THE STAR AND BANNER.

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Waking.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

I have done at length with dreaming—henceforth, oh! thou soul of mine,
Thou must take up sword and gauntlet, waging warfare most divine.

Life is struggle, combat, victory! Wherefore have I slumbered on,
With my forces all unmarshalled, with my weapons all undrawn!

Oh! how many a glorious record had the angels of me kept,
Had I done instead of doubted, had I warred instead of wept!

But begone, Regret, Bewailing! ye but weaken at the best—
I have tried the trusty weapons rusting erst within my breast.

I have wakened to my duty—to a knowledge strong and deep,
That I recked not of aforetime, in my long inglorious sleep!

For to live is something useful, and I knew it not before.
And I dreamed not how stupendous was the secret that I bore—

The great, deep, mysterious secret of a life to be wrought out
Into warm, heroic action, weakened not by fear or doubt.

In this subtle sense of being newly stirred in every vein,
I can feel a throb electric—pleasure half allied to pain.

'Tis so great, and yet so awful—so bewildering, yet so brave—
To be king in every conflict where before I crouched a slave!

'Tis so glorious to be conscious of a growing power within,
Stronger than the rallying forces of a charged and marshalled sin.

Never in those old romances felt I half the sense of life,
That I feel within me stirring, standing in this place of strife.

Oh! those olden days of dalliance, when I wantoned with my fate—
When I trifled with a knowledge that had well-nigh come too late.

Yet, my soul, look not behind thee! thou hast work to do at last;
Let the brave toil of the Present over-arch the crumbled Past.

Build thy great acts high and higher—build them on the conquered sod
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding, and thy first prayer rose to God.

THE RUSTIC WREATH.

BY MISS MITFORD.

I had taken refuge in a harvest field belonging to my good neighbor, Farmer Creswell, ; a beautiful child lay on the ground, at some little distance; whilst a young girl, resting from the labor of reaping, was twisting a rustic wreath—enamelled corn flowers, brilliant poppies, snow-white lily-blues, and light, fragile hare-bells, mingled with turfs of the richest wheat ears,—around its hat.

There was something in the tender youthfulness of these two innocent creatures, in the pretty, though somewhat fantastic occupation of the girl, the fresh, wild flowers, the ripe and swelling corn, that harmonised with the season and the hour, and conjured up memories of "Dis and Proserpine," and of all that is gorgeous and graceful in old mythology,—of the lovely Lavinia of our own poet, and of that finest pastoral in the world, the far lovelier Ruth. But these fanciful associations soon vanished before the real sympathy excited by the actors of the scene, both of whom were known to me, and both objects of sincere and lively interest.

The young girl, Dora Creswell, was the orphan niece of one of the wealthiest yeomen in our part of the world; the only child of his only brother; and having lost both parents while still an infant, had been reared by her widowed uncle, and fondly and carefully as his own son Walter. He said he loved her quite as well, perhaps he loved her better; for, although it were impossible for a father not to be proud of the bold, handsome youth, who at eighteen had a man's stature, was the best ringer, the best cricketer, and the best shot in the country, yet the fair Dora, who, nearly ten years younger, was at once his handmaid, his housekeeper, his plaything, and his companion, was evidently the very apple of his eye. Our good farmer vaunted her accomplishments, as men of his class are wont to boast of a high bred horse or a favorite greyhound. She could make a shirt, and a pudding, darn stockings, rear poultry, keep accounts, and read the newspapers; was as famous for gooseberry wine as Mrs. Primrose, and could compound a syllabub with any dairy woman in the country. There was not such a handy little creature anywhere; so thoughtful and trusty about the house, and yet out of doors, as gay as a lark, and as wild as the wind, —nobody was like his Dora. So said, and so thought farmer Cresswell; and, before Dora was ten years old, he had resolved that in due time, she should marry his son, Walter, and informed both parties of his intention.

Now Farmer Cresswell's intentions were known to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He was a fair specimen of English yeomen, a tall, square built, muscular man, stout and active, with a resolute countenance, a keen eye, and an intelligent smile; his temper was boisterous and irascible, generous and kind to those whom he loved, but quick to offence, and slow to pardon, expecting and exacting implicit obedience from all about him. With all Dora's good gifts the sweet and yielding nature of the gentle and submissive little girl, was, undoubtedly, the chief cause of her uncle's partiality. Above all, he was obstinate in the highest degree, had never been known to yield a point or change a resolution, and the fault was the more inveterate because he called it firmness, and accounted it a virtue. For the rest, he was a person of excellent principles and perfect integrity; clear-headed, prudent and sagacious, fond of agricultural experiments, and pursuing them cautiously and successfully, a good farmer and a good man.

His son Walter, who was in person a handsome likeness of his father, resembled him also, in many points of character—was equally obstinate, and far more fiery, hot and bold. He loved his pretty cousin as much as he would love a favorite sister, and might, very possibly, if left alone, have become attached to her as his father's wishes; but to be dictated to; to be chained down to a distinctive engagement; to hold himself bound to a mere child—the very idea was absurd—and restraining, with difficulty, an abrupt denial, he walked down into the village, predisposed, out of sheer contradiction, to fall in love with the first young woman who should come in his way —and he did fall in love accordingly.

Mary Hay, the object of his ill-fated passion, was the daughter of a respectable mistress of a small endowed school at the other side of the parish. She was a delicate, interesting creature, with a slight, drooping figure, and a fair down-marked cast face, like a snow drop, forming such a crontrast with her gay and gallant woer, as Love, in his vagaries, is often pleased to bring together. The courtship was secret and tedious, and prolonged from months to years; for Mary shrank from the painful contest which she knew that an avowal of her attachment would occasion. At length her mother died, and deprived of a home and maintainance, she reluctantly consented to a private marringe. An immediate discovery ensued, and was followed by all the evils, and more than all, that her worst fears had anticipated. Her husband was turned from the house of his father, and in less than three months, his death, by an inflammatory fever, left her a desolate and a penniless widow; unowned and unassisted by the stern parent, on whose unrelenting temper neither the death of his son, nor the birth of his grandson, seemed to make the slightest impression! But for the general sympathy excited by the deplorable situation, and blameless deportment of the widowed bride, she and her infant must have taken refuge in the work-house. The whole neighborhood was zealous to relieve and serve them; but their most liberal benefactress, their most devoted friend, was poor Dora. Considering her uncle's partiality to herself as the primary cause of all this misery, she felt like a guilty creature; and casting off at once her native timidity and habitual submission, she had repeatedly braved his anger, by the most earnest supplications for mercy and for pardon; and when this proved unavailing, she tried to mitigate their distresses by all the assistance that her small means would admit. Every shilling of her pocket money she expended on her dear cousins; worked for them, and transferred to them ever present that was made to her-self, from the silk frock to the penny tarlot.—Everything that was her own she gave, but nothing of her uncle's; for though sorely tempted to transfer some of the plenty around her, to those whose claim seemed just, and whose need was so urgent, Dora felt that she was trusted, and she must prove herself trustworthy.

Such was the posture of affairs, at the time of my encounter with Dora and little Walter, in the harvest field; the rest will be best told in the course of our dialogue:

"And so, madam, I cannot bear to see my dear cousin Mary so sick and so melancholy; and the dear, dear child, that a king might be proud of—only look at him!" exclaimed Dora, interrupting herself, as the beautiful child, sitting on the ground, in all its placid dignity of infancy, looked up at me, and smiled in my face. "Only look at him!" continued she, "and think of that dear boy, and his dear mother, living on charity, and they, my uncle's lawful heirs, whilst I, that have no right whatsoever, no claim, none at all, I that, compared to them, am but a far off kinswoman, the mere creature of his bounty, should revel in comfort and in plenty, and they starving! I cannot bear it, and I will not. And then the wrong that he is doing himself; he that is really good and kind, to be called a hard-hearted tyrant by the whole country side. And he is unhappy himself, too; I know that he is. Tired as he is when he comes home, he will walk about his room half the night; and often, at meal hours, he will drop his knife and fork, and sigh so heavily. He may turn me out of doors, as he threatened; or, what is worse, call me ungrateful and undutiful, but he shall see this boy."

"He has never seen him, then? and that is why you are tricking him out so prettily?"

"Yes, ma'am. Mind what I have told you, Walter; and hold up your head, and say what I bid you."

"Gan-papa's fowers!" stammered the pretty boy, in his sweet childish voice, the first words I ever heard him speak.

"Grand-papa's flowers!" said the zealous preceptress.

"Gan-papa's fowers!" echoed the boy.

"Shall you take the child to the house?" asked I.

"No, ma'am, I look for my uncle here every minute, and this is the best place to ask a favor in, for the very sight of the great crop puts him in good humor, not so much so on account of the profit, but because the land never bore half so much before, and it's owing to his management in dressing and drilling. I came reaping here to-day on purpose to please him: for though he says he does not wish me to work in the fields, I know he likes it, and here he shall see little Walter. Do you think he can resist him, ma'am?" continued Dora, leaning over her infant cousin, with the grace and fondness of a young Madonna; "do you think he can resist him, poor child, so helpless, so harmless, and his own blood too, and so like his father? No heart could be hard enough to hold out, and I am sure that he will not. Only" —pursued Dora, relapsing into her girlish tone and attitude, as a cold fear crossed her enthusiastic hope—"only I'm afraid that Walter will cry. It's strange when one wants anything to behave particularly well, how sure it is to be naughty; my pets especially. I remember when my Lady Countess came on purpose to see our white peacock, that we got as a present from India, the obstinate bird ran away behind a bean stack, and would not spread his train, to show the dead white spots on his glossy white feather all we could do. Her ladyship was quite angry. And my red and yellow Marve of Peru, which used to blow at four in the afternoon, as regular as the clock struck, was not open at five the other day when dear Miss Julia came to paint it, though the sun was shining as bright as it does now. If Walter should scream and cry, for my uncle does sometimes look so stern—and then it's Saturday, and he has such a beard! If the child should be frightened. Be sure, Walter, that you don't cry!" said Dora in great alarm.

"Gan-papa's fowers!" replied the smiling boy holding up his hat; and his young protectress was comforted.

At this moment the farmer was heard whistling to his dog, in a neighboring field; and fearful that my presence might injure the cause, I departed, my thoughts full of the noble little girl and her generous purpose.

I had promised to call the next afternoon, to learn her success; and passing the harvest field on my way, I found a group assembled there which instantly dissipated my anxiety. On the very spot where we had parted, I saw the good farmer himself, in his Sunday clothes, tossing little Walter in the air; the child laughing and screaming with delight, and his grandfather apparently quite as much delighted himself; a pale, slender young woman, in deep mourning, stood looking at their gambols, with an air of intense thankfulness; and Dora, the cause and the sharer of all this happiness, was loitering behind, playing with the flowers in Walter's hat which she was holding in her hand. Catching my eye, the sweet girl came to me instantly.

"I see how it is, my dear Dora, and I give you joy, from the bottom of my heart. Little Walter behaved well, then?"

"Oh, he behaved like an angel."

"Did he say Gan-papa's fowers?"

"Nobody spoke a word. The moment the child took off his hat and looked up, the truth seemed to flash on my Uncle, and to melt his heart at once; the boy is so like his father. He knew him instantly, and caught him up in his arms and hugged him, just as he is hugging him now."

"And the beard, Dora?"

"Why, that seemed to take the child's fancy; he put up his little hand and stroked it, and laughed in his grandfather's face, and flung his chubby arms around his neck, and held out his sweet mouth to be kissed; and oh! my uncle did kiss him. I thought he never would have done it; and then he sat down on a wheat-sheaf, and cried, and I cried too. Very strange that one should cry for happiness!" added Dora, as some large drops fell on the rustic wreath which she was adjusting around Walter's hat. "Very strange," repeated she, looking with a bright smile, and brushing away the tears from her rosy cheeks, with a bunch of corn flowers, "very strange that I should cry, when I am the happiest creature alive; for Mary and Walter are to live with us; and my dear uncle, instead of being angry with me, says that he loves me better than ever. How very strange it is," said Dora, as the tears poured down faster and faster, "that I should be so foolish as to cry."

DON'T BE GUILTY OF IT.—Never laugh at any one who does not dress as well as you do. They may know a great deal more than you. They probably are better far to their parents or little brothers and sisters. Treat them kindly. Don't look at their clothes and then at yours, as if to say: "See how nice I am dressed."

QUESTION FOR DEBATE.—If the milky way was composed of real cream, how many cheeses would it make at eight cents a pound.

A Point of Space.

BY ELIHU BURRIT, THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

The diameter of the Earth's orbit is, as it were, the pocket-rule of the astronomer, with which he measures distances which the mind can no more grasp, than infinity. This star measure is one hundred and ninety millions of miles in length. This the astronomer lays down on the floor of heaven, and drawing lines from its extremities to the nearest fixed star, or a centauri, he finds the angle thus subtended by this base line to be not quite one second. By the simple Rule of Three he then arrives at the fact that the nearest fixed star is 21,000,000,000,000.

From another simple calculation it follows, that in the space around our solar system devoid of stars, there is room in one dimension, or one straight line, for 12,000 solar systems; in two dimensions, or in one plane, there is room for 130 millions of solar systems; and in actual sidereal space of three dimensions, there is room for 1,500,000,000,000 of solar systems the size of our own.

Nay, good farmer, do not look so unbelievingly. Your boy need not graduate from the district school to prove all this.—One and a half million million of solar systems, as large as ours, might be set in the space which divides between it and its nearest neighbor. And if we might assume the aggregate population of our solar system to be 20,000,000,000, then there would be room enough for thirty thousand trillions of human beings to live, love, and labor in the worlds that might be planted in this same starless void.

Nay, good man of the tow frock, hold on a moment longer. One sun is but a dull hazy speck of light in the great milky way; and Dr. Herschel says he has discovered fifty thousand just such suns in that highway of worlds, in a space apparently a yard in breadth, and six in length. Think of that a moment, and then that no two of them all are probably nearer each other than twenty billions of miles; and then, that the starless space between their solar systems might contain 1,500,000,000,000 of similar systems! Multiply these spaces and these systems by a hundred millions, and you will have numbered the worlds that a powerful glass will open to your view from one point of space.

Again multiply these systems by twenty thousand millions, and you will have three billion trillions of human beings who might dwell in peace and unity in that point of space which Herschel's glass would disclose to your vision. And you ask despairingly, What is man? We will tell you what he is in one respect: the Creator of all these worlds is his God.

Eastern Anecdote.

As a woman was walking, a man looked at her and followed her.

"Why do you follow me?" she asked.

"Because I have fallen in love with you," he replied.

"Why are you in love with me?" said she, "My sister is much handsomer; she is coming after me. Go and make love to her."

The man turned back and saw a woman with an ugly face. Being much displeased he turned to the first one and said,

"Why do you tell me a falsehood?"

"Neither do you speak the truth," replied she, "for if you were in love with me, why did you leave me to look upon my sister?"

There is much good sense in this remark, says an exchange, and if more girls were as sensible as this, there would be less inconsistency.

IRISH WIT.—A couple of Irishmen, who had not long been in this country, met at an inn and called for dinner. As it so happened, there was a dish of horse raddish grated for dinner. Pat thinking it was something to be eaten with a spoon, put a large spoonful into his mouth. The tears immediately filled his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. His companion saw it, and said:

"Pat, what is the matter?"

"I was thinking of my poor father, that was hanged in Swate Ireland, answered Pat."

But Jemmy soon filled his mouth with the same, and as the tears gushed from his eyes also, Pat says:

"What is the matter—what has happened to ye?"

"Ah!" says Jemmy, 'I was just thinking what a pity it is that you were not hanged when your father was."

THE YOUNG WIFE'S RESPONSE.—"Why art thou sad, my love, to-day?—what grief is frowning o'er thy heart?—Why dost thou droop and turn away, and why do tears unbidden start? When first I woed thee in thine isle, thy Erin, emerald of the deep—I saw thee, sweetest, only smile, nor even thought that thou could'st weep. The sun of summer lights the earth, the zephyr's kiss is on thy cheek, all nature calls thee back to mirth, then be not, prythee, love, so weak. While thus I spoke, my bosom's queen, one deep, fond glance upon me stealing, exclaimed, "My love, you must be green. It's onions, sure, I'm after peeling."

SHE SPAKE IT OUT.—One of the Boston papers has the following: At the Old Ladies South Sewing Circle, last Friday evening, the members got to talking about temperance, the Maine Liquor Law, &c. Said Mrs. Fidget, "For nine mortal years I slept with a *barrel of brandy*—now, thanks to Gough and Providence, I sleep with a *mum!*" "Well," said Aunt Boles, after all, for my part, I'd rather sleep with a barrel of brandy, than lie alone these cold winter nights." Mrs. Fidget frowned.

JOHN, stop your crying," said an enraged father to his son, who kept up an intolerable "yell" for the past five minutes. "Stop I say, do you hear?" again repeated the father after a few minutes, the boy still crying. "You don't suppose I can choke off in a minte, do you," chimed in the hopeful urchin.

Is a man a bit the Better.

Is a man a bit the better
For his richest golden gains,
For his acres and his palace,
If his utmost heart is callous,
Is a man a bit the better!

And if the man's no bit the better
For his coffers and his mines,
For his "purple and fine linen,"
For his vineyard and his vines,
Why do thousands bow the knee,
And cringe in mean servility,
If the man's no bit the better!

Is a man a bit the worse
For a lowly dress of rags!
Though he owns no lordly rental,
If his heart is kind and gentle,
Is a man a bit the worse!

And if the man's no bit the worse
For a poor and lowly stand;
For an ever empty pocket,
And a brawny working hand,
Why do thousands pass him by
With a cold and scornful eye!
If the man's no bit the worse!

Agricultural.

Cabbages as a Field Crop for Stock.

THIS, to an American farmer, who never thought perhaps of growing over a hundred a year, which were carefully preserved for table use, will sound like some new and strange doctine. Yet such has been for years the practice of many excellent farmers in England, Scotland, Belgium, and Holland. The advantages claimed, and as we think justly, in favor of the practice, are, the immense amount of food that can be grown upon an acre—the ease which it can be cultivated, saved and fed in winter—its succulent qualities, which render it fully equal to summer pasturage for milch cows or suckling ewes—while its nutritive qualities have been amply proven by analysis and practice. The following statement of its nutritive value, is from the Mark Lane Express:—

Comparative Nutritive Value of an Acre of Cabbage with other Crops.—The cabbage has lately been chemically examined, in consequence of the failure of the potato, with a view to its substitution for that root. It is found to be *richer in muscle-forming matter than any crop we grow.* It contains more *fibrin* or *gluten*, of which substance the muscles are made, and hence is richer in the material essential to the health, growth, and strength of an animal; wheat contains about 12 per cent. of it.; beans; 25 per cent.; but dried cabbage contains from 30 to 40 per cent. of this all-important material, of which the principal mass of the animal structure is built.

"An acre of good land will produce 40 tons of cabbage; one acre of 20 tons of drum-head cabbage will yield 1,500 lbs. of gluten; one acre of Sweedes turnips will produce about 30 tons, which will yield 1,-000 lbs. of gluten; one acre of 25 bushels of beans, will yield 400 lbs. of gluten; one acre of 25 bushels of wheat will yield 200 lbs. of gluten; one acre of 12 tons of potatoes, will yield 550 lbs. of gluten. Such is the variation in our general crops, as to the amount of this gluten, this special kind of nourishment, this muscle sustaining principle, which accounts for the preference by experienced farmers to the cabbage as food for stock and milch cows, although the crop impoverishes the land, which requires much manure to restore it to former fertility."

The last part of the statement we do not fully agree with; for we do not believe a crop of cabbage is any more exhausting to the *soil*, although it is of the manure, than any other heavy crop of quick growing vegetation. True, the land must be rich, or it will not grow cabbage to any advantage. Its value over Sweedes or English turnips is not only shown in the excess of production, but in the nutritive quality of the food. One experienced farmer observed sarcastically in speaking of the comparative value of the two crops, that if he had an overplus of hay which he was anxious to have his cattle consume, it would be desirable to feed turnips, just to encourage, not to satisfy the appetite.—This was rather severe upon a crop which has done so much to improve English Husbandry within the last half century.—Valuable as turnip culture has been in England, we think the culture of cabbage may be made more valuable in this country. It flourishes best in a moist rich soil, such as reclaimed swamps; it is more hardy than the turnip in its incipient growth; and at a stage when whole fields of turnips are liable to be swept off by the fly, cabbage plants enough to set an acre can be effectively protected under a few panes of glass, or a yard or two of gauze in a frame in the garden. But for field culture we would recommend that cabbage seed should be planted by the drill machine where they are to grow, with a provision of plants in reserve, in case of accident, to transplant from the garden to the field.

In the early stage of growth the cabbage requires careful cultivation, most of which however may be done with the plow and horse hoe; as soon as the leaves expand and shade the ground, weeds are effectively prevented from growing enough to injure the crop or propagate their own seed. This leaves the field in as fine condition for the next crop as could be desired. Some cultivators grow a crop of peas upon the same ground that is to have a crop of cabbage in the fall. This may be done if the land is naturally rich, and well coated every year with manure, and deeply plowed, particularly in the fall, so as to give the frost an opportunity to grind down all lumps into a loose friable mass. If the land has a clay foundation it must be subsoiled and so graded that surface water cannot stand, as that is sure death to a young cabbage plant.

The necessity of deep tilth may be seen by an examination of the long fibrous roots, which penetrate to agret a depth when unobstructed. Any rich compost or well rotted manure is good for cabbage; coarse or unfermented manure is not good. Ashes, plaster of Paris, bone dust, poudrette, and a little salt will be found beneficial. Guano is excellent.

Storing for Winter.—Select some dry piece of ground from which the water drains readily, and having carted the crop consenient, one hand seizes the roots, while another strips off a few of the lower leaves, and doubles the others around the head, and holds it upon the ground, while the other hand lays on dirt enough to keep it in place. Afterwards go over and earth up the rows all into smooth straight ridges that will shed the rains into the furrows, which in their turn will carry off all the water that falls. Three or four inches of earth will preserve them from frost quite effectually.

Unheaded Cabbages.—There are often many of these when the crop is gathered at the approach of winter, commonly thrown away as useless. They may be rendered fine for spring use by transplanting them in a close double row, and then covering them with boards or slabs like the steep roof of a house, with an additional coating of a few inches of earth. They should then be properly ventilated. By next spring a large portion of them will be found well headed and delicately bleached.

Application.—We hope none of our readers are so like the kind mentioned under the last head, as to prevent them from applying the advice of this article to their immediate use—because

Now is the Time to Sow Cabbage Seed.—Not exactly this particular month in all parts of this country where we shove our Plow, because this is a *great* country, but by *now* we mean that each man who reads this cabbage-head article, unless he has an article of the same kind on his shoulders, or lacks the article entirely, or is very wrongheaded, shall take the matter into his head now, and consider the propriety of adopting the advice of raising cabbages as a field crop.—*The Plow.*

A Gem from the German.

The following beautifully stanzas are a literal translation from the German, and embody a truthful sentiment so delicately expressed that we commend them to the hearts of our numerous readers. Let each one make the language his own, and see if the response of the poet's heart finds not an echo in his inmost soul:

"My heart, I bid the answer—
How are Love's marvels wrought?"
"Two hearts to one pulse beating,
Two spirits to one thought."
"And tell me how love cometh?"
"It comes—unsought—unsent!"
"And tell me how love goeth?"
"That was not *love* which *went!*"

THE COW TREE.—In the forests of Brazil there is a remarkable tree, named "the cow tree," because it exudes a juice when tapped, which answers the purpose of milk to the inhabitants. During several months of the year, when no rain falls, and its branches are dried up, if the trunk be tapped, this sweet and nutritious milk exudes. The flow is most abundant at sunrise, like that of our sugar maples.—The natives receive the milk in large vessels; it soon grows yellow like cream, and thickens on the surface. Some drink it plentifully under the tree. It is used in coffee in place of cow's milk. The tree is very large, and is used in ship-building.

A PUZZLED IRISHMAN.—Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many were at the party. "*The two Crogans was one*, meself was two, Mike Finn was three, and —and—who the devil was four? Let me see (counting his fingers)—*the two Crogans was one*, Mike Finn was two, meself was three, and—bedad! there was four of us, but Saint Patrick couldn't tell the name of the other. Now it's meself that has it: Mike Finn was one, *the two Crogans was two*, meself was three, and—and, by my sowl, I think there was but three of us, after all.

"My son, what did you bite your brother for? Now I shall have to whip you. Don't you remember the 'Golden Rule' I taught you? If you wouldn't like to have your brother bite *you*, you shouldn't bite *him*."

"Ho, mother! get out with your whippin'. Remember the 'Golden Rule' yourself. If you wouldn't like me to lick *you*, 'tain't right for you to lick *me!*"

Spread the glad tidings over mountain and dale! Old winter is gone, with his sleet and his hail; and the birds are singing so merry a tune, one would fancy we were in the midst of June!

The Columbus Statesman says that Catharine Schuley, aged 36, born in Pickaway county, Ohio, is the largest woman living—she weighs 611 lbs., and is now exhibited to the curious of that city.

Happiness is promised not to the learned, but to the good.

Practice flows from the principle; for as a man thinks, so will he act.

Answers to enigmas in last number.—"Gen. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna."—"Alexander, King of Macedon."

Answers to Anagrams.—Opelousas, Grenada, Raleigh, Waynesboro, Beardstown, Lockport, Ballston Spa and Harrodsburg.

Answers to Puzzles.—"Bald Head."—"Nose."

For the "Star and Banner."

Enigma.

I am composed of nineteen letters.

My 1 7 18 14 10 is one of the United States.
My 2 19 2 8 6 is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 3 17 14 10 6 is a county in Mississippi.
My 4 14 10 15 2 is a lake in Russia.
My 5 10 19 is a river in the U. States.
My 6 2 18 10 1 is a county in N. Jersey.
My 7 14 6 17 14 is a town in Maine.
My 8 2 15 19 7 11 10 14 7 is a river in South America.
My 9 5 2 16 is a range of mountains in Europe.
My 10 2 5 14 is a river in Scotland.
My 11 13 8 7 is a city in S. America.
My 12 18 16 2 is a gulf in Russia.
My 13 14 19 7 11 is a river in Sweden.
My 14 10 18 9 4 14 is a river in Brit. America.
My 15 13 11 10 7 is a county in Virginia.
My 16 10 12 7 11 is a range of mountains in S. America.
My 17 16 18 10 is a county in Illinois.
My 18 4 15 2 14 is a county in Ohio.
My 19 17 14 is a river in Russia.

My whole was a distinguished American officer who was killed in the late war.

CAROLINE.