VILLAGE RECORD

By W. Blair. A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion. $1.50 Per Year.

VOLUME XVII. WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 30, 1863. NUMBER 24.

POETICAL.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

Yes! raise me on your arm, Dick Dale,
My comrade old and true,
And let me of the glad earth take
One last and lingering view
When yet a few brief moments more
Of this fitting hour have fled,
You'll shed an old friend's tears, Dick Dale,
Above your comrade dead.

We've fought together, side by side,
In many a bloody fray;
From Malvern Hill's dark hour of strife,
To fierce Antietam's day.
And when again the "long roll" calls
For battle to prepare,
You will not fail the flag Dick Dale,
But I shall not be there.

You will not soon forget me, Dick,
I know it by that sigh:
I know it by those tears which shine
In your half averted eye.
But my gray old comrade's heart will swell
I know with honest pride,
When he thinks that for the grand old flag
His old companion died.

Cut off this light brown lock, Dick Dale,
For the girl who waits at home,
Yes! hoping, waiting her soldier love,
Who never more can come.
'Twill soothe perhaps her bleeding tears,
To know that we cared for you,
The boy she loved as dearest as this died
With one who loved him too.

You'll visit all the quaint old nooks
We sought when we were boys,
And thoughts of me will come, Dick Dale,
With the gleams of childhood's joys;
And when you reach the old play-ground
Where once we used to play,
You'll not forget your friend, Dick Dale,
In his lone grave far away.

THE GRAVE.

If in thy cold and silent bed,
Oh, grave! the exiles of the dead
So sweetly rest,
How blessing sweet the rest must be,
Which waits the soul from flesh set free,
Among the blest.—TALLUCK.

MISCELLANY.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Sunday, under the Christian dispensation, is the day of rest. The man of daily toil or of business occupation, who has any sense of the dignity of his nature or of the worth of life, rises in the morning with the grateful and glad consciousness that his weary muscles may be released, and that he has a respite from engrossing care, and that he has a long day to himself—to enjoy the sweet society of wife and children, to strengthen the ties of home, to give free play to his affection, to refresh his jaded spirits, to recuperate his wasted energies, to cultivate his mind, and to develop his moral and religious nature. And so to the professional man, the mental laborer, how grateful its repose to the weary, aching brain—the relaxation of the strain upon the intellectual faculties, which is even more exhausting than any physical toil; how full of satisfaction the feeling that his mind may suspend for a time its continuous and compelled meditation, and as "the river wanderth at its own sweet will," so it may follow any law of casual association, or of social impulse! Yes, the Sabbath is consecrated, not only in the creed of theology, but in the necessity of our nature, to repose of body and mind, and, apart from any religious consideration, he is no friend to humanity who would disturb its sacredness, or weaken its association, or secularize its occupations and enjoyments. So far as it is consistent with the ever recurring exigencies of life, the requirements of mercy and the services of religion, let the stillness and solemn repose of nature reign in the usually crowded thoroughfare and during the hours which mark the passage of one day of time to the eternity of the past. The benignant Father, in accommodation to the weakness and wants of humanity, rested on the Seventh day and hallowed its observance to His children!

If, then, the Sabbath has such consecration in all thoughtful and pious minds, the evening previous has its peculiarm charm, as the precursor of and the preparation for it. Indeed, we think the sense of relief from the toils and cares of the week, is more keen and exhilarant on Saturday night than on Sunday morning. The great majority of the working classes receive the compensation of their week's work at the end of the day, and this is no small item in the satisfaction of life. A man has a right to congratulate himself in the pecuniary reward of a week spent in honest labor, to make this satisfaction complete, and for the full enjoyment of the next day's rest, this sum, be it small or great, should be wisely husbanded or expended. The little debts which, when allowed to accumulate, are as a millstone around the neck, should be scrupulously and at once liquidated, and the balance, after suitable provisions has been made for the family comfort and convenience, should be carefully husbanded at home, or in some institution which social sagacity or philanthrophy has provided for this purpose. Too many persons, who are inductious all the week, think they have a right to a little recreation and dissipation at its close, and so their hard earnings must go, in some low haunt, to their own injury and to the sorrow and distress of their families, such all the benefits and pleasant associations of Saturday night are, and the subsequent day which should be one of enjoyment and repose, is passed in the miserable effects incident upon the debauch of the previous night. We have no objection to any innocent recreation or amusement on this evening to the man of toil, but let it be such as he can participate with his family, and let him reflect that home duties and care makes it as grateful to his household as to himself. We know that this is homely teaching, but it is no less true and important. None of us realize as fully as we should how far the little charities and kindnesses of home go to make up the sum total of domestic felicity and of human happiness. One of the most exquisite poems in the language has surrounded the Saturday night, not only of the "Cotter," but of humanity, with the halo of poetic association, and it is in describing its enjoyments when enhanced and dignified by the remembrance of honest toil, and hallowed by the affections of home and a simple, cheerful piety, that Burns, with so much beauty and truth, sung the familiar verse:

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs:
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings:
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

The House that Jeff. Built.

The Hartford Post perpetrates the following, with an introduction thus:

The following history of the celebrated edifice erected by J. Davis, Esq., is authentic. It was written for the purpose of giving infant politicians a clear, concise, and truthful description of the habitations and the fortunes and misfortunes and doings of the inmates:

I. The Southern Confederacy.—This is the house that Jeff. built.

II. The Ethiopian.—This is the malt that lay in the house that Jeff. built.

III. The Underground Railroad.—This is the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff. built.

IV. The Fugitive Slave Law.—This is the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff. built.

V. The Personal Liberty Bill.—This is the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff. built.

VI. Chief Justice Taney.—This is the cow with crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff. built.

VII. James Buchanan.—This is the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff. built.

VIII. C. Cesh.—This is the man all tattered and torn that married the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff. built.

IX. Plunder!—This is the priest all shaven and shorn that married the man all tattered and torn to the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jeff. built.

Give Him a Trade.

If education is the great buckler and shield of liberty, well developed industry is equally the buckler and shield of individual independence. As an unfailing resource through life give your son, equal with a good education, a good honest trade. Better any trade than none, though there is ample room for adoption of every inclination in this respect. Learned professions and speculative employments may fail a man; but an honest handicraft trade seldom or never—if its possessor chooses to excercise it. Let him feel, too, that honest labor crafts are honorable and noble—The men of trades—the real creator of whatever is most essential to the necessities and welfare of mankind, cannot be dispensed with. They, above all others, in whatever repute they have been held by their most fastidious fellows, must work at the ore of human progress, or all is lost. But few brown handed trade workers think of this, or appreciate the real power and position they compass. Give your son a trade, no matter what a fortune he may have.

"SOLDIER, ARE YOU HUNGRY?"—About 18 months ago a regiment passed through this city *en route* to Washington, and having occasion to halt for a while in one of the streets of our city, one of the soldiers was approached by a little fellow, who inquired of him, "soldier, are you hungry?" The soldier replying in the affirmative, the little fellow invited him to his home near by, and set before him a bountiful repast. A few weeks since the regiment returned through Baltimore, *en route* home; their term of enlistment having expired, and the soldier, who, for meritorious service in the field, had risen to the rank of captain, not forgetful of the kindness of his little friend, sought him out and presented him with a handsome photographic album, *containing photographs of* all the most prominent Generals in the Union army. Inscribed upon the back of the album in beautiful gilt letters, were the words, "Soldier, are you hungry?" The little boy is the son of a Lutheran minister of this city.—*Balto. Clipper.*

"As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts, habitually and honorably performed; daily life being the quarry from which we build it up and *gauge* new the habits that form it."

An Iowa *sentiment* has a rule that any man who utters an oath shall read a chapter in the Bible. Several times got very nearly through the Old Testament.

Harry Grew had a variety of anything you can behold. It takes the same room, and wants the same attention as a good one.

Losing a Seat in Congress.

"Sir, bring me a plain dinner," said a melancholy looking individual to a waiter at one of the principal hotels in ——, N. Y. The dinner was brought and devoured, and the eater called the landlord aside, and thus addressed him:

"You are the landlord?"

"Yes!"

"You do a good business here?"

"Yes!" (in astonishment.)

"And make probably ten dollars a day, clear?"

"Yes."

"Then I am safe. I cannot pay you for what I have consumed; I have been out of employment seven months, but have engaged to go to work to-morrow. I had been without food four and twenty hours when I entered your place. I will pay you in a week."

"I cannot pay my bills with such promises," blustered the landlord, "and I do not keep a poor house. You should address the proper authorities. Leave me something as security."

"I have nothing."

"I will take your coat."

"If I go into the street without it, such weather as this, I may get my death."

"You should have thought of that before you came here."

"Are you serious? Well I do solemnly aver that in one week I will pay you."

"I will take the coat."

The coat was left, and a week afterward was redeemed. Seven years after that, a wealthy man entered the political arena and was presented by a caucus as an applicant for Congressional nomination. The principal of the caucus held his peace; he heard the history of the applicant, who was a member of the church and one of the most respectable of citizens. He was a chairman. The vote was a tie, and he cast a negative, thereby defeating the applicant whom he met an hour afterward, and to whom he said:

"You don't remember me?"

"No."

"I once ate a dinner at your hotel, and although I told you I was famishing, and pledged my word and honor to pay you in a week, you took my coat and saw me go out into the inclement air, at the risk of my life without it."

"Well, sir, what then?"

"Not much. You call yourself a christian. To-night you were a candidate for nomination, and but for me you would have been elected to Congress."

Three years after, the Christian hotel man was bankrupt, and sought a home in Bellevue. The poor dinnerless wretch that was, afterwards become a high functionary in Albany.

Beat 'em All.

The Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, the ancestor of all the Stoddards—and a troop they are of worthy sons of a worthy sire—had a black boy in his employ, who was, like the most of black boys, full of fun and mischief, and up to a joke, no matter at whose expense. He went with the parson's horse every morning to drive the cows to pasture. It was on a piece of table land some little distance from the village; and here, out of sight, the neighbors' boys were wont to meet him and "race horses" on Sunday morning. Parson Stoddard heard of it, and resolved to catch them at it and put an end to the sport. Next Sunday morning he told Bill he would ride the mare to pasture with the cows, and he (Bill) might stay at home. Bill knew what was in the wind, and taking a short cut across lots, was up in the pasture away ahead of the parson. The boys were there with their horses, only waiting for Bill and his master's mare. He told the boys to be ready, and as soon as the old gentleman arrived to give the word, "Go!" Bill hid himself at the other end of the field, where the race always ended. The parson came jogging along up, and the boys sat demurely on their steeds, as if waiting for "service to begin." But as the good old man rode into line they cried, "Go!" and away went the mare with the reverend rider sticking fast like John Gilpin, but there was no stop to her or to him. Away, ahead of all the rest, he went like the wind; and at the other end of the field Bill jumped up from under the fence, and sung out, "I know'd you'd beat, Massa! I know'd you'd beat!"

An Old Lady's Advice to "Jonny."

"Now, Jonny, listen to me, for I am older than you, or I couldn't be your mother.

Never do you marry a young woman, John, before you have contrived to happen at the house where she lives at least four or five times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in bed in the morning.

You should take notice whether her complexion is the same in the morning as in the evening, or whether the wash and towel had robbed her of her evening bloom. You should take care to surprise her, so that you may see her in her morning dress, and observe how her hair looks when she is not expecting you. If possible, you should be where you can hear the morning conversation between her and her mother. If she is ill-natured and snappish to her mother, so she will be to you, depend upon it. But if you find her up and dressed neatly in the morning, with the same countenance, the same smiles, the same neatly combed hair, the same ready and pleasant answers to her mother, which characterized her deportment in the evening, and particularly if she is leading a helping hand to get the breakfast ready in good season, she is a prize, John, and the sooner you secure her to yourself the better.

The temple of eternal truth stands but below this earth-made hollow by the sepulchre of its witnesses.

Beauty is like a gamble, when once clapped at all, 'tis gone in a twinkling.

MAKE TO THYSELF A NAME.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Make to thyself a name,
Not with the lauds of fame,
Which like the hunted hollow-deed,
Doth hide itself away;
Not with the fame that vaunts
The tyrant on the throne,
And hurls its stigma on the soul
That God vouchsafes to own.

Make to thyself a name,
Not such as wealth can weave,
Whose warp is but a thread of gold
That dazzles to deceive;
Not with the hits of love
From off the letter'd page;
That scroll within thy hand shall fade,
Like him that placed it there.

Make to thyself a name,
Not in the sculptured aisle;
The marble off betrays its trust,
Like Egypt's lofty pile.
But ask him who quell'd
Of death the secret sting,
To write it on the blood-bought page
Of everlasting life.

A WASTED LIFE.

BY ADA MAYVILLE.

A wasted life! Do you know what it is, dear reader? God grant from experience you never may! We would not that even one of earth's children should ever know the utter helplessness, the grief, the despair and remorse that comes with the thought that the life, the God-given gift of existence had been misspent; that the long search after happiness had been fruitless, and the flowers they would have plucked proved noisome weeds. We would not that in the weird night time the bitter conviction should fasten itself upon the soul, that better, far better, would it have been had the life thus wasted gone out in the innocence and purity of infancy. Is it fate—destiny? No.—We have hearts that know the right, and did we but follow faithfully our own convictions, there would be less, far less of sorrow.

I do not know when I first learned that I was beautiful. From my earliest recollections there is a dim remembrance of a feeling of superiority over my associates—a feeling that I was not created for the cares, the toils, and the annoyances of life—that I was not to mingle in the hopes and loves of existance, contributing my share to the general enjoyment; but that I was a being set apart for the worship and idolatry of the many. And as years passed, the feeling strengthened, while the beauty, of which in my childhood I had been vain, increased, and I knew that beautiful was too tame a word, for my mirror told me that I was dazzling.

Years rolled on, leaving no blight in their track, and although I had a passionate appreciation of goodness and virtue, yet I longed only to be courted by those whom wealth entitled to worldly honor and distinction. My heart was in society, my perception in a measure blunted and destroyed; while in my soul there was no responsive thrill to the love so often breathed from the fullness of true hearts. None of my followers could touch the cord giving forth the harmony pure and sweet that is the life of woman. Neither was there one whom, in my pride, I would accept as husband. My ideas were far above anything that I could be likely to realize, and so I lived on, unsatisfied, until twenty-three years had passed over my head.

Chance threw me in the way of Howard Perham. Was it chance? It would appear so, and for a time a new life seemed given me. A new, strange, sweet, thrilling sensation, unfelt before, swept through my being. For a time I revelled, cold, passionless, as I had ever seemed—in an intoxication of bliss; and when one day he clasped me to his heart and wildly told me of his love, begging me to be his wife, I could have bowed my head upon that faithful breast and been forever happy. But Howard was poor, at least he was no match for the worshipped belle, the brightest and loveliest of the daughters of earth. The position he could offer was not the one destiny required me to fill. I could not accept the love that I felt was my only happiness. Pride held it down, and springing from that close embrace I clasped his hand in mine own, and while tears, almost the first I ever shed, rained over my cheeks, I told him that I could never be his wife, that he must forget and never seek to see me more.

And that was our parting.

A few months later, glistening in jewels, cold and passive, I knelt beside the alter and pledged myself with lying lips to love the man beside me, the wealthy, talented, Elmont Napier. He could place me in the sphere it had ever been my ambition to adorn. All his wife I should receive of homage.

I did not love him, yet had I been less cold, less proud and scornful, much sorrow might have been saved. For a time I think he loved me; like others, he was entranced in the spell of my beauty; but the pleasure palled, he could see no loveliness in the heartless glance, or in the unfeeling words I daily uttered, and a little laughing, bright-eyed siren drew him from my side.

I might have prevented it had I roused myself to treat him with the kindness and cordiality which is a husband's due; but I did not feel the necessity of exertion. I had fooled myself to believe that my sway was supreme, and that before all else I would be preferred. I did not question as to his long absence, and when the midnight clock would toll and he came not, I would attribute the delay to the cares and responsibilities of business.

It was many months ere the old feeling for Howard Perham had died out in my heart, and it was only the excitement of my daily life that made existence tolerable. I know that I was not happy—know that worldly grandeur had not brought the coveted delights; yet the step I had taken could not be recalled; and when visions of what might have been would come before me, I would bury my face and weep. And these tears—I have sometimes thought they had the power to wash away a portion of my guilt.

I had been a wife two years, and then I awoke one morn to find myself penniless, friendless and alone. My husband had left me in my pride and arrogance, never more to return, taking with him the little happy being whose childlike prettiness and simplicity he preferred to the coldness and stately elegance of a stately wife. He now sued; yet it was not my fault? would Heaven hold me guiltless?

The blow was a severe one to me, and for months I was prostrated upon a bed of sickness, unconscious most of the time of the sickness I endured; but arose at last a sadder, wiser woman. My beauty and my fortune both were gone; a little cottage, with its course, plain furniture, was all that was left me of the grandeur and magnificence which I had forfeited love and happiness to obtain. Nine years I had lived alone, and then I heard one day that the husband who had deserted me was dead—that he had been summoned before the Tribunal, there to answer for the sins done in this world.

Then it was I again met Howard Perham. Still in the prime of manhood, more noble, more handsome than when we had parted years before. Need I say that one glance from those dear eyes brought back the old love sweeping through my heart?

Oh, how I longed to throw myself upon his breast, confess my sin and my unworthiness, and know that in his heart too the old feeling was not dead.

He came often to the cottage—kind, gentle, considerate as of old; yet there was no demonstration of affection, no look or sign to tell that the past was not forgotten. Alas! too soon I knew he had no love to give, and that these visits were prompted by pity for my loneliness. He himself told me of his engagement, dwelling long and ardently upon the purity and gentleness of the sweet girl he had chosen for his bride. She was not beautiful, he said; yet she possessed gifts rarer, and to him far more endearing, gifts that time's heavy fingers might never mar. Was that to remind me of my departed charms? No, he was too kind to wish to add a pang to an already breaking heart.

I saw them married, and then I knew that for me life had in it no happiness, that I must remain as I had ever been—isolated and alone.

Yet it is nearly done. My failing health tells me that the end is nigh, and that I shall soon go down into that quiet home where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Advice to Young Men.

A lady who signs herself "A Martyr to Late Hours," offers the following suggestions to young men:

Dear gentlemen between the ages of "eighteen and forty-five, listen to a few words of gratuitous remarks. When you make a social call of an evening, on a young lady, *go away at a reasonable hour.* Say you come at eight o'clock, an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can, or rather ought to use his charms. Two hours, indeed, can be very pleasantly spent, with music, chess or other games; to lend variety but, kind sirs, by no means stay longer.—Make shorter calls but come oftener. A girl—that is, a sensible, true-hearted girl will enjoy it better, and really value your acquaintance more. Just conceive the agony of a girl who, well knowing the feelings of father or mother on the subject, hears the clock strike ten, and yet must sit on the edge of her chair, in mortal terror lest papa, should put his oft repeated threat into execution—that of coming down and inviting the gentleman to breakfast. And we girls understand it all by experience, and know what it is to dread the prognostic of displeasure. In such cases a sigh of relief generally accompanies the closing of the door behind the gallant, and one, don't get over the feeling of trouble till safe in the arms of Morpheus. Even then sometimes the dreams are troubled with some phantom of an angry father and distressed (for all parties) mother; and all because a young man *will* make a longer call than he ought to.—Now, young gentlemen friends, I'll tell you what we girls will do. For an hour and a half we will be most irresistibly charming and fascinating; then, beware, monosyllabic responses will be all you need expect. And if, when the limits shall have been passed, a startling query shall be heard coming down stairs, "isn't it time to close up?" you must consider it a righteous punishment and, taking your hat, meekly depart—a sadder, and, it is to be hoped, a wiser man. Do not get angry; but, the next time you come be careful to keep within just bounds. We want to rise early these pleasant mornings, and improve the "shining hours," but, when forced to be up at such unreasonable hours at night, exhausted nature will speak, and, as a natural consequence, with the utmost speed in dressing, we can barely get down to breakfast without a reprimand from papa, who don't believe in beaux—as though he never was young—and a mild reproving glance from mamma, who understands a little better poor daughters's feelings, but must still disapprove outwardly, to keep up appearances. And, now, young men, think about these things and don't—for my sake don't—throw down your paper with pshaw, but remember the safe side of ten.

Admit no guest into your soul that the faithfull watch-dog in your bosom barks at.

Some men are like certain fruits; beautiful on one side, hideous on the other.

BUDGET.

[redacted]

"Please, mister, give me a bundle of hay."

"Yes, my son. Sixpence or shilling bundle?"

"Shilling."

"Light or your bundle?"

"No, guess I might. It's for the horse, my father don't eat hay."

A few mornings since we were relating to our family the fact of a friend having found upon his doorstep a fine male infant, which he had adopted, when one of the boys in the branches remarked:—

"Pa, dear, it'll be a sign soon we'll get it."

"What sign?"

"Why, we thought it would, decidedly."

A countryman walking along New York found his progress stopped by a barrade of lumber.

"What is that for?" said he to a person in the street.

"O, that's to stop the yellow fever."

"Aye, I have often heard of the boon of health. But I never saw one before."

A strong minded woman, up town was heard to remark, the other day, that she would marry a man who had plenty of money, though he was so ugly she had to scream at every time she looked at him.

Uncle Sam had a neighbor who was in the habit of working on Sunday, but after a while he joined the church. One day he met the minister to whose church he belonged. "Well, Uncle Sam," said he, "do you see any difference in Mr. P. since he joined the church?" "Oh, yes," said Uncle Sam, "a great difference. Before, when he went out to mend his fences on Sunday, he carried his axe on his shoulder, but now he carries it under his overcoat."

We heard a good thing the other evening at a party. Miss Joy was present, and in the course of the evening, some one used the quotation, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," when she exclaimed, "Oh, I'm glad I'm not a beauty, for I shouldn't like to be a Joy forever."

Life's Autumn.

Like the leaf, life has its autumn. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we think of the autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of a life that has done well its work. If we rejoice at the advent of new life, if we welcome the coming of a new pilgrim to the uncertainties of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all these uncertainties are past, and life in its waning wears the glory of a completed task? Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness and innocence, its beauty is that of untried life. It is the beauty of promise, of spring of the bud. A holier and fairer beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears.

It is the beauty of a thing completed; and as men come together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, and see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well its purpose. When the bud drops blighted, and the mildew blasts the early grain, and there goes all hopes of the harvest, one may well be sad; but when the ripened year sinks amid gathering of autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret or murmur? And so life that is ready and waiting for the well done, of God, whose latest virtues and charities are its noblest, should be given back to God an uncomplaining reverence, we rejoicing that earth is capable of so much goodness, and is permitted such virtue.

HOW BACHELORS WERE TREATED BY THE ANCIENTS.—In antiquity it was considered unpatriotic in a citizens to remain a bachelor all his days. By the *Spartan* law, those citizens who remained bachelors after middle age, were excluded from all offices, civil and military. At certain feasts they were exposed to public derision, and Ed around the market place. Although generally speaking age was usually deeply respected at Sparta, yet this feeling was not manifested to old bachelors. Why should I make way for you, said a Spartan youth to a gray headed old bachelor, who will never have a son to do me the same honor when I am old. The Roman law pursued the same policy towards bachelors. They had to pay extra and special taxes, and under Augustus a law was enacted, by which bachelors were made incapable of requiring legacies and devises of real estate by will, except from their near relations. In canon law bachelors are enjoined to marry, or to profess chastity in earnest by becoming monks.

The Philadelphia *North American* says that the demoniac genius Quantrill is no other than the celebrated thief, forger and brigandist known as Dr. J. R. Hayne. He served five years in the Frankford, Kentucky, Prison, being liberated just before the rebellion broke out. He changed his name, and obtained Government employment as a Major at Washington, but was found unfit for his position. Many years of his life have been spent in prison. He was an expert forger, a cold-blooded murderer, and a heartless debauchee—in short, a cavalier of the first water. His real name is Quantrill. He is being pursued by the many victims he has made, which he effected, no doubt, throughout the country. He belongs to Hagerstown, Washington county, Md.

The hypocrite is worse than the atheist; the latter makes only a light jest of Heaven, the former a sober one.