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THE BULLETIN.
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MAYSVILLE, JULY 14 1864

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.
BY A LADY.

Our sky's o'erspread with gloomy clouds,
Our sun his light
Has hid. The stars grow dim which 'lumen'
Our banners bright,
Our hearts are worn with bitter grief,
Our eyes with tears
Grow dim. Ah! bitterly we weep,
Yet no one hears.

To Thee, Great God, we lift our hearts,
To Thee we cry;
Thou wilt not turn away from us,
Nor scorn the sigh
Of many hearts bowed down with grief,
And pain and care;
Thou wilt not scorn our simple prayer,
Oh, Thou wilt hear!

Give thou us peace, Almighty God,
Oh! give us peace;
Bend low Thine ear and hear our prayer,
And grant release
From this dark cloud that shrouds our heart
In fear and gloom,
Stretch forth Thy mighty arm and stay
The threatening doom.

Here Thou, Oh, God, the mother's wail
For her first born,
Who now, in fancy, she beholds
Bleeding and torn,
Upon the bloody battle ground,
All reeking o'er
With blood of those whom they have loved
In days of yore.

Hear Thou, Oh, God, in mercy hear
The widow's moan,
The orphan's cry for bread. Do Thou
Avert the doom.
Father, not but Thine arm us can release,
Put forth Thy mighty power, O, God!
And give us Peace.

GARDEN LILIES.
BY JULIE LEONARD.

Stately and fair the lilies stand,
The loveliest flowers in the land;
Woven into the moon's pale beam,
Like cups of silver—when they gleam;
Holding within each goblet rare,
A sceptre of sunshine imprisoned there.
And every night the crystal dew
Like liquid diamonds flash in view.
While the clinging leaves about the stem,
Seem proud of their beauteous cladment.
Oh, lovely lily, like stately maid,
Thou standest in the garden shade!

Through the soft shadow of summer night,
See thee shine with the moon's own light
Lily, fair lily, with'ring spoil
Lur'd thee from the orb thou lov'd'st so well,
And in thy silver glory we see,
That lost home's lustre shine in thee.

We Sing to Those We Love.
Take the bright shell
From its home by the sea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea;
So take the fond heart
From its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved
To the end of the earth.

Gloverson, the Mormon—A Romance.
BY ARTEMAS WARD.

CHAPTER I.
THE MORMON'S DEPARTURE.
The morning on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with a mule train, dawned beautifully.

Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with an interesting family of twenty young and handsome wives. His unions had never been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha, in Nebraska, with a mule train for goods; but although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times with entire safety his heart was strangely sad on this particular morning, and filled with gloomy forebodings.

The time for his departure had arrived.—The high-spirited mules were at the door, impatiently champing their bits. The Mormon stood sadly among his weeping wives. Dearest ones, he said, I am singularly sad at heart this morning, but do not let this distress you. The journey is a perilous one, but—pshaw! I have always come back safely heretofore, and why should I fear? Besides I know that every night, as I lay down on the broad starlight prairie, your bright faces will come to me in my dreams, and make my slumbers sweet and gentle.

You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes, and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair, and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden, and you, Molly, with your cheeks so rosy, and you, Betsy, with your winsome lips—far more delicious, though, than any wine I ever tasted—and you, Maria, with your winsome voice, and you, Susan, with your—your voice—that is to say, Susan, with your—and the other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not, Dearests?
"Our own, they lovingly chimed, we will. And so farewell! cried Reginald. Come to my arms, my own! he said, that is, as many of you as can do it conveniently at once, for I must away.

He folded several of them to his throbbing breast, and drew a sadly away. But he had not gone far when the trace of the old hind mule became unhitched. Dismounting he essayed to adjust the trace; but ere he had fairly commenced the task, the mule, a singularly refractory animal, snorted wildly and kicked Reginald frightfully in the stomach. He arose with difficulty and tottered feebly toward his mother's house, which was near by, falling dead in her yard, with the remark: "Dear mother, I've come home to die!"
"I see, she said, but where's the mules?"
"Alas! Reginald Gloverson could give no answer. In vain the heart-stricken mother threw herself upon his inanimate form, crying, "Oh my son—my son! only say where the mules is, and then you may die if you want to! In vain—in vain!"
Reginald had passed on.

CHAPTER II.
FUNERAL TRAPPINGS.
The mules were never found. Reginald's heart-broken mother took the body home to her unfortunate son's widow. But before her arrival she discreetly sent a boy to bust the news gently to the afflicted wives, which he did by informing them in a horse whisper that the 'old man had gone in.'
The wives felt very badly indeed. He was devoted to me, sobbed Emily. And to me, said Maria.
Yes, said Emily, he thought considerably of you, but not so much as he did of me. I say he did!
And I say he didn't!
He did!
He didn't!
Don't look at me with your equine eyes. Don't shake your red head at me! Henrietta, cease this unbecomingly wrangling. I, as Reginald's first wife, shall strew flowers on his grave.
No, you won't, said Susan; I, as his last wife, shall strew flowers on his grave. It's my business to strew!
You shant, so there! said Henrietta.
'You bet I will!' said Susan with a tear-suffused cheek.
Well, as for me, said the practical Betsy, I ain't on the strew, much, but I shall ride at the head of the funeral procession!
Not if I've ever been introduced to myself, you won't, said the golden-haired Nelly; that's my position. You bet your bonnet strings it is!

Children, said Reginald's mother, you must do some crying, you know, on the day of the funeral; and how many pocket handkerchiefs will it take to go round? Betsy, you and Nelly ought to make one do between you.
I'll tear her eyes out if she perpetrates a sob on my handkerchief, said Nelly.
Dear daughters-in-law, said Reginald's mother, how uselessly is this angel Mules five hundred dollars a span, and every identical mule my poor boy had has been grabbed up by the red man. I knew when my Reginald staggered into the door yard that he was on the die, but if I'd only think that he had about them mules ere his gentle spirit took flight, it would have been four thousand dollars in our pockets and no mistake. Excuse those real tears, but you've never felt a parent's real feelings.
It's an oversight," sobbed Maria. Don't blame us.

CHAPTER III.
DUST TO DUST.
The funeral passed off in a very pleasant manner, nothing occurring to mar the harmony of the occasion. By a happy thought of Reginald's mother, the wives walked to the grave twenty abreast, which rendered that part of the ceremony thoroughly impartial.
That night the twenty wives, with heavy hearts sought their twenty respective couches. But no Reginald occupied those twenty respective couches—Reginald would nevermore linger all night in blissful repose on those twenty respective couches—Reginald's head would never more press the twenty respective couches—never, nevermore!

CHAPTER IV.
MARRIED AGAIN.
Two years are supposed to have elapsed between the third and fourth chapters of this original American romance.
A manly Mormon, one evening, as the sun was preparing to set among a select apartment of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon—though for that matter the sun has a right to set where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a manly Mormon, I say, tapped gently at the door of the mansion of the late Reginald Gloverson.

The door was opened by Mrs. Susan Gloverson.
Is this the house of the widow Gloverson? the Mormon asked.
It is, said Susan.
And how many is there of she? inquired the Mormon.
There is about twenty of her, including me, courteously returned the fair Susan.
Can I see her?
You can.

Madam, he softly said, addressing the twenty disconsolate widows, I have seen part of you before. And although I have already twenty-five wives, whom I respect and tenderly care for, I really think that I never felt love's holy thrill till I saw thee! Be mine—be mine! he enthusiastically cried, and we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the noble lines, only a good deal more so—
"Twenty-one souls with a single thought,
Twenty-one hearts that beats as one!"
They were united, they were!

Gentle reader, does not the moral of this romance show that—lost it may be, in fact, show that however many there may be of a young widow woman, or rather does it not show that what ever number of persons one woman may consist of—well, never mind what it shows. Only this writing Mormon romance is confusing to the intellect. You try it and see.

THE FOURTH.—If the patriotism of the citizens of Steubenville, was judged by their public observance of Independence Day, it would be found sadly wanting.—With the exception of a general suspension of business, there was nothing to indicate that the anniversary of our natal day was being observed. In better and happier times our people everywhere hailed this day with loud acclamations of joy and gladness. It was ushered in with the loud peal of bells, the thunders of artillery, and celebrated with speeches, toasts, &c., in almost every city, village and hamlet in the country. But we have sadly degenerated. Its glorious memories and proud associations, have not now to awaken in the hearts of the people a proper appreciation of the memory of the man who wrung from the grasp of an English tyrant, the liberties transmitted to us, their descendants, but which, through our own madness, and folly, we now hold by the slightest tenure. Indeed, it would almost seem that to secure them to us permanently, the battles of freedom will have to be fought over again.

With a bloody and devastating civil war desolating our once fair land, and carrying sadness, sorrow and mourning to almost every hearthstone, there exists but little disposition among the people for mirth, gladness, and rejoicing over the approach of the day once hailed with all the warmth and enthusiasm of a grateful nation. Indeed its annual return is calculated at this time to bring with it more of sadness than joy—regrets for the "might have beens"—sorrow for the casualties of to-day.

Let us hope that the next return of the anniversary of Independence Day, may be celebrated as in days gone by, by a united and happy people; rejoicing in the blessings of a restored Union, a preserved Constitution and a redeemed country bounding to prosperity under the impulses of returning peace.—Steubenville [O.] Courier.

General Lee Before His Men.
A correspondent of the South Carolinian wrote from Kershew's brigade a few days before the commencement of the late movements. The occasion was a reviewing visit to Longstreet's corps:
About 1 o'clock the arrival of General Lee was announced by strains of music and a salute from the artillery. As he rode up to the colors, and the men caught sight of his well known figure, a wild and prolonged cheer, fraught with a feeling that thrilled all hearts, ran along the line and rose to the heavens. Hats were thrown high, and many persons became almost frantic with emotion. Gen. Longstreet shared fully in the excitement, and waved his hat in the most excited manner. It was then a fine sight to see Gen. Lee ride forward, and uncovering his nobly modeled and venerable head, acknowledged, with consummate grace and dignity, the greeting. He looked stouter and manlier, and no older, than when we parted with him last fall. One heard on all sides such expressions as: "What a glorious figure!" "What a noble face and head!" "Our destiny is in his hand!" "He is the best and greatest man on this continent!" He was accompanied by his son, Brig. Gen. William F. Lee, soon I hear, to be made a Major General. Before the cheering ceased, an old lady, with a kind motherly face, passing a party of soldiers bowed to them repeatedly, exclaiming, with an emotion that thrilled all who heard her. "I bow to you soldiers!"

HURRAH FOR LINCOLN AND NO COFFEE.
Our Republican managers in 1860 got many voters for "anti-slavery." We must now all learn to be anti-shirt. If anti-slavery ideas prevail much longer, we will be restored to primitive liberty—that is, running naked and eating dirt. Hurrah for Lincoln, without coffee or sugar.

Beau Hackett in the Rural Districts.
To the Editor of the Chicago Post:
You will pardon me for dating my letter at no place in particular, as that is where I happen to be at the time of writing it. I presume you care nothing about the date; it is of little consequence. For my own part, I don't care a fig about dates, but I am especially fond of prunes.

I left Chicago soon after the trees commenced leaving. I make a practice of going into the country every summer about the time musketoes begin to get ripe, but I had made up my mind to remain at home this season, and should have done so, if the city had not become too hot for me. When I speak of the city, I do not allude exclusively to the temperature of the atmosphere; another sort of fear had something to do with the affair. I did not anticipate bodily injury from any particular quarter, for there were not many quarters in Chicago when I left, but to speak plainly, I felt a little alarmed lest the whole city should come down on me. It was no uncommon thing for me to meet brickbats coming around street corners, when I least expected them; and whether I expected them or not, they were always unwelcome visitors. On one or two occasions I was mistaken for an editor, and the perilous adventures that succeeded the mistake, challenge description. You will bear in mind that I don't care how much my descriptive powers are challenged, but I don't want to be challenged myself.—Every time I went upon the streets with a piece of white paper and a pencil in my hands, it commenced hailing brickbats, and whenever I went out with a pair of black pantaloons I could smell powder.

The town became too hot for me entirely. I am no coward; when I meet a brave man I always treat him well, and never offend him; but if I meet a coward, I don't care what I say to him. I can appreciate bravery if anybody can.
My departure from your beautiful city, (I call it beautiful because I have a friend in it who has a corner lot to sell and expects this letter to be read by a man in Vermont who wants to purchase) was accelerated by a dream which came to me one night when I was asleep. I had an awful dream. Unlike Byron's, it was all a dream, and more too. I dreamed—that is I think I dreamed; I was so frightened that I will not be positive about the beginning—that the city was depopulated. One third of the inhabitants were in arrest on charges of libel, one third for assault and battery and gambling, and the other third had gone their bail, and run away to keep from paying. I also dreamed, methought I sat upon the highest pinnacle of the courthouse, and gazed with sublime contempt upon all inanimate things below. I was congratulating myself upon my escape from demoralization, and meditating whether I should still live a virtuous life and be happy, or share the fate of my fellow-men, when an Ethiopian minstrel hit me in the face with a silver cup and blinded me. When I recovered it was growing dark, and I saw a caravan approaching from afar off, and the people bore banners, on which were inscribed "Woodlawn," and they uttered loud imprecations against me, and I thought my time had come, but it had not. It was some other man's time. The darkness increased, and became so intense that it was almost suffocating. And I saw a balloon ascending to the clouds, with a red-haired man in it, and the red-haired man fell out and shot through the air like a comet. I saw his red hair approaching me, and told him he couldn't come it, but he did. He struck me violently, knocked me from my pinnacle, and I awoke. Then it occurred to me that I was right, and I rushed out of my house to meet another brickbat—the same one that I had met three times before.

On this hint I left the city. I am pleasantly located, the scenery around me being surpassingly beautiful, and devoid of brickbats. The crops did fair to be exceedingly fine. If we don't have some rain soon, they will be finer than they ever were before in the world. In those districts where birds are numerous, corn comes up as soon as it is planted, and the great man farmers have not planted much grain this season, and the products of their farms will be very small potatoes. When the mania for erecting new buildings shall have disappeared from Chicago, and brickbats become less numerous than they are now; when Long John shall have restored peace and quietude, and arrests are no longer a necessity, or—"when this cruel war is over," I may return. Until then, I am, tranquilly,
BEAU HACKETT.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S STORY OF SWAPPING HORSES.—When Mr. Lincoln was informed of his nomination for President, he frankly declared that he was not the best man for the office, but he added that he supposed the Convention thought it was no time to swap horses when crossing a stream. The Buffalo (New York) Courier tells the whole story, which Mr. Lincoln only alludes to: "A Dutchman undertakes to swim a mare and colt across a stream, and not being a swimmer himself, he takes hold of the colt's tail, and the trio start to make the passage. The colt weak and immature begins to show signs of giving out about the time the middle of the stream is reached, and men on the opposite bank cried out to the Dutchman to seize the mare's tail and relieve the colt, or he will be lost. Looking anxiously about him, and seeing the mare's tail beyond his reach, he tightened his grasp on the colt's caudal extremity, and replies to his interested neighbors, that 'this is no place to swap horses.' The result, of course, is that Dutchman and colt soon sink to what the novelists term 'a watery grave.'"
"We are left to infer that the colt represents the almost exhausted Government, and the President the drowning Dutchman. It is not strange that his nomination should have called this story to mind. The question for the people is, whether there is not some way to save the colt."

We are gratified to announce that the present Congress have done one good act.—They have adjourned sine die. That is one blessing, for which let all patriots be duly grateful.—Lou, Dan.

From the Holmes County (O.) Farmer.
The War Must Go On.
The war must go on, is the cry of office-holders, shoddy contractors and miscgen philanthropists. The war must go on—for what? It has been in progress ever three years, and nobody has been benefited except those who were making money out of it. The Union is farther from being restored than when the conflict was commenced—taxation has devoured the substance of the people and threatens a heavy increase—nearly two millions and a half of men have been taken from happy homes, from peaceful firesides, from the fields of industry—the nation is staggering under an existing and rapidly accumulating debt that will oppress future generations to the earth—the precious birthright of liberty has been taken away from American citizens—the terrors of unlimited conscription bring fear and trembling to millions of heartsthones—more than a million of brave men have been slain or sent hobbling over the country, cripples for life—thousands of widows made desolate—thousands of fatherless children turned out upon the cold charities of a heartless world—thousands of houses turned into houses of mourning—thousands of aged parents sent down in sorrow to their graves—vice and immorality pervading the land—hope departing from the people and despair encompassing them about. The war must go on, notwithstanding these and numberless other resulting evils—and for what?—To satisfy 'the political ambition of a few men in power, and to pay tribute to those who are growing rich out of the miseries of the people and the destruction of the country—men who care naught for you and I, further than we can aid them in their inhuman crusade.

Lincoln is announced as the champion of an unlimited prosecution of the war, in view of which it is well for people to canvass these subjects—to look at the miseries as well as the so-called glories of this unnatural contest—to consider whether the quiet arts of Peace, of Brotherly Love, of National Prosperity, of Domestic Happiness, are not better for this people than the glittering generalities of devastating war.
Lincoln is supported by a countless multitude of office-holders and by the ambitious and designing men of his party. Let all men who are unbought by bribes of office, who are uninfatuated by the blandishments of power and undismayed by the threats of heartless tyranny, join as a band of brothers to work his overthrow. Let us print Peace upon our lintels, emblazon it upon our banners and proclaim it from our house-tops.—Let us do this in the name of Union, of Constitutional Liberty, of National Prosperity, and appealing to God to aid us in our righteous purposes or leader, whoever he may be the instrumentally employed in leading this people out of the wilderness of despair into a land of prosperity and happiness.

RATHER SEVERE ON LINCOLN.—The editor of the Lacrosse (Wisconsin) Democrat is not, we conclude, a great admirer of Old Abe. In a late article he says:
ONE TERM.—The Lincoln prpers say that Lincoln should have two terms in office.—In the language of Henry Ward Beecher, we ask if this is not "damned hot"? Two terms? It is against nature. Egypt had but one term of lice, frogs, snakes [synonymous with Abe's office holders], filth, famine and plagues for all her wickedness. Spain had but one term of really noted robbers. Heaven had but one term of revolt, and that was settled by forcible secession! Dogs have but one term of hydrophobia; horses have but one term of blind stagger; children have but one term of measles, chicken-pox, whooping-cough, mumps, and such diseases.—This being the case, may Almighty God forbid that we are to have two terms of the rottenest, most stinging, skin-working small-pox ever conceived by fiends or mortals, in the shape of two terms of Abe Lincoln's administration.

THE REBEL SHARPSHOOTERS.—Our information from Georgia is to effect that the efforts of the rebel sharpshooters to pick off our officers is fearfully successful, much more so indeed, than ever before. Most of them use a recently imported Whitworth gun, which is said to be superior to anything in use by our forces. It is understood that the rebels pay as much as \$1,500 a piece for these guns. We do not know the kind of money used, but suppose gold or sterling exchange, as Jonny Bull, from whom they are purchased, would probably insist on good money. One of those guns was captured on the side Resaca some time since in this way: A sharpshooter (rebel) climbed into a tree, and tied a handkerchief round his waist to prevent his falling in case he should be wounded. The rebel was not more than comfortably fixed before a Federal sharpshooter fired a shot through his neck and instantly killed him. He hung in the tree until our lines extended to the spot, when he was cut down and his gun taken.

Major Norton, Col. Wiles, Capt. Sheridan and many others were shot with the Whitworth rifle.—Chattanooga Gazette, June 7
W. C. Gouid, of The Hocking Sentinel, says:
Our youngest brother, who has been in every fight with the Army of the Potomac since the seven day's fight before Richmond under McClellan [except Gettysburg], was captured the first day's fight in the Wilderness under Gen. Grant, and is in prison at Gordonsville, Va., from which place he writes home: "I have plenty to eat and am well treated, don't trouble yourself about me! So it would seem the rebels have learned to treat our prisoners well, or the stories of their cruelty, ect., were sensation news got up for the purpose of 'firing the northern heart.'"
It is stated that Secretary Welles recently made the startling discovery that Noah's Ark was a doubler. Possible this explains his fondness for that style of gunboat.

Manly spirit, as it is generally called, is often little less than the froth and foam of hard-mouthed insolence.

How an Indian Finds his way through the Woods.
H. D. Thoreau, in the account of his excursion through the woods of Maine, tells the following of his Indian guide, Polio:
"I asked him how he guided himself in the woods. 'O,' said he, 'I can tell you many ways.' When I pressed him further he answered: 'Sometimes I lookum side hill, and he glanced toward a high hill or mountain on the eastern shore; 'great difference between the north and south.' 'So trees—the large limbs bend toward south.' 'Sometimes I lookum lock's (rocks).' I asked what he saw on the rocks, but he did not describe anything in particular, answering vaguely, in a mysterious or drawing tone, 'Bare rocks on lake shore—great difference between N. S. E. W. side—can tell what the sun has shone on.' 'Suppose,' said I, 'that I should take you in a dark night right up here into the middle of the woods, a hundred miles, set you down, and turn you around quickly twenty times could you steer straight to Old Town?' 'O, yes,' said he; 'have done pretty much the same thing. I will tell you. Some years ago I met an old white hunter at Millinocket; very good hunter, he said he could go anywhere in the woods. He wanted to hunt with me that day, so we start. We chase a moose all the forenoon, round and round, till middle of afternoon, when we kill him. Then I said to him, now you straight to camp. Don't go round and round where we've been, but go straight. He said I can't do that; I don't know where I am. Where you think camp? I asked.—He pointed so. Then I laugh at him. I take the lead and go right off the other way, cross our tracks many times, straight camp.' 'How do you do that?' asked I. 'O, I can't tell you,' he replied. 'Great difference between me and white man.'"

EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune (Loyal) says:
"A Chicago Copperhead, John O'Connell, tried for writing a Copperhead letter to a private in Rosecrans' army was found guilty of an attempt to create disaffection in the mind of a United States soldier, and given aid and comfort to the enemy, and sentenced to be hung. The President has commuted the sentence to five years hard labor at Columbus."
In the same dispatch we find the following:
"Major A. Downing, 1st N. Y. mounted Rifles, tried for accepting horses unsound and unfit for service, with which he knew had been rejected by an Inspection Board the day before, has been cashiered."
"One man is sentenced to be hung or imprisoned in the Penitentiary for writing a letter to his son; another is dismissed the service for robbing the Government. Lincoln clemency."

Of course the above rules are made the order of the day. A myn who sends a Copperhead alias, Democratic letter to his son is to be hung. The man who robs the Government of millions is only placed upon the retired list as it were to become a gentleman of ease for the remainder of his days.—Hamilton True Telegraph.

An exchange thinks Satan will have to enlarge his dominions if he accommodated all the rascals of the Abolition party. He does not intend to do it; they would steal and cheat him out of his dominions.—Lou: Democrat.

General Rosecrans has taken measures to put down guerrillas in Missouri; by organizing the militia without respect to party for that purpose.
The Boston Courier is publishing some readable letters under the head of 'A ride to Hoosac Mountain. The writer says among other good things:
"As we sat in the bar-room of the tavern after dinner, we heard from an old farmer a suggestion worthy of note. 'There ain't but one way,' said he, 'to get a hole through this here mountain, and that is to buy a nigger in it somewhere, and then Governor Andrew will set all Massachusetts to dig him out.'"

"Profound silence in a public assembly has been thus neatly described:
'One might have heard the stealing of a pocket handkerchief.'
GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT TO A WIFE.—The following neat and beautiful reply was made by the late Daniel O'Connell, in response to a toast given in compliment to his wife, who was the object of his long and affectionate attachment. It was given at a political meeting. The English language could furnish nothing more touchingly graceful and tender:
"There are some topics of so sacred and sweet a nature, that they may be comprehended by those who are happy, but they cannot be possibly described by any human being. All that I shall do is to thank you in the name of her who is the disinterested choice of my early youth; who was the ever cheerful companion of my many veas; and who is the sweetest solace of that 'sore and yellow leaf' age at which that 'sore and yellow leaf' I thank you; I have you may readily believe; for experience, I think, will show to us all that mad cannot battle and struggle with the malignant enemies, unless his nest at home is warm and comfortable—unless the honey of human life is commended by a hand that he loves."

"Whilst crossing a river, it is no time to swap horses," Mr. Lincoln says. It is no better time to swap Secretaries.
The Philadelphia North-American says that it is no reproach to Mr. Lincoln to have been a rail-splitter, or Andrew Johnson to have been a tailor. To which Franklin replies: "Assuredly not, but in view of their histories, it seems deep reproach to them that they ever aspired to be anything else."