

Star & Republican Banner.

FEARLESS AND FREE.

GETTYSBURG, ADAMS COUNTY, PA.

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BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.

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TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 13, 1838.

[WHOLE NO: 449.

PUBLIC SALES.



PUBLIC SALE.
IN pursuance of an Order of Orphans' Court of Adams County will be sold at public sale on the premises, on Saturday the 24th day of November next, at 1 o'clock P. M. a **Tract of Land,** Late the Estate of JOHN MILLER, deceased, situate in Germany township, Adams County, about one mile from Littlestown, adjoining lands of John Beck, Andrew Rorebaugh, Henry Snyder and others, containing 50 Acres more or less—on which are erected a TWO STORY DWELLING HOUSE, Log Barn, and stable, with all other necessary improvements, as well as excellent water convenient.

Terms made known on the day of sale and attendance given by
FREDERICK COLEHOUSE,
Administrator de bonis non.

October 16, 1838. 18-20

PUBLIC SALE.
The subscriber will sell at public sale, on the premises, on Saturday the 17th day of November next,

A VALUABLE FARM,
Situate in Franklin township, Adams County, on the public road leading from Gettysburg to Shippensburg, near Arendeville, containing 115 Acres, more or less. The improvements are, a good TWO STORY STONE HOUSE, a TENANT HOUSE, LOG BARN, with other necessary improvements and conveniences; an orchard, with meadow, and timber land sufficient.

This farm is in a good state of cultivation, and all under good fencing.
Sale to commence at 1 o'clock P. M. when attendance will be given by
GEORGE MYERS,

October 30, 1838. 18-31

If the above property is not sold on said day, it will be offered for next, at the adjournment of the sale.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.
THE subscribers will sell by public outcry on the premises, on Saturday the 17th day of November next, (sale commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.) the farm late the estate of Jacob Crim, son, deceased, situate in Dickinson township, Cumberland county, nine miles southwest of Carlisle, containing 165 ACRES.

About 100 acres are cleared, and in a good state of cultivation. There is a good TWO STORY LOG DWELLING HOUSE, Log Barn, and several out houses on the premises. The above land lies on both sides of the Yellow Breeches Creek; about half a mile west of Spring Mills. Terms will be made known on the day of sale.

JACOB CRIM, ABRAHAM CRIM,
Executors of Jacob Crim, dec'd.
Dickinson township, }
October 23, 1838. 18-30

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.
WILL be Exposed to Public Sale, on the premises, on Tuesday the 13th of November next,

A VALUABLE FARM,
Late the property of JOHN PEDEEN, deceased, situated in Freedom township, Adams county, Pa. two miles north of Emmittsburg, adjoining lands of Henry Heagy, Thomas Reid, Martin's and others, containing 170 Acres; and the usual allowances; about 100 Acres cleared; the residue well timbered, with a great quantity of valuable Locust trees; the improvements are a GOOD TWO STORY STONE HOUSE, Kitchen, double Log Barn, Wagon Shed, Carriage Shed and Corn Crib, and other necessary out-buildings, three wells of water convenient to the buildings, also an excellent orchard of various kinds of fruit.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M. on said day, when attendance will be given, and terms made known. Any person wishing to view the property, will please call on
THOMAS REID,
Agent for the heirs.

October 16, 1838. 18-20

N. B. If not sold on the above mentioned day, it will be RENTED.

MERCHANT MILL, FOR RENT.
THE subscriber will rent the Merchant Mill, Saw Mill, TENANT HOUSE and other privileges belonging to the heirs of Peter Epply, deceased, situate in Cumberland township, Adams County, Pa., on Marsh Creek, at public outcry, on Tuesday the 27th day of November next, at 2 o'clock P. M. on the premises.

The property is in good order, and is an excellent neighborhood for business.
Terms made known on the day of renting by
ADAM EPPLY,

October 30, 1838. 18-31

PUBLIC NOTICES.

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber will sell, at private sale, on which he now resides, containing 332 Acres.

The improvements on this farm, are a large and commodious BRICK DWELLING HOUSE,

Log Barn and stables, smoke house, a stone Spring-house and other necessary out-buildings, an excellent never failing spring of pure water within a few rods of the house, and running water in almost every field.

The above farm is fertile and in good order, the meadows on the same are excellent, and a fair proportion of the land is wooded, (about 80 acres); there are also on the said farm two apple ORCHARDS, a peach ORCHARD and other fruit. This farm is situated in Frederick County, Md., on the road leading from Frederick to Emmittsburg, about 6 miles from the latter place, and 4 miles from Mt. St. Mary's College. The situation is eligible in every point of view.

The above farm was originally in two tracts; the one containing 145 acres, the other 187 acres; on the latter are the Buildings, &c.; the former is without buildings. This property will be sold together or separately, as will best suit the convenience of any one desirous of purchasing.

If the above property is not sold at private sale, before the 1st day of January next, it will on that day be offered at public sale, on the premises, at 12 o'clock, M.

For Terms, apply to the subscriber on the premises, or JAMES COOPER, in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

JAMES COOPER, Sen.
October 23, 1838. 18-30

CO-PARTNERSHIP.
GEORGE R. GILBERT AND JACOB W. GILBERT,

HAVING purchased the Drug Store of Dr. Jesse GILBERT, deceased, will continue the establishment under the firm of **GEORGE R. GILBERT & CO.** at the old stand, in Baltimore street, Gettysburg.

It is hoped that the experience of one of the members of the firm in the business, and the entire devotion of both, to the accommodation of those who may favor them, will secure the confidence, and a reasonable share of the patronage of the community.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF FRESH DRUGS AND MEDICINES, Paints, Oils, & Dye Stuffs, will be kept on hand constantly, and sold on the most reasonable terms.

Physicians and Country Merchants will be promptly supplied at REDUCED PRICES. Their orders are respectfully solicited.
GEO. R. GILBERT, JACOB W. GILBERT,
Gettysburg, Oct. 16, 1838. 18-20

LOOK OUT!
THOS. J. COOPER IS just receiving a Fresh Supply of FALL GOODS,

AS FOLLOWS, VIZ: **Cloths, Cassimers, Cassinets, Silks, Merinos, Calicoes, Muslins, HARDWARE, assorted, SHOES, ASSORTED, Queensware Groceries, Iron & Hollow-ware,** in fact, from a Needle to an Anchor—all of which he is determined to sell cheap, and wishes nothing but a call to satisfy all.

Gettysburg, October 23, 1838. 18-30

Register's Notices.
Notice is hereby Given.

TO all Legatees and other persons concerned, that the ADMINISTRATION ACCOUNTS of the deceased persons hereinafter mentioned, will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Adams County, for confirmation and allowance, on Monday the 26th day of November next, viz:

The Account of Henry Weikert and George Heagy, Executors of the Estate of David Shawler, deceased.

The Account of Henry Walter, one of the Executors of the Estate of Adam Walter, deceased.

The Account of Philip Beamer, Executors of the Estate of Margaret Stout, deceased.

The Account of George R. Hoffman, Administrator of the Estate of George Elnett, deceased.

The Account of Joseph Miller, Administrator of the Estate of Solomon Chambers, deceased.

The Account of Jacob Griest, Administrator of the Estate of Hannah Weirman, deceased.

The Account of John Thomas, one of the Executors of the Estate of Naomi Morlan, deceased.

JAS. A. THOMPSON, Register.
Register's Office, Gettysburg, Oct. 30, 1838. 18-31

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens culled with care."

FROM THE FOMERET (NO.) HERALD.
THE GHEBER.
BY HARRY LEVY.

I soon met away love, and leave our Kismee,†
On our sunny island that decks the Green Sea;
For ere the sun sinks behind Araby's shore,
The pang of our parting, aye, it must be o'er.
Sad is it to part love, from all that is dear,
Of lover and maiden;—the last embrace o'er,
Spiced my bark o'er the sea, fast away from the shore.
I've sworn by the Grave of the Holy to be,
When the stars are shining o'er islands and seas;
Far o'er the green water, with a valiant few,
That shrink not, that fear not, to roam most true
The tyrant shall tremble, when swords flashing bright,
Shall scatter his hirelings and slay them in flight;
For many shall lay ere the morn o'er the plain,
Nor fight in the ranks of the Moslem again.
I fight for my country, for Iran, for thee!
I strike for my country that she may be free!
In battle we'll triumph, our broadsword we'll wield,
And many a foeman lay low on the field.
The song of the Gheber, then ever shall be,
Loved Iran, my country, thy ever shall be free!
For once we're unshackled and free from the chain
The tyrant shall never enslave us again!

"The original natives of Persia, of the religion of Zoroaster. Their country was the scene of many revolutions; and when conquered by the Arabian Caliphs 'they were forced either to remain persecuted at home, or become wanderers abroad.'"
"An island in the Persian Gulf."
"The Persians swear by the tomb of Shah Beader, who is buried at Casbin; and when one desires another to assassinate a matter, he will ask him if he dare swear by the Holy Grave."—Simsy.
"Iran is the true general name of Persia."

THE REPOSITORY.
FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A TALE OF THE HUGUENOTS,
Or, *The Memoirs of a Refugee Family.*
Translated and compiled from the original manuscripts of James Fontaine, by one of his descendants, John S. Taylor; New York, 1838.

An entertaining little story, plainly told, of one of the most interesting periods in European history. The narrative with which Mr. Fontaine, in his old age, sits down to entertain his Huguenot children with a family tale—the simple manner in which he relates the stirring incidents and hair-breadth escapes of his adventurous life—carries the mind irresistibly back to the winter evenings of childhood, and forcibly reminds us of the absorbing interest with which we used to devour the legends of the nursery.

Though it purports to be the tale of a family, the work before us is the story of thousands. Varying the detail, with slight alterations, many, besides his two thousand descendants, may read their family history in the auto-biography of Mr. Fontaine. The persecutions and oppressions which drove him from his *bell France*, drove our ancestors to the rock of Plymouth, and peopled the wilds of a new world with the champions of civil and religious liberty. The protestants of Germany, the Huguenots of France, with the dissenters and congregationalists of England and Scotland, fled from their father-land, to seek a place in an unexplored wilderness, where they might worship God, according to conscience and to reason.

The early protestants were dragged from place to place in Catholic Europe and hunted down like beasts of the forest. Steadfast in their faith, they considered persecution a privilege, torture, beatitude; and martyrdom, glory; with spirits which oppression could not crush, nor cruelty tame, they had learned in the school of adversity, the worth of that freedom they could not enjoy. They it was who brought to the western hemisphere the germ of liberty, out of which the independence of these United States was unfounded to the world.

Though history proper makes us acquainted with the grand features and general outline of those times, by revealing to us the persecutions and sufferings, and heroism of the noted few, we cannot catch from her formal manner, the spirit of the times. It is such works as the present, that complete the picture. Mr. Fontaine takes us familiarly by the hand, leads us to his home, points us to the ruins of his church, which bigotry had razed, and where persecution forbade him to minister. He conducts us thence with his neighbors to secret worship in the wood. And entering into their feelings, we follow him and them to prison, where we witness the sufferings, and are made fully acquainted with the condition of the Huguenot of the 17th century.

Mr. Fontaine commences the annals of his family from his great grandfather, John de la Fontaine, who bore a commission in "Les ordonnances du Roy," in the household of Francis I. He conducted himself so honorably and uprightly, that even after his father and himself had embraced protestantism at its first preaching in 1535, he remained in his office, and continued in it during the reigns of Henry II, Francis II, and until the second year of Charles IX.

At the edict of Pacification, called the January Edict, granted in 1562, the protestants were lulled into false security, and induced to lay down their arms. John de la Fontaine trusting to the immunities guaranteed to them, deemed himself secure without the protection afforded by his office, and threw up his commission. But, continues our biographer, "Some of the sworn enemies of God and his gospel, who had long watched John de la Fontaine, and conceived a deep hatred against him, thought the time had now arrived when they might safely put him out of the way; and such a man being got rid of, it would be comparatively easy to disperse the rest of the congregation to which he belonged."

"It was in the year 1563 that some of these ruffians were despatched from the city of La Mans in search of him; and in the night time, when he least expected such a fate, he was dragged out of doors, and his throat cut; his wife, within a few weeks of her confinement, had followed him, hoping by her entreaties, to save his life; but she shared the same fate.

"James de la Fontaine, my grandfather, then thirteen or fourteen years old, with Abraham, two years his junior, and another brother still younger, fled from the bloody scene, full of horror and consternation, without a guide save the providence of God, and no aim but to get as far as possible from the barbarians, who had in one moment deprived them of both father and mother. They did not stop until they reached Rochelle, then a very safe place for protestants, containing as it did, within its walls, many faithful servants of the living God. These poor lads were actually begging their bread when they arrived there, and were without any recommendation save their appearance. A charitable shoemaker, who feared God, and was in easy circumstances, received James into his house, and into his affections also, and taught him his trade. They all three lived poorly enough, until James reached manhood; he then entered upon commercial pursuits, and his career afterwards was comparatively prosperous. In the year 1603, he married, and had two daughters and one son, (James,) my father. He married again, but had no addition to his family; and better would it have been for him had he remained a widower, for his last wife attempted to poison him; and though unsuccessful, the affair became too notorious to be hushed up. She was carried to prison, tried, and condemned to death. It so happened that Henry IV was then at Rochelle, and application was made to him for pardon; he said before he granted it, he must see the husband she had been so anxious to get rid of. When my grandfather appeared before him, he cried out, 'Let her be hanged, let her be hanged, *entre saint griez!* he is the handsomest man in my kingdom.' I have seen his picture, and it certainly did represent him as a handsome man. . . .

"I now proceed to my own father, who at an early age discovered great aptitude for study, and a very serious turn of mind. I was the youngest child of my parents, and have but little personal recollection of your grandfather, being only eight years old when he died. He was a man of fine figure, clear complexion, pure red and white, and of so dignified a deportment, that he commanded the respect of all with whom he came in contact. He absented himself on festive occasions, but never failed to visit every family in his flock twice a year. The sick and afflicted were visited as soon as their affliction was made known to him. When it was understood that he was praying with the sick, crowds would flock to hear him, filling the house—for you must know that in that district all were protestants, save four or five families. He was most zealous and affectionate, and employed all his knowledge, his talents, and his studies in the service of God. He had great learning, quick and ready wit, clear and sonorous voice, natural and agreeable action, and he always made use of the most chaste and elegant language; and genuine humility, crowning the whole, gave such a charm to his discourses, that he delighted all who heard him. . . .

"I now return to my own history. I went to Nantes to reside, in order to have the assistance of two able and pious ministers, Mr. Mainard and Mr. Dorillak, in pursuing my theological studies. After awhile they also were cast into prison, and I returned home.

"My brother Peter had been minister of my father's parish ever since his death, and about this time he was seized under a *lettre de cachet*, and confined in the castle of Oleron. The church at Vaux was levelled to the ground, and most of the churches in our province shared the same fate; thus my neighbors could not reach a place of worship without great fatigue; and feeling compassion for them, as sheep without a shepherd, I felt myself called on to invite them to join me in my family devotions. The number who came soon increased to one hundred and fifty, and I then recommended to them not to come daily as heretofore. I frequently changed the days of assembling, giving previous notice to the people; and we continued this dearing intercourse uninterruptedly during the whole winter.

"A rumor prevailed that there were meetings in our parish, and that I was the preacher; but we had no traitor in our ranks, and the baptists were unable to discover any thing with sufficient certainty to make a handle of. Our holy intercourse continued without any drawback till Palm Sunday, 1684. On that day some of my neighbors came to my house as usual, and not finding me there they retired to the wood behind my house, and one of their number, a mason by trade, who read very well, officiated as their pastor. He read several chapters from the Bible, the prayers of the church, a sermon, and they sang psalms. This meeting having been open, it was noised abroad, and on Holy Thursday from seven to eight hundred persons assembled on the same spot, the mason again their pastor; and on Easter day the number increased to a thousand. . . .

"Warrants were issued; and the Grand Provost and his archers were in search of us. I was absent; the country people, having had timely notice, hid themselves in the wood, and after scouring the country, the archers found no one but the poor mason, who had officiated; him they took, fastened to a horse's tail, and dragged to Saintes, a distance of fifteen miles. They threatened him in all kinds of ways, and assured him that he would be hanged as soon as they reached the capital. It was late when they arrived—too late, they told him for to be hanged that night, and that one chance for life yet remained to him, and that was to recant without delay; for if he once got within the walls of the prison, a hundred ruffians would not save him from death."

Mr. Fontaine was also thrown into prison; and here commences the adventurous life of this singular man.

At the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, after he had failed in the council of elders and ministers, to prevail on that body to resist persecution, and call on the protestants to take up arms in defence of their religion, their lives, and their property, he found himself no longer useful as a minister, and fled from France, he had his lady-love, in an open boat, and passed as drunken fishermen, under the guns of a man-of-war that guarded the coast against the escape of protestant refugees. He landed penniless in England; mortgaged the equity of his intended; engaged in commerce; married; became a schoolmaster; then a preacher; afterwards a weaver; then a manufacturer of salinances, and a grocer. His skill and success in the two last excited the admiration, and the envy and jealousy, of those around him.

From England he retired to Cork, where he became a dyer and a manufacturer of broadcloths.

Here he distinguished himself as a preacher, and preaching from the freedom of the city. But eighth commandment, "thou shalt not steal," applied with so much force to some of his congregation, exciting them against him, that he deemed it expedient to resign his charge as minister. He again engaged in commerce; entered into the tobacco trade of Virginia; removed to Bear Haven; turned fisherman; became a justice of the peace; was attacked by a French corsair; he, assisted by his wife and children, defended themselves against great odds; drove off the privateer, down the house; capitulated and carried his son off as a hostage. And he himself became a pensioner of the British government. He retired from Bear Haven, almost a poor man, and again became a schoolmaster.

Amidst all his misfortunes, he contrived to give his children good educations. His sons, James, Peter and Francis, and his son-in-law, Matthew Maury, emigrated to Virginia about 1717; from whom have descended the Maury and Fontaines of this country.

Mr. Fontaine's grandson, the Rev. James Maury of Albemarle county, was the tutor of our Jefferson and Madison, and the father of Mr. Maury of New York, well known in Virginia as the "Old Consul." Many years ago, when in Europe, this last gentleman wishing to trace the relationship between his branch of the family, and the celebrated Abbe Maury, opened a correspondence with that dignitary, from which we venture the following extracts.

"Paris, Sept. 8, 1777.
"I have just received the letter, sir, with which you have honored me, and I hasten to thank you for the many polite things you are so kind as to say to me, as well as for the desire you express to know whether we belong to the same family. From the details into which you enter, it would appear we have a common origin; and in order that you may form your own opinion, I think I ought to tell you at once all I know of the name I bear.

"My family, down to my father inclusive, was originally from Arnançon, a small village in Lower Dauphiny, where they possessed several manors, and where they had professed the protestant religion for nearly two centuries. At the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, my grandfather, who had eleven older brothers—himself too young to be at home with them—was brought up by one of his maternal relatives in another village, called Peage, three leagues distant from Arnançon; he married there, and abjured; and at the commencement of the present century he settled at Valais, a town in the county of Avignon, where my father died, after having re-established his fortune by commerce and an advantageous marriage. Thanks to his good example, and the education he gave his children, they have done well, and had the satisfaction of living to witness my advancement. Having given you this history of the branch from which I spring, I will proceed to relate what I have heard of the others whom I have never known.

"Immediately after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, all our property was confiscated. The eleven brothers of my grandfather entered the king's service; three were killed at Malplaquet; another made his fortune, and died in 1762—he was a brigadier in the Royal Life Guards; another settled on the confines of Perigord, or Guineen; but we have never had any intercourse with him, because of my grandfather having left his native place, and his children becoming orphans at an early age. We are in total ignorance of what has become of the remainder of the family.

"You see, sir, that in supposing yourself a descendant of one of these dispersed children, you will find no illustrious titles; we have little to boast of but the honor, the virtues, and the reputation for honesty and uprightness, which our ancestors always enjoyed in the neighborhood where they lived. Let us cherish the remembrance, so dear to us, of the modest and estimable privileges. Let their example serve us instead of the distinctions they could not transmit.

"The conformity of name appears to indicate identity of race. I wish with all my heart we could discover the proof of it. For if we do spring from one stem, the separation cannot be far distant. It would be very agreeable to me to be related to a man who introduces himself with so much kindness as you do. But if it may not be by blood, it shall at any rate be by esteem, and the consideration and sincerity with which I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient and very humble servant.

"MAURY, (Jean Siffrein.)
"Abbe de l'academie des arcades de Rome in 1773, Commentateur de la Fronde, Chanoine, Vicaire General qui officiait de Lombez qui Pre. dicateur ordinaire du Roi.
"To JAMES MAURY, of Virginia."

"Paris, May 12, 1778.
"I am no more in the habit, Monsieur, of being the slave of ceremony than you are. Your letters bespeak a man amiable, educated, and well-bred, and far from finding any fault with your conduct towards me, I am on the contrary much flattered. Do more justice to yourself and to me also, and above all make no apology when I alone am to blame. . . .

"You are then on the eve of returning to Virginia. I wish you all kinds of good luck. I shall be overjoyed if I can be of any service to you in Paris during your residence in America. You should not doubt of my wish to hear from you as soon as you arrive. Besides the ties of blood, which perhaps unite us, those of friendship are sufficient to inspire me with a lively interest. I entreat you to believe that I can never be indifferent to the success of a man who makes himself known with as much merit as you do. Tell your countrymen that they are dear to all France; that we wish for their prosperity; that we glory in their triumphs; that we admire their courage, and more interested in a French army, than we are with the troops of Congress. Nothing is talked of here but the brave Americans; and we must acknowledge that for three years past, they have multiplied actions calculated to keep up our admiration. This people is destined to play a grand part on the theatre of the world; but to whatever pitch of glory your descendants may rise, they will never forget the present generation, and the libe-

ators of America will live forever in the memory of man. . . .
"I pray you to accept my wishes for your welfare at the moment of your departure; and be assured of the distinguished consideration with which I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient and very humble servant.
"MAURY, &c.
"Abbe de la Fronde, &c. &c.
"JAMES MAURY, of Virginia."
The merit of rescuing this interesting little memoir from the dusty shelf, where it had remained for more than a hundred years, belongs to a lady. In the office of translator and compiler, she has acquitted herself with much grace, and deserves the thanks of the reading public, no less than of her two thousand kinsfolk to whom her work is dedicated.

CORN BREAD.
PLATE CORN BREAD.—Six pints of meal, one table spoonful of salt, four pints of water; thoroughly mixed with the hand, and baked in oblong rolls, about two inches thick. Use as much dough for each roll as can be conveniently shaped in the hand. Many persons use hot water; in the winter it is certainly best. The bread is better to be made half an hour or more before it is baked. The oven must be tolerably hot when the dough is put in. All kinds of corn bread require a hotter oven and to be baked quicker than flour.

LIGHT CORN BREAD.—Six four pints meal into three pints tepid water and add one large spoonful of salt; let it rise five or six hours; then stir it up with the hand, and bake in a brick oven. Another method is to make mush, and before it grows cold stir in a half a pint of meal. Let it rise and bake as the first.

CORN CAKES.—Six eggs well beaten, one pint milk, one teaspoonful salt, two pints mush almost cold, two pints meal, and three table spoonful melted lard. Grease the oven, put one large spoonful of batter in each cake. Do not let them touch in baking.

CORN MUFFINS.—Made in the same way as corn cakes; grease the muffin-hoops, and heat the oven slightly before putting in either corn cakes or muffins. A better muffin is made by substituting two pints of flour instead of meal.

BATTER OR MUSH CAKES.—Beat the yolk of eggs very light, add one pint milk, two pints mush almost cold, one and a half pints flour, one teaspoonful salt, three table spoonful melted butter—to be well beaten together. Just before frying them, whip the whites to a strong froth, and stir it lightly into the batter. For frying all kinds of batter cakes, use no more lard than is necessary to make them turn well.

MUSH.—Put two pints of water into a pot to boil; then take one pint cold water and mix smoothly into it one pint meal. When the water in the pot boils, stir this well into it, and let it boil ten or fifteen minutes, or until it looks clear.

COMMON BATTER CAKES.—Six eggs well beaten, two and a half pints milk, one teaspoonful salt, stir in three pints of meal that has been thrice sifted through a common sifter. Keep the batter well stirred while frying, otherwise the meal will settle at the bottom.

CONSERVE.—The following is an excellent hit on the unnatural fashion which our ladies have of spoiling their forms and ruining their health by tight lacing.

While thousands fall by clashing swords,
Ten thousand fall by correct boards,
Yet giddy females, thoughtless train,
For sake of fashion yield to pain,
And health and comfort sacrifice
To please a fancy coxcomb's eyes.

The accounts which is going the rounds in the papers, of a case of amalgamation which recently occurred in New York, in which a female of the Society of Friends is charged with being concerned, is entirely destitute of foundation. The female implicated, it appears on investigation, is one of those abandoned creatures to be found in almost every community, but in no way connected with the respectable society mentioned above.

PUBLIC BENEFACTORS.—Every one can and should do some thing for the Public, if it be only to kick a piece of orange-peel into the road from the foot-pavement.

CONUNDRUM.—Why is death by drinking gin the same thing as death by jumping into Mount Vesuvius? Because it's being killed by "the crater."

A JOKE FOR THE LADIES.—The editor of a paper in Providence lately informed his readers that the ladies always pulled off the left stocking last. This, as may be supposed, created some little stir among his fair readers, and while in positive terms they denied the statement, they at the same time declared that he had no business to know it, even if such was the fact, and pronounced him no gentleman. He proves it, however, by a short argument. "When one stocking is pulled off first, there is another left on; and pulling off this is taking the left stocking off last."

A DETERMINED FUNSTER.—Some one attributing the wants of Ireland to absenteeism, a resolute punster declared that "the misery of the Irish arose not from absent tea-ism, but from absent dinner-ism."

A HUSBAND AT SIGHT.—Lord G. being one day in Kensington Gardens, went to shelter himself from a very heavy shower of rain, in a covered seat, to which two ladies had also repaired; one of them was Miss V. A conversation ensued, during which his lordship asked them if they had a carriage in waiting; they replied in the negative; he then entreated them to take a seat in his, and allow him to convey them home; the offer was accepted. On their way to town Miss V. said she thought it was the earliest carriage she had ever been in. His lordship politely replied, "You may be mistress of it, madam, whenever you please." Miss V. blushed her thanks, and they were man and wife from that expiration of the month.