

The Sumter

DEVOTED TO SOUTHERN RIGHTS, DEMOCRACY, NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS

JAS. S. G. RICHARDSON, Editor.
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"God—and our Native Land."

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Inaugural Address.
Pronounced before the
GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
By His Excellency John H.
MEANS.

Senators and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives of South Carolina:
I appear before you to qualify for the office to which I have been elevated by your suffrages, and although I must experience the emotions of pride and gratification which a scene like this would inspire in any heart, yet the too painful conviction impresses itself upon me, that I owe this mark of your approbation more to the exertions of old and cherished friendships, than to any merit of my own; and I should consider myself as an entirely unworthy recipient of your kindness, if my heart did not re-echo with gratitude to its inmost recesses.

The office which I am about to assume, is at all times one of importance; but more particularly it is so in this eventful crisis, when dangers and difficulties are casting their dark and gloomy shadows around our federal relations. I trust that I approach it with a due sense of the deep responsibility it involves, and with a firm determination to devote all my powers and energies to the discharge of its arduous duties. And may I not indulge that the same kindness which induced you to bestow the office upon me, will prompt you to assist and support me amid the difficulties that may encompass it? I may, no doubt will, frequently err, but never intentionally, for, thank God, I hear about me a heart burning with indignation at my country's wrongs, and which has never known a thought, feeling or emotion, higher than that which beats for the glory, honor and welfare of my native State.

Although the office of Chief Magistrate is one full of responsibility, because it involves the "faithful execution of the laws," yet it has little or nothing of patronage or power connected with it. Yet there is a degree of influence that always belongs to high official stations, which can be exerted for good or for evil, to a greater or less extent, according to the capacity for management in the incumbent. It is important, therefore, that the opinions, the purposes and feelings of him upon whom it is bestowed, should be fully known.

From the views I have ever entertained of our internal policy, I see but little that I would alter or amend, nothing that I would radically change. Being in the firm conviction that the institution of a country, exercise a powerful and irresistible influence upon the formation of the character of its citizens, and being justly proud of the reputation which South Carolina has ever attained, I come into this office, to the extent and meaning of the word, servative. Although I am not wedded to ancient laws and customs, an account of the sanctity which antiquity may throw around them, yet, when under these laws and customs, a nation characterized by everything that is great or noble has grown and flourished, I feel that what experience has shown to be the cause of those great results, should be protected from the ruthless hand of the innovator, and should be held sacred on account of their usefulness and venerated as time honored monuments of the wisdom of our ancestors. I know that by many abroad who cannot appreciate its character, or are envious of its tones, we have been sneered at as bragging on account of the just pride we feel in our beloved State. Yet he who looks upon that State as his nursing mother, who, with unflinching allegiance is willing to cling to her destinies through weal as well as woe, is not ashamed to thank his God, that his lot has been cast amongst her warm-hearted and generous sons, and that her sunny plains contain the home around which are clustered the

objects of his heart's devotion. Whatever of influence, I dare possess, shall be honestly devoted to the maintenance of our State institutions in their integrity.

The most important discretionary power which is entrusted to the executive, is that of "granting reprieves and pardons." Although it is proper that this power should be placed in his hands that "the laws may be executed in mercy," yet it is one so liable to abuse, and in some instances has been so entirely subversive of the very ends of justice, that the question has gravely suggested itself to the minds of many, whether more good or evil has resulted from its exercise. Nor do I think this abuse has ever arisen from a deliberate design to pervert the power or to perpetrate an evil, but from a weak, though sometimes irresistible yielding, to the purest and holiest sympathies of our nature. I do not profess to be above the frailties of human nature—certainly not above its sympathies; but it will be my honest endeavor to forget the feeling of the man in the discharge of the duties of the officer, and to grant pardons in no instance, where the peace or good order of society would suffer by it, or where the majesty of the law might be violated or dishonored.

In contemplating our federal relations, I wish I could see the same cause for satisfaction that I could see in our own State institutions. The federal Union is now at peace with all the world. Its power and influence are every acknowledged, its commerce whets every eye; yet with all these external signs of splendor and prosperity, within there is discord, dissatisfaction and discontent.

Two great parties are arrayed in deadly hostility against each other, and what is the cause of this hostility. It results on the part of the South from a knowledge of the foul injustice which has been practiced against it—from the insults and injuries which have been heaped upon it by a government which was instituted for its protection, and to the support of which it has ever contributed more than its just proportion; from the indignation which every true Southern heart must feel, that we are called upon to share in all the dangers, expenses and privations of its conquests, and are permitted to enjoy none of their benefits. The dissatisfaction and discontent of our people with their government is just and natural. One of the principal ends of government is the security of property, yet our property is in danger from no other power upon the face of the earth, than from that which was instituted for its protection. I doubt if there ever was a government purely constitutional in its charter, which has made such rapid strides in breaking down every constitutional barrier, and in the prostration of the rights and liberties of its citizens. To prove the truth of this assertion, I need but point you to the acts of congress for the last few years. He must be willfully blind who does not see in them a settled determination on the part of congress to break down the institution of slavery—an institution the protection of which is indelibly stamped upon the constitution—an institution, with which all our feelings, all our associations, all our interests, nay, all our hopes are so completely blended that its destruction must carry with it in its dreadful crash the ruin and downfall of our beloved country. This determination is shown in the manifest disregard of the rights of slave-holders under the constitution—it is shown in the acts which deprive him of any participation in the territories won upon battle fields where every sod is sprinkled by Southern blood, and where every silent mound with burning eloquence, tells that it contains the corpse of a Southern hero, still green and festering with the wounds received while fighting the battles of our common country, and in winning that very soil—it is shown in the indecent haste with which new States are admitted, that the equilibrium of the sections may be destroyed, and power given to carry out its unjust purpose against us—it is shown in the open declaration of the abolitionists, whose wild fanaticism has inspired them with boldness to tell the truth—in the conduct of that class of politicians who, contrary to their convictions of right and justice, and in direct violation of their solemn oaths to protect and defend the constitution, are swept along before the current of public opinion of their sections, like chaff before the whirlwind—it is shown in the undivided public sentiment of the North, a public sentiment whose mighty waves for the last ten years have been moving higher and higher, dashing their foaming crests against our very capital, but heretofore breaking at its feet. Those stormy waves, warmed by no genial sunbeam of humanity, are fast becoming frozen into a solid mass, and soon must come, like a mighty avalanche torn by the storm from its Alpine hills, to crush and bury us beneath their weight.

Who can contemplate without a shudder the consequences of the abolition

of slavery in the States. Their terrors are not alone to be seen in the misery caused to the slaveholder, by stripping him of his property bought and honestly paid for by a life of industry—not in the starvation and ruin of the merchant and mechanic by the prostration of those who buy his merchandise, or pay him for his labor—not in deserted fields and decaying towns and villages, but in the still more direful consequences resulting from the coming together of two races so entirely distinct in their genius and character upon terms of political equality. One or the other of them must be annihilated, and that too, amid scenes of terror, of anarchy and blood, greater than which any history records upon her darkest and bloodiest page.

But even laying aside this question, we have sufficient reason for dissatisfaction with the Federal Government. The whole tenor and complexion of its acts show that the Constitution so far as the rights of the South are concerned, will not be the slightest protection. The will of the majority irrespective of its checks and balances is the law of the land.

Our liberties, our property, our characters, are to be submitted to the tender mercies of a majority, whose every thought feeling and emotion, is concentrated in one burning focus of hatred against us and our institutions. Under these circumstances, what are we to look for, or what are we to expect. Through the dim vista of the dark and gloomy future before us, we can see no cheering ray of hope that our condition will be bettered, but, on the contrary, a sad vision of the gradual ruin and decay of our State, until we are reduced to a condition of colonial vassalage, far worse than that from which our fathers rescued them.—Sad experience has proved that the safeguards placed over the rights of our country in the form of parchment, is but parchment at last—that the only effectual bulwark which can be thrown around them, is a bulwark of men, who know their rights and have the courage to maintain them.

Finally we are dissatisfied with the federal government because it has utterly failed in accomplishing the ends for which it was created. The "harmony and good feeling" it was designed to promote between the States, the injustice the fanaticism, the impertinence of the North has entirely destroyed. The "general welfare," it was intended to promote has resulted in building up one section upon the ruin of the other. The "domestic peace and tranquility" it was intended to secure we have never known, for under its protection those are actually supported and encouraged who are setting measures on foot amongst us the fatal termination of which can alone be seen amid all the terrors of blood and burnings. And yet we are even called upon to venerate such a government which would stamp the brand of inferiority and degradation upon us, which like a fell malaria is scattering its blighting and withering influence all around—by which the consummation of its measures, would light up the dark future before us by the blaze of our own happy homes. We are called upon to shout hosannas to a union which has been entirely perverted from its original purposes into an engine of fraud, corruption and oppression, or incur the odium of reckless disorganizers who for ambitious or wicked purposes would pull down a glorious fabric cemented by the blood of our fathers.

The history of our State, from the first dawning of our revolution to the present time, brands the foul aspersion as false. Whenever and wherever the star spangled banner has been raised, her patriot sons have been among the first to rally to its support, and the bloody tracks over which they have trod, testify that they did their duty.

A few years back, when it first became manifest that corruption had crept into our system, that the powers of the federal government were about to be used to oppress and plunder its citizens, that the constitution was in danger, South Carolina, prompted by her ardent love of the Union, threw herself solitary and alone into the breach, by the interposition of her State sovereignty, to save both the Constitution and the Union. Yet for this generous, this self-sacrificing act, all the power, patronage and influence of the federal government, has been used to brand the actors in that scene, as disunionists, and cover their names with all the infamy which should attach itself to Hartford conventionists. Under how different are the circumstances but which they acted—how different their motives. The Hartford conventionists attacked the government when it was weak, when it was engaged in a war with a foreign power, and when a generous patriotism called upon them to forget their private griefs and rush to the standard of their common country. South Carolina bearded the "lion in his den," the "Douglass in his hall." We would have established upon a firm and lasting basis, the principles of liberty and equality, upon which our country would have flourish-

ed forever. They, like traitors, would have given assistance to the enemies of their country, in the hour of its danger.

In future days, the impartial historian, uninfluenced by the passions and prejudices which surround us,—and possessing the advantages of the developments which time in its progress will make us to this effect of that event—will record this derided act of nullification as the first step towards the restoration of a down-trodden liberty; and the names of Calhoun, of Harper, of Haynes, of Turnbull, and of Miller, with all their talents, their patriotism and their virtues, will have no halo of glory encircling them, more brilliant than that which enshrines their memories in the hearts of posterity, as the able defenders of Constitutional liberty, and the fearless advocates of the only remedy by which the Union could have been saved. No; we never have been false to the Union or our fathers. Just give us back that glorious Union under which just and equal laws throw their broad beams over a contented, confiding, and a happy people, and we will cling to it with all the devoted fondness of a child to its mother's bosom. But to this Union with tyrants and plunderers we owe no allegiance; for it we have no love; under it we will not live, unless we are recreant to all we have heretofore held dear or sacred, to our honor, our interest, the example of a gallant ancestry, eye to the bright and glorious destiny which awaits us. If we could have done so. If the South were united as their common dangers plead trumpet tongue they should be, it could bring the Union to its original purity and dictate the terms of future security. But as long as these unhappy divisions exist, as long as amongst prominent politicians, treason flourishes and traitors are rewarded, the only which is left us is to be delivered from bold hearts and strong arms. And if the Union is to be dissolved (as dissolved it will be) and all the direful consequences are to flow from its dissolution which imagination can picture, if with its downfall the last expiring shouts of liberty are to be heard, let the curses of posterity light not upon our heads but upon the heads of those who might have saved it, but that they preferred the hopes of office or even the promises of filthy lucre, to their allegiance to their country like the "hase Judean" who for thirty pieces of silver sold his fidelity to his God and with it his hopes of everlasting salvation.

We have been accused of rashness—beware that we suffer not from tameness—lest we "hug the delusive phantoms of hope until our enemies have bound us hand and foot."

With these opinions and feelings, Senators and Representatives, I shall deem it my duty to use whatever influence my position may give me, to keep alive that spirit of resistance which now animates the bosoms of my countrymen, and to carry out faithfully and promptly any measures you in your wisdom may devise to put the State in a condition of thorough preparation for whatever may happen. Yet I love the cause in which we are engaged too well to hazard it by any rashness or indiscretion. And I beseech you to remember that we are now actors in one of the most important scenes the world has ever known. We are on the eve of great events—events which may not only decide our fate as a nation, but the fate of liberty throughout all generations. Every act you commit is to become a part of history, and for weal or for woe, is to be felt by posterity. How important then is it that no move should be made without calm deliberation, and consultation with the wisest and most prudent of our land. Although I feel impatient at delay, yet as we have gone into consultation with our sister States of the South, good faith demands that we should wait the result of the measures suggested by the Nashville convention. We should meet them in the proposed congress. But if all our honest exertions to unite the South should fail, and South Carolina should stand alone, then solitary and alone, let her throw her banner to the breeze, and leave the consequence to God. Common interests and common dangers will rally the other Southern States to our standard. But if their fatal blindness to these interests and dangers should induce them to join the standard of our enemy, and their enemy, and they should triumph, what will they gain by it? It will be a triumph over their own cause. If their shouts of victory should ascend, they must ascend amid the wails and groans of their own countrymen, whose fate must sooner or later be theirs.

Every effort has been made to isolate our State and prejudice her in the eyes of the other States, by holding out the idea that she wishes to lead them. But I am sure I speak her universal sentiment, when I say that she is willing to follow any one of her gallant sisters that will lead off upon the path of honor or duty. All we ask, is that in the day and hour of her danger, we may be assigned a "place in the picture near the flashing of the guns."

I have given you, (very imperfectly I

know) my views and feelings on this all important subject. I do not presume to direct your councils; inclination as well as duty, demand that I should carry out your high behests. I owe no allegiance to any power upon earth, except that which I owe through South Carolina—when she speaks, her voice must be obeyed. Bound to her by every tie which man holds sacred on earth, I seek or desire no other fate than which is to be hers. If she is to triumph, (as all her sons who have been devoted to her cause can do,) I claim a share in her glory. If she is to fall, all that I desire is a grave upon her bosom. All that I have and all that I am, I feel devoted to her service. And if for feeling a deep indignation at her wrongs, and a burning desire to redress them, I am to be branded by the minions of power as a traitor, then be it so! I desire no more brilliant fame while living, no more glorious epitaph when dead. In conclusion, suffer me to remind you that all our efforts must fail unless we put trust in Him in whose hands are the destinies of nations. And while we are in the discharge of the high and sacred duties which devolve upon us, let us not forget to implore the guidance and direction of our Heavenly Father, and His blessing upon our country and its cause.

The Distinguished Dead of 1850.
By URSULA H. JUDAH, of N. Y.
Such is mortal's feeble breath,
Such is life, and such is death.

They have fallen! Nay, not fallen in the estimation of their countrymen—for their memories will ever flourish in grateful remembrance—but their names have been stricken from the roll of living greatness, and the tomb, that allotted tenement of mortality, has claimed its own.

Death, clad in his gloomy robes, has wandered in the midst of eloquence, of valor of wisdom, and of worth, spreading dismay around. Wherever he has reared his haughty standard, he has stamped his signet, and powerless became the lips of eloquence, he grasped the hand of the warrior, and closed his ears to the sound of the drum and the trumpet of battle.

His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment at command,
"To hrough rock and steel to smite."

They have fallen!—but not until! Fame had enrolled their names high, very high in her Temple, so grand and so towering—the names of Taylor, Calhoun, Elmore, Prentiss, King, Mason, Osmond, Fuller and Jones.

Twelve short months ago, and Zachary Taylor stood before the world as the illustrious chief of a mighty nation blessed with the love and reverence of millions of freemen, and in the tranquil enjoyment of every earthly bliss,—a few more weeks glided away and he came lost in the revolution of time, and all that is left of the President and the Hero, his dust, moves on to the last resting place of mortality, in regal magnificence, ay! in more than kingly splendor, for his mound is honored by the poor and the humble, and moistened by the tear of affection.

O'er all the tolls of war,
How blest the brave man lays him down!
His her is a triumph car,
His grave is glory and renown!

He has fallen! South Carolina weeps o'er the tomb of her most able champion, for the eloquent tongue of Calhoun will no longer lip the accents of beauty and sublimity, to-day he reposes peacefully amid the hallowed precincts of the earth, and no voice but that of God can raise him.

Death! thou "lovest a shining mark," for Elmore, the talented and distinguished, hath fallen at thy mandate.

Sergeant S. Prentiss has fallen! A brilliant light has been quenched, and the Pleader has carried his cause up to that Tribunal from which there can be no appeal.

And could'st not thou spare for a little longer, one whose age is as nothing before the great Jehovah! Why blust the point of her eloquent pen, and why hush the kindling throbbings of her noble heart! In thy roomings, couldst thou not find some humbler victim of thy wrath, than Margaret Fuller! Ah! thou must fulfil thy mission, ordained by providence, until the stars shall grow dim with age, and you glorious luminary of day sets in eternal darkness!

Go then and pluck the bloom from the sweetest art, and its beauty, and scatter to the air its richest perfume; strike down manhood as he launches his frail bark on the eventful waters of life; and when the great warrior returns from the ground of his exploits, covered with glory, conquer him, oh spoiler, and hold him thy prisoner!

"The hero, the statesman, his journey is done,
All his cares are now over, his last battle won;
Now peacefully he rests from his sorrows and tears,
And leaves a proud nation in sadness and tears."

They have fallen! Great intellect or renown, or elevated station could not save them from the worm, for it was written that "Man, no matter how brilliant his career, or how dazzlingly splendid his talents, must, in process of time, be encircled within the limits of a little spot of earth."

"The host of her beauty, the pomp of power,
And all that beaulty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await the inevitable hour,
The path of glory lead but to the grave."

Sleep, on noble dead of 1850! Sleep on in your last rest, and mingle your dust with the free soil of Columbia, in the hallowed graves where Americans have laid you. Sleep on while in the inmost recesses of our hearts your names are cherished!

EXTRAORDINARY MARRIAGE.—The following extraordinary occurrence took place in London: A gentleman, a widower, left

with three sons, became acquainted with a widow lady, who had three daughters. The lady and gentleman married, and with the children of the two families, lived together for ten years. During the last six weeks the sons and daughters were married to each other, and what is more singular, the eldest son married the eldest daughter, and the others in the same manner.

The Family Homestead.

Not the least wise of the suggestions of the Governor, is that of the security of the family homestead. We have examined this subject with all care, both on principle and in its practical effects; and every day's experience is satisfying us of its good policy. He who protects most the home of the citizen, secures most the good of society. The State is at last, but its citizens, and the aggregate will not be prosperous if the several parts are insecure in those relations, which make up at all events, the business of life. The protection of the homestead is due, not to the man separate as to the wife and children. In the proper education of the latter society has a large stake. They must be either educated in virtue and knowledge, or supported as paupers, or punished as criminals. The first will be attained, to a very great degree, by making the home permanent and happy. Besides, emigration will be prevented. By interposing between the misdoings of life and its necessities, the State will encourage diligence and frugality economy. If no other good result, it would be enough that it brings us credit. We do not mean that credit is essential and so beneficial to the social state, which rests on industry and honesty; but that which site, like a bird of prey, on the gate which leads to the family mansion, and incites to debty in order that the family property may be engulfed. By making the homestead secure, the mother and children would be placed beyond the contingencies of the world following errors or misfortunes of the father. The mother would be enabled to support and educate her children, independent of these difficulties, some of which it is impossible to guard against; and the children be protected in that age pronounced by Montesquieu an age of unremitted disease. Every State, which with we are acquainted, has secured a homestead. In New York the provision is large, and the enlightened policy of law-givers is every where establishing and fastening. It guards this throne, against the imminent and helpless of society. We know of no act which will prove so honorable to the Legislature, and more advantageous to the people.—*Evening News.*

A Queer Advertisement.

Bartholomew O'Flaherty, Whig Maker, Music Master, and dealer in Aried apples, from Dublin, gives the public information that he has opened a shop in Pig Alley, No. 12, where he carries the business of making hats, caps, re-acking pork, and setting hen's eggs under ducks, except what falls down and breaks. Horse jockies and farmers may be supplied with gauze aprons, old saddles, smelling bottles, and all other vegetables on the shortest notice.

Wanted immediately, a parcel of bullfrog skins, crooked-necked squashes, old gimblets, and such like garden seeds of this year's growth. Quail traps fabricated and renewed, also good pasture for breeding mares, or exchanged for the like sum in the fund.

A large quantity of second-hand breeches by the single gill or less. Potash kettles, lambs' wool, silver thimbles, besides a great variety of other medicines—one hundred gallons of hog's lard. Tow-cloths, goose-grease and grinders, to be bartered for tasselcd caps and soft soap. Horse-clopping, two shillings per pound, together with Nova Scotia grinders, suitable for men and women and children slaved, combed and dressed at three shillings per yard, with every other species of public securities, and war-like instruments at their nominal value. All kinds of needle-work done with accuracy and cross patch, among which are two volumes of the great works of the little twine, with one hundred pounds of woolen, and a monstrous heap of smok-ed owl's gizzards. Three manholes on the infinite evil of infinite filth, with an infinite number of finite little infinities, among which are junk bottles and leather aprons, supported by arguments pro and con, with abundance of sweatmeats of the like kind.

One of the Witnesses.

During the trial of Drury on the torpedo charge, in New York, Mr. Clark, counsel for the accused, attempted an irrelevant cross-examination of Jacob B. Sheys, and came off second best, as below described:

Cross-examined by Mr. Clark. I was not an assistant justice at the time of the conversation.

Q. What are you now?

A. I was reared to the profession of the law, but whether I am a lawyer or not, I cannot say. [Laughter]

Q. Do you write poetry and attend to the indulgence of poet's fancy more than to law?

A. I sometimes do indulge in imagination, and think it more honorable to do so than to take fees for legal advice which I am not able to give. [Laughter.]

Q. Do you not frequently indulge in imagination and fancy circumstances which never occurred?

A. I tried to imagine that you were a gentleman and a man of education, and I had to give it up as a vain imagination. [Renewed laughter.]

Jackson, the "American Deer," attempted, on the 2d, ult., to run 15 miles in an hour and a half over the Nashville track. He broke down on the 13th mile, and was carried to bed in a state of complete exhaustion. The Union says: "We were never saw a man look worse. His muscles were as soft as an egg." He ran 13 miles in one hour and thirteen minutes, leaving himself only ten minutes for the completion of the last two miles.

The Bank of London.
A London Correspondent writes: "I have had access to the interior of the Bank of England, and seen how things are done, connected with a shaft turned by steam power, tell how many bank notes are struck off in the room above, how a box of paper will not come out of its place, how the blind notes are brought back to be deposited there, and in turn to be removed by a mechanical force; and how lights, counterpoises, as if conscious of their place, will tremble a moment on the balance, which too is moved by steam; and their force of an opposite direction from the need ones, and how the blind agencies of brute nature are elsewhere furnished with eyes to guard the treasures of the establishment. In some instances three men must move in company with their different keys, and thus keep mutual watch of each other, so that these treasures can not be reached. The arrangements throughout are remarkably exact and complete. There are also several employed in and about the bank. One room contained only £30,000,000 worth of property, and what might be deposited in the vaults above, I cannot say. The building occupies an area of eight acres. It has a clock that indicates the time on sixteen dial placed in many different offices, and striking both the hours and the quarters."

The Races of Man.

Dr. Charles Pickering, an English author of a book entitled as above, describes eleven distinct races of man, founded on what he deems essential differences. He thus enumerates them and the population of each race:

Race	Population
White	250,000,000
Mongolian	300,000,000
Malayan	120,000,000
Telugan	100,000,000
Negro	50,000,000
Ethiopian	6,000,000
Abyssinian	3,000,000
Papuan	3,000,000
Australian	500,000
Hottentot	500,000

Total 900,000,000

Dr. Pickering argues that the human race radiated from four centres—1. From Tibet, in Asia; 2. From Abyssinia, in Africa; 3. and 4. From North and South America.

Author of The Mormon Bible.

The New England Puritan states that at a public meeting held lately in Cherry Valley, Judge Campbell said:
Rev. Solomon Spaulding, one of the earliest preceptors of the academy at Cherry Valley, was the actual composer of most of what is known as the Mormon Bible. He wrote it during a period of delicate health, to beguile some of his weary hours, and also with design to offer it for publication as a romance. Dr. Robert Campbell, late of Cherry Valley, and father-in-law of the first Mrs. Grant of the Restoration Mission, called some years since upon Mr. Spaulding, had the manuscript of this notable book shown to him, and was also informed by Mr. Spaulding that he had hopes of reaping some pecuniary advantage from it for himself and family. Mr. Spaulding has been dead for some years, though it is believed that his wife is still living in the United States. How it passed from the possession of his family into the hands of Joe Smith, it is probable that Mrs. Spaulding could tell.

Going to Texas.

The Yazoo Whig gives the following account of a family on its way to Texas. We don't blame the visitor if declining to travel with them.

Not long since might have been seen on the Vicksburg road, a staid-looking old gentleman on horseback, with his coat buttoned tight around him and an umbrella hoisted over his head, protecting him from a drizzling rain that had that evening "set in" with every indication of a continuance. His horse moved sluggishly along as though lured by a long journey. The rider seemed anxiously looking for a wherabouts to pass the night, when a fire a short distance from the road attracted his attention.

He rode to the spot, and beheld, what is very common in this section of the country, an encampment of a family "a-moving." By the fire, with logs of wood for pillows and each wrapped in a blanket, were lying two females—near them a small child, leaning against the fore-wheel of the wagon was a lad, about ten or eleven years of age; he wore a pair of linsey-woolsey trousers, too short for him, a roundabout that reached down his shoulders to his waist and fix, and it a half a mile to the creek, and I don't care a d—n if I never see Texas!

"Bal—a—a—a—Bal—a—a!" roared piney wood.

The old gentleman rode up to him, and in a tone of voice calculated to soothe the lad's distress, addressed him—
"What's his matter, my son?"

"Matter! Fire and d—n! a stranger!"

Don't you see mammy here slinking with the ager—Daddy's gone a fishing—Jim's got every cent of money there is, playing poker at a bit antee—Bob (Stokes) is gone on ahead with Nance!—Bal's so tired he don't know that stick of wood from seven dollars and a half!—Every one of the horse is loose!—There's no meal in the wagon!—The skillet's broke! The baby's in a bad fix, and it's a half a mile to the creek, and I don't care a d—n if I never see Texas!

"Bal—a—a—a—Bal—a—a!"

The old gentleman gave spur to his horse and again moved forward, not having any desire to prolong his chance visit with a family going to Texas.

A remarkable suicide occurred at Swift Creek, N. C., on the 21st ult., where Henry Markham, only 10 years old, having been drunk the day before, was ashamed of his conduct that he placed the muzzle of a gun to his forehead, and pushed the trigger with a stick, and shot himself dead.