

MAYSVILLE WEEKLY BULLETIN.

ROSS & ROSSER, Publishers.

MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1864.

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 52

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THE BULLETIN.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
ROSS & ROSSER,
Editors and Proprietors.
MAYSVILLE, JUNE 16 1864

The Wolf at the Door.

You're tired, dear mother, your cheek is quite pale;
Won't you lay down your sewing, and tell me a tale
Of fairies that sent, in good times of old,
Rich baskets, and jewels, and purses of gold
Not about little Riding Hood crossing the moor—
Was the wolf that she met like our wolf at the door?

Shall we never walk out where the houses, so tall,
Have lace in each window, and lamps in each hall
Where the curly-haired children play over the grass?
We might hear their gay laughter and talk as we pass.
Must you sit here and work till your fingers are sore?
I think we might steal by the wolf at the door.

I'll lay down your work—oh, how warm it will be—
My nice little cloak—why, I thought 'twas for me!
Once always in garments as fine I was dressed,
But I shan't ask for this if you think 'twould be best.

Yet I can't understand what you told me before,
That it might for awhile keep the wolf from the door.

The clothes I have on are so thin and so worn—
I try to be thankful they never stay torn;
But I should like some new ones, with tassels and braid,
And stockings, not shrunken, nor faded, nor frayed.

And a pair of new shoes—how they'd creak on the floor!
But then he might hear them—the wolf at the door.

The room's growing dark, and I can't see to play
By the light of the lamp that shines over the way;
And the shadows that fit o'er its gleam on the wall,
They frighten me, coming so shapely and tall;
Oh, how I'd beg for a candle once more,
If you thought 'twould not see us—the wolf at the door!

And the fire on the hearth it has died away quite—
Won't you kindle a new one, dear mother, to-night?
Don't you love the soft flames as they crackle and glow?
They would warm your poor hands, that are cold as the snow;
And the kettle would sing—hark!—is that the wind's roar?
Oh, mother! I fear 'tis the wolf at the door!

Well, hear me my prayers, and I'll lie down in bed;
And while your soft arm is passed under my head,
Won't you tell me again to be trusting and brave,
Though I march over thorns on my way to the grave;
To keep sin from my heart, lest it eat to the core—
Dear mother, is sin like the wolf at the door?

And tell me of mansions still grander than those
Where the rich children play and the grass
greenly grows;
Where they'll give me bright robes, and a crown
for my head,
And on fruits from that garden of God I'll be fed;
Oh, mother! to think there we'll live o'ercome,
And be in no fear from the wolf at the door.

ONE OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY.—The Point Lookout correspondent of the Baltimore American, speaking of four hundred more prisoners leaving that point for exchange, thus notices one of the Washington family:

Among those left in this load is Augustus Washington, of Clarke county, Va., a second cousin of John A. Washington, of Harper's Ferry. Mr. Washington is very anxious to reach his home, he having been wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and in such a manner as to unfit him for active service. Mr. Washington, in leaving here, left some warm personal friends; and if he differed in his political opinion from others, he at least deserves the credit of being a gentleman in his manners. I have frequently conversed with him in regard to secession, and find that he was the self-same idea of State rights that possess most of the soldiers from the old Dominion, and believes that the same spirit that caused the heroes of '76 to follow the fortunes of Jeff Davis, and that their cause is just and holy.

They who have an honest and engaging look, ought to suffer a double punishment if they belie it in their actions.

Use the best language in your common conversations at home, and you will soon acquire the use of it on all occasions.

The Coral Bracelets.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was the coldest day in the season!
Put on more coal, Hawkins, said Nina Pelham, querulously, as she sat in front of the blazing sea-coal grate, robed in a blue cashmere morning dress, lined with quilted satin of the same color, and her small feet comfortably encoiled in blue velvet slippers, edged with snowy swans down.

Hawkins, a solemn servant in sober black, sequential looking, rather petulant, hebet, but paused a moment after he had heaped the blazing coal upon the red hot bars of the grate.

If you please, Miss Nina, there's a young person down stairs would like to see you.

What kind of a person, Hawkins? questioned Nina, languidly lifting her eyes from her work, with some slight appearance of interest.

Well, Miss, said Hawkins, hesitating a little, she's very genteel-spoken—a real lady, you'd think, if it wasn't that she is dressed so shabbily and scant.

Isn't the dress-maker?
No, Miss Nina, certainly not!
Nor anybody come after the lady's maid's situation?
No, Miss; I should say not—she doesn't look like a lady's maid.

Well—show her up.

And Nina's pretty head settled back among the cushions of her chair with returning indolence. But the instant her eye fell on the sweet, though very pale face of the slender-looking girl who advanced timidly into the room, ushered by the stately Hawkins, she sat upright with genuine surprise depicted in her countenance.

Anna Wharton! is it possible that this is you? Then you recognize me, Nina? said the stranger, faintly crimsoning. It is so long since we were school-mates together at Madame Sauriat's that I thought—I feared—you would scarcely remember me.

Sit down, said Nina, rather ungraciously motioning with her heavily-ringed fingers toward a chair. 'What can I do for you?' Miss Wharton did not sit down, however—it might have been that she was repelled by the extreme coldness of Nina's manner—but went on speaking, in a hesitating, uncertain voice.

Of course you have heard of our misfortunes, Nina—my poor father's failure and death and my mother's subsequent decease? I had not heard it, said Nina, contemplating her dainty slippers. People in society have so many things to think and talk about.

There is no use, resumed Anna, in trying to conceal the fact that I am compelled to earn my daily labor by my hands. And she added, with a slight flush on her cheeks, heretofore I have experienced no difficulty in comfortably supporting both myself and my little brother. But since he has fallen ill—

I am very sorry that I have no fine sewing to give you, remarked Nina in a constrained voice; and really my allowance of pocket money is so very small that—

Anna Wharton colored scarlet.

You entirely misunderstand me, Nina—I do not come here to beg.

She drew a little morocco box from her pocket as she spoke, and opened it.

I remember that you used to admire these Neapolitan corals very much in our school days. I have been loth to part with them up to this time, although it has been necessary to dispense with every relic of happier times. But my brother is dying for want of proper nourishment and the luxuries which money only can obtain for him. I wish to sell the bracelets, Nina, and I thought you might like to purchase them of me.

Nina leaned forward in her chair and took the box, her eyes sparkling at the sight of the beautifully carved bracelets of Neapolitan coral; all streaked and veined with the softest rose color, that lay in the simple casket. She had been endeavoring for the last year to obtain a set of rose coral, and here at length it was, ready to her hand. But Nina Pelham was a woman of the world, and understood the contemptible art of making 'a good bargain.' So she wisely repressed her ecstasies, and asked, with cold indifference:

How much do you expect to receive for them, Anna Wharton?

Papa gave eighty dollars for them in Italy, and they are as good as ever.

Nina shrugged her shoulders.

Of course you can't expect to get the twentieth part of that price for them now?

Nina Pelham, said Anna Wharton firmly, 'I am at your mercy' in this matter.

Whatever you may please to give I must accept, for I am straitened by necessity. Name a price at once, but, Nina, remember that you are rich and I am poor.

I shall give you five dollars, and not another cent, said Nina compressing her lips.

Five dollars! And Anna Wharton thought, with a sinking heart, of the numberless little dainties she had fondly hoped to buy for her sick brother from the proceeds of those delicate ornaments.

Just as you please, observed Nina, coldly. I only purchase them out of charity to you.

Anna silently placed the ornaments on the table beside Miss Pelham, and held out a thin hand, that would tremble a little in spite of her effort at self-control, for the money Nina drew out of her small silver portmanteau, and extracted therefrom a crumpled bank bill, which she coolly handed to Miss Wharton. And they parted.

Anna, in her scanty, much-worn garments, and aching heart, to face the cutting wind, and Nina to lounge, in cashmere and satin, before the genial fire.

What exquisite corals! I could not buy them for a hundred dollars,' was Nina's exclamation the moment she was left alone. Really, I think I am the luckiest little creature in the world. Only five dollars!—But then she was obliged to sell them, and that, of course, makes all the difference in world.

And now I must go and order that new

bonnet, soliloquized Nina, clasping the bracelets on her pretty round arms, and contemplating them admiringly, for Dr. Carleton had invited me to drive out with him to-morrow. How fortunate it was the didn't happen to call while Anna was here. He used to be quite an admirer of hers! Before the family dropped out of society, and I've no idea of losing my handsome beau to any pale-faced, dowdy girl.

The fashionable milliner's rooms were filled with the *crem* a lacremes of the shopping community that afternoon, as Miss Pelham swept by, her camel's hair shawl bringing a faint odor of camphor wood in the rustle of its rich folds, and her heavy, broad dress trailing full half a yard on the floor. She fluttered from table to stand, glancing at the various attractions, and dispensing a gracious word here and there, until at length she came to a standstill, fascinated by an elegant *chapeau*, which had been produced from its boudoir for her special delectation.

Oh, what a beauty! Do tell me the price, Madame, she ejaculated, with sparkling eyes.

A trifle—a mere trifle, said the milliner, patting the strings with soft little hands, around the tapering fingers of which fashionable ladies were daily 'wound' by the score. 'Thirty-five dollars is all!

'Thirty-five dollars! I hardly dare pay so much for a bonnet, Madame, said Nina.—Papa would about my extravagance already, and makes such dreadful faces over the bills that are sent in to him.'

But such a lovely bonnet, Mademoiselle Pelham! such a sweet gem of taste.

The witty Madame D'Heriot held up the article under discussion, and turned it one way and the other, so the sunshine fell full on the delicate white veil, shadowed full on the delicate white voilet, shadowed with creamy point-lace and foam-like plumes.—It was enough to tempt any woman living, and Nina felt her economical resolutions ebbing away in spite of herself.

The roses in front are just the shade of pink most becoming to Mademoiselle Pelham, urged the silver-voiced *modistes* and *sews* these mossy buds under the grass—'Thirty-five dollars is nothing—absolutely nothing—for such a hat as that.

I must have it, said Nina, decidedly.—Send it home at once, Madame. If papa chooses to scold, I can't help it.

And as she entered the waiting carriage, she muttered to herself:

I really can afford to buy an expensive bonnet just now, for I economized so much about those bracelets.

The brief colloquy between the belle and the milliner had had two auditors of whose presence Nina Pelham was totally unconscious. Dr. Carleton and his sister were waiting in an adjoining ante-room for some trifling alteration to be made in Miss Carleton's sober brown velvet *chapeau*. She turned to her brother with an arch glance as the camel's hair shawl and rich brocade rustled down the stairs.

So, Ned, she said, rather maliciously, as sisters are wont to speak of ladies whom their brothers specially admire, 'you will persist in admiring that Miss Pelham. See what you'll be called upon to endure in the way of milliner's bills.'

She is so young and ingenuous,' said Carleton, in a tone of extenuation. The man who is fortunate enough to secure her heart can form her character in almost any mould.

Miss Carleton made a little grimace.

Ned, said Carleton, languidly, that is hardly a fair question, Alice, under the circumstances. However, I am not unwilling to confess that I admire her.

Admirer repeated Alice Carleton, doubtfully.

I never saw but one person whom I really don't love, love, as a man should love the woman who lets share his life, and she—Here's your bonnet, Alice, all right at last. Come—I'm in a hurry.

As you always are, said Alice, laughing. Your wife, whomsoever she may be, will have sore need of the divine gift of patience!

A man ought to be in a hurry when forty patients or so are still down on his list, and the sun scarcely an hour above the horizon!

Nina Pelham was never in better spirits, and had never looked lovelier than at that moment she entered Dr. Carleton's trim little sleigh, in the dazzling winter noon of the next day. The exquisite plumes of the new French hat floated like a soft cloud above the pink roses that harmonized so perfectly with the faint flush on her cheeks; and through the embroidered drapery of her arms the coral bracelets gleamed like rosy serpents. Her lips were all smiles, her eyes all liquid brightness; and although she noticed that Dr. Carleton was unusually silent as he arranged the leopard skin robes of the sleigh around her, she chattered on, full of lively, girlish vivacity.

Why, where are we going? she exclaimed, as the spirited horses were suddenly turned into an unpretending and secluded street, instead of darting Park-wards.

I am taking you to-day in an entirely different direction, said Dr. Carleton, composedly. I was invited yesterday, in a most unexpected manner, to attend a little patient, whose sister, as I understood, was an old schoolmate of yours, and an old acquaintance of us both!

Indeed! exclaimed Nina, unconsciously; and may I ask—

It was Miss Anna Wharton.

Is it possible? ejaculated Nina, with well-acted surprise, although the cold sinking at her heart nearly choked her voice. 'Poor, dear Anna—I hope she is well!

Far from it, said the young physician, gravely. And what is harder still to bear, she is in great woe—almost penury.

He looked penetratingly at her as he spoke.

I wish I had known it! said Nina, artlessly, 'it would have given me so much pleasure to assist her. Why did she not come to me for aid? I should so like to see her again.'

Your wishes shall be gratified, I am bringing you to her humble home to-day, to

turned Carleton, gravely, as he drew up his horses close to the curb-stone. Allow me to escort you up the stairs—they are somewhat steep and narrow to unaccustomed feet.

Miss Pelham followed him, scarcely knowing what she was about, so chagrined and bewildered was she at the unexpected turn events had taken. As they reached the second landing-place, he threw open a door and beckoned her to enter.

The room revealed to her sight was very small, and scantily furnished, yet exquisitely neat. On a low couch, near the white curtained window, lay a sick child, with pale, attenuated cheeks, and eyes that seemed to burn with preternatural luster, and close beside him sat Anna Wharton.

Miss Anna, said the doctor, as she rose in some surprise at their entrance, here is your friend Miss Pelham. I wish her fully to understand, through you, that I am perfectly aware of the depth and sincerity of her friendship, as exemplified in the case of the coral bracelets she now wears.

Nina turned pale and red by turns; she almost wished that the earth might open and swallow her up, so bitterly mortified was she at that instant.

Wait a moment, if you please, Miss Pelham, said Dr. Carleton, with freezing politeness. Allow me to return the five dollar bill to you, as Miss Wharton, who is to become my wife in the course of a few weeks, has no present need for it. Her gratitude is of course proportioned to your extreme generosity. My servant will drive you to your home, he added, as circumstances debar my accompanying you in person.

And Nina Pelham left the room with the comfortable conviction that she had lost a lover, and Anna Wharton had gained one.

Is it strange that under these circumstances, she thought the coral bracelets rather dearly bought?

Died Yesterday.
Every day is written the little sentence—'died yesterday,' so and so. Every day the flower is plucked from a sunny home, a breach is made in some happy circle—a jewel stolen from some treasury of love. Each day from the sunny fields of life, some harvester disappears; yet every hour some sentinel falls from his post, and is thrown from the ramparts of time into the surging waters of eternity. Even as we write the funeral of one who died yesterday, winds like a shadow alone the street.

'Died yesterday.' Who died? Perhaps it was a gentle babe—one whose laugh was the gush of a summer rill, loitering through a flower of roses, whose life was a perpetual alitany—a May-time, crowned with the passion flowers that never fade. Or, mayhap, it was a youth, hopeful and generous, whose path was hampered with flowers, with not a serpent lurking underneath; on whose soul panted for communion with the great and good, and reached forth in an earnest struggle for the Jordan in the distance. But that is still new, he died yesterday.

'Died yesterday.' A young girl, pure as the orange flowers that clasped her forehead, was stricken down as she stood on the altar; and from the dim aisle of the temple she was borne to the garden of slumbers. A crowned man girl with the hollow pomp of victory, and at day's close sitting under his own vine and fig tree, fell to dust even as the anthem trembled on his lips, he too was laid where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep. An ancient patriarch, bowed with age and cares, even as looking out upon the distant hills for the coming of the angel hosts, sank into a dreamless slumber, and on the door post was written 'died yesterday.'

'Died yesterday.' Daily are men, women and children passing away, and hourly in some grave-yard the soil is flung upon dead. As often in the morning we find some flower that blushed sweetly in the sunset has withered up forever; so daily, when we rise from the bivouac, to stand again in our camps, we miss some brother soldier, whose cheery cry in the sieges and struggles of the past has been a fire from our hearts.

Each day some pearl drops from the jeweled thread of friendship—some lyre to which we have been wont to listen, has been hushed forever. But wisest he who mourns not the pearl nor the music lost, for life with him shall pass away, gently as an Eastern shadow from the hills, and death be a triumph and a gain.

The captain of a vessel is not governed by his mate, but a married man generally is.

RICHMOND, June 3.—The Confederate Senate to-day passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the President be requested to make an exposition, through our commissioners abroad, to various European powers to which they may be accredited, of the violations of the rules of civilized warfare, and of the atrocities committed by the Government and the armies of the United States in the prosecution of hostilities against the Confederate States of America.

The Cincinnati Commercial, an abolition sheet, calls the Fremont men "long haired radicals." Then we suppose the Lincolnites must be the kinky-haired radicals. The best of the long haired radicals is parted in the middle, and the best of the kinky haired radicals curls so tight that it cannot be parted at all.

Some people's heart are shrunk in them like dried nut; you can hear 'em rattle as they walk.

Somebody who knows says that when two or more women approaching you on a narrow walk fall behind one another to let you pass, you may be sure they are ladies of uncommon politeness and consideration. The usual course pursued by women is to charge all abreast, sweeping every body into the mud.

Why don't you wheel that barrel of coals, Ned? said a miner to one of his sons; it is not a very hard job. There is an inclined plane to relieve you.

Ah, said Ned, the plans may be incited, but hang me if I am.

Advice to Young Men.

A lady who signs herself 'A Martyr to Late Hours,' offers the following suggestion to young men:

Dear gentlemen between the ages of 'eighteen and forty-five, listen to a few words of gratuitous remarks. When you make a social call on an evening, go away at a reasonable hour. Say you come at 8 o'clock, an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can or rather ought to desire to use his charms. Two hours, indeed, can be very pleasantly spent, with music, chess or other games, to lend variety; but, kind sirs, by no means stay longer. Make shorter calls, and come oftener. A girl that is a sensible, true-hearted girl, will enjoy it better, and really value your acquaintance more. Just conceive the agony of a girl who, well knowing the feelings of father and mother upon the subject, hears the clock strike ten, and yet must sit on the edge of her chair, in mortal terror lest papa should put his oft-repeated threat into execution; that of coming down and inviting the young man to breakfast. And we girls understand it all by experience, and know what it is to dread the prognostic of displeasure. In such cases a sigh of relief generally accompanies the closing of the door behind the gallant, and one don't get over the feeling of trouble till safe in the arms of Morpheus. Even then sometimes the dreams are troubled with some phantom of an angry father and distressed (for all parties) mother, and all because a young man will make a longer call than he ought to. Now, young gentlemen friends, I will tell you what the girls will do. For an hour and a half they will be most irresistibly charming and fascinating; then, beware, monsignorable responses will be all you need expect, and when the limits shall have been passed, a startling query shall be heard coming down stairs: 'Is it time to close up?' you must consider it a righteous punishment, and taking your hat meekly depart, a sadder, and it is to be hoped, a wiser man. Do not get angry, but the next time be careful to keep within just bounds. We will rise early, these pleasant mornings, and improve the 'shining hours'; but when forced to be up at such unreasonable hours at night, exhausted nature will speak, and as a natural consequence, with the utmost speed in dressing, we can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape a reprimand from papa, who don't believe in beaux—as though he never was young—and a mild, reproving glance from mamma, who understands a little better her poor daughter's feelings, but must still disapprove outwardly, to keep up appearances. And now, young men, think about these things, and don't, for pity's sake, don't throw down your papers with a "pshaw"—but remember the safe side of ten.

'SAFE TO STEER BY.'—When the great Teacher first pronounced the memorable comparison of a good man with a conspicuous city, his eyes may have been looking to the ancient town of Saphet which stood upon a lofty elevation, high above the waves of Galilee. It was in full sight and seen from afar. It was if he had said, 'Ye are like yonder city of Saphet, set upon a hill.' That city is always there, always in one place, lifting its white domes in the morning sun, and flashing back his evening rays from his high battlements. It is an object to take take the compass by—an object by which the traveler from Syria and Lebanon may guide his steps. The fisherman, as he pushes his light shallop over the placid bosom of Genesareth, knows which way to steer his little craft, for yonder looms up Saphet, the 'city on a hill.' The dwellers hard by know which way was north, and which way south, by looking toward the lofty city. It was always on a hill throne.

So it is with a man of Bible principle; he is a moral Saphet. Other men can steer by him. Other men often judge of the wisdom or rightfulness of things by the position which he occupies. He is on a hill—firm, well established, not seeking to be conspicuous, but yet not ashamed to be seen. It requires a sound conscience to be all this. It requires grace. It requires holy and consistent living. This controlling and directing goodness of character is not attained but by prayer, watchfulness, self-denial, and careful walking with God.

They have been holding an abolition spiritual war convention in New York, and some of the speeches are reported in the Tribune. In this report we find the following piece of blasphemy, which is really too despicably wicked for a public print, but we give it, to show the awful depravity of this school of 'loyal' fanatics. Mr. Clarke made a speech, in which occurred the following passage:

Whatever might be said about non-resistance and rallying round the cross, we must realize the stern fact that Christ or no Christ, we were now at war; we were not peace-mongers but war men. We were war now and forever, against everything that was against life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.—If Jesus Christ did not know in this struggle whether he was on the side of Jeff. Davis or Abraham Lincoln, he would spit upon him as the Jews did.

'My dear hearers,' said a preacher, discarding the awful subject of death, 'there's nothing destroys so many lives as death. Some people are killed by accident, and some die at sea, and some are devoured by wild beasts; but my dear hearers, it is a solemn truth that nothing kills so many as death. Age, death has been at work ever since it entered the world, and has destroyed millions and millions of the human family.'

Look to it.—It is said that terrible and fatal disease, 'Spotted Fever,' is caused by the use of Rye Coffee, and other deleterious compounds put up and sold as substitutes for the real article. It will be well for our readers to take warning.

To whom you betray your secrets you betray your liberty.

Good Advice

There is nothing to be gained in dangle for a twelvemonth after a sensible woman, talking unmeaning stuff, words without wisdom.

Speak to her like a man, not like a blabbering schoolboy. She will never trifle with your affections, and if there are three grains of common sense in your rickety carcass, she will be your own before a month has passed.

See the history of Rebeckah, in Genesis, xiv, 56.

When Abraham's servant had concluded the preliminary contract with Mrs. Laban on the part of her daughter to become the wife of Isaac, the old man was anxious to get home to show his young master the bonny lass he had brought him.

The old mother wished him to remain a few days to recruit himself and his camels.

'He persisting it was finally referred to the daughter.

'We will call the damsel and enquire at her mouth,' said the mother.

When Rebeckah appeared her mother asked,

'Wilt thou go with this man?' Rebeckah replied,

'I will go.'

There was a noble girl for you.

No tears starting from her black eyes, no whining or simpering make-believe of mock-modesty; but what her heart wished her lips uttered.

Like an honest maiden she replied, 'I will go.'

Now young lady, go thou and do like-wise.

When the man whom you prefer before all others in the world says, 'Will you go with me?' answer, 'I will go.'

By the by, ladies, when you wish to read a true, simple, unspiced love story, just read over the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis.—Thorburn.

How Men "Bust Up."—Men with unassuming wives never fail. It is the husbands of such women as Mrs. Dash and Lady Brilliant, who find themselves face to face with the sheriff and certain mysterious documents adorned with red tape and wafers big enough for target exercise.

The desire of a New York feminine is to outshine her neighbors—not in mental acquirements but in gingerbread ornaments and gold-edged coal scuttles. If Mrs. Dash gives a game supper—woodcock stuffed with gold dust—Lady Brilliant takes the wind out of her sail by getting up another in which the prevailing dish will be birds, of paradise, swimming in a gravy made of melted pearls. It is this rivalry, and not 'dabbling in railroad stocks,' that brings ruination to the fast men of Wall street.—The 'ill-fortune' of which they complain is no more or less than a braided wife. If they would come back to happiness, they should direct their attention, not to the fluctuations of the stock markets, but to the ruinous absurdities of their own fire-side. Thousand dollar repasts don't pay, while the merchant who purchases hundred dollar handkerchiefs for a 'duck of a wife,' should not wonder if the time eventually comes when a 'goose of a husband,' laced shirts and was but ill-supplied with breeches.

Peace.—The people are tired of war; it has almost killed the country; we want peace. We would take it on the best terms we can get it. If those terms are re-union, we shall have made an excellent bargain. If separation, is it not better than to continue a war that exhausts the blood and treasure of the country and must end in disunion.

We generally prefer new articles to old ones—the new makes to the old maids.

A WITTY MILKMAN.—The milkman in our town was a funny old genius, and drove a steed whose architectural proportions rivaled those of the famous Rosinote. One day, in front of the post office, he was trying, by a vigorous application of raw hide to coax the beast into something faster than a slow walk; when Tom Parsons, a port young fellow, who thought that he knew almost everything, came out and balled him; 'I say, Allen, do you know what happened to Balaam?' Quick as thought came the answer: 'The same as has happened to me—and ass spake to him.'

A surgical journal speaks of a man who lived five years with a ball in his head.—Job Squires says he has known ladies to live twice as long with nothing but balls in their heads.

It will take a long time to iron the great gunboats recently constructed. Our people in high places don't find ironing half so easy as stealing.

Never purchase love or friendship by gift, when this obtained, they are lost as soon as you stop payment.

THE PROGRESS WE ARE MAKING IN CALLING OUT THE LAST MAN.—In order to show the progress we are making in calling out the 'last man' for the presentation of this war, we give the following table levies made since it commenced:

April 16, 1861.	75,000
May 4, 1861.	84,000
From July to December, 1861.	500,000
July 1, 1862.	300,000
August 4, 1861.	300,000
Drift in summer of 1863.	800,000
February 1, 1864.	500,000
March 14, 1864.	200,000
Total.	2,250,000

To this is soon to be added another draft for 300,000 men which will make two millions and a half called out! The whole number of voters in the so-called loyal States in 1860 was about three millions and a half. We are making better progress for the last man than people imagine. Lincoln is determined to have him. He is the most generous person to dispose of other people's lives that was ever known since the creation! In another four years he could exhaust a population of its men in a country as thickly settled as China.

[Cincinnati Enquirer]