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, same as Jolley's Photograph Gallery. [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 COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Columbia, Pa.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York counties.
Columbia, May 4, 1859.

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.

Harrison's Coumbian 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

We Have Just Received

DR. CUTTER'S Improved Chest Expanding Shoulder-Brace and Shoulder Braces for Gentlemen, and Patent Skirt Supporter and Brace for Ladies, just the article that is wanted at this time. Come and see them at Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall. [April 9, 1859

Prof. Gardner's Soap.

WE have the *New England* soap for those who did not obtain it from the Soap Man; it is pleasant to the skin, and *will* take grease spots from Woolen Goods, it is therefore *no humbug*, for you get the worth of your money in the Family Medicine Store.
Columbia, June 11, 1859.

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.

NEW CROP SEEDLESS RAISINS.

THE best for Pies, Pudding, &c—a fresh supply at
H. SUYDAM'S
Grocery Store, Corner Front and Union sts.
Nov. 19, 1859.

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, 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 get it at the
FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

IRON AND STEEL!

THE Subscribers have received a New and Large Stock of all kinds and sizes of
BAR IRON AND STEEL!
They are constantly supplied with stock in this branch of his business, and can furnish it to customers in large or small quantities, at the lowest rates
J. RUMPLE & SON,
Locust street below Second, Columbia, Pa.
April 28, 1860.

ARTIST'S COLORS. A general assortment of colors in tubes. Also a variety of Artists Brushes at the Golden Mortar Drug Store. [July

RITTER'S Compound Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry, for Coughs, Colds &c. For sale at the Golden Mortar Drug Store. Front st [July2

AYER'S Compound Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla for the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, and all scrofulous affections, a fresh article just received and for sale by
R. WILLIAMS, Front st, Columbia,
sept. 21, 1859.

FOR SALE.

200 GROSS Friction Matches, very low for cash.
June 25, '59. R. WILLIAMS.

DRIED FRUIT.

FOR Dried Fruit—Apples, Peaches, Cherries, &c.—the best in the market, go to H SUYDAM'S
Grocery Store, Corner Front and Union sts.

Dutch Herring!

ANy one fond of a good Herring can be supplied at
S. F. EBERLEIN'S
Nov. 19, 1859. Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st.

LYON'S PURE OHIO CATAWBA BRANDY and PURE WINES, especially for Medicines and Sacramental purposes, at the
Jan. 28. FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

NICE RAISINS for 8 cts. per pound, are to be had only at EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,
March 10, 1860. No. 71 Locust street.

GARDEN SEEDS.—Fresh Garden Seeds, warranted pure, of all kinds, just received at
EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,
March 10, 1860. No 71 Locust street.

POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES.

A LARGE lot of Fine and Common Pocket Books and Purses, at from 15 cents to two dollars each
At Headquarters and News Depot.
Columbia, April 14, 1 '60.

A NEW more of those beautiful Prints left, which will be sold cheap, at
SAYLOR & McDONALD'S
April 14. Columbia, Pa.

Just Received and For Sale.

1500 SACKS Ground Alum Salt, in large or small quantities, at
APPOLD'S
May 5, '60. Warehouse, Canal Basin.

TJ ust received a new lot of Tamarinds, at the Golden Mortar Drug Store.
May 5, 1860.

COLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE.—For the cure and prevention of chapped hands, &c. For sale at the GOLDEN MORTAR DRUG STORE.
Dec. 3, 1859. Front street, Columbia.

Turkish Prunes!

FOR a first rate article of Prunes you must go to
S. F. EBERLEIN'S
Nov. 19, 1859. Grocery Store, No 71 Locust st

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.

JUST received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens, of Newton and Griswold's manufacture, at
SAYLOR & McDONALD'S Book Store.
April 14. Front street, above Locust.

Selections.

The Thompsons.

OR, A LONDON FOG.

As the evenings became long, and the country dull, my friend Thompson yielded to the entreaties of his wife and daughter that they should give an evening party; and once enlisted in the undertaking, he determined that it should be done well, for in pleasure, as in business, he liked to do the right thing; he therefore willingly undertook the execution of a number of commissions in town from a copious list furnished by Mrs. T.

Thompson is a London merchant, head of the great indigo house of Thompson, Son & Co., of Blue Lane, and too sensible a man to live in the smoke and dirt of the great city; his neat and well appointed villa, about twelve miles from the Northwestern line, and within a short drive of a convenient station, is the very beau ideal of what the residence of a well-to-do city gentleman ought to be.

On leaving home on the morning of the day of the party, Thompson, of course, received strict injunctions from his wife backed by the rest of the female portion of his family, to be sure to come home early, which he readily promised to do, if possible; and after making some remarks about the claims of business, laughingly bade them not forget the standing direction to dispatch the vehicle (he would not allow either himself or wife or daughter to call his handsome equipage "the carriage") by the turnpike road to meet him, if by any chance he should not return by the last train. He fully intended, however, to be home an hour or two earlier than usual, so as to take down with him the ices, game, extra wines, and other requisites for a first-rate "sit down" supper, and to be able to decant the wine himself, and generally assist Mrs. T. in the final arrangements before his guests should arrive. But it so happened that on reaching the city, Mr. Thompson found an unusual mass of things demanding his attention.—He soon gave up all idea of getting away early, but managed to execute his commissions, which he sent off by the train he had hoped to go by.

But even the hour of what he called his own train passed before he could get through the unexpected pressure of business, and there was nothing for it but to wait for the last—the last, that is, that stopped at this station—which left London at 9 o'clock.—This was annoying, and the waiting would have been irksome but that he occupied himself in fetching up some arrears of correspondence, and in other business matters, and, finally, sending for a Hansom cab, he started in capital time for Euston Square, not so much vexed at his detention as those who are not "business men" might imagine.

The day had been dark and snowy, and with the night came a sharp frost and fog, which latter got thicker and thicker as they drove up to Holborn. At length, just as they entered one of the squares, the "London peculiar" became so dense that it was difficult for the driver to take his bearings even by the aid of the lamps, which had dwindled into mere specks of light, visible occasionally here and there. The Jehu of the high wheeled cab was reduced to a walk, and even at that cautious pace made some very unfortunate speculations as to his course, now grating against the railings of the enclosure in the centre of the square, and now getting on the foot pavement.

"Push on, cabby," said Thompson, coaxingly, during one of the numerous stoppages that occurred.

"Easy said, sir," replied cabby: "but while my wheel is locked in these railings, I don't see where I can push to, unless its down the hairy."

Just then the fog cleared off a little, and exhibited to both fare and driver the curious fact that they had been going back, the horse's head being turned toward Holborn. The true state of affairs, however, being thus ascertained, cabby wheeled about, and was going at a spankling space to make up for lost time, when another dense mass of fog loomed over, and all was again in total obscurity. This was most provoking, for the time was getting on; yet to advance beyond a walk was impossible.

"Pray, push on, cabby," said Thompson, again popping out his head, "or we shall be too late for the train, after all: push on, and I'll see if I can't find an extra half crown for you."

Thompson had a strong conviction that half crowns in number suited to the occasion could do anything, and cabby, by his increased efforts, proved the influence of the stimulus. But it would not do; the old difficulties recurred, and, finally, while Thompson, getting desperate, was alternately persuading, threatening, and hinting at even additional half crowns, St. Pancras clock struck nine.

It was all over; the last train was starting. What would Mrs. Thompson say?—What would his visitors think? and what was to be done? But Thompson was never long in a dilemma; he was a man of business; he was not an individual to be beaten by a fog; and so, relying that his "vehicle" would come to meet him, when it was found that he did not arrive by the 9 o'clock train, he agreed with cabby to drive him toward Harrow-on-the Hill as fast as he could.—Between the cab and the "vehicle" the distance might be managed, he reckoned, in about an hour and a quarter, or say an hour and twenty minutes (business men, especially those who travel by railway, always calculate to a nicety,) so that he would still get home before supper; and the bargain, for two shillings a mile, and a glass of brandy and water by way of an extra fillip, was at once concluded.

The Harrow road was reached in less time than could have been hoped; and Thompson suggested to cabby the probability of even a second glass of brandy and water, if that pace were kept up. But as they came upon the country road, it was so extremely slippery that such a pace was dangerous, and at the foot of the hill at Kensal Green they were once more reduced to a walk. Up that steep bit of road, glazed with a layer of frozen snow, there was no hold for the horse's feet; and the fog, driven by a keen east wind, was rapidly enveloping the northwestern suburbs, and even the country beyond, where mingling with a thick white mist, caused by the sudden frost in a choice atmosphere, it became even more dense than it was in London. This greatly increased the difficulty of getting up the hill; and the horse, at last, after slipping, straining and plunging, lost his footing and fell.

"Whip him up," cried Thompson, who, though not a cruel man, looked upon the matter from a purely business point of view, in which the fall appeared a kind of breach of contract that ought to be dealt with in a summary manner. Without designing a reply, cabby jumped down and proceeded to loosen by a hole or two some of the harness, to lift the shafts a little, so as to take the weight from the shoulder, and in other ways to assist the fallen horse. But nothing would avail; there was no hold for his feet on that sloping sheet of ice. After each effort the struggling animal fell again, and at last gave up the attempt and lay perfectly still.

Thompson, who was not a man to stand by and do nothing, let himself out; and groping his way round to the driver, whom he could not see in the fog, put the searching question, "what he meant to do?"

"There's only one thing as'll ever get that hoss up again this blessed night," said cabby.

"And what's that?"

"Why, something as we haven't got."

"Well what is it?" repeated Thompson.

"Why, a hoss-cloth," replied cabby, "or a blanket; or any ways, if it wasn't a blanket, just a great coat; you haven't a great coat to spare, have you, sir."

"Well, it's not exactly the night to lend a horse a great coat," said Tompson. "But what is it for?"

"Why, you see, if I could put summet of that sort down under his fore feet he'd get a hold, don't you see—he'd get a hold, and he'd be up in a twinkling."

Now Thompson's great coat was a good one; but the affair with him was merely a matter of business. Was the result worth the damage likely to be done? was the pithy question he put to himself. By a rapid process of mental arithmetic he assessed the probable injury, estimated the advantage to be derived *per contra*, and with his usual business-like celerity, decided that it was.—In another minute cabby was spreading Thompson's great coat under the feet of his prostrate steed, and both together were holding it tightly down to the ground like a bedside carpet.

With this luxurious assistance, which gave the fore feet a secure bearing, a plunge and a struggle brought the poor beast on his legs again; but he was so irritated by his previous failures and so startled by his sudden success, that before cabby could seize the reins he was off, sliding and scrambling over the slippery road like an awkward lad contending with his first pair of skates, but yet at a speed that soon left both driver and fare far behind. Cabby darted after his horse; and in an instant nothing could be heard or seen of cab or driver but a dull rumble of wheels and a voice as if wrapt up in a blanket, shouting, Wo-ho, wo-ho!" which grew fainter and fainter every moment.

Thompson's first impulse was to follow at once, as fast as the fog and his thirteen stone of solid flesh would allow; and he could not, in the darkness, lay his hand upon his great coat. He had started back to some little distance when the horse struggled up and plunged forward, and he could not for the life of him find the place again; nothing but the cold frozen snow met and benumbed his fingers. Quick decision of purpose was becoming necessary; if he pursued his seemingly hopeless hunt after the coat, it was clear that he could never overtake the cab. His decision was instantly made; it would not *pay* to continue the search, and buttoning up his body coat, he started in pursuit at a good round pace, but puffing and blowing as though he had not "trained" sufficiently for a pedestrian feat of that nature.

He could still hear faintly the rumbling of the wheels and cabby's useless "Wo-ho, wo-ho!" and if he had not walked into the hedge so often, and not found such difficulty in extricating himself from the thorns and brambles, he must soon have overtaken the object of his pursuit. But one provoking impediment or other always prevented his consummating his hopes just as he deemed himself upon the point of doing so. Yet on and on he went, and on and on again, after conquering each fresh obstacle. It seemed to him that he had thus struggled along for miles in the thick darkness, with the Will-o'-the-wisp "Wo-ho, wo-ho!" only just ahead of him.

In vain he shouted; he could hear no answer but the distant "Wo-ho, wo-ho." He got irritated, and, as a natural consequence, was (exactly in the ratio of his increasing irritation) just so much the oftener in the hedge or the ditch, and each time just so much the longer getting out again. He actually began to disbelieve in many of his most strongly-rooted convictions connected with half crowns and other matters; and his good solid common sense was beginning to waver and wander. Could it be really himself—Thompson, the eminent indigo merchant of Blue Lane—who was thus allowing himself to be lured after a strange dull sound of "Wo-ho, wo-ho!" in a thick fog, for miles and miles along a dark slippery road, till he was ready to drop with fatigue? He was beginning to doubt his own identity, and might have decided against it, but that just then he thought he perceived the glimmer of a light. He was not mistaken, and immediately scrambled towards it, but evidently not by the proper road, as he passed through a deep ditch and up a steep bank, breaking his way through some rotton garden pailings. At last he arrived at a lighted candle, apparently held close to a woman's face, in which he recognized indistinctly the features of the Kenton carrier's wife, who lived at the roadside, not more than five miles from his own residence.—That was encouraging; and whatever became of the cab, he should at all events soon meet his own "vehicle." But that hope was speedily dispelled, for Mrs. Parcels informed him that his coachman had been here about two hours, and as the fog was so thick he thought it dangerous to go on, and so, feeling sure that his master would not attempt to come through it, he had turned back again.

And the cab?

Mrs. Parcels had heard something rumble by about ten minutes before, and heard somebody crying "Wo-ho!" but had seen nothing.

This was rather depressing, but Thompson had identified himself again; the conversation with Mrs. Parcels had brought his wandering imagination back from the dreams of that sea of fog which had seemed peopled with hoarse-voiced syrens singing "Wo-ho, wo-ho!" to lure him on to destruction. He felt again that he was Thompson *—the* Thompson of Blue Court; and being guided by Mr. Parcels into the road, by way of the garden gate instead of through the fearful gap he had just made in the old paling, he resumed the chase He had got his second wind, and was getting up to his work; so away he went at a pace worthy of the "Barclay match"—for he had no end of pluck—and after a long run, he was evidently gaining upon cabby. He heard "Wo ho, wo ho!" more distinctly, and could even catch the rumbling of wheels once more.

At that moment, however, a dull grating sound seemed suddenly to extinguish the rumbling; and then all was perfectly still, and he experienced the oppressive, suffocating sensation produced by total darkness undisturbed by the slightest sound. He stepped more slowly and cautiously, and, in spite of himself and his strong common sense, felt vague and ridiculous fears creeping over him. A sound as of breathing seemed close to him, though unseen, and in another instant something like an arm flung itself across Thompson's throat.

"Garotte, garotte!" cried the strong-minded man of business, for a moment taken off his guard.

"What, sir?"

"What, cabman?"

"Well, I'm glad you've come up, sir; I was beginning so be frightened like."

"And where's your cab?"

"O, it's all right now; it's in the ditch—one wheel locked in the ice and mud; I heard it grind in."

"Which ditch?"

"Ah, that's what I want to come at. I've been groping about on t'other side, and now I'm going to try this."

"Which side is this side?" asked Thompson; and as he spoke he heard by the breathing that cabby was moving off. He endeavored to catch hold of him, but he was gone and there was a silence and stillness for some seconds, when the voice of cabby was again calling out triumphantly:

"All right—all right, sir! Here you are—all right!"

"Not quite," cried Thompson, struggling to get out of the ditch, into which he had walked in his hasty endeavors to follow up the track of cabby. "Not quite," he said. "But where are you?"

"Here, sir."

"Where's that?"

"Here."

"I can't tell where 'here' is."

"Well, sir, I'll drive towards you, and you follow the sound of the wheels."

But as Thompson advanced accordingly, he thought the sound of the wheels and cabby's voice, too, grew fainter. He must have walked the wrong way after he got out of the ditch; so like skilful tactician, he turned in the opposite direction immediately; and feeling that he was on the crisp frozen turf by the side of the road, where it was less slippery, he began to run again, rejoicing that he was not encumbered with his great coat, and quite proud in the midst of all drawbacks of the powers of locomotion which the stimulus of passing events had shown him to be so unexpectedly master of.

He was making way famously in recovery of lost ground when suddenly what seemed a hillock rose into the air beneath his feet, carrying him up with it and projecting him through the fog to a considerable distance. As he again reached the earth giddy, bewildered and stupid, he had an indistinct idea of hearing a dull, rushing sound, as he afterwards said in his forcible way like a charge of cavalry; and then his senses and consciousness abandoned him altogether, and the great Thompson lay senseless and sprawling on the snow-covered turf, where he remained for a term of which though not very long he never knew the exact duration.

The explanation of the mystery is very simple. He had trodden upon an old cart horse that had been turned out to pick a little of the long winter grass at the roadside during the day and to find a bed under shelter of the hedge at night. The poor creature, in its fright at being jumped upon during its peaceful slumbers, had suddenly sprung to its feet, and so projected Thompson into the air as described.

When he recovered from the shock, he found himself sound in limb and wind, but somewhat bewildered and confused; and was much annoyed to feel such sensations, for he had the greatest antipathy to anything like confusion. He spent some time in trying to decide which way he should go; for though it seemed to him that the fog was less dense, it was still too thick for him to discover any land-marks for his guidance. Everything was perfectly still no sound of any kind broke the intense silence. At last, shivering with cold, he started off rather from the necessity of exercise to clear his brain and circulate his blood than from any very definite choice of direction. After walking some time he gradually recovered his self-possession, warm crept over his numbed limbs; and persistent efforts were rewarded by the appearance of light dimly glimmering though the fog, which he hailed at once as that of his harbor of refuge; the lamp of his cab. Pushing on with a proud sense of eventual conquest over almost unheard of difficulties, he soon reached, not the cab, but the cottage of the Kenton carrier from the window of which twinkled the light he had seen.

This was a terrible blow; but, as I have said Thompson was pluck to the backbone; there was no shirking in him. The fog was evidently beginning to clear, the hedges on each side had become sufficiently visible to enable him to steer his course safely along the middle of the road, and he at once, still undaunted, proceeded to retrace his steps. A spanking walk of an hour and a half brought him to his own gates through which he could clearly distinguish the exit of two carriages—carriages that he knew—the headed phaeton of the Jenkinses and the *char-a-banc* of the Tallmegs. They were the last of the departing guests it was two o'clock in the morning.

He met Mrs. Thompson in the hall, who neither screamed with joy, nor threw herself upon his neck, nor did any of those things which a weaker-minded woman would have done. She merely said:

"My dearest Thompson, how excessively late you are! And there is your man with his cab and horse in the stable yard, who wants twenty four shillings as his charge for twelve miles, at two shillings per mile, and two half-crowns extra; and he has had three glasses of brandy and water which he says you promised him in addition."

At that moment the Misses Jemima and Jannette Thomson came running out of the now empty ball-room, and begged their dear papa not to be vexed at his delay, they had a delightful evening and a beautiful supper as the ices and pheasants, and game pies, and truffles, and champagne came down all safely. The *centre-temps* had not been of the slightest consequence.

And Thompson, though for a moment rather taken aback by this extremely cool view of the case, perceived the next moment that it was the true "business" view after all.

From the Cornhill Magazine.

Hints on Marriage Proposals.

BY AN EXPERIENCED CHAPERON.

Most women allow that in the course of their lives they have gone through at least once the ordeal of a "proposal," but then they feel bound in honor not to disclose circumstances and particulars. Men naturally enough utterly refuse to detail their experiences on this subject. Their Edith or Georgiana sits at the head of their table, and the mystical words used to induce her to accept that happy position, whether inspired by the feelings of the moment, or guided by the light of numerous previous failures, we are never allowed to know. I, therefore, as an elderly matron, hope for some gratitude from the rising generation, if I offer a few suggestions and write down such information on this mysterious subject as I have stored up in the course of a long life.

In the first place, then:—Avoid too much haste in matrimonial matters. A clever writer in the Saturday Review recommends no man to marry till he has seen his beloved with a cold in her head. If his affection will stand this test, nothing, he thinks, can chill it; but this writer, I gather from internal evidence in his own article, is young and a bachelor, and has evidently never made a sea voyage. However, his theory is good, so far as it goes, and might, if generally acted upon, prevent some of the *contretemps* arising from hasty offers of marriage. One such occurs to me at this moment. A proposal was written and sent by by the post in the days when letters travelled quietly at the rate of ten miles an hour on the mail coach. The anxious lover for the first week breathlessly expected the reply, but it did not come. The next week he pined, and was sleepless, still no answer.—The third week he became indignant. "A civil acknowledgement was his due. She was heartless and a flirt." The next week he despised her, and congratulated himself on his escape; and, when at the end of it, he received his own letter back from the Dead Letter Office, because he had, in his agitation, forgotten to direct it, he had so completely outlived his love that he never proposed to that lady at all.

In the second place:—Always deal with principals. If a girl is too young to know her own mind, you had better wait till she is older; and if she is too undecided to judge of her own feelings, why not choose some one a little wiser? I know a fine disposition which was soured, and the course of two lives materially darkened, by a churlish old father, who never told his daughter of the declaration of attachment he had received for her, because he considered the income offered to be insufficient. She thought her feelings had been trifled with, and the man a heartless flirt. Many years afterward she found out, by accident, how much she had misjudged him, but it was then too late.

Let me recommend young girls to shun the man who is, even when making love, wrapped up in himself and his own pursuits, instead of being able to throw his mind into their occupations, or to sympathize with their feelings. Such a man is either narrow-minded or narrow hearted. I once saw a middle aged invalid making love to a young girl. After making great efforts to secure an opportunity of meeting her, he drew his chair close to hers, looked into her face, sighed heavily, drew his chair still closer, and, while she looked at him in astonishment, and I, in the distance, strained my ears to hear what tender remark followed all this preparation, I heard him whisper with great emphasis, "Who is your doctor?" I need hardly say that the proposal failed which followed this well judged commencement. A more pardonable case of man's absorption in his own pursuits was that of a very shy lover, whose one idea was that of a very shy lover, whose one idea was horses. He never found courage to propose till he had persuaded the lady to go into the stable and look at his favorite horse.—There *he* spoke, and there she answered *y s*. But this was natural and pardonable; a shy man may need the canna-ing-ound, and, feeling his own inferiority in the drawing-room, may yet be aware of his superior power in the stable, where his horse is his throne, and he himself a king.

Thirdly.—Never express strong determinations on the subject of marriage unless you mean to break them. I have seldom heard an old bachelor declare that he had quite decided not to marry, without feeling sure that the subject was engrossing a good deal of his thoughts, and soon afterward seeing his marriage announced in the papers. If a man assures you he could never marry a widow, or a fast young lady, or a girl who is fat, he is sure to do it; and when the young girls who honor me with their confidence assure me they never could marry a man who is short, or who can't ride across country, or who wears a beard, or who has only five hundred pounds sterling a year, or a country squire who rides without straps, or forgets to wear gloves, I consider that their doom is sealed, and that their husbands will be the opposite of their youthful ideal in these exact particulars. But people fall generally *du cote ou l' on penche*, and the *penchant* of this generation is certainly not to idolize too much. Warning, therefore, on this head is, perhaps, unnecessary. Rather, I remind them that imagination is, as Schlegel tell us, a garden of Eden within us, which man ought to dress and keep within bounds, not ruthlessly fell.

I plead, therefore, that a little romance be still left around the proposal, even in this money-making and money seeking age. Let the words be spoken at a time and in a place which imagination may love to dwell upon, and beware of the example of Sir O. P.——, a well-known physician. He is said to have rolled the note in which he asked for the Duchess of ——'s hand, round a phial of medicine. She accepted the bitter draught, but refused the man. I have also heard that a beautiful and accomplished lady, who had become an enthusiast in farming, with the view of benefitting her tenants and dependents, was "proposed to" in a new pigsty by an eminent agriculturist, while they were discussing the various arrangements and improvements which might be made in the building. Here an engrossing pursuit in common had assisted the *denouement;* but such similarity of taste may be but temporary, and is a frail foundation for lasting union.

A north country gentleman, a master of hounds, and a man of much character and originality, but shy and peculiar in society, was, by great similarity of taste, thrown much in the way of a lady who rode well.—My elderly cheeks tingle with a blush while I write that, the gentleman, not improving the opportunities given him of declaring his sentiments, when riding home with the lady after hunting, she took a step which, as I am presenting the different aspects and circumstances of proposals, I feel bound, however unwillingly, to relate:—"Why should we not marry, Sir John?" she said, "Ah!" said Sir John, "I had often thought of it."—And married they were!

There are fatalities which seem to attend upon some lovers—strange events, unexpected meetings, which sometimes promote, sometimes prevent proposals. A marriage took place not many years ago, in the great world, where the two lovers (long attached, but separated by the desire of their parents) met under an archway while each taking refuge in London from a sudden shower of rain. Neither of them had the least idea of the neighborhood of the other, when the sudden meeting occurred which decided the course of their future lives. In another case the engagement was broken off on account of limited means, and the gentleman went abroad. Returning after some years' absence, he arrived late on the railway platform, and rushed into the first carriage he reached, just as the train was in motion. In it he found (with her mother) the lady he had been so long vainly endeavoring to forget, and the meeting ended in one of the happiest of marriages.

In matrimony, as in other affairs, it is all important to put the critical question in the way best adapted to the character and disposition of the person concerned. A gentleman who had several sisters—agreeable sensible, and, some of them, fine-looking women—was one day asked how it happened that they all reached middle age unmarried. "I will explain," he replied.—"*Proposals* without attentions, attentions without *proposals*; and this is the clue of my sisters' single life." To take an opposite example. A friend of mine with a warm heart and quick impulses, is much in the habit of decidedly negativing any proposition when first made to her, merely on account of its novelty. One day, while referring to her marriage, I inquired how it happened, with her dislike to new suggestions, that she did not say *no*, when her husband proposed to her. "Ah!" she said, "I did; but he knew my habit, and put the question in such a way that saving no meant yes."

Lastly.—Always secure your retreat in love as in war. This is a precaution never to be neglected. Mr. A——, brother to the late Lord Z——, whose proud and haughty temper was proverbial, proposed to a lady in Portman Square Gardens. After being refused, the rejected lover turned away from her in great indignation, but, finding the gate of the garden locked, was obliged to return to the lady to petition for the key.—Another case still more trying, was that of a gentleman traveling in the North of America, who, after being hospitably received in the house of an officer high in command there, proposed to his host's daughter the evening before his intended departure, and was refused. A deep fall of snow came on in the night; the roads became impassable; and the poor man, to his unspeakable mortification, was detained for a week in the house with the lady who had rejected him.

Such are some of the incidents relating to proposals which occur to me at this moment Stranger and more varied cases will probably rise up to the memory of most of my readers, surrounded, in some instances, by sad and softening recollections; imbittered in others by long and unavailing regrets.

Pause, then, and prosper, my young reader. Bear with you on your pathway the elderly chaperon's best wishes for your happy entrance into this land of promise. Remember the Italian proverb:

"*Mezzo armato*
Che dibitor' donna e omato."

and believe that a marriage based on mutual esteem, built up by lasting affection, and crowned with Heaven's blessing, is the fair remnant left us on earth of the institutions of Paradise.

Reasons for Short Sermons.

As compared with other public addresses, sermons are more frequent and regular in their recurrence; their topics are already more familiar, and partake more of general similarity; there is greater diversity in the audience, comprising the old and the young, the cultivated and the rude, the strong and the infirm; and more time is allowed the speaker for preparation, and therefore for condensation also. These circumstances, especially the presence of invalids and children, should indicate a half or a third of the length of address that might otherwise be required or allowed. As to the weight of precedents in this department, we acknowledge that in the early days of New England, and in the mother country also, especially Scotland, down to a later date, when no exception was taken if the hour-glass was turned only once, venerable names enough may be quoted by the most prolix modern preachers. But "we live in other times," when, to say nothing of less creditable differences, public addresses, as well as books and papers, of all kinds, are marvelously multiplied, and hence require abbreviation. We doubt, too, whether the fathers were as wise as they might have been in this very particular, especially since we have heard men speak of the wearisome and repulsive associations they had formed with the Sabbath from their early years in Scotland, when, seated on a bench too high for their feet to touch the floor, they were compelled to hear and survive both sermons and prayers that seemed to them almost interminable. Be this as it may, better examples are found in the greater part of the last century, and early in the present. John