

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

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DR. S. ARMOR, HOMOEPATHIC PHYSICIAN. Office and Residence in Locust street, opposite the Post Office. OFFICE PRIVATE. Columbia, April 25, 1857-6m.

DR. J. H. BOHRER, H. V. M. Associate in the Practice of Medicine. Columbia, April 1st, 1856-11.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN, DENTIST, Locust street, near the Post Office. Columbia, May 3, 1856.

H. M. NORTH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Collections, promptly made, in Lancaster and York Counties. Columbia, May 4, 1856.

J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, September 10, 1856.

GEORGE J. SMITH, Wholesale and Retail Bread and Cake Baker. Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, to mention: Crackers, Soda, Wine, Scroll, and Sugar Biscuits; Confectionery, every description, &c. &c. Between the Bank and Franklin House. Feb. 2, '56.

B. F. APFOLD & CO., GENERAL FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS. COAL AND PRODUCE. And Dealers on any point on the Columbia and Philadelphia Railroad, to York and Baltimore and to Pittsburgh.

DEALERS IN COGNAC, FINE OLD GRAIN WHISKY AND BACON. Just received a large lot of Monaghan's Recalled Whisky, of Pittsburgh, of which they keep a supply constantly on hand, at low prices. Nos. 1, 2 and 6 Canal Basin. Columbia, January 27, 1854.

OATS FOR SALE BY THE BUSHEL, or in larger quantities. At Nos. 1, 2 & 6 Canal Basin. B. F. APFOLD & CO. Columbia, January 26, 1856.

Just Received, 50 BBS. PRIME GROUND NUTS, at J. R. SMITH'S Wholesale and Retail Confectionery Establishment, Front street, two doors below the Washington House, Columbia, October 20, 1856.

Just Received, 20 HDS. SHOULDERS, 15 TIERCES HAMS. For sale by Nos. 1, 2 and 6 Canal Basin. Columbia, October 18, 1856.

Rapp's Gold Pens. CONSTANTLY on hand, an assortment of these celebrated PENS. Persons in want of good articles are invited to call and examine them. Columbia, June 29, 1855. JOHN FELIX.

Just Received, A LARGE LOT of Children's Carriages, Gigs, Rocking Horses, Wheelbarrows, Precipitated Nursery Swings, &c. GEORGE J. SMITH, Locust street. April 19, 1856.

CHINA and other Fancy articles, too numerous to mention, for sale by G. J. SMITH, Locust street, between the Bank and Franklin House. Columbia, April 19, 1856.

THE undersigned have been appointed Agents for the sale of Cook & Co's GUTTA PERCHA PENS, warranted to be correct in all that they almost equal the quality. Columbia Jan. 17, 1855. S. YALOR & McDONALD.

Just Received, A BEAUTIFUL lot of Lamp Shades, viz. Victoria, Valencia, and Red Rose, and the new French Fruit Shade, which can be seen in the window of the Golden Mortar Drug Store. November 29, 1856.

A LARGE lot of Shaker Corn, from the Shaker settlement in New York, for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON'S. Columbia, Dec. 30, 1856.

HAIR DYE'S, Jones' Batchelor's, Peter's and Egyptian hair dyes, warranted to color the hair, without injury to the scalp. For sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front street, Columbia, Pa. May 10, 1856.

FARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Commercial and other Gold Pens—the best in the market—just received. For sale by F. BREINER. Columbia, April 25, 1855.

EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR, by the barrel, for sale by Nos. 1, 2 and 6 Canal Basin. Columbia, June 7, 1856. B. F. APFOLD & CO.

WHY should any person do without a Clock, when they can be had for \$1.50 and upwards. BREINER'S? Columbia, April 23, 1855.

SAPONIFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for making Soap. 1 lb. is sufficient for one barrel of Soap, or 1 lb. for 8 lbs. Hard Soap. Full directions will be given at the Country of making Soap, Hard and Fancy Soaps. For sale by R. WILLIAMS. Columbia, March 21, 1855.

A LARGE lot of Baskets, Brooms, Buckets, Brushes, &c., for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON. Columbia, Dec. 30, 1856.

WIKER'S Instantaneous Yeast or Baking Powder, for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON. Columbia, Dec. 30, 1856.

A SUPERIOR article of PAINT OIL, for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front street, Columbia, Pa. May 10, 1856.

JUST RECEIVED, a large and well selected variety of Brushes, containing in part, Hair, Cloths, Combs, Nail, and Tooth Brushes, and a fine assortment of Hair and Fancy Brushes. For sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front street, Columbia, Pa. May 10, 1856.

A SUPERIOR article of TONIC PINK PILLS, suitable for Hotel Keepers, for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front street, Columbia, Pa. May 10, 1856.

FRESH ETHERAL OIL, always on hand, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front street, Columbia, Pa. May 10, 1856.

JUST RECEIVED, FRESH CAMPBELL'S and Co's sale of 1000 LBS. New City Brand Ham and Shoulders, just received and for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON. Feb. 2, 1857.

Poetry.

Our Lettice.
I said to Lettice, our sister Lettice,
"While drooped and twinkled her lashes brown,
"Your man's a poor man, a cold and down man,
There's many a better about our town."
She laughed securely: "He loves me purely;
A true heart's safer than smile or frown;
And nothing harms me when his heart warms me,
Let the world go up or the world go down."

"He comes of strangers; strangers are rangers,
Aye, trusting nothing that's out of sight;
New folk may blame ye, or e'er defend ye,
A gown overhauled looks seldom white."
She raised serenely her eyelids queasily:
"My innocence is my whitest gown;
No ill tongue grieves me, while he believes me,
Whether the world goes up or down."
"Your man's a frail man—was ne'er a hale man,
And sickness knocketh at many a door;
And death comes making bolt hearts come breaking."
Our Lettice quivered but once—no more:
"If death should enter, enter to the centre,
Our small home palace, all crumbling down,
He will not blight us, nor diannise us;
Life bears Love's cross, Death bring Love's crown."
[Harpers' Weekly.]

Selections.

The Laird's Seam.

Thrift, whose humors were wont to be passing vapors, under this provocation both lay down and rose up in bitterness. Wat was off ere she awoke, while there was yet a star in the bleak morning sky, to marshal his troop, and to see them what their sickles before he returned for breakfast. The laird was abroad, too, striding, early as it was, to his will-o'-the-wisp on the moor—so completely the centre of his aspirations, that if it should be quenched, Thrift felt as if the very lamp of life, that still burned so brightly in the old student of nature's making, would leap up and sink in premature darkness.

Thrift went sullenly about her household duties, was listless and careless about her usual brisk business, soundly rebuffed little Wat when he was attacked with a refractory desire to continue dabbling in the water from which he had emerged, in order to proceed with the next stages of his toilette, sending him shaming, with defiant little sobs, to stand with his smeared face turned to the chamber wall. At length breakfast was ready; and catching little Wat by the hand, to drag him from the demon fire, Thrift issued into the raw air, traversing the little fir wood swaying in the morning breeze, and turning her steps to the pit, in order to summon her father to his morning meal. There was an unusual stir about the working, and Thrift paused on the first knock to watch the scene. There it lay, so close to her that she could not only distinguish the actors, but hear their words—

There were the heaps of hardened, trampled down clay-slate and limestone surrounding the smouldering peat fire—there the black yawning cavity, in which treasures more potent than diamonds might lie buried—there the rude machine that creaked round and round, dragged by the old grey pony, with his dizzying mechanical pace, and the orrick in the neck he seemed to have acquired in his endless circles. The whole had a cheerlessness and a dismal crumbling aspect that seemed to eschew gain, and to pertain to disaster and decay; and agreed with the cold October sky and the flat which it overlooked.

But in place of the slouching, lounging figure or two that waited on the ascent of the tub, and emptied its contents, and the one stationary man that contemplated their labors, there was a little knot of excited workmen, remonstrating against the solitary voice of command they yet hesitated to disobey.

The laird stood erect and still, extending his arm and giving his orders clearly and distinctly as ever he had done in his life. "Unyoke the pony, and you, Simon Moys, lead him over to Claygates; his wind's sair sport, but his back's no broken, and he'll supply the place of the gude grey mare that fell wi' the full cart and broke her hough bone last night; the lave e'en gae into the forgin, and yoke to the trams, and pull shoutherto to shouter till noon.

The men looked at each other rebelliously, and then a spokesman came forward a pace and addressed Ringan Cockburn—"It may be neebor-like, laird, for you to lend a hand to Claygates wi' the corn no in, and Martin's nigh," said he, grumblingly but respectfully, as men will respect those who have self-respect waiten broadly, even in furrows and bleached hair; "and I'll say we would be sweer to resist your bidding, for you're a just master and a kind, and some o' us have been born and bred on your land; but to render ourselves brute beasts to please you, and work out your dreams, is mair than any mortals could accord."

There was an acquiescent murmur from his companions, followed by a pause. The laird lifted his hand to his brow, and then looked in the rough weather-beaten face of the ringleader with bright, unfinching eyes, without a contortion of passion or shame disturbing a muscle of his own countenance. "Man Simon," he said, simply and composedly, "yer so far richt, I would be neeborlike in the hairest to Claygates were it in my power, but I'm sair straightened for siller; I'm sending off poor Rory, whose for-bear I rode when I was a laddie, and to help Claygates, but to bring me a last pound note or the coal will be found."

The men stirred and started in blank dismay, and then broke into a unanimous outcry:

"Gie in, laird, howk nae deeper; ye've waured ower muckle already; the day's dead set against you; and you'll never licht a spunk frae that hole."

But the laird's voice bore down the clamor like a trumpet, such a rallying sound was in its dauntless words—"Gie in, when the hard battle's fought and victory won—the fuel that shall blink in our hearthstones and gladden them, and raise mair biggins on Watery Butts than there are anns on a barley head! Doubt Providence while he's left a twig to hing by! Yer mistean, lads; and casting off his coat, Ringan laid his own hands on the poles, as if the might of his spirit alone would impel dull wood and rusty iron. But the men were ashamed for the moment, and inspired with a common reaction, "Na laird," they said confusedly, pushing forward, "we'll no fail you now. We'll stick by you another day though we be to replace Rory; wha kens but this may be the last bout, and something may be in it;" and, as if they had been oracles, those rude impulsive men pulled round the machine with right good will. A faint, hollow call, repeated and prolonged, rose from the pit-mouth. Was it, after all, the proclamation of great tidings—had the last mine been driven to victory—the planting of the standard on new fields, that were to render unfavored Watery Butts opulent and famous? The men tugged and strained till drops started on their toil-worn brows, and a strange fire of kindled expectation glowed in their eyes. The laird stood firm, but with a tighter contraction of the sagacious lip, and an unconscionable lowering of the white eyebrows, but how the great heart within must have panted and prayed!

No tub containing the smallest fragments of the long-sought, much coveted mineral, whether in slaty layers or shining lumps—a white, scared face, how unlike the har-binger of fortune and thanksgiving—a hoarse voice, calling out wildly, "Row, for God's sake; there's twa forby me, and the sides o' the mine are cracking like the ice on Cambus Loch."

The fated words were scarcely uttered, the tottering feet landed, when a hollow rumble, like the roar of surf, a muffled, sharp report, like the crack of a volley of musketry, a concussion of the solid earth beneath their feet, a cloud of dust rising from that great yawning grave, and men's hearts quailing, ebbing for a second, flowing back in a wail and lament of horror and woe.

"Laird, laird!" called Simon Moys, clutching his master by the arm, and confronting him with dire accusation in his appalled, wrathful face, "ye tempted the Lord, wha had gien us the braid peat moss and bidden us be content, and his curse has fallen for your sin on innocent heads."

Ringan Cockburn spurned the touch, and the red blood returned to his white lips as he shouted for spade and shovel, and clutched the rope hanging over the pit mouth—"Much need was there of a leader's presence of mind, or immediate, vigorous action; for, work as their comrades might, with the strength of brotherhood yearning over their fate—let the whole country side be arrested to relieve their strenuous exertions, it would be mair night before these human bodies could be drawn from the pile of sand and stones heaped high above the ground, where they struck their picks, living, life-like men that morning."

Women, with their fluttering gowns and shawls, were appearing on many a meandering line across the moor, trudging to their work with their pitchers and baskets, conveying breakfast to husbands and sons terribly engaged. At the first suspicion of evil, they flocked in, tossing their arms and screaming in sore distress. For, who were the sufferers? What wretched wife or mother was to find her own in that buried pair, gone forth from them in strength and security—to win their bread—to shelter and cherish them—to be praised or abused never more?

Lawrie Blair, the wild but good natured prodigal, whom the laird had so often forgiven, the sole support of the fractious, ailing mother, who was continually bemoaning his sins—and there she was, she who had not walked half the distance for years, already apprised of the calamity—tumbling along, her feeble hands twitching at her neckerchief or check apron.

"Oh, Lawrie, Lawrie, hae ye come to this? Laird, laird, save the lad that wad hae died for ye afore the doocest an' doocest man in your employ—that has deet for ye! Wae's me, wae's me! Had ye lived but a ditcher, my bairn, like your father afore ye, ye wad hae been to the fore through mony another spree."

Thrift took her by the hand and found a seat for her on the grass, and tried to tell her to take heart, for Lawrie was in the Lord's hand, even in that overwhelmed pit, and that he had been found at his post of duty, though it was but a miner's shaft.

CHAPTER IV.
A murmur was spreading among the workers, paralyzing their efforts; glances of far deeper commiseration and distress a hundred fold shot around; Simon Moys again stood out, and taking off his cap, communicated something reluctantly and hesitatingly to the laird. Ringan Cockburn staggered and looked up pitiously to the leaden sky. No—no. It could not be!

"Father," said Thrift, joining him, and suddenly aware of a strange overlook, "why is Wat not here? Send him and the banners word; they'll take their turn with the miners. Wat will do the work of two men; ay, however grieved he may be to see this sight."

"Let alone, Thrift, my woman," replied the laird, weakly. "Wat's housing the sheaves, and he could do no gude here; you see there's no room for the folk already—There's relay upon relay; let a' be."

"Housing the sheaves when men's lives are to save!" Thrift remonstrated indignantly. "Father, ye dinna ken what you say, or how sair ye wrang Wat. I'll run for him myself."

"Bide still, Thrift, bide here, I command you," the laird exclaimed, violently. Thrift was thunderstruck; she looked at her father, shaking in every limb, his fine tranquility face working with emotion. She caught the glances of the others, now turned from Tib Blair, sitting rocking herself on the moor; all directed to herself with the same inexpressible gentleness and solemnity beaming so strangely from those familiar, homely faces. The truth gleamed upon her, the awful fact that Wat, rexed by her pain and resentment, had risen from his bed; and, as if possessed by a dark fate, had gone where he had not been for weeks, to the pit bed; and, before the main portion of the workmen assembled, had borrowed a miner's tools and descended the shaft—either seized with a wild superstitious notion of trying his individual luck in the costly and condemned speculation—or with a calmer purpose of attempting to satisfy himself by actual eyesight, whether it held out the least glimmering of the result on which the laird yet pinned his faith.

Still and stark, or uttering stifled groans of mortal anguish, fathoms beneath their feet, crushed and concealed in a living grave, with the clouds and stones heaped on his unconfined, unshrouded breast, lay comely, kind Wat Cockburn, the husband and father, in the flush and promise of his manhood.

Thrift's blue eyes glared upon the witnesses, her white cheek grew a purple red, and she dropped down at her father's feet, clasping his knees, and writhing before him: "Gie me back Wat, father; I gave thee all else, the bite from my bairnie's mouth, but not Wat, never Wat!"

Oh, hapless King of Israel, who rent thy royal robe at the mocking mandate of the imperious Syrian, here is a man more tortured and abused, as if he too were a "god to kill and to make alive;" and one of the wretched supplicants his pleasant child Thrift, a young bride three twelve-months back.

Not sorrow alone, but remorse, is canker-ing and maddening the cordial happy nature, convulsing and transforming each feature as if an evil spirit had possessed itself of the fair body.

"Oh, Tib Blair, ye hae ftyed on Lawrie mony a day, but ye parted friends at last; I tell you a' standing there, I gloomed on my 'Wat, my gude, sober, kind gademan, my dear, dear Wat, I, an ill wife, a hard heart, I braggit him till, against his better judgment, he gaeed down the pit, and met his death this day."

Yes, this will be the fearful burden of Thrift's sad widowhood, the blight that will alight upon her this moment, and haunt her sunk, searching eyes—her hair with not one or two slight threads but whole flakes of silver breaking its brown before the October day be done, and she but a matron of twenty-five—until her dying moment, be it near or far; that there had been discord between her and Wat Cockburn on that night, in the cheerful light of their quiet hearth; that he had risen and gone out of his house in the grey morning without one word of reconciliation and reviving regard exchanged between them. They who loved each other so truly, who were one flesh in the blessed hands of holy wedlock!

Thrift's first paroxysm of despair soon sunk her in exhaustion, and with hands and heart cold and heavy as lead, she sat as still as Tib Blair. Another hand led away the innocent, ignorant, daunted child, or forced refreshment upon the laird. Now, that he has gone, taken from her so suddenly and fearfully, Thrift cared for none but Wat Cockburn.

Many a strong arm that had dug with grim application gave way; the shades of evening fell chill on these wastes; by the red smoky light of lanterns the laird looked haggard and aged as some patriarch—God forsaken like Job—before there was a halt, a shout, and the signal that the lost were found.

The men clustered together, an agitated ring; the women hid their faces, and sobbed anew with bitter violence. A board had been fixed above the ordinary tub, and upon it a man was ascending with a dark mass resting at his feet; slowly and cautiously they wound the rope, until they were almost on a level with the bystanders. The lights fell on a great crimson stain, and every breath in the circle was drawn hard and short.

ed on her feet the shapely, bruised form. Was not her Lawrie still in life, and might not a merciful Providence spare him, maimed and helpless, for her, his old mother, to tend and succor—for whom her feeble fingers might spin day and night—to whom she would never again give crabbled, spiteful answers? A wild imagination, but still a ray of hope to lighten the miseries of the bereaved heart. And now Thrift Cockburn coveted that poor burden, and what would she not have given to have received her Wat thus!

Another interval of suspense, brief, but which seems to those who endure it a very life time, sickening, heart-rending; a few more shovelfuls thrown from the hill of the stony mould that never seems to decline—and the second watched-for token that their weary task was ended. Thrift would not be kept back by any force, but she stood still, rigid rather, in the centre of the group. There was no disorder or disfigurement of Wat's members, scarcely even of his dress; his head was thrown back with a stately air, the features fully exposed; but, oh! the repose on the face, as if the burden and heat of the day had been borne, great strife, perhaps, passed through; a wrestling for dear life, and those dearer than life—but all toil and suffering over. Simon Moys, and other than he, turned aside, but Thrift did not waver—the spectacle was so solemn it soothed rather than harrowed her—for it was yet like a vision, grief-laden, but majestic, to the poor, pierced, spirit-wrung girl; and all the sign she gave, or emotion she testified was a single quiet whisper of terrible egotism:

"Ay, Wat, my man, I wad hae seen the hale world lie there rather than you!"

But a slight trembling stirred Wat Cockburn's numb limbs; a tinge of red flickered on his blanched cheek; the eyes they had believed shut forever, opened and gazed around with confused, unmeaning, uncertain lustre, clearing slowly until they rested on Ringan Cockburn; and then suddenly brightening with a flash of intelligence, a world of knowledge which they struggled to convey, a contrition softening them, inexpressibly, a magnanimous, generous congratulation, an honest, affectionate trust.

"Laird," said Wat, with his first choked, stuttering accents, "the coal's won!"

Sure enough, Wat's clenched hand yet retained a precious fragment of the coal seam, laid bare at last, at such a time, and under such circumstances.

His arm had been over the pair in the recesses of the shaken pit, directing the course of the avalanche, which stunned and smote, but did not slay, turning aside the danger, imminent and deadly; and the cherished desire, the long look forward of Ringan Cockburn's busy life, was achieved; the swarming, diffused, exhaustless prosperity of Watery Butts was secured to his latest descendants.

No more pinching poverty and disheartening struggles—no more thwarting and decaying—no more mockery and contempt. Perhaps, for their future moderation and peace, Wat Cockburn and Thrift needed the fiery ordeal of that miserable October day to Ringan Cockburn, in that sense, it was unnecessary. He was too truly great to be elated by triumph, any more than he had been depressed by discomfort and failure; though he smiled on the happiness of others, and rested on his noble, peaceful laurels.

From "Punch."
The Social Tread-Mill.
NO. III.

"Mr. PUNCH—What holds society together? Mutual services, acts of kindness done in moments of need or sorrow, self-interest, the pleasure of conversation, the love of scandal, weariness of ourselves, enjoyment of the company of others, or mere instinctive gregariousness?"

"None of these, so far as I can gather from my experiences as a married man, and a London householder. Society here seems to me to be built up of pasteboard—a veritable house of cards."

"Nine tenths of the social intercourse of this metropolis appears to be carried on either as a solemn and costly ceremonial, or as a dreary penance.

"Dinners, routs, balls, breakfasts—wedding and others—belong to the first, or ceremonial order of social rites.

"Calling is the principal form of social penance. It is against this penance I wish to pour out my feelings.

"It is only married men who know at what cost of time, money, and temper this penance is performed. A bachelor's calls are seldom penal. Your bachelor, if he ever makes calls, does it because he likes it—What more natural than that Jack Easy, on his stroll from the club to the Park, should drop in of an afternoon on pretty Mrs. Bellairs of May Fair? The chances are ten to one, he will find Mrs. Bellairs at home, for he knows her hours, and wants to see her. And she is certain to come in for a bright face, a pretty morning dress, an elegant little boudoir, and a lively half hour's gossip—with a cup of tea at the end of it—Jack has treated himself to a pleasure. He called with that object. Mrs. Bellairs will have half a dozen such calls this afternoon, most of them from her male acquaintances. The ladies pursue their lips when Mrs. Bellairs is mentioned. She is too agreeable. She has flung off the ceremonies, and refuses to perform the penances of society. Her din-

ners are unpretending, and proportioned to her kitchen and her establishment. She does not swell her household with green-grocers; or have her *entrees* from the pastry cook's. When you call, as I have said, you find her at home. She has arranged her house and ways for enjoyment, and not as if for the discharge of a painful duty. Hence perhaps, the undeniable fact that she counts in her circle, three bachelors for one wedded pair. The married couples you do meet at her house are apt to be young ones, and of the unceremonious or off-hand kind, who take life as if it concerned them more than their neighbors.

"Women too have their non-penal calls. When two young ladies, for example, dear friends—meet to exchange patterns or experiences—to talk over the triumphs and trials of last night's ball—to compare notes as to husbands and housekeeping—to be-wail the backslidings of butlers, the contrariness of cooks, or the high-flying of house-maids, I do not doubt that they enjoy themselves. I can readily imagine two vicious old maids, keenly relishing a good 'go in' at the reputation or circumstances of their friends. I can conceive their latter pleasure in tearing to pieces some fair young fame—or in routing out some grim skeleton from its closet in the house of a common acquaintance; or in letting loose from its bag some cat, likely to run about freely, and to bite and scratch a great many people in the neighborhood.

"There is an enjoyment in a call on an artist in his studio, provided you know him well enough to rummage his portfolios, or turn his canvasses from the wall, while he continues at work. Unless you are on these terms with him, you have no business to interrupt an artist, except on invitation, and on ceremonial or penal occasions; as, for instance, when Podgers, A. R. A., has expressed in writing the pleasure it will give him to see you for inspection of his pictures intended for the Academy, on the 3d, 4th, or 5th of April. That is one of the penal performances. If you go, you must make one of a shoal of people, who flock into the place on each other's heels the whole day through, most of them knowing nothing of Art. The few who do, are debarr'd by politeness from speaking their mind on the work before them, where they can not honestly approve, but they are all pouring out the same common-places of compliment to Podgers' face, and venturing on 'shys' of criticism whenever the poor man's back is turned, while poor Podgers is beaming about, full of himself, feeding on honey and butter, and believing all the compliments sincere in spite of his better judgment—so sweet is praise—till the *Times* comes out, the day after the private view, and omits all mention of Podgers, or damns him with faint praise, or cuts him up, perhaps, root and branch.

"But the real penance of penances is that social performance called 'leaving cards.'—Every day, when I come home from my office, I find my hall table littered with those pieces of pasteboard. There is a physiognomy about them. Take the newly-married cards, for instance, on which Mr. and Mrs. Cobbold always figure in couples—a sort of conubial four-poster among the pack; or Capt. Blunderbore's card—the most tiny and lady-like square of glazed pasteboard, with letters so small they almost require the help of a magnifying glass to make them out; or Lady Mangelwurzel's solid and substantial ticket, heavy as her ladyship's jointure, the letters square as her bank account, and as firmly impressed on the paper as her ladyship's dignity and importance on her mind. Here is the paste-board representation of lively Mrs. Marabout—limp, light, spider charactered, engraved in Paris; and here mediocrity-minded Mr. Pyxon has stamped himself in Gothic characters as difficult to decipher as the directions to strangers in the new House of Parliament.

"But what is the meaning of this pack of pasteboard from the Juggernauts? Why has Mr. Juggernaut left two cards, and Mrs. Juggernaut two cards, and Miss Juggernaut two cards? And why are they all turned up at one corner? The Juggernauts are the most determined doers of social penance I know. This show of cards is meant to represent a visit from every individual member of their family to every individual member of mine. Well, if it has saved us from an infliction of the Juggernauts in person, let us be thankful. These pasteboard proxies are blessed inventions after all. There could be only one thing better. To get rid of the printed pasteboard—even as we have got rid of the human backram it represents. Why call upon each other—oh my brethren and sisters—who you bore me—you whom I bore—even in pasteboard? Why not drop it altogether—and live apart? People who care anything about each other will find time and opportunity to meet. I will answer for it. Why should those who do not, pine in a self-inflicted and superfluous suffering? Think what you are exposing yourselves and me to. I or my wife might be at home when you call. We might all have to endure half-an-hour of each other; a constrained, unhappy half-hour, of baffled attempts at keeping our mask from slipping on one side, and showing the yawns, and flat melancholy behind them.

"Then this penance is not merely painful in itself; it costs time and money.

"One morning in every three weeks or so, I find my wife at her writing-table, strugg-

ling with the Red-book and the Map of London. She is making out her lists of calls she tells me. These lists are in duplicate. One is for her own guidance, the other for the driver of the Brougham, which is hired for that day's penance. There is a sovereign for that, including the tip to the driver.—Of course, she can't be expected to make her calls in a cab.

"I once, out of curiosity, accompanied my unhappy wife on one of these penon rounds of hers. I never saw more suffering, of various kinds, condensed into six hours. First, there is the consideration of the route—by what line the greatest number of calls could be got through in the least time, with the greatest economy of ground. This settled with the driver, begins the painful process itself, in Tyburnia—let us say—or Belgrave, or the regions around Bedford Square—if one dare own acquaintances in that quarter.

"Remember, unfeeling, melancholy, slow! You reach No. 1 on your list; a pull at the check-string; ten to one the driver has over-shot the door; he turns round; descends; knocks; the door is opened; 'Mrs. Harris not at home'—of course; your cards are dropped; drive on to No. 2; the driver has a difficulty about the street; this you discuss and finally settle with him through the front window; drive a hundred yards; check-string again; knock; door opened; not at home; card dropped as before; then on to No. 3; and so the dreary routine goes on from one o'clock to six. Of course there are episodes of peculiar dreariness. Sometimes Mrs. Harris is at home, and being at home, has neglected to say that she is not. If you have rashly asked the formal question, you must go in, and the pasteboard performance is turned into the real penance of a bona-fide call. Or your coachman is stupid, and keeps turning up wrong streets; or cannot read, and invariably stops at the wrong numbers; or is obstinate, and has a theory of his own as to the order in which the houses on your list is to be taken, and so forth.

"The worst of all, as I have already said, is when the people called upon happen to be at home. This chance has to be faced at every house, and adds seriously to the day's unhappiness. I shall not soon forget my wife's fate of consternation, when on dropping her cards at the address of our dreary old friend, Mrs. Boreham, who is at once deaf, curious and ill-natured—the servant who took the cards, instead of shutting the door as usual, advanced to the carriage—'Good gracious!' exclaimed my wife, in a voice of dismay, 'She's at home!'

"Mrs. Boreham at home?" she inquired the next moment, with the blandest smile. "'No, ma'am,' was the answer; 'but she told me to say, if you called, she was going to Brighton for a month.'

"God bless her!" rapped out my wife.—The footman thought the ejaculation one of pious affection. Under this impression he might well look astonished. Had he understood the words in their true sense—as an utterance of thankfulness that his mistress was out of the way,—he would have probably said 'Amen,' for Mrs. B.'s hand is heavy on her household. I have never joined my wife in a day of calling penance since that morning. But I am always paying bills for packs of cards, and the Brogham forms a serious item in our quarterly accounts.

"But after all it is not so much the waste of money and time that irritates one as the dullness of the business. If these lying pasteboards must be deposited, why not despatch them by post, like tradesmen's circulars? I hear that some fine ladies do send round their maids on this penance.—I applaud them for it. I have serious thoughts of insisting on my wife's employing the crossing-sweeper—who does our confidential errands extramurally—to deliver her cards. He is a most trustworthy man, and would be thankful for the day's work, for which he might be fitted out respectfully in one of my old suits.

"This groan, I feel, ought by rights to have come, not from me, but from my wife. It is the poor woman who has to do this penance. But we must suffer from it in twenty ways, besides the dreist ones of money out of pocket, and a wife's time abstracted from home and home duties. The huge lie it embodies works all through society. This pasteboard acquaintance invites, and is invited. To it I owe the splendid dullness of my dinners every season,—the heat and weariness of many crushes under the name of drums, route, concert, and so forth—the necessity of bowing and smiling to, and professing a sort of interest in the concourses of hundreds of people I don't care a rap for. Thanks to it, in short, I perform an uncounted number of journeys in that prison-van I have already alluded to, in whose stifling cells we most of us pass so much of our unhappy lives, on our way, self-condemned that we are, to hard labor on the Social Tread-mill.