

THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

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MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1864.

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THE BULLETIN

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
ROSS & ROSSER,
Editors and Proprietors.

*MAYSVILLE, JANUARY 28, 1864.

From The Crisis.

ON WITH THE DANCE.

"On with the dance of death," they cry;
With the glorious dance of death!
For the groans that break with the agony
Of a nation's fluttering breath,
Are nothing to us! We have power and gold,
And we hear from the land afar,
With a joy that can never be wrung or told,
The terrible thunder of war!

O! happy and free are our hearts to-night,
Happy, and merry, and free;
Though a thousand forms in the dim moonlight,
Lie dead as the dead can be!
Though a thousand proud, high hearts are still
As a myrtle river's flow,
And a thousand brows by forest and hill,
Are as cold as the winter's snow.

What matter to us! Let the wine gleam out,
And flash from the crystal cup;
For we join in revel, and song, and shout,
'Till the breath of the morn' comes up!
Comes wearily up from the Southern plains,
Wherein slumberous solitude
They lie—who bro't to us priceless gains,
By the flow of their crimson blood.

On, on with the dance! Let us hear the beat
Of an hundred thousand drums—
Though the tide of death with a mighty sweep,
Rolls over our nation's sons!
Tho' false-faced women with hungry eyes,
And hearts that are bound to the dead,
Have nothing to silence the eager cries
Of the children that ask for bread!

O! a grand, grand thing is this war of years!
Fill the silver wine-cup higher!
We'll be gay tho' the iron of the soldier wears,
Burns into his heart like fire!
We'll join in revel and song to-night,
Be happy, and merry, and free,
Tho' a thousand braves in the fair moonlight,
Lie dead as the dead can be.

TO MYSELF.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL MARX.

Peace! troubled soul, (strife)
Racked with dim doubts, fierce hate and angry
That darkly roll
Within thee like the angry ocean's swell,
Giving to life
The furious aspect of a raging hell.

The warring heart
Itself most injures in its savage aims,
For every dart
With fiery hurled leaves a keen sting behind
That soon inflames
And drives to madness the revengeful mind.

Learn to be wise
And cherish wishes loving, pure and calm;
Rejoice, and prize
Life's many blessings as thy years increase,
And the sweet balm
Of tender friendship, love and sunny peace.

This glorious earth,
The many noble virtues of mankind!
Have they no worth!
And is there not a better world to win?
Or, be not blind,
But strive to know thyself—no more to sin.

The old man weeps (face)
When youth's bright visions stare him in the
And, when he sleeps,
His Guardian Angel sighs o'er wrath and crime,
Rejected Grace,
And shattered prospects of the golden prime,

Then with great Love
And perfect Faith gild thy remaining days,
And look above
For new born strength, contentment and relief.
Give God the praise,
And meekly bear thy useful load of grief.

G. M. R.

AR, DEAR!—A friend of ours has found a
female limb-encircler, *vulvulus GARTER*, which
has nearly crazed him. It has a silver clasp
a bunch of rosettes, and on the inside, printed
on white satin lining are recorded the following
beautiful lines:

When night with morning lingers
Awake and stirring be,
And with your pretty fingers
Clasp this about your knee.

When day in night reposes
And stars begin to see,
Unclasp this bunch of roses
And, dearest, think of me.

If the lady cannot think of the poetic
youth who makes her so delectate a present,
she must be without capacity for thought.
—North Iowa Times.

The London Family Herald, in the
course of a long article on the "Barbarities
of war," says:
"If we are to fight at all, let us have reasonable
rules of the ring, like prize-fighters
do. Talk of the barbarity of Sayers and
Heenan; why, those two men were angels
of light compared to Generals Moutarviff
and Butler!"

The Maniac Doctor.

It must be confessed that it is a very
provoking thing to receive a letter on Christ-
mas morning, calling you two hundred
miles away on immediate and important
business. Yes, it is very provoking thing,
indeed—at least so I found it, both in an-
ticipation and very deed; but there was no
help for it. Snooks, my lawyer, wrote and
told me that if on the 25th I was not at
C—, I should probably lose—never mind
what—but something which induced me to
pack my portmanteau in all haste, send for a
cab, and drive to the X. Y. Z. station.—
When I arrived there, I found I was too
late for the train I had wished to catch, and
the next one did not start for three-quarters
of an hour. Inwardly cursing my ill-fortu-
ne, I went to the waiting room, and en-
deavored to make myself as comfortable as
I could; but, despite all my attempts, I
think I never knew time pass so slowly in
all my life, except a certain twenty minutes,
about which I am going to tell.

Although, as I said, the time went very
slowly, nevertheless it did go, and in pro-
cess of time I found myself ensconced in a
first-class carriage, which had but one occu-
pant besides myself, a cheerful looking, lit-
tle old man, with gray hair, and a strange,
restless look about the eyes. Directly I
got into the carriage he addressed me in a
familiar way:

A merry Christmas to you.
The same to you, said I, rather gruffly,
as I was not in the best of humor and did
not feel inclined to be neighborly.

Why, bless me! sir, said the little old
man, renewing the attack, you have not
anything wherewith to keep yourself warm
on this cold winter's day; allow me to offer
you one of my traveling wrappers. I al-
ways take care to be well provided with
such things when I go on a journey. And
my companion took from his side a rolled-
up rug, unrolled it, and taking a small
mahogany box from the folds, threw the
rug to me.

Thank you, said I, feeling in spite of my-
self a shade more cheerful.

Oh, no thanks—no thanks! I do it for my
own benefit, not yours, I assure you.
How do you make out that?

Why, I like to have a comfortable face
opposite to me; and, besides, the grand ex-
periment, you know.

What grand experiment? I said, some-
what startled by the man's excited manner.

Oh, nothing—nothing, said he, coloring
violently, only—that is to say—exactly,
are you a freemason?

No, sir.

Not a freemason? Why, bless me! you
ought most certainly to become one.

Why so?

Because you would then know that they
have got a sort of—that is to say—in fact, a
secret.

I know that already.

Really? I declare you are the most ex-
traordinary man I ever met. Well, I've
got a secret, too, and that's my grand ex-
periment.

As it's a secret, I suppose you will not
tell me what it is?

O, yes, I will though, but—perhaps I had
better not; never mind, I'll tell you; it is
simply this, to discover what are the differ-
ent feelings of different persons on differ-
ent occasions.

I should hardly call that an experiment.
Wouldn't you now? Curious, that; yes,
very curious, for to tell you the truth, I
don't myself know whether I am justified
in calling it an experiment. But enough of
that matter for the present. May I ask
where you are going to?

To C—.

Have you any friends there?

None, I am sorry to say. I am called
there on some disagreeable though impor-
tant business.

Then may I have the pleasure of your
company to dinner when you arrive there?

Thank you; I shall have the greatest
pleasure in accepting your kind invitation.

By the way, do you know how many
times we stop before we reach C—?

Only twice, as this is an express train.—
Once at M—, at 12 o'clock, and second at
F—, at five.

And when are we due at C—?
At half-past six, I believe.

Thank you for a time, our conversation ended,
but we often renewed it again, and I began
to regard my companion as a clever, kind-
hearted, though rather eccentric old man.

Some time after we had passed M—my
eccentric friend composed himself for a
sleep, and was soon snoring, and it was not
long before I followed his example. My
dreams were troubled. First of all I was
being hung; then that I was being hand-
cuffed; and, last of all, that a great weight
was upon me, and that something was
pressing heavily upon my chest. I then
woke with a start, to find myself bound
hand and foot, with a rope passed round my
neck, and fastened to the umbrella rack be-
hind, in such a manner that, if I struggled
in the least, I should inevitably choke my-
self, and my fellow traveler was standing
over me, with one hand on my chest.

What are you doing? said I; but my sen-
tence was so short by a gag, which my ec-
centric friend thrust into my mouth and
tied behind my head. He then stood away
to look at his handiwork, with eyes glaring
like those of a wild beast, and his whole
frame trembling, with excitement.

Now, besaid, with a wild laugh, now I
shall be able to try my grand experiment!
Now I shall be able to find whether the
heart can be extracted while a man is alive
without killing him! Twice I have failed,
but the stars have told me that a third time
I shall not fail. O, fame, glory, immor-
tality, I have you in my grasp! What
pitiful fool do you turn pale and tremble?
If you die, you will die a glorious martyr
to science; and if you live, you will ac-
quire the glory of this grand discovery!
From this ridiculous eccentric travel-
ing companion was a raving maniac.—
Was was I to do? I could not move hand
or foot, or even speak, and the madman was
arranging on the seat in front of me a col-
lection of bright steel instruments, which he
took from the mahogany box which I have
mentioned before. Was there any help for
me? I tried to remember how long it was
after we left M— before I went to sleep,
as I thought if we got to F— the maniac
would be discovered, and I should be re-
lieved from the horrible death which now
seemed imminent; but as I had been dozing
some time before I went regularly off to
sleep, I found that I could not in the least
remember what time had passed.

After some time spent in preparing his
instruments, my persecutor began to pre-
pare me by unbuttoning my waistcoat and
baring my breast. At length everything
seemed to be to his satisfaction, and he
took up a sharp, keen-bladed knife. I shall
never forget my sensations when I saw that
little glittering instrument, so soon to be
directed against my heart. I felt a cold shudder
run through my body, and I longed to close
my eyes, but they seemed to keep open by
a sort of horrible fascination.

After trying the edge of the knife, and
preparing a cloth, and giving one final look
to his instruments, my eccentric friend
pressed his finger close above my heart and
said:

This is how I am going to manage it, my
friend; I am going to cut a circle in the
flesh, above the heart, with this knife; it
will not hurt much, as I shall only just cut
through the skin, and the knife is exceed-
ingly sharp. I shall then proceed to dig
deeper with this instrument, and finally ex-
tract the heart with this one.

The reader may imagine my sensations
during this cold, bloody recital; for I am
utterly unable to describe them; but when
the sharp steel pierced my flesh, and I
felt the warm blood flowing out, and my past
life seemed to pass before my mind in a
moment of time, only to make my desire of
still living, and the horror of an ignominious
death, ten-fold greater.

Slowly the sharp knife plowed in my
flesh, making my blood freeze in my veins,
and my eye balls burn and seem ready to
burst from their sockets, and now I felt my
reason gradually leaving me; the strain upon
my nerves was too much—I felt they
must give way; but I considered that if they
did, my only hope should be choked with the
rope around my neck.

Slowly the sharp steel, impelled by a
steady hand, continued its deadly course;
and now the circle was nearly accomplish-
ed, when I felt that the speed of the train
was being gradually diminished. A ray of
hope illumined my breast. I looked into
my companion's eyes to see if he too noticed
that we were nearing F—; but he was too
intent on his horrible work.

At length he leaned back, and said:
There now, only about an inch more, and
I shall commence the deep cutting.

Only about an inch! And the station was
yet some way off. Only about an inch!—
My life hung upon the merest thread.

It was not long that the experimenter ad-
mired his diabolical work—he soon fell to
it again, but I saw the lights of F— station
flash past the windows of the carriage; I
saw a strange arm seize my tormentor; I
heard a loud and appalling cry like that of
a baffled wild beast, and I became insensi-
ble.

For few weeks after this I lay between
life and death, in a brain fever brought on
by the intense excitement and fear of those
twenty minutes.

I afterwards learned that my pleasant
companion had been a doctor and surgeon,
but that when he was a young man, and
just married, having performed an operation
to extract a cancer, from his wife, he went
out of his mind, and had ever since been
attempting to escape, in order that he might
perform the dreadful experiment which so
nearly resulted in my death.

THE CITY.—I have an affection for a great
city. I feel safe in the neighborhood of
man, and the sweet security of streets.—
The excitement of the crowd is pleasant to
me. I find sermons in the streets of the
most, and in the continuous sound of
voices and wheels and footsteps hear the
sad music of humanity. I feel that life is
not a dream but a reality; that the beings
around me are not the insects of an hour,
but the pilgrims of an eternity; each with
his history of thousandfold occurrences, in-
significant it may be to others, but all-im-
portant to himself; each with a human heart
whose fibres are woven into the great web
of human sympathies; and none so small
that, when he dies, some of the mysterious
meshes are not broken. The green earth,
and the air, and the sea, all living and all
lifeless things, preach the doctrine of a good
Providence, but most of all does man, in his
crowded cities, and in his manifold powers
and wants and passions and deeds, preach
this same gospel. The greatest works of
his handcraft delight me hardly less than
the greatest work of nature. They are the
masterpieces of his own master pieces.—
Architecture and painting and sculpture and
music and epic poems and all the forms of
arts, wherein the hand of genius is visible,
please me evermore, for they conduct me
into the fellowships of great minds. And
thus my sympathies are with men and
streets and city gates and towers from
which the great bells sound solemnly and
slowly, and cathedral doors where venerable
statues, holding books in their hands, look
down like sentinels upon the church-going
multitude, and the birds of the air come and
build their nests in the arms of saints and
apostles.

And more than all this, in great cities we
learn to look the world in the face. We
shake hands with stern realities. We see
ourselves with others. We become in-
quainted with the motley, many-sided life
of man; and finally learn, like Jean Paul,
to look at a metropolis as a collection of
villages, a village as some blind-alley in a
metropolis; fame as the talk of neighbors at
the street door; a library as a learned con-
versation, joy as a second, sorrow as a day;
and three things as a day—God, Creation,
Virtue.—Longfellow.

A slice of lemon in your tea, ladies,
in the evening, will prevent the beverage
from producing wakefulness.

From the Philadelphia Age.

Proclaim Liberty Throughout the Land!
In the days of King Charles II and James
II, a party existed in England which main-
tained "that no breach of law or contract,
no exaction of penalty, rapacity, or licentious-
ness on the part of a rightful sovereign,
could justify his people in withholding him
by force." The adherents of this party
were called Tories.

In the days of the American Revolution,
a large party existed in America, who were
jealous of the extension of the power of the
people; its adherents were opposed to the
revolution, were favorable to unconditional
submission to the tyranny of King George
and to unconditional support of his govern-
ment; thus they were the enemies of George
Washington, and they were called Tories.

In these days of Abraham Lincoln, a
large party exists, who are the legitimate
representatives of the Tories of King James
and King George, and who are at this day
the "unconditional supporters of the govern-
ment; dreading the association with Tories
of the revolution, they have not the courage
to assume the title, but are known as "Loyal
Leaguers."

From the days of King George to the
present time, a strong government party has
existed in this country, who have been jeal-
ous of the power of the people; who have
aimed, even at a monarchical form of gov-
ernment, and the overthrow of State rights,
which, by their diffusion of power, are the
only sure bulwarks of liberty. May they
ever be preserved inviolate.

Mr. John Quincy Adams, when he was
President of the United States, wrote that he
had "unequivocal evidence," of the ex-
istence of a plot in 1804 formed by New
England Federalists, the purpose of which
was the dissolution of the Union. Their
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dent governments, the Northern States to
form a more "energetic Government;" it
was considered essential to success, that the
State Governments must be favorable, "so
that those who acted should be supported
by State laws."

Mr. Jefferson in 1820, at the time of the
Missouri anti-slavery excitement, charged
certain of the Federal leaders with monar-
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was a mere party trick to obtain power; he
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to effect a division of the people by a geo-
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leaders if they could attain the power, their
ambition would rather use it to keep the
Union together; but others have ever had
in view its separation."

In 1838, Henry Clay, in the Senate of
the United States, regarded the Abolitionists
as the enemies of the Union; he denounced
them as aiming to "array one portion against
another portion of the Union;" and in or-
der to excite the imaginations and stimulate
the rage of the people of the free States
against the people in the slave States, the
slaveholder is held up and represented as
the most "atrocious of human beings."—
Have not these traitors to the Constitution
and to the people, at last succeeded in ar-
ranging one portion against another portion
of the Union?

He indeed must be blind, and must have
read the history of our country for the past
forty years to little purpose, who does not
now, alas, too late, perceive that to the
Abolitionists do we owe the ruin of our
country.

Their leaders had avowed their purpose
long since to be no "Union with slavehold-
ers." This was also proclaimed through
Helper's Book; whose false figures and false
statements of slavery, and the helplessness
of the South, as well as whose programme
of emancipation, Seward and some sixty
Abolition members of Congress fully en-
dorsed and recommended, as the text-book
of the party in 1850.

But the records of Seward, Banks, Lin-
coln, Wilson and Phillips, will show equal-
ly with this text-book, that the programme
of the party now in power, was known be-
fore their election, and those who voted for
Lincoln, did so, knowing that if elected, he
was pledged to the following policy:

"No union with slaveholders; intelligibility
of slaveholders to office; no recognition
of pro-slavery men, except as ruffians, out-
laws and criminals."

This was the policy laid down in Hel-
per's "Impending Crisis," (p. 155-6), en-
dorsed by Seward and his confederates.—
Alas! that America should be ruled by such
statesmanship. With such purposes pro-
claimed from the stump, and by their press
and pulpits, these men were placed in power
by the votes of the Republican party,
who thereby endorsed with open eyes and
proscriptive policy pursued against slave-
holders from the outset of Lincoln's Ad-
ministration.

For forty years have the leading states-
men of the country warned the people of the
end; for years have these Abolition agitators
been denounced as the enemies of their
country and their race.

But what had we to expect from the
people of the South, who had for years wit-
nessed the people of the North trampling
the fugitive slave provision of the Consti-
tution; and when they had just witnessed
this expression of the determination of the
people of the North, thus preparing to over-
throw their rights? Lincoln was elected,
and with this dark prospect before them,
the agitation was extreme.

South Carolina seceded on the 20th of
December, 1860. Lincoln declined to re-
vive the anxieties of the people, the exhibi-
tion of a conciliatory spirit on his part
might have arrested secession; but by the
first of February the seven leading cotton
States had seceded.

This was succeeded by a lull; the re-
maining States were waiting for conciliation
and compromise from the North. Lincoln
was inaugurated; his speech was concluded
in language so doubtful that some inter-
preted it to be war, others peace. After the
message, Lincoln preserved the most obsti-
nate silence. Seward predicted, as he had
done before, a settlement in sixty days.—
Beauregard, in the meantime, continued to
besiege Fort Sumter with increasing batter-

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the agitation was extreme.

South Carolina seceded on the 20th of
December, 1860. Lincoln declined to re-
vive the anxieties of the people, the exhibi-
tion of a conciliatory spirit on his part
might have arrested secession; but by the
first of February the seven leading cotton
States had seceded.

This was succeeded by a lull; the re-
maining States were waiting for conciliation
and compromise from the North. Lincoln
was inaugurated; his speech was concluded
in language so doubtful that some inter-
preted it to be war, others peace. After the
message, Lincoln preserved the most obsti-
nate silence. Seward predicted, as he had
done before, a settlement in sixty days.—
Beauregard, in the meantime, continued to
besiege Fort Sumter