

# THE BOLIVAR BULLETIN.

A WEEKLY NEWS AND LITERARY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THIS PEOPLE.

Vol. I.

BOLIVAR, HARDEMAN COUNTY, TENN., April 28, 1866.

No. 36

**Preparations.**  
**DR. SAMUEL GILBERT'S**  
The Public  
Chronic Diseases,  
General Alterative  
DENTIST,  
HARRINGTON & CO.  
GROCERIES,  
DRUGS AND MEDICINE,  
SADDLE BAGS,  
INSURE YOUR STOCK!  
THE TENNESSEE LIVE STOCK  
Insurance Company  
Capital, \$50,000!  
GROCERIES,  
DRUGS AND MEDICINE,  
SADDLE BAGS,  
INSURE YOUR STOCK!  
THE TENNESSEE LIVE STOCK  
Insurance Company  
Capital, \$50,000!

**Local Advertisements.**

**Attorneys at Law,**  
BOLIVAR, TENN.

**JOHN J. DUPUY,**  
Attorney at Law,  
BOLIVAR, HARDEMAN COUNTY, TENN.

**R. M. MAYES,**  
DENTIST,  
BOLIVAR, TENN.

**HUGH W. TATE, M. D.,**  
OFFICE:  
AT THE STORE OF SWINBROOK & TATE,  
BOLIVAR, TENN.

**JOHN R. BYNUM,**  
Watch-Maker,  
JEWELER & ENGRAVER,  
Sign of the Watch,  
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Re-  
paired at short notice.

**PERMANENT**  
Picture Gallery,  
UNDER THE MASONIC HALL,  
Over Bill's old stand,  
BOLIVAR, TENNESSEE.

**HARRINGTON & CO.,**  
DEALERS IN  
DRY GOODS!  
GROCERIES,  
CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, CUTLERY,  
Hardware, Tinware,

**LEVI JOY'S OLD STAND,**  
HAVE JUST RECEIVED  
A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED  
STOCK OF  
GROCERIES.

**GROCERIES,**  
SUGAR, CORN, COFFEE,  
MOLASSES, SYRUP,  
BACON, LARD,  
BULK FLOUR, FLOUR, SALT,  
CANDLES, OILS, ETC.

**NOTICE.**  
We have on hand, for sale low, a splendid assortment  
of  
CHAIRS,  
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,  
CROCKERY, TOBACCO,  
CONFECTIONERIES, ETC.  
HARRINGTON & CO.

**OUR selection of SPRING AND  
SUMMER Goods are daily expected  
to arrive, and it would be well  
for purchasers to note this fact, as  
our purchases were all made after  
the late HEAVY DECLINE.**  
HARRINGTON & CO.

## Bolivar Bulletin.

Published Every Saturday.  
Subscription—One Copy One Year For Dollars, in-  
variably in advance One Copy One Month  
Delivered, Fifty Cents.

**ANNOUNCEMENTS.**—Announcing the name of  
each person for a County Office, 5th, 20th and Federal 5th.  
The above Terms and Rates will be strictly adhered to.  
Religious, Marriage, Birth and Death Notices, and  
will be willingly inserted FREE OF CHARGE. Other-  
wise will be charged for at advertising rates.

## Graveyard Musings.

Written for the Bulletin by ALVIN ALLEY.

This is the silent abode of many, who  
long years ago passed over the Lethaean waves;  
here their tempest tossed barks are hid be-  
neath the little mounds around which green  
shrubs and wild flowers grow, while the living  
souls which they once contained are  
wandering on amid Elysian groves and fairy  
fields that are strewn hither and thither  
throughout the infinitude of space. In this  
little city of the dead are gathered together  
the ashes of those who were ushered into  
being leagues upon leagues apart; whose  
wandering foot steps have long since  
been covered over with the drifting sands  
of time, and are now known to them no  
more. There, where that tiny violet lifts its  
beautiful head above the green sward moul-  
ders into nothingness the once dauntless  
warrior's form; near it slumbers on alike un-  
conscious to the sunshine or the storm the  
earthly remnant of her who claimed his ev-  
ery thought; who, in youth, gave back sigh  
for sigh and looked the soul of love while  
hand in hand they wandered on through life's  
varied and ever changing scenes. There,  
with a bleeding heart and humble voice the  
last farewell was breathed over the loved  
one's form that once shed a halo of pleasure  
around the sacred duties of home—her soft  
blue eyes are closed forever, and the kindly  
hand beats no more in the casket of the soul.  
O, when that farewell was taken how truly  
mournful, how desolate did home seem—  
with her, the sunshine of the heart went out;  
when the angel of Death spread his wings  
over her path the storm-cloud of sorrow  
rained down from the fountains of crushed  
hopes tears of bitterness and regret. There,  
where that newly broken earth shuts out the  
April sun from the fading form that lies be-  
low, sleeps one whose deeds were blameless  
to the last—whose soul felt too keenly sor-  
rows and pangs that we may never know.  
There, where the sculptor's creation reflects  
the silvery rays of the morning sun, rests a  
tender bud that was plucked from its parent  
stem ere the spring flowers of life were  
opened to the dews of wisdom or the holy  
zephyrs that are wafted around the family  
altar by unseen angels as they list to the  
good man's prayer. Yes, beneath that pol-  
ished tomb is laid away forever a darling  
household pet. The closed eyes, folded  
hands and dimpled chin were wrapped in  
spotless white—fit emblem of a stainless soul  
—and hid away beneath the mournful beau-  
ties of the scene, where they will remain until  
the grave shall give up its dead and the cor-  
ruptible put on incorruptibility. Here rests  
no kindred blood of mine, but the kindred  
spirits that are now wandering in the illu-  
minate world of space, spirits that once ani-  
mated the inanimate forms that are now be-  
neath my feet, are my kindred and my kind.  
With them 'tis a pleasure to commune, and  
though no form is seen, and no lip is moved  
or no form is seen, there comes a sense of  
their presence creeping over the soul and  
we sit mute and motionless while with their  
unseen and inexplicable agencies they give  
to mind a power over matter that renders  
us searchingly contemplative and fills our  
very thoughts with ideal beauties that we  
would never have known had we not yielded  
to their mysterious mysteries. As they lift  
the veil that shuts out the forgotten past, we  
look back through the hazy vista of by-gone  
years and see the beauties that were passed  
over all unheeded in our rapid youthful  
march along the corridors of time; and as  
we linger around the crumbling altars upon  
which we laid our heart's best hopes, a spark  
of electric fire rises from amid the rank  
weeds of our lonely Patmos and is transfixed  
by a spirit hand far into the future as a  
beacon light; we turn our eyes toward it,  
the veil is dropped, and we are borne along  
on the wings of new-found thought and com-  
mune, as it were, with beings long since freed  
from earth and the gloomy portals of the  
tomb. O, how majestic, yet how enchanting is  
the scene—how deep and holy the voiceless  
teachings of this little city of the dead.  
No sound breaks in on the solemn stillness,  
no discord, no jars; here we sit and weave  
a chaplet of flowers from memory's waste,  
and carry their pure influence and fragrance  
back into busy life again. O that the wreath  
this won may ever be watered from the river  
of Hope and kept green in the garden of  
Peace, so that with an "unfading trust,"  
we too can have our breasts to the chilling  
winds of Death and go down into the un-  
known vale that shuts out from view the  
doubts, fears and sorrows of our first exis-  
tence with full faith in a purified spiritual  
life in the Great Hereafter. If this be not  
in store for us,  
And we "would earnestly, with every wish,  
In justice unto wedded to the dust,  
Then fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my dream,  
And fade, ye bright stars, that light me to the tomb."  
The terrible tornado, says the New York  
Day Book, which recently visited Indiana  
also extended into southern Illinois. It is  
estimated that not less than a thousand per-  
sons were killed and injured by it. As the  
tornado advanced, apparently with the mod-  
erate speed of a locomotive, the most extra-  
ordinary spectacle of trees, crushed houses,  
wood rails and objects that seemed to be  
horses and cattle, borne on by the storm in  
dense volumes of dirt and dust, all in the  
most intricate confusion. The very beams  
were filled with the contents of farms.  
Every object seemed torn from the earth and  
folded upward. Houses were taken up bodily  
and dashed overhead, and perfect desola-  
tion spread over the valley. As the tor-  
nado advanced the indications of its course  
were very deceptive, appearing to point in  
all directions. This effect probably came  
from the revolution going on in the volumes  
of dust and sulphuric smoke that enveloped  
everything in the valley, and which at times  
seemed to roll and spread in all directions.  
The whole country was inundated, and the  
soil in some places washed down to the sub-  
stratum of clay, as though the clouds had  
burst and flooded the earth with oceans of  
water at once.  
At a wedding in New York last week the  
father of the bride had the bad taste to pin  
on one thousand dollar greenbacks to his  
daughter's pocket book veil.

## A SPRING BALLAD.

A quail of golden scallop,  
A meadow full of leaves  
Of early blossoms, whose joyous tones,  
Into the earth waves  
Dreams of delight and welcome bliss,  
Sweet health I'd not forego;  
Sweet blossoms and light, crown on my sight—  
By these the Spring I know.

The frozen world, silent and cold,  
Touched by a secret hand,  
Green waters rise, till bloom and life  
Crown all the pleasant land;  
Sweet breezes murmur pleasantly,  
The ice-bound waters flow,  
And young birds leap from their wintry sleep—  
By these the Spring I know.

I love the daisies and the clover,  
I breathe the balmy air;  
Each sound seems fraught with greatest love,  
New life holds conquest there;  
I listen; through the forest lanes  
Sweet voices come and go—  
The voice of twittering cherubims:  
By these the Spring I know.

I've written a fragrant chaplet,  
A chaplet wild, yet fair;  
Tears unshed in the mountain wilds,  
And kissed by wintry air;  
Prayer and wishes sparkle in,  
The daisy petals blow;  
And leaves of green grass out between—  
By these the Spring I know.

Low, fitting clouds of wintry bloom  
Have rolled to shades away;  
Light comes as wings of cherubims  
To charm the sweet Spring day;  
I reach the summit of the plain,  
Fresh breezes rustle me below,  
So sweet, that there I'd rove again—  
By these the Spring I know.

Spring-time! thou hast a charm for me—  
I've loved thee well and long,  
And now I kindly want to do  
A good and grateful song.  
When on the strangely pondering souls  
Come thy congenial glow,  
My heart leaps light with ecstasy—  
By this the Spring I know.

There was a fearful explosion at Aspin-  
wall on the 3d inst, aboard the steamer  
European, destroying the ship and 400 feet  
of the wharf, it is supposed to have been  
caused by nitro-glycerine on board. About  
50 persons were killed, including the captain  
and officers of the ship.

A late telegram to the Memphis Post says  
much alarm exists about the levees. It is  
feared that the whole Lower Mississippi will  
be overflowed. The heavy rains have im-  
paired the cotton seed, which was poor, and  
much will have to be replanted.

Information from the upper portions  
of the great lakes say that the ice is yet at  
least two foot thick, and that navigation will  
not be resumed by the 1st of May. It is the  
most backward spring ever known in those  
localities.

Jim Brown, son of the "Governor," a  
day or two since "talked light" to Mr.  
Woodruff, one of the editors of the Union,  
but didn't come to time; owing to the fact  
that the "quill driver" presented a huge  
nary to his *patrician* bosom and exhibited a  
decided inclination to "fumble with the  
trigger."

Although the world is generally at peace  
just now, the atmosphere threatens storms in  
all directions. Prussia and Austria are on  
the verge of war; the Prussian people hate  
and distrust Bismarck; there is trouble be-  
tween the young King of Greece and his  
new subjects; Spain will soon be again  
stirred with rebellion; and there is a bone  
to pick between Italy and Austria, as well as  
Italy and the Papal Powers; while the affair  
of the Danubian principalities remains to be  
settled.

An intelligent correspondent of the Lou-  
isville Courier, who has carefully examined  
the subject, says that the cotton crop of the  
present year will scarcely reach 1,400,000  
bales. It is thought by some of the know-  
ing ones that even this estimate is too high,  
considering the recent heavy damage sus-  
tained by planters from excessive high wa-  
ter all along the southern rivers and water  
courses, as the bottom lands have nearly all  
been overflowed.

There still survives three members of the  
choir of young ladies, that dressed in white,  
greeted Washington as he entered Trenton,  
in 1789, on his way to assume the Presiden-  
cy, and strewed his path with flowers. One  
lives in Trenton, another is the mother of  
the Hon. Mr. Chestnut, formerly Senator  
from South Carolina, and the third, Mrs.  
Sarah Hand, of Cape May, N. J.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, accompanied by one  
of her children, is now in New York city.  
The object of her visit is not positively  
known, but it is supposed to have some re-  
lation either to the anticipated trial of Mr.  
Davis or to the education of her children,  
some of whom are at school in Canada, where  
it is said, she intends to proceed for the pur-  
pose of visiting them.

A telegram, dated Washington, April 21st,  
says the Reconstruction Committee agreed  
to-day that the Constitution must be so  
amended that hereafter no State shall make  
any discrimination of color, and that after  
the 4th of July, 1876, negroes must have  
the right to vote; there shall be no representa-  
tion before 1866 and 1870, of colored per-  
sons not allowed to vote, and that Southern  
States may be represented on these terms on  
taking the test oath prescribed by Congress.

THE PRESIDENT POWER.—This prerogative of  
the President to check unconstitutional and  
hasty legislation, which is now denounced  
so bitterly by the Radicals, has been used  
by the following Chief Executives:  
By Washington, 2; by Madison, 6; by  
Monroe, 1; by Jackson, 9; by Tyler, 4; by  
Polk, 3; by Buchanan, 1; by Johnson, 2.

Only in two instances has it been over-  
ruled: once when a revenue cutter bill was  
voted by Mr. Tyler, and in the late case of  
the miserable Civil Rights Bill.

PRAYER FOR JEFFERSON DAVIS.—A highly  
esteemed minister in a neighboring State re-  
marks in a recent letter:  
"I have often thought of late, that if I  
could speak to all of the praying people of  
the South, I would impress upon them the  
thought that it is their special duty to pray  
for Jefferson Davis. Surely he is in prison  
and in peril because of what we have done.  
He would not have been there if we had  
not made him our chief. Will the praying  
people of the South forget him in these try-  
ing hours?"—Christian Observer.

A Court House is being constructed at  
Corinth, Miss. The News and Advertiser  
says a jail is needed also. Very likely. We  
learn from the same paper that there is a  
great demand for homes in Corinth.

## Beauties of Trees.

What can be more beautiful than trees?  
Their lofty trunks, august in their simplicity,  
asserting, to the most inexperienced eye,  
their infinite superiority over the imitative  
pillars of man's pride, their graceful play  
of wide spreading branches, and all the deli-  
cate, and glorious machinery of buds, flow-  
ers, leaves and fruit, that, with more than  
magical effort, burst from their naked and  
rigid twigs, with all the rich, and heaven-  
breathing delectable odors, pure and animat-  
ing essences, pouring out spices and medi-  
cinals, under brilliant and unimaginally var-  
ied colors, and making music, from the soft-  
est and most melancholy undertones to the  
full organ peal of the tempest. We wonder  
not that trees have been the admiration of  
men in all periods and nations of the world.  
What is the richest country without trees?  
What barren and monotonous spot can they  
not convert into a paradise? Xerxes, in the  
midst of his most ambitious enterprises, stop-  
ped his vast army to contemplate the beauty  
of a tree. Cicero, from the throng, and ex-  
ertion, and anxiety of the forum, was accus-  
tomed, Pliny tells us, to steal forth to a grove  
of plane trees to refresh and invigorate his  
spirits. In the Scaetan grove, the same au-  
thor adds, Theoclydus was supposed to have  
composed his noble histories. The Greek  
and Roman classics, indeed, abound with  
expressions of admiration of trees and woods,  
and with customs which have originated in  
that admiration; but above all as the Bible  
surpasses, in the splendor and majesty of  
its poetry, all books in the world, so is its  
stylar arborescent imagery the most bold  
and beautiful. Beneath some spreading tree  
is the ancient patriarch revealed to us, sit-  
ting in contemplation, or receiving the visit  
of angels; and what a calm and dignified  
picture of primeval life is presented to our  
imagination at the mention of Deborah, the  
wife of Dipdod, judging the twelve tribes  
of Israel, between Ramman and Bethel, in  
Mount Ephraim, beneath the palm tree of  
Deborah. The oaks of Bashan, and the  
cedars of Lebanon, are but other and  
better names for power and glory. The vine,  
the olive, and the fig tree, are imperishable  
emblems of peace, plenty and festivity. Da-  
vid, in his psalms, Solomon in his songs and  
proverbs, the prophets in the sublime out-  
pourings of their awful inspiration, and  
Christ in his parables, those most beautiful  
and perfect of all allegories, luxuriate in  
signs and similes drawn from the fair trees  
of the East.

## Marriages Among the Druses.

The Druses are a powerful tribe inhab-  
iting a portion of the mountainous range of  
Lebanon, or Pihanus, in Syria. They are  
neither Mahometans nor Christians, but  
have a peculiar creed of their own, made up  
from some of the tenets and doctrines of the  
two faiths.

Their women are generally very beautiful,  
being fairer than the other inhabitants of  
Lebanon, and they are distinguished by the  
most lovely dark blue eyes, long raven tresses  
and teeth of pearly whiteness. The men  
generally marry at from sixteen to eighteen  
years of age; they take but one wife, and  
always choose partners from their own tribe.  
The bride is generally from thirteen to four-  
teen years old. Three days before the wed-  
ding, the bridegroom, accompanied by his  
male friends, goes to the house of his intend-  
ed, and demands her in a formal manner  
from the hands of her father, who formally  
gives his consent. Then they agree upon the  
amount of dowry which the husband shall  
take on his wife. The bride is led forth a  
moment, closely veiled, accompanied by her  
mother, who vouches for the purity of her  
daughter. The bride then presents her  
husband with the kharjar, or dazger, which  
serves at the same time to show the protec-  
tion she expects to receive from him, or as  
an instrument of punishment should the  
declaration of her mother be false, or should  
she subsequently break her marriage vows.

The bride, attended by the women, spend  
the day gayly in the bath; while the bride,  
groom and his friends amuse themselves  
with horseman, or in drinking coffee and  
smoking chibouka at the house of the bride's  
father. This continues for two days; on the  
third the bride is conducted with consider-  
able ceremony to the house of the bridegroom,  
closely covered with a red gold spangled veil,  
which, in the nuptial chamber, he re-  
moves, and presents her with a tansour.

This he places upon her head, where it re-  
mains both night and day while life remains.

## Books of Southern Poetry.

There are, says the Public Ledger, quite a number of  
Northern houses getting up books of South-  
ern poetry. We were shown a copy of one  
yesterday. We, however, advise our readers  
not to purchase for the present. The great  
book of Southern poetry which should be  
found on every Southern parlor table and  
library is now in press and will soon be out.  
We mean the collection which is being  
edited by the gifted W. Gilmore Simms, Esq.  
This book will contain all the Southern poetry  
written during the war that is worthy of  
being preserved, without reference as to  
what section of the South it was written in,  
but with an eye to its merit. The book will  
contain from four to five hundred pages, and  
from what we learn, will be an honor to  
Southern genius, and will compare favorably  
with any publication yet made in America.  
The editor, W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., is well  
known as being not only one of the chief  
literary characters of the South but, of  
America. He is an honor to our country,  
and his book will be one that will raise the  
literary character of the South to the highest  
standard. His book will be eagerly looked  
for, not only in the South and North, but  
also in Europe. It is for this reason we  
advise our friends to hold off and purchase  
something that will be worthy of the South-  
ern reader in every respect.

## What makes a comfortable sleeping room? Ans.—Adequate (a dry attic).

Why is a man's brewery like the well of  
the Israelites? Ans.—Because He brews  
drink there.

Most vessels are sociable in their manners,  
and have a companion way about them.

## Traehime in America.

The Chicago Academy of Science have  
had the trichine under elaborate considera-  
tion, and submit a long report, the gist of  
which is summed up as follows by the Re-  
publican:

The scientific men who form this commit-  
tee have for a month patiently examined the  
questions referred to them, and now submit  
a report showing the full extent of the evil,  
and pointing out the remedies therefore. They  
report that trichine have been found in  
swine slaughtered in this city, and that out  
of 1,394 examined, twenty-eight, or about  
one in fifty were infected. They also report  
that persons eating this meat render them-  
selves liable to contract trichinosis, and that  
in their opinion cases of such a disease have  
occurred in America, although very seldom.  
And, in concluding, they unanimously de-  
clare that swine may be kept from contract-  
ing the disease if not allowed animal food,  
and that pork may be used without any ap-  
prehension if the following conditions are  
complied with: That every portion of the  
meat cooked experience a temperature of at  
least 160 degrees Fahrenheit; or that it be  
properly salted and smoked for ten days;  
or that it be thoroughly disinfected. Pick-  
ling it appears, produces but a very slight  
effect.

It appears from the statement made in  
this report that trachine exists in the swine  
of this country to a much greater extent  
than in Germany, the proportion in that  
country being only 1 in 10,000; and that  
there, that the number of trachine in the in-  
fected hogs is also much greater—being, in  
some of the cases examined, as high as 18,  
000 to the cubic inch.

In Brunswick, out of the 20,000 swine ex-  
amined, only 2 were found to be trichinose,  
while here, out of 1,394 examined, 28 are  
found infected with this dangerous parasite.

Those persons who have examined this  
subject fully will recollect that each of the two  
epidemics in Germany were caused by eating  
the flesh of one animal alone, and that  
these two animals caused the sickness of  
500 and the death of over 100 persons.

## The Law of Homicide.—You may rebel by force in the defence of your person, habitation or property, against any one who manifestly intends or endeavors by violence to commit a crime against you, such as rape, robbery, arson, burglary, and the like. But to justify your killing a man, there must be actual danger to the bare fear of any of these offenses, however well-founded it is, is not sufficient without some "overt act." If, therefore, you kill a man who is lying in wait, you will not be excused. You must not, in fact, make an attack upon others un- less you can justify a full conviction, on your own mind that if you do not do so your own life will be in danger. In the course of a sudden brawl, you may defend your per- son by killing your assailant, provided you had no other probable or possible means of escaping from him. If you are walking along a dark lane, and are attacked by gar- roters, it is your duty to make your escape from them if you can; but you should retreat as far as you conveniently or safely can be- fore you turn upon them; and if you cannot yield a step, without manifest danger of your life, or enormous bodily harm, then you may shoot the villains at once. You may kill a garrotter while he is committing the offense, but you must not shoot him after the fray is over, or when he is running away, for that is revenge, not self-defence. And you should bear in mind that you cannot kill a man for a crime unless it is accom- panied by force or violence; you are not justified for instance, in killing a man found in the act of picking your pocket. If a man break open your house at night (that is, be- tween nine P. M., and six A. M. of the follow- ing morning), you may shoot him; but if he breaks open your house in the day time, you must not kill him unless the offense is accompanied by robbery also, and it is not essential that an actual felony is about to be committed to justify the killing. It is well to know these things.

## On Solitude.—Oh solitude! how sweeter thy charms! to leave the busy world, and retire to thy calm shades, is surely the most ecstatic pleasure the contemplative mind can enjoy. Then, undisturbed by those who are fond of splendor, and who prefer pomp and noise to solid pleasure, it may enjoy that peace which is rarely to be found in the courts of the great. Solitude affords us time for reflection, and the objects around us in- duce us to contemplate and adore our great Creator, who has fitted us for his glory, but created and endowed us with reason; who taught us that it was him alone, whom we ought to fear, love, honor, and obey. In solitude the contemplative mind enjoys a variety of pleasing sensations which im- prove it, and render it fit to all its duties, beauties which we find displayed in the great book of nature. Blest solitude! may we never forget the advantages which may be derived from devoting a part of our time to thee, but continue sensible of thy great value.

## Important From Washington.—The Re- publican Senators have three revolutionary projects in contemplation:

No. 1. To deprive the President of all  
power over office-holders by removal or  
otherwise, and then when he vetoes the act to  
override the veto.

No. 2. To give the Clerk of the House  
such power in the organization of a new  
Congress, that not only Southern members  
can't get in, but even the men called "North-  
then Copperheads," such as they have been  
expelling.

No. 3. To make the negroes equal to white  
men, in all matters of citizenship (going  
even further than the Civil Rights Bill) so  
as to compel the States by act of Congress  
to let them vote.

Perpetual session is advocated until these  
revolutionary measures can be put through.  
So says the New York Express.

## The Will of a Drunkard.—I die a wretched sinner, and leave to the world a worthless reputation, a wicked example, and a memory that is only fit to perish.

I leave to my parents sorrow and bitter-  
ness of soul all the days of their lives.

I leave to my brothers and sisters shame  
and grief, reproach of their acquaintances.

I leave my wife a broken and widowed  
heart, and a life of lonely struggling with  
want and suffering.

I leave to my children a tainted name,  
a ruined position, and a life of shame and  
the mortifying recollection of a father who,  
by his life, disgraced humanity, and at his  
premature death joined the great company  
of those who are never to enter the kingdom  
of God.

## Equal Representation in the United States.—The Constitution of the United States says no State shall be deprived of its equal representation in the Senate, without an amendment to the Constitution. Eleven States are deprived of such representation without their consent, by the usurpers in the Rump that now calls itself the Senate. The President has taken an oath to main- tain and preserve the Constitution. Is it not his duty to see that this provision, among others, shall be respected, and use all the means that are necessary to that end?— Cincinnati Enquirer.

When the corpse of General Robert Hatis-  
ton was being carried through the streets in  
Nashville, recently a group of Federal  
officers politely raised their hats and saluted  
it. The Banner thanks them for the civility  
of the thought; for the gallantry of the  
deed. No man would have been quicker to  
do the like, if he had seen the fallen Hatis-  
ton. Such little tokens of returning peace from  
the generous living to the gallant dead, do  
more to strengthen the bonds of the Union  
than all the laws, civil or martial, in the  
world.