

KENTUCKY FREEMASON

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"FRIENDSHIP, MORALITY, AND BROTHERLY LOVE."

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THE LONG AGO.

There's a beautiful isle in the long ago,
All flooded with golden light,
And a river that flows by the margin green,
Whose waters are wondrous bright.
There's a bark that glides with snowy sail,
And the music of silver oar,
That carry us back to the shining gates
Of that beautiful past once more;
Ah! every heart holds some sweet dream
Of a beautiful long ago.

There were bright hopes nursed in the long ago,
Sweet flowers we gathered there,
And the walls of this beautiful past are hung
With many an image fair;
And oh! there is room for the feet to tread
This path of the bygone years;
There are joys that bloom in memory's fields,
And a fount for our bitter tears,
And that fount holds many a hallowed tear
We've wept in the long ago.

There are heavy dreams the heart holds dear,
Bright dreams of the long ago;
And sacred tears for perished hopes
That will return no more.
And thus in the tangled web of life
We weave our smiles and tears,
Yet the soul has holy memories
That cling to departed years;
Ah! drop the silken curtain now
Of the beautiful long ago.

Shut out the light of those perished years,
Close the door of the past again,
And hush the yearning thoughts that fill
Thy thoughts with so much pain;
Then roll the heavy stone against
That sepulchre—the heart!
Why should those buried forms again
To life and beauty start?
The future may hold some dream as bright
As those of the long ago.

RECIFE FOR SCANDAL.—The following was handed us, recently, during our local peregrinations, for publication. We give it as 'twas given us, hoping, however, that none of our readers will fill out the prescription: "Take a handful of the vine called run-about, the same quantity of the root called nimble-tongue, a sprig of the herb back-bite, a table-spoonful of don't-you-tell-it, six drachms of malice; stir well together, simmer for half an hour over the fire of discontent, kindled with a little jealousy; then strain through the rag of misconstruction; cork it up in a bottle of mal-content, hang it up on a skein of street yarn; take a few drops before going out to walk, and the patient will be able to speak all manner of evil and that continually."

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us."

HOW TO TALK.

There are plenty of good people in the world, neither weak nor foolish, who become almost insufferable in society from their tediousness in talking. They commence a sentence and pause, make a great account of a prolonged *and*, use a word and then change it for another, and consume so much precious time that, the listener becoming impatient, what they say is deemed small compensation for the time occupied.

Surrounded by bright spirits, all of whom have something to say well worth the hearing, it is insufferably annoying to be obliged to sit, outwardly calm and respectful, and listen to the long-drawn sentences, the pith of whose meaning could have been expressed in a few well chosen words.

It may be added in extenuation that all have not the power to "talk right on." This is admitted, but it is not for such as have conversational gifts, and good taste to use them, that this article is written. The habit of talking well, like any other habit, good or bad, can be acquired, and its attainment is well worth any effort.

In the first place, one must be sure he has something to say before monopolizing time which might otherwise be profitably and pleasantly employed; and then, in few, simple, well-adapted words, bear part in the general conversation.

The wiser and more educated the society in which one finds himself, the less the necessity of robbing the dictionary for its polysyllables. The best one has to say is best said in the simplest manner, for all love most that "talk" which seems the natural overflow of the mind.

It is not natural for all to select intuitively the choicest language, nor is it necessary to constitute one's self a good talker. Rather throw away all ambition to shine, be emulous only to please, and this one is certain to do if sincerity gives depth to the tone, and affections of all kinds be utterly discarded.

To exercise a nice tact upon the subject of conversation, to discard all desire to shine, wishing simply to give utterance to well digested thoughts, and to listen with respectful attention when others speak, is the secret of good companionship. Some watchful self-control is necessary to attain this end, but it is worth all it costs and lies within the scope of all.

The late Howell Cobb, at the time of his death, was First Grand Equerry of the Supreme Council, and an active member of the same for the State of Georgia.

The basis of Freemasonry is gratitude to the First of Beings and the study of nature; its bond of union is morality, its aim the perfection and happiness of man, and its result charity.

COMPARISON.—How justly is man compared with the fair flower of the field, pushing its tender form over the rude surface, and then suddenly crushed, and reduced to nothing! Short is his duration; but how awfully varied are the busy scenes of his life. The gardener oft with joy beholds the rose-bud just bursting into light on its parent stem, with all the gay promise of luxuriant beauty, but when he comes to crop the much-expected flower, to honor some particular and favorite occasion, he finds its leaves strewed on the earth, its freshness and its beauty withered. He wonders at the cause, yet cannot discover it; but still he feels convinced there was a cause, a powerful cause, to bring about an effect so unforeseen, so contrary to his expectations. Is it not precisely the same with man? The canker-worm of care and blighted hope too often fatally, though unperceived, gnaws around the heart, destroying peace within, and gradually on the entire frame, till, at last, he falls an easy victim to the chill hand of the universal destroyer. Our passions are like lions, as yet slumbering in their grated prisons, and require our every caution. Yet they will sometimes steal out unperceived; or, from their seeming gentleness, they are allowed a little more liberty. We know not their fatal strength till, alas! too late; and, perhaps, we have then to lament that the object which has fallen a prey to their fury is that alone which we held most dear on earth.

BOUGHT A HOLE.—A miser entering a drug store one day, asked for beeswax. The clerk politely told him he had it on hand, at the same time showing him a cake of the article.

"How much will you have?" asked the clerk.

"Weigh the piece," replied the miser.

The clerk did so, announcing its weight, which did not amount to as much as the miser judged it would from its size. Thinking the clerk had certainly made a mistake, he said eagerly:

"I'll take it all."

The piece was wrapped up, and the miser departed. Shortly afterward the purchaser re-entered the store. The attentive clerk immediately asked:

"Anything more I can do for you, Mr. —?"

"Yes, sir," replied the miser; "that cake of wax I bought of you, on cutting it in two, I found to be perfectly hollow, and have come back to see whether you would make some allowance on that account."

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk, "if you will just apprise me of the weight of the hole, I will willingly knock it off the price."

The miser left amidst a general titter, for the store happened to be full, and has not since been seen in that locality.

An Irishman was challenged to fight a duel, but declined on the plea that he did not wish to leave his old mother an orphan.

THE SAILOR FREEMASON.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

It was in the Winter of 18—, when the Cherokee sloop-of-war dropped anchor in Leith roads, after a very stormy cruise. Having long labored under a pulmonary disease from a cold, I was sent ashore to recruit my health, and from the long boat I made my way to a Leith stage-coach—one of the most lubberly conveyances I ever traveled by, for the horses had scarcely anything like legs to stand on, and fairly came to anchor once or twice in ascending the steep hill called Leith Walk the connecting link between the port and city of Edinburgh, whither I was bound.

On my arrival in the city, a Highland porter assisted me to alight, and proceeded to my dear home, where I was cordially received by my mother, brothers, and sister, and here my shattered hulk was laid up for repair; and, thanks to my kind family, I soon found myself ship-shape order to move about, and revisit the scenes so dear to my boyish days.

It was one night during my stay at home that I accompanied my brother to the hall of the Celtic Lodge of Freemasons, in the Carlton Conventing rooms. The company consisting chiefly of Masons—many of them dressed in the Highland garb, or sporting ribbons and sashes of the clan tartan. On entering the hall, my brother and party were received with every welcome demonstration.

Some days after this *fete*, I asked my elder brother if he would advise me to become a Mason. He told me, what I thought then a strange reply, that he could not possibly advise; I was at liberty to follow my own free will and accord. However, as he had no objection, I went to the Celtic fraternity, and next Lodge night received the first degree.

From that time I became enamored of Freemasonry, and while on board ship I gave my mind up to that study, and frequently, on our fishing excursions, dropped ashore to visit some Lodge on the coast. It was a common remark on board that if sailors had sweethearts at every port, I had brothers in every harbor. On one occasion I went ashore at Greenock, when a remarkable circumstance occurred, worthy of record.

On entering the Lodge I found one of my superior officers there before me. Till that moment I was not aware of his being a brother; for on board ship he was rather austere and repulsive in his manner to all beneath him in command—a deportment which I believe many of our commanders assume, from a notion that it is best calculated to secure obedience and respect.

On this occasion our eyes met and we were now for the first time on an equality; and I shall never forget the hearty manner with which he saluted me, not in the voice which thundered terrors to the crew, but in the bland tones of a brother. Thou heaven descended beam of light, beauty, and perfection, how often has the endearing epithet of brother reconciled the most conflicting interests, and united the firmest friends?

While I remained in his Majesty's service, which was not long, I experienced many acts of kindness and civility from my gallant superior, who often conversed with me on Masonic topics. Obligated to return home in bad health, I was only in part allowed to resume my Masonic friendships; but during that period I enjoyed much tranquility, when with book in hand I visited the classic caves of Gortien and Hawthornden, or else scanned the rich entablatures on Roslin's ruined college, or sought the mouldering castle of the lordly St. Clair.

Amid scenes like these I found quiet and repose, and ere Summer clothed the hawthorn trees with bloom, my spirits, with my health, began to rally; but I yearned for my favorite element; and as I did not wish to be burthensome to my dear friends, I left them once more, contrary to all parental and fraternal entreaties, and joined the merchant service, thinking that a foreign voyage might perhaps recruit my health.

My leave taking of my brother was most solemn and affecting; he entreated me to return back with him, but I would not. He shook his head mournfully, and murmured "Farewell!" I could see him keeping his eye on the vessel, till his figure became like an atom, and presently it vanished from my sight.

Our voyage was tempestuous; the evening of our departure was greeted by no solar ray; and the wind, which in gloomy murmurs gave fearful note of preparation for a coming storm, soon increased to a hurricane. Our little world was tossed at the mercy of the waves, and the night was spent in fear and anxiety.

It was then I thought of home; I imagined I heard my brother beseeching me to return; but to hear a voice was then impossible; the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed in awful majesty. The morning came, but the tempest raged with unabated violence, threatening to hurl us into the yawning abyss. In this manner we were tossed about for two days at the mercy of the winds and waves, having lost two masts. On the night of the second we were driven on the shore on the coast of Norway, near Bergen. The captain, who was a cowardly fellow, (in mercy for whom I do not name the ship,) went ashore, with four others, in the only boat we had, promising to return. I was certainly offered a place beside the chicken hearted commander, but I preferred to await the return of the boat, in the company of those that remained.

Hanging to the wreck for hours, no boat came to our rescue; and as the vessel was now under water, I resolved on swimming ashore, where I saw lights moving to and fro—no doubt to aid the wreckers in their greedy business. Seeing a spar floating by, I jumped upon it, and was soon away from the vessel; the tide seemed to aid my efforts, for I was carried toward the shore. In my eagerness to hold on by the spar, my watch-glass was broken into pieces, which were lodged in my side, and this, no doubt, brought on fainting from loss of blood. But there is a wonderful tenacity in life, and I still held fast, although unable to make any effort.

I became insensible; a gurgling noise assailed my ears, and I sunk as it were into a dreamy sleep. In this situation I was cast on shore, and how long I remained in this, I knew not. I heard voices in the midst of the storm, and the sound of footsteps near, but I could neither speak nor open my eyes. My first sensation arose from the rough handling of some of the people, who talked together in, to me, an unknown tongue. Still unable to open my eyes, or to move, I remained insensible until I felt my hand lifted up, as if to feel the pulse. Instinctively I clutched the hand in a grasp that it was found impossible to disengage it from. The form and pressure of the grip was immediately understood, and I was lifted from the strand into the arms of a foreign brother. He held some spirits to my lips, and after a shiver or two, I opened my eyes upon the scene of wreck and ruin. I was conveyed to the house of my preserver, the glass was picked out of my side, and I was consigned to a couch, where I was carefully watched.

By the kind attention of my newly-found brother, I soon recovered, and heard that all had been lost; for what had been saved from the deep had fallen into the hands of the wreckers.

The kind-hearted fellow who had acted the true Samaritan introduced me to the consul, also a brother, who supplied me with clothes and other necessaries. As soon as I was in a fit state to move about I determined on returning home, for I had a presentiment that death had put his mark upon me, as my pulmonary complaint increased daily. Accordingly, I took the first ship which was bound for the port of London.

Here ends the sailor's narrative. He arrived in London much emaciated, where he found an asylum in his sister's house; but he longed to see his old mother once more, and, with staff in hand, the frail, weatherbeaten fellow went and secured a berth in one of the Leith smacks (there were no steamers,) which was to sail next day.

He returned back, his luggage was put on board, and he retired to rest with the hope that he would once more see his parent, who, having been apprised of his intention, anxiously awaited the arrival of the ship. It arrived, but their boy was not there. The captain knew not how to account for the mystery, for he had seen him the night before, with his own hand, write his name on a piece of paper, and pin it to the curtain of his bed, and there it remained. By the next post his afflicted family were made acquainted with his dissolution.

His last filial effort was too much for him; he died two or three hours before the vessel sailed.

He was only twenty-five years of age. His voyage is o'er, and with him "the dreariness of life is past;" his shattered hulk is now free from earthly storms, awaiting a translation to the Grand Lodge above! —Saturday Evening Express.

IS THERE A GOD?

How eloquently does Chateaubriand reply to the inquiry "Is there a God?" Our French brethren in Masonic error should receive this lesson from their great countryman:

"Is there a God?" The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless Him; the insect sports in His beams; the elephant salutes Him with the rising day; the bird sings Him in the foliage; the thunder proclaims Him in the heavens; the ocean declares His immensity. Man alone has said "there is no God!" Unite in thought at the same instant the most beautiful objects of nature: suppose you see at once all the hours of the day and all the seasons of the year; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars and a night covered with clouds; meadows enameled with flowers and forests hoary with snow; fields gilded with tints of autumn; then alone you will have a just conception of the universe. While you are gazing upon that sun which is plunging under that vault of the West, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the East. By what inconceivable magic does that aged star which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, reappear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of morning? At every instant of the day the glorious orb is at once rising, resplendent at noon-day, and setting in the West; or rather our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no East or West or South in the world. Every thing reduces itself to a single point, from whence the king of day sends forth at once a triple light in one single substance. The bright splendor is that which nature can present that is most beautiful, for while it gives us an idea of the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God, it exhibits at the same time a shining image of the glorious Trinity.

MANUSCRIPT SERMONS.—Bishop Meade, of Virginia, at the commencement of his preaching, used no notes in the pulpit; but subsequently he wrote all his sermons, and was much confined to his manuscripts. It is related of him that when he was preparing a book on the old preachers and families of Virginia, he asked Mr. Andrew Hunter, of Jefferson co., Va., to give him some anecdotes for the work. Mr. Hunter said, "Well, Bishop, I have only one, and that is about yourself." "Let us have it, then," said the prelate. Mr. H. then told the following:

"Many years ago, when this Valley of Virginia, was a much wilder country than now, you preached here, in Jefferson county. You used no notes on that occasion. A certain hunter, distinguished for his skill with the rifle, and who had a supreme contempt for a man who required 'a rest' from which to shoot, was in the congregation and listened attentively to you. You wore your clerical robes, and he was struck with the strange dress, as he had not heard many Episcopal preachers. After the sermon, some one asked him how he liked the preacher. 'He's a right down good preacher,' said the hunter; 'and, by the way, he's the only one of them petticoat preachers that I ever heard that could preach without a rest.'"

Frederic the Great always firmly maintained that Masonry was an institution useful to the State, because, he often said, it prohibits Masons from intermeddling in political matters. It requires them to serve their country, and its object is the perfect moralization of its members. In one of his letters, written on the 30th of January, 1777, to the National Grand Master, Prince Frederic de Braunewig, he thus expressed himself: "I cannot but infinitely applaud the spirit which leads all Masonic brethren to be good patriots and faithful subjects; and under a Grand Master as enlightened as your Most Serene Highness, who, to superior talents, unites the most tender attachment for my person, I cannot but promise myself the most fortunate results, from his devoted exertions to increase virtue and true patriotism in the hearts of my subjects."

For the Kentucky Freemason.
HARRISBURG, KY., March 30, 1869.

Bro. Walsh:

From a desire to hear from you fully on the several questions that divide Christian Masons and their Christian opponents, and not from any concern that I feel respecting the fate of my Address on *Masonry as a mode of Doctrine*, which you are now reviewing, I propose to send you, from time to time, such rejoinders as I may think it worth while to make.

As truth and not triumph is my object, as I trust it is yours also, I hope our discussion will prove to be both pleasant and profitable.

With much esteem

JNO. AUG. WILLIAMS.

"To address any Masonic Officer," says Dr. Walsh, "as *orchippal Master*, is a violation of both the letter and the spirit of the Gospel." He accordingly requests me to reconcile such a style of address with the following words of Christ: *Be ye not called Rabbi, for one is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren.* Matt. XXVII. 8.

There is no law in the scriptures that forbids us to address the Officers of a Masonic Lodge by their proper official titles. In the text quoted, the term *Rabbi* has its equivalent in our English word *Doctor*, as the Doctor himself well knows; and the propriety or impropriety of addressing any man now-a-days by that title, I leave to him, for Masons, as such, never call one another *Doctor*, or *Rabbi*.

The fact is, the expression, "*Be ye not called Master*," is not good scripture; and I am no little surprised that Doctor Walsh has undertaken to build on such passages an argument against Masonry. It had certainly escaped his notice that the word *Master* is universally rejected by the Biblical critics, who read *Leader*, instead. The doctrine is that such titles as *Leader* and *Doctor* are not to be worn as denoting religious preeminence, or as implying any authority over the minds and consciences of men, in matters of religion. It is certain that after these instructions had been given to the disciples, they, nevertheless, continued, to apply the ordinary title of "Master" to others, but refrained from using it as expressing religious lordship, unless when speaking of Christ. Had the Doctor, while quoting, read the next clause, the meaning of the Savior would have been evident: *Call no man on earth your father; for one is your Father who is in Heaven.* Our reviewer would not surely condemn his son for calling him *father*! And yet if we are bound by the letter of the one passage, we are equally bound by the letter of the other. But to show how liberally all such passages are to be applied, it may be mentioned that PAUL calls himself, in a religious sense too, the *Father* of the Corinthians! 1. Cor. IV. 15. Did PAUL, by this style of address, "violate the letter and the spirit of the Gospel?" It would be well to remember a remark of the distinguished ALFORD on this very passage: To understand and follow these commands in the slavery of the letter, is to fall into the very Pharisaism against which our Lord is uttering the caution.

The word *Worshipful*, too, to which he objects, has, among Masons, the simple, primitive meaning found in all our common lexicons, and is used merely as a term of respect. Worthiness of religious regard, or of personal veneration is never for a moment conceived as forming any part of the character of that symbolic personage, whom Masons call their *Worshipful Master*.

The reviewer would set the address and the scripture at variance on another point also. "Jesus," says he, "declares, that there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; our Masonic friends say, not so; our mysteries are hid, and never can be known, the words of Christ to the contrary notwithstanding."

I can not follow the Doctor away from the address which he is reviewing, so far as to reply to his strictures on what our Masonic friends, or others may have said about the inviolability and perplexity of Masonic secrecy. In the present series of articles, I am defending only what I have said myself, so far at least, as I may think it necessary to do so.

Nevertheless, I will say in reply to the Doctor on this point, that I heartily agree with him in believing the words of Jesus; and I join him in condemning those who contend against God, and

say: "Our mysteries are forever hid—they can never be brought to light."

Our reviewer next insists, that inasmuch as we have said that *Masonry has its rites*, he must be informed exactly what kind of rites they are;—that is, whether they are Christian, Jewish or Pagan; for, he says, they must belong to one of these three classes. He puts the question directly and emphatically: "To which of the three classes do they belong?" But he does not wait; he proceeds to answer, in part at least, his own question, and then immediately constructs an argument based on his answer.

"The truth is," says he, "Masonic rites are too old to be Christian; therefore, they must be either Jewish or Pagan. But if they are Jewish, then Masonry is a Judaizing system; if they are Pagan, then Masonry is a Paganizing system, and it may culminate in the worship of Baal!" Thus he suddenly shows us the horns of his favorite dilemma—*Baal or Moses*.

But the truth is, that while Masonry has its rites, they are neither Christian, nor Jewish, nor Pagan, nor a combination of all these, nor any of these; and thus we resolve the dilemma. What then? The Doctor demands as a *right* that I shall tell him what sort of rites we have; but he binds me to his trichotomy—Pagan, Jewish or Christian.—I can not, therefore, give him the answer that he claims, nor be more definite than I have already been. Our rites are neither Christian, nor Jewish, nor Pagan; they are *Masonic*.

Our esteemed brother seems to object to the doctrine, that there is any Freemasonry in the "skies and fields and forests and mines;" and he suggests that, "had our own feet been planted on the Bible, instead of on a mystic base, we would have seen all these things in the light of Revelation;" but, as it was, we saw them all, he declares, through Masonic glasses.

I hardly think that he has, on this point, done justice either to himself or to the Document that he reviews. The term *Masonic*, when applied to natural things, was clearly defined in that address, as meaning that they are significant, or illustrative, of moral ideas. It was distinctly set forth, too, almost in his own words, that in order to interpret those things aright the Mason must occupy a Bible stand point. It was moreover declared with emphasis, that one of the first lessons impressed on the Mason, is that all natural things and arbitrary symbols are dark and meaningless unless seen in "the light of Revelation." In that very light the Mason loves to contemplate them. Whether he heeds the declaration of the Psalmist, and looks into the skies to see the glory of God; or follows the advice of Solomon and goes to the ant to learn industry; or listens to a greater than Solomon, and goes to the ravens and sparrows and lilies to strengthen his weak faith; or takes a hint from an Apostle, and, by observing the buried grain and the uprising stalk, enables his poor understanding to comprehend the greatest of all truths; he must still look at all these things, if he would be made wiser or stronger, by them as they are illumined by the Word of God.

But I am asked two more questions. My reviewer seems to delight in catechizing. But I do not object to this mode of criticism, for, whenever a question is logically improper, I have but to decline an answer, and when it is beyond my ability to answer, I have but to acknowledge the fact. He asks:

1. "Is there a single truth taught in the Lodge, that is not taught elsewhere?"

Now, as a reply to my brother's method of arguing, rather than to his argument, suppose I were to say: There are truths that are taught only in the Lodge; would he be able to disprove my assertion? Suppose also, that he should demand of me to reveal these truths? I might perhaps, say to him, in reply to that demand: "wait Brother Walsh; for you say, that there is nothing hid that shall not be revealed in the Lord's own way and time." And that would end the matter.

2. "Are not the truths that are taught in the Lodge," he asks, in the next place, "taught much better elsewhere?" Now, suppose I should give an unqualified negative to this question? My brother might immediately demand it, *as his right*, to know how truths are taught in the Lodge; and I, perhaps might say to his demand, what he has already declared himself: "The secrets of Masonry are already well known to you, Brother Walsh;

why need you ask for further light?" And this would be the end of that matter, also.

But to conclude, our Reviewer stumbles on something like a truth, when he says, "Masonry still sticks to the primer, with its pictures suited to the infant mind, or the rude and infant state of the world; and in this respect she imitates, if she does not adopt, the Jewish ritual." This, in part, has been our boast; nevertheless, Masonry can intrust the philosopher, too, by her profounder lessons.

THE ROSE, THE THISTLE AND THE SHAMROCK.

Chambers' Journal gives the origin of these national emblems, as follows:—

THE ROSE OF ENGLAND.

In the early part of the reign of Henry VI., about the year 1450, a few noblemen and gentlemen were discussing who was the rightful heir to the English crown. After a time they adjourned to the Temple Gardens, thinking they would be more free from interruption. Scarcely, however, had they arrived when they perceived Richard Plantagenet approaching. Unwilling to continue the conversation in his presence, a great silence ensued. He, however, asked them what they had been so anxiously talking about when he joined them, and whether they espoused the cause of his party, or that of the usurper, Henry of Lancaster, who had filled the throne. A false and absurd politeness preventing their making any reply he added, "since you are so reluctant to tell your opinion by words, tell me by signs, and let him that is an adherent of the House of York, pull a white rose as I do." Then said the Earl of Somerset, "Let him who hates flattery, and dares to maintain our rightful king, even in the presence of his enemies, pull a red rose with me." When Henry VII. married Elizabeth of York, the rival houses were blended, and the rose became the emblem of England.

THE THISTLE OF SCOTLAND.

In the reign of Malcolm I., in the year 1010, Scotland was invaded by the Danes, who made a descent on Aberdeenshire, intending to take by storm Staines Castle, a fortress of importance. The still hour of midnight was selected as the time for commencing the attack. When all was ready, and there was a reasonable hope that the inmates of the castle were asleep, they commenced their march. They advanced cautiously, taking off their shoes to prevent their footsteps being heard. They approached the lofty tower, their hearts beating in joyous anticipation of victory. Not a sound is heard from within. They can scarcely refrain from exclamations of delight, for they have but to swim across the moat and place scaling ladders, and the castle is theirs! But in another moment a cry from themselves rouses the inmates to a sense of their danger, the guards fly to their posts, and pursue the now trembling Danes, who fly before them. Whence arose this sudden change of affairs? From a very simple cause. It appears that the moat, instead of being filled with water, was in reality dried up and overgrown with thistles, which pierced the unprotected feet of the assailants, who, tortured with pain, forgot their cautious silence and uttered the cry which had alarmed the sleeping inmates of the castle.

THE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND.

One day St. Patrick was preaching at Tara. He was anxious to explain the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. The people failed to understand and refused to believe that there could be three persons and yet but one God. The holy man paused a moment, absorbed in thought, and seeing a shamrock peeping from the green turf, exclaimed, "Do you not see in this simple little wild flower how three leaves are united into one stalk?" His audience understood without difficulty this simple striking illustration, to the inexpressible delight of St. Patrick. From that day the shamrock became the national emblem of Ireland.

A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune and mere crime set no barriers between her and her son. While the mother lives a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affection flows from a pure fountain, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

LET IT PASS.

Be not too swift to take offense;
Let it pass!
Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass!
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear e'er long;
Rather sing this cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass!
And thus the unregarded wind;
Let it pass!
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprove;
'Tis the noble who forgive.
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass!
Since our days must pass away
Like the dew-drops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let them pass!
Let them pass!

If for good you've taken ill:
Let it pass!
Oh! be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumphs shall be great;
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Bid your anger *so* depart;
Let it pass!
Lay these homely words to heart;
Let it pass!
Follow not the giddy throng;
Better to be wronged than wrong;
Therefore sing the cherry song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!
All the Year Round.

OUR AGED ONES.

Blessings on them, may they linger,
Resting in a sunny way;
May no sombre clouds be hasten
Their release from life's blest day.
Through the long, oft toilsome journey;
Heat and burden they have borne;
Earnestly they watch the shadow,
Prelude of the coming morn.

Kindly, gently smooth their pathway,
Let no thoughtless word give pain;
Treasure up their loving counsel,
Words of wisdom thou may'st gain;
Words thou wilt do well to ponder,
Ere the counsellor has fled;
Let the aged one's rich blessing,
Brightly rest upon thy head.

They have suffered for the Master,
He hath treasured up each fear;
They shall reap a golden harvest,
Fruitage of the sowing here,
Blessings on them—they are blessings,
While they linger here below;
Cherish them with loving-kindness,
Ere they from our sight shall go.
Earth is better, while they linger
With their holy faith and prayer;
Heaven will be one gem the richer,
For each one it welcomes there,
Blessings on them—they are blessings,
Cherish them with reverend love,
Till the Master calls them higher,
To the mansion bright above.

F. E. Whiton.

Deep is the solitude of millions who, with hearts
welling forth love, have none to love them.

Deep is the solitude of those who under secret
griefs, have none to pity them.—*De Quincey.*

Literary Gems.

WORK.—“The period of relaxation and diversion is always one of comparative exposure. Occupation precludes in many cases the successful approaches of the tempter. Labor is a great exorcist. Nothing beside prayer casts out so many devils as work.—*A. C. G.*”

He who ordained the Sabbath, loves the poor.
—*Holmes.*

By having nothing to do, men learn to do evil.
—*Cato.*

'Tis virtue makes our bliss, where'er we dwell.
—*Collins.*

THE HEART IN LITERATURE.—Bunyan pithily says in regard to the Pilgrim, which some affirmed that he had plagiarized:

“It came from my own heart to my head,
And thence into my fingers trickled.
Then my pen, from whence immediately
On paper I did dribble it daintily.”

“A man may suffer without sinning, but he cannot sin without suffering.”—*Secker.*

“Men will mourn for the evil which sin brings, but not for the sin which brings the evil.”—*Secker.*

As our life is short, so it is very miserable, and so it is well it is short. God, in pity to man, lest his nature should be an intolerable load, hath reduced our state of misery to an abbreviation for which we should in reason be glad—not merely thankful but glad—to be out of a place of sorrows and tears, of so great evils and of such constant calamity; and when God sends His angel with a scroll of death, let us look on it as an act of mercy. For a man at least gets this by death, that his calamities are not immortal.—*Holy Dying.*

He prayeth well who loveth well.—*Coleridge.*

That life is long that answers life's great end.—*Yung.*

Three things appear to be uninjured by the Fall—the song of birds, the beauty of flowers, and the smile of infancy; for it is difficult to conceive how either of these could have been more perfect had man remained holy; as if God would leave us something pure to remind us of the Paradise we have lost, and point us to that which we shall regain.—*Dr. Henry.*

The more we study the more we discover our ignorance.—*Calderon.*

“He that prays out of custom,” says Jeremy Taylor, “or gives alms for praise, or fasts to be counted religious, is but a Pharisee in his devotion, and a beggar in his alms, and a hypprite in his fast.”

Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.—*Nassinger.*

Just men alone are free, the rest are slaves.—*Chapman.*

INVENTION.—“The glory of inventions is that they raise human nature without hurting any one (as civil affairs commonly do,) and do not press or sting a man's conscience, but bestow on all re-

wards and blessings, without sacrifice or injury or sorrow of one. For the nature of light is pure and harmless. It may be perverted in its use, but not polluted in itself.”—*Ld. Bacon.*

Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation, because men have discovered that it is more convenient to adulterate the truth than to refine themselves.—*Anon.*

It comes either from weakness or guiltiness to fear shadows. We shall not need to make crosses, —they will (as we say of foul weather) come before they are sent for.—*Sibb's Soul's Conflict.*

Cutting jokes have a bitter remembrance.—*Tacitus.*

IGNORANCE.—We ought not to despise those for their ignorance who have had no education; but those who have had a good education, and neglect to improve by it. No one who loves study, and constantly applies to it, can long be ignorant.—*De Gentis.*

FAMILIAR TRUTHS.—“Truths of all others the most awful and interesting are too often considered as so true that they lose all the power of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.”—*Coleridge.*

DIE AT YOUR POST.—That pilot dies nobly says Seneca, who perisheth in the storm with the helm in his hand.

“TO COMMUNICATE FORGET NOT.”—Cicero could say, that to be rich is not to possess much, but to use much. And Seneca could rebuke those who studied to increase their wealth, that they forget to use it.

MELANCHOLY.—Luther says it is a current German proverb, the melancholy head is the devil's bathing-place.

FORGOTTEN.—“It is at once the misery and disgrace of men that they live without forethought.”—*Coleridge.*

The blest laboratory of the air, which seems to be nothing, or less than the shadow of a shade, hides within itself the principles of all things.—*De Quincey.*

All that we know is phenomenal of the unknown. The philosopher speculating the worlds of matter and mind, is thus, in a certain sort only an ignorant admirer: In his contemplation of the Uniserec, the philosopher, indeed, resembles *Æneus* contemplating the adumbrations on his shield.—*Sir. W. Hamilton.*

Physical beauty serves as an envelope to intellectual and moral beauty.—*Cousin.*

True art is the faithful copying of nature.—*Ruskin.*

The arts are called the fine arts, because their sole object is to produce the disinterested emotion of beauty, without regard to the utility either of the speculator or the artist.—*Cousin.*

Solitude, though it may be as silent as light, is, like light, the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men came into this world alone; and all leave it alone.—*De Quincey.*

SHE IS DYING.

The following is sublimely beautiful and pathetic, and could only have been dictated by a heart that has experienced all the bitterness that is therein expressed. Was the author is we know not, but suspect it is an extract from some book. If anybody can read it without moisture in their eyes and stones in their throat, they are worthy of marble.

Hush! she is dying! The sunlight streams through the plate glass window, the room is fragrant with Southern flowers—large milk white African lilies; roses a Nightingale would stop to worship, cape jesamines and camelias with their large glossy leaves.

Through the open casement steals the faint, musical tingle of playing fountains; the light tempered pleasantly by rose curtains of embroidered satins, kindles up gorgeous old paintings with a halo bright as the rainbow.

It is as if fresher sunshine were falling earthward on the bower of beauty.

The canary sings in his gilded cage—her canary; and the mocking bird raises his clear notes higher on the perfumed air.

Why do you clench your hand until the nails draw the rich rosy blood through the thin quivering skin? Why do you grind your teeth together and hiss between them that one word, hush? It's a beautiful home I am sure, and that lady with hand upon her bosom is fair as any dream vision of the painter.

Surely nothing could be purer than that broad, high brow; nothing brighter than those curls.

And she loves you too! Ah yes, any one can read that in the deep violet eyes, raised so tenderly to your own. Ah! that is it; your young wife loves you.

She linked to yours the existence of an angel when she knelt beside you at the marriage altar and placed her hand in yours.

For twelve golden summer months an angel has walked or sat by your side, or slept on your bosom.

You know it! No mortal woman ever made your heart bow before a purity so divine.

No earthly embrace ever filled your soul with the glory beyond the stars; no earthly smile ever shown unchangingly above all noisome things we earthworms call care and trouble. She is an angel, and other angels have been singing to her in the long days of the pleasant June time.

"Hush!" you say. You can't shut the anthem notes of heaven from those unsealed ears—longer, higher, swells the hymns of the seraphs; brighter grows the smile on your young wife's lips.

She whispers, "Dearest, I'm almost home, and I am going to ask God to bless you!" But you cannot hear it—you turn away, and the big tears gather in the violet eyes.

You had held her there on your bosom all day—all night; are you tired! But you can't answer closer, closer you clasp the light, fair figure; painfully you press your lips to the cold brow—Garric is dead!

What is it to you that the sunshine is bright; what that its cheerful rays fall on the broad lands—our lands? What is it now that she can walk on them no more? And what is death—her death? Few people knew her; no wise president can be chosen to fill her place; no nation will raise a monument to her memory! But she was yours, great God of ours—yours all!

No, yours and Gods; and your years of joy are over; she rests on his bosom now in heaven!

They have dug a grave for her. Spring flowers brighten over it, and the green grass smiles with the daisies and violets. You go there, and sigh and pray, and ask God if you, too, may come home. And when no answer comes, your bright heart raises up in bitterness, and, with the bold wicked words upon your tongue, you pause, for your guardian angel looks down from heaven and whispers, "Hush."

Antiquity when coupled with goodness, demands of all mankind respect and veneration. Freemasonry has this antiquity, and as its teachings are the gems of Holy Writ, it possesses all the moral goodness which any mere human institution can possess. It has a broad platform, upon which all denominations, all nations and all countries unite in harmony as brethren.

The opposite of a bill of hand—A foot note.

THE OLDEST TREE.—Dr. Jessup, of Syria, has given us some very interesting information with reference to the great cedar trees which still flourish upon the high table lands of Lebanon. If we remember, he dates their origin several hundred years before the Christian era. So far as authentic record is concerned, perhaps the oldest single tree is that known as the Cypress of Somma, in Lombardy. It was known, says an account, to be in existence in the time of Julius Caesar, forty-two years before Christ, and is, therefore, more than one thousand nine hundred years old. It is one hundred and six feet in height, and twenty feet in circumference at one foot from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down the plan for his great road over the Stunpton, a lofty pass of the Alps, diverged from a straight line to avoid injuring this tree. The honor of superior antiquity, however, is claimed by some in behalf of the immense and venerable tree in Calaveras county, California, which is supposed, from the number of concentric circles in the trunk, and also from various other reasons, to be more than two thousand five hundred and sixty-five years old! Compared with this, how insignificant the "by reason of strength," four score years of man!

RIVERS.

Every fountain and river, from the inch-deep streamlet that crosses the village lane in trembling clearness, to the massy and silent march of the everlasting multitude of waters in Amazon or Ganges, owe their play, and purity, and power, to the ordained elevations of the earth. Gentle or steep, extended or abrupt, some determined slope of the earth's surface is of course necessary before any wave can so much as overtake one sedge in its pilgrimage; and how seldom do we enough consider, as we walk beside the margins of our pleasant brooks, how beautiful and wonderful is that ordinance, of which every blade of grass that waves in their clear water is a perpetual sign; that the dew and rain fallen on the face of the earth shall find no resting place; shall find, on the contrary, fixed channels traced for them, from the ravines of the central crests, down which they roar in sudden ranks of foam, to the dark hollows beneath the banks of lowland pasture, round which they must circle slowly among the stems and beneath the leaves of the lilies; paths prepared for them by which, at some appointed rate of journey, they must evermore descend, sometimes slow and sometimes swift, but never pausing; the daily portion of the earth they have to glide over marked for them at each successive sunrise, the place which has known them knowing them no more, and the gateways of guarding mountains opened for them in cleft and chasm, none letting them in their pilgrimage; and, from far off, the great heart of the sea calling them to itself. Deep calleth unto deep. I know not which of the two is the more wonderful—that calm, graduated, invisible slope of the champaign land, which gives motion to the stream, or that passage cloven for it through the ranks of hill, which, necessary for the health of the land immediately around them, would yet, unless so supernaturally divided, have fatally intercepted the flow of the waters from far-off countries. When did the great spirit of the river first knock at those adamant gates? When did the porter open to it, and cast away his keys forever, lapped in whirling sand? I am not satisfied—no one should be satisfied—with that vague answer, the river cut its way. Not so. The river found its way.—*John Ruskin.*

THE MISER.—A miser, to make sure of his property, sold all that he had, and converted it into a great lump of gold, which he hid in a hole in the ground, and went continually to visit and inspect it. This roused the curiosity of one of his workmen, who, suspecting that there was a treasure, when his master's back was turned, went to the spot and stole it away. When the miser returned and found the place empty he wept and tore his hair; but a neighbor, who happened to see him in his extravagant grief, and learning the cause of it, said: "Fret thyself no longer, but take this stone and put it in the same place, and think it is your lump of gold; for, as you never meant to use it, the one will do you as much good as the other." The worth of money is not in its possession, but in its use.

THE LOVE OF THE DEAD.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE.

Nothing but limited and erroneous views of the life present and to come, we conceive, can prevent reflecting intelligence from taking that true observation which merges both into one. Intervals there are, indeed, between separation and re-union, but how brief at the longest—how chequered at the best! That is a beautiful sentiment of Goethe, where he compares our little round of being to a summer residence in a watering place. "When we first arrive, we form friendships with those who have already spent some time there, and must soon be gone. The loss is painful; but we connect ourselves with the second generation of visitors, with whom we spend some time and become daily intimate; but these also depart, and we are left alone with a third set who arrive just as we are prepared for our departure." In this true view of human life, there is nothing to displace the idea of earthly communion with those who are absent. It is a curious truth that when two living friends part, they are as it were dead to each other, until they meet again. Letters may be interchanged but the *present* of the one is not the *present* of the other—and what gloomy event may not happen between! So that in this respect, to be out of sight in the estimations of affection, is as it were to be out of the world. How little difference, then is there, between absence in a world of peril, or transitory continuance—and death indeed? Save only that absence is probable, and death is not. It is a trite simile, perhaps, that in this world we are like ships on the ocean—each steering alone amid the strife of the elements; and in the far forward distance shadowed before us are the dim outlines of the land of Death. Some reach it soonest; but thither all are bound—and there, their state is fixed, immutable, eternal. No change comes there, to the dwellers in that land of the blest, with its waters of crystal, *beyond* the shadow, "where the bright islands of refreshment lie."

No darkness there divides the sway,
'Twixt startling dawn and dawning day;
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains—
One fixed, eternal sunset reigns,
O'er the wide, silent scene.

These two emblems of the progress to that gate where, ere they pass, all who enter must "pay down their symbol of mortality,"—express the course and goal of life, sublimarily considered. Slowly, one after another, the race of mankind are passing away; there are sad partings and sweet remembrances. Let the first be viewed as merely separations for a season; a friendly severance of holiest ties in hope of quick renewal. Above all, oh thou that rearest, if thou art a mourner, be faithful to the injunction of the dead. In that diversified book of Southey's, "The Doctor," he describes the tranquil pleasures of a bereaved husband. They were "to keep everything in the same state as when the wife was living. Nothing was to be neglected that she used to do, or that she would have done. The flowers were tended as carefully as if she were still to enjoy their fragrance and their beauty; and the birds who came in winter for crumbs, were fed as duly for her sake, as they formally were by her hands." This calm communion of the present and absent becomes religion, hope, fidelity: enduring tenderness, beyond the stern frigidities of time; and well may each one of that retrospective brotherhood, large always in the world, who have lived and lost the lovely, and have, with theirs, to meet the world's encounters, thus greet adeptedly the dear departed:

The love where death hath set his seal,
Nor age can chill, or rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow;
And what were worse, if thou can'st not see,
The wrongs that fall on thine or me.

"For me," says the eloquent Sir Thomas Browne, "I count the world, not as an inn but as a hospital—where our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how soon we shall be buried with our survivors." How comfortable a thing it is then, to cherish and remember the dead—knowing it is but for a season, and then union will soon come!

Light literature—The books of a gas company.

A FUNERAL DISCOURSE

DELIVERED BY THE REV. H. A. M. HENDERSON, IN FRANKFORT, KY., AT THE METHODIST CHURCH, ON THE OCCASION OF THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF JACOB SWIGERT, SR.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" These words, my brethren, fitly apply to the occasion of these solemnities, so far as our Church is concerned.

"A prince and a great man"—in our "Israel" has fallen, and we have come to offer the funeral honors which his virtues have merited, and with Christian rites to commit his body to the grave.

Ye have done well to hang this pulpit, chancel, and altar in the drapery of sorrow. That these sable emblems do but truly symbolize the grief of the Church and the community, this vast concourse of citizens affords mute, but convincing testimony.

Than Jacob Swigert, perhaps, better man never lived in Frankfort. He has survived the criticism of nearly four score of years, and there lives not the man who can challenge, successfully, his integrity to virtue.

The whole community, if called upon for its verdict, would rise up and say, "This venerable man has from his youth been above all mean arts—everything incompatible with the loftiest integrity: on the escutcheon of his character rests no stain; he was a man in whose principles you could repose complete confidence.

"His words were bonds—his oaths were oracles, His love sincere."

We know that his life has been as honorable, as useful, as virtuous and as Christian as it has been prolonged. We know that in the labors of an honorable and protracted official life, in the State and in the Church, he has ever been faithful, upright, independent and unimpeached.

He has never maintained an unrighteous error because it was strong, either in the number or influence of its adherents; he has never declined the defense of truth or ignored fidelity to principles because its advocates were few or feeble.

Pride of position has never caused him to frown down an honest smile upon a poor man's faith; selfishness, nor callousness has ever made him wring a tear from the eye of a desolate heart.

His benevolence was remarkable. He could turn no suffering empty away. He relieved the poor—was the abiding friend of the widow and the orphan, he furnished the capital or the credit which started many a young man in business; and for a long series of years he bore the heaviest burthens of his Church.

For the suffering he had no catechism as to character, but opened his heart and hand like *Him*, who "sends his rain upon the just and the unjust."

Frequently he was imposed upon by unworthy supplicants for his assistance, or charity, yet he did not complain, but counted the motive in his own breast. If that was pure he reckoned the deed worthily done, and allowed no murmur to pass his lips. Could all the money, that he has dispensed in charity, in aiding the indigent and industrious, and in forwarding the enterprises of the Christian Church be collected, it would constitute a munificent heritage; but, far richer the patrimony of noble deeds, done with kindest heart and purest intent, which he bequeathes to his children.

He was devotedly attached to his friends. Always self-poised, never favoring the familiarity which breeds contempt, nor displaying the icy

reserve which creates and fosters distrust. If he could not appease the wrath of an offended brother by reasonable concession, he withdrew, not to murmur or to injure, but to forgive and pray. Though he valued peace, as a priceless jewel, he would not purchase it at the cost of a violated conscience. I believe that he died without an enemy. Those there were who had misunderstood him, and who consequently for a season felt coldly toward him, but these nobly sought him in his sick chamber, and found reconciliation easy and grateful, so that at the time of his death I believe it can be unqualifiedly said,

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

He was *hospitable*. How many ministers, living and dead, have shared in his hospitality!

Without embarrassing you with attentions, he made you feel,

"No more a stranger nor a guest,
But like a child at home."

He loved a *Methodist*. He loved the Church wholeheartedly. He believed Methodism represented the purest form of religion—"Christianity in Earnest." He admitted, in no degree, the claims of any who contended for superiority over his own Communion. He loved his ministers as heaven-commissioned ambassadors of the cross. He admired their sacrifices for the gospel, and as much as lay in his power he sought to make them as light as the nature of their office and work would admit.

Many purchase approbation at the expense of truth—not so with him; he did not withhold—did not diminish, did not neutralize, did not compromise the doctrines and polity of his Church. Others buy favor by flattery; he had the Roman integrity that,

"Would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Nor Jove for his power to thunder."

He prayed for the peace of Jerusalem. Three years ago it was in his power to have rent this Church in twain, but when approached on the subject, he said, in substance, as follows: "I see no reason for division. We are barely strong enough to stand united. Divide us and Methodism will perish from Frankfort. I love my Church more than party, but I see no reason for party feelings entering into the Church." And to-day, over his remains, in the presence of an undisturbed Church communion, it is my privilege and pleasure to say: "Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

Whenever I visited him, and failed to awaken any interest by the introduction of secular topics for conversation, I could generally excite his attention, and elicit his smile if I spoke of the prospects and prosperity of the Church. His official connection with the Church extends over almost the entire period of its history, and it was his expressed desire to die in his office as Senior Steward. It was our delight to retain him as an office-bearer. When we lacked a quorum of the board, and business of importance was pressing for transaction, we were accustomed to reckon him as present—which he truly was, in the spirit.

He esteemed it a dignified trust to be counted by his brethren as worthy of an official station in the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

Yes, Brethren, old age found our departed brother possessed of an unsullied reputation for strict integrity, unwavering honesty, and Christian and Church devotion; as one, who in all his deal-

ing with men, was thoroughly just; as one lifted up, above all possibility of disappointing confidence; as an honored citizen, and honored not more by the public offices of responsibility, which he filled with a faithfulness that is better than mere brilliancy—honored not more by these than the universal assent of the community to his virtues, that in all the relations of life he was what I have just depicted.

Need I more than hint at the home, in which he dwelt, and the circle of loving hearts which surrounded him; to whom he grew not less but more dear, as age advanced, whispering to them sadly, as it did, that soon that venerable form must depart;

"His youth was innocent, his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day,
And watched by eyes that loved him—calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away."

The devotion of his family was beautiful. Though several of its members were in the hey-day of youth, they denied themselves pleasure, ease, and sleep, to make the father comfortable in his remaining days. They will not regret it. The memory of it will brighten the path of life, and blend with the beauty that transfigures for the good, the gate of death.

(The following paragraph was inadvertently omitted in the delivery of the discourse.)

One of his old family servants would not desert the kind master of "Auld Lang Syne," and remained with him faithful to her loving trust to the very last, and is one of the truest mourners at his funeral. The fidelity of Mary was a rare and beautiful instance of human attachment, and she may rest assured that she will not lose her fittest reward for her disinterested labor of love.

Lastly, our brother filled the most important condition of life—he was *religious*. His religion—as is the case with every man's—was influenced by his temperament. It was a tranquil, serious and sober principle, and was thus in harmony with his entire character. It was not his habit to talk much of his religious experiences, nor indeed of any of his personal or family affairs. His piety was apparent from its influences as a constant guide regulating the daily tenor of his life.

It was discernible in not only avoidance of the dishonest, the low, and the impure, but in moderated desires, self-control, and sober views of the true end for which human life is ordained.

Few men, I think, have been less perplexed by doubts in respect to divine revelation than he. He drank in God's truth as a thirsty plant the morning dew. It was the same with his unquestioning trust in God's love and mercy. His heart clung tenaciously to the twin doctrines of the Fatherhood of God, and the compassionate high priesthood and merciful intercession of the Son.

His old age was moderately tranquil, considering the severity of the trials through which he passed. He could not have endured them even as he did, unless he had had foundations for confidence and peace as the world cannot give. Three months ago, we administered to him the Sacrament. He fully appreciated the privilege. A tear orbed itself in his eye, and trickled down his cheek, a grateful offering to the Giver of all Good, who had granted him a place in *His* banqueting house, and spread over him the banner of His love.

He was *prepared to die*, not by what he said or left unsaid at the last, but by a character whose leading traits, tastes and affinities were in accord with the divine, the spiritual, and the celestial.

For many years, he was accustomed to seat himself on his verandah, and sing,

"O that'll be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that'll be joyful to meet to part no more."

Into that joy of Heavenly reunion he has entered, and in the blessed company of the loved, on the other side, his spirit finds full compensation, for the absence of those on the earth-side of the river—for he knows that they are singing the song he loved so well, and are coming too.

That he was a perfect man we do not claim. Measured by the standard of the Israelite without guile, he was unquestionably defective. He had some of the infirmities common to our fallen and wayward humanity. I doubt not that he sinned—repented in tears, and told God of his transgressions and invoked His pardon; that he was conscious that life is a battle, and the devil ever on the alert to plant an arrow between the joints of the harness—and this, from sad experience; that he saw, in reviewing his personal history, many forfeited opportunities for usefulness; many wounds in gentle hearts, long hushed in the grave, that he would joyfully have bound up; many ears deaf in death into which he would gladly breathe the prayer for pardon; many thoughts, deeds, feelings of his over which he would willingly rain tears of penitential grief. But on the battle-field of the world, amid this ceaseless conflict with sin, how few have fought so nobly, and won so green a crown.

"Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy now employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy."

The earth-quake may leave its lair of fire, and destroy provinces and entomb cities—the storm-reck may roll its artillery tones along a troubled sky—and yet we must ever behold the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, mirrored from the face of the universe.

So amid phenomenal petulance, and occasional wrong, we may behold shining, transcendent and characteristic, the graces of forbearance, gentleness, meekness, and charity from the countenance of a good man.

It were sublimating to stand in some grand Minster, upon whose majestic masonry time has had no effect, except to adorn with mantles of moss and ivy; its walls covered over with the richest touches of consecrated art, and suggestive on every hand, by the memorials which it presents, of a pure and ancient faith.

Sublimar still to witness the holy temple of a godly man's life, embellished on every wall with some memento of the past, consecrate by the blood of sprinkling, and resonant with hymns responsive to the songs of rejoicing angels. To such a divine temple I point you—in the life of Jacob Swigert.

Brethren of the Church: An aged office-bearer, fellow communicant, and worshipper has passed from our midst to commune now, we trust, with Christ, and to worship the Father in a temple not made with hands. Long will the remembrance of his venerable form, scarcely ever absent from the Church, while he could totter to his seat, abide with us. Every brick in this temple and in yon parsonage, should ever remind us of this fallen ather of our Israel.

Some of us never saw him except in the evening of life. I count it one of my misfortunes not to have known him ere affliction laid its heavy hand upon him.

* * * * *

Afflicted family: I need expend but few words for your comfort. You have your comfort in the rich character of the deceased, his prolonged years of usefulness, and his calm passage to the Better Land. A ripe old age is fairly garnered. A shock fully ripened on earth has, in due time, been gathered to Heaven. With a sense of pain the horticulturist in June or July beholds his wind-shaken apples strewed upon the ground, ensnaring his hopes of harvest. But when "an apple, waxing over mellow, drops in some autumn night," he only grows glad that nature's ripening ways come dropping fruitage for his bin. So as life, like the fruits of the earth must be gathered, let us rather rejoice that a matured and mellow soul, in the golden autumn of life, has been garnered in.

The infirm man is young again. The bloom has blushed back to the cheek, the quickness has come back to the step, and the heavenly halleluiahs roll from the lips we so lately saw quivering in death. The Christian warrior is the conqueror crowned. The Captain of his Salvation has placed the fadeless palm in his hand.

"The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace."

And you aged brethren—hoary veterans of the Cross, chosen pall-bearers of our venerable brother—one and all—"heroes of a glorious strife, remnants of an army slain and yet victorious," a few more day's marches and your discharge will come. Heaven will throw open its gates, and its angels will crowd to their portals of pearl to welcome you. You are marching slowly and steadily to the Capital of Glory. You

"Nightily pitch your moving tents,
A day's march nearer home."

We venerate you—we honor your years of virtue, and seek your ripe counsels. Pray for us while ye live, and bless us when you die.

If there be any, ripe in years, who have not confessed Christ before men, permit me to exhort them to an early performance of duty. The world needs the pious example of the aged, and the Church their matured influence. Give, without delay, the one to the world and the other to an expectant Church.

Brethren of the Masonic Fraternity, if you would seek Christian preparation for the solemn event of death, trust not, to the teachings that cluster, in beautiful symbolry, about your altar. *There is no Christ there.* Turn to His cross if you would find atonement for sin, for "there is none other name, under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved."

Perhaps the evening of the lives of some of us, who are not yet old, is at hand. Perhaps our day is already well nigh spent, though we have not numbered half our brother's years. The night cometh, but when we know not. Pray God it may find us prepared to unite with the righteous who have gone before, the good of all ages, the good of all climes, the good of all creeds.

Nature teaches that to every season of trouble and overthrow, there comes resurrection. In the deepest January of the year there is a nerve that runs forward to June. Life is never extinguished. That which seems to be death reaches forward and touches that which is vital.—*Beecher.*

GETTING DINNER FOR A MINISTER.—The following is a good illustration of the free and easy habits of pioneer life. Some families might feel relieved if they could obtain a supply for their tables when entertaining the minister, on as easy terms:

Mr. Bascom traveled two years in the mountainous region of Kentucky. The country was rough, and the people generally poor. But the romantic wildness of the country was genial to his feelings, and he enjoyed the rude hospitality of the sincere-hearted foresters.

He used to tell, with much apparent pleasure, of a dinner he enjoyed with particular satisfaction. He was preaching on one occasion in a cabin, which was at once church and dwelling. The people were listening with seriousness and with attention to the truths of the Gospel, when in the very midst of his sermon, his host, who sat near the door, suddenly rose from his seat, snatched the gun from its wooden brackets upon which it lay against the joist, went hastily out, fired it off, and returning, put the gun in its place and quietly seated himself to hear the remainder of the sermon.

The whole affair had hardly consumed as much time as it requires to read this account of it, and in a very few moments all was going on as smoothly as if no interruption had occurred. After service was ended, Bascom inquired of the man the meaning of his strange conduct.

"Sir," said he, "we are entirely out of meat, and I was perplexed to know what we should give you for dinner, and it was preventing me from enjoying the sermon, when the Good One sent a flock of wild turkeys this way; I happened to see them, took my gun, and killed two at a shot; my mind felt easy, and I enjoyed the remainder of the sermon with perfect satisfaction."

FRANKLIN ON FREEMASONRY.—Freemasonry, I admit, has its secrets. It has secrets peculiar to itself, but of what do these principal consist? They consist of signs and tokens which serve as testimonials of character and qualification, which are conferred after due instruction and examination. These are of no small value; they speak a universal language, and are a passport to the support and attention of the world. They cannot be lost so long as memory retains its power. Let the possessor of them be expatriated, shipwrecked or imprisoned, let him be stripped of everything he has in the world, still their credentials remain, and are available for use as circumstances may require. The good effects which they have produced are established by the incontestible facts of history. They have stayed the uplifted hand of the destroyer, they have subdued the rancor of malevolence, and broken down the barriers of political animosity and sectarian alienation. On the battle field, in the solitudes of the uncultivated forest or in the busy haunts of the crowded city, they have made men, of the most hostile feelings and the most diversified conditions, rush to the aid of each other with special joy and satisfaction that they have been able to afford relief to a brother Mason.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?—A JEW'S ANSWER.—Dr. Isaac M. Wise, of Cincinnati, Ohio, one of the ablest Jewish Rabbis of this country, after citing a pastoral letter in which Archbishop Purcell, of the Romanist church in that city, says that the Jews "do not believe in Christ, maintain that he was a vile impostor, and justly slain by their forefathers; and that they teach this on every Sabbath in their synagogues," thus replies to the charge:

"It is utterly false, absolutely untrue, that any of the Jews maintain that Jesus was a vile impostor; that he was justly slain, or that anything of the kind or anything similar to it is taught at any time in our synagogues. The whole statement in the aggregate and in all its parts, is a condemnable falsehood. The Archbishop never heard such a thing in any synagogue—he never read it in any Jewish book; it is his own."

As the sun is up before the sluggard, so the twilight and dawn of God's love is upon the hills when we wake; and when we sleep, even, his thoughts burn above us as the stars burn through the night.—*Beecher.*

KENTUCKY FREEMASON.

EDITORS.

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

FRANKFORT, KY..... APRIL, 1869.

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

By an unfortunate mistake the Odes written by Grand Master Fitch—and which we propose to publish on cards for the use of Lodges—are delayed until the May number.

The types made sad havoc with our leader, in the March number, headed—"The Past, Present, and Future." We were absent and did not read the proof. For instance, "herald rays" was printed "herald says;" then "the says" was inserted after in the wrong place for "rays," and no possible use for "the;" again we were made to say "You are, what is the oracle of Delphos, or of Dodona to the Bible, etc.," when it should have been printed, "Yea, again what &c;" nearly as bad was the following "a brotherhood stands in the quarry," which should have been "a brotherhood stands on the quay."

While in Baltimore we were the guest of the delightful family of T. J. McCoy, President of the White-Lead Company. Never were we more handsomely entertained. His son—Hamilton—a noble young man, took us to ride all over the City of monuments, behind one of the finest trotting blooded mares that we ever saw.

We were taken sick, and while in this condition we were nursed with a tenderness, that the care of our own loved at home could not have exceeded.

To be the object of such disinterested kindness is almost compensation for all the pains we suffered. God bless the noble hearts that waited by our bedside!

To Dr. Williams we are, also, greatly indebted for skillful medical attention, and above all his prescriptions, for the encouraging smiles with which he performed his healing office. We shall never forget him. To take pills from him, it is not necessary that they should be sugar-coated. Tenderness is a better covering for nauseous doses than gum capsules.

We are specially indebted to Gen'l. L. M. Cole General Ticket Agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for a courtesy extended toward us. We commend him and his road to the Craft. Coming home sick, we received the kindest attention from the conductors and other attaches of the road—and especially shall we remember the officer in charge of the train from Bellaire to Columbus—who was, by the way, a Royal Arch Mason.

We publish the first communication of Brother Jno. Ang. Williams, in the controversy with Dr. Walsh, Editor of the "Banner of Christ," Newburn, North Carolina.

The rejoinders of Dr. Walsh will be published, also, in the "Freemason," and Bro. William's articles appear in the "Banner of Christ."

Masonry and Anti-Masonry are in the arena for no mock tournament. The Knights are strong and brave, and the lance of one, or the other must be shivered.

Let those who would enjoy this intellectual ounay at once subscribe for our paper.

JACOB SWIGERT, SR.

He was born in Washington City, Maryland, July 1793. His parents removed to Fayette county, Kentucky, one year after. He went to Woodford county, in 1810, and served four years succeeding in the county, and Circuit Court Clerk's offices. He moved to Frankfort, September 1814, and wrote about eighteen months, in the Clerk's office of the Court of Appeals. He was licensed to practice law in 1816. He pursued his profession until 1825, when he was appointed by the Judges Clerk of the Court of Appeals. In April 1825, he was married to Emeline Weisiger. She died June 1840. Of the product of this union four children survive, namely Mrs. Lucy Evans, Mrs. Emma Blanton, Daniel Swigert, and Miss Helen Swigert.

In May 1842, Mr. Swigert was married to Mrs. Rebecca Johnson, an estimable widow lady, who had three children, all of whom are living, and cherish the memory of the step-father, as if he were the father after the flesh. The product of this union was three sons, Jacob, Samuel and Joseph. One of these is engaged in the Farmer's Bank, the second is a graduate of West Point and officer in the Army stationed at Fort McPherson, and the third is a neophyte in the Dry Goods business—and all of them promise to do honor to their sire, by being honorable and useful members of society. Jacob Swigert, Jr., was the last Master, preceding the present term, of Hiram Lodge, No. 4—of which Lodge his father and uncle, Philip Swigert (Past Grand Master) were members at the time—no small honor to so young a man and Mason, and a fact that will augur to the Craft his future worth to our Order.

Mrs. Rebecca Swigert died in 1862. She was a woman of rare virtues.

In 1851, in accordance with the forms of the New Constitution of the State, Mr. Swigert was elected and held the office thereafter until 20th of September 1858, when he would not become a candidate for reelection. He began his career in the Court of Appeals, in that stormy period, when Kentucky was threatened with civil revolution, by the conflict of opinions which raged with regard to the New, and the Old Court. It will be remembered that such eminent jurists as Boyle, Owsley and Mills composed the Judges of the "Old Court," and held the scales of justice in equilibrium when the fury of faction raged.

From these, Mr. Swigert received his appointment. He was Clerk of the Court of Appeals nearly thirty-three years.

In 1862 he was elected Judge of the Franklin County Court.

In 1840 he joined the Methodist Church—in which he was an officer for twenty eight years.

He was for nearly two-score years a Mason and before his health failed an active worker.

A general estimate of his character is given in the discourse, published elsewhere, delivered on the occasion of his funeral.

"The Keystone" (Philadelphia) in commending the "Masonic Record" (Nashville) quotes on its article on A Universal Brotherhood, as a sample of its merits. It so happens that that article was transferred from our columns—and is a part of an Address delivered by the Junior Editor—which Address the "Keystone" published in full.

While lillies bloom and ravens are fed, we have a lesson against dependency.—*Rancom.*

MASONRY AND RELIGION.

Masonry is not religion; certainly it is not the Christian religion. It recognizes the existence of God, and teaches the general system of morality which we find in the Gospel, but it does not recognize the doctrine of an atonement for sin. The name of Jesus Christ is not authoritatively mentioned in its ritual, or its lectures. If Christianity be true—mere Masonry can save no man from the penalties of his sins. If there be a Mason—who believes in the divinity of the Christian religion—that thinks that because the *morals* of Masonry and of Christianity quadrate, that, therefore, the practice of the former will save him in eternity, he has fallen into a great error.

The morality of Masonry—and all true ethics—are included in Christianity, but do not measure its circumference. Christianity is a general system, including morality as a particular.

Morality has its recompenses in this life, but has no promise of reward in the life to come.

There is, for instance, a physical morality—and it receives its just recompense of reward—in the absence of debility and pain, and in the presence of constitutional vigor and elasticity.

There is a physical immorality—a disregard of temperance, cleanliness, exercise, etc., as laws of health, and it brings its penalty in shattered nerves, trembling footsteps, enervated muscles, excruciating pain and premature old age, or death.

There is too a civic and social morality. A man, who respects the laws of the land, who is industrious, prompt in meeting his engagements, who greets his fellows with a friendly smile and an open hand, who is kind and obliging to his neighbors will not fail to secure a liberal share of personal esteem and commercial credit.

A man who ignores the practice of these virtues will fall into dishonor, and discredit, and will be avoided as a social incubus.

So we might go through the entire category of the temporal moralities, assigning to each its appropriate reward or penalty, according to their virtuous observance, or their vicious neglect.

And each of the virtues is independent of the others. Any one of them may exist, and be linked with its peculiar rewards, though all others of the catalogue of moralities be absent. Aye, even while a man may be enjoying the reward of one virtue, which he practices, he may be suffering the penalties attached to the violation of the others, which he has neglected. Thus, a man may be scrupulously observant of all the laws of health, and will be blessed with the finest physique, and the tonic tide of healthful blood may fertilize his body, and at the same time he may be entirely bankrupt of credit as a man of trade, and destitute of honor as a citizen, despised as a traitor to friendship, or outlawed as a husband or parent. And so, by a parity of statement, with any of the other separate moralities.

The temporal moralities are related to earthly rewards, the spiritual receive a spiritual compensation.

When all occasion for observing the laws of health, of commerce, of domestic and social life, shall have passed away in the catastrophe of death, the question of the soul's independent, spiritual relation to its God will remain then, as now, to be answered by its own internal fitness for a holy estate.

Masonry, has a noble work to do; but it is for time. It is a fraternity organized for temporal

purposes. It institutes no religious test beyond a mere assent to the existence of a God, which is mere *Theism*—and is common to Judaism, Mahometanism, and Christianity. Hence Jews, Mahometans and Christians are found associated together.

Now Christianity has some very unmistakable declarations—such as—“Jesus of Nazareth is the stone which was set at naught of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.”

Again: “Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.”

Still again: “If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema.”

Now some of these figures—such as “stone,” “builders,” “foundation”—advanced Masons will readily understand. We are not arguing a defense of Christianity in this editorial; nor are we attempting to show its superiority over any form of religion; but we are emphasizing the fact, that the New Testament teaches what Masonry does not inculcate, and yet does not antagonize, namely, that the salvation of the soul is dependant upon the acceptance of the doctrine, by faith, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and the Savior of sinners.

It will be seen by this what damage Masons do their Order, when they claim, in Christian lands, a saving efficacy in its ethics.

Let the Order, in America, assume this position—and every Christian minister would immediately repudiate it, and with them every Christian man, who really believed the doctrine of Christ's atonement for sin.

Probably ninety-nine one hundredths of Masons, throughout the world, hold to the Christian faith, the rationally, and of this number the vast majority would be unwilling to see the Christian religion compromised, even by implication.

In fact, in all Christian lands, the Lodges are dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and to St. John the Evangelist; teachings from the gospels are introduced in the degree-work of Capitular Masonry; and the Holy Writings on the altar include the Gospels of the Evangelists and the Epistles of the Apostles.

Were an effort made to abolish these Christian features of Masonry, even on the score, that they were innovations, the attempt would meet with a stern rebuke, throughout Christendom.

Christians, by becoming Masons, have not surrendered their fealty to Christ and his Church, and they must not be expected, even by the shadow of appearance to seem to have done so.

Let Masonry institute the test—that a man must ignore Christianity in order to remain a Mason, and it would break up seven-eighths of the Lodges of the world.

Masons, of whatever creed, gain nothing, but lose, whenever they set up super-claims for our Institution. It is a very intemperate zeal which sets our Order above the Church, and will always work damage. We do not rival the Church—in any of its forms of faith—we simply pursue our own designs drawn upon the trestle-board, and do our work in our own appointed way.

In an Address we had the honor to deliver before Hiram Lodge, No. 4, we took similar grounds to those taken in this leader. It was endorsed by the Lodge, which asked its publication. The Address has since been published by the larger num-

ber of Masonic papers in the United States. We append the extract:

We do not arrogate equality with the Church of God. *Tant* descended the skies, and is destined to re-climb them. We claim only an earthly origin. We honor the being and authority of God, and hang the symbolic “G” on the very front of our East—the source of Masonic light—that we may be ever reminded of *Him* in whom we put our trust.

We reverence the revealed law, and in Christian lands, on the Holy Bible, lay down square and compass, and upon them pledge the faith of our hearts.

We have never claimed for the Ahiman Reson the authority we accord to the Word of God.

Masonry is not the divine religion nor is it any substitute for it. We do not profess to fit men for the purity of Heaven and the employments of the sainted redeemed.

Our work is for time. We, perhaps, do more to reimparadise earth than we do to populate the City on high.

We propose principles worthy of embracement and practice for the present life. We offer no sacrifice that can substitute the precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. We ameliorate the sufferings of the life that now is, but we do not quench the fires of eternal woe.

But, while we cheerfully accord to religion the very highest pinnacle of excellence, and do not seek to invade its province, we may, without irreverence, claim the high honor of being a satellite of the Sun of Righteousness. We roll in our orbit around it, feel its attractions, warm beneath its ardors, and enjoy its light, but we are always in our appointed bounds, and at a distance from it. To quench its ardent fires is to leave us in a dark eclipse, and as cold and torpid as an iceberg.

We seek to reflect Christianity, and not to irradiate it.

We have a ladder, the three principal rounds of which are Faith, Hope, and Charity; but angels do not run up and down its rack. Its foot is planted upon the earth, but its hooks do not hang on the battlements of Heaven. We have our Hiram, but not our Lord Jesus Christ; we have our festivals, but not the holy eucharist; we have our cable-tow, but not the guiding spirit of the Holy Ghost; we have our sublime ceremonial, but not the baptism of the Church.

We have surveyed and graded no pathway to Heaven. But one charter has ever been granted for this sublime highway. Our paths may lead to Christ—certainly never beyond.

We may truthfully publish that Masonry is a fountain of charity, whose streams go out to invigorate and gladden the sorrowful, to bear relief to famished poverty, to meander by the widow's cottage, and to lave the feet of the orphan. Its crystal waters cool the fever of partisan passion, and baptize men of conflicting views into a great brotherhood of mercy.

THE WHISKY FAIR.

The “Cynthiana Democrat,” which claims to be the “Organ of the Bourbon Whisky trade,” proposes a “Whisky Fair”—a month or so before the beginning of the next distilling season. And this, says the Democrat, is “a move in the right direction, in the right time, and at the right place.”

If the fair is held, let there be premiums offered for the best (?) young drinkers, and the best (?) aged drinkers. Let the mothers of the boys be present—and, also, the haggard wives, and broken-hearted daughters of the old toppers. They will take a mournful interest in the contest. Let the Judges be the bar-keepers, who have enticed the one class to their cups, and encouraged the other to perseverance in dissipation. When they have decided upon the successful candidate for dram-drinking honors, let them, if they can, congratulate the weeping mother, and the pale and sorrowing wife, and the daughters in whose hearts hope has died.

Let the young fellow, with his blue ribbon flying, go reeling round the ring for the cheers of the

blotted spectators, while the band plays “Johnny fill up the Bowl.”

Then fill the successful old toper with whisky—until his eye glares with the lightning, with which he shocks his home and its shrinking hearts—until his fists clenched and strikes, as it often does, those whom, of all others, he ought to protect—until his mouth pours forth curses like a storm-cloud does thunder-claps—until every feature is aglow with the advertisements of the hell that burns in his breast, and when the accomplished beast is thus at the height of his debauch, with blue streamer flying, and the premium bottle of whisky under his arm, let him stagger around the arena for the delectation of the crowd—while the band plays and the delighted spectators join in the chorus of the drinking song in Lucretia Borgia.

“It is better to laugh than to sighing.
While old Time's moments are flying.”
The spectators will be apt to see that there is poison in the cup.

Before the Fair comes off send out the illustrated catalogue. We will suggest some designs. Paint a home, once a miniature paradise, riddled of its sweetness, and now the haunt of wretchedness; contrast the blooming bride, as she stood at the hymenial altar, with the wan and wasted woman, hugging to her heart a babe, that she may warm again the love that has been chilled by the cruelty of a perfured, drunken husband; paint an empty larder, a scanty wardrobe, and a fireless hearth; paint, if you can, the misery of that abused wife, as she trembles as she hears the unsteady steps of her approaching husband; open the door—see the affrighted woman crouching in the corner, and warding off the drunken blows, that else would fall on her child; at length paint Death holding his awful court—the wife and child weltering in blood, and the besotted assassin swinging from the gallows of outraged justice. Give us the above—in panoramic pictures—and the hidden meaning of the Fair will be made more apparent, and very convincing that it is “a move in the right direction, in the right time, and at the right place.”

Show the public these things at the same time that you show them the laughing graces of the ruby beaded whisky, or else your proposed exhibition will not be a Whisky Fair.

We would farther suggest that before the Fair closes, in order that its benefits may be made more apparent, that all the whisky on exhibition be gratuitously distributed for the enjoyment of the crowd—then let the whooping, swearing, fighting throng empty itself into the streets of the “Maiden City,” and hold a night's orgies, and the next morning the people of Cynthiana will think that it is not “the right place” for the Whisky Fair.

Would the “Organ of the Whisky Trade” like to have a serenade from its friends that night?

Imagine his response—“Gentlemen: I appreciate the distinguished donor you have deferred upon us, (hiccup) on this occasion (loud cries—intermingled with oaths—of “let us take a drink.”) Fellow-citizens, We are organically affected as you seem to be, and we'll adjourn to the grocery, where we will sing,

“Bring me, boy, a flowing bowl,
Deep and spacious as the sea;
Then shall every noble soul
Drink and fathom it with me.

While we revel in delight,
E'er to part would be a sin
And since care is put to flight,
Drink and fill the bowl again.”

The next morning the Organ will be “played out.”

MILITARY LIFE IN THE FAR WEST.

We take the liberty of publishing the following extracts from a private letter written by a young Officer of the Army, stationed at Fort McPherson, Nebraska.

As nobody is likely to be offended but the writer and he would have to get a furlough, before he could cudge us, we feel perfectly secure in pouching upon his excellent letter.

"I am an Officer of the Guard to-day—the time that shoulder straps write letters; and so I thought I would give you a history of our late scout. This I would have done sooner, but I have been engaged on a Board of Survey, to estimate some losses incurred upon our trip.

We received orders from Gen. Augar, Commanding Department, February 10th, to get four companies ready to march next day on an Indian scout, without tents or wagons, only taking pack mules to carry necessary supplies;—one company of Pawnees [friendly Indians] to follow us as soon as they could get their ponies. Our orders were to scout over to the Republican river and look for Indian trails. We started next day, about noon, in high spirits, and spoiling for a fight. We took five days rations. Two companies of Infantry came up that morning from Omaha, to bring out a wagon train, with supplies for ten days more. We numbered six officers, one surgeon, and two hundred and twenty men; we camped the first night at Morrow's old ranch on the Platte River; the weather was beautiful, we did not miss our tents, but wrapped in our robes, with saddles for pillows, we slept sweetly under the great blue, and star-gemmed canopy of the skies.

We started out next morning by day break; crossed the Medicine about noon; about two hours after we left it, shining in the sun, the sky commenced to blacken and threaten a storm; it soon commenced to hail, rain and blow, and we had our first experience in a literal "Hail Columbia." We reached Red-Willow Creek sometime after dark. We had that night one of the hardest snows I ever saw; we were all perfectly wet; looked more like drowned rats than 'boys in blue' and had no dry clothes to put on.

Before reaching camp we had to defile through a deep ravine, which was filled with water up to the saddle-girths; we waded for more than half-a-mile, storm blowing in our faces so strong that many of our horses refused to breast it, turned tail to the wind and stood fast. Our company was at the lead. On a march we alternate places in column. We had to use our rowels freely to prevent our horses from stopping. It was pitch dark when we reached the creek on which we bivouacked. I pulled off my boots and poured out the water, stood by the fire to dry my clothes, but did not perfectly succeed, and was damp for two days. I sat the night through with my back resting against a tree, meditating the comfortless romance of a soldier's life. The morning brought snow. We waited that day for the infantry to come up, with forage for our horses. We built shelters, and by night were comparatively comfortable. During the day I cut down quite a large tree—quite an exploit for an untrained axeman. One company was out during the day, but saw no Indians. The next day [14th] was clear and cold. We still remained in camp as the Infantry had not come up. After breakfast I pulled off my boots, and afterwards when I tried to put them on, found they were frozen and I pulled in vain. I had an engagement to sup with Capt.

S——, and I rode bare-footed over to his quarters. I sent my horse back. After supper then came the fun. How was I to get back? The Major said I will fix that—get up on my back, and thus mounted I rode my commanding officer through the camp, much to the amusement of the men. Just at dark the Infantry came up with wagons.

The next morning, (15th) we took as much forage as we could carry and renewed our march—weather pleasant. We marched all day until we reached Frenchman's Fork of the Republican. We sent out two scouting parties as soon as we reached camp. I took a platoon and went up the creek—the other party down. The party that went down killed an antelope. As I was riding along the edge of a deep ravine, five deer sprang up. One of them was so large, and had such spreading antlers that I took him for an elk. They gazed at me for a second and then bounded off like the wind. I shot at them but had the buck ague and did not bring down my game.

That night, both parties having assembled at camp, we cooked our antelope steak on the end of sticks, and enjoyed it with a relish peculiar to the circumstances.

The next morning (16th) we marched up Frenchman's fork; caught two horses abandoned by some one. The weather again shifted and the snow commenced to fall. The trail got more obscure—up hill and down, and slippery under hoof. We passed an old Indian camp—but too old to give us any hope of overtaking the savages that had camped there. The wood gave out. The wood only extends certain distances up the streams, and there the country is bald, and bare of fuel.

We went into camp without a fire but managed to pull enough grass to make a little coffee. That was a cheerless night, without a campfire.

Next morning (17th) dawn saw us on the move. We did not see a tree or a bush through a day's long march. At night we collected some "buffalo chips" (manure) and grass, made a small fire, enough to warm our coffee. We marched the 18th, and on the 19th met with the Pawnee scouts. According to their opinion, there were no Indians about, and having "marched up the hill," we concluded to "march down again," and return to our post.

I made a visit to the Pawnee Indians. They were playing at some of their games. I joined them in their sports, which amused them—took supper with them, and afterwards smoked the calumet.

The Pawnee companies are all officered by white men. They are splendid scouts. They smoke "Killiknick," or Sumac leaves. They danced and sung for us, and the sight was grotesque enough.

On our return route we experienced the coldest weather I ever felt. I walked more than half the way to keep my feet from freezing. Many of the men fell from their horses and refused to go on—said they were freezing to death—go and leave us. We had to beat them up, and put them on their horses. When we reached camp over seventy men were badly frozen, and nearly all the officers. I did not suppose that I was frozen, but when I came to lie down, my right ear felt very tender and I pressed it with my fingers and it burst.

"Do you know," said a would be facetious youth to a Rabbi, "that they used to hang Jews and jackasses together." "Indeed, said the aged man; then it is well for you and I, my friend, that we did not live in those days."

MUSIC.

It was born in Heaven. Upon the finishing day of Creation the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted together for joy. We reckon that Haydn's grand oration—"the Creation"—is but a fairy hymn to that first, full, and free Halleluiah, which made the stars roll to its measure.

And so the stars caught the key-note of song from Angel choristers and still chime "the Music of the spheres."

Earth, air and sea are full of music. The wind makes molian harps of the leaves of forest trees and every twig is a string in a lyre. The pines play the dirges, and summer and winter through we can hear the spirit of the wind wailing his requiem through their evergreen boughs. The zephyr serenades the flower with its ballads of love, takes its kiss from fragrant lips, and then hurries on to the fever-check of the invalid.

The hurricane has an orchestra crash, and the thunder rolls the drum-marches of the storm. The sea sighs refrains ever to the beach, and fills every shell with its sad and ceaseless song. The cataract plays for the waltzes of rainbows, and the minuets of the silvery spray. The mountain brook is tuneful and all its wavelets polish the pebbles to the carol of a lapidary's hymn.

The birds make the air tremulous with their operas—the wren pipes its single piccolo note, the canary runs the gamut on his life, the lark whistles weird his ascension score, and the mocking bird's very soul is set to music.

Then think of what man is capable! His to sing God's praises on earth, and his to aspire to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb on High.

Ah, music gladdens earth, and angels bend down to catch the strains from her groves and temples. Let men sing at their tasks, and how nicely, cheerfully, is work done! Let them sing at labor and leisure, in joy's bright-day, and grief's night season.

The poet Halleck once said to a friend: "Blue sky and blue water are the best things in the world to drive away the blues. Nature is all beauty. Field, dell and the weather-coated hillside made Burns and Byron write. Poor Tom Hood saw too little of them for his own welfare and consequently his bubbling humor became overwrought with sorrow. The sin of the city distressed him, and turned his humor into pathos. His light guitar became an molian harp, to sigh to the wind at night. But Campbell is my pet of poets."

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.—The following is from *God's Glory in the Heavens*, a new work by the Rev. Dr. W. Leitch, recently published in London:

"The universe is a great harp, and each orb a string in that harp; but one string, at least, is untuned. Sin has broken that string, and now there is a jarring in the notes that ascend to the throne of the Eternal. One great end of redemption is to re-adjust this jarring string of our world. The whole universe, in some measure, felt the fall of man, just as one discordant string tells upon the harmony of all the strings of a musical instrument; and the whole universe will feel the effects of the redemption when this world is once more put in tune by the hand of love and mercy. Then sweeter melodies and sublimer harmonies will arise than any that have yet ascended to the throne of the Eternal."

GARRICK'S REPLY.—"What a pity it is," said a lady to Garrick, "that you are no taller." "I should be happy indeed, madam," replied Garrick, "to be higher in your estimation."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GRAND CHAPTERS.

RHODE ISLAND.

The proceedings of three Grand Royal Arch Chapters come to us under one cover. There are but nine Chapters, "in this small but delightful State, in the neighborhood of Pawtucket."

We suppose that they can only get material enough for a decent pamphlet tri-ennially. The Grand Chapter of "Little Rhody" is an economical body. By way of illustration we instance the following order:

"That the salary of the Grand Secretary for the past year be thirty dollars, and that he be allowed in addition thereto, the sum of twenty dollars, for preparing the proceedings of this Grand Chapter for publication."

The Grand Tyler's bill is nine dollars.

The M. E. Grand High Priest, Thomas A. Doyle, presided over the Convocation held in Providence, Tuesday, March 10th, 1868. In his Address occurs the following remarkable passage: "The work in the Newport Chapter having been stopped for a long time by the use of the black ball, whenever a petition was presented, and it being apparent that certain members of the body, from some cause, were determined to prevent the conferring of the degrees of Royal Arch Masonry upon many worthy brethren anxious to receive them, I decided that the best method of remedying the trouble was by organizing a new Chapter in that city." Accordingly he issued a dispensation for a new Chapter.

There is no report on Foreign correspondence.

ILLINOIS.

The Grand Chapter convened in Springfield, October 9th, 1868. M. E. G. W. Linsinger, Grand High Priest, presided. In his Address he renews to the Companions a valuable lesson on the vice of intemperance and profanity. No Royal Arch Mason should be tolerated who practices either. He should be required to repent and reform, or cease to be a Mason. In this opinion we most heartily concur.

The Deputy Grand High Priest also "in conformity with the usual custom," delivered an address, in which he gives a detailed account of his official acts.

A committee appointed for the purpose reported a uniform system of work and ritual, which was adopted, and it was ordered that no other should be employed in any Royal Arch Chapter in the jurisdiction.

The Committee on the Addresses, offered the following bold resolution: "That each Subordinate Chapter, within the jurisdiction of this Grand Chapter, shall purge itself of intemperance and profanities; and that it be the duty of this Grand Chapter to arrest the Charter of any Chapter failing to comply with this resolution."

Companion James H. Miles, of Chicago, was elected Grand High Priest. Companion H. G. Reynolds, Grand Secretary, and Harrison Dills, Grand Treasurer.

The report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence is voluminous and excellent. It has one peculiarity, namely, a statistical table, taken from the proceedings of the General Grand Chapter—and making a full exhibit of the state of Royal Arch Masonry in every State.

NEW JERSEY.

The Twelfth Annual Convocation was held in

Trenton, September 9th, 1868. The M. E. Grand High Priest, J. V. Mattison, delivered an Address.

Some thief not having a wholesome regard for the High Priest's dignity and robes and jewels of office, feloniously carried them away. Hear the jeremiad of the Grand High Priest. After detailing his official acts he says: "These comprise my official acts, during the year I have had the honor to represent this Grand Body, with the exception of one, which I am loth to mention; but the truth must be told. That act consists in the loss of all my Masonic clothing and jewels, both public and private, in the month of February last, during the residence of my family in the city. While my house was closed, some impious wretch had the audacity to enter my sanctum, the place of deposit of my Masonic valuables, and, not content with the thorough overhauling of the contents of every piece of furniture in the house, laid his sacrilegious hands upon my Masonic wardrobe, and appropriated it entirely to his own use, not even giving me the satisfaction of leaving his card. The hope, long deferred, of recovering the same, grows fainter and fainter day by day; and I take this opportunity of saying that if any of the Companions present should by chance discover any person who wore his Masonic clothing suspiciously, examine him, and if his tongue trembles, and he does not give the true Shibolet, slay him at once, for I would prefer the loss of the whole, rather than that, pleased with the adornment, he should be persuaded to become a Mason, and his conscience then compel a restoration. We want none who procure their Masonic clothing in that manner. This, Companions, is my apology for the apparent want of courtesy in appearing before you without the jewels of my office. I hope soon to have them replaced."

Companion Carson, the Prometheus of that Grand Chapter—who so frequently steals fire from Heaven to illumine his muse—should be looked after. The habit of pilfering celestial fire may lead to other larcenies.

They believe in division of labor in New Jersey—hence we find the Deputy Grand High Priest, the E. Grand King, the E. Grand Scribe—all presenting reports of labors assigned them by the Grand High Priest.

It is a niggardly business to divide a herring into four parts, and expect four people to have a feast.

New Jersey isn't very big, that she should be divided between four rapacious laborers.

Everything, however, is *Grand* in New Jersey. They have a Grand Lecturer, and a *Grand Organist*.

Did he play on Companion Corson? We always thought him to be the *organ* of that Grand Body. If such was the case we hope he didn't *grind* him. It would be much better to pump the wind into him, and then hear him *pipe* and *stop*.

Companion Corson says in his report on Foreign Correspondence: "Companion A. G. Hodges presented a fair and impartial review of twenty-three Grand Chapters, in which New Jersey receives full attention, and your reporter is complimented as *almost* to bring a blush to his modest cheek."

Yes—when you blush the cheek of darkness will turn pale.

Is Companion Corson particularly fond of colored Masons?

We have heard that he is a *Blue* Mason, and a *Scarlet* Mason, but is he, also, a *black*? One might think so to read his rejoinder to Gonyea, but after

all, we are inclined to think him "a man, and a brother."

The Companion in closing his report gives us some doggerel lines, to which he appends the following: "In order to make the allusion more *intelligible*, we give the names of the Reporters of the different State Grand Chapters."

This reminds us of the showman, who astonished his audience with the following burst of exciting eloquence: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the next scene in the panorama will be a beautiful picture of Daniel in the lion's den; you can tell Daniel from the lion by his having a blue cotton umbrella under his arm."

That our readers may have a taste of our poet's genius we append a single couplet:

"Owen led friend Seymour, and Brown, of Oregon,
With Richardson and Chickering prepared to have
some fun."

Shades of Byron and Tom Moore! That reminds us of the poetic youth who *tuned* his muse thusly:

"Dad and I put up the well sweep,
The wind came along and blowed it down—sheep."

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAY.

Little Johnny was being catechised by his brother, who asked him what he was made of. Johnny replied, "You, and me, and papa, are made of dust, and mamma and sister are made of men's wibs."

A child described a snake as "a thing all tail clean up to the head."

A recent number of *Hours at Home* contains a paper on "Children and their Sayings," which abounds in anecdotes. We select the following:

"A friend of mine has two bright little boys— Freddy, between three and four years old, and Willie, about five. A chronicle of their doings and saying would fill a volume, but two specimens must suffice:

"Both were very fond of milk, and a mug of it always completed their supper. But, while in the country last summer, it so chanced that they one day saw the girl milking.

"There Willie," said Freddy, "you see that, do you? I don't want any more milk after the cow's had it," and he withdrew very much disgusted.

"That evening, when their mugs of milk were placed on the table, both remained untouched. A reason of this phenomenon being asked, Freddy simply declared that he didn't want any milk after the cow had had it, but farther refused to explain. Willie, however, told of the discovery of the morning.

"The mother then explained to them that the milk did not come to them second-hand; that the cow ate grass, which was changed into milk by a wonderful chemical process, akin to that which produced everything in nature. In the light of this explanation, Willie was satisfied, but Freddy still turned up his nose at milk, sticking to the original proposition.

"After supper, Willie, who on these important occasions always acted as expounder, took his brother aside into a corner.

"It's all right, Freddy," he said, "and you can just go on drinking your milk again. The cow eats grass, and that's what makes it. Now, if the cow didn't eat the grass, you'd have to, you see That's what the cow's for."

"Freddy resumed his evening draughts. To his

mind the only alternative was eating grass, and from that he shrank.

"Mamma, mamma!" cried a little boy, when the sun set gorgeously red one Christmas-eve, 'see how hot heaven is over there! Santa Claus is baking, I guess.'

"In manner somewhat like this did one of these natural philosophers account for another phenomenon. Hearing a man dump coal in the bin one day, with a terrible rumbling, he shouted—

"O mother, now I know what makes thunder: it is God putting coal in!"

"Children are great realists, interpreting things in the most literal sense. To the infantile mind, the beautiful metaphor of the Lord walking in the garden in the cool of day conveys the idea of a tangible presence.

"I know," said a little boy, to whom the passage was read: 'just as papa does, with his hands behind him, and an old coat on.'"

A teacher asked a bright little girl, "What country is opposite us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir," was her answer. "Well, now," pursued the teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir," replied the pupil, with an air of triumph.

Little Walter Draper is a very good little boy, according to all the rules laid down for good little boys. Last Sunday he asked his mother to go down to the Gould & Curry Reservoir, which was refused on the ground of its being the Sabbath. Good little boys sometimes cry a little, and Walter began blubbering.

"Why, Walter," said his mother, "I am astonished! The idea of your wanting to go down to the reservoir on the Lord's Day, to go swimming with a lot of bad little boys!"

"Boo hoo!" blubbered Walter, "I didn't want to go swimmin' with 'em, ma; I only wanted to go down and see the bad little boys get drowned for goin' a swimmin' a Sunday—boo hoo!"

Little Freddie was told one day that he musn't eat raw dried apples without chewing them up very fine, or they would swell in him and make him very big. Two or three days afterwards he ran home in a great hurry to tell that he had seen a great big man, "more'n so big!" stretching his arms at full length; "and I suppose he'd been eatin' dried apples without chewing 'em!"

A mile or so from town a man met a boy on horseback crying with cold. "Why don't you get down and lead the horse?" said the man, "that's the way to get warm."

"It's a b-b-borrowed horse, and I'll ride him if I f-f-freeze!" whimpered the boy.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.—A little girl was one night under the starry sky, intently meditating on the glories of the heavens. At last, looking up to the sky, she said: "Father, I have been thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what will the right side be?"

"I don't want mother to marry again," said a little boy one day at breakfast. "Why not," was asked, with some surprise. "Because," said he, "I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting acquainted with another."

The *Kentucky Freemason* pitches into *Pomerooy's Democrat* for copying articles without giving credit; while the *Evergreen* chides the *Kentucky Freemason* for the same offence. Why not cry "quits," brother exchanges, and call it square all round? You have all done a little stealing.—*Masonic Monthly* (Boston.)

We deny the soft impeachment. We do not see any difference, morally, between lying and stealing. Now read the disclaimer of the "Evergreen:"—

The *Masonic Monthly* for March has just come. (March 30th.) We respect the *Monthly* but not its occasional disingenuousness. In the number in question, the editor says we have been pitching into the *Kentucky Freemason* because of alleged thievery. This is untrue, we have treated that paper with a courtesy it has never vouchsafed us, but we have never had occasion to make such a charge. The *Monthly* then goes on to say (in effect that we need not find fault with others, for doing exactly what we do ourself. If the exceedingly hubbish Bro. Evans, will point out a single article in the 16 numbers of our paper already issued, which has been stolen, we will give him a new hat. This pitiful jealousy of each other which seems to characterize most of the masonic papers, is disgraceful. We have no part in it. When we cannot achieve a circulation by legitimate means, we will leave the field to others.

Thanks to the *Evergreen* for the justice done us in the above, but we do not know to what it refers when it intimates that we have been lacking in editorial courtesy. We exchange with the *Evergreen* which is published in Dubuque, Iowa, and have never certainly treated it with discourtesy. We have noticed one favorable mention of our paper, and made one of the "*Evergreen*." What does Bro. Guilbert, the Editor, require?

As for the stealing business with which the "*Monthly*" seeks to discredit us, we say that it is a foul slander. No line of editorial matter has ever appeared in this paper, but that which originated with the Editor. Articles may have appeared in our columns, which have lost their editorial identity, and have become the portable matter of the press, but we have appropriated no man's matter, and claimed it as our own. We are able to write our own editorials and do it.

As for jealousy, we have none for any Masonic paper. We have some subscribers in New England, but expect no general circulation there. We have none in Iowa, nor do we hope for any.

The *Kentucky Freemason* is the organ of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, and looks Southward for its circulation, although it is cosmopolitan in its spirit, and would be a welcome visitor anywhere.

Our paper is a literary Journal, as well as Masonic, and numbers many subscribers, who are not Masons.

We challenge comparison with any paper of the country, and we are jealous of none.

The Grand Master of Masons should be one known to all men as the possessor of the Masonic virtues, of pure morals, of liberal mind, and a conspicuous monument of the manhood which Masonry endeavors to mature. He will thus be to the Fraternity an example of a completed Masonic life, full of honors and advancing to that day whereof it is said that "in the evening there shall be light."

THOUGHTS OF DEATH.—The Brahmanni had their graves before their doors. The Sybarites, at banquets, had a death's head delivered from hand to hand by every guest at the table. The Egyptians, in the midst of their feasts, used to have the anatomy of a dead man set before them, to remind the guests of their mortality. The poor heathen could say that the whole life of man should be *meditatio mortis*, a meditation of death.

LITTLE ROSIE.

Rosie, my posy,
You're weary, you're doxy,
Sit upon grandmamma's knee.
Songs will I sing you,
Sweet sleep to bring you;
Cuddle up cosy with me.

I will sing ditties
Of birds and of kitties—
The "Song of the Well" to begin;
How young Johnnie stout
Pulled pussy-cat out,
When Johnnie Green let her fall in.

Of timid Miss Muffit,
Who fled from the tuffit;
Of Bobbie who sailed on the sea;
Of Jack and his Gill;
Of the mouse at the mill;
And baby that rocked on the tree.

Rosie, my Rosie,
As sweet as a posy—
Ah! now she is coming, I see,
Sleepy and doxy,
To cuddle up cosy,
And hush-by-baby with me.

Children's Picture Magazine.

PROFANITY.—M. W. Bro. Hazely, of Ind., thus speaks of this vice: "Of all the frailties of human nature, I have less patience and charity for that of profane swearing than almost all the others. For many of the improprieties to which our race is subject, some pretext, or plausible palliation of, might be conjured up. The falsifier of truth would say that it was excusable, for he thereby saved property, and, perhaps, for the time being, reputation; the taker of the property of others might say that it was justifiable, for he thereby saved life; but the profane swearer has no pretext, whatsoever—it is, to all intents and purposes, a biting at the naked hook, and all the fine feelings of man revolt at it. The thunders of Mount Zion say: 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; the decrees of the church teach that thou shalt not profane the name of thy Creator; all the laws and precepts of Masonry proclaim that you shall never mention the name of Deity but with the most reverential awe; nature herself instinctively blushes in the presence of profanity. There is neither time nor place for it; it is an unwelcome intruder wherever it is; then in the name of religion, of Masonry, of every thing that is good, great, and desirable, I appeal to every member of the fraternity to abandon it at once and forever.'"

THE POWER OF A SMILE.—It is related in the life of William Hutton, that a countrywoman called upon him one day, anxious to speak with him. She told him with an air of secrecy that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and sought other company, often passing his evenings from home, which made her feel very unhappy; and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man, she thought he might be able to tell her how she should manage to cure her husband. The case was a common one, and he thought that he could prescribe for it. "The remedy is a simple one," said he, "but I have never known it to fail. Always treat your husband with a smile." The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a courtesy, and went away. A few months afterwards she waited on Mr. Hutton with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him, while a tear of joy and gratitude glistened in her eye, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.

For my part, seeing the victims of fast life falling around me, I have willingly abandoned the apparent advantages of such a life, and preferred less popularity, less gain, the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body, the blessings of a quiet domestic life, and a more restricted but not a less enjoyable circle of society. I am now approaching my seventy-fifth year. I cannot, indeed, say, vigorous as I am, that I have reached this age without the assistance of doctors; for I have had the constant attendance of those four famous ones—Temperance, Exercise, good Air, and good Hours.—*William Howitt.*

Freebooter.

If we had not within ourselves the principle of bliss, we could not become blest. The grain of heaven lies in the breast, as the germ of the blossom lies in the shut seed.

The ornament and beauty of this lower world, next to God and his wonders, are the men that spangle and shine in godliness.

Momentary opportunities are for sowing little seeds, which may produce great trees and shrubs.

The pulpit is dying of the proprieties.

Conscience, be it ever so little a worm while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on the death-bed.

The humble live under promises, and the proud are under threatenings and punishment.

A person of small ability can do a great amount of good by taking care of his influence.

Sagacity and knowledge are only truly useful when joined with grace, meekness, discretion, and benevolence. The serpent's eye does best in the dove's head.

Far higher is the office of the teacher who makes admirable men, than that of the sculptor or painter who makes admirable imitations of them.

FAITH.—Faith builds in the dungeon and the lazar house its sublimest shrines; and up through roofs of stone that shut up the eye of heaven ascends the ladder, where the angels glide to and fro, prayer.

True Masonry shows its influence in every part of our conduct; it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates the most distant boughs.

DEFINITIONS.—Faith—An anchor dropped beyond the vale of death.

Hope—A love-star beaming over the barren heath.

Faith and love are like a pair of compasses; faith, like one point, fastens on God as the centre; and love, like the other, goes the round in all the works of holiness and righteousness.

When we *think* of good, angels are silent; when we do it, they rejoice.

A word fastened in a sure place may set in motion a good influence that will never cease. It is a foolish thing to go back and uproot the seed to find if it has taken hold. Dropped in faith, the sunshine and rain of God's providences will take care of the germination. And, besides, there is many a deed done and word spoken through the good influence of the moment which we forget, but God remembers to bless.

Counsel and wisdom achieve more and greater exploits than force.

LITTLE HABITS.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed; no single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates,

however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation may overthrow the edifices of truth and virtue.

The law of reciprocity is universal between man and man, and between earth and heaven.

He who makes an idol of his interests, makes a martyr of his integrity.

How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men boldly in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience, void of offense toward God or man.

Experience possesses a language of its own which no characters can represent, and can be understood only by its possessors.

HOW TO BEAR THE ROD.—It is difficult to conceive anything more beautiful than the reply given by one in affliction when he was asked how he bore it so well. "It lightens the stroke," said he, "to draw near to him who handles the rod."

The habit of virtue can not be formed in a closet. Habits are formed by acts of reason, in a persevering struggle through temptation.

Many have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil. I observe there is evil, and that there is a way to escape it, and with this I begin and end.

The bravest man is he who is most afraid of sin. He shall have boldness in the day of judgment.

To every man there are many, many dark hours, when he feels inclined to abandon his best enterprise—when his heart's dearest hopes appear delusive—hours when he feels unequal to the burden, when all his aspirations seem worthless. Let no one think he alone has dark hours. They are the common lot of humanity. They are the touchstone to try whether we are current coin or not.

The whole art of conversation is not only to say the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

Friendship is a vase which, when flawed by heat, violence or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discover the helplessness of restoring it to its former state.

Heaven did not give woman the power of insinuation that she might be haughty; it did not make them weak in order to be capricious; it did not give them a sweet tongue in order to be employed in scolding.

Education does not commence with the alphabet—it begins with a mother's love; with a father's smile of approbation, or a sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle forbearance.

Oaths are vulgar, senseless, offensive, impious like obscene words, they leave a noisome trail upon the lips and a stamp of odium upon the soul. They are inexcusable. They gratify no sense, while they outrage taste and dignity.

Actions are never childless, whether good or bad: in either case the offspring goes beyond the parent—every good begetting a better, every bad a worse.

In the voyage of life we should imitate the ancient mariners, who without losing sight of the earth, trusted to the heavenly signs for their guidance.

When God means to punish a nation he deprives its rulers of wisdom.

A GOOD THOUGHT.—A man is but a reed, and it is a true representation of the weakness of nature; but there is a reed that thinks. It does not need the universe to crush him; a breath of air, a drop of water will kill him. But even if the material universe should overwhelm him, man would be more noble than that which destroys him; because he knows that he dies, while the universe knows nothing of the advantage which it obtains over him. Our true dignity, then, consists in thought. Thence we must derive our elevation, not from space or duration. Let us endeavor, then, to think well; this is the principle of morals.

MOTHERS.—By the quiet fireside of home the true mother, in the midst of her children, is sowing, as in vases of earth, the seeds of plants that shall sometime give to heaven the fragrance of their blossoms, and whose fruit will be a rosary of angelic deeds—the noblest offering that she can make through the ever ascending and ever expanding souls of her children to her Maker. Every word that she utters goes from heart to heart with a power of which she little dreams. Solemn is the thought, but not more solemn to the Christian mother than the thought that every expression of her countenance, even in the sheltered walk and retirement, may leave an indelible impression upon the young souls around her, and from as it were, the undying strata of that education which peoples heaven with celestial beings, and gives the white brow of the angels, next to the grace of God, its crown of glory.

WITHOUT AN ENEMY.—Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody. If such an individual ever succeeded, we should be glad of it—not that we believe in a man going through the world trying to find beams to knock and thump his poor head against, disputing every man's opinion, fighting and elbowing and crowding all who differ with him. That again is another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinion, so have you. Don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the color of theirs. Wear your own colors in spite of winds and weather, storms or sunshine. It costs the vacillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle and twist that it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground.

Censure, it is said, is the tax which eminence of every kind pays for distinction. The tendency of our times especially is to pander to a morbid taste that craves continually for signal spectacles of failings and imperfections in persons of exalted station, for exhibitions of eminent people depreciated or defamed. The readiness of men to minister to the prevailing appetite for gossip by violating the sanctity of private life, and even the sacred ties of friendship, is not only to be lamented, but the crime is to be denounced, especially when occurring among Masons.

ODE.

When first eternal justice bade
Life's varied ills untemper'd flow,
'Twas then Almighty goodness said,
Go Pity, cheer the realms of woe,
Go mild Compassion, go Charity and Love,
Tell men there's mercy yet above.

Scarcely fled from Heaven, the high behest,
That whelm'd in light and smiling orb,
Ere wide creation, doubly bless'd,
Hailed Masonry's propitious birth.
With strains majestic, ye Masons lift the skies,
Let grateful hallelujahs rise.

Hail, Royal Art! in humble zeal
The Mason greets thy glad'ning way;
'Tis thine to teach his heart to feel,
And thine to bid his hand obey.
'Twas Wisdom fashion'd, 'twas Strength thy temple
raised,
And Beauty o'er the fabric blaz'd.

Sweet Charity, whose soothing art
Can bid dull apathy adore,
Can sweep the chords of every heart,
Primeval harmony restore,
Come, lovely sister, come smooth life's rugged way,
And lead our souls to realms of day.

WHAT THE MINUTE-HAND SAID TO THE HOUR
ONE.—"What, no farther?" said the minute hand
of the time-piece. "Why, I have been all around
the dial since we parted, and there you are just
one figure from the place I left you."

"And yet I have done as much work in the time
as you have," answered the hour hand. "How
do you make that out?" asked the other as he
advanced to pass him.

"So," was the reply. "Your journey all round,
and mine from figure to figure, are each an hour's
value; all cannot arrive at the same conclusion
with the same ease. This is no fault on either
side; they who fancy, because they are in a busi-
ness, that they are doing the work of the world, are
mistaken, and plume themselves on an impor-
tance and superiority by no means belonging to
them. If you were to creep like me, the day
would last nobody knows how long; and if I
were to gallop like you, it would be over before
it had well begun. Let us each keep our own
pace, and then the business we are both upon
will be well done between us."

"All right," said the minute-hand in the dis-
tance; "I'm nearly out of hearing now; so keep
anything more you have to say till I pass you
again."—*The Leisure Hour.*

A CHEERFUL FACE.—Carry the radiance of your
soul in your face. Let the world have the benefit
of it. Let your cheerfulness be felt for good where-
ever you are, and let your smiles be scattered like
sunbeams, "on the just as well as the unjust." Such
a disposition will yield you a rich reward, for its
happy effects will come home to you and brighten
your moments of thought.

Cheerfulness makes the mind clear, gives tone
to thought, adds grace and beauty to the counte-
nance. Joubert says: "When you give, give with
joy and smiling."

Smiles are little things, cheap articles, to be
fraught with so many blessings both to the giver
and the receiver—pleasant little ripples to watch
as we stand on the shore of every-day life. They
are our higher, better nature's responses to the
emotions of the soul.

Let the children have the benefit of them; those
little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to
educate them, and would find a level for their
buoyant natures in the cheerful, loving faces of
those who lead them.—*Ec.*

BEAUTIFUL SUPERSTITION.—Among the super-
stitions of the Sines there is one for its singular
beauty is well known. When a maiden dies they
imprison a young bird until it begins to try its
powers of song, and then loading it with kisses
and caresses they loose its bonds over the grave.
In the belief that it will not fold its wings, neither
close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land
and delivered its precious burden of affection to
the loved and lost. "It is not unfrequent," says
the Indian history, "to see twenty or thirty birds
loosed at once over one grave."

A LEGEND FOR MASONS.—There is a tradition
that one day Rabbi Judah and his brethren sat in
the synagogue on a fast day, disputing about rest.
One said it was to have sufficient wealth, yet with-
out sin. The second said it was fame and the
praise of all men. The third said that it was pos-
session of power to rule the state. The fourth
said it must be only in the old age of one who is
rich, famous, powerful, and surrounded by chil-
dren and children's children. The fifth said it
was all in vain, except one kept the whole ritual of
Moses. And Rabbi Judah, the venerable and
tallest of the brethren, said:—"Ye have spoken
wisely, but one thing more is necessary. He only
can find rest who to all things addeth this—that
he keep the tradition of the elders." There sat a
fair haired boy playing with lilies in his lap, and
hearing the talk, dropped them in astonishment
from his hands and looked up—that boy of twelve,
and said:—"Nay, say, father, he can only find rest
who loves his brother as himself, and with his
whole heart and soul. He is greater than fame,
wealth and power; happier than a happy home,
better than honored age. He is a law to himself
above all traditions."

OUR SUNLIGHT.—Mrs. Hemans, in her last days,
when among the mountain scenery of Wicklow
during a storm, was struck by an effect in the hills,
produced by a rainbow diving down into the
gloomy pass, which it seemed really to flood with
its glowing colors.

"I could not help thinking," said the dying
poetess, "that it was like our religion, piercing
and carrying brightness into the depths of sor-
row and the tomb." All the rest of the scene
around that one illuminated spot was wrapt in
profound darkness.

FUNERAL OF A BEE.—A gentleman writing from
Glasgow, relates the following incident: "Whilst
walking with a friend in a garden near Falkirk,
we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives,
bearing between them the dead body of a comrade
with which they flew for the distance of ten yards.
We followed them closely, and noted the care with
which they selected a convenient hole at the side
of the gravel walk—the tenderness with which
they committed the body, head downwards, to the
earth—and the solicitude with which they pushed
against it two little stones, doubtless in memoriam.
Their task being ended, they paused for about a
minute, perhaps to drop over the grave of their
little friend a sympathizing tear, and then they
flew away."

A Writer writes: "putting up the hair of chil-
dren in curling papers, breaks it and checks its
growth; often pulls it out by the roots. Curling
irons are fatal to the hair of both children and
grown people. The heat saps up the juice out of
the fibres as effectually as fire or frost saps the
vitality of a green branch, leaving but a dry,
withered skeleton. The practice which hair-dress-
ers have of frizzing out the hair with a comb,
to make the most of it, is one of the most cruel in-
juries that can be inflicted on the living hair.
The comb cuts in the act of frizzing. You can
test the truth of this by combing out the hair af-
ter it has been so dressed. The hair sometimes
comes out by handfuls; and farther, this process
tangles up the hair, and a great deal of it is bro-
ken and pulled out in trying to comb it straight
again."

THE PRINTER'S STORY.—We see saw a young
man gazing at the sky heavens, with a \dagger in I
and a \dashv of pistols in the other. We endeavored
to attract his attention by giving 2 a \dagger in a newspaper
we held in our \dagger , relating 2 a young man in
that \dagger of the country, who had left home in a \dagger
of Drangement. He dropped the \dagger and pistols from
his \dagger with the \dagger : "It is I of whom
U read. I left \dagger my friends knew of my design.
I \dagger the \dagger of a girl who had refused 2 his 10
2 me, but smiled on another I \dagger from the
house, uttering a wild 1 2 the \dagger of my friends.
came here with this \dagger and \dashv of pistol, 2 put a
2 my xialloc. My case is unjod in this \dagger ."

Oratory is eminently the literature of republics.
—Tuckerman.

HUMILITY.—A farmer went with his son into a
wheat-field to see if it was ready for the harvest.
"See, father!" exclaimed the boy; "how straight
those stems hold up their heads! They must be
the best ones. Those that hang their heads down,
I am sure, are not good for much."

The father plucked a stalk of each kind, and
said, "See here, foolish child! This stalk, that
stood so straight and high, is light-headed and
almost good for nothing; while this, that hung its
head so modestly is full of the most beautiful
grain."

MEN AND THEIR WORK.—It is said that the dis-
position of the miller has everything to do with
the quality of his flour; and that as you grind by
the sense of feeling, a man must be of an even,
good temper—not nervous nor irritable, but steady
and uniform—in order to keep the feel of the flour
right, from hour to hour through the day and
night. It is not every man that has the disposi-
tion required for a good miller. How near is the
subtle connection between the spirit of a man
and his work!

Conductors on railroads tell me it is not every
man that can run every engine. A nervous
engine would wear out a phlegmatic engineer, and
a phlegmatic engine would wear out a nervous
engineer. Take two engines which are built after
the same pattern and let one be built loose jointed
so as to run unsteadily, and the other close in the
joints, so as to run steadily, and each will require
an engineer whose disposition is suited to its dis-
position—for machines have dispositions as well
as men.

CHARITY.—How different a man's gift is when
he gives with a smile from that which almost kills
the giver! A stingy man is almost sure to talk
about "widows and orphans around him," "char-
ity at home," "wicked taxes," and more evils
than ever haunted Pandora's box. Ask him what
he has done for widows and orphans around him,
and he is at his row's end. Ask the widow who
has aided her and her hungry little ones, and this
neighbor, who evades helping under the excuse of
having "orphans at home," is not mentioned.
Never! Let such persons remember that property
in this world is at best very insecure, and God's
eye is a witness of all such false excuses.—*Orphans'
Advocate, Kansas City.*

MASONRY NOT CHRISTIANITY.—We do not pro-
pose Masonry as a substitute for Christianity—
God forbid—but as an adjunct, a handmaiden,
doing her behest, and coveting her approving
smiles. Masonry is neither religion, nor its sub-
stitute. If she professed to be either the one or
the other, I would repudiate her with scorn. She
is not Christianity, she is human. I repeat it,
she is not Christianity, or its substitute. She does
not, either in her works or ways, attempt to su-
percede the Christian Church; she cannot re-im-
press the Divine Image on the human heart; she
cannot pluck the sting from death, or give vic-
tory over the grave. If she professed to do any
of these, I would write "lying imposture" on the
columns of her temples, and trample her symbols
and her jewels in the dust. She is not Christian-
ity, but beautifully has she carried out the be-
hests of Christianity's founder.—*Square and Com-
pass.*

Six cent's worth of common green paint, in pow-
der, used about a house, will clear it of vermin.

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 23d, 1869; A. L. 5869.

WHEREAS, At a regular meeting of St. George's Lodge,
No. 238, A. Y. M., held this day, a motion was made and
unanimously adopted that the Worshipful Master appoint
a Committee to draft suitable resolutions expressing the
sentiments of this Lodge in regard to the removal of our
present Secretary and Past Master, Bro. Jos. Rothchild,
from this city, therefore be it

Resolved, That we sincerely regret the necessity of a sepa-
ration from our worthy and beloved past Secretary
and Past Master from among us, and we shall ever cherish
the warmest regard for him and hope that he may
enjoy health, happiness and prosperity wherever he may
pitch his tent.

Resolved, That we esteem him for his many good and
noble qualities of the head and heart and commend him as
a bright and shining star in the Masonic firmament, to
the fraternity at large; trusting that he may ever find as
devoted friends as he proved to be ours to us.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our min-
utes, a copy be furnished to our esteemed Brother, and
that the same be published in the Kentucky Freemason.

CHAS. PLOHN,
TH. DAVIS,
E. KLAUBER, } Committee.

Wit and Humor.

Bar gold—Fees to counsel.

Sweet William—Bill o' fare.

The Diet of Worms—Man.

An ugly bargain—A cheap bull dog.

Dentists are effective men on the stump.

Country shareholders—Ploughmen.

An indignant isle—Ire-land.

A clothes horse—A shirt stud.

A natural arithmetician—the blind adder.

Good place for picnics—Sandwich Islands.

Warm and cold—Hot-tentets and Chili-ans.

A race of sculptors—The Chip-a-ways.

Syntax—The duty on distilled spirits.

A debt that cannot be sued—The debt of nature.

Civilized Africans—Those living in a Ashantee.

A dog fight is the only event at which real courage is manifested.

A virtue in lawyers—Their acts are always courteous.

What part did the Sphinx take in ancient warfare? It riddled the enemy.

Young man, your bride must be won before marriage, but you must both be one afterwards.

What gentleman can, with any sense of propriety, ask a fat woman to lean on his arm?

Why is a sick eagle flying like a bank robbery? Because it's an ill eagle proceeding.

The largest room in the world—Room for improvement.

He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

What goes most against the farmer's grain—His mowing machine.

An endorser is a man who shares all the liabilities of another, and none of the profits.

Why should we never sleep in a railway carriage? Because the train always runs over sleepers.

Old maids are described as "embers from which the sparks have fled."

Does a man consider a woman a poem when she is a-verse to him?

Never tell your secret in a cornfield, for it has a thousand ears.

The prayer of the office-seeker—O that I were an event that I might take place.

An honest farmer writes to the chairman of an agricultural society: "Gentlemen please put me down on your list of cattle for a bull."

"Excuse me, madam, but I would like to ask why you look at me so savagely?" "Oh! I beg pardon, sir! I took you for my husband."

Why are young ladies, when they blush and weep, like disturbers of the public peace? Because they raise a hue and cry.

What is the difference between a legal document and a cat? One has pauses at the end of its clauses, and the other has claws at the end of its paws.

What is the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable lady? One faces the powder, and the other powders the face.

It is sweet to have friends whom you can trust but more convenient to have friends who "trust" you.

What is that the rich man wants, the poor man has, the miser spends, and the spendthrift saves? Nothing.

A Cincinnati genius advertises for a situation, saying that "work is not so much an object as good wages."

Poets seldom make good astronomers—they so love women they cannot see the other heavenly bodies.

The young lady who was told to take exercise to improve her health, says that she "will jump at any offer, and run her own risk."

What is the difference between a young girl and an old hat? One has feeling and the other has felt.

The man who is awfully urbane to his wife before strangers is generally also "her bane" behind their backs!—*Jadg.*

Many a rich man in bringing up his son seems ambitious to make what Aaron made—a golden calf.

A "HITTING CRITICISM."—Archbishop Whately perpetrated a rather severe criticism on certain preachers when he said, "In their sermons they aim at nothing and hit."

"Ain't it wicked to rob dis chicken-roost, Dick?" Dats a great moral question, Gumbo; and we ain't no time to arguify it now; hand down another pullet."

A stump speaker exclaimed: "I know no North, no South, no East, no West, fellow-citizens!" "Then," exclaimed an old farmer in the crowd, "its time you went to school and larnt jography."

A sporting man remarked on a belle, in the habit of wearing low-necked dresses, who carried off a matrimonial prize in the shape of a rich old widower, that "she won the race by a neck."

A disappointed swain, in speaking of the language of flowers, said he knew by experience that if any one wanted heart's ease, he should never look for marry gold.

"I wish you would not give me such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer, who had an outstanding bill against him. "And I wish you would not give me such a long wait for mine," replied the grocer.

An English girl has obtained five pounds sterling damages from a sweetheart, who, while courting her, squeezed her hand so hard as to break a finger. After marriage he might have broken her head with impunity.

"Biddy," said O'Mulligan to his wife, "it's a cowl ye have. A drop of the crathr 'ud do ye no harrum. "Oh hone," said Biddy, "I've taken the plidge; but you can mix a drink, Jimmy, an' force me to swally it."

A Scotch minister in a strange parish, wishing to know what his people thought of his preaching, questioned the beadle. "What do they say of Mr. _____?" (his predecessor). "Oh," said the beadle, "they say he's not sound." Minister—"What do they say of the new minister?" (himself). Beadle—"Oh, they say he's all sound!"

Well, John, which do you think was right?" "Why, master, I think the baldheaded gentleman was wrong!" "Why do you think so, John?" "Because, master, he lost his temper, and abused t'other gentleman, and I've always noticed that in argument the man that's in the wrong is the man that get's mad.

A devotee of Bacchus was overheard the other night thus addressing his hat, which had fallen from his head: "If I pick you up, I fall; if I fall, you will not pick me up; then I leave you;" and he staggered proudly away.

I clasped her tiny hand in mine; I clasped her beauteous form; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storm. She sat her beauteous eyes on me, tears did wildly flow; and with her little lips she said "confound you, let me go."

If you should ever meet with an accident at table, endeavor to be composed. A gentleman carving a tough goose, had the misfortune to send it entirely out of the dish into the lap of a young lady who sat next to him, on which he looked her full in the face, and said with the utmost coolness, "Madam, I will thank you for that goose!"

Mr. C. was in the habit of asking his children to repeat the text, on their return from church, to prove that they gave attention. One Sabbath the text was, "Why stand ye here all the day idle? Go into my vineyard and work, and whatsoever is right I will pay thee." Charlie came home and was asked to repeat the text. He hesitated a moment, and then, as if it just came to him after much thought, he said: "What are you standing 'round here doing nothin' for? Go into my barnyard and go to work, and I'll make it all right with you."

"Mamma," exclaimed a beautiful girl, who suffered affectation to obscure the little intellect she possessed. "what is that long green thing lying on the dish before you?" "A cucumber, my beloved Georgina," replied her mamma; with a bland smile of approbation on her daughter's curiosity. "A cucumber! Gracious goodness, my dear mamma, how extraordinary! I always imagined, until this moment, that they grew in slices!"

A couple of rival politicians were disputing about the extent of a recent procession, one claiming that it was a small affair, and the other that it was "the biggest thing of the kind ever seen in the country." "Why," said he, "it was twelve hours passing a given point, as I'll make you admit," looking at his opponent. "I'd like to see you do it," said the latter. "Well, the point it took us twelve hours to pass was the whisky shop at the corner." The opponent gave it up.

Horace Mann used to tell a story of a conversation he once had with an inmate of the lunatic asylum at Worcester, Mass., whose peculiar mania resulted from an inordinate development of the bump of self-esteem: "What's the news, sir? Has anything unusual happened of late, sir?" he inquired, with a consequential air. Mr. Mann happened to recollect that a furious storm had occurred a few days previous gave him some account of it, mentioning that on the sea-coast it was very severe, several vessels having been driven ashore and wrecked with the loss of many lives. "Can you remember, sir, what night in the week all that happened?" eagerly inquired the listener. Mr. Mann said he believed it was the night of Tuesday. "Ah!" said the lunatic, with an air of solemnity, mingled with triumph, and lowering his voice to a whisper, "I can account for it sir—that was the night I whistled so!"

During the rebellion the staff of General Wise were riding through a rather forlorn part of North Carolina, and a young Virginian of the staff concluded to have a little fun at the expense of a long-legged specimen of the *genus homo*, who wore a very shabby gray uniform and bestrode a worm-fence at the road-side. Reining in his horse he accosted him with, "How are you, North Carolina?" "How are you, Virginia?" was the ready response. The staff continued: "The blockade on cupentine makes you rather hard up, don't it? No sale for tar now, is there?"

"Well—yes," was the slow response. "We sell all our tar to Jeff Davis now."

"The thunder you do! What on earth does the President with your tar?"

North Carolina answered: "He puts it on the heels of Virginians to make them stick to the battle-field!" The staff rode on.

THE WORLD OF WONDER.—This world of ours is filled with wonders. The microscope reveals them not less than the telescope, each at either extreme of creation. In the insect creation, particularly, there is much to know that has never been dreamed—wheels within wheels, without computation or number. Let us take a rapid glance at the proof of this statement. The poly-pus, it is said, like the fabled hydra, receives new life from the life which is lifted to destroy it. The fly-spider lays an egg as large as itself. There are found four thousand and forty-one muscles in the caterpillar. Hooke discovered four thousand mirrors in the eye of a drone; and to effect the respiration of a carp, thirteen thousand three hundred arteries, vessels, bones, etc., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all these threads, to the amount of a thousand to each mass, join together when they come out, and make the single thread with which the spider spins his web; so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than four thousand united Lenwheoek, by means of a microscope, observed spiders no bigger than a grain of sand and which spun threads so fine that it took four thousand of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.

BEST TIME TO PAINT HOUSES.—Experiments show that paint on surfaces exposed to the sun will be much more durable if applied in autumn or spring, than if put on in hot weather. In cold weather it dries slowly, forms a hard glossy coat, tough like glass, while if applied in warm weather the oil strikes into the wood, leaving the paint so dry that it is rapidly beaten off by rains.

Any one who is much talked of must be much maligned. This seems to be a harsh conclusion; but when you consider how much more given men are to deprecate than to appreciate, you will acknowledge that there is some truth in the saying.

Dip the ends of nails into grease, and they will drive easily into any hard wood where they would otherwise double and break.

OBITUARY RECORD.

OUR LOVED ONES WHO ARE AT REST.

Bro. Geo. W. Jackson, of Christian county, was buried with Masonic Honors, on the 21st of February, 1869, by Dick Barnes Lodge, No. 398. Appropriate resolutions were adopted by the Lodge, in commendation of Brother Jackson both as a man and Mason.

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