

THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

[NUMBER 23.]

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 27, 1866.

VOLUME XXVI.

Our Own.

BY MARY DELL.

Our own! What can we call our own? The flower we call to-day, The bird, whose song we love so well, Pass soon from us away.

The heart whose friendship most we prize, We cannot call our own; Change over the heart doth quickly pass, And friendship all is flown.

Our youth belongs but to time, Who steals it soon away, And leaves instead the wrinkled brow, And locks of silver grey.

What is our own? Ah, naught of earth, Our life, our youth, our joy; The flowers that bloom around our path, Earth's care and blight destroy.

But there is something naught can steal, I feel, from our own heart; No changing things, and shifting scenes, Can cause it to depart.

Immortal Truth, we here with us May blend it we but try, And make it ours to share our time, An immortality. [Elegy of our Union.]

[From the New York Observer.]

Did Jefferson die an Infidel?

Your last issue calls attention to the fact that the Congress of '54 distributed three hundred copies of the works of Thomas Jefferson, among several Colleges and other literary institutions; and that these works contain infidel sentiments. It is much to be regretted that the author of the Declaration of Independence should have ever entertained or published "infidel sentiments." We cannot but be surprised that he should have held such positions—and his expressed opinions to the world were such as to leave no doubt of the fact, that the Patriot, Scholar, and Statesman, was an avowed infidel. But there is one little circumstance in the history of Jefferson, which I do not think is generally known. It is this: In his old age, when he had retired to the quiet scenes of Monticello, he visited, one Sabbath, a country church; it happened to be communion day, and when the invitation was given to the communicants to come forward and partake of the sacred elements, this man, who had given the influence of his high name towards extinguishing the light of Christianity, and obliterating the hope of the world, this man came humbly forward, and meekly kneeling at the altar, received those precious sacraments of the death of Christ, which afford so much comfort to the believers. It is something wrested from the powers of darkness to know that a man of Jefferson's mind and firmness of character should respond to an invitation like the following:

"Ye that do truly and earnestly repent of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbors, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God, and walking in benevolence to all men; who desire to be saved, and are not hindered, do hereby declare your solemn faith and confession to all-merciful God, meekly kneeling upon your knees."

I have this fact from a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now over three score years of age, who was born, raised, and spent the greater portion of his life in Virginia. If my recollection of our interview is correct, he received the account from the servant of Christ who administered the sacrament.

Some of Jefferson's old manuscripts were published, I believe, after his decease, by an infidel relative. Is there not some reason to believe that he would have retraced them publicly, had he lived a little longer?

"TOMBOYS." The public mind is awakening to the importance of physical education. At the recent ladies' exhibition of gymnastic, calisthenic and dancing exercises, Dr. J. V. C. Smith, Mayor, in his speech to the parents and teachers while distributing the prizes, addressed them respecting the importance of teaching the muscular apparatus of children, and made the pertinent remark: "That the girls be taught to climb trees and fences with the boys, who were called Tomboys, by their mothers, were now, wherever found, leading women in society, with strong healthy bodies and minds."

Mayor Smith was right. Our girls had better be tomboys than mincing young ladies. Under a right system of education they would be as far from one extreme as the other; but if we must have an extreme, give us that which secures strong limbs, rosy cheeks and a constitution that will last.—*Life Illustrated.*

"THE EMPRESS EUGENIE."—Without being by any means the perfect beauty her flatterers declare her to be, the Empress is certainly one of the very loveliest looking women that could be found. Her face is lighted up with such an innocent, gentle and vivacious expression, and a smile of such exceeding sweetness as render her perfectly charming. Her manner is once gracefully, dignified and gracious; she looks absolutely radiant on a public occasion, and performs her part so perfectly and with such a look of absolute happiness that she seems not only as though she had been born to the station to which her singular fortunes had raised her, but appears beside her impassible and undemonstrative partner, as though she was some sovereign in her own right who has espoused some man of humble rank and ought unconsciously to stoop for his comparatively cold and ungracious manner by the overflowing of her own royal and native courtesy. And yet to see her small, sweet, but pale and weary-looking face at other times one would say that she had already entered on that destiny of sorrow which the line of pain across her brow would seem to be nature's own prophecy.

"A MISTAKE."—Some one has called the telegraph "the highway of thought." "This is an error," it is the thread of conversation.

Genius is the gold in the mine; it is the miner who works and brings it out.

MR. PEPPER'S WIFE.

"Mrs. Pepper, I labor under the impression that it is high time you were getting breakfast. As my former housekeeper understood all my wishes with regard to these things, I found it unnecessary to give any orders respecting them; but with you it is different. As you have never got a meal in this house, of course you know nothing of the regulations of the household. In the first place, you will make the fire in the kitchen, put on the kettle, &c., then you will make a fire in the parlor, &c., and I have always been accustomed to necessary to depart from that custom on your account; but should you prefer it, you can eat yours in the kitchen, as it is quite immaterial to me."

This occurred the morning after Mrs. Pepper went to housekeeping. Mrs. Pepper was a sensible woman—she made no reply to Mr. Pepper's commands; but as soon as her toilet was finished, she left the room, and sitting down in the kitchen, she thus ruminated:

"Make the kitchen fire! Yes, I'll do that. Then make a fire in the parlor—I'll see to that, too. Then take the breakfast to my bedside! Just see if I do!" And then Mrs. Pepper sat and thought deeply for a few minutes, when, apparently, having arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, she proceeded to business.

Having got a nice fire kindled in the kitchen, she carried some coal into Mr. P.'s apartment, and filled his room, having first ascertained that there was not a spark of fire in it. That duty performed, she next prepared the breakfast, of which she partook with a great relish; and after matters and things were all set right in the kitchen, she went down town on a shopping excursion.

Meanwhile Mr. Pepper began to grow impatient. He "labored under the impression" that the atmosphere of his room did not grow warm very fast, and he began to feel unpleasantly uneasy. Peeping out from behind the bed-curtains, he saw how affairs were with regard to the stove. "Something like a suspicion of the real state of affairs began to dawn upon his mind. He listened for a few minutes, but all was still about the house."

Hastily dressing himself, he proceeded to investigate the affair. He soon comprehended the whole of it, and was very wrathful at first; but he comforted himself with the reflection that he could punish Mrs. P., and he felt bound to do it. After some search he found the remains of the breakfast, of which he partook with a gusto, and then sat down to work. "She was a long time in coming, and he had ample time to nurse his wrath. While sitting there, he thus soliloquized:

"That ever I, Philander Pepper, should be thus treated by a woman, too, is not to be believed. I can't believe it, no, nor I won't either. But she shan't escape, that's certain; if she should, my reputation for dignity would be forever gone; for haven't I told Solomon Simpleton all along how I was going to make my wife stand around, and how I was going to make her get up and make the fire every morning, and let me lie abed, and how I was going to shut her up, and fasten her on bread and water, if she dared to say she wouldn't do it."

"A very little arrangement, Mr. Pepper," said a soft voice behind him.

Mr. P. started up, and there stood Mrs. P. behind his chair, laughing just as hard as she could. Mr. Pepper put on a severe look.

"Sit down in a chair, madam," he said, pointing to the one he had just vacated, "while I have a little conversation with you. Now I should be pleased to know why you did not obey my orders this morning, and where you have been all the forenoon?"

"Where I have been this forenoon, Mr. Pepper, I have not the least objection to tell you. I have been down town doing a little shopping. I have purchased some lovely nankins, just look at them," said she, holding them up deprecatingly for inspection; "I only paid a dollar a piece for them—extremely cheap, don't you think so?" she said.

Mr. Pepper was astonished; how she dared to turn the conversation was a mystery to him. Suddenly his bottled wrath broke loose. Turning fiercely upon her, he said:

"Betty Jane, you disgust me; you seem to make very light of this matter; but it is more serious than you imagine, and you will find to your cost presently. If you do not instantly beg my pardon in a suitable manner, I shall exert my authority to bring you to a proper sense of your misconduct, by imprisoning you in one of my chambers until you are willing to compromise strict obedience to my wishes."

At the close of this very eloquent and dignified speech, Mr. Pepper drew himself up to his full height, and stationed himself in front of Mrs. P., ready to receive expressions of sorrow and penitence; he had no doubt that she would fall down at his feet and say:

"Dear Philander, would you please forgive me this time; I'll never do so any more."

to join to doing so, if you will wait until I have recovered from my fatigue; but I can't think of doing so before."

But you must, Mrs. P."

"Then all I've got to say is this, you'll have to carry me, for I won't walk."

"Mr. P. looked at his wife for a moment with the greatest astonishment, but as she began to laugh at him again, he thought to himself—

"She thinks I won't do it, and hopes to get off in that way; but I won't do; you stairs she's got to go, if I do have to carry her; so here goes;" and taking the form of his lady in his arms, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing her safely lodged in her prison, and carefully locking her in, he stationed a little red-headed youth on the front door steps to attend to calls and also that Mrs. P. did not escape; and then he betook himself to a restaurant for his dinner, and after dispatching that he hurried off to his office, and was soon engrossed in business.

About the middle of the afternoon, our young sentinel rushed into the kitchen, and said, never stopping to take breath:

"Mr. Pepper had just better run home as fast as he can, for that woman what's shut up is making an awful racket, and she's tearing around there, and rattling things the distressing kind, and if she hasn't split up something or other, then I don't know what splitting is!"

Without waiting to hear more, Mr. P. seized his hat, and hurried off home at a most undignified pace.

Opening the hall door, he stole up stairs as carefully as possible, and applying his eyes to the key hole, he beheld a sight which made him fairly boil with rage.

Mrs. P. was sitting in the fire-place, reading his love-letters. The one she was engaged in perusing at that particular moment was from Mrs. Polly Primrose, who it appeared had once looked favorably upon the suit of Mr. Pepper; but a more dashingly lover appearing on the scene, Miss Polly sent him a letter of dismissal, promising her undying friendship, and accompanying the same with a lock of her hair, and some waltz music.

But it was not the love-letters alone that made Mr. P. so outrageous. He had been something of a traveler in his day, and had collected a great many curiosities in his rambles, which he had deposited in a cupboard in the very room where he had confined Mrs. P. and she had got to them.

She had split up an elegant writing desk with his Indian battle-axe, in order to have a fire, as the day was rather chilly. In one corner of the fire-place was Mr. P.'s best beaver, filled up with love-letters.

On a small table, close to Mrs. P., was a beautiful China dish filled with her oil, in which she had sunk Mr. P.'s best satin cravat, and having first one end of it, it afforded her sufficient light for her labors—for Mr. P. had closed the blinds for the better security of the culprit.

On some coals in front of the fire was Mr. P.'s silver christening bowl, in which Mrs. P. was popping corn, which she ever and anon stirred with the fiddle bow; meanwhile occasionally punching up the fire with the fiddle, for Mr. P. had, with commendable foresight, removed the shovel and tongs.

Mr. P. condescended to peep through the key hole until he had obtained a pretty correct idea of what was going on within. Never was a Pepper as fired as he. He shook the door; it was securely fastened within, and resisted all his efforts to open it. He ordered Mrs. Pepper to open or take the consequences; but as she did not open it, it is to be presumed that she preferred the consequences. Mr. Pepper darted down the stairs like a madman.

"I must put a stop to this," he thought, "I shall not have a rag of clothes to my back."

Procuring a ladder, he began to mount to the bed room; but Mrs. P. was not to be taken easily. She knew that he had left the door unlocked, for she had examined it as soon as he had left; but she had no idea of letting him have the benefit of her fire, so, hastily seizing large bottles of cologne, she threw the contents upon the fire, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of seeing it entirely extinguished. That duty performed, she left the apartment, and locking the door, she stationed herself in a convenient position to hear everything that transpired within.

How long Mrs. Pepper kept her legs in durango ville, dependent saith not, and as to what passed between them which he was released from captivity, we are not any better informed; but of this we are sure, Mr. Pepper might have been seen, a morning or two afterwards, to put his head into the bedroom and say in a meek manner—

"Betty Jane, I've made the kitchen fire and put on the tea-kettle; won't you please to get up and get breakfast?"

Female Shop-keepers.
The life of cities presents us with a vast number of incongruous sights and anomalous exhibitions of misappropriated things and misplaced men, but among them all there is none more incongruous or shocking to the sense of the eternal fitness of things, than the spectacle of a broad-shouldered man, with brawny fists and a fierce moustache, engaged in the effeminate business of selling tape and ribbons to a coupler to a delicate woman. There are certain employments which are called manly, but selling muslin to ladies is not one of them. Men are required to till the fields, to build houses, to make laws, to navigate the sea, to command a thousand ships, and to perform a thousand other duties which nature has plainly forbidden women to engage in, by denying her the necessary physical qualities for success. But she is no-manner disqualified for shopkeeping, and for the business of selling to her own sex the articles of ornament and dress of which she ought to be the best able to judge. On the contrary, she has every qualification for the business, being neat-headed, patient, voluble, and conciliatory in her manner. In brief, woman is naturally fitted for the business of shopkeeping, and society suffers a great wrong by her being kept from one of the occupations for which she is so eminently well qualified. Society suffers a double wrong by it, for men who usurp the employment of women are kept from those occupations in which they might render essential services to mankind, while women are either doomed to idle and unprofitable lives, or driven to employments which are degrading to their natures, or destructive to their health. Doubtless the true position of a woman is that of a mother of a family, superintending her household affairs and making home happy for her husband and children. But it so happens that there are always vast numbers of women who do not fulfil their true destiny, and while waiting for their opportunity must resort to the best means of obtaining a living that may be open to them.

At this season of the year it is really painful to see the poor women in deplorable employments among stiffs, muslins and artificial flowers; while mighty intellects are engaged for themselves and others in gathering in the harvest of our ripened fields, in cutting wood, catching fish, tending herds, delving in mines, or doing a hundred other things to help to sustain human life and add to the prosperity and greatness of the nation.

The London "Post" was the great chronicler of the fashionable war, whose Jenkins describes himself employed in writing descriptions of ladies' dresses that are worth to aristocratic balls and Queen's levees is envious of the man who has the shopkeepers of our land all off to the Crimea to serve as soldiers in the ranks, and recommends all the Duchesses, Marchionesses and Countesses—the queens of fashion—to do their shopping only at those places where they employ women to wait on customers. But the great difficulty lies with the ladies themselves; for it is said that in shopping they prefer to deal with men—and that, after all, will probably prevent any change in the existing custom among shopkeepers in this city. But we wish it were otherwise, and that the women would form a union, for the sake of woman, and agree to purchase only of their own sex.—*N. Y. Times.*

A NICE COUNTRY FOR NEARBY MEN.
A Texas correspondent describes the domestic productions of that favored land in glowing terms—

"Texas is the paradise of reptiles and creeping things. Rattle and moccasin snakes are too numerous even to shake a stick at; the bite of the former is easily cured by drinking raw whiskey till it overdoes intoxication; but for the latter the latter there is no cure. The tarantula is a pleasant institution to get up a quarrel with. He is a spider with a body about the size of a hen's egg, and legs five or six inches long and covered with long black hair. He lies in the cattle tracks, and if you see him, move out of his path, his bite is absolutely certain death, and he never gets out of the way, but can jump eight or ten feet to inflict his deadly bite. Then, there is the centipede, furnished with an unlimited number of legs, each leg armed with a claw, and each claw inflicting a separate wound. If he walks over you at night, you will have cause to repent it for many months to come, as the wound is difficult to heal. The stinging lizard is a lesser evil, the sensation of its wound being likened to the application of red hot iron to the person; but one is too thankful to escape with life, to consider that they are so annoying. But the insect flying, humming, jumping, creeping, digging, bumping, stinging! they are everywhere. Ask for a cup of water, and the rejoinder in our camp invariably is: 'Will you have it with a bug, or without?' The horned frog is one of the greatest curiosities here, and is perfectly harmless. It has none of the cold, slimy qualities of its Northern brethren, but is frequently made a pet of the children in every direction, darting over curvable surfaces, changing their color according to the color of the object under which they may be. The woods on the banks of the bayous are alive with mocking birds, singing most beautifully, and feathered game is abundant, and very tame, it is rarely sought after. The only varieties that I have ever seen, are the quail, partridge, snipe, mallard, plover and prairie hen."

A Dialogue.

"Isaac, have you paid the printer?" inquired an old lady of her husband, who was delighting the family circle by reading aloud to them from a fine-looking newspaper—(excuse our blushes, for we editors are as modest as maidens.)

"No, Rebecca, I have not," answered the old gentleman, adjusting his spectacles—"but you know it is only a trifle. The printer, Isaac, gives a polite dun, but they cannot mean me, as I am one of their political friends, and at all events my two dollars would be a trifling token to them."

"Well, Isaac, if all their subscribers were to say the same thing, the poor fellows would starve, unless they could conjure their types into corn, and the press into a flouring mill. And surely, you, as your friend, should be more punctual in paying them than if you were their political enemy; besides, it would show your attachment to them and the good cause they advocate."

"I thought of settling my subscription when I was in town last," said Isaac, wincing under the rub, "but the money that I received for my produce was better than usual, and I did not like to part with it."

"Why, certainly you would not pay them in bad money?"

"No, my dear, but sometimes I am obliged to take uncurrent paper, and I prefer getting my debts with that, when I can get it off. Oh, those banks, those banks! just as well, as that sort would suit the printer just as well, as they don't keep it long—My neighbor, Jenkins, said he offered them money that nobody else would take, and they did not refuse it."

"Shame on you, Isaac," exclaimed the good old lady, "you would not, I hope, imitate the example of that miserable fellow, Jenkins; why, he would jew the farson out of half of his stipend and pay the balance in trade."

"Yet he paid the printer, grandma," interrupted a little flaxen haired miss, who stood beside her grandfather's knee.

"Well, well, I'll call and pay them," said the old gentleman, noting that an article I read in their paper the other day was worth twice the amount of the subscription."

"And you know, grandma, you said that the piece about counterfeits saved you twelve dollars which you would have taken from the Yankee pedlar," again interrupted the little girl.

"Yes, it did, my Mary, and for that when I go in town, I'll pay off my old paper, and the next year, too, in advance, in the bargain."

Mr. Isaac kept his word like an honest man. Whether because his conscience smote him about the uncurrent money, or because he was convinced by the arguments of his amiable spouse and rosy-cheeked grand-child—we cannot say, but be that as it may, we assure our readers that our pocket-book that tangible proof of friend Isaac's probity and prudence, until we paid our debts. Now, we feel assured, that if the good ladies in the town and country, and throughout all creation, as that most veritable nondescript, Jack Downing, would say, only knew how the heart of the poor printer is gladdened by the salvation of such a man as Isaac, they would read this paragraph to their husbands, and say in the language of the good old book—"Go thou and do likewise."

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF FASCINATION.
About two weeks since a little girl near six years of age, named Colista Hill of Gilmanston Centre, was searching for berries in the field, when her attention was attracted by a peculiar singing noise and on looking she perceived two large black snakes, one of which was in an erect attitude and gazing fixately upon her, accompanying its vibratory motions by a series of "a most beautiful singing."

She first attempted to run, but found herself unable to do so. She then looked at the snake until she became so pleased with it that she took it into her lap, and held it until she thought it asleep and then fled to the house. For a number of days she visited the snake, unknown to her parents, who finally discovered her feeding it every day, becoming more and more attached to it, until it would wind itself about her neck, and even take food from her mouth. Finally she was prevailed upon to place it in a box and in that it is still kept, except when being fed. Hundreds in the vicinity have seen it, and it is the opinion of a medical man who has seen her that she is completely fascinated, and that the death of the reptile would prove fatal to her. Her parents have had many tempting offers to permit her to be taken out and exhibited with the snake, but, though they are poor, they have sense enough to refuse such offers. The snake is over four feet long.

"The little girl was asked if she was not frightened when she first saw the snakes. She said she was terribly frightened; and when asked why she did not scream for her mother, but could not speak a word. The idea is that she was paralyzed by the magnetic power of the snakes. The first time she remained with them a long time—could not tell how long. Afterward daily she stood with them several hours, feeding them regularly. She says they liked sweet things best, and that she stole three cakes of maple sugar when her mother had laid away, and sweet gingerbread whenever she could, try to give them. The big snake would try to drive the small one away from her when fed, and she puffed him several times, and returned the compliment by taking her fingers into his mouth several times, without doing much harm. Consequently she don't like this snake as she does the other one, though he is generally fond of her."

HIGH AND DEBARED COMPLIMENT.
At the Dorchester celebration on the 4th inst., Colonel Aspinwall, late United States Consul to London, and an officer of the war of 1812, who lost his arm in the Duke of Wellington in his speech that the late Duke of Wellington (no mean authority) styled the march of General Winfield Scott to Mexico "the military miracle of the age."

THE COQUETTE REBUKED.—Lord N., a nobleman, both by nature and birth, was noted for his virtues, his unassuming manners, and grace and elegance of person. He had married, when quite young, a lady of equal rank with himself, though she was by no means handsome; but he loved her with almost romantic fervor.

The Countess of L.—was a most superbly beautiful woman, a fine countess, in company with a number of friends, banished that she could conquer Lord N.—if she could only gain his attentions long enough. The Countess was received with doubt by her friends.

"He is eminently a christian man," said one.

"A fig for his christianity," said the countess contemptuously. "I tell you I can make him 'sue me for a smile; and I wish I could gain his arm for one quarter of an hour."

Her wish was gratified; that very evening, at a brilliant party, Lord N. and his lady appeared. Blazing with costly jewels, radiant as pearl, the unprincipled Countess riveted every eye; she was the most delicate manœuvre, she gained the attention of Lord N.—and walked triumphantly through the blaze of beauty, casting significant glances on those who had heard her idle boast.

But though as polite as the most accomplished man of the world, she could see that Lord N.—was totally unmoved by her elegant style, or her coquettish airs and glances. Finally as she gave some little quotation, which he considered delicately complimented by the approval of his wife, the Countess ventured to sneer; she was piqued because he quoted his wife, that plain Lady N.—before her, the imperious, the acknowledged belle of the whole empire. Lord N.—turned his dark eye fully upon her—

"My dear madam," said he, in an emphatic manner, "one approving yourself from my wife is worth a thousand from any other woman however brilliant and beautiful she may be."

The blood mounted to the cheeks and brow of the Countess; she felt how sublime was the dignity of virtue, but she did not despair. Seeing Lady N.—conversing with one of the blindest of sovereigns she exclaimed—

"Look, my lord, do you not see how entirely engrossed our lady seems with the handsome prince? you should be jealous."

"I am not," he replied still more sternly; "my wife and I have a motto, that true honor will never suffer itself to be tempted—and as for myself, with reference to Lady N.—, I can say in the divine language of Scripture, 'the heart of her husband doth earnestly trust her.'"

The coquette was silenced; her animating tones; those who intend to know the reason why. As for the Countess, she was heard often afterward to declare that could she obtain a husband like Lord N.—she should consider herself the happiest woman in the world.

"YOU FORGOT ME."—A good joke is told at the expense of one of our church-going citizens who is the father of an interesting family of children, and among them a bright-eyed boy numbering four or five summers, the pet of the household, and unanimously voted the drollest little mischief alive.

On Saturday night he had been bribed to keep peace and retire to bed at an hour earlier than usual, with the promise that on the morrow he might go with the family to church. On Sunday morning it was found inconvenient to put the youngster through the regular course of washing and dressing necessary for his proper appearance at the sanctuary, and the family slipped off without him. They had not, however, more than got comfortably seated in their pew, when in walked the youngster with nothing on but a night rapper and cloth cap.

"You forgot me," said he, in a tone loud enough to be heard all over the church.

The feelings of the parents can be more easily imagined than described.—*Lafayette (Ind.) Journal.*

TO MAKE FRUIT PIES.—No under-crest should be made to apple or any fruit pie. It is always heavy and not fit to eat. Place a narrow rim of paste around the edge of the plate, and fill with the fruit either raw or stewed, and cover it. The juices will be retained much better, and it will save a sight of flour and butter, which is no trifling consideration in these days, and no trifling consideration, will save a dyptasia of more consequence, will save a dyptasia, which cost more. After cutting they are taken out with a spoon.

FALL FROM A STEEPLE.—A young German, named Joseph Hoffman, fell from the steeple of a new Catholic Church, which is being built in Hamilton, Ohio, killing himself instantly. The top of the cross is 165 feet above the ground, and he was on a spire about twenty-five feet from the top of the cross. He lost his balance and fell, striking the roof of the building, and breaking through very much twenty feet from the building, very much mauling his body.

GEN. WASHINGTON'S LAST VOTE.—A correspondent of *The Charleston Courier* relates the following interesting circumstance:

"I was present when Gen. Washington gave his last vote. It was in the Spring of 1799, in the town of Alexandria. He died the 14th of December following. The Court-House of Fairfax County was then over the Market-House and immediately fronting Gadsby's tavern. The entrance to it was by a slight flight of crazy steps on the outside. The election was progressing—several thousand persons in the Court-House yard and immediate neighboring streets, and I was standing on Gadsby's steps when the Father of his Country drove up and immediately approached the Court-House steps, and when within a yard or two of them I saw eight or ten good-looking men from different directions, certainly without the least concert, spring simultaneously and place themselves in positions to uphold and support the steps should they fall in the General's ascent of them. I was immediately at his back, and in that position entered the Court-House with him—followed in his wake through a dense crowd to the polling-board—heard him vote—returned with him to the outward crowd—heard him cheered by more than two thousand persons as he entered his carriage, and saw his departure. There were five or six candidates on the bench sitting, and as the General approached them they rose in a body and bowed smilingly, and the salutation having been returned very gracefully the General immediately cast his eyes toward the registry of the polls, when Col. Den-erle, I think it was, said: 'Well, General, how do you vote?' The General looked at the candidates and said: 'Gentlemen, I vote for measures, not for men,' and turning to the recording table audibly pronounced his vote, saw it entered, made a graceful bow, and retired."

A WARNING TO AMERICANS AND AMERICANS.—Miss Anna Ella Carroll, of Maryland, has commenced the publication of a book in the New York *Courier*, under the title of "A Warning to America and Americans." The *Express* says Miss Carroll is connected with the old-fashioned Carroll family of Maryland; with Charles Carroll, who signed the Declaration of Independence, and with the respected Archbishop Carroll, who fondly hoped to see his church independent of Rome, and who, we judge, had he lived, would never have submitted to the impositions of the papacy as practiced in the present day. Miss Carroll, in introducing her book to the public, and which we hope will do great good in a noble cause, respectfully alludes to her Roman Catholic ancestry, and gives her reasons for entering upon the work of addressing the public in behalf of her country and the Protestant religion; and in regard to the American spirit, Miss C. declares her book to be the President of the American party, to whom she says:

"You then can permit the delicate hand of woman to assist in the culture of the vine and the olive, which flourishes only on the soil of freedom; and to resist the attempt now industriously being made to supplant the laurel by the cypress, the sassafras and hickory, by the palm-tree and shittim wood."

Some person offers girls the following advice. Never marry a man until you have seen him est. Let the candidate for your hand pass through the ordeal of eating soft boiled eggs. If he can do it and leave the table spread, and napkin, and his shirt unspotted—take him. Try him next with a spire-rib. He can accomplish this feat without putting one of his own eyes, or pinching the bones into your lap, name the wedding-day at once; he will do to tie to.

PRETTY SMART.—A little urchin, some two or three years of age, being a little distance from the house, was suddenly startled by a loud clap of thunder. He was much frightened, and made rapid tracks for the house. But as the shod was the nearest shelter, he entered, and casting a defiant look at the clouds, he exclaimed, "Thunder away, I am under the shed!"

TO CLEAN OIL PAINT.—The best thing for cleaning oil paint is a sponge dipped in ammonia which is copiously diluted with water. Soap dissolves the turpentine as well as the linseed oil, and not only destroys the smooth and shiny surface, but exposes also the lead to the influence of the water and air, and is, therefore, not proper to be used.

BRIDGET O'FLANNAHAN'S CHARACTER.—Bridget came to New York, and found her inexpressible regret that she had lost her certificate across the sea. But her cousin Patrick supplied her with another in the following words—"This certifies that Bridget O'Flannahan had a good character when she left Ireland, but she lost it on the ship coming over."

LOOKING OUT FOR A LONG WAR.—The London *Times* says: "Whatever delusion ministers were in as to the duration of the war last year, we now know that it is wise to mark up our minds to twenty years at least; that we are much more likely to shorten the war by an over than under estimate."

TO REMOVE INK FROM COTTON AND LINEN.—Dip the spotted part of the linen into melted lard, wash out, and the spots will disappear, and leave the linen as white and pure as before it was soiled.

There are trees in Wisconsin that take two men and a boy to look to the top of them. One looks till he gets tired, and another commences where he left off.

The antipathy of the Scotch people to white stockings is well known. A Kirkcubright, at an "inniguration" of her companions if the new minister was a reader. "And how can he read, women was the reply, 'the man's bla.' To which the first man answered, 'I'm glad to hear that I wish they were a bla.'"

NEVER MARRY FOR A FORTUNE.—We overheard a poor unfortunate get the following sock-dragger, the other day, from his better half: "You good for nothing fellow, I had I not married you? Who was the baking fryer, whose the gig-trough, whose the frying-pan, and whose the iron-hooped bucket, but mine, when you married me?"

Why is a sick Jew like a diamond? Because it's a Jew-ll.