

# THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

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## THE BULLETIN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
**ROSS & ROSSER,**  
Editors and Proprietors.

MAYSVILLE, - - - OCTOBER 9,

**CHANGES OF THE WORLD.**—It may well be conceived that the earth is not so green as when the five generations of men walked upon it, nor do the lights of Heaven now shine upon it with a splendor so refulgent; but of these pictures the colors are as fresh, the beauty as resplendent, as when they were newly produced. This is truly surprising, especially when compared with the ruin which has fallen on other things which seemed destined to enjoy a more lengthened existence. "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field." When these words were spoken, the broad walls of Babylon still stood; the banks of the Tigris and the Nile were adorned with cities, whose greatness even then was of ancient days; Greece and Rome were still starting, young and vigorous, in their career, and no symptoms of decay or ruin were visible on the earth; but now look around and survey the world, and see whether Time has not ratified the doom pronounced by the prophet on all terrestrial glory. What is the earth but a wide burial ground of cities, nations and empires? Where now are the temples of Egypt? They are crushed and gone—not a footprint is now heard in the once populous No—and even the pyramids of that land are slowly sinking into the earth, as if they were unwilling to be longer a burden on its soil, or to expose their immense but useless bulk to the eyes of men. Tadmor erects, in the midst of her sands, a few broken columns—all that time, and the ravages of barbarous nations, have left her of her many princely splendors.

### The Abolitionists of the North and the Secessionists of the South are the Cause of the War.

This is a very common phrase among the Democratic speakers and writers of the North; and the Abolition or Republican papers, writers and speakers denounce such language as disloyal and dangerous, and only emanating from sympathizers with JEFF. DAVIS.

If the first is illogical the second is false, and hence nothing is settled by this discussion or charges back and forth. We admit the language used by the Democrats is not strictly correct, nor is it good logic. So far the Republicans have reason to object to it. Secession is not the cause of the war, but the effect of Abolitionism. Abolitionism produced Secessionism, and Secessionism was the act of war not the cause. Had Abolitionism been defeated Secession would not have taken place, and war would never have occurred.

Therefore Abolitionism is the origin of this war and the freedom of the slaves being the purpose of Abolitionism, it will be satisfied with nothing else, and to that end it has been precipitated by the same faction and influences which originated the sectional conflict. The great middle man North and South who stood for years between the contending extremes, are in the end the extremes themselves, and though in the end the extremes will pay the penalty.—Columbus (O.) Crisis.

### From the Columbus Crisis.

#### "Is not this a Death Blow to the Hope"

A most intelligent friend writing us from Pennsylvania, enclosing money for *The Crisis*, adds:

"We have just received the President's Confiscation proclamation. My God! What next?—The war has returned to her wallow." Is not this a death-blow to the hope of Union?"

We have no doubt that this Proclamation seals the fate of this Union as it was and the Constitution as it is. In fact, this is the avowed purpose of the radical conspirators who drove the President to issue it.—Greeley openly avows it, and declares that "the Union as it is" should be "consummated." The Union "as it should be" in the eyes of these abolition devils in white cravats, is a very different Union from that which our fathers entered the army to fight for. The "glorious flag" with its "stars and stripes," of which we have heard so much for the last year and a half, now flutters, torn and tattered, the bewilderment of the beholder and the faded monument of past glories.

The time is brief when we shall have a DICTATOR PROCLAIMED, for this Proclamation can never be carried out except under the iron rule of the worst kind of despotism. This is the programme and all men may as well be prepared to meet it first as last.

Bread has just been made from corn 1800 years old, found at Pompeii. Moreover it is said that a batch of eighty-odd loaves from a Pompeian oven, oddly preserved from the heat of the lava by a thick coating of ashes, has also been discovered in the recent explorations of the ruins.

A new variety of flying fish was recently caught about one hundred and twenty miles from Melbourne in Australia. It was seventeen inches long and the back had a beautiful rose color. The flappers or wings was disproportionately large, variegated irregular spots.

### Important to the People of the North-west.

From the Columbus Ohio Crisis.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 25, 1862.

As we have now, if reports be reliable, achieved a brilliant and decisive victory in the bloodiest and hardest fought battles of the war, it becomes us, as reasonable men, to determine what use we shall make of its influence. Shall we use it for the purpose of acquiring more recruits for further slaughter; or shall we, as sensible men, as victors, apply it to the attainment of a just and honorable peace? This latter is the object of all just wars, and should never be neglected when opportunities are presented. There are many reasons why this subject should be attentively considered. The war has already assumed gigantic proportions—has deluged the country with blood, and in its continuance threatens the land with desolation. This is not all, but the ostensible object for which the war was originally waged has proved an entire failure. Union by war is not now within the range of possibility.—While there was a Union sentiment in the South, there was a probability of its being lifted up by the assistance of Northern arms, and so made superior to the forces which opposed it. But now the South is well known to be a unit, and resolutely determined on separation. Under these circumstances, Union, by war, is an impossibility. Conquest, however, which rests in the superiority of forces, may still be attainable, but if attained would not be worth the millionth part of the blood and treasure required for its acquisition.

Union and conquest are very different things. One exists in assent, the other in subjugation; one is by agreement, the other by force; one is the relation of equals, the other of conquerors and conquered; one is through amity, the other through a clash of arms; and one engenders sociability, while the other engenders hate. We do not, therefore, if we be wise, want conquest, for it would be alike injurious to the conquerors and the conquered. What then do we want? We want the unity of North and South, to swell the proportions of our National strength, and their relations so conditioned as to give us the benefits of a remunerative commerce. These two ends attained, it is hard to see how sensible men can want anything else. But madmen may want blood. These ends, we think, may now, under a judicious management of conditions as they now exist, be acquired and secured in such a way as to redound alike to the interests of both North and South. But they will never be attained by war. We may destroy the South, burn her cities, pillage her homes, and murder her people, but in doing so we, and particularly we of the Northwestern States, will, of necessity, destroy ourselves. So intimately are the South and West connected, that the destruction of the one follows the destruction of the other as inevitable. To elucidate this point, let us refer to a few plain statistical facts. Both sections are agricultural, and depend alike upon agricultural results. Take, then, the agricultural exports of the nation for any given year preceding the war, and they will show in a light which the most artful sophistry cannot bewilder, the absolute dependence of one section upon the other. Take the year 1859, the year preceding the year of our late Presidential election, which struck down the amity of Northern and Southern relations. In that year the agricultural exports of the whole nation amounted, in round numbers, to the sum of \$199,000,000. Of this sum \$161,000,000 alone were cotton, and \$21,000,000 tobacco, leaving but \$18,000,000 of all other agricultural productions. All the cotton was of Southern growth, and very near all the tobacco. So near was the tobacco all Southern, that by giving the cereals and provisions of the Border Slave States, and the rice of the Southern to the Northern States, we may, for calculation, assume that these two great staples are wholly Southern. These two aggregated, gives us the joint sum of \$182,000,000, and present it as so much Southern export, standing against the meagre sum of \$18,000,000 of Northern growth.—The contrast is overwhelming, and were there not a commercial relation to overcome this inequality the Southern States would be exorbitantly rich, and the Northwest be miserably poor. But we have an interior commerce not estimated in the exports of the nation. Of this interior, commerce Cincinnati alone, in the year above assumed as the basis of these calculations, exported the round sum of \$117,000,000. These figures show how small a sum, \$18,000,000, our whole Northern exterior agricultural export, is of our Northwestern resources. Pittsburg, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and Louisville, are also important points of shipment and, in the aggregate, no doubt, double or treble the exports of Cincinnati.

When we deprived of our inland commerce and confined to an export of eighteen millions a year, our fields would grow up in brambles and our cities become the abode of owls. But the commercial unity of North and South is our vitality. By our interior commerce the productions of these two great sections are intermingled, and in their combination become a national export.

The Southern planter finds his labor more remunerative in the growth of cotton, consequently, he turns his attention exclusively to its production, and, by so doing, allows the Northwestern farmer to raise his bread. By this operation our corn, wheat and provisions—which feed the slave while he labors in the growth of the Southern staple, go into the bale of cotton, and in that form and character are exported to Europe, from whence gold is returned in exchange, to nourish the Northwestern corn, wheat, oats, hay and barley fields, as well as the cotton fields of the South. When the planter receives his money for one crop, he expends it for Northwestern provisions, with which to feed his negroes while they are raising another.

Had it not been for the advantages thus given us, of a rich and profitable Southern market, the Northwest would still be a wilderness should it lose this richest of its markets, it must greatly diminish in its importance. The European market might, probably, in some way be improved. But

as experience has shown us, that the Baltic and Black seas—in three years out of four—can furnish bread stuffs to Western Europe cheaper than they can be furnished by us, our prosperity never can be restored through that source of commerce.

It is thus plain that the loss of the Southern market must be the loss of the Northwestern prosperity.

If we abandon the idea of raising up a Union sentiment in the Southern States, and rely upon conquest and subjugation, then, were these ends possible, we would be no nearer than we now are to our lost advantages, for should the Southern people be conquered, there would remain in them a spirit of hatred, which to say the least of consequences, would make them the growers of their own food; and to destroy or annihilate them—an idea that we can scarcely pen without a shudder, at the very thought of having men among us, base enough to entertain it—would be to destroy the whole Southern market, for dead men need no provisions. When the turf has once closed upon them, and the night of desolation set in on their once happy homes, all their earthly wants are then supplied.

To destroy the institution of slavery, by breaking the relation of slave and master, would be as disastrous as annihilation, for free negroes, unsupported by white men, are drones on the commercial world. Their conception of liberty are exemptions from labor, conditions which grow no cotton, nor in any other way produce material wealth. Freed negroes could, it is true, consume our provisions, but our wary merchants will be very careful not to sell to people who are unable to pay.

The great prosperity of the Northwest has grown directly out of Slave labor, and the folly of England and France in regard to it. About thirty years ago those two nations, in their visionary ideas of freedom, abolished slavery in their American possessions. Soon after these events, the cotton gin was invented, and other improvements made in the manufacture of cotton fabrics. These created a demand for the Southern staple. But no demand could induce the freed negroes of the West Indies to be extensive producers. They, like their progenitors in Africa, preferred lying down in the shade. As a consequence, the world became dependent on the slave-holding States of America. This dependence so increased the price of cotton, as to induce the Southern planter to abandon all other pursuits, and, as we have above said, to rely on the Northwestern farmer for his provisions. Until 1840, Tennessee produced more corn than Ohio. But since then comparisons have changed. Ohio is now much the greater producer of that staple, unless the war has driven Tennessee back to her former productions. If so, and this change be common over the whole South, then the Northwest is the greatest sufferer, for it is a change which has taught the Southern people to raise their own bread, and no longer depend upon our staples.

The demand, which the demand for cotton, threw on the Northwestern States for bread and provisions, sent a flood of prosperity over this entire Northwestern country. A rich market was found at home. This caused our cities to raise and our forests and prairies to come, as if by magic, into cultivation. It was the lever of all power, and the inducement of all growth. The German, the Irishman, the Englishman, the Scotman, the Frenchman and the Italian, came to our country to catch a portion of that golden flood which drifted through Southern cotton fields into the corn and wheat fields of the Upper Mississippi Valley. They come, no doubt, with various idealities, but they came because they saw—but from what cause, they may not have known—a chance for bettering their conditions. They acquired lands, built houses, in a word, grew rich, and while so growing, cursed slavery while they were fattening on its labors. In this wild career of contradictions, they continued—particularly the Germans—until they became the fiercest in the great effort now making to destroy the great cause of their prosperity. Few people, if any, have ever shown such blind stupidity. But we may save ourselves for objects near at hand. The foreigner, falsely educated in regard to American affairs, who has heard of negro slavery but never seen its workings, may indulge in wild and farcical speculations. But when an American President, a citizen of the great Northwestern country, and a native of a slave holding community, bends to the fanatical lash and embarks with the power of a nation in the same suicidal policy, modesty, at least, demands forbearance, in the blows aimed at lesser backs. A want of capacity may be an apology for public as for private men. But ignorance, even a blunder in a President, is worse than a crime.

We have already exhausted the stores of the nation. Three hundred thousand of our young men have already been sent to untimeless graves, a debt of a thousand millions of dollars, in the shape of objects near at hand, has been heaped upon us. Taxes, duties, and excises, meet us in every thing we eat, drink, sell or buy, and now, while thus burdened and diminished, shall the war, which its friends admit to be a failure, in the object for which it was instituted, "to raise up a Union spirit in the Southern States," be continued to destroy the great source and only hope of Northwestern prosperity. For one we protest against it. If Union be no longer attainable every other object for which the war is waged, unless for self-defence, should be at once abandoned. America, which may some day be required to fight all Europe, should not be exhausted by her own feuds.

### The Wandering Jew.

This legend is the foundation of Croly's Salathiel, and we know not of how many other romances. Dr. J. O. Noyes has recently brought out a volume entitled, "The Border land of the Christian and the Turk," in which he gives, *professionally*, the literal version as it exists among the Musselmans.

A wild and terrible legend is that of the middle ages, which personified the Jewish nation by the traits of the Wandering Jew. It represents an old man with naked feet, uncovered head, and long white beard, wandering ceaselessly over the earth. His face is pale. A mark of blood is upon his forehead. His eyes burn like sapphires beneath their oblique lids. With an eagle-like nose and blood-like eyes, squalid and harsh in his features, and clad in a coarse woollen gown, he ever pursues his interminable journey. Speaking all languages and traversing all lands—knowing not the purposes of God concerning himself, and ever driven onward by a secret impulse, he is transported from place to place with the speed of the wind; and as the long centuries come successively to a close, his old age renews itself with the vigor of youth, in order that he may complete the weary round of ages.

The people wonder as he hastens past.—Once or twice only has he paused to tell his story. He was of the Jewish nation; Ahasuerus by name, and a shoemaker by trade. Dwelling in Jerusalem, he persecuted our Saviour, and was of those who cried "crucify him." The sentence of death having been pronounced, he ran to his house, before which Jesus was to pass on the way to Calvary. Taking his child in his arms, he stood at the door, with all his family to behold the procession. Our Saviour, weighed down by the heavy burden of the cross, leaned for a moment against the wall, and the Jew, to manifest his zeal, cruelly struck the innocent one, and pointing to the place of execution, bade him go on. Then Jesus, turning to the weeping child of Israel, said:

"Thou shalt rest to the son of God; I go, for it must needs be; but for thee there shall be no rest or repose until I return. Go forth on thy journey; leave thy own; traverse mountains and seas—leaving neither in the cities nor the deserts, nowhere—not even in the tomb. As an example to the Universe, and bearing everywhere the heavy weight of my curse; much shall thou long for death, thy deliverance, but shalt not die until the day of judgment!" He assists at the crucifixion, and then goes forth a mysterious stranger, whose feet shall become familiar with lands.

How, age after age, he longs for the sweets of death, and the repose of the tomb! But in spite of death, he must live on; his dust shall not mingle with that of his ancestors. He drags himself from a gloomy cavern of Mount Carmel, shaking the dust from the beard grown even to his knees. Nine grinning skulls are before him. He seizes and hurls them from the top of the mountain, and they go bounding down from rock.—They are the skulls of his parents, of his wife and six children, all of whom have been able to die; but he cannot. He rushes into the flames of falling Jerusalem, and attempts to bury himself beneath the crumbling ruins of Rome; but in vain. Flying from cities and men, the wanderer seeks the solitary places of the earth. Passing beyond the region of verdure and of dashing torrents, his feet tread the seas of amethyst and opal. Above him are only peaks shrouded in mists and eternal snows. The daring eagle soars not so high. There are no sounds save the cracking of the glaciers. The soul seems almost to touch the heavens above.—There, surely the Wandering Jew shall rest! No. An Angel unheathes a sword of flaming fire, and lo! the wanderer beholds once more in the heavens the drama of the Crucifixion. The way from earth to heaven is strewed with myriads of celestial being radiant with light. Before him are all the martyrs, and saints and sages who ever lived and died. For a moment he gazes upon this vision, then turns away, chased by the sword of flame and demons of frightful form.

Again he wanders over the earth, ever with five pieces of copper in his pocket, ever with the mark of blood upon his forehead. Maddened with the agony of life, he throws himself into the crater of Etna, but the boiling liquid and sulphurous flames harm him not. The floods of lava vomit him forth, for his hour is not yet come.—Embarking upon the sea, the wind raises its surface into mountain waves—the vessel divides, and all perish save the Wandering Jew. He sinks in the ocean, his waves cast him upon the baked shores. His plunges into a hundred bloody conflicts without sword or shield. All in vain. The leaden balls rain harmlessly upon him; battle axes and scimiters glance from his charmed body. Where mounted squadrons fight with fury of demons, he casts himself under the feet of the horsemen, and is unharmed, so riveted are his soul and body together. He says to Nero "Thou art drunk with blood." To Christian and Musselman, "Thou art drunk with blood." They invent the most horrible tortures for his punishment, yet injure him not. Leaving in his vain pursuit of death, the lands that throb with life and industry, the Wandering Jew threads the solitary jungles of the tropics. He walks in poisoned air. Fiery serpents sports around him, but none dare venture to harm. And thus he wanders,

Traversing mountains and seas, Pausing neither in the cities nor the deserts, Nowhere—not even the tomb.

**PROPHCY FULFILLED.**—"If these infernal fanatics and abolitionists ever get power in their hands," said the great Webster on a memorable occasion, "they will override the Constitution, set the Supreme Court at defiance, change and make laws to suit themselves, lay violent hands on those who differ with them in their opinion, or dare question their infallibility, and finally bankrupt the country, or deluge it with blood." Millions of such warnings says a contemporary, were impotent to stay the tide of abolition fanaticism. It reached power, and in a few short months the most of this prophecy is already fulfilled. To save the country from further calamities, let the people unite to put down the author of them all—abolition.—Providence Post.

Rev. C. Billings Smith made a war speech the other day at Waterloo, and said he was in favor of four things, viz: emancipation, confiscation, extermination and damnation.—These sentiments were uproariously applauded by the Republicans present.—Independence (Iowa) Citizen.

When men, by age, fail in sight and hearing, they had better console themselves with thought that they have seen and heard quite enough.

### POLITENESS REWARDED.

A gentleman, on leaving the opera one evening previous to the fall of the curtain, overtook, in the lobby, an elderly lady, making her way out to avoid a crowd. She was dressed in a most peculiar manner, with hoop and brocade, and a pyramid of hair; in fact, she was at least a century behind the rest of the world in her costume. So singular an apparition had attracted the attention of half-a-dozen Lord Dukes and Sir Harrys sitting in the lobby, and as she slowly moved towards the box-entrance, they amused themselves by making impertinent remarks on her extraordinary dress and infirm gait. Directly our gentleman caught sight of them, and saw what they were after, he went to her assistance, threatened to give them in charge to a Bow-street officer, and with a polite bow, offered her his arm. She accepted it; and on the stairs he inquired whether she had a chair or carriage, at the same time intimating his willingness to go for one. "I thank you, sir, I have my chair," replied the lady, "if you will be only good enough to remain with me till it arrives." As she was speaking, her servants came up with it, and making the cavalier a very stately courtesy, she requested to know to whom she had the honor of being indebted for so much attention. "My name, madam," replied the stranger, as he handed her to the chair, is Boothby; but I am usually called Prince Boothby; upon which the antiquated old lady thanked him once more, and left. Well, from that hour Boothby never saw her again, and did not even hear of her till her death, which took place a few years after, when he received a letter from her lawyer, announcing to him the agreeable intelligence of her having left him heir to several thousand a year.

The following correspondence has passed between Gen. Tuttle and Secretary Stanton:

Cairo, September 19.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War: General Grant is sending here large lots of negro women and children, and directs me to ask you what to do with them. Parties in Chicago and other cities wish them over to responsible committees, to be so employed? If so, can I transport them at Government expense? J. M. TUTTLE, Brig. Gen. Com'dg District of Cairo.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18, 1862.

Brigadier General Tuttle: You are authorized to turn over to responsible committees, negro woman and children, who will take them in charge and provide them with employment and support in the Northern States, and you may furnish transportation at Government expense. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Five, ten and twenty-five cents Government shipplasters have made their appearance here in small quantities. They look like a tremendous "war power," should whip anything of their size that the Confederates can produce.—Columbus (O.) Crisis.

Many a married soldier, says Prentice, goes through a campaign without a scratch and that's better than they can do at home.

**THE ADVANTAGE OF USING TOBACCO.**—The following was communicated to Com. Wilkes, of the exploring expedition, by a savage of the Feegee Islands. He stated that a vessel, the hull of which was still lying on the beach, had come ashore in a storm, and that all the crew had fallen into the hands of the islanders.

"What did you do with them?" inquired Wilkes.

"Killed 'em all," answered the savage.

"What did you do with them after you had killed them?"

"Eat 'em good," returned the cannibal.

"Did you eat them all?" asked the half-sick commodore.

"Yes, we eat all but one."

"And why did you spare one?"

"Because he taste too much like tobacco. Couldn't eat now."

If a tobacco chewer should happen to fall into the hands of New Zealand savages, or get shipwrecked somewhere in the Feegee group, he will have the consolation of knowing that he will not be cut into steaks and buried in the unconsecrated stomach of a cannibal.

An excellent furniture polish is made with one pint of Linseed oil and about a half a gill of alcohol, stirred well together and applied well to the furniture with a linen rag. After this it is rubbed dry with a soft cotton cloth and finished by rubbing with an old piece of silk, when, after several applications, a most beautiful gloss on the furniture will be the result.

A mule driver in the army was swearing at and kicking a pair of balky mules, when the general, who was annoyed at his profanity ordered him to stop.

"Who are you?"

"Commander of the brigade?"

"I'm commander of these mules, and I'll do as I please, or resign and you can have my place!"

"The general passed on!"

The several hospitals at Washington now contain over 19,000 patients about 4,000 wounded, altogether have arrived there since the late battles in Maryland, and are accommodated in the hospitals. More new hospitals will be opened in a few days.

A certain preacher in Iowa once took the text, "Husbands, love your wives." Having proceeded to a great length on the main subject, he arrived at his application much out of breath. Pausing for a moment, to wipe the sweat from his brow, he glanced towards Emily (his wife) and began as follows: "Now, brethren, we certainly don't love our wives as we'd order! I don't love Emily as I'd order, but if I was to have another wife, I'd love her better'n Ihev Emily."

**GREEN TOMATO PRE.**—Stew a quart of green tomatoes sliced in two cups of sugar. When done, put three teaspoonful of tartaric acid to them, and bake between two crusts. This will make a good-sized pie.

### CANNING FRUIT.

The best cans are wide-mouthed glass bottles, and use no cork.—Lay them in a pan of cold water, (warm, if you please) set them over a kettle of hot water, while your fruit is heating in a nicely cleaned brass or porcelain kettle. Allow three ounces of sugar to a pound of peaches, and four ounces to a pound of cherries or currants. If you have a very sweet tooth, you may like more; taste and ascertain.—Now remember the old couplet,

"A pint's a pound  
The world around."

and you will find that two pounds of fruit, with the sugar, will fill a quart can. As soon as the fruit begins to boil, empty the now hot water from one of your bottles, set on a plate, (so as to save what is spilled,) fill it full, wipe the edge of the bottle, and have ready a cover to put on immediately, prepared as follows:—The simplest, cheapest, and surest way, is to take two tablespoonfuls of rosin, (pound the large lumps, so you can measure it,) and one of gum—(take a piece of bees-wax as large as a hickory nut, and melt together. Take a piece of cotton drilling, (or any thick, strong cloth,) lay it on a moderately hot stove, and spread the cement upon it sufficiently large to cover the edge of the bottle, put it on, cement downward, tie firmly, and spread upon top, and your work is done. A depression in the top will show you that a vacuum is formed and your work perfect. A word of caution about the shellac may save perplexity. If not good, it will not mix with the rosin and form a smooth cement, but settle in a hard lump, and the more it is heated the worse it will be. If good, it will be found to be clear on being held up to the light; if not, full of black specks. Such is my experience.

Large-mouthed crocks can be sealed in this way, if the glazing is good. Last year I filled a two gallon crock, seven inches across the top, and in January the fruit was excellent.

Save all the covers; they can be used many times by placing them in your cement pan in the oven, and adding new where needed.—H. S. L., in Rural New Yorker.

**LEMON PIE.**—Crust made and placed on tins the same as for apple pie; slice very thin the half of a common sized lemon, with the peel shaved off; scatter this peel, chopped fine, upon the bottom crust, among your slices. Stir together enough sweet milk with a heaping tablespoonful of flour to make a thin batter, then add two-thirds of a teaspoonful of sugar and a teaspoonful of sweet milk.—Stir all well together and pour slowly over your slices in the tin; cover with a crust, the same as the bottom, and bake rather slowly.

**TOMATO FIGS.**—Take plum or pear-shaped tomatoes, sliced and peel them. To sixteen pounds of fruit put six pounds of sugar; boil until soft, then take them out, put in a dish, and flatten them. Dry them in the sun; then pack in a jar or box and sift white sugar over every layer. Cover the jar or box with paper, and they will keep for a year.

**TOMATO PRESERVES.**—Take the round yellow variety as soon as ripe, scald and peel; then to seven pounds of tomatoes add seven pounds of white sugar, and let them stand over night; take the tomatoes out of the sugar, and boil the sirup, removing the scum; put in the tomatoes, and boil gently fifteen or twenty minutes; remove the fruit again, and boil until the sirup thickens.—On cooling, put the fruit into jars, pour the sirup over it, add a few slices of lemon to each jar, and you will have something to please the taste of the most fastidious.

A Pennsylvania editor says, "somebody brought a bottle of sour water into our office, with a request to notice it as lemon beer.—If Esau was green enough to sell his birth right for a mess of pottage, it does not prove that we will tell a four shilling lie for five cents."

Most everybody is willing to collect the taxes, but hardly anybody is desirous of paying them. The Emperor of China, once on a time, issued an edict that everybody should about at a given time. Nobody should about the deaf of his kingdom, the rest being equally anxious with the king to hear the noise that would be made. And that is the way with tax-paying.

**STILL THEY COME.**—The Gallipolis Journal states that an exodus of negroes from the South, 500 in number, reached that place on Monday last. It is reported, it says, that as many more are yet to come. The Journal well says, "how these creatures are to live over winter is hard to tell." Their advent tokens no good to any one. Whites and blacks together will suffer by their coming. Our Legislature refused to prevent it, and the people themselves must meet the question and decide it.—(Portsmouth Times).

It will never do in the world to have black officers in the army, because in hot weather the black officers would always out-rank the white ones, and would consequently be in bad odor with the rest of the army. There would be nothing but fuming on one side and perfuming on the other, and the army would soon stink in the nostrils of the nation.—Nashville Union.

The Columbus Crisis, of October 1st, says: "The most remarkable fact to us is, that little or no intercourse seems to exist between Gen. McClellan and the Government. Even to a late day President Lincoln declares that he has but little information of the details of affairs on the upper Potomac. So say all writers from Washington. Yet McClellan's headquarters are only about sixty miles from Washington in a direct line, and it is now nearly two weeks since the battles! This is strange and unaccountable. We have been assured, on very 'reliable authority,' that the telegrams sent from Washington over the wires, with McClellan's name attached, were never written or seen by him before their appearance in the newspapers. Is this the reason why he has ceased all communication with the Government, or what else does it mean?"

If we live according to nature we can never be poor; if according to opinion we can never be rich.