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### Farewell!

Faretheewell! but not for ever;  
We may part but for a while;  
Absence grieves, but cannot sever,  
Love would greet it with a smile.  
Faretheewell! but when I leave thee,  
May my thoughts forever be  
True to one who will not grieve me,  
As my heart is true to thee.  
Though my thoughts may wander often  
From the one I long to see;  
Mayhap 'twill please, mayhap 'twill soften,  
To know that heart is still with thee.  
Faretheewell! and if in sadness  
You should feel forgot by me,  
Perhaps 'twill soothe your heart to gladness,  
To know that heart still clings to thee.

What sweet things are gentle words,  
—sweeter than the first young rose of summer time!  
Words that breathe of love and tenderness  
and comfort to the troubled spirit  
and the broken heart, are a soothing balm  
—a treasure to be cherished fondly as riches  
—sweeter than anything earth can bestow.

"It is not much the world can give,  
With all its subtle art,  
And gold and gems are not the things  
To satisfy the heart;  
But oh! if those who cluster round  
The altar and the hearth,  
Have gentle words and loving smiles,  
How beautiful is earth!"

### Decision.

If you gently stroke a rattle,  
Mark! it stings you for your pains;  
But seize it like a man of mettle,  
And it soft as silk remains.  
To daily much with subjects mean and low,  
Proves that the mind is weak, or makes it so.  
Neglected talents rust into decay,  
And every effort ends in push-pin play.  
The man that means success, should soar above  
A soldier's feather or a lady's glove.

### CURIOS FACTS.

The following curious facts with regard to our Presidents, appear from history:  
George Washington, the first President, died without children. He was re-elected.  
John Adams, the second President, had children. He was not re-elected.  
Thomas Jefferson, the third President, died without children. He was re-elected.  
James Madison, the fourth President, died without children. He was re-elected.  
James Monroe, 5th President, died without children. He was re-elected.  
John Q. Adams, 6th President, had children. He was not re-elected.  
Andrew Jackson, 7th President, had no children. He was re-elected.  
Martin Van Buren, 8th President, had children. He was not re-elected.  
William Henry Harrison, 9th President, had children. He died in about one month after he was sworn into office.  
John Tyler, 10th President, had children. He was not re-elected.  
James K. Polk, 11th President, had no children, and declined the nomination for a second term.  
Zachary Taylor, 12th President, had children. He died before the expiration of his term.  
Millard Fillmore, 13th President, had children, and was not re-elected.  
Franklin Pierce, 14th President, had children, and was not re-elected.  
James Buchanan, 15th President, has no children, and *non re-erectus*.  
From the above facts, it appears that no President who ever had children has been re-elected to the Chief Magistracy of the Nation, while with the exception of Mr. Polk, who declined a re-nomination, all those having no children have been re-elected.

**THE RISE OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.**—When George the III, came to the throne there was a little boy at Frankfurt who did not dream of ever having anything to do, personally, with the great states of Europe. He was in the first stages of training for the Jewish priesthood. His name was Meyer Rothschild. For some reason or other he was placed in a counting house at Hanover, and he soon discovered what he was fit for. He began humbly as an exchange broker, and went on to be banker of the Landgrave of Hesse, whose private fortune he saved by his shrewdness, when Napoleon overran Germany. How he left a large fortune and a commercial character of the highest order, and how his five sons settled in five great cities of Europe, and have had more authority over war and peace, and the destinies of nations, than the sovereigns themselves, the world pretty well knows.—Despotic monarchs must be dependent on money-lenders, unless they are free from debt and can command unlimited revenues for untold purposes, which is never true of despotic sovereigns.

☞ When a Spaniard eats a peach or pear by the roadside, wherever he is, he digs a hole in the ground with his foot, and covers the seed. Consequently, all over Spain, by the road-sides and elsewhere, fruit in great abundance tempts the taste, and is ever free. Let this practice be imitated in our country, and the weary wanderer will be blest, and will bless the hand that ministered to his comfort and joy. We are bound to leave the world as good, or better than we found it, and he is a selfish churl, who basks under the shadow, and eats the fruit of trees which other hands have planted, if he will not plant trees which shall yield fruit to coming generations.

## EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF THE HON. JAS. BROOKS, Before the Democratic Union Association, September 29, 1862.

Hon. James Brooks, on rising, was received with great cheering. As soon as silence was restored, he said:

The next proposition of the proclamation is compensation for slaves. Here I plant my foot down on the steps of my fathers, in this, and other Northern States, and tell the South to abolish slavery there as our fathers did, and pay for their slaves when they abolish the institution, and not force taxation upon us to pay for the emancipation of their slaves. [Applause.] I will not tax the poor man of the North nor the rich man of the North to pay for the emancipation of slaves in Texas, North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, or any where else. There is no such authority in Congress to appropriate money for any such purpose whatever. All of these Northern States have abolished slavery by their own free will, and under their own laws have compensated the people or not compensated them as the people of the States willed. And yet the President of the United States, in the exercise of the power of the Executive, promises to call upon Congress to tax the people of the North for the compensation of slaves, loyal or disloyal. What are we, who are about to be more and more burdened by taxation, to be taxed even as the people of England and France are taxed on every thing we eat, drink, wear and move about in? Are we to tax the laborer of the North, earning for his family, a dollar or two dollars a day, for the emancipation of slaves in distant States of the Union, over whose local interests, over whose municipal authorities, in whose debts or credits, or in whose systems of government we have no earthly right to exercise any power, and in which we have but little interest? [Cheers.]

The next proposition of the President is a huge system of colonization for these slaves. Coming as he does from the State of Illinois, his own Republican State which gave him the Republican vote, imbued with the idea of the Western people that they will not have negroes to live and dwell among them—he proposes to tax the Treasury of the United States millions upon millions to colonize, in Chiriqui or elsewhere, some three or four millions of negroes, at the expense of the North. Why, never did a dreamier idea enter the head, it seems to me, of any wild Utopian scheming philosopher [Laughter and applause.]

The abduction, the emancipation, the colonization of four millions of human beings from the cotton and rice fields of the South, from the tropical districts of that region, where only the negro can work, where the white man can not possibly labor under that tropical sun, the colonization of three or four millions of once happy human beings to some foreign country, on some wild prospect of emigration, and the taxation of twenty millions of Northern people to pay the expenses of this negro colonization, is utterly impossible and never will take place. Whatever the President may say, or whatever he may dream of, the southern negro will remain here in the land of his adoption and now the land of his birth, and the only question left for us to settle is, whether remaining States shall be left untrammelled, unnotified and undisturbed by us, as they have been, from the foundation of the Government, or whether we shall use the power of the army to subvert and destroy the authority of their masters and install these slaves as masters of the Southern States of this Union, [“never, never,”] and when thus installed, whether we shall have partnerships with them.

For one, I am ready to say that if the time ever arises when Georgia or Alabama, or Virginia or Louisiana, is governed by negroes, with a negro judiciary, negro senators in Congress, and negro representatives, it is quite time for the white people of the North to dissolve partnership with any such State. [Loud cheers.] All these, however, are dreams of negro liberty, equality and fraternity; and if the schemes of the President are carried out, there must inevitably follow what the Abolitionists now demand of him, the arming of the slaves, their adoption into the army of the United States, and our recognition of them, not only as fellow-citizens, but as fellow-citizens also. [Applause and laughter.] In Louisiana there are now thousands of slaves supported on Government rations, and every negro costs the United States forty cents a day for his rations. Something must be done with these negroes. The Abolitionists propose to bring them into the army of the United States.—This is no new proposition. A like proposition was made two years ago, in the State of New York—the beginning of that idea, to give negro suffrage to negro voters, and, though this was a Republican State, going for Mr. Lincoln by fifty thousand majority, the Republicans themselves had good sense enough to vote down that proposition by an immense majority. But what mean these propositions? They are nothing new. Let us see.

Look at Spanish America Spanish America was settled by the lofty and proud Hidalgoes of Spain; New England was settled by the Puritans; Jamestown, Virginia, by a different class of people, not all Cavaliers, as some of them far different from gentlemen. These three classes of people settled on this continent of America; the Puritans in the East, Virginians in the center and the Spanish Americans in the South, God never made a nobler race of men than the old Spanish Hidalgoes. True to their loyalty, true to their God and King, they carried their old flag from the banks of the Guadalquivir far across the Atlantic Ocean, from the shores of Florida through South America to Patagonia, and from thence to Chili, Peru and California, or across the Cordilleras.—They went up the Rio de la Plata; and everywhere, faithful to their God and King, they carried this old flag of Spain in glory from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. [Applause.] As long as the pure white blood of Spain coursed in their veins, they were an unconquerable and invincible people.—The lofty Armadas of England, the proud

Drakes of our ancestors, the fleets of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne, all thundered in vain against this pure white blood of the Spanish people. But when Spain committed the error of marrying and intermarrying with the Indian and with the negro, when Spain adopted into her armies the black blood of the negro and the copper blood of the Indian, there, no longer, did the pure white blood of Spain rule in glowing grandeur from the mountain-peaks of the Andes, but the negro and the Indian at last revolutionized and whence he emigrated, to the home of the Northern or Southern States, when Mexican war, stood before the mullato of Spain, its mongrel, negro and copper blood, one fierce look of a Northern or Southern man would demolish a whole regiment of these mongrels. And yet, the proposition of the Abolitionists is to arm our negroes, to introduce them into our armies, to take you and me, by draft and conscription, from our wives and children, and march us to the Mississippi, shoulder to shoulder, with the seething, sooty negro. [Applause.]

There is a philosophy in arming men, and none know it better than the Abolitionists. Whosoever you fight side by side with, whoever is your fellow-soldier is your fellow-man, whoever meets you face to face with the enemy, with him you must share the right of suffrage, the rights of society, the right of domicile. You must sit on juries with him and you must elect him to office. He becomes here, as in Spanish America, your equal in society and before the eyes of the law. I scorn Abolitionists for their Government, [“What are we to do?”] If this country was not in the midst of a civil war, I would have no hesitancy in saying, as Patrick Henry said, in the Revolution, “Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God!” [Enthusiastic and long continued cheering.] [Captain Rynders—“Three cheers for that, it is the last time these cheers that freemen have to give.” The cheers were given.] “What are we to do?” [An auditor—“Where are the tyrants?”] “Put him out!” I propose to do it in the ballot box. That has hitherto been a sufficient court of appeal for all the people of the United States. If they will permit us to have it, arouse and inspire yourselves for action at the ballot. [Applause.] The ballot box is your only, your lofty and sublime remedy. [“Will they let us have the ballot box?”] Go to the ballot box and make a trial there for the redemption of this people from all impending slavery. For the present, protest loudly against all this arbitrary exercise of power. [“We will do it!”] If I, or any of your fellow-citizens be imprisoned, do as the French did in the midst of the Revolution, form large processions with the red cap of liberty lifted over every freeman's head, [great applause] march to the Bastille unarmed, and on headed lines, if necessary, implore the commander to liberate your fellow-citizen. [“No, never in America!”] Freemen should always, before resorting to any *ultima ratio*, petition, beg and implore. There are rights and obligations in a country like this, as the ballot box is open for the redress of wrongs. [“You are right.”] When you have assembled before this Bastille, read to the assembled, in the lofty sonorous Latin of the dark ages, the *Magna Charter* of your English fathers, thence the *habeas corpus* in the ears of your fellow-citizens and soldiers, and then read and repeat the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees to every man the right of free speech, of free discussion, trial by jury, and security for his property and person. [Cheers.]

Fellow-citizens, I did not come here only to complain against the administration of the Government this evening, but also to lay before you, in this free speech I am making, my ideas upon the subject of this war. I have no sympathy with rebellion in any shape or form whatsoever. The Constitution of the United States once was enough for our Southern countrymen; the Congress of the United States afforded every remedy for the redress of their grievances under that Constitution. They were terribly provoked and goaded, but their duty was, with the Senate of the United States, with the House of Representatives almost theirs, with the Judiciary theirs, their duty was to do what I urge upon you this evening—to petition and to go to the ballot box. The right of petition is the birthright of every American. The ballot box is the remedy for every American. Arms, artillery, the cartouch-box are not elements of American progress or civilization. [Cheers.] I have my own ideas on this war. [“Speak out.”] No, no, I shall not speak out, when armies are contending, when fraternal blood is being shed. But (here the speaker paused for some time, as if considering) this I will say, I was born in the State of Maine. On one side is the British province of Nova Scotia, and on the other is that of Lower Canada, with wide navigable rivers, opening the State to the navies of the world; and yet there is such an unconquerable, invincible, Anglo-Saxon spirit, and such a high sense of independence there, that I do not believe England, France and the United States together could ever subjugate the people.

Subjugation or extermination is not an American idea; it is not a theory to which the Anglo Saxon blood in our veins will ever surrender. If the oath of subjugation were forced upon the citizen of Maine, he would strike at the administrator of that oath in the rear; but whoever held out to him the rights of self-government, according to the Constitution of the United States, he, with a single regiment from New York, or elsewhere, would bring back to the people of Maine their own obedience. I do not propose, if any may draw such an inference, that we shall ever surrender our Constitution and Government to the rebels of the Southern States.—But I propose to carry on the war upon a different principle—with the sword in the right hand, and the Constitution in the left, [great applause] and under that panoply and protection, not a million of soldiers, but two hundred thousand will crush out the exterminate all Southern rebellion. If it be necessary for the subjugation of that cradle of rebellion, where this unholy war first began, where the proud flag of our country was first struck down by rebel cannon, if volunteers be called to rehoist that flag there, I

think I may say two millions of volunteers would go from the Northern States. [Cheers.] My theory of the war, then, is to use only those powers which the Constitution gives us. And for what was our Constitution mainly formed? What were its purposes? In the main, exterior purposes—purposes out of and beyond the domain of the United States. It was commerce, self-interest, that created the Government of the United States; it was the desire of the people of the Chesapeake Bay to have free trade with the Hudson River; it was the desire of the people of Rhode Island to import and export from South Carolina without customs. Free trade, free commerce, and self-interest were the main-springs which, in 1787, formed the Government of the United States. In the possession of this war I would, then, have the Government hold on to New Orleans, repossess Mobile, take Galveston, conquer or subjugate Charleston at any expense. Let the Government hold on to all the Southern ports for the collection of revenue.

I would have the army of the United States occupy the great points of the Mississippi River, and the cardinal points on the railroads, and I would have those points fortified, and then I would leave the rebellion thus surrounded to sting itself to death, to crush itself out by the violence of its own venom. [Applause.] This geographical war of overrunning a people whose territory extends from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, protected in many parts by an informal cordon—this idea of overrunning with Northern people not habituated to that climate, that vast extent of territory, is a theory that in the end must fail. Our great duty certainly is, not to rest till the Constitution of the United States is re-established, and the Union restored as it was, not as the Abolitionists would have it. Let no man, therefore, pervert what I say. I have no sympathy either with treason or Secession. I abhor Secessionism and Abolitionism both. [Great applause.] I have no more respect for Wendell Phillips than I have for Jeff Davis. Jeff Davis is but a rebel two years old, and Wendell Phillips is a rebel, by his own confession, twenty years old and more. [Laughter and applause.]

Fellow-citizens, I have detained you too long, [“No, no, go on.”] but I felt it my duty to discuss the cardinal, primary, fundamental principles of this Government, and unless they are maintained and vindicated, we shall become here what all other Republics have been, the victims of tyranny and despotism. Turn over the pages of history, full of the tombs and sepulchers of Republics that have fallen. With the exception of the little Republic of San Marino, on a peak of the Apennines, we are the only Republic on the face of this broad earth. We are trying two great experiments—first, if the pronouncement of a people, dissatisfied with the constitutional result of an election, can subvert the Government; and, secondly, if tyrants in heart and spirit, can fasten upon us, a Northern free people, a tyranny which will put our Republic in the same category of the tombs and sepulchers of all other Republics that have gone before it. [Never, never.] Freedom is a precious boon, a heritage beyond all price and calculation. Demagogues, tyrants and monarchists, the hypocrites in the North, for while they preach the equality of the negro, they will not sit side by side with him in the same pew, or even in the same church. They will not worship God scarcely at the same altar. They bury him away in some corner, they hide him in some dark gallery, and when God has removed him from the earth, I trust to a better world, instead of honoring him in the grave with some equality, they put him away in some dark corner of a Peters's Field. They will not marry or intermarry with negroes. I can not persuade my friends of the *Tribune* to make negroes associate editors with them; I can not induce them to employ negro reporters, compositors or pressmen, and yet they preach negro equality and fraternity out of the *Tribune* domain. [“How are you, Greeley, and the white coat and hat?” followed by hisses for Greeley.]

Let us look, now, at Proclamation No. 2. I approach this topic with more apprehension than I have any of the others, for there is more threat in its promulgation. [“Don't be afraid, go on.”] This proclamation is a corollary of Proclamation No. 1. It substantially says to the free white people of the North, if you discuss and agitate this subject of emancipation, if you make war against the Administration upon this subject, you shall be incarcerated in Fort Lafayette. [“Go on, let them try it.”] The proclamation forbids all disloyal practices, and among other things, states that all persons who are guilty of disloyal practices shall be subjected to martial law. But who is to judge of this guilt of disloyal practices? The courts of law—judges and juries? Oh, no. [“Dick Busted.”] The Provost Marshal of the city of New York Superintendent Kennedy, the head of the police. [Hisses.] And if I have an enemy, and that enemy approaches the Provost Marshal and whispers that I am guilty of disloyal practices, he having studied into the secrets of some family circle, the Provost Marshal without process, without judge or jury, can call to his aid two thousand policemen and can arrest and incarcerate me in Fort Lafayette, and I am there beyond the hope of *habeas corpus* and the protection of law. [“No, never.”] There are two points in the Proclamation. First is the suspension of the civil, and the establishment of martial law, and the second is the suspension of the *habeas corpus*. You all know what the civil law is—judges, juries, courts, and the process by which you have been accustomed to see law administered, but the martial law you do not know. It has been my happy lot, since the foundation of this Government, never before now to know what martial law was in this country, and we do not know what it is now, but as we read of it in the history of despotic governments over the Atlantic Ocean, Martial law is the law of the bullet, the law of the drum-head court, of the epaulettes, the absolute law, the law from which there is no court of appeal, but to the jurisdiction of which there must be implicit obedience; and redemption, from which there is no hope for, except at the pleasure of the administrators of that martial law. The next point

in that Proclamation is the suspension of the *habeas corpus*. Now, friends, there are certain Latin words which come down to us from the history of our fathers, almost made English by constant use, which can not well be translated, but which, nevertheless, are full of meaning. All English liberty, and all our liberties as descendants of Englishmen, come from what is called *Magna Charta*. It was extorted by the barons of England from their despotic King John, in the year 1215, for themselves and their serfs, under the threat of the sword, if he did not sign that great charter for English liberty, from which have sprung, in the main, all the rights and liberties of Englishmen. From thence comes our right of trial by jury, and our security in the possession of our property.—*Nullo iure homo captivus vel imprisonatus.* “No free man shall be taken or imprisoned.” No free man shall be seized of his freehold, imprisoned and condemned, but by judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. That is the right and the liberty which the English people have had since, *Anno Domini*, 1215. Now, for the first time here, and only with occasional exceptions, in the history of English liberty, we are deprived of the right of trial by jury; we are seized, arrested and imprisoned without any adjudication of a jury upon our sins or iniquities, on any allegations which may be made or disturbed without any adjudication whatsoever. [“Shame!”]

There followed, in the reign of the two Charleses of England, (despotic kings) what is called the writ of *habeas corpus*, the right which an English subject had, whenever he was taken prisoner and incarcerated in a jail, to have a writ from a Judge of the Court of King's Bench, commanding the jailor to bring the body of the subject before him, to have his case adjudicated upon according to the laws of England. And yet, that which has been English liberty since the days of the dark ages, (1215,) that which the despotic Kings of England, the two Charleses, accorded, one of whom was executed for his tyranny, and his Government suppressed by Cromwell—that which our fathers have had since their reign, is now subverted, overthrown, destroyed, by a mere proclamation from the President of the United States, annulling both the right of trial by jury and the *habeas corpus*, by which every person has a right to look, before some judge, why he has been incarcerated. The President claims that he has authority, under the Constitution, to issue this power of suspending the *habeas corpus*. Believe you that Washington, rebelling against the tyranny of the executive power of King George, that Madison, Jefferson, Franklin, old John Adams, or any of the fathers of the Revolution, ever created a Constitution by which one more man, having the same flash and blood that you and I have, is, without act of Congress, to have authority over thirty millions of people?—that he can take any of you, by day or by night, from your wives and children, and incarcerate you in Fort Lafayette or Fort Warren, beyond all hope of redemption? [“Infamous!”] Never did the framers of the Constitution give or grant such powers to the Executive of the United States. [“We will never stand it.”] If it were given, there is no liberty any longer for the people of the United States, for that Executive has but by the exercise of arbitrary power to involve this country in war with England or France, and in the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, after creating an army of a million of men, to ride, rough shod, over thirty millions of hitherto free white men. [“Never, never!”]

Our own Judge Hall, in the western part of the State, but the other day liberated a person, a reverend gentleman—who may, or may not, have been guilty of something—I know not what—on a *habeas corpus*, and in doing so, declared that, as Congress had given the President no such power, he had no such power. [Applause.] Notwithstanding this decision of Judge Hall, this person was taken the moment he was liberated (a white man kidnapped) to the Central Railroad depot, put in a freight car, isolated from the people, and secretly and stealthily taken from Buffalo to Albany, thence to Washington, a State prisoner. [“Shame!”] And they tell me that for this free speech, this free and fundamental discussion of all these things, I may be imprisoned and incarcerated. [“No, you won't.”] But I do not at all feel certain that one or two thousand policemen may not take me any hour of the day from the midst of my fellow-citizens, and incarcerate me. [“Never,” and protracted cheers.]

[A man in the audience proposed three cheers for Judge Hall, which were enthusiastically given.] Now, fellow-citizens, I dare say I shall be asked by Republicans, after these complaints against the administration of the State, in Europe as well as here, are using all their cunning to subvert free institutions and the great principles of human liberty. If, in our hostility to rebellion, we forget our own rights and our own liberties, we are untrue to the sacred trust which our fathers handed down to us, in the Constitution and in the Declaration of Independence. Let me end, then, by repeating, now more important than ever to be impressed upon the Northern mind, the sentiment of a great Northern statesman, in trying times before, “Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.”

Mr. Brooks resumed his seat, amid enthusiastic cheers.

**MOUNTAINS OF SILVER.**—The *Silver Age*, of California, says: “From a petty reliable source we learn that the Ophir Company are shipping weekly from their works in Washoe County the sum of not less than \$60,000 in bullion, some weeks it amounts to nearly \$100,000 in value. At this rate the yearly sum of three millions of dollars is reached. There are hundreds of mines in our vicinity equally as good, which are undeveloped, but which all require the capital to make them yield similarly.”

Reputation is often got without merit, and lost without crime.

From the Columbus (Ohio) Crisis.  
To George D. Prentice, Greeting.  
Just as our elections were transpiring you sent into Ohio your venomous missiles, aimed at the editor of THE CRISIS, as though you had been recently appointed DICTATOR by the Abolitionists of this State, either to annihilate us at once, or send us some bastille for such punishment, taking your billingsgate as an evidence of your heart, as tyrants, of the extermination school only know how to inflict.

As a return for your choice language, we send you back greeting from Ohio, the victorious shouts of a redeemed people, from the self of just such bragadocio jackasses as yourself! *What do you think of it?* If it sweats you, it is to be hoped that it will cure you.  
You use the words ‘traitor’ and ‘treason’ with as much fluency as though you were on very intimate terms with them. A traitor is generally known by the *fruit of the tree*. You had two sons in the Southern army, one of whom was recently killed at Augusta, Ky. The editor of THE CRISIS has a son in the Northern army, who was in Kentucky at the time your son was killed fighting on the other side!

Now, in the chances and accidents of war, your son might have killed our son, or *vice versa*, and yet you call us a ‘traitor!’ Now, were you in such straits, that to clear your skirts of the charge of teaching your sons treason, you were driven to this vulgar exhibition of yourself to save your reputation among your abolition friends, who have you in their pay? We stand in need of no such defense, for we despise the Abolitionist, just as much as you can hate a Democrat! You went begging amongst these abolitionist long since, and in Philadelphia alone they raised you *forty thousand dollars!* How much do you expect to get out of them for your vile abuse of the editor of the CRISIS, who sent a son into Kentucky to save your rotten carcass from the daggers of your own flesh?

We speak thus to you only from the fact that you forfeited, by your most contemptible language, all consideration as a man by descending to the level of a brute. Less than a year ago you sent us letters of friendship and kindness, in regard to your unfortunate neighbors who had been arrested in their houses and sent to Camp Chase. We treated your letters as coming from a gentleman, and saw and conversed with your unfortunate neighbors.  
From this sad like acts of kindness, we were hounded by a heartless crew who are incapable of appreciating a decent act to friend or foe. Despising in our very soul such contemptible meanness, such a spirit of savage brutality, we, of course, paid not the least attention to such clamor.  
Now you set up the howl of brutality, to make yourself equal to ‘your associates in the lower level chosen for your pathway.’—We hope you will have a pleasant journey, and we ask forgiveness for scooping so low as to make yourself heard in conversing with you. A friend of yours was anxious to make us believe you knew nothing of the article published in your paper. We gave you full time to take it back if you did not approve of it. You have made no explanation or retraction, and we, therefore, have felt constrained, greatly against our inclinations, to show to the public, in our own defence, just what is known to many people to be true.—We now commit you to the mercy of the public.

A pious old gentleman, one of the salt of the earth sort, went out into the field to catch a mare that was wont to bear him to town. He moved on the most approved mode. He shook a measure of corn at her to delude her into the belief that she was to get it; but she was not to be deceived by any such specious act. She would come night and then dash off again, until the good man was fretted very badly. At last he got her in a corner among some briars and made a dash at her, when she bounded over the wall and left him sprawling among the bushes. His Christian fortitude gave way at this, and gathering himself up, cried, ‘Oh, hell!’ The ejaculation had passed his lips before he thought, but immediately conscious of its wickedness, he said, ‘lojaljal!’ and translated the profane word into a note of triumph.  
Bread is the staff of life, had liquor the stilt—the former sustaining a man and the latter elevating him for a fall.  
Diplomacy may work as much calamity as a battle; a few ink-drops may cost a nation more misery and exhaustion than a river of blood.  
It would be better if young ladies would encourage young men more on account of their good characters than their good looks. A good reputation is better than a fine coat in almost any kind of business, except wooing a fashionable lady.  
‘All maidens are good,’ says one moralist ‘but where do the bad wives come from?’  
Men are generally like wagons; they rattle prodigiously when there is nothing in them.  
Don't undertake to kiss a furious woman; risk not a smack in a storm.  
‘Why don't you wear your ring, my daughter, when you go out walking? Because, papa, it hurts my hand when any one squeezes it.’  
An absent minded gentleman, on retiring at night, put his dog to bed, and kicked himself down stairs! He did not discover his mistake till he went to yelp, and the dog tried to make a snore.  
Julius, did you attend de last meeting ob de debating society? ‘Yes sir!’ ‘Well, what was de first thing dat cum afore de house?’ ‘Why, it was a charcoal cart!’  
ANALOGY.—When is a plant like a hog?—When it begins to root. When is it like a soldier? When it begins to shoot. And when is it like an editor? When it begins to blow.  
Three fresh erinocite sacrifices are reported from England. Two bar maids burnt to death by their distended skirts taking fire and one factory girl drawn into machinery by the same means and crushed to death.