

KENTUCKY FREEMASON

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PROCEEDINGS OF FOREIGN GRAND LODGES.

BY J. M. S. M'CORCKLE.

[Under this head we design to give from time to time abstracts of the proceedings of Grand Lodges in other jurisdictions, which we think will be acceptable to our readers, as they will thus be kept informed of the action of our Brethren in various parts of the United States, and our neighbors north of us.]

CANADA, 1868.

The 13th Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Canada was held at London, July 8th, Grand Master Wm. M. Wilson presiding, Bro. Thomas B. Harris being Grand Secretary, and the Representatives of 170 Subordinate Lodges were in attendance.

Dispensations for the formation of twelve new Lodges had been granted by the Grand Master during the past year.

In his Annual address, speaking of various matters that had come before him for decision, the Grand Master says:

In connection with these matters, there is one evil existing to which I trace many of the difficulties which are now of so frequent occurrence; I allude to the want of a proper care, and to the neglect of Masonic law and principle, too often evinced by the members of the Craft in the selection of those who are to govern our subordinate Lodges. Brethren are too often selected as rulers, merely because their social qualities may be of a high order, and often, also, from their general popularity, without duly considering their ability to work the Lodge, their administrative capacity to govern it, or their possession of those still higher qualities which are so essential to the successful carrying on of the great work of Masonry. In selecting your Masters, let me entreat you, my Brethren, always first to consider your duty to Masonry and to your Lodge. This important duty can never properly be performed, if you place in the Chair one who has to rely upon others for doing that which he is incapable of performing himself.

These are words of wisdom and experience, and commend themselves to the careful consideration of the Craft. There is too great a desire in some Lodges for changes of officers. Rotation in office may do well in the affairs of the outward world, but we doubt if it be not often an injury to the Lodge, when it has good and experienced officers to change them. Most especially is this the case with the Master and Secretary; if they are good

and faithful it is not wise to change, if they are still willing to serve.

The well being of a Lodge, in a great measure depends on the intelligence, conduct, prudence and tact of its Master. A worthy ambition naturally prompts the young Mason to endeavor to reach the Master's chair; but unless he has imbued his mind deeply with Masonic lore, not only by a constant attendance on the Lodge, but by studying the sources of Masonic light and jurisprudence, and likewise tamed his passions to be subservient to an enlightened judgment, he will find himself inefficient in the proper discharge of the multifarious duties of his office. A careless, ignorant, and therefore too frequently a bigoted, Master is highly detrimental to the usefulness of a Lodge, and many have been irreparably injured, and some wholly destroyed and broken up by incompetent Masters.

Among his other qualifications, the Master of a Lodge should be "of good morals, of great skill, true and trusty, and a lover of the whole fraternity, wheresoever dispersed over the face of the earth." He should not only be capable of doing the work of Freemasonry according to the ancient landmarks, but able to elucidate the peculiar rites, ceremonies and history of the institution. These are boundless themes, and under the charge of a skillful Master the Lodge should be made, what it was originally intended to be, a school of knowledge as well as of morals.

Death appears to have been busy among the prominent Masons of Canada. Mourning pages of the proceedings are devoted to perpetuate the memories of the following deceased brothers, Robert Spence, Past Grand Senior Warden, Rev. F. J. Lundy, Past Grand Chaplain, and Elisha Gustin and Edward A. Walker District Deputy Grand Masters.

The report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence was prepared by the chairman, Bro. Thomas White Jr. It reviews the proceedings of thirty-six Grand Lodges, and among them ours for 1867. Under the head of Kentucky he notices the effort made that year to divide our Grand Lodge, and says:

This motion was, we are glad to notice, laid upon the table, by a vote of 264 to 46. This dis-

position towards the multiplication of Grand Lodges is calculated to do a very great deal of harm, and ought, so far as is consistent with the recognized principle of State Grand Lodges among our neighbors, to be resisted.

The whole report is well written and his remarks expressed in a courteous, Masonic style.

A resolution was adopted recognizing the establishment of the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick, and extending to it the right hand of fellowship.

Bro. A. A. Stevenson was elected Grand Master, and the Grand Secretary was re-elected.

CONNECTICUT, 1869.

The eighty-first Annual Communication of this Grand Lodge was held at New Haven, May 12th, Bro. William Storer, Grand Master, Bro. Joseph K. Wheeler, Grand Secretary, with 93 Lodges represented.

Dispensations for the establishment of four new Lodges had been granted by the Grand Master, and two more were ordered by the Grand Lodge.

The report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence was prepared by the Grand Secretary. It reviews the proceedings of 39 Grand Lodges, and among them those of Kentucky for 1868. Speaking of the recent action of the Grand Orient of France in recognizing the so-called "Supreme Council of A. and A. S. Rite in and for the Sovereign State of Louisiana," he says:

We have heard with much regret of this ill-advised action of the Grand Orient of France, in recognizing a spurious body of Masonry in the State of Louisiana, which insists upon encroaching upon their Grand Lodge jurisdiction, by establishing Lodges in their midst. We think the Grand Orient err in their conclusion to recognize such an illegal body in Louisiana, on the ground that "they have opened the doors of its temples to all who may be deemed worthy of initiation, without regard to nationality, race, or color," and its appeal to our American Brethren to "appreciate its conduct," and "imitate its example," will meet with no favor by any Grand Lodge in this country, and especially when they resort to so extreme a measure as the recognition of a "so-called" Masonic body, which they themselves have declared illegal and clandestine.

Touching this matter, we find the following report from the Committee on Jurisprudence, which was accepted, and the accompanying resolutions adopted by the Grand Lodge:

In the matter of the communication of the

Grand Lodge of Louisiana giving notice of its action forbidding Masonic intercourse with the Grand Orient of France, your committee are unable, from the papers in their hands, to obtain a complete history of the case. Your committee, however, are informed that this action has been taken by reason of the recognition, by the Grand Orient of France, of a so-called *Masonic organization* which has sprung up in the State of Louisiana, and assumed to exercise the power of establishing and controlling blue Lodges in the said State.

Your committee, in view of these facts, recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Grand Lodge no organization, except the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, has any authority or power to establish or control blue Lodges in the state of Louisiana.

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge expresses the hope that the recognition of any organization except the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, as having any authority or power in or over blue Lodges in the State of Louisiana, by the Grand Orient of France, will be speedily reversed.

Bro. Amos E. Cobb, was elected Grand Master, and the Grand Secretary was re-elected.

DELAWARE, 1868.

The sixty-second Annual meeting of this Grand Lodge was held at Wilmington, June 27th, Bro. Daniel McClintock, being Grand Master, Bro. J. P. Allmond, Grand Secretary, with 15 Lodges represented.

A dispensation for a new Lodge was granted by the Grand Lodge.

The proceedings were wholly local.

The report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, prepared by the Grand Secretary, reviews the proceedings of 37 Grand Lodges, ours not included.

Bro. E. J. Horner was elected Grand Master and the Grand Secretary was re-elected.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, 1868.

The Semi-Annual Communication was held May 5th, and the Annual one November 3d, at Washington City, Bro. B. B. French, the Grand Master, presiding Bro. Noble D. Larner being Grand Secretary and 16 Lodges represented.

The Grand Lodge has occasion to mourn the death of Past Grand Master William Ellis, who was buried by that body with appropriate Masonic honors. Resolutions suitable to the occasion were adopted, and a mourning page in the proceedings devoted to his memory.

Dispensations for the formation of two new Lodges had been granted by the Grand Master.

The corner-stone of the New Masonic Temple, in Washington, was laid by the Grand Master on the 20th day of May, with the usual ceremonies.

A short report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, prepared by Bro. Baxter, was presented, reviewing the proceedings of 13 Grand Lodges, but at the same time acknowledging the reception of those of 36 Grand Lodges, among which however we do not find Kentucky.

A resolution was adopted acknowledging the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick as legally constituted.

Bro. B. B. Donaldson was elected Grand Master, and the Grand Secretary was re-elected.

FLORIDA, 1868.

The Grand Lodge of Florida held its Annual meeting on the 13th day of January, the Grand Master Bro. Henry J. Stewart presided, Bro. H. A. Corley being Grand Secretary, with representatives from 37 Lodges attending.

The deaths of Past Grand Master, Thos. Brown, and Past Deputy Grand Master Frederick C. Barrett were announced.

Dispensations for the formation of four new

Lodges had been granted by the Grand Master.

There was no report from the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, in consequence of the death of the chairman, Bro. Brown, we presume.

The proceedings were entirely local in character.

Bro. Dewitt C. Dawkins was elected Grand Master, and the Grand Secretary re-elected.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PRESENT CONDITION OF FREEMASONRY IN ITALY.

We have translated from the March number of the Bulletin issued by the Grand Orient of France, the following sketch of the present condition of Freemasonry in Italy, which we think will be of interest to the Craft in this State.

The following is the heading in the Bulletin:

ITALIAN MASONRY.

We believe we ought to publish the following historical paper, which has been addressed to the Grand Orient of France by one of the most distinguished and important members of the Grand Orient of Italy. It contains information respecting Italian Freemasonry which will not be read without interest.

FLORENCE, February 10th, 1869.

The Grand Orient of Italy, created and elected in the year 1861, by a reunion of the delegates of scattered Lodges which had just seen daylight in Italy, after that country had recovered its independence, had been baptized anew, in succeeding years, by many constituent or legislative assemblies of Lodges in the Peninsula and had thereby gained additional force. These assemblies, among which the most important is the Florentine constituent of 1864, took place at Turin, at Genoa, in Tuscany, at Naples, and they embraced all that was most respectable in the Masonic world of Italy. The members who compose the Grand Orient of Italy, are still the same brothers who were elected in the last general assembly of Lodges, held at Naples, with constituent powers, in June 1867, and whose names have been published in the official bulletin of the order. These Brothers still take more or less part in the work, with the exception of Bros. Cardova and Natoli, former deputies and ministers of the kingdom, whom we have lost by death, and Bro. Ranieri, who is very old and no longer able to perform the duties.

The Grand Orient has its seat in the provisional capitol of the kingdom at Florence. Brother J. Garibaldi is its honorary Grand Master for life. The official bulletin published by the Grand Orient of Italy contains, besides its correspondence with the foreign Grand bodies and the workings of Lodges, articles on different subjects even purely scientific ones or those relating to social progress. This bulletin is always very far behind in its publications; the commission of three Bros. to whom its editorship is confided, seems thus to take pains to make it sought after. In running over its pages, and the general constitutions which the Grand Orient of Italy has adopted and published the past year, we can easily judge of the spirit which animates this Grand Orient. In philosophy (in the domain of thought) it is neither atheistic, deistic, nor pantheistic, it is rationalistic—in religion (in the domain of sentiment) it professes tolerance—in politics, it desires liberty for all, and execrates violence from whatever side it comes. It demands of its brothers to be good citizens and to fulfill their duties actively. It has accepted for itself and for the people, the struggle to the death which the intolerance of civil and priestly tyranny has ever proclaimed against the progress of humanity and the universe. Italian Masonry abstains from all interference in the administrative affairs of the country; it seeks to spread instruction; it exercises benevolence; it protects and gives good counsel to its brothers, but leaves them every liberty to defend their rights as citizens, outside of its Temples, on their own proper responsibility. The Grand Orient admits the liberty of Rites; one can be elected a member of the Grand Orient when he is a Master Mason of the third degree.

But the great majority of the Lodges has adopted the Scottish Rite in its general forms; the supreme dogmatic council, which is at the head of the pyramid of this Rite, in Italy recognizes, the administrative powers of the Grand Orient.

The *Mopses* are not recognized by the Grand Orient of Italy.

A brother delegated by the Grand Orient is appointed for the surveillance of the Lodges of each province distant from the capitol. The number of Lodges grouped around the Grand Orient of Italy is about 500, distributed over the soil of the Peninsula, its islands and colonies. This number has not varied during two years, but the Lodges are no longer the same, at least in great part, quite a number of the old Lodges, falling into decay have ceased to exist; they have been replaced, in neighboring localities, by others younger and more active. Many other Lodges have been dissolved and reconstructed with the same name and in the same Orient, after being purged of their bad elements. This work of renovation has rid Italian Masonry, in the last two years, of many hundreds of useless or unworthy brothers, and of some dozens of Lodges who were of no value to the association. This work has almost always been done without noise and without process, by the firm will which removes the bad, and by the incessant activity which destroys idleness.

There has been here and there, some attempts at reclamation and some factious publications; the Grand Orient of Italy has not replied, but has moved straight onward. The general assembly of the Lodges will judge it.

At the same time the little Masonic centre of Milan, which had a school apart under its enlightened chief, Bro. Antonio Franchi, has felt that it could no longer exist separately, and it is now united to the national centre. After the fusion, Bro. Antonio Franchi and his best friends have demanded the Grand Orient to dissolve the greater part of their Ancient Lodges, in order to reconstruct them progressively, leaving out the luke warm. It is thus that the Lodge *Progresso de Turin*, fallen into decay, has been declared dissolved, and that its Ven.^o Ranieri has entered into our Ancient Lodge *Dante Alighieri*. In the same manner the old Lodges of Central Lombardy *L'Insubria* and *L'Avvenire*, of Milan, have given place to *La Cis-Alpina* (Ven. Antonio Franchi,) which contains only about 50 Brothers taken in great part from the 140 Brothers of the dissolved Lodges. Now, the 140 scarcely meet any more, because of the differences which exist among the Brothers, whilst *La Cis-Alpina*, with its reduced number of brothers, forms a nucleus of chosen men who work, and who can and know how to develop it and to acquire a strong influence.

But if the Grand Orient of Italy could have desired to become reconciled to the partial Grand Council of Milan, formed of very respectable Brother Masons, and whose regularization was of a character to augment the power and consideration of the national Masonic communion, it was nevertheless opposed to that body which gave and still gives itself the title of Supreme Council of Palermo. There, elements but little Masonic were united in good numbers with some rare and distinguished individuals. All thought of fusion, or even of a simple recognition of this so-called Supreme Council of Palermo on the part of the Grand Orient of Italy could but be rejected. It is this fact which compelled, before the last Grand constituent of Naples, Bro. J. Garibaldi, who was its Grand Master, and who, laying aside the so-called Supreme Council, decided to invite separately and directly the Lodges of the centre of Palermo to enter the assembly of Lodges of the national communion. Following this, the quasi Masonic obedience, but irregular and very mixed, of Palermo has fallen into decay; many of the Lodges have presented themselves to the constituent of Naples, others have come to the Grand Orient of Italy, little by little, lately, and the Grand Orient has accepted them after purification. At this time all that there is of good in this aggregation is detached, and the Palermitan group which elsewhere has never been recognized by the Masonic families of the two hemispheres, no longer exists but in name. At Palermo even, where the Grand Orient of Italy works with six Lodges and one Chapter, the centre of Palermo has but two Lodges, while it counts scarcely a dozen, half ex-

* *Venerable*, equivalent to our term *Master*.

tinets, in the rest of Sicily, and over all the Italian continent. At Syracuse, at Catania, at Girgenta, at Genoa, at Turin, Asti, Alexandria, Faggia, Padua, in Egypt, at Smyrna, where there were Lodges from the centre of Palermo, or independent, everywhere, they are reunited to the national centre of Florence, or they are in train to accomplish the last formalities necessary to be there enrolled.

Outside of the groups which I have just enumerated, I know in Italy but one single respectable Masonic centre, although very small; it is a Grand Lodge, which has not a constituent Lodge with it, and which reunites about the prince of San Elia, a certain number of Brothers belonging to the aristocracy of Palermo. With this Grand Lodge, which besides has given adhesion to the national Masonic communion, but with which the other Lodges of the Peninsula have not many opinions in common, the Grand Orient of Italy, entertains but little relation.

Such being the state of regular and irregular Masonry in Italy, it is not without some astonishment that we learn that some so-called Supreme Councils of Naples, Genoa, &c., have dared to write you to be recognized as representing something in Masonry. Your correspondent will be greatly obliged for any intelligence that you will be kind enough to give him on this subject, for, since you have indicated to him proper names, it will be easy for you to respond by particular information. Awaiting this however, I shall endeavor to trace for you the picture of the intrigues which may have given place to these phantoms. It is against my wish that I do this, for there are wounds which one had much rather forget.

At Palermo, one Benedetto, rich and a Baron, employs his fortune to have a temple brilliantly ornamented which he peoples with his dependants and his servants; his Lodge, which at one time made a part of the Italian communion in 1864, considers itself as independent and isolated, and it passes its time in singing the praises of the Master:

Chapeau bas, chapeau bas,
C'est le Marquis de Carabas!*

In vain we seek for any single Masonic work whatever which is accomplished by this ridiculous reunion; its members cannot be to-day regarded as Masons by any one.

At Naples, the old Parthenopean Grand Orient, of the time of King Murat, has ceased to exist since 1815, and of its former members there are but one or two respectable old men still alive. At Naples there was also a Lodge belonging to the group of Ausonio Franchi, and professing the Rite of three degrees. This Lodge which bore the name of *Libbio d'Oro*, composed of aristocratic—clerical elements, refused to follow the movement which caused the Milanese Lodges to pass into the national Masonic community; its reunions have ceased since that time. The irregular Lodge named *Fede Italica*, of the Scottish Rite, opened also at Naples under obedience to Palermo, has abandoned this obedience for about a year; since Palermo revoked M. Marosea's functions of delegate, its temple has been abandoned, and since that day it meets no more. All these fossils wish, by themselves and isolated, to constitute centres apart and be recognized outside the national communion.

Another Lodge was opened for some time at Naples; it was the *Roma Redenta*. It admitted to its sessions both men and women. The Grand Orient has demolished it, and it has ceased to meet, after having issued a pamphlet which remains without response. All the demolished Lodges, almost all the individuals removed or expelled from the body, threw off their venomous pamphlets. The owl always drops something as he flies away.

The old Lodge, *La Sebesia*, which was opened at Naples in 1861, has been deserted from the commencement of the year 1864, because of the dimission of the most and the best among the Brothers appertaining to it; these Brothers retired because they were not edified by the moral qualities of priest A—, who had been its founder.

Mr. A— had lived a long time as a refugee at Malta, but he had never been received nor recognized as a Mason by the Lodges of that island; this did not prevent him, according to his cotemporaries, from distributing Masonic grades and

*Hats off, hats off,
It is the Marquis of Carabas! Ironically spoken.

taking advantage of human vanity to live by it, like certain wandering professors of abandoned orders of chivalry. Arrived at Naples, after the revolution, Mr. A— leagued himself with a marquis who had been condemned at Malta for theft; he founded, as I have just said, the Lodge *La Sebesia*, in which he managed to unite a goodly number of worthy Brothers who very certainly did not stay there beyond the day when the true state of affairs became known. After the discomfiture of 1864, this priest bold and active, in spite of the isolation in which he remained, never ceased to make every effort to re people his Lodge. The great extent of the city of Naples, the little information of its inhabitants in general, and the malignant divisions which separated them into a crowd of small groups, rendered the success of his intrigues more easy. Mr. A—, like the messenger in the Gospel, seeing his invitations refused, called the peasants, pell mell, into the temple and distributed the degrees by caprice. Mr. A— hatched from this reunion a Supreme Council of the 33d degree and pretended to represent the Grand Orient of Naples. But all this amounted to nothing, and there is not left a trace of it, except in the scattered sheets which Mr. A— never ceased to distribute or have distributed. Later, this priest, who had just been turned out of doors with his Council of 33ds by the constituent Masonic assembly at Florence, held in the summer of 1864, did not disdain to associate himself with the agents of the police for the purpose of gain. After the assembly of Naples, in the year 1867, he yielded for a pecuniary consideration his temple and his diplomas to Commander —, who acted for the clerical party and that of M.—, then prefect of Naples. Mr. A—, after having led many honest people into error, began to deceive even the police. He sold them his dreams and his swindles. From that day *La Sebesia* was no more. Mr. A— nevertheless still lives and always finds paper enough to spread his circulars and to send off lists of dignitaries who do not exist, or if they do, represent nobody but themselves.

There is in the city of Naples, among working Masonic Lodges, only the one called *Egeria* which belongs to us, with its three or four affiliated Lodges, which has established, beside its temple, a hospital for the poor who are afflicted with ophthalmia.

At Florence there is not, in Masonic fact, any but our Grand Orient and the *Ateliers* which depend on it, (some superior Scottish Masonic bodies and four symbolic Lodges.) There was at the commencement of 1865 another Lodge, called *Nuovo Campidoglio*; this Lodge determined one day to make an appeal to the Masonic public for a loan of five thousand francs, guaranteed, so said the printed circulars, on the funds of the Lodge. The Grand Orient of Italy demanded a statement of its finances, and it having been shown that the Lodge possessed only one hundred and fifty francs, the Grand Orient thought it its duty to shut it up, not wishing to expose the entire community to the moral and material consequences of such an affair. Since then some individuals have continued to reunite under the name of this ex-Lodge, and we have seen some outrageous anonymous articles in reference to it in the little papers of this country and even abroad. The Grand Orient of Italy is sincerely sorry that these journals should be thus abused, but it has not responded and still continues on its road.

It is impossible for me to understand what association could have written you from Genoa to be recognized as an independent Masonic body. There are not, as far as I know, at Genoa but three Lodges who are all with the Grand Orient of Italy. The *Trionfo Liguro*, the *Caffaro* and the *Christoforo Colombo*. They are active and excellent. The last formerly belonged to the centre of Palermo. At *Sampierdarena*, a part of Genoa, there is a Lodge which was under obedience to Palermo, and which is under the control of an evangelical minister who is but little esteemed; it may be, that seeing this centre in dissolution, it will declare itself independent, but I am not sure of it.

At Turin, there have been some attempts, after the fashion of Mr. A—, of Naples. Some men to whom the Grand Orient had refused patents, because they were under suspicion of swindling in the profane world, abusing the decrepitude of an old 33rd, copying and publishing in despite of the laws of propriety, the diplomas and patents of

the Grand Orient of Italy, have established one or two Lodges, and tried to organize a counterfeit Supreme Council and Grand Orient. They have succeeded in deceiving some honest people, and have issued their circulars. But this attempt, whose first object was only swindling, has completely miscarried. All the honest Brothers who have been abused therein are about to retire from it and the operation will fall back with all its weight on its authors.

The existence of irregular Lodges, *Winckel** Lodges, as they are called in Germany, which present no guarantee of morality and which, even though they may be formed of honest people, cannot call themselves Masonic, because they are not recognized by the society of Masons, is an evil which spreads over every country, and which ought to show itself more readily in ours, where during the first years of independence, there has been a deplorable confusion of everything. The police, the jesuits, parties, and individual vanities have always formed partial reunions with different objects, and they have sought to cover them with the sacred mantle of Masonry to make of it a pedestal or to employ them against it. But at present this evil is reduced with us to very insignificant proportions. To-day we can almost regret the complete disappearance of these irregular Lodges, medley of speculation, chicanery and clericalism, for they are to the national Masonic communion a sort of issue, where the individuals whom this communion judges unworthy to retain in its bosom, can hold their assemblies.

Only this state of affairs which has recently been developed in Italy more than elsewhere, but which is unfortunately seen also in other countries, has rendered necessary in the interest of the safety of Lodges some exceptional measures which we hope will be appreciated by the Grand Orient of France. The Grand Orient of Italy has been obliged to prohibit in its Lodges the introduction of visitors who are not regular Masons belonging to an active Lodge of the Italian Masonic communion, or to active Lodges under obedience to Masonic powers who are friends and allies. And since the Masonic signs are known to every body and that unhappily, Masonic diplomas, true or counterfeit, have been scattered broadcast to thousands of unknown persons, by all sort of centres without any guarantee, the Grand Orient has been obliged to restrict the qualification of regular Masons, as far as our nation is concerned, to Brothers belonging to an active Lodge making part of the communion of the Grand Orient of Italy sitting at Florence, who can present a diploma vice during the year by the Grand Orient, or by one of its delegates.

This measure of strict safety, which the Grand Orient has put in operation in almost all its Lodges, will, I doubt not, be ratified by the next general assembly of the Lodges of the Peninsula, and the Grand Orient can then officially communicate it to all the Foreign Grand Orients, from whom it can demand in exchange, analogous guarantees. Then only will all the Supreme Masonic authorities of our globe have shown their firm determination to exclude without hesitation and without tardiness all unworthy elements; then only will they have everywhere adopted the rigorous precautions which are necessary to keep far from our temples false Brothers and speculators; then only the Masonic order will be truly respected and can work usefully for the future of humanity.

[Here follows a list of 150 Lodges recognized by the Grand Orient of Italy as being under her jurisdiction.]

Besides the Symbolic Lodges comprised in the above list; and the Chapters and Consistories annexed to many of them, the Grand Orient of Italy does not recognize as regular Lodges any other Masonic group.

*Spurious.

Touching obituary notice in a Chicago paper: "Amos Skector, a well known resident of this city, and a fine singer, was instantly killed at the Tremont House last night by a stranger, who became angry at his attentions. He leaves a large family."

A Paris establishment manufactures "genuine" Egyptian mummies out of a skull, two fillets of real and a dog skin for each subject.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GRAND CHAPTERS.

CONNECTICUT.

The Semi-Annual Convocation was held Oct. 13th 1868, in the City of Waterbury, G. H. P. James L. Gould present, but Deputy G. H. P. John H. Barlow presided at the opening. At the evening session the G. H. P. was in the oriental chair. No business, other than that of local interest occurred during this session, which lasted but a single day.

The Annual convocation was held May 11th 1869, at the Temple in the City of New Haven.

The G. H. P. was present and presiding. In his Annual Address he says: "Nothing will do more to correct little irregularities in the work and preserve uniformity in the language and ceremonies than the regular exemplification of the standard work and lectures by the Grand Officers." The Grand Chapter had suffered by the defalcation of its Treasurer. The G. H. P. speaks of it thus: "The failure of the late Grand Treasurer to respond to the demands of the Trustees appointed last May, disclosed the astounding and painful fact that that officer had, by misappropriating and speculating with the funds of the Grand Chapter, squandered every dollar intrusted to his keeping, leaving several bills, which had been duly approved, in fact unpaid."

M. E. John H. Barlow of Birmingham was elected G. H. P., I. K. Wheeler of Hartford, G. S., and Comp. George Lee of Hartford, Treasurer.

The Grand Secretary reported 287 exaltations during the Capitular year, and 3,415 members in the jurisdiction.

The following resolution was adopted, "That hereafter the Subordinate Chapters in this jurisdiction shall insert in their usual forms of application for the Chapter Degrees the following sentence, 'and that I have never been rejected by any Chapter of Royal Arch Masons.'"

MASONIC DISCUSSION.

REPLY TO PRES. WILLIAMS, NO. IV.

It may be as well to post up a little before proceeding with our review. And just here I wish to call attention to the following facts:

1. Brother Williams has failed to show that Masonic titles are in harmony with the spirit and letter of the gospel.

2. He has utterly failed to reconcile his statement that, "until the light of Revelation shines upon Masonic symbols they are dark and meaningless," with the facts in the case, i. e., to a large number of Masons they must be "dark and meaningless."

3. The three first degrees, "E. A., F. C., and M. M." are known as "symbolic degrees;" and Masonic symbolism, for the most part, is fanciful and arbitrary.

2. Our position in this discussion is that of a reviewer or respondent. Pres. W. sent me his address and requested me to review it, and also agreeing to discuss other Masonic issues. I am still engaged in the work of reviewing, in doing which I shall pursue my own course, denying or affirming just as the notion takes me, without regard to the "silence and circumspection" of Pres. W. He can answer my questions or not just as he likes. Our readers will know what construction to put on his "silence" or evasion.

3. Pres. Williams still affirms that "Masonic titles denote no religious pre-eminence or authority," and thinks that ought to satisfy me! He thinks I have been "led astray" by such men as Adams, Allyn, Richardson, or Morgan; but he is mistaken! I have not been "led astray." THE TITLES THEMSELVES NECESSARILY IMPLY "RELIGIOUS PRE-EMINENCE OR AUTHORITY." To say noth-

ing of the "Right Worshipful" or "Most Excellent Master," do not the terms "High Priest," "Most Excellent High Priest;" "Most Excellent Prelate," "Right Reverend Prelate" denote religious pre-eminence or authority in matters of religion? These terms imply what we claim, or they are meaningless, and the whole thing a mere farce of which sober men should be ashamed.

Do not "All Powerful," "Ever most perfect Sovereign," "Ever most perfect and Sovereign Master," "Grand Pontiff, and Sublime Grand Pontiff," "denote pre-eminence and authority?" If they do not, pray what do they denote? Are they mere empty titles—all sound and no sense? But I am asking questions again, and Pres. Williams seems not to like this so well. So be it; he can answer or not.

4. But if these titles denote no pre-eminence or authority, why are candidates required to swear such universal and strict obedience? It would be a waste of time and space to enter largely into the proof of this; indeed, we would have to transcribe a large portion of the oaths and obligations of Masonry, as also large portions of the lectures as published by ELB. DAVID BERNARD and others, in which may be found ample and overwhelming proof of our statement. When Pres. Williams denies the substantial correctness of these oaths, obligations, and lectures, as given by Bernard, we may recur to this matter again; but, until he does this, we shall regard the matter as settled.

5. Pres. Williams knows how to play upon words, and in doing so sometimes puts into our lips words and sentences we never uttered. Against this we enter our protest. Our words are;—I deny that there is in any proper sense, any Masonry about the matter at all, and insist upon the proof." Pres. Williams misquotes this, and seeks to turn it into ridicule; but what was the point in dispute? Pres. W. says the rites and ceremonies of Masonry are neither Jewish, Pagan, nor Christian—but Masonic. Insisted that those rites were necessarily Pagan, Jewish, or Christian, and denied there was any Masonry, in its proper sense, as distinguished from that which was Pagan, Jewish, or Christian in those rites at all, and insisted upon the proof. I trust I am now understood by the reader, if not by Pres. W. If I seem to use "terms ambiguously and vaguely," it is because of the moveable character of the institution with which I am dealing. Like a harlot she is "moveable in her ways." Now she appears in Egyptian costume, and plays the rites of Isis, Osiris, and Memphis. There she stands identified with Elusianian mysteries, where those "who were initiated were bound by the most awful engagements to conceal the instructions they received and the ceremonies that were performed."

Cross's Chart, page 217. "The successful candidates were instructed by significant symbols, in the principles of religion." &c.

If such is its antiquity and affinity, not to say identity, then it was Pagan. But coming down the stream of time, we find her clad in Jewish robes, and Solomon, king of Israel, bowing at her shrine! Then she is Jewish. We follow the stream of time downward to the Gospel age, and now she claims relationship with John the Baptist and John the Apostle, and celebrates her orgies on the 24th of June as St. John's day! And now she is "the handmaid of religion" and her paramours the special friends of Jesus! And, yet, according to her own history she has defiled her garments with all the orgies, rites, and ceremonies of all the idolatries of the earth since the world began. See Cross's History of Freemasonry in Masonic chart. If her record be as she claims, she is "earthly sensual, and devilish." Talk of my using terms in a "manner peculiar to myself?" This is a mistake. My "peculiar use of terms grows out of the peculiarities of Masonry. They have a sort of blind, cabalistic vocabulary of their own, and no matter how we use their terms,—why, we do not understand! Suppose I were to state that speculative Masonry had not a Pagan or Jewish rite, ceremony, or symbol, in it? That would, probably, be denied. And when I charge, according to her own history, that she has Pagan and Jewish elements in her ritual, why,—"the Doctor has committed a paralogism"—and so it goes!

"The confusion of ideas," of which Pres. W. speaks, is peculiar to Masonry, which, according to its own high claims to antiquity, has Pagan, Jewish, Deistic or Theistic elements. And if the

"Devil transforms himself into an angel of light, and his ministers transform themselves into ministers of righteousness," why may not Masonic Deists or Theists borrow the types, shadows, and symbols of Moses, and attach to them a mystic, cabalistic, or fanciful meaning, wholly unlike the inspired thoughts they were intended to convey? "God made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions."

Were we here to examine the Masonic symbols we would find, notwithstanding some of them are Jewish, that they do not "point with a thousand fingers to the Lion of the Tribe of Judah,—to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world;" but to that mystic abode called "the Grand Lodge Above," which is to be gained by the practice of Masonic virtue, and obedience to Masonic law.

6. Pres. W. is a singular disputant, for instead of defending the high claims he sets up for the institution, which claims I call in question, and call for the proof of their correctness, he turns hotly upon me and talks of my having distinctly assailed Masonry as an immoral, deistic, Judaistic, unchristian, and antichristian affair," &c.,—all of which and much more, may be true or not true, according to the evidence yet to be submitted. When Pres. W. proves, not by mere assertion, from the Standards of Masonry that these things are not true, they will be retracted; but until then his time and space, in my judgment, will be better employed in meeting the arguments already offered, rather than in *ad captandum* appeals. I have to do with Masonry and not Masons, whether zealous and conscientious, or otherwise. We have never charged them with being "imbeciles, and hypocrites," "simpletons," "idiots" or "stone blind," albeit I do think they are hoodwinked and deceived, as thousands of others are in regard to Catholicism and other isms of which I could speak. I hope therefore that Pres. W. will keep cool and not permit his zeal for Masonry to betray him into appeals to the vulgar prejudices of his readers.

7. Pres. W. will answer no questions. All right. But in all candor, he ought to answer or show their impropriety. He will affirm nothing, and claims to be only a "respondent." Truly he is a liberal disputant! He will neither answer questions, nor will he affirm any propositions! He claims to follow me only, and yet demands that I discuss the propositions he puts in my mouth! Really he is a singular disputant. But, seriously, if I am to lead through this entire discussion, let him follow and discuss the propositions I submit.

He states three propositions, but they are of his own shaping; and he says he will not abandon them until I have spent all my fire. Indeed! Very well, you can discuss them to your hearts content, for they are yours; but if you mean to follow and respond to me, you will have to discuss my propositions as I, and not you, write them. Pres. W. at the close of his article adds a fourth proposition, couched in his own words, and affirming what I have never written, and gravely adds—"Brother Walsh affirms; I emphatically deny. Let us have the proof at once."

I would like to oblige Bro Williams, but I have never affirmed any such proposition as the one referred to, and must therefore, decline its discussion.

8. Pres. W. can ask questions. He, too, can adopt the *Socratic Method* when it suits his convenience, hence he asks: "What if there are precepts taught in the Lodge which if obeyed will take a man to heaven? Does Bro. Walsh object to this? Does he find fault with us for teaching poor, blind candidates the way to the celestial Lodge?"

I regret that Bro. W. manifests such obtuseness of mind as the above indicates, for it can scarcely be possible that he does not understand my position. I do charge that Masonry teaches a Pharisaic or self-righteous way to heaven, and at the proper time will submit the proof. In the mean time I wish to say to Pres. W. that I am not done with Masonic symbols nor the *Pantomime* of his Address. The issues to which I have called Bro. Williams' attention embrace all the matters in dispute. But if he will not discuss them, I shall leave him to pursue his own course.

And, now, having disposed of the article before me, I will add something more on symbolism, premising only that I have already presented some proof of the unchristian morality of Mason-

ry in the high sounding and blasphemous titles she assumes and confers. She, like the Apocalyptic beast, is covered all over with names of blasphemy; and from such morality, good Lord deliver us!

9. *Masonic Symbolism.* I pass over the "cable-tow" and "shoe or slipper," and will make a remark touching the "lamb-skin" which, Masons say, "is an emblem of innocence." This "apron," when worn by Masons, is their badge of innocence or virtue. The sign we often see but the thing signified is not there. This is like baptismal regeneration—the sign without the substance.

But by what authority is the *skin* of the lamb made an emblem of innocence? This is one of the peculiarities of Masonry, and is purely conventional and fanciful. The *lamb* itself was a type of Christ, but the *skin*, of hypocrites and pretenders to purity. "Beware of false prophets (or teachers,) which come to you in *sheep's clothing* but, inwardly they are ravening wolves." Math. vii: 15.

The working tools of an Entered Apprentice are the *twenty-four inch gauge* and the *common gavel*. By the *gauge* "we are taught the noble and glorious purpose of dividing our time." But even this is an *after thought* for time was *divided* before the *twenty-four inch gauge* was invented; so that a *prior* division of time gave rise to the invention of the *gauge*, rather than the *gauge* to the division of time. This is a small matter, however, and I only notice it that may I not seem intentionally to omit anything of any importance in Masonic symbolism.

The *common gavel* is symbolically used for the "noble and glorious" purpose of divesting our minds and consciences of all the vices and superfluities of life, thereby fitting our bodies, as living stones, for that spiritual building, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." WEBB, page 35.

I referred to this in my last article, but here quote it again to make some comments. The Mason is here taught that by the use of the *common gavel*, symbolically considered, he can, "divest his mind and conscience of all the vices and superfluities of life." Is not this a system of self-righteousness? The blood of Christ alone can cleanse us from all the "vices and superfluities of life;" but Masonry teaches it can be done by the use of the *common gavel*! And then, by the further use of this symbol, they propose to do that for their "bodies" which the power of God in the resurrection can alone do—"fit them as living stones, for that spiritual building, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

This is *Masonic Symbolism*, and this their road to the "Grand Lodge Above!" And that I do not misrepresent them the following prayer, used at the initiation of a candidate in the E. A. D., is proof:

"Vouchsafe thine aid, Almighty Father of the Universe, to this our present convention, and grant that this candidate for Masonry may dedicate and devote his life to thy service, and become a true and faithful brother among us. Endue him with a competency of thy divine wisdom, that, BY THE SECRETS OF OUR ART he may be better enabled to display the beauties of brotherly love, relief, and truth, to the honor of thy holy name! Amen." WEBB, pp. 32-3.

The "love, relief, and truth," spoken of, are *Masonic*, and by the *secrets* of the *Masonic art*, which they have sworn "always to hail, ever conceal, and never reveal," they expect to "display the beauties of Holiness," and so reach, by means of the "theological ladder," the "Grand Lodge Above," "where all good Masons hope at last to arrive." Cross, page 27.

Masons are sworn to "conceal the secrets of their art,—secrets by which the "beauties of Holiness are displayed," and the "Grand Lodge Above" gained by means of a certain theological ladder." They profess to have in their possession the ineffable name of God, and have sworn never to reveal or to breathe it. So we may conclude that there is more truth than poetry in Pres. W.'s declaration at the close of his article, which, however, I do not adopt.—"That Masons profess to know the road to heaven, but swear never to point it out to the poor and blind, on pain of disgrace and death." None but the initiated are allowed to know the "sacred word" and walk the *Masonic road* to the "Grand Lodge Above." This is the royal road to

Heaven, in which children, women, men not sound, having any blemish, or dismembered in any way; the maimed, halt, blind, or who have any thing superfluous, cannot walk, *even though they were trained* in the service of their country.

Such are the teachings of Masonic symbolism. Such is her "mode" and such the "doctrine" taught.—JOHN T. WALSH.

From the Masonic Token. MERCENARY AND MALICIOUS REJECTIONS.

Rejections are inevitable. Several years since a Master of much experience and observation remarked, that he, with others, had aided in removing objections to rejected candidates, whose friends were grieved, and where upon the surface, no reasonable objections could well be made. But, in every instance, he had occasion to regret his action, and really wished that no one of them had been initiated. As a rule, when admitted, they had gained their end, and were either a reproach, or were indifferent or officious. In addition to that, good brethren who felt it their duty to reject for reasons satisfactory to themselves, but who could not deny their vote, and could not stand the pressure of solicitations, were discontented, had suffered in the loss of self-respect, and ceased attendance on Lodge. In nine cases out of ten, rejections are right and there are ten men wrongfully initiated where there is one man wrongfully rejected. It is also true that rejections do occur where the motive is good, but where the information is false or the impression wrong. We will quote a case precisely in point, and use the name of John Smith for our purpose. He petitioned for initiation. A railroad conductor was present when the petition was referred. He knew a John Smith who had been rejected in a Lodge at the other end of the road. He inquired, and upon being certain, gave his information to a member, who happened to step in when the ballot was being cast, and gave his vote in the negative. The whole Lodge was surprised, but the Master was watchful and wary. The report of the committee had been full and the candidate was well known. The report was read again, and it appeared that the John Smith who was the petitioner had always lived right there, and was above suspicion. The next ballot was clear. This was a misapprehension as to identity, and one of the many cases where a misapprehension is acted upon with a good motive, and which can be removed if the Master is wise, and the brethren will be patient and good-natured. The information in this case was right as to the *wrong* John Smith; hence the misapprehension.

But there are several classes of rejections that are wrong and mischievous; for some there may be no present remedy, for others there is a remedy, which should be neither slow nor uncertain.

FROM MOTIVES OF MALICE.—Rejections for malicious reasons are many. Some are based on personal enmity, and sometimes wrong. Masonry, while just, is cautious and discreet. She allows no babbling nor prying. Evidently, therefore, she does not meddle with personal differences between her initiates and the profane, and, as a logical consequence, the differences cannot be considered or inquired into in an application for initiation, and improper rejections of this sort are difficult to reach, unless the rejector has voluntarily disclosed his reason, and even then such cases are to be handled with caution.

Some rejections grow out of unfriendly relations with one or more brethren in the Lodge. Malice is gratified by rejecting their relatives or friends. No matter whether the unfriendliness be the fault of the rejector or not, such an act is intense meanness and injustice—it is a blow at an innocent party to reach a third, and is wholly without excuse, and a voluntary avowal of it should subject the offender to expulsion. Another malicious motive for rejection is caused by rejection of friends, personal disappointment, ungraceful ambition, or a general discontent, which vents itself in opposition to the Lodge. In such cases it takes the form of wholesale rejections, and regards neither friendship, character, nor condition. This is absolute treason. The man who could do such an act would sacrifice his country, his friends and his kindred, upon sufficient provocation, upon the altar of malice, and should be dealt with as relentlessly as Judas Iscariot or Benedict Arnold.

In nearly all instances of this character, the mind instinctively fastens itself, on the guilty person, and, in a large majority of cases, the rejector, confident in his security, will proclaim in some form, what he has done. He may do it by threats, open or concealed, beforehand; by open exultation when the deed is done, or by subsequent admissions. In all such cases let the Master act wisely, see that his Brethren are discreet, and wait patiently for the result. It will come unless prevented by improper action among the members of the Lodge.

Rejections for mercenary, fanatical or immoral reasons, are mostly confined to individual cases, and affect a Lodge incidentally. The same is true of malicious rejections for personal reasons. As a rule, they had better be let alone. But where the malice directs itself against the Lodge, self-preservation becomes an imperative law.

But let every Worshipful Master and every brother remember that no provocation can justify or tolerate any departure from the law. No Lodge can be benefited, but must be harmed, while Masonry will be injured, by any violations or evasions of the provisions of the Masonic code. In case of a rejection, no one has a right to proclaim his vote either way; no one has a right to inquire and whatever is revealed should be voluntary, otherwise the revelation is surreptitious, or obtained by solicitation, and both the solicitor and the revealer, or neither, are subject to the discipline of the Lodge.

DECOY DUCKS.

Among other recent applications of India rubber is that of using it in the preparation of decoy ducks, for wild fowl shooting. They are made so as to occupy very little space until inflated, when they look sufficiently life-like to deceive the most cautious bird at a short distance. It is proposed to insert an automatic arrangement in the decoy by which an occasional quack shall be emitted, thus adding to their resemblance to nature. These rubber ducks are now used also as ornaments to ponds in private grounds, being painted in imitation of different species, and kept as permanent accessories to the picture. In this connection, it may be remarked that the use of decoys is by no means confined to civilized men.

It is well known to all travelers in the West, that the Indians of the Great Basin, especially the Utes, prepare decoys with great skill, by making a basket work or red head over it, so as to give to the whole an appearance of life rarely exceeded by the labors of a practiced taxidermist. A short string is tied to the end of the bill, at the opposite ends of which is attached a small stone, which aids in causing the bird to bob its head up and down, thus more effectually deceiving the wild game, and attracting them from a distance. The Indians depend more upon this method of bringing their game within easy reach of their arrows than upon any other method of hunting at their command.

TWENTY-SEVEN CENTS' WORTH OF MARRIED LIFE.—In Virginia, where the law fixes the marriage fee at one dollar, there is a reminiscence of a couple who many years ago called on a parson and requested him to marry them.

"Where is my fee?" said the functionary.

The parties who were to unite their fortunes did so at once, and found the joint amount to be twenty-seven cents.

"I can't marry you for this sum," said the irate old gentleman.

"A little bit of service will go a long way," suggested the male applicant.

"Ah no," said the parson, "you don't pay for the size of the bill, but for the good you hope it will do you."

The lass, intent on marriage, began to weep, but the parson was inexorable, and the couple turned sadly to depart, just then a happy thought seemed to strike the forlorn maiden, and she turned and cried through her tears: "Please, sir, if you can't marry us *full up*, won't you marry us twenty seven cents worth; we can come for the rest some other time?"

This was too much for the parson. He married them "full up" and they went on their way rejoicing.

An object of attraction—a magnet.

Miscellany.

SONG OF STEAM.

[The following fine poem by Geo. W. Cutter, of Covington, Ky., Blackwood has pronounced "the best lyric of the country."

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As a tempest scorns the chain!
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight,
For many a countless hour,
At the childless boast of human might,
And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting a wayward breeze;
When I saw a peasant reel
With the toil he faintly bore,
As he turned at the tardy wheel
Or toiled at the weary oar.

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore a law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love—
I could not think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car!

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last!
And they invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast
And laughed in my iron strength!
Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide—
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the water o'er
The mountain steep decline;
Time—space—have yielded to my power—
The giant streams of the queenly west,
And the orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice—
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth and ore of earth,
The thought of the godlike mind—
The wind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade—
I hammer the oar and turn the wheel,
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I carry, I spin, I weave—
And all my doing I put in print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf."
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage the world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands—
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

A Mason ought to be the most valiant warrior; the most just judge; the kindest master; the most zealous servant, the tenderest father; the most faithful husband; and the most obedient son; for his duties as a citizen in general have been strengthened and rendered sacred by the voluntary Masonic obligation; and he, if ever he should neglect them, not only would show a want of fortitude, but also be guilty of hypocrisy and perjury.

MARRIED A YEAR AND A DAY WITHOUT A QUARREL.

THE OLD FLITCH OF BACON CUSTOM.

A custom which was originally nothing more than a passing joke, and which died of natural old age in the year 1772, when one John Gilder and his wife claimed the reward of twelvemonth's conjugal tameness, but were denied the thinnest rasher of compensation for so long and tedious a mutual forbearance, has been revived in England. It is known as the festival of the "Dunmow Flitch." A flitch of bacon is given in Little Dunmow to any married couple who, having been married a year and a day, will swear that they have not quarrelled once in that time or repented of their marriage. The flitch is said to have been claimed only five times since the reign of Henry VI. prior to 1855, when it was awarded to Mr. and Mrs. Barlow, of Chipping Ongar, and to the Chevalier and Madame de Chatelaine. The last claim was made in 1880.

This year, when the company had been assembled within the booth, and the orchestra had played a long overture, the curtain was raised. Mr. E. T. Smith, in scarlet and ermine, presided as judge; and the opposing counsel was Mr. Brooks. Mr. Smith, addressing "Brother Brooks," proposed to read a letter of apology from the gentleman whose name had been printed in the bills as having consented to act as judge. The substance of the letter, a very short one, was a kindly excuse for not accepting the invitation. Mr. Smith then proceeded to address the "Court" on the subject of the ancient custom of Dunmow, "looking at it," as he said, "from a religious point of view," and taking strong exception to the Vicar in again refusing to sanction the ceremony.

The trial then proceeded, two couples—a Mr. and Mrs. Casson, of Hackney, and a Mr. and Mrs. Leader, of Clerkenwell—coming forward as claimants. The learned Mr. Brooks being on his very best behavior, was rather less entertaining than he was apparently expected to be, and in fact may fairly be said to have been decoriously dull. Another counsel's pleasantry was at first relished by part of the audience; but nearly all present joined in hissing the advocate when he passed into plain and positive grossness. When the flitches had been formerly adjudged the prizes of the two couples a procession was formed, with banners and horsemen, to parade the town. Knights, in armor, squires, pages, and—with what precise relevancy it was difficult to discover—a personage representing King Henry the Eighth, were marshaled in a long array, with clowns and beateaters interspersed, and with happy the couples, chaired on men's shoulders, in the midst of the motley train. On some of the banners were inscribed the names of claimants in former times. There were not many such names, for the old joke of the monks of Dunmow hardly ever became a regular custom, and for centuries no wedded pair came forward to assert their right to the gammon.

Annexed is a copy of the oath taken by the claimants:

You shall swear by custom of confession
That you ne'er made nuptial transgression,
Nor since you were married man and wife
By household brawls or contentious strife,
Or otherwise in bed or at board
Offended each other in deed or in word,
Or since the parish clerk said Amen
Wished yourselves unmarried again;
Or in a twelvemonth and a day
Repented not in thought any way.
But continued true in thought and desire
As when you joined hands in holy quire.
If to these conditions without all fear
Of your own accord you will freely swear
A whole gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it hence with love and good leave;
For this is our custom at Dunmow well known,
Though the pleasure be ours, the bacon's your own.

When the procession had gone through the town and returned, the two flitches were delivered over to their several proprietors, and there was an end to the day's amusements, as far as the "custom of Dunmow" was concerned.

A wretch, who claims to know the rich men of Cincinnati and St. Louis, says that the great want of each city is about thirty-five first-class funerals.

I REMEMBER.

I remember a pair of blue eyes—long, sunny brown curls, and lips that would make you think of ripe cherries, as much as those cheeks would of roses.

I remember a pair of dimpled arms and shoulders, a large straw hat wreathed with flowers—a crimson frock trimmed with white braid—a pair of red morocco shoes and a pinafore.

I remember a little brown cottage among the maples, where a laughing, babbling stream meandered by, and the birds sang all day long—the steep hill at the right—the garden with its wealth of marigolds, touch-me-nots, and evening beauties, the porch festooned with morning glories, the gravel path bordered with pinks, leading to the gate—the old well with its iron bound bucket, the unwieldy sweep and moss-lined curb—the martin box, and the white curtains at the parlor windows.

I remember the blue skies and downy clouds flecked with crimson, and starry nights when the moon shone, and winter nights when the snow lay on the ground, when there was chiming of bells and of laughter.

I remember snatches of rhyme and the pattering of little feet—and the noise of playful chattering to dolls—and the chime of broken dishes and certain performances on jewsharps.

I remember a great deal more than all this. I remember a day when toys and dolls were gathered up and put away by careful hands—when the little worn red shoes, and crimson frock, and white pinafore were laid away almost sacredly in an unused drawer up stairs—when there was no laughter—no pattering of footsteps. When the crib was shoved back against the wall, and the little empty chair was put back in a distant corner. I remember tears and moans, and a little calm, dead face in a coffin.

Dead! Did I say dead? No, no; that cannot be. You are living in my heart—in my memory—darling; living where no sickness or pain can come, no death destroy. In heaven, thank God.

There is a little grave out under the maples; there are many such little graves; there are many broken hearts; well it is there is One that can heal them. There are many vacant cribs, and empty chairs and desolate homes. What should we do if He had not said, "Suffer little children to come unto me?"

Let me see the little crib and chair, and crimson dress, and the red shoes and white pinafore; don't hide them away. Strew the playthings that she loved, the bits of broken china, the jews-harp, the dolls and the paper dresses all around. I may shed tears over them, but they will not be bitter ones. The prints of little fingers upon the furniture; the marks of little footsteps here and there; don't efface them. The little hat with faded flowers twisted around it—let it hang where her little hands put it; that won't grieve me now. Don't turn up the dog-eared leaves of her little soiled primer; her fingers made them. Put a plate at the table where she used to sit, and a high chair at its place—it will seem the more as if she was at play, or running in the garden; not as if we had shut her out—not as if she were dead.

I remember—ah, and who does not remember? Who is there on the wide earth who has not some sacred memory hid away from the prying eyes of the world? Some recollection, between which and mammon's worshiper a veil is forever drawn? Who could quite forget if he would?

Artemus Ward remarked that there is something indescribably beautiful in the true wife's devotion to her husband. There is something very awful in her grief when death takes him away. "Leaves have their time to fall," but death comes irregularly and relentlessly. We recently heard a most touching instance of the resignation of an affectionate woman at the funeral of her husband. Though she adored him, she did not repine at this dark hour. Looking at the remains of her loved and lost husband for the last time, she put on her bonnet, and thus spoke to the gentlemen whose sad duty it was to officiate as pall-bearers: "You pall-bearers just go in the butters and get some rum, and we'll start this man right along!"

A race of sculptors—The Chip-a-ways.

AN EASTERN STORY.

The following beautiful story is worthy to be laid up in the memory of every one:

A poor Arab traveling in the desert met with a spring of clear, sparkling water.

Used as he was only to brackish wells, such water as this appeared to his simple mind worthy of a monarch, and filling his leathern bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the caliph himself.

The poor man traveled a long way till he reached the presence of his sovereign, and laid his humble offering at his feet. The caliph did not despise the little gift brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank it, and thanking the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward. The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water, but, to the surprise of all, the caliph forbade them to touch a single drop.

After the poor man had quitted the royal presence with a light and joyful heart, the caliph turned to his courtiers and thus explained his conduct:

"During the travels of the Arab," said he, "the water in his leathern bottle became distasteful. But it was an offering of love, and as such I have received it with pleasure. But I well know that had I suffered another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disgust, and therefore, I forbade you to touch the draught, lest the poor man's heart should have been wounded."

The act of the caliph was worthy of a Christian gentleman. Read the story over again, think about it, and try to remember it when you see some one more simple minded than you are expose his ignorance while trying to do you a service.

If you laugh and make sport as the courtiers would have done, you show yourself to be no gentleman. The truly great are kind to the humblest. It is the mean man who treats the lowly with contempt.

MEDICAL EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.

A correspondent writing to the *Illustrated Library of Wonders* says: As a cure for paralysis, a thunderbolt seems to be a sovereign remedy; but the difficulty resides in knowing how to receive a proper dose, and not an exorbitant allowance of it.

An American suffered paralysis upon one side of his body from childhood. A thunderbolt cured him entirely, and gave him the use of his organs, after shaking him so severely, however, that he remained insensible for about twenty minutes.

An Englishman, who for twenty long years had taken ferruginous baths during the summer, but without any benefit, was entirely cured in less than a second by a flash of lightning. The same story is related of an invalid in one of the Austrian hospitals, being lucky enough one day to stand in the way of the atmospheric spark, he was enabled without delay to leave the establishment, and resume his work.

Seoresby mentions a similar fact which occurred to a passenger on the now celebrated packet-boat New York, already alluded to more than once in these pages. Like the American just quoted, the person, favored by lightning, was paralyzed for many years. He was so astonished at finding himself suddenly cured, that for some time he ran about the deck like a madman. The other passengers believed that he had lost his senses. However, they soon learned what had happened, and admired the unknown mysterious influence which had produced so marvellous an effect.

Suzanne Schmach was an old maiden lady, so completely paralyzed since her childhood that she could never move a step without the aid of crutches. One day when alone in her chamber she heard a most violent clap of thunder. Much alarmed, she fell upon her knees to implore protection from the Almighty. At this moment she heard a knock at her door; it was her brother who wished to see her. She recognized his voice, and immediately looked for her crutches. Not finding them at once she prepared to crawl towards the door—her only means of progressing when the crutches were not at hand. The fright, the shock her system had just before received, had performed a marvellous cure! Who knows

but what natural electricity will be one day utilized medically in the neighborhood of our lightning-conductors? The marvels we have already exhibited, and those which still remain to be mentioned, are far from proving that any faith must be attached to the dreams of visionaries, but they are still further from being demonstrating that it is possible to draw any limits to the power of lightning.

SABBATH FOR THE WORKING-MAN.—The Sabbath is God's special present to the working-man, and one of its chief objects is to prolong his life and preserve efficiently his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation pond; it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity, and vigor which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and in the economy of existence, it answers the same purposes as, in the economy of income, is answered by a savings' bank. The frugal man who puts aside a pound a to-day and another next month, and who, in a quiet way, is always putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail, gets not only the same pounds again, but a good many pounds beside. And the conscientious man who husbands one day of existence every week, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up—the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and in length of days and a hale old age gives it back with usury. The savings' bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath.—*North British Review*.

The Bradford Hayes Expedition to Greenland has been heard from under date of July 27th, near Julienshab. The ruins of an old cathedral, built 850 years ago by the Northmen, at Krakortok, were photographed. The old cathedral or church is in a good state of preservation, the foundations and doorways being perfect. The walls are of immense thickness, which it is asserted accounts for their standing so long. One gable is firm and still eighteen feet high, but the other is crumbling away, and the arched window in it will soon fall. At Julienshab a magnificent glacier was discovered and photographic views from forty different points of view were taken. Mr. Bradford, the artist, writes that the Arctic scenery is grand and picturesque, and greatly exceeds his expectations. The coast of Greenland is lined with icebergs, and the sea is dotted with great white floating islands from 100 to 300 feet high. The expedition was about proceeding north into Melville Bay.

MEXICAN RUINS.—The ancient ruins in Mexico are constantly being brought to light, and recently the remains of an Aztec fortress have been discovered on the summit of a mountain near Orizaba. The place is so dense with the woods and undergrowth that a thorough exploration could not be made by the discoverers. They found four houses, three sacrificial stones, several pillars, and a kind of urn in which were more than two hundred skulls as white as marble, from which not even a tooth was lacking. Several idols and stone statues were discovered.

MANUFACTURE OF CLOTHING IN PARIS.—In Paris five-sixths of the tailors work at home; and the men working either by the day or piece, earn from three to six francs a day, though some of the more skillful earn from eight to ten francs. The women earn from two to three francs a day, and a few from five to six francs. The tailors and clothiers in Paris do business to the amount of more than 150,000,000 francs per annum. The use of the sewing-machine is rapidly increasing in France. In making clothing for women in Paris men earn five francs a day, and women an average of two francs and twenty-five centimes. Why is there such a difference between the wages of men and women?

Robert Hall did not lose his power of retort, even in madness. A hypocritical condoler with his misfortunes once visited him in the mad-house and said, in a whining tone, "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?" Hall significantly touched his brow with his finger, and replied, "What will never bring you, sir—too much brain."

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

It is not unusual to find among the writings of poets some little acrostical waif that entwines in its verses the recollection of some sunny little face, perhaps long ago gone to a home beyond the azure of the skies, or the name of some dear friend interwoven like fragrant flowers in a leafy coronet. E. A. Poe gives us a pretty specimen of this kind of verse, using the name of *Francis Osgood Sargent*; but we think there has never been a specimen where genius and grace have been so prettily combined as in the following lines, which are taken from the portfolio of a promising young poet of New York city, whose name we withhold in consideration of his modesty. By taking the first letter of each line, the last letter of each line and the first letter of the first line, second of the second, third of the third, &c., the same name appears. Also the initial letters of the words in the first line give the name again, with simply, however, the initials of the first two names. This little fragment is entitled:

MY PICTURE.

Still mists rest o'er bright aisles, now stray o'er nooks,

Are in its flowing forms within the lea,
Lilies are trembling in the lonely dell,
Lulled by the scented breeze, while each frail bell
Its tinkling music seems a low—*ami!*
Each gentle daisy breathes a sweet perfume
Midst amaranthine buds' undying bloom,
And fair as were the robes of lovely Thea,
Regal in dress of gold the fields appear,
Sunshine's soft rays sink through the mists, to

bless
The brooklet winding through the vale of rest,
Or speak the joy of some meek flower. And lo!
'Neath spreading pines the trembling shadows

brown,
Restless as ever-changing clouds, now lower
On tender fern whose leaves bend to and fro.
Blest is the scene, breathing a prayer though

dumb,
Its peans whispering so grand that I
None others heed. And now through leafy screen
Softly o'erspreading, stray the amber beams
Of sunlight, falling proudly, tingling, too,
Nature and Nature's plains with golden sheen.

ALL ABOUT DIMPLES.—Dimples are perpetual smiles of nature—the very cunningest device and larking place of love. When earth is dimpled by hills and valleys, it always seems to laugh; when the ocean is dimpled by the breeze, it sparkles with joy beneath the sunshine of heaven. We cannot look for frowns on dimpled face; frowns and dimples will not associate together. How soft, how roguish, how beautiful are the dimples in the elbows and shoulders, and pretty hands and the feet of the rosy babes. Mothers dote upon those darling dimples, and delight to kiss them. But perfectly enchanting dimples, at least to the eyes of an enthusiastic young man, are those which come peeping out of the cheeks around the mouth of "sweet seventeen," when sweet seventeen essays some arch, provoking sally peeping out and flying away the moment after, coming and going with the moth bewitching coquetry.

If it were better known how much influence the letters of a true and virtuous woman have on a young man when away from home, mothers would write oftener to their sons, sisters to their brothers, and sweethearts to their lovers. The good that earnest loving letters do is not to be estimated. Many a man who left the parental roof in early life to do battle with the world, can look back and say, "my mother's letters saved me from the path that leads to death eternal." And even, if not on the road to ruin, those tender, womanly letters encourage us of the sterner sex to renew our efforts, not to become discouraged because the way seems dark before us. They cost but little effort; yet how much good they do.

A girl, keeper of a toll-gate in England, was asked by a swell velocipedist, who thought to chafe her, how much he had to pay. "That sir," replied she, "depends on whether you get off your dandy horse and drag it through; because in that case every two-wheeled vehicle drawn by a horse or an ass pays three cents."

KENTUCKY FREEMASON.

EDITORS.

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

FRANKFORT, KY...SEPTEMBER, 1869.

Bro. R. C. WILLIAMS is now traveling over the State. He is authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions to the Kentucky Freemason.

HOW TO REMIT.

Subscribers to this paper will remit by a "Post Office Order," if practicable. If they remit money, let it be done in a "Registered Letter," as all Postmasters are required to remit in Registered Envelopes. We will not be responsible for loss unless money be sent us as directed.

The school-tax being carried, a provision of the Legislature will require the Superintendent of Public Instruction to present to the next session a system of school-laws adapted to the State—under the increased revenue. He has a responsible task before him.

Capt. John W. Russell, who recently died near Bridgeport, and was buried with Masonic honors in the Frankfort Cemetery, was a gallant soldier in the war of 1812, an old and popular steamboat Captain, has been a member of the Legislature, was remarkable for his firmness of character, his rich humor, and the general kindness of his disposition. He lived in honor; he died lamented.

The improvement on the State Capital progresses very slowly. The foundation of the new addition is not laid as yet, and fears are entertained that it will not be ready for occupancy by the assembling of the Legislature.

The Governor, and his Secretaries, the Supt. of Public Instruction, the Quartermaster General, the Attorney General, the Adjutant General, the Reporter of the Court of Appeals—all are occupying rooms in private buildings—and there respective archives are exposed to destruction by fire.

The inconvenience of transacting public business is great in consequence of the various state officers being widely separated—scattered over the city, one here, and another there.

The third story of the Public School building in Frankfort has been finished in beautiful style, and made ready for occupancy.

Too much credit cannot be accorded the Commissioners for the manner in which they have conducted this enterprise to an early and assured success.

Two of our brethren—Dr. J. M. Mills and Col. J. M. Brown, are members of the School Board, and have fitly illustrated the spirit of true beneficence in the unremunerated sacrifice of time which they have so cheerfully made to crown our Public School with success. The first year of its history, about 500 pupils enjoyed its benefits, and it is thought that 750 will do so the year which has just opened.

Our Senior is just now very happy, having lately re-purchased his old homestead, and moved into it. For several years he has been a boarder, but now he is a householder again, both hospitable and happy. Long may he live under the old roof-tree, to enjoy many family and friendly reunions about his cheerful fireside and groaning board!

We had the pleasure of attending the late session of the "Kentucky State Teachers' Association" held in the city of Louisville.

It was presided over with dignity and urbanity by the Hon. Zach. F. Smith, and was composed of many of the representative teachers of the State. Among those more distinguished we noticed Dr. Grant, Profs. Chase, Sterling, Worrall (of Covington) Giltner, Farnham, McCown, Prettyman, Toberg, Hawkins, Hill, and the Rev. Drs. Rivers, Schon, Spaulding, Pratt, Morrison, Badger and others.

The best methods of object teaching, and of teaching Grammar were ably illustrated by Profs. Worrall and Sterling. Prof. Hawkins delivered an admirable address upon the "Classes;" Prof. Worrall—one on "The aim of the Teacher;" Prof. Sterling one on "the duties and dignity of the Teacher's Profession;" and Dr. Rivers one on "the Model Teacher."

Many questions of practical interest were discussed with a parliamentary ability at once both pleasing and surprising.

About one-hundred and fifty delegates were in attendance, and all were handsomely entertained by the citizens of Louisville.

The next meeting is to be held at Russellville. A new feature of the next session will be the "Teacher's Institute"—a school—in which competent teachers will instruct the members on the most superior modes of imparting information, and eliciting the powers of the young mind.

During our stay in Louisville we were the guest of Dr. E. A. Grant—and we were never more hospitably and agreeably entertained than we were by this learned gentleman and his accomplished lady.

Dr. Grant is the principal of a large and flourishing Female School. The building is one of the most commodious we ever saw—is handsomely fitted up with school room furniture. The library and laboratory attracted our notice. Both are first class. Few institutions are so well provided with chemical and philosophical apparatus.

Those persons who failed to see the splendid meteor of Aug. 10th missed seeing one of the grandest Celestial spectacles that ever appeared in our sky. It was scarcely inferior in interest to the grand eclipse of Aug. 7th.

We were walking along the street when suddenly light flashed before our eyes—as if it were a sheet of electricity. We knew it was not lightning, and turned our eyes, at once upward on the heavens.

There was a magnificent diorama of fire defying the graphic art to depict.

As it appeared to us—a fiery solid body was sweeping through the sky with immense velocity, attended by a luminous train—as if the sun had hitched on a rainbow and were racing with it through space.

The spectacle was of surpassing beauty, arising from the extended train, the brilliant corruscations, and the rich diversity of color which it presented.

The train lingered in the sky, with varying intensity, for two minutes, and displayed the prismatic tints—in fact all the rich hues of the rainbow—only far more intense.

We never saw but one resembling it before, and that was when a small boy, and never knew what that was until we saw this King of all Meteors.

A little shaver—a barber's boy.

We have received a neatly printed copy of an address entitled "The Spirit of Freemasonry" delivered at Paducah Kentucky, June 24, 1869, by Edward C. Slater, D. D. K. T.

The subject is discussed under the following propositions, The Spirit of—1. Freemasonry is Utilitarian. 2. Freemasonry is Divine. 3. Freemasonry is Benevolent. 4. Freemasonry is Merciful. 5. Freemasonry is Tolerant. 6. Freemasonry is Intellectual. 7. Freemasonry is Heroic.

The distinguished author then considered some of the current objections to Freemasonry.

1. It is too distinctive in nature. 2. It is urged that it is dangerous to society because of its secrecy. 3. Freemasonry must be evil because ladies are excluded from its ceremonies. 4. Masonry is antagonistic to religion.

These propositions and objections were illustrated and argued most satisfactorily—the former established and the latter removed.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CYNTHIANA, Ky., Sept. 2d, 1869.

We left Frankfort on Tuesday morning, for this place, for the purpose of attending the Kentucky Annual Conference in session in this city. On the cars, to Lexington, we had the pleasant conduct of Capt. Green—who though lately on the passenger train and the successor of the affable and hearty Capt. Voris, is one of the best conductors we have ever known. The best qualification for a public Railroad official is *bon-homme*. Deliver us from surly officers when we travel. The clatter of the train, the cinders and dust—are unpleasant enough without a bear trotting up and down the aisle barking "tickets." Captain Green is a gentleman—and the car lights up with congeniality the moment he enters. He takes your ticket with a bow and answers your question with a smile.

Lexington depot—"Kentucky Central Railroad"—is a "cabin, cribbed, and confined" affair. The room for the ladies is a respectable size for a pig-pen, and the gentlemen have no place except on the platform, jostled about by Porters and exposed frequently, when a crowd awaits the train, to sunshine or shower, wind and dust. The cars, standing on the track, are kept locked and no one can enter them until fifteen minutes before the train starts—or upon the arrival of the train from Nicholasville. Why so rich a corporation—in a city like Lexington—should have such a depot—so disgraceful to the managers of it, I cannot see, nor can the public.

At Cynthiana we found the Hon. I. T. Martin at the depot—in a beautiful phaeton, behind a pair of dashing black mares—and upon the invitation of the honorable Senator we took a drive to "Battle Grove Cemetery." Through the energy of Mr. Martin—Cynthiana has the promise of the most beautiful Cemetery in Kentucky. The location seems to have been designed by nature for a resting place of the dead, and is finely adapted to the best work of landscape gardening—which is being executed with artistic taste. The roads and streets are all graded and macadamized. A natural mound, of exquisite beauty and slope, on the highest point, has been reserved, upon which a gothic Chapel for funeral services is to be built. When this little temple, with its pointed Architecture, is trellised with vines, and enameled with green ivy, it will present a picturesque appearance and offer a holy grotto in which prayers may

be offered, for the living, in the presence of the dead.

Upon another elevation two monuments stand. One is a shaft of Carara marble, chiseled in Italy—by special order. It is twenty-three feet high, is covered at the top with a drooping flag; on the one side is a vignette of mingled laurel and palmetto; on another an escutcheon of drums, arms, etc. It is without inscription. It speaks for itself.

"There's a language that is mute,
There's a silence that speaks."

It is the monument of the Confederate dead who fell on the spot—for on this and the surrounding ground the great battle between the Federal General Hobson, and the Confederate partizan leader Gen. Jno. H. Morgan was fought—hence the name of the Cemetery.

The monument, near by the Confederate monument, was erected to the memory of the Moore family, pioneers of Harrison county—and around its base the "forefathers of the hamlet sleep." This monument was erected by order of the County Court, and the remains of the venerable pioneers removed hither. Among this cluster of honored and historic graves repose the dust of our Great Grandfather, Grandfather and Grandmother. We looked upon their hillocks with a peculiar interest, and felt that even there we would choose to sleep after "life's fitful fever" is over.

Returning to the "Maiden City" we were received as a guest into the accomplished family of Judge Trimble—where we have a most delightful residence—discussing philosophy and religion with our gifted host, enjoying the fine housekeeping of our elegant hostess, and listening to the fine music produced by Miss Fannie.

The Kentucky Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in session here, is presided over by Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh, D. D. About two-hundred ministers and laymen are in attendance, together with many visitors.

Past Grand Master, and Past Grand High Priest I. T. Martin was agreeably surprised by the presentation of a magnificent jewel. We describe it as follows: There is a transverse bar of solid gold, with a handsome border, to which is attached a pin, bearing (the bar) a fragment of the inscription—"Presented to our M. E. P. G. H. P.;"—to this a concentric circle is pendant made of richly chased gold, about the size of a \$20 gold piece; upon which the inscription is continued—"by his Companions, of Cynthia Chapter as a testimony of our esteem for him as a Mason." The outer circle is an elaborate wreath of gold, affixed to the inner circle by the points of gold buds and leaves, and upon this the inscription is carved. Inside of this circle is an equilateral triangle, in which is pendent the mitre of the High Priest.

On the reverse side of the jewel which has a plain surface is inscribed: "Hon. I. T. Martin of Cynthia, Kentucky, Past Grand Master and Past Grand High Priest of the Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter of Kentucky.

Presented August 28th, A. D., 1869, A. L. 5869."

On last Saturday night Comp. Martin was summoned to attend an emergent communication of Cynthia Chapter. Having entered the Chapter Hall, he was requested to assume the Oriental Chair. When seated he was addressed by Comp. Perry Wherritt, presenting this jewel. Comp. Martin is said to have received the compliment with happy terms, trembling lips, and streaming eyes.

THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER.

The Mason who wears this distinction enjoys no mean honor. When men by free election choose one, who, when inducted into office, wields an autocratic powers it is no small compliment to him thus selected.

He should be careful to rule his Lodge with a courteous recognition of every Mason's rights and feelings. Nothing can be more contemptible than to see the Master of a Lodge ruling in an imperious manner.

He should know no favorites. All Master Masons have been raised to the same level. Partiality exhibited will banish respect for the officer who displays it. He should know no cliques and be influenced by no caucus combinations. He must judge justly, dare to do right, and feel kindly to all.

He must be intelligent—Masonically so. He who can draw no designs on the trestle-board, or read those already there cannot command the respect of the Craft. He must know the work perfectly. If he balks and needs prompting, he loses power over the Craft and the candidate. He must thoroughly conversant with the traditions, landmarks, statutes, decisions and usages of the Order. He must be a parliamentarian—ruling his Lodge in an orderly and approved manner.

If he can promptly impart information when it is asked from the floor of the Lodge, and decide points of order with precision, he will not fail to clothe his gavel with authority, and himself with honor.

He must be possessed of a good character. If his morals can be impeached he is out of place in the Worshipful Master's chair. Before his eye hangs the "G"—a constant rebuke to his crimes.

We have seen profane men, drunken men, and licentious men, in the East. They no more filled the Chair than a tar-barrel could represent the sun.

The Master ought to be a praying man—or the prayers he must officially utter will sound like horrible blasphemy from his unconsecrated lips. When he administers the Master's obligation, with what jarring discord do the chaste peculiarities of that oath fall on the ear of a candidate if they glide from the thick tongue, profane lips, and foul nature of a drunken, obscene, and lecherous wretch?

Of all spectacles that we have ever been compelled to witness, none have been so appalling to us as are exhibited in those perversions of Masonry—when a man, notoriously infamous, stands before the sacred altar of Masonry to administer an oath of which he is a personal and practical exponent of all that is opposite to its chaste and consecrated characteristics.

And how, too, are our moral sensibilities shocked, when standing by the grave of a deceased brother, we hear a Master perfunctorily mouth-ing sentiments with which he has no sympathy, and to which his life stands in open opposition. If ever sacrilege had an incarnation, it is on such an occasion.

A Mason who does not practically believe in God; who is not *en-rapport* with the doctrines of immortality and the Resurrection of the dead, is sadly out of place by the open grave of a deceased brother.

And if it be a Worshipful Master—giving exhortations to piety, who manifests no pious proclivities in his every day life; reading of blessed

hopes and after-risings while he denounces on the curb-stone those silly (to him) notions—how is the saddest of all facts turned into a shameful burlesque, and the very helpless clay of the dead insulted by the hypocritical caricature?

In selecting a Master, something more than a parrot-like familiarity with the work must be required. The whole round of elements necessary to profit and honor the Craft, in the Lodge, and out of it, must be taken into consideration, and every intelligent and conscientious Mason should prepare his ballot with the same forethought and solemnity with which he would say his prayers.

Let a man of loose views, and corrupt habits be chosen—one who reveres not God nor fears public opinion—and it imports but little that he can with flippancy and stage effect pronounce the unwritten ritual of Masonry.

Put a lamb-skin apron—the emblem of innocence—on a man black with guilt, and you simply have set a jewel in a frog's head. You thereby make the amphibious animal more ugly, by contrast, and emphasize the horrible croak with which he pumps out, to him, a meaningless morality.

When a man—whose character is antipodal to true Masonry is wantonly elevated to office, the inference of the uninitiated outside world is that the fraternity endorses his peccadilloes—that they are beyond the scrutiny of the order, and the verdict of this popular jury is most damaging to our healthy growth.

The Mastership of the Lodge is not to be filled—or supplied—by considerations of mere friendship—or smartness in the degree work—but from a full and fair survey of the worth of the man as measured by the dignity of the office.

THE PLEASUREVILLE CELEBRATION.

The sun of August 19th rose in unclouded splendor, and the day seemed prepared for a gala-festival. We took the cars and in a little more than an hour we were at Pleasureville.

An Omnibus was at the depot, and the negro driver was crying out lustily, "Here's your bus!—right this way for the hop! take you to the hop-ground for 25 cts." Our friend "Pica" suggested that we were not going to the "hop" but to the Masonic and Odd Fellows' celebration, and that his sable knighthood of the reins should change his call and invite passengers for the same; but Pompey did not heed the sage advice, and despite the fact that Miller and Hall were to speak in behalf of the respective orders holding joint celebration, continued to call, "Here's your Bus for the Hop."

So we were forced to get in the carry-all and appear as if going to the "Hop" when we had not so much as heard of it when we took the cars at Frankfort.

We paid our "quarter," and a drive of 500 yards, more or less, brought us to the gate, where we were assaulted by a ticket-vender, as at a Fair, demanding \$1 for admission to the grounds. We suggested to "Pica" that we walk to the village, said to be one-fourth of a mile distant. He acceded, and after we had begun to *evreat*, a man informed us that Pleasureville was at least a half mile distant. This announcement cooled our ardor, but not our bodies.

Just then a man in an open buggy (all the worse for wear) driving a gray horse—an honest yeoman of Henry—came jogging along, and seeing us look

wistfully at his wheeled vehicle, stopped short in the road and proffered to carry us to "Pleasureville" for ten cents apiece.

We, not being dime men, readily acceded to his proposition, and soon packed ourselves like a nice bunch of sardines, as we were, and went trotting along, behind old Gray—one, two, three—"linked sweetness long drawn out"—getting the worth of our money in the time it took our venerable steed to drag his unconscious load of greatness to the village.

We arrived there—we did. We soon found Hall and Miller, the orators of the occasion, and as the "brethren" were hunting a Chaplain they pounced on us, and slipped a dollar's worth of pasteboard into our hands, with which we were by virtue of the franchise of office to pass the guardian of the gate. Moreover, in company with orator Miller we were furnished with a buggy—by our friend Gibson—to ride to the enchanted spot. The Odd Fellows and Freemasons—perhaps 300 in number—when jointly aligned, preceded, while we followed a soldierly sentinel, bringing up their rear, who marched with stately tread, and carried his sword over his shoulder at an angle of 45°.

Miller is 'nt the best driver we ever saw, though he is one of the best speakers. All the time, as we rode along, we feared that that *military man*, just ahead, would run the point of his "sharp instrument," into the eye of our neighing steed—for he was a stud.)

We passed the gate without challenge, and in an umbrageous area were soon seated on a temporary *date*, as honored as if our presence had been expected.

We neglected to mention that the "Great Western Star Band" had headed our procession, and flung back on our equine rear sweet-notes that made Miller think that our horse would try to catch up with them in a time not at all agreeable to his nerves. We, knowing that "music hath charms, etc.," sat silent and stately proud of the measured marches of our *Bucephalus*, and fully conscious that he had caught the martial meaning of the occasion.

Miller was the first speaker. He wasn't half as bad "skeered" on the platform as he was in the buggy. He proved to our infinite satisfaction that he wasn't well, that Seth built a pillar on which he wrote the record of the birth of Masonry, that Hiram Abiff was dead, and Solomon built a temple—that the two Johns were Grand Masters, and that Athelstan established the York rite in the city of that name.

Miller can prove anything. He proved this—all of it—perfectly.

If there was a dolt there that didn't understand it, we pity his historical training. What a fool he must be, never to have heard of the pillars of Seth, and the Masonic *Ladye* in Noah's ark?

Miller made a good speech. He never makes any other sort. To be serious, he displayed the history, principles and practices of the order with a point and a power seldom heard or read.

His voice is clear as a bugle, his manner calm and collected, his thought transparent, and his language as "chaste as the icicle that hangs on Diana's temple."

Everybody felt, that C. W. Miller had done himself justice, and in that had done justice to the order of *Freemasons*.

S. X. Hall succeeded. He spoke for the Odd Fellows. He couldn't go back to Seth and Solomon—and so, in point of fact, he started with Baltimore and Wildey. If he couldn't substan-

tiate the antiquity of the organization, he could of its principles. He showed the beauty and utility of "Odd Fellowship" in a masterly manner. He declaimed with the power of one alive with love for the order, and by no means made a water-haul on the occasion. We saw a turtle—drawing in his head; several crawfish backing out; and a number of scaly fellows in the net, ashamed at being caught. Further than this deponent sayeth not, as to the contents of the net. He will say, however, that the net result was a general opinion that Hall had done up the order in the best style of a rhetorical caterer and bought to be, as he was once, NOBLE GRAND.

After both these worthies had spoken for the purpose of "killing time"—ye editor—was called upon for a speech. You see—dinner wasn't ready, and he was requested to say something to appease the appetites of the hungry multitude.

Now the Junior full well knows, when and how to make a speech. So he talked about this and that until he had won attention, and then gave the ladies a sentiment, which both of the representative speakers had failed to do, and in two minutes of talk won more hearts than these famous functionaries had done in all the time allotted their superb addresses.

We got some dinner and no subscribers.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR TACTICS AND DRILL.

Sir Josiah H. Drummond says on this subject:

We dissent from the statement that "to the public we are known only as a military body." We are known to the public as *Masons*, and esteemed by them as Masons of the highest degree; and they understand that the military element is only incidental. But they expect that, so far as we undertake a military character, we should carry it out decently and in order; and so we should; no Commandery should be allowed to appear in public, until it can perform our peculiar evolutions in such a manner as not to subject it to ridicule. Many of our evolutions are unknown to military tactics, but these, if performed with precision, are never called in question; but if clumsily performed, the *manner* of performance will be criticised.

But an erroneous idea prevails in some quarters; it is held that we must keep a sharp watch on "army tactics" and follow them through all their changes. But this is not so; our Order is the same now as fifty years ago; our evolutions are peculiar to ourselves; they are the same now as they were in the past and as they will be in the future; we should have our own system of tactics, which should enable us to perform all our evolutions without confusion, and in an orderly and precise manner; and when that system is once established, it should be permanent and not subject to the whims and caprices of any one, or the changes of any purely *military* system. What may be proper for the latter may not be best for us, whose military character is only incidental.

Again, some of our Sir Knights consider that when we appear in public our *Masonic* character is wholly sunk in the *military*. But it is now almost universally conceded, that we should never appear in public except upon a *Masonic* occasion, or to do some *Masonic* labor. So that the *Masonic* character is the main feature, and the *military* is incidental and secondary; no more military evolutions should be used than are necessary to perform the *Masonic* labor. But it too often happens that the *secondary* assumes to be the *primary*; that the ornament arrogates to itself the province of the *wearer*; that the *casquet* mistakes itself for the *gem*; that the Sir Knights appear to the public as if they considered that the occasion was created to honor *them*, rather than that *they* appear in honor of the occasion. The public perceives this fault as quickly as it does lack of military drill, and holds it in greater contempt.

There is another danger in connection with this matter. There is a disposition to become absorbed in questions of uniform, drill, etc., to the exclusion "of the weightier matters of the law,"

as if *those* were the primary objects of our Order. In the eagerness to perfect the Sir Knights in *military* drill, the *moral* drill is forgotten. If one is *en fait* in his sword exercise and correct in his evolutions, his intemperance and profanity is forgotten if not forgiven. If this is allowed to be, the soul of our organization is gone, and the body will soon follow.

We desire to enter our protest against an innovation which seems to be creeping into our Order. There is an effort, in part successful, to introduce the peculiar system of *military* etiquette. Forgetting that the two systems are entirely dissimilar, and that we had merely borrowed *some* of the tactics (which very likely were originally borrowed from us) some would make us alike in *all* things. Questions of "ranking," and "out-ranking," "posts of honor," etc., are excitedly discussed, as if the very existence of the Order depended upon them. We trust that we shall not in this respect be made ridiculous.

CROOKED AND STRAIGHT.

"Most singular! Most extraordinary!" murmured the Brook as she danced along in the bright sunlight.

"Extraordinary! Pray, may I ask what is extraordinary?" inquired a Willow Tree with delicate leaves of sparkling green that hung over the streamlet.

"You might see for yourself, I should think," returned the Brook, with a lively little leap over some stones that impeded her course. "In fact, it only proves to me what I have long suspected."

"And what may that be?" asked the Willow Tree, rather perplexed.

"Why that broad Road at a little distance which makes such pretensions to being perfectly straight, and leading people in the shortest manner possible from the village to the town, is just as winding and tortuous as she can be. A few hours ago, as I flowed quietly along, I found myself as close to her as I am now. She thereupon turned off at right angles, and entirely disappeared for a time, until I found that she was again approaching me; and she actually came so near, that I was almost under the disagreeable necessity of passing beneath her in order to preserve my direct unbroken course. However, I escaped it that time, and lost sight of her again, and now here she is for the third time within a few yards of me. I shall, I am afraid, be at last compelled to go under her. There can be no doubt whatever that the Road is as winding and crooked as possible."

By this time the Brook was so close to the Road that the latter could hear all she said, and not a little indignant was she at the aspersions cast upon her character.

"Crooked, indeed," she exclaimed. "It is you, poor wretched little stream, with whom all the crookedness rests. You are so perpetually winding in and out, and running backwards and forwards, that it is no wonder we are constantly meeting. I am as straight as a dart. Ask the Willows, ask the Oak trees, if they can detect in me the slightest resemblance to a bend." And the Road hung up a little cloud of angry dust, which the wind speedily carried and deposited in the water.

"Never mind what the Brook says," gravely observed a stately Oak, which grew beside the road. "Every one knows that she is a flippant uncertain little thing, pretty and sparkling as she looks. People would walk long enough before they reached the town if they followed her guidance. One never knows where she may be found, or in what direction she will go next, and as for her being *straight*, why, we all know that she can not even preserve the same course for a dozen yards together. But it is the way of the world. Crooked people never seem able to understand straightforward ways, but must needs fancy every one else as crooked as they are themselves."

A Leavenworth paper thinks "an evidence of the westward march of civilization" is, that the Kansas Legislature appropriated \$1,400 for tobacco for the Penitentiary prisoners, and only \$300 for preaching the Gospel.

The most suitable laborers for warm weather—Coolies.

WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT.

Through the weary day on his couch he lay,
With the life-tide ebbing slowly away,
And the dew on his cold brow gathering fast,
As the pendulum numbered moments passed,
And I heard a sad voice whispering say,
"When the tide goes out he will pass away,
Pray for a soul's serene release!
That the weary spirit may rest in peace,
When the tide goes out."

When the tide goes out from the sea-girt lands,
It bears strange freight from the gleaming sands.
The white-winged ships that silent wait
For the foaming wave, and a wind that's late;
The treasures cast on a rocky shore,
From the stranded ships that shall sail no more;
And hopes that follow the shining seas,
Oh! the ocean shall win all these
When the tide goes out.

But of all that drift from the shore to the sea,
Is the human soul to eternity,
Floating away from a silent shore,
Like a fated ship to return no more,
Saddest, most solemn of all,—a soul,
Pausing where unknown waters roll,
Where shall the surging current tend,
Slowly drifting friend from friend,
When the tide goes out?

For our parting spirit, pray, oh! pray,
While the tide of life is ebbing away,
That the soul may pass o'er sunnier seas
Than clasped of old the Hesperides,
A bark whose sails by angel hands
Shall be furled on a strand of golden sands:
And the friends that stand on a silent shore,
Knowing that we shall return no more,
Shall wish us joy of a voyage fair,
With calm, sweet skies and a favoring air,
When the tide goes out.

Moore's Rural New Yorker.

Literary Gems.

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

"Learning teaches how to carry thing in suspense without prejudice till you resolve."—Bacon.

There is a healthful hardness about real dignity that never dreads contact and communion with others, however humble. It is only spurious pride that is morbid and sensitive, and shrinks from every touch.—Irving.

"The Sabbath must be observed as a day of rest. This I do not state as an opinion, but knowing that it has its foundation upon a law in man's nature as fixed as that he must take food or die."—William Parker, M. D.

Errors, to be dangerous, must have a great deal of truth mingled with them; it is only from this alliance that they can ever obtain an extensive circulation; from pure extravagance and genuine, unmingled falsehood, the world never has, and never can, sustain any mischief.—Sydney Smith.

No encouragement should be given to any person who puts himself forward under color of any of the antiquated cant of fashion, such as patriot, liberal, radical, conservative, orangeman, &c. On the plea of some of those titles whole masses of the people are used as instruments, tuned up to concert pitch, for monomaniacal declaimers, party advocates, and discordant orators to play upon. Such titles keep asunder the bonds of friendship which should exist between man and man, in religion, commerce, and conversation, and make a masquerade of human nature.—Ellis.

Despair not, spirit of man, when thy powers fair, because thy earth-body bends, pales, and at last gives way under the weight of years. Once on a summer's night, the flowers glimmering in their dew before the dazzling moon, each decked with silver pearls. When the morning approached they became dim, the pearls lost their splendor for the moon grew pale and set, and cold tears only remained in the flowers. Behold! the sun arose, and the flowers shone again, but jewels instead of pearls glistened in them and decked the new morning. On thee, also, old man, will a sun arise hereafter and illuminate thy darkened dew-drop.—Jean Paul.

A man who strives earnestly and perseveringly to convince others, at least convinces us that he is convinced himself.—Thomas Fuller.

"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some knowledge of it?" said a sceptic to a clergyman—"Why didn't you have some knowledge of this world before you came into it?" was the caustic retort.

Philosophy, like everything else, in a Christian nation, should be Christian. We throw away the better half of our means when we neglect to avail ourselves of the advantages which starting in the right road gives us. It is idle to urge that, unless we do this anti-Christians will deride us. Curs bark at gentlemen on horseback, but who, except a hypochondriac, ever gave up riding on that account?—Thomas Fuller.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAY.

"What have you done with your doll?" said a father to his little daughter.

"Put it away to keep for my children, when I grow up."

"But if you shouldn't have any?"

"Oh, well! then it will do for my grandchildren."

"Dad, have you been to the museum?" said a ten-year old.

"No, my son."

"Well, go: and mention my name to the door-keeper, and he'll take you round and show you every thing."—Young America.

"Harry, you ought not to throw away nice bread like that; you may want it some day."

"Well, mother, would I stand any better chance of getting it then if I should eat it now?"

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 little girl of ten, whose knowledge of geography was somewhat imperfect, on hearing her father speaking of going to the polls to vote, very innocently inquired if the people of the South voted at the equator.

The Rev. Mr. E— was preparing his discourse for the next Sabbath, stopping occasionally to review what he had written, and to erase that which he was disposed to disapprove, when he was accosted by his little son, who had numbered but five summers.

"Father, does God tell you what to preach?"

"Certainly, my child."

"Then what makes you scratch it out?"

Little four-year-old Carrie went with her aunt to church. The preacher was very earnest in his delivery, and she was much interested. "Mother," said she, when she came home, "I have heard such a smart minister. He stamped and pounded, and made such a noise, and then he got so mad, he shook his fist at the folks, and there wasn't anybody dare go up and fight him."

A little girl, not six years of age, screamed out to her little brother, who was playing in in the mud: "Bob, you good-for-nothing rascal, come into the house this minute, or I'll beat you till the skin comes off!" "Why, Angelina, my dear, what do you mean?" exclaimed the mortified mother who stood talking with a friend. Angelina's childish reply was a good commentary upon this manner of speaking to children: "Why, mother, you see we were playing, and he's my little boy, and I'm scolding him just as you did me this morning."

ENGLISH VS. BRITISH.—In Ayr Academy lately, in the junior English class, the lesson of the day embraced the account of Nelson's last victory, when

"Along the line the signal ran,

England expects that every man

This day shall do his duty."

The teacher asked the class how it came that the appeal was made to the English alone, as there must have been Scottish sailors among them. There was a pause, when a smart boy started up and said: "Because Nelson knew well enough that Scotsmen in the hour of danger needed no appeal to do their duty."

The judgments of children are, perhaps, not entitled to be ranked with those of Ruskin, in matters of fine art, but they are sometimes quite notable and noteworthy. We heard of a juvenile criticism of Prang's chromo of the "Reading Magdalene," for example, which was excellent in its way.

"Ma," said the three-year old boy, "What is Mr. —'s baby doing?" He pointed to the chromo.

"She's reading," said his mother.

"No, she isn't," responded the boy.

"What do you think she's doing, then?" asked the mother.

"She's crying because Mr. — went buy her any clothes!"

Next day Mrs. — was in Boston. "Has she gone to buy her baby some clothes?" asked Young America.

A WISE CHOICE.—A little girl having one day read to her teacher the first twelve verses of the fifth chapter of the Gospel by Matthew, he asked her to stop and tell him which of these holy tempers, said by our Lord to be blessed, she would most like to have. She paused a little and then said, with a modest smile, "I would rather be pure in heart." Her teacher asked her why she chose this above all the rest. "Sir," she said, "if I had a pure heart, I should have all the other graces spoken of in the chapter."

Good works are not the cause, but the fruit of justification. The tree maketh the apple, but not the apple the tree.

Freebooter.

The smoke of a man's own house is better than the fire of another's.

When minds are not in unison, the words of love itself are but the rattling of the chain that tells the victim it is bound.

A sure mode of never succeeding with your own plans is to give much attention to those of other people.

He that never changed any of his opinions never corrected any of his mistakes.

You wish to learn to conquer—learn to suffer.

Sorrow shows us truths as night brings out the stars.

That writer does the most who gives his readers the most knowledge, and takes from them the least time.

A perfidious friend will be the assassin of his enemy.

If men will but amuse the world, it will freely forgive them for cheating it.

Some thoughts find us always young and keeps us so. Such a thought is the love of the universal and eternal beauty.

This life is like an inn, in which the soul spends a few moments on its journey.

Sneers are the blasts that precede quarrels.

The shameless flatterer is a shameless knave.

Wise men and Fools—the wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation; the fool when he gains that of others.

The best bank is the bank of earth. It never refuses to discount to honest labor. And the best shares, on which dividends are always liberal.

Nothing is so fragile as thought in its infancy—an interruption breaks it; nothing is so powerful, even to the overthrowing of empires; when it reaches maturity.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt—one more likely to cut himself than any body else.

Many beautiful women when walking in the streets, seem very angry if they are gazed at, and sadly disappointed if they are not.

There is true greatness in gentleness. He whose heart is filled with love to God, and love to man, can bear with the weaknesses, the imperfections, and even the perverseness of others.

The music and the glory of nature go along with the joyful, as the moon seems to the child to run beside him through all the streets.

It was no disgrace to Christianity that Peter denied his Master, and that Judas betrayed him; but if the Evangelist had attempted to hide these facts, the Gospel would then have sustained a real injury.

Memory presides over the past; action over the present. The first lives in a rich temple hung with trophies, and lined with tombs; the other has no shrine but duty, and walks the earth like a spirit.

Two classes of people are always out of debt—those who never want to buy what they have not money in hand to pay for, and the other, those who are such notorious rascals that they can't get trusted.

"Oh, where do you get the red for your cheeks?" said a pale, wan young lady to a bright, laughing minx. "Where the roses get theirs—in the air and sunlight," was the reply.

Circumstances either command or are commanded. They form the character of the feeble; they minister to the purposes and ultimate happiness of the strong.

The world may make a man unfortunate, but not miserable; that is, from himself.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things which are to be desired when dying.

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

Work with a will, and also with your hands and head. It is such that achieve the great things of the world. Nothing is easy that has value. Laziness and sloth never raised a man above the grade of a monkey. Work does the thing, the right thing, and the whole thing.

Forty years once seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to tread. It now seems but a step. And yet along the way broken shrines where a thousand hopes have wasted into ashes, foot-prints sacred under their drifting dust; green mounds where grass is fresh with watering of tears, shadows even which we could not forget. We will garner the sunshine of those years, and with chastened step and heavenward hope, push on toward the evening whose signal lights will soon be seen swinging where the waters are still and the storms never beat.

The following sentiment is attributed to Napoleon Bonaparte: "A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel—the other a treasure."

God has the same inspection and care of every one, as if there was but one.

A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy; particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls and nothing on them, for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and other spheres.

All poetry may be reduced to two classes—the first expressing thoughts common to the human mind, and pouring out the melody and raising the chorus in which the multitude will join; the second embodies thoughts entirely original, speaks only to the highest order of cultivated intellect, and appeals to persons of the most refined and delicate sensibilities. The great majority of poets

belong to the former class; while there are comparatively few in the latter.

We have no right to judge each other as we do, to say, as we are apt to say, that man is mean or treacherous, or contemptible, and put him aside as worthless. Doubtless, in some point he is better than we are; in some quality nearer heaven.

If you would be happy, occupy your time in useful employment. If you would be miserable, seek happiness in idleness. Look around and behold the happy and unhappy—talk with the loafers and the industrious people.

As the best tempered sword is the most flexible so the truly generous are the most pliant and courteous to their inferiors.

OBJECTS OF CHARITY.—Those are ripe for charity who are withered by age or impotency, especially if maimed in following their calling, for such are industry's martyrs, at least her confessors. Add to these those that with diligence fight against poverty, though neither conquer till death make it a drawn battle. Expect not, but prevent their craving of thee; for God forbid the heavens should never rain till the earth first opens her mouth, seeing some grounds will sooner burn than chap.

In proportion as we ascend the social scale, we find as much mud there as below, only it is hard and gilded.

One of the most important rules of the science of manners is an almost absolute silence in regard to yourself.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—"Dr. Chalmers beautifully says: The little that I have seen in the world and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through; the brief pulsations of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone, happiness gone; I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came."

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

NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

ARCHITECTS. We call the attention of Architects to Bro. C. Henry Finck's advertisement on the 16th page.

A cow bell—a beautiful milkmaid.

ASCENT OF MOUNT ETNA.—The *Malta Times* has received an account of an ascent of Mount Etna, made by a party of officers of the Royal Oak, from which we make the following extracts: "The party consisted of Lieutenant Pearse, Lieutenants Heathcote and Emra, R. M. L. I., Sub-Lieutenants Reeve, De Watterville and Powell, Messrs. Riply, Thomas, Ommanney, Reynolds, Boxes, Anton and Bennett, midshipman. For two hours or more they tramped on slowly in single file, until the first halting place, the Casa del Bosco, in the midst of a forest of chestnut trees, was reached, and here the party rested for half an hour while the animals were fed. At this solitary house one old man has lived alone for ten years, cultivating corn and providing water for tourists and hay for the mules. The fact of the old man's fire being acceptable showed that already the temperature was rapidly changing. The next three hours' dull, shaking, dreary ride up to the Casa degli Inglesi was almost unbearable. Some would have got down and walked, but they could not have got up again, so stiff and numbed by cold and fatigue had they become. Never was any house of refuge more warmly welcomed by weary travellers than was this desolate building at the foot of the crater of Etna. A fire was quickly lighted, provisions and liquors were freely consumed, and after a time the party became quite plucky again, and set out on foot for the last great step—that of sealing the precipitous sides of the crater. No wonder that many people break down at this point. The smell of the sulphurous smoke is sickening, and, combined with an oppressive feeling on the chest, is enough to make even strong men sometimes give in. However, the Royal Oak's party pushed on, and at last, just as the sun rose and the dim curtain of mist raised itself slowly from before the vast and unequaled panorama of land and water visible from the top of the mountain, the travelers were one and all seated triumphantly on the very summit of Etna, and looking over the brink of the crater at the wonderful spectacle of the deep basin from the bottom of which, out of every fissure in the yellow masses of sulphur and lava, rushed volumes of smoke. It is a very delightful thing, no doubt, to go up Mount Etna, but our friends thought it still more delightful to get down again which they did without further delay."

EFFECTS OF HASHISH.—A writer in the last number of *Appleton's Journal* says of hashish: "I have often taken the drug, rather for curiosity to discover what its attractions might be than for aught of pleasurable excitement I ever experienced. The taste of the potion is exactly what a mixture of milk, sugar, pounded black pepper and a few spices would produce. The first result is a contraction of the nerves of the throat, which is anything but agreeable. Presently the brain becomes affected; you feel an extraordinary lightness of head, as it were; your sight settles upon one object, obstinately refusing to abandon it; your other senses become unusually acute—uncomfortably sensible—and you feel a tingling which shoots like an electric shock down your limbs till it voids itself through the extremities. You may stand in the burning sunshine without being conscious of heat, and every sharp pain is instantly dulled. Your cautiousness and your reflective organs are painfully stimulated; you fear everything and everybody, even the man who shared the cup with you and the servant who prepared it; you suspect treachery everywhere, and in the simplest action detect objects the most complexly villainous. Your thoughts become wild and incoherent, your fancy runs frantic. If you happen to exceed a little, the confusion of your ideas and the disorder of your imagination will become intense. I recollect on one occasion being persuaded that my leg was revolving upon its knee as an axis, and could distinctly feel as well as hear it strike against and pass through the shoulder during each revolution. Any one may make you suffer agony by simply remarking that a particular limb must be in great pain, and you catch at every hint thrown out to you, nurse it and cherish it with a fixed and morbid engerness that savors strongly of insanity. This state is a very dangerous one, especially to a novice; madness and catalepsy being by no means uncommon terminations to it. If an assembly are under the influence of the drug, and a single individual happen to cough or to laugh, the rest, no matter how

many, are sure to follow his example. The generally used restoratives are a wine-glassful of pure lemon-juice, half a dozen cucumbers eaten raw, and a few puffs of the hookah; you may conceive the state of your unhappy stomach after the reception of these remedies. Even without them you generally suffer from severe indigestion; for, during the intoxication, the natural hunger which the hashish produces excites you to eat a supper sufficient for two days with ordinary circumstances.

EATING BY RULE.

Scientific investigation assures us that "the amount of nourishment required by an animal for its support must be in a direct ratio with the quantity of oxygen taken into the system;" which being put into homely English, means, that as our supply of oxygen comes from the air we breathe, it follows that the more pure air we inhale, the more oxygen we consume; it then follows, necessarily, a s out-door air is the purest, that is has more oxygen in it, the more we breathe of that out-door air, the more nourishment do we require: and the more nourishment a man requires, the better appetite he has; hence, to get a natural appetite, a man must go out of doors; and it is very tiresome to be out of doors unless one is doing something, and as, if we do something, it had better be of some account, therefore, whoever wants to whet up his appetite, had better spend his time out of doors, doing something useful. A very perspicacious ratiocination!

All this seems very rational and very right. Then why do we not act upon it? Why pursue the very opposite course, and instead of going out of doors when we feel dull and stupid, and cross and desponding, loiter about the house as blue as indigo, with not a word or smile for anybody? Having no appetite, we bethink ourselves of "tonics." The reckless take wine, or brandy, or vulgar beer, the conscientious do worse, and take physic, calling it "bitters," tansy, dogwood, quinine, and such "simple things"—especially the quinine, which has helped to invalid and kill more people than would make a monument sky high.

Well, what is the result of these "tonics?" They make us feel better—for a while; give us an appetite for more than we can digest, and being imperfectly digested, the blood which it makes is not only imperfect as to quality, it is too great in quantity; but it is in the body, and must crowd itself somewhere, always selecting the weaker part, which in most cases is the head—very natural that—and there is head-ache, dullness—never was much brightness in that head anyhow—in fact, it amounts to stupidity, and such persons being naturally stupid, and making themselves artificially so, they have a double right to the title; as the youth had a diploma, who graduated at two colleges, and became; as the calf did which sucked two cows—a very great calf!

Therefore, never eat by rule. Never eat at one meal as much as you did at the corresponding one the day before simply because that was your usual quantity; but eat according to your appetite. If you have no appetite, eat nothing until you do. If you are in a hurry for that appetite, and time is valuable to you, do not attempt to whet it by stimulating food, exciting drinks, or forcing tonics, but bring it about in a natural way, by moderate and continuous exercise in the open air, in something that is interesting, exciting, and in itself useful. Violent, spasmodic exercise is injurious, and even dangerous to sedentary persons. Hence we are opposed to gymnasiums, unless superintended by intelligent men, practical physiologists. Let it be remembered as a truth that cannot be denied, that a given amount of violent exercise taken within an hour will do many times if scattered continuously over the space of five hours, without any of the dangers that pertains to the former, especially as to feeble persons. All exercise carried to fatigue is an injury—better have taken none.—*Hall's Journal*.

The following notice was pasted on a large box which passed over the Pacific Railroad a few days since: "Baggage-smashers are requested to handle this box with care, as it contains nitroglycerine, Greek fire, gun cotton, and two live gorillas."

MALAYAN FEROCITY.

A European resident of Macassar gives a vivid description of this scene in Malay:

"One morning, as we were sitting at breakfast, Mr. Carter's servant informed us that there was an 'Amok' in the village; in other words, that a man was 'running amok.' Orders were immediately given to shut and fasten the gates of our inclosure; but hearing nothing for some time, we went out and found there had been a false alarm, owing to a slave having run away, declaring he would 'amok,' because his master wanted to sell him. A short time before a man had been killed at a gambling table because, having lost a dollar more than he possessed, he was going to 'amok.' Another had killed or wounded seventeen people before he could be destroyed. In their wars a whole regiment of these people will sometimes agree to 'amok,' and then rush on with such energetic desperation as to be very formidable to men not so excited as themselves. Among the ancients these would have been looked upon as heroes or demigods who sacrifice themselves for their country. Here it is simply said they made 'amok.'

"Macassar is the most celebrated place in the east for 'running a muck.' There is said to be one or two a month on the average, and five, ten or twenty persons are sometimes killed or wounded at one of them. It is the national, and therefore the honorable mode, of committing suicide among the natives of Celebes, and is a fashionable way of escaping from their difficulties. A Roman falls upon his sword, a Japanese rips up his stomach, and an Englishman blows out his brains with a pistol. The Bugis mode has many advantages to one suicidally inclined. A man thinks himself wronged by society—he is in debt and cannot pay—he is taken for a slave, or has gambled away his wife or child into slavery—he sees no way of recovering what he has lost and he becomes desperate. He will not put up with such cruel wrongs, but will be revenged on mankind, and, like a hero he grasps his kris-handle, and the next moment draws out a weapon and stabs a man to the heart. He runs on, with bloody kris in his hand, stabbing at every one he meets. 'Amok! Amok!' then resounds through the streets. Spears, kris-swords, knives and guns are brought out against him. He rushes madly forward, kills all he can—men, women and children—and dies, overwhelmed by numbers, amid all the excitements of a battle. And what that excitement is those who have been in one best know, but all who ever gave way to violent passions, or even indulged in violent and exciting exercises, may form a very good idea. It is a delirious intoxication, a temporary madness that absorbs every energy."

EXTRAORDINARY SELF-IMMOLATION—SEVENTEEN HUNDRED RUSSIANS BURN THEMSELVES TO DEATH.—The following statement appears in the *Pall Gazette*:

All the extraordinary proceedings of the many fanatical sects whose rapid increase has excited so much anxiety in Russia are fairly thrown into the shade by a terrible act of self-immolation which is reported from the government at Saratow. A few months ago the prophets of a new religion made their appearance in that part of the empire, preaching self-destruction by fire as the only sure road to salvation; and so readily was their dreadful doctrine received by the ignorant and superstitious peasantry that in one large village no less than seventeen hundred persons assembled in some wooden houses, and, having barricaded the doors and windows, set the buildings on fire and perished in the flames. The authorities are doing all they can to stay the progress of the new madness, but their task is obviously a difficult one. The punishment which the law can inflict must have little terror for enthusiasts who deliberately choose a death so horrible as the true road to heaven.

The following is the area of the United States since the addition of Alaska: Area of the States, 3,927,436 square miles; area of the Territories, 1,041,265 square miles; area of the District of Columbia, 63 square miles; Alaska, 577,390 square miles. Total area, 3,611,852 square miles.

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours;
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers;
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade;
Where, on all beauty, death's finger's are laid;
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Some one has gone to the bright golden shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in;
Joyous as birds, when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their
light;

Weary of sowing and never to reap,
Weary with labor and welcoming sleep—
Some one's departed to heaven's bright shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in Heaven's bright street;
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest;
Free from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest,
Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss—
One less to cherish, and one less to kiss;
One more departed to Heaven's bright shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

A GENTLE WORD.

A gentle word is never lost;
O, never, then, refuse one—
It cheers the heart when sorrow-toss'd,
And lulls the cares that bruise one,
It scatters sunshine o'er our way,
It turns our thorns to roses,
It changes dreary night to day,
And hope and peace discloses.

A gentle word is never lost;
The fallen Brothers need it;
How easy said, how small the cost,
What joy and comfort speed it.
Then drive the shadow from thy brow,
A smile can well replace it,
Our voice is music, when we speak
With gentle words to grace it!

THE BROKEN HORSESHOE.

On a summer day, a farmer was going to town with his little boy, whose name was Thomas; and as they were passing along the road, he saw a piece of a broken horse-shoe on the ground. He told Thomas that he might pick it up; but Thomas said he would not pick it up, as it was of no value and said he did not think it worth the trouble of stooping to pick up a piece of old iron. The father said no more at the time, but quietly picked up the fragment of a horse-shoe, and thrust it into his pocket; and they walked on. When they came to a village which was on the way, he sold the piece of iron for three pennies, and with the money he bought some cherries. Then, they passed along the road, and as the day advanced, it became very warm. Thomas began to feel thirsty, and, when he looked around, he saw no house, no cool shady grove, nor any spring of water. He felt weary and almost overcome by the heat. He could, with difficulty, keep up with his father; and he began to lag behind. Then his father, as if it were by accident, let fall a cherry. Thomas snatched it as eagerly as if it had been a ball of gold, and thrust it into his mouth. When his father had gone on a few steps, he let another cherry fall, and Thomas again quickly picked it up, and ate it with as much gratification as he did the first one. The father still went on, at every few paces dropping a cherry, and little Thomas followed him, picking up and eating the cherries until all had been picked up and eaten. The father then turned to Thomas, smiling, and said: "Now, see; if you had stooped once and picked up the piece of a broken horse-shoe, you would not have had to stoop a hundred times for the cherries!"

Sometimes, when a little boy neglects to do some easy thing, which he is told to do, he makes for himself a great deal of work.

A seedy fellow—a gardner.

SPURGEON—ON UNITY.—In a recent address, Spurgeon declares that: "He was a sectarian of sectarians; he was not a believer in the modern Diana of unity; which some people cried up so mightily. He believed that the existence of Christian denominations, instead of being a blot, was one of the beauties of Christianity, and if he could associate all denominations into one by lifting up his finger, he would deprecate the act. He cautioned the Baptists against growing to be respectable. Any denomination which grew to be respectable was very near its funeral sermon. (A laugh.) They must be willing to accept the poor as a great boon, and look upon them as their strength. They must be willing to do rough work. The moment a man put on kid gloves, all the power of his Christianity was pretty certain to ooze out at his finger's ends. He concluded with an earnest commendation of devout and holy living as a most influential means for promoting religion in the world."

An Iowa orator, wishing to describe his opponent as a soulless man, said: "I have heard that some persons hold the opinion that just at the precise moment after one human being dies another is born, and the soul enters and animates the newborn babe. Now I have made particular and extensive inquiries concerning my opponent *thar*, and I find that, for some hours before he drew breath, nobody died. Fellow-citizens, I will now leave you to draw the inference."

COPAL VARNISH.—An improved method of preparing copal varnish is said to consist in first dissolving one part camphor in twelve parts either in a well-stopped bottle, and then adding four parts of the copal resin, previously reduced to an impalpable powder, and as soon as the copal gum is partly dissolved, four parts of strong alcohol and one-quarter part of oil of turpentine are to be added, and the mixture well shaken and allowed to stand for a few hours, after which an excellent copal varnish will be found as the result.

The last soldier of the Revolution is to be thus described: "The old man, survivor of the Revolution, more than one hundred years old, who always rose with the sun; never drank anything in his life stronger than brandy and sugar; who has cut two cords of firewood daily every day except Sundays for the last sixty-nine years; who invariably walked five miles before breakfast; who is the father of thirty-eight children, the grandfather of two hundred grandchildren, and the great grandfather of thirteen great grandchildren; and who would shortly have been the great great grandfather of one great great grandchild, is dead. And now we hope nobody will disturb the good old man any more."

There are now about ninety individuals left of the original Mohegan tribe. They live in Montville, Connecticut, near the Fort Hill farm—a tract of 500 or 600 acres—the rental of which (about \$300) goes to the common Indian fund for defraying the expenses of sickness, funerals, etc. On the hill are the remains of an ancient Mohegan fort. These Indians are to some extent the proteges of the State.

It is not a little remarkable that the admirers of Thackeray should still want a worthy biography of the great novelist. Nearly five years have elapsed since his death, and if we except a few critical essays by Mr. James Hannay, and the brief eulogy spoken by Charles Dickens, over the grave of his great *confreere*, literature has reaped absolutely nothing from the rich and tempting field offered by Thackeray's life and letters.

Brigham Young, having been married the other day to five additional wives, an Indian Chief, who witnessed the ceremony, shook his head and shrugged his shoulders, and muttered: "Too much marry—too much squaw."

It is said to be a common practice in Paris to hire poor people to attend fashionable churches so that the preachers may say that they always have crowded houses. Two or three sons pay for a worshiper.

The Austrian flag, which bore the symbol of the Roman empire, has been replaced since July, by a new Austro-Hungarian flag, composed in equal portions of red and white colors of the Austrian archduchy, minus the former imperial crown, and of the red, white and green colors of the Hungarian kingdom. Thus perishes the last vestige of the Holy Roman empire of Austria.

If a well-bred woman is surprised in careless costume, she does not try to dodge behind the door to conceal deficiencies, nor does she turn red or stammer confused excuses. She remains calm and self-possessed, and makes up in dignity what she may want in decoration.

HUGE HAMMER.—An English firm is manufacturing for the Russian Government a huge steam hammer which will weigh in all about one thousand tons. The hammer head alone weighs forty-two tons, and the anvil block five hundred tons. The hammer, which is believed to be the heaviest in the world, is to be used in forging steel guns.

Man! King of the earth! Master-piece of the creation, animated by the breath of God; he sensible of thy dignified destination.

The whole animal race is subdued under thy dominion. All that waves and moves about thee ceases again to be; by thy soul survives all component things, and is by virtue of its divine origin incapable of being destroyed.

In this consists thy true nobility. Feel thy happiness without arrogance: Pride was the cause of the degradation of man, it certainly would plunge thee into the same abyss.

Degenerated being! what art thou in the presence of the Eternal, with all the dignity originally appropriated to thee, and still distinguishing thee from other beings?

Adore him, the Lord on High, in the utmost humility, and take care that the heavenly immortal essence, which animates thee, be not depraved.

This essence is thy soul; exert thyself in endowing it; it is capable of infinite perfections.

Make it so susceptible, so open to virtuous impressions, that, after thy dissolution, it may without impediment return to the pure and original source of virtue.

So prepared, thou wilt be free even in fetters; serene in misfortunes; the heaviest storm will not make thee tremble, and with true heroism thou wilt advance even to the face of death.

Mason! If ever thou couldst doubt the immortal nature of thy soul, and its high destination, in rain had we initiated thee. Thou wouldst not be the adopted son, the darling of wisdom; thou wouldst step back, and mix again with the multitude of the profane rabble, who like moles crawl in the dark.

Saturday is the marrying day in Paris, when they average about two hundred.

The difference of level between the Red and Mediterranean seas is sixteen inches.

The conflagration in the dismal swamp is still raging, even more fiercely than ever, at a point between the seaboard and Roanoke and Norfolk and Petersburg railroads, about six miles from Norfolk, Va. All sorts of living things are being driven from their coverts in the woods, and just back of Choate's farm any number of black bears have been killed.

The Kentucky *Freemason*, for August is upon our table. Its articles are very sprightly, and have the true ring. We extract the article entire, entitled "The Doors Tyled."—*Keystone*.

An Illinois paper, edited by a Mr. Steele, says: "A printer last week proposed to go into partnership with us. His name is Doolittle. The firm name would sound very bad, either way you put it, 'Steal and Do Little,' or 'Do Little and Steal.' We can't join. One of us would soon be in the poor-house and the other in the penitentiary."

Basle, Switzerland, expends \$2 for each of the population in supporting schools.

T I R E D.

Come to me, soft-eyed sleep,
With your ermine-sandalled feet;
Press the pain from my troubled brow
With your kisses cool and sweet;
Lull me with slumbrous song,
Song of your clime—the Blest,
While on my heavy eyelids
Your dewy fingers rest.

Come with your native flowers,
Heartsease and lotus bloom,
And wrap my weary sense
In the cloud of their perfume:
For thought's strange whispers tire me
With their constant dull repeat—
Fret me, like low waves throbbing
With endless, endless beat.

Wit and Humor.

A Parlor Set—Two young people courting.

The "bump of destructiveness"—a railroad collision.

The most difficult ascent—Getting up a subscription.

The ray that always lights up a woman's despair—rai-ment.

Not a miss—A rich, handsome widow.

Woman's rights—If she cannot be captain of a ship, she may command a smack.

When is the wife like a great-coat? When the husband is wrapped up in her.

Why are the girls in Missouri always sweet? Because they are Mo. lasses.

Mrs. Partington says she may be old now, but she has seen the day when she was as young as she ever was.

Some of the strong-minded women denounce marriage because they "say there is something childish in it."

A married lady being asked to waltz gave the following sensible and appropriate answer: "No, thank you, sir; I have hugging enough at home."

Prentice says man was the chief consideration at the creation. Woman was only a "side issue."

"Father," said a cobbler's boy, as he was pegging away at an old shoe, "they say that trout bite like everything now." "Well, well," replied the old gentleman, "stick to your work and they won't bite you."

"Boys, what is all this noise in school?" "It's Bill Sikes imitating a locomotive." "Come up here, William; if you have turned into a locomotive, it is time you were switched off."

A clergyman, being much pressed by a lady acquaintance to preach a sermon on the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms as his text: "And there shall be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth."

A farmer saw an advertised receipt to prevent wells and cisterns from freezing. He sent his money and received the answer: "Take in your well or cistern on cold nights, and keep it by the fire."

A missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally" said he with a twinkle in his eye, "because I have preached so much *without notes*."

Swit was one day in company with a young excomb, who, rising from his chair with a confident and conceited air, "I would have you know, Mr. Dean, I set up for a wit." "Do you indeed?" replied the dean: "Then take my advice and sit down again."

An Irishman went to live in Scotland for a short time, but didn't like the country. "I was sick all the time I was there," said he, "and if I had lived there till this time, I'd been dead a year ago."

Men are said to have stronger attachments than women. It is evinced in little things. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know of a woman having an attachment for an old bonnet.

If you can't coax the fish to bite, try your persuasive powers on a cross dog, and you will be sure to succeed.

An ice-house laborer being killed by a lump of ice falling on his head, the verdict was, "Died of hard drink."

Those who know the world will not be bashful, and those who know themselves will never be impudent.

It was an apt answer of a young lady who being asked where was her native place, replied: "I have none—I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

The papers relate an anecdote of a beautiful young lady who had become blind, having recovered her sight after marriage. It is not an uncommon thing for people's eyes to be opened by matrimony.

"What makes you so glum, Tom?" "Oh, I have had to endure a sad trial to my feelings." "What on earth was it?" "Why, I had to tie on a pretty girl's bonnet while her ma was looking on."

Dry goods for the military—Drills; for gardeners—Lawns; for telegraphers—Ticks; for poultrymen—Ducks; for engravers—Prints; for publishers—Book muslins; and as before said, for servants—Domestics.

A little six-year-old was walking with his father, and passing a church, the child asked: "What house is that?" "That is the Dutch Church," was the reply; "people go there to be good, so that they may become angels." "Will there be Dutch angels, pa?" That child should be sent to Sunday school.

"Dar are," said a sable orator, "two roads through this world. De one am a broad and narrow road dat leads to perdition, and de adder am a narrow road dat leads to sare destruction." "If dat am de case," said a sable hearer, "dis cullid individual takes to de woods."

One sermon that I once heard of—and perhaps you may have heard the same—was from a text which the preacher found in Job, which runs as follows: "Though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God." This he divided into three parts, as follows: "First, Skin worms; second, What they done; and third, What the man seen after he was eat up!"

A lawyer in a certain city in Connecticut, not remarkable for his cleanliness of person, appeared at a party a while ago with a rose in his button-hole. "Where do you suppose it came from?" said he to a brother lawyer who was admiring it. The latter looked up and down the entire length of the questioner, and with great deliberation responded, "Why, I suppose it grew there."

A Dutchman once met an Irishman on a lonely highway. As they met each smiled, thinking he knew the other. Pat on seeing his mistake, remarked with a look of disappointment, "Faith, an' I thought it was you, an' you thought it me, an' its nayther one of us." The Dutchman replied: "Yaw, dat is dhru; I am anudder man, and you is not yourself; we pe both some other poddies."

A good way to find a woman out—Call when she isn't at home.

The call of the dancing master—"All hands to the pumps."

THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE.

The bride of an hour stood smiling;
Her mother in tears was near by;
For the "pet of her life, so beguiling,"
Was soon to bid her good-by.

Fond friends tried vainly to cheer her,
To stop up the tears that fast fell,
And she clasped her daughter still nearer,
And in her agony uttered farewell!

The groom with his bride has departed,
To journey afar in strange lands,
And the mother cries out broken-hearted,
"Well, I'm glad that gal's off my hands!"

Of that celebrated and long-winded divine, Zachary Boyd, the following story is told: "In 1851, Protector Cromwell went one Sunday to hear him preach. He inveighed so uncompromisingly against Oliver, that Mr. Secretary Toulrow proposed to have the defiant and fearless minister shot. Cromwell's only answer was: 'He's a fool and you're another. I'll pay him out in his own fashion.' So he asked Mr. Boyd to dinner, and he concluded the entertainment with a prayer that lasted three hours."

The slave trade is still carried on among the islands of the Fejee group, and a slaver was recently seized by a British man-of-war off the island of Sumka. She had on board when seized one hundred natives of the island of Tanna, the unfortunate creatures being all found huddled together like pigs, entirely naked.

Counter attractions—Pretty lady clerks.

Motto for a rejected suitor—He wooed, and she wouldn't. He cooed, but she couldn't.

Why is Echo always of the feminine gender? Perhaps, because she always has the last word.

Why are balloons in the air like vagrants? Because they have no visible means of support.

Brick Pomeroy calls the women engaged in the women's suffrage business—pantaloonatics.

Prentice says in his city, stuffing improves the fair as well as the fowl.

Good joke by little boy: While preparing for the Ecumenical Council the Pope ordered certain embellishments from his architect, the plan of which was brought for inspection by that gentleman's little boy. Charmed by the plan, the Pope opened a drawer full of gold, and said to the child, "Take a handful of coin as a reward for the beauty of your father's work." "Holy Father," replied the child, "take it out for me; your hand is bigger than mine." Pius IX. could not help smiling, and obeyed the child.

Slanderers are like flies that leap over all a man's good parts to light only upon his sores.

No man can avoid his own company; so he had better make it as good a one as possible.

Those who blow the coals of others' sins may change to have the sparks fly in their own faces.

Great talent renders a man famous; great merit produces respect, but kind feelings alone insure affection.

Promises made in time of affliction require a better memory—than people commonly possess.
Hub-bub—a Boston boy.

A strapping fellow—the school-master.

Politeness is a good investment, but bowing to a lamp-post at any time of day or night is wasted capital.

A business firm in Fair Haven, Connecticut, have posted the following "notice" on the front of their iron safe: "All gentlemanly burglars are hereby, notified that owing to the insecurity of this box no valuables are deposited therein so please not disturb it."

No wreck is so shocking to behold as that of a dissolute young man. On the person of the debauchee or inebriate, infamy is written. How nature hangs labels over him to testify her disgust at his example! How she loosens his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame!—the wretch whose life-long pleasure has been to debauch others, whose heart has been spotted with sin so that it is an offence to the heart of the unblemished.

Signs.—It is a good sign to see a man do an act of charity—a bad sign to hear him boast of it.

It is a good sign to see a man wipe the perspiration from his brow—bad to see him wipe his lips when he comes out of a cellar.

It is a good sign to see a man advertise in the paper—bad to see the sheriff advertise for him.

It is a good sign to see a woman dress with taste and neatness—bad to see her husband sued for finery.

OBITUARY RECORD.

OUR LOVED ONES WHO ARE AT REST.

HIRAM LODGE, No. 4. A. Y. M.

WHEREAS it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our friend and beloved Bro. Capt. John W. Russell.

Resolved, That we received with the deepest sorrow the intelligence of his death.

Resolved, That we can bear testimony to his many excellent qualities of head and heart, as he possessed the cardinal virtues which make and define the true man.

Resolved, That in the death of our brother this Lodge has lost a friend and supporter and the Fraternity a devoted and earnest Mason.

Resolved, That his kindness to those less favored than himself was proverbial, and in his neighborhood and county he was loved and esteemed as a genial and hospitable friend.

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved family our fraternal sympathy.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of deceased.

Attest: JOHN L. SNEED, Secretary.

TO ARCHITECTS.

The Building Committee of the Masonic Widows and Orphans Home and Infirmary invite plans and specifications for a Building to be erected in the city of Louisville, and desire to have same handed in by the 25th day of September, 1869.

Three Hundred dollars will be paid for the plan adopted by the Committee.

For further information apply to C. HENRY FINCK, Chairman, 97 Market St., Louisville Ky.

Sept. 1869, 1t.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL,

CINCINNATI, OHIO,

FEBRUARY 8, 1869.

A. G. HODGES:

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

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

MASONIC FEMALE ACADEMY.

PRINCETON, KENTUCKY.

A Boarding School for Young Ladies, with well qualified and efficient Teachers in each department. The fifth scholastic year commences this

First Monday in September.

and embraces two sessions of twenty weeks each.

Board and Tuition (in regular course) per session, \$100.00

Music—Piano, Guitar, or Organ, each \$20.00

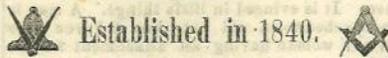
Latin, Greek, French & German, each \$10.00

Embroidery, Drawing & Painting, each \$10.00

WM. CHILDERS, Principal.

July 1869-3m.

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CORNER OF FOURTH AND WALNUT STS.,
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Au ust, 1868-tf.
Capt. JOHN T. SHIRLEY, J. M. S. McCORKLE,
Late of Memphis, Tenn. Of Louisville, Ky.

NATIONAL HOTEL,

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LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

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

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

November 13, 1868-tf.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO.

JOHN D. CALDWELL,

No. 10--Second Floor, Masonic Temple.

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November, 1868-tf.

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Remittances may be made through Post Office Orders, when it can be done; or in Registered Letters; or directly by mail, if it cannot be done otherwise.

Address, A. G. HODGES, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY.

TO SUBORDINATE LODGES.

We have the By-Laws of Hiram Lodge, No. 4—located in Frankfort—setting in Type, and can furnish a copy to any Lodge that may desire to examine them. They are, in substance, the same that were recommended some years ago by the Grand Lodge of Kentucky to the Subordinate Lodges as a good model.

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

Attached to these By-Laws is the Funeral Service, entire Address, A. G. HODGES, Frankfort, Ky.