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ROBERT P. WARING, Editor.

"The States—Distinct as the Willow, but one as the Sea."

RUFUS M. HERRON, Publisher.

VOL. 3.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 3, 1854.

NO. 15.

Business Cards, &c.

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Attorney at Law,

Office in Lowrey's Brick Building, 2nd floor.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

ELMS & JOHNSON.

Forwarding and Commission Merchants.
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June 23, '54. 48f.

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Corner of Richardson and Laurel Streets,
COLUMBIA, S. C.
June 9 1854 1y

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FORWARDING & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 2 Hays Street,
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Aug. 11, '54—6m

RHETT & ROBINSON,
FACTORS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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187 Liberal advances made on Consignments.
17 Special attention given to the sale of Flour, Corn,
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feel confident of giving satisfaction.
March 17, 1854. 31-ly

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Plantation Woods, Blankets, &c., Carpets and
Curtain Materials, Silks and Rich Dress Goods, Cloaks,
Mantles and Shawls. Terms Cash. One Price Only.
March 17, 1854. 31-ly

RAMSEY'S PIANO STORE.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
NUNN & CO.'S Patent
Diagonal Grand PIANOS—
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Sustained Pedal PIANOS;
(checkings, Traversers and
other best makers' Pianos, at
the Factory Prices.
Columbia, S. C., Sept. 23, 1853. 10-ly.

CAROLINA INN,

BY JENNINGS B. KERR.
Charlotte, N. C.
January 28, 1853. 25f

WINDOW SHADES,

CURTAIN GOODS, MATRASSES

AND
Paper Hangings,
AT GREAT BARGAINS.

THE subscriber has in store, of his own manufacture
and importation an enormous stock of WINDOW
SHADES, GILT Cornices, Paper Hangings, Matresses,
Satin Delaines, Damasks, Lace and Muslin Curtains,
Tassels, Lamps, &c. All of which are offered at prices
that are appreciated by all those buyers and economical
house-keepers.
H. W. KINSMAN, 177 King-st.
March 24, '54 1y Charlotte, S. C.

"Mining Machinery."

(CORNISH PUMPS, Lifting and Ferring, Cornish
Crushers, Stamps, Steam Engines, and general
Mining work, made by the subscriber at short notice.)
LANG, COOK & CO.,
Hudson Machine Works,
Hudson, N. Y.
Refer to
Jas. J. Hodge, Esq., New-York.
June 24, 1854. 12-ly

Norris Works,

Manufacturers of Mining Machinery, as
follows, viz: The Cornish Pumps, Engines, high
and low pressure Pumping, Stamping and Hoisting
STEAM ENGINES; CORNISH PUMPS, CRUSHERS,
WINDMILLS, IRON BLOCKS, PULVERISERS of all sizes, and every
variety of Machinery for Mining purposes.
THOMAS, COLESON & WEST.
June 2, 1854 45-ly

MEDICAL NOTICE.

DR. P. C. CALDWELL, has associated his son, DR.
JOSEPH M. CALDWELL, with him in the Prac-
tice of Medicine. Office, 2nd story in Elms' new brick
building, near the Courthouse.
March 24, 1854. 35-ly

N. B.—All persons indebted to me by accounts are
requested to settle the same at an early day.
Mar 24 P. C. CALDWELL.

The American Hotel,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

I BEG to announce to my friends, the public, and present
patrons of the above Hotel, that I have leased the
same for a term of years from the 1st of January next.
After which time, the entire property will be thoroughly
repaired and renovated, and the house kept in first
class style. This Hotel is near the Depot, in a pleasant
situation, rendering it a desirable house for travellers
and families.
Dec 16, 1853. 22t C. M. RAY.

MARCH & SHARP,

AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
COLUMBIA, S. C.

Will attend to the sale of all kinds of Merchandise,
Produce, &c. Also, Real and Personal Property.
Or purchase and sell Slaves, &c., on Commission.
SALES ROOM—No. 121 Richardson Street, and immedi-
ately opposite the United States Hotel.
Feb. 23, 1854. THOS. H. MARCH. J. S. SHARP.

Livery and Sales Stable,

BY S. H. REA,

At the stand formerly occupied by R. Morrison, in
Charlotte. Horses fed, hired and sold. Good ac-
commodations for Drivers. The custom of his friends
and the public generally solicited.
February 17, 1854. 20-y

Notice

I hereby give notice that application will be made to the
next General Assembly of North Carolina at its next
session, to amend the Charter of the town of Charlotte.
Aug. 25, 1854. MANY TAX PAYERS.

Responsibilities of American Women.

[From the Home Journal.]
The spring-time of the Old World has passed, and we look not now over the eastern waters for the dawn of new hopes, bold aspirations, and bright schemes, bespeaking a wealth of prosperity, for the summer has departed from the wide fields of its classical and political art, and the golden sheaves have been garnered for the threshing floor. Life and aspiration have departed from the marble fane of Greece; and the expectations of the world have long been withdrawn from its crumbling shrines. Rome, with her proud brow crushed to the dust, and the foot of tyrannous power neck, cannot claim the tribute, bidding us hope for the day when Liberty, clad in spotless robes, shall hallow the shade of her time-worn Coliseum, and make again the "city of seven hills" the proud Mistress of the World. The day of their glory hath long gone by, and the rehearsal of their greatness—the victories of their Alexander, and the royal pride of their Caesars—is fading away in the dim recesses of the past.

But the world must have its hope, and a bright spot upon which it may rest. Though the star may be feeble, and broken off by clouds, yet if it give but a promise of better things to be, naught can break the prayerful gaze of millions. One deep and earnest longing arises now from the hearts of the world's noblest brotherhood—the fraternal band, who whether they be Jew or Greek, Protestant or Roman, can unite their voices in a grand diapason of harmony—calling upon the God of their fathers for their sacred boon of liberty. Monarchy and despotism have grown aged; their iron-crowned crowns rest uneasily upon their brows, and when they chance to fall, what faithful child have they to replace them?

Well may America be proud of the hope that is centered upon her youthful endeavors and almost untired skill. Well may she forestall a future's rosy dawn, glad with the fulfillment of golden expectations, prosperous in the unceasing wealth her industrious hand hath planted; when the nations of the Old World shall turn from the grand architecture that piles in sublimity their cathedrals against the sky; from their sculpture, like-life with impassioned thought; their glowing canvass, their libraries of ancient wealth, and their moss-roofed cities, to gather from the fresh and brilliant stores that decorate and enlighten the wild beauty of her clime.

Nor does she depend for the fulfillment of her aspirations upon the brightness of her dream, the flattering hopes of those foreign to her aid, or even upon those illustrious sons who lived and died in her interest. These may cheer and make the labor seem more light; but her destiny rests with fearful weight upon the characters of the great men of the present and future day.

When we say that rests upon the characters of the leading minds that govern us, how quick is the perception of the true heart of our prosperity, the garden that nourishes the tree we love—American daughters have the keeping of this sacred hope, and it depends upon their watchful care and interest, whether it shall live or not.

Can our Republic anticipate an era of sterling intellectuality, political wisdom and true morality, if the preceding generations are nearly devoid of any one germ of these virtues? Can we expect another Washington in the ripened manhood of one whose youth was debased by dissipation, corrupted by unrestrained vice, and unpurified by the holy influence of a home and mother? Can Liberty hope for peers with her Jefferson, Adams, and other like glorious minds, whose hallowed light still lingers a blessed memory, if among the mothers of her sons there are none with hearts of sufficient purity, and minds of true womanly mould, to abandon forever their fashionable inactivity, and stupid life routine, and labor firmly and boldly for the brilliancy of her destiny?

The pulpit, the platform, or the statesman's desk do not call on woman now; but a voice is constantly re-echoing from neglected fire-sides, vitiated sons, worthless daughters, 'give us, mothers and wives, the hours God gave you for our devotion, and which ye spend so lavishly upon the drosses of literature, and the frivolous pursuits of fashion! Smile around your own hearthstones, and they will give back a blessing, and not the curse that follows with a blight the simper of the gay!

Does woman wish to guide the helm of State, to purify its laws and elevate its aims? Does she wish to restrain the frightful march of intemperance, the increase of immorality, and the vice that strains with indelible dyes the hearts of our youth? God bless her prayer, and every effort she may advance; but let her not forget that in no station, nor any place, can she exert the power and influence greater than that within the circle of her home.

When we say that American women are un-mindful of the important station they fill, and that their habits of life, instead of having an ennobling influence upon their posterity, possess rather a corrupt and vitiating tendency, we do not include those true hearts who are striving, both in public and in private, for the elevation of their sex; but the general mass of our sisterhood—whose ennobled minds are too much absorbed in trifling vanities, to devote one thought or exertion towards the accomplishment of a blessed duty, or even the guardianship of their own children. Can a woman whom God hath given sons and daughters, with hearts and minds capable of becoming a blessing to the age in which they live, and a glorious example for generations yet to come, fulfil her trust by making her off-spring the automata of fashionable life? Can we expect to find a true mother's heart, superior intellect and a purifying influence, in her who, with wealth at her command, and neglected objects awaiting its disposal, will flitter away the short time of her existence at fashionable watering-places, during the summer, conserving her already broken constitution, as a preparation for the winter's festivities? Can we expect to find in her sons men of expanded minds, and wise judgment, guided by hearts so honest and noble that the nation will submit to their guidance, and treasure their memories with that of Washington? Can a mother hope all this of a son whose unrestrained youth is devoted to the sport of fast horses, giving champagne suppers, and drinking and gaming half the night? And yet, where does the responsibility rest?

The daughters of these pleasure-seeking and fashionable-aspiring women, what has Liberty to

hope from them? Poor butterflies!—Blighted apples on dwarfed trees! Little souls plumed over with mannerism, affections and foibles, shedding just light enough to draw the moths!—minds of sufficient airy rominess to shelter the sentimental fiction of the day, and hearken so humbly-clad that they aim no higher than ribands and taux! And yet, how great the hope that America places upon them! These are to become the mothers of the next generation—shedding an everlasting influence upon posterity!—These are to become the wives of those that form the strength of our Republic, and their union shall either facilitate or retard our progress.

America's hope is centered around her fire-sides, and her destiny depends upon the influence they emit. The eloquence of statesmen may re-vibrate through the land—pulpits may send forth their appeals of truth and tenderness—science may labor and bestow her undying tribute, and art may petrify her dreams—yet the garden will fade from Liberty's brow, and disappointed millions send up their cry of despair, if woman's heart refuse an interest in the work. Let our daughters be educated for the station of true and noble women; let them learn to discard the soul-wasting vanities of the day, and enrich their minds, and so purify their influence that it shall be their lasting monument for long ages to come. Teach them so to labor that "generations yet to be" shall look back and call them blessed, and hallow their memories as the lives of those who placed the brightest and the purest star on Liberty's brow.

"Begin to-day, nor end till evil sink
In its due grave; and if at once we may not
Declare the greatness of the work we plan,
Be sure, at least, that ever in our eyes
It stand complete before us, as a done
Of light beyond this gloom; a house of stars,
Embracing these sticky tents; a thing
Absolute, close to all, though seldom seen,
Near as our hearts, and perfect as the heavens.
Be this our aim and model, and our hands
Shall not wax faint until the work is done."
JENNY MARSH.

Barnum's Speech on Humbugs.

Delivered at Stamford, on the occasion of the Agricultural Fair, Fairfield County.

It seems to be a most unfortunate circumstance that I should be selected to speak on humbug, as looking on the ladies, whose profession it peculiarly fits, I find it hard to express myself in their presence. Everything is humbug; the whole State is humbug, except our Agricultural Society—that alone is not.

Humbug is generally defined, "deceit or imposition." A burgler who breaks into your house, or a forger who cheats you of your property, or a rascal, is not a humbug; a humbug is an impostor; but in my opinion the true meaning of humbug is management—let, to take an old truth and put it in an attractive form.

But no humbug is great without truth at the bottom. The woolly horse was a reality. He was really born with a woolly coat. I bought him in Cincinnati for \$500, and sent him on to Connecticut, but for a long time I doubted what I should do with him, and feared that he would die on my hands. Just at this time, in 1849, Col. Fremont and his party were reported to have been lost among the Rocky Mountains. The public were greatly excited, but shortly news came that he was safe. Now came the chance for the woolly horse.

It was duly announced, that after three days chase upon the borders of the River Gila, an animal had been captured by the quartermaster of Col. Fremont's party, who partook in a singular degree of the nature of the buffalo, antelope and camel. This story was so far true, that I was myself the quartermaster who captured him, and I charged a quarter for the sight. The picture outside the exhibition depicted the animal as jumping over a ledge of rocks; now if the animal had really leaped, as shown in the picture, he must have passed over a space of five miles.—To have believed that he could have survived such a leap, would have been the grossest humbug.

But Col. Benton, who understands no humbug but his own, arrested my scheme, and prosecuted me for obtaining money under false pretences, as the horse was not what it professed to be, but I think wrongly, as the people who saw it were satisfied, and they got the worth of their money.

Now the scientific humbug should know the precise moment to act as I did, or the world would never have been blessed with a sight of the woolly horse.

When the woolly horse arrived from Connecticut he was put in a stable near Lovejoy's Hotel. One of the boarders who came to see him recognized him as an animal he had seen at Bridgeport. "Good heavens!" he cried, "I have seen that animal before; it is really an extraordinary humbug." He took up a friend from the same hotel, and after he had seen the animal let him into the secret, and in succession, thirty-seven persons were carried up, all of whom took the humbugging in good humor except the last man.

I have not the vanity to call myself a real scientific humbug, I am only an humble member of the profession.

My ambition to be the Prince of Humbugs I will resign, but I hope the public will take the will for the deed; I can assure them that if I had been able to give them all the humbugs I have thought of, they would have been amply satisfied.

Before I went to England with Tom Thumb, I had a skeleton prepared from various bones. It was to have been made eighteen feet high; it was to have been buried a year or so in Ohio, and then dug up by accident, so that the public might learn that there were giants of old. The price I was to pay the person who proposed to put the skeleton together was to have been \$225.

But finding Tom Thumb more successful than I thought, I sent word not to proceed with the skeleton. My manager, who never thought as highly of the scheme as it deserved, sold the skeleton for \$50 or \$75.

Seven years afterwards I received from the South an account of a gigantic skeleton that had been found. Accompanying it were the certificates of scientific and medical men as to the genuineness. The owner asked \$20,000, or \$1,000 a month; I wrote him if he brought it on I would take it if I found it as represented, or would pay his expenses if not; I found it was my own old original humbug come back to me again; of course I refused it, and I never heard of it afterwards.

Paris Fashions.

From the October letter of the New York Journal of Commerce's Paris correspondent, we extract the following:

For full dress visiting toilette, silk is the most fashionable. A dress of gray or violet *noire antique*, ornamented with gray or violet silk ribbons, with velvet stripes and black lace, is in great vogue. The corsage should be made high, either fastened to the throat or open to the waist, according to the taste of the wearer; it is edged with a narrow lace and a narrow velvet, which is continued down the front at the distance of two or three inches, the habit shirt is seen between the front, and behind it is lengthened over the hips, and falls over the skirts in points two inches deep. These points are bordered with a row of black velvet, and another of lace. A ribbon with velvet stripes is placed down the front, slightly gathered *a la taille*, between two rows of black lace, about an inch wide; a bow of ribbon with velvet stripes, is put on at the point of the corsage in front. The full sleeves are held up so as to form two bells, falling one over the other; they have three slashes bordered with velvet and black lace, through which appear the puffs of the under sleeve. A black lace finishes the bottom of the sleeve, and falls over a guipure lace. The simple skirt is disposed in four deep points about a half yard in depth, in which is sewed a watered silk flounce fuller than the skirt, and the seams of which are hidden under a plaited ribbon.

This same dress may be made for the evening, by cutting the corsage lower, and be composed of a lighter moire, or of a gold and silver brocade with a flounce of the same as the skirt.

Bodies with braces retain their favor. For cool weather these corsages are high, plain and with lappets, and are ornamented in front with two velvets placed as a breastpiece; the space between them is filled with smaller velvets placed transversally and to which are suspended small buttons. Two velvets placed as braces, begin at the lappet in front, rise over the shoulder, and go down the back seam. These braces are connected by cross velvets enriched by small velvet buttons. The sleeves and the lappets are ornamented in the same style.

We have a brilliant choice of wool tissues, this autumn. Valenciennes with satin or velvet stripes; woolen brocades with running patterns; figured batistes damasked and watered; woolen poplins, with small squares for negligé toilets, or children's costumes. The plain woolen popling trimmed with a contrasting velvet, an inch and a half in width, forms a very *commode* in-door dress. A *basquine* is very fashionable at this season. It is a pretty little garment which is worn over the body of the dress, open in front, and almost tight to the waist, where it forms a pretty half flounce. Those made of oriental cashmere, embroidered in bright colored arabesques, have a charming effect.

Gold and silver embroidery will be again, this winter, decidedly the most fashionable ornament for all articles of full dress. Tulle robes with double skirts are to be trimmed deeply with bouillons of tulle, with dots of violet and gold leaves. Many toilette dresses have twelve to fifteen stripes of gold or silver tissue worked in the material. The skirts are double, top one looped up with bows of floating ribbon, or with rich *agraffes* of precious stones. Gold and silver embroidery, mixed with rich shades of silk, upon tulle or organdi, are also in high repute. I have seen some corsages to accompany these toilettes, displaying the exquisite taste of Madame Monthuery, one formed of four white feathers, turned with bird-weed foliage of gold blonde; the leaves meet on the forehead in the shape of a diadem. Another consists of a coronet of crape leaves, the edges of which are frosted with gold; many garlands are of foliage, and flowers of crape embroidered with gold or silver.

We see a great variety in the forms and materials of mantles and cloaks. Velvet cloaks trimmed with deep lace will be the favorite garment of the season. For winter, expensive furs, will replace all other ornaments with ladies of fashion and large fortunes. The *Almaviva* mantle, intended as a full-dress costume, is composed of velvet of any color, according to the fancy of the wearer, and is made round and short, like a pelérine; it has for ornament, around the bottom and at the neck, medallions (formed by an insertion of lace) bordered by a gathered row of lace about an inch wide, from which fall two lace flounces 13 inches wide. When this mantle is trimmed with a fringe, the lace medallions are replaced by embroidered ones.

A Beautiful Picture.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the law of the land in which he lives—by the law of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under the wholesome influence not easily imbued from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere which, fashioned by the hand of God and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens a part is his—his from the centre of the sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home, but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors.

The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook, which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from the window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his father to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children; these are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them.—They flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart—they are the life-spring of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.—Edward Everett.

Mormonism Defiant.

It is represented that President Pierce is resolved to reduce the territory of Utah, from its anomalous attitude of independence, to subjection to the laws and sovereignty of the Federal Government, and that to this end he proposes to replace Brigham Young by a Governor of christian faith and decent demeanor. This is a step in the right direction; but why not at once adopt a thorough policy? A mere show of authority must only exasperate, while a sudden and vigorous blow might reduce the people of Utah to a salutary sense of dependence. Perhaps, therefore, it would be wiser if the Cabinet would summarily eject every Mormon from office, and bestow the judiciary as well as the executive authority in the territory upon men who reverse the principles and usages of christian civilization.

But, what if Brigham Young and his thirty thousand Polygamists assume an attitude of defiance, and refuse to submit to the authority of the Federal Government? This is likely enough, for when they were less powerful and insolent, they drove away a Judge with a Federal commission in his pocket, because he did not choose to speak respectfully of their polygamous usages. Indeed Brigham Young has avowed a purpose of resistance. In an address in the *Deseret News* of March 10th, 1854, he said:

"We have got a territorial government, and I am and will be the Governor, and no power can hinder it, until the Lord Almighty says, 'Brigham, you need not be Governor any longer,' and then I am willing to yield to another."

"No persons need trouble themselves about whether or not he would be removed, for the Lord would control that matter just as he pleased, and neither President Pierce nor any other President would remove him until the Lord permitted." *

"Every man that comes to impose on this people, no matter by whom they are sent, or who they are that are sent, they lay the axe at the root of the tree to kill themselves—they had better be careful how they come here, lest I should bend my little finger."

Here is a public defiance—a declaration of war against the Federal Government, in the event that it chooses to assert its authority in the territory of Utah. Will the Cabinet be intimidated by this threat of violence? On the contrary, it supplies them with an additional argument in favor of an energetic and thorough policy. The Mormons betray a spirit of vindictive and undying hatred of this government. They refuse to recognise its authority. They will not comply with its requisitions so far even as to transmit a copy of their laws, or a statement of their public expenditures. They openly declare that the Federal Government must either tolerate their barbarous institutions, or else prepare to vindicate its authority by force.

Utah cannot come into this confederacy with polygamy as a legal institution. *Squatter Sovereignty* may affirm the right of a people of a territory to "determine their own institutions;" but there is a sovereignty above the sovereignty of squatters. The sovereignty of reason, of religion, of civilization—the sovereignty of the collective will of the American people, forbids a fraternal association between a people who profess the pure morality of the religion of Jesus, and a people who live under the dominion of lust, and practice the licentious excesses of oriental barbarism.

Utah cannot approach the bridal altar of the Union covered with the scars and polluted by the poison of foul disease. She must purge herself of the presence of polygamy; she must come with the bloom of virgin innocence and strength. There can be no fellowship between Mormon and Christian. They cannot exist under the same social system—they cannot be partners in political power. Freedom of conscience is one thing, exemption from the restraints of decency and morality quite another. The constitution guarantees religious liberty, but gives no license to the excesses of conscience.

Mormonism is theocracy and involves not only a social gradation and inequality, but an anti-republican alliance between church and State. No country can be free in which polygamy prevails. Utah can demand admission into the Union by no claim of reason or of right. The people will repel its embrace with universal and unconquerable aversion.

If, then, there is this antagonism between Christianity and Mormonism, between the essential virtues of society and the polluting vice of polygamy, between the Liberty of Republicanism and the theocratic institutions of Utah, why should the Federal Government parley and temporise, and seek, by expedients of conciliation, to postpone the inevitable conflict? Nothing can be gained by delay or concession. To talk of compromising with Mormonism, or of tolerating it in the least repulsive of its aspects, is to insult the reason and the conscience of the country. Relentless repression is the only cure for the evil, and the only policy which the good sense of the public will approve. The work should be done quickly. Already has Brigham Young thirty thousand people under his sway, and their ranks are daily recruited by a continuous stream of immigration from every quarter of the globe. Intrenched in their mountain fastness, inaccessible on one flank, and with a wide waste of desert country lying in their front,—surrounded by tribes of savage Indians, who would readily respond to any invocation of blood, the Mormons at this moment are no contemptible foe. A few years hence they will be infinitely more formidable, for their numbers and their strength increase in a geometrical ratio.

And then their subjugation will involve many more obstacles, and certain intricate problems of constitutional power, which may be now avoided. It is sound policy in the President to grapple with the difficulty at once, and with a resolution to concede nothing to the pretensions of Mormonism.

MELANCHOLY DEATH.—We regret to learn that Col. Richard Lowry, of this vicinity, was killed on yesterday on his way to Concord to attend the meeting of the Presbyterian Synod. We are not in possession of the particulars, further than that his horse became frightened at the train on the railroad, and in attempting to hold him, was thrown and struck in the temple by the wheel of his buggy. He died in a few hours after. Col. L. was a most excellent citizen, a kind and obliging neighbor, and a useful member of the Presbyterian Church. He has left a wife and numerous friends to mourn his death.—*Saturday Watchman*.

The Life of Sir John Franklin.

The following particulars of the biography of the distinguished navigator, the discovery of whose unhappy fate has engaged the attention so much of late, we find in the New York Post:

Sir John Franklin, who at a very early age manifested the adventurous spirit that characterized his later career, was born at Spilshy, in Lincolnshire, in 1786. The evident bent of the boy's mind for a sailor's life met meeting with the father's views, he was sent on a voyage to Lisbon in a merchant vessel, in hopes the reality would operate as a cure. The attempt failed, and at the age of fourteen he entered the British navy as a midshipman, on board the Polyphemus, in which capacity he served at the battle of Copenhagen. In 1803 he accompanied his relative, Capt. Flinders, on a voyage of discovery to the South seas, and was shipwrecked on the coast of New Holland. He was afterwards signal officer on the Bellarophon (the ship on board which Napoleon took refuge in 1815) at the battle of Trafalgar, and in 1814 served as lieutenant upon the Bedford, which carried the allied sovereign to England. In 1815 he was at the attack upon New Orleans, which ended so disastrous for the British, and won considerable reputation by the capture of an American gunboat. In 1818 he was appointed to the command of the brig Trent, which formed part of the Polar Expedition under Capt. Buchan. He afterwards held a command in the expedition under Ross and Parry, at which time he examined the coast as far north as Cape Turnigin, 68 degrees 30 minutes north latitude, and returned to England in 1822, after having suffered great hardships and privations, and was only saved from death by the kindness of the Eskimoux.

Promoted to the rank of post-captain in 1825, in company with the same parties he undertook a second voyage to the Polar seas, and examined the coast between the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers. He returned in 1827, having reached 70 deg. 30 min. north latitude and 150 deg. west longitude, and was knighted by George IV. in acknowledgment of his services. In 1830 he was in command of a ship-of-the-line in the Mediterranean, and was afterwards sent as Governor to Van Diemen's Land, from which post he was recalled in 1843. Early in 1845 he returned to England, and was at once appointed to the command of the expedition to the Polar seas, from which he never returned, and which was expected to add largely to the stock of geographical knowledge and that of the laws which govern the magnet.

The *Erabus and Terror*, the two ships with which the younger Ross, in 1829, had made his celebrated voyage to the South Polar seas, were rapidly fitted up with everything necessary for the service, and with the distinguished officers, Captains Crozier and Fitzjames, who were selected by Sir John himself, the expedition left England on the 19th of May of that year. It was spoken by several whale ships on the 4th of July, and on the 26th of the same month was seen for the last time in Melville's Bay, lat. 77 north, longitude 60 13 west from Greenwich.

General respecting the missing navigators became general in England in 1848, and since that period several expeditions have been fitted out there, as well as one from this country, for the purpose of either rescuing or ascertaining the fate of Sir John and his companions. They have all returned without success. The only traces hitherto discovered have been the graves of three of the party, and some empty cans used for containing preserved meats, such as were furnished the expedition.—The searches instituted at the request of the English by the Russian Government amongst its possessions on the Arctic Sea has met with no result.—But the veil seems to be lifted, and should the report of Dr. Ren, which has reached us from Canada, prove correct, we shall soon probably know all that can ever be known of Sir John Franklin and those under his command.

The Month of October.

How beautifully does our contemporary of the *Edgefield Advertiser* speak of this charming month, read what he writes:

Of all the months in the year give us October. flow bracing, the buoyant influences of an October morning! How soothing, the musical whispers of an October noon! How charming, the mellow-tinted light of an October eve!

It is the month of Gratitude! For the harvest is come, and the granaries of men are replenishing, and the blessings of that God who gives the increase to the labors of the husbandman, are spreading over the land in such golden abundance that all but the most obtuse of hearts must be filled with thankfulness and praise.

It is the month of Memories! The dropping leaves of an Autumnal day, they are not significant emblems of those we've "seen around us fall!" The chastened hues of an Autumnal sunset, do they not call to mind the joys and pleasures of the past! The natural harmonies of the Autumnal winds, as they moan amid the high pine tops of the forest, do they not carry us back insensibly to the earlier days of our earthly existence, while all of life was but an opening vision of bliss!

It is the month, too, of Religion! The year is dying around us. The frosts of winter are preparing to wither the green garb of nature. Change and Decay are everywhere seen coming over what was lately so fresh and beautiful. "And such is life," says the philosophic mind. "It is but as the changing year—first, Spring with its radiant flowers; next,