

Star & Republican Banner.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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CONDITIONS:

I. The Star & Republican Banner is published weekly, at Two Dollars per annum, for Volume of 52 Numbers, payable half yearly in advance.
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 discretion 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 ONE DOLLAR, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion—longer ones in the same proportion. The number of insertions to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.
IV. Communications, &c. by mail, must be post-paid—otherwise they will not meet with attention.

THE GARLAND.

"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens culled & care'd."

A SCOTTISH SONG.

We give below (says the New England Galaxy) a Scottish Song, written some years since, by the celebrated Allan Cunningham, and published with his name. It is a beautiful description of a Lover, based upon and confiding in the protecting power of God, for which the Scottish poetry is so remarkable, and which is so well conveyed by its singular idiom. An air of direct and natural feeling runs through it, (as it does through many of the simple pieces of Burns,) which addresses itself at once to the feelings of every one, and though not clothed in the form of speech, is at all times acknowledged as the true language of the heart.

Thou hast lov'd by thy faith, my Jeanie,
By that pretty wee head of thine,
And by all the lowering stars of the even,
That thou wast ay beaming;
And I have lov'd by my faith, my Jeanie,
By that kind heart of thine,
By all the stars that shone in the heaven,
That thou wast ay beaming.
Fool for the hand wad lose sic hand,
And the heart wad part sic love;
But there is nae hand can lose the hand,
But the finger of Him above;
Though the wee cot man be my bield,
And my ain wee cot man,
I should lap up rich in the fawn of love,
Heaven's ainm'd of my Jeanie.
Thy white arm wad be a pillow to me,
Far softer than the down;
And love wad winnow o'er us his kind wings,
And sweetly we'd sleep and sun;
Come here to the wee cot man, I love,
Come here and kneel to me;
The morning is full of the presence of God,
And I cannot pray but wi' thee.
The wind is sweet among the new flowers,
The wee birds sing soft on the tree,
Our dear man sits in the bonny sunshine,
And by the ainm'd he is here;
The buek man be'ten when he comes home
Wi' the holy psalmic;
And I will speak of thee when I pray,
And thou man speak of me.

AN AMUSING TREAT.

[No. III.]

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

The next evening I left Timothy in charge, and repaired to her house; it was very respectable in outward appearance, as well as its furniture. I was not, however, shown up into the first floor, but into the room below.

"Miss Judd will come directly, sir," said a tall, meagre, puritanical looking maid, shutting the door upon me. In a few minutes, during which my pulse beat quick, for I could not but expect some disclosure; whether it was to be one of love or murder, I hardly knew which—Miss Aramathia Judd, for such was her Christian name, made her appearance, and sitting down on the sofa, requested me to take a seat by her.

"Mr. Newland," said she, "I wish to—most I think I can—entrust you with a secret and important to me. Why I am obliged to do it, you will perfectly comprehend when you have heard my story. Tell me, are you attached to me?"

This was a home question to a forward lad of sixteen. I took her by the hand, and when I looked down on it, I felt as if I was I looked up into her face, and felt that I was not. And as I now was close to her, I perceived that she must have some aromatic drug in her mouth, as it smelt strongly—this gave me the supposition that the breath, which drew such melodious tones, was not equally sweet, and I felt a certain increased degree of disgust.

"I am very grateful, Miss Judd," replied I, "I hope I shall prove that I am attached when you confide in me."

"Swear, then, by all that's sacred, you will not reveal what I do confide."

"By all that's sacred I will not," replied I, kissing her hand with more fervour than I expected from myself.

"Do me then the favour to excuse me one minute." She left the room, and in a very short time, there returned, in the same dress, in every other point the same person, but with a young and lively face of not more, apparently, than twenty-two or twenty-three years old. I started as if I had seen an apparition. "Yes," said she smiling, "you now see Aramathia Judd without disguise; and you are the first who has seen that face for more than two years. Before I proceed further, again I say, may I trust you—swear!"

"I do swear," replied I, and took her hand for the book, which this time I kissed with pleasure, over and over again. Like a young jackass as I was, I still retained her hand, throwing as much persuasion as I possibly could in my eyes. In fact, I did enough to have softened the hearts of three bonnet-makers. I began to feel most dreadfully in love, and thought of marriage, and making my fortune, and I don't know what; but all this was put an end to by one simple short sentence, delivered in a very decided but soft voice, "Japhet, do be silly."

I was crushed, and all my hopes crushed with me. I dropped her hand, and sat like a fool.

And now hear me. I am, as you must

have already found out, an impostor; that is, I am what is called a religious adventurer—a new term, I grant, and perhaps only applicable to a very few. My aunt was considered, by a certain sect, to be a great prophetess, and had the gift of the unknown tongues, which I hardly need tell you, is all nonsense; nevertheless, there are hundreds who believed in her, and do so now. Brought up with my aunt, I soon found out what foals and dupes may be made of mankind by taking advantage of their credulity. She had her religious inspirations, her trances, and her convulsions, and I was always behind the scenes; she confided in me, and I may say that I was her only confidant. You cannot, therefore, wonder at my practising that deceit to which I have been brought up from almost my infancy. In person I am the exact counterpart of what my aunt was at my age, equally so in figure, although my figure is now disguised to resemble that of a woman of her age." I looked when she said this, and perceived that by carrying the bones of her stays up very high, she had contrived to give an appearance of flatness to a breast, which seemed to swell with indignation at such treatment. "I often had dressed myself in my aunt's clothes, put on her cap and front, and then the resemblance was very striking. My aunt fell sick and died; but she promised the disciples that she would reappear to them, and they believed her. I did not. She was buried, and by many her return was anxiously expected. It occurred to me about a week afterwards that I might contrive to deceive them. I dressed in my aunt's clothes, I painted and disguised my face as you have seen, and the deception was complete, even to myself, as I surveyed myself in the glass. I boldly set off in the evening to the tabernacle, which I knew they still frequented—came into the midst of them, speaking in the unknown tongue, and they fell down and worshipped me as a prophetess risen from the dead; deceived, indeed, by my appearance, but still more deceived by their own credulity. For two years I have been omnipotent with them; but there is one difficulty which shakes the faith of the new converts, and new converts I must have, Japhet, as the old ones die, or I should not be able to see my physician. It is this, by habit I can almost throw myself into a stupor or a convulsion, but to do that effectually, to be able to carry on the deception for so long a time, and to undergo the severest fatigue attending such violent exertion, it is necessary that I have recourse to stimulants—do you understand?"

"I do," replied I; "I have more than once thought you under the influence of them towards the evening. I'm afraid that you take more than is good for your health."

"Not more than I require for what I have to undergo to keep up the faith of my disciples; but there are many who waver, some who doubt, and I find that my movements are watched. I cannot trust the women in this house. I think she is a spy set upon me, but I cannot remove her, as this house, and all which it contains, are nothing, but belong to the disciples in general. There is another woman, not far off, who is my rival; she calls me an impostor, and says that hers is the true unknown tongue, and mine is not. This will be rather difficult for her to prove," continued she, with a mocking smile, "as neither are, or can be, understood. Beset as I am, I require your assistance, for you must be aware that it is rather discredit to a prophetess, who has risen from the dead, to be seen all day at the gin shop, yet without stimulants now I could not exist."

"And how can I assist you?"

"By sending me, as medicine, that which I dare no longer procure in any other way, and keeping the secret which I have imparted."

"I will do both with pleasure; but yet," said I, "is it not a pity, a thousand pities, that one so young—and, if you will allow me to add, so lovely, should give herself up to ardent spirits? Why," continued I, taking her small white hand, "why should you carry on the deception; why sacrifice your health, and I may say, your happiness—? What more I might have said I know not, probably it might have been an offer of marriage, but she cut me short.

"Why does every body sacrifice their health, their happiness, their all, but for ambition and the love of power? It is true, as long as this little beauty lasts, I might be courted as a woman, but never should I be worshipped as—I may say—a god. No, no—there is something too delightful in that adoration, something too pleasant in witnessing a crowd of fools stare, and those three times my age falling down and kissing the hem of my garment. This is, indeed, adoration! the delight arising from it is so great, that all other passions are crushed by it—it absorbs all other feelings, and has closed my heart even against love, Japhet. I could not, I would not debase myself, sink so low in my own estimation, as to allow so paltry a passion to have dominion over me; and, indeed, now that I am so wedded to stimulants, even if I were no longer a prophetess, it never could."

"But is not intoxication one of the most debasing of all habits?"

"I grant you, in itself; but with me and in my situation it is different. I fall to rise again, and I higher. I cannot be what I am without I stimulate—I cannot stimulate without stimulants, therefore, it is but a means to a great and glorious ambition."

I had no conversation with her before I left, but nothing appeared to move her resolution, and I left her, lamenting, in the

first place, that she had adjured love, because, notwithstanding the orris root, which she kept in her mouth to take away the smell of the spirits, I found myself very much taken with such beauty of person, combined with so much vigour of mind; and in the second, that one so young should carry on a system of deceit and self-destruction. When I rose to go away, she put five guineas in my hand, to enable me to purchase what she required. "Add to this one small favour," said I, "Aramathia—allow me a kiss."

"A kiss," replied she, with scorn; "no, Japhet, look upon me, for it is the last time you will behold my youth; look upon me as a sepulchre, fair without, but unsavoury and rottenness within. Let me do a greater kindness, let me awaken your dormant energies, and plant that ambition in your soul, which may lead to all that is great and good—a better path, and more worthy of a man than the one which I have partly chosen, and partly destiny has decided for me. Look upon me as your friend; although, perhaps, you truly say, no friend unto myself. Farewell—remember that to-morrow you will send the medicine which I require."

I left her, and returned home; it was late. I went to bed, and having disclosed as much to Timothy as I could safely venture to do, I fell fast asleep, but her figure and her voice haunted me in my dreams. At one time she appeared before me in her painted and enamelled face, and then the mask fell off, and I fell at her feet to worship her extreme beauty; then her beauty would vanish, and she would appear an image of leanness and deformity, and I felt suffocated with the atmosphere impregnated with the smell of liquor. I would wake and compose myself again, glad to be rid of the horrid dream; but again would she appear, with a hydra's tail, like Sin, in Milton's Paradise Lost, wind herself round me, her beautiful face gradually changing into that of a skeleton. I cried out with terror, and awoke to sleep no more, and effectually cured by my dream of the penchant which I felt towards Miss Aramathia Judd.

The next day I sent Timothy to purchase some highly rectified white brandy, which I coloured with a blue tincture, and added to it a small proportion of the essence of cinnamon to disguise the smell; a dozen large vials, carefully tied up and sealed, were dispatched to her abode. She now seldom called, unless it was early in the morning; I made repeated visits to her house to receive money, but no longer to make love. One day I requested permission to be present at her meeting, and to this she gave immediate consent; indeed we were on the most intimate terms, and when she perceived that I no longer attempted to play the fool, I was permitted to remain for hours with her in conversation. She had, as she told me she intended, re-enamelled and painted her face, but knowing what beauty was concealed underneath, I no longer felt any disgust.

Timothy was very much pleased at his share of this arrangement, as he seldom brought her the medicine without pocketing half a crown. For two months all went on well, but Timothy had such curiosity to attend one of these meetings, that he himself asked Miss Judd's permission—this was granted; he went there with me, witnessed the scene of folly, duplicity, and credulity, and without my having any idea of what he intended, he formed a project in his own head by which to expose it; his love of fun overcoming all motives arising from interest and prudency.

We had some difficulty to obtain permission for both of us to go out, but Mr. Cophagus consented, as we had not had a holiday for the whole period we had been in his service. He staid at home, and we went to drink tea with Miss Judd, by appointment, as we asserted. But Timothy was determined to go a second time to the meeting, that he might put his projects into execution. I again applied to Mr. Cophagus, little thinking that I was taking a step which would put an end to all the presentation guineas which I received, in return for my supplying Miss Judd with the means of deceiving her disciples.

"Out again," said Mr. Cophagus, "when—um—why—no, no."

I replied that we had free admissions presented to us for one of the minor theatres, and that we had never been to a theatre in our lives.

"Theatre—music—all for nothing—good—what's the play?"

"Mock Doctor, sir, and another."

"Mock Doctor—cut up profession—um—lad—very funny, and so on. Go." And so we went.

Timothy had not taken his basket of medicine on that day, as I thought, and he put it on his arm; but the rogue had delivered it before, still he carried his basket. The disciples were all collected when we arrived, and on our entering the drawing room, on the first floor, we found Miss Judd in her low pulpit, not a little the worse for liquor, but, nevertheless, all the better able to act her part. I took my place, as I generally did when I went there, behind the pulpit, where I perceived that a store of vials full of my medicine were deposited, in case she should require them, a circumstance which did not escape the mischievous Timothy. Miss Judd had just commenced her shrieks—"Ullima! Ullima! protocol parbihi chronon—Ullima! Ullima!—there is a little light."

Two old fools, with spectacles, were taking down the words which escaped from her lips on large books, already filled with horrid inspirations, of which they supposed

that one day they were to receive the key. Another dose from one of my bottles, which stood beside on the pulpit, and she again commenced her violent gestures and strange jargon—crying out, "There is more light—Ullima! Ullima! Yes, there sure is light—is light;" and then overcome with her violence and frantic gesticulations, she fell down, as they supposed, in a trance, in which she asserted she was permitted to view the mansions of the blessed. I received her into my arms, and laid her on the floor of the room, and now half a dozen old women, who considered that they also had been favored with the tongues, commenced a simultaneous howl, enough to frighten away the evil spirit. At last they threw themselves down on the floor in apparent convulsions. Timothy ran to them, and pouring down their throats vial after vial, the contents of which they sucked in greedily, soon made them more outrageous, while the other disciples seated on each side of the room, on two long forms, cried out, "A visitation, a visitation! Hosannah to us high—Hosannah to the prophetess!" This blasphemy continued about half an hour, when Aramathia rose, as if recovered from her trance, but the liquor had had its effect; her gait was trembling, and she required my support to gain the pulpit. She had just obtained her position, and holding on by both hands was about to address the meeting, when Timothy, who had purchased about two score of sparrows, and had them concealed in his basket, opened the lid and let them all fly; they immediately flew to the lights, which they extinguished, and all was in darkness. To the howling of the drunken old women was now added the cries of alarm. Timothy jumped on the table, and with a piece of phosphorus, which he had in a small vial of water all ready marked out on his own clothes and person, rib after rib, bone after bone, until he appeared by degrees, to their astonished eyes, to form himself into a fiery skeleton. Then came shrieks of horror and dismay; the uproar was astounding. "Beelzebub Alredidid—Ullima! Ullima!—Avant Asterother!—Avant Ullima! Ullima!—Propheetess, where are you?" Up they all rose at last, for fear had hid their held them to their seats—up they all rose, like two coveys of birds, to escape from the evil one, who, they imagined, had entered into their tabernacles; but Timothy had walked behind the forms, and having procured about two dozen small white pills, had seated and unperceived, fixed every man and woman by their clothes to the long forms on which they had been seated, so that when they all got up the forms adhered to and connected them all together, and the fall of one or two brought down all the rest, sprawling, kicking, and shrieking, on the floor, in their horror and dismay.—It was a paradimonium—and Timothy, on the table, flaming in phosphorus looked like Satan, when he called the fallen angels from the fiery gulf. For myself, aware of what would take place, I drew the now almost insensible form of Aramathia away from the pulpit, and contrived to carry her down stairs. Timothy, after calling one or two yells to his own clamour and dismay, sprang from the table and followed me. Just as we had reached the parlor-door, the police burst in and searched the stairs, and we took that opportunity to escape, carrying the insensible Aramathia between us. Notwithstanding some opposition, on the part of the crowd collected outside, we contrived to get clear off, and at last gained the house of Mr. Cophagus.

"Ha!" cried he, opening the door, "what's all this?—young woman—much—much—hurt, and so on!"

"Not very much hurt, I believe," replied I, "but very much distressed," as we carried her into the parlour, and laid her on the sofa.

Mr. Cophagus proceeded to examine her; he felt her pulse—opened her eyes—she smelt her breath—"Ah," said he, "can't prescribe—bad woman—quite drunk—gin—um—compound, and so on." If then went to the door, called a watchman, ordered Miss Judd to be taken to the watch-house, where she was looked up with all her disciples, who she proceeded her. We dared not make any objections. The next day I was informed by report of the exposure which had taken place, and never after that heard any more of Miss Aramathia Judd.

I believed Timothy very much for his ungodly behavior, but he defended himself, by asserting that it was his duty to unmask hypocrisy so nefarious, and that there could be no good derived from money bestowed, as it had been on us, for such a pernicious confidence. I could not deny the truth of his observations, and when I reflected, I shuddered at the sums I had received and squandered away; we continued to live in the greatest harmony, and I found favor more and more in the sight of Mr. Cophagus.

After this affair of Miss Judd, I adhered strictly to my business, and profiting by the lesson given me by that young person, improved rapidly in my profession, as well as in general knowledge; but my thoughts were now upon one subject—my parentage and the mystery hanging over it. My estrangement from my father at last so painful, that I determined to read to drive them away, and to contribute to a good circulating library; and I bought a book in my hand—

time I had been nearly two years with Mr. Cophagus, when an advertisement which I must attempt to read with all the dignity with which it was invested.

A world of ambition, competition, and Nation rivals nation, and flies cutting the throats of a few thou-

sands on each side till one finds that it has the worst of it. Man rivals man, and hence detraction, duels, and individual death. Woman rivals woman, and hence loss of reputation, and position in high, and loss of hair, and fighting with patterns in low life. Are we then to be surprised that this universal passion, undeterred by the smell of drugs and poisonous compounds, should enter into apothecaries' shops? Certainly not. Let me proceed. But two streets—two very short streets from our own—was situated the single-fronted shop of Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit. Thank heaven, it was only single-fronted; there, at least, we had the ascendency over them. Upon other points, our advantages were more equally balanced.—Mr. Pleggit had two large coloured bottles in his windows more than we had; but then we had two horses, and he had only one.—He had over the corks of his bottles with red-coloured paper; we covered up the lips of our vials with true blue. It certainly was the case—for though an enemy, I'll do him justice—that after Mr. Brookes had left us, Mr. Pleggit had two shopmen, and Mr. Cophagus only one; but then that one was Mr. Japhet Newland; besides, one of his assistants had only one eye, and the other squinted horribly, so if we measured by eyes, I think the advantage was actually on our side; and as far as ornament went, most decidedly; for who would not prefer putting on his chimney piece one handsome, elegant vase, than two damaged, ill-looking pieces of crockery!—Mr. Pleggit had certainly a gilt mortar and pestle over his door, which Mr. Cophagus had omitted when he furnished his shop; but then the mortar had a great crack down the middle, and the pestle had lost its knob.—And let me ask those who have been accustomed to handle it, what is a pestle without a knob?

On the whole, I think, with the advantage of having two fronts, like Janus, we certainly had the best of the comparison; but I shall leave the impartial to decide. All I can say is, that the feud of the rival houses was most bitter—the hate intense—the mutual scorn unmeasurable. Did Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit meet Mr. Phineas Cophagus in the street, the former immediately began to spit as if he had swallowed some of his own vile adulterated drugs; and in rejoinder, Mr. Cophagus immediately raised the cane from his nose high above his forehead in so threatening an attitude, as almost to warrant the other swearing the peace against him, uttering, "Ugly puppy—knows nothing—patients die—and so on." It may be well supposed that this spirit of enmity extended through the lower branches of the rival houses—the assistants and I were at the deadly feud; and this feud was even more deadly between the boys who carried out the medicines, and whose baskets might, in some measure, have been looked upon as the rival ensigns of the parties, they themselves occupying the dangerous and honorable post of standard bearer. Timothy, although the kindest-hearted fellow in the world, was as good a hater as Dr. Johnson himself could have wished to meet with; and when sometimes his basket was not so well filled as usual, he would fill up with empty bottles below, rather than the credit of the house should be suspected, and his deficiencies create a smile of scorn in the mouth of his red-haired antagonist, when they happened to meet going their rounds. As yet, no actual collision had taken place between either the principals or the subordinates of the hostile factions; but it was fated that this state of quiescence should no longer remain.

Homer has sung the battles of gods, demigods, and heroes; Milton the strife of angels. Swift has been great in his Battle of the Books; but I am not aware that the battle of the vials has as yet been sung; and it requires a greater genius than was to be found in those who portrayed the conflicts of heroes, demigods, gods, angels, or books, to do adequate justice to the mortal strife which took place between the lotions, potions, draughts, pills, and embrocations. I must tell the story as well as I can, leaving it as an outline for a future epic.

Burning with all the hate which infuriated the breasts of the two houses of Capulet and Montague, hate each day increasing from years of "biting thumbs" at each other, and yet no excess presenting itself for an affray, Timothy Oldmixon—for on such an occasion it would be a sin to omit his whole designation—Timothy Oldmixon, I say, burning with hate and eager with haste, turning a corner of the street with his basket well filled with medicines hanging on his left arm, encountered equally eager in his haste, and equally burning in his hate, the red-haired Mercury of Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit. Great was the concussion of the opposing baskets, dire was the crash of many of the vials, and dreadful was the mingled odour of the combinations which escaped, and poured through the wicker interstices. Two ladies from Billingsgate, who were near, indulging their rhetorical powers, stopped short. Two tom cats, who were on an adjacent roof, just fixing their eyes of enmity, and about to fix their claws, turned their eyes to the scene below. Two political antagonists stepped their noisy arguments. Two bustle men ceased to ring their bells; and two little urchins eating cherries from the crowns of their hats, lost sight of their fruit, and stood aghast with fear. They met, and met with such violence, that they each rebounded many paces; but like stalwart knights, each kept his basket and his feet. A few seconds to recover breath; one withering, fiery look from Timothy, returned by his antagonist, one flash of the memory in each to tell them that they each had the fa on their side, and

"Take that!" was roared by Timothy, planting a well-directed blow with his dexter and dexterous hand upon the sinister and sinister eye of his opponent. "Take that!" continued he, as his adversary reeled back; "take that, and be d—d to you, for running against a gentleman."

Ho of the rubicund hair had retreated, because so violent was the blow he could not help so doing, and we all must yield to fate. But it was not from fear. Seizing a vile potato that was labelled "To be taken immediately," and hurling it with demonical force right on the chops of the courageous Timothy, "Take that!" cried he with a rancorous yell. The missile, well directed as the spears of Homer's heroes, came full upon the bridge of Timothy's nose, and the fragile glass shivering, inflicted several wounds upon his physiognomy, and at the same time poured forth a dark, brownish-coloured balsam, to heal them, giving pain unutterable. Timothy, being to lament the agony of his nose, hastily seized the example of his antagonist, and, hastily seizing a similar missile of larger dimensions, threw it with a force that it split between the eyes of his opponent. Thus with these dreadful weapons did they commence the mortal strife.

The lovers of good, or at least of fair play, gathered round the combatants, forming an almost impenetrable ring, yet of sufficient dimensions to avoid the missiles. "Go it, red-head!" "White apron!" resounded on every side. Draughts now met draughts in the passage through the circumference, and exploded like shells over a besieged town. Boluses were fired with the precision of a gun shot, pill-boxes were thrown with such force that they burst like grape and came with acids and alkalies hissed, as they neutralized each other's power, with all the venom of expiring snakes. "Bravo! white apron!" "Red-head for ever!" resounded on every side as the conflict continued with unabated vigour.—The ammunition was fast expending on both sides, when Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit, hearing the noise, and perhaps smelling his own drugs, was so unfortunately rash, and so unwisely foolhardy, as to break through the sacred ring, advancing from behind with uplifted cane to fell the redoubtable Timothy, when a mixture of his own, hurled by his own red-haired champion, caught him in his open mouth, breaking against his only two remaining front teeth, extracting them as the discharged liquid ran down his throat, and turning him as sick as a dog. He fell, was taken away on a shutter, and it was some days before he was again to be seen in his shop dispensing those medicines which, on this fatal occasion, he would too gladly have dispensed with.

Reader, have you not elsewhere read in the mortal fray between knights, when the casque has been bated off, the shield lost, and the sword shivered, how they have resorted to closer and more deadly strife with their daggers raised on high? Thus it was with Timothy; his means had failed, and disdaining any longer to wage a distant combat, he closed vigorously with his panting enemy, overthrow him in the first struggle, seizing from his basket the only weapons which remained, one single vial, and one single box of pills. As he sat upon his prostrate foe, first he forced the box of pills into his gasping mouth, and then with the lower end of the vial he drove it down his throat, as a gunner rams home the wand and shot into a thirty-two pound carronade. Choked with the box, the fallen knight held up his hands for quarter; but Timothy continued until the end of the vial, breaking out the top and bottom of the pastboard receptacle, forty-and-eight of anti-bilious pills rolled in haste down red-head's throat.—Timothy seized his basket, and amid the shouts of triumph walked away. His fallen-crested adversary coughed up the remnants of the pastboard, once more breathed, and wailed disconsolate to the neighboring pump; while Timothy regained our shop with his blushing honors thick upon him.

But I must drop the vein heroic. Mr. Cophagus, who was at home when Timothy returned, was at first very much inclined to be wroth at the loss of so much medicine; but when he heard the story, and the finale, he was so pleased at Tim's double victory over Mr. Pleggit and his messenger, that he actually put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out half-a-crown.

Mr. Pleggit, on the contrary, was any thing but pleased; he went to a lawyer, and commenced an action for assault and battery, and all the neighborhood did nothing but talk about the affray which had taken place, and the action at law which it was said would take place in the ensuing term.

But with the exception of this fracas, which ended in the action not holding good, whereby the animosity was increased, I have little to recount during the remainder of the time I served under Mr. Cophagus. I had been more than three years with him when my confinement became insupportable. I had but one idea, which performed an everlasting cycle in my brain. Who was my father? And I should have abandoned the profession to search the world in the hope of finding my progenitor, had it not been that I was without the means.—Latterly I had hoarded up all I could collect; but the sum was small, much too small for the proposed expedition. I became melancholy, indifferent to the business, and slovenly in my appearance, when a circumstance occurred which put an end to my further dispensing medicines, and left me a free agent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]