American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2,00 PER ANNUM.

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Poetical.

TO-DAY.

Let dotards grieve for childhood's days,
And only those look back
Whose wasted wealth or shattered health
Betrays a shameless track;
I cannot join in mourning time
Forever passed away—
For whilst I look on Nature's book,
I'm thankful for to-day!

The trees are still as fresh and green
As ever branches were,
And still, in primal vigor seen,
They wave their arms in air;
The rivers sing the self-same song
That they have sung for aye,
Whose burden, as they glide along,
Is, "God is here to-day!"

There's not a bird upon the bough,
Or leaf upon the tree,
But in the summer twilight now
As sweetly sings to me:
The bleakest wind that winter blows
Can chase disease away,
And shower blessings in the snows
That hide the earth to-day.

And everywhere a thousand gifts
Invite us to rejoice—
To grieve no more the days of yore,
But raise a thankful voice:
That tell us, though the world were fair
In years removed forever,
The earth and sky, and sea and air,
As lovely are to-day.

Then tell me not, that childhood's days
Alone are fraught with joy—
That manhood's fancy cannot raise
The structures of the boy:
The childish mind is lost in dreams
Of pictures far away,
But man beholds majestic themes
In wonders of to-day.

O ye, whose eyes upbraiding rise,
Pronouncing fate unjust—
Who walk the earth with cherished hopes
Low trailing in the dust—
Discard a false, unmanly thrall,
Nor own so weak a sway,
But hope in him who gave you all,
And thank him for to-day.

Miscellaneous.

THE REASON FOR REFUSAL.

Mr. Popps paid his two hundred and sixty-seventh visit to Miss Clarissa Cooler the other evening. He found her in a rocker, alone in the parlor: stole his arm around her alabaster neck, and sipped the nectar of her cherry lips—a proceeding there was not the least harm in, considering they had come to an agreement, and were generally reported to be on the high road to matrimony. The lady took it all quietly, even indifferently, to judge from the lassitude of her attitude in the rocker, her lazy use of her fan and her exclamation of something between a sigh and a ya hum. Common places were disposed of. Then followed a silence, broken only by Mr. Popps slapping at the musketoes, and Miss Clarissa fanning herself unceasingly. At length Popps proposed a promenade and ice-cream. Clarissa declined both, adding.

"I wish to stay at home, for I have something particular to tell you."

"Indeed!" said Popps; "what is it, dear?"

"You expect our wedding to take place in three weeks, don't you?"

"To be sure I do!"

"Well, I am sorry to disappoint you, but I must do it. I cannot marry—"

"Good heavens, Clarissa, what are you saying?"

"Don't interrupt me. I mean I can't marry you just yet awhile—not for some months to come."

"Why, Clarrissa what's the meaning of all this? You gave me your promise, and said nothing stood in the way. I am all ready, and worried with waiting. Why do you put it off, dear?"

"That you will have to excuse my telling you; I have a good reason for it—I have thought the matter over well—and my mind is made up. Will that satisfy you.

Popps mused a while. Clarissa kept her fan going. Finally, Popps spoke.

"No, Clarissa, it won't satisfy me. You postpone our wedding, and refuse to tell me why. If you have a reason for it you ought to let me know it, and may be it would satisfy me. But I won't be satisfied without the reason."

"Well, then, you'll have to remain unsatisfied I tell you I have a reason, and a good one—what more do you want?"

"I see how it is—I've courted you too long; I didn't strike while the iron was hot: you are tired of me, and wish to get rid of me. Well if that is your wish, go ahead."

"Mr. Popps, you are a dunce—you are a fool!"

"Maybe I am, and maybe I ain't," said Popps, rising with his temper, "but this I'll say, Miss Clarissa—if you don't tell me why you postpone the wedding for a few months, you may postpone it forever, so far as I am concerned. Tell me, Clarissa, else I swear that when I leave this house to-night, I will never set foot in it again!"

"Well, then, you'd better go!"

"Very well. Good night, Miss Cooler."

Popps reached the door. Clarissa followed him, and seeing that he was in earnest, cried to him to stay: Popps came back. Clarissa put her head on his shoulder and cried. Popps melted. Popps spoke first.

"Well dear, what's the matter?"

"Oh, I think, you are so unreasonable and cruel! Indeed, indeed, I have a good cause for putting off our marriage—but I cannot, I must not tell you what it is. Oh, dear, Mr. Popps, do excuse me!" and she cried a little more.

"Well, Clarissa, tell me this—do you put it off to please your father, or any of your relations?"

"No—they know nothing of my determination."

"Do you put it off on account of anything concerning me?"

"No."

"Do you want to go anywhere, or do anything particular, that will keep you from marrying?"

"No."

"In God's name, then Clarissa, what do you want? Why keep me in this suspense?"

"Oh, Mr. Popps, you're so cruel. Maybe ought to tell you the obstacle—but I can't indeed I can't.

"Just as you please, Miss Cooler." And Popps again picked up his hat.

"Oh, Mr. Popps, pray don't go—don't go yet while!"

"Then Miss Clarissa, tell me the obstacle." Popps was evidently determined. Clarissa put her head on his shoulder, laboring under a strange agitation. Several times she assayed to speak. At length she breathed into his ear the fearful words:

"*The weather's too hot.*"

Popps wilted.

The Causes of Insanity.

We have the annual report of the Board of Trustees for the Massachusetts General Hospital. It presents a brief and very valuable review of the year's operations of the two branches of this magnificent charity. We observe that with the enlargement of expenses, and the necessary enlargement of the demands upon the Hospital, the expenses of the last year have materially exceeded the income. There is no considerable reduction possible in these expenses; and it follows, therefore, that to sustain the institution on the scale which humanity and science demand, the community must provide in some way the enlargement of its receipts.

In a very interesting report of Dr. Booth, now at the head of the McLean Asylum for the insane, he concedes the fact that insanity is on the increase. In a cursory examination of the causes of this increase, all of which should receive the most careful consideration, we find the following remarks, to which we beg attention, on the passion for beginning the school education of children to young. We are induced to copy these in the feeling that they have peculiar value at the present time, when the attention of the public has been called anew to its subject:

"In looking at the manners and habits of the people of our age, we shall find abundant evidence of the truth of what has been here indicated. We start in life as if determined to thwart the laws established for the preservation of health, and for the proper development of our faculties. Passing over the errors of the nursery, which are many and unquestionably fruitful in producing most of the sickness and mortality of infancy, let us follow the child as he is committed to school, usually at the age of four or five years. Perhaps it cannot be said that a large majority of children are obviously injured by being placed at school at this early age: but there are undoubtedly many who suffer from the undue and unhealthy stimulation of the brain. At this age, the brain being profusely supplied with blood, and very susceptible of irritation, should be watched with the greatest care, to preserve its delicate structure from injury or destruction. But it is hardly possible that young children can be subjected, for so many of their waking hours to the observance of rules usually deemed necessary for the government of schools, without seriously retarding or preventing the regular healthy development of the physical system. In this way unquestionably, is laid the foundation of much disease of the spine, and kindred ailments, which prematurely cripple so many of the young, or hasten them to a premature grave.

Hufeland, a distinguished physician of Prussia, in his valuable work on the 'Art of Prolonging Life,' observes, 'Intellectual effort in the first years of life is very injurious. All labor of the mind which is required of children before their seventh year is in opposition to the organization, and prevents its proper development.' Again, he says, 'It is necessary that we should not begin to exercise the faculties of the mind to early; it is a great mistake that we cannot commence their cultivation too soon; we ought not think of attempting this while nature is wholly occupied with the development of the organs, and has want of all the vigor of the system to effect this object. If children are compelled to study before this age, the most noble part of the vital force is withdrawn from perfecting the organization, and is consumed by the act of thought; from which it necessarily results that the bodily development is arrested or disturbed, digestion is deranged, the humors deteriorated, and scrofula produced.—In fine, the nervous system thus acquires a predominance over all others, which it preserves for the remainder of life, producing innumerable nervous complaints, melancholy, hypochondria, &c. It is true however, that diversity of character requires different methods in this respect. But in all cases, the course to be pursued is directly opposed to that which is usually adopted. If a child shows at an early age, a great propensity for study, instead of animating and encouraging him to proceed in this course, as most teachers do, it is necessary to moderate his zeal; for precocious maturity of mind is nearly always disease, or shows an unnatural propensity which it is most prudent to correct."

Country Papers.

A Boston journal very justly observes, that people hardly know how much they loose by not subscribing for their county paper. There are always certain matters of local interest, in which it behooves every good citizen to keep duly "posted up." Instead of sending away fifty or a hundred miles for a miscellaneous paper, suited only for the general reader, every man should take first the paper published in his county, and pay for it in advance; then if he has money to spare for mere amusement, or the gratification of his own taste, let him subscribe for a good city paper, containing able reports of popular and scientific lectures, legislative and congressional intelligence, with a general summary of foreign and domestic news to the latest moment of going to press. Now if this is not good advice, we hardly know what is. It is the way we should do; and we are not so selfish as to mourn the loss of a dozen subscribers—if it should come to that—who are perhaps leaving a fellow townsmen to work on for want of that generous support, which would not only cheer his heart, but enable him to make his paper all that his patrons could desire. We know something of the sad experience of those who have the control of country papers, from our own connection, in by-gone years, with a journal of that class. It becomes a man to be just before he is generous, and to remember that 'charity begins at home.' Never subscribe for a paper without *paying for it in advance.* The man who does his duty in this respect, reads his weekly papers with increased satisfaction. Every one knows that his greatest comfort is derived from the consciousness of having done to tried to do right, and it certainly is no more than right to pay the printer who is constantly incurring outlays for paper, composition, and who almost invariably pays for all the matter "set up" for his paper, even before it passes into the hands of the subscribers. Again we say, "take your county paper" and pay for it in advance.

SADNESS.—"You destroy the divine image in your soul by sadness," says the holy Capuchin friar Lombez. "God is joy. All nature rejoices in its Creator; and would you remain in sad silence? It is joy which makes the heart fear God." St. Gregory reckons sadness—"the sadness of the world, worldly sorrow"—among the seven capital sins. "Sadness proceedeth from self-love; and joy from the love of God." So we read in the Meditations for the English College at Lisbon. What means the Church in bidding the priest to bear in mind the sighs of youth. It is that she has deeply observed human nature; for in youth, the most joyous season of life, men "are sad as night, only from wantonness. As if they who were most capable of enjoying the rich banquet of life, found a pleasure all the while in knowing that, even on such an earth as this, they are in a world of woe.—*Ages of Faith.*

Be slow in choosing a friend, but slower in changing him.

The Youth's Dream.

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He mournfully raised his eye towards the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like lilies on the surface of a clear calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where a few more helpless beings than himself were moving towards their inevitable goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind unfurnished, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moments when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where the serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked towards the sky, and cried out, in his anguish: "O, youth, return! O, my father, place me once more at the crossway of life, that I may choose the better road!" But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over dark marshes and then disappear. "Such," he said, "were the days of my wasted life!" He saw a star shoot from heaven, and vanish in darkness athwart the church-yard. "Behold an emblem of myself!" he exclaimed, and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to the heart.

Then he remembered his early companions, who had entered life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and industry, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock on the high church tower struck, and the sound falling on his ear recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf.—Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards that heaven where they dwelt. His darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! Come back!"

And his youth did return, for all this had been but a dream, visiting his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his errors only were no dream. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still live on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years shall be passed, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O, youth, return! O, give me back my early days!"

The Printer.

HON. ELLIS LEWIS, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State, in a recent lecture, took occasion to refer as follows to the position of printers. Judge Lewis was a printer himself, and knows fully how to appreciate the value of that class of community of which he treats:

No class of society deserves more public consideration than the Printers. They are the treasurers of the world; they are at the same time munificent almoners of the Almighty.—They receive contributions in arts and science and in all useful knowledge, from every quarter of the globe, and from the most distant ages of antiquity. They distribute their treasure throughout the world and transmit it in a durable form to the remotest posterity. It is distributed at a rate so cheap as to bring it within the reach of the humblest day laborer in the land. Nothing has tended so much as this general and cheap diffusion of knowledge to improve the condition of the masses—to qualify the industrial class to take their proper position in society, and to fit them not only for the profitable pursuit of their own occupations, but for any other employment to which their country may call them. To the freedom and power of the Press we are indebted for our free institutions, and these institutions establish equal rights. By its power, the diadem of royalty is broken—the stars and gaiters of nobility are trodden down—and man, as man alone, without ancestry or family connexions to aid him, stands upon his own merits, equal to the proudest peer in England's realm. The humblest apprentice in the shop may become the President of the United States. The most gifted in common sense and well stored in practical knowledge are found in self taught men, who have raised themselves from the laborious occupations. Roger Sherman was a shoemaker, David Rittenhouse was a watchmaker, Benjamin Franklin was a printer. These, and a thousand other instances prove that the industrial pursuits, instead of throwing insurmountable obstacles in the road to preferment, strengthen the body and the mind, and lead to that useful, practical knowledge that fits the working man for the strongest struggles and the highest favors.

Something Left To Live For.

A little fatherless boy, of four years of age sat upon the floor surrounded by his toys.—Catching sight of his mother's face as the tears fell thick and fast, he sprang to her side: and peeping curiously in her face, as he put his hand in hers, said, "you've got me," (simple artless little comforter!) Dry your tears dear mother. There is something left to live for: there are duties from which your heart may not shrink! A "talent" you may not "bury;" a stewardship of which your lord must receive an account; a page to be filled by your hand with holy truth; a tender plant to guard from blight and mildew; a drop that must not exhale in the sun of worldliness: an angel for whom a "white robe" must be made a cherub in whose hands a "golden harp" must be placed; a "little lamp" to be led to the "Good Shepherd.

"You've got me!" Ah! teach him not by your vain repinings that our Father pitieth not his children. Teach him to love Him as seen in the sky and sea, in rock and river;—teach him to love Him in the cloud as in the sunshine! You will have your gloomy hours—there is a void even that loving little heart may not fill; but there is still another, and He says, "*Me ye always have.*"

WEAK EYES.—Some persons are unable to read much, because there is a constant effort to clear away something by winking the eyes, at other times they water, and thus interfere with their useful employment. Under such circumstances, do not hurry off to an oculist, nor go to poulticing your eyes, nor use any of the hundred and one cures, which reckless and presumptuous ignorance will advise with wonderful volubility and confidence. In many instances, the difficulty may be controlled by darkening the room, letting only a small amount of light fall upon the page or sewing, just enough to enable you to see distinctly without straining.—Let the light come in rather from behind, and to one side.

This habit of reading and sewing by artificial light is ruinous to many eyes, and those who persist in it, will bitterly regret it in after years.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞ A lady had her life saved the other day by her hoops. She fell in the river, and they kept her afloat until a rope could be handed her. Circumstances sometimes alter cases—so do circumferences. The hoops in this instance accomplished a sort of magical change—they turned a woman into a buoy.

From the New Orleans Courier, April 3.

INTERESTING FROM UTAH.

CRUSHING OUT THE UNITED STATES AUTHORITIES BY THE MORMONS.

Independent Mormon Sovereignty—The Commencement of the End—Resignation of Judge Drummond—His Letter to the Attorney General.

We had the gratification yesterday morning of a call from W. W. Drummond, of Chicago, late Chief Justice of Utah Territory. He was in that condition of fine health and spirits in which we always rejoice to see good, sturdy, manly Democrats. He entertained us for a considerable time with an account of his personal and judicial experience among the Saints, and of their manners, habits, history, notions and purposes. Although we were disgusted with this set of miserable fanatics, some relations given by Judge Drummond, in addition to those contained in his letter to Attorney-General Black, added many revolting shades to the picture.

The Judge's position, as administrator of civil and criminal law in the Territory, has been such as to give him a better and probably more intimate knowledge of the workings of the whole Mormon system than is possessed now by any one out of Utah or in it. His duties as the representative of federal judicial authority, have shown him where the supreme rule of that superstition-fettered host rests, whose is the will that sways the destinies of a considerable nation, what the motive that binds a hundred thousand inhabitants to the girdle of Brigham Young, and what the use made of their power by that astute, capable and bold hypocrite and his subordinates.

A leading characteristic of the followers of the modern Mahhmet seems to be a settled and abiding hatred of all "Gentiles," as they are pleased to style all who do not subscribe to their dogmas and conform to their unique and revolting creed. Although they come mainly from the Northern portion of this Republic, they look upon the United States with no other feeling than hatred. Patriotic love of the country which gave them birth, and which they disgrace, has no place in their bosoms. They have been taught to look upon the United States Government as an oppressive and usurpatious authority, they have no right to rule. All who are without the pale of the Church of Latter Day Saints, whether in or out of the Territory which they have usurped, they regard as their enemies.—They either set at open defiance the decrees of our Courts, or dictate to grand or petit juries the indictments they shall report or the verdicts they shall render. In notable cases, where the guilt of criminals has been as apparent at the noon-day Sun, Young and his fellow-prophets have forbidden Mormon juries to render a verdict of conviction. In one instance, where a poor helpless dumb boy was tortured in many ways for months, barbarously beaten, and then, while in the agony of his mortal wounds, was fettered and drowned in a brook, when his brutal murderer was sentenced to the penitentiary, Brigham Young took him from the hands of the officers, led him into the tabernacle, proclaimed his absolute pardon, forbade any one to arrest him, and gave him a seat on the stand.

If Indians commit depredations upon Mormons they are punished without delay or scruple, but if they rob or murder "Gentiles," the prophet extends his protection, and forbids juries to pronounce them guilty. No law, except what emanates from the supreme hierarchy, receives the slightest reward.

The right of private property among the Mormons is almost unknown. Whatever the rulers need they always find means to obtain. "The Lord needs it," is a warrant sufficient to enable Young and his Council to seize upon any property in Utah, and remonstrance or resistance is not only useless, but dangerous. If a wealthy disciple arrives from the States, the Church (Young) immediately lays hold of just such a share of his goods as he pleases. The portion, of which the former owner is suffered to retain nominal possession, he is compelled to manage according to the dictation of some prophet or priest. If the prophet says to his neighbor, "Plant that field with potatoes," the former would lose his lands, and perhaps his life, were he to refuse. The counsel he is thus obliged to obey, he is also compelled to ask. The result is, that the actual possession of the great mass of all the real and personal property in Utah, is in the foul oligarchy of Young and his immediate subordinates.

But if the control over the property of Mormons is tyranical, that exercised over their most sacred private and family affairs is still more so. If a father has a child, fair and innocent, whom he loves and cherishes, and if she captivates the fancy of some leading Mormon, she will be taken from her home by the decree of the elders, and given up by the ceremony of "sealing" to become the fortieth or fiftieth wife to an old villain, while her predecessors, who have grown old in the same guilty and abominable connection, become his household or cornfield servants. It often happens that a man is sealed to two women at the same ceremony, and cases are not rare when one of the wives so acquired is lost by a divorce before breakfast next morning.

The account given by Judge Drummond of many of these connections, where sometimes a mother and two or three of her daughters were all sealed to the same man, presents a picture of beastly barbarity. Could a correct idea of these horrible transactions be made known throughout the country, a crusade would be preached against this foul border that would soon put an end to their sway.

We were not a little gratified to learn that none or but very few of these Mormons are natives of Southern States. Such a fact speaks volumes in refutation of the mean slanders of abolitionists against Southern society. We would congratulate our fellow citizens of the Northern States upon being rid of so many of their fanatics by emigration to Utah, did we not know that for every one that has left, there are hundreds more whose superstition and bigotry are equal in degree if different in form. Mormonism communism, Maine liquor lawism, agrarianism, Millerism, spiritualism, women's rightism, and abolitionism are all *obiæ volucres*, of the same plumage, none of which are made less odious by any mutual hatred that may exist among them.

Resignation of Judge Drummond.

To the Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, Attorney General of the U. S., Washington City, D. C.

MY DEAR SIR:—As I have concluded to resign the office of the Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Utah, which position I accepted in A, D. 1854, under the administration of President Pierce, I deem it due to the public to give some of the reasons why I do so. In the first place, Brigham Young, the Governor of Utah Territory, is the acknowledged head of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," commonly called "Mormons," and as such head the Mormons look to him, and to him alone, for the law by which they are to be governed; therefore, no law of Congress is by them considered binding in any manner.

Secondly, I know that there is a secret oath-bound organization among all the male members of the Church, and to acknowledge no law save the law of the "Holy Priesthood," which comes to the people through Brigham Young, direct from God, he, Brigham Young, being the vicegerent of God, and prophetic successor of Joseph Smith, who was the founder of this blind and treasonable organization.

Thirdly, I am fully aware that there is a set of men set apart by special order of the Church to take both the lives and property of persons who may question the authority of the Church, (the name of whom I will promptly make known at a future time.)

Fourthly, That the records, papers, &c., of the Supreme Court have been destroyed by order of the Church, with direct knowledge and approbation of Governor B. Young, and the Federal officers grossly insulted for presuming to raise a single question about the treasonable act.

Fifthly, That the Federal Officers of the Territory are constantly insulted, harassed and annoyed by the Mormons, and for those insults there is no redress.

SIXTHLY, That the Federal Officers are daily compelled to hear the form of the American Government traduced, the Chief Executives of the nation, both living and dead, slandered and abused from the masses, as well as from all the leading members of the Church, in the most vulgar, loathsome and wicked manner that the evil passions of man can possibly conceive.

Again; That after Moroni Green had been convicted in the District Court before my colleague, Judge Kinney, of an assault with intent to commit murder; and afterwards, on appeal to the Supreme Court, the judgment being affirmed, and the said Green sentenced to the penitentiary. Brigham Young gave a full pardon to the said Green before he reached the penitentiary; also, that the said Gov. Young pardoned a man by the name of Baker, who had been tried and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary for the murder of a dumb boy, by the name of White House, the proof showing one of the most aggravated cases of murder that I ever knew being tried; and to insult the Court and Government officers, this man, Young, took this pardoned criminal with him in proper person, to church, on the next Sabbath after his conviction, Baker in the meantime, having received a full pardon from Gov. Brigham Young. These two men were Mormons.

On the other hand, I charge the Mormons, and Gov. Young in particular, with imprisoning five or six young men from Missouri and Iowa, who are now in the Penitentiary of Utah, without those men having violated any criminal law in America, but they were anti-Mormons, poor, uneducated young men, on their way to California; but because they emigrated from Illinois, Iowa or Missouri, and passed by Great Salt Lake City, they were indicted by a Probate Court, and most brutally and inhumanly dealt with in addition to being summarily incarcerated in the saintly prison of the Territory of Utah. I also charge Gov. Young with constantly interfering with the Federal Courts, directing the Grand Jury whom to indict and whom not; and after the Judges charge the Grand Jury as to their duties, that this man, Young, invariably has some member of the Grand Jury, advised in advance as to his will in relation to their labors, and that his charge thus given is the only charge known, obeyed, or received by all the Grand Jurors of the Federal Courts of Utah Territory.

Again, sir, after a careful and mature investigation, I have been compelled to come to the conclusion, heartrending and sickening as it may be, that Captain John W. Gunnison and his party of eight others were murdered by the Indians in 1853, under the order, advice and directions of the Mormons; that my illustrious and distinguished predecessor, Hon. Leonidas Shaver, came to his death by drinking poisonous liquors, given to him under the order of the leading men of the Mormon Church in Great Salt Lake City; that the late Secretary of the Territory, A. W. Babbitt, was murdered on the Plains by a band of Mormon marauders, under the particular and special order of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and J. M. Grant, and not by the Indians, as reported by the Mormons themselves; and that they were sent from Salt Lake City for that purpose, and that only; and as members of the Danite band they were bound to do the will of Brigham Young, as the head of the Church, or forfeit their own lives.

These reasons, with many others that I might give, which would be two heavy reading to insert in this communication, have induced me to resign the office of Justice of the Territory of Utah, and again return to my adopted State of Illinois. My reason, sir, for making this communication thus public, is, that the Democratic party, with which I have always strictly acted, is the party now in power, and therefore is the party that should now be held responsible for the treasonable and disgraceful state of affairs that now exist in Utah Territory. I could, sir, if necessary, refer to a cloud of witnesses to attest the reasons I have given, and the charges, bold as they are, against those despots who rule with an iron hand their hundred thousand souls in Utah, and their two hundred thousand souls out of that notable Territory, but shall not do so for the reason that the lives of such gentlemen as I should designate in Utah and in California would not be safe for a single day.

In conclusion, sir, I have to say, that in my career as Justice of the Supreme Court of Utah Territory, I have the consolation of knowing that I did my duty: that neither threats nor intimidations drove me from that path; upon the other hand, I am pained to say, that I accomplished little good while there; that the judiciary is only treated as a farce. The only rule of law by which the infatuated followers of this curious people will be governed, is the law of the Church, and that emanates from Governor Brigham Young, and him alone.

I do believe that if there were a man put in office, as Governor of that Territory, who is not a member of the Church, (Mormon,) and be supported with a sufficient military aid, that much good would result from such a course; but, as the Territory is now governed, and has been since the administration of Mr. Fillmore, at which time Young received his appointment as Governor, it is noon-day madness and folly to attempt to administer the law in that Territory. The officers are insulted, harassed and murdered for doing their duty, and not recognizing Brigham Young as the only law giver and law maker on earth. Of this very man can bear incontestible evidence who has been willing to accept an appointment in Utah, and I assure you, sir, that no man would be willing to risk his life and property in that Territory after once trying the sad experiment.

With an ardent desire that the present Administration will give due and timely aid to the officers that may be so unfortunate as to accept situations in that Territory, and that the withering curse which rests upon this nation by virtue of the peculiar and heart-rending institutions of the Territory of Utah may be speedily removed to the honor and credit of our happy country, I now remain your obedient servant.

W. W DRUMMOND,
Justice of Utah Territory.

March 30, A. D. 1857.

☞ In proportion as men are real coin, and not counterfeits, they scorn to enjoy credit for what they have not. "Paint me," said Cromwell, "wrinkles and all." Even on canvass the great hero despised falsehood.

☞ Temperance is the father of health, cheerfulness, and old age. Drunkenness has a family that we cant remember the names of one half of. However, disease, debt, dishonor, destruction, and death, are among them—not the most hopeful household in the world!

MAXIMS OF WISDOM.

A pin a day is a grot a year.
A hasty man never wants woe.
A man may buy gold too dear.
A penny saved is twice earned.
A rolling stone gathers no moss.
A small spark makes a great fire.
A small leak will sink a great ship.
An idle brain is the devil's workshop.
A bad wound heals; a bad name kills.
A contented mind is a continual feast.
A clear conscience fears no accusation.
A bad workman quarrels with his tools.
A bitter jest is the poison of friendship.
A blithe heart makes a blooming visage.
A burden which one chooses is not felt.
A clean glove often hides a dirty hand.
A needy man's budget is full of schemes.
A faithful friend is the medicine of life.
A moment of time is a monument of mercy.
A man had better be poisoned in his blood than in his principles.
Acquire honesty; seek humility; practice economy; love fidelity.
A man that breaks his word bids others be false to him.
A good cause makes a stout heart and strong arm.
Adversity willingly undergone is the greatest virtue.
Affectation of wisdom often prevents our becoming wise.
A good paymaster is lord of another man's purse.
A good word for a bad one, is worth much and cost little.
A precipitate choice makes way for a long repentance.
Application in youth makes old age comfortable.
An evil breast can make any doctrine heretical.
A great man will neither trample on a worm, nor sneak to a king.
A fault is made worse by endeavoring to conceal it.
Attempt not too hastily, nor pursue too eagerly.
Advise not what is most pleasant, but what is most useful.
Apprehension of evil is often worse than the evil itself.
A jest is no argument, and loud laughter no demonstration.
As a bird is known by his note, so is a man by his discourse.
A man's own manners commonly prove his fortune.
An angry man opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.
Appoint a time for everything and do everything in its time.
A poor freedom is better than a rich slavery.
A smart reproof is better than smooth deceit.
A tale out of season is as music in mourning.
A truly great man borrows no lustre from splendid ancestry.
Among the base, merit begets envy; among the noble, emulation.

The Original Dred Scott.

The distinguished colored individual who has made such a noise in the world in connection with the celebrated case of Scott *vs* Sanford, and who has become so tangled up with the Missouri Compromise and other great subjects—Dred Scott is a resident, not a citizen of St. Louis. He is well known to many of our citizens, and may frequently be seen passing along Third street. He is an old inhabitant, having come to this city thirty years ago.

Dred Scott was born in Virginia, where he belonged to Capt. Peter Blow, the father of Henry T. Blow and Taylor Blow, of this city. He was brought by his master to St. Louis about thirty years ago, and, in the course of time, became the property of Dr. Emerson, a surgeon in the army, whom he accompanied on that trip to Rock Island and Fort Snelling on the ground of which he based his claim to freedom. The wife of Dr. Emerson was formerly Miss Sanford, and is now Mrs. Chaffee, wife of Hon. Mr. Chaffee, of Massachusetts. He has been married twice, his first wife, by whom he had no children, having been sold from him.—He has had four children by his present wife, two boys, both dead, and two girls, both living. Dred was at Corpus Christi, at the breaking out of the Mexican war, as the servant of Captain Bainbridge, whom he speaks of as a good man.

On his return from Mexico, he applied to his mistress, Mrs. Emerson, then living near St. Louis, for the purchase of himself and family, offering to pay part of the money down, and give an eminent citizen, of St. Louis, an officer of the army, as security, for the payment of the remainder. His mistress refused his proposition, and Dred, being informed that he was entitled to his freedom according to the laws regulating the Northwest territory, forthwith brought suit for it. The suit was commenced about ten years ago, and has cost Dred $500 in cash, beside labor to nearly equal amount. It has given him "a heap o'trouble," he says, and if he had known that "it was gwine to last so long," he would not have brought it. The suit was defended by Mr. John Sanford, as executor of Dr. Emerson's will.

Dred does not appear at all discouraged by the issue of the celebrated case, although, it dooms him to slavery. He talks about the affair with the ease of a veteran litigant, though not exactly in technical language, and is hugely tickled at the idea of finding himself a personage of such importance. He does not take on airs however, but laughs heartily when talking of "de fuss dey made dar in Washington 'bout de ole nigger."

He is about fifty-five years old, we should think, though he does not know his own age.—He is of unmixed African blood, and as black as a piece of charcoal. For two or three years he has been running at large, no one exercising ownership over him, or putting any restraint on his movements. If he were disposed to make the attempt he could gain his freedom at a much less cost that even one tenth of the expenses of the famous suit. He will not do so however, insisting on abiding by the principles involved in the decision of the suit.—His daughters, Eliza and Lizza, less conscientious about the matter, took advantage of the absence of restraint on their movements a year or two since to disappear, and their whereabouts remains a mystery.

Dred, though illiterate, is not ignorant. He has travelled considerably, and has improved his stock of strong common sense by much information picked up in his journeyings. He is anxious to know who owns him, being ignorant whether he is the property of Mrs. Chaffee or Mr. Sanford, though we presume there is no doubt that the former is his real legal owner. He seems tired of running about with no one to look after him, while at the same time he is a slave. He says grimmingly that he could make thousands of dollars, if allowed, by travelling over the country telling who he is.

☞ The Tarters pull a man by the ear when they want him to drink, and keep pulling until he opens his mouth, when they pour down the liquor. We know some folks whose ears would not require much pulling.

Odds and Ends.

THINGS TO BE LOOKED UP.—A piece of leather cut for traces of a painter's pencil.

A piece of wood from which a frame of mind was made.

A pair of steelyards by which the weight of an argument was ascertained.

Two bars from the tune which the wind "whistled round the corner."

Some crinoline taken from the outskirts of a forest.

A small bundle of goods from which the "silken ties" of friendship are made.

Bowl of soup made from "a bone of contention," seasoned with a few "spicy breezes" and a branch of the U. S. Mint.

A few coins made out of a "golden opinion."

☞ "The discourse," says Franklin, "is often much better than the speaker; as sweet and clear waters often come through very dirty earth.

☞ Those who lie upon roses when young are apt to lie upon thorns when old.

☞ A burden which one chooses is not felt.

☞ Why is a hungry dog at dinner time, like Elba in 1814? Because it gets the Bony-part.

☞ Why is a lady the sweetest when she is just out of bed in the morning? Because then she a-rose.

☞ Read not books alone, but men; and above all, read thyself.

☞ Truth is the hidden gem we all should dig for.

☞ A lie, though it be killed and dead, can sting sometimes—like a dead wasp.

☞ Moderation is the languor and sloth of the soul, as ambition is its activity and ardor.

☞ A jilted chemist finds love to be composed of fifteen parts of gold, three of fame and two of affection.

☞ The London Era styles Fanny Fern "The coarsest woman who ever made money by describing bed-room life."

☞ A pleasant wife is a rainbow in the sky when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempest.

☞ If you wish to sleep quietly, don't praise another woman, while your wife is undressing for bed.

☞ A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value There are men, however, who judge both from the beauty of their covering.

☞ Indian hunting in Florida is a very unsuccessful business. The troops who went in pursuit of the red skins only succeeded in catching the—measels!

☞ Writers often multiply words in the vain attempt to make clear to others what is not so clear to themselves.

☞ If the man is a wretch who lifts his hand against a woman, what must a woman be who raises the hearth-brush against a man—and that man her husband?

☞ The Arabs have a proverb—"The moment a man is satisfied with himself, everybody else is dissatisfied with him."

☞ "How dreadful short the days are," as the woman said when she left her breakfast dishes stand till she had read a novel.

☞ Why is a restless sleeper like a lawyer?—Because he *lies* on one side; then turns, and *lies* on the other side.

☞ How to sweeten solitude—Shut a boy down a cellar, and give him free access to the molasses barrel.

☞ The best furniture in the house is a virtuous woman.

☞ Some precious poet defines "beautiful extract" to be helping a young lady out of a mud puddle. This is almost as bad as the wit of Hartley Coleridge, who once being asked which of Wordworth's productions he considered the prettiest, very promptly replied, "His daughter Dora."

☞ A young man in Rochester having been crossed in love, seized a cotton bat and dashed his brains out. His remains were taken up on a chip, and sent to his friends.

☞ A young widow was asked why she was going to get married so soon after the death of her husband.

"Oh, la" said she, I do it to prevent fretting myself to death on account of dear Tom."

☞ A person looking at some skeletons the other day, asked a young doctor present where he got them. He replied "we raised them!"

☞ An Irish lad complained the other day of the harsh treatment received from his father. "He treats me," said he mournfully, "as if I was his son by another father and mother.

☞ Mean men have no "small vices." Who ever knew a miser to go on a bust, or speak well of tobacco chewing?

☞ A lazy fellow down south spells Tennessee thus: 10ne. He is the same fellow who spells Andrew Jackson thus: &ru Jaxn.

☞ Habits are as easily caught as "yallar birds." Let a circus arrive in town, and in less than a week half the boys in town will be throwing somersets, and breaking their necks over empty muckeral barrels.

☞ A woman about to sign a deed, was asked by the judge if her husband compelled her to sign. "He compel me!" said the indignant woman, "No, nor twenty like him couldn't do such a thing"

☞ Which is the best way to make a coat last? Why, make the vest and pants first.

☞ Waub, reading the poem headed "There is a garden in her face," observed that if it had reference to a certain girl he knew, he believed it was true, for he often smelt onions there.

☞ A member of the Lazy Society was complained of last week by another, for running; defence was that he was going down hill, and that it was more labor to walk than run.

☞ Here is a very good domestic toast; "May your coffee and the slanders against you ever be alike—without grounds.

☞ "John how I wish it was as much the fashion to trade wives as to trade horses."

"Why so, Pete?"

"I'd cheat somebody most shocking bad afore night."

☞ A schoolboy being asked by the teacher how he should flog him replied: "If you please sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system; the heavy strokes upwards and the down strokes light."

☞ Misfortune and misconduct were both twins. Our faults are oft the parent of our woes, and he who most declaims at the world's frown has generally done his best to earn it.