

no benefits; nobody has ever paid me money for Blabbs, or asked me to dinner, or given me so much as a lift in his carriage; no charming young creature has ever embraced me by mistake, as being the wife or sister of me, Withers. On the contrary, Mrs. Blabbs has been presented to me more than once, in the form of a Nemesis, or avenging female. At the casino and the like, for instance, which I solemnly assert I only visit as the haunts in which sundry young gentlemen, with whom I am professionally connected, are most likely to be found, it has been often whispered to me—

"Lucky Mrs. Blabbs don't see you here to-night my boy," and, on one occasion, "If you don't lend me that fifty we were speaking about, as sure as you live I'll tell your wife." I should not wonder if some domestic recitation took place somewhere in consequence of my refusal; I believe and hope that Blabbs is not altogether exempt from the result of our similitude, that the toll and trash of our double has defiled his likewise.

After a few scores of these mistakes had happened, I learned to take them quietly enough; if I was arrested for debt, or even lodged in Newgate, from now, it would not much distress me; "It's Blabbs," I should say, "that's all." The former, indeed, is not unobscure, for he is a very fat character, or, at all events, has a lot of half mad friends, just before the pillars were taken away from the Regent's Quadrant, I had a proof of this. I was coming from the Piccadilly end, at an ordinary quiet pace, (for I am very respectable, and not thin) when I was suddenly seized by the shoulders, and threaded—run in and out through each of the pillars, all the way to the top. It was in the middle afternoon, and the prospect attracted every eye; but what did I care? "What was the use of crying?" "I'm some friend of Blabbs of Waltham, having his luck," I said to myself, "and he will be very much astonished when he comes to find out that he has got hold of the wrong man." As soon as I could get my breath again, I gave Blabbs' friend in charge to a policeman, and he paid me five pounds for that little run of his; it would have been cheaper for him to have taken a cab.

I never saw this parody upon me in all my life, but I have been very near seeing him; I got into a coach at Dorchester, one night, to go to Weymouth, and had to pay about forty miles farther back—from Weymouth, I think. The guard, and the coachman, and the ladies, all swore to my having traveled that distance, and I was obliged to give the money. I have no doubt for Blabbs.

At yet it was better so perhaps, than to have met him; what horror to have awoke suddenly, and behold oneself opposite in the dim obscurity of evening, perhaps, one's own cry of terror, wearing his hair after the same prepuce fashion, and with cheeks of the like fearful shaven!

What a shocking business it will be when one of us two dies! Perhaps, we shall expire simultaneously. Otherwise, when an unfranchised looking female, in a widow's cap, comes suddenly up to me in the street, and faints, I shall then know that Blabbs is dead.

Phœnix Revived.
We find in the San Francisco Herald, under the title of Exhibition of the Private School in Ras-etto Alley, the following extraordinary account, evidently from the far-famed usurping editor of the San Diego Herald, to wit, Phœnix, the conqueror of Boston.

The exhibition of this school's secondary of learning, so long under the control of that celebrated teacher, Alphonse Flatbroke, Esq., took place on Tuesday, to the intense satisfaction of all who witnessed it. The school numbers some thirty-seven pupils, who assemble in the rear of a coal-yard in the alley, where they enjoy the grateful shade of several hundred feet of lumber, which projecting over the fence, forms the covering to the school-house—a small ily arranged, and unobtrusive room. Every available place was occupied by the friends of the scholars, and the public, many of whom were obliged to leave, unable to obtain a view of the proceedings.

The force on the opposite side of the alley was a tastefully decorated with festoons of all clothing and even gunny-bags, a large deal of framing a centre piece, above which was inscribed in chalk the simple motto—"Let Her Be!"

The order of exercises was as follows:
1. Throwing Stones.—By William Barker and Joseph Johnson, commonly called "Snuff-boxed Joe." The throwing exhibited great skill and precision, the result undoubtedly of long practice, and a shot of young Barker's that knocked out three pieces of glass from an occupied house some three rods off, elicited loud and continued applause from the audience.

Which spoiled the looks of poor dog tray." Chorus—"Old dog Tray he is frightful." &c.
7. Recitation.—Master Orville Gardner, Jr. (Young AWFUL!)
"He as prigs out isn't his'n."
"Ven he's cotched will go to pris'n!"
Grand Chorus—"We won't get cotched."
Followed by the recitative, "O cricky! don't I love my mother."

The performance closed by an imitation of the Virginia Jig and Breakdown, with Juba accompaniments by master Henry Skewball, which was executed in a manner truly creditable in one so young. A surprise for the gifted instructor followed, which was got up and executed with admirable effect. Being called on to appear, Mr. Flatbroke came forward with embarrassed looks, and diffidently bowed to the audience evidently expecting he was about to receive a tin cup, with a suitable inscription. Judge of this happy surprise when the school arose, each member placing his thumb to his nose, and shouting in admirable concert, "Oh don't you wish you may get it?" Mr. Flatbroke placing his hand upon his heart, bowed gracefully, and was about to express his feelings in a neat speech, when the proprietor of an adjacent coal-yard alarmed at the tumultuous conduct and uproarious shouts of the school, came forward, and with a few well-directed bricks adjourned the meeting.

The Columbia Spy.

COLUMBIA, PA.
SATURDAY, DEC. 25, 1858.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS OF A. M. RAY.
ODD FELLOWS' HALL, IN TOWN'S PARK.

NEW YEAR.—Our Carrier will call upon our subscribers with his annual address, as usual, on New Year day. We bespeak for him the consideration of the public.

A RAILROAD CHANCE.—We understand that it has been decided by the authorities of the Northern Central Railway to abolish the agency at this place and transfer the office to Wrightsville. Tickets will be sold by Mr. E. K. Buice, ticket agent for the Penna. R. L. Co., at the office of the latter Company, and the cars will stop only at the bridge. By this change the services of our friend and neighbor, D. F. Griffith, Esq., will necessarily be dispensed with. We sincerely regret this step on the part of the Railroad Company, but the exigencies of the road have probably induced the reduction of the expense of an office at Columbia;—the Company is the best judge, of course of the propriety of its action. We especially regret the cessation of Mr. Griffith's connection with the Northern Central. He has occupied the position of agent for the company for eighteen years, and has become thoroughly identified with the corporation at this place. He has always been courteous, attentive and obliging, and with the traveling public has been deservedly a favorite. In evidence of the faithful manner in which his duties have been performed we can state on good authority that the losses of the Company from the unavoidable accidents and risks of a large transportation business, have not, during the whole period of Mr. Griffith's agency, exceeded three hundred dollars. Mr. G. has had an offer from the Company of the present station as a commission warehouse, which, as there is no Company's agent at this place, will throw the receiving and shipping business of the road into his hands. No positive arrangement has been made, but we hope soon to announce Mr. Griffith as established in the Commission business, at the old office.

The new change of office will probably take place about the first of the year.

NEW YEAR EVE BALL.—On New Year Eve our citizens will have an opportunity of enjoying themselves at the first Ball of the season. The members of the Susquehanna Fire Company announce their third Annual Ball to come off on that evening, the proceeds of which will be for the benefit of the Company. Our firemen deserve every encouragement at the hands of our citizens, and an annual contribution in the manner proposed seems to be the most acceptable to a large portion of the community. We need not there urge upon our people to patronize the "boys" on this occasion—they will respond liberally, we feel certain, to this appeal for very moderate assistance. There—and there are many—opposed to dancing, can give the price of a ticket without attending the entertainment, but the large number of subscribers, we imagine, will gladly embrace this opportunity for enjoying a good, spritely, dashing dance once in a year. We hope to see a large turnout on the occasion and shall be glad to learn that the Ball has been substantially a *Benefit*. The Susquehanna boys are ever ready for service, and their engine is one of the best and most efficient—when worked as the members know how to work her—in the country. The Company has long labored under serious disadvantage for want of hose, but we trust there may be sufficient profits arising from this New Year Eve party to encourage a hope that the equipments will be a good machine deerve.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.—We have received from Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, their recently published volume, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," reprinted from the Atlantic Monthly, where it originally appeared. We have repeatedly, in noticing the monthly numbers of the Atlantic, as received, paid a passing tribute to these admirable papers, and all that we and every editor in the country—for every one has had a word of praise for the Autocrat—have written fails to do justice to Dr. Holmes' most original and entertaining volume. It is the book of the day, and the officer we open its pages to more does the genius of the writer grow in our estimation. Before the "Autocrat," Holmes was an American poet, admired and cherished of the reading world—now

his name and fame is second to that of no author of our day. For versatility, originality, genial humor and playfully sarcastic wit, the book stands alone in our language. It *lasts*, holds out to end, never flagging or prosing, but running over with quaint and brilliant thoughts, expressed in a happiness of phraseology unequalled. Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. have published the volume in good style, illustrated with wood cuts from designs by Hoppine.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The number for Dec. 18th of the Living Age contains an entertaining variety of good reading. The Great Rebellion, from the National Review; The conclusion of the Light on the Hearth; Por. "Auntleroy"—a tale from Household Words; The misdeeds of Aura Plaisioux—a most charming story, and an abundance of other matter. The number also gives another illustration on steel from Blair's Grave.

Police Items.
REPORTED BY OUR SPECIAL "MOCHARD."
THE HERO OF A HUNDRED TRICKS AGAIN.
—On the 9th inst., Belmont Appleby, Esq., a colored gentleman of good address, winning manners, and an astonishing familiarity with Webster unabridged, appeared before Justice Welsh and made oath to abuse and maltreatment, by deponent received, at the hands of one Orlando Patterson, (here we do not hear the name before?) late brakeman and baggage-master to the Washington House Canal, more recently promoted to a conductorship—he also fires and runs "the masher"—on the same train. The assault being positively charged, Hollingsworth was empowered to coerce the presence of "Trunks" at the Blue Front, and the same evening brought the "gentlemanly conductor" into the dread presence.

Philadelphia Correspondence.
PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 22, 1858.
Intellectual Engine—Another *Curtis*—*Play for Women*—*Life's Aim*—*Woman's Mission*—*The "Self-made"*—*Refinement*—*The First Right*—*Relative Position*—*The Mr. Vernon Papers*—*Error Corrected.*
During the last few years there has been constructed in the city of Philadelphia for the instruction and improvement of the popular mind, a sort of mighty moral engine, which is set to work one evening in every seven to pump the second hand intelligence and washed out morality of more enlightened communities into the minds of the unprogressive citizens of Quakerdom. The engineers who work this wonderful machine are of course wise men from the east, whose especial mission it is to permeate the general mind, and force knowledge into the general mind, at about \$50 or \$100 per spirt. After firing away with their water ideas in the effort to quench every spark of common sense and decency in an old-fashioned citizen, they take their departure for a neighboring city, or borough, and repeat the process, and so on through the season of idleness among the people, do these reformers progress, sowing their crops of "gab," and reaping their harvest of dollars, 'til the spring time gathers them back to their cyclopedias, and scatters their auditors to useful pursuits. Such is the operation of "the feature of the age"—the great *fugitive lecture system*.

Following in the wake of other literary peddlers before him, arrived, performed, and departed from our midst, some three or four weeks ago, a certain Mr. Curtis—omnibus patronymic! Is there any special dispensation overhanging that not uncommon name in *Verulam*, which of necessity makes the possessor inferior by reason of his much learning?

The subject which the present Curtis handled for the edification of a fairly large crowd of credulous hearers was "Play for Woman." As may be supposed the convictions of the lecturer were for the "largest liberty" to be extended to woman, so as to place her on a "perfect equality with man." We contend, said the modern philosopher, "for the rights of woman in the most extensive sense," meaning certain "indefeasible" rights, which were none the less rights, even though it were not right and politic to exercise them; but he contended that she should have the free right to refuse such privileges. Herein was exhibited the school of profound intellects to which Mr. Curtis is attached; the theories of those wisdom-mongers who think they are originating something very wonderful and profound when they are strenuously contending for ideas just as for facts; who reviewed the testimony and summing up, and in consideration of Roland's known pacific disposition—he didn't consider him at all dangerous—and his regular, unwavering patronage of the Blue Front, dismissed prisoner with a fatherly admonition, on payment of costs and entering of bail for peaceful conduct towards Belmont Appleby, Esq.

His Honor in an able charge impartially reviewed the testimony and summing up, and in consideration of Roland's known pacific disposition—he didn't consider him at all dangerous—and his regular, unwavering patronage of the Blue Front, dismissed prisoner with a fatherly admonition, on payment of costs and entering of bail for peaceful conduct towards Belmont Appleby, Esq.

A NATIVE AND TO THE MANNER BORN.—On the 9th inst., Justice Welsh was advised by telegraph of an outrage committed by two negro slaves, at the house of Mr. Breuneman, near Salunga, in this county. The villains entered the house about 8 o'clock in the evening, during the absence of the male portion of the family, and demanded money, which was refused.

They snatched the infant from Mrs. Breuneman's arms and then stepped that lady with chloroform, after which they proceeded to search the house. Before they succeeded in obtaining plunder they were disturbed by neighbors, or by some of the family, and made their escape. Suspicion here rested on Bill Brown, who, with a comrade, (a sweep, like himself), was absent at that time on a tramp. On the arrival of Bill at Tow Hill, on Saturday last, he was arrested by Constable Hollingsworth, assisted by Justice Welsh, and locked up until Monday morning, when he had a hearing. Mrs. Breuneman was present, but failed to identify the prisoner as one of her assailants, and he was therefore discharged.

William's capture was a master-piece of strategy. On his arrival home from a two week's raid through the county, laden with gold victual and other spoils, his mother, Welsh monitor Sal, gave a party—dance, &c., in honor of the "prodigy's" return. A portion of William's booty was traded for two quarts of pure corn, and with this wherewithal a select circle of the distinguished citizen's friends and acquaintances got up a little oration—why should not Brown be honored as well as Jones?—possibly an oration or two; certainly feasting and merry-making. William made himself very common—like a distinguished Senator he

didn't feel a bit above his old acquaintances—and played the fiddle for the company to dance. In the midst of the festivities of the evening a cry of "police!" was raised, and the "citizen whom we delight to honor" having a wholesome horror of an officer suddenly disappeared. The company flocked around the Justice and Hollingsworth, asking who was wanted. The magistrate not having the fear of Mrs. Opie before him, improvised a little statement to the effect that he had been summoned to arrest a riot in which Bill Brown and another nigger were slain. He must do his duty and search for the dead bodies. Information was volunteered that Bill was certainly drunk but in no wise dead, and the individual in question was soon heard in the depths of the shanty swearing that he was 'live as any man, and appeared to prove it. He was immediately nabbed, and when informed of the charge against him became furious. He called on his friends to rescue him, and Hollingsworth called the bystanders to aid in securing the darkey. William couldn't stand this: "Look yere 'Squah, I'll go right 'long peaceably, but don't let any Dutch lay hands on me—dey got no right to touch me—I's 'Merican bo'n an' I won't stan' no d—n for'n takin' hole ob me!" This original national appeal touched the 'Squire, so he ordered off the Germans and Bill went down peaceably.

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As Mr. Curtis and his friends have made a great mistake in estimating the great end and aim of human life, they have easily fallen into the similar error of mis-conceiving "woman's mission," or mixing up and confounding the appropriate vocations and duties of one sex with those of the other. And here the accomplished lecturer tumbled into the error of the most vulgar and narrow minds; he seemed to be captivated in the contemplation of certain wonderful beings—the pet production of an age prolific of wonders—who have "made themselves

or "climbed up the ladder of life," from a sphere of comparative uselessness, virtue, and respectability, into a sphere of vanity, conceit, and worthlessness, or positive injury to their fellow-men, and gazed around them with pity upon all men who have not attained their eminent position, and by their own particular path.

For a moment let us reflect upon the object of human life. What is it? Certainly in the first place to secure domestic and social happiness, to enjoy in peace and quiet the good things of the physical world, and by the culture of good morals to attain perfect happiness forever. And only as a means to secure these blessings—the only real blessings—exists the necessity for governments, political parties, elections, conventions, harangues, and all the other bungling contrivances of civilized society to secure the happiness of civilized individuals.

Mr. Curtis ridicules the idea of its being "vulgar and degrading" for women to march up to the polls and vote, and contends that whatever "a refined gentleman" may do without contamination, may surely be done by a refined woman without injury to her respectability. We rather suspect the enthusiastic Curtis of sticking up a solitary ten-pin for the pleasure of bowling at it, and knocking it down, for we have never heard this extraordinary argument involving a comparative amount of "refinement"—in the estimate of which Mr. Curtis is so complacently *au fait*—advanced against the claims of female suffrage. But it does not follow, by any means, that what is fitting for a man and perfectly proper, may not be peculiarly unfitting and unbecoming for a woman.

Women never exhibit so much weakness as when they strive to imitate men. And generally, the habits, tastes, and occupations of the two sexes should be as distinct, as are evidently their physical and mental organization. The two sexes with their different and distinct faculties are in fact necessary to make up the one complete human being—that is, the man and the woman joined together in one flesh—the father and the mother in the family. Woman's rights are just as plain and indefeasible and sacred as those of man; her right to her own choice (of refusal at least) in matrimonial engagements, her right when of mature age, to choose her own occupation, her right to her own property, are indisputable, and their guarantee as obligatory as any other rights—and above all is the right to the regard, respect and faithful constancy of her husband. It is preposterous to suppose that the feelings and affections of a woman may be wounded or outraged by neglect and faithlessness, while she is bound by every consideration of honor to herself and duty to her husband to keep her own vows inviolate.

As the duties of the sexes are generally different and adapted to the abilities and wants of each, why do these new philosophers prate continually about the inferiority of womanly duties to those of men? why do they insist that woman must be transformed into something very like man. In order that she may be "liberated," "exalted?" Few reflecting men will hesitate to award to the mother, sister, or wife, and their womanly duties, a position vastly more useful and important and therefore more honorable than the trade of brawling politicians or the fantastic tricks of demagogues, idealists, and sensationalists. These are superfluities—not luxuries—but necessary curses, without which it would be not only possible but highly desirable to exist. On the other hand, the peculiar duties of woman lie at the very foundation of human life and human wants. Who then can venture to underrate their utility or sneer at their importance?

With regard to the law restricting women from a participation in political affairs, nothing need be said in vindication of its propriety and expediency, except that there do exist some few women so unwomanly as to be in danger of degrading themselves without its restraining influence.

The New Year's number of the New York Ledger made its appearance yesterday. It contains the impatiently expected No. 1, of the Everett Mt. Vernon papers, which being simply introductory, is neither everestish nor attractive. The writer first pitches into the "unfortunate John Augustine Washington," "the present proprietor," and then it defends that much berated individual in a very candid and sensible manner, and concludes by proposing that every reader of the New York Ledger shall subscribe a half dollar to "the fund," and thus raise a half million within a year; a bright idea, but rather gigantic.

The report which the last letter conveyed to you about the cessation of work on the large hotel is entirely erroneous; the workmen are still employed on the front, and the window frames are set for the sixth story on the 9th street front. This mistake shows the danger of getting information by second hand, and if it occurs again—as Mark Middle says, "scratch me out with a big blade."

Bro FEE.—Old negro slumbering with his feet pointing to a glimmering. Opens one eye and gets a glimpse of them as they stand up in the obscurity. Mistakes them for two little negroes, and cries: "Gif fun 'fore me," and relapses into sleep. After awhile, he opens the other eye, and still seeing the intruders says, "Gif fun 'fore me. I say, I kick you in de fire if you don't. I will, shu," and again he snores. His dreams not being pleasing, he soon opens both eyes, and still seeing the little pests, he draws up his foot for the threatened kick, but is alarmed to see them advance upon him, and exclaims: "Wah, wah you comin' to now? Hauh! My own fact, by golly."

An eminent lawyer went into a shop of a clothier, in Boston, who was in partnership with his brother-in-law, and inquired for some waistcoats. A number of elegant patterns were thrown on the counter. The lawyer pleasantly observed he should like to take one of them if he would take his pay in law. "You may take one if you please," replied the clothier, "and I pay my brother-in-law."

Philadelphia Division P. R. R.—Winter Arrangement.
On and after Monday, Nov. 29, Passenger Trains on this Division will run as follows:
LEAVE EASTWARD.
Lanc. Ac. 8:00 A.M. 2:50 P.M. 6:55 P.M.
Columb. 8:35 " 3:25 " 7:30 "
Arr. At:
Phila. 11:50 " 6:45 " 10:30 "
LEAVE WESTWARD.
Phila. 7:30 A.M. 1:00 P.M. 4:30 P.M.
Lanc. Ac. 10:45 " 4:32 " 8:00 "
Columb. 11:16 " 5:15 " 8:35 "
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THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.
SIR JAMES CLARKE'S
CELEBRATED FEMALE PILLS.
Prepared from a prescription of Sir J. Clarke.
This invaluable medicine is salutary in the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases to which the female constitution is subject. It moderates all excess and removes all obstructions, and a speedy cure may be relied on.
TO MARRIED LADIES.
It is peculiarly suited. It will, in a short time, bring on the monthly period with regularity.
Each box costs One Dollar, bears the Government Stamp of Great Britain, to prevent counterfeits.
CAUTION.
These Pills should not be taken by females during the first THREE MONTHS of Pregnancy, as they are sure to bring on miscarriage, but at any other time they are safe.

In all cases of Nervous and Spinal Affections, Pains in the Back and Limbs, Pindles on Sight, etc., the Pills of the Heart, Hysterics and Whites, these Pills will effect a cure when all other means have failed, and although a powerful remedy, do not contain iron, calomel, antimony, or anything harmful to the constitution.
Full directions in the pamphlet accompanying each package, which should be carefully preserved.
Sole Agent for the United States and Canada,
J. B. MOSES,
(Late J. C. Baldwin & Co.) Rochester, N. Y.
No. 81—\$1.00 and 6 postage stamps enclosed to any authorized agent, will insure a bottle, containing 50 Pills, by return mail.
For sale by Dr. B. B. HERR, Agent for Columbia, Pa. by W. W. BROWN, Wholesale Agent, Phila., May 29, 1858.

DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR.
In all diseases of inflammation more or less predominant—now to allay inflammation strikes, at the root of disease—hence an immediate cure.
Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor, and nothing else, will allay inflammation at once and make a certain cure.
Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor will cure the following among a great catalogue of diseases: Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Chafes, Sore nipples, Corns, Bunions, Blisters, Sprains, Bruises, Swollen Throats, Rheumatism, Croup, Fever Sores, Pains in the Face, Head, Stomach, Swelling, Rheumatism, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Baldness, Itchiness, Ringworm, Barber's Itch, Small Pox, Measles, Rash, &c., &c.
To some it may appear incredulous that so many diseases should be reached by one article; such an idea will vanish when reflection points to the fact that the cause of all these diseases is inflammation, and every one applying a perfect antiseptic to its origin, it is cured.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and as an extractor, it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury—its effect is so easy, so certain, and so safe, that no physician, or manufacturer should be one moment without it.
No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.
It is sold by all Druggists and patent medicine dealers throughout the United States and Canada.
Principal Depot, 185 Chambers St., N. Y. C. P. CHACE.
Sold by Druggists in Columbia.
R. WILLIAMS, Agent. [Nov. 13, 1858.]

THE HAMMONTON FARMER. A newspaper devoted to Literature and Agriculture, also containing the latest news, and a full and complete list of the names of the Farmers, Agriculturists, and Stock Raisers in New Jersey, can be subscribed for at only 25 cents per annum.
Free postage stamps for the amount. Address to Editor of the Farmer, Hammonton, Atlantic Co., New Jersey. Those wishing cheap land of the best quality, in any of the best and most desirable tracts in the Union, see advertisement of Hammonton Lands, August 25-26.

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All wishing to emigrate to a mild climate, good soil, and fine market, see advertisement of Hammonton Lands. [Aug. 25-26]
All wanting Farms, see advertisement of Hammonton Lands. [Aug. 25-26]
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Batchelor's Wig-Fund Expresses sympathy. They are clean, light, easy, and durable.
Fitting to form a chain—turning up behind—the striking of the head, indeed, this is the only establishment where these things are properly understood and made.
Nov. 13, 1858. 273 Broadway, New York.

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