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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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.

H. M. NORTH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR 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 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

TOMATO PILLS.---Extract of Tomatoes; a cathartic and Tonic. For sale at

J. S. DELLETT & CO'S

Dec 3 '59. Golden Mortar Drug Store.

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 Hoarhound, 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

JUST in store, a fresh lot of Breing & Frenfield's celebrated Vegetable Cattle Powder, and for sale by

R. WILLIAMS,

Sept. 17, 1859. Front street, Columbia

Suffer no onger 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 Pape.

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.

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.

Just Received and For Sale,

200 Bbls. Ground Plaster; 50 bbls Extra Family Flour; 25 bbls. No. 1 Lard Oil of best quality; 500 bus. Ground Alum Salt, by

B. F. APPOLD,

March 26, '59. No 1 and 2 Canal Basin.

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

April 16, 1859.

NEW CROP SEEDLESS RAISINS.

THE best for Pies, Pudding, &c.—a fresh supply at

H. SUYDAM'S

Grocery Store, Corner Fronland Union sts.

Nov. 19, 1859.

Seedless Raisins!

A LOT of very choice Seedless Raisins, just received, at

S. F. EBERLEIN'S

Nov. 19, '59. Grocery Store, No. 71, Locust st.

SHAKER CORN.

JUST received, a first rate lot of Shaker Corn.

H. SUYDAM'S

Grocery Store, corner Front and Union st.

Nov. 26, 1859.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.--The want of such an article is felt in every family, and now it can be supplied; for mending furniture, china ware, ornamental work, toys, &c., there is nothing superior. We have found it useful in repairing many articles which have been useless for months. You can test it at the store.

FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

A FIRST-RATE article of Dried Beef, and of Ham, can be bought at

EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,

March 10, 1860, No. 71 Locust street

CHOICE TEAS, Black and Green; of different varieties. A fresh lot just received at

EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,

March 10, 1860. No. 71 Locust street.

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, the authorized edition. R. McClintock. Price, $1.50.

Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.—Price, $1.25.

Memoirs of Carvosso. Price, 40 cents.

ELIAS BARR & CO.,

Feb. 11. Opposite Court House.

LYON'S PURE CITAWBA BRANDY.--A very superior and genuine article for medicinal purposes.

J. S. DELLETT & CO.,

Feb. 11, '60. Agents for Columbia.

COAL OIL HEADQUARTERS.--Beware of spurious Coal Oil. Owing to the large increase in the consumption of Coal Oil, the market is full of bogus oil. The premium article can always be had at

J. S. DELLETT & CO'S

Feb. 11, '60. Golden Mortar Drug Store.

FOR MAKING SOAP. A superior article of Soda Ash on hand and for sale by

R. WILLIAMS,

March 26, 1859. Front street

Poetry.

April Fool.

Jim sat whistling upon the style,
For a wonder, idle a little while;
Idle and listless as a man could be
Under the blue spring sky sat he.
Vaguely conscious of clouds and breeze
And the crimson buds on the maple trees—
"Let her do as she pleases with others," said he,
"She shall make no April Fool of me!"

Proudly he lifted his handsome head
While the blood to his cheeks *burnt hot and red;*
The feathery snow of yesterday
From the peeping grass had melted away;
The air and sunshine were warm and sweet,
A violet grew beneath his dangling feet;
Some one was stealing close up to Jim—
She should make no April Fool of him!

Out of the forest and over the stile
She come with that happy, bewitching smile;
Never stopping a word to say,
Nodding to him in a careless way;
Dainty and swift her footsteps pass,
Her light dress kissing the loving grass,—
It is plain she thinks not, meeting Jim,
Of making an April Fool of him.

Nodding and smiling, she passes by,
Free as the flying clouds of the sky,—
But a naughty wind uprose just there
Fluttering her dress, and tangling her hair,
Lifting her hat with a saucy grace
And blowing it straight into Jim's proud face,
Smothering him in crown and brim,
Making an April Fool of him.

Its fluttering ribbons thrilled him through,
Like the laugh in its owner's eyes of blue;
And before it dropped from its clinging place
He kissed it as if it were her face,
Her charming face, through its golden hair,
Blushing and drooping before him there,
Warming his heart with a sudden glow;
But making an April Fool—oh, no!

Oh, no!—though it thrilled him through and through
With the trembling touch of its ribbons blue,
And its voice writing, so still and demure,
With a look like a wild rose, fresh and pure.
Two pairs of cheeks grew strangely red
When the hat was restored to the pretty head;
Two pairs of eyes shone under the brim—
She had made an April Fool of him!

Strangers Yet.

Strangers yet!
After years of life together,
After fair and stormy weather,
After travel in far lands,
After touch of wedded hands,—
Why thus joined? why ever met?
If they must be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
After childhood's winning ways,
After care, and blame, and praise,
Counsel asked, and wisdom given,
After mutual prayers to Heaven,
Child and parent scarce regret
When they part—are strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
After strife for common ends,
After tiers of old friends,
After passion fierce and tender,
After cheerful self-surrender,
Hearts may beat and eyes be wet,
And the souls be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
Strange and bitter thought to scan
All the loneliness of man!
Nature by magnetic laws
Circle in to circle draw?
Circles only touch when met,
Never mingle—strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
Will it evermore be thus—
Spirits still impervious?
Shall we ever fairly stand
Soul to soul, as hand to hand?
Are the bounds eternal set
To return as strangers yet?

Strangers yet?
Tell not love it must aspire
Unto something other—higher;
God himself were loved the best,
Were man's sympathies at rest;
Rest above the storm and fret
Of the world of strangers yet!
Strangers yet!

[Thackeray's Cornhill Magazine.

Selections.

A Leap-Year Wooing.

I.—TOM PIDGER AND I.

Tom Pidger and I are old associates. He was one of my earliest school companions, and I loved him like a brother. My heart became so full of love for Tom that it could not contain it all, so I disposed of the surplus by falling violently in love with his sister—a very nice young lady, about a head and shoulders taller than myself. I recollect sending her a valentine, in which a tall, military looking man was depicted kneeling, in a green lawn, before a lady, to whom he was making a passionate declaration of love in a fat balloon which issued from his mouth—*in* which balloon I took the precaution of inserting my initials to prevent the possibility of mistake as to the identity of the party. In return, Miss Pidger presented me with a large pink heart made of sugar, (which Tom and I ate that same afternoon,) but her *own heart* she reserved for one Baines, a banker, to whom she was married long before I left school.

When Tom and I grew up we removed to Edinburgh—he to college and I to a bank—and we took rooms together in Queen street.—Tom had always been a rather slovenly fellow, but now he became intolerably so. His hat gradually became limp and napless, and though I threw out very broad hints, and at length openly remonstrated with him, the same hat remained in constant use. I tried to shame him out of it by assuring him that he would be taken for an Irishman; and once I bribed the milk-boy with a penny to cry after him, "Who's your hatter?" but all in vain. His old great-coat, too, he wore till it became quite white along the seams, and glazed at the elbows. It was a very significant fact that, though I passed the College with him times without number, the seedy old gentleman who used to step out from the corner of South College street, and say in a mysterious undertone, "Any ole cloes, sir?" invariably addressed himself to me. And really it would have been a very gratuitous assumption to have supposed that Tom had any clothes older than those he wore.

As for his linen, I doubt if he would ever have changed it, had our landlady, Mrs. Pritchard, not made a point of taking a clean shirt into his bed-room every Sunday morning before Tom was up, and carrying the dirty one off.

Tom's hair, from sheer neglect, grew long and frouzy. One day, I remember, when he sat down to breakfast, it seemed so very dry and matted that I could not forbear remonstrating.

"Positively, Tom," I said, "you must pay some attention to your personal appearance.—Why your head is like a mop."

"Is it?" said Tom. "Let it be so. It saves time and trouble."

I would have urged that the ladies would never look at him if he went so shabbily, but as I knew Tom to be a woman-hater—or rather a woman-scorner, for he didn't think them worth hating—I waived that point. So things went on as before.

I was not a woman-hater, for I had become enamored of Fanny Lowndes—such a dear little thing!—had wooed her, and, last December, proposed and was accepted.

"Tom," said I, one night when we were having our usual pipe by the fireside, before going to bed, "Tom, you knew Fanny Lowndes?"

"I've *heard* enough about her," replied Tom.

"Well, she and I are to be married next month."

Tom gave a short laugh, as if he considered it rather a good joke.

"On my honor, Tom, we are."

Tom's face became grave in an instant; and after looking steadily at me for a few moments, to assure himself that I was serious, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth and laid it on the mantle-piece. "Well, Dick," said he, in a tone of great solemnity, "I did not expect this of you." He looked mournfully into the fire for a while, and then resumed—"Have you thought on this subject? Don't you know as well as I do, that once married you are done for—there's no backing out again. At your time of life, too, with the world all before you—why, its suicide—moral and intellectual suicide. Oh, it cannot be!—you are joking."

"I assure you, my dear fellow, I am quite serious."

"Then you are demented," said Tom, hitching himself back in his chair. "You think it is all poetry, I suppose. Wait till the curtain lectures commence; you won't find much poetry in them. Children, too; why, my dear fellow, you'll have your house swarming with them before you know what you are about.—The rate at which children multiply is prodigious. Have you read Mr. Malthus' book—his 'Essay on Population?' Read that book."

"I have read it."

"Read it again, and apply it to your own case. Poetry! you'll find precious little poetry about children. It's bad enough to have these young Pritchards caterwauling night and day in the nursery there, but wait till you are in the midst of the Babel and can't escape.—Wait until you have to wipe the children's noses like that poor wretch Pritchard, and be badgered out of bed in the frosty nights whenever a child so much as squeaks. You'll know what the poetry of lovers is, then, my Trojan!"

Tom concluded with a prophetic jerk of his head, and proceeded to relight his pipe.

"I have always feared it might come to this," continued he, "since that time you fell in love with my sister Maggy. Her marrying Baines was clearly a providence in your behalf; it was another providence that we came here and saw the life that poor wretch Pritchard leads between his wife and children. For my sake, Dick, think again before you take this insane step."

Tom smoked quietly for a minute or two, then proceeded to illustrate the miseries of wedded life by passages from the lives of Milton, Shelley, Coleridge, Byron, and I know not how many more. He then began a brief abstract of Mr. Malthus' book, in the middle of which I fell asleep and nearly tumbled forward into the fire. So I got up and told him it was no use talking, as the thing was all settled. Tom bade me good night with an air of profound compassion, and evidently gave me up for a lost sheep.

II—A PROBLEM WHICH IS SATISFACTORILY SOLVED.

It might be about a fortnight after that Tom had occasion to be in Glasgow for a day or two. On the evening of his return I observed that he looked very abstracted. I did not pay much attention to the circumstance, but it struck me that he was. He smoked by the fireside for an hour, I am sure, before retiring; yet all my efforts to get him to talk were fruitless. When I turned, after telling him anything, and said, "Don't you think so?" or, "Strange, that, wasn't it?" Tom would start and ejaculate, "Eh?" as if he had not the remotest idea of what I had been speaking about, as I really believe he had not.

When Tom came home to dinner next day I was amazed to see that he had got his hair cut. I would hardly have known him in the street.

"Halloo, Tom! Got your hair cut?"

"Yes," replied Tom, with something of irritation in his tone, I thought. "Did you never see a fellow with his hair cut before?"

"I haven't seen *you* very often, Tom."

He made no reply, and, as it seemed to annoy him, I said nothing more about it. But really it *did* astonish me; and my astonishment was by no means diminished when I found next morning that he had brushed it carefully—oiled it, too, I was convinced. In fact I found a bottle of hair oil in his drawer one day when I was hunting for a pocket handkerchief. What next should I find him doing but appearing in a clean shirt every second day or so, and actually quarreling with Mrs. Pritchard once for not starching the wristbands! Then came a fashionable hat, then a pair of new boots, so very small that I could have sworn Tom's feet would never get into them. I discovered, too, (through Mrs. Pritchard,) that Tom had taken to shaving in secret, and was daily on the look-out for whiskers. My amazement was unbounded. I could not for the life of me account for it; but, as the change was a good one, and, as I remembered the rebuff I got when I spoke about his hair, I considered it best to keep quiet.

"Dick," said Tom to me one day at dinner, "this is December, is it not?"

"December? Yes."

"Very cold weather for December?"

"Well, rather."

"I think," said Tom, "I would be the better of something warmer than that old great coat of mine."

"Of course you would. *I've* said so often. You should get one of those Highland cloaks; they look very comfortable; they are fashionable, too." And Tom actually came home that evening in one, presenting, I must say a very imposing appearance.

And now Tom, who formerly could not be coaxed out of the house except in college hours, evinced a *sudden propensity* for afternoon walks—a positive passion for them.—'Dick, put on your hat, and let us have a stroll.' It was vain expostulating. 'Confound it!' I used to say at last, tossing aside the book: 'I wish you had thought of walking in summer. This is most unseasonable weather for it.'

'That's a gross mistake, my dear fellow; you should read Hall on that point. Why, this is the most bracing season in the year. Come, let us have a stroll.'

I went, but it was not a stroll. I was a regular unvaried walk to Royal Circus, twice around the circus, and back again. It was the coldest, and bleakest, and most dismal road which could possibly have been selected. Yet this walk Tom *would* take and no other.—Soon, however, he gave over asking me to go—seemed anxious, in fact, that I shouldn't go. One day, in particular, he suddenly appeared, fully equipped, and said, 'Well, I am off for a stroll.'

'Wait one minute,' I said, 'and I shall be with you."

'Don't mind,' said he; 'I shan't be long.—It looks as if it were going to rain,' and hurried out. The afternoon wore away—tea time came, yet Tom had not returned. He didn't return till half past ten.

'Halloo, Tom, you have taken a tolerably long stroll to night?'

'Ah; I walked up to see my aunt. She's not very well just now.'

'Your aunt?'

'Aunt Patterson—mother's sister. I don't think you know her.'

I certainly did not—had never *heard* of her, to my knowledge.

Next day when he had finished dinner, we drew our chairs to the fireside, and I proceeded to make some observation on the condition of Italy.

'Oh, hang it!' cried Tom, clapping his hand to his coat pocket, 'I have forgotten to post that letter!'

He threw on his hat and cloak, and was off. Half past ten again before he returned.

'Halloo, Tom,' I said, 'you have taken a tororably long time to post that letter.'

'No; I was up seeing my aunt.'

'Oh, yes! by the way, is she better tonight?'

'Not decidedly so. Rather worse, I should say, if anything.'

'I am sorry for that. Well, come and let us have a quiet pipe.'

'Not to-night, thank you.'

'What!' I exclaimed, in considerable astonishment, for Tom smoked every night with the regularity of clock-work. 'Not smoke before going to bed!'

'No; I find it's not agreeing with me. I see Dr. Prout shows that it ruins the constitution.'

So Tom retired, and I sat and smoked alone, wondering whether Tom could be insane, and where this very extraordinary change might be expected to end.

Next night I was up making some arrangements with Fanny for our approaching marriage.

'Oh, Dick!' she said, 'what a merry fellow Tom Pidger is!'

'Tom Pidger! where did you see him?'

'Why, he took tea with us at Mrs. Purdie's last night.'

'Mrs. Patterson's you mean.'

'Mrs. Purdie's' Royal Circus. Julia, you know, was a school companion of mine. We had such fun breaking up the pipes in Tom's pocket; and at last Julia made him go down on his knees and promise that he would never smoke again.'

'Ah!' said I, as the secret of Tom's metamorphosis, and the illness of his aunt (?) began to dawn upon my mind; 'how does Tom come to know Julia?'

'He met her in the train coming from Glasgow some weeks ago, and fell in love with her, I suppose, and she—(but you must not tell him)—she fell in love with Tom.—Poor thing! she loves him to distraction, I believe. O, Tom is there almost every afternoon.'

This was precious news. Keeping it to myself, however, I went home and found Tom sitting ruminating over the fire.

'Ah, Tom,' said I, 'I thought I should have found you smoking.'

'No, Dick, you wont do that again. I find,' he said, gravely, tapping himself all over the waistcoat, 'that I am better without it already.'

'Dear me, already! Then Dr. Prout must be quite correct. Oh! by the way, I have sad news for you to-night.'

'What?' inquired Tom, with a very long face.

'I hear that your *aunt is dead.*'

'Eh?' cried Tom, wheeling round on his chair, and fixing upon me a look of curious surprise, which is quite indescribable.

'Dead and gone, Tom, is your poor aunt—your mother's sister, you know! Mrs. Patterson—not Miss Purdie oh, no!'

You should have seen Tom's face all this time. Shame and merriment, curiosity and chagrin, chased each other off and on so rapidly that they sometimes appeared to be all mixed up in the same expression. At last the ludicrous prevailed, and Tom broke into shouts of laughter which it would have done your heart good to hear. He looked very red in the face, though, being clearly ashamed of himself. He made me tell him how the secret had come out, and finding that it really was out, he became quite gushing. He made me sit by him at the fireside, and gave me a minute and circumstantial account of the whole transaction—how in returning by express from Glasgow he found himself in the same carriage with a fine old gentleman and his daughter—"such a beautiful girl, Dick?"—and how he and the old gentleman conversed, and she listened—listened with such interest that he thought within himself, 'Well here is a sensible girl for once.' Then how the old gentleman ensconced in a corner and fell asleep, and Tom found that he could not keep his eyes off the young lady—"the most beautiful girl, Dick'—and more than that, he caught her every now and then peeped slyly at him, and *when* he caught her how she blushed. 'And I do believe,' said Tom, 'that *I* blushed, too, I felt such a—sort of funny all over, you know,' said Tom, with an explanatory wave of his hands.

Then how the old gentleman woke up when the tickets were called for, and chatted again and presently discovered, to the surprise and delight of all parties, that he and Tom's uncle—not Mr. Patterson, but a *real* uncle this time—had served together in India. So he made Tom shake hands with his daughter and gave Tom his card, and told him to call whenever he happened to be in the neighborhood of Royal Circus. Tom then proceeded with the subsequent details, which he had got about half through, when I prevailed upon him to stop, for the time being, in consideration of the lateness of the hour. It was actually past two in the morning. 'Now, to-morrow,' said Tom, as we parted for the night, 'we might call together and see Julia. You will be sure to like her, she is such a beautiful girl, Dick.'

Next day we *did* call, and Julia turned out to be a most beautiful girl. I don't think I have ever seen a sweeter little girl—Fanny of course, excepted. The week after Fanny and I were married, and left town on our marriage-jaunt.

III.—A DIFFICULTY SATISFACTORILY OVERCOME.

The morning following our return, I had a note from Tom, stating he would call that afternoon on very particular business. I mentioned it to Fanny who laughed, and appeared to know intuitively, what this "very particular business" was. Tom came in time for dinner; but he ate next to nothing, and seemed uncommonly nervous. When the things were cleared away, and Tom and I were sitting alone with a tumbler of negus before us, I broached the subject.

"This 'very particular business' of yours, Tom, what is it?"

"Well," said Tom, fingering his glass nervously, "I shall tell you what is. You know—Julia?"

"Of course I do."

Tom gulped down a quantity of negus, and resumed:

"Well, I have been thinking—*am* thinking, in fact—that is—I want to marry Julia—that's all about it;" and Tom, who had blushed the deepest crimson to the very roots of his hair, made another gulp at the negus, and nearly choked himself. It was with great difficulty that I could keep from laughing at his embarrassment—but I did.

"Tom," I said, very solemnly, "I did not expect this of you; at your time of life, too, with the world all before you! Why, it's suicide—moral and intellectual suicide. You think it is all poetry. Ha! my boy, wait till the curtain lectures commence—"

"Oh! come, come, Dick; this is too bad," said Tom, stirring his negus violently.

"But tell me this, Tom; have you calculated the prodigious rate at which children multiply? Have you read Mr. Malthus' book? Ho! Tom, Tom!" I could refrain no longer, and laughed right out, to the infinite relief of Tom, who laughed, too, and got excessively jolly at his own expense.

"Now, then," said he, at length, "you know what I want. Tell me how to go about it."

"Why propose."

"Propose! of course; but *how* to propose. There's the rub. I attempted it on four different occasions, and always stuck at the ticklish bit. I thought to propose by letter, and began half-a-dozen different sheets, but could not write one to please me. I tried poetry, and failed there, too. Now, Dick, what I want is this—I want you to tell me exactly how *you* managed it, and perhaps I could do it so too."

"I popped the question in a very simple way—quite unpremeditated, too. I had been spending an evening with Fanny, and at last got up and said, (pulling out my watch—this one.) 'It is late, I must be off.' 'Oh, no,' she said, 'it can't be ten yet.' 'Look for yourself,' I said, turning the watch towards her. She looked and observed this landscape on the face here. 'Oh, what a sweet little cottage!' she said, pointing to it. 'Dear me, so it is; I never looked at it particularly before. What would you say, Fanny to our taking a nice little cottage like that for ourselves; eh, and settling down there?' Well, she blushed, and I kissed her and said, 'Shall I love?' and she squeezed my hand, which means, 'O, do;' and so the thing was settled."

"By Jove!" cried Tom, jumping up and striking the table with his hand, that's admirable! I could manage that, I think.—Dick, give me your watch for a night; there's nothing on the face of mine." The watches were exchanged at once, and Tom, who would not wait a minute longer, put on his hat and started for Royal Circus in a state of intense excitement.

It seems that on the way Tom's nervousness became so overpowering that he was obliged to fortify himself with two separate glasses of brandy. He reached Colonel Purdie's about six o'clock, and in the course of half an hour or so found himself alone with Julia.—Apprehensive that if he lost this opportunity he might get no other that night, he pulled out the watch and said:—"Getting late, Julia; I must be off." "Late! why, it's not *seven* yet." "Isn't it? Look for yourself," said Tom, turning the watch toward her; "ah! your watch is not right; look here." Julia looked. "Why it isn't seven on *yours* either." "Dear me," said Tom, with an assumption of great astonishment, "neither it is. Pretty landscape that—this here." "So it is; very sweet cottage." "*Very sweet cottage,*" repeated Tom, with startling energy. "*Remarkable* sweet cottage, Julia," he continued; in soft and persuasive tones; I say, Julia, what would you—what would you say it would *cost* to engrave that?" Alas! for poor Tom! he had failed once more.

Of this, however, I was ignorant, and called next morning to ascertain how he had succeeded. Tom was out, and as I could not wait, I sat down to scribble a note inviting him up that evening to tell me the result. I took his desk, and was rummaging for a scrap of paper, when my eyes fell on a sheet scribbled and blotted all over with what I at once perceived to be Tom's matrimonial proposal in verse. On the first page he had collected a host of rhyming words, to be introduced as they might happen to suit his turn. There was "bliss" and "kiss," "sing" and "ring," "life" and "wife," and many other sentimental monosylables. Then there was "Julia" and "peculiar," with a query after it; also "Purdie," with "sturdy" and hurdy-gurdy;" but he had drawn his pen through these. He had even attempted "Pidger," but apparently without success. On the next page were his numerous efforts to put there together after various models;

"To be or not to be, that is the question."

Then a blank line ending with the word "digestion" scored out. After that came

"Not a word can I speak, not a letter or note
Can I write to convey my suggestion."

followed by two blank lines ending with the word "question." Then came an adaption of part of a popular song:

"Beautiful star! for star thou art,
Twinkling o'er my smiten heart;
O, that I could call the mine!
Star of my soul! star divine!"

After this were some curious hexameters about

"this Hearth being cold and black, and his home full of emptiness and sorrow;"

and at least half-a-dozen copies, with varieties of the greatest and final effort, which was fairly copied out by itself in the centre of the last page.

"I am thine;
Will thou be mine?
Tell me, tell me, sweetest Julia
Say the words
Darling Purdie!
None can love you more or truller.
My heart is bound,
All pinnacled beyond,
Although my poetry is peculiar."

There were many other verses, and fragments of verses, but this was evidently the favorite and the masterpiece.

I had scarcely finished my note when Tom came in. His dejected look told his story at once.

"Come, come, Tom," I said, "you mustn't get down-hearted. 'Never say die,' you know, 'when there's a shot in the locker.'"

Tom shook his head despairingly, as if conscious that the locker had been completely emptied the night before. I cheered him up as best I could, and left him.

"Fanny," I said, when I got home, "we must manage this business for Tom. The poor fellow is getting worse and worse. An idea struck me on the way home. This is *leap year*, you know. Now, don't you think you could persuade Julia to pop the question."

Fanny was excessively shocked at the idea at first, but when I had exhibited it in its most favorable lights, she admitted the propriety of the plan, and we consulted how it could be best carried out. It was finally arranged that Fanny should go and tell Julia all about it, show her Tom's letters on the subject, and tell about his consultation with me—that, as Tom was to be there that night Julia should watch her opportunity, and, in an off handed manner, ask him to let her see that cottage on the watch face again—that when Tom expressed himself unable to "satisfy production," Julia should say, "Never mind, Tom, we can get one just like it for ourselves, can't we? This is leap-year, you know; so I propose we should"—or something to that, effect. And I felt sure, from the mischievous expression of Julia's eyes, that she was just the one to do it, though it were for nothing but the fun of the thing.

Accordingly, Fanny set out for Royal Circus, and I expected to hear nothing more of it till her return; but just as I was sitting down to tea, a cab pulled up at the door, the bell rang furiously, and in the twinkling of an eye Tom burst into the room in a perfect transport of delight, with his head more like a mop than the day I told him it was, and a hat too small for him—Colonel Purdie's it must have been—stuck on the very back of his head.

"Shake my hand, old fellow," cried Tom, stumbling over the cat, and nearly overturning the tea things; "shake away, it's all right—it's all settled."

"What's right?"

"Julia, of course. What year is this?—the year—be quick, man! Confound it! don't you know what year it is?" and Tom in his impatience accompanied each word with a fresh poke of his knuckles.

"Why, 1860."

"Leap year!" cried Tom, giving me a frightful dig in the ribs that sent me staggering against the wall. "Leap year, you old fool, and Julia popped the question. Hurrah

"You don't mean it?"

"It's a fact, I assure you. She asked for a look of the cottage—on your watch, you know—and I thought, 'O! what a splendid chance, if I had it.' But, of course, I hadn't. 'Never mind,' said Julia, getting very red in the face, and bending down to pick something off the carpet, 'this is leap year, you know; so I propose that we get a cottage just like it for ourselves.' She did; Dick, upon my word. Did you ever hear of anything so extraordinary? The very thing, you know, that I was to have said! Well, I felt something jump right up into my throat, and not a word could I utter, but I ran over and——"

Tom could say no more for chuckling, but he made a violent demonstration of clasping some one in his arms, which was sufficiently expressive; and then, in the exuberance of his joy, began to beat a devil's tattoo on Col. Purdie's hat, and to execute a dance, a shade or two wilder than the Highland fling, round and round the table.

To which exhilirating exercise I shall leave him, to advise all young ladies who have beaux like Tom Pidger to glean the moral from my story, and not forget the date.

Mr. and Mrs. Potts.

OVERHEARD BY BARRY GRAY.

"No, sir," I heard my neighbor, Mrs. Potts, through the thin partition which separated our chambers, exclaim, early one morning to her liege lord, "I have set my face dead against that thing, and neither you nor any other man can make me yield a single inch."

"But, my dear——"

"No, sir, you needn't use any buts," interrupted Mrs. P.; "and as for calling me you dear, why it will not do one bit of good."

"Well, listen then, to reason," said Jack "I'll prove——"

"No, sir, I won't listen to reason, and you can't prove anything that will convince——"

"Well, have your own way, Mrs. Potts, and be as stubborn as usual."

"Stubborn!" screamed Mrs. P. "I should just like to know which is the more so, you or I. I know well enough how I've yielded and yielded to you ever since Phoebe Jane was born—and that is seven years ago come Chistmas-day—and such sickness as she has lived through, too, are enough to make you weep; but you are a hard-hearted man, and I only wish that you had, as the poor child has had, the scarlet fever, and the whooping-cough, and the mumps, and the measles, which your long-legged friend in the next room gave to her."

"And the seven years——"

"Oh, you need't," interrupted Mr. Potts, "say anything about that. What if my dear, unfortunate brother did give it to her, is that any reason, I want to know, why you should throw it into my face? But you take delight, John Potts, in casting slurs on my family, and I should really like to know if it isn't quite as good as your family? didn't your uncle have the small-pox? and wasn't your grandfather——"

"Hung, Mrs. Potts," shouted Jack; "yes, hung because he was true to his country, and hated kings and tyranny."

"He was a rebel and a spy, sir, and was rightly served. Oh, I am thankful that none of my blood was ever hung."

"Many who die in their beds, Mrs. Potts, are more dishonored in their death than was my brave grandfather."

"Oh, I know what you mean by your vile insinuation, Mr. P.; but it is false, sir—my aunt never poisoned herself, and she was as virtuous as—as—you are yourself, Mr. Potts."

"Very likely," answered Jack; "and now, Mrs. Potts, once for all, will or will you not go with me to New York?"

"No!"

"Then, Mrs. P., I'll go without you."

"Go, if you dare."

"I dare," said the heroic Jack; and straightway he leaped from his bed, and crossing the chamber to the door, he unlocked and opened is so quickly that, at first, I really thought he was intending to start immediately *in grand deshabille*, but he only called for hot water, and then proceeded deliberately to dress himself.

After a short pause, Jack continued, "While I am absent, my love you may address your letters for me to Delmonico's where I shall probably have a room, though my meals will be taken elsewhere."

"None but gipsies and Arabs, Mr. Potts, adapt such methods. Christian people always eat where they sleep; and I thank heaven that I am a Christian woman, and not a Hottentot."

"Certainly, my dear—certainly; but for my part, I study my convenince in the matter, and shall breakfast, and dine, and tea, wherever I may see fit."

"Mr. Potts, you are a Hottentot."

"Humph!," ejaculated Jack.

Then another pause ensued. At last Mrs. P., asked:

"Hadn't I better keep a journal and send you a daily report of my movements, Mr. Potts."

"Oh, no, my dear, that will not be necessary, for I shall speak to my neighbor in the next room to keep an eye on you, and report to me if anything extraordinary occurs."

"A pretty thing that would be for you to do, Mr. Potts—set a spy to watch your wife; but your family, I remember, is famous for its spies—you cruel man you." And Mrs. P. wept. Jack was silent.

At length he broke the silence by asking Mrs. Potts to tell him where he could find his valise. Mrs. P. actually refused to tell.

"Then," exclaimed Jack, "I'll take the large trunk. Do you know, my love," he went on "that a traveler with a large trunk is treated with greater respect than is the chap who travels with only a carpet-bag."

Mrs. Potts said that she did not, but considered it probable.

"Well, now, my dear," said Jack, "if you will but consent to go with me, I shall have no difficulty in filling the trunk, for your dresses, you know, take up much room, come, say that you'll go."

"No, John Potts, I've told you over and over that I will not, and you know very well that I cannot."

"Why?" asked John.

"Why? Because in the first place," answered Mrs. P., "I haven't a thing to wear. In the next place, I couldn't get ready under two weeks; then, how can I in two hours? In the next place, who, I should just like to know, would take care of the children, and Phoebe Jane with such a dreadful cold in her head as she has? Their grandmother! Mr. Potts, you are, without exception, the most inconsiderate man I ever knew—as if my dear mother hadn't had trouble enough with raising one set of children, without my pestering her with mine. Tat! there with me, then! Mr. Potts, you are a fool—why I couldn't get them ready under two years; besides, when I go a visiting I don't want to be bothered with children. I am tugged and hugged to death with them enough at home, without carrying them off to New York, for them to hug and tug me to death there; no, I just won't do it. In the next place, as I was saying, I don't want to go myself; and in the last place, I won't go; but what under the sun, Mr. Potts, do you mean by putting into the trunk the wash-bowl and the pitcher? and, I declare, if you haven't got my double expansion skirt in it, and—Mr. Potts you shan't put in the pillow, now, that's so."—And I immediately heard Mrs. and Mr. P. tusselling over the pillows. After a short and silent struggle, Mrs. Potts exclaimed. "You mean, cruel wretch! but you haven't got this one." Then, after thrusting the other pillow into the trunk, I heard the "mean, cruel wretch" lock it, exclaiming, as he did, "Now, thank fortune; it is full." And then he whistled, most provokingly, "Home, *sweet* home," with variations, and proceeded to blacken his boots. Mrs. P. bore it patiently for some time, but at last exclaimed, "I should think you would be ashamed of yourself to whistle in such a violent manner when you know what an awful headache I have. But you don't care for me, Mr. Potts, now; though there was a time when I thought you did."

Jack ceased whistling.

"You know, my dear," he said, "that I do care for you."

"No, I don't Mr. Potts."

"But I say that I do, Mrs. Potts." And Jack enforced his assertion by kissing her.

Mrs. Potts sighed audibly.

"Do you think, my dear," he continued, "that I have forgotten the days of our courtship; when I used to go, night after night, over the worst road in the country, three miles and more to your mother's to see you? And didn't I love you then; and don't I love you now with my whole heart? To be sure I do. And where is the woman," continued Jack, stopping his work and gesticulating with his empty boot, "from whom I would hear as much as I do from you; and for whom I would do so much to serve and please?"

Mrs. Potts suggested Miss Prudence Jones.

"No, Mrs. Potts, you know better. Do I ever buy silk dresses for Prudence Jones when I go to New York, as I always do for you? Answer me that, if you please."

Mrs. P., decidedly mollified, replied, "Well, no!"

"And that reminds me," said Jack, "to ask you what kind of silk I shall bring you when I return?"

"I think that a brown *moire antique*," answered Mrs. P., in a cheerful tone, "would be the most becoming for me, my dear; and remember to get enough for a double skirt, and also a piece of ribbon for the trimming—a wide, heavy ribbon of the same color as the dress—and you may as well have it plaited, so that I shall have less trouble with it when the dress-maker comes