

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXIII.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 7, 1852.

NUMBER 8.

## Lay of the Lover's Friend.

I would all womankind were dead,  
Or banished 'er the sea;  
For they have been a bitter plague  
These last six weeks to me.  
It is not that I'm touched myself,  
For that I do not fear;  
No female face hath shown me grace  
For many a hygone year.  
But 'tis the most infernal bore,  
Of all the bores I know,  
To have a friend who's lost his heart  
A short time ago.  
When'er we steam it to Blackwall,  
Or down to Greenwich run,  
To quaff the pleasant cider cup,  
And feed on fish and lun;  
Or climb the slopes of Richmond Hill,  
To catch a breath of air;  
Then for my sins, he straight begins  
To rave about his fair.  
Oh! 'tis the most tremendous bore,  
Of all the bores I know,  
To have a friend who's lost his heart  
A short time ago.  
In vain you pour into his ear  
Your own confiding grief;  
In vain you claim his sympathy,  
In vain you seek relief.  
In vain you try to touch him by  
Joke, repartee, or quiz;  
His sole reply's a burning sigh,  
And "What a mind is this!"  
Oh! 'tis the most tremendous bore, &c.  
I've heard her thoroughly described  
A hundred times, I'm sure,  
And all the while I've tried to smile,  
And patiently endure;  
He waxes strong upon his ponge,  
And patters o'er his grog;  
And still, as in a playful way,  
"Why, you're a good dog!"  
But, 'tis the most tremendous bore, &c.  
I really wish he'd do me wrong;  
When I was young and strong,  
I formed a passion every week,  
But never kept it long.  
But he has not the sportive mood  
That always characterized me,  
And so I could all women could  
Be troubled o'er the sea.  
For 'tis the most tremendous bore, &c.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

## THE LITTLE PAUPER.

The day was gloomy and chill. At the freshly opened grave stood a little delicate girl of five years, the only mourner for the silent heart beneath. Friendless, hopeless, homeless, she had wept till she had no more tears to shed, and now she stood with her scanty clothing fluttering in the chill wind, pressing her little hands tightly over her heart as if to still its beating.  
"It's no use fretting," said the rough man, as he stamped the last shovelful of earth over all the child had left to love; "fretting won't bring dead folks to life; pity you hadn't got no ship's cousins somewhere to take you; it's a tough world, this here, I tell ye; I don't see how ye're going to weather it. Guess I'll take you round to Miss Fetherbee's, she's got power of children and wants a hand to help her, so come along. If you cry enough to float the ark it won't do you no good." Allie obeyed him mechanically, turning her head every few minutes to take another, and yet another look, where her mother lay buried.  
The morning sun shone in upon an underground kitchen in the crowded city—Mrs. Fetherbee, attired in a gay colored calico dress, with any quantity of tinsel jewelry, sat sewing some showy cotton lace on a cheap pocket handkerchief. A boy of five years was disputing with a little girl of three, about an apple; from big words they had come to hard blows; and peace was finally declared at the price of an orange apiece, and a stick of candy—each combatant "putting in" for the biggest.  
Poor Allie, with pale cheeks and swollen eyelids, was staggering up and down the floor under the weight of a mammoth baby, who was amusing himself, pulling out at intervals little handfuls of her hair.  
"Quiet that child! can't ye?" said Mrs. Fetherbee, in no very gentle tone. "I don't wonder the darling is cross to see such a solemn face. You must get a little life into you somehow, or you won't earn the salt to your porridge, here. There, I declare, you've half put his eyes out with those long curls dangling round; come here, and have 'em out off; if they don't look proper for a charity child," and she glanced at the short stubby crops on the heads of the little Fetherbees.  
Allie's lip quivered, as she said, "Mother-er was used to brush them smooth every morning; she said they were like little dead sister's, please don't," said she, beseechingly.  
"But I tell you I do please to cut 'em, so there's no end of that," said she, as the several ringlets fell in a shining heap on the kitchen floor; "and do for creation's sake, stop talking about 'dead' folks, and now eat your breakfast if you want it; I forgot you hadn't had any—there's some of the children's left; if you're hungry it will go down, and if you aint you can do without."  
Poor Allie! The daintiest morsel wouldn't have "gone down;" her eyes filled with tears that wouldn't be forced back, and she sobbed out, "I must cry, if you beat me for it—my heart pains me so bad."  
"If it's T-i-t-y! what's all this?" said a broad-faced, rosy milkman, as he sat his shining can down on the kitchen table; "what's all this, Miss Fetherbee? I'd as lief eat pins and needles as hear a child cry. Who is she?" pointing at Allie, "and what's the matter with her?"  
"Why, the long and short of it is, she's a poor pauper that we've taken in out of

## THE LESSON OF DEATH-BEDS.

Lord Chesterfield said, at the close of his life, "I have recently read Solomon with a kind of sympathetic feeling. I have been as wicked and as vain, though not as wise as he; but now I am old enough to feel the truth of his reflection—'All in the world is vanity and vexation of spirit.'" Goethe, the distinguished German philosopher and poet, declared, at the age of eighty-four, as the light of time went out, and the great lodestars of eternity were beginning to open out on his vision, that he had scarcely tasted twenty-four hours solid happiness in the whole course of that protracted career. Lord Byron, the great poet, gifted beyond measure in genius, destitute more than many of grace, wrote his experience in his own beautiful but unhappy strains, when he said upon the verge of the tomb:  
"Though gay companions o'er the bowl  
Dissipated the sense of ill,  
Though pleasure fill the maddening bowl,  
The heart—the heart is lonely still.  
Ay, but to die, and go, alas!  
Where all have gone and all must go,  
To be the nothing that I was,  
Ere born to life and living woe,  
Count o'er the joys that hours have seen,  
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,  
And know, whatever thou hast been,  
'Tis something better not to be."  
The bitter sarcasm of the poet contrasted, indeed, with the glorious pen of the Apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I am ready to be offered up. There is reserved for me a crown of righteousness." Voltaire, the French atheist, pronounced the world to be full of wretches, and himself the most wretched of them all. Mirabau, one of the same school, died—calling in his last moments, for opium to deaden the terrible forebodings of coming woe. Paine died intoxicated and blaspheming. Hobbes prepared to take a leap in the dark; and Hamlet chok'd and jesting about the boat of Chiron, very much, I suspect, in the way which school-boys whistle when they walk through a dark and lonely place, just to keep their spirits up and their feet on the ground; but Paul, of far different character, breaks forth as he departs, in the euthanasia indicated in the text, "I have fought a good fight."  
Why should there be this contrast? Was Paul a fanatic? He was the soberest of men. Was he a mere mystic dreamer? He was the most logical of reasoners. Was he a novice? He had been in perils by land, in perils by sea, in perils amongst false brethren, arrested, tried, beaten, scourged, imprisoned; and yet, at the close of all, conscious that he had a rock beneath him, and a bright light above him, and a glorious hope before him—he breaks forth in these thrilling—almost inspiring—certainly inspiring accents. "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which God, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." I do indeed believe that a sober and extensive comparison of the death-beds of those who have repudiated the gospel, with the dying moments of those who have accepted and rejoiced in it, would alone convince mankind that Christianity is true—that Infidelity, practical or theoretical, is a deception, a delusion, nihilous in life and miserable in death.  
**A Happy Home.**  
The first year of married life is the most important era in the history of man and wife. Generally as it is spent, so is almost all subsequent existence. The wife and husband then assimilate their views and their desires, or else conjure up their dislikes; they add fuel to their prejudices and animosities forever where read," says Rev. Dr. Wise, in his Bridal Greetings, "of a bridegroom who gloried in his eccentricities. He requested his bride to accompany him into the garden, a day or two after the wedding. He then threw a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side and exclaimed:  
"Pull the line!"  
She pulled at his request, as far as she could. He cried:  
"Pull it over!"  
"I can't," she replied.  
"Pull with all your might!" shouted the whimsical husband.  
But in vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull over the line, so long as the husband held on the opposite end. But when he came round, and they both pulled at one end, it came over with great ease.  
"There," said he, as the line fell from the roof, "you see how hard and ineffectual was our labor when we pulled in opposition to each other; but how pleasant and easy it is when we both pull together. It will be so, my dear, through life. If we oppose each other, it will be hard work; if we act together it will be pleasant to live. Let us, therefore, always pull together."  
In this illustration, homely as it may be, there is sound philosophy. Husband and wife must mutually bear and concede, if they wish to make home a retreat of joy and bliss. One alone cannot make home happy. There must be union of sentiment, sweetness of spirit, and great forbearance and love in both husband and wife, to secure the great end of happiness in the domestic circle.

## The Latest Dodge.

A NEW EDITION OF THE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."  
Among the numerous expedients which have been resorted to in evading "The Maine Liquor Law," the following is the most ingenious:—  
"About a fortnight since, a tall specimen of 'Yankee manufacture' arrived in the good city of Portland, in the State of Maine, and established himself and luggage at the Elm Hotel. This luggage consisted of a small valise, and a large oblong box, containing (for the inspectors had examined its contents) a quantity of books, richly bound, which the proprietor had brought for the purpose of retaining about the city. After seeing his property placed in the room allotted to him, the pedlar made his appearance in the office with a small notebook. He glanced his keen, shrewd eye leisurely around the room, which contained at that moment no one but the clerk and myself.  
"Fond of reading!" inquired the pedlar of the clerk, when he had finished his observation.  
"Don't get time to read," replied the clerk, merrily, busying himself at the desk.  
"I rather guess I've got a book here you'd like to read," continued the pedlar perseveringly.  
"What is it?"  
"Well, it's a real good book; and just right for the times, too, 'cause it'll give a man spiritual consolation and they do say that's what a man can't get very easy in Maine just now."  
"That's very true, but your consolation, unfortunately, my friend, does not happen to be of the right sort."  
"There was a cunning leer in the pedlar's eye as he inquired: 'Fond of right sort, hey?'"  
"When I can get it," said the clerk, becoming interested.  
"Guess I shall sell this book, then," said the pedlar, decidedly.  
"What is it—you haven't told me the name of it yet?"  
"It's the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"  
"Oh! that, I've read it a dozen times," "But this is an entirely new edition."  
"Oh! it's all the same."  
"Beautifully engraved."  
"Oh! nonsense—I don't want it." And so saying, he commenced writing again, visibly annoyed.  
"Say, you—better look at the pictures, continued the pedlar, thrusting the book under his very nose.  
"This movement had an astonishing effect upon the clerk. He jumped off his chair and began to examine the volume eagerly; but much to my surprise, without opening it. Then seemingly satisfied with the scenery, he asked the price and purchased it.  
"Say, you—said the pedlar, after the bargain was concluded—moving towards the door—"Say you, if anybody else should see that book and want to get on other just like it, send 'em up to No. 73, and I'll accommodate 'em just about as quick as they please."  
And exchanging a very queer and mysterious look with the clerk, the pedlar vanished.  
"What on earth made you buy that book?" asked the clerk, as soon as the pedlar had gone.  
"I've had a moment."  
I advanced and looked over his shoulder. Turning up one end of the book, he removed a slide, and discovered a stowaway, which he unscrewed, and then handed me the book, which I applied mechanically to my mouth.  
"What is it?" asked he, laughing.  
"Brandy—by jingo!" exclaimed I, pausing to take breath, and making tracks for the door.  
"Hallo! where are you going?"  
"Up stairs; it has just struck me that the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was an excellent addition to my library."  
The next day the pedlar's stock was exhausted.  
**DESTITUTION IN LONDON.**—The London Times, in an article on this subject, asks if it does not appear at first sight a strange result of the terrible statistics of society, that upon an average one person out of twenty of the inhabitants of that luxurious metropolis, is every day destitute of food and employment, and every night without a place for shelter or repose? Many "Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts," the Times continues, "to relieve the destitution and minister to the wants of the suffering classes, it is a lamentable fact that in this very town of London alone, the centre and core of British civilization, 100,000 persons are every day without food, save it be the precarious produce of a passing job or a crime. Since England was England, the general prosperity of the country has never reached so high a point as at the present moment. We mark with complacency the gradual rise of this swelling tide of wealth and luxury; we take no notice of the receding wave. Many schemes have been devised by politic or humane persons to remedy this acknowledged evil. The statesman erects his Poor Law Unions, and the philanthropist his houses of refuge; but still the destitution continues. It is stated in the Registrar-General's annual report for 1849, that nearly one human being died weekly in this wealthy metropolis from actual starvation. In the corresponding report for 1851, we find that 28 adults died from starvation, and 252 infants from want of breast-milk or want of food. In the month of December, 1851, five adults died from starvation, and 29 infants from inanition."  
**VERY GOOD.**—Mr. Fox, the celebrated orator, was one day told by a lady whom he visited, that she "did not care three skips of a louse for him." He immediately took out his pencil, and wrote the following line—  
"A lady has told me, and in her own house, That she cares not for me three skips of a louse. I forgive the dear creature for what she has said, Since women will talk of what runs in their heads."  
If you grant a favor forget it if you receive one remember it.

## Youths' Department.

"To aid the mind's development, and watch The dawn of little thoughts."  
**The Robins have come back again.**  
BY ABBY ALLIN.  
The Robins have come back again,  
I see them on the wing;  
They sit about our dwelling,  
And tell us it is spring.  
I heard them sing this morning,  
Before I left my bed;  
They lighted on the cherry tree,  
And sang above my head.  
Get up, you little truant!  
Methought I heard them say,  
The sun is up, and even now  
An hour upon his way.  
The flowers are waking in the woods;  
The buds upon the trees  
And every thing upon the earth  
Rejoices to be free.  
Within your little garden,  
The pretty snow-drops peep;  
And all the lambs are wide awake—  
How can you love to sleep?  
How can you be a sluggard,  
When we are on the wing,  
Get up you little sleeper,  
And with us welcome spring!  
**To Apprentices Boys.**  
Be faithful boys. A good, faithful apprentice will always make a worthy and industrious man. The correct habits of youth are not lost in the man. Associate with no youth who are addicted to bad practices. Spend your leisure hours at some profitable pursuit.  
Do not go to any place of amusement where the mind is not really benefited. Do not stand at the corner of streets, or lounge in shops of bad repute. Always have a useful book to take up, or a good newspaper.  
Read the lives of such men as Franklin, Hale, Doddridge, Locke, Newton, Johnson, Adams, Washington, &c.; men who have been useful in life, and left behind them characters which are worthy of imitation.  
Break not the Sabbath. Always attend church; never let your seat be vacant, except you are sick, or away from home. Be kind to all your associates. Cultivate benevolent feelings. If you see distress or sorrow, do all that in you lies to alleviate them.  
When a friend or companion is confined by sickness, make it a point to call upon him, and bestow all little favors possible on him. If you cultivate kind feelings, you will seldom quarrel with another. It is always better to suffer wrong than to do wrong. We should never hear of mobs or public outbreaks; if men would cultivate the kind feelings of the heart.  
Finally, make the Bible your study. Live by its precepts. In all your trials and disappointments, here you will find peace and consolation. You will be sustained in life, and supported in death.  
**A Beautiful Reply.**  
In visiting the poor families in a retired part of the town, to find scholars for the Sabbath School, a gentleman found a little girl, only six years old, trying to read her New Testament. She was a member of quite young was a good scholar. She wanted a hymn-book, and the gentleman promised to give her one, if she would learn to read the fifth and sixth chapters of the Gospel by Matthew, in a fortnight. She did so; and when she read the first few verses of the fifth chapter, where it is said by our Savior, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," &c., the gentleman asked her which of the blessings here pronounced, she would like to have for herself. She paused a little, and then replied, "I would rather be pure in heart."  
The gentleman asked why she preferred this. The little girl said, if she was only good, she should have all the rest.  
"Could you make a better answer than this?" And have you a heart that is pure?  
**MAXIMS FOR THE YOUNG.**—Keep good company or none.  
Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.  
Always speak the truth.  
Make few promises.  
Keep your own secrets if you have any.  
When you speak to a person, look him in the face.  
Good character is above all things else.  
Never listen to loose or idle conversation.  
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.  
When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.  
Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.  
Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out.  
**Puzzle.**  
Three-fifths of one-fourth, of three-fifths of five score,  
One-third of two-thirds divided by four;  
One-half of two-thirds, of six more than five three,  
Three-fourths of eight dozen, and eight if you please;  
The initials of each, if you join, you will spy  
A thing which this moment is under your eye.  
Answer next week.  
**Puzzle.**  
What is that thing which we have not got, which we do not want, but if we had it we would not take ten thousand dollars for it?  
Answer next week.  
**NAMES OF PLACES IN THE UNITED STATES ANAGRAMMATICALLY EXPRESSED.**  
1. Pa: O' Louie; 2. Des: Nag; 3. Hire: Gal; 4. Va: Row: Bonus; 5. Breast: Don; 6. Rock: Plot; 7. Bellot: Pans; 8. Drugs: Harbor.  
Answer next week.  
**Answer to Enigma of last week—Major General Anthony Wayne.**  
Why is an old toper's nose like the safety valve of an engine? Because they are sure indicators of when steam is up!

## For the "Star and Banner."

**Enigma.**  
I am composed of 26 letters.  
My 119 614 18 was a general engaged in the American revolution.  
My 17 21 8 26 is a mountain in Europe.  
My 9 12 1 29 is a county in Pennsylvania.  
My 11 37 24 is a county in Florida.  
My 1 25 10 21 is a small insect.  
My 16 10 321 9 4 1 12 is a city in S. America.  
My 16 12 5 is a river in Europe.  
My 13 7 12 11 2 is a town in England.  
My 17 11 9 15 is a female's name.  
My 16 12 7 20 is a river in Scotland.  
My 18 23 5 21 14 2 is a river in the U. States.  
My Whole is a General who was engaged in the late Mexican war.  
ROME.  
**For the "Star and Banner."**  
**Enigma.**  
I am composed of thirty letters.  
My 1 2 3 19 13 25 10 29 9 is an amphibious animal.  
My 29 30 7 3 6 is a city in England.  
My 8 13 21 3 7 is a country in Europe.  
My 6 19 2 3 is a river in Africa.  
My 7 20 13 is a domestic animal.  
My 9 23 24 27 was an ancient city.  
My 17 19 21 27 14 is a wild beast.  
My 28 19 9 is something we could not easily dispense with.  
My 24 29 30 17 14 27 12 is a city in British America.  
My 9 9 29 was a very cruel emperor of Rome.  
My 26 2 2 3 26 is a county in Kentucky.  
My whole was a distinguished General of Greece.  
Answers next week. R.  
**Kossuth's Dream.**  
Kossuth thus commenced a speech delivered in St. Louis, on the 15th of March. As a specimen of the imaginative, it is perhaps, unsurpassed in prose in the English language:  
**Ladies and Gentlemen:** To-day is the Fourth Anniversary of the Revolution of Hungary.  
Anniversaries of Revolutions are almost always connected with the recollection of some patriots, death-fallen on that day, like the Spartans at Thermopylae, martyrs of devotion to their fatherland.  
Almost in every country there is some proud catalfact, or some modest monument, adorned on such a day by a garland of evergreen, the pious offering of patriotic tenderness.  
I passed the last night in a sleepless dream. And my soul wandered on the magnetic wings of the past, home to my beloved bleeding land. I saw in the dead of the night, dark veiled shapes with the paleness of eternal grief upon their sad brow, but terrible in the fearless silence of that grief, gliding over the churchyards of Hungary, and kneeling down to the heads of the graves, and depositing the pious tribute of green and gold upon them, and after a short prayer, rising with clenched fists, and gnashing teeth, and then stealing away tearless and silent as they came; stealing away—because the blood-hounds of my country's murderers lurked from every corner on that night, and on this day, and led to prison those who dare to show a pious remembrance of their to the beloved.  
To-day a smile on the lips of Magyar is taken for a crime of defiance to tyranny; and a tear in his eye is equivalent to a revolt. And yet I have seen with the eye of my home-wanting soul, thousands performing the work of patriotic virtue.  
And I saw more. When the pious offerers had staid away, I saw the honored, dead half rise from their tombs, looking to the offerings, and whispering gloomily, "Is there still the chill of winter and the gloom of night over thee, Fatherland? Are we not revenged?" And the sky of the east reddened suddenly, and boiled with bloody flames, and from the far, far west, a lightning dashed like a star spangled stripe, and within its light a young eagle mounted and soared towards the flames of the east, and as he drew near, upon his approaching, the boiling flames changed into a radiant morning sun, and a voice from above was heard in answer to the question of the dead:—  
"Sleep yet a short while—mine is the revenge! I will make the stars of the west, the sun of the east—and when you next awake, we will find the flower of joy upon your dead beds."  
And the dead took the twig of cypress, the sign of resurrection, into their bony hands, and lay down.  
**TALKING FAULTS.**—Did any body ever hear the story of two bachelor brothers, down in Tennessee, who had lived a cat and dog sort of life, to their own and neighborhood's discomfort, for a good many years, but who having been at a camp-meeting, were slightly "convinced" and concluded to reform.  
"Brother Tom," says one, when they had arrived at their home, "let us sit down now, and I'll tell you what we'll do. You tell me of all my faults, and I'll tell you of yours, and so we'll know how to go about mending of 'em."  
"Good!" says brother Tom.  
"Well, you begin."  
"No, you begin, brother Joe."  
"Well, in the first place, you know, brother Tom, you will lie."  
"Crack; goes brother Tom's 'paw' between brother Joe's 'blinkers,' and considerable of a "drumrage" ensues, until, in the course of ten minutes, neither is able to "come up to time," and the reformation is postponed sine die."  
Our greatest blessings often arise from the disappointment of our most anxious hopes, and our most fervent wishes:  
"Let us know."  
Our instructor solemnly serves us well, When our deep plots do fall; and that should teach us  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough how they wish.  
There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim, with an honourable purpose. It dignifies your nature, and insures your success. Men often are not aware of what untold and untiring labor they are capable, until they have made trial of their strength.

## Agricultural.

**Raising Corn.**  
N. E. Ellmaker says, through the Farm Journal, that he believes if the same attention were paid to growing corn, that is given to raising wheat—the land was well manured and worked we could as easily raise one hundred bushels to the acre as we now raise fifty. This superior method is to place the rows 6 feet apart and the hills 24 from each other with 2 grains in the hill, and from the 10th to the 15th of May.  
Another writer remarks, corn, in all cases when planted, should be well covered with pulverized earth to the depth of from two and a half to three inches. When covered the foregoing depth, if cut off in the start by frost or grub it will again put forth with but little appearance of injury, and it stands by drought, will be much better enabled to withstand injury from that source. To insure success in the cultivation of the corn crop, varieties should be chosen best adapted to the different varieties of soil. In soils admitting of early planting late ripening varieties, or such as require a long season to bring them to maturity may be advantageously adopted, as it is these varieties that generally yield the largest crops. In wet or clay soils not admitting of early planting, varieties should be planted which may ripen in a shorter period of time.  
**Lasting Effects of Guano.**  
There is a strange delusion affecting the minds of half the farmers in the country, upon the subject of guano not doing any good to crops succeeding that to which it is applied. From a thousand other evidences which we have on hand, we select the following experience of James A. Pierce, one of Maryland's farmers, as well as a statement of the results of his 18th. I applied 350 pounds of guano to an acre of growing wheat, the land being very poor. Of course it was applied as top-dressing, mixed, however, with plaster. The wheat was double in quantity at harvest, and the clover succeeded it; and in two crops of corn and the other of small grain, last year and the present, the effects are still apparent.  
**How it should be applied.**—Though guano may be applied as a top-dressing with good effect, as in the above instance, still it is the better way to sow it broadcast, and plough it in, for every kind of crop; and always, when used upon any kind of small grain, clover or other grass, should be sown.  
**Limbs on Orchards.**  
It has been satisfactorily demonstrated by numerous experiments, that lime is the highest degree beneficial to orchards. The quantity applied from a bushel to a bushel and a half to each tree, of full size, though some assert that half a bushel is amply sufficient, even when the soil is non-calcareous, whereas much larger quantities are requisite than where lime naturally exists. By applying lime, the amount of the orchard is increased in quality and quantity. It also acts, doubtless, as an important agent in destroying the grub or worm which so frequently injures the apple and other fruit crops, and which proves harmful to the trees themselves by perforating the wood. By applying just a bushel of fresh burned caustic lime around the roots of trees, in the spring, we have found the trees to be greatly invigorated. Salt, also, in small quantities, is an excellent application for most fruit trees, particularly plums.  
**Bones.**  
In regard to the preparation of bones for manure Mr. B. says:  
It has been recommended by some gentlemen of considerable attainments and research into these matters, to dissolve the bones without any further preparation than grinding. Of this I do not approve, on the score of economy. I would prefer dispensing with the grinding, and in lieu thereof, after having dried them, by the addition of a small quantity of light wood, burn out all the organic matter. This leaves the bone pervious to liquids and easily attacked by the acid. It also saves the trouble of grinding, while in many localities it is an operation not easily procured but is done.  
**Phosphate of Lime.**  
G. B. Browne, of Gwynedd, Montgomery county, in the Farm Journal of April, expresses the opinion that the Phosphate of Lime, said to be discovered in great quantities in Morris county, New Jersey, contains much less of Phosphate, than has been given to by Prof. Messrs. Mr. B. says, Phosphate of Lime may be obtained to the advantage of the manufacturers of Hydrocyanic acid, at the works of the Chemical Works in Kingston.  
**Salt in the Horse.**  
This disease is supposed by some to be occasioned by labeia contained in the grass or hay by it is brought on by white clover. It is of little consequence what occasions it if we have a remedy, or, better still, as it is confidently asserted, we have, in sulphur. By mixing a table spoonful of four of sulphur in the well given to the horse, from time to time, it will be cured, it is said to a certainty.  
**About Sheep.**  
Joseph Cope, of Chester county, is one of the most successful Sheep growers in the State, and he prefers the South Down breed, to any other. He imported the breed from England—at the cost of \$400. The South Down are more hardy than other breeds—less eaters—and better producers of wool and flesh.  
**Bark and Bush Trees.**  
Scraps with a knife and wash with very strong soap-suds, once or twice during the season, and the cure will in all probability be effected; if not, tie long straw around the trunk of the tree, which is said to be an effectual cure.  
Forget injuries and remember benefactions.

## Enigma.

I am composed of 26 letters.  
My 119 614 18 was a general engaged in the American revolution.  
My 17 21 8 26 is a mountain in Europe.  
My 9 12 1 29 is a county in Pennsylvania.  
My 11 37 24 is a county in Florida.  
My 1 25 10 21 is a small insect.  
My 16 10 321 9 4 1 12 is a city in S. America.  
My 16 12 5 is a river in Europe.  
My 13 7 12 11 2 is a town in England.  
My 17 11 9 15 is a female's name.  
My 16 12 7 20 is a river in Scotland.  
My 18 23 5 21 14 2 is a river in the U. States.  
My Whole is a General who was engaged in the late Mexican war.  
ROME.  
**For the "Star and Banner."**  
**Enigma.**  
I am composed of thirty letters.  
My 1 2 3 19 13 25 10 29 9 is an amphibious animal.  
My 29 30 7 3 6 is a city in England.  
My 8 13 21 3 7 is a country in Europe.  
My 6 19 2 3 is a river in Africa.  
My 7 20 13 is a domestic animal.  
My 9 23 24 27 was an ancient city.  
My 17 19 21 27 14 is a wild beast.  
My 28 19 9 is something we could not easily dispense with.  
My 24 29 30 17 14 27 12 is a city in British America.  
My 9 9 29 was a very cruel emperor of Rome.  
My 26 2 2 3 26 is a county in Kentucky.  
My whole was a distinguished General of Greece.  
Answers next week. R.  
**Kossuth's Dream.**  
Kossuth thus commenced a speech delivered in St. Louis, on the 15th of March. As a specimen of the imaginative, it is perhaps, unsurpassed in prose in the English language:  
**Ladies and Gentlemen:** To-day is the Fourth Anniversary of the Revolution of Hungary.  
Anniversaries of Revolutions are almost always connected with the recollection of some patriots, death-fallen on that day, like the Spartans at Thermopylae, martyrs of devotion to their fatherland.  
Almost in every country there is some proud catalfact, or some modest monument, adorned on such a day by a garland of evergreen, the pious offering of patriotic tenderness.  
I passed the last night in a sleepless dream. And my soul wandered on the magnetic wings of the past, home to my beloved bleeding land. I saw in the dead of the night, dark veiled shapes with the paleness of eternal grief upon their sad brow, but terrible in the fearless silence of that grief, gliding over the churchyards of Hungary, and kneeling down to the heads of the graves, and depositing the pious tribute of green and gold upon them, and after a short prayer, rising with clenched fists, and gnashing teeth, and then stealing away tearless and silent as they came; stealing away—because the blood-hounds of my country's murderers lurked from every corner on that night, and on this day, and led to prison those who dare to show a pious remembrance of their to the beloved.  
To-day a smile on the lips of Magyar is taken for a crime of defiance to tyranny; and a tear in his eye is equivalent to a revolt. And yet I have seen with the eye of my home-wanting soul, thousands performing the work of patriotic virtue.  
And I saw more. When the pious offerers had staid away, I saw the honored, dead half rise from their tombs, looking to the offerings, and whispering gloomily, "Is there still the chill of winter and the gloom of night over thee, Fatherland? Are we not revenged?" And the sky of the east reddened suddenly, and boiled with bloody flames, and from the far, far west, a lightning dashed like a star spangled stripe, and within its light a young eagle mounted and soared towards the flames of the east, and as he drew near, upon his approaching, the boiling flames changed into a radiant morning sun, and a voice from above was heard in answer to the question of the dead:—  
"Sleep yet a short while—mine is the revenge! I will make the stars of the west, the sun of the east—and when you next awake, we will find the flower of joy upon your dead beds."  
And the dead took the twig of cypress, the sign of resurrection, into their bony hands, and lay down.  
**TALKING FAULTS.**—Did any body ever hear the story of two bachelor brothers, down in Tennessee, who had lived a cat and dog sort of life, to their own and neighborhood's discomfort, for a good many years, but who having been at a camp-meeting, were slightly "convinced" and concluded to reform.  
"Brother Tom," says one, when they had arrived at their home, "let us sit down now, and I'll tell you what we'll do. You tell me of all my faults, and I'll tell you of yours, and so we'll know how to go about mending of 'em."  
"Good!" says brother Tom.  
"Well, you begin."  
"No, you begin, brother Joe."  
"Well, in the first place, you know, brother Tom, you will lie."  
"Crack; goes brother Tom's 'paw' between brother Joe's 'blinkers,' and considerable of a "drumrage" ensues, until, in the course of ten minutes, neither is able to "come up to time," and the reformation is postponed sine die."  
Our greatest blessings often arise from the disappointment of our most anxious hopes, and our most fervent wishes:  
"Let us know."  
Our instructor solemnly serves us well, When our deep plots do fall; and that should teach us  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough how they wish.  
There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim, with an honourable purpose. It dignifies your nature, and insures your success. Men often are not aware of what untold and untiring labor they are capable, until they have made trial of their strength.