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MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1863.

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THE BULLETIN

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY ROSS & ROSSER.

Editors and Proprietors.

MAYSVILLE, NOVEMBER 5

Didn't Mean It.

Yes! I know I said I loved you—
But then, Tom, I didn't mean it—
I was joking all the time;
And you surely must have seen it.
But if you will not sit so close,
And behave yourself right well,
Before you go away to-night,
I have a secret Tom, to tell.

Tom, I went walking yesterday
With Mr. Phillip Ashe;
He's a splendid, dashing fellow,
With a love of a monomane;
And he walks with such an air—
Tom, I wish you could have seen it,
If I had said that I loved him,
Why perhaps, Tom, I might mean it.

Last Sunday night I went to church—
With a delightful creature;
His face is white as any girl's,
So perfect every feature;
And he can sing, and dance and play,
This charming Charles Green;
And a girl who said that she loved him,
Why surely, Tom, must mean it.

Tom, don't you know that it is wrong
To fly in such a passion,
And fume, and fret, and founce about
In that melancholic fashion?
Come here, Tom, and behave yourself!
See here's a seat by me, sir,
I haven't told the secret yet—
Come, guess what it can be, sir.

Still pointing, Tom! Ah you are vexed
With all my idle chatter,
Or what can make you look so sad?
Tom, tell me what's the matter!
Well, then, forget my silly talk,
You know I didn't mean it;
I was just joking, Tom, indeed;
You surely must have seen it.

New, Tom, don't squeeze me quite so tight!
But leave a little breath,
So I can tell that secret, Tom,
Before I'm hugged to death.
Darling, I love you as my life!
Ah! Tom, you must have seen it;
See, I am conquered now at last!
And, Tom, indeed I mean it!

A Kiss Upon the Sly.

Let poets sing of Eastern climes,
And golden sunset hours;
Of shady nooks,
And hobbling brooks,
Of moon-lit fountains bowers;
Yet still to me
More sweet shall be
(A joy no wealth can buy)
A pair of posies cherry lips
To kiss upon the sly.

Oh, let them build their lofty rhyme
As e'en so e'er they may;
But give me still—
If you will—
Another word to say;
Now here to all,
Tall, fat or small,
I vow I'd rather die
Than miss the bliss that's in a kiss
When taken on the sly.

REFLECTION.—As we look back on our
past lives, we regret many a bargain we
made and many a step we have taken—
Here we went too fast, and there too slow;
one day we lost by our folly, and the next
by our pride and extravagance. In review-
ing the past, we thus see the cause for re-
pentance.

But there is one thing that we never
regret for, and that is as long as we may—
never regret a correct and virtuous life—
When pillored for the night, we have no
reproach for a good deed or a kind sugges-
tion—When the dead has no attractions
for us—when its prospects and its glories
are fading from our gaze, and the visions of
an eternal state are bursting upon us, it is
then we love to think of an honest and up-
right life. Who, with the hour of death
in view, would perform a wicked act?
One hour of serious reflection will unfit us
for any vicious society or unholy career.
How strange it is that, amid the dying
and the dead, mankind will so far forget
themselves and their Creator, as to serve
a career of folly and crime, when the next
breath of disease may sweep them to des-
truction.

HOW THE NEW ENGLAND STATES FILL
THEIR QUOTAS OF TROOPS.—The seventh
company (D) of the First Connecticut Cavalry
Regiment was mustered into the service
last week in Baltimore. The company is
composed of a large number of recruits from
Fort Detmold, who have taken the oath of
allegiance. This is the way in which the
New England States respond to the Govern-
ment's calls for troops. These recruit
prisoners, but recently soldiers in the rebel
service, fighting against the Government,
are now accepted by the Administration as
part of the quota which the State of Con-
necticut was called upon to furnish. Here
is a beautiful picture of Puritan patriotism!

An Adventure.

I never attended but one temperance
lecture, said our friend, with a peculiar
smile, and I don't think I shall attend an-
other.
"You probably found it dry?"
"Well, yes—but that isn't it. The lecture
was well enough, but I got into such an awful
scrape after it was over, that I never think
of temperance meetings without a shudder.
I'll tell you about it. It was in Jersey City,
where I was something of a stranger, and the
night was one of the worst of the season—
"Boreal how it blew!" It was enough to take
your breath away. Well, sir, the lecture
was over, and making my way through the
crowd, I lingered in the doorway, contem-
plating the awful scene, when somebody
took my arm.

"Where have you been?" said the sweet-
est voice in the world. "I have been looking
for you every where."
Very much surprised I turned my head
and saw—but I can't describe her! It makes
me mad to think how prodigiously pretty
she was!

With her left hand she leaned on my arm;
she was arranging her veil with her right,
and did not notice my surprise.
"You have been looking for me?" I faltered.
"Come let us be going," was her reply,
pressing my arm.

A thrill went to my heart. What to make
of my lady's address I did not know; but
she was too charming a creature for me to
refuse to accompany her. We started off in
the midst of the tempest, the noise of which
prevented any conversation. At length she
said with a scream—
"Put your arm around me, I shall blow
away!"

"I need not describe to you my sensation,
as I pressed her to my side and hurried on.
It was very dark; nobody saw us, and allow-
ing her to guide my steps. I followed her
motions through two or three short streets,
until she stopped before an elegant man-
sion.

"Have you your key?" she asked.
"My key?" I stammered, "there must be
some mistake."
"O, I have one!"
And as she opened the door, I stood
waiting to bid her good night, or to have
some explanation, when, turning quickly,
she said:

"How queer you act to-night? ain't you
coming in?"
There something very tempting in the
suggestion. Was I going in? A warm
house and a pretty woman were certainly
objects of consideration, and it was dreary
to think of facing the storm and seeing her
no more.

It took me three-quarters of a second to
make up my mind, and in I went. There
was a dim light in the hall, and as my guide
ran rapidly up stairs, why, I thought I could
do nothing better than run up too, I follow-
ed her into a very dark room.

"Lock the door, John," she said.
Now, as if I had been the only John in
the world, I thought she knew me. I felt
for the key, and turned it in the lock with
out hesitation, wondering all the while what
was coming next. Then an awful suspicion
of some thing horrid flashed upon my mind,
for I have often heard of infatuated men
being lured to their destruction by pretty
women, when my lady struck a light—
Then—being an excessively modest man—
I discovered to my dismay that I was in a
bed-room—alone with a woman in a bed-
room! I cannot describe my sensation. I
said something; I don't know what it was,
but the lady lighted her lamp, looked
stared at me an instant, turned as white as a
pillow-case, and screamed—

"Who are you? How came you here?
Go Quick—leave the room—I—thought
you were my husband!" and covering her
face with her hands, she sobbed hysterically.

I was petrified. Of course I was quite as
anxious to leave, as she was to have me—
But in my confusion, instead of going out
of the door, I unlocked another door
and walked into a closet.

Before I could rectify my error there came
a terrible thundering at the first door. The
lady screamed; the noise increased; and I
felt peculiar, knowing very well that now
the lady's real husband was coming, and
that I was in rather a bad fix.

Well aware that it would not do to re-
main in the closet, and convinced of the
danger of meeting a man who might fall
into the vulgar weakness of becoming jeal-
ous, I was trying to collect my scattered
senses in the darkness, when the lady rushed
to me and whispered to me in a wild
manner—

"What shall I do? If you do not go, he
will kill me!"
"O—but consider—"
The thundering at the door drowned her
voice—the new tin, I unlocked another door
and walked into the room. I thought I
felt a little cold, and crept under some
garments hanging in the closet.

A gruff voice roared and stormed—Othello
was jealous and revengeful; Desdemona in-
nocent and distressed—then I heard omi-
nous sounds, as of some one looking under
the bed.
"I know he is here! I saw him come into
the house with you! You locked the door!"
"I'll have his heart out!"
"Hear me hear me! I will explain!"
As I was listening very attentively for the
explanation, the garments under which I
was concealed were quietly lifted, and fancy
my feelings, discovered in such a situation
by such a husband.

"Well, B—," we cried deeply inter-
ested, for we knew that every word of his
story was true, "how did you get out of the
scrape?"
"I used a violent remedy for so violent a
complaint. Driven in a corner—my life in
danger—on seeing at a glance that Othello
was not a strong as I was, I threw myself
upon him, fell within him and held him there,
until I had given a full explanation of the
error, made him hear reason, and I tamed
him to be as gentle as a lamb. Then I left,
rather unceremoniously, and I have never
seen Othello or Desdemona since."

Provoking—to kneel before your goddess,
and burst both pantaloons straps.

Poland.

[From the Liverpool Courier, October 4.]
History does not record any war under-
taken for pure humanity. Occasionally a war
has been waged for which humanity was a
pretext, but underneath the cloak of philan-
thropy there the real motive—be it policy,
ambition, or hatred. If ever a war should
be waged on behalf of men and women suf-
fering under the most inhuman tyranny, Pol-
and must be its scene. The intelligence
daily brought by the telegrams is absolutely
sickening. Palaces plundered, houses burned,
women outraged until death in convulsions
relieves them; children tortured—these are
the burdens of the telegrams. There is no
gleam of mercy or common humanity. They
who have fled from their native Poland to be
out of the reach of contending parties, or of
the executioners, are now required to return.
If they do not return, want and beggary are
to be their portions; if they do return, death
is their destiny. If they attach themselves
to the agents of the Czar, they are doomed
by the national government. If they favor
or seem to favor the insurgents, the ax, the
gibbet, or the knout awaits them. It is trea-
son to be neutral, and the penalty of treason
is death. The prisons are crowded with vic-
tims, although daily fusillades thin their
numbers.

Every morning unhappy men are led forth
to execution guilty or not guilty. Exam-
ples of terror are needed, and perhaps the
more innocent the victim is the more likely
are others to be terrified. So at least, thinks
the Czar, who lashes Poland into insurrec-
tion by a whip of scorpions. If one-half
the narratives of barbarous cruelty inflicted
on the Polish people by the Czar's officers
be true, then there are demons in human
shape left loose to appal the world.

What is to be done? England will not go
to war for the sake of Poland; France to busy
herself in Mexican politics, and will, perhaps,
need her surplus force for a war against the United
States; Austria will not take the initiative
in action against Russia. The three Powers
have agreed to wait for events; that is, for
the depopulation of Poland and the utter ruin
of a land bordering on civilized nations.—
They will wait for events; that is, for the
sack of Warsaw. The impotence of the na-
tions is mocked by the Emperor, whose
tender mercies are cruel. So at least, thinks
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But the three Powers will write another
letter. The letters previously transmitted to
the Court of St. Petersburg have, we suppose,
so greatly ameliorated the sufferings of the
Poles, that another effort at composition
should be made. The Czar, however, cut
short the correspondence. He intimated that
he desired no more letters. He does not
understand words without deeds, and he de-
spises those who show their teeth but never
close them. The next letter is not to be
addressed to the Czar. The diplomatic
agents of the three allied powers will be
informed of a fact which all Europe knows al-
ready. In sublime strains they will be taught
that the treaties of 1815 are no longer binding.

The meaning of such an announcement is
this: The Czar holds Poland on certain con-
ditions secured by the treaty of 1815. These
conditions he has violated, and therefore he
has no right to Poland under the treaty.
How the Czar will mock such an important
conclusion! He recently informed the Em-
peror of the French that he held Poland by
right of conquest. He won it, he said, in
1812 from the Great Napoleon. He delivered
Europe from the usurper, and seized Poland
by the sword and by the lance. What cares
he for the treaties of 1815? Cossacks are
better than torn parchments. He does, by
right of conquest, kill, burn, outrage and
destroy, and will persist in doing so. It is
vain to exhibit to the Czar a few shreds of a
treaty, and to tell him that they are
worthless. He is the strong man armed in
possession and he defies the Western Powers,
while he tramples upon all that men respect
or venerate. A passing cloud would affect
the Czar more than the reading of an obso-
lete treaty.

Russia knows no law but that of brute
force. He who would restrain her must be
her by sea or land. Strength with her sup-
plies the place of justice, and terror is her
only persuasion. Diplomatic correspondence
with such a power is worse than useless.—
To prove to his own hordes how thoroughly
he condemns the Allies, he redoubles his
cruelties to the Poles after the receipt of a
dispatch. What should be done is clear; the
Asiatic should be driven from Europe. But
who is to do it? England hesitates, Austria
wavers, France waits; and meanwhile the
Cossacks spread wreck and ruin, and outrage
all that man reveres and woman guards.

We had better stop our ears and close our
eyes to the sounds and sights of misery.—
From Poland come only mourning, lamenta-
tion, and weep. There is no deliverer, and
the oppressors despise those who talk but
will not act. The partition of Poland is
braided as the shame of Europe. What
can shall posterity give to this abandon-
ment of a hapless people to the barbarity of
a midman?

Horrors of War.—The struggle now
going on upon this continent between mil-
lions of men, to settle the most abstract
question, is the saddest and most unnatural
that ever cursed any people of any nation.
A happy and prosperous people are dragged
to the lowest depths of degradation, in
order to settle the status of the black race.—
This contest is killing mind and body. It
denies the kindness of human feeling; it
nourishes a thirst for plunder; it indulges
a license for outrage; it gives voices to cries
at which the heart of humanity grows sick.
The fusion of nations; the great progress of
mechanical science; the influence of Christi-
anity, had led us to hope that war had be-
come an absurdity, but much more a civil
war like this.

Two peoples of Anglo-Saxon race, who
for nearly a century had achieved a name
before the rising splendor of which the
world turned pale, are now, by cannon shot
and saber strokes, doing their very best to
mutillate and destroy each other.
We are in the midst of a carnival of folly
and crime.—Georgetown (D.) Argus.

The tears of affection are the dew-drops
from the blue sky of the soul.

Cotton-Growing Abroad.

Ever since the commencement of the re-
bellion, Europeans have been putting forth
every exertion to supply from other sources
the deficiency in the American supply of
cotton. These two years have done much
to lead us to definite and positive conclusions
in regard to the comparative productiveness
of other fields, and the result cannot fail to
be gratifying to our national pride.

British India, the West India Islands,
Egypt, and Turkey have been successfully
put to the test, and the most thorough ex-
periments only prove more conclusively that
in the future as in the past, the old world
must derive its supply of cotton from the
new. The hiatus has not been filled, and
there is not a single manufacturer in Europe
who is not to-day fervently hoping that, in
some way, the obtaining of American cotton
may be resumed. English factories are
quiet; French operatives are supported at
the public expense, and Austria is threatened
with financial ruin, and all for the want of
American cotton.

Two years ago England pointed triumph-
antly to her possessions in India and claimed
that they would soon be able to supply the
cotton demand of the world. Experiments,
thorough and convincing, have been made,
and the claim no longer urged. India has
a population of 180,000,000, and an area
half as large as all Europe over the most
of which cotton can be grown, but the obstacles
to successful culture are serious if not insur-
mountable. The natives turn with reluc-
tance from food crops upon which they rely,
to something which requires more labor and
more energy, and yields less immediate re-
turns. Defects in both climate and soil
render the yield less and the quality poorer
than that grown in America. Not very
much is known yet of cotton prospects in
Africa, but enough to dispel all sanguine ex-
pectations that permanent relief may be ex-
pected from that quarter. The native negro
evinces no aptitude for its cultivation, and
prefers to deal in palm oil, which yields
readier returns with much less effort. The
prospect seems brighter in Egypt, for the
country is unsurpassed in fertility, and its
capacity seems to be limited only by the
facilities for irrigation and the amount of
labor at command. But the enterprise of
the people sustained by their present Vicaroy
will do much to overcome these obstacles,
and large numbers of American ploughs and
cotton-gins have been sent to the land of the
Pharaohs. But it will take years of time
and millions of capital to accomplish there
what can be easily done here, and America
must still be considered the cotton-field of
the world.

Russia and the United States.—A Par-
allel Drawn by a Republican.
We assure our readers that the following
extract comes from no Democratic or anti-
Administration print. It is a portrait drawn
by a friendly hand to the Administration.—
It is taken from Harper's Weekly, one of the
most ultra and intense Abolition prints in
the country. It is intended to be kindly,
but it is certainly a hard hit upon the Ad-
ministration and its policy. It says:—
"At the present time Russia and the United
States occupy remarkably similar positions.
A portion of the subjects of the Russian
Empire, residing in Poland, have attempted
to secede and set up an independent national
existence, just as our Southern slave-owners
have tried to secede from the Union and set
up a Slave Confederacy; and the Czar, like
the Government of the Union, has under-
taken to put down the insurrection by force
of arms. In that undertaken, which every
Government is bound to make under penalty
of national suicide, Russia, like the United
States, has been thwarted and annoyed by
the interference of France and England.—
The Czar, like Mr. Lincoln, nevertheless
pursues his purpose, and, being new-
ly in earnest, and determined, has sent
a fleet into our waters, in order that, if war
should occur, British and French commerce
should not escape as cheaply as they did in
the Crimean contest. We run no similar
risk of being blockaded in the event of war
with England and France, and need not send
our squadrons away; but still we are pre-
paring, in our way, by the construction of
fast cruisers and heavy iron-clads."

As a practical evidence of the injury
inflicted upon our ocean commerce by the
rebel privateers, it may be stated, on the
faith of the Custom-house official returns
at this port, that during the quarter, ending
June 30, the imports and exports under the
American flag amounted to but \$23,000,000,
whereas, under the flags of foreign nations,
the amount was \$65,000,000. In 1860, the
quarter's trade was \$82,000,000 under our
flag, and \$30,000,000 under foreign nations.
The tables in the course of two short years
are thus completely turned against us. An-
other fact exemplifying the same humiliat-
ing truth, is this: In 1830, the whole num-
ber of Danish vessels arriving at the port of
New York was but 12 vessels, measuring
2,013 tons; in 1861 22 vessels, measuring
6,292 tons; in 1862 32 vessels, measuring
10,252 tons; while for the expired portion
of the current year the arrivals under that
flag foot up 81 vessels, aggregating 22,777
tons. The same state of things is true of
other flags, in proportion; though as regards
the Danish vessels, it is a crumb of comfort
to know that of the 81 entering the port
this year, 20 of them were purchased by
Danish merchants of American ship-builders
or owners.—New York Correspondent of the
Philadelphia Inquirer.

Gen. Moravieff has given orders to
transport all the small nobility of Lithuania
to the remotest part of Russia, and as there
are entire villages occupied by this nobility,
these villages are depopulated, and the in-
habitants transported into the Oural or the
Caucasus. The civil Governor of Wilna
has, in pursuance of Moravieff's orders, in-
structed the military authorities to transport
10,000 of these nobles, guilty or innocent.—
Exchange.

It is one of the "many close points of
resemblance between the United States and
Russia" that we hear so much about at din-
ner-tables and in radical newspapers?

How to Treat Rebellions—The Modern English Plan.

The Louisville Democrat talks sense, and
utters truth in the following:
"An English minister can look very calmly
at rebellions. England has learned by bitter
experience how to avoid them. That Govern-
ment has skillfully avoided two or three
rebellions in the last fifty or sixty years.—
Reform bills, Catholic emancipation bills
attest the wisdom of her rulers. They resist
the popular demand heroically. We
can't think of it; it will upset the whole
British Constitution; let well enough alone
But louder and louder is the demand. Rulers
begin to be alarmed. Lord Somebody must
bring in a reform bill—damn the reformer
—but the timbers of the ship of state begin
to creak under the storm. Hark, do you
hear that! Hurry the reform bill—make
haste. The bill is passed, the storm is over,
and all is right again. That is the way the
long heads of England stop rebellions. They
are not afraid of them now. They know
how to stop them, and hence they look
coolly at rebellions. England now keeps
Canada by informing her that she can go if
she feels like it; that she is more expen-
sive than profit to the mother country; no;
whereupon, Canada thinks the mother
country too willing, and won't go."

As contrast to these sensible views of
the Democrat, we give the following from
the Cleveland (O.) Plain Dealer:
"A government that can not try to save
itself from disintegration, is a gigantic
mockery and farce. No man will pretend
to say that when Sumter was fired upon,
this Government should have remained pas-
sive. If it had done so it would have been
a hissing and bye-word through all the
measured ages of time."

The loss of territory is an evil, but it can
be better borne than the total loss of repub-
lican institutions. Extent of territory would
be too dearly purchased by the surrender of
all that renders a government a boast, a pride
or a blessing. The way to awe States from
seceding is to cultivate kindly feelings
with the people of all of them, and render
it a matter of pleasure and of interest for
them to continue their relations with the
Union. That government is the strongest,
as well as the best, which rests upon the
affections of the people. As to the firing
upon Sumter, it no more changed the status
of the question than the firing upon the Star
of the West did when it was carrying relief
to Sumter, in December, 1860. The ques-
tion was one still for the statesman, and not
for the soldier.

Seward has told us that, knowing that
war was inevitable, he contrived that the
rebels should commence it by firing upon
Sumter. War might have been dictated by
the feelings or the passions of the people,
but they are unsafe and unreliable guides
when cool judgment alone is required. The
question was then and is: Is the policy of
concession and war expedient? The Demo-
cracy do not think it was or is, but believe it
would only aggravate, even if successful, our
national ills.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

From the Liverpool Courier.
A Russian Fleet at New York.
A Russian frigate arrived in New York
a few weeks since. Her commander and his
officers were ostentatiously feted. Their
presence was made a political event, and it
was openly stated that this ship was but the
precursor of a larger force. The telegrams
brought by the Adriatic, viz St. Johns, an-
nounce the arrival of two other Russian frig-
ates, and the approach of five more. The
Czar will then have a fleet of eight vessels
of war in the harbor of New York.

What is the meaning of this formidable
demonstration? Is it the precursor of the
realization of an alliance between the United
States and Russia? It was designed, in case
Messrs. Laird's steam rams put to sea, to
pounce upon British ships bound to Canada.
Or is this display only preliminary to an at-
tack upon France and her forces in Mexico?
An alliance between the United States
and Russia is the most natural thing in the
world; they are congenial despotisms; they
are alike in cruelty—they have each their
Poland; their desires are similar. From the
commencement of the civil war, language of
the most courteous character has been
adopted toward Russia by all classes of Re-
publicans, and the presence of these frigates
seems to be an earnest of what the Czar can
do.

It may be suspected that the Washington
Cabinet, a short time since, intended to de-
clare war against England. There was an
idea predominant in the United States that
the Confederacy was on the point of ruin,
and that the war would be over in a few
days. Then the turn of England was to
come. Fortune has not smiled upon the
Federals. The Confederates have shown no
signs of faltering or hesitation. A great
battle has proved how formidable they are.
Mr. Lincoln may have wisdom enough to
engage in one war at a time. But the Rus-
sian frigates are in the harbor of New York,
ready to take advantage of circumstances,
and to capture British merchantmen the mo-
ment Mr. Lincoln finds it convenient to give
the signal. If Russia has a fleet in the har-
bor of New York, we should have one also.
Our force in the American waters is weak
and should be strengthened. These Russian
frigates have not been sent to New York
without an object, and that object is not one
friendly to England.

We are informed also that official intelli-
gence had reached the Federal Cabinet to
the effect that the British Government would
not permit the steam rams to put to sea.—
This created, it is said, a more kindly feeling
toward England. It is very likely it did.
Any illegal act of the British Government
which has a tendency to favor the North
would of course be well received by North-
erners. If Earl Russell were to treat the
Southern cruisers as pirates, if he sent the
Warrior to assist General Gilmore in attack-
ing Charleston, he would increase this
"friendly feeling." The "friendly feeling,"
however, of an American mob is not very
valuable or very durable. While this
friendly feeling lasts, it would be well if
Earl Russell would ask what brings a formi-
dable Russian fleet to New York?

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

A True Abolitionist.
The following beautiful specimen of philan-
thropy we take from the National Intelli-
gencer:
These Abolitionists are the men who, 's
few years ago, when smog on one cheek
advised the turning of the other. They
held themselves to be better than other men
until they got power, when they seem to
have neither sense nor humanity. This is
the case with most men who set themselves
up as better than mankind in general.

The reader may remember that we pub-
lished a week or two ago, an extract from
a speech made by Col. Jennison, in which
he said that he apprehended no difficulty in
raising a new Kansas and Missouri, and that,
after he had raised the requisite number of
men, it would be easy for him "to raise
hell." We also published, at the same
time, his letter in reply to an applicant for
the Chaplaincy of the regiment, in which
he said that his men would have no need
for a spiritual adviser, as they proposed to
give more heed to their temporal than their
eternal interests. This reply was deemed
"terse" by the New York Independent. We
suppose this same religious journal will be
exceedingly pleased with the military policy
of Jennison, as propounded in the following
programme of his operation. (It is known
that Col. Jennison is a "Radical Emancipa-
tionist," and all who do not approve of
his contemplated proceedings are liable to
be denounced as "traitors.")

"Do you suppose I will march into Mis-
souri and ask them to take the path? No,
not by a d—d sight. If they have protec-
tion papers I will hang them, for real Union
men need no written proof of their loyalty.
In my next proclamation I will say to every
physically able-bodied man in the State of
Missouri: 'You must fight for your homes or
be put to death.' And the head of your
columns will make the road so clear that no
Copperhead shall see the tail end of the
command. I put the negro on top and the
traitor underneath. Every thing disloyal,
from a Shanghai chicken up to a Durham
cow, must be cleaned out. Adopt this pol-
icy, and there will be no Copperheads in
Kansas. The Fifteenth will be filled three
weeks from to-day. His whole duty will be
to kill rebels. [A voice: 'Have you got the
horses?'] I never had any trouble in the
old Seventh in getting all the horses I want-
ed. All the trouble I ever had was in pre-
venting the boys (and particularly old
Pardee over there) from leading off six or
seven. But my men mustn't take any thing
that will not further the interests of their
own regiment. Every man must, of course,
be his own judge. This regiment will march
with the revolver in one hand and the torch
in the other. It will be organized on a
military and patriotic, and not on a political
basis. We carry the flag, kill with the