whom the invention of gunpowder is generally attributed, thus adding to the innumerable, if not unexceptionable cases, in which discoveries commonly attributed to accident and to a single mind are found upon investigation to have been progressive and the result of the continually improving knowledge of successive generations.

Brave Girl.—While on the Colorado I was told by "mine host" of an incident illustrative of the heroism of Texan females, which occurred near this place not many years ago. A party of one hundred Indians had killed two men working in a field, and put a third to flight. In these circumstances, a young woman, scarcely sixteen years of age, undertook to protect her family. Putting on the captain's uniform, with a cocked hat, she courageously walked out of her house and beckoned to the Indians to come on, at the same time making to those within the house (only some women and children, and one old man) to supress their order and keep still! The Indians supposing that the brave captain's company were within, eager to charge, thought it best to withdraw from so dangerous a post, and they accordingly fled! Certainly the Texan Congress should have granted her a Captain's commission and pay for it.—*Rev. Daniel Baker.*

OLD TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

[The following was written and signed by a clergyman, in England, over 200 years ago.]

"From this daye forwarde to the end of my life, I will never pledge any healthe, nor drink a carowsal in a glasse, cuppe, bowle, or other drinking instrument whatsoever, whosoever it be, or from whomsoever it come; not my own most gracious kinge, not the greatest monarke or tyrant on earth, not my dearest friende, nor all the goulde in the wourlde, shall ever enforce or allure me; not an angelle from heaven, (who I know will not attempt it,) shall persuade me, nor Satan with all his old suttelties, nor all the powers of hell itself, shall ever betray me. By this very sinne, (for sinne it is, and not a very little one) I doe plainly finde that I have more offended and more dishonored my greate and glorious Maker and most merciful Savior, than by all other sinnes that I am subject unto, and for this very sinne I know it is that God has often been strange unto me. And for that cause, and for no other respect, have I thus vowed; and I heartily beg my good Father in heaven of his grate goodness, and infinite mercie in Jesus Christ, to assist me in the same, and be favorable unto me for what is past.

(Signed) R. Bolton.

"Broughton, April 10th, 1637."

The First Wedding.—Major Noah thus pleasantly and philosophically discourses upon the first wedding. He says:

"We like short courtships, and in this Adam acted like a sensible man. He fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke a married man. He appears to have popped the question after meeting Md'lle Eve, and she, without any flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of this first kiss in this world, we have had, however, our own thoughts, and sometimes wished we were the man "wot did it." But the deed is done—the chance was Adam's and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden. It is in good taste. We like a private wedding. Adam's was private. No envious beaux were there; no croaking old maids; no chattering aunts and grumbling grandmothers. The birds of heaven were the minstrels, and the glad sky flung its light upon the scene. One thing about the first wedding brings queer thoughts to us, in spite of scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to be married—some two or three days old, according to the sagest speculations of theologians—mere babies—larger, but not older—without experience, without a pot or kettle, nothing but love and Eden."

Organized emigration, on a large scale, has begun in Ireland. The parish priests intend to accompany their congregations.

A new Race.—A hitherto unknown race of people has been discovered, it is said, in the interior of Africa. The men are tall and powerfully built, standing seven to seven-and-a-half English feet in height, and black in color, although destitute of the usual character of negroes in features. Mehemet Ali sent an expedition up the White Nile in search of gold and there found this race of people—fifteen hundred of whom, armed to the teeth, came down to the shore where the vessel lay. The name of the kingdom occupied by this people is Bari, and its capital, Patania. They raise wheat, tobacco, etc., and manufacture their own weapons.

Macaulay in his "History of England," thus, not less truly than grandly, describes Milton:—"A mightier poet, tried at once by pain, danger, poverty, obloquy and blindness, meditated, undisturbed by the obscene tumult that raged all around him, a song so sublime and so holy, that it would not have misbecome the lips of those ethereal virtues whom he saw, with that inner eye which no calamity could darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold!"

A Gem.—Perhaps no lyric has been more universally admired than Burns' beautiful little poem commencing—

"Scotts wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

But it is not so generally known that Burns, by the advice of some friends, was induced to suppress the first two stanzas as they originally stood in the poet's manuscript. It is much to be regretted that the poem was not printed entire, for the poet's talent far surpassed the critics' taste. It stood thus in the original:

"At Bannockburn the English lay—
The Scots they were na far away,
But waited for the break of day,
That glinted in the east.

But soon the sun broke through the heath,
And lighted up that field o' death,
When Bruce wi' soul-inspiring breath,
His heralds thus addressed.

"Scots wha hae," etc.

Hoosier Wedding.—The ceremony of tying the nuptial knot is very much simplified in the Hoosier State, as the following scene will show:

"What is your name, sir?"

"Matty."

"Any relation to Van Buren?"

"No."

"What is your name, miss?"

"Polly."

"Matty, do you love Polly?"

"Well I does."

"Polly, do you love Matty?"

"No mistake, squire."

"Well, then, you want to be tied?"

"I reckon so."

"Well, then, I pronounce you man and wife."

"Thank you, sir."

A Yankee Preacher on Predestination.—Let us, for argument's sake, say that I the Rev. Elder Sprightly, am fore-ordained to be drowned in the river at Smith's ferry next Tuesday morning, at twenty minutes after 10 o'clock, and suppose I know it, and suppose I am a free, moral, voluntary, and accountable agent—do you suppose I am going to be drowned? I rather guess not: I should stay at home; and you will never catch the Rev. Elder Sprightly at Smith's ferry, no how, nor near the river either.

A few weeks since, a good humored Irishman applied to an English merchant to discount a bill of exchange for him at rather a long, though not unusual date, and the merchant having casually remarked that the bill had a great many days to run; "That's true," replied the Irishman, "but then you don't consider how short the days are at this time of the year."

It appears from a correspondent in the *Times*, that in New Zealand, when the marriage ceremony takes place, "it is a very old custom to knock the heads of the bride and the bridegroom together previous to their union.

In England, now, it isn't so;
The bridegroom and the bride
To loggerheads but seldom go,
Until the knot is tied.

Speaking out in Church—A Fact.—A young lady, of this city, who is engaged and will shortly be united to a gallant son of Neptune, visited the Mariner's Church a couple of Sundays since. During the sermon, the pastor, discoursed eloquently and with much earnestness of manner on the trials, dangers and temptations of the profession of a sailor! He concluded by asking the following question:

"Is there one who thinks anything of him, who wears a tarpaulin hat, a blue jacket, or a pair of trowsers made of duck—in short, is there any one who cares a fig for the poor sailor?"

A little girl, a sister of this young lady, who was sitting by her, immediately jumped up, and looking archly at her sister, said, in a tone loud enough for every one to hear:

"*Yes, sir, Beck does!*"

The audience were convulsed with laughter; the minister bit his lips, and concluded the services by requesting the congregation to unite with him in prayer.

Beautiful.—The following exquisite lines are translated from the Persian:

Thee, on thy mother's knee, a new-born child,
In tears we saw, when all around thee smiled.
So live, that, sinking in thy last sleep,
Smiles may be thine, when all around thee weep.