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.

VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER \$1.1

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 27, 1857.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 1,404.]

#### PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. Office in Northern Central Railroad Com-

went's Building, north-west corner Front and Milnut streets. Terms of Subscription. One Copy per annum, if paid in advance, if not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 200

mentus from commencement of the year, 200

ACCENTES OCOPY

No subscription received for a less time than six amonths; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the published. The published of the p Rates of Advertising.

square [6 lines] one week, 40 39
three weeks, 75
each subsequent insertion, 70
11 [19] lims 2 one week. 50 each subsequent insertion, for three week, 50 in received, 100 week, 100 in three week, 100 in three weeks, 100 in three weeks, 100 in the management insertion, 26 Largor advertisements in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to quarrerly, half-yearly or yearly advertisers, who are arrietly confined to their business.

DR. S. ARMOR,
TICHEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN. Office and

Drs. John & Rohrer. HAVE associated in the Practice of Medi-Columbia, April 1st, 1956-tf

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN, DENTIST, Locust street, near the Post Of-Rec. Columbia, Pa. Columbia, May 3, 1856.

H. M. NORTH, TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. A TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Collections, Frompily made, in Lancaster and York
Counties.
Columbia, May 4, 1850.

J. W. FISHER. Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, Pa.

GEORGE J. SMITH, HOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake VV Baker.—Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, commercious to mention; Crackers; Soda, Wine, Scool, and Sugar Biscuit; Confectionery, of every description, &c., &c., &c.
Feb. 2, '50. Between the Bank and Franklin House.

# B. F. APPOLD & CO.,

CENERAL FORWARDING AND COMMIS

TOTAL SION MERCHANTS,

RECEIVERS OF

COALAND PRODUCE,

And Deliverers on any point on the Columbia and

Philadelphia Railroad, to York and

Reliverers and to Pittshure.

Baltimore and to Bittsburg;
Baltimore and to Pittsburg;
DEALERS IN COAL, FLOUR AND GRAIN,
WHISKY AND BACON, have just received a
darge lot of Monongahela Rectified Whiskey, from
Pittsburg, of which they will keep n 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. F. APPOLD & CO. Columbia, January 26, 1836.

Just Received, 50 BUS. PRIME GROUND NUTS, at J. P. SMITH'S Wholesale and Retail Confectionery establishment, Front Street, two doors below the Washington House, Columbia: [October 25, 1896.

Just Received,

90 HHDS. SHOULDERS, 13 TIERCES HAMS.—

90 For sale by B. F. APPOID & CO.,

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 a good article are invited to call and examine them. Columbia, June 30, 1855.

Just Received. LARGE LOT of Children's Carriages, Gigs, Rocking Horses, Wheelbarrows, Propelers, Nursery Swings, &c. GEORGE, J. SMITH.

April 19, 1856. Locust street

CHINA and other Fancy Articles, too numerous to mention, for sale by G. J. S. ITH, 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 PER.
CHA PENS, warranted not to corrode; in elaslicity
they almost equal the quilt.
SAYLOR & McDONALD.
Columbia Jan. 17, 1857.

Just Received, BEAUTIFUL lot of Lamp Shades, viz: Vic-

LARGE lot of Shaker Corn, from the settlement in New York, just received H. SUYDAM& SON'S Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

HAR DYE'S. Jones' Batchelor's, Peter's and Egyptian hair dyes, warranted to color the hair sired shade, without injury to the skin. For sale R. WILLIAM, 10, Front st., Columbia, Pa.

L'ARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Com-Il mercial and other Gold Pens—the heat in the market—just received.

Columbia, April 29, 1955.

EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR, by the barrel, for B. F. APPOLD & CO., Nos. 1, 2 and 6 Canal Basin.

My should any person do without a Clock, e had for \$1,50 and npwards SHREINER'S? Columbia, April 29, 1985. SAPONEFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for ma-

Notice Soap. 1b. is sufficient for one harrel of Soap Soap, or tib. for 0 bs. Hard Soap. Full directions will be given at the Counter for making Soap, Hard and Fancy Soaps. For sale by R. WILLIAMS. Columbia, March 31, 1855.

A LARGE lot of Baskets, Brooms, Buckets Brushes, &c., for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON. WEIKEL'S Instantaneous Yeast or Baking

20 DOZEN BROOMS, 10 BOXES CHRESE. For sale chemp, by B. F. APPOLD & CO. A SUPERIOR article of PAINT Oil., for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Fr.

JUST RECEIVED, a large and well selected variety of Brushes, consisting in part of Shoe, Hair, Cloth, Crumb, Nail, Hat and Teeth Brushes, and for sale by R. Wiji.id. MS.

March 22, 70. Front street Columbia. Va. A SUPERIOR article of TONIC SPIGE BITTERS, suitable for Hotel Keepers, for sale by R. Williams, May 10, 1856. Front street, Columbia.

TRESH ETHERBAL OIL, always on hand, and fo May 10, 1966. Front Street, Columbia, Ps.

TOST received, FRESH CAMPHENE, and for raid by R. WILLIAMS,
Ray 10, 1856. Front Street. Columbia, Pa. Nay 10, 1856. 1.000 LBS. New City Cared Hame and Shoulder Just received and for sale by Feb. 21, 1857.

H. SUYDAM & SON. tottered on with difficulty.

## Poetry.

For the Columbia Spy.

Freedom, Washington, and America.

BY REV. WILLIAM BARNS.

Let Freedom from her God-built tow'r Her loudest clarion blow, And urg'd by Heavin's eternal pow'r, To further conquests go.
Unfurl her banner to the skies,
Let foreign nations know,
That freedom is the highest prize

Her principles of mighty fame Our independence spread, And bade them blaze in sun-bright finme Around each freeman's head; The deep-toned thunder of her wice. Rolled loud hosannas round, Where hosts of freemen shall rejoice To raise the heav'nly sound.

Still may our glorious Union stand, To bid our engle soar Above this blest and far famed land, Till time shall be no more; Let sovereign states, by rightcous laws Each other's rights maintain, And glory in Columbia's cause Where Freedom's God shall reign.

Then should a dark and daring foe Our peaceful rights invade, His blood, in vengeance, soon would flow On Freedom's recking blade; Though hosts of traitors might combine
To tear our standard down,
The Stars and Stripes would brightly shine

Should foreign kings, with trumpets loud, Blow the red storm of war, And blood-stained despots, grimly proud. Ride in their crimson car;
Their triumphs, black as midnight storms.

Would swiftly pass away,
And all that gild their ghastly forms— Diegvith their sleeping clay. But Freedom! still with glory crown'd, Her star-deck'd head would raise,

And freemen, boldly circling round, Would sound her highest praise; The honours of her deathless name, While rolling ages run, Shall wreathe with ever-during famo Columbia's favorite son.

He stood on victory's hard fought field, Amidst his Sportan band,
Amidst his Sportan band,
And made earth's proudest nation yield
Where Freedom gave command;
Great Britain's lion roar'd alound
Great Britain's lion roar'd alound When Washington, in valor proud. Had conquer'd foreign foes.

His storry banner still shall wave O'er river, sea and shore,
Till Freedom ransom's every slave, And tyrants reign no more; Hosannas then shall roll along Where law and order reign And rulers, o'er earth's mighty throng Shall legal rights maintain.

Religious truth shall brightly shine From the pure Gospel word, And nations own the pow'r divine Of Freedom's sovereign Lord; Sound principles in every land And as it falls at God's comma My heart shall say AMEN.

### Selections.

The Child's Coffin.

BY SAUCEL C. WARREN, ESQ.

when as I crossed a stile that led me into in an attitude as if to strike her. of contention between a man and a woman.

It was an autumnal evening, and twilight not let him do it!" was fast disappearing, yet there was suffiof two persons, who were too intent upon their quarrel to see me as they passed the stile, particularly as I paused and drew

"You shall carry it," cried the man with brutal oath, "you shall carry it. I know well that if I don't take care that you have good hand in it, you will be peaching upon the whole affair one of these days. Carry me first." -curses!"

"Oh! John, John, I am ill-so ill." "I'll be hanged. Come on. It's an ex-

shall." what it is that has come over me, but-I-I am very faint and ill. Oh! if this should be some judgment of God. Oh! John, John, let us renent."

"Silence, will you? D-n it-how do I me the coffin. Confound you, won't you say it was dead?" come on? I wish I had the buying of your own coffin, instead of the child's. Come on will you? What, will you lie down, will

you! Take that, then." I heard a blow or a kick given, and I tramped on after them with a quick step. This had the effect of storping any further violence, and all was still till I reached the spot where the man and the woman were.— The latter was upon the ground, while the and took from it what looked like a sleenman had an old shaped bundle of something ling child, and crammed it into the coffin.on his shoulder, which was so well disguised His wife recovered sufficiently to see what that if I had not, from their previous conversation, known it was a coffin, I certainly shricking. He struck her with his disenshould not have at all recognized it as so

"A fine evening," I said, "Helloa! anything amiss!"

"Oh dear-God bless you-no sir," said for I thought I might do better. the man in a canting voice; "the Lord be good to us-no sir. It's my wife, blass her tleman wants you at the Bull and Bush, dicart—she's a little tired or so, that's all.— Come old woman, get up, the Lord will help

The old woman struggled to her feet and

"Oh, I'm going your way," said I. He paused a moment.

"Oh," he said, "to Hampstead, sir, I suppose. Come, old woman, keep up. Think given me a hint upon which I acted. of the Lord and cheer up." partly not. It's a bracing night, ain't it? Bull and Bush directly."

"Yes sir, that's a resort of sinners called course, directly." the 'Bull and Bush.' Ah! sir, if people would think of their immortal state it would

er, to see if he could not help the woman without me, but that I took good care not to let him do, and I said:

"She seems ill, indeed. I will help you to your own door if you are not going far." "But we are going far," he said, "the Lord willing."

"Oh, well," I replied, "never mind; I have plenty of time."

There was no such thing as getting rid of me without a quarrel, and that he seemed to be afraid of; so we all walked on in silence for some distance down a dark turning, and then down another, until we stopped at the door of a cottage, when he said:

"Good night, sir-good night. We are with vou. sir."

behind me for nearly a quarter of a mile; me which I at once carried into practice .and then I turned and ran back swiftly on I recollected having seen some loose bricks my toes, for I felt a strong conviction that in the yard, and dashing out, I got four of direct clue to what it was. I had taken suf- it well, being rather jammed in. I then ficient notice of the cottage to reach it with- fastened the lid again as I had found it; out any difficulty, and in a few minutesrather out of breath, I admit-I stood before it.

It was one of those cottages with a door in the centre, and latticed windows at each to whom I said: side, but there were shutters to the windows on the inside, which provoking fact prevent- medical man lives?" ed me from getting a glimpse; and there I stood fancying there was some secret within, but totally unable to find out what it was. I fancied too that I heard the murmur of voices, and resolving not to be foiled, if posa scene was going on, which transfixed me | quite a terrified look.

with horror and amazement. The man and woman were both in the room; on the chair was placed a small, com- if it's accident, Mr. Spragg would rather This was quite conclusive, and just as I nary degrees, and honors and medals. The cular pleasure in the company of any of mon, rough looking child's coffin. At the not have anything to do with it. He don't expected it would be; so I packed off Spragg Cooks' College should not be a place for their guests, or imagine that any of their moment that I looked into the room, the like accidents and low people, and adwises with the child at once, and followed myself. educating cooks with a view to domestic guests feel particular pleasure in coming: I was coming ome one night from attend- woman was upon her knees, with both hands ing a patient who resided at Hendon, and uplifted, as if in supplication, while the man I pushed the servant aside, and made my who promised not to be long for this world, stood over her, with his fists clenched, and way into a parlor, where sat an effeminate

the high road, after making which I had a "Oh! John, John," she said, "you know "Good God!" he said, what's that? I—I near cut across some fields, I heard words he is not dead. John, have mercy—have really— If it's an accident go to some genmercy. Do not do it. Oh! God, God, do eral prectitioner. I only attend to ladies-

"Peace, fool-peace, I say, or you will cient to enable me to distinguish the figures | tempt me to silence you most effectually.-Get the child-get the child."

dead. Ohl God, oh! it is not dead. John .--You know I got the laudanum from Mr. sold the laudanum." Spragg, and you gave it. Oh! no, no, no.-You cannot, now that it is come to the point, put the living child into the coffin. It will allow that, I think. You are a physicianwake-it will recover. Oh!-oh!-oh! kill n-n- My dear sir, what do you think is

"But you consented. You know you consented: and when Mrs. Blanchard left you the twenty pounds, and said that she'd not cuse. You don't like to carry a coffin, but be back from France for a year, you consented to make away with the brat."

"I was mad." "You are mad now. But if you won't get the child, I will. It won't awaken till the attempted murder of this child." it's under the ground in the morning, I'll be bound; and then it don't matter. We have of my name on my card, perhaps, gave him child's coffin on his shoulder, followed by n't killed it, after all. Didn't we send for a turn, and he at once brought the proper know but some one may be listening? Give Mr. Spragg, and didn't he look at it and

"No, no, John; Mr. Spragg came, but he never went into the room where the child lay. You know he did not."

'What is that to you? Confound you, the commensed whistling with all my might, as as well! Oh! you won't leave go, won't you? child's name—by Gad he did'nt. Oh, it's We'll soon see about that. Take what you coming round! Look, look!" deserve!"

A blow struck her down, and then he stepped to a little bed that was in the room, saved it from the horrible death intended

"John, John, John!" I shouted. "a gen-

I hid myself instantly, and in about a minute the door opened, and the fellow appeared, shading the light with his hand. "What's that? What's that?" he cried;

"Good evening, sir," said the hypocritical "Who wants me? Mr. Laue, is it? Eh? what John Biggs was. He is nearly kept. secondrel; "good evening sir; I thank you, Who called? I-I must have only functed I have heard, by Mr. Lanc, a very religious it, and yet it was so plain. Confound it!- gentleman, who has prayer meetings. They I could have sworn it. Never mind."

disposed to give him any peace. He had morrow."

"John, John," I cried again in a loud "Partly to Hempstead," I said, "and voice; "John, Mr. Lane wants you at the that the funeral will still take place."

I have come across the fields and don't "Who the devil is it?" he said, coming know much about here. Is that a public to the door again in a moment; "where are you? Mr. Lane, did you say? I'll come of curred, and how I had fastened up the coffin He went into the cottage as I guessed, to

be better for all. Why-why, old woman, a minute came out with his hat on, and you can't get on. Dear, dear, the Lord help walked off in the direction of the public house I had named. I did not hesitate a But for the offered assistance of my arm moment, but went to the door and rapped the woman must have fallen. Dim as the at it. As I did so, I found that it yielded light was, I could see vexation depicted to my hand, being merely placed close withupon the man's face; and he shifted the cof- out fastening; so I went in at once, and fin first to one shoulder and then to the oth- passing through the first room, reached the transaction profoundly secret." inner one, where the woman was whose compunction for the deed she had consented to, had brought upon her so much ill usage. She was on her knees by a chair, with her face hidden in her hands.

"Woman!" I said. She sprang up with a cry of terror, and I laid my hand upon the coffin lid, which I saw was nailed down. With my other hund I pointed upwards.

"God," I said, "has seen this night's work."

She shook for a moment or two, and then fell into a swoon at my feet with a heavy dab, as if she had been a corpse A hammer and chisel lay on the next chair

care was to wrench open the lid of the death-"Amen," said I, "good night," and away like receptacle, and rescue the child. The I walked at a brisk pace, never once looking woman never moved, and a thought struck | Spraggy-waggy? Oh, dearl" something was wrong, although I had no them, which I laid in the coffin. They filled at half-past seven o'clock precisely." and taking the child in my arms, I darted from the cottage, closing the door behind me, and ran on towards Hampstead. I had not gone far before I met a woman

"Do you know where Mr. Spragg, the

"Why, Lor' a massy," she said, "you're only just passed his blue lamp. May I make will take place." so bold as to ask, sir, what you----"

"Thank you, that will do" said I; and I darted over the road to a house where there sible, I made my way to the back of the was a blue lamp, sure enough, indicative of cottage, where there was a garden, and the dwelling of Mr. Spragg. I should not at the door. I heard Biggs say in a loud thence into a kind of scullery or wash house. wonder but that I rang rather violently, for voice, "You have been dreaming, woman There was a window exactly the level of my Mr. Spragg's bell handle came off in my No one has been here. Look-here is the eyes, and I at once saw into a room, where hand; and when a servant appeared, she had coffin all nailed down as I left it. 'Open

"Is Mr. Spragg at home?" I said. an 'asnital."

looking young man over his tea and muffins. "Good God!" he said, what's that? I-I him:

"You are a fool," said I; "I am a physician. This child is suffering from the effects quite convinced the child is respectable." of a narcotic. Get some nitric acid directly "John, John, it only sleeps-no, it is not or else I'll have you transported as an ac-said. cessory, as sure as you are born-for you

> "Trans-port-ed! Good God! I could not live without cold cream, and they don't the very best dye for whiskers that have a

-a tendency to get a little red?" I was amazed and mortified to find such an ass in the profession.

"Hark you, sir," I said, "there is my card: sir. Nothing like the regular person and require, as sure as you are a living man I Bumpus." will have you prosecuted as an accessory in

He was thoroughly stunned. The sight restoratives for the child, and began blubbering, and crying, and begging I would not blame him.

"I know the child," he said; ,'Mrs. Biggs had it to nurse. It's true they bought some as to be scarcely capable of getting on along laudanum of me, but John Biggs said it was the church-yard path. coffin's too small or you should get into it for the toothache. He didn't mention the

The child opened its eyes, and at that moment I felt such a gush of joy that I had for it that I could not speak to Spragg for several minutes.

I rose and made Spragg assist me in givhe was about, and clung to his knees, ing the child exercise. An emetic too, gaged hand, and commenced putting on the an hour I had the inexpressible pleasure of lid of the coffin. I ran round the house, seeing a little sweet looking fellow, of about and snatching up a stake, was about to dash three years of age, sleeping gently upon in one of the windows, but I stayed my hand Spragg's sofa. By the bye, Spragg never last off crying and holding an eau-de-cologne bottle to his nose. "Now Spragg, don't you go crying in that

ray," said I; "you are only a fool." "Thank you, sir-I am. Ohl dear, yes." "Who and what are the people with whom the child was?"

"Very religious, sir. But I don't know

told me, sir, the child was to be buried in He closed the door again, but I was not the yard of Hampstead church at twelve to-

> "Very well. Now, I rather think I have not done enough to alarm the Biggs', and "Still-still. Bless me, doctor, you dont

"I then related to Spragg all that had ocagain while Mrs. Biggs was incensible, so that the probability was that neither she it. Help, help, God-ohl God. Air-air- which is out of keeping with the house in say something to his wife; and then in half nor her husband would think it had been disturbed.

"What I wish," said I, "is to see if that woman will repent and make an attempt to wards her with a knife in his hand. I had indeed. save the child; or after all, let the funeral proceed: so all I want you to do, Spragg, is to take the greatest care of the child until I come to you in the morning, and to keep the whole idea of the general scene of confusion that | Yet into how many drawing rooms do I en-

"But I must tell Julia."

"Who is Julia?"

"Oh! my-my servant. I always tell her." "Oh! indeed. Call her in then; I must judge how far she is to be trusted. Shall I

ring?"
"No-no, stop. I-I always call her.-Julia dont like to be rung for. Julia-Julia. A-ahem! Julial"

you need make no explanation at all. I will of earth by the side of the grave. take the child with me.

"You needn't," said the servant, opening at home now. Good night. The Lord be to that which held the coffin, and my first care of the child. Mr. Spragg, I'm quite mother, who was found by advertisement, ing practice, thinking what a nuisance it is ashamed of vou."

> I laughed in spite of myself. me, and I shall be here to-morrow morning he used to be.

The reader may be quite sure that I was upon the following morning quite purctual at my friend Spragg's when I found the child, to whom both he and Julia had paid the greatest attention, perfectly recovered.

once. As I tell you, I think the funeral most persons assuming the title, I am aston- he agreed with Flaunter. But he knows

"I know it will," said Julia.

"Indeed!" "Yes. I went to the Biggs' cottage, sir, after you left there last night, and listened swore fearfully, and replied, 'The worms

It only wanted ten minutes to twelve when services,

"Is there any funeral this morning?" "Two," he said; "Mr. Bumpus is to be buried, and a child is to be put in the same I should make the production of a cercificate baits provided for the Reviewer and the grave, by leave of Mrs. Bumpus, who is "That's very liberal of Mrs. Bumpus," I

"Oh! very, very," he replied, without at all perceiving that I intended paying Mrs. Bumpus a very ironical compliment indeed.

into the church-yard. "Who is that man?" I said. church: Prayer meetings, you know, sir, and all that sort of thing. Very, very bad,

A funeral cavalcade wound its way in at the church-yard gates, and almost immediately following there came a man with a one woman-that woman was Mrs. Biggs. I could not see what sort of expression was

on her face, the mourning hood she wore

entirely covered it, but I could see that she

shook and staggered so much as she walked

I carefully kept out of her way, for she had seen me, although her husband had

There was a subdued sort of bustle in the place as the coffin containing the remains of the respectable Mr. Bumpus was brought to the edge of a deep grave. The clergyman made his appearance, looking as solemn as possible, and the funeral service began, amid whispers among the friends of Mr. Bumpus, of what a very respectable man our cooks. he was, and how sad a thing it was that he should go so soon, &c.

The service was concluded, and then I who stood nearly behind the parson to clerk whispering to him: "I beg your pardon, sir, but if you please,

there's a child to be put in the same grave, through the kindness of Mrs. Bumpus." sidered included in the prayer."

The elergyman turned aside, and one of servants not enough for the guests; where the grave diggers said: "Where is the child's coffin?"

"Here," said Biggs, and he handed it handful of earth upon it.

"Dust to dust," I said; "ashes to ashes." cy, mercy. Are you all sticks and stones? made to do duty for five, or where five thousleep of death. Break open the coffin-save one. In short, every dinner is a had one

standers, and her husband made a rush to- number consumed in Lindon is very great just time to put out my foot in his way, and he fell headlong into the grave.

come forth."

Biggs was transported for life; and I had

## The Social Tread Mill.

NO. V. "Of course it has occurred to you, Mr. Punch, what a benefactor of his species that man would be who should leave a large for- the city magnate, as that distinguished capi-"Now," I said, "the church will be open; tune to found and endow a College for talist gives him the particulars of a remarkand what I want you to do, Mr. Spragg, is Cooks. When I consider the science and able rise in the sixth new company he has to watch there until I call for you, with the art that must combine in a good Cook, and become the director of this year. Pennychild. There is no time to lose—so go at the gross ignorance and presumption of boy chuckles haskily and tries to look as if ished that some benevolent individual has that he is sailing on the fathomless sea of not thought of establishing a Normal School speculation, buoyed up by bubbles, and that of culinary instruction, where the whole the bursting of any one of the six may sink round of the science might be taught, from him. Here is a young author; of course is the boiling of a potatoe up to a dinner of must be very delightful to him to meet the

it-oh! open it!' she cried; and then he potatoe boiling, one of London Aldermen for situation for all five! turtle, and so forth. There might be cook- "Now every one of this party has been "Ye-ye-yes, sir. He is at home. But will open it by degrees in the churchyard." lists, like university class-lists-with ordi- invited, not because the Kotoos take partibut a normal institution, from we reached the sacred edifice, and Spragg which highly qualified culinary teachers Bladebones, the Flaunters, and the Pennywent inside; while I, seeing an individual might be planted all over the country—each boys, and think it a duty to invite them in with a white kerchief at the door, said to the head of a local culinary school. It return. The Reviewer and the Author are should be compulsory on every girl of a the show-pieces—the stalking-horses—the certain age, to have attended for a certain ornaments of the entertainment, and the time at such a school. I do not know that young ladies, with the mammas, are the of such attendance a legal condition pre- Author. The eligible young man is asked liminary to marriage, and impose a heavy because he is so very eligible in every waypenalty, on the clergyman who united any and does credit to every house where he young woman in hely matrimony without condescends to line. In short, here are all

such certificate. At that moment I saw John Biggs slink differ for different classes. There should receiving pleasure. be the poor-man's wife course—the soup- "Is any one here real'y happier for sec-

ugly and ridiculous.

undoubtedly a lamentable amount of bad with regard to the Kotoes' invitation, in cooking-in other words, of discomfort, in- the shower of imprecations with which has digestion, and waste-in this country. But accompanied his toilet. He has 'other things the remedy for this lies in a great degree to think of than these-people's-din beyond our own power. Indeed, until the ners,' &c., &c. The mammas wish each far-sighted patriot arises to found my culi- other at Jericho-and the eligible young nary college, I do not see my way to any man wishes himself in some place, if there very general elevation of the standard of be any place, where young women are not

deed, there may be very bad dinners with should be an uncommonly lively, cheerini. very good cookery, and even very good din- unconstrained, and open-hearted gathering. ners occasionally with very, bad cooking.creen myself from Mrs. Biggs, heard the I call every dinner a bad one when the peo-I call every dinner a bad one when the peo-ple have been invited for any other princi-their mahogany, by the style of entertain ple reason than because their bost likes ment they put upon it." them, and is liked by them; where the misorough the kindness of Mrs. Bumpus."

"Oh! very well. The child will be condered included in the prayer."

"Tess of the house is fidgety, or the master man, and not her wrongs, that should a dressed." That fellow might to suffered included in the prayer."

"The child will be condered included in the prayer."

in an establishment mounted on the leg-ofmutton-scale, I am treated to two courses and champagne; where a variety of wine. into the grave. I stepped up and cast a are handed round, but the glasses only half filled; where a pine-apple is put on the table at dessert and carried away uncut; "No, no;" shricked Mrs. Biggs, throwing where the plate comes from the pawn-brooff the insignia of mourning; "no-no-kers, the entrees from the pastry cooks, or help save the child-oh, God, save it. It is the waiters from the green-grocer's round not dead—it only sleeps. Have mercy, mer- the corner; where a thousand a year is I say the child sleeps only-it is not the sand narrows itself to the proportions of which it is eaten; and I grieve to say, that She fell into the arms of the terrified by the proportion of such dinners to the total "Condemned though I be to the Social

Tread-mill, I am of a cheerful disposition. It is impossible to give anything like an and gay in the intervals of my punishment. now ensued. The people seemed to be panic- ter, in fulfilment of solemn dinner obligastricken; and it was not until I raised my tions, where chilly constraint and cowardly voice to a high pitch that I got a hearing. ceremonial lay leaden weights on me and "The child is saved," I said, "Mr. Spragg every soul present! Why, when I dine with the Kotoos, do I pull off my natural-Mr. Spragg, with the child in his arms, ness and my cheerfulness with my paletot, made his appearance from the church. He and draw on a certain starched and conwas as white as a sheet from fear, but the strained self with my white gloves? Why moment Mrs. Biggs saw his little compan- is the quarter of an hour before dinner in ion she stretched forth her arms, and an that house so much longer than any other "Stop," I said. "I perhaps might trust expression of great joy-came across her hour in the day elsewhere? Why do we all your, but I wont trust Julia. Just tell her face. She tried to speak, but nature was fall desperately to talking of the weather? to get me a post-chaise, if she can, and then overcome—she fell a corpse upon the mound Why, but that we are one and all conscious of some unreality, or inconvenience, or humbug, or incongruity in our being thus assembled. There is Bladebone, the barthe door; "I have heard it all, and will take the happiness of restoring the child to its rister, with a growing family and a decreasfor Biggs would not tell her address. As to have to pay for the fly which brought "Of me, Julia? Ashamed of your own for Mr. Spragg, I think the whole affair himself and Mrs. B. to the hospitable door. had a very beneficial effect upon him, for There is Mrs. B. scanning Mrs. Flaunter's now and then that I afterwards encountered new glace silk, and wondering whether the "Julia," I said, "you will greatly oblige him, he was not above half as ridiculous as bill is settled at Howell and James's.-Flaunter-who was in the Guards, but sold out on his marriage, and is now on the Turf, and in difficulties-has his head full of judgments, cognovits, and odds, and bills coming due, and I O U's. 'Ah, you're h happy fellow,' he sighs to Mr. Pennyboy. Quarterly Reviewer who cut up his last book "There might be periodical examinations so humorously. And here are two mamby skilled persons for each department of mas with a daughter apiece, and only one study. A Board of Irish examiners for eligible young man of the party-pleasant

uch certificate.

manner of motives for bringing the party

"It stands to reason that the instruction together, but the one motive that can make in these National Cooking Schools, should the party pleasant—the desire of giving and

and fish-every-day, or thousand a year course ing another? Is there one who would not, "I don't know, sir. I think he is one of —and so upwards. A young woman on if he had his or her own will, rather be at Mr. Lane's set. They don't belong to the entering would be entered for the course home than in the Kotoos' drawing-room appropriate to her station in life. So there always excepting Guttleton, the Reviewer. rould be a special curriculum for those who is a bachelor, and has no home, and who aimed at qualifying themselves for would (but for the Ketoos' invitation) have and if you don't assist medirectly in what I the regular service. But here comes Mr. coooks' places. But all women ought to had to pay for his dinner at the Atheneum have a certain minimum of culirary know- a thing he hates. But poor Bladebone ledge, and therefore I would insist on the would infinitely have preferred the hamely hash which Mrs. B. would have treated "I really think the man who first endows him to-three days' table-eloth, amali hear such a Cooks' College, and the minister and all-to the Ketoes' three courses; and who first introduces such a compulsory system of national culinary education, will stretching his thin and threadbare legs uneach deserve a statue—I beg pardon—will der their mahogany stands him—including each deserve-not to have a statue, but-to gloves, fly, and a new collar for Mrs: B.,be commemorated in whatever form we at least a sorreign. Flaunter would have may succeed in devising that is not both preferred a snug little dinner at his Club: leaving Mrs. F., to her own arrangements "But after all, bad cookery is the worst at home-for similar reasons to Bladebone's. that cooks have to answer for. There is Pennyboy has already vented his feelings.

flung at the heads of eligible young men. "Bad dinners, however, depend on some. "Of course under these circumstances, it thing very different from bad cookery. In- is to be expected that the Kotoos' party

"So much for the guests.
"But the dinner! Let us see how the

Some graceless scamp says: "It is ?