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R. T. VAN HORN, Editor.
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MEIGS COUNTY TELEGRAPH.

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BY R. T. VAN HORN. POMEROY, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1851. VOL. 4.

SECOND STREET,
TWO DOORS WEST OF THE COURT HOUSE,
POMEROY, OHIO.

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One square (12 lines or less) three weeks, [illegible]
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WESTERN POETRY.

The following beautiful morceau, is worth a dozen of the fugitive pieces of English origin which go the round of periodicals. It is from the Rock Island Advertiser, published amidst scenery which is well fitted to inspire the poet's muse to such spirited flights as this:

A BEAU IDEAL.

A lizard eye with jetty fringe,
A dewy tip of ruby tinge,
The features of Grecian, soft and fair,
The contour classic, rich and rare,
Long raven tresses wild that play,
Wed to most wanton frolic sway
Around a neck of swan like grace,
And o'er Parian shoulders trace
[illegible]
The "slant tip of an alchovine,"
So purely beautiful and fair,
You fondly dream an angel there,
Until her smiles dispel the fear,
And bids your swelling heart draw near:
So heavenly, yet so earthly too,
You really know not which to do
Creation's lord, to bow thy knee,
Or clasp that heaving heart to thee;
Her heart as orient pearl is pure,
Her voice Ulysses might allure,
Although he braved the syren's wiles,
And steered his bark through Grecian Isles
Her boundless love for me alone—
The spell has broke, my vision gone,
And though this phantom is not real,
What think you of my Beau Ideal?

GLAUCUS.

ITEMS.

The universe is a book, and we have only read the first page, if we have not been out of our own country.

We would often blush at our best actions did the world but see the motives upon which they are grounded.

Keep putting your elbow in grease if you wish to ride into prosperity on the wheel of fortune.

The great fault found with the Bloomer costume is that it begins too late and ends too soon.

A boy in school who had received his politics from a democratic father, refused to cipher in *federal money*.

Being positive in judgement to-day is no proof that we shall not be of a different opinion to-morrow.

If "the happiness to be nobly descended" is no less to have so much merit that no body inquires whether you are so or not.

It is merit and not title, which gives importance. It is usefulness, and not grandeur which makes the world happy.

He that is good may hope to become better; he that is bad may fear that he may become worse; for vice, virtue, and time never stand still.

When you see a good looking young widow promenade the streets daily, you imagine she wanted a second husband. Oh such an idea never entered her head.

The powers of the mind when they are unfounded and expanded by the sunshine of felicity, more frequently luxuriate into follies than blossom in goodness.

A young lady asked a widow woman her opinion about matrimony. Oh, madam, answered she, it would be a heavenly life if the honey moon would last always.

Small debts are like small shot—they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound; large debts are like a canon of loud noise but of little danger. One report and all is over.

ANECDOTE OF CRITTENDEN.—The following anecdote of young Crittenden who was shot at Havana, is given by a correspondent of the Tribune:

A private letter from an American gentleman in Havanah states an incident as occurring at the execution, which I have not seen in print and which is interesting if not true. It is, that when Col. Crittenden was told to turn his back and kneel, he impatiently exclaimed: "No! I kneel only to God and never turn my back to the enemy." The guard stepped back and he faced the almost instant fire of the platoon, which he did with the utmost coolness. An American is usually a man, whether as a bravo, a patriot, or in most any other phase of life.

☞ The following capital toast was drank at the annual meeting of the Printers of the United States held in Baltimore last week:

Freedom of the Press.—The natural compound of human progress—joined by the *hyphen* of mutual cause and effect into a power that will eventually knock all the *quoins* out of the old *frame*, and tumble tyranny into *pi—ink* over the *form* of demagoguism beyond the help of *lye*—kindle fires with the blotted *tymphan sheet* of the "Divine rights of kings"—*mark errors* and superstition of the † of extermination, and confine them to the *margin*—expel all useless *fat matter* from the universe—join the small *Romans* of society that make up the sentence with the *capital* that commences it—and turn off *clean proofs* to the benefit of all classes. May the time come when it will be greeted with one universal *note of admiration!*

"Pa, ain't I growing tall?" "Why what's your height, sonny?" "I'm seven feet lacking a yard!" Pa fainted.

Meigs Co. Telegraph.

"PERSEVERE."

Correspondence of the Telegraph.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

"OHIO BAR," MARIPOSA, Aug. 16, 1851.

DEAR VAN:—Sunday Morning has again appeared, and finds me on a mountain top, some little distance from our camp,—seated on a granite rock.—from where I can

"See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun."

The morning is bright and beautiful—the heavens are of a clear ether blue,—without a cloud or speck to be seen moving on their face. But morn and sky would both better harmonize with my feelings, if only a few [illegible] the rest to character the landscape like the hopes and fears that are flitting through my own imagination. "Busy, meddling memory," bears me back to past scenes of enjoyment—home and friends—hours spent in all the delights of friendship—and the contrast presented between the *Past* and *Present* is so marked, that the "tear of regret" will *almost* fall.

When I wrote you last we were surrounded with flowers and, as friend Blundon would say, "*all the paraparalia*" *of Spring*, but a scorching midsummer sun has since been beaming upon us, and there has been neither rain nor dew to keep plant or flower alive. The flowers left us long ago—the grass is dry and yellow—the trees are of a yellowish, sickly green—and the few remaining birds can scarcely twitter—never sing.—This is, in reality the dullest season of the year in California, so far as my experience goes.

Greeley, in one of his letters complains at their not having any sunshine in England. If he will extend his travels a little, and visit California in any of the summer months, I will promise him that he shall be satisfied—no difference how hard he is to please. For the last three months we have had "nothing else" but sunshine; and I have not seen a cloud in a "dog's age." At any rate, any man who labors in the mines during the summer months will be satisfied that there is sufficient sunshine.

The present is a busy time for politicians in this county, and I suppose throughout the State. Both parties have tickets in the field—and the names of *independents*, for every office from Constable up to Representative, are *legion*. A meeting for Whigs, Democrats, and Independents was held at a bar between this and Mariposa town, a few nights since, at which some dozen or twenty "rich and racy" "*speeches*" were made.—Every candidate present—for Constable, Coroner, Recorder, Sheriff, Representative, &c. &c.—addressed the meeting, each advocating his own claims. Another meeting, of the same character and for the same purpose is to be held at Mariposo to-day. I suppose there will be rare fun, for Californians go "things with a looseness."

My own opinion is that the Democrats will carry this county, and most probably the State; and in the latter event you may expect *John B. Weller* to be elected to the U. S. Senate. Fremont stands little or no chance. Indeed I have been informed by a prominent member of his party that he will not attempt to contest the election. He is at present, I believe somewhere in Southern or Lower California, purchasing cattle to fill a contract he has entered into with the Government.

The Indian tribes, that have been so long engaged in stealing from and murdering the miners, have nearly or all come in, and the volunteer forces called out by the Governor last winter have been disbanded. They were paid off with orders on the State Treasurer—who is ordered to pay them out of the "*loan authorized for that purpose.*" As a law was merely passed authorizing a loan which no one was found willing to take, you may conclude that the volunteers utter curses both loud and deep against the State government. They supposed, at least, that they would get "State bonds," bearing interest—instead of which they get orders for payment out of a loan that may not be effected in ten years. The last member of the Legislature from this county was a young lawyer, and he comes in for a great portion of the censure.

Speaking of lawyers, however, reminds me of what I saw one of the profession at a short time since, who hails from Virginia, belonged to one of the "*first families*" there, and has "Judge" prefixed to his name. It was Sunday, and of course business in a professional way was out of the question, so he had turned "*for one day only*," Auctioneer, and when I saw him, was eloquently discoursing the merits of a pair of "brogans." But members of the profession, at home, must not get down on him for this offence, for if the words put in the mouth of the devil by Southey be taken as truth, he was raising the dignities of their profession. They ran thus:—

"And he next saw a lawyer killing a viper,
On a dunghill behind his stable;
I vow said the devil, you put me in mind
Of the story of Cain and Abel."

You have doubtless heard of the various popular risings—(at home you call them "mobs,") that have taken place in San Francisco, Sacramento, Stockton, Sonora, &c. Well, their spirit has been somewhat infused into a portion of the floating populace in this section—generally youngsters who think they will not be able to pass for men till they have killed one or two men apiece. And we have many just such characters here. You may see them any time about the leading towns with "six shooters" always hanging by their sides. Two of these gentry, about a month since, followed a young man to a trading tent on the Stockton road, about 15 miles from Mariposa, and stationed themselves within shooting distance of each door. The young man went out, mounted his mule, and was riding off, when they called to him to stop, or they would shoot him. He turned around on his mule, and laughingly told them he thought they wouldn't do it, and rode on. Both immediately fired at him, and missed. One of them fired a second time, and shot him dead on the spot. The ball entered the back of his head and passed straight through. His name or residence I have not heard, but I have been informed by a man who saw him that his hands showed evidence that he was a *hard working man*. The man who shot him is a candidate for Sheriff of this county. His name is Ross. A Coroner's jury, &c., justified him—gave him an acquittal. The murdered man they accused of stealing a pistol, but even admitting that he did, they had before had him in their power, and at the time they shot him could have taken him without difficulty. But no pistol was found on him.

I have heard of another case where a man was shot for stealing a "*six shooter*," but on examination, the pistol in his possession proved to be a "*five shooter*." And yet with such cases almost weekly occurring in this country, men, who were good law abiding citizens at home, here justify such acts, and affect to see in them the only safeguards of life and property. Strange how a few short months will change mankind! But we are not alone, for I see that you have men at home who stand ready to set a law at defiance—fall back, like us, upon *natural rights*—appeal to the "higher law," and mete out justice in your own way. But I never have justified—and God grant that I never may justify departure from legal means to effect any object. Nowhere but in the faithful adherence to law, can I see any safety to life, liberty or property. Under its administration, the guilty may escape—the innocent may suffer; but the evils arising from the administration of good or bad laws are as dust in the balance, when compared with those which always arise from a departure from law and order—even if the departure be to give liberty to a fellow creature. But I forget, I am talking of things I know little about—for we seldom have papers or correct information from home. Perhaps what little light I have had has only served to bewilder me—like the flickering of an expiring lamp in a dark corner by which innocent objects are converted into ghosts and goblins.

Mining on the Mariposa, thus far this summer, has been very brisk and profitable—much more so than last season. The main reason for this is that the bars &c. have been worked on an entirely different plan from what they were last season. Then "holes" were sunk and pumping resorted to, to get the bed rock. Of course they were but imperfectly worked. Spaces would have of necessity to be left between holes, and frequent movings of the same dirt would occur. This year, all these difficulties have been obviated. Miners have commenced at a fall in the creek, and dug a ditch to the bed rock in the creek or bar as the case might be—thus carrying the water out of their claims. A "race" was then opened across the "bar" where they wished to commence, and the dirt from each succeeding "tier" is thrown behind. The ditch walls have to be built, to keep the channel open behind. In this way of working bars "piles" have been made in places considered "dog out" last summer. I will mention one instance—perhaps the richest. Last Spring, "our Mess" had claims marked out for them on a bar, but were induced by a fellow who professed to have worked on it last season, and helped "dig it out," to give them up. Another party went on and averaged from eight to ten hundred dollars a week a piece, and finally sold out and went home. Two or three more parties have been on the bar since, and all have done well, and many have gone home with their piles; and still the bar pays well. On the bar immediately above us, some six or eight persons have taken out from two to five thousand dollars apiece, and gone home. Some of course, have gone without large piles.

But the "*Ohio Bar*,"—what of it? Well it's *not near so rich*—it isn't, still it affords us *very good* diggings. During the last three weeks, we have taken out four hundred dollars apiece, over *all* expenses; and it promises *better* for the future. We take it all as it comes—good and bad—and every "tier" we have taken yet has enabled us to pay hands four and five dollars a day and board—most of them five—and hire a cook at $150 per month. We have worked on an average, for the last six weeks, about sixteen or eighteen hands. Two weeks our expenses went up to about $130 per day. So you see the old bar yields some or we would soon be broken "humbugs." Stock in it, too is ranging upward. Something over a month ago, two shares sold at $125 each. A week or so after two more were sold at an average of $425 each. Now a share could not be had for less than $700 or $800. Indeed I know of none for sale. We have ground enough that we know will pay to employ twenty men in digging out from this time till the fall rains commence.

You doubtless heard of the discovery of a rich stream farther south than this, called "White Canon," or "White River." Well, some five or six hundred men have been searching the mountains for the last five months, for three hundred miles below this, and have failed to find any thing beyond the San Joaquin that would pay board. Copper and other ores were discovered, but very little gold. There is no such stream on this side of the mountains. Beyond the mountains—on the "Walker Pass" route, the way the Gila Emigrants come in, there is a "White Canon," but there is *no gold on it*. So say men who prospected it. The whole affair was a humbug gotten up for speculation. A similar excitement was raised about some rich digging discovered north—"Gold Bluffs" and "Flamath River"—which fooled and perhaps ruined thousands. And yet, many are now preparing to leave for some new El Dorado, discovered between the Gila and Colorado. There are good diggings here, enough for all that have a mind to work, either for themselves or by hiring out—for a man who will work can readily get $4 or $5 per day. So there is little excuse for any one who is humbugged by such stories.

In quartz, little is doing in this region. The Aspinall, Cook, and Com. Stockton mills have all suspended operations—quartz failed to pay. A new and very rich vein has been discovered on Agua Frio, which quite a large number of Mexicans are engaged in working with horse power mills. Report says that half an ounce a day can be made there by pounding the quartz with a hammer. Don't believe it myself. Quite a town however has grown up there called Guadaloupe.

Large stories are told of the yield of a vein discovered on Carson's creek, near the Stanislaus river. Men from there say that, it is a frequent thing for the men working it to throw out $30,000 with a single blast I have myself seen many specimens from the vein nearly all gold. I have one from it of pure gold that weighs an ounce and a half, and a piece has been cut from it—probably one-half. But if that continues to pay, it will be the first instance I know of. That the quartz veins generally here will pay something when labor comes down to one or two dollars a day, I question little—but they don't pay now.

James Branch is on the Merced, mining. When last heard from he was well. Jesse Fussel is driving team from Stockton to Agua Frio—well. Dr Westfall is on the bar above us. John S. Beaty, and Charles S. Slavens, are here. So is

Yours truly.
PERSEVERE.

LAKE SUPERIOR COUNTRY.

The editor of the Cleveland Herald, who has recently spent a week in this interesting country, gives the following description of its several points: The Lake Superior country is destined to become a very important portion of the Republic. Its fisheries, its minerals, its lumber, and its agricultural productions are just beginning to be developed, and already the travel and commerce of the Lake surprises the visitor, who had previously regarded this region as almost an inhospitable wild. The fleet of shipping and steamers on this lake find constant and profitable employment; capitalists, miners, merchants, mechanics, fishermen, agriculturalists, and families are flocking to the healthy climate, and opening the forests and the mines to establish homes and reap a harvest of wealth. Pleasant villages are springing up at the several harbors and in the vicinity of the mines, and the constant remark we heard among the "old settlers," "Everybody likes the country, and everybody is doing well."

The town of Sault St. Marie has improved very much within a few years, and must grow into commanding importance as the emporium of the Northwest. Government has too long neglected the construction of a ship canal to this point, by which vessels and steamers, from the lower lake can enter with their cargoes upon the great inland sea, without the slow, expensive and toilsome process of a land journey over the Portage, for it should be rembered that every ship-keel upon Lake Superior has been thus transported by private energy and enterprise.

A HINT TO BLACKSMITHS.—We find the following in one of our exchange papers:

The cutting of bars of iron or pipes with the chisel is a laborious and tardy process. By the following mode the same end is accomplished more speedily, easily, and neatly: Bring the iron to a white heat, and then fixing it in a vise, apply the common saw, which, without being turned to the edge or injured in any respect, will divide it as easily as if it were a carrot.

A little boy upon whom his mother was inflicting personal chastisement, said:

"Give me two or three kicks more, mother; I don't think I can behave well yet."

ORIGIN OF THE MORMON IMPOSTURE.

The Rochester American publishes the following from a forthcoming work by Mr Turner, entitled a "History of Philip and Gorham's Purchase." Though not entirely new, it is succinct, and communicates some facts coming within the author's personal knowledge:

As we are now at the home of the Smith family—in sight of "Mormon Hill"—a brief pioneer history will be looked for, of the strange, and singularly successful religious sect—the Mormon; and brief it must be, merely startling in its career, and leaving it to their especial historian to trace them to Kirtland, Nauvoo, Beaver Island, and Utah; or the Salt Lake.

Joseph Smith, the father of the prophet Joseph Smith, jr., was from the Merrimack river, N. H. He first settled in or near Palmyra village, but as early as 1819 was the occupant of some new land on "Stafford street," in the town of Manchester, near the line of Palmyra. "Mormon Hill" is near the plank road about half way between the villages of Palmyra and Manchester. The elder Smith had been a Universalist, and subsequently a Methodist; was a good deal of a smatterer in scriptural knowledge, but the seed of revelation was sown on weak ground; he was a great babbler, credulous, not especially industrious, a money-digger, prone to the marvellous; and, withal, a little given to difficulties with neighbors, and petty law suits. Not a very propitious account of the father of a prophet—the founder of a state; but there was a "woman in the case."

Mrs. Smith was a woman of strong, uncultivated intellect; artful and cunning; imbued with an ill-regulated religious enthusiasm. The incipient hints, the first giving out that a prophet was to spring from her humble household, came from her; and when matters were maturing denouncement, she gave out that such and such ones—always fixing upon those who had both money and credulity—were to be instruments in some great work of new revelation. The old man was rather her faithful co-worker, or executive exponent. Their son, Alvah, was originally intended or designated, by fireside consultations and solemn and mysterious out-door hints, as the forthcoming prophet. The mother and father said he was the chosen one; but Alvah, however spiritual he may have been, had a carnal appetite; ate too many green turnips, sickened and died. Thus the world lost a prophet, and Mormonism a leader; the designs, improvidently and wickedly attributed to Providence, were defeated; and all in consequence of a surfeit of raw turnips. Who will talk of the cackling geese of Rome, or any other small and innocent causes of mighty events after this? The mantle of the prophet which Mrs. and Mr. Joseph Smith and one Oliver Cowdery had wove themselves—every thread of it fell upon their next eldest son Joseph Smith, jr.

And a most unpromising recipient of such a trust was this same Joseph Smith, jr., afterwards "Jo Smith." He was lounging, idle, (not to say vicious,) and possessed of less than ordinary intellect. The author's own recollections of him are distinct. He used to come into village of Palmyra, with little jogs of wood, from his back-woods home; sometimes patronizing a village grocery too freely; sometimes finding an odd job to do about the store of Seymore Scovell; and once a week he would stroll into the office of the old Palmyra Register for his father's paper. How impious in us young "dare devils" to once in a while blacken the face of the then meddling, inquisitive lounger—but afterwards prophet—with the old fashioned balls, when he used to put himself in the way of the working of the old-fashioned Ramage press!—The editor of the Cultivator at Albany—esteemed as he may justly consider himself for his subsequent enterprise and usefulness—may he think of it with contrition and repentance, that he once helped thus to disfigure the face of a prophet, and, remotely the founder of a state.

But Joseph had a little ambition, and some very laudable aspirations; the mother's intellect occasionally shone out in him feebly, especially when he used to help us to solve some portentous questions on moral or political ethics in our juvenile debating club, which we moved down to the old red school house on Durfee street, to get rid of the annoyance of critics that used to drop in catching a spark of Methodism in the camp-meeting, away down in the woods, on the Vienna road, he was a very passable exhorter in evening meetings.

Legends of hidden treasure had long designated Mormon Hill as the repository.—Old Joseph had dug there, and young Joseph had not only heard his father and mother relate the marvellous tales in the midnight delvings, and incantations of the spirits that guarded it.

If a buried revelation was to be exhumed, how natural was it that the Smith family, with their credulity, and their assumed presentiment that a prophet was to come from their household, should be connected with it; and that Mormon Hill was the place where it would be found!

It is believed by those who were best acquainted with the Smith family, and the most conversant with all the Gold Bible movements, that there is no foundation for the statement that their original manuscript was written by a Mr. Spaulding, of Ohio.—A supplement to the Gold Bible, "The Book of Commandments," in all probability was written by Rigdon, and he may have been aided by Spaulding's manuscript; but the book itself is without doubt a production of the Smith family, aided by Oliver Cowdery, who was school teacher on Stafford street, an inmate of the Smith family, and identified with the whole matter. The production, as all will conclude who have read it, or even given it a cursory review, is not that of an educated man or woman.—The bungling attempt to counterfeit the style of the Scriptures; intermixture of modern phraseology; the ignorance of chronology and geography; its utter crudeness and baldness, as a whole, stamp its character, and clearly exhibit its vulgar origin. It is a strange medley of scripture, romance, and bad composition.

The primitive design of Mrs. Smith, her husband, Jo and Cowdery, was money-making; blended with which, perhaps was a desire for notoriety, to be obtained by a cheat, and fraud. The idea of being the founders of a new sect was an after-thought, in which they were aided by others.

The projectors of the humbug being destitute of means for carrying out their plans, a victim was selected to obviate that difficulty. Martin Harris was a farmer of Palmyra, the owner of a good farm, and an honest, worthy citizen; but especially given to religious enthusiasm; new creeds, the more extravagant the better; a monomaniac, in fact. Joseph Smith, upon whom the mantle of prophecy had fallen after the sad fate of Alvah, began to make demonstrations.—He informed Harris of the great discovery, and that he (Harris) was a chosen instrument to aid in the great work of surprising the world with a new revelation. They had hit upon the right man. He mortgaged his fine farm to pay for printing the book, assumed a grave, mysterious and unearthly deportment, and made here and there among his acquaintances solemn annunciations of the great event that was transpiring. His version of the discovery, as communicated to him by the Prophet Joseph himself, is well remembered by several respectable citizens of Palmyra, to whom he made early disclosures. It was in substance as follows:

The prophet Joseph was directed by an angel where to find, by excavation, at the place afterwards called Mormon Hill, the gold plates; and was compelled by the angel, much against his will, to be the interpreter of the sacred record they contained, and publish it to the world. That the plates contained a record of the ancient inhabitants of this country, "engraved by Mormon the son of Nephi." That on the top of the box containing the plates, "a pair of large spectacles were found, the stones or glass set in which were opaque to all but the prophet;" that "these belonged to Mormon, the engraver of the plates and without them the plates could not be read." Harris assumed that himself and Cowdery were the chosen amanuenses, and that the prophet Joseph, curtained from the world and them, with his spectacles read from the gold plates what they committed to paper.

Harris exhibited to an informant of the author the manuscript title page. On it was drawn, rudely, and bungingly, concentric circles, between, above and below, which were characters with little resemblance to letters, apparently a miserable imitation of hieroglyphics, the writer may somewhere have seen. To guard against profane curiosity, the prophet had given out that no one but himself, not even his chosen co-operators, must be permitted to see them, on pain of instant death. Harris had never seen the plates, but the glowing account of their massive richness excited other than spiritual hopes, and he, upon one occasion, got a village silversmith to help him estimate their value, taking as a basis the prophet's account of their dimensions. It was a blending of the spiritual and utilitarian that threw a shadow of doubt upon Martin's sincerity. This, and some anticipations he indulged in as to the profits that would arise from the sale of the Gold Bible, made it then, as it is now, a mooted question who he, or he was altogether a dupe.

The wife of Harris was a rank infidel and heretic, touching the whole thing, and decidedly opposed to her husband's participation in it. With sacrilegious hands she seized over a hundred of the manuscript pages of the new revelation, and burned or secreted them. It was agreed by Smith and family, Cowdery and Harris, not to transcribe these again, but to let so much of the new revelation drop out, as the "evil spirit would get up a story that the second translation did not agree with the first." A very ingenious method, surely, of guarding against the possibility that Mrs. Harris had preserved the manuscript with which they might be confronted, should they attempt an imitation of their own miserable patchwork.

The prophet did not get his lesson well upon the start, or the household of the impostors were in fault. After he had told his story, in his absence, the rest of the family made a new version of it to one of their neighbors. They showed him such a pebble as may any day be picked up on the shore of Lake Ontario—the common hornblende—carefully wrapped up in cotton and kept in a mysterious box. They said it was by looking at this stone, in a hat, the light excluded, that Joseph discovered the plates. This, it will be observed, differs materially from Joseph's story of the angel. It was the same stone the Smith's had used in money-digging, and in some pretended discoveries of stolen property.

Long before the Gold Bible demonstration, the Smith family had, with some sinister object in view, whispered another fraud in the ears of the credulous. They pretended that, in digging for money at Mormon Hill, they came across a chest, three by two feet, in size, covered with a dark colored stone. In the centre of the stone was a white spot about the size of a sixpence.—Enlarging, the spot increased to the size of a twenty-four pound shot, and then exploded with a terrible noise. The chest vanished and all was utter darkness.

It may be safely presumed that in no other instance have prophets and the chosen and designated of angels, been quite as calculating and worldly as were those of Stafford street, Mormon Hill, and Palmyra. The only business contract—verbable instrument in writing—that was ever executed by spiritual agents, has been preserved, and should be among the archives of the new State of Utah.—It is signed by the prophet Joseph himself, and witnessed by Oliver Cowdery, and secured to Martin Harris one-half of the proceeds of the sale of the Gold Bible until he was fully remunbersed in the sum of $2,500, the cost of printing.

The after-thought which has been alluded to—the enlarging of original intentions—was at the suggestion of S. Rigdon, of Ohio, who made his appearance and blended himself with the poorly devised scheme of imposture, about the time the book was ready from the press. He never claimed the title of a baptist elder, but had by some previous freak, of the author is rightly informed, sacrificed his standing with that respectable religious denomination. Designing, ambitious and dishonest, under the semblance of sanctity and assumed spiritualism, he was just the man for the use of the Smith household and their half-dupes and half-designing abettors; and they were just the fit instrument to be desired. He became at once the Hamlet, or more appropriately, perhaps, the maggot worm of the plant.

Under the auspices of Rigdon, new sects, the Mormons, was produced. People became fast thick and fast from the lips of Joseph. The old Mrs. Smith assumed all the airs and dignity of a prophet's mother; that particular family of Smiths were singled out and became elevated above all their fellow-mortals. The half-crazy Harris found there an enthusiast, a monomaniac, a knave, to aid around his primative leaning to help it upon its start, and soon the rather scheme of imposture (that had a show of dignity and plausibility to it,) had its Hegira, or flight, to Kirtland, then to Nauvoo; then to a short resting place in Missouri—and then on and over the Rocky Mountains to Utah, or the Salt Lake. Banks, printing offices, temples, cities, and finally a state, have arisen under its auspices. Converts have multiplied to tens of thousands. In several of the countries of Europe there are preachers and organized sects of Mormons; believers in the divine mission of Joseph Smith & Co.

And here the subject must be dismissed. If it has been treated lightly—with a seeming levity—it is because it will admit of no other treatment. There is no dignity about the whole thing, nothing to entitle it to a mild treatment. It deserves none of that charity extended to ordinary religious fanaticism, for knavery and fraud have been with it incipiently and progressively. It has not the poor merit of ingenuity. Its success is a blur upon the age. Fanaticism promoted it at first; then ill-advised persecution; then the designs of demagogues who wished to command the suffrage of its followers, until finally an American Congress has abetted the fraud and imposition by its acts, and we are to have a state of our proud Union—in this boasted era of light and knowledge—the very name of which will sacrificed dignity the fraud and falsehood of Mormon Hill, the gold plates and the spurious revelation. This much, at least, might have been omitted out of decent respect to the moral and religious sense of the people of the old states.

HOW COAL WAS MADE.

Geology has proved that at one period there existed an enormously abundant land vegetation, the ruins or rubbish of which, carried into seas, and there sunk to the bottom and afterwards covered over by sand and mud beds, became the substance which we now recognize as coal. This was a natural transaction of vast consequence to us, seeing how much utility we find in coal, both for warming our dwellings and for various manufactures, as well as the production of steam, by which so great a mechanical power is generated. It may naturally excite surprise that the vegetable remains should have so completely changed their apparent character and become black. But this can be explained by chemistry; and part of the marvel becomes clear to the simplest understanding, when we recall the familiar fact, that damp hay, thrown closely in a heap, gives out heat and becomes of a dark color. When a vegetable mass is excluded from the air, and subjected to great pressure, a bituminous fermentation is produced, and the result is the mineral coal, which is of various characters, according as the mass has been originally intermingled with sand and clay, or earthly impurities. On account of the change effected by mineralization, it is difficult to detect in coal the traces of a vegetable structure; but these can be made clear in all except the highly bituminous caking coal, by cutting or polishing into thin transparent slices, when the microscope shows the fibres and cells very plainly.—From distinct isolated specimens found in the sand stone amidst the coal beds, we discover the nature of the plants of this era. They are almost all of a simple cellular structure, and such as exist with us in small forms, (horse tails, club mosses and ferns,) but advanced to an enormous magnitude. The species are all long since extinct. The vegetation generally is such as grows in clusters of tropical islands but it must have been the result of a high temperature obtained otherwise than that of the tropical regions now is, for the coal strata are found in the temperate and even polar regions. The conclusion, therefore, to which most geologists have arrived is, that the earth originally an incandescent or highly heated mass, was gradually heated down until in the carboniferous period it fostered a growth of terrestrial vegetation all over its surface, to which the existing jungles of the tropics are mere barrenness in comparison. The high or uniform temperature, combined with a greater proportion of carbonic acid gas in the manufacture, could not only sustain a gigantic and prolific vegetation, but would also create dense vapor showers, and rains, and these again gigantic rivers, periodical inundations, and deluges. Thus all the conditions for extensive deposits of wood in strata would arise from the high temperature; and every circumstance connected with the coal measures points to such conditions.—*Chamber's Miscellany.*

☞ An old bachelor who edits a paper somewhere in the western country, puts "Melancholy Accidents," as a head for marriages in his paper.

☞ The last case of excessive modesty, is that of a young lady who discarded her lover, a sea captain because he "hugged the shore."

A young doctor out in Michigan, having courted a girl a year, and got the minister turned round and sued her father for "the visits" he made her.