

of delicious music—the rarest wines of France—the most recherché cookery—the odalisque of the opera, covered with the spoils of many a European court, appeared: and between the mazurka of the Hungarian, and the galoppe of the Cossack, was ever heard the never-ceasing clink of the gold, as it rattled beneath the "rateau" of the croupier. Last of all came No. 113, and here the class of players consisted of persons in the lowest walk of life.

The salon of the "Rue Manivaux," deserves some mention here. Here there was but one roulette table, and a small reading room; the whole air of the place breathing a species of peace and quietude strangely at variance with its more frequented rivals. The salon had all the easy domesticity of a private house, and it was hard to believe that one was not playing *en famille*. The banquiers chatted familiarly with the betters; gave them prudent counsels, smiled at their winnings, and looked unhappy when they lost; in fact, you half expected when your last louis had followed its predecessors, that the banquier would come forward and restore your losses.

The two great gambling houses of Paris, occupied the extremity of the Rue Richelieu, next the Bouvelard. "The salon," as one of these was distinctively called, was frequented by all the great playmen of the world. Here might be seen in "thick confusion crowding"—Deputies, Cortes, Lords of Parliament, Peers of France, exiled Kings, and millionaire bankers. Here, Don Carlos, upon the only night of his appearing, lost five thousand Carlists; and here Don Miguel "invested" all the gold he had brought with him from the banks of the Tagus. Four generals of Queen Christina, left their last Napoleon, and the richest banker of Germany, who had come expressly to combat foot to foot with fortune, here became a beggar. English without number followed in this train of ruin; and not a nation of the continent but had contributed its victims at the Salon. The supper was served at midnight, and nothing was wanting to complete its enjoyment, save the gold you had lost while waiting for it.

The late M. De Cassy, the rival of Cambaceras, directed all the arrangements. Nothing was spared which could tempt the appetite of the guests; and the first delicacies of the season appeared here before they made their appearance upon the table of royalty.

Among the many singular scenes Francati has witnessed, not the least so have been the numerous attempts made by practised players to establish what is called in play parlance, a martingale, or, in other words, so complete a hedge, that the chances must be always with, never against them.

The different species of game thus contrived have obtained distinctive appellations—such as the "montant et descendant," &c. But I believe no success has hitherto attended these efforts; and the questions of Napoleon—"Is he clever—can he win at rouge et noir?" remains as unanswered as ever it was.

Other, and less legitimate means of gain have, however, occasionally been successful; one of the most ingenious of which was practised during the empire, by an officer of high rank upon Napoleon's staff.

This person appeared one evening at Frascati, where he had been a frequent visitor, and seating himself at the table, placed somewhat ostentatiously before him several small rouleaus of louis d'ors, with which he proceeded to bet. On his winning his "coup," the banker opened the little paquet, and perceiving that it contained fifty Napoleons, counted out to him an equal number. After this had been done once, and the amount in it was ascertained, the banker either gave a similar sum, or, as the case happened, received it from him when he lost, never taking any further trouble to open the paquet. This had continued for some time without changing success; and, at last, as the banker was about to count out the sum as usual, the officer coolly said, "break the rouleau;" he did so at once, and what was his amazement to find instead of fifty louis as he expected, that his paquet contained billets de banque to the amount of 20,000 francs. The payment was immediately disputed, nominally on the ground that they were not aware of the amount of the bet, and would only have expected fifty louis, had they won, but, in reality, because they perceived the roguery of the transaction. The question, however, was decided against them, they being held liable to an equal sum to any placed upon the table if they lost. The fortunate officer was immediately ordered to the presence of the Emperor, his epaulets were torn from his shoulder, and he was degraded from his military caste, and declared unworthy to serve ever after.

On our return from a tour in Germany, we had strolled into Frascati one evening, rather with the hope of meeting some acquaintance than with any intention of play. Unsuccessful in our search, we were about to leave the Salon, when we were struck by the haggard air and disturbed look of a young man who sat at the table, and scarcely looked up from the card he was marking with a pin to place his money upon the table. We watched him for nearly an hour, during which time he bet almost every deal, and nearly as constantly lost. At length, as a new deal was commencing, he hurriedly placed before him all his remaining gold, and scarcely was it done when he lost again; he now remained for some minutes motionless; at length, rising from his seat, he passed round the table till he reached the back of the croupier's chair, and whispering a few words in his ear, waited for an answer. The nature of the demand was evident enough, for he immediately after returned to his place, his hand full of billets de banque.

For some time he did not bet, but sat steadily regarding the table, his eyes following the "rateau" of the banker as he raked in or gave out the shining gold. At last, with a trembling hand he placed a note upon the "rouge," and lost,—another, and another quickly followed, still without any change of fortune—his look at each loss becoming more and more fixed, and his features, already pale as death, becoming hardened like those of a marble statue—his blood-shot eye and straggling hair giving a terrific expression to the otherwise stern composure of his face. His neck was bare, and his hands played restlessly in the folds of his neckcloth, which lay upon the table before him. He lost again, and a larger sum than before—at last, as it were impatient at the lingering torture of his fate, he seized all the billets which remained, and threw them recklessly on the table, saying, at the same time, "Huit milles 'rouge.'" "Rouge perd, noir gagne," said the banker in the same instant, raking in the money with his usual careless and passionless look. A short thick laugh broke from the young man, whose features, however, never changed. He rose from the table and leisurely replaced his neckcloth. His place was immediately occupied by another, and even ourselves, although the only one who had taken any interest in his proceedings, soon lost sight of him in the scene which ensued. It having struck some of the players that the banker had miscounted the cards, a dispute arose as to whether the rouge or the noir had won; fortunately, the cards still remained upon the table, and amid a considerable uproar of voices eagerly raised on either side, the banker proceeded again to count them.—"Trente sept rouge." "Trente neuf noir." "I was wrong, the rouge has won," said he in some astonishment. The money of the betters, on the red, was immediately paid over to them, some of whom took it up, others preferring to let it remain upon the table for another coup. It would appear, that the young man we had been watching preferred this latter course, for his money remained where the banker placed it, and it was with a sense of great anxiety we waited for the deal upon which his fate was now to be decided. It won,—the money still remained, and again won—the sum now upon the table amounting to 64,000 francs, being rather above the limit of the bank, the croupier asked who was the owner of that sum, and how much he proposed to bet. No answer was given to this question, and some surprise was excited in the room. Again the croupier spoke, but no explanation followed, and the general silence in the room proclaimed the interest that all took in so strange a circumstance, when suddenly a heavy crash was heard, succeeded by a low faint groan, and all was still. The assembly rose, and rushing to the antechamber, found the window open, and, on looking out, perceived that the unfortunate gambler we had so long observed, had thrown himself down a height of about fifty feet, and lay dead at the bottom. His skull had been fractured in the fall, and his death must have been almost instantaneous. It was but too plain he had believed the statement of the banker, and hurried on to suicide as the only resource left him in misery. Had he lived one moment longer he must have learnt the mistake, and found himself winner of thousands.

From the New York Whig, Monday the 27th.

SINGULAR, ROMANTIC, AND UNFORTUNATE AFFAIR.

Yesterday afternoon, about two o'clock, a one horse carriage, containing a lady and gentleman, was observed in the Third Avenue, proceeding outwards, but at such a pace as to excite no curiosity. Scarcely, however, had the carriage time to leave Tenth Street—where our informant first noticed it—than a gentleman, in a high state of excitement, and mounted on a powerful bay horse, came up, riding furiously, and having made a brief enquiry relative to the party in the carriage, and learned they were a short distance in advance of him, dashed off at full speed. This occurrence naturally suggested the idea of an elopement—or something of that sort—and accordingly Mr. Isaac Osburn, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, in company with another gentleman, who chanced to be passing at the time, started in pursuit, presuming, and justly, that the headlong velocity and strong horse of the single rider would soon bring the chase to an end. Thus they continued, running in a jog trot, until they had passed Fortieth street, when their attention was attracted by the clattering of a horse's hoofs, and in a minute after, the strange horse, but without its rider, dashed madly by them, in the direction of the city. Their curiosity now becoming more ardent, and with a more certain hope of being gratified, Mr. Osburn and his companion increased their speed to a gallop, which they continued until they reached Seventieth street, where they found the dismounted horseman lying on the road side, in a state of insensibility, and a man and a woman chafing his temples, and rubbing his hand, in order to restore him. And, on further examination, Mr. Osburn discovered that the unfortunate gentleman had received a severe wound, apparently given with a heavy, blunt instrument, on the side of the head, and that the thumb of his right hand was broken. He further perceived a heavy club lying on the ground, which he remembered to have seen in the hand of the gentleman who was now before him. Mr. Osburn then questioned the man and woman, and obtained from them the following additional particulars.

They had perceived the carriage driving on at a rapid pace, and the single gentleman in pursuit—and the moment the latter came up with the vehicle, he struck at one of the parties within with his

club.—The gentleman in the carriage then snapped a pistol in the face of the rider, but it missed fire, whereupon he jumped out of the carriage, and at the same instant, the horseman sprang to the ground and grappled with him. The parties then struggled fiercely with each other for about half a minute, but the single rider, being by much the larger and more powerful man, flung his opponent to the ground, and put his knee upon his breast, and was commencing to beat him violently upon the face with his clenched hand, when suddenly the lady threw herself out of the carriage—and having seized the club which had fallen from the horseman's hand, she dealt his horse a tremendous blow, which caused it to dash off like mad in the direction of the city. She then advanced upon the struggling parties, and struck at the head of her late pursuer, but he parried the blow with his right hand, thereby receiving the injury in his thumb. In the following instant, however, the lady effected her apparent purpose, for her second blow took effect on the side of the wounded man's head, and caused him to loose his hold, and fall over quite senseless. The heroine of the scene then assisted her companion, who appeared to be considerably hurt, into the carriage—and then drove off as fast as the horse could carry them.

Mr. Osburn further informed us, that after considerable exertion the wounded man was sufficiently restored to walk with assistance to the Bowery, where he had his head and thumb dressed by Dr. Stacey; and on the way the gentleman told Mr. O. that the lady who had injured him was his own niece—that they were but three weeks in this city, during which time she had become acquainted with the person she was running away with—who, he believes, is a young lawyer—and further, that she is worth, in her own right, upwards of three hundred thousand dollars when she comes of age, which will be in a few months. The name of the wounded gentleman is George F. Ledwith, of Augusta, Georgia, who, with his niece had recently arrived from Europe—and the lady's name is Evaline Hamilton, but we have not been able to discover the name of the fortunate lawyer. Mr. Ledwith also informed Mr. Osburn that the lady is very beautiful, and that she had treated him with the most devoted tenderness and affection until the period of the occurrence related above.

SELF-ACTING FIRE ALARM BELL.—Fire alarm bells without number have been invented, but they have all of them required the fire to come in contact with the machinery before they would act. Not so with this contrivance. The bell will strike whenever the heat rises to one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, or the instrument may be graduated to even a lower temperature, and one of them may be placed in every room in the house or store, so as not to fail of giving the alarm in every case. The principle is perfectly simple, and perfectly certain in its operation, the whole movement being based upon the expansion of a metallic plate, subjected to the action of the temperature. The whole cost of the apparatus for the largest building will not exceed forty dollars.—N. Y. Gaz.

The ludicrous activity of the acquisitive spirit of our countrymen is thus illustrated in a London farce. A Yankee lands at Portsmouth, and an English lady, who understands that he has been an invalid, asks him if he has been benefitted by the voyage. "Benefitted!" he exclaims, "no, not at all: I haven't made a dollar by it!"—N. Y. paper.

COATS OF ARMS.—Their original is not prior to the twelfth century; that is to say, the time of the Crusades. As noblemen from the various nations of Europe were collected together in the holy land, and as they had no names but their baptismal, they agreed, in order to distinguish each other, to assume armorial ensigns, which, in general, expressed the name and title of the bearer, as John de la Tour—John of the Tower.

STATISTICS.—It appears from the Massachusetts Register for 1840, that in a population of about seven hundred and fifty thousand they have 1250 religious societies, of which 588 are Congregationalist, 260 Baptist, 180 Methodist, 125 Universalist, and 42 Episcopal. Of Physicians, 650 belong to the Massachusetts Medical Society. Of Counsellors and Attorneys, the number is not less than 800. The Legislature consists of about 550 members. Of Postmasters we have 472. 123 Banks. 46 Insurance companies. In Boston, there are 42 Charitable Societies, and not less than 58 other public institutions, besides schools and academies.

LOSS BY FIRE.—The loss of property in this city by fire, during the year 1839, amounted 3,028,500 dollars, of which 2,488,744 was in stock, and 540,756 buildings. There were in all 160 fires.—(N. Y. Whig.)

WATERING MILK.—A Dutchman in Albany, some time back, went out to his milkman in the street with a dish in each hand, instead of one as usual. The dispenser of attenuated milk asked if he wished him to fill both vessels? The Dutchman replied, suiting the action to the word, "Dis for de milk, and dis for de watter, and I will mix dem so as to shute mine self."

HECATEUS, the sophist, being found fault with, because, when admitted to one of the public repasts, he said nothing all the time: Archimedes replied, "He that knows how to speak, knows also when to speak."

BROAD HINT.—Two persons, each occupying a room in the same building, the one in the story above was complaining that his stove did not draw well. The other replied, "I thought it did draw well, for I find it drawing my wood up stairs."