

"What is this?" cried the startled gamblers, and the bystanders crowded up full of surprise and curiosity. "It is my stake," said the man with seeming indifference, and untied the ribbon that held the bank-notes together. "Hold! That won't do," exclaimed the gambler, throwing down his cards. "That is false play. You have counted out only eight-and-twenty dollars the other evenings!" "False play!" repeated the man, with a threatening frown. "Prove it to be false play. Did I not place the bag, just as it lies there, upon that card? And did you make any objection to taking it unopened?"

"No, no. It is all right—it is all fair," cried the bystanders, always ready and eager to take part against the professional gamblers, who they feel quite convinced do not play fairly, although they cannot resist the fascination of the gaming-table, but return again and again to be cheated of their money, as long as they have any to squander there. "He has staked and won it, and he must have it," they said. "Count your money. How much is it?" said the gambler, who had whispered a few hasty words to his comrade. "How much is it?"

"Firstly, eight-and-twenty dollars in silver," he replied slowly, and the others laughed; "then there is bank-notes—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight hundred dollars; and then, here—"

"What! more?" "A small bill of exchange upon Smith and Penneken, as good as gold, accepted and all, the money only needs fetching—for three thousand."

"Three thousand!" shouted the gambler, starting up from his chair. "Are you mad? That is altogether near four thousand dollars. I shall not pay that!"

"Shall you not?" said the stranger, indignantly. "Would you not have taken it, if I had lost it?"

"To be sure he would!" "Of course!" "Would he take it? Ay, all they can get, they take; and a little more!" exclaimed a number of voices. "He must pay; there is no help for it."

"Gentlemen," protested the gambler, in the vain hope of obtaining a vote in his favour—"gentlemen, every evening in the last week that gentleman has staked—"

"And every time lost," interrupted one of his hearers. "I have been present several times, and have heard it from others also; and he has never made the least objection to paying."

"But that was only twenty-eight dollars."

"And if it were as many thousands!"

"Only let me speak," remonstrated the gambler, who had turned deadly pale, and trembled all over. "It was but eight-and-twenty dollars that he shook out upon the table, and the papers he held back. Three times already have I won the same sum from him."

"Prove that I had a cent more than the eight-and-twenty dollars in the bag," said the stranger, contemptuously. "Such excuses as that won't serve your turn."

"Why did you not keep the bag, *compañero*?" laughed a Spaniard who stood by; "we keep all that is set on the card."

"If he had lost again, nothing more would have come out of that confounded linen bag than the trumpery dollars," said the other, savagely.

"That's possible; but you cannot prove it," returned the lookers-on. "You must pay."

"I'll be hanged if I do!" said the gambler, furiously striking his clenched fist on the table. "It is a new sort of rascally trick that they want to come over me with; but they have got hold of the wrong man! I won't pay."

"You have won a hundred dollars from me in the last half-hour," exclaimed a tall Kentuckian, pressing forward over the shoulders of the others, "and I had to pay up to the last cent; if you refuse to pay him, you must fork that out again."

"And mine too!" "And mine!" "And mine!" cried many voices together. "I too have lost." "And I." "I lost ten dollars." "I lost fifty." "I lost five-and-twenty." "I a pound of gold; out with it if you won't pay."

A brother-gambler now came up from a neighbouring table, and spoke in a whisper to his unlucky comrade, whilst the tumult was increasing around them. The other contended earnestly in the same tone for some minutes, but yielded at length to his persuasions, and they both took the money to count over again; carefully examining the bank-notes as well as the bill, which was drawn on one of the first banking-houses in the city.

There was nothing to be said against either the one or the other; and whilst the stranger, who had quite recovered his equanimity, sat quietly looking on, as if the hubbub was no concern of his, the gamblers counted out to him the money he had won, almost stripping the table of the heaps so ostentatiously piled up. Part of the payment consisted of several packets of gold-dust, which the stranger, before accepting, cut open, examined carefully, and then weighed at the counter just opposite, where he also took a glass of brandy. He found all correct, and disposing of the gold in his various pockets, he shook what remained into the mysterious linen bag, put the papers and bank-notes into his breast-pocket, and courteously thanking his zealous supporters, who returned his greeting with a thundering cheer, he left the saloon.

His quondam friends laughed and talked over the occurrence for a while. Of all present there was scarcely one, probably, who did not feel pretty sure that he had played false—that he had had his bank-notes and bill in the bag on each preceding evening, ready to be produced if he should win; but this they did not call dishonest—it was a clever trick. The gamblers themselves seized upon every advantage, fair or unfair, that came in their way; and every one who had his wits about him would look out for himself. Such is the morality of the gambling-house!

Through the whole night the gambling goes on, until two or three o'clock; yes, frequently until the keen morning breeze drives home the wearied inmates of the chilly saloons, to dream of cards and dice, and in feverish excitement to follow a visionary game.

It was three o'clock; nearly all the gamblers had gathered up and carried off their gold, to lay it beside them as they slept, guarded with loaded weapons. The lights were mostly extinguished; the orchestra had long been empty; and only at one of the tables had the gamblers lingered a while for the chance of attracting a few stragglers coming out of the other gambling-houses, and fleeing them, perhaps, of the winnings they had got elsewhere. This was by no means a rare occurrence.

One of the owners of the table was standing by it; his money, packed in a strong leathern bag, lay near him; the other man was gone a few steps to take or fetch something, when a Mexican, a little brown-faced fellow, who had stood some time looking in at the door, walked in, took his old torn scrape from his shoulders, laid it down, and then walked slowly up the room. The gamblers at first eyed him attentively, but the man had not the appearance of one who had money to spend; what else he wanted there was no matter to them. The Mexican came up the narrow passage that led to the table, and swerved a little, as if to go by. At this moment, the gambler turned his back to the table, to take up his cloak, and the Mexican, seizing his opportunity, darted to the table, caught up the bag, and was off with it in an instant.

"Thieves, thieves!" shouted the other gambler, who saw with horror what was going on, being quite unable to come to the rescue, on account of the tables and chairs in his way. "Thieves!" but the Mexican was already at the door, and once out in the dark and empty street, pursuit would be all but hopeless.

The man behind the table turned quickly round at his comrade's voice; his eye first sought the gold—it was gone; but he, too, was hemmed in by chairs and benches, and without spending time in shouting or pursuit, he snatched the ever-ready revolver from his breast-pocket, took steady aim at the flying Mexican, and pulled the trigger.

No second shot was needed; almost at the same moment with the crack of the pistol, the heavy bag dropped upon the floor, and with a cry and a bound, the thief vanished through the door, his steps resounding in the distance as he fled along the street.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the gambler, leaping over the table and stooping to pick up his bag; "the shot was just in time."

"Did you hit him, Bill?" cried the other.

"Don't know. I hope I did. I took good aim."

"Let us look if there is any blood."

"Pooh, what does it signify?" said the first, carelessly. "If he has got it they will find him in the street as soon as it is light. Have you the key, Jim?"

"Yes, here. It was monstrously impudent of the fellow; there lies his old scrape still."

"Throw it out; that's right, and now come along. Everybody tries his chance in his own way. If he had done it, he would have been a clever fellow; as it was, he was a fool."

And the gamblers, the last in the saloon, closed and barred the doors, and climbed slowly up to their bedroom, to win a few hours' sleep from the unprofitable daylight, and recruit their strength for the labours of the next evening.

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE OF PECULIAR NAMES—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

BY THE REV. J. D. BORTHWICK.

APPENDIX.

"BULLY."—In answer to your correspondent who suggests "boullayes" as the origin of the English term "bully," and to your remark, that it is an ingenious suggestion, I ask also if there is any trace of the word in French usage, I beg to inform you that there existed formerly a French verb (now obsolete), "boullier," which signified "to cozen," also "to box." This was pronounced "booley," which is still the pronunciation of the word bully in England, although pronounced in Ireland, and I believe in Scotland, "bully," the *u* as in "gully." The French word was significant of the occupation of a "bully," which is that of "cozening," or cheating and defrauding, and even boxing, if his services are required. The term "bully" is at the present day known in France by a slang word, "maquereau." I think I am right in asserting that the English word "bully" was derived from the obsolete French verb "boullier," "to cozen," "to box." "Boullayes" was evidently derived from "boulay" (old French), a noun, signifying a birch-tree—"bouleau" (in modern French). The birch, we know, is still a terror to schoolboys. The "sergens-de-ville," or police of those days, were probably armed with a species of cat-o'-nine-tails, the handle of which was made of birch, and the thongs of white leather, with which instrument they kept back the crowd, as related by Victor Hugo in "Notre Dame de Paris." I shall be happy if my suggestion clears up the point in question.—H. BASCHET, in *Notes and Queries*.

"BULLY" boy is probably derived from the old Saxon and modern German *Buhle* (pronounced *Bully*)—a lover, a jolly fellow, an enormous fellow.

"CHAPTER AND VERSE."—According to the celebrated D'Israeli, it originated just before the civil wars of Charles I., from the frequent use of appealing to the Bible by those whom South called "Those mighty men at chapter and verse."

CHESSE.—An Indian, named Sessa, having invented the game of Chess, shewed it to his king, who, being highly pleased with it, bid him ask what he would for the reward of his ingenuity; Sessa, with great modesty, asked that for the first little square of the chess-board he might have one grain of wheat given him, for the second two, and so on doubling continually according to the number of squares on the board, which were 64; the king, who intended giving him a noble reward, was displeased that he asked, what he thought, such a trifle; but Sessa declaring he would be contented with it, it was ordered to be given him; the king was astonished when he found that this would raise so vast a quantity, that the world could not produce it.

CHLOROFORM.—Dr. Simpson, with two assistants, sat down late one night after an arduous day's toil, and when most physicians as well as patients were wrapped in sleep, began to inhale various substances which had been collected. A small bottle of chloroform had been raked out of some obscure corner, and was to take its turn with the rest. Each experimenter having provided himself with a tumbler or finger-glass, a portion of each selected fluid was poured into the bottom of it, and the glass was placed over warm water to favour the evolution of vapour. Holding the mouth and nostrils over the vessels, these votaries of science courageously explored this *terra incognita* by inhaling one vapour after another. At last each charged his tumbler from the small bottle of chloroform, when immediately an unwonted hilarity seized the party; they became bright-eyed and very happy, and conversed with such intelligence as more than usually charmed other listeners who were not taking part in the proceedings. But suddenly they began to talk of sounds being heard like those of a cot-

ton mill; these grew louder and louder; a moment more and then came a crash. All had dropped insensible on the floor. On awakening, Dr. Simpson's first perception was mental. "This is far stronger and better than either," he said to himself. His second was to note that he was prostrate on the floor, and that his friends were confused and alarmed. Hearing a noise, he turned around and saw his assistant, Dr. Duncan, beneath a chair, his jaw dropped, his eyes staring, and his head half bent under him, quite unconscious, and snoring in a determined and alarming manner. In another direction was more noise still, and much motion. And then his eyes overtook Dr. Keith's feet and legs, making valiant efforts to overturn the table, or more probably to annihilate everything that was upon it. All speedily regained their senses, and from that day—or rather from the middle of that night—dates the discovery of the marvellous properties of chloroform.

"FOOLSCAP."—Everybody knows what "foolscap" paper is; but they would be puzzled to tell how it came to bear that cognomen. When Charles I. found his revenues short, he granted certain privileges, amounting to monopolies; and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew rich, and enriched the Government at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper. At this time all English paper bore in water-marks the Royal arms. The Parliament under Cromwell made jests of this law in every conceivable manner; and, among other indignities to the memory of Charles, it was ordered that the Royal arms be removed from the paper, and the fool's cap and bells be substituted. These were also removed when the Rump Parliament was prorogued; but paper of the size of the Parliament's journals still bears the name of "foolscap."—*From Notes and Queries*.

FRENCH CALENDAR.—I believe I am able to give your correspondent "June" the information he requires in your publication of July 26, about the parody upon the French Calendar of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The names given to the months were after the seasons to which they belonged; and as the Republican year began with autumn, the first three belonged to that season, and were called: Vendémiaire, Brumaire, Frimaire; the three next, belonging to winter, were termed: Nivose, Pluviose, Ventose; the three next, to spring—Germinal, Floreal, Prairial; and the three last to summer—Messidor, Thermidor, Fructidor. And they were thus parodied (some say by Porson, while others attribute the travesty to Sheridan or Gifford)—Breezy, Freezy, Sneezy; Snowy, Flowy, Blowy; Showery, Flowery, Bowery; Heaty, Wheaty, Sweaty.—VERAX.

JEW'S HARP OR TRUMP.—This instrument is of very ancient origin. There appears to be some allusion in the name to the inhabitants of Judea; in the plate, however, of Jewish musical instruments, in Calmet's Dictionary, nothing of this kind occurs; so that perhaps there is a corruption here of the word *Jeu trompe*, a plaything, or play trump, as it is now only used by boys for that purpose; or it may be a corruption of Jew's Harp, from the circumstance of its being played when placed between the teeth.—*Pennant*.

"KING'S EVIL."—Edward the Confessor was so called for his great attention to religion. This Prince, the last of the Saxon line, was the son of Ethelred and Emma. Though he had no great abilities as a Sovereign, his reign was peaceable and fortunate, and he was remarkable for exercising and promoting the strict administration of justice. The character of this Prince was so great for sanctity, that his people superstitiously believed his touch would cure the *Scrofula*, called, for this reason, the *King's Evil*.

"TO KICK THE BUCKET."—The slang expression for dying, "to kick the bucket," originated from the mode of self-destruction adopted by a suicide who stood with his neck in a halter on a bucket inverted, and then, kicking the article from him, remained *sus. per. coll.* The phrase "as fine as fivepence" seems to be used without any particular meaning, for the sake of the alliteration only.—E. M. H., Bristol.

WIG.—The luxurious Iapygians in Southern Italy invented them. The Louvain theologians who published a French version of the Bible affected to discover the first mention of perukes in a passage in the 4th of Isaiah. The Vulgate has these words, "Decalvabit Dominus verticem aliarum Sion, et Dominus erinem eorum nudabit." This the Louvain gentlemen translated into French as follows:—"Le Seigneur déchevelera les têtes des filles de Sion, et le Seigneur découvrira leurs perruques;" which translated into English implies that, "The Lord will pluck the hair from the heads of the daughters of Sion and will expose their periwigs."

A bank check for \$500, which has had a curious history, was sent to the Treasury Department at Washington, a short time since. It was taken from the body of a murdered Texan cattle-drover, several years ago, by Indians, who in consequence of the variety of colours in the rich engravings, attached some special importance to it, and cut the paper into several pieces, dividing them among the tribe. A Peace Commissioner finally persuaded the gentle savages to give up the pieces, and he pasted them together, and forwarded the check—now complete—to Washington.

Science has been invoked to intensify the horrors of the present war. A week ago we were told of a new means of destruction, denominated "Satan's Fusee" too terrible to be employed except in the most extreme cases. We now hear from Paris of a new death-dealing apparatus, which is to be used against the Prussians on their entering Paris. It is a woman's weapon, and consists of a little india-rubber thimble, and at the end of it is a small sharp tube containing prussic acid. The Prussian approaches; you hold out your hand; you prick him, he is dead. If several Prussians approach, she who has the prussic finger pricks them one by one, and remains tranquil and pure, having round her a circle of corpses.

French has long been the language of polite society in all the countries of the Continent; but in Germany many vigorous efforts are now making to abolish this custom, and in so doing honour the mother tongue. Certain ladies of Berlin have formed a society, which meets for the purpose of making lint, and they have instituted a custom of fining every member who uses French phrases at the rate of three cents a word, the amount collected being turned over to the benefit of the wounded. At the very first meeting three thalers in fines were exacted, principally because many of the ladies could not remember, in addressing each other, to use the plain and honest German "*Frau*" instead of the French "*Madame*."