

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE.

By Wm. Cook.  
No sable pall, no waving plume,  
No thousand torchlight to illumine,  
No parting glance, no heavy tear,  
Is seen to fall upon the bier;  
There is not one of mortal clay,  
To watch the coffin on its way.  
No mortal form, no human breast  
Cares where the peopled bones may rest.  
But one deep mourner followed there,  
Whose griefs outlast the funeral prayer,  
He does not sigh, he does not weep,  
But will not leave the sodden heap;  
'Tis he who was the poor man's mate,  
And made him more content with fate—  
The mongrel dog who shared his crust,  
Is all that stands beside his dust.  
He bends his listening head, as though  
He thought he heard a voice below;  
He pines to hear the voice so kind,  
And wonders why he's left behind.  
The son goes down, the friend is gone—  
He needs no food—he needs no home—  
But stretched upon the dreariness bed,  
With doleful howl calls back the dead.  
The passing gas may coldly dwell  
On all that polished marble tell;  
For temples built on churchyard heath,  
Are claimed by riches more than wealth;  
But who would mark with undimmed eyes  
The mourning dog that starves and dies?  
Who would not ask, who would not crave  
Such Love and Faith to guard his grave!

## CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

A SKETCH OF HER LIFE.

We give below some highly interesting extracts from the third volume of Lamarine's "History of the Girondists," which has been published by the Harpers. The tragedy of which Charlotte Corday was the heroine, has never been so graphically depicted as by the pen of Lamarine:  
In a large and thronged street which traverses the city of Caen, the capital of Normandy, at that time the focus of the Girondist insurrection, there stood at the bottom of a court-yard an ancient habitation, with gray walls, stained by the weather and dilapidated by time. This building was styled Le Grand Menoir. A fountain with a stone basin, covered with moss, occupied one angle of the court-yard. A narrow low door, whose fluted lintel uniting in an arch over the top, exposed the worn steps of a winding staircase which led to the upper story. Two windows, with their small octagon panes of glass held in lead-work, feebly lighted the staircase and the empty chamber. The misty daylight in this antique and obscure abode impressed on it the character of vagueness, mystery and melancholy; the human fancy likes to see spread as a shroud over the cradle of deep thoughts and the abodes of strongly imaginative minds. Here resided, at the commencement of 1794, a granddaughter of the great French tragedy writer, Pierre Corneille. Poets and heroes are of the same race. There is between them no other difference than that which exists between idea and fact. The one does what the other conceives; but the thought is wholly the same. Women are naturally as enthusiastic as the one, and as courageous as the other. Poetry, heroism, and love, inherit the same blood.  
This house belonged to a poor woman, a widow, childless, aged and infirm—a Madame de Breteville. With her had lived for some years a young female relative, whom she had adopted and brought up, in order to comfort her old age, and relieve her from entire isolation. This girl was then in her twenty-fourth year. Her serious but fine features—grave, yet very beautiful—seemed to have received the imprint of this dull abode and sequestered existence. There was in her something not of this earth. The inhabitants of the district who saw her walking out with her aged aunt on Sundays in order to go to church, or caught a glimpse of her through the doorway, seated for hours at a time in the court-yard, reading in the sunshine at the brink of the fountain, relate that their admiration of her was mingled with prestige and respect, arising from the straightness of mind which beaming forth in the features of the young woman, which indicated the vulgar eye—that presentiment of a tragic destiny, which anticipated the event, stamps its mark upon the brow.  
This young creature was tall, without exceeding the usual height of the high-statured and well-proportioned women of Normandy. Natural grace and dignity, like the rhythm of poetry, displayed itself in her steps and action. The ardor of the south mingled itself in her complexion with the high color of the women of the north. Her hair seemed black when fastened in a large mass around her head or arranged in clusters on each side of her brows. It seemed gold colored at the points of the tresses, like the ear of corn. Deeper and more lustrous than the wheat stalk in the sunlight. Her eyes, large and sparkling almost to her temples, were of a color, variable like the wave of the ocean, which shrouds its tint from the shadow or the day-beam—blue when she reflected, almost black when called into animated play. Long eye-lashes, blacker than her hair, gave the appearance of great depth to her glance. Her nose, which united her brow by an almost imperceptible curve, was slightly expanded near the middle.—Her Grecian mouth displayed the well-cut lips, whose expression, impossible to de-

scribed, fluctuated between tenderness and severity, equally formed to breathe love and patriotism.  
The projecting chin, divided by a deep dimple, gave, to the lower part of her face, a character of masculine resolution which contrasted with the perfectly feminine contour of her lovely face. Her cheeks had the freshness of youth and the firm oval of health. She blushed or turned pale very suddenly. Her skin had the wholeness and marbled whiteness of perfect healthiness. Her chest wide and somewhat thin, offered a bust of sculpture scarcely undulated by the characteristic contour of her sex. Her arms were full of muscle, her hands long, and her fingers taper. Her attire, comfortable to the humbleness of her fortune, and the retirement in which she dwelt, was simplicity itself. She relied on nature, and disdained every artifice or whim of fashion in her dress.—Those who saw her in her youth as always attired in a gown of dark cloth, cut like a riding-habit, with a hat of gray felt turned up at the sides with black ribbon, round and like those worn by women of rank at that period. The tone of her voice, that living echo which speaks the whole soul in a vibration of the air—left a deep and tender impression in the ear of those whom she addressed; and they spoke still, as of that tone, ten years after they had heard it, as of strange and forgotten music ineffably imprinted on the memory. There were in this scale of soul, notes so sonorous and deep, that they said to hear was even more than to see her, and that her voice formed part of her beauty.  
**THE ASSASSINATION.**  
She was nineteen years old when the monasteries were suppressed, and at that time became the inmate of the house of her aunt, at Caen. Here her indignation was excited by a relation of the atrocities perpetrated by Marat, Danton, and their accomplices. She became intimate with some of the leading Girondists, sympathized with them in their hatred of Marat, and swore to punish him for his cruelties.  
The manner in which she fulfilled her oath is a matter of history; but Lamarine in the following details, has thrown around the story all the interest of romance:  
She was to make this murder a solemn immolation, which would strike terror into the hearts of the initiators of the tyrant. Her first idea had been to approach Marat, accuse him, and sacrifice him in the Champ-de-Mars, at the ceremony of the federation which was to take place on the 14th of July, in commemoration of the triumph of liberty. The adjournment of this ceremony until the republic should suppress the Vendean and the rebels, deprived her of her theatre and her victim. Her second idea was to strike Marat at the summit of the Mountain, in the very midst of his very ardors and accomplices. Her hope in this case was that she herself should be immolated the next moment, and torn in pieces by the people, leaving no other trace or recollection than of two dead bodies, and tyranny destroyed in its own blood, and seek no recompense but in the act itself, asking her name or renown but from her own conscience, God, and the good she should effect—such was the noble and single ambition of her mind. Shame! she would not have for the family's sake. Renown she desired not for herself. Glory! seemed to her a salary too common place, and unworthy of the disinterestedness of her deed, and but calculated to deteriorate her virtue. However, the conversation she had had since she had arrived at Paris, with Duperré and others, informed her that Marat would not again appear in the Convention. Thus it was necessary to find the victim elsewhere, and to obtain access, it has necessary to deceive him.  
This was resolved on; yet was the dissimulation, which was so foreign to the natural loyalty of her nature, which changed the dagger into a snare, courage into a stratagem, and immolation into assassination—the first remorse of her conscience, and her first punishment. Charlotte decided on striking a blow, but the means she was compelled to adopt cost her more than the deed itself. This she herself confessed. Conscience is just in the presence of posterity.  
She returned to her chamber, and wrote to Marat a billet, which she sent to the door of the friend of the people. "I have just arrived from Caen," she wrote.—"Your love of country makes me presume that you will have pleasure in hearing of the unfortunate events of that portion of the Republic. I shall present myself at your abode about one o'clock; have the goodness to receive me, and grant me a moment's conversation. I will put you in a position to be of great service to France."  
Charlotte, relying on the effect of this note, went at the appointed hour to Marat's door, but could not obtain access to him. She then left with the portress a second note, more pressing and insidious than the former.  
"I wrote you this morning, Marat," she said; "did you have my letter? I cannot believe it, as they refuse me admittance to

you. I hope that to-morrow you will grant me the interview I request. I repeat that I am just from Caen and have important secrets to disclose to you for the safety of the Republic. Besides, I am persecuted for the cause of liberty; I am unhappy, and that I am so, should give me a claim on your patriotism."  
Without awaiting his reply, Charlotte left her chamber at seven o'clock, P. M., clad with more than usual care, in order, some and marbled whiteness of perfect healthiness. Her chest wide and somewhat thin, offered a bust of sculpture scarcely undulated by the characteristic contour of her sex. Her arms were full of muscle, her hands long, and her fingers taper. Her attire, comfortable to the humbleness of her fortune, and the retirement in which she dwelt, was simplicity itself. She relied on nature, and disdained every artifice or whim of fashion in her dress.—Those who saw her in her youth as always attired in a gown of dark cloth, cut like a riding-habit, with a hat of gray felt turned up at the sides with black ribbon, round and like those worn by women of rank at that period. The tone of her voice, that living echo which speaks the whole soul in a vibration of the air—left a deep and tender impression in the ear of those whom she addressed; and they spoke still, as of that tone, ten years after they had heard it, as of strange and forgotten music ineffably imprinted on the memory. There were in this scale of soul, notes so sonorous and deep, that they said to hear was even more than to see her, and that her voice formed part of her beauty.  
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be allowed to speak to the friend of the people, while the other tried to shut the door in her face, rebuked Marat's care, who comprehended, by the few indistinct words that reached him, that the visitor was the stranger from whom he had received two notes during the day. In a loud imperative voice he ordered that she should be admitted.  
Albertine, either from jealousy or distrust, obeyed, with much ill-will and grumbling. She showed the young girl into a small closet where Marat was, and left, as she quitted her, the door half open, that she might hear the lowest whisper, or the smallest movement of the sick man.  
The room was faintly lighted. Marat was in his bath, yet in the forced repose of the body, he allowed his mind no leisure. A plank roughly placed, laid across his bath, was covered with papers, open letters and half written articles for his publication. He held in his right hand the pen which the arrival of the unknown female had suspended on his pages. This was a letter to the Convention, to demand of it the judgment and prescription of the last Bourbons tolerated in France. Beside the bath, on a large stock of oak, was a leaden inkstand of the newest fabric—the fountain which for three years had poured out so many delirious outpourings, so many denunciations, so much blood. Marat, covered in his bath by a cloth filthy with dirt and spotted with ink, had only his head, shoulders and the upper part of his chest and his right arm out of the water. There was nothing in the features of this man to effect a woman's eye with tenderness, or give pause to a meditated blow. His matted hair, wringing in a dirty handkerchief, with receding forehead, protruding eyes, prominent cheek bones, vast and sneering mouth, hairy chest, shrivelled limbs, and livid skin—such was Marat.  
Charlotte took care not to look him in the face, for fear her countenance might betray the horror she felt at his sight.—With down cast eyes, and her arms hanging motionless by her side, she stood close to the bath, awaiting until Marat should inquire as to the state of Normandy. She replied with brevity, giving to her replies the sense and tone likely to pacify the demagogue's wishes. "He then asked the names of the deputies who had taken refuge at Caen. She gave them to him, and he wrote them down, and when she had concluded, said in the voice of a man sure of vengeance, "Well, before they are a week older they shall have the guillotine!"  
At these words, as if Charlotte's mind had awaited a last offence before it could resolve on striking the blow, she drew the knife from her bosom, and with superhuman force plunged it to the hilt in Marat's heart. She then drew the bloody weapon from the body of her victim, and let it fall at her feet. "Help, my dear—Help!" cried Marat, and then expired.  
**IMPORTANCE OF FRESH AIR.**—Dr. Griscom, lecturing in New York upon the importance of air, a fact of which builders do not seem to be sufficiently aware in the construction of houses, says the lungs can contain about 12 pints of air, though 9-12 pints is inhaled at a single inspiration. In ordinary and pleid breathing we inhale about 1 pint at an inspiration; public singers, when they "take breath," as it is called, inhale from 5 to 7 pints. Eighteen respirations take place in a minute; it takes, therefore, 18 pints of air every minute; and 87 hogsheads every 24 hours to supply the lungs. Seventy-two pulsations occur in one minute, and 103,680 in 24 hours. The dark venous blood passed and repassed from the veins through the heart, to be purified into vermilion colored arterial blood, by contact with fresh air in the lungs, amounts to 24 hogsheads in 24 hours. It is then sent through the arteries to nourish the whole system, distribute its vitality, to be recovered again from fresh air in the lungs. From the construction of some of our public buildings it would seem that the builders thought that pints of air were sufficient, in place of hogsheads.  
**A GOOD SALE.**—The Calcein (Md.) Whig states that Thomas Ringer, Esq., recently sold his firm, situated below Funkstown, Washington county, at \$90 per acre. Purchaser, Mr. Hawk, of Clearspring.  
Kehlucky has sent this year, to the "single market" of Cincinnati, over 120,000 hogs, which realized to the owners nearly \$800,000.  
"Sam, is you acquainted with any legal gemmen on dis place?" "None cep by reputation I means." "Well, den, why am lawyers like fishes?" "I don't meddle wit dat subject, at all." Why, kase dey am fond of de-bate."  
**FREEMAN ROSE.**—An omnibus driver in Cincinnati, was killed in a shocking manner on the 10th inst. In ascertaining if a gun he was directed to carry to a distance, was loaded, he placed the muzzle to his mouth, and opening the hammer of the cap, endeavored to blow into it. His foot slipping, the gun went off. His brains were blown out and his headless body left a shocking spectacle.

**THE MAN THAT SPOKE MEXICAN.**—Gen. Wool, the brave and heroic soldier of Bessé Virra, is a strict and rigid disciplinarian, as well as a gallant and accomplished officer. The following "good man" which Capt. Tobin tells us happened in camp, must have excited the fiery little General to a degree. While sitting in his marquee a Mexican was ushered into his presence whose demeanor denoted the importance of some weighty communication which he wished to deliver.  
The General could not speak Spanish, and his interpreter was sought in vain. A long specimen of a Sucker, who from the outer style of his dress, the general took perhaps for a ranger, happened at that moment to straggle past.  
"Come here, my man," called out the general. With an air of nonchalance, the Sucker doffed his battered cap and entered the tent.  
"Do you speak Mexican?" inquired the general.  
"Why, general, I rather guess not."  
"Well, can you tell me of some one who can?"  
"Yes sir—just can," answered the man.  
"Quick, then, let me know where he is," demanded the irascible commander.  
"Why, here," drawled the imperturbable sucker, laying his hand on the Mexican with whom it was desired to communicate—"he can't speak any thing else." Capt. Tobin left just then.  
**EXAMINATION DAY.**—The science of a school examination is very prettily explained by a school-master's anecdote.—A country school teacher, preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils, and wrote down the questions, and answers to questions, which he would put to them on examination day.  
The day came, and so came the hopefuls, all but one. The pupils took their places as had been arranged, and all went glibly on until the question for the absentee, when the teacher asked:  
"In whom do you believe?"  
The pupil who sat next the vacant seat, without noticing whose question it was, replied:  
"Napoleon Bonaparte."  
"No, no!" angrily exclaimed the teacher, "in whom do you believe?"  
"Napoleon Bonaparte!"  
Here the teacher began to smell the rat, and said:  
"You believe in the Holy Ghost, do you not?"  
"No!" said the pupil, amid roars of uncontrollable laughter, "the boy that believes in the Holy Ghost hasn't come to school to-day: he's at home, sick-a-bod."  
**LONG ISLAND DARKIES.**—Our readers have all heard of the Long Island Darkies. A jollier set of niggers than they are, do not show their ivory or swing their heels. They too have a great comic originality about them, and we have often laughed heartily at anecdotes concerning them.  
A few years ago, at a negro camp-meeting held near Flushing, the colored preacher in the course of his discourse, said, "I tell you, my blubbed brethern, dat de debil is a big hog, and one ob dese days he'll come along here and root you all out."  
An old negro in one of the anxious pews, hearing this, raised himself from the straw, and clasping his hands, exclaimed in the agony of his fear—  
"Ring, Lord! Ring him!"—Troy Budget.

**SLITTING PAPER.**—We mentioned some weeks since an invention of recent date, by which a sheet of paper could be split. The following account from the London Globe shows that this operation has been performed in a manner highly alarming to those whose wealth consists in bank notes:—"The governor and directors of the Bank of England having been informed of the extraordinary ingenuity of Mr. Baldwin, and that he was able to split not only newspaper, but a bank note, sent for him in order to test his skill. That his task might be as difficult as possible, they picked him out one of the old £4 notes, which are printed on paper much thinner than the notes of the present day, and told him to split it if he could. Mr. B. took the note home with him, and returned it the next day in the state he had promised.—The paper was not in the slightest degree torn, and seemed as though it had just come from the manufactory, so little was its appearance affected by the operation. The directors remunerated Mr. Baldwin for his trouble, but could not elicit from him the means he employed. This discovery is considered of much importance in connection with the paper currency.  
**BLACK AND WHITE MUSIC.**—In Philadelphia they have several bands connected with the fire companies, some of which lately resolved that they would not parade with black bands. To resent this pointed attack, various colored musical organizations met, and unanimously resolved to withhold their services from the fire department on the occasion of the next triennial parade, unless all white musicians were excluded therefrom.  
**POPULATION AND CROPS FOR 1848.**—The following comparison of the estimates of the population and crops of the United States for 1847 and '48, is taken from the tables accompanying the annual reports of the Commissioner of Patents, submitted to Congress a few days since. It shows an increased yield of every article adapted to the sustenance of man or beast—and although the increase of our population is rapid—one million nearly in a single year—the increase of food is even greater. The population in 1840 was 17,000,453—  

	1847.	1848.
Estimated population,	20,748,400	21,088,000
No. bushels wheat,	114,245,000	126,354,000
" " " " " "	3,619,850	6,222,015
" " " " " "	167,867,000	185,500,000
" " " " " "	28,223,700	32,952,000
" " " " " "	11,873,000	12,688,000
" " " " " "	558,250,000	583,150,000
" " " " " "	109,965,000	114,475,000
" " " " " "	19,819,900	15,735,000
" " " " " "	27,950	20,000
" " " " " "	220,164,000	218,909,000
" " " " " "	1,041,500,000	1,038,000,000
" " " " " "	103,090,500	119,198,500

It will be seen by this table that the aggregate number of bushels of vegetable food raised in the United States exceeds one hundred and seventy millions—or in quarters—the mode of computation in England—about one hundred and thirty-four millions.  
**OIL OF ANISEED FOR RATS.**—It is a well known fact that rats entertain an irresistible fondness for aniseed. A gentleman of the name of Bayley, residing in the Hampstead road, had occasion, a short time since, to take down a small bottle of essential oil of aniseed from a cupboard in his kitchen, which he accidentally let fall, and the bottle was broken and the contents escaped upon the floor. Before this accident not a rat had for two years been seen upon the premises, but in a day or two afterwards they made their appearance; and at this time swarm to so great an extent that every effort to exterminate them has hitherto proved unavailing.  
**SNOW BALLS IN HORSES' FEET.**—David Thomas, in the Albany Cultivator, says that soft soap, well rubbed into the bottom of the hoofs when clean, and before the horses leave the stable, will prevent the collection of balls of snow.  
**MAN'S ABILITY.**—No man knows what he can do till he has fully resolved to do what he can. When men have thought themselves obliged to set about any business in good earnest, they have done that which their indolence made them suppose impossible.  
**A FRIENDLY RECOGNITION.**—A courtesan-looking fellow went up to an old gentleman, and holding out his hand remarked with a smile:  
"My dear sir, I cannot call you by name, but I am sure we have been together somewhere."  
"We may have," said the old gentleman, "for I have been in some very bad company in my days."  
**GOLD IN VIRGINIA.**—We understand that the gold digging at Stockton & Heiss's location is still very successful. The amount raised in January, with fifteen or twenty hands, was about \$20,000, and the amount thus far in this month is proportionally as much. A deposit of 800 ounces has just been made at the Mint. The new machinery was not in operation when the above results were obtained. The success of this Company is quite equal to the average gains in the famous valley of the Sacramento.  
**NAME CHANGING.**—The legislators of Wisconsin, who appear to be wiser in their generation than other people, have passed a general law, as it might be called, to alter names; the power to do so, upon the application of any inhabitant, being vested in the board of Supervisors for every town. The inhabitant is to apply; the board is to examine and decide; if it approve, the change is to be made and recorded in the register of deeds for the county, and no further care or trouble is to be expected. We shall have Wisconsin, in time, a land of aliases.  
**A NEW EXPERIMENT.**—A couple of chaps hit upon the following expedient to raise the noodle. One was to feign dead and to be put into a bag by the other, and sold to a physician in the neighborhood as a fit subject for dissection. The bag was procured, the fellow tied up in it, and at "night's meridian" carried to the doctor. The bargain was soon finished, the money pocketed, and the seller was upon the sill of the door taking his leave, when the subject in the bag began to kick.  
"Stop, stop!" cried the doctor, "the man isn't dead."  
"No matter," cried he in the door way, "you can kill him when you want him."  
**PROMPT ACTION.**—Mr. Risley, says the Centreville (Md.) Sentinel, a travelling merchant, had his pocket-book, containing about \$12,000, stolen from him at a tavern in Greensborough, Caroline county, a few days ago. On charging a fellow, who was in the tavern, with the theft, he forked over instantly, and made tracks in double quick time.  
By a friendly introduction to Mr. J. M. Harris, we, with a club of distinguished gentlemen,

For the Star and Banner.  
**FRENCH POT-AU-FEU.**  
Out of this earthen pot comes the favorite soup and bouilli, which have been everlastingly famed as having been the support of several generations of all classes of society in France, from the peasant to the poorest individual; all pay tribute to the excellence and worth. In fact this soup and bouilli are to the French what the roast-beef and plum-pudding are to the English. No dinner in France is served without soup, and no good soup is supposed to be made without the pot-au-feu. Generally, every quarter of a century makes a total alteration in fashions and politics—need I say also in cookery, which must be approximated not only to the fashionable, but more strongly to the political world, humbly bending its indispensable services to the whims and wishes of crowned heads, which invariably leads the multitude. For example the bills of fare of the stuporous XIVth, which were to grace the tables of Louis XIVth, XVI, and XVII, of France, were all very different from each other, and none of them were copied to grace the sumptuous and luxurious tables of the Empire even the very features of them having undergone an entire change in our day. Every culinary invention, taking its life and origin from some celebrated personage or extraordinary event, every innovation of cookery, like a change in fashion, causes us to forget those dishes which they have superseded. I have no doubt but that, if some court historian could collect the bills of fare of dinners from various centuries and nations, which crowned heads have partaken of, he might write a very interesting volume under the title of "History of Cookery," in which we should be able closely to trace the original history of different countries, especially in France, where Cookery was first cradled, and has ever since been well nursed. Nothing can stamp the sanctity of any great event so well as a sumptuous banquet: peace, war, politics, and even religion, have always been the cause of extraordinary and sometimes monstrous gastronomic meetings, for a proof of which our readers will be presented in this number, with a correct bill of fare (found in the tower of London) of a dinner given by the Earl of Warwick at the installation of the Arch Bishop of York, in the year 1470. In time of war artists are engaged sketching on immense canvases the horrors and disasters of a battle, while in peace they sketch the anniversary banquets for the victorious, in honor of the event (reminiscent of the realm after a storm), and we may sincerely hope, for the credit of humanity at large, that a disastrous battle may have its hundred anniversary banquet, without a fresh combat. But to return to the humble but indispensable article of cookery. Every thing seems to prove to us, that it has always performed an important part in political events, and has been exposed to as many alterations. Still, amongst so many changes, an old favorite has boldly passed through every storm, and has for ever established its culinary power upon France's changeable soil. The bow-check of this demi-immortal is daily seen ornamenting the frescoes of millions, and merely acquaints the children, the first thing in the morning, that something good is in preparation for their dinner. This mighty vessel is called in French "Pot-au-feu," being a brown earthen pot, which costs about a quarter, and which with care would last twenty years; the more it is used, the better soup it makes. In it is made that excellent and wholesome luxury, which for centuries has been the principal nourishment and support of the middle and poorer classes of France at a very trifling expense. It is not upon the tables of the wealthy, that the best of this national soup is to be obtained, but upon the right or left side of the entrance to the noble mansion, in a square, oval, or octagonal room, commonly called "La Loge de la Portier," or the Porter's Lodge, as nearly every potter has his portiere, that is, a wife, who answers the door (while her husband is doing the frothing, or polishing the floor of the apartment). While pulling the string or wire, which loosens the lock to let people in, with one hand, she skins the pot-au-feu with the other.  
She should be fortunate enough to possess two eyes, she would keep one upon her pot-au-feu, and the other upon the individual, who had probably come only to make inquiry, but unfortunately for L. Mero Martin, (whom we shall have the pleasure of introducing to our readers, as a gastronomic wonder in her simple style), she had but one eye, which she almost entirely devoted to the ebullition of the pot-au-feu; having been peeped there two-and-thirty years, she knew most people in the habit of calling by their voice, and used to answer them even without turning her shuffling head. But what brought her domestic cookery, in such high repute, that she was not to be excelled by any portiere of Paris, was that one day her master, M. le Comte de S—, (who was a good gentleman and great epicure), came home from a long ride, while she was performing her humble occupation of pouring the soup into the tureen; a triple knock came to the door, which immediately opened as by electricity, and in walked her beloved master, who came to the door of the lodge, to pay his duties to his old and faithful servant, while an exhalation of the most delicious fragrance pervaded the small apartment from the boiling pot-au-feu, which attracted his scientific attention for a short inquiry, he discovered in an old brown pan the gloriously smoking hot consommé, and seizing with avidity a spoon by the side, tasted (much to the astonishment of La Mero Martin) several spoonfuls, pronounced the first delicious, the second excellent, the third delightful, in fact, magnificent. "Can you spare any of it?" he said, addressing the worthy dame. "Yes," said she, "but I am sure, Monsieur, does not mean it." "But indeed, I do," replied he, "and if I had been aware I could have obtained such a treasure, I would have had nothing else for my dinner to-day; and if you were not so far advanced in years, I would not object to make you my *pot-au-feu*." The earthen pan was immediately broken, and conveyed up-stairs to the dining-room, and deposited on the table of his Seigneurie, where afterwards the dinner was waiting for himself and friends, but the immortal pot-au-feu resting on a square silver tray, with its handle half broken off, made all the honoree of the dinner, to the great surprise of the cook, who had thus sacrificed the *pot-au-feu* in dressing a most voracious dinner, and all much offended at the whim of his wealthy master, who had neglected his dinner, to take pot-luck with his portiere's eye.  
By a friendly introduction to Mr. J. M. Harris, we, with a club of distinguished gentlemen,