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THE VICTIMISED BACHELOR.

BY ALBERT BRADLEY DAVIS.
It was lonely, very lonely, very lonely, sitting by the fire, though the moon shone sweetly through the casement, and the coals burned brightly in the grate. A rich carpet covered the floor—richer paintings hung upon the walls. Sofas, lounges and easy chairs were disposed around the room. Many rich volumes—rich in outward appearance and inward worth, were piled upon the table, or disposed orderly in the book case. A beautiful spaniel lay at full length at his master's feet, yet Tom Harris was lonely, very lonely, sitting by the fire.
A volume was open before him, and a full flood of light fell upon the page; but the eyes of Tom Harris rested not there, they were intently gazing at vacancy.—There was certainly a vacancy in the room,—what was worse a vacancy in his heart. Tom Harris was a bachelor. The mystery is solved. No wonder he was lonely. All bachelors are so, yes I know it by experience—All are lonely very lonely sitting by their fires.
Tom Harris was rich—rich in the world's goods—rich in a well stored mind. He was not handsome—sensible men never are—but he was good looking, that is to say, there was something interesting in his physiognomy—an intelligence in his eye. Tom was not an old bachelor—he was only twenty five—why, surrounded by everything calculated to make life comfortable was he yet a bachelor? His character was good, and his manners pleasing—there could be no obstacles in his way to matrimonial felicity. But I'll let you into the secret. Tom some two years previous to this time, had been—oh, girls for shame!—yes—he really had been actually jilted! mitted! bagged!—bah!—Now to a young man full of anticipations of future happiness, full of ambition, and who delighted to think how comfortable and pleasant home might be in the society of her whom he had chosen, and in whom he placed implicit confidence, as Tom did—there is nothing will so effectually make him hate himself and the whole world—no matter how I found it out—as to be deceived by that divine perfection as he had formerly thought. It takes an inch from his stature, and any quantity from his good temper and peace of mind. Yes, Tom had been jilted, knocked in end just in the climax of his joy. He had been playing at cob-house building, and just as he was going to put on the last cob—whereupon bang it all fell to the ground. How provoking! Tom wasn't one of the sickly sentimental kind, he was a man of spirit, he didn't shed tears and tear his hair—There are but very few that do, the girls often cheat themselves in their calculations about that, but he was down right vexed, and tried to convince himself that he had never carried anything about her, and what made him madder still, he couldn't do it. What a fool he was to love such a flirt, he would never do it again; the girls are all alike; I'm done with them—that was the way Tom reasoned, and he stuck to it for almost two years, and 'twas this that made him lonely, very lonely, sitting by the fire.
Man is a social animal. Say what we will, we can't get along and be happy without some intercourse with the fair sex, deceiving as they often are. We are no doubt the more fools for it, but then it is human nature, and can't be helped. Tom had stuck to his text like a philosopher.—He had effectually banished all regard for the false one; well he might, for she was married now. He kept a horse, a dog and a flowing pipe, yes, and a big walking-stick, and upon these he bestowed all his affection; he was immensely fond of them now, though before the catastrophe, that is, before he was jilted, he didn't care a pin for them. But the human heart must love something, let it be ever so much depraved. The most desperate villain, touch him in the right spot, will melt, though the difficulty is to find where that spot is, but it is somewhere among his affections, nay, a single word will render him a child.—Tom loved his pets, he took the best of care of them, and they in turn loved him, as much as brutes are capable of loving; at least they appreciated his kindness.—But still there was a vacancy, his heart was big, and this made him lonely, sitting by the fire.
Now, there was in the village, nearly

opposite Tom's mansion, a cottage; it was all covered with woodbine, and its little garden was tastefully set off with flower-pots. Tom loved flowers, and what was more dangerous to Tom's philosophy, there was a graceful, bright-eyed gardener, of the feminine gender, that lived in that cottage. It was in October now, and the flower season was of course over, but the little gardener was making careful provisions for the protection of their tender roots from the inclemency of the approaching winter. Tom had somehow taken considerable interest in these flowers; of course he didn't care any thing about the gardener, Fanny. During the summer past, he had watched the flowers from his window; he always took more interest in them when Fanny was pruning them or paying the little attentions that the flowers required.—Poor things! Fanny might hurt them.—And once or twice lately, when she was digging some of them up and transferring them to shelter, he felt so much solicitude that he even ventured across the road to look after them. There were flowers inside the cottage too, and he conceived an affection for them. When I introduced Tom to my readers he had just returned from the cottage; and felt such a solicitude for the flowers that this made him lonely, sitting by his fire. Somehow the flowers and Fanny got mixed up in his mind. He didn't care for her more than that she was the gardener of his dear flowers that were not his, but so it was. Tom sighed unconsciously, then cried "psah" for doing so, and finally yawned and looked a long while at nothing. Yes, it was very lonely here, sitting by the fire.
We left Tom sitting by the fire. Eight months afterwards, we find him there, and would you believe it, there is a female in the same room with him and that female—she is pretty—is Fanny! How is this? I will tell you, and young man, determined to be a bachelor, taking warning from the fate of poor Tom.
As the season advanced, and the cold increased, Tom's solicitude for the flowers increased, he had to see about them frequently, and the more he looked out for them the more anxious he grew. Finally other objects in the cottage, not Fanny, oh, no!—attracted his attention. He became fond of the old lady—she was a widow—passed life's prime, and it was his duty to see that she was comfortable—yes, a Christian duty. Finally Tom took such a fancy to the flowers that he must take some of them home to his room. And plague on it, he must have Fanny come to tend them, and one time when she came, Tom made her stay a long while; and he talked to her a great deal, all about the flowers of course, for when he was done Fanny's face looked just like a rose-bud; and not long after when she came to look after the flowers, a man with a white surplice told her that she could not go back again to the cottage, but put her hand in Tom's and—you can guess the rest. Bachelors, keep clear of flowers, they are perfect man traps, and poor Tom was a victim. But it was no longer lonely, for now, though sacrificed, Tom was happy, very happy, sitting by the fire.

THE FASHIONABLE WIFE.
A True Picture for the Serious Consideration of Young Ladies Generally.
"You know, my dear, I am a spoiled child; I must have my way this time," said Mrs. Finlay, a beautiful bride, to her adoring husband.
It was a matter of consequence to Finlay that she should not have her own way—this time. It was the first time her will—that odious, positive word—had made its appearance, and now was the time to crush, to subdue, it before it had Hercules' strength.
Finlay was a young lawyer of fine talents, just getting into extensive practice; it was necessary that he should remain in the city, but a stronger necessity was upon him, his *cara sposa* would go to the country, to be present at the wedding of a friend.
"But dearest, you know that I have several important cases upon the docket, which are just about to be tried; my clients will be dissatisfied," said Finlay, in that mild tone of entreaty, which should find its instant way to a woman's heart.
"Nonsense; let them go, you will have something besides clients to live upon, you know some of these days."
There was much pride, little sense, and a great want of feeling in this speech. Mrs. Finlay's expectations depended upon a kind, indulgent father, during whose lifetime they could not be realized. Finlay let it jar upon his heart strings and vibrate to the very core, but he excused it, or set it aside. "She is a beautiful thoughtless creature, she cannot be unfeeling."
To the country they went. "Well," thought Finlay, "I shall have exquisite pleasure in pointing out to my Caroline some favorite scenes, some striking views, which may have escaped her notice. We must sometimes make sacrifices to those we love; leaving town, after all, was a matter of little consequence."
The boat glided almost with the rapidity of lightning over the smooth, deep Hudson. "Come upon deck, Caroline, we are

near the Highlands; never did they look so splendidly."
It was the momentary glow of radiant coloring which a happy heart gives to nature. That at this moment rested so gloriously upon the picturesque Highlands.
"Come," said Mr. Finlay carefully wrapping the shawl about the faultless form of his beautiful wife.
"Why, George, one would think I had never been up the river before in my life," said Caroline, who was in the midst of an animated discussion with a fashionable friend upon the merits of their respective milliners. "I have seen the Highlands a thousand times; all that romantic stuff is out of fashion; quite out; nobody talks of the beauties of nature, but boarding school misses."
Thus repulsed, Finlay left her, and took his seat upon deck, with a sigh.
"Out of fashion," thought he, and his noble forehead was wrinkled which frowns, his proud lip curled, and a momentary flash illuminated his dark eyes with unvoiced fire. "Out of fashion! These towering, frowning palisades, this dark river, yonder rising moon!" He fell into reverent long and deep, for now he could not enjoy these things alone.
At the end of it, all the world's consoler, Hope, whispered kindly, "she certainly has sensibility, her mind is plastic, I can mould it into any form, and make it a complete reflection of my own."
Conjugal affection is a tender plant. The first rude shake sometimes scatters its fair leaves to the four winds of heaven. If but one leaf be torn away, all others are loosened. In poor Finlay's case they followed one by one in rapid succession.
A few weeks in the country entirely dispelled the illusion which love had thrown around his idol—the celestial halo, which he saw was only a hallucination of his own imagination, had departed forever. He had a beautiful, weak woman, with whom his cultivated, refined mind could hold no communion.
Finlay returned to town an altered man. His high ambition had been sanctified in his own estimation, because it was not entirely a selfish feeling. In all his visions of success, his honors were to be laid at the feet of Caroline.
He entered again upon his laborious employment. He was for a time entirely devoted to business, and lost all care and reflection in the close attention which he gave to his professional duties. But soon he needed relaxation; some place to which he could resort to spend a few hours in pleasure—Home did not afford it. The spoiled, heartless Caroline was engaged in an endless round of fashionable amusements. When at home she was weary, rapid, peevish. She needed the excitement and admiration of a crowd to give her animation. It was not worth while to exert herself to please one, and he only her husband.
Thus driven from that home, which should have been the haven of rest and peace, Finlay fled to the society of the gay, dissipated young men. Soon his office and law books were forsaken. His clients' frequent knocks were unanswered; they became less frequent, and at length ceased entirely.—They had lost their advocate, their counsellor. He had rendered himself unworthy of their confidence. The highly gifted ambitious Finlay had become a drunkard!
After a few years, Caroline returned to her father's house, because her husband was no longer able to support her; she returned a faded, disappointed, wretched woman. The viper sting of conscience told her that she had brought all her misery upon herself.
Why will not woman learn her own happiness? Can one whose every thought before marriage in selfishness, can she ever sacrifice her own interest to the will of another! Yet submission on her part will alone insure domestic comfort. Pride lifts itself in opposition to this doctrine, crying out "equal rights." But down with the rebellious spirit; her suggestions amount to this—
"Better reign in hell than serve in heaven."
Woman, too, must be man's intellectual companion. Without this, domestic life becomes so dull, so insipid, that to a man of refined taste and cultivated understanding it is intolerable.
The weak idolatry of a fool is valueless and disgusting to a man of sense, but the affection of a high minded, virtuous woman, is a discriminating, intelligent, deep affection, which it is an honor to gain, and a pleasure to cherish.

A VENETIAN DIDDLER.
When in Venice, I had but two zechines left wherewith to fight my way through this wicked world. My spirits for the first time deserted me; I never passed so miserable a night in my life, and in shame of my "doublet and hose." I felt very much inclined to cry like a child "While tossing on my pillow, however, I chanced to recollect a letter which my landlord of Bologna, Signor Possidini, had given me to a friend of his, a Signor Anzerotti; as he told me, he thought the introduction might be of use to me."
In the morning I went to the Rialto coffee-house, to which I was directed by the address of the letter. I here found the gentleman who was the object of my search. After reading my credentials very graciously, he smiled, and requested me to take a turn with him in the Piazza St. Marc. He was a fine looking man, about sixty years of age. I remarked, there was an aristocratic manner about him and he wore a very large tie-wig, well powdered, with an immensely long tail. He addressed me with a benevolent and patronizing air, and told me that he should be delighted to be of service to me, and bade me from that moment consider myself under his protection. "A little business," says he, "calls me away at this moment, but if you

will join me here at two o'clock we will adjourn to my casino, where, if you can dine on one dish, you will perhaps do me the favor to partake of a boiled capon and rice; I can only offer you that; perhaps a rice soup, for which my cook is famous; and it may be just one or two little things not worth mentioning."
A boiled capon—rice soup—other little things, thought I—manners in the wilderness! I strolled about, not to get an appetite, for that was ready but to kill time. My excellent, hospitable, long-tailed friend was punctual to the moment; I joined him and proceeded towards his residence.
As we were bending our steps thither, we happened to pass a luganigera's (a ham shop) in which there was some ham ready dressed in the window. My powdered patron paused—it was an awful pause; he reconnoitred, examined, and at last said, "Do you know, Signor, I was thinking that some of that ham would eat deliciously with our capon;—I am known in this neighborhood, and it would not do for me to be seen buying ham. But do you go in, my child, and get two or three pounds of it, and I will walk on and wait for you."
I went in, of course, and purchased three pounds of ham, to pay for which I was obliged to change one of my two zechines. I carefully folded up the precious viand, and rejoined my excellent patron, who eyed the relishing slices with the eye of a gourmand; indeed he was somewhat diffuse in his own disparage for not having ordered his servants to get one before he left home. During this peripatetic lecture on gastronomy, we happened to pass a *Carina*, in plain English a wine-cellar. At the door he made another full stop.
"In that house," said he, "they sell the best Cyprus wine in Venice—peculiar wine—a sort of wine not to be had any where else; I should like you to taste it; but I do not like to be seen buying wine by retail to carry home; go in yourself; buy a couple of flasks, and bring them to my casino; nobody hereabout knows you, and it won't signify in the least."
This last request was quite appalling; my pocket groaned to its very centre; however, recollecting that I was on the high road to preferment, and that a patron, cost what he might, was still a patron, I made the plunge, and setting from the counting, set forward for my venerable friend's casino, with three pounds of ham in one pocket, and a flask of wine under each arm.
I continued walking with my excellent long-tailed patron expecting every moment to see an elegant, agreeable residence, smiling in all the beauties of nature and art; when, at last, in a dirty, miserable lane, at the door of a tall dingy looking house, my patron's stopped, indicated that we had reached our journey's end, and marshalling me the way that I should go, began to mount three flights of sickening stairs, at the top of which I found his casino; it was a little place, and a decree of a place to boot; in plain English, it was a garret. The door was opened by a wretched old miscreant, who acted as cook, and whose drapery, to use a gastronomic simile, was "done to rags."
Upon the rickety apology for a table were placed a tattered cloth, which once had been white, and two plates; and presently in came a large bowl of boiled rice.
"Where's the capon?" said my patron to his man.
"The capon?" echoed the ghost of a servant; "Has not the rascal sent it?" cried the master.
"Rascal!" repeated the man apparently terrified.
"I knew he would not," exclaimed my patron, with an air of exultation, for which I saw no cause. "Well, put down the ham and the wine; with those and the rice, I dare say, young gentleman, you will be able to make out. I ought to apologize, but, in fact, it is all your own fault that there is not more; if I had fallen in with you earlier, we should have had a better dinner."
A confused I was surprised, disappointed, and amused; but as matters stood, there was no use in complaining, and accordingly we fell to, neither of us wanting the best of all sauces—appetite.

I soon perceived that my promised patron had baited his trap with a fowl to catch a fool; but as we ate and drank all care vanished, and, rogue as I suspected him to be, my long-tailed friend was a clever, witty fellow, and besides telling me a number of anecdotes, gave me some very good advice; amongst other things to be avoided, he cautioned me against numbers of people who, in Venice, lived only by duping the unwary. "I thought this counsel came very ill from him. 'Above all,'" said he, "keep up your spirits and recollect the Venetian proverb, 'A hundred years of melancholy will not pay one farthing of debt.'"
REYNOLDS AND THE ORPHAN.
A lady applied to the eminent philanthropist of Bristol, Richard Reynolds, on behalf of a little orphan boy. After he had given liberally, she said, "When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor." "Stop," said the good man, "thou art mistaken. We do not thank the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain."
"This is really the smallest horse I ever saw," said a countryman, on viewing a Shetland pony.
"Indeed, now," replied his Irish companion, "but I've seen one as small as two of him."

A lady in this vicinity, on consulting a neighbor on the loss of her son, was answered in tears. "If Billy's grandmother is in heaven, I know she won't see Elly abused."
Starch up, brush your whiskers, and lay in a plentiful supply of soft nonsense, and the girls will call you a nice young man.
Soon after the battle of Lobau, a wit observed that Buonaparte must now be in funds, for he had lately received a check on the bank of the Danube.
From the Baltimore Clipper, Sep. 18th.
ADDITIONAL FOREIGN NEWS.
We have but little additional news by the Canada to add to our telegraphic synopsis of yesterday.
Her Majesty is still sojourning in the Highlands. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has commenced a tour to the North, with the view of ascertaining the condition of the agricultural and manufacturing operations of that district. Great preparations have been made for his reception in Belfast. The recent Government appointments of his Excellency have given great satisfaction altogether.—Lord Cardenon appears to have become rather popular.
It is reported that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has determined to advise the abolition of the paper duties—the stamp duty on newspapers, and the duty on advertisements.
The trade and navigation returns for July have been published, and the results leave ample testimony to the prosperity of the general business of the country. There is a slight falling off in the exports, principally however, in cotton goods. In the aggregate, the exports for the last month fall below the corresponding month of 1849, over five hundred vessels, and on tonnage of about 85,000.
IRELAND.
The Repeal agitation has been again revived by O'Connell, but the attempt proves almost an abortion. The Irish Tenement League, for the enforcement of tenant rights, is beginning to attract considerable attention in both England and Ireland, and all parties are fully impressed with the necessity of placing the law of landlord and tenant on a more equitable footing than it has been.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Sept. 16.
GEN. HINTON—THE MAIL ROBBERY.
The preliminary examination of General Hinton was closed on Saturday evening. He was adjudged guilty, and bail was fixed at \$15,000.
The general not being able to procure bail for so large an amount, left this city yesterday for Columbus, in company with General Jones, United States Marshal, where he will await his trial, in the Franklin county jail.
A JEWISH FESTIVAL.
Monday was the most sacred day in the Jewish Calendar; it was the tenth of the month Tisri, and the last of the ten annual days of repentance. It began Sunday evening with sunset, and terminated at the same time Monday evening. It was the ancient day of atonement. On this day the High Priest entered into the Holy of Holies which he could do only once in the year, and sanctified with the blood of a bullock and a goat, the principal office of worship and the altar; he then sent a living goat into the wilderness, being symbolical of the abandonment of every sin—One of his most important duties was the acknowledgment of sin. The ancient institution is interesting to Christians as well as to Jews, and is viewed as expressive of some peculiar doctrines of evangelical religion; and it is unhappy for Christianity that the Jewish ceremonies are not studied with more interest by Gentiles. This is a day of severe fasting with the Jews—neither food nor drink is tasted. It is a day devoted to humiliation, confession and prayer.—*Bull. Clipp.*
CONGRESSIONAL.
In the Senate, on the 17th, there was very little of importance transacted. A bill to cede Arkansas and other States the swamps and overflowed lands in the States in which they lie, which passed the Senate some time since, was returned from the House with an amendment.
In the House, on the 17th, the Senate bill to reduce the minimum price of the mineral lands in Michigan and Wisconsin, was passed. The Senate bill to suppress the slave trade in the District of Columbia was passed, 68 to 108. The bill from the Senate, granting the right of way and donations of lands to Illinois, Mississippi and Alabama, to aid in the construction of a railroad from Chicago to Mobile, was passed, 101 to 75.
In the Senate, on the 18th, Mr. Chase, pursuant to notice, asked leave to introduce a bill prohibiting slavery in the territories of the United States. Mr. Clay said, "I oppose the leave. I hope it will not be granted. There is peace now throughout all our borders, and I hope it will be perpetual and universal. I trust the Senate will at once and decisively set its face against all further agitation upon these exciting topics."
Mr. Cass said, "I heartily concur in what has been said by the Senator from Kentucky, and moves to lay the motion for leave on the table."
Mr. Hale moved to recommit the bill to the committee for the District, with instructions, to report a bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. It was rejected—yeas 9, nays 45.

After further proceedings the Senate went into an Executive session.
In the House, on the 18th, the House went into committee of the whole on the state of the Union and took up the bill to pay an instalment of three millions and a quarter dollars to Mexico according to treaty of peace with that country.
After debate, the committee rose, and the bill was passed—yeas 128, nays 86.
And the House adjourned.
In the Senate, on the 19th, Mr. Pratt moved that his bill respecting the abduction of slaves from this District be taken up.
Mr. Hale moved that the motion be laid on the table—lost, 23 to 25.
Some discussion took place, and the motion to take up the bill was lost.
The civil and diplomatic bill was taken up, and the amendments of the committee rose, and the bill was passed—yeas 128, nays 86.
Mr. Cass moved an item of ten thousand dollars for the expenses of the Turkish mission.
Mr. Underwood opposed it, but it was adopted, 35 to 19.
Mr. Davis, of Mass., moved an item for copies of the Annals of the 21 and 3d Congress, and for the history of the exploring expedition. Agreed to.
Some other amendments were offered and discussed.
Mr. Davis offered an amendment for extending the Capitol under the direction of the President of the U. States. He moved to add two hundred thousand dollars. Agreed to.
Several other amendments were agreed to.
The Senate, without reporting the bill, adjourned.
In the Senate, on the 20th, Mr. Hamlin moved that the Senate take up the bill to secure reciprocal free trade with Canada, which was rejected, 14 only voting in the affirmative.
Mr. Davis, of Mass., submitted a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to report what have been the measures adopted to prevent fraud upon the revenue, since the passage of the act of 1849, and what has been the result.
The bill to establish Post-roads in the United States was taken up. Numerous amendments were made, and the bill passed.
The bill to extend the laws and judiciary system of the United States to California, was then taken up, and finally passed.
The bill establishing collection districts in California, was taken up, and finally passed to a third reading.
In the House, on the 20th, on motion of Mr. McLane, of Md., the House resolved itself into committee of the whole, Mr. Disney in the chair, and resumed the consideration of the naval appropriation bill.
Mr. Kappan introduced a proposition to incorporate, by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, the surviving officers of the Texas Navy into the Navy of the United States.
Messrs. Kaufman, Stanton, of Tenn., Howard, John A. King, of N. Y., and Thompson, of Miss., advocated the measure, and Messrs. Cleveland, Hall, Crowell, Carter, Kinton, Jones, of Tenn., Taylor, opposed it.
It was finally rejected by a vote of 61 in the affirmative to 71 in the negative.
After discussing several important amendments, the committee rose, and the House at 4 o'clock adjourned.

TALL CANDIDATES.
Judges Johnson and Wool, and the Rev. Mr. Edwards, are the Whig, Democratic and Free Soil candidates for Governor of Ohio. The three met at Cleveland a short time since, and it was found that they measured nineteen feet!
Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines has applied to the legislature of Mississippi for a pension, in consideration of the military services of her late husband. What a sad reverse for the lady who, a year or two ago, was believed to be the wealthiest woman in America.
Death of the Kentucky Fat Boy.
Andrew Brand, the Kentucky Fat Boy, died at Albany on Wednesday, after an illness of about four weeks. He was a native of the town of Calhoun, Davis county, Ky., and was in the 16th year of his age. He was probably the largest human being in existence, weighing no less than 527 pounds. He came to Albany for the purpose of attending the State Fair, but was immediately attacked with his last illness. He was accompanied by a brother and other friends, and every thing that human wisdom could suggest was done to prolong his existence and alleviate his sufferings.
ROTHSCHILD AND HAYNAU.
An "Elector of the City of London," it is said has addressed the following note to Baron Rothschild, (who it will be recollected, introduced Haynau as his friend to the proprietor of Barclay and Co's brewery): "Sir, if Haynau is your friend (!) I can be so no longer, sir. Yours, &c."

BRIGHAM YOUNG.
And two other Mormon Saints, in calling, "the Faithful" to the Great Salt Lake city, close with the following appeal: "Push the Saints to Zion, and persuade all good brethren to come who have a wheelbarrow and faith enough to roll it over the mountains."