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Salisbury Weekly Freeman

Dedicated to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

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To the People of the United States.

THE CITIZENS:—There are circumstances which call for the appeal we make to your most earnest attention. There are aspects in the pending contest for the Presidency, which are very serious and important. We cannot therefore forward freely to communicate some of our apprehensions, before we separate here, and to call upon you at once to look full in the face, upon dangers which may seem to impend over the greatest popular government on earth.

Two of the political parties in our country have pitched a Presidential battle upon sections of the Union, and the other, a character as to stir the deepest passion of the American people. Through its coming conflict, it cannot be disguised, that those parties have in special sort cooperated to press upon the country one exciting issue after another, until, by dint of continued and unrelenting exertions, they have nearly succeeded in arraying in hostile columns, one half of the Union against the other. They appear mutually to have employed all the energies of party power to excite sectional distrust, jealousy, and enmity, and now, for the first time in the history of the government, we find a truly formidable party, fully organized, and using every effort in their power to combine the non-factional elements of the Union, and to bring about a sectional party, which, by its own bold, frank, and manly speeches, which the people have everywhere read with admiration and delight, and by his own pure, unselfish reputation and spotless character. Of these the people themselves had the means of forming an accurate judgment, and to that judgment both he and his friends have been at all times, and are now, ready to bow with respectful submission—they ask no appeal in any other tribunal.

But the arts and frauds which have been resorted to by the two sectional parties of the country, to weaken Mr. Fillmore, by inducing the belief that he was without strength elsewhere than in the place where the election was held, the people have not been so well able to understand. They have heard those assertions generally with surprise and incredulity, though the frequency of their repetition, the confident tone in which they have been made to appear, and, above all, the perfect concurrence of Republicans and Democrats in these misrepresentations, and the readiness with which the one sustained the other's fabrication, have made some impression upon the public mind, or at least upon the minds of such as consult their fear rather than rely upon the goodness of their cause.

Upon the eve of our adjournment, these and similar assertions are again renewed, with a view to the effect of sowing the seeds of alienation and discord between our friends in different sections of the Union, and these wicked and false statements are sent to the country by railroads, by telegraph, and by missionaries and emissaries with a zeal and apparent confidence, worthy of a better cause, and the assertion is now added that Mr. Fillmore will be now withdrawn.

In addressing you now, we wish definitely to contradict these untrue reports, and correct as far as we can the false impression to which they have given rise, and thus to strip our enemies of their most favorite and nearly only remaining means of warfare.

Note of these charges and insinuations are true. We speak to all sections of our common country in saying so. The friends of our candidates, both North and South, are standing firmly by their colors and by their men, and will do so until the contest is decided in November. They do so both from choice and from duty. They choose it, because their men stand on the only truly national platform, as broad as the entire Union, and exactly co-extensive with the constitution, recognizing the rights of the States on the one hand, and of the Federal Government on the other, and holding each sovereign within its proper sphere; and their duty requires that these geographical, these sectional parties, both Republican and Democratic, so called, shall be driven from the field. Whoever aids either, aids one section of a common country against another.

We can say to our friends in all sections, that from henceforth until the election in November, they should work in good heart and spirits, that states of lukewarmness and abandonment of our cause should be based upon something in the future different from the past, to be true; that North and South the friends of our candidates are true as well-tempered steel, and are working with more heart, zeal, and confidence as the canvass progresses. The hearts of true national men, North and South, beat in unison with each other, and their hands are being vig- orously applied to a common labor, and for a common result; and there is not the least reason, in any section, for distrust of friends in any other. Let not the enemy reap any fruits from the insidious policy pursued by them. We say to you that it appears to us from this point of observation, that if all who in their hearts prefer Millard Fillmore for President shall vote for him, he will be triumphantly elected.

We do not pretend to direct, govern, or control the movement in favor of the American cause. That is a matter solely in the hands of the people at large. It is theirs; they originated it. We believe our candidates, however, are infinitely stronger amongst the people than among politicians, who happen at this time to be in power, or struggling to acquire it. Let their friends be of good cheer. Let them do their duty, and they will be astonished at their great strength at the polls. Let each man go to work and confide in his friends elsewhere, and the victory is sure. No cunningly devised stories should induce them for one moment to think of taking sides between the candidates of those dangerous sectional organizations which are now struggling to concentrate the North against the South, or the South against the North. They should, and will, both be overthrown. The country requires repose and demands safety. The friends of Fillmore and Douglas are the friends of the Union. They have the power to elect them, and thus strengthen the bonds of that friendship and confidence between the North and the South which in other days added such power and glory to the Republic.

Let us pledge ourselves each to the other that every man will do his duty to our candidates and our cause, and you may rely upon it that the country will be saved from the dangers to which it is exposed, and restored to the quiet and confidence which blessed it at the close of Mr. Fillmore's administration.

W. R. SMITH,
HERBERT MARSHALL,
A. K. MARSHALL,
S. G. HAYES,
E. K. ZIEGLER,
HENRY WALTER DAVIS,
F. S. LOWMEYER,
W. H. SNEYD,
S. M. C. SWANER,
E. D. CUTLER,
CHARLES READ,
GEO. ESTES, JR.,
W. A. LARKS,
J. MORRISON HARRIS,
J. S. CALLEK,
H. W. HOFFMAN,
THOMAS R. WHITNEY,
JAMES BROWN,
WASHINGTON, August 15, 1856.

GAME IN KANSAS TERRITORY.

The following is extracted from a letter recently published in the "Ohio Farmer":

FOXY RILEY, K. T., July 31.

I have not the convenience for a polished letter. My desk is a walnut log in the edge of a skirt of timber, on one of the main tributaries of the Kansas river. At a short distance is my dwelling, consisting of two broads of cotton cloth, inclined at right angles over a blackberry ridge pole, and my couch is a fertile flowery valley, with an Indian campfire at my feet, and the stars for my study—though none of these things make me feel disquiet and lonesome, for here one is amidst some of the finest representations of nature.

The Birds of Kansas.—The birds are thrilling and singing around me, and some of them are getting up a variety of sounds that seem little like music. The black-lark, the robin, the lark, the nightingale, a species of the oriole, are among those I venture to name. The hawk, duck, prairie hen, grouse, sand hill crane, wild goose, and turkey are rather abundant.

Quadrupeds.—Our quadruped game consists of rats and mice, gophers, the fox, the squirrel, the badger, prairie dog, prairie wolf, coon, deer, antelope, elk, and buffalo. We have considerable sport with the wolves. They are rather familiar towards us; still they show us a decided amount of respect. A few days since, we took a hunting stroll, and routed fifteen antelope, killing one, and taking one prisoner.

Fish.—Fish, abundant very plentifully in all the rivers and tributaries in the Territory. A party of us, a few days ago, went to the Republican Fork, and with our wagon sheet, caught a catfish that weighed forty-one pounds, with other sizes ranging down. The cat-fish is a very fine eating fish. The other varieties are quite numerous.

Buffalo Hunt.—There is a party of us going a buffalo hunting in a few days, starting from Fort Riley, and following up the Saline Fork. A party of our neighbor claimants have just returned from a week's hunt, with the meat of one buffalo, and two live buffalo calves. They give such good accounts of them, that those of us who stayed at home to guard our wagons and crops have become somewhat excited in our rapid arrangements for another hunt.

The Soil.—Irrigated resources, &c.—The soil of this Territory is a rich, vegetable loam, strongly impregnated with limestone. The geological formation of the country is very simple. It is very likely there is some coal in this Territory; there may be considerable. The timber and prairie are proportioned, in my judgment, to about one acre of timber to three hundred acres of prairie. There is water in great portions of the Territory, and a considerable deficiency in others. The country is well adapted to the raising of hemp, cotton, sheep, and the grape. A gentleman of considerable agricultural experience told me he thought the principal products of the country were destined to commerce with "Wool and wine. There will undoubtedly be leading productions, but no theory can make this any less than a great cattle country.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I have speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of gay circles, married as the world says—well. Some have moved into costly houses and their friends have all come and looked at their furniture and their splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the young; at such times I am carried away by similar feelings. I love to get unobserved into a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and her soft eyes making me in their pride of life weave a waking dream of future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the not forbidden tenderness; and how thrillingly the allowed kiss, and the beautiful endearments of wedded life, will make even their parting joys, and how gladly come back from the crowd, and enjoy mirth of the gay, to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature who blushes even now at his levitating caresses, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come, and when he enters at last, and with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the tide that goes flowing through the heart and goes with him on the graceful form as she moves about for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshadowed beauty. I go forward for years and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces resigned into dignity, and loveliness chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows her the same fervent love and delicate attentions which first won her; and her children are grown about them, and they are going on full of honor and untroubled years, are remembered when they die.

The Bottom of the Sea.

Besides the countless varieties of the animals, the bottom of the sea is overgrown with the curled, deep purple leaves of the sea lettuce, with a large purple lichen, and many-branched, hollow algae, full of life and motion in their rosy little blades, thickly set with ever-moving tiny animals.

These plants form submarine forests, growing one into another, in apparently lawless order; here interlacing their branches, there forming bowers and long avenues; at one time thriving abundantly, till the thickest stems impervious; then again leaving large openings between wild and wild, where smaller plants form a beautiful pink turf. There a thousand hues and tinges shine and glitter in each changing light. In the indulgence of their luxuriant growth, the fuel especially seem to gratify every whim and freak. Creeping close to the ground, or sending long stretched arms, crowned with waving plumes, up to the blessed light of heaven, they form pale green sea-groves, where there is neither moon or star; or rise up nearer to the surface, to be transcendently rich and gorgeous in brightest green, gold, and purple. And through this dream-like scene, playing in all the colours of the rainbow, and deep under the hollow, briny ocean, there sail and chase each other merrily gaily-painted molluscs, and bright shining fishes. Snails of every shape creep slowly along the stems, while long, grey-haired seals hang with their enormous tusks on large, tall trees. There is the gigantic Dugong, the siren of the ancients, the side-long shark with his leaden eyes, the thick-haired sea leopard, and the sluggish turtle.

Look how these strange, ill-shaped forms, how ever keep their dreamless sleep far down in the gloomy deep, stir themselves from time to time. See how they drive each other from their rich pastures, how they seem to awaken in storms, rising like islands from beneath, and surging through the angry spray! Perhaps they graze peacefully in the unbroken cool of the ocean's deep bed, when lo! a hungry shark comes slyly, silently around that grove; its glassy eyes shine ghost-like with a yellow sheen, and seek their prey. The sea-dog first becomes aware of his dreaded enemy, and seeks refuge in the thickest recesses of the fungus forest. In an instant the whole scene changes. The oyster closes its shell with a clap, and throws itself into the deep below; the turtle conceals her head and feet under her impenetrable armour, and sinks slowly downward; the playful little fish disappear in the branches of the marsoyes; lobsters hide under the thick, clammy-shapen roots, and the young walrus also turns boldly around, and faces the intruder with his sharp-pointed teeth. The shark seeks to gain his unprotected side. The battle commences; both seek the forest; their fins become entangled in the closely interwoven branches; at last the more agile shark succeeds in wounding his adversary's side. Despairing of life, the bleeding walrus tries to conceal his last agony in the woods, but blinded by pain and blood, he fastens himself among the branches, and soon falls an easy prey to the shark, who greedily devours him.

When is a Man Rich Enough.

When a lad, an old gentleman took the trouble to teach me some little knowledge of the world. With this view I remember he one day asked me, "When is a man rich enough?" I replied, "When he has a thousand pounds." He said, "No." "Two thousand?" He said, "No." "Ten thousand?" "No." "A hundred thousand?" which I thought would settle the business; but he still continued to say no. I gave it up, and confessed I could not tell, but begged that he would inform me. He gravely said, "When he has a little more than he has, and that is never! If he requires one thousand, he wishes to have two thousand, then five, then twenty, then fifty; from that his riches would amount to one hundred thousand, and so on till he had grasped the whole world, after which he would look about him, like Alexander, for other worlds to possess." Many a proof have I had of the old gentleman's remarks since he made them to me, and I am happy to say, I have discovered the reason. Full enjoyment, full satisfaction to the mind of man, can only be found in possessing God, with all his infinite perfections. It is only the Creator, and not the creature, that can satisfy.

The Teeth.

The enamel of the teeth is one of the most curious substances in the human organism. It is a vitreous compound, sufficiently hard to strike fire with steel; its surface is smooth and polished, and it forms a thicker layer in the crown of the tooth, and at the parts where the teeth come in contact, than towards the cervix or neck. Its crystalline fibres, as seen through a microscope, are transverse to the perpendicular surface of the teeth, and seem to protrude from the ivory beneath in innumerable filiform points, giving to the more translucent medium which they thus penetrate and pervade, a beautiful velvety appearance. It is supposed, however, that the enamel has neither blood vessels nor nerves in its matured and completed state, and that its formation and its sensiveness to touch are dependent upon the vascular and nervous structure of the interior osseous portion of the tooth, with which it communicates by pressure or transferred motion.

HOW DOES THE SOUTH LIKE IT?

Every day we see in Northern journals announcements like the following:—Let it be remembered that it is the Democratic party—the same party that claims to be the true friend of the South, that favors the immigration and the investment with political power of these foreign foes of our institution and rights.

The Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish citizens of Chicago met in that city on Saturday last, for the purpose of forming a Scandinavian Fremont Club. Of these there are about eight hundred voters in Chicago, all industrious, frugal, and temperate men, and all with one single exception avowing their intention to vote for Freedom and Fremont. They came with their wives and daughters, and long before the hour when proceedings were commenced, the floor of the Hall was completely occupied by these children of the North. The meeting was a most enthusiastic one. Striking speeches were made and resolutions were adopted.

A WORD TO SOUTHERN MERCHANTS.

We were shown a letter on yesterday from a Philadelphia Correspondent of a house in this place, a part of which surprised us very much. It is this: The house here had ordered materials to be purchased for them by their agent, from a house with whom they had been trading; which was executed as supposed, upon the usual terms, 4 or 6 months. On the next day, to the surprise of the agent, he received a message stating that the head of the firm had concluded that it was not desirable to receive any Southern paper owing to the political difficulties between the North and the South, but would sell for cash. The agent very properly returned in reply, that if these were his feelings he would not buy from him on any terms whatever. We also understand that another merchant who had purchased from another firm in Philadelphia goods in his line, on going to New York and seeing a card from them expressing similar feelings to the above, had immediately set down and wrote them word that they need not pack his goods for he would not receive them. The houses referred to above are D. Scull & Son and Morris L. Halliwell. Now, our opinion has always been, that if our merchants had declined purchasing their goods at Philadelphia and New York and stop at Baltimore, abolitionism would have been nipped in the bud. Affect a man's interest and you will soon bring him to terms.—Charlott. Whig.

LET'S ALONE AND MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

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In reply to this exhortation of liquor dealers, Mr. Burns of England, says:—I cannot let the traffic alone. I have never sold, bought, given, tasted, or recommended, or sanctioned it in one form or another. And yet, sir, this traffic won't let me alone. It attacks my pocket. Who pays the increased taxation of drunkenness? The sober and the virtuous. And it is a shame that the whole community should be taxed for one class. I know some persons have said, "why don't you let the traffic alone? We don't interfere with you; you may

Words and Thoughts.

We beg leave to submit for the edification of all whose vocation it is to speak or write for the public benefit, the following suggestive passage from an old number of the *Knight's Book*:—Redundancy of language is never found with deep reflection. Verbiage may indicate observation, but not thinking. He who thinks much says little in proportion to his thoughts. He selects that language which will convey his ideas in the most explicit and direct manner. He tries to compress as much thought as possible into a few words. On the contrary, the man who talks everlastingly and promiscuously, who seems to have an exhaustless magazine of sound, crowds so many words into his thoughts that he always obscures, and very frequently conceals them. Some time ago it was said by Cotter—"An era is fast approaching, when no writer will be read by the majority, save and except those who can effect that for babes of manuscript, that the hydrostatic screw performs for babes of cotton, by condensing that matter into a period that before occupied a page.

Natural Curiosities of the South.

It is very surprising, says a late writer, that two of the greatest natural curiosities in the world are in the United States, and scarcely known to the best informed of our geographers and naturalists: the one is a beautiful fall in Franklin, Habersham county, Georgia, the other, a stupendous precipice in Pendleton district, South Carolina. They are both faintly mentioned in the late edition of Moore's Geography, but not as they merit. The Tuccoo Fall is much higher than the Niagara. The column of water is propelled beautifully over a perpendicular rock, and when the stream is full, it passes down without being broken. All the prismatic effect seen at Niagara falls short of the spray of Tuccoo. The table mountain in Pendleton district is an awful precipice of nine hundred feet. Many persons reside within five, seven, or ten miles of this grand spectacle who never had the curiosity to visit it. It is now visited by curious travellers, and sometimes by men of science.

A Cannon of New Construction.

Yesterday afternoon (says the St. Louis Democrat of the 13th instant) a small company assembled at the arsenal to witness the trial of a cannon constructed upon a new principle, and invented by our fellow-citizen, Mr. Dimick, gunsmith. The trial commenced about two o'clock, at the northeast corner of the arsenal wall, the gun being directed to the head of the sand bar opposite, a distance of upwards of a half mile. Of ten shots made after we arrived on the ground five of them struck the target, which was about seven feet square. This was considered excellent shooting at that distance. The balls are octagonal in diameter, elongated some ten inches, and pointed similar to the Minnie rifle bullet. The squares in the bore are so formed as to project the ball with extraordinary force, causing it to rotate in its flight. It is supposed that greater accuracy can be obtained in the working of this gun than that of any other now in use. The persons on the ground familiar with artillery were highly pleased with the performance.

So They Go!

So They Go!—Two of the Democratic electors of Mississippi have refused to vote. Cause—one of them is going to vote for the American nominees, and the other, business engagements won't allow him to stump it.

Low Necked Dresses.

Low Necked Dresses.—The low necked dresses of the ladies are made the theme of small jokes by certain fellows of the baser sort, who might be in better business. In our opinion it is with ladies a privilege they might be allowed to indulge at their discretion; the wits who would ridicule them had better look at home. If they do not like the ladies, let them look the other way. There was a great party in the Fifth Avenue just before last night, and the ladies in the matter of dress were extremely low-minded; so low were some of them disposed to go that Jones said to Snooks:—"Did you ever see the like?" "No," says Snooks, "I never did; at least since I was wedged."