# THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

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THE BULLETIN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

ROSS & ROSSER,

Editors and Proprietors.

MAYSVILLE, JANUARY 7, 1864.


### Werry Grave Exhertation.

I believe you isn't married, Ned—
You doesn't know the sweets
Vat vaits upon that happy state,
Ven man and vo'man meets,
The bosoms warm emotion, Ned,
The drops within the eyes;
The nice washed things--darned stockings
And all them tender ties.

You don't know vat it is, Ned,
Vile lying on your bed,
To gaze on careful voman's form,
Vile the breakfast things is spread,
Ven you don't want to get up, Ned,
The kiver feels so nice,
And she says, "take another cup,
And this ere t'other slice."
Vile the fire is burning bright, Ned,
And all upon the chair,
Your linen and your drawers, Ned,
Is hanging up to air.

I axes every heart, Ned,
Vat isn't made of steel,
If they can gaze upon that fire,
And not a varming feel?
Oh, very few, indeed, Ned,
Knows ven they're truly happy,
Ven the baby is fetched in, Ned,
To kiss its lazy pappy!
"You little, teney, peneny ting—
Its mammy tum and eat her;
You blessed babe, it was so thweet,
It toud'nt be no thweeter."

"You dod, a blessed angel, you—
It pulls its pappy's hair!
Take fingers out of pappy's cup—
Don't cry, then, thweetest--there—
Oh, fie! don't spill all pappy's tea!
You naughty, ducky, dandy,
Owny, dony, voguey, poguey,
Twweet as thugar candy."

Oh, Ned, there are some moments ven,
The sternest heart vill quiver,
Just, let that baby spill your tea,
Vile you're beneath the kiver;
Vun little hand within your hair;
The t'other in your cup;
Don't vonder if ve sometimes feel
As ve could "eat 'em up."

### A Hundred Years to Come.

"Who'll press for gold the crowded street;
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread your church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood with his brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land, or sea,
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come;
But other men our land will tell,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come."

### Beginning to Walk.

He's not got his sea legs, the darling;
He's been in our ship but a year;
He isn't yet versed in our lingo—
Knows nothing of sailing, I fear.

But he soon will hear more of the billows,
And learn the salt taste of the wave:
One voyage, though it's short is sufficient,
When our ports are the Cradle and Grave.

☞Viscoudt Raynham has introduced a bill into the British Parliament forbidding the use of any instrument but birch in "personal application to schoolboys."

### Jealousy.

"Good heavens, the souls of all my tribe
Defend from jealousy," OTHELLO.

Of all the pangs of which humanity is susceptible, jealousy is the worst; for most frequently it is an effect without a cause—a monster engendered in the imagination of its victim; and feeding alike upon its heart and brain, it whithers the rose upon the cheek of beauty, dethrones reason from its judgment-seat, and gives the reins to passion: it is the punishment of Tantalus, without his crime. To the jealous mind madness would be a relief, and death a blessing; it takes a martyr's pleasure in its torments, and adds to their intensity by the ingenious skill with which it adduces proofs from air-drawn nothings, adding fuel to the flame by which it suffers. Jealousy is a passion against which persuasion and argument are equally vain; the proofs which should convince but tend to confirm its fatal error.

"Trifles light as air are to the jealous
Confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ;

There are flowers that are repulsve at first sight, but when closely examined, they unfold a world of beauty—and so with men. We should never judge a man from first for he may have good qualities which will develop themselves on acquaintance.

## Job Potson's Experiment.

It was a disagreeable stormy day out of doors, and in the village store were collected a dozen, or more, of social spirits, engaged in drinking cider, and talking politics. By and by they had talked the political field dry, and one of their number—Sam Shute by name—a red nosed, bleared-eyed man, open upon the subject of domestic government. He ventilated himself on household affairs in general, and finally approached one of his hobbies as follows:

'I tell ye, my boys, a man's got to be master in his own house if he ever expects to be anybody. Just let your wife gain an inch, and she'll take an ell. Let her once take the reins, and she'll be sure to keep 'em—Lord! what a thing a man must be to let his wife rule him.'

Thereupon Mr. Sam Shute finished his mug of cidar and then filled his mouth with tobacco.

'That's a fact,' cried Tom Burnham, in a thick, foggy voice. 'Egad, I'd like to see a woman rulin' me. I never had it in my family. No, sirs, I hold the reins myself. My wife moves when I tell her to. She's got her lesson, and she knows just what to depend on.'

Tom Burnham finished his mug of cider and lighted his old black pipe.

'You'er right,' chimed Lot Quimby, lifting his great dirty boots on the stove hearth as he spoke. 'If a man provides a home for his family, he's got a right to be boss. Thunder! I'd like to see a woman pullin' me around by the nose.'

'The fact is,' resumed Sam Shute emptying his mouth upon the floor, 'these ere women have got the leadin' strings, and when they can't pull by one they try the other—in the first place, they want to govern like masters—that suits 'em best; but, if they can't do that, then they try to fetch us 'round by frettin' and coaxin.' But they don't come none of their non ense over me. Lord! When a man once puts his foot down what can a woanm do?'

'That's so,' pronounced Burnham, digging up the moist tobacco in his pipe with the blade of his jack knife and then pulling away for dear life. That's so,' he repeated after his pipe was once more in smoking order—'I've had experience in that. When a man once puts his foot down, a woman can't do nothin'. A woman'll pull an' haul jest as long as there's a chance of havin' her own way; but when she finds that she's got a master, why, Lord bless [illegible] she'll be like a colt with the bit in-[illegible] may be some kickin' and struggling, but she's got to come 'round finally. Women have to be broken just like colts.'

'Egg zactly!' said Lot Quimby, lowering his boots to the floor, but leaving a part of the dirt upon the stove-hearth. 'You've bit the thing pre-cisely Tom. Egad, there's some comfort in a man's feelin' that he's boss of the establishment. If I've ever got to be a slave, I hope I shan't be a slave to a women—that's all I've got to say. As long as I own a house, I kalkilate to rule in it. What's your opinion, Job?'

This last remark was addressed to Job Potson, a small sized, quiet looking man, who sat in the corner smoking a new pipe.

'I guess,' said Sam Shute, with a laugh, 'that Job is a little on the other track.'

'Shouldn't wonder,' added Tom Burnham with a wink. He ran a broom straw through the muddy stem of his old pipe, and then continued—'His wife's got the upper hand I rather guess.'

'Not by a durned sight,' exclaimed Job in high dungeon. 'Sirs! my wife don't rule me. You mighty mistaken if you think I'm henpecked.'

'But Mrs. Petson does just about as she's a mind to, I take it,' suggested Shute.

'And,' added Burnham, who had got his pipe a going once more. 'I rayther guess Job does just about as she tells him to do.'

'That's so, fast enough,' said Quimby.

But Job declared that it was not so; and he became very angry when his companions laughed at him and expressed their pity for him.

But when Job Potson went out from the store and started for home, he began to wonder if they had told the truth. Job was not a large-minded man; but he lacked energy and decision. Still, he had some pride, as small men are apt to have; and the remarks of his companions had touched him in a tender spot.

As he walked slowly homeward he thought the matter over, and finally came to the conclusion that his wife did rule. He called to mind all the domestic arrangements and doings of the past week, and he was forced to admit that he was, in many respects, the governed. He stopped square on the road and put his foot down.

'This won't do!' he declared to himself. 'I must turn over a new leaf. By the great Moses! I'll be master in my own house!—We will see who'll govern!'

Sarah Potson sat in her kitchen, engaged in mending her husband's frock. She was a medium sized, mild faced woman, with clear hazel eyes and dark brown hair—a faithful loving woman, frugal and industrious, ond possessing a good share of firmness and decision. The house was clean, and in order; the shed was a pattern of neatness; the barn was well kept; the cows and pigs were fat and sleek; the orchard was trim; and the farm was productive, and a careful observer who had watched the doings of fifteen years would have said that Sarah Potson was the genius who presided over all this order and thrift.

Job Potson reached his home, and hung his hat upon the back of a chair,' and sat down by the stove.

'Job,' said his wife, without stopping her needle, 'as soon as you get warm, I guess you'd better fix our front door step. The plank on the lower step is loose. And after dinner would be a time to secure the beam over the tie-up. You had better do it before the staunchions get loose. The cattle can work them a little now. 'A stitch in time saves nine' you know.

'I'll look out for my barn,' said Job, placing rather an undue emphasis upon the my.

His wife's needle fairly stopped, and a look of curious surprise crept over her face. What did the man mean?

'But, Job,' she suggested, kindly, have noticed that the beam is loose?'

This rather staggered Job Potson; but he quickly recovered himself, and placed his right foot a little more firmly upon the floor.

'Sarah,' he said, 'I will look out for my own affairs. If you will attend to your duties here in the house, you'll do enough.'

'Job Potson, what do you mean¿'

'I mean this,' replied Job, speaking quickly and snappishly. He hadn't the strength to speak slow and sternly. 'I mean this. I'll be master of my own affairs. I don't need a ruler; and what's more, I don't intend to have one!'

At first his wife was astonished; but when she saw that he kept his eyes upon the fire, not daring to raise them toward her; and when she saw that his teeth were closely shut and his head cocked upon one side, the truth flashed upon her. She was a woman of quick, keen perception, and she knew that he had been down to the store, and she knew who were in the habit of congregating there. It just as plain to her perception, as though she had heard Sam Shute and Tom Burnham ventilating their stores of domestic philosophy.

'Job,' she inquired very quickly, 'what are my duties?'

Now Job Poison had put his foot into it, and he must not back down. He was not a diplomat, and he answered bluntly and squarely.

'Your duty is to obey your husband; and, he added; fixing himself firmly in his seat, 'I hope you will do it.'

'Do you mean that you are going to turn over a new leaf in your family?' inquired Mrs. Potson.

'That's it exactly,' cried Job. 'You've hit it the first time.'

'And you are to be master?'

'I am.'

'And hereafter you want none of my suggestions?'

'Hereafter I shall pay such attention to your suggestions as I may think they merit.'

Mrs. Preston resumed her sewing.

'Poor, dear little man!' She did not say this aloud; but she thought it to herself. A quiet smile stole over her pretty face, and she patted her trim foot upon the floor. She had not the least thought of being angry with her husband—not the least in the world. She knew his weakness; and she knew that something had been thorning him.

'Job,' she said, after she had reflected a few moments. 'I am your wife. You are a man, while I am a woman. It is right that you should command. I am your servant. Give me your orders as you please, but I beg you to treat me kindly.

And then with sober face and bended head, Sarah pursued her work.

What in the world was Job Potson to say now? He had never heard his wife speak so sadly before. He sat upon nettles. He got up and went to the closet; and finally he left the house. He went to the barn, and examined the beam over the tie-up. It was loose, and he saw at once that it ought to be fixed; but he would not do it then—it would look too much like being governed by his wife. By and by he went around and looked at the steps at the front door. They certainly needed fixing, but he would not do the job until after dinner. His wife had told him that he had better do it before dinner. If he put it off till afternoon that would show that he was not controlled by his wife.

For an hour and a half Job Potson loafed around the barn and shed like a man who knew not what to do with himself.

The door steps and the tie-up beam troubled him. He knew that they ought to be fixed; but he could not turn his back as soon upon the new road.

At length the dinner horn sounded, and Job went in and took his seat at the table—the old smile, that had, for fifteen years, cheered him morning, noon and night, had faded from his wife's face, and she gazed upon him meekly and submissively.

'Will my master have some of this sauce?' she asked. There was no irony in the tone—no malevolence; but she spoke quietly and politely.

'Yes,' said Job, 'I should like some of it.'

But his dinner did not taste good to him. He did not feel at home. He felt, to use one form of his own thought, 'like a cat in a strange garret.' After dinner he went out and smoked in the shed; and then he went in and fixed the door step. This was finished about the middle of the afternoon, and from then until supper time, he worked at his wood pile. At the supper table he felt more nervous and uneasy than he had done at dinner. Once or twice he ventured to raise his eyes to his wife's face, but there was no smile for him—none of the old happy look.

This was more than Job Potson had been prepared for. He had—or supposed he had—screwed his courage up to the point of meeting his wife's temper. In fact, he had a store of harsh commanding words, already arranged to hurl back at her when she should dare to question his authority, or offer to treat him with contempt. But he had not planned for meeting such an emergency as this. He had announced his intention of governing his wife, and she had taken him at his word. What should he do?—How should he commence? What sort of a task had he before him? As he sat in the chimney corner after the evening's chores had all been done, smoking his pipe, he felt very much like a man who had attempted to speak in meeting, and had forgotten his speech. His wife had been in the habit, every evening, when she was well, of singing and chatting over her knitting; but her voice was now hushed.

At nine o'clock he arose to attend to his cattle. He looked for the lantern but could not find it.

'Where is my lantern?'

'I guess it is where you left it,' said Sarah. She laid down her knitting, and went out into the porch, where she found it sitting on a bench. She lighted and handed it to her husband.

'Shall I d anything more for you Job.'

She was calm and passive; he was choking with perplexity.

'That's all,' he gasped. And then he went away and fed the cattle, and got in his wood for morning.

What a cheerless evening it had been!

On the following morning Job found the same sedate face at the breakfast table—no smiles—no cheer—no social chatting.—After breakfast he went out and fixed the beam at the tie-up; and then he was at his wit's end. What would he have given at that moment for a suggestion from his wife. He could not break the ice without lowering his own dignity. He went into the house with this purpose.

'Sarah,' he said, with his hands working nervously in his pockets, 'what do you think about having the room put in order?'

'I don't thing anything about it, Job.—You can do as you think best.'

'But you know whether you want to use it or not, don't you?' Mr. Potson exhibited a little feeling.

'The wool is at your disposal, Job. If you please to have some cloth made, I will spin and weave it. You have but to issue orders' Her voice was very low and calm, and her bearing was respectful.

But, said Job, pleasantly, and almost loosing his temper. You know whether the loom wants fixing.

If it is your wish my husband, I will go and examine it, and report to you. I will do anything you say. Only be kind to me, and don't expect me to anticipate your wants. Shall I go up with you now?

Yes.

The loom was in the shed chamber, and thither Job led the way. His wife pointed out to him what was necessary to be done, and then left him to his work.

Dinner and supper—cheerless and dark!

Job Potson had gone the length of his line. What in the world to do with himself he did not know. How could he work to advantage without the suggettions of his wife? And when he came to think of it seriously what sort of a piece of work should he make of it in attempting to rule and govern a person who knew more than he did, and who understood better what should be done? And, furthermore, how was he to call back the light of those smiles, and keep up the warmth of the old love? What would his home be with that light and warmth withdraw?

Job Potson took his pipe down from the little shelf over the fire place, and filled it with tobacco. But he did not light it then. He held it in his hand awhile, and finally laid it upon the mantle. Then he went and stood before his wife, trembling like an eager child.

Sarah, I want you to enjoy my smoke this evening.

She looked up at him wondering what he meant.

How can I help you, Job?

Tell me that I have been a confounded fool!

Job——

And then kiss me, and be good to me; and let us be as we always have been.

Sarah, you won't—

Tut, tut, Job. You are one of the best of husbands, and I love you truly and fondly. Now go and light your pipe, and we'll have a chat. I want to tell you about Mrs. Bracket's visit to Boston, and how she found her lost brother.

Job Potson was once more happy and content; and at the close of the pleasant, social evening, he was resolved that the suggestions of man, who knew no more about the joys of a peaceful, orderly home than they knew about the inhabitants of the moon, should lead him never again to try domestic experiments.

NEVER.—Never tip your beaver to a fine lady and pass a poor widow without seeming to see her.

Never pass an aged man or woman without making a reverential obeisance unless your house is on fire.

Never break your neck to bow at all to a "sweet sixteen," with a flounced dress, who is ashamed of her old fashioned mother; or to a strutting collegian, who is horrified at his grand-mother's bad grammar.

Never keep a boy to black your boots and attend to the stable, while you frighten your wife out of the idea of keeping a nurse for the twins, by constantly talking of hard times.

Never converse with a lady, with a cigar in your mouth, or smoke in any body's company without apologising for the same.

Never remind people of personal deformity or of the relatives who have disgraced them.

Never remind people of personal deformity or of the relatives who have disgraced them.

Never wear a finer coat than the merchant you owe for it, or the tailor whom you have not paid for the making.

Never turn a deaf ear to a woman in distress, because you cannot see how you would be the gainer by her better condition.

Never wound wantonly the sensitive nature of a constitutional invalid or by rude jests and sarcasm, send a blush to the temples of a modest worth.

Never jest with a single woman about the the anxiety of all women to be married, nor tell your wife you married her because of her lonely condition.

☞The Providence, R. I., Post is out in a strong article in favor of the Government giving command of the army of the Potomac to Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island—the husband of Miss Chase.

☞A correspondent of the New Haven Register, says that Jack a brother of Gen. Butler, was the proprietor of one of the largest gambling houses in San Francisco, when the war broke out.

☞A beautiful young Polish lady, Miss Slanisnoff, died near Riga recently, in consequence of a flogging with the knout, inflicted by the order of Monravieff, because she wore mourning. This was done by the Russian government, which is now the fit ally of this Administration.

From the Bangor (Me.) Democrat.

### A Proclamation of Amnesty to My "Erring Sisters."

Whereas, A dozen of my wayward "Sisters" did, on a certain day, elope from my boarding house, with a worthless scamp named Southern Confederacy, (so-called) without cause or provocation—having set up housekeeping for themselves in a rickety shanty, situated South of the homestead; and

Whereas, this shanty was built on my land which I inherited from old Puritan Father. And whereas, the aforesaid "Sisters" have become greatly reduced in circumstances insomuch as to be in want of certain necessaries, such as tea, bacon and dimity; and

Whereas, the rebellious spirit of a portion of these "Sisters," has become subdued—they having repented of their transgressions and become converted to the true Abrahamic faith.

Therefore I, in the sweetness of my temper, and in the magnanimity of my generous nature, do ordain, promulgate, set forth and let fly the conditions upon which they may be received again into my bosom.

First—These runaway females, above mentioned, are required to pack up their errings, bosom-pins, side-combs, perfume bottles, cups and saucers, candle-moulds and all other ornaments, usually denominated "house-keeping," and deliver the same within thirty days at Fortress Monroe in the care of Major General Butler, who has a peculiar knack for the safe keeping of other people's property.

Second—Every Sister owning certain chattels called negroes mullatoes, quadroons or other property, or a mixed or colored nature, are required to paste over their two eyes, a postal currency, of a denomination not less than five cents, and in such a manner as to prevent them from ever finding their way back, and cause them to be delivered, without delay, at the "Emancipation Bureau," soon to be erected in Washington, and of which, Joshua R. Giddings, Wendell Phillips and Parker Pilsbury are to be the Grand Yohoes, and Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Rose, the Vestal Virgins. In the mean time while this edifice is being constructed, the said negroes will occupy the mooseyard, formerly called MARYLAND, but which of late, by direction of the President, has been humanely converted into a pasture suitable for this purpose.

Third—As the said "Sisters," after they return will have no further use for the house and lot where they have been living, they are hereby ordered to bring along with them a quitclaim deed of the same, which will be taken in part payment for their board and other expenses during their stopage.

The above terms having been complied with, the following oath or affirmation, if subscribed to, will seal the restoration, unless I happen to change my mind. Perhaps I may conclude to do it in some other way, and hence no "Sister" will be obliged to take it unless she wants to.

FORM.

I, Erring Sister, do hereby affirm and declare, that I will support, for President of the United States, my Benefactor Dr. Faust, during his natural life. That I will support all his Proclamations, both past and present—those made last year and those to be made next year and those to be made next year. That I will support all his utterances whether he utters them or not—all his utterances whether he utters them or not—all his winks, blinks, grimaces, anecdotes, contortions, conundrums, and the small pox. And I further declare that, in case the said Doctor should decline the honor, of which there is no immediate prospect, I will support his son "Bobby" (so called) with the same devotion as in the case of the sire.—And I further declare that, in case I should ever find myself in doubt as to how to act in any premises whatever, I will not rely upon my own judgment, or be governed by the dictates of my own conscience, but will apply immediately to the aforesaid Anthony, Mott and Rose, or to their spiritual adviser Horace Greeley, to instruct me in the way of my duty. FAUST.

P. S.—I deem it proper to state that I have not seen Wendell Phillips for some time, and therefore have not told him that the issuing of this Proclamation "*is the most foolish act of my life.*"

The exceptions to the above Amnesty, are the rascals who enticed away my erring Sisters—who will be duly chastised when I catch them, unless I change my mind.

☞The apnended paragraph from the New York Tribune doesn't look much like starving:

"The Wilmington, N. C, papers are full of advertisements offering for sale by the cargo, goods which have run the blockade. Sugar is selling for three cents a pound, owing to the immense quantity on hand. All the railroads from Wilmington are at work night and day to the exclusion of all other business, conveying supplies to the rebel army, and goods into the interior. Over two hundred steamers and vessels belonging to different lines are engaged in running the blockade into this port. Gov. Vance says in his recent message that the State of N. Carolina (which is largely engaged in this business) has received clothing enough through this channel to clothe her troops to January, 1865.

☞The Rochester Union says:

Advertisements for young girls, just in their teens, who have disappeared from their homes, are quite common now. There was never before a time in Rochester when the street walkers were so numerous as at present—and they are many of them of the younger class, little more than children.—The liberal expenditure of bounty money has something to do with this state of things no doubt, here and elsewhere. If the war continues much longer our people will be so thoroughly debauched that there will be little worth saving in the nation.

A cotemperary suggests another Thanksgiving, because on President has not been *disfigured* by the small-pox.

From the Dubuque (Iowa) Herald.

### The President's Proclamation.

The most insolent and aggressive public document yet issued is the Proclamation of amnesty appended by the President to his late message. An amnesty! It is not an amnesty, nor the proffer of reconciliation, but an insult, a cheap display of liberality, a trick, a fraud whereby under false pretences some credit may be gained for a desire to bring about peace.

The people of the Confederate States, whether right or wrong, have succeeded in at least making themselves respected and in earning a character for bravery and fortitude, but did they accept this offer they would sink too low to despise. Are there any of them who wish to purchase peace at the expense of the brave men who lead and govern them? Is there a single private who desires that his Colonel may be ignominously swung from a gallows that he may live? If so, Abraham Lincoln has discovered the method of a settlement of our difficulties.—By making traitors of all the mean men and by hanging all the good ones he can reconstruct probably such a Union as he wants.

But who gave Mr. Lincoln this vast power of life and death? Is he King Kaiser or Despot? He will pardon all who swear to adhere to his illegal proclamations and sustain them, provided he be of lower rank than Colonel, in the Confederate service.—What will he do with Colonels and higher officers—hang, will he not? He has a few thousands in his hands now, why does he not hang those? And there's the rub.—These men, no matter how low or high, are belligerents—enemies, exchanged as such and forced to be treated as such.

The proclamation of amnesty, if not an insult and intended as such, is absurd. This war, on the part of the South, has travelled beyond an insurrection to that of a revolution. Mr. Lincoln tried to evade it for awhile and refused to recognize the revolutionists as enemies, but the project broke down from its own weight. He then made a distinction between land and naval forces, but was obliged to abandon that. His own officers, like Whiting, recognize them as alien enemies, and the civilized world recognizes them, not as subjects, but as belligerents. When we heard the first news of the Proclamation we did not know but that some fair offer had gone to the Southern leaders of reconciliation, but when we read it we felt the breach of separation was widened.

No people alive to self respect could accept such an offer, and if so dead to it as to accept it they deserve not only to lose the slaves they have but to become bound to them in bonds of the most galling servitude.

☞The President disfranchises nine-tenths of the inhabitants of the South, and gives into the hands of one-tenth the power to form constitutions and mould laws. And not only that, but this one-tenth is stray Yankees who have squatted in the wake of the army as they have done at New Orleans, Memphis, Nashville, and other places, and no more represent the people of the South than they do the inhabitants of the Moon. In fact that is why the proportion of those designated as sufficient to abolish slavery and re-enter the Union is put so low. It is to make the imported abolitionists to do it.—*Dubuque Herald.*

### Look on this Picture, and Then on That

The powers of all just governments are derived from THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED. *Declaration of American Independence.*

"Whenever in any of the Seceded States *one tenth* of the people shall organize a government (upon certain principles) I will recognize and maintain it as the government."

This is the doctrine laid down by Mr. Lincoln in his late Message to Congress.—The Declaration of Independence requires the consent of the *governed* to the government, but Mr. Lincoln is satisfied with obtaining the consent of *one-tenth* against the remaining nine-tenths of the people. Lincoln's principle is a beautiful exemplification of the old American principle that the majority should rule! His majority is one-tenth!—*Georgetown Argus.*

LAID OFF HER MOURNING.—We are politely informed that the Empress Lincoln has laid off her mourning, and intends to be the gayest of the gay among the *elite* of Washington this winter.

No mourning on her part, for four hundred and fifty thousand men who have lost their lives in this contest. This war is a mighty *good* thing for Contrabands and Abolition rulers to kick and dance over the new-made graves of their fellows.

☞If there is any feeling in our country as extensive as the atmosphere, or as deep as the ocean, as immovable as the mountains, it is this: that our nation shall not be cut in two; we will rather give the last child we have, the last penny we possess. [Beecher's speech at Glasgow.

Alas! It is other people's children, and other people's pennies that Beecher is so lavish of. It is the Herlot, in the Scriptures, that offered to have the child it claimed divided, rather than lose it, in the controversy she brought before Solomon!

In 1860 the same Beecher advocated a separation of the Union!—[Albany Atlas.

NOT SAID OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—Said Burke, "I can conceive of no existence under heaven that is more truly odious and disgusting than an impotent, helpless creature, without civil wisdom or military skill without a consciousness of any other qualification for power but his servility to it, bloated with pride and arrogance, and calling for battles which he is not to fight."

☞There or 8,000 teams connected with the Army of the Potomac. If placed in a single line they would extend over sixty miles.

☞The Cunard Company have completed a contract with the Messrs. Thompson of Glasgow, for three additional steamers, besides one previously ordered. They are to be called the Cuba, Java, Aleppo, and Zariffa, and will be large, iron built, full powered screws.