

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.

VOL. 6--NO. 39.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1835.

[WHOLE NO. 299.]

THE GARLAND.

"With sweetest flowers coriell'd,
From various gardens culPd with care,"
A woman's hand traced the following lines, which only woman's true and fond heart could have inspired.

THE WIFE'S PRAYER.

The young wife kneeling to her God,
Seems brighter far in this lone scene
Than when out halls of birth she trod,
Gaze on—the love that fills her heart
New charms hath lent to cheek and brow—
Gaze on—but hush! the pure lips part
Perchance for the she's pleading now:
"Hear me, thou who mark'st each feeling,
Thou who know'st each passion's way;
At thy sacred altar kneeling
For a being loved I pray!
He is dearer than the mother
Who hath been my life's fond guide—
He is dearer than a brother,
Though a brother's still my pride
Of ere summer's bloom had perish'd,
For the lowly's wail I sigh'd;
Father! on the husband cherish'd,
Now thy choicest blessings shed!
In all 'peril and temptation,
Lead him with thy holy might;
Mid the charms of power and station,
Keep a noble spirit bright.
Bless him, Father! he is starting
Proudly for the goal of fame—
Oh! may every year departing,
Add fresh laurels to his name!
Grant him Genius's inspiration—
Widow'd a eloquence divine—
He is pluck'd unto a nation,
Let him in her councils shine.
Be his guide—and for earth's sorrow,
For the blight, the cloud, the thorn,
So prepare him, that each morn
(In a fearless heart may dawn.
Father! if the love I bear him
Lend his path a brighter ray;
If that love one pang can spare him,
Aid me still to cheer his way.
Should his manhood's prime be shaded,
Let him on this heart repose—
It will prove, when joys are faded,
Dearest spring and forest rose.
Strengthen, guard and guide him ever!
May he glow in love's chain,
Till links thy angel sever,
Ne'er on earth to clasp again!"

AN AMUSING TREAT.

[NO. XXVI.] JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

"No, not even that; for while I was busy after some that ran one way, the others kicked my basket before them like a foot ball, until it was fairly out of sight. I had only eight-pence in my pocket, so you perceive, Japhet, how I was going down in the world."

"You were indeed, Tim."

"Well, I walked away, cursing all the Eton boys and all their tutors, who did not teach them honesty as well as Latin and Greek, and put up at a very humble sort of abode, where they sold small beer, and gave beds at two-pence per night and I may add, with plenty of fleas in the bargain. There I fell in with some ballad singers and mumpers, who were making very merry, and who asked me what was the matter. I told them how I had been treated, and they laughed at me, but gave me some supper, so I forgave them. An old man, who governed the party, then asked me whether I had any money. I produced my enormous capital of eight pence. "Quite enough if you are clever," said he; quite enough—many a man with half that sum has ended in rolling in his carriage. A man with thousands has only the advance of you a few years. You will pay for your lodging, and then spend this six-pence in matches, and hawk them about the town. If you are lucky, it will be a shilling by to-morrow night. Besides, you go down into areas, and sometimes enter a kitchen, when the cook is above stairs. There are plenty of things to be picked up." "But I am not dishonest," said I. "Well then, every man in his liking; only if you were, you would ride in your own coach sooner." "And suppose I should lose all this, or none but buy my matches, what then?" replied I. "I shall starve." "Starve—no, no—no one starves in this country; all you have to do is to get into goal—committed for a month—you will live better perhaps than you ever did before. I have been in every goal in England and I know the good ones, for even its goals there is a great difference. Now the one in this town is one of the best in all England, and I patronize it during the winter." I was much amused with the discourse of this mumper, who appeared to be one of the merriest old vagabonds in England. I took his advice, bought sixpenny-worth of matches, and commenced my new vagrant speculation.

"The first day I picked up three-pence for one quarter of my stock, and returned to the same place where I had slept the night before, but the fraternity had quitted on an expedition. I spent my two-pence in bread and chere, and paid one penny for lodging, and again I started the next morning, but I was very unsuccessful; no body appeared to want matches that day, and after walking from seven o'clock in the morning, to past seven in the evening, without selling one farthing's worth, I sat down at the porch of a chapel, quite tired and worn out. At last I fell asleep, and how do you think I was awake! By a strong sense of suffocation, and up I sprang, coughing and nearly choked, surrounded with smoke. Some mischievous boys perceiving that I was fast asleep, had set fire to my matches, as I held them in my hand between my legs, and I did not awake until my fingers were severely burnt. There was an end of my speculation in matches, because there was an end of my capital."

"My poor Timothy, I really feel for you."

"Not at all, my dear Japhet; I never, in all my distress, was sentenced to execution

—my miseries were trifles, to be laughed at. However, I felt very miserable at the time, and walked off, thinking about the propriety of getting into goal as soon as I could, for the beggar had strongly recommended it. I was at the outskirts of the town, when I perceived two men tussling with one another, and I walked towards them. "I say," says one, who appeared to be a constable; "you must come along with me—Don't you see that ere board? All waggrants shall be taken up, and dealt with according to *la.*" "Now may the devil hold you in his claws, you old psalm-singing thief—an't I a sailor—and an't I a waggrant by profession, and all according to law?" "That won't do," says the other; "I commands you in the king's name, to let me take you to prison, and I commands you also, young man," says he—"for I had walked up to them—'I commands you, as a lawful subject to assist me.'" "What will you give the poor fellow for his trouble," said the sailor? "It's his duty, as a lawful subject, and I'll give him nothing; but I'll put him in prison if he don't." "Then you old Rhinoceros, I'll give him five shillings if he'll help me, and so now he may take his choice." At all events, thought I, this will turn out lucky one way or the other; but I will support the man who is most generous; so I went up to the constable, who was a burly sort of fellow, and tripped up his heels, and down he came on the back of his head. You know my old trick, Japhet?" "Yes; and I never knew you fail at that."

"Well, the sailor says to me, 'I've a notion you've damaged his upper works, so let us start off, and clap on all sail for the next town. I know where to drop my anchor. Come along with me, and as long as I've a shot in the locker, don't let me if I won't share it with one who has proved a friend in need.' The constable did not come to his senses, he was very much stunned; but we loosened his neckcloth, and left him there, and started off as fast as we could. My new companion who had a wooden leg, stopped by a gate and clambered over it. "We must lose no time, said he; and I may just as well have the benefit of both legs." So saying, he took off his wooden stump, and let down his real leg, which was fixed up just as you saw mine. I made no comments, but off we set, and at a good round pace gained a village about five miles distant. "Here we will put up for the night; but they will look for us to-morrow at daylight or a little after, therefore we must be starting early. I know the law beggars well, they won't turn out afore sunrise. He stopped at a paltry ale-house, where we were admitted, and soon were busy with a much better supper than I had ever imagined they could have produced; but my new friend ordered right and left, with a tone of authority, and every body in the house appeared at his beck and command. After a couple of glasses of grog, we retired to bed.

"The next morning we started before break of day, on our road to another town, where my companion said the constable would never take the trouble to come after him. On our way he questioned me as to my mode of getting my livelihood, and I narrated how unfortunate I had been. "One good turn deserves another," replied the sailor; "and now I'll set you up in trade. Can you sing? Have you any thing of a voice?" "I can't say that I have," replied I. "I don't mean whether you can sing in tune or have a good voice, that's no consequence; all I want to know is, have you a good loud one?" "Loud enough, if that's all." "That's all that's requisite; so long as you can make yourself heard—you may then howl like a Jackall, or howl like a mad buffalo, no matter which—as many pay us for to get rid of us, as out of charity; and so long as the money comes, what's the odds? Why, I once knew an old chap, who could only play one tune on a clarionet, and that tune out of all tune, who made his fortune in six or seven streets, for every one gave him money, and told him to go away. When he found out that, he came every morning as regular as clock-work. Now there was one of the streets which was chiefly occupied by music sellers and Italian singers—for them foreigners always herd together—and this tune, "which the old cow died of," as the saying is, used to be their horror, and out came the half-pence to send him away. There was a sort of club also in that street, of larking sort of young men, and when they perceived that the others gave the old man money to get rid of his squeaking, they sent him out money, with orders to stay and play to them, so then the others sent out more for him to go away, and between the two, the old fellow brought home more money than all the endgers and mumpers in the district. Now if you have a loud voice, I can provide you with all the rest." "Do you gain your livelihood by that?" "To be sure I do; and I can tell you, that of all the trades going, there is none equal to it. You see, my hearty, I have been on board of a man of war—not that I'm a sailor, or was ever bred to the sea—but I was shipped as a landsman, and did duty in the waist and afterguard. I know little or nothing of my duty as a seaman, nor was it required in the station I was in, so I never learnt, although I was four years on board; all I learnt was the lingo and slang—and that you must contrive to learn from me. I boited, and made my way good to Lunnun, but I should soon have been picked up and put on board the Tender again, if I hadn't got this wooden stump made, which I now carry in my hand, I had plenty of songs, and I commenced my profession, and a real good un it is, I can tell you—Why, do you know, that a'ter a good victory, I have sometimes picked up as much as

two pounds a day, for weeks running; as it is, I averages from fifteen shillings to a pound. Now, as you helped me away from that land shark, who would soon have found out that I had two legs, and have put me into limbo as an impostor, I will teach you to earn your livelihood after my fashion. You shall work with me until you are fit to start alone, and then there's plenty of room in England for both of us; but mind, never tell any one what you pick up, or every mumper in the island will put on a suit of sailor's clothes, and the thing will be blown upon."

"Of course, this was too good an offer to be rejected, and I joyfully acceded. At first, I worked with him as having only one arm, the other being tied down to my side, and my jacket sleeve hanging loose and empty, and we roared away right and left, so as to bring down a shower of coppers wherever we went. In about three weeks my friend thought I was able to start by myself, and giving me half of the ballads, and five shillings to start with, I shook hands and parted with, next to you, the best friend that I certainly ever had. Ever since I have been crossing the country in every direction, with plenty of money in my pocket, and always with one eye looking sharp out for you. My beautiful voice fortunately attracted your attention, and here I am, and at an end of my history; but if ever I am away from you and in distress again, depend upon it I shall take to my wooden leg and balls for my support."

Such were the adventures of Timothy, who was metamorphosed into a precise Quaker. "I do not like the idea of your taking up a system of deceit, Timothy. It may so happen—that you who knows what may occur—that for you may again be thrown upon your own resources. Now would it not be better that you should obtain a more intimate knowledge of the profession which we are now in, which is liberal, and equally profitable? By attention and study, you will be able to dispense medicines and make up prescriptions as well as myself, and who knows but that some day you may be the owner of a shop like this?"

"Verily, verily, thy words do savour of much wisdom," replied Tim, in a grave voice; "and I will even so follow thy advice."

I knew that he was mocking me in this reply, but I paid no attention to that; I was satisfied that he consented. I now made him assist me, and under my directions he made up the prescriptions. I explained to him the nature of every medicine; and I made him read many books of physic and surgery. In short, after two or three months I could trust to Timothy as well as if I were in the shop myself; and having an errand boy, I had much leisure, and I left him in charge after dinner. The business prospered, and I was laying up money. My leisure time, I hardly need say, was spent with Mr. Cophagus and his family, and my attachment to Susannah Temple increased every day. Indeed, both Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus considered that it was to be a match, and often joked with me when Susannah was not present. With respect to Susannah, I could not perceive that I was farther advanced in her affections than after I had known her two months. She was always kind and considerate, evidently interested in my welfare, always checking in me any thing like levity—frank and confiding in her opinions—and charitable to all, as I thought, except to me. But I made no advance that I could perceive. The fact was, that I dared not speak to her as I might have done to another who was not so perfect. And yet she smiled as I thought, more kindly when I returned than at other times, and never appeared to be tired of my company. If I did sometimes mention the marriage of another, or attendances paid which would, in all probability, end in marriage, it would create no confusion or blushing on her part—she would talk over that subject as composedly as any other. I was puzzled, and I had been fifteen months constantly in her company, and had never dared to tell her I loved her. But one day Mr. Cophagus brought up the subject when we were alone. He commenced by stating how happy he had been as a married man, that he had given up all hopes of a family, and that he should like to see Susannah Temple, his sister-in-law, well married, that he might leave his property to her children; and then he put the very pertinent question, "Japhet—verily—thou hast done well—good business—money coming in fast—settle, Japhet—marry—and have children—and so on. Susannah—nice girl—good wife—pop question—all right—sly puss—won't say no—um—what d'ye say?—and so on." I replied, that I was very much attached to Susannah, but that I was afraid that the attachment was not mutual, and therefore hesitated to propose. Cophagus then said that he would make his wife sound his sister, and let me know the result.

"This was in the morning just before I was about to walk over to the shop, and I left the house in a state of anxiety and suspense. When I arrived at the shop, I found Tim there as usual; but the color of his face was heightened as he said to me, "Read this, Japhet," and handed to me the "Reading Mercury." I read the advertisement as follows:

"If Japhet Newland, who was left at the Foundling Asylum, and afterwards was for some time in London, will call at No. 16, Throgmorton Court, Minories, he will hear of something very much to his advantage, and will discover that of which he has been so long in search. Should this reach his eye, he is requested to write immediately to the above address, with full particulars of his situation. Should any one who reads

this be able to give any information relative to the said J. N., he will be liberally rewarded."

I sank down on the chair. "Merciful Heaven! this can be no mistake—'he will discover the object of his search.' Timothy, my dear Timothy, I have at last found out my father."

"So I should imagine, my dear Japhet," replied Timothy, "and I trust it will not prove a disappointment."

"They never would be so cruel, Timothy," replied I.

"But still it is evident that Mr. Masterton is concerned in it," observed Timothy.

"Why so?" enquired I.

"How otherwise should it appear in the Reading newspapers? He must have examined the post-mark of my letter."

To explain this, I must remind the reader that Timothy had promised to write to Mr. Masterton when he found me; and he requested my permission shortly after we had met again. I consented to his keeping his word, but restricted him to saying any more than "that he had found me, and that I was well and happy." There was no address in the letter as a clue to Mr. Masterton as to where I might be, and it could only have been from the post-mark that he could have formed any idea. Timothy's surmise was therefore very probable; but I would not believe that Mr. Masterton would consent to the insertion of that portion of the advertisement, if there was no foundation for it.

"What will you do, Japhet?"

"Do," replied I, recovering from my reverie, for the information had again roused up all my dormant feelings—"Do," replied I, "why, I shall set off for town this very morning."

"In that dress, Japhet!"

"I suppose I must," replied I, "for I have no time to procure another;" and all my former ideas of fashion and appearance were roused, and in full activity—my pride recovered its ascendancy.

"Well," replied Timothy, "I hope you will find your father all that you could wish."

"I'm sure of it, Tim—I'm sure of it," replied I; "you must run and take a place in the first coach."

"But you are not going without seeing Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, and Miss Temple," continued Tim, laying an emphasis upon the latter name.

"Of course not," replied I, colouring deeply. "I will go at once. Give me the newspaper, Tim."

I took the newspaper, and hastened to the house of Mr. Cophagus. I found them all three sitting in the breakfast parlor, Mr. Cophagus, as usual, reading, with his spectacles on his nose, and the ladies at work. "What is the matter, friend Japhet?" exclaimed Mr. Cophagus, as I burst into the room, my countenance lighted up with excitement. "Read that, sir!" said I to Mr. Cophagus. Mr. Cophagus read it. "Hum—bad news—lose Japhet—man of fashion—and so on," said Cophagus, pointing out the paragraph to his wife, as he handed over the paper.

In the meantime I watched the countenance of Susannah—a slight emotion, but instantly checked, was visible at Mr. Cophagus's remark. She then remained quiet until her sister, who had read the paragraph, handed the paper to her. "Give thee joy, Japhet, at the prospect of finding out thy parent," said Mrs. Cophagus. "I trust thou wilt find in him one who is to be esteemed as a man. When dost thou start?"

"Immediately," replied I.

"I cannot blame thee—the ties of nature are ever powerful. I trust that thou wilt write to us, and that we soon shall see thee return."

"Yes, yes," said Cophagus, "see father—shake hands—come back—heh!—settle here—and so on."

"I shall not be altogether my own master, perhaps," observed I. "If my father desires that I remain with him, must I not obey? But I know nothing at present. You shall hear from me. Timothy can take my place in the —? I could not bear the idea of the word shop, and I stopped.—Susannah, for the first time, looked me earnestly in the face, but she said nothing. Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, who probably had been talking over the subject of our conversation, and thought this good opportunity to allow me to have an *eclaircissement* with Susannah, left the room, saying they would look after my portmanteau and linen. "Susannah," said I, "you do not appear to rejoice with me."

"Japhet Newland, I will rejoice at every thing which may tend to thy happiness, believe me; but I do not feel assured but that this trial may prove too great, and that thou mayest fall away. Indeed, I perceive even now that thou art excited with new ideas, and visions of pride."

"If I am wrong, forgive me. Susannah, you must know that the whole object of my existence has been to find my father; and now that I have every reason to suppose that my wish is obtained, can you be surprised, or can you blame me, that I long to be pressed in his arms?"

"Nay, Japhet, for that filial feeling I do commend thee; but ask thy own heart, is that the only feeling which now excitieth thee? Dost thou not expect to find thy father one high in rank and power? Dost thou not anticipate to join once more the world which thou hast quitted, yet still hast sighed for? Dost thou not already feel contempt for thy honest profession—nay, more, dost thou not only long to cast off the plain attire, and not only the attire, but the sect which in thy adversity thou didst embrace the toasts

of? Ask thy own heart, and reply if thou wilt, but I press thee not so to do; for the truth would be painful, and a lie, thou knowest, I do utterly abhor."

I felt that Susannah spoke the truth, and I would not deny it. I sat down by her.—"Susannah," said I, "it is not very easy to change at once. I have mixed for years in the world, with you I have been but a few months. I will not deny but that the feelings you have expressed have risen in my heart, but I will try to repress them; at least, for your sake, Susannah, I would try to repress them, for I value your opinion more than that of the whole world. You have the power to do with me as you please—will you exert that power?"

"Answer me, Japhet," replied Susannah. "The faith which is not built upon a moral foundation than to win the favor of an erring being like myself is but weak; that power over thee which thou expectest will fix thee in the right path, may soon be lost, and what is then to direct thee? If no purer motives than earthly affection are to be thy stay, most surely thou wilt fall. But no more of this; thou hast a duty to perform, which is to go to thy earthly father, and seek his blessing. Nay more, I would that thou shouldst once more enter into the world; there thou mayest decide. Shouldst thou return to us, thy friends will rejoice, and not one of them will be more joyful than Susannah Temple. Fare thee well, Japhet, mayest thou prove superior to temptation. I will pray for thee—earnestly I will pray for thee, Japhet," continued Susannah, with a quivering of her lips and broken voice, and she left the room.

I went up stairs and found all was ready, and I took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, both of whom expressed their hopes that I would not leave them forever. "Oh, no," replied I; "I should be base if I did." I left them, and with Ephraim following with my portmanteau, I quitted the house. I had gone about twenty yards when I recollected that I had left on the table the newspaper with the direction whom to apply to in the advertisement, and desiring Ephraim to proceed, I returned back. When I entered the parlor, Susannah Temple was resting her face in her hands and weeping bitterly. The opening of the door made her start up; she perceived that it was me, and turned away. "I beg your pardon, I left the newspaper," said I, stammering. I was about to throw myself at her feet, declare my sincere affection, and give up all idea of finding my father until we were married, when she, without saying a word, passed quickly by me and hastened out of the room. "She loves me then," thought I; "thank God—I will not go yet, I will speak to her first." I sat down, quite overpowered with contending feelings. The paper was in my hand, the paragraph was again read, and I thought but of my father.

In half an hour I had shaken hands with Timothy and quitted the town of Reading. How I arrived in London, that is to say, what passed or what we passed, I know not; my mind was in such a state of excitement. It was a sort of mental whirling which blinded me—round and round—from my father and expected meeting, then to Susannah, my departure and her tears—castle building of every description. After the coach stopped there I remained fixed on the top of it, not aware that we were in London until the coachman asked me whether the spirit did not move me to get down. I recollected myself, and calling a hackney coach, gave orders to be driven to the Piazza, Covent Garden.

"Piazza, Common Garden," said the waterman, "why that ban't an 'otel for the like o' you, master. They'll torment you to death, then young chaps."

Gazette says—it is now ten days since the operation, and the child is doing well, even beyond the most sanguine expectations, and the countenance is fast resuming a natural appearance. Before the operation, the eyes and features were much distorted, in consequence of the pressure of the water on the brain.—*Alex. Gaz.*

ANOTHER BRUTAL MURDER IN OHIO.—We learn from the Cincinnati Whig, that on Friday the 20th ult. (the day on which Cowan was executed in Cincinnati for murdering his wife) a man by the name of Curless, residing about two miles above Batavia, in Clermont county, made a most brutal attack upon his wife with a butcher's knife, cutting her arms in deep gashes and stabbing her in the abdomen, and then threw her upon the fire, from which he had just crawled, as the neighbours, attracted by her screams, came to her assistance. The fiend of a husband was soon after arrested, and committed to jail. The wife was not dead at the last accounts, but no hope was entertained of her recovery. It is stated that Curless made this attack on his wife, because she would not promise him, not to marry a second time, in the event of his dying before her. He is represented to be a temperate man, and quite wealthy.

The following beautiful extract is taken from the "Tales of a Physician," a work recently republished in this country:

"There is scarcely a profession in which the sympathies of its professors are more painfully excited than that of the medical practitioner. How often is he called to the bed of hopeless sicknes; and that, too, in a family, the members of which are drawn together by the closest bonds of love! How painful is it to meet the inquiries & gaze of attached friends, or weeping relatives, directed towards him in quest of that consolation, that assurance of safety, which he has not to give! and how melancholy is it to behold the last ray of hope, which had lingered upon the face of affection, giving place to the dark cloud of despair.

And when all is over; when the bitterness of death hath passed from the dead to the living; from the departed to the bereaved; hark to that shriek of agony, that convulsive sob, that bitter groan, wrung from the heart's score, which bespeaks the utter prostration of the spirit beneath the blow!

There, cold in the embrace of death, lies the honored husband of a heart-broken wife; her first, her only love! Or, it may be, the young wife of a distracted husband, the bride of a year, the mother of an hour, and by her, perhaps, the blighted fruit of their love—the bud by the blossom, and both are withered!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

VARIETY.

For the Star & Banner.

At a meeting of "The Mountjoy Temperance Society," held on the 28th day of November, 1835, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That the sale of intoxicating drinks, in our houses of public entertainment, is a public nuisance which ought to be abated without delay.

Resolved, That the members of this Society will apply, by petition, to the Legislature of the Commonwealth, for the passage of a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks in our houses of public entertainment.

Resolved, That the members of this Society do hereby respectfully solicit the co-operation of their fellow-citizens in the said application to the Legislature.

Resolved, That the Chair appoint a committee of three members whose duty it shall be to circulate the petition of the members of this Society among their fellow-citizens as extensively as may be practicable.

Resolved, That the said committee make report at the next monthly meeting of the Society.

Resolved, That these Resolutions, signed by the President and attested by the Secretary, be published in the "Sentinel," "Comptrol," "Star," and "Press."

JAMES M'ALLISTER, Pres't.
H Ezekiah Houghtlin, Jr. Sec'y pro tem.

TEMPERANCE IN LONDON.—It is calculated that there are, in the metropolis, upwards of 100,000 confirmed dram-drinkers, who drink, on an average, two glasses of spirits per day. This, at 1½d per glass, makes £1 250 daily spent in drams, amounting annually to the enormous sum of £156,250.

IMPORTANT SURGICAL OPERATION.—It is generally understood that an accumulation of water on the brain is fatal to the patient. Children thus affected are supposed to be incurable. The St. John's Gazette, however, mentions a case of a successful surgical operation on a patient suffering under this disease by Doctors Bayard and Livingstone. The patient was a child four months old. The operation was performed on the 9th inst.; upwards of a pint of limpid water was discharged from the brain. The

THE INCURABLE.
"Now doctor! don't you think I am on the mending hand—and doctor!—mayn't I go out soon!"
"No! I say! unless you shut up that mouth of yours!"
"Why doctor, I feel considerably better—and doctor, I ate a mince pie this morning."
"What! mince devil, madam."
"Why, doctor! I kinder hankered arter it; and you said, doctor, when I felt as tho' I could take a little something that was nice, and light, I might just smoll of it and kinder taste it, doctor."
"And so you eat a mince pie?"
"Yes! doctor!—and a leetle custard—a very leetle."
"It's a wonder, madam, if you don't die after it! Why didn't you swallow a pound of bullets!"
"Why, doctor! a physician once told me always to eat, when I felt an appetite."
"Shut up! shut up! madam! What do I care for your physician!"
"Why, would you really advise me to say nothing at all doctor? It does me so much good to talk!"
"Good! it will be the death of you yet."
"Why, I must say, I should hate terribly, doctor, to have the lock jaw!"
"Umph! you'd be sure to talk in your sleep!—come shut up!"
"Why now there's Dr. B., who can cure any thing. He'd let me eat mince pies! don't you think, doctor, a little balm or catnip tea taken externally would take the oppression off my stomach—all! dear doctor, don't you know! Shall I call in Dr. — to advise with you. He can cure any thing!"
"There's one thing he can't cure. If he can, I say send for him madam!"
"What! pray what is it, dear doctor! I want to know!"
"He can't make a blister that will prevent your everlasting tongue from click—click—clacking! Good day, madam!"
"Yes he can!—come back, doctor, he's a master hand at sewing up things with a needle and thread."
"Then send for him. It's past my cure. Good day, madam."
"Another mince pie, Sukey! Oh! dar I'm trotting off in a rapid consumption."

REPANTEE.—A lady in Boston, sometime since, having cut an advertisement out of a newspaper with an intention to send it to the printer for further information, pinned it upon her gown. A gentleman, to whom she was partial, observing that it began with "To let," asked "at what price, madam?" She looked at the piece and perceiving his drift, replied, "At the price of your hand, sir."