

# The Columbus Democrat.

H. H. WORTHINGTON, Editor.

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## POETRY.

### A Beautiful Ballad.

The following ballad, says the Richmond En-  
quirer, which we recollect of reading in our boy-  
hood, originally appeared in the Lansingburgh  
Gazette, of May, 1810. It had a great run at the  
time, and was found in the scrap book of every  
young lady for many years afterwards. Its pub-  
lication has recently been revived. We recollect  
of seeing, many years ago, a painting which was  
founded on the incident it relates:

'Twas on a cliff whose rocky height  
Baffled the briny wave;  
Whose cultured heights their verdant stores  
To many a tenant gave.

A mother, led by rustic cares,  
Had wandered with her child;  
Unwarned the babe, yet on the grass  
He frolicked and he smiled.

With what delight the mother glowed,  
To mark that infant joy,  
How oft would pass amid the toil,  
To contemplate her boy.

Yet soon, by other cares estranged,  
Her thoughts the child forsook;  
Careless he wandered on the ground,  
Nor sought his mother's look.

Cro'ed he each flower that met his eye,  
Till scrambling o'er the green  
He gained the cliff's unsheltered edge,  
And, pleased, surveyed the scene.

'Twas now the mother from her toll  
Turned to behold the child;  
The wreath gone! her cheeks were flushed!  
Her wandering eye was wild!

She saw him on the cliff's rude verge,  
Now careless peeping o'er!  
He turned and to his mother smiled,  
Then sported as before.

Sunk was her voice--'twas vain to fly--  
'Twas vain the brink to brave--  
Oh nature, it was thine alone  
To prompt the means to save!

She tore the kerchief from her breast,  
And laid her bosom bare;  
He saw, delighted, bid the brink,  
And sought the banquet there.

### A Nuptial Tragedy.

A wealthy American merchant of the city of  
New Orleans had married a Creole lady of fortune,  
and with the estate and credits came into his  
possession a mulatto seamstress and her daughter,  
a child of seven years. The gentleman was so  
much struck with the extraordinary beauty of the  
child, which had the purest Italian features and  
complexion, that he resolved to save it, and to  
bring it up as a daughter. He took her from the  
life of degradation which was before it, and to  
free it and educate it. He sent the child to a  
boarding school, and there it remained until her  
sixteenth year. She herself knew not to the contrary,  
so young was she when sent north. Beloved by  
all her companions, the idol of the institute, and  
caressed by every one, she left to return South,  
as she supposed, to the roof of her uncle's. A  
young Louisiana gentleman who had seen her in  
Philadelphia, and loved her, and was beloved by  
her, sought her hand on her return. The mar-  
riage day was fixed, my arrival, when the moth-  
er, who had been long sold away in La Fouché  
interior, in order that she might never appear as  
a witness against her child, re-appeared, and in the  
bridal hall, in the very hour after the ceremony  
had been performed, claimed the magnificent and  
now miserable bride as her own daughter--a bond  
slave by birth, and an African by blood! The  
scene, as described to me by one who was present,  
surpasses the power of a pen to portray. That  
night the bridegroom, after charging the adopted  
father of his bride with gross deception, shot him  
through the body and disappeared, carrying no  
one knew whither, his infant and bitter sorrow.  
The next morning the bride was found a disfigured  
corpse, in the superb nuptial chamber which had  
been prepared for her reception. She had taken  
poison! Education and mind and taste, which  
made her see and understand how great was her  
degradation, now armed her hand with the ready  
means of death. The unhappy planter recovered  
from the wound, and has gone to the North,  
where he resides, buried in the deepest seclusion,  
the residue of his years embittered by the keen-  
est regret.

**ANECDOTE OF COL. CROCKET.**—Once upon a  
time, during a debate in the U. S. House of  
Representatives, on a bill for increasing the number  
of hospitals, one of the western members arose  
and observed:

"Mr. Speaker--My opinion is that the general-  
ity of mankind, in general, are disposed to take  
the disadvantage of the general-ity of man-  
kind in general."

"Sit down, sit down," whispered the Col. who  
sat near him, "you are coming out at the same  
hole you went in at."

[28] We have published the following ser-  
mon twice, once in 1844, we believe, and again in  
1846. It has gone the rounds of the papers,  
north, south, east and west, and comes back to us  
this week in the Petersburg (Va.) South Side  
Democrat. As it is a most interesting revolution-  
ary relic, many of our old subscribers will, no  
doubt, be glad to see it in print again.--Ed.  
Dix.]

### Revolutionary Sermon.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."  
The following interesting document was re-  
cently found among the papers of Major John  
Shaufmeyer, a deceased patriot of the revolution.  
It is a discourse delivered on the eve of the battle  
of Brandywine, by Rev. Jacob Tronte, to a large  
portion of the American soldiers, in presence of  
Gen. Washington, Gen. Wayne, and others of  
the army:

**Soldiers and Countrymen.**—We have met  
this evening, perhaps, for the last time. We  
have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the  
fight, and the dismay of the retreat, alike; we  
have endured the cold and hunger, the contum-  
ely of the eternal foe and the courage of the for-  
eign oppressor. We have sat, at night, beside  
the camp-fire; we have together heard the roll  
of the reveille which called us to duty, or the beat  
of the tattoo which gave the signal for the hasty  
sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed  
and the knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers and countrymen, we have  
met in this peaceful valley on the eve of battle,  
while the sunlight is dying away beyond yonder  
heights, the sunlight that tomorrow morn will  
glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met amid  
the whitening tents of our encampment; in the  
time of terror and gloom have gathered to-  
gether. God grant that it may not be for the last  
time.

It is a solemn moment. Brethren, does not  
the solemn voice of nature seem to echo the sym-  
pathies of the hour? The flag of our country  
drips heavily from yonder staff; the breeze has  
died away along the green plain of Chadd's Ford,  
the plain that spreads before us, glittering in sun-  
light; the heights of Brandywine arise gloomy  
and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream;  
all nature holds a pause of solemn silence on the  
eve of uproar and bloodshed and strife of to-  
morrow.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."  
And have they not taken the sword?

Let the desolate plain, the blood-stained valley,  
the burned farm house blackening in the sun, the  
sacked village and the ravaged town answer; let  
the whitened bones of the butchered farmer,  
straw along the fields of his homestead, answer;  
let the starving mother, with the babe clinging to  
the withered breast that can afford no sustenance,  
let her answer with the death rattle mingling with  
the murmuring tones that marked the last strug-  
gle of her life; let the mother and her babe  
answer.

It was but a day past, and our land slept in the  
quiet of peace. War was not here. Fraud and  
woe, and want dwelt not among us. From the  
eternal solitude of the green woods arose the blue  
smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of  
corn looked from amid the waste of the wilder-  
ness, and the glad music of human voices awoke  
the silence of the forest.

Now, God of mercy, behold the change. Un-  
der the shadow of a pretext, under the sanctity of  
the name of God, invoking the redeemer to their  
aid, do these hirelings slay our people! They  
through our towns--they darken our plains, and  
now they encompass our posts on the lonely plain  
of Chadd's Ford.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Brethren think me not unworthy of belief  
when I tell you that the doom of the British is  
near. Think me not vain when I tell you that  
beyond the cloud that now enshrouds us, I see  
gathering thick and fast, the darker cloud and  
thicker storm of divine retribution!

They may conquer us to-morrow. Might and  
wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from  
the field; but the hour of God's own vengeance  
will come!

Aye, in the vast solitude of the eternal peace,  
there throbs the being of an awful God, quick  
to avenge and sure to punish guilt, then will the  
name, George of Brunswick, called King, feel in his  
brain and heart the vengeance of the eternal Je-  
hovah! A blight will light upon his life--a  
withered brain and an accursed intellect; a blight  
will be upon his children and on his people--  
Great God, how dread the punishment!

A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns  
where the man of money thrives, while the laborer  
starves; want striding among the people in all  
forms of terror; an ignorant and God-defying  
priesthood chuckling over the miseries of mil-  
lions; a proud and merciless nobility adding  
wrong to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery  
and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very heart, and  
aristocracy rotten to the core; crime and want  
linked hand in hand, and tempting men to woe  
and death--these are a part of the doom and re-  
tribution that shall come upon the English throne  
and the English people.

Soldiers! I look upon your familiar faces with  
a strange interest! To-morrow morning we go  
forth to the battle--for need I tell you that your  
unworthy minister will march with you, invoking  
God's aid in the fight--we will march forth to the  
battle! Need I exhort you to fight the good  
fight, to fight for your homesteads, or your wives  
and children?

My friends, I might urge you to fight by the  
galling memories of British wrong--Walton--I  
might tell you of your father butchered in the  
silence of the night on the plains of Trenton; I might  
write his death shrieks in your ears. Soldiers--I  
might tell you of a butchered mother, a sister out-  
raged, the lonely farm house, the night assault,  
the roof in flames, the shouts of the troops as they  
despatched their victims, the cries of mercy and  
the pleadings of innocence for pity. I might  
point this all again, in the vivid colors of the ter-  
rible reality, if I thought courage needed such wild  
excitement.

But I know you are strong in the night of the  
Lord. You will march forth to battle on the  
morning with light hearts and determined spirits,  
through the solemn duty--the duty of avenging  
the dead--may rest heavy on your souls.

And in the hour of battle, when all around is  
darkness lit by the lurid cannon glare and the

piercing musket flash, when the wounded sin-  
gle the ground, and the dead litter your path, then  
remember, soldiers, that God is with you, he rides  
on the battle cloud; he sweeps onward, with the  
march of the hurricane charge.

God, the awful and infinite lights for you, and  
you will triumph.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit  
of wrong or revenge. You have taken the sword  
for your homes, for your wives, for your little  
ones. You have taken the sword for truth, justice  
and right, and to you the promise is--Be of  
good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword in  
defiance of all that men hold dear, in blasphemous  
defiance of God--they shall perish by the sword.

And now brethren and soldiers, I bid you all  
farewell. Many of us may fall in the battle of  
to-morrow. God rest the souls of the fallen--  
Many of us may live to tell the story of the fight  
of to-morrow, and the memory of all will ever  
rest and linger on the quiet scene of this autumn  
eve.

Solemn twilight advances over the valley;  
the woods on the opposite heights shine their  
long shadows over the green of the meadow;  
around us are the tents of the continental host,  
the suppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried  
tramp of the soldiers to and fro among the tents,  
the stillness and awe that marks the eve of  
battle.

When we meet again, may the shadows of twi-  
light be flung over the peaceful land. God in  
heaven grant it! Let us pray.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

### A Beautiful Letter.

The following reply of Mr. Walker to an in-  
vitation of the festival of the Young Men's Democrat-  
ic Union Club at Tammany Hall, is a concise,  
comprehensive, eloquent and able picture of the  
great fruits of our late noble triumph. It rings  
like true metal and will find a cordial response in  
the heart of every patriot who contributed to the  
splendid result. Mr. Dallas' letter, though very  
brief, is direct, whole-hearted, thrilling!

IRVING HOUSE, New York, Nov. 15, 1852.

GENTLEMEN: Your letter has been received, in-  
viting me to the democratic festival this evening  
at Tammany Hall.

Notwithstanding the rapid improvement of my  
health, since my return home, I am not yet quite  
strong enough to be with you on this auspicious  
occasion.

The victory you mention is the most important  
achievement of the Democracy since the  
political revolution of 1800. It is a rebuke  
of sectionalism, an expunging of geographical  
prejudices and parties, a re-union of the American  
Democracy, strengthened by thousands of our  
former patriotic opponents, who have abandoned  
their party to save country. It is a restoration of  
the principles of Thomas Jefferson, as re-enacted  
of those celebrated resolutions of Virginia  
and Kentucky, as expounded by their illustrious  
authors, Jefferson and Madison, which saved the  
constitution from constructive obliteration, and  
the Union of confederate and sovereign States from  
the crushing of a consolidating central power--  
It is a re-enforcement of the financial policy of  
1846, maintained in every Congressional election  
since that period and now supported by an over-  
whelming vote of the people. It is an approval  
of the measures by which our territorial limits  
were extended in 1845 and 1846; but all is a tri-  
umph of the Constitution and of the Union. It is  
a restoration of that fraternal feeling which  
united the States in signing the Declaration of  
Independence, in 1776, the articles of confederation  
in 1778, and, ten years afterwards, the Consti-  
tution. It places again the signatures of the  
people and of the States to the sacred instrument.  
It is a decree that the Union shall be perpetuated,  
in the one only practicable way, the mainte-  
nance of the constitution in all its integrity, and in  
all its vigor throughout every State; in perfect  
good faith in every clause of that immortal com-  
pact. The black flag of abolition is trailing in  
the dust, the hopes of despots, exulting in the  
anticipated dissolution of this Union, are dis-  
appointed; the American Union--now and forever,  
one and inseparable, "the last hope of the op-  
pressed in every clime, the last light of liberty,  
beams brighter and brighter, and sheds the dawn  
of its benignant radiance Eastward and West-  
ward from the shores of either ocean.

Upon the banner that now floats over the vic-  
torious field of the 2d of November, the people  
have inscribed Union and the constitution, econ-  
omy, retrenchment, the constitutional treasury,  
commercial freedom, peace, progress, the linking  
together by links of enduring union, our empire  
on the Atlantic and Pacific with the valley of the  
west, the most liberal policy to the hardy pion-  
eers and settlers upon our public domain, the fur-  
ther extension of our territorial limits by peace-  
ful, honorable, and lawful measures, whenever re-  
quired by our vital interests and demanded by  
the voice of the nation, and all proper and consti-  
tutional measures for augmenting trade and inter-  
course. In the retrospect of this great triumph,  
it is cheering to behold the overwhelming major-  
ity of the re-united Democracy of the Empire  
State of New York. The majority in your State  
exceeds twenty five thousand, and New York is the  
banner city of the Union. This state, which was  
gerrymandered by our political opponents, now  
elects democrats in two-thirds of its congressional  
districts. This city, whose wards were disor-  
dered and disgraced so as to elect to Congress but  
one democratic member, now sends the whole, six  
in number. The city that saved the election of  
Thomas Jefferson in 1804, now gives a democratic  
majority exceeding eleven thousand, and sends to  
the American congress Wallbridge, Wash  
Treed, Wheeler, Walker and Cutting--all Uni-  
on-loving and progressive democrats. The com-  
mercial metropolis of the Union now endorses by  
a united voice, the liberal financial policy of 1846,  
and antedates the period when an American city  
for the benefit of all America, shall carry the flag  
of our mercantile marine on every ocean, in de-  
fiance of all foreign competitors and centre here  
the control and commerce of the world. The  
predictions made by me as a Senator for the  
south, in regard to the destiny of this great city,  
in my Texas letter of January 1844, and in my  
several subsequent reports to Congress as Secre-  
tary of the Treasury, are now in the course of rap-  
id fulfillment, and in comparing the course of the

cities of New York and London at each date  
from 1790 till 1850, we may almost name the  
year, within this century, when the former will  
exceed the latter, in wealth, in commerce, and in  
population. The reduced tariff of 1846, the ac-  
quisition of Texas and California, have greatly  
accelerated this epoch, and so will other peaceful  
constitutional additions to our territory, at the  
proper time and in the proper manner.

Although not a citizen of this state, I rejoice in  
all this as an American, because I feel that the  
contest for commercial supremacy is between this  
and a European city, and that what New York  
gains she gains not for herself only, but for the  
benefit of every state, city, county, town and ter-  
ritory of the U. S.

In this triumph of democratic principles, no  
miserable fear of former feuds or divisions now ex-  
tinguished or obliterated, will prevent full justice  
being done by the Democracy of the Union to this  
great State and city, as a leader of the great finan-  
cial policy of 1846, whose vote carried the elec-  
tion of James K. Polk and the re-annexation of  
Texas.

If one who is influenced by no ambitious de-  
sires or personal aspirations might be permitted  
to express his opinion, his council to the democracy  
would be the suppression throughout every state of  
every internal feud of discord, if any such there be,  
and a united determination to maintain, with one  
voice and one vote, those great and glorious mea-  
sures foreshadowed on the 2d of November, in the  
triumphant election of Pierce and King.

Most faithfully, your fellow democrat.

R. J. WALKER.

FROM G. M. DALLAS.

Gentlemen--I regret my inability to accept  
your invitation to the celebration on Monday  
next. Peremptory professional engagements ob-  
lige me to leave home.

You may well characterize the recent victory as  
"great, glorious and triumphant." The battle in-  
volved everything worth struggling for, and every-  
thing is saved. Not the narrowest strip of  
debatable ground remains in the occupancy of  
the enemy. The whig party are not only con-  
quered--they must be converts to the rock-  
stone doctrine, or as Mr. Webster said, they are nothing.  
I cordially salute the gallant Young Men's  
Democratic Union Club, on this brilliant final-  
ity.

Very respectfully, gentlemen,  
Your friend and fellow citizen,

G. M. DALLAS.

10th November, 1852.

### The State of Franklin.

Before the establishment of this government,  
and before or about the time that the territory  
which now constitutes the State of Tennessee  
was ceded to Congress, the inhabitants of the  
eastern part of that territory established a gov-  
ernment for themselves, and called it the State of  
Franklin. They adopted a very good constitution  
divided into the usual branches of legislative,  
executive and judicial power. They laid and col-  
lected taxes, and performed other usual acts of  
legislation. They had for the present, it is true,  
no maritime possessions, yet they followed the com-  
mon forms in constituting high officers, and their  
governor was not only captain-general and com-  
mander-in-chief, but admiral also--so that the  
navy might have a commander when there should  
be a navy.

The currency in this State of Franklin became  
very much damaged. Specie was scarce, and  
equally scarce were the notes of specie paying  
banks. It became necessary to pass what we  
would call the civil-list appropriation bill.  
The preamble of that law begins by reciting  
that the collection of taxes in specie had become  
very oppressive to the good people of the Com-  
monwealth, for the want of a circulating medium.  
It recites, further, that it is the duty of the legis-  
lature to bear at all times the prayer of their con-  
stituents, and apply as speedily a remedy as lies  
in their power.

Acting under the influence of these sound op-  
inions, the legislature of Franklin passed a law for  
the support of the civil list, of which, as it is short  
I have sent you a copy:

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the  
State of Franklin, and it is hereby enacted by the  
authority of the said State, That from the first day  
of January, A. D. 1789, the salaries of the civil  
officers of the Commonwealth shall be as follows, to  
wit:

"His excellency the governor, per annum, one  
thousand deer skins.

"His honor the Chief Justice, five hundred deer  
skins.

"The Attorney General five hundred deer  
skins.

"Secretary to his Excellency the Governor, five  
hundred racoon skins.

"The treasurer of the State, four hundred and  
fifty deer skins.

"Each County Clerk, three hundred beaver  
skins.

"Clerk of the House of Commons, two hun-  
dred racoon skins.

"Members of the Assembly, per diem, three  
racoon skins.

"Justice's fee for signing a warrant, one musk-  
rat skin.

"To the Constable for serving a warrant, one  
mink skin.

"Enacted into a law, this 18th day of October,  
1788, under the great seal of the State.

"Witness his Excellency," etc. [Florida (Talle-  
hasset) Sautins].

**THE LOST AND THE LIVING.**—The fearful No-  
vember storm which swept over the chain of  
Western lakes, says the Cleveland Herald,  
brought sorrow and desolation to many a domes-  
tic hearth. The total number of lives lost  
probably exceed sixty, most of them suddenly en-  
gulfed in the surging waves. On Lake Erie, one  
vessel is known to have gone down, and not one  
survivor to tell the name or sad tale of shipwreck;  
and a propeller, full-laden and carrying twenty-  
five or thirty persons, has strewn the shore  
with fragments of her wreck; but not a living  
soul survives to relate the cause and manner of  
her going down.

**A THING WHICH EVERY FARMER SHOULD  
KNOW.**—If you wish to drive a cut nail into season-  
ed oak timber, and not have it break or bend just  
before it has done its duty, dip the end of the  
nail into it before driving and it will never fail to  
go.

### The News from France--The Re-establishment of the Empire.

What we were the first journal to predict--and  
that at the same time when most, if not all our  
contemporaries said that Louis Napoleon would  
be hurried from power in a few months, if not in a  
few days--what we said on receiving the news of  
the coup d'etat, and have since again and again  
reiterated--has now come to pass. The first  
steps towards the formal re-establishment of the  
Empire in France have been taken--the constitu-  
tion will shortly follow; and the Empire will  
probably be proclaimed on the second of Decem-  
ber, the anniversary of the coup d'etat, the  
anniversary of the proclamation of the Empire of  
Napoleon the elder, and the anniversary of the  
battle of Austerlitz, at which three emperors  
commanded, and the allies, Austria and Russia,  
lost, in killed and wounded, more than 40,000  
men, besides many thousands of prisoners, forty  
standards, and one hundred and fifty pieces of  
cannon. The day will be celebrated with all  
the glories, pomp and circumstances of war,  
and all souvenirs of that decisive victory, and all  
the reminiscences of the glory of the victor, and  
all the grandeur of the ancient empire, will be  
awakened, and the spirit of Napoleon the First  
will be deemed to be present at the gorgeous page-  
antry of Napoleon the Third.

The decree for the revival of the Empire has  
been adopted by the Senate, and accepted by the  
Primes President of the republic, and is to be sub-  
mitted to the people in the following form:

"The people will decide in the affirmative by  
as large a majority as they confirmed the coup d'  
etat, and elected the dictator President of the re-  
public, there can hardly be a doubt. Louis Na-  
poleon appears not only to have completely gained  
the confidence of the nation, but somewhat of the  
worship of the uncle seems to be revived in the  
nephew. His reply to the Senate is as pre-  
gnaunt with meaning as it is full of art. He  
says:

"What now most affects my heart is the  
thought that the spirit of the Emperor is with me,  
that his ideas guide me, that his shade protects  
me, since, by a solemn procession, you come, in  
the name of the French people, to prove to me  
that I have merited the confidence of the  
country."

What the ideas of the elder Napoleon were,  
everybody knows; and if his successor only carry  
them out, we may expect before very long to find  
Europe in a blaze. In order to consolidate his  
strength and to concentrate the affections of the  
people upon himself, Louis Napoleon has got rid  
of his uncle Jerome Bonaparte, and his son, and  
has the whole Bonaparte family placed at his dis-  
posal. It will be seen by reference to the news,  
that Jerome has, in high displeasure, resigned as  
President of the Senate, and he is useless for him  
to kick up his heels against destiny. He is to  
be offered the office of Grand Constable, an  
office calculated to minister to his rapacity, while  
it will deprive him of all political importance.

The question arises, will the other great powers  
of Europe submit to this new arrangement? By  
the Congress of Vienna, it was agreed between  
the allies that no relation of Bonaparte should  
ever sit upon the throne of France. Instead of  
carrying that treaty into execution, three of the  
powers, namely, Russia, Prussia and Austria, en-  
tered into a secret treaty within the last year, not  
to interfere with the present incumbent, but to  
prevent any of his heirs, or any other member of  
the Bonaparte family, from succeeding him.--  
But the decree of the Senate, which will soon be  
the law of France, sets this treaty at defiance and  
provides for the succession to the imperial dignity  
to a hereditary in the direct and legitimate male  
descendants of Louis Napoleon, or, in the event  
of his having no heirs, in such male children of  
his male as he may adopt, and in case of his  
adopting no heir, by an organic decree deposited  
in the archives regulating the order of succession  
to the throne in the Bonaparte family. What  
the result of this bold and decided step may be  
it is difficult to determine at present; but it is  
probable the high contracting powers will be con-  
tent to let France and Louis Napoleon alone, if he  
will only let them alone. How long he will do  
so remains to be seen. The grandeur of France  
is the dream of his existence, and everything in  
the time will be sacrificed to that.

N. Y. Herald.

**HOW FOLLS DIFFER!**—We chew tobacco, the  
Hindoo takes to line, while the Patagonian finds  
contentment in a late of guano. The children of  
this country delight in candy--those of Africa in  
rock salt. A Frenchman goes his length for  
fried grass; while an Esquimaux Indian thinks a  
stewed candle the climax of delicacies. The South  
Sea Islanders differ from all these, their favorite  
dish being boiled dogman, or a roasted mis-  
tionary.

The Richmond Whig states that Mr. Ash-  
mead, clerk of the steamship Richmond, has been  
removed from the vessel, for practicing deception  
towards Mrs. Lemon, the owner of the slaves  
recently set free in New York. The Richmond  
Dispatch recommends to the Legislature to make  
repatrials on New Yorkers, until the statute of the  
State, by which slaves brought into it voluntarily  
by their owners are freed, is repealed.

**HEAR HOW THE EDITOR OF THE VERMONT MERCURY  
TALKS TO THE BORROWING INDIVIDUAL:** "Got a penny  
to spare?" "Yes, sir; here's one of our last.  
Would you like to subscribe and take it regular-  
ly?" "I would, but I am too poor!" That man  
has just come from the circus, which cost him  
fifty-cents; lost from the farm, fifty-cents; liquor  
if judged from the smell, at least fifty cents--  
making a dollar and a half actually thrown away;  
and then begging for a newspaper, alleging that  
he was too poor to pay for it. That's what we  
call "sparing at the spigot and losing at the lung-  
hole."

The great Telegraphic case of F. O. J. Smith  
vs. Amos Kendall and others, has been decided  
in favor of the complainant, Smith. The amount  
of interest at issue in this case is said to be up-  
wards of half a million of dollars.

### The Mormons and their Polygamy.

Whether the Mormons do or do not allow poly-  
gamy, has been a mooted question. The fol-  
lowing letter from a Wisconsin overland traveler,  
the Milwaukee News says, is addressed to the  
mother of the writer, and has been furnished for  
publication to that paper:

"SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 26, 1852.

"I arrived here before a grand jubilee of the  
Mormons. They were celebrating the anniver-  
sary of the arrival of the Pioneers, who first planted  
their colony, and, I believe first discovered the  
valley. The procession was magnificent. I will  
give it to you as I saw it: Marshal of the day pre-  
siding, followed by flag, band and a large  
parade, exhibiting the pioneers of 1845, crossing the  
upper ferry of Platte river. Pioneers then fol-  
lowed--Pen and scribe (every sermon is taken  
down, in short hand, and inscribed in the Big  
Book.) men with the different implements and  
tools, of almost every art and profession in the  
world; forty old men and flag, forty old women,  
representing the mothers in Israel, their flag being  
inscribed with 'Our Children and our Hope';  
twenty-four young men with their banner--'Scotto,  
'Union and Liberty'; twenty-four young ladies,  
(Daughters of Zion) twenty-four boys; twenty-  
four girls, soldiers, and eighteen bishops, bring-  
ing up the rear. I am quite confident there were  
seven thousand persons present, and taken to-  
gether, it was a sight well worth seeing out amidst  
these hills. In the evening, balls and parties pre-  
vailed all over the city.

"Yesterday Orson Pratt, one of their apostles,  
gave us quite a sensible sermon. Brigham  
Young is the Prophet, Seer, Revelator, and head  
of the Church. He is assisted by two Council-  
ors, twelve Apostles and eighteen Bishops--  
The Prophet, (and under Whig rule) the Gov-  
ernor, was present with some of his wives, who  
came and went in a large elegant open carriage.  
He was living with him in the city, in one house,  
sixteen wives and thirty children. Each wife,  
with her progeny, lives in her separate furnished  
apartment, and spins, weaves, &c., &c. All this  
is true. I went over the promises with a view  
to entertain you for an hour, and I believe saw pre-  
tly much everything.

"The person I heard with has two wives, Dr.  
Richards, a councillor, has six, and all of them  
good-looking, healthy women. Thus you see poly-  
gamy is openly allowed and supported by these  
Mormons. A man, having a right to as many  
wives as he can find and support, takes a fancy,  
goes to a justice and swears he is able to sup-  
port her, and the marriage comes off with due cere-  
mony--and so it goes on, as he grows richer,  
without limit.

"A Mormon moving into the valley gives one-  
tenth of