

# Democratic Matchman

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## Selected Poetry.

**Song.**  
Should I sorrow o'er thy brow  
The dark'ning shadow bring,  
And hope that cheer thee now  
In their early spring,  
Should pleasure at its birth  
Tide like the breeze of even,  
Thou' it sweep away from earth,  
There's rest for thee in heaven.  
If ever I shall see  
To thee a lovelier way,  
And gladness cease to beam  
Upon its clouded day;  
If, like the weaver's drive,  
Thou' shondest o'er my eye,  
Kiss thou those eyes above,  
There's rest for thee in heaven.  
But, if I always flower  
Through thy path-way bloom,  
And gaily pass the hour,  
Cuddling by earthly gloom,  
Full of joy and gladness,  
To thy path-way bloom,  
Not always be forgot,  
Thy better rest in heaven.  
When sickness pains thy cheek,  
And dim thy lustrous eye,  
And pulses low and weak,  
Fall of thy life,  
Sweet hopes shall whisper then  
"Though thou from earth be seen,  
There's bliss beyond the ken,  
There's rest for thee in heaven."

## The Mormons.

**Latest from Salt Lake.**  
MEMORIAL FROM THE MEMBERS AND OFFICERS OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF THE TERRITORY OF UTAH, TO THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.  
GENTLEMEN:—Your memorialists beg leave to represent that, at the last session of the Legislative Assembly of this Territory, resolutions and a memorial to the President of the United States were adopted and presented to him, which partially set forth our grievances, and made known to the government at Washington our desires and wishes in regard to the appointment of the Federal officers for Utah. We have received no response to those documents, unless it is to be understood that the appointments of a full set of officers for this Territory, backed by an army to enforce them upon us as reported by common rumor to have been ordered and fitted out, and sent to this Territory by the President—as to be deemed an answer. Certain it is that such an army is now invading our Territory, claiming to have been sent by the authority of the President of the United States.  
We now forward to you respectfully to wit, the President and each House of Congress, a printed copy of these resolutions and memorial; and if it is true that the army now menacing this Territory is at the instance of the President, and by the authority of the Government, we request to be informed of the fact, and why it is so; for what reasons our resolutions and memorial are treated with silent contempt, and a hostile course pursued towards an offending people; why it is that our eastern mails have been stopped, and the communication between this Territory and the General Government cut off.  
If officers had been appointed and sent in accordance with the voice of the people, as ever should be the only course in a republican Government, there would have been no need of an army being sent here. Were the resolutions and memorial disrespectful or defiant? Read them again, and see.—There is not a word or sentiment in them that can fairly be construed to throw obstacles of any kind in the way of good men that might be appointed to rule over us; they simply expressed a fixed determination not to submit to the misrule of corrupt demagogues, who are a disgrace to the Government, and who, as subsequent events have proved, expended their time in endeavoring to create a disturbance between us and the General Government.  
Cannot American citizens, upon American soil, be heard in their own defence? Can they not petition the parent Government without incurring its hot displeasure? Are we to be sacrificed because lying officials and anonymous letter-writers hid their statements to base its action, and such actions to send an army comprising the constitutional rights—the liberties—of freemen? Are the horrid scenes of Missouri and Illinois to be re-enacted by the General Government? Are we to be robbed and plundered—our best men slain, and the residue again driven from their homes by merciless and infuriated soldiery, under authority snatched by the General Government?  
Do you not know, gentlemen, that when government ceases to perform its legitimate functions to the people, and to protect them in their unalienable rights, among which, as our fathers declared, are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and seeks to oppress and destroy, it becomes an object of

dread—of terror—a foul disgrace to its name, and cannot expect the support, respect, and esteem which should be its pride and its duty to inspire?  
We appeal to you as American citizens, who have been wronged, insulted, abused, and persecuted; driven before our relentless foes from city to city—from State to State—until we were finally expelled from the confines of civilization (?) to seek a shelter in a barren, inhospitable clime, amid the wild savage tribes of the desert plain. We claim to be a portion of the people, and as such have rights which must be respected, and which we have a right to demand. We claim that in a republican form of Government, such as our fathers established, and such as ours still profess to be, the officers are, and should be, the servants of the people—not their masters, dictators, or tyrants.  
To the numerous charges of our enemies we plead not guilty, and challenge the world, before any just tribunal, to the proof.  
Are we mistaken in our views in regard to the policy and intention of Government? We hope that you will prove to us that we are. We ask you to consider the course that has been taken to evince by some act of returning justice that you respect our constitutional rights, and see whether it will not lighten the burden of oppression which you have inflicted. And that the people may have just cause to rejoice in and applaud—not condemn—your acts, withdraw your troops, and give us a voice in the selection of our officers, thus proving to us your willingness to extend peace rather than war.  
True, this Territory is a part of the public domain of the United States, but how was it acquired? Did not the people of Utah furnish, at the call of the Government, an altogether unprecedented quota of troops to aid in the war with Mexico, and that, too, under the most adverse circumstances? And did not the people settle this Territory, while it was still under the dominion of Mexico? And did not the Government discharge the "Mormon" battalion in an enemy's country, after a most toilsome march of over two thousand miles, without furnishing them the means to return? Your present acts would deprive of life and liberty these very men who so gallantly perilled their lives for the common good.  
We do not charge the acts of his predecessors upon the present incumbent, but now restore unto us our rights in Missouri and other States, of which we were unlawfully robbed, restore and guarantee unto us the peaceful possession of lands for which you have taken and yet retain our money—bring to justice the murderers of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, who were massacred while in the custody of the law under the pledged faith of a sovereign State, punish the assassins of Parley P. Pratt, who slew their unresisting victim beneath the portals of the court which pronounced him guiltless; restore unto us our political, religious, and inalienable rights, that we may have reason to believe that you are our friends and not our enemies; execute justice and judgment upon the guilty, and spare the innocent, let truth, honesty, industry, love of right and liberty, stand unobscured and protected by your acts, as they are by the very genius of our loved institutions.  
Do that, and you will do more towards rescuing our beloved country from its foul pollution and its fearful doom, than can be accomplished by endeavoring to destroy a people who, under the broad folds of the Constitution, deem it no sin to limit in worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences. Pay us a few hundred thousand dollars, which the Government honestly owes us for suppressing Indian hostilities and maintaining peaceful relations with the native tribes, instead of expending millions to deprive a portion of our citizens of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Try on the glister of friendly intercourse and honorable dealing, instead of foul aggression and war. Treat us as friends—as citizens entitled to and possessing equal rights with your fellows—and not as "alien enemies," lest you make us such.  
You have never cherished nor fostered this as you have other Territories, though having more claim to your generosity, forbearance, and protection. In 1856 we adopted a republican Constitution and form of Government, and forwarded those documents, a census report, and a petition to be admitted into the Union as a free, sovereign, and independent State; but an unhalting prejudice was so strong against us that our delegate found no member of Congress willing to present and advocate our petition.—Why not grant us admission, and thereby, at the same time, act justly and peacefully, and wisely dispose of a vexed question?  
You have appointed, the newspapers state, a full set of officials for Utah from among entire strangers, and to do so were obliged to hawk about the offices from State to State, every honorable and principled man indignantly declining your appointments, until at length you succeeded in finding the requisite number from among the reckless, the drunken, the unprincipled, the dissolute, the houseless and penniless, who alone feel the need of the backing afforded by bayonets, and for this reason had far better remain where society is more congenial to their depraved and corrupt tastes. No doubt, such

is the character of the present appointees; for what other class would accept offices among a people where they well knew they were not wanted, and hence had no right officially to be? All we have further to say of them is, they had better tarry with their friends, if they really have any.  
We claim that we should have the privilege, as we have the constitutional right, to choose our own rulers, and make our own laws, without let or hindrance. Examine our reports, our laws, our acts; they have ever been before the public, they speak for themselves.  
All we want is the truth and fair play.—The Administration have been imposed upon by false and designing men; their acts have been precipitated and hasty, perhaps through lack of due consideration. Please to let us know what you want of us before you prepare your halberds to hang, or "apply the knife to cut out the loathsome, disgusting ulcer." Do you wish us to deny our God, and renounce our religion? That we shall not do.  
We are at the distance of earth and hell to prove that we have done aught to offend the good.  
You have not extended to Utah so much as the customary usage of investigation, which would have placed in your possession the facts in the case. Do you wish us to permit a hired soldiery to come into our settlements? If so, for what object? Is it to protect the citizens in their rights? That is needless, because those rights have never been in the least infringed in Utah, and we are far better prepared to protect ourselves than when we first settled in this Territory, while our young and healthy men were in the United States army in Mexico, United States troops, acting in their legitimate capacity, are only sent to protect the citizens or suppress insurrection—never, in any case, to make war upon the people.  
We feel as competent to protect ourselves as we have hitherto, and there is no instruction to quell "that white heap" within our borders contains something besides meal, there are the deadly fangs to hold the innocent prisoners still, while assassins kill them. We shall not again hold still while fathers are being forged to bind us. We have no confidence to believe the present a harmless demonstration, intended for our good. The troops, which claim to have been sent by the Government, have openly said, from the time they left the Missouri river, and even before, that they were coming to destroy the leaders of our people, and that that was their object. That has been their constant speech by day, and the burden of songs by night. They have threatened to take our lives, and to sport with pleasure with our wives and daughters. That is their openly avowed object, but was to all who undertake to accomplish it? We trust, therefore, that you will excuse us if we do not entertain a very exalted idea of your humane intentions in sending armies hither.  
Give us our constitutional rights; they are all we ask, and then we have a right to expect. For them we contend and feel alone justified in so doing.  
We are aware that we have many enemies, and that they make a strong party against us. From them we expect no mercy. A large portion of them know that if justice had its due they would be either pulling flump, by the neck, or learning a trade in the confines of a prison. They roam at large in your community, are soon companions in your halls of business and of pleasure, adorn your circles of fashion, and participate in your festivities; but there is a chord of right, of honesty, of integrity to the institutions of our country, of a love of freedom, and respect for the rights of the weak and comparatively defenceless, that will yet thrill with emotion, vibrate through the honest heart, and respond to the cry of usurpation, tyranny, and oppression exercised upon an innocent people. To that we appeal, and trust that a stern sense of justice yet remaining among the worthy sons of patriotic sires will stay the suicidal hand of sycophants and corrupt rulers, and that American liberty may not be immolated upon her own alters, nor strangled in the halls of her own citadel, by those whose sworn duty it is to be her protectors.  
Withdraw your troops, give us our constitutional rights, and we are at home.  
GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, Utah Territory, Wednesday, Jan. 6, 1858.  
A SNAKE STORY.—The following anecdote is a fact. It was told by a gentleman who witnessed it:  
"An Indian came to a certain agency in the northern part of Iowa, to procure some whisky for a young warrior who had, he said, been bitten by a rattlesnake. At first the agent did not credit his story, but the earnestness of the Indian, and the urgency of the case, overcame his scruples, and turned to get liquor, he asked the Indian how much he wanted.  
"Four quarts," answered the Indian.  
"Four quarts?" asked the agent, in surprise, "as much as that?"  
"Yes," replied the Indian, speaking through his set teeth, and frowning as savagely as though about to wage a war of extermination on the whole snake-tribe, "four quarts.—Snake very big."  
Honesty is the best of policy.

**A Bold Cavalier.**  
A few nights since a notable affair occurred on the Niagara Falls railroad, between Buffalo and Tonawanda. It was late in the evening, when the train stopped at Tonawanda for water. Some passengers got on there, and after the train started Winn, the conductor, started around the middle of the train, and came across a heavy looking personage in a wool hat, who was apparently asleep. Winn put his hand on the sleeper's shoulder, and said "ticket." The sleeper stirred not, nor interrupted his regular snoring, which was very much like the bark of an estimable dog, mingled with a whimpering cry. Winn gave the sleeper a heavy punch in the side, but the sleeper awoke not, and his snoring became positively terrific. As a last resort Winn pulled back and forth in the seat until he had been seen the seats, when he awoke, and looked up with a grin, wanting to know what was wanted. Winn said "ticket?" as if it were the odd. The stranger got up without saying a word, reached himself, and commenced a general search of his person, while Winn passed on to collect tickets from the rest of the train.  
When he returned, the sleeper was asleep again. Winn went to again like a trooper, and after going through the same operation, he finally awoke him again. The same conversation occurred, and the same search followed. Winn all the while standing by in a frame of mind, which might be likened to a cat dealing with a dog—back up and down again.—The stranger finally told Winn he had no ticket, and dropped right back into a heavy sleep again.—Winn was now fairly enraged, and jerking the stranger about, awoke him again, and demanded "thirty cents quick."—The stranger yawned frightfully, and said he guessed not, and went to search for his ticket again. Winn gave the bell rope a savage pull, and went to the door and called the brakeman in. The cars stopped—the two approached the stranger, when he rose up six feet and a half in his boots, and broad in proportion, and asked Winn what he would do.  
"Put you out, you villain!" hissed Winn quivering all over. "men can't ride for nothing on railroads, especially such sleepy rascals as you."  
"Wasn't asleep a tail!" said the Yankee; "tho' I'd have a little fun; no use in getting riled about it; how much to pay?" said he pulling from one pocket a handful of double eagles, and from the other a role of banknotes, almost as thick as his leg, "how much's ter pay?" thumbing the crisp fives and tens, in his fingers. "Thirty cents," said Winn with his eyes standing wide open, which, receiving he hastened from the car, and started the train again, and one of the wisest yells of laughter that ever shook the panelling of a passenger coach. The sleep man proved to be the Superintendent of a New England road, and had not been asleep at all. Winn has felt lost, ever since.

**Love at First Sight.**  
BY FRIGY MORHEAD.  
"Uncle, may I ride Milo?" I said, one bright June morning, as he sat at the breakfast table.  
"Ride Milo?"  
"Yes. It's such a fine day."  
"But he'll throw you!"  
"Throw me?" and I laughed merrily and incredulously. "Say yes, dear Uncle," and I continued, coaxingly: "there's no fear and I'm dying for a canter."  
"You'll die on a canter, then," he retorted, with his grim wit; "for he'll break your neck. The horse has only been ridden three times—twice myself, and once by Joe."  
"But you have often said I was a better rider than Joe." Joe was the stable boy.  
"That's a good uncle, now do." And I threw my arms about his neck, and kissed him.  
I knew my experience, that when I did this I generally carried the day. My uncle tried to look stern; but I saw he was relenting. He made a last effort to deny me.  
"Why not take Dobbin?" he said.  
"Dobbin?" I cried: "old snail-paced Dobbin on such a morning as this! One might as well ride a rocking horse at once."  
"Well, well," he said, "if I must, I must." "You'll tease the life out of me if I don't get you have your own way. I wish you'd get a husband, you mix; you're growing beyond my control."  
"Humph! a husband? Well, since you say so, I'll begin to look out for one to-day."  
"He'll soon repent of his bargain," said my uncle; but his smile belied his words. "You're as short as my pie-crust, and you can't have your own way. There's nothing I have about to speak, go and get ready. While I tell Joe to saddle Milo. You'll set the house after if I don't send you off."  
Milo was soon at the door—a gay, nattering colt, who had his ears back as I mounted and gave me a vicious look I did not quite like.  
"Take care," said my uncle. "It's not low tide yet to give it up."  
I was piqued.  
"I never gave up anything."  
"Not even the finding of a husband, eh?"  
"No; I'll ride down to the poor-house and ask old Tony, the octogenarian pauper, to have me, and you'll be forced to hire Poll Wilkes to cook your dinners." And as I said this, my eyes twinkled mischievously for Milo was an old bachelor, who detested all strange women, and held an especial aversion to Poll Wilkes—a sour old maid of forty-seven—because, years ago, she had plotted to entrap him into matrimony. "Before he could reply, I gave Milo his head."  
John Gilpin, we are told, went fast, but I went faster. It was not long before the colt had it all his own way. At first I tried to check his speed, but he got the bit in his mouth, and all I could do was to hold on and trust to turning him out. Trees, fences and houses went by like wild pigeons on the wing. As long as the road was clear we did well enough; but suddenly coming to a blasted oak, that started our spectrelike from the edge of a wood, Milo shied, twisted half round, and planted his fore feet stubbornly in the ground. I did not know I was falling till I felt myself in a mud hole, which lay on one side of the road.  
Here was a fine end to my boasted horsemanship! But as the mud was soft, I was not hurt, and the ludicrous spectacle I presented soon got the upper hand of my vexation.  
"A fine chance I have of finding a husband in this condition," I said to myself, recalling my jest with my uncle. "If I could find some mud-draw now, and pass myself off for a mud pig, I might have a chance." And I began to pick myself up.  
"Shall I help you, Miss?" suddenly said a rich, manly voice.  
I looked up, and saw a young man, the suppressed merriment of whose bright eyes brought the blood to my cheek, and made me for an instant ashamed and angry. Before glancing again at my dress, I could not help laughing in spite of myself. I stood in the mud at least six inches above the tops of my shoes. My riding skirt was plastered all over, so that it was impossible to tell of what it was made. My hands and arms were mud to the elbows, for I had instinctively extended them as I fell, in order to protect myself.  
The young man, as he spoke, turned to the neighboring fence, and taking the top rail he placed it across the puddle; then putting his arm around my waist, he lifted me out, though not without leaving my shoes behind. While he was fishing these out, which he began immediately to do, I stole behind the enormous oak to hide my blushing face, and scrape the mud from my riding skirt.  
"Pray let me see you home," he said.  
"If you will mount again, I'll lead the colt, and there will be no chance of his repeating his trick."  
I could not answer for shame; but when in the saddle murmured something about "not troubling him."  
"It's no trouble, not in the least," he replied, standing hat in hand like a knightly

cavalier, and still retaining his hold on the bridle; and I can't really tell you how long I look at his ears, and the red in his eyes. I saw you coming down the road, and I expected you to be thrown every minute, till I saw how well you rode. Nor would it have happened if he had not wheeled and stopped, like a track horse in a circus."  
I cannot tell how soothing was this graceful way of excusing my mishap. I stole a glance under my eyelids at the speaker, and saw that he was very handsome and gentlemanly, and apparently about six and twenty, or several years older than myself.  
"I had hoped that uncle would be in the fields, overlooking his men; but as we entered the gate, I saw him sitting, provokingly, at the open window; and by the time I had sprung to the ground, he came at his eyes brim full of mischief. I did not dare to stop, but turning to my escort, I said, 'My uncle, sir, won't you walk in?' and then washed my face."  
In about half an hour, just as I had dressed, there was a knock at my door—my uncle's knock; I could not but open. He was laughing a low, silent laugh, his partly body shaking all over with suppressed merriment.  
"Ah! ready at last," he said. "I began to despair of you, you were so long, and came to hasten you. He's waiting in the parlor still," my consent, for I like him hugely; only who'd have thought of finding a husband in a mud puddle."  
I slipped past my tormentor, preferring to face even my uncle's wit; and was soon stammering my thanks to Mr. Templeton for such my uncle, who followed me down introduced him.  
To make short of what else would be a long story, what was said if just turned out to be in earnest, for in less than six months in that very room, I stood up to become Mrs. Templeton. How it all came about I hardly know, but I certainly did find a husband on that day. Harry, for that is the name by which I call Mr. Templeton, says that I entered the parlor so transformed, my light blue tissue floating about me so like a cloud wreath, my cheeks so rosy, my eyes so bright, my curls playing such hide-and-seek with my face, that not expecting such an apparition, he lost his heart at once. He adds—for he knows how to compliment, as well as ever—that my gay, intelligent talk, so different from the demure miss he had expected completed the business.  
Harry was the son of an old neighbor, who had been abroad for three years, and before that had been at college, so that I never seen him; but Uncle remembered him at once, and had insisted on his staying until I came down, though Harry, from delicacy, would have left after he inquired about my health. My uncle was one of those who will not be put off, and so Harry remained—the luckiest thing, he says—he ever did.  
Milo is now my favorite steed, for Harry broke him for me, and we are all as happy as the day is long, uncle included; for uncle insisted on our living with him, and I told him, at first, I would consent, if only to keep Poll Wilkes from cooking his dinner. "To which he answered, looking at Harry, 'you see what a spit fire it is, and you may bless your stars if you don't rue the day you went out to find a husband.'"  
**Set a Good Example.**  
Nothing is so easily done as to preach and talk of obligations which we are under to do justly and walk humbly; but it is altogether a different matter to write and preach, and talk simply by example. And yet though the former be useful, how much more valuable and effective is the latter. What are those most beautiful essays on the cardinal virtues, compared with the excellence of the life in which these virtues have a living and vital existence? It was not alone the doctrines, advanced with such dignified and persuasive eloquence by our Saviour, nor the wonderful miracles performed by him, which made the hearts of men follow after him; these were rendered doubly effective by the example which he set at all times, even under the most trying circumstances.  
And so it is now, in a humble sense, by mere human hopes. Men may preach and the world will listen, but profit comes by example. A parent, for instance, inculcates gentleness to his children by sound precept; but they see him treat his beast in a rude, angry manner, and in consequence, his instructions are worse than lost, for they are neither heeded nor respected. His example, as a gentle, humane man, would have been sufficient for his children without one word of command. Men are just like children in this respect, and imitate a good example, while mere words, no matter how good and true, without such example, will pass into one ear and out at the other.  
Helter-skelter is a contraction of the Latin *helter celeriter*, "cheerfully and quickly." Hoos ponies in like manner a verbal mutation of *Hoc est corpus*, "This is my body."

**The Rattlesnake.**  
I REMEMBER A STORY RELATING TO HIS PERSON. To give you an idea of the long time this person retains its property, I shall relate a curious but well authenticated series of facts, which took place in a central district of the State of Pennsylvania some 12 or 15 years ago.  
A farmer was so slightly bit through the boot by a rattlesnake, as he was walking to view his ripening corn field, that the pain felt, was thought by him to have been the scratch of a thorn, not having seen or heard the reptile. Upon his return home, he felt on a sudden, a violent, sickening, stomachic vomiting with great pain, and died within a few hours.  
Twelve months after that, the eldest son who had taken his father's boots, put them on and went to church at some distance. On his going to bed that night, whilst drawing off his boots, he felt slightly scratched on the leg, but merely considered it to be the wife, and rubbed the place with his hand. In a few hours afterwards he was awakened by violent pains; complained of the general giddiness frequently and expired before any aid could be applied with success; the cause of his illness was also quite a mystery.  
In course of time, his effects were sold, and a second brother, through flint accident, purchased the boots, and if I remember rightly, put them on about two years after. As he drew them on he felt a scratch, and complained of it, when the widowed sister, being present, recollected that the same pain had been felt by her husband on the like occasion. The youth suffered and died in the same way that his brother died before them.  
These repeated and singular deaths being rumored in the country, a medical gentleman called upon the friends of the deceased to inquire into the particulars, and at once pronounced their deaths to have been occasioned by venom. The boy that had been the cause of complaint, was brought to him, when he cut open with care, and discovered the extreme point of the fang of a rattlesnake issuing through the leather, and assured the people that this had done all the mischief. To prove this satisfactory, the boy scratched with it, the nose of a dog, and a dog died in a few hours, from the poisonous effects it was still able to convey. In confirmation of these facts, I have been told by native Americans, that arrows dipped in rattlesnake venom, would carry death for ages after.—*Valley's Note on the Rattlesnakes.*  
**Two Boys Murder the Suspected Parricide of their Mother.**  
The Wheeling Intelligencer says:—We are reliably informed that a murder was committed at Lyttleton Station, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, last Sunday night. Mrs. Manly, a widow woman, resides with her two sons near Lyttleton. For a long time the sons have suspected that an improper intimacy existed between the widow and a man of rather bad character living in the neighborhood. On Sunday night the two boys left home intending to remain away over night, but something occurred which induced them to return sooner than they expected. Upon entering the house they discovered the suspected man, and, maddened by the thought of his disgrace, they fell upon him with a terrible ferocity, stabbing him so severely that death resulted a short time afterwards. One of the boys is about ten and the other about fifteen years old. Shortly after committing the year-old deed, they made their escape, one taking an eastern bound train and the other coming west. The man was stabbed three times in the heart, and is supposed to have died almost instantly. The boys had frequently warned him to discontinue his visits to the house, threatening to kill him if he did not.  
**The Tomb of Napoleon the Great.**  
A Paris letter to the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser gives the following account of the tomb of Napoleon I, in the *Hôtel des Invalides*:  
It is a magnificent structure, and cost over \$2,000,000. A bronze door gives access to the crypt, over which on a black marble slab are the following words taken from the Emperor's will: "Je desire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Français que j'ai tant aimé." Twelve colossal statues, representing as many victories, face the tomb, consisting of an immense monolith of porphyry, weighing 135,000 pounds, which were brought from Lake Onega, in Finland, at an expense of 140,000 francs. Its polish, which is exquisite indeed, has been effected by a powerful steam engine. It covers the sarcophagus, and of a single block, 13 feet long and 6 in breadth, resting upon two plinths, which stand on a block of green granite, brought from the Vosges. The total height is 134 feet. In the gallery which encircles the crypt is a recess containing the sword the Emperor wore at Austerlitz, the imperial eagle he used to wear on state occasions, the crown of gold-woven by the town of Cherbourg, and the colors taken in different battles. In the vault beneath the pavement of the dome are deposited the bodies of Marshal Mortier and the other fourteen victims of Fieschi's attempt on the life of Louis-Philippe. July 28, 1835.