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THE BULLETIN.
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ROSS & ROSSER,
Editors and Proprietors.

MAYSVILLE, SEP. 22 1864

Shadows on the Heart.

We deem when smiles illumine the lip,
And the blooming cheek looks bright and gay,
That sunshine on the spirit sleeps,
And cares, dark cares, is far away.

The heart's heart's heart's heart's heart's gaze,
And thy that ruby fountain bare,
We might, where each deep streamlet plays,
Trace many a dark'ning shadow there.

Some budding hope grown early dim,
Some happy dream that faded fast—
Some cold'ard read that shine within,
To crumble from its base at last.

Such, such the shadowy clouds that rest,
On many a heart we deem most gay,
Making a charnel of the breast.
O'er which the smiles of beauty stray.

Gaze in you hall, a revel scene,
Breaks on the silent midnight air,
And forms as bright as painters' dream,
Are gliding thro' the swift dance there.

We hear the laugh, the jest and song,
In silvery notes ring clear and high;
And think that o'er that glittering throng,
Sorrow has swept unheeding by.

Alas! tho' many a brow looks fair,
And dark eyes wear a diamond spell;
The arching eye is pouring there,
The tears which burn as they distill.

Before the world pride drops a screen,
To hide the struggling feelings play;
And like the Spartan tale, unseen,
Deep, deep, they wear the life away.

The heart's wide book! how rare we find,
One page with varied scenes inscribed;
Thy' with unnumber'd blessings lined,
Without a shadow by its side. ELY.

Old Times.

Old memories haunt me as I gaze around
Upon the heather rippling into bloom,
These mountain paths are consecrated ground,
And dear the graceful fern and golden broom.
They feet once pressed them, as it seems to me,
All things are lovelier for thy memory.

There is a path which leads through tangled
grass,
Unto a rustic bridge across the stream;
This was our favorite walk; I often pass
Along it now, and close my eyes, and dream
That in the sweetest sounds which meet my ear
I recognize thy voice, so musically clear.

Beyond the bridge a tiny forest lies,
Where two could well converse, themselves
unseen;
We often sat there, and for our fond eyes
Nature put on her loveliest shades of green.
The birds sang joyously, while hand in hand
We kept a silence each could understand.

What need of words! when thoughts beyond all
speech
Beamed from our eyes in many a tender glance,
I gazed on yours, and you on mine, till each
Seemed to be lost in a blissful trance;
Until the fervent pressure of your hand
Recalled us both from dreams of Fairy-land.

Another path we sometimes took, was one
That led through marsh and swamp up to the
hills;
Against that wooden rail you leant your gun,
The dogs stood idle, and the game-bag swung
Carelessly from my wrist; so stood we till
Nighly falling, found the bag was empty still.

O dear old days that never can return!
O passionate youth, that lives its life twice
over!

What would I give to feel my heart once burn
With half the fierceness that I felt of yore!
My life sits wearily—its brightness flown—
Old memories fade—I am once more alone!

Sunshine and Flowers.

O humbly take what God bestows,
And like his own fair flowers,
Look up in a sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers.

THE FIRST STEP.—Towards a reunion of the States is Peace. The first step towards Peace is for the sovereign people to speak out their just demands. He who obstructs this movement by attempting to obstruct the guise of friendship, or by an abolition coloring, is a worse enemy than an open implacable foe. Some men serve abolition and its war in the most effectual manner. They seek, by pretending Democracy, to turn the noble impulse of the people into the abolition channel of sectional hate—Such men are ready with words of oration for the South, but have none for the monster abolition, nor its disunion war.—Lima Democrat.

The Best Way to Cut a Swell—Don't speak to him.
Charity may wash from the hardest heart like silver water from the rock.

A Half Cooked 'Pistle.

"Brick Pomeroy" having plaid to the solicitation of his friends and entered the army, sends us the following playful protest in the shape of a half cooked 'Pistle.

"I'm a soldier man. A large, able bodied, boisterous soldier boy. I'm in the army—a part of the Grand Army. It is nigh upon three sweet years since I milked the bridle cock and kissed my Arabelle, and started for to follow a bass drum way down in the land of baseness, where generals change their base oftener than we change our shirts, and where gray-wacks stick to a fellow longer than do greenbacks. It makes me crawl to think of it—to think that a deater I shall be if I continue in this grand lineum. Or of one of these saw-fangled, clipflicker, twentyseven stitch knitting machines. Us dear cherubims of the Army are the greatest knitting machines in the world, as we crack our jokes along in a solid column—in a blue mass with brass buttons.

Why don't you able bodied piteas and extinguish yourselfes. It's fun. We have but little to do. We go to parties—that is, we attend a ball once in a while. And we are not profane, even if profane in the sword exercise. All we do is, to march forth from the fourth of one March to another. We rank as good fellows.

We fight more in division than in multiplication. In fact, we don't multiply much. I sit here in camp. I eat my hard tack after it is fried, hammered, broiled and oiled. I sit and pound my cane, and shrike with the feeling of reverance due to their great age, and ponder over the future end of the future. I look at the officers as the go prancing by on their equippage steeds. I scratch my head with dirty fingers for two reasons. One is; that my head enjoys the scratch, and unless I do it with dirty fingers it is not done at all. I gaze into the past of this brother's squintish and wonder when I too will be cut in two and offered up by Abraham on the altar of Ham's. Then I peer into the future even as a sweet girl with red garters peers under her head in fear lest some injurious chap be theoraucous connected, to appear after she is in the arms Morphy. Then I sing.

Did you ever hear me make melodies in my heart? I could sing like a major before I was a miner in the Lehigh Valley Coal Mine.

Goodness is music, but I am on it. I am as terrible as an army with pictorial, cotton hooks, and proclamations, when I sing.—And the sweet songs are of my own composition. I do not mean of my own flesh and blood, but they are composed by me on purpose. Sometimes folks listen, sometimes they don't. This is one of my 'tute innocent carols:

I would that I were home again,
And speaking the girls at night,
For an engagement there you see,
I would be better than all looking over this desecrated soil looking for a chance to fight.

The ultimate line may be like this war—
a little too long for a good thing. Then here is another verse, impromptu but not impudent.

I'd like to be a general—
With nothing for to do.
I'd like to be a general—
I'd read the papers drink good wine;
And play draw poker too!
If we had a fight I'd stay behind
As most of generals do.

How is that section of rhythm in uniform for the poetical effusion of a blind boy who has no optics? Answer! But then I ain't a general. Too smart for that. Nor a colonel, nor a major, nor a captain, simply a high private when I can get the first charge on a canteen fulled with corn cider.

Seventeen minutes since by the sun, I was made as happy as a fire cracker that won't go off by receiving a letter from my Arabelle. Did you know I had an Arabelle, well, I have. And she is just old angelicism for a girl of her age, sweet forty-one with a prospect. She is so handsome a cow cant stand still while she is milking her.—And she is as good as angels are.

With a squint in her eye,
And a kink in her hair—
Which is as butter and elegantly yellow,
She is sweet as a peach,
And just to my mouth—
The belle of La-Crosse is my Arabelle,
Freckled her face is,
Dumpy her waist—
Her cheeks are so fat, so freckled and mellow,
Like vices her arms—
O Lordy! it's when she squeezes her fellow!

Her fellow is me. Aint I in luck? Indeed I is. Well, as I remarked, a letter from her has just reached me. You know we uns in the Army always like letter.—And this is the soul elevating style my own fair picture of health indicated to me.

"Dear Brick-A-Bus (A pun for a kiss Don't come home till this cruel war is over) I want you to stay till the whole of a piece is declared, and kin come kivered with glory. You know you are my pet. How oft I have kissed you in my dreams (yes and when awake). It is so lonely now in my waker notions, and I think of you in my every heart, that I have the blues till my poor nervous soul is a blue as your coat and buttons. But now I feel better.

John William Loyd is here to see me every other night. We walk out in the cow pasture, we chase the pigs and pigsties around the mill-pond, we tramp up and down the creek, we play with mother's calves, we hold each other by the hand, and as his curly head lies low in my lap, I kiss him for his mother's sake and in memory of you. He is a nice young man, and would enlist, but he says he aint well. So good-bye, my darling Brick, who bonny soldier boy. Everly yours, Arabelle.

Yes! we dear boys in the Army rather like the loyal family. We'll fill the stages horn, and I'll fix that dear invalid who is not able to fight, but is able to talk sweet and stub his toes over the stones with my sweet Arabelle. Wonder what will grow out of this solititude? Egad! Believe I'll go on picket till I get over my pique at this candidate for an invalid corpse!

You see this letter is somewhat demoralized. So am I. I have been reading the

Telegraph, and if that don't demoralize a man, may I live to be a mankin without kith or kin to any man. And, besides the Telegraph news, we draw pay yesterday.—And we drew corks last night. And we draw headaches this morning till we are as sore as Duida. If you don't like this letter publish it. If you like this letter keep it, and when I get over this cessudest and wassdest sit of demoralization over an aggregate or integral part of an army had, I'll foitite you an epistle from the rank and file, which you can rank as worth a place in your files as one of the big guns. The cloths of this war looks decidedly blue, as certain as that I am. "BRICK POMEROY."

RIPENED TOMATOES.—The following is found almost among our exchanges, and we do not know its origin. It may be worth trying, at least.—If tomato vines are pulled up before the frost comes, and hung up in a well ventilated cellar, with the tomatoes hanging to them, the 'love apple' will continue ripening until Christmas. The cellar should not be too dry nor too warm. The knowledge of this may be improved to great practical advantage for the benefit of many who are invalids, and who are fond of the tomato.

An Irish orator, in a recent speech, made the following capital parody on certain well known lines by his countryman, Tom Moore:

The fool that is galled never harbors a doubt,
But as truly is galled to the close,
As a bull, if you once set a ring through his snout,
Ever after is led by the nose.

Not long since, a youth older in wit than years, after being catechised concerning the power of Providence replied: "M; I think there's one thing Providence can't do.—'What is it?' eagerly inquired the mother.—'Providence can't make Bill Jones mouth any bigger without setting his ears back!'"

On the blue mountains of our dim child-hood, toward which we ever turn and look, stands the mother who marked out to us from thence our life; the most blessed age must be forgotten ere we can forget the warmest heart.

An artist painted a canon so natural the other day, that when he finished the touch-hole, it went off—in the hands of the sheriff.

"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you are hard pushed," replied the boy.

Overwarm friendships, like hot potatoes, are quickly dropped.

A shrewd genius in Norwalk, Conn., who appreciates the high price of things now-a-days, says that a shoe dealer in that town bought a stock of children's shoes lately and commenced marking their value upon the heel. Every morning he made a new mark and as the goods went up the marks went up and then went over upon the upper leather. Since then the dealer won't buy anything smaller than 16's, so that he can have sufficient margin for the advanced prices.

DARK HOURS.—There are dark hours that mark the history of the brightest years. For not a whole month in many of the millions of the past, perhaps, has the sun shone brilliantly all the time. There have been cold and stormy days every year. And yet the mist and shadows of the darkest hour disappeared and fled headlessly away. The most cruel ice fetters have been broken and dissolved, and the most furious storm loses its power to harm. And what a parable is there in human life—of our inside world where the heart works at its shadowing of the dark hour, and may a cold blast chill the heart to the core. But what matters it? Man is born a hero, and it is only in the darkness and storms that heroism gains its greatest and best development and the storm bears it on more rapidly to its destiny. Despair not, then. Neither give up; while one good power is yours use it. Disappointment will not be realized. Mortifying failure may attend this effort and that one—but only by honest and struggle on, and it will work well.

A Good Illustrated of the "To Whom It May Concern" Letter.
The St Louis Republican hits off Mr. Lincoln's famous "To whom it may concern" letter to the southern commissioners as follows. Here is its illustration:

Both see the folly of continued strife, and desire pacification. Johnson, the friend of Jones, knowing this mutual desire, undertakes to see if it can be honorably consummated, and writes to Thompson, the friend of Smith, that he would like to consult about it. Thompson goes to meet Johnson, and they enter into correspondence as follows:

July 1, 1864.

"JOHNSON.—DEAR SIR:—I understand that you are authorized by Jones to tender terms of reconciliation to Smith. If true I am deputed to put you in way of seeing him."

Yours,
THOMPSON.

To which Johnson replies:
July 2, 1864.

"THOMPSON.—DEAR SIR:—I am a directly authorized to offer terms, but I know Jones wishes perfectly, and have no doubt that I could at once get his authority to act. I wish to see Smith."

Yours,
JOHNSON.

"This note is sent to Smith, who responds:
July 3, 1864.

"Know all men by these presents, that if Johnson is directly authorized by Jones to tender terms of reconciliation, and Jones will agree to paint his house white, and burn up his son's mahogany furniture, he may live next door to me in peace, subject to my rules."

SMITH.

Smith is Lincoln exactly; and his letter is quite sensible as Lincoln's.

Some who wear goggles for sore eyes, would find great relief by washing their eyes with the brandy and wearing the goggles over their mouths.

SUMMER SOARS.—Physiological research has fully established the fact that acid promotes the separation of bile from the blood; which is then passed from the system, thus preventing diseases of summer. All fevers are "billion;" that is, the bile is in the blood. Whatever is antagonistic to fever is 'cooling.' It is a common saying that fruits are 'cooling,' and also berries of every description; it is because the acidity which they contain aids in separating the bile from the blood, that is, aids in purifying the blood. Hence the great yearnings for greens and lettuce and salads in the early spring, those being eaten with vinegar; hence, also, the taste for something sour, for lemonade on an attack of fever. But this being the case, it is easy to see that we nullify the good effects of fruits and berries in proportion as we eat them with sugar, or even sweet milk, or cream. If we eat them in their natural state, fresh, ripe, perfect, it is almost impossible to eat too many, to eat enough to hurt us, especially if we eat them alone, not taking any liquid with them whatever. Hence, also, buttermilk or even common sour milk is antagonistic. The Greeks and Turks are passionately fond of sour milk. The shepherds use rennet, and the milk-dealers alone, to make it sour the sooner. Buttermilk acts like water-melon on the system.—Hall's Journal of Health.

WHY BEES WORK IN THE DARK.—A lifetime might be spent in investigating the mysteries hidden in a beehive, and still half of the secrets would be undiscovered. The formation of the cell has long been a celebrated problem for the mathematician, while the changes which the honey undergoes offer at least an equal interest to the chemist. Every one knows what honey fresh from the comb is like. It is a clear yellow syrup, without a trace of solid sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance—it can be, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a solid mass of sugar. It has not been suspected that this change was due to a photograph action; that the same agent which alters the molecular arrangement of the middle of silver on the excited collodion plate, and determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle, cause the honey syrup to assume a crystalline form. This, however, is the case. M. Scheibler has enclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, whilst others have been exposed to the light. The inevitable result has been that the sunned portion rapidly crystallizes, whilst that kept in the dark remained perfectly liquid. We now see why bees are so careful to work in perfect darkness, and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in their hives. The existence of the young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them, and if light were allowed access to this, the syrup would gradually acquire a more or less solid consistency; it would seal up the cells, and, in all probability, prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.

LINCOLN'S SUPPORTERS.—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, in 1863, said:

"The Union is a lie. The American Union is an imposture and a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell. I am for its overthrow."

This same Garrison is an ardent supporter of Lincoln's re-nomination and re-election. "Show me the company you keep and I'll tell you what you are," is a Spanish proverb peculiarly to this case.

Another of Old Abe's supporters is Fred Douglas, who, in a speech over the hanging of old John Brown, said:

"From this time forth I consecrated the labors of my life to the dissolution of the Union, and I don't care whether the bolt that roods it comes from heaven or hell."
And yet these creature have the audacity to call themselves "Union men!" and to denounce the democracy who battled against their insane schemes, as "traitors," "secessionists," "disunionists," &c. Inappropriaing Lincoln they clearly indicate what kind of a man they consider him to be.

It must be a pleasant thing to live in the river towns of Southern Kentucky. They shall then every day or so, according to some accounts to try their cannon.

A table-spoonful of pulverized alum sprinkled into a hoghead of water (the water to be stirred at the same time) will, after a few hours, precipitate all impurities to the bottom.

GOING.—Passing away, passing away, is written everywhere in staring capitals. We read it in the falling flower; in the sear and yellow leaf; in the dying verdure; in the silver threads interwoven in the locks of age; but little do self-secure mortals heed the warning, so long as they imagine they have a firm hold on the Present! The fugitive moments refuse to stay. Who can count them as they fly? Who can number those little rain drops as they fall upon the bosom of the eternal ocean, and are lost forever? There is radiant beauty everywhere; but, oh! how effervescent! The rosy tints of morn—how soon they are blanching by the same solar power that painted them!

How beautiful the accident, at early evening's hour, when the celestial goddess hang out their scarlet petticoats from the glowing windows of the West! But let them be withdrawn, and now night unrolls her black blanket—blacker than the book of sins in the day of judgment. Old old—all is growing old. The caput of Time himself has become bald as a gourdshell; but not even a gray hair can be found in the whiskers of eternity, nor will there be, when rolling years shall have ceased to move.—Love and Friendship wax old and cold, and perish at last; while Hope and Faith forever young, straw fresh roses at the portal of the tomb, and plume their bright pinions for a glorious immortality.

According to an official statement, the amount of fractional currency in circulation is \$24,000,000—an increase of nearly \$1,000,000 within the last month.

FAITH.—An anchor dropped beyond the vale of death.

Saturday Night.

Once more the sun goes down into the western ocean of time to usher in a Sabbath morn'ing. Again has the wheel of the week rolled around crushing the life out of many a strong man and loving woman—the heart out of many a true love, who alone, uncaressed for and neglected, is left to wander over the shoals and broken rocks on time's shore to die broken hearted and with no loving hand to smooth the hair and drive the death damp therefrom. Saturday night! Blessed night of all its brethren. Prized night of all the week—loved corps of all the six which have been lain under the place of midnight. Night of respite from labor, and communion with the heart. Night of repose for the mind, and the resurrection of driven energies. Who of our readers does not thank God for this boon? And how will it be spent? We can look into its hidden leaves and see as in Album full many a picture.

Happy freebirds and home circles, where sit the loved ones of mature years, caressing each other with hearts full of added love, and toying with the innocent GIFTS FROM GOD. How blessed is this night to such, and how fervent should be the prayer of thanks for His mercies. And there are rooms where lovers sit lip to lip—hand in hand—palm to palm—eye to eye—heart to heart—silently threading the labyrinths of the world's future which allures far more than it repays. And there are deserted homes—wives alone, weary vigils keeping—widows mourning, for their hearts lie on Southern fields of death—mansions where even love is all—cottages and cabins where affection lightens up the hour as the moonday sun lights God's Temple—mothers praying for absent children and in fear lest those with them will not honor man's high estate—children running wild on the road to ruin—the tempter and the tempted—the good and the bad—the old and the young—even forming a separate picture. Why the world is full of pictures.

Saturday night is an index. We can look back upon hours mispent—words we would but cannot recall, vows we have broken—hopes which have died as rose leaves fall from your hands and float over the brink of Niagara—promises we have made but to be broken—friends we have betrayed for nothing—kind acts we might have done but did not—relief we might have granted but for selfishness—happiness we might have given but for a wicked heart. How the flood-gate of the week opens on Saturday night! Yet we learn no wisdom from the past. The same old story! 'It might have been!' Who will fortify the coming week with new resolves for good? We can all do it. It will not be long ere the grave closes over us—a few thin tears—a few sobs—a few looks—a few sad thoughts—a few regrets—a few shovels full of earth—a few feet under the sod—a few days of sadness real or counterfeit, and our souls are away on the sea of eternity, and those who know us now will kiss other lips—will clasp other hands—will read each others eyes—will return each other's embraces—will mingle their tears or wear their joys together—will love those they now wot not of—will forget us forever! Do you ever think of this? think how thin earth and its allurement are? Is it worth while for us to hate each other for so brief a time? Will the sheen of selfishness mellow the mold in which we must lie or whiten the marble which may per chance stand soutry over our bed for the GREAT SLEEP? Let us look back over life and the time to do it on this Saturday night.—"BRICK" POMEROY.

FALLING STARS EXPECTED.—Those who remember the great meteoric display of November 13th, 1833, will be glad to learn that a return is expected this fall. The most important of all celestial phenomena has been the subject of much inquiry among astronomers. It is found that in November of every year the number of falling stars is more numerous than at other periods, and that there is a less considerable display of light. The July number of Silliman's Journal contains the last of a series of articles by H. A. Newton on the "November Star Shower." In these articles Prof. Newton has traced the history of this startling phenomenon from the first record of its appearance in A. D. 902, and has discussed at length its most probable cause. He comes to the conclusion that there is a ring of small planets revolving around the sun; that planets are distributed very unevenly in the ring, there being a small section of the ring where the bodies are numerous with a few stragglers scattered along the rest of its circuit; that the earth passes through the ring every year, and each year in a new place; and that it passes through that part of the ring in which the planets are most numerous once in about thirty-three years. He further concludes that the period of the revolution of this ring of planets around the sun may be calculated with very great accuracy, and that it is 354,624 days—a little less than a year. The motion is retrograde, and the velocity with which the bodies enter our atmosphere is 20.17 miles per second. The following are Prof. Newton's remarks in regard to the next appearance of the great shower: "If, then, a shower occurs in A. D. 1864 (31 years after 1833), it seems most reasonable to look for its greatest display (on the morning of November 14th) 11½° west of our Atlantic States, that is, in the western part of the Pacific Ocean and in Australia. In 1865 it may be looked for as central 97° further west, or in western Asia and eastern Europe; and in 1898, on the western Atlantic. The year in which we have most reason to expect a shower is 1866, since the cycle of 33 2/3 years is probably to be reckoned from some date between November in 1832 and in 1833. These places and times are named with hesitation—rather to guide observation, than as predictions. The causes alluded to above, and the possible perturbations and irregularities of structure of the ring, may cause unexpected variations of time and place."

Sorrow is washed away by tears. Brint preserves beef but destroys grief.
Beauty and death make each other seem purer and lovelier, like snow and moonlight.

THE WIDOW MAKER OF THE 19th Century and Republican Candidate for President.
Including the last batch of half a million, since the war began two million seven hundred and ninety-five thousand men have been called into the field by the North, or by the widow maker. And the crusade is no nearer over by fighting to-day than it was four years since, and we verily believe that if the affair goes on for a year more on the same plan as for the past three, the rebels will force the North to terms. Seventy-five thousand three months men were, in the estimation of our rulers and tyrants, full enough to subdue the rebellion. The difference between the first call and the number actually taken from their homes to be butchered and squandered by the flat-foot tyrant and widow maker, is not greater than the difference between the forces of a normal grave digger and the least of all our former statesmen.

Only TWO MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE THOUSAND MEN lost to their homes their industrial pursuits, their families and their country through the fanaticism of Abolitionists, and the imbecility of the widow making President! And these men have been by driplets led into the mangling machine—smothered to death in cotton or stunk to death between diggers—not for the salvation of the country but for the glorification of HONEST OLD ABE the clown and usurper, who in his crusade for niggers, has marked his path with the blood and bones of his betters at every step.

How much longer will ye stand this insult, oh! ye willing people? How many more of your brave men shall go forth to death, oh! loved country? How many more hearthstones will ye suffer to be made desolate, oh! native land? How many more will you continue thristed and thrice accursed Administration in power, ye patriots who have sworn to defend and not make war upon the Constitution? Let the people talk this matter over. Let the poor tax-payers, the impoverished laborers, we care not their creed, nation or politics, talk this matter over. Let them look at the minions of the tyrant strutting by in good clothes and face marked with riotous living—let them look at our decimated armies—at our waste fields—at the half empty workshops—at the deserted hamlets—at the widows in weeds and the orphan in tears—at the prospect for the future, and tell, not us, but themselves, whether it is worth while longer to support Abraham Lincoln, the tyrant widow maker and hell's vicegerent on earth? We all owe allegiance to our Government but not one bit of fealty or respect to Constitution breaking, incompetent President, who is daily disgracing this once happy nation.

MEN AND BRETHREN! Talk it up. By the twilight talk it over among yourselves. In little clusters, standing by neighbors' gates—sitting on your own doorsteps—eating at your half filled tables—coming in squads from workshops and toil, talk this matter over among yourselves. It is for you we write. It is to you, not to the widow maker, we owe allegiance. Talk it over.—As you bend in toil think, and let our thoughts be known.—La Crosse Democrat.

STRONG CHARACTERS.—Strength of character consists of two things—power of will, and power of self restraint. It requires two things therefore, for its existence—strong feelings, and strong command over them.—Now, it is here, we make a great mistake. We mistake strong feeling for strong characters.

A man who bears all before him—before whose own domestics tremble, his children quake—because he has his will obeyed and his own way in all things, is called a strong man. The truth is that he is a weak man! It's his passion that is strong. He that is mastered by them is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feeling he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength.

Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, only growing a little pale, then reply quickly? This is a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent and never tell the world what enkindled his home peace? That is strength.

He who with strong passions, remains chaste, he who is keenly sensitive, with many powers of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

The motto of the Alabama was *Aid toi et Dieu l'aidera.* "Help yourself and God will help you."

Despair not. The course of God's providence may be as winding as his rivers.

Three things that can never agree—two cats over one mouse, two wives in one house, or two lovers courting one maiden.

Q.—This nation under Democratic rule was the wonder of the age for its prosperity and the happiness of its people. But three years and a half of Lincolnian have brought it to the verge of ruin. These truths should continually be borne in mind, and every patriot should labor as industriously in the dissemination of truth as Abolitionists have, under Lincoln, in the dissemination of error. A change of measures with patriotic and competent man to carry them into effect, is our only prospect of present safety and a better future. The voice of the people will demand this change in November next, and we, too, will see to it that we shall forcibly attempt to prevent a free expression of that voice.—Detroit Free Press.

INDIAN DIFFICULTIES.—The cause of the depredations now being brought upon our frontiers by the Indians, is said to originate in the fact, that the Government does not pay them the amount due, in gold, as formerly. They are augmenting their forces rapidly. A Gentleman states that when he came through from Deever, he saw 1500 going to join the main force.