THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY A. D. & C. H. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AD FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXV. GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 3, 1854. NUMBER 12.

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND FANCY GOODS.

One price—and that as low as at any Establishment out of the City.

S. H. BUEHLER

RETURNS his acknowldegments to his friends for the long continued and liberal patronage extended him, and invites attention to his present largely increased stock of goods just received from Philadelphia and New York. He deems it unnecessary to enumerate the assortment, which will be found to embrace every variety of goods in his line, viz:

Classical, Theological, School, Miscellaneous BOOKS

and Stationery of all kinds, embracing, as he believes, the largest and best assortment ever opened in Gettysburg.

He also invites attention to his large supply of

FANCY GOODS,

embracing Gold and Silver pens and Pencils, Pen-Knives, Plain and Fancy Note Paper and Envelopes, Motto Wafers, Sealing Wax, Portmoneaus, Soaps, Perfumery, &c., &c.—all of which will be sold at the *VERY LOWEST RATES.*

☞Call and examine for yourselves at the old established BOOK & DRUG store in *Chambersburg street*, a few doors from the diamond.

S. H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, Pa., Oct. 21, 1853.

A STEWARD WANTED at Pennsylvania College.

THE present Steward of Pennsylvania College being about to leave, applications will be received by the undersigned from persons desiring the situation. Information in regard thereto can be had of either of the undersigned.

☞Possession will be given on the 1st of April, or sooner if desired.

MOSES McCLEAN,
S. FAHNESTOCK,
H. S. HUBER,
Committee of Board of Trustees.

Gettysburg, March 3, 1854—tf

LOST.

ON Monday morning last, between Gettysburg and Marsh-creek, a MEMORANDUM BOOK & CHECK ROLL, with black cover. It contained nothing of value except to the owner.—The finder shall be suitably rewarded by returning it to the Subscriber.

ROBERT COBEAN.

May 19 1854.—3t

BRIGADE NOTICE.

The Uniform Companies

OF the 2d Brigade 4th Division of the Uniformed Militia of Pennsylvania, will meet at their usual places of meeting, on *the First Monday of June next* (the 5th.) for the purpose of electing one BRIGADIER GENERAL, and one BRIGADE INSPECTOR, for said Brigade.

JOHN SCOTT,
Brig. Inspector.

May 26, 1854.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

SCHOOL DEPARTMENT, HARRISBURG, May 10, 1854.

BY the 43d section of the "Act for the regulation and continuation of the Common School System," passed May 8, 1854, it is made the duty of the Superintendent of Common Schools, to give notice by publication in two newspapers in each county for three successive weeks, to the School Directors of the several counties, that they are to meet in convention at the Seat of Justice of the proper county on the first Monday of June next, and select, *viva voce*, by a majority of the whole number of Directors present, one person of Literary and Scientific acquirements, and of skill and experience in the art of teaching, as County Superintendent for three succeeding school years.

The School directors present in such convention, or a majority of them, shall at the same time fix the compensation of the County Superintendent, and immediately after such election, the President and Secretary of the Convention shall certify to the Superintendent of Common Schools, at Harrisburg, the amount of annual compensation allowed, and the Post Office address of the person who may be elected County Superintendent.

C. A. BLACK,
Superintendent of Common Schools.

☞The foregoing notice is published by order of the Superintendent of Common Schools. The Directors will convene for the purposes therein mentioned at Court-house, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

J. AUGHINBAUGH,
Clerk of Board of Co. Commissioners.

May 19, 1854.—3t

TIN WARE! TIN WARE!

GEO. E. BUEHLER informs his friends and customers that he has a very large assortment of

TIN WARE

on hand ready for the Spring sale, made by experienced workmen and of good materials, which will be sold low for CASH or COUNTRY PRODUCE. ☞Call and see.

Gettysburg, March 10, 1854.

Draw near—Come and See!

J. L. SCHICK would inform the Ladies that he now offers the largest assortment of BONNETS, Bonnet Silks and Velvets, Ribbons, Flowers & Hair Braids, ever before opened in this place. Call and see them—no trouble to show Goods.

Madalina.

Wandering so pale and weary,
Through the busy crowded way,
Threading through the alleys dreary,
All the long, long summer day,
With no loving hand to guide her,
Went the little Madalina.

She is glad the day is closing,
Yet dreading night the more,
For there comes no sweet reposing
When the weary day is o'er;
For the hearts that should protect her
Never loved their Madalina.

Now in by-ways dark and olden,
Now along the brilliant street,
Glittering in its splendor golden,
Press her weary little feet.
Light, gay steps are passing by her—
Tired and lonely Madalina.

Now she stops to gaze and listen,
Mirth and music fill the air,
Where the sparkling goblets glisten,
Gay, fair forms are moving there,
Scorning in their finer garments
Thy torn dress, poor Madalina.

Drearier grows each coming morrow,
Heavier droops her mournful eyes,
In her home of want and sorrow
Little Madalina lies,
Where no loving arms enclasp her,
Sweet, uncared for Madalina.

From that restless fever-dreaming
Once more wakes the dying child,
And her eyes with joy are beaming,
And the red lips sweetly smile;
Kinder hearts have come to find her,
Those who love sweet Madalina.

Farewell—happy in her dying—
There are angels waiting near—
Leaving all her grief and sighing,
Going from her sorrow here,
To their love we gladly yield her,
Happy, dying Madalina.

The Beautiful Maniac.

"The fire that on my bosom preys,
Is lone as some volcanic isle,
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!"

In the morning train from Petersburg, there was a lady closely veiled, in the car with ourselves. She was dressed in the purest white, wore gold bracelets, and evidently belonged to the higher circles of society. Her figure was delicate but well developed, and exquisitely symmetrical; and when she occasionally drew aside her richly embroidered veil, the glimpses of the features which the beholder obtained, satisfied him of her extreme loveliness. Beside her sat a gentleman in deep mourning, who watched over her with unusual solicitude, and several times when she attempted to rise, he excited the curiosity of all the passengers by detaining her in her seat.

Outside the car all was confusion, passengers looking to baggage, porters running, cabmen cursing, and all the usual hurry and bustle attending the departure of a train. One shrill warning whistle from the huge engine, and we moved slowly away.

At the first motion of the car, the lady in white started to her feet with one heart-rending scream, and her bonnet off, disclosed the most lovely features we ever contemplated. Her raven tresses fell over her shoulders in graceful disorder, and clasping her hands in prayer, she turned her dark eyes to heaven! What agony was in that look!—what beauty, too, what heavenly beauty, had not so much misery been stamped upon it. Alas! that one glance told a melancholy tale.

——She was changed,
As by the sickness of a soul; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes,
They had not their own lustre, but the look
which is not of earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of other's sight, were familiar to her."

Her brother, the gentleman in black, was unremitting in his efforts to soothe her spirit. He led her back to her seat; but her hair was still unbound, and her beauty unveiled. The cars rattled on, and the passengers in groups resumed their conversation. Suddenly a wild melody arose; it was the beautiful maniac's voice, rich, full, and inimitable. Her hands were crossed on her bosom, and she waved her body as she sung with touching pathos:

"She is far from the land where her young hero [sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

"She sings the wild songs of his dear native plains;
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking."

Her brother was unmanned, and he wept as only men can weep. The air changed, and she continued:

"Has sorrow thy younger days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet?
If thus the unkind world wither
Each feeling that once was dear;
Come, child of misfortune, come hither—

She then sang a fragment of the beautiful hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

Another attempt to rise up was prevented, and she threw herself on her knees beside her brother, and gave him such a mournful, entreating look, with a plaintive, "Save me, my brother! save your sister," that scarcely a passenger could refrain from weeping. Again the poor benighted beauty raised her bewitching voice to one of the most solemn, sacred airs:

Oh, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul."

She continued her melancholy chant until we reached the steamer Mount Vernon, on board of which we descended the magnificent James River, the unhappy brother and sister occupying the 'ladies' cabin.' His was a sorrow too profound for ordinary consolation, and no one dared intrude so far upon his grief as to satisfy his curiosity.

We were standing on the promenade deck, admiring the beautiful scenery of the river, when at one of the landings, the small boat pulled away for the shore with the unhappy pair, en route for the asylum at ——. She was standing erect in the stern of the boat, her head still uncovered, and her white dress and raven tresses fluttering in the breeze. The boat returned, and the steamer moved on for Norfolk.—They were gone! that brother with his broken heart, that sister with her melancholy union of beauty and madness.—*Charleston Courier.*

The Bargain for a Wife.

A young Norfolk farmer, on beginning life with a limited capital, found that two things were wanting to do justice to a large farm which he had rented on a long lease—namely a wife to rule the house at home, and a thousand additional pounds to invest upon the land. Like a sagacious man, he conceived that the two might be found combined, and he began to look about for a cheerful lass with a dowry to the desired amount. Accident threw him one day into company with the parson of a neighboring parish, with whom, as he rode home while returning from market, he fell into conversation.—Encouraged by the divine, the youth unburdened himself of his cares and plans, and mentioned the desire he had for marrying as soon as he could find an agreeable lass with a moderate dowry.

"I'll tell you what," said the parson, "I've got three daughters, and very nice girls they are, I assure you. Suppose you come and dine with me next market day—you will meet them at the table; and if any of them should prove to be the 'inevitable she' that you are in search of, I shall not be backward in doing my part as far as I can.

"Agreed," said the youth. "I'll come as sure as you're alive, if you'll say nothing about it to the ladies."

"That shall be a bargain. On Saturday next, then, we shall have you at dinner, at five." And here their roads diverging, the two gentlemen separated.

At the appointed hour on the following Saturday, the young farmer, in handsome trim, descended from his galloway at the parson's door. Dinner was served a few minutes after, and the young ladies, with their mother, graced the table with their presence. All three fully justified the encomiums of their father, but the youngest—a rosy faced, roguish, cheerful lass, just escaped from her teens—alone made a vivid impression upon the young farmer. The repast progressed agreeably, and when ended, the ladies withdrew, leaving the two gentlemen to chat over the wine.

"Well," said the host, "what do you think of my girls?"

"I think them all charming," said the youth; "but the youngest—you call her Nelly—really is most bewitching, and clever too; and if I am to have the honor of being allied to you, you must give me her."

"That is against the rule," returned the host: "to take the youngest first, but, of course, I cannot control your choice.—What dowry do you expect?"

"My capital," said the wooer, "is three thousand pounds, and I want a thousand pounds more—and must have it."

"I will give you a thousand with the eldest girl."

"No; the charming Nelly and the thousand, or I am off."

"That cannot be; five hundred with Nelly if you like. The others are not half so handsome, and must have a fortune, or I shall never get them off."

"No; my resolution is fixed," replied the young gentleman; and I shall not alter my mind."

"Nor I mine," said the parson, "and the affair is at an end; but we will be good friends notwithstanding."

The conversation, which each speaker supposed to be strictly private, now fell into another channel. The ladies returned with the tea urn, and chatted unreservedly with the farmer. Evening came on, and towards sunset, the girls having strolled into the garden, the youth rose to take his leave. He found his nag in the stable, and having bid farewell to his host, took his way through the shrubbery that led to the road. He was about alighting to open the gate, when the rosy faced Nelly darted forward to save him the trouble. As she lifted the latch, she archly looked up into his face and said,

"Can't you take my father's money?"

"Yes, by Jove I will, if you wish it."

"Then come over to the church to-morrow morning, and tell him so after service;" and she vanished like an elfin sprite among the shrubbery.

Musing on the proverb which says, "walls have ears," the young farmer rode home. He did not fail—how could he?—of attending at the church the next morning, and after the sermon declared to the parson his altered resolution. He married the fair Nelly three months afterward; and she brought in due course of years a row of goodly sons, than whom there are few at the present hour wiser in their generation, or more worthy, or more wealthy in the whole of broad England.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Woman's Beauty.

"Is it true," asks a lady correspondent of the London *Leader*, "that women stand over the fumes of charcoal to make their eyes more bright?" And she adds:

Opium gives an unusual distension to the pupil of the eye; but the effect is not permanent, and, after repeating that dangerous experiment a few times, the effect ceases altogether. Rouge gives lustre to the eye—but unhappily rouge itself is discernible, and its moral effect on the beholder is dangerous.

Rowland gives the following receipt for long eye-brows and eye-lashes:

In Circassia, Georgia, Persia and India, one of the mother's earliest cares is to promote the growth of her children's eye-lashes, by tipping and removing the fine gossamer-like points with a pair of scissors, when they are asleep. By repeating this every month or six weeks, they become, in time, long, close, finely curved, and of a silky gloss. The practice never fails to produce the desired effect, and it is particularly useful when, owing to inflammation of the eyes, the lashes have been thinned or stunted.

It is astonishing how "toddy" promotes independence. A philosophical old "brick," who was living, a short time since, in a very *spirited* manner, was advised in a friendly way, to economise, "flour was going up." "Let it go up!" said old bottle-nose, "I kin get as high as flour kin—any day."

Louis Napoleon and the Sultan.

The past history of families of Louis Napoleon and the Sultan of Turkey is full of interesting and marvelous incidents; some of which are, probly, not generally known to our readers.

These two monarchs, now cordially united in the struggle to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, are both grandsons of American ladies. These ladies were born and reared in the same neighborhood, on the island of Martinique, one of the West Indies. They were of French origin, and companions and intimate friends in childhood and youth.—They were Josephine Tascher and a Miss S——.

The history of Josephine is generally known. She went to France, and was married to M. de Beauharnais, by whom she had one son, Eugene, and a daughter, Hortense. Sometime after the death of Beauharnais, Josephine was married to Napoleon Bonaparte, and became Empress of France. Her daughter, Hortense, was married to Joseph Bonparte, then King of Holland, and the present Emperor of France is her son by that marriage.

Miss S. quitted the land of Martinique sometime before her friend. But the vessel that was carrying her to France was attacked and taken by the Algerine Corsairs, and the crew and passengers made prisoners. But this Corsair ship was in turn attacked and pillaged by Tunis pirates, and Miss S. was carried by them to Constantinople, and offered for sale as a slave. Her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments found her a purchaser in the Sultan himself; and she soon became the chief lady of Seraglio and Sultaness of Turkey. Mahmoud II was her son, and the present Sultan, Abdul-Medjid, is the son of Mahmoud.

Thus the two sovereigns who now occupy so large a space in the world's eye are grandsons of two American Creole girls, who were playmates in their youth, and were as remarkable for their beauty and excellent dispositions, as their varied and singular fortunes.

Both these women in the height of their power, remembered all the friends of their youth, and prided munificently for their welfare. Many of the relatives of the Sultaness left the Island of Martinique, and settled at Constantinople, where their decendents still reide, and enjoy the favor of the Sultan.

The Sultaness died in 1811, the Empress Josephine in 18[illegible], and their grandsons now rule over two wide and powerful empires; and are uniting as friends and allies, upon one of the most momentous and sanguinary struggles in which Europe was ever involved.

The Hours most fatal to Life.

We have ascertained the hour of death in 2,880 instances of all ages, and have arrived at interesting conclusions. We may remark that the population from which the data are derived is a mixed population in every respect, and that the deaths occurred during a period of several years. If the deaths of the 2,880 persons had occurred indifferently at any hour during the 24 years, 120 would have occurred at each hour. But this was by no means the case. There are two hours in which the proportion was remarkably below this, two minima in fact—namely, from midnight to 1 o'clock, when the deaths are 83 per cent. below the average, and from noon to 1 o'clock, when they are 20⅔ per cent. below. From 3 to 6 o'clock, A. M., and from 3 to 7 o'clock, P. M., there is a gradual increase, in the former of 23⅓ per cent. above the average; in the latter of 5⅓ per cent. The maximum of death is from 5 to 6 o'clock A. M., when it is 40 per cent. above the average; the next, during the hour before midnight, when it is 25 per cent. in excess; a third hour of excess is that from 9 to 10 o'clock in the morning, being 17½ per cent. above. From 10 A. M., to 3 P. M., the deaths are less numerous, being 2⅔ per cent. below the average; the hour before noon being the most fatal. From 3 o'clock, P. M., the deaths rise to 5½ per cent. above the average and then fall from that hour to 11 P. M., averaging 6½ per cent. below the mean. During the hours from 9 to 11 o'clock in the evening there is a *minimum* of 5½ per cent. below the average. Thus the least mortality is during the midday hours—namely, from 10 to 4 o'clock; the greatest during early morning hours, from 3 to 6 o'clock. About one-third of the total deaths were children under five years of age, and they show their influence on the latter still more strikingly. At all hours, from 10 o'cock in the morning until midnight, the deaths are at or below the mean; the hours from 4 to 5 P. M., and from 9 to 10 P. M., being *minima*, but the hour after midnight being the lowest *maximum*; at all the hours, from 2 to 10 A. M., the deaths are above the mean, attaining their *maximum* at from 5 to 6 o'clock, A. M., when it is 45½ per cent. above.—*London Quarterly Review.*

The senses of smelling, tasting, and even of feeling or touch, are liable to innumerable causes of deception. It is mentioned in the Museum of Art and Science, that if two fingers of the same hand, being crossed, be placed upon the table, and a marble or pea is rolled between them, the impression will be, if the eyes are closed, that two marbles or peas are touched. If the nose be pinched, and cinamon be tasted, it will taste like a common stick of deal. Many substances loose their flavor when the nostrils are stopped. Nurses, therefore, upon right and scientific principles, stop the noses of children when they give them doses of disagreeable medicine. If the eyes be blindfolded, and butter-milk and claret be alternately tasted, the person tasting them, after a repetition of the process, will be unable to distinguish one from the other.

He was a poetical man who described ladies' lips as "the glowing gateway of beans, pork, sourcrout and potatoes."

The Cashmere Goat has been successfully introduced and bred in South Carolina.

Home Politeness.

Why not be polite? How much does it cost to say "I thank you?" Why not practice it at home? To your husband, your children, your domestics? If a stranger does some little act of courtesy how sweet the smiling acknowledgment. If your husband—oh! it's a matter of course! no need of thanks.

Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your best, very best, and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your "never minds—don't think of it—I don't care at all." If a husband does it, he gets a frown; if a child he is chastised.

Ah! these are little things, say you? They tell mightily on the heart, let us assure you, little as they are.

A gentleman stops at a friend's house, and finds it in confusion. "He don't see anything to apologize for—never thinks of such matters—everything is all right"—cold supper—cold room—crying children—"perfectly comfortable."

Goes home where his wife has been taking care of the sick ones, and working her life almost out. "Don't see why things can't be kept in better order—there never were such cross children before." No apologies except away from home?—Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely the golden coin of courtesy?—How sweet they sound, those little words, "I thank you," or, "you are very kind." Doubly, yes, thrice sweet from the lips we love, when the heart smiles make the eye sparkle with the clear light of affection.

Be polite to your children.—Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare? To grow glad at your approach? To bound away to do your pleasure before your request is half spoken? Then, with all your dignity and authority mingle politeness. Give it a high in your household temple. Only then will you have the true secret of sending out into the world really finished gentlemen and ladies!

Again we say unto all—be polite.

The Families of Poets.

It is impossible to contemplate the early death of Byron's first child, without reflecting sadly on the fates of the families of our greatest poets.

Shakspeare and Milton each died with out a son, but both left daughters, and both are now extinct.

Addison had only one child—a daughter—a girl of some five or six years old at her father's death. She died unmarried, at the age of eighty years or more.

Farquhar left two girls dependent on the friendship of his friends—Wilkins the actor—who stood nobly by them while he lived. They had a small pension from the government; and having outlived their father, and seen his reputation unalterably established, both die unmarried.

The son and daughter of Coleridge both died childless.

The two sons of Walter Scott without children—one of the two daughters died unmarried, and the Scotts are now represented without a daughter. How little could Scott foresee the failure of male issue.

The poet of the "Fairy Queen" lost a child when very young, by fire, when the rebels burned his house in Ireland.

Some of the poets had sons and no daughters.

Thus we read of Chaucer's son—Dryden's son,—of the sons of Burns—of Allen Ramsay's son,—of Dr. Young's son—of Campbell's son—of Moore's son—and of Shelly's son.

Ben Johnson survived all his children.

Some—and those among the greatest, died unmarried: Butler, Colwey, Congreve, Otway, Prior, Gray, Thompson, Cowper, Akenside, Collins, Gay, Goldsmith; Mr Rogers still lives—single.—Some were unfortunate in their sons in a sadder way than death could make them.—*Athenæum.*

A slight Error.

A French exchange contains the following anecdote, which we translate, as it may show that gentlemen of Hibernian extraction are not alone addicted to amusing mistakes:

A gentleman of Donat was going out in his carriage to make some calls, with his wife, when he discovered that he had left his visiting cards. He ordered his footman, recently come into his service, to go to the mantle-piece in his sitting-room and bring the cards he should see there.—The servant did as ordered, retaining the articles to be used as he would be directed, and off started the gentleman, sending in the footman with cards whenever "non-at-homes" occurred. As these were quite numerous he turned to his servant with the question: "How many cards have you left?"

"Well, sir," said the footman very innocently, "there's the king of spades, the six of hearts, and the ace of clubs!"

The poor fellow had taken the wrong "documents."—*Northern Gazette.*

To Compute Interest.

A correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* communicates the following simple plan for computing interest at six per cent, per annum for any number of days, which he learned, he says, twelve years ago:

"Divide the number of days by six, and multiply the dollars by the dividend, the result is the interest in decimals; cut off the right hand figure, and you have it dollars and cents—thus:—What is the interest on $100 for twenty-one days? 21 divided by six is 3½; 100 multiplied by 3½ is 3,50, or 35 cents. Again: what is the interest on $379 for ninety-three days? 93—6—15½; 379 x 15½—5,859 or $5 85 9-10. Let bookkeepers try this rule, and they will find that it is no humbug.

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak?" said a loafer to a gentleman.

"Why, they are in a weak place," returned the latter."

Love Story.

The New York Spirit of the Times produces the following love story:

He struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same
To prevent him, a bold and undaunted;
But, as smited by lightning, he heard her exclaim,
"Avaunt, sir!" and off he avaunted.

But when he returned, with the *fiendlishest* laugh,
Showing clearly that he was affronted,
And threatened by main force to carry her off—
She cried, "don't!" and the poor fellow doneed.

When he meekly approached, and goes down at her feet,
Praying loud as before he had ranted,
That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet,
And said "can't you?"—the dear girl re-canted.

When softly he whispered—"How could you do so?"
I certainly thought I was jilted;
But come then with me, to the parson, we'll go—
Say! will thou, my dear?" and she willed.

Then gaily he took her to see her new home—
A shanty by no means enchanted—
"See, here we can live with no longing to roam,"
He said. "Shan't we, my dear?" So they shantied.

Tomatoes and Lima Beans.

During the early part of the growth of either of these crops, the surface of the soil should be frequently disturbed.—When tomatoes have set their fruit, they should be shortened, in and it may be deferred until the largest of the fruits is of half size, when it may be readily observed that 90 per cent. of the fruit is within 18 inches of the ground, while 90 per cent. of the vine or bush is beyond that distance. The vine, therefore, should be trimmed in within half an inch of the tomato, nearest the end of each; this will admit sun and air freely, and although 10 per cent. of the tomatoes that might have grown will be taken away, still the remaining portion will be greater in weight and pressure, than if the vine had not been shortened-in. Tomatoes are also several days earlier by this treatment, and therefore bring a much higher price in the market.

Lima bean vines are usually suffered to wind themselves round a pole twelve or sixteen feet high, and before the vine reaches the top of the pole, some beans are already of a size to be pulled near the bottom. Lima beans should be pinched off when five feet and a half high, and they will readily throw outside shoots, well filled with pods, which will ripen before frost, whereas, when not shortened in, the beans on the upper ends of the vines cannot perfect themselves in time to be saved. It is unfair to expect a gill of sap to travel through forty feet of vine, wrapped around a pole, and make a perfect bean at the end of it. The immense amount of imperfect and half formed vines through which it has to travel, causes too great an evaporation of moisture, before arriving at its point of destination. The Lima bean, with us is an exotic, and its behaviour during growth is very different from its habit when native, and, therefore, the mode of cultivation, as with the peach, tomato, &c., must compensate for these differences.—*Working Farmer.*

A Frenchman was particularly anxious to pronounce and converse in English correctly. Having consulted the dictionary to find the meaning of the word press, and finding that it signified squeeze, he one evening, in the presence of a large company, desired the master of the house to "squeeze one of the young ladies to sing."

He had also heard one of the servants, when desired by his fellow servant to assist in some particular job, excuse himself by saying that he had "other fish to fry." He treasured the observation with much care, until an opportunity occurred of availing himself of it; when a friend asking him to take walk, he replied.—"No, sare, I cannot vaik; I must go and fry some fish."

THE CHINESE EMPEROR'S REASON FOR TAKING A WIFE.—"Absorbed day and night by the vast occupation Heaven has entrusted to me," says the Emperor in a public document, "I have need of an assistant actuated by the same spirit as myself." Nin-lon-reu, the lady he proposes to raise to this high position, is a lady of honorable extraction, who is highly esteemed in the palace, where her exemplary character is shown by the exactness with which she performs her domestic duties, not even shrinking from *washing either fine or course linen with her own hands.* She is therefore to be in the Imperial costume, and to be at the head of the ladies of the six pavilions.

The following good one is from a Western exchange:

When Satan couldn't climb the wall
Of Paradise, to peep in,
He got a snake with forked tongue
Beneath the gate to creep in.

So when Nebraska's virgin soil
His scaly track he'd leave in,
"Who'll be my reptile now?" he cries;
"Lo! hear me I," says Stephen.

THE CZAR'S IDEA OF AN ANGEL.—Nicholas has called his brother-in-law, the King of Prussia, "an angel of peace."—An angel—after the Russian view—has of course, two wings—one of infantry and one of artillery.—*Punch.*

"Gently the *dews* are o'er me stealing," as the fellow said when he had five due bills presented to him at one time.

"What monsters those cotton mills must be" said Mrs. Partington, "I'm told that one of 'em has more than twenty hands!"

A nose gay is easily obtained. Four brandy toddies per day, for a couple of months, will put you in the way of one that will astonish all your friends.

An old hunter says the woodcock in New Jersey, have built their nests in low, moist places, and predicts a dry summer.

A loving heart encloses within itself an unfading and eternal Eden. Hope is like a bad clock, forever striking the hour of happiness, whether it has come or not.

Another Indian Massacre in Texas.

On the 2d instant, the Government train of Major Chapman, in charge of a number of men, was attacked five miles from Fort Ewell, by twenty mounted and well-armed Indians, who killed and scalped Mr. McIntosh, the wagon master, and five others. Several others are missing, and were probably taken prisoners. All the mules and horses—about 100—connected with the train were taken and the wagons completely destroyed, with their contents, valued in all at some twenty or thirty thousand dollars. The train consisted of 14 wagons and the same number of teamsters, without arms, and only five of the men, all wounded, had returned to Fort Ewell. The commanding officer, a lieutenant, although sick in bed at the time, on hearing the report, ordered out five different parties of riflemen—one of twenty men, under command of an officer, and four parties of ten, each under command of a sergeant; with each of the latter also went one of the return teamsters as guides. As the Indians had only about two hours the start, it is probable they will stand a pretty hard chance of getting away. The citizens on the borders were in a state of great alarm, and are demanding of the General Government and the State to send a strong force to their aid. The San Antonio Texan recommends the settlers to abandon the frontiers and come to that town for protection. At last accounts, there were only ten or fifteen soldiers and two officers left at Fort Ewell.

Horrid Murder.

A horrid murder was committed in Carlisle, late on Saturday night, by Ephraim McMurray, who stabbed John Kennedy Dunbar in the abdomen, killing him almost instantly. McMurray was arrested on the spot, and after an examination of the body by a coroner's jury, he was committed to await a further investigation of the matter.

The facts of the case as near as we can gather them are as follows:—McMurray was standing on the corner of the street with a friend, listening to a party who were serenading, when Dunbar and a number of his companions came up, and a disturbance took place between the parties. Dunbar, who was much the larger of the two, knocked McMurray down several times, when McMurray drew a knife and inflicted the wound on Dunbar that led to his death. McMurray was brought to town on Sunday evening, and confined in the Dauphin county jail, there to await his trial at the next Cumberland county Court, which takes place in August next. The whole of this dreadful tragedy can be traced to the effects of rum.—*Harrisburg Item.*

CUT NAILS.—There has recently been invented and but into practical operation in Troy, a new machine for making cut nails, the peculiarity of which is that it is self-feeding, and will manufacture in a given time nearly, if not quite, as many again nails as any other known process, and that one man, (as it is claimed,) with the assistance of a boy, will operate ten machines. There is also a great saving in iron, there being a waste of only about a quarter of an inch in ten feet, which is the length of the pieces of iron placed in the machine at a time. It has been shown that one machine will manufacture from 300 to 350 nails per minute, all of which are perfect in form and finish.

A MODEL STATE.—The Rutland (Vermont) Herald says:—"There is but one city in Vermont, and not one soldier. We have no theatres or mobs. We have no police, and not a murder has been committed within this State for the last ten years. We have no museums, opera houses, nor crystal palaces, but we have homes that are the centre of the world to its inmates, for which the father works, votes and talks—where the mother controls, educates, labors, and loves, where she rears men, scholars, and patriots."

THE FIRST FRUIT OF WAR.—A letter from the Rev. Wm. G. Shauffler, of Constantinople, draws a melancholy picture of the distress which the Eastern war has already occasioned among the poorer classes of Constantinople. He says that there is no commerce, no business going on, but little money to be seen, and thousands of human beings are dying of hunger, thirst, nakedness and disease. Rats and mice are eaten by many to allay the cravings of hunger, and people who but a few months since were comparatively rich in worldly goods, now beg for bread.

CAUTION TO WHISKEY DRINKERS.—Three persons in Zanesville, Ohio, one evening, a few weeks ago, bought some whiskey, and were all found dead on Mondy morning. Some of the whiskey that remained was analyzed, and found to contain a large portion of strychnine—which deadly poison is said to be used by distillers, in order to increase the yield.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—The Allentown Democrat says, that during a thunder storm last Thursday, the whole atmosphere was filled with myriads of animalculæ, from the size of a pin's head, to the length of an eighth of an inch. The office window was nearly darkened with them, and they are said to be the weevel or wheat lice, which destroy whole fields of grain, before they are reaped.

☞Mr. Edmondson, in M'Cracken county, Ky., on sitting down to breakfast, discovering the biscuit of an unusual color, called his cook and requested her to eat one of them, which she did very reluctantly, and died in 15 minutes afterwards, from the effects of the poison she intended for her master and mistress.

MODEST.—A person signing himself "Less than the Least," has sent twenty-five thousand dollars to a society in London, for propagating the Bible in China.

☞Why is new bread like a cutterpillar? Because it is the grub which makes the butter fly.

There are in Canada thirty-five thousand fugitive slaves, who are represented as in a very flourishing condition just now, owing to the high prices paid for labor on the lines of railway building in the Provinces. In the town of Chatham alone there are seven hundred and thirty fugitives, who are rapidly acquiring property in land. In the new abolition town of Buxton, there are one hundred and thirty families of colored people—escaped slaves—who own a tract of nine thousand acres of land. The whole amount of land in Canada West owned by the fugitives is stated to be twenty-five thousand acres.

A new conundrum—"Why is a lemon like an old maid who had been pretty?" Because it was made to be *squeezed* and wash'd.

Sterne's Uncle Toby says that one of the tricks of women is to pretend that they have accidentally got something in their eye, and induce a man to look into it; and he says the man is sure gone if he looks there for that something.

The worst feature in a man's face is his nose—when stuck in other people's business.

The prettiest lining for a bonnet is a sweet face!