



KENTUCKY FREEMASON

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"FRIENDSHIP, MORALITY, AND BROTHERLY LOVE."

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For the Kentucky Freemason.
THE DEATHLESS WORDS.

BY JANE T. H. CROSS.

"In an inquisitorial dungeon was found the skeleton of a man, and upon the wall these words were written: 'O Lord they may separate me from Thy church, but they cannot separate me from Thee!'"

The gloom of death breathed o'er the hall,
And night was blacker with its black;
The timid lights burned faint and slack,
And quivered in that moveless pall.

A worn and weary man before
His unrelenting judges stood;
And in the name of Christ's dear blood,
They tortured; and he dumbly bore.

He was in truth both young and fair,
Too fair, it seemed, too young to die,
Within his dark and earnest eye,
Was high resolve and wild despair.

Upon his head their wrath had burst,
The wrath portentous of the Church;
Immaculate, with rack they search
The wretch who stands accused, accurst.

The heretic, who dared to take
God's Word, and rest on that alone;
And they — these tender hearts of stone —
The dungeon give, and not the stake.

They downward bore through vault and vault,
Still down — this man of hapless birth;
When far beyond the voice of earth,
The voice of sympathy, they halt.

Then through an opening in the ground,
They lower him, at the judges' nod;
The Church is satisfied — and God?
It may be that he looked and frowned,

"O Christ! dost Thou forsake? I faint!
I die alone, beneath this ban;
I, but a worm! — I am no man!
A tortured worm, and not a saint!"

Anon, he bowed his head in prayer,
Serene, within that dreadful room;
It seemed another midst the gloom,
A shining form, was standing there.

He rose; with faith as brave as ever,
These words upon the wall he traced:
"I from Thy Church may be displaced,
But none my soul from Thee can sever!"

The man came forth again — ah never!
He in that dungeon died, forgot;
His words, which ages cannot rot,
Live on, to thrill the world forever!

HISTORY OF KENTUCKY MASONRY.

NUMBER XI.

The fifty-first Grand Communication, was held at Lexington, August 28 to 31, 1843. Grand Master Henry Wingate delivered the first regular address, ever delivered before the Grand Lodge. It inaugurated the appropriate custom which has since prevailed. The Grand Lodge undertook the establishment of a School for Orphans, which in the end proved an expensive failure.

During this year [June 24th,] the corner-stone of Trinity Church Covington was laid with Masonic ceremonies. The prospectus of the "Masonic Mirror," published at Maysville was presented. John M. McCalla delivered the Grand Oration.

The Fifty-second Grand Communication August 26 to 30, 1844. Dispensations had been granted to nine Lodges. Corner-stone of the Shelby County Court-House laid June 11, 1843, with Masonic rites, "Masonic Mirror" recognized as the Organ of the Grand Lodge. The retiring Grand Master, L. M. Cox received the thanks of the Grand Lodge. The Masonic Asylum and School was located at La Grange—Charters ordered Lodges 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139 and 105.

The Fifty-third Grand Communication, held August 25 to 29, 1845. Grand Master Bryan R. Young presiding. Dispensations had been granted to five Lodges. Oration by Charles G. Wintersmith at the Second Presbyterian Church. Bazil D. Crookshanks Editor of the Masonic Mirror had died.

The Fifty-fourth Grand Communication, held August 31, to September 4, 1846. Grand Master Wm. Holloway presided. Dispensations granted to organize eight new Lodges, one of which was attached to a Kentucky regiment in the Mexican war. Charters were ordered to Lodges 144 to 151 inclusive of numbers. The first detailed report of a Committee on Foreign Correspondence was made, A. G. Hodges being Chairman.

The Fifty-fifth Grand Communication held August 30, to September 2, 1847. Grand Master Wm. B. Allen presiding. Wm. D. Mitchell delivered the Annual Oration. Charters were or-

dered to Lodges 152 to 160. The "Masonic Mirror" changed to Covington, and published by W. C. Munger. One hundred and eight Lodges on the Rolls.

October 5,—The Grand Encampment of Kentucky was organized at Lexington. The following Encampments were represented by delegates, Louisville, Webb, Versailles, Frankfort, and Mt. Sterling. Wm. Brown was appointed Chairman; Phil. Swigert, Secretary. Henry Wingate was elected Grand Master, and P. Swigert Grand Recorder.

The Fifty-sixth Grand Communication held August 28, to September 1, 1848. Grand Master James H. Daviess in the East. W. S. Downey delivered the Grand Oration. This year the Grand Encampment met at Frankfort. The membership of four Encampments reported at 99 Sir Knights.

The Fifty-seventh Grand Communication held August 27, to 30, 1849. Grand Master Charles Tilden in the Chair. Dispensations to organize 12 Lodges had been granted. Charters were ordered Lodges 176 to 189 inclusive. This year an Encampment instituted at Hopkinsville.

In 1850 John D. McClure was Grand Master. In 1851 J. M. S. McCorkle was Grand Master, and delivered a very appropriate Address. He thought the trials of Masonry had purified it; that a higher tone of moral feeling pervades it, and its duties are better understood, and that it has become more magnificent in Architectural outline, than ever before. He had granted dispensations to 21 Lodges. On June 16th he had laid the corner-stone of the Masonic Temple in Louisville.

The Committee appointed at the last session to procure and forward a block to the Washington Monument, reported that they had selected a stone of the light variegated Marble from the Kentucky River. The Emblems placed upon it were the Book of Constitutions, guarded by the Tyler's Sword, in the Center, the Five Points of Fellowship on the right, and the Square and Compass on the left: under the whole in carved letters, "By the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, to the Memory of Washington, the Christian Mason." Charters ordered to Lodges 210 to 227 inclusive. W. M. O.

Smith delivered the Grand Oration. D. S. Goodloe was Grand Master this year of the Grand Encampment.

The Sixtieth Grand Communication held August 20, to September 3, 1852. Grand Master Charles G. Wintersmith opened with a noble address. He alludes to the death of Henry Clay, advising that such a tribute be paid to his memory as becomes his illustrious character, and our venerable Order. The Centennial Anniversary of George Washington's initiation into Masonry being nigh at hand, he suggested that the occasion should be celebrated with appropriate honors. Two hundred and fifty dollars were appropriated to aid the Clay Monumental Association. Fifty dollars were appropriated to aid in the erection of a monument over the grave of Daniel Boone at Frankfort. Strother D. Mitchell delivered the Annual Address.

In August the Grand Consistory of Kentucky, Ancient and Accepted Rite was established at Louisville.

Abraham Lodge, Louisville, celebrated its Semi-Centennial Anniversary by a Procession and an Address from Hon. Bro. C. G. Wintersmith.

BURNS, THE FREEMASON.

A writer in a Scotch paper gives an interesting account of a meeting with a real acquaintance of Burns, who spoke sensibly of his character and genius. He says: "I happened, in the presence of this old man, to be singing, in my own way, the 'Farewell to the Masons' Lodge, 'Tarbolton.' 'Haud your tongue, mon, and no spoil that sang,' quoth he. 'I heard it once sung to perfection, and canna think to hear onybody abuse it.' 'And where happened ye to hear it?' said I. 'I heard it,' said he, with emphasis, 'the first time it was sung in this kintry.' 'Ye couldna do that,' said I, 'for Burns himself sung it in Tarbolton, the first time it was sung in public.' 'Ay did he, mon, and I sat at his right hand,' quoth the old man. I made some inquiries about several things connected with the meetings, which inquiries he answered in the following manner: 'It was a great treat to see and hear Burns that night. There was a number o' us belonging to the Lodge who had been often meeting wi' him and making speeches, and we thought it a pity to see him gaun awa' without hearing us in such a shape as to be sensible o' our greatness. We met, and looked out subjects for our speeches, every one taking up his favorite theme. We met and rehearsed our pieces to our ain satisfaction. The night cam' when we were to have a farewell meeting o' the Lodge, in honor o' his gaun awa'. There were about ten o' us sat that night as if we had been at a burial. We were sae fu' o' our speeches, we durstna open our mouths, for fear some bit o' them would fa' out. I had repeated mine twice or thrice to mysel', and suppose the rest were doing the same thing. We had determined to astonish the bard for ance, so he might hae mind o' us when far frae us. He was late coming in that night—a thing uncommon wi' him. He came at last. I never in my life saw such an alteration in onybody. He looked bigger-like than usual, and wild-like. His een seemed stern, and h's cheeks fa'n in. He sat down in the chair, as Master. He looked round at us. I thought he looked through me, and I lost the grip o' the beginning o' my speech, and no' for the life o' me could I get it again that night. He apologized for being late. He had been getting a' things ready fer gaun abroad. He could get to us no sooner. He intended to have said something to us, but it had gone frae him. He had composed a song for the occasion, and would sing it. He looked round on us, and burst into a song, and such as I never heard before or since. If ever a sang was sung, it was that ane. O mon, when he came to the last verse, where he says—

"A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round—I ask it wi' a tear—
To him, the bard that's far awa'."

That last sight o' him will never leave my mind. He arose and burst into tears. They werena sham

anes. It was a queer sight to see mony men burst out like bubbly boys, and blubber in spite o' themselves. Soon after the song, he said he could stay no longer. Wishing us a' weel, he took his leave, as we thought, forever. We sat and looked at each other, fa' as we were wi' great speeches. Nane o' them cam' to the light that night. The greatness o' Burns was not understood by onybody; but there is a feeling remains I wouldna like to part wi'.

"I looked on this old man as a great man. I respected his state of mind, and excused him for not being pleased with my singing, although it was my attempt at it which brought out his great speech."

A FREE AND ACCEPTED MASON.

It is more, and requires more, to be truly a Free and Accepted Mason, sincerely honest and faithful to the profession, than most men think. There is much in this freedom. The man must have waged war with, and must have vanquished those vicious appetites, lusts, and passions, that so often control man, so that his soul shall reign supreme over his body, rendered obedient to all its decrees. He walks with his conscience in one hand, truth in the other, and his God before him. No mean thing, no impure thing, no trickery must soil his character. His mind must be so firmly fixed and grounded that he can stand in the smiles and sunshine of prosperity unelated; in the clouds and rugged paths of adversity, undepressed; on the bed of sickness he will be unrepining and resigned; so all that are commonly called the arrows of outrageous fortune shall fall powerless at his feet. One must be such a man to be a Freemason. To the wounded spirit he administers, by his counsel, the heavenly balm of healing; his wealth, if he has it, he scatters like the dew on the tender herb to refresh the poor and needy. To the reputation or good name of his neighbor he acts as a shield against the malicious efforts of detraction; he delights to add to human joy, to sympathize with human sorrow, to minister to human weakness and infirmity. Bowing his heart with humility and gratitude, Heaven accepts his devotion and service, and so he has peace with men, peace with God; every pulse of his heart vibrates in unison with ransomed souls, and

Sees he views both worlds, and here
Sees nothing but with hope, and nothing there to fear.

This harmony of life and frame of soul beams on his countenance and glistens in his eye, a strong reflection of God, and purity, and heaven. His faith removes the sting of death, so that when he goes down to that gate men have made so dark and cheerless by their doubt and sin, his serene spirit illumines it, and his experience teaches him that so God would always introduce men to more light, and that the silence brooding over him will soon be broken by the cheering words, "Come, thou blessed, enter into the joy of the Lord." One must be such a man to be an Accepted Mason.—*Flag of Our Union.*

REBOLD'S HISTORY, ETC.

"*Brennan's Quarterly*" reported dead. No such rancorous sheet, violating every principle of Freemasonry, should for a moment be sustained by the Fraternity."

The above is from *The Freemason*, New York. There are some other publications in the country, either wholly or partially devoted to Freemasonry, to which the commentary of our brother will apply with equal force and truth. Neither the reputation nor the interest of the Fraternity is to be advanced by blackguardism or infidelity; and the sooner our brethren arrive at this conclusion, the better it will be for themselves individually, and for the credit of the Order.

The publisher of the *Quarterly* here referred to, is the translator of Rebold's dangerous work, called a history of Freemasonry, of which an intelligent committee of the Grand Lodge of Illinois, to which it was referred for examination, says: "He (Rebold) uses the opportunity such a publication affords, to make an onslaught on every teaching which we, as Masons, hold most dear in connection with the Lodge, the Holy Writings, and the Divine Being we are taught to worship; purporting to issue from the pen of a high dignitary of a Masonic body, begins by snuffing out the first

great light of Masonry, and goes on to mock the Masonic idea of a God by treating it as myth, and teaches in effect, both openly and covertly, that God, to whom the Lodge is erected, is the creation of imagination and superstition—the first great light consequently a lie, and the belief in either as divine, a delusion and a snare."

We understand that this work is being hawked about the country by peddlers, but trust that our brethren will see the propriety of rejecting it as mischievous and worthless.—*S. M. Magazine.*

FRESH BUT TRUE VIEWS.

BY BRO. J. AUGUSTUS WILLIAMS, LL. D., OF KY.

Masonry speaks to her votaries in significant forms, in impressive ceremony, and in pleasing pantomime. With mute lips she explains imperishable truths by perishable things—the moral by the natural. She dramatizes her doctrines, and pictures forth her precious lessons. A rude stone picked from your quarries—a handful of earth gathered from your fields—a piece of metal or coal from your mines—a sheaf of wheat at harvest time—a lamb from the green pastures—the sun in the beauty of his rising, in the splendor of his noon and in the softer glory of his setting—the natural objects around us and the clouds and stars above us—the implements of art, the diagrams of science and the incidents of history or romance—all these are her words. With these she frames discourse, and her language is universal.

From the fadeless amaranth, the incorruptible aucubin, the ever green pine, living on amid the desolation of the year, we learn to conceive the deathless vigor and the fadeless beauty of the soul. From the buried seed and the flower upspringing in the vernal air, we comprehend the mystery of the grave and learn the meaning of the resurrection. The lilies that neither weave nor spin, the sparrows that neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns, the restless ant and the tireless bee, help us to lay hold on a wisdom more precious than all science.

We would here add, with emphasis, that in using things rather than words, as a means of investigating and communicating truth, we do not set aside or depreciate the Sacred Word as inadequate or unnecessary. We begin by making it the rule and guide of our faith and practice. It is our Great Light, and one of the first lessons that we learn in the Lodge is that all our symbols are dark and meaningless until the light of the Blessed Volume shines upon them. * * * *

WHAT IS FREEMASONRY.—"What is Freemasonry?" was asked of Lamartine. His reply was, "I see only in the secrets of the Lodges a veil of modesty thrown upon truth and charity to heighten their beauty in the eyes of God and man. But for this modesty you would not conceal from men the secrets which our actions reveal. You are, in my opinion, the great celebrities of the modern world. You cull from all time, all countries, all systems, all philosophies, the evident, eternal and immutable principles of universal morality, and you blend them into an infallible unanimously-accepted dogma of fraternity. You reject every thing that divides minds, and profess every thing that unites hearts. You are the manufacturers of concord. With your trowels you spread the cement of virtue about the foundations of society. Your symbols are but figures. If I am not mistaken in this interpretation of your dogmas, the curtain of your mysteries might be drawn without the fear of revealing anything but services rendered to humanity." What is Freemasonry? To the uninitiated we say come and see!—*Dumbarton Herald.*

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the old saints and apostles.

"Ah! he was a good, clever old soul, I know, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

Why are pretty girls like oatmeal cakes? Because they give the heartburn.

THE MORAL EFFECT OF BOOTS.

The influence of boots upon the mind is very different from that of any other garment. A man may have a shocking bad hat, but he forgets it; his coat may be threadbare, but his mind is not directed towards it; but we defy a man to stand upright in a pair of blouches with worn down heels, and we believe that it is just as difficult to feel morally upright in them. A sense of meanness possesses him; he feels that everybody is noticing them. He cannot look people straight in the face and feel upon the square with them. He feels the weakness of his foundation, and he mistrusts the character of the superstructure they support, however imposing in other respects. A man shabby in the boot sometimes flatters himself that he carries off attention from them by a splendid neck-tie; but this is a delusion and a snare. The boots are the key of the position, and we feel sure that no man ought to undertake any serious matter unless he stands up in a good sound pair of boots.

A celebrated physiologist has said that if human actions could be searched into, it would be found that the intestines of one man often influence the destinies of another. Doubtless this is a profound remark, but it applies to upper and nether soles as well as digestion. By way of argument, imagine the final charge of the Guards at Waterloo made in bad boots. It would have been all very well for the great Duke to have said, "Up, Guards, and at 'em," but could they have got at them? And if they had failed, and we had lost Waterloo, what next and next? But, badinage apart, no one will feel inclined, we suppose, to deny the influence of the mind upon the body, and vice versa. When boots are hopelessly gone, shame seems to have departed also. What terribly bad boots we see crossing sweepers following their profession. But these are put on sometimes to excite pity. We feel this, and the effect is lost upon us. But is there a more piteous sight than a poor beggar with a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other? A man brought to this point of degradation must be demoralized beyond the hope of recovery. With women the moral influence of bad boots is not so great as with men, for the reason that they contrive not to show them; but the physical influence is far more serious. The writer, speaking from a long experience in the practice of a dispensary, where the poor mainly apply, can safely say that not a tithe of this class possess sound boots. Hidden under the petticoats they are allowed to wear sometimes until the feet are just upon the ground, and the wearer's stockings are from morning to night in wet weather in a state of sop.

This may be a minor evil, but it is just the one that causes half the disease among the poor women, whose constitutions render them far less able to bear exposure of this kind than the other sex. There are clubs and benefit societies of all kinds but we cannot fancy an institution that would do more immediate and lasting good than a Good Boot Club, for the benefit of women. We may ascend higher in the social scale and find the same evil pervading. Many poor governesses and servants are shockingly shod. It is just the weak point in their dress which they can hide, and they invariably do it, whereas it lies at the foundation of their health and that of their children, and it should claim their first attention. We laugh at the clattering wooden sabots of the French and German working classes, but in comparison with the flimsy, ill-made foot coverings our own poor indulge in, they are more healthy and lasting; but fashion, even with the very poor, is far more powerful, we fear, than considerations of health or service.

We have said enough to show that bad boots may be considered one of those social evils of the day worthy of recognition. It was the wish of one of the best French kings that every poor man should have a fowl in his pot. If wishes had the power of fulfilling themselves it would be a good wish that every poor woman had a sound pair of boots to her feet. If that were the case there would be far less disease, and half the dispensary doors in the town would be closed.—*Cassell's Magazine*.

When Bess stood at the grave of Calvin, he exclaimed in a burst of grief, "Now life has become less sweet, and death less bitter."

HIDE-BOUND.

Strictly speaking, the condition signified by the above term is not so much a disease as the exposure, of poor provender, and of neglect. Thrust a horse that has been accustomed to wholesome food and a warm stable—thrust such an animal into a straw yard, and leave it there, through the long and severe winter of this climate. Let every creature which has been used to have its wants attended to and its desires watched—let it exist for months upon a stinted quantity of such hay as the farmer cannot sell—let it go without liquid, and at night be driven by the horns of the bullocks to lie among the snow or to shiver in the rain—let an animal so nurtured, be forced to brave such vicissitudes, and, in the spring, the belly will be down, and the harsh, unyielding skin will everywhere adhere close to the substance which it covers.

Straw yards are abominations, into which no feeling person should thrust the horse he prizes; and no feeling person should long possess a horse without esteeming it. The facility is so complete, the obedience so entire, and the intelligence so acute, that it is hard to suppose a mortal possessing a creature thus endowed, without something more than sheer regard for property growing up between the master and the servant.

Every amiable sentiment is appealed to by the absolute trustfulness of the quadruped. It appears to give itself, without reservation, to the man who becomes its proprietor. Though gregarious in its nature, yet, at the owner's will it lives alone. It eats according to human pleasure, and it even grows to love the imprisonment under which it is doomed to exist. Cruelty cannot interfere with its content. Brutality may maim its body and wear out its life; but as death approaches, it faces the knacker with the same trustfulness which induced it when in its prime, to yield up every attribute of existence to gain the torture and abuse of an ungrateful world.

Liberal food, clean lodging, soft bed, healthy exercise, good grooming, compose the only medicine imperative for the cure of the hide-bound. The relief, however, may be hastened by the daily administration of two of those tonic and alterative drinks, which act so directly upon the skin. Drink for hide-bound—Liquor arsenicalis, half ounce; tincture of muriate of iron, one ounce; water, one pint. Mix, and give as a dose.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

A MASON UNDER TORTURE.

Between the years 1740 and 1750 the Freemasons were subjected to great persecution in Portugal. A jeweler of the name of Meaton was seized and confined in the Inquisition, and a friend of his, John Coustos, a native of Switzerland, was arrested. The fact was that these two persons were the leading Freemasons in Lisbon, which constituted their crime. Coustos was confined in a lonely dungeon, whose horrors were heightened by the complaints, the dismal cries, and hollow groans of several other prisoners in the adjoining cells. He was frequently brought before the inquisitors, who were anxious to extort from him the secrets of Masonry; but refusing to give any information, he was confined in a still deeper and more horrible dungeon. Finding threats, entreaties, and remonstrances in vain, Coustos was condemned to the tortures of the holy office. He was therefore conveyed to the torture room, where no light appeared save what two candles gave. First they put around his neck an iron collar, which was fastened to the scaffold, and, this being done, they stretched his limbs all their might. They next tied two ropes around each arm, and two around each thigh, which ropes passed under the scaffold through holes for that purpose. The ropes, which were of the size of one's little finger, pierced through his flesh quite to the bone, making the blood gush out at eight different places that were so bound. Finding that the torture above described could not extort any discovery from him, they were so inhuman, six weeks after, as to expose him to another kind of torture, which was more grievous, if possible, than the former. They made him stretch his arms in such a manner that the palms of his hands were turned outward, which by the help of a rope they fastened together at the wrist, and which, turned by an engine, they

drew them nearer to one another behind in such a manner that the back of each hand touched and stood exactly parallel on the other; whereby both his shoulders were dislocated, and a quantity of blood issued from his mouth. This torture was repeated thrice; after which he was again sent to his dungeon, and put in the hands of physicians and surgeons, who in setting his bones, put him in exquisite pain.

"LOTS" OF FOLLIES.

Hall's Journal of Health presents fifteen follies, for the edification of its readers, as follows:

First—To think the more a man eats, the fatter and stronger he will become.

Second—To believe the more hours children study at school, the faster they will learn.

Third—To conclude that if exercise is good for the health, the more violent or exhaustive it is, the more good is done.

Fourth—To imagine that every hour taken for sleep is an hour gained.

Fifth—To act on the presumption that the smallest room of the house is large enough to sleep in.

Sixth—To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better, is "good for" the system without regard to more ulterior effects. The "soothing syrup" for example, does stop the cough of children, does arrest the diarrhoea, only to cause a little later alarming convulsions, or the more fatal inflammation on the brain or water on the brain; or, at least, always protect the disease.

Seventh—To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial, hoping that somehow or other it may be done in your case with impunity.

Eighth—To advise another to take a remedy which you have tried on yourself, or without making special inquiry whether all the conditions are alike.

Ninth—To eat without an appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

Tenth—To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and weary waking in the morning.

Eleventh—To remove a portion of the covering immediately after exercise, when the most stupid drayman in New York knows that if he does not put a cover on his horse the moment he ceases work in the winter, he will lose him in a few days by pneumonia.

Twelfth—To contend that because the dirtiest children in the street, or highway, are hearty and healthy, therefore it is healthy to be dirty; forgetting that continuous daily exposure to the pure out-door air in joyous unrestrained activities is such a powerful agency for health, that those who live thus are well in spite of rags and filth.

Thirteenth—To presume to repeat later in life, without injury, the indiscretions, exposure and intemperance which in the flush of youth were practised with impunity.

Fourteenth—To believe that warm air is necessarily impure, or that pure, cold air is necessarily more healthy than the confined air of a crowded vehicle; the latter at most can only cause fainting and nausea, while entering a conveyance after walking briskly, lowering a window thus while still exposed to a draft will give a cold infallibly, or an attack of pleurisy or pneumonia, which will cause weeks and months of suffering, if not actual death within four days.

Fifteenth—To "remember the Sabbath day" by working harder and later on Saturday than any other day in the week, with a view of sleeping late next morning, and staying at home all day to rest, conscience being quieted by the plea of not feeling very well.

DISRESPECT TO THE PHAROHS.—As an illustration of the ravages of time, it is stated that the present Egyptian Gypsies make fuel of the mummies of three thousand years ago, and they do their cooking with the embalmed limbs of the citizens of ancient Thebes; while the button makers of the world convert the bones of the Pharaohs, or their subjects at least, into ornaments for cutaway coats and ladies' sacques.

A cobbler has a sole purpose in life.

From the London Leader.
SECOND WIVES.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE AVERSION OBTAINING TO SECOND MARRIAGES.

The sentiment of the age is—not without reason—opposed to second marriages. If matrimony were essentially the social partnership which some philosophers would fain make it—if it were simply a form of covenant binding the parties to love, honor and obey, till divorce, do part them—if it were modeled on the plan of that reformer who wanted to add a proviso to the Prayer-book Vow, "so long as we both shall love"—there would be no reasonable objection to entering into a second, third, fourth or fifth partnership on the same elastic footing. Such a dispensation, indeed, would realize the view of the late Adah Menkin, that "it is well to marry young and often." But, unfortunately for the reformers and the philosophers, and all the other nice theorists, male and female, philanthropic, free-loving and strong-minded, society persists in regarding marriage as a much more solemn and spiritual contract than this. Much as it may vex the clear-seeing intellect of a Bradlaugh, society insists upon imposing the providential element into the business, and making Heaven the witness of a contract voluntarily entered into for eternity. Perhaps society is very wrong for all this—wrong in going to church at all—extremely wrong to subscribe to that palaver about forsaking all other, and cleaving unto him or her, as the case may be. No doubt they order these things better in France, where the legal ceremony is the principal one, with church blessings thrown in *ad colorem*. If we could only get married quietly and without fuss, as they do in the opera, where an ardent basso drags an unwilling soprano to a side-table, and is on the point of consummating the business with the aid of an *Notario* and a pad of blotting paper, the social economist would rejoice. Meanwhile, however, society goes on getting married at the Eagle and riveted at the communion table, and accepting a blessing from a posse of parsons, one assisting the other, with a coral force well up in

"The voice that breathed through Eden
That earliest wedding day,"

and the organ played out the pair to Mendelssohn's wedding march, and all the ecclesiastical pageantry complete. It is hard, after all this, to attempt to dissociate the religious from the purely social nature of the proceeding. Let the bridegroom if he be given to philosophical inquiry, try to dissociate them in his wife's presence. Let him begin by observing, "After all, my dear, we are not married in the sight of Heaven, and all that; it's only a *façon de parler*; we have simply entered into a sort of partnership, you know—like my association with old Jones in the office." Let him attempt this vein of moralizing, and from his wife's reply, he will be able to estimate the rooted feeling of society in the matter.

This, then, is the spirit which dictates that sentimental aversion to second marriages which is not the less general in that it is seldom put into words. Matrimony being, from the sentimental point of view, a holy business, a bond which is not only gravely to regulate this life, but in all likelihood to exercise an influence over the life to come, the incongruity, the indecency—nay, the very sacrilege—of admitting into the spiritual pact more than one partner, is sufficiently obvious. It says Benedick, "I take Beatrice," "as the one participant in my weal or woe; I take her for time and for eternity." But in a year or two Beatrice dies, and then Benedick chooses Laura as the one participant for time and eternity; and if he survives Laura there is nothing to prevent him adding a third and fourth to the firm. Now, at each betrothalment the sanctity of the business falls a peg. Nobody enters upon a second marriage with the same reverence, or earnestness, or ardent with which he contracted the first. He is older and colder; familiarity with the estate has bred indifference; the being at his side is not a trembling, pure little soul, whom all his strong, chivalrous nature rushes forth to protect, but a nice sort of person, who is going to look after his servants and see that his linen is kept in good order. Even with the first wife romance ended, by settling down into a Darby and Joan, jog-trot sort of existence; with the

second one there is not even the romance to begin with. For few men—so few as to be out of count—make a love match twice in their lives. The first marriage is contracted in the ardor of youth; the second is mostly a calculation. Either the widower is weary of solitude, and has been habituated to the household order over which a mistress presides; or he sees the chance of a wealthy alliance; or he has property, but no heir, and must needs have one; or he wants somebody to look after his little comforts. There are a hundred secondary pleas for a second marriage to one plea of affection. True love—we mean now true love in its flaming bachelor state, not the Darby and Joan jog-trot—seldom survives in a man after thirty. The truest, faithfulest, hottest, and most blissfully uncomfortable love of all is calf-love, which seldom lasts after seventeen. All subsequent passions are a mere imitation of this—not half so absorbing, not a third so blind, not a tenth so pure. The calf outlives his caldum, gets the better of spooniness, laughs at it, and a few years later tries to produce it over again. But he never succeeds. The taurine passion is a mere stage-play. He may persuade himself that he is desperately in love with the dear girl, that she is an angel, that if she jilted him he would do something desperate—go mad, emigrate, blow out his brains, perhaps; but in his inner soul he knows that this is all a mere pretense; that his heart is not a raging furnace, but tepid as mildest shaving water; that his pulse would not hear her and beat had he lain for a century dead—indeed, it does not even quicken now when she enters the room. He sees her faults, none clearer; and he intends to correct them one day. There is nothing in his love like the wild adoring passion of the schoolboy; that comes but once in life, and the love which is bold enough to propose and callous enough to treat of settlements is a mere earthly imitation of it.

How much baser, then, a second marriage, which means a fiftieth love! If into the first there entered some element of caution, or more ignoble shrewdness, the second is wholly compounded of these, and of a selfishness which is parent of them. The motives which lead a bachelor to propose are mostly single-hearted enough; he really loves the girl, and will do all he can to make her happy. But the widower enters the race with the intention that she shall make him happy. He is the first party to be considered, not she. And there are few single girls, and certainly no widows, contemplating an alliance with a once-married man, who do not fully understand this. When a woman accepts a widower she must feel the second-hand nature of the bargain. There is no freshness about it; all the bloom has been rubbed off; the sighs are *rechauffés*, the vows are platitudes, the caresses have been rehearsed before. What a worn-out pump the human heart is so far as love-making is concerned after ten or fifteen years of married life! Is there anything more pathetic than forty wooing thirty-three, and counterfeiting the languors of twenty? Or anything more cynical than the sight of a bright-eyed maiden who imagines she holds in thrall that *sioux mustache* of a heart which has survived the wear and tear of a matrimonial campaign? But as a rule she does not imagine anything of the kind; she accepts the situation at its true value, knowing that the widowed affections are so much Wardour street lumber; knowing that another woman has been before her and extracted all the pith and marrow of romance, leaving the husk to the second wife. She bargains, therefore, for a position, and not a passion, marries him for his money, or his title, or his status, or because she may not have another offer, or for any other motive that may be dominant—love being the last and least. Will she do a true wife's duty by him; will she be a second mother to his children; will she "order all things duly," like Lady Burleigh the First? Let the poor little neglected hearts that have sobbed themselves to sleep on their pillows make reply. As the second mamma is to the first, so is the second wife; it may be a cruel edition, sometimes a careless one, sometimes an indifferently honest one, always an inferior one. For you will find the rule hold good that there is but one true love in life and one married love; the first holds precedence, the after one weakens in arithmetical progression. When widows and widowers pair the sight has always the savor of a huckster's bargain. *On a dernier pas a ses premiers amours.*

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

On a certain occasion Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, was engaged in a political discussion with Hon. Benjamin F. Hill, of that State, when the latter charged him with saying that he (Stephens) could eat Judge Cone for breakfast, himself (Mr. Hill) for dinner, and Governor Cobb for supper. To which Mr. Stephens quietly replied: "I never said it; but if I had, the arrangement of the meals would have been somewhat different. I should not have taken Mr. Hill at dinner, where he has placed himself, that being the heartiest meal of the day. In fact, I should prefer him for supper, in accordance with that wise rule of medicine which prescribes a *light diet* to sleep on!"

At another time Mr. A. R. Wright, of Georgia, is said to have drawn the fire of the "great Georgian" in the following way: Mr. Stephens, at the time of the great Know-Nothing conflict in the South, was accompanied by a favorite dog named *Rio*, and the intelligent animal was almost as well known on the hustings as the statesman.

Mr. Wright, at the close of a political speech, turned to Mr. Stephens and said: "Sir, I demand a list of your appointments. I intend that the people shall have information. I want to know when and where you are to speak, for I intend to dog you all around this Congressional district."

"Then," retorted Mr. Stephens, pointing his long thin finger to his dog, sleeping on the stand at his feet, and lifting his fife-like voice to the highest note—"then I shall send *Rio* home. One dog at a time is enough!"

Among the thousands who have read the speech of Vice President Stephens, of Georgia, against secession, made November 14, 1860, there are probably few who have heard of an amusing incident that followed it. At the close of the speech the leader of the Opposition party, Hon. Robert Toombs, arose, and after complimenting Mr. Stephens as one of the purest patriots, moved that the meeting give three cheers for him and adjourn which was done. Governor Herschel V. Johnson, who was present, met Mr. Toombs on their return to the hotel, and said to him, in substance: "Sir, your action to-night, coming from so prominent a secessionist, deserves all praise, and I for one cannot forbear to congratulate you upon such handsome conduct and admirable behaviour."

Toombs put on that droll look which always precedes his best hits, and said, dryly, "Yes, I always behave myself at a funeral."

An overgrown political opponent once undertook to sneer at the diminutive size of Mr. A. H. Stephens, and said, "I could put a little salad oil on you, and swallow you, whole." To which Mr. Stephens at once replied, "and if you did you would have more brains in your bowels than you ever had in your head."—*Editor's Drawer, Harper's Magazine.*

ILL CLAD ZEALOTS.—Zeal is a cloak, and therefore is not intended to supersede the other graces. We do not put on our great-coats and leave off our other clothes. We do not see the traveler climbing the Alps with nothing upon his body but his cloak—that would be most absurd; and so zeal cannot take the place of knowledge, or faith, or love, or holiness. It is a cloak, which is a great thing, it is true, but nothing more than a cloak, and the rest of the garments must be carefully attended to. When I have sometimes heard a zealous brother preaching, who evidently did not know anything of his subject, or of human nature, I have been pleased to see the cloak, but I wished that I could have seen some other garments for decency's sake. It is the case of those ill-clad zealots who hawl with all their might. "Believe, believe, believe," and thump the pulpit cushion, and make great demonstration, when they cannot tell what is to be believed, nor expound the doctrine of the atonement, nor give an intelligent description of the plan of salvation. All such zeal is as rational as it would be for us all to go abroad bare of every rag, except a cloak. Modesty ought to keep such unclothed men out of sight. Go home, brethren; go home, you who have only your cloaks, and get other garments, and then we shall be glad enough to see you; for zeal is a cloak, but it is very far from being every thing.—*Spurgeon.*

A LONE MAN.—The pawnbroker.

Miscellany.

THE OUTCAST.

Only an outcast—nobody cares for her;
Drive her out, push her out, don't let her stay,
There let her seek for friends,
There let her make amends
For all her wickedness—turn her away!

Only an outcast—nobody takes her in,
Coldly they turn her away from each door;
Sadly she wanders on,
Hope dead and pity gone,
Ragged and hungry, heart sick and sore!

Only an outcast—no body seeks her;
Fierce blows the wind and fast falls the snow,
Down on her aching heart,
Till she's almost dead,
Sighing, sobbing, and trembling so!

Only an outcast—no one to calm her,
No one to call her friend, neighbor, or wife,
No gentle father, no tender mother,
No loving sister, no noble brother—
Friendless and homeless she breathes out her life!

Only an outcast the men said who found her,
Hurry her off to the almshouse in haste;
No use to seek her name,
She was a child of shame—
Bury her out on the old pauper's waste.

Only an outcast the grave robber muttered,
As in the dark night he stole her away
From her neglected tomb
To the dissecting room,
For the physician's skill, and for his pay.

Only an outcast, the young student called her,
As he removed the dark veil from her face;
Well may he gasp for breath
As he beholds in death
The poor friendless orphan he led to disgrace.

THE THREE CRIMES.

AN EASTERN TALE.

Hamet Abdallah was an inhabitant of a grotto on one of the slopes of Mount Olympus. When he stood at the entrance of his humble dwelling, he could embrace at one glance all the territory originally possessed by Osman, the founder of the Ottoman Empire; and, as he five times a day offered up his prayers to Allah, he invoked blessings upon the head of Solyman the Magnificent, the reigning Sultan in whose time he lived. Indeed, Abdallah was renowned for his sanctity; and the inhabitants of the vicinity of his dwelling treated him with the most marked respect.

He was not, however, entitled to this excessive veneration by his age for he had scarcely attained his fortieth year when the incident of this tale took place. His venerable father, who was himself a dervise of great sanctity, and whose years amounted to four score, resided with him in the same grotto; and fortunate was deemed the individual who, on his way along the slopes of Olympus, was allowed to join in the prayers of the two dervises, kneeling upon the ground at the entrance of the cave, and turning their countenance toward the holy cities of Mecca and Medina.

Hamet Abdallah was one morning roving amidst the groves and woods, which extended up the mountain far above his grotto, and pondering upon the passage in the Koran which he had been perusing but a short time previously, when his foot suddenly struck against something hard upon the ground. He looked downward, and saw an iron ring fastened to a small brass plate, which was let into a square of stonework, and seemed to cover a hollow place or well. Obeying a sudden impulse of curiosity, Hamet applied his hand to the ring, and pulled it with all his force. After many vain exertions, the brass plate yielded to his exertions, and he fell backward with the sudden shock.

Before he had time to rise and examine the aperture thus laid bare, a dense volume of smoke issued from the hole, and ascended in the air to the height of several thousand feet.

Hamet gazed with astonishment upon this strange apparition: but how much more was his

wonder excited when he saw the smoke gradually become more and more palpable and shapely, and at length assume the form of an immense giant, with a long flowing white beard, and a tremendous pine-tree in his right hand.

Hamet fell upon his knees, and was about to put up a prayer to heaven when the terrible apparition addressed him in a voice of thunder:

"Nay, mention not the name of the Deity, or I will cut thee into ten thousand pieces!"

"Who art thou?" demanded Hamet, rising from his suppliant posture.

"I am Kara, an evil Genie, whom a victorious power shut up in that cursed hole, where I have languished for two thousand years. It is an evil day for thee that brought thee hither."

"And wherefore, proud Genie?" demanded Hamet.

"Because I am about to kill thee, in order to avenge myself upon some one for this long captivity," replied the giant. At these words, Hamet trembled very much, and besought the Genie to spare his life. For a long time the Genie was inexorable, and ordered him to prepare for immediate death; but at length he suffered himself to be moved by the prayers and entreaties of the virtuous dervise.

"Hark ye," said the Genie: "I am willing to spare your life upon one condition."

"Name it," said Hamet, his heart leaping with joy.

"I will grant your request, I say," proceeded the Genie, "on condition that you perpetrate some crime which may diminish your overweening pride of conscious virtue. Do not interrupt me, or I will kill you upon the spot; but listen. I give you your choice of three of the most heinous crimes which I can imagine. You shall either violate the law of the Prophet, and drink your fill of good wine; or you shall murder your venerable old father; or you shall curse the name of that Deity whom you worship. Choose between these three crimes."

Then Hamet was very sorrowful, and he endeavored to melt the heart of the evil Genie but all his prayers and entreaties were unavailing. He accordingly began to reason within himself.

"If," said he, "I assassinate my father, no contrition can wipe away my crime, and moreover the law will overtake me with its vengeance. If I curse the great Allah, I may sigh in vain for future happiness in the gardens of Paradise. But if I become inebriate with the juice of the grape, I can expiate that fault by severe mortification, penitence, and renewed prayer."

Then, turning his countenance upward toward the Genie, he said, "O fountain of all evil! I have made my choice, since thou art determined upon this injury."

"Name the object of that choice," said the Genie.

"I will get drunk with wine, as the least of the crimes which you propose," answered the dervise.

"Be it so," cried the Genie; "this evening, after the hour of prayer, thou wilt find a jar of Cyprus wine upon thy table, when thy father has retired to rest in his own cell. Thou mayest fulfill thy promise then; but woe unto thee if thou deceivest me!"

The Genie gradually became less palpable as he spoke these words; and, by the time the concluding menace issued from his lips, he had vanished altogether. Hamet retraced his steps toward the grotto, with a sorrowful heart; but he would not confide his anticipated disgrace to the affectionate parent who welcomed his return.

The day passed rapidly away; and in the evening, Hamet and his sire knelt down as usual at the door of the grotto, with their faces toward the South, to raise their voices in prayer. When their vesper were concluded, the old man embraced his son tenderly, and retired to the inner part of the grotto.

As soon as Hamet knew that his father slept, he lighted a lamp; and, as the Genie had told him, he saw a large measure of wine standing on the table. The unhappy dervise raised it to his lips, and drank deeply of the intoxicating draught. A glow of fire seemed to electrify his frame, and he laughed as he set the vessel down upon the table. Again he drank and he felt reckless and careless of the consequences. He drank a third time; and, when he had emptied the measure, he ran out to the door of the grotto, and threw it down the slope of the mountain; then as he heard it bound-

ing along, he laughed with indescribable mirth. As he turned to enter the grotto, he saw his father standing behind him.

"Son," said the old man, "the noise of revelry awoke me from my slumbers, and I rise to find my well beloved Hamet drunk with wine! Alas! Is this merely one of the many nights' orgies; and have I now awakened to the dread truth of thine impiety for the first time? Alas! thou hast cast ashes upon the grey head of thy father!"

Hamet could not brook this accusation, as it implied suspicion that he was accustomed to indulge in wine whilst his father slept. He felt suddenly indignant at the language of his sire, and cried: "Return to your couch, old dotard! Thou knowest not what thou sayest."

And, as he uttered these words, he pushed his father violently into the grotto. The old man resisted, and again remonstrated with Hamet. The brain of the son was confused with liquor, and a sudden dread of exposure to the world entered his mind. With the rage of a demon he rushed upon his hoary headed sire, and dashed him furiously against the stone walls of the grotto. The old man fell with his temple against a sharp flint—one groan emanated from his bosom—and his spirit fled forever.

Suddenly conscious of the horrid crime of which he had been guilty, Hamet tore his hair, beat his breast, and raved like a maniac. And, in the midst of his ravings, he lifted up his voice against the majesty of heaven, cursed the Deity whom he had so long and fervently worshiped!

At that instant a terrible din echoed round about—the thunder rolled—the tall trees shook with an earthquake—and, amidst the roar of the conflicting elements, were heard shouts of infernal laughter. All hell seemed to rejoice at the fall of a good man, whom no other vice had ever tempted away from the paths of virtue, until drunkenness presented itself. The rage of the storm increased—the trees were torn up by their roots—and fragments of the rocky parts of Olympus rolled down the hill with the fury of an Alpine avalanche. Then suddenly the Genie appeared before the wretched Hamet, and exclaimed, "Fool! by choosing to commit the crime which seemed to thee least, thou hast committed the other two likewise! For there is more danger in the wine cup than in any other means of temptation presented by Satan to mankind!"

And the last words of the Genie mingled with the redoubled howling of the storm, as Hamet was borne down the slope of the mountain by the falling masses, and dashed to pieces at the bottom.

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

"Father will have done the great chimney to-night, won't he, mother?" said little Tommy Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried to him at his work every morning.

"He said that he hoped all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered the mother, "and that'll be a fine sight; for I never like the ending of those great chimneys, it is so risky for father to be last up."

"Oh! then, but I'll go and see him, and help 'em to give a shout before he comes down," said Tom.

"And then," continued the mother, "if all goes on all right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and go into the country, and take our dinner, and spend all the day long in the woods."

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door, watching him as he went merrily whistling down the street, and she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in: and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasures.

Tom with a light heart pursued his way to his father, and leaving him his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening, on his way home, he went around to see how his father was getting along.

James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of those lofty chimneys which, in our manufacturing towns, almost supply the place of our architectural beauty. The chimney was of the highest and most

tapering that had ever been erected, and as Tom shaded his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, and looked up in search of his father, his heart sank within him at the appalling sight. The scaffold was almost down—the men were removing the beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone at the top.

He then looked around to see that everything was right, the men below answering him with a loud, loud cheer, little Tom shouting as long as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a different sound, a cry of horror and alarm from above. The men looked around, and coiled upon the ground lay the rope, which, before the scaffolding was removed, should have been fastened to the chimney for Tom's father to come down by. The scaffold had been removed without remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough to reach the top of the chimney, or even if possible, it would hardly be safe. They stood in silent dismay, unable to give any help or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father! He walked round and round the little circle, the dizzy height seeming more and more fearful, and the solid earth farther and farther from him. In the sudden panic, he lost his presence of mind—his senses failed him. He shut his eyes! he felt as if the next moment he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below. The day passed as industriously as usual with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband or children in some way, and to-day she had been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She had just finished her arrangements, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for the happy home and all those blessings, when Tom ran in.

His face was white as ashes, and he could hardly get the words out.

"Mother! mother! he cannot get down."

"Who, lad—thy father?" she asked.

"They have forgotten to leave him the rope," answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak.

The mother started up horror-struck, and stood for a moment as if paralyzed, then pressing her hands over her face, as if to shut out the terrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd gathered round the foot of the chimney, and stood quite helpless, gazing up, with their faces full of sorrow.

"He says he'll throw himself down."

"Thee munna do that, lad," cried the wife, with a clear hopeful voice; "thee munna do that—wait a bit. Take off thee stocking, lad, and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Dost thou hear me, Jem?"

The man made a sign of assent—for it seemed as if he could not speak—and taking off his stocking, unraveled the worsted yarn row after row. The people stood around in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of, and why she sent Tom in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep fast hold of the other," cried she to her husband. The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind, but it reached the outstretched hands that were awaiting it. Tom held the ball of twine while his mother tied one end of it to the thread.

"Now pull it slowly," cried she to her husband, and she gradually unwound the string until it reached her husband. "Now hold the string fast and pull," cried she, and the string grew heavy and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened a thick rope to it. They watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground, and the string was drawn higher.

There was one coil left—it had reached the top. "Thank God!" exclaimed the wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer, and tremblingly rejoiced. The iron to which it was to be fastened was there all right—but would her husband be able to make use of it? Would not the terror of the past have so unnerved him as to prevent him from taking the necessary measure for safety? She did not know the magical influence her few words had exercised over him. She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm and steadfast, had filled him—as if the little thread had carried him the hope of life once more, had conveyed to him a portion of that faith in God,

which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her pure heart. She did not know that, as she waited there, the words came over him: "Why art thou cast down, O, my soul, why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God." She lifted her heart to God for hope and strength, but could do nothing more for her husband, and her heart turned to God and rested upon him as on a rock.

There was a great shout.

"He's safe, mother, he's safe!" cried Tom.

"Thou hast saved my life my Mary," said the husband, folding her in his arms. But what ails you? thou seemest more sorry than glad about it." But Mary could not speak, and, if the strong arm of her husband had not held up she would have fallen to the ground—the sudden joy after such fear, had overcome her.

"Tom, let thy mother lean on thy shoulder," said his father, "and we'll take her home." And in their happy home they poured forth thanks to God for his great goodness, and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it had been in, and in the nearness of the danger that had brought them unto God. And the holiday next day—was it not indeed a thanksgiving day?

THE GREAT LIGHT.

BY J. R. McJILTON, P. G. M. OF MARYLAND.

"It should be communicated to every applicant for the degrees of Masonry, the Bible is the source of Masonic faith and light, and that if he does not believe in the Bible he cannot be a Mason. When we speak of the Bible in this relation, we mean the Sacred Books, which we believe to be inspired, and sent from God to guide his creature, man, in the way of duty.

The Sacred Books of every nation are the sources of appeal for integrity and truth, and they are rendered solemnly impressive in their relation to a future world. We allow the Mussulman the full use of his Koran in this issue. It is made up of the sacred books of his creed, and binds him in fellowship with his fellow-man, not only as far as his relations in this world are affected, but in their mutual responsibilities as regards the future life.

The same may be said of the Sacred Books of any people.

To deny them is infidelity, and in such denial the man becomes not only an alien from the creed, but an apostate from the Society that is bound together by its obligations. He has no appeal to God, nor to Heaven, nor to any future condition and responsibilities, and cannot be bound in the solemn relationship of life by any process whatever, save that which he pleases to term his own honor.

Masonic honor and Masonic character, in any land, is based upon the creed that is taught in the Sacred Books, and the man that does not recognize such creed is no fit subject for Masonic ceremonies and responsibilities."

A COSTLY PRESENT.

About as costly a present as we have seen for some time was recently made to Mr. M. Lazarus, of this city, by the Masons of Idaho City, where he formerly resided. It is the head of a cane, and is made of the purest gold, costing \$1,000. In the top is set a piece of polished quartz, with its seams of gold, and the larger part is bordered with rubies and a handsome black enamel. Below this are miniature arches and pillars, with key-stones, and engraved between the pillars is the inscription: "From Idaho Chapter No. 1, R. A. M., to Companion M. Lazarus, Idaho City, I. T., A. I. 2398." It is the work of Kimball, of Idaho City, and is as curious as it is costly.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.—The characteristics which have rendered her famous are said to have been conspicuous in her very childhood. That is a beautiful story which is told of a wounded soldier in one of the hospitals, whose arm she had saved from amputation, that, as she passed between his bed and the window, the poor fellow would kiss her shadow that lay on his pillow.

What tree reminds one of the proximity of water? The Beech.

ANECDOTE OF A CAT.—At a certain convent in Paris, the cook used to divide the dinner into a dozen plates, and the brothers would come and get their portion. One day, while the cook went to ring the bell in the hall to call them, some one stole one of the bits of meat. This happened several times; and the cook at last resolved to watch the kitchen, and see who did it. While he staid in the room no one came, and the meat was all safe. So he decided to stay away, and had a whistle to call the brothers. But the sly thief was not to be cheated in this way; and soon after, while Mr. Cook was guarding the dinner, the door-bell rang and he had to go. Nobody was at the door, and he ran back in a rage to find one plate empty again. Next day when the bell rang, instead of answering it the cook hid in a closet, and a minute after the bell had sounded, in at the window bounded the big cat, and whisked out again with her prize. Anxious to see how she managed the bell the cook posted himself at a side-window, from which he could see the door. In France many of the bells are attached to ropes, such as we have inside our houses. Pussy ran and caught the string in her paws, took a good swing, which jingled the bell, and then scampered away to get her meat. The monks were so amused at her cunning, that they ordered an extra dish to be set for her every day.—*Morrey's Museum.*

Beware of injury to your neighbor. If you have wronged another, you may grieve, repent, and resolutely determine against any such weakness in future; you may, so far as it is possible, make reparation. This is well. The injured party may forgive you, according to the meaning of human language, but the deed is done, and all the powers of Nature, were they to conspire in your behalf, could not make it undone; the consequences to the body, the consequences to the soul, though no man may perceive them, are there—are written in the annals of the past, and must reverberate throughout all time.

Repentance for a wrong done, bears, like every other act its own fruit—the fruit of purifying the heart and amending the future; but not of effacing the past.—*Scottish Rite.*

THE TURKISH BATH.

What is it like? Nothing under the sun. It is itself, and stands alone in its originality. Its virtue is cleanliness. You, gentle reader, think yourself clean because you bathe every day. Enter a Turkish bath; disrobe, and you recline in a room where the thermometer marks one hundred and twenty degrees. Not unpleasant, but very provoking of perspiration. Twenty minutes pass and you are ushered into a room where one hundred and forty degrees is the lowest degree of heat, and an upward tendency is characteristic. You do not perspire; you are a number of living fountains. Rub your body. Are you clean? What means that scurf which peels off like the bark of willow? You never before had a realizing sense of how many thousand pores opened in each square inch of your skin, nor how actively the pores worked during the day. You are parboiled. Well, you needed it. You enter the shampooing room, and are pulled and slapped in a way that reminds you of youthful experiences; then lathered and scrubbed with a brush of coccoanut fibre, then after being plunged in a tank of cold water you are dried, wrapped in a sheet and blanket, and laid on a lounge where you cool off. You go forth clean. The old Jews would have hailed the Turkish bath as a religious institution.

DEATH OF THE OLDEST MASON.—The Erie Dispatch States that Joseph Metcalf, who died in that city Wednesday last at the age of ninety-four, was the oldest Mason in the United States. It says:

Mr. Metcalf was born in Massachusetts, but early in life he removed to Vermont, in which State the prime of his life was spent—removing to this city about twenty years ago. His mind was clear to the last, and his recollection of the past was exceedingly vivid. His reminiscences extended back to the days of Shaw's rebellion, in 1794, and had all the freshness of a narrative of yesterday. His venerable figure will be missed from the meetings of the Schems of Masonry, where, as among the extensive circle of his acquaintance, he was held in the highest esteem.

Freebooter.

He that takes up fire to throw at his adversary, is in great danger of burning his own fingers.

We should not only break the teeth of malice by forgiveness, but pluck out its sting by forgetfulness.

The thought stream of the highest genius often flies to spray and fertilizes nothing, even as high waterfalls break and flutter in thin mist over the earth.

Consult your friend on all things, especially on those which respect yourself. His counsel may then be useful, where your own self-love might impair judgment.

Sensibility is like the stars, that can lead one only when the sky is clear. Reason is the magnetic needle that guides the ships when they are wrapt in darkness.

He who spends his whole time in sports, and calls it recreation, might appropriately wear garments all made of fringes, and eat dinners of nothing but sauces.

One of the saddest things about human nature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life without walking in it himself, that he may be a pilot, and yet a castaway.

To dream gloriously, you must act gloriously while you are awake; and to bring angels down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day.

Show may easily be purchased; but happiness is a home made article.

Intimacy has been the source of the deadliest enmity, no less than the firmest friendship; like some mighty rivers, which rise on the same mountain, but pursue quite a contrary course.

The millions make the world, even as millions of ants make an ant hill.

What a privilege to possess God in all things while we have them, and all things in God when they are taken from us.

WANT OF A PURSUIT.—A man who without a predominant inclination is not likely to be either useful or happy. He who is everything is nothing.

RELIGION.—Sir, whatever in truth makes a man's heart warmer and his soul purer, is a belief, not a knowledge. Proof, sir, is a hand-cuff—belief is a wing! Sir, you cannot even prove to the satisfaction of a logician, that you are the son of your own father. Sir, a religious man does not want to reason about his religion. Religion is not mathematics. Religion is to be felt—not proved. There are a great many things in the religion of a good man which are not in the catechism.

The seeds of great events lie near the surface; historians delve too deep for them. No history was ever true.

I could write down twenty cases, says a pious man, when I wished God had done otherwise than he did; but which I now see, had I had my own will, would have led to extensive mischief.

PETS.—Pets should always be tolerated, for they have their proper place in every household. If they furnish to the young imaginary play-fellows, if they help older people to forget the cares of the present and soften the austerities of this hard world's life; if, above all, they can be made morally significant, let us not condemn them as unworthy or our regard. Frolicsome kittens, sweet-singing birds, brave old dogs—and shall we not add merry-hearted children—have brightened and gladdened and sweetened this world to many.

Riches got by fraud are dug out of one's own heart, and destroy the mind.

Riches got by deceit cheat no man so much as the getter.

There is a certain softness of manner which in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty.

There are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways which every person may put on without being deemed either affected or foppish.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, while we neglect the openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness.

Virtue does not give talents, but it supplies the place of it. Talents neither give virtue nor supply the place of it.

Critics complain of the want of originality in poetry. Poets may well complain of a want of originality in criticism.

Seek for friendship among the pure and good; if you would occupy an exalted position.

Sorrow sobers us and makes the mind genial. And in sorrow we love and trust our friends more tenderly, and the dead become dearer to us. And just as the stars shine out in the night, so there are blessed faces that look at us in our grief, though before their features were fading from our recollection. Suffering! Let no man dread it too much, because it is good for him, and it will help to make him sure of his being immortal. It is not in the bright, happy day, but only in the solemn night, that other worlds are to be seen shining in their long, long distances. And it is in sorrow—the night of the soul—that we see farthest and know ourselves natives of infinity, and sons and daughters of the Most High.

A SINGLE SNOW-FLAKE—who cares for it? But a whole day of snow-flakes, obliterating the landmarks, drifting over the doors, gathering on the mountain to crash in avalanches—who does not care for that? Private opinion is weak, but public opinion is almost omnipotent.

Freemasonry teaches that as it is every man's interest that every other man should be prosperous and happy, so that it is the interest of every nation that every other nation should be great, flourishing and satisfied.

As in money, so in time, we are to look to the smallest portions. Take care of the minutes, and the hours and years will take care of themselves. Gold is not found, for the most part, but in little grains. It is sifted out of the sand in minute particles, which melted together, produce the rich ingots which excite the world's cupidity. So the

small moments of time, its odds and ends, put together, may form a beautiful work.

In all his dispensations, God is at work for our good. In prosperity, he tries our gratitude; in mediocrity, our contentment; in misfortune, our submission; in seasons of darkness, our faith; under temptation, our steadfastness; and at all times, our obedience and trust in him."

Life is sunshine or gloom, just as you choose to have it appear.

The eyes of a Christian should be like sunflowers, open to no blaze but that of the sun.

We should never go in the way of temptation for the purpose of trying the strength of our virtues. If Achan handles the golden wedge, his next work will be to steal it.

If anything is melancholy, it is a single cheer. Many an unlucky orator, whose speech has fallen dead upon the ears of his audience, has had reason to curse the officiousness of some personal admirer, who could not let him go off in decent silence, but must try to get up a demonstration, the dead failure of which makes his own failure more painfully and distressingly conspicuous.

Of what advantage is it to be *cried up* on earth by those about us, and be *cried down* in heaven by those above us?

He who would be angry and not sin, must be angry at nothing but sin.

A soul without its watch is like a city without its walls, exposed to the inroads of all its enemies.

If Christianity were compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of philosophers, the halls of legislators, or the throngs of business men, we should find her last retreat with women at the fireside. Her last audience would be the children gathering round the knees of a mother; the last sacrifice, the secret prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.—Some feelings are quite untranslatable; no language has yet been found for them. They gleam upon us through the dim light of fancy; and yet when we bring them close to us, and hold them to the light of reason, they lose their beauty all at once; just as glow-worms, which gleam with such a spiritual life in the shadows of evening, when brought in where candles are lighted, are found only to be worms, like so many others.

A religion that never suffices to govern a man will never suffice to save him; that which does not sufficiently distinguish him from a wicked world will never distinguish him from a perishing world.

He that hath a head of wax must not walk in the sun.

The best remedy against an ill man is much ground between both.

There is one good wife in the country, and every man thinks he hath her.

Who spends more than he should shall not have it to spend when he would.

KENTUCKY FREEMASON.

EDITORS.

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

FRANKFORT, KY... FEBRUARY, 1869.

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

UTOPIANISM AND THE GOLDEN AGE.

Men of little faith and hope say that the songs of the Golden Age, the rapt strains of Isaiah's harp, the great burthen of the Gospel, the yearnings of our brotherhood, is Utopianism. Utopianism! That is one of Satan's catch-words. Because things have long been wrong, and hate has held ruinous sway for ages, therefore, it is impossible that right should reappear and Love mount the throne of empire. Ah, this is one of the fatal sources of misery and crime from which this world is so sorely afflicted. Whenever you see a man that meets every benevolent scheme with the cant that it is quixotic, or utopian, turn from him as you would from the upreared crest of the deadly adder.

Oh! We love men of ardent hopes, for they are born of faith. We have seen them in marble halls and purple attire. We have seen them in thatched cottages and homespun dresses. We can well perceive how the former, favored class, see down the corridors of the future something grander than the present. Happy circumstances make them prophets. But the man who, in poverty and in rags, sees a "better time a-coming"—he is "the coming man."

That is a poor, a degraded life, which is carried on by "eye-service as man-pleasers." The true life springs out of the truth that God's eye is upon us, and that we are at work as God pleasers. And the poor man has his out-look, and faith is his telescope. The prospect is grand from the summit on which prophecy mounts him. The perspective is sublime, though the point of observation be a barren crag of the bald mountain. Moses taking a dying look at the Promised Land, from the bleak summit of Pisgab, was a grander spectacle than Aaron down on his knees before the golden calf.

Oh! it is pleasant to us in this world, where estimates are often solely made by pounds and ounces, by dollars and cents—a world of gross sensuous pleasure and dead-weight materialism—to see some man scathed and sore, clothed in threadbare garments, and with only a crisp crust upon his board, mount up, at the least suggestion of a glorious future, into a clime of splendor. Such men have life, for they have love—they have hope. "Their poverty (in glorious visions) all fades away; the bare walls the token of stern want, the dusty world are all transfigured with infinite possibilities. Achievement is only a word, and fortune comes in at a stride. The palace of beauty rises, fruits bloom in waste places, gold drops from the rocks, and the entire movement of life becomes a jubilee." Such men are not always Quixotes. They are often true prophets, for surely the Lord's reign will bring in the very thing for which their hearts yearn; and whether they come to it in this life, or after the sleep of death and the leap of life from the sepulchre, the result is all the same to them. Blessed is he who always sees a beacon on the stormy deep, and who sails by its light though it gleams far away o'er the

main! Happy he is, to whom the Christmas star ever shineth amid the constellations of the night!

There is no need for Fail, Quixotism, Utopianism, in the vocabulary of virtue—for whatever is truly desirable one day *must* be; our best consciousness, the esoteric foresight of the soul, tells us of the final reintegration and restoration of human nature, of the last relief of the Cherubic Guard with his flaming sword, and the swinging wide again of the gates of Eden for the returning triumph and lasting residence of the Brotherhood of Man—the family of our Father—God.

It is seemingly very Utopian to hope to reform the Five Points and Cannongates of vice; but the Utopianism should be no part of our thought—we should look to the work. It is very Utopian to think of giving every child in these United States a free, broad education—the knowledge of letters, of science, of self, and of God, but the Utopianism is no concern of ours—the *work is*. Nature works toward perfection; things made for each other draw toward each other. Even the dead rocks display their elective affinities—like joints wedlock with like—and similar particles leap toward each other and crystalize into useful and beautiful forms. Maybe the poet had a glimpse of the final unity of mankind in one universal Brotherhood when he sung:

"One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

We must do our work in this generation as those who have gone before us have done theirs—only better. If you were called upon to work upon some majestic cathedral, which would require many generations to complete, would you object to labor because you could never hope to see it finished? Had you not just as well build a buttress to some such superstructure, as a smoke stack to a cotton mill? "No man liveth unto himself;" his life affects those around him and the ages that will come after him. "He being dead yet speaketh"—the generations sleep, but "their works do follow them." Great and ultimate ideas march at the lead of all progress. The ideal Achilles of the Iliad made the actual heroes of Marathon and Granicus. We are what the generations gone by have made us. They bequeathed us their failures and their triumphs. Every unsuccessful attempt is, for us, so much work done for we will not pursue that method again, but seek for a better one. Every foiled endeavor walls in and discloses the probable paths to triumph, and makes the true one easier to find. Advanced as we are this day, in the progress of liberal ideas and arts, and the adaptation of means to ends, we should feel grateful, not only for the splendid victories of foregone times, but for the heritage of their defeats. In every relation we sustain to life and to the grand and ever-climaxing periods of a history, to eventuate in universal peace and unity, we must perceive that disappointment is the gymnasium of achievement, and the past failures of our race the very agencies which help us to success.

The Editor of the Masonic Review—don't think that the Esquimaux, *might* have a Lodge. Does he think they might have Churches! Is there any poetry, the outgrowth of the belief in the universality of Masonry, in Bro. Moore's soul? When England speaks of floating her flag around the earth in the light of a ceaseless morning, or the minister says, the Sun never sets on the Banner of the Cross, do we understand that all continents and Isles are under British rule, or that all people are Christian?

Does Brother Moore doubt, that Masonry is a Cosmopolitan Institution?

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

We have lately had the pleasure of a visit to the Public School of Frankfort—which institution would be an honor to any city. For the privilege of a thorough inspection of the school we are primarily indebted to the courtesy of Brother J. M. Mills and secondarily, to the obliging disposition of Mr. Browder, the Principal.

The enterprise itself, from its first inception is not two years old, and yet the school is magnificently templed in a building, costing nearly \$40,000, and there are over 400 students, who engage the attention of nine teachers.

Such an imposing result, reached in so short a time, reflects the highest credit upon the indefatigable Trustees, who have devoted such untiring and skilled attention, upon the enterprise, and that too, without any fee, except the gratitude of the people, whom they have so faithfully served. The order observed in this school is truly surprising. The entrance of strangers in no wise disconcerts the pupils, and no advantage, whatever, is taken of their presence. We went into every room and did not see a single example of deviation from the strictest rules of propriety. The method of teaching is thorough, no pupil being allowed to pass from a lower to a higher grade, without a standard proficiency in the department of studies, which last engaged his attention.

Haste has been the great fault of our American training. Hence, we often see men thoroughly schooled in the Classics and Higher Mathematics, who cannot parse a sentence of the English language, who spell indifferently, and are utterly incapable of writing a respectable letter to a friend,—in point of orthography and grammatical construction. Such young men obtain their diplomas and degrees, and their parchments are often accepted as fit credentials, by School Boards. It is a great deception, for a man to present his *sheepskin*, as evidence of his attainments, if he cannot write his own tongue correctly. When we were at College, the Literary Society, of which we were a member, required those of its members, who would graduate, to rehearse their commencement speeches, before the Society, that they might be perfected by its censorship. One of the graduates, who ranked high in the studies of the college curriculum, frequently shocked us, though but a Sophomore at the time, by his grammatical inaccuracies. Of course, these were all corrected by our united criticism, but what would the audience have thought of the college, which produced a graduate, capable of saying, "It has *went*," "You is mistaken if, &c.;" or who could make the following rhetorical blunder: "When the *dark* ages *dawned*," &c.?

Yet this gentleman is now a professor in one of the first of American colleges—and while he may be fit to teach how to decline *penna*, and to conjugate *tupto*, he is totally incompetent to be the domine of a country school.

Now it is much better to go slow, and secure for the pupil a thorough acquaintance with elementary branches, than to go through these in a slipshod manner, merely for the purpose of obtaining pretentious proficiency in the higher branches.

We read the other day of a foolish people in Morrisiana, New York, who built a Church out of ordinary brick, and then erected a tower 125 feet high—out of patent brick—imitation of freestone. The consequence was, that one fine night, the elegant tower came tumbling down, and with it forty thousand dollars.

The common clay and kiln-burnt brick, which

entered into the walls of the main body of the building remained standing, but if they had been constructed of imitation brick they would have crumbled down too.

The moral is plain. Build the fabric of education out of your primers, arithmetics, copy books, grammars, &c., and when your tower built of imitation learning, built for show, comes tumbling down your mind will still have a temple.

Education is a training of the mind—a disciplining of it to right methods. There is as much discipline to a child's mind in mental Arithmetic, as there is to a lubberly Soph in Euclid. Education is development—and not a storing of the mind with just so many facts. Parents generally do not understand this, and hence, when they send their children to School, they inform the teacher that they wish so much *knowledge* communicated, say of Algebra, Latin and Greek. Hence, the parent is always catechising his child to see how *full* his head is. The ordinary branches of *English* education, derive their leading value from their application to the practical purposes of life. But in obtaining a thorough understanding of them, the child's mind ought to be so trained and to the patient habit of inquiring into the reason of things—the principles that *underlie* rules, that when he goes from the Common School, into practical life, or enters Academic halls, he should go as a mental athlete, trained in a gymnasium of mind, and thus be prepared to grapple successfully, with whatever problems life, or science may press upon his attention.

The method, we have thus hurriedly lined out, is the one which we believe Mr. Browder, has adopted.

His pupils will advance slowly, but surely. They will not rush headlong to the battle, to pant with the exhaustion of the double quick-step, and to strike feebly, but they will reach the field in time, and win the victory.

There was one thing that cast a shadow over the School we are noticing—and that was this,—the Bible is not read, and is practically ignored, as an adjunct of symmetrical Education. We understood that this was in deference to the Roman Catholic sentiment—although nineteen-twentieths of the pupils are the children of Protestant parents. It seems to us that this is a great concession to make a domineering minority, and not at all calculated to increase the reverence of children for God's Holy Word.

The grand principle upon which the Church of Rome stands, is that general intellect shall not be developed, and only partially, in such schools as it controls. There is not one Catholic child in ten, of this City, now in the Public School—though the Bible was practically cashiered to accommodate the Romish conscience. The Pope says, "There shall be but *one* mind on earth; namely, my own." The Pope says, there shall be no Bible in the Public Schools of America—and here and there, there has been a tacit yielding to his imperious demand.

It is to be lamented—if it cannot be corrected.

When Brother Moore, of the "Masonic Review" will furnish us the *evidence*, that Solomon was a Mason, in any sense in which he is one, when and where the St. Johns were initiated, &c., then, we will undertake to demonstrate to him that *several Bedouins, and Comanches* have been Freemasons. We know of some *Comanche* Freemasons—rhetorically speaking. At least, they are just as savage, if not Moore.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GRAND CHAPTERS.

ARKANSAS.

The proceedings come to us in beautiful scarlet dress, reflecting great credit upon the taste of the Grand Secretary and the Publishers.

The Nineteenth Annual Convocation convened on the 12th day of November, A. L., 2398. The G. H. P., L. E. Barber, in his Address, laments the infidelity of Companions to the lofty principles of Chapter Masonry. Though called upon to journey over a rough road, they have not borne the privations and dangers with that heroic spirit, which should characterize those, who stand beneath the strong shelter of the Royal Arch. There is a lack of charity, and an overabundance of carelessness, apathy, sensuality and self-indulgence. He teaches the true idea—that severe discipline is intended to improve—rather than deteriorate—that the purest ores are refined in the hottest furnaces—that the net effect of trial should be to incite us to a more zealous discharge of our duty, and infuse into our hearts a more enlarged charity, embracing not only Companions and Brethren, but our fellow-men.

No dispensation for new Chapters had been applied for during the year. He does not regard this fact as evidential of the decline of Capitular Masonry. He feared the multiplication of Chapters the year previous. He flatters himself that the desire to improve the advantages already afforded, and the poverty of the people, which lays them under tribute to provide the very necessities of life—that these two facts—at the opposite poles—truly account for the unusual fact, that no new Chapter has been organized in Arkansas for the present Capitular year.

The Grand High Priest refers to his ill health, and advancing years, and thinks, that having borne the burden and heat of the day, and toiled along life's rough and rugged road to within sight of the goal, he should be permitted to rest and refresh himself before he descends the dark way—through which we all must pass—that leads not to the fallen houses and broken walls, the crumbling ruins and the rubbish of the old Jerusalem, but, as we hope, through the outer entrance of that white veil, within which will be exposed to the vision of the righteous and the holy the wall of jasper, the gates of pearl, the golden streets, the river and the tree of life of the new Jerusalem, whose foundations are garnished with precious stones, whose light is the glory of God.

It appears from the proceedings that the Masons of Arkansas have a College—St. John's—under their patronage, over which they rejoice on account of its increased popularity. The surplus funds of the Grand Chapter were appropriated to the support of this Institution.

Notwithstanding the protest of Companion Barber, he was re-elected Grand High Priest. A jewel was presented by the Grand Chapter to Companion Barber, the presentation speech, being made by Companion E. H. English. The jewel is the breast-plate, and triple-triangle, enclosed in a circle, ornamented with evergreen.

The Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, quotes as follows from Companion A. G. Hodges' report to the Grand Chapter of Kentucky:

"Report (1866—Ark.) is well prepared, and is exceedingly interesting. Whilst good humoredly twitting Companion Jeffries for the brevity of his report to the Grand Chapter of Kentucky, and the

free use of the *scissors* besides, he should have remembered, that by a careful examination of his own report, the *scissors* were thrown away and the *shears* were taken and wielded with a masterly hand."

Whereupon he takes the following tilt at Companion Hodges:

"We do not exactly understand the allusion to shears. Is it that our clippings were clumsily and bunglingly done? or was it that they were heavy? or were they too extended? or does the Companion mean to insinuate that we are a knight of the shears, better suited to sit cross-legged, *a la Turk*, and wield the whole goose, more skillfully than one quill? Enlighten us, Companion. And how is it that the scissors were thrown away by a *careful examination*? That is a novel method of heaving over, verily."

That is too *sharp* for either scissors or shears, and so we cut it out with a new knife, and the process took the edge off the blade.

CALIFORNIA.

The fifteenth Annual Communication was held in San Francisco, October 19 and 20, A. D., 1868. The Grand Chapter was presided over by M. E. I. S. Titus, G. H. P.—and thirty-one chartered Chapters were represented.

The Grand High Priest in his Address says:

"This being the year for the holding of the Triennial Convocation of the General Grand Chapter, I consulted with the Grand Council of this Grand Body, and with a number of High Priests of subordinate Chapters, and it being their unanimous opinion that our Grand Chapter ought to be represented thereat, I concluded to attend. With barely time to make the trip overland, at best an arduous and fatiguing one, I arrived in time to participate in its deliberations, the details of which will be presented to you at the next Annual Convocation by the Committee on Correspondence. The Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia was recognized by it as a constituent body; measures were taken to unite all the State Grand Chapters with it, which give promise of success, and a Committee on Uniformity of Work was appointed."

That Grand High Priest is a zealous Companion, or he never could have been persuaded, to have crossed the plains and mountains, that intervene between the Pacific coast and the Atlantic States to have attended a Convocation of Masons. What a luxury the Pacific Railroad will be to the Masons of the Golden State? Instead of having to travel the rough and rugged road, they may come by steam, exclaiming,

"Bless me ain't this pleasant,
Riding on a rail."

They have a Grand Lecturer, Companion Thos. H. Caswell, who thus speaks of the work of California Chapter, No. 5.

"The choral rendering of the lessons, and the appropriate anthems introduced by their excellent choir, invest our ritual with a beauty and grandeur truly sublime, and which the mere reading of those noble passages can never equal."

Grand Chaplain Ewer of New York would like that.

The Committee on Foreign Correspondence, make the following stricture on a Kentucky usage:

"We are surprised and grieved to observe a custom continued which we hoped long ago our Companions of Kentucky would abolish, and which never attained in any other jurisdiction. We allude to the publishing the names of rejected applicants for the degrees, much in the same style as when we were a boy, residing in the Sunny South, saw way negro slaves used to be advertised. We give specimens, omitting, of course, the names and residences of the persons: — on the twenty-fourth day of July, 1867, about forty-three years old, six feet high, light hair and eyes; occupation, Sheriff of — county, Kentucky: — on the twenty-fifth day of May, 1867; age, thirty-eight; occupation, housepainter and farmer; height, five feet seven inches; weight, one hundred

and eighty pounds; Rev. ——— on the fifteenth day of April; about five feet eight or ten inches high; spare made; light hair and eyes; weighs about one hundred and thirty-five or one hundred and forty pounds; about thirty-five years old; residence, ——— county; minister and farmer.

"If the Grand Chapter of Kentucky has any regard for the credit of Masonry, it will forbid such publications in the future."

The Committee to whom was referred that portion of the Grand High Priest's Address which announces the death of the M. E. HENRY HARE HARTLEY submitted the following:

"In contemplating the death of Companion HARTLEY, his absence here to-day reminds forcibly and painfully of the loss which this Grand Chapter has sustained. Bringing with him that ability and experience which gave him prominence and distinction in connection with the affairs of the world, he lent us his talents, and by wise and judicious counsel contributed greatly to the prosperity and success of the cause he loved so well. Ever a lover of the principles of Freemasonry, he actively and ardently illustrated them, not only in the several branches of the Fraternity, but in daily intercourse with the members. Neither did his virtuous ambition cease with our system of morals as taught by symbols; but, appreciating fully and deeply the progressive nature of our science, he crowned his manhood with a piety which recognized and discharged the duties due from the creature to the Great Creator."

M. E. John W. Harville, was elected Grand High Priest for the ensuing year.

TENNESSEE.

Grand Chapter was held 30th of September, 1868, in Nashville. M. E. Thomas, G. H. P., delivered a brief Address. He laments the diversity of work in the Subordinate Chapters. He attended the triennial meeting of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, and after comparing the work of different sections, found almost as great diversity, generally prevailing throughout the country, as that which distressed him in the jurisdiction of Tennessee. He recommends the appointment of three from each division of the State, whose duty it shall be to agree upon the true work, and when agreed upon, to report their decision to the Grand High Priest, who shall call the Grand Chapter together for hearing the same, and, if adopted, that one or more Grand Lecturers be appointed to disseminate the same. He says, the Grand Chapter of California adopted this plan, the second year of its organization, since which time they have had entire uniformity in their jurisdiction.

Since the last Communication Dispensations had been granted eight Chapters.

The Grand High Priest, in fitting terms of personal and fraternal regard, announces the death of Excellent Charles A. Fuller, Grand Secretary, which mournful event occurred on the 5th of June, 1868.

He had appointed Companion John Frizzell to act as Grand Secretary.

The Grand High Priest declined a re-election, by forestalling the nomination of his name.

The Grand Chapter favored the system of representations, and adopted a resolution to inaugurate the system by making appointments of Representatives of the Grand Chapter to such Grand Chapters as may seem desirable or expedient, and request a reciprocation of the action.

The Grand Chapter paid a visit to Mrs. James K. Polk.

Companion William Maxwell was elected Grand High Priest, and Companion John Frizzell, Grand Secretary.

OREGON.

Grand Chapter convened in Portland, June 22d, 1868. M. E. B. F. Brown, G. H. P., presiding. The Grand High Priest, in his Address, says, "the Royal Craft in our jurisdiction never was in a more prosperous condition. Proper care in the admission of candidates is duly observed—peace and harmony prevail."

M. E. James R. Bailey, was elected Grand High Priest, and Eminent R. P. Earhart, Grand Secretary.

Returns are made from eight Chapters, one of which is in Idaho Territory.

THE LOST CAUSE.

We have lately seen a splendid picture, entitled "The Lost Cause," painted by that eminent young Jewish Artist, Henry Mosler, of Cincinnati. In the back ground are the Blue Ridge Mountains, with a cloudless cerulean sky over-canopying their lofty summits; on the elevated table land, in nearer view, is a dismantled long cabin, its stick chimney tottering to its fall; one end of the cabin has fallen out; the shingles are rotten and weather-beaten, and over the roof, and drooping over the side is a vine just putting forth its buds. A Confederate soldier, fully uniformed and equipped has returned and stands mournfully leaning on his gun, as he meditates the desolation of his home—One can almost read his history, in the lines of sorrow that mark his face. Through the storm of many a battle has he rushed with a heart too brave to quail, but now he sinks down, utterly discomfited, at this last spectacle of woe—the ruin of his mountain home. When the banner of the Southern Cross was furled, never more to kiss the breezes of victory, there was still one thought that cheered him—that of meeting his wife and children at home. This prospect animated him as he climbed his native hills, his heart beat warmer, and his step grew quicker, as he neared the spot which had laid as the sweetest image in his mind, all through those long and fierce campaigns; one more turn in the mountain path will bring to his view his hardy wife and white-locked children, rushing in glee to meet him; it is made, and lo a ruin—no babe—no boy—no girl—no companion—no home—a *Lost Cause*.

We call the special attention of our friends, who may have occasion to visit Cincinnati, to the note addressed to us, in another column, from W. A. Thurston, Proprietor of the Metropolitan Hotel. For every comfort, connected with a Hotel, we say frankly that we have never received better accommodations than at the Metropolitan, under Mr. Thurston's Superintendence.

THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER.

In his Lodge he is autocrat and his sway absolute. The Scepter of the Czar of all the Russias, is not more potential than the gavel of the W. M. His decisions are not debatable, if he so chooses. No appeal can be taken from them to the Lodge. His single opinion is as powerful as a black ball in the ballot. He is not, however, without *surveillance*. Every Master Mason may see his acts, and hear his decrees, and if he feels aggrieved may present the case to the judgment of the Grand Lodge. This body will sustain, or set aside his decisions, upon complaint being made, as the merits of the case may warrant.

The Master is the custodian of the Charter, jewels and furniture of the Lodge.

It is his duty to rigidly enforce the Landmarks of the Order, and to see that the Constitution and By-Laws of the Grand Lodge, and his own particular Lodge, are implicitly observed.

He has the right of convening and closing his Lodge at pleasure. In this respect his will is arbitrary. Motions to close, adjourn, or call off are always improper in a subordinate Lodge. He selects his own Senior Deacon. He, with his Wardens, are the authorized representatives, of his Lodge, in the Grand Lodge. Hiram is the name of his gavel.

There was an exhibition given by the pupils of the Blind Asylum, at Major Hall, on the night of February 10th.

The exhibition, in itself, was exceedingly creditable, to the pupils.

The Legislature—Senate and House—who vote the appropriations to sustain this Institution were furnished with Complimentary Tickets to this exhibition, while the general public, who pay the taxes, were charged fifty cents each.

We are opposed to making a paying show of the proficiency of pupils of the Blind or other State Asylum. If it was necessary to have given this exhibition here for the benefit of the members of the Legislature, that they might judge of the utility of such an Institution, then let the State pay for transportation, hotel bills, and rent of hall. Why tax the people of Frankfort, *per capita*, to defray such expenses? If it is right here, it is equally right for Mr. Patton to make the tour of the State with his blind troupe.

Mr. Patton—would make a few pay his expenses—while he would lavish his patronage on those whom he thinks will yield the thrift that follows fawning.

He is pretty shrewd, but hasn't learned one lesson, which even a blind man might see, namely, that success is not always to be estimated by the dollars and cents, taken in at the door, of an exhibition room.

Since our last issue Brother Augustus Conery, of Hiram Lodge, No. 4, has passed away. He was a Mason of many years experience, and deeply read in the antiquities of the Order. He loved Masonry for its fraternal qualities, and the beauty of its ritual work, but being by nature fond of antiquities, he was passionately fond of the institution because of its venerable career.

While he lived he was the Marshal of nearly all Masonic processions in this section, and no man knew better than he how to interpret or conduct the proprieties of a public occasion.

He was a man of many generous qualities, ardently attached to his friends, honorable in his business relations, and courteous in his conduct toward all.

He had his faults, but it is too late to judge them. His Masonic Brethren spread the mantle of charity over his frailties, with the turf they laid on his breast, and turned away from his grave to emulate his virtues, to avoid his errors, and to cherish his memory.

The Editor of the Masonic Review says: "Ministers, as a class, know but little about Masonry, for their reading and studies lead in another direction."

Does the Rev. Cornelius Moore, Editor of the Review, speak from experience?

Now is the time to make up Clubs.

Our readers are to be regaled with a lively discussion of the question: "Ought a member of the Christian Church to be permitted to remain affiliated with the Masonic Order?" The affirmative will be sustained by Bro. John Augustus Williams and the negative by Dr. Walsh, Editor of the *Banner of Christ* published at in North Carolina.

We expect to present the first instalment of the debate in our next number. The papers will be of thrilling interest to all members of the Christian Church, and of the Masonic fraternity.

Those who would see the battle should subscribe at once.

ELEGANT.—Dr. Helmbold, the renowned "Bucure-ious" millionaire of this city whose store on Broadway is the most elegant of all, every pleasant afternoon may be seen on the streets or in Central Park with his beautiful four-in-hand, dashing along at a three-minute gait. The Doctor has the handsomest turn out in the park. Four magnificent horses, elegantly matched, each one prouder than a negro Congressman just elected. The team, carriage, and harness cost upward of \$20,000. When the Doctor rides, he rides in style, and rides rapidly, and thousands of people stop to gaze at the man and his splendid equipage. A dark complexioned individual sitteth high up in front, and he handleth the reins with much *eclat*; while another dark complexioned individual of giant size makes his *debut* in a bird's nest rigging behind volume one of the aforesaid vehicle. The Doctor spends three hundred thousand a year in advertising; making six hundred thousand dollars profit thereby. He is the owner of a beautiful city residence, a magnificent city store, and a splendid country seat, and the Lord only knows how much bank stock and other dividend-producing property. And as his debts are all paid, we say let him ride.—*N. Y. Democrat.*

Yes—his debts are all paid—let him ride! No matter that he gulls a million of people, annually, with his "Buchu," and out of the proceeds pays 300,000 dollars a year for advertising, one hundred thousand dollars for cheap whisky and noxious drugs, and pockets the profits of a gross imposition, the handsome amount of six hundred thousand dollars.

He is worth stopping to gaze at, to say nothing of his coach and four, and livried flunkies.

That man, in the buggy, driving the bob-tailed horse, just behind this glittering equipage—nobody stops to look at him, though his debts are all paid; yet he is a man of science, well-skilled in the medical profession, and a true benefactor of his patients. He spends nothing in advertising. His recovered, or relieved patients are his walking placards.

"Money makes the mare go," and in Dr. (?) Helmbold's case it makes *four go*.

It is passing strange, that the people will be imposed upon by pretentious quacks.

A man who will not expose his formula to the medical profession is no benefactor of the race. He is a speculator upon the ills and credulity of society.

A miserable Swede, who started in life as an itinerant fortune-teller, finally got together some villainous concoctions, advertised them hugely, and died a millionaire. Who has not heard of "Roback's Scandinavian Remedies?" They were no more effective in the cure of diseases than the contents of a swill tub.

Then we have the "Plantation Bitters"—an other method of selling mean whisky. "The receipt is wrapped around the bottle." Certainly: that lets the people know, who have scruples about bar-rooms, that they can buy fusil-oil at drug stores. Plantation Bitters may fool the unsuspect-

ing wife, but if they possess any merit at all, it is no more than may be found in any other bottle containing the same inferior grade of whisky.

During the past month we have seen a husband and a wife weep the loss of their last child. How deeply we have sympathized with them they may never know! Very dreary would be their hearts and homes were it not for the hope of the Better-Land.

One has beautifully said: "Our children who die young are like the lambs which Alpine shepherds bear in their bosoms to higher and greener pastures that the flocks may follow."

Here is a nice *morceau* of poetry, which befits the occasion, of which we write:

WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

Oh the strange, oppressive stillness
Where the children come no more!
Ah! the longing of the sleepers
For the soft arms of the children—
Ah! the longing of the faces
Peeping through the open door—
Faces gone forever more!

Strange is it to wake at midnight
And not hear the children breathing,
Nothing but the old clock ticking,
Ticking, ticking by the door.
Strange to see the little dresses
Hanging up there all the morning,
And the gaiters—ah! their patter
We shall hear it never more
On our child-forsaken floor!

What is home without the children?
'Tis the earth without its verdure,
And the sky without its sunshine:
Life is withered to the core!
So we will leave this dreary desert,
And we'll follow the Good Shepherd
To the greener pastures vernal,
Where the lambs have "gone before,"
With the shepherd evermore.

LEXINGTON LODGE, No. 1—S. B. Van Pelt, M., W. H. McCardy, S. W., G. D. Buckner, J. W., J. G. Chinn, Sec., D. Warner, Tr., M. T. Scott, S. D., G. Y. Johnston, J. D., Jas. Kruser, S. & T.

DAVISS LODGE, No. 22—J. C. Oliver, M., W. S. Rule, S. W., W. C. White, J. W., B. T. Milton, Sec. & Treas., G. W. Dozier, S. D., (None) J. D., Jas. Kruser, S. & T.

DEVOTION LODGE, No. 160—M. S. Dowden, M., H. Clayton, S. W., W. R. Trumbull, J. W., J. L. Gilmore, Sec., Jo. D. Trapp, Tr., J. Hencsey, S. D., J. B. McElroy, J. D., Jas. Kruser, S. & T.

GOOD SAMARITAN, No. 174—P. Henry Thompson, M., F. Rothenhoefer, S. W., H. Hukill, J. W., W. A. Nesbitt, Sec., J. W. Cannon, Tr., Wm. Landsberg, S. D., S. J. Crane, J. D., Jas. Kimball, S. & T.

I. T. MARTIN LODGE, No. 459—W. H. Dougherty, M., John F. Smith, S. W., Lewis K. Hamilton, J. W., James Reed, Tr., Tho. H. Dougherty, Sec., Jno. W. Lancaster, S. D., Wm. B. Sinclair, J. D., William Mullanix, S. & T.

We have received from Messrs. Morris, Southwick & Co., the enterprising Real Estate dealers of Louisville—the January number of their Real Estate Bulletin, containing a beautiful lithographic map of Louisville. It shows the city as it now is, and the various contemplated improvements, viz: The one thousand-acre park in the neighborhood of the water-works, Southern Park, Park Place, Circle Grove, Elliott and Slevan Park. It also shows the Grand Crescent avenue, new boundary line, &c. The Bulletin will be sent to subscribers one year, postage paid, for one dollar, map included.

Literary Gems.

GATHERED FROM MANY MINES.

REASON AND RELIGION.—Man is not at all settled or confirmed in religion, until his religion is the self-same thing with the reason of his mind; that when he thinks he speaks reason, he speaks religion; or when he speaks religiously, he speaks reasonably, and his religion and reason are mingled together; they pass into one principle; they are no more two, but one; just as the light in the air makes one illuminated sphere, so reason and religion, in the subject, are one principle.—*Whitchote.*

Dickens wrote: "There is nothing beautiful and good that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, play its part, though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that love it here. Dead! oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear; for how much charity, mercy, purified affection, would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!"

Voluntary thoughts are the best measure and indication of the frame of our minds. As the nature of the soil is judged by the grass which it brings forth, so may the disposition of the heart by the predominancy of voluntary thoughts.—*Dr. Owen.*

Channing says, an humble spire pointing heavenward from an obscure church, speaks of man's nature, man's dignity, man's destiny, more eloquently than all the columns and arches of Greece and Rome, the mausoleums of Asia, or the pyramids of Egypt.

Daniel Webster penned the following beautiful sentiment:

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men—we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten for all eternity.

It often happens, that a stranger, whom the voice of fame had made illustrious, loses the brightness of his character, the moment he is seen and known. We hope to please others by entering into familiar connexion with them; and we presently disgust them, by the evil qualities and irregular behavior which they discover in us.—*Kempis.*

God hears the heart without words; but he never hears words without the heart.—*Bp. Hopkins.*

The higher the flood swells on earth, the nearer the ark mounts to heaven.—*Secker.*

VANITY.—We are so presumptuous as to wish to be known by all the living, and even by posterity; and we are so vain as to be amused and satisfied by the esteem of five or six persons about us.—*Pascal.*

DELIGHT AND DESIRE.—Desire is love in motion; delight is love in rest.—*John Howe.*

Dr. Johnson used to say "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any."

TRUTH.—Truth regards not who is the speaker, nor in what manner it is spoken, but that the thing be true; and she does not despise the jewel which she has rescued from the mud, but she adds it to her former treasures.—*Nennius.*

LIGHT.—We boast our light, but if we look not wisely on the sun itself it smites us into darkness. The light we have was never given us to be staring on, but by it to discover onward things now distant.—*Milton.*

If a man is not rising upwards to an angel, depend upon it he is sinking downwards to a devil. He cannot stop at the beast. The most savage men are not beasts; they are worse, a great deal worse.—*Cotteridge.*

CHRISTIANITY AT DEATH.—If ever Christianity appears in its power it is when it erects its trophies on the tomb; when it takes up its votaries when the world leaves them, and fills the breast with immortal hope in dying moments.—*Robert Hall.*

Matthew Henry says, "The happiness of heaven is the constant keeping of a Sabbath. Heaven is called a Sabbath, to make those who love Sabbaths long for heaven, and to make those who long for heaven love Sabbaths."

Apology is only egotism wrong side out.—*Dr. Holmes.*

TRUTHS.—The great truths of metaphysics and religion are like family jewels, which descend as heirlooms from generation to generation and are perpetually reset to suit the fashion of the times. It is the manner of presenting them, and not the substance, which changes.—*Ed. Review.*

DOUBT.—Never be afraid to doubt if only you have a disposition to believe; and doubt in order that you may end in believing the truth.—*Cotteridge.*

REASON AND FAITH.—Reason and Faith resemble the two sons of the patriarch: Reason is the first-born, but Faith inherits the blessing.—*Fuller.*

MOVEABLE CONSCIENCE.—There are some kinds of chemical substances which being exposed at a low temperature maintain their form and figure, but which being subjected to a slight degree of heat exhale and disappear. So it is with some consciences. What is the worth of a moveable conscience?—*Beecher.*

There are undercurrents in the ocean, which act independently of the movements of the waters on the surface; far down, too, in its hidden depths, there is a region where, even, though the storm be raging on the upper waves, perpetual calmness and stillness reign. So there may be an undercurrent beneath the surface movements of your life; there may dwell in the secret depths of your being the abiding peace of God, the repose of a holy mind, even though, all the while, the restless stir and commotion of worldly business may mark your outer history.—*Rev. John Caird, M. A.*

It is good for man to suffer the adversity of this earthly life; for it brings him back to the sacred retirement of the heart, where only he finds that

he is an exile from his native home, and ought not to place his trust in any worldly enjoyment. It is good for him also to meet with contradiction and reproach; to be evil thought of, and evil spoken of, even when his intentions are upright and his actions blameless; for this keeps him humble, and is a powerful antidote to the poison of vain-glory.—*A' Kempis.*

GOD ALL-SUFFICIENT.—There is no harm can happen to a man who has God for his friend; but there is no good can happen to a man abandoned of God. No philosophy can stand out against God's departure.—*Cheever.*

The law of God will not take ninety-nine for a hundred.—*Secker.*

PRAYER UNANSWERED.—We, ignorant of ourselves,

Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers Deny us for our good; so we find profit, By losing of our prayers.—*Shakespeare.*

INFIDELITY.—Nothing can be plainer than that ignorance and vice are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the composition of Free Thinkers; who, in propriety of speech, are no thinkers at all.—*Dean Swift.*

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—Men often tremble lest the "shiftings and changes of philosophy" end in attacking religion. But natural philosophy is, next to the divine word, the most certain remedy of superstition and the most wholesome food of faith; and is therefore, rightly considered the truest, loveliest handmaid of religion, and the one displaying the will of God, the other his power.—*Id. Bacon.*

Some degree of misery ever attends vice, as its shadow, even in this life. To indulge the appetites and passions is so grievous a servitude, and attended with so many bitter consequences, that men smarting under the ill effect of sin, cannot but sometimes wish to be delivered from its bondage.—*Heylyn's Lectures.*

To do men real good, you must be in sympathy with God, as well as man. Philanthropy without religion, is a cloud that would rain, but has no moisture. The contemplative piety of the recluse, is a lake without an outlet. What would a diamond be good for, if it absorbed the light, instead of reflecting it?—*H. W. Beecher.*

TRUTH AND LOVE.—I am sure truth never lost any thing by being spoken in love. I am of opinion that a principal reason why we are not more of one mind, is that we are not more of one heart. How soon they who feel heart to heart, begin to see eye to eye! The way to think alike is first to feel alike; and if the feeling be love, the thought will be truth. I wish, therefore, for the sake of sound doctrine, that the brethren would love one another.—*Dr. Nevins.*

A nobleman once sent his steward to call an artist, on whom he wished to confer a snuff-box as a mark of his approbation, to ascertain if such a present would be acceptable. The offer was received with enthusiasm.

"Where shall I send it?" inquired the envoy.
"Oh, if you would be kind enough," replied the grateful artist, "to pawn it on the way, you can let me have the money."

THE MOST FORMAL OF FLOWERS.—The primrose.

THE FUNERAL OF MIRABEAU.

"Open the window. I shall die to-day. All that can now be done is to envelop one's self in perfumes, to crown one's self with flowers, to surround one's self with music, that one may sink quietly into everlasting sleep."

So said Mirabeau on the morning of the day of his death.

He had reached the summit of worldly glory. He was the popular idol of France. His statesmanship had given to the people a constitution to protect them from the tyranny of courts and kings. The king, in the presence of five hundred thousand people had accepted that constitution, amid the booming of cannon, the peal of triumphal music, and the ringing acclamations of popular applause. The shout that ascended when the proud monarch swore eternal fidelity to that charter of civil rights had been echoed from Paris to the Pyrenees, from the Rhine to the Alps, and from the Alps to the ocean. Paris for a week had known no night, for the blaze of countless torches had linked the festal days. And in these unparalleled days of enthusiasm and festivity, the name of Mirabeau had been perpetual music to the ear of every Republican Frenchman.

With these scenes of triumph fresh in mind, Mirabeau was suddenly stricken with a mortal sickness. His thoughts were all engrossed in worldly concerns. He was a man of the world. His life, from the *bravura* of youth to the strength of maturer years, had been one of restless ambition. The current of infidelity that inundated France had borne him along its destructive course. He had never felt the presence of God in prayer; he had never known the streams of delight that flow from the unseen world. Such things to him were dark, vague, and mysterious, and death found him without hope or consolation. "All that can now be done," said the departing statesman, "is to envelop one's self in perfumes, to crown one's self with flowers, to surround one's self with music, that one may sink quietly into everlasting sleep." With such delights he would fain have lulled the voice of conscience, and diverted his unquiet thoughts.

The funeral of Mirabeau was inconceivably splendid. Four hundred thousand men, headed by Lafayette, joined in the imposing pageant. The streets of Paris were draped, the bells tolled, and pealing requiems rose on every hand. The funeral oration was pronounced at eight in the evening, at the church of Saint Eustache. The arms of twenty thousand of the National Guard were simultaneously discharged, shivering to atoms every pane of glass in the costly edifice. It was midnight when the vast procession turned away from the vaults wherein was deposited the sarcophagus.

And all this pomp and homage was for one who had never known his God, and whose soul hungered for sensual delights to soothe his dying pillow.—*Christian Treasury.*

Presentments of death are among the strangest phenomena of the human mind. Biography sets forth a startling array of cases in which the setting sun of life has cast a long shadow of impending dissolution before it. Asked in his thirty-sixth year to write a Requiem, Mozart sadly replied, "It will be my own, then;" and he died as soon as he had finished it. "Did I not tell you truly," he said, musing over the score as he lay dying, "that it was for myself I composed this death-chant?" Fleicher, the French divine, dreamt that he was to die, and ordered his tomb. "Begin your work at once," was his final instructions to the sculptor, "for there is no time to lose;" and no sooner was the house of death finished, than its intended tenant entered upon possession. "What is to be the subject of your next design?" asked a merry party of friends of Hogarth. "The End of All Things," was the reply. "In that case," said one jokingly, "there will be an end of the artist." "There will," rejoined Hogarth, with a depth of solemnity that was strange in him. He set about the plate in hot haste, broke up his tools when he had finished it, entitled the print "Finis," and in a short time after its publication, lay stretched in death. "Poor Weston!" exclaimed Foote, as he stood dejectedly contemplating the portrait of a brother actor recently dead, "poor Weston! Soon others shall say poor Foote." In a few days he was borne out to his burial.

FINISHED WORK.

There is a beautiful significance in the fact that when Divinity would build a temple for himself on earth, he commanded that it should rise without the sound of hammer, and so,

"Like some tall pine, the noiseless fabric rose."

The HAMMER is the emblem of man's creations. About his rarest works you will find it; hidden in a corner, resting on a column, laying behind a statue; it is *somewhere*. Heap about the pedestal whereon stands the Greek Slave the chips and chisels, the gravers and the hammers, and how is the magic of marble diminished or destroyed! It is no longer a being waked from the sleep of creation, throwing off its Parian shroud, and only waiting the whisper of Omnipotence to breathe, but a stone, blasted, and pried, and lugged, and lifted from somebody's quarry; perforated, and chipped, and hewn; modeled in clay by a man in an apron, and wrought out "by the hardest" by maccaroni eating barbarians in short jackets and blue caps. The dead wailing, the dumb eloquent, the silent thought shaping out and dwelling in the marble, all vanish "like the laceless fabric of a vision," at the sight of a hammer. The Yankee "sees into it," and "guesses" a lathe could be made "to turn" the thing out in half the time, and "sure as preaching" he was born to make it. He wonders if it couldn't be run in a mould; if plaster would 'nt do as well; whether the least "tick" of red paint would 'nt make 'her lips' kinder human, and a pink skirt more like a Christian? He "can't see why" it should cost "such a *tactical* sight"; and where are the beauty and poetry of the Greek Slave? Ask where are the birds that sang an hundred years ago as well.

In the construction of this great Temple of the world, find, if you can, a moulding, a cornice, an architrave, with a rivet in it, any putting of nails, or hiding of seams, or painting over of patches. Oh! no; everything is finished, no matter where, no matter how you find it. All the blue Masonry of Night was done without trowel or hammer. No, quick clip of scissors scaloping the leaves of ten thousand flowers, no ring from the mighty anvil, whence scintillate, nightly, the sparks of starry time; no brushes or pencils or patterns lying about rose-trees and woodbines; no staging discovered around the oak as it goes up; no morticing machines nor mallets beneath it, though the great arms securely fastened to the column, are swaying bravely aloft.

Who ever sat up late enough at night, or rose long enough before the sun in the morning, to find anything *unfinished*? If a bud, 't was done; if a blossom, perfect; a leaf or leaflet, alike non-parallel. Bid the "seven wise men of Greece" sit in solemn conclave over a budded rose, and what one of them would dream there was anything more to be done—any thing more to be desired?

Who ever detected, any where, a leaflet half fashioned or a flower half painted? A brushe's careless trail on some little thing that peeps out of the cleft of a rock, and dodges back again at a breath; some little thing of no consequence, that nobody ever, if ever, sees? Ah! no; as delicately finished, fashioned, and perfumed, as if it had bloomed in the conservatory of a queen, and been destined for the wreath that circles her brow.

Every thing of Heaven's handiwork is finished, from first to last.—*D. F. Taylor.*

The following remarks are extracted from an address delivered by Rev. Bro. J. C. McCabe, D. D., our old Professor of Mathematics:

We grant that many Masons *are* bad men. This is too true, and bad men are a drawback to any society, secret or public. But the fact itself does not prove the institution a bad one. In the twelve, there was a devil, but all the Apostles were not bad men. There are bad men in the Christian Church itself, I am sorry to fear—but is the Christian Church a bad society? Their argument, then, is simply sheer nonsense. I am sorry, I say to know and believe that we have had, and have now, bad men in the Masonic fraternity. But must we tear down the temple because the sons of Belial have mingled with the worshippers? shall we shiver a classic column, because the crawling reptile has slimed its capital? No, rather let Masonry wipe out this reproach as far as she can, by permitting none to

pass or repass, but such as are duly qualified by moral character, and whose lives, like the reputation of Cæsar's wife, are above suspicion. Bad men are to be found everywhere, in every society under every form of government—but would you disorganize society and throw it into primal chaos, because of the bad portion of its elements? Then there is no cause of complaint against the order, as such, that will not apply to every organization on the face of the green earth. But look on the other side of the picture, and see the names of good men and true, who have adorned the order, and shed a luster around the Masonic character.

I will not wander back the stream of Masonic tradition—I will only point you to that spot in Massachusetts, whose summit crowned by the tall shaft that points to the skies, reminds you that the blood of Joseph Warren, the first Grand Master of Masons in North America, baptised the soil of Bunker Hill, as a memorial of freedom. I will point you to that young and chivalrous Frenchman upon whose ear rose the cry of the Virgin Freedom in distress, and, who leaving the luscious vintage of his lovely France to be pressed by other hands, gave up all—home, friends, family, fortune, and shining ranks of proud nobility, and hared his lofty brow and his manly breast to the storms of war and when men would deery Masonry, and pronounce her sons bad men, amid the shouts with which proud old Bunker Hill thunders the name of Joseph Warren,—Yorktown, with a voice like the rush of many waters, will chorus that of Lafayette. And then think of Benjamin Franklin, and Edmund Randolph and Chief Justice Marshall, and Andrew Jackson, and of him who who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"—*Geo. Washington.*

A WOMAN'S WORK.

The truthfulness of the following sketch, by Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of what some woman accomplished, will be appreciated by many farmers' wives, and perhaps its publication may induce greater sympathy for his partner in some husband's mind:

"I declare that the woman who is able to systemize and carry on smoothly the work of an ordinary family, illustrates higher sagacity than is called for by seven tenths of the tasks done by man. Men take one trade, and work at it; a mother's and housekeeper's work requires a touch from all trades. A man has his work hours, and his definite tasks; a woman has work at all hours, and incessant confusion of tasks. Let any man do a woman's work for a single day—wash and dress the children—having provided their clothes the night before; see that breakfast is under way to suit a fault-finding husband; the wash-builer on with water for the wash, and the clothes assorted ready for the washing; the dish water heating, and the luncheon brought out for the school goes; a nice dinner in the good man's dinner-pail; the beds made after proper airing; the father's convenience exactly hit for family prayers; the systematic sweeping of the house at least once a week, and of living rooms once to three times a day according to the number of men to bring in the mud; the actual washing and outbanging of clothes; the drying, sprinkle, and to-morrow the ironing of the same; the sorting and mending of them, and the provision of new ere the old give out; the making of bread three times a week, with cake and pies interscalated judiciously; pickles, preserves, and cellar stores to be laid in, and not forgotten in their season; children's manners to be attended to; company to be entertained; her own person to be tidied up to please *his* eye; the tired *him* to be welcomed and waited on by the no less tired *her*, and the home made cheerful; his trousers to be patched after he goes to bed, 'so he can put them on in the morning'; the children to be helped about their lessons, and reminded not to forget their Sunday school lesson; the shopping and marketing to be done for the household; house repairs to be attended to, and matters in general to be kept straight around home. Meanwhile, 'papa must not be hindered about his work,' because his work brings in the money. Yes, man's work brings the money. But man's work does not so tax the head, and heart, and hand, as woman's work does."

IMAGINARY SCHOLARS.—The pupil of the eyes.

SPRING-BALANCES.

One of our exchanges gives a needed warning against these honest-faced impositions:

"In nearly all the meat-markets, and many of the groceries and other shops where articles are sold by retail, are to be found some nice little contrivances for cheating the purchaser and adding to the gains of the seller, called spring-balances.

"The spring-balance was never intended to give value received; it is only convenient to show an approximation to the weight of the substance which is attached to the hook or placed on the suspended support below. The spring-balance is almost the only sort of apparatus that is of more value to the owner the longer it is used. This contrivance is so, for the reason that every strain on the tension of the spring causes it to bend a little easier than at the previous time it was bent; so that, admitting that it furnished a true index of the weight of an article when it was new, it is certain that it will not do so after the lapse of a few months of use.

"Not only is the spring-balance inaccurate when compared with the lever-balance, but it is, after a little use, inaccurate when compared with itself—that is, it will require a greater weight to register the tenth pound on the scale than it did the first; for the reason that smaller quantities are much more frequently weighed than larger ones; or, again, if ten pounds are weighed separately they will not weigh ten pounds when put on the hook or support together.

"No butcher or market-man buys his meat by weight on a spring-balance, and their use is a fraud on fair dealing that communities should no longer tolerate, and which the Canadian Government has already prohibited."

A STARLIGHT NIGHT.—Perhaps a starlight night is the greatest instructor that is permitted, otherwise than in revelation, to address mankind. We now know that, in contemplating those heavens, we are looking at an historical scene which makes all other histories trivial and transitory. That speck of light which we call star is an emanation which proceeded from its origin thousands of years ago, perhaps, and may not in any manner represent the state of the star at the present day. Then, again, it is not as if we were reading the history of any one past period; but we are reading the commingled history of innumerable ages, widely distant from each other. If men thoroughly entered into the spirit of this strange, weird scene, it would be the greatest cure for ambition, vanity and avarice that has ever been devised.

The idea is very difficult to realize or to express. To compare small things with great, this illustration may be used. It is as if a man of the present day were to see (not to read about, but to see) Lord George Gordon's riots, Louis the Fourteenth's conquest of Flanders, Charlemagne's slaughter of the Saxons, Hannibal's victory at Cannæ, the building of the hund-ed-gated Thebes, and weary Methuselah celebrating his seven hundredth birthday—all at the same time, these scenes having reached his eyes at the same moment, and being for him the story of the present day.—From Help's "Realmah."

Said Lord John Russell to Mr. Hume, at a social dinner: "What do you consider the object of legislation?"

"The greatest good to the greatest number," responded Mr. Hume.

"What do you call the greatest number?" continued his lordship.

"Number one, my lord," was the Commoner's prompt reply.

An analysing dame reports that "she had heard of but one old woman who kissed her cow, but she knows of many thousands of young ones who have kissed very great calves."

The following extraordinary advertisement appears in a Sheffield paper:—"For sale, six pressing vices." It is to be hoped that other people will endeavor to sell their vices which are pressing.

From the Western Citizen.
THE SOLDIERS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

The meeting of the soldiers of the War of 1812, in this city yesterday, was deeply interesting, and we regret that our limited space precludes us from giving a more extended notice than the mere outlines of the proceedings. There were thirty veterans of the War of 1812 in attendance—the oldest of whom was (Uncle Joe Shawhan) was eighty-eight years of age; and the youngest, (Thos. Lindsay) was upwards of seventy. There were men among them who had made their mark in their country's history, and others, the progenitors of heroes who had illustrated their names in later wars.

The most interesting feature of the meeting was the masterly address—just the thing for the occasion—of Gen. Leslie Combs. We regret exceedingly that there was no reporter present to take down his remarks, word by word, as they fell from his lips. We will not do him the injustice to attempt even a synopsis of his speech. It was a rapid review of the important events—the political, social and scientific progress of the last eighty years—commencing with the French Revolution and going hurriedly over the important events which have transpired since that time—including in the course of his remarks to the matchless bravery of both the soldier of the North and South in the late war, and interspersing his address with timely and forcible illustrations. He then alluded to the remarkable material progress of the age in which they had lived—the invention of the turnpike by McAdam; the application of steam by Fulton; the discovery of telegraphing by Morse; the inauguration of the vast system of railways throughout the country. In 1828, when he introduced a bill into the Kentucky Legislature asking for the charter of the Frankfort and Lexington railroad, many of the members of that body thought he was a fit subject for the Asylum at Lexington. The first car propelled by steam in this country was made by Bruen of Lexington, Ky., under the direction of Barlow, the inventor afterwards of the planetarium.

He concluded with an allusion to his own buoyancy of health—to his second boyhood; and said that he did not know how he had retained so vigorous a manhood excepting that the great aim of his life has been to aid his fellow-men, and he advised all to follow his example; he had lived in two centuries, and now he was for the third. He concluded by invoking the Divine blessing on all present, and wishing them continued life in the land whose liberties they had contributed so largely to preserve.

His speech was listened to throughout by the deepest interest; and we know it would be gratifying to all who heard it if Gen. Combs would prepare it for the press. It was too fine an effort to pass away, and to linger only in the memories of those who heard it.

After the address the meeting took recess, and marched in procession to the Bourbon House, where they partook of a sumptuous dinner, gotten up for them by Maj. Daniel Hibler.

The fourth annual meeting of the Soldiers will be held in this place on the 22 of February 1870.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

There is a form of extravagance which is vicious; but, as a rule, the acts to which that word is usually applied are either indifferent or actually praiseworthy, being the results of mere idiosyncrasy of that individuality of judgment which it ought to be the object to encourage; or, at worst, of a wilfulness not worthy of blame. The most common form of all extravagances—indifference to petty outlays—is very often as right as if it were the result of wise and deliberate judgment. Up to a certain point, care about such expenditure cramps and worries the mind—causes in actual loss of money more wastes than it saves. Sixpences smooth life; to the nervous organizations bred in our cities life needs smoothing. Nobody is ever ruined in candle ends, and the effort to keep them only insures a discontented, and therefore a spasmodically expensive household. No form of wastefulness strikes some men—and some liberal men—so much as wastefulness in carriage hire, in petty gifts, in minute purchases; and no income seems to exempt those who practice it

from the charge of extravagance. Nevertheless, it is often quite certain that a waste of a hundred a year will increase a man's power of making the best of himself, of earning, if it is to be put in that way, more twice the sum expended in things yielding a visible return. It is right to save temper, even at the expense of cash. There are degrees in all things; but we suspect that the professional class, in their habitual extravagance in sixpences, are wiser than the trading class, who so often condemn them for that disregard. One of the commonest forms of extravagance—building—is often a direct moral and intellectual benefit to the amateur, gratifying a healthy passion of constructiveness, which, ungratified, would exhibit itself in the search for much more dangerous excitements. Book buying, picture buying, gem or toy buying, are defensible on the same grounds as at worst blameless amusements; and it will rarely be found, we think, that men with any special extravagance of that sort come to much pecuniary grief. On the contrary, they as often acquire the habit of thrift and regularity in pecuniary matters in order to gratify the exceptional taste. "Collectors" for example, even if it be of old china, are very rarely ruined. Other men again—and this is a very frequent case—get a reputation for extravagance by a habit decidedly wise, that of concentrating wastefulness, of making presents, or buying toys, for example, very seldom; but, when they give or buy, securing things really worth the money. The woman who saves in "chiffons" what will buy lace or diamonds is the very reverse of extravagant, though she is certain to be so considered by persons to whom daily extravagance in smaller things would seem quite unobjectionable.

JOINING THE MASONS.

Knobs has joined the Masons, and here is his experience in getting into a Lodge: I must tell you of the perils and trials I had to undergo to become a Mason. On the evening in question, I presented myself at the door of the Lodge room, No. 36,666, sign of the skull and cross-bones. I was conducted to an ante room, where five or six melancholy chaps, in sashes and embroidered napkins, were waiting to receive me. On my entrance they all got up and turned back somewhat and then resumed their seats. A big fat fellow who sat in the middle, and who seemed to be the proprietor, then said: "Sinner from the world, advance!" I advanced. "Will you give up everything to join us?" "Not if I know it," I said; "there are my wife and fourteen fine—" Another party here told me to say "yes," as it was merely a matter of form. So I said, "Yes, I give up everything."

The fellows then in the towers then groaned and said: "Tis well. Do you swear never to reveal anything you see or hear this evening to any human being, or to your wife?" I said "Pon my word, I will not." Then they examined my teeth and felt my tongue, then groaned again. I said, "if you don't feel well, I have got a little bottle here." The fat man here took the bottle from me and told me to shut up. He then, in voice of thunder, said, "bring forth the goat!" Another fellow then comes up with a cloth to blind me, "No you don't, Mr. Mason," I said, "no tricks on travelers, if you please, I don't believe in playing blind man's buff with a goat. I'll ride the devil if you like, but I don't go in blind. Stand back or I'll knock you into smithereens." They were too much for me however, so I had to submit to being blindfolded. The goat was then led in, and I could hear him making an awful racket among the furniture. I began to feel that I was urgently wanted at home, but I was in for it, and could not help myself.

Three or four fellows then seized me, and with a demoniacal laugh pitched me on the animal's back, telling me at the same time to look for squalls. I have been in many scrapes Mr. Editor, I have been in election fights; I have been pitched out of a four-story window; I have gone down in a railway collision; but this little goat excursion was ahead of them all. The confounded thing must be all wings and horns. It bumped me against chairs and tables and the ceiling, but I hung on like a Trojan. I turned front somersaults and rolled over. I thought it was all over with me. I was just on the point of giv-

ing up, when the bandage fell from my eyes and the goat bounded through the window with a yell like a wild Indian giving up the ghost. I was in a lodge of Masons. They were dancing a war dance around a big skull, and playing leap-frog and turning hand-springs, and the big fat fellow of the ante-room was standing on his head in the corner.

THE INFLUENCE OF TEMPLARISM.—Has it ever occurred to you, sirs, that we are a power in the earth? That we can yield an influence for good, the extent of which is incalculable? The poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus, who, on the sterile hills of Palestine, more than seven centuries ago, banded together for the protection of pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre, were the grain of Mustard seed cast into the ground which has grown to be a great tree, under whose shadow the cattle of the fields refresh themselves, and upon whose branches the birds of the air find rest and shelter. Persecution has labored to uproot it—the sword and faggot have combined for its destruction—the mountain goat has browsed its tender twigs, and the wild boar of the forest whetted his tusks upon its trunk; still, in sunshine or in storm, the institution has grown in strength and increased in power; and to-day it girdles the world with a cordon of men, strong in arm and willing of heart, against which the might of empires dashing would be hurled back broken and discomfited, as the shattered wave from the unyielding rock.—*Comp. Pine, Grand Com. of Conn.*

THE TWO PHILOSOPHERS.—The Rev. J. Craig makes the following statement in a late article headed, "Sir Isaac Newton and Voltaire on Railway Traveling."

Sir Isaac Newton wrote a work upon the Prophet Daniel, and another upon the book of Revelations; in one of which he said, that in order to fulfill certain prophecies before a certain date was terminated, namely, 1260 years, there would be a mode of travelling of which the men of his time had no conception; nay, that the knowledge of mankind would be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Voltaire, who did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, got hold of this and said: "Now look at the mind of Newton, who discovered gravity, and told such marvels for us all to admire. When he became an old man, and got into his dotage, he began to study that book called the Bible; and it seems that in order to credit its fabulous nonsense, we must believe that the knowledge of mankind will be so increased that we shall be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The poor dotard!" exclaimed the philosophic infidel, Voltaire, in the self complacency of his pity. But who is the dotard now?

The prevalence of Masonic Societies in all ages and among all peoples, their influence always for good, their connections with the progressive developments of our race, their relation with science, art, letters and philosophy demonstrate their utility, if there be anything susceptible of demonstration within the circle of human experience or observation. That these institutions have ever wrought their great labors in secret, will not appear strange when we consider that all life and beauty are elaborated in night and mystery. As low down in the unseen depths of nature's bosom, the ever active spirit of order weaves the beautiful and magnificent network of foliage, fruits and flowers, which clothes the world with unspeakable splendor—as the divine grace and redolence of the rose are wrought out in the invisible realm of beauty—so the secret brotherhood has labored in the "secret pavilion," to throw over the waste and barren places of human life the beautiful flowers of friendship and love and the fragrance of a heavenly virtue.

When Aristides, the Athenian general, sat to arbitrate a difference between two persons, one of them said, "This fellow accused thee at such a time." To whom Aristides replied, "I sit not to hear what he has done against me, but against thee." If a heathen give such light, how should a Christian shine. "If, therefore, thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." Not the coals of vengeance to consume him, but the coals of kindness to soften him.

Wit and Humor.

What is the difference between a watch-maker and a jailor? One sells watches, and the other watches cells.

I wonder where those black clouds are going? sighed Laura, pensively. I guess they are going to thunder, said her brother.

"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you hollerin' for, when I am going by?"

"Humph!" replied the boy, "what are you going by for when I am hollerin'?"

An Ohio editor is getting particular about what he eats, and expresses himself after the following fashion: "The woman who made the butter which we bought last week, is respectfully requested to exercise more judgment in proportioning the ingredients. The last batch had too much hair in for butter, and not quite enough for a waterfall. There is no sense in making yourself bald-headed, if butter is thirty-five cents a pound."

DRUG STORES ON WHEELS.—A party from Frankfort went down to Louisville to see Zouste last week. After the close of the theatre they took a look at the elephant generally. While standing on the corner of Walnut and Hancock streets, conferring about the wonders of Louisville, a street car with colored lights came in sight.

"George," said one of them to his mate, "let us go right home in the morning."
"What makes you in such a hurry, Jim?"
"It's too sickly here. Do you see those red and blue lights coming up the street?"
"Yes, I see them, but what of that?"
"Why, darn my cats if I am going to stay in a place that is so sickly that they have to haul their drug stores around on wheels."
Jim left for Frankfort in the morning.

A fellow in an oblivious state took up his lodgings on the sidewalk. He woke next morning, and, straightened himself up, looked at the ground upon which he had made his couch, and said: "Well, if I had a pickax I would make up my bed."

LOVING OUR ENEMIES.—A clergyman in the north of Scotland was reproving a parishoner for his habits of intemperance. He told him whisky was his greatest enemy. "Are we not told in the Scripture to love our enemies," said the irreverent baechanallan. "Yes, John," replied the minister, "but it is not said we are to swallow them."

A tavern keeper in one of the small towns of Wisconsin employed an honest old German blacksmith to do a certain job, for which he paid the cash at once. Afterward a neighbor got a similar job done, on credit, for a less price. Upon being asked the reason, the blacksmith replied: "You see, I have no much charge on my book, and I sometimes lose 'em; and so, ven I have good cash customer, I charge good price; but ven I puts it on my book, I do not like to charge so much; so if 'em never pays, I no lose so much."

What is that which a man does not want, and struggles against having as long as possible, but which, when he once gets it, he would not part with for all the world? A bald head.

When may a ship be said to be in love? When she's attached to a buoy; or, when she's making up to a man-of-war.

Why is a grape vine like a soldier? Because it is listed, and trained, and has tendrils, (ten drills,) and shoots.

Where ought the milk of human kindness to be always found? Within the *pate* of the church.

"THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND"—"The deil tak' ye!"

"Your son, Madam, persists in doing nothing," says the director.

"Then," replies the woman, by no means disconcerted, "you should give him the prize for perseverance."

A short man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it falling in love?" said the suitor; "it's more like climbing up to it!"

Why is a troublesome man like a wild hog? Because he is a bore (boar.)

Why is a corporate town like a rabbit hole? Because it is a borough (burrow.)

Why is a young swan like a seal? Because it is a cygnet (signal.)

Why is a candle held in the hand dishonest? Because its light-fingered.

Why cannot a white-haired person help being dizzy? Because he is light-headed.

Why is a vain search like a barefooted boy? Because it's bootless.
And why is a dog like a barefooted boy? For the same reason.

Why are naughty young 'uns like a useful insect followed by vermin? Because they're b-rats.

Why are successful farmers like ostriches? Because they have large *cocks*.

That was a triumphant appeal of an Irishman, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said: "Where will you find any modern building that lasted so long as the ancient?"

A lady went out with her little girl and boy, purchased the latter a rubber balloon, which escaped him and went up in the air. The girl seeing tears in his eyes, said: "Never mind, Neddy; when you die and go to heaven you'll dit it."

PERSONS WHO NEED WATCHING—Those who never know what time it is.

"Guilty or not Guilty?" sharply said the city judge the other day to an inattentive female prisoner in the dock. "Just as yer Honor pleases; it's not for the likes o' me to dictate to yer Honor's worship," was the reply.

Mr. Henry Bergh, the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, says that Mr. Bonner is the most humane horseman in the world, because his trotters are never beaten.

A New Haven tailor rejoices in a customer who measures four feet and seven inches around the waist, and yet who, says the wag of a tailor, shows less *scate* than any other man in the city.

The handsomest man in Chicago is reported to be a downright fool, and is said to enjoy his reputation for beauty so much that his reputation for stupidity does not annoy him.

A San Franciscan says that they catch salmon "which weigh over two hundred pounds apiece in the Bay of San Francisco!" How much do they weigh out of that bay?

DEBT.—It is a remarkable peculiarity with debts that their expanding power continues to increase as you contract them.

Big Fight—bets even; the combatants to be the "bull" of the New York Brokers' Board and the "bear" of the Gold Room.

The individual who broke the ice with his maiden speech was drowned by applause.

During the Spring Circuit, in a case of assault and battery where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a laborer:

"Did you see the defendant throw the stone?"
"I saw the stone, and I'ze pretty sure the defendant throwed it."
"Was it a large stone?"
"I should say it wur a largish stone."
"What was its size?"
"I should say a sizeable stone."
"Can't you answer definitely how big it was?"

"I should say it wur a stone of some bigness."
"Can't you give the jury some idea of the stone?"

"Why, as near as I can recollect, it wur something of a stone."

"Can't you compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone?"

"I should say it wur as large as a lump of cbalk!"

A regimental coffin-maker was asked whom he was making for, and mentioned the intended.

"Why, he is not dead, man!" said the querist.

"Don't you trouble yourself," replied the other, "Dr. Coe told us to make his coffin, and I guess he knows what he gave him."

Scene at a plumber's shop. Verdant customer misunderstands the meaning of the sign "Practical Plumber."

Verdant Customer—"Have you any green gage plums?"

Sharp Shopkeeper—"No, ma'am. We have a green gauger, but he's out just now."

Music Teacher—What does f stand for?
Smart Boy—For forte.

Music Teacher—What do two f's stand for?
Smart Boy—For 2-40.

Jupiter made a wound upon his head to let Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, find her way out, and ever since many mortals have thought it necessary to scratch their heads to enable a wise idea to escape.

An advertisement appeared in a local paper lately, offering a reward for the recovery of a roll of paper about sixteen feet long and sixteen inches wide, relating to a pedigree! It is most likely an Anneke Jans one.

Notices are posted on all the walls of Paris, bearing in letters of enormous size the inscription: "Don't go to the sea shore without Amelia!"

The cheerful companion is not, as might be supposed, a charming young lady, but a kind of shoe adapted to walking on the sand.

Why is a candle-maker the worst and most hopeless of men? Because all his works are wicked, and all his wicked works are brought to light.

DON'T BE TOO ANXIOUS TO SOLVE A CONUNDRUM.—We know a man who got two black eyes in endeavoring to find out "the difference between a man and woman fighting in the street."

"I am sure I cannot live long," said a very dirty-looking patient to his physician. "Is that any reason, sir, why you should carry dirt enough to bury you?"

A haunted house in Savannah had three fearful midnight raps every night. People kept away until it was found that the next door neighbor knocked the ashes out of his pipe at that time.

"We'll all meet again in the morning." Such was the exclamation of a dying child, as the red rays of the summer streamed through the casement.

"Good-bye, papa, good-bye! Mamma has come for me to-night. Don't cry papa! we'll all meet in the morning!"

It was as if an angel had spoken to that father, and his heart grew lighter under his burden, for something assured him that his little one had gone to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

There is something cheerful to all who are in trouble in this: "We'll all meet again in the morning." It rouses up the fainting soul like a trumpet blast, and frightens away forever the dark shades thronging the avenue of the outer life.

Clouds may gather upon our path, disappointments gather round us like an army with banners; but all this cannot destroy the hope within if we have the motto upon our lips "All will be right in the morning."

If you were to die to-night, would it be well with you in the morning?

Our jewels or ornaments imply that we try our affections by justice, and our actions by truth; as the square tries the workmanship of the mechanic, so we regard our mortal state, whether dignified by titles or not, whether it be opulent or indigent. In infirmities, maladies, and wants, all mankind are on a level. Nature has given us no superiorities but from wisdom and virtue which constitute superiority. From such maxims we make estimates of our brethren, when his calamities call for counsel and our aid. The works of charity are from sympathetic feelings, and benevolence acts without respect of persons in dividing what she gives. The emblems of these sentiments is another of the jewels of our institution.

A WORD FOR BOYS.—Truth is one of the rarest gems. Many a youth has been lost to society by allowing it to tarnish, and foolishly throwing it away. If this gem still shines in your bosom, suffer nothing to displace or tarnish its lustre. Profanity is a mark of low breeding. Show us the man who commands the best respect; an oath never trembles on his tongue. Inquire the character of those who depart from virtue. Without a single exception you will find them to be profane. Think of this, and let not a vile word disgrace you.

Give me the eye that can see God in all, the hand that can serve him with all, and the heart that can bless him for all.

Consider this fearful and wonderful frame of a human body, this infinitely complicated engine, in which, to the due performance of the several functions and efforts of life, so many strings and springs, so many receptacles and channels are necessary, and all in their right frame and order, and in which, beside the infinite imperceptible and secret ways of mortality, there are so many sluices and flood gates to let death in and life out, that it is next to a miracle, though we take but little notice of it, that every one of us did not die every day since we were born.

Beauty draws more than oxen.
The danger past, and God forgotten.
Riches are but the baggage of fortune.
Willows are weak, but they bind other wood.
Who spits against heaven, it falls in his face.
There are none poor but such as God disowns.

There is no natural connection between great wealth and happiness; but great poverty and misery are nearly related. Though wealth won't warrant welfare, want won't withstand woe.

OBITUARY RECORD.

OUR LOVED ONES WHO ARE AT REST.

Departed this life at Marion, Crittenden county, in this State, February 1, 1869, Brother J. N. STUTCLIFF, a member of Bigham Lodge, No. 256. The Lodge adopted Resolutions in commemoration of his virtues as a man and a Mason.

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FEBRUARY 8, 1869.

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February 13, 1868-tf.

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