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SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

Santa Filomena.

BY W. V. LONGFELLOW.

"When'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The ideal ways of deeper souls
Into our inmost being roll,
And lift us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thine help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp—

The wounded from the battle plain,
In dreary hospitals and pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And sit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in Heaven should open,
And there be closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

[Atlantic Monthly.]

Confidence and Credit.

The day was dark, the markets dull,
The change was thin, gazettes were full,
And half the town was breaking;
The counterpane of cash was "stop,"
Bankers and bankrupts shut up shop,
And honest hearts were aching.

When near the "Change, my fancy sped
A faded form, with hazy aspect,
Beneath grey's banner stopping;
Her name was Credit, and she said
Her father, Trade, was lately dead,
Her mother, Commerce, drooping.

The smile that she was wont to wear
Was withered by the hand of care,
Her eyes had lost their lustre;
Her character was gone, she said,
For basely she had been betrayed,
And nobody would trust her.

That honest industry had tried
To gain fair Credit for his bride,
And found the lady of ill-will,
But a fortune hunter came,
And speculation was his name,
A rascal, not worth a shilling.

The villain was on mischief bent,
He gained both dad and mam's consent,
And then poor Credit married;
He fished her fortune and her fame,
He fixed a blot upon her name,
And left her broken-hearted.

While thus poor Credit seemed to sigh,
Her cousin, Confidence, came by,
(Methinks he must be clever),
For when he whispered in her ear,
She checked the sigh, she dried the tear,
And smiled as sweet as ever.

Selections.

Parisian Pickings.

A GHOST.

One morning the door of the office of a celebrated *avocat* (attorney) in Paris was opened, and an old man dressed in garments which did not even seek to disguise poverty, entered. Spite of this circumstance, scarcely calculated, especially in a lawyer's office, to inspire respect, there was, in the tall, thin figure, and in the calm dignity of the countenance, an indefinable something, which made the younger clerk in the office look at the visitor with curiosity, and caused him to stop in a facetious speech, intended to make his brother clerks laugh, and most exceedingly to confound and mortify the *old prig* who stood before him.

When we said that the old man entered the office of this great *avocat*, we should have intimated that it was an outer office, in which sat several young men; some salaried secretaries, or clerks, others merely gentlemen intended for the law, who were supposed to be in the office for the purpose of studying its intricacies. M. Durmont was safely barricaded in an inner office, to which none had access without previously stating his business. M. Durmont's time was so precious, from the number of his clients, that he could not afford to throw away even five minutes of the hours he dedicated to business.

Accordingly, as the visitor advanced towards the inner door, the head clerk advanced towards him, and, not thinking such a client could be of any consequence, stood before him, and in a tone of profound regret, declared that Monsieur Durmont was particularly engaged.

"I will wait," replied the visitor, and down he sat.

The clerk returned to his desk. Then began, especially among the young men who were merely reading, a witty conversation, carried on in conventional slang, of which the old man in his shabby garb, was the sole object.

He, however, did not understand, or his thoughts were perhaps far away, for he sat calm and impassive, occasionally taking a pinch of snuff from a broken, little horn box, but evidently totally unconscious that he

was serving as a subject for the witticisms of the future Demosthenes of the Palais de Justice.

Several persons entered the office during the hour which succeeded, some, clerks from other lawyers, were initiated into the joke that was going on; others, clients of importance, were ushered ceremoniously into the inner sanctum. Still the old man never moved, never spoke, never grew impatient. At last, the head clerk thinking the victim sufficiently roasted, and irritated, perhaps, at the impossibility of the persistent visitor, threw down his pen, and starting up, exclaimed in a loud voice:

"If you must see Monsieur Durmont, tell me your name."

"Colonel Palma."

"Colonel Palma—the same name as the hero who was killed at Oran?"

"The same person."

"The same—person," stammered out the clerk, gazing with astonishment at the man before him.

"Of course," exclaimed one of the clerks, thinking the old fellow was retaliating upon them; "don't you remember what a splendid funeral he had?"

"Then," continued the youngest, "this gentleman must be his ghost. Pray, sir, are you a ghost?"

"I am, my boy," replied the old man.—"Now, sir," added he, turning towards the clerk, "will you be pleased to take my name to M. Durmont?"

The clerk obeyed. M. Durmont, who never took his attention off one thing till it was claimed imperatively by another, did not pay any attention to the name, nor raise eyes from the papers he was examining, but merely by an inclination of the head signified to the clerk that he was visible.

The old man entered, and carefully closed the door behind him. Then M. Durmont looked up, and with the practiced eye of the lawyer, read at a glance a whole history of wrongs and misfortunes in the apparently calm and unimpassioned features. As the colonel took off his hat, as he stood erect before the *arcone*, he revealed a deep scar across the forehead, and the head entirely bald; and as he looked at Durmont with his light blue eyes, serene as those of a child, Durmont felt an electric thrill pass through him.

An intense feeling of curiosity and interest (very unusual in him, professionally hardened) took possession of him, and rising, he himself advanced a chair towards his visitor, and in a most respectful tone addressed him.

"To whom have I the pleasure of speaking?" said he.

"To Colonel Palma?"

Durmont started; for Palma (the real name is not the one we write) was the name of a most distinguished officer, who had performed deeds of most extraordinary valor at the siege of Oran, in Algiers, some fifteen years before—who had been there killed, and who (though his body was supposed to have fallen beneath the ruins of Oran, was not found) had been honored by all France, and was inscribed in the Hall of the Invalides amongst its heroes.

"I did not know there were two Colonel Palmas."

"Nor are there; I am the one who was killed at Oran."

Durmont glanced instinctively at the scar which crossed his forehead. He imagined he was speaking to a madman.

"I am not mad," said the old man, with a faint smile, replying to the thought that had flashed through the lawyer's mind.

"I have three-quarters of an hour to spare," said Durmont; "can you tell me all you have to say in that time?"

"I can," replied the old man.

Durmont bolted the door, and the colonel began. He told how, found in the night by the Arabs, he had been taken by them, and had for several years remained among them in a distant portion of the desert. Then he had escaped. He had made his way to Tunis. There the Consul had refused to believe his story—he was duly dead. The Consul showed him his name among the list of those honored and wept by his country. At Algiers it was the same. He was utterly miserable and penniless. By almost superhuman exertions he had contrived to get to Marseilles; there he had again told his story, and the Prefect in whom he had confided answered him by shutting him up in a mad house.

"At last, after years of despair," continued the colonel, "came years of stupid resignation; then at last I comprehended that my liberty depended on my denying my own identity; so finally I confessed that the whole had been an illusion; then they turned me out, giving me ten francs, with which at length I have reached France, France," continued the colonel, "my country, where I was honored—where I have a fortune, friends, a wife. Where I expected to find consolation for the past, where I have found nothing but poverty, contempt. "Where are your papers?" is the reply to my story.—"Ah, sir! I have been buried beneath a whole regiment and the ruins of a city, but here I am buried beneath the prejudices of society and a hecatomb of formalities. I have no right to be alive."

"Pray, go on, my dear colonel," said the *arcone* with deference.

The old man held out his hand to take that of the *arcone*. For the first time his hand trembled, for the first time the traces of emotion were visible on his features.

"A kind word has been so long a stranger to my ears I thank you for it; even that re-

pays some suffering. All my papers, proving my identity, are at Munich, where I deposited them, but it requires money to get them."

"That shall not be wanting, colonel, if you can give me proof; but no, I believe you.—How can we make the world believe you?"

"There is one person who should have succeeded to identify me before the whole world—my wife."

"The Countess Ferrand."

"You know her, then?"

"The Count and Countess are both clients of mine."

"Yes, her husband. Sir, she was a poor girl when I married her; she was bound to me by both gratitude and love. You know I died rich, and ever since I had acquired this fortune, I had made a will leaving it all to my wife."

"She duly inherited all, your death having been certified at the war office, recorded by the Marshal Bugeud, and inscribed on the walls of the Invalides. She duly inherited your fortune, wore mourning the proper length of time, and then—"

"Married again. I know it now," said the colonel. "Spite of that I went to her house. Looking as I do, her lackeys turned me from the door. Then I stood for hours, for days, for weeks against the lamp post opposite the door, and I saw her get into her carriage. I saw her going out morning and evening, in elegance and splendor, while I was poor and starving at her door. Oh! she is still very beautiful—more beautiful, more accomplished than ever—this wife of mine, whom another possesses. Well, then I wrote to her twice. No answer. She knows that I am alive—she knows that I am penniless, and yet—"

"There will be the difficulty, Colonel; it is on account of Mme. Ferrand, better, perhaps, that we should endeavor to enter into some arrangement, and not try to prove any thing."

"Not prove that I am alive?"

"According to law, my dear Colonel, you are not."

"A ghost, as I said?"

"A ghost, and people don't believe in ghosts. Now give me the right address for Munich, and the papers shall be had, I promise you; and, Colonel Palma," added the young lawyer, (for he was only thirty-six,) "here are twenty-five louis. You can never obtain admission anywhere in the disguise you now wear. Do not thank me—it is an advance merely on the sums we shall obtain from Mme. Ferrand. Come here again on Saturday."

The colonel pressed the hands of the lawyer, his lips quivered, and his eye glistened, but he did not speak; and, taking up his battered and torn hat, he abruptly left the study.

"Pardon," said Durmont to his confidential clerk, "the last half hour has cost me twenty-five louis; but even should this man turn out to be an impostor, they are well spent, for I have seen the most accomplished actor of his day."

"The next day M. Durmont, after maturely considering the position of the Colonel, came to the conclusion that the simplest and most expeditious way of settling the matter was to go to his wife, now Countess Ferrand. We shall have twenty suits growing out of this one; every one will, of course, go through all the Courts, till they get to the Supreme Court. The facts will be disputed everywhere; we may, perhaps, have to send a commission to Algiers to Oran—who knows? Yes, I know how far the law may lead us, how long law-suits may last, and how much money they may cost. Let's see the wife!"

Durmont drove to Count Ferrand's, in the Faubourg St. Honore. He was immediately, on seeing his name, ushered into the presence of the Countess.

She was alone in her boudoir. It was not yet twelve o'clock. Her graceful form, round and plump as a woman of thirty-five should be, to look young, was enveloped in a white eademere robe-de-chambre, ornamented with pink. The numerous airy curls of her light brown hair were mainly retained in their position by a film of a point d'Alencon cap. Seated at a table whose elegance was in harmony with the rest of the apartment, the Countess, with a gold pen, was replying to an invitation from the English Embassy. She raised her eyes as Durmont entered. The smile was sweet—the teeth displayed were white—the eyes were brilliant, and so black that they had no shade or shadow of brown; perhaps it was this, in connection with her light hair and fair blonde complexion, that gave them a hard, harsh expression; but Durmont, as they met his glance, and as he looked on the luxury around, sighed and exclaimed mentally:

"Alas, poor ghost!"

"Madame la Comtesse," said Durmont, "I am come to speak with you on very important business."

"I am sorry my husband is not at home."

"It is, on the contrary, fortunate, Madame, that your second husband should be out of the house when I am come to speak to you of your first, Colonel Palma."

"What means this joke or this riddle. I don't understand."

"You know that the Colonel still lives."

"Nonsense, have I not the certificate of his death from the War Office? Didn't the Duke de Nemours himself relate to me the particulars of his death? Have I not inherited his fortune?"

"All true, yet all false, for you, my wife, know that he lives. He wrote to you."

"Wrote to me since his death—never."

"He said he did; and that one letter even contained a bill of exchange."

"There was no bill of exchange, sir, in either letter; it is false."

"Then you did receive the letters? What is the use of not being sincere with me.—See, you are caught in the very first trap I have laid for you."

"You have no legal proof of what you advance."

"We have."

"The tribunals would justify me. It was two years before I married again."

"The tribunals might, but the world, and an adversary of whom you have never thought—"

"Who?"

"Your second husband; do you imagine the Count Ferrand, who is so susceptible, so ambitious, would consent to maintain his right to the wife of a living husband, who has a prior right, and who claims yours?"

The Countess turned pale. "I have two children by M. Ferrand."

"Whom you make illegitimate by disputing the amicable arrangements we propose. Besides, remember you have no connexions under this imperial dynasty. Count Ferrand, though he may be attached to you, might, favorite as he is at Court, be free for a splendid and influential alliance. Still, if you prefer war, and the courts should, as they won't, decide in your favor, you will not after all be so badly off. The wife of a hero, who, on his first recognition, will be promoted to the rank of General, rich as you know, for you have his fortune, "grand officer of the Legion of Honor."

"Does he love me still?" said the Countess, who had appeared to be lost in thought.

"I think he does."

At this the brilliant black eyes grew blacker and more brilliant still.

"I will see your client," said she.

"Saturday?"

"Saturday, at your office."

On the appointed day the clerks were much astonished at the appearance of the old prig, in a dress suited to the rank he really bore, and wearing the red ribbon of the grand officer of the Legion of Honor around his neck. He was completely transformed in all but the dignity and serenity of his countenance, and even that had on it a ray of hope which brightened it.

Mme. Ferrand arrived a few minutes afterwards. As she entered the inner office she started. Besides Durmont and the Colonel there were four other persons. Durmont was too astute a lawyer not to have witnessed to an interview on which depended so much. The Countess recovered her presence of mind almost immediately.

"Madame," said Durmont, "this is Colonel Palma."

"That!" exclaimed the Countess. "You are deceived; that is not Colonel Palma."

"Rose," said the Colonel, in a severe tone, "how dare you deny my identity? Do you remember the circumstance of our first meeting under the arcades of the Palais Royal at night. You were but young in your trade then."

"Sir," said Mme. Ferrand, turning to Durmont; "I will not remain here to be insulted; and with a rapid step she hurried out."

"She has no heart," exclaimed the Colonel; "I will kill her!"

"Nonsense; she is a sharp, clever woman; take care she don't put you in a mad-house. We will begin the suit."

A few minutes afterwards, as the Colonel was descending the steps, his wife put her arm through his.

"Francois," she said, "come with me."

The tone, the action, those of other days completely overpowered the Colonel. He followed like a child, and soon found himself seated by her side in her carriage, which moved forward at a rapid pace.

"Francois," said the Countess, taking his hand, "I knew you at the first glance."

"Rosine, you have by these words obliterated all my misfortunes."

"Two big hot tears fell from the eyes of the old man on the Countess's hand."

"How could I acknowledge you before so many? Think of my position; married at once to two husbands. Oh! if I had known you were living. Indeed it is not my fault. I waited two years. Your death was so formally certified."

Here the Countess wept.

"Don't cry, Rosine," said the Colonel, pressing her little hand in his.

"We are going to Montmorency; I have a house there; it is alone that we must decide this matter. You are noble, generous, good, you will absolve me when the world would blame me. I love Monsieur Ferrand as a woman should love the father of her children."

"Silence, Rosine," said the Colonel. "Oh! the dead have no right to return to life."

"And yet I love you—not as a wife, but as a daughter. I pity you. I will do what you please."

The look of love and submission with which the Countess accompanied these words, made the poor Colonel wish himself beneath the ruins of Oran. They reached the Countess's house at Montmorency; all was prepared for them.

"You were sure of bringing me here, then?"

"Yes, if you were really my husband, I know you would come."

They dined together; the evening was

passed without one allusion to the subject of litigation.

"God bless you, my child," said the Colonel, as the Countess rose to retire; "you have given me the first happy hours I have had for fifteen years."

The next day the Countess was pensive; towards evening the Colonel witnessed tears in her eyes.

"Would that I had died too," at last exclaimed the Countess; "my position is intolerable."

As she spoke the door burst open, and two children, exclaiming "Mamma, mamma," rushed into the room. The Countess darted forward, and seizing them both by the hand, stood still and blushing before the Colonel, striving to conceal them.

"Let me see your children, Rosine," said the Colonel, in a low, husky voice; "don't let them be afraid of me."

He took them, he caressed them, he passed his large, bony hand over their smooth, fair curls. Rosine, falling on the sofa, buried her head in the cushions, and sobbed bitterly.

"My children," said she; "oh! I had forgotten them; the law will give them to their father."

The poor old Colonel knelt down beside her, his arm still around the children.

"I should be a brute to separate you all, and destroy the happiness of a whole family, for the few years I have to live. Rosine, it was a mistake of Providence that I did not die, evidently, there is no place for me in this world. Forget me."

Rosine clasped her children, and the Colonel slowly left the room.

A few hours afterwards there was a knock at the door of the room to which, overpowered by emotion, he had retired. A gentleman entered.

"Sir," said he, "I am a lawyer whom the Countess deputed to request you to sign this paper."

The Colonel took it, read it; it was an act by which he denied his own identity, and declared himself an impostor. He threw it towards the lawyer.

"Sir, a soldier never will consent to pass for a coward and a liar! Take the act back to your employer. I refuse to sign!"

The lawyer obeyed without remark. He proceeded to the library, where the Countess impatiently awaited him.

"Has he signed?" exclaimed she eagerly, as he entered.

"No," replied the lawyer, "the old war horse reared and couldn't be curbed."

"We shall have to shut him up in a mad house after all," said the Countess. She turned; the Colonel was beside her; he rushed to the lawyer.

"The old war horse reared sir," said he; "know, also that he kicked, and suiting the action to the word, the Colonel spurned the man from him."

When he was alone with his wife his feebly strength left him. The truth was revealed to him; his last illusions were gone, and he despised her. She stood trembling and silent before him, her eyes cast down.

At last the Colonel rose, and gazing intently at her, he addressed her in a tone of great solemnity.

"Madame," said he, "I despise you. I thank God that circumstances have separated me. I love you no more—I do not even love you enough to desire revenge—I never wish to hear of you again—I seem to claim my right—henceforth rest in peace. From this moment, Colonel Palma is dead to you and all the world. Farewell—we shall never meet again."

Madame Ferrand fell on her knees weeping, and attempted to take his hand.

The Colonel pushed her from him.

"Do not touch me—I despise you—you are nothing to me now."

With these words he passed out of the room, and left the house.

Durmont not seeing the Colonel, or even hearing of him, imagined that some amicable arrangement had taken place between the Colonel and his wife. One day he was in the police court, when he was struck by the appearance of an old man, whom a *sergent de ville* had just brought in as a vagabond.

"What is your name?" said the magistrate to the old man.

"Francois," replied the prisoner, an old man, bent with age, with a calm, resigned expression.

"Francois what?"

"Nothing."

"Francois Palma," said Durmont. "I know him, and claim him."

"No, no!" said the man, trembling and clasping his hands. "The Colonel died at Oran. Don't say he is alive. Rosine will send him to a mad-house."

A mad house! That was indeed the only place in which the Colonel could find a home. The last blow had been too much. Gentle, quiet, grateful, resigned, and long suffering, but unconscious of the past, except as could be comprehended in the few phrases he had repeated to Durmont. The young *arcone* saw that the Colonel was kindly treated, and visits him sometimes. The Colonel knew him not—nor ever alludes to Rosine, but when he sees Durmont he smiles, and looks at his pocket. He is watching for signs the lawyer brings him. This is all he cares for or knows in this world.

As for the Countess, she is very friendly with M. Durmont, who is still her lawyer. Being at Baden-Baden when the two Emperors met at Stuttgart, she went on to be present at the *festes*, and was remarked for

grace, elegance, mature beauty, ripe as a luscious fruit, and for the splendid diamonds with which she was covered.

Coming from the Palais de Justice the other day, Durmont read in the paper an account of her dress and presentation to the Emperor of Russia. His thoughts reverted to the Colonel.

"Where is justice?" said he to himself. "There," added he, looking at the towers of the Palais de Justice, "there is the law.—Yonder," and he looked up the Seine to the Tuileries and the Pont Royal, "is society, with her immutable decrees—but justice, where is it? Mechanically the young *arcone* raised his eyes, and seeing the blue vault above him, murmured, "Not here, but in Heaven."

One of the Sinkers.

What the county of Buckingham may have been in its palmy days, I pretend not to know. Within my own memory, it has been (and but for the desperate winters we have had of late years, would be still) a great country—for peaches. Also you may gather much broom straw there. If you desire to play "gully-keeper," you will find in Buckingham ample opportunity for indulging in that pastime. If you delight in pines, you may find them of any size and in considerable numbers in Buckingham.

Buckingham is noted for the unusual mountain (Willis') that rises some hundreds of feet in air, without reason—unless it be to afford shelter to foxes and a refuge to little dirt-eating free negroes, with large eyes. It enjoys a reputation for gold mines that yield nothing but temptation and small profits to innocent Britishers. It boasts a couple of rivers whose navigation has been so improved, at the expense of the State, that in spite of locks and dams, either of them, in a season of freshets, will float an entire fence-rail; while, in extremely wet weather, stumps of almost any dimensions may be transported without fear of being wrecked, a matter of some yards, until said stumps are caught in the hummocks that abound in the tortuosities of said rivers.

In addition to its fine rivers and mines, Buckingham can brag of a Female Institute, where many a pretty girl has been as well educated as if she had gone to Georgetown or anywhere else, outside of Tappanhook. Besides all the foregoing, I know of no other advantages that Buckingham possesses, unless it be a number of paper-shavers, and a Court House, where gambling, it is said, is carried on to a greater extent than marble-playing in Curdsville.

Buckingham is Democratic by very considerable odds; nevertheless, I have been told that a Whig, with money, can carry the county by five hundred majority. What sort of a fiction is this?

But, in reality, Buckingham is as good as any other county in the State, and better—by reason of its being the birthplace of the distinguished writer, and the residence of the still more distinguished subject of this sketch. This personage is a cousin of mine, and the son of Captain Sinker, whom perhaps you know. If you do not, I will tell you that he is a tall old fellow, who, having one of those iron Revolutionary constitutions which are so rapidly disappearing, determined some some half-century ago not to die in debt to that vacuity so wisely inserted in the region of his short ribs. He is that old gentleman who waits everybody at church to go home and eat dinner with him. If he invites you, I advise you by all means to accept. He will swear he has nothing but a middling and some buttermilk, and give you one of the best dinners you ever sat down to. And you may calculate with certainty upon getting a drink (or a dozen if you like) of the very best whiskey.

The old Captain lives in a house, or rather a number of houses tacked on to each other, by the side of the road. It just the sort of a house I fancy. It has any number of porches; and porches, in my opinion, are the glory of a house in the country. It has plenty of cellars, closets and garrets. And then the floors are on half-a-dozen different levels. Confound a house whose floors are all on the same level! Such a house is merely picturesque, but, what is worse, every body can hear everything that is going on. Captain Sinker's house suits children who play at hide-and-seek, and it is the very place for a young fellow to have a sweet heart—a sensible young fellow, who don't like to shut or lock doors, but at the same time likes to get into an out-of-the-way nook or corner.

In the old Captain's yard there is a well, worth all the money in world. The water is real nectar. I wish I was a frog and lived right in that well; I'd like to be a bucket and come up dripping on a summer's day, to look at the sultry world. The Captain keeps a lame negro boy constantly bringing this delicious water into the middle porch. It is always fresh, and it is always there when you want it. You don't have to wait. And then the pairs are the cleanest, the gourd the nicest—the sweetest out of which a "thirsty soul" ever drank to satisfy.

The eldest son of the Captain is the individual with whom we have to deal. I call him "Delaware," and sometimes "Isabella," in return he calls me "Whack" and "Hatchet." The occasion of these titles concerns nobody but ourselves. Delaware Sinker stands about five feet in his socks, which are clean on Sundays. He is a keen-made man, of the shad-bellied, wazzel pattern, and dresses on week days in very original manner.

His hat is a drab-colored slouch, without a particle of stiffening in it; in fact it is little better than a wollen rag that hangs down and flaps over his face. His breeches are made of white nappy cotton, his coat is a slop-shop bob-tail; and his vest is of black satin, traversed by a yard or two of gold chain, which secures an antiquated watch that resembles a small piece of corn bread.

His shoes weigh eight pounds each, and are in fact a couple of mud-scoops. His head produces a mat of shaggy hair, like a sorrel mane, while from all that part of his face beneath his eyes there pours out and rushes down a torrent, a catarrh of the most awful kind I ever beheld. It is an effulgent, flame-colored beard, whose physiological effects are terrible. I have sometimes thought that Delaware with his head resembled the sun in a fog; at other times I have likened him to the devil, looking through the flames of perdition; and which is the better of the two comparisons it would be hard to tell. I prefer the latter.