

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

"FEARLESS AND FREE"

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXVI

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 6, 1866.

NUMBER 17.

THE DINNER PARTY.

The Rev. Mr. W. was an officiating clergyman, who had charge of a little flock in the State of Massachusetts. He was possessed of an excellent temper, generous feelings, and a cultivated mind; but he was eccentric even to oddity. He was a powerful speaker, and his ministrations were blessed to the conversion of many souls. At the age of thirty-four, he became convinced that it was not "good for man to be alone;" and for the purpose of bettering his condition, he made provisions to marry B. — a beautiful, light-hearted girl of seventeen, daughter of one of his wealthiest parishioners, and who imagined that to refuse the hand of the minister would be a sin bordering upon the unpardonable. In due time the marriage was consummated, the bride's snug portion paid, and the happy husband, as husbands in their first love are apt to do, gave up to the honor of his wife, and accompanied her to several festive parties given by his wealthy neighbors in honor of his marriage.

One evening toward spring, the happy couple were sitting together in their comfortable parlor, the reverend gentleman deeply buried in the study of the venerable Bible, and his wife equally intent upon a plate of fashions, when she suddenly looked up with a mingled expression of hope and fear, and thus addressed her companion.

"My dear husband, I have one request to make."

"Well, Mary, anything consistent."

"You do not imagine that I would make an inconsistent request, surely?"

"No, not a request that you would consider inconsistent. But come, what is it?"

"Why, my dear, and her voice trembled a little, "we have been to several parties among the neighboring gentry this winter, and now, I think, that to maintain our position in society, we should give a party also."

The minister looked blank.

"What sort of a party, Mary?" he at length said.

"Why," she replied, "such a party as those we have attended. We must have an elegant dinner, and dancing after it."

"Dancing in a minister's house!" exclaimed Mr. W., in surprise.

"Why, yes, certainly," replied his wife, coaxingly. "You will not dance, the party will be mine, and then, we have been to similar parties all winter."

"I am, true," he muttered, with a perplexed air, and sat silent for some time.

"At length he said, "Yes, Mary, you may make a party, give a dinner, and, if the guests desire it, you may dance."

"Thank you, love, thank you," cried his delighted wife, throwing her arms around his neck, and imprinting a kiss upon his cheek.

"But I have some stipulations to make about it," said Mr. W. "I must select and invite the guests, and you must allow me to place some of my favorite dishes on the table."

"As you please, love," she answered delightfully, "but when shall it be?"

"Next Wednesday, if you please."

"But our furniture and window draperies are very old-fashioned. It is now time we had new."

"I should think it hardly necessary to refurbish our rooms, Mary. All our furniture is excellent of its kind."

"But our smooth carpets, white draperies, and cane chairs, have such a cold look. Do you consent to have the rooms newly fitted; we can move these things to the unfinished chambers."

"And of what use will they be in those rooms which we never occupy? Besides, it is now nearly spring, and to fit up for winter seems superfluous."

"Well, I would not care," she persisted. "were it not that people will call us parsimonious and ungrateful."

"Oh, if that is all," he said, grily, "I promise to spend one thousand dollars on the evening of the party; not in furniture, however, but in a manner far more gratifying to our guests, and profitable to ourselves, and which shall exonerate us from all imputation of parsimony, and you may expend in dress, eatables, and dessert, just what you see please, and do not forget the wines."

word and deed, you will become respectable members of society."

"To Dr. M. — he said: "You, under God, I owe my life. I did not know your locality, neither had I heard of your misfortune, until a few days since. I can never repay the debt I owe you; but if you and your daughter will accept the neatly furnished house adjoining mine, I will see that you never want again."

"You, Mr. Brown, are my father in the Lord. Under your preaching I first became convinced of sin, and it was your voice that brought me the words of salvation. You will remain in my house. I have a pious servant to attend you. It is time that you were at peace, and your excellent lady relieved of her heavy burden."

The crippled preacher fell prostrate on the floor, and poured out such thanksgiving and prayer as found way to the heart of Mrs. W. — who ultimately became a meek and devout woman—a fit helpmate for a Gospel minister. And strange to say, she dates her conversion from the day of that comical, but not unprofitable, dinner party.—National Era.

Spring.

A good anecdote well told, some years ago of a polite Southerner, an accomplished and kind hearted gentleman:

On one occasion he had been driving hard from morning till night, over the rough roads in the neighborhood of Columbia, S. C., sighted at the only comfortable looking tavern in the place, very hungry and very tired.

Sticking his eye glass to his eye—his constant companion, he being very near-sighted—he demanded a roast fowl, some good wine, and a comfortable room for the night.

"The landlord was very sorry, but he couldn't give him a comfortable room—the only place he could have to sleep in was a double-bedded room with another gentleman."

"Very well; let us have the best you've got. No man can do more than that, sir."

After discussing his supper, he sought his chambers; turned in, and went to sleep. His slumbers were destined to be of very short duration. Before long he was awakened by a call from the other bed, "sir!"

"Bless my soul!" cried D.—thrusting his glass to his eye, and endeavoring to peer through the dark—"what's the matter, my dear sir? is the house on fire, or are there bugs in your bed?"

"Neither, sir; but, my dear sir, you snore so terribly that I cannot sleep, sir. It is most terrific, sir."

"Bless my heart, my dear sir, I am shocked that I should have been so rude as to snore in a gentleman's presence, and be a stranger to me. I ask your pardon, sir, and beg you'll overlook it. It wasn't intentional, I assure you."

"The apology was accepted, a "good night" exchanged, and both parties went to sleep again.

It was not long, however, before a rumbling sound was heard from the polite gentleman's bed, every moment growing louder, until at last it ended in a thunderous diapason. The other lodger craved almost to madness, started up and exclaimed—

"O gracious! this is too much! I can't stand it! say, sir! Sir! Sir! Sir! wake up, sir!"

"Bless my soul! I tell you, what the matter now is, is that the offender, starting up in bed? you seem to be very restless, sir."

"Restless! I believe you!" said the disturbed gentleman; "you've been snoring, sir, worse than ever, and I cannot get to sleep."

"You don't say so! Have I been repeating my rudeness to a stranger? I am really extremely sorry, my dear sir, but I was really asleep. Good night—good night—very sorry—sorry—sorry—"

And off he tumbled again, and in five minutes began snoring as loudly as ever, until he was again awakened by his roommate's complaints.

"Snoring again, have I, sir!" said the unconsenting offender. "Well, the fact is, I have had a hard day's journey and eaten a hearty supper—and if I snore, Sir, I can't help it. I have apologized twice and that is sufficient. I am about to go to sleep again; but allow me to inform you, Sir, that if you wake me up again, snoring or not snoring, Sir, I shall proceed to get up and give you the soundest thrashing you ever had in the whole course of your life! Good night, Sir!"

His slumbers were undisturbed for the rest of that night.

ALONE AT THE JUDGMENT.

At that solemn tribunal, each man will be transparent before the searching eye of the Son of God, as if that man and Jesus were the only twin in the whole universe: such will be the intense light of that day, that the lost will call out for the hills to cover them, and the mountains to overshade them; that they cannot bear the intensity of that unutterable splendor; and such will be the dead silence of that moment, that each man will hear the pulsation of his own heart, and if that heart be unregenerate, each pulse will sound a death knell to his hopes and prospects for ever. There is no escape in the crowd; there is no escape any way; for "how if we neglect our great salvation," says the apostle, as satisfied that there is no escape whatever, "shall we escape?"—Dr. CUMMINGS.

CAN A STATE GET DRUNK?

In the following item from the Boston Post it would seem that the "State," as represented, must have been in a state of intoxication: A few years ago the State Attorney of a northern county in Vermont, and through a man of great legal ability, was found of the bottle. On one occasion an important criminal case was called by the clerk, but the attorney was called by the judge, and he, in fact, not fairly able to stand on his feet. "Mr. Attorney, is the State ready to proceed?" "Mr. Attorney, "Yes—hic—no—your honor." The judge,ammered the lawyer, "the State is not in a state to try this case to-day; the State your honor is—drunk!"

Impressions of France.

We extract from a recent letter of Mr. Greeley, the following paragraphs on France:

France has more arable soil than almost any other country of equal extent, and it is very generally and laboriously though not thoroughly efficiently cultivated. Naturally fertile, it owes little to subsequent applications; not one acre in a thousand is under-drained or subsoiled; and while England has brought millions of dollars' worth of impotent fertilizers within the last thirty years, half a million would pay for all the guano, bones, &c., imported into France. Throughout this country you pass miles after miles of growing grain or vegetables which promised fair to middling crops; I never yet observed a French acre that promised a luxuriant or great one. The rigorous division of a decemal's real estate among his heirs, which a fundamental law of the Republic decreed, and which subsequent monarchy has dared to repeal, exerts a salutary influence in mitigating destitution and diminishing beggary, but it does not tend to raise French Agriculture above the state of mediocrity into which it seems to have been hopelessly plunged. The dying peasant's acre must be divided among his four or five children, who must cultivate their several portions with spade and hoe only; no fertilizers can be bought by the impoverished owners; no animals employed; her thin soil, slowly and shallowly turned over by the rude exertion of human muscle, is sown, siled and harvested in the same rude, slow fashion, and the sheaves born on human shoulders to the distant threshing floor. All is clumsy, feeble, inefficient, and I judge that the gross product of the human labor of France is less than a bushel of grain per day. Subtract from this the enormous aggregate expended for the support of Government, with its million functionaries, salaried priests, and seven hundred thousand janizaries, and it is plain that the subsistence of its nominal freeholders cultivators must be scanty indeed. I doubt that the peasant laborers of England who own no land at all, but live upon the scanty wages accorded them by the tenant farmers, are worse lodged and fed than the millions of rural freholders in France who own and cultivate less than an acre each. It is not surprising, to see steep hillsides laboriously tilled from year to year when tillage is certain to wash and exhaust them; the expense of their cultivators is a noble, a beautiful idea; but the division of an acre among a half a dozen heirs of the late cultivator, now deceased, is not a happy illustration of it. Practically it is found that the petty holdings are split up while the large estates are held intact through several generations and even increased. Many beautiful mansions of illustration that the fine estate of Lalayette, (La Grange), comprising a fine chateau and 700 acres of good land in the heart of France, near this city, is now in the market, his son being dead and the property not well adapted to a particular use or the heirs. Were it but one acre or so, each heir would insist on having and holding his share of it.

France, though rich and in silver, is essentially a poor country—that is to say, the great mass of her people are poor.—Labor is so well paid for what it actually accomplishes. There are millions of Frenchmen who earn less than a franc per day when they work, and cannot get work at any price during a good part of each year. Of course there are the more ignorant and ill-placed as well as the inefficient; but two francs (forty cents) per day for the men and half as much for the women are annually produced in the country; yet her people are closely clad she largely grows and manufactures Silks yet the great majority of her population, and even of her silk-producers, cannot afford to wear them: she exports rare and costly furniture to the ends of the earth, yet the homes of the great mass of her people contain only a few rudo and clumsy articles, inferior in cost and convenience to the contents of our newest log-cabins; but she produces also vast quantities of Wine, and of this, though much of the best is exported, a far larger quantity is consumed on her own soil. The Poor seldom possess elegant Furniture nor costly Fabrics; but few Frenchmen are so poor as not to drink Wine.

The day laborer, whose entire subsistence must be eeked out of less than eighty dollars a year in a country where the cost of food is usually twice as high as in America, washes down his dinner of Cry bread with half a pint of red liquid which has the smell of weak vinegar and the name of wine—vin ordinaire they call it, and very ordinary I judge it must be. The work girl living on her hard earned franc a day in her miserable Parisian garret, buys bread and shelter with her wages; while her youth and comeliness endure, she wins clothes and finery, balls and wines, in another manner, less creditable, and more ruinous. Wine, wine! In the Provinces, the vine is the leading staple of agriculture; in the cities wine is the great basis of commerce. I estimate that "March and de Vine" is written over the door of one fourth of all the places of trade in Paris; certainly there is no other sign half so common as this. I may exaggerate in judging that one-fourth of the cultivated land in France and an equal proportion of the rural labor are devoted to the Vine; but the proportion is so great as to seem incredible in a country like ours.

The American Bald Eagle

The editor of the American Agriculturist has a well written article in the last number of that journal on the Natural History of the American white head or Bald Eagle, in the course of which he relates an encounter he had with a bird of this kind, the particulars of which we annex:

When about eighteen years old, spending some time in the vicinity of one of the great lakes, one fine May morning, we went with a companion down to the shore where a fisherman had put up a shanty, and with his wife and infant child, had taken up their summer residence. On our way down, and about a hundred rods from the water, in the topmost branches of an enormous oak, we spied an eagle's nest, and as the old eagle was wheeling about it, we concluded the nest had either eggs or young within it, and which of the two we soon determined to ascertain. As our companion was a middle-aged man, and had a special taste for climbing, the adventure was left for me alone. The tree towards which the nest was built had no limbs for thirty feet or more from the ground, but, fortunately, a smaller tree near it had been felled, and its top had lodged midway among the branches of the oak. Ascending the fallen tree, I soon reached the oak, and catching the huge limbs above me, I swung up one after another until I stood on one a few feet beneath the trio of branches on which the nest lay. During my ascent one of the eagles, with vociferous cries, often wheeled within a dozen feet of my head; but, like other youngsters, as I had at that time quite as much courage as a condor, I stood in little danger of an attack. Well posted on a strong limb, with a near branch to hold on by, I looked into the nest. It was built of strong, heavy sticks, laid cross-wise, perhaps two feet in thickness from bottom to top, and four or five feet wide on the surface, covered with long, dry grass, and leaves. About midway on the nest lay two young eagles, one somewhat larger than the other, about the size of half grown goslings, and covered with the same sort of down, in color and appearance. Close by them lay two or three dead fish, half covered with blue bottle-flies, and giving off an intolerable stench. With a stick, which I drew out of the lower part of the nest, I tried to poke one of the young towards me; but they turned up their claws in defiance, with a sort of hiss, and edged further away. During this time one of the old eagles had left the premises altogether, while the other still kept wheeling and diving round, but approached no nearer than a few feet of me. After a while my continued poking of the young ones exasperated one of them, that he seized my stick so firmly with his claws that I drew him within reach. Determined to hold divided empire with the old eagle in the possession of their young, the next process was to get the bird to the ground without damage, as I had no sack or basket in which to deposit and let him saunter down; but like other youngsters, who are seldom at a loss for expedients in war, a plan was soon invented. Taking off my hat, coat and vest, and laying them on an adjacent limb, my shirt was rapidly drawn over my head, the sleeves tied together at the wrists, and thrown over my neck, the skirts bound into a knot, thus making a sack, and the open collar and bosom forming its mouth. In this *amorce receptacle* or *bellicose* "Young America" was rapidly thrust, my outer garments replaced, and flushed with victory I tripped a decent down the tree. No triumphant plauder ever felt poorer than I felt on that occasion. I was a Highlander in Rob Roy, I could sing:

"The eagle, we had lord above,
And Rob was lord of all below!"

I took the eagle down to the fisherman's hut, and after spending an hour or two, began to consider what to do with the young ruffian I had so wantonly caught, for I had neither a suitable place nor provisions on which to keep him, and wisely concluding that the *second*, if not the better part of valor was discretion, I gave him to the owner of the hut for his own pastime.

I saw no more of the eagle for some weeks, when I again visited the fisherman, and found the young, tawny-looking thing an enormous bird, longing about the door, and grown stout and saucy from generous treatment and the fish garbage on which he had been profusely fed. The next report I heard from the young savage, few weeks since, was near being a tragic one. The wife of the fisherman having occasion one day to go to the shore, a few rods distant, after a bucket of water, while there she heard a scream from her child, which in her caution she had placed upon the bed when she left the room. Rushing back, she found the child prostrate on the floor, screaming in terror, and agony, the eagle on its breast, with one claw transfixed into its face, and the other, as she approached, turned up, with open beak, in defiance at the mother's approach. With the quick energy of a woman in extremity, she struck the eagle off with her foot, and caught up the child, its face badly cut and bleeding, and deposited it at once in a place of safety. This done, an axe lay at the door, and that eagle died probably as a result of a death as ever misfeasor did on execution of any sort whatever. The little sufferer, after a few weeks' careful nursing, recovered of its wound, but with a lasting scar on its temple.

That was the first and the last of the eagle that we ever attempted to tame, and long will the bald eagle "stow" over our homestead in his "pride of place," ere we shall seek to disturb his authority.

The quill of the bald eagle is peculiarly hard and elastic, and to those who prefer a quill to a metal pen, like ourselves, we commend their use when they can be obtained. We have long used them.

Truth is beauty—beauty isn't always truth.

General Synod of the Lutheran Church.

This body, which met at Dayton, Ohio, on the 14th ult., closed its labors on the 20th, after an interesting session of one week. Among the measures acted on at the present session, the most important are the following:

The subject of Church Extension was debated at length, and it was resolved to make another effort to raise the fund of \$50,000, originally contemplated by the founders of the Society. Sermons are to be preached in all the Lutheran churches throughout the country, on the 31st of October, the anniversary of the Reformation, and collections are to be taken up. Great confidence was expressed in the ultimate success of the Society.

It was resolved, if possible, to establish a Lutheran Mission in Africa, and the necessary incipient steps were adopted.

The objects of the Lutheran Translation and Publication Society, whose depository is to be located in Philadelphia, were approved, so soon as opportunity shall be afforded to the Executive Board.

The office of General Agent and Corresponding Secretary of the Home Missionary Society was created, and was filled by the election of the Rev. F. W. Conrad, one of the professors in Wittenberg College.

The sums collected and subscribed, at the present meeting of the Synod, for the different societies, chiefly by the citizens of Winchester and delegates in attendance, were as follows:—Foreign Missions, \$454; Home Missions, \$1,000; Parent Education Society, \$1,550—total \$3,004. These are very liberal contributions to be raised on such an occasion. The amounts annually paid to these various objects by the entire church are very large, and are annually augmenting.

A fund for the relief of disabled pastors, and widows and orphans of deceased pastors, has been established, and a board of trustees for its disbursement had been appointed, all located in Philadelphia, to consist of Rev. E. W. Hutter, Rev. B. Keller, Daniel K. Grim, Wm. Anspach, J. Lehman.

Rev. George Diehl, of Frederick, Md., was appointed to deliver the next biennial address before the Historical Society connected with the General Synod—Rev. J. A. Sless, of Baltimore, alternate.

A union of interest, not heretofore existing, has been effected to a gratifying extent between the different theological and collegiate institutions of the Lutheran church, more particularly the college and seminary at Gettysburg, Wittenberg College, at Springfield, Ohio, and Illinois University, at Springfield, Ill.

Rev. W. D. Strobel, of New York, was appointed the delegate to represent this body in the next General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and Rev. F. R. Anspach to represent it in the General Synod of the German Reformed Church.

The General Synod resolved to hold its next biennial meeting, commencing on the second Thursday of the month of May, 1857, in the city of Reading, Berks county, Pa.

A Mammoth Ocean Steamer.

The new steamer *Leviathan*, which is now being constructed in London, promises, when finished, to be the wonder of the age. To grasp the idea of a vessel measuring more than an eighth of a mile in length, with a capacity of twenty thousand tons, and room enough besides for four thousand passengers, with all their luggage, certainly requires some mental effort; but to conceive of such a monster grappling with wind and tide, and triumphantly forcing his way through the mighty billows of the Atlantic, becomes a task quite sufficient to stagger any ordinary intellect, and more than sufficient to exhaust the faith of the most credulous. If the *Leviathan* shall be able to show a full list of passengers for her visit to our shores, it will certainly appear that the people of this day have more confidence in art and science than their ancestors, whom Fulton attempted to "chamberg" with his "foolish invention." But science has achieved so much since the days of Fulton, that any want of faith in the success of this great enterprise would amount to "old fogeyism;" nevertheless, in view of the fact that the sea has a way of knocking to pieces sometimes vessels of all sizes, and leaving no possible way of escape for humanity, a little hesitation in a matter of this kind is pardonable. The engines of the *Leviathan*, although said to be of 2,600 horse power, will in reality be capable of being worked up to 10,000 horse power. The united strength of 10,000 horses would seem to be power enough to move a small sized globe if not such a one as ours, at least an asteroid. It is confidently predicted that, notwithstanding the great length of this steamer, she will be enabled to pass through the water at an average speed, in all weathers, of fifteen knots an hour, and with a smaller power in proportion to tonnage than ordinary vessels now require to make ten knots. The contract speed of most ocean mail steamers is eight knots. A ship of this huge capacity can carry 12,000 tons of coal, quite sufficient, it is said, for her outward and homeward voyages. She will be launched unlike any other ship—broadside on the water, by means of hydraulic power, and early in next spring is expected to make a trip to the United States, and back, in a fortnight.

Sixty feet of Daughters.

In the Half-Century Sermon of Rev. Dr. Bruce, of Newington Connecticut, we find a fact respecting the Edwards family which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere stated.—Speaking of Mr. Backus, one of his predecessors, he says: "His wife was one of ten daughters, every one of whom has been said to be six feet tall—making sixty feet of daughters, and all of them strong in mind—children of Rev. Timothy Edwards, of East Windsor." That man who had sixty feet of daughters, and besides them one son who had more than sixty feet of intellect, must, according to the Psalmist's view of things, have been a very happy man.

Rev. Mr. Boeld, a Catholic priest, was thrown from his horse and killed in Cambria county, Pa., last Tuesday.

Receipts for Floating.

At the warm weather approaches, crowds of persons resort to the river and ponds in the vicinity to bathe, and indulge in sailing and other aquatic sports, by which many careless persons will endanger their lives, as usual. As it may be of some service to those who do not understand how to conduct themselves in the perilous following in water, we re-publish the following directions from the Spirit of the Times:—"Any person being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind the back, and turn the face towards the zenith, may float at ease and in perfect safety in tolerably still water—eye, and sleep there, no matter how long. If, not knowing how to swim, you wish to escape drowning, when you find yourself in deep water, you have only to consider yourself an empty pitcher—let your mouth and nose, not the top of your heavy head, be the highest part of you and you are safe. If you are carrying one of your bony legs and down you go turning up the handle tips over the pitcher. Having had the happiness to prevent one or two from drowning by this simple instruction, we publish it for the benefit of all who either love aquatic sports or dread them."

The Saint Public of Lyons gives the following most strange story:

A Frenchman of a certain number of Englishmen established in this city gave a splendid banquet to a countryman of theirs, a Mr. Arthur Fleming, a rich merchant of London, then at Lyons, and who had just completed a residence of eleven months in the prison of Frankfurt, in which he had been placed after the following circumstances:—About a twelvemonth ago, Mr. Fleming stopped for two days at one of the principal hotels at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, and on the third day, when about to leave, called for his bill, which to his astonishment, amounted to nearly 200 francs. Indignant at this demand, which he considered exorbitant, he tendered one half of it, but the landlord persisted in his demand, and threatened to send his customer to prison, as the law of the place allowed him to do. The Englishman, however, was obstinate. He threatened himself to be arrested and locked up. Although the laws of Frankfurt give this power to creditors, they at the same time impose on them the necessity of supporting their debtors while in prison, and a Frenchman, with his clothes and other articles suitable to him in life. This the hotel keeper was compelled to do in Mr. Fleming's case, and the articles supplied to him, that the former should not find himself minus a sum of nearly 20,000 francs, and being that amount quite unable to expend for his captivity, he ordered the release of his captive. Mr. Fleming, not wishing to triumph over his creditor, immediately on his release gave a sum to the poor of Frankfurt amounting to double that expended by the hotel keeper.

A Gathering of the Clans.

Among other things that have sprung out of the National Baby Show, is an "entertainment" the like of which never has been before. Several gentlemen, it seems, have associated together and subscribed \$100,000, to be expended in getting together a "Congress of Nations," that is to say, living specimens, male and female, of every nation on the habitable globe, all in their native costume, except when they are nude. Great care will be taken in selecting the finest specimens, and when convenient, preference will be given to such persons as play upon some instrument of music.

Such a study was of course never before brought under the eye of mortal man. The Congress of Nations will necessarily include all the various tribes of Indians in the world—Esquimaux, Japanese, Laplanders, Persians, Chinese, Turks, Arabs, Hottentots, Bushmen, Kafirs, all the Asiatics, &c., &c. Some 18 months or more may be required to make the entire collection, but interesting portions of it, it is thought, can be obtained at a much earlier period.

Sale of a Costly Shawl.

The great cashmere shawl—the finest made—was never so seen in America—worth cost \$2,700 at Constantinople, and was imported expressly for Exhibition at the World's Fair, was sold at auction in New York, few days since, for one thousand and twenty-five dollars. The purchaser's name was given as Jas. DeWolfe. Another sold for \$500.

Who Wants Work?

The farmers out West are complaining bitterly of the lack of laborers to do harvesting work. A letter from Easton, Ohio, dated June 15th, says: "Several thousand able-bodied men are needed here. They would receive \$12 to \$18 a month and board. Several hundred could find employment in this section from now until fall, and receive good wages, and be otherwise well cared for."

Weevil in Wheat.

The Columbia (Pa) Democrat says Mr. Jacob Gerard, of Robinson, in that county, claims to have discovered a cure for the weevil in wheat. He says that the weevil was destroying his crop, he sowed over the field a moderate quantity of slaked lime, and since that time their ravages seem to have ceased entirely.

Loaning Newspapers.

Subscribers to newspapers make complaint of the non-arrival of their papers, and, in some instances, impute that the loss is occasioned by the carelessness of the postmaster loaning to his neighbors the papers of others for perusal. The papers fall to be returned to the proper place, and hence the dissatisfaction. Postmasters are strictly forbidden to loan newspapers that are in their office for delivery.—Union.

A Crow Story.

A man in Pawlet, Vt., after having his corn destroyed and his wheat field attacked by the sable depredators, and having tried every kind of cure, to no purpose, resorted to Arithmetica, in which he took some corn, and stewed it over his field. As a result of the first day's effects of his preventive, he found the dead carcasses of 200 crows in and about the field.

The Tamarind.

The tamarind has been grown in Virginia from seeds, and is highly spoken of as promising to be a valuable acquisition to the fruit trees, especially on the prairie lands of the West. Its growth is rapid, its appearance very ornamental, and it is perfectly free from blight and from the depredations of insects. Last season the trees in Virginia produced fruit as good as the imported.

Capt. Rodman.

The commandant of the Ordnance Department at Baton Rouge, La., has invented a machine by which sixty Minute rifle balls per minute can be cast. The English machine casts only forty per minute.

Extensive Operations.

An English mathematician, named Bailey, has calculated the weight of the earth to be 1,256,195,678,000,000,000,000,000, or, in words, one quadrillion, two hundred and fifty-six trillions, six hundred and seventy-five billions of tons avoirdupois.

The Mississippi papers state, as a fact, that, above the bridge has fallen in the Army, within the last two weeks. It has been dried, and pressed to be genuine.