

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

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Dr. John & Rohrer, HAVEN associated in the Practice of Medicine. Columbia, April 1st, 1856-57.

DR. G. W. WIFFLIN, DENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above the Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa. Columbia, May 2, 1857.

H. M. NORTH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Collections, promptly made, in Lancaster and York Counties, May 4, 1857.

J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, Pa. Columbia, September 4, 1856.

GEORGE J. SMITH, WHOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake Baker. Columbia, Pa. Feb. 2, 56. Between the Bank and Franklin House.

BROWN'S Essence of Jamaica Ginger, Genuine Article. For sale at MICHAEL'S & DELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, July 25, 1857.

SOLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, OR Purgative Mineral Water. This pleasant medicine which is highly recommended as a substitute for Epsom Salts, is sold by Dr. E. B. HEWITT'S Drug Store, Front st., 18.

JUST received, a fresh supply of Corn Starch, Arrow Root, Rice Flour, &c. MICHAEL'S & DELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, May 20, 1857.

LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS. Just received at HEWITT'S Drug Store, a new and beautiful lot of Lamps of all descriptions. May 2, 1857.

A LOT of Fresh Vanilla Beans, at Dr. E. B. HEWITT'S Drug Store, Columbia, May 2, 1857.

A SUPERIOR article of burning Fluid just received and for sale by H. SUDAN & SON, Columbia, December 20, 1856.

A LARGE lot of City cured Dried Beef, just received at H. SUDAN & SON'S. Columbia, December 20, 1856.

A NEW and fresh lot of Spices, just received at H. SUDAN & SON'S. Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

COUNTRY Produce constantly on hand and for sale by H. SUDAN & SON. Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

HONEY, Cranberries, Raisins, Figs, Almonds, Walnuts, Cream Nuts, &c. just received and for sale by H. SUDAN & SON'S. Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

A SUPERIOR lot of Black and Green Teas, Coffee and Chocolate, just received at H. SUDAN & SON'S. Corner of Front and Elm on 41st. Dec. 20, 1856.

JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of Gilt and Silverware, at the Headquarters and New Depot, Columbia, April 19, 1857.

RYTRA Family and Superfine Flour of the best brand, for sale by H. SUDAN & SON. Dec. 20, 1856.

JUST received 1000 lbs. extra double bolted Buckwheat Meal, at H. SUDAN & SON'S. Dec. 20, 1856.

WEEK'S Instantaneous Yeast or Baking Powder, for sale by H. SUDAN & SON. Dec. 20, 1856.

FARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Corn Meal and other Good Food, the best in the market, just received. J. SHREINER. Columbia, April 24, 1855.

WHITE GOODS.—A full line of White Dress Goods of every description, just received at J. SHREINER'S. Columbia, April 24, 1855.

Why should anyone do without a Clock, when they can be had for 30 cents? J. SHREINER'S. Columbia, April 24, 1855.

SAPONIFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for making Soap, &c. is sold by R. WILLIAMS. Columbia, March 21, 1855.

A LARGE lot of Baskets, Brooms, Buckets, Brushes, &c. for sale by H. SUDAN & SON. Columbia, March 21, 1855.

THE undersigned have been appointed Agents for the sale of DICK & CUTT'S PATENT FIRENS, warranted not to corrode, in which they are almost equal to the best. S. YALOR & McDONALD. Columbia, Jan. 17, 1857.

DE GRATES ELECTRIC OIL, just received. A full supply of this popular remedy, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS. Columbia, Pa. May 16, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

A LARGE assortment of Rope, all sizes and lengths, on hand and for sale at THOMAS WELSH'S. March 12, 1857. No. 1, High Street.

SHOES, SHOES, GOCHEERS, &c., also, Fresh Baking Fluid, just opened at THOMAS WELSH'S. March 21, 1857. No. 1, High Street.

A NEW lot of WHALE and CAR TREASING OILS, received at the Store of the subscriber. R. WILLIAMS. Columbia, Pa. May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

DRIED BEEF, Hams and Plain Hams, Shoulders and mess Pork, for sale by THOMAS WELSH. March 21, 1856. No. 1, High Street.

OATS, Corn, Hay, and other feeds, for sale by THOMAS WELSH. March 21, 1857. No. 1, High Street.

100 LBS. BROOMS, 10 DOZES CHICKS. For sale cheap, by B. F. APPELO & CO. Columbia, October 25, 1856.

A SUPERIOR article of PAINT OIL, for sale by H. SUDAN & SON. Columbia, Pa. May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

JUST RECEIVED, a large and well selected variety of Brushes, containing in part Sable, Hair, Cloth, Gumb, Nail, Hat and Tooth Brushes, and every description. R. WILLIAMS. Columbia, Pa. March 22, 56. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

A SUPERIOR article of TONIC SPICED BITTERS, suitable for Hotel Keepers, for sale by R. WILLIAMS. Columbia, Pa. May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

FRESH THERAPEUTIC OIL, always on hand, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS. Columbia, Pa. May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

Poetry.

Indian Summer.
There is a time, just when the frost
Prepares to pave old Winter's way,
When Autumn in a reverent loat,
The mellow daytime dreams away;
When Summer comes, in musing mood,
To gaze once more on hill and dell,
To mark how many sheaves they bind,
And see if all are ripened well.
With holy breath she whippers low,
The dying flowers look up and give
Their sweetest incense, ere they go,
For her who made their beauty live.
She enters 'neath the woodland's shade;
Her rays lift the lingering leaf,
And bear it gently where are laid
The loved and lost ones of its grief.
At last, old Autumn, rising, takes
Again his scepter and his throne;
With toisterous hands the tree he shakes,
Intent on gathering all his own.
Sweet Summer, sighing, flies the plain,
And waving Winter, gaunt and grim,
Sees meet Autumn bound his grain,
And smiles to think it's all for him.

The Daisy.
The daisy blooms on the rocks,
And the purple heath;
It blossoms on the river's banks,
That threads the glees beneath;
The eagle, in his pride of place,
Beholds it by his nest;
And in the meadow it cushions soft
The hawk descending to its nest.
Before the cuckoo's earliest Spring
His silver cricket knows,
When greeting Dawn begins to swell,
And ceases to be the enemy;
And when December's breezes blow,
Along the meadows bare,
And only blooms the Christmas rose,
The daisy still is there.
Samaritan of flowers! to it
All races are alike—
The Switzer on his glacier height,
The Dutchman on his dyke,
The Academic robed in Equinox,
Begirt with icy seas,
And, underneath his burning sun,
The paroled Chinese.
The emigrant on distant shores,
Mid signs and faces strange,
Behold it flowering in the sword
Where'er his footsteps range;
And when his yearning, home-sick heart
Would howl to its despair,
It recalls his eye a lozenge-sage—
That God is everywhere!

Selections.
All For The Best
I do not think there could be found in the three kingdoms a blither old maid than Miss Mellicott Orme, otherwise Aunt Milly, for she was universally called by her nephews and nieces, first, second and third cousins—nay, even by many who could not boast the smallest tie of consanguinity. But this sort of universal antipathy to the whole neighborhood was by no means disagreeable to Mrs. Milly, for in a very little body she had a large heart, of a most Indian-rubber nature; not indeed as the simile is used in speaking of female hearts that 'never break—but always stretch.' But Miss Milly's heart possessed this elastic nature in the best sense—namely, that it ever found room for new occupants; and, moreover, it was remarkable for its quality of effacing all unkindness or injuries as easily as Indian-rubber removes pencil-marks from paper.

Aunt Milly—I have some right to call her so, being her own nephew, Godfrey Estcourt—was an extremely little woman. She had pretty little features, pretty little figure, and always carried a pretty little work bag, in whose mysterious recesses all the children of the neighborhood loved to dive, seldom returning to the surface without some pearl of price, in the shape of a lozenge or a sugar-plum. Her dress was always neat, rather old-fashioned perhaps, but invariably becoming; her soft brown hair—it really was brown still—lay smoothly braided under a tiny cap; her white collar was ever snowy; indeed Aunt Milly's whole attire seemed to have the amazing quality of never looking worn soiled or dusty, but always fresh and new. Yet she was far from rich, as every one knew; but her little income was just enough to suffice for her little self. She lived in a nutshell of a house, with the smallest of small hand-maids; indeed everything about Aunt Milly's was on the diminutive scale. She did not abide much at home, for she was everywhere in request—at weddings, christenings, etc. To her credit be it spoken, Aunt Milly did not turn her feet from the house of mourning. She could weep with those that wept, yet somehow or other she contrived to infuse hope amidst despair. And in general her blithe nature converted all life's minor evils into things not worth lamenting about.

Every one felt that Aunt Milly's entrance into their doors brought sunshine. She was a sunbeam in herself; there was cheerfulness in her light step, her merry laugh; the jingling of the keys in her pocket, drew little soul musical. She had a word of encouragement for all, and had an inclination to look on the sunny side of everything and everybody. No one was more welcome in mortal days, no one more sought for in adversity, for she had the quality of making the heaviest trouble seem lighter; and her unflinching motto was 'All happens for the best.'

All my schoolboy disasters were deposited in Aunt Milly's sympathizing ear; and when I grew up still kept to the old habit. I came to her one day with what I considered my first real sorrow. It was the loss, by the sudden failure of a country bank, of nearly all the few hundreds my poor father had laid up for me. My sad news had travelled before me, and I was not surprised to see Aunt Milly's cheerful face grave as she met me with, 'My dear boy, I am very sorry for you.'

'It is the greatest misfortune I could have,' I cried. 'I wish that wretch Sharples—' 'Don't wish him anything worse than he has to bear already, poor man, with his large family,' said Aunt Milly, gently. 'But you do not know all I have lost.—That—that Laura—' and I stopped, looking, I doubt not, very miserable, and possibly very silly.

'You mean to say, Godfrey, that since, instead of having a little fortune to begin the world with, you have hardly anything at all, Miss Laura Ashton will not consider that her engagement holds. I expected it.'

'Oh, Aunt Milly, she is not so mean as that; but we were to have been married in two years, and I could have got a share in Morthlake's office, and we should have been so happy! All that is over now. Her father says we must wait, and Laura is to be considered free. Life is nothing to me! I will go to America, or shoot myself.'

'How old are you, Godfrey?' asked Aunt Milly, with a quiet smile that rather annoyed me.

'I shall be twenty next June,' I said.—'Young people always put their age in the future tense; it sounds better.'

'It is now July, so that I may call you nineteen and a month. My dear boy, the world must be a horrible place, indeed, for you to grow tired of it so soon. I would advise you to wait a little while before you get so desperate.'

'Aunt Milly,' I said, turning away, 'it is easy for you to talk—you were never in love.'

A shadow passed over her bright face, but Aunt Milly did not answer my allusion.

'I do not think any boy of nineteen is doomed to be a victim to loss of fortune or hopeless love,' she said after a pause. 'My dear Godfrey, this will be a trial of your own patience and industry. Depend upon it, all will turn out for the best.'

'Oh! I sighed, 'you talk very well, Aunt Milly; what can I do?'

'I will tell you. You are young, clever, and have been for two years in a good profession. It will be your own fault if you do not rise in the world. Every man is, in a great measure, the architect of his own fortune; and where, as in your case, the foundation of a good education is laid, so much the easier is it to raise the superstructure. You may yet be a rich man by your own exertions, and the best of fortunes is a fortune self-earned.'

This was the longest and greatest speech I had ever heard from Aunt Milly's lips.—Its truth struck me forcibly, and I felt rather ashamed of having so soon succumbed to disaster; it seemed cowardly, and unworthy the manly dignity of nearly twenty years. Aunt Milly, with true feminine tact, saw her advantage, and followed it up.

'Now, as to your heart troubles, my dear nephew. To tell the truth, I hardly believe in boyish love; it is so often so much of a dream and so little of a reality. Do not be vexed, Godfrey; but I should not be surprised if, five years hence, you tell me how fortunate it was that this trial came. Men rarely see with the same eyes at nineteen and twenty-five.'

I energetically quoted Shakespeare:

'Doubt that the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt that truth be a liar,
But never doubt I love.'

Aunt Milly laughed. 'As both these astronomical facts are rather questionable, you must excuse my doubting the final fact also. But time will show. Meanwhile, do not despair; be diligent, and be careful of the little you have left. Matters might have been worse with you.'

'Ah, Aunt Milly, what a cheerful heart you have! But trouble never comes to you, as it does to other people.'

'You are a little mistaken for once, Godfrey. By Sharples' failure I have lost every farthing I had in the world.'

I was struck dumb with surprise and regret. Poor dear Aunt Milly! when she was listening to my lamentations, and consoling me, how little did I know that she was more unfortunate than myself! And yet she neither complained nor desponded, but said she knew even this disaster was 'all for the best,' though she could not see it at the time. She calmly made preparations for quitting her pretty home, confided her little handmaid to one cousin, in whose kitchen the tidy Rachel was gladly admitted, gave her few household pets to another, and prepared to brave the wide world. Some unfeeling people forgot Aunt Milly in her trouble; but the greater part of her friendly circle proved how much they esteemed and valued her. Some asked her to visit them for a month, three months, a year, indeed, had she chosen, Aunt Milly might have spent her life as a passing guest among her friends; but she was too proud to do any such thing.

At last a third or fourth cousin—a widow of large fortune—invited Miss Milly to reside at his house, as chaperon to his two daughters, young girls just growing up into

womanhood. This proposal, kindly meant, was warmly accepted; and Aunt Milly set forward on her long journey, for Elphinstone Hall was some hundred miles off—a formidable distance to one who had never been a day's journey from her own home; now, alas, hers no more! Still, neither despondency nor fear troubled her blithe spirit, as Miss Milly set out with her valorous nephew; for I had pleaded so earnestly my right to be her squire to Mr. Elphinstone's door, that the concession was yielded at last.

Of all the gloomy, looking old avenues that ever led to baronial hall, the one we passed through was the gloomiest. It might have been pretty in May, but on a wet day in October it was most melancholy. Poor Aunt Milly shivered as the wind rustled in the trees, and the dead leaves fell in clouds on the top of the post-chaise. We alighted, and entered a hall equally lugubrious, and not much warmer than the avenue. The solemn old porter was warning his chilled hands at the tiny fire; he and the house were in perfect keeping—dreary, dull, and melancholy. The master was much in the same style; a tall black figure, with a long face and a white neckcloth, was the personified idea left behind by Mr. Elphinstone.—When he was gone, I earnestly entreated Aunt Milly to return with me, and not stay in this desolate place; but she refused.

'My cousin seems kind,' she said; 'he looked and spoke as though he were glad to see me.' (I was too cold to hear or see much, certainly, but I declare I did notice this very friendly reception.) 'My dear Godfrey,' Aunt Milly continued, 'I will stay and try to make a home here; the two girls may be amiable, and then I shall soon love them; at all events let us hope for the best.'

'My hopes for poor Aunt Milly all vanished into thin air when, at the frigid dinner-table, where the very eatables seemed made of stone, I saw two young ladies of fifteen or thereabouts; one, the wildest and rudest hollyden that ever disgraced female habiliments; the other, a pale, stooping girl, with sleepy blue eyes, and lank fair hair, who never uttered a word, nor once lifted her eyes from the tablecloth.'

'What will become of poor Aunt Milly? I thought, internally. Yet there she was, as cheerful as ever, talking to that old icicle, Mr. Elphinstone; listening patiently to the lava-flood of Miss Louisa's tongue; and now and then speaking to Miss Euphemia, whose only answer was a nod or the head, or a stare from her immense blue eyes.'

'Well! I mentally ejaculated, 'Aunt Milly's talent for making the best of everything will be called into full requisition here, I suspect.'

Nevertheless, when we parted, she assured me that she was quite content; that she would no doubt be very comfortable at the Hall.

But those two dreadful girls, how will you manage them, Aunt Milly? and a faint vision of the tall, stout Louisa going in a passion, and knocking my poor little aunt off her chair, came across my mind's eye.

'Poor things! they have no mother to teach them better. I am sorry for them; I was a motherless child myself,' said Aunt Milly, softly. 'They will improve by and by; depend upon it, Godfrey, all will turn out well for both you and me.'

'Amen!' said I in my heart; for I thought of my own Laura. How different she was from the Miss Elphinstones! And the image of my beloved eclipsed that of desolate Aunt Milly, I fear, before I had traveled many miles from the Hall.

Aunt Milly's epistles were not very frequent, for, like many excellent people, she disliked letter-writing, and only indulged her very particular friends with a few lines now and then, in which she fully acted up to the golden rule. 'If you have anything to say, say it; if nothing—why, say it, too.'

Thus my information as to how matters were going on at Elphinstone Hall was of a very slender nature. However, when a few months had rolled by, chance led me into the neighborhood, and I surprised Aunt Milly with a visit from her loving nephew.

It was early spring, and a few peeping primroses brightened the old avenue. Underneath the dining room windows, was a gay bed of purple and yellow crocuses, which I thought bore tokens of Aunt Milly's care; she was always so fond of flowers. I fancied the Hall did not look quite so cheerless as before; the bright March sunbeams enlivened, though they could not warm it. In a few moments appeared Aunt Milly herself, not in the least abated, but as lively and active as ever.

She took me into her own little sitting-room, and told me how the winter had passed with her. It had been rather a gloomy one, she acknowledged; the girls had been accustomed to run wild; Louisa would have her own way; but that she was easily guided by love, and her nature was frank and warm. Phemie, the pale girl, who had been delicate from her cradle, was rather indolent, but—(oh! what a blessing these bits are sometimes)—but then she was so sweet and gentle. I own when I again saw the young damsel, thus leniently described by Aunt Milly, I did not perceive the marvelous change; Louisa seemed as nearly talkative, and her sister as nearly as insipid ever; still there was a slight improvement even to my eyes, and I gladly allowed Aunt Milly the full benefit of that loving glamour which was cast by her hopeful creed and sweet disposition.

'But now, Godfrey, how fares it with you?'

said my good aunt. 'How is Laura, and how are you getting along in the world?'

I could give but melancholy answer to these questions; for I had to work hard, and law was a dry study. Besides many people looked coldly on me after they knew I was poorer than I had been; and even Laura herself was not so frank and kind. Vague jealousies were spring up in my heart for every smile she bestowed elsewhere; and these smiles were not few. I was in truth, far from happy; and so I told Aunt Milly, adding, 'If Laura does not love me I don't care what becomes of me.'

Aunt Milly smiled and then looked grave. 'My dear Godfrey, if Laura married to-morrow you would recover in time.'

'No, never! To lose the girl I love is to lose everything in the world.'

'It may be you do not know what real love is, my dear nephew. The strength and duration of a man's character depend chiefly upon the character and disposition of the woman he loves. For your Laura—' But we shall see. Once more have good courage; work hard at your profession, and grieve as little about Laura as you can. If she ever did love you, she does so still, and will as long as you keep constant to her, otherwise she is not worth the winning.'

I did not agree with Aunt Milly's theory, but I said no more; my heart was too sore. She took me over the house and grounds; both looked cheerful under the influence of the soft spring; and then she told me how kind Mr. Elphinstone was, and how he had gradually weaned from his solitary life to take pleasure in the society of his daughters.

'And I hope he is grateful to you who have made it endurable!' I said.

Aunt Milly smiled. 'Yes, I believe he is, but I have only done what I ought; the girls both love me dearly, and it is sufficient reward to see them improved.'

I did not see Mr. Elphinstone, but earnestly hoped the solemn, kindly, middle-aged gentleman had shared in the general amelioration and reform effected by the cheerful hearted Miss Milly.

Months had glided into years ere I again saw Aunt Milly. Everything had changed with me; from a boy I had grown a man from toying to struggling with the world.—I had followed Aunt Milly's advice, and had begun to reap the fruit of it in the good opinion of those whose opinion was worth having. I had proved also the truth of her old saying, 'How sweet is the bread of our own earning.' Another of her prophecies, alas! had come but too true. Laura Ashton had married—but I was not her husband; a richer man stole the jewel of my boyhood's fancy; but—and this was the saddest to bear—not before I had found it to be a false pearl, unworthy of my manhood's wearing. But I will not speak of this; in spite of Aunt Milly's sage speeches, no one can forget his first love.

When I visited Elphinstone Hall, it was in the golden days of midsummer. I thought I had never beheld a more lovely place.—The old trees were so lowery and full of leaves; the grassy lawn so very green; the flower garden so bright with blossoms. Age and youth were not more different than the ancient, cheerless Hall of former times and the beautiful spot I now looked upon. Even Aunt Milly seemed to share in the general rejuvenescence. The two years which had changed me so much, had not made her look older. She had the same clear, fresh cheerful face, and neat little figure; both perhaps a little rounder, the result of a happy life and a few cares. Her dress was as tasteful as ever, but not quite so precise, and it was of richer materials. She wore, too, various handsome articles of jewelry, a remarkable circumstance for unpretending Aunt Milly. I thought her pupils must be very generous with presents.

We had not sat talking long when a very graceful girl crossed the lawn to the French window of Aunt Milly's room.

'I will come soon; go and take your walk, Phemie dear,' said Aunt Milly.

'Wonder of wonders! Could that beautiful fair face and golden ringlets which I saw through the open window belong to the lackadaisical Miss Euphemia of old? I absolutely started from my chair.'

'You don't mean to say, Aunt Milly, that that lovely girl is Miss Elphinstone?'

'Most certainly,' said Aunt Milly, laughing—her own musical laugh.

'Well, if I ever saw such a transformation! You are as much of a fairy as Cinderella's god-mother.'

'Not at all; I only did as a gardener does with half-cultivated ground; I pulled up the weeds and nurtured the flowers. As for Phemie's beauty, I never thought her ugly, though you were too much occupied with your disgust at the place to perceive that she really had fair skin and pretty features. I have only made the best of what I found.'

'And how has Miss Louisa turned out in your hands?' I asked, smilingly.

'Look at her; she is coming up the avenue on horseback.'

And a very graceful, fearless horsewoman the quondam hoyden seemed; her wildness was subdued into spirit, but not unladylike manners; in short, Louisa had become what men would admire as a fine, lively girl.

'Why, Aunt Milly,' I said, 'you must have grown quite attached to these girls; it will really be painful for you to leave them.'

'I do not think of leaving them very soon,' said Aunt Milly, casting down her eyes, and

playing with her gold watch chain, while a very faint rosyness deepening of her fair cheek, and a scarcely perceptible smile hovering round her mouth, were distinctly visible.

'Indeed!' said I, inquiringly.

'Yes; Mr. Elphinstone is very kind; he does not wish me to go; the girls love me very much; and my cousin—'

'Follows his daughters' good example!' I cried, at last arriving at the truth. 'Well, I don't see how he could possibly help it; and so, dear Aunt Milly, I wish you joy.'

Aunt Milly muttered something in return blushing as prettily as a girl of fifteen, and at last fairly ran out of the room.

'After all, everything was for the best,' thought I, as I attended the quiet wedding of Mr. Elphinstone, and his second wife—loved and loving sincerely; though to both the affection was but the Indian summer of their lives. He did not look half so grave and austere as I fancied, and really was a very noble looking man, in spite of his half century; and if his winning little wife had only ten years behind him in the road of life, why, I have seen many older looking brides who were not thirty by the church register. After all, what matters years when the heart is still young. They both did right in marrying, and the Indian summer shines peacefully on them still.

I have nothing to add, except that I have for these two years been a married man myself; and therefore fully sympathized with Aunt Milly's keeping of her seventh wedding anniversary week.

I may just mention, *en passant*, that I rarely call her Aunt Milly now happening to be her son-in-law as well as nephew.—Perhaps, to clear up all mysteries, I had better confess that my wife has fair hair, sweet blue eyes, and that her name is Euphemia.

A True Ghost Story.

'Did you ever hear,' said a friend once to me, 'a real true ghost story—one you might depend upon?'

'There are not many such to be heard,' I replied, 'and I am afraid it has never been my good fortune to meet with those who were really able to give me a genuine well-authenticated story.'

'Well, you shall never have cause to say so again; and as it was an adventure that happened to myself, you can scarcely think it other than well authenticated. I know you to be no coward, or I might hesitate before I told it to you. You need not stir the fire; there is plenty of light by which you can hear it. And now to begin. I had been riding hard one day in the autumn for nearly five or six hours, through some of the most tempestuous weather to which it has ever been my ill luck to be exposed. It was just about the time of the equinox, and perfect hurricanes swept over the hills, as if every wind in heaven had broken loose and had gone mad, and on every hill the rain and driving sleet poured down in unbroken showers.'

'When I reached the head of Wentford valley, a narrow ravine with rocks on one side and rich full woods on the other, with a clear little stream winding through the hollow dell—when I came to the entrance of this valley, weather-beaten veteran as I was, I scarcely knew how to hold on my way.—The wind, as it were, held in between the two high banks, rushed like a river just broken loose into a new course, carrying with it a perfect sheet of rain, against which my poor horse and I struggled with considerable difficulty. Still I went on, for the village lay at the other end, and I had a patient to see there, who had sent a very urgent message, entreating me to come to him as soon as possible. We are slaves to a message, we poor medical men, and I urged on my poor jaded brute with a keen relish for the warm fire and good dinner that awaited me as soon as I could see my unfortunate patient and get back to a home doubly valued on such a day as that in which I was then out. It was indeed dreary riding in such weather; and the scene altogether, though which I passed, was certainly not the most conducive towards raising a man's spirits; but I positively half wished myself out in it all again rather than sit the hour I was obliged to spend by the sick-bed of the wretched man I had been summoned to visit. He had met with an accident the day before, and as he had been drinking up to the time, and the people had delayed sending for me, I found him in a frightful state of fever; and it was really an awful thing either to look at or to hear him. He was delirious and perfectly furious; and his face, swelled with passion and not one calculated to add to the tranquility even of full grown men. I dare say you think me very weak, and that I ought to have been inured to such things, minding his ravings no more than the dash of the rain against the window; but during the whole of my practice, I had never seen man or woman, in health or in fever, in so frightful a state of furious frenzy, with the impress of every bad passion stamped broadly and fearfully upon the face; and in the miserable hour that then held me, with his old wretched mother standing by, the babel of the wind and rain outside added to the ravings of the wretched creature within, I began to feel neither in a happy nor an enviable frame of mind. There is nothing so frightful as where the reasonable spirit seems to abandon man's body, and leave it to a fiend instead.'

'After an hour or more waiting patiently by his bedside, not liking to leave the helpless old woman alone with so dangerous a companion, (for I could not answer for anything he might do in his frenzy,) I thought that the remedies by which I hoped in some measure to subdue the fever seemed beginning to take effect, and that I might leave him, promising to send all that was necessary, though fearing much that he had gone beyond all my power to restore him; and desiring that I might be immediately called back again should he get worse instead of better, which I felt almost certain would be the case, I hastened homewards, glad enough to be leaving wretched throes and raving men, driving wind and windy hills, for a comfortable house, dry clothes, a warm fire and a good dinner. I think I never saw such a fire in my life as the one that blazed up my chimney; it looked so wonderfully warm and bright, and there seemed an indescribable air of comfort about the room that I had never noticed before. One would have thought I should have enjoyed it all intensely