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RESURGAM.

BY ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

"Why did I die?
 O love! I waited—I waited years and years ago.
 Once the blaze of a far-off edge of living Love crept up
 my horizon, and promised a new moon of glory.
 A soul's full life!
 A soul's full love!
 And promised that my voice should ring tracing shivers
 of rapt melody down the grooves of this dumb earth.
 And promised that echoes should vibrate along the purple
 spheres of unfathomable seas, to the soundless folds of
 the clouds.
 And promised that I should know the sweet sisterhood of
 the stars.
 Promised that I should live with the crooked moon in her
 eternal beauty.
 But a midnight swooped down to bridegroom the day.
 The blazing sphynx of that far off, echoless promise,
 shrank into a drowsy shroud that mocked the crying
 star of my soul's unuttered song.
 And so I died.
 Died this uncuffed and unburied death.
 Died alone in the young May night.
 Died with my fingers grasping the white throat of martyr
 a prayer."

WANTED; YOUNG MEN.

It is said that the market is overstocked with men seeking employment, and yet there is always a demand for intelligent, reliable and energetic men to fill places of trust and position. But they must be members not only of the genus "homo," but of the species "vir," for such there are—always open places waiting to be filled.
 Who are the men that are needed in this world? Young men that shall bear burdens. We have enough mullen stalks, we want oak trees? We have enough mushrooms, we want timber. We have enough men that are willing to do anything for the sake of getting along, but what are they worth? They are bridges for men to walk over. They are tools, men use them like sand-paper, to scour with, and then throw them down and trample them under foot. A young man that does not know how to say "No;" a young man that has not power to resist the cup when it is presented, to him—which is he but a poor miserable wash-cloth, but a rag, dishonored, and put to the vilest uses? Who cares for him, or mourns over him, but some Christian mother or Christian minister? But a young man that knows how to say "No;" that knows how to resist evil; that knows how to give buffet for temptation—is not he hardening himself? Is not he making his bones tough—particularly his backbones? He is becoming columnar. And it is such as he that are sought after in business. A man says, "Here is a difficult apartment

in my establishment, and I would pay almost any price if I could find a man that I could trust." Says the man whom he addresses, "I know an impracticable sort of a fellow I think might suit you. He will stick to what he thinks is right at all hazards. You cannot turn him from it by any power on earth. Says the other man, "I want a lignum-vitæ man; send him to me." Let it once be known that a man cannot be cajoled; that he will not lie even for himself; that he will not steal, and has a prejudice against stealing; let it be known that he has been tried and that there is inward principle in him, and let us put him up at auction, and I will get a million bid on him! Men are the things that are most needed in New York. Why, there is no timber in the market that is gathered up as greedily as they are! There is nothing so much needed in business in all departments of it, as moral principle. And yet merchants will teach young men to lie, and, for the sake of monetary profit, cajole customers. And when by-and-by, the young men grow up they become on their own account, filchers, stealers and liars.* You think that the young men of this generation are corrupt and worthless. They are; but the blame rests on your shoulders. You were their schoolmasters. You taught them to lie and cheat in your interest; and now they do it in their own. Now your own chickens come home to roost. Merchants North and South have been raising by the wholesale, damnable young men without principle. And a young man, if he would save himself from destruction, must cling to that "anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, which entereth into that within the veil." Nothing else can insure him safety.—Philadelphia Lutheran Observer.

STORIES ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

An interesting account is given us of the effect of training the elephant. These animals are stalled at the foot of some large tree, which shelters them during the day from the extreme heat of the sun. They stand under this tree, and to it they are chained by their hind legs.
 Early in the morning the keeper makes his appearance from his hovel, and throws the keys down to the elephants, who immediately unlock the padlocks of the chains, loose themselves, and, says the narrator, "in the politest manner returns the keys to the keeper." They then proceeded with him to the nearest forest, and as soon as they arrive there, begin breaking down the branches of the trees, choosing those that are the most agreeable to their taste, and arranging them in two large fagots. When they have collected as much as they think they require, they make withes and bind up their two fagots, and then twist another to connect the two, so that they may hang over their backs, one on each side; and having thus made their provisions they return home. The keeper may or not be present during that time;

all depends on whether the elephants are well trained, or have been long in servitude. On their return, the elephants pass the chains round their legs, lock the padlock, and present the key as before.

When a party of elephants have gathered in a neighboring forest the branches of trees they require, and have returned to the tree where they are accustomed to find a shade, they amuse themselves with their repast, eating all the leaves and tender shoots, and rejecting the rest. When one of them has eaten enough, he usually chooses a long bough, and pulling off all the side branches, leaves a bush at the end, forming a sort of whisk, to keep off the flies and mosquitoes, which get into the cracks and crannies of the elephant's thick hide. Sometimes he will put the end of his trunk down in the dust, draw up as much of it as he can, and turning his trunk over his head, pour it over his skin powdering and filling up these. This being done, he will take the long branch already described, and amuse himself by flapping it right and left, and in all directions about his body, wherever the insects may settle.

In this way an elephant was one day employed, when the keeper brought a little black child and laid it down before the animal, saying, in Hindoostanee, "Watch it," and then walked away into the town. The elephant did not object to this interruption, but at once broke off the larger part of the bough, so as to make a smaller and more convenient whisk, and directed his whole attention to the child. Gently did he fan the little creature, driving off every mosquito that approached, for upward of two hours, until the keeper returned.

Of all the stories I have ever read of elephants, I well remember one of ill-temper. An army in India was ordered to march, and the elephants were called forth to carry the tents. One of them submitted for a time, and, at length, he uttered his complaints, but they were not regarded, and another tent was put upon him. He now became sulky, and when ordered to go on he did so; but in what way? He threw his trunk in the air shrieked his indignation, and set off at a trot, which was about equal, to a horse's gallop in speed knocking down all that came in his way, and producing the greatest confusion.

I have often thought of this elephant when I have seen a child pouting and crying as it proceeded to do what it was told, or knocking down anything that was near. O, what a sad sight is a cross-grained, ill-tempered, passionate child.

An elephant is, after all, an irrational creature: we make, therefore, some excuse for a fit of disobedience; but none can be made for a child in a pet. Have you ever been so? Ask God to help you so to watch your spirit, that you may never be illtempered again.

LEGISLATION AGAINST FREEMASONRY.

The New York *Mercantile Journal*, of a recent date, contains the following article with reference to the late political movement at Washington against Freemasonry:

A petition from certain citizens of Ohio was presented to the Senate of the United States, the latter part of last month, praying Congress to refuse charters to any secret associations, and to repeal the law under which the Masonic Hall Association of the District of Columbia obtained its charter.

The petitioners based their hostility to the ancient institution of Freemasonry on several serious charges, which, if well founded, would have fully justified their action.

Our duty as public journalists, leads us to examine these charges, as the organization thus assailed extends over all the world, and claims to have been established with the praiseworthy object of inculcating the practice of social and moral virtue.

A careful study of its history has convinced us that it is, what it professes to be, a beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols. There are no secrets as to its principles and objects.

The first of the charges referred to, is that "Masonic associations are dangerous to republican governments." Nothing can be more untrue than this.

Monarchy is hereditary, Freemasonry an elective institution. In the one the sovereign, claiming to rule by an inherited right divine, is regarded as the fountain of all honor and power, in the other, the people are acknowledged to be the only source of control.

All officers in the Masonic Fraternity, being in the gift of the Craft, government is strictly elective, and, consequently, republican in its form and character.

Freemasonry dangerous to republican institutions! It might be as well said that knowledge was dangerous to freedom. The true model of a well-ordered republic is a just and duly constituted Masonic Lodge.

Our own great Washington, the memory of whose virtues, valor, and patriotism, will remain forever enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, was one of the greatest ornaments of the Fraternity. Identified, as he was, with the Institution, if it had been antagonistic in its principles or practice to republican government, would he have contented himself with a Presidential chair when he might have mounted a royal throne?

The wiseacres of Ohio, whose minds it may be impossible to irradiate with the light of truth, also assert that, for a long time, Masonic societies have directed their efforts, in this country, toward the support of slavery and the inception of rebellion in its behalf. In reply to this, suffice it to say that every Mason is strictly enjoined "to be a peaceful and quiet citizen, true to his government and just to his country; not to countenance disloyalty or rebellion; but patiently to submit to legal authority, and conform with cheerfulness to the government of the country in which he lives." The charge of inciting to rebellion, &c., is therefore, as false as that of "perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Caesar," which was brought against the founder of Christianity.

Who does not know that the essential characteristic of Masonry, when not perverted, is charity, and that *brotherly love, relief, and truth* are the corner-stones of the Masonic temple? How, then, can that be a *pro slavery* institution, which teaches its members to aid in the erection of that universal and eternal temple, which will one day inclose all humanity within its precincts?

The petitioners say that Freemasons are "bound by barbarous oaths repugnant to law, human and divine."

This is another infamous falsehood. The solemn obligations which Masons voluntarily assume have been entered into by some of the wisest and most virtuous men of all ages and countries since the days of King Solomon. Would they have bound themselves by "barbarous and unlawful oaths?"

Again, it is charged by the petitioners that the youth of the country are taught in Masonic Lodges "the pernicious practices of conspiracy," and that these institutions, through the use of vague signs and symbols, insiduously calculated to deceive,

"habituate the young and innocent to the ways of duplicity and demoralization." The allusion to the young and innocent is easily disposed of, as no one not of lawful age can be made a Mason.

As to the rest, we have the best authority for stating that a desire of knowledge and a sincere wish of being serviceable to his fellow-creatures is the "open sesame" for every man to every Masonic Lodge on the face of the globe, and if any evil thing be discountenanced by Freemasonry more than another, it is disloyalty or conspiracy against lawful government. Its signs and symbols constitute a universal language understood by all Masons. True, they are secret and inviolable. This, however, is a manifest necessity, for were it otherwise, how could one Mason know another, with whom he was previously unacquainted, with certainty? The signs and symbols are only vague to the uninitiated, but to Masons instructed in those duties toward God and man which Masonry inculcates, they are full of meaning, truth, and power. Wherever the light of knowledge has dispelled the mists of ignorance, or the torch of science revealed the hidden wonders of creation, or an altar been erected to the great Architect of the Universe, there Masonry exerts its benign influence, uniting men in an adamant bond of "brotherly love."

ODD-FELLOWSHIP---ITS FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

The Odd Fellows celebrated their fiftieth anniversary in this country on the 26th of April. From the best source of information it appears that the Order of "Independent Odd Fellows" originally started in the city of London or Manchester, and exactly which of those cities is entitled to its paternity, is not definitely known. It was in the year 1748 first brought to notice, and was claimed ostensibly by its authors to help and assist the mechanics and laboring men of that day. They assembled weekly, and their meeting partook rather more of a social than of a moral and beneficial character. It is highly probable that in that day of "merry old England," the solacing effect pipe, and the gushing hilarity brought out by indulgence in the flowing bowl after the labors of the day were ended, may have more influence in attracting members to the meetings than the beneficial feature of the order. Be that as it may, the order seems to have flourished in its native land during the balance of the eighteenth century.

The exact date of its introduction into the United States is not definitely known. There are vague traces of a Lodge in the City of New York, and also in Boston, as far back as the year 1799, but in the absence of authentic data, it is presumed they flourished and shone in their day like a meteor, and then waned and faded from sight. The present organization commenced with Thomas Wilkey, who came over from England in 1817, and located in Baltimore. He was surprised to find that the order was unknown in this country; and falling in with a fellow-countryman, by the name of Welch, after much deliberation they concluded to invite, by public notice, any and all members of the Order, should there be any in the City of Baltimore, to a meeting. There chanced to be at that time three other members, who, seeing the notice, governed themselves accordingly, and the five organized themselves into a Lodge, which, in honor of the great founder of American liberty, was named the Washington Lodge. Their charter, it is said, was derived from the Duke of York's Lodge, in Preston, England, and invested them with Grand Lodge powers, proclaiming them also the Grand Lodge of Maryland, and of the United States of America, with authority to grant charters throughout this vast and extensive continent. From this small nucleus, this primitive gathering of five men, has sprung the Order of Odd Fellowship of the present day, which has increased and extended itself into every State, Territory and province of this hemisphere.

The precepts and teachings of this Order it is claimed, are to elevate the mind and do good to all men, as opportunity may offer, and means adequate to carry the same into effect. They are commanded by their laws to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, educate the orphan, and assist and cheer the widow in her lonely afflictions. Man, they maintain, is a dependent creature, not now what he was intended by the Creator. His physical constitution is weakened, and there is need of a universal law of sympathy to bind

man to his fellows in one common brotherhood. "Friendship, Love and Truth" are the golden links of the chain by which they are bound, and their motto, "Do unto others as ye would that men should do unto you." They claim that the principles of Odd Fellowship, are the principles taught by the word of God. Holding these in common, discarding all sectarianism, every member is left to the free and unrestrained exercise of his own peculiar views and notions.

In respect to politics, fidelity to the government under which they may live, is a standing rule of the Order, yet political distinctions of the day are unknown to them. As in the case of religious views, every member is left free to think and act in political matters as his conscience may dictate, except in case of treason and hostility to the Government, and as in the one case there is a distinct recognition of the Bible and the God of the Bible, and no man can be an Odd Fellow who denies the existence of the one or a consistent one who denies the truth of the other; neither can he be a true and consistent Odd Fellow under the government which rules him, whose principles and acts are adverse to its policy, institutions and laws.

Another virtue, one which has always ranked among the highest and most praiseworthy among nations and individuals, is also enjoined upon each member, viz: Fidelity, the key note to the success and advancement of this institution. The only reward promised for an observance of their creed is an approving conscience. "In the soul," they vow, "lie the germs of ever greatness. Wrong is occasioned by a false education, false influences, false philosophers, false aims. By surrounding men with the influences approximating to the perfect, by filling the unclouded heaven of his soul with the sun and stars of truth, by surrounding him with the golden atmosphere of love, his mental, moral and physical powers shall progress together, making the perfect man. With a philosophy whose voice is justice, with a social order, whose command is 'love one another,' with a religion having the motto, 'Be ye perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect,' the individual character shall rise crowned with the majesty of developed intellect, haloed around with ineffable purity of soul." Such is Odd Fellowship; such its mission as shadowed forth in its Koran—beautiful in its simplicity, yet grand and noble in its design.

THE AGE OF OUR EARTH.—Among the astounding discoveries of modern science, is that of the immense periods that have passed in the gradual formation of the earth. So vast were the cycles of time preceding even the appearance of man on the surface of our globe, that our period seems as yesterday when compared with the epochs that have gone before it. Had we only the evidence of the deposit of rocks heaped upon each other in regular strata by the slow accumulation of materials, they alone would convince us of the long and slow maturing of God's works on earth; but when we add to these the successive populations of whose lives this world has been the theater, and whose remains are hidden in the rocks into which the mud, or sand, or soil of whatever kind, on which they live, had hardened in the course of time—or the enormous chains of mountains whose upheaval divided these periods of quiet accumulations by great convulsions—or changes of different nature in the configuration of our globe, as the sinking of lands beneath the ocean, or the gradual rising of continents and islands above—or the slow growth of coral reefs, those wonderful seawalks, raised by the ocean architects, whose own bodies furnish both the building stones and the cement that binds them together, and who have worked so busily during the long centuries that there are extensive countries, mountain chains, islands and long lines of coast, consisting solely of their remains—or the countless forests that have grown up, flourished and decayed, to fill the storehouses of coal that feed the fires of the human race—if we consider all these records of the past, the intellect fails to grasp a chronology of which our experience furnishes no data, and time that lies behind us seems as much an eternity to our conception as the future that stretches indefinitely before us.—*Agassiz.*

A charity scholar, under examination in the Psalms, being asked, "What is the pestilence that walketh in the darkness?" replied, "Please, sir, bed-bugs."

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY--THE SECRETS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP--A WOMAN THAT WANTED JUST A PEEP INTO THAT PRIVATE CLOSET.

A Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows at Woodstown, determined to have their lodge-room done up clean and nice. It was resolved unanimously that Mrs. K. should be employed to do the job.

After the meeting adjourned the Guardian, who knew the inquisitive character of Mrs. K., procured a billy goat and placed him in a closet that was kept as a reservoir for the secret things. He then informed the lady of the wishes of the Lodge, and requested her to come early next morning, as he would then be at leisure to show her what was and what was not to be done.

Morning came, and with it Madam K., with her broom, brushes, pails, tubs, etc., and found the Guardian waiting for her.

"Now, Madame," said he, "I tell you what we want done, and how we came to employ you. The brothers said it was difficult to get any body to do the job, and not be meddling with the secrets in that little closet; we have lost the key, and cannot find it to lock the door. I assured them that you could be depended on."

"Depended on? I guess I can. My poor dead and gone husband, who belonged to the Freemasons, or anti-Masons, I don't know which—he used to tell me all the secrets of the concern, and when he showed me all the marks the gridiron made when he was initiated, and told me how they fixed poor Morgan, I never told a living soul to this day; if nobody troubles your closet to find out your secrets till I do, they will lay there till they rot—they will."

"I thought so," said the Guardian, "and now I want you to commence in that corner and give the whole room a decent cleaning, and I have pledged my word and honor for the fidelity to your promise; now don't go into that closet," and then left the lady to herself.

No sooner had she heard the sound of his feet on the last step of the stairs than she exclaimed, "don't get into the closet! I'll warrant there's a gridiron, or some nonsense, just like the anti-Masons for all the world. I'll be bound. I will just take one peep, and no body will be any the wiser, as I can keep it to myself."

Suiting the action to the word, she stepped lightly to the forbidden closet, turned the button, which was no sooner done, than bah! went the billy goat with a spring to regain his liberty; which came near upsetting her ladyship. Both started for the door, but it was filled with implements for house cleaning, and all were swept clear from their position down to the bottom of the stairs.

The noise and confusion occasioned by such unceremonious coming down stairs drew half the town to witness Mrs. K.'s effort to get from under the pile of pails, tubs, brooms, and brushes in the street.

Who should be first to the spot but the rascally doorkeeper, who, after releasing the goat, which was a cripple for life, and uplifting the rubbish that bound the good woman to the earth, anxiously inquired if she had been "taking the degrees?"

"Taking the degrees!" exclaimed the lady, "if you call tumbling from the top to the bottom of the stairs, with the devil after ye, taking things by degrees, I have them, and if ye frighten folks as ye have me, and hurt them too boot, I'll warrant they will make as much noise as I did."

"I hope you did not open the closet, madam," said the doorkeeper.

"Open the closet? Eve ate the apple she was forbidden! If you want a woman to do anything, tell her not to do it, and she'll do it certain. I could not stand the temptation. The secret was there, I wanted to know it. I opened the door and out popped the ternal critter right into my face. I thought the devil had me, and I broke for the stairs with the devil butting me at every jump. I fell over the tub and got down stairs as you found us, all in a heap."

"But, madam," said the doorkeeper, "you are in possession of the great secret of our order, and must go up to be initiated and sworn, and then go in the regular way."

"Regular way?" exclaimed the lady, "and do you suppose I am going near the ternal place again, and ride that are critter without a bridle or lady's saddle? No, never! I don't want noth-

ing to do with the man that rides it. I'd look nice perched upon a billy goat—wouldn't I? No, never! I'll never go nigh it again, nor your hall nuther—if I can prevent it no lady shall ever join the Odd Fellows. Why, I'd sooner be a Freemason, and be broiled on a gridiron as long as fire could be kept under it, and pulled from garret to cellar, with a halter, in a pair of old breeches and slippers, just as my poor dear husband. And he lived over it, but I never could live over such another ride as I took to-day."

GOUGH'S APOSTROPHE TO COLD WATER.

See that glass of cold water! Behold it! See its purity! How it glitters as if a mass of liquid gems! It is a beverage brewed by the hand of the Almighty himself! God brewed it for his children that they might drink of it freely as he gave the blessing. It is not brewed among the fetid air of distilleries and breweries. Upon the mountain tops, where the sun's bright beams bestud the stars with dewy diamonds, or afar off upon the ocean, where the storms and hurricanes are born, and the waves roar, the chorus sweeping the march of God; or away down in yon mossy dell where the red deer loves to linger, and the brooks sing a lullaby. In it there is no orphan's sigh, no widow's tear has ever dropped into it; there is no drop of blood to stain its crystal clearness; in its dregs there is no delirium, disease or death! There lies concealed beneath its sparkling surface no fell destroyer to seize upon its fascinated victims. Ah! give it to the thirsty traveler, and he will return it laden with gold; give it to the sufferer, and his blessings will bring joys from heaven to your soul.

Oh! everywhere it is a thing of beauty; Heaven-gifted, earth-blessing, flower-loving water! It was the drink of Adam in the purity of his Eden home; it mirrored the beauty of Eve in her blushing toilet; it wakes to life again the faded and crushed flowers; it falls down to us in pleasant showers from its home among the glittering stars; its name is wreathed in strange bright colors by the sunset clouds. Gleaming in dew-drops, singing in the summer rain, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze over the midnight moon; sporting with the cataracts; slumbering in the bosom of lofty mountains; sailing with noiseless wing through the hurried air; it whispers in the silent snow-flake; it rattles in the hail storm; dashes through the forest; it foams at the fountain; weaves the many colored iris—that seraph's zone of the sky; its warp is the rain-drops of the earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of the heavens all checked over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. It paints old forests and tints from a gorgeous easel upon your window; it makes glad the sunny vales; it meanders like a vein of silver away to the distant sea.

Oh! bright and beautiful, health-inspiring, heart-gladdening water! Everywhere around us dwelleth thy meek presence, twin angel of all that is good and precious here; floating over us with curtains of more than regal splendor; home of the healing angel when his wings bend to the woes of fallen humanity. Oh! take and drink it freely, and dash to the earth the accursed thing that man has made to take the place of Clear Cold Water.

GOOD WORKS.—"God," said a minister to a little boy who stood watching a caterpillar spinning a very beautiful cocoon, "God sets that little creature a task to do, and diligently and skillfully he does it; and so God gives us work to perform in his name and for his sake. But were the insect to remain satisfied for ever in the silken ball that he is thus weaving, it would only become his tomb. No; forcing a way through it, and not resting in it, will the winged creature reach sunshine and air. He must leave his own work behind if he would soar and shine in freedom and joy. And so it is with the Christian. If he rests in his own work, whatever that may be, he is dead to God and lost to glory; he is making of what he may deem virtues a barrier between himself and his Saviour."

"Ma, if you give me an apple I will be good."
"No, my child, you must not be good for pay—you ought to be good for nothing."

ANTIQUITY OF MASONRY.

BY DR. M'CABE.

If Masonic tradition be true, and who has yet disproved it, Masonry arose as an organized order when rose the first temple. She saw that temple in its dazzling splendors crowning Mount Zion at Jerusalem. That temple was destroyed—darkness pavilioned the city of the Great King, and the captive tribes mingled their wild wail with the waters of the Euphrates, as they hung their tuneless harps on the weeping willows there,—but Masonry survived the blow. After a long and gloomy captivity the two tribes returned by virtue of an edict of Cyrus the Persian—but Masonry has outlived by ages the throne that gave permission to rebuild the House of the Lord. The Empire of the Persian has dissolved like a dream, while Masonry like the unspent ocean, moves on an unwearied, unwasted *portage* and younger sister of time. She has outlived the structures of operative workmanship which her sons helped to rear, and those that still crumble and fall and thunder to the midnight moon from out their ruins, seem in striking eloquence to remind us that the only pillars which can withstand the shocks and the storms of centuries are those whose foundations are laid in the word of truth—moral and not physical.

That Masonry has not gone down in the tide of time, with the numerous other systems which have risen and sunk in the progress of ages, and amid the conflicts and mutations which mark the birth and the burial of schemes and projects with which men have sought to perpetuate their names and their deeds, we conceive [as Christian Masons,] is owing to the marked fact that she has adopted the spirit, and has worked by the letter of that great Book of Constitutions, the BIBLE. It is known to the intelligent members of the craft that many of her signs and symbols have been suggested by its perusal, and have their origin and phraseology in the study and understanding of that Book. These facts go farther to show that the Institution is not only to be venerated for its antiquity, but that it should be respected, esteemed and fostered for the great and beautiful moral lesson which it teaches—the amelioration of human woes,—and the undeniable truth it inculcates that the pure benevolence with which it surrounds the objects of its sympathies, has its principles deeply laid in the BIBLE, a Book, be it known, without which, a man never could learn the full measure of his duty to his neighbor or his God, so no Masonic Lodge can organize or work.

LOSS OF IDENTITY.—Lady Scott, in one of her novels, tells a touching story of a lady who, being obliged by a sudden alarm of fire to leave her room without having her "body prepared," as the phrase is, could not be identified by her nearest and dearest friend. Without hair, complexion, teeth, eye-brows, bust, and other artificial continuations and surroundings, she was an absolute stranger to everybody but her maid.

INTEMPERANCE.—Grand Master Coffinbury of Michigan denounces Intemperance in the profane, as vice—in a Mason, as a crime. He remarks most truly:

For the common street drunkard there may be a charitable palliation found, perhaps, in the circumstances of his education and the conditions and surroundings of his whole life. He may be illiterate and uninformed in the common decencies and social conduct of life. He may have been reared in a den of vice, and educated in the midst of debaucheries and drunkenness and know no better life. But the Mason has no such excuses to mitigate the censure of the virtuous. The Mason is surrounded by high and honorable men who call him brother, and encouraged and supported in well doing by their example. They guide his footsteps to a fountain of purity, and open before his eyes a halo of moral light. A thousand influences are brought to bear upon his conduct; a thousand restraints upon his moral action; and, if in spite of all these he fall, it is like an angel of heaven, from pure and everlasting light into moral darkness and degradation, too gross to mingle with the dust and ashes in which he grovels.

Miscellany.

GRANDMA'S DREAM.

I wonder what grandma is thinking about,
As she sits in the corner there,
With the fire-light shining into her eyes,
And over her silver hair?
She has laid her knitting across her knee,
And folded her hands so thin,
And I know that her thoughts are far away,
In spite of the children's din.

I'm sure it is something strange and sweet
That brightens her eyes so dim;
Perhaps she is seeing the golden gates,
And hearing the angel's hymn!
And she smiles to think that she soon will cross
Where the wonderful river rolls,
And gather the rose of her youth again,
In the beautiful garden of souls!

LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL.

Life is beautiful—its duties
Cluster round each passing day,
While their sweet and solemn voices,
Warn to work, to watch, to pray;
They alone, its blessings forfeit
Who by sin their spirits cheat,
Or to slothful stupor yielding,
Let the rust their armor eat.
Life is beautiful—affections
Round its roots, with ardor cling
Mid its opening blossoms nestle,
Birdlike in its branches sing,
Smiling lull its cradle slumbers,
Guard with pride its youthful bloom,
Fondly kisses its snow-white temples,
Dew the turf-mound o'er its tomb.
Life is beautiful with promise
Of a joy that cannot fade,
Life is fearful, with the threatening
Of an everlasting shade,
May no thoughtless wanderer scorn it,
Blindly lost in folly's maze,
Duty, love and hope adorn it,
Let its latest breath be praise.

A GOOD STORY.

A very amusing anecdote is told of an Irishman who happened to be in Paris a short time ago, while three crowned heads of Europe were there on a visit to his Imperial Majesty, Napoleon. These distinguished persons were the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia. One day, having thrown aside all state ceremonial, they determined to see the sights of the beautiful city on the Seine, for their own delectation, and for that purpose they resolved to go incog, so as not to be recognized by the people. However, in their stroll through Paris, they went astray, and meeting a gentlemanly looking person, who happened to be an Irishman, they politely asked him if he would kindly direct them to the Palais Royal.

"Faith and that I will, my boys," says Pat, and at the same time taking a mental photograph of the three "boys." "This way, my hearties," and so they were conducted to the gates of the Royal Palace, and the Irishman was about bidding them farewell, when the Emperor of Russia, interested and pleased as much by the genuine politeness of Pat (and what son of Erin was ever yet deficient in courtesy and politeness?) as by his *naivete* and witty remarks, asked him who he was.

"Well," rejoined their guide, "I did not ask you who you were, and before I answer you, perhaps you would tell me who you may be?"

After some further parleying, one said: "I am Alexander, and they call me Czar or Emperor of all the Russias."

"Indeed," said Pat, with a roguish twinkle in the corner of his eye, and an incredulous nod of the head (as much as to say, "This boy is up to coddling me a bit.") "And might I make bould to ax who ye may be, my flower?"

"They call me Francis Joseph, and the Emperor of Austria."

"Most happy to make your acquaintance, Frank, my boy," said the Irishman, who, thinking he was hoaxed, and in his despairing efforts to get the

truth, as he conceived, out of any of them, turned to the third one, and said: "Who are you?"
"They call me Frederick William, and I am King of Prussia."

They then reminded him that he promised to tell them who he was, and, after some hesitation and a mysterious air of confidence, Pat, putting his hand to his mouth, whispered: "I am the Emperor of China, but don't tell anybody."

MOTHER-OF-PEARL.

Mother-of-pearl is the hard, silvery, internal layer of several kinds of shells, especially oysters, the large varieties of which in the Indian Seas secrete this coat of sufficient thickness to render the shells an object of manufacture. The genus of shell-fish *Pentadina*, furnishes the finest pearls as well as mother-of-pearl. It is found round the coasts of Ceylon, near Ormus, in the Persian Gulf, at Cape Comorin, and some of the Australian seas. The dealers in pearl shells consider the Chinese from Manilla to be the best; they are fine, large, and very brilliant, with yellow edges. Fine large shells of a dead white are supplied by Singapore. Common varieties come from Bombay and Valparaiso, from the latter place with jet black edges. South Sea pearl shells are common, with white edges. The beautiful dark green pearl called earshells or sea-ears, are more concave than the others, and have small holes round the margin. They are the coverings of the *Haliotis*, which occurs in the Californian, South African and East Indian Seas.

In the Indian collection of the Great Exhibition, specimens of the finest pearl shells were shown, such as the *Meleagriha margaritifera*, *Haliotis gigas*, *Haliotis iris*, and a large species of *Turbo*, which shells are known in commerce as flat shells, green snail shells, buffalo shells. Messrs. Fauntleroy and Mr. Banks had had also some fine collections. The latter gentleman states that the shore of the Sooloo Islands affords the finest shells.

The beautiful tints of the mother-of-pearl depend upon its structure, the surface being covered with a multitude of minute grooves, which decompose the reflected light. Sir David Brewster, who was the first to explain these chromatic effects, discovered on examining the surface of mother-of-pearl with a microscope, "a grooved structure, like the delicate texture of the skin at the top of an infant's finger, or like the section of the annual growths of wood as seen upon a dressed plank of fir. These may sometimes be seen by the naked eye, but they are often so minute that three thousand of them are contained in an inch. It is remarkable that these iridescent hues can be communicated to other surfaces as a seal imparts its impress to wax. The colors may be seen by taking an impression of the mother-of-pearl in black wax, but a solution of gum arabic or isinglass, when allowed to indurate upon a surface of mother-of-pearl, takes a most perfect impression from it, and exhibits all the communicable colors in the finest manner, when seen either by reflection or transmission. By placing the isinglass between two finely polished surfaces of mother-of-pearl, we obtain a film of artificial mother-of-pearl which, when seen by single lights, such as that of a candle, or by an aperture in the window, will shine with the brightest hues."

It is in consequence of this lamellar structure that pearl shells admit of being split into laminae for the handles of knives for counters, and for inlaying. Splitting, however, is liable to spoil the shell, and is therefore avoided as much as possible. The different parts of the shell are selected as nearly as possible, to suit the required purposes, and the excess of thickness is got rid of at the grindstone. In preparing the rough pearl shell, the square and angular pieces are cut out with the ordinary brass-back saw, and the circular pieces, such as those for buttons, with the annular or crown saw, fixed upon a lathe-mandrel.

The pieces are next ground flat upon a wet grindstone, the edge of which is turned with a number of grooves, the ridges of which are less liable to be clogged than the entire surface, and hence grind more quickly. If the stone be wetted with soap and water it is less liable to be clogged. The pieces are finished on the flat side of the stone, and are then ready for inlaying, engraving, polishing, &c. Cylindrical pieces are cut out of the thick part of the shell near the hinge, and are rounded on the grindstone preparatory to being

turned in the lathe. The finishing and polishing described in the third volume of Mr. Holtzapffel's excellent work on "Mechanical Manipulation." Counters, silk-winders, &c., are smoothed with Trent sand or pumice stone and water on a buff-wheel or hand-polisher, and are finished with rotten stone moistened with sulphuric acid, which develops finely the straited structure of the shell. For inlaid works the surface is made flat by filing and scraping; then pumice stone is used, and after this putty-powder, both on buff-sticks with water, and the final polish is given with rotten stone and sulphuric acid, unless tortoise shell or some other substance liable to be injuriously affected by the acid be present in the inlay. In turned works, fine emery paper, rotten stone, and acid or oil are used. The pearl handles for razors are slightly riveted together in pairs, then scraped, sand-buffed on the wheel with Trent sand and water; thirdly, gloss-buffed on the wheel with rotten stone and oil, or sometimes with dry chalk rubbed on the same wheel; and fourthly, they are handed up, or polished with dry rotten stone.

BIRDS AND THEIR USES.—Baron Von Tschudi, the well known Swiss naturalist, says: "Without birds successful agriculture is impossible. They annihilate in a few months a greater number of destructive insects than human hands can accomplish in the same number of years. Amongst the most useful birds for this purpose may be classed the swallow, wren, robin redbreast, titmouse, sparrow and finch. Tschudi tested a titmouse upon the rose bushes of his neighbors, and rid the same in a few hours of innumerable lice. A robin redbreast killed about 800 flies in an hour. A pair of night swallows destroyed in fifteen minutes an immense swarm of gnats. A pair of wrens flew thirty-six times in an hour, with insects in their bill, to their nests. He considers the sparrow very important, a pair of them carrying in a single day 300 worms or caterpillars to their nest—certainly a good compensation for the few cherries they pluck from the trees. The generality of small birds to carry their young ones, during the feeding period, nothing but insects, worms, snails, spiders, etc. Sufficient interest should be manifested by all to prevent the discharge of firearms in the vicinity of orchards, vineyards, and flower gardens, as thereby the useful birds become frightened."

THE PRODUCT OF ONE WEED.—A gentleman desiring to know what would be the influence of a single weed upon the agriculture of a field or garden selected a plant of purslane (pursley or pursley as called by some), and carefully counted its number of pods. It was a large, but not the largest, sized plant from a rich spot of ground. The number of seed pods was 4,613. He then took fourteen of the pods—seven small ones, four medium, and three of the largest—and counted the seed in them. The result gave as an average ninety seeds to the pod. Thus in this single plant we have the enormous number of 415,170 seeds. If these were spread over a plat of ground, and should all germinate, and a man should attempt to cut them with a hoe, and should average six plants at every blow, and make thirty strokes of his hoe per minute, it would take him thirty-eight hours and twenty-three minutes to cut them out. Or, if these seed were equally disseminated at the rate of four to the square foot, they would cover over two and a third acres of ground. Again, allowing only one third of these seed to germinate, and that the product shall be only one-half as rich in seed as this plant, yet they will produce the astonishing number of 28,727,688,150 seed—enough to cover broad fields with weeds the third year from one seed. Do not these figures show the immense importance of cutting and destroying every weed before it goes to seed? There is no doubt that many other weeds are fully or more prolific than this. It has been known in wet weather to grow and mature its seed long after it had been entirely severed from the root.

Gouverneur Morris, while the surgeons were amputating his leg, observed his servant standing by, weeping. "Tom," said Mr. Morris, "why are you crying there? It is rank hypocrisy—you wish to laugh, as in future you'll have but one shoe to clean instead of two."

A matter of interest—United States bonds.

ARTIFICIAL STONE--THE PROCESS OF ITS MANUFACTURE.

This remarkable and important manufacture is at last not only well established on chemical principles, but carried out on a large commercial scale. Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since Mr. Ransome, of London, commenced his experiments in this direction. Like all pioneers in similar enterprises, he encountered grave and repeated difficulties—not more, however, from the intractability of materials than from the unbelief of the public. It was not until 1861 that he discovered the complete and certain process now employed, and to-day, builders at large are but beginning to recognize the proofs of the new material, and to admit its superiority. For years the Concrete Stone has been subjected to every test that ingenuity could devise—to heat and frost—to water, fresh, salt and impure, to wash and attrition, and to every atmospheric exposure. Very few natural stones are as durable or as uniform, and the best of them are costly, and, in many localities, inaccessible.

But the comparative cheapness and durability of the artificial stone are of no greater importance to architecture as an engineering art than to architecture as a fine art. The enormous expense of cutting shapeless rocks into the exact and elaborate forms of beauty, prevents the general adornment of structures. But when the beautiful form may not only be cast in a mould, but endlessly reproduced from the same mould as easily as the ugly form; and when the most florid ornamentation may be more cheaply moulded than the plainest and most unrelieved outlines can be cut, there will be no further excuse for the monotonous, ugly or cheap-looking buildings that characterize street architecture, especially among the Anglo-Saxon peoples.

Those who have occasion to study in detail, or to practice the new art, should read the various illustrated and technical articles upon it in the *London Engineering*. The general features of the process are as follows:

Mr. Ransome's patent concrete stone consists of sand united, not by any mechanical sticking compound, but by chemicals which transform it into a new and homogeneous mass. It is particles of sand, in some cases mixed with a little limestone, united by silicate of lime. The manner of forming this silicate of lime in the mass is, in fact, the essence of the invention. The sand is mixed with a viscid solution of silicate of soda, which produces a pasty mass, readily moulded. When the required forms are produced they are treated with a solution of chloride of calcium, when the silicic acid and the oxygen of the silicate of soda combine with the calcium of the chloride of calcium and form silicate of lime, while the chlorine of the chloride of calcium unites with the sodium and forms chloride of sodium, [common salt,] which is afterward washed out. But Mr. Ransome had no sooner discovered how to provide for the chemical reactions than the commercial problem of cost of materials assumed very serious proportions. Silicate of soda, the chemical upon which the process hinges, was, indeed, produced by two modes, both of them, however, expensive, and neither of them adequate in degree. The solution was too weak to answer his purpose. The scientific importance and the practical difficulty of the improvement, therefore, lay—just as they did in the Bessemer and other processes—not in making a material with which to make it. Mr. Ransome's great invention was the production of silicate of soda under pressure. While powdered limestone, boiled in a solution of caustic soda, at the atmospheric pressure for many hours, would yield but a weak and inadequate fluid, whole flints so boiled, under a pressure of sixty pounds, readily dissolved and formed a strong silicate of soda.

The third process is drying the sand by letting it slide down through an inclined revolving cylinder, warmed by a blast of heated air. The sand is then sorted in bins, according to its fineness. The silicate of soda is prepared in a boiler resembling a cylindrical steam boiler. The flints are laid on a grating in the boiler, the caustic soda fills the boiler, and the heating is done by steam pipes introduced into it from a steam boiler. The solution thus obtained is further strengthened by evaporation in a tank furnished with steam heating pipes.

The mixing of the dry sand and the sticky, liquid silicate of soda, is done by a kneading mill consisting of iron wheels with projections, rolling in a trough. From two and one-fourth to three bushels of the sand, or sand and limestone, are thoroughly mixed with one gallon of the solution, [which has a density of 1.7,] and the pasty mass thus formed has just enough cohesion to enable it to be moulded. The moulding consists simply of forcing the paste, a little at a time, solidly into moulds, which are then removed, leaving the perfectly shaped but fragile figure. The moulds that are repeatedly used are made of iron.

The next process is to change the moulded mass, now weaker than plaster, and hardly stronger than putty, into stone; and this rapid and all-important process exhibits a mechanical expedient not more remarkable than the chemical reaction. It has long been the custom to pour the petrifying liquid [chloride of calcium,] over the figure, or when the latter was of suitable shape to be lifted, to immerse it in the liquid—the complete penetration in either case requiring a long time. The ingenious method now practiced is to connect a cavity left in the moulded figure with an air pump, which, by exhausting the pores in the mass within, allows the solution poured upon the exterior surfaces to be rapidly forced in and throughout the mass. In a few minutes the stone is hardened, or rather created so that it can be handled with impunity. But to thoroughly expel the air, and to perfect the chemical action, the stone is further boiled in the solution of chloride of calcium [lime water] by means of tanks and steam pipes. These tanks are arranged in a row on one side of a railway, and on the other side there is a series of shower baths, by which the chloride of sodium formed in the stone is washed out. Drying now completes the process and this effected in the open air in summer, and in warm rooms in the winter.

The Patent Concrete Stone Works, where these operations are carried out on a very extensive scale, are situated on the Thames, at East Greenwich, below London. Among the fine products now making there, are a pair of screws for the East India Office, the capitals and ornamentation for the public buildings at Calcutta, and for the new St. Thomas' Hospital in London. The sharpness of outline and the beauty of finish are all that could be desired. In this regard it differs radically from sanded wood stucco, and painted iron, which, when intended to imitate stone, invariably look cheap. The concrete stone, however, is not an imitation. Its color is also excellent, and may be considerably varied.—*N. Y Times*.

A GOOD WIFE.—In the eighty-fourth year of his age, Dr. Calvin Chapin wrote of his wife: "My domestic enjoyments have been, perhaps, as near perfection as the human condition permits. She's made my home to me the pleasantest place on earth. And now that she is gone, my worldly loss is perfect."

How many poor fellows would be saved from suicide, the penitentiary, and the gallows every year had they been blessed with such a wife! "She made my home to me the pleasantest place on earth." What a grand tribute to that woman's love, and piety, and common sense! Rather different was the testimony of an old man, a few years ago, just before he was hung in the Tombs yard, in New York: "I didn't mean to kill my wife, but she was a very aggravating woman." Let each wife inquire, "What am I?"

The above is excellent. We endorse every word. A true wife, pure, patient, trusting, able to weep or smile, as the occasion may require tears or joy, is indeed an angel. And we are sure that the light of many a home has been put out forever by a wife whose brow was covered over with darkness, and whose lips were blistered over with tart words and waspish spitefulness.

But then let us look on the other side. A little counsel to men is not out of place. The woman has long enough been made the pack-mule. Let husbands inquire, too, "What am I?" It is no wonder that some are sharp and querulous. How many husbands are coarse and brutish, and see nothing in a wife but a slave to wash linen, mend shirts, and subserve the ends of carnal appetite! No wonder that a woman of sentiment and beautiful texture should revolt from contract with such a brute.

"I WISH I HAD CAPITAL."—So we heard a great strapping young man exclaim the other day. We concluded that he wanted a little practical advice, and we gave it to him.

You want capital, do you? And suppose you had what you call capital, what would you do with it? Haven't you hands, feet, muscle, bone, brains, health, and don't you call them capital? What more capital did God give any body?

"Oh, but they are not money," say you. But they are more than money, and nobody can take them from you. Don't you know how to use them? If you don't it's time you were learning. Take hold of the plow, or hoe, or jackplane, or broad ax and go to work. Your capital will then, in due time, yield you a large interest. Ay, but there's the rub; you don't want to work, you want money on credit, so you can play gentleman and speculate, and end by playing the vagabond.

Or you want a farm with plenty of hands upon it to do the work, while you run over the country and dissipate; or you want to marry some rich girl who may be foolish enough to take you for your good looks, that she may support you.

Shame on you, young man! Go to work with the capital you have, and you'll soon make interest enough upon it to give you as much money as you need, and make you feel like a man. If you can not make money on what capital you have, you could not if you had a large amount in cash. If you do not know how to use bone, muscle, and brains, you would not know how to use gold. If you let the capital you have lie idle, and waste and rust out, it would be the same with you if you had gold; you would only know how to waste it.

Then don't stand about idle, a great helpless boy, waiting for something to turn up, but go to work. Take the first work you can find, no matter what it is, so that you do it well. Yes whatever you undertake, do it well; always do your best. If you manage the capital you already have, you will soon have plenty more to manage; but if you can not or will not manage the capital God has given you, you will never have any other to manage. Do you hear, young man?

A GENTLEMAN.—A modern writer thus describes the gentleman:

He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secret in the keeping of another; he betrays no secret confided to his keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantage of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of innuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face, and another behind his back. If by accident he comes in possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at his window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He invades no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted, himself out of sight, near the thinnest partition, anywhere. He buys no offices, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no man. If he have a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, manly. He cannot descend to scurrility. In short, whatever he judges honorable, he practices towards every man.

TEMPERANCE.—An exchange paper quite pithily remarks: "Men eat too much, fret too much, exercise too little, sleep too little, and then drink whisky. Let them turn the dawn, the whisky sink, turn themselves in the fresh air, eat simple food, sleep enough, and they will be more healthy. Says Dr. Guthrie: "If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whisky; if you want to kill a living man, put the whisky into him."

Some preachers resemble auctioneers, who put up heaven to the highest bidder.

It is better to starve than to sin for a sustenance.

Literary Gems.

More is meant than meets the ear.—*Milton*.
 The noblest mind the best contentment has.—*Spencer*.
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.—*Dryden*.
 He that is down can fall no lower.—*Butler*.
 Our acts our angels are, for good or ill.—*Fletcher*.
 'Tis beauty calls, and glory leads the way.—*N. Lee*.
 Order is heaven's first law.—*Pope*.
 Virtue is her own reward.—*Prior*.
 None but the brave deserves the fair.—*Dryden*.
 Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie.—*Herrick*.
 The child is father of the man.—*Wordsworth*.
 Your own poor self you are, and must remain.—*Goethe*.
 Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt.—*Herrick*.
 We are born not for ourselves alone.—*Cicero*.
 One should know one's own ability.—*Juvenal*.
 A book's a book, although there's nothing in it.—*Byron*.
 Let the dead past bury the dead.—*Longfellow*.
 A thing of beauty is a joy forever.—*Keats*.
 Necessity is the mistress of the arts.—*Pliny*.
 Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.—*Gray*.
 A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind.—*Gerrish*.
 Like angel's visits, few and far between.—*Campbell*.
 There's a gude time coming.—*Scott*.
 All gifts thou canst not in thyself combine.—*Homer*.
 The mind's the standard of the man.—*Watts*.
 Alas! for the rarity of Christian charity.—*Hood*.
 The best laid schemes of mice and men gang oft a-glae.—*Burns*.
 Books cannot always please, however good.—*Crabbe*.
 Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.—*Bryant*.
 Honor is talked of more than known by some.—*Ford*.
 Stretch not too far the wide mercy of heaven.—*Schiller*.
 Who knows most, grieves most for wasted time.—*Dante*.
 He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.—*Steirns*.
 What learn we not within the school of love.—*Tasso*.
 The weakest goes to the wall.—*Shakespeare*.
 A fool must now and then be right by chance.—*Cowper*.
 Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content.—*Greene*.
 Learn to make others happy.—*Shelley*.
 Teach the young idea how to shoot.—*Thompson*.
 Few have all they need, and none have all they wish.—*Southwell*.

'Tis only noble to be good.—*Tennyson*.
 Content's the greatest bliss we can procure.—*Ramsay*.
 Every man has some deed to do, and some work to work.—*Owen Meredith*.
 Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.—*Lowell*.
 No good e'er comes of leisure idly spent.—*Sophocles*.
 RICHES.—"Riches are the baggage of virtue; they cannot be spared nor left behind, but they hinder the march."—*Bacon*.
 The wise Lokman, being on his death-bed, ordered his son to approach, and said, "My son, when thou feelest a disposition to sin, seek for a place where God cannot see thee."
 GOVERNING IN LOVE.—Titus Vespasian was a man who governed so sweetly, moderately, and prudently that he was generally termed, the *de-light of mankind*. He was greatly honored while he lived, and when he died, the people wept so bitterly for him, that it seemed they were resolved to weep out their eyes.
 Ben Franklin observed, "the eyes of others are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should neither want fine clothes nor fine furniture."
 Mr. Philip Hale prints in Good words the following clever epigram on *Ecce Homo* :—
 Whilst differing critics strive to find
 The object in the author's mind,
 The book inversely works
 Charmed by the beauty of the face,
 The sceptic feels the heavenly grace
 Behind the veil that lurks.
 But adoration cannot brook
 One least eclipse of that sweet look :
 Devotion takes alarm :
 And thus however understood,
 No bad book ever did such good,
 No good one e'er such harm.'
 It is far cheaper to work one's head than one's heart to goodness. I can make a hundred meditations sooner than subdue one sin in my soul.—*Falen*.
 God's comforts are no dreams. He would not put His seal on blank paper, nor deceive His afflicted ones that trust in Him.—*Rutherford*.
 Take care of the Constitution and the Constitution will take care of us.—*Crittenden*.
 Wrong is but falsehood put in practice.—*Penn*.
 He that sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites in man.—*Lavater*.
 "I expect," said a worthy Quaker, "to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can shew, or anything I can do for my fellow-men, let me do it now. Let me not neglect or defer it, for I shall not pass this way again."
 He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to tell twenty more to maintain one.—*Pope*.

There is danger, while cultivating accomplishments, that the young will imbibe false notions of future life. In many cases, too great anxiety to become accomplished proves an obstacle to proficiency.—*Phelps' Educator*.

Laws should be few, but as immutable as the laws of nature; and the penalty of willful transgression should be as certain as the decrees of fate.—*Northend's Teacher and Parent*.

Lord Byron writes: "I date my first impressions against religion from having witnessed how little its votaries were actuated by true Christian charity."

Feminine sentiment—Love is a light-house in life's ocean to show us where danger is. Instead of avoiding, we sail to it and are lost.—*N. Y. Gazette*.

Every man is a volume if you know how to read him.—*Channing*.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.—*Swift*.

Christianity has given to truth a dignity, independent of time and numbers. It has required that truth should be believed and respected for itself.—*Vinet*.

Be serious and exact in duty, having the weight of it upon thy heart; but be as much afraid of taking comfort from thy duties themselves as from thy sins.—*Wilcox*.

"This little fellow," said Martin Luther of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging; calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God alone to think of him."

Lord Bacon beautifully said: "If a man be gracious unto strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them."

Henry Ward Beecher says: "The only way to exterminate the Canada thistle is to plant it for a crop, and propose to make money out of it. Then worms will gnaw it, bugs will bite it, beetles will bore it, aphides will suck it, birds will peck it, heat will scorch it, rains will drown it, and mildew and blight will cover it."

Says a writer in *Blackwood*: "I remember a cruel old schoolmaster of mine who always accompanied his flagellations with the assurance we'd bless him yet for this scourging, and that the time would come when we'd thank him on our knees for these wholesome floggings; but after a long lapse of years, I have felt no gratitude, nor ever met a schoolfellow who did."

A FITTING REBUKE.—Having in my youth notions of severe piety, says a celebrated Persian writer, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, as I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading. "Behold," said I to him, "thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone awake to praise God." "Son of my soul," he answered, "it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren."

READING MASONS.

On exchanging views with a large number of Masons in different sections of the country, we have been much struck with the want of knowledge regarding the current masonic events of the day, and the absolute ignorance of Masonic history and jurisprudence displayed by men occupying official positions in subordinate Lodges, Chapters and Commanderies. The fact is that these brothers, though well versed in the ritual, are not Reading Masons. Now, we hold that there is no excuse at the present time, for Masons who aspire to the honors of the Craft being unacquainted with these subjects; we are ready to admit the importance of obtaining a thorough knowledge of the ritualistic portion of our ceremonies, but though to the superficial observer the ritualist represents the intellectual Mason, we can assure him that that knowledge is easily acquired, and is second rate when compared with that rich store of information that the reading Mason can glean from the thousand avenues of erudition that Masonic teachings now lay open to him.

We think then that it is the duty of every Mason who loves the fraternity, to make an effort to master not only the esoteric parts, but also those features of our Institution that now are so fully explained in our standard works; and here we would remark relative to the Masonic press of the country. We number ourselves amongst those, who believe in the great advantages accruing from a regular and careful perusal of the Masonic periodical literature of the day. We want more "light," and in these weekly, monthly and quarterly publications, we constantly note scintillations brilliant and dazzling, gems and diamonds that we store up for future use. This species of literature too is particularly important to the reading Mason, because it keeps him versed upon the actions of his brethren throughout the globe, and thus interests him in the proceedings of the Craft at home and abroad.

Now we urge upon leading Masons and Masters of Lodges, the necessity of impressing upon the minds of our younger brethren, the importance of study; we can assure all that there are yet treasures to be found amidst the rubbish of the temple. The younger members of the Craft too often imagine that the work is the only feature that is worthy of the thoughts and attention of Lodges, and they naturally think so because time and again they see Lodges opened, certain routine business transacted, and then, if there is no candidates waiting, closed. How much better would it be, if, instead of closing, some intelligent members were to discuss or explain some topic of general interest to the Craft, and how many subjects are there of vast Masonic importance that members know little or nought about! We are even in favor of short addresses being delivered at stated intervals in the Lodge, and on those evenings let there be no work; thus the Masonic student would soon become interested in our history, our landmarks, our constitution, and our general literature. The present sameness of a routine ritual would be varied, and ere long we would find our students delving deep into the hidden mysteries in search of those golden treasures that are always the reward of those who seek for "more light."—*Keystone.*

PEACE.—A Mason's Lodge is the temple of peace, harmony, and brotherly love. Nothing is allowed to enter which has the remotest tendency to disturb the quietude of its pursuits. A calm inquiry into the beauty of wisdom and virtue, and the study of moral geometry, may be prosecuted without excitement; and they constitute the chief employment in the tyled recesses of the Lodge. The lessons of virtue which proceed from the East, like rays of brilliant light streaming from the rising sun, illuminate the West and South; and as the work proceeds are carefully imbibed by the workmen. Thus while Wisdom contrives the plan, and instructs the workmen, strength lends its able support to the moral fabric, and beauty adorns it with curious and cunning workmanship. All this is accomplished without the use of either axe, hammer, or any other tool of brass or iron, within the precincts of the temple, or to disturb the peaceful sanctity of that holy place.

Education is the cheap defense of nations.—*Brooks.*

ANTI-MASONRY.

The Morgan excitement commenced about 1827. It did not reach a political position soon enough to effect the presidential election of 1828, but broke down of its own weight after the election of 1832, at which time the candidate of that party received the electoral vote of Vermont by less than two-fifths of the suffrages of the people, the remainder being divided between Gen. Jackson and Mr. Clay.

In 1832, we were for the first time a voter. Our own father had been compelled to abandon the church of his choice; the churches had been divided or broken up; proscription was practiced in every form against Masons and their families; mischief-us fanatics parted husband and wife, and broke up families; general disorder reigned, and the passage of laws disfranchising all Masons were openly advocated, and outlawry more than hinted.

For our own part, when we saw our honest hard working neighbors—some of whom had fought in the Revolution, and others again in the second war—derided, abused, and scorned by others, who had lived by them and respected them for half a century—when we saw their property destroyed, their rights invaded, and their families proscribed and persecuted—we began to ask what these good men had done to warrant such treatment.

We heard Col. Cyrus Johnston, who commanded a company with distinction at Plattsburg, ask one of his anti-masonic neighbors what he had against him.

"You are a Mason," was the reply.

"Well," said the Colonel, "I am a Mason, and am not ashamed of it. Now, neighbor, how long have you lived by me?"

"Over thirty years," was the answer.

"In all that time, I have had a grist mill and saw mill, have carried on a large farm, and have had small or large dealings with nearly every man within three miles of my mill every year. You have had all your logs sawed at my mill for all your buildings, much of your fencing, and some every year for sale. Have I wronged you to the value of one cent?"

"No," said the anti-Mason.

"What has been my reputation as a citizen and business man?"

"Good," was the reply.

"Well," said the Colonel, "you and I have always voted the same ticket. Did you ever know me to vary a hair's breadth for friend or foe?"

"I never did," was the reply again.

"What did I do when A. B., not a Mason, was a candidate for Representative on our ticket, and C. D., a Mason, was a candidate of the other party?"

"I know you did all you could for your own candidate, as I did also," said the neighbor.

Many more questions were asked by the Colonel, all of the same general character. At length, the anti-Mason took the laboring oar by saying, "Colonel knowing your habits and manner of life, if all Masons were like you there would be no trouble. But such is not the case. We war upon Masonry, and to make it effectual, we must war upon Masons also, and compel them to abandon and renounce their corrupt and oath bound league, to break up their lodges, and force them to stand on an equality with their neighbors. The truth is your society is corrupt, anti-Christian, anti-patriotic, and dangerous to liberty. You contrive through your few to govern the many." Stopping at this, the Colonel said:

"I see you are determined on your course of proscription. I have enough, and can stand it. You are wealthy and influential, and you have some neighbors, who are Masons, who are honest, industrious people, and if this proscription is to go on, with your influence and money, they will be ruined."

"Consequences must take care of themselves," said the neighbor. "I am not responsible for their being Masons, and I hope that every Mason who does not renounce Masonry, will be ruined in estate and character as a solemn example to all others to keep out of the old dragon pit."

When this conversation occurred, one Sunday evening, in front of Col. Johnston's mansion, this neighbor, with many others—ourselves, then about twenty years old, being one of them—was returning home from a Methodist meeting. After hear-

ing this conversation, we hurried home and related it to our mother.

"O! my boy," said she, "your father is already in serious trouble in church and business, and I expect this persecution will ruin us. But, it is not going to make trouble between him and me. Decide for yourself, my son, but decide carefully; study the matter well, and then do what your conscience says is right."

We watched events. The Masons were quiet, patient, and waited for the storm to pass by. It gathered the force of a whirlwind, the fury of a tempest, and the volume of a tornado. Every Mason in the neighborhood, except Col. Johnston, went down before the blast. Not one renounced or seceded. After the whirlwind—the tempest—the tornado—came the "still small voice."

If the anti-Masonic party could have gained, supreme power at that time, the dungeon, torture and death, as in Spain and other countries, would have been the fate of every adhering Mason. Such will be the fate of every adhering Mason, whenever that fanaticism attains supreme power. Such would have been the sentence pronounced by Stevens, the noted gambler and libertine, whom Pres. Blanchard has just now nearly sainted. Such would have been the verdict of the cold and remorseless Martin Flint, because he refused admission to the inner sanctuary of a Royal Arch Chapter. Pres. Blanchard would be horrified if we were to place him in any such category; yet, the inevitable tendency of his teachings is to that end. He is in the wrong place; he should be a Roman priest, and then woe to every one who crossed his path. As he can neither bear contradiction nor counter argument, so free speech with him is the shallowest pretense to cover his plans of vengeance and his hatred of the Masonic Fraternity.—*Trowel.*

A MASON AT LAST.—We learn from the *London Times*, that the Prince of Wales, in a recent visit to Stockholm, was made a Freemason. It is a little singular that the Prince should consent to receive the degrees in another country, when the Craft in his native England were so anxious to confer them upon him. But Kings and Princes have their own way of doing things; and we suppose English Masons will gladly receive and welcome the Prince among them. In this country such a maneuver would have given offense to the home jurisdiction, and perhaps excluded the young man from Masonic fellowship among them.

The Earl of Zetland has been Grand Master of Masons in England for twenty-five years. He is now old, and desires to retire from longer service at the head of the Order; and we should not be surprised to see the Prince of Wales made Grand Master of Masons, as were several of his predecessors. A service of plate is about to be presented to the present Grand Master, in testimonial of his long and faithful service. His immediate predecessor, the Duke of Sussex, received from the Craft a presentation of plate weighing 1,800 ounces. After his death it was returned to the Grand Lodge as a gift, by the Dutches of Inverness.

The position of Grand Master, in England, by the Constitution of the Grand Lodge, can only be held by a Prince of the blood Royal, a member of the noble house, or by a "man of letters." The Royal family of England has long been connected with the Craft. William III was initiated in 1690; Frederick, Prince of Wales, 1737; the Duke of Cumberland was elected Grand Master in 1781. The Prince of Wales George IV., was initiated in 1790; the Duke of York and the Duke of Clarence (late William IV.) at the same time. The Duke of Kent (father of Victoria) was initiated in 1790; and Prince William of Gloucester and the Duke of Cumberland (late King of Hanover) in 1795 and 1796. The Duke of Sussex in 1798, and was elected Grand Master in 1813, on the Prince Regent resigning his office and becoming Grand Patron. The Queen is a warm friend of the Order, and has given liberally to the Masonic charities.—*Masonic Review.*

A thick-skulled schoolboy had the sentence, "Hope on, hope ever!" written for him to copy by his teacher. Imagine the surprise of the latter when, upon examining the younger's chirographical evolutions, he found it thus rendered: "Hop on, hop over!"

KENTUCKY FREEMASON.

EDITORS.

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

FRANKFORT, KY.....MAY, 1869.

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

The appropriate Odes, adapted to the three degrees of Ancient York Masonry—which we publish in this number, were written by Grand Master Fitch, and kindly furnished by him for our columns. They will be published on cards and can be furnished from this office at \$2 per hundred.

We have heard nothing from Bro. Jno. Augustus Williams, nor Dr. Walsh, since our last, but hope to have a batch, *pro* and *con*, of the controversy on the merits of Freemasonry and its relations to the Christian Church, for June number.

The views advanced by Bro. Franklin with regard to the retrenchment of Grand Lodge expenses, and the appropriation of the monies saved to Masonic charities—are entitled to respectful attention, and we should like to see the entire question of representation, as it is or might be, fully ventilated in our columns.

If there is any practicable way of reducing our expenses to a minimum, and enhancing our charities to a maximum, it is a certainly a consummation to be desired.

We recently enjoyed a visit to the "Kentucky Military Institute," and found it prospering in all the elements of a grand success.

A fine faculty, unsurpassed discipline, a well selected course of study, a noble *corps* of cadets;—these suggest the features which so eminently distinguish this Institution.

A great many of the young men are from the South, and will return to their Sunny Savannahs to honor their society and assist in rebuilding the broken fortunes of their unhappy land.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Keystone (Philadelphia), is a handsomely printed paper, and well filled with matter wisely chosen.

"Loomis Musical Journal" (Lowell, Mass.,) and the "Western Musical Review," are devoted to sweet sounds and breathe the very airs of music.

"Masonic Token" (Portland, Maine,) is a petit paper but a jewel for all that.

The "Evergreen" (Dubuque, Iowa,) is a large Magazine and always comes to us with a *green* back, which may induce some to send for it.

It is filled with matter of interest to the Craft of the Northwest, and doubtless is well sustained by them.

"The Freemason," (St. Louis,) is a 24 page publication, devoted with singular zeal to Ancient York Masonry.

It is edited with ability and an industrious attention to all the departments which enter into it.

"Masonic Review," (Cincinnati.) This sterling

monthly is fully sustaining its ancient reputation, and is one of the very few Masonic publications in this country that has succeeded, and lived through a decade of prosperity.

Masonic Record, (Nashville,) for April is on our table, richly loaded with matter interesting to the Craft. It issued its initial number January last, and has advertisements enough to sustain its life.

The "Trowel," (Springfield, Ill.) We like this paper very much. It pays some attention to providing for the taste of the Mason's family, as well as to imparting mere Masonic news and instruction. It is one of the few Masonic papers read in our family.

Pomeroy's Democrat. This paper has a Masonic column—which is getting to be a custom of many secular papers.

We think they had better leave these matters to the Masonic press proper. Masonry and politics do not conjoin well in one paper.

The same remarks apply to the "Freeport, (Ill.) Journal," and "Dixon (Ill.) Telegraph"—two most ably edited political papers, with Masonic columns.

The "Square and Compass," (Raleigh, N. C.) and the "National Freemason" (N. Y. City,)—have quit coming and rumors have reached our ear that they have gone the way of all the Earth. *Requiescat in pace.*

Brennan's Quarterly, (Cincinnati,) reported dead, is *redivivus* and one number of the new volume (appearing as a monthly) has reached us, and is an improvement on the old—in spirit and matter.

Masonic Monthly, (Boston,) is a *Magazine*. We hope it will not blow up.

It fired a squib at us lately and we were delighted with the Northern light.

We have some European Exchanges—but hand them over to our French and German friends, who can read and enjoy them.

THE TELEGRAPH.

In the infancy of the world a pen moving on the plains of Arabia wrote, "Canst thou send lightnings that they may go, and say unto thee, here we are?"

Job maybe never dreamed of the Electric Telegraph, when inspiration moved him to pen the above query, and yet in our age the question receives an affirmative answer.

We can send lightnings, that they may go, and respond from distant continents, "Here we are?"

The terrible King of storms has been fettered on his very throne—and his tongue of fire made the oracle of nations and the messenger of commerce.

The lightnings have been schooled to utter the language of Earth, as well as to bellow the thunder Alphabet of the Clouds. The subjugation of the lightnings, to the servile purposes of diplomacy and trade—the toning of wires that undergird oceans, with the mythological voice of Jehovah,—the fearful omnipotence of the storm-reek causing them, in the fine agony of chained submission, to do the offices of a common messen-

ger—to click the audible behests of lordly man, to the four corners of the Earth—this is a consummation indicative of human royalty over the elements, and that every force of universal nature was designed by an infinitely wise God to be harnessed for the use of man.

The telegraph, in one form or another, was used in ancient times—but never in the form of electric fires and forces.

For instance when intelligence of a peculiar character was desired, and expected, piles of combustible matter were prepared on lofty points, and watchmen appointed to guard and light them at the appointed signal. Clytemnestra, in the Agamemnon of Æschylus, gives us a beautiful description of these telegraphs of antiquity. The watchman of the tower has nightly scanned the horizon for ten long years, in vain to catch the gleam that is to announce the fall of Ilium. At last it comes:

A gleam—a gleam—from Ida's height,
By the fire-god sent it came;
From watch to watch it leapt, that light,
As a rider rode the flame.
It shot through the startled sky,
And the torch of that blazing glory
Old Lemnos caught on high,
On its holy promontory.

And it sent it on, the jocund sign,
To Athos, mount of Jove divine,
So that the might of the journeying light
Skimmed o'er the back of the gleaming brine;
Faster and farther speeds it on,
Till the watch that keep Macistus steep
See it burst like a blazing sun!
Doth Macistus sleep
On his tower-clad steep!

No! rapid and red doth the wild fire sweep:
It flashes afar, on the wayward stream
Of the wild Euripus, the rushing beam!
It rouses the light on Massapion's height,
And they feed its breath with the withered heath.
But it may not stay,
And a way—away—
It bounds in its freshening might, &c., &c.

Mr. Winthrop of Massachusetts, some years ago made a most beautiful classical allusion, to the submarine telegraph—in these words: "On Christmas Eve in the year 1814, the treaty of peace between England and the United States was signed at Ghent; a worthy commemoration of that blessed event which the herald angels were heard singing to the plains of Baltimore, 'Peace on earth, good will toward men.' But that treaty was not known on this side of the ocean for six or seven weeks after its date.

The great battle of New Orleans, as you well know, was fought at least two weeks after that treaty of peace was signed. Our modern system of railroads, and steamers, and telegraphs might have saved that effusion of fraternal blood; might have deprived individual heroes, might have deprived our country and its history, of all the glory which belonged to that really great victory. If that gigantic ocean harp, which is at this moment in process of being strung, whose deep diapason is destined to produce a more magical music on the sea than mythology or modern fable ever ascribed to mermaid, siren, or Arion; if the mysterious sonnet of that profound sub-marine chord had been in successful operation then, as we hope it soon will be, between St. John's and Valentia Bay, those cotton-bag ramparts at New Orleans might never have been celebrated in history; while, of those who so gallantly defended them, many would not have been laid so low, and some, perhaps, would hardly have risen so high."

A blunder-buss—Kissing the wrong girl.

PRAYER IN LODGES.

Masonry has no traditional prayers. Those that are used in the manuals are arbitrary and binding on no Master nor Chaplain.

There is no more reason why a Master or Chaplain should use a prayer of Jeremy Cross, Robert Macay, or Rob. Morris, than one of St. Augustine, or Pope Pius.

Masonry allows the utmost license in prayer. The Rabbi may address the throne of God, in the name of Jehovah alone, and no one may challenge the formula he may be pleased to adopt in leading the devotions. The Mahometan priest may pray in the name of "Allah and Mahomet his prophet," and neither Jew nor Christian has the right to challenge his religion. The Christian may pray in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ—and neither Jew nor Mahometan has any chartered right of complaint.

If the Jew and Christian, in Turkey, were compelled by an arbitrary formula to pray in the name of Allah and Mahomet—both would protest the catholicity of Freemasonry.

If the Jewish Rabbi, in Christian Lodges, were compelled to pray in the name of the rejected Christ he would not be apt to consider Masonry cosmopolitan in religion.

Well, what are we to think of the spirit which seeks to compel Christians to conform to the formularies of prayer, which adjust themselves to the faith of Jews and Deists?

Must the Christian Master and Chaplain be required to repudiate *Christ*, in their prayers, in accommodation to the Deistic and Judaistic conscience?

The writer of this is a Christian. When he placed himself at the altar to receive the Masonic obligation, he was assured that nothing that would conflict with his duties to his God, his country, or his family would be required of him.

Now, he firmly believes that no prayer is acceptable to God, unless it be offered up in the name, and through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ. This is the faith of universal Christendom, and is not challenged by any man who has patiently read the New Testament Scriptures.

If, therefore, he prays at all, he must be permitted to pray in accordance with his religious convictions, otherwise he compromises one of the great principles of his religion, and stands before his brothers and fellows a craven hypocrite, and ought to be the object of contempt of both Jew and Musselman.

We can hear the Rabbi pray with patience—and the Mahometan Priest with toleration—but we claim patience and toleration from both Rabbi and Priest, when we are called upon to address the Throne of Grace.

There are a class of men, in this country, who are set on expelling Christ, in every form, from Masonic Lodges, and we belong to a class equally set that his followers shall not be required to repudiate him, even by implication, anywhere.

Our position is this, that for the achievement of humanitarian ends Masonic Lodges are constituted; that every man is allowed to stand on his own basis and is respected in that position; and if any service is required of him that he shall perform it in such way as shall not abridge, neutralize, or compromise his convictions of duty toward his God, country, or family.

We respect our Jewish, Mahometan, or Pagan brother and demand that he shall respect us.

The Christian Mason, in listening to the Rabbi, may supply the name of Christ in his mental "So mote it be"—and the Jewish brother may elide the name of Christ from the prayer of his Christian brother, if he so chooses, but let not any class in our Fraternity seek to impose their own peculiar views on the practices of others.

The illiberality consists in the merest minorities making such demands upon overwhelming and conscientious majorities.

FRANKFORT, KY., April 23d, 1869.

Mr. Editor:

In looking over the Grand Treasurer's report I find that over twelve thousand dollars were disbursed at the last session of the Grand Lodge in paying the *per diem* and mileage of nearly, if not quite, four hundred representatives. It seems to me that this is an unremunerative expenditure of money, and that our present system of representation ought to be revised, and adapted to a more economical use of our money.

My observation is that the business of the Grand Lodge is conducted by a score of Masons, the remainder doing nothing more than silently voting on each measure as it is proposed.

Many of the members do not attend the sessions after the first answer to their names, and spend their time in viewing the "lions of the City."

All the practical purposes of our Order can be satisfactorily achieved by a legal Grand Lodge, not consisting of more than twenty five representatives. Let the State be divided into Masonic Districts, say twenty, and an annual election be held in each Lodge for a District representative to the Grand Lodge. The Grand Lodge, as thus constituted would consist of not more than thirty members, including the Grand Officers, and by this reduction of members would save, for charitable purposes, the handsome amount of ten thousand dollars *per annum*.

A similar retrenchment in the Grand Chapter and Grand Council would probably increase this amount a couple of thousand dollars.

Suppose this sum be annually appropriated to the "Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home" at Louisville, and the fortunes of that noble Institution would be at once secured, and a lasting good be conferred upon the helpless wards of our Order.

The Craft would receive profit thereby, and our Order made a charity apparent to all.

I am not wedded to any particular plan of retrenchment, but am thoroughly convinced that we are at present making a most prodigal waste of money, that might be made to gladden the hearts of many a brother's widow and orphan.

I merely make these suggestions, and hope that they may be patiently considered, and be the means, at least, of eliciting a full comparison of opinions on the subject.

Yours Fraternally,

WALTER FRANKLIN.

THE WAY WE MAKE PRESENTS TO THE INDIANS.

A peculiarity of J. Ross Browne, viewed as a humorous writer, is, that in matters of fact he is trustworthy, while he hesitates not to broaden his pictures in order to make them more laughable; and though his portraits are very frequently caricatures, the touches of fancy are so applied as to mislead no one, and the real information which the reader receives is not diminished by the amusement which he obtains from the manner of his presentation. From his last published vol-

ume, *The Apache Country: a Tour Through Arizona and Sonora*, we take a few passages illustrative of the manner in which Uncle Sam's agents expended his money in giving presents to the Indians. The scene is Fort Yuma, at the junction of the Colorado and Rio Gila, opposite the south-eastern corner of California:

"Next day, Superintendent Poston and myself held a grand pow-wow with Yuma chiefs and their people. From all parts of their neighborhood they came; warriors, squaws, and children; from the mesquit bushes and mud-holes of the Colorado; from the sloes and the arroyos of the Gila; the cotton-woods and the deserts and mountains of Castle Dome. Every village had its delegation of dusky tatterdemalions. Lizards and snakes and mice were hastily cast aside in the anticipation of muck-a-muck from the Great Father. Hungry and lean, painted and bedizened with ornaments, they came in to receive the bounty of the mighty Federal chief.

"Great were the rejoicings when we opened the boxes and bales of merchandise so liberally furnished by the Government contractors, Cronin, Huxtall & Sears, of New York, Red, white, green, and gray blankets; military suits, glittering with tinsel; old swords, four feet long; sun-glasses for lighting cigars; and penny whistles for the small fry. It was, indeed, a wonderful display of the artistic triumphs of civilization, well calculated to impress the savage tribes of the Pacific with awe and admiration. There were axes of the best Collins brand, that flew to pieces like glass against the iron timbers of this anomalous region; and hats made by steam, and flaming red vests stitched by magic, and tobacco-boxes and tin kettles that might be opened, but never on earth shut again. Surrounded by all the military paraphernalia of Fort Yuma, and with ceremony the most profound and impressive, we delivered our speeches and dry goods to the various chiefs; we gave them damaged hominy and hoes, and spades and shovels, and sashes and military buttons, charms, amulets, tobacco-boxes, and beads; shook them by the hand collectively and in detail, and pow-wowed generally in the approved style.

"Pasqual, the doughty head chief of all the Yumas, long known to fame as the longest of his tribe, predominated over the ceremonies. A grave, cadaverous, leathery old gentleman, with hollow, wrinkled cheeks, and a prodigious nose, through the cartilage of which, between the nostrils, he wears a white bone ornament with swinging pendants, is Pasqual the doughty. On account of the length of his arms and legs—which, when stretched out altogether, bear a strong similitude to the wind-mill against which Don Quixote ran a tilt—the mighty Pasqual is regarded with much respect and veneration by his tribe. His costume, on the present occasion, consisted of a shabby military coat, doubtless the same worn in ancient times by his friend, Maj. Heintzleman, the embroidery of which has long since been fretted out by wear and tear, and the elbow rubbed off by long collision with the multitudes of office-seekers among his tribe. Of pantaloons he had a remnant; and of boots or shoes he had none at all, save those originally furnished him by nature. But chiefly was Pasqual conspicuous for the ponderous appendages that hung from his nose. A slight catarrh afflicted him at the time of our pow-wow, and it was not without great inconvenience that he managed the ornamental part of his countenance—turning repeatedly away to blow it, or adjust the awkward pendants that swung from it, and always reappearing with tears of anguish in his eyes. I took pity upon his sufferings and gave him some snuff, assuring him it was a sovereign remedy for colds in the head. The result was such a series of explosions, contortions of the facial muscles, and rattling of the ornamental bones, as to alarm me for the sanity of the doughty chief, who seemed quite wild with the accumulation of his agonies. The assembled wisdom of the nation grunted repeatedly in token of amazement; and Pasqual muttered, between the paroxysms of his afflictions, 'Ugh! muchee pepper! belly strong dost! Burn 'um Injun nose!'

"Tebarro, the next great chief, wrapped himself up in an American blanket, and dyed his face a gloomy black. I think he was in mourning. He wore tar on his head, and tar on his cheeks, and tar on his nose and chin, which becoming mingled

with the grit and dust of the Colorado desert, gave him a sort of asphaltum look, like the house-tops and pavements of Los Angeles. When he stood in the sun he melted—such was the force of his grief. Black tears ran down his head and cheeks and chin, and mingled with the wool of his blanket. Literally he wept tar.

"These distinguished chiefs and their people received the presents allotted to them with great dignity and good humor. There was no grabbing or stealing, nor any sign of discontent. Every man received his share with satisfaction, and with gratitude to the Great Father in Washington. When they shook hands with us for the last time, and we were about to part, the scene was really affecting. I almost shed tears at it myself, unused as I am to crying about what can't be helped. In squads, and couples, and one by one, they affectionately took their leave, with their hoes and axes, spades and shovels, gimcracks and charms, stuck all over them—in their sashes, breeches, clouties, blankets, and pinafores. One went with a necklace of mattocks around his neck and three Collins axes in his girdle; another with his head thrust into a glittering pile of tin-ware; while a third, one of the unbreeched multitude, wore a frying pan in front by way of an apron, and a corn-hoe behind, in the usual fashion of a rudder. Old men and young were tuning their jugs'-harps; luxurious squaws were peeping at the redundant beauties reflected by their little zinc looking-glasses; children were blowing their tin whistles, and small fat papooses were hanging their heads out of compressed bundles behind their mothers, wondering, with open mouths and great round eyes, what could be the cause of all the hubbub. It was an impressive scene of barbarous happiness not easily forgotten. And so ended the Grand Pow-wow."

Illustrious and Rev. Bro. Charles H. Platt of New York has recently died.

We have now before us, the last address which he ever delivered as Mason, being his remarks as Grand Master to his companions in the Grand Council of R. and S. Masters of the State of New York, on the 2d of February last; and for beauty of diction, terseness, yet comprehensiveness of style, clearly proved him a scholar of a high order of attainments.

After paying a high eulogium and tribute of respect to the memories of the late Dr. Bradley Parker of New York, and Charles A. Fuller of Tennessee, he concluded his address in the following eloquent passages, which to us have, at this present writing, somewhat of a premonition:

"The dread catastrophe that hovers in the very atmosphere of Masonry is Death. But the Light that beams through the same atmosphere is Life—Life at the command of the Master—Life rising out of the ashes of the dead.

"To die, is landing on some island shore
Where billows never beat, nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.

"One of the ever-honored patrons of Freemasonry has condensed its instructions into these few golden syllables: 'We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.'

"Companions, be this our ideal. Let us be faithful to this exalted pattern. It will admit diversities of sentiment. It tolerates kind and enthusiastic discussions. It prompts us to be manly first, that there may be play for brotherly concession. But it harbors no malignities, permits no hypocracies, and endures no frauds. 'Whenever my name shall wear the funeral drapery upon your record, and the silence and darkness of the grave shall forbid me to vindicate myself, let the fidelity to which we are pledged be the surviving voice to attest that fervency and zeal were the imperishable inmates of my heart.'

We have no doubt he sleeps well. Let his memory be ever treasured by the true and faithful.—*Keystone.*

A Scotch preacher being sent to officiate one Sunday at a country parish, was accommodated at night in the manse in a very diminutive closet, instead of the usual best bedroom appropriated to strangers. "Is this the bedroom?" he said, starting back in amazement. "Deed, ay, sir, this is the prophet's chamber." "It maun be for the minor prophets, then," was the reply.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GRAND CHAPTERS.

KANSAS.

Grand Chapter met in Lawrence, October 19th, 1868. E. A. Smith G. H. P. in the Grand Orient. The first business executed after the opening was the appointment and report of a Committee on Credentials, immediately succeeded by the election of Officers for the ensuing year. Comp. O. A. Bassett, of Lawrence, was elected Grand High Priest. This occurred before the presiding Grand High Priest had delivered his address, and forestalled the necessity of a modest declination of re-election.

The Grand High Priest of Kansas has a rhetorical style as luxuriant as the forests, and flowery as the prairies of his young State. For instance, read the following passage where he speaks of the great reunion at the triennial session of the General Convention of Royal Arch Masons.

No prejudice of section was permitted there. New England's representatives were mingling with their brothers of the South as if no strife had ever disturbed the harmony of sections. The soldiers of opposing armies, who had met in many a bloody field in all the canopy of war, still bearing on their persons scars of many a wound received, most probably, from brothers of the order, embraced each other in fraternal love, forgot the past in social intercourse and kindly feelings. The sunny South came kindly forth to elevate a Northern man to honor most distinguished that the body could bestow; and in return a son of the Palmetto State, who on the Southern fields had bravely fought, still bore his wounds with pride, and yielded only to the overpowering force, was, by New England's votes with others, honored with the second office in the council. It was a happy thought that there all difference was laid aside, and gives us stronger promise for the future tells us that there is a chamber yet on earth where 'mid the strange commotions of the world, still peace and confidence and harmony reside; though from its windows we may gaze in horror on the foundering barks, tossed, crushed and shattered 'mid contending waves, the darkness of the scene relieved alone by sparkling white caps as they dance upon the bosom of life's troubled ocean.

Though hate with fiendish gaze controls the outer world, and maniac vengeance grasps the hilt, the blade all reeking with a brother's blood, and man lost in the fury of more dire contending passion, laughs at the desolation he creates, yet from this chamber reaches out the hand, and while it may not still the storm it lifts the trembling victim from these scenes of woe and soon enfolds him in the arms of love. It tells of our long continued line of never ending perpetuity. Scotland's poet wrote of hope, he might have said of Masonry the same.

"When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou undismayed shall o'er the ruin smile
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile."

Notwithstanding a previous election of a successor to the Grand High Priest's Chair, noticed above, and, indeed, an election to all the offices, the Grand High Priest says, "I desire that no companion will present my name for office. I feel that I have labored long and earnestly and ask permission to retire."

The newly created Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia, was recognized, and "a hearty welcome to the sisterhood of American Grand Chapters" was extended.

Wouldn't it have been better to have said "brotherhood?" Are there any Grand Chapters of Sisters?

The newly created Grand Chapter of Nebraska was recognized, and the usual courtesies cordially extended.

The Report on Foreign Correspondence is vol-

uminous, and affords a most excellent compendium of the doings of Royal Arch Masonry throughout the United States, for the caputular year it covers.

Subordinate Chapters were directed to desist from conferring the degrees of Caputular Masonry on non-affiliated Masons.

OHIO.

The Fifty second Annual Communication of the Grand Chapter of Ohio was held at Dayton, October 16th, 1868. Grand Companion George Rex, Grand High Priest in the East. The Grand High Priest announced that he had granted Dispensations for seven new Chapters. In terms of fitting eulogium he communicates the death of Past Grand High Priest, Cheste, Griswold—the second presiding officer of the Grand Chapter of Ohio. He closed his earthly pilgrimage at the City of Baltimore, on the 27th day of November 1867, at the ripe age of eighty-five years.

Charles C. Keifer, of Dayton, was elected Grand High Priest for the ensuing year.

The Committee on Foreign Correspondence present an exhaustive report. The opinion of the Grand High Priest of our Grand Chapter, at its session in 1867, that dispensations authorizing the conferring of degrees out of time, are wholly wrong, is responded to with an emphasis of approval.

The Committee compliments Brother A. G. Hodges by pronouncing his pen "facile," and his review of the proceedings of Grand Chapters, as "ably and critically done," in which opinion Bro. Hodges will doubtless concur, or should he object will never publish his objections.

The report is drawn by Companion Howard Matthews, than whom Ohio has but few more gifted sons.

The report compiles the statistics of Grand Royal Arch Chapters, in the United States, and we find them published in tabular form. This table reveals the fact that there are about 75,000 affiliated Royal Arch Masons in the United States; the number of exaltations has been during the year 15,000, or a growth of twenty per cent. "We fear," says the Chairman of the Committee "that this is too large an increase to be conducive to prosperity; but it is not, if our companions have masked well the entering in of the door, and permitted none but the worthy to unite with us in rebuilding the Second Temple."

MICHIGAN.

Twentieth Annual Convocation held at Detroit January 11th, 12th and 13th, 1869. Grand High Priest, George C. Munro, presided. His address shows that he has been abundant in Masonic labors during the year. *Twelve chartered Chapters had been constituted and installed, the Grand High Priest, officiating at eight of these occasions in person. He had granted dispensations for seven new Chapters.

The Committee on Foreign Correspondence had received and examined the transactions of thirty Grand Chapters.

The report in its opening portion says:

Several of the reports on Foreign Correspondence, noting the action of this Grand Chapter on "uniformity of work," fixing the standard, and enforcing its observance, have singularly received the impression that our work was multiform, if not irregular, halting or worse in practice, and put in the hands of indolent workmen.

Dear and respected Committees, you could not have made a greater mistake! Our work was set-

tled many years ago, and it has ever received our unanimous concurrence. It has been preserved as the apple of our eye. A single point for a year or two has been the only exception. We have simply re-examined our landmarks. They are all plumb. Our work is worked with a will. The old are familiar with it; the new are eager for it. Every Chapter is ever present at the sound of the gavel in the Grand East. New comers are pressing. Our labor is not to excite, but to restrain. Come and see us work.

The Committee quotes from the Address of Grand High Priest Martin, "There is a muttering in the North of anti-Masonic sentiments," etc., and asks, "Where, Companion Martin? We have not heard a whisper."

Have the companions yet heard the whisperings of Finney and Blanchard.

Have they heard the sheet-iron thunder of the Anti-Masonic Conventions of Illinois—and the *National* at Pittsburgh?

The Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia is repudiated, by a special committee's report, and the Grand Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia is recognized, by resolution, as having legitimate jurisdiction over the District of Columbia. The Grand Chapter of the United States is rebuked for its course in the matter, and its proceedings pronounced not only unauthorized but expressly prohibited by its constitution.

The report however was not adopted but was ordered to lie on the table and be the special order for the second day of the next Annual Grand Convocation, at 9, A. M.

Subsequently the following was offered by Companion Shank and adopted.

Whereas, This Grand Chapter did, at its last Convocation, "forbid and interdict its Subordinate Chapters, and the members thereof, any and all intercourse" with the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia, or with any Chapter claiming authority under the same, or with the members of such Chapters, and

Whereas, The General Grand Chapter did, at its last meeting, recognize said Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia, as regular, therefore,

Resolved, That said resolution has no longer any binding force.

Companion Wm. L. Webber, of East Signaw, was elected Grand High Priest, and Companion J. Eastman Johnson, Centreville, continued as Grand Secretary—than whom few, if any, bodies have a better Recorder.

During the session of the Grand Chapter, the Daily papers of Detroit were gratuitously furnished the members of the Grand Chapter, by their respective proprietors.

In the Appendix to the proceedings of this Grand Chapter we find a compendium of the proceedings of the General Grand Chapter. Among the Resolutions, we find the following:

1. Resolved, That no State Grand Chapter, organized by the authority of this M. E. General Grand Body, or which at any time has become a constituent member of this Body, can lawfully sever its connection with the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States of America without its consent, but the allegiance of said Grand Chapters is inalienable and now due.

2. That the M. E. General Grand Council of this M. E. General Grand Chapter open correspondence with the Grand Chapters of Vermont, Rhode Island, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Texas, Kentucky, and Iowa, and to induce, if possible, such acts on their part as shall restore harmonious and fraternal relations as constituent members of this Body.

3. That the Grand Chapters of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Florida, be requested to send delegates to the next Triennial Convocation of this M. E. General Grand Body, as a committee of conference to arrange terms of union, if practicable, with this M. E. General Grand Chapter.

HUMAN SKELETONS IN POMPEII.

Some of the details of these discoveries, contained in the journal of the excavations, are extremely curious and interesting. Thus we read that, on the 30th of August, 1787, a human skeleton was found in the corridor of a house which the volcanic matter had not penetrated, but had so completely closed up by obstructing the doors that escape was impossible. Here the wretched man lived in utter darkness, we know not how long. It is a significant circumstance, that his bones, instead of lying in one place, were scattered about the apartment, and showed marks of having been gnawed. Near them lay the undisturbed skeleton of a dog. It is evident, therefore, that the brute had not only survived his master, but had also eaten him. In a shop connected with the public baths, not far from the forum, were also found two skeletons of persons who had died in each others embrace. They were both in the freshness of youth, and of different sex. The affecting spectacle excited an unwonted effusion of sentiment in the antiquarian bosom, and the bony twain were christened "The Lovers."

On the 14th of June, of the same year eight skeletons were found under the ruins of a wall; in May, 1818, another skeleton was discovered, near the temple of Jupiter, crushed by a marble column; thus proving conclusively that the eruption was accompanied by an earthquake. In the temple of Isis, also, were discovered the remains of several priests, with chicken-bones, egg-shells, wine-goblets, and other indications of a banquet on a table near them. One of them had seized a sacrificial axe with which to effect his escape, but sank down exhausted, or probably suffocated by the methipic vapor, before accomplishing his purpose. The statement made by several writers, and reiterated by M. Monnier and Dr. Dyer, that the said priest actually cut his way through two walls, is entirely erroneous; the walls do not exhibit any traces of such operations. Tradition tells of another priest who lay in the center of the adjacent Forum triangulare. This man whom Bulwer calls Calenus, was said to have been carrying off some of the rich silver furniture of the temple when death overtook him. As the journal makes no mention of this circumstance, the reader will receive the account *cum grano sulis*.—*North American Review*.

THE GREAT LESSON—The first great lesson a young man should learn is that he knows nothing. The earlier and more thoroughly this lesson is learnt the better. A home-bred youth, growing up in the light of parental admiration, with everything to foster his vanity and self-esteem, is surprised to find, and often unwilling to acknowledge, the superiority of other people. But he is compelled to learn his own insignificance; his airs are ridiculed, his blunders exposed, his wishes disregarded, and he is made to cut a sorry figure, until his self-conceit is abased, and he feels that he knows nothing.

When a young man has thoroughly comprehended the fact that he knows nothing, and that intrinsically he is but of little value, the next lesson is that the world cares nothing about him. He is the subject of no man's overwhelming admiration; neither petted by the one sex nor envied by the other. He has to take care of himself. He will not be noticed till he becomes noticeable: he will not become noticeable until he does something to prove that he is some use to society. No recommendations or introductions will give him this; he must do something to be recognized as somebody.

The next lesson is that of patience. A man must learn to wait as well as to work, and to be content with those means of advancement in life which he may use with integrity and honor. Patience is one of the most difficult lessons we learn. It is natural for the mind to look for immediate results.

Let this, then, be understood at starting, that the patient conquest of difficulties which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise, is not only essential in securing the success which a young man seeks in life, but essential also to that preparation of the mind requisite for the enjoyment of success, and for retaining it when gained. It is the general rule in all the world, and in all time, that unearned success is a curse.—*Old Oaken Bucket*.

DONT TRUST ME.

Messrs. Editors.—The other day I had business in a whisky shop. I mean one of those places where poisonous drinks are sold to all, irrespective of age, sex, or condition. Whilst there a strong robust man came in. With a quick step he walked up to the counter. Behind the counter stood the bar-tender, the owner of the place. The man who came in was sober but excited. Addressing the bar-tender, he said: I want you never to trust me again, I beg of you never to trust me again, I never will pay you if you do. Here is what I already owe you, take it, but never trust me. You know I work hard. You know I have a wife and children and I love them when sober. I abuse them when drunk. I do wrong in spending for drink what should be given for bread. But my cursed appetite for drink gets the better of me. But I will never drink again, I will never taste another drop.

Blindly the "tender" smiled and mildly replied: "Well; a good resolution, and to finish off with, just take one drink at my expense."—and suiting the action to the word, placed a bottle before him. At first he refused, then yielded, then tasted, then drank and spent his money, then left the place reeling as only a drunken man can.

Such is the power of habit. Such the ways and the influence of the men who dote on the drink that ruins the souls and the bodies of men.

Yours, JAMES.

BRAINS VS. LABOR.

THE EXHAUSTIVENESS OF WORK.

The following beautiful passage is by the Rev. J. F. Corning. It will be appreciated by all "brain workers."

"While I sit at my study-table with my pen in hand, the fingers moving with tardy pace at the beckon of brain, I hear right below my window, in the adjacent field, the monotonous ring of a laborer's hoe upon the corn hills. While he hoes, he whistles hour by hour until the clock strikes twelve, and then with ravenous appetite repairs to his beautiful yet simple meal, only to resume his task again and pursue it to the setting of the sun. As I stood at the window watching his toil, and turned again to my pen and paper, I asked myself how it happened that the man with the hoe will labor his eight or ten hours a day with less fatigue than the man with his pen will toil his three or four. Hugh Miller was a great worker with the shovel and pick—would have made a good hand in a slate quarry, in grading a railroad, or digging a canal. But one night, as you know, he shot himself in a fit of nervous fever. What was the difference between the great geologist and the man with the hoe whistling under my window? Simply this, the former was a worker of brain, and the latter a worker of muscle. Let this man with the hoe lay down his husbandry for a little while and set himself to studying one of the stalks of corn, or the chemistry of one of those hills of soil, and very likely he would soon learn what it is to lose one's appetite, and hear the clock strike nearly all the night hours in feverish wakefulness. And thus we get a great organic law of our being to-wit: that brain work abstracts vitality from the fountain, while muscle work only makes draughts upon one of the ramifying streams of life. It is estimated by scientific observers that a man will use up as much vital force in working his brains two hours as he will in working his muscles eight."

"Girls, beware of transient young men; never suffer the addresses of a stranger; recollect that a steady farmer boy or mechanic is worth all the floating trash in the world. The allurements of a dandy Jack, with a gold chain about his neck, a walking-stick in his paw, some honest tailor's coat on his back, and a brainless skull, can never make up the loss of a father's house and a good mother's counsel, and the society of brothers and sisters; their affections last, while those of such a young man are lost in the wane of the honeymoon. "Ti true."

A philosopher has discovered that men don't object to be overrated, except by assessors.

Original for the Freemason.
A SPECTRAL NIGHT IN ROME.

I was in Rome. The dream of my youth had been fulfilled. The balmy zephyrs of sunny Italy kissed my cheek. The Cerulean sky, famed in song and story, bent over me, and all its lore of loving stars looked down upon me, as if delighting with me in the scene by which I was surrounded and ravished. I had toiled over the Alps, where Barbarians had climbed, preparatory to their awful descent upon this Capitol of ancient Art and Civilization, and the relief I felt at passing from scenes of rugged grandeur to the beautiful landscapes and still life by which I was environed, was like a lullaby to my nerves, and a cordial to my laggard spirits. When I reached Rome, the sun was setting in a cloudless sky, and seemed like some grand monarch, rich in regal attire, and at the lead of columns of light, making a victorious advance on Darkness. My soul seemed swimming in seas of ecstasy, and I could not think of so gross a thing as hunting a Hotel. No, I would seek some grand old ruin, and watch the stars come out into the heavens, as the thoughts should shine out in my mind. I pushed my way through throngs of *lazzaroni*, and elbowed my way along the crowded thoroughfares—and never abated my rapid pace until I stood amid some crumbling columns, and broken arches, which told me that I was amid the relics of the Long Ago. Although I had come to Rome, at this time, specially to attend the grand Illumination, in honor of the Nativity, I was so pervaded with awe, that I lost all desire for mere pyrotechnical displays, and Papal pomp—and so sought ruins, and star-light far beyond the sight-monger's revel. I was perhaps the only well man in Rome that night, lay or ecclesiastic, who did not feast his eyes on the gorgeous designs wrought in fire, with which St. Peter's blazed.

I wandered about among what appeared to be the remains of an Ancient Temple and mused on the heroic days of the mighty past, and every stone seemed speechful of that period when Cæsar commanded, Cicero thundered, and the Bard of Mantua tuned his pipe upon the banks of the Tiber.

At length, I involuntarily seated myself on a broken column, and became oblivious of the flight of Time.

I was aroused from my reverie, by the solemn chanting of a procession of monks, who moved in measured march near by, and by their priestly costumes, dim tapers, and low wailing gave a wierd aspect to the ruin. I determined to follow them. Soon we came to a small chapel—the procession entered, and I with it—when to my surprise, I found the building crowded with people, and on a bier in the altar lay a coffin. There was a death-like stillness—broken only by the sobbing of an organ, which seemed to have a heart of grief, and its every cry a requiem.

I took my seat near the left aisle of the chapel, and soon learned that the services were a midnight mass, for the repose of the soul of a brother of the Franciscan Order, who had died the day before. The monks and the people having attended the grand Illumination had come now to make prayers for one whom they had loved in life. The procession, of which I was a lone straggler, had formed at the Monastery, and proceeded thither. The Organ wailed out its last sobbing note, and the scarcely less sad voice of the officiating priest filled the air. In the pause of one of his Latin sentences—the door opening into the

aisle near which I was seated, suddenly opened, with a bang, that startled everybody, and all heads turned at once to see the cause.

There stood a tall figure, dressed in the costume of an ancient Roman Soldier. He spake no word—but through his helmet—there shot angry glances, like forked lightning, toward the chancel. The priest, officiating, seemed transfixed with terror. With a slow steady movement he raised his hand and pointing toward the terrified prelate, in deep sepulchral tones, said: "O thou Priest, be thou and thine forever damned!" His arm dropped to his side, and as I followed its descent with my eye, I saw rapidly unfold a scroll, upon which was written in legible letters of fire, "MY FATE." The figure pointed to it, turned toward me as I quailed in my pew, and said: "Follow thou me." I dared not resist. There seemed to be some demon-like magnetism, that drew me after him. Outside the Church, I expected him to speak to me and reveal his mission, but he spake not a word. On he moved through the neighboring grave-yard, turning ever and anon to me and pointing to the glowing lettering of the mystic scroll. Through the ruins of an old monastery we clambered our way, and were soon beyond all signs of human habitation. I would have given untold sums, could I have broken the wizzard spell by which he led me passively on. I had read of the Italian Banditti and their bloody deeds, but something seemed to tell me this was no human fiend that had thrown his charm around me.

Steadily on—until a country grave-yard was reached. Over its briar-grown graves we pursued our way. The silence was awful. The moon-light on the graves seemed supernatural. At length the door of a vault was reached, and here my mysterious guide halted, and hung the scroll upon the tablet above the bolted iron door. It seemed my very epitaph, for in addition to the other words "*my fate*" there appeared another in sickly letters—"Enter." I gazed upon the scroll with horror, but was soon startled by a crash behind me, and turning round, found that my guide had thrown off his disguise, and stood before me a ghastly, grinning skeleton—but holding in his bony clutch a two edged sword. He pointed with his sword, I followed its point, and saw the door roll slowly, (and with a noise like rumbling thunder,) back on its rusty hinges.

I descended. The vault was dimly lighted, and the musty walls grinned under the blue light. I could not see from whence the light proceeded, though I speculated that it was from decaying bodies, and long pent up gasses.

My skeleton captor followed me down the crumbling steps, and I heard the great iron door shut, and its bolts slide into their grooves. The bare skeleton shoved with his fleshless foot, an old worm-eaten coffin toward me, and bid me be seated. I complied, for I did not think it possible to disobey commands that came from an empty chest, and tongueless throat.

As soon as I seated myself, the specter came and sat down by my side. Taking my hand in his bony fingers, and holding it with a freezing grip, he said: "Fifteen Hundred years of sin and we have rolled over the world since I lived the life of men. Then I was a soldier of the good Constantine, I was with him, when the mystic cross appeared in the sky, bearing the inscription, *In hoc signo vinces*. Incident to our victories was the rise of a domineering, and vicious priesthood. I was murdered by a prelate, who enticed me

to his covert, and besought me to be his agent in carrying out an intrigue, which would have made the cheek of darkness turn pale. I persistently refused to become his accomplice, when he fell upon me and slew me. Since then, in the realm of spirits, I have been the patron of injured innocence, and their sworn avenger. I have brought you here to night in the interest to which my immortality is pledged. Come with me. (We arose.) Look upon her, who lies in that rose-wood coffin! She is the latest tenant of this doleful dungeon."

I looked. There was a young lady, dressed in richest attire, and looking lovely, even in that awful atmosphere, and under that baleful light. My glance was cursory, for my eyes were dancing with terror.

My specter chattered his jaws, as if his bones were marrowed with the ice of the Arctic, and finally syllabled forth, the following, "that young lady was murdered by that Priest whom you heard chanting dirges at the altar of the Franciscan Chapel. She was a beautiful young woman from America, who come to *Italia*, to prosecute her studies in music, and painting. He sought to make her his victim, and fearing his failure he murdered her, and performed her funeral rites on the spot where you saw him this night chanting his hypocritical dirges over a Franciscan brother.

You are an American. You turned aside from the grand *fete* of the evening to muse amid ruins. I determined to make you her avenger. If you swear to redress her wrongs, I will make eternity eloquent with a plea in your behalf. If you refuse—such as you are—the daggers of this vault can send to the audit of your God, and they shall."

I hesitated. The crime of murder had always been considered by me as the capital offense, of which humanity is capable. Pending my hesitation, the Specter tapped the marble floor with his bony foot, and quick as thought, a score of ghostly specters were dancing around me, and brandishing polished weapons, and the whole mercurious air was wild with the cry of "*Avenge, avenge!*"

Still I deliberated. In the midst of my hesitation, the young lady herself half-rose from her coffin, and in a voice sweet, like the solo of a flute, in a grand burst of orchestra, said: "I Pry'thee avenge! *avenge!*"

I looked, and saw in her appearance, the unquestioning testimony that the victim was my dearest friend, my American *protege*—for whom, of all, I had taken this trip to Rome."

I said, in the burst of my surprise "I will be her Avenger."

The young lady smiled upon me—the specters took me by the hand and bid me be true, or remember that night ever would be sleepless to me. My guide conducted me up the steps, and when I stood on the green sward of the upper air, he placed a jeweled dagger in my hand, and told me, that if I would proceed immediately to the Chapel I would find the object of my vengeance, not yet recovered from his swoon. I was a stranger in Rome, and would never be suspected, He said: "Remember if thou fails't me now, I will follow thee to the ends of the earth." I swore afresh, and started alone to retrace my steps, I found no difficulty in reaching the Chapel. I crossed its threshold. The lights were unextinguished. The monks, people, organist, and choir, had evidently beat a precipitate retreat, and where such was the case you would not expect a Sexton to do his duty.

I stole up the aisle. There was the same bier

and coffin, and lying beside it the swooned priest, upon whom the curse of the specter had been visited. My step though stealthy as that of a cat, must have aroused him, for he raised himself on his elbow, just as I passed the Chancel rail. I approached him, raised my dagger, and was just about striking the fatal blow, when the tinkling of a small bell startled me, and *I awoke to find the bell announcing breakfast. I had been riding the night-mare.*

If all the electricity which is contained in the ponderous clouds that hover about the great planet, Jupiter, were concentrated and hurled at our little globe in a great thunderbolt, so as to crush and shiver it into its primeval atoms, it is, perhaps, philosophically true that on the passage of the shock, the particles would instantly re-unite, and form again the compact! So Masonry has withstood and survived, and will withstand and survive, the shocks of all disintegrating forces. Fear not, therefore, that the unity of Masonry is endangered, because here and there individual Masons have been estranged by the trying commotions through which we have been passing. These commotions will pass away, like the waves of the sea, when the storm has spent its fury, and Masonry, like a strong ship, with timbers unshaken, will continue on her voyage to the remote shore of time!

USEFULNESS OF BIRDS.—Little birds are not sent into the world for nothing. Birds devour insects, worms and grubs. Where there are no birds, these multiply to a prodigious extent, and the crops suffer. In recent years the harvests in France have given an unusually poor return, and this deficiency was attributed to the ravages of insects, which is the function of certain birds to destroy. A commission appointed to inquire into the matter, concluded that by no agency, save that of little birds, could the ravages of insects be kept down. It was found that a single tom-tit would eat two hundred thousand eggs of insects annually, and one swallow devoured about six hundred insects a day, eggs and all. The evidence was that one class was a match for the other, if the wholesale destruction of birds by huntsmen could be stopped. An excess of insect life results if the counterpoise is withdrawn.

A SELF-TAUGHT BOY.—The Duke of Argyll, who lived in Queen Anne's reign, was one day walking in his garden when he saw a Latin book lying on the grass. Thinking it had been brought from his library, he gave directions for it to be taken back, when a lad called Edmund Stone, then in his eighteenth year, a son of the gardener, claimed it as his own.

The duke was surprised, and on questioning him was still further astonished at his answers.

"But how," said the duke, "came you by the knowledge of all these things?"

Stone replied, "A servant taught me ten years since to read;" and on being further pressed by the duke, he thus continued:

"I first learned to read; the masons were then at work upon your house. I approached them one day, and observed that the architect used a rule and compasses, and that he made calculations. I inquired what might be the use and meaning of these things and was informed that there was a science called arithmetic. I purchased a book of arithmetic, and I learned it. I was told there was another science, called geometry; I bought the necessary books, and I learned geometry. By reading, I found that there were good books on these two sciences in Latin; I bought a dictionary and I learned Latin. I understood that also there were good books of the same kind in French; I bought a dictionary and learned French. And this, my Lord, is what I have done; it seems to me that we may learn everything when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet."

Edmund Stone afterwards published some scientific works and was chosen a fellow of the Royal Society.

All my readers know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, but how few have thought that the knowledge of them was so valuable as to enable them to learn everything.

Freebooter.

God takes notice of every particular man as if there were none else; and yet takes notice of all as if they were but one man.

We are as nothing compared with God, and nothing without God.

The integrity of the heart, when it is strengthened by reason, is the principal source of justice and wisdom; an honest man thinks nearly always justly.

No creatures are so necessary or important to God, as to be secure from his anger when they sin against him.

The man at the head of a house can mar the pleasure of the household; but he cannot make it. That must rest with the woman, and is her greatest privilege.

The desire of power in excess caused angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess.

It is the file that smooths the iron; nothing softer would answer. So it is not temporal prosperity, but adversity, that polishes the soul and fits it for usefulness and happiness.

The moment a man parts with moral independence, the moment he judges of a duty, not from the inward voice, but from the interest and will of a party, the moment he commits himself to a leader or a party, and winks at evil because divisions would hurt the cause, the moment he shakes off his particular responsibility, because he is but one of the thousand or million by whom the evil is done; that moment he parts with his moral power. He is shorn of the energy of a single-hearted faith in the right and true.

God hears the heart, though without words; but he never hears words without the heart.

Who weds ere he be wise, shall die ere he thrive.

Little sticks kindle the fire, but great ones put it out.

For what thou canst do thyself rely not on another.

AFFLICTIONS.—Long afflictions will much set off the glory of heaven. The longer the storm, the sweeter the calm; the longer the winter nights, the sweeter the summer days. The new wine is more sweet to those who have long been drinking gall and vinegar. The higher the mountain, the gladder we shall be when we get to the top of it. The longer our journey is, the sweeter will be our end; and the longer our passage is, the more desirable will be heaven.

There are two fruits of folly visible in the world. Men will not do when they can, and afterward cannot when they would.

A wife, full of truth, love and innocence, is the prettiest flower a man can wear next his heart.

The odor of flowers is never so sweet and strong as before a storm. Beautiful soul! when the storm draws nigh thee, be a flower.

SEEKING GOD IN AFFLICTION.—Some persons never call upon God, or show signs of repentance except in times of danger. They are like a fox when caught in a gin, they look pitifully, but it is only to get out.

VAIN WORSHIP.—Some persons worship the Lord as the Indians do the devil, that he may do them no hurt.

I do not, and dare not say, that every public spirit is a gracious spirit; yet this I will and must say, that every gracious spirit is a public spirit.

THE YOUTHFUL MIND.—A straw will make an impression on the virgin snow; let it remain but a short time, and a horse's hoof can scarcely penetrate it. So it is with the youthful mind. A trifling word may make an impression on it, but after a few years the most powerful appeals may cease to influence it. Think of this, ye who have the training of the infant mind, and leave such impressions thereon as will be safe for it to carry amid the follies and temptations of the world.

It is a certain truth, that man is never so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense; it costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased; and to keep a fool constantly in good humor with himself and with others, is no very easy task.

Love is the golden thread that runs through the Gospel; God's love to us, ours to him, and one to another.

One step backward is equal to two steps forward; hence retreating from duty is compound loss.

There is no greater obstacle in the way of success in life than trusting to "something to turn up," instead of going to work and turning up something.

The good man, in whose soul virtue is deeply rooted, and who is consistent, exercises a natural, imperceptible and mild magistracy upon the earth. We respect him without his commanding it, and obey him unconsciously.

THE BIBLE.—The Word of God must not hang, like a jewel, only in the ear, but it must be cabined and locked up in the heart as its safest repository.

How beautiful the sacrifice of a soul which suffers in silence, and seeks no comfort or reward but from God!

The man who is fond of pies and puddings places himself fearfully in the power of his wife.

It is a great pity that a woman's pets are so frequently nuisances to everybody else.

What folly it is, to dread the thought of throwing away our lives all at once, by a single act, and yet have no regard to throwing them away by piecemeal.

It takes much grace and discipline to keep us in a truly teachable frame of soul.

The best exercise of memory—Remember the poor.

We often suffer ourselves to be put out of all our bearings by some misfortune, not of the most serious kind, which looks very black at the time, but which from its nature cannot be lasting. We are thus ignorant hens that insist upon going to roost in mid-day because there is a brief transitory eclipse of the sun.

Man without religion is the creature of circumstances; religion is above all circumstances, and will lift him up above them.

Water is not a fashionable beverage for drinking your friend's health; but it is a capital one for drinking your own.

Whenever we drink too deeply of pleasure we are sure to find a sediment at the bottom of the cup, which embitters the draught we have quaffed with so much avidity.

He that makes light of small faults is in a ready way to fall into great ones.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision, and yield with gracefulness, or oppose with firmness.

It is good for every one to go at times into the country, and to see and feel how different are the works of nature and the works of man.

Sanctified afflictions are like so many artificers, working on a pious man's crown, to make it more bright and massive.

Law is like prussic acid—a dangerous remedy, and the smallest dose is generally sufficient.

There is this difference between these two temporal blessings, health and money: money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

He who corrupts the morals of the rising generation will reap a terrible harvest of woe.

RELIGION AND ITS DEFENDERS.—Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it; do anything but live for it.

OUR INFLUENCES.—The history of unconscious influence is a history which eternity alone will reveal. The volumes of that history are laid up in the archives of heaven. They will there be perused with adoring wonder. From their pages many an humble Christian will learn for the first time the work he has really been doing while treading the obscure and thorny path appointed to him in this vale of tears. But even in this world we are sometimes permitted to light upon a stray leaf of the history of unconscious influence.

"Poor but honest" is an absurd phrase. It should be "poor and honest;" for there is no antagonism between poverty and honesty. Poverty is the best evidence of honesty, of whose absence only wealth should excite suspicion.

The grave is our debtor, and Heaven will coerce payment. It is the treasury of Heaven for the preservation and reproduction of the human body.—*Bascom.*

WILD OATS.—In all the wide range of accepted maxims, there is none, take it for all in all more thoroughly abominable than the one as to the sowing of wild oats. Look at it on what side you will, and I will defy you to make anything but a devil's maxim of it. What a man—be he young, old, or middle-aged—sows, that, and nothing else shall he reap. The only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burned to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long, tough roots, like the couch grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive, and you, and nobody else, will have to reap them; and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down deep again and again. Well for you, if with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again by your dying day.—*Dr. Arnold.*

SILENT INFLUENCE OF CHARACTER ON LIFE.—"We cannot, in our worldly work, be always consciously thinking of religion; yet insensibly we may be ever acting under its ever present control. As there are laws and powers in the natural world, of which without thinking of them we are availing ourselves, so, in the routine of daily life, though I seldom think of them, I may yet be constantly swayed by the motives, sustained by the principles, living, breathing, acting in the invisible atmosphere of true religion.

"There are under-currents in the ocean, which act independently of the movements of the waters on the surface; far down too in the 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 under-currents beneath the surface-movements of your life—these 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 work your outer history."—*Caird.*

NATURE'S FACES.—Alas! how few of nature's faces there are to gladden us with their beauty! The cares, and sorrows, and hungerings of the world, change them as they change hearts; and it is only when those passions sleep, and have lost their hold forever, that the troubled clouds pass off, and leave the surface clear. It is a common thing for the countenances of the dead, even in that fixed and rigid state, to subside into the long-forgotten expression of sleepless infancy, and settle into the very look of early life; so calm, so peaceful do they grow again, that those who knew them in their happy childhood, kneel by the coffin's side in awe, and see the angel even upon earth.—*Dickens.*

There are some hearts that are always shut up locked and bolted all the time, like houses in the night. Nothing can enter at the front door, it is barred. Nothing can break in at the front windows; the blinds are closed, the sashes latched, the shutters within closely fastened. Nothing on the roof; the skylight is padlocked on the inside; But passing by all ordinary approaches, and all anticipated places of entrance, there may perchance be found in some out-of-the-way corner, an unfastened side light, which will admit the hand to turn the key.

A VALUABLE RELIC.—The Mallet used by King Charles II, when he laid the foundation-stone of St. Paul's Cathedral, is now in the possession of the Lodge of Antiquity, No. 2, London, to which Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, then belonged. This curious relic was also used by the Earl of Zetland, Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of England, at a similar ceremony, in 1864, in connection with the new buildings at Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen street, London.

It is reported that the "National Freemason," of New York; the "Masonic Sun," of Wilmington, N. C., and the "Square and Compass," of Raleigh, N. C., have "given up the ghost."—*Keystone.*

The shadows of our past actions stalk beside us during our existence.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Margaret Fuller somewhere beautifully says: "It is a marvel whence the perfect flower, (water lily) derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurks the slimy eel, and speckled frog and the mud-turtle, whom continual washing cannot cleanse. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its obscene life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil, from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragance of celestial power—to the daily life of others.

A FEATURE IN MASONRY, AND INTERESTING REMINISCENCE.—The remains of William McMillen, one of the founders of the Queen City of the West, who died in 1804, were recently disinterred from the old family burial-place of the McMillens, in Avondale, and transferred to Spring Grove Cemetery. The old lot was a beautiful knoll in the McMillen farm in Avondale, back of the present property of the Lambs and Wests. Here had been buried, when Cincinnati was a village on the river bank, several members of the family, and here they have remained until Cincinnati is a city of 250,000 souls, and the old farm, worth \$3,000 an acre, is cut up into building lots for suburban houses.

The new resting-place of the few bones found in the old grave is in the beautiful lot of the Masons, adjoining the soldier's lot, in Spring Grove, where, on the 24th of June next, St. John's day, the Masons propose to dedicate a splendid monument with all the imposing ceremonies and display of which the Order, in strength in Cincinnati, Covington and Newport, is capable.

In 1797, the N. C. Harmony Lodge, of Cincinnati, conferred the degree of Master upon William McMillen. This was the first Lodge of Masons in Cincinnati. Mr. McMillen had purchased, for two dollars, the lot on the northeast corner of Third and Walnut streets, which was then a huge gravel bank out beyond the town. At his death he bequeathed this to the lodge in trust. To-day it is covered by the most beautiful Masonic Temple of the West, and the taxes upon it amount to nearly \$6,000 per annum.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A CURE FOR LOW SPIRITS.—Exercise for the body, occupation for the mind; these are the grand constituents of health and happiness, the cardinal points upon which everything turns. Motion seems to be a great preserving principle of nature, to which even inanimate things are subject; for the winds, waves, the earth itself, are restless, and the waving of trees, shrubs, and flowers is known to be an essential part of their economy. A fixed rule of taking several hours' exercise every day, if possible, in the open air, if not, under cover, will be almost certain to secure one exemption from disease, as well as from attacks of low spirits, *ennui*—that monster who is ever waylaying the rich indolent.

"Throw but a stone, the giant dies."

Low spirits cannot exist in the atmosphere of bodily and mental activity.

"AND HE PASSED ON TO SHUNEM."—The words of my text, my hearers, you will find in II Kings, chapter IV, verse 8, "And he passed on to Shunem."

Take to heart the lesson our text teaches, and when temptations try you, and evils lie in wait to ensnare you, "pass on to Shun'em."

When you see men of wrath fighting and breaking heads and sticks, and hear them cursing and swearing—mind the words of the text and "pass on to Shun'em."

And oh! my hearers—if you should come into one of our little towns and behold a row of little offices with tin signs on the doors of each, and hear men talking of attachments without affections, and sequestrations without quiet—ah, and seize—yours and never theirs—ah, and about eternally going to law—ah, it will be to your profit to mind the words of the prophet, and "pass on to Shun'em."

It won't do to stir up a man when he is thinking cunny more than it will a pan of milk when the cream is rising.

Wit and Humor.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.—When a man has feathered his nest you will generally find that he also plumes himself upon it. How true is it, therefore, that "riches take unto themselves wings!"

What is the difference between a civilized diner and a person who subsists at the North Pole? One has his bill of fare, and the other has his fill of bear.

We would hint, says the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, to the big eagle which carried off the little boy in Tennessee, that there are in the streets of Louisville a good many rascally little blackguards that he may have for the taking.

A young lady who prided herself on geography, seeing a candle aslant, remarked that it reminded her of the "Leaning tower of Pisa." "Yes," responded a wag, "with this difference—that is a tower in Italy, while this is a tower in grease."

"How does that look, eh?" said Mr. Cramp, holding out his brawny hand. "That," said Amos, "looks as if you were out of soap."

Said a conceited young lady—You men are a covet-us set.

Juries most dangerous to our liberties—Perjuries.

Disgusting Meanness—To tan a dog's hide with his own bark.

An eminent painter, on being asked what he mixed his colors with to give them so fine an effect, answered, "I mix them with brains, sir."

The best illustrated paper out—A bank note.

What is better than a promising young man?—A paying one.

A physician passing by a stone mason, bawled out to him, "Good morning, Mr. W—; hard at work I see; you finish your grave stone as far as 'in memory of,' and then you wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?" "Why, yes," replied the old man, resting for a moment on his mallet, "unless somebody else is sick, and you are doctoring them, and then I keep right on."

When a man and woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is, which is the one? Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled.

A professional philanthropist proposes to make soup from the pigeon wings cut in the ball-room, and feed the poor on it.

Why is a baby like wheat? Because it is cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

It has been said that it must be easy to break into an old man's house, because his gait is broken and his locks are few.

The following colloquy took place between a New York census marshal and a native of Germany:

"Who lives here?"
"Sharmony on der Rhine."

A man (evidently hen-pecked) says, that if in our schooldays the "rule of three" is proverbially trying, how much harder, in after life, do we feel the rule of "one?"

How to be at home in the best society—Stay at home.

Whipped syllabub—Your little brother corrected at school.

When does a man have to keep his word? When no one will take it.

Why is a dog's tail a great novelty? Because no one ever saw it before.

A grate nuisance—Bad coal.

A grate "composer"—Chloroform.

Skylights—The sun, moon, and stars.

The fee common to every body—Coffee.

The end of everything—The letter G.

The hardships of the ocean—The iron-clads.

"How well he plays for one so young?" said Mrs. Partington, as the organ-boy performed with a monkey near the door; "and how much his little brother looks like him, to be sure."

A girl who was making a dress put the sleeves in wrong. She was unable to change them, as she could not determine whether she had got the right sleeve in the wrong place or the wrong sleeve in the right place.

"Leave you, my friend," said a tipsy fellow clinging to a lamp-post on a dark night; "leave you in a condition not to take care of yourself! (hic) never."

A clock having struck the hour of one, a tender-hearted woman exclaimed: "Oh! what a cruel clock!" "Why so?" asked a friend. "Because it struck its little one!"

A lady in Belfast, Ireland, after questioning the children of a charity school about what the wife of a King or Emperor was called, asked, "What is the wife of a Duke called?" "A Drake!" exclaimed several voices.

Do unto other men as they would like to do to you, and they won't have enough money in two weeks to have a shirt washed.

"Married couples resemble a pair of shears," says Sidney Smith, "so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them."

An exchange, in speaking of the magical strains of a hand-organ, says: "When he played 'Old Dog Tray' we noticed eleven pups sitting in front of the machine on their haunches, brushing the tears from their eyes with their fore-paws."

At what time was Adam married? Upon his wedding Eve.

"What's your father's name?"

"Nix for sthay."

"When did you arrive in Albany?"

"Mit a steamboat."

"Got any children?"

"Yaw; two parrals, mit krout."

"How long have you been in this house?"

"Two and der basement."

"Who owns the building?"

"I pays nothing, Hans pay der same twice a month."

"Where did you live last year?"

"Across der red store, as you come up mit der market in your right hand behind der pump what belongs to der blacksmith shop."

An Irishman, newly arrived, and a member of the O'Regan family, was heard to exclaim, as the steamer Oregon was passing:

"O-r-e-g-o-n!—O'Regan—bejabers! only four weeks in Ameriky, an' a steamboat called by me name!"

The Quincy Whig is responsible for the following: An Irish girl in the employ of one of our first families was sent by the lady of the house one day last week to a dry goods store, with the instructions to bring home a bed comforter. She returned, after a short absence, with one of the clerks.

A daily moderate use of celery as a salad at meal times is said to be an effectual remedy for nervousness.

Why are elections like tents? Because the canvass ends at the polls.

One of the resident ministers of Holden, Mo., married a couple a short time ago, and after the ceremony was over and the supper dispensed, the divine went out and was getting on his horse, when the bridegroom whispered to him and said: "Mr. —, I wish when you make out your certificate, that you would date it back to the 15th of July."

A young man from the country went into a drug store, the other day, and seeing people freely patronizing the soda fountain, at length stepped up and called for a drink of "that 'ere" for himself. After swallowing the foaming contents of the glass, and laying his money with a satisfied air upon the counter, he said: "Mister, what do you call that that bites so?" "That is soda water." "Wall," said he, "I s'posed it was sweetened wind."

To desire a change of sex is commonly considered a manly aspiration; to weep about it seems ludicrous. Yet the thing has been done, and on the tented field. In the very fiercest of the battle of Malvern Hill, Gen. Lee encountered a tall Johnny Reb in full retreat, and blubbering fearfully. He stopped him and shamed him; but the fellow openly avowed cowardice, and said he knew he was a coward when they 'scripted him.

"Well," said the patient but vexed General, "that may be, but you need not bellow about it like a great baby."

"Baby!" echoed the conscript, "I wish I was a baby, and a gal baby at that!"

The steam man draws well.

Mr. Spurgeon, the other day, was scolding certain of his followers who declined to interfere in politics on the ground that they were "not of this world." This, he argued, was mere metaphor. "You might as well," he said, "being sheep of the Lord, decline to eat a mutton-chop on the plea that it would be cannibalism."

A FAIR TURN.—"I understand, Mr. Jones, that you can turn anything neater than any other man in town." "Yes, Mr. Smith. I think so." "Ahem! Mr. Jones, I don't mean to brag, but there is nobody on earth can turn a thing as well as I can whittle." "Pooh! nonsense, Mr. Smith! Talk about whittling—what can you whittle as nice as I can turn?" "Anything—everything, Mr. Jones. You just name the articles that I can't whittle that you can turn, and I will give this dollar if I do not do it to the satisfaction of these gentlemen present." (Here Mr. Smith tables the dollar.) "Ahem! Well, then, Mr. Smith, suppose we take two grindstones, just for a trial, you know—you whittle the one while I turn the other." A fair "sell." Mr. Smith stared a moment and vanished. The forfeited dollar was quickly disposed of by those present with great glee and satisfaction.

A DISAPPOINTED ATHLETE.—An amusing incident is related of the Rev. Mr. Wise, one of the first ministers in Essex county, Mass. It seems that Mr. Wise, being a famous wrestler, was accosted one morning by a Mr. Chandler, when the following conversation occurred:

"Sir, my name is Chandler, of the town of Andover; hearing you were famous for wrestling, and having myself some success in that way, having thrown all in our region, I have come all the way from Andover to take hold with you.

"No objection to that," was the pleasant reply. They take hold in earnest; and, after a few struggles, Mr. Chandler is laid upon his back. He is not satisfied, and wishes for another trial: the result is, that Mr. Wise not only lays him a second time, but gently puts him over the fence into the street.

"And now," says Mr. C., "if you will just throw my horse over after me, I will go along."

No fly will light on a window which has been washed with water in which a little garlic has been boiled.

JOSH BILLINGSISM.—It strains a man's philosophy the wust kind to laff when he gits beat.

Awl ov us komplain ov the shortness of life, yet we awl waste more time than we use.

The principal difference between a luxury and necessary, is the price.

E. A. ODE.—Air, "Bonny Doon."

"Thrice welcome brother here we meet
In Friendship's close communion joined;"
Let each the other fondly greet,
And check each word and thought unkind.
In vain we meet—in vain we work,
Unless our hearts united be:
Then to the East, for light we'll look
And shape designs in harmony.

The Orphans cry—the widow's wail,
The Mason oft is pained to hear.
The selfish world may both assail,
But we must prove that help is near.
The tear to dry—the soul to cheer,
The broken heart to bind and bless:
These by our three great lights appear
The work of Love and Righteousness.

F. C. ODE.—Air, "Auld Lang Syne."

Brought to more light, we hail thee now
A craftsman "good and true,"
The grip we give bespeaks the vow,
Which brings one point to view;
The Rule has measured out the time,
The Gavel smoothed the stone;
But now the Level, Square and Line,
Must prove the work well done.

Our God to love and to be just
To all of human kind,
To honor brethren worthy trust
And make their sorrows thine;
These are the precepts—jewels rare
Which in thy life must shine,
If thou wouldst for that Lodge prepare
That's ruled by Love Divine.

M. M. ODE.—Air, "Recruiting March."

Hail! Master Mason, here we stand,
Raised to those rites sublime,
Which find a voice in every land,
A tie in every clime.
This tie we'll keep—this voice we'll learn,
Revere "THE BUILDER" too,
Like HIRAM meek—like HIRAM firm
We'll to the craft be true.
The Radiant Star, its light now brings
Five points fresh lustre shed,
While on our walls, the trowel rings,
Cementing Love to spread.
In Wisdom, and in Beauty rare
In Strength surpassing great,
The living Temple bright and fair,
Is raised with joy elate.

Don't mistake arrogance for wisdom; many
pepels have that tha wuz wise when tha wuz only
windy.

The man who kant git ahead without pullin
others back, is a limited kuz.

Whenever the soul is in grief, it is taking root,
and when it is in smiles, it is taking the wing.

"Give the devil his due," but be careful there
ain't much due him.

After a man has rode fast onst he never wants
to go slow agin.

Faith that is founded on an arnest and a truth-
ful convicshun, is beautiful to behold; but faith
that is founded simpla on courage ain't ennything
more than good gift.

Those families who are really fust class never ar
afraid that tha shall git cheated out uv their re-
spektability, while the codfish familys are always
nervous lest they mite.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL,

CINCINNATI, OHIO,

FEBRUARY 8, 1869.

A. G. HODGES:

Dear Sir: Owing to a great reduction in our
rent, we have determined to reduce our rates to
TWO DOLLARS per day.

Our accommodations shall be second to no Hotel
in the city. W. A. THURSTON,
February 13, 1868—tf. Proprietor.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—You know my opinion of
female society. Without it we should degenerate
into brutes. This observation applies with ten-
fold force to the young men, and those who are
in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain
time in life, the literary man may make a shift (a
poor one I grant) to do without the society of
ladies. To a young man, nothing is so important
as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to
some amiable woman, whose image may occupy
his heart, guard it from pollution which besets it
on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife, as
Mrs. Primrose did her wedding gown, for qualities
that "wear well." One thing at least is true, that
if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleas-
ures. A Newton, or mere scholar, may find em-
ployment in study; a man of literary taste can
receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but he must
have a bosom friend, and children around him, to
cherish and support the dreariness of old age.—
John Randolph.

It is enough to raise the devil, but he's a hard
crop to reap.

The onla sure resipce to govern mankine wich
is the rod. You may festoon it with flowers and
ease it with velvet, if you pleze, but it is the rod,
after awl, that does the bizness.

We are told that a contented man is happy, and
we might have been told at the same time that a
mud turtle could fly if it only had wings.

Capt. JOHN T. SHIRLEY, J. M. S. McCORKLE,
Late of Memphis, Tenn. Of Louisville, Ky.

NATIONAL HOTEL,

Fourth Street, East Side, Near Main.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING PURCHAS-
ed the furniture and lease of this popular
hotel, inform their friends and the public gen-
erally that they are prepared to entertain guests
in the best manner, and will spare no pains to pro-
vide for the comfortable accommodation of all
those who may patronize them. Capt. Shirley will
pay special attention to the house and tables, and
Mr. McCorkle will be in the office.

JOHN T. SHIRLEY,
J. M. S. McCORKLE.

November 13, 1868—tf.

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BEST ITALIAN STRINGS,

And all kinds of Musical Merchandise,

Nos. 92 and 94 Jefferson Street, South Side, be-
tween Third and Fourth.

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JOHN D. CALDWELL,

No. 10--Second Floor, Masonic Temple.

Send for Price List. All the articles of Furniture,
Clothing, and Outfit, for Lodg's, Chapters and Councils.
Full sets of Robes, Crowns and Furbans for Chapters,
from \$275 to \$500 the set. Jewels of solid silver. Also,
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