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THE BULLETIN.

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THE DYING BRIDE.

BY CLARA SIMS.

Now husband, raise me in your arm,
And press me to your heart;
For pillowed thus, methinks I can
With fortitude depart.
Yet, O, press me closer, closer still,
For weaker do I grow;
E'en now I feel the dews of death
Fast gathering on my brow.

Last night, all decked in bridal robes,
This hand to you I gave,
And fondly dreamed a dream of bliss,
Which ends now in my grave.
My snowy robe, so soft and light,
Must to my shroud give place;
While these flowing tresses bright,
You'll gather off my face.

My wreath of orange-blossoms sweet,
And veil of fleecy lace,
Must both alike abandoned be,
For soon I'm through life's race.
In heaven I fondly hope to wear
A brilliant, shining crown:
For angels whisper there I'll go,
When hence my spirit's flown.

Yes, call me wife, my husband dear,
And call it softly, too:
For soon the sound no more shall thrill
This sinking heart so true;
For, Walter, though but last eve your bride,
To-night a rival's come,
Who sternly bids me follow him,
And seek a fairer home.

To husband, home and mother—all,
So fondly clings my heart,
Scarce can I my God invoke
For peace ere I depart.
Come, sweet mother, kneel beside the couch
And breathe a prayer for me
Unto our heavenly Father,
When this captive spirit's free.

Now give me, mother, a last sweet kiss,
Then bless your dying child;
For hovering angels round me wait,
With lovely features mild.
Now, Walter, let me feel your breath
Warm on my fading cheek,
And strive the while, my husband dear,
To feel submission meek.

A moment hence I leave you both—
You whom I love so well;
Yea, now—my spirit flies—
Husband—mother—fare-thee-well!

☞The following lines we find travelling the rounds of the black republican press.—We give it as a specimen of what fanaticism may lead us to:

A WAR HYMN.

Oh may that cuss Jeff Davis float
Halle Hallelujah!
On a stormy sea in an open boat
In Iceland's cold without a coat
Glory Hallelujah!

No rudder, compass, sail, or oar,
Halle Hallelujah!
A millon miles away from shore,
Where myriad being MONSTERS roar
Glory Hallelujah!

May Sharks devour his stem and stern,
Halle Hallelujah!
A WHALE then gulf THEM DOWN IN TURN,
And the Devil take the whole concern,
Glory Hallelujah!

O plunge the "CUSSED" SECESSION swell
Halle Hallelujah!
In darkest pit of deepest Hell,
To knash his teeth and roar and yell—
Glory Hallelujah!

In burning brimestone may he be,
Halle Hallelujah!
Whilst little Devils dance in glee,
And lock the door and lose the Key
Glory Hallelujah!

Good Devil see ye chain him well
Halle Hallelujah!
In tortures worse than tongue can tell
In hottest fire of burning Hell,
Glory Hallelujah!

And 'mid. his roars and frantic cries,
Halle Hallelujah
Oh make eternal ashes rise
And blow forever in his eyes,
Glory Hallelujah!

Oh cuss each blasted rebel knave,
Halle Hallelujah!
On no account Jeff Davis save,
That Hell deserving scoundrel—slave,
Amen Hallelujah!

'Why is twice eleven like twice ten?'
'Because twice eleven is twenty two, and twice ten is twenty, too.

☞Why is the letter B like a man sitting at the extremity of a branch of a tree? Because it makes it *bend*.

☞Daddy, I want to ask you a question?
Well, my son.
Why is neighbor Smith 's liquor shop like a counterfeit dollar?
I can't tell my son.
Because *you* cannot pass it, answerd the boy.
Go straight to bed you rascal, or I'll make *smash* out of you.

WASHINGTON IN LOVE!

In 1755—twenty years before the brilliant era which shines like a rich gem in the pages of the world's history—a gentleman named Beverly Robinson, occupied a dwelling (situated in New York,) which, at that time, was considered a model of elegance and comfort, although, according to the prevailing tastes of the present day, it was nothing of the kind. It was standing, very little altered from its original condition, six years ago, on this side of the Hudson river, within two or three miles of West Point. Mr. Robinson enjoyed all the luxuries known to the colony, and some, beside, which the other colony, and some, beside, which the other colonists did not know—for instance, a rich and massive tea urn, said, by the gentleman's descendants, to be the first article of the kind, and for a long time the only one, used in this country. In this dwelling, so much admired, the space between the floors and ceiling was exceedingly low, and in many of the rooms (set off, about the fire-places, by polished tiles,) the rafters were massive and uncovered, and all things else in the structure were exceedingly primitive. In this house were born or reared a brood of the most prominent and inveterate foes to the patriots of the American Revolution, and the object of that struggle, that history mentions. Two generations of the Robinson family bore arms and held office in the armies of the English King, and fought determinedly against our sires and grandsires.

Well, in this house, which will already have attached itself to the interest of the reader, the only victory that was ever gained over George Washington, took place.

In 1756, Colonel George Washington, of Virginia, a large, stalwart, well-proportioned gentleman, of the most finished deportment and careful exterior; a handsome, imposing, ceremonious, and grave personage—visited his firm and much esteemed friend, Beverly Robinson, and announced his intention of remaining his guest for many weeks. A grinning negro attendant called Zeph, was ordered to bring in his master's portmantuae, additional fuel was cast into the broad and cheerful fire-place, an extra bottle of prime old Madeira was placed upon the table, whose griffin feet seemed almost to expand to twice their original size at the prospect of an increase of social hilarity, and Colonel Washington was duly installed as a choice claimant of old fashioned and unrestrained hopitality.

Seated with Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, overwhelmed with attention, and in possession of every comfort, the visitor evinced unquiet and dissatisfaction. Every sound of an opening or closing door aroused him from apathy, into which he relapsed when it was ascertained that no one was about to enter the apartment. His uneasiness was so apparent that his host at last endeavored to rally him, but without effect. Mrs. Robinson finally came to the rescue, and addressed the colonel in direct terms.

'Pray, friend Washington, may we be made acquainted with the cause of your dullness? There is some reason for it, and that reason lies with us. Tell it.'

In vain the colonel argued that nothing had occurred to vex him—that he was not in want of any farther inducement to present for future happiness; his entertainers would not regard his words, but continued their pertinacious endeavors to solve this mystery. At length, wearied by importunity, Washington—then twenty years before his greatness—leaned over the table, played with his glass, attempted to look unconcerned, and whispered to Mr. Robinson the single word 'Mary.'

'Yes?' responded Mr. R., interrogatively, as if unable to comprehend Washington's meaning.

'Is she well? Does she still abide with you?'

'She does,' replied the lady of the mansion.

Washington again became apathetic and contemplative, while several significant glances passed between the gentleman and his wife. Some five minutes were spent in perfect silence, which was only interrupted by the exit of Mrs. R. from the apartment. She speedily returned, accompanied by a beautiful young lady, whom Washington, with a countenance beaming joyfully, arose to greet with becoming respect.

The young lady was Mary Phillipse, sister of Mrs. Robinson, and daughter of the owner of the Phillipse estate.

It was perhaps, singular, but the time of her appearance, and the period of the return of Washington's cordiality, was identical.—Strange as it was, too, midnight found this young lady and the Virginia colonel alone. The conjugal twain who had kept them company in the early part of the evening had retired to their bed-chamber. More remarkable than all, daylight found still this couple together. The candles were buried down to the sockets of the sticks, and the fire-place, instead of exhibiting a cheerful blaze, harbored only a gigantic heap of ashes and a few dying embers. What could have prolonged that interview? Not mutual love; for the parties preserved a ceremonious distance, and the young lady evinced a hauteur that could be matched only by her companion in after years. And yet the truth must be told. There was love on one side; the colonel, smitten by the graces and rare accomplishments of a lady as beautiful as nature's rarest works, was endeavoring to win her heart in exchange for his own. He made his confession just at the cold grey of the dawn of morning broke up the dark clouds in the east. He confessed, in cautious and measured terms, it is true, the extent of his passion, and avowed what it was his earnest hope would be the result; that was the gain of her hand. The lady hesitated. Was it the modesty of the maiden who dares not to trust her lips with the confession of affection it is her heart's desire to make? No! She respected, although she did not love her interlocutor, and she felt diffident in making known to him the true state of her feelings. At last candor triumphed over delicacy, and she informed Washington in set terms that she loved another! She refused him! The greatest of modern men was vanquished, and by a woman! He was speechless and powerless.

Trembling, with compressed lips and a countenance ashy pale, he crept from the place just as the old negress of the household entered to make preparations for the breakfast. He sought his room, threw himself upon his couch, dressed as he was, and lapsed into a troubled sleep. The only victory ever won at his expense penetrated him to the soul. He was unhappy—supremely wretched! The future conqueror of thousands of brave men suffered because he had been rejected by a female. This was his first, but not his last wooing.

Years rolled on upon the mighty tide of time. George Washington was the commander-in chief of the American forces opposed to the royal government. The friend of his early manhood, Beverly Robinson, was the colonel of the Royal American regiment raised in this State, and his son was the lieutenant colonel. The house we have spoken of was in possession of "rebels and was occupied by Arnold, the traitor. It was afterwards the temporary residence of Gen. Washington. At the same time the husband of Miss Mary Phillipse, Roger Morris was a prominent tory, and a member of the council of the colony. Few of the parties were occupied by any reflections of an amorous nature. Time, in its progress, had worked mutations which severed the closest ties, both of friendship and consanguinity. Those who were intimate previous to the commencement of the war, were now studied strangers, with drawn swords at each other's breasts. Even sons and fathers were estranged and arrayed in opposite ranks—even the child of that illustrious statesman, Dr. Franklin, was a bitter and uncompromising tory. It must not be supposed that the loyalist friends of the Colonel George Washington, shared any better fate, so far as the acquaintanceship of the Father of his Country was concerned than others. His old Hudson river friends he had not seen for many years. The husband of Mary Phillipse was personally unknown to him—Beverly Robinson grown grey and careworn, would scarcely have been recognised.

Andre was taken and condemned to death, and while under Gen. Woodhull's charge, was visited by Mr. Robinson in the capacity of a species of commissioner, which protected his person. What was the surprise of Washington, a few days before the time of the execution, to receive a letter from his old friend and entertainer, referring to past events, and claiming, on the score of reminiscence, a secret private interview. The claim was acknowledged, and, late at night, Mr. Robinson, accompanied by a figure closely muffled in a cloak, was admitted to the General's apartment. For a moment these two men—their positions so widely different—gazed at each other in silence.—Recollections of days gone by—of happy days uncorroded by cankering care—prevailed, and they abruptly embraced. Washington was the first to recover his self-possession. Suddenly disengaging himself, he stood erect and clothed in that unequalled dignity which was his attribute, and said—

'Now, sir, your business?'

'Is,' replied Robinson, in a choking voice, 'to plead for Andre.'

'You have already been advised of my final determination,' replied Washington, sternly.

'Will nothing avail?' asked Robinson, in smothered accents.

'Nothing! Were he my own son he should pay the penalty due to his offence. I know all that you will say: you will speak of his virtues—his sisters—his rank, and his extenuating circumstances; perhaps endeavor to convince me of his innocence.'

Robinson struggled with his emotions a few seconds, but unable to repress his feelings, he spoke but a single word, with such thrilling accent that he started at the sound of his own voice. That word was *George*.

'*General* Washington, *Colonel* Robinson,' responded the great patriot, laying great stress on each military title.

'Enough,' said the other. 'I have one more argument—if that fails me I have done—behold my friend!'

'Your friend! Who is he? What is his name?'

One other single word was spoken as the heavy cloak in which the mysterious friend was clothed, fell to the floor, and exposed the mature figure of Mr. Morris, and that word, uttered with a start by Washington, was *Mary*. The suspense was painful, but brief.

'Sir,' said Washingten, instantly recovering, 'this trifling is beneath your station and my dignity. I regret that you must go back to Sir Harry Clinton with the intelligence that your best intercession has failed. See that these persons are conducted beyond the lines in safety,' continued he, throwing open the door of the apartment, and addressing one of his aids.

Abashed and mortified, Mr. Robinson and his sister-in-law took their leave. The woman had gained a conquest once, but her second assault was aimed at a breast invulnerable.

Who is Damaging the Union Cause in the South—Pulpit Politics.

The following, which we take from the National Advertiser of July 2, a Union paper published at New Orleans, under the auspices of our army, will be read with interest. It says:

"The proclamations of Fremont, Phelps Hunter have done much to weaken the cause of the United States. The President's proclamation annulling those of the three Generals is doing much good. *What is most wanted is the exclusion of politics from the pulpit.* The reverened gentlemen occupying the different pulpits should confine their labors to spiritual matters, allowing all men to go to heaven in their own way. This terrible war was brought about by those wearing clearical robes at the North, and if those of similar calling at the South had not been provoked into a course equally adverse to common sense and public good, there would not now be that misery which pervades the whole community, North and South."

It is the exclusion of politics from the pulpit in the North which is most wanted by the Union men of the South. Will Northern patriots see that is done?

A Fling at Dressing Gowns.

My name is Albert Fling. I am an active, business, married man, that is wedded to Mrs. Fling, and married to business. I had the misfortune, some time since, to break a leg; and before it was mended, Madame Fling, hoping to sooth my hours of convalescence, caused to be made for me a dressing gown, which, on due reflection, I believe was modeled after the latest style of straight jacket. This belief is confirmed by the fact that when I put it on, I am at once confined to the house, "get mad," and am soberly convinced that if any of my friends were to see me walking in the street, clad in this apparel they would instantly entertain ideas of insanity.

In the hours of torture endured while wearing it, I have appealed to my dear wife to truly tell me where she first conceived the thought that there was a grain of comfort to be found in bearing it on my back! She has candidly answered that she first read about it in divers English novels, and sundry American novels, the latter invariably a rehash of the first. In both of these varieties of the same species of books, the hero is represented as being very comfortable the instant he dons this garment, put his feet in slippers, picks up a paper and goes to sleep.

A friend of mine, who has discovered that Shakespeare knew all about steam engines, electric telegraphs, cotton-gins, the present rebellion and gas-lights, assures me that dressing gowns are distinctly alluded to in The Tempest:

TRINCULO—O, King Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee.
CALIBAN—Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash

Having thus proved its age, let us next prove that it is in its dotage, and is as much out of place in this nineteenth century as a monkey in a bed of tulips.

We find in the Egyptian temples paintings of priests dressed in these gowns, proofs that they are antiquely heathenish. And as we always associate a man that wear one with Mr. Mantilini, this proves that they are foolish. *Ergo*, as they are old and foolish, as they are in their dotage.

I have three several times, while wearing this gown, been mistaken for Madame Fling by people coming to the house. The first time I was shaving in my chamber, when in bounced Miss X——, who believed, as it was rather late, that I had gone down town.—She threw up her hands, exclaiming:

'Good gracious, Fanny do you shave?'

N. B. Fanny is my wife's first name.

The second time I had brought the wood saw and horse from the cellar, and was exercising myself sawing up my winter's wood in the summer kitchen, according to Dr Howl's advice, when the Irishman from the grocery entered bearing a bundle. My back was to him, and only seeing the gay and flowery gown, he exclaimed, in an awfully audible whisper to the cook—

'Sure yer mistress has the power in her arms jist!'

Think of my wife, my gentle Fanny, having it shouted around the neighborhood that 'her brute of a husband made her saw all the winter's wood—yes, and split it and pile it, too, and make all the fires, and so on and cetera, and, oh! I am glad my husband isn't such a monster!'

I turned on the Irishman, and when he saw my whiskers he quailed.

The third time I was blacking my boots, according to Dr. Howl's advice—"expands the deltoid muscles, is of benefit to the metacapis, stretches the larynx opens the oilosophagers and facilitates expectoration!' I had chosen what Fanny called her conservatory for my field of operation—(the conservatory has two dried fish-geraniums and a dead dog—rose in it, and a bad smelling cat—nip bush,) when who should come running in but the identical Miss X——, who caught me shaving.

'Poor Fanny!' said she, before I could turn round, 'do you black the boots of that odious brute?'

'Miss X——,' said I, turning toward her folding my arms over my dressing-gown, spite of having a damp, unpolished boot on one arm and a wet blacking-brush in the other hand, for I wished to strike a position and an awe at the same time; 'Miss X—— I am that odious brute himself.'

If you had observed her wilt, droop, stutter, fly.

My wife went to the sea shore last summer. I kept the house open, and staid in town; cause, business. When she returned, Miss X——, who lives opposite called to see her. In less than five minutes, my wife was a sad, moaning, desolate, injured, disconsolate, afflicted, etcet. woman.

'How-ow-ow c-ould you d-do it, Al-lal-bert?' she ejaculated, flooding every word as it came out with tears.

'Do what?'

'Oh-woo, oh-woo-wooh-wa-ah!'

Miss X—— here thought proper to leave, casting from her eyes a small hardware shop in the way of daggers at me, as much as to say, You are vicious, and I hate cheese (theatrical for hate ye.)

Fanny, left to herself, revealed all to me. Miss X——, through the Venetian blinds, had seen a—gown in my room late at night.

'It is too true,' said I, 'too, too true.'

'Al-lal-al-bert you will b-b-break my heart. I could tear the d-d-destroyer-oyer of p-p-peace to pieces!'

'Come on,' said I, 'you shall behold the destroyer of your peace. You shall tear her to pieces, or I'll be d—dashed if I don't. I am tired of the blasted thing.'

I grasped her hand and led her to the back chamber. 'There against the wall.'

'It is——' said she.

'It is,' said I, 'my dressing-gown! I will never again put it on my shoulders—never. Here goes!' Rip it went from the tail up the back to the neck.

'Hold, Albert! I will send it to the wounded soldiers.'

'Never! They are men, bricks, warriors. Such female frippery as this shall never degrade them. Into the rag-bag with it, and sell it to the Jews for a pair of China sheep or a crockery shepherd. *Vamos!*'

'Woman is a link between earth and heaven.' To which Prentice replies:—'So is a sausage tossed in the air.'

From the Boston Journal.

Genl. Butler's Woman Order—The General Gives his reason for Issuing It.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, July 2, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR: I am as jealous of the good opinion of my friends as I am careless of the slanders of my enemies, and your kind expression in regard to Order No. 28 led me to say a word to you on the subject.

That it ever could have been so misconceived as it has been by some portions of the Northern press is wonderful, and would lead one to exclaim with the Jew, "O, Father Abraham, what these Christians are, whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect the very thoughts of others."

What was the state of things to which the women order applied?

We were two thousand five hundred men, in a city seven miles long by two to four wide, of a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, all hostile, bitter, defiant, explosive, standing literally on a magazine—a spark only needed for destruction. The devil had entered the hearts of the women of this town (you know seven of them chose Mary Magdalen for a residence,) to stir up strife in every way possible. Every opprobrious epithet, every insulting gesture was made by these bejeweled, becrinolined and laced creatures, calling themselves ladies, towards my soldiers and officers, from the windows of houses and in the streets. How long do you suppose our flesh and blood could have stood this without retort? That would lead to disturbances and riot, from which we must clear the streets with artillery—and then a howl that we had murdered these fine women. I had arrested the men who hurrahed for Beauregard. Could I arrest the women? No. What was to be done? No order could be made save one that would execute itself. With anxious, careful thought I hit upon this: "Women who insult my soldiers are to be regarded and treated as common women plying their vocation."

Pray how do you treat a common woman plying her vocation in the streets? You pass her by unheeded. She can not insult you! As a gentleman, you can and will take no notice of her. If she speaks, her words are not opprobrious. It is only when she becomes a continuous and positive nuisance that you call a watchman and give her in charge to him.

But some of the Northern editors seem to think that whenever one meets such a woman, one must stop her, talk with her, insult her, or hold dalliance with her, and so from their own conduct they construed my order.

The editor of the Boston Courier may so deal with common women, and out of the abundance of the heart his mouth may speak, but so do not I.

Why, those she adders of New Orleans themselves were at once shamed into propriety of conduct by the order, and from that date no woman has either insulted or annoyed any live soldier or officer, and of a certainty no soldier has insulted any woman.

When I passed through Baltimore on the 23d of February last, the members of my staff were insulted by the gestures of the ladies there. Not so in New Orleans.

One of the worst possible of all these women showed disrespect to the remains of gallant young De Kay, and you will see her punishment, a copy of the order which I enclose, is at once a vindication and a construction of my order.

I can only say that I would issue it again under like circumstances. Again thanking you for your kind interest,

I am, truly your friend,
BENJ. F. BUTLER,
Major General Commanding.

A SPECIMEN OF THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS ALLOWED REPUBLICAN JOURNALS.—The Quincy (Illinois) Tribune, a German Republican paper, lately contained the following article:

'The American nation bleeds just now under the blows of the Nemesis for the crime of slavery, which both sections are guilty of. With every new blow, with every death news that reaches the parental house, a spark of enlightenment comes, and our youth dies and bleeds, therefore, not in vain. The longer the chastisement lasts, the more thoroughly will be the change. A good deal has happened already. The army has become Abolitionized, and is becoming more so from day to day. She would long ago have run home, if she could, as her officers. The answer to the President's call for 200,000—300,000 will be a terrible verdict for his war policy. Every body will remain home, and the border States had well look to their self-defense. For from the Administration we need not look for protection against Jackson's columns. She will be forced to conscription, and then the people will feel how foolish it is to refuse the arm of the negro that has been offered.

'We hope then to get an infamous peace, a mediation of France and England, as in Mexico, and then a forced conscription is as impossible as the arming of the negro. The financial misery will do her share, and then well, then—we hope to have a change in Government, either by abdication or impeachment.'

If there is any such thing as treason in words, it is certainly found in abundance in that article. We venture to say, however, that not one English Republican paper will condemn it. They shut their eyes to such manifestations, but engage in the more congenial work of slandering patriotic Democrats.

FURTHER FROM PORT ROYAL.—The negro regiment is divided into seven companies, who are being drilled by their white officers.

Quite a number of officers have resigned without giving any reason, *which is supposed to be the arming of the negroes.*

The 100th Pennsylvania which went on James Island with only seven on their sick list, had, on their return, sixty-seven men disabled by sickness exclusively. On the evacuation of the Island, the men had to carry shells to the boats, weighing 83 pounds, which work caused some of them to drop down.

From the Richmond Enquirer, July 7

An Incident of the Late Battles.

The Yankees are distinguished for the tenacity with which they cling to a presumptious hope. On the day when the battles was set in motion that put to flight the Federal army around Richmond, several of their officers were discussing the nature of the operations in the Valley. One of them was expatiating learnedly upon the predicament in which Jackson was supposed certainly to be, and was engaged in making a diagram on the smooth earth in the yard of one of the farm-houses in which they were quartered, and, "suiting the action to the word," was demonstrating that "here was Jackson," "there was Fremont," "here, again, was Shields," and "there was the army of McDowell," and, "consequently, it was impossible for Jackson to make his escape!" Before the sanguine officer had ceased the disquisition the roar of Jackson's artillery began to be heared, and a ball came pounding away into the very house before which they were standing.—The battle commenced, the defeat succeeded, and among the prisoners brought in by the invincible hero's troops was the identical officer who had convinced himself, and was convincing those around him, that he was not within a hundred miles of the place.

☞The energies of the Irish laborers in some of the Northern cities are taking wrong directions. The negroes are not to blame for working for low wages. They must either work, starve or steal, and it is decidedly to their credit that they are willing to work for low wages in preference to pilfering. The Irish may be certain that the negro will exact as high wages as he can, and that he does not work for the love of the thing. Of course manufacturers will employ those who will do their work best for the least money, and if the negro, rather than starve, will work for less than the Irish, capitalists will employ the negro. This is a settled law of political economy and common sense. The superfluous muscle of the Hibernians had better be expended upon the Abolition politicians, whose pestiferous agitations have assisted in producing the war which is ruining the country, and whose policy has created so considerable an influx of negroes into the free States. If any class deserves to be kicked about this matter that class is the Abolitionists, and the best sort of kicking to give them is to kick them out of offices which they only fill to disgrace them and to bring untold calamities upon the people.—Maysville Eagle.

TO PLAY ALL FOURS.—Drink some bottled stout, two bottles of port, a glass of Maraschino, a jorum of whiskey punch, and a tumbler of British brandy, and you will find before you get home, how very easy it is to play at *all-fours*."

'Define the word virgin,' said a schoolteacher to a pupil who had been some short time in the Latin class. Pupil—'Vir, a man; gin, a trap,—Virgin, a man trap!'

A man in love may be likened to a fly in a spider's web, entangled in one of the most fragile substances, yet the most difficult from which to escape.

FALSE—One half the reports and two-thirds of the bosoms that you run against in society now-a-days.

'My dear lady, your daughter is lovely—a perfect little pearl.' 'And pray, sir, what am I?' 'Oh! you are the mother of pearl.'

☞Several Churches at Washington have been seized for hospital purposes.

'Come here, my dear. I want to ask you all about your sister. Now tell me truly, has she got a beau?' 'No, it's the jaundice she's got—the doctor says so.'

What is the difference between a schoolmaster and a rail road conductor? One trains the mind, the other minds the train.

Seeing that Horn was quite lame, one of his friends, the other day, asked him the cause. 'A fever sore,' was the reply. 'On the heel?' 'On the *heal*," echoed the inveterate, 'no—I wish it was!'

We have seen the auto-biography of the blacksmith who "rivetted the public gaze."

☞It is stated that the Committee on Ways and Means agreed, to-day, to report to the House a bill making postage stamps a legal currency, and that the idea was recommended by Secretary Chase.

☞The President has approved the Confiscation Act and the acts supplementary thereto. The President has also approved of various other bills of a public and private character.

FIVE BROTHERS KILLED—It is stated that five brothers in the Fifth Vermont Regiment, of the name of Clayton, were all killed in the recent Virginia battles.

THEN AND NOW.—Fifteen years ago Gen. Scott, with his brave and patriotic army, was in Mexico to vindicate our outraged and insulted flag. It is enough to stir one's blood with indignation to read the editorial articles of the unpatriotic press in Connecticut and Massachusetts at the time on our noble little army who were then fighting the country's battles. Colonel Ransom, Colonel Seymour, and other brave officers, were maligned without stint. One editor, who is to day urging that the present war be turned into an Abolition raid, published this atrocious sentiment:

"It would be a sad and woful joy—but a joy, nevertheless—to hear that the hordes under Scott and Taylor were, every man of them, swept into the next world."

These men now defend Garrison and Phillips, and denounce all who oppose their schemes for overthrowing the Constitution and the Union, as "traitors."—Hartford (Conn.) Times, July 9.

The New York and Brooklyn Police Departments, numbering about two thousand men, have been authorized to exert their influence in obtaining volunteers for the United States Army.