# Daily Patriot & Union.

VOL. 3. HARRISBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1860. NO 71.

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING,
SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
BY O. BARRETT & CO.

THE DAILY PATRIOT AND UNION will be served to subscribers residing in the Borough for SIX CENTS PER WEEK payable to the Carrier. Mail subscribers, FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

THE WEEKLY will be published as heretofore, semi-weekly during the session of the Legislature, and once a week the remainder of the year, for *two dollars* in advance, or *three dollars* at the expiration of the year.

Connected with this establishment is an extensive JOB OFFICE, containing a variety of plain and fancy type, unequalled by any establishment in the interior of the State, for which the patronage of the public is solicited.



RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Four lines or less constitute half a square. Ten lines or more than four, constitute a square.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Half sq., one day | $0.25 | One sq., one day | $0.50 |
| " one week | 1.00 | " one week | 1.25 |
| " one month | 2.00 | " one month | 3.00 |
| " three months | 3.00 | " three months | 5.00 |
| " six months | 4.00 | " six months | 8.00 |
| " one year | 6.00 | " one year | 10.00 |

☞ Business notices inserted in the LOCAL COLUMN, or before marriages and deaths, FIVE CENTS PER LINE for each insertion. To merchants and others advertising by the year liberal terms will be offered.

☞ The number of insertions must be designated on the advertisement.

☞ Marriages and Deaths will be inserted at the same rates as regular advertisements.

## Books, Stationery, &c.

SCHOOL BOOKS.—School Directors, Teachers, Parents, Scholars, and others, in want of School Books, School Stationery, &c., will find a complete assortment at E. M. POLLOCK & SON'S BOOK STORE, Market Square, Harrisburg, comprising in part the following—

READERS.—McGuffey's, Parker's, Cobb's, Angell's
SPELLING BOOKS.—McGuffey's, Cobb's, Webster's, Town's, Byerly's. Comby's.
ENGLISH GRAMMARS.—Bullion's, Smith's, Wood bridge's, Monteith,s, Tuthill's, Hart's, Wells'.
HISTORIES.—Grimshaw's, Davenport's, Frost's, Wilson's, Willard's, Goodrich's, Pinnock's, Goldsmith's and Clark's.
ARITHMETIC'S.—Greenleaf's, Stoddard's, Emerson's, Pike's, Rose's, Colburn's, Smith and Duke's, Davie's.
ALGEBRAS.—Greenleaf's, Davie's, Day's, Ray's, Bridge's.
DICTIONARYS.—Walker's School, Cobb's, Walker, Worcester's Comprehensive, Worcester's Primary, Webster's Primary, Webster's High School, Webster's Quarto, Academic.
NATURAL PHILOSOPHIES.—Comstock's, Parker's, Swift's. The above with a great variety of others can at any time be found at my store. Also, a complete assortment of School Stationery, embracing in the whole a complete outfit for school purposes. Any book not in the store procured at one days notice.

☞ Country Merchants supplied at wholesale rates.

ALMANACS.—John Baer and Son's Almanac for sale at E. M. POLLOCK & SON'S BOOK STORE, Harrisburg.

☞ Wholesale and Retail. myl

JUST RECEIVED

AT

SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE,

ADAMANTINE SLATES

OF VARIOUS SIZES AND PRICES,

Which, for beauty and use, cannot be excelled.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE,

NO. 18 MARKET STREET. mar2

BOOK AUCTION.

BEN F. FRENCH

Will supply his old friends and customers with the following Books at Auction prices:

Pacific Railroad, 10 vols., complete, 4 illustrations $24.
Japan Expedition, 3 vols., complete, illustrated and illuminated, $12.
Emery's Expedition, 2 vols., complete, illustrated illuminated, $10.
Congressional Globe, $1 50 per volume.
Waverly Novels, complete, 12 vols., cloth, $10.
" " " 27 vols., half calf, $34; &c., &c., &c.

All of the above Books I will deliver in Harrisburg free of charge. BEN F. FRENCH,
278 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.
feb6-dtf

NEW BOOKS!

JUST RECEIVED

"SEAL AND SAY," by the author of "Wide, Wide World," "Dollars and Cents," &c.
"HISTORY OF METHODISM," by A. Stevens, LL.D.
For sale at SCHEFFERS' BOOKSTORE,
sep9 No. 18 Marke st.

JUST RECEIVED,

A LARGE AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF
RICHLY GILT AND ORNAMENTAL
WINDOW CURTAINS,
PAPER BLINDS,
Of various Designs and Colors, for 8 cents,
TISSUE PAPER AND CUT FLY PAPER,
&c [my24] SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE.

WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER!!

Just received, our Spring Stock of WALL PAPER, BORDERS, FIRE SCREENS, &c., &c. It is the largest and best selected assortment in the city, ranging in price from six (6) cents up to one dollar and a quarter ($1.25.)

As we purchase very low for cash, we are prepared to sell at as low rates, if not lower, than can be had elsewhere. If purchasers will call and examine, we feel confident that we can please them in respect to price and quality. E. M POLLOCK & SON,
ap8 Below Jones' House, Market Square.

LETTER, CAP, NOTE PAPERS, Pens, Holders, Pencils, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, of the best quality, at low prices, direct from the manufactories, at
mar30 SCHEFFER'S CHEAP BOOKSTORE

LAW BOOKS! LAW BOOKS!!—A general assortment of LAW BOOKS, all the State Reports and Standard Elementary Works, with many of the old English Reports, *scarce and rare*, together with a large assortment of second-hand Law Books, at very low prices, *at the one price Bookstore of*
E. M. POLLOCK & SON,
my8 Market Square, Harrisburg.

## Miscellaneous.

AN ARRIVAL OF

NEW GOODS

APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON!

SILK FANS! LINEN FANS!! PAPER FANS!!!

ANOTHER AND SPLENDID LOT OF
SPLICED FISHING RODS!
Trout Flies, Gut and Hair Snoods, Grass Lines, Silk and Hair Plaited Lines, and a general assortment of
FISHING TACKLE!
A GREAT VARIETY OF
WALKING CANES!
Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest!
Silver Head Canes! Loaded Canes! Sword Canes! Hickory Canes! Fancy Canes!
KELLER'S DRUG AND FANCY STORE,
NO. 91 MARKET STREET,
South side, one door east of Fourth street je9.

B. J. HARRIS,

WORKER IN TIN,
SHEET IRON, AND
METALLIC ROOFING,
*Second Street, below Chestnut,*
*HARRISBURG, PA.*

Is prepared to fill orders for any article in his branch of business; and if not on hand, he will make to order on short notice!

*METALLIC ROOFING*, of Tin or Galvanized Iron, constantly on hand.

Also, Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, Spouting, &c.

He hopes, by strict attention to the wants of his customers, to merit and receive a generous share of public patronage.

☞ Every promise strictly fulfilled.

B. J. HARRIS,
jan7-dly] Second Street, below Chestnut.

FISH!! FISH!!!

MACKEREL, (Nos. 1, 2 and 3.)
SALMON, (very superior.)
SHAD, (Mess and very fine.)
HERRING, (extra large.)
COD FISH.
SMOKED HERRING, (extra Digby.)
SCOTCH HERRING.
SARDINES AND ANCHOVIES.

Of the above we have Mackerel in whole, half, quarter and eighth bbls. Herring in whole and half bbls.

The entire lot new—DIRECT FROM THE FISHERIES, and will sell them at the lowest market rates.
sep14 WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

FAMILY BIBLES, from 1$ to $10, strong and handsomely bound, printed on good paper, with elegant clear new type, sold at
mch31 SCHEFFER'S Cheap Bookstore.

CRANBERRIES!!!—A SPLENDID LOT just received by
oct19 WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

FOR a superior and cheap TABLE or SALAD OIL go to
KELLER'S DRUG STORE.

THE Fruit Growers' Handbook—by WARING—wholesale and retail at
mch31 SCHEFFER'S Bookstore.

SPERM CANDLES.—A large supply just received by
sep18 WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

IF you are in want of a Dentifrice go to KELLER'S, 91, Market st.

## Livery Stables.

CITY LIVERY STABLES,

BLACKBERRY ALLEY,
*IN THE REAR OF HERR'S HOTEL.*

The undersigned has re-commenced the *LIVERY BUSINESS* in his NEW AND SPACIOUS STABLES, located as above, with a large and varied stock of

*HORSES, CARRIAGES AND OMNIBUSES,*

Which he will hire at moderate rates.
oct13-dly F. K. SWARTZ.

FRANK A. MURRAY
*Successor to Wm. Parkhill,*
LIVERY & EXCHANGE STABLE
THIRD STREET BELOW MARKET.

HAVING purchased the interest of J. Q. Adams in the establishment, and made large additions to the stock, the undersigned is prepared to accommodate the public with SUPERIOR HORSES for Saddle or Carriage purposes, and with every variety of VEHICLES of the latest and most approved styles, on reasonable terms.

PLEASURE PARTIES will be accommodated with Omnibusses at short notice.

Carriages and Omnibuses, for funeral occasions, will be furnished, accompanied by careful and obliging drivers.

He invites an inspection of his stock, satisfied that it is fully equal to that of any other establishment of the kind in town. FRANK A. MURRAY

BRANCH STABLE

The undersigned has opened a branch of his "Livery and Exchange Stable" in the buildings lately occupied by A. W. Barr, in Fourth street, opposite the Bethel, where he is prepared to accommodate the public with Horses and Vehicles, at all times, on reasonable terms. His stock is large and varied, and will recommend itself.
au16-dtf FRANK A. MURRAY.

## Miscellaneous.

TAKE NOTICE!

That we have recently added to our already full stock

OF SEGARS

LA NORMATIE.
HARI KARI.
EL MONO,
LA BANANA.

OF PERFUMERY

FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF:
TURKISH ESSENCE,
ODOR OF MUSK,
LUBIN'S ESSENCE BOUQUET,
FOR THE HAIR:
EAU LUSTRALE,
CRYSTALIZED POMATUM,
MYRTLE AND VIOLET POMATUM.
FOR THE COMPLEXION:
TALC OF VENICE,
ROSE LEAF POWDER,
NEW MOWN HAY POWDER,
BLANC DE PERLES.

OF SOAPS

BAZIN'S FINEST
MOSS ROSE,
BENZOIN,
UPPER TEN,
VIOLET,
NEW MOWN HAY,
JOCKEY CLUB.

Having the largest stock and best assortment of Toilet Articles, we fancy that we are better able than our competitors to get up a complete Toilet Set at any price desired. Call and see.

Always on hand, a FRESH Stock of *DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS*, &c, consequent of our receiving almost daily additions thereto.

KELLER'S DRUG AND FANCY STORE.
91 Market Street, two doors East of Fourth Street,
sep6 South side.

PHOENIX FOUNDRY.

J. J. OSLER. W. F. OSLER.
JOHN J. OSLER & BROTHER,
(SUCCESSORS TO JAMES M. BAY.)
FOUNDERS AND MACHINISTS,
*Corner Pennsylvania Railroad and State Street,*
HARRISBURG, PA.

*MILL GEARING, IRON FENCES, RAILROAD AND CANAL WORK,*
AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF
IRON CASTINGS
ON HAND OR MADE TO ORDER.

MACHINE WORK AND REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

PATTERNS MADE TO ORDER.

We have a large and complete assortment of Patterns to select from. au22

JUST RECEIVED!

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF
HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS!
TO WHICH WE INVITE THE
ATTENTION OF THE AFFLICTED!
For sale at
SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE,
ap9 No. 18 Market st.

WE OFFER TO

CUSTOMERS

A New Lot of
LADIES' PURSES,
Of Beautiful Styles, substantially made
A Splendid Assortment of
GENTLEMEN'S WALLETS.
A New and Elegant Perfume,
KNIGHTS TEMPLARS' BOQUET,
Put up in Cut Glass Engraved Bottles.
A Complete Assortment of
HANDKERCHIEF PERFUMES,
Of the best Manufacture.
A very Handsome Variety of
POWDER PUFF BOXES.
KELLER'S DRUG STORE,
jy31 91 Market street.

ESTABLISHED IN 1810.

FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT.

J. & W. JONES, No. 432 N. Front Street, above Callowhill, Philadelphia, dye *SILKS, WOOLEN AND FANCY GOODS* of every description. Their superior style of Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments is widely known. Crape and Merino Shawls dyed the most brilliant or plain colors. Crape and Merino Shawls cleaned to look like new—also, Gentlemen's apparel. Curtains, &c., cleaned or re-dyed.

☞ Call and look at our work before going elsewhere. sep11-d3m

CHOICE SAUCES!

WORCESTERSHIRE,
LUCKNOW CHUTNY,
CONTINENTAL,
SOYER'S SULTANA,
ATHENÆUM,
LONDON CLUB,
SIR ROBERT PEEL,
INDIA SOY,
READING SAUCE,
ENGLISH PEPPER SAUCE.
For sale by WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.
my10

DYOTTVILLE GLASS WORKS,

*PHILADELPHIA,*
MANUFACTURE
CARBOYS, DEMIJOHNS,
WINE, PORTER, MINERAL WATER, PICKLE AND
*PRESERVE BOTTLES*
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
H. B. & G. W. BENNERS,
oc19-d1y 27 South Front steret, Philadelphia.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.

F. W. WEBER, nephew and taught by the well remembered late F. W. Weber, of Harrisburg, is prepared to give lessons in music upon the PIANO, VIOLIN-CELLO, VIOLIN and FLUTE. He will give lessons at his residence, corner of Locust street and River alley or at the homes of pupils. au25-d6m

SCHEFFER'S Bookstore is the place to buy Gold Pens—warranted

## Coal.

TO THE PUBLIC!

JOHN TILL'S
COAL YARD,
SOUTH SECOND STREET,
*BELOW PRATT'S ROLLING MILL,*
HARRISBURG, PA.,
Where he has constantly on hand
LYKENS VALLEY BROKEN, EGG, STOVE AND NUT COAL.
ALSO,
WILKESBARRE STEAMBOAT, BROKEN, STOVE AND NUT COAL,
*ALL OF THE BEST QUALITY.*

It will be delivered to consumers clean, and full weight warranted.

☞ CONSUMERS GIVE ME A CALL FOR YOUR WINTER SUPPLY.

☞ Orders left at my house, in Walnut street, near Fifth; or at Brubaker's, North street; J. L. Speel's, Market Square; Wm. Bostick's, corner of Second and South streets, and John Lingle's, Second and Mulberry streets, will receive prompt attention.
jy13-d6m JOHN TILL.

COAL! COAL!!

*ONLY YARD IN TOWN THAT DELIVERS]*
COAL BY THE
PATENT WEIGH CARTS!
*NOW IS THE TIME*

For every family to get in their supply of Coal for the winter—weighed at their door by the *Patent Weigh Carts. The accuracy of these Carts no one disputes*, and they never get out of order, as is frequently the case of the Platform Scales; besides, the consumer has the satisfaction of proving the weight of his Coal at his own house.

I have a large supply of Coal on hand, consisting of

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| S. M. CO.'S LYKENS VALLEY COAL | | all sizes, |
| LYKENS VALLEY | do | " " |
| WILKESBARRE | do. | " " |
| BITUMINOUS BROAD TOP | do. | |

All Coal of the best quality mined, and delivered free from all impurities, at the lowest rates, by the boat or car load, single, half or third of tons, and by the bushel.
JAMES M. WHEELER.
Harrisburg, September 24, 1860.—sep25

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

NOW IS YOUR TIME
TO GET CLEAN COAL!
*FULL WEIGHT AND NOTHING SHORT OF IT!*

Thankful to my friends and customers for their liberal patronage, I would inform them and the public generally, that I am fully prepared, on short notice, to supply them with all kinds of

SUPERIOR COAL OF ALL SIZES,
FREE FROM SLATE, AND CAREFULLY SCREENED,
AT AS LOW A
*FIGURE AS FAIR DEALING WILL AFFORD!*

Although my Coal is not weighed in SELF-WEIGHING CARTS, BUT IS WEIGHED ON SCALES ACCURATELY TESTED BY THE SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES, and consumers may rest assured that they will be fairly and honestly dealt with. I sell nothing but the very best article, and no mixing.

Also, HICKORY, OAK and PINE WOOD always on hand. sep4-d3m GEO. P. WIESTLING.

UP TOWN!

*PATENT WEIGH CARTS.*

For the convenience of my numerous up town customers, I have established, in connection with my old yard, a Branch Coal Yard opposite North street, in a line with the Pennsylvania canal, having the office formerly occupied by Mr. R. Harris, where consumers of Coal in that vicinity and Verbeketown can receive their Coal by the

PATENT WEIGH CARTS,
*WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE FOR HAULING,*

And in any quantity they may desire, as low as can be purchased *anywhere.*

*FIVE THOUSAND TONS COAL ON HAND,*
OF LYKENS VALLEY and WILKESBARRE, all sizes.

☞ *Willing to maintain fair prices, but unwilling to be undersold by any parties.*

☞ All Coal forked up and delivered clean and free from all impurities, and the *best* article mined.

Orders received at either Yard will be promptly filled, and all Coal delivered by the *Patent Weigh Carts.*

Coal sold by Boat, Car load, single, half or third of tons, and by the bushel.
JAMES M. WHEELER.
Harrisburg, October 13, 1860.—oct15

## Medical.

HELMBOLD'S HELMBOLD'S
HELMBOLD'S HELMBOLD'S
HELMBOLD'S HELMBOLD'S
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Extract Buchu, Extract Buchu,
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*FOR SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS.*
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A Positive and Specific Remedy.
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A Positive and Specific Remedy.

FOR DISEASES OF THE

*BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,*
*BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,*
*BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,*
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*BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,*
ORGANIC WEAKNESS,
ORGANIC WEAKNESS,
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ORGANIC WEAKNESS,
ORGANIC WEAKNESS,
ORGANIC WEAKNESS,
ORGANIC WEAKNESS,
*And all Diseases of Sexual Organ,*
*And all Diseases of Sexual Organ,*
*And all Diseases of Sexual Organ,*
*And all Diseases of Sexual Organ,*
*And all Diseases of Sexual Organ,*
*And all Diseases of Sexual Organ,*
*And all Diseases of Sexual Organ,*
ARISING FROM

Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
From whatever cause originating, and whether existing in
MALE OR FEMALE.

Females, take no more Pills! They are of no avail for Complaints incident to the sex. Use

EXTRACT BUCHU.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu is a Medicine which is perfectly pleasant in its

*TASTE AND ODOR,*

But immediate in its action, giving Health and Vigor to the Frame, Bloom to the Pallid Cheek, and restoring the patient to a perfect state of

HEALTH AND PURITY.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu is prepared according to Pharmacy and Chemistry, and is prescribed and used by *THE MOST EMINENT PHYSICIANS.*

Delay no longer. Procure the remedy at once.
Price $1 per bottle, or six for $5.
Depot 104 South Tenth street, Philadelphia.

BEWARE OF UNPRINCIPLED DEALERS

Trying to palm off their own or other articles of BUCHU on the reputation attained by

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU,

The Original and only Genuine.

We desire to run on the

*MERIT OF OUR ARTICLE!*

Their's is worthless—is sold at much less rates and commissions, consequently paying a much better profit.

WE DEFY COMPETITION!

Ask for
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.
*Take no other.*

Sold by JOHN WYETH, Druggist, corner of Market and Second streets, Harrisburg.

*AND ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.*
no14 d&w3m.


# The Patriot & Union.

THURSDAY MORNING, NOV. 22, 1860.

## *CAPTAIN THOMAS.*

I hold it as a rule that nine men out of ten are unfortunate in their first attachments; and I hold it as another rule, that it's a very good thing for them that they are. If my first love had been successful, I should have united myself to a young lady of thirty-five, assistant at a pastry cook's in the neighborhood of the academy where I was educated, with whom I became enamored at the age of nine and three-quarters. Naturally, the lady repulsed my addresses on account of my tender years, though I had two Latin grammars, a book of French exercises, a penknife, Telemachus—with the verbs in italic—and a new pair of boots; with which I offered to endow her upon my marriage. I wept when she refused me, and she gave me a stale Bath bun, which had the effect of choking rather than of consoling me. I believe she was a fat woman with red hair; but I saw her then with the glamor of first love about her, and I thought she was a happy combination of Mary Queen of Scots (I was familliar with that ill-used potentate through an itinerant exhibition of waxwork) and a young lady I had seen at Richardson's, dancing the Highland Fling.

So I, being one of the nine men out of the ten above alluded to, was unlucky in my first attachment.

I can't say that I was any more fortunate in my second, which flame was illumined by the bright eyes of a cousin three years older than myself, who boxed my ears on my declaring myself in the back parlor on a wet Sunday. I knew to what cause to attribute this repulse; I was not yet out of jackets, and I glanced behind me in the direction where my coat tails ought to have been, and felt there was my enemy.

My third passion was equally luckless; my fourth no more successful; and I really think I had the honor of having my hand in marriage refused seventeen times, counting from the pastry cook, when my happy stars (I said happy stars then, I know now how the hand of a malignant genius was in the business) threw me across the path of Rosa Matilda. I met her at a tea party at Somers Town, whither my sisters had taken me in a cab—for which I had to pay—tight boots and a white waistcoat. Now I have always considered that the end and aim of that snare and delusion which is popularly called a friendly cup of tea is to sit in an uncomfortable position in an uncomfortable chair; drink hot weak tea, which afflicts you with temporary dropsy; eat spongy preparations of the genus lun or muffin, which inflict grief upon your digestive organs; utter articulate inanities and let your hands get red. I am not a very brilliant man, I believe, at the very best of times. I never remember throwing an assembly into convulsions of laughter or electrifying it with my eloquence. I may have done so often, but my modesty has prevented my being conscious of the fact. But oh, let me be so luckless as to be invited to join "a few friends" to tea at seven, and the veriest phantasm of a "phantasm captain" is a Chamier, Maryatt or Basil Hall, in powers of amusing conversation, compared to me. Oh, how I hate the simpering hostess in her best silk gown! but I know that she is fidgety about that eighteen-penn'orth of cream, that won't go round with the third cup, and that her heart sinketh at the sight of a three-cornered bit of muffin dropped, greasiest side downwards, on the new Brussels; yes, I know she is wretched, and I could almost pity her. But oh, my hatred for the "few friends!" I hope that young man from the War Office has got tight boots on too; there is a look about the corners of the mouth that can come from nothing but corns. Yes; I am no physiognomist if that nervous twitch of the facial muscles doesn't mean hard corns, and the patent-leather is drawing them. He and I, in all that heartless throng, are friends and brothers. But for the rest—who seem to have not a care on earth, whose proper element seems hot weak tea with too much sugar in it, and to whom underdone sponges appear to be wholesome and invigorating food—for them my hatred is unalloyed by any touch of sympathy or pity. We are foes—foes to the death, or rather to the door-mat; for once out of the abominable Castle of Despair—when once their cabs have driven them off to the "Supreme Silences," and mine has driven me to my lodgings, I think of them no more.

I digress. *Revenons a nos moutons;* that is to say, Rosa Matilda. I met her at a tea-party. Oh, that so lovely an Aphrodite could rise out of the mud ocean of a "few friends." I think I was more than usually brilliant that evening. I asked her if she'd seen Millais's "Vale of Rest," and if she didn't think the nuns were ugly? I knew I was safe in saying this; I'd heard the remark made so often. I asked her if she liked muffins? and if she didn't consider them indigestible? and if she didn't think they were always administered to people at a tea-party to incapacitate them from eating any supper? She said I was a quiz, she was sure. I was glad she was sure, because I was myself by no means so convinced of the fact. I asked her if she'd read the "Tale of Two Cities," and if she didn't think it more affecting than "Pickwick?" I asked her which she liked best, "Frederick the Second" or the "Virginians;" and which of the heroines of the Idyls she thought would have made the best housekeeper for a young man who married on two hundred a year? Enid, no doubt, because she didn't mind wearing faded silk. She told me she thought Geraint a horrid brute of a husband, and that Lancelot was the only man in the book worth anything; and that Guinivere was very silly in throwing away the diamonds, even if she threw off the lover. She thought Elaine a very forward young person, who couldn't leave off running after the men, even when she was dead. This and much more she said, which I to hear of course did seriously incline—in fact so seriously, that I ran some risk of sliding off my hostess's slippery embroidered chair in bending over the scented tresses of the lovely being who was seated on a low confessional by my side. Rapturous moments! I remarked on the opposite side of the room the female parent of my charmer, who from time to time cast uneasy glances in the direction of her daughter and myself; presently she addressed some few whispered words to our hostess, and either my eyes deceived me or that lady's lips shaped the syllables "five hundred a year and expectations." At any rate the communication was pleasing, and the mamma of my loveliest smiled radiantly upon her child. After tea she sang, and I turned over the leaves of her music—delightful task? I believe I always turned them over in the wrong place. Who could keep his eyes upon inanimate crochets and quavers while she was singing? In short, my time was come! I beheld my first love—all but seventeen. The evening was a dream; she sang—I didn't know what she sang; she played—it might be Sebastian Bach, or it might be variations on the Christy Minstrel Melodies—but it was to me the music of the spheres, and would have been had it been the merest domestic request to "Polly" to make the ordinary preparations for the evening meal. I took her into supper. I sat next her at supper, and we were crowded. I procured her chicken, and I carved a tongue for her. I sent a lot of parti-colored jujubes which adorned that comestible into her lap in my enthusiasm; but "*Amare et sapere——;*" the proverb is somewhat musty—but nobody ever did you know. Oh, the nectar that these dismal liquids the two shillings Cape and the two-and-sixpenny Marsala, to say nothing of the African sherry, became when you quaffed them by her side! I introduced her to my sisters. They said afterwards in the cab going home that she was an affected thing, and that her crinoline set vilely. What did I care for her crinoline?—And if that silk, as they said, was bought in St. Paul's Churchyard and would wear greasy, what did I care? My Enid was lovelier than all the world; and as to her faded silk—why, I'd buy her a new one—or she should have it dyed—and so, and so. Mamma—her mamma—she wore a front; but she was her mamma; and, it was a mighty effort, but I always looked as if I believed in it. Her mamma asked me to call; and I knew most of the managers of the West end theatre (I hope those gentlemen will forgive me, but they must have been in love with her themselves at some period of their existence,) and that I could get orders, and might I bring them to the Pocklintons?—[Pocklinton was my Rosa Matilda's surname. Mr. Pocklinton (Mrs. P. was a widow) had been in the Postoffice—I never asked what; he might have been a "two penny" or a "general" for aught I cared.] I might bring the orders. I did. I got them from my old friend Scrauncher, who does the theatricals for the Daily Scarifier; and I treated him to uncountable "bitters" at the hostelry where he broke cover. So Rosa Matilda, Mrs. P. and myself went in a cab, I with my back to the horse, of course; but cabs are narrow, and she was opposite; I didn't think the fare from Mornington-place to the Olympic too much.

Oh, my Rosa, "hollow-hearted!" Where, where are the twopences I used to spend on those dear, deluding yellow omnibusses, that were always beckoning to me in the Strand, and that would draw me to the Hampstead-road in spite of myself? The conductors must have known my secret—there was a degree of insinuation in the tone in which these Circes in corduroy would utter the familiar cry of "S't'road!" that convinced me they knew my weakness.

Well, my eighteenth venture seemed to be a fortunate one; Rosa Matilda and I were engaged. Yes; I had said one day in the drawing-room (mamma had a call to make and would I excuse her?)—we were alone—I had said "that the happiness—future life—depended—one word—render happy or miserable." And Rosa Matilda had said, "Lor, Mr. Strothers! (I forgot to mention, by-the-by, that my name is Strothers—Christian name, Benjamin—and that has told against me on some occasions.) Lor, Mr. Strothers! what can I say to make you happy or miserable?" "What can you say—?" and then, and then—the old, old pitiful, hackneyed, worn-out, new and original, eminently successful farce! the blushes, the smiles, the tears, the little trembling hand, the surprise, and all the shabby old properties thereunto belonging, and I am accepted.

Seventeen performances had, perhaps, taken a little of the freshness out of the said cosmopolitan farce. Seventeen wakings from the same dream made it, perhaps, rather hard to forget that the dream was a dream. Perhaps there was an *arriere pensee* even in that gush of rapture, and I may have thought, I am only playing at being happy after all. But, *carpe diem*, and here is Mrs. Pocklinton come home; and "Well, she never!—and of all the suprising things—and Rosey, naughty girl, to be so sly—and how strange that she should never have had the least idea!" And I have not the slightest doubt that this woman and her daughter had talked over me and my prospects, and the advantage of a marriage with me, and the conflicting advantages of that offer of Brown's, and that possible offer of Jones's, with the strong probability that before long Robinson himself might "pop," these hundred times by their bedroom fires during our brief acquaintance. But better, as the poet says, "to have loved and lost!"—better to have been the weakest of fools than to loose the capability of being made a fool of—better the maddest dream earth can give than that sober waking which tells us we can dream no more! So I was, upon the whole, glad, that Rosa Matilda accepted me, and I bought her a turquois ring that afternoon, and I put it upon her finger after tea.

So we were engaged; I had taken a house and furnished it, guided by my future mother-in-law. The day was fixed for our marriage. It was to take place in December. We were now in November; yes, we were in that dreary and suicidal month, when I for the first time heard his name—the name of my unknown and mysterious rival—the name of the being on whom, for some months of my life, I poured the inarticulate anathema, the concentrated hate of a hitherto peaceful mind. It was in this wise: we had been to the theatre; we had seen a farce; I forget the title, but I know Mr. Buckstone had his coat split up the back, and that everybody took everybody for somebody else; so, as I dare say these incidents only occur in one piece, my readers will recognize the dramatic production of which I have forgotten the name. We had been to the theatre and I had returned to the Pocklintons to supper; we had scalloped oysters—I was helped twice; the bottled ale was peculiarly delicious. Life seemed that night one bright and golden dream. I little knew the Damoclesian sword which was at that moment dangling from the whitewashed medallion in the centre of the ceiling. I little knew that the Thunderer had his bolt in his hand, and was only waiting the most convenient moment for launching that instrument at the devoted head of Benjamin Strothers, of the Inner Temple. I had my fork midway between my plate and my mouth—the moderator lamp was burning brightly—that nightmare of a young woman in a rustic dress was asking that eternal "momentous question" of that Frankenstein of a man in chains on the wall opposite me—the fire was fierce and glowing, a cinder fell out into the fender, I remember (so, in the great epochs of our lives, do the most trivial things impress us!) I wondered whether the housemaid would use that cinder in the morning to light the fire or whether she would throw it on the ash-heap in the back garden—when Mrs. Pocklinton remarked, "You are fond of fish, Mr. Strothers?" I thought this was a hit at me for having been helped twice; if it was it was mean; for weren't those very oysters part of a barrel of Colchesters of my own presenting?

"You are fond of fish—wasn't Captain Thomas fond of fish, Rosey?"

The sword had dropped—the bolt was launched—the Thunderer put his hands in his pockets, and, I dare say, resumed that little skirmish with the oxeyed about his predilection for late hours and fancy dress—the blow was struck! Captain Thomas!

The reader will naturally observe, "Well, what then? What then! There is nothing in the mere mention of the name of Captain Thomas; there is nothing even in Captain Thomas being fond of fish." But I think there is a great deal in Rosa Matilda's starting up at the mention of that name, putting her handkerchief to her eyes and darting hurriedly from the room.

"Sensitive child!" said Mrs. Pocklinton. "It is very odd how we actually daren't mention his name before her. It was a most extraordinary infatuation!"

Extraordinary infatuation! Now this was pleasant for me, wasn't it?

"And pray, madame," I said, not without some degree of severity, "may I be allowed (I laid a little sarcastic stress upon "allowed") to inquire who (another sarcastic stress upon "who," and then I was done up in the way of breath) Captain Thomas may be?"

"Oh," said Mrs. P., "the dearest creature! He was——" And she didn't say what he was, for at this very moment re-entered Rosa Matilda with red eyes.

"Forgive me, dear Benjamin, for being so silly; I know its very, very weak and childish; but he loved me so, poor dear, and I I——" symptoms of more tears. "I'd had him so long."

She had him so long! He couldn't have been——No; that was too horrible! And, besides, he was a captain—a warrior—a man of mature years—an accepted lover of course—my predecessor in the affections of this false girl and Mrs. P.'s scalloped oysters.

Well, what was to be done? Discard Rosa Matilda and get the upholsterer to take back the furniture at a reduction, like the dear, volatile hero of M. de Kock's romance, who was always furnishing apartments and always selling his movables and garnitures. No; prudence whispered I should lose by the transaction, and I loved Rosa Matilda. This Captain Thomas, this military or naval commander, as the case might be, was a being of the past. I, I was the conqueror; and when once married to Rosa Matilda, I registered an inward vow, that it should be my care that she should have more substantial causes for red eyes than phantasm Captain Thomases.

So, I let it pass; and I had hot brandy and water after supper, and Rosa Matilda had spoonfulls out of my glass, and she burnt my hand with the bowl of the spoon in fascinating playfulness, and we behaved with the infantine simplicity of a pair of turtle doves, to whom sorrow and sighing and Captain Thomases were unknown.

The first time, I have said before, it was in this wise; the second time it was in another wise.

Our house was furnished, and we went one afternoon to look at it. The Brussels was down in the dining-room—the tapestry in the drawing-room. It was Mrs. P.'s taste. I don't believe in sky-blue roses in a primrose ground; but I dare say she did, and she would have the carpet. The Kidderminsters upstairs were the most innocent, gushing, simple-minded paterns you ever saw. They were meant, I believe, to represent grass, but they had the effect of green vermicelli; but didn't they throw up the white curtains and the white and gold china, and the maple wardrobe with looking glass doors and china knobs to the drawers! Mrs. P. said the house was a bijou, and that if the two treasures she had recommended to us, as cook and housemaid, only kept it in order, as she would see that they did (I said "Thank you." I made a mental resolve to have no interference from her; but there was no harm in saying "thank you,") we should have the most perfect establishment at the West End. It was Camden Town, but she called it the West End. Well, we were in the drawing-room; we had admired everything—and Rosa Matilda would make me open all the cabinet drawers and all the chiffonier doors; they were stiff and I hurt myself, but we weren't married yet, so of course I couldn't be rude enough to refuse—and we were just going away, when all of a sudden Mrs. P. was struck by the hearth rug.

"It was so beautifully soft; and those lovely forget-me-nots! (The blue roses were forget-me-nots.) Such an exquisite—she might say—poetical idea. It was really like walking on the 'Idayalls of the King,' 'It seemed the heaven,' if she might be so bold as to make such a paraphrase, 'upbreaking through the hearth.'"

I said, "Oh, ah; yes, to be sure." I didn't quite know what she was driving at, when Rosa Matilda said, in her most gushing manner—that was the worst of Rosa Matilda, she would gush:

"Oh mamma, mamma! wouldn'nt Captain Thomas have been happy here?"

Oh, upon my word! I was close to a spring sofa and I sank down on it aghast. I—I—had furnished this house. I had submitted to, perhaps, such extortion from the most respectable of tradesmen as no man ever before endured.—Mrs. P. paid the bills for me; and there was a new sofa, value £12 12s., if a half penny, in her drawing-room in Mornington place, that I never quite made out. I had done all this, and now I was told how happy Captain Thomas would have been in this house of my providing. Oh! I am not a man prone to use unconstitutional language, but I said "Oh!" But, bless you, this was nothing; the