The Sun.
It Shines for All.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1872.

Amusements To-Day.

Booth's Theatre—The Lily of France.
Bowery Theatre—Mazeppa.
Canterbury Variety Theatre—Bet. Bleecker and Houston.
Dan Bryant's Minstrels—Twenty-third street.
Fifth Avenue Theatre—Married Life.
Grand Opera House—Round the Clock.
Niblo's Garden—Leo and Lotos.
Olympic Theatre—La Belle Helene.
P. T. Barnum's Great Show—Day and Evening.
St. James Theatre—San Francisco Minstrels.
Theatre Comique—Africa.
Tony Pastor's Opera House—Five New Stars.
Union Square Theatre—Agnes.
Wallack's—Our American Cousin.
Wood's Museum—Babes in Wood. Matinee.

Pomeroy.

One of the most phenomenal men in the United States Senate is the Hon. S. C. POMEROY. He is a Senator from Kansas, and his reputation for virtue is already extensive. It will doubtless be increased by the letter written by him, probably some time in 1862, of which we publish a fac-simile in another part of this paper. This fac-simile will give the public an exact idea of POMEROY's handwriting, while the contents of the letter will afford an equally faithful view of POMEROY's moral nature.

This letter contains a proposition made by POMEROY to one W. W. Ross, a citizen of the same State with himself, and who at the time when this remarkable piece of composition was produced was an agent for the Potawottamie Indians in Kansas. For these Indians POMEROY proposes to furnish a trader who shall have an exclusive right to sell goods to them. This right is to be established by a license to be procured by POMEROY from the Indian Bureau in the Department of the Interior. Of this bureau, at the time of POMEROY's writing, the Hon. W. P. DOLE was the head; and POMEROY offers to employ with DOLE his influence as a Senator of the United States, in order to obtain the necessary license, on condition that the person to whom it is given will first execute a contract by which one quarter of the profits on the business which POMEROY is thus to get for him shall be paid to POMEROY.

We commend this letter to the consideration of such Senators as may be disposed to meditate on POMEROY's method of employing the authority of his great office. We are informed that Mr. Ross, to whom the letter was written, is now in Washington. Very probably he may be able to furnish other similar letters from his friend POMEROY, as well as a great deal of kindred information which would prove unusually valuable if spread before the people in the ample columns of the *Congressional Globe*. Many interesting facts in regard to Mr. DOLE, as well as his official chief, the Hon. and Rev. JAMES HARLAN, have already found their way to the public knowledge; but we dare say there are a great many others, of equal if not greater importance, which have not yet seen the light of day, and which Mr. Ross might oblige the Senate by revealing if he should be duly invited to do so.

If the Senate should regard any study of this subject as not consonant with its dignity, perhaps the Hon. JAMES BECK of Kentucky, who appears from his speeches in the House of Representatives to have devoted a great deal of useful attention to Indian affairs, might profitably spend a little time in pondering POMEROY's letter. Mr. BECK has already, in a general way, made some serious charges against Senators of the United States who are especially connected with the Indian business. In discussing the Indian Appropriation bill the other day he mentioned the fact that the bill provided for an appropriation of $3,000 for a school for the Crow Indians; and at the same time he quoted from the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to show that there were only two little Indian boys attending that school. A Territorial delegate at that moment interjected the remark, "and they had to be caught with a lasso and dragged there." Mr. BECK also mentioned several other cases where money has been given for schools, blacksmiths, and wagon makers for the Indians, when the official reports show that the tribes for which this money was destined live by hunting, and have no use either for learning or for the mechanic arts. He went further, and stated that these appropriations were made merely for the accommodation of the favorites of certain Senators, and that the Indians did not receive the slightest benefit from the money appropriated for these pretended objects. More than this, he said that the treaties in accordance with which the House was asked to appropriate this money were made by Commissioners authorized by the Senate to perform entirely different business, and that they are not treaties in a legal sense, and are accordingly not binding on the Government.

Perhaps, also, while Mr. BECK is looking into the relationship and bearing of POMEROY's letter and of these other peculiar arrangements of Senators connected with Indian affairs, he may deem it advisable to examine in some detail the records of the Interior Department, in order to see if many interesting facts are not hidden there which might advantageously be brought to the knowledge of the taxpayers.

The President—His Term and His Pay.

It is to be hoped there is no illusion in the matter or the manner of the several propositions pending in Congress relative to the change in the mode of election and in the official term of the President and the increase of his salary, but it must be confessed there is something of that look about them.

There are three propositions to amend the Constitution, and one resolution increasing the President's salary. Mr. HIBBARD of New Hampshire offers an amendment authorizing Congress to fix a uniform day for holding State elections, the object of which is to bring the Presidential, Congressional, and State elections on the same day, and the effect of which would be to do away with those State elections of August, September, and October in the Presidential year which now virtually decide the national contest. Mr. LYNCH of Maine offers an amendment providing for a direct vote of the people for President and Vice-President without the intervention of electors, as under the present system. Mr. BANKS offers an amendment making the official term of the President and Vice-President six years, and providing that the President shall not be eligible for reëlection. With this proposed amendment Mr. BANKS introduces a bill for a public act increasing the salary of the President to $50,000 per annum from the 4th of March, 1873.

The first two of these propositions will probably lie over in the hands of the committee, and not be acted upon at this session; but it is understood that the two propositions of Mr. BANKS, to amend the Constitution so as to make the Presidential term six years and the President ineligible for reëlection, and to double his salary, are to be taken together; at least that is the way in which it is given out. With this understanding Mr. BANKS has been heard by the House Judiciary Committee, and that committee is believed to have agreed to report in favor of—what? The joint proposition—one term of six years and double the salary? By no means. The committee will report in favor of doubling the salary, but not of amending the Constitution.

Is this a dodge of the committee to increase the President's salary without limiting him to a single term? If so, it will not answer. The people are very ready, in the light of recent events, to extend the Presidential term if the single-term provision can be carried with it. They are not so ready to double the salary, since no man has yet declined to be President at the existing rate of compensation, and also since every President hitherto has saved something handsome out of his pay. But it seems that the six years single term can be procured only by amending the Constitution, which requires a two-thirds vote of both Houses of Congress, and ratification by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States; while the President's salary can be increased by a simple bill for a public act and a majority vote of the two Houses.

We submit that the order in which these propositions come is not natural or safe. If the increase of salary is necessary in order to carry through the provision of ineligibility, it is manifest that the constitutional amendment to that effect should be adopted first. Let us have the one-term amendment secure before we raise the President's pay. Otherwise we but increase the inducements for another reëlection campaign. Besides, it is just possible that the offer of an increased salary—in other words, the payment by the nation of $100,000 bonus—to the President would induce him to withhold opposition to the amendment. But we venture to say that if the increased salary bill should pass before the adoption of the amendment, all the power of the Administration would be brought against the latter, and it would be impossible to get it to the first stage of adoption. And we have no doubt that the increased salary would be openly advanced as an argument for GRANT's reëlection in 1876 on the ground that in that way only can he make good what he ought to have had during his first term.

We do not strenuously oppose the increase of the President's salary. If anything can be done to put him and his family above want, we are in favor of it. But we do oppose the order in which these propositions come, as covering a deception and calculated to tempt a conspiracy for a third term. It is well enough to remember, too, that the gentleman whose salary is proposed to be doubled received less votes in 1872 than he did in 1868. Shall his salary be increased as his vote decreases?

End of the Life Insurance War.

The Trustees of the Mutual Life Insurance Company have abandoned their purpose to reduce the rates of premium. From their explanation of reasons published elsewhere, it will be seen that while they still maintain the feasibility of carrying out their project with entire safety to their policy holders, they have deferred to the remonstrances of those who entertain a different opinion, and will adhere to the old rates. This action of theirs will, we presume, put an end to the war between the friends and enemies of the proposed reduction which has been waged in such a lively manner in the newspapers for the past fortnight, and let the business of life insurance flow on in its former serene and tranquil manner.

As to the merits of the controversy, it is difficult for an unprofessional person to form an opinion. Where men eminent for their knowlege of the life insurance business and their mathematical skill are found to disagree, ordinary people may well hesitate in making up their minds. It is plain, however, that under its old system the Mutual Company has done well and prospered, and nobody pretends that it will lose by not making any change. The assaults it has provoked have called attention to its magnificent resources and the absolute safety it affords to insurers, so that it can but gain by the commotion it has excited. To this extent it is a winner of the fight. On the other hand, the old policy holders, who feared a diminution of their security by the admission of new insurers at lower rates than they have been paying, and the great competing companies, which anticipated injury from the unsettling of their business, have also carried their point. Both parties, therefore, have reason to be content.

As the Twig is Bent the Tree's Inclined.

The English journals for the past few weeks have been discussing the system of discipline maintained in the public schools, and especially the wide discretion given to certain of the larger boys in flogging their juniors. The agitation began in consequence of the publication of an instance of brutality in Winchester College, where a præfect, who is described by Dr. RIDDING, the Head Master of that institution, as "a good and gentle boy," fell upon one of the smaller pupils for the offence of not being sufficiently proficient in the delectable slang of the school, and belabored him in the most savage manner with ground ashes, using up several of these instruments of torture in the operation. A ground ash is described as a thick, tough sapling three or four feet long, and when skilfully wielded it will not only cut the clothing of its object in strips but will also lay open deep gashes in the flesh.

The father of the boy who was flogged at Winchester, indignant at such a tyrannical abuse of delegated authority, availed himself of the universal remedy of all indignant Englishmen and wrote a letter to the *Times*. This brought out a flood of communications and leading articles in nearly all the public prints of England, in some of which the writers sympathized with the aggrieved parent, while many others stoutly maintained that the thrashing which the little boy received at the hands of the big one, whether deserved or undeserved, was undoubtedly an excellent thing for him; and that, however unpleasant such a flagellation might be at the time, it would be of great benefit to him in the future. Incidentally the subject of fagging was also introduced into the discussion, which finally involved the whole of the relations habitually existing between the older boys and their juniors in the British public schools.

It would strike most Americans as curious to witness the zeal with which a host of mature Englishmen rush into print in defence of the tyrannical customs of their public schools. The practice of making the small and consequently the weak boys perform menial offices for those who are larger and stronger is praised to the skies; while the kickings and cuffings inflicted upon the helpless juniors are extolled as the best possible means of producing a harmonious development of character. There is a great deal of nonsense, it is argued, in most lads, which requires to be knocked out of them; and it is a great advantage to a boy to undergo the rough discipline of a public school, and to learn to take a thrashing pleasantly. There are some who go so far as to insist that the discipline boys have to undergo in their school days goes further than anything else in shaping the character of the typical Englishman. However that may be, it would be difficult to imagine anything more likely to breed an offensive, bullying, overbearing disposition than the experience an English school boy goes through, first as the unresisting object of the most degrading tyranny, and later as the bully and tyrant in his turn.

The Law of Libel in Pennsylvania.

Probably most persons suppose that the maxim "the greater the truth the greater the libel," which once brought so much reproach, contempt, and ridicule upon the common law, has no application in modern jurisprudence. The supposition, however, is incorrect. In the State of Pennsylvania a man may be thrown into the penitentiary simply because he has publicly proclaimed the truth concerning a fellow citizen.

In nearly all the other States, the truth, if published with good motives and for justifiable ends, is, when established, a complete defence to an action for libel. The Constitutions of eighteen of the States contain express provisions to that effect, and in most of the others the same end is attained by statutory enactments. But in Pennsylvania, the truth of an alleged libel affords no ground of defence in a criminal prosecution for its publication, except where it refers to the official conduct of officers or men in public capacity.

A convention for the revision of the Constitution of that State is now in session at Philadelphia. Among the propositions before it is one to amend that portion of the organic law which relates to prosecutions for libel so as to make the truth a defence in all cases. The section relating to the subject in the Constitution of the State of New York is as good a form as can be adopted: "In all criminal prosecutions or indictments for libels, the truth may be given in evidence to the jury; and if it shall appear to the jury that the matter charged as libellous is true, and was published with good motives and for justifiable ends, the party shall be acquitted."

Of the one hundred and fifty-three members of the Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia nearly one hundred are lawyers. They know that the law of libel as it exists in Pennsylvania to-day is a disgrace to the legislation of the State. Let them change it so as to conform to the dictates of common justice. There can be no such thing as freedom of the press, in the highest and true sense, where its conductors are continually menaced by the ever-present shadow of penal servitude as a reward for truth.

In Missouri recent discoveries of iron and lead are attracting a good deal of attention, and are likely to lead to a more thorough development of the mineral resources of the State. The mineral lands of Missouri are constantly increasing in price, while other descriptions of land have lately been declining, and new mineral territory located within the past year is already commanding large prices. Stories of valuable discoveries of lead are common in the Missouri newspapers, and some of them are quite interesting. It is said that a few weeks ago, while some boys were playing under the bluffs of the Pomme de Terre river, at Hermitage, they accidentally discovered some mineral protruding from the earth, and going to work with their pocket knives soon hacked out sixteen pounds of lead. The next day two men, with pick and spade, took out 140 pounds of pure galena. The lead mines at Joplin are rapidly assuming importance. Last February they produced about 80,000 pounds per month; in October their product was nearly 2,000,000 pounds. The owners are now sinking deeper shafts, and, they report, reaching heavier and richer leads. About four miles west of Joplin, a few weeks ago, a farmer named STEVENS was induced to sink a shaft on his land, surface mineral indications having attracted the attention of some practical miners. At a depth of four feet a very encouraging quantity of lead was unearthed, and when a depth of fifteen feet had been reached, Mr. STEVENS had upward of 6,000 pounds of the finest block mineral to show for his work, with every prospect of an inexhaustible deposit before him. New discoveries of iron in Scott and Bollinger counties are also reported, and it is claimed that the ore found in the former county is equal in quality to that of Iron Mountain.

Mormonism is not flourishing in Great Britain at present. In 1851 there were about 230 Mormon places of worship in the British Isles, with an attendance of some 17,000, and within the circle of the London Conference there were forty branches, with a gross total of 2,450 adherents. There are now only 1,693 members within the circle of the London Conference, and during the last year only seventy-five conversions were reported within the same limits. The Mormons undertake to explain the decrease in their numbers by attributing it to the eagerness of the saints to gather into Zion; but the force of this explanation is weakened by the fact that only seven of them emigrated from the London district during the last twelve months. BRIGHAM is apparently making a special effort to cultivate this missionary field just now, as a general conference of English and Welsh Mormons, held in London a few weeks ago, was noticeable for the presence of an exceptional number of saints direct from Utah, among whom were no less than three of the "twelve apostles," all of whom bore earnest testimony to the superiority of Salt Lake City as an abiding place over the wicked Babylon called London.

We are glad to observe in the Republican party a more humane and judicious tone of feeling toward Cuba and the patriots struggling for independence and freedom. Even the journals which support the Administration through thick and thin, and which have looked on with scorn at the endeavor of others to awaken public opinion to the merits of the Cuban revolution, now modify their expression and condemn the cruelties committed there, the bloodhounds and the murders, with something like the severity which such things deserve. If President GRANT should some day take the notion to declare himself in favor of Cuba, the whole crowd of Administration journals would take up the cry, and speak a language more worthy of Americans than that to which they have hitherto habituated their readers. Well, we shall not complain. If they will only aid Cuba to become free they may have all the credit of the good work.

A very clever volume is Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE's Library of Famous Fiction, just published by FORD & CO. It contains the Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, the Vicar of Wakefield, Gulliver's Travels, Paul and Virginia, Elizabeth, Picciola, Undine, Vathek, all unabridged, and in addition a selection from the Arabian Nights.

MR. BEECHER YESTERDAY.

THE REMNANTS OF HUMAN SOCIETY CARED FOR BY GOD.

Men who Fail in this World—Aiming Too High—The Secret Vices that Slay Young Men—Old Age Made Green—"O Grave, thou art Kinder than Our Poor Houses!"

Plymouth Church was jammed as usual yesterday morning. The 10 o'clock boat from New York took over a crowd who eagerly passed up Fulton street and Hicks street on their way to the church. Three elegant carriages from New York likewise bore their occupants to the favored sanctuary. The pair of horses that drew one of these carriages suffered torture from a check rein, which was buckled up so tightly that it almost ripped open the horses' mouths and wrenched their jaws off. But the horses held up their heads nobly, and pranced up to the sacred edifice to the admiration of pedestrian worshippers. At ten minutes past 10 two lovely bouquets were placed on the platform. At twenty-five minutes past the organ poured forth its sweet chords, and at half past precisely Mr. Beecher entered. He thrust his hat into the usual place, and sat down in his cloak. Mr. Halliday went up and had a long talk with him. Then Mr. Beecher pulled out a roll of manuscript and put it upon the table. The choir rose and sang an Advent anthem, beginning, "When Jordan hushed his waters still." This ended, Mr. Beecher made a short prayer and gave out a hymn. Then he read part of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, commencing with "Be not deceived; evil communications corrupt good manners."

MR. BEECHER'S PRAYER.

Then followed the prayer, full of beauty and pathos. God did not need our prayers, Mr. Beecher said. It was not our voice that opened His heart. He Himself was working in us the will. As men lying awake in the morning see the sun long looking in at the window and inviting them to rise, so we beheld God's sympathy and love shining in upon us and inviting us to ask, that our joy might be full. As we went toward the sun we knew it was bright, but we couldn't comprehend the sources of its light; so we approached God we could not understand His infinity, but we knew He was full of tenderness and compassion. God's love was greater than our sin, His mercy outran all our crimes. We were powerless against the evils around us, but God's grace was all-sufficient. Mr. Beecher prayed with feeling for the bereaved and the sorrowful. Might their troubles be as winds to bring them to the harbor of safety, and not as gales to drive them to shipwreck and ruin. Mr. Beecher interceded for

THE WANDERING AND BACKSLIDING,

and for those who had left their first love. He prayed pathetically for the multitudes who were in need, and must die if left without help. Might God's people be stirred up to seek the lost and vicious, and thus might they fill the church with rescued souls on the high road to glory. Might those who taught the young, especially the young who had none to teach them at home, be blest. Might all the churches unite in seeking to reform the morals of the times. Might the word of God be in every house, and the Gospel of intelligence be diffused. Mr. Beecher prayed for the foreigners who came to our shores, and for the colored population; might they have amply provided for them the means of knowledge and true religion. Might there be a rivalry among men in power to institute wise and just laws, and might there be a public sentiment to enforce those laws. The prayer lasted nearly twenty minutes, and during it a solemn stillness rested upon the assembly.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH'S GOOD WORK.

Mr. Beecher then gave out the 600th hymn. Before it was sung, he announced a collection for the Workingwomen's Union Home. The greatest difficulty working women had to contend with was the securing of a decent boarding house, where they could get good accommodation and food at a reasonable rate, and the protection which they required. A Home had been established at 80 Willoughby street for this object, and he asked them to contribute toward it. Mr. Beecher also said it was their intention to start a Holly Tree Coffee House in Brooklyn, where men could go and get good tea and coffee and food at reasonable rates, without the temptation of liquor. He thought it was time they had a coffee reformation. He had been all over the country, and with very few exceptions the coffee that was sold in hotels was a swindle and a cheat. [Laughter and approval.] It would be a great thing to have even one place in Brooklyn where people could taste real coffee. They would get good bread, too, and butter—butter and not vile grease. The baskets then went round for the Workingwomen's Home, and returned to the platform brimful of greenbacks and currency.

MR. BEECHER'S SERMON.

The hymn having been sung, Mr. Beecher gave out his text, Isaiah, 10th chapter, verses 20, 21, 22, 23. After alluding to the carrying away of the Israelites into captivity, Mr. Beecher said that it was worthy of notice how God in the ages suited his communications to men. When men were rude and uncivilized, and apt to be led by animal passions, God's threatenings were thundered forth. When men were civilized and broken in, a milder gospel was proclaimed. This word "remnant," Mr. Beecher said, was of very wide use. It meant not a few or the last, but included both. When one cut a piece of cloth, there were the selvages, and the side scraps, and the little bits that couldn't be used, and the tail piece—these were the remnants. In a carpenter's shop the timber never came out as it went in. There were also odd scraps of no account. In the household, after the children and servants had been fed, the bones and the gristles and the scraps, and bits of potatoes and fragments of confectionery, remained. They were too good to throw away, a mess for the maw of poverty. These were the remnants. In the harvest field there were straws of wheat that stuck in the side bushes or dropped by the way, and lay there unused. So in all society—in the army, the navy, the household, in business—a remnant was always cast out, a part always left as of no use or account.

THE REMNANTS OF SOCIETY.

Did they ever think, Mr. Beecher went on, of the remnant of society, of the disintegration continually going on? When a large army went through a country on an urgent march every few miles some stepped out of the ranks through weakness or lameness. Every day increased the number of stragglers or skulkers. Human society was a vaster army in which one saw incessantly the breaking down and dropping out of men. They thought only of the men who succeeded. Who took account of the weak that dropped behind, or that stumbled and were run over by the tread of the multitude? Who were they whose hearts were large enough to think of these—sifting, sifting, sinking, sinking, toward the bottom? "What has become of Mr. C.?" some one asked. "Oh, he failed," was the answer; "I haven't seen him for years. He either died or went West." "Where is Mr. D.?" another asked. "He died from consumption," was the reply. They called it consumption, but it was want—want of raiment and food, loss of vigor, broken-heartedness. It was brain-breaking, a tearing of the soul, a rending of the fibre. Who kept account of these—of the useless, of those becoming so hourly? God did. They thought of the good and prosperous.

THEY THOUGHT OF THE RISING YOUNG MEN.

They were always in sympathy with healthy blood and success. But who cared for the broken, the disappointed, the remnant? Nature cared little. Society cared little. The most bungling work society ever did was when it tried to be merciful. Society groaned, and creaked, and cried out like an imperfect wheel, whereas men needed to be tenderly dealt with. Where the poor and the fallen and the crushed were concerned, society's hand was clumsier than a country lout's when he tried to nurse a baby. "O grave!" Mr. Beecher exclaimed, "thou art kinder than our poor houses. Let me die—but never let me go to a workhouse. Let me die—but never let me go to a hospital."

Society, Mr. Beecher continued, never showed to such poor advantage as when it tried to do a divine work. Who then cared for the remnant? God did, and the preacher was sent to comfort such and make known God's mercy to them. A part of this remnant were broken in health. They had been turned aside from what they sought by disease. Every equipment had broken down suddenly.

A MAN GOT THE MEASELS.

He came out half deaf, half blind, and life before him was a wilderness. How many quit school and college, only to drop out of sight altogether—men with the elements of success in them, going down and down, until the great wave swallowed them. Before all these the garden of hope was spread out. They went right up to the gate; they snuffed the delicious fragrance, but a serpent stung them. And now they must stand still till God takes them. All that many of them can do is to live on, smitten—evidences of a mother's love, or a sister's tenderness, or a wife's devotion. This matter was full of pity and sorrow. Some sank, like the ship goes down at sea from a sudden leak. Happy it was for them. A few bubbles and all was over. But others were run ashore, to be beaten by the storms, and scorched by the sun, until big cracks yawned here and there, and by and by they went to pieces. How piteous it was to see a big ship lying ashore, to be slowly

HAMMERED AND TORN INTO FRAGMENTS,

or to see a splendid locomotive on the side track a wreck and ruin. How many men were like the big ship that sailed gayly forth; but she only made a short trip. She was found faulty and hastened back to port to lie and rot. How many men were there whom one day's work left six days sick—how many remnants on the simple ground of ill health alone. Many of these remnants, Mr. Beecher said, were the result of misapplication of power. If men went into life humbly they would succeed better. They should do the thing that lay next. Let them begin low down, and go up as called by their opening faculties or by success. Every one tried to do as he was forbidden by the Lord—to take the highest seat at the feast. Young men came to New York to be nothing less than Astors or Vanderbilts. There were ten thousand in the crowd, and the weakest went down. How many scrambled into places of official trust who were miserably inefficient. How many sought the law whom the law vomited forth. Some that would do well in the shade must

STICK THEMSELVES ON THE STEEPLE.

Men thrust themselves where they don't belong. It was just as though a man put a wheelbarrow in front of an express train to run it, or a locomotive in the garden to clean away the rubbish, or put a yoke of oxen to rock a cradle. This class climed too high, and came down with a crash, and there was an end of them.

There were remnants, too, Mr. Beecher remarked from overtaxed men, men adapted to the work, but not to the endurance which circumstances demanded. They were overmastered and swept away. Some recovered themselves, however. These latter were like men on a low wagon. When they were thrown out they could get back again with a little trouble. Others were like men over a chasm; the bridge gave way, and they were beyond recovery. The majority, however, broke down through secret mismanagement of themselves. Multitudes were ignorant how to take care of themselves. The evil began in youth. The vital supply on which enterprise and success depended was ignorantly squandered. He who knew how to feed, sleep, and make proper drafts on his physical system was a wise man.

YOUNG MEN BEGAN LIFE IMPROPERLY.

It was not wrestling, running, billiard playing, shooting, that did the harm. It was leaking that destroyed them; the wasting of the nerve-substance by pleasures which draw out and exhaust the very vitality. Thousands of men, before they had arrived at life, had destroyed themselves for this world, if not for the next. The preacher had received hundreds of letters from young men in every part of the country deploring their youthful folly, and asking for counsel. Woe, woe to the young men who were secretly wasting the vital fountain, out of which should spring success and manhood hereafter.

Many men, said the preacher, knew as much about diet as a child did of a steam engine. And yet moral considerations had much to do with the state of a man's stomach. Men were not taught in the school, the home, or the higher college how to eat, drink, and sleep, and that was why many broke down. They frittered away the vital force, just as though a man put $500,000 in his pockets, and walked along emptying it out as he went. By and by he says, "Why, how is this? Where's my money gone?" Many don't economize the vital power, but waste it without keeping up a supply by proper food.

CRIMINALS.

This remnant of society, too, Mr. Beecher said, was supplied by men who broke the laws, and were detected, convicted, branded. The laws of society were like a fort. When a man was inside it would protect him against all comers. But as soon as he was outside, the guns would be turned upon him. Human society was so unchristian that if a man slipped it was hard to get up again. And yet many carried a conscience under a prison jacket. There were convicted criminals in Sing Sing in whose cells angels lived. There were many who had died in the gutter, and whose funeral was attended only by the grave digger, who would stand in the other life pitied of God, loved by Jesus, and saved by the Holy Spirit. [Sensation.] God judged with the justice of love. God had a peculiar compassion for this remnant. He was not in a hurry, but he sate on the circle of the heavens and was bringing them by a way they knew not into that other sphere where would be no more failures, no more breakings down. Look at that boy—vulgar, wayward, criminal, debauched. He had a mother at home, whose love he had crucified, and whose life he had wasted. Still there she was, patiently waiting for his coming back. He had sunk so low that he had touched the very bottom, yet she loved him still. What the mother was to her child, we knew; and should we say there was

NO MOTHER-GOD

looking down on the faults and mistakes of men, pitying the suffering remnant, and waiting for their return? [Mr. Beecher was so deeply affected that the tears streamed down his cheeks. Sobs were heard through the congregation, and many eyes were suffused.] If men disowned and cast them out, God cared for them.

Many things, Mr. Beecher said, might be done in the decline of life. They might have lost property, position, influence, but they could do something. When one of the preacher's Norway pines died last winter, he let a vine grow up it, until it was shrouded in beautiful green which in autumn became a deep crimson. It was not half so beautiful before as then. Let love, faith and hope cover them, and that would beautify more than riches or influence. Let those who lived in beautiful homes among books and pictures, think of their brothers in poverty. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, friends, should remember that God cares for them though the world perish.

"The Shining Shore" was sung and the benediction pronounced.

Mr. Beecher Last Evening.

Plymouth Church was again crowded in the evening. Mr. Beecher was in fine spirits, and preached an eloquent sermon from Proverbs, 14th chapter and 12th verse: "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Mr. Beecher began by drawing a contrast between the lower creation and man. All men were brought into the world alike, so far as helplessness was concerned, but not in other respects. The habits and vices of ancestors were transmitted to the children, so far as to give the offspring a tendency and proclivity in the same direction. Why should there be a path that seemed right, and yet was wrong? There were some things whose natures were not disclosed at once. At the beginning they were harmless. By and by, as they disclosed themselves, they were found to be dangerous and fatal. A tiger's cub was a pretty winsome plaything for a child, full of sport and innocence; but after a while when it began to grow and develop its nature it became

A CRUEL AND DEADLY COMPANION.

It was the same with the ways of life. Men were apt to take all for right because it didn't seem wrong at the outset, or because it was right in some degree. It was hard to convince men that pleasure was commensurate with danger. The odorous plant was not generally poisonous. It was the fetid shrub that held death within it. Pleasure was nature's sign of obedience, as a general thing, and if there was no other nature than the animal to gratify, indulgence would be right. But there was something higher to struggle for, and there was nothing so fatal to the true ends of life as living for the present only.

Much evil, said Mr. Beecher, ran through an incubation. You visited the sick room, and seeds of disease were taken into the system. It was days, perhaps, before the germs began to hatch. Evil, as a general rule, didn't strike like a viper; it took a long period to develop. Small evils hatched quickly. Great evils took time. Plant a lettuce and it would be up in a week. Plant a hundred fruit trees and you would have to wait five or ten years before you knew what sort of fruit they were going to bear.

THE HUMAN SPIDER.

Men were busy to beguile their fellows. Man was most stimulated by man. Society was continually stirring up everything in us. It was strange that God, who made the world, should let men eat each other. But it was so through nature. The grub lived on the plant. There was no animal without a parasite. Human society was not an exception. Men traded in beguiling and misleading men. "On a fine summer's day," said Mr. Beecher, "I have watched a spider with exquisite skill fling its web from shrub to vine, moist with the morning glory, and sparkling with dew. All the blended lines led to a centre, fair as a gossamer of heaven, and there lay the old monster that spun the web, waiting till the gauzy insect was entrapped, and then —! The greedy creature has seemed so hateful to me until I have thought, "The spider has as much right to his flies as I have to my chickens. It is only the divine constitution which the spider is carrying out. He has spun the beauteous web with the skill God gave him to get food. He has got a stomach, and he knows when it is empty." So I don't feel, though, when I look on the human spider that has fixed his web for beauty and youth and innocence, and seeks his victims to get gold, devours them to fill his own maw. Those who live only to seduce the unwary linger in all our cities. They are feeding the wants of thousands only to bring them to destruction. They are firing the imagination, exciting the passions, only to squeeze the bloody wine into their own cup. There is not a city where these miscreants do not lurk to seek the souls of men."

MR. BEECHER ON TURKEYS.

In the West, said Mr. Beecher, they caught turkeys by throwing down the corn and enticing them along a trench within the enclosure. When the turkey was feeding he kept his head down. As soon as he was done he carried it aloft, and so could not see the trench he came by. That was just the way in which young men were caught—caught when feeding on vice. By and by they could not lower the head, and were slaughtered by their betrayers. Half a dozen young fellows got together in a back room of a sample store It was charming. They had choice liquors and good fellowship. Bad liquors killed, of course; they knew that. But this was good, and they pitied the poor vulgar drunkards. To-morrow they would visit there again. It was the most blissful hour of the day. So weeks, months, would fly away. By and by a taint in the blood was developed in one; a spark touched the brain of another; another grew careless; another became lazy. In twenty years where was No. 1? He went to sea and died. No. 2? He didn't do well in business, and went to the plains, and was last heard of in the mining mountains. No. 3? He was alive, but everybody who knows him wishes he was dead. No. 4? He is the only one that escaped. He broke away, got religion, and became a Methodist minister. [Laughter.] No. 5? In Greenwood. In twenty years the preacher had known hundreds of young men, educated, with fair prospects, and every rational hope of doing well, who had gone the ways of death, because they thought it safe at the outset to indulge in intoxicating liquors.

MR. BEECHER'S FIRST DRINK.

I remember once when a boy I saw my father take a drink. He was ailing, and I saw him pour out a glass of rum and drink it. I told George Woodruff, and we agreed we'd try a drink also. George went out and bought it, and we mixed it with an egg, and agreed we'd take it together, just to see what it was like. Well, we saw what it was like soon enough. It wasn't sweetened, it wasn't spiced, and it burned my mouth awfully. [Laughter.]

Some young men thought, Mr. Beecher said, it was a mark of a gentleman to smoke and drink. Oh, that to be a gentleman might not mean to stink of rum and tobacco. All our young men stank. A youth felt unhappy until he got the smell of stale tobacco upon him. These habits took hold of other vices not to be named—vices that gave young men a new ear, a new eye, a new touch—vices full of promise, but leading down to death.

MR. BEECHER PLAYING TENPINS.

"It would be safe for me," said Mr. Beecher, "to roll tenpins in an alley. It wouldn't be safe for a young man to do so with a barroom at the other end of the alley." Billiards were well enough at home, but outside they became an element in dissipation. Many games would be safe enough at home that wouldn't be safe on a Mississippi steamer or in a fashionable saloon, even, among society people. "Do among the Romans as the Romans do," was as much as to say, do as the devils do when you are among devils.

If you asked the pauper whose vices have brought him with rotting bones to the hospital, "Did you set out for this?" in a husky voice he would answer, "All the prospect was pleasant when I began." If you ask the bloated, spurned drunkard, "When you began did you aim at this?" he would say "No; I never expected to be a drunkard. I wish I'd known then what I know now." The last ways of wrong doing led to unutterable sorrow and regret. In conclusion Mr. Beecher exhorted all so to live as to be willing every day to spread their thoughts and their deeds in the presence of God.

The vast assembly listened to the eloquent preacher with profound attention, and many were visibly affected. A large number of young men were in the audience.

THE PATTENBURG MASSACRE.

A Brief History of the Horrible Butchery—Several of the Rioters Indicted for Murder—The Trial to Begin To-day—Important Witnesses for the Prosecution.

Correspondence of The Sun.

FLEMINGTON, N. J., Dec. 14.—The readers of THE SUN have been furnished with detailed accounts of the Pattenburg riot and the horrible butchery of negroes on Sunday morning, Sept. 22. The facts of the riots and murders may be briefly stated as follows: At the time of the riot about five hundred workmen were constructing the Easton and Amboy Railroad, and in tunnelling the Musconetcong Mountain, at a point near Pattenburg, Hunterton county, New Jersey. These men were at work on the east side of the mountain. About two hundred of them were Virginia negroes, and from two to three hundred were Irish laborers. Part of them were quartered in shanties at the base of the mountain, near the mouth of the tunnel—a cut on the railroad alone dividing the negro from the Irish shanties. About a mile east of the tunnel the rest of the negroes were quartered in shanties, on a farm belonging to a Mrs. Carter. The remainder of the Irish boarded at shanties and farm houses in the immediate neighborhood. Up to this time these two classes of laborers had worked together with no apparent ill-feeling or disturbance, but the negroes now say that the Irish had repeatedly warned them to leave, or there would be trouble.

THE PRELIMINARY FIGHT.

On Friday, Sept. 20, all the men were paid off, and on Saturday they quit work at an early hour. As usual, after pay day, all the men prepared for a holiday. Early in the evening a party of negroes left the shanties at the tunnel, and started out serenading. Returning about 11 o'clock they met a lot of Irishmen, who had been drinking and carousing at a low groggery in Pattenburg. Both parties were undoubtedly drunk, and when they met a fight ensued, in which the whites were put to flight, they retreating toward the tunnel, and, gathering reinforcements, returned, and again attacked the negroes, and were repulsed a second time. The negroes then regained their quarters, and all was quiet until about 2 o'clock in the morning. Then the negroes were aroused, and found the Irish had again attacked them, and their shanties were on fire. This time they were thoroughly frightened, and leaving everything behind them the terror-stricken negroes fled in dismay toward Pattenburg, and went to the negro cabins on the Carter farm. The Irish did not pursue them, but remained at the shanties, pillaging everything of any value the negroes had left.

THE MASSACRE.

About this time, by the glare of the burning shanties, the dead body of Thomas Coll, an Irishman, was found lying near the negro quarters, terribly mutilated and mangled. At sight of it the whites were frenzied, and determined to have revenge upon the blacks. They at once organized for an attack, and despatched messengers in every direction. By daybreak on Sunday morning they had rallied about 200 men at the base of the mountain, armed with guns, pistols, picks, and other weapons. They then marched down the railroad to the negro shanties on the Carter farm. The negroes, however, were on the watch, and seeing them approaching, fled in a body toward the Carter buildings, their assailants following close upon them. A number of them who were in the rear, on being refused admittance to the house by Mrs. Carter, took refuge in the outbuildings, and two of them crawled under the stoop of the house.

THREE NEGROES KILLED.

The mob soon found one of them, and dragging him out, beat his brains out and riddled him with shot. His name was Ben Deshman, a quiet, orderly old man, known in the neighborhood as "Uncle Ben." The other negro, Coleman Lewis, was not discovered. He is here as a witness, and is confined in the county jail. It is said he recognizes one of the prisoners as the murderer of "Uncle Ben." The crowd failing to find any of the other negroes, started back. On their way to the Carter farm they had shot a negro named Dennis Powell, and left him by the roadside, as they supposed, dead. On their return they found he had revived, and had concealed himself in the grass near by. He begged piteously for his life, but his pleadings were unheeded, and the fiends beat him with clubs into a shapeless mass. They then went to the negro shanties, and found an old negro very sick, who had hoped to conceal himself. On their approach he sprang from his bed and fled naked to the woods. His pursuers overtook him as he was climbing a fence into the road, and beat him with clubs, and as he fell, shot him through the heart.

THE RIOTERS INDICTED FOR MURDER.

The rioters then disbanded, and the citizens, fearful of their own lives and property, failed to notify the authorities until the afternoon of the next day. The Sheriff, however, succeeded in arresting a number, and lodged them in the county jail. After a tedious examination of several weeks, the magistrate before whom the investigation was held committed seven of the prisoners to appear at the next Court of Oyer and Terminer. The Grand Jury, after a session of several days, found bills of indictment against the whole number for murder. Chief Justice Beasley has set down the trial of the murderers for Monday, Dec 16. About one hundred witnesses have already been subpœnaed, and able counsel are employed on both sides. It is said that John Graham of New York will conduct the defense.

IMPORTANT WITNESSES.

The District Attorney has been indefatigable in his efforts to obtain witnesses, and as soon as the investigation before the magistrate was over, secured the services of William D. Allen, a shrewd detective, and despatched him to Virginia in search of negroes, who are important witnesses. He succeeded in getting a number of negroes, among them John Homes, who was concealed in one of Mrs. Carter's outbuildings, and plainly saw the rioters, a number of whom he knew. A few days ago he returned with "Stape Hyde," a mulatto, who was by the side of Dennis Powell when he was shot, and fell over his prostrate body. There are other important witnesses confined in the jail, and the prosecutor feels assured that he has some of the ringleaders in custody. The trial will no doubt occupy the court several days, and is the all-absorbing topic of conversation in this hitherto quiet community.

The Failure of Bowles Brothers & Co.

A few years since a new American banking house was started in Paris, London, and New York by three brothers named BOWLES, who were originally from one of the suburbs of Boston. What purported to be the main house was located in the Rue de la Paix in Paris, with branches at 449 Strand, London, in State street, Boston, and in William street in this city. The London house, however, in appearance was always the central one.

The brothers were sharp, active men, gifted with that imperturbable coolness characteristic of the ideal SAM SLICK. It was generally believed for several years that their only capital was their shrewdness, until the fact that a young gentleman of social position and large fortune in Boston, Mr. NATHAN APPLETON, had entered the firm gave the public a degree of confidence in the stability of the house which otherwise would never have been reposed. A brother-in-law named STETSON, a spruce young fellow of pleasing address, made up the quintet. CHARLES BOWLES was the presiding genius of the London branch, and he was always to be found in the reading room ready to welcome Americans arriving from home or the Continent, with particular inquiries as to the state of their health and all their movements, past and future. The new-comer was then conducted to the next story, where, painted on the concave ceiling was the world's map, which they asserted was typical of the extent of the business of the firm of BOWLES BROTHERS & CO. The offices and reading room in the Rue de la Paix were handsomely fitted up; and here Mr. WILLIAM BOWLES and Mr. NATHAN APPLETON reigned supreme.

Year after year the business increased. The public, timorous at first, thought that the firm had been tested by some years of probation, and that the shekels poured into their coffers guaranteed their solvency. Then, too, they were not proud, and would do anything to accommodate their customers provided they were paid in advance.

An entertainment given at Geneva by Mr. ROBERT BOWLES to several hundred guests to celebrate the conclusion of the Alabama commission was the glittering forerunner of their fall.

On the 9th of November the firm stopped payment. Mr. ROBERT BOWLES was arrested in London at the instance of Messrs. D'AGIOUT, PERE ET FILS, bankers of Naples, on a charge of having fraudulently converted to his own and his partners' use two hundred debentures of the Lombardo-Venetian Railway Company, worth about $11,000. He was committed to prison, but was afterward released on giving bail for £8,000.

The London *Times* gives in detail the examination into the affairs of the firm at the Mansion House on the 26th November. A Mr. YOUNG, an accountant, in whose hands the books of the firm had been placed, testified that "it suspended payment either on the 9th of November or on the previous evening. The liabilities of the firm amounted to about £83,000, irrespective of shares held in the Joint National Agency, and the assets to about £3,500. The defendant was a partner in the firm, as were also his brothers, WILLIAM and CHARLES BOWLES, Mr. APPLETON of Boston, and Mr. STETSON, who resided in Paris. There were five partners in all. Witness gave instances in which the securities of customers had been pledged without any advances being made."

A widow named Mrs. GATES testified that she had left with Messrs. BOWLES BROTHERS United States bonds and other securities to the amount of several thousand dollars, which it appears they pledged in order to raise money for their own use.

A few days after this examination a meeting of the creditors of the firm was held in London, at which an English solicitor stated that "according to the information which the committee had received, Mr. APPLETON had rendered himself liable for the whole debts of the concern, and if that were the case every shilling of the creditors' money would be paid. If the case proved otherwise they would be able to examine the partners and ask them what they had done with £85,000 in two years."

The question as to whether Mr. APPLETON is a special partner or a general partner is a very important one to the defrauded dupes of the house. We are informed that he has commenced an action against his partners, and that at his instance Gen. H. E. DAVIES, Jr., has been appointed receiver, and is now in possession of the assets and effects of the bankrupt firm in New York.

There are several cases of peculiar hardship caused by this failure, as that of several young ladies (teachers) who had deposited their hard-earned savings with the firm, and were travelling on the Continent for the benefit of their health or the further prosecution of their studies. The fruit of their toil has vanished, and they are left almost desolate.

Telling the Truth.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

THE SUN is a paper which tells the truth so plentifully and plainly that placid folk think it cannot be the truth.

We have been furnished the following for publication:

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK, 144 and 146 BROADWAY.
NEW YORK, Dec. 14, 1872.

At a meeting of the Trustees of this Company, held on the above date, the President presented a memorial from sundry policy holders, protesting against the proposed reduction of premium rates, together with the following correspondence:

NEW YORK, Dec. 12, 1872.

F. S. WINSTON, ESQ.,
President Mutual Life Ins. Co.:

DEAR SIR: We have noticed the action of your Company looking to a reduction of its premium rates. Without presuming to advise you as to the management of your business, you must be aware that many of the holders of Policies in your Company also hold policies in Companies represented by us, and that any action affecting the interests of life insurance generally cannot fail to affect all to a certain degree.

Whatever may be your views as to the ability of your Company to carry out successfully the proposed reduction, we cannot but believe, from the causes stated above, that a great injury to insurance would result from a change of the kind proposed.

Other reasons of weight might, in our opinion, be advanced to induce you to reconsider your proposed action; but we abstain from entering upon them, and with the reason given content ourselves by respectfully requesting you, in what we consider the best interests of insurance, to reconsider your action.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) HENRY B. HYDE,
WM. H. BEERS,
N. D. MORGAN,
JOHN E. DE WITT,

Executive Committee representing the following Companies:

The New York Life Insurance Co.
The United States Life Insurance Co.
The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S.
The Security Life Insurance and Annuity Co.
The Continental Life Insurance Co.
The Manhattan Life Insurance Co.
The Knickerbocker Life Insurance Co.
The Guardian Life Insurance Co.
The Merchants' Life Insurance Co.
The Germania Life Insurance Co.
The Eclectic Life Insurance Co.
The Commonwealth Life Insurance Co.
The World Mutual Life Insurance Co.
The Excelsior Life Insurance Co.
The National Life Insurance Co.
The Brooklyn Life Insurance Co.
The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co.
The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.
The Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co.
The Economical Life Insurance Co.
The Government Security Life Insurance Co.
The North America Life Insurance Co.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK, 144 and 146 Broadway.
NEW YORK, December 12, 1872.

Messrs.
H. B. HYDE,
W. H. BEERS,
N. D. MORGAN,
JOHN E. DEWITT,
Executive Committee representing twenty-two Associated Life Insurance Companies.

GENTLEMEN: I have received your communication of this date. While I have no doubt of our ability to carry out our proposed action with entire safety to the interests of the policy holders of this company, nevertheless, inasmuch as you aver that this proposed action will be injurious, and in deference to your opinion, and without regard to the reserved reasons which you say exist, but of which I am ignorant, I will present your request to the meeting of our board, to be held on Saturday next, and recommend their favorable action upon it.

Very respectfully,

F. S. WINSTON,
President.

Whereupon, after discussion, the following minute and resolution were adopted:

The board, after careful consideration of the aforesaid memorial and correspondence, do hereby resolve:

Resolved, That while the past experience of the company demonstrates its ability to carry out the plan of reduced premiums according to the method recently adopted, without injury to any policy holder in this company, but with benefit to all, yet in compliance with the request of the memorialists above mentioned and the very respectable body of insurance companies above represented, they direct that the proposed reduction of rate be not carried into effect until the further action of the board.

Extract from the minutes.

Attest:

RICHARD A. MCCURDY, Vice-President
and ex-officio Secretary of the Board.

The Mutual Benefit Savings Bank in the Sun building offers many advantages to depositors.—445.