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CHARRICK WESTBROOK,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS.—The Columbia Spy is published every Saturday morning at the low price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or one dollar and fifty cents, if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing. Single copies, THREE CENTS.
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[Selected for the Spy and Columbian.]
"To love, and to be loved." Oh happiness! I have said all that can be said of bliss In these few words: The young heart has Such stores of wealth in its own fresh, wild pulse And it is love that works the mine, and brings Its treasure to the light. I did love once— Loved as youth, woman, genius loves—the now, My heart is chilled, and seared, and taught to wear That falsest of false things—a wreath of smiles, Yet every pulse throbs at the memory Of that which has been. Love is like a glass That throws its own rich coloring over all, And makes all beautiful. The morning looks Its very loveliest, when the fresh air Has tinged the cheek we love with its glad red; And the hot moon flits by most rapidly When dearest eyes gaze with us on the page Bearing the poets words of Love—And then The twilight walk, when the linked arms can feel The beating of the heart;—upon the air— There is a music, never heard but once, A light that eyes can never see again;— Each star has its own prophecy of hope And every song, and tale of love, that breathes, Seem echoes of the heart."—[Roland's Tower.]
L. E. L.

WASHINGTON.

There seems to be something in the very name of this illustrious individual, that every American seems instinctively, as if were, taught to venerate, inasmuch as every incident of his life is becoming more and more interesting as time gradually is gaining space from his life time to the present moment. I was seated the other afternoon, enjoying a cigar, at the Maspeth Hotel, when a plain, well-dressed elderly man drew a chair towards me, and seeing me so much at leisure, evinced a disposition to enter into a conversation with me; when I observed—

"Well, friend, it appears from all accounts our new President has left us."

"Yes, sir, so it seems—and on so short notice," he replied.

"He was quite an aged man—not so old as myself by several years. Were you in this country during the Revolution, sir?"

"Oh, yes sir; I was born in this country, thank God."

"Then, sir, you must have some recollection, but I was too young to enter the service at the time."

"And where were you, sir?"

"In Westchester, sir."

"Oh! then you had an opportunity of knowing considerable about the great movements of that day; and do you recollect the features of Gen. Washington as perfectly as though it was yesterday and Lafayette, too? and Harry Pinckney?"

"Yes," said he, laughing heartily. "Crosby and my father were neighbors."

"So saying, I offered him a cigar, which he declined, and said—

"If the landlord has a pipe, I will prefer it. I should like to tell you, he continued, a little circumstance which took place between Gen. Washington and myself."

"I observed I should be delighted to hear it, and he related the following history of a day in the General's employ."

"Well, one morning, father told me to take the black mare to Sing Sing, and get her shod, and wait till old rum nose Ben, the blacksmith, shd her. So I stood at the door of old Ben's shop, and who should drive up to the tavern opposite, but Washington in his coach, and Lafayette with him. They both got out, and I saw both passed into the back room, and the landlord followed; and in a few seconds, the landlord beckoned me from the piazza. I felt frightened at first, and wondered what it meant; but thinks I went some grog and fresh water. I was in my shirt and trousers, without shoes, and on my head an old cocked hat, and my feet and ankles you may judge. I had been hoeing corn in the morning; but in I went. As I approached the square bar, I met the landlord; he said—

"There are two gentlemen in the back room who wish to see you."

"Unable to smother a laugh, I said—

"My God! I can't go; see me, and I exhibited myself and pointed to my feet."

"Come along, I'll go with you."

"So in he went."

"As I pulled off my hat, the stoutest man says—

"Sit down young man."

"This boy," said the landlord, "I am confident, will do any service you may trust him with, to your satisfaction," and withdrew from the room; and the General began, (for it was Washington himself)—

"Young man I wish you to procure the newspaper of to-day, from New York; can you procure it for me?"

"I hesitated a moment and replied—

"I think I can, sir."

"Well," says he to the Marquis, "please inquire of the landlord if he will furnish a good horse."

"No, no," said I, "I don't want a horse."

"How will you go, then?"

"In my canoe," I said.

"The Marquis could not refrain from a downright laugh, which brought the landlord to the door."

"Le diable! you'll be drowned!" said the Frenchman.

"There is no water enough in the North River to drown this child, I know," said I.

The Marquis and the landlord enjoyed the retort by a hearty laugh, but the other turned to the window, looked on the river a few seconds, and observed—

"The tide serves, and I wish to see you off. What time will you probably return?"

"Between seven and eight this afternoon," I replied.

"He handed me a gold piece."

"I don't want half so much; I only want sufficient to buy some fowls and eggs with, for I am going to market."

"The General turned to the landlord and said to him—

"Give him as much change as he wishes," on which he handed me about twelve shillings, while I observed—

"Now I'll run home and get some clothes on in a few minutes."

"I shall not be here again till I come from New York, sir. In fifteen minutes I shall start from the little stone dock," and I pointed to it out of the window.

"I desire you to be prudent and keep your own counsel," said the General; "and should any mischief befall you, so that you are detained, do not fail to let me know all circumstances immediately, so that I may relieve you."

"So saying 'good-bye,' I took my hat and started, and by the time I stated, I started from the dock, and saw the carriage drive off."

I soon reached the city, and went to Claus Vandara's in the Bowery, who used to keep the Sour-kout club house, as it was then called, and where I had often been with my father, who was an old friend of his. I told him my errand, and the haste I was in, on account of the time of tide.

"Well," said he, "here's Hughey Gaines' to-day's paper, and here is an English paper which came in the British packet last night—take that, too; and the sooner you are off the better; it is now dead low water."

"I felt rejoiced at getting the other paper, and had them between my shirt and skin, in my bosom, very soon. I left my fowls and eggs with him, and took the baskets back, but not till the good old Dutchman had tossed into one, a large roll of gingerbread, and which I began to need very much. As I approached the wharf, there were three red coats looking towards a ship at anchor in the river. As I stepped into my canoe, they walked to the place, and one asked—

"Where are you going?"

"To Weckhawk," said I.

"Where have you been?"

"To market, to sell some chickens and eggs," I answered.

"They said no more, and I made the best of my way to Sing Sing, with a fine tide, and soon arrived there, just before those I have mentioned, and my heart felt good to see the carriage drive to the tavern, and both of them looking for me out of the window. I fastened my canoe up but left both baskets, for I knew that funny Frenchman would make fun of the gingerbread. As I entered the house, the landlord was in the bar. I saw the back door open, and the landlord told me to go in, which I did, and Lafayette shoved it slowly to."

Washington was on his feet, and before I could take off my hat he observed—

"Well my young friend, what success?"

"All good, sir," I said laughing as I thrust my hand into my bosom and pulled out both papers, and handed them to him.

"An English paper—where did you get this from?" said he, as a look of approbation spread over his noble face.

"Sourkroat Hall, sir."

He reached his hand and took mine, saying—

"I am greatly obliged to you."

"Sourkroat Hall," said the Frenchman, looking at me very significantly.

"You've not had your dinner?" said the General.

"Not to-day, sir."

"Marquis, please order some, and a dish of tea!"

"No sir, I must go home."

Washington took out his purse and held five guineas towards me. I drew back and said—

"I am an American, sir, and father would make me return it right away if he knew it."

"Well," said he, "if I can reward you no other way, bear in mind this—Gen. Washington thanks you; and give my respects to your father, and tell him I congratulate him on having such a son; and remember, if at any time during this contest or hereafter, you get involved in any difficulty, let me hear from you, and I will relieve you if in my power."

As he said this I thought I saw a tear starting in his eyes, and Lafayette's likewise, as they both hurried into the carriage, when the landlord followed to the steps. While the waiter was closing the door, Lafayette said—

"My God! what a country! patriots for the commander-in-chief down to the ploughman! they deserve to be free."

"Yes," replied the other, "and I trust in God they will be," as the coach drove off.

Wonderful Power of Memory.—One of the most remarkable instances on record of the tenacious power of memory, is related by Richardson in his "Literary Leaves," where he states that an old English Reporter of the name of Woodfall, had a strong faculty of recollection, that he could report entire debates in the House of Commons without the aid of notes of any kind or memoranda. He was an editor also, and accuracy and precision of his reports brought his newspaper into repute. During a debate he used to close his eyes and lean with both hands upon his stick, resolutely excluding extraneous associations. He would retain a full recollection of a particular debate a fortnight

after it had occurred, and during the intervention of or her debates. He used to say that it was put by in a corner of his mind for future reference.

UNIVERSAL FAME.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

It is amazing to observe how little mankind know of each other, although the vanity of human nature whispers to every distinguished person, that his fame is, or will one day be universal. The myriads of Asia and Africa, with a few solitary exceptions, never heard of the illustrious heroes, statesmen, poets, and philosophers of Europe; and a vast portion of the inhabitants of the latter, are ignorant of the very names of the great men of the east. But instead of an essay, we will give our readers a story to illustrate our meaning.

It happened once on a time, that an Israelite, an Egyptian, a Greek, a Turk, a Persian, a Chinese, a Frenchman, an Englishman, a German, an Italian, and an American, met by chance at a caravansary, somewhere in the east, and being all great travellers, speaking many languages, entered into conversation with each other. As usual, they all differed in their estimate of human happiness; the comparative value of the various enjoyments of life, and, above all, in their own individual importance, in the scale of nations. Each one held up his own country as the acme of perfection; and the utmost he would allow the others, was a degree of merit exactly corresponding with their approach towards the infallible standard of his own self-importance.

"The Israelites," said the Jew, "were the chosen people; therefore they must be the most true and virtuous of mankind."

"The Greeks," exclaimed the Athenian, "were the brightest race that ever adorned the world.—Look at their laws, their literature, and their arts."

"Pooh!" cried the Egyptian, "you had nothing but what you stole from us. You were ignorant barbarians, and so would have remained, if your wise men, you call them, had not come to Egypt to learn their A B C."

"By your leave," said the Persian, "the natives of Irak being the most ancient people of the earth, must have been the parents of all humble knowledge."

"Hi Yah!" quoth the Chinese, "every body knows my nation is the most ancient by at least forty thousand years, and that the foreign barbarians derived all their knowledge from them."

"Mashallah!" said the Turk, taking his pipe from his mouth—Mashallah! there is no religion but that of Mahomet, and no knowledge but that of the Koran. The Israelites are *houfouts*, the Christians are dogs, and there is no truth but among the followers of the Prophet."

"Peste!" cried the Frenchman—"there is no body knows the true art of living but the French."

"There is no nation whose music is not intolerable, but the Italian," said the Neapolitan.

"The Germans are all philosophers," quoth the native of Weimar.

"Yes, but England, old England," cried John Bull, "is the country for roast beef and freedom, nobody can deny that."

"I do," exclaimed the Yankee. "The Americans are the only free people in the world."

"Mashallah! whence did you come?" asked the Turk.

"From the New World."

"I never heard of it before," said the Turk.

"Nor I," said the Persian.

"Nor I," said the Egyptian.

"Nor I," said the Chinese. "I don't believe there is such a place."

"Nor I," said the Turk. "There is but one world, one God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

"What a parcel of ignoramuses!" exclaimed the Yankee.

As it is impossible to settle the claims of nations by these loose generalities, the company proceeded to particulars, each bringing forward the greatest men and greatest achievements of his countrymen in battle array, to support his pretensions to superiority.

"Was there ever so wise a man as Solomon, so great a poet as David, so brave a warrior as Joshua, who made the sun stand still, or such a prodigy as Rabbi Ben Hammeskend, who wrote beyond the comprehension of all his readers?" asked the Israelite.

"Did the world ever produce such a hero as Napoleon, such a poet as Voltaire, such tragic writers as Corneille and Racine, such a comic one as Moliere, or such a dancer as Vestris?" cried the Frenchman.

"Bah!" exclaimed the Englishman. "What do you think of Wellington, Nelson, Shakespeare, Bacon, Locke, Newton, and all that sort of thing?"

"They can't hold a candle to Armenia, or Kant, or Gall, or Schiller, or Goethe?" said the German.

"Nor to Julius Caesar, nor Scipio, nor Virgil, nor Cicero, nor a thousand others, who were all my countrymen, though they called themselves Romans," cried the Italian.

"Pshaw!" said the Yankee—"all your heroes and philosophers put together, would not make one Franklin, or half a Washington!"

"Gentlemen," said the Greek, "you may boast as much as you will, but had it not been for Greek warriors, philosophers, poets, and sages, you would all have remained barbarians to this day. What think you of Homer, and Eschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Demosthenes, and Themistocles, and ten thousand others, whose fame extends to the uttermost ends of the earth?"

"Who are these blockheads talking about?" asked the Egyptian, the Chinese, the Persian, and the Turk, of each other.

"Talking off!" cried the rest, with one voice.

"Of the lights of the world, the children of immortality, the HEIRS OF UNIVERSAL FAME?"

"We never heard their names before, and there-

fore they must have been rather obscure persons," was the reply.

"But if you come to the Heirs of Universal Fame," cried the Persian—"what are all these to the great hero Rostand, and the poet Gerdouss, who wrote a poetical history of Irak, in twenty thousand couplets?"

"Did any body ever read it?" asked the Turk gravely.

"We never heard of either," answered all the rest.

"What ignorant wretches!" muttered the Persian.

"Hi Yah!" exclaimed the Chinese. "Hi Yah! Your elder brother Loo Choo, knocks heads and worships. What do you say to the great Moon of poetry, the light of the universe, Kwang Chung, lord of the Celestial Empire, and head of the world who wrote three hundred volumes of poetry, in the interpretation of which three thousand learned pundits lost their senses? The whole universe was filled with verses."

"We never heard of him before," cried they all.

"What a set of foreign barbarians!" said the Chinese.

"And what think you of our great prophet Mahomet?" asked the Turk. "Mashallah! his sword was invincible against the enemies of faith, and his wisdom more invincible than his sword. All knowledge is contained in the Koran."

"It may be, but we have never read it," said they all, with the exceptions of the true believers.

"Dogs!" cried he, "may your beards be converted into shoe brushes, and your eyes become blind as your understandings!"

"As is usual in these cases, contention succeeded argument, and abuse was answered by recrimination. Each being unable to establish his own claim to superiority, made himself amends by detracting from the claims of his opponents; and if all had been true which they said of each other, their heroes and great men would have been a parcel of miserable creatures, unworthy the gratitude, or even the remembrance of posterity.

"And this is Universal Fame!" exclaimed an old dervise, who sat smoking in a corner, without taking part in the debate, "to be adorned as a prophet in one quarter of the world, and abhorred as an impostor in the others; to be a hero in one nation, an oppressor in the eyes of its neighbors; to be held an oracle of wisdom on one side of the river, an apostle of error on the other; to be venerated in one place as the champion of liberty, and stigmatized in another as a rebel and traitor; and to be either unknown to, or hated and despised by more than one half of mankind. This—this is UNIVERSAL FAME!"

Too Good Looking for Service.—One of the boys who's just come home from Mexico was telling a crowd of fellows tother evenin' about the war, and how he fit at Mounteray.—"Thunder!" ses he, "you may talk about your yeathquakes and sich, but I can tell you what boys, one real genuwine serimmage like we had at Mounteray, is worth all the fourth of Julys that ever was nocked into one. Ther aint nothin in creation like it. Gettin tite on brandy smashes makes a man feel pretty considerable elevated for a while—its very inspirin to a man of an active imagination. But if you want to feel taller than a shot-tower, bigger than a elephant, and stronger than a jack ass—if you want to feel like you could pull up a tree by the roots and sweep all creation into kingdom cum with the brushy end—if you want to see further, hear better, and holler louder, jump higher, and step further and quicker than you ever did in your life—all you've got to do is just to take a hand with old Zack at them infernal Mexicans, and be ordered up to the pints of their lances and bayonets like we was at Mounteray."

"Did you feel skeer'd, Bob?"

"Sheer'd the thunder," ses he, "I didn't have no time to feel skeer'd. To be sure I felt a little skiffish when I seed we was gwine to have it sure enuff. Perhaps I did feel a little weak in the jints when I seed the officers unbuckin their shirt collars, and the men throwin away their canteens and haversacks, as they were marchin up to the works, whar the grossers was waitin for us, every devil with his gun pinted and his finger on the trigger—I knew'd they was gwine to let us have it, and I felt monstrous uneasy till it cum. But when it did cum—when I heard the balls whistled round my hed and sed the dust fly from the pavement whar they struck—when the whole street was in a blaze of fire, and the men was drappin round me like nine pins after a ten strike—when the roarin of the cannons, the rattlin of the muskets, the squeelin of horses, and the shouts and groans of the men was all mixed up so I couldn't tell one from tother. I never thought of nothin but gettin at the cusses whar was hid away behind the walls and piles of rubbish, in the houses, on the roofs, and in the cellars, givin us partickeler goah."

"You didn't feel fraid none then?" ax'd a little feller whar hadn't shot his mouth or tuck his eyes off the speaker for ten minits."

"Fraid, the mischief! How could I? wasn't old Zack thar, on his old mill hoss, prancing around 'mong the platoons and collums, givin his orders like nothin was the matter? Ah, boys, game like his is hetchin, jest like the measles, and one look from old Zack, whar he's got his dander up, would make a woman fight like a wild cat. He's the man to fight volunteers that ever shouldered the musket stand'gin the whole Mexican nation, led on by all the generals they can muster. The boys knows he don't never surrender, and they don't never think of sich a thing themselves."

"Wasn't you monstrous glad when yer time was out, Bob—so you could cum home?"

"Not by no means, I wasn't. I'd staid till yit, if it hadn't been for old Scott!"

"Why don't you like Scott?"

"To be sure I do—he's a fast rate old feller, and

knows how to lick the Mexicans too. But I didn't suit him."

"How was that?"

"Why, you see the general's got pretty well into the hart of the country now—rite in among the wimmin, and he ses he don't want to enlist any more good lookin men. He ses he aint afraid of all the Mexicans that can bear arms, because he knows his men won't surrender to them, but he ses he don't like to risk 'em to the arms of the Mexican galls, who never fails to lay siege to the hart of every good lookin volunteer they git their eyes on. And, boys, Mexican bullets, and lances is hard things to dodge, but look out for the black eyes of them Senocretas as they call 'em—you mought as well to bid defiance to a streak of lightning, if you happen to be good lookin enuff to draw ther attention."

"So, then, it was your good looks prevented you from stayin in Mexico?"

"To be sure it was. They wouldn't give no bounty to good lookin men, so I cum home."

Hooking a Norway Salmon.—Between Christiana and Fronsheim there are many little towns and villages: these are, unfortunately for the traveller's comfort, not equidistant, so that some management as to time of starting and arriving is necessary, to insure snug sleeping quarters for the night. The first day's journey will be to Garsoe, distant about five or six and forty English miles. Very tolerable accommodation will be found here—the sleeping rooms clean and comfortable, and the fare plain, but good for its kind. The second day's journey may be long or short, at the wayfarer's option, as there are two resting-places; and the night may be passed at either very satisfactorily, at least to those who do not mind reaching it en voyage. The first of these little towns is Vingmas; the other Moshuns; both of which, as we have said, afford good quarters. On the third day Viig should be the resting-place. The fourth day will be found the most trying, for the journey is a long and wearisome one: passing over Fookstucen to Ferkin, albeit, very little butter is to be found there. At Ferkin, barring the lack of butter, accommodation of a very superior stamp will be found, as well as at Kongswold, the next stage, or rather, the termination of the fifth day's journey. At both these little towns the traveller will find luxuries he little dreamt of meeting with in so wild and desolate a country; and he will do well to lay in a goodly store of creature comforts, both inwardly and outwardly, whar at Ferkin or Kongswold, for at the intervening post-houses, Birktager and Garlic, he may perchance obtain refreshment, such as is promised on the sign-boards of road-side inns at home, under the announcement of "Entertainment for man and horse," but in what the said "entertainment" consists, we confess to have been puzzled from our youth upward until now. The sixth day, which will include a halt at these two last named places, will bring the salmon-fisher to Fronsheim, within a short distance of the goal of his wishes—the beautiful river Gaul. Here it was that Mr. Hornden, an enthusiastic and practised trout and salmon-fisher, took up his quarters this time last year: and before we proceed to describe the Alten, and the magnificent copper-works on its banks, we will, for the reader's edification, recount a feat performed by this gentleman, which, from its daring, and the success which attended his bold attempt, deserves a notch on the butt of every fisherman's rod, and to be chronicled in the annals of piscatorial skill and enterprise as a matchless performance. At the foot of a slight, and in a pool most romantically situated, with high banks of granite on one side of the river Gaul, and a dark, overhanging wood of pine, firs, and larch on the other, Mr. Hornden hooked a remarkably fine salmon, which soon gave him a taste of its quality by running out every inch of his line. What was to be done? the fish a very large heavy one, was pulling vigorously, and making down stream towards some rapids. Mr. Hornden waded into the water: but his courage was not cooled by the immersion of his extremities, with the rod uplifted in his left hand, he made a plunge for it, while with his right he gradually swam to a shelving bank on the opposite side, some hundred and fifty or two hundred yards below the spot where the struggle first commenced. Nought was seen but the supple and well-poised rod, and a white Jim-Crow hat peering above the flowing water; but an experienced hand was beneath the surface. A sure footing once obtained, the odds became fearfully against the salmon, who fought bravely against his skillful and wary antagonist. As each yard of the line was wound on the reel, the chance of escape for the fish diminished. He turns; he rushes up stream: wildly and madly he darts to and fro; but at each attempt the distance between the angler and himself is lessened. No chance has the noble salmon of disengaging the well-tempered hook from the firm hold it had taken in his gullet, by grinding the line against a projecting stone. As a last expiring effort the kingly fish makes for the bottom; but a steady strain defies his purpose, and, being drawn with an adequate pull down the stream towards a shallow, the prize is exposed to the view of the exulting captor, who in masterly style exhausts his prey, which he guffs and lands after a tussle of nearly an hour's duration. The weight of this leviathan was a trifle under eight-and-fifty pounds."

A Curious Will.—The Courier des Etats Unis gives an account of a singular will left by a wealthy notary in Paris, about twenty-five years since, and which is yet in course of fulfillment. His greatest pleasure in life had been to gather his numerous friends around his table and treat them splendidly, being generous and a good liver, and he conceived the notion of perpetuating these social gatherings after his death. Accordingly by his will, he instituted an annual banquet for twenty of his chosen friends, appropriating to the purpose the sum of 2000 francs. The details of the feast were strictly enjoined, directing the expense always to be 100 francs a head. The memory of the deceased was to be toasted, and to be made the subject of conversation as friendship or politeness might dictate. The feast was to be invariably the same, twenty-one plates to be always set, (one for himself as perpetual head of the table,) and the 2000 francs always to be expended.

The first year the twenty friends were all there but year after year they were removed by death, until in twenty years they were reduced to eight. These partook as customary of the feast, and toasted the memories of their departed companions. Last year, however, there were but two, who solely shared the luxurious but melancholy banquet. The two knew each other but little, and met but once at this table. Their positions were very different. One was very rich, while misfortune had reduced the other to destitution. The rich and poor sat cozily opposite to each other until, warmed by the wines, they had forgotten their different circumstances.

On the first of June, this year, the feast again returned, but the rich man was dead, and the poor and only survivor seated himself at the table laden with silver, with its twenty-one covers and its delicious viands. There he sat the victim of poverty, subject to all privations, pervaded by a feeling of sadness and desolation, to a magnificent banquet of 2000 francs.

Pressed by his wants he made bold to request that the sum which was applied to this yearly feast, for himself, might be appropriated to his daily sustenance. The lawyer showed him the positive clause of the will which he was compelled to the executed to the letter. The poor man retired in sadness, thinking how many days he would be obliged to go without a dinner, while once a year he was compelled to be surfeited with a feast prepared for 12 persons and valued at 2000 francs! A singular piece of folly truly.

Too Good to be Lost.—We find the following amusing incident on the Baton Rouge (La.) Conservator of the 30th ult.:

"One tall volunteer from the pine lands of Alabama was unhappy for the want of employment; he sauntered along for 'the something to do,' when it occurred to him that he might, as he expressed it, 'take a good wash.' He was a tall lank fellow with a shookey head of dry grassy hair hanging down to his shoulders. With a deliberation consistent with an idle sea voyage, he commenced rubbing the turpentine soap of the ship into his hair and skin with commendable vehemence. He had cause to take a great deal of pains, for he observed to himself 'that he had an acre of barrack mud on him.'"

It must be observed, that all this while, the vessel was blowing further out into the sea, and by the time the "Alabamaian rose" and soaped himself, the Mississippi water in the wash room had become exhausted and he threw his bucket over the vessel's side to replenish his basin.

The first dash he made, was at his hair, the turpentine of the soap and the saline of the water instantly formed a chemical combination, and the oily qualities of the soap disappeared and left something in its stead resembling tar. Two or three rakes of the fingers through the hair elevated it upright about the Alabamaian's head, stiff as the quills of a porcupine. "Ther's another trick played on me," said the unwashed in a rage, his hair growing fiercer. At this moment the water dripped across his face and he commenced spitting, as it nauseated to the last degree. Coolly, determinately, he went to his belt, took a "bowie" some fifteen inches long, and delivered himself thus:—"Some of them Louisianaians has played tricks enuff on me, now if any one dar, let him fetch out the one that put salt in this water."

EXPECTED RETURN OF THE COMET OF 1556.—We are indebted to John Taylor, Esq., of Liverpool, for several interesting astronomical notices published by him during the past year in the public prints of that city; but we believe we have not hitherto referred to the approaching expected return of the Comet of 1556, with the discussion of which one of those notices is occupied. As long since as 1751 Mr. Richard Dunthorne, of Cambridge, England, in computing the elements of the Comet of 1564