

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., TUESDAY, JUNE 16, 1861.

PHILOSOPHY 533.

POL. XII.—P. 12.

Office of the Star & Banner
COUNTY BUILDING, ABOVE THE OFFICE OF
THE REGISTER AND RECORDER.

I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers), payable half-yearly in advance; or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year.
II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.
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IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

THE GARLAND.



From the New York New Era.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Fling out the Nation's stripes and stars,
The glorious standard of the free;
The banner borne through Freedom's wars;
The hallowed gem of liberty.
On mountain-top in valley deep—
Where'er dwell the free and brave—
Where'er Freedom's martyrs sleep,
Columbia's flag must freely wave.

Raise high the bright auspicious flag,
From every height and lonely gleam;
In forest dell—on jutting crag—
Afar among the haunts of men,
That sparkling banner wildly flung,
Shall freely wave o'er land and sea;
And Freedom's anthem sweetly sung,
Shall swell our country's Jubilee.

Oh! let the world that flag behold!
That emblem of the brave and free;
The brightest crown of streaming gold,
That decks the Goddess Liberty,
Spread out its folds till heaven's dome
Reverberates the holy sound,
That all oppressors have found a home,
On Freedom's consecrated ground.

Unfurled that spangled flag of wars,
And let it float along the skies,
Until a freeman's bleeding scars,
Shall bid an angry nation cease.
Then let its tints—its gorgeous folds
Bedazzle hosts in battle driven,
Till victory's eagle proudly holds
The glittering ensign up to heaven.

Fling out our country's banner wide,
Our emblematic, stately gem—
Our Union never shall divide,
While floats that silken diadem.
Year after year its brilliant stars
Shall indicate the strength of all—
Let all beware of civil wars,
The curse of monarchs—Freedom's fall.

J. P. E.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A STORY FOR LOVERS.

THE TWIN FLOWERS.

"Will you buy my flowers?" said a neat looking little girl, addressing herself to a young lady in Chesnut street, and holding out at the same time a small basket containing some roses. They are newly blown and fresh; here's one that will look delightful twined among those pretty locks." "Not a rose, my child," said the lady, there are thorns among them; but I'll take this little flower, it looks so lovely and sweet; oh, it's a Forget-me-not!" "Pardon me, Miss," replied the child, "that flower is engaged." "To whom?" "To master Charles Leland." "Charles Leland, indeed," said the lady, "well, but there's another, what a beautiful pair!" "They are twin flowers; they are both for that gentleman," said the little girl. "Oh, a fig for him," said the young lady, but an arch smile played upon her cheek as she said it, something sparkled in her beautiful dark eyes, that told a tale her lips refused to utter, while she ingeniously marked both the favorite flowers, and returned them to the basket; then choosing a little bunch of roses she walked home, leaving the flower girl to visit the rests of her customer.

Love is impatient, and Harriet counted the tedious minutes as she sat at the window and listened for the well known rap. The clock struck nine, and yet Leland did not appear, she thought she had been neglected of late, but then the flowers, he knew they were favorites of hers, and she thought to receive them from his hands, and to hear him say, Harriet, forget me not, would be the sweet atonement for any little offence past. But once she thought stole over her bosom, perhaps they are destined for another! She banished it with a sigh, and it had nearly escaped her, ere Charles Leland entered. She rose to receive him, and he gently took her hand; "Accept," said he, "my humble offering and forget me"—Harriet interrupted him as he attempted to

place a single flower in her bosom—"where is the other," said she, playfully putting back his hand. A moment's silence ensued. Charles appeared embarrassed, and Harriet recollected herself, blushed deeply, and turned off; but the flower was not offered again, and Charles had only said forget me.

This could not have been all he intended, but mutual reserve rendered the remainder of the evening cold, formal, insipid; and when Leland took his leave, Harriet felt more than ever dissatisfied. As it was not yet late in the evening, she resolved to dissipate the melancholy that this little interview, in spite of all her efforts to laugh it, left on her mind, spending a few moments at a neighbor's whose three daughters were her most intimate companions.

The youngest of these ladies was a gay and interesting girl, and first to meet and welcome her friend, but as she held out her hand, Harriet discovered a little flower in it; it was a "Forget-me-not," she examined it; it was Leland's; the mark she had made upon it when she took it from the basket of the flower girl was there. This was at the moment an unfortunate discovery.

She had heard that Charles frequently visited this family, and that he really paid attention to Jane, but she had never before believed it, and now she shuddered at the idea of admitting that for once rumor told the truth. "Where did you get that pretty flower, Jane?" said she. "Oh, a beau to be sure," said Jane, archly; don't you see—"Forget-me-not," as she took back the flower. "I should not like to tell where I got it, I'll wear it in my bosom, come sing."

"I'll dearly love that pretty flower,
For his own sake who bade me keep it,
I'll wear it in my bosom's—
"Hush Jane," said Harriet, interrupting her, "my head aches, and your singing distracts me." "Ah, it's your heart," said Jane, or you would not look so dull."

"Well, if it is my heart," said Harriet, as she turned to conceal her tears, "it does not become a friend to trifle with it." She intended to convey a double meaning to this reply; but it was not taken, and as soon as possible she returned home.

A sleepless night followed, and the more she thought about it the more she felt. She had engaged her hand to Leland six months, the time appointed for the union was approaching fast; and he acted thus— "If he wants to be freed from the engagement," said she to herself, "I will give him no trouble;" and she sat down and wrote, requesting him to discontinue his visits.

She wept over it in a flood of tears; but resolute, until she had despatched the note to his residence. Then she repented of it, and then again reasoned herself into the belief that she had acted right. She waited for the result, not without many anxious cherishes hopes that he would call for an explanation. But she only learned that the note was delivered into his hands; and about a month afterwards he sailed for England. This was an end to the matter.

Charles went into business at Liverpool, but never married, and Harriet remained single, devoting her life to the care of her aged mother, and ministering to the wants of the poor and the distressed around her. About forty years after Leland left Philadelphia, Harriet paid a visit New York, and dining in a large company one day, an old gentleman who it seems was a bachelor being called upon to defend the fraternity to which he belonged from the asperities of some of the younger and more fortunate part of the company, told a story about Philadelphia, a courtship and engagement, which he alleged was broken of by his capricious mistress for no other reason than his offering her a sweet new blown Forget-me-not, six weeks before she was to have been his wife.

"But was there no other cause?" asked Harriet, who sat nearly opposite to the stranger, and eyed him with intense curiosity. "None, to my knowledge, as Heaven is my witness." "Then what did you do with the other flower?" said Harriet; the stranger gazing in astonishment. It was Leland himself; and he recognized his Harriet, though almost half a century had passed since they had met, and the mischief made by the twin flower was all explained away, and might have been forty years before, had Charles said he had lost one of the Forget-me-nots, or had Jane said she found it.

The old couple never married, but they corresponded constantly afterwards, and I always thought Harriet looked happier after this meeting than ever she did before. Now I have only to say at the conclusion of my story to the juvenile reader, never let an attachment be abruptly broken off; let an interview and a candid explanation speedily follow every misunderstanding. For the tenderest and most valuable affections, when won, will be the easiest wounded, and believe me, there is much truth in Tom Moore's sentiments:

"A something light as air—
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
The love that tempest never shook,
A breath—a touch like this has shaken."

"Mr. Jones, have you any pine boards down on the wharf?" said an urchin.
"Yes," was the answer.
"Wal," said the boy, "I want to get tew cents' worth to whittle; I has 'jist bought a juck knife, and I reckons as how there's a ternal keen edge on't."
If you value good digestion, a healthy appetite, a placid temper, a smooth pillow, sweet sleep and happy wakings, pay the printer.

"Truth Stranger than Fiction."

A TOUCHING STORY.

A French paper relates the story of an inhabitant of Rouen, who placed in the hands of a banker of that city, 1000 francs, which he had laid by to purchase a military substitute for his only son, should he chance to be drawn. The banker failed, and the 1000 francs were lost. An only hope remained to the father, that his son might draw a favorable number; but, in this too, he was disappointed, and his son was drawn as a conscript. Driven to despair, the unhappy father drowned himself a few days ago in the Seine, and by this melancholy act, the son, as the only child of a widow, becomes exempt from military service.

A DREADFUL TRAGEDY.

Galvani's Messenger of a late date, relates the particulars of a scene truly appalling, and in which a father, mother, son, and daughter, were all victims.

About two years ago the wife of a farming man at Becu, in the Nord, on seeing her son brought home bleeding from a wound occasioned by an accidental fall, lost her reason, and ever since continued a lunatic. She was, however, mild and gentle, and inspired pity without exciting fear of evil consequences to herself or others. One day last week, however, she got up into a loft, and wrapping herself closely round with straw, set fire to it, and was in a moment enveloped in the flames. Her son, hearing her screams, hastened to her assistance, and was almost at once on fire himself. Still he would not abandon his mother, but continued his endeavours to save her, till the floor, which was formed of loose branches of trees, gave way, and they fell together down into the stable below, where there was more straw, which immediately ignited. The father, at this moment, rushed in, followed by his daughter, and both of them fell senseless upon the burning heap, being suffocated by the smoke. Soon afterwards, the neighbors aware of the fire, arrived at the horrible scene. They were met by the son, bearing out the almost charred body of his mother, which he carried in his arms to a ditch filled with water near at hand, and plunged in, hoping still to save her life as well as his own; but his filial resolution was of no avail; they were both so severely burnt that they expired a few minutes afterwards. The father and daughter also, revived by the tortures they suffered, made their way out; but it was only to follow the fate of the other two sufferers, as they both shortly afterwards died in the severest agonies.

ANOTHER PAINFUL STORY.

About twelve years ago, says the Nouvelle liste des Ardenues—
"The daughter of a farmer in the arrondissement of Mezieres was married to a young man of a neighbouring village. After a few months, the wife was attacked with symptoms of mental alienation, which, in a little time, assumed all the character of confirmed madness. The husband took her back to her father, conceiving that in his hands there would be a greater chance of her recovery. The father received her, but soon finding the charge too onerous, contrived the following means of disposing of her. He privately constructed a species of case, formed of four planks, between seven and eight feet long, leaving one of the extremities open, and fixed it upright in his stable. Having enticed the poor creature to place herself in it, he closed the place up, and there left her standing, utterly precluded from escape. He daily supplied her with food, letting it down from the top, she having just room enough in the angles of her narrow prison to rise her hand and carry it to her mouth. Of course she was constantly kept standing on her legs, without the possibility of changing her position. Thus she was confined for a period of nearly twelve years, till a short time ago, when she was discovered and released. When taken out, she had lost all a foot in her height, and her appearance was more that of some nondescript animal than of a woman. She had no speech, but uttered inarticulate sounds, borrowed from the cattle, whose voices alone she had heard during the whole period. A judicial inquiry is making in the case. The details of this case are so strange and unnatural, that we cannot suppose them to be true."

BEST CEMENT FOR JOINING GLASS.

If the glass is likely to be exposed to moisture, the pieces may be joined by a solution of equal parts of gum arabic and loaf sugar in water; or if these are not at hand the white of an egg may answer nearly as well. But a strong water proof cement, that is equally transparent, may be made by digesting finely powdered gum copal, in three its weight of sulphuric ether till it is dissolved. This solution may be applied to the edges of broken glass, with a camel hair pencil, and the pieces must be put together and pressed close till they adhere.

ORIGIN OF GLASS.

In the neighborhood of St. Jean d'Acre I passed the river Belus; and here it may be remarked how often do we find from the most trivial circumstances, discoveries have arisen of the very highest importance. Some Sidonian merchants carrying nitre, happened to stop at the mouth of the stream, and not finding stones to set their kettles on to cook provisions, piled up sand and nitre for this purpose, when, by the action of fire on these ingredients, a new substance was discovered, namely, glass, which has added so much, not only to the comforts of life, but the progress of science. The sand of this wall continued for ages to supply the manufactures of Sidon with materials for that beautiful production; and in the seventeenth century vessels were employed at St. Jean d'Acre, to remove it to the glass houses of Venice and Genoa. It may be added, that, under the Emperors, windows were constructed for a certain transparent stone, called tapic specularis, found in Carmel, which is close to Belus, and might be split into thin leaves like a slate, but not above five feet in length.

A worthy man died, leaving a rich and beautiful widow—the clergyman of the parish (a widower) accompanied her home from the grave and spoke in condoling tones of the loss she was bewailing. The clergyman being a kind and tender-hearted man, told her by the way of consolation, that her loss was not irreparable, and intimated to her in terms not to be misunderstood, that he should be happy at the proper time to marry her. To which the widow replied, "Oh, my dear sir, you are too late, the deacon spoke to me at the grave."

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—The German-town Telegraph says, that a Mr. C. S. Chandler, of Abington township, Montgomery county, has a calf several weeks old, with two mouths, two sets of teeth, two tongues and four horns! It appears to be in good health, and eats with both of its mouths.

Too TRUE.—The National Gazette, in the following article, gives a vivid and just description of "man's ingratitude to man." True it is that those for whom we have labored with all our might, mind and strength—whom we have been instrumental in bolstering into power—are the first to look down from the lofty eminence they have gained and consider us as unworthy rounds in the ladder. Many an one who has toiled and done the drudgery of party, has felt the pang that wither when neglected by such as have obtained elevation by his exertions.

The public, we may say without incurring the charge of egotism for the sentiment, is under many obligations to editors of the newspaper press. In general they do far more than any one pays them for adequately, even when all is given that is asked. * * * Yet are they often not fully forgotten, but proscribed by those whom they have most served. Used while their labors are needed, and cast off ungraciously when their favor is esteemed of no farther avail, they generally endure patiently the ingratitude with which they must become familiar, and silently permit others to bear away the meed of profit or applause which is properly their own. What a tale could almost any editor or proprietor of a press, with a few years' experience, tell of

"The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes!"
A mite from each of the myriad whom he has specially served would satisfy the dreams of oriental avarice. But the world thinks he should be contented with the satisfaction of having acted well his part; and he in time learns almost to think so too. He may put his shoulder to the wheel of some nobody's car, and push him up to the summit of influence or power; and when he suggests the propriety of a reward for his toil, find that the vision of the great man is so dazzled in glory of his elevation that objects in his former level cease to be perceptible.

WHO WANTS A CHEAP HOME?—We learn from the Southern Shield that the Legislature of Arkansas have passed a law offering great inducements to those disposed to emigrate. "It is well known," says the Shield, "that a large district of country, embracing some of the best bodies of land in the State, was many years since, set apart for Militia Bounty lands. The owners, in most cases, dead, or scattered through the distant States. The land has been neglected, and either sold or struck off to the State for the non-payment of taxes—and at this time the State holds some of the best land in the counties of Phillips, Monroe, St. Francis, Poinsett, Green, Jackson, Independence, Arkansas, Pulaski, White, Conway, Izard, and Lawrence; which, by the law referred to, is offered as donations to actual settlers, free of all charge. Each settler can, by going to the Auditor's office, select a tract of land, not more than one quarter section and by a settlement thereon secure himself a home."
—Memphis Appeal.

It was quite diverting a day or two since, to see a white man sawing a cord of wood, while a black fellow stood looking on with his hands in his pockets, giving directions, viz:
"Put dat tick a leetle to de middle ob de horse stop, stop, put dat sass tic on de top and saw dem bote togadder. Lift up dat log ob de gutter. Saw away fasser, you lazy rasal, you don't arn de salt ob your porridge."

A white man just then stepped up, and asked Pompey why the white man was doing the work which he (the black) had engaged to do.
"Cause me ploy him for de job!"
"And how much do you give him?"
"Four and sixpence."
"How's that you are to have but four shillings, the usual price?"
"Oh, never mind, it's worth sixpence to be a gemman!"—Boston Gaz.

The aggregate Whig majority in the late Indiana Congressional election, was 10,247. Noble Indiana.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The National Theatre, of New York, was entirely destroyed by fire on Sunday Morning last. On Friday, an attempt had been made to set it on fire by an incendiary who kindled heaps of combustible matter, in no less than six different places, which were all extinguished with but little injury to the building. The next morning, a second attempt was more successful. Mr. Russell, who resided in the theatre, discovered, the fire about half past 6 o'clock, and had barely time to carry out his wife wrapped up in the bed clothes, before the whole of the interior was enveloped in flames.

The walls of the building were so very weak, that the firemen were continually in danger. The rear wall fell upon a house of ill-fame before the inmates had time to make their escape, killing a young and beautiful girl, named Margaret—, only sixteen years old, and who came from Philadelphia on the previous Tuesday. The Herald says:

The young girl who was killed presented a sad spectacle. She was lying on the floor of the back attic, the roof of which was all gone, and the whole, open to the light of day. Surrounded by bricks and mortar, and pieces of burnt timber, there lay that young and recently innocent girl, with nothing around her small limbs but her night dress, her side crushed in near her heart, her mild blue eyes open in death, apparently gazing on the blue vault of heaven above her, her very beautiful fair hair streaming dishevelled down her neck and bosom, then white and cold as the Parian marble; and yet from the smile playing around her mouth, it seemed impossible to realize that she was dead—so young—so fair—so guileless and so early called. Around her stood one or two of her former companions in shame, weeping bitterly, and the group was made up of the toil-worn smoke-covered firemen, who had extricated her mangled remains from the ruins around her.

A MURDER, AND LYNCH LAW OVER-LOOKED.—We learn that a negro slave lately killed his master, a Mr. Mackey, in Clarksville, Pike county, Missouri. He knocked him down with a fence-rail, and then cut his throat. The excitement was very great on the account, and at a meeting held, a proposition to burn him was lost by a few votes.

A HINT TO HOUSEWIVES.—Washing Salads.—To free salads from the larvae of insects and worms, they should first be placed in salt water for a few minutes, to kill and bring out the worms, and then washed with fresh water in the usual way. This is an invaluable suggestion as all salads are subjected to insects, and some of them inconceivably small.—Cultivator.

AN INTERESTING CONFAB.—Dow, Jr., says he once saw a country boy standing opposite his father's barn, very particularly engaged in trying to insult the echo of his own voice: as follows—
Boy—Hallo, old snizer! what do you think of the weather?
Echo—The weather?
Boy—Yes, the weather: is it going to rain?
Echo—Going to rain.
Boy—I thought so. How's your ma?
Echo—Your ma?
Boy—No, not my ma, but YOUR ma.
Echo—YOUR ma?
Boy—I guess you're deaf. Shan't I speak louder.
Echo—Speak louder.
Boy—Well then—a hog is a hog, and so are you.
Echo—So are you.
Boy—So am I.
Echo—So am I.
"There darn it," said the boy, turning for home, "we're quits now. I know'd I'd ketch him in the end."

EXPERIMENT.—Tie a piece of sewing silk to a large silver spoon, and suspend it from the ear. Then strike the spoon, and the reverberation will sound as grand and tremendous as that of the great bell of a cathedral.

DOINGS IN ST. LOUIS.—The St. Louis Republican says:
"Sometime since, two men started a brick-yard in this city. A few days since, we are creditably informed, one of the partners went to Illinois on business. During his absence, the partner remaining sold out the establishment, and packing up his availables, with the wife of the absent partner, left the city for parts unknown."

LAFITTE THE PIRATE.—It is said in a Galveston paper that a man was recently hanged in one of the West Indies, who confessed having served under Lafitte. He stated that a considerable sum in gold had been buried on Galveston Island by order of Lafitte, and that he himself had buried about five thousand dollars in doubloons, when about to leave on a cruise, which unforeseen circumstances had prevented his returning for.

AN IRON HOUSE.—A gentleman of Brussels has constructed an iron house, which is said to answer the objects intended in a satisfactory manner. The walls are hollow, and the hot air circulates from a central point in the kitchen, through the intervals in the walls, and by means of valves the quantity to be admitted may be regulated. A house consisting of 17 rooms will cost £1,165, while a house of the same size

in brick would cost £1,157. The rooms are arranged on three floors. The whole weight is 797 tons, avoirdupois, (610,000 kilogrammes.) The advantage of this structure of house is represented to be its permanent nature, and the facility with which it may be moved. The expense of carrying it from Brussels to Liege, to Ghent, or to Antwerp, would be about £45.

THE ST. LOUIS MURDERERS.—We have already made mention of a conviction of Madison and Brown.
On Wednesday, 26th ult. Seward, alias Sewell, was convicted. The St. Louis Republican says: "When the verdict was pronounced, the prisoner wept, and appeared greatly affected. The whole trial did not occupy exceeding four hours."
On Thursday, 27th ult. Warrick, the last of the gang, was convicted. The St. Louis Bulletin notices the several trials, and adds:

"Thus, in the course of six weeks from the commission of the outrage, have these miscreants been arrested, tried, and convicted; affording a striking proof of the supremacy of the laws, and the activity of our constabulary force in bringing offenders to the bar of judgment; and affording another example of the well known adage: *murder will out*. They now await the sentence of the judge, to receive the punishment which our law directs.

The Governor of Illinois, has it is said, become *bona fide* a Mormon. The settlement at Nauvoo has been increased by several hundred emigrants from New York and England.

A COLD SPRING, May 31, 1838.—The spring was so cold, says Gov. Winthrop, that men were forced to plant their corn two or three times, for it rotted in the ground; but when we feared a great dearth, God sent a warm season, which brought out the corn beyond expectation.

FATAL CASE OF POISONING.—We learn by the Baton Rouge Gazette of the 22d instant, that about thirty negroes were poisoned a day or two previous, by drinking water from a well in which a copper pipe, communicating with an engine, had been inserted. It is further stated that three of the negroes had since died from the fatal effects.

The Maysville (Ky.) Monitor states that at the late term of the Supreme Court for Mason county, William Greathouse recovered a verdict for \$1,600 against the Rev. John B. Mahan, the value of two negro men that Mahan noticed away from their master, and aided to escape into Canada in 1836.

SUNSET.—How beautiful is the dying of the great sun, when the last song of the birds fades into the laps of silence, when the islands of the clouds are bathed in the light, and the first star springs up over the grave of day!

GOOD ADVICE.—Be reserved, says William Penn, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, but not insensible; constant, but not obstinate; cheerful, but not light; rather be sweet tempered than familiar; familiar rather than intimate; and intimate with very few and upon good grounds.

MAMMOTH CHICKEN.—A correspondent of the Farmer's Cabinet, tells of a chicken, bred by Mr. Wood, of Haddonfield, N. J., a cross between the blue and black breeds, weighing only 194 lbs. when killed and dressed. The eggs weigh six to a pound. In raising such fowls there is both pleasure and profit, and when ready for market there will be no lack of purchasers.

SCHOOLS IN VERMONT.—A Vermont paper informs us that the number of children in that State between the ages of 4 and 12 is 108,000, and the number of District Schools 2300. The number of teachers employed is 5100. The school tax for the year is \$61,808, equal to \$22 for each district; the sums raised voluntarily by the towns and districts amounted to \$21,000.—The aggregate expense for schools, including board for teachers, books, fuel, &c. is about \$292,730, or \$112 to each district.

ART.—A young man from Harrisburg, yesterday, called on us to exhibit the handiwork of Mr. Joseph Brano, whose place and business is at the corner of Seventh and George's street. Some time since, a scrofulous affection beset the young man, and destroyed his nose, one eye, one cheek, part of the other, and all of the upper lip.—Medical advice arrested the progress of the disease, but left the sufferer a most hideous monument of its ruining power. Mr. Brano, who is skilled in the use of wax, formed a mask, which supplied the parts of the face destroyed, replaced the eye, though sightless, and restored the patient to society. It is wonderful how admirably the mask fits into, and supplies the place of the displaced parts. It is sustained by a pair of spectacles.—U. S. Gazette.

The following crabb'd, cr-w-kt'd, shame-ful story, is by the poet Crabbe.
Secrets with girls, the honest guine with boys,
Are never valued till they make a noise.
To show how foolish, they their power display,
To show how worthy, they their trust betray.
Like pence in children's pockets secret lies
In female bosoms, they must burn or fly.