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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. IV.

An Evening in Uncle Tom's Cabin.—Uncle Tom.—Negro Cookery.—Kitchen Conversation.—The Great Chicken-pie.—Aggravating Young Uns.—The Meeting.—Negro Worship.—The Human Trader.

THE cabin of Uncle Tom was a small log building, close adjoining to "the house," as the negro, *par excellence*, designates his master's dwelling. In front it had a neat garden-patch, where, every summer, strawberries, raspberries, and a variety of fruits and vegetables, flourished under careful tending. The whole front of it was covered by a large scarlet bignonia, and a native multiflora rose, which entwisting and interlacing, left scarce a vestige of the rough logs to be seen. Here, also, in summer, various brilliant annuals, such as marigolds, petunias, four-o'clocks, found an indulgent corner in which to unfold their splendours, and were the delight and pride of Aunt Chloe's heart.

Let us enter the dwelling. The evening meal at the house is over, and Aunt Chloe, who presided over its preparation as head cook, has left to inferior officers in the kitchen the business of clearing away and washing dishes, and come out into her own snug territories, to "get her ole man's supper;" therefore, doubt not that it is her you see by the fire presiding with anxious interest over certain frizzling items in a stew-pan, and anon, with grave consideration, lifting the cover of a bake-kettle, from whence steam forth indubitable intimations of "something good." A round, black, shining face is hers, so glossy as to suggest the idea that she might have been washed over with white of eggs, like one of her own tea-rusks. Her whole plump countenance beams with satisfaction and contentment from under her well-starched checked turban, bearing on it, however, if we must confess it, a little of that tinge of self-consciousness which becomes the first cook of the neighbourhood, as Aunt Chloe was universally held and acknowledged to be.

A cook she certainly was, in the very bone and centre of her soul. Not a chicken, or turkey, or duck in the barn-yard, but looked grave when they saw her approaching, and seemed evidently to be reflecting on their latter end; and certain it was that she was always meditating on trussing, stuffing, and roasting, to a degree that was calculated to inspire terror in any reflecting fowl living. Her corn-cake, in all its varieties of hoe-cake, dodgers, muffins, and other species too numerous to mention, was a sublime mystery to all less practised compounders; and she would shake her fat sides with honest pride and merriment as she would narrate the fruitless efforts that one and another of her compeers had made to attain to her elevation.

The arrival of company at the house, the arranging of dinners and suppers "in style," awoke all the energies of her soul; and no sight was more welcome to her than a pile of travelling trunks launched on the verandah, for then she foresaw fresh efforts and fresh triumphs.

Just at present, however, Aunt Chloe is looking into the bake-pan, in which congenial operation we shall leave her till we finish our picture of the cottage.

In one corner of it stood a bed, covered neatls with a snowy spread; and by the side of it way a piece of carpeting of some considerable size. On this piece of carpeting Aunt Chole took her stand, as being decidedly in the upper walks of life; and it and the bed by which it lay, and the whole corner, in fact, were treated with distinguished consideration, and made, as far as possible, sacred from the marauding inroads and desecrations of little folks. In fact, that corner was the *drawing-room* of the establishment. In the other corner was a bed of much humbler pretensions, and evidently designed for *use*. The wall over the fire-place was adorned with some very brilliant Scriptural prints, and a portrait of General Washington, drawn and coloured in a manner which would certainly have astonished that hero, if ever he had happened to meet with its like.

On a rough bench in the corner a couple of wooly-headed boys, with glistening black eyes and fat shinning cheeks, were busy in superintending the first walking operations of the baby, which, as is usually the case, consisted in getting up on its feet, balancing a moment, and then tumbling down—each successive failure being violently cheered, as something decidedly clever.

A table, somewhat rheumatic in its limbs, was drawn out in front of the fire, and covered with a cloth, displaying cups and saucers of a decidedly brilliant pattern, with other symptoms of an approaching meal. At this table was seated Uncle Tom, Mr. Shelby's best hand, who, as he is to be the hero of our story, we must daguerreotype for our readers. He was a large, broad-chested, powerfully-made man, of a full glossy black, and a face whose truly African features were characterised by an expression of grave and steady good sense, united with much kindliness and benevolence. There was something about his whole air self-respecting and dignified, yet united with a confiding and humble simplicity.

He was very busily intent at this moment on a slate lying before him, on which he was carefully and slowly endeavouring to accomplish a copy of some letters; in which operation he was overlooked by young Mas'r George, a smart, bright boy of thirteen, who appeared fully to realise the dignity of his position as instructor.

"Not that way, Uncle Tom—not that way," said he, briskly, as Uncle Tom laboriously brought up the tail of his *g* the wrong side out; "that makes a *q*, you see."

"La sakes, now, does it?" said Uncle Tom, looking with a respectful, admiring air, as his young teacher flourishingly scrawled *q*'s and *g*'s innumerable for his edification; and then, taking the pencil in his big heavy fingers, he patiently recommenced.

"How easy white folks al'as does things!" said Aunt Chloe, pausing while she was greasing a griddle with a scrap of bacon on her fork, and regarding young Master George with pride. "The way he can write, now! and read, too! and then to come out here evenings and read his lessons to us,—it's mighty interestin'!"

"But, Aunt Chloe, I'm getting mighty hungry," said George. "Isn't that cake in the skillet almost done?"

"Mose done, Mas'r George," said Aunt Chloe, lifting the lid, and peeping in; "browning beautiful—a real lovely brown. Ah, let me alone for dat! Missis let Sally try to make some cake t'other day, jes to *larn* her, she said. 'Oh, go way, missis,' says I; 'it really hurts my feelins, now, to see good vittles spiled dat ar way! Cake ris all to one side—no shape at all, no more than my shoe—go way!"

And with this final expression of contempt for Sally's greenness, Aunt Chloe whipped the cover off the bake-kettle, and disclosed to view a neatly-baked pound-cake, of which no city confectioner need to have been ashamed. This being evidently the central point of the entertainment, Aunt Chloe began now to bustle about earnestly in the supper department.

"Here you, Mose and Pete, get out de way, you niggers! Get away, Polly, honey: mammy'll give her baby somefin by-and-by. Now, Mas'r George, you jest take off dem books, and set down now with my old man, and I'll take up de sausages, and have the first griddle full of cakes on your plates in less dan no time."

"They wanted me to come to supper in the house," said George, "but I knew what was what too well for that, Aunt Chloe."

"So you did—so you did, honey," said Aunt Chloe, heaping the smoking batter-cakes on his plate; "you know'd your old Aunty'd keep the best for you. Oh, let you alone for dat—go way!"

And with that Aunty gave George a nudge with her finger, designed to be immensely facetious, and turned again to the griddle with great briskness.

"Now for the cake," said Mas'r George, when the activity of the griddle department had somewhat subsided: and with that the youngster flourished a large knife over the article in question.

"La bless you, Mas'r George!" said Aunt Chloe, with earnestness, catching his arm; "you wouldn't be for cuttin' it wid dat ar great heavy knife! Smash all down—spile all de pretty rise of it! Here, I've got a thin old knife I keeps sharp a purpose. Dar, now, see—comes apart light as a feather! Now eat away—you won't get anything to beat dat ar!"

"Tom Lincoln says," said George, speaking with his mouth full, "that their Jinny is a better cook than you."

"Dem Lincons a'nt much 'count no way!" said Aunt Chloe, contemptuously; "I mean, set alongside *our* folks. They's 'spectable folks enough in a kinder plain way: but, as to gettin' up any thing in style, they don't begin to have a notion on't. Set Mas'r Lincon, now, alongside Mas'r Shelby. Good Lor! and Missis Lincon—can she kinder sweep it into a room like my missis—so kinder splendid, yer know? Oh, go way! don't tell me nothin' of dem Lincons!" and Aunt Chloe tossed her head as one who hoped she did know something of the world.

"Well, though, I've heard you say," said George, "that Jinny was a pretty fair cook."

"So I did," said Aunt Chloe; "I may say dat. Good, plain, common cookin', Jinny'll do; make a good pan o'bread—bile her taters *far*—her corn cakes isn't extra, not extra, now Jinny's corn cakes isn't, but then they's far. But, Lor, come to de higher branches and what *can* she do? Why, she makes pies—sartin she does; but what kinder crust? Can she make your real flecky paste, as melts in your mouth and lies all up like a puff? Now, I went over thar when Miss Mary was gwine to be married, and Jinny she jest showed me de weddin' pies. Jinny and I is good friends, ye know. I never said nothin': but go long Mas'r George! Why, I shouldn't sleep a wink for a week if I had a batch of pies like dem ar. Why, dey wa'n't no 'count 't all."

"I suppose Jinny thought they were ever so nice," said George.

"Thought so!—didn't she? Thar she was showin' 'em, as innocent! Ye see, it's jest here, Jinny *don't know*. Lor, the family an't nothin'! She can't be 'spected to know! 'Tan't no fault o' hern. Ah, Mas'r George, you dosen't know half your privileges in yer family and bringin up! Here Aunt Chloe sighed, and rolled up her eyes with emotion."

"I'm sure, Aunt Chloe, I understand all my pie-and-pudding privileges," said George. "Ask Tom Lincoln if I don't crow over him every time I meet him."

Aunt Chloe sat back in her chair, and indulged in a hearty guffaw of laughter at this witticism of young Mas'r's, laughing till the tears rolled down her black, shinning cheeks, and varying the exercise with playfully slapping and poking Mas'r Georgey, and telling him to go way, and that he was a case—that he was fit to kill her, and that he sartin would kill her one of these days; and between each of these sanguinary predictions, going off into a laugh, each longer and stronger than the other, till George really began to think that he was a dangerously witty fellow, and that it became him to be careful how he talked "as funny as he could."

"And so ye telled Tom, did ye? O Lor, what young uns will be up ter! Ye crowed over Tom? O Lor, Mas'r George, if ye wouldn't make a hornbug laugh!"

"Yes," said George, "I says to him, 'Tom, you ought to see some of Aunt Chloe's pies; they're the right sort,' says I."

"Pity, now, Tom could'nt," said Aunt Chloe, on whose benevolent heart the idea of Tom's benighted condition seemed to make a strong impression. "Ye oughter just ask him here to dinner some o' these times, Mas'r George," she added; "it would look quite pretty of ye. Ye know, Mas'r George, ye oughtenter feel 'bove nobody on 'count yer privileges, 'cause all our priviliges is gi'n to us: we ought al'ays to 'member that," said Aunt Chloe, looking quite serious.

"Well, I mean to ask Tom here some day next week," said George; "and you do your prettiest, Aunt Chloe, and we'll make him stare. Won't we make him eat so he won't get over it for a fortnight?"

"Yes, yes—sartin," said Aunt Chloe, delighted; "you'll see. Lor! to think of some of our dinners! Yer mind dat ar great chicken-pie I made when we guv de dinner to General Knox? I and missis, we come pretty near quarrelling about dat ar crust. What does get into ladies sometimes I don't know; but sometimes, when a body has de heaviest kind o' 'sponsibility on 'em, as ye may say, and is all kinder '*seris*' and taken up, dey takes dat ar time to be hangin' round and kinder interferin'! Now, missis, she wanted me to do dis way, and she wanted me to do dat way; and finally I got kinder sarcy, and says I, 'Now, missis, do jist look at dem beautiful white hands o' yourn, with long fingers, and all a sparkling with rings, like my white lilies when the dew's on 'em: and look at my great black stumpin' hands. Now, don't ye think that de Lord must have meant *me* to make de pie-crust, and you to stay in de parlour? Dar! I was jist so sarcy, Mas'r George."

"And what did mother say?" said George.

"Say?—why, she kinder larfed in her eyes—dem great handsome eyes o' hern; and says she, 'Well, Aunt Chloe, I think you are about in the right on't,' says she; and she went off in de parlour. She oughter cracked me over de head for bein' so sarcy; but dar's whar 'tis—I can't do nothin' with ladies in de kitchen."

"Well, you made out well with that dinner—I remember every body said so," said George.

"Didn't I? And wan't I behind de dinin'-room door dat bery day? and didn't I see de Gineral, he knows what cookin' is," said Aunt Chloe, drawing herself up with an air. "Bery nice man, de Gineral! He comes of one of de bery *fustest* families in Old Virginny! He knows what's what, now, as well as I do—de Gineral. Ye see, there's *pints* in all pies, Mas'r George; but tan't every body knows what they is, or orter be. But the Gineral, he knows; I knew by his 'marks he made. Yes, he knows what de pints is!"

By this time Master George had arrived at that pass to which even a boy can come (under common circumstances), when he really could not eat another morsel, and, therefore, he was at leisure to notice the pile of woolly heads and glistening eyes which were regarding their operations hungrily from the opposite corner.

"Here, you Mose, Pete," he said, breaking off liberal bits, and throwing it at them; "you want some, don't you? Come, Aunt Chloe, bake them some cakes."

And George and Tom moved to a comfortable seat in the chimney corner, while Aunt Chloe, after baking a goodly pile of cakes, took her baby on her lap, and began alternately filling its mouth and her own, and distributing to Mose and Pete, who seemed rather to prefer eating theirs as they rolled about on the floor under the table, tickling each other, and occasionally pulling the baby's toes.

"Oh, go long will ye?" said the mother, giving now and then a kick, in a kind of general way, under the table, when the movement became too obstreperous. "Can't ye be decent when white folks come to see ye? Stop dat ar, now, will ye? Better mind yerselves, or I'll take ye down a button-hole lower, when Mas'r George is gone!"

What meaning was couched under this terrible threat it is difficult to say; but certain it is that its awful indistinctness seemed to produce very little impression on the young sinners addressed.

"La, now!" said Uncle Tom, "they are so full of tickle all the while, they cant behave theirselves."

Here the boys emerged from under the table, and, with hands and faces well plastered with molasses, began a vigorous kissing of the baby.

"Get along wid ye!" said the mother, pushing away their woolly heads. "Ye'll all stick together, and never get clar, if ye do dat fashion. Go long to de spring and wash yerselves!" she said, seconding her exhortations by a slap, which resounded very formidably, but which seemed only to knock out so much more laugh from the young ones, as they tumbled precipitately over each other out-of-doors, where they fairly screamed with merriment.

"Did ye ever see such aggravating young uns?" said Aunt Chloe, rather complacently, as producing an old towel, kept for such emergencies, she poured a little water out of the cracked teapot on it, and began rubbing off the molasses from the baby's face and hands; and having polished her till she shone, she sat her down in Tom's lap, while she busied herself in clearing away supper. The baby employed the intervals in pulling Tom's nose, scratching his face, and burying her fat hands in his woolly hair; which last operation seemed to afford her special content.

"Ain't she a peart young un?" said Tom, holding her from him to take a full-length view; then, getting up, he set her on his broad shoulder, and began capering and dancing with her, while Mas'r George snapped at her with his pocket-handkerchief, and Mose and Pete, now return again, roared after her like bears, till Aunt Chloe declared that they "fairly took her head off" with their noise. As according to her own statement, this surgical operation was a matter of daily occurrence in the cabin, the declaration no whit abated the merriment, till every one had roared, and danced themselves down to a state of composure.

"Well, now, I hopes you're done," said Aunt Chloe, who had been busy in pulling out a rude box of a trundle-bed; "and now, you Mose and you Pete, get into thar; for we's going to have the meetin'."

"Oh, mother, we don't wanter. We wants to sit up to meetin'—meetin's is so curis. We likes 'em."

"La, Aunt Chloe, shove it under, and let 'em sit up," said Mas'r George, decisively giving a push to the rude machine.

Aunt Chloe, having thus saved appearances, seemed highly delighted to push the thing under, saying, as she did so, "Well, mebbe 'twill do 'em some good."

The house now resolves itself into a committee of the whole, to consider the accommodations and arrangements for the meeting.

"What we's to do for cheers, now, I declare I don't know," said Aunt Chloe. As the meeting had been held at Uncle Tom's weekly, for an indefinite length of time, without any more "cheers," there seemed some encouragement to hope that a way would be discovered at present.

"Old Uncle Peter sung both de legs out of dat oldest cheer last week," suggested Mose.

"You go long! I'll boun' you pulled 'em out; some o' your shines," said Aunt Chloe.

"Well, it i'll stand, if it only keeps jam up agin de wall!" said Mose.

"Den Uncle Peter mus'n't sit in it, 'cause he al'ays hitches when he gets a singing. He hitched pretty nigh across de room t'other night," said Pete.

"Good Lor! get him in it, then," said Mose, "and den he'd begin, 'Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell,' and den down he'd go. And Mose imitated precisely the nasal tones of the old man, tumbling on the floor to illustrate the supposed catastrophe.

"Come, now, be decent, can't ye?" said Aunt Chloe; "an't yer shamed?"

Mas'r George, however, joined the offender in the laugh, and declared decidedly that Mose was a "buster." So the maternal admonition seemed rather to fail of effect.

"Well, ole man," said Aunt Chloe, "you'll have to tote in them ar bar'ls."

"Mother's bar'ls is like dat ar widder's Mas'r George was reading 'bout in de good book—dey never fails," said Mose, aside to Pete.

"I'm sure one on 'em caved in last week," said Pete, "and let 'em all down in de middle of de singin'; dat ar was failin,' warn't it!"

During this aside between Mose and Pete, two empty casks had been rolled into the cabin, and, being secured from rolling by stones on each side, boards were laid across them, which arrangement, together with the turning down of certain tubs and pails, and the disposing of the rickety chairs, at last completed the preparation.

"Mas'r George is such a beautiful reader, now, I know he'll stay to read for us," said Aunt Chloe; "'pears like 't will be much more interestin'."

George very readily consented, for your boy is always ready for anything that makes him of importance.

The room was soon filled with a motley assemblage, from the old grey-headed patriarch of eighty to the young girl and lad of fifteen. A little harmless gossip ensued on various themes, such as where old Aunt Sally got her new red headkerchief, and how "missis was a-going to give Lizzy that spotted muslin gown, when she'd got her new berage made up;" and how Mas'r Shelby was thinking of buying a new sorrel colt, that was going to prove an addition to the glories of the place. A few of the worshippers belonged to families hard by, who had got permission to attend, and who brought in various choice scraps of information, about the sayings and doings at the house and on the place, which circulated as freely as the same sort of small change does in higher circles.

After a while the singing commenced, to the evident delight of all present. Not even all the disadvantage of nasal intonation could prevent the effect of the naturally fine voices, in airs at once wild and spirited. The words were sometimes the well-known and common hymns sung in the churches about, and sometimes of a wilder, more indefinite character, picked up at camp meetings.

The chorus to one of them, which ran as follows, was sung with great energy and unction:—

"Die on the field of battle,
Die on the field of battle,
Glory in my soul."

Another special favorite had oft repeated the words—

"Oh, I'm going to glory—won't you come along with me?
Don't you see the angels beck'ning, and calling me away?
Don't you see the golden city and the everlasting day?"

There were others, which made incessant mention of "Jordan's banks," and "Caanan's fields," and the "New Jerusalem;" for the negro mind, impassioned and imaginative, always attaches itself to hymns and expressions of a vivid and pictorial nature; and, as they sang, some laughed, and some cried, and some clapped hands, or shook hands rejoicingly with each other, as if they had fairly gained the other side of the river.

Various exhortations or relations of experience followed, and intermingled with the singing. One old grey-headed woman, long past work, but much revered as a sort of chronicle of the past, rose, and, leaning on her staff, said—

"Well, chil'en! Well, I'm mighty glad to hear ye all and see ye all once more, 'cause I don't know when I'll be gone to glory; but I've done got ready, chil'en; 'pears like I'd got my little bundle all tied up, and my bonnet on, jest a waitin' for the stage to come along and take me home; sometimes, in the night, I think I hear the wheels a rattlin', and I'm looking out all the time; now, you jest be ready, too, for I tell ye all, chil'en," said she, striking her staff hard on the floor, dat ar *glory* is a mighty thing! It's a mighty thing, chil'en—you don't no nothin' about it—it's *wonderful*." And the old creature sat down, with streaming tears, as wholly overcome, while the whole circle struck up—

"Oh, Cannan, bright Cannan,
I'm bound for the land of Cannan."

Mas'r George, by request, read the last chapters of Revelation, often interrupted by such exclamations as "The *sakes* now!" "Only hear that!" "Jest think on't!" "Is all that a comin' sure enough?"

George, who was a bright boy, and well trained in religious things by his mother, finding himself an object of general admiration, threw in expositions of his own, from time to time, with a commendable seriousness and gravity, for which he was admired by the young and blessed by the old; and it was agreed, on all hands, that a "minister couldn't lay it off better than he did;" that "twas reely 'mazin'!"

Uncle Tom was a sort of patriarch in religious matters in the neighbourhood. Having, naturally, an organisation in which the *morale* was strongly predominant, together with a greater breadth and cultivation of mind than obtained among his companions, he was looked up to with great respect as a sort of minister among them; and the simple, hearty, sincere style of his exhortations, might have edified even better educated persons. But it was in prayer that he especially excelled. Nothing could exceed the touching simplicity, the childlike earnestness of his prayer, enriched with the language of Scripture, which seemed so entirely to have wrought itself into his being as to have become a part of himself, and to drop from his lips unconsciously; in the language of a pious old negro, he "prayed right up." And so much did his prayer always work on the devotional feeling of his audiences, that there seemed often a danger that it would be lost altogether in the abundance of the responses which broke out everywhere around him.

While this scene was passing in the cabin of the man, one quite otherwise passed in the halls of the master.

The trader, and Mr. Shelby were seated together in the dining-room afore-named, at a table covered with papers and writing utensils.

Mr. Shelby was busy in counting some bundles of bills, which, as they were counted, he pushed over to the trader, who counted them likewise.

"All fair," said the trader; and now for signing these yer."

Mr. Shelby hastily drew the bills of sale towards him, and signed them like a man that hurries over some disagreeable business, and then pushed them over with the money. Haley produced, from a well-worn valise, a parchment, which, after looking over it a moment, he handed to Mr. Shelby, who took it with a gesture of suppressed eagerness.

"Wal, now the thing's *done*!" said the trader, getting up.

"It's *done*!" said Mr. Shelby, in a musing tone; and, fetching a long breath, he repeated, "*It's done!*"

"Yer don't seem to feel much pleased with it, 'pears to me," said the trader.

"Haley," said Mr. Shelby, "I hope you'll remember that you promsied, on your honour, you wouldn't sell Tom, without knowing what sort of hands he's going into.

"Why, you've just done it, sir," said the trader.

"Circumstances, you well know, *obliged* me," said Shelby, haughtily.

"Wal, you know, they may 'blige *me*, too," said the trader. "Howsomever, I'll do the very best I can in gettin' Tom a good berth; as to my treating on him bad, you needn't be a grain afeard. If there's anything that I thank the Lord for, it is that I'm never noways cruel."

After the expositions which the trader had previously given of his humane principles, Mr. Shelby did not feel particularly reassured by these declarations; but as they were the best comfort the case admitted of, he allowed the trader to depart in silence, and betook himself to a solitary cigar.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW BARNUM PURCHASED THE MUSEUM.—In an essay which P. T. Barnum contributed to Freedly's "Treatise on Business," he thus allude to the purchase of the Museum:—

"In 1841 I purchased the American Museum in New York without a dollar, for I was not worth a dollar in the world. But I was never disheartened; I always felt that I could make money fast enough, if I only set my mind to it, I remember meeting a friend in Broadway a few weeks before I came in possession of the Museum. 'Well,' said I, 'Mr. A., I am going to buy the American Museum.' 'Buy it!' said he, for he knew I had no property; 'what do you intend buying it with?' 'Brass,' I replied, 'for silver and gold I have none.'

It was even so. Everybody who had any connection with theatrical, circus or exibition business, from Edmund Simpson, manager of the old Park Theatre, or Wm. Niblo, down to the most humble puppet-showman of the day, knew me perfectly well. Mr. Frances Olmsted, the owner of the museum building, (now deceased,) a noble, whole-souled man as one often meets with, having consulted my references, who all concurred in telling him that I was a good showman, and would do as I agreed, accepted my proposition to give security for me in the purchase of the museum collection, he appointing a money-taker at the door, and crediting me, towards the purchase, all the money received after paying expenses, allowing me fifty dollars per month, on which to support my family, consisting of a wife and three children. This was my own proposition, as I was determined so to live that six hundred dol. per annum should defray all expenses of my family until I had paid for the Museum; and my treasure of a wife (and such a wife is a 'treasure') gladly assented to the arrangement, and expressed her willingness to cut the expenses down to $400 per annum, if necessary.

One day, some six months after I had purchased the museum, my friend, Mr. Olmstead happened in at my ticket office about 12 o'clock, and found me alone, eating my dinner, which consisted of a few slices of corned beef and bread that I had brought from home in the morning. 'Is this the way you eat your dinner?' he inquired. 'I have not eaten a warm dinner since I bought the Museum, except on the Sabbath,' I replied, 'and I intend never to eat another on a week day till I get out of debt.' Ah! you are safe, and will pay for