

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT SUPPER TABLE SERIES

A DIET FOR MENTAL DYSPEPSIA, AND A CURE FOR HYPOCHONDRIA, BY-POURRY, OR ANY COMPLAINT OF A HYPERSTHESIS.

BY OUR SERIES EDITOR. ALMANAC AND DIARY. SHORT METRE-ILLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Monday, 16.—Arrival of the Eagle Fire Company of Buffalo. They visit the different lions of the city, including the two marble ones on the steps of the Merchants' Exchange.

Tuesday, 17.—Governor Geary waylaid and "skinned" at Antietam, after being hopelessly entertained and treated to some "cold shoulder," with "Swann fixings."

Wednesday, 18.—Grand Carnival-de-Milice held in anticipation of the arrival of Bishop Wood home from Rome, in the Arago, but the thing proved a Nara-go, as regards the coming of the Bishop.

Thursday, 19.—Meeting of City Councils. A committee appointed to examine into the complaints against the late President of Girard College, and see if no refusal of boys water money, consequently causing a watermelon-like feeling over the orphans.

Friday, 20.—Arrival of General Sheridan in Washington in a close carriage. This second edition of "Sheridan's Ride" was gotten up by Andy to counteract the unwholesome effects of the first, so celebrated in song.

Saturday, 21.—SERIES COLUMN DAY. A deputation of Girard College Orphans wait upon the Editor, and ask him to come out and pick eggs with them next Easter.

THE PROCEEDINGS AT GIRARD COLLEGE. ACCOUNT OF THE REBELLION!! GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN THE MINORS AND THE MAJORS!

The Boys Reduced to Submission, and Baked Beans and Molasses.

We are under the disagreeable necessity, right on top of the Antietam affair, of reporting the high-handed proceeding (so far as their hands could reach) of the orphans at Girard College. The object of this indignation among these wards of the city, and which promises to give as much trouble as the First and Fourth Wards do to the politicians outside the College walls, seems to be to get rid of a Major Smith, whom the Trustees of the College, acting under the rules, placed over the pupils.

It had been rumored about throughout the pantry and the steward's room, for some time past, that the orphans, being dissatisfied with being deprived of molasses with their baked beans on Sunday, and with other grievances, had determined to right their wrongs. This discontent manifested itself in a formal manner last Wednesday, no doubt emboldened by the lawless doings at Antietam by a public meeting of the little orphans, the delivery of speeches and the adoption of resolutions, which made it unsafe for any to come on the grounds until the orphans all said their prayers and been put to which latter delicate duty is usually performed by the patriotic matron.

The sun rose beautifully over the College walls on the morning of Wednesday, thrusting its cheering and melting rays through the windows of the buildings, blinding by its beneficent light all eyes, except the marble ones in the status of the College founder—one of which, by-the-way, had been blinded before the statue was made. None who awoke on that beautiful morning, in the thickly populated and beautiful city gave busy life and joyous mirth to all out its walls, was aware of the strife that was going on within those marble halls, where many discontented minds the previous night had dreamt and dwelt. Even the hard knot in the shoe-strings were nothing as matter of grievance in the minds of the inmates morning, and the long prayer lost in any horrors. Deeper griefs lay in those little stomachs, and after breakfast the college physician is reported to have said, after his usual morning examination of the orphans, "that many of them were too full for utterance."

This state of things, of course, could not long continue—such overburdened souls must find vent somewhere. We shall presently see where they found it.

To the rear of the main building, on an elevated garden compost-heap, repaired these dissatisfied and revolutionary future Presidents of the nation, and there raised the standard of revolt. The matron beheld them from the third-story dormitory, and merely wiped her glasses. The cook, from her kitchen basement, saw them, and thought could her eye come to such a basement as that!

The steward, from his pantry window, saw them, and urged them on by throwing doughnuts and large pieces of short-cake to the leaders. The gardener even saw a barrow turned upside down for a moment, never uttered a protest. Thus things stood ripe for a revolt, even the matron stood upon upheaved with emotion, being thus propitiously, the porter was not being yet awake, the meeting was proceeded with. Tim Simmons was called to the wheelbarrow as President, and Dorey Hawkins and Sandy Jones were chosen Secretaries, to provide resolutions and to report to City Councils for their action on the coming Thursday.

Bill Lee and Bob Birdsell then said that Tim should make a speech before it got too hot, the thermometer now being rapidly on the rise. Tim stepped forward, and, mounting the wheelbarrow, said:—"My voice is still for war!" (Cries of "Bully for Tim!" "Go in, Curly!" "Three cheers for old Tim!") After the cheers were given, Tim continued:—"You'd hardly expect with the approbation of the sympathizers with the orphans outside the walls, and now, in turn, he is to be gagged and rode out of the gate on an official rail. Though the building outside has whitened marble walls, inside it is full of the bones of contention.

"Satan Rebuking Sin." We may expect to see this much-talked-of thing happen now, chiefly because Manager Sin is going to let the Right Rev. Talmage star it on his boards at the Chestnut-to-morrow night.

SPECIAL NOTICES. THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN Church (Old School), Seventh Street, below Arch, will be open for services on Wednesday evening. The meeting will be conducted by Sam Sanford in the chair. Eph Horn as Bones. All persons not in the habit of attending other churches are cordially invited. A collection will be taken up at the door to defray expenses.



one of my age to speak a piece upon a stage." (Cries of "Wheelbarrow! wheelbarrow!" and much confusion.) Sandy Jones said the speaker must be allowed to proceed. "And should I even fall below Demosthenes or Cicero, you'll not view me with a cricket's eye." (Shouts of laughter and cries of "Grasshopper!" and "Good boy!") At this stage of the proceedings, Dorey Hawkins mounted the stand, and asked for a hearing. It was accorded to him, when he began:—"Feller-citizens:—Though I'm got no father nor mother, I aint goin' to be imposed on by any feller. Major Smith may be a West Plinter, but he can't bring any of his wes' pints here; we aint 'all from York State; we don't want pumpkin pie for supper—we want ham and eggs, we do." (Cries of "Bully!" and "Dorey, you're all hunk, you are.") "Stephen Gerard, he didn't want any ministers to come here to talk religion to us; we don't want anybody else to do it." (Cries from the boys, "Down with old Lex!" We suppose this referred to one of the City Council.) "Stephen Gerard left a last will and testament of about ten millions; that's the kind of testament we go in for." (Cries of "Good.") "Who stopped our base-ball games on Sundays?" (All the boys together yell, "S-m-i-t-h.") "Who said we musn't take hard biled eggs to bed?" (Again all together, "S-m-i-t-h.") "Who discharged the other cook just as we was getting her used to us?" (All, "S-m-i-t-h.") "Now, fellers, what'll we do with Smith?" (All, "Ride him on a rail.") "Them's my sentiments; though we be minors we don't want no Majors. Our music-teacher sez there ain't no harmony atween a major and a minor scale, and I'm sure their aint none atween us minors and the Major." (Cries of "Good for Dorey!") "Dorey's the chap that kin plunk 'em!" "Now, fellers," continued Dorey, "who'll be the fellers to ride the Major on a rail when he comes out of the house? All who will hold up their hands." No hands were held up. "Who'll be the fellers to ride the Matron on this ere wheelbarrow when we ketoh her?" (Here they all held up their hands, with great shouting of "Let's do it now.") This latter operation was evidently more popular

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CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE To-morrow evening! New attractions! The management is happy to announce that he has made arrangements for the coming season with several stars, who will make their first appearance on the boards in this city. To-morrow night Mr. De Witly will make his first appearance for the season, in an entirely new character. Come early and secure good seats.

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED CHURCH, Eleventh Street, below Market, is open every evening in the week for protracted meetings. Messrs. Carver and Dixey will hold forth the coming week. All are invited.

NOTICE.—THE CONGREGATION formerly worshipping in the Church in South Street, below Arch, having sold their building to L. V. Tinsley & Co., desire to say they have no connection whatever with that Company. They will to-morrow give two performances in the Centennial Hall, Broad Street, until their new brown stone edifice is finished. Hours 10:30 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Carriages set down heads south, take up tails north.

WANTED TO PURCHASE, SOME large and commodious Church Building of good repair, in the thickly populated part of the city, suitable for an Ethiopian Opera House or a "Varieties." Address, in strict confidence, "Burnt Cork," at the office of this paper.

LITERATURE. REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS. UNDER TWO FLAGS. By "Ouida." J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The series of novels of which "Under Two Flags" is the latest, are all marked by one excellent quality. They are exceedingly piquant, and hardly a page occurs in the works which does not contain at least one striking sentence. This excellent supply of spice enlivens what would otherwise be exceedingly unprofitable and rather florid works, and gives them a charm which is appreciated rather by gentlemen than ladies. With this exception, we have much to condemn in the works. They are not of that irreproachable morality which characterizes Miss Edgeworth. They are, in fact, decidedly French, and can hardly be considered far behind Georges Sand in the loose morality which abounds in them. The story of the present one is well woven together.

The hero, Bertie Cecil, is one of that négligé class so much in favor with writers on British high life, who lives utterly regardless of all restraints, and does Monte Cristo wonders without being the possessor of a shilling. How they manage it we are not informed, but all their debts contracted are glossed over with a fashionable tint, which seems to convince the writer, at least, that it is perfectly proper for a man to run up bills he knows he can't pay, and that there is a great difference between such conduct and theft; but we poor blind mortals are not so certain on the subject. The one redeeming quality in Bertie is his love for his younger brother, who is his protégé, and who, by-the-by, is a decidedly unpromising young whelp. At last, a forged check on Lord Rockingham appears, and Bertie is accused of being its author. Rockingham is a bosom friend of our hero, and does all he can to save him, but the Jew—a merciless Jew, who cannot be bought off—will prosecute, and our guardsman mounts a blooded horse and flies the country. He enlists in a French regiment in Algiers, where he remains for twelve years incog. Meanwhile his father, the Viscount, dies, and so does his elder brother, and Bertie becomes a Viscount. At last he strikes a superior officer who had insulted him, and is condemned to be shot. Just at the critical moment Rockingham, his bosom friend, discovers his incog, and tries to save his life. He fails, and the scene of his friendship is most effective in the book. Just as the volley is fired, a *vivandière*, called Cigarette, throws her arms about him, and saves his life at the risk of her own. A respite and pardon arrive at the same time, and his brother confesses that it was he who forged Rockingham's name, and that to save him Bertie had suffered for twelve years. He returns to England, enjoys his title, rides his horses, and marries the lady of his love. Such is the story. Filled with side characters, whose chastity is not unimpeachable, with the *démôn* and their noble admirers, it makes a decidedly interesting tale, although, as we have said, we cannot recommend it for family

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THE DELAWARE WATER GAP. By L. W. Brodhead. Sherman & Son: Philadelphia. The romance which surrounds the Delaware Water Gap, its legends and its scenery, form an excellent ground-work for a book. Mr. Brodhead, a life-long resident of the vicinity, one who is well acquainted with all its beauties and all its romantic stories, has undertaken the task, and has succeeded admirably in giving to the public a most interesting volume. He tells its tales with simplicity and excellent effect. His descriptive powers are of the first order, and by the aid of a number of photographs taken from nature, and which are both truthful and artistic, gives the reader a correct idea of the beauties of the locality. It is handsomely bound, and should be read by all who desire to have a good idea of one of the beauties of our native State.

—We have received a large number of new editions of Dickens' works, several of the Globe, two of the Diamond, and one of the Author's Edition. Of the merits of the various sets we have already spoken, and can now only express our satisfaction that the demand for each has been sufficient to warrant the continuation of its series.

—We have received from D. Ashmead, No. 724 Chestnut street, a copy of the latest sensation, "Caste." It is an extremely readable work, and is well advertised by the play which is derived from its plot. It is as good as any novel we have recently seen.

—Challen, No. 1308 Chestnut street, has sent us Littell's *Living Age*, which maintains all of its high reputation as a first-class periodical.

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LAW DEPARTMENT, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—A term will begin on the 1st of October next. The introductory Lecture will be delivered by the Hon. GEORGE SHARPSWOOD, on MONDAY, September 23, at 8 o'clock P. M., at the usual Lecture Room. 916 tm

THE AMERICAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.—Class Rooms corner of TENTH and WALNUT STREETS. Circulars may be obtained and pupils entered at the Office, No. 1234 CHESTNUT STREET, from 10 to 12 A. M. and 4 to 6 P. M. 916 tm

THE MISSES ROGERS HAVE REMOVED from No. 508 PINE STREET to No. 1914 PINE STREET, where they will reopen their School for Young Ladies and Children, on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 94 tm

FRENCH, LATIN, AND GERMAN TAUGHT in schools and families. Professor M. RADEK. Applications will be received at Mrs. J. Hamilton's Bookstore, No. 1234 CHESTNUT STREET. 831 tm

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