

THE SPY & COLUMBIAN. SATURDAY MORNING, Feb. 5, 1848.

AGENCIES. V. B. PARKER... Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, and Boston...

THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE for February has been received. It is one of the best numbers we have seen lately.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.—We cannot believe that Mr. Fuller, after securing notices of the improvements and attractions of his paper, could stoop to the small business operation of striking off his exchanges; but it is certain that we have not received the Mirror for some time.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—This paper, which makes a printer's mouth water, just to look at it, comes regularly to our table—a feast of good things.

MORRIS & WILLIS may certainly be considered the intellectual kitchen cabinet of the literary world. Lunch, consisting of every variety of foreign and domestic viands, served regularly every Saturday at \$2.00 per annum.

JUSTON'S DAGUERRETYPE ROOMS.—We are glad to see that the people appreciate the elegant and of course perfectly correct likenesses produced by our eloquent friend, "the gentleman from Texas."

Those who have not availed themselves of this opportunity, will find it to their advantage, provided always that they are at least moderately good looking, to procure a miniature for a Valentine.

We would be willing to be a disquerello ourselves, to receive half the kisses we have seen showered upon one of these silent but speaking pictures. Rooms in Herr's Hotel.

DE SOLLE MOLTEN.—Col. Du Solle has been beaten in a duel, and stuck for \$1,000, for something which appeared in the Spirit of the Times, during the Col's absence.

"Please tell me, Mr. Shoddy, is that sluttish?" "Don't know about that, but it is certainly the law of life!"

AN OLD WOMAN.—In Westmoreland, according to the last census, there are 28,234 males, and 28,235 females. —S. Courier.

WE commend this fact to the attention of our friend "F. X."

DARK GREEN TRANSACTION.—Who are they that meet in the vacant chamber adjoining our office; and do they know of the anti-gambling law?

NON JOHN DAVIS, of Mass. did not die at Washington last week.

THE POLISH DUST.—We noticed some few weeks since having received a letter from a chap away up in the northern part of Pennsylvania, saying that he had forwarded to our firm a half barrel of the real "Polish Dust." We expressed some suspicion about the fellow, at the time, thinking his letter was in fact a keg of powder, and consequently, ghost stories and powder kegs, have made us suspicious concerning our present. Yet we know that if that half barrel contains dust, dust of the character of the "Tripol" and the writer says it is far superior—then it is worth lots of money; lots of money for an editor! Our stars! what a temptation to go right into it. But then the fear that it might be powder makes us regard the experiment as dangerous, and so between the risk of losing our life, and the prospect of converting the precious dust into gold, we are in a fix. We wouldn't care to go to Mexico and run the risk of being shot through with one of those cursed Mexican copper balls, or be laid in the dust as a victim of the diseases of that country; but we would be sorry, and we know that our thousands of readers would be sorry to learn, that on overcoming our misgivings, and in attempting to open the barrel, in which we expected to find the valuable gift of our friend, the celebrated "Polish Dust," we had been blown, soul, body, intellectual, and editorial qualifications, with the ceiling and roof of our devoted office, away up into mid heaven. No! no! this would be cruel; and our loss would be a great public calamity. We wish the old barrel was out of our office; the mere mention of barrel makes us afraid, for we remember we were within an ace of being killed once by an old musket barrel, which exploded with an old revolutionary load, just by putting the breech in the fire. Oh, for some power by which we could enforce the command: "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return," how soon would we apply it to the contents of this barrel, and relieve ourselves of these tormenting fears. There appears to be a secretness about the barrel, for we are never inclined to go near it, and never shall until we are fully convinced it contains nothing but dust. We are suspicious, this is a fact.

Monument to Lieut. Cochran.

The blocks forming portions of the monument to be erected by the citizens of Columbia to the memory of Lieut. Cochran, have arrived and have been conveyed to the ground whereon they are to be erected. The committee have employed men who are busily engaged in making preparations for its erection, and in a few days all may have the pleasure of seeing its parts connected and standing as a beautiful whole.

In memory of Lieutenant Richard E. Cochran, of the 4th Regiment, United States Infantry, who fell at the head of his command in the hour of victory, at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, Texas, May 9th, A. D. 1846.

In honor of His virtues and his patriotism, his fellow citizens have erected this monument. Born Nov. 16, A. D. 1818. Died, May 9th, 1846.

The fourth side lying next the ground, we could not read its inscription. We think the design, which we presume originated with the committee, is a good one, conveying, in its plain simplicity those feelings which prompted the citizens in their unwise object of erecting to the memory of one who grew up in their midst, and who suffered a soldier's death on the field of battle in the service of his country, this tribute of grateful respect.

Solitary Celebration. In looking over an old file of papers, we stumbled on the following account of the celebration of the 4th of July, by a gentleman who "kept company with nobody but himself." It is a good-natured hit at the bombast of some of the reporters of doings at public festivals, and no doubt will prove as good as new.—Ed. Balto. Enterprise.

At about three o'clock, I served up a rich repast consisting of a portion of a cold leg of mutton, two slices of bread and butter, six loaves with the accompanying salt, &c. I acted as President and vice president. When the cloth was removed, I unrolled a bottle of old musket reserved one of champagne for the evening up; after several pasticcios songs by myself, in which I joined in the chorus, the following regular toasts were pledged in bumpers; they are presented to you on account of their singularity.

- 1st. The day so gloriously celebrated.—Superior to Day & Martin's blacking, or the Dry of Algiers.—To-morrow's Sunday, so let us "eat drink and be merry."—Tune—"Slowly wets the dray, a piece."
- 2d. The Man in the Moon.—Wonder how long he intends staying there? The hypocritical wretch has shown so many phases that one would think him a lunatic.—Tune—"Rise, gentle moon."
- 3d. The Memory of Sam Patch.—The last of the lepers, who rose to fame all the while he was going down.—Tune—"The deep, deep sea."
- 4th. The Journal of an Actress.—A fine trait shakens up in a budget of falsehoods—the "fin" the best part.—Tune—"Fanny dearest."
- 5th. English Writers on America.—Fools, as vain of their own stupidity as they are blind to the merits of American Institutions.—Tune—"The Roast Beef of Old England."
- 6th. Our Creditors. A thrifty set of people who live on promises and die dunning and undone.—Tune—"Call to-morrow."
- 7th. Matrimony.—A look back by little Cupid with ambrosia and gold, and thrown into the sea of life to eat, gudgeons with.—Tune—"Hope told a flattering tale."
- 8th. A Woman's Tongue.—The last evil that came out of the Pandora box—lover with the fur in the middle.—Tune—"Bid me discourse."
- 9th. Banking Institutions. Lancets placed in the hands of the rich for the purpose of bleeding the poor.—Tune—"Ye banks and braes."
- 10. Parity. The pretensions of a politician, used for the purpose of smelting out a fat office.—Tune—"Money make."
- 11. The Bugs.—An exclusive genus of the lizard tribe, who flourish by the wing of a goose, and backed by the "devil."—Tune—"The devil amongst the cactuses."
- 12. The soap suds. The pride of Baltimore, an ingenious machine, under the patronage of the authorities, used for the purpose of displaying artificial waterworks and humbling the pride of the fashionable.—Tune—"Meeting of the Waters."
- 13. The Ladies. A beautiful specimen of the handy work of nature—like candied pyramids at a feast, to be looked at but not touched.—Tune—"Fly away pretty molly."

The foregoing toasts were received with enthusiastic applause by Land myself. The following are some of the Volunteer toasts.

Letters from Mexico.

The following extracts from a letter written by an officer of the Voltigeur Regiment, will be read with interest, especially by our readers in Columbia, as information is given respecting many of the volunteers from this place, as well as of other matters of general interest.

Quarters of the Voltigeur Regiment, Col. Legio de Minerva, City of Mexico, Nov. 23, '47. Understanding within the last few hours that Gen. Twiggs, with an escort of Dragoons and the 4th Regiment of Artillery, to relieve the 1st Regiment of Infantry, now stationed at Vera Cruz, will leave here on or about the 25th inst., I again embrace the opportunity of communicating with you by letter. Gen. Twiggs, I understand, goes to Vera Cruz, to take charge, as military and civil Governor, of the affairs of that State and Department.

Since I wrote to you last we have had a mail from the States. I received five letters,—it was only a letter mail,—by this arrival,—four from you and one from Thomas—making in all eight that I have received since leaving home in March last.—Two of them I should have received on the Rio Grande, and the others, with one exception, at Puebla, besides innumerable others which you may have written. I am utterly surprised that not one of the letters, which you remark John has written, have ever reached me, except a single one which I received from him at Pitalango, long ago, and which I answered. Truly, we ought to be thankful when we receive any. Your last is dated the 20th of July, wherein you begin to express a sort of fear for me, as you had not heard from me at that time, since our sojourn at the National Bridge.

And now for the men who came out with me from Columbia: James J. Woodrow, whom you write particularly about, was sent from the Palo Alto encampment to the Matamoros Hospital, but as his disease was not very serious, I am in hopes that he has recovered. He must be doing duty at that place, as it must be almost impossible for them to send single individuals to join companies in a good soldier, tell his mother, and I have often regretted that he could not come with us. Joseph Allen is not dead, but is as big as ever, as good a soldier as ever, and as Commissary Sergeant of the Regiment. He says that he has written many letters to his friends at home; but, like myself,—as nobody writes or sends papers for him, he does not see that he is obliged to keep up a one-sided correspondence, especially as it is so very difficult to get letters from us home, and hard to procure materials, or time to write. You do not think, at home, that on a campaign such as this terribly trying one, that we have other "fish to fry," and plenty of fish of that sort too. Andrew Hays, as good a young soldier, tell Frank Hays, his father, and Henry Hays, his brother, as ever shouldered a rifle, is here and well. So is Jonas Steinleiner, from Strasburg, Lancaster county. John Gillen was left sick at Puebla, and I have not heard from him. Stewart Elliott is very well, of course. Joseph S. Desinger was wounded at Holic del Rey, but has got quite well, and is a good soldier, too. Jacob S. Desinger was left sick at Vera Cruz—so was Peter McCordle, (Prudy), and John Kull and Peter Seibert. Stout and Duck went down with Col. Harney's train as part of the escort, and will return to this city perhaps. Hall, from Strasburg, also went down with the escort. John L. Hoas, and Isaac Korb, from the neighborhood of Paradise, are here and well. Samuel Waite, of Capt. Biddle's (F) Company, has always been well, and is a pretty fair sort of a soldier. Tell old Joe, of Marietta, John Barr, and others, including Sheriff Waite, of our town, of his welfare. There, I believe you have the history of all those whom you will be asked about.

I perceive by articles in the Star that Horace Haldeman's company is at last coming up, and that Henry M. Black is also on the road. I shall be very glad to meet them again, and if poor Frank Melaffy could only be with them, we would do quite well here.

Patriot Morris was left very sick at Puebla, but is well now, I hear. Jacob Seydian is here and quite well. They belong to the Howitzer Battery, which now forms part of our Regiment. John Murphy, I have not seen lately, but presume he is in a flourishing state. He belongs to one of the Artillery Regiments.

There are many pretty women in this country, I have at length discovered. They are, however, among the aristocracy and foreigners, as a general rule. The vast mass of the people are in a state of the lowest ignorance, and are more degraded than you can imagine—these are the kepers. There are all shades of color in this land—from the fair haired Castilian, with a beautiful complexion, to the black haired, black skinned African or Egyptian. Every shade and variety of complexion—every shade and variety of intelligence. The principal beauty of the pretty women—the majority of them I mean—is in their large, mournful, melting, dark eyes—in their beautiful raven hair—in their pearly teeth, small hands and feet. But their complexion—God help me!—they are not as fair as our mulattos—except where the old Castilian blood predominates, as I have stated above.

You state in your letters that the thermometer has been as high as 98 and 100 in the shade at home. I have experienced that with you myself in Columbia in years gone by. Since leaving the terra calientia and entering the terra templata I have felt nothing like that, and I do not think it was that hot even at Vera Cruz; (it was at Palo Alto.) Since leaving Jalapa I have been in a most delightful climate, except that our march across the prairie from Parote to Puebla, about the 4th of July, was pretty warm work. Here in this rich valley, while you are sitting at home in November weather, it is like our Indian summer, and green peas, beans, new potatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, &c., are daily on our table. We have straw berries, peaches, apples, oranges, fresh figs, and all other fruit, the products of the temperate or torrid zones, with the exception of plums, which do not seem to be cultivated here. We have game in abundance—wild ducks from the Jakes, and snipe as fat as butter, and venison from Orizaba. We have splendid beef and fine pork, geese, turkeys, chickens,

&c., in abundance, but which are high in price—plenty of butter, too, which the creatures will not learn to salt,—we having to do that to suit ourselves—and, altogether, if we do not live now to pay up for privations in the good line, I wouldn't say so.—From old Popocatepetl we get the finest, cleanest sort of ice, and luxuriate on delicious ice-cream, mint-juleps, sherry-cobbles, &c., when the eternal, never-ending, never-ceasing guard and drill duty permits. So you, who sweltered up north during the heats of summer, had better come to the torrid zone to cool yourselves off! The only difficulty here is, that being so high up in the world, we are occasionally at a loss for a whole mouthful of air, it being too thin to afford a person such a luxury.

DECEMBER 7, 1847. The train has not gone yet, but will go to-morrow, I presume. Lieut. Haldeman arrived here this morning in Gen. Patterson's train. They brought us some newspapers, and I got one letter from Thomas, dated Sept. 6, and I have the scent of another which has strayed into the Pennsylvania Volunteer quarters, and is in possession of Lieut. Col. Brindle of that Regiment. I get about thirty papers, but none for the months of May, June, July, and part of August. They have gone to the bows, along with my letters I suppose. I have quite a number of York Republicans in this batch, three Columbia Spys, two or three Lancaster papers, (but none of Carber's), and two or three National Intelligencers, for all of which I am obliged to my friends.

I do not know whether Lieut. H. V. Black or Lieut. H. G. Gibson have got up with this train. If they are not here, they are now on the road—Lieut. Black at any rate. I forgot to mention before that among those I enlisted, Samuel Wilsie, is here and well. He used to work at Shawnee Furnace for Capt. Myers, and is as good a soldier as one need want. Serg't. Adam N. Baird, died since we entered the city of Diarrhes. Cornelius Winters is as hearty as a buck, and makes a first rate soldier.

It has got to be very cold here—as cold almost as your November weather, but there is no frost nor snow off the mountain tops. Every northern on the coast affects us here, and we freeze, and shiver, and shake all day and all night, for the Mexicans build no fire places, and we can do nothing else. I have caught a first rate cold—tooth ache, ear ache, jaw ache, nose ache, and all other aches, since I wrote the first part of this epistle. I am nearly over it now, and if I do not have to expose myself too much shall be quite over it directly.

The Peril of England. The financial panic has subsided in Great Britain, only to give place to another panic connected with the cotton trade. The price of cotton has changed the world. It has, virtually, destroyed the empire so long claimed by England over the sea, and, at the same time, robbed her of the insularity, which, in former—now the old—days of ships and sailing, was her sure of protection. All this Englishmen are beginning to learn, and to feel, and admit that the sublime boast of Campbell—Britannia non solus stant—no longer holds. It is now more so, as companies, a perilous state, and self defence from which the people must rise and buckle on their armor, or wake up one fine morning and find the Gaul thundering at the gates of London.

By the way, a month or two ago, the first drawings of this new feeling in England, which were first caused by certain portentous extracts, that got in the papers from a mysterious letter attributed to the Duke of Wellington, and which some of the papers affected to treat it as a fabrication. The impression it was calculated to produce, was interrupted for a time by the sudden conviction in the monetary world, during which individual nations were driven to think of their own rather than the public prints. As money gets easy, the subject is renewed, and it is now manifest that a great and painful interest, affecting the minds of England, is high in air, beginning to be attracted to the present defenses of the islands, and the substantial—it is no longer considered visionary—danger of the invasion from France, under which they lie.

The newspapers have taken the matter in hand, and have been alluding to it at public meetings and is about being discussed in Parliament; and the Earl of Ellesmere, a peer of the realm, prevented by ill health from sounding the alarm in the House of Lords, has come out in the journals with a long letter, expressly written as an alarm to rouse the government and people to the necessity of preparation.

As a matter of fact, which I introduce the subject to the community. A more powerful letter for effecting the purpose he has in view, could scarcely have been written; but it sounds strange, and even melancholy, as coming from the lips of one of Britain's proud and haughty nobles, so long accustomed to defy and despise all the world in general, and France in particular. It would seem almost as if the spirit of Cressy and Poitiers had vanished, and Agincourt and Waterloo were forgotten, when an Englishman discusses the ability of France to revenge those fields of her humiliations, and to land on British ground, and to march in triumph, as she did in 1525, and 1793, and 1803, and 1815, and 1818, and 1823, and 1825, and 1827, and 1830, and 1835, and 1840, and 1845, and 1847, and 1848, and 1849, and 1850, and 1851, and 1852, and 1853, and 1854, and 1855, and 1856, and 1857, and 1858, and 1859, and 1860, and 1861, and 1862, and 1863, and 1864, and 1865, and 1866, and 1867, and 1868, and 1869, and 1870, and 1871, and 1872, and 1873, and 1874, and 1875, and 1876, and 1877, and 1878, and 1879, and 1880, and 1881, and 1882, and 1883, and 1884, and 1885, and 1886, and 1887, and 1888, and 1889, and 1890, and 1891, and 1892, and 1893, and 1894, and 1895, and 1896, and 1897, and 1898, and 1899, and 1900, and 1901, and 1902, and 1903, and 1904, and 1905, and 1906, 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