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Sabbath at Sea.

Calmy o'er the sleeping ocean
Comes the dawn of Sabbath day,
Clouds that raged in wild commotion,
Glide like distant sails away;
Voices of the Sabbath morning
Still the tumult of the sea,
As the mild tones of the Savior
Calmed the waves of Galilee.
It is evening, and in ocean
Sinks the fiery sun to rest,
As a weary child at twilight
Seeks a loving mother's breast.
No sweet vesper bells are pealing
Over thee in mellow chime;
Spirit notes of holier feeling
Whisper prayers of evening time.
Starry isles of life come drifting
From the dark depths of the sky,
And the Southern Cross is lifting
Up its emerald banner high.
Gazing on that holy symbol,
Earth-born spirits start awry,
Seeking rest awhile in heaven
With the dying Sabbath day.

For the Beaver Argus. "He has made every thing beautiful in his time."

Alas, how true! He has made the delicate flower to grow by the way-side, to cheer the lonely traveler on his journey, to awaken in the child's mind the beauties of nature; to make the flower and the leaf, oh! how beautiful, but soon to wither and die, and leave its sweet perfume on the balmy air. There is beauty in the sparkling stream, as it winds its course around the brow of the hill, as it searches for some resting place, where it might be free from its never ceasing toil. There is beauty in the low winds, in the gentle rustling of the leaves, in the voice of nature, as it echoes back from the mountain side, where it pours forth its voice in the *Deo* of praise. What a splendor, what terrific grandeur, in the storm, when the thunder bursts, and seems to shake the very hills, and rend the rocks asunder. What terrific splendor in the gathering lightning, as it streaks the ether, and something beautiful in the vivid flash, the black heavy clouds, tinged with ethereal blue, and the loud peal of thunder, that seems to make the very earth quiver beneath its mighty voice. There is beauty in the forest, when the leaves are unfolding, or the delicate bud bursting forth from its chalice, or the zephyr winds playing to and fro through the leaves, and that stately flower, that throws back its petals, and leaves the tender stems and pistils exposed to the storm and the burning rays of the sun. There is beauty in the clouds, where they hang in rich, white-edged masses, here and there, over the surface, seemingly immovable, but presently the wind arises, and wafts them away. There is beauty in moonlight, and the light of twinkling stars, that float high in heaven. The moon-beams, as they play through the leaves, shed a gentle light on all around, as if to tell the tender heart to repose, and the little droplet of dew to refresh it in the morning. What is so beautiful in the gentle flurries folded in clouds, and veiled in heavenly slumber, by some breezy hill, or murmuring brook, fanned by the zephyr wind, and the little bird hovering over it, singing its mirthful song, as if to awaken it out of sweet slumber, to renew its former beauty. Nature is all beauty—in the spring she comes in her robes of green; she visits the halls of pleasure; she rambles through sale and grove, and attends the lonely path, but finds no beauty to excel hers. Go and examine her rocks, you will find her there, go into the deep recesses of the woods, among the trees and shrubbery, where the bird is singing his song, and skipping from bough to bough; the mossy turf upon which the weary traveler sits him down to rest; and the valley, too, where the sparkling stream dashes over the moss-covered rocks, where the clouds seem to hang motionless over it, where the tall fir, and pine, and stately oak seem to darken and make every thing look gloomy and dismal; where the sun scarce sets to shine, or the full bright moon to shed its mirrored beauty, but the song of the murmuring winds can be heard, and the beauties of Nature can be seen even there. Behold all these beauties! Well may we exclaim—"He has made every thing beautiful in his time!"

CHICAGO AS SEEN BY AN EDITOR.—The Christian Standard has lately seen Chicago through peculiar spectacles. Chicago is a bustling city. It is formerly in Illinois, but now Illinois is in it. The principal products of Chicago are corn, wheat, statistics, wind, the Democratic press, and long John Wentworth. The population of Chicago is about sixteen millions, and is very increasing. The people are very assuming and moral—almost too much so. The real estate dealers are honorable men, like Pantus, and wouldn't tell a lie for anything. Chicago is not in the temperate zone, the habits of the people not being at all in that way.

One of the finest specimens of a locust speech on record is that of Robert G. Allen. "If I advance follow me; if I fall, avenge me; if I finish, kill me down again with a windlass."

THE MORMONS.

Mr Weed, of the Albany Evening Journal, in announcing the prospect of peace with Utah, says: "We sincerely hope the intelligence from Utah may prove authentic. Of all our wars, none so questionable in policy, or so uncertain in its results, have occurred. Not uncertain in its immediate issue, but in effect upon Mormonism. Nobody can foresee what persecution (for that is the name it will assume) is to have upon these people. The question of all others most important, is that in relation to which mankind is the most easily cheated. The teachings of eighteen centuries have not fortified the human mind against the darkest delusions. Four fifths of the human family are now, in some form, the victims of heresies scarcely less monstrous than Mormonism."

Within our recollection, Mormonism was as weak, not bigger than a man's hand. The original impostor, Joe Smith, came to the writer of this article, only thirty-two years ago, with the manuscript of his Mormon Bible, to be printed. He then had but one follower, (a respectable and wealthy farmer of the town of Macedon) who offered himself as security for the printing. But after reading a few chapters, it seemed such a jumble of unintelligible absurdities, that we refused the work, advising Harris not to print his Mormon Bible. He then crossed over the way to our neighbor E. B. Marshall, and got his "Mormon Bible" printed.

We all know what "fall trees" that factum has produced. The twenty-five hundred Mormons who were driven from Nauvoo, have multiplied into twice as many thousands in Utah. The "Saints" have been multiplied by accessions from all classes and on all nations. Their "faith," id attractive and seductive forms, has been presented to, and accepted by men and women throughout the civilized world. Yes, mortifying as it is to our boasted intelligence, Mormonism seeks and finds believers among those who have enjoyed the advantages of civilization, and by whom the truths of Revelation have been rejected.

If these Mormons could be dispersed by the bayonet; if their City is conquered and their Temple destroyed; if the impostors or their dupes fall in battle, we shall realize, in its worst sense, the everlasting truth that "the blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church." Instead of "crushing out" Mormonism, we shall find, in the head of every degenerate Hydras, a thousand fresh ones springing up.

We know not how much of consideration the Administration may have given to this subject, for its instructions to the army have not been published. But its true mission, if our Government comprehends its duty, should be to sweep the impostors and the deluded victims of the fraud, alive to the wickedness of their rulers, and weary of their bondage. The wisdom, as well as the highest dictates of common humanity, requires that we endeavor to rescue women and children from the bonds of a slavery as oppressive, and more revolting than exists in any other form.

With such views, and instructed to carry them out, the army will achieve a moral conquest over Mormons, far more humane and enduring than victories won by bullets and baptized in blood. Fighting with Mormons is the worst possible service the army can render. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the officers in command there will rescue those who desire freedom, and facilitate their return to the pursuits they abandoned and to the enjoyments they sacrificed. They come back to unmask Mormonism, exposing its social deformities and revealing its authorized robberies, murders and arsenals. In this way only can the growth of this evil and festering, but rank and growing heresy, be made to retreat, instead of attracting followers and victims.

SCENE ON THE OHIO.—Our boat stopped to take in wood. On the shore, amongst a crowd, was a remarkably stupid looking fellow, with his hands in his pockets, and his under lip hanging down. A deputy, ripe for a scrape, tipped nods and winks all about, saying: "Now I'll have some fun, I'll frighten the green horn." He jumped ashore with a brown bowie knife, and brandishing it in the face of the "green un," exclaimed—"Now I'll punish you; I have been looking for you a week!" The fellow stared stupidly at the assailant. He evidently had not sense enough to be scared—but as the bowie knife came near his face, one of his huge fists suddenly vacated his pocket, and fell hard and heavy between the dandy's eyes, and the poor fellow was floundering in the Ohio! Greasy jumped on board our boat, put his hands in his pockets, and looking around—"May be," said he, "there's somebody else here that's been looking for me a week!"

In Providence, Rhode Island, a couple of rogues inflate a large balloon, tether it with a line four hundred feet long, permit the people to ascend into the region of the clouds for 85 a head, and pull them down again with a windlass.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

BY THE HAZOR STROP-MAN.
"Some folks say it is right to drink alcohol because it is a good creature of God. Well, grant that it is so—so is Easter oil, but that is not sufficient reason for a person to drink it three or four, or a dozen times a day! A dog is a good creature of God—but suppose a dog goes mad and bites a man or a woman, would you let him alone because, as you say, he is a good creature? Would you be satisfied with cutting off his tail, or would you knock him on the head and pitch him into the street? Now, alcohol is more than a mad dog; for while from a mad dog only destroys life, while a bit from alcohol destroys reason, reputation, life, and everything else, besides dragging down the family of the bitten man to poverty and woe."

"But alcohol doesn't bite a mouthful at first. When he first snuffed at me he only tickled me a little. I liked it first rate, and was anxious to get another bit. The old rascal of a tyrant kept nibbling at my heels as though he didn't mean to hurt me, while I, like a fool, kept coaxing him on, till at last he gave me a snap in earnest, and took the elbows out of my coat. Next he took the crown out of my hat, the shoes off my feet, the money out of my pocket, the sense out of my head, till at last I went raging mad through the streets, perfectly unable to get any pleasure—but I signed the pledge and got cured; and if there is any man here who has been bitten as I was, let him take his total medicine and I'll warrant him a speedy cure."

"But allowing alcohol is a good creature of God, are there not other creatures, too, such as beef, pork, puddings, pies, clothes, doffers, and fifty others of the 'same sort'? Now, shall a man drink whisky because it is a good creature, and go without a good handsome wife, and good, well-dressed children? No, sir! As for me, give me good beef and pudding, good pork and sausage, good friends, good clothes, and good wife and children, (or rather than miss, I will try and make them good) and king alchey may go to Texas, for all I care."

"Some say that wine is a good creature because our Savior once turned water into wine. Very well; but that he didn't turn any more over an hour. The cock-roaches into wine, as some people do. He turned water into wine. Now, if any wine-bibbing apologist will take a gallon or barrel of pure water, and by praying over it, or in any other way, convert it into first rate wine, I'll the boy as will go in for a swig of it!"

STRAKER IN A HURRICANE.—On Sunday evening last, it half past five o'clock, "Straker," which is a vessel of 100 tons, was lying at the wharf, fastened to shore by four strong lines, which proved insufficient to hold her, and she was torn loose. She was blown out into the stream, and having no steam, was at the mercy of the tempest, which drove her up the river at a rapid rate of speed. Her officers and some twelve passengers were aboard, and all parties were considerably alarmed for their safety, and that of the boat. In a few minutes after the commencement of the storm, her chimneys were blown down with a terrific crash, and went overboard, injuring the hurricane deck and guards to some extent. Anchorage was effected one mile above Kokuk, at the first chain of the rapids, after several unsuccessful attempts to stop the boat in her mad career. She remained at the spot to which she had been driven, until the wind abated, when she got up steam and came back to Kokuk. Temporary chimneys were rigged, and the Louisiana arrived in port in her dilapidated condition yesterday morning. The damage will exceed \$2,000, and she will lose one trip by the operation.

THE GREAT DETROIT TROT.—The great 50 miles trot at Detroit for \$1,500 fizzled out to 20 miles. Mr. Elber the owner of the Buffalo horse "Unknown" backed out after the horses were brought to the stand, and proposing to pay a forfeit of \$250, unless Mr. Belden, the owner of the Detroit horse Furuk Granger, would consent to reduce the race to 20 miles. After considerable parleying this was agreed to, Mr. E. E. claiming that his horse was not in condition to go the 50 miles.

Mr. Granger passed the score ahead in every mile and "Unknown" only showed him his place twice in the whole distance, and then only for a short time. Such a victory would entitle him to many lashes as the poor brute received. Before the 20 miles were trotted the horse stroked entirely dead, first dropped into a slow trot and finally to a walk from which no effort of his driver, by cruel application of the whip, could rouse him. He came to a dead stand on the third quarter, dropping upon his knees from exhaustion. The tortuous animal has since died. Such brutality is disgraceful to the sport of the turf.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which has just closed its session here, was a most able and dignified body, and has made a strong impression upon the public mind. There were men from every part of the Union, representing various political opinions, and discussing a great variety of topics, yet not a harsh word or an ungentlemanly word heard during the whole eleven days session. This shows what enlightened liberality and a high state of mental and moral qualification accomplish in a deliberative body. We wish Congress and other public assemblies would take a few lessons in good breeding from the General Assembly of the Old School Presbyterian Church. They could not fail to elevate themselves in estimation by doing so.—N. O. Bulletin.

A TALE OF HORRORS.

Governor McWille, of Mississippi, is charged by the Vicksburg Southern with having pardoned out of the Penitentiary a man named Dyson, who had assassinated another man named Nelms, which he was simply sentenced for fifteen years. That paper says of the original: "He waylaid his victim, with whom he had a deadly feud, brought him down at the first shot, and then, emerging from his hiding place, snatched his dying victim with words of insult and reproach, and finally concluded by placing the muzzle of his gun to the body of Nelms and firing a fatal shot. This shot produced instant death, and so close was the man to the victim that the flesh of the murdered man was blown by the explosion. Having committed this heinous crime, he deliberately mounted his horse, rode to the house of Nelms, called his wife out, and informed her that he had murdered her husband, and invited her where to find his mangled corpse."

Dyson is a blood stained, blood-thirsty, incarnate fiend. He is not a man, but a ferocious tiger, and Governor McWille has no more right to turn such a bestial loop upon the community than he has to open the cages of a whole caravan of tigers. His antecedents are well known, too, and they should have forbidden all hope of Executive clemency. The murder of Nelms was not his first taste of blood. He had previously, in a most base and cowardly manner, murdered a lawyer by the name of Moss, of Do Solo County, by shooting him in the back as Moss rode from him. He had murdered three of his own negroes, and one of them in a manner so horribly appalling as to cause the death of his own wife. This case occurred at his own table, and the victim of his fiendish rage was a woman. Taking offence at something the woman did, or omitted to do, while waiting on the table, he rose, drew a bowie knife, and with a single blow ripped her open. His wife swooned, and when she awoke to consciousness he had the negro's heart out, and with it upon his knife, he thrust it into her face. She swooned again, and the result of her horror and fright brought on convulsions, and from the effects of which she soon died.

WEALTH OF WILLIAM B. ASTOR.—Those who have any kind of facilities for forming an idea about the wealth of William B. Astor estimated that it amounts to \$40,000,000 or \$50,000,000. It is mostly in real estate. He has five children, three sons and two daughters. The two daughters married rich, and the eldest son, the younger son is a mentally weak. Astor himself is now in Paris. He and his eldest son divide their time in living between this country and Europe. The manager in a business development institution in New York, and the chief support of another in Dutchess county, where her summer residence is.

GENERAL HOUSTON'S EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.—We understand, says the New York Evening Post, that General Houston, immediately after the adjournment of Congress, contemplates an expedition into Mexico with a company of four or five thousand men, who are anxious to follow the hero of the Alamo to new conquests. Walker and Henningsen do not inspire the adventurous youth of the South with confidence, and it has been signified to General Houston that if he would lead them, there were thousands ready to follow him to any part of Mexico. The understanding is that they are to Texasize another slice of Mexico and bring it into the Union, and with it Houston into the Senate.

A MAGNANIMOUS HUSBAND.—Not long since a widow, one of those who are in the habit of falling well preserved, by the name of Madame R., yielding to the ardent solicitations of a young literary man of Paris, married him. On returning from the church and the Mayor's office, the lady told her husband, and said, Pardon me, my dear, for I have deceived you. In what I told you that I had two hundred thousand francs, and—Well, and you have not been wiser; it's all the same to me. (No, that is not it exactly, I have two million. The husband forgave her.

OPENING OF AFRICA.—While England is seeking to reach the head waters of the Niger by steaming up that stream, the people of Liberia are about to send an exploring party overland interiorwards, into the valley of that mighty river. This region of the country is the great native caravan route. Two of these were recently seen, one of which could not have contained less than 5,000 persons and 1000 beasts of burden. The government of Liberia is striving to establish a direct and constant intercourse with Central Africa. The French calculate that under advantageous circumstances, the trade with that region would be worth six millions of francs annually, or ten millions of dollars, the bulk of which would consist of actual barter.

A curious case has been on trial in Fayette county, Pa. Mrs. Linn, an old lady, came from another State to visit her son in Pennsylvania, and died during the visit. The son has since used the administration of his mother's estate to recover compensation for her board while she remained in his house. The Court (Judge Laurie) very properly decided the case against him, and added somewhat comments upon his unnatural conduct. The Court thought that most children considered it a favor to have such visits from their parents.

Mr. Carpenter of Madison, Wisconsin has invented a car brake operated wholly by electricity, which has been patented both in this country and England, and promised to be a matter of some importance.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

Thy neighbor? It is he whom thou hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart and burning brow Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou and succor him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, care and pain—
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Whose widow and orphan, helpless left—
Go thou and shelter them.

Where'er thou meetest a human form,
Less favored than thine own,
Remember, 'tis thy neighbor worn,
Thy brother or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by,
Perhaps thou canst not read him,
The breaking heart from misery—
Go, share thy lot with him.

The Burning Mountain.

As is generally known, there is a vein of Coal located above water level in the Broad Mountain about seven miles from the Broad River, near Hecksboville, which for twenty years has been on fire. The vein, which contains excellent White Ash Coal, is some forty feet in thickness. The origin of the fire is attributed to a couple of miners who having some work to perform in the drift in the depth of winter, built a fire, they being cold in the gateway. The flames destroyed the prop timbers, were carried by a strong current, rapidly along the passage, communicating to the coal, all subsequent efforts to extinguish it were ineffectual. The men were cut off from escape, and were undoubtedly suffocated to death. Their remains were never found.—A few days since we ascended the mountain at the spot of the fire, and were much interested in examining the effect of the fire upon the surface. The course of it is from West to East, and where the vein is nearest the surface, the ground is for the space of several hundred feet sunken into deep pits, an while the stones exhibit evidence of having been exposed to the action of intense heat, every vestige of vegetation has been blasted. It is a desert in the midst of smiling fertility. The ground in some places upon it, while steam from water heated by the internal fire rose from every pore. The fire has extended for several hundred yards to which we have attempted to descend, and has passed and still it burns, and will until further fuel is denied the devouring element. Thousands of tons of Coal have undoubtedly been consumed and thousands of tons may feed the fire before it is consumed.

NEWSPAPERS.—The Fabribill, Herald, in the course of an able article on the subject of newspapers and their influence upon the towns in which they are published, says:

"The announcement that a newspaper is published in a town, at once gives it a reputation of importance. A newspaper adds to the value of town property in a town where it is published. This is a fact, nevertheless, and hence every property holder in a place is personally interested in sustaining a paper; no money that he expends during the year returns him such a per cent. as that which he pays for his home paper."

SUDDEN CONVERSION.—The Southern Register, says the N. Y. Times, follow the lead of Senator Mason, and are now as earnest against a war with England as they were originally in favor of it. The extraordinary eagerness of Senators Hale, Seyward, Wilson, and other Northern men for immediate hostilities, is supposed to have abated their ardor. Even the voice of Mr. Toombs has been exceedingly "still for war" ever since. The truth is, the whole thing was a game of political brag, at which the Republicans proved the best players.

Winter Davis, of Milford, Del., son of M. J. Davis, gave a birth-day party to young gentlemen and ladies of about his own age, on Tuesday last. Mr. Davis was one year old on that day, and his company, twenty-two in number, ranged in their ages from eighteen months down. While partaking of refreshments, they sat in a circle on the carpet, and when the plates were passed round, each one insisted on helping himself to all the plate contained.

A ST. LOUIS GLUTTON.—Our St. Louis exchanges state as a matter of fact, that on Friday last, Francis Carlo, a Frenchman, at one sitting, ate eight five cent loaves of bread, six pounds of ham, a pig foot, half a pound of cheese, and a plate of salad, taking two glasses of beer and eleven glasses of water to aid in the masticatory process, and then declared he was not satisfied.

The Washington correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent writes home as follows: "Washington, May 15th, 1858.—My Irish chambermaid, the same that drank the whiskey I leave on the mantel-piece, has just taken my stove down, and I suppose I am to understand by that, that warm weather has at last come. I bet it snows before morning."

The word "debt" is composed of the initials of "Don Every Body Twice." Credit is formed of the initials letters "Call Regularly Every Day—I'll Trust."

A RAILROAD TRAIN IN A FLOOD.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, travelling during the recent flood on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, says that on crossing the bridge of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, at Vincennes, the traveler westward witnesses a novel sight in rail-roading. Before him is a lake (the Wabash Valley overflowed) over six miles wide, and longer than the eye can reach. Across this sea the train runs on a trestle work that sticks out just four inches above the top of the water. Nothing is seen on its broad surface save these two iron rails, around which the water eddies and whirls, and dashes madly against the slender frame, which seems to tremble under their force. All over the lake are whirling eddies, carrying big trees and drift around and around. These soon make your head swim, and you feel that the trestle-work is certainly moving; the bottom seems to be undermined, and is moving, while the top is tipping over, against the current, and you expect every moment to hear the splash of the whole train going down into the sea. But it don't go, and there is no danger, fightful as it looks. But now we come to a place that really seems fearful. We are in the middle of the lake. It is just twilight. Almost out of sight of land—nothing but a waste of waters on every side of that long, solitary railway train; we leave the straight line, and go curving southward like a snake's track. Why? Simply because the flood has carried the trestle work away from its straight course, and left it in a zig-zag line, (and half upset, at that,) some distance below where it originally stood. So badly upset was this trestle work, that in some places the rail on one side was two feet lower than the other, and it seemed as though it wanted only the weight of the train to throw it entirely down. The lower rail had, however, been taken up, and timbers placed on that side, to bring it up as high, and in some cases little higher than the other, so as to throw most of the weight on the upper side. It was also braced up, and stayed as well as could be done in the present state of the flood. On this half overturned, racked and tottling looking trestle work, our train crept cautiously along. A railroad train out at sea, with iron enough about it to anchor it safely at the bottom, and creeping along on a shaky trestle work, that the engineer is afraid to jar, for fear it may jar it down. Workmen are busy now in bracing up, and strengthening this part of the road, and before my letter reaches you it will no doubt be perfectly safe.

Hon. Stephen Allen's Pocket Piece.

Among the victims of the Henry Clay disaster was Hon. Stephen Allen, an aged slip, containing the following advice: Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands can not be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make but few promises. Live up to your engagements. When you speak to a man look him full in the face. Good character is above all things else. Your character can not be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any man speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no man will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Live within your income. When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation through fear you may not be able to withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never borrow, if you can avoid it. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy. Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

There is a curious fact connected with the list of members of Congress in Niles's Register for 1825. The list contains the full names of every member of the House of Representatives but one. There was a new member from Tennessee, whose christian name could not be found out by the compiler, and so he put him down thus: "Polk. Twenty years afterwards this obscure gentleman, of whose identity there was so much question in 1825, was elected President of the United States.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—Confound no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind of degree, on the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If he will not compel him, leave him to God, the Judge of all.—John Wesley.

EMIGRATION TO MISSOURI.—It is said that there is a large migration from Iowa across the line into the State of Missouri. The St. Louis Democrat announces that the death of slavery in that State is decreed. The free State men in adjoining States evidently think so, and are moving on to occupy that favored land, whose only light is slave labor.

EMIGRANTS ARE POURING INTO KANSAS by thousands. Steamboats cannot be made long and large enough to carry all that apply for passage. Six boats a day leave St. Louis, with an average of two hundred passengers each, for Kansas and Nebraska.

CURE FOR THE HEAVENS.—A gentleman writing to the American Agriculturist, states that he thoroughly cured a fine young mare afflicted with the Heavys by feeding her on corn stalks, and since the disease has never returned. The writer quotes Judge Buel's opinion as to corn stalks being a remedy, that distinguished agriculturist having a horse afflicted with that disorder which disappeared after being so fed.

BACKWOOD'S ELOQUENCE.

A man on his trial for murder, having been found guilty by the evidence, is supposed to have been successfully defended by his counsel in the following speech, which is quite as good a warrant for the verdict juries so often rendered, as the usual reasons by which juries attempt to justify their finding: "Thou shalt not kill." Now, if you hang my client, you transgress the command as sick as grease, and as plump as a goose egg in a loafer's face. Gentlemen, murder is murder, whether committed by twelve jurymen or a humble individual like my client. Gentlemen I do not deny the fact of my client having killed a man. No such a thing, gentlemen. Ye may bring the prisoner in "guilty," the hangman may do his duty, but will that exonerate you? No such a thing. In that case you will be murderers. Who among you is prepared for the brand of Cain to be stamped upon his brow to-day? Who, in this land of liberty and light? Gentlemen, I will pledge my word no one of you has a bowie-knife. No, gentlemen, your pockets are odoriferous with the fumes of cigar cases and tobacco. You can smoke the tobacco of recititude in the pipe of a peaceful conscience; but hang my unfortunate client, and the scaly alligators of remorse will gallop through the internal principles of your animal vessels, until the spinal vertebrae of your anatomical construction is turned into a railroad for the grim and gory goblins of despair.

Gentlemen beware of committing murder! Beware, I say, of meddling with the eternal prerogative! Gentlemen, I adjure you, by the unannounced ghost of temporary sanctity, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the name of woman, the main spring of the ticking-time piece of time's theoretical transmission, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the love you have for the resolute and conditional gusto you have for our native pumpkin, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the American eagle that whipped the universal game cock of creation, and now is roosting on the magnetic telegraph of time's illustrious transmission, to do no murder! And lastly, if you expect to wear store made coats; if you ever expect free dogs not to bark at you; if you ever expect to wear boots made of the free hide of the Rocky Mountain Buffalo, and to sum up all, if you ever expect to be anything but seakier, low flung, rascally, braided small ends of humanity, whitened down into indistinctibility, acquit my client and save your country."

THE SPOILS OF WAR.—The English they did not seem disposed to show any possibilities. The place was given up to pillage. All the evidences of barbaric magnificence, furniture, embroidered hangings, chandeliers, statues, mirrors and china, were knocked about in search of treasures. Those who could not get in at once to bathe on the work, searched the corridors, battered off the noses, legs and arms of the statues in the gardens, or diving into cellars, either made their fortunes by the discovery of unsuspected treasure, or lost their lives at the hands of concealed fanatics. The amount of spoils carried off by the soldiers is said to have been very large.

RUSSIAN GALLANTRY.—A celebrated contraband, now "starring" it in Paris, lately received from a Muscovite prince a handsome brooch in diamonds, in acknowledgment of admiration; but not wishing to accept a gift, the motive of which might be misconstrued, she returned it with warm thanks. Next day she received a letter from the prince, approving highly of her decision, but the writing in this letter had a singularly glistening appearance, and was afterwards found to be the cobwebs, not to be outdone in generosity, had reduced the returned diamonds to fine powder, with which he had bespattered the wet ink, and had thus insured the acceptance of his homage.

A PAPER laid upon the tables of the Houses of Parliament, headed "Agricultural Statistics—Ireland," shows that since 1847 the extent of land under cultivation has increased from 5,200,000 acres, to 5,800,000 and that emigration has diminished from 170,507 persons, of both sexes, in 1851, to 95,051 in 1857.

SEVERAL American Counts, it is reported, have been made in Italy in this way. The Pope, not being able to furnish a certain railway for lack of money, offered the title of Count to every foreigner who would subscribe a sum of five thousand dollars to the road. The required sum was soon obtained, and a few more noble families were left low upon society.

The monster suggested, the discovery of which in Australia, and its subsequent history and shipment to England, has been before announced, has arrived in London, and is on exhibition at the official rooms of the Crystal Palace. It was found at the "Kingower diggings," one hundred and thirty miles from Melbourne. This is a superb mass of gold is two feet four inches in length, and ten inches in its greatest width, it weighs 1743 ounces, or in a word 146 pounds, and strange to say, it is estimated by gold brokers that it contains but six ounces of dross, the residue being gold of the purest kind.

CURE FOR THE HEAVENS.—A gentleman writing to the American Agriculturist, states that he thoroughly cured a fine young mare afflicted with the Heavys by feeding her on corn stalks, and since the disease has never returned. The writer quotes Judge Buel's opinion as to corn stalks being a remedy, that distinguished agriculturist having a horse afflicted with that disorder which disappeared after being so fed.

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