

THE MORMON TROUBLES.

A proclamation from Sheriff Backenstos details the circumstances attending the death of Mr. Worrell, which are substantially the same as will be found in an article extracted from the Quincy Courier. We clip the subjoined from the proclamation:

And I hereby call upon, and likewise command every able-bodied man throughout the country to arm themselves in the best possible manner, and to resist any and all further violence on the part of the mob, and to permit no further destruction of property—and to arrest all those engaged in this wicked proceeding, and destruction of property, and threatening of lives. And I further command that the posse comitatus repair to the nearest points invaded by the rioters, and to defend at the point of the bayonet and at all hazards, the lives and property of the peaceable citizens, and again reinstate the supremacy of the laws.

J. B. BACKENSTOS,
Sheriff Hancock County, Ill.
Sept. 16th, A. D., 1845,
half past 2 o'clock P. M.

P. S.—It is but proper to state, that the Mormon community have acted with more than ordinary forbearance—remaining perfectly quiet and offering no resistance when their dwellings, other buildings, stacks of grain, &c., were set on fire in their presence; and they have foreborne until forbearance is no longer a virtue.

The notorious Col. Levi Williams, who is at the head of the mob, has ordered out the militia of this brigade, comprising Hancock, McDonough and Schuyler counties—but it is hoped that no good citizen will turn out and aid him or others in the overthrow of the laws of our country; and it is certain that no good citizen will cross the Mississippi river with the design to aid the rioters.

The Republican has favored us with a sight of a letter from the editor of that paper, he having witnessed the "running skirmish" between the Sheriff's posse and the Anties, and from whose description of it we clip the following:

"Some of the Anties took to the corn fields, while the horsemen followed the road they were on, through a lane—some returning to camp, and some taking the nearest route home, or to thick woods. Backenstos's men marched up to the foot of the lane, where they made a sudden halt. I can only account for their not continuing the pursuit, by supposing that they feared an ambush was laid in the corn fields on the side of the road. I did not see or hear a gun fired, but one man—a Mr. Lindsey, of the Anti party—and his horse were wounded by a discharge of buckshot but not seriously.

He further states, "Backenstos went on Tuesday night, from Nauvoo to Carthage, with about 500 armed men, and removed his family from the latter to the former place."

"The Twelve Elders, or principal men of the Mormons, have addressed a proposition to the Anties, which was received this evening, and which, I trust, may put a final end to this war. The Twelve propose that they will leave Nauvoo, and the county, next spring, provided hostilities are suspended, and the vexatious suits which they charge the Anties to have instituted against them, are withdrawn, and they are allowed peaceably to dispose of their property, and prepare for their removal. They have appointed a committee of five, to correspond with a committee of an equal number on the part of the old settlers. This proposition is well received by many of the citizens of Warsaw, and if they do not reject it because of the language in which it is addressed to them, (they thinking it disrespectful,) it will most likely lead to a settlement, and to the removal of the Mormons from among them. It is very desirable that this should be the result."

THE KILLING OF WORRELL.—The Quincy Courier of Thursday has the following postscript:

We were informed last evening, by Capt. Morgan and Mr. B. M. Prentice, the gentlemen who left here Tuesday evening to look after the property of Mr. Herrick, that Sheriff Backenstos has partially succeeded in staying the work of destruction in Hancock. Unable to get a posse from among the "old citizens," he has headed a force of one hundred and fifty men from Nauvoo, well armed, with a full determination to put a stop to the destruction of property. Before the Sheriff made his appearance yesterday, they had fired the houses in Wells', and were about making an attack on Nolton's settlement, but were prevented from doing so by the Mormons.

Mr. Backenstos's account of the killing of Mr. Worrell, as related by him to Capt. Morgan and Mr. Prentice, is as follows: He was going from Warsaw to Carthage, and was advised to take the circuitous route so as to avoid meeting with any of the Anti-Mormons. He did so, and started alone in his buggy. When a short distance from Warsaw he perceived a company of about twenty endeavoring to come up with him, four of whom left the main body and rode on very fast to intercept him. He immediately put his horse to his full speed and endeavored to escape, but finding that he could not, and being joined by three friends at the "Shantee," or "Crossings," he determined to make a stand. The four men here advanced within a short distance of him, when he motioned to them to come no closer. Upon this Mr. Worrell advanced in front of the party, and was in the act of leveling his gun at Mr. Backenstos, when one of Mr. B's friends fired and shot Mr. Worrell dead.

As an inducement for men to engage in

mobbing, a correspondent in the Warsaw Signal, says:

"Forbearance in this case, is contemptible and pusillanimous: it is not in accordance with the spirit of our institutions; nor does it comport with the dignity of independent men. Many of our law-abiding Anti-Mormons complain that they do not wish to violate the law. What is the law? Do these gentlemen know what the law is? Is acting counter to Ford's or Deming's will, a violation of law? No, the people are the law. What have the people done? Have they not repealed the Nauvoo Charter? Have they not justified the killing of the tyrant Joe? and have they not signified their anxiety in many ways that the Mormons should leave the state,—peaceably, if they will; forcibly, if they must?" The next objection is, that we dislike to be the aggressors. Shall we wait for them to commit some outrage against the law? Are they not doing it daily? Shall we then wait till they come out and fight us? We have had repeated evidence that they will not do it. 'Persecution' is piteously cried, instead of the clashing of brave men's armor. And thus it will be, till the depositaries of corruption send hither their masses in sufficient numbers to overrun our beautiful State. Shall we withhold the club of vengeance from the viper's head, because he recoils and meanly slinks away? If you will, citizens of Hancock, you stamp disgrace upon the American name, and entail poverty and misery upon yourselves and your posterity."

This is atrocious.

One "Joe Miller" who, we presume, is "learning French," thus gives Moore's song of the "Meeting of the Waters." Joe will soon forget his own language.

La Rencontre of the Waters.
Il n'y a dans la wide monde a valley suere,
Comme le vale in whose sein meet les eaux briliantes,
Oh! le last ray of sentiment life va partir;
Ere the bloom of that vale dans mon cœur shall expire!

Ce n'est pas that Nature has shed sur le scene,
Her crystal sans tache and her plus bright of green;
'Twas not the soft murmur of ruisseau or rill.
Oh non, c'était quelque chose plus ravissante still!

The London Times of the 18th contains a very detailed account of the manner in which, by special railway express, they published at London the result of the election in Sunderland, 304 miles distant, in eight hours after the polls closed! For a part of the distance the train ran at the rate of seventy-five miles per hour, but on account of curves, &c., this speed could not be maintained. After closing the polls, and while the mayor was declaring the result, a copy of the Times was put into his hands, containing the full account! This probably is the greatest feat of the kind ever performed.

The New York Commercial, in its money article, says that the amount of railways chartered at the late session of the British Parliament is nearly forty millions of pounds sterling, and those projected and either refused or delayed for future consideration amount to almost as much more. The lines which have been heretofore constructed and which are now in operation have most of them proved profitable investments, and command high premiums in the market.

THE MISERY OF ENGLAND.—Nothing could more powerfully express the terrible condition of the great masses of the poor in England, than the statement made in the House of Commons, by Mr. Wakely, that the paupers of the Poor Law Union, in Hampshire, were employed in crushing bones, and while so employed, they quarrelled with each other for the bits of marrow they might chance to contain, and knaved off the meat from the extremities of the bones.

YELLOW FEVER.—There is no further mention of fever in New Orleans, except the statement of an impression that the announcement made by the Board of Health was premature.

Among the recent discoveries by the excavations at Pompeii, is an extensive Necropolis. Beside one of the graves is a seat, over which is inscribed "Clotatius Duumvir and Tribune of Pompeii." This is a family hitherto unknown. Near the seat is a monument of fine Grecian marble, richly sculptured.

A son of Major Noah had his skull fractured recently, and underwent the dangerous operation of trepanning.

"The credit system" enables drones to spend half a crown out of a sixpence a day, and borrow the sixpence.—[U. S. Gaz.

The Rev. Horace Greeley.—The N. Y. True Sun says, that Horace Greeley, Esq., the editor of the Tribune, officiated on Sunday last in the Church of the Christian Union, of which Mr. Channing is a pastor.

FROM NEW ORLEANS.—We are indebted to the Caspian, which arrived last evening for N. Orleans papers of the 13th inst.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 21.

Mr. J. W. Dunn has called on us to explain the circumstance of his having "collected" for us on the Missouri river. He informs us that the amount received was one dollar, and that he took it out in physic from the Doctor who wrote to us on the subject. Mr. D. was waiting for the Doctor to send the balance of the subscription before he notified us of the matter. In this Mr. D. was wrong, though we regret, for his sake, the result which his oversight led to. Mr. D. informs us that, at the time, he was the authorized agent of the Gazette.

EXCHANGE AND BANKING HOUSE.—We would call the attention of our friends, and the public generally, to the fact that a new Exchange and Banking House has recently opened at No. 132 Main street. Messrs. Renick, Geo. H. Loker and Jos. McNeil, comprise the firm. They are young men of spirit and incomparable industry, who are determined to succeed, and with whom there is no such word as fail. We bespeak the favorable regard of the public, in a business way, for these worthy and enterprising young gentlemen.

SUICIDE.—A Mr. Umble, belonging to Kentucky, attempted to drown himself on Sunday last, on board the steamer Plymouth, on her last trip to this place, while she was under way, by jumping overboard; he was rescued, and, at the time declared that he would cut his throat, which he succeeded in doing that very night. He was buried the next day at Carrollton, opposite Howesville on the Ohio river.

FROM MEXICO.—There had been at New Orleans, on the 13th, later arrivals. It appears that the whole country is in a dreadful state of insubordination, and crimes are committed daily which pass unpunished. The military force under orders for the frontier of Texas and commanded by Paredes, had refused to march beyond San Luis Potosi, without being paid their arrearages, three months' pay in advance, and being supplied with every necessary for the campaign. Paredes, it is stated, has reduced this military mutiny to something like order, but it is strongly suspected that he has done so for personal motives and by personal influence.

The presence of Mr. Whitney, the Oregon rail road projector, in our city, revives the consideration of his project in the public mind. As far as he has explored the desired route, he expresses his entire confidence in the feasibility of his plan. And in entertaining the subject for a moment, the grand fact that, now, a grant of land is all that is required, should not pass unnoticed. In a few years State legislatures, if not individual owners, will necessarily interfere in the scheme, and as all admit that the road will be made one day let them not forget that there never will come a day as cheap as the present.

A JOKE ON "OLD SOL."—The capital story of our correspondent "Random," about Old Sol and the saddle-bags, has caused a great deal of mirth to our city readers. To-morrow it goes to our weekly subscribers. "Old Sol" laughs as heartily as any one else, and on being asked if there is any truth in the story, replies, "Never mind about that—it is a first rate story, true or not; go it, gentlemen! Any thing for a joke—I can stand it saddle-bags and all!"

GUILT AND INNOCENCE.—A notice of the Rev. J. H. Fairchild's first sermon, since his restoration to clerical confidence will be found on our first page. He has been declared innocent, and, presuming him to really be so, how are we led to reflect upon the bitter trials which truth at times is subjected to; or, as some still appear to do, believing him to be guilty, what a fearful warning does his case present, of the misery, pangs, and shame attendant upon the steps of crime, however stealthy and guarded they may be. To this the weak will say, "Where then is the superior reward of Virtue?" Unhappy doubt that leads to half our errors! The difference lies in the heart, which, like a crushed flower, but exhales a purer essence. The difference is seen in the chastened yet heaven turned eye which reads a "special providence" in the lightning stroke as in the ripening sunshine.

THE LATE CASE OF SWINDLING.—Alva Bebee, another of the persons connected with Bartlett & Coulter, in defrauding the New York merchants, has been arrested at Syracuse, and forty-eight cases of goods seized—thus one hundred and fifty-six cases of goods have been recovered through the exertions of the officers, to whom great praise is due.

A VERY DISGUSTING MATTER.—Our only apology for calling attention to the following loathesome article is, that what we have said heretofore has necessarily, as it were, entailed this consequence upon us. When the low calumny, now denied by the man Green, first met our eye, we published it, ourselves, in utter contempt, and nothing but the malicious use which was made of it by a city print, and which taught us that, among certain readers, the slander might be used to our disadvantage, even led us to give the matter a second thought. With regard to the letter which follows, we believe there is—or was a person connected with the stage, named Field, whom this man, Green, could have had an acquaintanceship with; as to his denial of the Detroit communication, people interested in the affair can judge for themselves.

To the Editor of the Cincinnati Commercial.—Some time since a violent and unwarranted attack was made upon me by the St. Louis Reveille, the author of which, I am informed, is J. M. Field; a person to me entirely unknown, unless it be the one whom I became acquainted with some years since in New Orleans. That individual bearing the name of Field, was what is termed by gamblers, a "Theatrical Pot House pimp," or a gambler of the lowest order. At the time the first attack was made upon me, and I branded as a "re-lapsed liar," I was at Detroit, engaged in what I consider a philanthropic cause. My attention was called to the attack, and I was asked if I knew the editor of the Reveille! My answer was that I knew but one individual by the name of Field and that was the person above referred to. My intention was to let the matter pass in silence, believing it to have originated in deception, fear or jealousy, but to my surprise some person to me entirely unknown published an article in the Detroit Gazette over the signature of "Right," vindicating me from the calumny of the attack. This was seized upon by the Reveille, and the charge boldly made that I was its author; since that time no inconsiderable capital has been made from the same source at my expense. All I have now to say is, that if Mr. J. M. Field of the Reveille is an innocent man, he has never been injured by me, for I have never uttered by word or insinuation that he was guilty. I have no knowledge that Mr. F. of the Reveille is the person I knew in New Orleans, nor have I ever stated that he was.

The remainder of the letter, signed J. H. Green, is a certain amount of heroism connected with his own efforts.

SPEAK GENTLY.

"Speak gently!—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell."

THE MORMONS.—Another Death.—A Warsaw Signal "Extra" of the 18th, gives the account of another death attendant upon the present lawless excitement. It is headed "Another Brutal Murder":

We are called on to record another murder of a most brutal character, committed by the Mormons on yesterday. About 12 o'clock a party of ten men were riding across the Prairie near Bear Creek, where they fell in with the Sheriff's Mormon posse. The latter immediately fired on them without provocation, and wounded a horse and one of the men. They then gave chase and overtook one of the party, a young Irishman named Saml. M'Bratney, a teamster in the employ of Gould & Mellen; shot him, and after he was down, stabbed him with a sword in several places, and cut his throat and head in a most revolting manner. They then left him in the open prairie, taking his horse with them.

Young M'Bratney was one of the most quiet, inoffensive and industrious young men in this community, and was respected and esteemed by all who knew him. His parents reside near Clayton, in Adams county.

The posse pursued the small party to which they had given chase, to the edge of the timber, where they halted and returned. This posse consists entirely of Mormons, headed by the sheriff and the notorious O. P. Rockwell. They are well mounted and number about three hundred men.

The Sheriff, Backenstos, has confessed that he gave the order to fire on Mr. Worrell and his party on Tuesday last. The whole party had halted and suspected no harm at the time this brutal outrage was committed. Another man by the name of Mathias is missing, and it is feared that he too has fallen a victim to Mormon brutality.

Citizens, our enemies give no quarters and are no respecters of persons! WE MUST FIGHT IT THROUGH! We can no longer live with robbers and cut-throats; and they must leave or we must leave. Will the surrounding country say, whether the old settlers who have subdued the soil or a band of out-lawed and ruthless villains shall hold dominion in Hancock? Let our neighbors answer as men possessing hearts of generosity and in tones that cannot be misunderstood and the work is done.

The Quincy Morning Courier of yesterday has the following: About three o'clock on Wednesday, about fifteen men, who were engaged in burning the house of Mr. Lovelace, on Bear creek, three miles from Nolton's settlement, were ordered to surrender by Sheriff Backenstos; they refused to comply, and immediately made off. The Sheriff ordered his Posse to fire on them, and it is reported that two men were killed and two wounded by the discharge.

REV. J. H. FAIRCHILD'S FIRST SERMON.

The new Presbyterian society at South Boston, over which the Rev. Mr. Fairchild has been settled, held its first public meeting, says the Boston Post, in Franklin Hall, Barker's building, and he preached his first sermon, as pastor, in the forenoon. Not only the hall, but the stairways above and below were filled with deeply interested auditors. Previous to the sermon, he read the following psalm, which contains many passages applicable to the strange circumstances in which he has been placed:

PSALM XXVII.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in this tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing; yes, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not thy face from me; put not thy servant away in anger; thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

For his text he took the last sentence in the following verse:

"Therefore came I unto you without gainsaying, as soon as I was sent for: I ask, therefore, for what intent ye have sent for me?"—Acts, ch. 10, v. 29.

The occasion demanded some expressive reference to his peculiar position, and he thus alluded to it, at the commencement of his discourse:

"The circumstances of our present meeting, my friends, are quite peculiar. Never before did I address an audience with such emotions—emotions too big for utterance. And if ever, in preaching a sermon, I needed a remembrance in the prayers of Christians—if ever I needed the grace of God to strengthen and sustain me, I need it this morning. The feelings which now fill my heart and suffuse my eyes, no words can adequately express. True, I have spoken in this hall before; for when it was occupied by our brethren of the Methodist denomination, I accepted their kind invitation to preach to them on more occasions than one. It is also true that I have spoken to most of you who now hear me, from Sabbath to Sabbath, from any years; but never before with feelings of such unusual character, and such unusual intensity. You do not wonder at this. You would indeed wonder if it were not so, when you consider the circumstances which have brought us together within these walls to-day. I do not intend to go into any detailed account of these matters. This is forbidden by the day, the occasion, and the object of our present meeting. Neither have I any wish to disturb your feelings or mine by such a disgusting and painful recital. Besides the whole story of my sufferings has already been published to the world, with which you are all familiar, so that neither duty nor necessity requires a recapitulation of them here. I would rather that they should be buried in perpetual oblivion.

But there is one thing which the sacredness of the day does not forbid me. I may express to you my heartfelt gratitude for the interest you have taken in my welfare, and for your sympathy and kindness in all my trials. In the darkest hour of my adversity, when my way seemed hedged up, when no light was breaking in upon my path, you still adhered to your former pastor. You acted the part of true, honest, firm, warm-hearted friends. You required evidence—evidence the most undoubted and conclusive—before you could believe that I had done anything to forfeit your esteem and confidence. You doubtless made my case the subject of frequent and fervent prayer, that God would bring the truth to light, and deliver me, if innocent, from the snares which had been laid for my ruin. Nor did you pray in vain. The Lord answered for my deliverance. And here I am enjoying once more the delightful privilege of addressing you in the name of your Saviour and mine. "What shall we render unto thee, O Lord, for all thy benefits? We will take the cup of salvation and pay thee our vows."

Many of the congregation of both sexes shed tears during this portion of the discourse; and after the benediction a large number of them advanced to the desk and shook hands with him cordially.

Mr. Fairchild now resides in Exeter, and will continue to reside there till October, by which time his friends will be able to procure him a suitable house in South Boston.

Died, on Monday morning the 15th inst., Francis E. Goddard, in the 55th year of his age. In the death of this gentleman our city has met with a loss which will be most deeply felt. He was one of our oldest and most respected citizens.—Louisville Journal.