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.

VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 30.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 30, 1858. [WHOLE NUMBER, 1,435.

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No subscription received for a less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

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Larger advertisements in proportion.

A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half-yearly or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

THOMAS WELSH,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.

OFFICE, in Whipper's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street.

☞ Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care.

November 28, 1857.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN,

DENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above the Odd Fellows' Hall, 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,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Columbia,

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.

CORN Starch, Farina, Rice Flour, Tapioca, Sago, Oat Meal, Arrow Root, &c., at the FAMILY MEDICINE STORE,

Sept 26, '57. Odd Fellows' Hall.

JUST received, three dozen Dr. Brunon's Vegetable Bitters, a certain cure for Dyspepsia; also, a fresh lot of Sup Sago and Pine Apple Cheese, Farina and Corn Starch, at D. HERR'S

Sept 5, 1857. Grocery and Liquor Store.

HAIR DYE'S. Jones' Batchelor's, Peter's and Egyptian hair dyes, warranted to color the hair any desired shade, without injury to the skin. For sale by R WILLIAMS,

May 10, Front st., Columbia, Pa.

JUST received, a fresh supply of Kennedy's Medical Discovery, and for sale, by R WILLIAMS, Front street.

Columbia, June 27, 1857.

BROWN'S Essence of Jamaica Ginger, Genuine Article. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S

Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.

July 25, 1857.

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. ☞2

JUST received, a fresh supply of Corn Starch, Farina, and Rice Flour, at McCORKLE & DELLETT'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.

HOOFLAND'S German Bitters. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S

Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.

July 25, 1857.

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.

FARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Commercial and other Gold Pens—the best in the market—just received. P. SHREINER.

Columbia, April 25, 1855.

WHITE GOODS.—A full line of White Dress Goods of every description, just received, at

July 11, 1857. FONDERSMITH'S.

WHY should any person do without a Clock, when they can be had for $1,50 and upwards, at SHREINER'S!

Columbia, April 28, 1855

SAPONEFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for making Soap. 1 lb. is sufficient for one barrel of Soft Soap, or 1 lb. for 9 lbs. Hard Soap. Full directions will be given at the Counter for making Soft, Hard and Fancy Soaps. For sale by R. WILLIAMS.

Columbia, March 31, 1855.

TABLE and Rock Salt, by the sack or bushel, for sale low, by

Oct 16, 1857 I. O. BRUNER CO.

DE GRATH'S ELECTRIC OIL. Just received, 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.

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.

A SUPERIOR article of PAINT OIL, for sale by R. WILLIAMS.

May 10, 1856. 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 of 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.

Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews.

L. SCOTT & CO., NEW YORK, continue to publish the following leading British Periodicals, viz:

1.
The London Quarterly (*Conservative.*)
2.
The Edinburgh Review (*Whig.*)
3.
The North British Review (*Free Church.*)
4.
The Westminster Review (*Liberal.*)
5.
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (*Tory.*)

These Periodicals ably represent the three great political parties of Great Britain—Whig, Tory, and Radical,—but politics forms only one feature of their character. As Organs of the most profound writers on Science, Literature, Morality, and Religion, they stand as they ever have stood, unrivalled in the world of letters, being considered indispensable to the scholar and the professional man, while to the intelligent reader of every class they furnish a more correct and satisfactory record of the current literature of the day, throughout the world, than can be possibly obtained from any other source.

EARLY COPIES.

The receipt of ADVANCE SHEETS from the British publishers gives additional value to these Reprints, inasmuch as they can now be placed in hands of subscribers about as soon as the original editions.

TERMS.

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For one of the four Reviews,	$3 00
For any two of the four Reviews,	5 00
For any three of the four Reviews,	7 00
For all four of the Reviews,	8 00
For Blackwood's Magazine,	3 00
For Blackwood and three Reviews,	9 00
For Blackwood and four Reviews,	10 00

☞ Payments to be made in all cases in advance. Money current in the State where issued will be received at par.

CLUBBING.

A discount of twenty-five per cent. from the above price will be allowed to Clubs ordering four or more copies of any one or more of the above works. Thus: Four copies of Blackwood, or of one Review, will be sent to one address for $9; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for $30, and so on.

POSTAGE.

In all the Principal Cities and Towns, these works will be delivered Free of Postage.—When sent by mail, the Postage to any part of the United States will be but TWENTY-FOUR CENTS a year for "Blackwood," and but FOURTEEN CENTS a year for each of the Reviews.

N. B.—The Price in Great Britain of the five Periodicals above named is $31 per annum.

Remittances for any of the above publications should always be addressed, post paid, to the publishers,

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,
No. 51 Gold street, New York.

December 26, 1857.

"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever."

HAVE you examined the exquisite "Blue and Gold" pocket edition of Longfellow, Tennyson, Leigh Hunt, Gerald Massey, and the beautiful illustrated Gift Books, at Saylor & McDonald's? Nothing more tasteful has ever been offered to Columbians.

GIFTS! GIFTS!! GIFTS!!!

of every variety from the Holiday Books for the child to the immortal works of the Great Masters of Poesy, from the simple Paper Knife to the elaborately finished Ladies' Work Box, are to be found at

SAYLOR & McDONALD'S.

☞ DIARIES of every description for 1858. Every man should have one.

December 19, 1857.

NEW FURS AGAIN.

OUR second supply of NEW FURS, are now ready for the inspection of the ladies, and our

PRICES ARE 20 PER CENT. LOWER

than can be had at any other store in Columbia

☞ Call and judge for yourselves, at

H. C FONDERSMITH'S,

Dec. 12, 1857. People's Cash Store.

10 PER CT. SAVED ON STOVES.

CALL at Pfahler's and examine his assortment of STOVES Parlor, Parlor Cook, Hall, Office and Cooking Stoves and Ranges of the latest styles and of every pattern Purchasers will find it to their advantage to select from this full and excellent stock, which will be offered at most reasonable rates. Remember! at

H PFAHLER'S

Locust st, opposite the Franklin House.

Columbia, Dec. 12 1857.

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale a second hand Carriage, in good repair. Apply to H. PFAHLER.

Dec. 12, 1857 Locust street.

COAL! COAL!

THE undersigned has constantly on hand and for sale,

Balumore Company and Diamond White Ash, Lump, Egg, Stove, Range, and Nut Coal—the Lump is equal if not superior to any thing in the country for smelting iron;

Red Ash, Lump, Egg, Stove and Nut, of the best quality, from the Shamokin region;

Short Mountain Stove, and Trevorton Egg Coal—an excellent article for domestic summer use;

Pine Grove Lump, Egg and Stove Coal—a superior article for domestic and steam purposes;

Plymouth and Pittston White and Red Ash, Lump and Egg Size Coal;

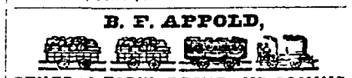
Broad Top and Allegheny Bituminous Coal, of the best qualities, for blacksmithing;

The above general assortment of Coal, consumers and the public are invited to call and examine, and hear the prices. I am prepared to furnish the above by the Boat, Car or single Ton, at my Wharf, foot of Canal Basin, Columbia, Lancaster county, Pa.

Also, Coal and Iron received and shipped on commission. J. G. HIESS.

Columbia, Oct. 10, 1857.

B. F. APPOLD,



GENERAL FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT, RECEIVER OF

COAL AND PRODUCE,

And Deliverer on any point on the Columbia and Philadelphia Railroad, to York and Baltimore and to Pittsburg;

DEALER IN COAL, FLOUR AND GRAIN, WHISKY AND BACON, have just received a large lot of Monongahela Rectified Whiskey, from Pittsburg, of which they will keep a supply constantly on hand, at low prices. Nos. 1, 2 and 6 Canal Basin.

Columbia, January 27, 1854.

ARE YOU INSURED?

West Branch Insurance Company.

THIS Company was organized in June, 1855. None but the safest business has been done, and the prosperous financial condition of the Company is evidence of its standing.

Whole amount of Property Insured,	$1,187,618 00
Losses Paid,	5,354 00

LEWIS TREDENICK, Columbia, Pa., is the authorized agent, and is empowered to make surveys and insure property at the regular rates of the Company. [Dec. 5, 1857.

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm of Smith & Bruner, was this day dissolved by mutual consent

VINCENT SMITH.
DANIEL I. BRUNER.

Columbia, January 9, 1858. [jan. 16 3t]

Christmas, Christmas.

"Glad Christmas comes, and every hearth
Makes room to give him welcome now,
E'en want will dry his tears in mirth,
And crown him with a holly bough."

And our friends will welcome him as joyously as ever and celebrate his coming by bestowing on the dear ones of the fireside some token of friendship or affection. Where can such be found in neater and more appropriate form than at

SAYLOR & McDONALD'S

Head Quarters and News Depot, Front street.

December 19, 1857.

Poetry.

The Relief of Lucknow.

Oh! that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last,
That the enemy's lines crept surely on
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe was worse than death,
An the men and all worked on;
It was one more day of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair young gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her hend on my knee:
"When my father comes hame frae the plough," she said,
"Oh! then please wauken me"

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of woodbine shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is staid.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden,—but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face, and she caught my hand
And drew me near, as she spoke.

"The Hielanders! oh! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa?
The M'Gregor's! oh! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'!

"God bless thae bonny Hielanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back;—they were there to die;
But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire
Far off, and the far off roar,
Were all; and the colonel shook his hend,
And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, "the slogan's done;
But winna ye hear it noo,
The Campbells are comin" It's not a dream;
Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way,—
A shrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise from the strife afar,
Or the suppers under ground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders!
And now they played *Auld Lang Syne;*
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartans streamed,
Marching round and round our line,
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
As the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne*

[*Atlantic Monthly.*

Selections.

The Gambling Hells of Paris.

Any one who has gone the beaten round of the Springs of Baden and Wies Baden, and Homburg, and Spa, must have noted some curious shapes of tradition common alike to them all; that is to say, certain melo-dramatic histories pursuing him close one to the other. At one time there travels to him from Ems or other remote places of waters, the annual legend respecting the young Russian nobleman. Who is not familiar with the tale! The young Russian nobleman has been sitting for twenty-four hours at a stretch; and during that time has staked, and lost—first, all his money, in the shape of untold roubles—then his jewels and plate—his vast estates at home, his trees, malachite mines, serfs and all; and, finally, with the sangfroid of his nation, has withdrawn into a quiet corner, and there pistoled himself. Or, it may be, that the stranger has hearkned to a dim tradition of the wealthy financier, who had lost his five hundred thousand francs in a night, and whom the bank considerately presented with sufficient to defray his expenses home. Perhaps, too, there has been pointed out to him the gentleman who had sacrificed his all upon the society's altar, and who now lives at free charges, upon the terms of his showing himself about the grounds, and rehearsing his little history to strangers. What pointing of a moral the company may have in view in such policy it would not be easy to say. I would seem natural that the gentleman ought to serve as warning, or wholesome moral scarecrow for the unthinking—bidding them take heed lest they also come to this grief. But the Bank is wise in its generation, and has abundant opportunity of studying human character. There may be a sort of sweet encouragement behind this show figure—this walking affiche—as if society were calling softly to all comers, Cast down abundantly into our bosoms your gold and your silver, your Friedrichs d'or, your soiled thaler notes, your Naps, and your English guineas. And when lightened of all, who knows but we may take such gentle care of you, as we have done of him? Perhaps some luckless player—now unpapering his last rouleau—may have such Will-o'-the-Wisp floating before him—thinking that if all comes to the worst, he, too, may be wandering about the grounds, and telling strangers what the noble society has done for him.

Those must have been famous days in the gay city of Paris, when play was authorized publicly under the laisser faire Bourbon rule. Such tolerations, of course, bore fruit in duels, murders, and crowded Morgue—only to be stayed by the stoical ordinance of the Republic, which went forth on the twenty-first Messidor An. Sept—utterly extinguishing all such houses of entertainment. But crafty Fouche, when casting about for means of perfecting his new police system, revived them once more, sagaciously enjoining the formation of a stranger's club, or circle.—The patent was farmed to one Perrin, who paid no regular sum, but it was whispered among exempts and mouchards that fifty Louis d'or found their way every morning to the Minister's table. This stranger's Club, or Cercle des Etrangers was in the Rue Grand Batelliere, and was the most fashionable resort of all. Three noble presidents—all marquises—watched over its welfare, each drawing for his services a small pot de vin of two thousand pounds per annum. Exquisite suppers were set forth there every night of the week—and their bal masques were the choicest entertainment of the Paris season. Madame Tallien and other exalted dames were to be often seen there; and it was even whispered that the great Napoleon, shrouded loosely in his mask and domino, and leaning on Duroc's arm, had more than once wandered through the rooms.

There were six of these licensed tables, including the celebrated Maison de Livry, better known as Frascati's, which the stranger might find at number one hundred andeighty Rue Richelieu. There was besides a swarm of such institutions under the arcades of the Palais Royal—nicely graduated according to the purses of all comers. These were found convenient; passing bourgeoisie and gaping provincials, fresh from the country, during the last days of Play Regime, rushed to the tables and were ruined together in happy equality.

Even these licensed houses were scarcely found sufficient for the wants of the Parisian world. Certain embassadors, availing themselves of their high privileges, threw open their rooms for the mysteries of Pharaoh—which game was likewise rumored to be in high favor at the Œil de Bœuf—being infinitely relished by Queen Antoinette and her court. Ladies of quality, too, whose means were a little straitened, were gratified with powers to open a sort of tripot in their salons; and, after paying the night's expenses, and suitable bonus to the unseen protector, a very handsome sum was sure to remain for madame's profit. The internal economy of all maisons de jeu was pretty much the same. In number one hundred and thirteen, under the Palais Royal Arcade, a stake so low as ten sous was permitted. The lowest gamin, therefore, or begrimed charbonnier, was sorely tempted to try what fortune had in store for him. But, a few doors further on, at number one hundred and fifty-four, only gold might be laid down. At the door all visitors had to give up their hats, which curious rule was rigidly enforced in every house, only a few distinguished strangers being privileged to take theirs in. Such slender refreshment as beer and eau sucree, were served round gratuitously. But at Frascati's, wines and costly refection were to be had for the asking. The servants, who were spoken of respectfully as Messieurs de la Chambre, were important personages in their own way. They usually lent small sums on personal property—such as watches, jewelry, and even wearing apparel; in first class houses they accommodated distressed players with handsome loans, taking no receipt, and being content with only a small bonus. It has been the policy of such institutions to dazzle with grand and liberal treatment: after whom walk closely West End clothiers, so heedless on the score of small figures, time, and credit.

Some curious additions to the Chronique Scandaleuse might be furnished from the maisons de jeu. As it was, each house had its share of histories and miraculous turns of fortune, all unfolded in due course to the admiring stranger. How there was to be seen a player, who played unvrayingly for a single quarter of an hour and not an instant longer, and who during that span, lost three or four thousand francs, or else won twelve or fifteen thousand; and who had thus earned the sobriquet or pet prenomen of Masseno. How again another, a young provincial, had come up on the eve of his marriage to purchase nuptial presents for his bride, with only fifteen francs in his pocket, how he had strayed into one of these houses, and gone his way home rejoicing, bearing with him mony costly offerings for his fiancee, and ninety thousand francs in clean notes besides! How again a Strasbourg cafe-keeper came up to town to see the sights, wandered in for a few moments, and issued forth with a rich booty of over two thousand francs. Such gorgeous legends have a savor as of Arabian Nights, filling the neophyte's heart with strange enthusiasm, and sent him to the tables filled with longing hope and desire. But there is another history of a more mysterious character, inspiring awe and a certain freezing of the nerves. The scene is at Frascati's, at about two hours past midnight; a gray and grizzled general, with long-pointed moustaches, whose breast is garnished with the St. Esprit, St. Louis, and Legion of Honneur, has been playing desperately since ten o'clock; playing until all his broad lands in Normandy have utterly melted away. For there has been standing behind him all the night an accommodating Hebrew, to whom the poor general's acres are well known, and who has been liberal in his advances on the security of the general's little note. But now the Hebrew, knowing that the land has on it as much as it will bear, declines further accommodation: and the old officer sits in a corner with his face covered up in his hands. He is utterly ecrase, abattu, say winners and losers as they pass by, looking curiously at the broken warrior. But the worst is, that he has wildly staked his little daughter's portion—now sleeping unconsciously far away in her Normandy convent—and that, too, has gone the way of the rest. And this is what has so completely bowed him down to the earth. Meantime, amidst the hum of excited tongues, and the chinking of gold and silver moneys, a tall stranger, wrapped in a long cloak, has entered very quietly. It was noted by a few lookers-on that he is pale, and that his eyes are strangely brilliant, and that he has coal-black hair pushed back from his forehead. He drew near to the gray general, and after a time sat down carelessly just behind him. Then he touched him lightly on the shoulder, and began whispering earnestly; the gray general not heeding him very much at first. Gradually he grew more attentive, and at last suffered himself to be drawn into the window, where he had a long conversation with the dark stranger. Whence he was soon after seen to come forth, very pale, and with compressed lips, but with something like a heavy purse in his hand. What could it mean? Was this another obliging Hebrew? However, place was made for the gray general at the table, who, with trembling fingers, heaped up a glittering pile before him, and began to play. First he had strange luck, and his golden heap began to rise high; when, suddenly, his fortune turned. Gradually his pile began to dwindle, falling away by degrees, until there were left but two or three bright pieces, which at the next cast were gone also. All this while the tall stranger might have been seen standing afar off in the door-way, with his cloak folded about him, and smiling coldly as the gray general's heap melted away. When all was over and the last piece gone, he beckoned over to the gray general with an ivory-like forefinger, who thereupon rose up without a word and walked toward the door, and in another minute he and the tall stranger had departed together. For a few moments the players looked uneasily at each other and whispered mysteriously, and then the game went on as before through the whole of that night. But early next morning, certain wood-cutters going to their work hard by the Bois de Boulogne came upon the body of a gray-haired officer, with gray twisted moustaches, lying upon his back, with discolored marks about his throat. The significance of the dark stranger became then known, and was talked of for many nights in salons de jeu. The legend became a player's legend, and was thenceforth known as the History of Le General Gris. He is but a type after all; for there were to be seen many, many such ancient warriors, casting away their hard-won substance, and driven to their trusty swords as a last refuge from disgrace and ruin.

Other chronicles are there, no less curious, especially those concerning certain tracassaries played off on the bank. The bank is only fair game for such craft, being held to be a ravening monster preying upon all unhappy players; therefore are all such narratives of chicane welcomed with a certain gusto and enjoyment. Once upon a time (so runs the tradition) two young men strolled into Frascati's, each laying down his fifty double Louis upon different colors. The cards were dealt in due course, and the red came up as winning color. Monsieur A gently gathered up his fifty Louis, and passed away silently from the room. Monsieur B, whose fifty had been swept in by the croupier's rake, was following when he was stopped by Messieurs de la Chambre.—Monsieur le Croupier, in gathering up his spoil had discovered that Monsieur B's Louis were only so many forty-sous pieces ingeniously gilt over, and there was, besides, an awkward arriere-pensee that the stake laid down by Monsieur A might have been of the same quality. However, Monsieur B put a bold face on the matter, and protested against being held to be confrere of Monsieur A. It has always been the policy of the bank to avoid unpleasant fuss or eclat, and so the grasp of sergeant-de-ville was relaxed and the offender suffered to go free.

Again. A well known general of the empire was so successful with an ingenious coup of this sort, that it has come down to us bearing his name. The social code must have been a little relaxed when such exalted personages were esteemed for such questionable accomplishment. It was the general's habit to lay down a single rouleau covered up in paper, and bearing the usual outward aspect of a rouleau containing one thousand francs. If it was his fate to lose, the general invariably withdrew his rouleau and handed the croupier instead a note for one thousand francs. But, when his turn came to win, and he was persented with a thousand francs, 'Pardon me,' said he, putting it back gently, 'my stake was considerably more.' The rouleau was then opened, and there were found some fifteen or twenty thousand franc notes ingeniously folded between the pieces of gold. The bank made a wry face, but the money was paid, and the general comes down to posterity as an exceedingly 'smart man.'

A favorite coup d'enlevement was the dropping of some combustible upon the table, and in the confusion men carried off the open box of gold to the cry of 'Sauvons la caisse!' (Take care of the strong box!) The strong box, it is scarcely necessary to add, being never heard of after.

In the days of the Restoration, a peculiar class of houses sprang up, known by the Argot title of Maisons de Bouillote. These Maisons de Bouillote were no other than second class cafes and eating houses, where table-d'hote was set out every day at five o'clock, and after table d'hote the light dessert of le jeu. A peculiar feature about such establishments was the presence of le commandant or old officer who had served in the wars of the great Napoleon. He had usually the pere-noble aspect, with a little morsel of ribbon at his button-hole, showing beyond dispute that he belonged to the Legion.—His age inspired respect. He had words of warning for the young, made up quarrels, and was special counselor in affaires de coeur. In his company was sometimes found a commandant of another school, whose bearing was in happy contrast to that of his brother in arms. He was familiarly known as the commandant a moustaches en croc, having very fierce twisted moustaches. He had been in at the burning of Moscow and the awful passage of the Beresina, and had many graphic particulars concerning the horrors of that fatal retreat. He had an affection for a rusty blue frock—he had borne it, yes, Messieurs, that very frock, at the bloody fight of Friedland—which he always kept buttoned tight to his chin. In English, perhaps more forcible than elegant, he might be styled the paid bully of the establishment, and his rude Alsatian manners were found useful in overawing refractory visitors. It was terrible to hear him recounting his duels a l'outrance—whereof he had fought numbers untold. As a general rule, he was observed never to fold his napkin or to pay his score, having special exemption from any such ceremonial.

These two personages, or types rather, for they were to be found in all Maisons de Bouillote were admirably seconded by certain ladies figuring dramatically as widows of colonels who fell gloriously at Waterloo. Very interesting were their little narratives, told with gentle sorrow and resignation that touched every heart. Some would bear affectionate solicitations drawn from their misfortune—such as widow of the grand army, daughter of Wagram, and the like. Especially solicitous were they for young men's temporal interests, conjuring them with tears to stop short in their wild ways while it was yet time—above all to beware of ce monsieur la, that gentleman: he was dangerous! Oh, he was so dangerous! and had lured so many many handsome youths to destruction.

In this fashion the pantomime of the maison went forward, bringing in its share of grist to the great mill. But the end was at hand. It had grown to be a crying evil.—At last the Chambers thought it time to interfere: a project was presented by the ministers for the time being: and on the last day of December, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, the temples of play were closed forever, and le jeu received its coup de grace in France. Not before it was full time; for it is set forth that in the last eighteen years of its toleration a sum of nearly six millions sterling had been ingulfed in this fatal Maelstrom.

These are a few plain facts concerning the gambling houses of Paris as they existed in the fine old times. Those who desire to learn more may look, and not unprofitably, through the pages of the ingenious Bourgeois de Paris.

THE AWKWARD HUSBAND,

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

A terrific scream announced that Philemon Stagg had planted his blundering foot on one of Mrs. Stagg's corns, for the third time that morning, and so exasperated was that lady—for she was a lady, notwithstanding what followed—that for the first time in her life, she raised her little foot and gave her awkward husband a fierce kick! You might think there was a row in the family in consequence—and so it was, although Mr. Stagg was conscious of his faults, and thought that the kick was intended as a substitute for what was worse, a scolding. He was surprised, however, but he did not escape as easily as he imagined.

'Blundering, awkward creature! What have I done that you should be always treading on my feet? I declare I don't know what crime such suffering is intended for. I shall be a cripple one of these days, Philemon, as sure as you are born. O!

'My dear Laura, it pains me as much as it does you; I assure you.'

'Oh, pshaw! Sympathy is cheap. Oh, dear!'

'There seems to be a fatality about it,' said the ashamed Stagg, hanging his head. 'I could almost cut off my feet to prevent such accidents.'

'I'm sure my feet are not so large that they should always be in the way,' she murmured, looking with vanity at her little Chinese understandings.

'I know it, love. The fact is, they are so small one can hardly see them.'

He thought this might put her in good humor. Dead failure; it was a rebellious and revengeful corn.

'And yours are so big that I tremble when ever you come within a yard of me. O, my poor feet!

It was a melancholy fact that Mr. Stagg was a rare example of blundering awkwardness. He was one of the best natured persons alive. Clumsy animals are generally the easiest tempered. But Mrs. Stagg did not believe this to be any atonement, for whenever Stagg moved, things animate or inanimate were in jeopardy. In doors or out ruin, and confusion marked his presence. He loved his wife dearly, and kept so near her, that her feet bore witness, and paid the penalty.

That day, by way of recompense, he took her out to ride, and it would have been a very happy drive, if he had not, on several occasions, crushed feet, as they were admiring the scenery. She began to cry, and her tears were only stopped by his hanging both his ponderous feet out of the vehicle. But as his peculiar fate would have it, the position was unfavorable for his driving, which was at best poor and awkward, and he began to drive against everything that came along; now on this side, now on that—clink, grate, jar, bang, jerk, crash—executing unheard of manœuvres, with such a want of judgment, that Mrs. Stagg began to implore of him:

'Take in those feet again, do, Philemon. Better to have my feet amputated, than to break my neck.'

He obeyed, but drove worse than before; and after provoking the anger of drivers all along the road, he finally settled the question of life and death, by smashing against a heavy mail coach, scattering and upsetting his own team, and remaining behind with his wife and the body, while the horse galloped ahead with the shafts. Happily, they escaped with but few scratches and were glad to get home again.

'I'll tell you what I'll agree to, wife,' said he, after a lecture: 'I agree to give you the most beautiful shawl you can find in this city, if I tread upon your feet again, once, within a fortnight. I'm determined to break myself of the habit.'

Singular to relate, he became so watchful during that period that Mrs. Stagg had no cause to complain on *that* score, or rather *half* a score. But a certain amount of awkwardness was doomed to be his. Though he now approached her only at arm's length—she, in view of the shawl, not caring if he approached as near as usual, and gave her one crush—though he dared not sit beside her and though when they walked out, he kept continually looking down, and trembled when he felt the broadest circumference of her hoop skirt; and notwithstanding other look-outs in proportion, Stagg was Stagg, in every other respect, and much anguish was the result.

'There he goes again!' shrieked she, next day, 'tumbling down stairs. Merciful heaven, Philemon, have you broken your neck?' she cried, as she rushed out into the hall.

'Not much, toy dear, he replied, breathlessly, picking himself up at the foot of the staircase: 'but I've nearly mashed my head.' And he put his hand to that erratic magazine, which was essentially bumped and bleeding.

'O! my poor Philemon! You are almost killed! Take my arm. Here, Mary, John.'

'*Look out for your feet*, Laura,' was his prudent remark. 'I'd rather not plaster my wounds up with that three thousand dollar shawl.'

Stagg was not very seriously hurt, and was able to be out and about next day.—Taking a walk together, Stagg had no less than three altercations with pedestrians, against whom his clumsy way of locomotion had precipitated himself and wife, in such a manner as to make it seem intentional. He did flounder along like a great, flap-eared elephant, and it was hardly possible not to take his walk for an impudent swagger.

Yet all was innocent in him: and in one of the disputes, when he had bounced one man against another, and that other against two ladies, both of whom were thrown down in the contact, their gallant showed fight, when Stagg stepped in with the remark that, 'I did it,' whereupon all three pitched into him and would have made Stagg stagger, but for the interposition of the two ladies, and the explanation of Mrs. Stagg that he was 'such a clumsy creature.'

Comfortable companion, he, for a promenade. Mrs. Stagg, like every sensible woman who has a just regard for health, was partial to going abroad to snuff the fresh air when other duties said yes; and before the first week was ended, she trusted herself with her husband, in a sail boat—he to manage it—of all men in the world.

Perhaps she was thus trusting, from the consideration that certain amphibious animals, which are awkward on land, are very graceful, expert and *au fait* upon the water; but after she was upset, by his blundering management of the sails, and arrived home dripping wet, she did't think that Stagg was a monster of that amphibious genius, at least.

The husband prided himself upon his adroitness in the performance of little domestic chores, and when the fit was on him you should have marked how Mrs. Stagg did shake. He raised the deuce, and broke things all around generally with the best of intentions.

Mary being sick, and John on a visit to his Aunt Betsy, Stagg undertook the management of household affairs 'for one