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## Antony and Cleopatra.

BY WM. H. LYELL.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying!"—Shakespeare.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,  
Ebbes the crimson life-tide fast,  
And the dark, Pictorian shadows  
Gather on the evening blast;  
Let thine arm, oh! Queen, support me,  
Hush thy sob and thine ear,  
Harken to the great heart secrets,  
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions  
Bear their eagles high no more,  
And my wrecked and scattered galleys  
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;  
Though no glittering standards surround me,  
Prompt to do their master's will,  
I must perish like a Roman,  
Die the great Triumvir's still.

Let not Caesar's servile minions  
Mock the lion thus laid low;  
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,  
'Twas his own that struck the blow  
Here then pillowed on thy bosom  
Ere his star fades quite away,  
Him who, drunk with thy caresses,  
Madly flung a world away!

Should the base plebeian rabble,  
Dare assail my fame at Rome,  
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,  
Weeps within her widowed home,  
Seek her, say the gods have told me;  
Altars, augurs, circling winds,  
That her blood with mine commingled,  
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for the star-eyed Egyptian  
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,  
Light the path to stygian honors  
With the splendors of thy smile.  
Give the Caesar crowns and arches,  
Let his brow the laurel twine,  
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,  
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;  
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry,  
They are coming—quick, my falchion!  
Let me front them ere I die.  
Ah! no more amid the battle  
Shall my heart exulting swell,  
Isis and Osiris guard thee,  
Cleopatra! Rome!—farewell!

## Norah's Remonstrance.

Now, Terence, have done wid' yer tasin',  
Do ye be aisy, and let me alone;  
It's the skin from me fingers ye're squeezing;  
Sure ye think they're as hard as yer own!

I'm worried to death wid yer prating,  
And frightened clane out of me life;  
So pray don't be idly consoling,  
You'll ever catch me for a wife.

What is it you say—that I'm joking?  
That you won't budge an inch from my side?  
Indeed, now, ye're mighty provoking,  
And I don't know what way to decide.

I'm just like a bird that the fowler  
Is coaxing down into his snare;  
Och, Terence! ye ay, scheming prowler,  
Ye're hurting me lips, I declare!

Leave off, sir. How dare ye to do it!  
I suppose, as ye will have yer way,  
I'd better (but mind me, ye'll rue it)  
Pase yer whim by just naming the day.

Don't think it's for love I'm consenting—  
Och, murkher! you're stopping me breath—  
But only in hopes of preventing  
Meself being bother'd to death!

The following is a just and true portrait  
of the war-hungry clergy:  
"Such as do build their faith upon  
The holy text of pike and gun;  
Decide all controversy by  
Infantile artillery;  
And prove their doctrine orthodox  
By Apostolic blows and knocks;  
Call fire and sword, and desolation,  
A godly—through—Reformation,  
Which always must be carried on,  
And still be doing, never done."

Mr. Noggs speaking of a blind wood  
sawyer says, "While none ever saw him see,  
thousands have seen him saw."

Some men are kinder to the occupants of  
their kennels than to their families. They  
will treat wife and children like dogs, but  
not dogs themselves so.

A new balmore shoe factory at Hart  
ford is so arranged that a shoe goes through  
thirteen different hands and comes out com-  
plete in ten minutes.

Some women paint their faces and then  
weep because it does not make them beau-  
tiful. They raise a hue-and-cry.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as  
virtue is its sun; and the two are never far  
apart.

He who knows his ignorance is the possessor  
of the rarest kind of valuable knowl-  
edge.

The door between us and God cannot be  
open when that between us and our fellow  
men is shut.

## Mr. Peters' First Wife.

"Dear! dear! no toast, eggs boiled as hard  
as bricks, and the coffee stone-cold!" and  
Mr. Peters rose from the breakfast table in  
a temper by no means amiable, and rang the  
bell violently. There was no answer. He  
rang again, a third, fourth time, still no an-  
swer! Out of all patience he went to the  
door and called—"Maria! Maria!"

A slight, pretty little woman dressed in a  
soiled, rumpled wrapper, with hair in a state  
of direful confusion, answered his summons.  
She had one of those round, bright faces  
which Nature intends should be decked  
with continual smiles, but now with all its roses  
in bloom, it was drawn to its full length  
and the large blue eyes had a serious, or  
rather dolorous expression, totally at variance  
with their usual joyous look. Her voice,  
too, had lost its melodious ringing sound,  
and was subdued to a dismal wailing.

What is it, Joseph?  
Where's Bridget?  
Gone out for me. I want more white  
ribbons for my ascension robe.

Mr. Peters said a very naughty word and  
then continued, cold coffee, hard eggs, break-  
fast not fit to eat.

I wish, whined his wife, you would think  
less of temporal matters and turn your atten-  
tion to the great end of life.

Hang it all, madame, I would like to en-  
joy my life while I do have it. Here was I,  
the happiest man in the United States, with a  
pleasant home, a chatty, cheerful, loving  
wife, and good, quiet children; and now,  
since you have joined the Millerites, what  
am I?

Oh, Joseph, if you would only come into  
that blessed circle!  
Oh, Maria, if you would only come out of  
it. Where's the boys?

I'm sure I don't know.  
Are they going to school to-day?  
My dear, their teacher has given up the  
school, and is turning her mind to more ex-  
alted objects. Oh, Joseph, turn now while  
there is time. You have still a week for  
preparation and repentance.

Repentance! Well, when I take up the  
subject, it will take more than a week to put  
it through.

And Mr. Peters put on his coat and took  
up his hat.  
Joseph, said his wife, you need not send  
home any dinner. I shall be out, and I'll  
take the boys over to their uncle's to dine.

Joe made no answer, unless the violently  
emphatic manner in which he closed the  
door was one. Muttering with anger, he  
strode into a restaurant to make a breakfast.  
Here he was hailed by one of his bachelor  
friends. Fred Somers, who looked up as  
he heard Joe's order.

Hello! he cried, you here? why what are  
you doing here at breakfast time? wife  
sick?

No!  
Had a quarrel?  
No!  
Gone to town?  
No!  
Then why don't you breakfast at home,  
chinney on fire?

No!  
Servants all dead?  
No!  
Well what in the thunder is to pay?  
Maria's joined the Millerites!

Fred gave a long whistle, and then said,  
Yes, and if I don't commit suicide in the  
meantime you may congratulate me. I am  
almost distracted. Can't get a decent meal;  
children running riot, servants saucy, house  
all in confusion, wife in the blues, either  
quoting the speeches of the elders at me, or  
sewing on a white robe, and groaning every  
third stitch. Hang it all, Fred, I've a mind  
to take poison, or join the army!

Hum! h'm! you give quite an enchanting  
picture, but I think I can suggest a cure.  
A cure?

Yes, if you will promise to follow my ad-  
vice, I will make your home pleasant, your  
wife cheerful, and your children happy.

Do it, cried Joe, I'll follow your word  
like a soldier under his officer. What shall  
I do?

At tea time Mr. Peters entered his home  
whistling. Maria was seated at the table  
sewing on her white robes, and there was no  
signs of preparations for the evening meal.

Maria, my dear, said Mr. Peters cheerfully,  
'is tea ready?'  
I do not know, was the answer, have been  
out all day attending meeting.

Oh, very well; never mind. Attending  
meeting! You are resolved? then, to leave  
me next week?  
Oh! Joe, I must go when I am called.

Yes, my dear, of course. Well, I must  
resign myself, I suppose. By the way, my  
dear, has it ever occurred to you that I shall  
be left a widower, with three children? I  
think I am a handsome man yet, my love, and  
Joe walked over to the glass, ran his  
fingers through his hair and pulled up his  
shirt collar. Maria looked up, rather sur-  
prised.

You see, it is rather a relief for you to go  
quickly, you know. It is so wearing on the  
nerves to have a long illness; and besides,  
my dear, there will be no funeral expenses,  
and that is quite saving.

Mrs. Peters' lip quivered, and her large  
blue eyes filled with tears. Joe longed to  
stop his heartless speech and comfort her,  
but he was fearful the desired effect was not  
yet gained.

So, my dear, he continued, if you must  
go, I have been thinking of getting another  
wife.

What?  
Another wife, my love. The house must  
be kept in order; and the boys cared for.  
The grief was gone from Maria's face, but  
her teeth were set with a look of intense  
wrath.

Another wife, Joe, another wife!  
Yes, I think I have selected a good suc-  
cessor. I deliberated a long time, when I  
was a bachelor, between her and yourself.—  
You will like her, for she's your bosom  
friend. Yes, my dear, I think that on the  
day you ascend, I will marry Miss Sarah  
Ingraham.

What! that good-for-nothing, silly, empty-

headed old maid, the mother of my children!  
What!  
Well, my dear, it seems the best I can  
do! I don't want to leave my business to go  
a courting, and she will have me, I know.  
No doubt; oh you great, brutal, hate-  
ful!

Stop, my dear, don't fly into a fury! We  
will try to spend our last week in happiness.  
Oh, by the way, I had a proposition to make.  
Go on, sir, don't spare me.

Ah, yes, that is the very thing I wish to  
do. I know your mind is entirely engrossed  
with your ascension, and I wish to spare  
you the care of the house. Suppose you  
invite Sarah here to-morrow, to spend a  
week!

What?  
Then I can arrange our matrimonial pre-  
parations in the evening, while you are at  
the lecture.

What?  
And you can leave the house in her  
charge all day. That will give you plenty  
of time to get out, and she can learn the  
ways about the house.

What?  
'And, my dear, one little favor. It may  
be last I shall ever ask. Stay at home one  
or two days, won't you, and show her  
around, where you keep things, and so on,  
so that she won't have any trouble in keep-  
ing order after you go. You will certainly  
do this, to oblige me, won't you?'  
Mrs. Peters, for answer, rolled up the as-  
cension robe into a ball and fired it at Joe.  
The cotton, scissors, work basket and table  
cloth followed each other in such rapid  
succession, that he was unable to fly. Then  
Maria's rage found vent in words.

So! you and Sarah! That's the reason  
you whistled when you came in! But you  
shan't marry her, sir! You shan't have that  
gratification! I will stay, if it is only to spite  
you. I won't go, I tell you, Mr. Peters, I  
won't go!

But my dear, you must go if you are  
come for.  
I won't go!  
But consider, my dear.  
I won't go!

But what will Sarah think?  
Sarah! don't dare to mention Sarah to me  
again. I—I—oh—I am fairly choking.—  
And the little woman threw herself into a  
chair, in a fit of hysterics.

Next morning Mr. Peters met Fred in  
the street.  
Well, old boy, how goes it?  
Fred, was the reply, I am the happiest  
man in the world. I have resigned my  
wife and domestic peace, and got rid of a  
heavy, rattling old maid, who, under pretense  
of loving my wife, was everlastingly inter-  
fering with our household arrangements!

Then Mrs. Peters will not ascend, will  
she?  
No. If Sarah is to be my second wife,  
and step-mother to my children, Mrs. Pe-  
ters has concluded that, on the whole, she  
won't go!

THE MOTHER.—Around the ideas of  
one's mother, the mind of a man clings  
with fond affection. It is the first deep  
thought stamped upon our infant hearts,  
when yet soft and capable of receiving the  
most profound impression, and all the after  
feelings of the world are more or less light  
in comparison. I do not know that even  
in our old age we do not look back to that  
feeling as the sweetest we have through  
life. Our passions and willfulness may lead  
us far from the object of filial love; we  
learn even to pain her heart, to oppose her  
wishes, to violate her commands; we may  
become wild, head-strong, and angry at  
her counsels or opposition; but when death  
has stilled her moitory voice, and nothing  
but calm memory remains to receive the  
her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a  
flower beaten to the ground by a past storm,  
raises up her head, and smiles among her  
tears. Around that idea, as we have said,  
the mind clings with fond affection; and  
even when the earlier period of our life  
forces memory to be silent, fancy takes  
the place of our remembrance, and twines  
the image of our dear parent with a garland  
of graces and beauties and virtues which  
we doubt not that she possessed.

A Prudent Revolver.  
It was election day—writes a Pennsylv-  
ania correspondent—and Grimes having  
'assisted' on the occasion by the deposit of  
his vote and the absorption of about as  
much old 'rye' as he could walk under,  
started with two of his neighbors, who  
were in the same state of elevation, to make  
their way to their homes. They had to  
cross the Brandywine Creek by a foot  
bridge, constructed of a single log thrown  
across, and hewn flat on the upper side,  
but without any hand rail to aid in the  
descent. There would have been no diffi-  
culty with a clear head and steady legs in  
crossing; but with our party it was felt to  
be not devoid of difficulties—under existing  
circumstances. However the creek must  
be crossed. Grimes' two friends took the  
lead, and with much swinging of arms and  
contortion of body reached the other side.  
It was now Grimes' turn to face the music,  
and, making a bold start, he succeeded in  
getting about one-third of the way over,  
when a loud splash announced to his friends  
that he was overboard. Emerging from  
the water, it being about breast high, he  
quietly said, as if his course was the result  
of mature deliberation:  
'I guess I'll wade!'

Orthographical.  
An ingenious person has discovered that  
the three most forcible letters in our alpha-  
bet are N R G, that the two which contain  
nothing are M T; that four express great  
complacency, O B C T; that two are a decli-  
ne, D K; that four indicate exalted station, X  
L N K; and three excite our tears, yet, when  
pronounced together are necessary to a good  
understanding—LEG.

The Norwich Aurora, speaking of the  
practice of letting off criminals on their  
agreement to enlist, remarks: "At this rate  
our army will soon become a sort of moral  
reform society, where parents will be de-  
lighted to send their sons for training."

## Instinct of Appetite.

About three years ago the little daughter  
of a farmer on the Hudson river had a fall,  
which induced a long, dangerous and pain-  
ful illness, ending in blindness; medication  
availed nothing. By accident a switch  
containing maple buds was placed in her  
hands, when she began to eat them, and  
called earnestly for more, and continued to eat  
them, and continued to eat them with avidity,  
improving in health, and in her general  
health for some fifteen days or more, when  
this particular relish left her, and she called  
for candy; and as in the case of the buds,  
ate nothing else for two weeks, when this  
also was dropped a more natural taste re-  
turned with returning eye-sight and usual  
health. This was instinct calling for these  
articles of food which contained those ele-  
ments, the want of which lay between dis-  
ease and recovery.

A gentleman, aged thirty-six, seemed to  
be in the last stage of consumptive disease,  
when he was seized with an uncontrollable  
desire for common table salt; he spread it in  
thick layers over his meat, and over his  
bread and butter; he carried it in his vest  
pocket which he daily emptied by eating a  
pinch at a time. He regained his health,  
and remained well for years afterwards.

There are many persons who can record  
from their own personal experience, the be-  
ginning of a return of health from gratify-  
ing some insatiate desire. The celebrated  
Prof. Chas. Caldwell was fond of relating  
in his lectures that a young lady, abandoned  
to die called for some pound cake, which  
'science' would have pronounced a deadly  
dose, but, as her case was considered hope-  
less, she was gratified, and recovered, living  
in good health afterwards.

But in some forms of Dyspepsia, to follow  
the cravings of appetite is to aggravate the  
disease. In low fevers, such as typhoid,  
yielding to the cravings is certain death.  
To know how and when to follow the in-  
stinct of appetite—to gratify the cravings of  
nature—is of inestimable value. There is a  
rule which is always safe, and will save life  
in multitudes of cases where the most skill-  
fully 'exhibited' drugs have been entirely  
unavailing. Partake at first, of what nature  
seems to crave, in very small quantities; if  
no uncomfortable feelings follow, gradually  
increase the amount, until no more is called  
for.

These suggestions and facts find confirma-  
tion in the large experience of that now  
beautiful and revered man, Florence Night-  
ingale, whose memory will go down with  
blessing and honor side by side with that  
of John Howard. She says: "I have seen—  
not by one, or tens, but by hundreds—cases  
where the stomach not only craves, but di-  
gests things which have never been laid  
down in any dietary for the sick, especially  
for the sick whose diseases were produced  
by bad food. Fruit, pickles, jams, ginger-  
bread, fat of ham, and bacon, suet, cheese,  
buttermilk, &c., were administered freely,  
with happy results, simply because the sick  
craved them."

[Scientific American.]

## Punctuation Puzzle.

The following, from the Portland Trans-  
cript, is an illustration of the importance of  
punctuation. There are two ways of point-  
ing it, one of which makes the individual  
in question a monster of wickedness, while  
the other converts him into a model Chris-  
tian. Let our readers exercise their ingenu-  
ity on the problem, and see whether they  
can discover its two-fold solution:

"He is an old experienced man in vice  
and wickedness he is never found opposing  
the works of iniquity he takes delight in  
the downfall of the neighborhood he never  
rejoices in the prosperity of any of his fellow-  
creatures he is always ready to assist in des-  
troying the peace of society he takes no  
pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncon-  
formly diligent in sowing discord among his  
friends and acquaintances he takes no pride  
in laboring to promote the cause of Christi-  
anity he has not been negligent in endeavor-  
ing to stigmatize all public teachers he  
makes no exertion to subdue his evil pas-  
sion he strives hard to build up Satan's  
kingdom he lends no aid to support the  
Gospel among the heathen he contributes  
largely to the evil adversary he pays no at-  
tention to good advice he gives great heed  
to the devil he will never go to Heaven he  
must go where he will receive the just re-  
compense of reward."

"SPONSWELL" JACKSON'S GRAVE.—  
"Bury me at Lexington in the Valley of  
Virginia." These words, are said to have  
been uttered by that great, good and lamented  
man, Gen. T. J. Jackson, just before  
his death, and in accordance with his sac-  
red command, all that is mortal of the  
most renowned and successful military gen-  
eral that the war, or probably modern ages  
have produced, now lies interred within  
the walls of the Presbyterian Cemetery, located  
in the South-western suburbs of this de-  
lightful village. Nothing marks the spot  
where his mortal remains lie to distinguish  
his grave from that of others, save a dimin-  
utive Confederate flag, not larger than a la-  
dy's handkerchief.

This tiny emblem is fastened to a staff  
not more than two feet long, and placed at  
the head of the grave, and there waves, as if  
to illustrate the modest pretensions of the  
great hero of the Valley of Virginia. Close  
by his side a small grave is to be seen  
which contains the remains of his child,  
who died a few years ago, and not far dis-  
tant is the grave of his first wife, "Elinor,  
the daughter of George and Julia Jukin,"  
with a plain marble slab at the head. His  
late residence is situated near the end of  
the town, and like everything else planned  
by him, is modest and unpretending.

[Rebel Paper.]

"Will you take this woman to be  
your wedded wife?" said an Illinois magis-  
trate, to the masculine of a couple, who  
stood up before him. "Well, squire, was  
the reply, "you must be a great 'un to ask  
me such a question as that 'un. Do you  
think I'd be such a plucky fool as to go to  
the bar, and take this lady for the  
quiltin' folk, if I was not conscientiously  
certain and determined to have her? Drive  
on with yer bizzness."

## The Poor Freedmen.

The fearful condition of those victims of  
abolition madness, the poor "freedmen" of  
the south, appals to the heart of every per-  
son of human sympathy. We quote the  
following remarks of the World upon the  
subject, and urge its important suggestions  
upon our reader's consideration. After  
quoting the descriptions of the Rev. Mr.  
Flake, General Grant's Superintendent of  
Contrabands' our New York contemporary  
says:

"Swarming thus in their worse than sav-  
age misery among the camps of the soldiery,  
their presence moves all that is ribald and  
brutal in those camps to hatred and con-  
tempt, to outrage and abuse. Had these  
people asked us for the bread of freedom it  
were still insufferably base in us to have  
given them these stones in response. But  
it was we who offered, not they who asked,  
this bread at our hands."

The master who has chastised his  
slave with whips, but we have made him  
free, only to chastise him with scorpions.  
The master gave him life, at least, and  
raiment, food and drink, and a roof to  
cover him, and the comfortable presence of  
his fellows. We give him slow starvation,  
rage, and the firmament for his shelter.

We take him from his wife and children to  
fight our battles in the field, surrendering  
them to insult, privation, and death by fam-  
ine and disease.

The men who have brought this huge  
wretchedness upon a helpless race, now  
throw the burden on the people, whose na-  
tional name it threatens for ages to disgrace.  
We cannot, and we must not, reject it. By  
every consideration of honor and humanity,  
as Christian men, we must lift it, grievous  
though it be. This is the immediate work  
and duty of the hour. To the future we  
will remit the chastisement, sure and  
terrible, which awaits the hypocrites and  
madmen who have loaded upon us, and up  
on our children, so cruel a weight of na-  
tional shame and individual misery."

Kisses between women are like two  
handsome unmatched gloves—charming  
things with their proper mates, but good  
for nothing in that way.

There are forty-two sovereigns in Europe.  
Some three years ago there were thirty  
millions in this country, but now we are re-  
duced to three—shoddy, greenbacks and  
Lincoln.

The Georgia Constitutionalist speaks in  
this Christian strain:  
"For our part, we look forward with daily  
renewed hope to that day when our internal  
strife shall end, when brother shall cease to  
be arrayed against brother, and when the  
constitution and Union of our fathers shall  
be revered by every one on American soil."

These are the sentiments of a rebel. We  
hear no such humane or patriotic utterances  
from those "loyal" journals in the North  
which claim to monopolize the "uncondi-  
tional Unionism" of the country.—St. Paul  
Democrat.

Preparations are making in Philadel-  
phia for the construction of one of the  
largest ships ever built for the United States  
Government. She is to be 354 feet long,  
and will be built with a view of making  
great speed, so that she may pay particular  
attention to pirates and blockade runners.

THE RIVAL CANDIDATES.—A correspon-  
dent of Harper's Drawer sends the follow-  
ing, which is very good—none the worse  
that it has appeared before in the magazine.  
That time the scene was laid in Lower Mis-  
sissippi. Very likely it happened in several  
places. Politicians are very much alike.

Another candidate came upon "a poor  
white man," who had a vote to give, if he  
did have to do his own milking. The can-  
didate, Jones, asked him if he should hold  
the cow, which seemed to be uneasy, and  
the old man consenting very readily, he  
took her by the horns and held fast until  
the operation was done.

"Have you had Robison (his rival) around  
here lately?" he asked.  
"Oh, yes! He's behind the barn, holding  
the calf!"

Diphtheria.  
We have received a recipe for the cure of  
diphtheria, from a physician who says that of  
1,000 cases in which it has been used not a  
single patient has been lost. The treat-  
ment consists in thoroughly swabbing the  
back of the mouth and throat with a wash  
made thus. Table salt, 2 drachms; black  
pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum,  
1 drachm each. Mix and pulverize, put in  
a tea cup which has been filled with boiling  
water, stir well, and then fill up with good  
vinegar. Use every half hour, one, two,  
and four hours, as recovery progresses. The  
patient may swallow a little each time.  
Apply 1 oz. each of spirits turpentine, sweet  
oil, and aqua ammonia, mixed, every four  
hours to the whole of the throat, and to  
the breast bone every four hours, keeping  
flannel to the part.—N. Y. Tribune.

Henry Ward Beecher says there are many  
persons who think that Sunday is a sponge  
with which to wipe out the sins of the week.

Should the Almighty say unto Lincoln,  
"Abraham, what seest thou?"—He would  
reply for an answer "A NIGGER, my  
Lord!"

An exchange says when all the issues  
of this war are boiled down they amount  
to this: "Shall thirty millions of white peo-  
ple lose their liberties to gain the supposed  
lost liberty of four millions of blacks?"  
This is the substance of the whole plot.

Every family is a school. All of its  
members are teachers, all are scholars.  
Without text-books all study, and by in-  
struction all learn. Looks, smiles, frowns, car-  
rines, rebuffs, reproaches, shrugs, words, deeds,  
make up daily household lessons, from which  
each learner derives first impressions, next  
convictions, and then character.

'Abolition scabs' is the name applied to  
the postal currency out West.

## Story Reading.

At a certain age, children of both sexes  
delight in stories. It is as natural as it is  
for them to skip, run, and jump, instead of  
walking at the staid pace of their grandpa-  
rents. Now, some parents, very well mean-  
ing ones, too, think they do a wise thing  
when they deny their most innocent craving  
any legitimate outlet. They wish to  
cultivate their say, "a taste for solid reading."  
They might as well begin to feed a new  
born baby on meat lest nursing should  
vitiates its desire for it. The taste for meat  
will come when the child has teeth to chew  
it, so will the taste for "solid reading" as  
the mind matures, i. e., if it is not made to  
hate it by having it forced violently upon  
its attention during the story loving period.  
That "there is a time for all things," is  
truer of nothing more than this. Better  
far that parents should admit it and wisely  
indulge it, than by a too severe repression  
give occasion for a steady pronounced read-  
ing.

ASPIRATION.—I have seen a lark rising  
from his bed of grass and soaring upwards,  
singing as he rises, and in hopes to get to