VILLAGE RECORD.

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POETICAL.

DOWN UPON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

Down upon the Rappahannock,
Lies the noble volunteer;
Ask me not my child, my darling,
When thy father will be here;
For upon that fated river,
Many hearts may sigh in vain
Dream of home and friends forever
But shall not return again.
Down upon the Rappahannock,
Peaceful scenes may yet abound;
War and strife may be forgotten,
But the lost shall not be found.

Down upon the Rappahannock,
'Neath her waters, on her shore,—
Lie the hearts so early taken
From their homes forever more.
Ah! what scenes of pain and sorrow,
Come to homes so sweet of yore;
Some may shed their tears to-morrow,
When to-day's sad work is o'er.

Down upon the Rappahannock,
Peaceful scenes may yet abound;
War and strife may be forgotten;
But the lost shall not be found.

OUR COUNTRY'S DEAD.

They live to God, they live to God;
Though gone from human sight!
The good and brave, who left their homes
To battle for the right.

To thee, O God, they still live on,
Though ceased their mortal strife;
And wait the triumph of the Cause,
More dear to them than life.

In sight of men they seem to die,
And perish from the earth;
But Thou, dost give them, even here,
A new, immortal birth.

Though chastened for a little time,
Thou dost reward their pain;
To die, to suffer for the right,
Is, e'en on earth to gain.

For to their Country still they live,
And, on her roll of fame,
Recorded shall forever stand
Each brave and honored name!

MISCELLANY.

Your Likeness.

Some children went into a saloon with their father to have their photographs taken. The two little girls had theirs, and George's turn came next. The man told him where to stand, how to place his hands, and which way to look; to hold up his head, fix his eye upon a certain point, and keep still. His cap had fallen on the floor, and at the very moment his picture was being taken, his little sister stepped forward to pick it up, when George gave her a kick, and such a look! Well, that look was taken; and the likenesses were all put in little cases, and sent home.

"This is my George?" exclaimed his brother, on examining the pictures, and coming to his. "Horrid!" cried his eldest brother. "horrid!" Whose cross scowling face is that?" asked Uncle Ned, when the pictures were shown to him. "What young savage is that?" asked Aunt Emily, when they were shown to her. As you may suppose George was terribly ashamed of his picture; he was mortified at having it seen with the rest, that he did not know what to do. A more disagreeable picture, perhaps, you never saw; and the worst of it was, there was no mistake about its being a true copy. The sun does not make mistakes. And then to have it always kept and shown as his!

Reader, did you ever think that the world is God's great daguerreotype saloon, where we are all having our likenesses taken for eternity? And it is not only our looks and attitudes which will be taken, but all our thoughts and feelings will show in the picture. Anger, envy, selfishness, jealousy, unkindness, will all be faithfully and indelibly put down there by One who never overlooks or flatters, but takes us exactly as we are. We cannot seem better or more beautiful to His eye than we really are. When we are tempted to do wrong, or to give way to angry feelings, let us stop and ask, "How shall I look in that picture of me which is to last forever."

I am afraid if we should see faithful pictures of ourselves sometimes, the sight would fill us with surprise and shame, as it did poor George. Remember, then, that every day you live, your likeness is being taken for eternity. Every morning when you rise from your bed, stop and think, "I am having a likeness taken to-day which is to last forever, and I must try so to live as that likeness."

Unpunctual People.

What bores they are—what havoc they make with the precious moments of orderly, punctual men of business. A person who is false to his appointments may not intend to swindle people, but he does. To those who know how to turn time to advantage, every hour has an appreciable pecuniary value; minutes, even, are worth so much piece. He who robs you of them, might as well take so much money from your purse. The act is petty larceny or grand larceny, according to the amount of time he compels you to waste, and the value of it is their appraisal to yourself and your business.

The only capital of a large portion of community is time. Their compensation is measured by clock. The moments of such promise breakers cheat them may represent in fact the necessaries of life, and the loss of [illegible] the deprivation of a loaf, or a joint of some other article urgently needed at home. Nobody places any confidence in persons who are habitually behind time. They scarcely succeed in any enterprise. Therefore for your own sake, as well as for the sake of others, be punctual.

A LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT.

CHICAGO, Sept. 2.—The following is President Lincoln's letter to the Springfield Mass Meeting:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, August 26, 1863.

Hon. James C. Conkling.—MY DEAR SIR:—Your letter inviting me to attend a mass meeting of unconditional Union men, to be held at the capital of Illinois, on the 3d day of September, has been received.

It would be very agreeable to me thus to meet my old friends at my own home, but I cannot just now be absent from this city so long as a visit there would require. The meeting is to be of all those who maintain unconditional devotion to the Union, and I am sure that my old political friends will thank me for tendering, as I do, the nation's gratitude to those other noble men whom no paritsan malice or partisan hope can make false to the nation's life.

There are those who are dissatisfied with me. To such I would say, "You desire peace, and you blame me that we do not have it. But how can we attain it? There are but three conceivable ways: First. To suppress the rebellion by force of arms.—This I am trying to do. Are you for it? If you are, so far agreed. A second way is to give up the Union. I am against this. If you are, you should say so plainly. If you are not for force, nor yet for dissolution, there only remains some imaginary compromise. I do not believe that any compromise embracing the maintenance of the Union is now possible. All that I learn leads to a directly opposite belief. The strength of the rebellion is its military—its army. That army dominates all the country and all the people within its range. Any offer of terms made by any man or men within that range, in opposition to that army, is simply nothing for the present, because such man or men have no power whatever to enforce their side of a compromise, if one were made with them. To illustrate—suppose a refugee from the South and the peace men of the North get together in Convention, and frame and proclaim a compromise embracing a restoration of the Union; in what way can that compromise be used to keep General Lee's army out of Pennsylvania? General Meade's army can keep Lee's army out of Pennsylvania, and I, trust can, ultimately drive it out of existence; but no paper compromise, to which the controllers of General Lee's army are not agreed, can at all effect that army. In an effort at such compromise we would waste the time which the enemy would improve to our disadvantage, and that would be all.

A compromise, to be effective, must be made either with those who control the rebel army, or with the people, first liberated from the domination of that army by the success of our army.

Now, allow me to assure you that no word or intimation from the rebel army or from any of the men controlling it, in relation to any peace compromise, has ever come to my knowledge or belief. All charges and intimations to the contrary are deceptive and groundless, and I promise you that if any such proposition shall hereafter come, it shall not be rejected and kept secret from you. I freely acknowledge myself to be the servant of the people, according to the bond of service, the United States Constitution, and that as such I am responsible to them.

But, to be plain, you are dissatisfied with me about the negro. Quite likely there is a difference of opinion between you and myself upon that subject. I certainly wish that all men could be free, while you, I suppose, do not. Yet I have neither adopted nor proposed any measure which is not consistent with even your views, provided you are for the Union. I suggested compensated emancipation; to which you replied that you wished not to be taxed to buy negroes. But I did n't ask you to be taxed to buy negroes, except in such a way as to save you from greater taxation to save the Union exclusively by other means. You dislike the emancipation proclamation, and perhaps you would have it retracted. You say it is unconstitutional. I think differently. I think that the Constitution invests its Commander-in-Chief with the law of war in time of war. The most that can be said, if so much is, that slaves are property.

Is there, has there ever been, any question that by the law of war the property, both of enemies and friends, may be taken when needed, and is it not needed whenever taken it helps us or hurts the enemy? Armies the world over, destroy enemies' property when they cannot use it, and even destroy their own to keep it from the enemy. Civilized belligerents do all in their power to help themselves or hurt the enemy, except a few things regarded as barbarous or cruel. Among the exceptions are the massacre of vanquished foes and non-combattants, male and female. But the proclamation, as a law, is valid or not valid. If it is not valid, it needs no retraction; if it is valid, it cannot be retracted any more than the dead can be brought to life. Some of you profess to think that its retraction would operate favorably for the Union. Why better after the retraction than before the issue?

There was more than a year and a half of trial to suppress the rebellion before the proclamation was issued; the last one hundred days of which passed under an explicit notice that it was coming unless averted by those in revolt returning to their allegiance. The war has certainly progressed as favorably for us since the issue of the proclamation as before. I know as fully as one can know the opinions of others, that some of the commanders of our armies in the field who have given us our most important victories, believe the emancipation policy and the use of colored troops constitute the heaviest blows yet dealt to the rebellion; *and that at least one of those important successes could not have been achieved when it was, but for the aid of black soldiers.* Among the commanders holding these views are some who have never had any affinity with what is called Abolitionism, or with the Republican party politics, but who hold them purely as military opinions. I submit their opinions as being entitled to some weight against the objections often urged that emancipation and the arming of the blacks are unwise as military measures, and were not adopted as such in good faith. You say that you will not fight to free the negroes. Some of them seem to be willing to fight for you; but no matter—fight you, then, exclusively, to save the Union.

I issued the proclamation on purpose to aid you in saving the Union. *Whenever you shall have conquered all resistance to the Union, if I shall urge you to continue fighting, it will be an apt time then for you to declare that you will not fight to free negroes.* I thought that, in your struggle for the Union, to whatever extent the negroes should cease helping the enemy, to that extent it weakened the enemy in his resistance to you. Do you think differently? I thought that whatever negroes can be got to do as soldiers, leaves just so much less for white soldiers to do in saving the Union. Does it appear otherwise to you? But negroes, like other people, act upon motives. Why should they do anything for us, if we will do nothing for them? *If they stake their lives for us, they must be prompted by the strongest motives—even the promise of freedom; and the promise, being made, must be kept.*

The signs look better. The father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea; thanks to the great Northwest for it; nor yet wholly to them. Three hundred miles up they met New England, the Empire, the Keystone, and New Jersey, hewing their way right and left. The sunny South, too, in more colors than one, also lent a hand, on the spot; their part of the history was jotted down in black and white. The job was a great national one; and let none be banned who bore an honorable part in it, while those who have cleared the great river may well be proud.

Even that is not all. It is hard to say that anything has been more bravely and better done than at Antitam, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg, and on many fields of less note.—Nor must Uncle Sam's web-feet be forgotten. At all the water's margines they have been present, not only on the deep sea, the broad bay, and the rapid river, but also up the narrow, muddy bayou, and wherever the ground was a little damp they have been and made their tracks. Thanks to all.—For the Great Republic—for the principles by which it lives and keeps alive—for man's vast future; thanks to all!

Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will soon come, and come to stay, and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among freemen there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their case and pay the cost; and then there will be some black men who can remember that, with silent tongue, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation while I fear that there will be some white men unable to forget that, with malignant heart and deceitful speech, they have striven to hinder it. Still, let us not be over-sanguine of a speedy final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God in his own good time will give us the rightful result.

Yours, very truly,
A. LINCOLN.

The Capture of a Negro Prayer Meeting.

The capture of a negro prayer meeting in Mississippi, by Lieutenant Colonel De Costa of the Second Arkansas (colored) Regiment, is thus described by a Helena correspondent: On Sunday while reconnoitering the country, Col. De Costa came across a negro prayer meeting in the woods. Where a large number of blacks were assembled for worship. With his small party he lingered in the outskirts for a while, and listened to the prayers of the black preachhir. He was praying for the deliverance of his brethern from the chains of slavery with all the earnestness of the negro minister, for God to hasten the coming of the Yankees and the annihilation of their white enslavers. The Colonel then suddenly made his appearance in their midst with his small party and informed them that their prayers had been answered, and that he had come to deliver them. They hailed him with shouts of joy, and raised their hands to heaven, called on God to bless their deliverer. Colonel De Costa instructed them to come to the shore immediately, and bring with them all the horses, mules, and cotton they could lay their hands on. Shortly the entire assemply of worshippers was transformed into one vast carivan pursuing their way to the river bank, the scene was novel and grotesque in the extreme, men and women on foot and mounted on mules; children, cotton, household goods and subsistance stores in carts. The old and young, the lame, the halt, the blind were also there. It was a motley assemblage, and all seemed animated by the same desire, the desire of liberty, almagine The year of jubilee has come."

Fun is the most conservative element of society, and ought to be cherished and encouraged by all lawful means. People never plot mischief when they are merry. Laughter is an enemy to malice. A tool to scandal, and a friend to every virtue. It promotes good temper, enlivens the heart and brightens the intellect. Let us laugh when we can.

Mean souls like mean pictures, are often found in good looking *frames*.

"ARBITRARY ARRESTS."

John Morgan, Vallandigham, Olds, &c.

At a Union meeting in Springfield, Ohio, last week, Governor Todd, of Ohio—a war Democrat—addressed the assemblage, and used the following patriotic language in reference to the arrest of traitors in that State:

THE ARREST OF DR. OLDS.

But, what has Lincoln done that he should be cursed as he has been? The first complaint is in reference to what you style the arbitrary arrests made by the president with the assistance and advice of your Governor, particularly of Olds and Vallandigham. Now I had more to do with the arrest of Olds than Lincoln had, and your anathemas should be heaped upon my head rather than upon his. And as I wish to stand fair with my countrymen and enjoy a warm place in the hearts of the people of Ohio, I will take up a little of your time to justify my participation in the arrest of that man.

Along last summer, I got advices that were not given, at the time, to all the rest of you, that a large Rebel force under Kirby Smith, was making its way toward our borders—toward the Queen City of the West—in which we all have such an interest. I was admonished that we must be ready in Ohio, to meet it, and the Secretary of War gave me authority to raise twenty thousand men to meet that force. I sat up of nights and worked on God's holy day, to accomplish the work. I had been at work but a few weeks, when I received advices which I could not question, that Edson B. Olds, whom I knew to be a shrewd, reckless man, was doing all he could to prevent recruiting down in Fairfield county. I sent a perfectly reliable man to one of his meetings, to see what his sentiments were, and what was the effect of his course on the minds of the people. I found, much to my regret, that he was denouncing this war, as an unholy, unjust and Abolition war, and that his neighborhood was of the same character as himself.

My officers reported that as long as he was permitted to remain there, they could not fill their regiments. What was I to do? I could have gone to a magistrate, got out a warrant charging him with interfering with the laws, given it to a constable, had him arrested, and he would have given bail in the sum of $200 or $300, and been released, for any period of time, almost for trial, and gone about the same mischievous work. Another way was to notify the Secretary of War that it was necessary, for the prompt raising of sixteen regiments to protect our threatened border, that he remove Olds for the time being, out of our way. This I did, and the Secretary of War took him off to Fort Warren, where he had everything he wanted but paper, opium and a Bible. And there he was kept until my regiments were raised, and Kirby Smith came and was driven back, when he was let out, I believe, to-day, that the arrest of Old, and the detering of like conduct on the part of others, saved the Queen City and Ohio from invasion. Now you may view this act of mine as you please, and you are aware that I am indicted for it as a penitentiary offense, and, in addition, sued in the sum of $100,000, but, if the same circumstances were to present themselves to me again, I would pursue exactly the same course. [Great Applause.] And Democratic or Butternut judges and juries may condemn it, but the God of Heaven will approve it.

VALLANDIGHAM'S CASE.

Vallandigham's case comes next. His offence was committed in the military distrtct of General Burnside, at a different time. He had been placed in charge of military affairs in Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana, and had issued an order forbidding the carrying of secret mails, recruiting for the Rebel service, giving private information to the enemy, protecting and concealing the enemy, declaring sympathy for the enemy within his district. I understand Mr. Pugh says that this Order 38 was proper enough if confined to Kentucky; but that it should not have been extended to Ohio. But Burnside could not have adopted an order not applicable throughout his entire command, and my own private opinion is that it was nearly as necessary in Ohio as in Kentucky. [Applause.] Vallandigham was charged with violating this order, and Pugh never makes a speech without saying he spits upon and despises Order 38, and will trample it under his feet. But is there a single prohibition in that order that any loyal man will take exception to? [Voices, "No, not one."] Will any man object to the prohibition against declaring sympathy for the enemy, and giving them aid and comfort? Certainly not. No loyal man dare face God and take exception to any of these prohibitions. But Vallandigham was charged with violating this order; he was tried, and condemned according to military law, and sent South among those friends with whom he sympathized and wished to aid. But Vallandigham's friends complain that he should have been arrested and tried by the civil authorities. This would be a proper complaint if we were in times of peace, but won't apply in time of war.

ARBITRARY ARREST OF MORGAN.

According to the nation, Vallandigham and Pugh would have had me run to a magistrate and get out a warrant, and look up a constable, before arresting John Morgan; but, before I could have done this, Morgan might have escaped, or committed a great deal more mischief. It is true, it would be the peaceable way of doing things in would be the constitutional way, as they call it. But there is another way. The Government has power to maintain itself, as every individual has. If a man comes at me, I am not obliged to run and take his blow in the back. I can defend myself promptly, and be justified in doing so. Just so has the Government the same right of defence, and I took that way—the military way of defending the State, so called, but the malitia, and they manfully responded. Some of them are here, and now, soldiers, I return you my profound thanks for the efficient manner in which you responded. Morgan was taken, and now looks through the strong bars of the State bording house at Columbus. [Applause.] Elect Brough and the Union ticket, and there he will remain until this war is over, or he is formally exchanged. But elect Vallandigham, and he, aided by his astute legal friend, Pugh, will find no power in the Constitution or laws of Ohio for keeping Morgan there. Brough could find it, and I could find it, but Vallandigham never. And the chances are that when Morgan gets out he will sue me, as Olds has done, for arresting him without law and depriving him of his personal liberty. [Great applause.] I tell you, my friends, you must keep a man in the Executive office whose heart is in the work, until the rebellion is put down. After that you may elect Vallandigham till the day of judgment, if you please. This is all I need say on the subject of arbitrary arrests, except that no innocent man has been arrested, nor any lover of the Union.

Forgive us, as we Forgive.

"In the Middle Ages, when the great lords and knights were always at war with each other, one of them resolved to revenge himself upon a neighbor who had offended him. It chanced that the very evening when he had made this resolution, he heard that his enemy was to pass near his castle, with only a few men with him. It was a good opportunity to take his revenge, and he determined not to let it pass. He spoke of this plan in the presence of his chaplain, who tried in vain to persuade him to give it up. The good man said a great deal to the duke about the sin of what he was going to do, but in vain. At length, seeing that all his words had no effect, he said:

"My lord, since I cannot persuade you to give up this plan of yours, will you at least consent to come with me to the chapel, that we may pray together before you go?"

The duke consented, and the chaplain and he knelt together in prayer. Then the merciful loving Christian said to the revengeful warrior;

"Will you repeat after me, sentence by sentence, the prayer which our Lord Jesus Christ himself taught to his disciples?"

"I will do it," replied the duke.

He did it accordingly. The chaplain said a sentence, and the duke repeated it, till he came to the petition: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

"I can not," replied the duke.

"Well, God cannot forgive you; for he has said so. He himself has given us this prayer. Therefore, you must either give up your revenge or give up saying this prayer; for to ask God to pardon you AS YOU PARDON OTHERS, is to ask him to take vengeance on you for all your sins. Go now, my lord, and meet your victim. God will meet you at the great day of judgement."

The iron will of the duke was broken.

"No, said he, I will finish my prayer. My God, my Father, pardon me; forgive me as I desire to forgive him who has offended me; lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil!"

"Amen," said the chaplain.

"Amen," repeated the duke, who now understood the Lord's Prayer better than he had ever done before, since he had learned to apply it to himself.

Shutting up a Copperhead.

Coming to the city the other morning upon a river boat, ex-Governor Pollock was put in communication with a noisy copperhead.—The man was rather turbulently seeking to convince some gentleman present that the draft is unconstitutional. He was taken down by the ex-Governor in good style.

"The draft is unconstitutional, is it?" asked the Governor.

"Of course it is."

"Well, is volunteering unconstitutional?"

"Certainly not. Volunteering is all right enough.—That is the way our army should be formed."

"Well, have you volunteered to do service?"

"No."

"Have you given any of your household to the cause of liberty—have you endeavored to get any of them to volunteer?"

"No, I have not."

"Have you given anything toward bounty to those who volunteered, or to the aid of the sick and wounded soldiers?"

"I shall answer no such impertinent questions," said the man.

"Very well," said the ex-Governor. "You are a fair specimen of the class of men who cry out that the draft is unconstitutional.—You don't volunteer yourself, you give nothing to the invalid soldiers in the hospitals, or to the families of those who are absent at the field of battle; you don't seek to inspire others with patriotism, for you have done yourself; and I believe that, so far from doing this, you have rather sought to discourage men from serving the country."

"He has, he has," still louder voices together. "You've drawn his portrait, Governor, to the life. I would you had known him all his life. He's a fair specimen of the men who blather about the unconstitutionality of the draft. They do all against the cause that they can do without getting behind a prison door, and are meaner than any rebel to be found in arms."

The man lividly pale, turned away. He was in too large a minority to resent the evidence against him. He had nothing more to say at that moment about the constitutionality of the draft.—*North American.*

Hon. Edward Everett, in a letter to Rev. Dr. Eliot, of St. Louis, in relation to the latter's sermon on the ordinance of emancipation, passed by the Missouri Convention, remarks: "I have myself no doubt that, like the apprenticeship system in the British colonies, the ordinance will, at the instance of the slaveholders themselves long before 1870, give way to another of immediate emancipation. But whether it does or not, Missouri is, from this time forward, substantially a free State, and will, I doubt not, enter upon that career of prosperity, for which her magnificent position and unsurpassed resources so admirably fit her. When I look back to the controversy which grew out of the attempted restriction on the admission of Missouri into the Union, in 1820, and on the folly which dictated the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854, and then consider that the people of Missouri, assembled in convention in 1863, have decreed that after 1870 all slaves then in Missouri shall be free, I am awe struck with the visible tokens of an over-ruling and an interposing Providence."

Giving the Devil his Due.

There is a point in the following anecdote:

A pastor was making a call upon an old lady, who made it an habitual rule never to speak ill of another, and had observed so closely that she always justified those whom she had heard evil spoken of. Before the old lady made her appearance in the parlor, her several children were speaking of this peculiarity of their mother, and one of them playfully added:

"Mother has such a habit of speaking well of everybody, that I believe if Satan himself were the subject of conversation, mother would find out some virtue or good quality even in him."

Of course this remark elicited some smiling and merriment at the originality of the idea, in the midst of which the old lady entered the room, and on being told what had just been said, she immediately and unfeelingly replied:

"Well, children, I wish we all had Satan's *industry* and *perseverance*."

The Two Ways.

Two clergymen were settled in their work in contiguous parishes. The congregation of the one had become very much broken and scattered, while that of the other remained large and strong. At a ministerial gathering Dr. A. said to Dr. B.:

"Brother, how has it happened that, while I have labored as diligently as you have, and preached better sermons, and more of them, my parish has been scattered to the winds; and yours remain strong and unbroken?"

Dr. B. facetiously replied:

"Oh, I'll tell you, first get a rough pole for a handle, to which you attach a large cod-line and a great hook; and twice as much bait as a fish can swallow. With these accoutrements you dash up to the brook and throw in your hook, with: 'There, bite, you dogs!' Thus you scare away all the fish. When I go fishing I get a little switching pole, a small line, and just such a hook and bait as a fish can swallow. Then I creep up to the brook and gently slip them in, and I twitch 'em out, till my basket is full."

AN IDEA OF FAITH.—A female teacher of a school that stood on the banks of a stream wished to communicate to her pupils an idea of faith. While she was trying to explain to them the meaning of the word, a small boat glided in sight along the stream. Seizing upon the incident for an illustration, she exclaimed:

"If I were to tell you that there was a leg of mutton in that boat, you would believe me, would you not, without even seeing it yourselves?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the scholars.

"Well, that is faith," replied the schoolmistress.

The next day, in order to test their recollection of the lesson, she inquired—

"What is faith?"

"A leg of mutton in a boat" was the answer shouted from all parts of the schoolroom.

A WORD TO COPPERHEADS.—The Rev. Dr. Brainderd, Pastor of the "Old Pine Street Church," in Philadelphia, in the course of his sermon preached there on Thanksgiving Day, made the following complimentary allusion to Copperheadism:

"A man too selfish to love even his native land, too stupid to estimate the value of civil government, too cowardly to protect his own city against an enemy, too mean to sympathize with brave men who dared stand and bleed for principle and for their country's flag, such a man stands alone, too vile to be classed with the brave Rebels of the South and unworthy to hold fellowship with the true men of the North."

Oh, marry the young man you love, girls, if you can get him at all; if he is as rich as Croesus, or as poor as Job in his fall. Pray do not marry for pelf, girls, 'twill bring your souls into a thrall; but marry the man you love, girls, if his purse is ever so small. O, never marry a fop, girls, whether he is little or tall; he'll make a fool of himself and you, he knows nothing well but to drawl. But marry a sober man girls, there are a few left on this ball; and you'll never rue the day, girls, that you ever married at all.

A Western ed. or was lately shot in a affray. Luckily the ball came against some unpaid accounts in his pocket. Gunpowder couldn't get through that.