

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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**DR. HOFFER,**  
DENTIST—OFFICE, Front Street 4th Door  
from Locust, over Taylor & McDonald's Book Store  
Columbia, Pa. Entrance, between the Book and  
Dr. Herr's Drug Store. (August 21, 1859)

**THOMAS WELSH,**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.  
OFFICE, in Whipple's New Building, below  
Black's Hotel, Front Street.  
Prompt attention given to all business entrusted  
to him.  
November 23, 1857.

**H. M. NORTH,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Columbia, Pa.  
Collection, promptly made in Lancaster and York  
Counties.  
Columbia, May 4, 1850.

**J. W. FISHER,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Columbia, Pa.  
Columbia, September 6, 1856.

**S. Atlee Bockius, D. D. S.**  
PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechanical  
Departments of Dentistry.  
Office, Locust Street, between Franklin House  
and Post Office, Columbia, Pa.  
May 7, 1850.

**GUSTAVUS HEGMAN,**  
Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages.  
MADAME HEGMAN,  
Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music.  
Walnut Street above Front, south side.  
Columbia, May 22, 1860.

**TOMATO PILLS—Extract of Tomatoes; a**  
cathartic and Tonic. For sale at  
J. S. DELLETT & CO'S  
Golden Mortar Drug Store,  
Dec 3, 1859.

**ROOMS—100 Doz. Rooms, at Wholesale**  
or Retail, at H. P. FARRER'S,  
Dec. 12, 1857.

**SINE'S Compound of Syrup of Tar, Wild**  
Cherry and other ingredients, for the cure of  
Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat,  
Croup, Croup, Croup, &c. For sale at  
J. S. DELLETT & CO'S  
Golden Mortar Drug Store, Hall  
October 23, 1858.

**Patent Steam Wash Boilers.**  
These well known Boilers are kept constantly on  
hand at HENRY PAHLER'S,  
Columbia, July 18, 1857.

**On Hand.**  
Mrs. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup, which will  
greatly facilitate the process of teething, re-  
ducing inflammation, allaying pain, and promoting  
the infant's recovery. For sale by  
J. S. DELLETT & CO'S  
Golden Mortar Drug Store,  
Sept. 17, 1859.

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## Selections.

### Gambling.

A man will grow tired, in the long run, of every amusement or occupation in the world, except one—Gambling. Fickle, inconsistent, and capricious human straws that we are, blown about from side to side by the wind of levity, we often think we have had enough of a bad as of a good thing. Many a one leaves off vicious practices, not because he feels an inclination towards virtue, but because he is tired with vice. We become a weary, a weary of rich meats and potent wines, of blood-horses and fair women; of jewels and pictures; of our mansion in Belgravia, and our palace in Hampshire—conservatories, fallow-deer, pheasant preserves, large footmen, bowing tenantry, and all. Among the many causes I have for thanking heaven that I am not a duke, one of the chiefest is the certitude I feel that at least five out of every half-dozen dukes are desperately lored with their state of dukedom; that their gorge rises at their stars, that they loathe their garters; and that they are heartily sick of being called your grace all day long. Yes, everything here below will pull upon us and find us used up at last. To every tragedy the sublimest—every comedy the wittiest—there is an unending anti-strophe, long after the epilogue has been spoken—a yawn. To the Sir Charles Coldstream complexion we must come eventually; we must sicken of the Italian Opera, the Lord Mayor's dinner, Dod's Peasage, and Baronetage, and Sacred Harmonic Society, the House of Peers, the Court Circular, the Freedom of the Chicken-butchers' Company in a golden box, and the Council of the Royal Academy; to the pinnacles of human felicity and grandeur as those institutions are thought to be. It is dreadful to reflect upon the vanity of mundane things, and it is enough to cause a shudder to every well regulated mind to have to remember that the water bailiff's young man will one day feel a disgusting fatigue from his proud position; that the goldstick will become satiated with the possession of his auriferous baton, and that his uncle, the marquis, will no longer feel any pleasure in being an Elder Brother of the Trinity House. There will come a time too, I think Mr. Chairman, when we shall all grow a weary even of the day and night, and wish in the evening that it were morning, and in the morning that the night were come. Then we shall draw the curtains at the bed's foot, and shut out the bright sunlight, and turn the gay pictures with their backs to the wall; for we shall think then, as that Roman satirist thought nineteen hundred years ago, that we have eaten enough, and drunk enough, and played the fool enough, and that it is *tempus abire* time for us to go.

But of that pleasant perdition, Gambling, a man never tires. No man ever tires of pitch and toss as long as he has an arm to pitch with, or a penny to toss. The gambler requires neither food nor drink, sleep nor retirement. As long as he has hands and a voice, he will rattle the bones and bet; when he has paralysis on his tongue and chattering on his fingers, he will get his neighbor to throw the dice and call the mains for him; but gambler still. Addiction to play has not only the power of making the heart hard as the nether millstone, but it will containly facilitate the process of teething, reducing inflammation, allaying pain, and promoting the infant's recovery. For sale by J. S. DELLETT & CO'S Golden Mortar Drug Store, Sept. 17, 1859.

Look at the perseverance, persistence, incapacity of fatigue of gamblers. Consider once more Cardinal Mazarin on his death-bed. The last bulletin has been issued. His sovereign and master here below has made up his mind to lose his faithful servant, and has even so far recovered from the first shock of his grief as to give his place to another. The pallid spectre with the equal footsteps is waiting at the cardinal's door, like the printer's boy at mine, for his copy; his friends are gathering round his bed; he has had union; abolition, tears, thanks, blessings; and what is the cardinal doing? He is gathering the clothes over his head, or turning his face to the wall, or murmuring like Hadrian, *Animula vagula blandula!* no; he is sitting up in bed playing

cards with the ladies of the court—the ladies with frizzled ringlets and low-necked dresses! There is an awful story I have read somewhere of a man who refused to die; who in extremis had the card table drawn up to his bedside and strong meats and drinks placed upon it, and so held the cards against Death; but Death had all the trumps and the man lost the game. Consider this.—The approach of Death softens most men.—The grim warrior becomes like unto a baby; the reprobate wishes he could live his life over again; the condemned criminal talks of his innocent school days, and his dead mother; the callous old knave Falstaff babbles of green fields; but the gambler relinquishes his hold of the cards or the dice-box only with his life. He will die with the devil on the bank of the pit of perdition till he falls into it, forever.

If I were to go to history or to antiquity I could find instances, and relate anecdotes, of that persistence and utter absorption to extraneous influences, which would mark gamblers as with a hot iron, enough to fill this volume at the end of the half year.—But I need not go even as far back as that Duke of Norfolk, in King William the Third's time, whose servant deposed on a trial, that his master would stop away for weeks together, and would only send home when he had lost all his gold. I need not search the Annals of the Four Masters for that fine old Irish gambling tradition of the days and nights played at shore halfpenny on the bank of a broken pair of bellows. I need not cross the Atlantic to narrate to you the bold spirit for play of Hon. Elkannan Mush, of the United States Senate, who, with the exception of the interregna of drinks and cutting fresh tobacco plugs, passed the whole of four voyages, per steamer, from St. Louis to New Orleans and back again, in the exciting and national game of Poker (playing with a Texan land speculator) and losing thereat twenty-five thousand dollars, five hundred niggers, and a double-barrelled rifle, besides hypotheating two cotton crops, not yet sown. I have but to look at home, and not much farther than the extremity of my own nose, for such instances and anecdotes. Go to the half built-upon slums behind Battlebridge, hard by the Great Northern Railway terminus. Take a walk any Sunday morning, to the arches of the Greenwich Railway; to the muddy shores of the Thames above Millbank; you will find groups of boys—some coter boys, some thief boys, some boys of whom it is difficult to say more by way of description save that they are boys, and dirty and ragged, squatting in the mud, among the rubbish, the broken bricks, the dust heaps, and the fragments of timber; playing for halfpenny, for buttons and marbles when they have no money—these boys will gamble for hours and hours with a rapt eagerness, with a feverish determination, with a strong will, that otherwise, and rightly directed, should make them emperors.

'Tis but the fondness of boys for a game, you may say; no boys would play at leap-frog, at hop-scotch or cricket, or prisoners' bars, or at the more popular diversion, fighting, with this indefinable perseverance, in discipline and defiance of ragged trousers, chilblains, cold, empty bellies, the imminent peril, and possible incarceration for unlawfully gambling, and we certainly of being brutally beaten when they go home—a certainty at least to those who have any homes to go to. The spectators, as young, as ragged, as passionately excited by the chances of the game as the players themselves, stand or crouch in a ring around. Those who have coppers bet those who have none scratch themselves convulsively, but watch the fluctuations of the game with the same rapt eagerness. They gasp with excitement; they have scarcely breath to swear with.—And the players would play, and the spectators stare till doomsday, were it not for an inexorable, implacable spoil-sport, in the shape of a policeman, who charges down on the band of gamblers fiercer than any Turcoman, and puts them to flight with a "Now, then!" horrid to hear, and a dreadfully echoing—"Come out of that!" collaring many, hitting some, and scattering all; though the rout is but a partial one; for the broken ring collects again in smaller segments soon, behind angles of walls and under the eaves of barges and brick-stacks, where the game begins afresh, and players and spectators are again excited and absorbed.

More: Go to the low coffee shops and public houses in Whitechapel, Spitalfields, Shoreditch, and that delightful region whose streets nestle in the collegiate church of St. Peter's, Westminster, and which cling on to the skirts of broad, light Victoria street, like barnacles to a ship's keel. Look at the Jew boys and men gambling—now for bank notes and jewels, now for cups of coffee and halfpenny tarts. Ask the thieves how they spend their nefarious earnings. If they answer you civilly (which is doubtful still) they will tell you that they game till they have lost all their money, and then go, and steal more.

More: Leave these low haunts; put on a clean collar and enter respectable society. Ask the noble lord if he is not rather tired of, not to say disgusted with, the noble lord opposite, who has only been in the house a twelvemonth, and has only made half a dozen speeches, and then ask him if he has ever tired of his nightly game at what, which he has played almost every night (Sundays excepted) for the last sixty years, and whether

he will not shuffle the cards this evening with the same degree of pleasure as he was wont to do when he played with Mr. Fox and Lord Hertford in the year ninety-five. What can there be in a few pieces of spotted pasteboard, and a board full of holes, to make old ladies love cribbage long after they are purblind—to make grave reverend men play at whist long after their strength is but labor and sorrow? And for half-penny points, too. It cannot be avarice. I knew a venerable old lady in Cumberland, whom meeting one day remarkably red about the eyes, I took the liberty respectfully to question. I suggested cold.

"Eh!" she answered, "I've gat na cauld; Pinkie Saunders and Fly-me-Jack kem fra' Kendal on Tuesday, and loo'e a game o' whisk deer, an' I've bin carding the morn and the e'en, the e'en an' the morn, twa days."

"And what, madam," I asked, "might you have won?"

"Eh!" she replied, with infinite simplicity, "It man be a shilling."

No; it cannot always be avarice. The thirst for gain is of course one of the primary inducements to gaming; but the cause or causes of this inextinguishable desire for an addition to play must be the fixed idea of acquiring; the fierce desire of doing to your neighbor that which you would not like your neighbor to do unto you.

On a long sea voyage, every amusement—every subtle device for willing away the time that seems so leaden-winged, and yet is withal so swift and defiant of pursuit and capture—every ingenious nostrum for curing ennui will pull upon the passengers—save one: gambling. Tarry, while on the shipman's card I point you out the bearings, or with the compasses upon the chart find out the exact position of the teak-built East Indian "Huacabadar," Captain Chillumjee homeward bound from Bombay. My word! how woefully sick the passengers have all become of the ship, themselves and each other. Everything, almost, has been tried, worn out, and thrown aside. Mofuzelle, convalescent servant of the H. E. C., and collector of Brandipavniad, coming home on leave, has grown tired of expatiating on the state of his liver, of exhibiting the shawls he is carrying to his female relatives in England, his collection of hooks, the calomel in his medicine chest, and of disputing with Pawkey, the snuffy Scotch Surgeon, as to the functions of the pancreas.—Lieutenant Griffin and Tiffin, Bombay Native infantry, have told all their stories about tiger-hunting, pig-sticking, riding unbroken horses at the Cape; travelling dawk; the Capsicum-wallah steple chases, rows at mess, the drunkenness of the Colonel, the vulgarity of the Major's wife, the scragginess of Capt. Aitchbones' unmarried daughter's shoulders, the superiority of Juffy's bungalow over Tuffy's, the performances of Griff's rat-catching, terrier, Choker; and the accomplishments of Tiffin's long-legged mare, Neighgherry. "These young men have smoked out their biggest cigars, have worn their faciest shirts, shooting jackets and trousers, and are bored to death.

Cady of the Indian bar is weary of attempting to play the "Fair Land of Poland" upon the German flute. Old Colonel Straubensee of the Baderchowie Irregulars has tired everybody out with his dreoning stories of what his uncle did at the siege of Seringapatam, and what Sir David Baird said to him. Lady Tolloddo and Miss Anne Tolloddo (wife and daughter of Sir Gypes Tolloddo, Judge of the Supreme Court), are evidently weary of pursuing their collection of tracts: "the awakened Sikh," "the Clear-starcher of Booterstown," "the Wheelbarrow of Repentance," "Grace for Grenadiers," &c. They don't say they are sick of those edifying works, but they are, depend upon it. Mrs. Captain Chutnee is weary of quarrelling with her Ayah, and dosing her unfortunate baby with doleterious medicaments. Mrs. Lechowder (wife of X. P. Lechowder, Esq., Magistrate of Mullagong), who has been generally weary ever since she left her English finishing school to come out to India on the matrimonial speculation that terminated so prosperously, has wearied of reading the novels of Miss Jane Porter, of lying on the sofa with her shoes off, of languidly assailing her sorrow little daughter with a hairbrush. Even Captain Chillumjee seems weary. He is testy with his men, engage with Bult, the first mate, whom his lbon companion; he tells no more jovial stories; the finished and ceremonious courtesy towards the ladies, by which he inaugurated the voyage, has subsided into a moody respect; he looks vengefully among the crew and the passengers, as if seeking a quarrel; as if he wanted a mutiny to break out, that he might put somebody in irons; or a pirate to be signalled on the weather-bow, that he might clear the decks for action. He is weary. Private theatricals have been tried. A weekly magazine of "Literature, Science, and Art," has been tried. Flirtation has been tried. Scandal, quarrelling (even to the extent of challenges to fight), sig-songs, debating societies, soirees, musicales, magic lantern exhibitions in the cuddy; quadrilles and polkas on the poop; deep-sea-fishing; going aloft; electro-magnetism; table-touring; arguments about the Siege of Pondicherry, about Duplex and Lally-Tollendal, about the case of the Begums and the execution of Nanncomar, and the exploits of Holkar; all these have been tried in succession, and found wanting at last; through weariness. The gallant teak-built vessel becomes a phantom

ship—a very Flying Dutchman of boredom. The sea is no longer open, fresh, or over free; it is a dreadful interminable prison-wall, painted blue. The fresh-baked bread; the fowls and ducks; the vegetables; the champagne on Wednesdays and Sundays; the Reverend Mr. Whackspang's sermons (he belongs to the Blunderpore mission), all the delicacies, luxuries, comforts, and appliances of an East Indian man, teak-built, copper-bottomed, registered A I at Llyd's and under engagement to the honorable company—all these delight the passengers no longer; for they are a-weary, a-weary, and wish that they were well out of the Huacabadar, or dead. The only contented person on board (excepting, of course, the sailors and common people of that sort, who are not to be named in the same breath with gentility) seems to be Rammajee Bobbajee, from Bombay, who is proceeding to England to hear his appeal to the Privy Council tried, in the interminable case of himself versus Lammajee Chostajee Lall. He has rolled himself into a white muslin ball; is not cats pique; and in his brown face there is no particular expression of fatigue discernible; but a general, stolid, immovable, impassible indifference, combined with a settled and profound contempt for the ship, the captain, the passengers, and the crew.

The last subject of conversation has been exhausted, when the Huacabadar has left St. Helena behind; when the spot where the Emperor's body isn't buried has been visited, and when the life and adventures of Napoleon Bonaparte have been recounted and discussed for the seventh month time. All the books have been read, all the jokes are stale, everybody has quarrelled with everybody; there seems to be nothing but shipwreck, fire, or shortness of provisions that can come to the rescue; when, even as the albatross appeared on board the ship in Coleridge's immortal rhyme, a bird of promise, of strange and varied plumage, appears on board the Huacabadar, and gladdens the bored-out passengers. It is the bird of play—the gamecock of the seas.

And now, away with melancholy, away with dullness, weariness, ennui—nunc est ludendum. Surprisingly at first, for Captain Chillumjee is reported to have strict notions of discipline, and to have set his weather-embroidered face against gambling entirely. In Mr. Pawkey's snug cabin, in quiet corners of the cuddy and cosy state-rooms, noiseless hands at cards are sate down. Colonel Straubensee happens to mention that he likes a rubber at whist; Griffin and Tiffin go into the maintop and toss for half-crowns privately. Mofuzelle and the purser go to backgammon furiously. Soon it begins to be whispered about that all the passengers are gambling like mad. They don't stop long at dinner; you don't see much of them in the cuddy or on deck; the fact is, they are all in each other's cabins gambling. Mrs. Lechowder makes up an apparently irreconcilable quarrel with Mrs. Captain Chutnee, borrows twenty pounds of her, and is reported to lose it all before eight bells at vint-et-un. There is a wicked, scandalous rumor prevalent that the exemplary spouse of Sir Gypes Tolloddo has been looted—heavily looted. They say that Cady of the Indian bar is a knowing hand at cribbage, and that he is ruining that inconsiderable lad Griffin. I hope that there is no truth in the statement that Tiffin is fifty-eight pounds sterling (a dreadful amount of sicca rupees to deduct from your subaltern's pay, Tiffin) in debt to Miss Anne Tolloddo—all money lost at cards.—Can this be true? Can it be true that Captain Chillumjee shuts himself up in his cabin nightly with Cady, drinks cold rum and water, and plays at the coarse but exciting game of spoilt fives; and that he plays deep? At all events, nobody looks weary now; nobody yawns, mopes about the deck, or potters in the rigging or hammock rattlings. Nobody cares when the ship is due at Plymouth; whether the winds are fair or adverse. The Log—that great nautical newspaper—is still interesting, for the passengers bet, and for heavy stakes, upon the number of knots the ship made yesterday, and the probable number she will make to-morrow. There are quarrels, but they are disputes about who had the flush of five, and the color of the trump, the flush of five, and the last card. There are scandals; but they are gossiping reports of Cady's winnings, Griffin's losses, Lady Tolloddo's avarice, and Colonel Straubensee's disinclination to fair play.—And all this while—upon the topmast truck of the highest mast of the Huacabadar; above each yard and sail, above mainmast, main-top-gallant, sky-scraper, moon raker, and jack-above-all, is perched, crowing lustily, the bird of play, the gamecock.—He crows, for he has cured the gentlemenfolk of their weariness; and the spurs on his heels are the spurs of avarice and lust of conquest, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. And so, for England ho!

I do not think that those who have undertaken a long voyage on ship-board, and have experienced that fine, exciting, unwholesome relief of the diversion that never flags—gambling—will accuse me of having overcharged this picture much. Nautical gambling is even historical. The Earl of Sandwich lost four hundred pieces at play in his cabin, the night before the engagement in which he lost his life. Sir Edward Morgan and his buccaneers gambled the spoils of Panama among themselves in their filibustering craft. Napoleon, they say, would have died of ennui in his voyage in

the Northumberland from Plymouth to St. Helena, if it had not been for cards.

But, if you would desire to see marine play in its perfection, take a trip to the Spanish Main, or to the scorching Brazils, and come back in the first cabin of a mail steamer,—say the Landerab, Captain Mangro. Now a voyage from the West Indies, or even from the Brazils, is not so very wearisome an affair. In the first, there are numerous beautiful islands to touch at—gardens of Eden, but with the deadly fever-serpent, Yellow Jack, coiled up in the midst. Then there is the excitement of sharks; then there are strange tempests and hurricanes, not to be seen in other latitudes—storms when the sky turns pitchy black and the waves foam white; when strange birds wheel about the masts, or fall dead with fright upon the decks; when the lightning rends and splits up the cloud into shreds; and when the thunder screams as well as roars.

Take your berth in the saloon of the Landerab, and you may have your fill of play; for there are on board Spanish and Portuguese Dons,—salloy mustachioed sehnors, with long black hair and long pedregreens.—They wear broad-brimmed, grass-plait hats; nankeen coats, in which light pink and salmon-tint are the colors most affected; patent-leather boots; large turn-down collars; gold sleeve buttons; and striped pantaloons. Their fingers are covered with jewelled rings. They frequently carry uncut diamonds in their waistcoat pockets. They wear massive ear rings. They smoke without cessation, save to eat, and even then they lay their cigarettes down on the table cloth by the side of their soup plates, and resume their potage. They have wives in pale, youthful and languid, who swing in silken hammocks, who sleep a great deal, who have large black eyes (such eyes) and who, I regret to say, also smoke cigarettes. They have numerous families of gorgeously dressed children, on whom attend black servants, with particularized handkerchiefs tied round their heads. They (the Dons) have all a dozen names more or less. Down in the hold they have vast amounts of specie, of which due mention will be made in the *Times* when the Landerab arrives at Southampton; huge, clumsy looking ingots like bricks, or rather pigs of gold; saffron-like gold dust, in dental boxes, rudely nailed together, chips, and splinters, and flakes of gold; chests of fat pillar dollars, and faccid, perspiring, bilious looking doubloons; small keys, where services of plate are packed in straw,—plate rude in workmanship, but all how precious in metal at per ounce! These Dons—who will be set upon in London by touts, and conveyed forcibly to horrible dens smelling of bad oil and garlic, mis-called hotels and boarding-houses, situated in the purlieus of Finsbury Square, among sugar-bakers and second hand furniture shops, and kept by mouldy females, single, of equivocal nationality, but who call themselves Dons, and where, unhappy Dons! they will have to pay about six times more than they ought for execrable accommodation—these Dons, for I need not reiterate my words after a parenthesis of such unwarrantable length, are men singularly mild, amiable, and inoffensive in demeanor. They are neither so proud nor so saturnine as the European Spaniard; but they are mercurial, garrulous, gesticulatory, nay, what I may be permitted to call risiky. They are men, too, of admirable sobriety, taking very little wine, and never, by any chance, exceeding in their potations. But they gamble, these Dons, like the very mischief. Enter the saloon of the Landerab, at whatever hour you like of the day or evening (before, of course, all the lights in the ship are put out), and you will find the Dons hard at play. And for no paltry stakes, be it understood, but for round sums of the bilious looking doubloons, for handfuls of the gold dust that is like saffron, and for the golden ingots that are like pigs of lead. There is no need for surreptitious gaming here; for on board the Landerab's gaming is looked upon as an institution, as one of the natural products of that hot, passionate, excitable region, the Spanish Main—as a natural consequence and characteristic of men whose native home is on Tom Tiddler's Ground, who dwell on the banks of the Pactolus, and are connected with the Cræsus family. Gambling is thought to be indigenous to the Brazils as milreas, diamonds mines, and the close tufted forests of gigantic trees where many hued parrots scream, where the humming bird is alive and hums; where the bird of Paradise, undegraded by being made a plume for a dawgwar's turban, sought down gently to earth through the interlaced branches; where the little monkeys, some blue silk velvet collar, rich silk skirts and sleeve linings, by way of soothing the exasperated feelings of the little man with a bald head. I made my escape from the shop as soon as I could; for it was evident that the foreign aristocracy as a body were distasteful to the man with the shears, and I was fearful he might take me for a baron. It was many months before I discovered the viscount again. I lighted upon him at an hotel in that city of hotels—Southampton, and there I learnt indirectly through a private source, as the American papers say—what had become of him during his long absence.

I did sight of the Viscount for a considerable period of time. It chanced, however, one day, that it behooved me to call upon him on business—upon my word I think it was about a bill—which, together with a horse, a lady, a gambling debt, and a duel, were the only subjects about which you could possibly have business with the viscount. I traced him from hotel to hotel, and from lodging to lodging—he always lodged in aristocratic streets, till I was directed to a tailor's in Conduit street. I am a man of a placid demeanor and nervous temperament, and after knocking in vain for some time at the tailor's private door I entered the shop, and asked meekly if the Viscount de Carambolero lived there. Suddenly there leaped down from a high desk a little man with a bald head and a yard measure hanging round his neck. He advanced towards me in a series of short jumps, brandishing a tremendous pair of shears, very much as a Huron, a Pawnee, a Choctaw or a Blackfoot Indian might flourish his tomahawk, when decorated with his war-paint, and going forth to meet his enemies. Then in a voice terrific like a war whoop, he cried out, "Viscount! Viscount! Skrambles! Where is he?—where is he?—where is he, sir? Where is the Viscount? Oh, yes (sarcastically). Where's his friend, the Marquis, eh?" I tried to explain mildly that far from being able to answer questions, I was myself seeking information; whereupon with a parting yell of "Viscount! Marquis!" and "Seventy Pounds!" the little man whirled his shears over his head like a meteor, out six, and leaped into the high desk again. A large ledger upon the top thereof was immediately afterwards opened by unseen hands, and I opined, though I may have been wrong, that somebody was immediately debited with a new, superfine, Saxony black dress surtout, with fine silk velvet collar, rich silk skirts and sleeve linings, by way of soothing the exasperated feelings of the little man with a bald head. I made my escape from the shop as soon as I could; for it was evident that the foreign aristocracy as a body were distasteful to the man with the shears, and I was fearful he might take me for a baron. It was many months before I discovered the viscount again. I lighted upon him at an hotel in that city of hotels—Southampton, and there I learnt indirectly through a private source, as the American papers say—what had become of him during his long absence.

He had found out the Dons, and how fond they were of gambling; and it is a fact that the Viscount de Carambolero had been travelling backwards and forwards, in West

y Diaz y Costellan y Marmora of Carthagena. Nor would it be edifying to tell you how the Hebrew speculator of Rio Janeiro, Don Raffaele Poixotto, gambled away the entire stock of gold epaulettes, sword-knots, sashes and lace which he was taking out to Brazil with a special view to the benefit of the officers of the Brazilian army. Let those byegones sleep. His excellency Sir Rufus will never mention his little losses at government-house St. Febris, and Don Raffaele Poixotto has long since had his financial revenge out of other matters besides epaulettes. Also will we read the curtain upon the catastrophe of poor Bob Clovera, who had been clerk in a merchant's house in Rio, and who coming home after his third fever (he took too much agardiente), and getting deep in play with the Vicomte de Carambolero, foolishly gave him a bill for a large amount in payment of losses, and was positively sold up and arrested three weeks after he had landed at Southampton.

The Vicomte de Carambolero! I had once the honor—no, I can't conscientiously say the honor—but I was once acquainted with that nobelman. It was but an equivocal, cloudy, at-long-dates, renewable, box-lobby, race-course, smoking-room, table d'hote, lazaretto, railway-train, shy-society sort of acquaintance at most. In short we knew of rather than knew each other: still at one time I used to see a good deal of the Vicomte de Carambolero. He was over six feet in height, and one of the handsomest of men. He had been originally, I believe, a Frenchman; but he had made so many (gambling) campaigns in different countries that he spoke French, English, Italian, German, Spanish, and Portuguese with equal ease and fluency, and had quite lost his nationality. He said that he was the best small-swordsmen in Europe, and I have no reason to doubt his word. He danced beautifully, drew portraits, horses, and caricatures with grace and vigor, rode fearlessly, played the piano and guitar with taste and feeling, and swam like a duck. I don't think he could read or write much, but he could draw up a challenge and sign his name to a bill, and that was all the scholarship required of him. He was very probably a real viscount which does not militate from his scoundrelism one iota. He was by profession a "mac-man"—by which I mean that he lived at the best hotels, drank the most expensive wines, went frequently abroad, travelled a great deal in first-class carriages, wore the best clothes and a great deal of jewelry continually changed sovereigns, and had no ostensible means of obtaining a livelihood. Of course you see a man who lives at the rate of five pounds a day, upon an income of nothing a year, you naturally infer that he "shakes his elbow," i. e., that he gambles. This I should say the Vicomte de Carambolero did rather extensively.

I lost sight of the Viscount for a considerable period of time. It chanced, however, one day, that it behooved me to call upon him on business—upon my word I think it was about a bill—which, together with a horse, a lady, a gambling debt, and a duel, were the only subjects about which you could possibly have business with the viscount. I traced him from hotel to hotel, and from lodging to lodging—he always lodged in aristocratic streets, till I was directed to a tailor's in Conduit street. I am a man of a placid demeanor and nervous temperament, and after knocking in vain for some time at the tailor's private door I entered the shop, and asked meekly if the Viscount de Carambolero lived there. Suddenly there leaped down from a high desk a little man with a bald head and a yard measure hanging round his neck. He advanced towards me in a series of short jumps, brandishing a tremendous pair of shears, very much as a Huron, a Pawnee, a Choctaw or a Blackfoot Indian might flourish his tomahawk, when decorated with his war-paint, and going forth to meet his enemies. Then in a voice terrific like a war whoop, he cried out, "Viscount! Viscount! Skrambles! Where is he?—where is he?—where is he, sir? Where is the Viscount? Oh, yes (sarcastically). Where's his friend, the Marquis, eh?" I tried to explain mildly that far from being able to answer questions, I was myself seeking information; whereupon with a parting yell of "Viscount! Marquis!" and "Seventy Pounds!" the little man whirled his shears over his head like a meteor, out six, and leaped into the high desk again. A large ledger upon the top thereof was immediately afterwards opened by unseen hands, and I opined, though I may have been wrong, that somebody was immediately debited with a new, superfine, Saxony black dress surtout, with fine silk velvet collar, rich silk skirts and sleeve linings, by way of soothing the exasperated feelings of the little man with a bald head. I made my escape from the shop as soon as I could; for it was evident that the foreign aristocracy as a body were distasteful to the man with the shears, and I was fearful he might take me for a baron. It was many months before I discovered the viscount again. I lighted upon him at an hotel in that city of hotels—Southampton, and there I learnt indirectly through a private source, as the American papers say—what had become of him during his long absence.