THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

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THE BULLETIN.

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MAYSVILLE, - - NOVEMBER 20

ON CHANGE.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

I don't mean to discourse on the Wall street affair.
For I know very little and less do I care;
To see what the bulls and the bears are about,
Something wealthy and wise without shadow of doubt;
But I only sigh for the times that we live in,
The day when no silver is taken or given,
No change anywhere.

There's naught but the moon
That changes in silver—and she may stop soon;
Issue shinplaster clouds, leaving us to depend
On her promise to shine when warfare sha'l end.
There are checks for dinner, and checks for a smoke,
And checks on a bank that may chance to be broke;
And wonderful loans that all promise to pay
Some mythical sum on some mythical day.
There are lying envelopes, who quota is short,
Or stamps without gum that will serve us for naught.
(Like the armies of Davis, the traitor, you know,
If we cannot lick them they never will go.)
No pennies we hand e, but paper instead;
—Poor Richard, quite blue, with no hat on his head,
And gum on his back, taking care of the pence,
As he wisely advised, like a fogy of sense,
As Poor Richard was.

—With a rubicund face
Smiling grimly to find us in such a bad case,
Pater Patrie is valued at three cents a head,
With Spalding to back him—without, he is dead.
Done up in bright green, or better done brown;
For shillings and dimes Pater meekly comes down;
While running his face on the new paper quarter,
Each George seems to crowd rather more than he *aught-er*.

So we dive in our pocket books after a stamp—
If the back is in order—and weather is damp;
We play "Jack and Jill" with the small bits of paper,
Quite guiltless of trying the "Fly-away" caper.
From finger to thumb, from thumb back to finger,
Perversely the fragment seems anxious to linger.
We seem to be trying the bachelor's trick,
Who—watching a baby—its fingers did stick
With molasses, then gave it to handle, a feather,
Which kept it amused for the time altogether.

No sound as of silver. The plate going round
In the aisles of the churches, quite fails to resound
As of your with the tinkle of quarters and dimes;
For stamps elbow bills in these paper-patched times.
On the omnibus now, who hears any falling
Of coin in the box at the driver's loud calling?
Who knows, or at least who pretends to remember,
How a dollar in change would look in November?
The man who can do so is worthy a place
In the annals of finance—beside Mr. Chase.

TEETH SET ON EDGE.—All acid food, drinks, medicines, and tooth-washes and powders are very injurious to the teeth.—If a tooth is put in cider, vinegar, lemon juice or tartaric acid, in a few hours the enamel will be completely destroyed, so that it can be removed by the finger-nail, as if it were chalk. Most people have experienced what is commonly called teeth set on edge. The explination of it is, the acid of the fruit that has been eaten has so far softened the enamel of the tooth that the least pressure is felt by the small nerves which pervade the thin membrane which connect the enamel and the body part of the tooth.—Such as effected cannot be produced without injuring the enamel. True it will become hard again when the acids has been removed by the fluids of the mouth, just as an egg softened in this way becomes hard again by being put in the water. When the effect of sour fruit on the teeth subsides, they feel as well as ever, but they are not as well. And the oftener it is repeated the sooner the disastrous consequences will be manifested.—Scientific American.

DRAFTED MEN BREAKING GUARD.—The Zanesville Courier, of Monday, says:

Since the recent order of the Secretary of War, that the drafted men should be distributed among the old regiments, some of those at Camp Zanesville have exhibited signs of discontent and threatened to make their escape. Every exertion was made by the officers to prevent any such movement, but on Saturday night (we are informed by an officer of the 113th regiment), a general rush was made, and from two to three hundred men succeeded in making their escape. Many of them will be retaken and brought back, but as they soon after scattered in every direction, it will be im possible to arrest them all.

☞The crop of "butter-nut" this fall is the largest ever known in this country; the "blackwalnut" crop is a total failure.

CHOOSING A WIFE!

BY W. F. GILCHREST.

'Why don't you get married, Fred?'

Fred Saunders removed the cigar from his mouth, pushed his hat from his forehead, and answered,

'Get married? Am I not miserable enough already, without adding a wife?'

'Pshaw! nonsense! Just see how well Tom and I get along. It is a real shame that a young man with plenty of time and money should not marry and settle down in life.'

'Well, my dear little coz, whom would you recommend as a fitting wife?'

'Oh, I know of a dozen girls who would jump at your offer,' replied Emma Somers.

'Mention one.'

'Well, let me see—Ina Brighton.'

Fred smiled; he knew that his cousin would mention her first, as she had long been anxious for a union of the two friends.

'She is entirely too fashionable for my quiet temperament,' he answered.

'Any more foolish objections,' asked Emma, disdainfully.

'I do not know of any other, although I doubt not she has many."

'I tell you, Fred Saunders, you are a fool!' exclaimed the angry Mrs. Somers, chagrined at her cousin's coolness and *sany froid*.

'I differ with you also on that point, cousin Em,' responded Fred, with impurtable gravity. 'But anything to please you. I will do myself the honor of calling on her immediately.'

Without further ado Fred left his cousin, Mrs. Somers, and proceeded to the palatial home, radiant and beautiful as art could make her, and enjoyed an hours conversation with the brilliant and accomplished lady.

'Have you visited the Claytons lately?' asked Miss Brighton.

'I called there last week,' was Fred's answer.

'What do you think of Ella?'

'I think she is passable,' replied the young gentleman.

'I have heard some people say that she was decidedly homely. And, mercy, what an affected piece she is. I hardly think the Prince of Wales himself would suit the lady's fancy.'

'I found her very agreeable.'

'You must be an exception to the general rule, then,' said Ina, curling her lip disdainfully. 'All my gentlemen friends tell me she is very haughty.'

Miss Clayton the object of the fair Miss Brighton's anger, was a rival belle, who had succeeded in winning some half dozen of Ina's admirers for which triumph the latter lady had declared war 'to the hilt.'

'Are you going to the opera to-morrow evening?' asked Ina, after a short pause in the conversation.

'I am engaged to-morrow evening, and can not attend,' was F e l's reply.

'How unfortunate! You are aware that a new opera, the Masquerade Ball, is to be produced?'

With such topics as these Ina engaged the young gentleman, displaying every branch of her varied brilliancy to enchant her listener, for Fred Saunders was considered an excellent 'catch' by the ladies, and especially by Miss Brighton. When Fred took his departure it is not presuming too much to say that he was enchanted by the brilliant conversation and dazzling beauty of Ina.

'What do you think of the lady?' inquired his cousin, on his return.

'She is charming, indeed,' was his reply; 'so witty, so intelligent, so—in fact she is a perfect treasure.'

Emma Somers saw that the shaft had entered into the susceptible bosom of handsome cousin, and she resolved to press the subject home.

'Just the woman for the wife of a handsome fellow like yourself. Take my advice and seek a more intimate acquaintance.—You had best be quick, for Ina has any quantity of gentleman friends, who fairly worship her. I hope yet to see her your wife.'

'I sincerely hope not,' said Tom Somers, in reply to his wife's wish, 'for Ina Brighton is not the woman to make a home happy.'

'I am sure she is beautiful and well educated,' retorted Emma, 'and what else could he wish?'

'I admit she appears beautiful, but let her lay aside her rouge and powder, and where is her beauty?' demanded Tom.

'For shame, husband!' cried Emma, seeing that her airy-castles were almost crumbling beneath the well-directed sarcasm of her husband.

'Take my advice, Fred, and leave Miss Brighton to her admirers. You need something else besides boarding school accomplishments in a wife,' continued Tom.

'I will treasure your advice, and report in the future,' replied Fred Saunders in a laughing tone.

Yet in spite of his friend Tom's advice, Fred was too greatly infatuated to resist the attractions of Miss Brighton. He called again and again, until he at last became a regular attendant on Ina. At first he looked blindly at her faults, seeing only her virtues; but, as time wore on, he began gradually to tire of hearing about Miss Clayton's faults and foibles, and the never-ceasing 'opera.' Spite of all Fred was unable to withstand the fascinating influence of Ina Brighton, the charm clasping him closer every day. One afternoon, as he was returning from an afternoon call on his adored one, he was startled by a sharp, shrill cry of pain. Turning to ascertain the cause, he beheld a child lying on the pavement who had fallen in his play. Seeing the blood coursing down the cheek of the child, Fred hastily caught him up and inquired where he resided. But the child, stunned by the fall, could only call for mamma, and, laying its head upon Fred's shoulder, it moaned piteously. At that moment a young girl came running out from a neat white cottage on the opposite side of the street.

'What has happened?' she said in a somewhat anxious though firm tone.

'He has fallen and cut his forehead. Do you know him?'

'He is my brother, sir,' replied the girl.

'If you will lead the way I will carry him to his home and dress his wounds, as I am a physician,' said Fred.

The girl, or rather young woman, pointed out her home to the gentleman, and leading the way, they soon entered the cottage. On washing the wound Fred found it was but a slight cut; and having bound it up, he conversed with the little fellow for a long while. When he arose to depart the young girl said,

'We are very thankful for your kindness, sir.'

'Not at all, not at all,' answered Fred. 'I will call to-morrow and see how my patient gets along?'

Whether the azure blue eyes of Mary Wilson, or the danger of brain-fever to the little boy was the cause, it would be unsafe to say; but the next afternoon Fred called again, bringing a small basket of delicacies for the little sufferer, He attentively examined the wound and pronounced it improving rapidly.

'But,' said he, with a grave shake of the head, 'there is yet some danger of brain fever.'

On his departure he said that he would call again; and the next day he did call, and the next, and the next, generally giving a casual glance at his patient, and engaging Mary in conversation. Mary Wilson was beautiful, and though but a music teacher, possessed all the cultivation and grace of a lady of the "ton." Gradually the visions of the wealthy Miss Brighton began to lose their brilliance, and the image of the music-teacher took a place in Fred Saunder's heart. Between the two Fred was perfectly wrethced. He would leave Ina's side, enraptured by her brilliant execution of some operatic gem, only to feel his heart throb with a new and joyous feeling at the simple, yet touching, ballads of Mary Wilson. He determined to break the spell which bound him to one or the other of his enchantresses, and resolved to "choose a wife" on the morrow. The morrow came, beautiful and clear, and found Fred Saunders up early and dressed to perfection.

'Well, I declare, Fred,' exclaimed Mrs. Somers, on Fred's entrance to the dining-room, 'you look as neat and bright as a new pin.'

'Thank you for the compliment,' was the evasive reply.

'Going out of town, eh? Well, take good care of yourself and don't fall in love with any of the country girls.'

'There is but little danger, for I am not going to leave the city,' answered Fred.

'Pic Nic, then, I suppose?' persisted Emma.

'No.'

'There, Fred,' said Tom Somers, 'do tell her what is going to happen, and avoid all further questionings.'

'Know, then, pretty cousin mine, I am to choose a wife this very day,' was the startling announcement.

Emma fairly clapped her hands for joy. She knew of Fred's attention to her intimate friend and confidante, Ina Brighton, and she conjectured that she was to be the happy person.

'I'll bet a new pair of slippers against a penknife that Ina Brighton is the young lady selected,' she exclaimed.

'Be careful, Fred,' said Tom, 'or you may wake to find, when it is too late, that infatuation drove away prudence.'

Fred hurried from the room and strolled toward Broadway, down which he promenaded until the hour of ten. Resolving to behold both his 'darlings' in morning costume, he ascended the stoop of Mr. Brighton's palatial residence. Mr. Brighton was expecting a gentleman on business, and had given orders to the servant to show him into the sitting-room of the family. Mistaking Fred Saunders for the gentleman who was to call on Mr. Brighton, the servant showed him into the library. Upon a couch in the sitting-room Fred beheld, through the half-opened door, his beautiful Miss Brighton, who was engaged in reading a new novel.—For the first time Fred saw her as she really was. In place of pearly whiteness, rosy cheeks and tasty costume, he beheld sallow complexion, still more sallow cheeks, and a morning-gown fully ripe for the wash-tub.

'Come, Ina, dear, breakfast is waiting,' said her mother.

'Breakfast,' thought Fred, 'at this time.' He listened for a reply. Was it the sweet, melodious voice of Ina that replied?

'Let it wait. I want to finish this story. You are always interrupting me,' was the answer, in snarling tone.

Preferring not to play the eaves-dropper longer Fred quietly stole to the parlor and then sent up his card. He waited a full hour, and it was an hour reflection, in which he made up his mind that Miss Brighton was not the proper person for his wife; and then Ina appeared richly dressed, her cheeks rosy, and her complexion of a dazzling whiteness, completely undergoing within the hour, a metamorphosis. The call was a short one, and Fred Saunders retired, feeling that he had escaped a fearful danger. The beautiful Miss Brighton was no more; he had beheld her as she was; nor could all her high-flown compliments win back his heart. The disappointed man turned his steps toward the unpretending dwelling of Mary Wilson. He was shown into the small but neat parlor. He heard Mary's voice below stairs, merrily pealing forth.

'Mary, let me do that,' he heard her mother say.

'No, no, mother, you sit still, I can do it all,' was the reply.

'But you are tired, dear. You know you were up late last night, sewing on Willie's new clothes.'

'I am not tired mother.'

In a few moments Mary Wilson, attired in a neat fitting calico, with the bright tint upon her cheeks that exercise, not art, gave her, made her appearance.

'You must excuse my delay, Mr. Saunders, but I was engaged in preparing dinner.'

No apology was made for her costume, which she had not altered, save laying aside the apron; nor was any needed, for she looked a thousand times more lovely in her calico than did Ina Brighton, with her paint, and silks and diamonds. A half hour passed, and Fred, left, though not before he had pursuaded Mary Wilson to become Mrs. Saunders. On his return Emma Somers asked,

'Have you chosen a wife?'

'I have,' replied Fred, 'but not Miss Ina.'

The look of Emma changed, as she demanded.

'Who is the happy lady?'

'Mary Wilson.'

'What, the music-teacher down the street?'

'The same,' answered Fred, with a smile.

'Fred, you are a fool. I shall never speak to you again.'

* * * * * * * * *

At the end of three mouths, cards bearing the inscription, 'Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Saunders,' with 'Mary Wilson' in the lower corner, appeared; nor did Fred ever regret his wisdom in 'choosing a wife.'

THE VOTE FOR PRESIDENT.—Had there been a Presidential election this fall, the States which went Democratic would have chosen a Democratic President, as they have a large majority of the electoral votes of the loyal States. The count would have stood thus:

	DEMOCRATIC.	ABOLITION.
New York	33	—
Pennsylvania	26	—
Ohio	21	—
Indiana	13	—
Illinois	16	—
Connecticut	6	—
New Jersey	7	—
Delaware	1	—
Maine	—	7
Massachusetts	—	13
Vermont	—	5
Rhode Island	—	4
Iowa	—	8
Michigan	—	8
Oregon	—	3
California	—	5
New Hampshire	—	5
Kansas	—	3
Minnesota	—	4
Total	123	65

Democratic majority, without the border slave States, 58. These latter would increase the majority. Of the 123 Democratic electoral votes, all but *three* were given to President Lincoln in 1860. Was there ever such a political revolution in so short a time?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

INSOLENCE OF NEGROES IN NEW ORLEANS.—A private letter from New Orleans says:

The negroes are very insolent, committing all sorts of depredations. Those who have enlisted in the United States service are to be seen strutting about the streets, displaying their weapons of defense, while the whites are deprived of theirs—a pretty state of affairs. It makes my blood boil to be ordered to "halt" by them, with a "stand back dar, I tells you!" The soldiers here scoff and ridicule them, flinging banana and orange peelings after them. A company passed the Custom-house the other day, and the soldiers quartered there forced them to remove their hats as they passed, officers included.

The Habeas Corpus In New Jersey.

The Newark *Evening Journal*, the leading Democratic organ in New Jersey, uses pretty strong language in announcing the result of the late election in that State. It saya:

"The functions of the Provost Marshals for new Jersey have been suspended by the vote of the sovereign people—and such a vote! Uncle Abraham will hear the thunder at the White House, and make a note of the fact that the Jersey Blues are aroused in defense of their own rights and liberties. The *habeas corpus* has been re-enacted in this State, and will not again be suspended.—Mark that. The iron doors of Fort Layfayette will never again swing on their hinges to admit a free New Jersey man without form of trial. Joel Parker will see to this. No more suspension of newspapers, no threats against free speech, no reign of terror in a peaceful State. That has played out. The right of the people to criticise the acts of the National Administration has been gloriously asserted, and hereafter no paltry tyrant may rise to dictate thoughts and words to the citizen, and to curb his honest expressions within the range of Government expediency."

THE CONTRABANDS IN WISCONCIN.—The Milwaukie *News* states that arrangements have been made to bring a quantity of negroes into Dodge county,(Wisconsin.) to be employed in the field and in families in place of whites. The Fond du Lack *Reporter*, Republican, of the 25th, says that seventy-five arrived there on Tuesday. They are to be employed because they can be had cheaper than white men and woman. It will not be many month before the State will be swarming with this black population. Says the Fond du Lac *Reporter*:

"About seventy-five negro men, woman and children, from Northern Alabama, arrived in this city Tuesday night, in charge of Chaplain Rogers, of the fourteenth Wisconsin Regiment. They were takin to quarters in the Fifth Ward, and Wednesday the townspeople went and selected the greater part of them for servants, &c. They were takin from plantation in Franklin County, Alabama, and sent north as free, but the way the thing appears to be managed at present, it seems to qe transferring the ownership from Southern to Northern hands. At least they are given over to our citizens, with the injunction to take and use them 'and give such compensation as you see fit. If you abuse them, the Government will take them away and give them to some one else.' It does seem as though some more substantial principle than that should govern their colonization.

☞If we believe the gravestones, none but the good ever die, and as was said of one's ancestors, all humanity is like potatoes, the best part of it being under ground.

A woman has generally so much rigging about her, that, for the most part, she is the least part of herself.

From the Crisis.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 16, 1862.

GOV. MEDARY—*Dear Sir:* A gentleman of this city has shown me the enclosed, just received in a paper from a friend in California I beg it for you, believing you would gladly give it a place in *The Crisis:*

By Their Fruits ye Shall Know Them.

The administration of the Government has been in the hands of the Republican party about eighteen months. By their want of discretion and statesmanship in the management of affairs.

The Union has been dissolved.

Five Thousand Millions worth of property has been destroyed.

More than Three Hundred Thousand men have been killed.

The freedom of Speech has been abolished.

The Liberty of the Press has been crushed out, and Religious Liberty itself violated.

The Writ of *Habeas Corpus* has been suspended, by an edict of the President, and it is 'considered treason to prate about the Constitution.'

Arbitrary Power has been substituted for the Laws.

Thousand of our fellow citizens are no better than buried alive, in political bastiles, who have never had a trial.

We have a public debt of more than two thousand millions of dollars, with little or nothing to show for it.

The expenses of the Government have been increased from Eighty Millions to One Thousand Millions of dollars per annum, and the burden is still more rapidly accumulating.

Emancipation of more than Four Millions of Slaves, at the simple nod of the President, to be turned loose among White People on terms of social and political equality, is threatened.

Negroes are being fattened at an expense of more than One Hundred Millions per annum, while white men, women and children are pinched for bread.

The Liberty of the State is threatened with destruction complete by the encroachments of federel usurpation.

The war for the Union, according to the Constitution, has been so monstrously perverted to appease the mad passions of Fanaticism, that Drafting has become necessary to increase the Army.

THE MINES ARE TAXED. Capital is favored, while the sweat of the masses is chiefly burdened to supply the enormous demands of the Administration for money.

Fraud is unrebuked if not actually sheltered, by the President, as in the case of Cameron.

Enterprise is palsied amid the terrors of the Administration, and gold and silver flee the sight of men, as affrighted foxes seek their holes.

Income is narrowed, and labor hard to be had, while the price of everything is burdened by taxation.

The Republican party is in favor of the Abolition of Slavery; in favor of negro testimony; in favor of the Centralization of Power; in favor of a Paper Currency; in favor of high Taxes; and their rallying cry is—'The Union without Slavery, or No Union at all!'

Let the Voters of Nevada County make an effort to save themselves, by voting for the Nominees af the Democratic Union Party, and repudiate an Administration that is pouring in ruin upon us.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, referring to the recent execution of ten prisoners in Missour', says:

Those ten good men that were foully murdered by a cowardly ruffin, who calls himself General, demand to be avenged. Their blood cries out to us from the very ground which drank it. And, if the simple charge of taking a citizen from his home and carrying h m off, and refusing to restore him, justifies such retaliation as our enemies have adjudged, how many of their own soldiers they have exposed to death by the arrest and imprisonment of our citizens, let the old Capitol Prison in Washington testify. At the last delivery, the number released for exchange, and after long confinement in most cases, was, we believe, about one hundred and forty. At the rate of ten sacrifices for each captive, a regiment and a half of Lincoln's captured soldiers would have been slaughtered for these alone! Such is the example which the enemy practically demands of us to imitate.

We are not wild beasts. We are not tigers. It is very hard for Confederates to war with such in human shape. It is very hard for a Confederate to slay any save the enemies he finds before him with arms in their hands. But we doubt not it will be made the subject of proper demand; and painful as is the duty, yet the past assures us that President Davis, with combined wisdom and firmness, will meet the case with such retaliation as it shall require, both to avenge the slain and protect our citizens.

In the proceedings of a late Democratic meeting at Mozart Hall, New York, we find the following:

"ARBITRARY ARRESTS.

"Gilbert Dean, member-elect of Assembly, then spoke and said that at the next meeting of the Assembly he intended to offer a resolution affirming the right of New York city to have its own police, and to abolish the present system; and another one to take the control of our city affairs from the country and give it to the city. He meant that the doctrine of State sovereignty should be stated, and also to see that New York shall suffer no one to usurp authority over its laws. He was going to call for a committee, with power to send for men and papers, to investigate the illegal and arbitrary arrests. The laws of New York provided that any judge who refused to issue a writ of *habeas corpus* was liable to impeachment asned fined one thousand dollars, and be. Bene- for misdemeanor. When Re-counsel ap- dict was arrested at Buffalo of *habeas cor-* plied to two judges for re proposed in view *pus*, and they refusesolution that these two of this to offended."

judges be. was formerly a member of Con- Mr. of New York.

Women at Twenty-One.

When a young girl reaches the age of fifteen or sixteen she begins to think of the mysterious subject of matrimony—a state the delights of which our youthful imagination shadows forth in the most captivating forms. It is made the topic of light and incidental conversation among her companions, and it is recurred to with increasing interest every time it is brought upon the tapsis. When she grows a little older she ceases to smatter about matrimony, and thinks more intently on the all important subject. It engrosses her thoughts by day and dreams by night; and she pictures to herself the felicity of being wedded to the youth for whom she cherishes a secret but consuming flame.—She surveys herself in the mirror, and, as it generally tells a flattering tale, she turns from it with the pleasing conviction that her beauty will enable her to conquor the heart of the most abdurate, and whoever else may die in a state of single blessedness, she is destined to become, ere many years roll by, a happy bride. From the age of eighteen to twenty is the very witching time of female life.

During that period the female heart is more susceptible to the soft and tender influences of love than at any other; and we appeal to our fair reader to say, whether, if inclination was alone consulted in the business, more marriages would not take place place during this ticklish season than in any by which it is preceded or followed? It is the grand climax of love; and she who passes it without entering into the state of matrimony may chance to pass several years of her lifa ere she is caught in the meshes of Hymen. The truth is, that the majority of women begin to move more thoughtfully when they have turned the age of twenty. The giddiness of the girl gives place to the sobriety of the women. Frivolity is succeeded by reflection, and reason reigns where passion previously held undisputed sway.—The care and the anxiety of life press themselves more palpably, they tend to weaken the effect of the sanguine anticipation of unmingled felicity in the marriage state which the mind had formed in its youthful dreams. In short, to use a common phrase, women after twenty, "look ere they leap."

OFFICERS OF THE FEDERAL ARMY ARRESTED FOR STEALING HORSES IN KENTUCKY. We have frequently heard complaints from citizens of Keutucky that attaches of the Federel armies were in the habit of stealing from them horses, cows and other property, on the plea that they were disloyal, and therefore their stock, &c, was liable to confiscation, but we never placed much confidence in these reports. Yesterday, however, a citizen of Bath County, Kentucky, named Borroughs, followed to Covington seven horses which had been seized by Lieutenant Colonel William Odin and Captain Wm. Dunn and Thomas Odin, of Colonel Metcalfe's cavalry regiment. These horses were taken by these officers on the plea that Burroughs was a disloyal citizen, and his property was liable to confiscation. Mr. Burroughs, who is known and recognized as a true Union man, suspected all was not right, and came to this city, where he found, with the assistance of Marshal Butts, of Covington, that the Messrs. Odin and Dunn had disposed of the horses at public auction. Police officers Schuyler and Bemiss, of this city, and Marshal Butts, apprehended the trio on Fifth-street last evening and lodged them in the Ninth-street Station-house. They will be brought before Judge Saffin this morning for examination.—Cin. Enq.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Herald* says:

'One of the most laughable incidents of this raid is, that Alex. McClure, Chairman of the Republican State Committee of Pennsylvania, who made a ferocious speech on Wednesday, in Philadelphia, declaring that the rebellion should be put down, is the same gentleman who went to his home in Chambersburg on Friday and *peaceably* surrendered that place to the rebels! He has doubtless discovered that it is one thing to talk the rebellion and another to fight.'

The editor of the New York *Express*, Jas. Brooks, who has just been elected to Congress, says:

'The only peril to the conservative majority in the next Congress is bogus military members from the slave States, elected in camps by Abolition regiments, to do Abolition duty in Congress. The Administration managers may have—doubtless *do* have—such bogus members of Congress in contemplation—and Texas may be represented with some of them, or Florida, or Virginia, perhaps—but, if it be attempted thus to rob the Northern people of their suffrage and their rights, wo be unto the managers who make such revolutionary attempts.'

THERE were 36 American sea-going vessels lost or missing during last month as follows: 1 steamer, 11 ships, 5 barks, 1 brig, 16 schooners, and 2 sloops. Of these, 7 were wrecked, 18 burned, 4 abondoned, 4 foundered, 1 run down, and 2 missing. The large number destroyed by fire is owing to the piratical operations of the steamer Alabama, 14 out of the 18 having been set on fire by hat craft.

☞It is apparent, that if some State were to use one half the effort to ... diffi- friendly relation as they do to ... fling would culties a more kindly state prevail in one communi-

... An infant of the Queen

☞The ne... ved 124 names.

of Spain has many as the Republican-Ab- Ne... party. oliti-

☞An American paper announced the illness of its editor, piously adding: 'All good paying subscribers are requested to mention him in their prayers. The others need not as 'the prayers of the wicked avail nothing, according to good authority.'

A public writer thinks that much might be gained if speakers would observe the miller's creed—always to shut the gate when the grist is out.