

# STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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

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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.

III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

## THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd  
From various gardens cull'd with care."

## AMERICA, I LOVE THE STILL.

America, I love thee still,  
Thy glory in thy name,  
Thy brightness beaming from thy birth,  
And honor from thy fame.  
Thy beauty in thy naked soil,  
Bespeaking smiles of love,  
Thy rocks and blooming wilds proclaim  
Protection from above.

America, I love thee still,  
Beneath thy valleys rest  
The pilgrims of a tyrant power,  
Bright emblems of the blast.  
And round them, clothed in silence, lie  
The mouldering patriot's frame,  
Enshrouded in sacred memory's dream,  
Immortal honors claim.

America, I love thee still,  
Though traitors dare disown  
Thy holy rights and ornaments,  
Endeared to freedom's home.  
Though misty clouds of oppression's light,  
And fears together blend,  
Hope's cheering rays forest thy pride  
Of glory, to ascend.

America, I love thee still,  
Thou art my native land,  
Thy joys so pure, can ne'er be found,  
Upon a foreign strand.  
Though pleasure's path and fortunes smiles  
In other climes seem fair,  
The brightest of their hopes or joys,  
Can nought with thee compare.

America, I love thee still,  
Resplendent glories gleam  
Through all thy deeds. Thy sacred rights  
Shall ever be my theme.  
Pure from the realms of victory's sky,  
The crown was given to thee,  
'Midst starry lights, eternal stands  
The orb of liberty!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ladies' Companion for September.

## THE RIVALS.

"Good morning, madam," said Arthur Heartbright, as he entered the parlor and advanced to Miss Wieland, who was seated in a handsome damask chair, in trifling conversation with a young gentleman, who, at the appearance of Arthur, seemed surprised, and in return, coldly acknowledged a similar salutation.

"Good morning," responded Miss Wieland.

"I have called to have the pleasure of waiting upon you to the exhibition. I perceive, by the journals of the day it will close to-morrow."

Miss Wieland cast a look of confusion at the gentleman with whom she had been in converse at the entrance of Arthur, and the young gentlemen looked suspiciously at each other. A dead pause ensued.

"Shall I have the pleasure of your society, Miss Wieland?" asked Arthur.

"Why really, Mr. Heartbright," answered Miss Wieland, "it had completely escaped my memory, and I have just promised Mr. Douglas, here, to accompany him to the Floral exhibition." The gentlemen glanced at each other sulkily, which, Miss Wieland observing, continued, "Oh! I beg pardon; it has also escaped me that you were unacquainted. Mr. Douglas, Mr. Heartbright—Mr. Heartbright, Mr. Douglas, and she elegantly swung herself into her chair, and cast her eyes over the pages of a volume. The young gentlemen advanced towards each other, and exchanged the cold and formal grasp of introduction.

"I am sorry that Miss Wieland's memory should have been so treacherous," said Arthur, "but perhaps Mr. Douglas will waive his invitation to my prior claim, and join us in our visit to the academy?"

"Exactly so," answered Arthur, "and by her decision I am willing to abide."

The young lady was puzzled; she knew not how to answer; prevarication could not avail her; she had given her promise to each of them, and she could not reply without offending one or both. At length after a pause she stammered out, "Settle it between yourselves gentlemen."

The rivals were nonplussed at this diplomatic answer, and feeling it a point of honor and pride that neither should yield, each took his station by the fire place, while a breathless silence reigned in the apartment, broken only by the monotonous sound caused by Miss Wieland in her rocking chair.

How long the parties might have continued so, it is difficult to tell, had not Hannah, Miss Wieland's waiting woman, entered in to inform her mistress that Mr. Fitzfiddle waited to convey her in his carriage on a short country excursion.

The announcement acted like a shock of electricity on Douglas and Heartbright. The former seized his hat, which, in his confusion, he dropped, and stooping to recover it, brought his head in contact with the corner of the piano. Arthur wished her adieu of the morning, and much enjoyment from her excursion, and quitting the room, was followed by Douglas, in not the most placid humor, suffering as he did from chagrin and the pain arising from his confusion.

The two crest-fallen swains, on reaching the door beheld the elegant equipage of Francis Fitzfiddle, Esq., in waiting for Miss Wieland, with the effeminate owner reclining in one corner of the carriage, from whose person a thousand perfumes exhaled to the contamination of the bland breezes of a beautiful June morning, at the same moment Hannah affectively told the servant that her mistress would be with Mr. Fitzfiddle immediately.

Heartbright and Douglas looked at each other, and burst into an immediate fit of laughter, and descending to the pavement, Arthur parodying the lines of Pope repeated as follows:

"Wealth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.  
The rest is but all leather and prunella!"—  
and together they proceeded up the crowded pathway of Broadway.

"Confound that piano," exclaimed Douglas, "it has given me something to remember her for this month to come."

"Better to remember her for a month than to have her for a life time," said Arthur, gaily, "but your brow shows tokens of discoloration, and luckily here is my residence; will you do me the favor to enter?" Douglas felt his pride, at this generous offer, humbled, and all animosity to Arthur to vanish. It is singular how calamity makes acquaintance; how the heart clings to a brother in misfortune. It is a beautiful principle implanted in our natures by the all-wise Creator, to make us know the helplessness of our condition, by showing how truly dependent we are upon one another. Douglas bowed and thanked him kindly, and entering the dwelling, in a few minutes our two heroes were snugly seated together.

A miniature case lay upon the table, partly open, and as Douglas seated himself, he recognized the lined features of Miss Wieland, which, Heartbright perceiving, remarked, "you see I have a copy of your lady love. I hope you are not offended," and he placed the miniature in the hands of Douglas.

"By no means," replied Douglas, placing it upon the table, as if it had scorched his fingers, "by no means; I most willingly concede to you the preference. Pray when do you hope to possess the original?"

"When there is not another woman to be had in the world."

At that moment a loud crash, followed by the scream of a female, burst upon their ear. They rushed to the window, and beheld a lady and gentleman tumbled from a carriage by the breakage of the axle, and completely covered with the thick black mud of Broadway.

"Heavens!" cried Douglas, "it is Miss Wieland."

"And Mr. Fitzfiddle also," added Heartbright, laughing, and they raised the window and looked exultingly upon the scene, as it was apparent that fright was the only suffering which the lady experienced.

As there was no store in the neighborhood, the coachman knocked at the door of Heartbright, and requested permission for his master and Miss Wieland to enter. Fitzfiddle and our heroine knew not it was the residence of Arthur, and it may easily be imagined that the feelings of the unlucky pair were not soothed when they were received by him at the door. He expressed his regret at the accident, and hoped they would soon be able to proceed on their country excursion, and conducting the lady to an apartment, he was followed by Fitzfiddle, minus his hat and part of his coat, and entirely covered with the delectable mud of Broadway. Douglas, who had met the unfortunate couple at the door with Arthur, followed, enjoying their calamity, and almost unable to restrain his merriment from breaking forth into a burst of laughter, but neither Fitzfiddle nor Miss Wieland had, as yet, perceived him, and it was only when they reached the apartment, that the lady, almost agitated, in a voice of shame and confusion faintly exclaimed, "Oh! Mr. Douglas!" and she looked unutterable things.

He bowed politely, and Arthur having again extended to them the hospitality of the house, took the arm of Douglas, saying,

"Come Douglas, shall we proceed to the exhibition?" Douglas bowed assent, and they quitted the sufferers. A fresh carriage was soon procured, and the lady and gentleman were conveyed to their respective dwellings.

Fifteen years after this, two splendid mansions rose in Broadway, not far from the scene of Fitzfiddle's disaster. On their doors were inscribed the names of Douglas and Heartbright; they were the mansions of our young friends, who, singular to relate, had, on that very day which we have chosen for the time of our story, at the exhibition, become acquainted with two beautiful and wealthy sisters. Love soon followed, and marriage was the sequel. A young and lovely family had blessed their unions; happiness and contentment reigned in their bosoms, and our two rivals were now not only in name, but in affection, brothers.

Miss Wieland still lives in single blessedness, but suitors, like angel's visits, are few and far between, while poor Fitzfiddle, as the pert Hannah once denominated him, from reverses of fortune, is residing in a plain but comfortable residence in the suburbs of the city, enjoying like Miss Wieland the lonely delights of celibacy.

A PRINCELY ESTATE IN MASSACHUSETTS.—There is probably not so splendid a country estate in America, as that described in the following article from Isaac Hill's Farmer's Visitor. It is situated at Watertown, 7 miles from Boston, and belongs to J. P. Cushing.

"Mr. Cushing's garden is a most enchanting and delightful spot; it is the same spot, two and a half miles south of West Cambridge centre upon the heights of Watertown, which half a century ago, was the farm and residence of the late Col. Bond. All the varieties of Vegetable cultivation, shrubs, trees, fruits and flowers of all the various climates, may here be found.—Tropical trees and fruits, oranges and lemons, figs and dates, pine apples, the coffee and tea plant, the cinnamon and the alspice—indeed, many more than we know how to name, much less to describe—may be found here. The establishment of this garden alone must be kept up at an annual cost appaling to the purse of the most wealthy men of the country; thrown upon the hands of the man with an income of ten thousand a year, the cost of such an establishment as the garden would make him shrink from the idea of fixing it among the permanent amusements of his life.

The farm of Mr. C. including the walks and lawns and splendid woodlands, together with the garden, covers about sixty acres; independent of the garden, the whole is in a high state of cultivation. The quantity of hay upon the acre is immense. Fifteen hands were employed hard at hay making on the day of our visit; ten hands is the minimum number employed at all seasons upon the farm; and five men, the most of not all them trained European gardeners, are kept constantly employed in the garden. Such of these as have families find their domicile in a brick house of many apartments, forming the rear part of the wall which surrounds the garden. The garden consists of two or more acres, and in its centre is a splendid fountain and vase, from which we presume the whole may be watered at all times. The sides of the close brick walls upon either hand, as well as the latticed fences on the margins of the various walls were decorated with fruit trees, apricots, peaches, pears, &c. which had been taught to grow in the shape of an open fan, with the branches extended in those directions which would compel all the limbs to stand as the side of a panel, and thus enable the light and the sun to strike both the tree and its fruits directly upon the side of the wall. Although this position of the tree did not leave them to the freedom of nature, yet the gardeners informed us that these trees bore better and more fruit than when left in a natural position. Clusters of ripe grapes were hanging in this garden on the 12th of July; these were forced by means of artificial heat, but there were many early fruits, such as peaches and pears that were nearly ripe.

Mr. C. is erecting near the front of the garden, a brick dwelling house, which will vie in expense and interior and exterior elegance and convenience, with any other house probably in the country. This house has already been three years in building and preparation; the work exhibits a perfection in any structure we have ever before seen, it is supposed one if not two years more will be necessary to complete it.

Every thing is done on Mr. Cushing's farm to gratify the taste—nothing is done with a view to making money. Mr. C. will consume every thing raised upon his farm if he can. To make manure he keeps some hundred and fifty hogs; finding no other practical use for the meat of these, his overseer was obliged as we are informed, to send to the Boston market some eighteen or twenty fat hogs last fall. Mr. C. introduced from Europe the finest breeds of cattle, and, with his characteristic benevolence, presents and places some of the best in positions most likely to propagate them.—In his garden the workmen were employed in throwing from a hand engine a liquid preparation calculated to destroy the insects which were upon them, engaged in the work of destruction. A field of hay was curing on his premises, not by drying the article in the sun, but by being made up into large cocks, over each of which was

thrown an artificial covering, calculated and intended to shut out the rain, which the atmosphere then threatened, and which actually fell that same evening.

To do the farming and gardening justice, we ought to have spent a week in viewing the processes by which giant vegetation was procured, and the kind of treatment which every variety of thing coming from earth required. Our stop was short; we went into several of the unfinished apartments of his splendid house—we had a full view of the Boston State House and city from the balustrade in front; and we left the enchanting scene with the reflection that a man of immense wealth, might make a worse use of his money than Mr. C. was doing at this point. The intelligent neighborhood of farmers around him will profit by every introduction of useful breeds of animals, and by every valuable experiment which he makes, at the same time, few of them will envy his superior ability to farm and garden on an astonishing scale; and none of them will ever undertake to be his competitors in producing the rarities and curiosities of nature merely to gratify taste, and with no view to replenish the purse."

AN EXTRAORDINARY GIRL.—A letter from Marietta, (O.) in the Cincinnati Chronicle of the 11th inst, gives the following account of a remarkable young female artist in the vicinity of that town.

AN ORIGINAL GENIUS.—It was a pleasant evening, on the day previous to the commencement, when a friend took me up the Muskingum some miles, to see a lady whom he deemed worthy of notice. She was the daughter of a Frenchman, who had been a teacher of that tongue till he purchased a small farm near this place, and turned his thoughts from the fields of the mind to the fields of corn. It seems that his daughter had seen, about two years since, a new fashioned dress at a ball.—On her return, she took a piece of charcoal and drew the dress accurately on the white walls of her room. Her mother seeing it was surprised, and said that she had best paint the rest of the room: Upon this hint, she went on and actually painted the walls of her room with historical drawings, which were literally "charcoal sketches."

From charcoal she proceeded untutored to oil paintings, and when I was there, had covered the walls of the hall and parlor with most curious and unique works of genius. On the one side of the hall, opposite the parlor door, she had drawn another door, half open; and from the opening, herself, large as life, peeping into the hall. Looking through the room door at this piece, the figure seemed actually alive. On another side she had painted the interior of a room, and seated at a supper table, a gentleman, his wife and little child—the father holding out his hand to watch the laughing infant. In another place was painted the Elopement. In this she represented the window and part of the room of a lady's apartment. She had agreed to elope, but when her lover arrived had repented. She stood, with one foot on the window sill, hesitating. He stood outside, looking in, with a pistol to his head, threatening to annihilate himself instantly if she did not go. Thus had the artist's fancy run wild in the pursuit of images, alike suitable for the pencil of poet or of painter. In such a scene, were genius, vivified, breaks the clouds of nature to soar on its wings, in solitude, we may realize that Gray's lines, so often repeated, is not merely a beautiful idiom, but a truth—that

"Many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

It is not literally true, however, that Miss Martin is "unseen," and there are those here who take an interest in her progress.

THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN IN TEXAS.—This singular mountain or hill is situated on the head waters of the Sandy—a small tributary of the Colorado, about eight miles from Bastrop, in a north-westerly direction. It is about three hundred feet high, and appears to be an enormous oval rock partly imbedded in the earth. When the sun shines, the light is reflected from its polished surface as from an immense mirror, and the whole mountain glows with a dazzling radiance, that the beholder who views it even from the distance of four or five miles, is unable to gaze upon it without experiencing a painful sensation, similar to that which is felt when looking upon the rising sun. The ascent of the hill is so gradual, that persons can easily walk up to the top, but the rock is so smooth and slippery, that those who make the attempt are compelled to wear moccasins or stockings instead of shoes. This fact, together with the name of the place, Holy Mountain, reminds the visitor very forcibly of the command made to Moses at Mount Horeb, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet," &c. The Camanches regard this hill with religious veneration, and Indian pilgrims frequently assemble from the remotest borders of this tribe, to perform their Paynim rights upon its summit.

"What are you doing there all alone in that large house," said a gentleman to an Irishman, the sole occupant of a dilapidated building in — street. "Sure, and it's an officer I am, your honor," said Pat. "An officer—how so?" "Why you see the others are all gone, and I'm a left tenant."

SHOE PEGS.—A paper established at Meredith, N. H., called the Selknap County Gazette, describes a manufactory of Shoe Pegs in that place, as follows:

We found it in full operation, and were gratified to see its wonderful simplicity, and astonishing rapidity with which wood is converted into pegs. The logs of birch wood, from six to twelve or fifteen inches in diameter, are taken into the mill and cut off by a circular saw, for the length of the peg for which they were intended.—The blocks then go through a planing process by which they are made perfectly smooth—they are then creased or marked off for the size of the peg to correspond with its length—the blocks then go through the splitting operation by which they are converted into pegs of any desirable size—the pegs then undergo the drying process; in summer by sun, in winter or wet weather by the use of a furnace—they are then put into a revolving cylinder, where they are turned over and over for the purpose of polishing, and finally come out into a box like a miller's meal trough, from which they are packed into sacks containing from half to a bushel or two or three bushels each, and being marked and numbered, are ready for market. These pegs are a source of revenue to our community, drawing a profit from our forests, of which we had no conception until we witnessed the operation. It is not uncommon to see many big teams loaded with pegs from the Meredith Bridge Manufactory. The price of these pegs varies according to their size and quality, averaging, perhaps, a little more than two dollars to the bushel.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

THE UNATTENDED HEARSE.—Among the most curious scenes to be now daily witnessed in this city, which excite our sympathy, awaken our commiseration, or enlist our pity, an unattended hearse, as it bears its lifeless burthen to the grave, calls up most quickly from the recesses of the heart, thoughts shrouded in sorrow feelings robed in regret.

When we see that one-horse sombre vehicle driven by—when we observe that indifference with which the black driver hurries along to the grave yard with his pulseless passenger—when we behold not a soul following after, to perform the last rites of our departed friendship; or to place over the most simple mark of recognition upon the deceased's grave, we feel that the inhabitant of that rough, unornamented coffin died a desolate stranger!

But, we know not how he lived whether his journey, even from the cradle to the grave, was one continued pilgrimage of privation—whether he was once the inheritor of wealth—the possessor of consequence, surrounded by butterfly friends, who deserted him when the summer of his prosperity passed away—or, whether some loving wife, affectionate mother, or kind-hearted sister is not anticipating his return to a home long deserted, to friends long estranged, at the very time when his dust is being committed to dust, by a strange hand, in the swamps of New Orleans.

We never see an unattended funeral but we feel that we float through life on the ocean of uncertainty ourselves; and at such a time we pray heaven to avert from us a death so distasteful—a grave so gloomy—we pray, if it should not be vouchsafed to us to die among our kindred, that we may at least be permitted to breathe our last where we are known—among our friends.

DYING RICH.—The following lines from the United States Gazette, have the eloquence of truth to recommend them:

"An active business man is a rational man, and a great blessing to the community. He keeps in gratifying exercise the talents which God has given him, which, of itself, is a blessing to him. He gives employment to the hand of industry, which is far better than giving alms to the unemployed. These are the legitimate and rational end of active business pursuits and wealth-getting—the gratification of the active powers and the promotion of industry. But their desire of growing rich, merely to die rich, is one of the most foolish intentions that ever entered the heart of foolish man. Experience has fully and emphatically taught the lesson, that much wealth to heirs, is eight times out of ten, not a blessing but a curse. Its expectation beguiles and spoils all the mainy powers—its possession leads to misjudgment, excess and finally, exhaustion and ruin. The time will yet come, when men of wealth will be wise enough to make a gradual disposition of their property while living—not prospective, but operative—thereby have an eye to the use which is made of it, and participate in the greatest enjoyment that wealth is capable of giving, that of seeing it do good to others. They will dismiss the foolish aspiration of 'dying rich,' which the almost certain reflection that their heir, sooner or later, will die rich."

VALUABLE REMEDY FOR DROPSY.—The following important remedy found in "Raymond's copy of Gunn's Domestic Medicine," as we are informed, cured some of the most inveterate cases of Dropsy in our city within a few months.—*Lou. Gaz.*  
"Take two handfulls of the green or inner bark of the white or common elder, steep them in two quarts of Lisbon wine twenty four hours. If this wine can not be had, Tenerife or Madeira will answer, take a gill every morning fasting or more if it can be borne on the stomach."

A good criterion by which to judge the disposition of a man, is to watch him when he passes by some boys playing marbles. A kind man will step out of the way and let the little fellows have their sport out, while a crabbed one will push through the ring, knocking 'taw' and marbles to the cause.

BOOKS.—According to Professor Park, the total number of the different books printed, down to the present date, is estimated at 1,000,000 volumes in the German language, 800,000 in French, 600,000 in English, (including twenty-five thousand American) and 600,000 in all other languages—making a total of 3,000,000 different volumes, or say 2,000,000 different works. Allowing only 1200 copies of each work to have been printed, and supposing all the volumes to be an average size, they would form a solid pile, larger than the largest Egyptian pyramid, although it is 500 feet high and 690 feet square at the base, covering 11 acres of ground. The annual number of new publications in Germany is said to be 7000—in France it is probably 5000—in Great Britain 3,000—and in the United States about 500 works or 700 volumes, of which about three fifths are original American productions.

THE PRINTER.—Many men, who have acquired great fame and celebrity in the world, began their career as Printers.—Sir William Blackstone, the learned commentator on Laws, was a Printer by trade. King George III. learned the art, and frequently set type after he ascended the throne of England. We scarcely need mention Franklin, for it is well known to all who are familiar with his name, that he was a Printer. Alexander Campbell, the greatest Theologian that ever lived, is a Printer. Gentlemen of the 'Craft,' these are gratifying facts; but let us not be content that they alone be held up to the profession—let us honor ourselves, and do all we can to keep up, and elevate still higher, the character of our beautiful art.

The franking privilege has led to much that was ludicrous, and nobody is likely to forget the story that a member of Congress once franked home his dirty shirts to be washed in a "family way" by his wife; but the correspondent of a dimished loco loco Post master at Columbia South Carolina, has lately exhibited an extremely novel mode of franking. The gentleman recently appointed to the Post Office of that town, received a few days since, a packet directed to "The Post Master," and upon opening it found—a pair of *Cock Gaffles!*—They were undoubtedly intended for the Post Master's predecessor, who had probably been in the habit of receiving such communications through the United States Mail and for aught we know fighting cocks themselves with corn enough to feed them on during the transit. We recollect that when this same loco loco Postmaster was removed to give place to a better man, there was a most distressing outcry made about it. Why, if the fellow had been suffered to remain much longer he would have carried home his corn fodder in Uncle Sam's vehicles, and as likely as not have crammed his potato crop into the mail bags.—*N. Y. Cour.*

A young lady recently went into a dry goods store, and asked to see some silk stockings. On looking at them she inquired how high they came, (meaning the price), to which the clerk—a lad just from the country—replied, "Don't exactly know, but I guess they come up to the knee!"

"What's that horse out of?" said a fellow, with a view to quiz a farmer's boy, who was riding an old horse which showed more bone than blood. "Out of?" "Yes, what's he out of—do you know?" "Yes I do." "Well, what?" "Out of oats."

Themistocles, the great Athenian general, being asked whether he would choose to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthless man of great estate, replied, that he should prefer a man without an estate, to an estate without a man.

Mr. Stultz, the celebrated London Tailor, has contributed the sum of 5560l. together with a large plot of ground, for the erection of a comfortable and permanent building for thirty-three pensioners (with their wives) of the institution "for the relief of aged and decayed journeymen tailors."

THE DUBLIN GHOST.—The Dublin papers are busy with a marvelous ghost story. One John Fortune, a porter on the Rings-town Railway, has appeared to his sister, a servant, after his own death, and duly instructed her to pay some small debts, the memory of which prevents his repose.—One of these was 3d. for some cherries which he bought of a stall woman near the station; and the largest 3s. for drink on sundry occasions. It is said that these are all found to have been correctly stated by the late Mr Fortune, though in some instances the creditors had forgotten the matter. In one case the ghost, by divers knocks, manifested a decided objection to one Mrs Marshall's being paid a claim for more than was justly due to her—9s. instead of 2s.; the creditor ultimately found that she was mistaken, and not "old True-penny."

A good criterion by which to judge the disposition of a man, is to watch him when he passes by some boys playing marbles. A kind man will step out of the way and let the little fellows have their sport out, while a crabbed one will push through the ring, knocking 'taw' and marbles to the cause.