

ham Young, his Message of Dec. 15, 1857, to the Legislative Assembly of Utah Territory and the resolutions thereon, as adopted and signed by the members of said assembly:

Resolved, that we do most definitely and unanimously regard his Excellency Governor Young as the man of our undivided choice, having our full confidence, for Governor, and the person we will sustain in that office according to the rights guaranteed to American citizens by our Constitution; that we do and will respect him as a profound statesman, a true lover of freedom and equal rights and a firm supporter of the Constitution and spirit of '76.

Resolved, that we fully approve of the righteous, just and legal acts and course of Governor Young, knowing them to be sacredly and constitutionally right, notwithstanding the misrepresentations of corrupt officials, hireling priests and lying editors to the contrary.

Resolved, that we do heartily concur in the straight forward course of the Legislative Assembly, manifested in their resolutions, expressive of their feelings and the well known feelings of the people whom they represent, with regard to the official course of Governor Young, and that we will uphold them by our lives, energies and means in carrying out the constitutional measures they may adopt to preserve the lives, liberties and the pursuit of happiness of the people of this Territory.

Resolved, that we respectfully invite and call upon the present incumbent Administration of our Federal Government to withdraw their hostile bands and stay the suicidal and murderous hand which they have aimed at an innocent, unoffending and law-abiding people and leave us, as other citizens, in the peaceable enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Resolved, that we forward the foregoing resolutions for publication in the Deseret News.

Resolved, that the following persons, the committee, sign the resolutions in behalf of the citizens of Provo.

DOMINICUS CARTER,
JAMES N. JONES,
JOHN RIGGS, Committee.

LUCIUS N. SCOVIL, Sec'y.

ROWDYISM IN WASHINGTON CITY.—The Washington States, of the 23rd Nov., thus relates the doings of the rowdies in that city last Saturday:—

A party of them, headed by Charles Hurdle, and armed with guns and pistols, proceeded about two o'clock on Saturday to the Government stone-cutters' shops near the railroad, and drove off the workmen, shooting deliberately at them as they ran. Of this gang Charles Hurdle was arrested, and was bailed by Wm. B. Lord in the sum of \$500 for a further hearing.

The same evening a messenger arrived in hot haste at the Central Guardhouse, and informed Captain Mills that a gang of desperadoes were committing the most disgraceful outrages at the boarding house of Mrs. Hughes (a widow woman,) on Third street, English Hill. The rioters, it appeared, entered the house, firing with murderous bloodthirstiness at the inmates; and, not content with this, proceeded to such wanton acts of mischief as destroying the property of this poor woman, ending in attempting to set fire to the premises. In this attack, Michael Murphy, who was seated at a table, was shot below the ribs, and died about midnight.

On the arrival of Captain Mills, with a party of special police and guards, a desperate struggle was found in progress—pistols, muskets and stones being freely used. The officers charged upon them, and succeeded in arresting a number of them. David Harrover, special policeman, was shot in the face, the ball striking him on the nose, and, passing through, lodged in the back of the neck.

English Hill is to-day in a state of high excitement; crowds of men, women, children and negroes are to be seen in all directions, running from corner to corner to watch the movements of a party of men armed with muskets, who, they say, are watching for a convenient opportunity to attack the house of Charles Hurdle, in that neighborhood.

A CONGRESSIONAL MOBOCRAT.—Among the active participants in a mob movement against the liquor sellers of Danville, Hendricks county, Indiana, was the Hon. J. M. Gregg, a Democratic member of Congress.

THE STRANGE EPIDEMIC AT LISBON.—The Daily News correspondent writes from Lisbon, October 19:

"I regret that I am not yet able to notice a change for the better in the course of the deadly epidemic which continues to ravage this capital. The disease now appears to be spreading, instead of confining itself, as at first, to the parishes of the Se and the Magdalena.

The movement everywhere, and among all classes, is to get out of the town and into the open country. So many people have left Lisbon that the altered state of things are obvious to everybody. There is no appearance of life—no business; the shops are shut up; no carriage wakes the echoes of the silent streets. On change it is the same, hardly a dozen merchants are to be found at the hours of business, few bills are to be negotiated, and everything in the shape of trade is paralyzed.

The government has begun to provide encampments in squares and open places for the galeos, or water-carriers, who live in close, dirty houses, where they are greatly overcrowded, and unable to pay proper attention to cleanliness. The average mortality is about sixty daily, and the upper and middle classes of society have hitherto suffered most.

The Count de Casal, the Baron de Rezende,

and Signor Senzedello are among the victims of note who have recently been carried off. The faculty still continue divided in their opinions about the nature of the fever, and are by no means unanimous in classing it as yellow fever. There can, however, be no doubt that many cases of yellow fever have occurred, but the balance of probabilities seems to turn to the side of those who maintain that the disease is a species of typhus, highly contagious, and very fatal in its effects. Among other things may be mentioned the fact, the Cardinal Patriarch, the head of the church in Lisbon, has seized this time to visit Santarem, where he persists in remaining—praying, but at a distance, for the welfare of his flock. I hear, besides, of some cases of husbands abandoning their wives and children who are attacked by the fever, and flying away into the open country. But in opposition to this we may set down the conduct of many members of the medical profession, who manfully maintain their posts, although many of their number have succumbed to the destroyer.

"NO!"

There's a word very short, but decided and plain.

And speaks to the purpose at once;
Not a child but its meaning can quickly explain.

And oft 'tis too hard to pronounce;
What a world of vexation and trouble 'twould spare.

What pleasure and peace 'twould bestow,
If we turned when temptation would lure and ensnare.

And firmly repulse it with—"No!"

When the idler would tempt us with trifles and play,

To waste the bright moments so dear;
When the scoffer unholy our faith would gain-say.

And mock at the world we revere;
When deception, and falsehood, and guile would invite.

And fleeting enjoyments bestow,
Never falter with truth for a transient delight.

But check the first impulse with "No!"

In the morning of life, in maturity's day
Whatever the cares that engage,

Be the precepts of virtue our guide and our stay,

Our solace from youth unto age;
Thus the heart shall ne'er waver, no matter how tried,

But firmness and constancy show;
And when passion or folly would draw us aside,

We'd spurn the seducer with—"No."

The New York Fool.

We have received a number of a paper entitled as above, but bearing no clue to its editor or place of publication. It is a very clever sheet of satires, and walks into politicians without mercy. Here is a specimen:

"To rise in this country a man must first descend. The aspiring politician may be compared to that indefatigable insect called the tumbler, pronounced by a distinguished personage to be the only industrious animal in Virginia, which buries itself in filth and works ignobly in the dirt, until it forms a little ball, which it rolls laboriously along, like Diogenes in his tub; sometimes head, sometimes tail foremost, pilfering from every rut and mud hole, and increasing its ball in greatness by the contributions of the kennel. Just so the candidate for greatness; he plunges into that mass of obscenity, the mob, labors in dirt and oblivion, and makes unto himself the rudiments of a popular name from the admiration and praises of rogues, ignoramuses and blackguards. His name once started, onward he goes struggling and puffing, and pushing it before him; collecting new tributes from the dregs and offals of the land, as he proceeds, until having gathered together a mighty mass of popularity, he mounts it in triumph, is hoisted into office, and becomes a great man, and a ruler in the land; hatched from pollution by the broad rays of popularity, which, like the sun, can 'breed maggots in a dead hog.'"

Its satire, however, points in other directions, in proof of which we cite the following advertisement:

"Helen & Co. are enabled to offer their stock at unprecedentedly low rates, having reduced their sewing women's wages to six and a half cents a day. The public, it is hoped, will be gratified at this announcement, and rush at once to obtain bargains."

In our opinion 'THE FOOL' is like one of the old king's jesters, wiser than some of those he has attempted to amuse and instruct.—[N. Y. Dispatch, Nov. 28.]

"Julius, is you better dis morning?"

"No, I was better yesterday, but I got over it."

"Discovery of what?"

"Am der no hopes den of your discovery?"

"Your discovery from the convalescence which fotech you on your back."

"Dat depends, Mr. Snow, altogether on de prognostications which amplify the disease; should they terminate fatally the doctor thinks Julius is a gone nigger; should dey not terminate fatally he hopes dis colored individual die anoder time. I said before, it all depends on the prognostics, and these come so a head, it is hard telling wedder the nigger will discontinue dis time or not."

If we do not weigh and consider to what end this life is given us, and thereupon order and dispose it right, pretend what we will to the arithmetic, we do not, we can not so much as number our days in the narrowest and most limited signification.—[Clarendon.]

The Northern Disunionists at Work.

CALL FOR A CONVENTION TO OVERTHROW THE UNION.

Whereas, it must be obvious to all that the American Union is constantly becoming more and more divided, by slavery, into two distinct and antagonistic nations, between whom harmony is impossible, and even ordinary intercourse is becoming dangerous—

And whereas slavery has now gained entire control over the three branches of our national government—executive, judiciary and legislative—has so interpreted the constitution as to deny the right of Congress to establish freedom, even in the Territories, and by the same process has removed all legal protection from a large portion of the people of the free States, and has inflicted, at many times and places, outrages far greater than those which our fathers rose in arms to repel—

And whereas there seems no probability that the future will, in these respects, be different from the past, under existing State relations—

The undersigned respectfully invite their fellow citizens of the free States to meet in convention at Cleveland, Ohio, October 28 and 29, 1857, to consider the practicability, probability and expediency of a separation between the free and slave States, and to take such other measures as the condition of the times may require.

MAINE.
John R. Banton,
William Cushman,
J. B. Drew,
John Hanfom,
S. S. Henderson,
Peter Libby,
Isaac Merrill,
Peter L. Morrill,
John O. Farmer,
M. F. Whittier.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Caleb C. Hood,
W. W. Justice,
Edward Paramor,
J. M. McKim,
Robert Purvis,
John Tillinghast,
W. W. Walker,
Charles P. Walton,
John Whitely,
Thomas Whitson.

CONNECTICUT.
J. B. Barnes,
Eddy Harding,
J. O. Hobard,
Merrill Humphrey,
A. Pettibone,
Philip Scarborough,
Riley Scitman,
Geo. W. Walbridge,
J. B. Whitcomb,
J. D. Wright.

VERMONT.
Alonzo Blair,
T. S. Bliss,
W. H. H. Cladin,
John Gilliss,
William Hayward,
N. R. Johnston,
Cromwell Leonard,
C. Richardson,
Joshua Ross,
S. M. Seaver.

NEW YORK.
James A. Burr,
William H. Burr,
J. F. Cleveland,
S. H. Gay,
H. W. Gilbert,
O. Johnson,
S. J. May,
Isaac Post,
Robert Owen,
L. Wetmore.

NEW JERSEY.
A. G. Campbell,
William Coates,
J. B. Grimes,
J. P. Hutchinson,
Samuel S. James,
Rowland Johnson,
Seth H. Leap,
Benjamin Rulon,
Thos. B. Thorn,
Philip Woolten.

ILLINOIS.
Moses Bishop,
C. B. Campbell,
A. J. Grover,
T. C. Haywood,
A. S. Hoadley,
F. Hoover,
John Phiney,
A. R. Russell,
John S. Stafford,
B. G. Wright.

IOWA.
Elijah Bushby,
Henry B. Clarke,
J. P. Davis,
O. Hambleton,
W. H. Hanna,
Lot Holmes,
Edwin James,
Benj. D. Pierce,
Edward Turner,
Cromwell Wilson.

INDIANA.
A. H. Buckman,
I. M. Frost,
William Hayward,
Jehu Hiatt,
John Jay,
Harris Jenness,
Lemuel S. Jones,
Thos. B. Morse,
T. T. Puckett,
John M. Thornburgh.

WISCONSIN.
Alfred Aspinwell,
Benjamin Ballard,
Lyman Brooks,
Joseph Doolittle,
N. W. Martin,
D. H. Morgan,
W. S. Ottman,
F. D. Phelps,
Gilbert S. Skeel,
J. M. Westover.

MINNESOTA.
Benj. B. Beall,
A. E. Bemis,
N. M. Bemis,
O. C. Blakeslee,
Henry Blakeslee,
H. M. Blakeslee,
J. Mortimer Hall,
P. Shearman,
Otis R. Spur,
J. M. Vining.

NOTE.—The unexpectedly large number of signatures to this call, renders it impossible to print more than a few names from each State. An analysis of the whole list is given below. It is evident that by more systematic effort the number might have been increased ten fold. As it is, however, it is not known that any convention in the United States was ever summoned by so large a number of persons.

THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, Committee of Arrangements.

F. W. BIRD, WENDELL PHILIPS, DANIEL MANN, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, JOS. A. HOWLAND, Secretary.

Voters. Others. Maine 33 22 Indiana 351 123 New Hampshire 56 29 Illinois 124 46 Vermont 53 29 Wisconsin 87 32 Massachusetts 945 280 Iowa 136 45 Rhode Island 79 24 Minnesota 8 4 Connecticut 62 40 Others 7 4 New York 509 253 New Jersey 21 12 4,200 1,833 Pennsylvania 227 109 4,200 Ohio 1,187 570 Michigan 315 131 Total persons 6,033

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY.—The following statement is compiled from some old Parish Registers, published in different parts of Europe, between 1500 and 1800, A.D., for the purpose of perpetuating the memories of persons whose lives were extended much beyond the usual sphere of human existence. There are extant a few biographical sketches of some of the parties, showing that most of them were mechanics, sailors, farmers, soldiers and laborers; that they were exposed to various climatic influences by field and flood; and that some of them experienced the rude buffetings of adversity, &c. Many of this remarkable company were repeatedly wounded in battle, exposed by shipwreck, and subjected to other dangers; still they clung tenaciously to life, even for generations after their early associates had "bade the world farewell."

We have arranged the successive ages in accordance with the forms of the curious old chronicles from which we extracted our catalogue:—

Alive in 1766, John De La Sourel, aged 130
" 1766, George King, " 130
" 1797, John Taylor, " 130
" 1774, William Beatie, " 130
" 1778, John Watson, " 130
" 1780, John McBride, " 130
" 1780, William Ellis, " 130
" 1795, David Cameron, " 130
" 1764, Elizabeth Taylor, " 131
" 1775, Peter Gardner, " 131
" 1777, Francis Agne, " 134
" 1777, John Blookey, " 134
" 1744, Jane Harrison, " 135
" 1774, Margaret Foster, " 136
" 1776, John Moriat, " 136
" 1756, William Sharpley, " 138
" 1768, Jellier Donough, " 138
" 1770, — Fairbrother, " 138
" 1752, Countess Desmond, " 140
" 1773, Swarling A. Monk, " 142
" 1757, John Effingham, " 144
" 1766, Thomas Winsloe, " 146
" 1652, William Mead, " 148
" 1542, Thomas Newman, " 152
" 1650, James Bowles, " 152
" 1650, Henry West, " 152
" 1706, Joseph Surrington, " 160
" 1670, Henry Jenkins, " 169
" 1761, Elizabeth Merchant, " 133
" 1772, Mrs. Keith, " 134
" 1759, James Sheile, " 136
" 1768, Catharine Noon, " 136
" 1772, John Richardson, " 137
" 1798, — Robertson, " 137
" 1776, Thomas Dobson, " 139
" 1772, Mrs. Clin, " 138
" 1785, Margaret Cameron, " 139
" 1752, William Laland, " 140
" 1770, James Sands, " 140
" 1773, Chas. McFinday, " 143
" 1782, Evan Williams, " 145
" 1772, J. C. Drahakenburg, " 146
" 1768, Francis Girsir, " 150
" 1635, Thomas Parr, " 152
" 1648, Thomas Damm, " 154
" 1763, A Polish Peasant, " 157
" 1663, Wm. Edwards, " 168
" 1782, Louisa Truxo, " 175

The above schedule contains the names of forty-eight persons—ten females and thirty-eight males—natives of Germany, Ireland, France, Poland, Italy, England, Holland, Scotland, &c. The average duration of their lives, ranging about one hundred and forty-one and a half years—and it is deserving of notice that the longest liver on the list was a lady, who departed this life at the venerable age of one hundred and seventy-five years.—[Savannah Georgian.]

THE LITTLE CHILD'S SOLILOQUY.—Wish my mamma would please keep me warm. My little bare legs are very cold with these lace ruffles; they are not half as nice as black Jim's woolen stockings.

Wish I had a little pair of warm rubbers; wish I had a long sleeved apron, for my bare neck and arms; wish I might push my curls out of my eyes, or have them cut off. Wish my dress would stay up on my shoulders, and that it was not too nice for me to get on the floor to play nine pins.

Wish my mamma would go to walk with me sometimes, instead of Betty. Wish she would let me lay my cheek to hers, if I would not tumble her curls, or her collar. Wish she would not promise me something "very nice" and then forget all about it. Wish she would answer my questions, and not always say "don't bore me Freddy."

Wish when we go out in the country, she would not make me wear my gloves, lest I should "tan my hands."

Wish she would not tell me that all the pretty flowers will "poison me;" wish I could tumble on the hay, and go into the barn and see how Dobbin eats his supper. Wish I was one of those little frisky pigs. Wish I could make pretty dirt pies. Wish there was not a bit of lace, or satin, or silk, in the world. Wish I knew what makes mamma look so smiling at aunt Emma's children (who come here in their papa's carriage) and so very cross at my poor little cousins, whose mother works so hard and cries so much. Wish I knew what makes the clouds stay up in the sky, and where the stars go in the day time. Wish I could go over on that high hill, where the bright sun is going down, and just touch it with my finger.

Wish I didn't keep thinking of things that puzzle me, when nobody will stop to tell me the reason for anything. If I ask Betty she says "don't be a fool, Master Freddy." I wonder if I am a fool? I wonder if Betty knows much herself? I wonder why my mamma don't love her own little boy? I wonder when I'm grown a man, if I shall have to be so nice all the time, and be so tired doing nothing?—[Fanny Fern.]