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☞ Letters and communications, by mail, shall have prompt attention.

For the Beaver Argus.

THERE'S REST BEYOND.

BY J. G. B.

Alone, alone, 'mid silence
Unbroke by earthly sound,
Beside the midnight taper,
In reverie profound;
A voice—'tis a lone pilgrim,
Weary and distressed,
Wailing earth's chills and rudeness,
And sighing for her rest.

The plainant fair sits weeping,
Beside life's thorny road,
With longing eyes uplifted,
To the paradise of God;
And her pensive notes are rented,
Toward the utmost Zion hill,
Whence clouds of richest comforts,
In genial showers distil.

My inmost soul responded—
Up quickly;—there is rest:
But, ere thy feet may enter
The portals of the blest
Arise, and onward hie thee,
Nor heed the storms of time;
"Life's ills" must be passed over,
To reach a happier clime.

SHARON, Oct. 10, 1857.

New York Herald for a Higher Tariff.

If there is any one measure or principle that the New York *Herald* has steadily advocated it was a low tariff, indeed, more correctly speaking it was the champion of no tariff. It has been uniform in its hostility to protection of American manufacturers, and has always advocated free trade. But the present financial crisis seems to have wrought a total change in its sentiments. It has come out for a higher tariff as well as for a bankrupt law, and endeavors to make its readers believe that Buchanan is also in favor of them. It has arrived at the conclusion that the American people must supply more of their own wants, and purchase less goods from Europe; that they must live within their means, and either buy less or sell more, so as to stop the drain of the precious metals to England, France and Germany, and change the balance of trade in our favor, and as one of the best means of effecting the result, the Herald recommends a little incidental protection to our iron, cotton, and woolen interests, in the modification of our revenue laws." Here is what it says in its issue of the 5th inst:

The Sub Treasury is a good institution as a great financial balance wheel, so far as it goes; but in the midst of a general financial derangement, and with failures and suspensions on every hand as the order of the day, something more than a Sub-Treasury will be expected from the general government. Unquestionably, something more will be expected of Mr. Buchanan. A judicious bankrupt law, and a modification of the tariff, including a more liberal incidental protection to home manufacturers than that of the law of '46, and its amendments, are among the relieving measures which, in this connection will first suggest themselves to the political economist. Surrounded by the iron manufactories of Pennsylvania, Mr. Buchanan, as the representative champion in congress of the peculiar interests of that State, was always, we believe, something of a protectionist. But now, with the iron interest of the Union covering twenty times the capital and labor which it commanded when Mr. Buchanan was a member of the U. S. Senate, and with our numerous cotton factories, North and south, threatened with bankruptcy, from the high price which the raw material commands in England, and from the low prices of English cotton goods in our own markets, *a little more incidental protection to our iron, cotton and woolen interests* in the modification of our tariff, would *undoubtedly afford a large margin of immediate relief to our manufacturing and working classes.*

PURSUING GOLD UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—The New Haven Journal says that for the past two weeks a party of men and women from that city have been digging for treasure on the premises of Mr. L. P. Allis, at Savin Rock. It seems some clairvoyant sojourning there has discovered that there are some $11,000 of gold and jewelry, besides other treasure, buried near the stump of an old tree at the rock. They were stolen, they say, from a store in New Haven some forty years ago, and were then buried there by the robbers. The deluded people have dug a place, Mr. Allis says, large enough for the cellar of a meeting house, but they do not yet discover the treasure, and yesterday the clairvoyant (a woman) was to be taken to Savin Rock and put to sleep on the spot, so that she might more accurately point out the position of the valuables. One of the men says he has spent a good deal of money and means to have a thorough search. It will gratify them to know that the property would belong to the person from whom it was stolen, in case they find it, and their work is a "labor of love" for his benefit.

☞ A mormon Conference, composed of delegates from Delaware, Pennsylvania, Maryland and New Jersey, was held at Philadelphia on Sunday last, when it was announced that the Saints would strike their flags and give up all hopes of converting the unbelieving stiff-necked Gentiles.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER ON THE FINANCIAL CRISIS.

In a sermon preached by this gentleman in his church last Sabbath evening, he treated fully on the financial crisis. The following extracts from the discourse will be read with interest:

It is remarkable to see how much suffering comes upon men, not by any disease, but simply by difficulty of commercial *breathing*.

If the human body be stricken with fever or palsy; if cholera or plague attack it; or if the sword or bullet smite it; or if some weight fall suddenly and crush it; or some secret wound draw out drop by drop the blood, we do not marvel. There is a cause adequate to the effect. But if you put a man into an exhausted receiver, under a bell-glass, without a particle of air, the mischief is just the same. No organ suffers, no tissue is lacerated, no muscle crushed, no part is poisoned, none wasted or drained of its vital fluids, and yet the man effectually dies.

The course of affairs seems to have been disturbed by the unnatural invasion of war. The harvests have not failed, and famine has not reached out its gaunt hands among us. Disease has not striven in our midst, nor has industry ceased for lack either of legitimate enterprise or proper matter for enterprise.

And yet this great nation, in full wealth, with uncounted abundance of harvests, in its young manhood, stalwart, eager, hopeful, is suddenly brought up, and trembles and staggers, as if it would lie down in faintness. What is the matter?

It is the want of *air*. The city cannot breathe. What, then, is this commercial air which is so needful to life and activity? It is the faith of man in man. It is mutual trust. It is *confidence*. This is the air which commerce breathes. And now, in our midst, although there have been indiscretions, there have been none which the country could not bear almost without a check. Men speak of over-stocking the market of over-manufacturing, of over-importations, and of extravagance of various kinds. I do not say that there have not been mistakes of these respects, and great mistakes. But I do say that we are too strong a people to be brought into such confusion *by mere mistakes of this kind*. This country has such vigor and such elements of power that surface mistakes will never damage it seriously. There is money enough—the need for goods and manufacturing—but men are all paralyzed to-day chiefly by fear of each other. Men look at the best concerns, as in times of siege they look at bomb-shells, expecting that every one will burst, and that the only difference between one and another is in the length of the *fuse*, and the time it will take to burn out.

But why is there this sudden cessation of confidence? You trusted those men yesterday to go around the globe with your money, whom you will not trust to carry it from the bank to the store. No change has come over these men. They are just as honest now as then. Their morals are as good. Their business is as safe. On what foundation you sold five months ago, the materials of the foundation remain untouched to-day. Your ships are there. Your goods are there. Your shops are there. Your neighbors are not upstarts nor simpletons. Your friends. They are the same men that you always knew, just as good, just as bad, unchanged either for better or worse. But the city is under spasm. No one will take things to be as they seem. No one trusts. Every one doubts and fears.

Now, it is to the last degree important to inquire, *Why* has confidence gone, and gone so suddenly and so completely? Yesterday it blossomed like flowers over the field; to-day frost has fallen, and all are black and drooping! What wind has sent that withering frost?

In reply to this inquiry, I would say that, in part, this panic of fear is without proper ground. It is the over-action of causes, of which I shall speak, which *are* real. But we have not stopped at the legitimate potency of those causes, but allowed our imagination to carry our fear headlong, and with it our confidence in each other. Merchants are now like men awakened in the night by an attack of the enemy. All scream and run, one crying out one thing, another another, all stumbling over each other with insane fear. Now there may be cause for *some* fear, for *some* precaution, for *some* earnest defence. But there is and there has been no cause for the excessive reaction from hope which has taken place. The roots of business are sound. There never was, upon the whole, more health with so much life. And hundreds of men will be upset by nothing but because they are run against by affrighted men. Hundreds of men will go down, and lose years of toil and the fruits of honorable industry, for no adequate reason, except that men are scared, and in their unreasonable affright, like persons in a crowd, they tread each other down. *It is a shame!*

In sketching some of the causes of the panic, the following is all we have room for:

Springing from this, and coupled with it, is the monstrous and over-bloated sin of stock gambling.

There is no more sin in buying and selling stocks than in buying and selling bank bills or any species of property. But it is one thing to buy and sell legitimately, and another to buy and sell as all gamblers do.

Many honorable men pursue an honorable business in the brokerage of stocks.—But it is quite notorious that millions and thousands of millions of dollars of stock are sold every month under the lawful forms of the Stock Brokers' Exchange, which can be shown to differ in no moral or material respect from undisguised gambling. It is not necessary to enter minutely into the distinctions between right and wrong in buying or selling of stocks. It is enough to say, that he who buys stock as a *bona fide* method of investing his funds, looking for dividends, or for some benefit from the interest represented by the stock, buys legitimately and without moral blame. But that whole scheme of buying stocks for no other purpose than to make money upon the bet that they will fall, is a scheme of gambling. Men that do it are gamblers. All the soft names on earth cannot be dissolved to make a varnish strong enough to cover the real wickedness. Men will resent the imputation. No man likes to be called a gambler. But the way to avoid the title is to avoid the thing.

In this gambling game the whole community have more or less participated.—Some devote their time to it. Since my day, I remember, I think, one concern to have failed four times—it fails to-day, is on its feet to-morrow, in as good credit as ever. For when the business is a fraud, and the customs of it are dishonesties, it does not take a man long to repair any little cracks in his reputation.

Merchants are forsaking their legitimate business and dabbling in this pool. Their clerks, following their example, gamble too. Simple men, seeing these marvels of success, venture their hard earnings, and go to gambling likewise. The lawyer follows suit; and that there may be no want of moral sanction, ministers of the Gospel are found, not a few I am informed, secretly buying and selling stocks.

Now, when the company themselves are gigantic speculators by fraudulent and dishonest means; and when the stock of the company goes up and down the street, carrying in its hand a bow dragged with gambling, and crowds rush to drink its intoxication, is it strange that, at length, the head is sick, the whole body faint, and that the commonwealth lies at length upon the ground, wallowing like one possessed, foaming and rending itself?

It is supposed that there are one thousand million dollars invested in railway property. Can this mountain of power be used against good morals, against commercial prudence, and the country not reel and stagger? Can this prodigious weight be cast rudely hither and thither upon the deck, and the keel be level? There is not an honest man in the land, patiently conducting a legitimate business, who is not in the power of these irregular forces. There can be no permanent security, if financiers can, at pleasure, draw up such enormous elements of power, and hold them suspended, like water spouts, to burst and flood down desolation, the moment they are touched with misfortune. And if commercial men will not draw tight the reins of morals upon these unprincipled men, they will have their own neglect to thank for the mischiefs which will come upon them in some sense by their connivance.

Chinese Sugar Cane.

At an agricultural meeting held at Indianapolis during the Indiana State Fair, the subject of Chinese Sugar Cane was discussed. Mr. Raab, of Ohio county, Indiana, detailed his with this cane:

He said that he had in its success, but who raised it. In manufacturing molasses he used a cider-press to crush the cane, which answered a very good purpose for experimenting, but it did not extract the juice entirely. He was satisfied that good cane would yield 300 gallons to the acre. He had made it at different stages of ripeness of the cane, had cut it five weeks in succession, and the riper it was, the richer the juice. Five and a half gallons of this would yield about one gallon of molasses.

He found it difficult to keep the syrup from burning, as he boiled it in common kettles; but he though there would be no danger in properly constructed pans, where the fire would strike the bottom only, and not the sides.

In a kettle with 12 inches depth of the juice there would rise a scum of 3 inches on the top. This had to be taken off, and he had used both lime and soda to neutralize the acid, but he though these unnecessary. They made the molasses of a dark color. His best and lightest colored, he had made by raising the scum with a gradual heat alone. White of eggs beaten he used to clarify the syrup. The amount of juice extracted was about 60 lbs. to every 100 of the cane. The blades he stripped off by knocking them with a stick, before he cut the canes. The blades and tops he had fed to milk, cows, and their yield of milk had been increased at least one fifth, and the butter was more yellow.

In order to test whether the juice would ferment in the cane, after being cut, he had left it standing 48 hours in a hot sun, and could perceive no change in it. He had also let the juice stand 13 hours before boiling, and had made as good molasses from it as any other.

EXTENSIVE SWINDLING.—The New York *Herald* announces that the committee appointed some time since to investigate the New York city finances, have discovered that for five or six years, sums of money, amounting to the stupendous aggregate of eight or ten millions of dollars, have disappeared from the city Treasury. The money has been expend, but there are no vouchers, or specifications, or indications as to the purpose for which it was paid away.

☞ The Washington *Intelligencer*, says: "It becomes our painful duty to announce the decease of the venerable George Washington Parke Custis, the last of the members of the family of Washington. Mr. Custis died at Arlington, near this city, after a brief illness, on the morning of 10th instant, in the 77th year of his age. For several years he had stood alone in his relations to the Father of his Country, ever anxious, with filial reverence and affection, to illustrate his character, and from the rich stores of his never-failing memory to bring forward an annual tribute to his immortal worth. Known and honored by his fellow-countrymen, his departure will awaken universally profound regret."

A CHAPTER ON MISTAKES.

It is a mistake to suppose that persons are thirsting after a knowledge of the truth of God, when they have money at interest and refuse to support or patronize a religious paper.

It is a mistake with devotees of pride and self-conceit, to suppose that their costly array and 'lofty bearing' will command the respect of a sober, thinking and religious community.

It is a mistake to suppose that learning or talent will supply the place of vital piety.

It is a mistake in the worshippers of mammon to suppose that they can drag themselves to heaven with the world on their backs.

It is a mistake to suppose that we can please God and all men.

It is a mistake to suppose that if we don't take care of our own characters, our neighbors will do it for us.

It is a mistake in the envious, to suppose they can build themselves up by pulling others down.

It is a mistake to subscribe, to suppose that editors have nothing to do but correct their errors, decipher their crow tracks, or re-write their articles.

It is a mistake that long articles without either pith or point, will be acceptable to the readers of a paper.

It is a mistake to suppose that long obituaries and stale poetry will be generally read.

It is a mistake to suppose that a christian of the Antioch order, does not know how to 'prefer his brethren in honor,' before himself.

It is a mistake in a polemic tyro, to suppose that his opponent has no feelings, and should not be treated courteously.

It is a mistake in a minister to suppose that his congregation will repose confidence in him if his conduct contradicts his preaching.

It is a mistake in church members to suppose that their pastor will entertain a high opinion of their love or respect for him when they have no other evidence than empty words to prove it.

It is a mistake to suppose that a minister likes to be scolded by his parishioners, for not preaching and visiting more when necessity requires that he should be at home, laboring with his hands to supply their lack of service towards him.

It is a mistake in officious persons to suppose that they are always thanked for their pains.

It is a mistake to suppose that the contributors commit all the blunders; that the compositor has no share in them, at all, and vice versa.

If I am not mistaken this chapter is long enough.—*Gospel Herald.*

The American Eagle—By Le Partington.

This is the greatest bird that ever spread wing. The place where he builds his nest is called an eyrie, away up on the precipices where the foot of man can't come, though perhaps a boy's might. The eagle is a ferocious fellow, and sits on the top of the cliffs and looks sharp for plunder. He gets tired of waiting, and then he starts out in the blue expansive heavens, and soars all around on his opinions over the land and water to see what he can pounce down upon. But, though he is called a very cruel bird, he always prays before eating, just like any good man at the head of his family. He eats his victuals raw, which is an unfavorable habit but it is supposed that he eats it so, because he likes to. He is a very courageous bird, and will fight like blazes for his young, and will steal chickens wherever he can see them. He is a bird of great talons, and is much respected by birds of the feathered tribe that are afraid of him. He is a great study for artists, but appears to best advantage on the ten-dollar gold pieces and fifty cent pieces, and pretty well on the dimes, as he sits gathering up his thunderbolts under him, as if he was in a great hurry to be off. He has lately broke out on the new cent, and seems as if in his hurry he had dropped all his thunder. The American eagle is the patriot's hope and the inspiration of the fourth of July. He soars through the realms of the poet's fancy and whets his beak on the highest peak of the orator's immagination. He is in the mouth of every politician, so to speak. He is said by them to stand on the Rocky Mountains and to dip his bill into the Atlantic, while his tail casts a shadow on the Pacific coast. This is all gammon. There never was one more than 8 feet long from the tip of one wing to the tip of the 'tother. His angry scream is heard over so far, and he does not care a feather for anybody. Take him every way he is an immense fowl, and his march is over the mounting wave, with the star-spangled banner in his hand, whistling Yankee Doodle.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

EGGS AND POULTRY.—The poultry value of the United States at this moment is not far from $25,000,000. The poultry kept in the State of New York alone is probably about $3,000,000; the city of N. York expends no less than $2,000,000 per year for eggs. If every individual in this city alone would abstain from the use of eggs directly or indirectly for the space of one year, and those eggs were at once put under the hens and hatched, not far from $33,000,000 would be added to the poultry value of those localities which send eggs to this vast city.

One egg dealer in Philadelphia sends 100 barrels of eggs daily to New York market. The consumption of eggs in Paris is equal to 140 per year to each individual; but in New York the average is about 70 to each person. At this rate of consumption it would take nearly one hundred and seventy three millions of eggs to supply the city of London for a single year.

It is estimated that 20,000 sewing machines were sold in the U. S. last year.

SORROW NOT, AS THOSE WITHOUT HOPE.

Oh! vain is useless sorrow,
Though loved ones sleep in death;
We can't awake their sleeping,
Or recall their parted breath.
Life's faithful dream is over,
To them no change can come;
Then dry those tears of sorrow—
They've reached their final home.

God's mercy shall enfold them,
Christ's bleeding hand can save,
The earth cannot retain them,
They live beyond the grave.
What, tho' thy friends have left thee,
And to the grave have gone—
Remember he is with thee
Who trod this earth alone.

A father's form lies shrouded
In the cold and silent tomb,
A brother too, sleeps near him,
And in his lonely cell is his fond sister lieth near;
Under a flowery sod;
But still I must not shed a tear,
But leave them with their God.

When ties like these are riven,
The tear-drops, gushing, start—
Though dear ones rest in heaven,
'Tis hard with them to part.
Then, mourner, let them flow,
For when dead Lazarus slept,
Our Saviour, bending low,
In voiceless anguish wept.

WHAT IS A DOLLAR?

The word is on everybody's tongue, and has been for generations. Does everybody know what the word means? Judging from talk we hear in the street, from newspaper paragraphs, even from the actions of business men, we very much doubt whether every business man knows what he promises, when he promises to pay $1000, ninety days after date, at a certain place. To judge by some men's talk, you would think that a dollar was a bank bill. But every man of respectable information knows that a dollar is the name of a coin that existed before banks were heard of, and would exist if every bank bill in the universe was burned up. There would in that case be no more and no fewer dollars in the world than now exist.

We have no patience with the business man who puts the present financial trouble on the banks. The fact is, the trouble begins with the business men themselves, who promise what they have no idea of performing, at the time they make the contract; and who accept in a like manner other people's promises to perform what everybody knows it is impossible they should perform. There is a tacit understanding in the coming breezes, that the terms of the contract shall be waived and everything shall be made easy. So long as one promise can be substituted for another, and this substitution of a new promise is taken as a performance of the old contract, it is, of course, an easy thing to make a new promise. Ours is a very promising race, and would promise to pay into the vaults of the New York bank one hundred fixed stars of the size and brilliance of the star of the Sirius, if anything could be made by it, at ninety days date; and when the note matured, our race would take it up by substituting a Western man's promise to pay in of the same quality and brilliance, of the same fixed stars. And so the promise would go rolling up, and after a while people would ask to handle only two or the of three fixed stars that were written about so volubly in bank literature, and the public would open their eyes in astonishment at the wickedness of men who had promised what they knew at the time of the promise it was impossible for more than a small percentage of the promisers to perform.

A promise to pay one hundred dollars at a certain time and place, is a metallic contract. Always bear in mind that when you engage to pay a note at the bank, you engage to deliver a certain amount of gold or silver, at your option, at the time and place specified. It is a contract to deliver precious metals; just as much as a contract to deliver 1000 bushels, ninety days from date is a grain contract. Notes payable in leather, in wheat, in corn, in cotton, in potatoes and so on, are often made, and the law books abound with decisions enforcing them just as regularly as a note payable in bills. They are essentially the same in principle, and a specific performance of the contract is the right of the holder of the note, whether dollars or potatoes are coming to him.

Now for men who had promised to pay more dollars than they had provided, to complain of the banks, is ridiculous. The business man who makes the contract, makes it with his eyes open, and ought to be ashamed to plead 'baby.' But the baby plea is essentially the plea of those who complain of the banks, because they will not take upon themselves the performance of the contracts of third parties.

The fact is that the banks have quite as much as they ought to undertake in providing for the performance of their own contracts. Few and evil will be the days of the bank that weakly yields to the pressure of individuals, who however respectable, as individuals, have no right to shift off upon the general community, a burden that legitamately belongs to their own private shoulders. The masses have rights; the stockholders have rights; the bank officers themselves have a pride of character and a reputation for the the future to be protected. No man or set of men have a right to ask a bank to break, to save himself from breaking up. He himself made his own contracts and must perform them or break. It may out hard upon individuals, but it is simple justice, stern morality, and in the long run, practical expediency. What is a dollar? The business man who does not know what it is, deserves to break. He has not information enough to carry on business successfully.—*Hartford Courant.*

PARSON WEEMS.

Every school boy is familiar with Weems' life of Marion, and will feel an interest in the following sketch of that clerical oddity, the author, given by Bishop Meade in the last Southern Churchman:

In his youth Mr Weems was an inmate of the family of Mr. Jennifer, of charles county Maryland. They confided in him as a boy of principle, and had no doubts as to his uprightness and morality, until about his fourteenth year. When at that age, he was seen to leave the house every evening after tea, and to be often away until late at night. The family began to be afraid that he was getting into corrupt habits, and notwithstanding his assurance that he would do nothing that would render him unworthy of their esteem and friendship, they felt uneasy. He scorned the idea of abusing their confidence, but as he persisted in the practice of going away, at length they determined to find out what was the cause of it. Accordingly one night a plan was laid by which he was tracked. After pursuing his trail for some distance into the pines, they came to an old hut, in which was Mr. Weems, surrounded by the bare-headed, bare-footed, and half-clad children of the neighborhood, whom he had been in the habit of thus gathering around him at night in order to give them instructions.

I acknowledge that he was in the habit of having the servants assembled in private houses, where he would spend the night, and recite a portion of scripture, for he never read it out of a book, and perhaps say something to them, or in the prayer, about them, but then it was in such a way as only to produce merriment among them and the children. This I have experienced in my own family and at my mother's, and have heard others testify to the same. I do not think he could have long even pretended to be the rector of any parish. From my earliest recollection of him he was a traveling bookseller for Mr. Cary of Philadelphia, visiting all the States south of Pennsylvania, and perhaps some north of it, in a little wagon, with his fiddle as constant companion to amuse himself and others. If he would pray with the servants at night in their owner's houses he would play the fiddle for them on the road side by day. One instance of his good nature is well attested. At the old tavern in Carolina county, Virginia, called the White Chimneys, Mr. Weems and some strolling players or puppet showmen met together one night. A notice of some exhibition had been given, and the neighbors had assembled to witness it. A fiddle was necessary to the full performance, and that deficiency Mr. Weems supplied the

"He was of very enlarged charity in all communions. Though calling himself an Episcopalian churches. He preached in to which he could gain access, and where he could recommend his books. His books were of all kinds, Mr. Cary, his employer, was a Roman Catholic, but dealt in all manner of books. On an election or court day at Fairfax Court House, I one day in passing to or from the upper country found Mr. Weems with a book-case full for sale on the portico of the tavern; on looking at them I saw Paine's Age of Reason, and taking it into my hand, turned to him and asked if it was possible that he could sell such a book. He immediately took out the Bishop of Landaff's answer, and "Behold the Antidote." "The Bane and Antitode are both before you." He carried this spurious charity into the sermons. In my own pulpit, at the old chapel, in my absence, it being my Sunday at Winchester, he extolled Tom Paine and one or more noted infidels of America, and said if their ghosts could return to the earth, they would be shocked to hear the falsehoods which were told of them. I was present the following day when my mother charged him with what she heard of his sermon, and well remember that even he was confused and speechless.

"Some of Mr. Weems' pamphlets on drunkenness and gambling would be most admirable in their effects, but for the fact that you do not know what to believe of the narrative. There are passages of deep pathos and great eloquence in them. His histories of Washington and Marion are very popular, but the same must be said of them. You know not how much of fiction there is in them. That of Washington has probably gone through more editions than all others, and has been read by more persons than those of Marshall, Ramsey, Bancroft, and Irving put together. To conclude, all the while that Mr. Weems was thus traveling over the land, an object of amusement to so many, and of profit to Mr. Cary, he was transmitting support to an interesting and pious family, at or near Dumfries, who if I am rightly informed, were attached to the Methodist Church.—If in this, or anything else which I have written, any mistake has been made, I should be glad to receive its correction."

A NEW TERRITORY PROPOSED.—The citizens of Utah who are opposed to the polygamous principles of the Mormons, are purposing a separation of Carson Valley from Utah, so to have a separate Territorial government. They say they are tired of ecclesiastical government. The population of Carson is not more than 6000, and probably not that.

☞ "If we are to live after death why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?" Said a skeptic to a clergyman. "Why don't you have some knowledge of this world before you come into it?" Was the caustic reply.

You cannot farm the mind—there is a well of thought there which has no bottom.

PANICS AND PENALTIES.

From the Philadelphia N. American.

If one class of persons in the community deserve reprobation more than another, it is that wretched class which, at a time like the present, fill the atmosphere with false and foul rumors, discrediting the substance and standing of our best banks and merchants. The feature of this crisis most remarked upon is the absence of that confidence which in other dark times was a redeeming trait amidst all their trials and vicissitudes. And it has been mainly occasioned by the wicked and wanton spirit in which public journals have assailed particular institutions and interests, or the base manner in which suspicion or malignity has gained audience by cruel misrepresentation. In a period of panic nothing is easier than to break down the credit of the strongest houses; and much of the misfortune that has visited this and other cities may be mainly ascribed to the fears of creditors stimulated by the fears of unfounded reports. At such a time malice and falsehood become the effective instruments of evil, because the timid and weak are too willing to hear what at other times they would only despise.

In commenting upon the facility with which credit may be impaired in this country by evil disposed persons, the London Times observes:

"Nothing is easier than to ruin a bank, and in England, in consequence of this facility, such attempts are classed with the worst offences. At this moment two persons are lying at Newgate for endeavoring indirectly, in a particular case, to excite public distrust, and, although one of them was a man of respectability, who acted upon a fancy that he had been personally injured, no one has been found to utter a complaint of the severity of the sentence. In New York on this point there is perfect freedom. Hence no institution is spared, and, indeed, the leading concerns are the first to be attacked, since if these are broken, the minor ones are sure to follow."

The force of these remarks, as applied to New York, has even a double application here. It has been the aim and effort of a set of desperate demagogues to raise a cry against every institution or commercial house that incurred their prejudice or animosity, and partisan presses are now daily teeming with scandalous invocations, that if persisted in must end in both ruin and riot.

They do not discover in this mad and rash course that whatever stake they may have in the community is to be perilled by the excess which is thus encouraged, and that in pulling away the pillars, the whole superstructure must fall. We regret that our laws do not provide some protection like those of England, not only for the preservation of credit, which is the basis of all material prosperity, but as a restraint to that license, which in its frantic career, may involve the peace of the city and peril life and property.

A deathbed's a detector of the heart,
Here tried dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace, that mustress of the scene;
Here real and apparent are the same.

"Head of the army."—*Napoleon.*
"I must sleep now."—*Byron.*
"Don't give up the ship."—*Lawrence.*
"I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying."—*Chancellor Thurlow.*
"Clasp my hand, my dear friend; I die."—*Alfieri.*
"Give Dayroles a chair."—*Lord Chesterfield.*
"The artery ceases to beat"—*Haller.*
"Let the light enter."—*Goethe.*
"All my possessions for a moment of time."—*Queen Elizabeth.*
"What! is there no bribing death?"—*Cardinal Beaufort.*
"I have loved God, my father, and liberty."—*Madame de Staël.*
"It is small, very small indeed." (clasping her neck.—*Anne Boleyn.*
"Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."—*Burns.*
"I feel as if I were myself again."—*Sir Walter Scott.*
"I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country."—*Jefferson.*
"It is well."—*Washington.*
"Independence forever."—*Adams.*
"This is the last of earth."—*J. Q. Adams.*
"I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."—*Harrison.*
"I have endeavored to do my duty."—*Gen. Taylor.*
"A dying man can do nothing easy."—*Franklin.*
"Let not poor Nelly starve."—*Charles II.*
"Let me die to the sounds of delicious music."—*Mirabeau.*
"I expected this, but not so soon."—*C. C. Atherton.*
"I still live."—*Webster.*

UPRIGHT MEN.—We love upright men. Pelt them this way and the other and they only bend but never break. Trip them down, and in a trice they are on their feet again. Burry them in the mud, and in an hour they are out and bright. You cannot k p them down—you cannot destroy them. They are the salt of the earth. Who but they start any noble project? They build our cities, whiten the ocean with their sails, and blacken the heavens with the smoke of their cars. Look to them, young men, and take courage. Imitate their example, and catch the spark of their energy.

☞ The number of failures reported within the last month throughout the country is little short of four hundred, and they involve liabilities to the amount of between fifteen and sixteen millions of dollars.

Dec. 12 | New Brighton, Aug. 31st, 1857. | A. BESTWICK.