THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor. "NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; $2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

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Larger advertisements in proportion

A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half-early or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

DR. HOFFER,

DENTIST.—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over Saylor & McDonald's Book store Columbia, Pa. ☞ Entrance, between the Book and Dr. Herr's Drug Store. [August 21, 1858

THOMAS WELSH,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa. OFFICE, in Whipper's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street.

☞ Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care.

November 28, 1857.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN,

DENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above the Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa. Columbia, May 3, 1856.

H. M. NORTH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Columbia, Pa. Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York counties. Columbia, May 4, 1850.

J. W. FISHER,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, Pa.

Columbia, September 6, 1856.

C. D. HOTTENSTEIN, M. D.,

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN, Columbia, Pa. Office in the rooms lately occupied by Dr L S Filbert. May 14, 1859-tf.

S. Atlee Bockius, D. D. S.

PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechanical Departments of Dentistry. Office: Locust street, between the Franklin House and Post Office, Columbia, Pa. May 7, 1859

CHEWING TOBACCO.

AT HENRY PFAHLER'S, Locust street, opposite the Franklin House, can be had CUBA LEAF CONGRESS, and several other brands of the best Chewing Tobacco, to which the attention of chewers is invited. May 1, 1858.

IMPORTED Luban's, also, Glenn's Double Extract for the handkerchief, at HARRY GREEN'S Feb. 19, '59. Opposite Colu. Bridge, Front St.

BROOMS.—100 Doz. Brooms, at Wholesale or Retail, at H. PFAHLER'S. Dec 12, 1857 Locust street.

SINE'S Compound of Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, &c. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall October 23, 1858.

Patent Steam Wash Boilers.

THESE well known Boilers are kept constantly on hand at HENRY PFAHLER'S, Locust street, opposite the Franklin House. Columbia, July 18, 1857.

OATS for sale by the bushel or larger quantity by B. F. APPOLD. Columbia Dec 25, 1858. Canal Basin

TOBACCO and Segars of the best brands, wholesale and retail, at Ja'59. BRUNER'S

JUST in store, a fresh lot of Bieling & Pronfield's celebrated Vegetable Cattle Powder and for sale by R. WILLIAMS. Sept. 17, 1859. Front street, Columbia

Soap.

25 Boxes of Duffey Brown Soap on hand and for sale low at the corner of Third and Union Sts. August 6 1859

Suffer no longer with Corns.

AT the Golden Mortar Drug Store you can procure an article which is warranted to remove Corns in 48 hours, without pain or soreness.

Fly Paper.

A SUPERIOR article of Fly Paper, for the destruction of Flies, &c., has just been received at the Drug Store of R. WILLIAMS, Front street. Columbia, July 30, 1859.

Harrison's Columbian Ink.

WHICH is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker yet is that English Boot Polish. Columbia, June 9, 1859

On Hand.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup, which will greatly facilitate the process of teething by reducing inflamation, allaying pain, spasmodic action, &c., in very short time. For sale by R. WILLIAMS, Sept. 17, 1859. Front street, Columbia.

REDDING & CO'S Russia Salve! This extremely popular remedy for the cure of external ailments is now for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front st, Columbia Sept. 24, 1859.

GRAIN GROWERS can carry on their business most successfully at Hammonton, free from frosts. Some forty vineyards set out the past season. See advertisement of Hammonton Lands, another column.

PERSONS wanting change of climate for health. See advertisement of Hammonton Lands in another column [July 2, 1859-6m

SALT by the Sack or Bushel, and Potatoes in large or small quantities, for sale at the Corner of Third and Union streets. [Jan 8 '59

FRANGIPANNI Extracts and Soaps: an everlasting perfume, at HARRY GREEN'S, Feb. 19, '59. Opposite Colu. Bridge, Front St.

CISTERN PUMPS.

THE subscriber has a large stock of Cistern Pumps and Rams, to which he calls the attention of the public. He is prepared to put them up for use in a substantial and enduring manner. H. PFAHLER, December 12, 1857. Locust street

FANCY TOILET SOAPS.

THE finest assortment of Fancy Toilet Soaps, ever offered to Columbians, at HARRY GREEN'S, Feb 19, '59. Opposite Colu. Bridge, Front St.

COLOGNE WATER by the pint, quart or gallon Glenn's Extracts for the handkerchief by the ounce or pound, or in any quantity to suit purchasers. HARRY GREEN'S, Feb 19, '59. Opposite Colu. Bridge, Front St

Just Received and For Sale,

200 Bbls. Ground Plaster, 50 bbls Extra Family Flour; 25 bbls. No. 1 Lard Oil of best quality, 300 bus. Ground Alum Salt, by B. F. APPOLD. March 26, '59. No. 1 and 2 Canal Basin.

JENKIN'S Celebrated Black and Green Teas, Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate, at Corner of Third and Union streets. [Nov 20, '58

GRAHAM, or, Bond's Boston Crackers, for Dyspeptics, and Arrow Root Crackers, for invalids and children—new articles in Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store. April 16, 1859.

Teas.

A FRESH supply of the celebrated Teas of Jenkins & Co., Philadelphia, for sale by J. O. & H. F. BRUNER. Aug 6, '59 Corner of Third and Union Streets.

Poetry.

California.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Oh, fair young land, the youngest, fairest far
Of which the world can boast,
Whose guardian planet, evening's silver star,
Illumes thy golden coast!

How art thou conquered, framed in all the pride
Of savage beauty still!
How brought, oh, panther of the splendid hide,
To know thy Master's will!

No more thou sittest on thy tawny hills,
In indolent repose;
Or pour'st the crystal of a thousand rills
Down from thy house of snows.'

But where the wild oats wrapped thy knees in gold,
The ploughman drives his share,
And where, through canons deep, thy streams are rolled,
The miner's arm is bare!

Yet in thy lap, thus rudely rent and torn,
A nobler seed shall lie;
Mother of mighty men, thou shalt not mourn
Thy lost virginity!

Thy human children shall restore the grace
Gone with thy fallen pine;
The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face
Shall round to classic lines.

And Order, Justice, Social Law shall curb
Thy untamed energies;
And Art and Science, with their dreams superb,
Replace thine ancient ease.

The marble, sleeping in thy mountains now,
Shall live in sculptures rare;
Thy native oak shall crown the sage's brow—
Thy bay the poet's hair.

Thy tawny hills shall bleed their purple wine,
Thy valleys yield their oil;
And Music, with her eloquence divine,
Persuade thy sons to toil.

Till Hesper, as he trims his silver beam,
No happier land shall see.
And Earth shall find her old Arcadian dream
Restored again in thee!

Selections.

All about a Coin.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE N. Y. JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.]

You publish this morning an article on coins and coin collecting. I am given to the love of curious coins myself, and nothing tempts me farther than the prospect of adding one to my cabinet, especially an American coin, a pine tree shilling, Granby copper, or other memorial of our own country. It was such a prospect that led me out of my way on the homeward trip from the White Mountains to a quiet village, the locality whereof I need not mention with precision. My friend, the village doctor, wrote me long ago that if I would come and see him, he would give me a quart measure full of coppers about which he knew nothing, but which some one had pronounced valuable. So I went, and he gave me the coppers, and some of them were rare and curious, and were valuable additions to my collection.

We were sitting, in the evening, before a blazing fire; for though it was but the first of September, it was nevertheless very cold, when the Doctor took from his medicine cabinet a little case, and from the case a small gold coin.

"What would you give to add that coin to your collection?"

I examined it. It was but a common gold half eagle, of not very early date, and I tossed it back to him with a smile.

"You don't value it?"

"Five dollars," I replied.

"Ah, you coin collectors have an idea that your coins are valuable because they are rare. If a die break in the Mint when only a proof coin has been struck, that coin forthwith becomes priceless. But my friend, it is possible that coins may be as valuable for private associations, as for public historical reasons. I have sometimes thought of making a collection of coins by taking one out of every fee I get that is specially worth remembering. Then I would catalogue them thus: 'Dead,' 'saved,' 'lunatic,' or with some word to remind one of the story that hangs by them. But that coin yonder shall be the crown piece of the collection."

And then the doctor told me a story.—But to appreciate it, you should have seen us, the group of listeners, and you should have, too, the twinkle of my friend's eye now and then, by way of gesture. For he smoked his pipe as he talked, and did not move hand or foot; only lips and eyes.

"That coin was a fee I once got for a winter night's service to an old man. It was nearly midnight. The night was furious; blustering aloud, and cold as the thermometer could allow it. That is, the mercury was in the bulb, and as my instrument only measured twenty below zero, I cannot guess how much below that it was. These winter nights of ours are arctic sometimes. I was in bed. Thanks to a hard day's work, I had dosed every one of my patients satisfactorily before the cold gray sunset, and had passed the evening cozily by the side of my candle in front of a roaring fire.

"I had drawn my bed out from the corner into the very middle of the room; heaped on a pile of logs that sent their blaze flashing up the chimney, stowed away myself under the covers, opened the last number of the Edinburgh, and relapsed into a condition of perfect calm.

"How the wind roared outside; laughing, shouting, shrieking around the corners of the house, dashing itself like a thousand of—boys—through the branches of the trees, rasping the limbs against the clapboarding of the house, as if some one were sawing pine boards for kindling wood; in short, uttering all those sounds that a winter storm utters in the up country, and which are musical and melancholy, cheerful or dismal, precisely as the tone of the listeners mind may be.

"Scarcely had I read ten lines, when a thundering rap shook the house.

"Query; shall I be at home—or away?—Shall I be in, or out? Answer: I am out visiting a patient across the hill; not coming home till to-morrow. I'll try it, at all events. And thinking thus, I blew out the candle and listened. Blowing out the candle was not of much use when such a blaze was on the hearth. I think there was more light after I had put it out. And the next instant I heard under my window a voice that was exceedingly thrilling.

"'Doctor, Doctor—oh, Dr. Strong, do wake up.'

"Very simple words, but very thrilling, I say. She—it was a woman's voice—must have come in at the gate, climbed a fence at the side of the house, and braved the terrors of my dog Cicero, an eloquent dog in good weather, and a profound coward too—hence his name; I say she had done all this to get under my window.

"I sprang to the casement. I did not know the voice, but who could resist a woman's appeal in such circumstances? All the sashes were fastened down and stuffed with cotton. I could see no one, pressing my face closely as I could against the glass. So I shouted, "wait a moment," and, plunging into a pair of pantaloons, I opened the door of my room.

"The air of the passage nearly knocked me down. It was terrible to a man in a thin shirt and a pair of trousers. But I went down in the dark, and opened the back door.

"There was a faint misty moonlight over everything. The snow storm was nearly over. The old moon was shining through driving clouds, and by its light I saw lying on my door step a motionless form.

"She had fallen there, exhausted. It was the work of an instant to seize and lift her, and carry her up stairs to my warm room, chafe her hands and her face with some whisky, (I had it remarkably convenient) and with sundry similar appliances recall the spirit to what seemed at first a marble statue.

"I was a bachelor of thirty-eight—but no one in town knew that. I passed always for a widower. My house was large and roomy, but I occupied it alone, with only an old black man and his wife for servants and housekeepers. They were both deaf, and if the trumpet of the angel wakes them when the day of rising comes, it will do more than I was ever able to do with a conch shell before five in the morning.

"I looked in some perplexity at my patient. She was very pretty. She was more than that—she was magnificent. I had read of beautiful women—I had seen beautiful women. If I was a country doctor, I had been about the world a little, and once danced in the Pitti Palace with a Grand Duchess for a partner. That is not saying much, to any one that knows the freedom of the Court of Tuscany, but it sometimes told well in my country practice.

"But I had never seen anything like this. She was a tall, finely formed person, looking now as if twenty-four or five, but when she had partly recovered, evidently not above twenty. She had auburn hair—perhaps you would call it red. It was in heavy masses, gathered back from her forehead. She was perhaps a little larger in form than was necessary to the perfect outline of beauty, but that was not to be noticed when she stood up and walked.

"After a little I restored her. When the blood came tingling to her cheeks and neck and finger ends, she was superb. She rose, looked about her astonished, as well she might be, to find herself where she was, and for an instant she seemed confused and overcome. She staggered to a seat, but brushing her small hand across her face, as if to sweep away some mist, she appeared to see through it all in an instant.

"'You are Doctor Strong?'

"'I am that person, madam, and trust I can be of service to you.'

"'I believe I fainted on your step.—I remember calling to you, and then sinking down. Pardon me—it is so strange that I scarcely yet recall my errand. It is a terrible night, but you must go with me Doctor. My father is very ill, and I come for you myself. We must be in haste; have I been long here?'

"'Not five minutes—but will you tell me while I throw on some clothes—who is your father, and who—'

"'Who am I. I am a queer messenger, you think, at midnight, for the Doctor. My poor horse must be nearly frozen. I will go down and look after him, while you get ready—no—do not be troubled about me—I am perfectly strong now. I did not faint from weakness. It is a fault, a failing, a disease I have. I am well now—only hasten, doctor—hasten.'

"In three minutes I found her at the door in her cutter, and we drove off over the white road, plunging through drifts, dashing down hill and up, like the very wind that was behind us.

"When we were fairly started, I began to question her and now learned who she was. For it was strange that any one within my beat should be unknown to me, especially any one like this beautiful creature

"It was ten miles to her home. Old Doctor P., who killed the people in that neighborhood with incredible doses of calomel, had taken a twenty grain dose himself, and was past the help of any one but the sexton. Hence it became necessary to call me in any important case occurring thereabouts, since I was the nearest physician.

"Miss Duncan was the daughter of an old Scotch farmer, an elder in the Presbyterian church just one mile farther on. He was a man of whom I had heard, but whom I had never seen. His family I knew nothing of. I now learned that he had but one daughter, who, with the female servants, formed the entire household. He had been ill for some time, but was suddenly worse, and she had come for me, alone at midnight, driving her horse over the wildest part of the country.

"I will not pause now to relate the subject of our conversation on the way over.—I have said I was a bachelor. I think that up to that time I had loved but three women. One was older than I, and married before I was of age. The next was a child who never grew old enough to love me, and the next—but never mind that.

"My companion was not only beautiful. I learned very shortly that she was well educated, a fine scholar, that she had traveled, had read much, and was an accomplished woman. The charm of all she said, was indescribable. It was no place for sentiment, that sleigh in the tempestuous night, but before I reached the old Elder's house, it was a fixed fact—I loved for the fourth and the last time.

"You think I speak in a trifling tone. I know there is not the appearance of sincerity in what I say. I know as well that I am serious when I say that I loved Jane Duncan that night before I reached her father's house. I will be more serious hereafter, for I am now to relate a serious fact in my life.

"It was a dimly lighted room in which the gaunt old man lay. As I entered it, there was a sickening odor of medicines, which contrasted so forcibly with the cold clear air without that I was at first overpowered. Miss Duncan hastened to his side, before I was fairly in the room, and asked in a low voice if he was any worse.

"'Nay, nay, child—no worse, if God please, but nearer rest—nearer home—nearer her—come in, Doctor. It was a wild whim of this dear child to seek you this bitter night. I would have forbidden it, but who could forbid the longing of a young heart like hers, loving her father as she loves me. I think you will hardly do me any good. Feel my wrist a little while, and see if you think you can bring back blood to this feeble heart.'

"His pulse was fearfully low. I was only astonished at the strength of voice he had. It was vain to prescribe for him. I could only recommend stimulants, but these he refused.

"I watched him till morning, and as day broke in the east I saw that the hour of his change was arriving.

"'Lift me up and let me look at the sunrise over the fields.'

"We lifted him, placing pillows around to support the thin, tall frame, Just opposite the bed was a window looking out on the farm he had tilled for fifty years, and beyond it, over the forest against the gray sky now clear and calm, was the spire of the church that stood in the graveyard. I have often driven by that field of little hills, and wondered whether I knew any who were in the dust there.

"'Jane, my child, your mother lies yonder, where the sun will rise directly. In the long years of my after life I have seen the day come up above her grave every morning, lying here, and on Sundays I have watched here till the sun rose, and thought never with pain of this hour. I am content and glad, very glad, my dear child.'

"The daughter sat on the side of the bed, with the old man's hand in her own, not sobbing, nor weeping, but calm, serene; angel-like in her face and firmness of soul. I stood a little way off, watching them.

"'Dear little Jennie, my snow-bird, as I call her, born in December. You were a snow-bird last night; doctor, I thank you sincerely, I think I am not going to last very long.'

"He became more pale, and sank back suddenly on the pillows. Jane sprang to her feet and leaned over him. A smile came over his countenance as he caught her gaze fixed earnestly on his, and then he whispered, 'Read to me, child, read thy mother's psalm.'

"She read the 104th Psalm. As she came to the last verse the sun came up above the hills. The first rays touched the forehead of the Old Elder. He smiled again, repeated aloud, 'Bless thou the Lord, oh my soul,' a sharp, swift pang crossed his countenance, his hands were clasped, his lips moved an instant, and then the old man had gone to his old wife in the land were martyrs and saints abide in serene glory.

"Three months passed swiftly after this occurance. You may be well assured I did not let them go without visiting the farm of Elder Duncan occasionally. The march winds were cold and harsh that year. I drove out one night toward the end of the month. It was blowing a gale, but I had a warm hearth before me, and I let the horses have their way.

"When I passed down the lane, darkness had come on. But we, the horses and I, knew the way well, and we did not hold up. I don't know to this day precisely how it happened, but, instead of finding myself dismounting at the door, I woke in a large room that I had never before seen, and found myself covered with blood, clothes nearly all taken off, my arm and two ribs broken, and Jane Duncan, pale as a ghost, standing over me.

"They had brought me into the first room, which was hers, and there I lay a week before I could stir. How I studied that room, tracing her graceful thoughts in all its adornments. What delicious dreams I found clustering in the folds of the curtains!—What eyes of angels looked on me from the ceiling! What starlight that was which stole in at the window, and shrank back startled and frightened when it found that her purity was not there, and only a rude village doctor, moaning on the bed of his discontent. No, I will not say that. I was content; I would have been content to stay there forever.

"But, one evening I said to her that I was ashamed to be so long occupying her room, and keeping her out of it, and that next day I would get away, and back to my own place.

"What, to that large, dismal, dreary room of yours?" said she.

"'Ah, you have seen it, haven't you?' I said and then, with a sudden thought, I asked her to go back there with me; and she went; and yonder she sits laughing at you; and that's all the story."

"But the fee, doctor—the coin?"

"Oh, that was a notion she had from her father's old-country habits, that the docter's fee should be paid on each visit. She gave it to me the morning he died. I wish more of my patients had the same notion. But I couldn't spend that coin. Don't you wish you had it in your cabinet?"

No, I did not. For any coin that had a voice and could tell its story would become famous. What joy and sorrow, glory and infamy, had the half eagle been the price of before the Docter took it!

How to Catch Him or Her.

A vast number of aggravating questions are to be met with in the columns of our daily and weekly newspaper; but of all the printed provocations I know, the inquiry, "Are you thinking of getting married?" is the most so. Why unoffending bachelors should be unceremoniously hauled up by an entire stranger, and questioned respecting their "intentions," or bashful spinsters requested to declare the secrets of the heart, I know not. But so it is, and persons interested in the disposal of upholstery to young housekeepers are permitted to outrage the tenderest feelings without ever being expected to blush at their own impudence.

Still, if there is the power to wound by advertisement, there is also a healing balm to be obtained from the same source, as witness the following:

"*To the Unmarried:* If you wish to marry send a stamped, addressed envelope to the advertiser, who will put you in possession of a secret by means of which you may win the affections of as many of the opposite sex as your heart may desire. This is suitable for either sex, for the old or young, rich or poor, of unprepossessing appearance, or otherwise. Address Mr. Wright, Clayton street, West, Newcastle-on-Tyne."

Every day did this advertisement stare me in the face when I opened the *Standard;* and if, in place of that organ, I invested my daily penny in the *Telegraph*, the same words, but with a different address appended thereto, were equally conspicuous.

Now I *was* thinking of getting married, and I did wish to marry; but, unfortunately, Clara Maria, to whom I had been for some time engaged, didn't. I dare say she was thinking about it; but she was in no hurry, and having hooked her fish, preferred playing with the same before finally landing it. In the meanwhile, my feelings might be fittingly compared with those of the angler's finny prize, for whom, struggle as he may, there is no escape. Thus situated, it may easily be supposed that the above quoted advertisement possessed a peculiar fascination for me, and that I longed to know the secret which would render me quite irresistible.

All my efforts to shake of the influence of this mysterious announcement proved ineffectual; and at length, unable longer to contend against it, I sent stamped, addressed envelopes to both the advertisers, and awaited the result of my applications with intense anxiety, qualified by exultation at the thought of my approaching triumph over the self-willed arbitress of my destiny. And there was another feeling in my breast, namely, a desire to revenge myself on the young woman who thus trifled with her affianced husband by postponing, indefinitely, the fulfilment of her pledge. I might, perhaps, in the plenitude of my power over female hearts—but it is not well to tell too much, and I will only intimate "Our Squire" has an only daughter, fair and young, and that my worst enemy must acknowledge that I am "good-looking." Possessed of youth, good looks, and *that secret*, what might not be effected?

By return, I received back my two envelopes, each of which contained a circular.—That from J. C. C.——, Stoke, Newington, London, contained only the *italicized* words more than that of the Newcastle gentleman, and *his* charge was two and-sixpence. In other respects, they both ran as follows:

"*To the Unmarried of Both Sexes:* You are already aware, through the medium of the public press, that I am prepared to impart a secret of the greatest importance to you, by the possession of which secret you will be enabled to obtain the only true happiness in life, viz: that of the married state: and which is the grand aim and duty of every human being to enter into.

"Before proceeding any further, I must state that I have no connection with any person advertising, nor do I know anything of any matrimonial office or association.

"The plan I propose you should act upon is my own idea, and it is a plan by which thousands may obtain that happiness which they have hitherto sighed for in vain. I now beg to inform you that it is in my power to put you in possession of a secret, by means of which any person, whether old or young, rich or poor, of unprepossessing appearance or otherwise, may gain the affections of as many of the opposite sex as their hearts can desire; and not only do I undertake that you shall be enabled to enter into a matrimonial engagement, through my means, but I also promise that should you act upon the instructions that I am ready to forward the marriage will turn out a happy one; for, in addition to the secret I have named above, I will send you full particulars of the only way of ascertaining a person's true character and disposition. These secrets, once known, can be acted upon by a person of the dullest understanding; there is not the slightest possible chance of discovery, and failure is impossible. *The plan is original and can be obtained from me only, and from no other person.*

"Those persons who apply to me for the above information may rely upon the strictest secrecy being preserved, and I flatter myself that in each person who receives my plan I shall gain a friend.

"I have decided on making my charge for the above important secrets so low as to allow of all classes availing themselves of them. Therefore, on receipt of two shillings and sixpence, (which may be remitted in postage stamps,) and a stamped, addressed envelope, I shall be happy to forward them to you.

"Many persons will, perhaps, disbelieve what I have stated, and put me down as an adventurer speculating on the credulity of the public. This can hardly be wondered at, considering the numerous schemes that are got up for the purpose of fleecing the unwary; but I beg to state that classing me among persons guilty of such conduct will be doing me a great injustice, for what I have promised I am ready to perform to the very letter.

"Should you have confidence enough in my honor to apply for any information, you may rely on receiving it by return of post.

"With best wishes for your welfare, I am faithfully yours, &c."

I turned from one circular to the other, like that animal which, relishing a dessert of thistles, is unable to choose between two specimens of that favorite dainty. As these said circulars, which I had purchased by the expenditure of two stamps apiece, differed only in a few words, and even the type of both were exactly the same, I thought it just possible the "further information" might tally in like manner; so I resolved to select the cheaper, and accordingly sent twenty-four postage stamps to Mr. J. Wright. I moreover reflected that the possession of one such all-powerful secret would be sufficient for my purpose.

It did not come by return, though. In fact, three days passed before it arrived, and in the meanwhile an event occurred which rendered the information useless, so far as I was concerned. Whether I had been so far affected by the prospect of possessing unlimited powers of captivation that I had become unusually independent in manner, I know not. But this I do know that Clara Maria was graciously pleased, after a mere hint on my part, to name an early day for our wedding. She is now Mrs. John Walker, and, I am proud to say, conducts herself so much to my satisfaction, in her new position, that I can pass the Squire's daughter without the shadow of a shade of regret.

But I flatter myself I do not resemble that celebrated dog in the manger, familiar to readers of fables. On the contrary, I am willing to bestow the valuable "secret," which I have bought and paid for, on all bachelors and spinsters who may choose to avail themselves of it. Still, I should like everybody to try and guess my secret—to pause, having read so far, and allow the mind free scope for a few moments, in order to conjure up visions of cabalistic mysteries, of wondrous charms written on parchment, and in unsightly hieroglyphics, to be worn round the neck or otherwise suspended, as the magician who penned the same should direct. I guessed a thousand things, and I resolved that if the secret should come in the shape of a love-philtre, I would try it on old Jowler, the house dog, to make sure of its being harmless, before administering any to a human creature. My guesses were, however, all futile. Old Jowler's digestive organs have suffered no disturbance through any experiment of mine, and the honest beast basks in the sunshine, and snarls at the passers-by as usual.

The wonderful "secret" arrived in the shape of a pamphlet of—including preface, title-page, and the reverse of these, which were blank—twenty-four pages. The *brochure*, with its envelope, weighed rather less than half an ounce, and was entitled "Matrimony Made Easy; or, How to Win a Lover." In Two Parts."

To judge from the title, thought I, this little book will supply a want in literature. A dramatist has already told us "How to Keep Him;" the author of this instructs us how to *catch* him. The thing is therefore complete.

The preface is a gem in its way, and is thus worded:

"My chief design in this publication is to make myself useful, and I am fully aware that if my advice is followed, my aim will be fulfilled.

"This publication, however trivial it may be in bulk, has cost me much study, labor and personal experience. As I have not advanced a single proposition but such as is founded on general principles, which has been well analyzed and digested by numerous witnesses, I have been very careful to avoid introducing anything of a objectionable nature. Trusting that my [illegible] may be duly appreciated, I remain the reader's devoted servant.

"J. WRIGHT."

Probably the "reader's devoted servant" is fearful that his little book, if sold for the wages he asks—which would seem a fair price—[illegible] sold in less estimation, on the principle that men are apt to value a [illegible] out of its sterling qualities than for the money it has cost them.

I will now pass to part the first of *Matrimony Made Easy*, which thus commences, for he remembers *place and dames*:

"Mr. W. having undertaken the responsible duty of acting as adviser to those persons wishing to marry, will commence by addressing himself to his fair friends.

"In the first place," he says, "having made up your mind as to the man you would like for your husband, you must gain his good opinion. This is very easily done, [much more easily said, Mr. W.] for in entering into conversation with him, you must lead him to speak of his tastes and his pursuits, and appear deeply interested in what he tells you; allow him to talk as long as he thinks proper, occasionally giving him your own ideas on the subject, which must, if possible, tally with his. Should he be at all bashful, you must endeavor to draw him out, [suppose the lady should be bashful, too?] and, having already discovered his favorite pursuits, must converse about them as much as possible, and encourage him to do so also. You can then ask his opinion of anything you may happen to think of, and pay great attention to his reply. Should his views on the subject meet yours, you will, of course, take care to let him know it; should they not do so, you can give your reasons for disagreeing with him. This will lead to a pleasant discussion, and it matters not who has the best of the argument in the end."

From my own personal experience I consider the discussion which Mr. W. recommends should not be lightly entered upon. It is, to my notion, very much like the ice marked "Dangerous;" and, from humane motives, I beg to suggest that this mode of breaking it, in courtship, merits a similar title. In fact there is much of the author's counsel which I regret to state that I am quite unable to endorse. For instance, he tells his fair friend "to give her reasons." Now, where can be the use of advising those charmingly *ir*-rational beings to perform what nature has rendered impossible?

These is certainly sound logic in that part of the above quotation which advises the lady to act the good listener; but then, think of the difficult task it imposes! Fancy, if you can, a lady patiently permitting a gentleman to talk as long as he thinks proper! Again: is there not a tinge of hypocrisy in the counsel, "to appear deeply interested" in a long-winded yarn, of which, perhaps, you are unutterably weary? But to our "muttons:"—

"At every meeting you must endeavor to ascertain what he has been doing since you last saw him."

Now *I* strongly suspect that such questioning would be, to say the least, unpalatable, not to mention impertinent. Moreover, it is possible the gentleman may object to being put through the small sieve in this way, and the fair inquisitor meet with a rebuff, for which our author has forgotten to prepare her.

"Should he have done anything you do not approve of, candidly tell him so, giving a good reason for your disapproval."

Suppose, for instance, that the gentleman you have made up your mind to have, has escorted Miss Brown to the theatre, and you, Miss Jones, disapprove of that mark of attention, thinking it may interfere with your particular views, would it be advisable to tell him so?

"If possible, lead him to speak of his family; in future meetings, inquire after them; you must suit your tastes to his, talk about everything he likes to talk about, and avoid everything he avoids, always appear cheerful and happy in his presence; speak well of every one, above all things never speak ill-natured of a female friend. You must always be devoted and affectionate towards your own family, and neat in your dress; never allow an improper word to be spoken in your presence, &c. Act thus; and a proposal of marriage will be the result."

This certainly sounds very orthodox and proper, but will hardly bear looking into.—To tell a young woman to seem cheerful, whatever she may feel—to be devoted, affectionate and neat, for the sake of getting a husband—is very much like bidding her act a lie, and she will have a reward for so doing

In Mr. W.'s advic to the lords of the creation, a similar course of conduct is recommended, with such aditions as the crelowing: