

A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.*From the Token for 1833.*

THERE are few beings in the world that are not united by some bond of relationship ; if they have neither brothers, sisters, or still nearer ties, they have generally a great-uncle, or a far off cousin, that occasionally send them an enquiring letter.—Such, however, is not my case ; I stand alone in the world.—How I became so is no part of the present narrative, the wounds that time has closed, I have no desire to tear open. I have heard wise people say, the blessings of life are equalised ; perhaps they would have pointed to my lot as an exemplification ; they might have said, look at his plantation, his negroes, his immense crops, his groves of orange trees. Go into the city, see his house with its verandas, his luxuriant garden, his stud of horses ! but, after all, poor man, he is to be pitied, he is alone in the world, he has got no health, to enjoy any thing.

Such was the superficial survey. Alas ! they knew not like me, the weary wasting regrets, that pressed on my heart, the recollections that neither religion or philosophy could banish. All that was fair and beautiful, added to the keenness of my sensations, and I found solitude and silence most conducive to my comfort, no one broke in upon my retirement. It is an easy art to live alone, for years I scarcely spoke to a human being ; my slaves learned to communicate to me by signs, and the little negroes, for I am not hard-hearted, minded my presence no more than they did one of my palmettas.

My ill health daily increased ; my nights were sleepless ; I consulted physicians, some said my complaints were pulmonary, others, that they were dyspeptic, all prescribed, but none benefited. I was one evening sitting in my veranda, and anticipating the miserable nights I was to pass, as one succeeded another, when one of my servants entered and said, here is a little girl want very much to see Masser. I felt some sensation of surprise, but said, let her come. A girl approached, about fourteen years old, she held in her hand a little basket of flowers, and