THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor. "NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; $2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

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DR. S. ARMOR,

HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN. Office and Residence in Locust street, opposite the Post Office; OFFICE PRIVATE.
Columbia, April 25, 1857-6m

Drs. John & Rohrer,

HAVE associated in the Practice of Medicine.
Columbia, April 1st, 1856-tf

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN,

DENTIST, Locust street, opposite the Post Office, Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, May 3, 1856.

H. M. NORTH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Columbia, Pa. Collections, promptly made, in Lancaster and York Counties.
Columbia, May 4, 1850.

J. W. FISHER,

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Columbia, Pa.

Columbia, September 6, 1856-tf

GEORGE J. SMITH,

WHOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake Baker—Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, too numerous to mention; Crackers, Soda, Wine, Scroll, and Sugar Biscuit; Confectionery, of every description, &c., &c. LOCUST STREET,
Feb. 2, '56. Between the Bank and Franklin House.

SOLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, or Purgative Mineral Water.—This pleasant medicine which is highly recommended as a substitute for Epsom Salts, Seidlitz Powders, &c., can be obtained fresh every day at Dr. E. B. HERR'S Drug Store, Front st. [p2

JUST received, a fresh supply of Corn Starch, Farina, and Rice Flour, at McCONKLE & BELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia.
Columbia, May 30, 1857.

LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS. Just received at Herr's Drug Store, a new and beautiful lot of Lamps of all descriptions.
May 2, 1857

A LOT of Fresh Vanilla Beans, at Dr. E B. Herr's Golden Mortar Drug Store.
Columbia, May 2, 1857.

A SUPERIOR article of burning Fluid just received and for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON.

A LARGE lot of City cured Dried Beef, just received at H. SUYDAM & SON'S.
Columbia December 20, 1856.

A NEW and fresh lot of Spices, just received at H. SUYDAM & SON'S.
Columbia, Dec 20, 1856.

COUNTRY Produce constantly on hand and for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON

HOMINY, Cranberries, Raisins, Figs, Almonds, Walnuts, Cream Nuts, &c., just received H. SUYDAM & SON'S.
Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

A SUPERIOR lot of Black and Green Teas, Coffee and Chocolate, just received at H. SUYDAM & SON'S
Dec. 20, 1856. Corner of Front and Union sts.

JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of Glass Ink Stands, at the Headquarters and News Depot.
Columbia, April 18, 1857.

EXTRA Family and Superfine Flour of the best brand, for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON.

JUST received 1000 lbs. extra double bolted Buckwheat Meal, at
Dec. 20, 1856. H. SUYDAM & SON'S.

WEIKEL'S Instantaneous Yeast or Baking Powder, for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON.

TABLE and Rock Salt, by the sack or bushel, for sale low, by
March 28, 1857. I. O. BRUNER CO.

DE GRATH'S ELECTRIC OIL. Just received, a fresh supply of this popular remedy, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS.
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

A LARGE assortment of Ropes, all sizes and lengths, on hand and for sale at THOS. WELSH'S.
March 12, 1857 No. 1. High street.

BOOTS, SHOES, GROCERIES, &c., also, Fresh Burning Fluid, just opened at THOMAS WELSH'S
March 21, 1857. No. 1. High Street.

PRIME Hams, Shoulders, Dried Beef, and Sides, just received at
March 28, 1857. BRUNER & CO'S.

SUGARS, Sugars, of the best qualities, just received and for sale by BRUNER & CO.

BROOMS, Brooms, Brooms, a large lot just received, at [mh 28, 1857] BRUNER & CO'S.

SOAP of all kinds suitable for washing and the toilet, at I. O BRUNER & CO,
March 27, 1857.

COFFEES & TEAS of all kinds and prices for sale by I. O. BRUNER & CO'S.
March 28, 1857.

FISH, Fish Fish—Codfish, Mackerel, Herring, &c., for sale by I. O. BRUNER & CO.
March, 28, 1857.

A NEW lot of WHALE AND CAR GREASING OILS, received at the store of the subscriber.
R. WILLIAMS.
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

FRESH Burning Fluid, Just received and for sale by I. O. BRUNER & CO.
March 28, 1856.

DRIED BEEF. Extra and Plain Hams, Shoulders and mess Pork, for sale by THOMAS WELSH,
March 21, 1856. No. 1. High street.

OATS, Corn, Hay, and other feeds, for sale by THOMAS WELSH.
March 21, 1857.

MOLASSES, Lovering's Syrup, New Orleans, Cuba, and Sugar House, for sale low, by
March 27, 1857. I. O BRUNER & CO.

20 DOZEN BROOMS, 10 BOXES CHEESE. For sale cheap, by B. F. APPOLD & CO.
Columbia, October 25, 1856.

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

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. WILLIAMS.
March 22, '56. Front street Columbia, Pa.

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

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

JUST received, FRESH CAMPHENE, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS.
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

1000 LBS. New City Cured Hams and Shoulders just received and for sale by
Feb 21, 1857 H SUYDAM & SON.

Poetry.

Madam, as You pass Us by.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Madam, as you pass us by,
Dreaming of your loves and wine,
Do not brush your rich brocade
Against this little maid of mine,
Madam, as you pass us by.

When in youth my blood was warm,
Wine was royal, life complete,
So I drained the cups of wine,
So I sat at woman's feet,
When in youth my blood was warm.

Time has taught me pleasant truths:
Lilies grow where thistles grew;
Ah, you loved me not. This maid
Loves me. There's an end of you!
Time has taught me pleasant truths.

I will speak no bitter words.
Too much passion made me blind,
You were subtle Let it go!
For the sake of woman-kind
I will speak no bitter words.

But, Madam as you pass us by,
Dreaming of your loves and wine,
Do not brush your rich brocade
Against this little maid of mine,
Madam, as you pass us by.

To The King.

A health to the king! my king!
But not in the ruby wine
Too pale for the name I sing!
Too weak for such love as mine!

How shall I pledge thee my king?
What nectar shall fill the bowl?
Hebe herself cannot bring
A wine like that in my soul!

Then take for my pledge, eh, king!
My life, which is wholly thine:
And quaff from thy cup, my king!
A soul—not the ruby wine!

Putnam's Monthly.

Selections.

The Lottery Ticket.

In a remote part of the city of Padua, near the ancient church of Santa Sofia, was, and is probably there still, an old house, enclosed by walls, and approached by large gates, which were seldom or never opened—the mode of ingress being by a small wicket gate at the side.

The outer aspect of the house was dull and gloomy, for almost all the windows opened on to an inner court, which was surrounded on the four sides by the building. The open staircase was in one corner of the edifice, and the different rooms above stairs were approached by open galleries, or balconies, in the Italian fashion. Few of the apartments had fire-places, and seldom was smoke seen to issue from the funnel-shaped chimneys, so common in Padua and other localities near Venice, which seemed designed rather for the admission of rain and snow than for the exit of smoke.

The owner and occupier of this silent and gloomy dwelling was an elderly man, of retired and penurious habits. Guiseppe Balducci—for such was his name—inherited from his father a small independence, which was believed greatly to exceed his expenditure. His parsimonious habits increased with his years; and from being at first only economical, he became miserly. He had but few friends and an acquaintance seldom crossed his threshhold. Indeed, such was his reputation for stinginess, that it was a common saying with his tenants to whom he gave receipts—the only things he was ever known to give—for the rent they owed him, that, in order to save the ink, he would neither cross a t or dot an i.

At the period of which my story relates, the whole establishment consisted of one female servant, who had attained the mature age of fifty. Bettina had been brought up by the mother of Balducci, and after the death of her mistress, had been transferred to the menage of the son, in which she had faithfully discharged all the duties of cook, housekeeper and maid of all work, for upwards of twenty years, and had attained, as far as it was possible for any one to attain, the confidence of her master. She was active and industrious, and long habit had familiarized her with the miserly ways of Balducci. Bettina had also another advantage in the eyes of her master; she was so plain that Balducci had never been annoyed by suitors for the hand of his servant, and it was currently reported that Bettina had never had a lover.

Balducci was not more indulgent to Bettina's female acquaintances than he would have been to her friends of the opposite sex. He admitted none of them within his house, for he had a holy horror of gossiping, and was so far conscious of his eccentricities as to be unwilling to afford opportunities of their becoming a subject of conversation for his neighbors. Bettina, however, made up for her solitude and silence at home, by the good use she made of her tongue and ears when going to and returning from mass or market.

One morning Bettina went to purchase provisions at the market, held in the piazza, in front of the Palazzo della Ragione, the ancient town-hall of Padua. The morning was cloudy, and just as she had finished her marketing, the rain, which had been threatening all morning, began to fall.

Now when it rains in Italy, especially during the autumn, and this was in the month of November, it rains in earnest.—There are none of your half measures—Scotch mists; or gentle showers—but regular downright rain, falling straight as a plumb-line, not in drops but in streams, as if it had been poured out of a bucket—a rain that would almost wet a man to the skin before he could open his umbrella. Bettina was not exactly prepared for such a rain as this—she hoped, in fact, to reach home before the rain came, for she could not carry at the same time her heavy basket and one of those large and clumsy umbrellas, covered with waxed cloth, generally used by the lower orders in Lombardy. The white muslin shawl with which her head was covered, was no protection against such weather as this; and as her high heeled shoes covered her toes only, leaving the heels bare, her clean white stockings would soon be plastered with mud.

The sides of the piazza where the market was held were skirted with arcades formed by the projection of the upper stories over the basement. In consequence of their vicinity to the market, the space beneath the arcades was occupied as open shops, a narrow passage being left for the convenience of passengers. Bettina had a friend, Monna Lisetta, who kept a draper's store in this locality; with her the housekeeper took shelter from the rain, and awaited the chance of its ceasing, or of some acquaintance going her way with an umbrella, which was sure to be large enough to cover her as well as the owner.

Monna Lisetta gave her visitor a seat, and found room for her heavy basket in the shop. The two women were soon engaged in conversation. There was no lack of subjects. When they had discussed the weather and the affairs of their neighbors, there was still the shop goods to talk about. Monna Lisetta had many pretty gown pieces which she tried to induce her visitor to purchase; but although Bettina liked to look at pretty things, she was in no humor to buy. She shook her head and pleaded poverty.

'You need not be poor long if you will but do as Gian Sarpi has done. If you have only half his good luck, you will be a rich woman.'

'What has he done, and what good luck has he had?' inquired Bettina, whose curiosity was excited.

'Why he has bought a ticket in the lottery, and drawn a prize of twenty thousand zwanzigers!'

'Indeed! He's a lucky fellow,' said Bettina.

'Why don't you try your luck? and if you get a prize, you can buy this dress, and any others you please.'

As Lisetta spoke, she pointed to a wide placard on the walls of the Palazzo della Ragione, announcing in very large letters, that certain numbers had turned up prizes in the imperial and royal lottery, and that many tickets were yet undisposed of.

'I am thinking of buying a ticket myself,' added Lisetta. 'Look, there is Maso Ferrari now coming out of the office. I wonder whether he has purchased one. Let us ask.'

She beckoned to a man who, covered with a large green unbrella, was then crossing the road.

'What have you been doing over yonder?' asked Lisetta, as he shook his umbrella preparatory to closing it, and stepped into the shop.

'Buying a lottery ticket,' said he.

'Ah! I thought you could not resist, after you heard of Gian Sarpi's good fortune. I am thinking of trying my luck, and I want Monna Bettina to do the same.'

'If I thought I was sure of getting a prize,' said Bettina, doubtingly.

'One is all but sure,' answered Lisetta.

'There are two prizes of one hundred thousand zwanzigers each to be drawn soon, and if I should be lucky enough to get one of them,' said Maso, clasping his hands, while his eyes sparkled with anticipated happiness—'why, my fortune will be made, and I may ride in my coach, instead of carrying this green umbrella over my head in the rain, and tramping through the mud.'

'And you can buy a dress for your wife of this piece of stuff,' said Lisetta, who always had an eye to business. 'Isn't it a beauty?' She displayed the cloth, gathering it up in her hand like the folds of a dress, and holding it in as good a light as she could command; then she turned it towards Bettina.

'It is very pretty, certainly,' said the housekeeper, thus directly appealed to. 'I should like it very much, but I cannot afford it.'

'Ah! you'll tell a different tale when you have drawn a prize in the lottery.'

'Stuff and nonsense! I don't mean to buy a ticket.'

Bettina advanced to the entrance of the arch, and looked this way and that to see whether the rain had abated; and, not trusting to her eyes alone, she held out her hand to feel.

'The rain is abating,' said she; 'I must hasten home. If you are going my way, Maso, will you give me the shelter of your umbrella?'

'With pleasure,' replied Maso. Bettina took up her basket, and after bidding Lisetta good bye, and gathering her dress above her ankles to keep it clean, she walked in company with Maso as far as the gate of Balducci's house, where, thanking him for his civility, she let herself in and secured the door.

The hour was so late that Bettina had scarcely time to prepare for dinner, but when her work was done, and she sat down to her evening occupation of knitting a cotton stocking she had leisure to think about the lottery ticket. The hope of suddenly acquiring riches, and of stepping at one jump from poverty to wealth, is always a great temptation and it requires a strong mind to resist the impulse. The more Bettina thought about the lottery ticket, the brighter and more alluring appeared the prizes, while the blanks seemed entirely to be forgotten.—Why should she not get a prize as well as Gian Sarpi? She thought she would try.—But what if her ticket should not turn up a prize? Well, then she would lose a few florins, and, thanks to the Madonna and 'the Santo,' that would not ruin her. She could afford to lose a few. She would try. As she plied her knitting needle, her thoughts busied themselves in castle-building, and she formed many plans for the disposal of the prize which she now made sure of obtaining.

The next day, without saying a word to her master, or even to Lisetta, she went to the lottery office and purchased a ticket.

Full of hope and expectation, Bettina returned to the house, and as she folded up the white muslin shawl with which, according to the custom of the country, she had covered her head when she left home, bright visions of zwanzigers and florins floated before her, and although she went about her work as usual, the lottery ticket absorbed all her thoughts.

Bettina now resolved to tell her master what she had done and only waited for a favorable occasion. One day when Balducci had eaten his dinner and appeared particularly amiable, Bettina informed her master of her purchase; but the poor woman little anticipated the reception her communication would meet with, and she was totally unprepared for the volley of abuses which Balducci lavished on her folly in thus squandering away her savings.

'A lottery ticket!' he exclaimed 'you must be mad, quite mad! Would any person in his senses have purchased a lottery ticket? Do you know that for every prize there are hundreds of blanks?—that the chances are nearly a thousand to one against you? If the blanks were not greatly more more numerous than the prizes, do you think the government could afford to carry on the lotteries?

'But somebody must win, why should not I?' observed Bettina.

'Many must lose,' replied Balducci, parodying her expression, 'and why should not you be one of them?'

Bettina's countenance fell. Her friends had shown her only the bright side of the picture, and, simple-minded as she was, she had given implicit credence to their representations. Balducci had torn the veil rudely from her eyes, and she began to think that she might not only lose her money, but her master's favor, for she had never seen him so much excited. The poor woman did not hazard a reply. She was leaving the kitchen, where her master took his meals, when Balducci called her back.

'What is the number of your ticket?' he inquired.

'4444,' replied Bettina.

Balducci quietly took a piece of charcoal from the fire, and marked the number on the chimney-piece.

'That is all; you may go now. Let me hear no more of this foolish business.'

Bettina left the room, and busied herself about her work. How different now were her feelings from what they had been only half an hour before, when, elated with hope and the pleasing anticipation of success, she had made known her purchase to Balducci.

She was startled from her work by an unusual noise. Her ear told her that the sound was from the pantry. Thither she hurried, and Balducci, who had also been attracted by the noise followed her. On opening the door, the cause of the clamor soon became evident. Bettina, whose thoughts were bent on her lottery ticket, had gone into the pantry to put away the remains of the dinner, and not perceiving the cat—for miser as he was, Balducci kept a cat, at least if he can be said to have kept her when she lived upon nothing but mice—had entered with her, and had been shut in. The cat had made the most of her time, and as a fowl was a greater treat to her than mice, she had made bold to seize it, and in jumping down with her prey in her mouth, she had knocked down some crockery, among which was Balducci's favorite plate. Bettina and her master entered the pantry in time to rescue the fowl, but the china plate was shivered into twenty pieces. Neither cement nor rivets could put it together again. The author of the mischief slipped out when the door was opened, and did not venture to show herself again for several days. Bettina was dumb with consternation; Balducci furious with passion.

'Vile, gambling, extravagant hussey,' he exclaimed, 'is this the way you take care of your master's property? Did I bring home a fowl which cost me a zwanziger and a half, to be eaten by a cat? I'll tie her up by the neck to the fig tree in the court, to serve as a warning to all her thievish race, as soon as I can lay my hands upon her. But my plate, my china plate which my father brought from India, and which he eat off as long as he lived, and which I have used ever since, it cannot be replaced. It was beyond all price, and to have it broken at last by a cat! This all comes of your folly in buying a lottery ticket! You shall pay for the plate: you shall pay for the fowl! Get you out of my sight.' He pushed her before him, and locked the door of the pantry.

Time passed on, and peace was gradually restored to the household of Balducci. As if by mutual agreement, the lottery ticket was not again mentioned by either of them. Balducci however, had not forgotten it, and he seldom went out without glancing his eye at the government placards to see whether any prize had been drawn since Bettina's purchase.

One day he observed a crowd of people round the office, and approaching in order to ascertain the cause, he saw it posted that one of the prizes of 100,000 zwanzigers had been drawn, and that the fortunate number was 4444.

Balducci was thunderstruck. It was the number of the ticket purchased by Bettina. Who could have expected that she would draw a prize—and such a prize? She was now richer than he was. It was probable, nay, next to certain, that she would leave him, for it was not to be expected that a woman who posessed a fortune of 100,000 zwanzigers would continue to act as a menial servant. Whom should he get to supply her place? As these reflections passed through his mind, self, his own dear self, being at the bottom of all his cogitations, he wended his way homeward. Suddenly a thought struck him—'What if I were to marry Bettina? Then I should secure not only the zwanzigers, but her services. It is true she is my servant, but I should not be the first man who has married his servant, by a great many. I am growing old, and shall want some one to wait upon me, and who will make so good a nurse as a wife? And Bettina will make a very good wife.—She is economical too, and not given to gadding about, and then she is very obedient, and treats me with proper respect. Besides, if I dont marry her soon, some one else will; that's certain. I'll go and propose at once—at least as soon as I have ascertained that her ticket has really won the prize. I wrote down the number on the chimney, and can soon satisfy myself. In the mean time, I will keep the matter a secret; it will be such an agreeable surprise to Bettina, to acquaint her with her good fortune on our wedding day, for she is sure to accept my offer.

Lost in these agreeable meditations, Balducci knocked at his own gate, which was opened by Bettina.

'Thank you, my dear,' said he very graciously, but without losing a moment, he walked straight up to the chimney and looked anxiously at the number he had marked on it.

It was 4444 to a certainty. Bettina was a rich woman and should be his wife. He would secure the prize before another should seize it; indeed, before she should hear of her good fortune from other quarters.

In the course of that evening he offered his hand and fortune—his heart does not appear to have been included in the bargain—to Bettina.

The astonishment of the housekeeper was boundless. She could scarcely believe her ears. In her humility she could not feel sufficiently grateful that her own master, a gentleman of honorable family, would really offer to make her his wife. She was quite overwhelmed by his condescension.—But she was also quite at a loss how to answer him. At last she bethought herself of asking him to give her until the following morning to consider her answer to this very unexpected proposal.

That night was a sleepless one to Bettina. She turned from side to side in her bed; until every blade of maize straw of which her mattrass was composed rustled. It was long before she came to a decision, for although she was much flattered by the offer she had received, still Balducci was not exactly the man she would have chosen. She reflected that she was not a young woman, and as a time might come when she would not work, it would be a pleasant thing to think that she was comfortably provided for, for life; and this would make amends for some inconveniences. Besides she really was attached to her master, with whom and with his mother she had lived from her childhood.

She made up her mind, then to accept Balducci's offer, and when at breakfast time he asked for her answer, she acquainted him with her decision.

The next point was to fix the wedding-day. Balducci, who had his own motive for hastening matters, proposed an early day. Bettina saw no reason for postponing the ceremony, especially as her master wished to hasten it. Besides, when the gentleman was sixty-six years of age, and the lady on the wrong side of fifty, there was no time to lose. An early day was therefore, fixed, and the arrangements were specially made for the wedding.

The preparations were very simple. Balducci's house was so close to the church that no carriage was necessary. There were no near relations on either side, and but few acquaintances. The only guest invited to the wedding-dinner was the priest who officiated in Santa Sofia, and who had the care of the consciences of Balducci and Bettina.

The wedding-day arrived, and the gordian knot, to be severed by the scythe of death, was tied. Bettina, who never before had a surname, was now entitled to be called 'the Signora Balducci.' The husband and wife walked home from the church arm in arm, and were admitted to their habitation by the new servant, who, by, Balducci's orders, had been hired to take Bettina's place in the kitchen. A goodly dinner, such as had not graced the table of the old house since the death of his mother, was prepared. There was cabbage and pumpkin soup, plentifully flavored with grated Parmesan cheese, a dish of boiled meat, a dish of fried meat, a ragout, a roast fowl; there were truffles swimming in oil, a dish of polenta garnished with small birds, and a capital cheese from Lodi. These delicacies were followed by a dessert of apples, figs, mostarda, dolce, (i. e. plums and other fruits, preserved with sugar and mustard seeds,) savory biscuits and roasted chestnuts.

Bettina, in her new capacity as mistress superintended the arrangements for the repast, and, as the church clock struck the hour which had been named for the dinner, a gentle tap was heard at the door. It was opened speedily.

'Pax vobiscum,' said a cheerful, sonorous voice, and Father Clemente stepped into the room. He was a tall, robust looking man, who would have been called handsome in any company. He had a ruddy complexion, an aquiline nose, and the prominent, well-cut chin which so strongly marks the Italian type of countenance. A fringe of dark brown hair surrounded his temples, and curled round the edge of his black skull cap, and his high white forehead. His hazel eyes sparkled with good humor, and harmonized with the pleasant expression of his mouth. His long black garment, buttoned only half way down, did not conceal a well-shaped leg and neat ankle, clad in black knee-breeches and stockings.

'Pax vobiscum,' he repeated, removing his skull cap, which he immediately replaced.

'Et cum vobis,' answer Balducci and Bettina.

'My respects to the bride and bridegroom. May you both enjoy many years of happiness,' resumed Father Clemente, extending a hand to each, and kindly and heartily pressing theirs. 'I hope I am not late.'

'Who ever knew a priest too late for dinner?' asked Balducci, who was in unwonted good spirits.

'Not I,' answered Father Clemente.—'And if I had forgotten the hour, the savory steam issuing from your kitchen and perfuming the air would have reminded me of it. It rejoices the very cockles of my heart.'

'My wife has exerted herself to do honor to our guest, and to this our wedding day. But we must not run the risk of spoiling her cookery by a longer delay.'

They took their seats at the table and begun dinner; Bettina for the first time presiding at the table where she had formerly waited as servant. She could not quite shake off the shyness and timidity incident to her new situation; but the cheerful and social humor of Father Clement at last succeeded in making her feel at ease. As to Balducci, he was in such uproriously good spirits—especially after the wine began to circulate more briskly, that Bettina almost doubted whether he really was her old master.

At last the dessert was placed on the table, and the new servant withdrew.

'My dear,' said Balducci, who seemed to fall with wonderful facility into the phraseology of married people, 'I have a little surprise which I think will give you as much pleasure as it has done me. Having occasion to go into the town this morning, I observed that a notice was posted up to the effect that a prize of 100,000 zwanzigers had just been drawn in the lottery, and that the fortunate number was 4444; the number, if I recollect right, of your ticket.'

'Oh, blessed Virgin Mary!' exclaimed Bettina, clasping her hands, 'how unfortunate I am!'

'Unfortunate, my dear! quite the reverse; unless you think it a great evil to posess a fortune of 100,000 zwanzigers. There is no mistake about it, for I went to the principal office to ascertain the truth.'

'There is a mistake,' said Bettina, looking very blank.

Balducci began to feel somewhat alarmed. 'A mistake! what do you mean?'

'The prize is not mine. I sold the ticket,' replied Bettina, with faltering accents.

'Sold the ticket!' almost shrieked Balducci, springing from his seat, and leaning his two hands upon the table, he fixed his eyes with ghastly eagerness upon the now trembling woman. 'Sold the ticket, did you say?—When? why? speak, woman,' said he, almost closing his teeth, and stamping wildly with his foot. 'Speak!'

'Stop, stop, my friend,' said Padre Clemente, 'you terrify the signora; give her time to reply to one question at a time.'

Bettina also had risen from her seat, and although her eyes were still, with a kind of fascination like that with which a bird gazes at a snake about to devour him, fixed upon Balducci, she instinctively stood behind her chair, which she interposed between herself and the excited interrogator.

'Where is the ticket?' shouted Balducci.

'Alas! I know not!' said Bettina. 'I have sold it.'

'When, where, why?' asked Balducci.

Padre Clemente laid his hand on the arm of the anxious inquirer. 'I will ask her, leave her to me.' Then turning to Bettina, he said kindly, 'will the signora tell me what she knows about the lottery ticket?'

'My master,' said Bettina, who seemed to have fallen back on her old habits of expression, will recollect that when I told him I had purchased a lottery ticket, he reproved me for my folly, pointing out the small chance I had of drawing a prize, and the all but certainty of losing my money.'

'And why did you not tell me what you had done?' asked Balducci fiercely.

'Gently, gently,' interrupted PadreClemente, the peace maker, touching the arm of Balducci. Then addressing Bettina, he said, 'Will the signora say why she did not mention having sold the ticket?'

'Because my master desired me never to mention the subject to him agoin.'

'You see that the signora is not to blame,' said the Padre.

'Fool, dolt, idiot, accursed be your folly!' exclaimed Balducci, stamping with rage, 'accursed be my own folly to suffer myself to be deceived by a woman. Do you think I would have mar——'He stopped abruptly, fortunately recollecting before he exposed them, that his motives in marrying Bettina were not sufficiently pure to bear the light of day. There was a pause. Bettina's eyes were fixed upon him in trembling anxiety; her fate seemed to hang on his words. He struck his forehead. 'I am a ruined man, 'he exclaimed.

'Not so,' said Padre Clemente. 'If you have lost a prize in the imperial and royal lottery, you have gained a prize in the great lottery of life. A good wife, such as I am satisfied that Bettina will be is worth more than 100,000 zwanzigers.'

'I will part with her for less than half the money,' replied Balducci, bitterly; 'nay, I will make her a present to any one who will take her off my hands, or even pay something handsome to be rid of her. Confound her, she is as ugly as sin, and as old as Santa Sofia's itself.'

Padre Clemente, instead of replying, took the hand of Bettina and led her to the door. 'Go,' said he, 'signora, to your room for a short time; he will be reasonable presently.'

He shut the door after her and returned to his seat, Balducci stalked up and down the room like a madman. Padre Clemente waited patiently until his rage was exhausted. He might as well have tried to turn back the river Brenta when it was swollen by the melting of the Alpine snow. He replenished his own glass and that of his host. 'Drink,' said he, 'you oblige me to do the honors; the wine of Montmeillant is too good to waste its fragrance on the desert air.'

Balducci mechanically took the glass, which he drained.

'And now I will thank you for a fig,' said the priest. The dish was handed in silence.

For some time neither party spoke. At last Balducci said, as if speaking to himself,

'If I had but known it yesterday.'

'What then?'

'Why, that woman would have been standing behind my chair instead of sitting at the head of my table.'

'After, all,' said the priest, apparently soliloquising, 'the signora has the worst end of the staff.'

'How do you make that out?' said Balducci bristling up. 'Have I not married my servant, when I thought to espouse a woman with a fortune of 100,000 zwanzigers?'

'You did not want the zwanzigers—you have always had more money than you can spend? What would you have been the better for having so large a sum locked up in a box? You would not have had the heart to spend a florin of it. Now, by marrying a person who has served you so long and faithfully as the signora, you have, if you do but treat your wife with common civility and attention, secured the affectionate service of one whose attachment to your family and to yourself personally is undoubted. But what are Bettina's prospects? She has married a man in a different rank of life, who has openly expressed that he married her for her supposed fortune, and who has given way on his wedding day to a terrible outbreak of passion and anger against his unoffending wife. In disposing of her ticket, she did but according to what she thought were your wishes on the subject.'

Balducci sat down, and buried his face in his hands.

'It is too true,' said he at last.

'Let us endeavor to take things as they are, and bow our heads to the supreme wisdom. L'homme propose, le Bon Dieu dispose.—Blessed be His Holy name,' said the good priest, rising, and reverently raising his skull cap, which he then replaced. 'Why do you not say, Amen, my son?'

'Amen,' replied Balducci, again covering his face in his hands.

'Confess your sin, and pray for forgiveness, my son" said the priest, assuming all the dignity of his office.

He led the way to a small table at the other side of the room, and seated himself at one end of it. Balducci, accustomed to obey his spiritual director, followed as he was desired, and kneeling at the other end of the table, confessed to the priest, and received his absolution on the promise of performing the penance enjoined by the good Padre.

This was not very severe, although it required some self-control on the part of Balducci. Padre Clemente required that he should treat his new wife with civility and attention.

'Now,' said the priest, 'shall we recall the signora?'

Balducci's reply was in the affirmative.—Padre Clemente left the room, and after some little time he returned with Bettina, whose pale face and red swollen eyes bore testimony to the agitation she had undergone.

Balducci offered her his hand and apologized for his intemperate conduct.

'Let us drink forgetfulness of the past, and happiness for the future,' said the Padre.

'With all my heart,' replied Balducci.

'Come, Bettina.'

Again they resumed their seats at the table.

'The bottle is empty,' said Padre Clem-