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

DR. HOFFER,

DENTIST.—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over Saylor & McDonald's Book store Columbia, Pa. ☞ Entrance, same as Jolley's Photograph Gallery. [August 21, 1858.

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.

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, Pa.

Columbia, September 6, 1856-tf

S. Atlee Bockius, D. D. S.

PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechanical Departments of Dentistry.

OFFICE Locust street, between the Franklin House and Post Office, Columbia, Pa

May 7 1859.

Harrison's Coumbian Ink.

WHICH is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker yet is that English Boot Polish.

Columbia, June 9, 1859

We Have Just Received

DR. CUTTER'S Improved Chest Expanding Suspender and Shoulder Braces for Gentlemen, and Patent Skirt Supporter and Brace for Ladies, just the article that is wanted at this time. Come and see them at Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall. [April 9, 1859

Prof. Gardner's Soap.

WE have the New England Soap for those who did not obtain it from the Soap Man; it is pleasant to the skin, and still take grease spots from Woolen Goods, it is therefore no humbug, for you get the worth of your money at the Family Medicine Store.

Columbia, June 11, 1859.

GRAHAM, or, Bond's Boston Crackers, for Dyspeptics, and Arrow Root Crackers, for invalids and children—new articles in Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store,

April 16, 1859.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—The want of such an article is felt in every family, and now it can be supplied; for mending furniture, china-ware, ornamental work, toys, &c., there is nothing superior. We have found it useful in repairing many articles which have been useless for months. You can prove this at the Family Medicine Store.

Jan 26—m

FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

IRON AND STEEL!

THE Subscribers have received a New and Large Stock of all kinds and sizes of

BAR IRON AND STEEL!

They are constantly supplied with stock in this branch of his business, and can furnish it to customers in large or small quantities, at the lowest rates

J. RUMPLE & SON.

Locust street below Second, Columbia, Pa.

April 28, 1860

RITTER'S Compound Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry, for Coughs, Colds, &c. For sale by the Golden Mortar DrugStore. Front st. July 2

AYER'S Compound Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla for the cure of Scrofula & King's Evil and scrofulous affections, a fresh supply just received and for sale by

R. WILLIAMS, Front st, Columbia,

Sept. 24, 1859.

FOR SALE.

200 GROSS Friction Matches, very low for cash.

June 25 '59. R. WILLIAMS.

Dutch Herring!

ANy one fond of a good Herring can be supplied at

S. F. EBERLEIN'S

Nov. 19, 1859. Grocery Store, No 71 Locust st.

LYON'S PURE OHIO CATAWBA BRANDY and PURE WINES especially for Medicines and Sacramental purposes, at the

jan 28 FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

NICE RAISINS for 8 cts. per pound, are to be had only at

EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,

March 10, 1860. No 71 Locust street.

GARDEN SEEDS.—Fresh Garden Seeds, warranted pure, of all kinds, just received at

EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,

March 10, 1860. No 71 Locust street.

POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES.

A LARGE lot of Fine and Common Pocket Books and Purses, at from 15 cents to two dollars each

Headquarters and News Depot.

Columbia, April 14, 1860.

A NEW more of those beautiful Prints left, which will be sold cheap, at

SAYLOR & McDONALD'S

April 14. Columbia, Pa.

Just Received and For Sale.

1500 SACKS Ground Alum Salt, in large or small quantities, at

APPOLD'S

May 5, '60. Warehouse, Canal Basin.

COLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE.—For the cure and prevention fo chapped hands, &c. For sale at the GOLDEN MORTAR DRUG STORE,

Dec 3, 1859. Front street, Columbia

Turkish Prunes!

FOR a first rate article of Prunes you must go to

S. F. EBERLEIN'S

Nov. 19, 1859. Grocery Store, No 71 Locust st.

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.

JUST received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens, of Newton and Griswold's manufacture, at

SAYLOR & McDONALD'S Book Store.

April 14 Front street, above Locust.

FRESH GROCERIES.

WE continue to sell the best "Levy" Syrup, White and Brown Sugars, good Coffees and choice Teas, to be had in Columbia at the New Corner Store, opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, and at the old stand adjoining the bank.

H. C. FONDERSMITH.

Segars, Tobacco, &c.

A LOT of first-rate Segars, Tobacco and Snuff will be found at the store of the subscriber. He keeps only a first rate article. Call in.

S. F. EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store.

Oct 6, '60 Locust st., Columbia, Pa.

CRANBERRIES,

NEW Crop Prunes, New Citron, at

Oct. 20, 1860. A. M. RAMBO'S.

SARDINES,

Worcestershire Sauce, Refined Cocoa, &c., just received and for sale by S. F. EBERLEIN,

Oct. 26, 1860. No. 71 Locust St.

CRANBERRIES.

JUST received a fresh lot of Cranberries and New Currants, at No. 71 Locust Street.

Oct 21, 1859. S. F. EBERLEIN.

Poetry.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

Paul Revere's Ride.

A NEW POEM BY LONGFELLOW.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear,
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the Eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend—"If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light—
One if by land, and two if by sea,
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm.

Then he said good night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man of war:
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfrey-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper "*all is well!*"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now he gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth,
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfrey tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral, sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfrey's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by the British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,—
A voice in the darkness; a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Selections.

Tomboli.

One bright warm winter day I turned into Livada's for luncheon. Livada's is in the colonnade which flanks one side of the Esplanade separating the town from the citadel of Corfu, and is not a pastrycook's shop because it is a wine merchant's, nor a wine merchant's because it is a grocer's, nor a grocer's because it is a baker's, nor a baker's because it is a tobacconist's, nor a tobacconist's because it is a restaurant. And yet pastry, wine, tea, bread, cigars, and cutlets are remarkably good at Livada's.

What shall I have? Some light pastry or a biscuit that will cause me no remorse when I sit down to dinner at seven, with a glass of lemonade; for it is economical to have a glass of lemonade at Livada's, inasmuch as, in addition to a most refreshing drink, you get a feat of legerdemain into your bargain. For nothing short of conjuring is the manner in which the artist pours the fragrance of the fresh plucked lemons from one tumbler into another with a rapidity and from a height which keeps the beverage as continually suspended in the air as ever were the knives or balls of a peripatetic wizard.

Having taken in goods to the amount of one shilling, I should, if in England, tender that sum in payment, but such a dull, commonplace proceeding would not find favor with Ionian tradesmen, who like a dash of excitement thrown into every transaction of life, just as a tippler enjoys a teaspoonful of brandy in his tea; so Livada produces three dice and a box, and the goddess Fortune is invoked to settle the important point whether I shall pay two shillings or nothing at all. As she rules it in my favor, I consider it my duty to have another throw for a glass of gin-sling and a cigar, and, provided with these creature comforts, I settle myself upon two chairs, and contemplate the various little amusing scenes going on and passing by. There is a regiment at drill upon the Esplanade; it is marching past in slow time; very inspiriting the music is—r-rum tum-ti-tum, tum, rrrrrum-ti-tum—surely no man could get out of step to that! Could'nt he? Look at poor old Farls, who has about as much ear for music as a cow; he is just approaching the saluting point, and has to open his ranks and march on alone in front of his company. See him making those wonderful evolutions with his sword—seemingly a series of menacing gesticulations addressed to his own nose—dancing along on the points of his toes, jerking out the right leg at the moment his company behind protrude the left. What a study for Leech!

Look at those swells who are beginning to gather on the broad path before us, observe the cock of their hats, the delicate texture of their shirt fronts, done out with embroidery, lace frills, brooches, and sparkling studs; the brilliancy of their waistcoats, the elaborate patterns of their trousers, the brightness of their sticking plaster boots or small-toed pumps, the fit of their yellow gloves. Some of them have ladies on their arms, but the majority saunter along paired off in dreary bachelorhood, eye-glassed and cigaretted. These are worth looking at just now, for they are the Ionian aristocracy—members of parliament mostly, owners of the olive-trees, orange groves, and currant bushes one sees in these parts—living in a humble way in poor lodgings about the slums (streets they are not) of Corfu, from which they emerge mysteriously in butterfly splendor to decorate the palace balls, the Opera, or the Esplanade. Their language is French-Italian with a dash of Romaic, their faces are sallow, their hair and eyes black; their bodies puny; they want to be joined to Greece, and more fuss has been made about them lately than they appear to be worth.

What a jolly burst of laughter! what a Babel of chattering! And presently a large body of rosy midshipmen, of all ages and sizes, burst into the shop. They belong to the Blazer line-of-battle ship, that came in yesterday morning, and this is the first day on shore they have had for the last two months. Look at them, they positively coruscate with good humor, as they commence a terrific onslaught on the pastry. Presently is heard the clatter of hoofs and rumble of wheels, and another middy rushes in breathless.

"Well?" says an oldster, who seems to have authority.

"Only four saddle-horses to be had in all the town, so I've brought a carriage for those who don't ride."

"And we are how many? Six, seven, eight, nine. We must toss who has first ride, and the losers must go in the carriage, tossing who drives."

Which is done with much eager laughter, and then bread, sausages, champagne, and claret being stowed away in the carriage, off they go as hard as they can gallop, on an exploring expedition into the interior of the island. Let us admire the good nature of the oldsters who gave the youngsters an equal chance of the joys of equitation with themselves; let us also bestow a small amount of pity on the Albanian ponies who are doomed to keep pace with those boisterous spirits for the entire day. A little pity, not much, for they are not virtuous, those ponies. My observation of these things had been now and then partially disturbed by the entrance of some sallow Ionians, who transacted mysterious business in an unknown tongue with Livada over a big book in a corner, and then retired with a piece of paper in hand—indifferent customers I should say.

When the midshipmen had cleared off, I took more note of these individuals, and observed that they uttered single words to Livada, who repeated them after them, entering what they said in a register.

What could it all mean? Perhaps a plot for the massacre of the British, and consequent junction of Corfu with Greece! I began to grow quite uneasy, when who should come in but Tom Polyglot, who can talk anything, from Sanscrit to Bargee; dress in anything, from furs to blue paint; eat anything, from a dindon aux truffes to raw buffalo; and beat anybody at any game known; and how it happens that he is only captain and A. D. C., instead of prime minister, or Governor of India, is to me a most inexplicable circumstance.

"Polyglot," I whispered to this Admirable Crichton, "what is that Spero with Livada, muttering words which the latter repeats after him? Hist!"

"Deaitshy," said the Spero.

"Deaitshy," repeated Livada, writing in the book.

"That is Italian for ten," said Tom, laughing. "It is the Tomboli. Won't you go in for it? You pay a franc or so, and get some thousands of dollars."

"The very investment I have been on the look-out for I don't know how long. Something like the Suez Canal, I suppose?"

"No, not so bad as that. This is a lottery, where you have a decided chance of winning, though a small one. I shall have a shy. Livada, a Tomboli ticket."

"But," I asked, "is this thing objected to by the authorities? I mean, can one get into a row at all?"

"What are you talking about? Why, my dear fellow, this is a most respectable and highly moral affair, for it is got up by government."

"The Ionian, I suppose?"

"No, the English."

"Why, I thought we disapproved of all that sort of thing."

"So we do, for ourselves, because we have arrived at such a pitch of civilization and habitual honesty, that gambling, however fairly conducted, is beneath our standard of morals, which would be lowered if we encouraged it; whereas these Greek, Turk, and Spero chaps are such habitual rogues, that gaming, without cheating is, for them, positive morality."

"I will encourage Ionian morality: may my virtue be rewarded. Livada, a ticket!"

I then had given to me a square bit of paper, mapped out by cross lines into several compartments, like the frame work of the multiplication table, or a chess board, or a game of ought and cross. Each square I was to fill up with a number, any I liked, and the figures were carefully noted down in the big book. For this square bit of paper I paid, I think, a franc; I was to go to the Opera House on the Wednesday evening following, with it, and see a great many numbers drawn out of an urn, and if mine came up before any one else's, I was to receive a fabulous sum of money, suggestive of immediate return to England, a seat in Parliament, landed property, dinners, subsoil draining, a wife, the gout, and all manner of pleasing respectabilities. And yet my brain reeled not, for I have no faith in my star, never having won anything in my life but once, when I cleared one hundred pounds on the Derby; only as I did not get paid, as I had laid out a considerable sum in hedging, and as I gave a dinner at the Star and Garter, at Richmond, on the strength of my luck, I found, myself about eighty pounds out of pocket, and am not, consequently, accustomed to reckon that for much.

Several members of the Ionian aristocracy then lounged in for tickets, and they set about the matter in a business-like manner, purchasing, not one merely, but half a dozen square bits of paper, and choosing their numbers on a certain system, the mysteries of which were kindly revealed to me by a hook-nosed Greek, but as he made use of an unknown tongue, I am unfortunately unable to transmit the secret to you. However, the shop was suddenly flooded with officers, among whom was Hazard, and I can tell you *his* plan, if that will do. Hazard is a small, whiskerless young man, with a wandering, restless eye, a thin, trembling hand, and a general appearance of nervous irritability. His great passion is gambling; I never knew a fellow so fond of all games of chance; trente-et-quarente, lansquenet, and pharo, at the club, with the Greeks; vingt-et un, loo, and blind hookey, at the quarters of his brother officers; it is all one to him, he will play at anything except whist, a game he does not like, which is fortunate, as he would never get any one to be his partner if he did. I had that misfortune one evening, before I knew him so well, and was driven almost wild thereby, for he had a congenial adversary on his right, with whom, besides giving and taking all possible odds dependent on the fluctuations of the game, betting on the odd trick, and other lawful though distracting stakes, he bet, during the deal, on the color of the turn-up card, on its being of a higher or lower value than the seven, and laid other eccentric wagers, having no reference to the scientific and noble pastime we were engaged in.

He had a serious, business-like expression on his face as he opened his betting-book, and read out the numbers he had fixed on.

"Have you a regular system, then?" I asked.

"Of course I have," he replied; "everybody has."

"Well, but how is one to set about discovering such a thing?"

"Oh, you cannot do that; it must come naturally. For instance suppose a series of circumstances were to show you that the number seven was particularly lucky, you should fill your paper with multiplies of that number, as 7, 14, 21, 28, 35, &c., &c."

"Now, Hazard, come and play pool," said Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General Starr; and our conversation was interrupted.

Determined, however, to slake my thirst for knowledge, I invited myself to breakfast with Hazard next morning, when I was pretty sure to get a quiet chat with him, and betook myself to his quarters at the hour appointed.

During the meal and subsequent pipe, I led the conversation to the "Tomboli," and learned his plan, which he shall impart to you himself.

"For the first number I took 6, because I went out shooting last Monday and bagged so many woodcock; then 3, the number of hares killed on the same occasion; 4, the hour I started in the morning; 8, when I came home at night; 33, the number who sat down to dinner last guest night, 21, the guns fired when the Blazer came in the other morning; 42, adding the reply from the citadel; 22, my age; 19, the age—oh, never mind; 11, the jerk which brought the stranger off my hand, &c., &c. You see the sort of thing?"

"Partially; but what do you mean by the jerk which brought the stranger off your hand?"

"You know those bits of stalk—'birch,' say the censorious—which float about in your tea-cup? Well, they are called 'strangers,' and you put one on the back of your left hand, and slap the fingers with the right; the number of the blow at which the *stranger* flies off is pre eminently lucky."

"Nonsense!"

"Oh, it is very easy to say 'nonsense;' that is the refuge to which the ignorant and prejudiced always fly. When I was staying at Homburg once, I was very unlucky at roulette, till one morning at breakfast a bit of this stuff floating in my tea gave me the idea of trying the plan I have just mentioned, and the sixth time it jumped off, so when I went down to the Kursaal, I stuck a five franc piece on the figure six, and sure enough six turned up, and I won thirty-six times my stake. Well, I was so busy pocketing the money the croupier gave me, that I forgot to take away my original ecu, which was consequently left for another spin, and I'm hanged if it did not win a second time. Now, I am not superstitious, but after that what is one to think?"

"A curious coincidence, certainly," I owned.

On the morning of the day fixed for the Tomboli, swarthy picturesque figures, some mounted on ponies or donkies, some afoot, began to dribble into the town; at noon they streamed, by sunset they poured; you would not have imagined there were so many grown men in the whole of Corfu, and, indeed, their ranks may have been swelled by visitors from the other islands or mainland. Wherever they came from, they filled the town and thronged the streets converging on the theatre by the time the drawing commenced, and it was with difficulty a party of us could force our way through the mass.

The little theatre presented its usual brilliant appearance, all the accustomed company being in their boxes, the officers in uniform, the ladies in full dress, just the same as on an opera night; but there the likeness stopped; for the pit, whose customary occupants were a sergeant and two or three of the guard who were off sentry, a couple of guardianos, or native police, (not Bobbies, but fellows in green, with double-barrelled carbines,) and perhaps a stray Albanian dragoman, was crammed to overflowing; everybody in the house had a bit of paper in one hand and a pencil in the other; and on the stage, instead of the haughty Norma, the interesting Traviata, the punctilious Ernani, or the melodious Trovatore, there was but a lanky man, a dumpy boy, a long revolving box with a handle to it, and a large frame, somewhat similar to those on which the numbers of starting horses and winners are displayed on race courses.

The lanky man turned the handle of the long box smartly round two or three times, so as to mix the lots well up together, and then the dumpy boy put in his thumb and drew out, not a plum, but a piece of paper, which the lanky man took from him and unfolded with the solemnity befitting a high priest of the goddess Fortune. It was curious to gaze down upon that wild swarthy crowd in the pit, as with rigid faces and covetous eyes they stared up at him with the intensity of shipwrecked men catching the first glimpse of a sail.

A whisper might have been heard over the whole house, so deep was the silence, which was at last broken by a click in the frame, one of the compartments of which turned round, revealing the figure 5.

"Five! cinq! cinque!" cried the lanky man, in I don't know how many languages and the cry ran along the lobbies, down the staircase, out into the streets, where it spread echoing through the town for the next five minutes, until it had permeated the entire crowd, causing every heart in that vast multitude to throb with hope or thrill with disappointment, according as the No. 5 was down on his paper or not; for if it was, he scratched it out, and he who first got all his figures thus obliterated would win the highest prize. Nor was there less excitement inside the theatre, though as the educated were better able to appreciate the immensity of the odds against each individual, it was of a less earnest and more jocose character; for the moment the high priest had done translating the number, folks began chattering and laughing, and rushing about from box to box, till the urn began once more to revolve, and they relapsed into pin-drop silence till the many tongued proclamation of another number set them all going again.

So little sanguine was I personally, that I forgot to watch the fluctuations of my own fortune, and allowed the bit of paper bearing my numbers to repose in a corner of my waistcoat-pocket, while I wandered about the lobbies, now looking into some box and sympathizing with the feelings of its fair occupants, now poking my head out of an open window commanding the street, and watching the dark masses which swayed to and fro in the moonlight.

At last I disinterred my paper. On comparing my numbers with those marked upon the board, I found they had all been drawn but three. With the prospect of a chance of winning came hope, and with hope a vibration of the nerves, a rapid throbbing of the heart, a feeling of tension about the brain, increasing almost to vertigo as the man unfolded the next paper:

"44."

Another of my numbers. I had but two left! And in about seven draws I got rid of one of these, and if the remaining one should be drawn, the fabulous amount of dollars would be mine!

I could not sit still for an instant, but ran about the house in a most excited state unfolding my prospects to everybody. Hazard offered me five pounds for my chance, but I would not take it. An hour seemed to elapse between each drawing, and on each occasion of the lot being taken from the urn I had two throbs of intense excitement, one when the number first appeared on the board, and again, after seeing that it was not mine, listening for the cry which would show that some one else was out and my chance at an end. Still it went on time after time, and the figure I wanted would not make its appearance. At last after the drawing of a number came a cry from one of the boxes.

"Tomboli!"

"Tomboli! Tomboli!" shouted everybody.

The high priest bowed, and motioned the fortunate one to come forward.

There was some confusion, and at last a voice cried, "No, it was a mistake."

My pulse, which had nearly stopped, began to throb away harder than ever, and the proceedings were resumed.

Once, twice, thrice, the dumpy boy drew numbers, not mine, form the urn, and again, but this time from the extremity of the crowd outside:

"TOMBOLI!"

A feeble distant cry at first, gathering breadth and strength as it approached, until it swelled up into a roar.

After about a quarter of an hour's turbulence and wonderment what was to come next, a ragged young man, Spero from the tassel of his greasy cap to the soles of his shoes, was formally ushered on the stage.—His face was white; his knees shook, his mouth wide open. He looked like one in a dream when the high priest took his bit of paper from him and compared it with certain books.

Excess of emotion made him quite interesting as he stood there in an agony, bewildered, dazzled by the light.

All was correct, he was the winner!

The man fell back at the word as if shot.

"Happy fellow!" said Hazard, in my ear. "Fancy being able to conch up so much excitement as to faint under it!"

They carried him off, and went on with the drawing, for there was a second prize, which some one won.

Not I—worse luck!

Love and the Doctors.

The following extracts are taken from "A Book about Doctors," recently published in London:

"Love has not unfrequently smiled on doctors, and elevated them to positions at which they would never have arrived by their professional labors. Sir Lucas Pepys, who married the Countess de Rothes, and Sir Henry Halford, whose wife was a daughter of the eleventh Lord St. John, of Bletsoe, are conspicuous among the more modern instances of medical practitioners advancing their social positions by aristocratic alliances. Not less fortunate was the farcical Sir John Hill, who gained for a bride the Hon. Mrs. Jones, a daughter of Lord Raneleigh—a nobleman whose eccentric opinion, that the welfare of the country required a continual intermixture of the upper and lower classes of society, was a frequent object of ridicule with the caricaturists and lampoon writers of his time.

But the greatest prize ever made by an Æsculapius in the marriage market was that acquired by Sir Hugh Smithson, who won the hand of Percy's proud heiress, and was created the Duke of Northumberland. The son of a Yorkshire baronet's younger son, Hugh Smithson was educated for an apothecary—a vocation about the same time followed for several years by Sir Thomas Geery Cullum, before he succeeded to the family estate and dignity. Hugh Smithson's place of business was Hatton Garden; but the length of time that he there presided over a pestle and mortar is uncertain. In 1736 he became a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, but he withdrew from that learned body, on the books of which his signature may be found, in the year 1740. A few months after this secession, Sir Hugh led to the altar the only child and heiress of Algernon Seymour, Duke of Somerset.—There still lives a tradition that the lady made the offer to Sir Hugh immediately after his rejection by a famous belle of private rank and modest wealth.

Another version of the story is, that when she heard of his disappointment, she observed publicly "that the disdainful beauty was a fool, and that no other woman in England would be guilty of like folly." On hearing this, the Baronet, a singularly handsome man, took courage to sue for that to which men of far higher rank would not have presumed to aspire. The success that followed his daring, of course, brought upon him the arrows of envy. He had won so much, however, that he could, without ill-humor bear being laughed at. On being created Duke of Northumberland in 1766, he could afford to smile at a proposition that his coronet should be surrounded with senna instead of strawberry leaves; for, however much obscure jealousy might affect to contemn him, he was no fit object for disdain—but a gentleman of good intellect and a lordly presence, and (though he had mixed drugs behind the counter) descended from an old and honorable family.

How some of the wooers looked when wedded, the annexed passages will show:

"Dr. Cadogan, of Charles the Second's time, was, like Sir John Eliot, a favorite with the ladies. His wont was to spend his days in shooting and his evenings in flirtation. To the former of these tastes the following lines refer:

Doctor, all game you either ought to shun,
Or sport no longer with the unsteady gun;
But, like physicians of undoubted skill,
Gladly attempt what never fails to kill.
Not *half's* uncertain dross, but physic's deadly pill.

Whether he was a good shot we cannot say: but he was sufficiently adroit as a squire of dames, for he secured as his wife a wealthy lady, over whose property he had unfettered control. Against the money, however, there were two important points figuring under the head of 'set-off'—the bride was old and querulous. Of course such a woman was unfitted to live with an eminent physician, on whom bevies of court ladies smiled, whenever he went west of Charing Cross.

After spending a few months in alternate fits of jealous hate and jealous fondness, the poor creature conceived the terrible fancy that her husband was destroying her with poison, and so ridding his life of her execrable temper. One day, when surrounded by her friends, and in the presence of her lord and master, she fell on her back in a state of hysterical spasms, exclaiming: "Ah! he has killed me at last. I am poisoned!"—"Poisoned!" cried the lady friends, turning up the whites of their eyes. Oh! gracious goodness! you have done it, doctor!" "Why do you accuse me of?" asked the doctor with surprise. "I accuse you—of—kill—me—ee," responded the wife, doing her best to imitate a death struggle. "Ladies," answered the doctor, with admirable nonchalance, bowing to Mrs. Cadogan's bosom associates, "it is perfectly false. You are quite welcome to open her at once, and then you'll discover the calumny."

Here is John Hunter at home:

John Hunter had no sympathy with his wife's poetical aspirations, still less with the society which those aspirations led her to cultivate. Grudging the time which the labors of practice prevented him from devoting to the pursuits of his museum and laboratory, he could not restrain his irritable temper when Mrs. Hunter's frivolous amusements deprived him of the quiet requisite for study. Even the fee of a patient who called him from his dissecting instruments could not reconcile him to the interruption. "I must go," he would say, reluctantly, to his friend Lynn, when the living summoned him from his investigations among the dead, 'and earn this d——d guinea, or I shall be sure to want it tomorrow."

Immagine the wrath of such a man, finding, on his return home from a long day's work, his house full of musical professors, connoisseurs and fashionable idlers—in fact, all the confusion, and hubbub, and heat of a grand party, which his lady had forgotten to inform him was that evening to come off. Walking straight into the middle of the principal reception room, he faced round and surveyed his unwelcome guests, who were not a little surprised to see him—dusty, toil-worn and grim—so unlike what "the man of the house" ought to be on such an occasion. "I knew nothing," was his brief address to the astounded crowd—I knew nothing of this kick-up, and I go to have been informed of it beforehand; as I have now returned home to study, I hope the present company will retire. Mrs. Hunter's drawing rooms were speedily empty. What would Sir Cresswell's judgment think of such ferocious conduct on the part of a marital respondent?

The Dignity of Dullness.

Cardinal Wiseman tells us very frankly that the great principal of the dignity of dullness is always recognized and acted on by the gentlemen who elect that Pope, Gravity, approaching to stolidity; slowness of motion, approaching to entire standing still, are (as a general rule) requisites in human beings who succeed to the chair of St. Peter. It has been insinuated that in the Church of England similar characteristics are (or at least were) held essential in those who are made bishops, and, also, in archbishops. You can never be sure a man will not do wrong who is likely to do any thing at all. But if it be perfectly ascertained that a man will do nothing, you may be satisfied that he will do nothing wrong. This is one consideration; but there is further one is the pure and simple dignity of dullness. A clergyman may look forward to a bishopric if he write books which are unreadable, but not if he write books which are readable. The chance of Dr. Lingard is infinitely better than that of Mr. Kingsley. And nothing can be more certain than that the principle of the dignity of dullness has taken the mitre from the head of Sydney Smith