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

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The Mother's Hand.

There is true eloquence combined with sweet simplicity in the following lines, from the pen of Charles Swain, a poet who has written much to be admired and more to be commended:—
A wandering orphan child was I—
But woe, at the best, attired;
For Oh! my mother scarce could buy
The common food each week required;
But when the anxious day had fled,
It seemed to be her dearest joy,
To press her pale hand on my head,
And pray that God would guide her boy.
But more, each winter, more and more
Stern suffering brought her to decay;
And then an angel passed her door,
And bore her lingering soul away!
But Oh! they know not what is grief,
Who never kneel by a dying bed;
All other woe on earth is brief,
Save that which weeps a mother dead.
A woman's life was soon my lot,
Mid' reckless deeds and desperate men;
But still I never quite forgot
The prayer I ne'er should hear again;
And Oh, when half induced by bed,
Such paths as unto sin decay,
I've felt her hand press my head,
And that soft touch had saved her boy.
Though hard their mockery to receive,
Who ne'er themselves 'gainst sin had
stiven;
Her, who on earth I dared not grieve,
I would not, could not, grieve in heaven;
And thus from many an action dread,
Too dark for human eyes to scan,
The same fond hand upon my head,
That blessed the boy, had saved the man.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

MOTHER! There is something in the very word that falls musically upon the ear. Soft, plaintive, tender, it comes to us like the breathings of the wind over the Aeolian harp-strings. How that name brings back the past, our youthful days, when skies were all bright above us, and when the carking care of the world had not begun to harden our hearts to tender feelings!—What recollections spring up as we dwell upon it! Dim remembrances of a mild face looking down upon our tender infancy—of a gentle hand guiding our first faltering steps—of tender accents now repeating the tale with which to beguile some twilight hour, and now teaching our young lips to falter forth the first pure prayer of childhood. And then the bed of sickness—how even bitter things were made sweet by a mother's hand; how easier lay the pillow of pain when she had smoothed it; and how delicious was even the cup of cold water given by her!

Happy days! a mother's influence, how mild her way; gentle even in her sternness, she could restrain, and falling, soon bring by expostulation the repentant tear. And oh, how potent that influence in after years, when leaving our homes, and with them the many defences by which we had always been surrounded there, we went forth to engage in the battle of life alone! Mayhap, thrown into the society of the gay, the thoughtless, the dissipated, we have been led astray, and were just taking that irrevocable step which would lead to both temporal and eternal ruin, when—we know not how—the home of our childhood rose before us—a hallowed form was there—and from those lips we seemed again to hear the long foregone warnings, or an earnest prayer offered in our behalf. It was all-powerful; it drew us back from the edge of the precipice, and we were saved. Is it wonderful, then, if we sometimes think that among the bright band of guardian angels who are ever about our path to watch over our ways, stands chief a mother's spirit, strong through love. And this influence did not leave us here, but has overruled us to higher attainments and to nobler deeds. If we were weak, she it was who strengthened us; if we were despairing, she encouraged us. And I doubt not that if we could look into the earlier lives of those departed worthies, whose

"Names were not born to die," we should find in many, if not all, that their attainments, their courage, or their greatness, owed its germination to their having then been blessed with the right kind of a mother's influence.

But this influence does not end with earthly attainments or success; for if there has been a time in any of our lives when flushed with success, we were in danger of forgetting that the better country where treasures perish not, the recollections of a mother's early teaching, that seed sown in faith, sprang up and led us to look upward to our God.

This feeling of love to a mother, amounting to almost veneration, is one that, besides all the influence it exerts, is a source of happiness, that of all things pertaining to earth is the purest. "It is ennobling, its influence is creditable. If there arany who have not known this by their own experience, who among their boon companions are wont to boast how THEY have thrown off the paternal yoke, and to sneer at those who are so UNMANLY as to wish to consult a mother's wish, or to regard a mother's tears, let them look, not to great earthly examples which might be abundantly cited, but to Him who has made man and dwelt among us. Although in His divine nature King of Kings, and Lord of lords, He became subject to His parents on earth, and even amid the agonies of Calvary forgot not His mother, but with almost His dying breath commends her to the care of the beloved disciple.

Mother! How purifying are all ideas connected with the name! how little of earth, how much of heaven!

So strong is this feeling in every human heart that, uniting with poetry, it has led to something akin to worship. And, wandering in some foreign land, if at the soft evening hour comes floating on the breeze the monastic chant,
"Ave Maria, Mother mild,"
we are almost led to forgive that superstition which takes its rise from one of the tenderest feelings of our nature, love for, and respect to the influence of a mother.

Home Affection.

"To love the little platoon we belong to in society is the germ of all public affection." True, most true! The innocent association of childhood, the kind mother who taught us the first accents of prayer, and watched with an anxious face over our slumbers, the ground on which our little feet first trod, the pew in which we first sat during public worship, the school in which our first rudiments were taught, the torn Virgil, the dog-eared Horace, the friends and companions of our young days, the authors who first told us the history of our country, the songs that first made our hearts throb with noble and generous emotions, the burying place of our fathers, the cradles of our children, are surely the objects which nature tells us to love. Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home. From this centre our sympathies may extend in an ever widening circle.

The Happy Old Farmer.

Said a venerable farmer, eighty years of age, to a relative who lately visited him:—"I have lived on this farm more than half a century. I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no wish to be any richer than I now am. I have worshipped the God of my fathers with the same people for more than forty years. During that period I have scarcely ever been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and never had more than one communion season. I have never been confined to a bed of sickness for a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I have made up my mind long ago, that if I wished to be any happier, I must have more religion!"

Kindness of Heart.

Goodness, or in other words kindness of heart, is the result of early training, seconded by books, companions, and judicious counsel. How its influence brightens the journey of life, and makes smooth its rugged path. How the heart gladdens when receiving some little act of kindness from some real and true friend; so does one feel the glow of pleasure thrill through his veins as an act of kindness is done him from the promulgators of unfeigned goodness of heart. Then, as it costs nothing to bestow kind words, or harbor kind feelings, let all cultivate goodness of heart and mind—remember that a kind word is as easily spoken, as one that will cause pain and bitterness.

ATHENIAN LAWS.—Among the laws of the ancient Athenians were the following:

Women are forbid to travel with above three garments, or more meat & drink than they can purchase for an Obolus; neither shall they carry with them above a hand-basket, or go out anywhere by night but in a chariot, with a lamp or torch-light carried before it.

The crier shall curse him openly, with his kindred and family, who shall appear in court and plead, or give his voice, for lucre.

None but the schoolmaster's sons and nephews, and daughters' husbands, shall be permitted entrance into school, if beyond the customary age for sending youth thither, whilst the lads are in it to the breach of this law the penalty of death is affixed.

He shall incur a fine of five hundred drachmas who twists any one with committing some heinous offence against the laws.

He that is unfaithful to his parents shall be incapable of bearing any office, and farther be impeached before the Magistrate.

ECONOMY.—"Oh, eat it up, dear,—eat it up," says mamma.
"I can't, ma, I've ate enough."
"Oh, yes, dear, eat up what's on your plate, so that it needn't be lost."
How common a practice this is; of stuffing children beyond the wants of nature, and makeng them gluttons all their lives, so that the scraps need not be lost. Precious economy this!

The young man who "once saw the day" when he wouldn't associate with mechanics, is now acting as bookkeeper to a manure wagon. Queer reverse of fortune that!

Utility and wonders of science.

The wonders of science yield precedence to its utility. The discovery of the powers of the magnet was but a prelude to the discoveries of other oceans, new continents, and far distant islands. Trade and civilization followed the tract of discovery, and soon the shape of the earth was defined by those adventurous keels that plowed the furrows to the west, until they overtook the east at the point from whence they departed. The form of the earth having been ascertained by science, analogy extended its observation to the wide heavens in which it swims, and found that presented the same globular figures. Science measured the heavens, and fixed up space with lines of parallax that link zenith to the nadir, and with angles that build their hypotheses on the horns of the moon and ring of Saturn. The wild comet, too, the erratic steamer of the skies, that travels from one cluster of planets to the other, millions of miles beyond the ken of the far-reaching telescope of Rosee, or Herchel, has been taught by science where to curve his flaming around the goal, and when to return and trim his fires at the fountain of the sun.

Leaving the heavens, science has effected its most useful labors on the sea, on the earth, and within the deep bowels of the globe. In the science of navigation it boots little whether the wind blow from one direction or the other; the skill of the sailor can propel his vessel in the wind's eye, by the very blast which is puffing in his teeth. Mightier still, wind and stream and tide and calm have all been overcome by the simple science that converts water into steam. Forced by caloric from a grosser element into an aeriform state, the mighty power of steam thunders over the deep, and trends the mountain waves like a giant.

The arts of life have all been promoted, perfected, and beautified by science. It guides the plough and reaps the harvest. It builds our cities and works the mines. It furnishes the palace splendors, and the comforts of the cottage. It multiplies the powers of death where war is necessary. It arms medicine with powers to grapple with death on the very confines of his empire, for science is nothing but truth—the knowledge of nature's laws and the properties of matter.

Science is still in its infancy. The days are fast approaching when all drudgery in agriculture, architecture, navigation, in workshops, and manufactures will be superseded by mechanical contrivances. Man, if but united to purpose with his fellow man, may become powerful like a god, may become lord of the gigantic powers of nature, by which he may produce with little labor, more in one year than he can consume in five, and having made the earth a sort of paradise, will be the better prepared for a paradise hereafter.

A YANKEE IN ITALY. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, writing from Naples, thus describes an amusing interview with a live Yankee:

"The other day, on reaching the top of Vesuvius, I described a man sitting astride of a block of lava. I don't know why, but I marked him at once for one of my countrymen. As I advanced towards him, I could not help noticing the cool manner in which he smoked his pipe, and like a smoke together. His long nose, which he used like a bowprit, and the whole affair as calmly as one could look at a kitchen fire, was a sight to be seen here. The young lady who had been introduced to me, and who was sitting on a bench, said: 'I have never seen a Yankee before. You haint tucked out yet, be ye?' On asking him if he had looked in the crater, he replied, 'Yes! but I burnt the legs off my trousers, though, I tell you!' He turned out to be a man from New England, who came up from Marselles to see the volcano."

Juvenile Simplicity.

A friend says the following story is a fact. Two boys of tender years, who went by the name of Tom and Jack, became members of a district school in a certain New-England town. On making their appearance the teacher called them up before the assembled school, and proceeded to make certain interrogatories concerning their names age, &c.

"Well, my fine lad," said the teacher to the first one, "what is your name?"
"Tom," promptly answered the juvenile.

"Tom!" said the teacher—"that doesn't sound well. Remember always to speak by the whole name. You should have said Thomas. Now, my son, (turning to the other boy, whose expression of face suddenly lighted up with the satisfaction of a newly-comprehended idea,) now, then, will you tell me what your name is?"
"Jack-ass!" replied the lad, in a tone of confident decision.

The teacher was taken with a sudden fit of coughing, and merely motioned the lads to their seats.—[Hartford Times.

Printing Office Jokes.

It is customary in some printing offices, when a particularly green youth commences learning his trade, to make him the object of various jokes. He is often sent to a neighboring office for an imaginary article, and wholly original in the minds of those who perpetrate the joke.—Once upon a time, a boy was sent to K—'s office for a "quart of editorial." He was sent back with a picture of a jack-ass. This was rather severe upon the jokers—but they immediately told the boy to go to K—, and tell him it was "editorial;" they wanted and not the "Editor."

A WAOSHISH apprentice one day after dinner, deliberately stepped up to his master, and asked him what he valued his services at per day?
"Why about six cents," said the master.
"Then," said the boy, putting his hand into his pocket, and drawing out some coppers, "here's three cents, 'm off on a tender."

Queer Mode of getting a Wife.

One little act of politeness will sometimes pave the way to fortune and preferment. The following sketch illustrates the fact:
A sailor, roughly garbed, was sauntering through the streets of New Orleans in a rather damp condition, from recent rain and the rise of the tide. Turning the corner of a much frequented and narrow alley, he observed a young lady standing in perplexity, apparently measuring the depth of the muddy water by standing her and the opposite side-walk, with no very satisfied countenance.

The sailor paused—for he was a great admirer of beauty—and certainly the face that peeped out from under the little chip hat, and the auburn curls hanging glossy and unconfined, over her muslin dress, might tempt a curious or admiring glance. Perplexed, the lady put forth one little elegant impatience, exclaiming—"That little foot, lady, should not be soiled with the filth of this lane. Wait one moment, and I will make you a path."
So, springing past her into a carpenter's shop opposite, he bargained for a plank which stood in the doorway, and, coming back to the smiling girl, who was just coquettish enough to accept the services of a handsome sailor, he bridged the narrow stream, and she tripped across with a merry "Thank you," and a grateful smile, making her eyes as dazzling and as beautiful as they could be.

Alas! our young sailor was perfectly charmed. What else could he do but catch up the plank, and follow the little witch to her home, about twice performing the ceremony of "walking the plank," and the ceremony of thanking him with one of her elegant smiles. Presently, our hero saw the young lady trip up the marble steps of a palace of a house, and disappear within its rose-wind entrance; for full a minute he stood looking at the door, and then, with a wonderful big sigh, turned away, disposed of his draw-bridge, and wended his way back to the ship.

The next day he was astonished with an order of promotion from the captain. "Poor Jack was speechless with amazement. He had not dreamed of being allied to the dignity of a second mate's office on board one of the most splendid vessels that sailed from the port of New Orleans. He knew he was competent, for, instead of spending his money in visiting theatres and bowling-alleys, he had purchased books and had become quite a student; but he expected years to intervene before his ambitious hopes could be realized.

His superior officers seemed to look upon him with considerable leniency, and gave him many a fair opportunity to gather maritime knowledge; and in a year the handsome, gentlemanly young mate acquired unusual favor in the eyes of the portly commander, Captain Inman, who had first taken the smart little black-eyed fellow, with his tarpaulin and tidy bundle, as his cabin boy.

One bright young man, with all the other officers, were invited to an entertainment at the captain's house. He went, and to his astonishment mounted the identical steps that two years before the brightest vision that he ever saw passed over a vision he had never forgotten. "Thump, thump went his brave heart, as he was ushered into the great parlor, and like a sledge hammer it beat again, when Captain Inman brought forward his blue-eyed daughter, and, with a pleasant smile, said: "The young lady who had introduced you to our parlors for a safe and dry walk home."

It was only a year from that time that the second mate trod the quarter-deck, as partner with the captain, not only of his vessel, but in the affections of his daughter, gentle Grace Inman, who had cherished respect, to say nothing of love, for the black-eyed sailor.

The old man has retired from business. Henry Wells is now Captain Wells, and Grace Inman is, according to polite parlance, "Mrs. Captain Wells." In fact, our honest sailor is one of the richest men in the Crescent City, and he owes much of his great part of his prosperity to his tact and politeness in crossing the street.

Why is Easter so called? Because it is derived from the goddess Easter, worshipped by our Saxon ancestors, with peculiar ceremonies, in April. The anniversary festival in honor of Christ's resurrection, falling at that time of the year, occasioned the transfer of the heathen name in this country to the Christian celebration.

Why were silk dresses prohibited to the Mohammedans? Because they consider silk unclean from its being produced by a worm. Hence it was decided that a person wearing a garment made entirely of silk could not lawfully offer up the daily prayers enjoined by the Koran.

A PAPER DEVOURER.—In the Bank of England no fewer than sixty folio volumes or ledgers, are daily filled with writing in many, the paper having been previously manufactured elsewhere, eight men three steam-presses and two hand-presses are continually kept going within the Bank! In the copper plate printing department 28,000 bank notes are thrown off daily; and so accurately is the number indicated by machinery, that to purloin a single note without detection is an impossibility.

The best anecdote of Lorenzo Dow is, that being one evening at the hotel kept by one Dow in Delhi, N. Y., the residence of the celebrated Gen. Rook, he was imported by the latter gentleman, in the presence of the landlord, to describe Heaven.
"You say a great deal of that place," said the General, "tell us how it looks."
Lorenzo turned his grave face, and long waving beard, towards Messrs. Rook and Bush, and replied with imperturbable gravity—
"Heaven, friends, is a vast extent of smooth, rich territory—there is not a root nor a bush in it, and there never will be."

The Bank of England covers five acres of ground, employs nine hundred clerks; and should a clerk be too old for service, he is discharged on half-pay for life. There are no windows on the street; light is admitted through open courts; no mob could take the Bank therefore, without cannon or battering the immense walls. The clock in the centre of the Bank has fifty dials attached to it. Large cisterns are sunk in the courts, and engines, in perfect order, always in readiness in case of fire. The Bank was incorporated in 1694. Capital £18,000,000, or \$90,000,000.

RECEPTION OF KOSOVICH IN NEW JERSEY.—Kosovitch arrived at Burlington on Saturday evening, and was entertained at the residence of Mayor Wall. He spent the Sabbath with Bishop Doane, and on Monday proceeded to Trenton, where he was received by the ringing of bells, and other demonstrations of welcome. He made an address in the M. E. Church to about five hundred persons, who were each charged a dollar for admittance. Two citizens also gave him \$100 each. At the U. S. Hotel, he was welcomed by W. P. Sherman, Esq., and subsequently repaid; and at night he attended a banquet, in company with Senator Dayton, Ex-Governor Wood, and others. He was also invited to accept an honorary membership of Nassau Hall.

TRADES FOR BOYS.—One half of the miseries among men in civilized society arises from the want of pleasant and profitable employment. Persons without some profitable trade or occupation, are left at the mercy of circumstances, and while they remain unacquainted with temptation to vice, gain at best but a precarious subsistence. The slightest change in affairs around them throws them out of employment, and leaves them exposed to evil and selfish passions, and makes them an easy prey to the seductions of vicious and unprincipled men.

CAUSES OF RAIN, HAIL, SNOW AND FOG.—Rain is caused by a cloud moving into a stratum of cold air, by which particles are condensed and run into drops too heavy to float in the atmosphere. Snow is produced by becoming frozen before its particles have collapsed into water. Hail is caused by the freezing of the drops after they begin to fall as rain. Dew is the falling of the vapors of the dry when they part with the motion in the cool of the evening. A fog is a cloud floating on the surface of the earth, and a cloud is a fog floating in the atmosphere.

WANT OF FORTUNE.—Within the last fifty years, a benevolent person offered to the trustees of one of the Lutheran churches of N. York city a present of about six acres of land near Canal-street and Broadway. They passed a resolution that it was inexpedient to accept the gift, "inasmuch as the land was not worth fencing in." The land is now worth millions of dollars.

RUSSIA.—Russia, in 1852, will celebrate throughout the vast expanse of her empire, the completion of her thousandth year of national existence, which will be kept with all the solemnity due to the importance of the event. The Russian empire was founded in 852 in which year the Russians made their appearance on the shores of the Bosphorus as Warrangians.

A CRYSTAL PALACE IN FRANCE.—Among the last decrees of Louis Napoleon before surrendering the nominal Dictatorship, was the following:
"An edifice destined to receive the national exhibitions, and which may serve for public ceremonies and for civil and military fetes, shall be constructed on the site of the Crystal Palace in London, and established in the Great Square in the Champs Elysees."

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—The editor of the Raleigh N. C., Spirit of the Age suggests that the Order of the Sons of Temperance finish the National Washington Monument, by allowing every member to contribute ten cents a year until completed. There are 300,000 members of the Order, and a contribution of ten cents a member, would give a yearly income of \$30,000.

MR. BUCHANAN AND THE PRESIDENCY.—The Democratic State Central Committee of Pennsylvania has issued an address to the people of the United States, denying the assertion of the opponents of the Hon. James Buchanan, that he is without popularity at home, and unable to carry his own State, in the event of his nomination for the Presidency.

PAINFUL FACTS.—During the six and a half years ending December 31, 1851, there had been 180,646 persons arrested by the police in the city of New York, of whom 140,792 were for offences resulting almost entirely from the free use of intoxicating drinks.

A poor German witness being tormented with questions by a barrister, declared he was so much exhausted that he must have a drink of water before he could say another word. Upon this the judge remarked:
"I think, sir, that you must have done with the witness now, for you have pumped him dry."

Some poetaster wrote the following for the Herald Review; but it almost killed him:
Long is the moon
That brings no love;
Tall is the oak
That no cob leaves;
Blue is the sky
That never looks yellow;
Hard is the apple
That never grows mellow;
But longer, and bluer, and harder, and tuff,
Is my lady love—my adorable Poll.
P. S.—The author has since died in great agony.

THREE-CENT PIECES.—Over six million pieces of the new coin have been issued from the United States Mint.
"My lady," said a lady to a boy carrying newspapers, "are you the milk boy?" "You don't think I'm a female boy, do you?"
"The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a silver, has been attempting to split a mountain top."

Agricultural.

[From the Queensland Telegraph. The Crop of Oats.]

Fausto Editor.—Notwithstanding the many well written articles on the culture of other grains, that of oats appears to receive the cold shoulder almost entirely. In a volume of the "Cultivator," now before me, I find but one article, meagre in its details on the subject, although there are more bushels raised and consumed in this section of the country than of any other grain, and at the present price, and yield, almost as profitably as any crop we grow.

It appears to be the practice with most farmers to plant oats like the Irishman said they did buckwheat in his country, "where nothing else will grow." Any kind of land and culture is good enough, and that we get as much as we do. While the beneficial effects of various kinds of manures are tried on wheat, corn, &c., and ample remunerative crops are produced; who ever heard of such a monotony in farming as manuring oats? Yet the New York Agricultural Society records the fact that 120 bushels of oats per acre have been produced, with the aid of a little manure.

On the 28th of February, 1851, I commenced ploughing for oats, six inches deep, and finished on the 11th of March; harrowed the ground with a heavy harrow, and sowed two bushels of well cleaned seed per acre on the 28th and harvested on the 27th, and yielded 55 bushels per acre, weighing 31 pounds per bushel. Notwithstanding the uncommon dryness of the season, this was the heaviest crop I have ever grown on the ground, and I attribute it to the ground being ploughed early, and becoming sufficiently packed for the oats to take root immediately.

I have sowed from 1 1/2 bushels to 3 per acre, and find that as much oats can be raised from two bushels sowed as from any other quantity. If sown too thick, the straw is weak, and more apt to fall, and the heads not so well filled.

Thorough Tillage.

J. Radmond, of York county, argues in favor of thorough tillage, which next to, and indeed equal to manure, should be pressed upon the mind of every farmer.—He justly says:

"One of the great elements of fertilization in soils, is the perfect loosening of them, to be thoroughly incorporated, and brought to the surface, and thus receive the advantages of exposure to the sun and atmosphere. None but a simpleton would pretend to doubt the value of manure, or assert the possibility of growing good crops for any length of time without it, but he is scarcely wiser who believes (and manifests his belief in his daily practice), that his crop will be abundant where his tillage is meagre. Show me the husbandman whose plowing is shallow—whose breaking the clods preparatory to seeding is imperfectly done—whose fields are strangers to the roller, and look very much as though the harrow or cultivator had never been used upon them, and I will show you poor yields—fields that will scarcely pay for the labor and expense, much less leave any profit behind."

Remedy for the Grain Weevil.

Mr. Editor.—In a former number of your Journal, I observed a description of the grain weevil, and some directions in regard to its extermination. Deeming it a matter of much interest to the farmer, miller and grain dealer, permit me to recommend a plan which I have always found effectual. Take air-sacked lime, pass it through a fine sieve, and apply it at the rate of four quarts to the hundred bushels of grain, in the following manner: First, sweep the floor of the granary perfectly clean; then sprinkle a little lime regularly over it, either with the hand or sieve, as may be most convenient; then place the grain on the lime to the depth of six inches. Apply the lime as before, and rake thoroughly with a hand rake. Confining the lime and grain in alternate layers in an extent that may be required; always being careful to mix well. Lime may be applied to any kind of grain, without fear of injury, and will be found to be a most certain preventive of that destructive insect—the weevil.

SOAP-SUDS FOR VINCS.—A. J. Downing, editor of the Horticulturist, says:—"I have seen the Isabella grape produce 3,000 fine clusters of well ripened fruit in a season, by the liberal use of manure and soap-suds from the weekly wash."
The effect of soap-suds on other plants is something surprising. A copper vine, which had remained stationary for a fortnight, when about two inches high, immediately commenced growing after a good watering with soap-suds, and grew about six inches the first six days.

Examination of the Alphabet.

Which are the most industrious letters?
The B's.
Which are the most expensive letters?
The S's.
Which are the most geological letters?
The L's.
Which are the longest letters?
The E's.
Which are the spiest letters?
The O's.
Which are the leguminous letters?
The P's.
Which are the greatest bones?
The T's.
Which are the sensible letters?
The W's.
Why is a mouse-trap like the house of hospitality? Because the visitor is pressed to remain.
Why is the inside of everything unattractive? Because we can't make it out.
Why is a black like a little girl? Because it becomes a woman.
Why are persons born blind unable to be carpenters? Because they never saw any.
Why is a miller like a fish cutter? Because he takes his toll.

Youths' Department.

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

The Lily of the Valley.
Come my child, and do not spare
From a little flower to learn
How the lily is to be
Hanging down its modest head,
While it scarcely can be seen,
Folded in its leaf of green.
Yet we love the lily well,
For its sweet and pleasant smell,
And would rather call it ours,
Than full many gay flowers.
Erewhile lilies seem to be
Emblems of humility.

Come, my child, and do not spare
From this little flower to learn
Let your temper be as sweet,
As the lily at your feet;
Be as gentle, be as kind,
Be as modest, humble child.
'Tis not beauty that we prize;
Like a summer flower it dies;
But humility will last,
Fair and sweet when beauty's past,
And the Savior from above,
Views the humble child with love.

The Little Girl made Happy.
It was a bright and beautiful New Year's morn'. The snow shone in all the dazzling whiteness in the beams of the morning sun, while the frost upon the windows assumed a thousand fantastic shapes, glistening brightly in its golden beams.
All was bright and joyous. The merry sleigh bells rang out clear and musical with their cheery ring-a-ling. Friendly greetings and warm wishes passed around the family circle, and friends met each other with the cordial "Wish you a happy New Year."
In the school-room all was joyous emotion; children running and fro, each striving to be the first to wish his companion a Happy New Year. Every little heart, save one, seemed overflowing with happiness.

In one corner of the school-room sat a little girl, pale and shivering with the cold. No one had a friendly greeting or a kind wish for little Amy. Why should they?—her father was a drunkard, her mother a washer-woman, and she wore such poor clothes.
She did not dress like other children, but did she deserve to be neglected for this? Did not her little heart throb with the same feelings as theirs? Had she not the same "wishes to love and be loved" as the same wish to join in their sports?
The school hours passed away. Noon came, but little Amy still remained in her seat, pale and sad. Often she would cast a wishful look at her companions, who seemed so happy in their childish sports, but no one invited her to join them.

By-and-by she was observed by little Elsie, an amiable warm-hearted little girl, as soon as she saw her she skipped lightly to the place where Amy sat, with a cheerful "Why I haven't wished you a happy New Year, Amy. What makes you sit here alone? Why don't you eat your dinner, and then play with us?" Oh, we are going to have such a nice time.

Amy could hardly restrain her tears; she replied she had no dinner.
"Why not?" inquired Elsie.
"Her little heart was bursting, and she could only sob out in reply, "Mother had not any for me."
"Then you shall have a part of mine," said the generous little girl; and away she ran to get her dinner-pail.

Having returned she handed the contents with a shy, smiling face by her little hand to the pale girl. "There she took her hand and led her to the little ring which her companions had formed.
At first they looked upon her as an intruder, but Elsie was a favorite among her playmates; and whatever she did they thought was right, and at once they began to imitate her in trying to make little Amy happy.
They were successful. The little girl soon dried her tears, and joined "with delight in their sports. Nor were her companions less happy than she; for her smiles were to make others happy. Take the sure way to make yourself happy—be kind to others who are your youthful friends; that have wished their friends a happy New Year, will initiate little Elsie, by showing in their actions that they were sincere in their wishes?

For the "Star and Banner,"
Acrostical Enigmas.
I am composed of twenty-four letters.
My 1 4 8 9 17 7 is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 2 3 10 12 is a small instrument.
My 17 18 19 is the name of a male bird.
My 4 10 12 14 24 is a fruit.
My 5 14 24 is a city in Europe.
My 6 7 10 12 24 28 32 16 17 was a sign of the declaration of independence.
My 11 12 13 16 18 19 18 is a river and county in Pennsylvania.
My 9 12 14 is a tree.
My 10 22 24 is a kind of grain.
My 11 12 13 16 18 19 18 is a river and county in Pennsylvania.
My 13 7 8 9 is a province in Spain.
My 13 18 19 is an insect.
My 14 10 20 31 19 is a country in Europe.
My 15 17 19 is a city in N. York.
My 16 9 16 17 20 is a farming implement.
My 17 18 19 16 is an animal.
My 18 4 5 15 16 is a British lord.
My 19 7 20 is a tree.
My 20 21 5 10 7 16 is a county in N. York.
My 21 13 19 18 18 is a county in Ohio.
My 23 7 12 12 4 20 is a color.
My 23 24 5 17 was a Roman Emperor.
My 24 21 6 12 7 is a bird of prey.
My whole was a distinguished American General.

Freedom, April.
Answer to enigmas in our last paper.—General Samuel Houston.
Answer to Enigma.—"This is the list of Enigmas I am 'submitting.' J. Q. A.—Slavery is the Earth's Polity."

One of the toasts drunk at a recent celebration, was, "Woman, she requires an eagle;—she speaks for herself!"
Why are ladies' dresses about the waist like a general? Because there is a gathering there. Yes, and oftentimes a great deal of trouble. Oh! ho!

Why is the letter A like a honey-mock? Because it is hollow.

Why are persons born blind unable to be carpenters? Because they never saw any.

Why is a miller like a fish cutter? Because he takes his toll.

Why is a mouse-trap like the house of hospitality? Because the visitor is pressed to remain.