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HISTORY OF KENTUCKY MASONRY.

NUMBER X.

This and perhaps one other article will complete our compendium of the History of Kentucky Freemasonry. We shall therefore notice only the most interesting incidents. We left off our narrative in the October number with an account of the Thirty-fifth Communication of the Grand Lodge, held in August 1827. We shall complete our notes in annual form, under the number of the Grand Communication, in whose proceedings we find anything of sufficient interest to note.

Thirty-sixth Grand Communication, oration delivered by Dr. R. J. Breckinridge. Lodge No. 90 Chartered. Philip Swigert elected Grand Treasurer. Sixty Lodges on the Rolls. Among the visitors at this session we observe the name of our Senior A. G. Hodges. Held August 25 to 29, 1828.

The Grand Chapter met at Lexington, September 1, 1828. Eight Chapters represented. The death of DeWitt Clinton, was eloquently noticed by David G. Cowan, and the G. C., resolved in token of their respect to his memory to wear a funeral badge for 60 days. Henry Wingate elected Grand High Priest.

Thirty-seventh Grand Communication held August 31, to September 4, 1829. Charters were ordered to Athens Lodge, No. 91, and Woodson Lodge, No. 92, (at Owensboro, Kentucky.) Jas. F. Robinson delivered the oration in the Episcopal Church. Henry Clay visited the Grand Lodge while in session. The number of Masons in the State this year was 2600 or one to 323 persons. Grand Chapter met September 7, Levi Tyler was elected Grand High Priest. Edmund H. Taylor Grand Treasurer. Grand Council met September 9. Four represented. The membership in the State was reported at one hundred and fifty.

Thirty-eighth Grand Communication held August 30, to September 3, 1830. Oration by Jas. O. Harrison. Decided that no emergency justifies a Subordinate Lodge in receiving, acting upon and initiating an applicant, before his petition has been at least one month before the Lodge. The question was submitted to the Subordinate

Lodges whether it was expedient to remove the Grand Lodge from Lexington to Louisville. Among the delegates to this session we notice the names of Stephen F. Gano, James Guthrie, James M. Bullock, and A. G. Hodges.

Grand Chapter met September 6, Andrew M. January elected Grand High Priest. Grand Council met September 8th. Henry Wingate Grand Pursuivant.

Thirty-ninth Communication oration by Garrett Davis. The Grand Lodge refused to adopt a resolution to remove the Masonic Capitol.

Fortieth Communication assembled August 27th; adjourned August 30, 1832. The session mostly consumed in discussing finances, which were at this time in a very depressed condition.

The Grand Chapter met September 3. Charter granted Cynthiana Chapter, No. 19, Thomas Ware being first High Priest.

Forty-first Communication held August 26 to 28, 1833. The deaths of David G. Cowan and Thomas Bodly, Past Grand Masters, were fitly noticed. Philip Swigert was elected Grand Secretary, and held the office until his resignation in 1854. The only Anti-Masonic work ever published in Kentucky made its appearance this year.

Forty-second Communication held August 25, to 28, 1834. Hiram Lodge No. 4, having had no regular meetings for two years, the Grand Lodge remitted its dues. The proceedings, were printed this year by A. G. Hodges, of Frankfort. The oration by Wilkins Tannehill. This was the first session held in Louisville. We find nothing of interest to the four succeeding sessions, except that in 1838, the Grand Lodge determined to hold its next Communication in Lexington, and until a Grand Hall shall be erected, that the Annual meetings should be held alternately in Louisville and Lexington.

Forty-seventh Communication held at Lexington August, 1838. Charters were granted to Mt. Moriah, No. 106, Louisville; Nelson 107, Lexington; Tadmor 108 Warsaw; Covington 109. The death of Gov. James Clark was appropriately noticed and the Grand Lodge joined in his funeral honors. Forty three Lodges on the rolls.

Forty-eighth Communication held at Louis-

ville August 31, to September 2, 1840. Charters were ordered for Pulaski No. 111, Somerset, Kentucky; Fleming 112, Flemingsburg; Antiquity 113, Louisville; Ottawa 114, Illinois; Hopkinsville 37; Hancock 115, Hawesville; Hiram Lodge, No. 4 reported that they had begun to work again.

Forty-ninth Communication held at Lexington 1841. Oration delivered by Rev. John Black. Organization of Grand Lodge of Illinois acknowledged. The Building Committee reported the New Masonic Hall nearly completed. Cost \$20,000.

Fiftieth Communication held at Lexington in 1842. A sermon preached by Rev. M. M. Henkle.

Bro. James B. Scott, of Louisiana, thus writes of Masonry in the trans-Atlantic countries:

"Freemasonry is now domiciled in all the European States, with the exception of Austria and Spain.

"The prospect for the introduction of Freemasonry among the native population of the Orient is not encouraging. Abd-El-Kader, during a visit to the Lodge Henri IV, at Paris, in answer to a question as to the possibility of the introduction and spread of Masonry in his native country, replied: 'Thus far Freemasons are generally considered dangerous people. The ignorance of the Oriental people would not even allow a Lodge to be formed, and the law strictly prohibiting all secret meetings, would severely punish every attempt that might be made to constitute a Lodge.'

"The Lodges in the Orient are formed and supported by European residents. Such, among others, is the Lodge Palestine, No. 415, of Beyreuth, Syria, which, on the 19th of August, 1866, exemplified the humanitarian principle of Freemasonry, by initiating the following candidates: Achmet Bey, a Mohammedan Turk; Emin Mohamed Emin Raslan, Drusian Prince of Lebanon; Jesuf Jakup Geddai, an orthodox Greek Arab, and Seafin Bussila, a Maronish Catholic Arab.

"A rare instance of the application at one time of the Masonic principle—universality. Four candidates of divers nations and various religious faith, they were the embodiment of this principle of Masonry. Perhaps no other Lodge on the face of the globe contains as many divers elements as this Lodge Palestine. Almost all races and religions are represented."—*Masonic Tidings*.

Patrick O'Flaherty said that his wife was very ungrateful, for "when I married her, she hadn't a rag to her back, and now she is covered with them."

THE MASONIC BANQUET.

St. John the Evangelist's day occurring last year on the Sabbath—festive members of Hiram Lodge No. 4, determined to celebrate it with a banquet at the Capital Hotel on Saturday evening December 26th.

The Lodge met at its beautiful hall, elected and installed its officers for the ensuing year—the utmost good feeling prevailing. A kind of Masonic Love-feast was held, difficulties were reconciled, and in unity of good feeling a most excellent salad was provided for the feast of fat things to be furnished at the banquet. Nothing gives zest to a feast like good humor. A churl will always be troubled with indigestion, and be apt to spit out the most dainty food. Everybody went to this supper with a smile, and an unbroken band of brothers assembled around the festive board that joyous night.

The newly elected Master of the Lodge, Bro. B. Jacoby—is a German and a Hebrew by birth and religion, which fact known, will serve to explain his speech.

He was elected to his position by a large vote. He is a very bright Mason and goes through the work *con-amore*. We have never heard a more tasteful speech, and the whole affair beautifully illustrates the Catholicity of Freemasonry. It was delivered with just that degree of emotion, which made its chaste sentences fall like sunbeams upon the hearts of the assembled Craftmen, melting all into one common mass of fraternal satisfaction. We append the address:

Brothers of Hiram Lodge: I cannot let this occasion pass without returning to you my sincere thanks for the honor which you have conferred upon me this evening; but when I look around me and see the number of talented and gifted members who compose this Lodge, I ask myself the questions, am I worthy, or am I capable, to preside over such an intelligent body of men, with the prestige of former lights in days gone by, and which can still boast of some of the oldest and brightest lights in the State—venerable pioneers—such as Brothers Philip Swigert and A. G. Hodges, who are looked up to with Masonic reverence?

Brothers, I see here before me men who possess ability to preside in the councils of the nation, and you have honored an humble individual like myself, who has need of their instruction and advice. Surely, it is the truth that Masonry regards no man for his worldly wealth or honors; and I feel most sensibly the application of this noble sentiment. A stranger to you in religion, language, and blood, this revives in my mind another important Masonic feature, namely that Masonry unites men of every country, sect, and opinion and conciliates true friendship among those who might otherwise have remained perpetually at a distance.

Should I not feel proud of this mark of distinction, conferred upon me by men who are actuated by such noble principles, laying aside all prejudice against religion, race and country, and acting purely upon those great and noble principles which are calculated to make men more sociable, just and upright?

Brothers, this flattering manifestation which you have extended to me this evening will ever command my gratitude, and I assure you that, whatever my fate in life may be, or wherever my lot upon earth may be cast, the remembrance of this honor will ever remain fresh in my mind, and will be enshrined in memory's urn with gratitude to the brothers of this Lodge, never to be forgotten whilst life remains; and, brothers, I hope that I may so deport myself, whilst presiding over this Lodge, as to prove to you that your confidence has not been misplaced.

Brothers, I again thank you from a heart overflowing with emotion; and may God grant me wisdom to govern our Lodge.

The retiring master Jacob Swigert, Jr., a young but true and tried Mason, who has presided for a

year over the Lodge with singular punctuality, and ability, went out with the unanimous plaudit of the brethren—"Well done good and faithful servant."

Bro. J. M. Mills had charge of the festivities of the evening. The Lodge being called from labor to refreshment, Bro. Mills marshaled the Craft, in Masonic order, and the procession moved to the spacious parlors of the Capital Hotel. At the appointed hour the brethren moved into the dining room, each one taking the seat previously assigned him. Bro. Mills presided with his usual grace and dignity over the table,—flanked on either side by the Chaplain, Orator, and Officers of the Lodge, and a select choir under the leadership of that sweet singer Bro. Charles Haydon. Dr. Seely invoked the Divine blessing, and all sat down with keen relish to a repast which reflected great credit upon the Prince of Landlords, Bro. John Gray of the Capital Hotel.

After a season of physical cheer, the gavel sounded, and the Craft arose and joined in singing the following Masonic hymn, to-wit:

One hour with you, one hour with you,
No doubt, nor care, nor strife,
Is worth a weary year of woe,
In all that lightens life.

CHORUS—One hour with you, and you, and you,
Bright links in mystic chain—
Oh may we oft these joys renew,
And often meet again.

Your eyes with love's own language free,
Your hand grips, strong and true,
Your voice, your heart, do welcome me
To spend an hour with you, etc.—Chorus.

I come when morning skies are bright,
To work my Mason's due—
To labor is my chief delight,
And spend an hour with you, etc.—Chorus.

I go when evening gilds the west,
I breathe the fond adieu,
But hope again, by fortune blest,
To spend an hour with you.—Chorus.

Bro. H. A. M. Henderson was then introduced who delivered a short address, as follows:

Craftsmen: Had my own wishes been consulted I had much preferred to be a silent guest, than to discharge the office for which I am announced.

I hold it, however, as a primary rule in Masonry, that every member shall uncomplainingly perform that duty which his brethren expect of him. Wedded as I am to that principle, I could not refuse your honor, without violating an article of my Masonic creed. The Committee of Arrangements but yesterday informed me, that I was expected to deliver an Address, and that Address not to exceed ten minutes in length. It is harder (as every public speaker knows) to make a short speech than a long one. Certainly this is no time for a homily. I know of but one subject upon which I could hope to interest you at this hour, namely,—*internal improvements*; but as you are already full of the subject, I will not attempt to surfeit you.

It is a time for good humor, as it has been a time of good cheer. Surely, we will not rise from this table, without a thankful heart to the great Giver of all good, for the mercies of the past year—whose pendulum is fast swinging off its last hours. We have been called upon to pay no funeral honors, since our last Anniversary Day. The chair of none, who met with us then, is vacant, or filled with memories of the dead. The Angel of Death has not beat his dusky wings in our mystic circle, and *and we are all here*; at least none sleep beneath the Cypress.

We are brethren: we have broken bread together as a great Masonic family. The Indian who has smoked the calumet of peace with the Trapper will never bury his tomahawk in his brain; the Bedouin Arab who has eaten salt with the pilgrim, will never afterward throw up the sand of the Desert, as a gauntlet of hate, and exclaim, "there is blood between us." Shall we not be wiser and better than the red savage of the forest, or the dusky Ishmaelite of the Desert? Having mingled in this Congress of good will, and communion of generous feeling let us rise up resolved to keep the trust of our banquetting board, and to live and die brothers.

We have not met here, at this festive board, as men

of professions and trades, as men of parties or sects, but as Free and Accepted Masons. We have been raised to the same level. We walk between the same parallels. John the Baptist and John the Evangelist stand on either side. The one stands in the bosom of flowering June, and the other in the heart of snowy December—a patron in the summer, a patron in the winter—and between the two the glorious procession of our Brotherhood marches to the quickstep of a glad humanity.

The Banner that has been over us, in our banquetting house, has been the Banner of Love.

The day we celebrate is the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist—an Apostle who once lay on the Saviour's breast and caught the contagion of His Divine Spirit. His heart was as full of love as the chalice of the ancient gods is fabled to have been brimming with nectar. If we are true disciples of our apostolic patron, we shall look up into the clouds of this night and feel that every snow-flake which trembles to its fall, is a benediction of a Heavenly Father's Love. To-morrow (the Holy Sabbath) we shall be in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, and see inscribed, on the blue dome of the skies, the glad sentence, "God is love." Yea, we shall look full into the face of our fellow-man and be reminded of that other truth which we gather from the writings of our eminent patron, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

As Masons we are set to the work of cultivating "peace on earth and good will to men"—which is the proud lesson of this noble holiday season. A little more than eighteen and a half centuries ago, Heaven was emptied of its choristers, and over the hills of Judea, and the village of Bethlehem, the seraphim chanted, as they wheeled from star to star, the glorious anthem; "Glory to God in the Highest, on earth peace and good will to men." Be it ours to translate into practical life, the theme of that Angelic song. We will begin at home; but as all vital forces work from the centre outward, we will widen the circuit of our love for man, until it shall hold the race in its embrace as the Atmosphere envelops the Globe. Drink in the beautiful sentiment of that sweetest of all allegories, the poetic gush of the generous heart of that great English Mason—Leigh Hunt.

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in the bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all of sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said: 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-man.'
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

The entire company then united in singing the Doxology,

Praise God from whom all blessings flow
Praise Him! all creatures here below,
Praise Him above! ye heavenly host,
Praise: Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

A closing prayer and benediction was pronounced by Dr. Seeley of the Baptist Church, and the Craft separated, without anything having occurred to mar the good and pleasant unity of this festive occasion.

Eighty-six brethren were at the table. No wines were served, and everybody was duly sober. Much of the credit of getting up this pleasant reunion is due to Bros. Wm. H. Phythian and E. A. Fellmar, having solicited the funds which provided the viands.

During the evening quite a number of the brethren subscribed for the "Kentucky Freemason" and many kind words of encouragement were spoken—than which nothing better serves to lighten the toils of the Editor.

We regretted but one thing, and that was the absence of the ladies. Though they may not engage with us in our arduous labors on the building, they may share with us in our refreshment seasons. Nothing can be served at a banquet, so

delightful as the sunny smiles of the Mason's wife, daughter or sweetheart. A few of woman's smiles lighted on us where we sat, which rayed forth from the lovely countenances of some of the beautifully-guests of the Hotel, who stole a glance at our festive board, from a niche in which they had sheltered themselves. But the mass of the brethren, that night, saw not these, and hence were not blessed as we.

They had oysters, quails, venison, etc.; but we had all they had and more, and that more "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Brethren, feast no more without woman's company.

From the American Pulpit.
ROME AND ST. PETERS.

ROME, ITALY, July, 1867.

How these huge structures grow upon us as we contemplate them! Arches on arches piled, dome lifted on dome—trophies of religion—of art. I have been to the Coliseum—have seen it by daylight, by moonlight, in the morning and in the evening, but I cannot speak of it now. It is a glorious old structure—the shadow of centuries rest upon it. Leave that and turn with me to a more modern, but no less wonderful structure—the *Great St. Peters*.

The words of Byron, though oft quoted, are always in place when this mighty structure meets the view:

"But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true,
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structure, in his honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength and Beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

Will a visit to this great shrine of the Christian religion lessen the impression the poet has left upon the mind? The pen of the gifted Byron could give no adequate conception of the majesty and beauty of this matchless temple of the Deity. The great temple of Diana, at Ephesus, could not compare with it. Solomon's temple even, the pride of the Jews, and the then wonder of the world, is outvalued by its superior magnificence and beauty. Its lofty and capacious dome, lifted towards the heavens, can be seen for twenty miles around. Justly has Gibbon, the historian, said, "It is the most glorious structure ever applied to the use of religion." Come and stand in the spacious court, and look first at

THE EXTERIOR OF THE BUILDING.

A glance about you presents a scene of grandeur and beauty such as adorns the approach to no other building in the world. Here we stand in the midst of a spacious court or yard, nearly eight hundred feet in diameter. On each side of this court are lofty semi-circular colonades, forming grand approaches to the vestibule of the temple. These covered colonades are fifty-five feet wide, supported by four rows of columns, each forty-eight feet high. Between these columns, of which there are two hundred and eighty-four, and sixty-four pilasters, are two carriage drives and foot walks, all under cover. These colonades do not reach to the main building, but terminate on each side in two covered galleries, each one hundred and sixty feet long, and twenty-three feet wide, opening into the vestibule of the church.

After noticing these colonades, look up to the front of the building—the facade, as the architect calls it—an imposing front three hundred and eighty feet long, and one hundred and fifty feet high, divided into three stories and an attic. Ornamenting this front are four hundred pilasters, and eight huge Corinthian columns, each nearly nine feet in diameter and one hundred feet high. Ranged upon the top of these lofty colonade galleries, and this imposing front, stand one hundred and ninety-two statues of saints, each twelve feet high, so as to make them appear life size to one standing upon the ground. All this elaborate work of sculpture, statues and columns, is wrought from a kind of white stone called travertine, and with the paving of the court cost about one million of dollars. Look over the court and observe its ornaments—its beautifully paved walks—its two grand fountains, pouring out a continual de-

luge of water—that lofty Egyptian obelisk, a single shaft of stone, eighty-two feet six inches high, and nearly ten feet across at the base. If such is the exterior and the approaches to the building, what must the building itself be? Let us enter and look next at

THE VESTIBULE OF ST. PETERS.

From the spacious court there are five entrances to the vestibule, one at each end from under the galleries before described, and three from the terrace in front. At one end of the vestibule stands a gigantic equestrian statue of Constantine, at the other of Charlemagne. Over the central door is a celebrated mosaic picture, representing St. Peter walking on the sea, sustained by the Saviour. It is an old picture, made in 1293, and was preserved from the old church that formerly stood on this spot.

From this great vestibule, which is four hundred and sixty-eight feet long, fifty feet broad, and sixty-six feet high, five large entrances open into the church. The central one is a double bronze door, very richly wrought, with Scripture scenes, representing the Saviour and the Virgin Mary, and the martyrdom of Saints Peter and Paul. These doors were wrought in the fifteenth century, and like the mosaic picture belonged to the old church. These doors are only opened on great occasions. From the vestibule we now pass to

THE INTERIOR OF ST. PETERS.

Now walk in thirty or forty feet, and pause. Look about. Wonderful! wonderful! you may well exclaim. Wonderful for its immense size, its lofty ceiling, its costly mosaic pictures, its beautiful sculptures and statues, its elaborate finish. Look away down the long nave till all objects seem to be lost in the dim distance; then upward one hundred and fifty-two feet to the paneled and frescoed ceiling above, then on the numerous works of genius and art that cluster about you. The senses are almost bewildered at the sight.

The whole length of the building is six hundred and thirteen feet; the part where we are now standing is one hundred and ninety-eight feet. But the church is built in the form of a Latin cross, and the widest place on the arms of the cross is four hundred forty-six and one-half feet broad. The whole structure covers about five acres of ground.

But you have not seen it yet. Walk on among the columns of the immense nave till you stand under the great dome. Now look up. You stand transfixed in mute astonishment; language fails, and you can only give utterance to your emotions in exclamations. The immense size—the dizzy height—the lightness and beauty of the architecture—the size and grandeur of the mosaic pictures that look down upon you from the lofty panels, all conspire to bewilder and over-awe the spectator.

Still, one gets no just idea of this wonderful dome till he begins to calculate and compare it with other structures. First, look at those four great pieces or columns by which the dome is supported. Each of these is two hundred and fifty-three feet in circumference, or about the size of an ordinary city church, large enough to seat six hundred people, and yet this church is so spacious these enormous pillars do not seem to be at all in the way. Lower that great dome from these mighty pillars, and set it over such a church as Mr. Beecher's, in Brooklyn, N. Y., and it would cover it entire as a bell glass does a bouquet of flowers. It is one hundred and thirty-nine feet broad inside, and from the pavement to the top of the cross four hundred and forty eight feet. All the churches commonly found in a city of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants could be set together in this enormous structure; while three spires placed one above another, would scarcely reach the top of this mighty dome. The Romans say they can quarter 60,000 troops in this one structure.

Beneath this dome one feels like lingering, gazing, and admiring. "Then," says one, "under this dome, with the tribune before you, and the transept on either hand, we are face to face with the sublime genius of Michael Angelo. These are the sublime conceptions of that gigantic mind that chafed and fretted in the narrow precinct of a single statue or an oil picture, and which found repose only in such tasks as the dome of St. Peters or the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel."

From this hasty survey of the church itself let us inquire

WHY IT WAS BUILT.

On this spot, it is said, the cruel and blood thirsty Nero had a great circus. Within it many Christians were put to death. Here, it is said, Peter was crucified, with his head downward, and on this spot tradition says he was buried. Nero perished by his own hand in the year A. D. 68. His circus soon fell into ruins, and became Christian. In less than thirty years after his death, the history tells us, a place of prayer was erected on this spot. In the year 306 Constantine built here a basilica which was of itself a great Christian temple for that age of the world. A thousand years passed away, and the old church, renewed from time to time, failed to meet the wants of the growing city. About 1450 the work of commencing a new and costly structure was started. The undertaking was so gigantic and costly it proceeded slowly. Different architects were employed, and succeeding popes expended enormous sums of money upon it. In 1535 the work was committed to Michael Angelo, then in his seventy second year. In the loftiness of his gigantic conceptions he planned the enormous dome that now lifts its proud head to the clouds. He lived to see the drum of the dome completed in 1563, and died at the age of eighty nine. Succeeding popes were sorely puzzled to find money to continue the work. The great church was finally dedicated in November, 1625. Thus one hundred and seventy-five years or more were spent in erecting the building, while many additions and improvements were made from time to time. The grand colonades and the sacristy were built subsequent to the dedications, so that the work may be said to have extended over the reign of forty-three popes, covering a period of three hundred and fifty years. It is estimated that from fifty to fifty-five millions of dollars were expended upon it, besides all that was expended for models, mosaics, statuary and other ornaments. To take care of the building, and keep it in repair, requires an annual outlay of at least \$30,000.

Such are some of the prominent features of this majestic and wonderful structure—of which it may well be said,

"That sacred pile, so vast, so light,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky,
Uncertain seems; and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain or a descending cloud."

As a work of human genius it may be contemplated with pride, and though built by Romans, the whole Christian world may claim an interest in it, for it is a noble monument, not only to the genius, but to the triumph of Christianity.

Look first on those broken arches, ruined temples, and half buried monuments of Pagan Rome. She exalted her idols, contemned the Son of God, and crucified His emissaries. The arena of the now ruined coliseum drank the blood of murdered Christians, and wild beasts in their fury were let loose upon them. Now their idols are broken and buried, their temples have gone to decay, and towering over the ruins—high above all—this noble monument, consecrated to Jesus, lifts its triumphal cross, and from its altars goes up the incense of praise to Him they once scorned and defied. "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

A KEEN REPLY.—John Wesley, in a considerable party, had been maintaining with great earnestness the doctrine of *Vox Populi Vox Dei* against his sister, whose talents were not unworthy the family to which she belonged. At last the preacher put an end to the controversy, put his argument in the shape of dictum, and said:

"I tell you, sister, the voice of the people is the voice of God."

"Yes," she replied mildly, "it cried, crucify him crucify him."

The doors of the capitol, at Washington City, are nearly completed. Among the representations of the panels is that of the "Masonic ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the capitol, September 18, 1793."

During the canvass preceding the late English election, an Episcopalian clergyman—Tory—told his audience at a morning meeting that he should preach politics in the evening, and the ladies had better not attend.—*Independent*.

DEATH IN LODGE ROOM.

BY E. W. H. ELLIS, M. D., 33°.

Surgeon Morton, of Boston, Mass., relates this incident as occurring at Fredericksburg, Va.:

"I was professionally engaged in the Baptist church this morning; it is almost packed with wounded. The tank intended for immersion is used as a bathing-tub, and the operations are performed in the pastor's small study, back of the pulpit. The Freemason's Hall is also filled with the wounded, and there remains much of the paraphernalia of the Lodge in which Washington received his degrees. I found one poor fellow who was a member of the fraternity, and at his request had his bed moved to the platform once occupied by the Master's chair, where he lay and gazed upward at the mystic letter 'G,' as if to secure its protection."

And this touching incident, so suggestive of the faith and hope of the Mason, I have ventured thus to paraphrase:

The Patriarchal Lodge was filled
With weary, wounded men,
And noisy tongues were sudden stilled,
For life was ebbing then;
And eyes that flashed manly fire
With film of death were glazed,
And others with a maniac glare—
How witlessly they gazed!

Then one brave soldier—thus they tell—
Upstarted from his bed,
As if awakening from a spell—
"And do I dream?" he said;
"This altar—how it speaks of home,
The gavel and the square—
And yon mysterious letter hung
Suspended in the air!"

The soldier closed his eyes again,
With sparkling tears suffused,
And thought of brethren far away,
And to himself he mused;
"Here, where our Washington once trod,
Beneath th' Omniscent Eye,
Where all things upward point to God,
How blest it were to die!

Ho! comrades," said the dying man,
"Come, lend a helping hand—
My Sands of life are almost run,
I seek the better land;
Place me beneath that vaulting arch,
Whose dim outlines I see,
And let me breathe my spirit out
Beneath the letter 'G.'"

They laid him down—no word he spoke,
No murmur on his breath,
But calmly waited he the touch
Of the grim monster, Death,
That mystical initial oft
His dark eye wandered o'er,
And when the evening sun went down,
The soldier was no more.

They hollowed him an humble grave,
Under a spreading tree,
And carved him no memorial, save
The mystic letter "G."
And a finger pointing steadily
Up to the Throne of Love,
For they deemed his spirit joyfully
Soared to the Lodge above.

Western Musical Review.

St. JOHN'S LODGE, No. 1.—The Washington Bible is displayed in the mother Lodge on the night of the installation of officers, in December. The Master is then (at times) clothed in the costume of the past century—full court suit, similar to that worn by Washington, including knee-breeches, stockings and shoes, the buckles of the shoes having been once the property of the *Father of his Country*. The Chapeau is that worn by the Master of the Lodge in 1786.—*National Freemason*.

A correspondent who has been gulled, wants us to say that the parties who advertise to send a music-box that will play eight tunes, for one dollar, send a child's toy that can be purchased anywhere for twenty five cents; also that the cheap dollar "time-keepers" are only sun-dials, made out of hard wood, with gilded faces.—*Commercial*.

A BEAUTIFUL DEFINITION.

Masonry is the holy spring where faded beauty reformed her image, darkened wisdom her light, and weakend power her strength. Masonry is the refuge of threatened fidelity, the mediator of offended innocence, and the recompense of unrewarded love. The mingled rights of life has to regulate, the prejudiced judgment of passion to punish, the action of the heart to scrutinize. What the clumsy hand of ignorance has thrown together she shall separate and revive with her genius; what the fire of passion has embraced too hotly, she shall cool with her mildness; and what has been judged too severely by the ignorant multitude, she shall cover with her shield. She throws down the barriers which the prejudice of mankind has erected between man and man, and tears away the golden garment that covers the soulless body. She arraigns heart against heart, spirit against spirit, strength against strength, and gives to the worthiest the prize; she teaches us to value the tree for its fruits, not for the soil on which it grows, nor for the hand which planted it; she protects fortune against the arrows of malicious chance, seizes the rudder in the storms of life, and brings the leaky ship into a safe harbor.
Dr. Barne.

"Hail." This word, which is used in the Masonic formula is not the true one. Hail means, "I wish you health," or more literally, "Be well." The Masonic word is "hele," "I cover up, I hide.—*Boston Gazette.*

The Masonic word is pronounced as if it was spelled h-a-l-e, nevertheless, Mr. *Gazette*. It is a Saxon word, and signifies to *thatch, to cover up*. It is a most significant little word, as used by Masons, but is fast being discarded by our modern Grand Lecturers. They probably do not understand its meaning; or understanding it, fear that their pupils do not!

The correct spelling of the word is *heil*. Webster in defining it, refers to the Latin verb *celo*, to hide something from one; to keep secret; to conceal. In the New York work there is but one place now, where the word is used at all, and in that place it is generally, if not universally used in the sense of the English word "hail."—*Masonic Tidings*.

DON'T CHANGE THE LECTURES.—Some brethren who write themselves high in the Order, think that it makes no difference what language is used in communicating the Masonic Lectures, provided the *ideas* are all embodied in their instructions. They think that a talented Master should have license to display his learning. We have no objections to proper additions to the lectures, *when degrees are being conferred*; but any attempt to display is very apt to make the author appear as ridiculous as the subject of the following anecdote:

A mother asked her little boy what Jacob did when he heard of the supposed death of Joseph? The answer is, "He rent his garments, and put on sackcloth;" but the little fellow, wishing his mother to see that he could answer in his own words, said, "He hired out his clothes, and put on a sack." It is folly to paint the lily.—*Masonic Sun*.

A SACRED BAND OF FRIENDS.—In ancient Thebes a phalanx of warriors was formed, numbering a thousand members, composed of pairs of friends, each pair consisting of a veteran and a youth. The whole Band was called the "Sacred Band of Lovers and Friends." They were pledged never to forsake one another, no matter what the emergency. In a battle with Philip of Macedon, they all perished together, every man of them, side by side, in one place, surrounded by heaps of their foes. After the conflict Philip recognized them, and was so moved by the pathos of the scene, and the sublimity of their devotedness, that—alluding to a scandalous rumor concerning them—he exclaimed, while the tears ran down his face. "Let no one say that these were dishonored men." Now the plainest principles of social policy require that the whole world should be one sacred band of lovers and friends, inseparably united, sustaining one another through the trials of this tempted and faltering life, and beneath the eye of their Almighty Friend, dwelling together all around the generated earth in the bonds of peace and beauty of holiness, and a community of weal.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR DESPONDING MOTHERS.—

"I have done nothing to-day but keep things straight in the house," you say wearily at the close of it. Do you call that nothing? Nothing that your children are healthy, and happy, and secured from evil influence? Nothing that neatness, and thrift, and wholesome food follow the touch of your finger tips? Nothing that beauty in place of ugliness meets the eye of the cheerful little ones, in the plants at your window, in the picture on the wall? Nothing that *home* to them means *home*, and will always do so, to the end of life, what vicissitudes soever that may involve? Oh, careworn mother, is all this nothing? Is it nothing that over against your *sometime* mistakes and *sometime* discouragement, shall be written, "She hath done what she could?"

THE POPE A FREEMASON.—The *Steele* says: "Who would have suspected it? The Pope is a Freemason! Impossible! it will be said; but he really is. In the register of a Sicilian Lodge the minute of his initiation has been discovered; and behold the fraternity, in order to revenge itself for the excommunication pronounced against it, publishes the document accompanied by a photograph representing the successor of the Apostles wearing the Masonic emblems. His Holiness Pius IX, is no other than Bro. Jean Mastai Ferretti. As Pope, he has his eternal safety; but as a Mason, he is condemned to the infernal regions. Poor Pio Nono, what a vexatious adventure!"

A BEAUTIFUL RETROSPECT.—When the summer day of youth is slowly wasting away into the nightfall of age, and the past years grow deeper and deeper as life wears to a close, it is pleasant to look back through the vistas of time upon the joys and sorrows of early years. If we have a home to shelter, or hearts to rejoice with us, and friends who have been gathering around our fire-side, then the rough places of our wayfaring will be worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the bright sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the course of their holier feeling, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and so touching in the evening of age.

EFFECTS OF MUSIC.—The effect of music on the senses was oddly and wonderfully verified, during the mourning for the Duke of Cumberland, uncle of George the Third. A tailor had an order for a great number of black suits, which were to be finished in a very short space of time. Among his workmen there was a fellow who was always singing "Rule Britannia," and the rest of the journeymen joined in the chorus. The tailor made his observations, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded the work; in consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler, and, placing him near the workshop, made him play constantly the lively tune of "Nancy Dawson." The design had the desired effect; the tailors' elbows moved obedient to the melody, and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed period.

Rossini and Meyerbeer greatly esteemed each other, but seldom met. A friend once asked Rossini why he was not more familiar with his German rival. "You know he admires your 'Semiramide' and 'Cenerentola,' and you admire the merit of his *chef's d'œuvre*." "That is quite true," said Rossini: "but Meyerbeer and I can not get on together." "But why not?" "Why, he always will have it that sauer-krout is a better thing than macaroni."

The papal authorities have recently issued very stringent decrees against the Freemasons. The Freemasons, on their part, have caused to be published the records of a Lodge in Sicily, which substantiates the initiation of the present Pope as a member of their Order.

An eminent divine once remarked in a lecture: "In selecting your partners for life, choose persons of naturally good disposition—those who are by nature cheerful and gentle. It may surprise you to hear me place these before piety; but I am of Baxter's opinion, who said that the grace of God could live with persons that he could not."

Miscellany.

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRITS.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

The following exquisite stanza is from a poem entitled "The Old Man's Christmas Eve," by Monia, author of the "Conquered Banner."

You think of the dead on Christmas eve
Wherever the dead are sleeping.
And we from a land where we may not grieve
Look tenderly down on you weeping
You think us far; we are very near
To you and the earth, tho' parted.
We sing to-night to console and cheer
The hearts of the broken-hearted;
The earth watches over the lifeless clay
Of each of its countless sleepers,
And the sleepless spirits that passed away
Watch over all earth's weepers,
We shall meet again in a brighter land,
Where farewell is never spoken:
We shall clasp each other hand in hand,
And the clasp will not be broken.
We shall meet again in a bright fair clime,
Where we'll never know a sadness
And our lives shall be filled like a Christmas chime
With rapture and with gladness.
The snows shall pass from our graves away,
And you from the earth, remember;
And the flowers of bright eternal May,
Shall follow earth's December.
When you think of us, think not of the tomb
When you laid us down in sorrow;
But look aloft and beyond life's gloom
And wait for the great To-morrow.

BED TIME.

Rose-bud lay in her trundle-bed,
With her small hands folded above her head;
And fixed her innocent eyes on me,
While a thoughtful shadow came over their glee,
"Mamma," she said, "when I go to sleep,
I pray the Father my soul to keep,
And he comes and carries it far away,
To the beautiful home where his angels stay;
I gather red roses, and lilies so white;
I sing with the angels through all the long night;
And when, in the morning, I wake from my sleep
He gives me back the soul that I gave him to keep
And I only remember, like beautiful dreams,
The garlands of lilies, the wonderful streams."

PROPOSAL.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

The violet loves a sunny bank;
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet creeper loves the elm;
But I love—thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars they kiss the sea,
The west winds kiss the clover bloom;
But I kiss—thee.

The oriole weds his mottled mate,
The lily's bride o' the bee;
Heaven's marriage ring is round the earth;
Shall I wed thee?

In having been often tried, never denied, and in being ever ready to be tried again, is to be found the secret of ritualistic Masonic culture.

HARD WORDS.—A very learned man has said: "The three hardest words in the English language are 'I was mistaken!'" Frederick the great wrote to the Senate, "I have just lost a great battle, and it was entirely my own fault." Goldsmith says: "This confession displayed more greatness than all his victories."

Masonic tradition informs us that at the building of King Solomon's Temple there was no sound to divert the attention of the craft from their labor. Silence should be the Mason's constant practice, for by its due observance the precious jewels of the institution will not become the prey of the rude and uninformed.—*Masonic Monthly*.

LOITERING.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A disposition to take the weak side and help it up has beset us, all our life long. Maybe it is this tendency that now inclines us to apologize for *Loitering*.

At this announcement I imagine unnumbered bands of countless mothers, masters, merchants, and business folks generally, held up in deprecation of, or even in threat, at such a wasting heresy! Is it not enough already to try the patience of a saint that boys are such incorrigible loiterers? What errand can now be perfected in less than twice the time really needed? How unfaithful are young people! "How slow our Sam, is," says one, "when sent on business; but tell him to get ready to go a-fishing, and there is not a lazy bone in him!"

Well, after a serious recall and review of my own childhood, I am satisfied that I never did do things that I cared nothing for as promptly or as well as things which were of personal interest. Also, I remember that I never served people that I did not like as well as those whom I loved. Also, that people who were harsh, and who manifested no sympathy with a boy's feelings, seldom were obeyed as willingly as they were who believed that boys have feelings.

Let Aunt Chandler say, "Henry, are you doing anything? Would you just as lief run down to Goodwin & Galpin's store and get me some snuff? Here's a penny for some raisins for yourself."

If you never saw a barefooted country boy on a race, head back, chest full forward, and his feet twinkling over the grass like machinery whirled by steam, it would have done you good to see me! No loitering, I'll warrant!

"But if a sterner voice, calling me from play, peremptorily ordered me on an errand, with the genial suggestion, 'Now do not loiter. You will be punished if you do!'" it seemed as if all nature began to whisper, from hedge, and stone wall, and from trees, and barns, bridge and well, "Stop a minute, boy, and look here!"

I saw a bird's nest!—never saw it before; though I had passed a hundred times. A squirrel, too, *must* be chased into his hole. That apple tree must be looked after. Ripe fruit was probably waiting for my lips. Then, I must peep through the picket fence at those glowing poppies—and a big, black, good dog would come out to play with me!—and Tim's meat-cart would come along, and he wanted me to ride with him around a block or two. And the store was full of pretty things—and the sky was balmy, and the clouds lay silent and still up there, with full liberty to loiter, and no shrill wind at home to scold them for not making haste,—and the great elms had each a drowsy and happy look, standing still in the warm sunshine—oh, it was against nature to hurry! I *had* to loiter? Yet, after getting home,—well, it is hard to change a poetic necessity into plausible excuse. And so, it often befel me, that the alacrity which I neglected in walking was made up for in the dance which immediately followed! The fiddling was earnest and admirable, but I was not fond of it.

Well, loitering was never whipped out of me. And to this hour it seems to me that there are worse things in this world than that. Is a man to give up all permissible vices, such as drinking, smoking, card-playing, and have no offset, or equivalent? May he not linger at a shop window, look at the pictures, and dream while he gazes, imagining how happy such and such an one would be with this engraving or that for a Christmas present, or how that sweet landscape would cheer poor —'s sick bed, hanging over against her sunken eyes, that shall never more look on green fields? May not one stand half hid at the corner and read the faces of men as they pass, and muse on many things which he sees?

May not one loiter in an Art Gallery—or must he be forever alert, and look at pictures as boys pick out words in a dictionary, lesson unlearned, and recitation just at hand?

Is society a machine, and each man a wheel, and every one obliged to whirl to an exact number of revolutions per minute?

Must we play at touch and go all our lives? Rush and strive, without rest, without easy steps, without a vagrant thought, or casual joy, or side-experience?

No—we belong to the Loiterers' Club! We believe in quiet resting-places. Like bees, we think it right to stop wherever a flower has honey. This world was made for something besides business. There is a nameless charm in odd places, lying outside of common ways; in queer people, so queer that you are sure that you are talking with the only specimen on earth; in things which everybody in the city is *not* doing; in underground workshops, in attics, in back-courts, or old houses, along wharves; down in the engine rooms, up in the pilot-boxes,—in bellfries of steeples,—in outlandish warehouses;—in short, if man knows *how* to loiter he will find that, after all, he may get knowledge which is not taught in schools, and a school-master, of benignant manners, who will gently instill a thousand lessons of life, worth knowing too, every one, though taught in no book or school or pulpit.

Who wishes to join a Loiterers' Club?

DRUNKARDS IN AMERICA AND SWITZERLAND.

The effect of the production of cheap wines upon intemperance, is a question that is often discussed. Many have contended that native wine would remove the curse of drunkenness from the land, and have insisted that this vice was almost unknown in wine growing countries. Among those who have spoken and written in support of this opinion, is Dr. Holland, better known as "Timothy Titecomb." But he has been residing with his family some time, in the Canton of Vaud, Switzerland, where large quantities of wine are produced. His observations there have completely revolutionized his opinions with regard to the whole matter. He says:

"I am thoroughly undeceived. The people drink their cheap, white wine here to drunkenness. A boozier set than hang around the multitudinous cafes here it would be hard to find in any American city, even where they enjoy the license of the Maine law. The grand difference in the drunkenness of an American and Swiss city is found in the fact that the man who has wine in him is good natured, and the man who is equally charged with whisky is a demon. There is no murdering, no fighting, no wrangling. The excitement is worked off in singing, shouting, and all sorts of insane jabber. Then the steady old white wine toppers come into blossom. If you can imagine a cauliflower of the color of the ordinary red cabbage, you can achieve a very adequate conception of faces that are not uncommon in all this wine-growing region. So this question is settled in my mind. Cheap wine is not the cure of intemperance. The people here are just as intemperate as they are in America, and, what is more, there is no public sentiment that checks intemperance in the least. The wine is fed freely to children, and by all classes is regarded as a perfectly legitimate drink.

"Failing to find the solution of the temperance question in the Maine law, failing to perceive it in the various modes and movements of reform. I, with many others, have looked with hope to find it in a cheap and comparatively harmless wine; but, for one, I can look in this direction hopefully no longer. I firmly believe that the wines of Switzerland are of no use except to keep out whisky, and that the advantages of the wine over the whisky are not very obvious. It is the testimony of the best men in Switzerland—those who have the highest good of the people at heart—that the increased growth of the grape has been steadily and correspondingly attended by the increase of drunkenness. They lament the planting of a new vineyard as we, at home, regret the opening of a new grog shop. They expect no good of it to anybody. They know, and deeply feel, that the whole wine producing enterprise is charged with degradation for their country.

A windy M. P., in a tedious oration, stopped to imbibe a glass of water.

"I rise," said Sheridan, "to a point of order."

Everybody started in wonder what the point of order was.

"What is it?" said the speaker.

"I think, sir," said Sheridan, "it is out of order for a wind-mill to go by water."

Never confide secrets to relatives. Blood will tell.

WHO ATE ROGER WILLIAMS?

"Steele's" "Fourteen weeks in Chemistry," says:

"The truth that animal matter passes the animal back to the animal kingdom again, received a curious illustration not long since.

"For the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, his private burying ground was searched for the graves of himself and wife. It was found that everything had passed into oblivion. The shape of the coffins could only be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter. The rusting hinges and nails, and a round wooden knot, alone remained in one grave, while a single lock of braided hair was found in the other. Near the grave stood an apple tree. This had sent down two main roots into the very presence of the confined dead. The larger root, pushing its way to the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams, had made a turn passing round it, and followed the direction of the back bone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heels, when both turn upward to the toes. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which made the whole bear a striking resemblance to the human form. There were the graves, but their occupants had disappeared; the bones even had vanished. There stood the thief—the guilty apple tree—caught in the very act of robbery. The spoliation was complete. The organic matter, the flesh, the bones of Roger Williams had passed into an apple tree. The elements had been absorbed by the roots, transmuted into woody fibers, which could be burned as fuel, or carved into ornament, and bloomed into fragrant blossoms, which delighted the eye of the passer-by, and scattered the sweetest perfume of spring; more than this—had been converted into luscious fruit, which, from year to year, had been gathered and eaten. How pertinent then is the question, "Who ate Roger Williams?"

PUNSHON ON NIAGARA.

On my way from Buffalo to Toronto I caught the first sight of that wondrous vision which is worth a pilgrimage from England to see. I have since had an opportunity of making it a study, and my conviction is that if there is anything in the world which defies at once description and analysis, and which excites in the beholder by turns ideas of grandeur, beauty, terror, power, sublimity, it is expressed in that one word "Niagara." I have seen it in most of its Summer aspects. I have gazed upon the marvelous panorama from the rapids above to the "whirlpool," three miles below. I have looked up to it from the river, and down upon it from the Terrapin Tower I have bathed in its light, and been drenched with its spray. I have dreamed over it through the hot afternoon, and have heard it thunder in the watches of the night. On all the headlands, and on all the islands, I have stood entranced and wondering while the mist has shrouded it, and while the sun has broken it into rainbows. I have seen it fleecy as the snow-flake; deepening into the brightest emerald, dark and leaden as the angriest November sky—but in all its moods there is instruction, solemnity, delight. Stable in its perpetual instability; changeless in its everlasting change; a thing to be "pondered in the heart," like the Revelation by the meek Virgin of old; with no pride in the brilliant hues which are woven in its eternal loom; with no haste in the majestic roll of its waters; with no weariness in its endless psalm; it remains through the eventful years an embodiment of the unconscious power, a lively inspiration of thought and poetry, and worship—a magnificent apocalypse of God. One wonderful thing about Niagara is that it survives all attempts to make it common. Like all show places, it has its Arab hordes—Bedouins of the road, of the caravansary, of the river. All along the line, from the burning spring to the negro touters, who press upon you that "there is no charge for the charming view," and down to the spot where, with sublime contempt of nature and indifference to truth, a notice-board announces that "the whirl-pool is closed on Sundays." Niagara is a grand institution to make people pay. I have yet to see it by moon-

light and in winter. Under the combined influence of these two conditions it must be grand indeed. I can not even confess to the disappointment which so many affirm to be the first feeling of the mind on the sight of it. I was deeply impressed with it at the first, and all after experience has but deepened my delight and wonder. I would be difficult, now that my letter is steeped in Niagara, to write calmly about anything else.

London Methodist Recorder.

THE SILENCE OF THE ARCTIC NIGHT.

In his new work, "The Open Polar Sea," Dr. Hayes thus describes the fearful solitude and stillness of the Arctic night:

"I have gone out in the Arctic night, and viewed nature under varied aspects. I have rejoiced with her in her strength and communed with her in repose. I have seen the wild burst of her anger, have watched her sportive play, and have beheld her robed in silence. I have walked abroad in darkness when the winds were roaring through the hills and crashing over the plain. I have strolled along the beach when the only sound that broke the stillness was the dull creaking of ice-tables, as they rose and fell lazily with the tide. I have wandered far out on the frozen sea, and listened to the voice of the icebergs bewailing their imprisonment; along the glacier, where forms and falls the avalanche; upon the hill-top where the drifting snow, coursing over the rocks, sang its plaintive song; and again I have wandered away to some distant valley where all these sounds were hushed, and the air was still and solemn as the tomb.

"And it is here that the Arctic night is most impressive, where its wonders are unloosed to sport and play with the mind's vain imaginings. The heavens above and the earth beneath reveal only an endless and fathomless quiet. There is no where around me any evidence of life or motion. I stand alone in the midst of the mighty hills. The tall cliffs climb upward, and are lost in the grey vaults of the skies. The dark cliffs standing against their slopes of white, are the steps of a vast amphitheatre. The mind finding no rest on their bold summits wanders into space. The moon weary with her long vigils, sinks to her repose. The Pleiades no longer breathe their sweet influence. Cassiopea, Andromeda, and Orion, and all the infinite host of unnumbered constellations fail to muse one spark of joy into this dead atmosphere. They have lost their tenderness, and are cold and pulseless. The eye leaves them and returns to the earth, and the trembling ear awaits something that will break the oppressive silence. But no foothold of living thing reaches it, no wild beast howls through the solitude. There is no cry of birds to enliven the scene; no tree among whose branches the wind can sigh and moan. The pulsations of my own heart alone are heard in the great void; and the blood courses through the sensitive organization of the ear, I am oppressed as with discordant sounds. Silence has ceased to be negative. It has become endowed with positive attributes. I seem to hear and see and feel it. It stands forth as a frightful spectre, filling the mind with overpowering consciousness of universal death—proclaiming the end of all things and heralding the everlasting future. Its presence is unendurable. I spring from the rock upon which I was seated, I plant my feet heavily on the snow to banish its presence and the sound rolls through the night and drives away the phantom. I have seen no expression of the face of nature so filled with terror as the silence of an Arctic night."

THE HUMAN VOICE AND ITS RANGE.

Dion Boucicault, writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the Albert Hall of Science and Art, makes some observations on the action and range of the human voice, which are not without interest to the general reader, while suggestive to the public speaker and singer. The human voice, when its utterances are clearly articulated, and it is supplied with good lungs, will fill 400,000 cubic feet of air, provided they be inclosed in a proper manner, and the voice placed and directed advantageously. This space, we may remark, by the way, would be represented by a hall 125 feet long by 80 feet wide and 40 feet high. The same voice

singing, continues Boucicault, can fill with equal facility, 600,000 cubic feet. When singing, the vowels are principally used, because it is necessary to dwell upon a note, and we cannot prolong a consonant. In speaking, on the contrary, we depend for articulation on the consonant, but their short percussive sound does not travel. When we shout, or in open air speaking, which partakes of shouting, we prolong the vowels, drawing the syllable at each word, but what we gain in sound is lost in clearness of articulation; expression is lost in monotony; because its fineness depends on the infinite variety of which the consonant is capable and bestows on the vowel. Two thousand voices, singing or speaking together, travel no further than one voice. They may fill a certain area more completely with that intricacy of waves which, when very troublesome, we call a din, but each voice exerts its own influence on the air according to its power, and dies away within certain limits. A second voice acts independently, and produces its own separate effect, not fortifying the first, but distinct from it: and so with any number of voices—say ten thousand—shouting together, if a single trumpeter were placed among them, the notes of his trumpet would be heard clearly at a distance where the Babel of voices would have expired in a murmur. Yet among the din produced by the ten thousand notes the trumpet would be inaudible. To illustrate this theory more clearly, it is plain that two thousand persons cannot throw stones further than one person. It is true that the air within certain limits will be more full of stones, but they will all come to the ground within a limited area.

LINKS IN THE CHAIN.—The blast that drove the storm clouds across the heavens shook the oak, and the acorn cup, loosened from its fruit, fell on the pathway.

The cloud burst, and a rain-drop filled the acorn cup.

A robin, worried by the sultry heat of an autumn day, and troubled by the fury of the storm, hopped on the path, where all was calm, and drank of the rain-drop. Refreshed and gladdened, he flew to his accustomed place in the ivy that overhung the poet's window, and there he thrilled his sweetest, happiest song.

The poet heard and raised from his reverie wrote a chant of graceful rejoicing. The chant went forth into the world, and entered the house of sorrow, and uttered its heart-stirring accents by the couch of sickness. The sorrowful were comforted, the sick were cheered.

Many voices praised the poet. He said: "The chant was inspired by the robin's song."

"I should have sunk into the earth had not the acorn cup received me," said the rain-drop.

"I had not been there to receive it, but for the angry blast," said the acorn cup.

And they who were comforted praised the blast; but the blast replied: "Praise Him at whose word the storm ariseth, and who from darkness can bring light, making His mercies oftentimes through an unseen and unsuspected channel, and bringing in due time, by his own way, the grateful chant from the angry storm-cloud."

SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to it. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about what the world say to us; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of his own voice.—*Longfellow.*

An old lady up town, whose memory of names is very poor, always refers to her seamstress as "Miss So and so," (*see and sew.*)

Bees will not work except in darkness;
Thought will not work except in silence;
Neither will virtue work except in secrecy.

Sartor Resartus.

Literary Gems.

GATHERED FROM MANY MINES.

The first element of art, is the love of Nature, leading to the effort to observe and report her truly.—*Ruskin.*

History at first narrative and then controversial, has become in our day, a record of progress, a triumphal eulogy of the growth of civilization.—*Punshon.*

Grief! thou art classed amongst the depressing passions. And true it is thou humblest to the dust, but also thou exaltest to the Clouds. Thou shakest us with ague, but also thou steadiest like frost.—*De Quincy.*

To kindle and be elevated by a sense of the majesty of God is one thing. It is totally another thing, to feel a movement of obedience to the will of God, under the impression of his rightful authority over all the creatures whom he has formed.—*Chalmers.*

Human speech idealized by poetry has the depth and brilliancy of musical notes; it is luminous as well as pathetic; it speaks to the mind as well as the heart.—*Cousin.*

Physical beauty is the sign of an internal beauty; and this is the foundation, the principle, the unity of the beautiful.—*Cousin.*

We should do our utmost to encourage the beautiful, since the useful encourages itself.—*Goethe.*

Character is influence. Mind rules matter, but character rules matter itself, draws other minds into sympathy with it, imparts new impulses to society, speaks with a voice heard by distant nations, and which goes down to future ages.—*Rev. Dr. John Harris.*

The Chivalric character; high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

Prayer. It is the detailing in the Ear of Divine sympathy every sorrow. It is consulting with Divine wisdom in every difficulty. It is asking from Divine resources the supply of every want.—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

I never heard
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
With care, that, like the caterpillar eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book, the rose.
Middleton.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. With him, love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasure.—*Washington Irving.*

None, none descends into himself to find, the secret imperfections of his mind.—*Dryden.*

The following beautiful description of the death of the great German poet, Goethe. We take from "Hyperion," viz: His majestic eyes looked for the last time on the light of the pleasant spring morning. Calm like a God the old man sat, and,

with a smile seemed to bid farewell to the light of day, on which he had gazed for more than eighty years. Books were near him, and the pen which had just dropped from his dying fingers. 'Open the shutters, and let in more light,' were his last words. Stretching forth his hand, he seemed to write in the air, and, as it sank down again and was motionless, the spirit of the old man was gone.
Longfellow.

To found an argument for the value of christianity on external evidence, and not on the condition of man and the pure idea of God, is to hold up a candle before our eyes that we may better see the stars.—*John Sterling.*

Every cloud that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is Love.—*Tennyson.*

Burke's sentences are pointed at the end—in- stinct with pungent sense to the last syllable; they are like a charioteer's whip, which not only has a long and effective lash, but cracks and inflicts a still smarter sensation at the end. They are like some serpents, whose life is said to be fiercest in the tail.—*John Foster.*

He hangeth the earth upon nothing, and stretch- etch out the North over the empty place.—*Job.*

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.
Shelley.

Milton! Thou shouldst be living at this hour.
England hath need of thee. She is a fen
Of stagnant waters. We are selfish men.
* * * * *

Thy soul was like a star; and dwelt apart;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on thyself did lay.
Wordsworth.

The following terrible satire on the writings is from the caustic pen of George Gilfillan, viz: No eagle screaming in the teeth of the storm—no thunder-cloud moving up the wind, do we deem our hero; but on the whole, a most complacent and beautiful peacock's feather, sailing adown the breeze, yet with an air as if it had created and could turn if he chose; or shall we say, a fine large bubble descending with dignity, as if it were the cataract? or a straw, imagining that because it shows the direction, it is directing the wind.

To be engaged is good and useful; to be idle is pernicious and evil. They who do good are employed, but they who spend their time in vain recreations.—*Socrates.*

The beauty of the mind is more lovely than that of the body.—*Socrates.*

To expose one's self to great dangers for trivial matters, is to fish with a golden hook, where more may be lost than gotten.—*Augustus Cesar.*

If conscience condemns us, in vain shall all the world beside acquit us; and if that clear us, the doom which the world passeth upon us is frivolous and ineffectual.—*Hall.*

Conscience is sufficient to check the vice, but not to inform the duty. It will do for an anchor, but not for a rudder.—*Bacon.*

What a world of bolts, and bars, and chains, terrors—what a weapon-bearing and armor-wear- ing world this would be, if the sheep and bullocks in a pasture, if the geese on a common, if the poultry in a farm-yard were always regarding the men and women about them as murderers. If the horse knew and felt what he does not know or feel, no horse could be put in harness until he had been schooled to submission by red-hot irons ap- plied in the stable; and every saddle must be furnished with a revolver, to be used by the rider when his nag showed temper.—*Isaac Taylor.*

"In this mass of nature, there is a set of things that carry in their front, though not in Capital letters, yet in stenography and short hand charac- ters, something of divinity, which to wiser reasons serve as luminaries in the abyss of knowledge, and to judicious beliefs as scales and roundles to mount the pinnacles and highest pieces of divinity."—*Religio Medici.*

In pantheism God ceases to be regarded with superstitious awe; but it is only that he may be esteemed a mechanical force, or philosophic ab- straction, or a splendid imagination, as gorgeous, but as unsolid, too, as a gilded cloud.—*McCosh.*

I cannot make my church music otherwise than cheerful; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit.—*Haydon.*

Every one says of a fop that he is a fop, no one dares to tell him that he is one; he dies without knowing it, and without any one being avenged.—*La Bruyere.*

One faultless sonnet is of itself worth as much as a long poem.—*Boileau.*

An upright is always easier than a sloping posture, because it is more natural, and one part is better supported than another: So it is better to be an honest man than a knave. It is also more graceful.—*Shelton.*

The fool is he who, not yet at life's meridian, has exhausted it, and himself.—*Fanny Fern.*

Omnipotence cannot do what is contradictory.—*Dr. Brown.*
Said a converted Astronomer, "I am now bound for Heaven, and take the stars on my way."

Feelings and thoughts are the language which God listens to: man hearkens in the air, God in the soul within.—*Dr. Wm. Arthur.*

Our faith is built upon the ruins of our fortunes.—*Saurin.*

Like moulders of Clay you fabricate taxiarchs and tribunes for exhibition, not for war.—*Demos- thenes.*

Skill is the just distribution of one's forces.—*Montesquieu.*

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.—*Flecher.*

Time is the treasure of the poor.

Nature is the outward throne of the magnificence of God.

KENTUCKY FREEMASON.

EDITORS.

A. G. HODGES and Rev. H. A. M. HENDERSON.

FRANKFORT, KY. . . . JANUARY, 1869.

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

We send this number of the Kentucky Freemason to all of the Subscribers to the First Volume, so that if any wish to continue they can do so by advising us forthwith. It is not our purpose to give offense to any by not giving them an opportunity of renewing, if they wish to do so. If we are not advised to continue to send our paper after this notice, we trust we shall not be complained of for discontinuing the same. We hope however, that every Brother will try us another year.

In transmitting money, do so by Post Office Orders, or in Registered Letters, or by Checks on some Bank.

THE NEW YEAR.

The old year has gone. We have begun a new volume of our paper—of our lives. It is a time for serious review and self-examination. Like the judicious merchant let us strike a balance sheet, and ascertain how our moral profit and loss account stands. Let us form better resolutions for the future. If we live well we shall die well. We come into the world with a wail; we may go out with a shout. We live in a strife; we may die in a victory. We may make the end far better than the beginning.

Time is stealthy. The Old Year tipped away in slippers of list—the New Year stepped in with a noiseless stride. We felt no jar. The great Wheel of Time never rattles nor creaks. The long procession of humanity marches to eternity with a muffled tread. There is no tramping of heavy feet on the borders of the Spirit-land. The parti-colored web of earthly history and destiny is fast being woven with a noiseless shuttle.

The year did not seem to go so amazingly rapidly. The hearts throbbed many moments away—the pendulum swung steadily. December went out in a haze. January came in with a click of the lock, and to the patter of the rain. Yet, we've all been coloring beneath the touches of the frost—fading as a leaf, and trembling for the winter of the grave. Let not Time beguile us. It is marching on, and we with it, though we move not to the thunder-tones of a trumpet and the roll of deafening drums. Hours sacredly bestowed, for invaluable uses, have gone, and those that come to us are double-winged.

Brethren, listen to the speechful past, that a truer key-note may be struck for the future. Remember the coming gladness, with which you began the last year, and how at last you trudged along to the Dead March of your hopes.

Let us get our hearts right and then come pain or pleasure we shall be prepared for either. If the heart is right, everything will work for one's good whether he leaps like a lad at his holiday, or grinds at the Gaza mill of business. If the heart is right, Time is a Golden Chariot in which a victor rides to Glory. If the heart is wrong, Time is a plumed hearse rolling slowly, but surely,

to a burial dark, deep and dreary. Let us ride in a chariot.

Will more than fifteen thousand Freemasons of Kentucky, suffer the Kentucky Freemason to go down for the lack of patronage? Our list of subscribers does not reach the number necessary to defray the expenses incident to the publication of our Journal. Brethren, renew at once. Masters, bring it before your Lodges. You have been Masonically requested to do so. We hail you now with a sign of distress, and ask you to come to our assistance.

From representative Masons, all over the land, we receive testimonials as to the worth of our paper, we know how carefully it is prepared, and that it will compare favorably with any literary monthly published in the country, and if it is not sustained we shall retire from the Editorial tripod without shame over our labors, and with a sense of duty faithfully performed.

The publisher of this Journal has determined to carry it through another year, but if he does so, with his present patronage, it will be at a serious loss. Surely, there are five thousand Masons in Kentucky who will rally to our support. We trust that we shall be able to announce a much nobler result, in our next, than we are able to do in this number.

ANTIQUITIES.

We have been lately presented, by the Hon. R. T. Glass, of Henderson, Ky., with a pebble taken from the bed of Jordan, where tradition says Christ was baptized by John the Baptist. We intend to have it worked up into a Key-Stone. He, also, presented us with a piece of quartz taken from Mars' Hill, upon the spot where St. Paul delivered the sermon, of which we have an abstract in the XVII Chapter of Acts. We value these relics highly, not only for their religious associations, but on account of the spirit that prompted the worthy donor and brother in bestowing them.

We have, also, in our possession a piece of the wedding vest of General Israel Putnam of Revolutionary renown, a piece of Lady Pelham's second day dress, after her marriage; and several scraps of goods of the kind worn by our revolutionary mothers. For these latter we are indebted to the kindness of Mrs. Alex. Miller, of Millersburgh, Kentucky—who was herself a Pelham, Maj. Pelham, the gallant Confederate Artillerist, who fell in the late war, was of the same family.

The Masonic brethren of Harvey McGuire Lodge, Perryville, Kentucky, gave a splendid entertainment on the night of the 28th ult., for the benefit of the Asylum for the widows and orphans of Masons, to be located at Louisville. The tables were spread with innumerable good things that cheered the eye and pleased the palate. Mirth, good humor and hilarity reigned generally. Everybody was pleased. The cuisine was faultless and the general arrangements and programme gave entire satisfaction, while the whole affair reflected great credit on the ladies and gentlemen under whose auspices it was gotten up.

The clear receipts on the occasion amounted to nearly one hundred dollars.

We wish to commend this example to the mothers, wives and daughters of Masons everywhere. If every town in the State would do likewise, we should soon have a Home for the Widows and Or-

phans of our Masonic Brethren. Ladies, throughout the State, take hold of this matter, and with every dollar you raise you will put a hundred brick into a charity which will stand when you shall have crumbled to dust.

We have been earnestly solicited to become the Agent for this noble Charitable Institution. Could we free ourselves from our present engagements, so important and solemn, we would cheerfully undertake the work of its endowment. It would be our pride to contribute, with whatever powers we possess, to so grand a charity. We hope that no single Lodge in the State will fail to lend some aid to this worthy Institution.

Brethren, work without an Agent, and when one comes, receive him on that point which brings your hearts together.

Among the distinguished Masons, members of the Legislature we notice the Hon. I. T. Martin, P. G. M. and P. G. H. P. of the Grand Chapter of Kentucky. He is one of the most active and efficient members of the State Senate. He represents a constituency of whom any man may feel proud, and his constituency fitly honor their able and industrious Senator.

Bro. Martin brought us from Cynthiana a club of twenty subscribers. He said to us, as follows: "During my incumbency as Grand Master, and Grand High Priest, I received most of the Masonic publications of the Country. I do not hesitate to say that the Kentucky Freemason is the best of them all." Coming from one, so recently high in Masonic office, and so competent to judge, we appreciated the compliment most highly.

In Detroit, the Grand Lodge, contemplates building a Masonic-Edifice to cost—\$600,000. If any one doubts the power of Masonry, let him look at that figure.

Here in Kentucky, we are dallying with a proposition to secure the State Archives, involving an expenditure of \$200,000, and one would judge the whole State was in excitement about the question, to look over the files of Kentucky newspapers.

Frankfort is the Capital and ought to be. If its Legislature would expend as much money, as the Grand Lodge of Michigan will do, as the Grand Lodge of Kentucky has done, they will have a Capital worthy of our State, and of them. Pooh! Pooh!! The Grand Lodge of Kentucky wouldn't risk its archives out of fire-proof safes.

What is the Commonwealth doing?

Philip Philips, perhaps, the most distinguished singer of Sacred Song in the world, will give a Concert in this City on the 11th of February. He visited Europe a short time since, and filled England with his fame.

A large audience will, doubtlessly, greet him.

We will be obliged to the editor of the Masonic Department of "Pomeroy's Democrat"—if he will credit this paper with its original articles, which it flatters us in copying.

There are several others of our exchanges that we would like to do the same. A little story which we wrote called "Dick the Canary bird"—we have seen in a number of papers, and not one of them credited it to the "Kentucky Freemason." We always give credit, when we know to whom it is due. Let us work on the square.

Truth alone is luminous, the medium is transparent.—Vinet.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The following Brothers were elected in December, by Subordinate Lodges, viz :

HIRAM LODGE, No. 4.—Frankfort—B. Jacoby, M., H. Hyde, S. W., J. W. Bartlett, J. W., E. Whitesides, Tr., John L. Sneed, Sec., Rev. H. A. M. Henderson, Chap., J. B. Major, S. D., Geo. E. Goodwin, J. D., Dan'l. Epperson, S. & T.

PLAIN CITY LODGE, No. 449.—Paducah—Thos. J. Pickett, M., Jas. L. Dallam, S. W., L. D. Shalton, J. W., Alfred Johnston, Tr., Wm. M. Greenwood, Sec., W. J. Kay, S. D., John Martin, Jr., J. D., Aaron Crowel, S. & T.

FORTITUDE LODGE, No. 47.—Lagrange—Wm. Pitts, M., Wm. Mauby, S. W., Henry Coons, J. W., Henry K. Hitt, Tr., H. C. Hodges, Sec., Frank Jett, S. D., James Cavins, J. D., W. C. Mahan, S. & T.

MOUNT MORIAH LODGE, No. 106.—On Monday evening, Oct. 19, Mt. Moriah Lodge, No. 196 was the recipient of a beautiful Gavel from one of its members Bro. Joseph W. Benson. The handle is a portion of the branch of an Olive tree taken from the mount, from which the Lodge derives its name, and the head is a piece of one of the Cedars of Lebanon.

The present was made by the donor in person, accompanied by its history, and was received by the worthy Worshipful Master of the Lodge in a few very neat and appropriate remarks, after which the thanks of the Lodge was unanimously voted Bro. Benson, and a copy of the same furnished him under Seal of the Lodge.

For the Kentucky Freemason.
MASONIC LODGES IN THE CITY OF LOUISVILLE.

PRINCIPAL OFFICERS.

The following is a correct list of the principal Officers of the Lodges in Louisville, elected on the 26th and 28th of December, 1868, to serve for the ensuing twelve months, viz :

Abraham Lodge, No. 8.—William J. Duncan, W. M., Charles E. Dunn, S. W., Samuel Roberts, J. W.

Clarke Lodge, No. 51.—R. B. Sheridan, W. M., J. Brent Fishback, S. W., R. A. Bell, J. W.

Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 106.—James McLivancy, W. M., Henry Middendorf, S. W., G. W. Caruth, J. W.

Antiquity Lodge, No. 113.—Hiram Bassett, W. M., L. S. Bartlett, S. W., A. C. Ritchey, J. W.

Mount Zion Lodge, No. 147.—John Hehl, W. M., H. Kurkamp, S. W., Charles H. Meyer, S. W.

Compass Lodge, No. 223.—Fred. Webber, W. M., Colin C. W. Alfriend, S. W., James W. Cornell, J. W.

Willis Stewart Lodge, No. 224.—H. W. Keisker, W. M., Jacob Doll, S. W., Christ Jenne, J. W.

St. George Lodge, No. 239.—M. Bakrow, W. M., E. Klauber, S. W., A. Pargny, J. W.

Eccelsior Lodge, No. 258.—N. P. Kendrick, W. M., Henry T. Jefferson, S. W., Cornelius Dewes, J. W.

Robinson Lodge, No. 266.—D. McClure, W. M., J. C. Robinson, S. W., D. F. C. Weller, J. W.

Preston Lodge, No. 281.—William H. Meffert, W. M., John D. Orrill, S. W., Charles H. Munger, J. W.

Falls City Lodge, No. 376.—William Bailey, W. M., John H. Leathers, S. W., Samuel S. Parker, J. W.

Louisville Lodge, No. 400.—A. H. Gardner, W. M., George C. Buchanan, S. W., J. S. Bassett, J. W.

Our Lodges are all in a healthy and flourishing condition, doing good and square work, and they could hardly have made a better selection of Officers than they have done at this time. Great harmony prevailed throughout all their meetings.

In Willis Stewart Lodge, No. 224, their Worshipful Master was re-elected, and after the election was over, Bro. C. Henry Finck, a Past Master of the Lodge, in a very happy manner, peculiar to himself, presented Bro. Keisker, on behalf of the Lodge, with a beautiful Silver Goblet, in token of their appreciation of his valuable services, and zeal in the cause of our beloved Institution. You may regret to think that Bro. Keisker has "taken to his cups;" but we think he can feel that his past course in the discharge of his duties, has been well endorsed, and he certainly can take courage in the future. It was a neat gift, and very worthily bestowed.

Our three Chapters are full of work, the Council of Royal and Select Masters has frequent calls, and our two Commanderies of Knights Templar have plenty to do. They are all as flourishing as they can well be, to be healthy. We think there is no negligence in exercising great care in the selection of material; and it is not very uncommon for that modest hint to be given that a petitioner is not wanted in our Institution, or that he has progressed far enough.

We have heard some regrets expressed that the publisher of the Freemason was not present at some meeting during the past week. It is hoped he will find it convenient to be present next time.

ZABE.

MISS PRISCILLA TALBOTT.

She was found dead in her bed on Wednesday morning. She was a woman of remarkable intelligence, and in the early days of Frankfort, one of its most accomplished young ladies. Her piano, half a century old, she retained to the day of her death; and I am told she occasionally played over the airs of the Long Ago, with which in her youth she had delighted the circles of the pioneer capital. She was a sister of the Hon. Isham Talbott, an early United States Senator from Kentucky. She was about eighty-five years old at the time of her death, and retained her intellectual faculties to the last. For many years she has lived the life of a recluse, refusing all overtures from influential friends to come and live with them in their comfortable homes. She lived in the oldest house now standing in Frankfort. In it the Legislature first assembled, and it was the grand hotel which furnished a caravansary for almost the entire body of senators and representatives. In it the plans of the Aaron Burr conspiracy were matured. It was, at the beginning of this century, the scene of Frankfort public and gay life. Miss Priscilla occupied one of its large rooms, and though possessed of means herself, and wealthy relatives who would gladly have repaired it, she would not allow a shingle on its roof to be touched. All this was not from parsimoniousness, but out of pure reverence for the moss-mantled building. She was far from being an ascetic. With her the dew of youth remained to create a fresh old age, full of pleasant memories of faithful friends, and a virtuous past. It is not a common sight to see an old woman without children or grandchildren, with none of the splen-

did accompaniments of worldly success, yet preserve a fireside in her heart warm enough to thaw the winter in her veins, and to mount a smile to greet a friend. Says David, "Barzillai, come and live with me in the palace." And Barzillai, answers, "I am this day four-score years old. Can I discern between good and evil? Can thy servant taste what I eat and drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing-men or singing-women? Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back, that I may die in my own city, and be buried in the grave of my father and my mother." This desire to die in her own home was set firmly in the heart of Miss Talbott, and so she died clinging to this old relic of a buried generation, as if it were dear, from its ancient memories, to her failing heart. She went to bed in her accustomed health. The morning sun shone on a ruin. The eye was glass. The heart was still. When found, she was lying in bed, with her hands clasped, as if she had passed away without a struggle, or fallen asleep in prayer. How do the words of Mrs. Barbauld best the case!

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part, when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning—
Choose thine own time;
Say not good-night, but in some happier clime
Bid me good-morning.

Miss Priscilla was a godly woman. In the Life of Father Wilkinson, it is related that he told his daughter one evening that he had long dreaded dying in his sleep, and that he had nightly prayed it might not be so. "But," he added, "this night I have withdrawn that petition, and will leave this and all my matters in God's hands." Says his biographer, "It was the last link of bondage broken, and having thus completed his meekness, the Lord surprised his servant into blessedness that self-same night." It may have been thus with her. She had evidently fallen asleep in prayer. Who knows but that that prayer was rounded full with a petition of perfect resignation, and that with its "Amen" came the answer and the angels that bore her homeward?

A relative once visiting her, after fruitless efforts to get her to leave her dilapidated home, at length said, "you must be very lonely here without company." She replied, "The word of God is my company." Ah, yes, beneath the dripping rafters, in her smoky chamber, with her Bible on her knee, she enjoyed divinest company, and fed on rich food, which even Barzillai might have discerned and relished.

Her character may be summed up in one sentence. She was possessed of a remarkable independence of character, mingled with surprising sweetness of disposition—two things we do not often find in conjunction, yet which in her character were most beautifully blended.

She had been a member of the Methodist Church for nearly half a century. She loved her pastors, and was prompt in meeting her engagements with the Church. The Church was about the only place she ever visited, though a multitude of friends were accustomed to go to see her, and look after her comfort, so far as she would accept of their kind offices.

The Key Stone, Philadelphia, has recently published the Junior Editor's Masonic Address, delivered in Frankfort June 24th 1867.

The New back-gammon—the Grecian Bend.

LOUISVILLE.

We recently ran down to the Falls City to hear a lecture from the English Orator, Henry Vincent. We listened to him with an undescrivable delight, for over two hours, as did a full audience in Weiseger Hall. He is not prepossessing in appearance, but after he has spoken a half hour, he has full possession of his entire audience. His voice is husky, and his gestures awkward, yet he possesses a wierdlike influence which holds you spell bound from his exordium to his peroration. He speaks in simple Saxon language, and snaps his sentences like a teamster his whip. His object is to make the wheels of thought go round, and they go. His humor ever and anon bursts out like the sunshine through rifted clouds. His sarcasm leaps to its mark as do forked lightnings. His pathos smelts the heart, like the fires of a forge. His mind marches to his object, like an army with banners to victory. His strategies surpass the Trojan horse. When he is done his audience takes a full breath, and would stand an *encore*. His hearers go away so full of tears, that they almost feel as though they had been bleeding inwardly. His houses the second night are always fuller than on the first. He never glorifies England at the expense of America. He is a Reformer of the John Bright school. He is in earnest, or the best counterfeiter of earnestness we have ever seen in a public lecturer. He will do good wherever he goes.

We bless him for filling our soul with grand thoughts and feelings, and worthier aspirations than we had known before we heard him.

We called on Bro. Davidson our efficient Agent. Found him busily at work. We hope our Louisville Brethren will all renew their subscriptions to him, and increase our list. They aided us nobly last year, and all we require is the same assistance this to keep our paper afloat. We ask them and all Masons to look over this number, and ask where, for the same amount, they can get so much select Masonic, and family, matter for entertaining reading. We promise, if sustained, that each number shall be equal to this initial one of the New Volume. See Bro. Davidson and renew at once. If there is any trouble with the mails, we will see that every brother is satisfied, if they will apprise us of any failures of delivery.

We dropped in on Bro. Hiram Bassett, Past Master. Found him diligently engaged in the interests of the Home Life Insurance Company, of Cincinnati, of which he is an industrious and thoroughly reliable General Agent.

He is the Master of Antiquity Lodge, and one of the best Masonic *workers* in the West. In conferring degrees, he makes Masonry as beautiful as it is venerable. We met in his office Dr. Bailey, W. M., of Falls City Lodge—and renewed an acquaintance, originally formed when our heart was not engaged as now, though his is now as it was then. We guess he will understand. If he don't, his "better half" will. Both of those brethren promised us to bring this paper before their respective Lodges. We expect a neat result from their voluntary and kind pledges.

We were the guest of our true friend and Brother Dr. John Bull, to whom we are indebted for many courtesies. When in Louisville, he always places his rockaway, fine span of horses, and faithful coachman under our control, and we ride about like a Prince in purple.

The Ladies of the Widows' and Orphans' Home are busily, and untiringly, at work. They re-

cently gave a Fair, which we understand netted the handsome sum of \$1,500. Mrs. Hepburn, Mrs. Bull, Mrs. Jefferson, and Mrs. Wicks—we have had occasion to observe in their labor of love, and we have never failed to breathe a prayer that they may live to see the dear ones of our dead brothers, provided for in a comfortable home.

We would suggest that the continued publication of the "Kentucky Freemason" will be found to be a valuable, if not an indispensable adjunct to the full endowment of that noble charity.

We have received, too late, for insertion in this number, two beautiful poems, written especially for the "Kentucky Freemason," by that talented and sweet-spirited authoress, Mrs. Jane T. Cross, which will appear in the two succeeding numbers of our paper—*seriatim*.

Mrs. Cross, now resides at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where her husband the Rev. Joseph Cross, D. D. is rector of a flourishing parish.

In a private letter she says: "You may suppose that out here I have quite forgotten, what once interested me in the world, but I will prove to you that I am not like Dominic Sampson, utterly 'oblivious.' I remember the promise I gave you of writing for your paper as soon as I was settled. I thought you looked rather incredulous at the time; if you were so, I will convince you that when I make a promise I design keeping it."

Our readers will rejoice at the accession of so valuable a contributor as this gifted daughter of Kentucky. Mrs. Cross has recently published a beautiful novel, entitled "Azile," which we recommend to those who delight in chaste fiction.

BROTHER HODGES: As the Deputy of Grand Master FITCH, on Saturday last, I visited Rough and Ready, in Anderson county, for the purpose of installing the Officers of STAR LODGE, U. D., which was granted by the last Grand Lodge,—the Rev. Bro. J. C. Davis being the appointed W. M. Upon my arrival I found quite an assemblage of ladies and gentleman, who manifested a deep interest in the prosperity of our Order. After the Installation ceremony was over, and Lodge being called off, the members and visitors were invited to partake of a most sumptuous repast, spread by the ladies, which was enjoyed by all present.

I was assured by the members there was sufficient material in the vicinity to sustain a good Lodge. P. SWIGERT.

December 1, 1868.

Rev. Dr. Munsay of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is believed to be the greatest of living preachers. He was in the mountains of East Tennessee, when Gen. Breckinridge, during the war, heard him preach, pronounced him a grand verdict in his favor, and introduced him to the public under the light of his stars. At the close of the war he was stationed in Alexandria, Virginia, where he attracted so much attention that the Sabbath excursion boats on the Potomac were crowded with auditors of his congregation. A year later he took charge in Baltimore and has had an unprecedented popularity in that City of Churches.

He recently visited New York City where he preached on the text, "Be sure your sin will find you out." It is said the effect was most powerful. We would have been glad if Wall street had heard it. It might have done Daniel Drew good. He is a good Methodist, though nearer the North

pole than the preacher. Certain it is that Drew belongs to a New Era (Erie) in Methodism. He is a Methodist we prefer to keep in a *Bond*-ed warehouse; we wouldn't like to pay the tax on him. However, he *is in the market*, and we need not.

The Lecture of Dr. J. W. Holland, of Louisville, in this City before the Young Mens' Christian Association was highly appreciated by a cultivated audience.

In the grace of delivery he is superior to any lecturer we have ever heard—and the equal of any in chastity of expression, and profundity of thought. The father of two such boys as the Rev. R. A. Holland, and Dr. J. W. Holland, may well point to them with pride and say—"These are my jewels."

Although a private letter, we risk the privilege of making a few extracts from a communication of Grand Master Fitch. He says: "In the October number of the Kentucky Freemason, I noticed some opportune and very sensible suggestions on the subject of Vocal and Instrumental Music in our Lodges.

For sometime it has been the custom of our Lodge (Fleming No. 112,) after reading the appropriate charge, by the Master, for the brethren to congratulate the newly made, or advanced brother, by extending the hand of Masonic fellowship, at the same time singing an appropriate Ode. In the absence of an instrument we endeavor to *sing our best*, and find that the exercise has a happy effect, in relieving the embarrassment of the ceremony, and at the same time obviating, in a great measure, the necessity of formal personal introductions afterwards.

Not finding any ready made Odes, to suit our purposes exactly, and not being so fortunate as to have one poet, in all our membership, it devolved upon myself, as Master of the Lodge, to furnish the designs which were wanting on the 'Trestle-Board.' Accordingly, for the first time in life, I essayed to put some thoughts in rhyme. I send you cards containing our Odes.

* * * * *

The back numbers of the Kentucky Freemason have been received and read with much interest, and allow me to say, it approximates more nearly my *beau-ideal* of a Masonic Journal, than anything I have seen."

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

We have carefully scanned the card of Odes. We think well of them. We shall publish them in our next number. We shall publish them in a card, with an original funeral dirge, which we will furnish to Lodges at \$4 00 per hundred copies. Bro. Fitch, though not a poet by pretension or profession, has much of the poetic genius. His noble addresses at the late session of the Grand Lodge—not only are full of noble thoughts, but they were expressed in the very fulness of poetry.

How highly we prize his compliment to the value of our Journal may be gathered from the estimate we set on his personal worth as a man of genius, and a Mason.

It is a singular fact that no President of the United States, up to the present time, has had a child born in the White House.—*Ex.*

It isn't so very singular considering the age of the Presidents.

Religious liberty is the right of each one to persecute in his turn.—*Diderot.*

ROMAN VERSUS PROTESTANT CHARITY.

Bayard Taylor advises persons going to Rome to select a beggar and give him a stated weekly allowance. He will soon come to expect it only on the regular day; and, moreover, he will privately manage that you are not importuned by his brethren—at least in his quarter of the city. In my case, this worked very satisfactorily. My beggar greeted me with a bow and smile for six days, held out his hat on the seventh, and allowed no one in the neighborhood to make a claim upon me.

It is claimed that the Roman Catholic Church enjoys the distinguished character of being the most benevolent organization of the religious world. This we deny. We claim, that in Catholic countries there is less care taken of the poor than in Protestant: that, if the Romish Church largely displays its charities in Protestant lands, it is because the genius of Protestant Christianity compels it.

The charities of Romanism are more objective than those of Protestantism. Roman Catholic sisters, and brothers go about their errands of mercy in uniform,—the Sisters and Brothers of Charity and Mercy of the Protestant Church go about their missions of love without parade. The benevolence of the Roman Catholic Church acts through organization, and its entire sympathy and charity manifests itself the good deeds of orders. Its benefactors are salaried—they are the hired almoners of a poor-rate levied by ecclesiastical power. The charities of Protestantism are distributed. Each Protestant Christian is a Brother or Sister of Charity. If what all do were collected and dispensed through the medium of Orders, and with uniformed almoners, the aggregated display would be much grander than that which Romanism parades. The Roman Catholic Church is opposed to all benevolent Orders, organized outside its pale. Protestantism encourages every institution which proposes to benefit mankind, and recognizes it as a hand maid of the Church. Protestants compose the membership of Masonic Odd-Fellow, Good-Templar, etc., organizations. The charities of those Orders are never known to the public.

Protestantism, like all the great forces of nature, works silently. Romanism marches to its conquests with the peal of trumpets and the roll of drums. In all Roman Catholic countries our Order flourishes least. In all ultra-Roman countries it is prohibited by law. The Pope issues his Bull against it. With the Papacy all charity is to be performed through Church Orders, and salaried Almoners.

Archbishop Purcell—carried a miniature ship to Rome—and at the late œumenical council presented it with its precious cargo of Gold (\$100,000) to his Papal Majesty. This sum was collected by priestly prerogative from the poor Roman Catholics of Cincinnati. Was this magnificent sum from a Western City, where thousands welter in the sloughs of poverty, dispensed at the gates of St. Peter to the multitudes by Italian Lazzaroni who beset every American tourist with their eager demands for alms?

Look at Roman Catholic countries and contrast them with Protestant, and then ask yourself the question, why the difference between them?

Compare Spain—the land of Oranges and Olives with sterile Scotland. Compare South America, under the fruitful sun of the tropics, with the

United States, throbbing with life, from the gulf of Mexico to the Canadian border. Compare, in Ireland, Protestant Ulster, to a Catholic county; or in Switzerland a Protestant with a Catholic canton. Romanism creates poverty and then attempts its relief: Protestantism prevents poverty, and when it occurs, recognizes it as coming in the Providence of God, and seeks its amelioration. He would not be regarded as a benefactor who would spread the small-pox, and then under the guise of Charity come in with a prophylactic to arrest its spread—especially if he had it for sale.

Now we say, go into any country where climate, race, language and government are the same, and that country is divided into Protestant and Catholic populations, and as you go from a Protestant to a Romish population you pass as from the gloom of Mediæval ages, to the Zenith of the 19th Century.

The Albigenses, and Waldenses, and Huguenots, under the most oppressive, and relentless tyrannies were grand, firm, and glorious. They illuminate the pages of History. They were Protestants.

It is time we were done, in this country with laudations in the Roman Catholic Church, for its charities. While we indulge in such extravaganzas, we are but composing our own funeral march. Who can forget the Inquisition, the *auto da fe*, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the fires of Smithfield? Romanism.—she is Babylon—mother of Harlots—drunk with the blood of the Saints.

It would take a millennium of benevolence to enable her to blot out her history of cruelty. She nurses a few sick and wounded soldiers, a few invalids in hospitals where the patients pay for board, and displays herself in epidemics in hoods and cossacks, and thinks by this, she will effect her proselyting purposes. The eyes of American Protestants are keen, and their hand will, sooner or later, strip off the domino, with which the Woman in Scarlet is engaging in the masquerade of the country and the age.

THE DIGNITY OF THE EDITOR.

In the press convention lately held at Frankfort, the following resolution was presented by Mr. Ranck, of the Observer, and adopted:

WHEREAS, There is a disposition plainly manifested by a portion of the American Press to disregard and ignore the wholesome restrictions that form the true safeguard of legitimate and elevated journalism; therefore be it,

Resolved by the Kentucky Press Association, That, while we fully realize the paramount importance of sustaining a free and independent press, we do most earnestly protest against the exercise of that deplorable spirit which mistakes license and licentiousness for liberty, and which is calculated not only to degrade the Press and destroy its influence for good, but also to make it an enemy of public virtue and morality.

The resolution recognizes the profession of an Editor according to its real dignity, as the guardian and conservator of the public weal. Certainly no men are so largely responsible for popular taste, and morals as Editors. Thousands read newspapers who never peruse books. Recognizing this fact, correlated to individual responsibility, every Editor should feel himself pledged to elevate the morals and habits of the people, and sustain the peace and order of society.

We hail a Press Association, commencing its career under the auspices of Mr. Ranck's noble resolution, as the beginning of a purer era of

Journalism. In mutual council, the editors of the State will gather knowledge, system, and confidence, and as one power strike for public instruction and morals. They will learn to support each other, as a Grecian Phalanx, against the inroads of popular licentiousness and vernal corruption. They will gain courage to resist all attempts at intimidating, or suborning the press. Such characters as Fisk with all their money will slink away from its terrible rebukes, and crime in high places, be as chary of its exposures as crime in low places is indifferent.

It is a common practice, in the political press, to secure the publication of an advertisement as an editorial notice, by paying a subsidy, regarded as a compensation for the service. The ignorant will suppose this "puff" to be a volunteer tribute to the worth of the thing spoken of, and regarding the Editor as an honest man will rush headlong into the snare. Can any high-minded Editor defend such a course? Do any, having never premeditated its corrupt results, ever practice it? Such an Editor deceives. He wears a domino while he writes. The advertiser procures business under false pretenses. The Editor is bribed. He sells an opinion, which secretly he does not cherish. He degrades, by every such notice, the dignity of the Editor's profession.

Recently we saw a city paper, one page covered with a story, and at the end a notice that the balance could be found in the New York Ledger. Now this was a mean strategy, intended to excite the curiosity, and by this means force the sale of a paper, whose publisher had paid for the introduction of the tale, in the fragmentary form in which it appeared, as an advertisement.

Now people do not take newspapers to be deceived in that way, and every such effort to promote the material interests of a publication, lowers the dignity of the editorial profession. The people expect to find advertisements in papers, but they do not expect the Editor to lay snares for catching their attention, demanding such an outlay of time, with disappointment as a denouement, as in the instance to which we refer above.

The great parade made in the publication of police reports, scandalous occurrences and trials, escapades, etc., is deleterious to public morals, and degrading to Editors who lend their columns to such demoralizing sensational reports as "locals" love to work up. We have an instance of the tragical effects of such journalism, in the recent unhappy death of Pollard. The flagellation of Editors, of which we occasionally hear, comes of this pragmatic spirit—this trifling with the sacredness of domestic life.

In the same class of degrading influences contributing to lowering the public estimate of the Editorial profession, is the publication of vulgar jests upon Ministers of the Gospel, all witticisms upon God's Holy Word, and all light, irreverent, obscene or profane expressions with regard to sacred things. Says a distinguished authority, "wit and humor should never be tolerated, when they invade the sense of modesty, or the sanctity of religion."

We have known, by the publication of some ridiculous anecdote, connected with some text of the Holy scriptures, or some hymn of the Church an incalculable injury done. The ludicrous effect excited in the popular mind, educated by the public press, when the passage or hymn was recited, amounted, practically, to its estoppel forever afterwards.

We trust that Editors everywhere will ponder the full meaning of the resolution, unanimously passed at the Convention of Kentucky Editors, and that as a net result, we may see hereafter an improvement in public journalism.

THE BABY.

Everybody has been a baby, including Humphrey Marshall and the Siamese twins. It may be painful to think of, considering to what they have grown, but nevertheless it is a fact, though, possibly, it is unnecessary to state it. Adam and Eve were never babies, which fact illustrates a principle, namely, "every general rule has its exceptions." Adam was "dirt cheap" and Eve was a spare rib. If our first parents had been babies and trained up in the way they should go, perhaps they never would have been as bad as they became, and every baby after them would have been born in an Eden. We don't see well how the world could do without babies. The truth is, it would break Mrs. Winslow, and seriously injure Mr. Goodrich's Rubber Company.

Abolish the nursery, and doll, hobby-horse, and confection manufacturers would have to shut up shop. Even Catnip would have no business growing. Santa Claus would become a myth, and Christmas even would be nothing were it not for that wondrous natal day of the Babe of Bethlehem.

It is very hard for us, great grown up children as we are, to realize that we were once babies dandled on the knee, chuckled under the chin, and rocked in the cradle until the milk within was churned into marketable butter. But, it is a fact which no sensible man will dispute, though he may not like to think about it. Yes sir, that grand strut of yours began in a few toddles behind a chair; that magnificent set of incisors and molars came after a deal of gumming; that rich vocabulary with which you now delight your fellows was reduced to a double monosyllable—*Ta-ta*. Truly,

"Honor and shame from no condition rise."

Yes, sir, you had to be washed, nursed on sugar-teat, spanked, and be put to bed, and you had just as well acknowledge it, for we can prove it by your mother.

They tell us that there recently occurred a baby-show in Georgetown. We have not heard how it turned out, but we venture to say, that every mother there thought her own infant the most beautiful and promising that ever was born, and though it may have failed of the premium, that it wears the blue-ribbon in her heart. Ugly as you are, reader, your mother would have taken you to a baby show, and come away quarreling about the injustice of the Judges, because they did not decide you to be the prettiest little pop-se-woss-sy yes! yes! nin-com-poop-adeoodle-darling that ever was seen. You would have blushed if you had known how your mother used to talk about you. Your smile was once sweeter to her than sunlight, your voice more musical than the chimes of silver bells, and the stammering words you said in broken accents grander eloquence than ever thrilled a Senate. The deeds you did were the exploits of a hero—the commonest things you spoke the wisdom of a sage. The neighbors used to get tired hearing of your wonderful acts and speeches. They never did think you any great shakes, and don't wonder now, that you are no bigger man than you are, but your mother is very much astonished that you are not President of the United States, or of a turn-pike company, and is inwardly anathematizing mankind for their ingratitude to her baby. Poor fellow—you know not what dreams of delight you have dissipated. You were a greater man, (in embryo) when you wore bib aprons, and flowing dresses, than you have ever grown to

be in pantaloons. The best thing we can recommend you to do, is not to despise babies, for out of the cradle come the men who mount the thrones, and the very babe you frown upon may be the coming King that shall rule you, when you have become a child again.

Alas, too, out of the cradles go much of the wealth of Heaven. The nursery is the favorite reaping place of the Angels. Babies! Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven.

Apropos to the above, we have never seen anything in baby literature, more heart-full of sentiment than the following tit-bit of poetic prayer:

• Another little pirate
Mustered in
The army of temptation
And of sin.

Another soldier arming
For the strife,
To fight the toilsome battles
Of a life.

Another little sentry,
Who shall stand
On guard while the evils prowl
On every hand.

Lord, our little darling
Guide and save,
'Mid the perils of the march
To the grave.

We visited Bunker Hill monument last Summer.

Inside the great Granite Shaft stands a beautiful Monument of Marble, erected by King Solomon's Lodge of Charlestown, to the memory of M. W. Bro. Warren, who fell in the Battle of Breed's Hill. It bears the following inscription:

"Erected A. D. 1794, by King Solomon's Lodge of Freemasons, constituted at Charlestown, 1783,

IN MEMORY OF
MAJOR GENERAL WARREN,
AND HIS ASSOCIATES,

Who were slain on this memorable spot,
June 17, 1775.

None but they who set a just value upon the blessings of Liberty are worthy to enjoy her,
In vain we toiled, in vain we fought; we bled in vain, if you, our offspring, want valor to repel the assaults of her invaders.
Charlestown settled, 1628; burnt, 1775; rebuilt, 1776. The enclosed land was given by Hon. James Russell."

Morrison Heady of Elk Creek, Kentucky, has lately written a poem, entitled "The Apocalypse of the Seasons," which has attracted a great deal of attention. It is a poem of the first order. Nothing but its great length prevents us from republishing it in the Freeman.

The poem was originally published in the Baltimore Methodist. We hope the gifted author will favor us with some effusions from his pen. His mind has truly climbed Parnassus, and sits at the feet of the Muses.

A man in New York was one day really (?) hung. The cap, which was to be drawn down over his eyes was saturated with Chloroform. He inhaled, and passed to eternity without a pain!

The next step, in modern civilization, we expect to be flagellation in the schools and nursery, administered under the influence of Chloroform. Won't it be a millennium, when punishments are painless?

It will be very nice when we cry under the influence of Laughing Gas."

He that would have a wife without a fault must remain a bachelor.

TRUE INDEED.—He who would make a name in life must have an aim in life.

The most effective eye-water—woman's tears.

THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

The Pope (who recently published his Bull against Freemasonry) has received a decided snub from the Patriarch of the Greek Church on the subject of his General Council at Rome. The Vicar of the Papal internuncio, accompanied by three Italian Ecclesiastics, called upon the Patriarch to present the Encyclical letter superbly bound. The Patriarch received them politely, but ordered the letter to be laid on the sofa. He then proceeded to debate the question. Much of the controversy related to the technical questions between the Latin and Greek Churches. We present our readers with an extract; which can but possess an interest to all Protestants, and a grim aspect to all Papal Catholics. The Patriarch is speaking; Dom. Testa, who replies to him, is the Vicar above referred to.

"Nor do we think that a good understanding can grow out of any *Synodical discussion* in the absence of anything like a *common ground of principles*. We are, moreover, of opinion that the calmest solution of such questions, and that which promises the best result, would be a *resort to History*. Inasmuch then as we know that there *did exist*, ten centuries ago, a Church holding the *same doctrines*, both in the East and the West, in old and new Rome, let us each refer to these and see *which of the two* have added or taken away anything; and let that which has been added (if any such there be,) be cut off, and that which has been taken away (if any such there be,) be restored—and then we shall all, imperceptibly as it were, find ourselves at the *same point of Catholic Orthodoxy*, from which *Rome* of past ages having departed, seems *now* to delight in ever widening the gap, by new dogmas and decrees a variance with sacred tradition."

"Dom. Testa.—What are those principles which Your Holiness considers as at variance with your own?"

"The Patriarch.—Without speaking of each separately, we say that as long as the Church of Our Saviour exists on earth, we can never admit that there is any other *Ruler or Head* of the Universal Church of Christ than the *Lord Jesus Himself*; or that there is any Patriarch, infallible and without sin, speaking with authority and calling himself superior to Ecumenical Councils, in which alone, when they are based on Scripture and apostolic traditions there can be any thing like infallibility on earth; or that the apostles of our Lord were unequal in rank which is an insult to the Holy Ghost, who enlightened them all equally; or that this or that Patriarch or Pope has pre-eminence by Divine right, as you assert, and not by mere synodical or human appointment."

The Papal Ecclesiastics declared that no change was proposed or meditated in their articles of belief and practice, whereupon, after some further talk, the Patriarch ordered the letter of the Pope to be returned to his representatives and dismissed the delegation.

Archdeacon Paley, in one of his familiar discourses touching upon husbands and fathers, in the way of cambrics and satins, says:—"I never let my woman (he speaks of Mrs. Archdeacon Paley and the Misses Paley) when they shop, take credit. I always make them pay ready money, sir; ready money is a check upon the imagination."

A natural slave—The surf of the sea.

Of the human race about 1,250,000 are Masons.

Freemasonry is at last permitted in Austria.

Threatening attitudes that never excite journalistic ire: raising clubs for newspapers.

A man who got drunk at an election, said it was owing to his efforts to put down "party spirit."

Have courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

MONTHLY COMPEUND OF STATE NEWS.

The Paris Kentucky Citizen—the oldest paper in the State—has completed its 61st volume.

A mammoth establishment to manufacture printed cloths is to be established at Paducah.

The Harrison Democrat favors Frankfort as the seat of Government.

A bill is pending in Congress for a U. S. District Court embracing Eastern Kentucky.

Bowlinggreen is to have water-works soon.

Louisville is to have an evening paper called the "Commercial." Radical in politics.

The City Council of Louisville gave the poor of that City 16000 bushels of Coal on Christmas day.

Three of the finest farms in the Kentucky Blue Grass region have been purchased by Ohioans. The "Model Farm" of the late Thos. Smarr, near Georgetown, containing 500 acres, sold at \$120 per acre to John Kilgour, of Cincinnati. John L. Hickman's farm of 350 acres near Paris, was purchased by L. Andrews, of Cincinnati, at \$137 per acre, but, since his suicide, has been occupied by Hon. A. C. Myers, formerly a member of Congress of Pennsylvania. "Castleton," the country seat of the late Richard Higging, near Lexington, containing 552 acres, was sold to Mr. Inskip, of Xenia, Ohio, for \$111 per acre.

Frankfort has a new Steam Fire Engine which cost \$4,500.

Frankfort on the 3d voted for \$25,000 in bonds—to complete the City Public School building.

Mercer county, has voted \$300,000 to the Louisville, Harrodsburg and Virginia Railroad.

The Northern Bank of Kentucky declared a Semi-Annual dividend of five per cent on January 4th.

The Deposit Bank, Frankfort, (Philip Swigert, President) which has been in operation but six months, has declared a dividend of four per cent.

"The Kentucky Journal of Education," is the title of a new publication being issued from the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction. The first number, in neat pamphlet form, has been laid upon our table. Its contents are:

The Normal method of teaching Grammar; Richard Menifee of Kentucky; School Books; Why our school-boys are not our Most Successful Men; Popular Education as a Question of Statesmanship; Anagrams: Editors Department; Miscellaneous; Educational Intelligence; Notes of Books and Periodicals.

The first article is by Mrs. Neppie Roberts of Cattlettsburg, whom we do not hesitate to pronounce one of the very best teachers of the State; the second paper is by the Rev. Dr. W. W. Hill an eminent divine and educator; the third paper is by Prof. C. B. Seymour—than whom no one is better fitted to discourse on the philosophy of education; the remaining portion is editorial, and worthy of the Hon. Z. F. Smith our Supt. of Public Instruction. Terms \$2, in advance.

Paducah is to have a Steam Fire Engine to cost \$8,000.

In the Legislature, Mr. White, of Louisville, thus referred to the present condition of the State Penitentiary: "Our penitentiary is greatly crowded with convicts, and its condition calls loudly for reform. It seems expedient to me that very material changes be effected. I have investigated the subject as required, and having examined the reports of other States in regard to the hiring of

convict labor, I am satisfied that this is our best and truest policy. The separation of convicts is of great importance; their morals are improved in the separation of hardened criminals from youths and mere boys, many of whom are sent there for very small offenses. I design introducing a bill establishing a State board, comprised of gentlemen who will be competent to recommend such legislation as may be necessary in regard to that system. I have become greatly interested in this matter, and am satisfied that the two houses should at once proceed to this investigation. We have rapidly filled our penitentiary with negroes, most of whom are sent for small and trifling offenses. There are many more negroes there than whites. By a change of our criminal and vagrant laws our penitentiary can be greatly relieved."

It is proper for us to remark that whatever defect exists, is in the system, and not in its management under the system. Capt. H. I. Todd the Superintendent is a humane keeper, and conducts the establishment with so much humanity, that many of the deficiencies of our prison discipline are measurably rectified by it.

Judge Goodloe has gone to Washington to endeavor to collect a claim of \$30,000 held against the United States by the Kentucky University at Lexington. It was incurred by the burning, during the war, of the Medical Hall, while occupied for government purposes.

A new paper to be called "The Apostolic Times" is to be published at Lexington under the auspices of the Christian denomination.

In the recent election in Mercer county, the Shakers voted en-masse for the railroad tax. The first vote they have cast for sixty years.

A man named Jefferson Martin had his leg broken while out Coon hunting, on Sunday week, in Harrison county.

The Lexington library has 7,738 volumes and is in a flourishing condition.

The Bowlinggreen Democrat is soon to be issued as a daily.

The third Anniversary Meeting of the Boyle County Medical Society was held in Danville last week.

The Masons of Perryville gave a handsome entertainment on the night of the 28th ult., for the benefit of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home at Louisville, Ky.

Daniel Doram, an old and well known colored citizen of Danville, died on the 30th ult.

A large and handsome church edifice is just completed by the Presbyterians at Danville.

The tunnel under the Chicago river has been completed.

PERSONALS.

Gen. Tom Thumb and wife are exhibiting themselves in the South. They are engaged in a little business.

Jno. L. Shawhan the great Harrison county, Kentucky, distiller is dead.

In the Ohio Legislature one Mr. Scott of Hamilton, offered a resolution to submit to a vote of the people the question of woman's suffrage.

Great Scott!

Prof. Carl Neuman, of Munich, has discovered from the Chinese year books that a company of Buddhist priests entered the continent via Alaska a thousand years before Columbus.

The Ex-Queen of Spain has purchased a magnificent residence in Paris.

Mr. Paul R. Shipman, late principal editor of the Louisville Journal, lately married a Miss Davidson, of Beverly, New Jersey.

Gen. Kirby Smith gave a Christmas Soiree at New Castle. The belle of the occasion was a daughter of Gen. Wm. Preston.

Patti has been lately troubled with hoarseness that rendered her upper notes inaudible.

Senator Sprague of Rhode Island has purchased 5000 acres of land in Florida, whereon he intends cultivating Ramie.

Gen'l. Green Clay Smith has purchased a farm in Scott county, Kentucky, where he will reside.

Wendell Phillips wanted to become a Chemist, but his mother interfered. He would have made a good precipitator.

A young man was fined five dollars for winking at ladies in the street. Served him right—ladies are not to be winked at.

The Siamese twins are divided on the question of their division.

Isabella has written an autobiography.

The father of Baron Bunsen, a shrewd and humble-born German, sent his son out into the wide world with this advice as to expenditure: "In clothing live up to your means, in food below your means, and in dwelling above your means."

Charles W. Woolley has been admitted to practice in the United States Circuit and District Courts.

Garibaldi declines a commission in the Greek Service.

Ex-Governor Charles S. Morehead, of Kentucky who was residing on his plantation in Washington county, Mississippi, when he died. His cotton gin caught fire, and when told of it, he rushed out of the house, and from disease of the heart or other sudden cause, fell dead. He was sixty-six years old, and leaves a wife and three children.

Rev. Thomas L. Arnold of this city succeeds Dr. Hopson at the Christian Church Richmond, Va. Salary \$3000. The latter has charge in Louisville.

Bishop Smith—primate of the Episcopal Church in the United States lives in Frankfort, is in good health, and "labors abundant."

A Parisian bride was unable to get married recently, without \$16,000 worth of handkerchiefs.

She must have had a bad cold.

Robt. W. Scott, Esq., of Franklin county has contributed to the Museum at Ashland a white Swan of the South. Col. James C. Stone of Leavenworth, Kansas, sent a Buffalo. Messrs. Buckner, Short and Co., of Paris Kentucky, sent a specimen of the horned owl.

A daughter of Hon. Thos. H. Benton, and sister of Mrs. John C. Fremont, is engaged as a teacher in one of the Public Schools of San Francisco.

The Rev. Mr. Gallaher of Louisville has accepted a call to Trinity (Episcopal) Church, New Orleans.

Reuben Pattison was killed in Memphis during the Christmas Holiday by the stick of a sky rocket.

Vanderbilt made five millions by his late New York Central stroke.

Freebooter.

THE HOME OF TASTE.—The home of taste is not necessarily the result of lavish expenditure—the most humble may command it. If the poor man can not have his picture-gallery, he can still gratify his love of art by embellishing his walls with copies of the works of great masters brought within his reach by the master of plying skill of the copyist and the engraver. If he can not have a library paneled with palm branches, and containing a collection of Aldines on vellum, and Caxtons worth hundreds of dollars, he can still command elegant editions of the greatest historians, philosophers, and poets, to whom God gave the gift of expression. In a home of taste it does not require a fortune to set up a vase of flowers, or an aquarium, or a stand of bees that shall sing to their master all day long, and entrap every spare moment of leisure he may be able to afford to shepherd them.

The spirit in man is most noble, which rather prefers bearing the ills of life, than by fleeing to avoid them.

A GOOD WOMAN NEVER GROWS OLD.—Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is cheerful as when the spring of life opened in her view. When we look at a good woman we never think of her age. She looks charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet—it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in her acts of kindness and mercy? We repeat such a woman can never grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirit, and active in humble deeds, of benevolence.

Blessed be sleep. Then we are all young. Then we are all happy. Then the flowers bloom, though at that moment the snow may be beating against our window. Then our dead are all living. Then houses are built and furnished, and above all, the bills are paid. Then editors have full subscription lists, clergymen big salaries, and scribblers plenty of ideas. Then ladies have something to wear, although they may not have it on. Then Sammy has his coveted skates, and Susy her big doll, and Frank his sled, and Fanny her lover, and Grandpa no rheumatism, and Grandma has not lost her spectacles. Blessed be sleep.

It matters nothing what the particular duties are to which the individual is called—how minute or obscure in their outward form. Greatness in God's sight lies not in the extent of the sphere which is filled, nor the effect which is produced, but altogether in the power of virtue in the soul, in the energy with which God's will is chosen, with which trial is borne and goodness and loves pursued.

The more we do the more we can do; the more busy we are the more leisure we have, and it is an old maxim, "He hath no leisure who useth it not."

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

Little things sometimes produce great results. A drop of water, a little frosted, will explode the

mammoth rock in twain, a match will fire a whole city and a little busy body gossip of a woman with a little tongue and no brains will set a whole neighborhood by the ears.

He that would not when he might, he shall not when he would.

Ignorance and deceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.

If there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express.

How independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home.

No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady, is when she has in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, in her behaviour modesty, and her life virtues.

A hidden light soon becomes dim, and if it be entirely covered up, will expire for want of air. So it is with hidden religion. It must go out. There cannot be a Christian whose light in some aspects does not shine.

Sensibility would be a good portress, if she had but one hand; with her right she opens the door to pleasure, but with her left to pain.

Nature teaches us to prize our lives above the world; and grace teaches us to prize our souls above our lives.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to that it teaches.

Write your name in kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of those you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten.

There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh! the grave! the grave! it buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment.

The beam of the benevolent eye giveth value to the bounty which the hand dispenses.

Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges. We let our blessings get mouldy, and then call them curses.

Whatever God has intended you for, you may safely trust him to bring you to; he may lead you round, but he will guide you right: see the history of Joseph.

He who can plant courage in a human soul is the best physician.

The Stars. The Alphabet of Omnipotence. The Flowers. The language of Angels. The Birds. The singers of God's own music.

Poverty many excuse a shabby coat, but it is no excuse for shabby morals.

If one should take the trouble to wish evil to all his enemies, he would not leave himself time to love any one.

Happiness is evident to us in this life by deliverance from evil. Happy is he who sees the day! said a blind man; but a man who sees clearly does not say so. Happy is he who is healthy! said an invalid; when he is well he does not feel the happiness of health.

No person can be so feeble or so poor that he has not a duty to perform; which being performed, makes him one with the highest and greatest.

Pleasure is seldom found where it is sought. Our highest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks.

"Better to be alone than in bad company." True; but, unfortunately, many persons are never in so bad company as when they are alone.

The way to produce a smile on the face of nature is to plant it with seeds of flowers. Tickle nature in that way and she will laugh with blossoms.

EVIL SPEAKING.—To speak ill upon knowledge, shows a want of charity. To speak ill upon suspicion, shows a want of honesty. To know evil of others, and not speak it, is sometimes discretion; to speak evil of others, and not know it, is always dishonesty. He may be evil himself who speaks good of others upon knowledge; but he can never be good himself who speaks evil of others upon suspicion.

Some employments may be better than others: but there is no employment so bad as the having none at all. The mind will contract a rust and an unfitness for everything, and a man must either fill up his time with good, or at least innocent business, or it will run to the worst sort of waste—to sin and vice.

To pronounce a man happy merely because he is rich, is just as absurd as to call a man healthy because he has enough to eat.

There is no doubt but *prayer* is needful daily, ever profitable, and at all times commendable. If it be for ourselves alone, 'tis necessary, and 'tis charitable when for others. Prayer should be the key of the day and the lock of the night. At night it is our covering; in the morning it is our armor; so at all times it defends us from the malice of Satan, our own insubordinations and betrayings, the unequal weather the world assaults us with, and preserves us in the favor and esteem of heaven.

'Tis a general fault, that the most common and frequent, the most obvious and conspicuous favors of God, the constant rising of the sun upon us, the descent of fruitful showers, the recurrence of temperate seasons, the continuance of our life, the enjoyment of health, the providential dispensations of wealth, the competent means of livelihood the daily protection from incident dangers, the helps of improving knowledge, obtaining virtue, becoming happy, and such like excellent benefits, we commonly little mind our regard, and consequently seldom return due thanks for them.

God always give us light enough for the next step.

The clock of the world is marked by the rising and setting sun, but in Heaven the measure of its day is eternity.

His banner will be most victorious which is inscribed with "Holiness unto the Lord."

Like the ink which the sun makes indelible, so also do our habits become fixed with each day's returning light.

We look on a good man's sleep, and there is nothing so beautiful. It is Luther who has worn out his powers in some great fight for God; it is Washington half deserted by his country when bearing its burdens, and now, forgetting all, he has fallen back into God's arms, to forget also himself. There he lies unerring, and receiving back from God's gentle fomentations, the powers that shall furnish another great to-morrow.

Across the night of Paganism philosophy flitted on, like the lantern-fly of the tropics, a light to itself, but, alas! no more than an ornament to the surrounding gloom.

THE LITTLE ONES.—Do you ever think how much work a little child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset, its dear little feet patter round—to us—so aimlessly. Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place but never still. Twisting and turning rolling and reaching and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for their future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well understand the deep breathing of the rosy little sleeper, as, with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. A busy creature is a little child.

Will the editor of the astronomical department of the Columbus Journal inform us whether or not in his opinion, the Dog Star is a Skye Terrier? If not, why not.—*Sandusky Register*.

The Skye Terrier is so called because he can go to the top of Ararat at one jump. Professor Snoggle (who stutters horribly) says the Dog Star is not a star at all, but a p-p-pup planet. The discoverer of the Dog Star was of the opinion that it was a Newfoundland, although a ridiculous story in Henry Ward Beecher's Star Papers attributes the name "Dog Star" to an expression made use of by the philosopher when he discovered it: "I'll be dog goned"—*Columbus Journal*.

We pronounce the Editor of the Sandusky Register a Star Dog. Henceforth, he will find it equally as profitable "to buy the moon," as the Columbus Journal.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—Ten thousand human beings set forth together on their journey. After ten years, one-third, at least, have disappeared. At the middle point of common measure of life, but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster as the ranks grow thinner, they that remain till now, become weary, and lie down and rise no more. At three-score and ten, a band of some four hundred yet struggle on. At ninety, those have been reduced to a handful of thirty trembling patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One lingers, perhaps, a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again and the work of death is finished.—*Bishop Burgess*.

The Grand Lodge of Georgia is said to have in their possession the Bible used by Robert Burns when he was Master of a Lodge.

Be not all sugar, or the world will swallow thee up; nor all worm-wood, or it will spit thee out.

Wit and Humor.

A man in Holyoke, Massachusetts, who owned a fine fat hog was unfortunately indebted to another man five dollars. The creditor bought a two dollar pig, presented it to the debtor, and then lawfully attached the grown up hog, realizing thirteen dollars by his sharp practice.

Josh Billings says; "Most people decline to learn only by their own experience, and I guess they are more than half right, for I don't suppose a man could get a correct idea of molasses candy by merely letting another feller taste it for him."

What length "had" a lady's crinoline, "ought to be? A little above two feet.

Mrs. Partington says that Ike, having become enameled of a syren in Boston has led her to the menial halter. He didn't appear the least decomposed. On the back of his wedding cards were little cubits with wings.

A melancholy reflection—the top of a bald head in a looking-glass.—*Judy*.

A physician was called to a man in this town the other day, who on being asked if he hadn't taken something strange into his stomach, replied that he believed he had. "It must have been that glass of water. Haven't been so imprudent, doctor, for ten years."

A wagoner, passing a shop, was asked what he had in his wagon. He replied:

"Three-fourths a cross, and a circle complete, An upright where two semi-circles do meet, A rectangle triangle standing on feet; Two semi-circles and a circle complete."

Three-fourths of a cross is a T; a circle is an O; an upright where two semi-circles meet is a B; a triangle standing on feet is an A; two semi-circles are CC, and a circle is O. Tobacco is what was in the wagon.

When is a Penitentiary Chair like an Account? When you re-seat it.

"Is that marble?" inquired a gentleman, pointing to a statue of the Sage of Ashland, the other day in the Louisville Court House. "No Sir! that's Clay," promptly replied a newsboy.

A rural exchange, in a leader on the barrenness of the wifiter, says: "The garden is desolate, even the lilacs hold up their bare arm soberly to the frowning skies." Well, well, no matter how sober they are now, they will have a regular blow out next spring.

They don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old lady, as she observed a sunken, wrinkled face and livid complexion, in a glass she usually looked into.

A gentleman remarking in a tavern, that he had shot a hawk at ninety yards with No. 6 shot, another replied:

"Must have a good gun, but Uncle Dave here has one that beats it."

"Ah!" said the first, "how far will it kill a hawk with No. 6 shot?"

"I don't use shot or ball neither," answered Uncle Dave himself.

"Then what do you use, Uncle Dave?"

"I shoot salt altogether; I kill my game so far with my gun that the game would spoil before I could get to it."

It is an interesting sight to see a young lady with both hands in soft dough and a mosquito on the end of her nose.

A man being asked, as he lay sunning himself in the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied: "To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" said an amiable spouse to her husband. "Till he got a wife," was the calm reply.

The list of fortune—Capital-ists.

The *Indianapolis Mirror* gets off the following and still survives: "What is the difference between Judge Chapman, sitting on the bench, and a young fellow sitting up with his girl? One is for muzzling the press, while the other wants to press the mus.in."

Why are conceited people certain to be happy? Because they always so enjoy themselves.

SCHOOL-MA'AM—"Now, children, who loves all men?" *Children*—"You does, Missus!"

Josh Billings says, "justice is not generosity; justice is just sixteen ounces to the pound, and not half an ounce over."

"How many children have you?" asked a gentleman of one of his laborers, looking around in surprise upon the family. "Better than a dozen, sir." "I only make out eleven," said the gentleman. "Faith, an' isn't that better than a dozen, when one has to feed 'em!" exclaimed the honest fellow.

A wag had kept up a continual fire of witticisms at a social party, when a puritanical gentleman sharply observed, "If you keep on you will make every decent person leave the house." "That would be a sorry joke," was the dry reply; "you would certainly be very lonesome when left here alone."

GOOD FOR FORTY TUNES.—The *Shelby Indiana Courier* gives the following:

Organs in the churches have become very fashionable of late. In almost every church you go into you will find one of these instruments. A friend of ours, who lives in a neighboring village, related to us on yesterday an amusing incident which occurred in their church.

He said, to be in fashion, they must have an organ. The congregation could not afford to pay an organist, so they got a self-acting organ, a compact instrument, well suited to the purpose, and constructed to play forty tunes.

The sexton had instructions how to set it going and how to stop it; but unfortunately he forgot the latter part of his business; and, after singing the first four verses of a hymn before the sermon the organ could not be stopped, and continued playing two verses more; then, just as the clergyman completed the words "let us pray," the organ clicked and started another tune.

The sexton and others continued their exertions to find the spring, but no one could put a stop to it; so they got four of the stoutest men in the church to shoulder the perverse instrument, and they carried it down the aisle of the church, playing away, into the church yard, where it continued clicking and playing away until the forty tunes were finished.

SAYINGS OF PUBLIUS SYRUS, A ROMAN SLAVE, IN THE FIRST CENTURY.

No Prayer reaches the heart of an enemy.

However humble your enemy, it is wise to fear him.

To forget the wrongs you suffer, is to remedy them.

The madman thinks the rest of the world crazy.

Any one can hold the helm when the sea is calm.

Haste is a crime when the judgment is deliberating.

When the world hates you, see that it have no good reason therefor.

Gold is tried by fire, fortitude by affliction.

Love's anger is always hypocrisy.

To submit to necessity, involves no disgrace.

The people are strongest when the laws have most power.

I have so fixed my contemplation on Heaven that I have almost forgot the idea of its contrary, and am afraid rather to lose the joys of the one, than endure the sufferings of the other.—*Religio Medici*.

Mrs. NANCY BANTA died in Frankfort, Kentucky, December 10, 1868, at the residence of her son, Mr. H. G. Banta, after a lingering illness of Dropsy, aged 67 years. She united with the Church more than forty years ago, being moved by the preaching of that zealous, eloquent, pious, though eccentric man, Lorenzo Dow, and was received into Communion by the Rev. Gamiel Taylor. She was truly a daughter of Zion, loved the Church ardently, was faithful to her duties, beloved by the membership, and died in the faith. The day before her death she expressed her perfect peace of soul in prospect of death, and only wished for strength that she might be permitted to speak words of spiritual warning and counsel to her relatives and friends. Her husband was killed in 1836 by the explosion of the steamer Rob Roy. She was left a widow with seven young children, of which number four survive her—two sons and two daughters. Her life has been a gentle, cheerful one, and spent largely in the ministry of love. In her neighborhood, where she resided before disease made her an invalid, she was beloved on account of her remarkable cheerfulness, Christian geniality, and attention to the sick. After having suffered severely for several weeks, she at last died in a sweet sleep, without a struggle, and passed to the better land "as gently shuts the eye of day."

Hanging in Nevada is called "early rising."

The English War Department have thrown aside the Armstrong gun altogether, after expending untold millions and knighting the inventor. The thing is a failure. The British War Office has issued an order intimating its purpose to withdraw all the breech-loading rifled guns and substitute muzzle-loaders.

The population of Missouri has increased about fifty per cent. in four years.

The total bonded debt of Missouri is \$18,654,000.

Gov. Chamberlain, of Maine, was inaugurated on January 8.

The police force of New York City costs \$2,900,000 a year.

By direction of the Secretary of War, General Reynolds is relieved from duty as Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, for Texas, and General Canby is assigned to that duty.

The war between Chili and the Araucanian Indians attracted much attention at Valparaiso. Calipulli was besieged by 2,000 Indians, but the garrison finally repulsed them with considerable loss. The loss of the garrison was twenty-eight killed and wounded. The Indians threaten to make a strong resistance.

The State Editorial Convention of Indiana has become a permanent organization.

Bosom friends—Studs.

Sty-lish friends—Hogs.

A crimson mine—Carmine.

A lazy imbibation—fag-horns.

A disagreeable gust—Dis-gust.

Down in the mouth—The dentists.

A hare hunt—Indians on the war-path.

Why is a promising cricketer like flour and eggs? Because he's calculated to make a good batter.

Foul play—Serving you with an old hen when you call for spring chicken.

A revenue-cutter is a man who don't pay his income tax.

A handsome dress-pattern never arrests a woman's attention. She will always go buy it.

SKATING WITH A GIRL.

I've sounded each depth in the waters of pleasure,
And gone every round in their eddying whirl;
And I'll tell you the truth—there's nothing can measure
The fun of a winter's night skate with a girl.
Now onward we dash, o'er the icy track flying,
And banished forever are sorrow and pain.
A fall!—but no matter—there's nothing like trying,
So take her up gently and onward again.
Then give me the ice with a jolly goodskate,
With my own darling girl, and I'll whistle at fate.

OBITUARY RECORD.

OUR LOVED ONES WHO ARE AT REST.

Brother JOHN HAYDON, of Caldwell County, departed this life the 9th of November, 1868. As a Mason, a member of the Church, and a good citizen, he discharged all of his duties in such a manner as to commend himself to the whole community:

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T. A. HARROW, Superintendent.
CINCINNATI, Feb. 1, 1868. March 6, 1868-tf.

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JOHN T. SHIRLEY,
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After the Subordinate Lodge has examined them, and approved, with slight modifications, we can furnish them well printed and neatly bound for \$12 50 per hundred copies—sent by mail, we paying the postage.

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