

KENTUCKY FREEMASON

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"FRIENDSHIP, MORALITY, AND BROTHERLY LOVE."

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For the Kentucky Freemason.
MEMORY AWAKENED BY SPRING.

BY JANE T. H. CROSS.

Within a sleeping wood,
Lay a maiden, fair and tender,
Fair and tender, fair and good,
Sleeping midst the sleeping splendor;
The fountains cease to weep,
And the flowers are all asleep,
And with head beneath the wing
All the birds forget to sing;
And Winter is the fairy
Who has put them all to sleep.

The maiden thinks no more
Of her green and blooming wreaths,
She has quite forgot the lore
Of young Love; she only breathes—
And her breath is like the sigh
Of one about to die,
And no blood is in her cheek,
As she lies so pale and meek,
Ah! Winter, thou art cruel,
Thus to put them all to sleep!

Her word was wont to call
All her nymphs and all her graces,
From the laughing water-fall,
From the woods and secret places;
When Memory calls the dance,
Love and Joy and Mirth advance,
And around, the merry Hours
Cast their chains of fragrant flowers—
The fragrance all is frozen
In the strange, uncharted sleep.

But young Spring, the Prince, is coming,
With the dew-drops on his hair,
He the song of love is humming—
And his love-song fills the air;
With his piercing sword of light
He the slumber puts to flight,
And Memory opens her eyes
On the new-born paradise,
"At last, O Prince, thou comest,
To awake me from my sleep!"

Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time, until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear and sparkled in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If every thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely and will sparkle with happiness, but if impure and wrong, there will always be wretchedness.

To forgive provocation is one of the proofs of a great mind.

HISTORY OF KENTUCKY MASONRY.

NUMBER XII.

The sixty-first Grand Communication, was held at Lexington, August 29 to September 3, 1853. One hundred and fifty-nine Lodges represented. Grand Master Thomas Ware in the East. Dispensations had been granted for establishing twenty-one Lodges. The Annual Oration was delivered by Brother J. B. Kinhead.

The Grand Encampment met at Frankfort, January 12. Five Encampments were represented. The membership of seven Encampments were reported at 221 Sir Knights. Encampments had been established at Covington and Glasgow.

The sixty-second Grand Communication August 28 to September 1, 1854, the Grand Master, Thos. Todd, presiding. Twenty-eight Dispensations had been granted during the past year. Brother J. M. S. McCorkle was appointed Assistant Grand Secretary. The Grand Secretary, Philip Swigert, tendered his resignation in a communication alike creditable to his clear intellect, and generous heart. The Annual Oration was delivered by E. S. Fitch—present Grand Master.

A Grand Council of the Order of High Priesthood was established this year.

The sixty-third Grand Communication, was held August 27 to 31, 1855. The Grand Master, Marcus M. Tyler, had granted twenty-one Dispensations. John C. Breckinridge was Grand Orator elect, but was absent at the time. Charters were ordered to Lodges from 312 to 329, inclusive.

The Committee appointed last year to prepare an Honorary, for Past Grand Secretary, Philip Swigert, had performed their duty and delivered to the Grand Lodge, an elegant Jewel of Gold—which was presented in fitting terms and received in such, the scene and its associations forming one of the most pleasing episodes of Masonic history.

The death of General Thomas Metcalfe, a Mason of high renown, and a former Governor of the State was announced, and appropriately noticed.

The sixty-fourth Grand Communication, held October 13, to 17, 1856. The Grand Master David

T. Monsarrat, had granted eight Dispensations. Rev. R. G. Brank delivered the Grand Oration.

The sixty-fifth Grand Communication held October 12 to 16, 1857. The Grand Master, T. N. Wise had granted ten Dispensations for new Lodges.

A rule was adopted establishing the office of Assistant Grand Secretary.

A Committee was appointed to visit the Grand Lodge of Indiana, to solicit and procure, if possible, the sword worn by Grand Master Daviess, when he fell at the battle of Tippecanoe, it being in the possession of Judge Todd, of that State.

Articles were supplemented to the Rules of the Grand Lodge, at the instance of S. D. McCullough, forbidding the Lodges to receive instruction from unauthorized itinerant lecturers, under the severest penalties. The revenue from Lodges this year was nearly \$10,000. On July the 4th, with Masonic ceremonies, the Corner-Stone of the Clay Monument was laid at Lexington.

The sixty-sixth Grand Communication held October 11 to 14, 1858. The Grand Master was Brother Phil. Swigert. The office of Grand Orator was abolished. Rob. Morris was elected Grand Master.

A visit from Hon. Levi L. Todd, of Indiana, accompanied by Past Grand Master, William Sheets, P. D. G. Master, H. G. Hazelrigg, and Grand Secretary, Francis King, all of that jurisdiction, who came bearing that precious relic, the sword of Joseph Hamilton Daviess, who was killed September 7, 1811, at Tippecanoe, while Grand Master of Kentucky, formed an episode of surpassing interest at this Session. The delegation were greeted by Grand Master Swigert in these words:

BROTHERS:—It is with no ordinary degree of pleasure you are received into our Grand Lodge this morning as visitors. The knowledge of your long and faithful services to your Grand Lodge is not confined to that jurisdiction alone, but has crossed over the river which divides us, and is familiar to many who now greet you among us. May your short stay with us be pleasant and agreeable, and add another cord to the one which now binds us together as Brothers, which shall not be severed as long as time shall last. Brothers, I bid you welcome, thrice welcome, to our Grand Lodge.

A box containing the sword was then presented to the Grand Lodge by Brother Todd, who had

long had it in possession. It was received with an eloquent response from C. G. Wintersmith, as follows:

BROTHER TODD: As the proxy of the Grand Master, and in the name of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, I receive at your hands the sword worn by our deceased Grand Master, Joseph Hamilton Daviess, when he fell at the battle of Tippecanoe, encased in a casket manufactured of the wood of the oak under which he was standing when he received the fatal shot, with inexpressible feelings of the profoundest gratitude. The reminiscences connected with this weapon, with the man who wore it, and the circumstances of his death, are thrilling to the hearts of every Kentucky and Indiana Mason. At the time of his death he was the Grand Master of both—for both were then united in the same jurisdiction. Beside the patriotism which incited him to go forth into the wilderness and to battle, was the additional incentive that the homes of his Brethren of the mystic tie, over whom he presided, were threatened with invasion, by a foe whose relentless cruelty spared neither age, nor sex, nor property, but, while he applied the torch to the one, he consigned the other to the merciless tomahawk and scalping knife. No higher incentives could swell the breast of man, and on no altar did ever their fires burn with a brighter purer flame, than upon his heart, whose memory is now so vividly and solemnly impressed upon this assembly.

Joseph Hamilton Daviess was a remarkable man. Early innured to border life—having come to Kentucky when it was almost a vast solitude, in his childhood—he grew up to manhood with the vast west, and imbibed its mighty characteristics and greatness. His political character is comprehensively written in the inscription upon that old blade: "Liberty and Independence." For these he toiled; for these he fought, and for these he died. He saw that the progress of civilization in the Mississippi valley, and the progress of liberty among mankind, where one and the same thing; that the mighty march of both were identified in the prophetic "Novus ordo Seculorum," of the patriot fathers of the republic. And he was ready, in the forum and in the battle-field, and everywhere, to strike down whatever impeded their advancing footsteps. When in his youth, the Indian tribes were collecting their forces near the mouth of the Licking river, to drive back the progress of the white race, "in the midst of peril and alarm," he was there to confront them. When, afterward, with the same view, these tribes again assembled on the banks of the Wabash, under the inspiring lead of Tecumseh and the Prophet, and the warhoop resounding, threatening devastation and spreading dismay and consternation in the hearts of the boldest, again he was there to confront them; and when the battle came on, no plume waved higher than his, as in the midst and thickest of the fight he brandished his good old broad sword, from which were gleaming those words of our national faith, "Liberty and Independence!" There, defending this great faith, and under this illustrious motto, he fell covered over with glorious wounds.

I said that besides patriotism there was another inciting motive of his action. He was the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, then embracing in its jurisdiction the largest portion of Indiana, and particularly that territory reaching up to Tippecanoe. The mothers, wives, and children of the Brethren who had made him their chief for the time, were in danger, and burning with love for them, and careless of consequences to himself, he rushes to the rescue at the first alarm. So well he loved them; how well they loved him, bear witness that long, solemn, mournful, tearful procession, stretching from end to end of the great street of this city, and composed of men, many of whom had ridden long journeys to be present at the funeral obsequies of that day. How well they loved him bear witness, the sobs from strong men, that audibly mingled with the last dirge to the ashes of their dead brother.

In the forum and at the bar he had no superiors, and few equals, either in profound knowledge, rectitude of purpose and of action or splendid oratory.

As a private citizen he was blameless.

As a man of benevolence, none approached him for alms and departed without blessing his liberal hand.

As a moralist he was deeply imbued with those amiable and high and lofty doctrines, everywhere delineated upon the Chart of Freemasonry.

The sword of such a man, worn by him at the time the fatal shaft quivered in his heart, and "drank the last life drop of his bleeding breast," you, sir, after having long preserved it as a reminiscence of your old and beloved tutor, and a gift from his widow, have presented to this Grand Lodge as its proper custodian, and need I say that we accept the trust of its custody with hearts full of gratitude. Aye, sir, as long as this Grand Lodge exists—and it will exist through all the mutations of time and fortune—or as long as freedom and morality and brotherly love have a home in Kentucky, this memorial will be kept secure, and it will be suspended aloft as a cherished testimonial of Joseph Hamilton Daviess, and we will point to it as a monitor to ourselves, and to our successors, and to our children, and to our children's children, to the latest posterity, to intimate his high, noble, and chivalrous character and virtues.

One word more, sir, and I have done. Years ago you emigrated from Kentucky to the northwest. The country in which you reside extended, beautiful and bountiful, was wrested from barbarous savages, in great part, by Kentucky bravery and daring, and for years Kentucky was the fortification under whose protecting guns the northwest was taken possession of by civilized man. Whenever its inhabitants were threatened by savage or civilized foe, the people of Kentucky have been foremost to meet the invader, and in their defense have poured out their blood on many a battle-field. Shall it ever be that the people of the northwest, in their pride of strength and numbers, will so far forget these things, that they will fail to recognize the willing strength of Kentucky in their day of weakness? Let others do as they may, may we not hope that the Freemasons of that territory will never permit such burning shame to cinder their cheeks. May we not hope, that should ever vicissitudes come upon our fair land, which may invoke the good offices of our neighbors, that their hearts and their hands will be ready!

Again, sir, with profound thanks to you and your friends with you, and wishing you all happiness in the present and future, we receive this sword as a jewel above all price.

Resolved, That the Sword of Joseph H. Daviess, and Box containing it, this morning presented to this Grand Lodge, be placed in the possession of the Grand Secretary of this Grand Lodge, for the time being, and by him deposited in the vault of the Farmers Bank of Kentucky at Frankfort, and that the key thereof be left in the custody of Grand Master P. Swigert, and that a box be procured for the preservation of the same.

The warmest expressions of gratitude of the Grand Lodge were tendered to Brother Todd, for a gift so appropriate and which will be forever cherished as a sacred possession by the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, and the entire delegation were made guests of the Grand Lodge while here.

Freemasonry is something more than a mere system of forms and ceremonies. It is a living reality—a tangible good: and while it does not claim to be religion, or even a substitute for religion, it has, nevertheless, a direct tendency to make all men better who will practice its teachings. It inculcates every virtue, and disconduances every vice. It teaches its votaries to be temperate in all things; to be fearless, though not reckless, in maintaining the right; to be cautious and prudent in the indulgence of thought, word, and action; to practice the strictest and most inflexible integrity in all their dealings. It is a noble science, and opens to the searcher for truth an unfathomable depth of knowledge. He who most diligently pursues the profound study of Masonry is most thoroughly aware that there is much yet to be learned.

The character of the members is what constitutes the value of the institution. A Lodge of thirty upright, honorable intelligent members may be said to have achieved a success; whereas one with a hundred men of doubted character is an utter failure.—*Brother Wm. Storer, Grand Master of Connecticut.*

POSITION IN SLEEPING.

It is better to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents of it are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep, let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs and that of the food resting on the great vein of the body, near the backbone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent and hearty, the arrest is more decided; and the various sensations—such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it—arouse us, and send on the stagnating blood; and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or in perspiration, or feeling exhaustion according to the degree of stagnation, and the length and strength of the efforts made to overcome the danger. But when we are unable to escape the danger—when we do fall over the precipice, when the tumbling building crushes us—what then? That is death! That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in the morning—"That they were as well as ever they were the day before;" and often it is added, "and ate heartier than common!" This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhoea, or cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death in very short time, is probably traceable to a late meal. The truly wise will take the safe side. For persons to eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter, and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it; while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising a day of comfort.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

CITIES AS TYPES OF IDEAS.—A great city, whose image dwells in the memory of man, is the type of some great idea. Rome represents conquest. Faith hovers over the towers of Jerusalem; and Athens embodies art, the preeminent quality of the antique world. In modern ages, commerce has created London; while manners, in the most comprehensive sense of the word, have long found supreme capital in the airy, gay city of the Seine. What art was to the ancient world science is to the modern. In the minds of men the useful has succeeded to the beautiful, and Manchester, fifty years ago a small Lancashire village, has expanded into a mighty region of factories and warehouses. New York conveys the idea of a vast railroad and telegraphic centre; while Chicago, the restless pioneer of the Old World's progress, is in itself a small empire of action, where each individual citizen is willing to risk breaking his neck if he can only accomplish something a few minutes before his neighbor. Boston and books are synonymous, and Philadelphia's continuity of uniform brick houses is sufficiently suggestive of calmness and Quaker simplicity. When one mentions New Orleans, the imagination immediately pictures a semi-tropical city, full of languid and voluptuous repose of Creole life; whereas Cincinnati dispels all romantic vision and immediately becomes the Porkopolis. San Francisco, being made up of adventurers, gives one the idea of vigorous speculative life, much as Quebec, the finished town of America, does of the antiquated stagnation.

When Dr. Spring went to New Haven to get Prof. Stuart to go to Andover, he called on Dr. Taylor with the salutation; "I have come for Moses Stuart; we want him to become a professor in our new Seminary at Andover." "You can't have him," was the reply; "he can't be spared." "I know that," was the response; "that's the reason I have come for him. We have plenty of men that can be spared; but those men won't make good Professors at Andover."

From a Report of a Lecture in the Boston Post.
BEECHER ON "RATIONAL AMUSEMENTS."

Cheerfulness is food and medicine and its absence is a physical injury. Without stimulation and excitement the pulses of the body become languid, the whole nervous system is lowered in tone and weakened in function. Joy is one of the very highest forms of vital excitement. The general rule holds good that amusement as the producer of happiness is indispensable to a sound bodily constitution. The physical force was created with this need in it.

Drudgery, meaning work not susceptible of thought or skill, may be performed for a long period, about as well twelve hours a day as six; but work which is mainly labor penetrated by intellect and skill, can not be performed ordinarily twelve hours with profit in a day. Rest is economic. More is accomplished in four hours of concentration than in twelve hours without it. It is with thought as an ax—a sharp edge economizes strength.

In the strife for ambition and wealth, men have not time for rest, and still less time for recreation. Robust business men treat the proposition for pleasure almost with contempt. Before many years they are nibbling Graham crackers for dyspepsia, or in commercial disturbances lose their power of mind, all superinduced by themselves. A great many die of softening of the brain. If their brains had not been soft beforehand they would have kept them hard longer.

Amusement productive of cheerfulness is the proper counterpoise of care, one of our deadliest enemies. Many substances in small doses are stimulating; in larger, corrosive. Excessive care wastes the life by over-stimulation; sucks up the dew from the flower like an August sun: gives to fear a despotic power, and weakens the spring of good nature. The man who works and whistles, and the woman who works and sings, will live long—long may they live! To laugh is sometimes better than praying, and brings man nearer God.

The awkiest place in which a Yankee can be put is to give him a holiday. Communities develop slowly in the art of amusements. Europe is far behind us in many elements of popular welfare, but eminently before us in the knowledge of how to be amused.

Amusements which sends one back to duty exhausted, is either taken in excess or wrongly chosen. Amusement is the whetstone after which the faculties should be sharper than before. Many of the gayeties of society should be criticized, because they are extravagant in expense, and therefore limited to a few, and excessive in stimulus—exhausting the susceptibilities instead of recreating them. Nothing can be more innocent than the summer's dance under the spreading tree, the simple dance at home, or in the neighborhood circles, among friends. But the night crowds and late hours dissipate recreation and destroy nerve, not revive it. A protest was made against the indelicacies and unwholesomeness and extravagance of those fashionable dissipations which find men happy and leave them wretched. It is a philosophical demand that amusement shall revive those faculties that regular work leaves dormant, not tax the powers already overworked. The scholar, for instance, ought not to play chess, for that taxes the brain. The dignified man should be frolicsome, and the frolicsome man dignified. A man who labors out of doors should seek amusements by lectures, concerts, and the like. If shut up all day let him go out of doors. The schoolmaster does not want to go at night to an exhibition of young children, nor a nurse to tend babies in a hospital. Men who work with their brains need bodily exercise; workingmen need books and innocent games. Those who sit should stand; those who stand sit. This principle of selection will show that no one amusement will do for all. Men must find out their own motives. That which best cures a man's uneasiness and sends him back to duty with vigor, is his amusement. The various ball games were enumerated, and the remark ventured that the velocipede would be the chief among our amusements ere long. Billiards received the warmest praise from the reverend lecturer for sedentary men, with the recommendation that men of sufficient property should have tables, where not only their own household could

play, but the children of neighbors invited for temporary amusement and exercise. Yachting is an admirable exercise, but in the nature of things can be enjoyed by but few. The oar is better, but for the student the foot is better than the oar. Americans do not walk enough. When in college the speaker traveled extensively on foot, and could go thirty miles a day without material fatigue, and the remark that on one occasion, when going to a certain place where a certain family lived, he walked fifty miles, and did not feel it, called for the liberal applause. The horse was cited as a noble instrument of amusement, but on his back and in the saddle was the only proper way to enjoy it. Trials of strength of the horse, his speed and endurance, were not considered improper or cruel, but the race-course, its betting and gambling were freely denounced. Men connected by church affinities should look after the parish amusements. The idea was advocated that Christian associations of young men should add billiard tables and bowling halls to their other instrumentalities to benefit young men. It would have a most important relation negatively and positively to the virtue of young men, and he expects to see the idea carried out in large cities in the near future.

Whatever is right for the father and mother to do, is right for the children to do, and the opposite. The necessity of participating in the enjoyments of the children was alluded to, and the importance urged of governing children so that they be early taught to take the responsibility of their judgment. If card playing was allowed, it should be done at home on the parlor table.

MAKING GLASS EYES.—It is said that there are in New York at least seven thousand persons who wear false eyes. The manufacture of these eyes is done entirely by hand, and is thus described by the *American Artisan*:

"A man sits down behind a jet of gas flame, which is pointed and directed as he wishes by a blow-pipe. The pupil of the eye is made with a drop of black glass imbibed in the centre of the iris. The blood-vessels seen in the white of the eyes are easily put in with red glass while the optic is glowing with heat like a ball of gold. The whole eye can be made inside of an hour, and it is at once ready to put in. The reader should know that it is simply a thin glass shell, intended to cover the stump of the blind eye. After being dipped in the water, this shell is slipped in place, being held by the eyelids.

"The secret of imparting motion to it depends upon working the glass so that it shall fit the stump. If it is too large, it will not move; if it fits nicely, it moves in every particular like the natural eye, and it is quite impossible in many cases to tell one from the other. The operation is not in the least painful, and those who have worn them a number of years feel better with them in than when they are out. A glass eye should be taken out every night and replaced in the morning. In three or four years the false eye becomes so worn that a new one has to be obtained."

RECIPE FOR MAKING TATTLERS.—Take a handful of vine called Run-about, the same quantity of the root called Nimble Tongue, a sprig of the herb called Backbite, at either before or after dog days, a spoonful of Don't-you-tell-it, six drachms of Malice, a few drops of Envy,—which can be purchased in any quantity at the shop of Miss Tabitha Teatable. Stir them well together, and simmer them for half-an-hour over the fire of Discontent, kindled with a little Jealousy; then strain it through a rag of Misconstruction, hang it upon a skein of Streetyarn, shake it occasionally for a few days, and it is ready for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out, and the subject will be enabled to speak all manner of evil continually.

THE BIBLE.—Out of it have come all pure moralities. From it have sprung all sweet charities. It has been the motive-power of regeneration and reformation to millions of men. It has comforted the humble, consoled the mourning, sustained the suffering, and given trust and triumph to the dying. The wise old man has fallen asleep with it folded to his breast. The simple cottager has used it for his dying pillow; and even the innocent child has breathed his last happy sigh with his fingers between its promise-freighted leaves.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

I NEVER FORGIVE.—In the course of a voyage to America, Mr. Wesley heard General Oglethorpe, with whom he sailed, making a great noise in the cabin, upon which he stepped in to know the cause. The General immediately addressed him, saying, "Mr. Wesley, you must excuse me. I have met with a provocation too great for man to bear. You know the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine, as it agrees with me best of any; I therefore provided myself with several dozens of it; and this villain" (his servant, who was present, almost dead with fear) "has drank up the whole of it. But I will be revenged on him. I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and to be carried to the man-of-war which sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so far I never forgive." "Then, Sir," said Mr. Wesley, looking calmly at him, "I hope you never sin." The General, confounded at the reproof, threw his keys to the servant, and bade him do better in future. Here, then, is the point: If we would never forgive, we must never sin. The very proneness to sin which we find in ourselves should be a most powerful incentive to the cultivation of a spirit of forgiveness.

DUTY.—None have stated the duties of Masonry more succinctly and clearly than DeWitt Clinton. In 1793 he said:—"A Mason is bound to consult the happiness and promote the interests of his brother; to avoid everything offensive to his feelings; to abstain from reproach, censure and unjust suspicion; to warn him of the machinations of his enemies; to advise him of his errors; to advance the reputation of his family; to protect the chastity of his house; to defend his life, his property and what is dearer to a man of honor, his character, against unjust attacks; to relieve his wants and his distress; to distill into his mind proper ideas of conduct in the department of life which he is called to fill; and let me add to foster his schemes of interest and promotion; if compatible with the paramount duties a man owes to the community."

TRUNKS NO LONGER TO BE SMASHED.—Some Yankee has invented an arrangement to prevent heavy trunks from being injured by careless handling. It is simply an india rubber ball on each of the eight corners. Strange it was never thought of before. We can imagine the fiendish look of rage and disappointment which passes over the countenance of the baggage-smashing porter, who for the first time sees one of these contrivances. The delight of his life is gone. The malignant chuckle with which he used to drop a lady's traveling trunk from his shoulder to the floor—in full view of the agonized but helpless owner—is "played out." It is stated that a trunk filled with books, if protected by this means may fall from a height of 20 feet without injury.—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

Truth and manliness are two qualities that will carry you through the world much better than policy, tact, or expediency, or any other word that ever was devised to conceal or mystify deviation from the straight line.

GOD SEES THROUGH ALL PRETENSES.—*God sees through all pretenses.* And he will one day make his intelligent universe see through them too. No wolf can carry his sheep's clothing to the judgment seat. He must leave everything false and painted behind. There he must appear as he is, not as he would like to have men think of him. Why then spend my time in garnishing the outside of my character, while my character itself is neglected?

God sees through all pretenses. And he will blow them away at the last day like chaff before the whirlwind. Everything false and hollow will be carried into eternal oblivion. Nothing but the naked reality will remain. O, what a wreck of human pomp and parade, a vain show? How insignificant will the great ones of this world appear when all the outward "pomp and circumstance," in which their greatness, lay is left behind and they appear in their own proper littleness before the Judge of all the earth.

Would men take a hundredth part of the pains to be, that they do to seem good and fair, how well would it be for them and society too.—*Ohio Observer.*

TENT AND SADDLE IN THE HOLY LAND.

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO RAMLEH.

BY REV. R. A. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER I.

Serene as the face of a Madonna, was the morning that saw the French steamer *Hylissus* with our party on board, weigh anchor in the port of Alexandria and set sail for the Holy Land. Hopefully throbbed, like a huge heart, the engine, hopefully splashed the revolving fins of the propeller, hopefully strutted the staid mate between the rails of his elevated bridge, and hopefully from the scenes of Egypt, to which I was then bidding adieu, did I turn to think of that sunrise land whence eternal Truth dawned upon the night of the world. Pompey's Pillar had faded into invisibility, the Pharos had hidden itself in the receding horizon, the last wind-mill on the beach had waived its busy farewell, and we were out on the calm Mediterranean, with nothing to engage the mind but its own stereoscopic views of memory—its own quaint cartoons of imagination. The day was chiefly spent in regarding with introverted gaze these inner pictures. Past, present and future contributed their lights and shadows, their prominences and retreats, to the creation of beautiful perspectives of meditation. I was in a mood of wondering—wondering if the weather would allow us to disembark at Jaffa, or compel us to proceed all the way to Beyrouth—wondering if there was any resemblance between the real Palestine and that of my fancies—wondering how I should feel, and how act when my feet pressed for the first time the sanctified soil and my eyes ranged over the landscapes once familiar to patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and *Him*, greater than them all, whose life in its midst has left a mellow glory not of earthly suns upon it—the glory of his own humanity-vailed God-hood. The night was but a continuation of the employments of the day. Driven into my bunk by the extinction of the lights, in vain I courted sleep. The wand of Somnus had no control over the troop of fairy thought that had made a moonlight dancing ground of my brain, and were weaving weird waltzes there with many an incantation to propitiate life's morrow. Dawn dispersed the revelers and all efforts to sleep. I was glad to arise and be on deck, watching for the sun. Soon the East was tinged with a pale amber, which slowly reddened into a bright glow that spread itself upon the sky and sea, concealing their line of separation, and melting them into one existence of color. Soon the tip of the great orb became visible—then a segment broadening and rounding into a hemisphere—then a magnificent globe of vermillion poised on the edge of a wave, as if taking a brief rest to glass its grandeur in the liquid mirror, and then a sudden bound of the well-satisfied majesty into the air—a quiver of many concentric and interwreathing circles in the water, as if with a circling sweep of the hand it had been scattering wide and far whole coffers of silver—and the sun had left its palace gates and was broad on its daily tour of beneficence. One by one the few passengers came forth from their cabins to breathe the pure air before breakfast.

At 8 o'clock on the forenoon of January 29th, 1867, we espied a gray cloudlike something in the east, which was conjectured to be land. As we neared, it took gradually the shape of a mountain range, with peaks and intermediate valleys. They were the mountains of Judea, the abode of many a warrior prince in the years of Israel's pride, and the field of many a valiant fight chronicled in Holy Writ. Somewhere along the ridge—probably right there in front of us—was Jerusalem, the home of our present desires, and type of the home of aspirations that travel into eternity. My lips moved, though no word escaped them, my eyes moistened, my entire being was absorbed into a "Thank God" too strongly felt, too sweetly enjoyed to be evaporated in utterance. The intensity of the emotion gave birth to an analogous vision. I was a voyager on life's tempestuous ocean. My little bark had weathered many blasts and escaped imminent shipwreck. With shrouds and tackle torn it was drawing nigh to the celestial shore, while I stood upon its forecastle and strained my eager eyes to get a glimpse of

those mountains, whose summits are hallowed with effulgence of the city they surround—the "Jerusalem which is above."

By this time the lower shelf of the coast was discernable, and Jaffa, or Joppa, like a cone of chalk, whitened upon our view. Ere long, in the chalk, line and dots were perceptible. House separated itself from house—the lines widened into streets—the dots grew to windows. A mob of small boats, rowed by half naked Arabs, who strove in riotous rivalry of lung and muscle, came out to meet us. They came bouncing on the billows, dashing through the brine, vehemently oared, laden with noise. No sooner had the anchor sunk with a rattle of its ponderous chain, than they made a charge for the companion-ladder, each bent on reaching it first, and all jumbled into most ludicrous confusion. But it was not until the boatmen climbed the sides of the vessel, and, despite the exhortations of the captain, gained possession of the deck, that our surprise and amusement reached their highest pitch. The mud-complexioned rascals would seize a trunk without the consent, and even against the refusal of its owner, and bear it off by main strength to their skiff. Two opposing sets would take hold of a passenger, jerk him in contrary directions, and if the unfortunate victim were of the second class, with whom alone they dare such liberties, almost rend him asunder with their quarrelsome efforts to secure his transportation.

I saw three women seized by an equal number of boatmen and taken down to a certain boat, while their indignant lord followed beating the bearers over the head with a bamboo, and cursing them with a hurricane of harsh oaths. Having deposited their prizes, the Sabines returned for the baggage. While absent on that expedition a couple of hostile scamps leaped into the skiff which contained the outraged husband and his *harem* and transported them into another adjacent boat. This was rather questionable sport, but its novelty and the grace with which the captives submitted to their shirt-clad conquerors occasioned quite boisterous mirth among us.

Having intrusted our own affairs to a dragoman, whose services we had engaged at Alexandria, and to a description of whose character I shall devote a few paragraphs by-and-by, we were not seriously annoyed. The distance from the steamer to Jaffa was a mile and a half. As there is no real harbor, vessels must lie out in the roads, and hence in a rough sea landing is perilous, if not impossible. When the *emeute* had somewhat subsided and the rude rabble disappeared, we, with our effects, were gently transferred from the *Hylissus* to a small boat, and rapidly rowed to the sea-side gate of Jaffa.

On our way we were compelled to pass through a dangerous channel between piratical reefs of rocks, against which the surf breaks itself, and pards their weedy sides with a thousand foam-spots. The sentimentality so active on board the steamer, was now ossified into hard business-like observation of things around. As the boat struck the shore I jumped to my feet to feel my hand in the vice-grip of an Ishmaelite, who, reaching down from the street, was hoisting me up to a level with himself. I did not kiss the sacred soil in pilgrim order, as I expected to do, for many reasons, prominent among which was its filthiness and the importunity of my elevator, who, extending his friendly hand, palm up, and grinning like a gorilla, allowed me to think of nothing but the bucksheesh he claimed with piteous, oft-repeated whines. We were objects of attention. A gang of boys in petticoat trousers gathered around and proffered their services as guides. A consequential clay-faced man advanced and declaimed a grandiloquent speech, as if deputed to welcome us to the hospitalities of the country, but its theme was the duties payable on baggage, or a bribe to prevent inspection. Our dragoman and the boatmen were locked in a deadly encounter of words over the price of our transportation, while idlers in gay gowns, tremendous turbans, and yellow gondola-shaped shoes were looking on and commenting with an air of connoisseurship that would do honor to the American street spectators of an extemporaneous dog-fight.

CHAPTER II.

How I scarcely remember, but somehow the sense was shifted, and we were lounging in the

refractory of the Franciscan Convent, engaged in conversation with a pair of Englishmen, freshly arrived from Jerusalem. One of them was a clergyman of pork-and-beans appearance. Snake-fashion he had dragged his slow length of existence across the slough of a week's despond in "El Khuds." He had seen very little, because, after having paid a hundred pounds to get there, the entrance fees to some of the holy places would have cost him a few additional francs. He had not visited the Mosque of Omar, which covers the site of the temple altar, because it would have mulcted him of a sovereign, and because he had examined the outside quite satisfactorily from the roof of the Governor's palace. He had not made an excursion to Jordon and the Dead Sea, because black-mail was demanded, the route was unsafe, and the water of the sea and the foliage that fringes the river could be viewed well enough from the minaret on the Mount of Olives. As for Zion, Calvary, Gethsemane, he considered the spots at present designated by those names humbugs, monkish counterfeits—mere money traps—and Jerusalem itself a den of beggars and thieves.

"Besides," as he grunted, "the weather is so bad, the houses are so damp, the streets so dirty, that rheumatism and nausea deprive one of whatever pleasure historic associations might otherwise afford. Really gentleman, I advise you, for your own health and welfare, to abandon the tour. It will be empty of comforts and brimful of aches."

What a queer introduction to the Holy Land. Poor Pork-and-beans!—yes, poor, though fat—how happy I was to behold his back and the door shut after his departing coat-tail. Pity that he ever left home and lost so many shilling. What a quantity of steaks and chops they would have bought him, bottles of London stout, and boxes of snuff, sardines, and soda water! His pockets were the centers of his nervous system, and his soul was in his stomach. Such creatures ought never to travel.

After the departure of the two Britons we drew our chairs around a center-table on which Padre had placed coffee and arrakee for our entertainment. There were three of us.

Neither too few nor too many, our number was exactly suited to a Syrian campaign. More than three would have increased the likelihood of dissension—less would have rendered the long rides and tent-sojourns in a desolate land too solitary and irksome.

We were waiting for Karam, who had been left below to obtain horses and mules for the trip to Jerusalem. My patience being exhausted, I went down to investigate the causes of the delay, and hasten the preparations for starting. I found Karam squatting under an arch with a muleteer in impassioned discussion. They could not come to terms: Arabs never can until body and mind are made supple by exhaustive vociferation and angry contention. I whispered a brief exhortation in Karam's ear, and then following a juvenile Jew, who had pursued me ever since my arrival with recommendations of his accomplishments as a guide, I proceeded to the traditional house of Simon, the tanner, on the terrace of which Peter, in trance, had a vision of the catholicity of Christianity, and thence to the "upper chamber," where, having "put forth" the widows who "stood by him weeping and shewing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them," he kneeled down and prayed: and turning him to the body said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes: and when she saw Peter she sat up."

I noticed that the chamber was defaced like all other interesting structures in the East, with the names of scribblers, who in this manner defeat their own desire for notoriety; since the sensible visitor assumes that the hand-writing is that of some vain nobody, and never reads it.

Karam and the muleteer having agreed and smoked a nargileh together, and sworn fulsome flatteries in honor of each other, we were in the saddle at two o'clock P. M. The mules, packed our tents, tables, luggage, beds, cooking utensils, etc., had been sent on a few minutes in advance. Led by the cook, a lean, wiry, hollowed-cheeked old Egyptian who gloried in the title of Mohammed, and sat perched upon a bag thrown across his donkey's back, while, for occupation he smote with dangling heels the quadruped's ribs, our procession moved through a sinuous lane toward the Jerusalem gate. The merchant, who squatted with his feet under him on the counter of his shop,

in the bazaar, amid piles of fancy calicoes or fragrant tobaccos, took a whiff of his log chiboub, and as the smoke streamed from his nostrils vouchsafed us a drowsy look. The white draped woman, with bundle under her arm, or baby astride her shoulder, as she heard the clatter of iron-shod hoofs upon the rocks behind, waddled out of the way, and leaning against the housewall turned boldly around and let two large, luminous black eyes flash upon us through the holes of her white veil, like stars through cloud-rifts. The vagrant, *bédawî* with striped *abba* and garish *kefîyeh*, just in from the plains, and for no good purpose, smote us aslant with keen robber-glance, as he reluctantly cleared the track. The scurvy dog, of most infamous breed, bent himself into a fanatical crescent at our approach, stuck his stiff tail between his hind legs, showed his craven teeth and slunk around the corner. On we went in a rough trot, unable to observe studiously, because too intently engrossed with the vertical motion of our bodies—afraid to talk lest we should bite our tongues—a curious caravan, not entirely without pomp, for the mules in front, shaking the bells on their collars into a merry jingle, served for a “brass band,” and produced a hilarious beat of the ears, akin to that the soldier feels when he keeps step to the “*Girl I left behind me*,” played on fife and drum.

At length we reached the gate, the only inland gate Jaffa can boast, and incomparably the handsomest piece of architecture about the place. Near it we saw a Saracenic fountain, with jets of cool water playing into a marble trough, above which was engraven in gilt letters, a verse from the Koran. Debouching from the gate, we were in a suburban market place—a real Vanity Fair. On either side of the road stood sheds formed of upright poles, supporting mat roofs, and booths constructed of reeds propped one against another, into a tent-shape, and covered with leaves. The scene was purely Oriental in its picturesque nondescripts of house and costume—its humorous exhibitions of unsophisticated life—its novel antiquities of manner. Here was a venerable scribe, with brazen ink-horn at his side, scratching with a pointed reed on a scrap of paper that rested on the palm of his left hand a love-letter for the shrouded female behind him. There was a grave *Kudi* holding court, himself judge, jury, attorney, dispensing justice with authority, bearing both sword and scales—the sword to smite the silly, the scales to receive the silver bribes. Blessed is that *fellah* who in a trial takes the scale’s side of the *Kudi*, and pleads his cause with the pathetic ring of piastres! Here again was a barber—probably a descendant of the famous brothers of Bagdad, who figured so advantageously in the days of Caliph Monstanser Billah, sagaciously shaving a man’s face? No; but his scalp—shaving it sleek, in obedience to Musselman canon, had only leaving a solitary tuft of hair on the crown of the head, for the angel of resurrection to take hold of when he comes to pull the dead out of the grave—even as a gardener seizes the weeds that grow from the top of their otherwise bald heads to pull turnips out of their sepulchers. And yonder were oranges, mountains of oranges—fragrant, golden, grand, luscious oranges—which, had they been costly, might have treated the *parâhs* in our pockets as the fabled load-stone mountain did the nails in Agib’s ship—drawn them all out. But their price was not more than three pence a dozen and consequently Karam bought a quantity without dangerous depletion of funds, and giving us each a sample to taste, stored the rest in his capacious saddle-bags. The chief object of attraction, however, was a spacious arbor, in whose shade sat files of lazy smokers, with tiny-cups of coffee, and noisy marghilehs, alternately taking a sip of the one and a whiff of the other—dozing away the sultry hours in delicious “*kief*.” It was a “*café*,” the Arab’s portal to Paradise, where as long as he can pay for a puff and a drink, he forgets his fleas and poverty in dreams of hours and happiness under “the late tree springing by Allah’s throne.”

CHAPTER III.

The suburb is a general resort for conversation and trade. It swarms from dawn till dusk with a motley mass of people—Turks from Stamboul, Armenians from Trebizond, Philistines from Ashdod, Nubians from the Nile, Jews from Jerusa-

lem. Here the old sheik, the young lord of a slave mother, the miserable victim of a husband’s tyranny, forbidden to show her face to any man save himself, and constantly dogged by his suspicions, all congregate to pass salutations with the tedious formality, gossip, tell tales are replaced with wonders as those of Scheherazade, and exchange commodities by way of giving diversity to their employment. So it has been since the day when the cedar rafters from Lebanon were borne along this very road *en route* for Solomon’s Temple on Moriah.

It was a Bible custom for people to frequent the gates. It was at the gates of Sodom Lot sat when the two angels came whom he accosted and afterwards entertained. It was at the gates of Hebron Abraham purchased the cave of Maepelah from the sons of Heth. It was at the gates of Bethlehem Boaz, in the presence of ten elders, bought beautiful Ruth from her kinsman: and at the gates of Shiloh Eli, feeble with age, when shocked by the tidings of God’s ark having been captured by the enemies of Israel, fell backwards and broke his neck. All royal proclamations were cried, and all the “*woes*” of the prophets uttered in the gates.

The road from Jaffa to Ramleh, the point where we intended to pass the night, is one of the best, or *least bad*, in Palestine. Immediately after quitting the former place, it creeps through the orange gardens for about three miles, between enormous cactus from five to fifteen feet high, which form a pleasant shade to the rider, and then winds across the plain of Sharon, allowing a canter its entire length.

We jogged along quite leisurely, and but for the jostling of our bones by the peculiar jumps of our horses, who would strike the ground as if they had fallen from a house-top, we would have been in a perfect glee of enjoyment. Those orange gardens stretching on either hand far as vision could range, green trees densely planted and profusely jeweled with golden globes—how magnificent! The breeze that strayed from the sea and wafted such sweet perfume across our path, intoxicating sense with a single inhalation of its ethereal nectar—was it not strange that it did not linger and wanton among the voluptuous bower until it sighed its ecstatic life out there.

In a half hour we were on the open plain of Sharon, that rolls in a series of gentle undulations from the beach of the Mediterranean to the mountains of Ephraim and Judah. It was a pleasant contrast to the flat and insipid levels of Egypt, which fatigue the eye with their infinite sameness. A carpet of verdure, richly embroidered with flowers of every hue, covered the soil; and herds of buffaloes contentedly ruminating, flocks of sheep following their shepherds, mud villages busy with garrulous women and frolicsome children, impart animation to the landscape. We did not turn aside to visit Beit Dejan, a dirty hamlet on the left of our road, although it is the successor of the ancient Beth Dagon, named for the sea-monster god of Philistia, Dagon—“upward man, and downward fish.” We were struck by the comparative paucity of villages on the plain, and their number on the mountain slopes, for they could be easily distinguished in the distance, clinging to the heights as if in fear of a foe beneath. The semblance explains the fact. They are in fear of the raids of predatory tribes, who not seldom invade this region and carry off all its transportable products; but by their elevation they have the advantage of being able to descry the danger when afar, and gather their folds within the fortress and prepare for brave defense. The incursions of marauders are the cause of the guard-houses along the road, and keep Sharon, though its soil be fertile enough to yield bounteous harvests, in its barrenness of cereals like a wilderness.

I was on the look-out, during the entire ride, for the rose of Sharon, but I saw no rose of any kind. Tulips, cowslips, chamomiles, mignonettes, and marigolds grew in lavish abundance. There was also a red poppy that, as it leaned its head in love-sick languor and blushed under the warm kisses of the sun, seemed to me the probable object of Solomon’s complimentary metaphor. I plucked specimens of the various flowers and pressed them in my pocket Bible as souvenirs.

The sun stood on the horizon’s edge and glared back with swollen and fiery visage before plunging like a suicide into the sea; the care-worn shadows laid their lengths on the grass as if to die and be entombed in darkness; the twilight,

that peaceful interregnum between day and night, whose sway is love, and whose tribute is pensive thought spontaneously given, stretched its scepter in benediction over the weary earth hushed in holy awe, as we neared Ramleh, slowly and silently stepping in the sand, each wrapt apart from the others in his own robe of reverie; my mind oscillating like a pendulum backwards and forwards—backwards many a mile to the cottage that shrined my heart’s idols, forwards to the city of the Great King within whose hallowed gates are another eventide my pilgrim feet should rest.

A halt, a long breath, a deliberate descent from the saddle, a brief consultation and complacent self-gratulation on the completion of the day’s journey, and we followed our horses and mules into the court of a tavern kept by a Russian, and there leaving the quadruped, ascended a flight of stairs to the roof. We were welcomed and conducted to our rooms by the proprietor, a clever fellow for such an out-of-the-way position. The rooms opened on the roof. Refreshed by friendly lounge on bunks considerably inferior in comfortableness to spring mattresses or feather-beds, we met in the dinner room, and, with mirthful chat and unfastidious appetite, partook our first Palestinean meal. And then, that smoke after dinner out under the stars—what a solace for sore limbs! what a feast for fancy! I shall never forget it. Needlessly noted in my diary; I cannot to this moment light my pipe without reading by the fitful glow its record printed in italics on a dog-eared leaf of memory’s volume.

I have smoked Kiliekinick, flavored with fig leaves, in the soft summer moonlight of a Georgia plantation; I have smoked genuine Havana, rolled into dainty cigars, while bounding over the phosphorescent billows of the Atlantic; I have smoked Timbak beneath a spangled attic sky in sight of the Acropolis and Hymettus celebrated in song; I have smoked Latakiah on the deck of a Nile-boat, while the heavens seemed a vast paprus written over with the astral hieroglyphics of God; I have smoked Stamboul’s favorite weed, on the highest rock of Phœbe’s mythologic isle, as the moon-beams glorified its obelisks, corridors, ruined temples, and heaps of rubbish, into an unearthly spectacle, and conjured by their wizard spell the ghost of Osiris from its sepulchre to parade with primeval pomp of priestly procession amid the desolations of Time, that dreadful iconoclast; but, for all the ingredients that lawfully enter into the composition of a truly delicious smoke; properly tuned nerves, healthy circulation a mind ready like a child to chase every butterfly—idea across all the fields of association over which it may flutter, and a fair outer-world to give exhilaration to the chase—for all these qualities pre-eminently dear to recollection is the smoke of glorious Jecheile, on the tavern terrace, in the town of Nicodemus, the Arimathæa of Joseph, while the lamps girdling the balcony or the minaret on the other side of the street were shining for Rhamadan’s feast; while the Illahael Allah of the muezzin was summoning the faithful to prayer; while the stars were telling their strange stories of creation and redemption, of patriarchs, judges, kings, prophets, and apostles—of Christ and His crucifixion, of Jerusalem and its destruction, of the Crusades and their romance; stories more thrillingly eloquent than if spoken by articulate voices or chanted in recitative numbers. There, for the first time, did I feel that I was in the Holy Land—did my spirit-senses awake to commune with the spirit-scenery and spirit-denizens of the country. I took a long walk adown the highway of the Past far back beyond generation after generation, into the forests of obscure Antiquity; and as I walked I was accosted by characters of whom I had read, and saw events whose importance can not be circumscribed by time. I shook hands with Paul; I sat at supper with the Saviour; I listened to David making music for Eternity; I applauded the victory of Joshua at Bethhoron; I leaned over the sleeper of Luz, but such a celestial smile irradiated his face that I dared not disturb him; and I shared the pastoral cheer of Abraham with his angel guests.

I gazed at the stars through wreaths of magic smoke, and then came nearer and nearer until it seemed I could almost talk to them—until I scarcely knew whether I were in the body or out of the body, on the earth below or in Heaven above. The smoke ceased to woo the stars; the stars grew cold, and receded, and melted out of sight; y

eyelids grew heavy, my chibouk fell from my unconscious hand, and I started at the noise, rubbed my face, stretched, yawned, picked up my chibouk, and went to bed.

THE PRINTER AND HIS TYPE.

The following beautiful extract is from the pen of Benjamin F. Taylor, the printer poet:

Perhaps there is no department of enterprise whose details are less understood, by intelligent people, than the "art preservative," the achievement of the types.

Every day, their life long, they are accustomed to read the newspaper, and find fault with its statements, its arrangements, its looks; to plume themselves upon the discovery of some roguish and acrobatic type that gets into a frolic and stands upon its head; or of some waste letter or two in it; but of the process by which the newspaper is made, of the myriads of motions and the thousands of pieces necessary to its composition, they know little and think less.

They imagine they discourse a wonder indeed, when they speak of the fair white carpet, woven for thought to walk on, of the rags that fluttered on the back of the beggar yesterday.

But there is something more wonderful still. When we look at the hundred and fifty two little boxes, somewhat shaded with the touch of inky fingers, that compose the printers' "case," noiseless, except the click of the types, as one by one they take their places in the growing line—we think we have found the marvel of art.

We think how many fancies in fragments there are in the boxes; how many atoms of poetry and eloquence the printer can make here and there, if he had only a little chart to work by; how many facts in a small "handful;" how many truths in chaos.

Now he picks up the scattered elements, until he holds in his hand a stanzas of "Gray's Elegy," or a monody upon Grimes' "All Buttoned up before." Now he sets "Puppy Missing," and new "Paradise Lost;" he arrays a bride in "small caps" and sonnet in nonpareil; he announces the languishing "live" in one sentence transposes the word and deplores the days that are few and "evil" in the next.

A poor jest ticks its way slowly into the printer's hand, like a clock just running down, and a strain of eloquence marches into line letter by letter. We fancy we can tell the difference by hearing by the ear, but perhaps not.

The types that told of a wedding yesterday announce a burial to-day—perhaps the same letters. They are the elements to make a word of. Those types are a world with something in it as beautiful as spring, as rich as summer and as grand as autumn flowers that frost cannot wilt—fruit that shall ripen for all time.

The newspaper has become the log-book of the world. It tells at what rate the world is running. We cannot find our "reckoning" without it.

PROGRESS OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT JERUSALEM.

A correspondent of the New York *Times* writes from Jerusalem:

The discoveries made hitherto may be summed up briefly. The south wall of the sacred area, Haram Et Sheerer, within which stood the temple, has been explored to the very foundations. It is found that in one place the wall was no less than one hundred and eighty feet high. At the lowest point of the wall, which is now determined to be also the lowest point of the Tyropean Valley, he discovered a small passage which he explored for some one hundred and fifty feet, of very ancient construction, and evidently intended to carry off superfluous water. Previous to this discovery it had been supposed that the lowest point was the southwest angle of the wall where the great arch is known as Robinson's Arch. Visitors to Jerusalem will remember the spring of the old arch at this point. They will be gratified to learn that all the conjectures with reference to what formerly stood there have been abundantly verified. Not only was there a splendid arch crossing the Tyropean Valley (the span of which was forty feet across, and the voussoirs and ruins of which now lie buried in the debris,) but beneath this old

arch, covered over with a pavement built presumably to cover these ruins, lie the stones of an arch older still, perhaps the arch built by Solomon himself. The complete investigation of the arch has been a long and costly undertaking, but its importance is very great.

On the east side of the Haram wall lies the valley of the Kedron. Lieut. Warren, by a series of shafts and springs, has ascertained that the present bed of the stream is no less than 40 feet higher than the old bed—the bed having been raised by the enormous masses of *debris* and ruins that have been hurled over into the valley. By the last letter from Jerusalem, we received a plan of the system of chambers discovered at "Wilson's Arch," higher up on the western wall, near the "Wailing Place" of the Jews. Lieut. Warren has discovered, at a depth of some 50 feet below the surface of the ground, a vast system of chambers and passages.

The chambers, whose use has not yet been decided, are mostly about twelve feet square, vaulted and filled up with water. About eighteen have been opened, of which it is conjectured that two or three are of Saracenic origin and the rest of Jewish. They branch off right and left along a great passage. This has been followed up for a distance of two hundred and fifty feet, its destination being yet uncertain, and its use problematical. Perhaps, however, it was secret passages for troops. The discovery is intensely interesting and may lead to singular and most important results.

WHAT DOES FREEMASONRY TEACH?

Go ask that brother who has fallen in the path of life, whose plans have miscarried, and who finds himself held down by the burdens of care and distress. He will tell you that it teaches him that his brothers will lift him up, remove the obstructions from his path and assist in bearing the burdens under which he has succumbed. It teaches him that there is something in it besides forms and ceremonies, that there is an invisible tie which links us all together in one great family of friends and brothers, and that the heart of each beats responsive to the wants and needs of his brother.

Ask the Mason's widow what it teaches. She will tell you that it teaches her of unobtrusive benevolence, of sympathy and kindness, brotherly affection and esteem. It teaches her that life is not all sorrowful, that the clouds that lower about her will soon break away, dispelled by the light and love of the Mason's presence.

Ask the orphan what it teaches, and he will tell you that it teaches him that brotherly affection and regard which knit the father's heart into the fraternity, has descended to the son, a priceless legacy, which will be to him better than silver or gold; for it will teach his feet in what paths to roam, will open up to him the avenues which lead him to learn that character which is alike the test of admission to the Lodge, and life is more to be prized than wealth or honors.

Ask the wanderer in a strange land what it teaches, and he will tell you that it teaches the universality of that language which is intelligible in all climes, and which, when used, never fails of eliciting a response. It teaches him of brothers there ready to assist and serve him, of difficulties removed, of courteous treatment, and last, but not least, of the usefulness of that institution, which has grown and spread where civilized man has gone.

Ask the brother, who, perchance, in some unguarded moment, has erred and fallen, what it teaches. He will tell you that it teaches of that charity which deals gently with the erring, that keeps the silent tongue, that upbraidth not, that takes him gently by the hand and leads him back to rectitude, and helps him once more to stand erect like a man and a brother. Points out the follies of his ways, and urges them to avoid them in the future.

Ask the wealthy brother what it teaches, and he will tell you that it teaches him to remember the poor and fatherless, the widow and the orphan, to be benevolent with his riches, and by his example teach the world that Masonry has made him wiser and better.

Brother, what does it teach you and I? It teaches us to be temperate, to deal justly, be char-

itable to all men, and so walk and act that the world may never through us, have an opportunity of casting reproach on our ancient institute.—*Old Colony Sentinel.*

THE CALM OF DEATH.

"The moon looks calmly down when man is dying,
The earth still holds her way,
Flowers breathe their perfume, and the wind keeps sighing,
Naught seems to pause or stay!"

Clasp the hands meekly over the still breast, for they have no more work to do. Close the weary eyes, there are no more tears to shed; part the damp locks, there is no more pain to bear. Closed is the heart alike to love's kind voice and calumny's stinging whisper.

O, if in that still heart you have ruthlessly planted a thorn, if from that pleading eye you have turned carelessly away, if your loving glance and kindly word and clasping hands have come all too late—then God forgive you! No frown gathers on the marble brow, as you gaze, no scorn curls the chiseled lip, no flush of wounded feelings mounts to the blue-veined temples.

God forgive you! for your feet, too, must shrink appalled from death's cold river; your faltering tongue asks, "Can this be death?" your fading eyes linger lovingly on the sunny earth; your clammy hand yields its last faint pressure; your sinking pulse its last feeble flutter.

O, rapacious grave! yet another victim for thy voiceless keeping. What not a word of welcome from all the houseless sleepers? no warm greeting from a sister's loving lips? no throb of welcome from the maternal bosom? Silent all!

O, if these broken links were never, never gathered up! If beyond death's swelling flood there was no eternal shore! If for the struggling bark there were no port of peace! If athwart that lowering cloud sprang no bow of promise! Alas for love, if this be all, and naught beyond, oh, earth!—*The Masonic Eclectic.*

SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.—To the Bible we cannot add a new text, any more than we can add to the globe a new ounce of matter; but just as it is said to the mineralogist—search the soil, search the surface, and search the rocks beneath; so it is said to the student—search the Scriptures, search the original, so as to get the very words, and search the words so as to get the very sense. And in this way, it is wonderful how much has of late been done; and just as the galvanic pile gave Davy a new instrument of analysis—just as the prismatic spectrum put a new power for the same purpose, into the hand of Bunsen—so the doctrine of the Greek article, and other generalizations, have given the grammarian a new security in rendering the New Testament, and for subsequent versions promise a symmetry and precision, which will place the Englishman almost abreast of the Hellenistic inhabitant of Palestine. And every sentence restored to its right significance, every obscurity cleared up, every controverted meaning vindicated and henceforward placed above discussion, is so much pure gain. It is not a new text, but it answers the same purpose. It is not a new text any more than rubidium is a new metal, for people have been treading on it, and handling it, and even swallowing it all unconscious, till the other day, when the chemist put his finger upon it and held it up to view.—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

CONSTANTINOPLE.—Masonry in this city has been established under English and French authority; and, latterly, in addition to the more newly organized French Lodge *L'Union d'Orient* and the English Lodge *Bulwer*, a chapter of high degrees has been organized under the care of this French Lodge. Among the first acts of this new organization has been that of issuing a manifesto of the causes which have led to its organization, and to fix the price of degrees and membership. It calls itself the "Sovereign Chapter of *L'Union d'Orient*," and states that its "degrees are the merited rewards of those brethren who have distinguished themselves, by zeal and continued services, in Masonry." The old story. *Comme ça!*

Mustapha-Fazyl Pacha was made a Mason in the French Lodge, but subsequently dimitted and joined the English Lodge, *Bulwer*, with the idea of becoming its Master; but, after learning some things which he did not know when he dimitted, he did not seek this honor.

THE DUTCHMAN'S HEN.

A FUNNY STORY WITH A SERIOUS MORAL.

Once with an honest Dutchman walking,
About his troubles he was talking—
The most of which seemed to arise
From friends' and wife's perversities.
When he took breath, his pipe to fill,
I ventured to suggest that will
Was off the cause of human ill;
That life was full of self-denials,
And every man had his own trials.
"Tis not the will," he quick replied,
"But it's the won't by which I'm tried.
When people will, I'm always glad;
'Tis only when they won't, I'm mad!
Contrary folks, like mine old hen,
Who laid a dozen eggs, and then,
Instead of sitting down to hatch,
Runs off into mine garden patch!
I gove and catches her, and brings her,
And back onto her nest I flings her;
And then I snaps her on the head,
And tell her, 'Sit there, you old jade!'
But sit she won't, for all I say,
She's up agian and runs away.
Then I was mad, as mad as fire,
But once again I thought I'd try her.
So after her I soon makes chase,
And brings her back to the old place,
And then I snaps her a great deal,
And does my best to make her feel
That she must do as she was bid;
But not a bit of it she did;
She was the most contrarie bird
Of which I ever saw or heard.
Before I'd turn my back again,
Was running off, that plaguey hen;
Thinks I, I'm now a 'used up man,'
I must adopt some other plan.
I'll fix her now, for if I don't,
My will is conquered by her won't!
So then I goes and gets some blocks,
And with them makes a little box;
And takes some straw, the very best,
And makes the nicest kind of nest;
Then in the nest the eggs I place;
And feel a smile upon my face
As I thinks now at last I've got her;
For to this little box I did
Consider I must have a lid,
So that she couldn't get away;
But in it till she hatched must stay,
And then again once more I chased her;
And catched, and in the box I placed her,
Again I snaps her on the head,
Until I fear she might be dead;
And then, when I had made her sit down,
Immediately I clasps the lid on;
And now, thinks I, I've got her fast,
She'll have to do her work at last;
No longer shall I stand the brunt
Of this old hen's confounded won't!
So I goes in and tells mine folks,
And then I takes my pipe and smokes,
And walks about and feels so good
That 'wouldn't' yields at length to 'would.'
And now so oft I'd snapped the hen,
I take some 'schapps' myself, and then
I thought I'd see how the old crettur
Was getting on where I had set her;
The lid the box so nicely fits on
I gently raised—dunder and blitzen?
(Give me more schnapps—and fill the cup!)
There she was sitting—standing up!

Knickerbocker Magazine.

Sitting one day in the school-room, I overheard a conversation between a sister and a brother. The little boy complained of insults or wrongs received from another little boy. His face was flushed with anger. The sister listened awhile, and then, turning away, she answered: "I don't want to hear another word; Wille has no mother."

The brother's lips were silent; the rebuke came home to him; and stealing away he muttered: "I never thought of that."

He thought of his own mother, and the loneliness of "Willie" compared with his own happy lot.

"He has no mother!" Do we think of it when want comes to the orphan and rude words assail him? Has the little wanderer no mother to listen to his sorrows? Speak gently to him then.

A CLOUD PICTURE.

Stand upon the peak of some isolated mountain at daybreak, when the night mists first rise from off the plains, and watch their white and lake-like fields as they float in level bays and winding gulfs about the islanded summits of the lower hills—untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight. Watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam of their undulating surface parts and passes away; and down under their depths the glittering city and green pasture lie like Atlantis, between the white paths of winding rivers; the flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the starry spires, as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their gray shadows upon the plain. Wait a little longer and you shall see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines, and floating up towards you, along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet masses, iridescent with the morning light, upon the broad breasts of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back and back into that robe of material light until they fade away, lost in its lustre, to appear again above in the serene heaven, like a wild, bright, impossible dream, foundationless and inaccessible their very bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below. Wait yet a little longer, and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless, only piling with every instant higher and higher into the sky, and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapors, which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their gray net-work, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds and the motion of the leaves together; and then you will see horizontal bars of black shadow forming under them, and lurid wreaths create themselves, you know not how, along the shoulders of the hills, you never see them form, but when you look back to a place which was clear an instant ago, there is a cloud on it, hanging by the precipices, as a hawk pauses over his prey. And then you will hear the sudden rush of the awakened wind, and you will see those watch-towers of vapor swept away from their foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain let down to the valleys, swinging from the burdened clouds in black, bending fringes, or pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface into foam as they go. And then, as the sun sinks, you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking, loaded yet with snow-white, torn, steam-like rags of capricious vapor, now gone, now gathered again; while the smouldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red hot ball beside you, and as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood. And then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter—brighter yet till the large white circle of the slow moon is lifted up among the barred clouds, step by step, line by line; star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale, penetrable, fleecy wreaths in the heaven, to give light upon the earth, which move together, hand-in-hand, company by company, troop by troop, so measured in their unity of motion that the whole heaven seems to roll with them and the earth to reel under them. And then wait yet for one hour, until the East again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents, with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downward, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning—their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar smoke, up to the heaven: the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them

and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven—one scarlet canopy—is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered this His message—John Ruskin.

THE HIGHER DEGREES.—It is often said that there is danger that Scottish Masonry will destroy the interest in the American system. We do not fear it. There are enough active Masons in the lower degrees to spare a sufficiency for the upper, without feeling it, and those who devote themselves to the higher had better work them than to dimit and stand outside the ranks entirely. No man of ordinary mind can be satisfied to travel one unvarying round of ideas, without progress, for years; he must advance in some direction. Our Masonic bodies spend much of their time in "work and lectures," iterating and reiterating the same round of words until they lose their interest to many, who are then induced to look about them for something to interest them. Until lately they have not found it, and so dimitted; many do so yet; others advance in the degrees, branch out in the "systems," and so they all grow. Suppose those who go forward find interest in their new affiliations, that their time is fully occupied in their new duties, and therefore become less regular or ardent in their "love," certainly there are "young hands" enough to fill their places, and to push on the work without missing them. Better advance than dimit, just as it is better to wear out than to rust out.—Masonic Address.

SECTARIANISM.—There is a great deal of cant and nonsense talked about sectarianism. It is often imagined that if a man is fond of his church he is sectarian. You might as well say a man is sectarian if he likes his own house and family better than any other in the same street. The man I call sectarian is the man who is not contented with the blessings of number one in the street, but who is always throwing stones or mud at number two; who is not content with the happiness of his own wife and family, but who talks and gossips about another man's family. Give me the man who has honest, earnest conviction about his own Church, and I extend to him the righthand of fellowship. Love your Church, and do all you can for it; but try and imagine at the same time that other men are as conscientious as you are, and give them the right hand of fellowship when they do all they can for their Church.—Norman Macleod.

WHAT IS LIFE?—The mere lapse of years is not life: to eat and drink and sleep; to be exposed to the darkness and the light; to pace round the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book keeper and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust, are the true nourishment of our natural being.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths, in feelings, not in figures on the water; We should count not years by mortal throns, He most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest; acts the best; And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest; Lives in one hour, more than in years do some. Those fat blood sleeps, soft slips through their veins. Life is but a means to an end; that end Beginning, means and end to all things! God. The dead have all the glory of the world.

GLADNESS.—"Serve the Lord with gladness! Your serving him doth not glorify him unless it be with gladness. Your cheerful looks glorify God. It reflects upon a master when a servant is always drooping and sad; sure he is kept hard at commons; his master does not give him what is fitting."

KENTUCKY FREEMASON.

EDITORS.

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

FRANKFORT, KY.....MARCH, 1869.

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

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 5.

Col. H.—A sudden purpose was formed in my mind, to attend the Inauguration of the President at Washington, and, also, attend the meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions, and the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, which met jointly in the City of Baltimore, on the 3d of March.

THE ROUTE AND COMPANY.

To Cincinnati, via Lexington, and thence by Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Washington. This road advertises a through train—"no change of cars"—but when you get to Bellaire the passengers had to get out—at least we did—our car being certainly left behind. We crossed the river in a flatboat, which was towed through the floating ice by a Steamer.

Such a scramble for a seat on the Eastern bank of the river, I never saw, and here our party became scattered, each looking out for himself and nearly every one obtaining seats in different cars. This was unpleasant, but "United we stand," divided we sit down.

Our party consisted of Grand Chaplain J. H. Linn, D. D., (who was the officiating Minister at the marriage of Gen'l. Grant; S. C. Bull, (our affable townsman;) John Beckley, Esq., and the Rev. J. W. Cunningham.

We traveled without accident, were fortunate enough to secure sleeping cars, both nights, but got behind time, suffered for water, were one hour in a tropical and the next in a frigid atmosphere, and altogether did not have a very pleasant trip, en route.

PROVISIONS FOR SAFETY.

Every mile on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, on that portion which runs through the mountain region, has a guard, whose duty it is to go over his section, and signal alarms, or assurance of safety. You see them standing with white flags by the side of the road, and feel a sense of security which is very pleasing, considering the heights this road climbs, and the precipices of alarming depths along which the grade runs.

At Alamont (the highest point on the Alleghany)—sky-rockets were discharged from the engine, to notify the sentinels ahead of the approach of a passenger train.

After this pyrotechnical signal, we are soon at a place called Piedmont (foot of the mountain)—and running along the Petapsco river—which is an insignificant looking stream, but is the one which did the terrible damage, by flood, at Ellcott's Mills, and Baltimore.

THE RUIN.

No one can form any adequate idea of the destruction created by this raging stream. Bridges gone, their stone piers swept away as if built of straw, great woolen and flouring mills in ruins, and the debris of this deluge, yet apparent on every hand. Yet this stream looks as small and innocent as Elkhorn creek in Kentucky.

A SWITCH OFF.

At the Relay House. I went to Baltimore and the rest of our company proceeded to Washington, they changing cars.

BALTIMORE.

An almost solitary ride of nine miles, brought me to the "Monumental City."

No cloud of forbidding smoke hangs heavy over this city. They burn Anthracite coal—the reason. How cleanly everything looks! No pools of black mud, no piles of filth, but in pleasing contrast to this a man can cross the street anywhere without soiling his boots. The city has natural drainage, and you see streams of water running through the gutters, in some places, looking almost as clear as a mountain brook.

The houses all look neat, as if freshly painted. Most of the private residences are built of red brick, and the stores in point of magnificence will not compare favorably with Cincinnati. But as I intend to make a separate notice of Baltimore, I will take the Thursday morning's train, and hie to

WASHINGTON.

The train was thronged—there being fifteen cars. A train left Baltimore every hour. After a two hours ride—I reached the Capitol. Every street was crowded. Pennsylvania Avenue was a solid mass of human beings. I being a little man soon found that I should see nothing over the sea of heads, and looking around for an elevation, I at last determined to secure it by climbing one of the stone-pillars of the gate opening into the Capitol grounds, and immediately fronting the Avenue, down which the procession was to move. I succeeded in my effort, and perched at a height of fifteen feet, I had a full view of the grand parade. The procession wheeled to the right, just in front of my position, and hence I had a near view of all the dignitaries, diplomats, &c. The carriage containing Gen'l. Grant halted for half-a-minute within 25 feet of my point of observation. First came an escort of Cavalry, headed by a mounted Band, then an open carriage containing Gen'l. Grant and Gen'l. Rawlings. Succeeding this equipage was the Marine Band and Corps—then a battery of Artillery, then Senate and House of Representatives in carriages, then soldiers, firemen, civic orders, and negroes, without end—at least after surfeiting my gaze for over one hour I saw no end of it. As far as the eye could reach, up Pennsylvania Avenue there were banners, without number, and men marching.

I dismounted from my pillar, and ran around to the East side to obtain a view of the Inauguration ceremonies, in which purpose I succeeded. I could hear nothing, but, by the aid of an Opera glass, could see all. The ceremonies occurred upon a huge platform, erected for the purpose. It was festooned with National flags—and evergreens. On it were seated the chief functionaries of the government, and the Foreign Ministers, together with many ladies and gentlemen who were fortunate enough to procure tickets. Chief Justice Chase, arrayed in a black gown, administered the oath of office. President Grant then read from manuscript his inaugural address, which consumed about eight minutes.

This is what I saw—after which I went immediately to the cars, and returned to Baltimore. I never want to see as many people again, at least, I do not want to be *squeezed* by them. Several times during the day, I felt apprehensive, lest my ribs should be crushed. Getting through the gates

was awful. I got in the column, pressing their way through the entrance, and was pushed forward, sideways, and backwards, now and then making a few inches progress. I was surrounded by men, women and children, and by white-folks and negroes. It was no place for pickpockets after all, for when a man got his arm in one position there it had to stay, until he could extricate himself from the crowd of people, packed as closely together as sardines in a box.

I still survive—no bones broken—and hope to live to write another day.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

Says, Mr. Froude, the English historian; "The immediate present never appears wonderful or memorable to those living under its influences, however vast and portentous they may be."

We have a retrospect, which seems grand. The mind is carried back to the days of Xerxes, Alexander and Caesar; of Pericles, Alcibiades, and Augustus; of Homer, Pindar, and Virgil; of Cicero, Tertullus, and Demosthenes, and we think how glorious a thing was life in those classic days—what a history-making age! It is, in this respect, as in others, that

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

Standing upon the summit of civilization,—heritors of the successes, and students of the failures of all the past,—we can see the stupendous results that have followed the wielding of ancient arms and arts, and yet fail, perhaps, to notice the wonderful activities with which we are surrounded, and the mighty ends that are being evolved from the throbbing life around us.

No war of antiquity was of such magnitude and import as that which has recently stained the fields of America, and none ever produced the consequences on the race, that this one is likely to do. It has probably secured Americans from Foreign wars, which in the aggregate, would have entailed as great a loss of life and property as our civil strife. Europe was amazed, both at the prowess and resources of America. It will be a nation of astounding temerity, that will dare in the future to measure swords with the combined blades of Grant and Lee. From the production of this single impression of our power, there may ultimately spring the compensation, which will vindicate the Divine Providence in permitting this furious struggle.

America seems, peculiarly, to be marked in history as the child of Providence—and there are indications that she, too, is the Apocalyptic Angel that was to fly through the earth, having the everlasting Gospel to preach.

It was discovered at a time when Europe was shaking herself for the great Protestant Reformation.

It has pleased God from the beginning to prepare the world for great coming events. Suppose Martin Luther had arisen before the art of printing was known, and previous to the discovery of the Mariner's compass. Before the Mariner's compass was discovered, a man was not worth as much as a feudal war-horse. Europe was an over-populated hot-bed. It was by the aid of the compass, Columbus ferried the Atlantic, America was discovered, and a great asylum was thus afforded for its persecuted population—a home of liberty, wide as the continent, was established for the victims of both civil and ecclesiastical tyranny. The population of Europe was

thinned out, and in a little while a man was a man!

Nor can we underestimate those over-ruling Providences, which so signally marked the discovery and settlement of this Western World, as indicating the Divine purposes. A flock of birds flying to the southward, turned the caravals of Columbus in the direction of their flight, and thus the continent was saved from falling into the hands of narrow-minded Spain, to be blighted for centuries as have been the West-Indies, possessed by that Catholic power. But for a storm, beating back the "May-Flower," the Pilgrims would have landed at the mouth of the Hudson river, and been destroyed by hostile Indians. Landing at Plymouth, they fell into the neighborhood of more pacific tribes, and were preserved.

What Providence did, in that early day, it continued to do throughout the great Revolutionary struggle in which liberty was born. It gave us a Washington, and a company of compatriots, in field and cabinet, of such sublime courage, and penetrating sagacity, as no nation, ancient or modern, ever had in such rich plenty before.

We must believe that God will overrule the late unhappy strife in our country for the accomplishment of wise and beneficent ends.

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

The herald says, of that bright morn, which is to smile over this dark night of our national sins and sorrows, the rays already are creeping along the horizon. The asperities created by this fratricidal strife are being smoothed away; prudence is sitting upon the lips of our people; and charity in purple is mounting the throne of their hearts. The South revives, and the North grows glad. The church has resumed her mission of peace and good will. The day is near at hand, when

"Starting afresh, as from a second birth,
The Nation in the sunshine of a new spring,
Shall walk transparent like some holy thing."

It were worth much to live in this age. If Virgil were living to-day, what *Georgics* he could write, as he witnessed the harvests of our fertile prairies, and the herds of our green pastures! If Homer were here, what Epics—yea what an Iliad of woes—he might strike from his harp. And if Neptune could rise from his yeasty wave, as he did in the fable of the Long Ago, with what amazement would he look upon the steam-ship, with heart of fire, and revolving fins, "walking the waters, like a thing of life."

Our country is yet glorious, and realizes more than the fabulous conceptions of classic antiquity. She is yet, of all others, the land of liberty. She begins to challenge the supremacy of the seas, and the sun never sets on her starry flag.

There is no lofty idea, templed in Olympus, which she does not interpret fully. Like Juno, she enriches the earth beneath her plow-share; like Vulcan, she presides over forges and trip-hammers, of which idealism never dreamed the possibilities; like Mercury, she encourages trade and sends her messenger everywhither; and like Vesta, she gives all nations a welcome to her hearth stone.

These ideas of antiquity are surpassed by realities of which we are the heirs. What is Neptune to the "Great Eastern," Minerva to a Hoe's

cylinder press, Hercules to a Rodman gun or a keg of Nitro-Glycerine, or Mercurial to the Atlantic Cable?

You, APE, what is the oracle of Delphos, or Dodona to the *Bible*, speaking with the polyglot tongue of the "American Bible Society."

We, Americans, live in the grandest age of the world, the best country, and after all our mutterings have the best prospect ahead of us.

No age of the Past but would delight, if granted resurrection, to enter on our step of development, and share in the honors of our age.

There is a grand outlook to us, through the perspective of the future. We were born to sing the triplet:

"There's a good time,
A — coming boys,
Wait a little longer."

It is that good time ahead, that keeps the world marching on. We thank God that we are in the ranks.

On, on, for the "good time!" If we don't reach it, this side the river of death, we will beyond the ferry.

The writer of this is no "*Lost Cause*." He was one day; but the next, he found the *cause*, and that was "forgetting the things which are behind, to press forward to the things which are before."

Frankly, he was a four (4) year soldier of a people dear to him, by every throb of a generous heart, and yet not false to others. He lost his *cause*, but not his goal. Thank Heaven! he never lost his principles.

Hurrah! for the flag that is furled. Hurrah! for the flag that floats. The tattered old banner of the Southern Cross—no truer ever kissed the breeze!

"The Star-Spangled Banner, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

Over whose other land, would ye have it float? Say, Americans? The age is grand and glorious. Kindle with its inspirations! See the beacon-yonder! far away over the sea of our troubles, and steer toward it.

When that light-house is passed, the harbor of the Millennium is reached, a brotherhood stands in the Quarry, and the Father of all, from the sky bends to speak, "Ye are my sons, in whom I am well pleased."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GRAND CHAPTERS.

CANADA.

The Eleventh Annual Convocation held in Montreal August 11th, 1868, M. E., T. Douglas Harrington Grand Z, on the Throne.

In his Annual Address the M. E. Z., announced that he had granted Dispensations for three new Chapters, and that they had thirty Chapters on the Register of the Jurisdiction.

He is against Fenianism and denounces in unmeasured terms, the assassination of "one of our most eloquent and foremost statesman, (D'Arcy McGee) a genial, warm-hearted type of a true son of the Emerald Isle." He also refers to the attempted assassination of "a son of our beloved Queen."

It does not appear that either of these gentlemen were Masons and this portion of the address would seem to be irrelevant.

MISSOURI.

Grand Chapter convened in St. Louis, October 7th, 1868, M. E. Comp. Martin Collins, G. H. P., presiding. We make the following extracts from the opening address of the G. H. P.:

"Many of you, my companions, have been during the past year, laboring—lonely, and perhaps discouraged—in the waste places of our State, among the ruins of a former edifice of well-remembered beauty. Others may have been as it were, "carried away captive;" your oppressors requiring of you a song, and you tempted to reply: "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" But hope has still been the angel guest of your hearts, and you have not forgotten Jerusalem, the city of the Great King. You have triumphed over captivity, performed the long journey through scenes of blight and desolation, and are here to-day, having won the earthly reward of the faithful, to behold the desert blossoming as the rose. Let us ever bear in mind, for our consolation in distress, that the glowing face of the sun smiles behind the darkest cloud, and that true life is only reached through the gates of darkness and death."

I take pleasure in welcoming the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Missouri to Freemasons' Hall, a new temple which has sprung up, as if by magic, during our absence. After a long struggle with doubt and misgiving, the builders triumphed over all obstacles, and we now assemble in a noble edifice, the result of their faith and untiring energy. It is an enterprise entirely worthy of the enlightened spirit of Masonry in Missouri, and a consummation long hoped for and long needed."

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During the past month the brotherhood of St. Louis witnessed what may be termed a National Assembly of Masons, embracing representatives from every State in the Union. The gathering of the fraternity from all sections of our great country was a joyful sight to us. The effect was simply grand. The numbers were overflowing. This was cheering; but it was not all. The true Masonic spirit was there, pervading every heart, and dictating every thought and act. This was noble, and demonstrated that we are indeed a powerful organization, an harmonious brotherhood, one people in spirit and in truth.

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I would also, at this time, call the attention of the Grand Chapter to the absolute necessity of a greater uniformity of work than we have yet been able to attain. Our work, lectures and rituals constitute the casket which contains our jewels. They are the forms which enclose the substance, and they should be known and recognized in every Chapter as the Royal Arch ceremonies, without a label to indicate their character. Disregard of established forms and ceremonies, and the introduction of foreign matter into our degrees, will eventually produce the deplorable dilemma of total metamorphosis, or, what would be equally unfortunate, inability to make ourselves known or to recognize each other as Royal Arch Masons. This would defeat one of the more immediate ends of brotherhood, and cause us to appear as strangers in our own homes. Strict conformity to the letter of the rituals may appear to some a very trivial matter when compared with the spirit of our organization! but let such recollect, that when the visible form is gone, the spirit itself flies away beyond the reach or comprehension of mortals. Retain the letter in its exact simplicity, and the spirit will ever dwell among us in its unsullied purity.

During the year, in obedience to the Order of C. C., a monument had been erected at the grave of Comp. Anthony Sullivan.

The paid Lecture system was rejected.

The Committee on Jurisprudence reported the following:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Grand Chapter, that the decree of our M. E. G. High Priest—that, "before a Chapter could receive and entertain such a petition, the Chapter under whose local jurisdiction the applicant holds his membership in the Lodge should be notified of his intention to take the Chapter degrees, and requested to waive jurisdiction over him"—is erroneous; that Lodge membership has nothing to do with Chapter jurisdiction; and if an affiliated Master

Mason has resided one year within the jurisdiction of any subordinate Chapter in this jurisdiction, said Chapter thereby acquires jurisdiction over him, and has the right to entertain his petition, and act upon the same.

Comp. Oren Root Jr., was elected G. H. P., and Comp. Geo. Frank Gouley, Grand Secretary.

VERMONT.

Annual Convocation was held in Brandon, Oct. 7th 1868, the M. E. G. H. P. Charles A. Miles delivered an Address which showed that he had not been idle during his term of office. He recommends a resumption of relations with the General Grand Chapter of the United States, the benefits of which he sums up under the following heads :

1. The having of a Grand tribunal to which all difficult and doubtful questions might be referred, and by whose authority all disputes might be decided.

2. Would enjoy a closer Masonic intercourse with the other Grand Chapters, and thus better preserve the common bond that unites us all together in harmony and good will.

3. That greater uniformity of work might be secured.

VIRGINIA.

Like everything from the "Old Dominion," "Proceedings" in their dress of Scarlet and Gold, show the Royal way those high-hearted people have of doing things.

The Grand Annual Convocation was held in Richmond, December, 17th, 1868. All the Grand Officers were present.

The M. E. G. H. P. Edward H. Lane, in delivering his Address, lamented the failure of Fifteen Chapters to send in their reports, and attributed it to indifference. We suppose that the English Exploring Company at Jerusalem wouldn't care to enlist such workmen in their enterprize of hunting for discoveries among the ruins of the Temple.

The G. H. P. recommended stringent legislation to correct this growing evil. Such neglect upon the part of Subordinate officials cannot be too severely rebuked. It exhibits a contempt of authority, which is one of the meanest of Masonic vices.

A Chain and *Mark* suitably engraved was presented to M. E. Comp. John Dove, Grand Secretary. The *Mark* bore the emblem of a dove, returning to the Ark, with the Olive branch of peace.

As the Grand Secretary has safely rode the tempestuous sea of trouble for more than three quarters of a century, and has been ever distinguished for his pacific disposition, we suppose this symbolic punning may be pardoned.

The report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence was taken up, read and adopted in form following :

The Committee on Foreign Correspondence take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the printed proceedings of the following Grand Royal Arch Chapters :

Alabama, Arkansas, California, Canada, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Maine, Michigan, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Nebraska, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont.

After a careful perusal of all these documents, we find nothing requiring especial notice. We are much gratified at witnessing the harmony and good order prevailing throughout and would ask a continuance of Fraternal correspondence.

Now, that is about as artful a dodge of labor as we have ever seen, and will afford the present G. H. P. material for a sharp rebuke.

The Chairman of that Committee ought to feel flattered, that we have transferred his entire report to our own. If the Craft in Virginia can through its Chairman, hold correspondence with thirty Grand Chapters, and out of all that is sent him, there is nothing worth noticing—we imagine that his Foreign Correspondents will not feel flattered.

But those Virginians can *fight*, if they cannot *work*, and so we expect to get a sound drubbing for this "notice" of their Report.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAY.

We have often been struck with the wonderful sagacity, the penetrating inquisitiveness, and quaint conceits of children. We propose to open a department in which to preserve the sayings of the nursery sages, and will be obliged to our patrons, if they will furnish us with the "smart things" of their little ones. We begin with one of the ideas of our own little daughter—when she was three years old.

She was sitting by my side in the study, rocking to and fro in her little arm chair, and gazing very thoughtfully into the fire. When I had paused in my labors at the desk, she deliberately turned toward me, and with the gravity of a saint said: "Papa, I's going to Heaven." I are not a believer in presentiments, but I must acknowledge that this declaration shot a fearful apprehension of loss to my fatherly heart. I replied, "Are you going away to leave Papa and Mamma?" "Oh, no," she quickly answered, "I'm goin' to take you with me." "Well" said I, "are you not going to take your brother Alf?"

She thought a moment and upset my gravity and banished my apprehensions, by answering with the following odd conceit, "Oh, no, papal Alf is so bad, that he wouldn't be there five minutes before God would spank him, and send him back."

A friend asked a pretty child of six years old, "Which do you love the best—your cat or your doll?" The little girl thought some time before answering, and then she whispered in the ear of the questioner, "I love my cat best, but please don't tell my doll!"

A little boy of four years was attempting to cheer his mother, who was frightened by a thunder storm.

"Don't be afraid, mamma," he said, "God won't hurt us. Don't you know what makes thunder and lightning? I do. The sun is hid, you see, and it's the great black clouds striking up against it, and making the fire flash out."

A YOUTHFUL SAGE.—"Would you like to be a judge?" said a gentleman one day to a very precocious five-year-old boy. The child gravely replied, "I think I should like better still to teach the children about Jesus, and how he hung upon the cross for them, for that would make them love him, and if they loved him they would be good and not need to be judged at all."

A little girl of three years, from beyond the Mississippi, who had never seen an apple-tree in full bloom, beheld one in Ohio. She lifted her fat hands in the attitude of devotion, and exclaimed, "See God's big bouquet!"

Canada has had twelve feet depth of snow, on a level, this season.

THE TWO RABBIS.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The Rabbi Nathan, two-score years and ten,
Walked blameless through the evil world, and then
Just as the almond blossomed in his hair,
Met temptation all too strong to bear,
And miserably sinned. So, adding not
Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat, and taught
No more among the elders, but went out
From the great congregation girt, about
With sackcloth, and with ashes on his head,
Making his gray locks grayer. Long he prayed,
Smiting his breast: then, as the Book he laid
Open before him for the Bath-Col's choice,
Pausing to hear that Daughter of a Voice,
Beheld the royal preacher's word's: "A friend
Loveth at all times, yea, until the end.
And for the evil day thy brother lives."
Marvelling, he said: "It is the Lord who gives
Counsel in need." At Ecbatana dwells
Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men exclaims
In righteousness and wisdom, as the trees
Of Lebanon, the small weeds that the bees
Bow with their weight: I will arise, and lay
My sins before him.

And he went his way
Barefooted, fasting long, with many prayers;
But even as one who, followed unawares,
Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand
Thrill with its touch his own, and his cheek fanned
By odors subtly sweet, and whispers near
Of words he loathes, ye cannot choose but hear,
So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chanting low
The wail of David's penitential woe,
Before him still the old temptation came,
And mocked him with the motion and the shame
Of such desires that, shuddering, he abhorred
Himself; and, crying mightily to the Lord
To free his soul and cast the demon out,
Smote with his staff the blankness round about.

At length, in the low light of a spent day,
The towers of Ecbatana faraway
Rose on the desert's rim; and Nathan, faint
And footsore, pausing where for some dead saint
The faith of Islam reared a doomed tomb,
Saw some one kneeling in the shadow, whom
He greeted kindly: "May the Holy One
Answer thy prayers, O stranger!" Whereupon
The shape stood up with a loud cry, and then,
Clasped in each others arms, the two gray men
Wept, praising Him whose gracious providence
Made their paths one. But straightway, as the sense
Of his transgression smote him, Nathan tore
Himself away: "O friend beloved, no more
Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,
Foul from my sins, to tell thee all my shame.
Haply thy prayers, since naught availeth mine,
May purge my soul, and make it white like thine.
Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned!"

Awe-struck Ben Isaac stood. The desert wind
Blew his long mantle backward, laying bare
The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.
"I too, O friend, if not in act," he said,
"In thought have verily sinned. Hast thou not read,
"Better the eye should see then that desire
Should wander?" Burning with a hidden fire
That tears and prayers quench not, I come to thee
For pity and for help, as thou to me.
Pray for me, O my friend! "But Nathan cried,
Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac!"

Side by side
In the low sunshine by the turban stone
They knelt; each made his brother's woe his own,
Forgettings, in the agony and stress
Of pitying love, his claim of selfishness;
Peace, for his friend besought, his own became;
His prayers were answered in another's name;
And, when at last they rose up to embrace
Each saw God's pardon in his brother's face.

Long after when his headstone gathered moss,
Traced on the targum-marge of Onkelos
In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words were read;
"Hope not the cure of sin till self is dead;
Forget it in love's service, and the debt
Thou cans't not pay, the angels shall forget;
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own!"
Among the Hills, and other Poems.

Literary Gems.

God hath many sharp-cutting instruments and rough files for the polishing of his jewels; and those he especially esteems, and means to make the most resplendent, he hath oftenest his tools upon.—*Leighton*.

PREMATURE DECAY.—As it is a miserable condition to see the faculties of our bodies buried before us and to survive long after them; so it is a fair and natural conclusion of our life, when the senses are by little and little laid asleep, that the dissolution of the whole may immediately follow.—*Bacon*.

REFLECTION.—The heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.—*Confucius*.

NATURE IN MAN.—Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished. Force maketh nature more violent in return; doctrine and discourse maketh nature less importunate; but custom only doth alter and subdue nature.—*Bacon*.

ST. JOHN.—It is delightful to think that the beloved apostle was born a Plato. To him was left the almost oracular utterance of the mysteries of the Christian religion.—*Coleridge*.

Death is the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell.—*H. W. Beecher*.

SELF.—When the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be those who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements.—*Milton*.

FINE IDEA.—It is related that a pupil of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Paris being asked "What is Eternity?" replied, with a richness and force of conception rarely equalled, "*It is the lifetime of the Almighty.*"

RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—If you bring up your children in a way that puts them out of sympathy with the religious feelings of the nation in which they live, the chances are that they will either turn out ruffians or fanatics, and as likely the one as the other.—*Coleridge*.

JUSTICE.—We may conclude that justice above all other things is and ought to be the strongest; she is the strength of the kingdom; the power and majesty of all ages.—*Milton*.

MOTIVES.—Motives imply weakness, and the existence of evil, temptation. The angelic nature would act from impulse alone. A due mean of motive and impulse the only practicable object of our moral philosophy.—*S. T. Coleridge*.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.—A man's nature is best perceived in privateness, for there is no affection; in passion, for that putteth a man out of precepts; and in a new case or experiment, for then custom leaveth him.—*Bacon*.

THE BIBLE.—Intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being *vulgar* in point of style.—*Coleridge*.

LOVE OF THE SOUL.—"God," says Jeremy Taylor, "places a watery cloud in the eye, that the light

of heaven shining on it may produce a rainbow to be a sacrament and a memorial that God and the sons of men do not love to see a man perish."

PRUNING.—As the most generous vine, if it be not pruned, runs out into many superfluous stems and grows at last weak and fruitless; so does the best man, if he be not cut short of his desires, and pruned with afflictions. If it be painful to bleed, it is worse to wither. Let me be pruned that I may grow, rather than be cut up to burn.—*Bishop Hall*.

CHRISTIAN CONTENTION.—God grant that we may contend with others as the vine with the olive, which of us shall bear the best fruit; but not as the briar with the thistle, which of us will be most unprofitable.—*Lord Bacon*.

FAITH.—Faith elevates the soul not only above sense, but above reason itself. As reason corrects the errors which sense might occasion, so supernatural faith corrects the errors of natural reason judging according to sense.—*Leighton*.

POETRY OF THE BIBLE.—The poetical books of the Bible have a poetic force and flame, without poetic fury and fiction, and strangely command and move the affections, without corrupting the imagination, or putting a cheat upon it; and, while they gratify the ear, they edify the mind, and profit the more by pleasing.—*Henry*.

INJURIES.—No one ever did a designed injury to another, but at the same time he did a much greater to himself.—*Bp. Butler*.

Stand upon the edge of this world, ready to take wing—having your feet on earth, your eyes and heart in heaven.—*Wesley*.

CONTENTMENT.—It is not what we have, but what we are, that constitute our glory and felicity. The only true and durable riches belong to the mind. A soul narrow and debased may extend its possessions to the ends of the earth, but is poor and wretched still. It is through inward health that we enjoy outward things.—*Channing*.

REPUTATION.—Some reputed saints that have been canonized ought to have been cannonaded; and some reputed sinners that have been canonized ought to have been canonized.—*Lacon*.

HUMILITY.—It is always safe to learn even of our enemies—seldom safe to venture to instruct even our friends.—*Lacon*.

THE WILL.—The all holy will is coincident with the will of God, and therefore secure in its consequences by his omnipotence; having, if such a similitude be not unlawful, such a relation to the goodness of the Almighty as a perfect time-piece will have to the Sun.—*Coleridge*.

UNSEEN USEFULNESS.—The brook which runs under the grass as if too modest to show its clear waters to be seen, may do as much good as the noisiest torrent.—*Prof. Edwards*.

IDLE TALK.—The tongue used in such a licentious manner is like a sword in the hand of a madman; it is employed at random, it can scarce possibly do any good, and for the most part does a world of mischief, and implies not only great folly and a trifling spirit, but great viciousness of mind; great indifference to truth and falsity, and

to the reputation, welfare, and good of others.—*Bishop Butler*.

Truth is a good dog; but beware of barking too close to the heels of an error, lest you get your brains kicked out.—*Coleridge*.

INSINCERITY.—Nothing is more common than a certain insincerity, which leads men to profess and seemingly believe sentiments, which they do not and cannot act upon.—*Goodwin*.

HABITUAL BENEVOLENCE.—This very habit above all others, cultivates that calm equanimity on which soundness of judgment so materially depends. Habitual benevolence and financial ability are inseparably connected.—*Wayland*.

POWER OF PIETY.—The greatest effects have been produced more by *piety* than by *talent*.—*Robt. Hall*.

There is not a spider hanging on the king's wall but hath its errand; there is not a nettle that groweth in the corner of the church-yard but hath its purpose; there is not a single insect fluttering in the breeze but accomplishes some divine decree; and I will never have it that God created any man to be a blank, and to be nothing.—*Spurgeon*.

RELIGION.—Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie is sundered or broken, he floats away a worthless atom in the universe—its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death.—*Daniel Webster*.

PRAYER.—A man may pray night and day and yet deceive himself; but no man can be assured of his security who does not pray. Prayer is faith passing into act; a union of the will and intellect realizing in an intellectual act. It is the whole man that prays. Less than this is wishing or lip-work—a charm or a mummery.—*Coleridge*.

HOW TO LABOR.—Do a little at a time that you may do the more.—*Wesley*.

MEN WANTED.

It is suggested that the great want of this age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth, and look the world and the devil right in the eye. Men that neither brag nor run. Men that neither flag nor flinch. Men who can have courage without shouting to it. Men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs still, deep and strong. Men too large for sectarian bonds. Men who do not cry nor cause their voices to be heard on the street, but who will not fail nor be discouraged till judgment be set in the earth. Men who know their message and tell it. Men who know their places and fill them. Men who mind their own business. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor. Men who are willing to eat what they have earned and wear what they have paid for.

George Peabody's buildings in London now shelter 1,971 poor people.

Every day brings its own duties, and carries them along with it; and they are as waves broken, on the shore, many like them coming after, but none ever the same.

EGYPTIAN MYSTERIES.

Egypt was the cradle of all the mysteries of paganism. At one time in possession of all the learning and religion that was to be found in the world, it extended into other nations the influence of its sacred rites and its secret doctrines. The importance, therefore, of the Egyptian mysteries, will entitle them to a more diffusive explanation than has been awarded to the examination of the other rites of spurious Freemasonry.

The priesthood of Egypt constituted a sacred caste in whom the sacerdotal functions were hereditary. They exercised also an important part in the government of the state, and the kings of Egypt were but the first subjects of its priests. They had originally organized, and continued to control the ceremonies of initiation. Their doctrines were of two kinds, exoteric or public, which were communicated to the multitude, and esoteric or secret, which were revealed only to a chosen few; and to obtain them, it was necessary to pass through an initiation, which, as we shall see, was characterized by the severest trials of courage and fortitude.

The principal seat of the mysteries was at Memphis, in the neighborhood of the great Pyramid. They were of two kinds, the greater and the less; the former being the mysteries of Osiris and Serapis; the latter those of Isis. The mysteries of Osiris were celebrated at the autumnal equinox: those of Serapis, at the summer solstice; and those of Isis at the vernal equinox.

The candidate was required to exhibit proofs of a blameless life. For some days previous to the commencement of the ceremonies of initiation, he abstained from all unchaste acts, confined himself to an exceedingly light diet, from which animal food was rigorously excluded, and purified himself by repeated ablutions. Being thus prepared, the candidate, conducted by a guide, proceeded in the middle of the night, to the mouth of a low gallery, situated in one of the sides of the pyramid. Having crawled, for some distance, on his hands and knees, he at length came to the orifice of a wide and apparently unfathomable well, which the guide directed him to descend. Perhaps he hesitated and refused to encounter the seeming danger; if so, he, of course, renounces the enterprise, and is reconducted to the world, never again to become a candidate for initiation; but if he is animated by courage, he determines to descend; whereupon the conductor points him to an iron ladder, which makes the descent perfectly safe. At the sixtieth step, the candidate reached the entrance to a winding gallery through a brazen door, which opened noiselessly and almost spontaneously, but which shut behind with a heavy clang, that reverberated through the hollow passages. In front of this door was an iron grate, through the bars of which the aspirant beheld an extensive gallery, whose roof was supported on each side, by a long row of majestic columns, and enlightened by a multitude of brilliant lamps. The voices of the priests and priestesses of Isis, chanting funeral hymns, were mingled with the sound of melodious instruments, whose melancholy tones could not fail to effect the aspirant with the most solemn feelings. His guide now demanded of him, if he was still firm in his purpose of passing through the trials and dangers that awaited him, or whether, overcome by what he had already experienced, he was desirous of returning to the surface and abandoning the enterprise. If he still persisted, they both entered a narrow gallery, on the walls of which were inscribed the following significant words: "The mortal who shall travel over this road, without looking behind, shall be purified by fire, by water and by air, and if he can surmount the fear of death, he shall emerge from the bosom of the earth; he shall revisit the light and claim the right of preparing his soul for the reception of the mysteries of the great goddess Isis." The conductor now abandoned the aspirant to himself, warning him of the dangers that surrounded and awaited him, and exhorting him to continue, (if he expected success,) unshaken in his firmness.

The solitary candidate now continues to traverse the gallery for some distance farther. On each side are placed in niches, colossal statues, in the attitude of mummies, awaiting the hour of resurrection. The lamp with which, at the commencement of the ceremonies, he had been furnished, casts but a glimmering light around, scarcely sufficient to make "darkness visible." Spectres seem

to menace him at every step, but on his nearer approach they vanish into airy nothingness. At length he reaches an iron door guarded by three men armed with swords, and disguised in masks resembling the heads of jackals. One of them addresses him as follows: "We are not here to impede your passage. Continue your journey, if the gods have given you the power and strength to do so. But remember, if you once pass the threshold of that door, you must not dare to pause, or attempt to retrace your steps; if you do, you will find us here prepared to oppose your retreat, and to prevent your return." Having passed through the door, the candidate has scarcely proceeded fifty steps before he is dazzled by a brilliant light, whose intensity augments as he advances. He now finds himself in a spacious hall, filled with inflammable substances, in a state of combustion, whose flames pervade the whole apartment, and form a bower of fire on the roof above. Through this it is necessary that he should pass with the greatest speed, to avoid the effects of the flames. To this peril succeeds another. On the other side of this fiery furnace, the floor of the hall is garnished with a huge net-work of red hot iron bars, the narrow interstices of which afford the aspirant the only chances of a secure footing. Having surmounted this difficulty by the greatest address, another and unexpected obstacle opposes his further progress. A wide and rapid canal, fed from the waters of the Nile, crosses the passage he is treading. Over this stream he has to swim. Diving himself, therefore, of his garments, he fastens them in a bundle upon the top of his head, and holding his lamp, which now affords him all the light that he possesses, high above the water, he plunges in and boldly swims across.

On arriving at the opposite side, he finds a narrow landing place, bounded by two high walls of brass, into each is inserted an immense wheel of the same metal, and terminated by an ivory door. This, of course, the aspirant attempts to open—but his efforts are in vain. The door is unyielding. At length he espies two large rings, of which he immediately takes hold, in the expectation that they will afford him the means of effecting an entrance. But what are his surprise and terror; when he beholds the brazen wheels revolve upon their axles with a formidable rapidity and stunning noise; the platform sinks from under him, and he remains suspended by the rings, over a fathomless abyss, from which issues a chilling blast of wind; his lamp is extinguished, and he is left in profound darkness. For more than a minute he remains in this unenviable position, deafened by the noise of the revolving wheels, chilled by the cold current of air, and dreading least his strength shall fail him, when he must inevitably be precipitated into the yawning gulf below. But by degrees the noise ceases, the platform resumes its former position, and the aspirant is restored to safety. The ivory door now spontaneously opens, and he finds himself in a brilliantly illuminated apartment, in the midst of the priests of Isis, clothed in the mystic insignia of their offices, who welcome him, and congratulate him on his escape from the dangers which have menaced him. In this apartment he beholds the various symbols of the Egyptian mysteries, the occult significance of which is by degrees explained to him.

But the ceremonies of initiation do not cease here. The candidate is subjected to a series of fastings, which gradually increase in severity for nine times nine days. During this period a rigorous silence is imposed upon him, which, if he preserve it inviolate, is at length rewarded by his receiving a full revelation of the esoteric knowledge of the rites. This instruction took place during what was called the twelve days of manifestation. He was conducted before the triple statue of Osiris, Isis, and Horus, where, bending the knee, he was clothed with the sacred garments, and crowned with a wreath of palm; a torch was placed in his hand and he was made to pronounce the following solemn obligation: "I swear never to reveal, to any of the uninitiated, the things that I shall see in this sanctuary, nor any of the knowledge that shall be communicated to me. I call as witnesses to my promise, the gods of heaven, of earth and hell, and I invoke their vengeance on my head, if I should ever wilfully violate my oath."

Having undergone this formality, the neophyte was introduced into the most secret part of the

sacred edifice, where a priest instructed him in the application of their symbols to the doctrines of the mysteries. He was then publicly announced, amid the rejoicings of the multitude, as an initiated, and thus terminated the ceremonies of initiation into the *mysteries of Isis*, which were the first degree of the Egyptian rites.

The *mysteries of Serapis* constituted the second degree. Of these rites we know but little. Apuleius alone, in his "Metamorphoses," has written of them, and what he has said is unimportant. He only tells us that they were celebrated at the summer solstice, and at night; that the candidate was prepared by the usual fastings and purifications; and that no one was permitted to partake of them unless he had previously been initiated into the mysteries of Isis.

The *mysteries of Osiris* formed the third degree or summit of the Egyptian initiation. In these, the legend of the murder of Osiris, by his brother Typhon, was represented, and the god was personated by the candidate. Osiris, according to the tradition, was a wise king of Egypt, who having achieved the reform of his subjects at home, resolved to spread the blessings of civilization in the other parts of the earth. This he accomplished, but on his return he found his kingdom, which he had left in the care of his wife Isis, distracted by the seditions of his brother Typhon. Osiris attempted, by mild remonstrances, to convince his brother of the impropriety of his conduct, but he fell a sacrifice in the attempt. For Typhon murdered him in a secret apartment, and cutting up the body, enclosed the pieces in a chest, which he committed to the waters of the Nile. Isis, searching for the body, found it, and entrusted it to the care of the priests, establishing at the same time the mysteries in commemoration of the foul deed. One piece of the body, however she could not find, the *membrum virile*. For this she substituted a fictitious representation, which she consecrated, and which, under the name of *phallus*, is to be found as the emblem of fecundity in all ancient mysteries.

This legend was purely astronomical. Osiris was the sun, Isis the moon. Typhon was the symbol of winter, which destroys the fecundating and fertilizing powers of the sun, thus, as it were, depriving him of life. This was the catastrophe celebrated in the mysteries, and the aspirant was made to pass fictitiously through the sufferings and the death of Osiris.

The secret doctrines of the Egyptian rites related to the gods, the creation and government of the world, and the nature and condition of the human soul. In their initiations, says Oliver, they informed the candidate that the mysteries were received from Adam, Seth, and Enoch, and they called the perfectly initiated candidate *Al-on-jah*, from the name of the Deity. Secrecy was principally inculcated, and all their lessons were taught by symbols. Many of these have been preserved. With them, *a point within a circle*, was the symbol of the Deity surrounded by eternity: the *globe* was a symbol of the supreme and eternal God; a serpent with the tail in his mouth, was emblem of eternity; a child sitting on the lotos was a symbol of the sun; a palm tree, of victory; a staff, of authority; an ant, of knowledge; a goat, of fecundity; a wolf, of aversion; the right hand with the fingers open, plenty; and the left hand closed, of protection.—*Mackey's Lexicon*.

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.

Freebooter.

Kindnesses are stowed away in the heart, like rose-leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around them.

Charity—A stream meandering from the fount of love.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with moral improvement: we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascend into a higher atmosphere.

Religion—A key which opens wide the gates of heaven.

Death, a knife by which the ties of earth are riven.

GOLDEN DUST.—Try what you can make of the broken fragments of time. Glean up its golden dust,—those raspings and parings of precious duration, those leavings of days and remnants of hours which so many sweep out into the waste of existence. Perhaps, if you be a miser of moments,—if you be frugal and hoard up odd minutes and half-hours and unexpected holidays, your careful gleanings may eke you a long and useful life, and you may die at least richer in existence than multitudes whose time is all their own.

Education is not valuable for the amount of knowledge it imparts. He is best educated who can do most for himself and humanity through means of his own education.

God's way is to cross man's way, that he may turn from it and live.

Be diligent and careful to improve the smallest shreds and broken ends of time.

He who sins against man may fear discovery, but he who sins against God is sure of it.

Do but the half of what you can, and you will be surprised at the result of your diligence.

CALUMNY.—To persevere in one's duty, and to be silent, is the best answer to calumny.—

The writer does the most who gives his reader the most knowledge, and takes from him the least time.

A Christian should never plead spiritually for being a sloven. If he be a shoe-cleaner, he should be the best in the parish.

BEAUTY.—Beauty, though it is a very pretty varnish, is of a frail constitution, liable to abundance of accidents, and is but a short-lived blessing.

RELIGION.—The religion of the Bible does not require great powers of mind to reach it, but deep humility of spirit, to come down to its simplicity.

Ill health gives a certain common character to all faces, as nature has a fixed course which she follows in dismantling a human countenance. The noblest and the fairest is but a death's-head,

decently covered over for the transient ceremony of life, and the drapery often falls off before the procession has passed.

A shepherd lost a sheep with its lamb. He went in pursuit of them. He found them far off in a lonely valley. He tried to drive them home, but was not able. At length he picked up and carried off the lamb, and the mother followed. Thus the God brings a mother to himself, by taking away the little child from her bosom.

A good surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart and a lady's hand.

The foot on the cradle and the hand on the distaff is the sign of a good housewife.

When the good man is from home the good wife's table soon is spread.

There is a living power in true sentiments. When we hear them spoken, they take their place in our memories, and seem often to hide themselves away out of sight. But in times of trial, temptation or suffering, just when they are needed for strength or comfort, some spirit hand turns the leaf on which they were written, and lo! they are ours again.

Don't cherish your sorrow; when God breaks our idols in pieces, it is not for us to put the broken bits together again.

Bodily infirmities, like breaks in a wall, have often become avenues through which the light of heaven has entered to the soul, and make the imprisoned inmate long for release.

LOVELINESS.—It is not your neat dress, your expensive shawl, or your pretty fingers that attracts the attention of men of sense. They look beyond these. It is your true loveliness of nature that wins and continues to retain the affections of the heart. Young ladies sadly miss it who labor to improve the outward looks, while they bestow not a thought on their minds. Fools may be won by gew-gaws and fashionable showy dresses, but the wise and substantial are never caught by such traps. Let modesty be your dress. Use pleasant and agreeable language, and though you may not be courted by fop and sot, the good and truly great will love to linger in your steps.

With most of us, idleness is the parent not merely of uneasiness, but withal of fretfulness, malevolence and the whole host of evil passions. The phrase "aching void," may be ridiculous to those who criticise grammatically, but is true to those who feel humanly. To supply this void is an object, and moreover a certain effect of a regular and sustained and judicious method of self-instruction. The used key is bright. If the steel be wrought up and refined to a high temper, the cloudiness of the vapor will perish from it almost at the instant that it is breathed upon it.

KNOWLEDGE OF MEN.—Men's weaknesses and faults are best known from their enemies; their virtues and abilities from their friends; their customs and lives from their servants.

The human soul, like the waters of the salt sea, becomes fresh and sweet in rising to the sky.

We can be truly happy but in proportion as we

are the instruments of promoting the happiness of others.

DUTIES.—Observed duties maintain our credit; but secret duties maintain our life.

Vanity is the fruit of ignorance. It thrives most in subterranean places, never reached by the air of heaven and the light of the Sun.

Energy is omnipotent. The clouds that surround the houseless boy of to-day are dispersed, and he is invited to a palace. It is the work of energy. The child who is a beggar this moment, in a few years to come, may stand forth the admiration of angels! Who has not seen the life-giving power of energy? It makes the wilderness to bloom as the rose, whitens the oceans, navigates our rivers, levels mountains, paves with iron a highway from State to State, and sends thought, with the speed of lightning, from one extremity of the land to the other. Without energy, what is man!

A good man, who has seen much of the world, and is not tired of it, says:—"The grand essentials to happiness in this life are, something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."

Life is short, and books are often long, and always multitudinous. Some books are merely to be tasted of, others to be wholly rejected, while only a moderate number are to be thoroughly read and carefully digested.

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

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

Human nature is so constituted, that all see and judge better in the affairs of others than in their own.

It is not the sharpest people who succeed the best. Many an instrument is so keen that it cuts those who handle it the worst of all.

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.—Think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make misery for yourself out of everything; you will be as you choose on earth, or in heaven either. In heaven either, I say; for that proud, greedy, selfish, self-seeking spirit would turn heaven into hell. It did turn heaven into hell for the great devil himself. It was by pride, by seeking his own glory, that he fell from heaven to hell. He was not content to give up his own will, and do God's will like other angels. He would be a master himself, and set up for himself, and rejoice in his own glory; and so, when he wanted to make a private heaven of his own, he found he had made a hell. And why? Because his heart was not pure, clean, honest, simple, unselfish.

Never chase your own hat when it blows off in a gale of wind; just stand still, and you will presently see a half a dozen persons in pursuit of it. When one has captured it, walk leisurely towards him, receive it with a graceful acknowledgement, and place it on your head; he will invariably act as if you had done him a favor. Try it.

IS IT ONE?

A gentleman who has lost his seat in Parliament through bribery by his agents declared in Court that he Never told a Lie in his life.

We have no doubt that he believed what he said, and that he is a highly honourable gentleman.

When *True Thomas* was informed by the *Queen of Fery* that she meant to give him a tongue that could not lie, he vehemently remonstrated against a present which he said would make him unfit for lordings' feast and lady's bower.

What is a lie?

Is it One, when you are courting, to tell the lady that you never before saw any girl whom you could love, and that if she will wed you, every hour, every moment of your life shall be devoted to efforts to make her happy?

Is it One, when a worthy and kind-hearted utter bore calls upon you, interrupting your work, or preventing your walk, to say that you are glad to see him?

Is it One, when you get two invitations, to choose the pleasanter, though you opened it after the other, and write to the sender of the other that you regret that a previous engagement, &c?

Is it One, when the author of a book which he has sent you asks you how you like it, to say that you think it is admirable. Or to say that you saw it was too good to read hastily, and that you are reserving it for quiet perusal during your holiday?

Is it One, when you are being bored beyond bearing at a dinner party, to say that you must join your wife at another house, and thus to excuse your slipping away early?

Is it One, when a well meaning, but ignorant host asks you point-blank whether that is not a fine glass of wine, to make him think you think the abomination nectar?

Is it One, when a rich and religious aunt asks you whether you have been to church, to express a hope that she does not think you have forgotten the habits taught you by her when you were a boy?

Is it One, when a friend who never repays loans asks you for a cheque, to be returned on Tuesday, to be sorry that your balance is so very low just now, &c?

Is it One, to say something of the same kind when your wife, in the course of a walk, shows a marked propensity for examining the windows of silk-mercers or jewelers?

Is it One, when the Whip wants you particularly, and you can't get an answer about the place you want for a voter's son, to say that you hope to be down for the division, but that you are afraid of bronchitis these disagreeable nights.

Is it One to misdirect a letter, so as to cause its delay, when you particularly desire to stand well with your correspondent, and yet that your answer shall be too late for his purposes?

Is it One to oblige an incompetent person with a testimonial to his fitness for office, in terms that will help him, but which, if examined, commit you to nothing?

Is it One, when your friends are talking of their swell acquaintance, to ask, in a casual way, whether anybody has heard of Lord Hyphen, as you did not see him at Lady Asterisk's on Saturday—the fact being that you were not there, and don't know her or him?

Is it One, when A tells you that he knows he heard that story against him from B, to give him your solemn word of honour that B never spoke to you on the subject, the fact being that B wrote you the story?

Is it One when a painter shows you a bad work, and demands your opinion, to tell him, in an important and final sort of way, that such a picture as that requires no praise, and he knows much better than you do what he has done there!

We shall be happy to receive replies from Jesuits, moralists, people of the world, clergymen, Philistines, Quakers, humbugs, women, and anybody else who likes to answer any of the above conundrums.

WHAT OUTLIVES A FINE FACE.—Inviolable fidelity, good-humor, and complacency of temper outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.

Textile fabrics—Sermons.

A LONDON CHURCH "DONE" BY DICKENS.

The following truthful picture of a church in the heart of London, "the most Christian city in the world," will give a good idea of the piety of the cockneys:

As a congregation we are fourteen strong, not to count an exhausted charity-school in the gallery, which has dwindled away to four boys and two girls. In the porch is a benefaction of loaves of bread, which there would seem to be nobody left in the congregation to claim, and which I saw an exhausted beadle, long faded out of uniform, eating with his eyes for self and family when I passed in. There is also an exhausted clerk in a old brown wig, and several of the doors and windows have been bricked up, and the service books are musty, and the pulpit cushions are threadbare, and the whole of the church furniture is in a very advanced stage of exhaustion. We are three old women (habitual), two young lovers (accidental), two tradesmen, one with a wife and one alone, an aunt and nephew, again two girls (these two girls dressed out for church, with everything about them limp that should be stiff, and vice versa, are an invariable experience,) and three sniggering boys. The clergyman is, perhaps, the chaplain of a civic company, he has the moist and vinous look, and eke the bulbous boots, of one acquainted with Twenty port and comet vintages.

We are so quiet in our dullness that three sniggering boys, who have got away into a corner by the altar railing, give us a start, like crackers, whenever they laugh. The aunt and nephew in this city church are much disturbed by the sniggering boys. The nephew is himself a boy, and the sniggerers tempt him to secular thoughts of marbles and strings, by secretly offering such commodities to his distant contemplation. This young St. Anthony for a while resists; but presently becomes a backslider, and in dumb show defies the sniggers to "heave" a marble or two in his direction. Herein he is detected by the aunt (a rigorous, reduced gentle-woman who has the charge of the offices,) and I perceive that worthy relative to poke him in the side, with the corrugated hooked handle of an ancient umbrella. The nephew revenges himself for this, by holding his breath, and terrifying his kins-woman with the dread belief that he has made up his mind to burst. Regardless of whispers and shakes he swells and becomes discolored, and yet again swells and becomes discolored until the aunt can bear it no longer, but leads him out, with no visible neck, and with his eyes going before him like a prawn's. This causes the sniggerers to regard flight as an eligible move, and I know which of them will go out first, because of the over-devout attention that he suddenly concentrates on the clergyman. In a little while this hypocrite, with an elaborate demonstration of hushing his footsteps, and with a face generally expressive of having until now forgotten a religious appointment elsewhere, is gone. Number two gets out in the same way, but rather quicker. Number three getting safely to the door, there turns reckless, and banging it open, flies forth with a whoop! that vibrates to the top of the tower above us.

The clergymen, who is of a prandial presence and a muffled voice, may be scant of hearing as well as of breath, but he only glanced at us, as having an idea that somebody has said amen in a wrong place, and continues his steady jog-trot, like a farmer's wife going to market. He does all he has to do in the same easy way, and gives us a concise sermon, still like the jog-trot of the farmer's wife on a level road. Its drowsy cadence soon lulls the three old women to sleep, and the unmarried tradesman sits looking at windows, the married one is looking at his wife's bonnet, and the lovers sit looking at one another so superlatively happy that I mind, when I, turned of eighteen, went with my Angelica to a city church on account of a shower (by this special coincidence that it was in Huggin-lane,) and when I said to my Angelica, "Let the blessed event, Angelica, occur at no altar but this!" and when my Angelica consented that it should occur at no other—which it certainly never did, for it never occurred anywhere. And O, Angelica, what has become of you, this present Sunday morning, when I can't attend to the sermon; and, more difficult question than that, what has become of me as I was when I sat by your side?

But we receive the signal to make that unanimous drive which surely is a little conventional—like the strange rustlings and clearing of throats and noses, which are never dispensed with, at certain points of the church service and are never held to be necessary under any other circumstances. In a minute more it is all over and the organ expresses itself to be as glad of as it can be of anything in its rheumatic state, and in another minute we are all of us out of the church and Whity-brown has locked it up.

MASONIC DON'T LIKES.—We don't like the Masonry that wears the saint before one person and the sinner before another. We don't like Masonry that takes crumbs from the poor and gives them to the rich. We don't like the Masonry that lays aside bible guidance "and fights the devil with fire." We don't like the Masonry that holds good only one day in the month, and is only visible at the Lodge. We don't like the Masonry that delights in scandal instead of praise.—*Voice of Masonry.*

ENECDOTE OF SYDNEY SMITH.—It was at this same dinner (at the Foundling Hospital) that the great wit met with a retort that he never was tired of referring to afterwards. He had been conversing in the half-bantering manner in which he was inimitable, with his *vis-a-vis* at the table, a Swiss gentleman of education connected with his country's embassy at the Court of St. James, upon the relative merits of Swiss and English soldiers, and urged the superiority of the latter, inasmuch as they fought for honor, while the Swiss fought for money. "The fact is," answered the Swiss gentleman, "we each of us fight for what each most wants."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

All creation is full of marvelous variety, and man, who is the lord of all, is a wonder unto himself. The whole earth seems to have been created for him, and all the forms of life brought into being either for his use or his instruction. As all things are full of interest to him, so should his life be full of his Maker's praise. Between him and the lowest of matter, or the elementary principles, there are but two grades of living things, which elaborate from earth and air the means of his sustenance.

Ninevah was 15 miles long, 8 wide, and 40 round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 56 miles, within the wall of which were 75 gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 440 feet to the support of the roof; it was one hundred years in building. The largest pyramid is 481 feet high, and 655 on the sides; its base covers 11 acres. The stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers 308; it employed 320,000 men in building. The labyrinth in Egypt contains 300 chambers, and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, contains ruins 27 miles around. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 250,000 citizens, and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphi was so rich in decorations that it was plundered of \$500,000, and Nero carried away 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

DRUNKARDS UNFIT TO MARRY.—No more licenses to marry can be procured by drunkards in the principality of Valbeck Germany. Wonder if that is not a good regulation? It is a restriction of liberty? What do the girls think about it? Do they need legal protection against the blindness of law? It seems so from the number of wives and mothers made miserable by sotish husbands. But we will not write further just now, lest we argue ourselves into the support of the policy. We really think that it would make young men more cautious as to their potations. To be unfit to marry is a serious reflection on one's manhood—and such a law declaring a young man who gets drunk, even occasionally, unfit for a husband and father would be a wholesome restraint. Wonder if the women won't put such a measure through in "double quick" after they get the ballot?

If you receive a trifling injury, do not go about proclaiming it, and be anxious to avenge it. Let it drop. It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received.

Wit and Humor.

A noodle writes to ask *Punch* if there is any truth in the old saying that "pigs see the wind," and if so what wind is it they see. *Punch* is not to be done. He has his reply ready. Why of course they can, and the particular wind in question is a "Sow-wester."

WHAT BROWN SAID.

SCENE—*Hall of the Elysium Club.*
Enter SMITH, F. R. S., meeting BROWN, Q. C.

Smith—Raw day, eh?

Brown—Very raw. Glad when it's done.

[Exit BROWN, Q. C.] Exit SMITH, F. R. S., into Smoking-room where he tells a good thing that BROWN said.]

How to "serve" a dinner. Eat it.

Useful domestic cookery. Making both ends meat."

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

At a recent *de lunatico* inquiry, there was some difficulty in proving the insanity, when a witness casually said that he remembered hearing the alleged madman "argue with his wife." The jury, without even turning round, instantly gave the verdict of hopeless lunacy.

"Jennie," said a venerable Scotchman to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar—"Jennie, it's a very solemn thing to get married." "I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel; "but it's a good deal solemner *not* to get married."

A wag on being asked what he had for dinner, replied: "A lean wife and the ruin of man for the sauce." His dinner consisted of a spare rib and apple sauce.

A sentiment was given, at a public dinner, to the Navy, but as no one was present to respond to it, a lawyer was called upon. A wag present said, smiling: "Mr. Lawyer, give me leave to tell you that navy is not spelt with a K."

In Decatur, Ill., the other day, a man thought he had found a long piece of dress goods upon the pavement. He picked up one end of it and commenced wrapping it around his arm, when, on looking around the corner, he discovered a lady at the other end quietly talking to a friend. He concluded to abandon his prize.

"Gentlemen," said a candidate in the far West, after having given his sentiments on the Constitution, the Monroe doctrine and such like topics—"Gentlemen," and he put his hand on the region of his heart, "these are my sentiments—the sentiments, gentlemen, of a honest man—aye, a honest politician—but, gentlemen and fellow-citizens, if they don't suit you they ken be altered!"

A gentleman who owns a country seat nearly lost his wife, who fell into a river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them, an old bachelor, wrote: "I always told you that river was too shallow."

BAREFOOT.—A Cockney tourist met a Scotch lassie going barefoot towards Glasgow. "I should like to know if all the people in these parts go barefoot?" "Part o' them do, and the rest o' them mind their own business," was the reply.

"Do you like to go to church?" said a lady of Mrs. Partington. "Law me, I do," replied Mrs. P. "Nothing does me so much good as to get up early on Sunday morning, and go to church and hear a populous minister dispense with the Gospel."

Cut a dog's tail short and he can't wag it. "Brevity is the soul of wit," but not of wagging.

A darkey gives the following reason why the

colored race is superior to the white race. He reasons thusly: That all men are made of clay, and, like the meerschaum pipe, they are more valuable when highly colored.

A cruel wag turned a bald headed friend into an enemy by advising him to have his head frescoed.

Said an Irish justice to an obstreperous prisoner on trial, "We want nothing but silence, and but little of that."

An old bachelor is a traveler on life's railroad who has entirely failed to make the proper connections.

Another new reading—Man proposes, but woman accepts.

Isn't everybody a teacher since they have pupils in their eyes.

Complaints that old maids like to be troubled with—Chaps on their lips.

Excellent book-keepers—Men who never return borrowed volumes.

If dentists have anything to say to a man they should tell it to his very teeth.

Capital measures—Taxing rich men.

Female rings—Ladies' sewing circles.

Humor that is not private—Telling wit.

The most popular sets at balls—Corsets.

Preventatives of consumption—High prices.

What is called the cream of society is usually nothing but the froth on the top of the social pail, with the very least of the milk of human kindness in it.

The most popular movement on foot—Walking.

When does nature pay its debt—When it falls dew.

The lady who husbanded her resources was a single woman.

Good NIGHT.—The London *Punch* has a funny illustration of one of the Ritualistic innovation, which it calls "The Mystery Solved." A grand "procession" of clergymen and acolytes, in their white robes, is marching majestically down the aisle, when the parson's little daughter, who is at church for the first time, cries out with intense surprise, "Pa, are all those dear little boys, in their night-gowns, going to bye-bye?"

Well posted—The telegraph.

The last sensation—A tight shoe.

The poorest farmer in the land, if unable to feed his calves, can always graze his shins.—*Punch*.

PROVERBS PRESERVED.—BY JOSHUA BILLINGS, Esq.—Don't swap with yer relashuns unless you kin afford to give them the big end of the trade.

Marry young, and if your circumstances require it, often.

If you can't get good cloathes and edication too, get the cloathes.

Kultivate modesty, but mind and keep a good stock of impudence on hand.

Bee charitable—one cent pieces were made on purpose. Don't take anybody's advice but your own. It costs more to borry than it does to buy.

If a man flatters yu, yu can kalkerlate that he is a roge or yu're a fule.

Keep both ize open; but don't see mors'n half you notis.

If you ioh fur fame, go into a graveyard and scratch yerself against a tume stone.

Yung man, be more anxious about the pedigree yur going to leave, than you are about the wun somebody's going to leve you.

Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? Because they want "carrying out?"

When do flowers become highwaymen? When they show pistils and stamen.

How does a horse regard a man? As the source of all his whoas.

People who pony up are not necessarily equestrian in their tastes.

Dumb bell exercise—Dancing with a silent young lady.

The New Orleans *Picayune* relates the following incident which occurred at a recent trial, in the Recorder's Court, of a case of assault: "And you struck the man?" inquired the magistrate. "Bedad I did." "Then you did wrong." "You don't say so?" "But I do." "If a man should call your honor a coward, wouldn't you strike him?" "No, it would be wrong." "Bedad, I believe it would!" replied the culprit, as a universal laugh evinced the appreciation of the crowd.

The Rev. J. Bonnar was one day preaching at Kettle, in Fife, for his friend the Relief minister thereof. It was a very warm day; the church closely packed; the occasion, the Monday following communion. He observed, with some annoyance, many of the congregation nodding and sleeping in their pews whilst he was preaching; he took his measures accordingly, and introduced the word "hyperbolical" into his sermon, but he paused and said, "Now, my friends, some of you may not understand this word hyperbolical. I'll explain it. Suppose that I were to say that this congregation were all asleep in this church at the present time, I should be speaking hyperbolically; because (looking around) I don't believe more than one-half of you are sleeping." The effect was instantaneous, and those who were nodding recovered themselves and nudged their sleeping neighbors, and the preacher went on as if nothing had happened.

An enthusiastic professor of etomology, not celebrated for his exercise of hospitality, was so delighted at the arrival of an eminent pursuer of insects, that he invited him to board and bed in chambers. Next morning Dr. Macfly greeted his guest—"And how did you sleep the nicht, Mester Beehemouth?" "Not very well; strange bed, perhaps. But—" "Ah," quoth the docto, eagerly, "ye were just bitten by something, eh?" "Well, to tell the truth, doctor, I was." "Just think of that! Bitten, war ye? Now can ye say it was anything noteworthy that bit ye? Peculiar, oh?" "Fleas, I think. But such biting I never felt in my life." "I should think so, indeed" (with great glee); "they're Sicilian fleas; I imported them myself."

An indignant orator at a recent political meeting, in refuting an opponent, thundered, "Mr. Chairman, I scorn the allegation, and I defy the alligator."

"Doctor, whenever I lean my head on my arm in this way, it pains me terribly. What shall I do?" "Stop leaning your head on your arm in that way, madam."

A sceptical young collegian confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. Said the Quaker, "Does thee believe in France?" "Yes; for, though I have not seen it, I have seen others that have. Besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist." "Then thee will not believe anything theo or others has not seen." "No; to be sure I won't." "Did thee ever see thine own brains?" "No." "Does thee believe thee hast any?"

An examination in one of our young ladies' seminaries, the other day, the question was put to class of little ones, "Who makes the laws of our government?" "Congress," was the ready reply. "How is Congress divided?" was the next question. But the little girl to whom it was put failed to answer it. Another little girl in the class raised up her hand, indicating that she could answer it. "Well," aid the examiner, "Miss Sallie, wath do you say the division is?" Instantly, within air of confidence as well as triumph, the answer came, "Civilized, half-civilized, and savage!"

HOPE.

Once on a time, from scenes of light,
An angel winged his airy flight;
Down to the earth in haste he came,
And wrote, in lines of living flame,
These words on everything he met,
"Cheer up, be not discouraged yet!"

Then back to heaven with speed he flew,
And tuned his golden harp anew;
Whilst the angelic throng came round
To catch the soul-inspiring sound;
For Heaven was filled with new delight,
For HOPE had been to earth that night!

THE WORLD'S MADNESS.—When I look around upon a busy, bustling world, eagerly pursuing and courting disappointment, neglecting nothing so much as the one thing needful; and who in order to have their portion in this life, disregard the world to come and only treasure up wrath; it makes me think of a farmer, who should, with vast labor, cultivate his lands, and gather in his crop and then thresh it out, and then separate the corn from the chaff, and then sweep the corn out upon the dunghill, and carefully lay by the chaff. Such a person would be supposed mad; but how faint a shadow would this be of his madness who labors for the meat that perishes, but neglects that which endureth unto everlasting life? — It is a madness, the whole race of men labor under, unless, and until, divine grace works the cure.

Man dies, but nature is eternal. The seasons keeps their appointed time; day returns with its golden splendor, and night with its eloquent mystery. The same stars which lit the ghastly battle field of Troy, rough with dead bodies of ancient heroes—which shone on the marble streets of imperial Rome, and on the sad eyes of vigil sleepers in the living glow of inspiration—the watch fires of angels which, through centuries of devastation and change, have still burned on unceasingly—speak to us as they did to Shakespeare and Dante and Milton, of the divine glory, the omnipotence, the everlasting beauty and love of God.

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