# THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

ROSS & ROSSER, Publishers. MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1864. VOLUME 2 NUMBER 36



RATES OF ADVERTISING.

An square is Twelve lines of this size type—equal to about 100 words of manuscript.

| | 1 Square | 2 Squares | 3 Squares | 4 Squares | ¼ Column | 1 Column |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Insertion | $1.00 | $1.75 | $2.50 | $3.00 | $6.00 | $10 |
| 2 Insertions | 1.50 | 2.50 | 3.50 | 4.00 | 8.00 | 15 |
| 3 Insertions | 2.00 | 3.00 | 4.50 | 5.50 | 10.00 | 20 |
| One Month | 2.50 | 3.50 | 5.00 | 6.50 | 15.00 | 25 |
| Two Months | 4.00 | 6.00 | 8.00 | 10.00 | 20.00 | 30 |
| Three Months | 5.00 | 7.50 | 10.00 | 12.50 | 25.00 | 35 |
| Six Months | 7.50 | 10.00 | 12.50 | 15.00 | 35.00 | 50 |
| One Year | 10.00 | 15.00 | 20.00 | 25.00 | 50.00 | 80 |



THE BULLETIN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

ROSS & ROSSER,

Editors and Proprietors.

MAYSVILLE, FEBRUARY 18, 1864.


### Didn't Know.

He gave me a knife one day at school,
Four-bladed, the handle of pearl—
And great black words on the wrapper said,
"For the darlingest little girl."
I was glad—O! yes, the crimson blood
To my young cheek came and went,
And my heart thumped wonderously pit-a-pat;
But I didn't know what it meant.

One night he said I must jump on his sled,
For the snow was falling fast;
I was half afraid, but he coaxed and coaxed,
And he got me on at last.
Laughing and chatting in merry glee;
To my home his course he bent,
And my sisters looked at each other and smiled;
But I didn't know what it meant.

The years passed on, and they touched his eye
With a shadow of deeper blue;
They gave to his form a manlier grace—
To his cheek a swarthier hue.
We stood by the dreamily rippling brook,
When the day was almost spent,
His whispers were soft as the lullaby;
And——now I know what it meant!

### Dickie Lee.

I wonder now if Dickie Lee
Looks back across the years,
Smiling perhaps, at the thoughts of me,
And the funny times we used to see,
In that school-house dim of yore!
On the little bench close by the door,
The little bench that would hold but four—
Janie, Lois, Dickie and me—
And the lambs of the flock were we.
I wonder now if he ever thinks
Of the dreadful time he stole the pinks
And roses rare to give to me!
And what befell poor Dickie Lee!

They tell me that my Dickie Lee
Is a man of wealth and pride;
That he has ships upon the sea,
Titles, too, of a high degree,
And that a lady became his bride.
Very well, so let it be,
Fickle have I been as he.

'Tis many a year since he was my lover,
Loving me well, and loving no other;
'Tis many a year since the barefooted lad
Romped close by my side, making merry and glad
'Tis many a year, 'tis many a year,
That seals up the past and bring down a tear—
But I think of him yet as a laughing boy,
Knowing or dreaming of naught but joy,
Unless he dreamt of me.
And I would not see the man of care
That calls himself Richard Lee;
That has wasted cheeks and thin gray hair,
For, oh! he would steal from me
Something I love and cherish well,
An image shrined in a secret cell.

### The Seed Must Die.

The seed must die before the corn appears
Out of the ground, in blade and fruitful ears;
Low must those ears by sickle's edge be lain,
Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.
The grain is crushed before the bread is made,
And the bread broke ere life to man conveyed.
O, be content to die, to be laid low,
And to be crushed, and to be broken so,
If thou upon God's table may be bread,
Life-giving food to souls an hungered.—TRENCH.

### Hypocrisy.

To wear long faces, just as if our Maker,
The God of goodness, was an undertaker,
Well pleased to wrap the soul's unlucky mien
In sorrow's dismal crape or bombazine.

DR. WALCOT.

THE EVILS OF WAR.—"War is the law of violence, and has continued to increase in magnitude and intensity since the day of Abel's murder. It is not only attended with the shedding of blood and waste of human life, but also with the destruction of property and the ruin of individual fortunes. It involves the extirpation of cities, their abandonment to cruelty and licentiousness, perhaps to soldiery; crimsons rivers, lakes and rivulets with the blood of fellow citizens, neighbors and strangers, and it whitens fields with bleaching human bones. It fills once happy homes with tears and lamentations; breaks the heart of age, blasts the hopes of beauty, of youth, and of love. It chills the human heart to the core, and brings a pall of darkness over the land.'

Fine sensibilities are like woodbines, delightful luxuries of beauty to twine round a solid stem of understanding; but very poor things if they are left to keep along the ground.

At Gettysburg 28,000 muskets were taken. It is stated that of these 24,000 were found to be loaded, 12,000 containing two loads, and 6,000 from three to ten loads each. In many instances half a dozen balls were driven in on a single charge of powder. In same cases the former possessor has reversed the usual order, placing the ball at the bottom of the barrel and the powder on top.

From Peterson's Magazine.

## The Courtship OF WILL WOODHOUSE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Mr. William Woodhouse was naturally a very timid man. Not that he was lacking in moral or physical courage, but he was afraid of the women. On all other occasions he was usually equal to the emergency, be it whatever it might; but place him *tete a tete* with a woman, and, to use a vulgar expression, he was done for.

His mother had long ago settled down to the uncomfortable conviction that William would never marry; and the girls had arrived at the same conclusion; it had become quite a thing to say, in making comparisons, "As great a fool as Will Woodhouse!"

For—take note, bashful young gentlemen—however much ladies may admire modesty in their own sex, they invariably depise a man who has not courage enough to say to the girl of his choice, "I love you."

Will admired the girls in his way; but he looked upon them very much as sensible people do upon a hornet's nest, as a curious piece of architecture, but not safe to be familiar with.

So he kept his distance, and in the meantime arrived at the mature age of twenty-three. Then he met, for the first time, at a picnic party, Adelaide Browne. We believe people with the stoniest hearts fall in love at picnics; and from that hour poor Will had no comfort of his life. Sleeping or waking, his dreams were full of the beautiful Miss Browne. Surely, there never was another of the numerous Browne family like her! Blue eyes, white muslin dress, with knots of pink ribbons, brown hair, red lips, pearly teeth, snowy hands—all danced together in a miscellaneous "all hands round" before his excited vision.

Adelaide, all unconscious of the trouble she had caused, went her way, breaking the hearts of most the young gentlemen in Highbridge, and trying hard to fracture the few that remained whole. She was visiting her Aunt Hooper; and it is an undeniable fact that ladies always take best where they are not known. This is no libel on the sex—no indeed! for with gentlemen this truth is still more applicable.

Mrs. Hooper was a widow lady of no small personal attractions, in her own estimation; and if she was not so young as she might have been, she thought she was, and behaved accordingly. She still affected short sleeves, and profuse ringlets of glassiest black—though envious iddividuals persisted that hdr curls were made at the hairdresser's. These same persons also believed that she was anxious to supply the place of her dear deceased as soon as possible!

For a week after meeting with Adelaide, Will bore up bravely. The second meeting destroyed all the stock of composure he had been hoarding up. He took desperately to the Muses, and walked the whole night away, to the infinite destruction of shoe leather, and the infinite disgust of his practical papa.

He met Adelaide not quite frequently.—There was an excursion to Mount Gilbo one fine day, and Will had the ecstatic pleasure of treading on Adelaide's dress, thereby, throwing her headlong into a pile of brush; and while Laura Blake picked her up, and helped to pin on her flounces, he stood by, frightened half out of his wits.

From that time he pined rapidly. His appetite was a thing of the past. His mother thought him in a quick decline, and dosed him with hoarhound and Dr. Perkins patent pacific pills. He grew worse and worse.

At last, thinking himself near his end, he confessed to his mother. She was thunderstruck; but at length, like a sensible woman, she advised him to put on his tother clothes, and go right over and lay the case before Miss Browne. It couldn't kill him, she said; and then if she refused him, why there were as good fish in the sea, etc.

Will took three days to consider, and at the end of that time his mind was made up. He swallowed a double dose of blackberry cordial, doaned his flame colored dress and and black and blue plaids, brushed his hair till it shone like ebony, covered his head with his father's ten dollar beaver, and made the best of his way to Mrs. Hooper's.

Not that he intended to ask Adelaide—but Mrs. Hooper. If he could only get the aunt won over to his cause, and employ her to state the condition of his heart to her neise, he should be happy. He felt sure that he never should live through confessing himself to Adelaide; and if he did, and she should say no, he was satisfied he should faint away right on the spot!

As good fortune would have it, he found Mrs. Hooper alone, in her best gown and humor. She was charmed to see him, and treated him to nuts and cider, and a seat on the sofa so near herself that poor Will was at his wits' end to fame the first word of his errand.

They talked of the weather and the crops until the clock struck ten. The widow tried to make him think it was only nine; but he was not so far gone but that the terrible moment could be no longer delayed. He must make a beginning.

Mrs. Hooper, said he, I came over this evening—he hesitated.

Yes, Will, she said most encouragingly. I came over—

Yes, I know you did, still more encouragingly.

I came over to ask a great favor of you!

Well, you could not have come to any body that would be readier to do you a kindness, William.

Thank you

The sweat stood on his forehead in great drops.

But, continued he, this is a very delicate business, very! I come to ask you—to—to—

Go on; don't be afraid. I am listening.

The fact of it is, I am in love! desperately, there! I've done it!

Mercy me! Why, William! and I never mistrusted it—never! Well, of all things! And the widow edged a little closer, and put her fat hand in William's.

Yes, I'm in love; and I came to ask you if you would—

Will I? To be sure I will? How could you think otherwise? I have always thought so much of you. But it is so sudden; what will folks say?

Deuced if I care? cried Will, elated at the prospect before him; it's nobody's business. Am I to be wretched on account of what people will say? Don't hug me so, Mrs. Hooper, I beg—I—I ain't used to it; and—and,—what was that noise?

The mice, I guess. Dear Will how glad I am you told me.

And you will ask Adelaide and make it all right with her?

Adelaide? Oh! she will have no earthly objections—of course not.

Are you sure? If I was only certain of it! Oh, Mrs. Hooper, I loved her the moment I set eyes on her!

Her? Who?

Why, your niece, Adelaide Browne.—She is the only woman on earth that I could ever be happy with. I shall die if I don't get her.

Mrs. Hooper turned purple. She caught up the poker and flew at our hero like a maniac. He made for the door, she followed close.

I'll show you how to insult a respectable woman, I'll show you how to steal the affections of a guileless heart, and then prove false! she cried, each showing accompanied by a thump from the poker.

Will had at last succeeded in putting the door between him and his antagonist; and in frantic haste, he dived down over steps and at the bottom reeled full into the arms of Adelaide Browne herself, who was just returning from a friend's.

Don't let her get at me! he cried, I'd rather die than she should hug me again!—It's you I love, and not her, and she's madder that a hatter.

It was not a very elegant proposal, but Miss Browne's self possession insured Will's everlasting weal. She accepted him on the spot, for she had liked him all along, and nothing had stood between them but his abominable bashfulness.

Will is a happy husband and father now; but even to this day, the sight of a widow will make him tremble—they are so intimately associated in his mind with pokers.

### Should Democrats Enlist.

The Bellefonte Watchman answers the question in the following language:

"We have been asked time and again if Democrats should enlist and help to prosecute this war, as it is now conducted? Like persons that belong to any other party, Democrats have a right to do as they please, and as they see proper about going into this war, and we suppose they will regardless of our opinion as to the propriety or impropriety of doing so. In a war of this kind, waged by the General Government against Sovereign States, by which the first principles of Democracy are violated we can have but little faith in any one claiming to be a Democrat that gives it encouragement in any manner whatever, yet if a man desires to fight to free a pack of lazy worthless niggers, and run the risk of being killed, to degrade his own race to a level with them—if he wishes to destroy the property and homes of those who ask only for their rights, and entail misery and destruction, upon a people who never harmed him—if he wants to strengthen the hands of the despotism at Washington, and force the people of the North to become serfs, or subjects of King Abraham—if he would assist in destroying the American Republic, and help to establish a monarchy upon its ruins—if he would fasten a debt upon the country that the bones of his own children will be mortgaged to pay, and increase the price of the necessaries of life so that his wife, sister or mother will be compelled to suffer for want of food or clothing—if he would enrich contractors—impoverish honest laboring men, and have death and desolation ride rampant over the whole country—then we would say enlist. These are the only results that can flow from a continuance of this horrible, wicked war, and that a Democrat—a disciple of Thomas Jefferson—will assist in hurrying them on we do not believe. If the members of our party had stood firm and left the Abolitionists to 'prosecute' their own war, it would have been over long since and our country would never have been disgraced with an Abolition party again. For our part we have never taken any stock in this war, and never shall—never asked a man to enlist and never will, for as long as men and money are furnished those in power it will be prolonged—when they are no longer to be had it must stop, and peace with its many blessings will then be enjoyed! Not before."

MEMORY.—It is said of Cardinal Richeliu that when he built his magnificent palace on the sight of the family chateau at Richelieu, he sacrificed its symmetry to preserve the room where he was born. An attachment of his nature is generally characteristic of a benevolent mind; and a long acquaintance with the world cannot always extinguish it. To a friend, says John Duke of Buckingham, I will expose my weakness. I am often missing a pretty gallery in the old house I built in its stead, though a thousand times better in all respects—This is the language of the heart, and will remind the reader of the good-humored remark in one of the Pope's letters: I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up that I had remembered ever since I was a child.

A maiden, like a fish, is often hooked by the lip.

A mind hardened against affliction, and a body against pain and sickness, are the two securities of earthly happiness.

Many doctors put drugs of which they know little, into bodies of which they know less.

Avoid too many and great obligations; it is running into debt beyond what you may be able to pay.

### Vice and Ignorance in Massachusetts.

The people of Massachusetts must not blame the rest of the country for pointing out shest comings on the part of the old commonwealth. They have been so self-righteous and have seen so many motes in other people's eyes that the discovery of a beam in their own must be accepted with due humility. We had occasion, a short time since to show from official documents the revolting indecency and barbarity with which the male and female prisoners and paupers of Boston were treated by the superintendents who had them in charge; but the following is still more damnatory, as it shows that the population of whole counties in Massachusetts are more ignorant and degraded than the sand hillers and corn-crackers of the South, as described in Mrs. Stowe's fictions.

The sentence of Obed Reynolds, Jr., of Freetown, convicted of the murder of Bullock has been commuted by the governor and council of imprisonment for life in the state prison. We have no doubt that the propriety of this remission of the death penalty will be acquiesced in, certainly when the facts are known. Reynolds was a boy of eighteen, born and brought up in that part of Freetown known as "Slab Bridge." Nobody without undeniable proof would believe that a community of such ignorance, of absolutely heathenish ignorance as this is represented to be, could be found in Bristol county. Two thirds of the witnesses at this trial, adult natives of the town, signed their names with a cross. The Bible was literally an unknown book. Reynolds could neither read nor write and had never heard of Christ except as an oath! At the trial every member of the family, except the old father (who appeared through the whole as an honest man,) committed the most deliberate perjury. Well was it asked by a benevolent woman, who, since his conviction, has taken great pains to instruct Reynolds, "what could be expected of a boy who had a bad mother, a bad sister, and a bad wife?" The hanging of such a boy would have been only judicial murder.

The above is from the Boston Commonwealth, a paper which usually regards the people of New England as being of the elect of heaven, while all the rest of the world is in outer darkness. But what a picture is this of a community living within an hour's ride of "Hub of the Universe," and not more than a gunshot's distance from Plymouth Rock itself? "Heathenish ignorance," the "Bible literally unknown," the "name of Christ never heard except as an oath." Such is the account of a Massachusetts. The reader can draw his own moral.

*New York World.*

### Retaliation in Kind.

Id the Summer of 1863, Wm. Waller and Schultz Leach, two Kentuckians, and highly connected in their State, were commissioned and sent from Abingdon to recruit a company for the Confederate service. They were captured at Maysville, tried under Order No. 38, of Burnside, the barber, (the same under which two other recruiting officers had been condemned and shot,) convicted, and sentenced to die at the musket-point. Their sentence was subsequently commuted to hard labor with ball and chain during the continuance of the war. They are now at Johnson's Island working out the terms of their sentence. These facts were laid before the Confederate Government by members of the Kentucky delegation now in Congress, and Friday Major Turner, commandant at the Libby Prison post, received an order from the Secretary of War consigning two of the Federal prisoners with the rank of Captain to a situation identical with that of Messrs. Waller and Leach.

The two, whom the fates selected from the ten or eleven hundred Federal officers, were Captain R. G. C. Reed, of the 3d Ohio Cavalry, (Straight's command,) and Captain R. O. Ives, 10th Massachusetts Infantry, both good representatives of the Eastern and Western Yankee, and apparently as equal to the task af breaking stone as stealing a negro.

The pair will be started forward to-day for Salisbury, North Carolina, the place selected for their future field of operation.

When the Federal authorities notify this Government that the officers, for whom they are held, are released from their ignominous position, they will be restored to the *status* of prisoners of war, but not before.

*Richmond Examiner, 8th.*

THE PIETY OF A REPUBLICAN SENATOR.—One J. J. Owen, a member of the California Senate, is the editor of the St. Jose Mercury, in that State. On Thanksgiving day he penned an editorial article, in which he said:

"All who believe in an overruling Providence are called upon this day, by the President of the United States, to lay aside their temporary avocations, and unite in offering up to that Being the tribute of thanksgiving and praise for His many blessings.—We have cause for abundant joy in that our armies have been able to kill a goodly number of traitors during the past year, and to send their unshrived souls to hell, where it is to be hoped that the billows of remorse will wash over them for several ages. We have reason to be thankful that the Army of the Potomac is expected soon to cross the Rapidan with ten days' rations, and hopeful that it may not return before the rations are exhausted. We ought to bless His only name for the invention of Greek fire, gunpowder and ten-inch shells, for these things will have their holy uses in elevating the human race."

Owen is probably graduating for political preacher, and who may become the compeer of such *pious men* as the Rev. Starr King and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

An Irishman, being a little fuddled, was asked what were his religious views. "Is it me belate ye'd be askin' about?" said he. "It's the same as the Widdy Brady's. I owe her twilve shillings for whisky, and she believes I'll niver pay her, and, faith, that's my belafe, too."

Provide for after life so to enjoy the present; enjoy the present so as to leave a provision for the time to come.

### The New Draft.

*"Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away."* Such is the wail that will arise from thousands of humble homes all over the land when the six short lines signed "Abraham Lincoln," which we published yesterday morning, at the head of the first column of the first page of the Daily News, shall find their way into the lowly dwellings.

One and a half millions of hale, hearty men, our husbands, our sons, our brothers, have already been sent forth to this horrible war, and now half a million more are called for to satisfy the appetite of the insatiate Moloch!

One and a half millions of hale, hearty men have been taken from the productive labor which has made the greatness, wealth happiness and honor of our beloved country; and now half a million more to go!

"When, in God's name! is all this to end?" we may suppose to be the sad and anxious exclamation of many a worthy matron, as she takes her seat at the frugal board for the evening meal to-morrow and next day, and next day, as the doleful news shall reach the farm houses throughout the land.—"When in God's name! is all this to end?—Robert was killed at Bull Run; John at Chancellorsville; Sam has returned mutilated and bed-ridden for life from bloody Chickamauga; Thomas alone remains to us. Peace! Peace! Oh God give us peace.—This war is not worth what we are paying for it. Our own fields will remain uncultivated; our own homes will become desolate to say nothing of the still greater misery inflicted upon our Southern brethren if this horrible war continues. Shall we longer suffer, and inflict all this for the emancipation of the negro, who is much happier, slave as he is, than free as we would make him. When, oh, when shall this cruel war stop?"

The father listens to this apostrophe of his wife, but sits by pale, thoughtful, and silent. Thomas, too, finishes his meal without uttering a word.

"Tom, by boy, you'll have to go this time, I fear," says the father seriously, rising from his chair.

"Will I?" is the curt reply; and there is something in the eye and about the lip of Tom, as he leaves the room, which suggests to his parents that Tom is not quite of the same opinion with his father.—New York News.

PROFITS OF WOOLEN MILLS.—The Washington Woolen Mills at Lawrence, Mass., have sold goods the past year to the amount of four millions of dollars, and their clear profits amount to $840 000, or fifty per cent on their capital. While shoddy contractors are thus amassing fortunes out of this war, growing rich and opulent out of the blood and treasure of the nation, the poor operatives in their employ, working sixteen hours per day for merely enough to keep soul and body together, have clamored for an advance in their wages but without success. They quite work recently for a time and demanded an advance in wages, which was refused them, and finally utter starvation stared them in the face, compelled them to go to work at old rates.—These shoddy contractors are an extremely loyal set of men, who are for prolonging the war to its utmost extent that they may realize the more out of it. A man's loyalty to the Government, that is, Old Abe, is now in exact proportion to the amount of profits realized or benefits received or expected to be received from and on account of the war. It is a good thing, now-a-days, to the pockets, to be loyal—it pays, to some people.

MANNERS IN BRAZIL.—An oriental tinge runs through all the manners and customs of the country, and is seen particularly in the general deportment of the women. In the interior the female members of a family are not permitted to make their appearance before strangers of the opposite sex. One sees nothing of them until a visit has been several times repeated. Even in the towns there is a considerable amount of shyness, especially when other people are present.—They lead a wretchedly indolent life. Excepting in the upper classes, very few indeed of them can read, and scarcely any, even in the best society, read any other books than French novels. They conceive that fat constitutes beauty, and their great ambition is to become as broad as they are long. When they appear in the streets they are richly attired in European fashion, but within doors their apparel is wretched and their habits are filthy. In the principal reception-rooms of the best houses in Sao Paulo ladies of quality may sometimes be seen publicly picking unmentionable insects from the heads of their negro children. In some of the streets of Rio they amuse themselves by standing on the balconies and spitting on the heads of the foot passengers below. With scarcely an exception, they all smoke, and very frequently, if one of them happens to occupy the same position in a room for a short time while thus engaged, the floor in her vicinity attests that the usual propensity for expectoration on such occasions has been freely indulged.—Spectator.

### Important Decision.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 31.

The Supreme Court of Indiana, by Perkins, Justice, rendered a decision yesterday in the case of Griffith vs Wilcox, which is of great importance. Griffith was arrested by Wilcox, Deputy Provost Marshal, for retailing liquor to soldiers. He brought suit in the Common Pleas Court against Wilcox for false imprisonment. That went against him, and he appealed to the Supreme Court. That Court decided in his favor, and holds Wilcox liable on the ground that the military law can not intervene as to the rights of citizens in States where the civil law is unobstructed. The question is argued fully. One of the points of the decision is that the South is not acting to overthrow this Government, but to establish one of their own, just as the thirteen colonies did.

Conclude at least nine parts in ten of what is handed about by common fame to be false.

WHAT YOUNG MEN HAVE DONE.—Alexander the Great had defeated the celebrated Theban band at the battle of Cheronea and gained a military reputation at the age of eighteen; he ascended the throne of his father, Philip, before twenty, and at twenty-five had reached the zenith of his military glory, having already conquered the world. He died before the age of thirty-two. Julius Cæsar commanded a fleet at twenty-two; was consul before forty; had conquered all Gaul, and twice invaded Great Britain before forty-five, and died at fifty-six, the victor of five hundred battles and the conquerer of a thousand cities.—Hannibal was commander-in-chief at twenty-six. Scipio Africanus was distinguished at sixteen, and at twenty-one closed his military career. Gongis Khan raised an army of thirty thousand men, and defeated the rebels at thirteen, at forty he made himself Emperor Mogul. Henry the Fourth of France commanded the Huguenot army at sixteen, and at nineteen was King of Navarre; at forty he had overthrown all his enemies, and placed himself on the throne of France, and become the founder of a new dynasty. Saxe entered the army at twelve years of age; soon commanded a regiment of horse; at twenty-four he became Marechal de Camp, and at forty-four Marshal of France. Prince Maurice commanded an army at the age of sixteen. Peter the Great was proclaimed Czar a ten years of ago. Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, ascended the throne at fifteen; completed his first successful campaign against Denmark at eighteen; overthrew eighty thousand Russians at Narva before nineteen, and conquered Poland and Saxony at twenty-four. Cortez conquered Mexico at thirty-six, and Pizarro conquered Peru at thirty-five.—Napoleon was lieutenant at seventeen, captain at twenty, chief de battalion at twenty-four, general of brigade at twenty-five, and commander-in-chief of the army of Italy at twenty-six. Dessaix entered the army at fifteen, and after rapidly passing through the lower grades, became a general of division at twenty-six; he died before the age of thirty-two, with a reputation second only to that of Napoleon.

### Church Meddling With Politics.

The Louisville True Presbyterian, contains the following remarks on the above subject:

If the Church continues this intermeddling with things of the State, how long will it be till the State will meddle with the Church? A sample of this was recently seen in Glasgow, Kentucky, where the military authorities sent the national flag into the Methodist Conference, with the demand that each minister should salute it. But this treating an ecclesiastic body as though it were a political body would never have been thought of had it not been for the common political manouvering of preachers. If as ecclesiastics they invade political ground, they certainly may expect to be invaded in turn.

The Church thus sets an example dangerous to herself as well as to the country. Her nature, her policy and her intentions are all more easily learned by the public from what she does than from her creed.—And who, that has been studying here these last few years in the light of what she has been doing, would for a moment dream that she was not of this world—that she was in her nature and appointment a purely spiritual and ecclesiastical body—a great institution of peace set up in the world to that end? As they have listened to her in our pulpits, as they have looked in upon assemblies and caught the tone and object of a large portion of her debates, and read her long and labored political acts—as they saw her worldly temper—more eager, more ardent and more warlike than military men—who of them all thus learning the nature of the Church from her acts could believe that the great Head and Teacher of the Church was the Prince of Peace? Such a conclusion from such premises would be impossible.

But this is not all. Going into the armies of this great war, they find companies, regiments, battallions and divisions headed by Captains, Colonels and Generals. Christ said, my kingdom is not of this world; but what can be more of this world than heading armies and fighting battles. They have left the pulpit to take the sword, and thus give their highest testimony to the supremacy of the world over the kingdom of Christ. Paul said "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Christ," but these men seem to say, "God forbid that we should glory, save in the art and practice of war." The same Apostle said, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel;" but these men say woe to us if we are not found on the battle field and in the slaughter of our enemies.

The love of the brethren is one of the evidences of Christianity, but when Rev. military men meet in battle and strike each other down in death, have they not abandoned and falsified all their ministerial engagements and professions? What a strange idea of the Christian religion would a heathen get by witnessing all these things! The report which he would carry home would certainly be a terrible carricature of Christianity, and a powerful obstacle to its reception where such a report was known and believed.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE NEXT PRESIDENCY.—We have thus far refrained from commenting upon the claims of any gentleman in connection with the National Democratic Convention for this high executive position. We are ready for the contest, and will work till the *ides* of November to secure his election. We care not who may be the candidate, so he is competent, a statesman, and last of all a *peace man*, and opposed to a war whose direct object is plunder and change the form of our Government. If anybody wants a War Democrat nominated, let him vote the Republican ticket, for that will be war all over. We see no difference between a War Democrat and a War Abolitionist.—*Hamilton True Telegraph.*

Nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, and woman with pins.