

Star & Republican Banner.

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"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

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[WHOLE NO. 298.]

THE GARLAND.

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

THE DYING BOY.

It must be sweet, in childhood, to give back
The spirit to its maker; ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the paths of sin,
And sure—to gather up its bitter fruits.
I know a boy whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the earth came round and call'd him home
To rest in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
'Twas night, he summoned his accustom'd friends,
And in this wise bestowed his last request.

Mother—"I'm dying now?
There's a deep sulfation in my breast,
As if some heavy load my bosom pressed;
And on my brow

I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes to my up. Oh! tell me, is this death?
Mother, your hand—

Here—lay it on my waist,
And place the other thus beneath my head.
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,
Shall I be missed?

Never beside your knee,
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray;
Nor with the morning wake and sing the lay
You taught to me

Oh! at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat—
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there.

Father—"I'm going home!
To the good home you spoke of—that blest land,
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.

I must be happy then;
From pain and death you say I shall be free,
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again.

Brother—the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've stay'd to watch the budding things, & flowers,
Forget it not!

Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine!

Sister—my young rose tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves, so green and fair,
I give to thee!

And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away, my short life done;
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?

Now, mother, sing the tune
You sang last night, and I may sleep.
Who was it call'd my name? Nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon!

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings,
And that sweet sulfer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savory odors of the early spring.

He breathed it not; the laugh of passers by,
Jarred like a discord in some mournful tune,
But worried not his slumbers. He was dead.

AN AMUSING TREAT.

[NO. XXV.]

JAPHET,

IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

I was not yet weaned from the world, but I was fast advancing to that state; when a very smart young quaker came on a visit to Reading. He was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, and was soon, as might be expected, an admirer of Susannah, but he received no encouragement. He was an idle person, and passed much of his time sitting in my shop and talking with me, and being much less reserved and unguarded than the generality of the young men of the sect, I gradually became intimate with him. One day, when my assistant was out, he said to me, "Friend Gnou-laud, tell me candidly, hast thou ever seen my face before?"

"Not that I can recollect, friend Talbot." "Then my recollection is better than yours; and now having obtained thy friendship as one of the society, I will remind thee of our former acquaintance. When thou wert Mr. N-e-w-lan-d, walking about town with Major Carbonnell, I was Lieutenant Talbot, of the Dragon Guards."

I was dumb with astonishment, and I started him in the face. "Yes," continued he, bursting into laughter, "such is the fact. You have thought, perhaps, that you were the only man of fashion who had ever been transformed into a quaker; now you behold another, so no longer imagine yourself the Phoenix of your tribe."

"I do certainly recollect that name," replied I; "but although, as you must be acquainted with my history, it is very easy to conceive why I may have joined the society, yet, upon what grounds you can have so done, is to me inexplicable."

"Newland, it certainly does require explanation; it has been, I assert, my misfortune, and not my fault. Not that I am not happy. On the contrary, I feel that I am now in my proper situation. I ought to have been born of quaker parents—at all events, I was born a quaker in disposition; but I will come to-morrow early, and then, if you will give your man something to do out of the way, I will tell you my history. I know that you will keep my secret."

The next morning he came, and as soon as we were alone he imparted to me what follows.

"I recollect well, Newland, when you were one of the leaders of fashion. I was then in the Dragon Guards, and although not very intimate with you, had the honor of a recognition when we met at parties. I cannot help laughing, upon my soul, when I look at us both now; but never mind. I was of course a great deal with my regiment, and at the club. My father, as you may not perhaps be aware, was highly connected, and all the family have been brought up to the army; the question of profession has never been mooted by us, and every Talbot has turned a soldier as naturally as a young duck takes to the water. Well, I

entered the army, and my uniform, and was admired by the young ladies." Before I received my lieutenant's commission, my father, the old gentleman, died, and left me a younger brother's fortune of four hundred per annum; but, as my uncle, said, "It was quite enough for a Talbot, who would push himself forward in his profession, as the Talbots had ever done before him." I soon found out that my income was not sufficient to enable me to continue in the Guards, and my uncle was very anxious that I should exchange into a regiment on service. I therefore, by purchase, obtained a company in the 23d, ordered out to reduce the French colonies in the West Indies, and I sailed with all the expectation of covering myself with as much glory as the Talbots had done from time immemorial. We landed, and in a short time the bullets and grape were flying in all directions, and then I discovered, what I declare never for a moment came into my head before, to wit—that I had mistaken my profession."

"How do you mean, Talbot?"

"Mean! why, that I was deficient in a certain qualification, which never was before denied to a Talbot—courage."

"And you never knew that before?"

"Never, upon my honor; my mind was always full of courage. In my mind's eye I built castles of feats of bravery, which should eclipse all the Talbots, from him who burnt Joan of Arc, down to the present day. I was sure, you that surprised as other people were, no one was more surpris'd than myself. Our regiment was ordered to advance, and I led on my company, but the bullets flew like hail. I tried to go on, but I could not; at last, notwithstanding all my endeavours to the contrary, I fairly took to my heels. I was met by the commanding officer—in fact, I ran right against him. He ordered me back, and I returned to my regiment, not feeling at all afraid. Again I was in the fire, again I resisted the impulse, but it was of no use, and at last just before the assault took place, I ran away as if the devil was after me. Wasn't it odd?"

"Very odd, indeed," replied I, laughing.

"Yes, but you do not exactly understand why it was odd. You know what philosophers tell you about volition; and that the body is governed by the mind, consequently obeys it; now, you see, in my case, it was exactly reversed. I tell you, that it is a fact, that in mind I am as brave as any man in existence; but I had a cowardly carcass, and what is still worse, it proved the master of my mind, and ran away with it. I had no mind to run away; on the contrary, I wished to have been of the forlorn hope, and had volunteered, but was refused. Surely, if I had not courage I should have avoided such a post of danger. Is it not so?"

"It certainly appears strange that you should volunteer for the forlorn hope, and then run away."

"That's just what I say. I have the soul of the Talbots, but a body which don't belong to the family, and too powerful for the soul. So it appears. Well, go on."

"It was go off, instead of going on. I tried again that day to mount the breach, and as the fire was over, I succeeded; but there was a mark against me, and it was intimated that I should have an opportunity of redeeming my character."

"Well?"

"There was a fort to be stormed the next day, and I requested to lead my company in advance. Surely that was no proof of want of courage? Permission was granted. We were warmly received, and I felt that my legs refused to advance; so what did I do? I tied my sash round my thigh, and telling the men that I was wounded, requested they would carry me to the attack. Surely that was courage?"

"Most undoubtedly so. It was like a Talbot."

"We were at the foot of the breach; when the shot flew about me, I kicked and wrestled so, that the two men who carried me were obliged to let me go, and my rascally body was at liberty. I say unfortunately, for only conceive, if they had carried me wounded up the breach, what an heroic act it would have been considered on my part; but fate decided it otherwise. If I had lain still when they dropped me, I should have done well, but I was anxious to get up the breach, that is, my mind was so bent; but as soon as I got on my legs, confound them if they didn't run away with me! and then I was found half a mile from the fort with a pretended wound. That was enough; I had a hint that the sooner I went home the better. On account of the family I was permitted to sell out, and I then walked the streets as a private gentleman, but no one would speak to me. I argued the point with several, but they were obstinate, and would not be convinced; they said that it was no use talking about being brave, if I ran away."

"They were not philosophers, Talbot."

"No, they could not comprehend how the mind and the body could be at variance.—It was no use arguing; they would have it that the movements of the body depended upon the mind, and that I had made a mistake; and that I was a coward in soul as well as body."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Oh, I did nothing! I had a great mind to knock them down, but as I knew my body would not assist me, I thought it better to leave it alone. However, they taunted me so, by calling me fighting Tom, that my uncle shut his door upon me as a disgrace to the family, saying, he wished the first bullet had laid me dead—very kind of him—at last my patience was worn out, and I looked about to find whether there were not

some people who did not consider courage as a *sine qua non*. I found that the quakers' tenets were against fighting, and therefore courage could not be necessary, so I have joined them, and I find that, if not a good soldier, I am at all events a very respectable quaker; and now you have the whole of my story—and tell me if you are of my opinion."

"Why, really it's a very difficult point to decide. I never heard such a case of disintegration before. I must think upon it."

"Of course you will not say a word about it Newland."

"Never fear, I will keep your secret, Talbot. How long have you worn the dress?"

"Oh, more than a year. By the by, what a nice young person that Susannah Temple is. I've a great mind to propose for her."

"But you must first ascertain what your body says to it, Talbot," replied I, sternly. "I allow no one to interfere with me, quaker or not."

"My dear fellow I beg your pardon, I shall think no more about her," said Talbot, rising up, as he observed that I looked very fierce. "I wish you a good morning. I leave Reading to-morrow. I will call on you, and say good-bye, if I can; and I saw no more of friend Talbot, whose mind was all courage, but whose body was so renegade."

About a month after this, I heard a sailor with one leg, and a handful of beads, singing in a most lachrymal tone.

"Why, what's that to you if my eyes I'm a wiping? A tear is a pleasure, 'd ye see, in its way."

"Bless your honor, sly a copper to poor Jack, who's lost his leg in the service.—Thanky, your honor," and he continued, "It's nonsense for trifles, I own, to be piping. But they who can't pity—why I pity them. Says the captain, says he; I shall never forget it, O'course, you know, boys, the true from the sham."

"Back your mantles, your worship, for half a minute, and just assist a poor dismantled craft, who has been riddled in the wars. 'Tis a furious lion." Long life to your honor—"In battle so lit."

"'Tis a furious lion, in battle so lit. But duty appeared—but duty appeared—"

"Buy a song, young woman, to sing to your sweetheart, while you sit on his knee in the dog watch—"

"But duty appeared, 'tis the heart of a lamb."

I believe there are few people who do not take a strong interest in the English sailor, particularly in one who has been maimed in the defence of his country. I always have, and as I heard the poor disabled fellow bawling out his ditty, certainly not with a very remarkable voice or execution, I pulled out the drawer behind the counter, and took out some halfpence to give him. When I caught his eye I beckoned to him, and he entered the shop.

"Here, my good fellow," said I, "altho' a man of peace myself, yet I feel for those who suffer in the wars; and I put the money to him."

"May your honor never know a banyan day," replied the sailor; "and a sickly season for you, into the bargain."

"Nay, friend, that is not a kind wish to others," replied I.

The sailor fixed his eyes earnestly upon me, as if in astonishment, for until I had answered he had not looked at me particularly.

"What are you looking at?" said I.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed he. "It is—yet it cannot be!"

"Cannot be! what, friend?"

He ran out of the door, and read the name over the shop, and then came in, and sank upon a chair outside of the counter. "Japhet, I have found you at last!" exclaimed he, faintly.

"Good Heaven! who are you?"

He threw off his hat, with false ringlets fastened to the inside of it, and I beheld Timothy. In a moment I sprang over the counter, and was in his arms. "Is it possible," exclaimed I, after a short silence on both sides, "that I find you, Timothy, a disabled sailor?"

"Is it possible, Japhet," replied Timothy, "that I find you a broad-brimmed quaker?"

"Even so, Timothy. I am really and truly one."

"Then you are less disguised than I am," replied Timothy, kicking off his wooden leg, and letting down his own, which had been tied up to his thigh, and concealed in his wide blue trowsers. "I am no more a sailor than you are, Japhet; and since you left me, have never yet seen the salt water, which I talk and sing so much about."

"Then thou hast been deceiving, Timothy, which I regret much."

"Now I do perceive that you are a quaker," replied Tim; "but do not blame me until you have heard my story. Thank God, I have found you at last. But tell me, Japhet, you will not send me away, will you?—If your dress is changed, your heart is not. Pray answer me, before I say any thing more. You know I can be useful here."

"Indeed, Timothy, I have often wished for you since I have been here, and it will be your own fault if I part with you. You shall assist me in the shop; but you must dress like me."

"Dress like you! have I not always dressed like you? When we started from Cophagus's, were we not dressed much alike? did we not wear spangled jackets together? did I not wear your livery, and belong to you? I'll put on anything, Japhet—but we must not part again."

"My dear Timothy, I trust we shall not; but I expect my assistant here soon, and do not wish that he should see you in that garb. Go to a small public-house at the farther end of this street, and when you see me pass, come out to me, and we will walk out into the country, and consult together."

"I have put up at a small house not far off, and have some clothes there; I will alter my dress, and meet you. God bless you, Japhet."

Timothy then picked up his ballads, which were scattered on the floor, put up his leg, and putting on his wooden stump, hastened away, after once more silently pressing my hand.

In half an hour my assistant returned, and I desired him to remain in the shop, as I was going out on business. I then walked to the appointed rendezvous, and was soon joined by Tim, who had discarded his sailor's disguise, and was in what is called a shabby genteel sort of dress. After the first renewed greeting, I requested Tim to let me know what had occurred to him since our separation.

"You cannot imagine, Japhet, what my feelings were when I found, by your note, that you had left me. I had perceived how unhappy you had been for a long while, and I was equally distressed, although I knew not the cause. I had no idea until I got your letter, that you had lost all your money; and I felt it more unkind of you to leave me then, than if you had been comfortable and independent. As for looking after that, I knew would be useless; and I immediately went to Mr. Masterton, to take his advice as to how I should proceed. Mr. Masterton had received your letter, and appeared to be very much annoyed. 'Very foolish boy,' said he, 'but there is nothing that can be done now. He is mad, and that is all that can be said in his excuse. You must do as he tells you, I suppose, and try the best for yourself. I will help you in any way that I can, my poor fellow,' said he, 'so don't cry.' I went back to the house and collected together your papers, which I sealed up. I knew that the house was to be given up in a few days. I sold the furniture, and made the best I could of the remainder of your wardrobe, and other things of value that you had left; indeed, every thing, with the exception of the dressing-case and pistols, which belonged to Major Carbonnell, and I thought you might perhaps some day like to have them."

"How very kind of you, Timothy, to think of me in that way. I shall indeed be glad; but no—what have I to do with pistols or silver dressing-cases now? I must not have them, but still I thank you all the same."

"The furniture and every thing else fetched 430l., after all expenses were paid."

"I am glad of it, Timothy, for your sake; but I am sorry, judging by your present plight, that it appears to have done you but little good."

"Because I did not make use of it, Japhet. What could I do with all that money? I took it to Mr. Masterton, with all your papers, and the dressing-case and pistols—he has it now ready for you when you ask for it. He was very kind to me, and offered to do any thing for me; but I resolved to go in search of you. I had more money in my pocket when you went away than I generally have, and with the surplus of what you left for the bills, I had twelve or fourteen pounds. So I wished Mr. Masterton good-bye, and have ever since been on my adventures in search of my master."

"Not master, Timothy; say rather of your friend."

"Well, of both if you please, Japhet; and very pretty adventures I have had, I assure you, and some very hair-breadth escapes."

"I think, when we compare notes, mine will be found the most eventful, Timothy; but we can talk of them, and compare notes another time. At present, whom do you think I am residing with?"

"A quaker, I presume."

"You have guessed right so far; but who do you think that quaker is?"

"There I'm at fault."

"Mr. Cophagus."

At this intelligence Timothy gave a leap in the air, turned round on his heel, and tumbled on the grass in a fit of immoderate laughter. "Cophagus!—a quaker!" cried he at last. "Oh! I long to see him. Snuff, snuff!—broad brims—wide skirts—and so on. Capital!"

"It is very true, Timothy, but you must not mock at the persuasion."

"I did not intend it, Japhet, but there is something to me so ridiculous in the idea. But," continued Timothy, "is it not still stranger, that after having separated so many years, we should all meet again—and that I should find Mr. Cophagus—an apothecary's shop—your dispensing medicines—and I—as I hope to be—carrying them about as I did before. Well, I shall row in the same boat, and I will be a quaker as well as you both."

"Well, we will now return, and I will take you to Mr. Cophagus, who will, I am sure, be glad to see you."

"First, Japhet, let me have some quaker's clothes: I should prefer it."

"You shall have a suit of mine, Timothy, since you wish it; but recollect it is not at all necessary, nor indeed will it be permitted that you enter into the sect without preparatory examination as to your fitness for admission."

I then went to the shop, and sending out the assistant, walked home and took out a coarse suit of clothes, with which I hastened to Timothy. He put them on in the shop, and then walking behind the counter, said, "This is my place, and here I shall remain as long as you do."

"I hope so, Timothy; as for the one who is with me at present, I can easily procure him other employment, and he will not be

sorry to go, for he is a married man, and does not like the confinement."

"I have some money," said Timothy, taking out of his old clothes a dirty rag, and producing nearly twenty pounds. "I am well off, you see."

"You are, indeed," replied I.

"Yes, there is nothing like being a sailor with one leg, singing ballads. Do you know, Japhet, that sometimes I have taken more than a pound a day since I have shammed the sailor?"

"Not very honestly, Tim."

"Perhaps not, Japhet; but it is very strange, and yet very true, that when honest I could make nothing, and when I deceived, I have done very well."

I could not help calling to mind that the same had occurred to me during my eventful career; but I had long considered that there was no excuse for dishonesty, and that, in the end, it would only lead to exposure and disgrace. I went home early in the evening to introduce Timothy to Mr. Cophagus, who received him with great kindness, and agreed immediately that he ought to be with me in the shop. Timothy paid his respects to the ladies, and then went down with Ephraim, who took him under his protection. In a few days he was established with us as if he had been living with us for months. I had some trouble, at first, in checking his vivacity and turn for ridicule; but that was gradually effected, and I found him not only a great acquisition, but, as he always was, a cheerful and affectionate companion. I had, during the first days of our meeting, recounted my adventures, and made many enquiries of Timothy relative to my few friends. He told me that from Mr. Masterton he had learnt that Lady de Clara and Fleta had called upon him very much afflicted with the contents of my letter—that Lord Windermer also had been very much vexed and annoyed—that Mr. Masterton had advised him to obtain another situation as a valet, which he had refused, and at the same time told him his intention of searching for me. He had promised Mr. Masterton to let him know if he found me, and then bade him farewell.

"I used to lie in bed, Japhet," continued Timothy, "and think upon the best method of proceeding. At last, I agreed to myself, that to look for you as you looked after your father, would be a wild-goose chase, and that my money would soon be gone; so I reflected whether I might not take up some roving trade which would support me, and at the same time enable me to proceed from place to place. What do you think was my first speculation? Why, I saw a man with a dog lashed in a little cart, crying dog's meat and cat's meat, and I said to myself, 'Now there's the very thing—there's a profession—I can travel and earn my livelihood. I entered into conversation with him, as he stopped at a low public house, treating him to a pot of beer; and having gained all I wanted as to the mysteries of the profession, I called for another pot, and proposed that I should purchase his whole concern, down to his knife and apron. The fellow agreed, and after a good deal of bargaining, I paid him three guineas for the set out or set up, which you please. He asked me whether I meant to hawk in London or not, and I told him no, that I should travel the country. He advised the western road, as there were more populous towns on it. Well, we had another pot to clench the bargain, and I paid down the money and took possession, quite delighted with my new occupation. Away I went to Brentford, selling a bit here and there by the way, and at last arrived at the very bench where we had sat down together and eaten our meal."

"It is strange that I did the same, and a very unlucky bench it proved to me."

"So it did to me, as you shall hear. I had taken up my quarters at that inn, and for three days had done very well in Brentford. On the third evening I had just come back, it was nearly dusk, and I took my seat on the bench, thinking of you. My dog, rather tired, was lying down before the cart, when all of a sudden I heard a sharp whistle. The dog sprang on his legs immediately and ran off several yards before I could prevent him. The whistle was repeated, and away went the dog and cart like lightning. I ran as fast as I could, but could not overtake him; and I perceived that his old master was running a-head of the dog as hard as he could, and this was the reason why the dog was off. Still I should, I think, have overtaken him, but an old woman coming out of a door with a sumpcan to pour the hot water into the gutter, I knocked her down and tumbled right over her down into a cellar without steps. There I was, and before I could climb out again, man, dog, cart, cat's meat and dog's meat, had all vanished, and I have never seen them since. The rascal got clear off, and I was a bankrupt. So much for my first set-up in business."

"You forgot to purchase the good will when you made your bargain, Timothy, for the stock in trade."

"Very true, Japhet. However, after receiving a very fair share of abuse from the old woman, and a plaister of hot greens in my face—for she went supperless to bed, rather than not have her revenge—I walked back to the inn, and sat down in the tap.—The two men next to me were hawkers; one carried a large pack of dimities and calicoes, and the other a box full of combs, needles, tapes, scissors, knives, and mock-gold trinkets. I entered into conversation with them, and as I again stood treat, I soon was very intimate. They told me what their profits were, and how they contrived to get on, and

I thought for a rambling life it was by no means an unpleasant one; so having obtained all the information I required, I went back to town, took out a hawker's license, for which I paid two guineas, and purchasing a pretty fair quantity of articles in the tape and scissor line, off I set once more on my travels. I took the north road this time, and picked up a very comfortable subsistence selling my goods for a few half-pence here, and a few half-pence there, at the cottages as I passed by; but I soon found out that without a newspaper, I was not a confirmed hawker, and the more radical the newspaper the better. A newspaper will pay half the expenses of a hawker, if he can read. At every house, particularly every small hedge ale house, he is received and placed in the best corner of the chimney, and has his board and lodging, with the exception of what he drinks, gratis, if he will pull out the newspaper and read it to those around him who cannot read, particularly if he can explain what is unintelligible. Now I became a great politician, and moreover, a great radical, for such were the politics of all the lower classes. I lived well, slept well, and sold my wares very fast. I did not take more than three shillings in the day, yet as two out of the three were clear profit, I did pretty well. However, a little accident happened which obliged me to change my profession, or at least, the nature of the articles which I dealt."

"What was that?"

"A mere trifle. I had arrived late at a small ale-house, had put my pack, which was in a painted deal box, on the table in the tap-room, and was very busy, after reading a paragraph in the newspaper, making a fine speech, which I always found was received with great applause, and many shakes of the hand, as a prime good fellow—a speech about community of rights, agrarian division, and the propriety of an equal distribution of property, proving that as we were all born alike, no one had a right to have more property than his neighbor.—The people had all gathered around me, applauding violently, when I thought I might as well look after my pack, which had been for some time hidden from my sight by the crowd, when, to my mortification, I found out that my earnest assertions on the propriety of community of property had had such an influence upon some of my listeners, that they had walked off with my pack and its contents. Unfortunately, I had deposited in my boxes all my money, considering it safer there than in my pockets, and had nothing left but about seventeen shillings in silver, which I had received within the last three days. Every one was very sorry, but no one knew any thing about it; and when I challenged the landlord as answerable, he called me a radical blackguard, and turned me out of the door."

"If you had looked a little more after your own property, and interred less with that of other people, you would have done better, Tim," observed I, laughing.

"Very true; but at all events, I have never been a radical since," replied Tim.—"But to go on. I walked off to the nearest town, and I commenced in a more humble way. I purchased a basket, and then, with the remainder of my money, I bought the commonest crockery ware, such as basins, jugs, mugs, and putting them on my head, off I went again upon my new speculation. I wandered about with my crockery, but it was hard work. I could not reap the profits which I did as a hawker and pedlar. I averaged, however, from ten to twelve shillings a week, and that was about sufficient for my support. I went down in as many kitchens as would have sufficed to have found a dozen mothers, supposing mine to be a cook; but I did not see any one who was at all like me. Sometimes a cook replaced a basin she had broken, by giving me as much meat as had cost her mistress five shillings, and thus avoided a scolding, for an article which was worth only two-pence. At other times a cottager would give me a lodging, and would consider himself rewarded with a mug that only cost me one penny. I was more than three months employed carrying crockery in every direction, and never, during the whole time, ever broke one article, until one day, as I passed through Eaton, there was a regular smash of the whole concern."

"Indeed, how was that?"

"I met about a dozen of the Eaton boys, and they proposed a cock-shy, as they called it, that is, I was to place my articles on the top of a post, and they were to throw stones at them at a certain distance, paying me a certain sum for each throw. Well, this I thought a very good bargain, so I put up a mug (worth one penny) at one penny a throw. It was knocked down at the second shot, so it was just as well to put the full price upon them at once, they were such remarkable good aimers at any thing. Each boy had a stick, upon which I notched off their throws, and how much they would have to pay when all was over. One article after another was put up on the post until my basket was empty, and then I wanted to settle with them; but as soon as I talked about that, they all burst out into a loud laugh and took to their heels. I chased them, but one might as well have chased eels. If I got hold of one, the others pulled me behind until he escaped, and at last they were all off, and I had nothing left."

"Not your basket?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How little would be our ambition of ornaments, were it not for the pride of each sex to appear attractive in the eyes of the other.