

dead is all very well, but to be so confoundedly grateful (mind I now speak of the few exceptions that redeem human nature) is a great bore—go where you will Uncle Toby stares you in the face, the very compliments of the morning are interrupted with “my compliments to Miss Grundy, the patte pans look dark, but poor Uncle Toby gave them to me fifteen years since.” Walk in, Dr. Dearburn, walk in! Poor Jack was very sick in the night, he eat too much sour crout at dinner yesterday, a dish poor uncle Toby was very fond of; he always said nobody ever cooked it as well as me, so Jack, as I was saying, eat too much of it; and was so sick I thought he would have died; I asked if he wanted a doctor he said it would be too expensive; then, said I, if you please, thanks to uncle Toby, I can pay doctors’ bills now; Ah! Mrs. Sharpe, is that you, walk in, do! do! glad to see you, as I was just telling Dr. Dearburn, Jack was so ill (relates the whole story) he has taken nothing but a *leette* soup, cut a small piece of beef as large as my hand, put it in a pint of water, little mace and salt and *bawl* it down to a cup full (she was housekeeper and assistant cook to uncle Toby) this was what uncle Toby always called for when *any way* sick, do allow me to give you a little liquer this cold morning—do! do! I gathered the black currants, put them into a demi-john of white rum I had in the cellar, run it through brown paper; by this time she had reached the interior of another room, the rest of the receipt was unintelligible, but the voice still heard through rattling of keys and glasses, and an occasional interruption of a bawl—John, where’s the cork screw? Sally, bring a duster! there; there; that will do, and back she comes with her peculiar gait, a decanter in one hand, and a tray with glasses in the other. Uncle Toby never drank it himself, but always made me keep it in the house. Well, Dr. Dearburn, how do you find Jack? better of course, was very sick tho’ in the night; turned up the corner of my new carpet, put the basin along side of him. That snuff-box was poor Uncle Toby’s, Jack bought it at the sale. But now in a degree Uncle Toby’s name has given place to the gas pipes, and every salutation commen-