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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A TALE OF BORDER LIFE,

BY KORIOLANUS KOBBO,

Author of the "Bloody Billiard Ball;" "Blasted Bed Quilt," and other romances.

CHAPTER FIRST.

In the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail.—BULWER.

On a raw, bleak day during the month of August, in the year 1642, a solitary traveler might have been seen slowly wending his way at a rapid pace in company with a band of brigands, across a sandy, sterile plain.—As far as the eye could reach no sign of vegetation could be seen, all around and above appeared completely parched, and desolation reigned supreme. Not a blade of grass, not a shrub nor flower was there to relieve the weary sight. The sun was pouring down his fiercest rays upon the devoted heads of this noble crew, compelling them to wrap the ample folds of their roquelaires still closer about them; and as the hurricane swept onward beating the hail and sleet into their bronzed and furrowed faces, they called a sudden halt, taking shelter amid the umbrageous foliage of a luxuriant grove that was close at hand.—They threw their wearied limbs upon the velvet greensward, and gazed with admiration not unmixed with awe upon Don Splurkins, their brave but sanguinary chief. He had cast his emaciated form upon a moss covered bank some distance off, and, as he framed his classic head upon his red right hand, his manly chest heaved forth a sigh, whose musical cadence reverberated throughout all the adjacent valleys, and made the welkin ring! His raven ringlets stood erect upon his marble brow, and, as he turned his swarthy countenance towards his comrades, the sunlight dallied with his auburn locks, causing a halo of glory to scintillate around his majestic form; and as he sweetly slumbered, he muttered 'twixt his teeth curses not loud but deep, and ever and anon the name of the lady Donna Araminta Blistero would be mingled with his murmurings, when suddenly and slow he ope'd his eagle eye and saw; oh, horror! De Skeesicks, his deadliest, most mortal foe, gazing fiercely upon him. Instinctively he grasped his trusty rapier, and with unerring and fatal precision prepared to strike—an attitude.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Worth makes the man, the want of it follow.—POPE.

That the reader may more clearly understand the position of the various *Dramatis Personæ* hereinafter previously introduced before, it will be necessary to go back a little, say four hundred years, during the reign of that bloodthirsty monarch, Skinerinctum the Second, of Spain. It was the ridiculous custom of the country to allow peasants as well as peers to betroth themselves one to another, and to give and be given in marriage. By this absurd custom it so happened that the ancestors of Romulus De Skeesicks had intermarried with the noble and princely family of the Don Splurkins, and by tracing the genealogical tree downward to the date of this our veritable history, it will be seen at a single glance why it is that the defendant, Don Splurkins, stands in the way of the romantic Romulus as a rival for the hand of the lovely Donna Araminta.—Having disgressed thus far for the purpose of explanation, we will return to the heroes whom we left engaged in mortal combat.

"Hah! what mutterest thou, Don Splurkins? What fiendish act is now on foot?—Coward? mur-r-derer-r! wouldst invent in thy hellish brain some new torture for the adorable Araminta—s-a-a-y? E'en now, whilst sleeping, if such as thou canst court the drowsy god, I stood o'er thy prostrate form, and heard thy cursed and snake-like tongue profane her name by giving it utterance. Canst answer, perfidious wretch?—or does that coward tongue now refuse to do its office? Now, by all the gods on high Olympus! I do despise thee, tr-r-aitor-r that thou ar-r-t!" And overcome by excessive rage, De Skeesicks swooned away; but, by the aid of a strong constitution and a medicum of aqua maravalis, he speedily recovered, and Don Splurkins thus addressed him:

"Bewar-r r-e! r-r-r-ash R-r-r-omulus! Mad youth, provoke not my spleen! Agitate not my anger! Stir-r r not up my bile; for, by the pipers that played before Moses, if once fully aroused, no power on earth can swerve me from my purpose! Even the stern mandate of the mighty Allison, clothed in all the panoply of law, shall not affright me! Therefore I say again, r-r-r-ash boy bewar-r-e!" And, with the bound of a wounded tiger, he sprang upon the noble De Skeesicks; but Romulus anticipating this attack, with the rapidity of greased lightning drew from his belt a richly-embroidered revolving handkerchief and blew his—nose.

CHAPTER THIRD.

T were sweet, my Psyche, to the last,
Thy features still serene to see.—BYRON.

While the bloody scene we have so faithfully described was being enacted, the lovely Araminta sat disconsolate in her bower (the right bower,) unconscious of the imminent danger that beset the path of her beloved Romulus; she was musing on the past. Now and again a pleasing reminiscence would steal o'er her imagination, and a smile of radiant beauty would momentarily play upon her ruby lips; but, frightened by the sacrilegious intrusion, would fly away, only to leave her more sad than ever. Alas! poor, fragile flower, she little knew the agony in store for her—having been reared with all the tenderness of an oyster plant—the darling of a doting father; that father, too, being her dear dead mother's husband and also brother to a cherished but defunct aunt! How closely, then, were they bound by ties of consanguinity!—that noble father, Don Bustamente Blistero, the last of his proud race, whose great ancestors had performed such prodigies of valor upon land and on sea, whose domains extended far and wide, and whose retinue stood next only to the king's. He loved his daughter far, far beyond all these, and yet did wish her to bestow that hand where her heart was not. This was the only cloud that marred their happiness, and with its murky darkness stood between them and sunshine.

Totally unacquainted with the world, avoiding—nay, even shunning—society, never even having witnessed the balls of the Bungo Hose Company, she was a perfect novice. It cannot be wondered, therefore, that she felt isolated from all the world and the rest of mankind, and that all her hopes and fears were concentrated in the noble De Skeesicks. And as she thus sat musing, how her very soul longed to once again behold his manly form, to gaze earnestly into that dear face, or listen to his dulcet voice as he poured the sweet music of love into her ever-willing ear.

Suddenly the casement opened, and her father stood before her. His silvery hair falling on either side of his benevolent countenance was gently undulated by the balmy zephyrs. Calmly taking her hand within his own he drew her toward him, and imprinted upon that fair brow a chaste salute, saying to her, in a tremulous voice,

"Oh, Araminta, daughter of thy dear and sainted mother! niece of thy defunct and cherished aunt! Dost love thy pa? Canst sacrifice some little whim to make him happy? Or wouldst rather bring these gray hairs down in sorrow in the what-do-you-call-it? Wouldst rather I shouldst sink into an untimely grave? Or wilt crown my happiness and thine own by accepting the hand of Don Splurkins?"

At mention of his hideous name she uttered a wild, unearthly shriek, and sank fainting to the floor! The Baron, almost crazed at what he'd done, raised her unconscious form and held her in his arms until she finally recovered. But alas! what a change had come o'er that sweet face in so short a space of time! A settled melancholy had taken entire possession of it.—She gazed mournfully upon her pa, and fled precipitately to her chamber; stealthily locking the door, she procured a rope and hung—her harp upon the willows.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

Where there's a will, there's a way.—*Bill Greep.*

After the terrific conflict was over between our hero and Don Splurkins, messengers arrived informing them of the catastrophe that had happened at the castle. The cavaliers immediately ordered their richly caparisoned steeds and rode swiftly away. On their arrival they were met at the portcullis by the Baron, who escorted them into the court-yard, where, much to their amazement and chagrin, they beheld posted on the battlements, "This Tale to be continued in the New York Dodger of next week."

The Beardless Drummer Boy.

In the year 1812, in the ninth regiment of the line (which formed part of the grand army that Napoleon lost in Russia) there was a little drummer-boy named Bilboquet. Of course that was not the name his godfathers and godmothers had given him in baptism, but it was the one by which he was known throughout the regiment. The soldiers, and especially the grown-up drummers, and above all the terrible drum-major, were in the habit of teasing little Bilboquet, as boy never had been teased before. The drum major used even to beat him across the shoulders with the heavy cane which these military headles are in the habit of swinging and twisting at the head of the regiment. At first little Bilboquet used to cry, but then his comrades *only laughed at* him, and the terrible drum-major beat him all the more. Yet little Bilboquet never did anything wrong—not in one sense, that is to say; for in another, he never did anything right. He was neither lazy, nor untidy, nor greedy, nor mean, nor revengeful, though he certainly did owe a grudge to the drum-major, which he was resolved one day or other to pay; but he always had his drum slung a little too much on one side, or got out of step in marching, or stood in the wrong place when the company was drawn up in line, or committed some mistake, which was natural enough on the part of a boy who had left his top and his marbles to join the greatest General of the age, but which was looked upon by the drum-major and other rigid disciplinarians as quite unpardonable.

The ninth of the line, with Bilboquet at its head—the drummers always march in front—was on the banks of the Dwina, and on the high road to Moscow, when the General commanding the brigade of which this regiment formed part, was ordered by the Emperor to occupy a position on the other side of an enormous ravine.

The ravine was defended by a battery of six guns. These guns were of large calibre, and were well served by the Russians.

"Are those anything like the pop-guns you used to play with at school, young Bilboquet?" asked the magnificent but slightly brutal drum-major, as he twisted his long moustache between his finger and thumb.

The little drummer bit his lips, for he felt that the tall oppressor doubted his courage; but he did not utter a word.

"Do you hear how the ground shakes?" continued the giant. "Ah! it's lucky your head is not so high as mine, and it's luckier still that the Cossacks have a very excellent habit of firing into the air."

But the Cossacks (the French call all Russian soldiers Cossacks) lowered the muzzles of their pieces, and then the drum-major and his little pupil, saw whole files of soldiers knocked down like skittles—with this difference, that it would be impossible ever to make them stand up again.

An *aid-de-camp* now galloped up to the Colonel of the ninth, who was in front of the regiment, close to where Bilboquet and the drum major were standing.

"Take the battery with two hundred men!" were the concise orders.

"Yes! it's easy enough to say 'take the battery with two hundred men,'" muttered an old sergeant, "but I should like to see twenty of them get there."

"The Emperor is waiting, added the *aid-de-camp*, observing that the soldiers were not over-pleased with the work they had before them.

The Captain of Bilboquet's company was to lead the assault with two hundred voltigeurs.

"If the Emperor is looking at us we must be quick," said the old sergeant, as he fixed his bayonet to his fire-lock.

The Captain noticed considerable hesitation in the ranks. Twice he had ordered the drum-major to take a couple of drummers, go to the front and beat the charge. The drum major was evidently in no hurry. He was leaning on his long cane and shook his head from side to side as he examined the drummers, without the slightest appearance of enthusiasm.

In the meanwhile, Bilboquet sat astride on his little drum, whistling a martial air between his teeth, and beating a tattoo with his fingers on the parchment.

At length the Captain lowered his brow, and in a voice of thunder roared out the order for the third time. The gigantic drum-major nevertheless seemed inclined to spend a few minutes more in the selection of his drummers, when suddenly young Bilboquet sprang up, fastened his drum to his side, seized his drum-sticks convulsively; and passing close to his tyrant, looked at him from head to foot, and exclaimed with an air of triumph—

"Now, who's afraid of the pop-guns?"

The drum-major was about to strike him, but Bilboquet was at the head of the two companies, beating the charge in furious style. The soldiers advanced, Bilboquet hurried on, and the men rushed after him towards the terrible battery.

The commander of the fort had seen the aid-de-camp gallop up to the ninth regiment, and had understood that his battery was to be silenced by an assaulting column. But as the old sergeant had remarked, it was necessary first of all to reach it. The Russians determined to reserve their fire; and when the French had marched over about half the ground that separated them from the guns, they were received with a general discharge, which seemed to blow the attacking party to pieces. Still, young Bilboquet ran ahead, hammering away at his drum, as if in mockery of the Russian artillery.—With wonderful rapidity the gunners reloaded, and again ploughed up the ranks of the advancing voltigeurs. Bilboquet was not touched, but on looking round, he saw that scarcely a quarter of the two companies were following him. The rest were lying dead or wounded on the plains. Bilboquet's drum sounded like twenty. If his drum had been the enemy, he could not have attacked it with greater violence. The critical moment had now been passed. It would be impossible for the Russians to fire on their assailants a third time, for in half a minute they would be in the battery, engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the artillerymen.—Another rush! and after receiving a volley of musketry, which scarcely took effect, the voltigeurs, with Bilboquet still at their head, leaped into the battery, and in a few seconds had dispersed their opponents and captured the terrible guns.

During the attack, the Emperor stood on a hillock watching its progress. He shuddered as each volley of artillery swept down his men; and when at length he saw less than half a company enter the battery, he lowered his glass, exclaiming—"Brave fellows!"

The ten thousand men of the Imperial Guard, who were stationed behind him, began to clap their hands and to shout "Bravo, Voltigeurs!" And these were good critics; they knew what they were applauding.

Immediately afterwards, Napoleon gave some orders to an aid-de-camp, who thereupon set off at a gallop towards the battery, and instantly returned at the same pace.

"How many got in?" inquired the Emperor.

"Forty-one, Sire," replied the aid-de-camp.

"Forty-one crosses to-morrow morning!" said the Emperor, turning towards the General of the brigade to which the ninth belonged.

The next day the regiment was formed in a circle around the remains of the two companies that had been entrusted with the capture of the battery. As the name of each was called out, the soldiers answering to it stepped forward to the General and received the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The ceremony was over, the forty-one had received their crosses, and the men were about to be marched back to their encampments, when a voice from the ranks cried out—

"And I, then—am I to have nothing?"

It was Bilboquet, the little drummer-boy, who had been quite forfotten.

The General looked round and saw the young hero standing before him, his face red with extitement, and two big tears starting from his eyes.

"You?—what do you want?" asked the General.

"Why, General, wasn't I one of them?" inquired young Bilboquet, almost in a passion. "Didn't I beat the charge in front of them all, and wasn't I the first who got into the battery?"

"It's true, General, he did!" exclaimed forty-one voices.

"Silence in the ranks!" shouted the General; then turning again to Bilboquet, he said:

"What am I to do, my poor boy? It's very hard, but they have forgotten you! Besides, you are very young," he continued. "Wait till you have hair on your chin, and then you'll get the cross, too. In the meanwhile you must try to console yourself with this."

And with these words the General held out a forty franc piece to the unfortunate Bilboquet, who looked at it for a few seconds without evincing the slightest intention of taking it. All were silent. Every one was looking at the poor little drummer-boy, and wondering what he would do. His eyes were full of tears, and those who had been the first to tease him now pitied him from the bottom of their hearts. The whole regiment seemed inclined to take up his case, and probably the result would have been a petition to the Emperor, had not the young drummer suddenly changed his attitude.

He raised his head, looked the General full in the face, and said:

"Well, give it to me; I must wait for another time."

And without any further ceremony he put the coin in his pocket, and went back to the ranks humming an air.

From this moment no one thought of ill-treating young Bilboquet. But he was not very communicative to his comrades, and seemed to have to have some strange project in his head, about which he was constantly meditating. It was expected that he would spend his forty francs in a treat, and several hints to this effect were thrown out by his fellow soldiers. But no. Bilboquet kept his money and his counsel to himself.

Some time afterwards the French army entered Smolensk. Bilboquet had assisted at the capture, and the day after walked all over the town examining every face with remarkable curiosity. He seemed pleased with most of the physiognomies he saw, for he was perpetually smiling, especially when he met a man who had a long beard—and he met several thousands of them in the course of the day.

However, the beards of Smolensk are, for the most part, carroty. This seems not to have yet met with Bilboquet's approbation; but he probably reflected that if the Russians, the Poles, and other Sclavonians had red beards, that was not their fault, and that they had not chosen that color themselves for the purpose of annoying a French drummer boy. However that may have been, he continued to laugh whenever he met a man with a red beard, until at last he found himself in the Jewish quarter of the city, where all the beards are black.

Bilboquet did not like Jews, but he liked their black beards, and, indeed, was so delighted that he resolved to have one of them, and that without delay.

Behind the counter, in a dirty little shop, which was one of a long line, stood a Hebrew, with a magnificent beard, as black as ebony.

"What do you want, my little man?" said the Jew, patronisingly.

"I want your beard!" answered Bilboquet, in a decided tone.

"My beard? You're joking, my little man!" suggested its proprietor, with an uneasy expression of countenance.

"I want your beard, I tell you!" repeated Bilboquet, as he put his hand to his sabre; "and what's more, I mean to have it! But don't think I want to rob you of it," he added; "here is a forty franc piece, and you can keep the change."

The poor Jew tried to convince Bilboquet that his beard would be of no use to him; that it was not worth forty francs, or forty sous, or forty centimes, to any one; that he, Bilboquet, would do much better to invest his money in horse hair if he really wanted anything of the kind, that he, the Jew, would gladly undertake such a commission, and so on.

But it was all in vain. Bilboquet was determined to have his forty francs' worth of black beard. Some French soldiers had been attracted to the Jew's shop by the high words that had passed between the latter and Bilboquet; and having ascertained what the quarrel was about, come to the conclusion that the drummer-boy's notion was both humorous and original, and called upon the Hebrew to surrender his chin at discretion.

Fortunately for the Jew, one of the soldiers who were present happened to be the barber of the regiment—we say fortunately, because in the absence of a razor there can be no doubt whatever but that he would have been shaved with a sabre. However, the beard was taken off, more or less, according to art, and given to Bilboquet, who folded it up carefully in a piece of paper, and stowed it away in his pockets.

When Bilboquet regained his quarters, he got the regimental tailor to sew the Jews beard—or Bilboquet's beard, as it had now become—to a strip of parchment cut from an old drum, and then, without giving any explanation of his design, put it at the very bottom of his knapsack. His comrades bothered him about the matter for a few days but then the regiment started eastward; and after the battle of Borodino and the taking of Moscow, such incidents as Bilboquet's adventures with the jew of Smolensk naturally escaped recollection.

Then came the horrors of the retreat—cold, Cossacks and famine. Napoleon's army was decimated in the worst sense—that is to say, every tenth man was spared, while the nine others fell victims to the Cossack lances, hunger, or to the Russian snow.—The ninth regiment formed part of the rear guard, which fought so magnificently under the leadership and auspices of Ney. Little Bilboquet was among the most fortunate, for he was neither wounded nor frost-bitten.

A few days after the terrible passage of the Beresina, the troops had to cross a small river, over which the Engineers had already thrown a bridge. Bilboquet's brigade, which formed the extreme rear, had passed over in safety, and the great point now was to prevent the Russians following. The General ordered the sappers to blow up the bridge, but the explosion was attended with only partial success. One half of the bridge was still connected with the other by means of a single beam. If this beam could be cut in two, the whole structure would fall into the water, otherwise the enemy would have no difficulty in repairing the bridge, and their pursuit would not be delayed more than an hour at most. Some sappers were directed to get on a raft, and endeavored to destroy the bridge altogether, but the Russians arrived on the opposite bank of the river before the order could be obeyed, and opened a murderous fire which seemed to render its execution quite impossible. The French returned the fire, and the army was about to move on, when suddenly a soldier with a hatchet on his shoulder plunged into the river, dived, and came up half a minute afterwards at a short distance from the beam which it was desired to sever. By his long beard it was easy to see that this was a sapper, that was so nobly sacrificing himself for the sake of his comrades. The brave man swam vigorously towards the important point, and continued his course through a shower of bullets, which caused the water to boil around him, until at last he reached the centre pile, and, climbing up to it, got on to the bridge. The beam was not so large as it appeared from the shore, and it was already half divided. With one blow the soldier cut in two, when the bridge, and himself with it, fell into the water with a tremenduous crash.

The Russians, in their astonishment, ceased firing for a moment, but the Frenchman soon rose to the surface, and was then again saluted with a storm of shot. Now a hundred poles were extended to the daring sapper, and the General himself was among the most enthusiastic applauders of his gallant exploit.

Suddenly the general gave a start.

"*What is that?*" *he exclaimed.*

He might well be astonished, for the supposed sapper who had destroyed the bridge was no other than young Bilboquet, the drummer, with his celebrated black beard tied under his chin.

"What in the name of heaven does this mean?" inquired the General, scrcely credeiting his eyes.

"It's only me," said Bilboquet, "the drummer-boy that you said you'd give the cross to when he had hair on his chin.—I've a beard now, General, and a capital one, too—I gave your forty francs for it, and I think it *ought* to be good."

The General was fairly stupefied by the youngster's courage, and scarcely less so by his originality and humor. He took Bilboquet by the hand, and without a moment's delay gave him the cross he had been wearing on his own breast.

From this moment even the veterans of the regiment treated Bilboquet with respect, and the drum-major never struck him any more with his long cane.

The Derby Day—Making up Books.

The Derby Day—the Derby Day—the great holiday of hard-working England!—We have not as many saints' days as they have in continental countries; but we do our best to cram all the fun of the year into eighteen hours, and we generally succeed. From the premier down to the poor cobby, we all own the influence of the time. Cares, anxieties and worries for the space of one day are consigned to the vast deep. Upon that day all blue devils commit suicide. Creditors are not. Bills of exchange and promissory notes cease to run. Work is forgotten. Honorable members run away from Parliamentary duties, and gentlemen who have no Parliamentary duties, leave their private affairs to take care of themselves. The two tall sentries at the Horse Guards feel a mad desire to give their two huge black horses a breather up Whitehall in honorable rivalry. The nurses with the perambulators would like to run their vehicles against each other for the two-year-old stakes! The baker's boy who delivers the rolls at the door has a small bet with Jenny upon the favorite, intimating by a wink that he is not without pretentions to that character. If the great heart of England during those twenty-four hours were opened, upon it would be found engraven in sanguine characters a list of the running horses, with the names, weights, and colors of the riders!

But it must not be thought that the day stands out as an isolated fact. For weeks and weeks beforehand, if grave middle aged gentlemen meet each other in the street, they retire into archways and exchange confidences as to how they are going to the Derby. Younger gentlemen at the clubs put their names down for sweep-stakes at £1 a head. Poor fellows! to how many of them the "haul"—that is the nautical expression they make use of—the "haul," I say of £50 or £60 would be a matter of serious concernment; but with what sound English pluck they laugh it off! How invariably it happens that the poor men draw names of horses which do not appear in the running, and how the coveted prize drifts down into the pocket of some civic Dives, of some lord of broad acres, to whom it signifies as much as the possession of an extra postage-stamp! It is always something, however, to have indulged in a vision "of the potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." Let it go, my friends, we will hold on by hook and by crook until next Derby day, and better luck next time!

How respectable patres-familiarum to whom, I am sure, the event cannot signify one button, are at infinite pains to master the very latest state of the odds, and how any one of that noble band, to whom a horsy sort of friend has communicated a valuable secret from "the Corner," not to be mentioned for worlds, but to be used by pater familias for his own private guidance in making up his book—keeps faith like a Trojan—(I wonder if they always spoke the truth at Troy—that might account for its fall) and only smiles with bland superiority as he sees his friends backing up the brother to Pottinger in a reckless manner, when, as he well knows, Cacodæmon is the horse.

How young men combine impossible results, and make up books with infinite solicitude and great arithmetical ingenuity, upon which, in any case, they must lose x—and far more probably will lose x 2 pounds—and how Brown and Jones entertain mean ideas of Robinson's sporting capacities—and Brown and Robinson come to the same conclusion about Jones; and Jones and Robinson arrive at the same conclusion about Brown; and how all these in their very heat of hearts envy the thin tall captain with the bushy whiskers, and the hook-nose, who just about Derby time confines himself to a pint of *Leoville* per diem; looking upon that military personage as high authority upon all matters connected with the Turf. How certain it is that the sporting leaders of men in question will put his foot in it deeper than any of the poor foolish boys who look up to him with such reverence. The Captain will, in all probability, disappear from the admiration of the metropolis for a season after the Derby Day is decided—and there will be a report abroad that he is occupied in breaking the banks at Hamburg an Baden, whilst he is in reality engaged in combing out his admirable beard and whiskers, and wondering in what quarter he can raise the wind to the extent of fifty pounds upon his own personal security.

What a thrill runs through the spectators when the favorite is led out—a few minutes will now decide if he is to wear the ribbon, and make good the expectations of his backers. Half a million depends on the speed of the animal this day.

And now the clearing of the course begins—and with singular facility the multitude are persuaded to take their places behind the ropes. A bay mare, with a jockey in green and black, comes cantering down the course—then another with colors blue and pink—and when the course is well cleared and every one is in momentary expectation of the appearance of the favorite, the inevitable dog runs his frantic muck down the course amid the cheers of the crowd. The horses are now all out—and the men who have staked so heavily on their performances are chatting with the ladies, as though nothing particular was astir. They are got decently into line—the signal given.—"They're off!"

There they go—all together. The correct thing is now to say that you could throw a table cloth over them. One horse begins to draw ahead—now another—now three lead—one follows, and then the rush. It must be one of the three. Hurrah for Green and Black! Hurrah for Orange and White!—No, by George, Pink and Blue does it. The one behind is the favorite—three ahead of him—they turn the corner—horses bound, and hearts beat—there is a rush—a flash of lightning—the favorite's in by a head.

Presently the jockeys return, and the winner is bending wearily forward and holding his side. What it must be to sit that series of tremendous jumps!

From the moment the Derby is, were, revelry is the order of the day, and I fear that the drag of T. and B. offered no exception to the general rule. How Mr. Ball hurried everybody out, and seating himself