

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

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NUMBER 1.

The Name of Mother.

[What a world of care, pleasure and anxiety is wrapped up in that one word MOTHER! What a sacred and yet what a lightly spoken name. It embodies, or rather enshrines, all our early recollections, and is a sun to illumine the stirring little universe of our young life. As we turn back our gaze from our cares and responsibilities of manhood and parentage, we see that gentle being watching over our joys and sorrows like the spirit of omnipresent vigilance and love, which leads us to double diligence, that we may repay upon our children the debt we can in no other way repay to her. The following home-stanzas are too good and too true to be lost, and to the nervous and impatient mother we commend the moral.]

Little Things.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

Oh! mother, get my bonnet, do,
I want to go and play;
And hurry, mother, for my shoe,
Or else will run away.
Oh! mother, do untie this string,
It is a hateful knot;
And tell me where I put my thing—
I really have forgot.
Mother, see here my dress is loose,
I wish you'd hook it up;
Oh dear! I want a drink so bad;
My throat is dry as dust.
Mother, I want a long, strong string,
To make my kite fly high;
Give me more paper for the tail,
I'll make it reach the sky.
I've cut my finger, mother—oh!
Do tie a rag upon it;
And, mother, here—do sew this string
Again upon my button.
And, mother, sew this button on
My pants—see how they look;
And, mother, stick these leaves again
Into my spelling book.
Oh! mother, mother, comb my hair
And wash my face right clean;
We girls are all a-going to walk
To-night upon the green.
To-night, just after school, you know—
The mistress said we might;
And, mother, I must have some cakes,
And cheese, to fix this right.
Oh! mother, pick these stitches up—
I've dropped a half a score;
And, here, see these new needles—
A dozen rounds or more.
Mother, where is my jumping-ropes?
Mother, where is my hat?
Mother, come help me, I wish my house,
Mother, John plays my cat.
Thus, hour by hour and day by day,
These little things intrude,
Till many a mother's anxious heart
Is weary and subdued.
And to her ever-troubled ear,
The sacred name of mother,
By being ever dwelt upon,
Sounds more dear than any other.
But let each mother pause and think
How much she has at stake;
How many thousand things she drops
It takes to fill a basket.
Remembering that her nice boy
A statement told may reach
And, strong to truth and right, may teach
A lesson to be free.
With glowing words of eloquence
Maintain Jehovah's plan,
Till every child has a head for shame,
And nations bleed the man.
Or when her head is growing gray,
That daughter, kind and true,
With loving heart and ready hand
Her "little things" will do.
Let these reflections nerve and cheer
Each weary, fainting one,
With patient hope to do her work,
Till all her work is done.
For not an earth can there be found,
Through all life's varied plan,
A nobler, greater work than hers,
Who rears an honest man.

Origin of Straws.—In an account of the "origin of various plants," which we find in the newspapers, it is stated that "wild oats are found in Northern Africa." They were probably sown by Anthony when Cleopatra was the belle of that region. "Hops come from Germany." That is true of the "wilt," certainly; but other kinds were imported from Spain and Switzerland. "Cabbage grows wild in Sicily." If this statement be true the sailors in that country can afford to be honest. "Wheat seed is a native of Naples." It is a great pity for the morals of mankind, that it would ever have been naturalized elsewhere. "Potatoes come from Peru." We should suppose so, from the price which we have to pay for 'em. "Far fetched and dear bought" is an "old saw" which has a plenty of "modern instances."—*Boston Post.*

Proper Age to Marry.
What will the ladies say to the following remarks of Dr. James Johnson, in a work recently published, entitled "Economy of Health."
"The most proper age for entering the holy bonds of matrimony has been discussed but never settled. I am entitled to my opinion; and although I cannot here give the grounds on which it rests, the reader may take it for granted, that I could adduce, were this the proper place, a great number of reasons, both moral and physical, for the dignity I am about to propound. The maxim, then, which I would inculcate, is this—that matrimony should not be contracted before the first year of the fourth Septennium, or the part of the females, nor before the last year of the same in the case of the male; in other words, the female should be twenty-one, and the male at least twenty-eight years old. That there should be seven years difference between the ages of the sexes, at whatever period of life the solemn contract is entered upon, need not be argued, as it is universally admitted there is a difference of seven years, not in the actual duration of life in the two sexes, but in the stamina of the constitution—the symmetry of the form, and the lineaments of the face."

THE LESSON.

A TALE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

The young ladies were seated in a rich apartment. They were Misses Amanda and Emma Ellis, and their cousin, Delilah Carlton. The latter was engaged in the womanly occupation of sewing; the two former in discussing, critically, a ball at which all three had been present the preceding evening.

"I don't like that Mr. Barton at all," said Miss Amanda, continuing the conversation.

"Nor me, either," responded Miss Emma, who was the eldest.

"And why not, cousin?" said Delilah, "I am sure he is handsome enough, is he not?"

"Yes; but—"

"But what, coz?" said she to Emma, who had spoken last. "Surely his manners are pleasing, and his language polished, without affectation."

"Yes, yes, for all that he is vulgar," said Emma, pettishly, "vulgar in his ideas."

"Vulgar!" exclaimed Delilah, "you must allow me again to differ with you, coz, she continued, looking into her cousin's face with a winning smile. "I think he is quite refined, more so than Mr. Rice or Mr. Brown and many of the other gentlemen."

"Only think of comparing Mr. Barton with Mr. Brown, the *Gentleman*!" exclaimed Miss Amanda Ellis. "Why, Mr. Barton is a *mechanic*!"

"Well, suppose he is, dear," said her cousin, "does that make him vulgar, or less respectable? For my part, I think a mechanic can be as much of a gentleman, (in the true sense of the word,) as a millionaire."

Well, I declare, cousin Dill, you have some of the funniest notions," said Miss Amanda, "just for all the world like papa; he thinks one man just as good as another, even though he be a laborer."

"Yes," said Emma, "I do wish he would be a little more circumspect and find better company for his daughter than mechanics. It is his fault that Mr. Barton comes here; he gives him such pressing invitations. I suppose he wants me or you, Amanda. Wouldn't it make a fine paragraph for the paper? Miss Amanda (or Emma), daughter of Mr. James Ellis, merchant, to Mr. Charles Barton, mechanic. Oh dear, said the spoiled beauty, (for both sisters possessed great personal attractions,) throw herself back upon the sofa and laughing heartily, as also did her sister.

"Well, well, girls," said Mr. Ellis, who hidden behind the half open door of the apartment, had been an unobserved listener to the conversation, and who now entered the room, "you may laugh now, but you may live to regret that you did not try to obtain Mr. Barton for a husband. Mark that!" and the old man, taking his hat, left the apartment.

"I declare, if there is not Mr. Barton on the steps," exclaimed Emma, who was looking through the blinds; "come, come," she continued, addressing her sister, "let us go up stairs into the parlor, and leave cousin Lile to entertain him; it will be a pleasure to her, she is partial to mechanics;" and the sisters left the room.

The object of the foregoing conversation was a young man whom Mr. Ellis had introduced to his daughters and niece some months before, as a master mechanic. But, unlike their father, who valued a man for his character, and not for his money, the Misses Ellis were great sticklers for respectability, their standard for which was riches, and the consequence was, as we have seen, that Mr. Barton did not stand any too high in their good graces. Mr. Ellis knew this false estimate of respectability was a predominant fault in his daughters' characters, and he determined to give them a practical and salutary lesson. How he succeeded, the sequel of the story will show.

A few moments after the sisters had left the room, Mr. Barton entered. He was a about middling height, with a fine figure, regular features and intelligent countenance. His eyes were of a deep blue, his eyebrows deeply arched, and his forehead very high and white, from which the jet black hair was pushed back, displaying its fine proportions: He was a handsome man, which fact even the Misses Ellis did not attempt to deny, and the ease and politeness with which he greeted Miss Carlton, spoke his claim to that which the lady herself had awarded to him—the title of a gentleman.

He was soon seated, and in conversation with Delilah. Delilah Carlton was charmed before the first year of the fourth Septennium, on the part of the females, nor before the last year of the same in the case of the male; in other words, the female should be twenty-one, and the male at least twenty-eight years old. That there should be seven years difference between the ages of the sexes, at whatever period of life the solemn contract is entered upon, need not be argued, as it is universally admitted there is a difference of seven years, not in the actual duration of life in the two sexes, but in the stamina of the constitution—the symmetry of the form, and the lineaments of the face."

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uncle, and dowries as she would be, than either of the Misses Ellis with their spoiled tempers and their fortunes.

Thinking thus, it is to be wondered at that he had left her with a half formed determination to win her love if it lay within his power.

When Delilah appeared at the dinner table that day, many were the meaning and inquisitive glances her cousins cast upon her. At last, unable to restrain their loving habit of "running" their cousin, they spoke.

"I hope you have spent a very pleasant morning, cousin," said Miss Amanda, with a mock arch look.

"A very interesting tele-a-lete, was it not?" whispered Emma, across the table.

"I spent the morning very pleasantly," answered Delilah, blushing slightly.

"Oh I dare say," sarcastically; "I suppose he gave you a dissertation on mechanics, did he not, coz?"

"Well, and suppose he did," said Mr. Ellis, who had been listening patiently, but into whose face the color now rose. "Is it not better to listen to that, than to the senseless conversation and sickly sentiments drawn out in affected tones by foppings, half men, half monkeys, who disgrace humanity?" and the old man cast such a look upon his daughters as made them quail beneath it.

"But never mind, Lile," he continued in a softer tone, and patting his niece's rosy cheek—"never mind. Mr. Barton is worth three or four such would-be-gentlemen as Mr. Rice and Mr. Brown, and in more ways than one. Mark that, girls! He is worth two or three such, in more ways than two." The last sentence he addressed to his daughters.

Days, weeks and months rolled by, and Mr. Barton had become a frequent visitor at Mr. Ellis'. It was very evident that he was paying particular attention to Delilah Carlton, and it was also plain to see that they were not unacquainted. This fact furnished an ample subject for the sisters' sarcastic remarks. As for their father, whenever they indulged in them in his presence, a knowing smile would play upon his face, and he would repeat to them his assertion that they would some day wish they had obtained Mr. Barton for a husband.

Thus things continued for some time. At length one morning, about three months subsequent to the period when our story commences, Mr. Ellis entered the parlor where his daughters were sitting, with a light step and sparkling eye.

"Well, girls, what do you think of it?" said he, rubbing his hands in glee.

"What?" asked both the young ladies in a breath.

"The wedding we're going to have."

"The wedding, what wedding?"

"Your cousin's."

"Delilah's?"

"Yes, she is going to honor the mechanic with her hand. What do you think of it, eh?"

"I don't think much of it," said Miss Emma with a toss of her head.

"Nor I," said Amanda.

"You don't, eh? Well suppose I was to tell you that she was going to be married to a man worth two hundred thousand dollars, would that alter your opinion?"

"Why, what do you mean, Pa?"

"Listen I and I will tell you, girls," said the old gentleman, bending upon his daughters a grave and somewhat stern look.

"The father of Mr. Barton, to whom your cousin is to be married, was an old friend of mine; we were playmates in boyhood. He was apprenticed to the carpenter trade about the same time I entered the counting-house. Soon after he had finished learning his trade, he went to the city of Baltimore, and there started business for himself and was married. Being possessed of genius, and having a good education for a mechanic and builder, he soon became an architect and subsequently amassed a large fortune. Knowing the reverses of fortune to which all are liable, he resolved to make his only son Charles, a good architect, so that if ever the 'fickle dame' should desert him, he would have wherewith to earn honestly his daily bread; he succeeded. A year or two ago he died, leaving his whole fortune, his wife being already dead, to Charles, his only child. About six months ago Charles came to this city on a visit. He called upon me as his father's friend. In the course of conversation I asked him why he was not married. He said he never yet met with a young lady he thought worthy of calling his wife; that he could find enough who would marry him for the sake of his money, but that such a one he would never marry."

"I told him that I would introduce him to some of our city ladies, and see if he could not find one amongst them to suit him. He required, then, that I should conceal his wealth, and introduce him only as a master mechanic. I assented, and knowing your false estimate of respectability, I embraced the opportunity of teaching you a lesson, which I sincerely hope will have a salutary influence. I knew, when I brought him home with me, and introduced him, that neither of you would

be chosen, because I knew you would not stoop so low as to wed a master mechanic, but the event that will soon take place, I easily foresaw. Your cousin knew nothing of his wealth until to-day. I see you look surprised, girls, but did I not tell you that you would be sorry, some day, that you did not obtain him for a husband? And did I not tell you that he was worth two or three such nifty-hammers as Mr. Rice and Mr. Brown, in more ways than one? Remember, girls, that wealth is a false standard by which to judge of respectability and worth. Not that a rich man may not be respectable, but that very often, he who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow is more of a gentleman than he who counts his thousands."

And they did remember it; for in after years they showed in their choice of husbands that they had not forgotten their old father's lesson.

Our Country.
In 1792 the corner stone of the present Capitol at Washington was laid. At that time, General Washington, in whose honor the new seat of government was named, officiated. Fifty-eight years afterwards, namely, on the fourth day of July, 1851, the corner stone of an extension of the building was laid, and the Secretary of State made an address, in the course of which he presented a sketch of the comparative condition of our country at the two periods.

Then we had fifteen States, now we have thirty-one.

Then our white population was three millions, now it is twenty-three.

Then Boston had 18,000 people, now it has 137,000.

Then New York had 33,000, now it has 515,000.

Then our imports were \$21,000,000, now they are \$178,000,000.

Then our exports were \$26,000,000, now they are \$161,000,000.

The area of our territory was then 800,000 square miles, it is now 3,300,000.

Then we had no railroads, now we have eight thousand five hundred miles of railroads.

Then we had 200 post offices, now we have 21,000.

Our revenue from postage then was \$100,000, now it is \$5,000,000.

These are only a few facts to show the rapid growth of our country; and what we and our children have to do to secure the continuance of this prosperity, is to love, fear, and obey the God of our fathers; to avoid intemperance, pride, contention, and greediness of gain, and cherish in all our hearts a true patriotism, and a just sense of our obligation to those that shall come after us.

Useful Receipts.
Preparation for cleaning Tin covers.—Boil rotten stone and a small quantity of prepared whiting in sweet oil for two hours, until it acquires the consistency of cream.

Glue paste.—Instead of pure water for mixing the flour, use glue water, to which add some alum and resin to keep it from turning. It may be made very thick.

To take Iron Stains out of Marble.—Mix equal quantities of fresh oil of vitriol and lemon-juice in a bottle; shake it well; wet the spots, and in a few minutes, rub them with a soft linen rag until they disappear.

To purify Stagnant Water.—One part of chalk and two of alum will speedily purify stagnant water; and four parts of animal carbon, and one of alum, are sufficient to purify a thousand parts of muddy river water.

Essence of Nutmeg.—This is made by dissolving one ounce of the oil in a pint of rectified spirits. It is an expensive but an invaluable mode of flavoring in the arts of the cook or confectioner.

Essence of Ginger.—Let four ounces of Jamaica Ginger, be well bruised, and put it into a pint of rectified spirits of wine. Let it remain a fortnight, then press and filter it. A little essence of cayenne may be added, if wished.

Philadelphia Buns.—Take a pound of flour, the rinds of three lemons grated fine, half a pound of butter melted in a coffee-cup of cream, a teaspoonful of yeast, and three eggs. Mix; add half a pound of finely-powdered white Sugar; work well; let it stand to rise well, and it will make 39 buns.

New Ventricle Cures.—The London Medical Gazette gives the result of numerous experiments with roasted coffee, proving that it is the most powerful means not only of rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually destroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced degree of decomposition had been kept for some time was instantly deprived of all smell on an open coffee roaster being carried through it, containing a pound of coffee newly roasted. In another room exposed to the effluvia occasioned by the cleaning out of a dung pit, so that sulphurated hydrogen and ammonia in great quantities could be chemically detected, the stench was completely removed within half a minute, on the employment of three ounces of fresh roasted coffee, while the other parts of the house were permanently cleared of the same smell by being simply traversed with the coffee roaster, although the cleaning of the dung pit continued for several hours after.

The best mode of using the coffee as a disinfectant is to dry the raw bean, pound it in a mortar, and then roast it on a moderately heated iron plate, until it assumes a dark brown tint, when it is fit for use. Then sprinkle it in sinks or cess pools, or lay it on a plate in the rooms which you wish to have purified. Coffee soil or coffee oil acts more readily in minute quantities.

A person writing an anonymous note is like a puppy inside of an enclosure, barking at you with his nose under the gate.

Truman Henry Safford.

This remarkable boy was born at Royalton, Vermont, on the 6th of January, 1836. From early infancy he appeared to possess uncommon powers of mind. Almost his first efforts at speech, when but nine or ten months of age, were made to ascertain the reasons of things beyond his comprehension. During his first year he was very delicate and feeble, and the remark was often made that not one mother in a hundred could have saved him.

During his third year his peculiar fondness for figures was first noticed by his parents. At this age he learned the names of the nine digits, and the Roman method of computation. The first ones he made of this new acquisition, were to count time on the clock, and to arrange his father's periodicals according to their numbers.

At four years of age he commenced attending school; but owing to the difficulty in crossing a stream which ran between his father's house and the school, he did not attend more than six weeks in the course of the year. During his sixth and seventh years he improved very rapidly in mathematics.

One day he said to his mother, "If I knew how many rods it is around father's large meadow, I could tell the measure in barley-corns." When his father came in she mentioned it to him, and he knowing the dimensions of the field, made a calculation, and told Truman that it was 1040 rods around the meadow. After a few minutes of mental computation, the boy gave 616,760 as the distance in barley-corns.

This was remarkable in a child of six years of age, but before his eighth year he equaled the famous Zerah Colburn's powers. Yet these feats were not achieved without study. By practice he improved rapidly, yet when the cultivation of his powers was neglected, he lost proportionately. During this period he acquired from books some knowledge of Algebra and Geometry. These seemed to give him additional powers for performing lengthy calculations in his head.

In 1844 Truman had a dangerous attack of Typhus fever. When the alarming crisis of this disease had passed, and he was slowly recovering, he pleaded most affectionately with his mother for Day's Almanac and his slate. A year of his extraordinary powers and irritability at this time, she thought it would be better to gratify than to refuse him, and accordingly gave them to him. He immediately commenced making a long statement, which extended nearly across the slate; but before he could finish it his little hand failed, his pencil dropped, and in his despair he burst into tears and wept long and bitterly.

After his recovery he was furnished with Hutton's and the Cambridge Mathematics. With these and the books he previously had obtained, he spent the winter of 1844-45, in a course of hard study. He was now taken to Hanover, N. H., where, in Dartmouth College, he saw for the first time an extensive collection of books and mathematical instruments. The sight made him wild with excitement, and when taken away his cheeks streamed with tears.

During this tour Truman was introduced to several scientific men, and had his library enriched by many useful acquisitions. In the spring of 1845 the idea of calculating an almanac began to engage his attention. He set about constructing one, which was completed when he was but nine and a half years old, and put to press in the autumn of 1845. During the summer of the following year he calculated four different almanac calendars; one for Vermont, one for Boston, one for Philadelphia, and one for Cincinnati.

While preparing the one for Cincinnati he became much abstracted in his manner, wandered about with his head down, talking to himself, etc. His father, on enquiring what he was doing, found that he had originated a new rule for computing the risings and settings of the moon, accompanied with a table which saves all one fourth of the usual labor. This rule, with others calculating eclipses, is preserved among his manuscript almanacs in the library of Harvard University, at Cambridge, Mass. Two editions, containing in all 24,000 copies, of this almanac were sold.

When finding one of his rules for abridging the work in calculating eclipses, he seemed for two or three days in a sort of trance. One morning very early he came rushing down stairs without dressing himself, took his slate, and pouring on it a stream of figures, he soon exclaimed in the wildness of his joy, "Oh, father, I have got it! I have got it! It comes! It comes!"

This young prodigy attracted much notice from scientific men throughout the land. His parents continually received liberal offers and kind suggestions in regard to his education. At a bank he was offered a thousand dollars a year to calculate interest. Another admirer of his genius advised his father to carry him about the country as "a show."

What to do with this remarkable boy became the question with his parents. But it was at length decided by an invitation from Harvard University, to place Truman under the charge of President Everett and professor Pierce. Accordingly his parents removed to Cambridge, and the youthful mathematician is now not only improving his mental powers, but is forming a more healthy and rugged physical constitution under the watchful and judicious direction of these distinguished men.

When minds are not in unison, the words of love itself are but the rattling of the chains that tell the victim it is bound.

The purest joy that we can experience in one we love, is to see that person a source of happiness to others.

Women are a good deal like French watches—very pretty to look at, but very difficult to regulate when they give tales.

Gibson, the pedestrian, has just completed his feat of walking 1050 half miles in 1050 half hours, at Castle Garden, N. Y.

Youths' Department.

To aid the mind's development, and watch the dawn of little thoughts.

Don't kill the Birds.
Don't kill the birds—the little birds
That sing about your door,
Soon as the joyous spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er.

The little birds!—how sweet they sing!
Oh! let them joyous live;
And do not seek to take the life
Which you can never give.

Don't kill the birds—the pretty birds
That play among the trees!
'Twould make the earth a cheerless place,
Should we dispense with these.

Don't kill the birds—the happy birds
That bless the field and grove;
Be innocent to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.

I must not.
I must not be angry,
Nor watch rudely away
The playthings from under
When we are at play.

I never must quarrel
With boys in the street,
Nor give them occasion
Bad words to repeat.

I must not be envious
When things do not suit,
Or be peevish and cry,
Or sulky and snout.

Why does coke burn without smoke?
Because it is the distilled coal remaining in the retorts after being freed from all grease and vapors. Dr. Arnott observes that "a pound of coke produces nearly as much heat as a pound of coal," but we must remember that a pound of coal gives only three-quarters of a pound of coke, although the latter is more bulky than the former.

Why is a man in jumping from a carriage moving with great speed, in danger of falling, after his feet reach the ground?
Because his body has as much forward velocity as if he had been running with the speed of the carriage, and unless he advances his feet as in running, he must certainly be dashed to the ground, as a runner whose feet are suddenly arrested.

April.—The Romans gave this month the name *Aprilis*, from *aperis*, to open, because it was the season when things opened. From that came the English word April.

April Fool.—Many persons have endeavored to find the origin of April Fool, or All Fool's Day; but we do not remember to have heard that any one fully succeeded. It probably owes its origin to the fact that in early times kings, queens and emperors, were in the habit of employing men for the purpose of making sport, or diversion for them and their guests.

The custom of playing off little tricks upon this day, whereby mischief may be fixed upon unsuspecting persons, appears to be universal in Europe and America. It is very remarkable that the Hindoo practice similar tricks on the 31st of March. In England and America, the pranks on which the trick is imposed, is called an April Fool; in Scotland a Gawk. A favorite jest in England is, to send one upon some foolish errand, as to obtain the list of Adam's grandfather; or to ask him how the spot of mud came on his face; and a thousand similar tricks.

"The cubical contents of a chain" may be ascertained by placing it in a vessel filled with water, and then ascertaining how much water has been displaced by it, allowing each gallon of water to contain 282 cubic inches.

Acrostical Enigma.
I am composed of twenty-nine letters,
My 1 2 11 17 18 is a country in S. America,
My 2 14 18 26 2 is a female's name,
My 3 17 5 16 20 is a county in Ohio,
My 4 14 28 is an animal,
My 5 24 25 6 29 27 is a county in Michigan,
My 6 11 6 is a county in Pennsylvania,
My 7 26 11 17 belongs to a ship,
My 8 11 8 14 1 is a flower,
My 9 10 18 6 is a weight,
My 10 18 is a pronoun,
My 11 22 is a profession,
My 12 15 11 28 8 9 13 is what every tobacco chewer should carry with him,
My 13 27 28 2 14 27 16 8 11 13 9 is one of U. States,
My 14 8 6 13 is the name of a male,
My 15 19 is a kitchen utensil,
My 16 13 is a preparation,
My 17 18 17 often forms part of a lady's dress,
My 18 17 8 22 is a female's name,
My 19 4 9 2 17 7 is a county in Vermont,
My 20 18 7 5 is a part of the human body,
My 21 5 5 8 is a plaything,
My 22 1 27 6 is a color,
My 23 19 26 8 is a fruit,
My 24 15 25 17 18 is a fruit,
My 25 8 11 17 11 15 is the name of a male,
My 26 13 28 is an insect,<